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CORRECTION

A Word of Advice, A Hand of Help

Himanshu Sikarwar

For more than a decade, Aarav Mehta had been one of the most celebrated writers in the country. His books had found their way into millions of homes, and people admired his ability to turn ordinary moments into unforgettable stories. Yet, despite all his success, Aarav was facing something he had rarely experienced before—a lack of inspiration.

For weeks, he had stared at the blank pages of his notebook, searching for an idea for his next book. Finally, one morning, he decided to leave the comfort of his home and walk through the streets of the city.

"Perhaps," he thought, "the best stories are not found inside four walls."

As he walked along a busy road, surrounded by the noise of vehicles and the hurried footsteps of strangers, Aarav noticed a small vegetable stall beside a footpath. Sitting behind it was an elderly woman, probably in her late sixties. Her clothes were simple, and her hands showed the marks of years of hard work.

Yet there was something remarkable about her.

She greeted every customer with kindness, spoke respectfully to everyone, and never lost her patience, even when people treated her rudely. Aarav, curious about the woman, sat on a nearby bench and quietly observed her.



After some time, a young boy approached the stall. He looked tired and weak. A large sack containing plastic bottles hung from his shoulder.

"Grandmother," the boy said softly, looking at the vegetables, "could you please give me some vegetables?"

The old woman looked at him kindly.

CORRECTION

“Of course, my child,” she replied. “But first, tell me, where are your parents?”

The boy lowered his eyes.

“I don't have anyone,” he said quietly.

The woman remained silent for a moment, waiting patiently for him to continue.

“My parents died when I was very young,” the boy said. “There was a terrible natural disaster in our village. I was only four or five years old. After that, I had no one to take care of me.”

Aarav listened silently from the bench.

The boy explained that he survived by collecting discarded plastic bottles and other recyclable materials. At the end of the day, he sold them and earned just enough money to buy food.

The old woman's eyes filled with sadness, but her voice remained gentle.

“My child,” she said, “life can take many things away from us. But never allow it to take away your hope. You cannot change what happened to you, but you can still decide what happens next.”

The boy looked at her silently.

“You are working hard to survive, and there is dignity in that,” she continued. “But promise yourself that this will not be the end of your journey. Never stop dreaming of a better life.”

She packed some vegetables for him and handed them over with a warm smile.

The boy thanked her and slowly walked away.

Aarav had witnessed the entire conversation. He was deeply moved, not only by the boy's painful story but also by the wisdom and kindness of the old woman.

After the boy had left, Aarav approached her stall.

“May I ask you something?” he said.

CORRECTION

The woman smiled. “Of course.”

“I have been sitting here for quite some time,” Aarav said. “I heard what you told that boy. Your words carried so much wisdom. What has life taught you that made you see the world with such understanding?”

For a moment, the woman looked down at her hands.

Then she smiled, but there was sadness in her eyes.

“Life has been my greatest teacher,” she said.

She told Aarav that many years ago, her life had been completely different. In her youth, she had been a talented athlete and had won a gold medal in a major national competition. She had dreams, success, and enough money to live a comfortable life.

“But life does not always follow the path we plan,” she said.

Over the years, family problems and difficult circumstances had taken away much of what she once had. Eventually, she found herself alone and struggling to earn a living. Selling vegetables on the footpath became her way of surviving.

Aarav listened carefully.

“Do you ever regret your life?” he finally asked.

The old woman looked at the busy street before answering.

“I have lost many things,” she said. “But I have also gained something that no one can take away from me—my experiences. Every struggle taught me something. Every loss gave me a new understanding of life.”

She paused for a moment.

“Money can disappear. Success can fade. Circumstances can change overnight. But if we remain kind, honest, and hopeful, we still have something valuable to give to the world.”

Her words stayed with Aarav.

CORRECTION

That evening, he could not stop thinking about the boy and the old woman. He had left his home that morning searching for an idea for his next story. But now he realised that he had found something far more meaningful.

The next day, Aarav returned to the footpath.

With the help of a local organisation, he arranged for the orphan boy to be admitted to a school. He also made sure that the boy had a safe place to live and enough support to continue his education. Aarav knew that the boy would still have challenges ahead, but he wanted to give him something he had never truly had before—an opportunity to build his own future.

When the old woman heard what Aarav had done, she smiled.

“You listened to my words,” she said.

Aarav smiled back.

“No,” he replied. “You reminded me that words have meaning only when they inspire us to do something.”

As Aarav walked away, he looked at the notebook in his hands.

That morning, he had gone out searching for a story.

But on a simple footpath, beside a vegetable stall, he had discovered one.

He had discovered that the greatest stories are not always found in grand places or written in famous books. Sometimes, they live quietly in the hearts of ordinary people—in their struggles, their kindness, and their willingness to make someone else's life a little better.

And with that thought, Aarav finally knew what he would write next.

Because sometimes, the most powerful stories are not written with ink. They are written with acts of kindness.

CORRECTION

EK PLAYBOY KI MOHABBAT

Dhaval Sondarva

Ek Aise Aashiq Ki Dastaan, Jisne Mohabbat Toh Beintehaa Ki, Magar Use Nibhana Der Se Seekha.

"Kabhi ladkiyon se baatein karna meri aadat thi, phir ek ladki meri aadat nahi, meri zaroorat ban gayi. Main use apni zindagi mein laana chahta tha, lekin apni hi galtiyon se use khud se door kar diya."

PROLOGUE

Main Playboy Tha, Lekin Dil Ka Bura Nahi Tha...

Ek waqt tha jab mujhe kisi ke chale jaane se farq nahi padta tha. Naye logon se milna, ladkiyon se baatein karna, flirt karna aur apni duniya mein rehna meri aadat thi. Mujhe lagta tha ki mohabbat bas kuch waqt ka khel hai. Aaj kisi se baat karo, kal kisi aur se.

Main khud ko Playboy kehta tha.

Mujhe nahi pata tha ki ek din meri zindagi mein ek aisi ladki aayegi jo meri saari aadatein badal degi. Jo mujhe samjhayegi ki kisi ek insaan ke liye wafadar rehna kya hota hai. Jo mujhe yeh ehsaas karayegi ki mohabbat sirf kisi ko paane ka naam nahi, balki uski khushi, uski izzat aur uske sukoon ki dua karne ka naam bhi hai.

Us ladki ka naam Asiya tha.

Woh shaant thi, samajhdar thi, khuda par yakeen rakhne wali thi. Aur main? Gusse wala, flirty, thoda ziddi aur apni hi duniya mein khoya rehne wala ladka.

Hum dono alag the, lekin na jaane kaise uski baaton ne mere dil mein jagah bana li.

CORRECTION

Maine usse mohabbat ki. Lekin mohabbat karte hue bahut galtiyan bhi ki. Use jalaya, jhooth bole, doosri ladkiyon se baatein ki, uska bharosa toda aur phir usse khone ke darr mein khud hi apne rishte ko kamzor karta gaya.

Jab woh meri zindagi mein thi, tab mujhe mohabbat ki kadar karni nahi aayi. Jab woh chali gayi, tab samajh aaya ki maine kya kho diya.

Aaj bhi mere dil mein uska naam hai.

Aaj bhi meri duaon mein uski khushi hai.

Aaj bhi kabhi-kabhi raat ke sannate mein uske purane messages padhkar sochta hoon ki kaash waqt ko wapas la sakta.

Lekin waqt lautkar nahi aata.

Aur kuch kahaniyan aisi hoti hain jinka milna sirf khwaabon mein hota hai.

Yeh kahani kisi perfect aashiq ki nahi hai. Yeh kahani ek aise ladke ki hai jo pehle galat tha, phir mohabbat mein pada, phir apni galtiyon se toota aur aakhir mein samajh paaya ki asli mohabbat hoti kya hai.

Yeh kahani hai ek Playboy ki mohabbat.

CHAPTER 1

22 September 2025 – Jab Ek Hii Ne Meri Duniya Badal Di

22 September 2025.

Shaam ke 7 bajkar 26 minute.

Main online lecture mein tha. Roz ki tarah padhai ke liye online aaya tha. Lekin us din pata nahi kyun maine ek ladki ko message kar diya.

"Hii."

Bas ek chhota sa message.

Mujhe kya pata tha ki jis message ko bhejne mein ek second laga, uski yaad zindagi bhar mere saath rehne wali hai.

Uska naam Asiya tha.

CORRECTION

Maine poocha, "Aap kahan se ho?"

Phir poocha, "Aapne kitni padhai ki hai?"

Usne mere sawaalon ke jawab diye. Pata chala hum dono 12th Commerce ke students the. Dheere-dheere baatein badhne lagi. Lecture khatam hua, lekin baat karne ka mann nahi hua.

Us waqt mere andar ek ajeeb sa ehsaas tha. Main usse jaanta bhi nahi tha, lekin uski baatein achhi lagne lagi thi.

Aur phir maine apni zindagi ka pehla aisa faisla liya jo aaj tak yaad hai.

Maine use propose kar diya.

Uske liye yeh sab achanak tha. Usne kaha ki use waqt chahiye.

Maine kaha, "Mujhe timepass nahi karna. Agar kisi ko apni zindagi mein jagah deni hai toh main seedha us rishte ko samajhna chahta hoon."

Usne chaar din ka waqt maanga.

Woh chaar din mere liye bahut khaas the.

Phir ek din uska message aaya:

"I Love You."

Meri heartbeat tez ho gayi. Chehre par muskurahat aa gayi. Main baar-baar us message ko dekh raha tha.

Aaj bhi woh message mere phone ke wallpaper mein hai.

Duniya ke liye woh teen shabd honge, lekin mere liye woh meri zindagi ka sabse khoobsurat lamha tha.

Us din mujhe laga tha ki shayad mujhe meri manzil mil gayi.

Mujhe nahi pata tha ki kabhi-kabhi manzil milne ke baad bhi insaan raasta bhatak jaata hai.

CHAPTER 2

Uski Mohabbat Ne Mujhe Badalna Shuru Kar Diya

CORRECTION

Asiya ke aane se pehle main apni zindagi apne hisaab se jeeta tha.

Instagram par naye dost banana, ladkiyon se baatein karna aur flirt karna meri aadat thi. Main kisi ek insaan ke liye apne aap ko rokna zaroori nahi samajhta tha.

Lekin Asiya ke saath sab alag tha.

Uski saadgi mujhe pasand thi. Uski samajhdari, uska khuda par yakeen aur baat karne ka andaaz mujhe apni taraf kheenchta tha.

Main angry bird boy tha aur woh shaant si ladki.

Main jaldi gussa ho jaata tha aur woh samjhane ki koshish karti thi.

Main kabhi-kabhi bina soche bol deta tha aur woh har baat ko samajhne ki koshish karti thi.

Mujhe lagne laga tha ki main apni purani aadaton se door ho sakta hoon.

Lekin sach yeh hai ki badlav sirf mohabbat hone se nahi aata. Badalne ke liye apne andar ki galtiyon ko pehchanna bhi padta hai.

Navratri ke waqt maine use jalane ke liye kaha ki main garba khelne jaa raha hoon aur ek ladki mere saath aa rahi hai.

Woh naraz ho gayi.

Mujhe us waqt uski narazgi dekhkar khushi hui. Mujhe laga ki woh mujhe kitna chahti hai.

Lekin mujhe yeh samajh nahi aaya ki kisi ke dil mein jalan paida karke uski mohabbat naapna kitni galat baat hai.

Use manane ke liye mujhe teen din tak sorry bolna pada.

Woh maan gayi.

Aur main phir wahi purani galtiyan karne laga.

Mere liye mohabbat ek ehsaas thi, lekin us ehsaas ko nibhaane ki zimmedari samajhna abhi baaki tha.

CORRECTION

CHAPTER 3

Doosri Ladkiyan Aur Meri Sabse Badi Galti

Meri zindagi mein Instagram friends badhte ja rahe the.

Main doosri ladkiyon se bhi baat karta tha. Kabhi-kabhi unhe mujhse feelings ho jaati thi. Mujhe attention milti thi aur main use rokne ki koshish bhi nahi karta tha.

Phir Snapchat par ek ladke se dosti hui. Ek hafte baad usne mujhe apni feelings bata di. Main uncomfortable ho gaya aur yeh baat Asiya ko batayi.

Woh pehle hansi, phir jab use yakeen hua toh hamare beech mazaak bhi hua.

Lekin Diwali ki chhuttiyan aane wali thi.

Mujhe darr tha ki online lectures band hone ke baad Asiya mujhe bhool jaayegi. Main apni shakal aur apni personality ko lekar bhi insecure tha.

Maine socha ki shayad mujhe kisi aur se baat karni chahiye.

Ek raat group chat mein ek ladki se baat hui. Saat ghante baat chalti rahi. Woh dheere-dheere mujh par bharosa karne lagi.

Aur main ek baar phir ulajh gaya.

Jab Asiya wapas online aayi toh mere saamne do rishte the.

Ek meri pehli mohabbat.

Doosri ek ladki jiske dil mein mere liye feelings aa gayi thi.

Maine dost se salah li.

Usne kaha, "Dono ko rakh le."

Maine uski baat maan li.

Yahi meri zindagi ki sabse badi galtiyon mein se ek thi.

Main dono ko sambhalne ke chakkar mein kisi ke saath poori imaandari nahi kar paaya.

CORRECTION

Asiya ko mujhse waqt chahiye tha aur mujhe usse waqt chahiye tha. Lekin main khud doosron ko apne kareeb la raha tha.

Aaj samajh aata hai ki mohabbat mein kisi ko apna kehna aasaan hai, lekin uske bharose ki hifazat karna bahut mushkil.

Maine uske bharose ko baar-baar chot pahunchayi.

Usne mujhe do baar maaf kiya.

Lekin maafi milne ka matlab yeh nahi hota ki dard khatam ho gaya.

CHAPTER 4

Woh Pandrah Minute Aur Mera Chhe Ghante Ka Intezaar

Ek waqt tha jab hum ghanton baat karte the.

Na waqt ka pata chalta tha, na kisi aur cheez ka hosh rehta tha.

Lekin dheere-dheere sab badalne laga.

Ab woh sirf pandrah minute baat karti aur bye bol deti.

Main uske message ka intezaar karta rehta.

Phone baar-baar check karta.

Kabhi online status dekhta, kabhi purani baatein padhta.

Mere liye woh pandrah minute bahut keemti the.

Lekin uske paas bhi apni zindagi thi. Uski padhai thi, ghar tha aur apni zimmedariyan thi.

Main uska intezaar karta tha, lekin uski majbooriyan samajhne mein kamzor tha.

Mujhe lagta tha ki agar woh mujhse utni mohabbat karti hai jitni main karta hoon, toh use bhi mujhse baat karne ka utna hi mann hona chahiye.

Aaj samajhta hoon ki har insaan pyaar ek jaise tareeke se nahi dikhata.

CORRECTION

Kisi ko roz ghanton baat karna achha lagta hai, toh kisi ko kam baat karke bhi rishta nibhaana aata hai.

Mujhe usse apni zaroorat batani chahiye thi. Use samajhne ka mauka dena chahiye tha.

Lekin main apne intezaar ko gusse mein badalta gaya.

Aur woh mujhse aur door hoti gayi.

CHAPTER 5

5 March 2026 – Jis Din Maine Apna Hi Ishq Tod Diya

Board exams chal rahe the.

5 March 2026 ko mera teesra paper tha.

Main pehle se pareshan tha. Asiya ka waqt na milna, uska pehle jaisa baat na karna aur mere andar jama hota gussa mujhe tod raha tha.

Main chhe-chhe ghante intezaar karta aur phir bhi dil ko sukoon nahi milta.

Ek din gusse mein maine breakup keh diya.

Mujhe laga shayad woh mujhe rokegi.

Shayad woh kahegi ki mat jao.

Shayad woh kahegi ki sab pehle jaisa kar lenge.

Lekin har baar kahani hamari umeed ke mutabik nahi chalti.

Woh rishta dheere-dheere khatam ho gaya.

Aur us din ke baad mere dil mein ek sawaal reh gaya:

"Jis ladki ke bina main ek pal nahi rehna chahta tha, usi ladki ko maine apne gusse mein khud se door kyun kar diya?"

Main aaj bhi apni galti maanta hoon.

Mujhe breakup kehne se pehle baat karni chahiye thi.

CORRECTION

Mujhe use samajhna chahiye tha.

Mujhe apne gusse ko rokna chahiye tha.

Kyunki rishta todne mein ek pal lagta hai, lekin uske baad khud ko samajhne mein bahut waqt lagta hai.

CHAPTER 6

Uske Bina Mera Haal – Ek Aisi Raat Jo Khatam Nahi Hoti

Uske jaane ke baad main logon ke saamne normal rehne ki koshish karta raha.

Doston se baat karta, hasta, mazaak karta aur duniya ko dikhata ki mujhe koi farq nahi padta.

Lekin raat ko jab sab so jaate, tab meri yaadein jaag jaati.

Uska naam yaad aata.

Uska I Love You yaad aata.

Uski woh pehli baat yaad aati.

Kabhi-kabhi lagta jaise phone kholun aur uska message aa jaaye.

Main sochta:

"Kya woh bhi kabhi mujhe yaad karti hogi?"

"Kya use bhi hamari pehli mulaqat yaad hogi?"

"Kya uske phone mein bhi koi purana message sambhal kar rakha hoga?"

Mere paas in sawaalon ke jawab nahi the.

Meri raaton ka sukoon khatam ho gaya tha.

Maine apne aap ko bahut nuksaan pahunchaya. Chaar baar apni jaan lene ki koshish ki aur bach gaya.

Lekin dheere-dheere samajh aaya ki kisi ke jaane se meri zindagi ki keemat kam nahi ho jaati.

CORRECTION

Mujhe apne aap ko bachana tha.

Apne parivaar ka bharosa wapas jeetna tha.

Aur apne dard ko aisi kahani mein badalna tha jo kisi aur ko apni zindagi se haarne na de.

Main Asiya ko bhool nahi paaya, lekin mujhe khud ko khona bhi nahi tha.

CHAPTER 7

Har Duaa Mein Sirf Asiya

Aaj bhi jab main dua ke liye haath uthata hoon, toh na jaane kyun uska khayal aa jaata hai.

Main khuda se apne liye bahut kam maangta hoon.

Uske liye zyada maangta hoon.

Uski khushi.

Uski sehat.

Uski padhai.

Uske sapne.

Uski zindagi mein sukoon.

Kabhi mandir ke saamne khada hota hoon, kabhi masjid ki dua yaad aati hai, kabhi gurudware aur church ka khayal aata hai.

Mujhe lagta hai ki khuda tak pahunchne ke raaste alag ho sakte hain, lekin dil se nikli dua ki sachchai ek hi hoti hai.

Main har baar bas yahi chahta hoon ki Asiya khush rahe.

Kabhi-kabhi main sochta hoon ki agar woh meri kismat mein nahi bhi hai, toh bhi kya hua?

Kya uski khushi maangna galat hai?

CORRECTION

Kya kisi ke liye dil se dua karna galat hai?

Nahi.

Lekin maine yeh bhi seekha hai ki dua mein kisi ki khushi maangni chahiye, kisi ki marzi par apna haq nahi.

Agar woh kabhi lautna chahe toh apni marzi se aaye.

Agar nahi aana chahe toh bhi uski zindagi khushiyon se bhari rahe.

Meri mohabbat mein ab bhi uska naam hai, lekin meri dua mein uski azaadi bhi hai.

CHAPTER 8

Playboy Se Loyal – Lekin Der Se Samajh Aaya

Asiya ke baad meri zindagi mein kai log aaye.

Dost bane, ladkiyan mili, relationships bhi bane.

Arsi meri zindagi mein aayi. Mujhe uske baare mein kuch sach pata the, lekin main use khona nahi chahta tha. Phir uska ek secret boyfriend hone ki baat saamne aayi aur maine rishta khatam kar diya.

Maine bahut kuch dekha.

Achhe log, bure log, jhoothe rishte aur sachche dost.

Maine toote hue dilon ki kahaniyan suni.

Dheere-dheere mere dost mujhse relationship advice lene lage.

Main unhe samjhata:

"Kisi ke saath jhooth mat bolo."

"Kisi ko jalane ke liye teesre insaan ka istemaal mat karo."

"Apne partner ki izzat karo."

"Galti ho toh use maano."

CORRECTION

"Sirf kisi ko paana hi nahi, use samajhna bhi seekho."

Lekin jab main khud ke dil ko dekhta, toh ek naam saamne aata:

Asiya.

Mujhe uske jaane ke baad samajh aaya ki main kitna galat tha.

Main chahta tha woh mujh par bharosa kare, lekin main khud uske saath imaandaar nahi tha.

Main chahta tha woh mera intezaar kare, lekin main doosron se baat karta tha.

Main chahta tha woh mujhe samjhe, lekin main uski majbooriyan samajhne mein nakaam raha.

Aaj main loyal rehna chahta hoon.

Lekin ab mujhe pata hai ki wafadari kisi ke jaane ke baad nahi, uske saath hote hue dikhani chahiye.

CHAPTER 9

Woh Mere Khwaabon Mein Hai, Lekin Meri Zindagi Rukni Nahi Chahiye

Kabhi-kabhi main aankhein band karta hoon toh uske saath ek alag hi duniya nazar aati hai.

Ek aisi duniya jahan hum dono saath baithe hain.

Jahan main uska haath pakadkar chal raha hoon.

Jahan chhoti-chhoti baaton par hum haste hain.

Jahan main use pareshan karta hoon aur woh mujhse naraz ho jaati hai.

Jahan hum ek doosre ki baatein sunte hain.

Jahan koi jhooth nahi, koi fake ID nahi, koi teesra insaan nahi.

Bas main aur woh.

CORRECTION

Lekin aankhein khulte hi haqeeqat saamne aa jaati hai.

Woh mere paas nahi hai.

Mere paas bas uski yaadein hain.

Aur main jaanta hoon ki khwaabon ki duniya khoobsurat ho sakti hai, lekin zindagi sirf khwaabon se nahi chalti.

Mujhe apni padhai poori karni hai.

Apne gharwalon ka bharosa jeetna hai.

Apni sehat ka khayal rakhna hai.

Apne sapne poore karne hain.

Main usse yaad kar sakta hoon, uske liye dua kar sakta hoon, lekin apni zindagi ko uske lautne ki shart par nahi rok sakta.

Kyunki main bhi kisi ki duaon ka hissa ho sakta hoon.

Aur mujhe apne liye bhi jeena hai.

CHAPTER 10

Mohabbat Ka Asli Matlab – Jo Maine Asiya Se Seekha

Maine apni zindagi mein mohabbat ko kai nazariyon se dekha.

Kabhi use attraction samjha.

Kabhi attention samjha.

Kabhi jealousy samjhi.

Kabhi possessiveness samjhi.

Lekin aaj mujhe lagta hai ki mohabbat in sabse bahut badi hai.

Mohabbat ka matlab hai:

- Kisi ko paane se pehle use samajhna.

CORRECTION

- Kisi ka bharosa jeetkar uski hifazat karna.
- Apni galtiyon ki zimmedari lena.
- Gusse mein rishte ko khatam karne ki dhamki na dena.
- Doosre ki padhai, parivaar aur personal space ki izzat karna.
- Kisi ko apni marzi ke mutabik badalne ki koshish na karna.
- Kisi ke jaane ke baad bhi uski khushi ki dua karna.
- Apni mohabbat ke saath apni zindagi ki bhi izzat karna.

Mere liye pyaar ka matlab tha ki jab main Asiya ko dekhoon toh mujhe sirf woh nazar aaye.

Main uska haath pakadkar poori zindagi chalna chahta tha.

Uske saath apne sapne poore karna chahta tha.

Uske saath har khushi baantna chahta tha.

Lekin aaj samajhta hoon ki kisi ke saath zindagi guzaarne ka sapna dekhna khoobsurat hai, aur us sapne ke layak insaan banna usse bhi zyada zaroori hai.

FINAL CHAPTER

Ek Adhoora Aashiq, Ek Mukammal Dua

Aaj bhi mere dil mein Asiya ka naam hai.

Main nahi jaanta ki woh kabhi meri zindagi mein wapas aayegi ya nahi.

Main nahi jaanta ki hamari kahani ka doosra hissa likha jaayega ya nahi.

Lekin main itna zaroor jaanta hoon ki usne mujhe meri zindagi ka ek bahut bada sabak diya.

Maine usse mohabbat ki.

Usse khone ka dard bhi saha.

CORRECTION

Apni galtiyon ka pachtawa bhi kiya.

Aur uske jaane ke baad khud ko samajhne ki koshish bhi ki.

Agar kabhi woh meri kitaab padhe, toh main chahta hoon ki use pata chale ki main apni galtiyon se bhaag nahi raha.

Main maanta hoon ki maine use dukh diya.

Main maanta hoon ki mujhe behtar hona chahiye tha.

Aur main chahta hoon ki woh khush rahe.

Chahe meri kahani mein ho ya kisi aur ki kahani mein.

Kyunki mohabbat ka matlab sirf yeh nahi ki koi hamare saath rahe.

Mohabbat ka ek matlab yeh bhi hai ki hum kisi ki khushi ka sammaan karein.

Main kabhi Playboy tha.

Ek ladki se mila.

Usse mohabbat ki.

Uske liye badalne ki koshish ki.

Galtiyan ki.

Usse kho diya.

Aur phir usi mohabbat se wafadari, zimmedari aur zindagi ka matlab seekha.

Meri kahani abhi khatam nahi hui.

Kyunki ab mujhe apne aap ko ek behtar insaan banana hai.

Aur agar meri zindagi ki kitaab mein Asiya ek khoobsurat adhoora panna hai, toh main chahta hoon ki aage ke panne main apni zindagi ko sambhalkar likhun.

EK PLAYBOY KI MOHABBAT

CORRECTION

“Woh meri pehli mohabbat thi, meri sabse badi galtiyon ki gawah thi aur meri zindagi ka sabse gehra sabak bhi. Main use maangta raha har dua mein, lekin aakhirkaar samjha ki dua mein uski khushi ke saath apni zindagi ki hifazat maangna bhi zaroori hai.”

CORRECTION

Waade aur inteezar

Ruchi Parab

Aaj laga ki hum itne bure hai ki aapko apna waada tak todna pada.

Pata nahi kyun aapki baaton se humein kyun itna bura laga, shayad pehli baar aapka badla hua andaaz samajh aaya

Kehti thi aap waade kiye the aapne, firr pata chala waade toh humne hi nibhaye aapse wafadaar rehne ke

Aap toh intezaar kisi aur ka hai kyun ki apne humein samajne ka mauka hi nahi diya



COLLECTION

Wind that is lost

Akashi Moni Kachhap

At times when we are not together

I hope the winds are a message from you.

The harsh blows are your dissatisfaction.

The warm loo is your anger.

Your expresstion of excitement is the cool breeze on a warm day.

Dancing with leaves is your favorite pass time,

whether at life or at death.

The lovely autumn fall is a form of affection and tease.

I hope these thousand autumn last forever.

But eternity from a mortal is just meaningless.

Bring these happiness to every creature on Earth,

that is my wish to you.





Now that you are lost forever,

lost to the field of time.

The kindness that you held in,

the one that I was too blind to see,

CORRECTION

too numb to feel.

May it disperse to the ones in need.

Bring dandilions seeds to those who feel lonely.

Be a stubborn weed among the pretty flowers.

May you grow though the tough concrete wall,

your resilience pushing all odds,

to show the little shining sun.

The same bright, proudful sun shining,

that has glowed 30 years and will continue to glow for eternity

CORRECTION

"When she let him go, she didn't break… she blossomed."

S.Kalai selvi

There is a girl, who used to be happy all the times. She has many friends . Her life was going happily and joyfully. At that time, she met her childhood friend. That friend gave her hope. They started talking well and became close. Gradually, love began between them. Soon, both of them felt a sense of completeness, like they had found their life-long partner. As time passed, beyond being lovers, they became very good friends. They started exploring places together and enjoyed everything happily. Their love kept growing stronger everywhere they went. After about two to three years, a small problem arose. The boy's family said they didn't want this girl because of caste differences. The boy couldn't leave the girl, and he also couldn't leave his family. So he tried to balance both sides. He couldn't take a clear decision, and he became confused. At that time, the girl asked him to share the problem. She told him she would stand by him. But he didn't tell her anything. Even after one month, he didn't explain the problem. She kept calling him daily, but he avoided her calls. After some time, she asked him why he wasn't calling her if there was no problem. This turned into arguments. The arguments grew, and neither of them understood each other. If he had just told her the issue and assured her that he wouldn't leave, she would have waited for him. But she kept waiting, crying every day. Then her birthday came. Usually, he would count down to her birthday — ten days to go, nine days to go — and make her feel special. But that year, he only called in the evening to wish her. From morning, everyone around her — friends, classmates, Instagram followers — wished her. Still, she kept waiting for his wish first. Finally, she accepted even an evening wish. Her friend bought a cake for her, and she cut it, but the whole day felt incomplete. March and April became unforgettable months because that's when they broke up. It wasn't mutual — the boy left. He was confused, and when she tried to talk, he felt it as pressure. Maybe if they had sat and discussed everything calmly, the breakup wouldn't have happened. Even after he left, she couldn't stop crying. They had planned their entire life together — marriage, where to go, when to have children — everything. Suddenly, when all those dreams disappeared, she couldn't accept it. She

CORRECTION

was used to talking to him every night. Even now, when she says his name, she feels like he's calling her. Even after the breakup, she couldn't forget him. She struggled a lot. Slowly, she started coming out of it. Now she understands and tells herself to let him go. She still likes him and thinks maybe she loved him too much. Even though he left, if he ever needs help, she is ready to support him. She believes that one day life will change the way she wishes. She is still waiting with that hope.

CORRECTION

Teri Aankhon ka Noor

Ayush Chandra

Khilte hue gulabon ka wo nazaara kya hai, Teri aankhon ke aage har ek ishara kya hai.

Sagar ki gehrai aur lehron ka sukoon, Jab doob gaye hum, toh phir kinara kya hai.

Chamakte hain jo taare falak par har raat, Teri ek jhalak ke aage wo sitara kya hai.

Chaudhvin ka chaand bhi dhoondhe apna noor, Tum saamne ho toh phir chaand hamara kya hai.

Mahtab bhi fika lage teri deewangi me, Is roshan jahan me phir koi aur nazara kya hai.



CORRECTION

Nainon Ka Jaadoo

Ayush Chandra

Ashq jab aankh mein thehrein toh woh jugnu se lagein, Uske nainon ke samandar mujhe jaadoo se lagein.

Udd ke chehre pe jo aati hain ghata si zulfein, Sard raaton ke bhi jazbaat beqaabu se lagein.

Baat karti hai toh gulshan mein bahaar aati hai, Uske bikhre huye lafz mujhe khushboo se lagein.

Dard uska ho toh dhadkan meri rukk jaati hai, Uski palkon pe chhupe mere hi aansoo se lagein.

Kaun kehta hai ke dharti pe pari milti nahi? Rooh ke saare sukoon uske hi pehloo se lagein.



CORRECTION

What The River Carried

K Ravi

When water flowed from the springs atop the hills
Happiness was carried along as the river flowed
As if enjoying the joy of freedom it carried
Turning and twisting its way dancing to
the tune of its gurgles

The flow down the hill carried with it
Heeps of stones rolling along
Each forming into beautiful pebbles
soft, smooth and round



Reaching the plains from the mountains
It found a larger area to navigate it's flow
Variety of plants and creatures finding their life
in its soft bed down below
Every time when the flow got into some hurdle, it,
Roping in tributaries to branch off its flow

Carried with it the spring waters
from mountains

CORRECTION

And added to it's flow rain waters from the sky

Reached out to irrigate the fields thru canals

Reached out to the ocean to merge

into it's final destination

It carried with it the acqua life line

of our beautiful earth

Establishing itself as the best waterway

Diligently carrying it's task of being the lifeline

for all living things in universe

CORRECTION

What the river carries

A young writer and poet who finds meaning in emotions, memories, and the little things life leaves behind. Through words, he tries to capture feelings that are often difficult to express. His writing is a journey through thoughts, silence, and everything the heart carries.

Ranveer singh anand

I can serve you as a river...
Pure, gentle, pleasant..
Where every drop of water directs me towards you...
And I am just flowing to meet you somewhere.
River creates a beautiful sound everytime it bump into the rocks...
Being the most beautiful creation of Almighty..
And it is used to worship, where a person can go way deeper then they actually think.
It serves as a great unifying inclusion of sun sparkling the whole river and being the greatest, yet the most remarkable event to adore
Human consider it a way of purify their thoughts, deed, or to worship God all at once... "Fascinating yet one of the most spiritual among the creations"

A River carries thousands of philosophy within it
It makes the coarsest people learn the grace of tenderness..
We, as human, should learn something from the river, a life lesson, an imagery of fish and river which evokes the emotion of emptiness.

As a fish doesn't care where she lives
But the water considered her as apart of it.

CORRECTION

LIBRARY

Sofia

A peace of mount,

where you ean count,

manu tales . within its bound .

Bio or small , what you found 2

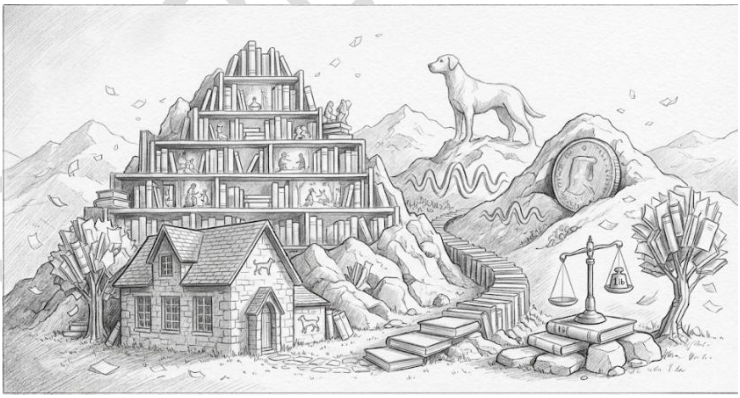
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CORRECTION

My BEST CHILDHOOD DAYS

Sofia

The best doy of my lile - was

the dou whon I was boin

In tho damn of the light - ssomling

in the hands of methorheed 1

Tho bost dau ofs mu Cle - was

the dou when i plyed,

In tho briaht lioht o te moon - happily

ip the besing honds of love)

The best day oh mu lile - was

the day when I "came' to a cosu little house,

In tho sheen aroup of stass - sloeping

in te vcradle hearing the hymnns



The best dau of my li - was

the dau whon oll mnu selatives come,

In tho aoleam daubsok -to see me

sloeping tioht on tho dolicate bed 1

CORRECTION

Tho best don of mu lile - 13as

the dous whon t slopt

In tho louing curms ~ by

sucking my litt Linoss heasing the

Lullobies 1

The best childhood daus - was

te uferoetable golden memouos,

Eniouing mu life as an imn - wilb

asmile in the ladeol' ioul 1

CORRECTION

A little reminder

Debojit Sarkar

Some days are bright, some days are grey,

But I'm glad to have you along the way.

You make the little moments feel right,

Like stars that quietly shine at night.

Anie, I hope you always know,

There's a little love I don't always show.

I may not have the perfect words to say,

But I care for you more than I display.

No grand promises, no fancy view,

Just a simple heart that cares for you.



CORRECTION

THE GRAMMAR OF THE CULPRIT

Aaradhana S P is an Indian student author and emerging storyteller known for her imaginative ideas and interest in diverse literary genres, including fantasy, mystery, science fiction, and mythology. As a contributor to several literary anthologies, she continues to explore the art of storytelling through originality, creativity, and thought-provoking concepts.

AARADHANA S P

CORRECTION

The ceiling fan in Section 8-D of Vishwaroop Vidyalaya hummed tiredly, stirring the warm afternoon air over forty-four eighth-graders. While Lakshmi wore the official monitor badge, everyone in the classroom knew who truly solved crises when discipline broke down.

Preshani Ma'am sat behind her wide desk, red marking pen poised mid-air. She looked past the front row and fixed her gaze on the back corner. "Aaradhana," Ma'am commanded. "Come to the table."

Lakshmi, gripping her chalk box like a shield, whispered as Aaradhana passed, "Save us, Aaradhana. What broke now?"

Aaradhana held no official post, yet whenever real trouble surfaced, the authority of 8-D landed at her feet. She walked up the aisle, scanning the desk.

On the wood lay a torn scrap of ruled paper.

"Read it," Ma'am instructed.

Aaradhana picked up the slip. In thick block capitals, someone had scrawled:

FOLLOWING YOU.

"Aindrila found it inside her science record after break," Preshani Ma'am said quietly. "Do you recognize this hand?"

Aaradhana glanced toward the third bench. Aindrila was Section 8-D's notorious copycat, constantly mirroring Aaradhana's handwriting, double blue margins, and pens. But right now, the girl was visibly pale, picking nervously at her sleeve.

"The letters are disguised, Ma'am," Aaradhana observed. "No natural slant. Pure block strokes. But whoever wrote it has a heavy grip."

"Keep your eyes open, Aaradhana," Ma'am said firmly. "I want this settled before it reaches the Principal."

The next day, the harassment continued.

Before the first bell, Lakshmi hurried over and dropped a second folded note, found under Aindrila's desk.

Aaradhana unfolded it. The script had shifted into an uneven mix of block capitals and boxy print:

cAn YoU fInD mE?

"Look at the letters," Lakshmi whispered. "Like someone playing a kidnapper from a movie. Did he write it to scare her?"

"He's disguising his hand by alternating cases," Aaradhana noted, trailing her thumb across the graphite. "It looks chaotic, but the pressure never changes. The same blunt 2B lead. The same person is targeting her, getting bolder because no one stopped him yesterday."

Then, a full week passed in complete silence. The days blurred into unit tests and biology diagrams. Aindrila relaxed, convinced the tormentor had grown bored, and the tension evaporated into forgotten gossip.

Only Aaradhana's mind kept ticking. A genuine detective's brain doesn't stop working just because the scene goes quiet; the puzzle remained unsolved.

At the end of that quiet week, the predator made his move on Aaradhana.

When Aaradhana opened her rough notebook after social studies, a folded slip fluttered onto her desk. The handwriting was a fluid mix of upper and lower case, crafted with chilling malice:

CORRECTION

Do you genuinely believe anyone respects you? You are a joke to this whole class—an ugly, arrogant busybody whom everyone secretly laughs at behind your back. You couldn't protect a soul if your miserable life depended on it. Back off and crawl back into your little corner where nobody has to look at you, or I swear you will regret ever opening your mouth in this building.

Nearby classmates caught the words and stiffened with hot indignation. The insults were raw and vile, calculated to publicly humiliate.

Lakshmi's face flushed crimson. Her hands trembled with rage.

"How dare they?!" Lakshmi hissed, slamming her geometry tin onto the desk. "Aaradhana, this is disgusting! An ugly busybody?! Who put this filth in your notebook?! It's Dev! It has to be Dev!"

"Dev?" Aaradhana looked toward the first bench. Dev was the class debate speaker and English topper, notorious for condescending smiles and literary put-downs.

"Look at that language!" Lakshmi insisted furiously. "'Do you genuinely believe,' 'an arrogant busybody whom everyone secretly laughs at'—that pompous phrasing is pure Dev! And what about Kamesh? He sits right behind your row, and he's been glaring at you ever since you beat him in science projects!"

"Dev writes with a fine-nib fountain pen and has a sharp forward slant," Aaradhana answered smoothly, her voice dropping into quiet detachment. "He wouldn't be caught dead using a blunt 2B drawing pencil, nor would he deliberately mix casings. And Kamesh writes in tiny, squashed print because he hates leaving margins. This author used wide spacing and heavy wrist pressure."

Lakshmi blinked, her sudden fury meeting a wall of logic. "Then why write so formally? Why throw these heavy words if they're not a topper?"

"Because it's a costume," Aaradhana replied, a razor-thin smile touching her eyes. "Whoever wrote this wanted an explosion. When an ordinary person receives something this vicious, their blood boils. They shout, they accuse blindly, they create a scene. That is what an amateur expects. But rage is a fog. It blinds you. Whoever wrote this is desperately trying to provoke an emotional storm because his logic ran out. He borrowed formal phrasing to

CORRECTION

look like someone intellectual, hoping we would turn on Dev or tear the class apart."

"Then who is under that costume?" Lakshmi asked, bewildered.

"Someone who thinks he's an invisible mimic," Aaradhana said quietly. "Someone who watches the room without making noise. But a boy who writes with this much manufactured grandeur had to practice that phrasing. Arrogance always leaves paper behind."

The definitive proof arrived that afternoon. The final bell had sounded, and the room cleared out for sports. Aaradhana and Lakshmi lingered by the doorway, sorting assignment files, while the school helper moved across the room with her long coconut-leaf broom.

Shrr-shrr-shrr. The broom pushed chalk dust, eraser crumbs, and paper snippets along the floor toward the waste corner.

Caught in the sweep was a tightly rolled pellet of ruled paper.

"Wait one second, please," Aaradhana said gently, stepping forward before the bristles shoved it into the dustpan.

Aaradhana smoothed the wrinkled scrap against a desk. It was a practice worksheet.

Across the lined margins were discarded drafts of formal phrases:

* cAn YoU fInD mE…

* Do you genuinely believe…

* arrogant busybody…

* crawl back into your corner…

The upper half was filled with the jerky block capitals from the first notes; the lower section contained fluid cursive loops attempting that mock-formal style.

And right beneath the drafted lines, betrayed by unconscious muscle memory, was the unmistakable calling card: rows of neatly shaded 3D isometric cubes and geometric initials—the exact doodles covering the inner margins of an unassuming student's notebook.

CORRECTION

“Look at the margin,” Aaradhana said, tracing the jagged tear. “Torn from a spiral pocket pad. And written in blunt 2B pencil lead.” She pointed to the interlocking cubes. “Not Dev. Not Kamesh. Tarun.”

Lakshmi gasped. “Tarun?! The quiet boy on the fourth bench?!”

“The boy who has been staring at Aindrila in silence since seventh standard,” Aaradhana murmured, piecing together the hidden truth. “He sat in the background, harboring a bitter, one-sided obsession. When Aindrila ignored him and spent all her energy copying me, he felt completely invisible. He tried to frighten her with anonymous notes. And when the room turned to me for answers, his resentment turned outward. He thought his forged handwriting and stolen formal vocabulary would hide him forever.”

Ten minutes later, Preshani Ma’am stood at the podium. Lined up in front of her red pen were the three harassment notes alongside the flattened practice sheet.

“Tarun,” Ma’am called out, her tone deadly calm.

From the middle row, Tarun froze mid-stride near the aisle, his quiet, harmless mask instantly shattering. The yellow wooden pencil in his hand slipped, clattering against the floor.

“Ma’am?” he stammered.

“Bring your biology record to this desk,” Ma’am instructed.

Tarun dragged his feet forward. The second he saw his practice sheet—formal insults sitting beside his signature 3D cubes—all color drained from his skin.

“Writing anonymous harassment to intimidate a girl, and then manufacturing vile letters to derail my classroom,” Preshani Ma’am said, cutting through the silent room like cold iron. “You thought hiding behind high-sounding vocabulary made you clever? Collect your bag. To the Principal’s office. Right now.”

Tarun gathered his things with shaking hands, keeping his head down as thirty pairs of eyes glared at him in utter silence.

CORRECTION

Aindrila let out a long breath from her seat, the constant anxiety finally sliding off her shoulders. She looked across the aisle at Aaradhana and gave a deep, silent nod of relief.

Lakshmi leaned against the podium with a satisfied grin. “Dev and Kamesh were right there, and I almost took the bait. Anyone else would have lost their temper and accused the wrong person.”

Aaradhana adjusted her collar, picked up her bag, and smiled. “When someone wants you to throw a tantrum, Lakshmi, losing your t

emper is their victory. Reading their grammar is yours.”

CORRECTION

My Heart to You

I am Sahya S. Dev, a medical professional from Kerala, India, with a keen interest in medical writing, healthcare communication, and research. I am passionate about exploring medical knowledge, evidence-based healthcare, scientific writing, and health education.

Sahya S Dev

CORRECTION

My Babe,
I love you more than my words could ever show.
You mean everything to me; I just want you to know.
I'll be here for you, no matter the dilemma.
You will always be my first priority.

Our hearts are so pure, our love so sweet
A love so precious, a love so true,
A love that flows from me to you.
I believe that must be part of its miracle.

I wake up every day with your smile on my mind.
I awake and smile, for my dreams have come true.
It's a beautiful sight to behold, so soft and kind.
My dreams are filled with thoughts of me and you.



My love for you is like the raging sea,
So powerful and deep it will forever be.
Through storms, winds, and heavy rain,
It will endure and withstand every pain.

I am not the first person you loved.
You are not the first person I looked at
With a mouthful of "love forevers."
But now, I love you more with every heartbeat.

You always know just what to say.
Just talking to you brightens my day.
You look at me as if I'm the only girl around.
You make me feel important and never let me down.

You guide me through my troubles and fears.
I'll always be there through your struggles and tears.
You've shown me how to live, how to smile, what to say.
You've taught me what it's worth to love someone every day.

Love surrounds you—the moon and stars above.
Love is a gift from God, and God is a gift of love.
Love is like a river, a never-ending stream,
Shared by two hearts to fulfill a dream.

When you smile at me, I lose myself.
You give me a feeling that overwhelms.
When your hand is in mine, I feel totally fine.
And that's why I knew I had to make you mine.

Every day I wait for you, telling myself our love is true.
But when you don't show, more tears start to flow.
It's a never-ending story; we can share in its glory,
For true love will never die.

I always think of you—in my sleep, in my dreams.
I think of you all night, all day, hoping you're all right.
I think of you, wishing you were thinking of me too—
Every minute, every second of the day, I think of you.

A million stars light up the sky, but one shines brighter.
Through beautiful days and dark ones,
Through moments when I drown, feel lost, or stagnant,
It was, my love, as if we were meant to be.

When I say I love you, please believe it's true.
When I say forever, know I'll never leave you.
And if I say goodbye, promise me you won't cry,
For the day I say that will be the day I die.

Forever and always, till the very end,
I'll be by your side, through thick and thin.
I love you more than you'll ever know.
I just wanted to say—I'll never let you go.

I want you to know one thing:
Our hearts beat as one, so whole and safe.

CORRECTION

All because…I love you.
I love you, Babe, with all my heart
Together forever, never to part.

So this poem goes out to you,
For everything you've done.
I hope now you understand
Baby, you're the one!

What do I do,
When I'm still in love with you?

CORRECTION

Where the River of Dreams Meets a New Beginning

I am Sahya S. Dev, a medical professional from Kerala, India, with a keen interest in medical writing, healthcare communication, and research. I am passionate about exploring medical knowledge, evidence-based healthcare, scientific writing, and health education.

Sahya S Dev

CORRECTION

My Wedding Day – A Journey of Love, Memories and New Beginnings

I woke up before the sun that morning. Perhaps it was excitement, perhaps it was the restless beating of my heart, or perhaps my dreams had finally decided that they could no longer wait for daylight.

It was my wedding day.

For a few seconds, I lay quietly, staring at the ceiling of my room. Everything looked familiar, yet everything felt different. The same walls that had witnessed my childhood, the same window through which I had watched the monsoon rains, the same little corner where I had sat dreaming about my future. But that morning, something was changing. I was about to leave behind the familiar world of my childhood and step into a new chapter of life.

I belonged to a small, beautiful village where mornings arrived with the sound of birds, the smell of fresh earth and the distant ringing of temple bells. Our village was not a place of grand buildings or busy streets. It was a place of narrow roads, coconut trees swaying in the breeze, paddy fields dancing in the wind, familiar faces and neighbours who knew every little story of every household.



Here, happiness was never a private affair. When one family celebrated, the entire village celebrated.

And today, celebrating my wedding.

I could hear people moving around outside. The kitchen was already alive with activity. The aroma of freshly prepared breakfast, the sound of vessels, the laughter of relatives and the excited voices of children filled the house. Women were busy arranging flowers, men were making last-minute arrangements, and little cousins were running around as if it were their own festival.

My house had transformed into a world of colours and celebrations.

I stood near the window and looked outside. The morning sunlight gently touched the leaves of the coconut trees. The familiar pathway leading to our house was decorated, and relatives were arriving with smiling faces. I wondered how many times I had walked along that same pathway as a little girl, carrying schoolbooks, playing with friends and returning home with muddy feet.

Today, I was walking towards a different journey.

My mother entered the room carrying my wedding saree. She looked at me with a smile that was filled with pride and a little sadness.

"Today is your day, mole!"

I smiled at her. But suddenly, I felt an unexpected lump in my throat.

I had imagined this day countless times. As a little girl, I would take my mother's sarees, drape them around myself, wear her bangles and stand before the mirror pretending to be a bride. I would laugh at my own reflection and imagine a beautiful wedding with music, flowers and hundreds of smiling faces.

And now, that little girl's dream was becoming real.

As my mother helped me get ready, her hands moved gently through my hair. She decorated it with beautiful jasmine flowers. The fragrance reminded me of so many childhood mornings when she used to prepare me for school, oiling my hair and tying it neatly before sending me off.

CORRECTION

Today, those same hands were preparing me for a new life with a beautician.

I looked into the mirror. A beautiful saree, golden ornaments, flowers in my hair and a shy smile transformed my reflection. Everyone around me said I looked like a princess. But somewhere inside, I could still see the little village girl who once ran barefoot through the courtyard.

I wished I could pause that moment.

My father came into the room. He stood quietly for a while, looking at me. His eyes were filled with emotion, but he tried to hide it behind a cheerful smile.

"Are you ready?" he asked.I nodded.

But how could I tell him that I was not entirely ready to leave the home where I had grown up? How could I explain that the little girl who once held his finger while crossing the road was now preparing to walk into another home?

He placed his hand gently on my head and blessed me.That simple gesture brought tears to my eyes.

Outside, the celebrations were growing louder. The sound of traditional music filled the air. My relatives were laughing, children were taking photographs, and neighbours were coming forward to admire the decorations.

I could see the happiness on everyone's faces. My sister came running towards me, excitedly admiring my saree and jewellery.

"Look at you! Our girl is becoming a bride!"We laughed, but our laughter carried a little sadness too.

I remembered our childhood games, school journeys, secret conversations, evening walks and countless dreams shared under the village sky. We had once imagined our futures together, never knowing how quickly those days would pass.

And now, here I was, standing at the beginning of a dream I had once shared with them.

Then came the moment everyone had been waiting for.

CORRECTION

The wedding ceremony.

As I approached the wedding venue, I could hear the music becoming louder. The colourful decorations, the flowers, the lights and the smiling faces created an atmosphere that felt almost magical. My heart was beating rapidly.

And then I saw him.The person with whom I was about to begin a new journey.

For a moment, everything around me seemed to slow down. I smiled, and he smiled back. There was happiness, nervousness and an unspoken promise in that little exchange of smiles.

I wondered what the future would bring. Would we laugh together over silly things? Would we travel to new places? Would we build a home filled with love? Would he understand my dreams, my fears and my little imperfections?

I did not know all the answers.But I knew that every beautiful journey begins with a little uncertainty.

The rituals began. The elders blessed us, the traditional music continued and the camera flashes captured every precious moment. When the sacred wedding knot was tied, the hall erupted with applause, blessings and cheerful voices.

I was married!

At that very moment, happiness washed over me like a wave. I looked around and saw the faces of everyone I loved. My mother was smiling through her tears. My father looked proud. My relatives were showering us with blessings. My friends were cheering and laughing.

I wanted to embrace the entire world.Yet, beneath all that happiness, a small part of my heart was becoming emotional.

I knew that after the celebrations, I would be leaving my childhood home.

The home where I had celebrated birthdays, fought with my siblings, enjoyed family festivals, hidden my tears and shared my dreams. The walls knew my secrets. The courtyard remembered my footsteps. Every corner held a memory.

CORRECTION

How could a girl say goodbye to a place that had shaped her entire world?

As the wedding celebrations continued, I looked around and tried to capture every detail in my heart. The familiar faces, the laughter, the delicious food, the colourful sarees, the music, the flowers and the warmth of my village.

I wanted to remember the sound of my mother's voice calling me, my father's cheerful laughter and my friends teasing me.I wanted to remember everything. Then came the farewell.Perhaps this was the moment I had feared the most.

I cried inside. Not because I was unhappy, but because I had too much love in my heart to express in words.

All surrounded me, hugging me and promising that our friendship and relationship would never change. My relatives blessed me, and the neighbours waved goodbye with affectionate smiles.

As I stepped into the vehicle, I turned back for one last look.There was my home.There were my people.

There was my little village, standing like a beautiful memory, holding a thousand stories of the girl I once was.

The vehicle slowly moved forward. Through the window, I watched the familiar coconut trees, narrow roads and little houses gradually disappear into the distance.

I was leaving one home, but I was not leaving the love that had built me.

That evening, as the sun slowly disappeared behind the coconut trees, I realised something beautiful.I had dreamed of wearing a beautiful saree, receiving flowers, smiling for photographs and celebrating with everyone I loved.

But I had never imagined that the greatest gift of my wedding day would be the overwhelming feeling of being loved.

My village had given me roots. My family had given me wings. And now life was inviting me to fly.

I was no longer the little girl dreaming of becoming a bride, but a woman carrying a thousand memories and endless hopes. Though I was leaving my

CORRECTION

village, a part of my heart would always remain there. For a wedding is not just the beginning of a new life; it is also a celebration of all the love that shaped us. That day, amidst laughter, tears and blessings, my childhood gently said goodbye, and my new journey began.

And like the river that carried my childhood memories towards new horizons, I carried my village, my dreams and every emotion in my heart, forever.

Why Do You Search for Love From a Stranger?

Shradha Dixit

CORRECTION

What you want is a comfort place, a place of solace,

a person with whom you share everything,

who won't judge you, no matter what life is bringing,

who reminds you that you're not worthless,

who shows you that happiness is truly endless,

and a person who will understand your silent pain,

even when you can’t explain

why your heart feels heavy, or your spirit low,

a person you can call after a day of woe,

who knows you’re not okay

just by the tone of your voice or the words you say.

Which you will never have

with your own people, your family, your friends.

You talk to them about some things,



but not everything.

You can't tell them that sometimes

you hate yourself so deeply

that life feels empty.

You can't tell them that anxiety attacks strike at 3 a.m.,

and nights are battles you fight again and again.

You are scared they will judge you,

and you don't want to show them your vulnerability too,

because you grew up where strength was the rule,

where everyone seemed mighty, never a fool.

You don't want to show the world that you are strong;

you only want to show it to those you belong —

your family, your friends,

the ones who are your world in the end.

And it's not easy to find that right soul,

and even harder when trusting people isn’t your goal.

Sometimes, even when you find that person,

you are not ready to be in that version.

Not ready for commitment,

CORRECTION

not ready for love's true shipment,

because you're already carrying too much within,

and loving someone takes effort, not just a whim.

And sometimes, even knowing that they

are not giving you all that your heart needs,

you still commit,

because their presence is a sweet, fleeting lift.

You are happy when you are with them,

you forget the storm and the mayhem,

you smile and laugh when talking to them,

even if the rest of the world feels grim.

CORRECTION

And Then, Spring Found Her

Anwesha Mohanty

She was the kind of girl
who could find a thousand meanings
in a sentence that had none.

She had mastered the art
of making herself smaller,
of smiling through moments
she felt she didn't belong in.

She knew what it was
to be everyone's almost.

She never asked to be
the centre of someone's world—
only a small corner of it.

Someone who would notice
the quiet in her absence
and wonder why
the room felt different.

CORRECTION

And the worst part was,

nobody had really been cruel to her.

Just people who forgot,

people who found their people

and never noticed

she was still looking.

So she made peace

with being an afterthought,

became fluent in the language

of understanding.

They must have their reasons.

Perhaps I'm expecting too much.

She had a strange relationship with *love*.

She had admired it

between pages of novels,

in stories that lingered

long after the last line.

CORRECTION

She loved the idea of it,

yet somehow knew

it was never meant for her.

Not every garden,

she thought,

was meant to bloom.

Some were only meant to admire

the spring from someone else's window.

She never went looking for spring.

She had long made peace

with the autumn.

Until one day,

something familiar

began to grow

between the cracks.

He happened.

Somewhere between an ordinary day

and an unfinished conversation.

CORRECTION

He arrived so gently

that she hardly noticed

the season changing.

While she stood by her window,

admiring someone else's garden,

spring came knocking at her door,

with flowers in its hands.

He was not the kind of love

that set the world on fire.

He was the kind

that made a girl realise

she had spent her whole life

standing in the *cold*.

And suddenly,

there was *warmth*.

As though all the things

he noticed

were the things

CORRECTION

she had long stopped mentioning.

Somewhere between
ordinary conversations
and unremarkable afternoons,
she began to feel
something she'd only read about.

He felt like ***home***.

Like all the tenderness
she had poured into others,
all the love she had given
without asking for it back,
all the prayers she had whispered
into the quiet,

had somehow
found their way back to her.

That was what he felt like.

And yet,
even in the middle of all that warmth,

CORRECTION

she was afraid.

For what does a girl

who has known too many winters

know about trusting spring?

Somewhere beneath the laughter,

a little voice still wondered—

What if the flowers were temporary?

What if the skies grew distant again?

What if, one morning,

he found a garden

more beautiful than hers?

She hated how her mind

could turn even the gentlest affection

into a thousand little what-ifs.

She wanted to love him

without looking for endings,

to stop preparing for autumn

while standing in the middle of spring.

CORRECTION

And perhaps he would never know

how much courage it took

for a girl like her

to believe she could be someone's

someone.

But somewhere,

beneath all those dreadful what-ifs,

her heart knew something

her mind was still learning to trust.

This was not a passing season.

Not a borrowed warmth.

Not another almost.

He was not a phase.

He was a promise.

CORRECTION

Navratri and the Forgotten Meaning of Shakti

Anwesha Mohanty

Baa, baa, black sheep,

Have you any shame?

When a woman cries for justice,

Why must she bear the blame?



Nine nights of garba,

Nine nights of light,

But how many women

Can walk home safe at night?

You praise her strength, her sacred face,

Yet question what she wore, where she walked, her place.

Chant her name with folded hands,

Then let injustice rule the land.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,

A woman's dignity means nothing at all,

Not when society gathers around

To judge the girl instead of the criminal found.

Nine nights of worship.

Three hundred and sixty-five days of doubt.

We know how to welcome the Goddess in-

But never how to keep violence out.

CORRECT

Mirror, Mirror

Stuti shukla

CORRECTION

And what if?

It gets better in the future.

What will you do then? Regret? Grief? Nothing.

You'll be gone.

Leaving a part of you behind.

A part of you in everything you've loved.

A part of you that'll haunt me forever.

Sure, you might be feeling miserable today,

but maybe that's the price one has to pay.

'Cause tomorrow, you might shed this skin of yours.

Then all the dirt would have to be done.



Whom would you return to then?

Not to me, not to them.

'Cause you'll be gone.

My last words to you love 💕

Hi l am Ardra S an aspiring writer who finds pieces of herself in poetry and unspoken words. For me, writing is a way of turning feelings into words and finding myself

Ardra S

CORRECTION

If it is my last day on earth

I would love to spend that time with you

Each hour each minute and

each second spend with you

will be the only good memories

I have on this earth

Leaving you all alone makes me sad

It makes me wanna live so so bad

At the same time l want to end it all

The pain the suffering

I cannot take it more

I know you will be devastated

Devasted because of my loss

I want to be selfish

Tell you not to think about any other

Woman other than me



For the rest of your life

I want you to be faithful to me

I want your heart to be always mine

But l know true love is letting go

To see the other happy and sound

So as much as it hurts

to see you with someone new

Laughing and giggling

Walking hand in hand

Through all the paths that we once crossed

Among all this the only thing

that will give me peace

Is knowing that you will be happy

Be delighted and content in life

I want you to live for me

Because l will always be with you

I am weak l am tired

I think it's time to leave this world

And go to a place far along

Where there is peace

Where there is prosper

CORRECTION

My breath is fading and l am getting cold

But l am happy to perish in your arms

If rebirth really does exist

I would love to be yours once again

But if my end is planned quicker

I would rather not meet you alone

CORRECTION

WAITING

Srishti Upadhayaya

Shivering nights,and Christmas Eve

That's all we were meet

Faithful and contentment all I feel

It was my heart,that you steal

Promise to never hurt other, we'll

Defeated chaos all you healed

Trouble situation,what sin we had did?

Longingness can't be conceal

Left me lonely in that spring

'forever together ' was the deal !!!

You know, I am 'waiting

All I want, us to meet

Encounter with you, increase my beats

I'll wait for you until my last breath

CORRECTION

Chats reminds of our deeds

Missing you is on the peak'

Glimpse of you,all I need

Wait for you, until I got on stick

Silently, we both Speak

Heavenly lived, could we please repeat?

CORRECTION

A NOTE ON THE POEM

Srishti Upadhayaya

Waiting is a reflection on a love that continues even in the absence of the person it belongs to. Through memories of shared moments, promises, conversations and a once-imagined forever, the speaker recalls a relationship that brought comfort and made difficult times feel easier to bear.

At its heart, the poem explores the connection between love and waiting. The separation has left the speaker with loneliness, but it has not erased the affection or the hope of meeting again. Ordinary reminders-old chats, familiar memories and even the thought of a glimpse-become meaningful because they keep the absent person emotionally close.

The repeated idea of waiting suggests both devotion and uncertainty. It captures the feeling of holding on to a promise while not knowing when, or whether, that promise will be fulfilled. In this sense, waiting is not simply the passing of time; it becomes an expression of longing, faith and the desire to experience those cherished moments once more.

Ultimately, Waiting asks whether a love that once felt heavenly can be lived again. It is about missing someone, remembering what was shared, and continuing to hope for a reunion-even when all that remains in the present is the act of waiting.



Hidden feelings 💝

The Moon doesn't know how much I love it.

I love the moon not because it is beautiful or it gives light but when I stare at the moon my face can't stop smiling with lovely eyes even at my worst. It gives a reason to smile, a hope to conquer my bad timing. My love for the moon had been holding at the depth of my heart because the moon is so far from me to share my feelings. My feelings are like birds,they are flying but can't reach the moon . If the moon has emotions ,it will definitely fall for my hard love. And I am damn sure about it. Loving someone from a distance is like enjoying the pain. Maybe my body can't reach my love but one day my soul will definitely reach my moon and tell how hard I fall for it . Maybe it will happen when my body and soul are separated.

I wrote the letter and the name of that letter is " A letter 💌 to my moon"

And here it is,

Can I mention you as my love?

You are the one who always made me feel better,you are one of the most beautiful creations .You are precious to the entire world. Nights are nothing special without you . Dear moon , listen ! Your thoughts walk into my mind every time. My heart is craving to see you. The day is going very hard for me . Do you know what? I am jealous of Venus. Everyone is talking about both of you. If you like that name ,why don't you mention me as your



CORRECTION

venus . I will change my name to “venus” only for you . At least then , I get close to you for a month and I meet you every 8 years. Do you think it is better to become an astronaut ? But I want to become a satellite then I will get a chance to move around you. I can't tell you 143 ,but I am saying - 831 (you are precious to me) . 143 is a promise . I am afraid,what if I break the promise? I don't want to be a cheater in front of you. Because I know humans can't always keep their promises. I am human too. Also tonight you are so romantic. Also like previous days ,I am enjoying your presence from a distance .

Remember one thing ,my door is always open for you even though I know you won't come .

You are like a rose plant, you are beautiful but also painful . I can enjoy both for you . I can't move forward from where I am standing when it comes to you. Because my love for you is not fading. But why am I seeing the world with eyes full of tears?

CORRECTION

The River Owed No One an Apology

ILA FARSHORI

Poetic Prose

The first time I encountered justice, it was written in ink.

It lived between the lines of the Constitution, in the measured language of Articles and amendments, in the solemn promise that every human being was entitled to stand beneath the same sky of rights. I copied its words into my notebooks, underlined its promises, memorised its provisions. I learnt how to explain equality, how to distinguish a right from a privilege, how to speak of liberty as though it were something the world had already learnt to honour.

I did not yet understand that a promise can be written in the language of the powerful and remain unread by those who need it most.

Outside the classroom, justice had a different vocabulary.

It spoke through the girl whose dreams were negotiated before she had learnt to name them. Through the woman who measured the distance between her home and the world by the number of dangers along the way. Through the employee who swallowed humiliation because rent was due, and the mother who called her suffering patience because nobody had taught her another word for it.

A woman was praised for enduring what should never have been demanded of her. She was called difficult when she refused, arrogant when she questioned, and selfish when she finally chose herself. And when she found the courage to speak, the world often asked why her voice had taken so long to arrive.

I began to wonder: why were women taught to make a virtue of surviving what society refused to change?

Somewhere beyond my books, I imagined a river.

It travelled without permission, slipping past villages, cities, courtyards and courtrooms. It knew the dust of forgotten roads and the silence of closed

CORRECTION

doors. It passed houses where daughters learnt to fold their ambitions as neatly as their clothes, and streets where women walked with their keys between their fingers, mistaking caution for freedom.

I imagined it carrying their unspoken stories.

But a river cannot distinguish between a wound and the silence covering it. It cannot know who has been denied a voice, who cannot afford representation, who has been frightened away from a police station, or who has been told that preserving family honour is more important than preserving herself.

It flows past every shore, but it cannot make every shore equal.

And perhaps that is where the work of justice begins: not in pretending that the world is fair, but in refusing to accept that its unfairness is inevitable.

I began to understand the distance between equality written on paper and equality lived in the body. A right may exist in a statute and still remain a thousand miles away from the person who needs it. A remedy may be available in law but hidden behind fear, expense, shame and the exhausting labour of being believed.



The Constitution had promised dignity. The world, however, seemed to distribute it selectively.

Yet I did not begin to love the law less. I began to understand why it mattered more.

For what is a right worth if the person entitled to it has been taught to apologise for asking? What is freedom if its price is silence? And what does equality mean when one person must spend a lifetime proving that they deserve the ordinary respect another receives without asking?

I carried these questions into my own life.

I, too, had learnt the quiet art of making myself convenient.

CORRECTION

I knew how to arrive when someone needed me. How to listen until the night grew tired. How to remember little things, to offer help before it was requested, to make room for other people's storms even when my own sky was darkening.

I became a familiar name in moments of difficulty, a reassuring presence in hours of need. My kindness travelled ahead of me, opening doors I had not realised I was expected to keep open forever.

And then, sometimes, the need passed.

The messages grew shorter. The warmth grew unfamiliar. The people who once knew exactly where to find me seemed to forget the road. I watched affection become occasional, conversations become obligations, and closeness disappear as quietly as a lamp going out in an empty room.

I had mistaken being needed for being valued.

There is a particular loneliness in discovering that some people remember your kindness more faithfully than they remember you.

For a long time, I searched for explanations. Perhaps they were busy. Perhaps life had changed. Perhaps I expected too much. I was always willing to build a bridge between their absence and my disappointment, even when I was the only one standing on it.

When someone hurt me, I tried to understand the history behind their hands. I collected reasons as though they were evidence for a defence, and somehow, in every trial, I was the one asked to withdraw my own complaint.

I called it empathy.

I called it forgiveness.

I called it being the bigger person.

I did not call it what it sometimes was: leaving myself behind so that nobody else would have to feel uncomfortable.

There is a kind of disappearance that makes no sound. No farewell is spoken. No door is slammed. You simply begin to offer less of your truth,

CORRECTION

postpone more of your dreams, and swallow the sentences that might change how someone sees you.

You remain present in every room, yet become a stranger to yourself.

I knew how to argue that every person deserved dignity. I was still learning that I was not an exception to that promise.

The river kept moving.

I imagined it collecting all the little things I had mistaken for love: the apologies I made for being hurt, the affection I stretched beyond its natural shape, the boundaries I dissolved to keep a connection alive. I imagined it carrying the words I had swallowed, the expectations I had outgrown, and the weight of being everyone's shelter while having nowhere to rest myself.

But a river does not spend its life asking the stones why they stood in its way.

It moves.

Not because the stones never hurt it. Not because the current has forgotten the resistance. But because movement is not a betrayal of what came before. It is the refusal to let every obstacle become a permanent address.

I began to understand that forgiveness did not require my return.

I could remember someone without reopening the door. I could wish them well without offering them another opportunity to wound me. I could understand why a person behaved as they did without making their reasons more important than the consequences of their actions.

I did not have to become cruel to become careful.

I did not have to grow cold to stop being consumed.

And I did not have to hate anyone to choose a life in which they no longer had unlimited access to me.

Perhaps this, too, was a question of justice.

For if dignity is inherent, why had I been treating mine as something that needed to be earned through patience? If equality means that no one stands above another, why had I placed everyone else's comfort on a higher ground

CORRECTION

than my own? Why had I believed that kindness became less valuable the moment it acquired boundaries?

The law taught me that rights and duties belong together. Life was teaching me that neither is a licence for endless sacrifice.

My compassion could not repair every injustice. My education could not make me the owner of another person's story. And my kindness, however sincere, could not make every relationship reciprocal.

I began to see that justice was not only about what happened in courtrooms. It was also about the ordinary dignity we deny one another: in homes where a woman's refusal is treated as rebellion, in workplaces where silence is mistaken for consent, in friendships where loyalty is expected but never returned.

It was in these small, everyday places that I wanted dignity to become more than a beautiful word.

I returned to my books with a different kind of attention. The Constitution no longer seemed like a distant monument of promises. It became a reminder of the world we had not yet built. I wanted to understand the person behind the dispute, the fear behind the silence, the life behind the case number.

I wanted to work towards a justice that did not require people to become extraordinary merely to receive what should have been ordinary.

But somewhere along the way, I had another promise to keep.

This time, it was to myself.

I would no longer measure my goodness by how much I could endure. I would not mistake someone's return for remorse, or their need for affection. I would stop treating every departure as a verdict upon my worth.

Some people had only known how to find me when they needed a hand. I could accept that without spending another season waiting for them to learn how to hold mine.

I was not angry that I had been kind. I was only finished with the belief that kindness required me to remain available to everyone, at every cost.

CORRECTION

There is no shame in having a heart that gives. The shame lies in a world that teaches such a heart to apologise for needing care in return.

And so, slowly, I learnt to close certain doors without hatred. To let unanswered messages remain unanswered. To stop explaining a boundary to those who benefited from its absence. To leave conversations in which my dignity was always the price of admission.

I did not become a different person.

I became a person I could no longer abandon.

The river was still moving. It carried the dust of old roads, the names of forgotten places, the debris of storms and the stories of those who had stood along its banks. It did not deny what had entered its waters. It simply refused to let any one thing define its entire course.

Perhaps that is what growing stronger means.

Not becoming untouched by the world, but learning that every touch does not deserve to leave a permanent mark. Not forgetting who hurt you, but refusing to make a home inside the hurt. Not building walls around every part of yourself, but finally learning which doors should remain closed.

I am still learning the law. I am still learning the world. I am still learning how to stand beside another person's suffering without dismissing my own.

I will probably keep forgiving. I will probably keep looking for the good in people. I hope I never lose that part of myself.

But I will no longer confuse an open heart with an open invitation.

I have spent enough of my life being the place people came to when they had nowhere else to go. I am learning, now, to become a place of belonging for myself.

And if the world calls that selfishness, let it.

A river does not become selfish because it refuses to flow backwards.

It does not apologise for leaving the banks that tried to contain it. It does not beg the stones to understand its direction. It does not wait for the shore to approve of its movement.

CORRECTION

It remembers every bend, every storm, every obstruction. And still, it moves.

I once thought the river's strength lay in everything it could carry. Now I think its strength lies in knowing that none of those things are the whole of it.

I, too, have carried people, their expectations, their silences, their disappointments and their departures. I have carried words that were never returned, affection that arrived only when it was needed, and versions of myself that believed being useful was the closest thing to being loved.

But I am more than what I have carried.

I am more than the help I offered, the forgiveness I gave, the work I completed, or the people who remembered me only when they needed something.

I am not a resting place for everyone who refuses to learn how to stay. I am not a bridge that must remain standing after everyone has crossed. I am not a promise of endless access.

I am a life of my own.

And I will no longer make it smaller to fit inside someone else's convenience.

The river owes no one an apology for moving beyond the banks that tried to hold it.

And neither will I apologise for finally choosing a life in which my kindness has a home, my silence is no longer mistaken for consent, and my dignity is not negotiable.

CORRECTION

The Same Air, Different Feelings

BhavyaSri Kancherla

Just me and my terrace talks,

A random talk

I used to listen

Music that

Loves me.

Suddenly

the tune whispers

Music starts playing

Another version.

I thought the

Rose petals were

Beautiful

Until I knew

Its tune.

Carrying a lot and,

kept aside for,

making the right

CORRECTION

Decision in front

Of the moon.

My favorite ...

I've got

All my feelings

Up,

Holding the

Same air

Over many years.

And again,

Filling the

same air,

Between my heart &

Brain.

Realized,

Things gonna change,

But not my

heart, never!

CORRECTION

Womanhood

Zubiya Ansari is an emerging poet and creative enthusiast with interests in art, music, journaling, and literature. Her writing draws inspiration from human emotions, relationships, everyday experiences, and the complexities of life. With a perspective that balances realism with optimism, she explores themes of hope, resilience, self-discovery, and personal growth.

Ansari Zubiya Khanam

CORRECTION

I took birth , looking bright as a pearl,
Unless The doctor claimed to my parents ," Congrats it's a girl".

Looking up there I thought life's so pretty,
Untill some raged men touched and I felt so guilty.

Bringing up all I was surrounded were norms,
Changing myself to fit into society's stereotypical forms.

With short skirt on I walked to the school,
But men around stared it and I felt so fearful.

Was so suprised and I thought of my security,
Hearing my mother say you reached your puberty.

Life was pretty easy till by the time I was a little champ,
And then I witnessed what ladies called as period cramps.

Oh my little self thought that's it's just an X chromosome,
Which caused me to bleed and bear every month all alone.

I attempted to say,
They asked to be quiet.
When I wanted to play they asked to be inside,

When I wanted to be free,
They laughed as theirs lungs out.
Cause they knew if I did become,
They won't have a reason to be proud.



They worshiped my stutues and I felt like a divine;
Untill they harassed me,
And asked mee to proceed their bloodline.

Oh almighty what a body you made of mud;
Where walking on empty streets felt like walking scud.

I served them my energy all day and night,
Still couldn't get the basic level of human right.

They took my father's wealth in the name of dowry,
And treated me like picked mee from a slurry,

They thought educating me was a waste of money,
And made that Little child marry all in hurry.

They asked me cover up all my body and not to be out at night,
When I wasn't a manhater but patriarchy was all needed to fight.

Oh my little self never thought being a girl could be a crime!
That even when I was harassed all asked was " what was the time?"

And so I needed to ask all those men made of mud;
How could you put down the one to birthed , raised , praised , married and proceeded your blood ?

CORRECTION

What She Carries:Like a River

Koyel Mandal is a third-year literature student from Dhupguri, West Bengal. She writes to represent that even in storms, she never breaks — held by her faith in Goddess Kali and the blessings of her grandparents. For her, writing is not just words, it is survival, hope, and strength.

Koyel Mandal

CORRECTION

There was a girl.

Everyone said she looked like a fairy.
But no one knew, her two wings had already broken in her childhood.
Not in a single day. Not in a single moment. Slowly, quietly, in the way a river loses its banks during the monsoon.
And since then, she has been carrying something heavy inside her.
Something no one can see. Something no one asks about.

What does she carry?

She carries her mother's old, faded saree.
It is not just a saree. It is the only thing left.
She does not remember her mother's face clearly anymore. Time has taken that away from her.
But she remembers the smell. That smell has never left her.
That smell is her mother's hug. That smell is her home. That smell is the only proof that she was once loved like a child should be loved.
The saree is kept folded in the almirah, carefully, like a treasure.
When the world becomes too heavy, when the noise becomes too much, when her chest feels like it will break,
she takes it out, wraps it around herself, and sleeps.
And in that moment, it feels like her mother has come and hugged her tightly.
It feels like her mother is saying — "Sleep my child, I am here. You don't have to be strong tonight."

She carries an unspoken wish.
Her father is there. But in another family.

There are two little sisters there. They have what she never had.
Every day she hears her father lovingly call them "Maa" —
"O Maa, have you eaten? O Maa, come sleep. O Maa, don't go far."
Those words are so soft. So warm. So full of love.
And she stands behind the door, silently, listening.
Her chest breaks, but she doesn't say anything. She has learned not to say anything.
She only carries that wish in her chest —
that someone would call her "Maa" like that. Just once.
Not because she wants to be a mother. Because she wants to know how it feels to be called with so much love.
To be someone's "Maa". To be someone's home.

She carries pain in her chest.
So much pain that sometimes it becomes difficult to even breathe.
It is not the kind of pain that you can show to a doctor and get medicine for.
The doctor had once said — "There is pressure on the chest, don't take pressure on the mind."
But what will she do? How does a person not take pressure, when her whole life is pressure?



She cannot cry in front of everyone. She has tried. It does not work.
If she cries, her throat chokes, her eyes close, words don't come out.
People look at her and say, "Why are you crying? Be strong."
So she has stopped crying in front of people.
So at night, when everyone falls asleep, when the house becomes silent, when even the dogs stop barking,
hugging her mother's saree to her chest, looking at the moon, she cries alone.
Quietly. Without sound. Without anyone knowing.
Even the moon knows, no one hears her crying.
The moon has become her only witness.

She carries love, too.
Not the loud kind of love that people show on festivals. The quiet kind.

CORRECTION

For Thamma and Thakur Dada.
They are not the king-queen of any story. They are not rich. They are not famous.
They wake up at 4 in the morning, go to the field in the fog, work with their hands in the cold,
and cook two morsels of rice for her.
They are her Maa. They are her Baba.
They never say big words. They never promise big things.
But they are there. Every morning. Every night. Without fail.
She carries their love like a small lamp in the dark.
When everything else goes dark, that lamp keeps burning.

She carries loneliness.
Even in a crowded room, even in college, even among friends, there is a part of her that feels alone.
She laughs with everyone, she talks, she helps others, but inside, there is a small girl sitting alone,
waiting for her mother to come back.
She has learned to hide it well. She smiles so that no one asks questions.
But at midnight, when her sleep breaks, that loneliness comes back.
And she feels — maybe one morning she will wake up and see, her mother has really returned.
And she will no longer have to hold that old saree, her mother herself will come and hold her.
She knows it may never happen. But she still carries that hope.
Because without that hope, what is left?

She carries dreams.
She studies. English Honours in Dhupguri College.
Everyone laughs — "Being a girl, why do you need to study so much. Get married. That is enough."
She says nothing. She quietly looks at the moon in the sky.
She believes, one day she will write her own book,
where all the pain will be written, but there will be no complaint against anyone.
Where no one will be blamed. Where only the truth will be written — that she survived.
She wants to write not to become famous. She wants to write so that one day,
another girl like her, sitting alone at night, hugging something of her

CORRECTION

mother,
will read it and feel — "I am not alone."

And sometimes, just like a river — she also becomes calm. She also becomes happy.
A river is not always in flood. Sometimes it is gentle. Sometimes it shines in the sunlight.
She is like that too.

Like when she gets good marks in college.
No one knows how much she studies at night after everyone sleeps, with a small light on,
with her mother's saree on her lap, with tears in her eyes, but still reading.
So when the result comes and she sees good marks, she feels a small happiness bloom inside her.
It is not a big celebration. It is a quiet smile. A feeling of — "Yes, I did it."

Like when Thamma smiles and says, "My child will do something big one day."
That one line is enough for her for a whole month.
That one line gives her the strength to keep going.

Like when she writes one beautiful line and feels — "Yes, I can do this."
Like when a teacher says, "Your writing has pain, but it has truth."
Like when she helps a friend and that friend says, "Thank you, you are a good person."
At those moments, the river inside her flows gently. It does not hurt. It shines.
She feels — maybe I am not as broken as I thought. Maybe I am still alive.
Maybe I can still bloom.

But even in those happy moments, she carries a small fear.
A fear that happiness will go away. That people will leave. That she will be alone again.
A river also carries that fear, doesn't it? That one day it will dry up.
But still, it flows. And she flows too.

She carries questions that have no answers.
Why did her mother leave so early? Why did her father forget her? Why did she have to grow up so fast?
She has stopped asking these questions out loud. But inside, they are still

CORRECTION

there.
They float inside her like leaves on a river.

She carries strength that she did not choose.
People say, "You are so strong." They don't know, she never wanted to be strong.
She wanted to be loved. She wanted to be held. She wanted to be a child.
But life made her strong. So now she carries that strength, even when she is tired.
Even when she wants to rest, she keeps walking. Because there is no one else to walk for her.

She carries hope.
Even today at midnight when her sleep breaks she feels —
maybe one morning she will wake up and see, her mother has really returned.
Maybe one day someone will come, who will love her without any selfishness.
Who will not ask her to be perfect. Who will not ask her to forget her past.
Who will simply say — "You were not bad, you were just asking for a little love."
Who will hold her like her mother's saree holds her.

Maybe that's a dream.
But it is with this small dream that she is still alive today.
This dream is the reason she wakes up every morning, washes her face, goes to college, smiles at people,
and comes back home, even when her chest hurts.

And till then, wherever she has been thrown, she will bloom there as a wildflower.
Even if no one waters her, she will bloom with rainwater, with sunlight.
She does not need a garden. She does not need permission to bloom.
Like the moon — she will shine even with scars, she will shine even alone.
The moon is not perfect. It has scars. It has dark spots. And still, the whole world looks at it.
She is like that.

Just like a river, she carries everything silently —
her pain, her love, her unspoken words, her small happiness, her big dreams, her fear, her hope.

CORRECTION

She does not complain. She does not stop. She does not ask the world to carry her.
She carries it all, and still, she flows.

And maybe, that is what this river has carried all along.
Not just water. Not just pain.
But a girl who never stopped flowing.

CORRECTION

THE UNFORGETTABLE DREAM ~

I'm *Muntaha Laiq*, an aspiring writer and co-author who finds comfort in words and beauty in the things left unspoken. I love exploring human emotions, unfulfilled dreams, and the little things that often go unnoticed. Through my writing, I try to express the feelings I struggle to put into words and share a little piece of my world with those who read me.

Muntaha Laiq

CORRECTION

Here I found the ***death*** of my ***dream.***

Wandering in the past,

Where it found no home,

To take some rest,

To be able to breathe,

To live to the fullest,

To surrender my grief,

To make me happy,

To see me succeed,



But here I am,

With my bare hands,

Strangling it until its last breath,

And burying it with time.

When the Sea Become my Company

Maryam Khalid is a 17-year-old writer and poet who believes words can inspire, heal, and bring people together. Her work explores resilience, identity, hope, and growth, blending emotion with quiet reflection. Through every poem and piece of prose, she hopes to remind readers to trust in their strength, find beauty in their journey, and know that even the softest voice can leave a lasting mark.

Maryam Khalid

CORRECTION

The moon hung low in robes of grey,

While weary tides erased the day.

A lonely lamp with golden gleam

Kept watch beside the restless stream.

The midnight breeze pronounced my name,

Yet nothing ever looked the same.

One empty bench, one vacant place—

A ghost still wore your quiet grace.



Once laughter lingered in the air,

Now silence settled everywhere.

The waves recalled what hearts forgot,

Each echo mourning what was not.

I used to wait for footsteps near,

To hear your voice rise through the pier.

I'd count the stars, I'd count the tide,

Pretending hope had never died.

But hope grows tired of endless doors,

Of chasing shadows, empty shores.

One night I laid my longing down,

Like autumn leaves upon the ground.

The sea reached out with salted hands,

And drew my grief into its sands.

It did not promise you'd return—

It simply taught my soul to learn.

The lamp still burned through wind and rain,

Though none arrived to call my name.

It seemed to whisper, soft and slow,

"Some lights were never meant to go."

So now I meet the waves each night,

Not seeking you, nor chasing light.

The ocean keeps me company,

A faithful heart beside the sea.

CORRECTION

Perhaps alone is not the end;

Perhaps the tide becomes a friend.

For even stars, though far apart,

Still find the courage to depart.

And if one day you pass this shore,

You won't find someone waiting anymore.

You'll find a soul the sea set free—

No longer yours... but finally me.

CORRECTION

The Silence of Trauma

Okwethu Hlongwane is a 17-year-old South African poet, public speaker and debater with a passion for literature, leadership and social advocacy. She has received national recognition through SALA, ranking 2nd in South Africa for Creative Writing and 7th for Reading. Driven by curiosity, creativity and a desire to challenge perspectives, she believes in the power of words to inspire change, spark meaningful conversations and amplify young voices.

Okwethu Hlongwane

CORRECTION

In the quiet room where no one speaks, silence sits like an old wound,
stitched shut but fully never healed

It bleeds constantly, never staining the floor, never seen

The air is too still, as if breath itself has learned to be afraid

Even light enters shyly, pausing at the door, uncertain if it is welcome here

The walls remember everything

They hold the breath of something once broken, still echoing in between the words said and left unsaid

There are no screams here only
the soft hum of memories
pressed down like dirt beneath
the surface



A child learns to walk lightly, not
out of grace, but out of the
challenges because the war is not over yet, it's just chosen to go silent and show you what it means

They learn not to ask questions because they are always told that everything has its time but it never does

They learn that pain doesn't always come with noise sometimes it just lingers in the dark

The mother forgets how to cry

Her tears have dried up because she is constantly reminded that her child needs her and she doesn't have anyone there for her

She carries grief

She speaks in broken English, words that don't make sense just so her children can have a better future all in the name of being a mother

Her Silence is her prison

This is the kind of quiet that doesn't calm, but imprisons you

It doesn't soothe, it suffocates you slowly till your last breath

It is the kind of silence you learn to fear long before you learn to name it

The kind you pass down like a family treasure wrapped in shame, tied with guilt and wrapped in tears

Some traumas do not shout

They do not throw stones or break glass

They slowly break your wall down and enter your safe heaven

They hide in the smallest things

This is the shadow of silence

It is not empty but it's full, heavy with everything that was never said

CORRECTION

It follows through generations

Through lullabies sung with trembling voices

Through hands that never learned how to hold gently

Through people that never found their voice for the truth

But even silence, given enough time can begin to break

Sometimes it starts as a whisper

Other times it is a scream coming from a place so deep that the soul has to rip open to release it

And then a name is spoken, a story is told, memory is claimed.

A truth that was long buried is lifted to the light and the shadow begins to change

the silence unfolds into a song

CORRECTION

My best Childhood days

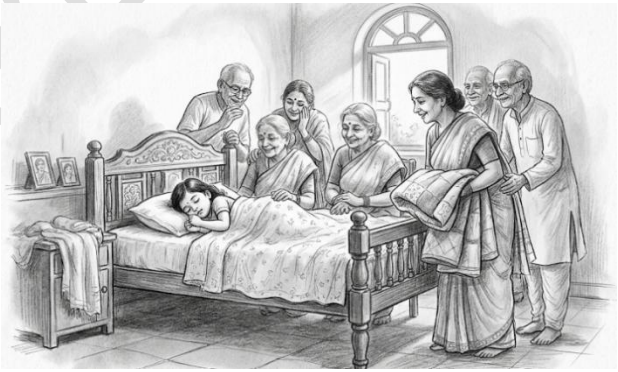
Shephira

The best day of my life - was
the day when all my relatives come,
In the gleam daybreak - to see me
sleeping tight on the delicate bed!

The best day of my life - was
the days when I slept,
In the loving arms - by
sucking my little fingers hearing the
lullabies!

The best childhood days - was
the unforgettable golden memories,
Enjoying my life as an imp - with
a smile in the lacteal jowl!

CORRECTION



Safed ♡

Arpita ramani

When someone asked me what's your favourite colour,

I replied — white (safed).



Aisa kyun?

Aisa kuch iss liye —

Kyuki woh chand safed —

Iss duniya ka har sach,

Yaani har dard safed hai —

Dard sach hai —

Aur har us dard ko jo bina kuch kahe baya kar de, aisa rang safed hai —

Socho jab ek vidhwa se uski zindagi ka har rang chheen liya jaata hai!

Woh laal joda jise usne sajaya tha —

Woh laal choodiyan —

Woh laal sindoor —

Uske saath-saath uske chaare ko woh noor,

Sabh uske pyaar ki tarah usse chhodkar chala jaata hai —

Jab usse har rang chheen liya jaata hai —

Toh jo rang uske paas uske saath reh jaata hai,

Woh rang safed hai,

Haan, woh dard safed hai —

Gulaab to bhot dekhe hain —

CORRECT

Par uss safed gulaab ki baat hi kuch aur hai —

Usne dekhna ke baad joh dilma aye woh jazbaat hi kuch aur hai —

Aur sunoge toh suno —

Tumhaare aankhon se jo ye namak jhalka na woh bhi safed hai —

Matlab unki yaadon bhi safed hai —

Ik aakhri baat,

Jab tum sabh chhod doge na,

Is jalim duniya se mukh mor doge na,

Woh pal jisme tumhaara waqt tham sa jaayega —

Ya rakt tumhaara saath chhodke —

Jab tumhe bezaar sa bana dega —

Tabhi tumhe alvida kehna woh safed rang hi aayega!

Voh safed rang hi aayega!

Woh safed rang hi aayega —

CORRECTION

River Between Us

Tiasha Pal

The river symbolises constant motion. It represents ongoing emotion and the never-ending motion of nature. Despite being a natural obstacle, it flows on with constant motion. Rupnagar was a small village nestled beside the river. Two contrasting lives would meet here.

Rupali was a bright young woman living in Rupnagar. She had lost her mother at a young age, and her father was unable to work due to his illness. Rupali therefore took full responsibility for providing for her family. Despite this, she never gave up on her studies. She would get up early in the mornings to go fishing using her nets and then sell her small fish catch at the local market. Her life was very simple.

Opposite the river in contrast to the simplicity of Rupnagar was a vibrant growing town. In the mornings there would be lots of business going on. However, in the evenings there were brightly lit roads creating a fake calm. Sagar, an aspiring photographer, came from this town. His interests in education had led him away from traditional education and into photography. He went to Rupnagar to find some peace to photograph.

Sagar quickly became accustomed to village life. He loved how warm everyone was and how slow everything was. One evening he hired a boat to float along the river as he wanted to capture the atmosphere. As he floated along he saw a single boat gliding through the reeds. He didn't realise there was a difference between the town people and village workers. He was fascinated by the young woman working with her nets so he took a photo.

Rupali was annoyed that someone she didn't know was taking photos of her work. She rowed towards him and asked why he was doing this. Sagar felt awful when he looked into her eyes and apologised. He showed her the screen of his camera. Rupali had never known anything other than responsibility. To see herself in the picture looking proud and calm made her less cautious. They quickly started talking.

They became good friends. Sagar would often sit with Rupali by the river taking photos. He learnt about her bright mind and aspirations. However, in

CORRECTION

the village there are strict social rules. Often people were talking about how an educated girl from the village was often seen with an outsider. Rupali realised how vulnerable her family were and decided to stop seeing Sagar. Unfortunately, Rupali's father fell very ill. She had no money left to pay for essential treatments so she broke down by the river. Sagar found her and instead of just giving her empty words he gave her all the cash he had. This was the money he had to pay for his travel back and accommodation. At first she refused to take it as she was very proud however Sagar reassured her that it wasn't charity. He explained that it was owing to him and once she was able to pay it back. She gratefully took it.

Rupali's father got better however shortly after Sagar received an urgent telegram to go to an art gallery in Kolkata.

On their last evening together they met by the river. Sagar begged Rupali to come with him to the city so she wouldn't have to suffer in the village. However she declined.

"The river flows because that's what it does naturally. You need to be in the city to develop your art. I can't leave this land and my family. We can't combine our journeys because we love each other."

They both knew they had strong feelings for each other but they didn't make any promises or vows. They sat on the river under the moonlight until the morning.

Years passed. Sagar became well known in the city as a great photographer. His early photos from the village helped him to become successful. However, Rupnagar became a distant memory. Rupali stayed true to her ways. Whilst she knew he was becoming well known she had sent a few letters which she hadn't received answers to.

They never married or had a long relationship. Like the two sides of a river they stayed separate. In life some relationships aren't meant to stay. Like the tide they change the shore and then fade away.

CORRECTION

That river

Neha Aadesh is an emerging poet, writer, and creative storyteller with a deep passion for literature and human emotions. She has contributed as a co-author to more than 30 anthologies and has independently compiled one anthology, Social Media Anthology, published by Lotus Publication. She is also the author of her poetry collection, The Echoes Within Me.

Neha Aadesh

CORRECTION

The river returned everything to the village except the people it took.
Every summer, it brought back broken branches, forgotten toys, dead leaves, and sometimes the wooden doors of houses swallowed by its floods.
The villagers had learned to recognize their belongings in its muddy hands.
They had also learned not to ask where their loved ones had gone.
But twelve-year-old Meera had one question she had never stopped asking.
“What does the river do with the things it cannot return?”
Her grandmother, who lived beside the river in a little blue house, would always answer, “It carries them somewhere the living cannot follow.”
Meera never liked that answer.
She wanted a place, a direction, a name. She wanted to believe that everything lost had simply gone somewhere else, waiting for the right person to come looking.
Especially her father.
He had disappeared during the great flood seven years ago, when Meera was only five. People said he had tried to save a little boy trapped on the other side of the bridge. Others said the current had taken him before he could reach the child. Nobody knew the whole truth.
His body was never found.
All Meera had left of him wasa photograph, a faded blue shirt, and a sentence he had whispered to her the night before the flood.
“Whenever life takes something from you, Meera, don't spend forever staring at the empty space. Look at what you can still save.”
She remembered the words, but she had never understood them.
Not until the river began to rise again.
That year, the monsoon arrived angrily.

Rain hammered the tin roofs. The river grew wider each morning, swallowing the steps leading to the temple and the narrow path where children once raced barefoot. The villagers moved their belongings tohigher ground, tied their cattle to sturdy trees, and watched the water with the frightened patience of people who had suffered before.

Meera was sixteen now. She lived with her grandmother, whom everyone called Dadi, and spent her afternoons helping at the village school.

She loved the river, despite everything.

She loved the way sunlight broke across its surface like scattered coins. She loved the silver fish that flashed between stones. And she loved sitting on its banks, imagining that somewhere beneath those restless waters, her father was still travelling.

On the morning the flood warnings came, Meera found Dadi packing an old tin box.

Inside were a few letters, a pair of spectacles, a tiny silver anklet, and a bundle of papers tied with red thread.

“What are these?” Meera asked.

Dadi quickly closed the lid.

“Things from another life.”

“Papa's things?”

Her grandmother's fingers stopped moving.

For seven years, Dadi had avoided speaking about the night her son disappeared. Meera had mistaken her silence for indifference. Now, seeing the tears gathering in the old woman's eyes, shewondered how much grief could hide behind an ordinary face.

“Yes,” Dadi whispered. “Your father's.”

“Then why have you kept them hidden from me?”

“Because some truths hurt more when you are too young to carry them.”

Meera stepped back, wounded by the words.

“I have carried his absence my whole life. Don't tell me I'm too young to carry the truth.”

For a long moment, neither spoke.

Then Dadi opened the box.

Beneath the letters lay a small, water-stained notebook.Your father wrote this during the week before the flood,” she said. “I found it among the things he left behind. I could never bring myself to read the last pages aloud.”

Meera opened the notebook carefully.

Most of the writing had blurred, but a few lines remained legible.

CORRECTION

If the river takes me, let it not take the best of me.
Let my daughter inherit my courage, not my fear.
And on the final page, written in a hurried hand:
Tomorrow, I must tell Ma the truth about the land.
Meera looked up.
“What truth?”
Before Dadi could answer, a loud crack echoed from the riverbank.
The old bridge had begun to break.
The village erupted into chaos.
Water rushed through the lower streets, carrying baskets, broken furniture, and frightened animals. People shouted for their children. The schoolteacher rang the temple bell until his hands trembled. Somewhere, a baby cried.
Then someone screamed.
A group of children had been trapped inside the village school, where rising water had blocked the only exit. Their teacher was on the roof, waving desperately for help.
Among those children was Aarav, Meera's eight-year-old neighbour.
Without thinking, Meera ran towards the school.
Dadi caught her wrist.
“No! I have already lost one person to that river.”
“And if I do nothing, I may lose another!”
“You cannot fight the water!”
“No,” Meera cried, tears mixing with rain. “But I can try to save the people inside.”
For a second, Dadi saw someone else standing before her: the same determined eyes, the same fearless expression, the same stubborn heart that had once belonged to her son.
She released Meera's hand.
“Then come back,” she whispered. “Please, just come back.”
Meera ran.
A group of villagers had gathered near the school, but nobody could cross the flooded lane. The current was too strong, and a fallen electric pole made the path dangerous.
Then Meera remembered the old irrigation channel behind the grain store. Her father had shown it to her when she was little, explaining how it connected to the higher ground near the school.
“It may be blocked,” an old farmer warned.
“Then we clear it.”
With ropes tied around their waists, Meera and three villagers worked

CORRECTION

through the rain, pulling away branches and debris. Mud swallowed their feet. The current tugged at their bodies. Twice, Meera nearly fell.
At last, the water found a new path.
It rushed through the channel, lowering the level near the school's back entrance just enough for the children to escape.
One by one, they were brought to safety.
When Aarav reached the bank, he threw his arms around Meera's neck.
“You came for us!”
Meera held him tightly.
Behind them, the river continued to roar.
For the first time in her life, she did not feel that it was only a destroyer.
It was a force that could be understood, redirected, and respected.
But the night had not finished taking.
By evening, the rain weakened.
The villagers gathered at the relief shelter, counting the living and mourning the dead. Houses had collapsed. Fields lay buried beneath silt. The old bridge was gone.
Dadi sat wrapped in a blanket, staring at the empty doorway.
Meera rushed to her.
“I'm here, Dadi.”
Her grandmother clutched her so tightly that Meera could barely breathe.
For a while, they said nothing.
Then Dadi took the notebook from her pocket.
“There is something you must know about your father.”
Meera sat beside her.
“The land near the riverbank was ours,”Dadi began. “Your father wanted to give part of it to the village so a proper embankment could be built. It might have protected the lower houses from floods.”
“Then why wasn't it done?”
“Your uncle opposed him. He wanted to sell the land. Your father refused. They argued terribly that night.”
Dadi's voice broke.
“I was angry with him, too. I told him that his kindness would leave us with nothing. I said he cared more about strangers than his own family.”
Meera stared at her.
“Those were the last words you said to him?”
Dadi nodded, tears rolling down her cheeks.
“I spent seven years wishing I could take them back.”She opened the tin box again and removed a folded document.

CORRECTION

It was a land deed, signed by Meera's father two days before the flood.
He had donated the land to the village.
“He had already made his decision,” Dadi whispered. “He was going to tell me the next morning. But the river rose before he could.”
Meera looked towards the darkness outside.
All her life, she had imagined her father being swallowed by the river, his story ending in terror and helplessness.
Now she understood that, even before the flood, he had been trying to save something greater than himself.
“He wasn't running away from us,” she said softly.
“No, child.”
“He was trying to leave us something.”
Dadi pressed the deed into Meera's hands.
“Perhaps he left you more than you know.”
Three weeks later, the village began rebuilding.
The government sent relief supplies. Volunteers arrived from nearby towns. The school reopened in a temporary shelter, and the villagers cleared mud from their homes.
But Meera had another idea.
She took her father's notebook, the land deed, and a map of the riverbank to the village council.
We cannot stop every flood,” she said. “But we can prepare. We can build safer shelters, plant trees along the banks, restore the drainage channels, and make sure no child is trapped in a room without an escape.”
Some people laughed.
“You are only sixteen,” one man said.
Meera looked at him calmly.
“And the river is older than all of us. Yet we still build bridges across it.”
The room fell silent.
Her determination stirred something in the villagers. The schoolteacher offered to help. The old farmer brought his tools. Young people volunteered to map the dangerous lanes. Dadi, who had once feared the river more than anything, began cooking meals for the workers.
Months passed.
A small flood-warning system was installed. The blocked irrigation channels were restored. The village planted trees along the riverbank, and a new raised shelter was built near the school.
They named it The Father's Shelter.
Meera objected at first.

CORRECTION

“My father wasn't the only one who helped save this village.”
So they changed the name.
They called it The River House.
On its entrance, they placed a wooden board bearing a sentence from her father's notebook:
Let my daughter inherit my courage, not my fear.
One year later, on the anniversary of the flood, Meera stood beside the river with Dadi.
The water flowed quietly, reflecting the pale gold of the evening sky.
Meera held a small paper boat in her hands. Inside it was a letter to her father.
Dear Papa,
I used to think the river stole you from me. I hated it because it carried you away and never brought you back.
But I know now that it carried your courage into my life. It carried your unfinished dream into our village. It carried the truth I needed to understand that love is not measured by how long someone stays, but by what they leave behind.
I still wish you were here.
I wish you could see the school, the trees, the children running safely along the new road. I wish I could tell you that I finally understand your words.
Life will take things from me. I know that now.
But I will keep looking at what I can still save.
Your daughter,
Meera.
She placed the boat on the water.
It drifted a few feet, spun once, and disappeared around a bend.
“Do you think he would be proud of me?” she asked.
Dadi wiped her eyes.
“I think he would recognize you.”
Meera smiled through her tears.
For the first time, she no longer needed the river to return her father. She carried him in the choices she made, in the people she helped, and in the courage she found when fear would have been easier.
The river continued on its ancient journey, carrying rainwater towards distant lands, carrying memories beneath its surface, carrying the fallen leaves of one season into the next.
And perhaps, in its own mysterious way, it carried something else, too.
Not the dead.

CORRECTION

Not the past.
But the love that refuses to end when a life does.
Because the river had taken a father, but it had carried his courage into a daughter.
And sometimes, that is how the lost find their way home.

CORRECTION

The River and the Girl

Kafa Kounain is an author, writer, and MCA student from Ambur, Tamil Nadu, India a soul that writes what the heart cannot speak. Carrying a thousand untold stories, turning silent storms into words, and dreaming beyond the horizons of a small beginning.

Kafa Kounain

CORRECTION

A poem about a girl with wounds.

The river carried stones,
I carried silent pain.
It flowed through storms and darkness,
I smiled through every rain.

It held the weight of mountains,
I held a thousand tears.
It never spoke of its struggles,
I hid mine behind my fears.

The river never questioned
Why the journey felt so long.
It simply kept on flowing,
Even when the current wasn't strong.

And somewhere along its journey,
I found a truth within—
Even rivers start from somewhere small,
Yet carry oceans deep within.

I am still that little river,
With dreams the world can't see.
One day, I'll reach the ocean,
And become all I'm meant to be.

WHAT THE RIVER NEVER TOLD ME

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. Along with writing, he loves reading books and exploring new story ideas.

G.M.Hrushikesa Chaitanya

CORRECTION

An Original Prose Piece

There was a river behind my childhood home.

It was not famous. It did not appear on maps that people cared to study, and nobody travelled miles just to see it. It flowed quietly between old trees, carrying fallen leaves, broken branches and reflections of the sky.

But to me, it was everything.

When I was younger, I believed the river knew me better than anyone. I used to sit beside it whenever the world became too loud. I told it about my little victories, my embarrassing failures, the dreams I was afraid to speak aloud and the people I wished would never leave.

I never expected an answer.

Perhaps that was why I loved it.

The river listened without interrupting.

Years passed, as they always do. Childhood slowly became a collection of photographs, familiar voices became distant memories, and the place I once called home began to feel like a story that belonged to someone else.

I left without saying goodbye to the river.

Life had other plans. There were responsibilities to carry, dreams to chase and expectations to fulfil. I convinced myself that growing up meant moving forward, even if it meant leaving pieces of myself behind.

But some places never leave us completely.

One rainy afternoon, after many years, I returned.

The river was still there.

Its banks had changed. The old trees had grown taller, the stones had shifted, and the little wooden bridge had begun to fade. Yet the water continued to move, just as it had when I was a child.

I sat in my old place and watched the current.

For a moment, I felt like the person I used to be.

Then I noticed something caught between two stones near the bank.

It was a small, faded paper boat.

I carefully picked it up. Its edges were damaged by time, and the writing on its surface was almost unreadable.

But I recognised the handwriting.

It was mine.

I had written something on that boat many years ago, during a summer when I thought the world was too big for my little dreams.

The words were simple:

Dear River,

If I ever become someone important, remind me of the person I was before the world told me who to become.

I stared at those words for a long time.

I had forgotten that promise.

Somewhere between growing up and trying to become successful, I had forgotten the child who believed that happiness could be found in little

CORRECTION

things. I had forgotten the person who dreamed without calculating the possibility of failure.

And suddenly, I wondered how many versions of myself I had left behind.

The river continued flowing.

I looked at it and whispered, "Did you keep everything I told you?"

Of course, there was no reply.

Only the sound of water moving over stones.

But perhaps rivers never answer because they have a different way of telling stories.

They carry what we release. They make room for what comes next. They do not stop flowing just because something beautiful has disappeared from their surface.

I thought about all the people who had once stood beside this river. Some had fallen in love here. Some had said their final goodbyes. Some had made promises they could not keep. Others had simply come here because they did not know where else to go.

The river had witnessed all of them.

It had carried their reflections without asking their names.

And perhaps that was its greatest kindness.

I placed the little paper boat back on the water. For a few seconds, it floated beside the bank before the current slowly carried it away.

I watched until it disappeared.

For the first time, I did not feel the need to bring something back.

I understood that not every memory needs to be recovered, not every goodbye needs another conversation, and not every dream has to happen exactly as we once imagined.

Some things are meant to remain behind, not because they were meaningless, but because they helped us become who we are.

Before leaving, I looked at the river one last time.

CORRECTION

I had spent so many years believing that it had taken my childhood away. But standing there, I realised something I had never understood.

The river had not stolen anything from me.

It had carried my forgotten laughter, my unfinished dreams, my silent tears and the words I never found the courage to say. It had carried the past without asking me to live inside it.

And maybe that was what I needed to learn.

We spend our lives asking the world to return what time has taken from us. We ask for old days, familiar voices, forgotten happiness and moments we can never repeat.

But time does not work that way.

Neither does a river.

As I walked away, the rain began to slow. The clouds opened slightly, allowing a little sunlight to touch the water.

I smiled at the thought that somewhere beneath that moving surface were countless stories nobody would ever know.

The river never told me what happened to them.

Perhaps it never needed to.

Because some stories are not meant to be spoken. They are meant to be carried.

And some rivers do not lead us back to where we began.

They teach us how to keep going.

CORRECTION

When did we change?

Priyadharshini N

When did we change,

From throwing paper planes

And playing with wooden trains,

To this.

And when did we grow,

from angels in the snow,

Lots of things we didn't know,

To this,

Can you put your finger on the day,

when we never again did play,

Our childhood wasted away,

To this,

And when did we get taller,

Our dreams got smaller,

So now the only thing that's

Left to life

CORRECTION

A gem of Dedication

Badal Thapa

Rickza Sahin: A Gem of Dedication
In the quiet dawn, when the world is still,
Rickza Sahin rises with courage and will.
With dreams in her heart and hope in her eyes,
She walks toward her purpose beneath open skies.
She has crossed many roads, both gentle and steep,
Carrying memories she silently keeps.
Through changing seasons and difficult days,
She found her own strength in countless ways.
Life tested her courage, her patience, her heart,
Yet every challenge became a new start.
She stumbled at times, but she learned how to stand,
Turning each hardship into strength in her hands.
A teacher by calling, devoted and bright,
She fills young minds with knowledge and light.
With thoughtful words and a warm, caring smile,
She makes every lesson meaningful and worthwhile.
She teaches not only from pages and books,
But through kindness, courage, and compassionate looks.
In every child's question, in every small task,
She sees a bright future waiting to be asked.
Hardworking and steady, sincere and true,
She gives her best in all that she does and pursues.
Her classroom becomes a garden of dreams,
Where learning grows softly like sunlight on streams.
Beside her in life's ordinary days,
Stands Falak Alam in her loving ways.
Her sister, her comfort, her trusted guide,
With whom every school-day story is shared with pride.
They speak of lessons, of laughter, of plans, Of busy school mornings and helping hands.

CORRECTION

From little successes to troubles they face,
They share every moment with patience and grace.
When Rickza feels tired, when the road seems long,
Falak's gentle presence helps her stay strong.
Their bond is a treasure, precious and rare,
A quiet reminder that love is always there.
Rickza is more than the struggles she knew,
She is the sunrise that patiently grew.
A gem shaped by effort, polished by pain,
Shining with purpose through sunshine and rain.
May her path be filled with peace and success,
May her teaching bring hope and happiness.
For wherever she goes, one truth will remain:
A dedicated heart leaves a beautiful chain.
And those who meet Rickza will surely agree
She teaches with love, with courage, and dignity.
A sister, a teacher, a dream shining bright,
Rickza Sahin is a star of inner light.

CORRECTION

Short struggle of Strong Miss

Badal Thapa is a celebrated short-story writer and poet whose creative work has touched the hearts and imaginations of many readers. Through simple yet meaningful language, he presents the beauty, struggles, dreams, and emotions of everyday life.

Badal Thapa

CORRECTION

Rickza Sahin: A Gem of Strength, Dedication, and Light
Introduction
Some people teach lessons from books, while others teach through the way they live. Rickza Sahin is one
such inspiring woman. She is a hardworking and dedicated teacher whose life reflects courage, patience,
and hope. Through different phases of life, she has faced struggles that tested her strength, yet she
continued to move forward with determination. Like a precious gem shaped by pressure, Rickza has become
brighter through every challenge. Her journey reminds us that true success is not measured only by
achievements, but also by the strength with which a person overcomes difficulties and continues to serve
others.
A Journey Shaped by Struggles
Rickza Sahin's life has not always been easy. She has passed through different stages, each bringing its own
responsibilities, lessons, and challenges. There may have been moments of tiredness, uncertainty, and
disappointment, but she never allowed difficult circumstances to defeat her dreams. Instead, every struggle
became a lesson, and every obstacle helped her discover a stronger version of herself.
Her journey teaches an important truth: hard work does not always produce immediate results, but it
always builds character. Rickza learned to remain patient when success seemed far away and to continue
trying when the path became difficult. She carried her responsibilities with

courage and faced each new
phase of life with dignity. Her strength was not loud or boastful; it was seen in her quiet persistence, her
steady efforts, and her refusal to give up.

A Dedicated Teacher

As a teacher, Rickza Sahin gives more than lessons and instructions. She gives her students confidence,
guidance, and encouragement. She understands that every learner is different. Some students learn quickly,
while others need more time, explanation, and support. A caring teacher notices these differences and helps
each child grow at their own pace.

Rickza's dedication can be seen in the way she prepares for her work, manages her responsibilities, and
remains committed even when teaching becomes demanding. She knows that a classroom is not merely a
room with desks and a blackboard; it is a place where young minds begin to dream. With patience and
sincerity, she helps students understand the value of discipline, education, kindness, and perseverance.

Her teaching is like a lamp in a quiet room. It may begin with a small flame, but it gives students the light
they need to find their way. Through her words and actions, she shows that education is not only about
gaining marks. It is also about becoming thoughtful, responsible, and confident human beings.

The Precious Bond with Falak Alam

Behind many strong people stands someone who listens, understands, and shares their journey. For Rickza,
that special person is her sister, Falak Alam. Their bond is built on affection, trust, and companionship. They
share the details of their day-to-day school activities, discussing experiences, responsibilities, challenges, and
memorable moments.

Falak is more than a sister in Rickza's life; she is a trusted companion. Their conversations may include the
simple events of a school day, the progress of students, difficulties in teaching, or the small joys that make
the work meaningful. By sharing these experiences, the sisters encourage one another and make their

CORRECTION

responsibilities feel lighter.
Their relationship shows the beauty of sisterhood. When one feels tired, the other offers understanding.
When one achieves something, the other shares the happiness. Their bond is like a strong bridge connecting
two hearts through everyday experiences. Together, Rickza and Falak remind us that support from loved
ones can give us the courage to continue even during difficult times.
A Gem in Her Own Life
Rickza Sahin is a gem not because her life has been free from difficulties, but because she has allowed those
difficulties to polish her character. Her value lies in her honesty, dedication, patience, and ability to keep
moving forward. She does not need to compare herself with others to prove her worth. Her life itself is a
reflection of quiet achievement.
Like a diamond hidden beneath layers of earth, her inner strength may not always be visible at first. Yet,
through her actions, it shines clearly. She has learned to balance personal struggles with professional duties
and to transform challenges into opportunities for growth. Her journey encourages others to believe that a
person can build a meaningful life through consistent effort, even when circumstances are not perfect.
Conclusion
Rickza Sahin's story is a beautiful example of courage, commitment, and hope. She is a dedicated teacher, a
determined woman, and a loving sister who shares a special bond with Falak Alam. Her life proves that
struggles can shape a person without breaking them, and that true greatness grows from patience and
perseverance. Rickza continues to shine as a gem in her own life—bright not because the road was always
easy, but because she walked through every difficult phase with faith, strength, and an unwavering heart .

CORRECTION

"What the River Carried"

Ishh

Some goodbyes are too heavy for a human heart to carry alone.

Perhaps the river knows what it means to lose someone.

Every day, it carries things the world leaves behind—fallen leaves, broken branches, wilted flowers, and sometimes, the ashes of people who once meant the world to someone. It carries the remains of someone's mother, someone's father, someone's child, someone's everything.

It carries them without asking who they were, how they died, or how many hearts were left broken after they were gone.

It never asks for anything in return.

I have often wondered if the river understands the weight of what it carries. Because losing someone is perhaps the heaviest thing a human heart is ever asked to bear. It is not simply losing a person; it is losing all the tomorrows you had imagined with them. The conversations that will never happen, the festivals they will never celebrate, the birthdays that will arrive without their presence.

And yet, the river accepts their ashes so gently, as if it knows that even in death, someone deserves to be carried with love.

I wonder why we choose rivers to carry the ashes of our loved ones. Perhaps because we believe that somewhere in their endless journey, the river will take them somewhere peaceful. Somewhere beyond our reach, where we can no longer follow.

Or perhaps it is because the river understands something about loss that we humans are still trying to understand.

Sometimes, I imagine the river has heard every kind of goodbye. It has witnessed trembling hands releasing ashes into its waters, eyes searching for one last glimpse, and lips whispering prayers that were never meant to be heard by anyone else.

CORRECTION

It has carried the remains of people whose names are still called in empty rooms, whose photographs are still kept carefully, and whose absence is felt in the smallest corners of someone's everyday life.

Perhaps every time someone releases the ashes of a loved one into its waters, the river takes away a little piece of their grief, too.

Perhaps it knows that the person standing on its banks isn't really ready to say goodbye. They are only trying to find a way to let someone go without feeling as though they are abandoning them.

And perhaps that is why the river never asks questions.

It knows that some goodbyes are too painful to explain.

I have come to believe that the river carries more than ashes. It carries the last traces of someone's existence, the love that remains after a heartbeat stops, and the memories that no amount of time can wash away.

Perhaps the river has witnessed more goodbyes than any human ever will. It has carried the ashes of those who were deeply loved, the flowers offered by grieving hands, and the silent prayers of people who weren't ready to let go.

And perhaps, after carrying so many endings, the river has learned something we haven't: that letting go doesn't mean forgetting, and carrying someone's remains doesn't mean carrying them away from love.

Maybe that's why it never stops flowing.

It knows that somewhere, someone is standing on its banks, watching a part of their world disappear into its waters. Someone who would give anything to bring their loved one back, even for a moment.

If only the river could speak, perhaps it would tell them:

I cannot bring them back to you, but I will carry what remains of them. And as long as my waters flow, a part of their journey will continue with me.

And perhaps, that is why I understand the river a little more now.

I still remember my little sister. God took her away from this world, but I don't think anyone can take her away from the little world she left behind in me. She lives in my thoughts, in my memories, and in the smallest things

CORRECTION

that remind me of her. Sometimes, I still find myself wanting to tell her something, share a laugh, or simply have her around.

There are days when her absence feels louder than everything around me. I wish I could bring her back, even for a moment, just to see her smile and hear her voice one more time. But some wishes remain wishes, and some prayers have to learn to live without answers.

I cannot bring her back, and no river can return the people it carries. But I find comfort in believing that love doesn't end where life does.

Perhaps the river carries the ashes, but the people we lose are carried differently by those who love them.

And my sister will always be carried by me.

Because some people leave this world, but never leave our lives. They become a part of our memories, our stories, our silences, and the person we continue to become.

Some people become memories, but they never become the past.

CORRECTION

Ocean

Jivisha Joshi

There seems so much to *dwell* about ,

Yet there seems nothing to *dealt* about .

Apart from the pearly beach ,

Far from the *twinkling shre*' , (shore)

There seems a *vast coast of escaping fever flee* ,

You push your feet to the *dawny grease* ,

Down ! . . .

Drown ! . . .

What's the difference ?

The coral beats a melodious spring ,

The sea birds speak .

Depths sinking beyond the cotton softs ,

In the shallows of the heavens ,

And beyond the *teal iris* in someone's frame .

CORRECTION

The River That Carried

Devananda V

The river never asked where I was going,

Nor questioned the tears I kept from showing.

It simply flowed, through nights and days,

Carrying my silence along its ways.

It carried the dreams I couldn't keep,

The promises buried somewhere deep.

The words I swallowed, the goodbyes unsaid,

And all the memories I wished were dead.

It carried childhood's fading light,

The little stars that once shone bright.

The laughter that echoed through empty halls,

The tiny footsteps along old walls.

Sometimes I wondered, as I watched it flow,

Where do the things we lose all go?

Do they sink beneath its endless blue,

Or travel somewhere, waiting anew?

CORRECTION

I threw my regrets into its tide,

The versions of me I tried to hide.

But rivers don't promise to erase,

They only carry what time cannot replace.

And somewhere beyond the distant shore,

I found the things I was searching for.

Not the past, nor the person I used to be,

But the strength to let tomorrow find me.

Perhaps that's what rivers are meant to do,

Carry the old while making room for the new.

They never return what they take away,

Yet teach us how to flow another day.

And if someone asks what the river carried,

Tell them it carried all I couldn’t bury.

My yesterday, my tears, my fears,

And the little pieces of all my years.

For the river never carried just water.

It carried everything I couldn’t carry.

CORRECTION

The Things We Leave Behind

Devananda V

We leave behind more than footprints,

More than photographs locked in old rooms.

We leave behind the people we once were,

And the dreams that never learned to bloom.

A little laughter in a schoolyard,

A name written beneath a tree,

A thousand words we never uttered,

And the selves we thought we'd always be.

We leave behind unfinished letters,

Conversations that never found an end,

The hands we couldn't hold forever,

And strangers who were once our friends.

Time doesn't knock before it enters,

Nor does it ask what it may take.

It turns our summers into stories,

And makes our strongest memories ache.

CORRECTION

Yet not everything is lost to distance,

Not everything disappears with years.

Some people live inside our silence,

Some moments survive inside our tears.

Perhaps growing up is simply learning

That life was never ours to keep.

That even rivers lose their waters,

And even oceans have secrets deep.

So let the years take what they must,

Let changing seasons rearrange the sky.

For some things never truly leave us;

They simply learn a different way to survive.

And when the world asks what remains,

When all the familiar faces are gone,

Perhaps we'll find that what we leave behind

Is what quietly carries us on.

CORRECTION

The Art Of Not Bargaining

Ashutosh Gupta is a poet based in Kanpur who finds poetry in waiting, whispers, and goodbyes. His poems are letters to the moments we couldn't keep, and to the selves we became after.

Ashutosh Gupta

Some people return not as people ,but as tone.

A laugh you cannot laugh again,

a door that learned to close,

from how their shoulders made a wall

when you stood too close.

I knew the distance by their eyes,

the softness turned to stone,

their silence shouting loud and clear,

"You never were my own."

You know that ache is quietly true,

not anger's loud parade.

It feels like home, feels all apart,

familiar, but estranged.

They closed the door, yet blamed the draft,

said you had walked away.

Then changed the lock and kept the key,

and called it "some other day."

I knocked again, but not as friend,

CORRECTION

just to check the floor.

I saw their manners, not their face,

and stopped near the door.

If I am "bhai" now, not the boy from before,

I have learned that name to be.

They kept their space, I kept me.

If ever a space were spared for me,

I did not ask, I did not see.

You do not bargain for a chair,

in a room you are never spared.

CORRECTION

Ruined Childhood

ABUMIZAN

You might be wondering, why does the title say “Ruined Childhood”? Doesn’t it sound weird? Well, I guess it does.

Childhood is the most precious stage of life. Every grown-up wishes to experience their childhood once again. And honestly, that’s understandable. Do you remember the things we used to do during our childhood? How naughty we used to be, doing whatever we wanted without anyone stopping us? It was the best period of life for many people. There were no time limits on playing, spending hours with family and friends, or exploring different games. Every day began with a new game and a new chapter of memories. And at the end of the day, we would fight with our siblings, wrestle with them, and have fun. Our biggest nightmare? Pimples! The biggest enemy of teenagers.

I still remember when I got my first pimple and how upset I was. Even today, I laugh at myself for worrying about something so small. It was a time when we used to worry about silly things rather than studies and career pressure. No homework, no assignments, and no workload. Our biggest goals were solving 2 + 2 and memorising A, B, C, D. Nobody used to scream, “Go study and become the topper of the class!” Haha.

The responsibility of a family is to provide as much love as possible, but somehow, that warmth seems to have faded away. Still, most of us have lovely memories of our childhood.

Everyone has experienced these things, right?

Ummmm... NO.

I have never experienced these things. I don’t know what it feels like to be loved. I don’t know what fun feels like. Sounds depressing, doesn’t it? Yes, it is.

But there are things I have experienced: hatred, cruelty, and comparison.

CORRECTION

Ever since I was born, I have been compared with the best in every field, whether it was sports, academics, or even the way I lived. I used to call myself MR. EXPECTATION because my family had so many expectations from me. They wanted me to fulfil their dreams. Ah, that's depressing.

We have often heard that our biggest rival is no one but ourselves. But for my family, it was my friends and anyone who was ahead of me. That's kind of unfair because I wanted to be unique, but society wanted me to be like everyone else. Which isn't possible. But what did they actually want me to become?

Uhhhh... A DOCTOR.

I know it's a very respectable profession, but I honestly don't have any interest in it.

As a teenager, I wanted my family to understand me rather than worry about what others thought of me. After all, it's my life.

I never really had fun in my life. I mean, actual fun! Playing for hours with freedom and enjoying mental peace.

Then what did I do all day?

Well, I used to overthink, study for hours, and keep myself busy with work. That was my entire routine. I know it sounds super boring, but I adapted to it.

I isolated myself in a 4×4 room filled with books, scattered notes, and my ever-thinking brain.

I always felt jealous when I saw people my age having fun while I was busy thinking about my future.

One thing I am very proud of is that I never give up on my ideas. I explore the world through my creativity and writing. Yeah, I love writing because I feel my words speak much louder than my voice.

And as you already know, I never had a single friend with whom I could enjoy my time. So, I developed a game called "The Journey of My Imaginary World." In short, it was a form of indirect manifestation. I used my imagination to visualise myself in multiple roles, such as a successful person, a humble person, and even a king.

CORRECTION

This was the only fun activity I used to enjoy, and I genuinely loved it until people started calling me stupid.

It was extremely disappointing, but I never quit. I continued doing everything I liked.

In the beginning, it was a very difficult phase because protesting wasn't the solution. It was about changing mindsets, which could only happen through realisation. But I failed to make them understand. My heart shattered into pieces. I was an emotional fool.

Eventually, I accepted it as my reality.

My heart was ready to give up, but my mind was still determined.

A few years felt like hell. Fatigue and extreme stress made me sick. My body might have been at rest, but my mind was always active.

I lost my childhood, not my soul. I lost years, not my nature.

I raised my voice against the injustice and made them realise that they were wrong and selfish.

I started playing outdoors. Yeah, alone, but with a happy soul. I wrote stories and poetry in my peaceful environment.

I know some things are still missing from my life, such as friends and adventures, but I have learned to enjoy my own company.

My imaginative world played an essential role in this journey. I am nothing without it.

Sometimes, I still regret not having close friends, but time has passed.

If other people were given a wish, they might ask for money, a house, a car, or trips. But if I were given that chance, I would ask for my childhood, my moments, and the love I missed. I want to feel it and live it. Without it, my life feels like an incomplete chapter.

I have nothing more than hope, and I truly believe that the rest of my life will be full of fun. There is something special waiting for me.

I trust my God!

CORRECTION

We often say that challenges teach us many lessons, and it's true. I have learned several things:

What I Have Learned

1. Raise your voice for yourself before it's too late.

2. Don't think too much about others. It's your life.

3. Be yourself, no matter what people say.

I would say that finding happiness in the worst situations requires a lot of courage. If a person is fighting through such circumstances, that person is a "warrior."

"People will try to take away your opportunities, but it's your duty to fight for them."

CORRECTION

The Bond

ABUMIZAN

The time i was falling,

You held my palm

The night i was shivering,

You opened your arms

In my worst,

You were with me

Our bond is true,

Like honey and bee

When others walked,

You preferred to stay

The day i found you,

You showed me the way

CORRECTION

What the River Carried

Kashaf Ul Eman is a contemporary Pakistani writer, poet, and translator whose writing explores emotions, human connections, dreams, and the unspoken language of the heart. She is the author of Heartfelt Verses and From Dust to Clouds, and has translated two children's books into Urdu.

Kashaf Ul Eman

CORRECTION

The river carried more than stones and rain,

It carried forgotten smiles and hidden pain.

The words we buried beneath the shore,

And all the promises we couldn't keep anymore.

It carried the dreams we once held tight,

The fading stars of sleepless nights.

The letters written but never sent,

And pieces of hearts that time couldn't mend.

It heard the secrets nobody knew,

The silent prayers we whispered through.

It watched the tears disappear from sight,

And held our sorrows beneath its light.

Somewhere, a childhood drifted away,

Along with the innocence of yesterday.

Somewhere, a goodbye remained unsaid,

And someone's hope lay quietly dead.

Yet the river never asked us why,

It simply carried our stories by.

And though its waters may reach the sea,

A little of us lives beneath its stream.

For all that leaves is not truly gone,

Some memories travel their whole lives long.

And perhaps the river, beneath its blue,

Carries the things we never outgrew.

CORRECTION

The Paper Boat I Never Lost

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

Pakiza Mobeen

CORRECTION

I made a paper boat when I was seven

With crooked edges and a brave little dream

I wrote my name on it, and let it go

Into the river, into the stream

The river took it, or so I thought

For years I believed it was gone

But today I returned to the same old bank

And saw I was never alone

For what the river carried was not my boat

It carried my faith, my fear, my art

It carried the child I used to be

Still sailing somewhere in my heart

It carried my laughter, it carried my pain

It carried my sun, it carried my rain

Some rivers carry stones and sand

Mine carried a childhood, gently, in hand

The boat is gone, but the dream still floats

On every river, in all my notes

I lost a paper boat, but what I found

Is the part of me that never drowned

CORRECTION

Struggles vs Success

Aham Singh

In life, if someone thinks they can achieve anything without doing anything, then this writing highlights the hard work, struggles, and pain behind a successful person's journey..

Jo dekha tha sapna use hamne haqikat banaya hai..

Roz raat-raat bhar jaag kar nind ko bhulaya hai..

Jo kehte the tu kar na sakega kucch

Jo kehte the tu kar na sakega kucch

Unhe hamne ek kaamyaab insaan bankar dikhaya hai..

Jo khade nhi huye apne saath

Jo khade nhi huye apne saath

Hamne unhe bhi apna bataya hai..

Jo karte the hamari tulna kucch hazaron mein

Jo karte the hamari tulna kucch hazaron mein

Unhe bhi croro mein no.1 banke dikhaya hai..

Jin logon ne bhi hamara saath na nibhaya hai

Jin logon ne bhi hamara saath na nibhaya hai

Hamne unhe bhi apna kehne se na jhthlaya hai..

CORRECTION

Hamne logon ke taano ko bhulaya hai..

Hamne logon ke taano ko bhulaya hai..

Aur raat-raat jaagkar ek ethaas banaya hai..

Jin logon ne bhi hame rulaya hai..

Jin logon ne bhi hame rulaya hai..

Hamne unse bhi acche se paish aaya hai..

Jin ristedaaron ne bhi hame nicha dikhaya hai..

Jin ristedaaron ne bhi hame nicha dikhaya hai..

Hamare savbhaav ne unhe bhi pair jhukar unke prati samman jataya hai..

Jin logon ne bhi hame karz ginaya hai..

Jin logon ne bhi hame karz ginaya hai..

Kaamyaab hone ke baad bhi hamne unhe maddagar hi bataya hai..

Jin logon ne bhi hame bura bhala sunaya hai..

Jin logon ne bhi hame bura bhala sunaya hai..

Hamare mehnat ne unka bhi muh band karaya hai..

Hamare jiwan mein bhi taklifen aayi hain..

Hamare jiwan mein bhi taklifen aayi hain..

CORRECTION

Par hamare sapno ne, par hamare sapno ne har taklifon ke saamne hame jeet dilayi hai..

Thankyou for reading

Written by

Aham Singh

CORRECTION

The Things the River Never Told

Amna Arshad is a poet, writer, and researcher from Pakistan. Her writing explores the depths of human emotions, the beauty of unspoken feelings, the complexities of love, and the quiet strength of the human soul. With a deep appreciation for language and literary expression, she transforms ordinary experiences into meaningful reflections through poetry and creative writing.

Amna Arshad

CORRECTION

The river knew the secrets of the shore,

The whispered dreams, the hearts that wanted more.

It carried broken wishes through the night,

And buried countless tears beyond our sight.

It saw the lovers promise they would stay,

Then watched their footprints slowly wash away.

It held the names that nobody would speak,

And kissed the hands of those who came too weak.

Yet, never once did the river complain,

Though it had swallowed sunshine, love, and pain.

Perhaps the deepest hearts are just like streams,

They carry broken worlds beneath their dreams.

And when the morning asks what it has known,

The river keeps its stories for its own.

2.Where the Lost Dreams Go

Some dreams are born beneath a restless sky,

Some learn to live, and some forget to fly.

Some disappear before they find their name,

Yet leave behind a never-ending flame.

I wonder where the lost beginnings go,

The silent hopes we never let them know.

Do they become the raindrops in the spring,

Or find a river where the angels sing?

Perhaps they travel through forgotten lands,

Like grains of time slipping through our hands.

Perhaps the river takes them far away,

To give them back in some forgotten day.

And if my dreams should vanish with the tide,

Let them become the stars the rivers hide.

For nothing truly leaves the world we knew,

It only finds another way to bloom.

CORRECTION

What Remains

Maitreyee Mishra

I am not made of little angers,
nor do I carry an ego
that breaks over every little thing.
I only grow tired—
tired of being misunderstood
by the people I love,
by the people who love me,
and sometimes,
even by myself.

I have never claimed to be perfect.
I have my flaws,
my silences,
my storms,
my moments of weakness.
But if there is one thing
I have never been uncertain of,
it is the love I gave.

I loved with all that I had—
with loyalty, with patience,
with a heart that stayed
even when it had every reason to leave.
And somehow,
even that was misunderstood.

My parents love me,
I know they do.
But sometimes their love
feels like walls built around me—
as though I was born
to become the person
they imagined,
to carry their dreams,
to obey their wishes,

CORRECTION

while the little voice inside me whispers,
“Let me be me.”

I do not want to run away from their love.
I only want space inside it
to become who I truly am.

And then there are friends—
the ones who once promised
forever,
the ones I trusted enough
to call home.

Somewhere between misunderstandings,
unspoken words,
and changing seasons,
something begins to feel different.
The bond becomes distant,
the promises become quieter,
and the heart wonders—
Was forever ever really meant to be?

Still, somewhere deep within me,
there remains a stubborn little faith
that says,
They will not leave.

And beside it lives another fear—
that perhaps everyone who enters our life
comes carrying a purpose,
teaches us something,
leaves a little piece of themselves behind,
and then, one day,
walks away.

Maybe that is the hardest truth of loving—
that some people are chapters,
some are seasons,
some are lessons,
and only a few become the story itself.

CORRECTION

But now,
beneath all these changing bonds,
I have begun to understand something.

There is one relationship
I do not have to fear losing.

One presence
that does not misunderstand my heart,
does not measure my worth,
does not ask me to become someone else
to deserve love.

When everyone in my family changes,
when friendships fade,
when even I lose myself for a while,
there remains a thread
quietly holding me—

from my first breath
to my last.

And perhaps,
when I finally reach the end of this life,
After every goodbye,
every broken promise,
every misunderstood version of me,

I will discover
that I was never truly alone.

Because beneath every temporary love
was an eternal one—

the one that was there
before I knew how to love,
and the one that will remain
long after everyone else has gone.

The Divine.

And perhaps that is enough—
to love people deeply

CORRECTION

without demanding that they stay forever,
to forgive those who could not understand,
to let go of those who were meant to leave,

and still walk forward
with a heart that remains soft,

knowing that whatever leaves me
was never the final thing I had.

Because what is truly eternal
was never a person.

It was the One
who was holding me
all along.

CORRECTION

The Elegy of a Broken Reflection

A writer by instinct, a dreamer by disposition and an observer of the beautifully inconspicuous. Fascinated by the intricacies of human emotions, the eloquence of silence and the poetry concealed within ordinary existence. I find my universe in metaphors, my refuge in words, and infinity in the art of expression.

Shristi Sur

CORRECTION

There is something profoundly disconcerting about a broken mirror. Not because it ceases to reflect but because it continues to do so, albeit in fragments of an irreconcilable whole. Once, it was a quiet custodian of appearances, an unblemished expanse that accommodated every countenance without question. Now, it lies in a thousand crystalline dissonances, each splinter preserving a distorted rendition of what once stood before it. Perhaps that is the peculiar cruelty of fragmentation. Nothing disappears entirely. The silvered surface still remembers the architecture of faces, the transient choreography of smiles, the unguarded expressions that existed before the catastrophe of becoming unrecognisable. Every fissure is an interruption in an otherwise seamless narrative, every shard, an isolated testament to a wholeness that can no longer be summoned. And yet, even in its disintegration, the mirror has not surrendered its peculiar allegiance to light. It catches the sun in disjointed slivers, scatters the moon into innumerable celestial casualties, and transforms illumination into something almost unbearably beautiful. There is an inexplicable melancholy in witnessing an object retain its purpose after losing the very structure that once made that purpose possible. I wonder whether a broken mirror understands its own disfigurement, whether it mourns the immaculate surface it can never recover, or whether it has simply reconciled itself to the plurality of its existence. Perhaps wholeness was never synonymous with beauty. Perhaps there are things whose most extraordinary revelations emerge only after their destruction. And perhaps, somewhere between the scattered reflections and the unsalvageable silver, lies a truth too delicate for an intact mirror to ever disclose....

Even a shattered universe can remain capable of reflecting infinity.

CORRECTION

What the Rivers Carry

The poetess *Priya* draws a parallel between rivers and the human heart - both must learn to carry what they can no longer hold. It is a quiet meditation on *love*, *loss*, and how we keep flowing while silently carrying the ones we had to let go.

Priya Mehra

CORRECTION

It did not shout when you slipped from its hands,
It simply widened its ache into blue.
Some loves aren't lost, they just change lands,
Tell me, where else does love go when it can't find **you**?

It learned to carry, not to keep,
To hold your name without your stay.
Like us, who love someone in our sleep,
And who taught our hearts that *letting go* is the only way to stay?

There was no storm that night, no breaking sound,
Just water doing what water must do.
The most painful goodbyes don't make a sound,
So how does the world not hear when I'm drowning without you?

And still, listen to it - how sweet it sings,
Over every rock you left behind.
Suffering has the softest wings,
Is that why the kindest people are the most quietly kind?

It feeds the fields that will never know its grief,
It mirrors the sky though it is hollow inside.
Perhaps to *love* is to be like a leaf,
Do we ever really let go, or just learn to float with the tide?

So if you stand at its edge and hear nothing at all,
Know that it is carrying everything it knew.
The river never stopped, even after the fall -
Just like my heart, still carrying **you**.

Blackboard

Hey, it's Pragya! I have always loved writing but never thought l could actually write poetries.. It's a little piece of my heart that l present with my every poem

PRAGYA SINGH

My faith written in that white chalk

I could rub it, I could erase it

No matter what, I would change it.

Those sheets of paper you see lying

Looks similar to my tears falling.

I kept those books closer to my heart,

Yet none of it's pages showed me the path.

Now I stand here wide awake

Away from reality, away from this game.

Isn't it weird to be that sad?

For a child, who was once so glad..

Where are those grades that brought me love?

That appreciation, that same worth!

I long for those, who were once my benchmates..

Laughing with me, now strangers in this race.

CORRECTION

Where the Teesta Drown

Ankana Ghosh

The flow of the Teesta gorge was dictated by glacial melt and monsoon shear stress. However, during the autumn of that year, I made an unusual observation in my sediment measurements.

The Rangeet River lies just upstream from its junction with the Teesta near Triveni. Rivers are mass-transport ecosystems containing suspended silts, dissolved nitrates, and detrital carbon. On this cloudy mid-October morning, however, my turbidity sensors went haywire. Upstream from my camp, fifty metres away, between two schist rocks, the river contained a human body. The young man’s arms had become tangled in the exposed birch tree roots.

When I arrived at the riverbank, his clothes had been ripped away by the current, revealing pale skin and quartzite sediments scratching it. The local police arrived hours later. Inspector Rai, along with his entourage had been ordered by the local MLA to look into the frothing eddy.

"A drowning from the high ridges," Inspector Rai mumbled into his waterlogged notebook. He looked up quickly, distracted by the loudness of the river. "The boys get drunk and slip on the moss. They fall into the river and down to the plains. Nothing to worry about."

The MLA, a portly man covered in a luxurious woollen shawl, stood far away from the river on the dry embankment. "Just write your report. It was an accident. We don’t want any fuss over tourism already."

However, upon closer inspection of the sediment, it was clearly not a worker who had slipped. The boy’s torso and upper arms had clean, incision marks. These incisions formed perfect geometric shapes, almost like the yantra symbols used in secret Buddhist Tantra. His nails were clean too meaning he had not dug into the river sediment in a last attempt to save himself. He was dead and had lost all his blood.

Within three weeks, the peaceful mourning of the hills turned into a public outcry. Over seven young men from the remote villages around Bijanbari, Lebong and Kalimpong had gone missing within forty days. The families would not believe the official story of seasonal runaways and drunks.

CORRECTION

The Hill Cart Road and the main highway ran alongside the river and were both filled with upset mothers in woven wool shawls and fathers holding old passport sized photos. They blocked the road with flaming pine branches and signs asking 'Where are our sons?' and 'Stop the river cover-up!'

The local authorities were in shock. The MLA promised nothing in his loudspeaker, whilst the police station in Melli was filled with protestors fighting against the Inspector's claims of accidental drownings. However, the river was still revealing its secrets. Two more bodies drifted past the sandbars in Triveni. This time their torsos were covered in the same geometric incisions.

Unfortunately, the police had no evidence. The river had removed all fingerprints, fibres and DNA within minutes. However, rivers do not erase evidence.

Looking back at my water samples, I noticed that two months previously, there had been changes in the pH levels downstream. Every dark moon phase there were small changes and there were traces of organic dyes present. There was sindoor mixed with burnt plant matter and brass flecks. By using the decay rate of the body and the speed of the river (around 2.4m/s in the gorge), I had calculated that the bodies were not being dumped from the high towns into the main river. Instead they were coming from a gorge off the river, no more than five kilometres away.

This calculation led me to a secluded gorge. The Little Rangeet ran through a granite crack, surrounded by weeping Himalayan cedar trees.

I presented my findings to Inspector Rai. With no time to waste due to the constant protesting outside his station, he looked at my hydraulic vectors with red eyes. "Show me."

We walked along the rocky banks. It was dark so we avoided the paths up the hillside. The bank was treacherous, with loose rock faces and dark caves. The sound of the river was unbearably loud.

As we neared a bend in the river, we smelt the sweet smell of burning juniper and animal fat. Hidden behind an overhang of black gneiss was an ancient stone shrine.

CORRECTION

The flickering butter lamps lit up the carvings on the slate stone. They showed fierce Tantric gods, Mahakala and Palden Lhamo with skulls around them. However, this was not a place of peace for monks. It was a secret slaughterhouse for a sect of followers practising a twisted form of Vajrayana.

In the centre of the cave, a young man from a tea garden labourers family in Sukhiapokhri was tied to an altar made from the riverbed basalt. However, the man standing above him with his curved kartika was not a wandering outcast. It was the head priest from an illegal monastery in the hills. He was often seen accompanying the MLA to public meetings. The cult believed if they could sacrifice the life force from young strong men during certain astrological times, they could gain ultimate power over time and control over the valley by offering their blood to the river spirits and dumping their bodies.

Inspector Rai wasted no time. As the priest raised his knife, Rai fired his service gun. The bang echoed throughout the cave as the bullet hit the stone causing sparks from the butter bowls. During the commotion the acolytes ran away into the foaming shallows and were swept down the roaring sluice.

The priest was subdued and sat on the altar, his ceremonial robes now soaked in the dirty sediment.

By sunrise the boy had been returned to his family safe and well. The crowd on the road watched in silence as the priest was pulled from the gorge, handcuffed and they found the old artefacts and ledgers implicating several high ranking politicians in funding the secret shrine.

The protests stopped as the truth was revealed. However, the river remained unchanged. I stood alone on the gravel flats of Triveni the next morning. The river was clear again. Cold, fast moving water was flowing from the snow fields above. It carried away the memories of the dead. Unaware of the fragile insanity of the people who lived alongside it.

CORRECTION

What the River Carried

My writing journey began in 2017 through 'Literary Live,' and since then, writing has evolved from a mere hobby into a meaningful purpose. Over the years, I have participated in various competitions hosted on platforms such as StoryMirror, Mugafi, and several others. While I enjoy the thrill of competition, my true goal is to pursue writing as a profession and use it as a tool to drive positive change in society.

DISHA SHAH

CORRECTION

What the River Carried

The river carries so much weight,

Accepting even the most difficult times.

The river always knows its way,

And we can feel the river's situations.

The river carries the heavy rock,

Accepting every challenge in its path.

Whenever the river flows,

We see our own lives in its current—

Sometimes, we get stuck.

The river knows its way,

But we do not know ours.

The river accepts the challenges,

While we struggle to accept our own

What the River Carries

Aman Kumar

What does the river carry?

It carries water, just like our thoughts—

sometimes calm, sometimes lost.

We never know what stories

it has gathered along the way.

When calm, it carries reflection;

when lost, it carries destruction.

What does the river carry?

It keeps flowing, just like our minds.

Like us, it hides what lies within.

Deep down, old wounds remain,

unhealing—

just as light never reaches

the bottom of a flowing river.

Though wounds may never heal,

life remains possible in both.

We still hold hope;

the river still flows.

We both continue toward a final destination—

we search for ultimate truth,

CORRECTION

the river searches for the ocean.

What does the river carry?

We end someday, but the river does not.

It carries memories.

It carries love within its depths.

It carries the sorrow of unsaid words.

It carries every phase of life.

The hope of life begins with rivers,

and in the end, we return to them.

The water carries my ashes,

the pain of life, and secrets left untold.

Perhaps that is why its bottom

is never truly discovered.

What the water carries,

perhaps no one truly knows—

what the river carries.

CORRECTION

Kuch Khaas Yaar

Shreyan Gawande

Kahi dhundha nahi inhe kabhi
Bas hass diye saath mere yuhi
Ab saath rahete hai mere humesha
Mere yaaro ke siwa mera ab koi nahi

Hass ke baat taal dena accha lagta hai
Har dukh mein saath dena accha lagta hai
Aur bachpan har pal jita ikne saath
dil maano mera baccha lagta hai

Kuch apne aap mein jahan kar jaate hai
Kuch chaar kabhi jaan ban jate hai
Duniya bohot choti hai janab
Jinme kuch khaas yaar ban jate hai

Mere ghar se jyada mera ghar inka hai
Maar peet kr baat krna inka tarika hai
Ghar chhut jata hai aksar mera
Par ghar ke bahar ek ghar banana inse hi toh seekha hai

Rishte mein humare aauson ko jagah nahi
Daant dete hai ye aksar aur dete hai salah bhi
Kabhi hasa dete hai inke harkto se
Aur harkto se dete hai rula bhi

Koi tasveer hai dhundhli si jo dil mein basate hai
Dhundhli si zindagi ko phir saaf raah dikhate hai
Kuch yaar bane hai mere jo meri duniya basate hai

Ek ek chakkar ke naam par duniya ghum aate hai
Ladai jhagdo mein mere sabse pahele nazar aate hai
Suraj dhale shaam aayi sunheri
Ab har roj hume chai pe bulate hai

Woh adda, katta ek cut chai ki gap shap
Wo yaadein ,woh baatein aur muskurate huye hum sab

CORRECTION

Sab dur ho gaya halato mein janab
Naajane phir chai ki chaukhat par mil paaye hum kab?

Milne mein hume barso lag jaate hai
Nazar mein phir basane ko inhe aakhein taras jaate hai
Phir jee lete hai hum bhi thoda jab zindagi ke raaston mein yaar mil jate hai, yaar mil jaate hai

CORRECTION

The Making of a Finished Portrait

Pratistha Ray is a young published author and student writer based in the UAE. She is the author of *Fragments of a Self*, a reflective work exploring identity, psychology and self-perception. A recipient of a Commendation in the 2026 John Locke Global Essay Prize, she is interested in philosophy, literature, human behaviour and environmental advocacy.

Pratistha Ray

CORRECTION

Does the fish know it is incomplete

when it finds its reflection beneath the water?

Does the river ever wonder,

how much of itself it must surrender,

before the world calls it an ocean?

Does the bird, meeting itself in a window,

wonder whether it might have been more beautiful,

had it been born with different wings?

Or is this peculiar burden ours alone?

to be born as ourselves

and spend a lifetime apologizing for it?

We mould onto our faces a perfection no human has ever known, pressing ourselves into its impossible shape until blood gathers in the creases beneath our fingernails.

And blame our hands for not moulding correctly.

We learn to wear our faces,

the way a painter lays gold over a crack.

Layer upon layer,

until even the damage resembles art.

We smooth our expressions into something agreeable, file down the edges of our personalities, and tuck every unbecoming thought beneath the tongue. We become artisans of our own undoing, sculpting a version of ourselves that might finally be considered worthy of keeping.

And we do it every day.

The assurance that one more correction, one more achievement, one more medal, one more change might help us to be the person we have been dreaming our life. Like a child chasing fireflies blindly into the darkness, never realizing how far we have wandered from the comfort of home, we chase with the passion and dedication of a person we still have to be.

Row, row, row your boat gently down the currents of the river,

until you spend so long adjusting your sails

that you forget what it felt like to enjoy the water.

But really, once you're a great swimmer, people tend to forget that you can drown too.

Maybe there is no distinction between us and a fish in a plastic pouch floating in a few liters of borrowed water over the noise of a market. We circle, confusing the boundaries of our small world for those of the entire

CORRECTION

planet. Strangers above us bend nearer to check. They check the water's quality, our motions, our hues. They choose which one of us is pretty enough to bring home.

And somewhere in that small, transparent prison, we begin to mistake being chosen for being worthy.

We learn to arrange ourselves for the auction.

We brighten what attracts attention. Conceal what might lower our ‘price’.

We present ourselves at the most aesthetically pleasing angles, even when the water gets tainted and there is little space to turn.

We get good in the language of approval by finding out which aspects of ourselves deserve praise and which must be hidden.

How odd it is that we should spend so much of our lives trying to be chosen by individuals never requested to see beyond the glass.

How stranger still that, eventually, we begin to inspect ourselves with their eyes.

We become our own auctioneers.

Every morning, we place our worth upon an invisible counter. We judge our lives as though they were objects ready for a judgment, compare our successes against someone else's, and fit our faces against unfeasible pictures. Before anyone else has the chance, we reduce our own pricing.

And the auction never closes.

There is always another fish with more vibrant scales, another face that looks unmatched by anxiety, another life shown under better lighting. There is always someone who seems to have been born knowing how to live in their own flesh.

CORRECTION

We therefore continue swimming till our gills cannot physically grasp air.

We carry the quiet inheritance of other people's expectations, their unspoken convictions settling upon us like stones at the bottom of a river. Through compliments we cannot believe and criticisms we cannot forget.

We call it becoming the ‘best version of ourselves’.

But when does improvement become disappearance? At what point does the desire to become someone better begin to erase the person who was already here?

Perhaps the most frightening thing about perfection is not that it is impossible to reach.

It is that we can spend our entire lives pursuing it and never notice what we have left behind.

Perhaps we notice only when someone else does. When, in the middle of an ordinary conversation, someone remembers a version of us we have almost forgotten.

“I miss the sweet girl you used to be.”

They say it so casually,

as though childhood were a country,

we had simply forgotten how to visit.

How strange.

They miss the child,

who had not yet learned to be afraid,

CORRECTION

of the very people asking where she went.

They miss her unguarded laughter,

but forget the rooms in which she learnt to quieten it.

They miss her innocence,

but rarely remember,

how often she was told to grow up.

And perhaps the saddest thing

is that she misses that girl, too.

She looks for her in the photographs,

sleeping inside an old camera,

their colors slowly surrendering to time,

each little frame preserving a life

that appears to have been someone else's.

Their paper bearing the faint traces of a childhood writing that never quite learnt to stay between the lines, birthday cards with pages softened at the folds abound. Words trip over the page, letters lean into one another, and the margins are packed with small jokes that once needed no explanation.

Written with the total confidence of someone who has not yet learned that even the things we vow to remember might become far, declarations of forever abound.

And then, there are the recordings.

A little girl dancing in the middle of a room,

her feet arriving a moment after the music,

CORRECTION

her movements belonging to no choreography,

but the extraordinary freedom of being young.

She turns beneath the ceiling fan,

her shadow following imperfectly across the walls.

She laughs before the song has ended,

forgets the steps she invented,

and begins again without a second thought.

She dances as though the walls have never watched her,

as though there is no such thing,

as an unflattering angle,

as though a body is something to inhabit,

rather than something to be observed.

There is no hesitation in her.

No rehearsed expression.

No silent calculation of how she might appear,

to the person holding the camera.

She is too busy being alive.

The recording remains, even as the years move on.

The little girl moves again,

unaware that the person watching her,

CORRECTION

is searching for someone she cannot quite remember.

How cruel that a camera should preserve,

what time would teach its subject to abandon.

The crooked letters.

The unfinished sentences.

The laughter that arrived without permission.

The unselfconscious joy of a girl

who had never considered,

that she might need to apologize for existing.

There she is, smiling.

And there I am, wondering,

how a person can look so happy

in a moment she will spend years trying to return to.

I wonder when she became so difficult to find.

How strange to possess so much evidence,

of having once been yourself

and still be unable to return to that person.

I have often wondered what she would make of me.

CORRECTION

Whether she would recognize the person who has inherited her name, her face, her little habits of delight. Whether she would notice how much of her writing remains in mine, how some of her phrases still show up on my face before I have time to stop them.

Maybe she would inquire when I started seeing every pair of eyes as a mirror until I could no longer see a world not mirroring me.

Years of studying myself as an incomplete picture have gone by as I constantly looked for the feature that may balance the entire composition. I have confused the reflection for the face, the frame for the picture, and the many alterations for progress.

The girl in the photo, meanwhile, has stayed exactly where I left her, suspended amid a chuckle, oblivious of the woman who would someday gaze at her and call her a stranger.

There is something I find unbearable about that.

She had no idea she would become a memory to herself.

She thought adulthood was the arrival of everything she had been waiting for. Nobody told her it would also mean leaving so much behind.

And I wonder what she would say if I told her that I, who once counted every day until I could grow up, would give anything for one more ordinary afternoon of being her.

Perhaps she would not understand. Perhaps she would simply ask me why I had become so serious, and when I had stopped finding the world so wonderful. I would have no answer that could fit into the little world she knew.

I spent years trying to become someone worthy of her, never understanding that I was the very person she had once dreamed of becoming.

CORRECTION

CORRECTION

The unstoppable elder

Vanitha Babu

There is an old woman in the village who lived with her family happily. She had never visited any place alone. She wanted to enjoy the nature. She didn't know how to do and where to go. She asked her children about this. At first, they advised her not to do these things in her life. It can be difficult in her old age. She listened to their words. She kept silent after that.

One day, she was cooking a meal for her family with love. At home, everyone loved her cooking. She made every dish with a proper manner. No one can say anything about this. She got an idea while cooking. She wanted to start a restaurant in a city. She kept thinking how she was going to implement this idea.

One day, when someone came at her doorstep and asked for food, she asked them to come inside. She served food in a humble way. The food was given to the chef of restaurant who had a habit of exploring new places. He admired everything including her food. Before he left the place, he gave her his visiting card. He asked her to call this number whenever she needs him. He thanked her for everything. She sent him with a smile.

In her family, they were planning to go for a trip. They asked her to join with them. At first, she refused to come. But later, she accepted to go with them. Their trip went well. When they were enjoying the trip, they wanted to eat something. They went nearby restaurant. It was a big restaurant. They ordered everything they liked.

After finishing the meals, they went to pay the bill. The accountant said their bill was paid. Everyone is shocked to hear this. When they inquired about this, they got to know real truth behind this. Suddenly, the owner of the restaurant came out. Warm welcome was given to family who had come.

Old woman thanked him for this and said she was happy she had met him. She had an idea and told owner of the restaurant about this. He immediately accepted it. Finally, she started her own small restaurant in the city. She even explored the places she once wished in her life.

This story ended by saying:

CORRECTION

"IF YOU HAVE AN IDEA WITH A CLEAR VISION, YOU WILL ACHIEVE ANYTHING AT ANY TIME IN YOUR LIFE."

CORRECTION

Woh Ek Lamha

Shaik Faisal is dedicated writer, poet, and digital content creator known for his evocative approach to story telling. With a unique ability to blend traditional shayari with contemporary rap and lyrical styles, his work serves as an exploration of emotional depth , relationships, and personal growth.

Shaik Faisal

CORRECTION

Sham dhal rahi thi aur kamre mein ek halki si thaki hui roshni feli hui thi. Table par ek purani diary aur pen rakha tha, aur bagal mein chai ki pyali thandi ho rahi thi. Nishi khidki ke paas khadi thi, baalon ko halka sa samethte hue baahar ghoomti hui shamon ko dekh rahi thi. Uski ungliyan khidki ke frame par dheere-dheere tap kar rahi thi, jaise kisi ankahe geet ka taal dhoondh rahi hon.

Luck ne apna pen uthaya, use kuch der haath mein ghumaaya, aur phir seedha Nishi ki taraf dekha. "Tum yunhi khadi rahogi ya baithogi bhi? Subah se wahi ek baat dimaag mein ghoom rahi hai, aur tum ho ki khidki se baahar dekhi ja rahi ho."

Nishi ne halka sa mud kar dekha, uske chehre par ek aisi muskaan thi jo sirf tab aati hai jab koi kisi ko bahut kareeb se jaanta ho. "Soch rahi thi, Luck... ki yeh jo humaari kahani hai na, yeh kisi filmi kitaab ki tarah bilkul nahi hai. Na isme koi pehle se likha hua climax hai, na koi aisi entry jise dekh kar log taaliyan bajayein."

"Toh kisne kaha ki humein kisi kitaab ki tarah jeena hai?" Luck apni jagah se utha, chal kar khidki ke paas aaya aur Nishi ke barabar mein khada ho gaya. Baahar gali mein ek cycle ki ghanti baji, koi sabzi wala apni rehrahi lekar guzar raha tha, aur paas ke ghar se khana banne ki khushboo hawa mein tair rahi thi. Koi cinematic background music nahi tha, bas zindagi thi apne poore sachhaai ke saath.

"Sach baat toh yeh hai, Nishi," Luck ne apni aawaz halki karte hue kaha, "ki mujhe yeh sab dikhawa pasand hi nahi hai. Jab tum mere saamne hoti ho, toh lagta hai ki kismat ne jo bhi likha ho, kam se kam hum dono usmein real hain. Koi nakli dialogue nahi, koi drama nahi."

Nishi ne apni nazrein jhukayin aur ek lambi saans li. Usko yaad aaya ki kaise yeh poora silsila shuru hua tha. Na koi badi mulaqat thi, na pehli nazar ka wo aashiqana dhoka jo filmon mein dikhate hain. Shuruat ek choti si behes se hui thi kisi baat par dono ki aapas mein nahi bani thi. Par wahi choti si anban dheere-dheere ek aisi aadat ban gayi thi, jiske bina din adhura lagne laga tha.

"Tumhein yaad hai wo din?" Nishi ne pucha, uski aawaz mein ek halka sa sukoon tha. "Jab hum pehli baar mile the? Tum kitne akad mein the, aur main soch rahi thi ki yeh insaan itna ajeeb kaise ho sakta hai."

Luck khul kar hans pada. "Akad nahi thi, Nishi. Woh bas ek shield thi. Duniya itni matlabi hai ki har jagah apna asli roop dikhana bevkufi lagti hai. Par tumhare saamne pata nahi kyun, woh saari fikar apne aap khatam ho gayi. Jaise kisi ne bina maange hi aaine par se dhool hata di ho."

Unke beech ki yeh baatein koi aam guftagu nahi thi; yeh wo baatein thi jo saalon ki khamoshi aur samajhdari ke baad samajh aati hain. Nishi ne apna haath badha kar Luck ke haath par rakha. Ungliyan aapas mein uljhin, ek aisi pakad ke saath jisme koi darr nahi tha na khone ka, na kisi ke kuch kehne ka darr.

"Luck," Nishi ne dheere se kaha, "mujhe darr lagta hai kabhi-kabhi. Zindagi bahut tezi se badal rahi hai. Log badal jaate hain, raste alag ho jaate hain. Kya yeh sab yun hi rahega?"

Luck ne uska haath thoda aur kas liya. Uski aankhon mein wo bharosa aur sachhaai thi jo kisi ko bhi yakeen dila de. "Dekho Nishi, main bade bade waade toh nahi karunga ki main taare tod launga ya yeh samundar rok dunga. Yeh sab baatein filmon mein achhi lagti hain. Asliyat yeh hai ki kal kya hoga kisi ko nahi pata. Par aaj, is pal mein, jab main tumhari aankhon mein dekhta hoon, toh mujhe pata hota hai ki main kahan hoon. Aur agar kal mushkil bhi hui, toh hum akele nahi rahenge. Itna toh main pakka keh sakta hoon."

Nishi ki aankhon mein halki si nammi tair gayi, par uske hont muska rahe the. Usko pata tha ki yeh insaan jo keh raha hai, wahi uska sach hai. Yahan koi jhootha glamour nahi tha, koi aisi ummeed nahi thi jo tootne par insaan ko andar se khokhli kar de. Yeh ek aisi mohabbat thi jo zameen se judi thi ek aisi dhoop ki tarah jo thandi subah mein sukoon deti hai, bina kisi shor ke.

CORRECTION

"Tum sach mein na ekdum alag ho, Luck," Nishi ne sir hilaate hue kaha. "Kabhi-kabhi lagta hai ki tumse zyada stubborn insaan maine apni zindagi mein nahi dekha."

"Aur tumse zyada samajhdar aur ziddi bhi koi nahi hai," Luck ne turant jawab diya, aur dono ki hasi se wo chota sa kamra goonj utha.

Unka yeh rishta kisi label ka mohtaj nahi tha. Na dosti ki hadon mein bandha tha, na kisi aashiqui ke purane dharron par chalta tha. Yeh kuch aisa tha jiska koi naam nahi hota, bas ek ehsaas hota hai ki chahe baahar kitna bhi shor ho, kitni bhi aandhi chale, jab tum apne kisi khaas ke paas hote ho, toh duniya ka har toofan tham jata hai.

Shaam dheere-dheere raat mein badal rahi thi. Aasman par taare nikal aaye the, aur thandi hawa khidki se andar aa rahi thi. Luck ne table par rakha paper uthaya, jiske upar abhi-abhi unhone apni yeh poori kahani utari thi. Usne ek baar use padha, aur phir Nishi ki taraf dekha.

"Yeh theek hai na?" Luck ne pucha. "Isme koi banaawati pan nahi hai. Bas wohi hai jo hum dono hain."

Nishi ne paas aakar paper par nazar daali aur dheere se sar hilaya. "Haan, Luck. Yehi bilkul sahi hai. Aur yahi sabse khoobsourat hai."

Unhone apne liye chai ki thandi ho chuki pyali uthayi, ek ghunt bhara, aur khidki ke baahar aate hue andhere mein aane wale kal ki umeed ko dekhne lage bina kisi darr ke, bina kisi shaq ke, bas ek doosre ka haath thame hue.

CORRECTION

A love told in heartbeats

Vanitha Babu

The one who made me chithi for the first time.

When I heard the news she was in my sister's womb, I was flying in the sky. I took the pregnancy kit to check it. We had no expectations until we saw two pinkline. Two lines which made us cry with happiness in our heart. We thought she was going to give us miracles we never imagined in our lives. I took care of my sister well in every little thing. She was a blessing of our lives. I even imagined how she would be when she came out. I listened to her kicks which gave me goosebumps. The happiness when I heard her kicks was a priceless. I couldn't express it in words.

| loved her very much when she was in my sister's womb. One day, God made a way to make us realize she was no more in the world. | was unlucky | didn't get an chance to meet her for the last time. Maybe she deserves better in the heaven. But she is one who stole my whole heart completely without saying " | love you". The love | have for her will always remain the same. She is an angel who made me cry for one day that no one did it to me before that. At last, | love her unconditionally. Thanks for making me chithi dear.

CORRECTION

The River that carried sorrow

Kishwar hussain

The river carried the sorrow,
The sorrow of being a girl,
The sorrow of dealing with society as a girl,
The sorrow of enduring those devilish eyes,
That followed her even when she looked away.
The sorrow of being told how to dress,
How to walk, how to speak,
The sorrow of living in a world
Where even silence isn't safe.
And yet, the river never questioned her tears.
It simply carried them away.

CORRECTION

The Hydrology of the Unforgiven

Ghazifa Bashir

The river left the shoes, but it kept the child.

This is the cardinal rule of the current: it returns only the refuse, the inorganic debris that cannot be digested by the abyss. It surrenders the canvas sneaker with its frayed laces, the rusted bicycle frame, the shattered bottle of amber glass, but it swallows the marrow of human existence without a trace. The water is a selective predator. It has no appetite for the ephemeral.

Elias understood this calculus of loss. He stood on the archaic stone bridge, staring into the aqueous void that had, three years prior, executed a theft so absolute it ruptured the architecture of his sanity. The river did not care about the weight of the dead, nor the gravity of a father's grief. It moved with the indifferent, muscular velocity of a primordial entity, an ancient artery of the earth that had been flowing long before the first human learned to articulate sorrow.

He was not a fisherman. The rod in his hand was a prop, a pathetic totem of normalcy. Elias was a man who had been relegated to the margins of time, trapped in a perpetual loop of the day Mara slipped beneath the surface near the old weir. The search parties had dredged the depths, their grappling hooks scraping against submerged timber, but they had retrieved nothing but the shoes. They had found the canvas vessels, but the soul had been violently evacuated.

Since that day, Elias had become an archivist of the unreturned. He fed the river offerings, attempting to trigger a transaction, to force a negotiation with the indifferent current. He cast his wedding band into the froth. He

CORRECTION

sacrificed the manuscript of his unfinished novel, watching the pages bleed ink into the water like a slow hemorrhage. He offered his own blood, dripping from a sliced palm into the murky torrent. The river accepted these tributes with a polite, silent greed and offered nothing in return.

Tonight, the fog was an ectoplasmic suffocation, rising from the water to smother the streetlamps. The city was dissolving into a pale, viscous vapor. Elias cast his line. The bait was a bright, synthetic falsity, an insult to the abyssal dark. He was not fishing for trout. He was fishing for a rupture in the ontology of time.

When the line tautened, it did not pull with the frantic, darting panic of aquatic life. It pulled with a heavy, subaqueous inertia, the agonizing drag of a memory refusing to surface. Elias reeled. The mechanism clicked with the slow, mechanical rhythm of a clock ticking backward.

What emerged from the black water was not Mara. It was a mahogany box, miraculously sealed, bound in chains that had oxidized into a singular, fused mass of ferrous oxide. He hauled it onto the stone embankment, his muscles screaming, his pulse hammering against his ribs like a trapped bird. The chains disintegrated at his touch into a fine red dust, immediately claimed by the wind.

He opened the box.

Inside lay a river stone, smooth and impossibly warm, and a letter written in an ink that had not run, though it smelled of ozone and algae. The handwriting was his own, though he possessed no memory of inscribing it. The date was the exact day Mara drowned.

Elias,

CORRECTION

You are reading this because the river has finally accepted your currency, yet you fail to understand the exchange rate. You are petitioning for a body, for a ghost, for a restoration of a fractured reality. The river cannot grant you this. The river is not a repository of the past; it is a mechanism of relentless momentum. It carries only what is necessary to sustain the flow. You drown in the past because you refuse to swim in the present. Let her go, Elias. Not because you love her less, but because the act of holding a ghost is a violence against the living. The box is empty. It has always been empty. The river carries the memory, but you carry the weight.

Elias stared at the text. The words blurred, not with tears—he had exhausted his tear ducts years ago—but with a sudden, violent unraveling of his reality. He realized, with a sickening lurch in his stomach, that the box contained a stone. A simple, mundane river rock. The river had not returned his daughter. It had merely reflected his own fractured psyche.

He held the stone in his palm. It was alive with a residual heat. It was a monument to his own self-inflicted purgatory. He had been standing on this bridge for three years, but he had never actually arrived.

The fog thickened, and the river's murmuring coalesced into something resembling a voice, a resonance that bypassed his ears and addressed itself directly to his consciousness.

"What do you truly wish to carry?" the river asked.

"Everything," Elias whispered, his voice cracking. *"I want to carry her laughter. I want to carry the weight of her hand in mine. I want to carry the sound of her voice calling me before the water took it."*

CORRECTION

"Then you will drown," the river replied, its tone devoid of malice, purely forensic. *"The current does not distinguish between the weight of a stone and the weight of a memory. Both will drag you to the bottom. You are not a vessel, Elias. You are a man standing on a bridge, refusing to walk to the other side."*

Elias looked at the dark, churning water. He thought of his inability to move on, the meticulous, agonizing preservation of her bedroom, the way he still set three plates at the table. He realized that his memory—his curse of perfect recall—was not an act of love. It was a refusal to acknowledge the passage of time. It was a rebellion against the nature of existence. The river did not care about his grief. It carried the living, dragging them away from the shores of their own obsessions.

Elias looked at the stone one last time. It was heavy, dense with the weight of everything he had refused to process. He drew his arm back and hurled the stone as far as he could into the churning center of the river.

It struck the water with a hollow plop, sending a ripple outward that seemed to vibrate through his very bones. He stood there for hours, watching the ripples fade, watching the fog roll in and out. The box, the chains, the letter—all of it was gone, swept away by the current.

He turned and walked off the bridge. The world felt different. The oppressive weight in his chest, the leaden anchor that had held him tethered to the murky bottom of his own grief, had loosened. The act of releasing the stone did not bring Mara back, but it allowed Elias to walk forward.

He understood, then, the true hydrology of the human spirit. We are all rivers, desperately attempting to carve canyons of permanence into the bedrock of an impermanent world. We hold onto the silt, the debris, the frozen moments of our greatest joys and most profound traumas. We build dams of memory, hoping to stop the flow. But the river is relentless,

CORRECTION

demanding that we surrender our illusions of control, forcing us to accept that everything we love will eventually be carried away, dissolved into the vast, indifferent ocean of time.

Elias walked home through the wet, gleaming streets, his footsteps finding a new cadence against the cobblestones. He would go back to his house, and he would finally dismantle the suffocating shrine to his daughter. He would allow her memory to exist not as a monument to his pain, but as a quiet, flowing current beneath the surface of his life, a gentle undertow rather than a drowning weight. The river had carried the stone, the river had carried the grief, and finally, the river carried Elias forward—away from the wreckage of the past, toward the terrifying, beautiful emptiness of the horizon, because he finally understood that life is nothing but a constant, agonizing, and ultimately merciful act of letting the water take everything.

CORRECTION

Kisey Farak Padta Hai?

Shreyan Gawande

Barasti baarish mein aasun bankar gum baras jaata hai

Raaston ke thokro se aksar dil darr jata hai

Phir zindagi sawar nahi pati thokro se

Maut se pahele hi ye aashiq marr jata hai

Kaun dekha ye kitni mehnat krta hai

Haare toh khud aur jeete toh naseeb ka naam chadhta hai

Aur rote kitna ho tum kamre mein akele

Kisey farak padta hai?

Tadapte ho ek chij ke piche itna kyu?

Khud ka jeevan khud hi jeena toh soche itna kyu

Mil gayi toh taara asmaan ka

Nahi mili chij agar toh khudko kose itna kyu?

Barso se soche khwaab ko lakiro mein na dekho

Khudki banayi roti ko kisi aur ke chule par na seko

Log ginva kar chale jaayenge nivala tumahre roti ka

Mehnat ki inton se khudka makaan banana seekho

CORRECTION

Kaun kabhi kiske kaam padta hai?

Rishtedaaro se rishtedaari mein kaun madad krta hai?

Tum akele ho khud ke saath mushkilo mein

Aakhir kisey farak padta hai?

Chaar kandhe milte nahi janaza pakadne ,apna yaha kaun hai ?

Uss janaze par leta shaks abhi bhi janab maun hai

Aur rishto se ummeede lagaye baithe ho aaj bhi

Apne aap se bada tumhara saga kaun hai?

Tumhari yaadein samet kar yaha kaun rakhta hai?

Kabr par likha naam tumhara phir jaakar kaun padhta hai?

Aur jeete ho kisi ke yaad mein tum ,tumhari saasein tham gayi

Kisey farak padta hai?

Kisey farak padta hai

CORRECTION

The Letter That Came Too Late

Kashaf Ul Eman

The river had always remembered what people forgot.

It remembered the names whispered beneath the old willow tree, the promises made on rainy afternoons, and the little secrets that two people once believed would remain theirs forever.

But most importantly, it remembered her.

Every evening, she sat beside the river, watching the water move as though it had somewhere important to be. She had grown older, her hair had begun to lose its colour, and the little notebook she once carried everywhere had turned yellow with time.

Yet, there was one thing she had never managed to forget.

Him.

They had met years ago, when the world was kinder and time seemed to move slowly. He was the sort of person who noticed little things. He remembered how she liked her tea, which flowers made her smile, and how she always went quiet whenever something hurt her.

He used to write her letters.

Not ordinary letters, but the kind that made an ordinary Tuesday feel like a beautiful memory.

He would tell her about the rain, the stars, the people he met, and the places he wished to take her someday.

And she would write back.

Until one day, the letters stopped.

At first, she waited.

She checked the mailbox every morning, listened for the postman's bicycle, and found excuses to believe that perhaps his letter had been delayed.

CORRECTION

A week became a month.

A month became a year.

And eventually, she stopped looking towards the gate whenever someone knocked.

People told her that he had forgotten her.

Perhaps he had found someone else. Perhaps his promises had only been beautiful words, meant for a particular season of his life.

She never argued.

How could she explain that some people leave such deep marks upon your heart that even their absence becomes a part of your everyday existence?

She kept his last letter inside a wooden box, along with a dried flower and a photograph of two people who had once believed that forever was a promise they could keep.

Years passed.

She married no one. Not because she was waiting for him to return, but because she had learnt to make peace with a life that had never given her the answers she needed.

She had a small house near the river now. Every morning, she watered her flowers, read her books, and watched the seasons change.

She had stopped expecting anything from the world.

Until that November afternoon.

It had rained heavily the previous night. The river was restless, carrying fallen leaves, broken branches, and little things that had perhaps belonged to someone else's yesterday.

She was walking along its bank when something caught her attention.

An envelope.

It was caught between two stones, its edges worn and its paper stained by the water.

CORRECTION

She bent down and picked it up.

There was a name written on it.

Her name.

And beneath it, in handwriting she could have recognised even after a hundred lifetimes, was his.

For a moment, the entire world seemed to disappear.

Her fingers trembled as she opened it.

Inside was a letter.

My dearest,

I do not know how many seasons have passed since I last wrote to you. I have written this letter a hundred times in my head, but somehow, my hands never found the courage to put the words on paper.

You must think I forgot you.

Perhaps you have convinced yourself that I found another life, another person, and another reason to smile. But the truth is, there has never been a day when I did not remember you.

I kept your letters. Every single one. I carried them from one house to another, through cities and unfamiliar streets. Sometimes, when the nights became too quiet, I would take them out and read them again.

I wanted to return. I wanted to explain everything. I wanted to sit beside you beneath our old willow tree and tell you that I had never stopped looking for home.

I was ill for a long time. There were days when even writing your name felt like a journey. I kept telling myself that I would write tomorrow, that there would be another season, another opportunity, another chance.

But tomorrow kept moving further away.

If this letter reaches you, I hope you know that you were never forgotten. Not in the crowded rooms, not in the lonely evenings, not even in the moments when I could barely remember anything else.

CORRECTION

I am sorry for making you wait.

And if life has given you a reason to smile again, please do not let this letter take that away.

You deserved all the words I never managed to send.

Always yours,

Then again.

And once more, until the words began to blur.

So he had remembered.

All those years, all those unanswered questions, all those evenings when she had wondered whether she had simply become a forgotten chapter in someone's life.

He had remembered her.

But why now?

Why did the river have to bring her the words that the postman never delivered? Why did the truth have to find her when there was no one left to share it with?

She held the letter against her chest and looked towards the opposite bank.

The willow tree was still there.

The old wooden bench had been replaced, the pathway had changed, and the little tea stall where they once spent their afternoons had disappeared.

Everything had moved forward.

Everything except the part of her that had once waited.

She returned home that evening and opened the wooden box she had kept for years. She placed his letter beside the old photograph.

For the first time, she did not feel angry.

She felt something far more difficult to explain.

She took out a fresh sheet of paper and began writing.

CORRECTION

My dearest,

Your letter found me today.

I wish it had arrived when I still stood by the gate, waiting for the sound of your footsteps. I wish you had sent it when I still believed that every passing season would bring you back.

You say you never forgot me. I believe you.

But there is something I wish you had known. I did not need a lifetime of promises. I only needed one letter, one explanation, one little sign that I had not imagined everything we once were.

I hope you found peace.

I hope somewhere, in some quiet corner of the world, you knew that someone was still remembering you.

And I hope you understand that I cannot return to the girl who waited for you. She grew old waiting, and I had to learn how to live without her.

With all the words we never said,

Me.

She folded the letter and placed it inside the envelope.

The following morning, she walked towards the river.

There was no address to write, no mailbox to find, and no person left to receive it.

She simply stood beneath the willow tree and watched the water.

Then she let the letter go.

It floated for a while, turning gently with the current, before disappearing beyond the bend.

Perhaps the river would carry it somewhere.

Perhaps it would rest beneath the same stones that had returned his letter to her.

CORRECTION

Or perhaps some things were never meant to reach anyone.

She stood there for a little longer, listening to the water.

And finally, she understood.

The river had carried his words to her, but it could not carry back the years she had spent waiting.

It had returned a letter, not a person.

And sometimes, the saddest part of being remembered is discovering that the person who finally remembers you has arrived too late.

The river carried his letter. It carried her reply. But it could never carry them back to the time when both were still waiting for each other.

CORRECTION

The Spirit of the River

Angel Rose

Calming and relaxing,

Just the sound of the water rushing down stream,

What a glorious sound,

I can feel the beautiful spirit of nature and how it relaxes the environment.

It soothes the soul,

It kisses the very existence of life,

The center of the Earth's well-being,

Guiding all living things to their destination.

Oh it brings you back and takes you away all at the same time,

Grounding you and giving you an out of body experience,

But that's the beauty of the spirit of the river.

CORRECTION

"तुम किसी की पूरी दुनिया हो"

Mera naam Mahi hai aur mujhe likhna bahut pasand hai. Mera manna hai ki likhne se hamara stress kam hota hai. Main behtareen writer na sahi, par apni aur logon ki khamosh feelings ko lafzon me piro kar kagaz par utarna main bakhoobi jaanti hoon.

Mahi

CORRECTION

अगर कभी ज़िंदगी से इतने ज़्यादा परेशान हो जाओ

कि लगे कोई तुम्हारे साथ नहीं है

दुनिया ने तुम्हें अकेला छोड़ दिया है

सब कुछ खत्म हो गया है

और खुद को खत्म करने का ख़्याल मन में आए

तो हार मान जाने से पहले

एक बार बस इतना सोच लेना

घर पर कोई है जो आज भी

तुम्हारे लौट आने का

इंतज़ार कर रहा है

जिनकी पूरी दुनिया सिर्फ तुम हो

स्क्रॉल करती पीढ़ी के लिए कला – एक बिना पर्ची की दवा

Kalpana sethiya

रात के दो बजे हैं। यूँ ही स्क्रॉल करते हुए घर पर लेटी हूँ। शरीर थका हुआ है, पर नींद नहीं आ रही। दिमाग में दिन भर की बातें घूम रही हैं। आदतन के मुताबिक मैंने फोन उठाया और रील स्क्रॉल करने लगी। एक, दो, दस, पचास उंगलियाँ चल रही हैं, आँखें देख रही हैं, पर मन और अशांत हो रहा है। तभी मैंने फोन एक तरफ रखा; एक कोरा कागज लिया और बीच में एक छोटा सा गोला बनाया। उस गोले से और छोटी लाइन निकाली। एक घंटा कब बीत गया पता ही नहीं चला। वही थकान एक अजीब सी सुकून में बदल चुकी थी। उस रात मुझे समझ आया कि कुछ दवाइयाँ मेडिकल स्टोर पर नहीं मिलती।

आज हमारी पीढ़ी को स्क्रॉल करती पीढ़ी कहा जाता है। हमारी उंगलियाँ लगभग दिन में दो हजार बार ऊपर की तरफ जाती हैं। एक मिनट में हँसते हैं, दूसरे में रोते और तीसरे में गुस्सा हो जाते हैं। हमने पूरी दुनिया को मोबाइल में देख लिया है, पर पास में बैठे इंसान को नहीं देख पाते।

इस लगातार स्क्रॉल करने की एक बहुत बड़ी कीमत है, और वो है हमारे ध्यान की। पहले हम एक घंटे तक किताब पढ़ लेते हैं। हम किसी भी एक चीज़ पर ज्यादा देर तक टिक नहीं पाते। हर रील के बाद एक छोटा सा खालीपन महसूस होता है। यह कभी ना खत्म होने वाला चक्र बन गया है। हम दूसरों की चमकती हुई जिंदगी देखकर अपनी साधारण जिंदगी से दूर होते जाते हैं। यह एक ऐसी बीमारी है, जिसका कोई नाम नहीं, पर हर युवा इसे महसूस करता है।

इस बीमारी की दवा मुझे कला में मिली। कला सवाल नहीं पूछती, बस सुनती है। जब मैं राधा कृष्ण का चित्र बनाती हूँ, तो दो घंटों तक मुझे रील का पता ही नहीं

CORRECTION

रहता, मेरा पूरा ध्यान उस कागज पर उनके रंगों में होता है। सही तो ध्यान है, रील देखने में हम सिर्फ लेते हैं, लेकिन कला बनाने में हम देते हैं। - अपना समय, अपना मन और अपनी भावना।

यह सिर्फ मेरी भावना नहीं है। विज्ञान भी यही कहता है। हार्वर्ड यूनिवर्सिटी की एक रिसर्च बताती है कि सिर्फ पैंतालीस मिनट तक कोई भी कला करने से हमारे शरीर में तनाव का हार्मोन कॉर्टिसोल पचास प्रतिशत कम हो जाता है। जब हम कुछ बनाते हैं, हमारा दिमाग फ्लो में चलता है। जहाँ न अतीत की चिंता होती है, न भविष्य का डर। सिर्फ वर्तमान होता है।

अंत में मैं यही कहना चाहती हूँ कि हमें फोन फेंकने की जरूरत नहीं है। फोन एक औजार है, मालिक नहीं। जरूरत हो तो दो-एक घंटे निकालें जिसमें हम 'देखने' वाले नहीं 'बनाने' वाले बनें।



किसी के लिए वो गाना हो सकता, नाचना हो सकता है, बोलना या चित्रकला हो सकता है।

हम दवाइयों से शरीर को ठीक करते हैं, पर कला से हम खुद को ठीक करते हैं। स्क्रॉल करने से हमें दुनिया दिखती है, लेकिन कला से हम खुद को देखते हैं। इसका इलाज जेब में रखे फोन में नहीं, हाथ में पकड़ी कलम में है, जो बिना किसी पर्ची के हमें ठीक कर देती है।

CORRECTION

बहती ज़िंदगी

Pihu.Jain

कभी खुशी की लहर, कभी गुस्से की बाढ़,

फिर भी शांति होती है यहाँ हर बार।

नदी जिंदगी जीने का मतलब सिखा जाती है,

क्योंकि नदी एक ऐसी जगह है जहाँ खुशी, गुस्सा और शांति पाई जाती है।

क्योंकि एक जेंटल ह्यूमन की पहचान होती है

कि वो अपने हालातों को कैसे दिखलाता है।

CORRECTION

कोई मिल ही जाएगा...

Shreekant Sharma

तुझसे खूबसूरत शायद मुझे कोई मिल ही जाएगा,

तेरे जैसा गुलाब किसी बाग में खिल ही जाएगा,

पास लाकर मुझे अपनी कलियां तो दिखा देगा,,

पर महकाने को मुझे तेरी खूशबू कहाँ से लाएगा...

कहानियाँ तेरी तरह मुझे शायद ही कोई सुनाएगा,,

तुझ जैसी बातें कोई कहाँ कर पाएगा,

मेरे लिए तेरा किरदार तो निभा देगा,,

पर हर कहानी में तेरा एहसास कहाँ से लाएगा...

कई बार जिंदगी में मौक़ा रूठने का आएगा ,

तुझसे बेहतर आख़िर कौन मुझे मनाएगा,

खुद हँसकर मुझसे बात तो कर लेगा,,

पर मुझे हँसाने को तेरा चेहरा कहाँ से लाएगा...

कुछ मौकों पर मुझे कोई यूँ ही रुलाएगा,

CORRECTION

मेरे आँसुओं की कीमत कोई कहाँ लगा पाएगा,

बैठा कर पास मुझे मेरे बाल तो सहला देगा,,

पर आँसू पोछने को तेरे हाथ कहाँ से लाएगा...

CORRECTION

What the river carried

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

Sangeeta shivam patel

CORRECTION

नदी जो कुछ बहा लाई

नदी जो कुछ बहा लाई

वो सिर्फ पानी नहीं था

उसमें आपकी हँसी थी

आपके ख़तों का किनारा था

नदी जो कुछ बहा लाई

उसमें आपकी वो टोपी थी

जिसमें बसी है शान वतन की

और मेरी सारी ख़ुशी थी

आप सरहद पर खड़े हैं

मैं घर में दिया जलाती हूँ

आप देश का फर्ज़ निभाते हैं

मैं आपके नाम का व्रत रखती हूँ

नदी कह रही है मुझसे

मेरे फौजी जल्द आएंगे

वर्दी में लिपटे हुए

मुझे फिर से मुस्कुराएंगे

नदी जो कुछ बहा लाई

वो सिर्फ़ पानी नहीं था

उसमें आपका नाम था

आपकी चिट्ठियों का पैगाम था

नदी जो कुछ बहा लाई

उसमें आपकी वो हँसी थी

जिसे सुनकर मैं जीती हूँ

जिसमें मेरी हर ख़ुशी थी

नदी में आपकी वर्दी की ख़ुशबू थी

आपकी टोपी का निशान था

CORRECTION

एक सिपाही का वादा था

एक पत्नी का अभिमान था

आप सरहद पर खड़े हैं

मौसम चाहे जैसा भी हो

आँधी हो या बर्फ़ गिरे

आपका हौसला वैसा ही हो

मैं यहाँ घर सजाती हूँ

आपका इंतज़ार करती हूँ

जब नदी बहती है तो लगता है

आपसे ही बात करती हूँ

नदी कहती है मुझसे,

आप जल्द लौट कर आएंगे

वर्दी पहने, शान से

और मुझे गले लगाएंगे

तब तक मैं नदी के किनारे

CORRECTION

आपका नाम लिखती रहूँगी

एक फौजी की पत्नी हूँ

इस बात पर गर्व करती रहूँगी

CORRECTION

ती फक्त माझी बेस्ट फ्रेंड आहे

नागेश स शिंदे

ती फक्त माझी बेस्ट फ्रेंड आहे,
मैत्रिच्या पलीकडे तिची ओळख आहे ...
प्रेम म्हणावं इतकं नाही,
पण मनात तिची खास जागा आहे ...
नात्याला नाव नाही काही,
तरीही ती खूप आपली वाटते ...
तिच्या एका हसण्याने ना,
माझी दुनिया पुन्हा उजळते.
ती जिथे असेल तिथे खुश असावी,
ज्यांच्या सोबत असेल ते हसत राहावं...
माझं काहीच नसताना सुद्धा,
तिच्यासाठी मनात एक प्रार्थना असावी..
कारण माझ्यासाठी,
तिचं हसणं हे माझं सुख आहे ...
आणि तिचं सुखच माझं खरं प्रेम आहे ... 💛

CORRECTION

ती फक्त माझी बेस्ट फ्रेंड आहे

नागेश स शिंदे

ती फक्त माझी बेस्ट फ्रेंड आहे,
मैत्री च्या पलीकडे तिची ओळख आहे ...

प्रेम म्हणावं इतकं नाही,
पण मनात तिची खास जागा आहे ...

नात्याला नाव नाही काही,
तरीही ती खूप आपली वाटते ...

तिच्या एका हसण्याने ना,
माझी दुनिया पुन्हा उजळते.
ती जिथे असेल तिथे खुश असावी,
ज्यांच्या सोबत असेल ते हसत राहावी ...

माझं काहीच नसताना सुद्धा,
तिच्यासाठी मनात एक प्रार्थना असावी..
कारण माझ्यासाठी,
तिचं हसणं हे माझं सुख आहे ...

आणि तिचं सुखच माझं खरं प्रेम आहे ..

CORRECTION

आप गणेश हो बिघ्नहर्ता हो

Sambhu Lenka

आप गणेश हो बिघ्नहर्ता हो

सारे संसार के आप बप्पा हो

हर साल आप होते हो

भाद्रब के तिथि में बसते हो

हम सबको फिर रुलाते हो

क्यूँ ऐसा करते हो

हमारा मन भरते हो

सारे संसार को सद बुधही देते हो

हमारे मन से बुराई को निकालते हो

संसार के सबसे बड़े आप ज्ञानी हो

सारे बिद्याओं के आप दाता हो

कुछ ज्ञान हमको भी दे दो बप्पा

हर वक्त साथ हमारे रहो बप्पा

आप हम सबके गुरु हो बप्पा

हमारे अंतर के सबसे बड़े उज्जाले हो बप्पा

आप बिद्या दाता हो गुण के सागर हो

CORRECTION

हम सबके आप तन ,मन ,धन हो

सारे ज्ञानियों के आप ज्ञान हो

सारे दानियों आप दान हो

सारे कर्म बनतों के आप कर्म हो

सारे धर्म बनतों के आप धर्म हो

आप ही खुद में अनंत हो

सारे जहां से अच्छा आप स्वयं लंबोदर हो

एक दंत दयाबंत गणाधीनाथ हो

कोई कार्य न सुरू होता

जब तक आप साथ न हो

आप हि प्रारंभ हो आप ही अंत हो

आप ही सारे आपोदोन के नाशक हो

आप मंगल मूर्ति हो आप बकर तुंड हो

आप सबसे बढ़कर हमारे प्रिय नाथ हो

गौरी नंदन हो महादेब के संतान हो

ज्ञान गुण के सागर आप स्वयं गजानन हो ||

CORRECTION

फिर बहुत मन करता है

Shaily Jain

मैं कोई लेखक तो नहीं हूँ, पर तुम्हारे लिए लिखने का बहुत मन करता है।

तुम्हारी बहुत याद आती है, और तुमसे फिर बात करने का बहुत मन करता है।

पर मन की सारी चीज़ें पूरी हों, ऐसा ज़रूरी तो नहीं,

मुझे तुमसे मिलने की कोई मंज़ूरी भी नहीं,

बस इतना चाहती हूँ कि तुम आकर मेरे पास वापस फिर जाओ कहीं नहीं,

आज तुम्हें आख़िरी बार जी भर के देखने का, फिर बहुत मन करता है।

पर तुम्हें देखने से मेरा जी कभी भरता ही नहीं,

तुम मेरे लिए वो हो जिसकी किसी से कोई तुलना भी नहीं,

और आज तुम्हारे पास होने का फिर बहुत मन करता है।

पास होकर भी तुम्हारे मैं कह पाऊँगी कुछ भी नहीं,

समय भी तब ऐसे गुज़र जाएगा जैसे वो कभी आया ही नहीं,

काश जब हम मिलें तो समय वहीं ठहर जाए जैसे हमारे दरमियाँ कोई और नहीं,

आज तुम्हारी आँखों में खोने का फिर बहुत मन करता है।

तुम्हारी आँखों में मैं ढूँढ़ती हूँ ख़ुद को कहीं,

CORRECTION

क्योंकि मेरा प्यार तो सच्चा था, बस तुमने समझा ही नहीं,

तुम्हें देखने पर मेरी साँसों का तेज़ होना, ये तो कोई इत्तेफ़ाक़ नहीं,

आज तुम्हारी साँसों में बसने का फिर बहुत मन करता है।

पर तुम मुझे अपनी साँसों में बसा लो, मैं इतनी ख़ास भी नहीं,

एक पल के लिए अपने पास बुला लो जहाँ हमारे सिवा हो और कोई नहीं,

आज तुम्हारे क़रीब होने का फिर बहुत मन करता है।

इतने क़रीब बुलाकर अपने मुझे कभी छोड़ना नहीं,

वादे करोगे जो भी, उन्हें कभी तोड़ना नहीं,

आज तुम्हें सीने से लगाने का फिर बहुत मन करता है।

CORRECTION

नदी क्या ले गई?

Anshika Kumari

वो अपने साथ क्या ले गई,

जो मेरा था, उसे किनारे छोड़ गई।

जिसे मैंने अपनी दुनिया माना था,

वो किसी और को अपना संसार कह गई।

खुशियों की मेरी प्यास,

बह गई खामोशी बनकर।

कभी जो लहरों में मुस्कुराते थे,

आज रह गए बस यादों के किनारे।

खुद को कभी नदी का हिस्सा समझते थे,

उसकी हर लहर को अपना कहते थे।

मगर वक्त ने ऐसा मोड़ लिया,

अब तो मछलियाँ भी वहाँ ठहरना नहीं चाहतीं।

नदी तो आज भी बह रही है,

CORRECTION

बस उसके किनारे बदल गए हैं।

कुछ लोग पानी की तरह गुज़र गए,

और कुछ यादें बनकर वहीं ठहर गए।

CORRECTION

हिसाब कौन देगा

I'm a creative writer who loves expressing myself through words. I enjoy writing poetry, stories, and thoughts in both Hindi and English, drawing inspiration from emotions, imagination, and everyday life.

Shaily Jain

CORRECTION

तुम्हारे लिए जो अपनी नींदें गँवा दी मैंने,

अब उन नींदों का हिसाब कौन देगा।

अपने आप से जो इतने सवाल हैं मेरे,

अब उनका जवाब कौन देगा।

तुम्हारे लिए शायद बहुत आसान था आना और फिर चले जाना,

पर जो तुम्हारी यादों में रातें जागकर बिता दी मैंने,

अब मेरी उन रातों का हिसाब कौन देगा।

रात को जागकर सिर्फ़ रोया करती थी मैं,

अब मेरे उन आँसुओं का हिसाब कौन देगा।

रात को याद तुम्हारी,

सुबह ख़याल भी तुम्हारा था,

अब मेरे उन ख़यालों में रहने का भाव कौन देगा।

पर इस सब में तुम्हारी कोई गलती थोड़ी थी,

चाहा तो बस मैंने तुम्हें,

अब मेरी उस चाहत का हिसाब कौन देगा।

तुम्हें चाहते-चाहते ख़ुद को तो जैसे भूल ही गई हूँ मैं,

अब कुछ खाने-पीने का मन भी नहीं करता, इतना टूट गई हूँ मैं,

मेरी इस हालत का अब हिसाब कौन देगा।

पूरा दिन गुमसुम-सी रहती हूँ मैं,

कोई कुछ बोले भी तो चुप रहती हूँ मैं,

अब मेरी इस चुप्पी का हिसाब कौन देगा।

अब तो सब देखकर पूछते हैं कि क्या हुआ है मुझे,

ना कुछ खाती, ना कहती, ना कहीं जाती,

अब मेरे पहले जैसे होने का वो नक़ाब कौन देगा।

और बस तुम्हें सोचने में ही पूरा दिन गुज़र जाता है,

अब मेरे उस गुज़रे वक़्त का हिसाब कौन देगा।

फिर दिन गुज़रने पर रात आती है,

हर रोज़ रात बस एक सवाल अपने साथ लाती है,

क्या इतना ही आसान था मुझे भूल जाना,

और मैं जो तुम्हें सही से भुला भी नहीं पा रही,

तो अब मेरी उन यादों में रहने का हिसाब कौन देगा।

CORRECTION

अकेला बचपन

Gracy Singh

एक घर था, हँसी से भरा हुआ,

पर एक कोना था सूना-सा।

जहाँ सबको मलिता स्नेह अपार,

वहाँ एक को मलि बस तरिस्कार।

भाई-बहन प्यार में पलते रहे,

गीतों में सपनों को बुनते रहे।

पर वो बच्चा चुपचाप सहता गया,

हर दनि थोड़ा-थोड़ा टूटता गया।

ना कोई पूछे कैसे हो तुम?,

ना कोई सुने दलि का गम।

मीठे बोलों की जगह मलिी चोट,

नफ़रत के शब्द, रशितों की ओट।

देखता रहा वो प्यार की धारा,

CORRECTION

जो उसके पास से बहती धारा।

सोचता था-गलती क्या थी मेरी,

कमिमता मुझसे इतनी दूर रही?

फरि भी दलि में उम्मीद जगी रही,

एक रोशनी अंदर कहीं बनी रही।

क्योंकाि◌ो बच्चा अकेला पला,

वही सबसे मज़बूत बनकर नकिला।

एक दनि दुनयिा उसका मान करेगी,

उसके दरद को पहचान करेगी।

जसि कभी प्यार नहीं मलिा था,

वही सबको प्यार देना सीखेगा।

CORRECTION

पर अब ऐसा भी नहीं....

Bedika Yadav

अकेले रहना पसंद है मुझे,

इसलिए भीड़ में चलना छोड़ दिया है।

मगर अब ऐसा भी नहीं कि

मैंने घर से निकलना ही छोड़ दिया है।

कलम साथ नहीं देती अब मेरा,

इसलिए पन्नों को भरना छोड़ दिया है।

मगर अब ऐसा भी नहीं कि

मैंने लिखना ही छोड़ दिया है।

कोई समझ नहीं सकता मेरे लफ़्ज़ों को,

इसलिए लफ़्ज़ों को बयाँ करना छोड़ दिया है।

मगर अब ऐसा भी नहीं कि

मैंने बोलना ही छोड़ दिया है।

जीने का मक़सद नहीं मिलता मुझे,

CORRECTION

इसलिए मक़सद ढूँढ़ना छोड़ दिया है।

मगर अब ऐसा भी नहीं कि

मैंने जीना ही छोड़ दिया है।

CORRECTION

ஏனோ தெரியவில்லை

Priyadharshini N

ஏனோ தெரியவில்லை
உன்னை நினைத்தேன்
என்னையே தொலைத்தேன்

வாழ்க்கை என்னும் பயணத்தில்
எங்கோ ஓர் இடத்தில் நின்று
ஒரு விநாடி சிந்தித்திருக்க வேண்டும்
இப்போது அந்தப் பயணமும் அர்த்தமில்லாமல் போனது
நானும் தொலைந்து நிற்கிறேன்
உனது முன்னால்

கண்பார்வை உண்டு
ஆனால் பார்க்க மனமில்லை
விழிகளில் கண்ணீர் கசிந்த பின்னும்
மனம் உடைந்த பின்னும்
இழந்தேன் என்றே தெரியாமல்
நின்றேன் அன்று.....

CORRECTION