

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

BRAINCHILD
2022-23



VOLUME-II

HERAMBA CHANDRA COLLEGE

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-Foreword-

Welcome to the second volume of Brainchild, the online magazine of the Department of English which presents the original writing by students of all semesters. We are thrilled to present this latest volume of our publication, continuing our journey of creative expression and literary exploration.

Brainchild remains an inclusive platform, open to students of all abilities and levels. While our department's primary focus lies in language and literature, we believe in fostering the creative potential inherent in every student. This magazine serves as a testament to our commitment to nurturing artistic talent within our academic community.

Just as before, Brainchild offers students the opportunity to unleash their creativity. As a department, we remain dedicated to engaging in various academic and non-academic activities. This year, we are proud to unveil the second edition of our departmental online magazine, further embodying our belief in the power of creative expression.

The name "Brainchild" continues to symbolize our recognition that all works of art originate from the boundless creativity of the human mind. We echo the sentiment that the journey of writing often begins with humble beginnings, as expressed by Octavia E. Butler: "You don't start out writing good stuff. You start out writing crap and thinking

it's good stuff, and then gradually you get better at it. That's why I say one of the most valuable traits is persistence." Our students exemplify this persistence, transforming their initial efforts into the vibrant content found within the pages of Brainchild.

We extend our sincere gratitude to the college authorities for their continuous support. Additionally, we express our heartfelt thanks to all the students who have contributed their writing to this edition. Your voices enrich our publication, and we are honored to showcase your talents once again.

As we embark on this new volume of Brainchild, we invite readers to immerse themselves in the diverse array of literary works presented within these pages. May this magazine continue to inspire creativity and ignite passion for writing among our students and readers alike.

---Mr. Sumit Naskar

Principal's Wishes

The departmental magazine not only ignites creativity but also serves as a source of inspiration for learning. In addition to fostering a spirit of creativity, it also reflects the quality of the department, as it showcases contributions that embody the ethos and aspirations of the students, faculty, and other team members of the institution. I am delighted to learn that the Department of English is launching the Second Volume of *Brainchild* this year. I extend my heartfelt wishes for the success of this endeavor. May it continue to thrive, and may there be even more contributions in English in the future.

---Dr. Nabanita Chakrabarti

Message of IQAC Coordinator

'Brainchild' stands as a recent triumph in the field of online magazine initiative led by the Department of English. As an online magazine, its paperless nature aligns with the noble ethos of "Save paper, save nature". We extend our heartfelt gratitude for the unwavering support of our Principal, Dr. Nabanita Chatterjee; the Bursar, Sharmistha Dasgupta; and the dedicated efforts of all faculty members.

We envision 'Brainchild: Volume-II' to serve as a vital platform for nurturing creative writing among students of English literature in the

foreseeable future. Time may unveil talents akin to Wordsworth, Kamala Das, or Amitav Ghosh among them. Who can predict? As a teacher within this esteemed department, I take immense pride in 'Brainchild' and, in my role as Coordinator of IQAC, I extend my heartfelt wishes for the department's continued success.

---Dr. Ranjan Kumar Auddy

Message of HOD

The English Department of Heramba Chandra College boasts a rich history of departmental publications, including notable titles like Pegasus and Musings. However, our latest venture takes the form of an online magazine titled Brainchild. This innovative platform showcases a diverse collection of original works of literature by students.

With great optimism, I anticipate that *Brainchild* Volume-II will pave its path to success in the future, building upon the foundation laid by its predecessors. With its fusion of creativity and talent, *Brainchild* represents a dynamic reflection of the English Department's commitment to develop artistic expression and intellectual inquiry among the learners of literature.

---Mr. Sumit Naskar

-Editorial-

We are delighted to unveil the second volume of the *Brainchild* this year. The unwavering dedication and contributions of the faculty members and students of the Department of English at Heramba Chandra College have been instrumental in shaping the magazine into its current golden form. Serving as a perfect platform, this magazine showcases the literary talents students.

However, beyond mere exhibition, the essence of this online magazine lies in its mission to unlock the latent potential within our students and inspire them to embrace creativity. As the Department's inaugural venture into the realm of online publishing, this second volume signifies a step towards developing a paperless education system.

we extend our heartfelt gratitude to the Principal, the Bursar, and all the faculty members and students for their continuous support in bringing this magazine to fruition. Additionally, we express our gratitude all the teaching and non-teaching staff for their continued support in advancing our institution. May the blessings of Almighty God be upon us all as we continue on this journey of academic and creative exploration.

---Dr. Lily Law

---Mr. Sumit Naskar

---Ms. Amrapali Bose

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Open

It was the month of December, there was snowfall all around the city, Los Angeles in California. The twin brother, Charles William and Harry William, ten years old, were shivering due to the cold and praying for some warmth and sitting with a box that was locked. Unlocking them needs a password. This box was handed to them by their grandmother in the last moment of her life, few months back when the children went to the fair. As they returned home and found the entire home was changed into ashes in a corner they saw their granny lying with a box held near her chest, seeing the children she said “children unlocking the box will change your life and it has the password that you need to open it and the password is ‘O’ ‘O’” but she could not complete and breathed her last. Both the boys cried till the next morning as the last member of her family also left them. The only thing left with them was the locked or rather a magical box that might change their life.

Charles said, “What can be the password?”

The other said, “A word that starts with O”

They tried a number of words to open it but failed. Being agitated Charles banged the box on the floor. They had to hurry to find out the password or they would lose their lives in the shivering cold without proper shelter and food. They sat and kept on thinking. While they were thinking, sitting at the corner of the street, looking at the sky

and crying for help...the gaze of Harry shifted to the shop, opposite to the street and Said “look a girl is crying for help” but Charles was so engrossed in his thoughts that he did not listen to Harry. Harry shouted, “Charles, let’s help, let’s help the girl”. Charles was astonished and looked towards the opposite side But they could not understand what the girl really needed and how they could help her out.

The elder brother said, “let’s ask her through sign languages” as the door was locked and the girl could not open it. Harry made certain sign and the girl wrote in her window, “OPEN” ...because of the dew created in glass of the window she could write and as Harry knew how to read ..he read at once and broke the glass , as they broke the glass they could see the fumes coming out from the shop as the gas leaked and if the door was not opened the girl had to lose her life because there was no one in the shop except the girl .

She was helped by the two brothers to come out of the shop through the window very carefully. The girl thanked the boys for saving her life . And also provided them with shelter in her shop.

The boys now being in a little more comfortable environment started guessing the password. But the image of the girl’s word ‘OPEN’ written on the window glass kept striking Charles and he tried to open the box with the password ,O,P,E,N .And he shouted in utter excitement as the box opened . The younger brother hurried to see what was inside the box. They found a long paper that was folded into many folds. Charles unfolded it and could not understand it.

Unable to extract the exact meaning, Charles went running to the girl whom they helped . The girl read aloud the document and the boys found that there is a five storey building in San Diego.And the owners of this building is Charles William and Henry William .

And all the other property belonging to the family was transferred to them . The two boys hurried to the Police station and asked for help. The police helped them to reach the place that belonged to them .When the two brothers reached there, they were welcomed in the most honourable way and the building was changed to a five star hotel and was named William Brothers. The manager enlightened them with further details. It was due to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. William were not their biological parents so they adopted Charles And Harry and considering the fact that though they were adopted they were never treated well by their foster parents and was not given proper care , Grandmother transferred all her property to the two brothers for a secured future as the two brothers were very dear to her .This was how the life changed of the two brothers from penniless to a millionaire.

Nafisha Akbar

Dreamweaver

Wandering off in the mind-numbing silence
Devoid of the creator's boon to make thy mind blossom
A man was he, thriving to be born anew.
Unescorted by the muses, trashing away the temptations of love
Infamously was he known – a trickster, of human thought.
Writing – A passion he chose for himself,
Drawing heavy faith, from his childhood days.
Wherever he wrote, wilted roses there sprung
For his talent, was far begone!

But he too was a human of flesh and warm blood.
Deep within his veins, there flowed the same love and warmth,
But mankind be dammed!
For being naïve made him less of a man.
As an infant, he cried and cried
But never did it rise any demeaning eyes.
A young boy when he was,
Instead of being full of valour
He let his emotions out and cried, attracting sympathetic eyes;
Eyes that conceal vexation.

Lucky he, til' he knew not
The pretentious façade of the transient world.

Caressed by love, he was many-a-times
But alas, he was not an entity,
Of mercy, to Aphrodite.
A scribble of emotions he was from inside,

Barely clinging onto the earthly side.
Perverted was his mind,
Not of the lewd kind
But of a man without his senses
As his suitors suited him for themselves.

Shapeshifting for others weakened his will
And his thoughts, lost the thrill
Of poetic aesthetics.

O' vile destiny!
Merciful, you never be.
Discolouring woven dreams of silvery thread,
Of a snowy night's tapestry tale.
Now all he does is dream –
Of rainy days and frosty dark
In Utopia, he lives.
Where interruption is a sin.

But hellish life never ends
Waking up, he finds himself among his intellectual friends
Unable to compete, match up with their brains,
Tired of his lowlife, of his intellectual vain.

One more time, he lifts himself up again
On a tear-blotched paper smeared with a blood-red pen
Swift glides his hands, numbing all pain,
Opening his heart, he starts to write once again.

Satyaki Saradar

SCAR

All my life I wondered what a Scar is and now I can say that it is the representation of deep emotions and memories of the individual. That day was the most dreaded day of my life. It turned out to be most cruel day of my life. Till date whenever I am asked about the scars on my face it feels as if it were just yesterday when the incident took place.

The door banged open and Jaxon, my husband, entered the room drunk. I sprang up from the couch of the living room to help him get off his jacket. As if my touch burned him, he shoved my hands away from him.

“You are the biggest mistake of my life. Hell I don’t even remember falling in love with you.” He shouted at me. Having always heard this words from him didn’t affect me much. But never was I ever imagining to hear what came out next from him. “You killed my child! You were so careless and didn’t even think about it.”

That I was shocked would be an understatement. I did not know how to react. Yes, I too blamed myself for what happened. I was excited and was hurrying and the next thing I know I fell down the stairs which led to my miscarriage and was told I would never conceive again. But I overcame that phase of my life. Deep down I knew Jaxon blamed me too. But a distance grew between us since then.

“No you don’t get to say that Jaxon. You and I both know that’s wrong. I slipped off by mistake.” I shouted back at him. “That is an

emotional scar that will remain with me forever but I am trying to live with it.”

He looked at me so much hatred, “How can a woman like you be a mother or a good person, who was the cause of her own mother’s death!” I couldn’t speak. He caught hold of my chin so harsh that I winced out of pain, but he didn’t let go. Looking straight into my eyes with bloodshot red eyes he gritted out, “I should have never married you and ruined my life.”

He pushed me against the kitchen counter and went to the cabinet to fetch himself water. I could feel my heart thumping loudly against my chest. Samantha never wanted us to be happy and always found a reason to get back into our lives at every chance. Just then I heard Jaxon’s phone ring.

“Yes Samantha. I’ll be there shortly. Yes, Deanie is here.” I heard him say. “Deanie, come over.”

Dreading every moment I picked up the phone, “Samantha. Yes.”

“Jaxon had applied for divorce and has already signed the papers. They are with him. Sign them and send it back” I couldn’t believe it. I looked at him teary eyed. I cut the phone abruptly.

“How can you do this to me?”

“Of course, I can and I will.” He stated going towards the bedroom. I went behind him. “You cannot divorce me for this.”

“Don’t make me do something that I would regret doing later so move out of my way.” He seethed.

“What you are doing divorcing me is not something you’ll regret?” I sobbed.

“Never. In fact I think it is the best.” He said devoid of any emotion.

And then everything happened all too fast. I didn’t want to give up yet. I stood before him, and he told me to get out of his way but I did not. Getting angry he shoved me so hard that the left side of my face smashed against the headboard of our bed. Blood was oozing out of my face and instantly I blacked out.

Next morning when I woke up wincing, washed my face and bandaged the long curvy scar on my face. Jaxon was no longer home. I searched the wardrobe for the divorce papers, where Jaxon must have left them and signed them. Slowly I packed my bags and moved out from there and never looked back.

“...I was already dealing an invisible scar in my life when my husband decided to add another scar which would remind me every day of my

wrong decision of marrying the wrong person who never tried to understand me.” I said looking at the audience.

Finishing the last line of my next short-fictional, I placed a five dollar bill on table beside the coffee mug. Thanking the waiter, I gathered my things I headed towards the publishing house.

Disha Patra

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

It was Noah’s first day in high school. He had worked hard, studied a lot last year just so he could get his favourite subject and study in a

reputed institution. He had always been good in studies but that never really helped him out in middle school as he was forced by others to do their work for them. He was bullied for ages and he never could speak up for himself. He never really possessed any capability to talk easily with strangers and make friends in a matter of days. This had really taken away his sleep since last few weeks. As he kept on pondering what he would do after meeting his classmates. He wanted to make memories, wanted to make a lot friends but was scared to do so. How could he forget that he was bullied in his middle school and this had left him scarred for his entire life. He is a person who deeply indulges in his thoughts and all his memories regarding middle school never really left his mind. He had gone through various breakdowns just because of those days. He was depressed for

months and he had social anxiety. He never really thought about giving up his life, dying to escape from life. He never could do that, that would mean leaving his mother alone in this whole wide world.

He started climbing the stairs, he had finally reached, he was scared, terrified, he had absolutely no idea how he was going to get through that day. When he reached his classroom, he saw almost all the seats were taken by the students, everyone was present. He started looking around for vacant seats when he heard someone calling him, it was the first time someone had called him. Blonde hair, sharp eyes. The guy asked him to sit down beside him. Noah didn't say anything.

He noticed that there were two more boys sitting beside him. The introduced themselves.

The blonde boy said, “Hey! My name is Alex, and my friends are Ewan and Daniel. What’s your name?”

Noah replied, “My name is Noah, nice to meet you all!”

Alex said “Is this your first day here, because I’ve never seen you here before.”

Noah explained how he had decided to switch schools this year, and that he was being overly self-conscious during meeting new people.

Little did he know that they would become the bestest buds ever, however it was going to come at a cost.

Noah hadn’t realized that the people he was befriending were quite different than he had anticipated. He did however enjoy the attention and popularity that he was receiving at the end of the day because of them. He had never thought that he would actually get friends in his high school and get to enjoy life in the way others do. He never told a soul about his middle school experiences, afraid that people would start ignoring him after getting to know that he was heavily bullied in the past. He can never take such behaviors from others.

A few months later Alex one day had called them for a hangout just to enjoy life during high school. Noah was startled at the invitation, he had never thought that he would make friends and these friends would call him when they were going out and would love to enjoy their time with him. They had asked him to meet them, and when he had reached he saw them carrying several packets in their hands. He enquired as to what those packets carried. Alex said that this was their surprise for him, and that he should be ready. They had brought packets of various drugs for him to try out. Noah was flabbergasted! He couldn't believe his eyes, what had his friends purchased for him. His friends were drug addicts. He never in his entire life had thought that he would be friends with druggists.

Noah, "Hey guys you know you can't have that right? Its not good for your health."

Daniel, "So what? Do you want to have or not?"

Noah got scared by this sentence, does that mean that if he decided not to take those drugs they probably won't stay friends with him anymore, but that's not fair, how was he going to survive alone again. He was not going to let that happen. He was not going to suffer again in life. All those days doing the chores of others, getting bullied, and having to hear rubbish from them. Can he take that again? Will he be able to face his mother if he decided to take drugs today?

Alex said, "Hey you trying it or not? Do you want to stay friends with us and carry on with your new found popularity because of us?"

Daniel and Ewan started laughing.

Noah was terrified he didn't know what he would do at this point. Run away? Or just try it a little bit and refuse from the next day onwards. He had to stay friends with them somehow, he can't back away from this now. Its because of the, that he is seen by others in school, people earlier never spoke to him or even looked at him, now they flock together trying to get his attention. He knew that what he was facing now was peer pressure, but he just had gotten so many new friends, he couldn't just leave everything. Not after all that hard work just to get into a new institution, to start life anew.

Thus, Noah decided to have a little bit, so that he could ensure that they would remain friends even after these small arguments. He took a little bit.

Ewan, "That's my boy! Wanna stay famous well do everything we ask you to do! Life is amazing!"

Noah got into severe depression due to this. Every single day he was afraid that if he didn't do what Alex, Daniel and Ewan asked him to do, they might just leave him there, breaking off their friendship. His grades started to drop, and he just couldn't overcome his obstacles. He couldn't bring himself to tell his mom what was happening, what he had been doing. He was ashamed of himself.

In the end Noah couldn't stop, they kept on bringing packets and packets of drugs for each other and he would enjoy having them. It came to a point where he would beg them to bring him because those

drugs made him feel better. Alex eventually had made Ewan, Daniel and himself less dependent on those drugs. That they even had stopped taking them. But Noah couldn't stop.

Years had passed. Alex, Ewan, Daniel, had graduated. They didn't meet Noah for the last few years. One day they were walking on the streets downtown when they heard a familiar voice begging for money. They noticed Noah begging in the streets. They rushed to help him out, but Noah could hardly recognize them, this was the condition of the friend who was exceptionally good in studies. What

had they done to him? It came to them, that it was they who had put him in this disastrous situation. They never even had tried to help him out, to help him overcome his addiction. And where is he now? He is there because of them. They realized what they had done while Noah kept on begging for money. Noah thought how he had come to this low point in life. He didn't have any job, he had nothing else to do. He thought if only he hadn't followed what they had done. He regretted taking such a decision. If only he could turn back time, he would've made his mother proud.

Abhipsha Basu

Favorite Love Story

Everyone applauded after he completed retelling his new story.

There was an environment of joy and exuberance in the whole room. At this point of time Misha interjected and asked Mr. Kabir Rathore, the most cherished storyteller of the Sun-Care NGO if he would mind rehashing his favourite love story of all times.

Kabir, though a blind man, was the most contended man to live on the earth. “Ah! My favourite love story- you already know that, don’t you?”

“Yes, but as many times I’ve listened to it, it still leaves me restless. It feels something somewhere is incomplete. Please sir, this is the last time I would ask for it. I promise”, said Misha pleadingly.

“Okay. How can I disappoint my lovely little friend? Well let me recall it...Ah so here it goes”-

He took a deep, steadying breath. The type of breath that is too much and not enough. The type of inhale that makes your chest ache. The type of breath you need before you confess a secret you’ve been holding on to for too long.

“It’s the story that started in a dance school in Manali. There were two boys Abhay and *Kabi* Karan who have been best friends since they started to walk. Both of them liked the same things and always remain together so it was no surprise when Abhay joined the dance school Karan followed. They have been enrolled in the dance school for several months now and have been doing well for themselves when the most extraordinary girl they’ve ever met entered. She was Pia. Beautiful, energetic, compassionate Pia.

In no time a bond of friendship had been formed among them. They used to dance together, laugh together, go out for parties and even spend their off time together. Pia was an orphan and hardly had many people in her corner but Abhay and Karan had become her family. She was the most perfect girl in the eyes of her friends but slowly this friendship transcended into love. Abhay started developing feelings for Pia but was reluctant to approach her regarding this in the fear of losing her friendship. After all it was the first time he fell in love and had no clue how to deal with it. But luck was on his side. He was not alone in his feelings. Pia too started to feel for him and only in a short time their love blossomed. But there was another heart which was beating for Pia and it was none other than Karan, but he kept his silence for he didn't want to lose any of his friends. It was around Karan's birthday and Abhay and Pia wanted to surprise him. They went for buying him gifts and while returning they met with a car accident. Pia escaped with minor injuries but Abhay took the brunt of it. He lost his eyesight.

When Karan got the news he was devastated. He rushed to the hospital and hugged Pia tightly. Moving to Abhay's ward he promised himself to erase all the pain of Pia and be there for his friend Abhay in any way he can. Abhay's injuries were treated but his eyesight did not recover for which eye transplant was necessary but no donor came forward. They tried very hard but failed to secure a donor. Karan saw Pia caring for Abhay and loving him inspite of his insecurities. The love he saw in her eyes for him made him love her

more. Time passed and Pia dedicated all her time caring for Abhay motivating him, assuring him of her love and praying for him. Her whole world became surrounded by Abhay and it was as if God had answered her prayers. After 3 months the doctor informed Pia that they had secured a donor for Abhay but they wish to remain anonymous. Pia was overjoyed. Abhay was operated and his vision returned steadily. He could once again see the love of his life and wanted to meet Karan as well but Pia informed him that after his accident Kabir surreptitiously disappeared leaving behind a message that he was moving county. And thus our lovers were united and got their happy ending.”

Misha was once again stunned. “Wow! It was destiny”.

Laughing, Kabir shook his head and claimed, “It was love”.

“But sir, what happened of Karan?” “Karan, well Karan kept his promise and lost his sight but had forever immortalised Pia in his mind and heart”. With that he went from the room leaving behind a stunned Misha who understood the implications that Kabir was Karan himself and she shakily whispered “This too is Love.”

Mahrosh Bushra

How had they never known

There’s something about his eyes which were enigmatic

To her, his sinful smiles were truly magnetic

His laughter reverberated through her and ends her strife

For he is her exodus to the rigid confines of her life.

But he didn't know.

Her presence was addicting, it took away his reins

For she is that which makes the blood sing in his veins

She pins her stare and he is assaulted with indecipherable emotions

The force of her scent filled him with a maelstrom of intoxication.

But she didn't know.

He would never let anyone see what lurks beneath the surface

She would never reflect her conflicting emotions on her face

And though her glowing light has dimmed, she beckons to him still

She continued to drink his sight until she had her fill.

Could they somehow know?

Yet when they touched it resulted into an explosion

They both were slaves to their heart's intentions

Each's lingering gaze now held promise and desire

For they both were attracted like a moth to the fire.

How had they never known? How had they never known?

Mahrosh Bushra

NOSTALGIC- INNOCENCE

Plague induced evening it was
it was a winter evening
called by my friends whom I hadn't seen
to a café of western means

We walked miles at the table
but I was not a part of it
They talked about women and their wits
I had no choice other than to pretend about it

Then they suggested a playlist
waitress had to play it
A set of American music videos it was
seeing the women's subjugation in them
I asked myself is that what Martin Luther stood for.

It was one of those of moments
where I was not proud but rather ashamed to be a man

My friends, they don't like me... - I think
I don't wish to be liked
they are not supposed to like me

I wish to distant myself from them
but I still remember the time
when we all were innocent

My Maxim is different
Maybe that's why I don't fit in with them
I should be proud
But all that has given me is Lonesome.

-**Sheldon Neves**
(nom de plume)
Shaad Nadim

ONE NANTES EVENING

Characters:

Emile (Ae-Meal)

Jean (Zhohn)

Benedetta (Ben-e-detta)

It was a cold evening in Nantes, lonely Emile had not much to do, so he decided to take a walk through his neighborhood, wore his coat, switched off the lights, locked the gate and set out. The chill froze him from top to bottom to like the salt figure of Lot's wife but still he proceeded, walking ahead with thoughts like Madame Bovary is tragic, why do we eat desserts , why does cancer exist ,one must read Iliad and odyssey to understand Ulysses, women are so appealing to

me, Candide is confusing ,Virgil was jealous and inspired by Homer , will I be good father ,Vermeer's paintings are good ,Joyce's Denti alligator sounds right ,how many volumes does In search of lost time has, Are we the western society in Camus's The Plague, I wish to go Paris, what was the topic of George Orwell's essay on politics in literature . All this stopped when he reached the crossroads and caught a glimpse of young Benedetta, a girl of Italian descent, her

young face , her pearly eyes like of a new born ,her dressing style and other features like of THE SOMEONE he always wished to have in his life but all this paused and his pessimistic thoughts on Deism rose when he saw Jean who was just after Benedetta in the crossing, a child of 10, barefooted, wearing pants and sweater which were not near enough for that evening, he entered a soliloquy asking himself **"who should approach, her or the child?"** all this got intense when he met them in eye contact ,staring with an interval of seconds between them both , one is giving him a lustful smile and other giving an innocent needy smile, **"what should I do , shall I do my moral duty and help him or cover my lonesome even for a night, will I be judged ? who shall judge me?...."** he asked himself and continuing **"if I help him then there are 10 more like him, should help them too, one must have a drop of rudeness in them to survive in this life, if I approach her maybe I will miss the interaction with him, will she be worth it? Maybe... maybe I have read their smiles wrong, oh I don't know what to do....., I know what to do, I should become Charles**

Baudelaire's Flaneur" indeed that's what he did, lit his cigarette and started walking to the horizon and kept on walking like a person with no obligations.... observing the streets, people, sky.

-Sheldon Neves
(Shaad Nadim)

An Unexpected World

This is a world,
Where we cure, but not care,
Where we show, but not share,
Where we live, but not love,
Ungrateful to the one up above,
Who has created all of us.

I live in a world like this,
And a great sorrow it is,
As the one who gets does not give,
And the one who gives does not get,
And as there are few who are ours,

And more who are our strangers.

Hence, I pray

To create a world filled with

Love, laughter and life,

Peace, pleasure and pride.

A world with one family but uncountable members,

A world with many people but no strangers.

Aaron Wu

Little Things

I'm not in love with you.

You heard me, I don't love you.

You make a mess out of me.

Turn my brain into a curfew.

You fight with me like a spoilt brat.

You annoy me like like a baby.

And your imitations I swear,

Make my brain go wavy.

You're such a cry baby.

And you nag me round the clock.

But what do u care.

For what's up there is just a solid block.

But then again there are those little things.

Your puppy face melts me

And I can't live without hearing you sing.

My day starts with your good morning

And ends with your good night.

And I'm grateful you always manage to cheer me up after a fight.

It's really amusing how you tremble to cross the street.

And not to forget those forever shining set of teeth.

I love it when you brag about a good hair day.

I equally enjoy your cribbing when it's a mess.

And thank god for your amazing skin.

However, I couldn't care less.

I'm really amazed at how lazy you are

Maybe a bit more than me
But the way you effortlessly dance
It's a sight to see.
Oh and yes how can I forget your stories.
The story that never ends
Of which, you midway forget the context
But somehow it blends.
Above all, you've never tried to hold me captive
Always cared about how I feel.
You've let me go when it was wanted.
I've never had to kneel.
I could go on and on and on
For the things which I like about you are beyond keeping a count.
They easily out weigh my dislikes
For which I'm proud.

I've said it once.
I'll say it again like my heart sings.

I don't love you,

I'm in love with all those little things.

Abhishek Singh

My Meaning of Love.

My mind randomly chose this topic. Yes, because it's the most powerful yet the weakest feeling in the whole world. Love makes you stronger and on another hand love makes you weaker. It's so hard to stay and maintain in between. Love is a universal word. Nothing can withstand it. It makes you believe in the time game, the more you are patient the more you fall in love.

Love is complete devotion, dedication and patience. It is such a confusing feeling, it can make you calm and it can also make you impulsive. It is the only word I believe in. The only word I have faith

in. It is not about humanity; it belongs to every creature in this world.

Love can make the world a better place to live in. Love can make you feel so much safe and beautiful. The feeling of love can be conveyed to anything, be it living or non-living, be it a person, animal or even trees and flowers. Love makes people benevolent. Forget about everything preach love. That's the only way to keep the earth safe. Love should be like rainbows and glitters all around. Its beautiful

feeling you get when you are loved and you love back unconditionally.

Most of miss the define love. For me unconditionally falling for something or someone is love. Ofcourse everyone has their own definition of love. But love must be prism.

Hurdles will come and go in the journey of love but don't get tired of it, because it's a time game, the more you fail the more learn and know its worth.

I felt it when Ed Sheeran said, "Loving can hurt sometimes but it is the only thing that makes you feel alive." And it's a truth, even a grumpy or broken person will laugh aloud when they are loved right.

You can make a person smile, feel good, even happy but you cannot make them love. Its not under your control. It cannot be controlled

it comes from within. It can only felt by oneself. Love is the source of joy where your whole heart skips a bit and you have that sudden adrenaline rush that makes you feel like a shooting start.

Maybe love cannot have expressed much in words is more of a feeling inside you. It is a transaction of feelings and release of hormones in our body. It is all about nurturing and acceptance. I believe in the journey of love.

Let's take a step ahead and preach love and kindness to make Earth a better place to live in.

Amrita Ray

A Note for My Brother

[The Taliban take over Kabul. Eventually they advance to establish superpower over multiple provinces.]

The day my brother cried for milk,

Mother was victim of superpower bill.

Array of gun reels and bombs resound,

The agony in the woman, was profound.

Some were of our age, fatherless sons,

Others had a father but half-life ones.

All of them running-----running to live,

Death was sweeter than being held captive.

Ashes of bombshells painted the alley,
I escorted my brother and fled towards the valley.
A disjointed man had bullets-pierced skin,
The woman stood tied with tortures, obscene.

We crossed the hills and climbed the cliff,
And my brother who fainted with hunger, lay stiff;
A rush of brutes and possibly some people,
All had their bloody bodies, with a life so trifle!

A man before us, now appeared in arms,
He had a smile----of wicked charms!
I knelt down in knees as we had to surrender,
My brother was snatched apart from my fender.

Like Hosseini's Amir, I felt so crippled.
Religion, nationality, everything rippled.
Now one more addition to my next cell,
Yet all I hoped for, was my brother's yell.

If I live for long, long enough to live,
I'll find my brother, in any assertive.
I'm digging off my note amidst this blood-wet soil.
When you'll be reading this, I'll have exhausted my toil.
[PLEASE FIND MY BROTHER, HE IS HUNGRY]

- Soumavo Dutta.

I FELT SOMETHING

Kolkata, a place with unsolved mysteries and unknown stories. Kolkata along with being famous for its beautiful lanes, street food is also known for all the haunted places. A city that was explored by various Mughals, French and British is filled with lanes that tell a story. Stories of the past, the lost and the unheard souls. A well known place of Kolkata is the metro stations connecting the city to its people. In a crowded place, we can feel lonely sometimes but what if you feel not so alone, on a lonely train ride back home? Sometimes walking down, I felt a touch. Sometimes sitting alone I didn't feel so lonely. "Was it you again? But you were gone, gone to a place from where no one can ever come back from. So how are you here today?" This is something a lot of people have felt at some point. I did too. So my story starts in a block at a metro station. Can you guess the rest or should I say it? Cause it's giving me chills already. A story about all the spooks around us. Everything you see is not real. This story revolves around RabindraSarovar Metro station- a station which is known as a spook spot in Kolkata. A lot of suicides have taken place

in the very spot. A lot of escapes from the world, a lot of crying souls took a leap to silent themselves forever. A lot of people feel that there is a presence of someone they know when they travel in the last train of the station at night. The empty blocks of the metro make you feel claustrophobic. People see different souls in the dark tunnels but all that becomes just a vision when it's lights. Sitting in the train, one chilly night, I met them too. Metro rides, the fastest mode of

transportation seemed the longest route to me. Returning home from Esplanade to Nazrul, in an empty compartment of the train, I felt something I'll never forget. Sitting with a book in my hand, I felt all cold and uncomfortable as we crossed the station. Looking up to wrap my shawl around my neck, I saw the unknown face. A glimpse of a face, I don't want to remember. The train crossed the tunnel and it all faded with the lights fading in the blocks. Was it a hallucination, or reality? Well some things better left unsaid. Beware of whom you believe in. All that the eye believes in is not the truth. Can you feel the whisper in the air now? Or that tap on your back when you walk alone? Look back. Look around. You'll find a story, everywhere.

- Soumavo Dutta.

MEANT TO BE

Weren't we both just to meant to be?

Together? Holding onto each other.

Promising, how we never wanted to break free.

Smiling, crying and holding me tight,

Close to your heart beat?

Today sitting on my bed once which you called "ours' once, I cry.
Crying, as my mind keeps reminding me of all the nights we shared,
wrapped in each other's arms.

Days, during which you would come home and hold me from
behind,
While I cooked your favorite pasta and watched our favorite shows
on rewind.

I can still shape you when I close my eyes, your goofy smile and
those ruffled hair.

I remember the day when you asked, "will you be mine?"

But now? You are just a faded memory in my head and a scar.
The scar which tells a story a story, I am too ashamed to share.
And when I open my eyes today I feel lonely
I realize I'm all alone, without you by my side.
Without the warmth of your body and sound of your heart beat
close to me, mine seems to stop.
When the world is moving I feel still, escaping away from the life I
never wished to be in.

A life without you in it.
I don't have you anymore.
I'm alone, but this was your fault and I was shamed.
Tears were real and situations were blamed.
We couldn't keep going.
We couldn't keep our promises.
It was killing you and it killed me.

But today, I escape, escape while I dream.

I free my soul from the pain I never wanted to feel.
These drops of blood will tell you the rest of the story.
The story you never heard.
The story of long, lost love.

Utsha Chakrabarty

THE SMALL GESTURES

Prajakta after a hard day at work just wanted to return home and disconnect from the world. With drawn out steps she advanced towards the bus stop. Her 8:30 bus hadn't arrived yet so she sat on the surprisingly clean seat.

Ali had a habit of bringing work with him to home and being a creature of habit, he did that on that day too. With a bag full of papers, he needn't have to check any day soon he sat on the bench beside Prajakta. His body language suggested he was very shifty and couldn't wait to start checking the answers of the test he had prepared for his lethargic students. He sometimes thought it was just him who was interested about the subject and no one else.

Prajakta just glanced over her shoulder to see her neighbour, "who in the world loves working so much?" she thought to herself. Even the

thought of working anymore that day made her shudder. She couldn't wait to get back to her apartment and relax watching Netflix.

Ali, couldn't help but judge Prajakta seeing her totally immersed in her phone. "Since when did people get so involved in their phones? Nobody appreciates the surroundings anymore.", he thought to himself.

The road was the usual way it used to be, bustling with people, buses, autorickshaws, cars like it always did. Plus, the additional shouts and shrieks of the passer byes. While Ali looked at the people making a mess of the smallest of small things, Prajakta just stuffed her earphones in her ears listening to her favourite song.

When the traffic lights turned red, the stretch of road across the bus-stop was empty. The owner of the small medical shop was getting ready to shut down for the day. The LED lights of the shop flickered and turned off and down came the shutter of the shop. The dog curled up in front of the shop pricked up his ears and shifted. The shop-owner, a short heighted fellow with rather big steps got off the platform where the shop was and was headed to a stand alone pan shop. He bought a small packet of biscuit and went back to the store. He sat on his haunches in front of the dog and opened for it the packet of biscuits he had bought.

Seeing this Ali was amused and gave out a cry of joy and he heard a similar cry from his left. He turned to see Prajakta looking at the same

direction as he was. That was the first time their eyes met. They both smiled at each other.

“That was sweet, what he did.”, Prajakta said.

“Yes.” “I didn’t know you were watching.”

She smiled and said, “Well, small things like these tend to make me smile after a rough day...”

“You’re right, you know... when my students ask me how I’m doing or show the same interest as I do in my subject it fills me up with happiness.”

“Or when my friend understands my mood swings and tries to cheer me up without even my mentioning it.”

They both chuckle.

“It’s a pity when these small gestures go un-noticed by many.” said Ali.

“That’s why we shouldn’t let them go un-noticed.” “After all, things like these keep us sane from the tiring reality.” replied Prajakta.

Midst their conversation a bus comes to a screeching halt in front of them. Prajakta got up and head towards the bus jostling with people in it. She smiles back once more at Ali and disappears in the crowd as she ascends the bus.

Ali reciprocates her smile and sees his car coming up to him. He opens the door and greets the driver who was assigned to drive him home that day.

Snehal Sengupta

No-Man's-Land

A bright light, a blindingly brilliant, white light seemed to force its way through the slits of Niara's shut eyes. A spasm, of both pain and release in her body, a sudden wave of chaos and consciousness in her mind and the brilliant light slyly creeping in and replacing what seemed like perpetual darkness just a moment ago forced Niara to sit upright and open her eyes.

"Where am I?", she mumbled to herself while straining her eyes to adjust to this new found white brilliance surrounding her. No scene, her eyes had ever witnessed, had looked this serene and calm before! A vast spanse of white and nothingness spread itself to every inch of the place as soon as her eyes rested upon it.

"Money, money, money" an old man with dirty, ragged clothes was running about everywhere there, shouting "money" with infinite variations of excitement. He scooped with both of his hands, what Niara imagined to be coins and looked at them with almost a child-like joy. He was dancing in utter madness and ecstasy.

Niara stopped looking at the man as soon as she heard a distant footstep growing louder and strained eyes to figure out the source of the sound.

“Preet?” she said as she looked up at a tall man of about fifty-five, with tears in her eyes. This was probably the millionth time, she had

seen him, since she had found his letter tucked under her pillow, his bags, suitcases, clothes and belongings had suddenly disappeared from their house that dreadful morning. Since then, she had forever woken up to his ocean-deep eyes and his tousled Irish coffee hair poring over her sleeping face that had disappeared every time she had opened her eyes. She was so well-adjusted to these hallucinations that by this time it shouldn't have affected her the least. But there was something about the middle-aged Preet standing there, smiling before her, that confirmed, he was there for real.

“What are you doing at Kedarkantha?” said Preet with his usual winsome smile.

“KEDARKANTHA?” asked Niara with childlike disbelief in her voice. She did not remember reacting so spontaneously to anything for years now. Since twenty-two she had been known as a female celibate with a saint-like temper, who has dedicated her life to serving the poor and the needy of the country, to a world, that seemed so distant to her now. Was it only because Preet was there with her?

Niara looked around once, for the first time taking her eyes off Preet since he had arrived. To her utmost surprise, she saw that the endless white had descended and had instead been replaced by a hazy outlook of a comfortable home. She had been sitting on the softest bed one could imagine and the bedroom was tastefully decorated.

The abode was not a luxurious one, but so well-furnished and tastefully decorated that she imagined the women in the house were toiling day and night to maintain the house. She suddenly remembered her accident today, the car scurrying towards her while she pushed the baby at the other side of the road, the woman crying there shrieked and there had been a deafening horn as the car... and as she half-smiled to herself. Could it be that Preet saved her? Could it be that this was where he resided? Had the Kedarkantha thing been one of his usual jokes? Knowing how messy Preet could be, she was sure that this home could not have been kept by Preet himself.

“Preet, did you marry?” Niara asked. Preet seemed to be thrown a little off at this question.

“Y-Ye-yes”, Preet stumbled and looked down at his feet. Niara looked like she had been knocked out of life.

“Where are they? I mean your family. Introduce them to me.” Somehow Niara still managed to sound courteous.

“I left them” said Preet, sounding still more embarrassed.

“What!”, exclaimed Niara. “You left them too?” her expression blank.

“You know it, Niara. Marriage was never for me. I hated being bound to people or places. I was born to be a wild bird. I wanted to be free. Papa, forced me into marrying and I was tired of carrying out duties for people who meant nothing to me. I wanted to see the world, seek

new adventures, do something daring, live everyday like it is your last day on Earth....”

“...and so, one fine day, you just decided to leave?” said Niara, her expression still unreadable.

The kettle placed on the stove nearby started oozing out white foams of hot liquid and out of a sub-conscious reflexive urge, Niara stood up and ran forward to turn off the stove. In an instant she heard Preet shrieking and he ran forward and clutched on to her with all his might.

“WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING NIARA?” yelled Preet. “You could have fallen off this cliff, and I WOULD HAVE LOST YOU FOREVER. ONCE MORE.”

“Cliff?” Niara stared at Preet.

“Yes, this cliff- can’t you see?” and Preet turned around to indicate a dangerous cliff and suddenly his expression turned blank too.

“This... this place is weird Niara, I tell you. I swear I was in Kedarkantha just a moment before. The dangerous tracts, the snow-capped

mountains, the azure blue of the crystal-clear sky, I can never be mistaken about that place. Kedarkantha is where I have always wanted to be. We were standing on an elevated cliff right now, when you ran towards the... suddenly this place turned into a house.”

“More of a home, right?” asked Niara, who confused as she was, could still feel the warmth of the fireplace in the same house she had met her long-lost love in.

“Exactly”, said Preet looking still more confused. “I-I don’t get this... This looks like a house, the kind I have always wanted to escape from. Maintained, cleaned and...”

“...and?” asked Niara with an inexplicable hope in her eyes

“well-lived in. This is the kind of place that suffocates me.”

“Does it still suffocate you?”

“No. I don’t know why. But it feels so pleasing.” Preet paused. “I think it is because YOU are here,” said Preet as Niara beamed. “Niara, I have never realized this, but I think, that all my life I have missed you” added Preet softly.

“Running away is no solution Preet. I could have run away from life Preet, the day you left me with that stupid note tucked under my pillow. You left, but you took along with you all of my happiness. I

have mourned for your memory in white sarees for thirty long years. Colors had looked too far-fetched for me, and yet I have been bringing in colorful balloons for the children at my NGO-s. I have been a mother to millions of orphans once I realized I could never be a mother to your child. I have taught self-dependence to women stuck in failed marriages and have spoken about feminism and condemned

misogyny in public while I have spent sleepless nights, crying and yearning for someone to care for, to cook for, to dedicate my entire life to, in utter loneliness. I kept looking for my purpose in life and unable to find any, I catered to the cries, wails and agonies of people around me. And yet I have never wished to run away from life. Never.” Tears now swelled up in her eyes and Niara looked away.

The old man had stopped his lunatic behavior and was now calmly looking at them, looking lost as if in deep thought.

Suddenly a huge gate appeared before their eyes and a man in a weird cloak approached the three of them.

“Your names please” said the man and looked at the old man with inquiring eyes.

“Abuzar Fawad” said the old man, as if recovering from a trance.

“Niara”- “Preet Kaur”, said Niara and Preet almost together.

“Well, I hope you know that all of you just have had a rendezvous with death” started the man in black and red cloak.

“Yes”, said Niara in a matter-of-fact-tone while both Preet and Abuzar Fawad looked at her in bewilderment.

“But are we not dead yet?” asked Niara.

“You will be, once you decide where will you be heading to. You see these are your carriages” and he pointed his fingers to three horse drawn carriages. This place that you see is what people on the Earth would call a No-Man’s-Land. This place is where the two realms-the realms of the dead and the metaphysical and that of the living meet. It is said that this place mimics and reflects the deepest desires of your heart. You see these lines?” and he pointed them two lines that seemed to have magically appeared just then. One of the lines were in front of them and the other in their back. “Now it is so that you are given an option to choose where you head to. Either forward or backward. If you step across the line in front of you, you see what waits in afterlife and if you step across the line behind you, you see how your life will be in the metaphysical state. Now mind you- there have been people who were so confused in their decision, that they have lingered here for more time than they would like to.”

Abuzar Fawad now stepped backward.

“What do you see?” asked Niara intently.

“I see my wife wailing over my dead-body. My children crying in pain and hunger.” And a tear streamed across his cheek as he closed his eyes.

“Do you want to cross the other line?” asked the cloaked man.

“No.” said Abuzar sounding determined.

“Then where did you decide to go?” asked the coachman of his carriage as he climbed on.

“Backward”, they heard him say as the carriage headed off somewhere behind them.

Niara couldn’t resist crossing the line behind her. And as soon as did, she came running forward gasping and panting.

“What did you see?”, asked Preet.

“Hands. Hundreds and thousands and millions of hands, gasping for breath, trying to hold on to something to cling to, the last straw to survive,” a flabbergasted Niara said breathlessly.

Niara now looked at Preet and realized what lay ahead of her and also what might lay in-between. She approached her carriage.

“Where do you want to go?” asked Preet running after her.

“On” she said as she climbed her into carriage.

A bewildered Preet kept staring at the place where her carriage had just vanished into thin air.

~Pritha Das

(A special note: Niara, the word means Purpose, Preet means Love and Fawad means one who is Wealthy 😊. Also, the person Fawad has been intentionally chosen to be of a different religion to indicate the same fate, we all must undergo).

A Sweet Encounter

I stopped and looked back again to the same sound. "Is there anyone?", I shouted, but not a voice could be heard. Standing alone in the woods, I was a bit nervous now.

That year our office tour included a trip to the Mayur hills. The area was surrounded by thick pine forest. From my very childhood I was fascinated with forests and greens. So I decided to wake up early and go for a walk that morning. We were told by the locals that there is a small waterfall in the middle of the forest. So I decided to explore the forest as I was passing by.

The morning breeze, the fresh air, the smell of the soil and the rustling of the tree leaves was exactly what I needed to forget all about my work. I didn't quite notice that I was almost walking for an hour now and was deep inside the woods. But a strange sound of

sudden footsteps drew my attention. I looked back, but couldn't see anything. So I thought it was just the sound of dry leaves on the ground. But as I reached the Mayuri Waterfalls and was about to click a picture I heard the same noise, but with greater intensity. It was coming towards me and I was prepared for the worst. But as I turned around, I saw a fragile little being, standing behind me. It was a boy, in strange looking unmatching clothes, untangled hair and a running nose. His eyes looked shiny and full of hope. He gave me the first smile when I offered him a packet of cookies. "Do you live here?", I asked him. " Yes.", he replied, pointing his finger towards the south of the forest. I understood that he was a local and belonged to a semi-tribal community. His name was Goku. The boy accompanied me to his home where I had my first morning sip of the tea. They were generous people, and wanted to make me feel comfortable. But what surprised me most was their smiling faces even amidst such scarcity. We clicked many pictures together. "Please visit again." is what they said, when I was leaving for my hotel. Our trip was almost at its end and on 25th of September we returned to Bangalore. But my thoughts were full of Goku and his family. So I finally decided to write a journal, stating the conditions of the locals at the Mayur foothills and the adversities of their lives, and if possible to extend help and work to them so as to ease a bit of their struggles. I gave it to the Daily

Report to publish it, in their esteemed daily, hoping to have tried to help Goku and his family and others of that area.

Sulagna Saha

MIND

My mind is tied to you

I din't take it back.

It still surrounds you like the shadow of a arjuna tree

There is that mind.

The day you went with me to see the river

I lifted the current in your hand and said

This is river

The day you climbed the hill with me

The yellow orchid touched you in search of that stone,

The day the intense lightning came down in the clouds

You hugged and shook me

In the moment of these loose moments, got in your area

My mind was tied there

Never untie the Knot.

This is not love, this is vow of my love.

Mahima Naskar

LONELY KOLKATA

Today, the city is alone!

Very much alone!

Again, it lost the tug of war with the Pandemic.

Pandemic again puts a huge hyphen to the stories, which bloomed in this city of love...

A huge void devoured the city.

The Corner of that unknown alley,

Which witnesses the first touches,

Suddenly, feeling the the pain of the

Lonely hand....

That RabindraSadan or the ghat of Ganges,

Metro or the seat of buses,
the everyday partner of the stories,
Everything is covered up with
a suffocating emptiness....

That Church, Where thousands of stories
gets its life with the holy hand of Jesus...

May be, that Church & that holy hands are searching new characters
to compose a new story, again.

These empty streets, empty city learned
to survive with a new normal life.

But...

Till the date, Some aesthetic minds
and moments are
still searching the definition of survival
to this emptiness...

In the midst of the mechanical People,
Some emotional hearts,
some emotional minds and the

City of Emotions, Kolkata,

Itself is lonely,

Extremely Lonely.

Nirmalya Maity

Path to Happiness

Once upon a time a man came to a village to live. He came from a city, he was very nervous as he came to a new environment, around new people. It was a complete different area for him so he went to the head of the village and asked him “Master, how are the people of this village?” The man replied, “How were the people from where you came?” The man with anger and with heavy tone replied “They were very cruel, rude and greedy people. They lived for money, everyone was selfish”. Master replied “These people are exactly the same like those people. A day later another newcomer came to the Master and asked the same question and the Master replied with the same tone. How were the people in the town where you come from? The man

replied with a smile on his face They were very good people, they were polite they cared for one another, they were the seeker of spirits Master replied” Well those are exactly the type of people we have in our village”

Whatever you see in the world, the world will see in you

See Hope, See Good, See Love.

Do good to others, others will always be there with you.

If you only see negativity in people people will also find only negative qualities in you. We meet a lot of people in this journey called LIFE. But if we choose only to learn the positive qualities from people our life will be filled by positivity and good vibes

Once Buddha said "The mind is everything. What you think you become. "We often see the things not the way they are but the way we are. Our happiness lies within us but we seek for happiness in others we need a broad mind we need to see good, think good, do good the key to be happy and peaceful in life. Smile even in the darkest phase of your life, you will see a new ray of hope coming out of that darkness.

Ankita Dey

Fear

A small living room with pink walls, green curtains, an antique type of colour faded cupboard and an sofa with an slowly moving ceiling fan on top. Doyal came running into the house. She is covered with dirt and dust from head to toe. Playing on the ground with her friends made her drenched with sweat. The wretched summer sun with hot loo made the small apartment like an boiling cauldron. " Doyal, come and lie down beside me " Monika, Doyal's mother called her. Doyal

came and lied down on the floor. Her temper is at the Zenith. " Uff,! These summer days are just unbearable. Can't you ask father to install an a/c. All of my friends have a/c in their homes. Misti even has two a/cs in her house " Her mother turned towards her and said " Don't worry, this year he will surely install one ".Doyal again said in a bad tone " You say this same thing every year. You always say that father will get a bonus and he will install one. But never have I ever seen anything like that in our home. " Her mother didn't say a word. Doyal made some efforts, got up and switched on the TV. When she was about to lie down her mother asked her " Go and get me a glass of water. I hadn't had it after my lunch. I am thirsty. " She replied in an infuriated voice " No. I can't ". When her mother was going to go, doyal said " Lie down. There is no need of waking up. I am going " She jumped across the living room, pour a glass of water from the copper jug and again hopped to the living room. The tv was playing some old

hindi songs. The tune of ' lag ja gale ' can be heard. Doyal changed it to a Hollywood rock music of justinbieber. Her mother said, " Today you said no to me. That's ok... But if any day somebody asks you for water, darling never say no to that person. " Suddenly a gust of wind began to flow. It's the kalbaishakhi storm. This is very common in India in summer months. Long summer days gets cooled down with chilled winds of the storm. But with a gust of cold winds came pile of dusts and filled the entire room with dust. Doyal's mother closed the windows at an instance and pulled out the tv plug. Doyal was lying

quietly and watching her mother running from here and there. " Acha. Today you denied to give me water. When I will be on my death bed, don't say no to me at that time." Doyal again responded in anger " Can't you sleep quietly for two mins.? Since then you are blabbing out all rubbish things ". But this time her mother didn't say anything. After some minutes when Doyal didn't hear her mother's voice she said, " Ma, Ma", for a number of times but still her mother didn't respond. The outside storm had cooled down the room. A sudden gust of wind made her pale. She started to shake her mother vehemently but still there was no response.

Suddenly with a scream Doyal opened her eyes and found herself lying on the bed in her flat in Canada. The window was open. The cold blizzard of outside has made the room like a freezer. She crept out of her bed and went towards the window and closed the window

shutter. Even with -4 ° C temperature, outside her apartment, she found herself standing in front of the mirror being completely drenched in sweat. She ponders " Anything like this have never happened before. I have seen a lot of nightmares but never ever had i felt anything like this before. " Her inner self became hollow. Her mind was getting filled with lots of bad thoughts which she was trying to evade but was not able to do so.

Doyal tried to call her mother, but Monika's phone was switched off. She was growing impatient with every passing minute. She again called her but still there was no response. " Then.... "

Again many thoughts came hovering around her head. All her childhood memories with her mother, those quarrels, those smiles all came in front of her eyes in a fraction of second. all those things which was kept locked up in her chest of memories, because of her busy life in the foreign land for the last five years came before her eyes. She remembered that she had not visited her mother for the past five years. It was not that she didn't got any chance but every time the hefty amount of ticket price, all the burden accompanied with this distant travelling from Canada to india made her dissuade her idea. Her mother had also asked her a number of times to come and visit her in India. After Doyal's father's death her mother had become more and more lonely. Doyal had said her a number of times to settle in Canada with her but her mother do not want to leave her mother land. Everytime Monika would say the same thing to Doyal ,

" No. I am born here so will also die here. You like your foreign so you stay there and i am happy in my village. " After Mr. Das's death, Doyal's father, Monika had shifted from the city to their village ancestral house .

She again flung the windows open. In spite of the cold weather, she was not able to bear the inexpressible infernal heat, that she was

feeling inside. She again dialled her mother's number. this time her call was accepted but nobody said anything from the other side and the call got disconnected. Suddenly Doyal's phone rang again and in a hurry she accepted the call and said " Ma..."

After a minute Doyal collapsed on the ground, the phone fell from her hands and she was sitting on the floor with a terror stricken face....

It was the local police station. They informed that her mother met with an accident that morning

and was no more.

Shreyashree Mitra

THE SEA AND THE BROKEN LOVE:

The night is dark today,

Just like my beloved's heart

My boat is broken;

Just like my heart

I can hear the growing sea,

Rising every waves to kill me

I am hearing, but the only one,
Not like you, left me for someone

Everyday the sun is burning me,
Just like you burned my heart
My boat is drowning in mid-sea
Just I had drowned in your love

My body is rotting without food;
Like once, you rottened my mood

Everyday my luck is mocking me;
Like once you mocked my love

My weakness is making me hopeless; Like the day, you made me
homeless

Fear is killing my trust from myself;
Same as your fake love and promises did;

All my senses are dying,
Still, there is no one for crying;
But one hope still lying
That someone will save me from dying

Still I have someone with me,
Which is me and only me;
Let's today show the evil, my very best;
Because I'm the only one and not like the rest

Let's say to the the God of Death,
Not today I'm going to come,
To be your feast
Because in my life, I still have faith.

Debojyoti Mondal

A LONG TIME

It's been a long time

When we used to wine and dine

It's been a long time

When I praised you for your charm and shine

It's been a long time

When we used to giggle like wind-chime

It's been a long time

When late night and drunken legs were not a crime

It's been a long time

When I was sorry and you were fine

It's been a long time honey

When you stopped talking to me and bothering my money

It's been a long time darling

The air is just passing by and I'm just breathing

It's been a long time sweetie

When the car crashed and my world became just a lying body

It's been a long time
When I was yours and you were all mine
It's been a long time love
When you stopped loving me
It's been a long time.....
Sudeshna Mukherjee

Love Revival

Blossoms in the prelude;
Love was raining on the roof of my heart;
Mind was glowing, Gloom was apart,
Roots of faith were unshakeable;
The nexus seemed unbreakable.

A rift occurred one day;
The fickleness was visible.
Nexus got fragmented;
By windy blows of doubts,

With stormy blows of insecurities.

Clouds of gloom everywhere;

Shower of tears here and there;

Hopes were nailed in the coffin;

Soul was etherized;

Darkness everywhere.

Rejuvenation of light occurred one day;

The nexus started to resurrect.

Still, the mind urged to digress;

Yet the soul wanted to hold.

Drizzling love started to trip;

Genesis of belief, fragmentation of gloom.

Hopes in the coffin came to life;

Etherized soul started to bloom.

No more dejection, no darker,

Love revival embarked.

Bijoy Ghosh

THE PAIN OF LOSING SOMEONE

The children were crying and the elders were grieved, everywhere at home there were people in the house and they were rushing and sacred ritual were being performed, Rumi was unaware of the things happening around as she arrived the very day from hostel. Let's get a week back to see the flashback of the current situation

Rumi, a seventeen years old girl who lives in a hostel far from her home, family, friends, her pet dog Zozo and the most important her beloved grandmother, to complete her higher secondary education. Although she faced many problems here as she was inhabitant of being pampered by her family and mostly by her grandma, whom she used to call amma (mother) as common, for that only she heard everyone calling her since childhood. She was not even ready to go such far and have distant learning, rather she planned to complete her schooling from her own town but Rumi's mother was a kind of very strict person regarding studies for her children. She would rather compromise anything for her children's education. Rumi's mother was herself a mathematics teacher in a primary school so she valued education and wanted her children to have a future.

Rumi was a kind of sweet natured girl who used to roam around all the time by her grandma's side as because of childish fantasy, her grandma was her best friend. She even didn't have any best friend or boyfriend. All she had was her grandma, because of whom she was not ready to go to the hostel but destiny gave her a turning point in her life, which she was not aware of that she would face such a thing that would change her opinion of life and gave her a mature lesson.

It was spring and her mid term exams were just a week ahead, she was all set for revision and cover all the topics, she was intelligent so this was not such tough for her. But there was one thing that was disturbing her a lot, and that her grandma was not calling her since two days. Despite of spending so many days far from home also didn't changed her nature and was nit adjustable without talking to her family, specially her grandma for even for a single day. It had never happened that grandma had nit called her or missed to call her and this started annoying her and this thought made her distracted her from studies. She was thinking that whether her grandma is angry from her and that's the reason of not calling her. So, on the following days she waited for her call but this made her more anxious, so one day out of patience, she decided to call at home by herself from the hostels office after seeking warden's permission. But unfortunately, there were some network issues because of weather but the warden promised her that tomorrow after exam she would try again to call at home.

After her exams were over, Rumi rushed to the office to call at home but she could not believe her eyes for what she sees in front. Her parents were sitting right there to take her home on a leave for two days. Rumi was overwhelmed by this surprise and she was thinking that maybe this was the reason that her parents were not calling her, and that they want to take her on a leave to recover the exams stress. All the way throughout she was planning that how she would have spent her holidays.

After reaching home, Rumi rushed inside out of eagerness to see grandma to the fullest of her bright twinkling eyes, but she could not find her anywhere, neither in the veranda nor in the temple. Her father then took her to grandma's bedroom where she was found only at bedtimes, Rumi was broken by seeing her grandma at stretcher bed where medication was going on, she could not believe her eyes and was standing astonished as she had seen her grandma only in active conditions and this was something very terrible and unacceptable by the small girl who had a childish fantasy mind.

It was evening time when Rumi was sitting quietly by her grandma's side, as quiet as she had never been. Her grandma was sleeping peacefully and her body as cold as snow and as white as sheet. Now comes the situation of starting of the story and here Rumi was quite as she was not able to understand that what should she do as she had never of thought of living without her grandma. Her grandma was sick since a week but it seems as she was waiting for Rumi to come and meet her before she flies away in dust as angels.

Grandma's face was shining like the golden mood and brightness covered all her face and her beauty shattered in such a beautiful way. No one said anything to anyone but amma left everyone in tears.

Even there were no chirping of birds in the veranda nor were there any hustle bustle among the cattles. At the time of departure, men took amma on their shoulders to free her peacefully but that day it took away the glory of the house and everywhere there was just silence, silence and silence....

Nabila Ahmed

Corona Virus

Corona virus disease (COVID-19) is an infectious disease caused by SARS COV-2 virus.

Most people infected with the virus will experience mild to moderate illness and recover without requiring special treatment.

However, some will become seriously ill and will require serious medications.

Older people and those with medical conditions like diabetes, canceretc are likely to develop serious illness.

The virus can spread from an infected person's mouth or nose in ways like cough, sneeze etc.

How corona has affected our day to day life?

Corona virus has affected day to day life and is slowing down the global economy.

This pandemic has affected many lives who are either sick or lost their life.

The most common symptoms of this virus is cold, cough, body pain and breathing issues.

So, we are asked to take proper precautions like washing and sanitizing ourselves at regular intervals

Countries are banning gatherings of people and they're avoiding face to face interactions, social distancing and wearing masks etc.

Covid is slowing the manufacturing of essential goods, it is also disrupting the supply chain of products.

Social distancing with our peers, family members is necessary.

Closure of hotels, restaurants and religious places should be maintained and also closure of entertainment such as movie hall, play theatres etc.

How covid affected education?

The COVID-19 pandemic has affected educational system's worldwide leading to closure of schools etc.

Most governments decided to temporarily close educational institutions in an attempt to reduce the spread of COVID.

In general, having fewer education options has globally impacted people with less money, while people with more money have more education.

School closures in response to the pandemic have shed light on various social and economic issues including digital learning, etc.

Online teaching can reduce interaction or engagement; it can also decrease a student's skill etc.

How covid is affecting mental health?

Mental health includes our emotional, psychological, and social wellbeing.

It affects how we think, feel and act.

It also helps determine how we handle stress, it is extremely important just like our physical health

Social distancing and isolation can affect a child's mental health. Problems such as anxiety, depression even suicide can occur.

As the coronavirus pandemic rapidly sweeps across the world, it is inducing a considerable degree of fear or worry.

In public health terms, the main psychological impact is to date is elevate rated of stress and anxiety.

Quarantine affects people's mental health which leads to loneliness and depression.

Here are some tips to take care of your mental health:

*Go easy on yourselves,if you're experiencing some stress or if you're alone fighting your struggles.

*Maintain a routine.

* Take time and enjoy what you do.

*Do work that makes you happy and be engrossed in stuffs to keep yourself busy.

*Get out of your house, listen to good music which will automatically lift up your mood ad make you feel better

*Stay active and find ways to exercise which will help you release anxiety.

Being a psychology student, I feel mental health is very important and people should give serious importance to it.

Parents should talk with their children and solve out their problems and make them feel better and comfortable.

Ankita Sengupta

The Game of Luck

Alesha took a sip from her coffee and started writing her diary. Yay! It was the first week of winter vacation. She spends most her leisure time watching Korean Dramas, movies, reading books. She also loves to paint. Alesha is a sixteen years old teenager. She has a best friend named Catherine. They also have lots of things in common. They have lots of wishes which they both want to fulfill together. Just like Alesha, Catherine also loves to watch Korean Dramas. One of their wish is to meet their favourite kdrama actor, Lee Min Ho. These two fan girls literally know everything about their favourite actor. They become super happy when they watch Lee Min Ho on YouTube or hear anything related to him. They wholeheartedly love and respect him.

As Alesha writes her diary, she talks about an experience of her and Catherine.

It was a chilly winter afternoon at school. Their school was about to declare winter holidays within five days. The dispersal bell rung. They held hands and walked out of the school campus. They crossed the main road and took the footpath. Suddenly, Catherine noticed a

poster on the wall and asked, "Alesha! Hey! Do you see that?" Alesha said, "I cannot believe this! This has to be fake. Oh my god!" Catherine held Alesha's hand more tightly and read the poster loudly, "There's a golden opportunity in the city. If you love to watch Korean dramas, if it's your dream to visit South Korea, Seoul for a day and get a chance to meet your favourite actor in person, then you no longer need to wait. You just need to register your name in the number given below. It's completely free. Only three lucky participants would be selected in this event. Hurry up. Maybe next Monday you will be chatting with your favourite star in Korea. Alesha and Catherine both were startled. They wrote the contact details and registered their names for the event. They knew there would be lakhs of participants in this event so their chances are very less but they did not lose hope. They waited for the next message to arrive very eagerly. It was the fifth day when Alesha suddenly got a phone call early in the morning. The manager of the event said, "Congratulations, Ms. Alesha, You are one of our lucky participants who won the grand and free chance to visit Seoul and meet your favourite actor in person. Further details would be send to your number and we will guide you throughout". She went completely numb and couldn't believe what she heard. She was overjoyed and elated and had tears in her eyes. She was out of the world at that time. She called up Catherine and asked, "I just received a call from the manager and I am selected as a winner. Did you also get a call?" Catherine sadly replied, "No dear". Catherine was really happy for Alesha but Alesha was disheartened and upset for Catherine because she knew how badly she wanted to win this.

So, finally the day arrived. The manager informed her to be there at the airport by 10 am and they would take the three lucky winners to the specially arranged flight. Catherine went to Alesha's house early morning and helped her in packing bag. They were excitedly talking about what was going to happen today. Alesha was sad for her friend. She said, "Catherine, I will tell Lee Min Ho about you and surely bring you his autograph. Please don't be sad". Catherine smiled and hugged her.

They both went to the airport and waited. Catherine also went with Alesha to give her company. While waiting, suddenly they saw their favourite actor arriving from the front gate, guarded by few securities. Their star was returning from an interview and was going to that fan event. He looked at them and smiled. Catherine and Alesha went closer and tried to talk to him. Lee Min Ho stopped for a while and listened to them. He said, "Thank you for the love and support you guys give me. I am very lucky to have such fans in my life. Saranghae". After talking with them he got to know that Catherine did not win and she wanted to meet him so badly. He gave Catherine a warm hug and also gave his autograph. They clicked pictures together. Catherine was so happy that she couldn't express herself in words. Her dream came true in an uncertain and unplanned way. The manager arrived after that and guided Alesha to the flight. They both said goodbye to each other. Catherine went back home with a big smile on her face and Alesha also became very happy and thanked God.

Saptaparna Mukherjee

The Mysterious Dream

She woke up with a start. How long has it been since she had a good night's sleep?

She looked at herself in the mirror with tears. "I'm sorry", she whispered with a trembling voice. In that dark room, she clasped onto the bed sheet and sat upright looking absolutely devastated. "Forgive me, can't you?", as if she was asking questions to the dark.

Well it is justifiable why she should act this way; this isn't the first time she had nightmares after all. Now one might ask that many of us have nightmares what about that? This is what that sets her apart from others, the mysterious dream which only Lea could catch a glimpse of.

For this, let me travel back to when Lea was a freshman in high school, who was known for being the most mischievous; so cheerful as if she never had bad days. It was all sunshine and rainbows until that day arrived, her birthday. Eve had been best friends with Lea since junior high, but that one day changed everything.

"Eve? When are you coming? You are so late !!!", cried Lea over the phone.

"I'm arriving I just had some work—", Eve was cut off.

“Come quickly! You have 2 minutes!”

“Wait— I’m on the way—”

“No! You’ll come right now or I’m never talking to you! Hmph!”

“LEAAA!!!!” she shrieked suddenly.

“What? Now you’re shouting? On my birthday? Really?!”

“....”

“Eve?”

“....”

“Hey!!! Answer me!”

“....”

“Hello?”

But once again silence was the only answer she received.

Lea was scared. She ran out of the house to find out what happened to Eve. And she wasn’t fascinated by what she saw. To Lea’s horror, Eve was lying there on the street, her body buried in blood. The people told she ran into a truck while crossing the road. Lea couldn’t comprehend what she just saw; she was talking to her just now then how— She spotted the flowers in her hand. Lea hurried at her kneeling down.

“Did you buy these for me?” Lea broke into tears glancing at the flowers. “I’m sorry, I— I never imagined this!”, she felt choked, her words unstable.

“I’m sorry for everything Eve! I didn’t mean this” she went on talking to the dead Eve who never replied her. “Why?! Why did this happen? Why it had to be you?! Eve?!”

It would’ve been sad but normal if things ended here but it certainly didn’t.

Lea started to show an anomaly in her behavior. She would talk to herself whenever alone. She would laugh and cry on her own. “She looks possessed!”, one of her friends said; “Let’s not talk to her I’m scared”, said another. And this is how she lost everyone.

Her parents took her to a therapist but even he was shocked at her symptoms. He couldn’t diagnose her ailment, instead asked her parents to let her see an exorcist. And that she might really be possessed.

The very day she saw an exorcist, she started feeling sick, her body pained a lot and she couldn’t sleep. Even though they tried to recover her, she fell even more ill.

That day onwards, she would be having the same strange dream where she could see a girl with a mutilated face walking towards her.

“How dare you?” she would shout at Lea, “You can’t get rid of me, ever!” and then she would laugh in a distorted manner giving Lea all the shivers which would drag her out of her modest nap. She could never go back to being her past self, not anymore. She would bawl her eyes out, yell, throw tantrums, try to end herself, but never get rid of that nightmare.

After ten years now, she will still wake up with a start, talk to herself with tears streaming down her face. “I’m sorry Eve, I’m sorry” are the only words she would utter. Little did she know her rash words from her childhood will cost her this much.

Can she ever be the person she was before? Can anyone save her?

And once again, cries of petrified Lea in the dark with her shadow as her only companion was heard.

Saptaparna Mukherjee

The value of life

Anamika sat on a bench in the park. Her mind was so heavy today. She was totally broken down. Her beloved broke the relationship with her. Because he loved somebody else and wanted to start her life with her. She never thought it would happen. Her all dreams were shattered. She felt so lonely. She thought that there are no one in this

world who loved her, no one could understand her, her friends were also broken her trust and left herself alone . Even her parents were sometimes scolds her badly and misunderstood her. So that she thinks her life is so worthless. Suddenly she felt that there were no need to keep her life and she decided to commit suicide. She moved towards the river to commit suicide. But suddenly a little girl hold her hand and said , "didi, do you want to buy some roses?"

Anamika reacted angrily and said , " No, I don't . "

Then the girl felt tears and said , "Please take some roses. My mother was admitted in hospital. If I am not able to sell the roses I can't buy her medicine and can't have my meal today. There is nobody in the world except my mother. please."

Tears welled up into Anamika's eyes as she realised that there were many people in the world who could not afford to pay for a handful food, and for those who were struggling a lot for some food from such younger age . They never give up. So why is she took such decision. She never felt any shortage of food and clothing. She spent her life with luxury. even her parents loved her so much. Where people were constantly fighting for food , they don't give up so why she wanted to commit suicide for someone who even didn't care about her. The little girl showed him the value of life today. She hugged the little child and said , "you are real fighter". And gave her some money and said take care of your mother.

Then the girl's face lit up with happiness and she said , " thank you so much didi".

Then Anamika moved towards his home.today she realised how beautiful life is.

Her mother hugged her with tears and said,where were you all day. We were tensed.

Anamika grabbed her mother's hand with full of emotions and said "she will never leave them again."

"Life is so beautiful

Live it

Love it

Learn it

Don't make it complicated."

Priyanka Das

Josh and his dog Coco

There was a dog named Bentley. His owner was Sir William Jenkins. He worked at the Navy. One day he had to go to the Navy for this duty. So, he went to the airport to board his plane with his dog Bentley. But when he goes to the airport, he didn't want to take the dog with him so he distracted the dog by throwing him a ball and telling him to catch it. While in the meantime the owner boards the plane abandoning Bentley. But when the dog sees his owner to board the plane, he gets sad but still when the plane starts to take off he starts to run along with the plane hoping to catch his owner. But the plane flies over and he stands there heartbroken. Then he keeps standing in the same place at the airport searching for his owner in every plane which lands there.

Then one day the authorities of the airport try to take away the dog in a bus. But, a boy watches Bentley struggling, heartbroken from a plane and he gets into the bus and rescues the dog. His name was Josh. Then they both stands there and waits for Sir William. Many days and nights go on. Knowing that the dog won't move from there Josh makes a shelter for Bentley at the airport and named the dog Coco. Coco was heartbroken and won't have food for a week and gets so sick. He wouldn't response to anyone and would only lie down on the floor. Then Josh sees Coco a vet and he advices him to love Coco as Coco is heartbroken about his owner abandoning him.

Then one day heavy rain occurs and the shelter gets destroyed, but Coco still lies there wet. Josh then comes to take him home but he

wont move and josh doesn't leave Coco and lies there with him in the rain wet and falls asleep. The next morning, Coco gets up and wants to play with Josh which makes him so happy and they bond very well and becomes so close to each other.

Then after one day after one month Coco's owner Sir William returns and calls out for Bentley. Though at first Coco didn't go to him but later he goes to him and when the owner tries to take him from Josh he starts to bark and runs away to Josh but the owner snatch Coco from him and gets in the plane but Coco continues to bark and the owner sees from the window Josh crying for Coco and he understands that they both can't stay without each other. So, he let go of Coco and tells him to run away to Josh and Coco goes to Josh and they both hugs each other and cries.

Then the pilot asks the owner why he lets go of Coco and Sir William says that because it wasn't his dog because his dog is named Bentley not Coco even though he knows Coco was his dog. He just wanted to let them reunite. Then everyone cries watching Josh and Coco so happy together.

Suchetana Bhattacharjee

Be The Rose

Roses are lovely

Roses are red

They have also a story

Let them tell

There are many stories

How we can tell?

Some of them touch the heart

Some will break

Now this time

Know your worth

You are beautiful

Just the way you are

Everything is alright

Everything is perfect

It's time to

Focus yourself.

Avantika Chakrabarty

Heaven or Hell

The touch was the same

The voice was the same

The feeling was the same, but the person was not the same anymore, or was she?

22nd April, 2020

Rahul was a typical Mumbaikar doing a nine to five job in Andheri East Mumbai. He lived with his parents in a small 2bhk rented apartment in Ghatkopar. His office was roughly around 10kms away from his house. So, he generally used the Metro to commute everyday. But that day was something different, something that had changed him forever.

21st July, 2016

“Rahul, finish your breakfast quickly or else you will be late for work again.” yelled Rahul’s mother, Mansi Devi. Rahul was a very creative and ingenious person. He enjoyed and appreciated the beauty of every little thing around him. He had an innovative approach towards life and wanted to explore and decode all the mysteries of this universe. But little did he know that life had something different planned for him. Rahul had no desire of getting himself involved in any kind of office work. He wanted to write poems and appreciate each and every creation of God. When he was young, he wanted to

pursue his further studies in English. But his family was completely against his dreams of becoming a Poet. The financial condition of Rahul's family was not very stable so his family had plenty of expectations from him. They saw no career in poetry for Rahul and forced him to apply for a normal nine to five job and live a normal middle class life. Life had left him all alone on its stage. He was completely oblivious to everything that was happening in his life. His life was like a car running on the road to nowhere. But he was not the driver. Someone else was driving the car for him. His was not allowed to make his own decisions. The voices around Rahul has already decided his life-script. But no one really noticed that the life-script did not depict the real Rahul. Poems had always been the only thing that enraptured Rahul. Poems helped him discover the Real-me in him. But sadly he found himself entrapped in the cobweb of society's incessantly conventional scripts. The artist in him was gradually becoming a machine. But then one day everything changed forever.

Rahul was on the metro, travelling to his office as usual. It was a Thursday Morning and the metro was crowded as usual. Admist the chaos, Rahul collided with this girl. She had dropped her purse and was desperately trying to find it. The purse had fallen near Rahul's feet. So, he picked it up and approached her. "Are you looking for this purse?" said Rahul. The girl turned around, her face brightened up and with a big smile on her face she said "Yes. Thank You So Much. I would have been in big trouble if i didn't get my purse." She was mesmerising. Rahul was awestruck by the beauty of that girl. "No

problem. I'm glad that i could be of some use to you. By the way, I'm Rahul. Nice to meet you." said Rahul. "Hi. I'm Rashi. Lovely to meet you too." said the girl graciously. Rahul's heart skipped a beat. There was something about her voice that greatly appealed to Rahul. They both exchanged numbers and a new Friendship began.

It had been 2months since their first meet. They had become close in no time. Rahul and Rashi had developed this unbreakable bond that was a new ray of Hope for Rahul amid the cobweb of the society. Rashi showed Rahul how to enjoy life even after all the challenges that life throws at us. She taught him to be him and was there for him at his most vulnerable. Gradually one year had passed by. Their friendship was stronger than ever. Rahul gradually began to identify his real self. He slowly started to disentangle himself from the society's cobweb. He quit his job. And directed his career to a fresh start as a poet. He got his first poem published. His career as a poet had changed his life forever. In a span of 3 years, Rahul had reached the pinnacle of his career. And Rashi was always there to support and guide him. But then one day, Rashi disappeared. Rahul called her a million times but no answer. It had been days since her disappearance. Rahul tried his level best, but she was never found. Rahul was broken. To rahul, rashi was not a star but the whole sky. His hope was gone. He quit his job. Destroyed his career as a poet. And again started his life as an office employee. Rashi gave meaning to his life and without her, his life is meaningless.

22nd April,2020

Rahul was on the metro, on his way to his office. Everything was as usual. Crowded, rush hour. But then what he saw, his eyes couldn't believe. It was Rashi. She was looking straight at Rahul. A million questions were left to be answered.

CHIRAG DAS

The Frozen Princess

Papa's Pari, Mama's Doll, Bhaiya's Blessing, Laxmi of the house

Praised by all - she walked with her head up, shoulders back

A true Champ with fire in her wings

Now her pink bedroom has turned a mundane grey

She lays in bed at night wanting to scream and cry

But can't afford to wake her papa from sleep

So she just sits there and lets the pain engulf her to the core

She believed in fairytales

Sitting down in her beautiful garden

With her dreamy eyes and captivating smile

She waited for the footsteps of her charming prince

Indeed he came riding on a white horse

She finally found her Prince

So what if she had to kiss a few frogs on the way

How she wished she were a little girl again

Because skinned knees are easier to fix than a broken heart

Phone on silent, brightness dim

Chatting under the blanket with her Prince

He was not just a star to her

He was her whole sky

When he held her he said, " forever"

Now that he's gone , she knows he meant " never"

Tears of blood fall from her broken heart

She never thought they would part

A hurt so deep ,it cuts like a knife

She fell in love - not realizing everything that falls is broken

One day he send her a message out of the blues

And that day she had the strength to ignore it

She doesn't want to remember the one who triggered it all

She wants to recall all the places she visited, but not how she got there

She wanted to turn the page knowing he won't be in the next chapter

The story should continue

She is her Papa's dream, Mama's strength and Bhaiya's bravery

She is The Frozen Princess of her happy family

CHIRAG DAS

Magician from Griefswald (Toni Kroos's career in a nutshell)

How far have we come?

How time flew away?

Mocked and brought down,

the little kid cried

for he became a reject

by the mightiest of it's kind,

replaced and rebuked.

They said 'time will ease thy pain',

With a smile on his face

He answered 'Who cares?'

for the call came from long

to Don the white

Of 'mi amor' Madrid.

Veins of ice started ruling

Holy Bernabéu, with a shot or two

Once and about.

Waving magic against all odds

shyness ruling fear.

The day came when the World

knew his name,

Chanted and Glorified by thousands.

When all stars fade and our world comes to ruin-

there will still be Toni

And the magic he is brewing.

----- Trambak Bhattacharjee

-----THE END-----