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LITERARY COMPENDIUM



UNWINDING CREATIVITY

Volume IV

Department of English, FMEH



Message



All the best.

It gives me immense pleasure to know that the Department of English, Faculty of Media Studies and Humanities, is publishing a compendium of literary writings of students. It also adds to my happiness to know that so many students have contributed poetic creations or writings on varied subjects.

The creative writing program is integral to any English Department since it recognizes the essential role of creative arts in our culture and society. It is not only expressing emotions or giving vent to one's feeling but it also depicts the sensitivity of the writer towards society and humanity in general. It also inculcates and lays foundations for good behavior as one understands the nuances of the feeling of others. In academic context, writing hones the skills of expression and helps in conveying the feelings and thought process of writer to varied audiences.

I appreciate the efforts of the Faculty of Media Studies and Humanities, Department of English in collating literary contributions and then publishing them in the form of compendium.

I wish this venture a grand success.

Dr. Maithili Ganjoo

DEAN, FMeH

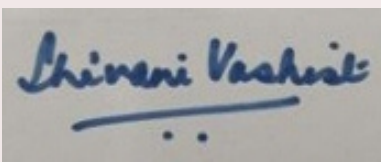
Manav Rachna International Institute of Research And Studies

From the desk of the Editor



At Department of English, we attempt to not only impart quality education but also create independent and creative thinkers who are nurtured to serve as torch bearers to ignite many more minds. With our endeavor to channelize the creative talents of our young budding writers, the Department has come up with the second volume of its literary compendium "Unwinding Creativity."

William Wordsworth, the famous English poet had once marvelled at "a host of golden daffodils... fluttering and dancing in the breeze." We too experienced such delightful moments when we read mosaic of literary pieces penned by our very own talented and creative students. Working on the compendium required coping with challenges, such as several rounds of laborious and meticulous editing, coordinating, accommodating last minute additions and still managing to meet hectic deadlines. However, we are satisfied and delighted to see the finished product. We hope that the compendium continues to evolve as a creative and vibrant space for the students to discover and nurture their literary talent. The compendium is indeed a precious document in the creative journey of our talented students as budding poets, writers and thinkers and inspires them to aspire higher. Literature is one of the most powerful media through which they can engage with the world meaningfully and creatively. I congratulate the entire team of department and students and wish all the readers a very happy reading.



Prof. (Dr.) Shivani Vashist
Head Department English, FMeH
Manav Rachna International Institute of Research & Studies

Faculty Editor's Message



Have a happy and a cheerful reading!

With great hopes and pride, we bring forth the fourth volume of Unwinding Creativity. This magazine acted as a great platform for not only the students of the Department of English, FMEH, but also various writers who wanted to highlight their literary and artistic talents. It has always been the mindset of the department to reflect the creativity and value of words.

Various writers have contributed to this magazine on diverse themes and has shown their creative instincts . We, at the Department of English believe that each student has a potential for an intuitive creative voice. The team has put the best of the efforts to edit this magazine. We would like to thank our Dean FMeH and faculty members for all the help and support. We also thank all the students for their valuable contributions, and making this magazine a success.

A handwritten signature in blue ink on a light blue background.

Dr. Jayashree Hazarika

Assistant Professor, Department of English, FMEH

Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies

Student Editor



Srishti Rai
BA(Honours)- English - 5th
Semester

The father of literature, Geoffrey Chaucer prominent for his works,
His contemporaries too fabricated the recognised artworks.
Literature, a never ending topic which can't be put into frame of limited words,
An ocean full of knowledge and art camouflaging the whole world.

Talking about the great Gods of literature, Virgil, Homer, Dante and many more,
The great William Shakespeare paved a great way for humans to explore,
The renowned poet William Wordsworth produced the poems touching the heart core.



Leeharika Jindal
BA(Honours)- English - 5th
Semester

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Dr. Shobha Srivastava

Dr. Shobha Shrivastava is a Doctorate in Microbiology and an Educational Professional of repute with 25 years of experience in the field of education ranging from School to Higher Education.

Presently Associate Professor in the Department of Biotechnology & Deputy Registrar at Manav Rachna International Institute of Research & Studies Faridabad Haryana.

Dr Shrivastava is a Certified Yoga and Meditation Instructor acting as a mentor to lot of practitioners in India.

The Femme Zeitgeist

Empowerment to Self

Reliance- A Socio-Scientific

Perspective

- Shobha Shrivastava

Manav Rachna International Institute of Research & Studies (Deemed To Be University) Faridabad, Haryana, India.

- Suresh Dhull

National Institute Of Financial Management.

The most compelling and clinching aspect of the Nobel Prize citation of Mohd. Yunus, the Bangladesh Micro Finance Noble Laureate, was the assertion of moving away from “Women Empowerment” to “Women Self Reliance”. Though this was actually a great shift in terms of the approach for the world, but for South East Asia, and its close watchers, there was a sense of business as usual. Much of South East Asia, which has the erstwhile pre-colonial Indic Traditions at the heart of it, have much been into a more egalitarian and gender neutral space than most of the world.



She has delivered wellness workshops on invitation from Central to State Govt Institutions, Defence, Public & Private sector organisations, Education sector, NGOs of the country. She has been practicing the meditation techniques for over 20 years and has been a qualified instructor in the field for over 17 years. Founder & Executive Member (Board Of Directors) & now Advisor at Pink Pulp Foundation at Jabalpur M.P for Women empowerment conducted numerous Health Awareness program in various Colleges at for adolescents ,Legal awareness camps , Gender Equality, Sexual and Reproductive Justice, and Healthcare. Has been instrumental in providing a perfect platform for women entrepreneurs, Capacity Building of people.

Though colonization worth two centuries has impacted the women more and much negatively, yet the revival is now more sure footed than ever. Women led the parades and ceremonies in official ceremonies such as Republic Day and Independence Day, the IAF recently chose a woman to represent them overseas, some of them taking the roles of fighter pilots, so far a male bastion.

It took Europe and America much more time to put forth more women on an egalitarian platform. It is far lesser known that even in Europe, it was in 70s that women finally got the right to vote (the American women got that right after the Indian Women got it), whereas the drafting committee of the Indian Constitution included women from the word go.

The south east Asian woman, especially Indian, by nature, contributed by societal discourse over the millennia, is multi-talented and multi-faceted. In fact, her joining workforce and decision making has never been much of an issue as far as indigenous practices are concerned, however, whatever practices has been imported and implemented in the Indian domain has been overwhelmingly male dominated.

Have we ever wondered about the composition of “We” when it is suggested that “We need to get more women into the workspace”?

Approximately 70 percent of Indian population live on agriculture, and both males and females of a family work equally hard to scrape a living, walk around a construction site and you will find couple of kids tied to a lamppost with a long rope and both mother and father at work.

The composition of “We” is mostly the colonially anglicized, English speaking and corporate bunch, who usually don't take into account the entire population of self-employed and unstructured, non-formal into account including the entrepreneurs working in non-formal economy. The matrilineal Nair Society, the bazaars of Imphal, Manipur where 100% entrepreneurs are women. The so called empowerment has a very narrow perspective and restricted to those earning corporate salaries, beauty pageants and westernized form of living and practices.

This paper looks to inspect the lesser publicized and much lesser inquired aspects of the gender discourse.

Much has been written, mostly adverse, about the plight of women in India. It is certainly true that on most economic and social indicators, women lag behind. However, not much is advocated regarding the progress. Women definitely are moving ahead as a cohort, the recent upsurge in micro credit and allied



banking have proved to be more successful where women led Self Help Groups are in vogue, still behind the other nationalities especially Europe, but well-heeled as far as speed and momentum is concerned. India also faced the disturbing prospect of a serious gender gap, which is again a work in progress. Whereas men may have greater physical energy, which can be overcome through application of levers, women the latter clearly have more internal and emotional energy, and this field is “emotional hard wiring”, thus difficult to catch up. Thus, women are identified with shakti in Indian civilization. Any stalling, suppression and obfuscation will keep suppressed this shakti and deny the families and the society, thus weakening the entire structural edifice. Imperatively, societal discourse based arguments are made in this paper to add qualitative dimension to the existing efforts.

In the Dharmic Traditions, women and men are considered complementary, a term more apt and appropriate than “equal”. Explicitly, the shloka from the Rig Veda reads : “O women! These mantras are given to you equally (as to men). May your thoughts, too, be harmonious. May your assemblies be open to all without discrimination. Your mind and consciousness should be harmonious. I (the rishi) give you these mantras equally as to men and give you all and equal powers to absorb (the full powers) of these mantras.” (Rig Veda 10-191-3).



Unfortunately, the core Indian literature has been distorted over a period of time by the self-proclaimed historians. The state, governed by the colonial powers, practiced policies which denigrated indigenous culture and sow the seeds of self-pity in the society.

A superfluous form of “Copy Paste Feminism” is on the rise, which eventually act as a speed-breaker to women's self-reliance. Rather than seeking self-reliance the impetus is to break the stereotypes. An overwhelming opinion that formulates the discourse that women's march forward is tethered to out-do the male gender at his own game.

Fact is, there is no end to this gender-game and is a wild goose chase which may end up with both the genders competing with the third gender trying to out-do each other in an all out Gender War.

According to Samkhya School of Philosophy, the entire world is the union of the feminine quality “Prakriti” and the masculine quality “Purusha”. The entire edifice of creation stands on variety of combinations of Prakriti and Purusha, and formation of a single absolute entity is reliant on these two.

‘Co-Creation’ scores in the long term perspective by putting forth ‘Symbioticism’ instead of ‘Combative



Comparison'. Thus shall emanate reality- based solutions and understandings than to take a short sighted politically correct approach of Pro-Particular Gender bordering on to "Feminazism".

The Indian discourse needs a more refined and mature modelling and need not dissect our feminine discourse with any borrowed lenses, especially European and American. Europe especially has had a historical perspective where the Church Clergy garnered and usurped the entire powers of 'The Executive' as well as 'The Judiciary' and played the representative of 'The God' nominating women as 'Witch' and sponsoring 'witch-hunts'. In Europe, there was a gross repression of women and men owned women during the Medieval Period and Dark Ages. As things improved, there was a real need to bring in Constitutionalism / Secularism to ensure non-continuation of suppression, in this backdrop, the European Feminism rose from these gory shadows and anti-male or strictly-female became its components. Unfortunately, the Indian discourse somehow imported the most skewed form of feminism and secularism (and thus a new word is born 'Pseudo-secularism'). This overflowed to women rights sphere as well and rather than seeking women self-reliance, the entire discourse ran into a anti- male rut. Unfortunately most of the feminine movements today are mired in a cycle of demanding rights over self-reliance. Self-Reliance has the intrinsic quality to stop this seeking of rights continuously.



Another ubiquitous aspect is that due to heavy overcast of industrial revolution, the definition of workforce is restricted to factory production or services rendered in commercial sphere. Whereas this aspect gained prominence since the Gross Domestic Product (GDP) has been calculated using the production figures, the latest acceptance in the economic field is the Gross Values Added (GVA). If the GVA is considered a holistically evolved form of GDP, most voices which try to build up this narrative of including “women as part of workforce” will cease. A little dig into the depth of job profile of a home-maker, and it will not remain akin to “House-Keeping Staff” especially in the Indian Context considering the fact that the Mother is the first Guru, a “Moral Science Educator”.

She is also a “Preventive Healthcare Practitioner”, Our grandmothers stopped cooking only due to physical incapacitation, and were “Quality Paramedics”.

If we closely observe what grew in the backyard of our grandmother, she was a “Green Activist”, reducing carbon footprints to 10%. It must be said that 98% of Green Activists today are in the field of “Green Advocacy” and not the “Green Practice” part of it.

The Indian Women has been the “Spiritual Anchor”, 50% of issues in the world today are due to low spiritual quotient which gives rise to road rage, angry colleagues and busy advocates.



The Indian Housewife has the maximum gold as an entity throughout the world, this banker, who dealt in everything except derivatives and futures, converted liquid money to gold ornaments and in times of distress, liquidated it, thus coming to the rescue when derivatives themselves failed.

She has been the “Priest at Charge” and did not need to shout into a microphone to invoke the Almighty.

She has also been a “social conduit and a hard haggler” teaching her children to develop social skills and not worry about competency mapping too early on.

By bringing her into the so called “Manufacturing Workforce”, we have merely converted her from a “Diverse Skill Sets into a single skill set” individual with higher number of insights into a singular vertical.

Is the situation grossly wrong and beyond redemption, well, it may not be so. But we do need to sensitize ourselves about our losses and collate them against our gains to obviate the chances of losing wars in order to win battles and use the adage “Balance is the only True Romance”.

We must free more and more women from their workforce duties with greater number of days for maternity and work from home options. On her part, she should accept some amount of lesser economic



remunerations in the present form and also re-skill herself on return.

“She” is our ‘only continuous and deep connect’ between our society of today and our collective future of tomorrow. She is our only hope and amidst the three genders, has maximum conduits and responsibilities spread across the vast canvas of time and space.

There must be a guard placed against pitting women against other genders. To quote Ms. Suzanne Brogger - “If a woman can only succeed by emulating men, I think it is a great loss and not a success. The aim is not only for a woman to succeed, but to keep her womanhood and let her womanhood influence society”. We need greater emphasis on local, going “glocal”. The educated need education as intensely as others and need to remain engaged in the continuous cycle of Learning , Un-Learning and Re-Learning. Without the feminine, the world will be a drab affair, शिवा without the शक्ति is शव, the primordial energy, Shakti, the life force behind the whole creation is feminine, and is accorded the highest aspect of divinity- the Aaradhya Shakti.

We do not need to emulate European Feminism, we need to go back to our roots, in our roots lies our true blossoming.

- Dr. Shobha Shrivastava

Deputy Registrar Administration & Student Affairs
MRIIRS, Faridabad





Dinesh Rana

It's an honor for me to introduce myself as an "Executive Assistant" having a rich working experience for 20+ years including Galgotias University, Institute of Nuclear Medicine & Allied Sciences (DRDO Life Science Research Lab), Indraprastha Apollo Hospital & so on. I have a great learning experience under the guidance of Hon'ble Mr. Suneel Galgotia & Mr. Dhruv Galgotia as an "Executive Secretary to Chancellor" for more than 4 years in Galgotias University, Greater Noida.

Education for Welfare:

Need of the Hour

"Education is not only a ladder of opportunity, but it is tool to serve humanity and also an investment to our future"

When we share our thoughts about education it comes to understand that it plays a vital organ in human life cycle, apart food and air to survive. It's been considered an important factor in our life to grow in every aspect as an individual. Since colonial India, the education system hasn't changed much. There's enormous to describe about education and much beyond our imagination.

Education is the process of facilitating learning, or the acquisition of knowledge, skills, values, morals, beliefs, habits, and personal development. Educational methods include teaching, training, storytelling, discussion and directed research.

Genuinely, there are two methods to become an educated person "informal education" and "formal education". Informal one is the environment/society which give a platform to

learn practically; whereas another method is formal education, for which one has to be associated with an academic institution and any experience that has a formative effect on the way one thinks, feels or acts may be considered educational.

The methodology of teaching is called “Pedagogy”. In simple words “To know, how to suggest is the Art of teaching”.

Despite, the overall focus is on academic education and the competitiveness. As a contrary, it is mandatory to explore other options depending on what we are good at and the study which trains us to become better professionals is called vocational training or vocational education.

With the world coming closer and becoming a small place, the opportunities are only rising. Vocational education trains us in a specific skill and this experience directly links to a career in future.

Here at Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies, we have focused on professionalism with a touch of tenderness.

A Visionary, a pioneer in the education sector Hon’ble Late Dr. O. P. Bhalla, architect the idea, on a paper to its existing form. i.e. MREI popularly known as “Manav Rachna”.

Prior to joining Galgotias University, I was associated as a Secretarial cum Data Processing Assistant; in the “Institute of Nuclear Medicine & Allied Sciences”, DRDO Delhi nearly for 15 years & a two year experience of Indraprastha Apollo Hospital with Sr. Consultant of Neonatology Dept.

MRIIRS came into existence in the year 2008, when it was conferred a status of Deemed University as “Manav Rachna International University (MRIU)” under Section 3 of UGC Act, 1956 by MHRD, Govt. of India on the recommendations of the UGC, AICTE and Government of Haryana, which was later on, renamed as Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies (Deemed to be University) with NAAC accreditation.

We are fortunate enough that in 75th year of India’s independence, while we are celebrating “Azadi ka Amrit Mahotsav”, coincidentally we are witnessing the 75th Birth Anniversary of Hon’ble Founder Dr. O. P. Bhalla, in its silver jubilee year of this institution.

The aim of the Manav Rachna, is to prepare the cadre of young boys and girls in the field of Management, Medical, Arts, Entrepreneurship, Engineering & Technology, Research etc. for the North India Region particularly for Delhi – NCR in general.

The Manav Rachna is envisaged to be a world-class Institution for higher education imparting quality teaching, research and extended activities in inclusive settings.

It works on the pedagogy:

- To promote interdisciplinary teaching and research in various academic subjects;
- Inculcate among the students the knowledge, skills and experiences supposed to be necessary for



developing them as responsible and contributing members of the society; and

- Explore the avenues for collaboration and mutual understandings with several prestigious Universities and Higher Education Institutions.

Courses offered by MRIIRS:

The MRIIRS has wide range of faculties which offers the traditional as well as new era job oriented 100+ courses:

- Engineering: Aeronautical, Automobile, Biotech, Civil, CSE, Electronics, Mechanical :
- Management : MBA, BBA, Hotel Management
- Media : BJMC
- Medical : Dental Sciences (BDS, MDS)
- Paramedical Sciences : Physiotherapy, Nutrition and Dietetics
- Architecture & Design : B. Arch, Interior Design
- Computer : BCA, MCA
- Humanities: BA, MA
- Commerce : B.Com

If we focus on the courses offered by MRIIRS, we conclude that many of the courses such as Nutrition and Dietetics, Physiotherapy and Dental Sciences etc. more or less prove their authenticity in today's scenario.

During this Pandemic of COVID, Corona Virus has left its footprint around the world in terms of disaster & destructions. No doubt the role of Healthcare sector has been a blessing to globe with their remarkable job.



Role of Dietician, Lab Technician, Yoga Teacher, Physiotherapist has been blessed a boon to the society to fight against this devil.

“Balanced Diet” & “Nutrition values” proven panacea to fight against COVID. Laboratory was the prime center to deduct the Corona, whereas dietetics, lab technician and nurses played as a corona worrier, being paramedics. Ministry of AYUSH emphasizes on importance of Yoga & Ayurveda to fight against corona. It’s been a time which proven “Physiotherapy”, “Yoga” & “Paramedics” as job oriented sector and scholars developed their interest in this field, who earlier wished for IT as first choice.

Fortunately, it’s a proud moment for us that we have opened a platform for those who want to acquaint with medical / paramedic profession i.e. or “Dentistry” Nutrition & Dietetics and “Physiotherapist” by seeking admission in the programs associated with these respective fields and to serve the humanity with a motto of “Service before self”.

We pray Almighty for some remedy and to eradicate this illness and serve the society with good health and a healthy environment.

~ Dinesh Rana
Executive Assistant





Pratishtha Mohanty

My name is Pratishtha Mohanty. I am sixteen years old and currently studying in grade eleven at the Delhi Public School in Greater Faridabad. I'm a published author and an e-book writer. Apart from that, I'm a designer and a polyglot who loves interacting with people.

Orenda

Areum had never imagined that she would experience this in her lifetime, but when the pain shot through her neck, she knew what it was. Frantically, she looked around in the throng of people hanging out in the marketplace. She wished it had happened somewhere else – somewhere she could recognize the person right away.

The marketplace was crowded as it always does on Sundays. It was getting difficult for her to push through, considering her small frame. With the pain getting duller and duller, she lost hope once again. Tears pricked her eyes as she tried to catch her breath, leaning on a wall.

She didn't know why she was crying, maybe because she didn't want to go back – she was just looking for an excuse.

Why can't I breathe freely even for a day? She thought as she stumbled past the shops, towards the house she had to call home. In the world of Mangata, chaos was the normal. The markings that branded them would have looked trendy if not for the underlying meaning, more like a curse. The markings on their body were unique with only two having the same pattern, binding them together.

Areum had never been fascinated by it when she was young. She just wanted to go about by her life and get recognized for what she was. A normal life with no drama was what she wanted. She wanted to come out from under her father's wings and never wanted to represent him – the head of one of the most powerful group that wasn't about anything legal. But that thought was short lived. When her parents started having fights every single day, she didn't know that it would affect her that much. But then they got divorced, the house a mess, her mother pulling her bags with tear strained eyes and her father shouting from another room, not even bothering to stop her.

They had forgotten about Areum altogether. They were in their own world, arguing. Areum was then fifteen, who was yet to experience the real world. With the scenario unfolding in front of her, she ran to her mother and held her hand but didn't expect her to push her away, on to the floor. Not knowing what to do, she ran to her father who was still rambling on. When he noticed her, he just pushed her into one of the rooms and locked it.

She was now living with her father but things weren't normal. He never talked to her or even cared. He would come home at ungodly hours and leave. She never really saw him at home but was relieved that that was the case, because it was better to be alone than be killed with loneliness even with a person in the same room as you. She had even run away from home several times only to be dragged back by her father's men.



Having run out of choices, she decided to just go along with it. She had completed her business major and was now part of her father's company, just like he wanted, considering how one day he came back home and threw a folder at her and left.

Only then did she get interested on her markings. But she wasn't blessed in that either, her markings were barely there, more like a painting left unfinished after the artist got bored of it.

I am not even complete She thought to herself. But she never wanted to give up. So, every day, after work she would excuse herself with the pretense of getting some air, hoping that her markings were at least there for some reason.

But until today, she had never felt her markings burn. She had gotten her hopes raised, only to end in vain. That night, she couldn't really sleep. Even though her efforts weren't fruitful, the hope she never had in the first place had taken room in her. Her markings meant something after all.

The whole week was uneventful with her just going back and forth between work and home, of course with her occasional detour. But nothing had happened. It felt like she was back on page one.

Putting the kettle on the stovetop, she went about making tea for herself. It was a Sunday, meaning she didn't have to see anyone. It was tiring to meet the people acquainted with her father.

I shouldn't have been relieved she thought when she heard the front door clicking open.



Her father came through the door into the living room and placed a few folders on the coffee table and pointed at them to her, “Review and consider if they are worth approving.” That was the first time they had seen each other after weeks yet that was the only thing he could tell her. And then he disappeared into his room.

She just nodded to no one in particular and turned back to her kettle with trembling hands. She was mad but couldn't do anything about it. In a few minutes he left the house, a bag in hand, not even bothering to say anything.

Once she made sure he was outside, she flung the kettle across the room. The tea splashed onto the wall, the kettle and the lid making clanging noises. But that wasn't enough to cool her down. She couldn't take that any longer. She decided to sleep it off and cried herself to sleep.

The next day, she made her way into the elevator inside the office building. Just as the doors started closing, with the routine female voice warning about minding the gap, a hand shot out in the last minute between the doors.

The elevator opened up again with a ding. A guy with a mask on entered and that's when she felt it, again. The burn on her shoulder, on her markings. She flinched at it but regained her composure because she didn't want to come off as crazy. The guy didn't seem to react either. He just stood there on her side, his hands in his pockets. He had dark hair, covering mist of his eyes, the only part visible out of the mask. When she turned a



little to get a clearer view of him, she noticed him staring at her. Weirder out by the sudden eye contact, she turned away as quick as possible.

Soon enough, the elevator reached her floor and she was disappointed that she had chickened out. But the guy hadn't done anything either.

Maybe it isn't him she thought. But the pain was evident in her shoulders. With a confused state of mind, she was about to step off from the elevator. Just then, he pulled her back by grabbing her forearm. With the sudden change in the state of things, she was flustered. Before she could process what was happening, he had pressed the close button.

“Hi,” he said, like he hadn't just manhandled her.

“What the hell? Who are you?” she shouted at him with panic, rubbing where his hand had touched her. The burn on her shoulder wasn't getting any better either. She just willed it would go away.

He pulled down his mask and gave her a smile, which wasn't in any way reassuring. She recognized him at once. He was the son of the man who had caused the explosion at the city – a new group that had paraded into the city. He was Park's son, Jae-Joon. The infamous Mafia.

“Oh, I just wanted to make sure of something,” he said, leaning back.

Once the elevator reached the top floor, he pulled her along with him to the terrace and pushed her onto the slab of concrete near the railing. She tried to get up but her legs gave out and she fell back. He grabbed her by



her collar and tried to pry off the sleeve covering her shoulder.

“Stop this,” she tried pushing him away, “Don’t do this.” But it was too late. He was staring at the markings on her exposed shoulder. Areum was repelled by it was to say the least.

“Shit,” he muttered and looked at her, his expression softening. He let go of her at once and opened his mouth to say something. She covered her shoulder and made a run for the elevator.

Creep She thought I’d have just carved off my markings if I had known it would be someone like him.

As soon as she entered the elevator, she kept pressing the close button willing it to close. But he was quick to enter the elevator. With one last look at him, she put her hand inside her bag and grabbed something and threw it at him. She continued to do so to keep him away but he went into grab her hands.

She tried to free herself. Jae-Joon let out a sigh and shouted, “Would you just listen to me for once?”

With that, she shut up, more due to surprise than fear. He sighed once again. There was just silence between them for a minute.

“See, I’m sorry I did that. I just...” he trailed off.

“I just wanted to make sure. But that was rude of me. I lost myself for a moment looking at you, considering you’re Kang’s daughter, a corrupt man’s daughter.”

She looked at him puzzled for a moment and then again tried to shake his hands off. He got the message and let go.



“You have no right to do that to me, not to anyone,” she said, picking her things up.

“I’m sorry, alright,” he said, frustrated, running his hands through his hair. He looked too tense. He pulled his mask back on.

Just as she reached out to him to ask if he was okay, the elevator doors opened and they came face to face with her father. Fortunately, he was being his usual self, ignoring her but he had his eyes on Jae-Joon who quietly walked out, but not before slipping a card into Areum’s hand.

When Sunday came, she anxiously waited for the sun to go down.

The card had his number. She contemplated for less than a minute before she sent him a text.

The reply was almost immediate. He had texted her an unfamiliar address at which she raised her brows but decided to go nonetheless.

When nighttime came, she sneaked out of the house like she did numerous times and walked towards her destination.

She found herself lost after some time because the place indicated in the address was just an alleyway with no buildings nearby. And it was dark with no lights. Suddenly, something caught her hand but before she could shout, “It’s me,” said a voice. She recognized it to be Jae-Joon.

He led her in the dark, it almost felt like they were going in circles until they came upon a small building with a small light on its first floor. Just when her eyes



adjusted to the light, Jae-Joon had hoisted himself up onto the window. Puzzled as to how he reached such a height she stepped closer only to find a few boxes arranged just enough to reach the window. She slowly stepped on it and made her way up to the final box. But her hands couldn't reach the window.

Jae-Joon who had disappeared into the room came back and looked at her with a sigh, before lifting her up.

“So, what is it?” Areum asked once inside.

“You make it seem like I'm the only one with questions,” he rolled his eyes at her and brought out a chair, placing it near the already set out table onto which he hopped on to secure a seat, “Have a seat.”

“Ok, I don't want anything to do with you.”

“Is that why you came all the way here? I don't think so,” Jae-Joon was almost smiling but it wasn't one of mockery but of anger.

“Great that you find this amusing. I was hoping to meet this imaginary person someday so that I could escape the hell I was living in, but I'd rather rot there than be with someone like you,” Areum was furious thinking back at the way he had behaved earlier.

“I'm sorry, alright. I wasn't myself at the moment. I apologize for my behavior,” his voice was low for a moment before he turned to her, “But the world doesn't revolve around you. Do you think everyone around you is living in a fairytale? I'm living with a murderer for Pete's sake. What do you have on me? Huh?”

“What?” Areum's voice came out in a whisper. She was more scared of him than sad at what she had heard.



He wasn't his playful self anymore. He turned to her and noticed her gripping onto the chair.

"Nevermind, I didn't mean to scare you off," he looked away not wanting to meet her eyes, "I was just... I have been looking for an escape route too but after everything that has happened, I had given up on that as a solution."

Areum kept looking at him willing him to go on.

"What I had thought of as a happy family crumpled right in front of me. The man whom I had once called my father killed my mother. I still remember standing there and going mute for years together. And after all this, you think I can look for this significant other? Do you think it would be an escape? More like imprisoning myself for life. What if I end up killing you? What do I do then? I thought this would all go away if it didn't exist. But it didn't," saying so, Jae-Joon pulled down his collar to reveal a very ugly wound. Areum looked away at the sight of it. Only then did she understand where he was coming from. From the looks of it, the skin seemed to have been scrapped off several times. She looked at his face, he was looking at her too. When their eyes met, he looked away and tried to pull back his collar but she stopped him.

"I don't care about the tattoos or what they signify anymore. What if I end up killing you? All I know is that we're still young," she sat beside him on the table taking his hand in hers and turning to face him, "I'm not professing my love to you now, I'm not that crazy yet."



He just looked at her, his lips parted and eyes glossed over from the tears welled up.

“I just want to run away where they can’t see me. Far enough that I lose myself,” Areum jumped down from the table to walk towards the window and turned back with a sad smile on her face, her hand outstretched, “Do you want to join me?”

- Pratishtha Mohanty

Student

Delhi Public School, Greater Faridabad





Radhika Batra

Radhika Batra, a postgraduate student in English literature is living her best life with writing as a passion and teaching as a profession. She is pursuing a Ph.D. in English Literature. She considers words to be an extension of her emotions which help her to express her feelings in an artistic way. She has made it to the **OMG BOOK OF RECORDS** and got her name inked in it for publishing 75 pieces of her writings in the minimum time frame.

Simple Living, High Thinking

Give importance to discipline and regulation. Draw your limits. A disciplined life bound by its limits earns respect and position on its own. Discipline gives value to life. High thinking is a ladder towards leading a great life; the opposite is its doom.

When your thinking stoops down, your soul embraces a frown. Once you learn to steer it, your life will on its own manage every bit. Useless pride, grave problems, lust, pointless jealousy, anger, rage, and extreme dislike - should never be given any space in life. These tend to defeat our internal power and prevent us from achieving our ambition. Do not give up your values and ideals for momentary happiness. Always try your best to imbed a powerful and strong character.

She has also been awarded The Leading Attainers Award, and The Best Penman Award 2022. She is a weaver of thoughts, a presenter of ideas, a seeker of belief, a charmer of letters, and a woman of syntaxes. She believes in living life with a simple and positive mindset. Writing a book was always on her bucket list, and eventually with 'The 100 pearls of life', it became reality. Her first book proved to be of great help to young readers. Her second book 'Bhagavad Gita: The epitome of wisdom' is a clear description of how much she loves writing. She says, "I don't know what's next but I am sure I won't rest."

Power of Determination

Problems, doubts, and needless calculations create a dark hole in our life. The more we sideline ourselves from these worries, the emptier we get and the emptier we get, the more natural strength, power, silence, love, pity, and good virtues start filling in us. Empty your mind for some time, this gives peace to your soul. This is a precious asset of life.

Never think that one individual alone cannot change anything. If we change, the world will change. We are not alone. When the goal is set right with determination, you will automatically feel God's blessings on you. Your determination will power and character will also inspire others. Believe in this. Nature's force will be on your side if your motive is for the good of others.



Radhika Batra

PhD Scholar - English
MRIIRS

Happiness Lies In Million

Little Things

Life is difficult, it is what we know and what we believe. We often wonder about the reason for our existence, which is still a mystery to us. We are so caught up in the pursuit of fame, fortune, and money that we lose sight of the more important things in life.

There was a time, when ordinary people like you and me, were always satisfied with whatever they had. It didn't matter if they were living a life of luxury or suffering from extreme poverty, they just wandered around with a smile and didn't want to get a lot many papers in their pockets.

As times change, so do humans have changed. Our needs are growing, our pockets are gleaming, and our happiness is declining by the hour.

“We have only one life, try to live it to the full”.

Find pleasure in the laughter of a little child who has fallen on the street. Enjoy the feeling you get when you eat palatable food.

Find happiness in the feeling you get when you sit down and put your feet back home after a long stressful day. Find happiness in the love and freedom you see shining on your parents' faces when they see you at the end of the day as if they didn't see you for years.

Find happiness when you see your loved ones after a long time and share memories. Find happiness in other people's happiness, their beauty, their love. Find the joy of a kind smile from a stranger who passes by. Find happiness in just being on time, doing nothing.

Find happiness in following your love and your skills, love your life to the fullest. Walk, eat, rest. Throw your worries out the window. Hold the book and start reading. Buy a magazine. Listen to music. Spend some quality time with your family, you will find peace in their happiness and a bond that will never break. Do whatever you like.

All of these small joyful moments make up for what is called life. It's not hard. It's simple. It's delicious. It's a privilege. It's a benediction.

- Radhika Batra

PhD Scholar - English

MRIIRS





Anisha Mathur

I am Anisha Mathur a student at Whitefield Global School. I am studying in grade 10th in Karnataka. I am fifteen years old, and I enjoy writing poems, listening to songs, reading novels and comic books.

Father's Day

Father's Day is such a wonderful day of the year,
For all the fathers we love are just near.
Father's Day is a day to cherish the fathers of the world and make them happy,
And this day turns them cheery from grumpy.
Father's Day reminds us of our father,
He helps us out with the things that bother.
Father is such a wonderful person,
Who help us from the things that worsen.
Father though loved dearly by everyone is very little understood,
As we do not sing his praises as often as we should.
Fathers are just wonderful in their very own ways,
But this day ..they get to play!
Our father keeps us safe,
Like jewellery kept in the safe.
They give us loving compliments to move forward,
A father doesn't tell you that he loves you but shows it to you.
A father's praise is like visit to God, which makes us happy from the very inside,
Because his imagination is just amazingly wide.

For the only reason fathers inspire us to grow
Is to help us blow the heads of the world
They help us find an interesting way towards
success

It's a brilliant method for the brain to make a
guess

They make the family proud
And let their royalty live in a comfortable cloud
They work hard day and night
to bring happiness and comfort in our life's
flight

They are a guardian and a guide
They are a someone we can trust and count on
And someone we always have on our side
Our father is always seen quiet and strict for
sometime

But he will love us for lifetime
He keeps us happy and smiling by taking all the
pain and troubles on himself
He's sometimes like closed books on the
bookshelf

We do understand whatever he does and we
appreciate it because no one else would do it for
us

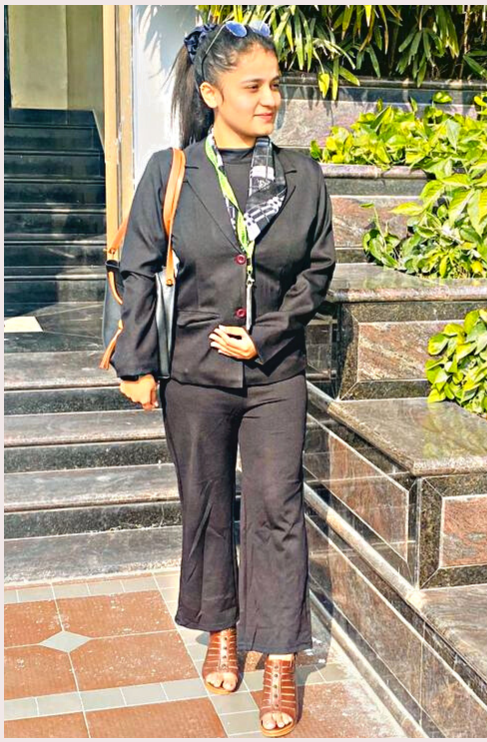
He fills our life with colours on a colourless
canvas

- Anisha Mathur

Student

Whitefield Global School





Srishti Rai

A lady friend of literature, who every second of life delves deeper into the world of commitment to the expressions. She looks forward to celebrate every aspect of the literary cosmos. She shares a bonding free from any blemishes with a bright tint of imperfections with the compositions.

Recital of an Indelible

Encounter

A lively soul of a single digit age,
A free bird with no exposure of a worldly cage.
With shimmering light in her eyes and glimmer
on her face,
A guileless naive acing the foundation of her
base.
Having a mind with unduly spirit of inquiry
and intrusive thoughts,
A sweet little lass contingent on her parental
support.
A purely untouched body with not even a
single scar,
But was destined to face the inhumanity below
the bar.

Having no intent, she stepped into the evil
demonic world;
A world of monsters out of the way from her
dreamworld.
Her flesh was feasted and ripped by a
perpetrator,
A villainous man who stripped her soul like a
sinister.
A family traitor venerated by her as an
exemplary idol,
Sexually assaulted and condemned her
survival.

She screamed with force, her vocal cords bled,
She pleaded for mercy, her hymen was shed.
Nobody has the right to penetrate into her
genital,

A horrible imagery of blood and pain being
terrible.

The little girl lost her radiance and cried for
death,
Survived through pain and difficult breaths.

She was found disrobed with clots of blood,
Was lying lost and lifeless on mud.

The smile on her face spun into ocean of tears,
Her heart and soul wrapped into a lifelong fear.
Traumatized she, broken parents with thunder
in eyes,

Safeguarding their daughter and all set to fight.
Filed a complaint, waited for her to heal a bit,
Doctors restricted her even to talk for a minute.
Female incharge asked her a set of questions in
a confidential room,

She faltered, but spoke the fact and the
inspector again resumed.

A set of inquiries for days transpired, critical
analysis of evidences,

She was resolute to avail justice even in the
reduced circumstances.



After a month of obligation, the criminal
was finally caught,
Justice prevailed, was put behind the bars to
rot.

An appeal was to sentence him to death,
Given life time imprisonment inclusive of
punishment in each of his breath.

A warrior with a fighting spirit at such a
tender age,

Survived the worst, still ready to shine in
every phase.

A man who respects the dignity of a woman,
Can only be righteously reckoned as a
gentleman.

Filled with real strength, womanhood she
possesses is her shield,

Mastering the skills to rise in every field.

Facing the obstacles with determination,
ready to conquer the universe,

She is a growing woman with fire that
burns.

- Srishti Rai

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester





Leeharika Jindal

She is a literature student pursuing a Bachelors degree in English Honours from Manav Rachna International Institute Of Research and Studies. She is a lively girl with buoyant personality who is as distinct and unique as her name. She aspires to become a writer because someone else's words have changed her life in some way, and she hopes that one day her words will do the same for someone else.

Deceptive Parental Altruism

We are always in the awe of children,
And yet we treat them like nothing but object
left to rotten.

They are introduced to the family as "good
news",

And yet all we give them is a permanent
bruise.

We bring them new clothes, gift them new
toys,

And yet make them realize that they should
be grateful for we feed them and buy stuff
that brings them joy.

We call them our source of happiness,
And yet are enraged even at their tiniest of
carelessness.

Spilled milk can be wiped off the floor,
But the rash words once heard by child, will
be forever locked behind the mind's door.

I hope parents could realize that at times
their actions are malicious,

Comparing your child to others is derogatory
and somewhere pernicious.

It is a persistent assault on their sense of
value,

Making them lose their self-esteem for once
and for all out of the blue.

Sticks and stones may break the bones,
But unnecessary screaming and taunting
can cause permanent psychological
damage that gives pain more than that of
broken bones.

Beating and lashing may cause skin deep
scars,

But scolding and criticizing leaves
everlasting scars.

And those unseen wounds cannot be
treated by therapies or surgeries,
Nor would the unseen scars be healed by
remedies.

Love is all that they need,
But they will not run after you and ask for
you to pay them heed.

Be close to them,
Before its the time that you lose them.

They may stay in front of your eyes,
But will never belong to that premise.
You will search for sweet happiness in the
conversations,
And all that they'll utter would be bitter
poison and you'll regret the ramifications.



It is a parent's right to give their child a
reality check,
Not disrespecting and humiliating them out
of the heck.
Grant them the dignity of their choice,
Rather than always being ready with a
solution of your poise.

- Leeharika Jindal

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester





Vani Jaiswal

Here are you reading about a girl Vani Jaiswal, daughter of Mr. Sunil Jaiswal and Mrs. Bhoomi Jaiswal who is very passionate about exploring the world through her writing. Being a writer it's not about fame, it's about how you influence your surroundings. Poetry is an escape from reality and fabricating your fantasy.

Trapped under Gloomy World

Amidst of the world domicile in chaos,
Leave ourselves in pathos.
Deadly COVID-19 virus entered in our life,
Made it difficult for us to strife.

With heavy heart, government announced
lockdown,
The places went shuttered and people
bogged down.
Social distancing turned out to be guard,
Trapped under a mask becomes hard.

All parents taught their children
Kitchen tables turned desks.
But play times without their friends
The rule was clear: no guests!

Collection of hobbies came out in gloomy
world,
Lockdown persuaded everyone with a new
vision and words.
Attending the classes of school online,
Students are losing the original vibe.
Laying on bed and watching movie whole
night,
The only job that can excite.

The shadow of covid-19 cost my treasure,
Having seen my loved ones miserable seized
my pleasure.

The giant wave of a virus devastated the
whole world,
To spell this petrified situation, people are
short of words.

But lockdown has set a new vision for better
side,

With this, minds are opening wide.
To get back to that happy life was my
calling,

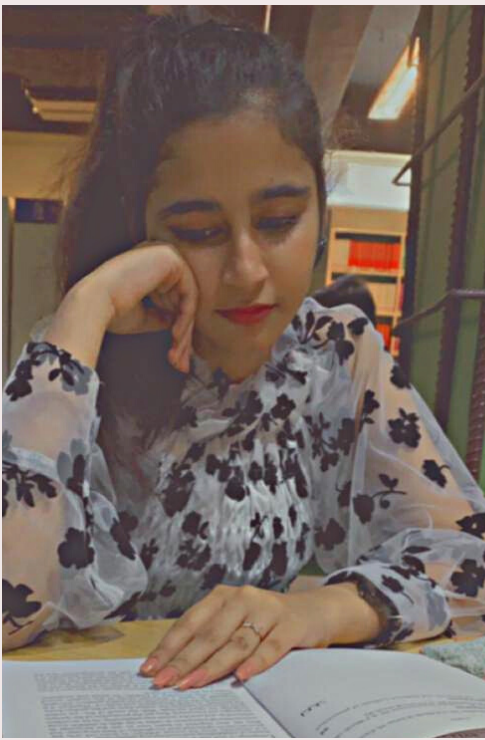
A path of hope and enthusiasm was still
following.

We have been running to fast,
It almost feels like we needed to pause.
We must !!!..

- Vani Jaiswal

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester





Riya Kaushik

She is Riya Kaushik currently pursuing her bachelors degree in English literature and is driven by passion and hardwork to accomplish each and every goal of her life. She is 19 years old by age and truly devoted to entrepreneurship. She is a soul who attracts everyone by the charm of her nature of writing. She has fixed goals in life and is walking on a pathway of manifesting them by one by one.

A Day in My Life

A day in my life was destined by the lord,
To teach me, for every being life doesn't have similar chords.
Widely I took a sight in this diverse,
Infinite are blessed but handful are surely cursed.

The global terminology denotes them as orphan,
Is it really true or are they just forgotten?
By their birth givers or by the entire whole,
Ignored like they don't really possess a soul.

Human is a complex species, that's what I have studied,
Not aware of the fact, it can effortlessly crush a life, just buded.
To them motherly love, fatherly affection were not existing,
Sufferings, aches were the only emotions their life was consisting.

All they were emitting, was a strange
peace,
In the desert of spikes, those innocent
faces, sparkling eyes were calming
breeze.
Pragmatically, I witnessed few
endangered species alarming need to be
preserve,
Sadly, they arnt having an inch of what
they actually deserve.

- Riya Kaushik

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester





Tanisha Kapoor

I am Tanisha Kapoor, student of Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies. Poetry is the noise in my head that I want to express in a few words. It keeps me on the surface but I want to swim deeper.

My Fantasy Owner

You are mine,
From the scratches you leave on my skin
to the marks I have on my soul, you are
mine.

From the desire I have for you to the
fantasies I wish for you, you are mine.
From the corner of your lips to the tip of
your fingers you hold onto me, you are
mine.

From the past being my witness to the
reality I am living in, you are mine.

From the love I did ever since I saw you
to the love you secretly do to me, you
are mine.

From every inch of yours to each sigh
you take, you are mine.

From my untouched skin to my touched
soul, you are mine.

You were and always stay mine.

Even if your presence is owned by
someone else.

- Tanisha Kapoor

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester



Simarjeet Kaur

Simarjeet Kaur is a final year student of literature at MRIIRS. She's a person with diverse and progressive thoughts. She has her hands clear on writing expressions which makes her stand out from herd. Her writings are of simple diction making it easy for everyone to read.

Unkown Demons

Our hearts will always touch,
searching for the lost soul,
wondering why I am here,
where life is an illusion.

I wish I could go back,
when I feel like I can't go on,
The one untold truth,
Burned the beauty alone.

We' re living in a world,
where happiness welcomes to disaster
Feeling like a lonely star,
Lost in pain is a daily battle.

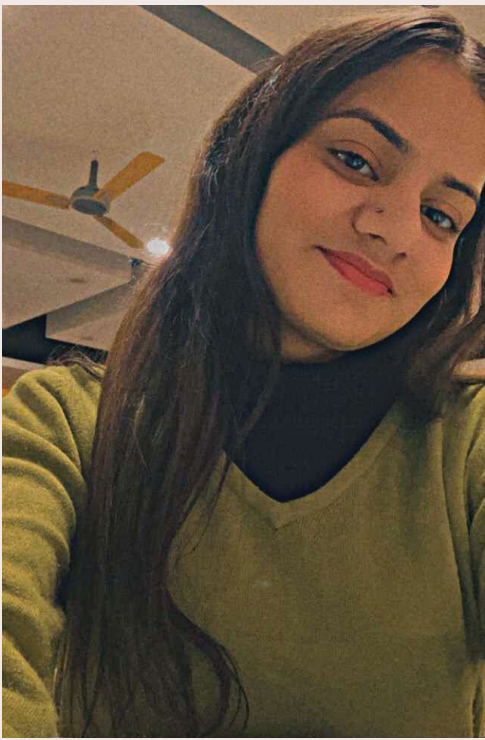
A stranger comes to call asking,
how could I be so lonely?
Just like the sunshine after rain,
I have a mask of mysterious pain
I 'm a master now for unwilling wishes,
A monster of oppression comes to right,
The darkness inside comes out,
And makes me love a cold dark corner,
hearing the voice of addiction.

A speechless struggling face,
No way out of misery, the door's closed,
The demons of darkness,
hiding my scars.....

- Simarjeet Kaur

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester





Priya Vashisht

Priya Vashisht is a final year student of literature at MRIIRS. She's a creative mind with confident attitude. The field of writing has been her strength and a medium to express all of her thoughts. She holds the capability to bring change through her meaningful and impactful writing.

Someone Lost

The last word from his side is Goodbye!
We won't end up together but somehow it happened,
The essence of our bond eventually died
and we face the mishappen.
The connection I feel is like tulips opening in
spring,
I prefer him over everything.
I believe I owe him,
But he became hero in someone's film.
His touch resembles crisp,
And his betrayal shown in clip.
The love I desire seems unfulfilled,
He is busy in rebuild.
His departure feels like a cold wind,
And I feel myself confined in sins.
The sparkle of my life seems dim,
It break my self esteem.
He ruined me completely,
and abandoned me discretely.
The love I showered upon him now looks
meaningless,
and being cursed with indecisiveness.
I try to impress, striving for the best,
and expect nothing less.
I want to scream, I want to cry
But I hold my emotions from flying,

And create a greater version of mind and it's a sign

To owe my mind, to not follow blind

I am pulling myself from darkness,

Somehow it make me heartless.

It seems difficult to trust,

because my faith is covered with rust.

The one whom I considered by my side,

Is the one who stole my pride.

Fragrance of his fake love turned into musty,

which eventually turned our love vision dusty.

He keeps ignoring me to flee,

and suddenly fly like bee.

I feel disheartened why this happened?

but somehow I am satisfied that this happened.

I can't hold him back,

somewhere things are back on track.

Flashbacks of our nostalgic memories haunt me,

questioning myself how could I be trapped in

his hands

My love suffers various ups and downs,

but this time he became the clown.

I feel regret over my decision to choose him.

unintentionally he dropped me in a sea to swim.

- Priya Vashisht

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester





Iqra Saifi

My name is Iqra. I am currently pursuing B.A. (Hons.) English from Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies. I love dancing and doing creative works.

Wartime: My Heart

Weeps

A virus came,
And got the fame.
My heart weeps and says
What is this happening?
Five thousand new positive cases
Six thousand yesterday
Seven times I prayed
Eight times I knew
Nine or ninety thousand cases pending
Ten times I said, Virus I hate you
Eleven O- clock and trying to sleep
Twelve, I cannot lie
Too exhausted to cry
One O-clock already -Horrorified And terrified,
Feeling utmost pain- Finally, I cry.

- Iqra Saifi

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester



Aryan Anand

I am Aryan Anand, student of Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies. I am in 5th semester of B.A. (Hons.) English. My hobby is playing cricket and swimming. I'm an energetic person with passion to complete my work.

To the Girl who Replaced Me

Hello lady, you may know nothing about me. He may say nothing about my existence, you may never hear about me but I was the girl before you, the girl who loved him to the core of her world. I was the girl he looked at with love in his eyes. I was the girl who held a place in his soft heart. I was the one he found refuge in. I was the one he held hands with. I hope you never find about how we fell apart. I hope you never experience that pain.

It still hurts that we drifted apart, it hurts more to know to know that he found a replacement of me when I thought I was his first and forever love, but I guess I was wrong. He is not the same man.

I hope he loves you enough to keep you happy forever. He has been through hell, he has seen the worst, he found love and lost it, please take care of his soft heart and nurture it with care. I hope you become the last love of his life, I hope you never have to leave him like the way I did.

Lady, you don't even know how blessed you are to have him in your life. He is the best that could happen to anyone yet we parted ways. It hurts me up to date that we were never meant to be. Please don't hurt him the way I did. I hope you learn how to love his flaws and live with him when he feels like running away from the world. I hope you learn how to embrace him when everything is falling apart and above that all, I hope you learn that you are his future and I'm his forgotten past.

Cherish every moment you have with him. Love him as if there's no tomorrow. I know that he loves hard and deeply and he may do impossible to keep you with him, please never leave him.

Be the coolness to his eyes.

I hope you never have to sleep with the guilt of breaking someone you love.

I hope that you will never see the darkest days alone.

I hope that you two live an eternity of happiness.

- Aryan Anand

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester





Jyoti Panchal

Jyoti Panchal, a girl who with her wit and determination aces the world. She has interest in literature and fabrication of words.

Reminiscence

Do you remember when the rain smelt sweet?

Watching silver showers lashing at the river from your window

Do you remember when cinema was worth watching?

The drama, the action, the dialogue

Do you remember when music had meaning?

Lyrics speaking to your very existence

Do you remember when you could see the stars at night?

Glimmering like cats eyes in the darkness

Do you remember when woes had meaning?

The pages that spoke to your soul

Do you remember when love was romantic?

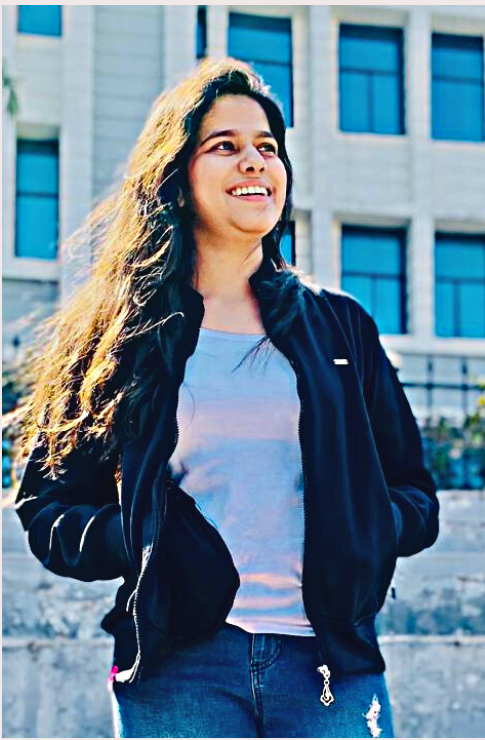
Not manufactured gestures for social media

Do you remember when life felt worth living?

Do you remember?

- Jyoti Panchal

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester



Krishna Bhati

Krishna Bhati, a student of literature who believes in the significant expression of humanity.

The Imaginary Standards

Every person has his/her own perspective of life and he/she works accordingly. And in this fast changing world one can't tell the intensions that a mind carries. The sad reality is that almost every person is wearing a mask of happiness and satisfaction which is totally fake and temporary. Every individual is in a need of a person with whom they can share all their dark secrets without the fear of getting them public. But, in this fast changing times, its quite hard to find a decent person.

There are many imaginary aspects that an individual has created in their mind and depict them as their standards of living. They have fixed a boundary which continuously reminds them of a high standard society. And yes, this society is full of people who judge you, criticize you and makes you feel guilty for the deeds you haven't done! And the worst part is that this judgement is not on the basis in which you are comfortable, rather they judge you on the aspects which they are perfect in.

These fake standards are just ruining us and are making us believe that we are good at nothing and are stopping us from thinking out of the box. Let me clear one thing that they criticize us because of the fear that we may get better than them and can get more respectable life than them.

“ We have to believe in ourselves that we have the capability to perform and we will perform”. No one can take away the talent and capability that we have. What we have to do is just to believe in ourselves and work hard with full dedication and passion.

- Krishna Bhati

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester





Meetal Yadav

My name is Meetal Yadav. I am currently pursuing English Honours from Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies. My hobbies are exploring new food, listening songs and reading books. I love to play cricket since childhood and always wished to become a cricketer. I am an introvert and express my views by writing them down.

Final Ending!

A promise of forever started with you and me,
You ruined my life on the contrary.
It's absolutely okay to not to be a perfect one
But it's not okay to pretend like someone.

Every time we talked, you lied to me,
Played a victim card and set yourself free.
I genuinely cared for our little one with whom

You pretended to be perfect.

All you did to me and my kid was absurd.

For her future, I want to become an inspiration.

Will teach her to fight in every situation.

Now it's a perfect time to end things between you and me.

There no single time, I ever want to see,

Your face and anything related to you.

Finally I know my worth and right value.

- Meetal Yadav

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester



Rupal Vashist

My name is Rupal Vashist . I am currently pursuing my graduation from Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies. I have a keen interest in writing and travelling. Exploring new places is one of the things I love to do . One day I wish to explore the whole world and complete my travel diary.

I Adore You

There is a place of peace
There is a place of joy
A place away from loneliness
A place away from pain
That place is next to you
A secret garden,
where black and white becomes a colorful place
of loving, Kisses, touching, Caressing
There with you and only you
Cares of the world melting away
Anger and fear are not allowed
Prejudice cannot enter
A place where two hearts beats as one
A place where two souls are interwoven,
Touching the inner-place of one another
A place that I long to come back
again and again
A place of sweet abandon
A place next to you.
You give light to my soul
You helped me to be whole
I feel love for you before
And It will be more and more
You are mine, my dear
You are the angel from above
Who taught me how to love
Please, forever Keep me near

- Rupal Vashist

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester



Manisha Choudhary

My name is Manisha Choudhary, currently pursuing English Honours from Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies. I like to explore new places, interact with people, to read novels and to listen songs. I am an extrovert and love to watch movies all the time. I express my thoughts by writing poetry and articles.

The Final Farewell

On the last day of this peculiar year,
I bid farewell to the old pain I have been
feeding my heart.

I bid farewell to the old friends who never
really touched my heart.

I bid farewell to all the soul ties who are
crushing my soul.

I bid farewell to my dear lover who no
longer cherishes our home.

I bid farewell to that one sided love that was
giving me false hope.

I bid farewell to that enemy I had, I know
we both are past that all.

I bid farewell to the loved ones I lost, you
will forever be cherished in our hearts and
souls.

I finally bid farewell to the old me, who no
longer fits in the life I'm creating and am
ready to behold.

- Manisha Choudhary

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester



Astha Gupta

My name is Astha Gupta and I am doing my graduation from Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies. I possess many goals in my life like enjoying my college life to the fullest, and develop life time friendships and get a degree with good grades.

O Almighty!

When the path is dark
And no one is near
O Almighty! Only You are there,
Who brings us out of all the fear
People are harsh and cruel
They are caught in desire
Their hatred is burning them like fire.

O Almighty! Guide them,
Show them the path of honesty and
benevolence
People are poor and hungry,
They are in misery and are hopeless.
They are tired of searching and are helpless.

O Almighty! Help them,
Hold their hands and save them
Faith on you is the only way,
To come out of every dilemma
Your omnipresence is felt by me,
But also keep giving signs,
To the ones who forget you sometimes.

- Astha Gupta

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester



Ashish Kumar

My Name Is Ashish Kumar. I am the student of Manav Rachna International Institute Of Research AStudies. I hail from Kishanganj,Bihar. I am pursuing BA (HONS.) - English and is currently in 5th Semester. My hobbies are reading novels, writing stories, playing football and listening to music.

A Winter Morning with my Family

It was a chilly winter morning. I was at home since the schools were closed due to the intense cold and fog outside. I did not want to get out of my blanket due to the comfort and warmth it provided but it was also not possible to sleep the day off. I got up and freshened up. After my breakfast was completed, I along with my family watched movies on the television. After sometime when the cold outside had decreased somewhat, I suggested going out and playing badminton as it would both heat up our bodies and we would also enjoy together. All of my family members agreed and we played our hearts out. Although all of us gave very tough competition, but no one could beat my dad. He was always unbeatable in badminton. My elder sister and I were very proud. After that we all freshened up and took rest as we all were very tired.

- Ashish Kumar

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester



Prabhneet Kaur

My name is Prabhneet Kaur. I am currently studying BA (HONS) English course . I am a fifth semester student. My goal in life is to achieve success in whatever thing I will do.

A Soldier's Cry

I saw a man resting under a tree,
With his blood running free,
The sun had covered every ground,
Except the place which the man had
found ,

His eyes half open to see the light,
To make sure his heart was beating right,
He showed one hand to call for me,
While the other fixed tight on his
bleeding knee,

He said “I lost my leg during the blast,
But I fought with myself to battle till the
last,
My brothers fought really brave,
Satisfied that country flag will embrace
their grave,

Tell my brother's not to die for caste or
creed,
Or show the blacks their greed,
Then why do we shed our light,
With darkness within by inhuman fights,

As I battled my way out of my mothers
womb,
Now I will be returning to her in a tomb,
Give me a promise that will never die,
To tell my countrymen this is a
SOLDIER'S CRY”.

- Prabhneet Kaur

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester





Khushal Mehlawat

Khushal Mehlawat is a final year literature student pursuing a Bachelors degree in English Honours from Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies. He is a lively soul and loves to pen down his thoughts and express them through the medium of poetry.

No Way Out

She broke her rules for him,
And he like everyone else showed her exactly
why they were made for her in the first place.
A girl who lived life on her own terms,
Now remains grounded for years.
She was chained,
So were her dreams.
Then one day the chains were removed,
She thought her spirit would lift up,
But even her legs weren't able to move.
Now she was chained in real sense,
Not by those actual chains,
But by her own mind and soul.
This time they didn't fight,
Neither did they screamed liked they used to,
They sat there silently,
Without even the slightest of desire of being
free.
For now she was really chained.
Her soul was covered with the the scars his
cruelty gave her,
And now there was no way out.

- Khushal Mehlawat

BA(Hons) - English - 5th Semester



Sriya Das

Sriya Das is a student of Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies pursuing a B.A. (Honours) in English. She loves to write poems. She writes on several themes. Her writeups are very fascinating. Poems mostly come from her experiences and observations. She also loves to do experiments.

Is it Broken...?

Is it you who is not you anymore
Is it you who used to be my ranger,
Has become a stranger
Is it you who used to pick all my
calls up
Now, doesn't even bother to know
the reason of my call
Is it you who made many promises
Promises, which are now broken
into many small pieces
Promises, which were just words
written on sand
Was that bond meant to be broken
Is it broken or just waiting to be
broken
Not sure about bond but hopes, if
you still feel something anything,
I will wait for your heart melting
reply, right here.

- Sriya Das

BA(Hons) - English - 3rd Semester



Aman Kakkar

Aman Kakkar is a Gold medalist in B.A. (Hons) English at MRIIRS, Faridabad. Currently he is pursuing M.A. English from the same institute. It is his passion to write. A number of his articles and poems have been published or are in the pipeline. Feminism is deeply engrained in Aman's consciousness, and he plans to publish a book on the subject soon. Recently, he has also published his debut novel on Homosexuality titled, "Uniquely-Unique". He has won several accolades in literary activities. He aims to become a professor of English literature. As a positive influencer, Aman strives to spread positive vibes for people to unlock their full potential and succeed in all facets of life.

Inner Storm

My heart was close to the knife.

My foolishness caused me to sit and cry

I did not realise what I have done and what led to this strife.

Blood mixed with the tears, falling slowly to the ground caused exasperated sigh.

I pulled myself up, covered in blood and wrote in tears.

To those who do not care, to those who can not see and especially to the ultimate traitor.

The freedom to be free is never to be given up, Wasn't sure how many people would cry later.

But, I was so much done with this committed treason.

As quickly as she, a friend dashed to the door.

I am too weak to apologise her , but everything i did has a reason.

I stared at the blue sad day with the tears in my eyes: Let me suffer more.

See my blood pool and me when you come.

Is my life supposed to be like this? Cannot Fathom.

- Aman Kakkar

MA - English - 3rd Semester



Charvi Sharma

A published writer, a passionate girl with ambitions and dreams. The one who puts people and souls on paper. The one who allow the passion to breath through her wings. She draws noble delight from sentiments of poetry and make hidden beauty of words more familiar to the reader.

A Woman I Know

Although her wings were pinned,
Bearing the thorns,
Shielding from thorns,
Her unseen beauty can't be inked.
Cursed or teased,
She stays upright, unbent and pleased.
There is no one no where
Who looks so familiar.
She wilt and fall,
Root and rise in order to bloom.
Tell me how she found the strength,
She carries vivid chaos too overhead.
Copious or cramped,
Doomed or disband,
Whatever is the state,
Where she found the hope
To rise the mighty pride.
Whether barefooted or heeled,
Anxious or afraid,
Whenever it is danger to her kin,
She fight until she reach the light.
Nature to nurture and a home she adorn.
A woman I know,
Steady and miraculous,
Shine so luminous in the world
Where she was born.

- Charvi Sharma

B.Sc (N&D) - 3rd Semester



Charvi Sharma

Growing Old

Growing old is not about being aged.

It is the wisdom you get through experiences and being raised.

What though your walk falter?

What though your tongue refuse to talk?

You are still confident and bold.

What if your hearing is not as keen as in the past it may have been.

Still, you have gained, learned and applied.

Still you have the sense of broad perspective.

Sometimes you are overwhelmed,

Sometimes you are hurt.

Now, you are mature enough,

Enough to understand the critics and gravity.

What if the visibility dulls,

your hands shiver and those regular body aches.

Someday we all will perish and return to dust.

'Cause nothing in nature forever resists.

- Charvi Sharma

B.Sc (N&D) - 3rd Semester



Ritu Kalra

I have done my M.Phil in English and is currently pursuing Phd. I am into life coaching. I have passion for reading, writing and teaching. I've my own NGO, Sledgehammer Foundation, where we take care of underprivileged children.

The Birthday Gift

It was mid of July, and Aditi- the younger daughter of Arunima and Parth; was very excited that her mommy's birthday was approaching in August. Aditi wanted to surprise her mother with a memorable present. Aditi went to Arunima and asked her that during her childhood days what were the things that she wanted to do or any movie, anything that she wanted but could not do at that time to tell her those.

Arunima was hushed, she was deep in her thoughts while thinking of an answer to give to her daughter who was preparing for her birthday. Aditi was immensely inquisitive to hear her response but Arunima didn't speak a word about this. That made Aditi glum and astonished over how is it possible that mum had no remembrances to share. This simple question from her child took her back into memory lane when she was in school, then when she entered college.

Arunima had a small family, her parents, and a younger brother. Her dad was in a job and her mother was a homemaker. Their way of living was like any other family during those times, that was in the early eighties.

Only expeditions were during birthdays or parents' anniversaries which was also not customary. Arunima didn't recall much about celebrating birthdays. All she could remember was her first birthday, as it was a lavish revelry that too what she could see through albums. Arunima's daily routine as a school-going girl was spartan- just back and forth to school, studying, assisting her mother in the kitchen, and television at night. Her dad was stringent with academic grades. In grade 10th she couldn't score much so, she had to transfer to a new school in grade 11. Adjusting to the new school was exceedingly challenging for her, but she was lovely and beaming always. Few boys at her school took advantage of her being simple and polite. She couldn't take up the stress and started falling sick quite often. She was not able to cope with her studies too. Loneliness and setback affected her entire disposition, unfortunately, she couldn't tell anything to her parents as the parent-child relationship at that time was not of that type as it is today. Father's judgment in the family was of utmost precedence.

Arunima passed her senior secondary school examination. She was preparing for the medical entrance exam. She tried for two years but couldn't clear, she didn't have a knack for it but couldn't justify it to anybody. She took a correspondence course and started supporting her father in his business which was in a tricky stage. Finances were always a concern of the family. Arunima never was tormented.



She was loved by her parents but maybe their expectations for Arunima to meet were high. She went through a lot, from bullying to molestation in school as she couldn't share, it stayed sowed in her heart and always stifled her.

She was loved by her parents but maybe their expectations for Arunima to meet were high. She went through a lot, from bullying to molestation in school as she couldn't share, it stayed sowed in her heart and always stifled her.

It was during this time she met Parth through a common acquaintance. They fell in deeply for each other. Parth wanted to marry her and was determined but Arunima had that fear, she knew it would be a difficult path as they belong to different castes. However, Parth's love and his longing to be with her, got them married after a difficult course of long eleven years. A daughter was born to them and, four years later they became parents again but the voyage was never easy. Arunima sacrificed a lot to win over relationships and in that process, she lost her self-identity and self-confidence. It continued, the situation changed but did not end. Arunima practiced Buddhism, she felt prayers and action will be the only solution. There was round about change in life from finances to relationships. But still, she was unable to gather the intrepidity to voice out the right. She still yearns for somebody to understand her heart.



She wanted to get her confidence back. But that seemed to be challenging. She had a palatial home, an affectionate husband, and two beautiful daughters but her quest for self-identity continues.

When Aditi was asked to think about something that she wants as a gift, she saw herself in the mirror and it was as if her entire past life became visible. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She couldn't apprehend, there was so much despair. She felt her life has no beautiful memories that she can narrate to her children.

When Aditi saw Arunima distressed she didn't expect the reason, she just hugged her, smiled, and said, "Even if you don't tell mom, I will surprise you with the best gift and it will be your favorite because you are the best!"

Those words uplifted her life, it was like water on parched ground. Arunima had tears of joy and said to herself "My daughter is grown now".

- Ritu Kalra

PhD Scholar - English

MRIIRS





रितु कालरा

I have done my M.Phil in English and is currently pursuing Phd. I am into life coaching. I have passion for reading, writing and teaching. I've my own NGO, Sledgehammer Foundation, where we take care of underprivileged children.

'कोमल है, कमजोर नहीं... तुम्हारे

घर की शान है वो'

- हर बेटी पढ़े, निडर बने और बेटा जिम्मेदार, तभी शिक्षा का महत्व होगा पूरा

वर्ष 2012 में निर्भया कांड के बाद दुष्कर्म पीड़िताओं के लिए बने कानून में कुछ बदलाव हुआ। वहीं सरकार ने भी 'बेटी बचाओ-बेटी पढ़ाओ' अभियान के अंतर्गत बेटी को पढ़ाया जाएगा, तो वो अपनी सुरक्षा और अपने अधिकारों के प्रति जागरूक होगी। परंतु आज भी बच्चियों और महिलाओं के प्रति अनुचित व्यवहार इस सीमा तक बढ़ रहा है कि आत्मा को अंदर तक झंझोड देता है। अब हर उम्र की बच्चियों और महिलाओं से दुष्कर्म के मामले बढ़ रहे हैं, एक वर्ष की बच्ची से लेकर 80 वर्ष की बुजुर्ग महिलाओं तक के मामले सामने आ रहे हैं। जिसे देखते हुए मां-बाप गर्भ में ही बेटियों की हत्या को मजबूर हो रहे हैं, या फिर कम उम्र में उनका विवाह कर उन्हें शिक्षा और दुनियादारी से दूर कर देते हैं।

आज के प्रश्न: क्यों बढ़ रहे हैं दुष्कर्म के मामले? अधिकतर नाबालिग लड़कियां क्यों होती हैं इस अमानवीय व्यवहार का शिकार? एक दस- बाहर वर्ष की बालिका, जिसने अभी किशोरावस्था में भी कदम ही नहीं रखा है, जिंदगी को अभी देखना भी नहीं शुरू किया, उसकी आत्मा और शरीर पर इतना बड़ा आघात क्यों? ऐसी बच्ची को पढ़ने का मौका ही नहीं मिला, फिर जागरूकता कैसे आती? क्या जागरूकता इसे बचा सकती है? इन हादसों से बाहर आना और अपने आप को समेट कर फिर खड़े हो जाना शायद यह हर लड़की के लिए संभव नहीं?

बचपन में माँ: पिछले 10 वर्षों में रेप केसों की संख्या बढ़ती ही जा रही है। इनमें बहुत सारे मामलों ऐसे होते हैं, जो माता-पिता दर्ज ही नहीं करवाना चाहते, क्योंकि समाज के सवालियों को झेल पाना असंभव हो जाता है। वहीं जहाँ आज बाल विवाह अपराध है, लेकिन घरेलू नौकर आज भी अपनी बेटियों का विवाह 12 से 15 वर्ष की उम्र में कर देते हैं। ऐसे में 12 वर्ष की बालिका जो कल तक गलियों में सहेलियों के साथ खेलती नजर आती थी, अब उसको मां बोलती है, 'तेरी शादी हो गई, अब ऐसे खेलना नहीं' 15 वर्ष की बालिका क्या समझती घर और पति। उससे पहले वो मां बनने की तैयारी कर लेती है। 'जब इनकी मां से पूछा जाता है कि क्यों अपनी कम उम्र की लड़कियों का विवाह किया तो वह कहती है, इनको समाज में रहने वालों की बुरी नजर से कौन बचाएगा। इसलिए अपने घर जाए।'

सब दुष्कर्म है: दुष्कर्म तो दुष्कर्म है, फिर यदि वह जबरदस्ती से हो, या फिर नाबालिग लड़की का शादी के नाम पर आत्मसमर्पण।

कारण यह भी है: कोई लड़का यदि किसी नाबालिग लड़की के साथ जबरदस्ती करता है तो उसकी अपनी मानसिक स्थिति क्या होगी। कमाई का जरिया न होना, नशे की आदत, गलत देखना और गलत जानने की जिज्ञासा ही किसी को अनैतिक कार्य के लिए प्रोत्साहित करती है।

पायदान नहीं: कोई भी लड़का यह समझे बेटी कुदरत का सबसे अनमोल रत्न है। वह न तो दरवाजे पर पड़ा हुआ पायदान है, जिस पर जूता रखा और चल दिए, न ही कोई



वस्तु है, जिसके साथ मन भरने तक खेला, मजा आने तक इस्तेमाल किया, फिर फेंक दिया।

दें सही राह: बेटियों को पढ़ाना बहुत जरूरी है, परंतु इनकी सुरक्षा तभी होगी जब बेटों को भी लड़कियों की इज्जत करनी सिखाई जाएगी। बेटों को सही राह दें। ताकि जब उनके घर बेटी आए, तो इज्जत दें सके। हर वह व्यक्ति जो समाज में रहकर समाज के लिए कुछ भी करना चाहता है, वो इन कुरीतियों को खत्म करने की कोशिश करें। हम आपने आस-पास पौधे तो बहुत लगा देते हैं, पर जो मासूम पौधा कहीं मसला जा रहा है, उसकी रक्षा नहीं कर पाते। इसलिए हर बेटी पढ़े, निडर बने और बेटा जिम्मेदार बने, तभी शिक्षा का महत्व पूरा होगा।

- रितु कालरा।

PhD Scholar - English

MRIIRS

