

Annual Book 2012-13

Liquid

Imaginations

Compiled by Akanksha Srivastav

WriterBabu

Writerbabu Online Services Pvt. Ltd

Assortment of the best of the posts at writerbabu.com written by passionate and confident writers and their short self-introduction.

Compilation by akanksha srivastav

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This book is dedicated to every author
at www.writerbabu.com for their
priceless contribution and all
passionate readers and abiders.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I am not the one who has written this book, but still I have to write the acknowledgement, and from the bottom of my heart I feel thankful to all the writers and readers of WriterBabu.

I got down writing this acknowledgement, which I had been delaying since forever, because of my little sister Akanksha Srivastava. Thanks to her.

It was around 3rd November it was decided that Writerbabu will have its first annual book. So with no thinking of the amount of time it will take to shortlist about 100 posts from 1500 posts I started the work, frustrated in just one day I talked to my friend Neelesh Sahay and Aanya Verma. They readily took up this huge task along with Akanksha. This book had been impossible without them. Thanks to them from all corners and middle of my heart.

I am greatfull to my parents for being so patient and supportive in the journey of Writerbabu which has just begun.

Thanks again to Akanksha Srivastava to help finish this book.

By srijan srivastava

CONTENTS

About	10
Posts assembly	
Cadbury in blood	11
Silly tears	12
Liquid imaginations	13
To dear dustbin,...with love	14
Memories remain	19
Quit smoking	20
The dreams of a vagabond	22
The new India	23
Who lamha	25
The unit test	27
Why	29
Sometime...someplace	30
Dead poets society	31
Nostalgic bangles	32
Media war	34
Humhari tanhai nishani hai kisi k chahat ki	35
Khud ko bhool jaate hain	35
Yun chalte rahe kadam	36
Adhuri kavita	37
Lonely road of broken dreams	38
कुछ पल - मेरे लिए...	39
Children of god	41
Smoking kills(strictly not about smoking)	42
Kuch anjani si lehren hain	46
Death sentence	48
He goes	51
The dark night	52
What is I***?	54

After about a year, I can't believe I am	56
Ik pyaari si muskaan meri zindagi hai	59
What I want	60
समर्पण	61
Heroine	62
निशान अब भी बाकी...	63
Pure chaos	64
Girti imarat	67
We-the common people(आम आदमी)	69
माँ	70
साजिश	71
इश्क से उलझ गया हूँ	72
If only, you had time tonight	73
Ami asto! ami asto!	75
पेट्रोल	78
The girl	79
Tera khayaal	80
Kyun tumhe, kya lagta hai	81
To begin with the beginning	83
Possessive and proud	84
Who are you without your name	88
A tribute to indopak soldiers	90
An evening on roof top	91
Chocolate fantasy	92
Kuch bhool si gayi hain	93
Khuda ki inayato se jab mausam aks badalti	93
एकांत का स्वर	94
Not listening for the first time	95
मैंने तो बचपन से...	97
Mahapalika waala bargad	98
Miss u daadu	99
Intezaar	100
Ek siddat si hai	101
Bhutulu's car	102
How I eat idly?	105

Ear rings and gems chocolates	109
Half-truths	111
The mystery behind the tears	112
Mohabbat	114
Yaadein	114
Aadat ho jaati hai	115
Kuch kehna tha, so keh dya	116
उस गरीब माँ के पास...	118
Aitbaaro se bhari duniya hai	119
Droplets as pearl	119
Under the dark sky, in the grey night!	120
To die..a million times	122
Numbness	123
Abyss(smiles)	124
Modern Girl	125
If tomorrow never comes	126
The unsolved mystery of a lost girl	127
Mine, used by others	130
Insomniata	132
Maine ugte suraj ko dekha	133
Kaaran	134
A daughter I'll finally be	135
Being a girl	137
Vo daastan	138
भीगी सी शाम	139
Sins of mediocrity	142
Pinjre ka parinda	145
Abhi raat baaki hai	145
Jab they met	146
I talked to Jesus. Jesus says I'm ok	149
My own way	153
Papa you are still a kid	154
Warning: the following article may contain...	156
Mom's routine	160
Sisters are blessings of god	161
A ride in delhi metro	162

A fairytale	164
I hope you had the time of your life	167
The funny neck and more	172
Pinjre ka parinda	174
Power packed punches	175
Acrostic: "been a son"	177
Just when all seemed lost	178
Missing my school days	180
IT interview—a prequel to my other poem	181
A road to the mind of a young child	182
Honey...I need you(part 2)	183
Ray of hope	184
My best friend!	186
Chaar lines	187
The choice	187
Thoughtfulness	189
I was like a mirror	190
When I think to write!	191
The flag seller	192
Babumoshai	197
That day and today	198
Meri bhi suno	199
The story of the movie that will never be made	200
Tough being a woman	203
The men’s rights activist	204
Married to my roommate	210
I wanted to fly but today I am forced to die	211
Superwoman	212
Sins of the father	213
Self–introduction by writerbabus ...	214

About

This book is a snapshot of the first year of existence of WriterBabu. WriterBabu came into existence to bring together people from all parts of world who believe and feel that writing is fun and are addicted to it. WriterBabu is an experiment to remove the biases that we have in our minds while we read someone based on their name, religion, gender, region and what not.

This book contains the articles which people wrote on writerbabu.com arranged in chronological order. Not all articles could be included for there were more than 2000 of them and hence a shortlist was prepared based on the popularity of the articles and the content. Articles were not edited for their spelling mistakes and grammar to represent the exact content that lived on writerbabu through this time. This book is a memoir of the beginning of the movement of freedom of expression called WriterBabu.

Citizens of writerbabu.com call themselves Writer Babu and let abide themselves by the WriterBabu Code which goes like this:

I am neither a name nor a person; I am my thoughts, my expressions.

I write to express my inner-self, and I write for the joy of itself.

I read to connect with the soul of the content, unaffected by the frills.*

I respect other writerbabus & strive to help others in creating wonders.

*author's name, popularity, gender, just anything

So if you are going to read this book, please respect the spirit of writerbabus and be a worthy reader. Happy reading :)

P.S: Articles were not written for the purpose of this book. It's a compilation.

Cadbury in blood

17th Jan, 2012

Once upon a time there was a cute bhaiya and his naughty little behna named Putanki. Bhaiya was cool, adamant, intelligent, sincere, obedient, hardworking, active and down to earth while behna was just relatively closer to earth, not exactly dumb, very lazy and liked living in her own world filled with all nice daydreams anyone will dream of. Life was going very coolly, calmly and at a pleasant slow pace for Putanki but one day as usual when she was coming home gobbling a big five star in her way back from school, No...She was not kidnapped, she reached home and mummy cuddled her too much, No... It was not her birthday, this was usual, behna then went to bhaiya's room and he was studying definitely usual but bhaiya said to Putanki, "there is a surprise for you in fridge", this was not usual Putanki rushed in frenzy to the fridge...she opened the door of refrigerator to find a small purple-yellow wrapper of a chocolate, it took her less than milliseconds to identify it a small rs.2 chocolate, she gleefully took it out to get it melted in her mouth but she was perplexed to see it was half ate and half kept for her, it was surprising for her, bhaiya bought just one chocolate over a long time keeping in view of financial conditions at home and that also he ate only half and resisted other half for his behna who was at that time feeling like shrinking to ground with regret of devouring hundreds of five stars in her way back from school everyday and these treats were sponsored by dad's emergency fund for school so it was ate all alone without ever having a second thought of sharing with bhaiya, she felt with regret last Cadbury that was already converted into blood running all over in veins meeting the calorie requirement of her body, that small creature felt even smaller. That day nothing much changed in putanki's life but she just got to know how much her bhaiya loves her and she loves him too. Dedicated to you dear bhaiya as my first post,love u

By Anonymous

Silly tears

17th Jan, 2012

I don't know why tears come? I never invite them, I don't give a damn about their chemical composition and cerebral linkages, and all I know is that many times they have worsened my situation. The more strongly I want to hide my emotion the more it comes running.

There are many times I don't want my friends to know that I felt bad over their teasing but no help, soon there will be few drops and I have to face millions sorry that is not really required

There are many times I am just too much angry and badly I want to fight but stupid tears will roll down making me weak

I never want to tell that I'll miss him after he will be gone, but silly tears convey everything.

They come out even at a small emotional drama of daily T.V. soaps, at that time I can only wish that no guy is around.

My eyes will be wet at a warm hug showing how desperate I am for care, sad.

Sometimes they just come whenever they sight something similar coming from the eyes of our loved ones.

It's been correctly said that eyes say many things but I think it's the tears that play a big role...and good only when comes with joy.:-)

By Akanksha Srivastav

Liquid Imaginations

31st Jan, 2012

You are a thinker or a dreamer, a story teller, a creator or just have a very interesting life. You are here and you can share, inspire, make someone laugh or touch someone's life by your words. Open the tap of your creativity and let thoughts flow. Because imagination is liquid, it flows, it takes shape, blends into different colors and if you don't paint the canvas of your life with it, it evaporates and is lost into space. And what about stories? Stories are made to be told. There can be learning, an experience or just an opportunity to open up your lungs and just laugh.

Just Express Yourself. Self doubt is the biggest obstacle in the way of creativity and expression. Let nothing stop you.

By Srijan Srivastava

To dear dustbin,.....with love!

3rd Feb, 2012

'Ladies and gentlemen! Let me introduce you to the love of my life....
...my dear dustbin..., my lovely dustbin!

...Confused?

Don't worry. In a few minutes, it'll be all clear to you. And you'll find out that not only me but many amongst you also are madly in love with your dustbins. Many amongst you have a 'dustbin love story'.

.....And on December 25, 2010, one such love story changed the life of a 7 year old boy, forever.

Let me tell you his story'.

His mother used to call him 'Kanha'. And, yes! That boy really had such a content smile that probably only Lord Krishna could have . . .

To Dear Dustbin.....With Love!

11:30 PM .This is the night of Christmas; a freezing cold night. And this boy, Kanha, is standing on the road in front of a high profile glittery restaurant in Cannught place. He is trying to look inside through the glass panes. He is shivering. His fingertips are all blue. In the name of clothes he has a thin vest and a soiled pant over his body. But in spite of that, ignoring the killing chill, his eyes are jumping from one table to another. He is restless. He is probably searching for something. . . What's there on the table? . . . The tables are beautifully decorated with shining crockery. People are enjoying their lavish meals.

And suddenly there is a screeching noise from the right hand side. The boy tumbles and looks at it. It's a garbage truck that just left after picking the bags of garbage from the restaurant. Slowly the truck fades away in the busy roads of Cannught Place. But there is something on the road... a bag ...oh! It had probably fallen out of the truck. There is a sudden rush in his body... may be this is what he is looking for. He runs towards it. Reaching it he starts searching in the bag. What's in there? There are packets of waste food, broken crockery and a number of used shiney cotton napkins. His eyes stop at the napkin. He is looking at it curiously.

There is a pause.

And he smiles. There is a certain spark of hope in his eyes. He picks it up and starts licking it. LICKING IT!! That's weird! Yes! He is licking the leftover food that has stuck on that napkin. He licks it all up and picks up another one! And again he is licking it; the Durbaan notices him and shouts to scare him away. But this is not going to scare him.... Ignoring all this, full of energy, he is just licking it all.

Slick! Slick!. . . Pink napkins, a pink tongue and blue fingers!. . . 3 Napkins done. He picks the 4th one up. Even the Durbaan now wonders why, the hell, he is not eating from the packets of waste food. But undisturbed Kanha continues to lick the napkins. Neither the scary Durbaan nor the chill seems to have any effect on him. The 7th one. . . Slick! Slick!..

15th one done! . . . He has licked all the napkins that he had pulled out of the bag. He searches for more. But there are no more napkins left now. He quickly takes one napkin up and spreads on the road. The translucent stains, created by the play of human saliva on food remains, are clearly visible on the napkin. He picks another one up , spreads it, side by side, just adjacent to the first one and starts tying the adjacent edges of the two napkins.

Oh! My dear Lord! There is a plan, for sure. He spreads the third one and places it in the same line extending the rectangle; again he ties the adjacent edges. And he continues attaching one

napkin to another With each new napkin added to the arrangement, the vigor in his efforts is rising too; the shine of his wide opened eyes is developing brighter and brighter.

...And finally he has tied them all together. It looks like a big 4x4 sheet of napkins. That's amazing! . . . Wait a minute! He needs one more napkin; there is gap at the very centre. He needs a sixteenth napkin.

He starts looking for more napkins. The bag is still there on the road. He searches the bag all again. No napkin in there. It had only 15 napkins; all already tied up in the sheet. He looks at the road. No napkin there too. He runs back to restaurant! Its 1 AM; the restaurant is already closed. He needs a dirty worthless piece of clothHe is praying to the God to throw some damned garbage on him; he needs a dirty napkin.

Alas! There are no more napkins.

What to do! He is very desperate. He looks at his vest...

...There is pause...In that killing chill, his fingers have already lost sensation; his body is gradually turning blue. . . He takes his vest off and ties it at the centre of the sheet.

Look at him! He is smiling! The sheet is complete. Full of energy, he starts running, holding the sheet. In that chill, half naked, he is running with joy, as fast as he can. He has forgotten the cold, the shiver, but he is running...

Where is he going?

First red light crossed . . .

The second one crossed . . .

And he stops.

Oh! This is the PUSA road. This place is pretty popular. It was in news, recently. MCD had PROUDLY demolished the night shelters of 250 odd people one week ago.

He reaches near a pile. Torn pieces of shirts, pants, some jute sacs etc. have been piled up; it's a pile of torn clothes.

No! Wait a second! It's not just a pile. This is his mom suffering from fever.

The 7 year old boy had covered his mom with what ever he could find. But rite now he is happy. He has brought a sheet for his mom to keep her warm. He covers her with it . . . smiles . . . and hugs her.

“Ma, it'll keep you warm . . .

You don't need to worry any more . . .

Now onwards every thing would be fine. I am always there for you . . .

Do you remember those days when we used to help dad in selling napkins like these?. . .

I really miss him Maa . . .

I know you also miss him a lot . . .

You miss him na, Mama?. . .

Mama! . . .

MOM! . . .

Why is your hand so cool?

LOOK AT ME! WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT SKY?

MOM!”

Although he is just 7 years old, but the time has taught him a lot. The boy is still. He knows what has happened.

It is 1 AM in night. Mercury is crying 4 degree Celsius. Half naked, the boy looks at his hands. They look bluish. He can't feel them now. He is shivering. He notices the vest that he had tied on the sheet to cover his dear mom. There is a pause.

He looks at his mom. She is looking in the sky . . . He kisses her fore-head . . . hugs her . . . takes a deep sigh . . . and closes his eyes. Slowly the bodily sensations are fading away. A deaf darkness is taking over him. And he sleeps. Probably slept for ever . . .

Do you know where that bloody 16th napkin was? That dirty, stinking and worthless napkin, which probably could had saved Kanha's mom or probably some one else out of those 833 poor people that die every 24 hrs in India. Do you know where it was?

..... IN MY DEAR DUSTBIN!

.
. .
. .
. .

OR PROBABLY IN YOUR'S TOO!

By Apoorve Khandelwal

Memories Remain....

8th Feb, 2012

i wonder i feel, nostalgic, sick...
memories stories, lines u pick...
life moves life flows life cycle tick...
an year of lifetime passed in a flick..

watchin an era coming to and end...
scribling over messeges that wer send...
m happy for laughter n tears i lend...
taught me lessons,habits to mend..

want to b a child at end again...
innocent pure nt like nw,insane...
heart is rock,its all wt i gain...
chapters close only memories remains!!

April,2009
Jwalamukhi Hostel,
IIT Delhi.

By Anonymous

Quit Smoking

13th Feb, 2012

Davidoff cigarette pack have a warning, just like other brands have "Smoking is injurious to health" or "Smoking Kills", it says "Smokers die younger". Tobacco industry is one of the industries that even governments can't control. Every smoker knows it to the core that its going to kill them, but still they smoke. Why?

I did a research few years back with a friend of mine about it. So what is it that makes it difficult to quit? The reason is the withdrawal symptoms. Symptoms are so subtle that people often don't notice and keep smoking even if they want to quit. And live in the guilt and low self esteem that they are not strong enough to quit. But if one wish they can quit with proper information.

Physical Symptoms.

During the quitting process people should consider the following physical symptoms of withdrawal as they were recuperating from a disease and treat them accordingly as they would any physical symptoms:

Tingling in the hands and feet

Sweating

Intestinal disorders (cramps, nausea)

Headache

Cold symptoms as the lungs begin to clear (sore throats, coughing, and other signs of colds and respiratory problem)

The first few weeks after quitting smoking are usually the most difficult and it's safe to say that it normally takes at least 8-12 weeks before a person starts to feel comfortable with their new lifestyle change of being an ex-smoker. Withdrawal from nicotine, an addictive drug found in tobacco, is characterized by symptoms that include headache, anxiety, nausea and a craving for more tobacco. Nicotine creates a chemical dependency, so that the body develops a need for a certain level of nicotine at all times. Unless that level is maintained, the body will begin to go through withdrawal similar to alcohol addiction withdrawal. For tobacco users trying to quit, symptoms of withdrawal from nicotine are unpleasant and stressful, but only temporary. Most withdrawal symptoms peak 48 hours after you quit and are completely gone in six months.

Mental and Emotional Symptoms.

Tension and craving build up during periods of withdrawal, sometimes to a nearly intolerable point. One European study found that the incidence of workplace accidents increases on No Smoking Day, a day in which up to 2 million smokers either reduce the amount they smoke or abstain altogether.

Nearly every moderate to heavy smoker experiences more than one of the following strong emotional and mental responses to withdrawal.

1. Feelings of being an infant: temper tantrums, intense needs, feelings of dependency, a state of near paralysis.
2. Insomnia
3. Mental confusion
4. Vagueness
5. Irritability
6. Anxiety
6. Depression is common in the short and long term. In the short term it may mimic the feelings of grief felt when a loved one is lost. As foolish as it sounds, a smoker should plan on a period of actual mourning in order to get through the early withdrawal depression.

As far as I understand and have experienced, the getting sad part is very strong and without any reason. Brain has some glands which release particular hormones when we become happy and when we become sad. Such secretion of sad hormones increases during early stage of withdrawal. In fact within 5 hours of thinking to quit, I have personally experienced it.

The mental confusion makes you believe that it's okay to have one last cigarette. And this is where most people break down.

Knowing it all helps, unless you really don't believe in quitting. It's helpful if you have your friends and family supporting you. Generally in colleges and offices you have a smoking friend circle, and it's hard to explain each and every time why this sudden change.

Sources:

<http://www.quitsmokingsupport.com/withdrawal1.htm>

<http://www.nosmoke.com/herbal-smoking-articles/smoking-withdrawal-symptoms.htm>

By Anonymous

THE DREAMS OF A VAGABOND

14th Feb, 2012

Actually shakespeare was quite a ignorant logicist in my view . he always tended to ignore things .. his phrases make a statement for him like .. "WHATS THERE IN A NAME ??" .. "LOVE IS NOT SPELLED .. ITS FELT ..".. and other a few critically acclaimed yet very pretending facts .. but did his writings reflect more of a language than imagination .. ?? i feel so .. he was a great writer and this is all i feel about him.. but the imagination to capture stories and lead them to heart and soul so that u live it while u read it is what i miss in his great novels ... to all shakespeare fans .. i beg pardon . it is just a perspective of an individual .. i think it requires actually a soul to feel the situation . to breathe its aura . to mix its fragrance in moods .. add the flavor in writers' bloods and then to start writing . the frustration ,mood interrupts , necessities ,emotional overwhelms and other priorities become secondary .. its like a dream in which u fly high ,very high and above all prejudices and biases.. its an honest task for which at times u grow mean .. its a like a dream of a vagabond .. with no destination and no plans .. the characters change every moment ,so the moods ,therefore the emotions !! the imagination thus happens !!!

By Vos The

The NEW India!!!

15th Feb, 2012

Hii ... I am an Indian .. that's my identity . to a hardcore patriot it's your first introduction .. to cricket fans its a feeling waiting to take at toll at any india vs."....." cricket match to people in exports business it's a mere tagline of their brands abroad .. and to other s ,put it anywhere in your cv under the "nationality " section ..." but whats the reality behind this embroidered and at times deceivingly decorated abstract tag ??".. is a question of heavy importance .. for the youth of present and future ...

Beginning from the past india constantly boasts the great tradition ,cultural values and great minds like aryabhata , homi bhabha ,etc.. the era in which these people held the head of india high among the world was because they overcame their incapacibilities of the poor and undeveloped india .. but what does india boast of now ... what are they proud of now... this slogan of "mera bharaat mahaan " (india is great) owes a validation since a long long time .

. india most profusely was famous in the world for .. ayurveda .. gurus... snakecharmers ... its abundant riches (evidently concluded from the phrase "sone ki chidiya " used for early india)..

India in the medieval period (1900-1950's), before freedom, gained popularity during the years spent in earning freedom from the britishers .. our valiant freedom script writers bhagat singh ,Gandhi ,Nehru ,sehdev and others caught attention voraciously and lived and died for a free india ...

India after freedom ,a victory more highlighted and less exploited to its fullest means faced sluggish growth and unrepremanded corruption which dissolved in nerves of the nation so badly that it seems impossible to treat india of this cancer ,.. (strictly) in my perspective, to destroy it completely and to rebuild india is the only way to revive its soul .. what the hell are we proud of ...??

Lets start a brief comparison ..

Our modern gurus are teaching the world yoga ,meditating practices , spreading ayurveda and that's what still india is seen for around the globe (I am not an expert but have apt

knowledge on this yoga , mediatation and ayurveda stuff..) . yoga and meditation bring calmness peace,remove stress and anxiety , ,increase self control . but alas!! Only in theory for india in that matter .. neither this generation of india looks calm or amazingly stress free ... nor does the self control seems to be practiced at any evidence .. (take it to be corruption or increasing crime).. then what the hell are we boasting of??**

Our other claim of having some topmost ranking in having largest number of doctors and engineers in the world spot .. but why on the earth for any engineering project or a major operation for a treatment of disease or malfunction ,in most of the cases , requires to invite some foreign doctor or engineering expert advice and interference? ? the so called Indians are earning positions and designations but deterioratingly lack in zeal ,enthusiasm which was seen pre - independence during the revolution ... the new india is more short -focussed and research clearly seems vanished and carelessly avoided ..

Thirdly ,india known for its IT services ..is creating enormous job opportunities through this stream ,but the talent misleded and attracted deceivingly by the great pay packages of the newly trended MNC's is yet obscure and unseen to the eyes .. the most unserious and unappealing majority of engineers and doctors breed here .. the engineers employed in IT companies are actually the CHEAP LABOURERS in disguise . but for INDIA , IT is a trend ..

Moreover , india is globally portrayed as a cheap vacation centre and stress buster pointbut the cheapness of its existential cost is defeated to its cheapness in terms of mentality which comes out of our own traditions which at times is illogical and irrational ... 90% of the stories of struggle in India have a " tradition" playing villainous in the backdrop pick an eg. Of a girl not sent to a better co-ed school or higher education just out of the fear of being raped or having a boyfriend or having sex ..A rape victim is looked down up the rapist .. a woman is forced to change owing to traditional superiority of men ...child labour protests looks good and stirs emotions only in movies .. casteism seems impossible to get uprooted and reservations ,riots are its fruits ... but still we boast our traditions and culture as the best .. and we often BOAST IT PRETTY LOUD ... tradiionality wins over morality ...

Overtime since independence , we have learnt to be great followers ... rural follow traditions ,superstitions ,urbans follow west .. free thinkers is a rare breed now !!

I learnt somewhere that its dangerous jumping to conclusions .. but cant abstain myself from having one .. what basically is our problem .. ?? and I found one easy one-liner ... which clears

all my doubts so beautifully trying to bask in the glory our forefathers earned ,INDIA IS FAKING IT..be it quality of most doctors ,engineers ,our own old yoga and ayurveda, grat traditions ,etc ... TODAY ,INDIA IS JUST FAKING IT !!!

By Vos The

Woh Lamha

17th Feb, 2012

'meri'

pyaari si gudiya

hasti khelti

muskuraati

lipat ke mujhse

chekhahaati

dekha jab meri aankhon mein usne

to main dekh sakta tha

unme

bharosa tha

pyaar tha

aur 'mein' tha

Mujhko dekh kar

meri aankhon mein aansu they

aur mere aansuon mein

khushi thi

'bharosa' tha

'pyaar' tha

aur dil mein

bas woh thi

mein dekh sakta tha

ki woh bhi use dekh sakti hai

meri aankhon se mere dil mein

aur sun sakti hai

meri dhadkan se mere dil ko

aur haan us lamhe mein

na koi ikarar tha

na koi intezaar tha

par haan

mera saara sansaar tha

By Anonymous

THE UNIT TEST

22nd Feb, 2012

i am going to unfold a tale that dates back to the time when when i was in school,5th standard..this story would have better suited in a section like

'i was kid and moron'..haha

i still perfectly remember the hot summer afternoon, and the class room environment was steamed up more because one, our classroom had no windows and second, our english mam was about to distribute our unit test copies, all students were sweaty because of any two of the above mentioned reasons but not me not because i wasn't afraid of her wooden scale with which all low scorers would be beaten up or i didn't felt hot...it was just because of some biological conditions, i don't sweat..nobody was more tensed than me and sreya ..we had seen our all other subject test copies, there was a difference of one mark between our total, the total that was deciding the first unit test topper of std. five, she was ahead of me.

i just needed two more marks to come first, there was no expectation from other students as they were lagging far behind..some mischievous guys were betting about us.

finally she started distributing our test copies, my mind frenzied as she started distributing roll number wise, as my name begins from A, my turn came up early after few students who had not done well collected their copies with destructive criticism about their answers, she called my name and i walked with bated breath towards mam, she had fixed her gaze on me..and everyone else also..she handed me copy and smiled.i wasn't able to smile back..there was no total marks written on the front sheet, we were supposed to do total ourselves..anxiously i started totalling on my way back to the bench and everyone began asking 'how much?' few seconds after i realized i have got 52 out of 60, this was not less in her subject but not even more enough to confirm rank..me and sreya were almost same in english, once we have counted our all remarks in english notes..i had 5 goods, 3 very goods and 1 excellent while she had 8 goods and 2 excellents..almost same i told to myself..after few more people got their copies..i realized mine was not heighest..suddenly a guy had come up with highest chandan 2,there was one more chandan. finally sreya's turn came up..mam smiled to her too...i tried to look in her copy..there were big big ticks and i felt strain in every nerve..as she started totalling..her total came out be 49..her face became dull and mine brightened up..finally i was the topper..and mam don't easily increase marks, she started sobbing..i felt little bad for

her..others started talking about me..my percentage and all and i started day dreaming how proudly i'll tell to mummy, how much happy she will be.

sreya asked me if she can see my test copy..i gave it to her as if its work was all over..she scanned it all up in a minute..comparing all answers and soon found out that one of her answers are same and she has not been given marks for that..before i could see which answer, she took the copy to mam..and demanded more marks..i was overwrought why i gave her my copy..it was two marks question...mam scrutinized the two copies and found out that the answer was wrong that is why she was not awarded marks and she cut my two marks..the two marks that had made me stood first, this was tear jerking and my all day dreams about what will i demand at home was all gone

however our total was same, i just had to share the first title ..somehow i consoled myself to control tears but that was not over i got a secondary shock that there was one question where mam missed checking in her copy and she got 4 marks extra...now i was not able to assuage myself...i took my copy and begged mam for extra marks showing my all answers saying that i deserve more than what i got..my glottal accent and sobbing didn't help..there was no increase...i felt like a looser and started crying like hell..everybody was agog with curiosity, sreya looked nonplussed..this was embarrassing even in class 5th..i never wanted to cry but silly tears...u know, i felt like a kid that time...although i was a kid only.

mam tried to console me..but i didn't wanted to listen to her...i thought her responsible for this situation, i would not have felt that bad at the second position if it was in a simple way..i came back home and cried in mummy's lap..she was happy that i did well and my rank was no matter. she brought about that this is just beginning..life is not always the way we want it to be..and we should never compare ourselves with anyone or we will linger endlessly in feelings of jealousy and would fall in situations like this.everyone is unique..we can aspire to be someone else

but cannot be anyone else...so just be the best 'you' that you can possibly be. you cannot live whole life compared to anyone or many.

from that day i never compared marks..although my rank degraded..but i never felt nasalized or stressed.i try doing 'my' best..and whatever the result..CHILL

By Akanksha srivastav

Why??

23rd Feb, 2012

when u r near, i cant keep my eyes of u,
when u r away, i always dream about u...
sometimes at night when i look to the sky,
i strt thinking of u n then ask myself,why?
why do i want to comfort u, when u r scared,
why do i want to dry ur tears, when u r sad....why?
why do i always want a smile on ur face,
why cant i keep away from ur grace....why?
no it cant be love, as i know ,my heart will never change
then why do i always feel so strange....why?
when u r worried, why do i want to give u hope,
when u r confused, why do i want to help u cope....why?
they say this is love, better accept it,
i say love doesn't exist, forget it....
then why?? :(

By Anonymous

Sometime ...Someplace

23rd Feb, 2012

I looked back on my past
I remembered the years I cried
The jokes I laughed at
The things that i missed and lost
But, one thing that I'll never forget
The day you became my friend

All the time I've spent with you
Puts a smile upon your face
I hope one day I'll be with you again
Somehow, Sometime, ... Someplace

A friend will come and a friend will go
The season will change and time will show
But, one thing that will never gonna change, The Spirit of Friendship !!
And still I hope that you'll be there for me
And I'll be there for you
Sometime...someplace my friend !

By Rhishabh Garg

Dead Poets Society

24th Feb, 2012

Its almost three years now in Bhopal but I still miss my good old days of Ranchi. Not because I was living there with maa sahib and papa. Ranchi is a place I always want to visit again. Three years in Xaviers were golden days.

Ranchi reminds me of the masti done in college. St.Xaviers' College. The moment I utter Xaviers' I am back to the first floor of its new building. The English Literature department, where the most handsome, french-beard HOD, Dr. RN Sinha, is standing and saying, "I can't help it. It's the norm. If you don't have 75% I won't allow you to sit in examination. Its simple and clear." And then our Lilliput Dr Sujit Bose, with his ever smiling face, comes, "Room no 3 for phonetic class." And while moving for room no 3 we cross princi's room. And there comes Tete saying, "All those smiling face will get a big zero in internals. Mind you girls." Well that was for we 7 girls. We always used to burst into laughter after seeing our Princi Father. Why? Because, Panni [Megha] used to make his cartoon sketches in his class. He would teach Eliot's Murder in the Cathedral and even in the climax scene of the play we would laugh as if it were some comic play. And there is pin drop silence in Prof Achal Sinha's class. Reason was quite obvious. Till second year, we were lost in his cross-checked shirts and in final year, we were lost in him. Chill. He became our favourite in final year. Probably the youngest prof in our department. Apple of girls' eyes. Boys used to feel jealous of him. And then how could we forget our own Mr Prufrock. Dr Ashutosh Roy in his cacophonous voice would shout Love Song of Prufrock and he would etherize us with his description of the evening. "Chal be Ekka ka class bunk karte hain aur wo Sumona aunty abhi bhi humlog ko school-kids type treatment kyun deti hai?"

I still clearly remember the Rainbow group formed by 7 of us. The thumb ring we used to wear and we tried not to forget it. Clicking pics at "yahan baithna mana hai" was fun. Fighting inside the scooty stand for "aise kaise scooty laga diya hai!" was hilarious. And remember, the so-called-dress-code- for girls? 'Girls are not allowed to wear polo neck tees, more than 4 pockets in trousers are not allowed, sleeve-less tops not allowed.' Sala phir allowed kya tha!

Our b'de treats used to be an EVENT. Deciding the venue, menu and budget was of course, Kittu (Kasturi) and Megh's department. And Poppy (Priyanka) was the most delicate creature among us. Uska gana gaa ke baat karna ..ah!!! Kirti, i don't remember why we started calling her frustoo, and Sutni to Komal. Jesu (Shiney) was our Page3 reporter, she knew everything. She

had the info of when is the last date for fee submission, kis dept me kya chal raha hai aur kiska chakkar kiske satha hai

Interestingly, none of us were dating anyone at that time. And we were happy being that way. We used to laugh at the so-called-romeos. Blessed were those days! I guess we had made a video, too, and a collage too. In fact, a poem was also written for all of us.

We had an idea that we would go to different places after graduation but we never thought that we won't meet each other for so long. We were always like abey jahan jaoge hume paoge. But, things have changed and time has also changed. After college and post-grad, we all have become kind-of busy in our lives [where everything is boring and whenever we get time we start thinking of XAVIERS' days]. Kya din the wo bhi!!

*NB- the title of this post was suggested by Megha

By Nitisha Kashyap

Nostalgic Bangles

24th Feb, 2012

My weekly offs are spent in a very boring way. I was watching Break ke Baad (BKB). Yes, the same movie which my maa sahib hates. Reason for her hatred? I never asked. But I can assume that because the girl lies to her mom and she applies to a foreign university without asking her mom, my mom hates that movie. Or maybe she doesn't like Deepika Padukone or the script. Whatever.

Anyway, Deepika Padukone is wearing bangles in BKB. Had it been Kareena Kapoor, bangles would have become the new fad among the girls. [Or may be it became and I am not aware of it.] After watching that movie, I, too, thought of giving a try to those colourful bangles. The desire to wear those bangles was so high that at midnight I asked my friend to give me her bangles. She very happily gave me, obviously. [She always pokes me that I don't look like a page 3 journo. And I always wonder how a page 3 journo actually looks like. I mean what are they supposed to be like? And she says, "Bangles/ long earrings/ anklets/ short tops." There is

an endless list. And I start wondering these things on Tushar Joshi, Subhash K Jha and Vicky Lalwani (our star page 3 journos). Pardon my imagination.]

So, I wore exactly 7bangles on my left hand, to be very precise. I happily messaged my friend about my encounter with bangles and the replies come “you are becoming girl like”. OMG! What was that? And am I not a girl? Dear friend that was really a terrible reply and you should apologize. [Well not seriously.]

These bangles reminded me of my childhood days. Yes, every minute thing in life could be nostalgic, you never know. I went back to my I-8/11 quarter of Adityapur, where we had spent our childhood days. I actually saw little me playing with my little-two-minute-younger sister. And there comes this tall churi-wali with green, blue, yellow, red, maroon coloured churis. My maa sahib buys a dozen maroon churis from her and went inside. We both ran after maa sahib and started crying. We are pretty good at that! After her prayer was over [after wearing new pair of churis my maa sahib always folds her hands in front of bhaggu. Call it a Maithili- tradition] she asked us what are we were crying for. And we said, “humme bhi churi dila do”. She tried to convince us that it is worn by the married ladies only and even if she buys it for us when will we wear it, we are not allowed to wear it in schools, right? “nahi, hume kuch nahi pata, hume bhi dila do churi.” She can’t see us cry because we are so loud, especially me, that we let the entire mohalla know why we are crying for. She got a pair of bangles for us. And we became very contented. She helped us in wearing bangles. And after wearing it, we started playing on the staircase. And guess what, within 15 minutes we broke those blue coloured precious bangles. But this time we were not crying. Instead we were laughing like anything. Don’t know why.

Suddenly, I get a text message and I find myself back to my room in Bhopal. And I curse that message for bringing me back from my childhood days.

“baar baar aati hai mujhko madhur yaad bachpan teri, gaya le gaya tu jeevan ki sabse mast khushi meri.”

By Nitisha Kashyap

Media War

24th Feb, 2012

Well, seeing so many Facebook posts of The Times of India vs The Hindu ad compelled me to post something on my blog, too. The advertisements are intelligent as usual. The most striking part of these advertisements is the comments on these advertisements.

I am not favouring any of the newspapers' ad. I, just, have few simple questions to ask. And, here, I go with my questions:

1. Is not The Hindu's ad (TVC) calling youngsters 'stupid' in general? [not at all fair]
2. Even I read TOI but I know all the answers that the TVC claims people don't know [as they read TOI]. [Also, I am afraid to know that junta of our generation lacks "general knowledge"]
3. Isn't knowing general things entirely upon the individual's choice of how much well equipped (with knowledge) they want themselves to be? [people will be 'stupid' regardless of the paper they read]
4. Will not people go with magazines like Pratiyogita Darpan and CSR to update their general knowledge which is not so general than any newspaper?
5. And did anyone force you to read TOI and not The Hindu? [yaar, change kar le na itna bekaar hai to!]

Questions are simple and the answers too. Also, a small request for those who think TOI is the most ill-reported newspaper without anything serious to read in it.

Dear Sir/Madam

Did the Jains plead in front of you to read TOI? No.

Did the jailer of your city tell you that if you don't read TOI you will be put in jail? No.

Then who compelled you to read TOI? No one.

Then why are you screaming as if you were forced to read it. [aive hi...masti?]

Reading/following a particular newspaper is solely your decision. Newspapers don't make you intelligent. [Mind it.] If you don't like the paper simply ask your hawker for another one. And

stop reading those newspapers which you don't find worthy of reading!! Simple to hai! Why to make a hue and cry out of it?

Thank you Disclaimer: The Hindu is an awesome newspaper with lots of stuff to read in and so is TOI. Don't go by ads. Apni akal lagao aur khush ho jao!

By Nitisha Kashyap

Humari tanhai nishani hai kisi ki chaht ki

26th Feb, 2012

Humari tanhai nishani hai kisi ki chaht ki,
Unka adhurapan nishnahi hai kisi ki mohabt ki,
awaz me berukhi aur aakhon me paani,
jane anjanne bayan karta h humare payar ki nishani,
Ab to bas ek dard h dil me aur kuchh yadein purani....
Unka adhurapan nishani h kisi ki mohabat k, bichar kar door na wo humse h na hum unse,
Ye to baat h gujre jamane ki.

By Arak Vatsa

khud ko bhool jate hai...

26th Feb, 2012

Bheed me aksar ham kho jate hai....
Lakho ke beech bhi khud ko tanha hi pate hai Mehnat se bulandi to mil hi jati hai
Par aksar khud ko bhool jate hai...

By Arak Vatsa

Yun chalte rhe kadam!

27th Feb, 2012

jo mehsoos kiya apne kadamo ki aahton ko, toh chalne lage hum
jo hua yakeen, ki mukarar kar paayenge yeh faasle, toh chalne lage hum
kabhie kisika haath thamkar toh kabhie kisi ki pukaar par
kabhie logo ki bheed mein toh kabhie kisi ke aetbaar par

manzil ka na hai kuch pta, bas chalne lage hai hum
khud par na hai bilkul yakeen, fir bhi chalte jaa rhe hai hum
dil mein talab na ho jo kuch kar jaane ki
toh raahein aasaan bhi ho toh chalne mein mazaa hai kya

jo ek aarzoo leke ab jage hai hum, toh kyun chalne se fir katraye hum
jo yeh jazba jaga hai dil mein ab, toh kyun dagmageya hai yun kadam
manzil tak pahunch hi jaayenge gar saath ho doston ka
faasle mit jaayenge gar saath ho doston ka, iss dil aur dosti ke sahare hi toh bas chalte rahenge
sada hum.....

By Anonymous

Adhuri Kavita...

29th Feb, 2012

Woh saawan ki pehli baarish
aur saamne woh do nayan
har woh girti hui baarish ki boondh, unko choomti hui...

jaise ek pal ke liye sab tham jana chahta ho,
jaise pani ka har kan moti ban kar wahin ruk jana chahta ho...
par saundarya kam kar dene ki gustakhi na karke
samay ko chal dene ki ijazzat deke...

har woh boondh bas sharma kar door se nikal jati hai
woh naadan hasi jab kuch aisi qayamat dhaati hai!!

yeh chhavvi aaj ki nahin, sadiyon se liye ghum raha hun,
aur tab se hi is kavita ko puri karne ki koshish kar raha hun....
par intejaar aaj bhi hai, dil mein uss ke liye pyaar aaj bhi hai,
aayegi woh aur layegi saath, meri jindagi ka pehla saawan....

By Rhishabh Garg

Lonely Road Of Broken Dreams

4th Mar, 2012

"I'm A Lonely Road Of
Broken Dreams

Its A Boulevard That
I'm Searching For

These Stars Are All
So Dull

Its The Moon That I'm
Searching For

Happiness Is So Angry
At Me
Its Life That I'm
Searching For

There Is A Crowd
Around Me At All Times

Its a Friend That I'm
Searching For

My Life Is Just Like
Path
Its A Destination That
I'm Searching For

Don't Know What Is It
That I've Lost
May Be Its 'ME' That
I'm Searching For !!"

By Anonymous

कुछ पल - मेरे लिए...

6th Mar, 2012

अकेला बैठा मैं,
रौशनी से क्यूँ भागता हूँ
अँधेरे की छाओं में
-अपने आप से बातें करने को!

क्या ये ज़िन्दगी एक बोझ बन गयी है
या बोझ ढोना ही मेरी ज़िन्दगी है?

कभी रुक जाऊँ, सोचता हूँ, बस खुद के लिए.....
वक़्त से कहता रहता हूँ
कुछ पल, बस कुछ देर के लिए

पर कोई सुनता क्यों नहीं?
और शायद यही वजह है कि मैं...
रौशनी से दूर, अँधेरे कि ओर भागता हूँ!

तेरी आखों में तलाशता रहता हूँ खुशी
नींद तेरी गोद का गुलाम सी बन गयी है!

मैं डरता नहीं हार से, न मौत से, न दुःख से
बस जिंदा रखना चाहता हूँ
-अपने मन को, अपनी रूह को,
उस सोच को जो मुझे जीने का मक़सद देती है

चीखता रहता है मन, जोर जोर से चिल्लाता है
पर कभी कोई सुन ही नहीं पाता!

मेरे आस पास अँधेरा ही ठीक था
रौशनी मेरे सपनों का रंग फीका कर देती है!
और शायद यही वजह है की मैं.....

रौशनी से दूर, अँधेरे की ओर भागता हूँ!

सुबह की ये किरने
टूटे हुए सपने याद दिलाती है,
और रोशन चेहरों को देख कर
मन सहम सा जाता है?

भागते भागते थक क्यों नहीं जाती ये दुनिया!
अपने काले दामन पे कालिक क्यूँ मले जा रही हैं?

मैं जो भी करना चाहूँ वो कर क्यों नहीं सकता
कभी बस सो जाना चाहूँ तो सो क्यूँ नहीं सकता
क्यों सिखाते रहते हैं लोग
चलना, जीना और मरना?

जीत जाने की दौड़ में
ऐसे लगे हुए हैं सब कि
रास्ते की खुशी को तो
अब कोई समझ ही नहीं पाता!

टिमटिमाते तारों के बीच दूँढ लेता हूँ सुकूँ
और शायद यही वजह है की मैं.....
रौशनी से दूर, अँधेरे की ओर भागता हूँ!

By Nitin Vishen

Children of God

20th Mar, 2012

The boy could hardly open his eyes. Whether he was literally visually impaired or it was a part of an enactment these people are taught, was a mystery for me. He must be some 10 or 12 years. Clad in the dirtiest pair of knickers, which were most probably weaved using the environmental dirt. Oil stains made all sought of designs and textures glorifying the fact that water had never dared to touch the piece of cloth that formed those knickers, barring the rains or every time he fell into a ditch. His shirt if it was one; because the only thing that symbolized the shirt was the faintly visible battered, rugged collar; could be most aptly defined using certain negative adjectives that personify the ordeal the boy had been through. He also wore a jersey. The jersey had its own story to tell. The ripped jersey had been a benevolent gift by a lady (note: it was a female cardigan) who wished the path of salvation, through her noble process of donation. I often wonder if we can so cunningly dupe the god to trade a place in heaven. Anyhow that jersey could hardly defy the chilling winter evenings of this desert state. All it did was, create an illusion for the tyrannical winter beast. But you can't fool a monster, as my grandma would tell me in her bedtime stories. So this boy we have been talking about was none other than an heir of the Indian beggar dynasty.

I took a drag on my smoke and thought of the misery the world is for such unprivileged mortals. These souls have always been of great interest for a certain artistic breed of humans. Time and again these destitute find their place in the art galleries, embedded into a piece of artwork. Ironically this dark world of theirs which had been painted on a black and white canvass by the god, do find colors in their life but only on those wooden piece of artwork. These beggars, who earn scantily, provide an interesting picturesque view to the Midas's around the world, when the same artwork is sold for a fistful of gold.

The documentaries made, portraying the ailing life of these so called children of god, often appease the jury and end up bagging a statue of a man with no eyes and hands holding a stick in a way such that it covers his crotch, the academies (OSCARS). I could easily deduce that these coal mines (the destitute) are the birth place of gold for a certain category of gold diggers (the art-people).

The literature too isn't a mere spectator, as these poor souls often provide the food for the writers to eat on. May it be in the form of satire (this could be an example), play or a dramatic story.

The most astounding feature draws strong resemblance with irony. The so called socialists or social worker. These people who try hard to make the world a better place, by trying their level best to empower the poor. Isn't it surprising to know that these unemployed poor beggars

provide employment to a great part of our society? Yet the social workers try to rip off the same branch they sit on. Whatever it may be but one thing is for sure. This so uneven society of ours, which provides a perfect kaleidoscopic view isn't a tragedy. It is rather a necessity. How hard we try to turn this world into a flat equal space, these disorders and inequalities keep persisting. And even if we wish with all our kind goody-pure heart for getting this inequality leveled. We know deep inside our hearts the world won't be a stable place.

So as the boy keeps rounding up the place in search of alms. I wish that I never find myself in his shoes. Oh! I forgot. He isn't wearing any.

By ishan

Smoking Kills (Strictly Not about Smoking)

23rd Mar, 2012

"You Bitch", he said as he cried. He cried his heart out. It was as if the whole world has melted into his eyes. The glacier of all that pain he had held so long came out. That puff of a cigarette did the trick. It was the first time he was smoking in his life. The only handkerchief he had was soaked and yet his eyes brimmed with tears. The stream wont stop. He stood their as the rain poured from the sky. Even the sky shared his pain. Everything was moist. The air which flew so briskly, the sand that lay still on the ground, the tree that wavered with the wind, the cigarette he held in his hand and his eyes, just everything that existed in that moment. That was the last time Vik cried. His heart went cold after all that incessant rain. He could feel just nothing. Numb! Numb to every emotion. Anger, love laughter or pain, he felt nothing.

A month after the treacherous night, the night when the girl he loved; loved more then his life; left him for someone else, he fell in love with another girl. It was love at first sight. It doesn't happen so often. Only in rarest of the cases but it happened to him. She was 'god's perfect creation' as he would say. Sitting in the canteen he would stare her day and night. Talking to her, was far way from his thoughts. All he wanted was to see her, breathe her and live her. The moment she would arrive till the moment she left. He would capture it in his eyes and then play it back again and again the whole day, until he had a new visual captured in his memories the next day.

Every song and every movie he saw, had her in the lead. He knew it was over. He was not numb anymore. He could touch, feel, smell. He could love finally, though with a smoky air he had inherited from his last love. And then after Five months of madness, the impossible happened.

"Hi", he said. The girl turned back in the direction from where the voice came. It was Vik.

"I always knew telepathy was a myth. But it took me five long months to realize the truth. So, here I am. Hi, I am Vik", he said presenting his hand to her.

She was dumbfounded, but caught in the moment, she shook his hand and said "Hello, I didn't get you!".

"Don't worry you got me now!", he said with a flirtatious smile. It looked more like a grin, with a smoky feel and smell added to it.

Despite the repulsive smell of cigarette she managed to smile back. There began the journey of Vik in search of true love. A journey which led all the way to love of his life, Radhika, he thought.

Radhika was a smart, beautiful girl who made a cute pout every time she was disappointed or distressed. Vik loved that pout of hers. He would act sympathetic every time she was annoyed or distressed but in his heart he cherished every moment that pout remained on her face. That little curl of her lips and distorted brows would bring out every hormone responsible for her beauty.

One day as Vik sat smoking and pondering about Radhika. She appeared out of nowhere and with anger, which brought the familiar pout, threw his cigarette away. Vik for the first time felt he didn't like her doing that. Even the pout didn't work its magic. Maybe it was the nights he had spent awake thinking about the journey to his love which was causing its toll.

He pulled out another cigarette and began lighting it. It was then that a shrill voice fell on his ears.

"Don't you understand I want you to forget her. Quit smoking Vik. You don't have to do it anymore."

Vik looked back at her with a confused face.

"What the hell are you talking about", he questioned her.

What happened after that is a mystery as Vik's sense of hearing went away. All he knew was, it was Radhika who stood shouting things at his face.

"You need to stop smoking! _ _ _ _ , are you listening to me? _ _ _ , Its me or this cigarette?"

That was it, then the visual went away too. He walked out on her.

The journey wasn't over yet. The smoke rings for some years kept reading ' Break up!, Love, Break up!' Then some 5 years after the incident and after a long repertoire of breakup–love series, the smoke rings faded away. Vik quit smoking. He had lost patience and stamina. The will to move on the journey to find the true love was all that was left. The fear of losing the will made him quit the cigarette.

It didn't take long before he met Meher! Meher stood holding an umbrella. A li'l small to hold the torrential rains of Mumbai. Distressed, with brows touching her forehead at two ends and a pout. It was the same pout the one Radhika had, Vik thought. And yet again he fell in love at the very first sight. It was third time for Vik when it had happened so. Although he had fallen in love a number of times. Well, he had actually developed a sense of falling for every other girl. But this was different, he thought.

He walked to her dripping in rain. It was a perfect evening it had excerpts of his other 2 special love stories. The rain was similar to the night of his breakup, yet so unlike. The air was moist, so was the sand yet it was pleasant. He could feel every emotion passing through his brain. The neurons that were

carrying the emotions to his brain seemed familiar yet so lively. And that pout felt so much like Radhika. Nostalgic he thought of her. She was not wrong, it was me who was a fool. He kept walking towards her. He promised to himself he would not let her go. Thinking all the time he didn't realize that he had been standing in front of her staring in her troubled eyes for a minute or two. 'Honk! Honk!'. The sound of passing Taxi brought him to senses and he realized she was smiling. He smiled back.

Monsoon set up a perfect stage for a blooming love story. Every rain pour set the cement stronger than before for their relationship. By the time it was winters Vik had made up his mind on her. He would finally propose her. He made a plan to surprise her by telling her he was leaving Mumbai for ever. Then as she would come distressed and puzzled to him, with that cute pout of hers. He would surprisingly propose her falling on his knees for the love of his life, Meher!

Things went as per the plan. On hearing about his departure she came to his house. But before he could say anything she proposed.

There was a long lull. The time stopped, everything stopped Meher stood, her hair went dead even the second hand of clock didn't tick anymore, but Vik moved. He felt things going heavy in his head. He

was not prepared for this. He felt a strong gush of emotions flow through his body. The same sensation of neurons the first time he had met Meher. But it didn't feel pleasant this time. "Why?" So many question questions with a prefixed "why" burdened his brain. He needed a cigarette.

As the time stood still. He grabbed his wallet and hit for the road. He bought a packet of cigarette, lit it. Poof!! The hustle Bustle returned. The time started to move again. He kept walking dragging deeper in his cigarette. But his legs took him to somewhere else. He wasn't walking back to home. He had made peace with his mind. Had he? This was not love, he felt. He had actually begun to enjoy the journey.

The thought of finding the love of life was disturbing for him. He loved the journey, he loved the pursuit. But he feared the goal. 'The end' wasn't meant for a soul like him

He took another drag, and smiled. He knew not what he had made of his life. But he was happy the way it was. "You Bitch", he said , though this time for the life.

Meher went back crying her heart out. She had her heart broken for the first time in life. Tears kept rolling out of her eyes, but she kept walking. The sound of honking horns, the flowing traffic, everything felt so irritating to her. It was raining, a bit weird for the time of year. Everything was moist the air, the sand on ground, the tree nearby and the cigarette in her hand. It was the first time she was smoking. Everything went Numb! Do you feel something? Or are you numb as well?

By Ishan

Kuch Anjaani si Lehrein hain!!

25th Mar, 2012

Jalti hui chilam dekhi hai unhone kitni hi baar
fir bhi kehte hain aap kaun, apko pehle kabhi nahi dekha
dhalta hua suraj dekha hai kitnni hi haseen shaamon me
fir bhi jab main saamne jaata hu to pehchaan nahi paati mujhe
un lehron se jalta hu main mana
kyun na jaloon wo aksar unke tan ko jo chu leti hai
kaise bataun
inhi lehron me har shaam doob jaata hu main
pyaar karti hain ye aankhen mujhe bus yahi ummed hai mere dil me
jo har subah fir laut aata hu
har roj fir jal jaata hu

Kaise jagayein unhe neend se jo naata tode baithe hain....
baithe hain ek kone me sir chupaaaye
wo kona bhi mere dil ka hi hai kaise unhe batayein

Pata nahi kyun wo dil me khaamoshiyaan le ke baithe hain...
unki khaamoshi se meri duniya me bhi ab sannata hai

Na bolne ki kasamein khaayi ho jaise muh kuch iss tarah see liya hai...
par shayad usse ye nahi pata
ham bhi uske bolne ke intezaar tak jeete rehne ki kasamein khaaye baithe hai

Wo to chale gye bus pairo ke nishaan reh gye...
kuch yaadein kuch aahatein...
kuch saath jiye pal..kuch muskurahatein...
har lamha jaise unki yaadon ki chasni me bheega ho...
har lamha jaise thoda khatta thoda meetha ho...
ek annsu ke qatra aankon me
aur ek shararat bhari muskurahat aati hai in hothon par...
jab wo nishaan mitate hue
aur wo kadam meri aur badhte hue dikhte hain..
fir wo ahatein jeene ki umang

wo chahtein karne ka junoon laut aata hai...
dekho wo unke kadam fir meri or badh aaye hain
Usne bhi badi shiddat se tarasha hai iss duniya ko,
kabhi hum iss kudrat ki ada ko dekhte hain
to kabhi aapke chehre ko...
par naa jaane ye dil kabakht bharta hi nahi.

Kal raat ek sapna aaya tha
aankhen band thi to saanso ke raste dil me sama gya,
kuch yaad to nahi puri tarah, har sapne ki tarah.
sapne me bench par baithe,
do adhed haathon ki lakeerien yaad hain,
unpe wo rengti jhuriyaan yaad hai..
ek haath tera bhitha unme,
ek kuch meri lakeeron se milta tha.
saanjh ko ussi kaursi pe khudko tere sath baitha paya,
andhera kuch udaas sa tha
par teri aankhon me bhi uss sapne ki chamak dikh rahi thi

Pus ki raaton me badan jab kanpkapaane lagta hai,
to uss alaav ke kareeb baith jaata hu..
uski garmi ka kambal jab odhne lagta hu,
to lagta hai jaise hawaaon me ab tu aa basi ho

Ye pyaar bhi ajab hai na....
jharte tootate, tehni se bichadte patte ko hi dekh lo..
mad mast sa lehrata hua girta hai...
jameen ki sachchai bhi uska nasha choor naa kar

paayi ho jaise.

Kabhi koi kehta hai main shayar ho gya hu,
to kabhi mujhe kavi keh dete hain..
sab tera hi to kasoore hai to...
tu hi to hai jo aksar panno me utar aati hai
aur logon ko lagta hai ye meri karigari hai...

By Ishan

Death Sentence

29th Mar, 2012

From between the rusted iron bars,
his arms protruded out,
he chokes, face hidden in the hazy room,
amidst the smoke, silently loud,

his eyes, glowed red, with fury, vengeance,
from the whole world a war,
the lightning flickering upon his soul,
revealed his bloody face, burning scars,

teeth tightened with smirk, he groaned,
this is the end, not me but you,
i was not borne to die this way,
my full moon is now shining through,

hell will rise for his master to save,
from hell to hell will hell persuade,
pain will cry for pain to stop,
blood will pour forth from the blade,

looking at the chains which engulfed his body,
He laughed; his voice tore the prison,
The wolves replied, so did the thunder,
And silence sank into oblivion

Masked faces with sharp silver,
All with expressions as grim as can be,
Arrived, unperturbed by the deathly laugh,
Held the prisoner, never trying to set free,

Sound of March slowly faded away,
And the silence in the prison prevailed again,
Outside, the prisoner was being dragged,
On his face, although no sign of pain,

from darkness to light, as they moved him,
voices raised, the crowd hailed,
the crowd cheered this awaited death,
and more amusement in his eyes sailed,

he moved his tongue on his black dry lips,
trying to taste the whole situation,
the sacred place, laid in front,
where he was to be guillotined,

a flash of silver lightning,
and torn clothes rose in the air,
the muscular mass, with tinge of darkness,
unleashed, the true beast appeared

held by strength, as the full moon shined,
he was made to lay his head,
on the blood stained block, where several died,
where several cried, as they lay dead,

the vultures waited, for the pieces of flesh,
their beaks were to be his sepulchre,
no sign of guilt, no sign of fear,
this man loved the incoming torture,,,

As the eyes of him, touched the moon,
Heart thumped no more, no more time ticked,
Thick, red, bloody eyes, pounded, enlarging,
So was seen, that smile, so wicked,

Bathed in moonlight, his body grew more,
Canines made their way to breathe in open,
Slowly, the beast transformed into another
More furious, strength indomitably deepened,

Stood now he, unchained, liberated,
He howled, tearing the crowd's silence,
Sniffed the air, now amused, with a groan,
This lycanthrope, now, fear he could sense,

corpses laid, under his feet, as he howled again
crushed heads, lone necks filled up the place,
in between this slaughter, he stood head high,
laughing at himself, master of disgrace,

a spark was seen at a distant horizon,
which grew more intense, and the fire thrived,
a sword introduced into his heart,
and on his knees, this werewolf arrived,

i came here to see you, my friend,
now let it go, your soul is released,
master of heaven for the master of hell,
my friend, this time, you rest in peace

By Ashhar Reza

He goes

29th Mar, 2012

Stalking his mind, that once, could think what he wanted,
Now random thoughts of deliberation, losing him on way,
Walks on his own, he has to, he knows no way else,
For her he could not be, now can't think of himself,

She once held his hands, said, don't be afraid
I am here for you, that fear let it go,
All the fears departed, all the fears departing,
He let go of all of them, and she let go of him,

She once believed him, all that he said,
Now all that he says, is already said,
She won't love him no more, he is a wreck,
Empty glasses, don't hold, they break,

She found people, he is alone,
Every place is a party, there is no home,
No love shoulders to put his head,
So he bangs it on the ground, gives it some rest

He can't cry now, all he can is laugh,
He lost his ability when she kissed him the last,
No tears in his eyes, he still looks up the sky,
Some rain may pour down to fill up his eyes,

He got ways of distraction, and teeth to laugh,
Inside of his body, there is a wasted mass,
She promised to keep it, she broke it apart,
Promises are meant to be broken, it is the modern art

He wants love no more, and he can't hate her,
He wants to forget her, and he can't forget her,
He loves her the same, but he won't admit to you,
He is afraid of her now, and the things she can do

But he walks and he walks, he has to reach the end
World seems down, where he may feel the rain,
Where he loses her, where he is no more,
And he will live again afterlife, won't he for sure?

By Ashhar Reza

The dark night

17th Apr, 2012

(The sketch is by me, liquid imagination ;))

From the darkness of my mind, into the darkness I see. As the chilly wind blows through my face, shivering my body to its tune, as the street light glitters, covered with suicidal angels of fire, gyrating around it, with shimmering rays, the world sleeps cozily, stiffed inside the blanket of dreams. Empty sky, etiolated by the wind of dust promises complete blackness under the missing moon. Sound of road hit by rare traffic can be heard at a distance. After every manifestation of the Doppler effect, dead silence shouts in the sky. And we know, the dead gives life in so many forms.

A collaboration of some not so properly used oxymoron might have confused you. Well, they were supposed to do so because good works come out from mesh of words. When you put your net into an unorganized, sweet, sour and bitter sea of words, you have a probability of catching the Moby dick. Anyways, that's not the topic of this post. I just got deviated and caught some wrong fishes.

It's about this dark night. The diminutive balcony of my 1 BHK flat was a better place until the owner of this building threw some extra cash to erect another few cubes of concrete in front of us. But still, it allows me to stare at the sky at times. The ostentatious sky which stretches its

blackness to the infinity is looking dreamy at the moment. 'DREAM', this one word has several meanings as per the perspective of different people. For me, it means a relation which I want to create between the past and the coming future. A long lost desire, mutating its form, has dissolved this dream in my blood.

I can stare at the nothingness in the sky and think nothing for ages. I want my life someday to be like the black sky in this dark night. Calm, cool, serene, with no spots and scars, plain and stretching all across the world (if only you know what I mean). I know that is not possible because it is a fact that no matter what you do, people will find a way to call you a dick. Still, being at the top, who cares about what people say at the bottom, unless you are to get affected by it. I know philosophical thoughts will not fetch anything, (and I am craving and working for it), but it feels so good even to think about it. Life is overrated. There are a lot more problems to deal with in the world than mine, so forget about me, forget about you, move ahead, and all will be fine. I like darkness. Its where the truth is revealed. I like staring deep into the darkness, speculating. It gives me realization of peace. Darkness is sacred, its where you can just feel and not see.

Everything I come across my life has taught me something. Night, indeed is a great teacher in all forms. The dark night teaches me to stretch my hopes meeting the horizon. It has taught me how to feel the most important things in life,

Feel happiness, feel freedom, feel the dreams and feel the life...

By Ashhar Reza

What is L*** ?

20th Apr, 2012

"What is love? Baby! don't hurt me, No more." I remember watching this song as a little kid. I just loved Jim Carey with his 'broken-dangling-neck' step. It was my first encounter to the word love. And mind you! I just loved the 'love'. It was fun. With passing years, as my trousers started to shrink which i blamed mostly on bad detergent; though i realized with time it wasn't the detergent which was at fault, rather it was some sort of hormone which kept stretching me; i actually started experiencing various different definitions of 'love'. By the time i was twelve i had developed a strong bond with the closest friend of mine in class. He would cut cake at my birthdays and i would do the same at his. It was love for me. Sharing tiff-in with him. Fighting for him, with the cliched groups we form at our schools, and ending thrown out of the group myself. Ironically he would be inducted back in my place. Any ways all of it was worth it. But life is like a big advertisement hoarding, made up into pieces. The jigsaw wasn't complete yet. Actually the game of love had just begun for me. I fell in love with a wonderful girl from my school days, a blunder i remotely regretted as well. By the time i was seventeen i had all of my life planned. From the day i begun planning to the day i will sit besides her, on the stereotypical armchair, smiling at my grandchildren. Typical? Isn't it? Most of us end up visualizing our grey days before we even qualify ourselves as legally adults. Well like most blind, daydreaming shepherds, i got dumped too. What did i expect? Yet again, only love.

Well, that was kind of a brutal halt to my journey in search of meaning to the word 'love'. But who am I to call curtains to the play called life? Being a stubborn a river, as it is, life went on finding its own path, meandering through different world altogether. And with the flow i came across several wounded soldiers like me. Not specifically wounded the way i was, but surely in love. Some had lost their lovers, some their goal, some missed their sport and some the darling hay days at school.

These beautiful creatures along with me made a perfect band of friendship. The music we played all along on our orchestra was 'love'. Love for friendship. Fighting each other, cursing each other on misdeeds, holding and hugging each other when anyone fell down. And even laughing when every single one of us fell down at the same time. Be it yellow, blue or pink every day was equal to us. The color never mattered all that mattered was love between us.

But birds from different nests someday have to fly back to their own places and so did we. The emptiness left, the void, it once again pulled back the same question into my heart. What is love?

I never felt it judicious to ask my grandparents, as most grandchildren end up doing. With their violent pasts it would not have been a great idea. And of course asking my parents would have resulted in no good. I would have ended up incarcerated, under their watchdog. Nay! not a good idea. Why lose one's credibility in one's parents eyes, that too for a petty thing like love. There are better things to do that we don't want our parents to be aware of ;)

So walking again on my lonely path in search of true meaning for love, I decided to give life every shot possible. And then I met this girl. The girl I hated the most.

By the way, I wasn't a solitary reaper all this long as told by William Wordsworth. I was more of a man with commotion, revolting thoughts. The one who takes the roads less taken in Robert Frost's.

So this girl had every innate idea about everything in the world, but love. For her this word never existed. In her presence I was forbidden to use the word. It was sought of blasphemy in her personally engineered religion called life. I still am forbidden to use it.

With her I learned all about all those great Indian poets and their take on love. Their sweet, lustful, bitter, revolting, patronizing, all varied portrayal of love. And yet she despised the very word love. I would give her points for her uncanny style of picking up lines which had hints of love and yet not the word itself.

She has been caring, pleasing, helping me all through 'latest-edition' days of my life. She had become more of my muse. Although I type all of it. Yet she has been the ink behind every single word I engrave.

I don't love her. How could I? She would not let me. Only if I could replace it with some other word. Maybe, ecstasy? Nay! too ecstatic and taboo. Or maybe passion? Nay? I don't like the sound of it. Can I replace this word 'love'? With the sound it has and the music it creates, with its vibrancy and freshness despite all its antique origins. Nobody can, I guess.

The journey to the ocean for a solitary river like me has just begun and yet I find myself, surprised and enlightened at every turn the life takes. The search for the true meaning for the word 'love' can never come to end. Not with my life or with any others. Yet the journey is what I and everyone of us should cherish. That is what she says. It's a mysterious path which unfolds into newer realms with every experience. Do you feel the rumbles of excitement too at every new phase of life. If you do? then you are in love too. Oops! I just said the word again. Sorry!!

By Ishan

After about two year, I can't believe I am...

20th Apr, 2012

After about two year, I can't believe I am writing for this person, but yes, I am happy to do so. The laptop clock says 12:30 AM. A test the next day can motivate you to write more than any other thing. Collecting all the memories to be laid on this digital paper, I am writing about a girl who has touched my life closely in just a short span of time. No, she is not my girlfriend, as she says, "I am too tall for you!!"

The name says, "one who is free", and she fulfills the meaning by all means. Being in the same college with adjacent classes, we never talked. Our friendship started like any other facebook friendship. The best thing about facebook is that no matter how horrible you are, you can depict yourself as a stud(you can point the finger at anyone ;)). We started talking after she transferred her college and was missing the old one.

Describing about her, she is one of the craziest persons I have ever seen.

Morning 6 'o clock, I got a call from her for the first time. Some problem with her and she wants to share. Well to tell you frankly, you feel "aap dude hain", when a good looking girl, you look up to, looks up to you to share some problem. I tried my best with words to help her and I suppose I kind of succeeded as she was pretty happy with the conversation.

It was around 12.30 in the midnight, I got a call from her.

"At this time??" Blasting up with filled curiosity I picked up the call.

"Hey !! Whats up??"

"Hey! M good, you say.."

"Dude you are my best friend no? I am drinking but I am not high, can you bring some whiskey for me? I will pay you."

What happened just now? Come on, life is unpredictable, get the hold of it, take a deep breath, calm down and understand...

1. I am best friend of a girl I have started talking to recently and she doesn't know me at all and we have not met ever face to face and talked.
2. She is calling me in the middle of the night wanting me to come to her friends place and deliver some whiskey.

"From where will I get booze for you at this time? Anyways its not about the money, but I don't think its possible for me to come now, I don't have a vehicle." I tried to escape.

"Dude, take an auto, I will pay you, come no pleeeeeease!"

Now when a girl stretches a please, it becomes pretty difficult to say no, but, I am quite experienced with this 'please' thing.

"I think you are too high, we will talk tomorrow!! Good night. "

Next day we did talk and then begun our friendship. She opened up to me pretty fast, but me, being a little more skeptical person, took some time to adjust. I remember the first time we met properly.

“Bhaai, date pe jaa rahe ho? Ache se aana, tell me what happened there.” My sister is one of the loveliest people I have ever seen in my life.

“Its not a date!!! We are meeting up just as friends.” And true it was.

I opened up that day and we talked a lot. I think I got her bored, but it was overall a nice meeting. The next meeting took a long long time.

I came in my bike with that shades thing on, in the helmet so that I look cool(I suppose I look just fine in that). She saw me, she smiled and we went inside the restaurant. This was the first day I was sitting so close to her to observe everything closely.

Her eyes sparkled against the glassy surroundings of the place but seemed blunt. I tried to go through what's inside but then she looked at me once and I stopped and looked away. She has the eyes which can hide and show whenever she feels like. Her black hair lied softly on her shoulder. Side parted, shining in the bright day light, it looked beautiful. Next thing I observed were her attractively shaped lips. I was admiring them as they opened and closed slowly. I was dumbstruck and could not think of nothing but her lips for a while. I didn't know what was happening to me. I had never observed a girl so closely. Her skin was spotless with a placid glow. Her smile was clean and perfectly disciplined. She was the girl of high standards. Then she bent a little to pick up what was served to us. Her hair fell from the shoulders to hang in open air, lips opened to let the food go in as I gaped at her. I sat with her for about 3 hours, 3 of the most amazing hours I have spent with anyone.

I came back home smiling. The smile got stuck on my face and I could not remove it.

“Why so serious? “ my roommate laughed at me.

“Mind your own work ass!”

I smiled for the whole day and almost up to the middle of the night. I couldn't stop texting her. I realized that day, that something was not right, not with me, and probably not with her. I didn't want to spoil her mood or the essence of our friendship with this kind of feeling so I talked a bit about it, took a supposed chill pill and kept quiet.

Next few days went on normal until the next time we met. It was a free day for both of us and she wanted to booze in my flat (yeah you can trust me, I am a good guy). I agreed and then she came.

She came along with few friends, all her college mates with preparations which I never required(I don't booze).

“Test?? Now?? Fuck!! Ok I am coming.”

A surprise test was ready to fuck up my whole time. Somehow I wrote it up and came back to see a different scene in my house. She was in my room laughing and shouting carelessly at everyone. It took her time to realize that I had come back. People say correctly, girls should not drink.

“hey , you came back?”

“yes, you high now?” I gave a smirk

“no no, I am not high, I can understand everything.”

Next 1 hour followed a series of events which are quite normal with a drunk girl.

I don't like people getting drunk and acting out of senses, but I don't know why I was enjoying everything she was doing. It was time to leave. With no one to drive her car back home and I could not let her drive in this condition, I took the responsibility. It was not just because I cared, but also I wanted to spend more time with her. She came out and stretched her hand to me trying to hold mine. I got alarmed and pulled my hand back out of reflex action. I am not used to any girl holding or even trying to hold my hand. I wanted her to try again so that I could rectify the mistake but she looked at me and went out.

In the car:

“I am bad no?” she asked me.

“No, you are spoilt!”

“What do you mean by spoilt? I am bad??”

“No I told you are not bad, you are spoilt. There is a difference. Anyways leave it!”

“You tell or I will delete your number and never talk to you.” She threatened me.

She can do that too?? I thought. Taking my chances I said,

“Really? Ok then delete.”

She deleted my number. Then something happened which I never expected. She moved her face away. I tried to look at her face, as her nose acted funny and globules of water trickled down her cheeks.

SHIT!!! I fucked it up!!!

“hey!! What happened? I am sorry, I didn't want to hurt you. Come on!!”

I wanted to pull her cheeks but did not dare to touch her.

She didn't say anything. I cracked a silly pj on her which made her laugh and I gasped in some fresh air. She could make me do anything by this time. She asked me to stop at a place as she was better and could drive. I wanted to leave her home, or I wanted to spend more time with her. But I didn't press and watched her move away in her small electric car.

I long to see her again and again. It was long ago I stopped feeling anything for any girl I meet up. She has redefined my version of me. I don't know what it is? It may be attraction, infatuation, or even love. But I do know this that even without proper pic of her I can imagine her every gesture and every look. Even after having loads of work, she remains in the mind as I wait for her texts. Even after having an exam tomorrow morning I am writing like a stupid for her at 2.17 am. Life is funny sometimes. Life is beautiful afterall.....

By Anonymous

ik pyaari si muskaan meri zindagi hai..

28th Apr, 2012

ik pyaari si muskaan meri zindagi hai,
jo meri maa ke chehre par saji hai,
is muskaan ko barkarar rakhna,
haan yahi meri zindagi hai.

kai dino se dekhi nai wo muskaan,
dil mein bas ek yahi armaan,
ghar lautoon aur dekhoon tujhe muskurati,
ankhoon se khushi k aansoo bahati,
mujhe pyaar se gale lagati,
mujh par apna pyaar lutati.

mera bas hai ek hi bhagwaan,
jisne mujhe diya jeevan vardaana,
karke nyochhawar apni jaan,
mujhe dilayi ye pahchaan.

tere liye kuch kar paon,
teri in aankhon mein aansoo kabhi na laaon,
banaye rakhoon tere chehre par wahi muskaan jo meri zindagi hai,
haan wahi jo meri maa ke chehre par sazi hai..

dedicated to most important person in my life.. my mom.. my life.. :)

By Aanya Verma

What I Want...

30th Apr, 2012

I want a small abode at some solitary beach, close to the world and yet far away, away from the phony noises and fake smiles, away from the rat race and sickening worries, where the sun winks from behind the disarrayed cottony clouds spread across the calm light blue sky, where the ocean whispers the mellifluous song of the soul lost somewhere in the humdrum of life, where the briny wind hits my face and numbness makes it hard to breathe, where every particle of sand kisses my feet and the waves caress them... and when the night falls, I want to stare and stare and stare at the starry night sky with my face cupped in my hands, think of all the things that truly have and will keep me going, and in the dead silence of night, I want to listen to my heart and for once not the mind, forget about practicality and the stupid rules of this world and just be myself for a change... and if at all there is that one person sitting next to me with whom my heart actually resonates, whose shoulder is my heavenly abode every time I cry or laugh or shy away or simply stare at the moon, whose eyes are an assurance that they don't need words to understand me or promises to believe in me, eyes that never lie, that remind me of the good lying inside, that make me believe in my make-believe dreams, eyes I know were made for me as soon as they meet mine.... all this and here's my perfect world...

Sounds moony and stupid, but that's exactly what I want!

By Medha Dwivedi

समर्पण

2nd May, 2012

हर बच्चा हज़ारो छोटी छोटी तमन्नाओ की पोटली में बंधा होता है. पोटली खुलते ही, मन्न की तितलियाँ इधर उधर मंडराने लगती हैं, संसार के फल फूल से तरल हासिल करने को बेताब. ऐसी ही एक पोटली में बंधा एक छोटा सा लड़का, अलग दिखते लोगों में अलग सा दिखता, पहली बार सीनिअर की उपाधि पे मुस्कराता अपनी नयी कक्षा में बैठा था. नए लोग, नए विचार उसकी पोटली को थोड़ा और समेटने पे मजबूर कर रहे थे. क्या पता, लोग उसे पसंद न करें? क्या पता, लोग उसका मज़ाक उरायें? वह कुछ न बोलता, थोड़ा सहमा सा, लोगो की आँखे तलाशता बैठा था.

फिर हुई शुरुआत, एक अलग सी दुनिया की. एक अलग सा व्यक्तित्व, अपनी ओर आकर्षित करता हुआ, कक्षा में घुसा. मुंह पे एक तेज के साथ, उन्होंने मेरी ओर देखा, और मैं मुस्कराया. जवाब में मुस्कराहट मिली. इस तरह मेरी मुलाकात पहली बार मेरी हिंदी टीचर मंजू मैम से हुई. और वो पोटली धीरे से खुल गयी.

कहने को तो हिंदी की शिक्षिका, लेकिन जितनी उनसे मैंने हिंदी नहीं सीखी, उस से कहीं ज्यादा ज़िन्दगी सीखी है. हमारी हर बेवकूफी पे हँसना और उन्हें सुधारना. पाठ के अन्दर का पाठ पढ़ाना, और न जाने कितने ही तरीको से उन्होंने मेरे जैसे कई बच्चो को ज़िन्दगी दी है.

कई साल बीत गए उन्हें देखे हुए लेकिन जीवन के धागे की हर गाँठ पे जब भी पीछे मुड़ के देखता हु तो मंजू मैम उसी तरह मुस्कराती हुई दिखाई देती हैं. और मैं एक मीठी सी याद लिए कहता हूँ, “शुक्रिया मैम, शुक्रिया मुझे बनाने के लिए. विश्वास रखिये आप का ये बेटा बहुत आगे जाएगा. कभी गुरु दक्षिणा नहीं दे पाया, अपने कुछ छोटे से नादान से शब्द आपको समर्पित करता हूँ.

बढ़ते हुए रास्ते में कुछ याद आता है,
जागती हुई आँखों में कुछ ख्वाब आता है,
एक पुराना रास्ता जहाँ चल चुके हैं,
हँसते हुए आँखें भी मल चुके हैं,

हर एक खामोशी पे शब्द आप के मिले,
कमज़ोर होते को बल आप से मिले,
बढ़ते हुए रास्ते में कुछ याद आता है,
आपका हाथ अब भी सर पे साथ आता है....

By Ashhar Reza

Heroine

2nd May, 2012

It was the most beautiful evening one could ever get to see, the surroundings were enveloped with beauty to the very core. The charm and cheeriness that subsided with the place was sufficient enough to take the grief out of a million souls. The setting sun was potently sensuous to seduce any artist and lure him to conjure a masterpiece out of thin air. It appeared as if the place was under some magical spell that was synchronizing every living thing with the splendid landscape.

I too tried to soak in the aura of calmness and flawless beauty that was wide spread before my vision. It was evoking the artist within me to transform the euphoria into words of magic. I sat on the grass, to open my heart and let the words flow from within. In the following seconds my mind started to connect with the heart, and the outcome was supposed to bring in a sense of gratification.

Something stole my attention; there she was, dominating the scene with her dazzling acts. The Heroine has finally taken center stage, the birds started chirping in her praise, the wind was busy caressing her hairs, the fading sunlight was increasing the glow of her face, and everything went silent to let her do the talking. She was making the picturesque landscape appear dull when compared to her. For a fraction of second, I was forced to belief that she was one of the Heroines from Cecelia Ahern's stories. Her acts were a feast for the eyes, with every passing second I was craving more for her acts.

I stepped forward to reach for her, and then she did something unexpected. She rose to her feet and leapt to touch the sky. An enigmatic smile was playing on her face. The leaves beneath her feet rustled in a sweet musical tone. I was transfixed by her existence; there was something very peculiar about her. A fear started to develop in my mind; a fear to lose her, losing the ability to sense her beauty. "She isn't a mere artist, she is an art herself. 'She ain't an actress; she is indeed the true Heroine." I said to myself and started to backtrack on my path.

By Aashirwad Nuniyar

निशान अब भी बाकी...

8th May, 2012

मकड़ी के जाले अब पर्दे बन गये हैं,
फर्श पे रेंगते अब कीड़े नये-नये हैं.
घर का सामान तो तुम्ही थे बस,
चार दीवारी का ये मकान अब भी बाकी है.

उस समन्दर के किनारे को करूँ मैं क्या बयाँ,
जब तुम्हारी उँगलियों से खेलती ये उँगलियाँ.
रेत पे जो कुछ लिखा था, लहरों ने सब पढ़ लिया,
पत्थरों पे कुरेदा था जो नाम अब भी बाकी है.

गलतियों को क्या छुपाया, दी दलील दूर की,
हाथ बांधे सर झुकाए हमने भी मंजूर की.
हुकूमत का दब-दबा अब कहीं और है,
पर ये हुकमसार गुलाम अब भी बाकी है.

हाथ पे रख के दुपट्टा कुछ छुपा रखा था अंदर,
तोहफा ही समझा था हमने, बाद में समझे थे खंजर.
महसूस तो बहरहाल होता नहीं अब,
पर सीने पर निशान अब भी बाकी है.

By Praveen Choudhary

Pure Chaos!

9th May, 2012

I wanted to write but thoughts would not come to my mind. I kept listening to the music.....

I loved you, you made me, hate me.
You gave me, hate, see?
It saved me and these tears are deadly.
You feel that?
I rip back, every time you tried to steal that.
You feel bad? you feel sad?
I'm sorry, hell no fuck that!
It was my heart, it was my life, it was my start, it was your knife.
This strife it dies, this life and these lies.
And these lungs have sung this song for too long, and its true I hurt too, remember I loved you!

This whole act of writing is difficult, really difficult. There was a time when i first begun to write. It was then that I begun to know myself, realizing my inner self, finding a motive for my life through it. Yet there are times when i find myself unable to pen down a single thing. Ideas come out of oblivion. This oblivion is deceiving. It is ruthless and untameable. I try hard to concentrate many a times, yet i find myself searching for one single thought. But it won't come up. It is agonizing.

This whole path of learning to write has been most painful. Every time i put up thoughts on a piece of paper, i give a part of my soul to it. The heart grieves and shudders with pain. The emotions come alive out of the paper and continue haunting me all through the day. It is only an irony that i have to pull myself out of my thoughts to get over with the emotions. The very thoughts that i wish won't stop coming to me. The same thoughts, i wish would flood my mind. This life of putting what's on mind is grueling and exasperating. But then again nobody has forced me. I made this choice of choosing this life.

Thoughts come in all form; anger, remorse, sympathy, lust, love; until the mind is free. But, once the heart gets entangled to a single human, the thoughts get occupied by fewer emotions

and the world begins to revolve around it. I tried to think rationally, yet, i could never come up with an answer to what is right and what is wrong.

Controlling and directing thoughts had never been what i had wished to do. I had always let my life be the way it is. My heart, my soul and my thoughts have been a free flowing river, meandering through forlorn paths, often encountering ecstasies of companionship, sometimes streaming through the solitary wilderness of the life.

Often, my mind measures, the state of the thoughts on different scales of excellence. But i try and put a lid to the rationalism because i have been like this ever since i have been into existence.

One cannot change the course of action; the future is not vulnerable to mind-works of a mere human like me. And what if it were? Would it have been as exciting, knowing one could always change its course? I guess the answer is no.

Yet again giving up on trying changing its course is giving up on fun of believing in oneself, believing that we can write our own destiny. All of these thoughts keep weaving a cobweb around my head. I fight to single them out and identify them as individual. Yet the chaos is likening. This process of fighting with my own chaotic mind is not exhausting it is rather rejuvenating. I can get up in the middle of night and work on getting my thoughts straight. There meanings straight.

I often wonder what i have made of myself or rather what i have let myself grow into. I find peace in chaos. I find pleasure in pain. I find ideas in suffering. I fall in love voluntarily to get hurt again and again because when the acute pain hurts everything goes numb. The world stops existing. In that very loneliness, i find it easy to read and decipher my own thoughts. Music plays in my ear, i can hear it and i can feel the flow of thoughts pacing up to the music.....

Seems like all we had is over now you left to rest.

And your tears are dried up now, you just lay without a sound.

Seems like all we had is over now, you left to rest.

And my fears are over now, I can leave with my head down.

I can feel the fingers rigorously typing at the same pace. Irrelevant thoughts, unprecedented thoughts all come flushing into the mind. This is the time when i find myself dunked into wisdom, heart stops playing the role. Cigarettes keep burning itself, with me taking not more than a drag or two on it. From other persons perception it might seem crazy but engulfing in itself is getting closer to humanity, getting closer to every emotion.

I can feel the anger venting through my nerve. For the loves i have lost and at the same time i can feel the love rushing through my heart. I can feel my eyes brimming with tears. The

commotion of thoughts leaves me puzzled. I find it hard to identify whether these are tears of joy or pain. I call her bitch and then the next moment i call her darling. I am as confused as these words seem. Jumbled words and jumbled life. Yet, they have a certain beauty to them. You know why, because these are crude thoughts, most natural, untouched, and never tampered with. As if they were some waterfall formed from a perennial river that refuses to dry, as if it had no glacial origin and no sea to end up. I feel like going with them and i have been. When i begun writing i had no idea what i would write about. But i have written a lot. It might all be trash, but not to me. There is something in them, something worthwhile for everyone or maybe not. But do i give a damn at this juncture, if it's worthy of anything or not? No i don't. I have met my goal i wanted to write. I wanted to vent my anger out, i wanted to vent my love out. I might not have succeeded but i feel better. Music still plays in my ears.....

I wish I could I could have quit you.
I wish I never missed you,
And told you that I loved you, every time I fucked you.
The future that we both drew, and all the shit we've been through.
Obsessed with the thought of you, the pain just grew and grew!
How could you do this to me?
Look at what I made for you, it never was enough and the world is what I gave to you.
I used to be love struck; now I'm just fucked up.
Pull up my sleeves and see the pattern of my cuts!

I've , Lost it all, fell today, It's all the same
I'm sorry oh
I'm sorry no
I've , been abused, I feel so used, because of you
I'm sorry oh
I'm sorry no

By Ishan

Girti Imaarat

9th May, 2012

Kursi par baithe baithe saara din nikal jaata hai aajkal.....

Ek waqt tha jab har pal bus ek hi khyal raha karta tha,

Kab uss deewar pe tangi silver shade ki ghadi me 6
baje ka ghanta baje,

aur kab main ghar pahuch paaun....
ek baar fir unn, kam lagte saath bitayein, hazaaro dino ki
tarah uss se mil paunn....

Thodi thodi der me ghadi dekha karta tha tab,
Thoda iss kursi ko, thoda iss kachue ki chaal chalte samay
ko kosa karta tha main,
dono hi naamurad hain, ek pal ka chain bhi nahi dete.....

Kiwaad pe khada wo guard,
shaq ki najron se dekhte rehta tha unn dinno mujhe,
maano usse maalum ho mere dil me kiska khayal kaundh raha hai....

Uss din 6 bajne me sadiyan lag gyi thi jaise,
par jaise hi uss pendulum se 'tannn' ki awaaj aayi,
to jaise mere sharir me ek bijli si daud gyi ho....

jhat se samaan uthaya tha maine aur nikalne laga tha

un kaatati deewaron ke shamiyane se...
guard bhi na dikha uss din to, na hi uska shaq bhara chehra.....

Tarangon ke ghodon par daudata hua,
ishq ki hawaaon ke thapede chehre pe sehta hua,
seedha jaa pahuch tha main ghar apne.....

darawaja khola socha usse meetha sa surprise dunga....
dekha to wo nahi thi....
saara ghar chaana to ek chithi mili,
likha tha
" amrika se saheli aayi hai meri...usse milne jaa rahi hu"...
hazaaro dino ki aandhi me shayad, wo pyaar ki lalak kahin kho gyi thi usme,
tabhi deedar karne chali gyi apni saheli ka,
ek pal intezaar hi kar leti mera....

Saari tarangein, armaano ki tutati imaarat me dab gyi thi uss din..

Tanha, udas baith gya fir ek aur kursi pe,
dekha to saamne deewar pe wo ghadi fir sadiyon tak chalne ko betaab lag rahi thi...

Iss baar main betaab na tha...

Wo akhri din tha jab uss kursi par baithe din nahi katata tha...
ajkal to saara din nikal jata hai baithe baithe....

By Ishan

We -The common People(आम आदमी)

11th May, 2012

उम्र की चादर

जब मेरे घुटने तक ही आ पाती थी,
और आलिम, फ़ाज़िल, बुद्धिजीवियों की तालिमें
... बस्ते में रह जाती थीं,

मैं तेज़ भाग कर चाँद चूमना चाहता था.

अब,

मेरी जिदद जब चाँद से हटकर,
रोटी पर थम आती है;
और अँगूठी पर हाथ सेक कर,
नींद मुझे आ जाती है;

तुम क्यूँ मेरी रोटी को नोंचने,
मेरे गलिआरे आ जाते हो?
कभी मज़हब, कभी जाति बताकर,
मुझको ठगते जाते हो.

वैसे भी,

हर नीलामी में,
मैं अपना वज़ूद बेचने जाता हूँ,
कुछ किस्से अपने कहता, कुछ औरों से सुन आता हूँ.

नीलामी के सिक्के रख लो

रोटी मुझको खाने दो,
आज बहुत मैं भूखा हूँ.

By Praveen Choudhary

माँ

13th May, 2012

नरम हाथों बनी रोटी से दूर
रात की थाली खुद लगाता हूँ,
नहीं चलता अब नंगे पाँव फिर भी
मीठी सी डांट के लिए तरस जाता हूँ,
चोट लगे तो रोता नहीं मैं अब
हल्दी वाला दूध खुद ही बना लेता हूँ,
मेरा माथा अब अकेलापन है चूमता
अपने गाल अब खुद ही खींच लेता हूँ,
नहीं है यहाँ कोई जो मुझे सोने को बोले
खुद ही ओढ़ी ओढ़ कर सिकुड़ जाता हूँ,
कैसे तेरे पास आऊँ तेरी गोद में तुझे बताऊँ
माँ मैं तुझे रोज़ बहुत याद करता हूँ...

By Aditya Pant

साजिश

13th May, 2012

तेरी साजिश ऐ खुदा अब छुपी नहीं है
जी कर ये सीखा की मरना कहीं ज्यादा हसीं है,
तुने दिल उलझाया इश्क बना कर
तुने दिल को रुलाया अश्क बना कर
ये बंदा तेरी कयानाथ से बखूबी वाकिफ है
तेरी साजिश ऐ खुदा अब छुपी नहीं है.

इन हाथों की लकीरें धुंधली हो उठी हैं
इस माथे की सिलवटें सिमट चुकी हैं,
किस्मत जो तेरी ढाल थी
वो ढल चुकी है
ये आवारा अब तेरा प्यादा ना रहा
तेरी साजिश ऐ खुदा अब छुपी नहीं है.

By Aditya Pant

इश्क से उलझ गया हूँ

13th May, 2012

दबे पाँव तेरी खामोश यादें जब शोर करने लगती हैं
मैं फिर से नींद का बहाना ढूँढ लेता हूँ,
खवाबों में तेरी परछाई जब रोशन हो उठती हैं
मैं फिर से नींद का बहाना ढूँढ लेता हूँ,
पहली बारिश को जब फिर से तरसने लगते हैं
मैं फिर से नई ज़मीन ढूँढ लेता हूँ,
ये नादान दिल जब फिर से भटक जाता है
मैं फिर से नए खवाब बुन लेता हूँ,
पहला नशा जब फिर सर चढ़ने लगता है
मैं फिर से नया नशा ढूँढ लेता हूँ,

जिंदा हूँ
दिल से जी रहा हूँ
गीले घूँट प्यार के
फिर से पी रहा हूँ,

वक़्त जैसे पलट गया है,
ये आशिक़ फिर इश्क से उलझ गया है,
तेरी बाहों की क्या दाद दूँ,
नए ज़ख़्म की तलाश में
ये आशिक़ फिर इश्क से उलझ गया है...

By Aditya Pant

If only, you had time tonight

21st May, 2012

You said, never ever leave,
and that you need me,
If only, you could believe,
those words were mine.

I know how much I affect you,
and hurt you sometimes,
If only, I could remember this,
all the time, in the past.

I keep myself busy, working,
surrounded with people,
If only I could control my dreams,
where you still stick around.

Music has changed its mood,
so has the humming of birds,
If only, I could change,
the rhythm of my heart.

There is a pain in your eyes,
a sadness in my soul,
If only, this mail could bring,
a smile on your face.

Everything will be alright, stable,
and will shake again,
If only, you could see,
this is a fable, called life.

I would have stopped writing mails,

leaking emotions, memories,
If only, you could stop reading,
my mails, more than once.

You could have understood me,
and my words,
If only, you had time,
tonight.

so read again ... slowly this time ...

By Anonymous

Ami Asto! Ami Asto!

22nd May, 2012

It was 23rd march. The day when Bhagat singh, Rajguru nad Sukhdev were hanged. Amidst the national turmoil, in the backdrop of beautiful kashmir valley, Rukhasar gave birth to a beautiful baby boy with deep blue eyes. He was named Rafiq a synonym to friend. The boy had every trait of a true friend. Just at the moment when Rafiq was born, Amit, with green eyes, was born to Rekha. The two grew up in the same surroundings and became close friends with time. They would spend most of their time together. Most of their childhood and teenage was spent listening to the stories from hindu and islamic mythology. Where diwali brought light to their life, Eid brought sweetened kheer and sewai. They would spend hours knitting every year and every day of their future together, never letting any one out of the frame at Bashir's tea stall. The tea stall was close to their heart. The earthen pots which held the tea, the stone slabs and withering Bashir chacha's beard were evident to every dream they spun together.

But the destiny had something else in hold for them. Post partition the town which lay on the very pakistan india border was divided into two halves. Half of the town went to Pakistan and other half went to India. The two friends were parted as Rafiq went to pakistan. The tides of time had never stopped for anybody and it didn't even.

Time moved and so did the earth but the relation between the two countries, with time, worsened. Together yet apart, the two saw the nations fight for the very land which once was their home. 55 years passed. Like many others they too grew old. Their hair now white and skin wrinkled, yet they had a hope of meeting each other someday.

They met again. It was not india nor pakistan. It was Kashmir where they met again. At first, they couldnt recognise each. But then besides finger prints there are eyes and smiles that talk too. The deep blue eyes met the deep green ones and as if the time stopped and suddenly everything blurred. They hugged each other as tears welled out of their eyes. The two old souls met with the same childish excitement. The clock had just rolled back to 55 years as they stood together in humming market of town.

It was the very spot where once stood the Bashir's tea stall.

One evening as they sat at the very place where now stood a tall banyan tree instead of the tea stall. A boy came and stood near them and kept staring at them.

As the blue and green eyes met the brown eyes of boy, he smiled

They asked him. "What are you looking at son!".

He said, "I am looking at the bond of affection you two share". And then he told them that he too had a friend like them but he was shot a fortnight ago.

The ease with which the boy said that left them agahast and despaired at the same time. They felt sad for the boy and hugged him and gave him a chocolate to eat.

The boy ate the chocolate as if he had not eaten for days. He actually had not for days now. His thin frame and popping out eyes said his story for itself.

Orphan now, after losing his friend and family to terrorism, and shattered. The sudden love took the boy with surprise. The tears that had relented for so long to come out, the tears which lay frozen because of shock and fear. They came crashing and splashing out of his eyes.

The two old friends bewildered didn't know what to say to the poor kid. So, in order to console him they asked the boy, "Would u like to listen a story son?".

The boy distraught until few moments back was more content now. He smiled and said, "I would love to."

So the two friends begun.

"Once, the heaven lay on earth. For god it was the purest of all places, so he put heaven on earth. The trees, the Deodars stood high and mighty all along the heavens border as if they were some guardian angels who had been asked to protect the sanctity of the place. The heaven remained there for centuries until the day when humans came.

They, the humans, had come looking for heaven and they found it. They named it Kashmir.

Agar ruhe Zameen Asto, Ami Asto Ami Asto. If there is heaven on the earth, it is this, it is this, they said.

In the beginning it was all fine they kept the place intact and adapted to heaven but soon the fine thread of human to human bond begun to wither. It grew from meagre quarrels to massive fights and finally as the humans always did, they divided the place into two. Yet the bloodshed didn't stop, it was followed by militancy.

One side called its troops and the other kept sending wolves under the skin of terrorists. The bridge, of faith of love, that had for so long been intact begun to shake. Fear begun to surface. And the valley that was once heralded as heaven on earth, that brimmed with the music of birds chirping, people chattering and the thudding sound of running kids, was replaced by sounds of bullets and gunshots. Soon amidst all the commotion it become difficult to know who the real wolves were.

Then one day as the people sat, all saddened with the commotion and fights the pain the pang of loosing the innocents and there dear ones, moaning there losses. A small kid addressed the crowd and called for everyone's attention. He said, "Look! Look up in the sky! " There hovered 2 eagles. The boy said again, "These are the governments of the two countries. Look. how their eyes contain the greed and the lust for the people below. Look! as they hover in the hope of flesh. Flesh of those who had died, and the ones who would die soon, fighting the meaningless battle against their very own people. The infighting propelled by the adulterated and ulterior actions of the two eagles."

People saw everything right up, as the boy spoke. They knew what the boy meant when he showed them two governments. Yet they knew they couldnt reach them. "

And so the two old man told the little boy, "That is how it has always been.", the boy looked up and he saw the two eagles still hovering not so high yet so far.

The boy understood the reason behind all the hardships and now he knew the reason behind all the circumstances the true reason behind his friends death yet he couldn't smile because he knew.

It was the problem he knew,like the old men said, not the solution.

THE END!

By Ishan

पेट्रोल

24th May, 2012

पेट्रोल-पेट्रोल खेल रहे हैं संसद के गलियारों में
कीमत बढ़ने की खबर रोज़ छपती है अखबारों में
साइकिल खरीद लें बात चल रही है मेरे यारों में
दिख रहा है भविष्य देश का अब गहरे अंधियारों में
“मन” का चैन लुट गया “मोहन” अब तेरे दरबारों में
करुणा-ममता सता रहे हैं सत्ता के गलियारों में
रूपया बनता जा रहा पैसा डॉलर के व्यापारों में
शोषित जनता चीख रही है भाषण, कविता, नारों में
फिर भी न जाने तुम क्यों घूमते रहते शानदार कारों में

- अभिषेक "अतुल"

By Abhishek Gupta

The girl

27th May, 2012

In the laughter, in the tears,
stands a girl with unknown fears,
her mind plays a game too much,
but she wants in her life, a midas touch,
close to her is everything that lies,
but she is still looking for alibis,
the black of days and dark of nights,
can't exhilarate her with broken pride
so she stays down, as can be
she chuckles than laugh for everyone to see,
life seems to slip out like fine grains of dust,
amidst love, betrayal, faith and a broken trust,
let the world sing her lullaby,
for she wants to dream of the autumn tree
falling of leaves and then rejuvenations
and she may drink the drops of lost emotions

By Ashhar Reza

Tera khayaal

4th Jun, 2012

kabhi to uda tha
ki galiyon me teri
gulaal reh gaya tha...

fir jo gira tha
teri un haanthon ka
rumaal reh gaya tha...

kissa bana tha
humari himmaton ka wo
kamaal reh gaya tha...

fir waqt guzra ...

ab k baras bas
dil me mere ek
sawaal reh gaya hai...

naadaniyon k
silsilon par chalte
bas malaal reh gaya hai...

din raat ab bas
teri hi adaaon ka
khayaal reh gaya hai...

By Anonymous

Kyun Tumhe Kya Lagta Hai?

4th Jun, 2012

Iss baar ki baarish me wo baat nahi,
kuch sehme se lagte hain ye baadal..

Kyun tumhe kya lagta hai?

Pichle saawan me kuch kasak thi tujh me.
yaad hain na wo shaam jab yahi baadal kuch tassali se barse the,
iss baar kuch dare se lagte hain ye baadal,
thoda tu bhi dari si lagti hai...

Kyaa toot ke fate the pichli baar,jaise koi toofan le aenge..
kuch waisi hi aandhi kal shaam bhi aayi thi..
jaise kuch badalne ko betaab ho..
Mujhe laga tu izahaar karegi,
apne dil me basein armaano se jee bhar ke mujhe pyaar karegi.

Saari shaam taktaki lagaye baitha raha,
aasmaan me chaye ganhare badaalon ke beech,
luka chupi khelte taaron ko chunta raha..
Socha tu izhaar karegi,
iss raat ki baarish ki rimjhim sun kar thoda mujhse pyaar karegi..

Raat yun hi kat gyi, subah ki aad me kahin wo baadal ki kaalikh bhi chup gyi
izhaar ki ummeed ab utni hi feeki thi jitni saavan ki uss bochar ki..
Barse bhi to kuch aise ki naa baadal ko ehsaas hua
naa dharti ko..
mujhe to pata bhi na chala kab baras ke ruk pade..

Kyun tumhe kya lagta hai?

Kab tak yun dar dar ke jeeyenge..
kab tak yun mar mar ke jeeyenge..
tootane ko betaab ye baandh bhi ik baarish ke intezaar me hain,
mere faili baahein bhi bus tere izhaar ko bekarar hain..

wo ahat iss baar shayad naa hogi, kuch yun lagta hai mujhe,
wo baarish ki atthas bhari bochar iss baar na hogi..
iss baar kuch sehme se lagte hain sab...

Kyun tumhe kya lagta hai?

By Ishan

TO BEGIN WITH THE BEGINNING

4th Jun, 2012

I stood a spectator and saw it slip.....
Completely unaware I'll be covered up...
Through the sands of time,
I could hear the chime...
I was lost(!), I was dazed
Exceedingly amazed....
That was a different world..
And a manor of my deepest desires...
A realm of my dreams....
Ablazing my insides, those fires....
Burning, was a pleasure too;
Probably coz I was getting burnt of you....
Then there was a sudden intrusion....
And I woke up with the confusion..
The dreams were over, all at the same time....
Suddenly, I could no longer hear the chime..
The manor was captured and I was held captive...
There were thugs, there were decoys; and my treasure was looted..
There was shock at first, then panic followed
Felt lost(?), shattered, finished...
And theennnnnn.....
I questioned myself...
Was thissss my fate ??
This perished state ??
Then I remembered, I'd been burning...
And now, I don't feel the fire anymore..
But heyy....where are the ashes ??
And then there was a voice, calling me from the inside...
"Don't worry about the ashes...
They're blown away....
Now focus on things,
That long back went astray.."
I was shocked again...
Utter disbelief.....
There was so much that broke with me when I did...
The sands of time were all around,
And perfect silence, not a single sound....

I was stunned at the loss...
Absolute loss...
Yes, replenishment would take time...
But just a moment to get to the starting...
And now i decide,TO BEGIN WITH THE BEGINNING...

By Astha Khare

Possessive and Proud

6th Jun, 2012

"Yeah, Go to hell! What do you think I care for you? Dont be mistaken foolish old lady. It was a mistake I married you! I can still write and get prettier women than you, wait until i reveal my masterpiece " shouted Mr. Rodrigues. It was his wife on phone. Jeffery just stood and listened as his dad furiously put down the archaic receiver. He could almost see fumes puff out of his dad's ears. Mr. Rodrigues had not hung up properly, as the receiver lay half hung. Jeff could hear his mother swear hard, in a language he had become used to by now. Mr. and Mrs. Rodriguez fought too often. Jeff has by now begun to yawn every time he would hear a hue and cry being raised when he was at either's house. He often wondered why they married in the first place. Roger Rodriguez pen named 'Rod' had been a famous author in his time. He was one of the most loved writers of his time. His writing style had a certain earthy appeal to it. He had begun his career early into his youth and had become a object of craving for most women. Not as if he was a handsome dude. But his writing made an alter ego which found place in most women's heart. Women, a particular specie which has a tendency to go weak in their knees for men with artistic aura.

When they first begun to fight, his parents, Jeff used to think hard if they would have ever loved each other. He would curse the moment they met in the first place. He dreamed of a life where he had a different pair of parents, placing sometimes another women for his mother and the very next moment putting up a differnt father with his mother. But sooner then he thought, he realized it would have been the same if he replaced any of them. He chuckled on the thought that at least that way one household was bared the tragedy he faced. He could bet on any day that there was no worst recipe of tragedy then the one he had in his own house.

It was just five years back that the two of them decided to move away from each other. Ever since Jeff had been constantly swinging from one home to another. No matter how much they fought yet he loved both of them equally.

"What are you looking at? Hmm?" asked Mr. Rodrigues still angry. "Nothing Dad, You actually forgot to place the receiver right" Jeff replied with a cunning smile.

An hour later the two men were practically running towards the City Hospital.

"Hello, Is it Mr. Rodrigues Residence?" asked a lady with a formal tone, she sounded anxious.

"Yes, it is !" replied Mr. Rodrigues in his coarse baritone.

"Sir, your wife Mrs. Laila Rodrigues has been admitted into the hospital, she has had a mild heart attack. since you are her husband it become our duty to inform someone from her home..... Hello! Hello! Sir are you there? "

Mr. Rodrigues had hung up even before she could say anymore and the two men, the son and father ran for the Old Maruti stationed outside their house.

As Jeff pumped his leg hard onto the accelerator trying to wriggle through the heavy Mumbai Traffic, he could see Mr. Rodrigues trying hard to fight against the tears that had already begun to roll over his cheekbones. Small water filled dug holes formed all over Mr. Rodrigues wrinkled face. Jeff could not do the two jobs of driving and consoling at the same time, so he chose the former.

It wasn't until twenty minutes of excessive rash driving that they reached the hospital.

Mr. Rodriguez ran as hard as he could towards the main gate of the hospital, swift enough for a septuagenarian. Jeff could hardly catch up with him, as both dad and son reached the ICU ward. The doctor said that Mrs. Rodriguez' condition was stable and she was being kept under vigilance until she gains her consciousness.

Mr. Rodrigues didn't move a bit for the next six hours until finally Jeff interfered and asked him to come sit in the waiting lounge.

"Care for a cigarette Dad, one won't harm in such condition." asked Jeff.

"No, She would not like it." said Mr. Rodrigues.

Jeff could not believe his ears. Ever since he had gained his conscious, he had seen his Dad as a Smoking Engine.

For moment he felt hysterical and commented.

"Come on, as if you care Dad!". But he repented the moment he uttered those words.

"I love that old lady inside that ICU ward, Son! I love her like anything. I have never loved anyone as much as i love her, ever. Not even You." said Mr. Rodriguez with pain filled eyes.

"I am sorry Dad, I know you do. I just said so because i have grown up with you two fighting all the way through it." said Jeff with guilt in his voice.

Mr. Rodriguez sighed. He took a deep breath and begun.

"Remember Son, when you asked me why do we not get divorced? It was strange for me that it came from you. " asked Mr. Rodriguez.

"Yeah i do remember Dad. It was the day when you two decided to move away" said Jeff with a questioning tone.

"Why do you think son, i never divorced her? It was because i have loved her every moment of my life. Do you think i am an old wearing man with shaky hands who can not hung up a phone properly. It's just that i want to listen to her voice. I have loved her voice ever since i first heard it." said Mr. Rodriguez his eyes still watery.

"I met your mother when i was Mr. Nobody, I met her when Rod was not even there. I had just stepped my foot into the world of writing. I wrote crap back then, but she was the one, who read every bit of it. She stood by me, she supported me through the harshest period of my life. Every time i fell, evry time i felt down, she was the one who pulled me through it. Even before i came to know her properly, i had realised that i loved this women like i never loved anything. With the birth of 'Rod the writer', came all the accolades. I had my mood swings, i ignored her, but this women she never once left my sight. I had all the wonderful looking women crowding me, jostling for one moment with me. But yet she never swayed a bit. I often ill-treated her, questioned her, distrusted her, yet she stood by me. Do you think i am fool enough to let go by a women as wonderful as your mother. You know the reason why we fight day in and out? Do you?"

"I guess, I did, but now i don't Dad" said Jeff Honestly.

"It was some years after my books had won enough laurels, that i proposed your mother. she accepted it after a lot of persuasion. She had her own reasons. She feared that i might end up loving her forgetting my first love which was writing. But it eventually happened. Just after we got married, i become so possessive for your mother that i stopped writing about anything else. All i cared was to write about her. Every story of mine after that, had a hint of hers. She became my muse. She loved it intially, but soon she begun worrying, for she had always feared this would happen. She did not want to come between me and my writings. So we had our first ever fight. But i was too possessive, i would not part from her for any reason. Be it the writing. Ever since then, we had been fighting over this very issue." said Mr. Rodriguez heavily as tears welled through his eyes.

"Dad, you two are the most wonderful couple, i always had these feeling, that was the reason i loved you irrespective of your fights. I would have done anything just to bring you two together" said Jeff heartily.

"You are my son. You are just like me. but as you said you would have done anything to get us together. Do you really want to do something for me, then do this onething for me" said Mr. Rodrigues.

Mrs. Rodrigues finally gained her consciousness as the sun begun to rise for its routine task. Mr. Rodrigues was sitting by her. She opened her eyes to find him smiling. She smiled back and the two kissed. The two love-birds sat with their hand into each others hand. It was not untill several minutes passed that Mrs. Rodrigues finally said a word.

"Where is jeff?"

"He must be here any moment, i had sent him to bring some change of clothes for me and also told him to set things right." Mr. Rodriguez winked.

"Set things right?" asked Mrs. Rodrigues all puzzled.

"Well, i thought an old lady like you, with a weary heart shall have some strong man to look after her, so i sent him to get your things back to where they belong to." said Mr. Rodriguez in a jesting manner.

Mrs. Rodrigues smiled as tears rolled through her eyes.

"It's about time i guessed" She said mischieveously.

At that very moment Jeff arrived with a bright smile on his face. He hugged his mother and handed over the packet to his Dad.

"This does not look like clothes" enquired Mrs. Rodrigues.

"It's a little present i had kept for you all these years now. I wanted your approval before i went on with it" said Mr. Rodrigues.

She opened the packing to find a shiny freshly printed book which read "Possessive and Proud". She realised it was one work which Rod had kept under wraps for all these years. She knew it was the masterwork he had been talking about all these years.

She could say nothing, she could see nothing. Her eyes went watery and tears welled out of them, her voice choked. She knew how much she was loved.

It took her several minutes to revive herself out of the ecstasy of the moment.

Five days later as the trio walked out of the hospital. Mr. and Mrs Rodrigues had been planning to do this together all this time. As Jeff grabbed the car door open. The two asked him.
"When do you intend to get married, Jeff. You are already thrity five"

"Come on, How could I? I am too possessive" Jeff said with a chuckle.

The Possessive and Proud End !!

By Ishan

Who Are You Without Your Name?

27th Jun, 2012

They think they know you.
They think your name says it all.
They judge you on it.
They presume.

What if you have had enough of presumptions, of biased assumptions? What if you want to break the mould, to shatter the chains?

Leave your name behind. Come forth as your real self.
Let your creativity sparkle like a moonlit ocean, and
your imagination run like a river in the monsoon.

Be free,
be what you were always meant to be:
an artist immune to societal prejudices.

Experience the world that anonymity opens at your feet!

So, who are you without your name?

By
Ashish Kumar
inspired by
WriterBabu

(lazy enough to put it by own account)

By Srijan Srivastava

A tribute to INDOPAK SOLDIERS.....

2nd Jul, 2012

Bulandi ki koi seema nahi,
Karte hain woh jo hai sahi...
Marte hain woh par darte nahi,
Jo karte hain woh kehte nahi...
Saans aakhri tak woh ladte hain
Par hum un veer jawaanon ko hamesha bhoole-bisre rakhte hain.

Maanga na kuch unhone humse,
Karte rehte par hamari seva dil se...
Chodd ghar baar, parivaar se rahe bichde se,
Hokar shaheed, laut gaye us mitti mein nikle the woh jahan se...

Shapath le hum aao doston,
Likh likh kar hum dilaayein har ek ko ehsaas
Ki Naujawaan veer ye hamare hain bahut hi khaas...
In dooriyon ko bhulakar,
Bhaiyon...Behnon...Chalo rahein hum ekdum paas...
Hindustani...Pakistani ke is faasle ko mitakar chalo hum bas bane insaan

By Ullas Anand

An evening on rooftop

3rd Jul, 2012

Tired after work she came to her room and after taking shower went straight to the rooftop. There was she leaning over the over sized railing of the building. She rested her elbows on the railing holding her face over her palms. A cool gentle breeze was touching her face and messing up with her hair. Annoyed with this naughty playmate she tied her hair into a bun not very neatly. Moonlight was striking her face, with her hair coming over her face repeatedly making her look a little prettier she had been looking all day long. She was enjoying the wind and the fragrance of harshringar flowers blooming in garden in premises of the building. Enmazed into the beauty and fragrance of the evening she closed her eyes. A tall manly figure came behind her silently without even a tiptoe . he placed his hands gently over her waist and then hugging her from back hold her tight. She smiled and leant back on him, lifting her face in a desperate longing to see him.. she captured his face in her eyes and smiled and again closed her eyes feeling him in utmost silence.

He could see her her round face lit up by moonlight. Her prominent cheekbones were shining a little more than whole of her face. Her hair

were coming over her face obstructing the view. He gently tried to put aside her hair off her face with his hand while she was still holding his other hand. Both were enjoying this lovely romantinc evening to their fullest.

Suddenly the figure behind her loosened his hold and started stepping back. he was laughing on her. He kept stepping back and laughing out loud and gradually disappeared.

For a while she was dumbstruck then she gained a gentle smile on her face realizing this was just a dream, an illusion her mind loves to play with her. She was smiling not just because it was an illusion but because she had a feeling so pure of love that no one could ever take away from her. She was smiling because although he didn't love her anymore she had lived her love to the fullest. She was smiling because no one could ever take away the sweet memories of her love not even he, himself.....

By Aanya Verma

Chocolate fantasy

3rd Jul, 2012

as a kid i always loved eating chocolate cakes and pastries, i was fascinated how it could be so tasty and how it is been made

aftr i grew up..i left non veg even egg because i didn't believed in killing others just for my taste, anyways this is not a topic here so i even left eating my adorable cakes as they were made up of eggs, eggless ones were not that gud.

long time, aftr many experiments i derived one chocolate cake recipe, its yummy n toothsome.

so writers enjoy writing as well as eating fab cakes

RECIPE

ingredients

1 cup curd

1 cup milk

1 cup plain flour(maida)

3/4 cup sugar or more if you want to make it more sweet

1/4 cup coco powder

1/2 tsp soda-bi-carb

1/2 cup or less oil

chocolate sauce

1 tsp vanilla essence

method

sift maida, cocoa, soda and baking powder. keep aside

beat sugar and curd. add oil, beat well

add milk and essence. add maida. beat well for 3-4 minutes till mixture is smooth and light.

take around 6"-7" diameter microproof glass dish, the container should have 4" height

line container with brown paper or grease wd oil.pour cake batter

microwave(not bake) for 5 min. let it stand for 5 min

let it cool, transfer to a serving platter.pour chocolate sauce decorate with walnuts.

this recipe is so simple n easy.

please give me feedback if u try it.

By renu srivastava

KUCH BHOOL SI GAYI HAIN...

6th Jul, 2012

gharaunde me lage ped ki jade kuch khul si gayi hain...
chauhath pe jami aandhiyo ki mitti kuch dhul si gayi hain...
kuch jhokein thi jo saath laati thi khushbooyein...
ab woh hawaein bhi iss raqbe ki disha kuch bhool si gayi hain...

chahu nikal ke talaashna uss qaasid ko...par maqsad kuch mila nahi...
kadam bhi laachaar hain aur woh iraaade bhi...
ki ab humari chaal bhi unn raaho par chalna kuch bhool si gayi hain...

iraaade toh mann me hote hain...par dil ko bhi woh jazba mila nahi...
fir bhi jaag gayi saasein aur khul gayi aankhein...
par yeh aakhein uss roshni ko takna bhool si gayi hain...

umeed ke pyaale me yeh zindagi kuch ghul si gayi hai...
bin hawaon ke bhi yeh viraan parde kuch jhool si gayi hain...
kuch jhokein thi jo saath laati thi khushbooyein...
ab woh hawaein bhi iss raqbe ki disha kuch bhool si gayi hain...

By Sufi Shagird

Khuda ki inayato se jab mausam aks badalti...

11th Jul, 2012

Khuda ki inayato se jab mausam aks badalti hai...
Jab khaaliq k iss tassavur ki shaks badalti hai...
Sama yeh sufiyana lagta hai aur hum ek sufi...
Jab uski nayaab parchayi k sath humari raqs badalti hai...

By Sufi Shagird

एकांत का स्वर

24th Jul, 2012

एकांत का स्वर
अंतहीन और निर्द्वंद है,
शक्ति विहीन है
लेकिन तीव्र अंतर्द्वंद है,
कर्म का सूचक
धर्म का सारथी
एकांत का स्वर
मादक है
दिशाहीन है
सृष्टिहीन विचारों से लथपथ
एकांत का स्वर
गतिहीन है
एकांत का स्वर
शक्तिहीन है.

पीत वर्ण से लिप्त
एकांत का स्वर
अग्नि का पर्याय है
जीवन के वर्ण से अंकित
एकांत का स्वर
मृत्यु का ध्येय है
तृष्णा का बीज
अंत सा निर्जीव
एकांत का स्वर
शक्तिहीन है
आक्रोश से भरा

भय से व्याप्त
ये स्वर मादक है
किन्तु जीवन में विलीन है...

By Aditya Pant

Not listening for the first time.....

29th Jul, 2012

It has been said that think hard before you make yourself move out from some ones mind and prayers,because when any one else filled this gap you have to feel unbearable pain. He was in I.C.U, unconcious for last 11 hours.Doctors said he had facture in his back of his brain and he losted so many blood.But they were trying to do their best.But there was nothing,nothing in the world that could contented her now.For the last 11 hours he did not open his eyes and she did not close her's.she was trailing continuously in the corridor and fighting hard with her tears.It was 16 december again.5 years ago on the same date she was in the same condition broken,nearly crying,and had ache in every nerve.It is the day when she and Haraan (the yuong man laying in I.C.U)had a break up.Not it was not a breakup,cause breakups happen suddenly and irrationally,But he,....he wanted to leave her,wanted to move away.Why?Caused he wanted success,unbounded freedom,wealth and fame.No matter what cost he had to pay for all that,he was ready.So he paid,paid the cost of his family house,his mother jewelry and his girlfriend or love.So at all end he went to America,to study business.He was always like that competitive,fearless,bold and straight farward.These were his qualities which brought them close.But she never imagined that all these also became the cause to take him away from her.Head student of the college,superb player of foot ball, but being so much good at every thing he was dump in relationships and in understanding emotions.She still had the echoes of his last words in her ears. 'Elina,this is not your fault at all,nothing about you.I just can't give any promise.May be I never return.So move on in your life.forget me, I promise i will become like I never existed.' At that time he himself did not know,if he could move on in his life with

out her. It was 5'o clock in the morning she got the call from hospital. "Ma'am,I'm from Mid City Hospital.there we have a young man seriously injured .name....Haraan.We are informing you because the last dialed number on his mobile is yours".suddenly her mind got on fire,her nerves ached.Listening his name like someone put a punch in her chest."What is the full name of that man?Haraan...Haraan Ali'she asked. "Ahan,yes ma'am Haraan Ali" voice came from the other side and she losted all her broken pieces, she collected in last 5 years.Rushing to hospital in car.Tears were coming out of her eyes,images crossed passed her mind.She was trying hard to recollect herself.But when you try to collect the pieces of broken mirror,it just caused bleeding fingers and pain. "Ma'am,excuses me'some one called her,a nurse."there are some stuff of your patient".And she handed her a book.walet handerchief and a mobile.She was between black sea now.He wanted her to moved on in life.he moved away.it became more hard now to hide tears.But then she recalled the reason why she was here?the last dialed number on his mobile was her's!she had been informed about that.She opened the cell go to 'dialled numbers' option and here her number being dialed even more than 20 times in the night.before accedient.Tears won after all, now they were rolling down her cheeks.She did not know, what to say or what to feel?she was just dazed.And then with out any intention her fingers moved towards the 'messages' option.And there was a message in 'write message' option,which never been sent "HI,dear Elina I don't know what to say!I always asked different things from you in life and you always did as i wanted.you never complained,never argued.so i got usuall to order you.Made you move like my style.but belive me I'm not worthy for that.I never in my life exactly knew what i want for my self,and you let me decide things for you.When i moved to USA.I asked you to move own in life,with out thinking is that I'm capable to do it my self or not.you like, always do things which you think made me happy.But believe me I'm not happy.In the last five years I wrote that msg thousands of times but never get the courage to sent it.Always thinking that if you actually moved on.if there was no place left in your life for me.how can I endure that there is another person in your life now.I asked you to move on,but believe me I'm still on the same station,being strucked.Now i don't want to ask anything from you.even don't want you to come back.Cause i don't want to hurt you again.I just want to tell you that I WAS IN LOVE WITH YOU,I'M AND I WILL BE. please for give me if you can?".she was sitting on chair and felt like she never get the courage to move.'He is consious now,quiet well ,you can meet' A doctor said to her coming out of I.C.U.It was truth she did not want to moved back.Cause she never moved on,she was still on same station being strucked.she got up and moved inside.he was laying in his bed,covered with needles,sorrounded by machines.he had his eyes closed.she touched he face and he opened his eyes.they were not bright now.but deep still so deep.she know her eyes fill with tears.she wanted to stop that,but can't.he was trying to say some thing but she interrupted "I'm not always on your beaks and call. neither I am moving back,nor leaving".and he closed his eyes, now they were wet.

By Samahir Siddique

मैंने तो बचपन से...

8th Aug, 2012

मैंने तो बचपन से खुश रहना सीखा था,
तूने मुझे उदासी का मतलब सिखा दिया.
टूटी हर चीज़ को मैंने जोड़ना सीखा था,
तूने मुझे बिखरे हुए का मतलब बता दिया.
मेरी ख्वाहिशें मेरी ज़रूरतों से बड़ी कभी नहीं थी,
तूने मुझे ऊँचाइयों का रास्ता दिखा दिया.
मेरी नाकामियों के पीछे मैंने अच्छाई खोज ली थी,
तुने मेरी अच्छाई को मेरी नाकामियों का बहाना बना दिया.....

By Aditi Pant

Mahapalika waala Bargad !

13th Aug, 2012

Mahapalika ke kareeb waali imarat mein
ek saalon purana baragad ka paed hai,
Deewar se kuch sata sa ate jaate raahgiron ko,
aksar apni chaanv se raahat baantata hai wo.
Sab kehte hain yun kal hi kuch dangai,
iski chaanv mein insaanayat ko aag laga kar haath senk rahe the.

Aisa lagta hai jaise kal ki hi baat ho,
jab wo boodhi amma iske neeche baithe
uss azaad chidiya ko daana khila rahi thi.
kehte hain wo ek chidiya har roj aati thi
pandrah august uska janmadin tha, jo pyaar se amma ne khud rakha tha.
Badi khush dikh rahi thi amma,
'ispecial' daane bhi laayi thi.

Aaj dekha to wo chidiya muh fere aasmaan ko taakti
sabse unchi daali pe jaa baithi thi,
amma khoob bulati par wo neeche hi naa aati.

Kal shayad usne azaadi ka gala ghuntate dekha hoga.

Saawan ki fuharar mein kal tak wo bargad ithlata khada tha.
Aaj deewaron me china behal sa khada hai.
Kyun na ho behaal?
kal raa aai khoonni baarish me maasumiyat ko marte jo dekha tha usne.

Aaj pandrah august hai, sab ore azaadi ki lehar daud rahi hai,
bus wo chidiya dikhai nahi deti jiska janmadin tha.
Bargad kuch sehma sa lagta hai,
patthron mein kaid bebas sa.

Uski chaanv me khada ek insaanon ka zatha tiranga liye naare laga raha hai,
Kal inke hi hathon me wo mashaalein thi jisne sheher me aag lagayi thi.
shayad dar usse beete hue kal ka nahi,
aane waale kal ka hai.....Link to the video for the poem :

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XI2N_Q8jEW0&feature=youtu.be

By Ishan

Miss u Daadu..!!

16th Aug, 2012

I know it hurt you
It hurt me too,
But now that you're gone
All I know is I miss you

You were there for so long,
I never thought you would leave.
I wished you had another year
To watch me Succeed.

The day that you left
Was the saddest of my life.
I remember sitting at home
And crying all day and night.

I might be selfish
But I wish you were here.
Or if you stayed
For one more year.

I know you loved me
And I still love you too.
So I'm trying to be strong
Just for you.

You had to let go
Even though you were holding on for so long
But there's not a day I don't think of you,
And how you were so strong.

I just want to tell you
That you're always in my heart.
Even though I still cry
I know we're not apart..

I have written this poem for my Daadu(my grandfather) whom i lost on 12th May 2012. I miss him a lot :(:(

By Richa Priya

Intezaar

17th Aug, 2012

Bewafa nikli wo, bewafa uska ishq,
uske vaadon ki, kuch iraadon ki,
zanzeer me yun bandha tha main,
bebas sa baitha raha kuch kar na paya.

yun apni awaaj ki surmayi goliyan
whisky me mila ke pila diya karti thi,
aur nadaan madmast sa main, har ghunt piye jaata tha.
ishaqzaada samajh ke khud ko,
uski mom si aakhon me pighala jaata tha.

naa jaanein kab ye palkein bhari si lagne lagi,
naa jaane kab raat ki chadar mujhko neend mein dhakne lagi,
wo chupchap dabe paanv chale jaa rahi thi mujhse dur,
usse kya maalum tha main aakhon ki kinariyon se saari raat
un dabein paanv ke lautne ka intezaar karta raha.

By Ishan

Ek shiddat si hai !!

22nd Aug, 2012

Ek nazm likh raha tha jis yaar ke ishq mein
badi shiddat se,
ek arse mein jab puri hui..
to wo yaar hi chal diya sheher chod ke.

Ek tasweer bun raha tha jis pyaar ke ishq mein
badi neeyat se,
ek arse mein jab puri hui..
to wo pyaar chal diya muh mod ke..

jaate hue wo, wo mere bagiche se kuch jaldi me gujar gye..
wo kali jo kal hi thoda khilne lagi thi usse rondte hue,
shayad unka dhyan naa gya hoga

dur uss kone me arson se padi uss kalam pe jab jang lag aayi thi,
rangon ki slate pe kuch mitti si jab chadh aayi thi,
to wo yaar aake bola,
ab kuch fursat si hai..
dikhao wo rangadaari tumhari,
dikhao wo nanhi fulon ki kyaari tumhari..

maine kaha thoda waqt do abhi adhuri hai thodi..
aur ek baar fir ussi shiddat se
ek nazm likhne laga main..
ek baar fir ussi neeyat se
ek phool chunane laga main..

By Ishan

Bhutulu's Car ..!!

27th Aug, 2012

By reading the title of the story, even Bhutulu can guess it's about someone's car or dream of a car. "Who is Bhutulu" is not an interesting point to discuss, question is – if in this whole world anyone can think of a nick name called "Bhutulu"? Well, actually its "Bhuu...tuu...lu" .

For Bhutulu, it's a dream come true today .., sitting in the driver seat of his own car was always a dream for him, well not only for him , it may be the case for almost all the lower middle class Indian boys and gals .The dream chase was a slow marathon though, as it took a little longer than usual. But again its relative, If you can own a car just a year after your 1st bike, I will say its an achievement. Few drops of tear acted as the checker flag declaring the end of the dream chase. In all ideal scenarios, he should be Happy.., but the ending scene Bhutulu experienced numerous times in his dreams was completely different than this. He closed his eyes to recall what he is missing now ...

It was Friday evening 5:30 PM..as usual Bhutulu made his appearance at home after 2 long hours of play .., he calls the game as "cricket" ..., but his dress revealing that to be a game of "kabbadi ".Anyhow for a 4 years old kid, cricket or kabbadi hardly make any difference. Bypassing dad in the hall, he directly reached Kitchen and asked Mom not so unusual question ..., mom, if dad angry??Mom's reply brought a big smile in his face and he ran out of the house again to share the news with his friends. Pulling his sister's hair who was playing at neighbors place , he announced " hey sister, come soon , we are going for a movie this evening ". Watching movie was not at all a fantasy for Bhutulu .., there was something else that was making him dance. From childhood itself he has the habit of planning things and executing it successfully. It's a different matter the execution seems to be missing perfection from last couple of years.

Pushing his sister aside, Bhutulu stood in front of the dressing table (obviously with support of a small chair to match the mirror's height) to confirm his looks. "Fair and Lovely" was the choice at that time too for him. As he completed his preparation, started troubling others by hiding sister's frock, mom's comb etc . For obvious reasons dad's stuffs remained untouched. There was a scarcity of "patience" when God was planning Bhutulu's birth and you can easily notice that flaw in design if you interact with him for more than 15 minutes. He started feeling restless waiting for the rickshaw (3 wheeler manual one) to come. If her sister counted correctly, he asked mom exactly 28 times the same question "Mom,when the rickshaw wala will come ..., the movie will start by the time we reach" .Just to remind you ,Bhutulu was least bothered about the movie .., it was something else ..., his interest was on the interval time, why I will tell you later.

After a little fight on who I sit where .., brother and sister settled at mom's and dad's lap respectively. People say Bhutulu speaks very less, but anyone close to him knows how much nonsense he speaks .., once started, its really impossible to stop him ..., and this is not something he developed with due course of time , it's an in born quality , so this is how he started his nonstop radio starting from his home till the cinema hall .

1st question to Dad after looking at a bicycle store :

Dad, we are not fitting well in this small rickshaw , can you please buy a bicycle for me . I will ride bicycle and come to the cinema hall of my own .., the rickshaw wala can follow me ..,Nani (elder sister) can sit in the middle so that it won't hurt your lap.

Dad's reply: Ok , once I get my salary .., I will buy you a cycle

2nd question:

Dad , two cycles will be costlier than 1 "two sitter" cycle rite ??

Dad's Reply : yes .., but why are you asking ?

Bhutulu's reply :

I know , Nani will feel jealous of me and will demand for a cycle too .So I am thinking lets have a 2 sitter cycle .., I will ride and Nani can sit behind

No response from anyone, because everyone knows whats coming next

3rd question after a break of 5 mins :

Dad, what about buying a rickshaw ?? we all can come together ..,you don't have to worry about we (me and Nani) missing somewhere in the crowdwe I'll hire a driver for our rickshaw

Mom's reply: Shut up your mouth and clean your nose first

4th question while approaching the cinema hall :

Dad, I was thinking why to waste money on hiring a driver. Lets buy a Car .I can drive the car and Baba and Mama (Grandparents) can also join us for the movie .If its raining too, we can come for movie.

Dad's Reply: Yes beta, we I'll buy a Car . Happy ??

Bhutulu - Thank you Papa, Red one ok ?

Everyone was busy watching the movie ..., but Bhutulu was just waiting for the interval ..., if you remember about the design flaw in him ..., he started asking Mom .., "Hey mom ..., when will

be the interval .., I want to go for number 1 “ . Mom ignored him for 2–3 times. As he kept on asking for “number 1 “ dad was left with no choice than to take him out to the rest room . At that time, there was no concept of multiplex and obviously it was a small cinema hall .So earlier I was telling about Bhutulu’s criminal mind rite .., he already started executing his plan by making Dad came out.

Bhutulu to Dad: Papa, I want to drink water

Dad was not having any clue on what’s running in his criminal mind. So he took him to a nearby hotel .

Pointing at a big bowl at the hotel ,Bhutulu’s question to dad :

What are those white ball like things ?

Dad : It’s a sweet called Rasgulla ,do you want one ?

Bhutulu : No papa ,I just asked ...is it taste good ?

Papa : yes .., you can have one now

Bhutulu : No papa, its getting late .., you ll miss the movie scene.., I will taste it some other time

Papa : No problem beta ..., you eat one .., you ll like it

Bhutulu : ok then papa, let me taste ..., but lets take one for Nani (sis) too ...(point to be noted here – his sister does not like sweets,so basically the other one too will come to him)

Though Dad knows about his daughter’s taste, order one more for her.

Bhutulu’s reply: Thank you Papa ..., you are very nice and sweet, like this rasagulla .., when we ll buy a car, I will allow you to sit in the front along with me ..While driving if I feel sleepy, please make me awake, ok ??

It was becoming dark .., and there were hardly anyone near the notary office (Bhutulu bought his first car and was at notary office for the sale agreement). Bhutulu opened his eyes and did not see his Dad in the front seat ..., neither her sister, Mom and grandparents were there in the back seats. He picked up his phone and called Mom ..., it was 6 am in the morning at India. Mom picked up the phone and Bhutulu said “ Hey Mom, we have our big red car , I am sitting inside but missing you all” .As it was night and he was a new driver, drove to his apartment slowly , dad was not there in the front passenger seat to caution him while driving .

Tears in his eyes and just one question in his mind "If my Dream really came True??"

By Anonymous

How I Eat Idly ..???

2nd Sep, 2012

Three msgs one after one forced me to open my eyes ..., the clock on the wall of the hotel room trying to convey me with most polite form "stupid, wake up .., its already 9 AM"

1st msg - R u ready...?

2nd msg-Wear the Denim jeans and the white "v neck" T shirt

3rd msg - All the Best.!!

I was still feeling sleepy ...,the 8 hrs long journey in bus made my body completely tired , managed to sleep only for 2 hrs.I text her back saying

"I am almost ready Mam,but I think formal will be better than jeans".

Well, me never knew people say it "texting" ...for me it was always sms or msg , I learned the word "text" from my Mam only...,may be it sounds cool to say "text" .

I did not get any reply for next 5 mins...,and with my experience I know by now ,what does it mean ...,I have to wear what my Mam ordered . We already had a big argument at least for 2 hrs last night in the bus on the stupid topic of what to wear for the D day. I tried my best to make myself presentable and waited for her call or text .It was 9:45 am and I received the 4th text of the morning "come soon".

I took an auto to her place . Well.., I can say my nervousness was threefold of what I felt when the cyber center guy hit enter key to see my engineering entrance rank .My heart was skipping beats. It took me 10 mins to reach her place .My six sense already warned me twice "Be careful" ..., and to make my condition "worse" , "Jipsy" was waiting to welcome me. My close friends know it well, how much I am scared of dogs or in better words how much dogs love me. As expected Mr Jipsy welcomed me with his sweet voice and the whole family came to know about

my presence. As I have seen the pics earlier, it was not hard for me to identify who is who including Jipsy . Her Bro help me cross the border by keeping Jipsy away from me.

Though I practiced a lot, forgot how to greet her family members, should I touch their feet , or say “Namaste” or shake hand??, my seventh sense quickly prompted me to create the first impression by touching their feet .., for bro in law.., just a “hi” . Never thought what’s coming next will be tougher than what I went through ...her mom went into the kitchen ..., bro busy with Jipsy ..., two gentlemen sitting on the hall ..., the elder one watching some south Indian news channel and the younger one scanning the whole house to get a glimpse of his dream gal .Its already 10 mins ..., neither I heard a single word from her Dad .., not I was able to find my beautiful in the whole house. The fan in the hall was wise enough to understand my condition .., so was trying to help me by making the bed room door curtain dance ...,I could only see the dress she was wearing last night hanging near the bed and the dressing table..nothing else .First the pressure cooker whistle and then her mom’s sweet voice broke the silence. She asked both the gentlemen to wash hands as the breakfast was ready. First out of courtesy and second as I was not having any clue of the way to wash basin ...,I waited for her Dad to move first ..., and he did so, me followed him.

Me, her dad and bro were already settled in the dining table. Mom shouted at daughter, something in their regional language.., I assumed she was asking her to come soon.. Finally the goddess made her presence in the dining table and my heart choked for few seconds. “Beautiful” would be an understatement to describe her. Let me skip describing my angel’s beauty, that will be a book of its own. Now I was facing her Dad, bro–sis facing each other .How can things go smooth with me ..., the most important family member made his presence and he choose his seat beside me ..., yeah Jipsy ..and I started dancing in and around the dining table. Both bro and sis enjoying my dance and god knows what dad was thinking seeing me dance like a fool. I was praying for “The sweet Mom’s help” and she did. On mom’s order, Mr bro put Jipsy outside and closed the door. I knew Jipsy might be cursing me, but I too do the same, as he is the only lucky one in the world to get “kisses” and “hugs” from my Mam.

I was expecting someone in the family will initiate the conversation .., I prepared myself well for few expected questions from her parents .., but there was nothing happening as per my plans and the silence was killing me ...at last the bro broke the silence by asking about the bike rally in Key west and Miami .I hardly have any interest in bikes (I mean I can drive a bike, own a Bajaj Pulsar 180 CC) , but anything above that is greek and latin for me ,but I thought lets bluff something to impress my bro in law . Before I opened my mouth to impress Mr Bro, her mom started shouting at him from the kitchen for wasting 1.5 lakh rupees on a bike. And Miss Sis too join Mom and blasted Bro . Dad was silent .I wanted to support my bro in law, but was clueless. Pointing at bro in law , Dad opened his mouth for the first time ...,” Look at your jeans ...,you looking like a beggar with those holes in it ...” immediately I realized what I was wearing and started counting holes in my own jeans., somehow I adjusted my place to hide my jeans

from his father's eyes . Both me and my Mam's eyes met and I was trying to tell her (through my eyes) that "formal was a better idea ..."

Mr Jipsy made his presence again ..., need to blame the maid who let the front door open ..., now I need to hide my holes in the jeans while dancing with the music of Mr Jipsy . Silently I bribed Jipsy (whispered in his hear – "you have the permission to get kisses and hugs from my angel after marriage too") . And not a big surprise, Jipsy became my friend ..., who can afford to say "no" to a kiss from my angel . Now breakfast was ready on the dining table .Her mom served the breakfast .Idly, sambar,chutney and some unique Vada and a type of south Indian sweet(I forgot the name).Everyone started eating ...,but I was in the process of searching for spoon .My mam signaled me to eat ...and I responded asking for spoon . She went to kitchen and brought two spoons for me.

Mom was multi tasking, managing things both at kitchen and dining place. Let me tell you, Mom was looking equally beautiful as the daughter. While eating, for a second my eyes met with her mom's, she was smiling ..., I thought it was just a normal smile ..., soon after the smile was converted to laugh .., slowly not only Mom but the dad and bro too started laughing ...,while my mam was staring at me with full anger on her face , after sometime my tube light brain realized that they were laughing at me. Except for Jipsy , rest all were laughing (My mam too joined her family) ..., Jipsy was supporting me only because of the bribe I gave him ..., well I was completely unaware of the reason for the laugh though . My face became red and I stopped eating .., seeing me feeling embraced .., her mom ordered everyone to stop laughing ..., how come anyone can dare to disobey the home minister. It was complete silent for 30 seconds..but after few moments I could hear her mom laughing loudly at kitchen and soon after others joined her . Thank God ..., at last I came to know the reason for their laughter .., It was the way I was eating idly made her mom laugh so loud.

Well, I can argue, there was nothing wrong the way I was eating .., with help of both the spoons, I was taking a piece of Idly ,put that in my mouth ..., and then use one of the spoon to take a little chutney to mix it in my mouth itself and after that was trying to sip a little sambar (not to mention the piece of idly already settled down in my stomach when the spoon with sambar touched my tongue).I dint know my way of eating will bring a smile even in her Dad's face.For a while felt proud too to make the angry young man smile with my stupidity. Soon after Dad left the dining table . To make me feel comfortable,mom sat beside me and while having her breakfast shared the childhood stories of my angel ..., mr bro adding masala to it .Very soon I felt comfortable with both, her Mom and Bro and started narrating about my family, my childhood stories,my US experience,etc etc. It's like we (her mom ,bro and me) became a gang and started pulling my Mam's legs .My closeness with her Mom, made my Mam feel jealous and she moved to hall to get his dad's support . At last his dad broke silence after a while and asked me to join him in the hall.

This was the sentence " I have to ask you few questions ..." .., I started sweating like anything ...my angel left hall leaving me alone and joined her bro in bed room . It was him and me alone

in the hall. And to make my condition worse, Mr Jipsy took revenge for “me pulling my angel’s legs” ..., started biting my jeans and I was trying to get rid of him ...,It was like he had decided to show her Dad that even I too have at least 3–4 holes in my jeans.At that time I realized what a big blunder I did by pulling my angel’s legs . Neither my Mam or Bro in law were there to help me out .,mom was busy in kitchen. As things became out of control, I put some good amount of force to get rid of Jipsy,and what happened next ???

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When I opened my eyes I was out of my bed .., head banged in the wall .., pillow in my chest and water from the bottle making my body wet ...,it was completely dark . When I got back proper sense, I was at my 10*10 bedroom, completely wet and having severe pain in my head.Thank god there was no sign of blood from my head.

It took me 30 mins to realize that it was just a dreamthe whole day I kept on smiling thinking about the dream .., felt sorry though that the conversation between her dad and myself did not happen. The conversation would have definitely helped me prepare for the real interview when I will meet her parents.

Dreams come True and it will · its just that I need to learn quickly “how to eat Idly” (in south Indian style) to avoid any disaster and most importantly need to learn some better tricks to bribe Jipsy.

The End ?? No its not ...Rest of the story in my next Dream

By Anonymous

Ear Rings and Gems Chocolates ...!!

3rd Sep, 2012

Just to tease him, the Taxi driver asked “Sir.., are you going for any Fancy Dress Competition”?? The driver tried to hide the mischievous smile, but he understood the curiosity in driver’s mind. It’s not the same “He” who used to lose patience on small things, who used to get irritated easily. He is old and mature now.., just 3 months left to celebrate his 65th birthday.

Without expressing any anger or displeasure for driver’s question, he calmly answered “No Son .., the competition is over, I won the 1st price, so going to collect the award today..”. He was wearing a very tight T shirt, you can say very small compared to his size (he put a good amount of weight in last 4–5 years) . The trouser was way too tight at waist. He failed to put the button of the trouser, just managed to pull the zip up, but only half. He returned to the city couple of months back after such a long gap. Though he was trying hard, could not recognize most of the places. Things changed a lot in these 37 years including him.

It took him 30 mins to reach the Park near the Balaji temple. He was bit nervous ..., obviously anyone in his “First Date” gets a bit nervous. He paid the taxi driver and slowly entered the park. He chose the first bench facing towards the entrance gate, so that he could see her while coming. She asked him to come to this place, as its closer to her house. He opened the box he had with him and started counting.., I think he was trying to verify something.

His heart skipped few beats seeing her coming inside the park, the feeling was the same when he had seen her for the first time. He was delighted to see his beautiful goddess after such a long time. A gap of 37 years is not a small wait. As she came closure, he got bit disappointed . No,no .., it’s not because his Maa’m was slightly old now, in fact she was looking gorgeous, prettier than earlier(for his eyes); it was because of the kid along with her. In his dreams, he had never seen a third person in his first date. Anyhow the joy and excitement of meeting his Goddess override the small disappointment in the form of the kid. Again he thought, how a 62 years old lady would convey to her family that she was going on a date. Coming to a park with her grandson, no one would doubt. While all these thoughts running through his mind, he did not notice her standing near the bench.

Her grandson’s question helped him came back to sense. Grandson asked “Grandmaa.., who is this guy?is he your Boyfriend??” . Their eyes met, both smiled. The Grandson repeated his question again to which she replied .., “no no Sonu beta, he is my Friend”. Ok then, he is my friend too said the kid. The kid asked “Friend, why are you wearing this tight small dress, your grandma did not gift you any new dress”? He replied “No Dear, I don’t have such a lovely grandma like you”. Bye friend .., I am going to play said the kid and disappeared in the park.

He smiled and requested her to sit in the bench. Knowing she too had the same question about his dressing, he told, this was the dress I bought long back, I think 40 years back to wear in our first date. She did not reply anything. After a silence of 2–3 mins, she asked “how are you?”.

Before he could replied, Sonu came running and pointing at other kids, started begging her grandma for ice-cream. Without listening to her, he took Sonu to the adjacent ice-cream store .While waiting for him to come back, she noticed a polythene bag in the bench. She opened the bag and found bunch of Gems chocolate packets each having a big sticker with date and year (same date for last 37 years). Few drops of tears in her eyes.

She recalled, it was the same day he gave her chocolates for the first time. It was then she had shared with him how much she likes gems chocolates. She did not notice when he came back. He told “Sorry, for few years I was at abroad, I did not find gems, so had “Lindt” , sorry for that “. What was going through both of their hearts could not be explained in words, just can be felt. To break the silence, she started “I too have something for you” and she handed over a small jewelry box to him. When he was busy opening the box, she continued “this is the pair of ear rings I was wearing during our team trip to Munnar. Remember, you used to ask it as birthday gift in whatever handful of b’days I wished you”. The ear rings were in his hands, tears in his eyes but nothing to say. Both of them looking at each other without any word.

She said : “I am Sorry for not understanding your feelings”

He replied: “It’s ok..., it was my fault“

Both of their eyes almost reaching the threshold of flooding into tears..!! Complete calmness. He has nothing to say, nothing to complain.

Granny .., I am tired and hungry now, rushing towards her Grandma Sonu shouted. It brought them back to the reality. They did not realize that it’s close to 6:30 PM now. Sonu told “Friend .., we ll meet you tomorrow .., bye bye ...”. While coming out of the park, she asked “what are you doing now a days ..?” In reply, he handed over a business card to her. He thought of asking if they could meet again, but somehow did not gain the courage to ask. She too thought of asking “did he ever get married??” but remained silent as she mostly knew the answer.

It was slowly getting dark. While walking back home, she put on her glasses and read the business card. The card was saying her name as the name of the non profitable social organization and the caption of the organization was printed in bold italic letters as “Love, Hope and Dreams ..!!” .Just before reaching home, Sonu said “Grandma, Your Boyfriend is so nice, he offered me ice-cream, I love him”. She did not reply anything, but murmured to herself “I too Love him a lot beta”.

By Anonymous

Half – Truths

3rd Sep, 2012

Are half-truths lies? If so, are they "better" lies?

Imagine yourself where you repeatedly tell a half-truth to someone because you think they'd not like or understand the full truth, or because you think they'd have a 'problem' with it but in your head is completely legit, just a point-of-view issue, so they don't really need to know. It is likely the "someone" here is important enough that you care how they think/feel/perceive you. How does telling those half truths make you feel? E.g. Telling your parents you're going out with friends while you're going out with a certain 'friend' because you don't want them to know/overreact. Or telling your best friend you're going out with boring office colleagues when you really have to go out with a new close friend because it is quite awkward. Telling your wife/husband you're crashing at your (guy/girl) friend's place tonight, while really its one of your girl/guy friends you'd crash at, because you're not doing anything wrong, just avoiding an inconvenient conversation.

I don't think it'd be hard to imagine what I ask for many of us. We say convenient half truths and little lies ALL the freaking time. So what's the big deal?

The big deal is to me, at least, sometimes these little lies rankle a lot. We say them because we care about the other person's feelings or beliefs, and want to sidestep rather than hurt them. We do it anyway because we're convinced we're not doing anything wrong, but we also would rather have them not know than know the full truth. It's a really fine line. Most days indifference is probably ok. Some days it's not. Some days the guilt wakes me up at night. Some days I wonder how I would feel if I were being led to. And then I realize I would "understand" quite easily and not 'think' much of it, but the way the 'lie' would make me feel is a very different kind of pain. The pain that lingers. The pain which 'knows' and yet where you're quiet because you understand.

And then I wonder, wasn't pain what we are avoiding in the first place anyway? Why damage trust for a little bit of convenience?

Isn't trust TOO precious for that?

Is it too hard to do a direct honest conversation upfront, battle through a bit of temporary heartache if any, and live peacefully truthfully thereafter?

By Praveen Choudhary

THE MYSTERY BEHIND THE TEARS.....

5th Sep, 2012

Just after i stepped down from the train,roaring noise from the platform and that honking from the hulk engines after a great blending started to enter my ears.I started to hurry because i had told my mom that i will be reaching at home by 3:00pm .I crossed the overbridge to the others platforms and reached the EXIT way thinking about the autorickshaw I had to take from out side the platform.I had to take it by combating the heavy downpour from the pre-monsoon showers that was adamant not to spare anybody.while i was swimming in these thoughts i heard a familiar ring tone of my NOKIA coming from my right jeans pocket.The no. displayed on it was unknown to me.Anyway I recieved the call and to my surprise I heard a strange feminine voice "Where are you right now?".I wondered that if the call was from the Hospital then i brought my loitering mind to a standstill and asked "who's this?".The voice came "it doesn't matter who am I.just tell me where are you?"then i heard loud laugh on the phone.Then I was confident that some of my friend is playing prank on me.Then I too thought to play some mischief,I said that I was at my college.But The girl on the other side said "don't try to fool me ..I am coming to meet you..i know you are at a railway station."My mischievous mind thought "BACHCHI TEZ HAI" ..She was an old friend whom i befriended at facebook couple of days back.But she kept asking about my situation.I got suspicious and i told her that i'm not at my college and i am going to home.Even then she was adamant to know about me.Once again I tried my "JAMES BOND " mind to fool her.i told her that i am at railway station.about to exit from the Platform no 1.I was feeling like OSAMA challenginging the CIA to find and take revenge and Excited about the way she was going to respond if she really found out that I was away from my college.Then she engaged me on the phone for two more minutes and I thought I was going to win the situation then she suddenly said "turn around".To my surprise ,I got that "SAANP SOONGH GAYA THING"and felt as if the James Bond inside me got shot in the head and dead.I saw a beautiful girl in pink dress and a bag on her shoulders looking at me and smiling.I was not able to recognise her.After a while I caught my senses and asked her."Excuse me.Do I know you?"I had never seen her,not even a photograph till then so it was obvious that I was unable to recognise her.

She said "That depends on you?" Then she said "I am . Don't you remember?"

I tried to light the Electric bulbs of my brain and tried to find out in which sulci-gyri of my brain she is in there.I had never seen her like this with so much change in her appearance after 10 long years.Finally I found her in some undefined areas related to my childhood.Then she said"Are we going to be like this for the whole day?common lets have coffee." Then we went to a restaurant and ordered capuccino.

I asked about her and her parents,her college ,her education and all the stuffs here and there.Then I asked what she was doing here?.I realised that she was trying to avoid my question.Then I told her that I am not going to get trapped in your net of skillful talks and I need a definite answer immediately.Friends I feel that that some girls have got tremendous

ability to leave you entangled in their beautiful talks once you enter into them.I'm sure most of you agree with me on this.Immediately I smelled the trap and was congratulating myself as if I found a dangerous landmine with my bare hands ready to boom on my very next step.Slowly she took the last sips of her coffee.

After a few minutes of silence she told me that she had come from Bhopal all the way to see me.I realised that a few days back i had told her via FB chat that I was going to my home and she had taken the details of my train very skillfully from me at that time.I was wondering how she was able to get the reservation so quickly and matching the timing with my arrival.She told me later that she was waiting from 10:00am .I didn't know how to react.

I was unable to believe my reaction on hearing these"have you gone mad???....is this funny???.....you came here all alone from bhopal.this is complete madness.why did you do this.?? are you dumb or what???what if your parents come to know?????tell me..... why are you silent?

She was listening to me all this time.When she raised her head I noticed drops of beautiful tears hanging from her eyes like those dew drops trickling from black orchid,making a trail marks on her beautiful cheeks. I felt very bad that I shouldn't have used such harsh language.With her tearful eyes she said "I have got the return ticket to bhopal this evening,just let me be with you till my train arrives".Now I was really sorry for what I said to her and I didn't wanted to hurt her again.I wiped those precious pearls from her eyes and said to her that I was angry for her reckless act.we then sat at the restaurant and had a long talk.It felt like we were talking just for a few minutes but actually its been 4 hours...The time passed so quickly that I didn't realise that her train was about to arrive.Finally ,there was time to say her good bye and she left for her train.After a few minutes the train started jolting taking her away from my sight.

I wondered what was the mystery behind those tears.I didn't knew her very much except for a few vague memories from the school.Still wondering what was she thinking when she was holding my hands at the window of train and tears still trickling down her cheeks and the fellow passengers looking at me in a suspicious way.

I regained my consciousness by a loud honking train coming from opposite direction .I looked at my watch .It was 9:00 pm and I realised that I had to arrive at home by 3:00 pm.Immediately I ran out of the station thinking of the good scolding I was about to get from my mom because when I saw my cellphone I noticed that it was in the silent mode and there were 46 missed calls from my mom.I checked if my senses for touch were faded by long sitting.

At last I reached home at 10:00pm and had to give a white explanation how the engine of the train failed on the way to avoid the scolding.while during the night as I lay back in my bed at the end of a rather tiring day, my thoughts ,the mystery behind those tears haunted meand still haunts me.

By Anonymous

mohabbat

6th Sep, 2012

wo kehte hain ki unse hume nafrat bahut hai
par ye unka dil jaanta hai ki umhe humse muhabbat bahut hai.
ankho mei khaab sajaye unhe meri chaahat bahut hai
log hume kehte hain kaafir
par unki mohabbat se hume ibaadat bahut hai
bas yu hi zamaane ko lagte hain hum pagal
meri ye chaahat humaari zamaane se bagawat bahut hai.

By Ashoka

YAADEIN...

10th Sep, 2012

duniya ke sang iss mukhtasar anjuman me...jab palat ke unhe dhoondne ki koshish ki...
tab pata chala ki beetein lamho me reh jaati hain toh sirf yeh saari yaadein...

hum-aap toh bas adaakaar hain khuda ki aazmaish me...

apne maghroor kirdaar ke sang iss mulaqat me..jab khud ko dhoondne ki koshish ki...
tab pata chala ki hum khud ko khote nahi...kho jaati hai toh sirf humari yaadein...

By Sufi Shagird

Aadat ho jaati hai.....

11th Sep, 2012

Aadat ho jaati hai, fir acchi lagne lagti hai
fir aadat fitrat ban jaati hai
akelepan ki awaarapan ki

dosti rishta ban jaati hai, fir mohabbat lagne lagti hai
fir kissa bann reh jaati hai
deewanepan ki apnepan ki
Aadat ho jaati hai, fir acchi lagne lagti hai
fir aadat fitrat ban jaati hai
akelepan ki awaarapan ki

bhook kahin kho jaati hai, maggi khana lagne lagti hai
fir roz ka dinner bann jaati hai
ghar ke khane ki, khud se banane ki
Aadat ho jaati hai.....

pyaas baaki hi reh jaati hai, wine lassi lagne lagti hai
fir roz raat ka bournvita bann jaati hai
apne bachpan ki, sone se pehle pine ki
Aadat ho jaati hai.....

neend ghanthon se gini jaati hai, chaddar kambal lagti hai
aur mobile alarm subah ke bhajan jaisi
ghar ke naram bistar ki, office ki ghadi se uthne ki
Aadat ho jaati hai.....

Baatein sms ban jaati hai, smiley :-) ke symbols dil ki abhivyakti hai
fir mobile phone hi zubaan bann jaati hai
bolte likhte reh ke bhi baat na karne ki,
Aadat ho jaati hai.....

Waqt ke pal sadak ban jaati hai, bas time pass karne ki
kissi tarah chalte guzaarne ki
na keemat apne ki nahi dusre ke waqt ke
Aadat ho jaati hai.....

Parichay courtsey hai, bolchaal zaroorat hai networking ki

kaam mein laane ki,
na janne ki, friendlist badhane ki
Aadat ho jaati hai.....

shaamein plans bann jaati hai, plans hona status ban jati hai
fursat khatam kar jati hai
plan busy hone ki, doston ko na kehne ki
Aadat ho jaati hai.....

gharwalon se baat karne ki, dawai ki dose ban jati hai
10 min subah 15 shaam ki
fix ho jaati hai, seconds gin ke baat karne ki
Aadat ho jaati hai.....

Aadat ho jaati hai, fir acchi lagne lagti hai
fir aadat fitrat ban jaati hai
akelepan ki awaarapan ki!!!!

By Praveen Choudhary

Kuch kehna tha, so keh diya...

11th Sep, 2012

Naata mujhse toda, sab sahi...
wafa meri todi, sab sahi...
maine pucha khata kya hui bus itna bata do.

wo bole tum ishq kar baithe, hum saath de baithe,
ab naa jaane koi dekhta hi nahi meri ore,

samajh naa aya, ishq karna khata thi ya
uski khushi ko apna samjhna khata thi..
fir bhi kya hi kehta main,
bus itna hi bola...sab sahi

Yun ishq mein avval aane ka shauk nahi hamein,
malaal hai to bus itna,

ki hum unke jaanane waalon ki fehris me bhi shaamil na the.

Nazmein likhna to pesha tha hamara,
ishq karke humse galatfahmi to aapne paali..

Ab takkaluff karne ka kya fayda,
tab kahan the jis roj tere sajde me ye sir jhuka tha.

Jhooma karte the tab khwabon ki duniya mein, wo bhi kya din the..
Aur fir ek din tum aaye aur wo sheesh mehel hi tod gye..

Unhe apna aks dikhai diya jab dil me lage jhaankne mere,
Itminan se dekhte jo, to khudki tasweer paate..

Patthar dil jaan kar bhi, mohabbat kartey gye hum,
aur zamaana hamein kosta raha..
aaj wahi paagal log uss murti ki puja mein lagey hain..

Umr gujar gyi ishq ki tarannum likhte likhte..
qadradaaniyan to khoob lootii..
par wo shaqs na mila jo bole aake humse ki mohbbat hai tumse..

By Ishan

उस गरीब माँ के पास...

12th Sep, 2012

एक गरीब माँ के छोटे बच्चे ने जब दुकान पर आईसक्रीम देखी तो उसने अपनी माँ से कहा कि मुझे ये दिलाओ ना मगर

उस गरीब माँ के पास पैसे नी थे
...तो वह खड़ी खड़ी रोने लगी और अपनी दर्द भरी आवाज मे दुनिया को कुछ ये कहने लगी

मेरी गरीबी को देख जमाना मुस्कुराता है
तेरी शोहरत के आगे ये सर झुकाता है
तेरी गलती को भी ये सही करार देते है
मेरे सही होने पर भी ये मुझे मार देते है
तेरे सुख मे है सुखी और मेरे दुःख से अनजान है
क्यो है इतना फर्क जब हम दोनो एक समान है
मै भी तो इंसान हु और तु भी तो इंसान है

मै एक जोड़ी कपडे मे ही मर जाया करती हु
पेट भर खाना तो कभी कभी खाया करती हु
तुने कपडो का भडार लगा दिया
खाना तुने तो क्या तेरे कुतो ने भी खा लिया
कुते को करते हो प्यार और मेरा करते अपमान है
क्यो है इतना फर्क जब हम दोनो एक समान है
मै भी तो इंसान हु ओर तु भी तो इंसान है

सच मै अमीरी और गरीबी रुपी दिवार जब हमारे देश मे से ढह जाएगे
उस दिन कोई भी माँ आसु नही बहाएगी

By Praveen Choudhary

Aitbaaro se bhari duniya hai, phir bhi logo se...

13th Sep, 2012

Aitbaaro se bhari duniya hai, phir bhi logo se umeed na rakhna...

Humare janaze me meri maut bhi yehi kahegi.....zindagi se kabhi umeed na rakhna...

By Sufi Shagird

droplets as pearl

15th Sep, 2012

Walking on the lonely road I found you,
Beneath the sky and ocean blue.

You enjoying the droplets of water,
Falling on your tenement like pearl. :)

Ran to hold you in my arm,
Was impervious to see you from far and calm.

Hold your hand and hugged you first,
Tasted the hot breath on ma shirt. :)

Felt like I, in the heaven,
Times you kissed me the seven.

Were not in the estate to talk,
Nor the words help in the rainy drop. ^_^

I was in the propensity to hold you longer,
But time permits it no longer.

You went back again to your palace,
Was in empty road ,I, lone embarrass. :(

Tears ran out of my eyes,
No one sees that, needn't to be shy. :(

Not was I in the mood to isolate,
Promise will enjoy the same in imminent. :

By Akanksha Akhouri

Under the Dark sky, In the grey night!

16th Sep, 2012

Under the dark sky, in the dull gray night
Looking at those dots which twinkle bright
I'm reminded of the light that once prevailed
When the ship of my life beautifully sailed

Cheers around and each face was known
Each morning the smiling sun beautifully shone
Not dim,nor red but of the perfect hue
When life was about us-me and you.

Happy together and perfect to the 'T'
We knew we met coz we were meant to be

It was a bond so strong, a hold so tight
I knew you were the one- my 'Mr. Right'
Our lives entwined to be as one
Upon the journey that we had just begun

And then one day fate played a dirty game
The love was dead and nothing just the same
With you all my dreams looked like coming true
But you robbed me of those,what can i now do?

You brought everything to an end and said

You want me no more
Swept out of your life like the dust on the floor
Now, I sit here heart broken with nobody to blame
Coz the reason why it happened doesn't have a name

I acted as if I hated you and was as rude as could be
I told you I won't forgive you ever for what you did to me
But, I'm tired of trying to hate you, Tired of acting strong
Tired of crying myself to sleep and tired of calling you wrong!

You stole my heart, took it away and broke it into two
What surprises me is that you always felt you loved me more than I do!

But Today, In this gray night, while you conveniently sleep,
Here I am, remembering you and consoling my heart that weeps.

By Anonymous

To die...a million times

17th Sep, 2012

As I grew into a new born,
I must have hesitated to come out...
Could my eyes bear the light,
Outside?
Or was it another voyage of crisis I was expected to fight?
I could've died, much before I was born,
For I had wrapped around neckline, an Umbilical cord
But they made me survive, this time,
Calling it a scientific triumph!

My mother, still
Cried her heart out, the night dawned until.
Probably because I survived,
Because a 'she' was brought to life.

I was two,
When they 'accidentally' threw me,
In the ocean of blue...
Yet I stayed alive,
Despite the congestion of dew,
Someone, a stranger I never knew,
Cared to lift me before I could even ask you,
Why?
Why did you extend my last breath,
Said she, 'Because you're a god's gift'
You're a miracle in our life!

Twenty years since...
My bruises remain afresh,
For I was burnt yesterday,
Ah! I was wrong ... I did have a value
The value in cash and coins,
Which became my own burden!
Yet again...I survived!

I have seen life...and I have seen death,
But I could never appreciate its culmination.

For I experienced death in fragments,
And life strangulated me!
So if tomorrow I die...finally,
Before I could shed a tear, it would dry...
And I would reaffirm,I have died a million times...

By Arpita Mitra

Numbness

17th Sep, 2012

After endless hours of aimlessly floating in a constant waking sleep, I feel I'm finally rising to the realization of something new. Its as though my senses had been drugged all this while, so as to become oblivious to the constant motion of the world around me.

But what has the world to offer?

Just the fact that its only constancy lies in its ever changing, ever shifting nature. Life; ruthless, bitter-sweet, steadfast, stubborn, with so much to offer yet so little to give; so many voices drained in the multitudes, trying everyday, every hour, to worm its way, negating its infinite twists and turns ranging from the minuscule to the mighty, sometimes painstakingly slow and uneventful and in the next instant, without any preceding warning, a plunge into the middle of a stage filled with violent action and dreadful suspense, but always with a promise to return to the calm and mundane that once prevailed.

And in all this ruckus, this madness of the everyday, I turn into a bizarre spectator, silently watching from a shadowy pavilion, barely noticeable and as uninteresting to the complex intricately woven webs of this world as it seems alien to me.

And so this soliloquy takes me to that moment, to consider, to wonder, drifting towards that eternal question; what a futile attempt it would be to join this frenzy and drown in it to the point where it would be barely discernible from the ancient sleep from which I had just arisen...

By Beenish Shah

Abyss (smiles)

17th Sep, 2012

They play
the same music
I never understood
and yes it tastes
bitter:
so bitter
it's good.

There is
neon blue
there is
acid green—
there is
no real light.
I cannot see
their faces but
somehow
they all
seem nice.

It is a simple
three-step plan:
fall
and smile
and fall again.

When I think
about why
all this anger
all this shame
this refuge
that I seek
is always
much the same.

The same

dancing corpses
the same
jaded smiles:
they call it
glamo–something
I call it
all futile.

They said
it is
a simple plan:
fall
and smile
and fall again.

I like
this place:
I call it
home.
It's a blanket
of safety
and I
hold on.

A voice
in my head
laughs
while I
can only smile
and plunge
into the
abyss.

By Shashwat Eternal

Modern Girl..

Sep 17th, 2012

Her life's story needed to be told,
For she defied society in her fold.
Amidst the ruins she stood tall,
For she was but a modern girl.
She didn't swagger but walked with pride,
She trudged on when others rested by the side.
She cared a damn for the societal call,
For she was but a modern girl.
She dressed for herself and not for others,
She voiced her opinion without the fireball smother.
She loved her family and friends of the fall,
For she was but a modern girl.
She didn't forget the wordly traditions,
She didn't forget the obligatory calls.
She cried for her own self in her real world small,
For she was but a modern girl.
Neither did she fear the hot weather nor the cold,
She gelled completely with both the young and the old.
She laughed everyday like the cutest doll,
For she was but a modern girl.
Her looks could freshen one up,
Her personality was an aura undefined.
Everyone saluted her free spirit without any gall,
For she was but a modern girl.

By Nishant Dash

IF TOMOROW NEVER COMES...

18th Sep, 2012

Sitting in my room,
I stare across the wall and ponder..
Wishing to live just another day longer.
Questioning myself on have I achieved it all?
Then realizing that life is more about enjoying each moment,
Before the final fall.
Wishing a life without any regrets,
And overcoming each obstacle no matter how challenging it gets!
Tomorrow is lost in uncertainty,
So today I choose to live heartily.
Knowing that I have made sad faces smile,
Dancing to the tune of life,
I take the final bow in style.
I reflect upon my days of joy and days of sorrow,
Days of success and days of failures,
Days when I had friends that were few,
And days when I learnt something new.
And as I spend the day before my final judgment with family and friends,
Severing each smile ,laughter and breathe for tomorrow it might all end.
Thanking God for sending me to this Earth,
And giving me a life that has proved being of worth.
-AISHWARYA KHANNA

By Aishwarya Khanna

THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF A LOST GIRL: A Short Story

19th Sep, 2012

Its 8:00 AM in the morning and I could still sense the drowsiness dripping around. The fake scream of self contentment of surviving and flourishing in this gruesome job of a proud plot surveying inspector could kill me at times. But yet I've survived and been around in this scene for quite sometime now.

I had a strong look around the room full of my orderless belongings scattered all over, pile of files still unattended on the table beside me. The mobile screen was flashing in some inconsiderate manner. Alarmed by my surrounding disarray, I got up on my bed at once and began to scan everything. It took a while to realise that today was another day of yet another unaccomplished survey. Another tiresome scanning job on hands.

I was pretty excited when I learned about the latest papers in hands. It was some orphanage which unfortunately got closed few years back and our construction company felt the land was in perfect shape for a 4-star hotel. The word orphanage took some time to sink in within me. It was a place where few lonely souls used to reside and for some troubling reason I was lonely in this cruel world too. I lost my son, my daughter-in-law somewhere amidst their adoration of life and my rejection triggered by my pride. Though it was a cold accident and they're no more in this world, but this is my perception of looking at it.

'Good Morning Shukla Ji', said my car driver. His rough voice brought me back to the real world. I rushed inside my black Ford Fiesta without a word. I was in a hurry. It was a late, drowsy morning. Naresh, the driver directed the car straight to our location at my order.

Parking the car a mile away and walking that long to visit a closed orphanage was awkward indeed but I managed. I took Naresh with me. He followed without complaining. The entrance seemed like some burried archaeological site hanging on. The door creaked opened with a small push which was unexpected. As I entered the first room of our surveying plot, some strange feeling of solitarity reoccured within me. I could virtually hear few cries and see some blurry, curious eyes ahead of me. It was the common room where the little souls used to dine together. Being unable to find anything catchy, I entered the next room. It was the cabin of the manager of the orphanage. The place was messy indeed, very much similar to my own backyard. Amidst the dusty floor and unorganised concrete furnitures around, lay a lot of torn and disorderly papers and portraits. I tried to open a wardrobe which seemed unused even during the running period of the institution. But to my utter disapointment, it didnt open regardless of my continuous trials. Meanwhile Naresh who was quitely following me seemed like

he found few stuff he couldn't take his eyes off. I went to him at once and saw a stack of few pages. I took them over from him and started shuffling them around. I found three letters among them to my sheer amazement.

Something drew me towards the scripts I had in my ageing hands. I found myself a seat and took a sigh. Naresh was heading outwards when I asked him if he could get me a cup of tea. He obliged.

It didn't take much longer to realise that the letters in my hands were written by some kid of the orphanage. I tried to read the first few lines. It read somewhat like this:

'Dear Mama, today I met Roshni. You remember Nisha? My friend from our neighbourhood? You used to love her. She was my best friend. But I hated her you know, she took away my teddy and never returned. I never said this to you. And I hate Roshni too. She's just like Nisha in some ways. Today she took away my chocolate. I even hate the stranger who often came to our home and shouted at you.'

It was naive, childlike all over and I almost ignored few lines of the script but it was honest and right from the heart. Some part at the end drew my attention and I couldn't resist myself from reading the next one even though I had a lot of work to do. The kid wrote something like 'I miss you Mama, I am coming to you, gonna see you soon.'

The next letter began: 'Sorry Mama couldn't write you for few days. Today I met a couple who were here to take me away. They say they were here to adopt me. But Aunt Carla refused to send me away. But you know, I think I remember the man's face. Seen him somewhere. He wasn't a stranger. Mama, my piggy bank collection looks good now. I have saved a lot. I save every other coin I find anywhere. One day I will save enough coins which would take me out of this place and near you. I don't like it here. Miss you Mama, see you soon.'

The third letter began: 'Mama please come and take me away. Today the man whom I saw the day before was very angry at Aunt. He kept yelling at her pointing towards some papers in his hands. Two other men in uniform also followed him. I am very afraid and there's nobody here who would understand or hear me out. I don't think I have enough coins as of now which can take me to you. So please come. I want to go to you. I need you beside me. It's been way too long and I cannot bear it anymore.'

The words of those immature letters refused to surrender. They came back again and again and drove my mind towards a puzzle of confused patterns and it was hard to arrange them. I could sense the bitter truth of the strain a mind undergoes when it is lonely. I have come a long way ahead since the night I lost my son. That melancholy feeling still aches somewhere beneath and moving on ceases to become an option.

That wasn't it. That wasn't the night I lost him. As far my perception goes, I lost him way before when I rejected him and his proposal of starting a new life with the one he loved. I was the one at fault but why is it always late when you realise what you've just done can cost you a lifetime of discontentment regardless of how hard you try. It is just another bitter truth of life.

For the next few moments I was lost weaving thoughts. Naresh woke me up yet again when he was back with the cup of tea. I took a sip of it and decided to call up the ex-manager of the orphanage to inquire about the fate of this kid.

'Her name's Riya Shukla, she ran away from the orphanage a month before our institution got closed, another reason of our orphanage's current fate', the manager said in a cold tone. I found it hard to believe. This was ridiculous. An orphanage of such inspiring reputation couldn't prevent a little girl from escaping out of its walls. I asked if anyone else inquired about her too. He gave me a name. I was awestruck. I knew this name, I knew this man. He's my in-law. My daughter-in-law's father Pawan Sinha. The Manager said he visited the orphanage on several occasions to adopt the girl but failed due to documentary mismatches. I looked at the common address written at the back of all the three letters. Immediately I made my mind to rush to that place.

Naresh drove the Fiesta downhill straight towards my new found address. I cannot describe how I felt at that moment. What was that supposed to mean? Riya Shukla? My in-law? Did my son had a daughter? Queries came trumbling like a heavy downpour and I wasn't in the position of arranging my speeding breaths. I felt disgraced, annoyed and complacent at the same time. How was I supposed to feel anyway? I had somebody own in this world and I didn't have any idea of it?

Naresh pressed his feet hard against the brakes. I was there. Am I going to meet somebody own finally in this world? But to add to my disapointments of this amazing day, all I saw ahead was a old weathered house. There was nobody around. I broke open the door of the entrance. Amidst the rattling sound and creepy environment all around, came flying few sheets of written scripts out of nowhere. I picked them up and hit a side table while standing which contained a stack of coins. It fell on the floor near my feet. I felt lost and stunned. Being unable to think of any other alternative, I scanned one of the sheets. The last line on the page read: "I miss you Mama, I am coming to you, I have the coins now.

By RAKESH GOGOI

Mine, used by others

19th Sep, 2012

Couldn't be less mine, couldn't be used more by others!

Sadly, it identifies me, it is my Name.

Why does the society needs a label?

Why does the society divide?

Why does the society abide?

It all starts wen you are no more you, you are a Name.

Not 100 deed's of mine are enough to label me.

I may be planning a 101th.

My Name is Khan- so I must walk covered in a black attire, head to toe?

My Name is Desouza- so I must visit church every Sunday?

My Name is Deshmukh- so I am supporter of Raj Thackrey?

NO.

"What is your name" is lame.

"What" is that you do.

Please don't label my existence. And please don't let the customs dawn on me!

Because I, am more.

Because I, am a soul with free thoughts and simple ideologies.

My name should not be tagged.

My actions, must.

Let my Speech, be heard.

Don't pull me into politics just because I happen to be born in the Gandhi family.

I will rise, my deeds shall make me history.

But when I am remembered, let my work shine, erase the name.

And that will be me, successful, WITHOUT A NAME.

I am a free voice.
I AM MUCH MORE WITHOUT MY NAME.

I am a human.
I am a citizen of proud India.
I am an enthusiastic young mind.
Or,
Maybe I am nothing.

But,
I AM.

By Anonymous

Innominata

19th Sep, 2012

The inherent thought behind this poem is "Who are you without your name?"

Mango, the grandiose apparel,
blue shirt, suede stilettos, even the brown barrel.
Take away the brand name, out goes the love collar,
out goes the brown barrel, out goes the dollar.
Hath Satan no course,
bereft of the diabolic discourse.
What's in a name?, thou say,
the thought got a four-word name, I pray.
Anonymous, much rather, thou say,
that's too a given name, I pray.
It still smells sweet, need no name,
there's still appreciation, need no fame,
but then what does the ardent lover claim?
Sweep will the waltzing wind,
leaving all reminiscences skinned.
Address beseeches you to address,
anonymity haunts until your name you caress.
– SAMEEKSHA KHARE

By Sameeksha Khare

Maine Ugte Sooraj Ko Dekha

20th Sep, 2012

Swapna-lok me doobi thi main,
Koi tod na de woh sundar swapna...
Halki neend me kuchh chidiyon ki chillaaahat thi gyaat...
Aur kuchh woh peepal ki sarsaraahat...
Jaa chuke the ghar apne woh taare saat, beet chuki thi raat...
Kitna nirmal, paavan, shaant tha woh ardhswapnakaal...
Sone se pehle, aangan ka darwaaza khula chhod dene ki woh ek bhool,
Aur billi baithi thi doodh ke liye, lagaaye ghaat !
(Par mujhe kya pata, abhi toh ardhnidravastha me thi !)
Phir ekdam bartan girne ki aawaz,
Kaanon ko jhakjhor gayi !!
Kuchh krodh aaya ki swapna toot gaya...
Ghadi pe nazar gayi, kul paanch bajkar chaar minute ! (Uffff :(
Par ab neend kahan aankhon me !
Baraamade ka rukh kiya,
Kya adbhut nazaara tha !
Kuchh alag hi thi usme baat...
Kitni sukhad anubhuti de gaya,
Ek pal me hi de gaya sabko maat...
Aaj hua ehsaas, kitna kuchh khoti aayi hun ab talak !
Kabhi swapna me thi yeh bedaag sundarta, nirmalta, sukh, shaanti ?
Kabhi kalpana me bhi is kalyaankaari, tejvaan usha ka tha astitva ?
Woh krodh pighal gaya, mit gayi saari kuntha...
Bas yahi khayal aaya zehen me,
Chalo dhokhe se hi sahi, MAINE UGTE SOORAJ KO DEKHA !

By Astha Khare

KAARAN...

20th Sep, 2012

Sapno k aane ka koi kaaran ni hota
Har yaad k peeche koi kaaran ni hota
Aakhir hum iss duniya me kyu hain?
Har ek ki zindagi ka koi kaaran ni hota...

Hum aate hain iss duniya me, kitno ki khushi banker
Par hum jaate bhi hain issi duniya se, aankho me nami dekar
Jab jana hi hai toh hum aate kyu hain?
Kya bataye, aakhir iska bhi koi kaaran ni hota...

Jab hum door jaate hain apno se, toh unhe hum itna yaad kyu karte hain?
Fir aadat ho jati hai door rehne ki, toh karne se unhe yaad kyu darte hain?
Inn sawalo ka jawab milega ya nahi, pata nahi
Aakhir aise sawalo ka koi kaaran ni hota...
Jab ghutne lagti hai dum apne hi saanso se, toh hum mar bhi nahi sakte
Kyuki hume dekh kar koi aur bhi jeeta hai
Humu hi dekh kar kyu?
Iska bhi koi kaaran ni hota...

Hum jab khush rehte hain, apno k sath rehte hain, tab hume zindagi choti lagti hai
Par aaj jab ek ek pal ni kat-ta, toh zindagi jeena bhi majboori lagti hai
Aisa kyu hota hai??? Iska koi kaaran ni hota
Bas itna yaad rakhna mere dost, humari zindagi ka koi kaaran ni hota...

By Sufi Shagird

A daughter I'll Finally be :)

23rd Sep, 2012

"Oh Christ! Send her soon" – my angel is all i want today
It is the same prayer with which I end every single day
I stay awake,looking above,waiting for the Christian Soul
Gazing at the stars visible through the ceiling 'coz of a tiny hole.

And soonafter there's a hustle around
and everyone's calling my name
I have a visitor waiting downstairs
is what they happily proclaim

Somebody has come to take me along
They joyously further add
And all i feel on hearing it–
is that I'm elated and happy and glad.

I run away to meet her
Not caring if i fall
In the dorm,down the stairs
across the giant hall

Right there in front of me,
in all her glory she stands
Clothes and shoes and gifts and sweets
is what she lovingly hands

She sits on her knees,right before me
and takes me in her embrace
wipes her tears,kisses me gently
and walks to the table with grace

"When can I Take my daughter?" I hear her softly say
'Joyful tears' fill my eyes for the very first day

She takes my hand,and i hold it tight
I will never let it go, I hold on with all my might
Soon we reach the place where I'd always dreamt to be
Yes, 'myhome'– complete with a mother and a loving family.

But before I can go any further
a warmth touches my face
I took up to see the tiny hole
Bringing in the morning rays

A dream it was yet again
the one I wish was true
I really had an angel of my own-
just like all of you do!

But I know, one day she'll come around
and that time she'll come to stay
Turn my life, upside down-
right to pink from grey.

Shower me with love and affection
And bring along the Glee
And that day, from an orphan today,
A daughter i'll finally be!

By Prerna Gaur

Being a girl

24th Sep, 2012

Being a girl aint a "MESS"
in fact, I'm blessed!
But people fail to understand,
this blessing so Grand!

They thirst for my blood,
and claim this,
that I can't carry their generation forward!
How easily they kill my kind,
and then act as dumb, deaf and blind!

My very existence
is celebrated in silence...
As if it's a mishap,
or I am some total crap!

Why! Why! Why?!
Do you have any reply?!
Their mouths would now stay mum!
As my tears fall down...
I feel helpless, alone... And so NUMB!

Yet again I repeat...
Being a GIRL aint a "MESS"
in fact, I'm blessed!...

By Juhi Arora

Vo Dastaan...

27th Sep, 2012

Vo dastaan bahut gehri thi, shayad isiliye ye jindagi theri thi....

Aankhon mein khawaab base the,
Aur dil mein hasrate pal rahi thi,
Khair inka abi aakhon mein basna hi thik tha,
Kyunki inke saakar hone ka samay abi nai tha,
Jindagi ka daaman fir thamna hi shayad mera nasseb tha,

Vo dastaan bahut gehri thi, shayad isiliye ye jindagi theri thi....

Khush tha,mein us sapno ki duniya mein,
Jahan jindagi maine chuni thi,sab mere the,
Tum bhi thi vahan,shayad isiliye maine use apna jahan maan liya tha,
Aur jindagi se muh mod betha tha,

Vo dastaan bahut gehri thi, shayad isiliye ye jindagi theri thi....

Raste do the,ya to sapno ko hakikat banata ya sapno ki duniya ke darmiyan kahin bas jata,
Khair,honi ko kisne tala tha,maut ne b abi mera daman thamna tha,
Fir b khush tha mein hakikat nai to sapno mein to tumhe pa hi liya tha,
Tumhara mein ho hi gaya tha,

Vo dastaan bahut gehri thi, shayad isiliye ye jindagi theri thi....

By Sunny Gupta

भीगी सी शाम

27th Sep, 2012

रात सपने बुन रही थी
तंग गलियारों से गुज़रती
पहली किरण की
वो प्रतीक्षा कर रही थी

कुछ गदराई सी मदमस्त बहती
चंचल सी वो हवा
अनमनी कुछ अनसुनी
अपनी कहानी कह रही थी
वो प्रतीक्षा कर रही थी .

थी नमी बाकी अभी
एक कोर गीला अब भी था
कुछ बूँद छीटें बह रही थी
वो प्रतीक्षा कर रही थी

संग कोई साथ ना था
रंग कोई पास ना था
मन ही मन में
कुछ उफनती
जंग कोई कर रही थी
वो प्रतीक्षा कर रही थी

क्या घटा अब हाथ क्या था
थी घटा पर साथ क्या था
मंद हो मकरंद सासैं
ऊँघती अनमनी सासैं
क्लांत उसको कर रही थी
वो प्रतीक्षा कर रही थी .

क्यों करूँ और क्या करूँ मैं
कर छमा फिर क्यों हरु मैं
मझधार की प्रालोभना में
वो बिखरती
टूटकर फिर जुड़ रही थी
डूबकर फिर तर रही थी
वो प्रतीक्षा कर रही थी .

फिर रात ने चादर समेटी
एक रंग ने दस्तक सी दी

क्या हुआ इतिहास वो है
क्यों हुआ परिहास वो है
हम हुए बस भास् ये है
हम रहें बस पास ये है .

By Vaibhav Sri

भीगी सी शाम

27th Sep, 2012

रेत पर निशाँ पड़े थे हमारे,
मेरे निशाँ कुछ नहीं, तो ना सही.
लहरों पर आंसू बहे थे हमारे,
मेरे आंसू कुछ नहीं, तो ना सही.
ज़रूरत थी कभी एक दुसरे की हमको,
अब मेरी ज़रूरत नहीं, तो ना सही.....

पत्तों के पीछे चेहरे छुपे थे हमारे,
मेरा चेहरा कुछ नहीं, तो ना सही.
साथ चल के रस्ते बनाये थे,
मेरा साथ कुछ नहीं, तो ना सही.
ज़रूरत थी कभी एक दुसरे की हमको,
अब मेरी ज़रूरत नहीं, तो ना सही.....

आहटें सुनी थी हमने साथ मे,
मेरी आवाज़ कुछ नहीं, तो ना सही.
इंतज़ार किया था साथ में,
मेरा इंतज़ार कुछ नहीं तो ना सही.
ज़रूरत थी कभी एक दुसरे की हमको,
अब मेरी ज़रूरत नहीं, तो ना सही.....

By Aditi Pant

Sins of Mediocrity

27th Sep, 2012

Right earphone goes in the right ear. Then the left one goes in the left ear. I look down at my ipod, only one song, purposely so. I press play and attach the emblem of Steve Jobs' legacy to my sleeve. The music begins. As soon as it does, something, rather someone, is awakened inside me. My eyes close and they open only when he starts to sing,

'This is the end. Beautiful friend.
This is the end, my only friend. The end.
Of our elaborate plans. The end.
Of everything that stands. The end.'

What was woken up is now in charge. Flexing my neck muscles, I examine the people around me. All kinds of them. Clerks, housewives, businessmen, new-earners, old-hoggers, gold-watch and gold-chain wearing uncles, middle-aged aunties camouflaged in business attire, the poor, the rich, all kinds, and some children too. But I knew what bind them all together. That deceiving demon inside all of them, eating out their souls. That one obsession of this entire race. I was in my bank. Money.

'... And all the children, are insane. All the children, are insane...
Waiting for the, summer rain...'

I slowly glance at all the puppets of that devil, relishing the moment coz like every grand event, this was supposed to be relished from the very start. They didn't know how significant it was going to be, but I did. But they will too, shortly. I was having a good last look at all of their mundane expressions before they would turn into something which even they would have never seen on their faces. I could see their obsession slowly sapping out their lives until it would be too late for them to turn back. And today, I was going to put an end to it.

'The blue bus is calling us.
The blue bus is calling us. Driver, where you taken' us?'

As if on cue, I get up from my seat with a huge lock and a chain in my hand and head towards the door. Curious eyes are on me. I walk on unaffected. I lock the door shut from the inside and curious eyes are now getting closer to me. Confused and nervous eyes are seated at their spots. A pair of curious eyes is now too close to me and is making its transformation into angry eyes. A shirt is lifted and something is lifted from under it and brought up next to them. Curiosity and anger in now overcome with shock because the pair of eyes has now seen something which

it had only seen in films. Shocked, the eyes move away from me in a jerk. Other curious eyes are now eyes of fear, horror and disbelief on seeing the black heavy object in my hand. Confused and nervous eyes follow suit. So that now I know that the incident is set into motion and would not be undone. Good, it shouldn't be undone. I lift the 9mm and raise it towards the ceiling, firing an inaugural shot.

Screams! Running! Hiding! Hands raised in the air! Cash is hidden in some under wears! Some knees greet the ground! And some crying too!

The manager has sneakily, that's what he thinks, pushed the alarm button and shut the door to the safe. But I was not there for the money. Unlike them I didn't lust for it. Neither was I worried about getting caught, I knew I wasn't going to. I was there for them, but they never got to know this. Even if they had, they would never have understood. Everyone had now settled down, more or less. I knew it was time for me to begin. The metronomous aura of the song was ticking. This was it. Bringing down the gun I aim at a pair of eyes gleaming of innocence and cluelessness. And then I began.

'... take a chance with us....take a chance with us...

Meet me at the back of the blue bus. Blues bus, common... Blue bus, you know... Blue bus...'

Yes, there were gunshots. Yes, I killed. Yes, something inside me hesitated but it wasn't overpowering enough, fortunately so. One by one I ended all the lives around me and yes, I did not bias on basis of age, gender, sex. Yes, I was shot, once, in the hip, by the security guard who was trapped inside too. Yes, I forgot to take him out at the start. I had expected a fair chance of failure but I succeeded with flying colours, rather a pre-dominant flying colour! Because of which after a while it had got easy to aim as the colour red was covering the most part of the room. No, I didn't explain myself or justify. No, I didn't give a fine speech on my hatred for their obsession or why it was all necessary. No, it didn't matter. And no, nobody survived!

As the song reached its peak, so did my massacre. As the song paused with its melodious solo, so did I. As he started singing again, I started my killings with it. Some would say 'The Doors' wasn't the perfect choice for the occasion. But I wouldn't have gone through it without their 'The End'. I wouldn't have done it any other way. And now, the song was reaching its conclusion, so now I would too,

'This is the end. Beautiful friend.

This is the end, my only friend. The end.

It hurts to set you free. But you'll never follow me.'

So that now, I too sought out to conclude the episode I had brought about. Walking through all the expressionless eyes, many of them were shut now, I soaked in my eyes the spectacle of blood and silence. A macabre of silence outside of me, whose presence I could feel gnawing upon me, even though my ears were captivated by the music all along. I found a place in the

centre of it all and loaded up the smoking barrel with one last round of ammunition. I didn't have much time, it was clear.

'The end of laughter and soft lies. The end of nights we tried to die...'

It was time. The final act. And it had to be synchronous.

'This... Is....'

Placing the barrel of death under my chin, I started saying, I'm sure I must have screamed, my last words - "To quote a character from a Tarantino film, 'I think this just might be my masterpiece!'"

'THE EEENNNNNNNNNNNNNNDDDD...' BANG!

By MihirBhatt Followill

Pinjre Ka Parinda :)

28th Sep, 2012

Vo Parinda jo kuch samay pehle is pinjre mei kaid hua karta tha aaj aajad hai....
Jo Udne ko tarasta tha,uske liye ye aasmaan bhi aaj chhota hai,ek udaan ke liye....
Suraj jise vo roz subah nihara karta tha aaj uska lakshay hua karta hai...
Aasman ki unchaiyon ko chuta aaj vo use paane ko beetab hai....
Aaj laga pinjre ka parinda khilone sa hai,Asli khel to jindagi ka hai....
Vo cheeke us pinjre mei aaj bhi kaid hai, Jo baar baar mujhe sharminda karti hai....
Aur keh jaati hai, Pinjre Ke Parinde Aksar aasmaan choo jate hai bas ek udaan ke der hai,
Ye mann ka pinjra kholne ki der hai....

By Sunny Gupta

ABHI RAAT BAAKI HAI...

28th Sep, 2012

Kai dinon baad aaj chaand ko dekha...
Kitni nirmalta, saumyata hai is chaand mein !
Chhat se dikhta hai...muskurata hua, spasht;
Godhooli bela se hi.
Ek ajeeb si sphoorti ka sanchaar mujhmein karta hua...
Kitna anokha, sundar, niral, madmast, khush...
Pavitrata ke ghere mein, apni poonji sambhaale huye :)
Us taakat ko, joh raat bhar kaam aayegi use.
Soorya ke doobte hi apne astitva ko saabit kiya;
Par seedhe, saral bhaav se.
Abhi gatimaan hai, vinamra bhi; gaambhira ki chhata bhi hai.
Dheere-dheere taare bhi saath dene aa rahe hain;
Kaafi saare hain, anginat !
Woh kuchh bekaraar sa bhi hai.
Bohot tej hai mukh par, aatmavishwaas se paripoorna.
Ek khayal aaya achanak aur kuchh sihar gayi main...

"Kabhi ise bhi doobna hoga..."
Phir nazarandaaz kiya us khayal ko,
Khud ko yeh tasalli dekar;
ki ABHI RAAT BAAKI HAI...

By Astha Khare

Jab they met !!!

29th Sep, 2012

He came out of the shower..skin still wet..she can see.. still the drops dripping from his hair."Gosh.. he has grown so much..." she thought. Just a few moments ago, she was standing in front of his bathroom door..teasing him from outside.. "Come out naa... how long you'll take to become handsome ?? Don't scrub yourself that much.. you 'll get vanished..." she giggled. He was getting flustered inside the bathroom.. though the cold water was running on his face and body.. he can feel his ears getting hot. "What is with this girl? How is she talking to me? We have not met for years now..and she still is behaving as if she is so close to me .. and does she even realize that we are all grown up now.. not children anymore?? " He quickly finished his bath and came out. He knew that she was going to visit him that day...after all, he has come here all the way from Bangalore to Delhi to spend his holidays. He was expecting all the people he know, to visit him.

When in morning she called and told him she is coming to visit him, he took it as any other visit. Lazied around the whole day.. went to take bath just in time of her arrival... and... here she is standing in front of him now... pulling his leg and teasing him and getting so comfortable with him. Looking at her, he was thinking .. "does the time really moved between years when we have not met??" because for him, right now it feels.. as if it is the same two kids playing with each other .. so comfortable and casual.. like best buddies...only that.. she has become a woman now... and that too killingly beautiful.

As for her.. she just stood there in awe...although she has seen so many guys earlier..she even in her imagination has not seen more handsome guy than he is... and with his wet skin and drops dripping from his hair he was looking no less than Adonis. "Oh my God...what was i doing???" she was feeling shy now... " I was having this image of him... as we were kids .but

look at him now.... pheewwfff... " she tried to hide her nervousness and wiped secretly the drops of sweat came on her forehead.

Sitting in the living room she was waiting for him to say something.. but his mind was somewhere else. She was getting somewhat angry.. " I 've come all the way to meet him.. and look at him.. he is not even trying to talk to me.. back in college and every where else too ...boys just die to catch a glimpse of me.. and i never give them importance..and here.. i came all the way especially to meet him.. to be with him... and he is not even considering to look at me .. ". " What the hell.... let me start the conversation.." she thought. "So??? how are things? How are your mom and dad ..and your sister??" " Oh, every thing is good.. they all are good too" He just shunned her question.. giving her a one line answer.

" Where has bhabhi gone for so long?" he was thinking. "Its been more than two hours now..and she has not returned yet.. she told me she will be back in half an hour..." He took his mobile and dialed a number... " Bhaiyya ...bhabhi is not home yet.. just see if she is ok..." ." Hmmm... so this is the matter..mmm..he s also caring " she was impressed even more... and that very moment bhabhi arrived ..all exhausted by shopping... "Oh., I went a little ahead.. sorry to keep you guys waiting..." then she quickly went to the kitchen to bring refreshments. Now she can see he is much relaxed now. He shifted his focus to her... "Well ... so... where were we ???" "Damn u ..we were nowhere .. we have not even started talking yet..u idiot" she thought.. but gave him a fake smile pretending to be normal.

They didn't even know how those three hours passed. Once they started talking... it was like they didn't stop for a moment... they clicked instantly. Jokes.. discussions.. gossips.. everything.. what ever was coming in their mind...they were just going on and on. Her kid brother, who had accompanied her, was playing inside.. with playstation...and they both were hanging out at the balcony of his brother's house, whom he was visiting. Their family were very distant relatives... almost more like friends than relatives. They all used to hang around together... till his father decide to move to the other city for better prospects. When his brother got a job in this city, he came here along with his wife... so again both families got in touch. This was the first time he was visiting his brother. Till now he was so busy in his studies... he hardly got any time for vacation. But this year he just wanted to take a break... and when his brother invited him... he just grabbed that opportunity. It was a destiny may be... this way both of them met again ...after 10 long years... they last met when he was 9 and she was 13. Yes, she was four years older to him.

"Why don't you guys stay back tonight ?? " bhabhi asked her..." I 'll call your mom and ask for permission...we all will sit and chat the whole night.. it will be so much fun..." ." Not a bad idea..." she thought... "anyways its sunday tomorrow ... so no college for me or school for my brother.. this can work fine."

Late till night she , her brother, he and bhabhi... all four sat in the guest room .. comfortable on bed .. and had lots of fun. All sort of jokes and laughs can be heard from that room. Bhaiyya retired to sleep after dinner because he was very tired from his office work. Slowly as night deepened ...sleep was creeping in. Her brother was the first one to sleep. Then it was bhabhi's turn. She left to sleep. Now it was just he and her. They were still not sleepy. As bhaiyya had two bedroom apartment... all three of them...she, her brother and he... were arranged to sleep in this room. It seems bhabhi has missed this little detail that they both are not kids anymore. Letting them sleep in same bedroom can be explosive... or she might be thinking its safe because her brother was also sleeping along. Well... in any case ..they both were happy they got this time together.... they were really enjoying each other' s company.

As night progressed they started feeling sleepy. They don't even know when they both fell asleep ... talking and gossiping and having fun....

In her sleep she felt she is very close to someone...her body can feel the brush with the other body. She opened her eyes a little... his face was so very close to her.... his lips almost touching hers... but he was fast asleep. He was looking so innocent while he was sleeping... just like a baby... she got this sudden desire to put her lips on his. Secretly she was hoping... he was not asleep and he comes close to her... but damn ... he was so very much in deep sleep. She shook her head... as if she is shaking out that passionate thought about him out of her mind... and went to sleep again.

It was almost morning when he woke up. There was a slight light in the room now. He looked and there... he saw her... he can see her clearly... peaceful in sleep. Her face was bathed in the first rays of sun..and she was looking like an angel to him. He was suddenly struck with her beauty and was not able to take his eyes off her face. Till now he was seeing her as his buddy ... but now... suddenly he saw her as a woman... she turned sideways .. and the quilt got off a little... exposing her feet... he felt a sudden gush of warmth in his veins... he got all warmed and felt that chill every where in his body... he just wanted to touch her toes and her lips and wanted to feel the bliss.. put his lips on hers without even letting her know.. his mind was not working at all ... he was about to touch her.... suddenly... he heard the footsteps.... "Damn its bhabhi... why she need to wake up so early..... "

By Purple Wings

I talked to Jesus. Jesus says I'm ok.

2nd Oct, 2012

"Why didn't I take the lift? Really? Does that question really need to be answered?" "I guess not," replied the voice.

"You know, as strange as it will seem, I feel like a little boy again. Maybe it is because I've been jumping on all the steps on these stairs for the past 9 floors, the kind of thing grownups can't do without risking injuries. But a kid won't think twice before doing it."

"Yes, of course it does, after all being a child has the same carefree and reckless attitude that you feel right now. You have acted so irresponsible. Only children can do that. Express themselves in any fucking way they want because no one's going to punish them severely. And even if they were punished, they know that the thrill of committing a so called sin is going to be worth it, and they'll do it again and again. Until of course they're grownups and the world starts reacting to their mischief differently. Some deeds might even be met with violent consequences. Since they're not kids anymore, they can be hit or insulted or downright abandoned. That's when your freedom ends and you know that shit just got real in your life. There's a lifetime of boredom ahead for you to repay for your carefree childish explorations. Unless, ..."

"Shut up. Shut the fuck up you demented babbling freak. Seriously, you need to pick your timing regarding your speeches. You can't start with your philosophical revelations and expect me to ponder over them while I can barely breathe. I jumped and rushed through 20 floors Goddamit!"

"20? Really? Boy, you can exaggerate better than that. Look again, there were just 6 floors and you took just a few seconds to come down after leaving her. And yes you are barely breathing, but that's not because I am talking, I'm always talking. It is because you had a breakdown just a while back when you decided to stop listening to me. Is it that ..."

"You are the one who needs to look again. Its 20. 20 fucking floors. But it's not your fault because you were there only for the last 6. Haha.. I guess this is really working."

"What? What do you mean? No, this can't be. It's not what I think it is, is it? You ungrateful son of a bitch..."

"Ungrateful? Haha.. You're the one to talk! You made me want to hurt her because she loved me. She gave so much to me and you convinced me to teach her a lesson! The pain in the last words she said to me will forever haunt me. And the worst part is that you can't even take blame for it. I have to do it."

"No one needs to do it! Why can't you take it as an experiment that you just had to do? You'll forget it in the next few years. Alright, let me explain, like I always have to. You think people are saints at their core? That everyone wants to do good deeds and change the world everyday that they live? No. People are naturally evil, but that side is always pushed down by society. The very essence that makes us human is carefully and consistently looked down upon by all. It only comes to life when an individual is cornered, secluded either willingly or unwillingly by an incident in his life which makes him question everything he's been taught to do. Look at that

man sitting at the window. Do you think he's dropped his head in such fashion and is looking out of the window thinking Oh what a lovely day? I must spend the rest of it being a better person? No. For all you know, he's killing someone in his head over and over again. It's... Wait a minute... Why is it so dark? And why are we in a train? Where are you going? You haven't even changed your clothes. Your shirt still has the blood stain. What? Why are you smiling?"

"Look again my friend, it's just ketchup. And it's a different shirt. Wow, you can't even see clearly, can you? And it's a different day. Last night, I slept better than a baby could. Better than my unborn child ever would! Thanks to you for you weren't there to make me wander through the city streets like you have for every night in the last five years."

"Wow, you really are something. You gloat at how innocent and nice you are but you can't help yourself cracking a joke about your child? Whom you killed!"

"I've never been a good guy. I admit it. For that matter, no one really is. People adapt and learn to say nice things about each other to keep things smooth in society. But you, you are here to make me a monster. Evil I can forgive but being a monster is something I'd love to, but I just won't be able to forgive."

"You say you despise me so much and yet you've started to talk like..."

"And my child?... Please tell me, who killed my child?"

"DO NOT interrupt me again. Ever. And stop giving me that grin. Who killed your child? That's just great. Now you want me to take the blame for it too. Fine, I'll take the blame if you aren't man enough to handle the truth."

"Man enough? Common, you expect to rattle me by questioning my manhood? What am I? 15? How did I ever fall for your shit? Sigh... Let me just shove it down your head. She's alive! In fact, she never knew that there was a real danger to her life. Oh, that sweet innocent girl! And my shirt never had anyone's blood on it. I left before I could do it, that little scene I put up would help her give herself some reason as to why she shouldn't bother me for a while. It is not right to play with her emotions like that, but at least she'll live."

"Sweet? Innocent? Man, you've really regressed back to your childhood."

"Maybe, but it's better to be a child than to be a monster."

"Monster... monster... Stop it. We don't use such ordinary terms to describe stuff. Don't you see it? You're becoming lame again. You are heading towards ordinary. Do u remember the last time you used such a stupid word to describe me?"

He closes his eyes.

"No."

"And do you realize that you just said that you wouldn't mind getting your childhood back? Your childhood? You're being delusional again, thinking that you could remember your young life as normal people would, the best time of their life!"

"I'm not being delusional!"

"Well, I at least told you when I was deluding you. Isn't that what you always said, it's okay to be crazy as long as you know you are crazy?"

Eyes open.

“Yes. I remember that. That was the time when I had no one I could talk to, screaming and crying out all my frustrations all alone in my room. And then you came along. Told me how I was better than the rest. Those were some great times. But now...”

“Times are still great my friend. I’m still here, aren’t I? What you experienced is what normally people term as ‘cold feet’. Hesitation right before a big event in a person’s life. It’s alright. You are allowed mistakes.”

“But ... But I slept last night ... I haven’t been able to do that for a long time.”

“Maybe that’s it. You wanted to relax before going through with it. Your mind tricked you into letting me go for a night. But you knew you were nothing without me. And that’s why I am back. Otherwise, why would I be?”

Silence. His head stopped aching. No more movements inside his head. It was almost like a meditational thoughtlessness. Then it seemed to him as if his thoughts were getting re-organized and re-enforced. He got up from his seat and went towards the train’s door and held onto the pole. The cool 4 am breeze ruffled his hair and he blinked his eyes. He sensed a light drizzle on his forehead.

“Let’s save the apologies and reassurances. You know we still got a chance, right?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Take it out from your back pocket.”

“I brought this knife with me?”

“Yes. Looks like you knew all along what needs to be done has to be done.”

He took the long kitchen knife out and touched the tip of it on his forehead, which was starting to get cold. He turned to his right; the sun was up and was shining too brightly as if it was afternoon.

“Quick. We don’t have much time. Remember this, you have to do it. The cold feet phase has passed. Now, things can only go right. You are going to do it this time. You’ve read online for days about effective ways to stab a person. Remember that. Just choose one and do it.”

It started raining heavily and it completely drenched his face. Then there was the sun again. He started to feel thumps on his chest.

“Remember what you’ve just agreed on.”

He felt that burst of rain again, this time with even more force.

“Whatever you do, whatever you don’t, I’ll always be here for you. See you... Until the next time...”

Eyes opened like he was getting up from hypnosis. He looked around gasping for breath. Curtains were open and the sun was hitting him directly. The clock struck 9 am. An empty bucket was resting on her waist, she was dressed for work.

“Why can’t you ever wake up like normal people do? Every other day I have to splash water on your pathetic face before leaving for work.” She started her routine nagging, “Normal people have jobs you know. I’m pregnant now, pretty soon you’ll have to get off your high horse and get a regular job. Our child is going to have one piece of shit of a father.”

His head was exploding with anger and frustration. In that moment, he just wanted to shut her up. Maybe I should do it, he thought. He glanced at his right hand. There was no knife in it. He remembered! He looked up at his wife with a manic expression. He remembered!

He started searching for it but couldn't find it. He knew he desperately needed it, before he forgets. But where could it be?

"Get out of the way."

Jumping from his bed he ran towards the kitchen.

"What? Where are you going? Instead of kissing me goodbye before I leave, you want to eat? Come back here and bid me goodbye."

Goodbye? She wants a goodbye? That is just perfect.

He stared down at the kitchen floor and there it was. What he wanted more than anything else that instant. He went across and picked it up. Examining it up and down, he headed back towards the bedroom.

"Honey!"

She didn't know what to make of his expression. He looked happy but in a very strange way.

Unsure of what was going through his twisted head, she replied,

"Yes?"

"Where is the charger? Did I throw it in the kitchen too last night after we had our routine fight regarding my non-existent writing career and your mom's suggestions for me? And which was so conveniently fueled by your so-called hormonal fluctuations?"

The casual and trivial way in which he put across what had happened last night was audacious. But it made her smile nevertheless.

"No. You only sprung your precious little laptop which is always in your hand. The charger is right there at the table."

Sprinting towards the table, he plugged in his laptop. It was still working. He took it and sat on his water-soaked bed. He remembered the dream. He had to write it soon before he forgets it. She shook her head and picked up her bag to leave. She was never going to understand the strange ways of the man she had married.

"Uhm... Honey..."

She turned around, hesitantly and stared at him from the front door,

"What?"

He worked up a broad smile and looked straight at her,

"Goodbye!"

By MihirBhatt Followill

My Own Way

4th Oct, 2012

Like my last, I live my each day;
This life is mine, I live it my own way!

I'll wake up early today, tomorrow I'll be late;
Whether I open the windows or close that gate.
I'll chill out with pals, I'll skip my date;
I won't fear destiny, I'm not in the slavery of my fate.
Like my last, I live my each day; This life is mine, I live it my own way!

I'll sing my heart aloud,
Whether or not you're pleased by the sound.
I'll swing my heart round,
I don't care if I'm surrounded by an opposing crowd.

I'll keep flowing my thoughts,
I do not know any bounds.
I'll keep glowing in the odds,
I won't stop my pen in a dot.

I'll spend all my life staring at the swinging tree,
I'll stand in the effect of wind, careless and free!
I'm what I wanna be, not what your eyes love to see;
I'll share all the hope that the sun wills to sow in me!

I'll do what is called impossible by all
You may keep pushing me down, I'll not fall.
I'll challenge the almighty in the praying hall
And face all the odds keeping tall.

A fire burns in me,
The one that inspires me to be,
So unpredictable, risky and carefree.
A fire burns in me,
The one that helps me to deal,
With all odds with an undying zeal.

Am unstoppable like the wind, Inevitable like death.

It's my life, governed by my rules;
I don't entertain useless suggestions by fools.
And like my last I live my each day; This life is mine, I live it my own way!

By Kasturi Nic

Papa You're Still A Kid

8th Oct, 2012

When in rage, I see you quietly sit,
I know papa, you're still a kid.

I see you tryin every clothe
To dress up for a casual party.
Blowing big dozes of smell;
Checking your facebook on your qwerty.

Relishing the aroma of maggi's smell;
Getting exited for chocos as well
And then when in some rage, I see you quietly sit,
I know papa, you're still a kid.

Treating every new guest with an elan;
And getting upset when they're going.
That smile at all the gifts;
Trusting every acquaintance you're having.

In the atmosphere of music your heart swells,
And in the air of cricket when you dwell.
And then when in some rage, I see you quietly sit,
I know papa, you're still a kid.

Every little thing turns you on;
While every conjugate makes you blown.
You show your obstinacy for all that is;
In that uncontrollable self, you're still half grown.

Amidst your buddies I see you laugh aloud;
You want us to stay away from that sound.

And then when in some rage, I see you quietly sit,
I know papa, you're still a kid.

And when I say something
And it frustrates you by;
While its conjugate may make you shy.
And when I receive those gifts
On every next name day;
On all Sabbath, you on your TV couch lay.
And when you wait for me to apologize,
After every single fight.
And then when in some rage, I see you quietly sit,
I know papa, you're still a kid.

Your peculiarities I see, they make me crazy.
How you want everything to be perfect, even in your fancy.
And then when in some rage, I see you quietly sit,
I know papa, you're still a kid.

For political stories you seem so concerned
You follow a hike with tender joy
At anna's strike you seemed to be in your youth;
It was fun to see you watch him with that coy.

When more than 1 spoonful of sugar your tea shouldn't have;
Your water if less or more than precisely mixed,
You screw us up, not considering us naive.
And then when in some rage, I see you quietly sit,
I know papa, you're still a kid.

On every event you dress up in plan
Your mustache and beard represent your favorite star.
From shoes to watches, you can name all brands;
And just like your favorite toy you treat your car.

Every festival you treat like a massive bash;
Like water, I see you flow your cash.
And then when in some rage, I see you quietly sit,
I know papa, you're still a kid.

For that tenderness of heart often makes me sway;
That child inside you grows smaller each day;

For your immaculate self I often do pray;
Oh mercy! let this innocence stay!
And after this reminisce you dunno I did,
Free yourself some more, open that lid.
And we'll fight; you in some rage will quietly sit,
I know papa,
I know, you're still a kid.

By Kasturi Nic

WARNING: the following article may contain...

9th Oct, 2012

WARNING: the following article may contain ideas, philosophies, thoughts which may make you ponder endlessly over the next few days. I said 'may'. Although I hope that it does make you ponder, I can't deny the fact that you just may not. Afterall, I'm an amateur writer and moreso an amateur student in the lesson of life. The following piece may or may not(lemme jz mention may not too) cause dizziness, depression or melancholy. You might get the sense that I'm shoving my thoughts too far down your head which is not what I'm trying to do. All I want to do is take your hand and take you to a place where you wouldn't dare wander alone. That's what the 'The Doors' frontman used to do to his fans. Now, I'm no Jim Morrison but a man has to try. The following content won't be healthy for kids and their parents. Again, its not necessary for you to read it, you don't have to critique it or nor do u have to understand it. I'm not trying to scare you, just reminding you that you might not and most certainly, will not get what you're expecting. Feelings of being pissed-off might also make its appearance after you're done. So, read on only if you can tell yourself to accept whatever it is that you start thinking after reading this article. Wait, you must be now reading ahead out of habit, I'll insert a fresh paragraph after this sentence, so that you can think over it and then decide what to do.

If there ever was a writer's religion, I'd definitely be outcasted. After all, the main purpose of writing is so that you shall be read. And here I am, telling you not to read in about 260 words at the start of an article which has no title! Well, fuck it, I've been an outcast all my life. Sometimes I feel like that's the only way I'm comfortable being wherever I go, whichever group I'm a part of. An outcast for life. Its like if you live in hell long enough, it'll eventually be home to you.

That reminds me, I want to clarify something. An outcast is not a hero. Movies across generations, languages, societies have all celebrated outcasts or underdogs. The guy who suffered through the hurdles of life and the lack of understanding from society, finds a great gift and wins it all in the end. Real-life – not so much. I sometimes feel these movies are like wishful dreams made true on celluloid by the real-life outcasts in the form of filmmakers. After all, it's everybody's right to hope, hope for a better life in the future! Everyone does it, so do you. Yes you too. Where do you think you would be in the next couple of years? Right now, you thought of something, maybe for a fraction of a moment, but you did. Take some time and think about it. Yes, this is silly but I'm serious, think.... It was something good, wasn't it? You were at a better position in life than you are right now. You may or may not be satisfied right now, but you saw something better, didn't you? If you carefully look inside, you might realize that you would even want your tomorrow to be better than your today irrespective of whether you are contented right now or are completely devastated.

A wise man once told me (I always wanted to use that line) about this theory that works inside people's head, knowing or unknowingly. He had drawn four smiley faces on the board. The first was a happy smiley ☺. He said that was the phase of your life when you are more or less getting what you hope to get. Then there was a sad smiley ☹. He said that was the time when things don't go as you planned them to be. You get sad, disheartened and upset. Then he drew up a smiley which I can't possibly draw. It was a straight face smiley but with a finger scratching his head. He explained that phase to be the time when you analyse and accept your situations. You have cried enough over your spilled milk and now you realize that things have gone wrong and there's nothing you can do to undo it. The exact time when you hit this phase varies from person to person and situation to situation. Could be days, years or just hours or decades, but it comes; If it doesn't come till you die, then probably the cause of your death must be suicide! Ok, I just thought of something, I think I'm being too preachy at this stage of the article. You think so too? Hmm... well, I just pointed it out before you would, so even though now you think it to be preachy, was it really you who think it? For all you know, I just put a thought in your head and you accepted it as your own.

The fourth smiley was a slight happy smiley with a thumbs-up. What? Yes, I am continuing with my anecdote, you can mull over the fact whether I'm preachy or not and then decide if you want to continue ahead. Seriously... I'll wait. I'll also end this paragraph right after this sentence for you, but we both know what's going to happen, don't we?

Alright... I won't ask you whether you thought I was preachy or not, let's just leave it and enjoy each other's company while we still can. That phase, he continued, is when you decide to start your life afresh, forgetting all past mistakes and failures. Now you make new goals and aims, this time may or may not learning from past disappointments, and you decide you want to be sad no more and aim to be happy. Again, all these phases happen consciously or subconsciously, so you might not exactly trace them but they happen in the same order. Then he took a marker and drew a badly shaped arrow from the fourth smiley towards the first

smiley. And the cycle goes on and on, he said with a gleam in his eye of a show well put on (sounds all right, doesn't it?) I remember noticing other people's reaction to this theory, they seemed like delighted little children who think they have found the answer to everything in life. I wasn't left so orgasmic by the idea. I wasn't quite sure whether the cycle going on and on was necessarily a good sign. To me, it seemed as if it's a sick game that we are being made to play over and over again. Aim, succeed, aim again - aim, fail, aim again. Wtf? No, I'm not gonna explain the last couple of lines. You're gonna have to figure it out on your own, its pretty self-explanatory though. I'll wait.

Another thought has just struck my head. This waiting for you to think thing is getting too cheesy now. I feel I over-used it, isn't it? Hmm.. do you think I should edit some out when I'm proof-reading it? Well, maybe I won't proof read it at all and serve you the raw un-touched version of my work! That has always been my dream. To let my audience read the first draft that I write of my stories. With all the grammar mistakes, punctuality error, many spelling mistakes almost like drunk-typing, overuse of colloquial terms, unpolished language and some notes in brackets for my future self. And with all the plot-imbalances and lack of fluency to the story. Basically, it would be the most honest portrayal of my thoughts which mould themselves into words and later on into proper sentences. It has always been a delight for myself to read such 'original' documents. If you are a writer too you'll know, its like masturbation for your mind. See, ideally I'd edit out the previous sentence when I read this article again, because I know what my publishers, agent, wife and all the others who review my work before it gets finalized into a book, would say to me.. 'this part won't fit here, is it a good idea to confuse our TG(target audience) at this stage of the plot?', when people read your name on a book they expect certain things, you're a brand and so you must never divert from your core identity and blah.. blah.. and what not!! I'm an outcast who has found a curse instead of a gift. I've lost more than I've achieved by my literary successes. I miss those old times when I could write according to my whims and fancies and people who read it would admire it just on the basis of that piece, and not on how well the TG will take it or how well will the book fare with the book critics(that seem to have been crawling out of every nook and corner these days). For once, I wish I could tell them all and their TG's to take their opinions and shove it straight up their whiny asses. My work is for me first!

I know you didn't need to think but the last paragraph break was not for you, it was for me. I went into a nostalgia there for a while. Follow your passion they said, do what you love and you wouldn't have to work for a day in your life they said, dream big they said and they said much more, those brain-washing writers of best-selling inspirational books! But why doesn't anyone ever tell you that you can never have it all? If you gain some, you are gonna lose some too. I had found my passion in writing because it gave me the freedom to express, a freedom to share things as I saw fit, a freedom to tell things my way. And now, I feel I tricked myself into giving away that freedom for a success that is as much an illusion as the voice in your head, without which you wouldn't be able to read right now! Did I make sense in the last sentence? No, I didn't, I know. Ideally, in the 'proof-reading' time, I'd divulge more into it so that the reader

won't hate me for confusing him/her. Afterall, I write for my 'TG'! I think passion doesn't like to be showcased in front of all, it relishes itself in the privacy of its possessor. Like a shy Scorpion girl, who'd hide her true sexual beast from the public and would unleash it only onto her lover in the sanctity of their bedroom. I did it again, I know.. but this is kinda fun now. I feel this article to be a silent revolt of my passion against the chains put onto it by its mass-consumption. The more confusing sentences I write, the more liberated it feels! Because somewhere I sense that someone else, apart from my usual victims, is going to read this particular write-up. Is it you? Are you new?

Jerry McGuire! My head is filled with the thoughts of that film. I can't think of anything else right now. Jerry McGuire! He could do it, so can I. Yes. I've always related to Tom Cruise's role in that movie, how he, in his nervous breakdown, sends out letters to his colleagues at work explaining how reckless and wrong the sports management company's attitude towards business is and how they should all 'reform' themselves and treat their clients better. Wait, Is that what I'm going through right now? A nervous breakdown? depression? No ways. Why would being depressed bother me? writers, especially the ones like me, are perennially depressed. Depression for us is like a professional hazard. No, this is something else, nd it is strong. I think I'm gonna do it. This article is going on my blog right after I say yes to MS Word when it asks me if I want to save it. Den I'll tweet about it, for the whole world to see. No re-reads, no edits, no 'corrections'... the raw untainted image of my fragile mind, for everyone to judge, because that's what everyone does doesn't it? Judge? Jerry McGuire got fired for his little stunt, but that's when his character took off its arc. Its time for me to experience change, I think. A smile has come upon my face. I feel even you, (someone new), are smiling right this moment. If you weren't smiling in the previous line, you are now. I feel quite younger too. Hmm... Maybe coz grown-ups don't play silly pranks. Or do they?

Unfaithfully and unpredictably yours,
Your writer.

By MihirBhatt Followill

Mom's Routine

14th Oct, 2012

Today I will write down in short what my mom does all day.

To better understand her day, think of her as a three year old kid and not my mom. You will truly know how I look at her day ... :P

She wakes up at 7 am (earlier this time was 5:00 am when we were in school) and then have a cup of tea, that my father makes for her. After having her tea, she starts cleaning home. Then she cooks food for papa. She sits down and watch papa have his food. Then she brings in papa's shoes and tiffin. Polishes the shoes sometimes when there is meeting or something in his office.

After papa leaves, she takes bath and do the daily pooja and then goes to temple to flatter god for us. She prays there and give some bribe to god. Sometimes she shed some tears as a blackmail. And then returns. Then she have her breakfast at around 11 am. Then she calls me. Inquire for what I had in my breakfast, and whether or not I had milk today, and whether I slept more than 6 hours and thousand things like that. She gives instruction to return early from office as if I have gone to some playground and should return before sunset. Earlier I argued that its Delhi and not like our town, where staying outside even after 10 pm was a matter of concern, but now I just agree with her.

Then she opens up writerbabu. Reads all the new posts, try to figure out which anonymous post is mine... :P. She is trying really hard to learn how to use internet so that some day she could help me in my work. She takes author poll on every new post on the basis of her understanding. Then she goes to take the afternoon nap.

Wakes up after 1 hours and have her lunch and then watch her TV serials. Once she is done with her TV serials, she calls me again to check if I have had my lunch. Cleans whole house again.

Then she does her evening pooja. After that she takes a small evening walk and returns home to cook food for the night. Papa comes and they have tea and snacks.

Then she calls me and my sister at around 9:30 pm. Asks me when will I leave office and reaffirm that I should call her back when I reach home. Then both mom and dad have their dinner. I reach my place by 11:30, I call her and then she sleeps.

Written for my cutest mummy.

By Anonymous

Sisters are blessing of God ...

19th Oct, 2012

Sisters are like blessing of God, treasure them. They are one of the most precious gifts. A sister is someone who is sweet and supportive, kind and loving, cheerful and inspiring, friend and my all time laughter. Sisters mean so much more than words can say. Sister who has made you laugh, wiped your tears, hugged you, watched you succeed, seen you fail, cheered you on and kept you strong. Sisters are supposed to be a promise from God that we will have a friend forever. A friend you are never going to lose whatever happens. Deep inside their hearts they have got special chambers for their brothers. They prayed a lot to God for giving them brothers. They are always ready to sacrifice their joys for them and never think of getting back anything. Sisters are our first friends and second mother. The love and care we get is truly incomparable to anything in this world and with the experience in this world I think this is applicable to the next world.

Lucky are those who have got these wonderful friends for life time, always ready to backup and buck up at the times when even times are against the time. Love you sisters.....here is a wish I wish from depth of my heart for them ...always and every time....till I live and if possible even after it....

HAZAARON DUWAAEN HAI TERE LIYE
KABHI NA MILEY KAANTEIN TUJHE RAAHON ME
TAMANNA HAI TERE NAAM SE
BAS KHUSHIYAAN MILEY TERE BAAHON MEIN

LAAKHON FARIYAAD HAI KHUDA SE
KABHI NA CHHU PAYEN GHAM TERI PARCHHAYI BHI
KHWAAISHEIN HAIN AISI TERE LIYE
MILEY TUJHE BAS DUNIYA KI ACHCHHAYI HI

LAAKHON MANNATEIN HAIN TERE LIYE
KI PHOOLON SE TERA GHAR-AANGAN MEHKE
KHWAAISHEIN HAZAAR TERE NAAM SE
PANCHHI KI TARAH HAMESHA CHEHKE

HAZAARON DUWAAEN AISI HAIN TERE LIYE
HAR KADAM KAMYAABI TERE SAATH CHALE
FARIYAAD LAAKHON HAIN TERE NAAM SE
KI TERI RAATON ME BHI CHAMAKTA CHAAND TERE SAATH CHALE.

By Ashoka

A Ride in Delhi Metro!!!

24th Oct, 2012

I was reading a book the other day and found an intriguing sentence which made me ponder about the present state of affairs. It said "Good questions are always better than trying to give the right answers". To start with I am again at the same place where I first had the flash of thought to write this.

Scene :

Delhi Metro, travelling on the Yellow line from Rajiv Chowk(CP) to Huda City Centre in Gurgaon.

People say one should go to villages as it is the place where true India lives. I beg to differ a little here, with the burgeoning population of our beloved country and the aspirations of a flamboyant lifestyle, the expansion and the diminishing boundaries between the rural and the urban, it presents with the side of the story that has been staring one and all in their faces for quite some time now.

Confused!! Are you?? So before any more digressions let me come straight to the point, which at first place prompted me to write this. With due respect to all the intellectual readers here I am going to make an attempt to highlight the plight, pardon me I mean the real situation in actual light. People of NCR region are well versed with what awaits them when they start their day. One wishes or not but is forced to think about the traffic situation, the hustling crowd of office going people in the Metro, those queues at the bus stops. You name the mode of transport and if I am not wrong one part of your brain is thinking " I wish no more lines of cars moving at snail's pace on the well built flyovers". " Will I get a seat in the metro today ?". Will the bus be a little less crowded today? And mind you the day has just started yet, not to name the work place responsibilities are already on one's mind. Our government says to use the public transport to ease the traffic density of the roads and partly to contribute in the energy savings.

But be rest assured, we may have seen the turnaround of NCR with the coming of Delhi metro but the hassles do not seem to lessen a bit. The voice in the metro announces " Next Station Rajiv Chowk" and people are ready, one doesn't need to actually make an effort to get in or out at a station. You see people are actually quite helpful and you will be thrown out or taken in. And yes "Caution : Please keep a check if you are not getting down at a changeover station, you need to make your way around the crowd before your destination arrives."

Imagine the scene : You are a statue and can't move your hands even if you just want to wipe those drops of sweat that have come on your forehead. Did somebody say that Delhi Metro is Air conditioned and this guy is a nutcracker, the situation inside metro coach doesn't make me feel so. Forget about keeping a vigil from the pickpockets, you are either helpless like a statue or so busy moving along with the crowd that you hardly pay any attention to your pockets. This is not my far etched imagination but the reality, one of my friends has not once but twice lost his Ipod in the metro, the remains of which were just a pair of dangling earphones. Crazy isn't it!!!

With so many rules in place what is one supposed to do, in a six coach train one is reserved for ladies and no offences, but a substantial amount of fine is levied on one for committing the crime of travelling in the ladies coach, I totally agree on the safety point for women but just give a thought for the poor hapless creatures who are jostling for an inch of space in the adjoining coach, so I say the guards shouldn't come swashing their rods for crossing the " Lakshman Rekha" of one metro coach.

Rather than looking for solutions, fine implementation is what is necessary on the government's part and to follow simple ethics is what is required from our end.

Everyday is like going to a mini battle and returning victorious in the evening. Kudos to the spirit of the " Common man" who braves such an ordeal to make it successful.

Cheers!!!

P.S. I am well aware that one is not allowed to click photographs in the Delhi Metro but I couldn't resist myself from clicking and posting it.

By Neelesh Sahay

A fairytale

25th Oct, 2012

this is the story of a robot and a butterfly.. Do tell me what you learnt from this story.

The robot was the latest addition to the science museum, and proudly occupied central location. He was situated in a hall all alone, with high security. Every day there was a long line of children who were eager to see him and talk to him. Yes, he talked. He was programmed to answer a predefined series of questions.

As soon as visitors entered the hall, they were handed the list of questions to be asked in proper order. The robot was touch sensitive. When someone would touch the robot, the robot's eyes would glow red, and that would indicate that he was ready for questions.

Q-What's your name?

A- My name is Mig 1302

Q- Who are you?

A- I am your friend

Q-What do you eat?

A-Ha Ha..I live on battery power

Q-What are you doing?

A- I am answering some basic questions about myself

He would then say "thanks, visit again" and stamp his foot and salute. This schedule went on tirelessly everyday.

It was a moonlit night, and a cool summer breeze was blowing. The glass on one of the windows was broken by some notorious kid and was to be repaired. A butterfly was wandering in the night, looking for a new home for hers was destroyed in a forest fire few days back. She curiously entered through the window and came across the robot. He was hot after the days endless working.

The butterfly sat on robot's shoulder to rest. As a result of her touch, the robot's eye glowed in the dark. The butterfly was surprised and thought of him as a living creature.

BUTTERFLY-"Hello dear, I am Angelica, and I am a butterfly"

The robot was tired and wanted to say "get lost" but all that came out was "My name is Mig 1302".

"Nice meeting you sir." replied the innocent butterfly.

He was softened by her politeness and was glad for once that he didn't shoo her off. He wanted to say "I am glad to have someone to talk to" but instead he said "I am your friend"

Butterfly was overwhelmed to find a friend. She replied, "oh.. Then I will call you Mig. You are very hot. Do you have fever? Why don't you sit down and rest and I shall bring you the nectar of chrysanthemum. It will definitely do you some good".

Once again, he wished he could tell her of his continuous and monotonous life, and his loneliness among the crowd..

"Ha Ha..I live on battery power" came the reply.

"You townfolks have strange diet. Be close to nature. Wait for me dear" said the butterfly and off she went..

The robot was amused by her naivety and at the same time impressed by her kind and friendly nature. As he stood there waiting for her to return, he missed her gentle touch and cool wings. He longed for her sweet voice. In that moment he realised that he had fallen in love. He was waiting eagerly for her arrival.

Suddenly the butterfly entered into the room. She sat on his palm this time, and said " why are you still standing? I told you to rest. Your fever seems to have gone down though."

"I am answering some basic questions about myself" replied the robot when actually his heart was worried. He wished he could tell her to stay with him.

She said, "You are giving strange answers. Maybe your fever is so high that you can't think clearly. I am glad that i could return with nectar. now open your mouth."

Robot just said, "thanks, visit again", stamped his foot and saluted.

" don't think i will soften by your tantrums. You must take your medicines"

"my name is mig 1302" came the reply..

The butterfly was now sure that her friend was very sick. she flew near his mouth as he was speaking and dropped the few drops she had brought. "This won't be enough, you are too big. I will go again"

He wanted to stop her badly, but he knew he couldn't speak.

She went out several times, every time dropping some fresh nectar on his mouth. His love for her was growing..

This time she entered and fell near the window. the robot could see an owl gazing hungrily at her from outside and trying to find a way inside. She somehow managed to reach his near his legs "Don't think that I am weak. I have survived fiercer predators. I was just a bit tired today. Now that you are with me, I am safe."

The robot was trying too tell her to hide, to not believe in him. He wanted to protect her, to be there for her. He tried his best but could only utter "i am your friend"

"i know", she whispered.

meanwhile the owl entered through the ventilator and dived at her. The butterfly was already hurt and unprepared. The robot was terrified and wanted to kill that owl but he said "Ha Ha..I live on battery power"

The owl was scared of this sudden sound and it dropped her and flew away. as the butterfly lay dying on his feet, she said "I know you are not well otherwise you would have definitely protected me. I want you to know that you are special. good luck dear"

The robot was shattered from inside. In morning the long queue and his work began. He never wanted to return to his job, but he was helpless. Everyday he thought of her and every night he tried to speak. Gradually people got bored of him. The owner replaced him with another better robot. He now lay in corner, free to grieve the death of his beloved. He never gave up trying to speak.

finally he was thrown into the junkyard.. People passing by through that place could hear some broken voices as if someone was trying to speak. They dismissed it as some internal circuit defects.

Before his battery died down, his final words were 'AN-J-LI-KA'

By Akanksha Akhouri

I hope you had the time of your life..

30th Oct, 2012

Agni looked down at his clothes; he was in his school uniform. The same shrunk school tie that he had worn for the last 3 yrs of high school, the same ink stained shirt that he wore on Tuesdays and Thursdays. He was in school again. For Real. He didn't know how but here he was. No not again, he thought.

Straight ahead on the street where he stood, was an uneven line of his friends from school. All dressed in the regular school uniforms. But it wasn't daytime, it was the middle of the night. There was a sense of helplessness inside Agni. He felt like he knew what was going on. Yes, he knew it. It was just like he had seen in some movies. Armed troops were marching everywhere but not where he was. The city was taken hostage by the army. It was a rebellion. Anarchy. Or something on those lines, he wasn't sure what to call it. But Agni knew what he wanted to express, that there was a mad frenzy everywhere, no authority to anyone, no order, no restraint or control. He knew he was soon going to be a victim. He felt like he had felt this before. Of course he had.

He walked towards a boy in particular. He recognized him, he was Sameer. Behind him were three other boys. He tried to remember them but he couldn't. Their faces though were etched in his memory. "Beware now, I warned you before and you didn't listen," spoke Sameer in an echoing voice, "You know what I'm talking about, don't you?" His heart skipped a beat. Yes he did, but he couldn't believe that Sameer had warned him before and he didn't pay any heed to it. How could he have been so right? At that moment it seemed such a trifle thing. Who could have guessed it would have gone so wrong? He nodded hesitantly, hoping he wouldn't have to acknowledge his stupidity in front of everyone.

But the three boys already knew it. They were looking at him in amusement, giggling and staring piercingly at him. They knew! Of course they did. He sped away from there as soon as he could. Why am I in this situation again? I thought it was all over. Wasn't it enough? Is this some stupid bullshit like I've been given another chance to do things right this time? But those sorts of things happen in your next life, at least that's what the book said. I'm still in this one and I haven't even completely forgotten this incident yet. Maybe the book was wrong. Everything happens in this life itself. Or is it that this is the next life? But ..

A strong blow to the back of his head disrupted his thoughts. He moved forward with the hit and jumped few paces ahead. It was broad daylight and he was younger than before. He barely controlled himself from falling and looked in alarm at who struck him.

Him? Here? What is going on? The incident which seemed to be repeating moments back had nothing to do with him. "Who's going to clean this now? Huh..?" saying this he sprinted towards him again and struck him once more.

"I said I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm sorry," he protested almost in a reflex.

Two more blows, at the same spot. "Who'll clean this now? Huh..? Who will clean this now?" he didn't want to listen. He kept asking who's going to clean the water from his shirt while hitting him again and again and again. This was his chance, he wasn't going to let go off him so easily. "I'm Sorry.. Sorry.. I wasn't trying to throw the balloon at you. Sorry.. Sorry" Why is he still hitting me? This is not right. He is taking advantage of the situation. He just wants to hit me. Why can't I stop saying sorry? I should hit him back. But he's so big and strong. At least I should try. But he knew the story, he was going to suffer the ordeal without putting up any fight. Why the hell am I living this again?

Through the corner of his eye, he could see Mandeep, the only friend he had at that time. He was quietly absorbing the situation while sucking a pouch of cheap juice from his right hand. As if, he wanted to remember it so that he could narrate it later exactly like it had happened. Their eyes met for a fickle of a second, Mandeep looked away and continued staring at the guy who was striking his so called best friend. Agni realized how selfish Mandeep was. He could have helped. He could have tried. He could have protested or brought along someone. But he didn't. He stood there silently with few other slum locals who had halted with Holi balloons in their hands, chuckling at what was happening. Wait, what is that? Is there a sly smile on Mandeep's face too?

Agni could understand the amusement of the locals, he wasn't exactly the most loved guy in the neighborhood, most likely the opposite, but not Mandeep's. But more than anything, in that moment, Agni knew he was not guilty for what had happened with Mandeep later in his life. He deserved it. Is that why I'm here? To realize that I shouldn't feel guilty for what happened to him? That he was not my true and loyal friend like he had always claimed to be? That I should let go off my guilt?

"Get in line Agni. Now!" said Sameer. Agni was back at the city amidst destruction. Sameer was now some kind of authority. But strangely, he was still in his school uniform. Everyone was listening to him and few other boys behind him. He knew them. They were the ones who had relished in his misery. What makes us humans so evil sometimes, he thought. Aren't we all supposed to help each other out and be a strong society? Just like his mother had taught him? But Agni's mother had inculcated her idealistic values only onto her son, not all of the kids at his school. Maybe they didn't know what they were doing, they were too young anyways. Shall he forgive them? Let bygones be just that? Bygones? How can he? It was so unfair what had happened to him.

Suddenly, he could sense that re-living the incident as himself was not what he was supposed to do. He felt like he was to understand other people's reaction to it. Why and what made them react the way they did. But why? He had thought this whole time that this whole thing would be about His pain!

Sameer was now going away from him. So were the rest. He felt he was slowly being drawn to some other place. But I'm not done yet, he thought. Why was Sameer in control and putting everyone in a line? What was going on? I want to know.

'Maybe it is not important right now.' Spoke a calm voice.

Agni immediately agreed without any more protests. He let go off the image of Sameer. He could now see his face right in front of him! He was panting furiously and was staring right at himself. I don't understand what is happening, he started thinking. The man he saw in front of him was him. But then why am I not there? Why do I feel like a different person who is with him? Hold on... Shit!.. This can't be... Disgusting! It looks like.. Like.. Like I'm fucking myself! What? Wait a minute.. This is not me. I'm in a woman's body. It's her. Yes, it is her. I am her. Why? This is absolutely ridiculous. I didn't sign up for this. Why am I not feeling what he is going through? That is what is supposed to happen. I'm beginning to understand her instead. She loves him. Rather loved him. Now, she only feels betrayal and revenge for him. I understand now, why she did it. But I don't want to. Do I need to? Is that why I'm here? In her body? To understand why she had to do it? So that I can forgive her? Just like it used to happen in those books? Just like in chapter seven; forgiveness is more for your own sake than for others? Just then, Agni saw her hand reaching out below the bed but it felt like he was doing it himself. He felt like knew what was coming. It is going to happen. She's going to do it. NO. I can't see this. This is horrible! It's worse than my nightmares... This whole thing was a big mistake... Get me out of here! Now!

10..

Agni could see him still fucking her (himself... arrgh!), oblivious of the fact of what was going to happen. She stopped moving and went closer to him. He thought she wanted a break, out of fatigue like it used to happen so often. He knew she was too weak for him. He stopped too, slowly reaching out his hand to touch her face. He still felt guilty about what he had done. But she had forgiven him. It was very unnatural of her, but she had forgiven him. He knew he had to work hard towards gaining her trust back, but he was up for it. He had to be. She was going to be worth it. He was going to fall in love with her again, someday!

9 ...

8...

7...

Agni wanted to get out of there, but he strongly felt he should not before the countdown reaches to 1.

With almost a split second movement, she flung across her left elbow on his neck and put the knife from her right hand onto his throat. Agni could see his own face at knifepoint. He was doing it to himself. He could see the expression of shock and disgust on his own face but he could not focus on it. It seemed more important to understand her!

6..

5..

Agni could empathize with her. Something he never wanted to. He could sense her redemption and revenge. He could sense her anger and fury. But more than anything, he could sense regret! A regret that it had come to this. But she knew she had to do it. Doubts are not going to be enough to stop her. She wanted to do it. And she will.

4..

3..

The countdown seemed like an eternity but Agni knew that they are as fast as they could be. Einstein's theory of relativity made its appearance on his mind but he quickly shooed it off. This was certainly not the time and place for philosophy!

"Why do you have such a confused expression?" she asserted herself. "Isn't this what you always hoped for? If you die, you die while having sex?"

Slit. Agni, in her body, slit open his own throat. He wanted to sympathize with himself. But he could only feel the pain of her heart. It was over. No last words. No chance to atone his sins. He was killed abruptly. Agni remembered he had so much to say. To her and to himself, but it had all stayed inside his soul. Maybe that's why I needed to see this event, he thought. To forgive her and to let go of the anger. If only he could.

2..

He wasn't out of the picture yet. She was breathing down heavily near his face, looking carefully at her blood soaked creation. Playing with her knife, dipping it in the pool of blood gushing out of his throat. Wait...What is she doing? Agni saw a hand with the knife in it reaching to his neck. Her neck.

No.. She can't. She can't do this. She can't expect to be a Shakespearean protagonist. She doesn't deserve a tragic end. She's a vicious bitch. But didn't I just forgive her? Wasn't that why I was here in the first place?

NO. I still need to be angry at her. This whole idea was a mistake. It doesn't make sense.

Doesn't make sense in a way that I would like it to.

She's about to do it. No... You can't..Wait..

"I'm coming my ..."

1.

NOOOO...

"No... No... No... No...," he kept screaming over and over again.

"It's okay, it's over now, relax. Here, have some water," replied the polite familiar voice.

"I know it's over," said Agni, sweating profusely, feet shivering and head shaking. "I wanted to see it for just a second more."

"But you asked me to get you out of there, remember? You don't have to force yourself to understand anything. We can analyze what you saw in detail at a later stage. For now, just calm down..."

"Yes, I did ask you to get me out. But then you took forever to get me out of there." Said Agni, gulping down the whole glass of water.

"It was just a few seconds. I had told you that you may lose track of time." She was surprised at his reaction. No other patient had been so rude to her right after coming out from hypnosis.

"Yeah.. Yeah.. I see the clock now, its 5 30. That means I spent almost two hours visiting just three events? Maybe just one of them was a past life one. But you couldn't let me stay there for another second?" said Agni, in a rehearsed tone.

"You were hearing what I was talking, weren't you?" he continued, "In the hypnotic state, you knew I was in your control. How do I know what are your interests in this?"

She didn't know how to react to such an absurd accusation. She had neither anticipated nor experienced such a hostile patient before. She had seen strange in her profession but this man was at a whole new level.

"I've read about you people," Agni continued, "Some people call you guys witches and black magic followers who purposely make patients have nightmares and then trick them for m..."

"Hold your tongue mister. It's a doctor you are talking about." She was not going to take this insult anymore, "I've told you before and I'll tell you again. Hypnosis is a scientific technique. And Past Life Regression is to be used only when there are no other alternatives. I advised you against it but you insisted on going through with it. What you experienced could be just your imagination or it could be an actual event in your past life. But it has got nothing to do with me. I just guide you to open your subconscious..."

"Have you gone through it?"

"What?"

"Have you been regressed to a past life? Ever?"

"No. But that doesn't mean..."

"Yes it does. It means that you don't know the difference between your head and your ass."

He sprang to his feet, picked up his windcheater and got ready to leave the clinic.

"You ungrateful piece of..." it was too late. He was already out of her sight.

It was raining. Not heavily, not drizzling. It was just a perfect rhythm. He put on his windcheater and starting walking on the street before anyone could catch up with him. He had a wide smile on his face. He was bursting with excitement but was also calm at the same time. He felt like he did when he discovered a new drug and had experienced it for the very first time. He knew his life was going to change. He had found the best and practically harmless alternative to his drug addiction. While drugs affected his ability to remember, today he felt like he remembered everything! After all, he knew in his heart that he had actually remembered his past life! He felt the euphoria of the experience in his veins, he loved it. This was the purest form of high!

He walked few more steps ahead and crossed the road. He realized that he wasn't scared when he crossed the road, like he had been since he was a kid. What was happening? He's thinking of giving up his addiction, and now his lifelong fear of crossing roads is gone! Were Brian Weiss' books right about this? His fears, can they all really go away. Does this also mean that he's going to change and be a better person now? What the fuck, he gave out a little shout of surprise. He might have asked for more than he could handle!

Rain continued. He reached out to his back pocket and removed the contents to put them safely inside his windcheater. He noticed the money, which he had brought with him just in case the plan to insult and accuse the doctor and storm out of there, didn't work out. He was a junkie; he had always been a junkie. He knew that he would always be short of money. He knew the rule. Honest and nice people were supposed to be fooled and taken advantage of. Not be paid. Money was only for pimps, drug dealers and people who don't have the right to give you what you want without taking some money.

He smiled. He wasn't changing much after all. He diverted his attention back to enjoying the monsoon, a feeling he had forgotten long ago.

Just then, a strong realization dawned upon him. He would think about this experience later, it deserved proper time and attention. For now, he knew what he had to do. He had to find her! It was important. He had to find her. The thought of her wiped away any traces of smile from his face. He started moving fast and was almost running. He had to see her. 'That bitch!'

By MihirBhatt Followill

The funny Neck and more....

31st Oct, 2012

This morning I glanced through FB and found something.

An old friend of mine, in fact my classmate, had posted a picture of himself with his underwear drawn over his trousers and a towel flowing behind his shoulder.

He stood in his regal attire with arms raised, as if challenging someone to battle.

Only thing, he was a poor advertisement for superman!

He wrote that he was in fact just trying to dry his clothes in front of the table fan.

Hilarious!

My funny bone tickled, I soon began reminiscing about my childhood days.

Especially the Funny Neck.

There was this boy in our school who sat for his examination one day.

He started to write.
Suddenly his neck began to move!
Toward his left,slowly making an angle of 90 degrees.
Shocked,he grabbed his neck and moved it back to normal position.

He resumed writing.
A few moments later the neck moved again!
To cut my story short,this fellow spent the entire three hours trying to rein in his 'runaway' neck!
Just imagine his embarrassment!
And his horrified friend seated behind him?
I'm sure he has not recovered to this day.

We had teachers named 'kaddigudda', 'Anikhindi' and so on.
Now tell me why would parents name their kids such horrendous names?

Kaddigudda was a likeable fellow.
Because he hardly taught Geography.
But spent time telling us lovely stories.
But one day finally deciding to teach,
he started writing something on the blackboard
Some mischief mongers,perennial back benchers, ,holding a mirror to the sunlight outside,
flashed it onto his bald pate.
To this day the poor sir doesn't know why we giggled so hard and also how his head suddenly felt so warm!

"We swept the room with a sweeper",our Math Sir,who also taught us social service, dictated out to the class.
The kids went into peals of laughter.
"With a broom,Sir,not a sweeper",we exclaimed as he smiled sheepishly.
He spoke atrocious English.

When I was a front bencher in std 5th,our Math sir, explaining to the class the importance of using our notebook rightly,took hold of my Math notebook.
He held it high up for the class to see ,opened my last page only to find a picture of a peon ringing the bell!

There was pin drop silence.
The bell rang, as if on cue, but only after the class went into raptures and a 'How shabby!' compliment from our Sir.

Finally my mind goes back to the 4th std .

Seated with secondary school students during an exam, I overheard them requesting 'supplements' to their answer paper. Needing one desperately but not quite sure how it was pronounced ,I stood up and asked the supervisor for a 'compliment'.

By Writer Biwi

Pinjre Ka Parinda :)

1st Nov, 2012

Vo Parinda jo kuch samay pehle is pinjre mei kaid hua karta tha aaj aajad hai....
Jo Udne ko tarasta tha,uske liye ye aasmaan bhi aaj chhota hai,ek udaan ke liye....
Suraj jise vo roz subah nihara karta tha aaj uska lakshay hua karta hai...
Aasman ki unchaiyon ko chuta aaj vo use paane ko beetab hai....
Aaj laga pinjre ka parinda khilone sa hai,Asli khel to jindagi ka hai....
Vo cheeke us pinjre mei aaj bhi kaid hai, Jo baar baar mujhe sharminda karti hai....
Aur keh jaati hai, Pinjre Ke Parinde Aksar aasmaan choo jate hai bas ek udaan ke der hai,
Ye mann ka pinjra kholne ki der hai....

By Anonymous

Power-Packed Punches

2nd Nov, 2012

Recently, in an online poll Schwarzenegger's phrase from 'The Terminator' -- "I'll be back" topped the list of most popular movie quotes, beating Clark Gable's, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn" from the American epic 'Gone With The Wind'.

"May the force be with you" from 'Star Wars' and Humphrey Bogart's immortal, "Of all the gin joints, in all the towns, in all the world, she walks into mine" from the classic 'Casablanca' were also ranked high on the popularity list.

Big deal.

When it comes to unforgettable movie quotes, we have to hand it our cinema. All the memorable movie quotes from foreign cinema put together cannot beat the memorable ones from Indian cinema.

Dialoguebaazi mein hamein pakadna mushkil hi nahin namumkin hai.

If we were to hold an online poll to decide the most popular phrase in Bollywood, it would be impossible to decide between, "Kitne admi the, Mogambo Khush hua, Haar kar jeetne wale ko Baazigar kehte hai, Filmein sirf teen cheezon ke wajah se chalti hain..." and scores of golden expressions from other regional languages. Indeed, catchphrases fly thick and fast in Indian cinema. Proving once again that our dialogues are a lethal combo of the writer's magical pen and the actor's starry enigma. If rolled by a super star - crude, vulgar, pedestrian or double meaning entendres; all can be winners.

The phoren quotes may be globally hurrahed, but the desi ones are milked at every award function. Even today, the infamous mare of Bollywood is immortalized each time Hema Malini says 'Chal Dhanno, Basanti ki izzat ka sawaal hai'.

On the sets of reality shows, Dharmendra continues to flare nostrils, and drink blood "Ku**e, Kami**y, mein tera..."

Even newbie Sonakshi goes on to mint her classic, "Thappad se dar nahin lagta..." No wonder. Hasn't she grown up watching her father utter "Khamosh" at the drop of a hat?

Movies are a great leveler. Just when I thought it was a desi phenomenon to quote, "Main ek baar commitment kar doon to phir apne aap ki bhi nahin sunta," I hear several Americans use movie quotes in business meetings, weddings. Some even try movie quotes to talk their way out of a parking ticket. Imagine telling a desi traffic constable, "Rishte mein to hum tumhare baap lagte hai..." One can only hope that the constable turns out to be a movie buff and pardons with, "Yeh police station hai, tumhare baap ka ghar nahin."

Irrespective of who utters them, some gems define the Hindi cinema of the seventies. Come to think of it, 'Apne aap ko kanoon ke hawale kar do', 'Bhagwan ke liye mujhe chhod do' and 'Mein tumhare bachche ki maa banne wali hoon', sound almost comical today.

With the success of mindless comedies and the advent of puerile humour, catch phrases are deliberately inserted to make the hero appear witty and larger than life. Out of ten, even if one hooks you, it's a win-win. The best part is that even though the vulgar ones become viral, they die a slow death of ignominy. Just like Tushhar Kapoor's double entendres or Devgan's ludicrous, "My chest has become blouse."

In a world where the hero has to deliver power packed punches, both verbal and otherwise, Ranbir Kapoor's silent yet successful Barfi has put brakes on dhamkedaar diloguebaazzi. For the time being.

But then, silence only speaks for the multiplex audiences. The masses want their protagonist in a larger than life role, mouthing dhamakedaar dialogues.

So make way "Bond. So what if your name is James Bond?"

Match the onslaught of, "Rahul. Naam to suna hoga" or "Poora naam... Vijay Dinanath Chauhan," or, "Hum yahan ke RobinHood hai..naam hai RobinHood Pandey, or, "Basanti, tumahra naam kya hai", or, "Rathore, Rowdy Rathore - lagi pichwade mein aag?.....the list is endless.

By Alka Gurha

Acrostic: "Been a son"

2nd Nov, 2012

(B)elieved she would live while in the womb
(E)ntrusted herself with ruthless butchers
(E)nded for the horrifying crime of being a girl
(N)ever had she anticipated this in her haven

(A)ll they did was sigh and say,

"(S)he should have been a son."
(O)nly if she knew this before that,
(N)o one wanted her in this cruel world.

By Percy

Just when all seemed lost...

3rd Nov, 2012

___IS IT THE END ?? ___

found my angel,
my protector my friend...
after a long wait
i finally had a name
i finally found my classic tom.
my angel healed me , made me strong...
became my thunder..my storm..
then and there nothing seemed wrong.
with all the sun and sea
somehow i went back to being just me!!
maybe this confused my angel, he wanted the made-up me,
the anxious me was still discovering
we reached out, wanted to hold on
somehow we decided to give up and move on
the lightening the tempest
then hit me hard
i broke my angel...
i broke my could be heart..
now my angel waits for an angel of his own,
and i go back to being a devils spawn.
horned angel or hallowed devil ...??
see me as yo please...
the the person beneath this was all yours to tease,
now it all seems like a resounding echo,
echo of sweet sweet past...
no more angels my GodFriend.
just send me my Devil,s spawn...

---Tanya Partner

___ THE REPLY___

your angel never left you,
he always wanted to see the real you!!

bonding is different... mind fickle,
but it doesn't mean he is cruel!!
his angel was you.. but u never tried to turn it to be true,
the girl liked the boy...to him he felt like a toy..!!
she was not able to prove... the boy just needed a excuse..!!
a excuse to make her mine...
i wish tht i prayed several times...
now this present was bad and i dint know how to react..
her fragrance was fading away and i dint know what to say...
i felt like the same old child,who was betrayed and left without pride,
her action shook my heart...
i realized world is a bitter place thn it was.
now i know i want her..her action made me strong,
and i hope now this thing is gone!!
i learned many things..hard and cruel
like i am a misfortune being.
its not weird, things can be cleared,
the poem ends but the bonding transcends !!
--- Ace , MY BEST FRIEND .

By Arya

Missing my school days

4th Nov, 2012

My school life is over and now no more school ,every fun is over and I am feeling like that I am missing a part of my life.

My school is just five minutes away from my home so when every morning I can see the students together passing through the road It makes me remember my sweet memories of school, I can hear the sound of beating drum and I hear "attention" "stanaties" from the orning assembly.

At those days I used to think school is a part of hell and now I realize it was my golden days of my life. It was my life in which my days used to start with a good morning wishes from momma and ends with goodnight from dad. I use to leave home at 7:00 AM morning and back at 2:00 PM. I was not having any single problem of my life, I was a free minded bindas boy, I had to worry about nothing just a little worry about school homework for maths and physics which I felt like scraps. and the days were only filled only with my mischievousness.

I miss the silly gossips with friends about the girls, I miss the fighting with friends for seat, I miss the tiffin which we all used to share with each other and oh yes I used to eat tiffin in the classroom hiding from teacher that was fabulos.

When teachers used ask questions to everyone and How I hide my face behind my frriend and parys to God "Oh God today not me plz" and getting scolded by the hitler and after he leaves the class how we use to abuse him. :).

I think probably everyone had your first cruise at school life. me too had, She was a damn beautiful girl and meschevious like me , She is a regular visitor of my blog so I don't gonna write her name otherwise she will kill me :) I miss the fights with you dear :(

The most terrible day of every students ,is the result declaration day. Its 28th of March for our school. It was the only day in which we every one used to stay calm and pin drop silent. that day we realize what is fear, everyone's faces used to be dry and tensed.

Sometime I pray to God to make me a child again so that I can restart mylife from my childhood again. I would say to every school going people please enjoy the days you wont get back such fun after you leave school.

By Anonymous

IT Interview– a prequel to my other poem...

7th Nov, 2012

IT Interview – a poem...

They came in a van , wearing suits and coats..
As we stood outside like a tribe of goats..
With resumes in our hands and hopes in our hearts..
We sat in the hall like stupid little farts..
Right through the room, I saw some faces burn..
And lo and behold, it was suddenly my turn..

Across she sat, the HR in a blue suit..
A seasoned pied piper, she put her lips to the flute..
“Earn money while travelling the world”, she said..
“and even your vacations will be fully paid”..

Then came another guy who looked like an ass..
And asked me: “How do you adiabatically expand a gas?”
I nailed him, blabbering an answer that was lame..
If he wanted to fool around I was the master of this game..

They asked me some truths, I told ‘em some lies...
At the end of the day it was all hi five’s...
And then they thrust at me, the invite to the crapper...
Or as she called it, “My first offer letter”.

It was then that IT hit me, I had landed a job..
I sat down on the floor and began to sob..
Bring out the pot and open the beer can..
Coz from tomorrow I am a working man!!

I got up early, all shaved and clean...
A new phase in my life about to begin..
Two months into the job I sadly realized..
This was a a job I should have sacrificed..

All the time I wondered how they gave a loser a chance..
But they were just throwing bananas and making monkeys dance..
As I go home now to drown my sorrows in beer..
I come to realize, “We are all losers here..”.

By Naveen NeevaN

A road to the mind of a young child

9th Nov, 2012

A road to the mind of young child goes to the time when milky teeth still hung, waiting to separate out, ending the pain and convert into a gift by the tooth fairy. When every stranger seemed to be a friend and when friendship was not defined by price tags, when the best amusement was to watch the cars going by spilling the mud from the potholes on the road, when fun was running around in a park playing lock and key, when thrill was the speed of 'great stone slide', when the only thing that worried us was a ghost in the dark, when all the tears shed were rewarded by love of our close ones, when the fight was only for a remote of the TV for a cartoon show, when the mind was not laden with the actualities of life, I dreamt. I dreamt of the skies, of the water, of the greens, of the blues. I imagined myself as a grown up, with a smile on the face, with all the worldly achievements in pocket, with all the then luxuries I could imagine of and with all the love and happiness that anyone can possess. My mind showed myself doing the best of the best things for my loved ones.

As I grew up, I realized that those were just wishes in the darkness and wishes don't come true. I had to specify my dreams as per the surroundings. People made me believe that this is real life, where dreams don't survive and I have to leave them.

Then I joined engineering to save up whatever was left of them. Irony is that every year lakhs of engineers come out carrying certificates of their so called four years of technical experience, running behind the jobs given to them. Some get it, some don't. It is like the Darwin's theory of evolution. Only the best survive.

The life, the happiness and the love are still there, but they are all forged into a very superficial form. Everything becomes different than what it appears, and yet everything required appearances to survive.

The remains of that child still dream. But they dream of his past and think, 'life figured out to be so different than he expected.'

By Ashhar Reza

HONEY...i need you...(part 2)

12th Nov, 2012

I don't know from where to begin. Even when I try talking to you in voice, I am unable to collect words in order to start a conversation with you. It never happened to me before, but things have changed now. I don't have any device to correct the topography of our current on goings, but want to emend and reconstruct our standpoint.

Just a small reminiscence:

It was the winters and I called it on,
Feeling as king, walked like a Don...

Held in my hands, a card of love,
She looked so bright, as white as dove...

With some fragrance, I gave the token,
Presumed the heart, won't be broken...

The impact needed some time for settlement,
But thank god, it happened for betterment...

Eventually a yes, came from her side,
And we got involved, keeping things aside...

We always took great care of each other,
So our love blossomed in each weather...

Even we stayed distant for two years,
But never felt too low for those tears...

Then we reattached in beautiful Dilli,
And she again became a cheerful filly...

Then we had the happy times with zeal and vigour,
And enjoyed ourselves with all the love and liquor...:)

:)

:|

:(

By Anonymous

Rays Of Hope

15th Nov, 2012

Weeping,
My head flanked by the pillows,
I slept stressed out.
Alone,
In the dark, still night,
My smile was knocked out.

A soft touch,
A moist peck,
Awoke me in the light;
In the light so bright,
I couldn't open my eyes.
After having slept in that nil moonlight;
In fright, I couldn't open my eyes.

The soft hand then,
Brushed my hair;
Took my hands in hers,
I felt caressed.
She told me to slowly open my lids;
And was dazzled to see her shine.
The lady of mercy, sat amidst,
The rays of hope, O My!

She gently made me doze in her lap.
I felt so carefree, I took a small nap.
In my dreams
She was there again;
Smiling at me, as meekly as one can.
She looked into my eyes too deep;
And told me she knew why do I weep.
Then held my hands,
Made me fly,
To the most beautiful place, the heaven's abide.
She lifted her arms,
And swirled round.
In amazement I fell on the ground.

Another second,
And she was gone.
But, before my smile could turn to frown;
I saw my angel walking down.

I couldn't believe
She waved by my tears with such frantic ease.
O! My love returned back!
All the ill times have turned to cease.

The soft hand then,
Brushed my hair,
Took my hands in hers;
I felt caressed.
She told me to slowly open my lids.
And was dazzled to see her shine;
The lady of mercy sad amidst,
The rays of hope, O My!

Now slowly,
I could see her image going faint;
Even that smile, meant only for a saint.
This time I didn't have to fear her absence
After what that dream had signalled to me.
Once she'll be gone,
My angel would reappear,
O! I'll get to see him!

Now the lady of mercy, who sad amidst
The rays of hope is not here.
With her she's taken away all my fear.
The rays of hope are going bright.
On my face a smile goes light.
And as I step down from my bed,
To prepare for a happy day ahead,
My heart dances, the one that had bled.
As the scene is still afresh;
Of the lady of mercy, who had sat amidst,
The rays of hope for me.

By Kasturi Nic

MY BEST FRIEND!

17th Nov, 2012

I went into the realm of ecstasy and fantasy,
when I was told to describe about me best friend.
My best friend, an ordinary girl, living a simple life.
Its just her smile that triggers the sunrise,
its just her black hair that leaves rosy scent behind.
But she is a decent girl living a normal life.

Its just her deep brown eyes that could take oceans inside,
its just her trail, the moonlight awaits for at the night,
its just her touch that seems like a wound dabbed by cotton wool,
complemented with a gorgeous smile.
But she has an innocuous personality living a peaceful life.

A few days past a new figure entered her world,
Oh ma! Why my world looked so hurdled!
The figure took me as competitor,
and she as anytime available listener.
La Lala, looks she goes again, how the stranger talks so insane.
Then what is so special about the figure, I didn't understand,
that she couldn't see the tears in my eyes, building hills of sand.

Guess! She will never know that I should be awarded by Zeta Jones,
for the best actress in a supporting role.
I just wish I could tell her that without you,
my imaginary stream doesn't reflect light,
your trail vanishes from moon's sight,
world's morbid imagination haunts me day and night.
Yet the next time you need to tell me,
hows your team so perfectly right,
or may be you need my sensations
to cry, laugh and giggle at your stupendous life,
or might be you need my heart, soul or mind,
your BEST FRIEND will always be there by your side...

By JAAGNI PARNAMI

CHAAR LINES :)

17th Nov, 2012

Woh alvida kehne ka gham tha aankhon me,
Ya kal ki khushiyon ka aagaz...
Woh kal ke andhere ki aakhri shikan thi maathe par,
Ya muskuraane ka koi naya andaaz ????

By Astha Khare

THE CHOICE

18th Nov, 2012

The road has ended but not the journey.
Two ways to go, guess I am not so lucky.
Choosing one is inevitable, I am totally confound,
stay there, turn around, choose another, definitely bound.

That boisterous voice in my mind needs to be quiet,
soul or mind, one has to be dumped, Right!
I hope a tiger or a lion just crawls upon me,
now who cares for the decision, the dead body is free.
Oh no! Its judgement again in God's court,
Hell or Heaven where I'd be put forth?
Demons and Angels are waiting in a queue....
Only for me!!!!
Nah! at the back there are others few.

Who tickled me, I demanded screaming,
it woke me up from day dreaming.

Back to the scene where we left.
I choose one, then there is no turning back.
No switching decisions, no opportunities await
wish me good luck! Its up to you now fate.

I close my eyes and pray for the last time.
And then I knew it deep inside
its not how fast I moved on the road
or how far my legs strode,
If I have chosen the right side
or had fallen behind....

Since this is a universal Cliché , no one could deny
not only once, this decision has to be made another 100 times
no matter its trodden or untrodden, truth or lie
good or bad, dull or live.....

And others standing behind me at the God's court,
they actually failed to understand...
LIFE will definitely give you another chance
just give it a try!
Thank God I am happy...I didn't die!

By JAAGNI PARNAMI

THOUGHTFULNESS.....

19th Nov, 2012

Into my own thoughts
i was drowning...
Through a pannel of happiness
i was crawling...

Someday i found you
approving my friendship...
But other day it was
just a sinking ship...

I wanted to know
what the truth was...
And the reason behind
this bloody cause...

I trusted you and
thought you were mine...
And you were the reason
for me to shine...

You change by
each passing day...
And i was loosing something
that was a last hoping ray...

The desire was
to be a friend...
But before we could start
we stand near the end...

I am now happy
with my shadow...
Which never make me feel like a widow...

I was standing alone
under a tree...
with silence all aroundand my face with glee....

By Rajshree Tandon

I was like a mirror.....

20th Nov, 2012

I was like a mirror, Standing erect in front of you every time...
I just kept on telling you what actually you mean to me...
But my words never affected you..
You always took me as a transparent glass and tried to look through me...
But my heart was still visible, you ignored again...
Whatever you considered me, you always saw a HEART beating only for you there....
Still you neglected...
I was hurt, but I was too thick glass, I survived....
Just for the sake of my love...for you...
But love became much deeper and your neglectance resulted in my walls started getting cracks....
And at last your good bye forever, did the work and I broke down into pieces....
But still you can collect them, every piece will tell you the story of my infinite love for you...
I was a mirror, who was rejected by his image only....

By Sunny Gupta

When I think to write!

22nd Nov, 2012

When I think to write,
I just write.

When I start writing,
I don't need to think.

Words starts flowing,
fingers starts typing.

I write not to be the first,
I write Not to be the last.
I write because I love to write.

To me life was never meant for writing.

Words used to lack,
and mind used to be blank.

But, the day when my heart was broken apart.
Was the day I invented words.

that was the day when I finally began writing.

Today I don't know whether I am good at it or not.
But, I surely know that babu has found out the writer in me.

By Pruthvi Bardolia

The Flag-Seller

23rd Nov, 2012

The flag-seller stood still, watching the women kneeling before him. A feeling of dismay touched him. She looked thinner every time he saw her. He could clearly see her eye socket and cheek-bones against the hollow that used to be her cheeks. The long bony finger of her hand that were buttoning his shirt, the carved out belly that wasn't because of excess of food, the old tethered sari whose each strand of fabric he could see clearly added to his anguish. He had failed in his responsibility, he felt. He was now a young man, the eldest man anyway, of his family and so it was his duty to look after his family, to fulfill all their needs, to give them the good life that people talked about, to make sure they don't starve. The flag-seller was seven years old.

"Do you remember the lines?" the flag-seller's mother asked him, after buttoning his shirt. She had got it just a day before when 'Malkinbai' had taken out a bundle of old clothes for yearly Independence Day donation. She now looked at her son. A smile broke on her face. It was oversized but her son looked good, at least better than that stuffed kid who used to wear it previously.

"Of course I do." The flag-seller glared at her. How could she think he would do such a blunder? They were after all the secret of his success, for the last two years that he had been in business. He knew that her lines helped attract his customers towards him. He always managed to sell more flags than other boys. This year he had been given more flags than rest of....

"Repeat them for me." She said getting up and moving in another corner of the hut where her four year old son and two year old twin daughters were sleeping. That part of the hut was relatively safer from water that kept on dripping from the roof. She picked up the plastic sheet lying on the floor. Mean while her son had started his recital.

"Vande Mataram..." he was singing.

"Sujala-a-a-a-m..." she picked up the tune, "Sufala-a-a-a-m....Malayaja..." he looked at her. She had a very sweet voice. She came near him, still singing, wrapped him in the plastic sheet while he held his plastic bag of flags tightly across his chest. Then she opened the door of hut. It was pitch dark outside with a slight drizzle. He wasn't surprised. That's how it generally is at five in the morning in the middle of August.

"Mataram...Vande...Mataram." The mother and son sang as the flag-seller stepped in the rain and disappeared in the darkness.

"Two small ones for a rupee and a big for two." The flag seller was shouting in his tuneful voice. At least three more boys shouted with him. This slightly unnerved him. The competition had increased this year. There was a time when not even half this number used to be present here. The school was three kilometers outside the city and well isolated. It took him half an hour to reach here but it was well worth it. This was his main income spot. The strength of nearly four

hundred students and their parents was enough for even four flag-seller, he thought now, whatever that was left, he could sell them leisurely in the streets and the squares of the city. "Jhande lelo Jhande..." The rest of the boys were shouting "rang birangi jhande." The flag seller smiled. Those were no flag-sellers; they were just boys trying to sell flags. Their voices would run hoarse in no time and then there would be silence. There were some tricks to the business, he thought silently.

Meanwhile his eyes were roaming the area for a potential customer. It was quarter to seven and the first bell had just been rung. Students were moving inside the gate. This was a crucial moment as, the flag-seller knew, last minute buyings were very common.

"O' jhandewale..!" a lady cried holding hand of a boy barren of any flag. The flag-seller had already spotted them but they were nearer to another boy. There was no point wasting his time running there. Suddenly he spotted a man coming out of the school gate and looking around. That was it. He ran.

"O' jhandewale..!" the man shouted and before the other boys could even turn their head the flag-seller was there.

"Flags Sa'abji..?" he asked, the stunned man nodded and took two large ones for his two kids standing behind him. A good deal.

"O jhandewale..!" there was another shout and the flag seller dived towards it. In ten minutes he managed to sell as many flags as he had in the past hour. The final bell sounded and the gates closed. That was the end of the business in the school. The other boys started leaving but the flag-seller stayed put. He had his whole day to sell the remaining flags. There was no need to hurry besides it was time for his favorite event of the day- the Independence Day celebrations.

"O jhandewale..!" There was a shout. The flag-seller looked forward, surprised. In his entire career of two years there, he had never seen the main gate open after the final bell. He looked around, there was nobody? All the other boys had left. Good, he smiled and ran to the woman who had called him, singing, "two small ones for a rupee and a big for two".

"Flag Madamji..?" he asked her showing his variety of small flags, big flags, plastic flags... The woman smiled and looked down at the kid amused. 'Yes' she said, "I'll take twenty big ones".

"Twenty..?" the flag-seller whispered stunned, this was a dream deal, "yes, yes" he said barely controlling his joyous laughter, "one minute please" he counted out twenty big flags carefully and held them out. He had now almost finished his big one. All that remained were the small ones which he could sell off easily.

"Thank you". The woman said sweetly, taking the flags and handing him the money. But the flag seller was not looking at her. He was trying to get a peep through the gate inside the school.

"O jhandewale..!" she patted him softly on his head. He looked at her sheepishly, smiling widely, and took the money.

"Happy independence day Madamji!" he said joyously after counting the money.

"Same to you dear," she said and looked at his excited form.

She then turned to leave but the flag-seller stayed, drinking in the scene of neat rows of students in white shining cloths that he could see through the crack in the gate. The women stopped in her track and turned.

“Will you like to come in?” she asked him. He couldn’t believe his ears.

“Yes” he cried instantly, least the woman should change her mind.

“But madamji...!” the watchman standing nearby said to her expatriated.

“Yes Ramoji?” she looked at him calmly and he lowered his head. This was an important lady, the flag-seller realized.

“Come,” she smiled at him and he ran behind her inside the school.

The school. He could not believe his eyes; he was seeing it from inside of the gate. He knew the building was huge, but this huge...? He walked behind her to a neat row of chairs at the back side of the ground. Before him, in rows, stood the students with there back to him and in front of them was an elevated platform- the stage of Independence Day celebration.

“Sit down.” The women said. She had already taken a seat and she pointed beside her. He climbed on the seat nervously. The woman was really very famous as each and every person on the ground was coming to meet her. Many of them were surprised to see him sitting there. This increased his nervousness. When some of them asked her about him she just said, “This is my young friend here.” No further questions were asked.

“Everybody please stand up.” There was an announcement from some were and the flag seller sprang to his feet. He had heard that announcement twice before. He knew what it meant. It was time.

What happened after that was a dream comes true for him. The knot of a cloth, that he knew was the national flag, rising on the pole....the flowers falling down and the flag waving proudly with the wind in full glory...the slow heart pounding beats of the national anthem played by the band...the silence of independence.....the sweet and soft tune of vande matarm song thereafter ...the brave slogan of “Bharat Mata ki jai!”....

All this was overwhelming for the flag-seller and he lost himself in the atmosphere.

The woman was silently observing the boy standing beside her. She knew that by bringing him inside she had given him the biggest gift he could ask for. The way he stood stick straight during the national anthem could have made an officer proud. The vigor with which he saluted the flag in his own fashion was more than that of the whole bunch of people standing lazily around her. He sang the “vande mataram” with the students and how he sang it! There was such love and sincerity in his voice that she was literally moved. He was now jumping up and down clapping with the students as the songs ended. Then he climbed on his seat beside her when a dignitary started his much rehearsed speech.

“Madamji” he whispered to her.

“Yes?” she asked leaning towards him.

“How much do you think will it cost to study here?” he asked

She was surprised by his query and looking at his serious face she knew he wasn’t joking. “You like this school?” She asked him fondly.

"Yes!" his face lit up, "It's so big with really nice people. Sonu will be very happy to study here. And I can come inside, every independency day..."

"Sonu?" she was confused, "who is Sonu?" She had thought...

"Sonu is my younger brother." The flag-seller replied proudly, "he is very intelligent."

"So you are two brothers?" She asked.

"Two brothers and two sisters" he said. "Menu and Alka are twins but they are too small to go to school, then there is my mother and me. That's my family. Our Sonu is very clever. He can already do big calculations on his hands, you know?" he went on.

"Really?" She asked him innocently. No father, she noted. "But don't you want to study here?"

"Me?" he was shocked and she knew that he had never even dreamt of this possibility. "What do I need to study for?"

"You don't study?" Why wasn't she surprised?

"Of course not." he said vehemently. "I am the elder son of my family.

I can't waste my time studying. I work, that's how I can fulfill my responsibility."

"Where do you work?" She asked him.

"At the," he stopped suddenly and looked at her apprehensively, "You are not one of those samajwala people, are you?" He asked her.

"Samajwala?" She asked him innocently though she knew what he meant was Samaj Sevak, the social workers. And yes she was one of them.

He leaned towards her conspiratorially, "The samajwala are very cruel people. They don't want poor boys like me to survive. So whenever they see some of us working with dayalu people like Malikbhai, they close his shop and send him to jail and make sure that nobody gives us work again so that we starve to our death."

"O my god..." words escaped involuntarily from her mouth. So this was what that scoundrel Malik was telling these innocent kids about her, she thought.

"Yes" The flag seller nodded, "but you can't be the samajwala. You are very good and kind, not cruel like them. So I will tell you that I work at malikbhai's tea stall in Sadar." He smiled. "If you come there, I will serve you our special chai."

"Of course, of course," she said fighting back her tears. It was only six months ago that she had raided that shop and freed eight child labours from there. It was all futile, she realized now. The demon was back in business with a new batch of slaves.

She took out a note pad and pen from her purse, "can your mother read?" she asked him.

"Yes!" he said proudly. "She had passed her matter...matron...matriculation, you know?" he asked her dazed.

"Good." she admired. She then wrote something on the paper and handed it to the flag seller.

"What is this?" he asked staring at the unintelligible piece of paper in his hand.

"My name, address and phone number as well as some instructions." she said, "tell your mother to come and meet me in the evening, maybe we can arranged something for your brother."

"You can?" the flag-seller jumped on the ground and stood before her dumb fold. "This is not a prank, is it?"

He challenged her.

"I give you my word" she said honestly and smiled. "By the way you must come with her."

"Me?" he asked, "why?"

"Don't you think an elder person should be present with her at the meeting?" she smiled

. "Of course" he said "I shall come." then he looked around, "I want to go now." He said, "Thank you madamji, for your help," he turned and stopped and turned around again but didn't look at her.

. "What is it?" she asked him concerned.

"Can I have one of those?" he asked her shyly, still looking down.

"What?" she asked. He pointed toward the students. A man was distributing sweets among them. "Of course." she said and went to the man. She came back and gave him two packets of sweet. "Happy..?" she smiled.

"Yes!" he cried joyously, keeping the packets in his shirt pocket, "Menu and Alka will be very happy to have these."

He then jump and walk away happily as the woman looked at him in wonder. A silent tear at last succeeded to trickle form her eyes. She then realized that she had forgotten to ask him his name. But that did not matter. She will find him anyway, she knew where he worked, and if his mother didn't come, then she will search the whole city for him. He was one fine gem that she could not afford to loose in the gutter of child slavery. On this Independence Day she was determined to give independence to at least this one family.

"O jhandewale..!" somebody shouted and the flag seller ran towards the sound singing happily, "Vande Mataram."

By Ashutosh Bhojte

Babumoshai

24th Nov, 2012

babumoshaaaaaaaaaaaaai. tum nahi jaante ki ye paapi pate insaan se kya kya karwata hai. main ek nalayak nakara aawara bhawara hua karta tha lekin iss paapi pate ne mujhe writerbabu bana daala. Arre tum kya jaano iss leekh k zehan ki baat, tumhe to sirf likhe likhaaye dialog maarna aata hai babumoshaaai. babumoshai hum bhi actor ban sakte the, haan humein pata hai. humein pata hai ki humme wo baat hai. hai wo baat humme. lekin iss bambai nagariya ki naach naachaniya mein kaheen k kahaan pahunch gaye. writerbabu ban gaye babumoshai. writerbabu ban gaye hum.

lekin likhne mein jo maaza hai na babumoshai, wo shayad kisi aur k likhe ko boolne mein nahi. insaan khud k andar ki aatma ko sunna hai, aur wo likhta hai jo aawaaz andar se aati hai. haan main maanta hun, ki kuch log uss aatma se baatein to karte hain, lekin usse samjha lete hain. khaamosh ho jaane ko. ussko bol dete hain, ki tujhe badalna hoga iss jeevan ki bhaagam bhaag mein aage nikalne ko. jaane kiske liye bhaag rahe hain? jinke liye bhaag rahe hain wo kisi aur hi disha mein chale jaate hain. bahoot muskil hai babumoshai. bahoot mushkil hai. haan main kuch keh raha tha. khair chhodo, kya rakha hai inn baaton mein. tum to bade aadmi ban gaye ho, badde baade logon k saath utna baithna. kabhi kabhi soochta hun ki insaan kisi ko bada bolta hai kisi ko chhota. aisa kyon hota hai. kya paisa hi sab kuch hai? nahi, iska jawaab to thoda sa mujhe bhi maaloom hai. paisa insaan ko bahoot kuch dila sakta hai. har kisi ki apni chahte hoti hain. gaadi bangla sundar biwi anur fir biwi ki zarooratein. haha, biwi ki zarooratein. insaan ko sach poocho to khud k liye kabhi kuch chaahiye hi nahi hota. haan mil jata to achha hota, lekin bas apne maa baap k liye kuch karna chahta tha main bhi. shayad issi liye paise chahiye the mujhe. mere khwaab hi kuch aise the ki zindagi mujhe iss mor par le aayi babumoshai.

arre babumoshai? babumoshaaai, so gaye kya?

By Anonymous

That Day And Today

26th Nov, 2012

Blood was shed
And terrorists were fed
Thousand's died
And millions cried

Silent, the world fell
Yet there was no peace...
That day , they say , was even worse than hell!
When no mind was at ease!

Terror ruled our hearts that night,
And brain was occupied by compete fright
Darkness settled...
Unperturbed by any light!

It's been a year since then,
And things have changed
Yet for some same sadness still remains!
The intensity hasn't vanished.
While for the rest, the memories haven't perished
How easily life has moved on,
Unaffected,unaltered.
By any emotions
As if waiting, again, to be slaughtered!
Wearing white, doesn't set things right.
When will this terror end?
When will those broken hearts be mend?

P.S. wrote this one, a year ago..

By Juhi Arora

Meri bhi suno

29th Nov, 2012

Maddumm computer pe roj baithti hai. Aaj kahi to gayi hai. To maine socha thodasa mere bare me ye babu pe likhu.

Ye babu kya hota hai? Koi acchasa babu ho to mujhe bhi batao. Meri ladki ke liye. Uski shaadi jaldi karwani hai.

Hamari shaadi pandhra saal pehle hui thi. Aadmi rickshaw chalata hai. Pehle woh ghar kharche ke liye paaise deta tha. Abhi daaru pike bahut late ghar aata hai.

Mujhe bhi shak karta hai. Mai jahan bhi jau, woh mujhe phone karta hai. Waisi main abhibhi sundar hoon. Saree pehenke bahar nikloo to, Katrina lagti hoon. Chawl ke aas paas jo mawali log baithte hai, weh log mujhe ghoor ghoor kar dekhte hai. Tabhi thoda sa dar lagta hai.

Mujhe pacchh-chhee gharo me kaam karni padti hai. Pet ka sawaal hai. Maddumm log kanjoos hai. Mujhse jyaada kaam karwane ki koshish karte hai. Lekin mai bhi waisi ..kyya bolte usko..stupid nai hoon. Madumms ko mai theek pehchaan sakti hoon.

Hamesha tv par serial dekh kar din kaat lete hai, ye ladiez. Bechare unke pati! kaam kar, kar ke thak jaate honge.

Aur serial pe jo dikhate, wo kuch sach nai lagta. Lipistick aur itna saara makeup daalke koi ladies raat ko sote hai, kya? Waise maddummlog pijja, boorger wagere khake mote ho jaate. Din bhar late te hai. Phone par rehte. Phir gym jaate hai.

Usse to accha kabhi jhaadu ko haat me liye kuch safai kare. Wait loss bhi hoga, beeeutifulll bhi dikhenge.

Sahi ki nahin?

Mujhe bhi bahut bhokh lagti hai. Isliye tumbaaku khakar pet bharti. Issi wajese Maddumm log mujhe daat te hai.

Ye wali maddumm theek hai.

Jab bhi dekho computer par hi baithti.

Wo mujhe ingruji ..woi..angreji sikhana chahti hai, par ab mujhse nai hoga.

Bas abhi aati hi hogi. Mujhe likhte hue dekh liya to meri vaat lagegi.
Mujhe bhi please like karo na.
Kaam wali bai...Jyotsna.

By Writer Biwi

The story of the movie that will never be made!!

30th Nov, 2012

He slammed his mobile phone back in his pocket. He had just lost everything. He came out of the shop. He stood there in the middle of the crowded market screaming inside his head for someone to hear him. But no words came out of his mouth. He knew he had lost everything but his ego prevented him from admitting it. With a jerk he brought the blade down on his wrist. The flow surprised him. He had read this was painless and he felt just that. Nothing. All the drugs in his blood had stolen his feeling or any sensations a long time ago. He lay there in the middle of the crowd smiling at all the ignorant fools, looking them in the eyes and realizing none of them have noticed it. That's exactly what he had expected. He started blacking out, and he realized he had felt this sensation before. Then he remembered Amit, and cried for the first time after the incident. He prayed for him to forgive him. It was almost time now, tears rolling down his eyes, he could feel he was about to lose his senses, when out of somewhere he heard a scream. Then he saw what he thought was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. 'I must be dead now, I am seeing angels', he thought with a smile, and then he saw the same angel wrapping a piece of cloth around his wrist. And then he blacked out.

They say that when you are about to die your whole life flashes before your eyes. For him, the rest were not important what was, started flashing.

It all began eleven months ago.

Fresh out of a prestigious engineering college, he was full of hope, full of life. Eager to prove himself, Kartik had run away from his home and his father's 'boring' business. He was in Delhi. Friends were plenty so he had no trouble finding a place to stay and with his friends working, meant he had food on the table. The first few weeks went away in a flash. Partying, late night poker, LAN gaming. It takes time to settle down after all and he was in no hurry. Then he started searching for a job, and slowly reality began creeping in. Hours in the summer heat of Delhi, with a CGPA of barely 6 and no mentionable accomplishments to brag about, it was no surprise that he was rejected from left and right.

But the partying did not stop, 'Why should it' he thought. It was not his fault. The system was flawed for not recognising his talent. The irony is, wherever failure leads, for some reason drugs follow. It was in one such party that someone introduced him to some blue pills, supposed to make him forget everything. And he knew he needed a lot of dead brain cells. So he took them, and some more.

God once tried to prove to Satan that a shepherd was his best disciple. To do so, he first destroyed his crops, his cattle, his relatives and finally his family. But the shepherd being the believer he was, still prayed and thanked God for his greatness thus validating God's claim. Now although Kartik was not such a believer, he sure was getting tested.

Staying away from his home, his family had stopped all communications with him and his sister was married without her brother's presence. This he had expected and so was not much bothered.

Then came the incident.

He was with Amit, his friend's place and the two of them strolled out for a late night snack. He asked Amit for a pair of clean jeans but Amit gave him the 'lousy trousers' wearing the jeans himself. It was dark at the park that they needed to cross in order to get to the road side eatery. The typical Delhi street lights were out. They could see two, three people up ahead in the park, visibility was low in the cold, and fog covered night. As they approached the middle of the park, the people they had seen suddenly blocked their path. And now that they were no more than a few feet away, he could see they carried sticks. As if on cue, the group attacked them. Both Kartik and Amit were well built, but they were outnumbered and unarmed. They stood no chance. Kartik was the first to go down, but he remained conscious enough to see Amit fall and hit the concrete pavement head first. It was a couple of hours before he woke up, it was still dark, and the park was now deserted. He cried for help, no one heard him. He searched his pockets. No cell phones, no wallets, not even the chain his mother had put around his neck to ward off evil spirits. The irony. He shook Amit, but he did not budge. Slowly he gathered his strength and limped towards the eatery. He barely reached there when someone noticed he was bleeding. When the man rushed to him all he could do was point towards the park before collapsing.

He woke up in the hospital the next day. Bandages all around him. His parents were not informed. His friends were there as usual. The grim look on their faces screamed of something they would not tell. It was week before they told him Amit was in a coma. He needed a surgery but they could not risk it at this moment. He saw Amit lying motionless as all the wires and tubes connected him. He ravaged through Amit's belongings and took Amit's jeans wondering whether had he worn them, would things have ended differently. He did not have the courage to face Amit's parents. For some reason he could not react. He could not cry, he could not scream, he could not do anything. Later he found a crumbled 500 rupee note hidden in the secret inside pocket. When he straightened the note, Amit's blood had made a weird smiley face on the watermark. He tucked it in his pocket.

Three weeks later he was back at some other friend's place. It was Raj this time. They tried to cheer him up, but he could not escape the nagging feeling that somehow it was his fault. And this was the final push. He fell in an abyss that no one seemed to be able to take him out from.

And then the drugs began. Blue pills were not enough anymore, powders and syringes took its place.

Money was not a problem as his friends were willing to please him.

It stayed this way for three months. Then came a call that was like a light at the end of the tunnel.

Amit's vitals were improving and soon they would be able to perform the surgery and if all goes well would bring him out of the coma.

For some reason, this brought a new wave of hope in him. He stopped the needles, the withdrawal symptoms were horrific but he managed. The news had given him an untapped energy and will and he was making good use of it.

Two weeks before the planned surgery he sat for his first interview in 8 months. Sobered and inspired he floored the interview panel. They told him 'unofficially' that they hoped to see him in their office in two weeks. That was when the official calls were made, and coincidentally also the date when the surgery was to be performed.

And today was the day. He could not bear the hospital anymore so he went out in the market. He was shopping for casuals, when the call came. It was from the firm where he had given the interview. 'Mr. Kartik, I am Supneet HR from Telco Communication Services, I believe you had given an interview here two weeks ago.'. His eyes sparkled. While on the call he got an SMS. He opened it while replying 'Yes Ma'am'. It was from Raj. It read, 'dude..man..dude..the operation was not successful..Amit could not make it..where r u??been trying to call u'. The ground was pulled off from beneath his feet. He could faintly hear Supneet talking ' Mr. Kartik we are sorry to inform you that you have not been selected, you see our company has a policy of admitting people who have at least a 6.5 CGPA, I don't know how it was overlooked during the int...'. He had heard enough. He slammed his mobile phone back in his pocket.

To be continued.....

Let me know what you think....

By Anonymous

Tough being a woman

6th Dec, 2012

Its the toughest job in the world.Giving birth to babies,nurturing them,juggling with home and work,not to mention errant husbands,difficult in-laws.

Yet,being emotionally very strong,she manages.With aplomb.

But she does have to go through some quirky stuff each day.She finds it tough to be just herself.Society has patterned her that way.

If she speaks her mind,she's seen as aggressive.

If silent,then passive.

If she smiles,she's flirting

If serious,then intimidating.

If she's open with her feelings,boy,she's playing with fire.

If shut up,then a shrewd woman.

If she dresses up,its surely for somebody, suspects her hubby.

If simple,then very old fashioned.

If she oversleeps,she's lazy.

If she doesn't,'just see the bags under her eyes.Why doesn't she do something?

If she climbs up the corporate ladder,she's surely sleeping with the boss.

If not,then she's inefficient.

Tough being a woman.

By Writer Biwi

The Men's Rights Activist

18th Dec, 2012

I met my first celebrity.

It was a very.... intriguing experience.

This happened a few days ago while I was travelling from Delhi to Nagpur, on my way home. I was running a bit late, as usual; still I made it to the New Delhi station a good 15 minutes before the departure time. 5 minutes were spent on good byes and shedding fake tears with the guys. If given a chance, us men can be as insufferable as girls when seeing someone off, especially if the one departing is 'one of the guy'. We can go as low as hiding the luggage and seeing our friend squirm till the last minute and then running around like headless chicken when we realise he might indeed miss his train! In fact our farewell session was cut short when one of my friends noticed the obscenely long lines at the platform entrances. Then it was the headless chicken routine. Two of us grabbed the luggage and ran towards the queue while the remaining two searched for any alternate options to get me inside the station. Panic set in when we realised there was no other way, i had to go through that queue. One of my friends isolated a security personnel and made a 'chai-pani' offer and was glared at. Our only consolation was that the queue was moving fast. So we set in, alternately praying and cursing the anti-corruption movement as well as the close circuit cameras monitoring the check-in centres and keeping our police-chachu on a short leash. Finally with just one minute to spare i made it through the security check-in. Then it was a mad dash to platform number 15 and finally my train.

I made it but i could have sworn that the train left 2 minutes late that day. Out of breath, i searched for my seat as the train started moving. I finally found my seat and collapsed in it with a huge sense of accomplishment.

"You seem to be in a hurry." The man sitting in front of me said. I looked up at him. We had the side berths and I had the lower one reserved so I assumed that he was the guy on the upper one. He looked to be in his forties if the slight greying of his hair and the hints of wrinkling around his eyes were an indication. He was dressed completely in black with a black jacket to protect him from the Delhi winter. He was clean shaved and had neatly combed hair but still I was getting an aura of shabbiness from him that I couldn't pin-point at that moment. And he spoke in English.

"Yeah." I replied after a moment, in Hindi. "I nearly missed the train." I smiled sheepishly. "I had to make a run for it."

"Oh." He smiled sympathetically at me. "You are here now. Get relaxed! Get relaxed!" still English.

For some time now I have been doing a little English test whenever i meet someone talking in it. I reply in Hindi. I have seen that most of the people then switch to Hindi either as common courtesy or as pity to the poor guy unable to understand English. They are the normal people.

The remaining few who continue to speak in English are the interesting ones. Some of them have English as their mother tongue; these are the rarest, at least amongst the ones I have come across. Some of the people have a third language as mother tongue and speak almost no Hindi in their community. They, however, have a working knowledge of English. These are the most common; predominantly from south or north-east India. Many of them are so polite that they even attempt to converse in their broken Hindi. The third type is the learning type. They are on a mission to learn the language and try to speak in English whenever they can. The next type is the shrewd ones; they instantly know what I am trying to do and one-up me by continuing to talk in English. They are also rare; thank God! The last type is that of the show-off people. As the great Mr. Amitabh Bachan has said, 'English is a very funny language'. I agree. It's funny the way it gives some people a great sense of confidence and superiority by just being able to converse in it. It doesn't matter how broken or grammatically incorrect they may sound. What matters is that they are speaking the 'universal language' and the lowly peasant before them is still restricted to the local one. I know they shouldn't but these people irritate me to no end. Knowingly or unknowingly they keep insulting the same language they profess to love- English.

I was not certain which category to put this man sitting before me. He was by no means fluent in English; he was barely speaking so the mother tongue was out. He didn't look to be from south or north-east neither did he have the accent typical to them. He might be one of the learners though; or the last one. I decided to give him the benefit of doubt.

On the six remaining seats in our compartment there was another guy my age and a slightly elder man. The rest of the four seats were occupied by a family of mother, father and their two young kids. The father was assisting the younger boy against the elder in a game of checkers. The mother was looking on amused.

"Actually," the guy sitting before me said, addressing the father. "parental intervention is not required in this game."

"Ji?" the father asked, thinking he didn't get what the gentleman was trying to say correctly.

"I said," the man continued in English. "that there is no need for father to get involved in the game of children. Let the boy think for himself."

I stared at him as did the rest of the compartment. He was starting to irritate me slightly. The father smiled at him politely and promptly ignored him. The family continued laughing and playing as if the man didn't exist at all. Seeing that his so generously given advice was not getting the proper respect he turned towards me. I cursed inwardly and started searching my bag for an excuse to get busy.

"And what do you do?" he asked me in his sympathetic tone, maybe already deciding that I was a student or a no good bum.

"I am a doctor." I replied politely. "I work in a hospital in Delhi." I was satisfied when he looked at me surprised. I took advantage of his silence and quickly fished out the book I had bought for the journey- Jeffrey Archer's collection of short stories. It was a combination of his three short stories books, around a thousand pages; quite a thick book. Sufficient for me to hide behind. Being a loyal Indian cricket fan, I went straight to the cricket related story- The Century. Seeing that I was fairly busy the man decided to leave me alone. I happily got started on the

story. It was quite good, as expected. While I was reading I barely noticed him leaving for a short time, probably for bathroom. As I was turning for the next story he decided to interrupt. I sighed; people just didn't seem to appreciate the value of a good read now-a-days.

"So you are a Doctor, eh?" he said pulling something out of his bag. "Tell me what you think of this." He offered a bunch of papers. I took them and started reading. It was a manual regarding the recent Sexual Harassment of Women Bill pending in Rajya Sabha. It criticised the bill's language as well as many of the bill's amendments. Its basic argument was that the bill should be gender neutral, making provisions for equal punishments of men as well as women for sexual harassment of both the sexes. According to the manual, the bill didn't recognise that men could be sexually harassed. In our laws a man or more commonly a young boy can be raped, it cited, but not sexually harassed; only a woman can be. It's like, the manual argued, a woman can do robberies but not petty theft!

I was intrigued. I remembered reading something like this in the newspapers sometime back, so I had a general idea about the topic but the man had asked my opinion about the manual so I started reading a bit closely. It was obviously not a work of professional both from the literary as well as legal aspect. The no-nonsense, strict to the point language was missing as were the many citations and precedence that could have been made, from both the national and international circles. It went so far as to say, I noted amusedly, that the entire bill was a conspiracy of certain militant women's rights groups! It was a struggle controlling my laughter when I read that, as I had an inkling that the man sitting before me had played a significant part in writing it. And what did I know about such things anyway, it might as well be true. Besides it was not right to criticise it on this single point as it indeed present a very valid point; gender neutrality was indeed the need of hour in our sexual offences laws.

"Quite good." I said after I finished reading it. "The language is a bit harsh and personal for a legal manual but it does present a very good point."

The man went deathly still. "What do you mean by," he intoned, "harsh and personal?"

"I mean for a layman," I replied a bit uneasy at his sudden shift in behaviour, "who is new to this topic, it might sound overly critical and accusing towards the women's rights groups and by personal I meant that it has a slightly personal tone, as if the author is narrating from a personal experience." I said honestly. I shouldn't have bothered; the moment I said that I realised that I had struck a very raw nerve.

I was so surprised by his reaction that my mouth fell open as i stared at him. The man went blue in face with anger. "What..." he started and stopped and started again, "What do you think about the society?"

I knew i was in deep waters here but i had no clue why. Did the man seriously think that i would instantly fall on my knees after reading his manual and declare him as my messiah against this cruel world dominated and dictated by militant women?! Well, I may have if he had really succeeded in convincing me. The picture was a bit frightening, I admit but this was ridiculous. I also realised that my very act of criticising had offended him greatly. I was also starting to suspect where that persistent smell of Ilaichi was coming from.

"What do you mean by that?" i asked him carefully.

“Exactly what I asked. What do you think about the society?” he asked aggressively leaning forward.

“What do you want to ask me? How do I think the society works? Is it fair? What can I do for the society? Or,” I too leaned forward and started deflecting with confidence. I am a doctor after all; we know deflection like the back of our hands. “What do I expect from the society?”

“It’s foolish to expect anything from the society.” He said venomously. Uh-oh. I was now sure we had left the discussion mode way back and there was no use using it. I was not even sure whether he would think about whatever I say if it’s against his doctrine. I now deeply regretted making that personal tone comment. However true it might have been.

“Are you going to marry?” he asked seeing that he was not going to get me with his previous line of questioning.

“Yes.” I replied without thinking and instantly bit my tongue. I had forgotten the name of his organisation.

“Do you know anything about the marriage laws?” he sneered.

“No.” I replied honestly, deciding to give him the upper hand and end this quickly. The atmosphere in the compartment was becoming tense, even the kids were looking uneasy. The activist looked oblivious to all of this.

“You don’t know anything about the marriage laws and yet you are desperate to get married?!”

“he asked me triumphantly. I raised my eyebrows. This was the first time i was being called desperate and that too by a man. I smiled thinking what would the guys think of this. He mistook my smile for something else. “When your wife will f*** your life up and leave your family on the road,” he said contemptuously, stressing the f-word, “then you’ll come running towards me.” All the activity stopped in the compartment. The couple instinctively shielded their kids, wary of the coming confrontation. The remaining two guys kept their mobiles aside and concentrated on us. I was aware of this happening but most of my concentration was on the guy in front of me. I was feeling as if i was in the hospital again and the person before me was just another angry relative, unable to cope with his patient’s deteriorating condition. In pain and prone to use anyone he comes across as an outlet to his frustration. Don’t shout at him, i told myself, keep him off-balance. Get him to explain and talk. Talking helps. Make sure that he stays civil and don’t cross a line he would latter regret. Get him to cool down. Finally, under any circumstances, don’t show him that you are either angry or scared of him. Keep a neutral face, and make him wonder about what you are feeling.

“Oh?” I said with faint curiosity and looking him straight in the eye. Whatever he was expecting, curiosity was not it. “Is it really that bad?”

“You bet!” he said, triumphant that at last he had succeeded in gaining my attention. “Even your nurse might f*** you up and you won’t be able to do anything about it, such are the laws.”

Where did my nurse come in the discussion from?

“Please, there are families here.” I requested him. “Try to avoid such language.”

“Arey, I don’t care about them!” he waved his hand in contempt.

“I request you again.” I said firmly now. “There are families here with kids.” Seeing that i was not going to acquiesce on this he finally agreed.

“There are 74 laws against us men, you know?” He informed me.

"No I don't." I said

"Well then read the laws." He told me haughtily. "It's the men like you, the youth are sleeping. It's because of you that we are in this predicament. Did you know they passed this sexual harassment bill in Lok Sabha without even a debate?"

"They did?" I was honestly surprised. I know this topic is not on the scale of poverty or unemployment but it's surprising that not even a single MP thought of asking why the bill isn't gender neutral.

"Yes." He affirmed. "It's now pending in the Rajya Sabha. But should it pass, any female co-worker of yours can get you suspended and in jail before you even realise what happened, by just lodging a single complaint against you."

That was a very grave scenario, unlikely but still grave.

"So you were in Delhi to protest against this bill?" I asked.

"Yes." He affirmed. "This and the other one. I went from door to door, met 40 MPs and totally f***** them." I quirked my eyebrows and stared at him till he lowered his voice. "If any of these bills get passed we'll take to streets against them with full forces." Having never heard of his organisation, I rather doubted how much their 'full forces' would amount but then again, you never know.

"What other Bill?" I asked. He again rummaged in his bag and pulled out a bunch of papers. I took them and started reading.

They were about the latest changes proposed in the Hindu Marriage Act. To tell in brief, the activist and his organisation were against the recent proposals of making a wife, in case of a divorce, owner of 50% of not only the husband's properties but also his parent's and other inherited properties. The husband however couldn't claim a share in the wife's properties. I had to admit, that did sound a bit unfair for a guy. It's a good law if the wife looks after the household and the husband is earning and he does have obscenely rich parents while she is of a poor family. But what if the situation is totally opposite? Can she still demand a share of her poor husband?

"Yes she can." The activist said confidently. "in fact she can demand money for the education of the children, including college education, and not give the husband account of even a single rupee. How do we know she is spending it on the kids?"

Now I was taking everything he was telling me with a pinch of salt but still I couldn't help but get a little worried. I had simply never thought of such things before.

"And you want to get married....." he snorted.

"I am not so sure now." I smiled jokingly. I don't know if he got that. "After talking with you I think I would rather not take the risk. We already have a huge population problem. I think I'll just adopt a kid instead of get in the hassle of marrying. I am already looking into child-sponsorship."

"You can't." He shook his head. "You can't adopt a kid without a wife."

"But Sushmita Sen did without marrying," I asked confused, "I even heard the talk of a second child."

"She is a woman, she can." He replied grinning. "You are a man, a single one at that. You can't provide a child a healthy homely environment that it needs; according to the commonly held

beliefs in the courts.” Now this would require an extensive research. I just couldn’t bring myself to believe what he was saying. In a country where orphanages have always been massively overloaded, there just couldn’t be such a law. But still..... Sushmita Sen can adopt a child and I can’t..... what the heck?!

Dinner had arrived and we were trying to nibble whatever the train authorities had seen fit to give us. I looked at the papers he had given me earlier and saw various newspaper clippings. I came across a name that was present in all of them and asked the activist if he was that person. “Yes it’s me.” He said puffing out his chest. “You try to Google me and you’d find many articles about what I and my organisation have done for the men’s rights.” Whatever the activist might have been, modest he was not.

“Do you know there is a World Men’s Day?” he asked me after we finished the dinner.

“No.” I shook my head.

“Do you know the Woman’s day?” he asked sneering.

“I have heard of it.” I replied flippantly, now used to his anti-women mood swings.

“The Mother’s Day?”

“That too.” I replied and then said brightly, “I know of the Father’s Day though.”

“We organize protest rallies on that day.” He informed me. I stared at him surprised.

“Why?” I couldn't help ask him.

“Many of us can’t meet our kids.....” he said softly and stopped. Were his eyes shining or were they.....?

The activist shortly excused himself to finally go to sleep. I am not sure but i think i heard him mumble, “..... Won’t let me meet my kids.”

That day i learned an important lesson; it’s not always the kind or the just men who fight for a cause. Sometimes a bitter man can do it too.

By Ashutosh Bhoite

Married to my roommate

18th Dec, 2012

Well, not literally. Cause that would be plain weird. You see, my roomie is my cousin. We have been room mates for over a year now. I have been away from home since high school and have had many room mates for brief periods of time. In many ways I feel I was married to each one of them. Sans the whole physical aspect of the relationship, but. Seriously, living with a roomie and making sure you don't bite each other's head off does take a little bit of work. But living with my cousin does have its plus points, I guess. For one, I have known her practically my whole life so there is no awkward 'getting to know each other' phase. And we also go to the same college so we can share a ride and save money. AND we also are almost the same size so we can swap clothes. Yeah. But then there is also a downside. The disagreements are extra ugly. But then again, fights with all roomies are ugly because after you are done storming off, bitching and venting out, you'll have to return to the same place and to the same roomie.

Roomies do play a huge role in our personality development, believe it or not. College life is a formative period and our friends and peers do play some role in molding our outlook. Why else do you think so many people get hooked to drugs in their college life, or ditch the encyclopedia for Cosmo? In my first year, I had this room mate who could easily put the bats to shame. She had this herculean power of staying up the whole freaking night and sleeping throughout the classes. Unnoticed, that too. And then I had this wall mate who would come knocking at my door at the most random hours for the most random things. I remember she once woke me up at around 4 a.m. for contraceptive pills. Yeah, right. I carry them around in my purse!

What's weird is that most of them have left some sort of souvenir in me. Its like they have lent me a tiny part of themselves without me ever asking. I cannot imagine sleeping before 1 a.m. now. Another former roommate of mine got me into science fiction. I hated, HATED whiskey. But now I can reasonably tolerate it. See what I mean by personality development?

By Sneha D

I wanted to fly but today I am forced to die

19th Dec, 2012

Once again the nation got terrorized by the heinous crime committed on the roads of Delhi on Sunday. Much have been talked and written about it since then. But when is this going to stop? Finding those people and punishing them can only be justified in the eyes of law(unfortunately the lady law is also blind ,may be today I know the reason).But my question remains same that when all this is going to stop? how long are we going to suffer?

After I read the news I was scared to board bus even in day time. If I being a girl of 21st century, earning and living on my own is not safe at 9pm in night then what is the need of saying we are modern,liberal,21st century citizen living in national capital. The mental trauma and fear of that girl will never be justified even by hanging these people. Will her sisters be able to roam freely in night fearless for the rest of their life's? Will her parents be able to send their children out to make their career and live a life in a metro city?

From where are we becoming free, where are we going...is there no way out is there no end to this darkness .At times I feel I would be more safe and liberal if I would have born 70 years back. Other day one of my colleague said on a honour killing case...'the more educated we are becoming the more castes we are knowing'...is this really the truth.

I want to live in a society where being a girl is not a reason to be afraid, not a reason from my parents to be scared. where being a inter caste or interreligious is not a reason to be killed. Will we ever be able to make such a society..its high time we should think and start taking some steps towards this whether through love or through fear but make our country a safe place to live.

Here is a small composition express a girl's view

I am educated,

But I am scared

I earn on my own

But, I can't freely roam

I am considered as goddess

But, my life is now a mess

I live in 21st century, a modern age

But, I feel it's worse than a cage

What have I done to suffer this

Is still to be born as a boy is bliss

I gave birth to you one day

But, today I curse that way

I wanted to fly and rise high

But, today I am forced to die

By Mudita Srivastava

Superwoman!

21st Dec, 2012

I am flying high, over Bangalore's rooftop restaurants, listening to 'What if God was one of us?' and drinking the best of coffee the world can offer me. A migratory bird passes me by, "Nice Outfit!" it cries, I understand the birdy language. I am Superwoman.

After my flight I reach down, pick up my children from the Day Care. By now my super powers are at the mercy of the grumbling auto driver. After a mandatory wash, I settle my children at home. And as I feed my son, I answer all the hundred questions that my daughter has for me. I am Superwoman!

The front door swings open and my cooks enter – "Kya bananeka, madam?", the older sister asks. "Greek Salad", I wanna say but then.... I point to the nicely laid out vegetables and dal soaking in water; on the kitchen platform. When did I do that!? Just between helping my daughter with her dress and getting my son out of the play pen. I am Superwoman!

The glory, routine and excitement of the night goes on and I take off again!

Morning comes with shrill cries and just as the bai calls a day off, I pack my lunch, select my perfume, choose from my collection of earrings and just a couple of minutes to apply the perfect line of kajal and I am ready for office ! But hey I need to take out the garbage too! I am Superwoman.

Meeting a friend at the mall, planning a birthday party, getting the sink fixed, oh the cutie photographs of my angels, all done now I am off to the art fair!!! Do I fly no I need to carry my 2 children. Seat Belts please !!! I am Superwoman.

Girl friends, enthu – I dance to 'Auntie Monica', hair spa and the perfect chicken briyani, lessons on cleanliness and adorable paintings on the wall. No my children don't watch TV. Socializing with neighbours and volunteering for the society – but you are a mother and a home maker.

I am a mother and a home maker – I am a Superwoman.

By Anuradha Miraji

Sins of the father

24th Dec, 2012

The thing about the Delhi incident is that every one of us wants to do something about it, but none of us knows what we're supposed to do. We post beseeching messages on Facebook, we tweet in righteous indignation. We call for equally unlawful murders of those responsible. We call the act inhuman, whereas the shameful fact is that it is all too human. Murder may be the oldest crime in the Bible, but rape must surely run a close second.

The problem doesn't end with punishing the perpetrators, for India is the second most populous nation in the world, and there's no shortage of similar men. Punishments and fear of consequences have failed to stop them for millennia, they're unlikely stop them now. I listen to people calling for chemical castrations and public shootings, and I imagine the Mahatma turning in his grave, so to speak.

There will be war on the streets, of accusations and counter-accusations, of protests, marches, and flash mobs; against the police, the state, the centre, against those in power, and those striving for it. There are as many people to blame as there are fingers to point. But are any of those pointing in the right direction? Just take a closer look at the Delhi protests, and some really disturbing questions come to mind. How many perverts, eve-teasers and would be rapists do you think are a part of that mob? How many of them are there just out of curiosity, or worse, ogling the female protestors? How many actually brave the lathi and the water cannon? In absence of Police intervention, how long would it take for one violent outburst to spread like wildfire, and turn on the protest itself?

How long would it take us to realize that this isn't some foreign oppressor we're protesting against? The government is just as ineffective (or effective) as we are. The policemen aren't imported commodities, they're us. Even those accused are as much a part of us, as their victim. It may be too bitter to swallow, but I accept that as truth. For a country so obsessed with change, how many of us actually dare being a part of it? How many average, middle class background teenagers wish to enlist in the Police, to actually make a difference? Even if they do, how many parents support them? I don't pretend to know any answers, but I ask of you to start asking the right questions. It's not their government, and their laws, and their responsibilities. It is ours. We pay for the sins of our fathers, and our children would pay for ours.

By Nishant Singh

Self introduction

By authors

Themselves

Samahir Siddique

I'm yet to know my self. I recognize as Samahir Siddique. I'm doing my software engineering from Government University Lahore. I write because I have a very complicated mind. When I get failed to explain people my thoughts and feelings I put it on paper. I write because the papers are the best absorbers. They never compliment, never tried to stop me. They always give me a free hand. They just listen me and let me pour my heart on them. Thoughts usually came in my mind when I put my head on pillow and wanted to sleep. Then there is flow of imagination that occupied my mind. So it is me still going through the process to know my own self. following these great words

All men should strive
to learn before they die
what they are running from, and to, and why.
~James Thurbe

Nitin Vishen

I am looking for purpose. Looking for myself. Looking for passion. When a thought like that gets into my head, I write.

Aditi Pant

Dear Readers,
First of all a very warm welcome and congratulations, you have opted for this compilation. I am Aditi Pant, Company Secretary, living in Pune and currently associated with Prolific Corporate Services Private Limited. Though being a graduate in Commerce and Law I have developed a keen interest in fine arts and thanx Writer Babu for encouraging me to write more and more with its punch line "WRITING IS FUN, KEEP WRITING" and giving me this great opportunity. Hope u like my work.

Rakesh Gogoi

Intro: Technically I am an Engineering student pursuing B.Tech in Computer Science and Engineering from National Institute of Technology, Silchar. To add, I am a fine-art practitioner with a scholarship from Centre of Cultural Resources and Training (CCRT), New Delhi, a part-time music maker and above all a passionate writer. I love writing about situations with contemporary resemblance, various junctions of a human life where you're left with tough turns and decisions to make. Off the court, I am a dedicated listener, admirer and lover.

Harshita Sachan

Harshita Sachan is a 17 year old self proclaimed antisocial soul who is addicted to chocolate, music, sketching and most of all writing. Her wacky sense of humor borders on insanity. She has a waistline that brags of an amateur foodie and when not jumping around high on coffee, she sleeps.

Arak Vatsa

I enjoy's everythings life has to give me & try to get from life what i enjoy.

Sunny Gupta

Well this Is Sunny Gupta, an engineering student pursuing Btech from IIITM Gwalior. Currently In 2nd year. Its not even a year that i started writing after i visited JLF,2012 where I attended sessions by Gulzar sahab and Javed sahab and was left speechless. This led to my interest in poetry. Other then poetry I do write articles too. And for my interest I'll say I am a good reader too :)

Mithilesh Srivastava

Hi, I am Mithilesh Kumar Srivastava, and work as AGM in United Bank of India.

I believe in living larger than life, working with utmost dedication in whatever I choose to, i like travelling across different parts of the world and love my family.

I write to express my feelings that are hard to say. It is a kind of retrospection for me.

Ashhar Reza

I am Ashhar Reza, a final year mechanical engineering student from MS Ramaiah, Bangalore, working as an IBO(independent business owner, Diplomat) with eBIZ.com pvt. Ltd. It is a privilege to be featured in the first book of its kind. Words have been inseparable part of my life and I am really exhilarated to be known through them, as an author.

Akanksha srivastav

Akanksha srivastav is the most complicated person I know, sometimes full of fun and sometimes aloof, sometimes a quiet head and sometimes don't let others to speak, sometimes dare devil to try any crazy stuff and sometimes scared of crappy ghosts of horror shows, sometimes angel and sometimes demon, sometimes a passionate writer and sometimes just a silent reader, whatever I love this girl and she is me and nobody else.

Alka Gurha

Who am I?

This is tough to define. Perhaps it is best to say that writing defines me. While dabbling in creative pursuits, I accidentally stumbled upon writing. And soon, words became friends. Writing for me is neither about how many read me, nor about where I get published. It is a thing in itself. Writing enables me to connect, express, understand, share, observe, and contemplate.

I am based in Gurgaon - a mother, a wife and a thinker who freelances for a newspaper called 'Friday Gurgaon'. I call my blog 'Freebird', based on the fact that my articles are about free will – mostly contemplative, sometimes reflective but always tongue-in-cheek.

Alka Gurha

Arpita Mitra

Committed to my profession of nurturing varied emotions, raw as they may be, I'm not a professional. More than anything, it is my fondness to express, and express beautifully that makes me value the naïve artist in me. A keen learner, I'm adventurous to sketch my imagination through words, dance to my own passion, enact a story or even sing my heart out- all this just to discover and explore a novel side of my persona every moment. For me, finding my life in creativity and abstractness is not unusual... Not to forget, I'm currently an undergraduate student of Sociology Hons at Lady Shri Ram College for Women.

MihirBhatt Followill

Its only when you are asked about yourself, you realize how little you actually know about it. I'm not going to attempt to talk about myself because frankly I don't know who to talk about!

I think I'll be better off quoting someone else,

'Don't take these boots off me when you're thinking I'm dead; I'd still be running from the demon in my head.'

- Black Thumbnail, KOL

Suja Jacob

"Hi, I'm a homemaker based in Mumbai.

I love painting, especially warli art..., dabble a bit in charcoal...any creative art for that matter fascinates me, going on long nature walks..

I can't take my eyes off His splendid creativity expressed in nature.

I do watch comic films, cookery shows on T.V.

Baking interests me ... reading and of course writing's my new love.

I wanna write all day.....!

I started writing on Writer Babu since October 2012

and I just can't stop...I'm hooked!

My kids got me writing 2 years ago and I began my own blog...gave it up... till I met and fell in love with Writer babu.

Absolutely!!!!

The heartwarming response of my fellow writers to my posts and I'm sure to every one else's post, is a reason for my continuation on it too."

Nishant Dash

I am a chemical engineer currently working with Reliance Industries Limited, Jamnagar in managerial position. Apart from capturing the essence of the world around me through the medium of pen, I also like to capture it through the medium of my camera. I love travelling and I am also a complete foodie at heart!

I was drawn towards novels right from my childhood and the beautiful imagery created by their authors inspired me to start writing on my own accord. Writing gives me an inner sense of satisfaction. My principle source of inspiration has always been my mother for she symbolizes the 'modern girl' I have written about. Also, I was very much inspired by my college group 'virus' upon whom I wrote my first poem around couple of years back. The womenfolk in my life - Ayushi, Udit, Muskan, Ruchita, Manasi and Chinmoye - have influenced almost every part of this poem through the fabulous lives of theirs. I believe strongly that for a better world, women deserve to be treated at par with men. The world is a beautiful place. Let's revel in its glory. Cheers to life!

Ishan Gupta

Writing has been the love of my life so far. I had no idea about my career and passions until I opted to do engineering which was more of a cliched decision after taking up science post 10th standard. It was during engineering that I realised that I loved writing and reading a lot. Since then this love affair between my thoughts and my pen has continued. Right now I am working on writing scripts for Films and also as an Independent Film Maker"

Sufi Shagird

Apni zindagi bas yuhi jeete huye...

Chalta hoon apni khumaari me...

Naye alfaaz dhoondhta hoon apni shayari me...

...

Har shaqs me dikhta hai koi apna sa...

Toh koi apna ban jata hai paraya sa...

Aur ek umeed ka kissa jod leta hoon apni yaari me...

...

Har mausam me naye phool khilte hain, aur lagta hai kuch naya sa...

Phir kuch haseen rang liye woh murjhaate hain, dil me reh jata hai kuch samaaya sa...

Aur main ek kissa jod leta hoon apni yaadon ki kyaari me...

...

Unn yaadon ko samet-te huye, un khwaabon ko jeete huye...

Main toh chalta hoon apni khumaari me...
Bas naye alfaaz dhoondhta hoon...apni shayari me...

Akanksha akhouri

I am a common girl, who is shy and unnoticed. It's like I am invisible.
I have discovered that what I write leaves mark on people, so I write
to exist. I write when I am happy, when I am sad, when I am tensed or
when I relax because that is all I am good at.

Nitisha Kashyap

Honours in English literature and a Post Graduate in Mass Communication, the poet (MBA jargon) here
tries to pen down whatever comes to her mind. Yours truly is a journalist in English daily. Journalism did
not "happen" to her. She always wanted to be a journalist. Views expressed here are personal and not
of her organization.

I am an ambivert. I like reading books, not any book for that matter. I like going crazy reading classics. I
prefer reading books because they are thought provoking and give me a new perception towards the
world. I "try" to write. I love talking to people. Interestingly, making friends is quite easy for me. But I am
not close to everyone! I love observing random stuffs. I love good ol' songs. And few songs make me
very nostalgic.

Arya

Not too deep, neither shallow,
vivacious but not hollow,
I look for life , the reasons behind,
Then put in words the find that i find
Writing is my way to absorb this world,
the way to tame the raging fire,
way to turn it into a divine glow.
For with words everything just flows!
About me , a couplet , if you must know...
a masqueraded belle, hidden in plain view

Defining myself simply with words, my lethal friends.

Astha Khare

Hi, my name is Astha Khare! I am an engineering graduate, currently living in Jabalpur(Madhya Pradesh). Music and novels/storybooks are my favorite companions while at leisure! aage toh all i have to say about myself is :

ek alag nazar, ek alag nazaara, ek alag nazariya;

kisi ne mujhe samjha khamosh hawa, toh koi samjha dilfenk dariya!

Abhishek Gupta

My name is Abhishek Gupta. I am a Software Consultant by profession, a Finance Manager by Qualification and a writer at heart. I am currently based at Minneapolis, USA.

Shambhavi singh

I am Shambhavi, pursuing telecommunication engineering from DSI bangalore.Its an honour to become a part of this unique compilation.

Writing to me is a journey of self exploration, an attempt to finding the purpose, an emotional vent and a powerful tool.

As MAHATMA GANDHI said “you must be the change you wish to see”, and putting faith in the proverb saying a pen is mightier than a sword,lets write and try to make the world a lovelier place!!

Mudita Srivastava

Myself Mudita Srivastava. An Eng(Hons) graduate from Delhi University I am currently work in the public relations and media sector as Assistant Manager Communication. Writing is my passion, my first love. Whether I am happy, tensed, angry, alone, scared I always write. I am fond of reading and writing. It was my love to read and write that I opted for literature studies after my school. It is always said that

the work you love, you always take out time for it. That is why after 2 years of job I was able to go for and successfully complete my Masters in English simultaneously.

No matter how tired I am, how hectic my schedule is I always get time to be with my pen and diary. The writer babu in me never gets tired and always look for innovative ways to express. When I came to know about writer babu I joined it immediately. As I always wanted to meet more writer babu's like me who may not be the so called writers professionally but loves to write more than anything else in this world.

Rajshree tondon

Hey am Rajshree Tandon, born on 23rd of September, 1995. I am a class 11th student, who loves to sing, write, read and hang out with family and friends. I stay in a hostel, at rajasthan. I started writing when i was in 9th standard. I want to become a fashion designer, and even looking for a very good response to my write ups..

Pruthvi Bardolia

I am an first time entrepreneur, avid reader and traveler not to forget an writer in making. I am currently working to launch my first product trizpmate.com

Ashutosh Bhoyte

I am a doctor. Born and bred in Maharashtra and now in Delhi on an adventure because.... well, everyone is supposed to have been on one and I thought the national capital was a good enough place to start. I do write but I am more interested in reading- fiction. Any fiction will do for me (except Mills And Boons, I still have nightmares from the time I tried reading it once). Writing for me can be described as the side effect of my intense reading habit. A thoroughly enjoyable side effect. A few years back while reading some badly written novel I thought, 'Even I can write better than this!' and then just for the heck of it I started on a story concept. Being an expert day dreamer the imagining part came to me easily and I had the story line prepared in a short time. To my surprise the writing part came easily too. Granted I was and still is not on a level of a professional writer but the point is; I never wanted to be one. I soon realized that writing was providing a release for me; an outlet to my imaginations that were shackled due to my completely opposite field of work.... And it is a great excuse to continue day dreaming and claim it as my modus operandi for creating new stories! All in the name of writing....!

Aanya Verma

Gumnami mein bhi ek naam hai,
Jo writerbabu ka paigaam hai,
Jee khol k kaho jo chaho zamaane se,
Kyonki ye shabd hi tumhari pehchaan hai

Just this idea of anonymity had made me to write more and more on writerbabu. Hi, I am Aanya Verma, a doctor by profession and I love to write occasionally. I have utmost belief that life is beautiful and a smile has the power to solve every problem. So I keep smiling myself and prescribe the same to all

R_x

Smile for today,

Love

Aanya Verma

Ashoka

Hi,

I am Ashoka, from Varanasi, professionally a doctor. I love music, sports and writing. I believe that i had a writer caged inside me bound by the inhibitions of my mind and its judgemental thinking. WRITERBABU has set that bird free by breaking the chains of hesitations. I personally believe that the expressions of mind shouldnot be restrained in the cage of hesitations. Just be yourself and live yourself.why to think about negative thought of others.

न करो अल्फाजों को गहराईयों में कैद,

ये अल्फाज् ही तुम्हारी पहचान है .

तोड़ दो ये झिझक की जंजीरें,

writerbabu मन की आजादी का ऐलान है

Happy writing ...

Rishabh Garg

Rishabh Garg is an electrical engineer from IIT Delhi, class of 2012. He lives in Mumbai and work in a consultancy company. Always smiling, sincere, hard working, intelligent and a 9 pointer (CGPA), but still a poet at heart which never came out until he wrote on writerbabu. Reluctant to write a self-intro.

Written by Srijan Srivastava

Aditya Pant

Aditya Pant is a chemical engineer from IIT Delhi, class of 2010. He lives in Gurgaon and work in an MNC there. He is a super awesome dancer, choreographer, singer, guitar player and music composer and a photographer. He is interested in philosophy and abstract thinking too. Yes he is a great writer but reluctant to write a self-intro.

Written by Srijan Srivastava

Renu srivastava

I have always been known by identity of some other person, first as a daughter, then wife and then a mother...because I have dedicated my life entirely to them and I am perfectly happy about it. I believe my job is above all, to take care of my family and to turn my children into someone whom I can be proud of.

I have firm believe in god and I guess, I got a position for myself in return of all these hard work, I now have my own identity as the director of writerbabu online services.

Written By Akanksha Srivastav

Srijan srivastava

Hi, I am srijan srivastava, I love exploring new ideas, people and places. I luckily graduated from IIT Delhi in 2011 in time.

I like 'almost' everything that I do. Whenever am not on WriterBabu most of my time is spent coding, listening to music and boxing with my punching bag and yes meeting different people to discuss various ideas.

I started writing small poems when I was in college. I write for the joy of writing and I am dedicated to improving Writerbabu to its best and make it more user-friendly each day.

Keep writing, writing is fun ...

Written By Akanksha Srivastava (modified by Srijan)