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VOL. 13. AUGUST 2020

# SquarePetals

GLOBAL WEBZINE



Top Trends

Art & Photography

Society

Audio Visual...

## Poems

O Blessed..  
Happy Place  
Deep  
A Woman in..  
A Travelers Call  
China War  
Doctor's



Health & Wellness  
PMS & Mental Health

Cover Story  
Shashwat Johri  
CEO SquarePetals

**BEST DEBUT INDIAN AUTHOR**

**2019-20**

Anniversary  
Issue

## Literary Bytes

Lines That Motivate  
Everyone Can

## Short Stories

Saved by Lily  
Mirage

## Personal Development

Hope...

## Events

StageBright Events  
PenVibe Poetry Contest

**Editorial Board:** Satish Verma  
Michael Ediale  
Shashwat Johri  
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Sansriti Johri

**Concept & Production Chief:** Viren Johri

**Article Writers:** Rucha Urdhwarshie  
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Srijita Banerjee  
V. S. Sarvani  
Dipanjana Bhattacharji  
Khushi Kant  
Sunehri Johri

**Art & Photography:** Neha Sugam  
Tanmay Pandey  
Sansriti Johri

**Design & Publication:** EsquireVJ Publications

**Write to us @** [esquirevj@gmail.com](mailto:esquirevj@gmail.com)  
[info@esquirevj.world](mailto:info@esquirevj.world)

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Hi friends,

I am pleased to bring the August 2020 Anniversary issue as SquarePetals Global Webzine has successfully completed one year now. My special thanks to the gems associated with the Webzine, who made it possible just like a dream turning into reality!

We have provided platform to about 50+ novice as well as renowned writers already and we are committed to share more and more valuable knowledge with the world. The excellent, efficient team, the article writers, the esteemed Editorial Board and the Concept & Production Chief Mr. Viren Johri, three cheers!! Your dedicated efforts in spreading enlightenment across the globe through the medium of our renowned digital magazine has proved remarkable. Squarepetals Global Webzine is reaching 25 countries and is also available on Magzter & Amazon, the world's biggest digital magazine platform.

I would like to share that our jury has selected the 'Prize Winner Writers' and their names will be declared soon.

Hoping to stay connected with this literal bond for many more years and always!  
Love & regards.

Sansriti Johri





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An award winning published bestseller author at 18 years, then an enterprising CEO at 19 years! We are proudly presenting the CEO SquarePetals Mr. Shashwat Johri in this anniversary issue of the webzine, a dream which has now reached upto Lakhs of readers worldwide!

Shashwat Johri was first published during his early childhood. He won third place in the State level interschool writing contest and his article was published in the book 'Young Expressions'. He authored his first book 'Bikers' which is a teenage story of four best pals who went on a Motorbike tour of Gujarat in India. The powerful storyline with an emotional backdrop contained not only extensive knowledge about the tourist places in the State, but was also full of humor & thrill. It was obviously Amazon Bestseller #2 in the road travel category. 'Bikers' was nominated for the international 'Author Academy Awards 2019' and also Reader's Choice Awards. Shashwat Johri has been honored with The Best Debut Indian Author



2019-20 Award by The Author Pages.

Shashwat is a youth mentor (Novel Writing Captain) at 'My Captain', an IIM Bangalore and NSRCEL incubated company; he has mentored 100+ students. He got featured on the 'My Captain' Wall of Fame. Shashwat Johri's interview as author has been published on Word Press by Flipping Pages and as Youth Mentor by My Captain Educational Institute.

The SquarePetals Global Webzine was launched in August 2019 and has now completed 1 year of success. Shashwat Johri is the CEO of SquarePetals, Media & Events Company. The monthly digital magazine, SquarePetals Global Webzine today reaching 25 countries worldwide and all over India. Renowned international writers are part of the Magazine Editorial Board. The comprehensive e-magazine covers varied fields of value and interest, i.e. Lifestyle, Health & Fitness, Literary Bytes, Top Trends, Experimental Psychology, Vastu Science and Personal Development. In the



period of 1 year of successful running, "SquarePetals" Global Webzine has provided platform to around 50+ authors/ writers including novice writers as well as renowned authors, for mutual support and growth. "SquarePetals" Global Webzine is also available on Amazon and Magzter, the world's biggest digital magazine platform. Many dignitaries and famous personalities, national and international crown winners are associated with "SquarePetals".



SquarePetals holds the trust of amateurs and achievers as well.

The SquarePetals Mrs. Gujarat Online Pageant was the first of its kind and another feather in the cap of SquarePetals.

"SquarePetals" Global Webzine is showcasing other talents like Art and Photography, Tourist Places and Tech News.

Shashwat Johri is officiating as the Judge for International Poetry Contest by Pen Vibes literary group. His many significant laurels is a big list, the book 'Bikers' authored by



him is placed in the curriculum section of Delhi Public School Library at Gandhidham. As a student of English Hons. at M. S. University of Baroda, he grabbed the Mr. Fresher Title in 2019. He has already been featured as 'Athlete Model of India' in 2017 on Instagram.

Shashwat was Showstopper at the Colors of Kutch Runway Modeling Show in 2018. He has been athlete winning prizes and he also represented his school in the State level CBSE Clusters for Shot-put. Shashwat Johri also officiated as Cultural Committee Member in the Bright Day (CBSE) School Student Council for two years. One the his greatest laurels achieved is that he is a Winner at the All Gujarat Dance Competition, judged and awarded by Remo D'Souza and Dharmesh Sir, the Bollywood Celebrity Choreographers. He has been the lead dancer during School Annual program and a regular Garba winner year after year, latest in the M. S. University in 2019.

Shashwat Johri's company 'SquarePetals' has already ventured into producing short films & animation films with social messages and as the CEO SquarePetals, he has a vision for a better tomorrow for the world through education and enlightenment and he is dedicated towards achieving the goals.

Wishing our young achiever author and budding entrepreneur best wishes for dazzling successful and truly meaningful Endeavour ahead. Special blessings on his Birthday on the 12th of August,

wishing a happy long healthy, wealthy life full of laurels and huge accomplishments that make the country proud.



Available on [www.esquirevj.com](http://www.esquirevj.com) & [www.amazon.in](http://www.amazon.in)



## ***THERE IS STILL HOPE***

### ***If it's going to be, it's up to you!***

A man was frustrated with his life and decided that the right way for him to solve his problem was to go and jump inside the lagoon. When the man reached the lagoon, he met a man there been grateful for his life and still hopeful on being alive. The man who had wanted to jump inside the lagoon, discovered that his problem was not as complex as the other man's own. He decided not to take his life and live in hope.

"I don't know what you have been thinking to do with your life. I don't care to know what had happened to you or what you are experiencing in your life. The good news is that there is hope for you. Today may be rough for you, but I assure you that tomorrow will be smooth.

Whatever affliction that has tormented you for years shall lose its grips on you. You shall live your life to the fullest and achieve your aspirations. What is ahead of you is greater than what you don't have yet. Don't feel discouraged by where you are because where you are going to is greater than where you are right now and where you have been. Your future is brighter than your dark yesterday. See life from a brighter side. There's hope for you. A weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning. You shall find joy and it shall fill your life. It is too early to give up and allow the pressures of life to subdue you. It is too early to feel depressed and discouraged when you can still do something to change your situation. You can still make things happen in your life in spite of your



**Michael Ediale**  
Life Coach, Motivator  
& Best Seller Author

mistakes, failures and setbacks. You can still rise from that fall. The fallen eagle will fly again. It's not yet over for you. There is hope for you. Hope is our motivation for living. Tomorrow never ends when there is hope for you. Peace of mind cannot be enjoyed without hope. Hope according to the dictionary, is a feeling that one desires the way things to happen. It's expectation, anticipation, optimism. The good news is that you have control over your feelings. You can choose how you want to feel about your life. When hope is lost, life is lost. Hope keeps one alive to live purposefully. Hope is to desire very much. It is yearning with expectation. It is a positive expectancy. Hope is to place confidence in. It implies some expectation of obtaining something good desired or the possibility of possessing it. Martin Luther King Jr. said that everything that is done in the world is done by hope. John Lubbock says, "It is certainly wrong to despair and if despair is wrong, hope is right."

According to Grenville Kliser, "The hopeful man believes that the best is yet to be and paints in roseate colors the good times in prospect. He is buoyant, enthusiastic and confident when pessimism stalks abroad. He is an incorrigible optimist." S. Smiles said that "Hope is like the sun, which as we journey towards it, cast the shadow of our burden behind us." Johnson says that "Where there is no hope there can be no endeavor." Martin Buxbaum summed it up wonderfully:



“No matter what the difficulties, the trials, the disappointments, those who have risen to the top never lost hope. Hope gives us the promise of something good, despite the odds, something we can attain. Hope sets the mind in a positive way, gives us something to look forward to and patience to wait. Hope is, a heart-warming blend of desire, exception, patience and joy. It is an emotional medicine, indispensable to the soul.”

The question is, can you still have hope despite of the afflictions and sufferings that you are going through? Can you still have hope despite your rate of failures and disappointments? I believe that you certainly can, if you really analyze it. Hope forms an acrostic for honest optimism based on personal efforts.

H is for honesty and when you honestly deal with all the factors we’ve discussed and then recognize these marvelous positive qualities you have, you will agree that you truly are a rare individual with unique abilities and deserve a beautiful life which will enable you live a fulfilled and happy life.

O stands for optimism, which will possess in abundance when you take these qualities and follow the plan and procedures we’ve identified.

P is for personal, which means you accept personal responsibility for the future and your life. E stands for effort, which will produce results because of your new picture of yourself.

Add it all up and you will get the kind of life that deserve and become the kind of confident, optimistic, positive and energetic person that you would love to be. If there is anything that we need in our lives it is hope. It is true that happy people are hopeful happy.

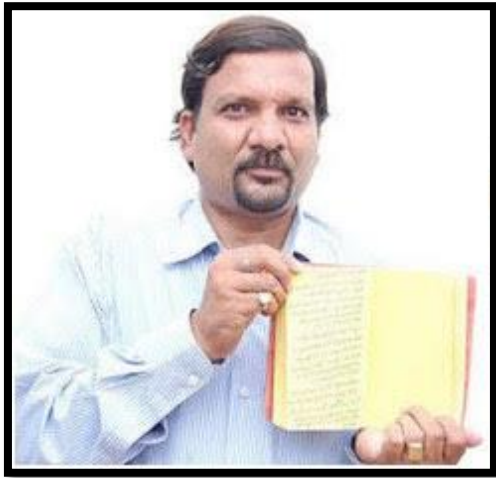
Hope instigates happiness. Happy, hopeful people are in good shape to get all the good things in life, including health and wealth. Healthy people are the most prosperous, and live a life full with peace of mind.

You should have hope that the future will be better than or as good as the past and present.

Being hopeful is a state of been gratefulness. Hopeful people are grateful people. It is also true that people who are the most grateful for what they have are invariable the happiest people. The key to happiness is to live a life of hope.



## These are the Lines which always Motivate Piyush Goel



*Robert Frost*

***The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.***

Piyush Goel has written Bhagwad Gita in Mirror Image. Who was he motivated to take upon such an unique way? He says that in the year 2000 an accident changed his life. In 2003 there was a Katha organized on Shreemad Bhagwad Gita, he used to go daily two times, on the last day in the evening, an idea stuck into his mind, “why should I not start writing Shreemad Bhagwad Gita in mirror image?”, then he started writing in Hindi. After completing in Hindi, he started writing it in English too (all 18 Chapters, 700 Verses.) Piyush says, “It is the first Bhagwad Gita in the world written in mirror image. I wrote the epic in

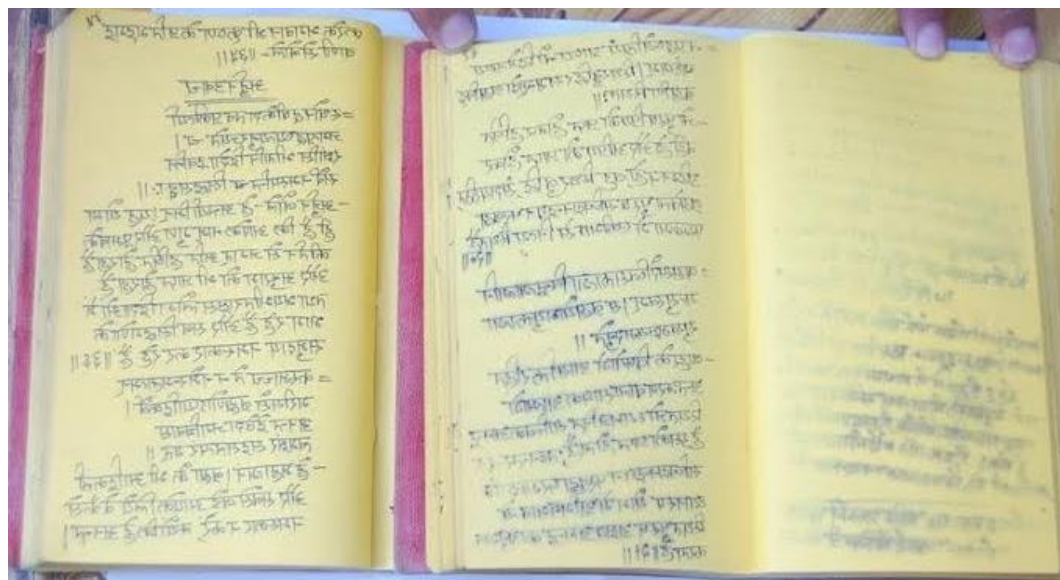
my own hand writing in two languages, Hindi and English. One can read all the 18 chapters and 700 verses in front of a mirror.” The feat certainly shows the will power of a man who put everything readable in front of a mirror. He says, “Since my childhood I had a strong desire to copy everything in front of a mirror. Though I was not sure to achieve this uncommon art, yet I did it.” He recalled how an accident had changed his life. I met with a serious accident in year 2000 and remained in bed for a long time. At that time I had developed this art, he reveals. Piyush Goel is now known as “Mirror Image Man”.

He has Hand Written Mirror Image Books with Pen, Needle, Mehndi Cone, with Iron Nail, with Fabric Cone Liner, Carbon Paper and Wooden Pen.

### Mirror Imaged Shree Mad BhagvadGita (Pen)

*Piyush Goel can write words in mirror image in two languages Hindi and English.*

*He has completed “World First Mirror Image Book Shreemad BhagvadGita”, all 18 chapters, 700 verses in two languages Hindi and*



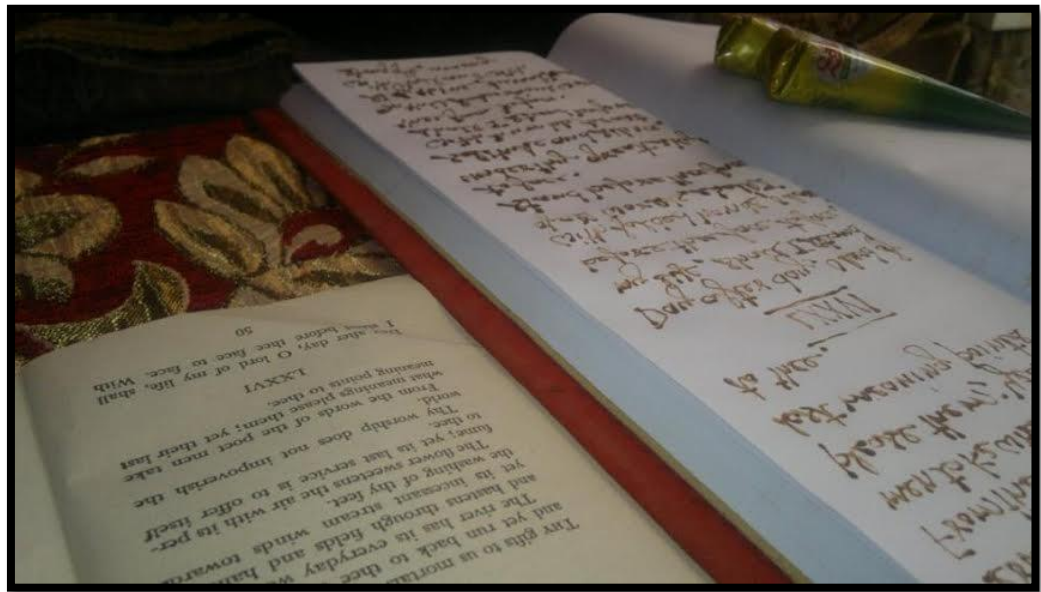


English. Besides all of these he has completed "ShreeDurga Saptasatti" in Sanskrit Languages, ShreeSai Satcharitra in two languages Hindi and English, Sundar Kand (two times).

### Needle Write Book "Madhushala"(Needle)

To read a book in front of a mirror, reading then mirror very hard. People asked Piyush to read your mirror imaged books, mirror is necessary, he replied "Yes"

After a lot of thinking an idea stuck into his mind "Why should i not write a book with Needle. Then he started writing "Madhushala", a book of Harbans Rai Bachchan, father of Amitabh Bachchan, Legend of Indian Cinema, now no need of Mirror. (Mirror image but no need of mirror).

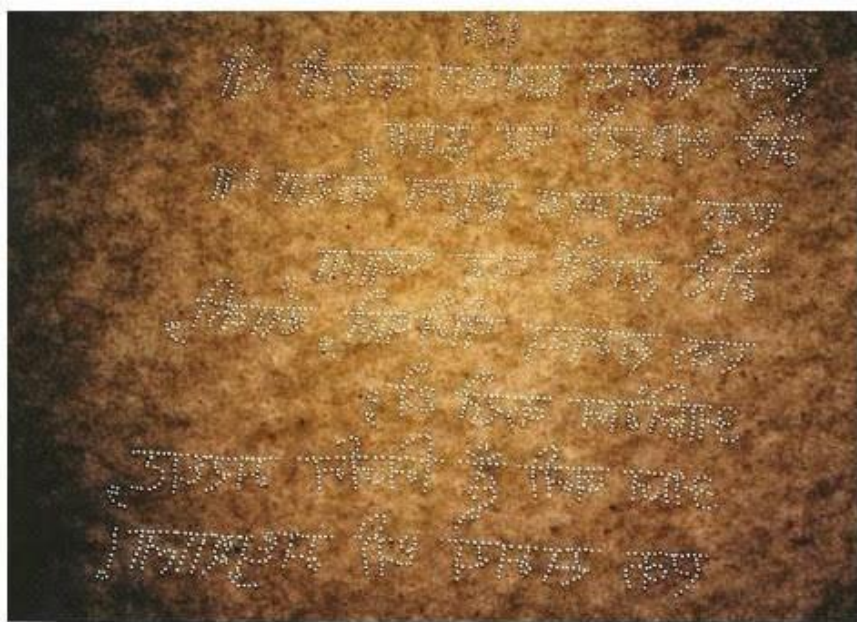


### Book "Gitanjali" written with Mehndi Cone (Mehdi Cone)

Piyush always think "DO SOMETHING NEW", because of this thinking, he make a project and work on it. Whenever he has spare time and bring out the work at the end and this is the result of "Gitanjali" a book of Noble Literate Rabindra Nath Tagore, completed with the help of Mehndi Cone.

### Book "PiyushVani" with the help of Iron Nail (Iron Nail)

Imagination and Creativity brings new things to the world, Piyush started writing "PiyushVani" one of his own published book, written on A-4 size Aluminium Sheet with the help of "Iron Nail". (Mirror image but no need of mirror).

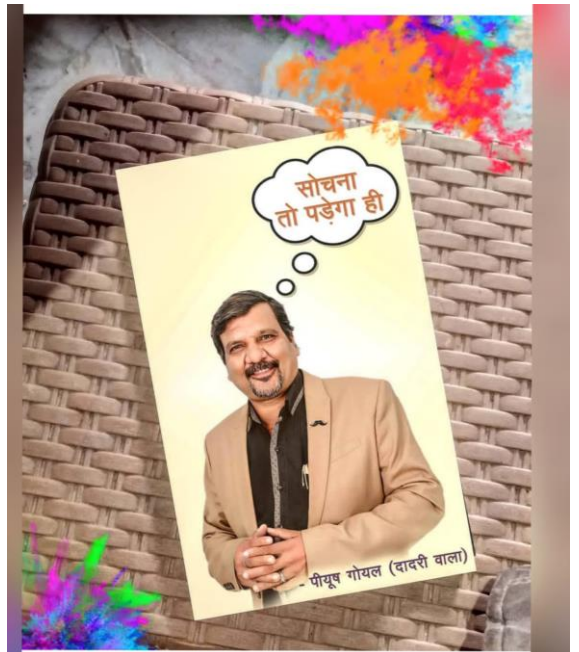
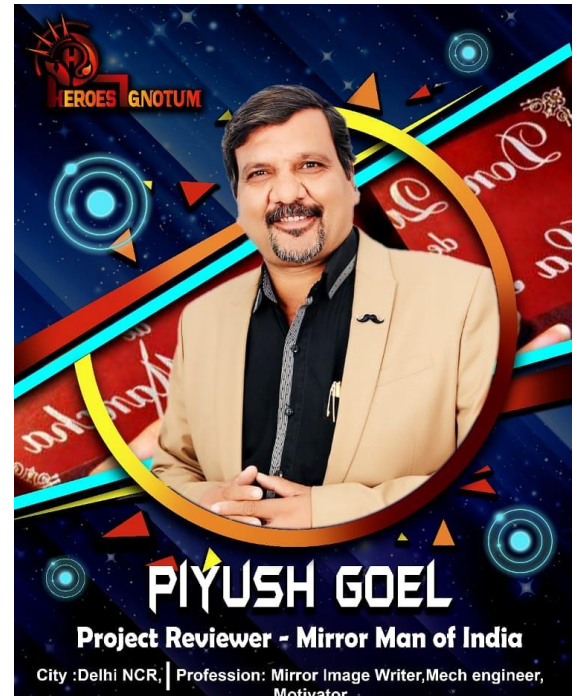




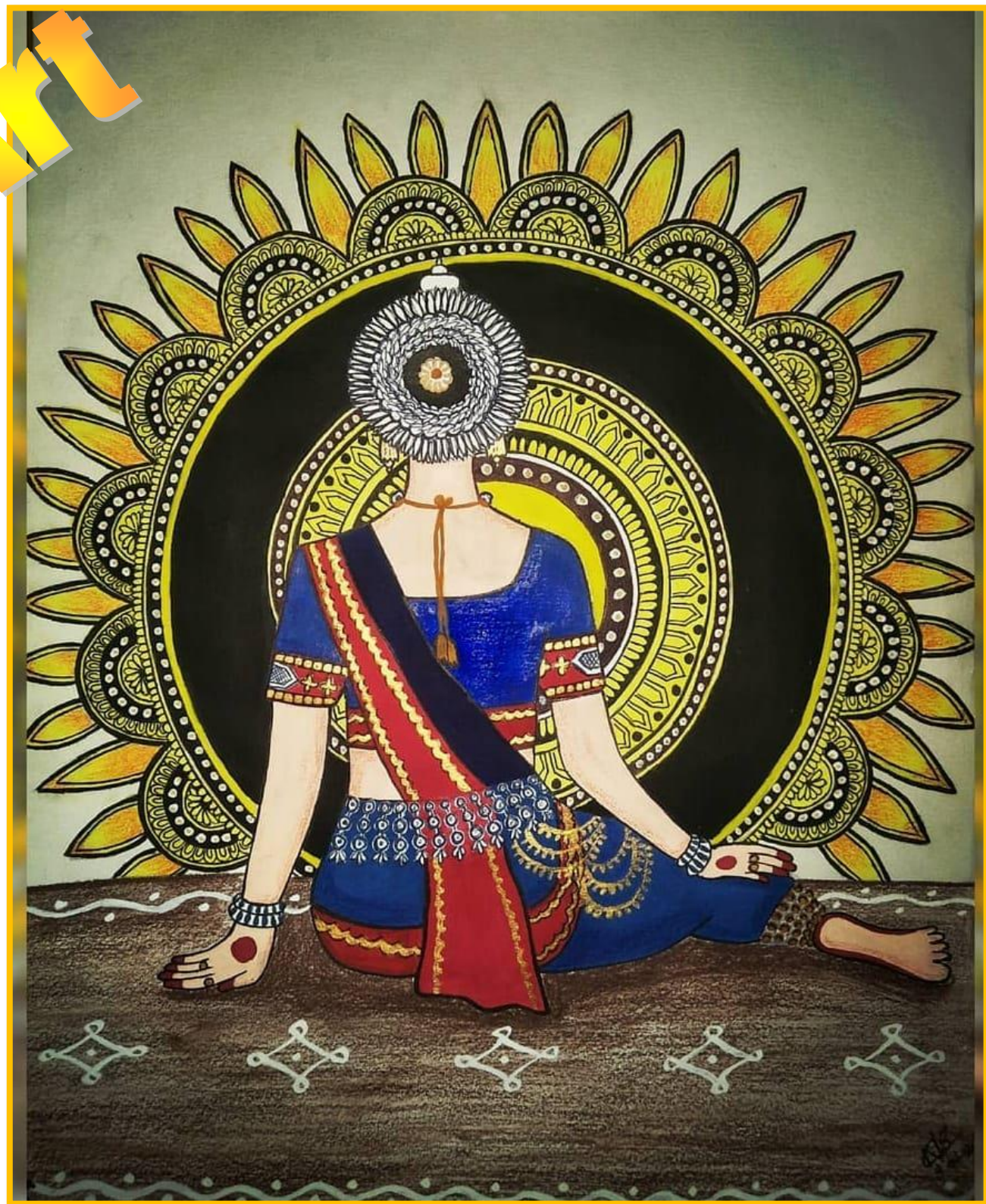


## Book 'Panchtantra"with the help of Carbon Paper (Carbon Paper)

Recently Piyush Goel completed "Vishnu Sharma",s "Panchtantra" 5 tantras ,41 stories with the help of Carbon Paper,on one page both the words(mirror/non mirror) appeared in front and in the reverse.(Mirror image but no need of mirror).







Artist

**Neha Sugam**

Student of 2<sup>nd</sup> Year Graduation in  
Political Science MSU Baroda.





## **PMS & MENTAL HEALTH**

**RED COLOUR**  
**Since the time immemorial**  
**Subjected to humiliation!**  
**Seven days lock down**  
**With untouchability crown!**  
**Treated as stranger**  
**When starts monthly cycle!**  
**Home quarantine**  
**Life's part and parcel!**  
**No right to enter the temple**  
**For centuries and centuries**  
**Like this is a life**  
**imprisonment!**  
**Fault is this RED colour**  
**secretion?**  
**But now time cycle changed**  
**See now the world is**  
**revenged**

**\_B.S.Parimal**

***Dr. B.S. Parimal***  
***Assistant Professor***  
***Department of Psychology***



***Faculty of Education and Psychology***

***The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda.***

PMS....commonly known as Premenstrual Syndrome that is being defined as a female physiological condition that occurs before several days of the start of the menstrual bleeding thereby affecting her physical, emotional and behavioral health. PMS has been observed to have adverse effects on

subjective and psychological well-being of a female, further leading changes in the activities of female, with inappropriate behavior with peer groups, interpersonal relationships followed by incompatibility in married life sometimes. The symptoms of PMS are classified into two areas i.e. Physical and Psychological. Physical conditions include bodily issues, like disturbances in sleep and appetite, increased heartbeat, pain and body ache, breast tenderness, bloating, swelling etc. Psychological condition includes, feeling of burdensome, proneness to stress, difficulty in concentration, decrease social interaction, loneliness, performance hamper, substance consumption, anger outburst, death wishes (Sabet and Samaneh, 2011).

It has always remained and persisting as a matter of concern. It is often accompanied by myths, taboos and stigmas prevailing in the society. A familial and societal environment plays a vital and inductive role in conditioning her attitude and behavior. A girl after attaining Menarche has to undergo self-stress due to Physiological and Psychologically changes. At this point of time, their culture, society, traditions, customs and values make a significant impact on her Psychological and Subjective well-being. A girl always have the following QUESTION percolating in her Mind:

***Ms. Kavita Gupta***  
***Assistant Professor***  
***Department of Psychology***



***Faculty of Education and Psychology***  
***The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda.***



*Paint it **RED**.....*

Carpet of Red Welcoming to womanhood  
Certificate of capability, still they shy away  
Question arise at speck of Red...  
Doors close at 7. New dangers that occur  
everyday 9 days they bow down to you...the  
11th becomes the usual.  
They crave for fresh blood out, but lock their  
doors to protect the honor.  
Since when did honor was tied within the  
women when they lack their headstrong  
horrors

**Ms. Maitri Acharya**  
**Faculty of Arts**  
**The Maharaja Sayajirao**  
**University of Baroda,**



*The Premenstrual and Menstrual days are not  
easy to deal with, however she learns to  
control and regulate her emotions in every  
cycle of her menstruation. The question is  
what she needs?????*

*The only answer to this question lies in the fact  
that instead of celebrating WOMEN's DAY for  
one day, We all should celebrate HUMAN's  
DAY EVERYDAY!!!!*

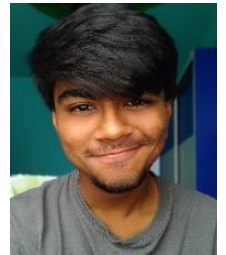
*She needs LOVE, CARE and RESPECT.*

### **The Time of the Month**

Playable by plots of science,  
Those three letters cannot describe the pain,  
As the imbalance of hormones  
Drives a woman insane.  
Vulnerable to Annoyance;  
Mood Swings are out of control  
Anger and depression are  
Taking their Toll.  
Eating without resistance;  
Food is now her priority,

As the warm hug from it  
Comforts her in the solidarity.  
Pain's her only companion;  
Cramps and Aches give cozy cuddles,  
Acne are tissue to her cries,  
No Rescue will cure the struggles  
No matter what she tries.  
Handle with care;  
She is at her worst,  
Slightest of irritation  
Will set her to burst.  
A week of nightmare;  
With some laughter she will do fine,  
Or else take her to snack  
Show her some chivalric good time.

**Mr. Rushin Gandhi (RAZER)**  
**(B.A.- II ) Faculty of Arts**  
**The Maharaja Sayajirao**  
**University of Baroda,**



**Make**  
**YOUR Mental**  
**Health a**  
**Priority**

## O bless that heart

That tries everyday  
In every way  
Just to feel a bit more her  
But reality is right behind  
What's visible.  
I see her fight,  
Fight everyday,  
Hoping things would change  
But never for her  
And now she's exhausted  
And now she's blind  
To see the truth,  
That every day is just another day  
Every problem is man made  
And if she can  
Imagine a world so hollow  
Like it was before,  
With only creatures to survive  
And with feelings, time goes by,  
It would have been fine then  
But we moved on  
To create something better,  
To never stop with time,  
To redefine.  
And now it's her time,  
To become great,  
Someone of true worth.



An engineer and  
Dreamer in making. I  
needed a form of  
expression and  
found  
many inspiring  
writers  
out there at the  
right  
time, it was then I  
realized that I  
should write too. And so I did.

## Happy Place

Alternative Universe  
In this I believe  
When I close my eyes every night  
Without you by my side  
An alternative version of me, of us  
Exists in an alternative universe.  
  
Universe which I call HAPPY PLACE  
So similar and parallel to how we live  
Yet so vastly different than what we have  
I won't be writing poems  
in HAPPY PLACE about you  
You won't be getting sad  
thinking of you being far away  
Because at HAPPY PLACE we have each other.  
  
I won't be wishing for you happiness  
because I can see your happiness  
Clearly reflected in your eyes  
When each time we say our  
goodnights and sweet-dreams  
And each time we kiss our way to sleep  
We won't be wishing to hold each other  
Even just for a second at HAPPY PLACE  
Because in this alternative life  
We both make it what we dealt.  
  
There was magic in your eyes  
That even stars envied us.  
There was fragrance in love that roses failed.  
We were happy in parallel universe,  
And I just wish the whole same universe  
Where we are miles away hoping to see each  
other  
Soon with counting down, every hour of the day.



**Nupur Baluja**  
**Chief Editor &**  
**Content Writer@ BlogArt**

# *Audio-Visuals: Threat to the Art of Writing!*



With the constant hammering of technological advancement, every writer is pushed to become an instructional designer, who wants to stuff his work with virtual appeal. Indeed, a beautiful picture or a bunch of moving pictures (a video) would help, if it complements the text. But it should never become an indispensable part of this art! I would like to appeal stakeholders of all the creative sectors to really think before getting into the rat race of using "audio-visual" aids after completing a creative piece of writing.

Writing itself is an art, but the continuous pressure of honing technical skills to make it presentable, can mislead a writer. Instead, he can invest himself into

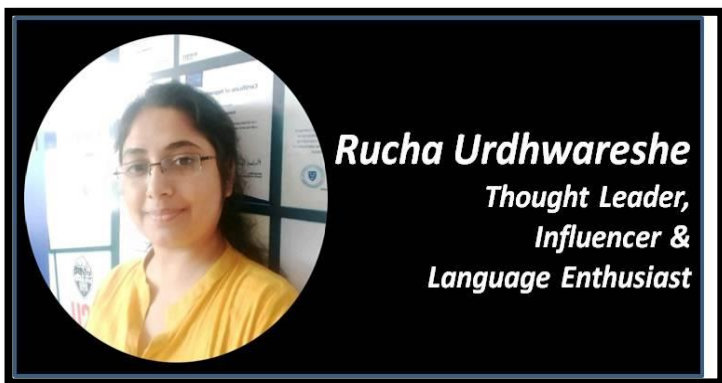
honing the hard skills required to become a good writer! Every art needs polishing and it needs a LOT OF WORK! Mind it, A LOT OF HARD WORK, to

become a good writer. He writes, fails, reviews, rewrites, fails again, reviews again....and the process goes on. I am not against learning new skills, but the pressure of learning new skills all the time may fail the best of the artists in the world, as art is like a slowly rising Sun/ Moon. It is certainly not a tube light or bulb that can be turned on or off with the help of a switch. And so, there is no point running around to develop different skills like a headless chicken! Let the art just be and develop at its own pace, like nature.



By adding audio-visual aids to the creative piece of writing all the time, we disrespect all the art forms. To put it more professionally, neither of them is utilized optimally when we mix them; as each of them has the capacity to convey or communicate the message, in its own unique way. A painting can strike the finest of your chords in a look, whereas audio stories may take you through the journey step by step, through emotive voice modulations. On the other hand, writing can help you hear, see, smell, touch, taste and beyond all that transcend to the other world. It is an independent form of art. The only thing it requires is a passionate and motivated writer who loves to experiment with words, and is ready to explore and work on his language to produce most compelling expressions.

There are so many writers, who, without the help of any audio-visual aid, have created magic through their words. They were able to make us imagine the most incredible stories, just by writing. To name a few; Rudyard Kipling, S.T Coleridge, William Wordsworth, Tennyson, John Keats, Agatha Christie, Ruskin Bond, J.K Rowling, the list is infinite. Please try to understand the craft before bringing unnecessary changes to it. Though the long black texts may look boring apparently, but instead of telling authors to mend their ways, it is the duty of older generation to inculcate the habit of reading in kids, so that they learn to understand and appreciate writing, as an individual art. Only readers know what the coming generation would miss, if they lose the art of reading!



free  
IM

**Deep**

Words are cutting hard,  
Deeper than a knife  
Voices are killing aspirations,  
bruising souls for life  
I knew you were chained,  
but I found myself free  
I am sad for your subservience,  
but I was happy being free  
The feeling was new,  
DEEP, Deep, deep  
So deep are the injuries, taking years to heal  
You may speak, so will I  
Let us use bullets of words  
Let us just kill each other in a better way  
In a cold kingdom of prejudices  
You were waiting for alike  
There is no fire of compassion around  
Thousands were waiting and they died!



**Mansi Singh Arora**  
**Published Writer @**  
**SquarePetals**  
**The Global Webzine**



**Art**

Mandala Art is an art which has spiritual meaning attached to it in fact mandala is a sacred part of many religions like Buddhism and Hindu. Mandala art is basically an interlinking of designs and detailed patterns incarnated on walls , ceilings or wood and drawn on Paper. Mandala art can change a person's life completely if he practice it regularly just the way it did mine as this art incarnates patience and discipline into one's life as we proceed with doing it



## Artist Tanmay Pandey

Pursuing Mechanical course and having an inclination towards art, Mandala Artist and a freelancer.





9th Aug, 5:30 pm



presents

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ONLINE COMPETITION

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contact on

9049977878



Neha Samra

POET, GROOMER,  
MODEL





# BRAND AMBASSADOR



StageBright Events

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# Sunehri Johri

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Showstopper Colors of Kutch Fashion Event  
Winner All Gujarat Dance Competition





# MISS TEEN BRIGHT 2020



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The Youth Icon  
Image Consultant and Soft Skills  
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*We are delighted to have Ms  
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**WELCOMES**

**Neetu Sha**

**FASHIONISTA & SOCIAL ACTIVIST**

**SHOW STOPPER**





## Saved by Lily

One fine morning, I was sitting in Peanut Park. The elm trees were waving their hands, the white patches were beautifully sprinkled on the grass and nature's perfume was scattered in every direction. There were lots of people around.

I watched kids playing hide-and-seek, people buying ice-creams, birds swimming in the sky and all the other wonderful things. A blanket of blissfulness clouded the park, but, for some reason, nothing made me happy. A dark cloud was hovering above me. My hair was in a dismal state, the tie hung like a corpse and the shirt bathed in sweat. My boss fired me that day because I dashed out of the company without his consent. I told him that the doctor had called me immediately as my mother's condition was deteriorating, but he didn't listen. I lost the only job I had. So I thought of visiting Peanut Park to refresh my mood, and not to think of the loss. In the evening, I returned home. I got a call an hour later. The screen showed James on it, 'Will Parker speaking!'

'Hey Will,' James spoke in a weak voice, 'did you get the news?'

'What news?' I asked, a heavy weight sinking in my heart.

'Will,' he spoke, 'see, um...your mother is...no more.'

My phone slipped from my hand.

'Hello...hello!' I could hear. 'Are you okay, Will?'

That news left me speechless. My heart skipped a beat. I felt my lungs choke; I wasn't able to breathe properly. It was too heavy for my ears. The only way to climb out of pain was death. My mother? How is it possible? No! She can't die. I

met her few hours ago, and she talked to me perfectly well. She is strong enough to recover. I fell on the floor. My legs went numb. My face went shocking red. My face crumpled. I had no sense of anything at that time. Nothing mattered in life.

Was it the end? I walked straight to the dining hall and kicked the chairs, the table and everything I could lay my hands on. I screamed like anything. I was too disturbed. And one question kept crawling in my mind, 'She can't die! How is that even possible?' That day, I had been attacked twice. Firstly, when I was fired Secondly, when my mother died. This happened so quick that I didn't get time to think; think of anything. Of the two, the greatest shock was of my mother. The next day, my mum arrived. I could no longer call her, I could no longer tell her how broke I was; she lay motionless yet peacefully in the coffin. She was going away from me without her goodbye kiss. After the funeral procession, I stood there, waiting for some miracle to happen. How I wished I could deal with Death and have my mother in lieu of my soul! I stared at her grave for a long time, so long that my eyes turned red. My eyes became blurry. At that moment, an idea struck my mind. I spent most of my life with mother, so why not follow her to the grave. Then, there would be no boss, no job, no worry...just me and my mother. It was the best option I could think of. 'I am coming, Mum.' Saying this, I left her grave, and the graveyard. It was raining heavily, but not heavier than my pain. I headed straight for Bernard's Hill. The hill was near a hospital. As I approached the end of the hill, I felt light. After I jump from there, I would be away from the world, no one cares, I would be relieved of the pain and,

most importantly, I would meet my mother. When I looked down the ledge, I saw a road occupied with moving vehicles. There was no turning back. My decision was final. But then, I heard a sweet voice, just like my mother's. That voice seemed so sweet that I turned back the moment I heard. And I saw a girl standing there with an umbrella, smiling at me. 'Uncle,' she said, 'what are you doing over there? Come under my umbrella before you get wet.'

I didn't know what to say. I couldn't say her that I was about to jump. Something got into me, and I rushed towards her. Her voice resembled my mother's, so I thought of listening to her before I die. I couldn't see her face when she held my hand and led me under the hospital's roof. When light threw on us, I saw her.

She was hairless. She told me to wait there while she fetched something for me. When she returned, I saw a cup in her hand. 'Here,' she offered, 'you'll feel better.'

'Thanks,' I forced a smile, 'if you don't mind, can you tell me why your hair—'

'Oh,' she spoke, 'the doctors say that I have cancer.'

Her words shook me from within. She was a beautiful child; her parents must be worried about her cancer.

'How are your parents doing?' I sipped the coffee.

'My parents' she replied, looking away, 'are dead. Well, I never saw them.'

'I am sorry,' I said, 'I recently lost my mum.'

'Is that so?' she looked straight into my eyes, 'Losing your mother must have been painful, right?'

For the first time, I felt like talking. That moment taught me that sorrow lightens when shared.

'Yeah,' I sipped another.

'How you feeling?' she asked.

'I'm feeling, um...' I said, 'good.'

'Would you like to see my sketches?' she changed the subject to cheer me up.

'Yeah...sure,' I said, nodding, 'why not?'

She came a minute later.

'Wow!' I complimented. 'These are mind-blowing sketches!

How old are you?'

'Thank you!' she ginned. 'I'm thirteen.'

'Really, I should say,' I commented, 'these are too beautiful!

At such a young age, you've got a real talent!'

'Is it so?' she covered her face with her hands.

'Thank you so much, Uncle!'

'Lily!' a voice came from the other end of the hall.

'Oh no!' she whispered. 'Miss Margaret's here. Now, you go...will you come tomorrow? Do you know little-finger hug?'

'No.' I said.

She held my hand, made a fist except for the little finger and she locked her little finger with mine.

'Promise?' she asked smiling.

'Promise.' I said.

'Your name?' she asked.

'Will.' I replied.

'See you tomorrow, Uncle Will!' She waved goodbye and out of sight.

I had walked straight into the mouth of death, but this angel saved me. I was confused and happy at the same time.

She was fighting off cancer; a deadly disease yet there was a hint of happiness in her voice and a sheen of love in her eyes. I wondered if she knew that she had shortage of time. And



there I was, acting like a fool. I headed back home. I thought it was all over before meeting Lily, but she taught me to be strong. Her face swam in my eyes. Such an optimistic girl! Whenever I thought of committing suicide, her smile blocked my thoughts. Then, sprouts of optimism shot in my mind. I could turn a new leaf; I had strings of opportunities waiting for me. The thought of suicides died slowly and I started to feel the present; I was able to observe my surroundings. And finally, the next morning, I completely forgot about my lost job.

I drove to my mom's grave, said my prayers and headed for Bernard's Hill. I thought of Lily. I was the happiest that day.

'Excuse me!' I said to the receptionist.

'Good morning!' she replied, 'How can I help you, sir?'

'I want to meet Lily.' I said.

The receptionist broke eye-contact, but luckily, I caught her eyes.

'What happened, Miss? I asked. 'Are you crying?'

'Lily...' she said, catching for breath, 'she is no more. She passed away this morning...around six.'

'What!' I cried. 'No.'

It was a great shock to me. For a moment or two, I gaped at her. I couldn't accept it. I asked her where she was. But the receptionist said nothing and led me behind the hospital. She stopped near a small grave which read 'Lily-Little Artist'.

I fell on my knees. For few moments, I thought it was a dream, but then I realized it wasn't. She really left me; the one who changed my life. I hugged her grave and cried. I felt her standing just beside me. Her voice echoed in my ears, and face swam in my tears.

'Lily!' I cried. 'Come back! How can you leave me? I love your drawings Love you, my child!' The receptionist had quite a struggle lifting me up. I had been shaken completely; broken from within. After I drank water, she gave me a diary and a painting.

'Lily wanted to surprise you,' she said, 'she drew many sketches, b-but her best sketch is the one you are holding.'

I quickly unwrapped it and gasped at what I saw. I ran my fingers over the sketch. She drew my sketch, and it was a smiling face. When I opened the diary, her recent entry was as follows:

'Dear Diary

Today, I met Uncle Will. He is a good person. I served him coffee, although many of my friends disliked it, he loved it. And I showed him my sketches. He complimented. Very sweet uncle! And do you know what! He has promised me to meet tomorrow. I will surprise him with his own sketch. I bet he will be more than happy. :)

Your Friend

Lily'

I took the sketch and her diary with me. To this day, whenever I leave for work, I always look at my sketch and Lily's diary.

They happen to give me energy. Love you, Lily! You will always be in my heart.



**Moin Khan Pathan**  
**A young writer at the age when**  
**he is appearing for his**  
**12<sup>th</sup> Grade in School**

## *EVERYONE CAN*

We live in a strange world; a world that always teaches us to be independent, only till it feels right. I am an independent strong woman for everyone or till they saw it fit. My name is Jiyana Samrat. They know me as snooty, narcissistic, and a barefaced person. Oh! And by they, I mean the society.

Welcome to my world, a world full of false, arrogant and disingenuous people who can go to any extent to prove their illegitimate accusations on people. Well this is the world that I live in everyday right from those over chirpy interfering mornings to nosy disturbing nights.

Today is exactly going to be one such day. It has been more than two years since I got a job which pays me well and since I left my old life behind. On my way back from a super intense leg day at the gym, I sped past two such aunties, gossiping about something very important, as their lives depended on it. Seeing me pass by, they gave me one of their "I am judging you" looks. I parked my car at the usual spot and took a flight of stairs to the 10th floor. I was running late, I quickly unlocked my door and put on the brewer. I ran for a quick shower and to get ready for the big day. Donning my new outfit from Dior and stepping in to my usual Louis Vuitton stilettos, I poured myself some coffee and grabbed a granola bar and a chocolate muffin for breakfast. I sipped on my coffee while adorning myself behind the giant glass mirror. While chewing on the remains of my breakfast I watered my plants and took my bag and went off. I waited for the elevator to open and checked on with my secretary for any last minute changes. Just as I stepped on the elevator, I thanked God silently for no

annoying aunties this morning. The elevator pinged at the 7th floor, "I thought too soon", I said to myself.

Karishma aunty entered the lift with her children with her annoying smile.

"Did you say something?" she asked with the nicest expression that she could muster.

"No", I responded with the same expression. She made a visible space between me and her children who were still staring at me.

I smiled to myself, maybe this was the time for some mischief.

"Have a great day at school, kids" I managed to smile genuinely at them. They smiled back with equal enthusiasm and said thank you. The elevator came to a stop just when they replied.

"It is better if you don't get involved with my children," she said.

I feigned a most concerned expression and asked her "why aunty?"

"I don't want my Ria to be like you when she grows up!" she said with a fierce look in her eyes.

"You mean independent?" I asked and donned my shades and got into my car.

Driving out of the gates past Karishma aunty made me think of what the society actually thinks of a woman who earns equally well as a man.

"A woman's place is at home", my grandmother used to say.

"Perhaps the mentality never changes", I thought to myself. Just as I arrived outside my office, after parking my vehicle I made my way towards the building.

It was finally the day when all my work paid off; I was nominated for the "youngest most successful entrepreneur." The day I always dreamed of.



Making my way through the auditorium, with greetings and appreciation, I made my way to my seat. The ceremony began shortly. It was a day when I actually felt the glee within me. The inner me was unusually happy and anxious at the same time.

Just as the host Mr. Talwar began the ceremony he soon announced the nominations for the category I had been desperately waiting for.

He began, "there is nothing that a woman cannot achieve in this world with sheer dedication and hard work, and I can see many young talented women here amongst us today, but the truly deserving candidate that the jury feels for this is my colleague and the stronger woman I know, Ms. Jiyana Samrat."

Hearing this announcement and the reaction from the crowd, words escaped me. I was finally someone on my own. An identity that I craved for, I quickly hopped into the spotlight and made my way up there. Mr. Talwar's happiness vibed with mine. He whispered to me, "I told you so." I hugged him back tight and made my way to the podium.

Holding the relic in my right hand I made my way up there. I thanked almost everyone that came to my mind; my happiness was seen through my actions.

"How do you feel backing this award in a world full of male entrepreneurs?" a young journalist asked.

"Normal", I replied with a smile.

I saw a quizzical look on her face. Looking at her expressions I asked her

"Did you expect something else for an answer?" I enquired.

She remained silent and blushed in discomfort.

"I was 23 when I realized that society always makes you feel inferior because you are a woman, they think that a woman should not be equal to a

man but walk behind him. Why? Just because he is a man, and I am a woman, who is known to make sacrifices. I lived with this mentality for years. Until one fine day I realized that society won't change their opinions unless you change yourself. Who says that a woman can make sacrifices only for a family and who made a concept that a man cannot make sacrifices at home? A woman is often considered successful only when she manages her family well, and satisfies their homely needs and a male is said to be successful only when he is capable of feeding his family ravishly. I think majority of the women sitting here must have heard this, "don't throw tantrums, no man will accept you, no family will want you." This is the way most of us are brought up and most of us are trained to behave in a way that is acceptable in society. Most of them know me as a woman who is snooty, narcissist and barefaced, but what makes me different from them is that I accept that I am so, not because I am successful but because I am a woman who stands for herself. The change that I talk about today is a change one can only experience when we support men and women equally, just so they can define their own success. Society fails us; but we often find our solace within ourselves. Thank you." I walked off the stage after my speech and all I could hear was silence until the reporter started clapping. People congratulated me and greeted me.

The day ended well, when I reached my apartment all I could think of was sleep, and that's how a perfect day ended well for all.

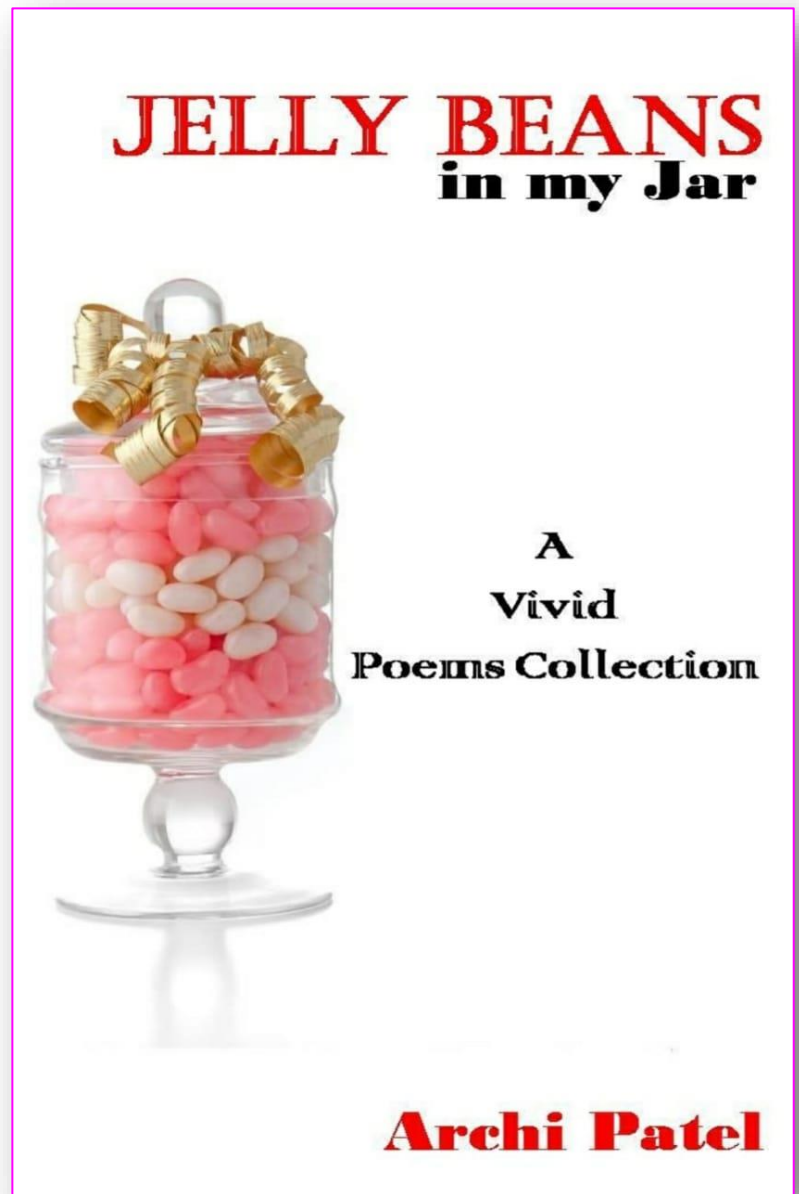


**Jhanvi Doshi**  
**Double Graduate,**  
**Bibliophile,**  
**Aspiring Author**

## *A Woman in Carmine Dress*

A woman in Carmine dress,  
Sweet like sugar  
Crystalline and clear,  
Alluring dessert!  
Once you taste  
The dopamine release,  
The sensitivity you get  
When the sugar rush  
Through your vein;  
The enticing melody,  
The enchanting eyes,  
An angel from hell,  
The beguiling smell,  
The calling fingers,  
Where your eyes linger,  
The sweet delight!  
In a dim light,  
Enduring curves  
Weaken your nerves,  
The creamy flow  
Of crimson robe,  
Flowing like river  
Makes you shiver,  
She meets the ocean  
And everyone moan.

By Archie Patel



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## Mirage

His proper name, the name he introduced himself to people soon changed to Poto. His name soon forgotten with the replaced name. It became Poto Sharma. He was born in Bihar and traveled a lot as his father was an architect. He grew up in beautiful houses, filled with fond memories, cemented to the core of each brick. Poto was never successful in making friends. His only friends were his parents. He was only 8 when they settled in Calcutta permanently, with a thought that now Poto would be able to make friends. What could be a better option than Jannat Villa, which his father built for one of his very wealthy clients? The client readily sold it for a more beautiful house built by Mr. Sharma. But, the moment Mr. Sharma builds the house up in his mind, he could not help but fall head over heels over the house. It was just a house but the Sharmas' would make it their home.

Only by their title were they Bihari but nobody could deduce that their heritage were deeply rooted in Bihar. Poto grew up with books and cardboard swords in his hands while his mother and father waited every moment to hear him speak.

Poto was never good at making friends, but he made one. He often said his friend

lived in their jannat. His parents deducing it to an imaginary friend, dropped the subject. What was better than having a friend in whom your parents were not interested in? Nothing. Caste, class, money, religion never mattered to them. All that mattered was candor and effort they put in each other to relish their solid friendship with.



It so happened, one day while Mrs. Sharma was digging a hole in the earth to plant red stemmed roses, she came across bones very familiar to a human body. Mrs. Sharma fainted there in the same second she discovered it. When Ranga Babu brought her back to senses by throwing and not sprinkling water over her eyes, she noticed that the bone was gone. She didn't worry her husband over the trivial matter. She planted ten red stemmed rose plant, paying a homage to their

child's birthday. Poto was reciting story to his 'friend' Tara the whole day. The Sharma's didn't disturb them.

Poto grew up, but he could not get past his imaginary friend. When he would return from his college every day, he would bring two red stemmed roses with him. One for Mrs. Sharma and one for Tara. One morning when Mrs. Sharma would personally take the charge of cleaning and

inspecting their lovely Poto!’s room, she sat on his study table and took out books from his shelf, dusting them. She found dried roses in between the pages of the books. She laughed, but one other day the laughter turned into a gasp when she discovered a journal with two handwriting. One was her Poto!’s and the other? Whose handwriting was that?

Mrs. Sharma unlocking the drawer where Poto! kept his journals, found the same handwriting along with her son’s in every one of them. The journals fell from her hand, with them, the stacked roses in it. They lay lifeless, colorless over the floor while Mrs. Sharma ran to call her husband. Who could say that the last thought which ran through her mind was she was pushed? She slipped and broke her neck while running down the stairs. That was what the doctors said, when they came to assist the freshly heartbroken Sharmas. “There was water on the third step of the stairs. Mrs. Sharma didn’t see, she slipped and broke her neck. She died. There was no pain.”

What was there left to say? There was water on the third step and a proof of Mrs. Sharma stepping on it. If only they lived on moon, Mrs. Sharma would be still alive. Days passed but Jannat Villa could never be jannat for them, again. They lost too much. Poto! now returned home every day with one red stemmed rose in his hand and his journals continued to be filled by both him and his Tara.

There came a day when Poto! would be moving away to Bombay for his higher

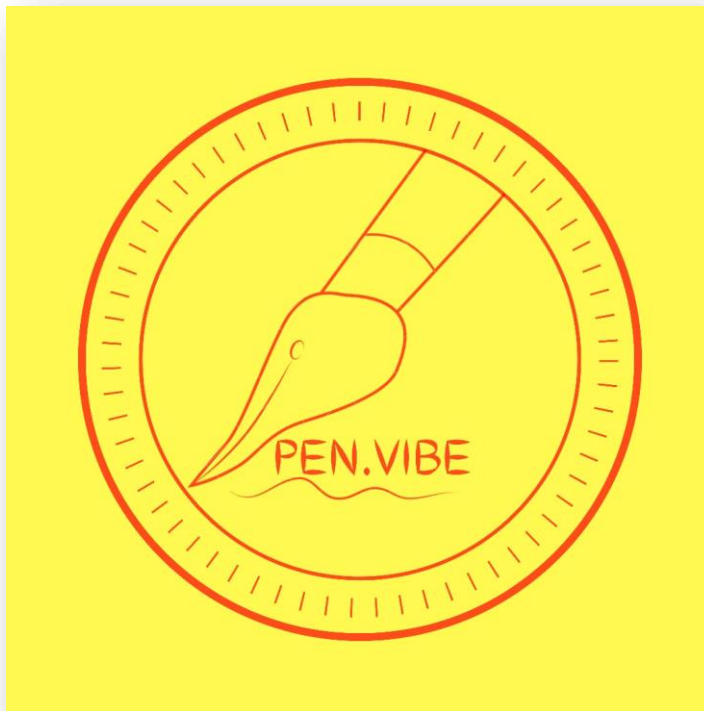
studies. He needed to get out of his jannat and make a jannat of his own. He packed all his books, clothes, journals with two hand writing. It happened so; Mr. Sharma was passing through the corridor when he came across a female voice. A soft, sweet very feminine voice coming out of Poto!’s room. Mr. Sharma was agitated. Every man had his needs, but not brings the need at their home. He went to knock but he couldn’t find the courage to do it. “He will be gone tomorrow, why waste tonight over this?” thought Mr. Sharma. But his curiosity touched its peak. He wanted to see Poto!’s lady guest. He waited and heard them talk. Talk of literature, talk of love, talk of a future together. Mr. Sharma reached the end track of his patience when he decided to peek in through the keyhole.

He could not believe what he saw. He saw his son talking in two voices, behaving in a peculiar manner. Once a gentleman, and in an instant behaving like a lady. Standing with his legs too closed, not looking up directly and speaking in a soft tone. The last thing Mr. Sharma heard before he fainted was Poto! addressing himself as Tara.



**Srijita Banerjee**  
Student of Literature @  
The Bhawanipur Educational  
Society College.





Instagram account PEN VIBE , was created on 7th April 2020. From that very date till now, this account has gained so much amount of love and support from many people. It has got lots of opportunities for all the participants who take part in its monthly poetry contests.

It's the sheer endeavor of its owner who always works hard for this account. It's because of his enthusiasm and continuous dedication that this account has got immense popularity within a very short time.

The main motive this account holds is to help aspiring writers and also renowned writers to get a good platform for their literary works. To know more, here is the Instagram handle for:

**PEN VIBE: @penvibe390**

## A traveler's call

The glory lies with a sunrise  
When the light creeks in vanishing the  
twinkling skies  
The mountain tops droop over with a sigh  
As the clouds bid them goodbye  
While the fog oared down to the mossy  
floor  
Truly discovered was the nature's galore.  
When the ocean called me by the name,  
Its mystiqness drew me in, held me by its  
alluring snare  
Lured me to unearth its secrets  
With the waves glistening in dare  
The sultry taste of the summer breeze  
Dueded equally with the earthy scent after  
the first rain.  
As the cloudy skies showered upon their  
pain  
Livened up the forest floor  
They said it always shined after a storm  
Blessed we were with a rainbow  
As the kaleidoscope of nature faded away  
Came along the wintertide.  
The airy chimes passed by my ears  
Giggled along and made me lose my fears  
Every snowflake looked like they were  
handmade  
Etched a pattern on my window pane  
As these snowy angels fell from the  
heavens

Made the crystalline weather more regal  
than ever.  
Soon the daylight drowned into the  
nightfall  
Fireflies glowed around darkness's call  
The time passed and we are at this bend  
As the day has come to an end  
The creations have made me take a fall  
And I wished upon a shooting star.  
The dewy drops on a sunflower  
The ferocious of a waterfall  
The buzzing of a bees call  
The iciness of a snowball  
I smiled longingly as I stood on earth's  
parasol  
For truly I had now seen it all



**YUMMADISETTY SUMANA  
SARVANI**

An upcoming ambitious writer who  
aspires to write something that would  
inspire someone one day.



## The China War

It all started decades ago,  
When they walked inside.  
Ignorant were our worthy faces,  
They made those roads so wide.  
Unused were those hilly grounds,  
Barren were those soils.  
We had never fought before,  
Scared of war turmoils.  
They used the way to solve the need,  
To capture more of lands.  
The only lane that Tibet knew,  
Through those mountain bands.  
China took its flailing arms,  
To invade all our grounds.  
We stood spellbound keen to see,  
How they broke through mounds.  
They mapped those lands in shrewd ways,  
To put them in their names.  
Aksai Chin they called our soil,  
We kept playing the blames.  
In span of clock when decades flew,  
They craved for yet more land.  
They tried invasion in all ways,  
Through those craggy sands.  
Few a times our poor men,  
Went ahead with rage.  
Lack of backbone made them feel,  
Simply locked in a cage.  
Here today they came again,  
Now more strength and guile.  
But we stand with healthy arms,  
Battling with a smile.  
"No bullets" is what they seek,

We too went that way.  
Still our brave hearts stabbed a bunch,  
Amidst the frozen day.  
Galwan is a brook they call,  
The dales are filled in snow.  
The gallant souls are stout in there,  
Despite treacherous foe.  
Few drops of all these gracious blood,  
Flowed through snowy dunes.  
They lost their worthy souls of grace,  
Amidst those filthy goons.  
We are a land of truth and peace,  
We must savour the win.  
The traitors must be sent to hell,  
Within the global spin.  
Our worthy men will sing again,  
The songs of exultant rhymes.  
Hand in hand they will march,  
To rejoice through these times.



**DIPANJAN BHATTACHARJEE**  
Engineer by Profession,  
Poet by passion and Indian by nation

## *Doctors*

To my white coat  
I may be a careless person,  
I may be a wrecked soul,  
I may be a way irresponsible,  
But I will never let you down.  
White stands for peace  
But for me you will always be a mirror;  
Which will reflect me  
Whenever I will wear you.  
The person I'll become  
Which will never let any allegations put on  
you,  
White colour of yours  
Will always remind me of my duty,  
My life, which will always be your slave.  
The stethoscope which enhances your  
beauty,  
Always makes me accomplish you more.  
Not only it brings me close to the hearts of  
people,  
But always reminds me, my duty towards  
my nation, my people.  
It makes me realize that,  
my every heartbeat,  
Just beats to save the needy.  
I may be a tough person,  
I may be rude one,  
But whenever I will wear you,  
You will make me  
The most fragile person.  
I may not trust myself,  
But I trust your power;  
The power which always boosts my  
confidence.  
I may feel fatigue, but  
Looking at you will

Always make me jump,  
Into my duties and look fresh, as a new  
flower.  
I may not be good friend,  
But you on me,  
Will always make me  
A good doctor.  
I may be tough to handle,  
I may be lazy, but I know  
When I will fully achieve you,  
You will see me as a different person;  
A person you will feel proud to be on.  
This special date,  
I only want you to know,  
You will always remain  
The most valuable thing in my life.  
Diamonds, jewels, all are precious,  
But for me, the most precious is you,  
Not for a mere social status,  
But simply because  
That I own you.  
You will make my  
Every sleepless night valuable,  
You will make all my hard work,  
reflect upon you.



**KHUSHI KANT**

A student at MSM INSTITUTE  
OF AYURVEDA.



**Q: Hwz my pic?**

**Ans: BINOD!!**



TOP FRIENDS



**SUNEHRI JOHRI**

# PHOTOGRAPHY *Winging*



*By Sansriti Johri #SanClicks*



# MICHAEL EDIALE

**International Bestselling Author**



# BEYOND AFFLICTION

**Getting Stronger in times of trials  
& difficulties**

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