

SquarePetals

Global Webzine

COVER STORY

Dr.
Jigar
Inamdar

Consultant, Regional Director,
ICCR, MEA-GOI, Senate &
Syndicate Member
MSU Baroda

Personal Development
Living a Life of Authenticity

Poems

I want to
Mistake

Literary Bytes

These Men
A day in a Life
Unforgettable Night

Events

Gujarat Thinkers Forum
Lets Fight Corona....

Mythology

Yuyutsu...

Art
Fine Arts Rangoli Portrait
The Artistic Side



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FROM THE DESK OF EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

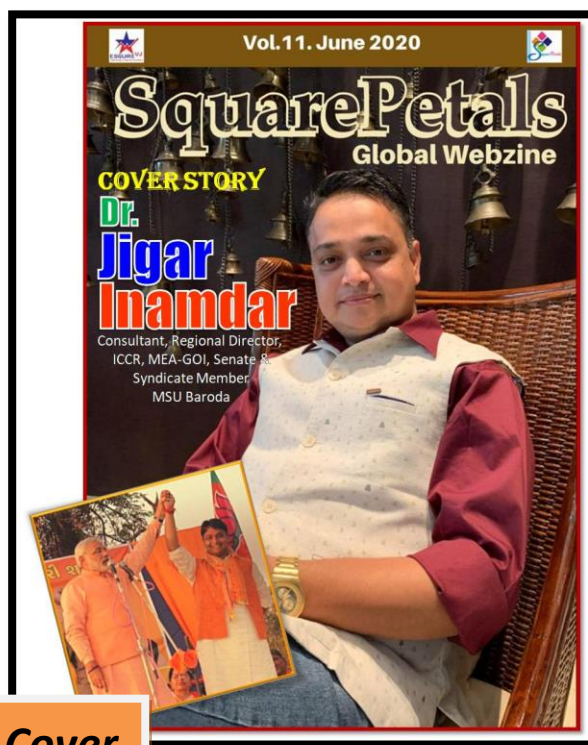
Hi there friends,
Caring for the nature will save humanity;
the month begins with The World
Environment Day on the 5th of June. People
worldwide are fighting the Corona disease,
still awaiting the vaccine desperately. I
salute the human spirit that finds colors in
the grey; featuring the Prize winning Posters
on 'Let us fight corona pandemic positively'
in the Arts & Photography section, along
with garden butterflies cool clicks and
quarantine home stay paintings. So June
seems to be quite colorful. Poetic narrations
will add to the beauty and expressions.

Enlightening Literary Bytes, it's about
Yuyutsu, an unsung hero from the
Mahabharata. Authenticity is important,
read it in the Personal Development. Some
soul shaking short stories and yes, do keep
pace with the Top Trends!

Dear readers, your suggestions are
welcome, please write to us:
info@esquirevj.world

Thanks & regards.
Sansriti Johri





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Contents

Dr. Jigar Inamdar is a Super Achiever and gifted personality. He is the recipient of internationally acclaimed “ASEAN-India Youth Award 2019”. He is leading the team that is preparing the draft of “GUJARAT STATE YOUTH POLICY”.

Dr. Inamdar initiated “Sapt Sankalp Abhiyan” (Seven Commitments) which was launched by the Chief Minister of Gujarat Shri Vijaybhai Rupani ji on 12th January 2020. This is a one year program with the motto to mobilize youth of Gujarat and to reach each and every home of Gujarat, to make it even better place to live. With the help of many Government agencies, institutions, organizations and like-minded people, the aim is to reach upto grass root level with collective efforts for development.

Dr. Jigar Inamdar is a multidimensional personality, he is officiating as:

1. Consultant cum Regional Director, ICCR (Indian Council for Cultural Relations), Ministry of External Affairs, Government of India. (from 1st January 2019.)
2. Member of the Senate, elected from Donors constituency, The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda (From 10th February 2017)
3. Member of the syndicate, Elected from General constituency, The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda (From 3rd March 2018)
4. Advisor (From 12th January 2018) & Former Honorary Executive Director, Institute of Leadership

& Governance (From 12th January 2016 to 12th January 2018), The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda.

5. Advisor, Trivenidevi Kashinath Agrawal Management Development Centre, The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda (From 12th January 2018)



In addition, professionally, Dr. Jigar is:

- 1) Consultant (CSR), Zydex Industries
- 2) Proprietor, PRAMATH ASSOCIATES, Educational Consultancy Firm, ‘An Initiative for Better Education’
- 3) Proprietor, PRATHAM ASSOCIATES The Skill Development Consultancy Firm “An Initiative to Nurture your Future”
- 4) Partner, INAMDAR & LAKHANI ASSOCIATES A Legal Consultancy Firm “Law with Ethics & Principles

5) He was also the Consultant cum Regional Officer at Indian Council for Cultural Relations (ICCR), Ministry of External Affairs, and Government of India (From 17th September 2016 to 6th March 2018)

Dr. Jigar's leadership skills outshined right from his school days; he was the General Secretary of Jeevan Sadhana School's Students Association during 1994-95. Then at THE MAHARAJA SAYAJIRAO UNIVERSITY (MSU), he was elected student leader & the Faculty Representative 1996-97 & Faculty General Secretary of Commerce 1997-98. Presently, as the youngest Senate & Syndicate member in the history of one of the oldest & most reputed educational institute of India, Dr. Jigar Inamdar is utilizing this platform to arrange various activities related to youth, trying to introduce some basic ideas in the



curriculum of the university, trying to initiate few new institutes, offices and supporting some innovative concepts. Dr. Jigar Inamdar carried out various informative and utility activities at M.S. University. He organized "Yugaantar"- a 3 day theme based National Youth Conference for 4 years till now. He had organized "reunion"- a first ever university level alumni meet of The M S University of Baroda in January 2013. He is the founder of INSTITUTE OF LEADERSHIP & GOVERNANCE, which arranges different activities and certificate programs for overall leadership development of university students.

Dr. Jigar Inamdar has initiated a movement to bring needy students from Northeast region, naxal affected areas, Kashmir, Ladakh, Keral, Tamilnadu & tribal areas of



our country to Baroda for their higher education with a pious intention of National Integration. At the SAMANWAY

PRATISHTHAN - an organization working for youth, education, social services like organ donation, eye donation & cultural activities for needy segments of the society; Dr. Jigar Inamdar is holding responsibility of Coordinator of the organization.

The 'GUJARAT THINKERS FORUM, has been started by Dr. Jigar Inamdar as an initiative for debate where the young minds meet on the 1st & 3rd Saturday every month to discuss contemporary issues. He has organized SHAHID KATHA (the brave stories of 21 Paramveer Chakra recipients) on 14-15-16 December 2018 at MSU Baroda. He also initiated scholarship for needy students on the basis of their economic background for all casts and communities of our society by establishing the DIRECTORATE OF STUDENT WELFARE.

Dr. Jigar Inamdar has handled various responsibilities in the Bhartiya Janta Party. His experience and exposure speak about his extra ordinary capabilities. As a delegate, he has attended:

*India Ideas Conclave, Goa in December 2014, December 2015, November 2016, December 2017 & October 2018.

*Indian Ocean Conference, in August 2016 at Singapore, in August 2017 at Colombo, Sri Lanka and in August 2018 at Hanoi, Vietnam and in September 2019 at Maldives.
* India-ASEAN Youth Summit on 14th to 18th August 2017 at Bhopal, MP

*2nd ASEAN-India Youth Summit held during 3rd to 7th February 2019 at Guwahati.

*First ever Conference on Soft Power on the 17-18-19 December 2018 at New Delhi organized by Centre for Soft Power, India Foundation,



- * World Governance Expedition-2016 at USA in October 2016
- * World Governance Expedition-2017 at UK in September 2017
- * World Governance Expedition-2018 at Israel in October 2018
- * World Governance Expedition-2019 at Russia in July 2019 - organized by Vision India Foundation.
- * 2nd World Hindu Congress-Chicago, USA in September 2018

A visionary who makes it all happen, Dr. Inamdar has set his future goals and he is committed to work for the society in the coming years with the same pace. He has development plans ready for various sectors:

EDUCATION

(Establishment of a complete permanent system to help the needy students for education in all possible ways & coordination of all the available scholarships)

EMPLOYEMENT & ENTREPRENEURSHIP DEVELOPMENT

(Yearly job fairs & coordination of all the



available information regarding job opportunities & entrepreneurship)



ANNAPURNA MANDIR

(A place to feed all)

PARIVAAR

(A village/township, where to create families by joining aged parents away from family, widows or separated women, physically and mentally challenged people, blind and deaf & dumb people together as one family unit)

SAMUH LAGN

(Group weddings of needy families, every year on Dev Diwali).

SquarePetals Global Webzine wishes Dr. Jigar Inamdar, all the best for his future endeavors and for the fruitful journey ahead in the service of the nation and for the youth of India. .

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LIVING A LIFE OF AUTHENTICITY

Leo Buscaglia counseled, "The easiest thing to do in the world is, being you. The most difficult thing is to be what other people want you to be. Don't let them put you in that position; you are unique! A fish that is tempted to leave the river to walk on the land like a lizard will end up inside a frying pan. Among all the billions of people on this earth, your finger print carries only your identity.

There is only one person with your identity. Even twins look alike but they are unique is diverse ways. The biggest mistake anyone can make in life is to live the life of others or want to

be like others. Most discontented people want to be like others and do what others are doing. Dare to be what you are. Don't go with the crowd go, on your own way!

A Congolese proverb asserts, "wood may remain ten years in the water, but it will never become a crocodile". Be what you have been created to be; this is the first step towards getting your life back and

becoming better than what you are now. Carl Rogers said, "The curious paradox is that when I accept myself just as I am, then I can change". Fredrick Klopstock advised, "He who has no opinion of his own, but depends on the opinion of others, is a slave.

But, just to dream of becoming the person you are supposed to be is like wasting your own self. Nobody is as disappointed and unhappy as the person who longs all of his

life to be somebody other than whom he really is! The greatest limitation to the fulfillment of destiny is, 'imitation'.



Imitation is limitation. Don't place a limit on yourself by trying to become like others. The person who trims himself to suit everybody will soon whittle himself away. If you don't have a plan for your own life, you'll only become a part of someone else's. You can't carry two faces under one hat.

Therefore, never wish to be anything but what you are. "It is better to be hated for

what you are, than to be loved for what you are not” as Andre Gide advised.

All great things are birthed in originality. There is only one life for you to live and that is your own life. You have to live your life your own way. The person who walks in someone else’s tracks never leaves his own footprints. Doris Mortman said, “Until you make peace with who you are, you will never be contented with what you have.”

Most of our challenges in life come from not knowing ourselves and ignoring our real & best virtues. Most people live their entire lives as complete strangers to themselves. Don't let that happen to you. The enemy to greatness is conformity. The most frustrating and most exhausting thing in life is to live it trying to be someone else. No one ever became great by imitation. Don't be a copy of something. Make your own impression. Dare to be who you are. Live a life of authenticity in line with your purpose. Don't die a copy cat. Orsen Marden said, “No man could be ideally successful until he is strong on the track, but weak anywhere else.” Choose to become yourself. Avoid following the crowd.

Herman Melville wrote, “It is better to fail in originality than to succeed in imitation”. Average people would rather be wrong, than be different. You are destined to be different and to stand out from the crowd.

Occupy your destined place on the landmark of life. Find your own lane and stop occupying the lane meant for others. You can't reach upto your destiny by walking in another man’s lane. Trying to become somebody else is self defeating. Your purpose in life is to be unique and stand out to shine. You can't be a common; the commoners are never outstanding. You must be someone very uncommon in order to be a champion. Your responsibility is to be the best of what you're made of. You are like a tree; you must put forth the unique fruit that is crated in you. Don't compromise your individuality; it is all you’ve got.

Don’t let your life be a continual struggle to become, what you are not.



Michael Ediale
Life Coach, Motivator
& Author

*I want to become poetry,
That accomplishes
the most un-desirous desire,
Of seeping into the healed parts
of broken soul,
To settle the curfew of thoughts,
On the pages and become ink,
That stretches the most beautiful curves
with crooked metaphors,
I want to become poetry,
You would just drown in me, word by word,
I shall be the black rose in garden of red,
So that you pluck me,
Decorate me with your love,
So that I become yours forever,
I want to become poetry,
That when someone recites me,
You would be compelled
to dance on my melody,
I shall be swirls of breeze when you take a
stroll through the sea,*

*I shall be the stars of the universe,
That my shine makes you
fall in love with me,
I shall be the sunlight peeing from your
window making you laugh,
I want to be poetry,
So that you get addicted to my fragrance
in the quaint treatise,
I want to become your poetry so that
you can read me like yours,
Read me till infinity.*



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Ratlam - M.P., India



I felt like I was in a court on a trial of the most virtuous of victims, the humans. I was fighting for genders, to be heard, but my case was biased before and it will be no more.

THE MEN
(Stoic)

They are those who have insecurities at noon in their offices when they know they are not as good as they should be, at the job they chose 20 years ago because capitalism was able to convince them that their dream car, is only a dime away. And even with these insecurities, these men, stand taller than the rich.

(Honest)

In the wars where all they had to do was feed water to the dying, they chose to be kind because deep down, in the deepest parts of each man, resides purity, which comes out when it is truly needed the most.

(Love)

If one could mould themselves into what a woman wants them to be, the fight ends when it was to begin, the war they let you

win. Love to them wasn't taught, love to them was understood.

(Injustice)

Down and above the carnivore line of law, they stand at both sides. We have seen faces of them in black and gold dusts and we know how to differentiate them. But yet on most days the men with gold dust were made to wear black. And no matter what shone brighter, they were called dead.

(Brave)

People criticize making this a big deal but men who have cried publicly have not ever hid inside, instead they promulgated vulnerability of their deepest fears. This outcry was the reason we respect women. Their bravery leads to respect.

So my case is that, men have these sides they have shown you, shown us, but we are still so booked about the muscles and money they bring home. We need to be whole to survive with each other and we should listen more.

I rest my case, my lord.



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.

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Gujarat Thinkers Forum

Event



Gujarat Thinkers Forum (GTF) is a think tank of the Institute of Leadership and Governance (ILG), The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda. Its journey began in September 2019, when the present coordinator of GTF, Ajay Kashyap, presented the idea of setting up a think tank, to the Senate & Syndicate Member, MSU, Dr. Jigar Inamdar & the Director ILG, Dr. Reena Bhatia.

Later on, the think tank was set up with a resolve to elevate public discourse in Gujarat, where young minds will discuss & deliberate upon issues of national & international importance.



सत्यं शिवं सुन्दरम्
Estd. 1949,
Accredited Grade "A" by NAAC



GUJARAT
Thinkers Forum



INSTITUTE
of
LEADERSHIP
& GOVERNANCE
The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda

**Gujarat Thinkers Forum
A Think tank of
Institute of Leadership & Governance
The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda, Vadodara
Presents
Facebook Live Interaction with**



Speaker
Advaita Kala
(Screenwriter, Author & Columnist)

On
CINEMA AFTER COVID-19

Live at 6 PM on 2nd June 2020, Tuesday

Catch us live on  **LIVE** @themsubaroda | @ilgmsu | @GujaratThinkersForum

SOCIAL MEDIA HANDLED BY MSU COMMUNICATION CELL

   /themsubaroda

First Facebook Live Interaction organized by Gujarat Thinkers Forum had Ms Advaita Kala as speaker.

Ms Kala spoke about her journey from hospitality to writing a best seller & finally writing scripts for two Bollywood hit movies. She addressed the issue of how OTT platforms will benefit in the post Covid era & why producers will be careful as to where they'll put their money.

She also spoke about her literature festival, Words count & how she promotes healthy discussions. She ended by talking about her work during lockdown, of feeding thousands of the needy in her city of Gurgaon.

Everybody is invited to join the Gujarat Thinkers Forum and voice their valuable opinion, together let us make a difference.

Contact :

Mr. Ajay Kashyap @+91 9979863455

**Regards,
Team Gujarat Thinkers Forum**



A Day in the Life

On the morning of November 19th, 2006 John Wilson decided to kill himself. He woke up to the cries of his six months old, Billy. He and his wife, Tabatha and little Billy lived in a one-bedroom apartment in New York. John and Tabatha first met in College ten years ago and got married shortly after college and moved to America. They lived in Delaware for a while and finally settled in New York to fulfill John's passion for writing. John went out of his bed and went into the living room and looked around the apartment as he always did. The apartment had not been

washed or repaired in years. Tabatha keeps the apartment as clean as she possibly could but it was the kind of place that always had a strange smell and looked dirty. You could see cracks and paint coming off on almost every wall of every room. The cracks and bad parts of the walls were covered with newspapers, which did it no good. John had written many books some of which were hugely received like, *The White Lady*, *The Thunderstorm*, and his most famous to date, *Monster*. He had also written short stories, essays, and poems. His writing didn't make him a lot of money

but his soul was satisfied, until now. He was not able to put a single word on paper for more than three months and the deals he had signed with the agents had cancelled because of his constant missing of deadlines.

Tabatha had a degree in Arts & Culture Management but had experience only of flipping burgers and waiting tables. Since Tabatha and John got married too fast, she never had the opportunity to do what she

had always wished like, going to Italy and Paris and



experience their rich culture. She now worked two jobs as a kindergarten teacher and a part-time waitress and had a baby to take care of. Since John stayed home all the time, Billy stayed with him but he wasn't always a big help in looking after the baby. He would often forget to feed him or bathe him. Tabatha was starting to get furious.

"When are you gonna write a little somethin', huh? We have no food! Can't you see?"

"You sit all day in your chair and all I see is a blank paper. When 're you gonna make some money for us?"

"John, what has happened to you? Why don't you answer me, for God's sake?" John could never answer her. He didn't know when he was going to get out of that writer's block and write something to support his family. He would get up, eat, sleep, eat, sit blankly for hours, and then sleep again. He didn't shower for days. He had lost all his energy and the will to live, and to see Tabby working so hard for the family made it even worse.

John used to go for walks daily to get his thoughts flowing even if there weren't any. A little walk around the block would always filled his head with thoughts. A few months earlier, John had stopped going to his daily walks due to severe pain in his legs.

"Gosh, John! Go to a doctor for once!"

Tabby yelled as John was having another one of his episodes of extreme pain at 2 in the morning. After a few weeks later, his legs started to swell up and the pain worsened.

"Aahhh!!

What to go to a doctor for? ...Huh? ...They're gonna

charge hundreds of bucks and give the same pills I've been taking for months."

John said while trying to gasp for air.

"Aaahhh...no need for a doctor ...aaahhh!!!"

During one of the episodes, Tabatha forced John and took John to the hospital. He took some tests and came home.

Huh, I'm in this tremendous pain, I can't write right now. How can I think through this horrific pain? I can't even go to my walks anymore...I can't think right now.

On the morning of November 19th, 2006 when John woke up, it was after months that he was in no pain. His mind filled with all the things he could do now that he is better, but he had no desire of doing them

whatsoever, he was too tired. When he sat down to write, he still couldn't and now he didn't have his pain to blame. He had nothing, but himself to blame. Suddenly, a thought entered his mind and he started writing:
*My love,
I need you to sit down for this.
My life had always been very difficult, very sad.
I never had anyone whom I could call my own, until the day*



I met you. You filled my life with love and

colours and I could never repay your debt. Today when it's my chance to make you happy, I am unable to do it and no apology would tell you how sorry I am. I don't believe that I am worthy of you or little Billy or this life that you have given me. You and Billy would be better off without me. Please take care of yourself and little Billy. Now you have one less person to take care of. It's my time now. Your love, J.

John knew he didn't write the letter with utmost love but he hadn't felt that love in so long. He hadn't felt anything for a long time.

He put the letter in an envelope and marked it "Tabby" and put it in his drawer. It would be the first thing that Tabby will search after she found him gone. He went to the spare bedroom to do it. He didn't want to do it in their bedroom because it would make Tabby's life miserable, being in that room everyday where her husband hung himself. Just as he locked the door, he found a box named "Mr. & Mrs. Wilson" and some hearts were drawn on it. He opened the box and he found pictures of him and Tabatha in College, in parties, their wedding photos, photos of little Billy when he was born. John couldn't help but cry. He cried there for hours until he heard Tabatha's voice. John hurried and put all the pictures back in the

box and as he was hiding the rope away, he heard some other voices too. It was Jack and Ashley with their son, Marvin. "What a great surprise!" said John, thinking about the rope tied in a noose in the spare bed-room.



"Hey man! It's been so long...you never call."
 "This is little Marvin...say hello Marvin" said Ashley, taking Marvin's hand and waving it at me.
 "So what's going on, man? What are you working on these days?"
 John didn't answer. John never answered.
 "I bumped into

them on the street. Isn't it great?" Tabby said to me, giving me the look which told me to be kind to them.

"You know who I ran into?..."

"John, I read your book. What was the name..."

"So I got a promotion at..."

"Yeah, I started my company back in..."

Jack and Ashley started blabbering about their lives, their perfect lives, and Tabby and John had nothing to blabber about. They just sat there in silence and listened to their stories but Tabby was silent because she was kind enough and John, he didn't want people to judge his life anymore. Everything started going dark and blurry, he couldn't hear anyone, see anyone clearly; he was getting sweaty.

He was about to faint and then...trrrriinnngg. It was the phone.

John rushed to the phone, like it had just saved him, and took it to the other room.

"Mr. Wilson, this is Dr. Max"

"Hello Dr. Max, how are you?"

"I'm good John, thanks. John..."

"Yes doctor"

"I think you need to sit down for this..."

"We ran your tests and uhh...you have a bone tumor."

"I'm sorry I couldn't hear you." He could hear him. He heard him loud and clear, it was the shock that didn't make him believe what he had just heard.

"You have a bone tumor. Can you please come up to the hospital?"

"Hello?? Hello John? Are you there?"

John didn't say anything for a while and then he hung up. He sat in silence with nothing in his mind. He couldn't process what had just happened. He could hear everyone from the living room laughing and talking.

"John, come here, what are you doing back there?" Tabby called.

John came out in the living room and Tabby turned and looked at him.

The picture John was looking at earlier was playing like a movie in front of his eyes. The first time they met, the first time they kissed, all the times they laughed, and cried, all of it. It all went running back to John because it was going to go away.

John's life never shone so brightly than when he saw Tabby at that moment. He saw Billy sitting over there playing with his chew toy. He had been caring for Billy for months, fed him, bathe him but he hadn't picked him up in so long, never played with him.

He walked over to Tabby and kissed her. He hadn't kissed Tabby in months. He picked up his baby and kissed him too. Tabby was astonished. She hadn't seen John so happy. "What happened to you?" Tabby laughed, almost surprised.

"I have to go to the hospital."

John looked back at his house before leaving. The walls were still dirty and the paint was still coming off and the furniture was still old, and Tabby, she was there.

On the way to the hospital, John thought about his day;

how he almost threw everything away just to see what his life holds for him.

"You still interested in that trip to France?"

John called Tabby and asked her in a way that gave him the rush that he had when he proposed to Tabby.

There was a happy voice on the other side of the phone.

Twinkle Dixit
CA, Writer &
Blogger, Agra



Unforgettable Night



It was a dark and scary night for me. Because, that night I had read a horror book written by Groonz Heffolcho. He is the best-selling horror writer. Name of the book is Anna's Abode. I bought it only yesterday. Let me share my experience.

I am Rick Williams, and I am the chief editor of The Spirit Magazine. I have read many horror stories, but this, Anna's Abode, really got me goose bumps. I-I can't just take my mind off that.

It was Saturday night, and I was alone at home. Usually, my friend, Jake joined me, but that night, he was too busy to come. I was getting bored. So, I started surfing the net. After

some time, boredom dominated. My eyes fell on a book. The title read, 'Anna's Abode'. My sister, Helen, had gifted me on my 27th birthday. Sighing, I opened the

book. When I started reading, it was 8:16 pm, and by the time I had finished reading it, it was 11:49 pm. I generally read 2 chapters whenever I got leisure time. But, this novel really swallowed my attention. Each line was filled with suspense and horror. You couldn't just skip a line. I am habituated to read under the table lamp.

The last few lines made my heart tremble with fear. Here, I would like to share the lines:

'Anna's house became a haunted house for the people, but a party house for the ghosts. No one knows about their whereabouts, not even me. They can be in your house, under your bed, in the sink, anywhere. They are on loose. Shhh!'

The curtain flapped. I flinched. I thought maybe it was just a coincidence. I stood up from my study, changed my clothes and got my blanket. When I went to bed and

wrapped myself in the blanket, I couldn't sleep. I altered my sleeping position from left to right, then right to left, and then on my back; but to no avail. I tried finally sleeping on stomach, which I find very comfortable, but that didn't work that night. It dawned upon me that everything was okay with my bed, but not with my mind. It was disturbed. I tried to recall methods to fall asleep, and luckily, I recalled Mr Bean counting sheep. I did the same. I installed an image full of sheep. I started counting them. In the middle of my count, I saw a sheep move. I was like what the hell! I confirmed if I had downloaded an image or a GIF. And it certainly was an image. I ignored that and continued. The sheep-method started working. I could feel myself drowsy, my eyes were getting tired. But then something fell on my face.

I woke up with a start and shrieked, 'Who's there?'

Then did I realise that it was my phone. So silly of me! It happens a lot of time. I put my phone aside.

At midnight, I felt thirsty. Rubbing my eyes, I headed for kitchen.

'Tip! Tip! Tip! Tip!' I heard.

I found the sink making the sound. When I extended my hand to close it tight, I backed away. Red water was dripping. I placed my palm against it to check. To my horror, it was blood.

How on earth can this happen, I thought to myself.

I reached for the refrigerator and drank icy, cool water. It worked as a means of relief. I



wondered how that could happen. Blood? Blood? Heading back to my bedroom, I dared not bump into anything. The house grew creepy with every step. I could hear my own breathing. When I finally reached there, I immediately shut the door. I started breathing heavily. Sweat beaded on my forehead.

The blood was fresh, I thought. When I climbed my bed, I looked out of my window to think of something else. But just then, I saw a person staring at me. He was so still that you couldn't tell a statue from a man. I

stared back in horror. I got up from my bed and moved to the other side. On the other window, I saw the same man, carrying a knife in his hand. He started attacking the window. I stood there aghast; as if I had been paralysed. My muscles resisted to move. His eyes never left mine. His jaw was dripping blood. One of his eyes was popped out. After some time, he moved from the window and disappeared. I felt secured for few moments. Out of nowhere, a laughter filled the air. Nothing can be more dangerous than laughter of a woman in the middle of the night.

'Thump! Thump!' I heard loud footsteps

I fumbled under the bed for my cricket bat. The footsteps grew louder and louder...and silence! There was deadly silence. I switched on the torch, gulped in and headed for the door. I was about to open the door when I noticed blood at the threshold. I didn't move. I felt weak, broken. I gathered courage and rotated the doorknob. As I did, I heard something rolling towards me. When I threw light upon it, I saw a head...head of a woman. She smiled. Darkness overpowered me, I couldn't see anything. The torch fell from my hand, and I could feel nothing. I wasn't sure if I was dead or alive.

When I opened my eyes, I was lying on the floor. The sun had risen up. I got up and got myself ready. Without having a second



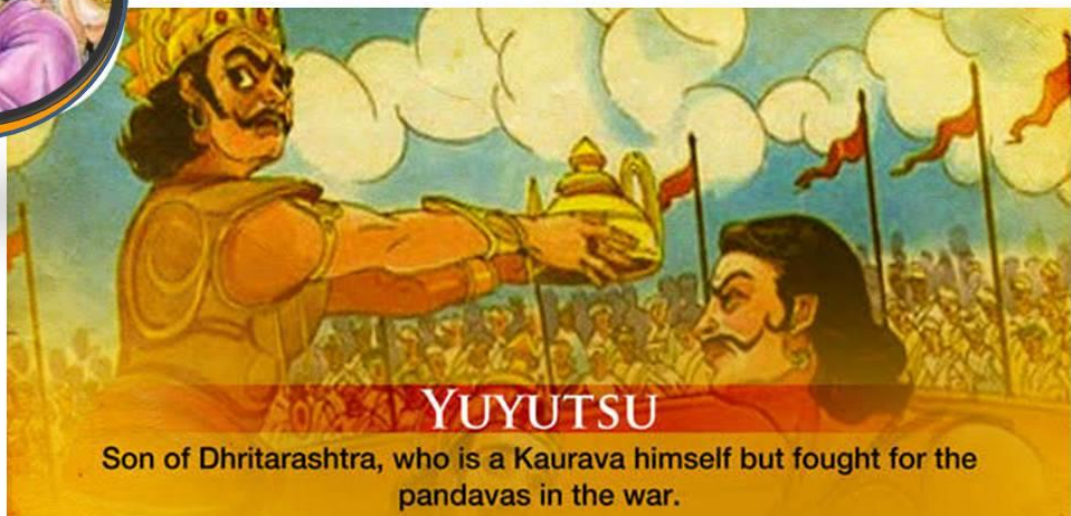
thought, I dashed to my psychiatrist friend, Elizabeth. When I told her what all happened, she asked me if I had watched a movie or seen similar images. I told her that I hadn't, but read a book. She then explained me that I was mentally disturbed at

that time. She also advised me to not read such books at night. She also advised me to read nonfiction, so that I would have other topics to ponder over. She told me the reason for imagining such things. It was over thinking.

From that day onwards, I started balancing my reading list with nonfictions.



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



Son of Dhritarashtra, who is a Kaurava himself but fought for the pandavas in the war.

Unknown Gems from Mahabharata

'Yuyutsu'

Anyone who has knowledge of the Mahabharata, has heard of Karna, the eldest brother of the Pandavas, who sided with the Kauravas during the war. In retrospect, many have wondered how his story would have shaped had he chosen the Pandavas instead. We have also wholeheartedly wished he had done so. However, Karna never wavered – his duty and his loyalty always remained with Duryodhana, the only friend who stood by his side when the entire world dished him ridicule.

So many of us who know of his story empathize with this tragic fallen hero and admire him for his stance – for he knowingly opted to walk the path of Adharma rather than betray his friend. Would his story have struck a chord in our

hearts, would we have loved this anti hero of our myths, if he had chosen Dharma and his brothers instead?

Well, nobody can say for sure. However a parallel does exist in the very same epic and that is of Yuyutsu.

Not all the Kaurava brothers supported Duryodhana's perspective of the so-called injustice he believed was meted out to him. One hand, there was Vikarna, the only one among the 100 sons of Dhritarashtra and Gandhari who was brave enough to speak against the wrong doings of his brothers though when push came to shove he too chose to fight in the war from Duryodhana's side.

On the other hand, there was Yuyutsu. Who was Yuyutsu. He was the son of Dhritarashtra and a maid of the Kuru household. Though Gandhari was pregnant

before Kunti gave birth to Yudhishtir - she did not give birth for nearly two years.

Dhritarashtra feared that he would never be get sons and therefore to overcome this fear he bore a son with one of his maids, Sugadha. As luck would have it, this son was born on the same day as Duryodhana.

He was named Yuyutsu, a derivation from two Sanskrit words, “Yudh” meaning war and “Utsukht” meaning ever ready or eager. Therefore his name literally means “always ready to fight”. He was a half brother of the Kauravas and a ‘Dasiputra’. He was never accepted by them and had to face rudeness

and taunts. He had a heightened sense of justice and was very different from Duryodhana and his brothers. A well trained warrior, it is believed that he was capable

of fighting 60,000 soldiers simultaneously in a battle.

This Kuru half-brother always recognized the unjust ways of Duryodhana right from the beginning and was never involved in any of his misdeeds. He was always aware of Duryodhana’s plotting to get rid of the Pandavas. In fact it was his warning that saved Bhima’s life when Duryodhana decided to poison Bhima’s water. He was

one of two brothers who voiced their anger and protest against the attack to Draupadi’s dignity after the game of dice - the other being Vikarna.

In the Mahabharata war, he chose to battle with the Pandavas. It is said that just before the war, when both armies faced each other in the battlefield of Kurushektra, the choice was given to all to pick the side they wish. Mahabharata war was a Dharma Yudh or fight for justice – therefore everyone on both sides was given the freedom to do so. Yuyutsu directed his

chariot
towards



Yudishtir’s side as he believed that was the side of Justice. There were many instances later that he was labeled traitor and ridiculed for this choice. Later after ruling Hastinapur for many years, the Pandavas decided to go to the Himalayas after making Parikshit, the king. They chose Yuyutsu to be Parikshit’s advisor.

This is Yuyutsu's story - the only son of Dhritarastra who survived the war. The man who chose to fight for what he believed to be right. But are we aware of this virtuous man who chose the path of justice. And what does this story convey? Karna and Yuyutsu, two valorous princes, both never acknowledged as one. One chose to stick by his principles and his duty towards his friend. The other believed that the only principle that exists is justice above all else. One is gloriously remembered and made immortal in our memories as a fallen hero. The other hardly gets a mention.

So, are we to decide on the basis of this story, that Karna was right and Yuyutsu was a traitor? Or was Karna wrong to walk against dharma and Yuyutsu, right to have chosen it. No, I don't think so. I don't believe this is a story of right or wrong. I believe the point we must take from this story is that all of us could reach a crossroad in our life where we have to make a choice. A choice between the path of sticking to our principles and therefore achieve personal glory or the path that definitely leads to the greater good but also obscurity. It's either one or the other. The choice that we make matters and determines our personality. So who do we want to be – Karna or Yuyutsu?

*Vidya Krishnaraj
Writer & Editor*



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... Event Coverage...

**Dr. Aparna Awasthi , Professor,
Government Science College,
Jabalpur took a meaningful
initiative by organising the
Poster making competition on
the topic :**

**Let's Fight the Corona Pandemic
Positively**

**Her purpose was to bring
awareness about corona safety
and at the same time applaud
the efforts of corona warriors
working hard to save people.
The event was a success with
450 superb posters and the
judges found it difficult to
make the selection of winners .**

Esteemed Judges

"All the participants have exceptionally demonstrated about the on going pandemic, COVID 19. With their educative posters, they are spreading the awareness about 'Do's and Don'ts' of Coronavirus amongst people which is really praiseworthy. It was really a very difficult decision to choose the best 03. I personally thanks the organisers for giving me the opportunity to be a part of t



Amit Sharma
Commanding officer
Indian Navy



Vivek Dubey
Sr. Manager
Capgemini, UK



Manish Mangrulkar
Software engineer
Seattle



Priyanka Alva
Microsoft Hyderabad



Dr Faizi Ahmad
Asst. Professor Botany Govt
College kundam Jabalpur.



2nd Prize – Konika Chaudhri

Judges Remark: Second Topper - Only real heroes can save the world, Earth in Doctor's hand, covering all real heroes and the hearts ♥ coming out of the Home... Show happiness @ home - a positive attitude



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Art

The artistic side
Dr. Pooja Batham's creativity with her paint brush :



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Cool Clicks :

Garden Butterflies

Ms. Rennu Kapila
Patiala



Rangoli



In India, there is a prevalent belief that Andaal worshipped Lord Thirumaal and was married to him in the month of Margazhi. During this month, unmarried girls get up before dawn and draw a Rangoli to welcome the God Thirumal. Mentions of Rangoli creation are also found in Hindu mythology. There are also references of Rangoli in the classics such as Ramayana - at Sita's wedding pavilion where there is a discussion about Rangoli. Cultural development of Rangoli in the South originated in the era of the Chola Rulers. There are modern and traditional Rangoli designs. The designs are usually inspired by nature, but they can also be in the form of abstract art. **Rangoli** is an art form,

originating in the Indian subcontinent, in which patterns are created on the floor or the ground using materials such as colored rice, dry flour, colored sand or flower petals. It is usually made during Diwali or Tihar, Onam, Pongal and other Hindu festivals in the Indian subcontinent. Designs are passed from one generation to the next, keeping both the art form and the tradition alive.

The purpose of Rangoli is to feel strength, generosity, and it is thought to bring good luck. Design depictions may also vary as they reflect traditions, folklore, and practices that are unique to each region. It



is traditionally done by girls or women. Generally, this practice is showcased during occasions such as festivals, auspicious observances, marriage celebrations and other similar milestones and gatherings.

Rangoli designs can be simple geometric shapes, deity impressions, or flower and petal shapes (appropriate for the given celebrations), but they can also be very elaborate designs crafted by numerous people. The base material is usually dry or wet powdered rice or dry flour, to

which sindooram (vermilion), pasupu (turmeric) and other natural colours can be added. Chemical colors are a modern variation. Other materials include red brick powder and even flowers and petals, as in the case of flower Rangolis.

Rangoli Artist
Hemendra Upadhyay, Vadodara

Dr. Sunil Patel

B.V.Sc. & A.H.,

M.V.Sc. (Medicine)

GVC Reg. No. : 3379

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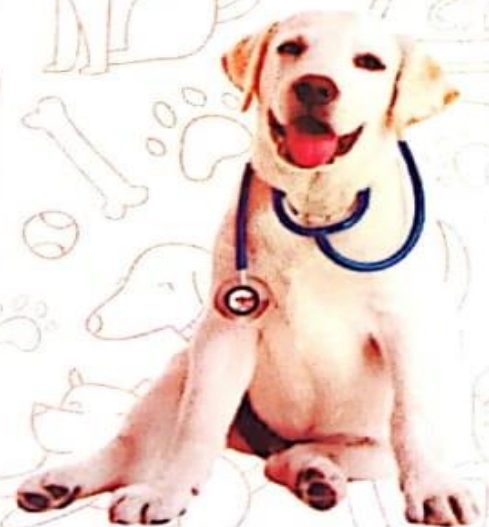


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Evening : 5:30 To 8:30



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THE DIARY LIFE



POETRY CONTEST-8

TOPIC: ANYTHING

WORD LIMIT: 100-150

LANGUAGE: HINDI/ENGLISH

NO ENTRY FEE

WINNER CASH PRIZE:

1ST - ₹100/-

2ND - ₹50/-

3RD - ₹25/-

[HOW TO ENTER?? HOW TO WIN??
SLIDE THIS POST AND DISCOVER]

TO ENTER THIS CONTEST AND TO WIN IT YOU JUST HAVE TO DO SOME SIMPLE TASK:



1) YOU HAVE TO BRING 10 FOLLOWERS BY CONVINCING THEM TO FOLLOW US. WHEN 10 OF THEM FOLLOW, THEN YOU INFORM US. AND TELL US ALL OF THEIR INSTA IDS. ONCE WE ARE DONE CHECKING, YOU SEND US YOUR QUOTE/POETRY IN TEXT FORM AND WE'LL REGISTER YOUR WORK FOR THE CONTEST.

2) TO WIN THIS CONTEST YOU HAVE TO SHARE YOUR CONTEST POST AND BRING LIKES AND COMMENTS.

1 LIKE = 1 POINT
1 COMMENT = 2 POINTS

WE WILL DECIDE THE WINNERS ACCORDING TO THE POINTS

MORE LIKE & COMMENTS, MORE CHANCES TO WIN!!!



Mistake

*I committed a biggest suicide called "mistake".
Still deploring again and again.
Shredded tears over those fake words,
Still living in a reverie world.
Anticipating bazillion wasn't my boo-boo,
Zeal for my best of all.
Fell for your phrase;
Levitated myself with so much faze.
Solicit you as much as I can,
My error was unilateral, sometimes mutual.
Misinterpretation lead to ructions,
Ructions lead to disunion.
Loving you wasn't my mistake.
Longing for you and waiting wasn't my mistake.
Rewinding those moments wasn't my mistake.
Playing silly with you wasn't my mistake.
There were grammatical flaws,
But still added beauty to my ink.
Certain charter has to be changed,
For the betterment of our nation.
Befouling our nature's gift.
Don't we feel ashamed?
Improvise and nurture it daftly.
Willfully effectuating errors is a crime,
Say goodbye to all blunders with a greater decline.
Recklessly done is done,
Since nobody is perfect.
But still regretting over it again and again.
Again and again!!!*



Pavathaarani C R

Coimbatore

**The Diary Life
Poetry Contest
Winner...**

MASK-IN-STYLE

**TOP
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