



Poems

Human day Celebration
Happy Women's Day
That Night

Art Work

Women's Day '21

Personal Development

You are Unique

Short Stories

The Witch Hunt
A Happy Place

Book Review

The Midnight Library
Unfaltering Trust

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Cover Story

Amit Chauhan

Mr. Teen United Nations
World 2019





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essence of
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**Greetings on the
International Women's Day
8th March 2021**

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FROM THE DESK OF Editor-in-Chief

Hello Dear Readers,

Melted snow, now flowers grow.....

Holi in March brings a colorful show !!

Yes, as the flowers bloom in the west now, here in India we are waiting for the Festival of Colors, Holi !! To get drenched with purple, green & blue, to be throwing water blooms on one another and simultaneously munching the traditional home made snacks, Holi is such fun. Happy Holi dear readers from SquarePetals Global Webzine, have a blast of joyful colors in your life. The March Edition comes with greetings on the International Women's Day ; we acknowledge and salute the divinity and positivity a woman adds to the human world.

As always, we bring excellent articles for you, as you have been appreciating the content. We extend our gratitude and thanks to all the readers of Squarepetals Global Webzine for your valuable inputs and mails of appreciations.

Meet you soon with the net edition in April 2021. By that time keep smiling & keep shining on.

Love & regards.

Sansriti Johri

Dr. Sansriti Johri
Editor-in-Chief



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Cover Story



Amit Chauhan

Mr. Teen United Nations World 2019



LIVING MY DREAM.

My name is Amit Kumar Chauhan . I am born and brought up in Delhi. I am an alumnus of Lions Public School. I am a professional Model, actor, groomer, brand ambassador, and engineer. .I took up science as my mainstream in std XI and currently pursuing a degree in civil engineering from PDM University, Bahadurgarh, Haryana.

From the Early age, I had the dream to represent my country; India at international level .My ultimate goal was to have my country's name ahead of my name. I had the dream in my vision that people should all over the world whoever I shall meet, would Know about any country. Nothing is more proud than to ever be involved in way to make your motherland proud i had seen that dream and i was intended to make my that dream come true . As i finished my higher schooling from

starting , i had interested in modeling itself, but initially ,i was shy ,bit reluctant and a little scared to be exposed to this world .I absolutely had no thought about entering to it . I was totally unsure and it was totally clueless for me .it was difficult for me to enter this field because i belong to a basic family with no Godfather associated to this field. It was tough time to decide whether to give a try or not undoubtedly, i had been an admirer of industry of fashion and glamour.

But at the earlier phase, i thought it would only remain a dream until, I found a way' from class IX standard. I had the dream to represent my country at the international

level and always wanted to become a supermodel and role model for others. Mr. World became my first inspiration. I decided to inculcate his values and i was driven by my desire. That day I started to illuminating my own path full of dreams .As soon as my XIIth were over I had been acquitted with the fashion shows through the social media and i got associated with it .what followed ahead was right there but sheer preference and hard work is required I was totally into it from there I got associated with relative brands as" shopclues, flipchart, The men company and many more. I also became and emerged as showstopper and showopener, celebrity jury for many shows. As growing and evolving. I



got to learn and grow every day. I got to nurture myself and learn and speak confidently. I could represent myself in front of audience without any haste. All in a while i compete nationally and selected for the prestige title of Mr. Teen India 2019. I bagged the national title .I begin working as a showstopper and showopener for many shows. Moving forward in the journey, I got to know how to carve my individuality and slowly In found new way of learning and growing more. I Started my journey and I was now at important peak in my carrier .i added as a jury member, VIP guest, guest of honor and celebrity in many shows.

I converted my passion into profession. I started begin i begin to share my life journey with others. I started grooming newcomers for almost 2 year, I continued with these I still groom and judge the pageants besides as a groomer I landed as cover page model for Gaby's International Magazine. Besides being a supermodel. I am a social activist associated with kids NGO "Anukulan" that work for education of children in slums besides following my dream. I am proud to work For my social cause a glamour associated with purpose was what living in reality I am associated with united nations pageant organisation and soon with Asia world united nations.

Currently I am associated with BAO IAM (be one in a million) as their brand ambassador. BAOIAM is a platform who working on e-learning of students who don't afford highly paid education courses. Besides i am currently



selected for "NYFW" New York fashion week as print model.

I choose UN because its platform to serve community. In November 2019, i got live my dream, I was representing INDIA. Yeah! Mera Bharat on the international stage among 30 countries with my dream in my pursuit, i emerged as winner and bagged the title of Mr. Teen United Nations World 2019 and currently I'm reigning as titleholder with my designation. This was my journey at how I lived my dream. I represented and nothing is beyond achieving this feat for my country. Besides my aim another reason have this dream is that i wanted to find myself and

achieving my dream made me beat myself and emerge everyday as better person. My next target after it is to enter in Bollywood.

As one said, you can beat every person other than yourself. This was the motto and I lined upto it.

I am growing and learning everyday because learning never ends.

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You are
Unique

meant for you alone and no one can copy it or use it. Your finger print is your identity on earth.

The greatest tragedy in life is to live a life with identity crisis. Most people are in identity crisis. They don't know who they are. They are living for the sake of living wearing the identity of others. They live their lives as complete strangers to themselves. Don't let that happen to you. The most important thing in life is to know your identity and reflect it all over you. The most difficult thing in life is to put on an identity that is not yours. Don't allow people to turn you into an imposter.

You are a thoroughly a unique person. You are an embodiment of uniqueness. Among the millions of people living on the surface of the earth, there's none like you. You are created uniquely. There are no two kinds of people who are the same. You possess a unique identity and that makes you unique.

Every human being living and dead carries a unique identity in their finger print. This is a mystery that even scientists cannot explain. It's the origin and God is our creator. He infused the DNA of uniqueness in everyone. No one has your kind of finger print. It is

It's your identity that projects who you are! You can identify the flag of the United States of America and its logo. You need a visa to travel into a country. Every country has an identity card and passport. But your finger print and DNA is a universal identity that is globally recognized. Before you were born, God formed you with that unique identity.

We are all born equal but we are not the same. Even twins born on the same day are not the same even though they may look alike.

No one can be truly fulfilled and successful in life until he discovers his identity. This is the first step towards becoming better than who

you are. It is your identity that makes you stand out in life. You can never be like anyone else. Even if you try to be so, you will remain unknown. We can only maximize our potential by knowing who we are. We can't unlock our path to destiny without discovering our identity. A life without identity is a waste. Don't waste your life trying to wear other people's identity. Don't let your life be a series of defeat and continual struggle by trying to be who you are not. You are a carrier of uniqueness. Your DNA is your mark to greatness.

Do you want to stand out in life? Then live by your unique identity. There are three things that make you unique in life. Your finger print, your DNA and your hair. It is by understanding of your identity that you will feel great. If you know your identity you will never feel worthless or intimidated. It is your identity that makes you authentic in life. Your outstanding pillar is in knowing who you are; knowing who you are is in your identity. Don't be a stranger in life. You should know your identity and live by it. Your identity is what people know you for. Your identity is your original nature and authentic make up.

Your identity was given to you by God. Even in heaven your identity is known. God knows us all by our identity. There was a short story I once read many years ago. It was about a lady who was dark in complexion. She didn't like the colour of her skin. She decided to go and apply cosmetics to become fair. Few days later

she was involved in an accident which claimed her life. She found herself at in heaven to be judged. God asked her, "Who are you?" She replied, ' I am Tonia' " God told her that the Tonia he knew is dark. She insisted she was Tonia. She changed the colour of her skin because she didn't like it. God was very angry with her. He said he don't know her. It is the dark Tonia he knew.

Lesson to learn: Be proud of who you are. Appreciate your identity. Don't shortchange your identity in conformity. Don't do anything that will make God regret creating you.

Live by your unique identity.

Exempt yourself from identity crisis. Know who you are and occupy your place on earth. Knowing your identity will make you unlimited in every area of life. You are created uniquely. There can never be someone like you and you can never be like anyone. Living without knowing ones identity will always make one feel like a loser. There's confidence in living an authentic life characterized by one's own identity.



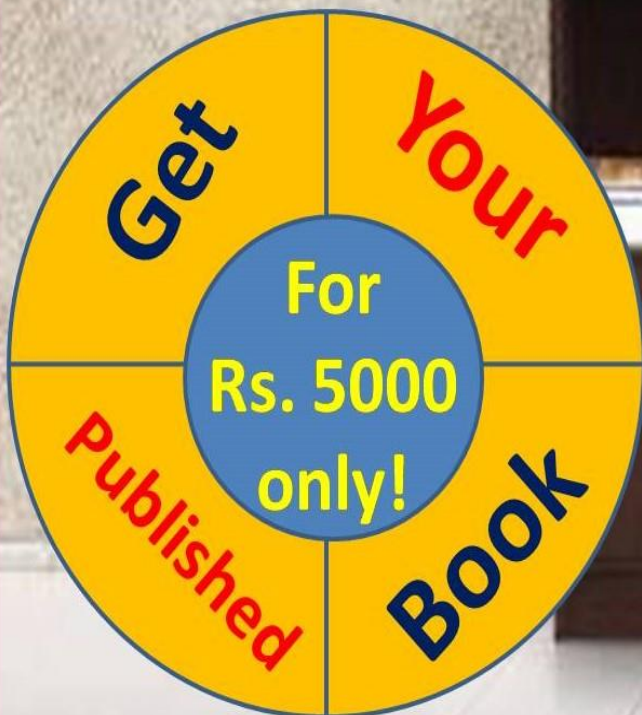
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THE WITCH-HUNT

Dilip's father, Gopal Ravidas Bedar was the first Marathi person from the Balmiki community to join the administrative service. The senior Bedar had grown up in a tiny village in Vidharbha but had made his way to the best college of Nagpur for his higher education. He had cleared the Civil Services Exam in the first attempt and had been allotted Madhya Pradesh cadre. In the first fifteen years of Service, the senior Bedar had been posted mostly to the tribal areas of Chhattisgarh, where Dilip and his siblings had grown up. They had studied in the schools in tribal districts. All Bedar children were brilliant, but schooling in far-off places did not prepare them well for the competitive exams.

Dilip appeared in the Civil Services Exam to emulate his father's illustrious career. He managed to get into IFS B and joined the Foreign Ministry as a Section Officer. Dilip's command over English language was impeccable. He was hard-working and enthusiastic.

Dilip did a series of postings in Delhi and Missions abroad. He performed to the satisfaction of his bosses. His fourth foreign assignment was as Counselor to the High Commission of India in Kuala Lumpur. Dilip had earlier served under the High Commissioner of India to Malaysia, Ajay Rajput in Botswana. Dilip had done a good job in revamping the High Commission of India in Gaborone. Rajput had requested Ministry to post Dilip in Kuala Lumpur because the Chancery was to shortly shift to a newly constructed government-owned building and Rajput knew that no one could do a better job than Dilip.

When Dilip joined the Mission, Samar Singh was the Admin Head. Samar had joined the IFS the same year as Dilip after writing the same exam. However, Samar had got into IFS A while Dilip had got into IFS B. Dilip had, therefore, lagged four years behind Samar in getting promotions. In Kuala Lumpur, both were of the rank of Counsellors. Rajput moved Samar to the Commercial Wing to accommodate Dilip. Samar did not protest to Rajput but considered the re-deployment a personal affront.

The day Dilip took over charge as Admin Head, Samar



absented himself from Commercial Wing. Most of the time, he sat with his batch-mate, Narendra Panicker in Panicker's office. Narendra was Counsellor (Political). The post was considered as the most important post in the Mission but Narendra was feeling uncomfortable with the arrival of Dilip in the Mission.

Samar drank several cups of tea in Narendra's office and smoked a pack of cigarettes, all the while repeating, "I'll teach this Dilip a lesson one day. And this will happen while both of us are still in this Mission. No karma in another life. Here and in this posting."

Dilip tried to be friendly with everyone, including Samar and Narendra. However, he found that whenever he wished them, they reacted coldly. It did not take long for Dilip to discover the reason for Samar and Narendra's behaviour towards him.

After four months of hard work, the Chancery was shifted to the new building. Rajput was fully satisfied with the shifting, which had happened without any major issues. Dilip could have taken the best office room but he made sure that Samar and Narendra had better ones than he did.

Two months after the Chancery had shifted, Dilip met Samar one afternoon in the lift. "Good afternoon, Samar," Dilip said. Samar did not reply and kept looking blankly at the lift panel.

"How are you liking your new office?" Dilip continued.

"By the time facilities trickle down to my office after work in your office gets over, I might be on my way out of Kuala Lumpur," Samar said, sarcastically.

"I would like to have the honor of welcoming you to my

room so that you can see for yourself what facilities I have."

"I'm not interested," Samar said, dryly.

"Then don't make such baseless allegations."

"Understand your position. I am neither from your Service nor your colleague. You are my junior."

Dilip did not reply. When the two of them came out of the lift, Dilip walked fast in his usual way. Samar walked slowly and could not keep pace with Dilip. Dilip shut his office door loudly behind him. The slamming of the door happened when Samar was crossing Dilip's room in the corridor.

This man, indeed, needs to be set straight, Samar resolved as he walked towards his office.

When Samar met Narendra over lunch the next day, he related the incident to Narendra. Narendra said, "In the beginning, Dilip remained subdued. He's been throwing his weight around ever since we have shifted to the new building. I had requested for a bigger office-table. He said that I have one of the size I'm entitled to. Now, where is it written that a Counsellor should have a table of a particular size?" "I'll cut him to size," Samar added, blowing smoke rings.

"I've learnt that he has some vices. Let me find out."

"A better way would be to fix him on official failings."

"There's no harm surrounding him from all directions."

After the lunch, Narendra walked across to Jairam Kailash's room. Jairam was a police officer. He was deployed as First Secretary in the High Commission. "Jairam," Narendra said. "We've a bad fish in the Mission, which is spoiling the Mission's reputation."

"How's that, Sir?" Jairam replied. "I don't have a clue. I can't even guess."

"The person I'm talking about is a sleek operator. I've got first hand information from the local Foreign Ministry guys."

"But why would they be interested in him?"

"Errr. This man is highly politically connected. The local officials always keep a watch on such diplomats."

"If it's okay with you, may I please know who this person is?"

"Dilip Bedar."

"What!" Jairam said in surprise. "I always thought that Dilip Sir's reputation is impeccable."

"You don't have to call him, Sir," Narendra interrupted. "He's from the IFS B."

"The High Commissioner is very fond of him."

"When you get me the information that I want, I'll be able to show the real face of Dilip to the High Commissioner."

"How can I help?" Jairam asked. He had to often take Narendra's assistance in getting his work done in local Ministries. This was the first time, Narendra was asking for help from Jairam. Even if he felt uneasy at what Narendra had been telling about Dilip, Jairam felt obliged to offer his services to Narendra.

"Ask your men to have an eye on him. He seems to have a soft corner for the weaker sex."

"Got it, Sir. I'll revert to you soon."

Jairam's men put their official work aside in pursuit of the new assignment that they had been given. They worked religiously for two weeks. In the end, one of the men came up with some information. "I saw two western ladies entering his house in the evening of 7th of July," he said.

"Find out more," Jairam instructed.

The hunt extended for one more week. The man presented his three page report to Jairam. Jairam read the report and flung it on the table. "Nearly one month and no result," he said.

"Either the target is very clean or very clever," the man said.

"You're sure that the two ladies are from the New Zealand High Commission?"

"Yes, Sir. As I have mentioned in the report, their names are Alice Robinson and Sara Jackson. They are from the Consular Department. The target's daughter is studying in New Zealand. That's why the target keeps these officials in good humor."

"Does he meet them alone?"

"No. Only at his residence along with his wife."

"What a waste of one month!"

"When we had started the project, I'd anticipated that it would be the highlight of my three-year stay here. Alas!"

Jairam went to Narendra. He didn't have to speak a word. Narendra could make out from Jairam's face the outcome of the month-long operation. "No problems, Jairam," Narendra said.

"You've done your bit. No evidence does not mean innocence. I'll work at it till I come out with what I know is the truth."

A year passed. Samar and Narendra deployed every means to trap Dilip but they weren't able to.

Rajput called an impromptu meeting on a Friday evening in June. The weekly officers meeting took place on Wednesday mornings. Therefore, everyone was perplexed at the sudden notice for the meeting. "Is there going to be a dressing down?" Samar asked Narendra.

"No idea. Dilip has been floating around the High Commissioner's office for one week. Maybe, he's managed to come up with a conspiracy against us."

"We'll find out soon."

Everyone reached the Committee Room well in advance and sat silently. When Rajput entered the

room, he had a big smile on his face. Everyone felt immediately relaxed. "Ladies and gentlemen," Rajput began. "I've been on this since my arrival here nearly two years ago and I've finally managed it. We're going to have a VVIP visit next month."

"President?" Narendra asked.

"No. The first Prime Ministerial visit in nearly two decades. It'd be a State Visit. All of you'll have plenty of work and many sleepless nights till the visit gets over. But let's not leave any stone unturned. The visit will be successful only if all of you give your whole-hearted contribution."

Rajput looked towards Narendra. Who else can be the Chief Visit Officer (CVO)? Narendra thought, with a wicked smile on his face. "Narendra," Rajput said. "Polish your bilateral, internal and external briefs. I want them by Tuesday. Also give me the talking points by end of the week. Don't worry about the finer details. I want the papers on time."

"Yes, Sir," Narendra replied, hoping that Rajput would also tell that he'd be the CVO. That didn't happen. Rajput went from one officer to another and assigned specific responsibility to each of them. Finally, when Dilip's turn came, he said, "Dilip, since you have been the Deputy Chief of Protocol in the Ministry and you are an efficient Admin Head, I'd like you to be the CVO."

"What!" Samar whispered in Narendra's ears. Narendra kept quiet.

Rajput sensed the unease in the room. He continued, "Dilip, you'll have to take everyone on board when functioning as CVO. Please consult me, the Deputy High Commissioner, Counsellor (Political) and Counsellor (Commerce) regularly."

"Sure, Sir," Dilip replied. "I will need everyone's guidance and support in delivering my job."

The meeting was adjourned. But Samar and Narendra stayed back in the Committee Room drinking tea. "This is a coup," Samar said.

"The High Commissioner has kept Dilip informed about the forthcoming visit but never cared to tell us."

"I don't think so. The High Commissioner is always impartial."

"Didn't you see the expression on Dilip's face? He was as cool as cucumber. He couldn't have been so calm if he didn't have the information in advance."

"This visit is a blessing in disguise. Dilip won't be able to deliver on his own."

"Right. He'll need to liaise with the local Foreign Ministry. And I'll make sure that he doesn't get any meetings on time."

Samar and Narendra smiled gleefully and left the room to enjoy the weekend ahead. Narendra prepared the briefs and the talking points and handed them over to Rajput on time. Whenever Dilip came to Narendra for tying up a meeting with the Foreign Office, Narendra's standard reply was that the High Commissioner had given him more documents to prepare and he'd tie up the meeting after he was done. Narendra would get the meeting fixed up after Dilip had made several rounds of his office. After the second week, Dilip was able to have enough contacts in local Ministries to be able to get his work done without Narendra or Samar's assistance.

The Mission worked overtime to prepare well for the visit. Dilip did not sleep two days in a row before the visit and two days during the visit. When the VVIP aircraft left, he went home and slept for fifteen hours at a stretch.

When he reached the Chancery next morning, his first thought was, the worst is over. I'll now have a relaxed time in Kuala Lumpur.

Dilip got onto the work of settling the pending bills in connection with the visit. After the work was done in about a week, he got down to sorting out the backlog work of the Chancery. He was too busy to notice the various visits that Samar and Narendra were paying to the offices of the Deputy High Commissioner and the High Commissioner. The first time Samar had met Rajput after the visit was, in less than two days after

the visit had got over. "I want to bring certain irregularities in connection with the visit," he had told Rajput.

"How's that possible?" Rajput had reacted. He had felt offended that a junior was challenging his propriety.

"The irregularities have nothing to do with the institution. As a Mission, we did very well. Everyone is in awe of your leadership," Samar had said. "One man has played filthy. I didn't want to bring this up before the visit lest the preparation suffered."

"I was closely following every part of the preparation. There might have been procedural lapses but I'll be surprised if some foul play happened," Rajput had said.

"Allow me, Sir. I'll give only one example. In Hotel Hilton, where our media delegation stayed, we should have taken thirty five rooms. That was the total number of media-persons and officials handling media staying in the Hotel. But costs were inflated to get two additional rooms."

"Those might have been for the Media Control Room and the Media Briefing Room."

"These rooms were in the halls on the Mezzanine floor."

"Yes! How can I forget that? I've participated in two briefings," Rajput had said and had added,

"But do you have any proof?"

"I have. And I also have information on other irregularities, too."

"Please get me the evidence."

"I'll, for sure," Samar had said before leaving the room.

The next day, Narendra had met Rajput and given information on another irregularity. This had continued for several days. Samar and Narendra had

met Rajput together, too. They had handed several documents to support the information they had passed on to Rajput.

Rajput gave a patient hearing to Samar and Narendra every time they came up with new information and documents. This went on for a month. Rajput was finally convinced that Dilip was wrong. On the last day of their information sharing with Rajput, Samar and Narendra brought the contract for the mobile phones used during the visit.

"Sir, Dilip would have told you that fifty six mobile phones were hired," Samar said.

"Yes, I remember that. I might be mistaken about the exact figure but it was above fifty."

"The fifty six mobile phones were not hired but purchased," Samar added. He put the contract in front of Rajput and showed him the sentences underlined with a marker. "The mobile phones were never returned to the company. No one knows where they are. The users deposited the mobile phones with the Admin Head after the visit."

"Dilip has stabbed me in the back," Rajput said, exasperated. "I had put my entire trust on him."

"We'll not trouble you more by telling what he does out of office," Narendra said.

"Thanks for the information. Leave the rest to me," Rajput said.

Rajput dictated a secret letter as soon as Samar and Narendra had left his room and sent it by the next diplomatic bag to the Ministry along with the hundred pages of supporting documents.

The first time that Dilip got any idea about the matter was when he received a confidential note from the High Commissioner's office to make himself present before a three-member delegation from the Ministry regarding irregularities during the VVIP visit. The note was received at eleven in the morning and the meeting was at half past one in the afternoon. How's that I'm not aware that a Ministerial delegation is in town?

Dilip thought. He didn't have to think hard to guess that he was being implicated and that's why he'd been kept in dark about the visit.

Dilip kept the letter aside and continued with his office work. He walked into the High Commissioner's room at exactly half past one and found the three-member delegation sitting grim faced in front of Rajput. Rajput also wore a serious look. He did not ask Dilip to sit but Dilip pulled a chair and sat next to the three-member delegation.

Rajput was the first to speak. "Dilip," he said. "You must be knowing our colleagues from Vigilance and Admin Departments, who are here in connection with the VVIP visit."

"Who doesn't know our esteemed colleagues, Sir?" Dilip said. "I also surmise that they are not here to give me an award for the successful conduct of the VVIP visit."

"We'd like to ask you some questions," Hitesh Jain, Director General (Vigilance) said.

"I'm always at your disposal," Dilip said and readied himself for the onslaught. Upma Chandra, Director (Vigilance) took out a sheet of paper from her folder and put it in front of Dilip. "Those are the questions we'd like to have your answer to," Hitesh said.

Dilip quickly scanned the paper and said, "I don't remember all details sought in this paper. I'll require some time."

"You have till tomorrow evening to give us the replies," Hitesh said. "We are leaving tomorrow in the night."

"I wonder what was the necessity of a three-member delegation to come all the way to Kuala Lumpur to hand over a piece of paper to me," Dilip said.

"You do your bit and leave assessment of our work to our superiors in Delhi," Hitesh said.

"This boy, Desk Officer (Admin), who's sitting next to you was running around in his shorts when I joined the Service. He's part of your investigating team and you feel no hesitation in stripping me in front of him."

“Don’t take it personally, Dilip. It’ll be for your good,” Rajput said.

The investigation team wouldn’t have come without your intervention, Sir, Dilip thought. If you were worried about my good, you’d have sought clarifications from me before informing the Ministry.

Later, the investigation team met Samar, Narendra and others. The next morning, the investigation team came to Dilip’s office to question him. These were questions that had emerged after meeting other Mission officers and were not included in the question sheet the team had earlier handed over to Dilip. Before they left his room, Dilip called in his Attache (Admin) and said, “Please hand over all fifty six mobile phones to the team and take a receipt from them.”

Dilip ran a race against time to go through the files in order to answer the written questions. Most of the questions were on the adjustments that he had made to accommodate requests that could not have been shown as official expenditure. He found minimal information in the files to rely on to answer the questions. He racked his brain and came up with a three-page reply, which he himself was not satisfied with.

The investigation team returned to Delhi. Within a week of the team’s departure from Kuala Lumpur, Dilip received his transfer order to Headquarters. He was deployed as Director in the Economic Department. A Disciplinary Committee was set up, which asked Dilip to depose before it every fortnight.

In six months, Dilip had made a space for himself in the Economic Department. He worked closely with the Ministries of Civil

Aviation, Railways, Coal, Mining and Agriculture. These areas were unexplored. These Ministries always included Dilip in their delegation for foreign visits abroad. In a year, Dilip had travelled on more than two dozen official visits abroad. He found his new assignment more fulfilling than as Admin Head in Kuala Lumpur.

In the one year that Dilip had been in Delhi, his batch-mates got promoted to the rank of Director General. Dilip was the only person in his batch who was not considered for promotion.

The Disciplinary Committee continued its work at a snail-pace.

By the time, the next empanelment takes place, the Disciplinary Committee would have sorted out my issue, Dilip thought. He wrote to Admin Department requesting for the reason why he had not been empanelled. He got no reply. Instead, within a week, he got another official note from Vigilance Department asking him a few more questions. When Dilip had sent his reply, he got a note from Admin Department which listed out various lapses in the arrangements for the VVIP visit. It read,

Shri Dilip Bedar has been unable to explain why two extra rooms were taken in the Media Hotel, why mobile phones were purchased while shown as hired in the files and why twelve officials were paid more Daily Allowance than their entitlement. Shri Bedar must explain why action should not be taken against him for these lapses.

Dilip sent a one line reply in which he said that

he had given explanation on each of these points over and over to the Disciplinary Committee.

Dilip did not hear from Admin or Vigilance Departments for over three months. In this period, Vigilance Department prepared a detailed note about the investigations and sent it to the Main Vigilance Committee (MVC). In the note, it was mentioned, ...the above clearly establishes the culpability of Shri Dilip Bedar. In view of this, it is felt that major penalty should be imposed on him.

The file landed on the Desk of a Director in MVC. He went through every allegation and came to the conclusion that none of the points could establish that Dilip had indulged in corruption. He found procedural lapses and errors. Having handled several VVIP visits domestically in States, the Director was aware of the adjustments that were made during such visits. He made a strong reply refuting the allegations of Vigilance Department and put up to his bosses, who agreed with him. The note returned with the observation – MVC sees no foundation on how the investigation has arrived at the conclusion that the officer was involved in corrupt practices in handling the VVIP visit.

The next empanelment happened and Dilip was once again overlooked for promotion. This is the limit, Dilip thought. It was okay till my batch-mates had been promoted. It's not done that I am now being superseded by batches junior to me.

Dilip appealed to the Scheduled Castes & Scheduled Tribes Commission. The Head Secretary was summoned by the Commission.

He gave an assurance that Dilip would soon be considered for promotion. He took personal interest in the matter and Dilip received his promotion letter almost two years after his arrival in Delhi. In these two years, Dilip had created a record as the most travelled Director on foreign assignments. His count was fifty four.

Dilip got posted to London. A VVIP visit took place as soon as he landed in London. He was again made the CVO. The visit went off well and the new High Commissioner arrived a month after the visit. All officers of the level of Minister were asked to receive the new High Commissioner on his arrival in the residence. As Dilip stood in line to receive the High Commissioner, he decided that it was time to quit. He was in the peak of his career. I want people to say, we wonder why he left rather than we know why he left, he thought while shaking hands with the High Commissioner. Dilip submitted his resignation paper on the new High Commissioner's first day in office.

Dilip returned to his hometown in Vidharbha. He started a charity, which assisted over five thousand poor women. He ran a mobile dispensary, which travelled to far off villages providing medical assistance. Following the footsteps of his distinguished father, Dilip joined politics. However, social work remained his first priority.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, events and incidents are the products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.



"HUMAN DAY CELEBRATION"

**I hesitate
To wish a Women's day
How long
These all days' celebrations?
Rather discriminations!
Now it has become fashion
Without Love and Compassion!
Oh! Man why this hypocrisy?
Behavioral Discrepancy!
You are a problem creator
And show to the world
I am a Solution Seeker!
I have a distant vision
And it would be my Life Mission!
My last desire
Before I sleep Forever
Let me be Martyr
For eliminations of
All these days' celebrations
And creating only
The existence of
"HUMAN DAY CELEBRATION"**



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HAPPY WOMEN'S DAY!!!



HAPPY WOMEN'S DAY!!!

Celebrating Women's day all around the World
By acknowledging the many great things, SHE does
As Daughter, Wife, Mother, Grand Mom or Companions
SHE has come a long way
Symbolizing Love, Courage and Determination.

As a Daughter SHE is bubbly and cute
As a Wife, SHE gives hope despite fighting through
As a Mother, SHE helps us deal with stress, even if her thoughts are distressed
As a Grand Mom, SHE makes us happy and smile despite being in pain and blue

As a woman SHE makes life worth living
SHE is the best in everything SHE does
Because SHE puts her soul in whatever SHE does

Going beyond her limits in life
Eventually growing stronger from inside
Sacrificing daily for her family and near one's smiles
SHE is always there for people whom SHE Loves all the while

SHE is a true HUMAN of substance
Big salute to her in life
For being so PURE and TRUE!!



Ms. Kavita Gupta

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On a chilly winter night, far from every thought, sat Nishi, looking at the moon like she always did. It soothed her soul. She would sit at the same place every night and lose herself into the abyss of thoughts where she could think about a trillion possibilities of the way her life could have turned out to be. In this hour all she needed was a cup of hot chocolate and her favorite blanket which she would wrap herself up in while sipping at the dark liquid from her mug. "Full Moon!" she muttered to herself and then blew the hot

chocolate to take in a sip. She savored the taste of the liquid on her tongue as it passed down her food canal. Thoughts evaded her mind where she now could lose herself. On a

starry and a winter night all she could think of was the year that passed by her. The year that brought her face to face with her fears, her inner self and her deepest regrets.



"Maybe 2020 was not so kind to anyone after all." She thought to herself looking at the amount of smog held up in the sky making it difficult for her to look at the stars in the sky. She pondered upon the thought that could this year be a blessing or a boon, for she always believed that everything that happens, happens for a reason which is mostly good.

To bring peace to her chaotic mind she looked for her one sole companion on such nights; a good book and her phone. She sat by the golden chime on her usual bean bag. She surfed mindlessly for about an hour looking at people and how their lives turned out to be. She thought about the girl she was before 2020 and how it had changed her to be someone that she was today.

"I wish Santa Claus was true!", exclaimed her neighbour who was now 5 years of age. Nishi smiled at her and asked, "What would you ask of him if he was real?"

"I would ask him to take me with him across the world to see different places", said Avantika with hope in her eyes. Listening to Avantika's wish, Nishi thought how easier life was when she was just a little kid who need not worry about the needs in a materialistic world.

"What would you wish for, Di?" she asked with her sparkly eyes.

"I would wish for a world to be a happy place for all!"

"Offo! Di this is such a silly wish." She said, patting her hand on her head in an absolute dramatic way.

Her little dramatics made Nishi giggle. She asked the little one, "Why do you say so Avantika?"

"Because it's already a happy place for everyone," she responded in her childlike voice.

"What gives you happiness then?" Nishi imitated her in her childlike voice.

"To sleep with my Teddy each night, To wake up each morning to my Mummy making breakfast and to meet Daddy each night as he wraps me into a warm bear hug as he returns from work." She finally completed her sentence and propped her head in her hands and sat beside me.

She had an innocent grin on her face when she described her happy place.

She sat down beside me for a little while playing with the golden chime next to me. She loved the charms that hung from the chime. Just then her mother called for her and she finally retreated back to her house.

After Avantika left, she thought about how the little kid could find happiness in things that adults failed to recognize. Nishi Pondered to herself about what could be her happy place. She thought about the time when little things in life mattered so much to everyone and yet in the adult world all seemed to only live about for materialistic happiness.

After sipping on to her hot chocolate and drowning down the last sip, she finally decided to rest for a while by just looking at the night sky which was so still yet so chaotic. Just as she was about to retreat into the warmth of her 4 walls. Her phone chimed.

"Be ready", it read.

She laughed at the irony of how dramatic it could be to talk over a phone call.

"I am waiting for you downstairs", read another one.

She jolted up from her seat and dialed him.

"You aren't serious, are you?", She breathed into the phone.

"I perfectly am", said Yash on the other side. She could hear the smile on his face while he said that.

Her heart raced back to life bringing her back to reality.

"So are you coming?", He asked.

"Just wait for 5 minutes", she said and changed into decent clothes and rushed down to meet him.

"I thought you would be home!", Nishi exclaimed as soon as she saw him.

"I thought a surprise would be good enough on such a wonderful night." He said with his dazzling smile on. Nishi couldn't resist but smile back at him with the same ferocity.

They walked down the street that night finding a quiet spot where they sat on a swing in silence enjoying each other's company. They talked about their day and cracked silly jokes until they had to wait to catch their breath from laughing all this while. "Maybe there is a happy place after all", thought Nishi to herself, reflecting on little Avantika's thoughts.

"What is going on in that little head of yours?", Yash asked.

"Just wondering about how you became my happy place!", She winked at him and snuggled up to him.

He wrapped his arms around her protecting her from the cold.

Just like that Nishi rested her head on his shoulder and stared into the abyss of the beautiful night living each moment with her Happy Place. She thought that maybe this year got all of her, but it also got her "***her happy place***".



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EVOCATION

By
Madhumita Bhowmick

*When the cacophony of
pain & desires disturbed
my peace.....*



IN LOVING MEMORY OF
Sh. M. Bhowmick
Jan 1966- Feb 2018
A GREAT FATHER

That Night

The memory of that night is so vivid,
The last night you breathed
Pain comes ushering to my heart
To imagine you being sheathed
The memory is so clear
When I held you tight
I cried so hard and shouted
“Baba I need you I am too weak to fight”
But this time you stayed still
And I had nothing to do
Because from now you would never say:
Don’t worry as I am always there for you.



Madhumita Bhowmick
Post Graduate in Biotechnology,
Author of “Evocation”

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Product Review

PARACHUTE After Shower Hair Cream for Men



Oh those messy hair styling products, that left the hair sticky then and ropy later!!

A Hair cut seemed to be the most convenient hair style ironically!

I applied the Parachute After shower hair cream today and I am sharing the feedback.

I found this new hair styling and hair-care combo formulation product :

- 1) Non sticky
- 2) smells good
- 3) makes hair soft & smooth for styling
- 4) suitable for daily use
- 5) easy to carry
- 6) It's sustainability helps you change over to different styles on the very same day, once you apply it.

Stylecraze alongwith Parachute Advansed have launched this superb product and it is available in 3 different variants, so that you choose the one that suits you.

I used the 'Classic' one, a convenient choice suited to all Men.

The Parachute Aftershower Hair cream is a absolute product for effortless styling and far reaching hair nourishment for Men, I t's a comprehensive formulation of styling with care for Men.

The product is a genius outcome of research and complex organic compounds, synthetic polymers, mineral hydrocarbons in combination for a tended coiffure and also coconut milk proteins for wholesome hair. Thank you Parachute, you thought of it. Men hair care may sound absurd, but no man likes to become bald at middle age. So begin, early begin now by providing 'due care to your hair'.

Apply 'Parachute Aftershower Hair Cream for MEN' with the comprehensive 'cocolipid formula' and see how the Day looks good👍 AB STYLE ON BEFIKAR with Parachute Aftershower Hair Cream, and it's for MEN.



By
Shashwat Johri
Reviewer / Influencer
Award Winner,
Best Seller Author
World Record Holder
Entrepreneur



I am another classic reader who finds herself escaped somewhere in the corners of histories.

I never read any sci-fi novel with great interest. I never read any philosophy out of interest. I am more of an Historian but what I did was that I lived a life.....

Whoever we are, wherever we are and whatever we all are doing, we all are living a life. And according to Matt Haig, life is not something to understand, it's meant to be lived!

And you or I might say that we are living but deep down we know that we aren't. A book of regrets is written somewhere in a multiverse library where time stops but opportunities don't.

I can describe my emotions in three different phases after reading this book:

- ☐ In the beginning, I felt quite emotional and targeted.
- ☐ Then, I found myself engrossed in book.
- ☐ I found myself emotional in the end but this time, with happiness and a hope for living.

I somewhere read that none of us want to die; it's just something within us which wants to die. Today I learnt, these are the regrets which actually want us to die.

The writer has beautifully dived deeper from philosophy to physics and taught a beautiful lesson to the readers. I personally loved the

Book - Midnight Library

Author - Matt Haig

Rating - ★★★★★

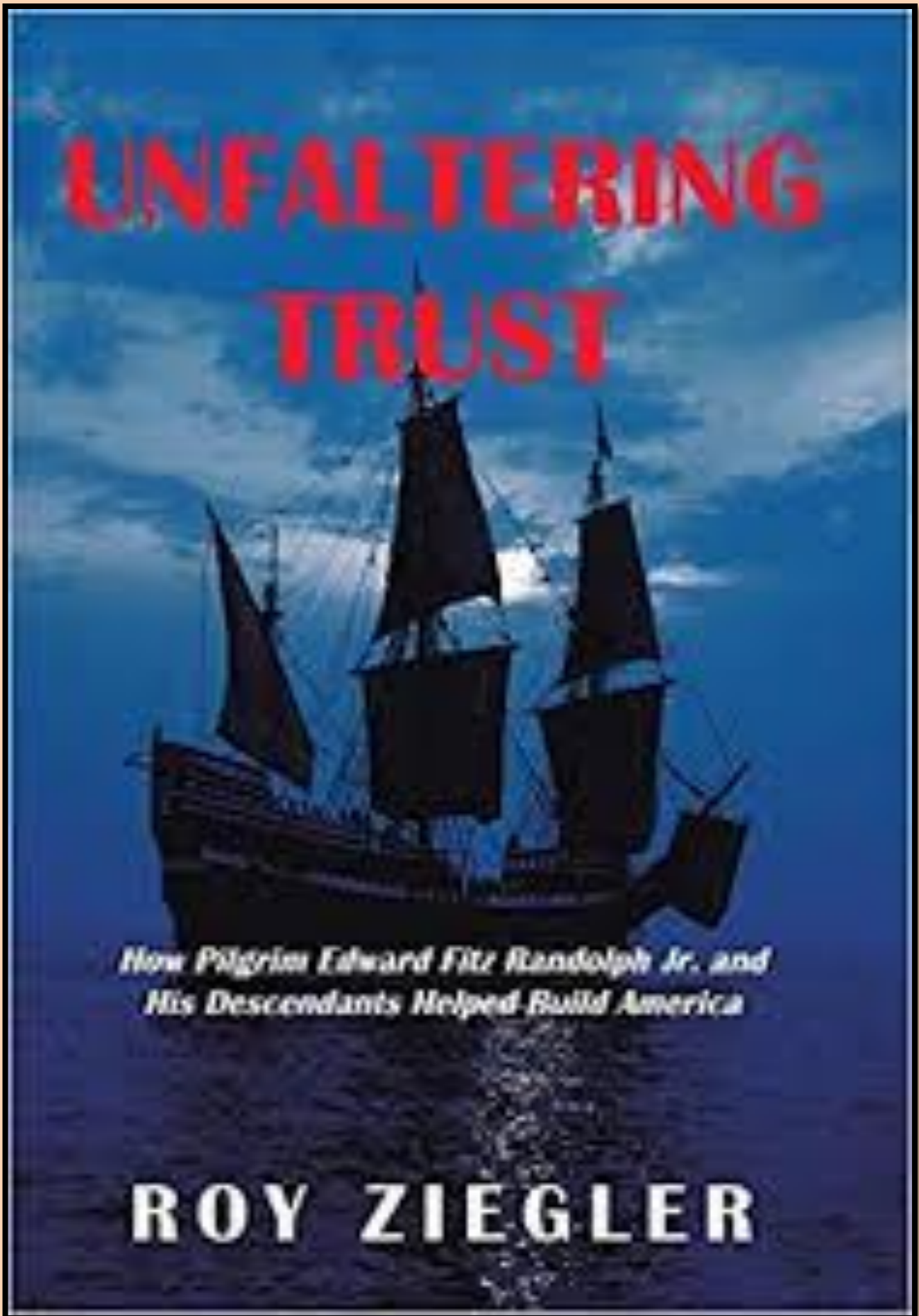
concept of existence of multiverse in terms of both religion and science. It is the story of Nora, a woman in her thirties who decided to die. But she found herself in a midnight library. I believe there are millions of reasons to die. But there are billions of more reasons to live a life worth living. This book presents those billion reasons in the form of a fictitious tale.

Finally, existential crisis is not age related. Anyone can have it. But always remember, even in your best possible life, you'll have depression, sadness, despair and all sorts of bad times. But this is what life is about, "LIVING"!



Mansi Singh Arora

Student of History Honors,
Literature enthusiast,
Published author of Webzine,
Anthology, Literary Journals



Unfaltering trust by Roy Ziegler is a non-fiction that is profoundly entrenched in the near beginning of American history. The plot and ideas presented are quite absorbing and interesting, providing the reader knowledge and thrill about the American history. I appreciate how the author illustrated and converted such a difficult subject matter into the text that itself leaves you with more interesting facts and questions in your mind that force you to read the next part of it.

This book contains 248-page, written in such a way that it fascinates me all the way through. Edward Fitz Randolph Jr. is an extremely impressive personality. He leaves England in 1630 for the freedom and opportunity and experiences about how immense impact his descendants had on the establishment of advance America.

As the title suggests Unfaltering trust, this book describes the persistent faith and resilience of the Fitz Randolph family and their management in that period of time. Basically one can say that the story is about the Fitz Randolph Family's contribution in the development and advancement of America. He was formerly settling in Plymouth Colony then he moved along with his family members to New Jersey subsequent to the theocracy of Puritan denied Fitz's every freedom. In 1669, the Fitz became the origin family of New Jersey. Edward and his sons, who were farmers initially, became privileged leaders during the expansion of the province. Some members of Fitz family were Quaker, some also helped to establish Princeton University and others were heroes on the battlefield. Afterwards Fitz Randolphs became vanguards of the industrial revolution.

In twentieth century they became highly privileged. Four relatives of Fitz and his wife even became presidents of the United States. Mid-nineteenth century was transformed by Fitz family into a ten billion dollar corporation by the twenty first century.

Randolph was a hero at the battle of Paoli, in Philadelphia then a prominent entrepreneur after the Revolutionary war. His son Dr. Jacob Randolph was a brilliant surgeon succeeded Dr. Philip Syng Physick,

BOOK REVIEW

BOOK TITLE: Unfaltering trust

AUTHOR: Roy Ziegler

"Father of American Surgery" who was a chief surgeon and lecturer at Pennsylvania Hospital (the first hospital in the nation). Randolph's daughters were the founder members of Association of Women for the Relief and employment for the poor (country's first job training).

Thousands of Pilgrims migrated to the New World in search of religious freedom and opportunities during 17th century. The story of Fitz becomes an inspiration for the migrants, pilgrims and refugees in America even today.

*So in short, this book focuses on nine generations of Fitz Randolph's family beginning from colonial times to the Revolutionary War and also their situation through the Industrial revolution and Civil war, to the modern era and then finally into the twenty first century. I would rate this book **3 out of 4 stars**. The book was professionally edited. Being non-fictional, the narrative was inspirations and tactful. The only dislike I have regarding this book is that the story is based on too much information which makes it hard to remember. However I enjoyed reading the book. The quality, writing style and ideas presented in the book are very impressive.*

I would recommend this book to adults who love non-fictional fact based books and also to those who are interested in reading inspirational stories.



AKSHAY KUMAR SINGH
Student of "THE MAHARAJA SAYAJIRAO
UNIVERSITY OF BARODA"

CREAMY PUMPKIN *Pasta Sauce*



Milk 1 cup
Water as required
Cheese spread 2 tbsp
Salt to taste
Black pepper powder 1 tsp
Pumpkin pie spice mix 1 tbsp
Grated cheese 1 cup
Chilli flakes 1 tsp
Mix herb 1 tsp
Boiled pasta 1 cup

Method

In a pan heat oil and butter then add garlic, onion, bay leaf, cinnamon stick, maida (white flour) and cook for a while.

Now add pumpkin puree and milk, make a sauce of it, Add water to adjust the consistency.

Add pumpkin spice mix, salt and pepper and the boiled pasta. Cook for 3-4 mins.


Now arrange the baking tray with butter, add the *cooked pasta in it*.

Ingredients

Butter 2 tbsp
Olive oil 1 tbsp
Chopped garlic 1 tbsp
Chopped onion 1
Bay leaf 1
Cinnamon stick 1
Maida 2 tbsp
Pumpkin puree 1 cup




Falguni Thakkar
Award Winner Chef
& Author of Hand to Heart




HEALTHY LIFESTYLE


Fit Diet Organic Stress Management Activities Laughter Family Fitness Exercise Nutrition Health Fun Joy Diet Balance Energy Sleep Food Movement Outdoor Vegetables



Healthy
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Sansriti
Johri



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In this article, I will be sharing my views on what all gear should any individual who is looking forward to take up motorcycling as a hobby invest in. I have been riding a motorcycle as a hobby for a good 2 years now and in this journey, the one thing which I have never underestimated is the presence of a basic set of riding gear. Most of the bikers

the event that I did not have any option for the full sleeved, I was advised to go for false sleeves, which are basically socks that have been designed to snugly fit in your arm and act as a sleeve and full denims at all times when I am riding since it can help save me from some abrasions.



with whom I have interacted over the course of my riding experience so far lay heavy emphasis on the availability of a good quality riding jacket, pants, a good helmet, gloves and shoes.

When I started riding, I was recommended to at least wear full sleeve shirts/t-shirts and in

A motorcycle, by its very design leaves both the rider and the pillion vulnerable to some nasty injuries in the event of being involved in a crash. The extent of these injuries is something that depends on multiple factors, such as the speed of the

motorcycle, the terrain, the type of collision and several other factors. It is to minimize the effect of these injuries that both the rider and the pillion are recommended to be fully geared up. I have been fortunate enough to not have been involved in any nasty crashes; instead I have suffered minor bruises and abrasions; but was able to walk away from the accident each and every time with the grace of the almighty.

Now coming to the point of what type of gear and what precautions should one take when they decide to pursue riding as a hobby. The first and the most basic one, as many riders put it is to invest in a good quality helmet. Personally, I recommend helmets which cover entire face of yours instead of the half-faced ones. Make sure that you always have your visor down so that you can prevent dust, bugs and other foreign objects from hitting on your face as you are blasting down that road. Another fundamental is a good quality riding jacket as well as a velcro-based embroidered name patch which contains your name and blood group. It is also strongly recommended that you keep the phone number of a person who can be contacted in the unfortunate event that an accident should happen. Also, keep that person informed about them being your emergency contact so that they can be well-prepared in case of any mishaps.

Having safeguarded your head and torso, now let's talk about your palms and your lower body. Ideally, you should be having

thick riding gloves which have in-built amour to dave your wrist from the nasty abrasions and potential infections that it would otherwise be exposed to. Next, let's talk about the lower half of your body. Always make sure you are wearing good quality shoes, preferably a riding pant and knee-guards. Our legs take the most beating when we are riding, since the debris that comes off the road hits straight at our feet. And trust me as I write this, it feels like a bullet hitting you in the leg. The least you can do if you don't want to invest in a riding pant is to wear a good quality denim or any full length trousers and good quality shoes.

All these equipments can surely set you for a considerable amount, but as a wise person once said, **There's no price tag you can attach to your safety.**

So gear up, fuel your bike and rule the roads.



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