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# SquarePetals

Global Webzine

Life Style:

**Vastu  
Science**

Personal  
Development:  
**Purpose**

Literary Bytes:  
**Pain Is Love  
Every Chapter Counts**

**Fest Zest:**  
**The New Year  
2020**

**Flavor Special:**  
**Cheese veg. Dosa Roll  
Stuffed Egg**

**Cover Story**

**Journey to Bollywood Sunehri Johri**

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## FROM THE DESK OF EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

Dear Readers,

Naughty winters  
Biting so!  
Flirty breeze  
Don't touch n go!!

Love talking to you all in the New Year 2020!  
It's been a great beginning so we are featuring a promising Bollywood Superstar, our own Sunehri Johri on the Cover Page in this edition. Celebrating the New Year we have a Cheese Dosa rolls recipe in the Flavor Special, with appealing poetry of the Literary Bytes.

Life Style is with Vastu and we are glad to have Michael Ediale back with us in this issue again, telling us about the importance of 'Purpose' in the Personal Development.

Friends this month I am taking break from writing about healthy lifestyle, just for a change. Hope you will enjoy my article based on a true happening in my life which I wished to share with you all.

Happy New Year & best wishes ... stay fit, happy & keep smiling.

Have a great month friends and do send us your feedback.

Do write to [info@esquire-vj.com](mailto:info@esquire-vj.com).

STAY UPDATED & STAY BLESSED.

*Sansriti Johri*

(Sansriti Johri)





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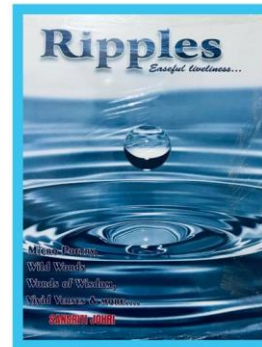
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## The Bedside Book

Ripples is magic of words, with a wealth of emotions; one would love to read in between the lines as well. It is a technically designed bedside book so that people do not put a lot of reading stress on their eyes before going to sleep. The beautiful presentation of words in harmony with the unique picturesque backdrop will attract you into it as soon as you open the book, and will make you connect instantly. And the best part is, you can enjoy reading Ripples on any page you turn to; you don't have to remember the page number or sequence... just relax, read and treat your mind to something special after the day.

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For the blessed ones, life is a journey of achievements from the very beginning. Sunehri, the golden girl has been glittering like gold, right from her kindergarten days when she was the main lead in the school annual show, and



also won gold medals in the sports events. Not many years later, she brought laurel to her Dance Academy by winning award at the All Gujarat Dance Competition, judged by Celebrities

Remo D'Souza and Dharmesh sir in Vadodara. Therefore she got selected to be the lead performer at another show of the academy, and she looked a pretty princess and was also fortunate to be blessed by Geeta ma that evening.

Life was geared up for more, as Sunehri was now walking the ramp at the Grand Opening Event Fashion Show of the Inorbit Mall Vadodara, and this was just the beginning. Soon she was invited to be a runway model at the Kids Fashion show of INIFD Vadodara. Again the Golden girl was outstanding, capturing sights and winning the hearts.

Sunehri Johri next stepped on to walk the ramp for the renowned kids clothing brand 'Tales & Stories' at the India Kids Fashion Week Season 5. Sunehri flaunted her denim outfit as well as her swag, casting spell over the spectators.

At the Delhi Public School Gandhidham, Sunehri Johri was a popular student winning medals in the annual sports for races and her slogans as well. She was also the lead keyboard player of the school orchestra. Sunehri Johri has always been superb in sports activities and was in the top 5 of her school basketball team. Individually also, she won matches to reach the quarter finals in the Khel Mahakumbh Badminton tournament.

Being multitalented creates challenging situations sometimes; Sunehri was supposed to attend two different events on the same evening! She was to start the school orchestra performance with an opening piece at the annual function in a tidy uniform, and then she had to changeover to a gorgeous look to attend SSCT Fashion Event at the Radisson's as a Show Stopper. She fulfilled both the commitments with perfection and in fact, she was awarded the title of Miss Teen India at the Fashion Event. Sunehri was also the Showstopper at the Glam Kids Vadodara Fashion show.

Sunehri Johri is The Brand Ambassador for EsquireVJ Multifaceted Global Company, and their Calendar Model for four years. Today Sunehri Johri is proud to have an entire range of Designer Dresses in her name. 'The Sunehri Collection' designs have received appreciation in being unique and stylish.

Sunehri has been enjoying her responsibility as a Brand Ambassador EsquireVJ with keen interest. Her page in the SquarePetals Global Webzine every month, bringing up Top Trends in her cool way is something to wait for!

Disha films has now recognised the beauty and talent in Sunehri Johri and have casted her in an impressive role in their upcoming Bollywood movie 'Balli in Helicopter' which is a family entertainer comedy, with melodious numbers.







**The magnetic glance  
& charming smile  
Catchy swag &  
graceful poise,**

**Sunehri Johri**



**Sweet natured and kind hearted Sunehri Johri is loved by all and she  
will shine as a Bollywood Super Star**

## PEOPLE IN MY LIFE-5

Money Sir, obviously that's not his name - but that was the spelling my 10 year old brain pictured every time he appeared. Coming from a tambram household and having 3 uncles with the same name, I still didn't connect that it was Mani and not Money. Call me ignorant if you wish, but well that's how I was. And since that's how I pretty much think of his name even to this day - that's how I have decided to refer to him during the course of this article.

Money Sir was not exactly a teacher at our English-Speaking-Snooty Covent High and neither did he have regular classes there. I never really understood what really was his understanding with our principal, but every once in a while he would come around. Our principal and teachers respected him greatly, but we students found him hilarious (as an object of ridicule). We just pretended to respect him, to avoid the wrath of our teachers ; therefore never openly laughing but always secretly giggling whenever he was around. I guess he similarly visited a lot of schools in our vicinity as I already knew of him from my cousin in an adjacent school, even before I ever laid my eyes on him.

Money Sir was a vision of what I imagined a sanyasi / Indian hermit would look like; with long white locks flowing to match the size of long white beard

falling down from his chin. To our young eyes he looked positively ancient. A white round Tilak in the centre of his forehead exactly aligned with the center partition of his hair above, clothed in white or sometimes saffron flowing robes right down to the padukas tapping down our school corridor as he passed us by. He was to us students – a welcome

distraction from our regular school classes and books.

His class would be more of a moral lecture filled with tidbits aimed to educate us about our culture and arm us with an enormous amount of trivia we wouldn't generally learn in schools. I still remember the first day he walked into our class of Std V, his soft and polite utterance of the word "Ma'am" in a self-deprecating manner, was request enough for our teacher to smiling stop mid-way through her lesson and vacate



the class. He then walked in sheepishly, smiling at us, picked up the chalk and wrote across the entire blackboard in big block

letters; "FLOCCINAUCINIHLIPILIFICATION".

Probably as he had intended, it caught the attention of all in the classroom as we looked at what seemed like gibberish written across the board. He turned to look if he held our attention and then he turned and wrote again: "FLOCCI / NAUCI / NIHLI / PILI / FICATION" wisp / trie / nothing / hair / cation". The above word was, supposedly, a combination of Latin words which all meant something unimportant. Ironically the effort put into creating



one of the longest words in the English dictionary was actually meant to describe something of no consequence. This is how he explained to us about human behavior and making us “much ado” about nothing.

I really enjoyed his visits and would consume all the trivia he shared with relish. However I never let my so-called friends know that and pretended to share mirth with them instead. I remember another incident very clearly that increased my admiration of Money sir. That day he entered our class, we saw a different version of him. His infamous locks both across his scalp and chin were non-existent and he was near bald. When we all looked at each other wonderingly – each wanting to pop out the most obvious question – he answered it himself. It seemed, an acquaintance of his – but a non-ascetic one, had expressed that if Money sir would part with the mane full of locks and beard which most sanyasis seemed attached to, the man would give Money sir any amount of money asked. So Money sir went ahead with the deed and asked his “friend” to donate the money to “Sevadaan” - a local charitable organization. The friend had mistakenly believed that Money sir would not be ready to part with any of his outward bearings as a monk. Money sir then explained to the friend that a sanyasi is supposed to give up attachments to everything... even the attachment of looking like one.

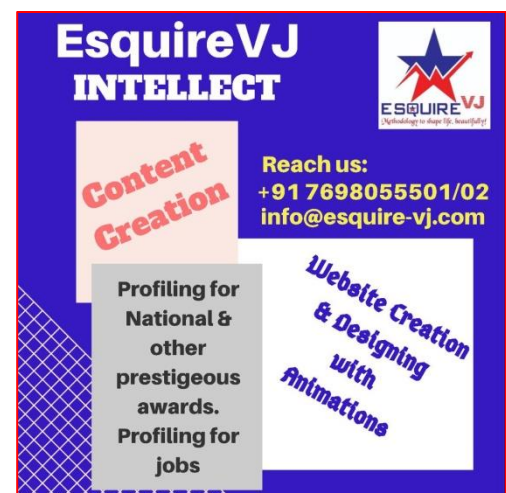
Such were the lessons that Money sir tried to communicate to us. I don't know about the rest, but I cherished everything he taught us and I believe that I was a better person after each of his lesson. As we moved on to Std VI and then the higher classes, as abruptly as his visits began, similarly one day they stopped. I never understood why. Probably he knew we outgrew him? Or probably we weren't young enough with open minds to listen to him without the prejudice that comes with age. He just never came to our higher classes anymore. We would still see him, when we passed by the

classes of Std V, enlightening those minds with the knowledge he had to share.

One day during my final year of schooling, I saw him taking a new batch of students to the school quadrangle. I saw the familiar expressions on their faces of contained laughter. As my glance shifted in the direction of Money sir, he secretively smiled at me with our shared knowledge. I realized, just then, that he knew all about the students mocking him. However, he did not mind. He wasn't attached to his image or his dignity either. His mission was to make a difference in the children's minds and make them mature, compassionate and understanding adults. Imparting his lessons on values and strengthening good principles in their minds was his priority.

I also realized something else; a day would come when some of these children will be in my very same place realizing the role he played in their life. As we grew, all of us changed in our different ways, in our journey from a fresh secondary student of Class V to the upper-class person of Std X, but Money sir remained the same. He grew back his hair and beard. And after all these years, whatever his grand old age might be, I would still like to imagine him walking the corridor of different schools, padukas tapping away on gleaming school floors, on his destination to another classroom but with the same mission.

Vidya Krishnaraj  
Editor SquarePetals, Mumbai



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## CHEESE VEGGIE DOSA ROLL

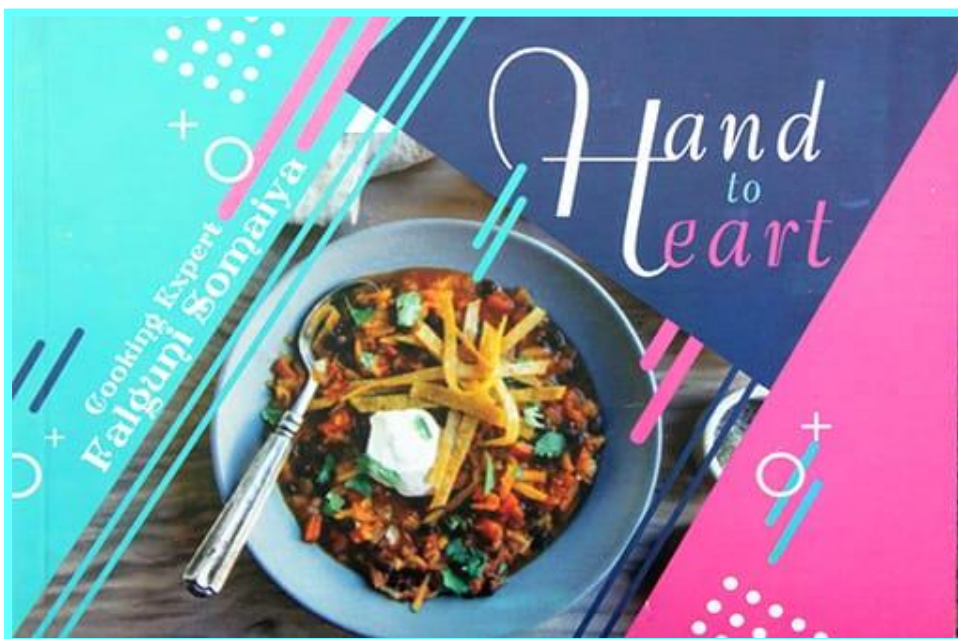
### INGREDIENTS

Dosa batter  
 Tomato 2 fine chopped  
 Capsicum 2 fine chopped  
 Spring onion 3 fine chopped  
 Cabbage 100gm fine chopped  
 Paneer 50 gm fine chopped  
 Cheese 250 gm  
 Schezwan sauce 4tsp  
 Tomato sauce 4tsp  
 Pavbhaji masala as per taste  
 Salt as per taste  
 Red chilly powder 1tsp  
 Butter

### COOKING PROCESS

Pour 1 table spoon dosa batter on a heated non stick tawa. Quickly spread the batter using spoon and spatula. Put 1/2 tbsp butter in the centre, and then add one spoon each of chopped tomato onion capsicum and cabbage. Add one spoon each of the sauces. Now add pav bhaji masala, chat masala, salt and chili powder, mix it well and wait for a minute. Then spread the veggies on the dosa and gently mash with a potato masher. Grate little paneer and cheese on the top and cook till the dosa becomes crisp.

Cut the dosa in stripes with the help of a pizza cutter and then roll the pieces. Place the dosa rolls in a plate, garnish with cheese and thin & long sliced cabbage. Serve with red chili chutney.



Falguni Somiya  
 Cooking Expert &  
 Author of Hand to Heart.



## EGGY BONDA



Evening Snacks

### Ingredients:

4 eggs &  
4 medium size potatoes  
1 onion (chopped)  
1 tomato (chopped)  
1 pinch of Hing  
Mustard seeds just for taste  
Half teaspoon turmeric powder  
Bread crumbs  
Salt according to taste  
Oil for frying  
Red chili powder

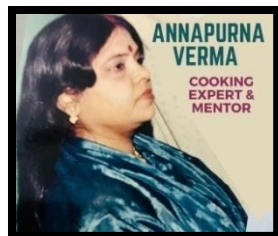
### Preparations:

Boil eggs and potatoes in different vessels.  
Peel off potatoes and mash them. Mix with salt & red chili powder.

### Method:

Heat a pan on the stove and pour some oil, then add mustard seeds and chopped onion.  
Now add the mashed potatoes and fry it. After frying, turn off the gas stove and let it cool down.  
Now take the boiled eggs and wrap them with the fried potato mash one by one. Cover all around properly. Now roll each one in bread crumbs.  
Re-heat the oil and fry the egg - potato. After frying take these out of pan and place on a tissue paper.

Now put the ready snacks in a plate and relish it with tomato sauce.



## The Hidden Psychology in Voting

Democracy functions its best when there is an active participation of all the citizens. In this local body election, the win is totally based on the pro-social behavior of the candidate.

People certainly prefer to vote for the candidate who is grateful enough, easy to approach, open minded, accountable, authentic, fair enough in judgment, also emotionally stable and strong. The other important factors are that, people chose the candidate for their family's betterment, and the candidate should therefore be more influential than powerful.

There are quite a few challenges for the new candidates - when people are already happy and contended with the ruling party, the possibilities of winning over their hearts becomes difficult because people get emotionally attached also. In such a situation, the new candidates need to focus on what all they can do for the society rather than criticizing the opponent.

Finally, the one whose voice, as well as work can appeal in depth can only win elections in a democracy as, the discretion lies with the masses.



Revathi Mohan

Author - Counseling Psychologist - Research fellow  
Political Psychology

## Middle of the Noon - "Ghost-like"

At home with my little son, life seemed a paradise. No strenuous office, lot of rest, and life was at its best... specially also because of Rita, my caring maid. She managed all the housekeeping quite efficiently and with caring concern. The food she cooked was in the medium of love and garnished with her true loyal feel, thus had the nutrition of emotions, and the aroma of her sweet words breezed in my tidy apartment.



It was a cool place with all amenities, Government Township, so quite up to date and well maintained. However, people were all busy in their routine; so not much neighbourly interaction or disturbance, as one may take it.

So another fine morning and I was in my comfy room with my baby, finding my world fulfilled in his smile when Rita brought me coffee, "Madam the bathroom tap in the next room is leaking, should I arrange for a plumber, if you permit..?" "O really is it? Sure dear get that fixed soon." I asked her. "I will send the

society plumber" she assured, and he was there in the afternoon, after Rita had left the house.

After finishing the repair work he requested if he should come over weekly to check the taps etc and see to the cleanliness of the bathrooms, and that he would charge nominal for it, I agreed.

Life moved on for a few weeks but one day, to my shock, the same yappy Rita told me that the society plumber died last night of a heart attack. I was astonished and remarked that he was quite healthy looking! But Rita said he was no more, and I felt pity about the poor guy. Forgetting about the matter in a few minutes I got engaged in my leisure routine.

It was around 3 pm and I had dozed off giving swing to my baby, sound sleep now in the lovely cradle. Suddenly the door bell rang and I woke up with a jerk. Still rubbing my eyes, I opened the door and my eyes almost dropped out in shock!! The society plumber was standing right in front of me!! He was at my door!!!

Stiff as frozen I stood there staring wide, my mind went blank ... 'am I still sleeping??? This man was dead O my God!! I rubbed my eyes again!!' He spoke up politely as usual, "Madam, can I clean the toilets?" he asked; I stammered "WWwhat?"

He repeated politely "Can I clean the toilets Madam?" Brave at heart as always, all I could think was, 'whatever is in front of me, should not be revealed that I am scared of him.' My emergency instincts started working this way and I moved out of his way, allowing him to enter my house as I commanded, "yes do it." I saw him going inside in a very normal manner till he closed the toilet door from inside. Immediately I rushed to close my baby's room from outside, to keep the little one out of his reach. Then with the money in my hand to pay him as usual, I waited for him, literally shivering while waiting for him to come out after finishing his work. When he came out, I first looked to



check if his feet were alright or else in the opposite direction, as heard about ghosts. I found them alright!

Taking his money, he left and I shut the door close, eating up my nails and wondering about the whole episode, puzzled and perplexed about what had happened. Late evening when my husband came back from office, I shared my anxiety and whatever had happened, he said it wasn't possible and I probably had a silly dream. But I knew it wasn't a dream....

Next day when Rita came I was just waiting to yell at her. "You told me that the society plumber was dead and then he comes to do the clean up at my house! How is that possible and why you should be spreading such nasty rumours?" "No, madam " she tried to convince me, " what I told you is true ,but what I forgot to tell you the other day is that there are two society plumbers actually"!!!

So that settled it. There were two plumbers working in the society and she did not know which one had been attending to my household cleaning and repair work, so gave me incorrect information due to confusion. However, today I can't help laughing at myself when I remember how I stood to check his feet and the fearful moments I went through that day.

When sharing this with my mom later on she shouted at me "You were an idiot to let him inside the house; but certainly a brave heart because I would have fainted down in that situation.

**Life's like that.. so full of jiggery-pockery!**



Sansriti Johri  
Author, Editor,  
Columnist Entrepreneur  
and Social Worker

## As the night unfolds...

Starry Sky  
With pleasing cold  
As the night unfolds  
You pull me near  
In your arms...  
And tightly hold,  
And the night unfolds...  
Eyes close and  
Feelings rise  
Heartbeats play role!  
The night unfolds...

By Sansriti Johri





Purpose is the thermostat of our destiny. Purpose is that still small voice inside us that pushes us to set our feet on the path of life. It is the purpose that wakes you up in the morning and puts you into action. You start doing things so that you can fulfill your purpose. For everything in life there is a purpose. Without purpose there's nothing to live for.

The reason why many people struggle in life is because they are yet to discover and understand their purpose in life. If you are engaged in doing what another person is expected to be doing in life then you are yet to discover your purpose. Your success, wealth, happiness and fulfillment depend on your purpose.

You were created to be unique and stand out in life. No matter how much a pig tries to fly, he can never fly like the bird. He will remain a pig. No matter how hard a fish may try to walk on earth, but it can only swim and will remain a fish. We all are gifted with different capabilities and unique talents.

There is an adage that states; "What you don't know is older than you." Your purpose for coming to the earth was assigned even before your birth. If you are not working in line with your purpose, you will remain unfulfilled and live a life of continual struggle. Every purpose flourishes on a fertile

ground. If you are in the wrong place you will never flourish and prosper.

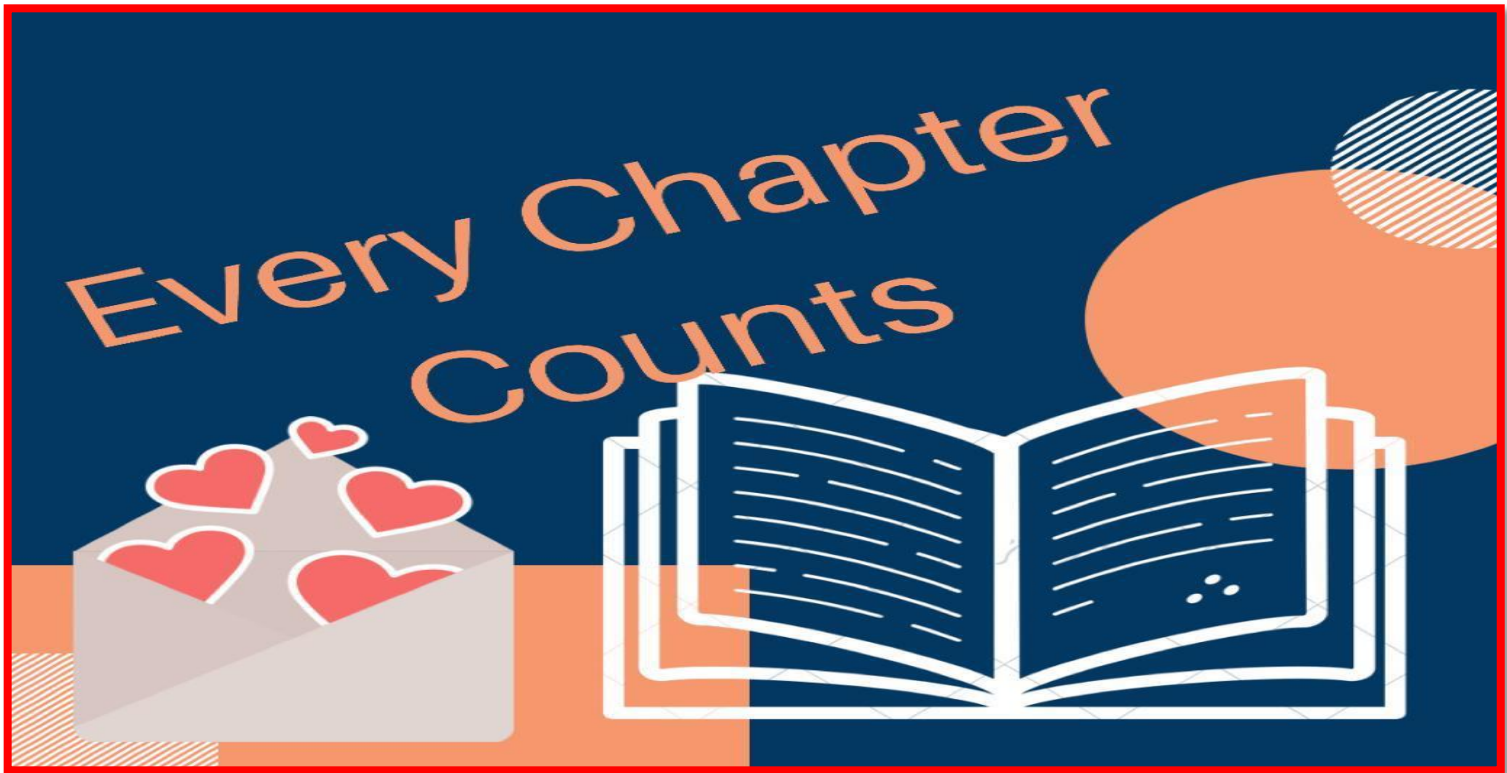
In 1971 when oil was discovered in Oloribiri in the Niger-Delta region of southern Nigeria, in west Africa, it was estimated that the capacity of the oil discovered was capable of feeding the entire West African countries. And the indigenes had been dancing and celebrating their festivals above the oil. You might possess some great potential and never discover it until you connect with your purpose.

The wealth of man is hidden within. It is left for you to discover your purpose and exploit your wealth. Any talent that is not used is wasted. The more you make use of your talents, the more your potential will increase. You didn't come into this life with nothing. You were born naked but you were not empty. You won the greatest battle in life by defeating about 5 million sperm cells while in your mother's womb. You must justify the reason for your existence by discovering and maximizing your purpose. There is no guarantee for success in a life without purpose. I challenge you; find out why you are here on the earth and what you have been destined to do, assuring that success and opportunities will be attracted to you. I can see you at the top of the world.



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





Life had been difficult last year when she almost lost her job, the person whom she loved the most left her to her nightmarish thoughts and the one thing she craved for, was the only thing she never received. She wished this year should end as soon as possible.

Standing alone at the porch, away from the loud party noise, the room filled with a hell lot of sweaty people and smoke from cigarettes; she looked at the fairy lights all around the place and the people who were merrily rejoicing in their own little world. Lost in her thoughts she suddenly heard a cuss from a stranger who startled her and brought her back to reality.

"Sorry" he muttered and sat at the spot where she was sitting few moments ago. Not even bothering about what reply the other person would give, he marched past her! This angered her, but avoiding it she talked to herself that it was almost the year end and it was okay as this won't matter to her in almost the next year. Holding one of those multiple mouths used red cups filled with cheap alcohol, he sat there absolutely zoned out in his own world. Probably he was thinking how Christmas would end and everything will be back to normal, or even worse.

Every person has a story, and so did the stranger sitting out there, and so was she. Every year she wished for the year to end and thought about how new resolutions and new beginnings would change her life for good, but it never did. All that just kept on happening was just a result of what went in continuation of the previous year's backlog. Life was a continuous process and changing things just by having a new resolution, seemed like a very naive idea to her.

The night was getting colder by each passing minute and it seemed like it was going to snow! But she was more worried about how was she going to tell everyone that she left that job for her dreams! Freezing herself out there in a short wine coloured dress and not so appropriate shoes, she wondered to herself if she should have ever agreed with Kiara to come to this party.

The stranger out there in absolutely formal attire kept on glancing through into his phone, worried about how he would meet up the upcoming deadlines. Perhaps he was waiting for someone to call or maybe he was eager for the clock to strike 12, just like her.

Every person we meet becomes a vital part of our story. They may live with us in our story or even drown with us, and so was this stranger, making his way into her story through her thoughts. She stood there at the porch observing the ambience around her and counting the number of people that marked their ways into her life.

Suddenly it started to snow. Rushing her way inside the shade she searched for the stranger. To her surprise, he was rejoicing in the snow! From being a typical sullen person he appeared to be someone who had no worries in life!! His eyes met hers and she suddenly looked away realizing that she had been staring at him all this while with a smile.

"Want to join in?" he asked. "No, thanks" she responded immediately. There was something about his positive vibes that instantly made her shift focus to the happy part in her life. "Your loss" he shrugged in a child like manner and giggled. "Aren't you cold?" she asked with a slight smile, still playing on her lips. "Yes I am, but isn't that how it goes?" She gave him a quizzical look.

"Every good thing has its own cons and every bad thing has its own pros, and that's how the vicious circle of life goes on" he exhaled a long sigh with a dramatic look in his eyes. "Hence it's better to go on the bright side of the dark night and let the happiness sink in" he further explained.

"Are you always so dramatic?" she asked giggling. "A little but not always, it's just that I prefer to live in the moment, I love the snow and it makes me happy even after I have been fired from my dream job." She just stood there underneath the porch thinking about how someone appears to be happy even after losing so much.

"Wow! Look at you being all optimistic about life" she replied.

"Life is all about little happy moments and not new resolutions, it's about making the most out of our reckless decisions" he said and started to giggle, knowing how simple it was to say it, than actually executing it. His laugh was infectious to such an extent that she couldn't control herself. Laughing hysterically she said, "I am Ria."

"I am Zayn, the person who is the most philosophical" he winked and replied.

She laughed again.


Snow was beginning to cover most of the drive way and it was getting colder. "Let's get in before we freeze to death" he recited by putting his hand on his chest dramatically.

And this is how a new chapter began in her life with the year ending on a happy note. She didn't know if this chapter would go on for a long time but it surely would play an important role in her book.



Jahnavi Doshi

Double Graduate, pursuing bachelors in education, bibliophile, aspiring Author

**SAN  
EDIFICATION**  
Online  
**LEARN 2 EARN**  
**AUTHORS COURSE**  
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## Where to have main door or the main gate

### [Vastu Shastra]

One has to pay special attention to the main door as it is like the soul of the house. In a building the importance of the gate is like the importance of face in a human being. As per Vastu Shastra, to find the perfect location of the main gate, measure the total length of the direction your main gate and divide it in nine equal proportions.

#### NORTH

P	B	B	P	E	P	P	B	B
B								B
P								E
P								E
E								P
P								P
B								B
EB								B
EB	EB	B	B	B	P	B	B	B

#### South

P=PROPER  
E=EXCELLENT

X=BAD  
EB-EXTREMELY BAD

If the main gate is in north, then in the north-east corner leave two portions and in the north-west corner leave two portions and in the remaining five portions you can construct the main gate.

In the west leaving two portions in north-west and three portions in the south-west, the remaining four portions can be utilized for construction of the main gate. To have the main gate in the south is not considered good. If by circumstance one is compelled to construct the main gate in south, then only one portion is believed to be good enough. If you can leave, five portions in south-west and three portions in south-east, then in the remaining one

part you can construct your main gate.

#### Which side the gate should open:

When you open the door from inside, it should go towards left. It means that if you are standing outside, the gate should go towards your right and towards the inside wall. Never have a gate opening outward, whether it is a house or a shop. Nowadays, in order to make the main gate look attractive people construct gates with designs. But as per Vastu Shastra, the main gate should be plain and thick. A smooth gate symbolizes peaceful and happy living. A gate with designs can bring ups and downs, and struggles in life.

If there are doors made of glass or transparent doors, they are considered as symbolizing the transparency of the house. If the main gate is transparent secret matters can be known to neighbors. Matters to be kept in the house floats outside. The width of the main gate should be wide. And the width of the gate inside the house should be lesser than that of the main gate. In that case the discipline between income and spending is maintained.

On the main gate there could be auspicious symbols, such as, Swastik, Jingle Bells, a Conch, the word OM, Garlands, Ganpati, a Lamp etc. main gate should be one foot higher than average human height. There need not be any hindrance while entering. On the side of the gate, as well as, on it/s outside of the gate make a small seat and place a Ganesh idol there. You can have a door in North, East and West in the order of auspiciousness. Having door in south is not so auspicious.

Stay Tuned & Stay Blessed.

Nikesh Rajendra Soni, Niky Vastu Consultant

To get personalized Vastu tips, suggestions for Vastu Correction about your House/ offices/ shops by Professional experts write to us:

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Or call up at:

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### The Diary Life: @the\_diarylif

The account The Diary Life on Instagram is not merely an account like any other accounts we see. It's definitely much more than that. Here they hold monthly poetry contests where writers take part by filling a Google form, paying some very minimal amount and most importantly following the proper guidelines. All the participants get e-certificates. And like we all know, the winner is ultimately announced. He/she gets cash prizes, an e certificate signed by a famous author, Ajay K. Pandey.

But this time, @the\_diarylif brings for you much more. The winner's work will be published in a **SquarePetals global web magazine - Webzine**, which is also available in hard copies.

Like it's already mentioned above, this account The Diary Life, is not just any other account it's because of the sheer endeavor of it's owner who always works hard for this account. It's because

of his enthusiasm and dedication that this account has got immense popularity within a very short time! And his P.R. Manager too works accordingly as assisted. She too does hardships for the sake of The Diary Life. Their motive is to help writers to get a good platform to show their literary talents. As talent shouldn't wait to come in front of the world.

So this is all about the team **The Diary Life**. Yes, it's a "team" and not a mere account.

To know more, here's the Instagram handle for **The Diary Life: @the\_diarylif**



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# Poetry Writing Contest

  
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&  
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WE'RE HERE WITH AN EXCELLENT  
OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU!!! THE WINNER OF  
OUR POETRY WRITING CONTEST-4 OF  
(OCTOBER - NOVEMBER) WILL GET A GREAT  
CHANCE TO BE HIGHLIGHTED IN A GLOBAL  
WEB MAGAZINE, WEBZINE.  
AND FOR OUR UTMOST LUCK, WE GOT THIS  
OPPORTUNITY FROM AUTHOR SHASHWAT  
JOHRI @SHASHWAT\_JOHRI

**FOR MORE DETAILS CONTACT HIM**

WEDNESDAY | 09.11.2019





## Heartbreak

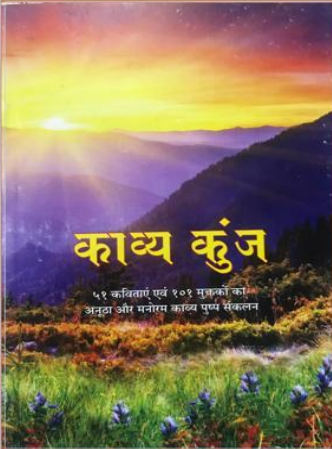
Caught up in a strangle,  
 she didn't know..  
 what was coming!  
 She knew, she was strong,  
 and yet this time,  
 the wind blew her away.  
 She was speechless,  
 stood there clueless.  
 A stake through her heart,  
 all of a sudden.  
 She tried to pull it out  
 to make it stop. The Pain;  
 She wanted it gone.  
 It felt empty and numb  
 like she was lost  
 in middle of nowhere.  
 She felt torn apart  
 by the words. Left alone,  
 in the darkest place.  
 She feared,cried  
 for help. Tears,  
 wouldn't stop.  
 As she found it  
 hard to breathe.  
 She thought she was  
 worthless, stupid,  
 miserable. As she fell  
 down with an ache.  
 She looked up  
 In the sky, full moon.  
 Wished if she could  
 rewind and undo,  
 All the happiness

and the sorrows.  
 Flashes of memory  
 rushed through her mind  
 The good ones that  
 made her happy  
 once, now gave  
 heaviness to her heart.  
 After hours of  
 uncontrollable sobbing  
 she prayed, I want it gone.  
 The Pain. I want it gone.  
 Merely able to stand,  
 she rose up.  
 Dusting it off. Her past.  
 Hoping for the betterment  
 of her future. She woke up  
 from her long coma.  
 Now to live her life  
 by her own rules.



**Apharna A**

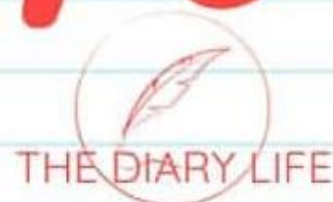
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# POETRY CONTEST 6



ON THIS SPECIAL TIME OF NEW YEAR, WE'RE BACK WITH  
ANOTHER CONTEST, IN BOTH LANGUAGES!!!

\*LANGUAGE - ENGLISH & HINDI

\*TOPIC - ANYTHING.

\*ENTRY FEE - 25 RUPEES ONLY (FOR EACH CONTEST IN BOTH  
LANGUAGE)

MODE - PAYTM / PHONEPE / GOOGLEPAY / PAYPAL

\*PARTICIPANTS WILL ALSO GET AN E-CERTIFICATE

\*WINNER PRIZE - 200/- RUPEES + AUTHOR SIGNED  
E-CERTIFICATE + PUBLISH IN A GLOBAL MAGAZINE.

\*SUBMISSION DATE IN BETWEEN- 2ND JANUARY TO 2ND  
FEBRUARY 2020

INTERESTED PEOPLE HAVE TO FILLUP THE GOOGLE FORM.



# Tech News

## Samsung Galaxy Note S10 Lite

**Display:** 6.70- inch Infinity O Display display  
**Processor:** Exynos 9810  
**Cameras:** Triple Camera setup (12MP+12MP+12MP) & Front Camera (32MP)  
**Ram:** 8GB  
**Storage:** 128GB  
**Battery Capacity:** 4500mAH with fast charger in box  
**OS:** Android 10, One UI 2



Compiled by Shashwat Johri

## Realme 5i

**Display:** 6.50- inch super AMOLED display with protection of Corning gorilla glass 6  
**Processor:** Qualcomm Snapdragon 665  
**Cameras:** Quad Camera setup (48MP+8MP+2MP+2MP) & Front Camera (8MP)  
**Ram:** 4GB  
**Storage:** 64GB  
**Battery Capacity:** 5000mAH with 18W fast charger in box  
**OS:** Android 9 Pie, Color OS 6.1  
**Launch Date:** 9th January



Compiled by Shashwat Johri

## Samsung Galaxy Note 10 Lite

**Display:** 6.70- inch Infinity O Display display

**Processor:** Exynos 9810

**Cameras:** Triple Camera setup

**(12MP+12MP+12MP) & Front Camera (32MP)**

**Ram:** 8GB

**Storage:** 128GB

**Battery Capacity:** 4500mAH with fast charger in box

**OS:** Android 10, One UI 2



Compiled by Shashwat Johri

## Samsung Galaxy A51

**Display:** 6.50- inch Infinity O Display display

**Processor:** Exynos 9611

**Cameras:** Quad Camera setup

**(48MP+12MP+5MP+5MP) & Front Camera (32MP)**

**Ram:** 6GB

**Storage:** 128GB

**Battery Capacity:** 4000mAH with 15W fast charger in box

**OS:** Android 10, One UI 2



Compiled by Shashwat Johri



## **Samsung Galaxy A71**

**Display:** 6.70- inch Infinity O Display  
**Processor:** Qualcomm Snapdragon 730g  
**Cameras:** Quad Camera setup  
(64MP+12MP+5MP+  
5MP) & Front Camera (32MP)  
**Ram:** 8GB  
**Storage:** 128GB  
**Battery Capacity:** 4500mAH with 25W fast  
charger in box  
**OS:** Android 10, One UI 2

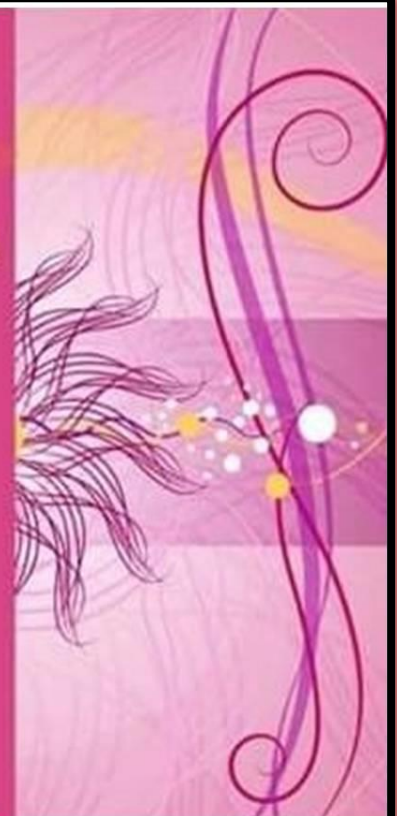


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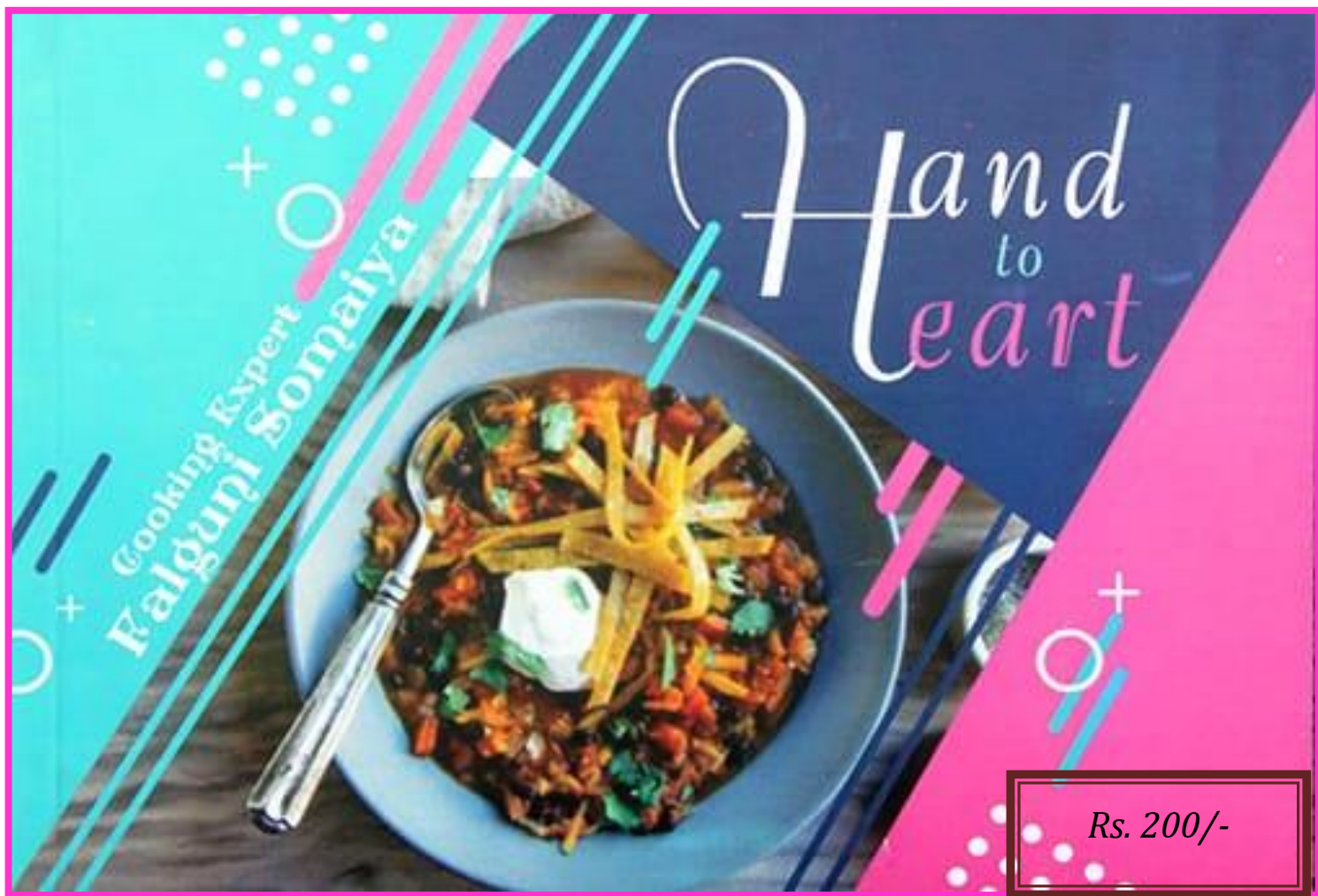
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## **Recipe Book**

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# Sunehri Collection Colors of Kutch





# SUNEHRI COLLECTION

## COLORS OF KUTCH





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# Ripples

**The  
Bedside Book** ❤️

