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# SquarePetals

Global Webzine

**INSIGHT:**  
**Dholavira**

Kutch,  
Gujarat

Top Trends  
Health n  
Fitness  
Model Kids  
Flavour  
special

**Society**

Personality  
Development:  
Michael Ediale  
Nigeria

Literary Bytes  
Eva Pasco  
Memoirs

**Cover Story**

MRS VIVACIOUS 2018  
MRS INDIA PRIDE OF NATION

**Biral Bhardwaj**

**Experimental Psychology**



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## FROM THE DESK OF EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

Dear Readers,

It is a pleasure to announce that EsquireVJ Publications has successfully launched the first issue of SquarePetals, the Global Webzine. Our objective is to bring forth quality reading material of varied interests and usefulness with effective presentation, which the readers can easily identify with.

Squarepetals aims to provide a sound authentic platform to the educated and the thinkers for presenting their views and ideas. The vision is to bring together the people of different interests and profession to form literary gentry and create a positive uniformity and understanding for one another, worldwide.

We strongly believe that education is the most powerful tool for changing the world, and so this month we are raising the issue of mob lynching violence in the Society. There are some poems from budding writers to bring a smile, and the healthy lifestyle column to help you in smiling throughout life.

Fashion section features classy upcoming models, and we have covered the success story of Mrs. Biral Bhardwaj, a crown winner at Mrs. India Pride of Nation 2018. Relish the Flavor Special Dahivadas and swag the Top Trends! An insight into the Harappan civilization of Dholavira, Gujarat, India will be an amazing read. There are also Literary Bytes and Personal Development guidance in this issue.

I hope all of you will enjoy reading this in-formative and edition which is entertaining as well. We welcome the feedback/response from the readers, do write to [info@esquire-vj.com](mailto:info@esquire-vj.com).

**STAY UPDATED & STAY BLESSED.**



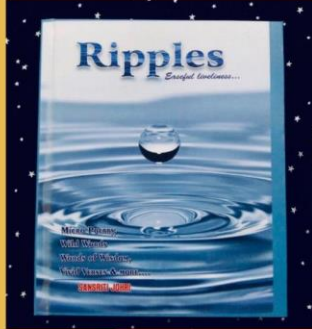
**(Sansriti Johri)**




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## The Bedside Book



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# Biral Bhardwaj



The beauty of the monsoons is as refreshing as the lovely lady Mrs. Biral Bhardwaj. Eloquent, confident and bubbling with energy that creates an aura of positivity, she was crowned as 'Mrs. India – Pride of Nation 2018' and she also won the subtitle of 'Mrs. Vivacious' in the event.

The Grand Finale was held at The Leela Ambience, Gurgaon on September 15, 2018 with celebrity

jury like Aashka Goradia and Rytasha Rathore among many others. More than 3000 talented women had participated from various parts of the country. Conceptualized by Barkha Nangia, Director – Glamour Gurgaon, the pageant showcased the beauty and talent of these passionate married women, to empower them to be better contributors to the society.

The mission of finding the Mrs. India-Pride of Nation 2018 started with the auditions in different cities across India, where more than 3000 women contestants were screened. The shortlisted 90 contestants went through strenuous auditions and training sessions to win this prestigious title. The Grand Finale of Mrs. India – Pride of Nation 2018 had three rounds where the 90 contestants wore designer ensembles – Wedding Bells Rent & Attire by Srishti Arora Anand and B Panache by Shikha Bhatia.

The second edition of Mrs. India – Pride of Nation focused on Breast Cancer Awareness and this year they have done more than 10,000 awareness campaigns. This pageant was one of the grandest with multi-city contestants, renowned fashion designers, image consultants and celebrities on the jury panel, in-depth training, photo shoots and makeup sessions all goes into preparing to find that one woman who deserved to be crowned as Mrs. India – Pride of Nation.

Talking about the successful completion of the 2nd edition of the pageant, Barkha Nangia – Director, Glamour Gurgaon said, “This is a platform to celebrate womanhood, and inspiring them to fulfill their dreams and work towards their goals with utmost determination and integrity. Through various training sessions, they have been groomed and equipped to present the best version of themselves. I am glad that through this platform, we have paved a path for these talented and passionate women so they can get the right opportunities to make their ambitions soar.”

Biral has been an educator from the last 15+ years and lives in Vadodara, Gujarat. She has been teaching in one of the esteemed CBSE schools Navrachana Sama for the last 8 years. She decided to take a break from her job and a new opportunity came her way, Mrs India – Pride of Nation. She participated in the Ahmedabad auditions for the event on the 29th of July 2018. Initially more than 500 participants were shortlisted who had come from

various cities of Gujarat. Then out of these only 90 candidates were selected to go further and Mrs. Biral Bhardwaj among 5 women from Gujarat to reach the national level.

They were given various tasks and the main task was to create breast cancer awareness among women. Mrs. Biral carried out more than 10+ campaigns throughout the city in a very short span of time of around 7 days and

created so much awareness you can visit her Facebook page <https://www.facebook.com/BiralJBhardwaj/> for more information on these campaigns.

On September 10th, 2018 Biral took her flight to New Delhi to start

her training and grooming session for the prestigious title. There were rigorous training sessions in the next five days for various talent rounds. It lasted from 7:00 am upto around midnight or even late sometimes. It was a very tough competition for all 90 contestants who had been shortlisted from the entire country.





In the finale on 15th September 2018 at The Leela Ambience Gurgaon 7 out of the 90 contestants were selected as the finalists after three rounds and Mrs Biral Bhardwaj was proudly one of them. The last round of the finale was the question and answer round, and the question asked to her was – Imagine India in which arrange marriages were banned, what positive effects would that have on our society? Her answer can be heard on this link, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SICM3DCmN3s>. The judges were impressed and the audience clapped and cheered on hearing such a beautiful answer.

And when it was time for the announcement of the top 3 winners and her name was there as the second runner-up for Mrs India- Pride of Nation, it was a great moment of achievement for Mrs. Biral Bhardwaj. All her efforts and good work had brought the glory and her dreams came true!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QfIK4UV84kk>

Biral is thankful to God and Glamour Gurgaon for giving such a wonderful opportunity and platform. She is very thankful to all the people who have supported her throughout this journey especially her mother and her children. Biral is a proud mother of two and is looking forward for the exciting journey ahead. She has continued with her valuable contribution to the society by

grooming the upcoming models and has been the jury for various fashion events, also a judge at the Glam Kids Vadodara Fashion show.

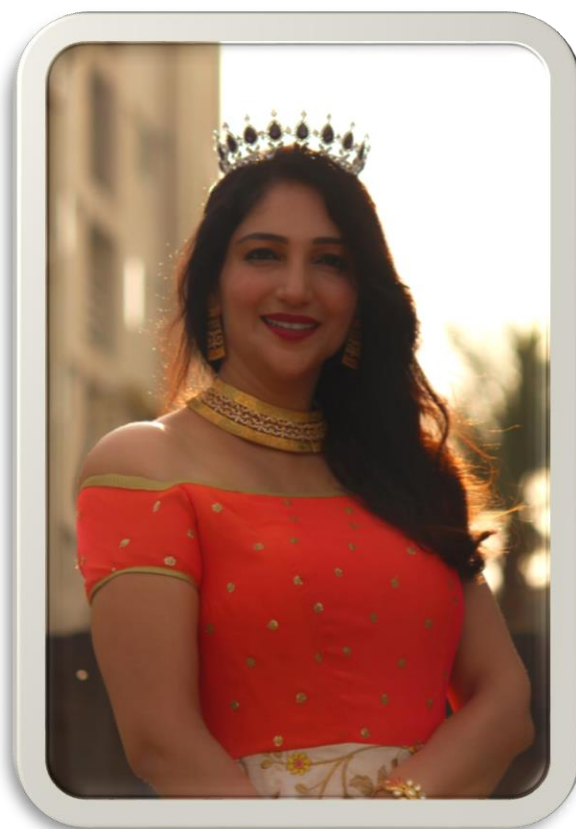
Gleaming eyes & a warm smile, that's her style...

To find out more about Mrs. Biral

Bhardwaj and her amazing story of success.

visit his Facebook profile page:

<https://www.facebook.com/BiralJBhardwaj/>



*Cover Story*

It was Sunday morning, the clock was showing 9'o clock on the 8th of September.

**Endless**



The phone was ringing but as it was on silent mode, Tathya didn't hear it. He was in deep sleep so he couldn't even hear his mother shouting. She came to his room and told him to wake up as it was already late to go to the temple and urged him to get ready fast. She opened the curtains and the sunlight was falling on his smiling face. With eyes still closed and he replied, "Ten minutes mom. I will be there". Then he stood up, out from his bed, singing a love song and went to take a shower. He wore a red T-shirt and blue joggers as this was the favorite pair of his fiancée.

He and his mom left home and went to the temple. There again his phone rang, he answered the call. He then told his mom that Aashna, Tara's mom was calling him to her house urgently.

Thathya dropped his mother home and then he left for his fiancé's house. When he reached there he was shocked to know that Tara, his fiancé had met with an accident and she was hospitalized in a very serious condition. Her heart was not functioning properly and she was in a state of coma! Tears flowed down his eyes as he rushed to the hospital.

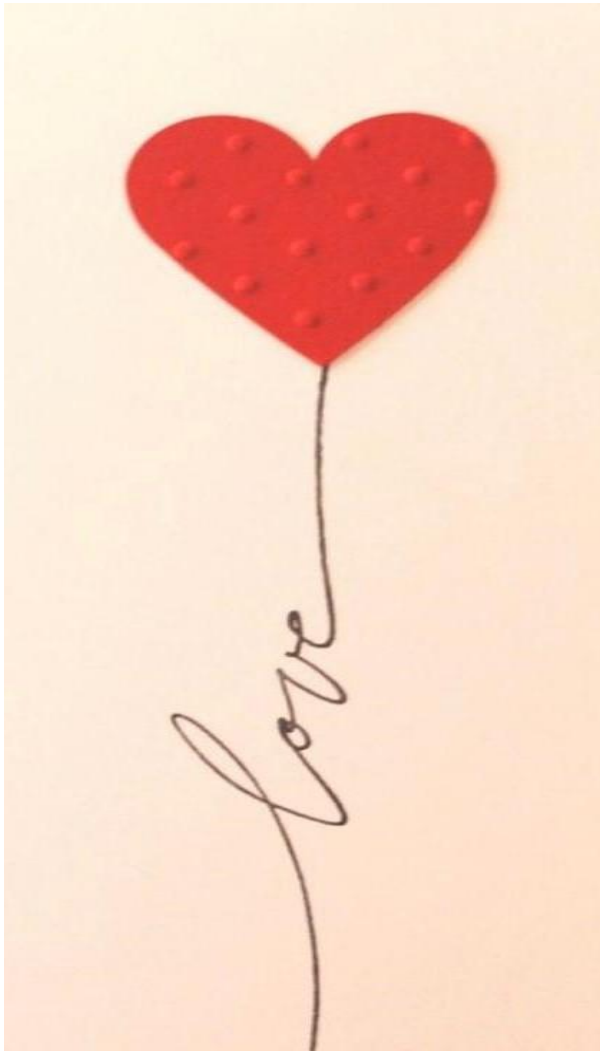
He entered the ICU room and sat near her, holding and kissing her hand he said, "I love you Tara. Please get well

soon. How I will live without you? We have faced many problems together, and we handled so many challenges, still you were strong always, and this is a very small challenge you can come out of this very soon my love." He then ran outside as he was losing control.

He sat on a chair, his hand on his head and he cried a lot till he fainted. Aashna, Tara's mother called the doctor, who kept him under observation for two days and carried out some tests.

It was now almost a week but Tara did not open her eyes even once. Yet another shock that Tathya got diagnosed of brain-tumour! He ignored that totally and he was only tensed for Tara. He went to her again and again, said, "Jaan please open your eyes, and promise me that you will be perfectly fine soon, so that I can die tension-free, please don't torture me this way." Aashna requested Tathya that he should take care of himself and not to panic about Tara all the time.

He was wondering that why these sad incidents happened in his beautiful normal lovable life!! Then he decided that he will spend his last few days with his love. He requested the doctor to shift his bed to her room. He decorated her room with red balloons, red roses, and her favorite red curtains, so that she would feel



homely in that ward. He took all possible care of her, he talked with her every day, he read books for her, didn't leave her hand for a minute also. He even told the nurses that that he would do all her service himself.

Then one night the doctor informed Tathya that unfortunately he had not much time left because his brain had stopped responding to the treatment. Tathya wrote a letter and gave it to the doctor and asked him to give that letter to Tara whenever she opened her eyes. And the doctor went away after patting his shoulder. Today on 28th of November Tara

opened her eyes, and the first word she uttered was "Tathya". Aashna heard her voice and called the doctor. Doctor came in to examine her. Again she asks about Tathya. The doctor handed over the letter to her and said, "Tathya died few days ago and told me to give this letter to you." That letter was having only two lines written.

"Dear Love; Please stay happy. I am still with you in form of your heart "

She couldn't stop her tears after reading this letter. Tathya's heart was beating inside her, their heartbeats were one now! He allowed himself to die, to save her life!



**Dhwani Jethwa**  
Bachelor of Science  
student, She love to  
write stories & quotes  
& a writer for a  
Gujarati web series.



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# *Living the Best Life*

*(Personal Development segment)*

## **Winning over Fear**

The greatest barrier to success is not failure but the fear. Fear has robbed and destroyed more dreams and lives. Fear cripples destiny and potential. What hinders people from becoming successful and reaching their full potential is fear. A person who has no victory over fear will always be a victim. The doors of success would never be open to a life dominated and controlled by fear. No one is born with a fear; we deliberately create it in our minds. Most people find excuses and blame situations or other people for their misfortunes, mistakes and failure.

All these are mere alibis meant to conceal their fear. Fear is like a seed of weed that germinates and grows without its presence being observed. To get ahead in life you must deal with fear. To deal with fear, we have to master the power to conquer this enemy of our life. Success is far away from a mind habituated by fear; fear is nothing but a state of mind.

Fear grows and occupies that mind which gives it a room to grow. A mind accommodated and dominated by a fear will be tormented and imprisoned. The worst prison anyone can find himself is the prison of fear.

The only time that you can lose this



potential power over fear is when you allow fear to take control of your life. Whenever you surrender to fears, you have surrendered your power to fear. And it will continue to control your

life until you decide to fight your fear and take back your power.

Don't be tempted to give up your dreams and aspirations to fear. If you have the habit of surrendering to fear, remember that the fear didn't come from God. God does not give us the spirit of fear. Fear is a spirit that possesses the mind of a man to sabotage his opportunities and frustrate his dreams. What fails many people in not getting what they really want in life is because they have surrendered their dreams and life to fear. If you cannot control your little fears, you will not be able to deal with your worst fears.

If you are experiencing many fears, the simple thing that you can do is to cure yourself of one fear, and that's the fear of failure. This will help you deal with the other kinds of fears. Be it fear of rejection, criticism or of a loss. It is honorable to attempt something great and fail than attempt nothing at all.

The world admires people who make a commitment, and stick their neck out. The world recognizes people who make an attempt to reach the top even if they couldn't make it. Just like someone who declares his candidacy for public office in a sincere desire to become a public servant for community good. He can be sure that he will be criticized and condemned, and probably misinterpreted and distorted. His ego will surely take an awful beating. What does he get out of it? Even if he loses the race, he is a

winner because he has conquered his fear of trying. In doing so, he has won his biggest battle over fear of failure. Bear this in mind every loser who tries to do something great is the real winner. You can become the best person you want to be and get the best things in life when you get rid of fear of any kind from your mind.



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





## Healthy Lifestyle

Healthy living is akin to happy living. All the riches in world, be it money, power, the best of friends and a loving family, along with a dream career; practically speaking these can be celebrated and appreciated only if good health and well being have been nurtured simultaneously. A life with any sort of ailment becomes a burden; de facto it is difficult to pull through with the substantial physical and mental drag.

An unfit person who is suffering a disease or sickness can never feel truly contented as the misery of failing health is a torture that hurts persistently. This may overshadow all the joys of living. A most lavish and cozy home too cannot render much comfort against the intense pain or draining weakness symptoms due to a health disorder. It is important to

mention here that such unpleasant conditions are not always due to any disease; sometimes it may be only the deficiency of a vitamin, mineral or protein etc as improper diet habits are in common practice these days.

A state of ailment or, simply being unfit and out of form creates barrier obstructing the mind from realizing mental peace and true happiness. Can we fancy playing throw-ball in a garden with friends or

with children, or else going for a cool night stroll with a loved one, when suffering a stomach ache or vertigo sensation? Well practically one would be really down in such disagreeable conditions, and would intend to skip that period of life sleeping it off using sedatives!

A bad health is also a bottle-neck in progress, as we cannot deliver the requisite output at work when not in sound state. In order to match up to

the competitive standards of the high-tech world today, keeping fit, active, motivated and energetic is indispensable and fundamental.

I feel privileged to extend my efforts and share some little secrets about Healthy Lifestyle through this column and I hope it is fruitful. I will be highlighting novel ideas and thoughts, suggesting the comfy ways to modulate your days by thinking wise and making right choice that makes a healthy lifestyle.

I have coined a term precisely, **HLP** i.e. Healthy Living Practices. Well, please be assured that it doesn't require much effort; no such heavy schedule or an inconvenient changeover in the regular routine has to be imposed for achieving it. Healthy living practices require minimum extra efforts, and being mindful makes it possible. We just have to keep it simple and gradually it will become a routine through practice.

The very first thought which makes the big difference is:

### **Treat Yourself as Top Priority**

I do not at all mean to say that we must become self-centered or selfish, but yes, self care is definitely important and nobody should take it for-granted. **The physical, mental and emotional upkeep of oneself is a top priority concern, and this has to be done not only for self, but for our loved ones as well. Only a strong individual can render financial, emotional or any sort of vital support to the**

**family and dear people.** Ironically, those who forget about self-care and keep ignoring their own well being due to confined service to others, may end-up becoming a physical liability for other family members after some years. A careless attitude towards self can then turn a gifted personality into a bundle of frustration for everyone. A pitiable plight like this ruins the peace and happiness of the entire family, which is very unfortunate.

We all do get engrossed and entangled into various matters regarding the bringing-up of our little children, care of our elderly parents, the spouse and dear siblings, and so we tend to overlook attending to the self. Therefore, the little symptoms that may be signaling an ailment developing in our body go unnoticed, and gradually the damage can increase causing severe pain or a helpless state.

It is only when one can no longer endure and ignore it that the various medications are tried; these may work in time or, sometimes by then it might be too late!

So my first message is, **treat yourself as 'the' top priority** and take care to stay strong, healthy and consequently



happy always. This is the formula to be self reliant and to become a dependable anchor for your own people as well. How to begin self care is the obvious thought next and let me say that it is very simple. We are all in the habit of asking ‘How are you?’ whenever we meet our friends and relatives. But did we ever put the same question to ourselves??

We all need to ask the same question to self, at least once a week. I suggest, let’s make it a weekend evening routine, after a hectic work schedule of five to six days. Please pamper yourself with this little favor, just close your eyes and ask yourself “How are you?” Now listen to the reply that comes from your conscience! Does it say “I am extremely tired and I need some rest?” Or does it say ‘I have been experiencing a mild pain in my left

knee joint” or else it may say “I am putting on extra weight and if I don’t control it now, it may make me go obese which can adversely affect my activities!”

The idea is that if you become aware that there is something about you that needs attention, you will be concerned to do something about it. So do observe this courtesy to ask yourself about your well-being and do listen to your answers carefully; there can be many different kinds including the stress complaints growing very common these days. There is nothing to worry about anything, but take it

seriously and do try to resolve the aberrations, if any. If handled on a regular basis, one at a time and at the very beginning as any ailment may crop up, it is not very difficult to set things right.

If at all you get the thought ‘it is being so selfish to focus on myself when my child is having her Maths test on the coming Monday,’ then please be reminded of my words **“If you ignore your little problems now, it will increase in magnitude later on.”** Even a lifeless vehicle needs servicing to be able to run further. So it is better to protect yourself to be able to perform better in all the spheres of life. If the Maths marks of your child are a little less now, it can be covered in due course but the mild joint pain worsening to become arthritis cannot be dealt with

easily then, and unfortunately it can stop you from supporting your child in future when it is required to travel along for academics or career. Ignoring yourself once in a while is okay, in

case there is something really important in the priority, but please do not make it a regular way of living. A stitch in time saves nine, we should all keep that in mind.

**Self –care is comprehensive, yet easy.**

I will be presenting all about it in detail, taking each aspect one by one like skin care, muscle toning, keeping

Healthy living practices require minimum extra efforts, and being mindful makes it possible. We just have to keep it simple and gradually it will become a routine through practice.



bones in order, stress- management, personality development, how to appear presentable and confident , and so on and so forth, one at a time in the coming issues. Diet of course forms the basis of healthy living so next month we shall discuss the balanced diet and how to maintain it in today's modern life style. Also

how, the right balanced diet may vary from person to person and the surrounding environment and daily routine, and how to find out what works for you the best.

I will be sharing with you many practicable tips in the next four-five issues of "Healthy Living" .....So

**Stay tuned friends ...**



**SANSRITI JOHRI**

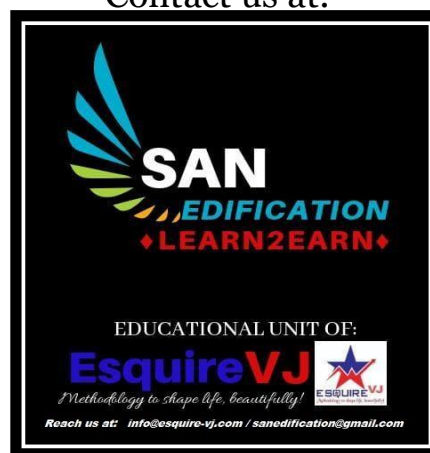
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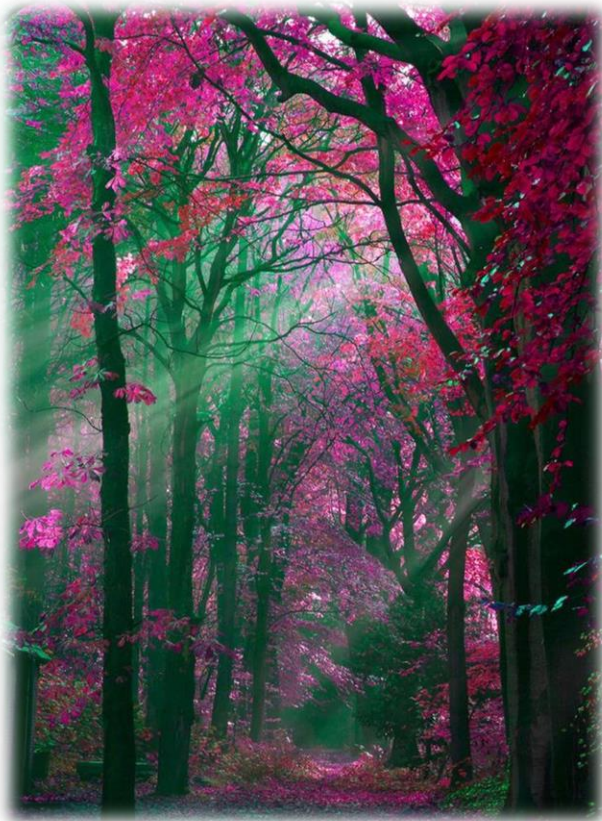
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## Next day

**By Shreya Narayanan**

Ah .. finally a clear sky. My babies don't like a rainy day. Nadia is up it seems. Aw she's feeding little Nadeem. I can never get tired of this magic. Milky is still sleeping, Charu is tending Bruno and Appu has let out his first dung of the day.

Everyone seems happy. Looks like my prayers have worked. Damn, I should probably start working now otherwise Uncle won't get milk for his chai.

Little Renu sat down next to her favorite cow Dhenu. She wrapped her pinkish tender udder in her tiny palm and started milking her. Dhenu mooed as usual, quietly enjoyed her rhythmic motion.

Wet muddy floors and a heavy whiff of fresh cow dung was Renu's life all about. After milking two buckets, she caressed Dhenu and fed her golden hay.

'I need to be careful with these. Not a drop to spill; yesterday was a disaster.'

Renu shuddered at the very thought of yesterday's mishap. She tried to calm herself down by singing her latest favourite song she'd heard on the new television she saw at her uncle's place. The colours were so bright and the woman dancing among the

flowers, so real!

She had now reached her house where her grandfather was waiting for the milk. "Quick Renu, you need to deliver this packet to a new uncle, he lives next to Nandadevi's house", he ordered in his gruff voice.

"Yes Ajja." Renu took the milk packet and sprinted like a little pony, her pigtails flying in the morning breeze.

Wonder who this new uncle is. Living next to that evil witch, I hope he doesn't turn out like her. She's always been behind my marriage, and what am I? 10? Oh no I'm 11. Dumb me!

Her bubbling energy doused down and her walk became lazier each second. Wish Ajji was alive, she would've shouted at Nanda Ajji.

Little Renu looked at the sky. It was almost 10. She darted through the sleepy street and finally reached her destination.

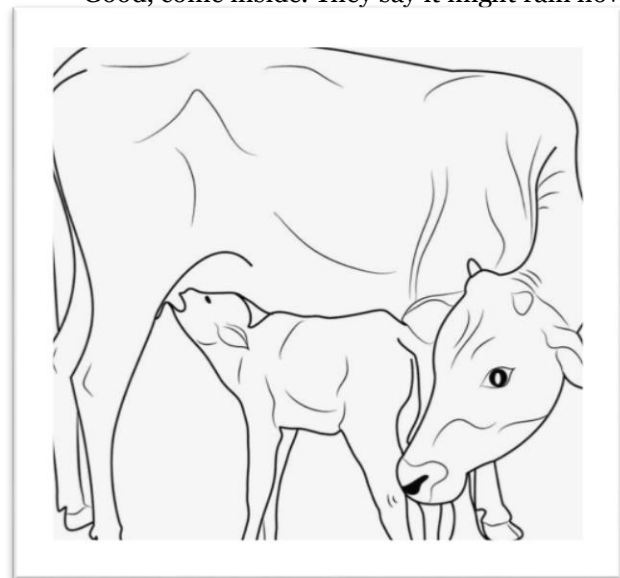
"May I help you?", an old man asked her something she couldn't understand. The language was alien to her, yet sounded so familiar.

"Paal .. milk?"

"Oh seri", the kind man smiled. His wrinkled face spoke a thousand stories as Renu peered into his left eye, that particular light blue eye.

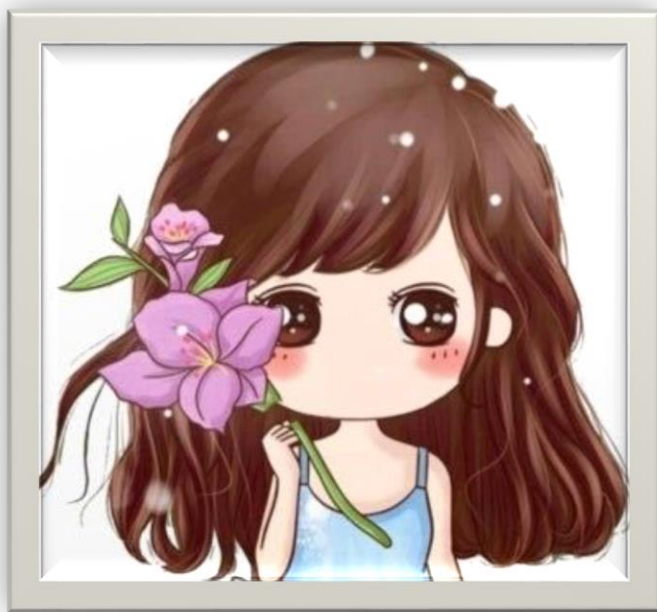
"Do you understand English?", he asked in broken Kannada. "Yes I can understand and speak.", Renu beamed at her skillful exchange of words.

"Good, come inside. They say it might rain now."



"But the sun is shining."

The old man laughed and patted her head asking her to follow him. She did so, clutching the packet tighter than usual.



The house was grander than what she had imagined. There was a red couch with a red carpet beneath. A colour TV set just like the one at uncle's house. A radio transistor playing an old Malayalam song but these are not the things that caught Renu's attention, it was the painting of a beautiful woman that hung beside the flower vase on the Turkish brown cabinet. She could now smell the boiling of tea leaves and immediately realised what she was here for.

"Take this. I'll go", she kept the packet on the kitchen table and turned around.

"Oh wait, you don't want chai?"

"Um I don't drink chai with strangers", Renu tried smiling but it didn't work.

"My name is Sridharan Nambiyar, nice to meet you", he extended his bony arm towards her.

"Renuka Devaiya."

'He doesn't seem so bad after all. He seems nice, nothing like my Ajja. Should I stay or should I go?'

"I'm basically from Kerala. I came here yesterday and talked to your Ajja about the milk services", he poured two cups of steaming black chai and plopped in two cubes of sugar in each.

"Thank you", Renu was about to take her cup and sip it, but he stopped.

"You forgot the milk Renu", Sridharan chuckled softly and opened the packet, pouring enough quantity to give the cups a fierce orange colour.

Renu giggled with her hand covering her mouth, she didn't want to show her fallen front tooth and scare him.

"So, do you study in school?"

"Well .. after Ajji I .."

Should I tell him what happened? He's a nice man but ..

"Go on .. tell"

"I used to study, but not now."

"Why is that?"

"Well .. after Ajji's death, I didn't want to be a burden on my Ajja so .. I left school to help him with the cows and delivery."

"Oh ...", his face had fallen. He kept his half drunk cup on the table and walked towards the old brown backdoor. He opened it and motioned her to follow him.

"Jude kanna, open the door please", he whispered as lovingly as Renu had heard Ajja speak to Ajji when she was ill.

'Who is Jude now? And why does he want me to meet Jude? Is it a dog? I'm scared of dogs.'

Renu eagerly waited for someone to open the door but to her astonishment, the door was already ajar. The old man smiled and pushed the creaking door. Renu had never seen such a beautiful place before!

Red and pink roses dancing in the broad day light with tulips of almost all colours were sailing with the wind. The wind carried off a sweet syrupy scent which smelt very peculiar yet enticing to Renu as she walked around taking in every inch of beauty behind that mystic old door.

And there right below the pink bougainvillea tree sat a very old woman, who was playing with the fallen flowers, giggling happily as she picked them carefully and let it pass through a needle.

'Oh I know what she's doing! She's making a flower crown.'

Her heart started to beat louder as she approached the lady with caution.

"Hello Ajji, can I help you?"

The lady looked up. For a brief moment they spoke nothing. Then, the lady offered Renu her crown and got up to leave.

'Why did she leave? Did I interrupt her or something? I don't want this. I'm sorry.'

"Jude is like that. She'll take time to adjust but she'll be fine. She's gifted you the crown, you're a special one", Sridharan sat beside her on the soft grass and watched her.

"She is your wife?"

"No .. I do love her though", the old man now seemed very calm, like a gentle wave of an ocean.



"So you should tell her no. Get married and have children", Renu replied just the way Nanda Ajji used to.

Sridharan bursted out laughing and wiped a tear from his eye.

"Oh you silly one, It's not that easy."

"She is sick right?", Renu looked into his brooding eyes, trying to maintain her composure.

"She needs more love."

"That's all."

"What happened to her?"

"It's a complicated story. You're too young to .."

"Enough."

"Huh."

Renu got up to leave. She dusted her back of the frock and started walking towards the door.

"Renu wait .. you don't like it here?"

"Oh no, I'm too young to be here."

Oh no. If Ajja hears I spoke to an elderly like this he'll definitely scold me. Ugh what do I do.

"Relax now. Come here."

Renu followed him and sat down beside a pond.

"Chacko Thomas was a very wealthy businessman. He had two daughters, Silvia and Judith. Jude was twelve when her sister ran away with a hindu boy to start a new family. Since then Chacko has been protective of his daughter, and I think that's what made her sad day by day. She wasn't allowed to go anywhere, wasn't allowed to dress up well, even during Christmas. In school, she never spoke to anybody. She was just there in that corner, minding her own business, talking to her loneliness. Sadly, only I could see her in that state, in that corner, talking to herself, sobbing at times. Not because she couldn't give the right answer, but because she knew the answer yet couldn't pluck up courage to face the class, to face people. She was in fact terrified when once her classmate had called her to return her book."

Sridharan paused to take a breath. His eyes wandered towards the glittering pond with flecks of coloured petals floating on the green surface.

"One evening I found her, about to jump into the village well when I caught her arm and pulled her close. She was about to end her misery by killing herself. Since that day, I was her only companion. She was very apprehensive of me, given that I was a

boy and we were learning about reproduction then but later she warmed up and told me everything. She had begun to trust me, perhaps the only human she'd ever trusted before. I was happy that I made her happy, that was enough to make me fall in love with her.

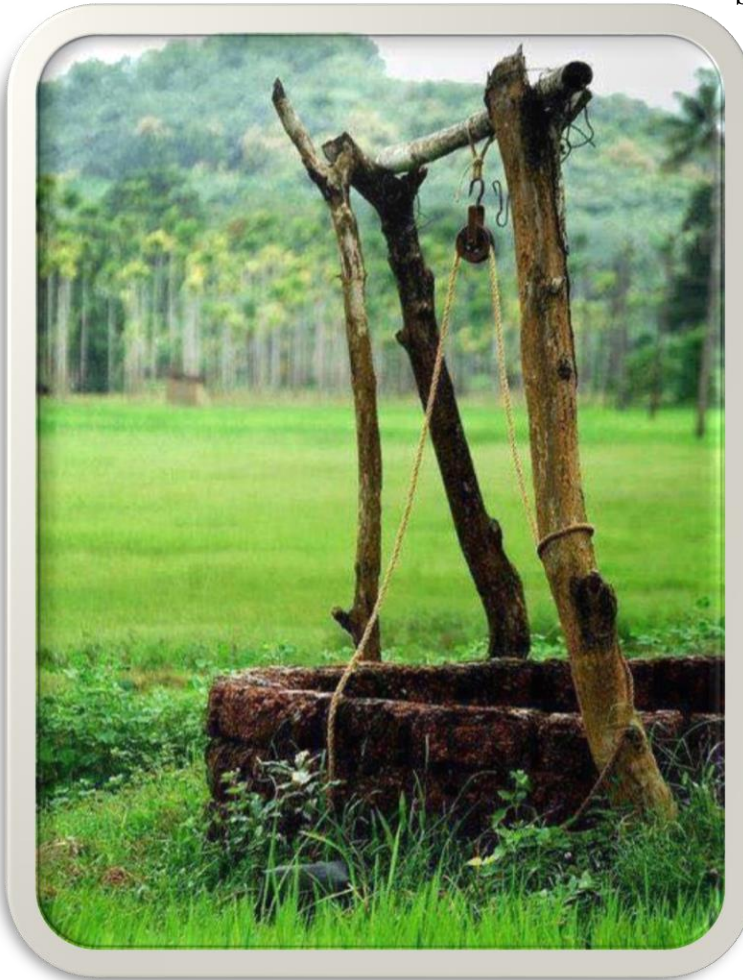
She was terrified when she heard the news that I would be going to London to study economics. That's the last I heard of her."

"When I returned, I started working with the government to make policies and I totally forgot about her. Then one day I was in my car when I saw that well, the same well. I got out and saw that the water has dried up. A nearby villager told me that it went dry ages ago, after Judith Thomas went mad.

I was appalled. I asked him more about it and he said that she couldn't even finish her degree. One evening, while coming from college she was kidnapped by Alex Pandian and his gang and was well ... beaten and bruised."

Renu squeezed his palm gently and looked at him. She knew exactly what he was talking about. Her Ajji used to read to her the newspaper everyday. He wasn't looking at her. Even he didn't know what he was looking at.

"I knew I wanted to help her so I tracked her down and found her all alone by a nearby beach. Her family had abandoned her because they were ashamed of it. I sat next to her cautiously and looked at her. Her eyes recognized me immediately but her dry lips could mouth no words. Since then I've never heard a single voice from her lips.



I took her to my house, it was an empty mansion with all the comforts she wanted, she needed but all she chose were simple meals, simple clothes and a pillow to sleep on the floor.

I tried taking her to a therapist but she hates meeting new people, seeing new faces.

It's been 47 years I believe. I have taken care of her, she has taken care of me. I always wake up the next day, in the hope that she'll someday greet me, just like she used to, in school."

Renu's liquid eyes had now begun to well up but fighting back the tears, all she could do was hug him. "Oh ... don't cry ... I don't know what to do when kids cry", flustered Sridharan patted her head gently till she calmed down.

"There there ... feel better?"

"I don't know what to say ...", Renu cried.

Sridharan bent his knees and stood in front of her. He wiped her tears with his thumbs and looked into to her wet smudgy eyes.

"You know sometimes the best thing you can say is nothing ... nothing at all."

The afternoon sun was starting to catch up. Renu realised she had to take her cattle to graze. She picked up her flower crown and walked towards the open door. She looked at the painting one more time, and hurried off to her house.

Ajja was standing there impatiently with two empty buckets.

"Where were you?", his voice thundered.

"I was ... at uncle's house."

"that Mallu fellow?"

"Howdu. Yes."

"Fine, we can't take our cows outside today so I've already fed them hay."

"Why Ajja?"

"Because ...", Ajja put his sturdy hand on her shoulder and turned her towards the grey clouds approaching her house.

Renu smiled. For a moment she stood there by her front door and gazed at the sterling grey sky.

"What happened to your eyes?", Ajja yelled from the kitchen.

"Nothing, just ..", Renu had forgotten what she was about to say.

"I want to rejoin school Ajja."

The old man quivered at her words.

'I shouldn't have asked this. ...'

"Well well ... you were right.", Ajja whispered and turned towards his wife's garlanded portrait. He removed a sealed package from behind the

photograph and kept it inside the almirah.

I had never seen his eyes light up before.

"I'll talk to Sandhiya akka and make some arrangements. Till then try fitting yourself in your old uniform. You haven't grown fat, have you?", Ajja teased and patted her head.

"I'll be in the shed with the cows."

"Don't forget to take an umbrella."

Renu wore her brand new rainy shoes, took her umbrella and dashed towards the shed. Her babies don't like a rainy day.



**Shreya Narayanan**  
is pursuing higher  
studies in Business  
Management and hopes  
to become an  
entrepreneur someday.  
She is an avid dreamer  
hence every little thing  
can consume her into a  
world of its own and she  
hopes the same for her  
readers, through her  
words.

## SCRAPED UP HOME

Wasn't it two by the dawn  
When she still lay across the old damp floor  
Her seemingly half dead eyes  
Staring at the void beyond,  
Where her musings swirl  
Into the dark clouds passing above.

Old high school stories of blue and grey  
Stuck in the tangles of her human mind,  
Finely chokes the voice of her laughter and cries.  
Yet her pen oozes out unbidden words  
That cracks open the stone walls  
Of lies and dry happiness built around.  
Their sneered faces appear  
On her mending walls,  
Contemptuous of her desperate attempts  
To win a hand that may have  
Steered her, out of the already fading smiles.  
For wasn't the child so weird  
Cringing away to fit into the chaos and mass  
As a misfit.

Yet his star flecked eyes  
Tugged her rudderless soul  
With the whisperings of all promises,  
Of spring day and the blooming nights.  
Nevertheless, they stain her broken poems -  
Anthems to mend another of her wreckage.

Well aren't the poets thus named for,  
To scarp up homes out of their blue poetries.

So she sang her lullabies  
Over to the looming moon,  
The keeper of her untamed secrets.

### Sheryl Anna

A student of  
literature, you can  
find her curled up in  
her room coaxing  
stories out of silences  
with her head cooked  
up with Saussurean  
Dichotomies.

## I HAVE SET SAIL

On yet another troublesome journey  
Where my tears and scars  
Are showcased in his tourney.

I am shipped off  
To a land of sorrow  
Across the river of tears  
Where entry is so narrow.  
It was all red and dark  
A home I made  
His heart it was  
Barred at the gates.  
Trembling lips and swollen eyes  
Those were my nights  
'cause to my love  
I was never right.  
"Love yourself", he says  
Then he seared my heart  
His name carved on it  
My favorite piece of art.

Now I sit here  
All alone in dark  
His voice echoes in my mind  
My craze embarked.  
I danced to his tunes  
Showering my love,  
my pure heart  
like a chained dove.  
Tonight I will sleep  
With an empty chest  
Now I close my heart  
Giving it forever a rest.

### Twinkle Dixit

is CA student. 'The long night' is her first published fiction piece. Her articles on climate change got published in Agra Newsletter and in a blog 'Tesla ClubIn'. She is currently writing a book about 'Mental Illnesses'.



# Fashion

## Priyanshi Devnani

Impressive eyes and a catchy smile ... **Priyanshi** has it in her, the spark that marks her presence as she walks on the ramp with swag and elegance.

The twelve years kid model from Kutch, Priyanshi Devnani is immensely talented and has been bagging awards year after year. From a very young age Priyanshi has been winning competitions in a variety of fields, sports dance, drawing, garba and Fashion shows in the city of Gandhidham where she hails from. And very much a part of this beautiful journey was the EsquireVJ Fashion Event 'The Colors of Kutch' held on the 27th of April this year, where Priyanshi looked simply stunning while emblazoning the pink and olive green 'Sunehri Collection' designer wear.

Opportunity knocks the doors of the deserving and Priyanshi Devnani is now on the esteemed platform of India Kids Fashion Week Season 7 Finale, this September.

We are proud to showcase such budding and promising talents as **Priyanshi Devnani**.



# PROBABLE CAUSE

By Eva Pasco

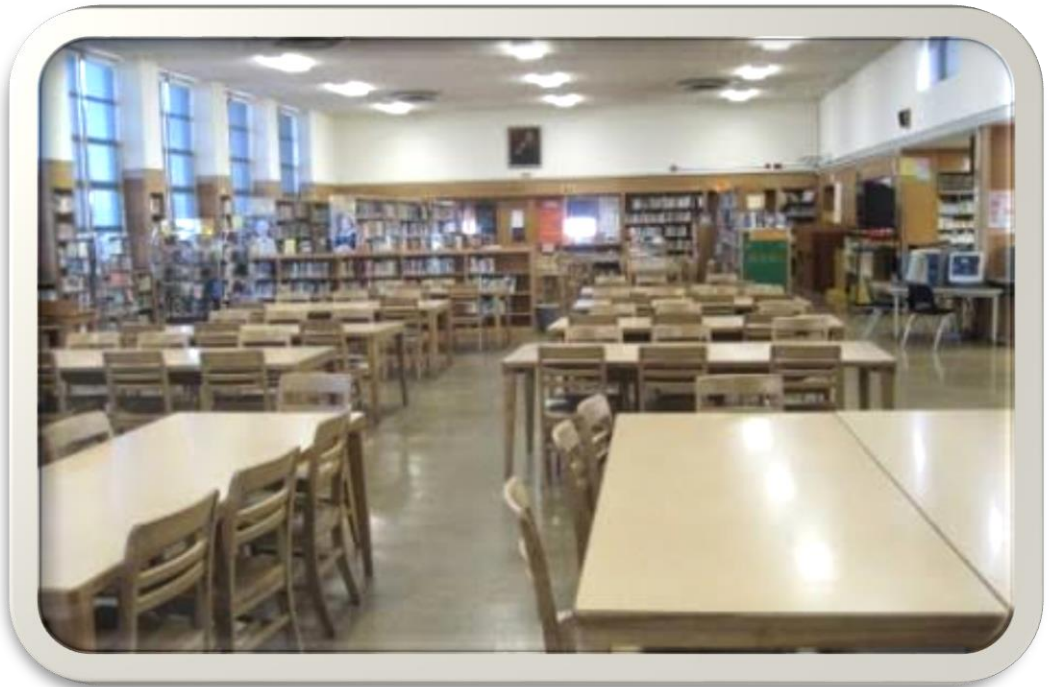
How often does one have probable cause to open Pandora's Box—vis a vis a high school yearbook? Inspired by what transpired, I now have probable cause to open a bound treasure trove of bygone memories.

A member of Lincoln Senior High's class of 1969, my upcoming 50th high school reunion fast approaches.

It just so happens, a former classmate and teaching colleague reached out, asking if I'd be interested in contributing my bio to the LHS 1969 newsletter. Her email arrived on the heels of having acquired a copy of my Nonfiction Sixties Memoir collection:

"I was wondering if you would like to write a bio for this newsletter. I know writing comes natural for you, I also think classmates would love to know about your talents and success as a writer."

Already moved by having read bio updates of several fellow classmates, and touched by her gracious invitation, I eagerly accepted. And, so I delved into the surface of 100 Wild Mushrooms: Memoirs of the '60s—only because several junior-senior high moments are sprinkled throughout. My classmates will immediately identify teachers whose names I've modified. As well, they're sure to recognize a smattering of kindred seniors on a first-name basis.



## From Memoir #62: Senior Moments:

World current events of the Sixties may be somewhat hazy, but my senior class trip to New York in May of '69 is vivid as though it occurred yesterday. The guys had to wear sport jackets and ties. We gals wore dresses with hosiery.

All of Mr. R's senior history students fit comfortably on a single Greyhound with only one chaperone—Mr. R! We affectionately called him “The Buddha” because he always sat cross-legged on a table during lessons, and his round belly hung over his belt.

When we arrived in the big city, Mr. R kept the guys under close supervision to make sure they didn't wander off to buy booze. We gals had free rein to go wherever we pleased until boarding time.

It should go without saying that you don't have to be a member of Lincoln High's Class of '69 to enjoy the book—but, if you are...

I consider it an honor and privilege to donate a signed/personalized copy to be raffled on the memorable occasion of this 50th reunion.

In the meantime, with probable cause, I'll stroll through the high school halls of fame, turning the pages of Conspectus 1969.

The author has published books in the genres of Contemporary and Nonfiction.

Eva Pasco's Amazon Author Page:  
<http://www.amazon.com/author/evapasco>



**Eva Pasco**

Eva Pasco has earned Bachelor of Science & Masters of Education degree. She always had a dormant flair for writing. Eva has published Nonfiction Memoir Collection. Her Primary genre is that of Contemporary Women's Fiction. She is a published author loved & respected by her readers.



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# Experimental Psychology

By Revathi Mohan



We are living in a generation where emotions are replaced with emojis. India is a country with one of the oldest storytelling traditions. All the Vedas, Upnishadas, Bible and Quran have stories; the purpose is to use it as a medium to encourage kindness, generosity and to improve the resilience.

Being a psychologist fascinated by stories, in my perspective stories are everything. I use it as a platform to diagnose and as a therapy to get the desired behavior from my clients.

Storytelling sessions are for everyone. I conducted sessions for Medical College students, professors, entrepreneurs, research fellows from different background and psychologists as well. Additionally I conducted sessions for parents across the globe via video calls. My session is completely interactive. When I tell stories - I post questions

to my audience to suggest the name, feature, qualities of character, place, ambience or culture, because it is a medium to know how everyone visualizes.

When listening stories everyone visualization is entirely different. People generally associate themselves with the character which they are mostly attracted to and that is based on the factors like the physical attributes, personal qualities, personal experience etc. What someone visualizes is the replica of their personality.



**Revathi Mohan**

**Author, Blogger,  
Psychologist &  
Story Therapist**

**Write your queries or questions  
to be answered by Ms. Revathi  
Mohan... Reach us at:**

**[info@esquire-vj.com](mailto:info@esquire-vj.com)**

# DHOLAVIRA



## **The Harappan Metropolis**

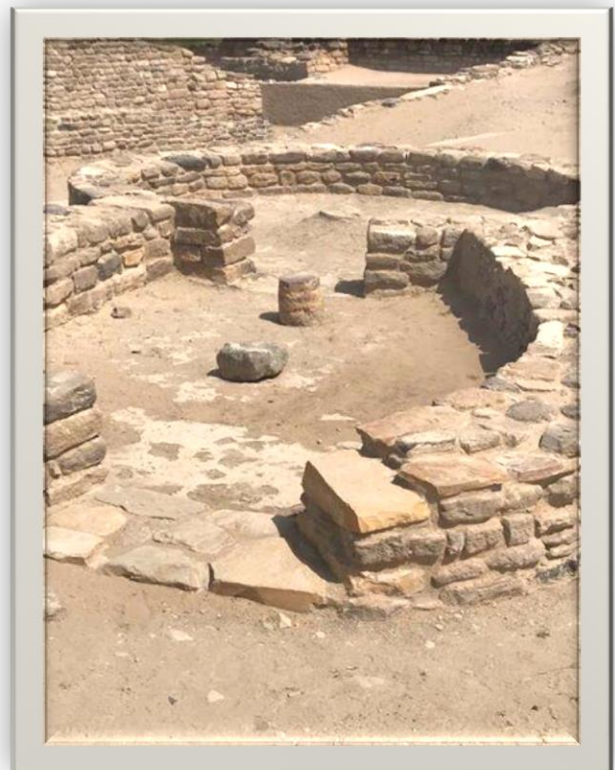
Dholavira is the remains of an ancient city of Harappan civilization, supposed to be amongst the oldest in the world. It belongs to age old period of the Indus valley Civilization.

Dholavira was considered to be one of the grandest cities of its time. It is in fact, the fifth largest out of the eight major Harappan sites. This site was discovered by The Archaeological Survey of India in 1967-1968 and has been under excavation since 1990. It is located in the Kutch district of Gujarat, India. Dholavira is an island connected by road to the mainland and it falls on the Tropic of Cancer. It takes around two hours travelling by road to reach the spot and the journey is quite thrilling as it gives the feel of driving into the sea, cutting through waters!!

A quick stroll in the museum gives an insight into the elite lifestyle of the

# Insight

people those days. Bangles and beads making was a highlight of the period. Sea route trade have been full-fledged since then and even today Kandla and Mundra ports are important for such commercial activities. A visit to the excavation site shows that the Dholavira city had a thick boundary wall for security; the walls were made of stones and plastered with mud, so this kept the temperature cool inside. There are seven layers of cities which have been dug out. Each time people left the place due to unknown reasons, which could be a natural calamity as it an earthquake prone zone, they later returned and made new houses above the older layer filled up with muddy depositions. Earlier the houses were



square shaped but in the seventh and final layer they had started to build round houses. Probably the reason for this change was that temple domes are also round and so round houses were meant to be closer to divinity, or else they were thought to have better resistance to earth quakes.

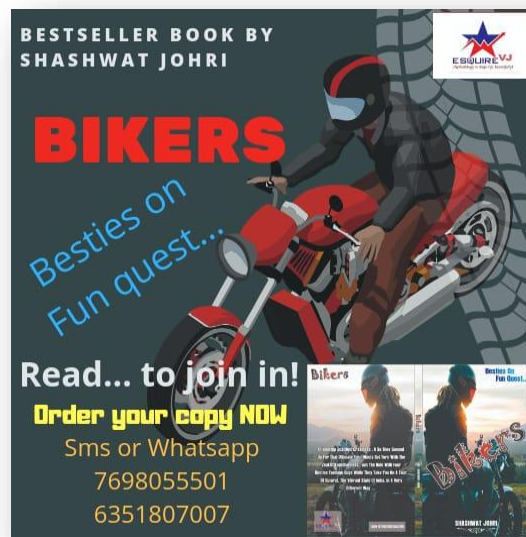
Each house had two rooms, one of which was bigger. There was a grand bathing area with water inflow facility. Water channels were made using skilful knowledge and room cooling arrangement was also created. The steps were designed quite well and water storage arrangement which has been discovered during the excavations appears to be highly skilled even-though there was no formal education those days. It is amazing that people had the knowledge of engineering, architecture and general Science, to be able to create rain water storage tanks and also channelize it to the houses! Besides pottery, they knew metallurgy too and also about textiles.

They had built a stadium for recreation. The wide spread ancient town of Dholavira was a high tech metro of those days indeed. It is one of the five largest Harappan sites and a wonderful place to visit. It makes us feel proud of our intelligent ancestors. There is a superb resort adjacent where the cottages for stay of tourists have been designed as a replica of the Dholavira style homes. The boundary wall too has the similar look of rocks plastered with mud. It thus takes us

back to the Harappan days and it's a great experience living it up practically. There is also provision of desert safari to the White Rann of Kutch which is not very far from that place; in fact it is connected to this site. Therefore, salt trading could be one of the possible reasons for the rich Dholavira settlement of Harappan civilization in the hot and arid climatic conditions. The skill and will of men stand strong against all odds; Dholavira remains a motivational success story.



**Shashwat Johri**  
Award Winner Author  
Author of Bikers (Bestseller Book)







## Stuffed Dahi-Vada

### Ingredients:

Urad Dal: 250 gms  
 Gineger: 50 gms  
 Onion: 1  
 Fresh green chilly: 2  
 Raisins & Cashew nuts – as desired  
 Rock Salt  
 Table Salt: as per taste  
 Jeera: 20 gms  
 Tamarind for Chutney: 50 gms  
 Sugar: 1 table spoon  
 Lemon: 1  
 Mustard oil for fryinig  
 Curd: 250 gms

### Preparation:

Soak white urad dal in water overnight. Grind it in a mixer next morning with ginger pieces to make a smooth paste, slightly thick in consistency. Keep it aside for some time, properly covered.

For chutney, soak the tamarind in water in a vessel and also keep it aside.

Filling preparation: Chop an onion and green chilly each to small pieces. Make small pieces of cashew nuts also. Now add the raisins, some salt

and few drops of lemon juice, then mix all these to get the filling ready.

### Method:

Beat up the curd with salt and a little rock salt, aslo add jeera (cumin seeds) powder and little bit of red pepper powder.

Add a pinch of soda to the urad dal paste and mix well. Put some oil in the frying pan and heat it on medium flame. Now take the bartar and put it to round shape with your palm carefully. Now stuff the filling material inside it and close it properly. Put the filled vadas into frying pan and deep fry it.

After frying the vadas put them into water in a vessel for sometime to make them soft. Then squeeze them out gently and keep in a container.

Take out the seeds from the soaked tamarind carefully, then add some sugar and mix it well to make the sweet & sour chutney.

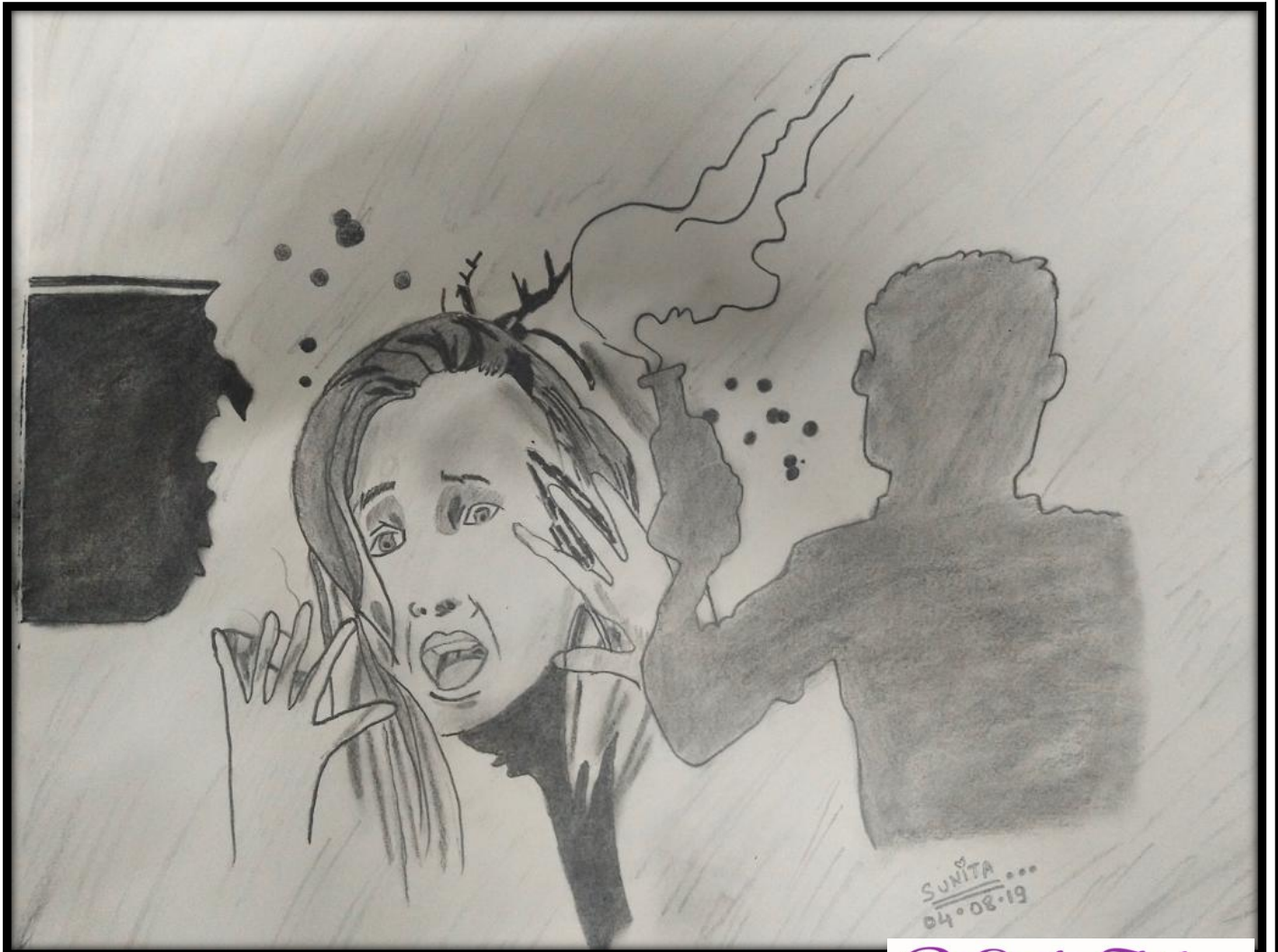
Put the vada in a plate and add the curd preparation, then add tamarind chutney, enjoy the yummy dry fruit dahivada!

## Flavour Special

**Annapurna  
Verma**

**Cooking Expert  
& Mentor,  
Mumbai**

# ***A GHASTLY ATTACK***



*By Sunita Thakur*

**ACID ATTACK IS A  
GHASTLY ACT. IT'S  
INHUMAN TO CAUSE  
SUCH TRAUMA TO  
ANY WOMAN!**

This sketch by the Artist Ms. Sunita Thakur is a soul shaking depiction to move the conscience of people. Let no one suffer this dreadful terror, let's counsel and explain our boys and men to be humane.

# MOB LYNCHING

## “A BLOT”



Mob lynching is increasingly becoming havoc in our society. The Unlawful gathering with the aim to kill people brutally are unjustified and is a horrible blot on our society.

Such narrow minded people with misguided thoughts and limited visions have no right to impose punishments on others at their own will, taking the laws in their own hands. We are a civilised country and we have a judiciary to punish the culprits, and people have to approach there instead of acting like hooligans and disgracing the humanity.

It's pathetic to see the pain and torture the victims get subjected to; many times the victims happen to be totally innocent and get butchered to

deaths for no reason as people turn violent without complete knowledge of truth!

Mob lynching is not related to any particular community or religion; I believe it can be only termed 'inhuman' and such people do not belong anywhere else. Such heinous acts of hatred defame the glory of our country.

Today India is shining in the globe and we are pacing to be the best in the world. Let us pledge to protect anybody who is being killed on the basis of mere suspicion. Let us make our country truly safe and free of such unlawful fears.



**Mr. Satish C Verma**  
**Award Winning Author & Editor**



# TOP

**This month t'was the  
Bottle Cap Challenge  
by Akshay !**

👉 **FIT**  
**HAI**  
**TOH**  
**HIT**  
**HAI** 👉



*Sunehri Fahri*