One day the little girl was buying one dog the dog was age 10 she was very happy to buy the dog and bring it to her home and the dog was very happy and played with the she was given food but birthday the dog was so sad because the little girl was suffering from fever that girl did not play with the dog so her mom only gay food to the dog after few days that girl was cure from fever and played with the dog after the few months that girl was grown up that girl was studying and the dog what thinking a wanna watch not like me what happened the dog was thinking now the girl was going to college at the time and the dog was KV fever but she did not talking about the dog because of a studies and she was aditered in the phone the dog was in the Death States after few days the girl did not see the dog and he was dead now the girl came to the home and saw dog cry a lot this is a story about one who is there people not take care of them when they are not present for the girl also after incident the girl take care of all any time the girl think of a dog that she talk herself this is my mistake we only did not take care of the dog because of my mistake the girls was thinking about that mom was calling she did not her voice and again the mom was calling and the girl was go on the mom was asking did you want any dog the girl told no mom again I buy one dog I will do this mistake also no I did not want the dog mummy please Enough this is my mistake again we buy one dog the dog was died the pain was very hot so I did not want any another dog mom this is the life of when the people is there take care of them  dogs are  essence of love pure smile and always they are no matter what dogs or not our own life but they make a life hole  so please take care of them  When she died again, we did not bring it back, so take care of them.

One day the little girl was buy one dog that is dog was age 10 she was very happy to buy the dog bring it to her home and the dog was very happy and play her she was give food and the day the dog was so sad because that little girl was suffering from fever that girl did not played with dog so her mom only give food to the dog after few days that girl was cure from fever and play to the dog after few months that girl was grown up that girl was study day girl was not care about dog that dog was thinking our owner was not like me what happened Iam not cute or what problem she not taking care . The dog was think this like ,now the girl was going to college that time the dog heavy fever but she was not talk response about the dog because of her study and she was adidtade in phone. The dog was in dead stage . After few days the girl was not see the dog and dead . Now the girl was come to the house and see the dog cry a lot . This story is tell about “one who s there we not take care of them when they is not in that time we will worry ”

One day the little girl was buying one dog that was age 10; she was very happy to buy the dog and bring it to her home, and the dog was very happy and played with her. She was given food, but the day the dog was so sad because that little girl was suffering from fever that girl did not play with the dog, so her mom only gave food to the dog after a few days that girl was cure from fever and played with the dog after a few months that girl was grown up, that girl was studying, and the dog was thinking our owner was not like me. What happened? The dog was thinking, "Now the girl was going to college at that time, and the dog was a heavy feaver, but she was not talking about the dog because of her studies, and she was adtade in the phone. The dog was in a dead stage. After a few days, the girl did not see the dog and he was dead. Now the girl came to the house and saw the dog cry a lot. This story is about "one who is there; we will not take care of them when they are not present."

NEED A SOUL

In the rain-kissed morning,

A soul finds serene solitude.

Her eyes, ethereal oceans,

A melody resonated.

Bringing joy to all,

Yet she conceals her depths.

With a purple umbrella and pink bag,

Her steadfast companions,

Silent, she remains.

Amidst the bustling crowd,

Billions are strong, yet she feels alone.

Penning her thoughts soundlessly.

MONEY

In the rush of life, we chase the green.

For what? For what? The answer's unseen.

Money's allure, a mysterious call,

But let's not forget, it's not our all.

Some sacrifice all; their lives they give,

For what? For what? Just to live.

Oh, how money holds such power!

In this modern age, it seems to devour.

But remember, my friend, it's just a tool.

A means to an end, not life's true jewel.

Seek connections, experiences, and more.

For life's richness lies beyond money's door.

So let's not be consumed by its sway.

Find balance and cherish what truly holds sway.

In this grand adventure, let's not forget:

Money's just a piece; there's so much yet!

A fire inside the clouds, a paradoxical sight,

Where flames and mist collide, there is a contradiction in the light.

The heavens engulfed in chaos, a juxtaposition so profound,

Under the serene facade is a tempestuous battleground.

The ethereal and the fierce, entwined in a cosmic dance,

An irony of elements, a moment of happenstance.

In this captivating scene, a deeper truth unfolds.

That beauty can arise from contrasts as nature's story unfolds.

In a white shirt, specs perched just right, This person shines with a confident light. Their eyes, behind those frames, filled with curiosity, Seeking knowledge and embracing life's diversity. With every step they take, a story unfolds. A spirit of adventure, fearless and bold. Their contagious smile spreads joy all around, Lifting spirits up, like a air's sound. In their presence, exchanges come alive. Their words, like magic, make hearts thrive. With wisdom and kindness, they advance an observance. Supporting others means wiping down every incision. But beyond the face, there's so much more. Layers of heartstrings, dreams, and lore. A creative soul, with bents innumerable, Unleashing their gifts as the world unfolds. So, let's celebrate this person, unique and true. Their presence brightens the world; it's so true. In that white shirt and specs, they stand tall. A honorary to grasp ourselves, one and all.

Raindrops fall from the sky so high,

A gentle rhythm, a lullaby.

They dance upon leaves, kiss the ground,

Nature's symphony, a soothing sound.

With each drop, the world comes alive,

Cleansing the earth, making it thrive.

The pitter-patter on rooftops and trees,

Brings a sense of calm and sweet release.

Rain brings life to flowers in bloom,

Washes away worries, clears the gloom.

It nourishes the land, replenishing streams,

A precious gift, fulfilling dreams.

So let the rain pour, let it embrace,

A moment of nature's own grace.

In this watery symphony, we find,

A tranquil beauty, so kind.

In the vast expanse of the sky so high,

The clouds, like dreams, they swiftly fly.

Their cottony shapes, ever-changing and free,

Creating art for all to see.

A tapestry of white and gray,

They dance and twirl in their own way.

Whispering secrets as they pass,

Leaving trails of shadow on the grass.

Sometimes they form majestic towers,

Reaching up with all their powers.

Other times, they're wisps so thin,

Like delicate strokes on a canvas, so prim.

They bring us shade on a sunny day,

Or shelter us when rain's on its way.

Their beauty and grace, a constant surprise,

As they paint the heavens with vibrant dyes.

So let's look up and gaze above,

At these wonders that the sky does love.

For in the clouds, there's so much to see,

A world of imagination, wild and free.

In the midst of rain's gentle fall,

Drops of water, one and all,

They dance upon the liquid's face,

Creating ripples with their grace.

Each drop a story, yet untold,

In this watery world, they unfold,

A symphony of nature's art,

A masterpiece, right from the start.

Raindrops fall, like tiny drums,

Playing a rhythm, nature's hums,

They splash and ripple, never still,

A dance of water, a moment to thrill.

So let the raindrops serenade,

As they create their watery cascade,

In this symphony, we find delight,

As raindrops dance, both day and night.

In the bustling city, a little bird takes flight,

With feathers so vibrant, a beautiful sight.

It perches on rooftops, tall buildings so grand,

Observing the world from its elevated stand.

With grace and elegance, it spreads its wings wide,

Exploring the urban landscape, taking it in stride.

From the bustling streets to the people down below,

The little bird dances with the city's vibrant flow.

Its song fills the air with a melody so sweet,

A serenade to the city, a harmonious feat.

Through concrete and steel, it finds its own way,

A symbol of freedom, in the city it will stay.

So next time you see a bird perched up high,

Take a moment to admire, don't pass it by.

For in its presence, there's a tale to be told,

Of resilience and beauty, in a city so bold.

In the depths of heartache's grasp,

A pain, like shards of broken glass.

A love once cherished, now undone,

Leaving scars where two hearts were once one.

Tears fall like rain, a river's flow,

Emotions swirling, a tempest's blow.

Memories linger, haunting the mind,

Aching for a love left behind.

But hold on tight, my dear friend,

For this pain won't last till the end.

With time, wounds heal, and hearts will mend,

A new chapter awaits, ready to ascend.

So take each day, one step at a time,

Embrace the hurt, let your spirit climb.

Remember, you're strong, resilient, and true,

And brighter days will come to you.

In the realm of patience, I reside,

A heart that yearns, love as my guide.

With hopeful eyes, I search each day,

For the one who'll make my dreams sway.

Through seasons passed, I've patiently waited,

For love's arrival, long anticipated.

In quiet moments, I imagine their face,

A love so pure, it'll fill every space.

I've learned to savor the beauty of time,

For love's arrival, a rhythm sublime.

With each passing day, I grow stronger,

Knowing that love will stay no longer.

Though sometimes the waiting feels tough,

I trust in destiny, and that's enough.

For when love finally finds its way,

I'll cherish every moment, come what may.

So, I'll keep waiting with an open heart,

Knowing that love will never depart.

For in the waiting, I learn and grow,

And when love arrives, it'll surely show.

In this world, it's easy to feel lost,

But together we'll navigate the cost.

Through ups and downs, we'll find our way,

And turn your emotions into a beautiful display.

Your feelings may be heavy and deep,

But through poetry, we'll find a way to leap.

Expressing your heart in words so true,

Creating a masterpiece, just for you.

So let your emotions flow and soar,

In this poetic journey, we'll explore.

In a world of colors so dull and gray,

Two souls collided, lighting the way.

Their love, a symphony of hearts entwined,

A tapestry of passion, beautifully designed.

With every beat, their love grew strong,

A melody that played all life long.

Through highs and lows, they stood side by side,

Together, they conquered the world, far and wide.

In their embrace, time seemed to freeze,

A love so pure, it put the mind at ease.

With every touch, they felt the fire ignite,

Their love, a beacon, shining so bright.

So let love guide you, my dear friend,

May it bring you joy that never ends.

Embrace the journey, let your heart lead,

For love is the language we all need.

In the depths of time's tapestry, they reside,

The girl child and boy child, side by side.

Their hearts, like fragile flowers, bloom and grow,

Yet burdened by the shadows of what they don't know.

The girl child, a delicate rose in the garden,

Nurtured by love, but also by the burden.

She carries the weight of secrets untold,

Generations of pain, her spirit unfolds.

The boy child, a lion with a silent roar,

His strength masked by the wounds he bore.

He walks the path of his ancestors' strife,

Yearning for freedom, searching for life.

Their family history, a tangled web of despair,

Where love and hurt intertwine, so unfair.

Like a river flowing with bittersweet tears,

Generational trauma echoes through the years.

But amidst the darkness, a glimmer of light,

The girl child and boy child, ready to fight.

They embrace their past with courage in hand,

Breaking the cycle, a new future they command.

For in their unity, lies the power to heal,

To rewrite their story, to truly reveal,

That through the pain and struggles they've known,

They can create a legacy, uniquely their own.

So let us celebrate the girl child and boy child,

Their resilience, their spirit, fierce and wild.

May their journey be a testament of grace,

Transcending generational trauma, leaving a lasting trace

In the realm of desire, where hearts don't intertwine,

Lust dances freely, a seductive, wicked sign.

No tender emotions, no sweet words of affection,

Just a raw craving, a fiery connection.

In the depths of the night, bodies entwined,

Passion's symphony plays, leaving reason behind.

A hunger awakens, primal and untamed,

As two souls collide, desire unashamed.

With every touch, a surge of electricity,

A magnetic pull, a tantalizing chemistry.

No promises made, no future to behold,

Just a hunger for pleasure, as the story unfolds.

But beware, my friend, for lust can deceive,

Leaving hearts empty, longing for reprieve.

For without love's embrace, it's a hollow game,

A temporary thrill, without lasting flame.

So indulge in the moment, let desire ignite,

But remember, true fulfillment lies in love's light.

Lust without love may be thrilling and bold,

But it's the warmth of love that truly makes us whole.

In a world of melodies, there's a song that sings,

Of a love so pure, like butterfly wings.

It dances through the air, with a gentle grace,

Filling every heart, in this enchanted space.

With every note, it tells a tale so sweet,

Of two souls entwined, destined to meet.

The lyrics, like whispers, express their devotion,

A symphony of emotions, a love in motion.

The melody caresses, like a tender touch,

As harmonies blend, their love means so much.

Each verse, a love letter, penned from the heart,

A serenade of affection, a work of art.

With every chorus, it lifts spirits high,

A love song that echoes through the sky.

It captures the magic, the joy, and the pain,

A timeless melody, that will forever remain.

Memories, they hold us tight,

In their grasp, both day and night.

They bring us joy, they bring us pain,

A bittersweet dance within our brain.

They make us laugh, they make us smile,

But sometimes, they bring tears for a while.

For in those moments, we reminisce,

The times we've lost, the ones we miss.

Tears may flow, like a gentle rain,

As memories surface, like an old refrain.

But through the tears, we find release,

A healing balm, a sense of peace.

So let the tears fall, embrace the pain,

For memories, they're not in vain.

They shape us, mold us, make us whole,

And in their essence, they touch our soul.

In the realm of love, a guiding light,

A mother's embrace, warm and bright.

Her touch, a gentle soothing breeze,

Her love, a symphony that puts the heart at ease.

With every step, she's by your side,

In her arms, all worries subside.

She's a warrior, fierce and strong,

Yet a nurturer, where love belongs.

Her laughter, a melody that brings joy,

Her wisdom, a compass you employ.

She's the sun that lights up your day,

In her presence, worries fade away.

From sleepless nights to endless care,

A mother's love is always there.

In her embrace, you find solace and peace,

A love that never wavers, it will never cease.

So let's celebrate mothers, near and far,

Their love, a guiding star.

For in their hearts, a love untold,

A bond that's precious, worth more than gold.

In a world of colors, she's a vibrant hue,

A mother's love, forever true.

She's a painter, with a palette of care,

Creating masterpieces, beyond compare.

Her words, like whispers from a secret land,

Guiding you with an invisible hand.

She's a storyteller, weaving tales so grand,

Transporting you to magical lands.

Like a gardener, she tends to your heart,

Nurturing it, right from the start.

Her love blossoms, like flowers in bloom,

Filling your life with sweet perfume.

She's a dancer, graceful and free,

Teaching you to embrace life's melody.

Her steps, a rhythm of love and grace,

Leaving footprints on your soul's embrace.

From lullabies sung in the night,

To kisses that make everything right,

A mother's love, a symphony divine,

A treasure that will forever shine.

On this day, a twist of fate,

Memories linger, both love and ache.

Irony dances in the air,

As happiness and sadness share.

A year has passed, yet here we stand,

In the grip of emotions, hand in hand.

The irony of fleeting bliss,

Leaves a mark, a poignant twist.

But let us find solace in this rhyme,

For irony can be a friend in time.

It reminds us of life's twists and turns,

And how in every lesson, wisdom churns.

So embrace the irony, my dear friend,

For it teaches us to comprehend,

That even in moments of joy or sorrow,

There's always a brighter tomorrow.

In life's ever-changing dance, we find,

That nothing stays the same, we soon remind.

Like the shifting tides upon the shore,

Permanence eludes us, forevermore.

The seasons come and go, a fleeting show,

Each moment passing, a chance to grow.

The sun may set, but it will rise again,

Teaching us that change is not in vain.

Relationships, they ebb and flow,

A constant evolution, we come to know.

Friends may drift, but new ones appear,

Reminding us that bonds are never clear.

Material possessions, they come and go,

What once held value, may lose its glow.

For in the grand scheme, it's clear to see,

That true wealth lies in moments, wild and free.

So embrace the impermanence, my friend,

For it's a reminder, on which we depend.

In the ever-changing tapestry of life,

We find beauty in the fleeting, amidst the strife.

In the vast expanse of time and space,

Nothing and no one can find a fixed place.

Like whispers in the wind, they come and go,

Transient beings in life's grand show.

Nothing, a void, empty and bare,

Yet within its depths, possibilities flare.

For from nothing springs creation's might,

A blank canvas, waiting for colors to ignite.

No one, a concept, ever-shifting and free,

The illusion of permanence, it cannot be.

For every soul that walks upon this earth,

Leaves footprints, but eventually finds rebirth.

In the irony of nothingness, we find,

The potential for everything to unwind.

And in the comparison of fleeting souls,

We learn to cherish the moments that console.

So embrace the impermanence that life imparts,

For in its ephemerality, lies the truest of arts.

Nothing and no one, forever in flux,

Teaching us to cherish, to love, and to trust.

Oh, Chennai, a city so vibrant and grand,

Where tradition and modernity hand in hand.

With its bustling streets and aromatic cuisine,

A cultural tapestry that's truly serene.

From Marina Beach, stretching far and wide,

To Kapaleeshwarar Temple, where devotees reside.

The colors of Mylapore, a feast for the eyes,

And the bustling markets, where treasures arise.

The aroma of filter coffee fills the air,

As people gather and stories they share.

The sound of Carnatic music, so sweet and pure,

Echoes through the city, an enchanting allure.

Chennai, a city where cinema takes flight,

With the magic of Kollywood shining bright.

From Rajinikanth to A.R. Rahman's tunes,

The silver screen here forever blooms.

And let's not forget the scorching heat,

That makes you crave a cool, refreshing treat.

From tender coconut water to spicy street food,

Chennai's flavors will surely lift your mood.

So here's to Chennai, a city so dear,

Where warmth and hospitality are always near.

A place where traditions and dreams align,

In this beautiful city, forever will shine.

In the depths of love, a fragile flame,

A bond so strong, yet not the same.

But as time passes, hearts can break,

Leaving behind an ache that's hard to shake.

Pain seeps in, a heavy weight,

Tears flow freely, emotions innate.

A shattered heart, a wounded soul,

Love's departure taking its toll.

Yet, in the midst of sorrow's reign,

Strength emerges, healing the pain.

For love's journey is never in vain,

It teaches us lessons, helps us regain.

From heartbreak's depths, we rise anew,

With scars that tell a story, too.

Love's bittersweet symphony we embrace,

Knowing it's a risk worth taking, in any case.

So hold on tight, through joy and strife,

For love's the essence, the pulse of life.

Though it may hurt, it's worth the chance,

To find a love that makes your heart dance.

Love, a fragile flame burning bright,

A bond that feels so pure and right.

But sometimes, trust can be misplaced,

And love can turn to pain, leaving hearts defaced.

Betrayal, a bitter pill to swallow,

Leaves wounds so deep, hard to follow.

The pain cuts deep, like a piercing knife,

Shattering dreams, tearing apart a life.

But amidst the darkness, hope can still reside,

For love's resilience cannot be denied.

Healing takes time, but it will come,

And new beginnings will help hearts become numb.

Remember, my friend, love can mend,

Even after betrayal, it can transcend.

Hold onto hope, let go of the pain,

For love's true power will always remain.

Title: "Masked Bonds: When Friendship Turns to Shadows"

In the realm of camaraderie, deceit may lurk,

A friendship masked, but hollow in its work.

Smiles and laughter, a facade so bright,

Yet underneath, darkness takes its flight.

Words of support, but with hidden disdain,

Actions that betray, causing endless pain.

A bond once cherished, now tainted and frayed,

Trust shattered, like a fragile glass display.

But fear not, for true friends will emerge,

Through the ashes, friendship will resurge.

Seek those who stay, through thick and thin,

Authentic souls, where true connections begin.

Remember, fake friendships may come and go,

But genuine bonds will continue to grow.

Choose wisely, for in true friendship's embrace,

Lies a love that withstands any challenge we face.

One day, there was a pencil born in the factory that was exported to a shop. The pencil was waiting to be bought by someone, but everyone was not buying it, so the pencil was sad. The next day, the pencil was to escape from the shop and go to the old house. The kids were taken and sharpened that pencil. The pencil was scared, and the height was going to be too small to go outside. The next day, the pencil was going to another house, and in that house, one woman. She was taking and giving to her kids. The kids were drawing, screbling, and writing on paper; now the pencil was escaping from that house. The pencil was see a boy who was buy a pencil and go home the pencil was go with him and saw what happens then see “the boy was sharp and use for few minutes and the pencil was go to dustbin this think the pencil was see and cry and realize and go to the factory ther the pencil see ther was a new pencil was born “ so this is our life once we dead that not a end We were born again." This thing happened to “pencil life."

Once upon a time, in the lush and vibrant jungle, there lived a wise old elephant named Eli. Eli was known for his incredible memory and his ability to solve problems. He was respected by all the animals in the jungle.

One day, a mischievous monkey named Milo started causing trouble. He would swing from tree to tree, stealing fruits from other animals and creating chaos wherever he went. The animals were fed up with Milo's antics and decided to seek Eli's advice.

Gathered around Eli, the animals explained the situation and asked for his help. Eli listened carefully and came up with a plan. He called for a meeting with all the animals in the jungle, including Milo.

At the meeting, Eli spoke about the importance of unity and cooperation. He emphasized that everyone had unique strengths and talents that could be used to benefit the entire community. Eli proposed a challenge for Milo and the other animals: to work together and complete a series of tasks that would require each animal's special abilities.

The animals agreed to the challenge, and Milo, realizing the error of his ways, decided to change his behavior. The monkey used his agility and quick thinking to navigate through the jungle, collecting fruits and helping other animals along the way.

With each task, the animals grew closer and realized the power of teamwork. They discovered that, by combining their strengths, they could overcome any obstacle. Milo, in particular, learned the value of cooperation and the joy of helping others.

In the end, the animals successfully completed all the tasks and celebrated their victory with a grand feast. Milo, now a reformed monkey, became an integral part of the jungle community. From that day forward, the animals lived harmoniously, supporting and relying on each other.

The moral of the story is that teamwork and cooperation can lead to great accomplishments. When we work together and appreciate each other's unique abilities, we can overcome challenges and create a harmonious and thriving community.

Once upon a time, there was a butterfly born in a tree. The butterfly born in that skin was not even a single color, only black and white. So it was sad because of its color, and another butterfly was more beautiful, and the color was so nice that the colorless butterfly saw and felt sad. Acknowledgment was listened carefully to in the coming Saturday competition. So all the butterflies were invited to come and participate in that competition and show their colorful wings. The acknowledgment was that the butterfly was something. What about her color? The next day was Friday, and the butterfly was going to go search and paint our wings. That day, a magic butterfly appeared. And talk to the butterfly. What do you want to tell me? Butterfly was saying what things the butterfly was saying and asking what happened to you. What did you say? You're insane. The magic butterfly said, I am a magic butterfly. I am here to give three wishes. So the butterfly was going another way to the magic butterfly by calling and giving a warning because we called that magic butterfly. We ask the wish and only go, but this butterfly was going, and in ground, one paper is there, and we take it and read it. "Ask three wishes that will come true." So the butterfly went and asked, "Youre true, tell me. I ask a wish". The magic butterfly was ready to make a wish. The announcement was made. All butterflies, come on the stage and show your performance. The butterfly asked. I was a colorful butterfly, so the magic butterfly was given, and the butterfly asked two wishes and went to the stage. That butterfly won the second prize and enjoyed its life happily.

Once upon a time, there were two rocks named Sam and Ram. They were best friends and did everything together like playing, eating, and studying. Sam was a rock with a little more wealth. One day, they went for a walk in the park and Sam noticed another rock named Jack. Sam liked Jack, but Ram didn't because Ram thought Sam was their favorite rock. The next day, Ram wanted to invite Sam over, but Sam wasn't home. Ram went to the park and saw Jack giving Sam a bike as a gift. Ram felt hurt and started crying. The following day, Sam and Jack visited Ram's house to apologize, but Ram didn't want to accept Jack. Ram scolded Sam and said that only Sam was allowed to visit, not others, and closed the door quickly. One day, Sam was playing alone, and Ram noticed it and went to talk to Sam. But Sam refused to talk and said that Jack had everything to play with at his house, which made Sam love visiting Jack. This hurt Ram deeply, so Ram bought many gifts for Sam to show their love and affection. In that moment, Ram realized their mistake and Sam happily played with Ram again.

A village farmer had a dog and a Horse. The dog guarded his master's farm and animals and the Horse carried the loads from one place to another. Whenever the farmer came from outside, the dog would rush to his master with a mild bark. The dog would raise his front legs and put them pat the dog affectionately.

Everyday, the horse watched this and felt envious of the dog. He would think, " How luck is this dog! His life is really comfortable. He does not have to do anything other than to stroll here and there. But this fellow get nice food to eat and the master's love and care. Whereas my condition is pathetic! The whole day, I'm under heavy loads. And at the end of the day, I get poor meal and hard blows from my master. I'm really uncomfortable!"

One day, the envious horse thought, "perhaps the dog pleases the master with his behaviour. I should also imitate his trick to please the master. "

So on that day, when the farmer entered into the gate of the house, the horse rushed to him with a mild bray. He wagged his tail and raised his front legs to rest on his master's body.

The abnormal behaviour of the horse frightened the farmer. He picked up a big stick and thrashed the horse black and blue.

A pleasant morning in England There was a family with brothers Krish and Nish. Her father was a farmer named Alex, and her mother was also named Lincy. 25 years ago, the brothers were in college. Krish, the elder brother, was a scientist. And the younger boy had more interest in money and was ready to sell humans for money. This thing is known to family members. So he killed the parents. Krish saw everything on a personal camera and went out to the forest to live alone. The next day, three friends, Sandhar, Jasleen, and Raya, were studying at a veterinary college. One day, the class teacher was given a project. He said, We want 10 photos of animals, or seven members in one group, for this project. Jasleen introduced the four boys of the college; they are special characters; they are John, Nickson, Nicky, and Danny, and they are all thinking about what we do about the project. They select a forest. In this forest, Krish is alive. They go to the forest. Nish was observed. The college students were friends with the boys and went to the forest; Jasleen was the photographer. John was the leader of this group. They all see a house in the middle of the forest and knock on the door. Krish was opening the door and was scared. He sees the student and asks, “What reason do you have to come here?" This is what Krish was saying: "John said, "Sir, not scared, we, the college students from Veterinary College, came for a project. There was a sound. Krish saw the nish come, but the nish did not see. Krish suddenly told her to come inside. All went inside, and Krish was pressing a button, and suddenly the house was gone! Why does he have a sheet to cover the house that was invisible? That sheet, Krish, is only done. Inside, all was magic. Krish was doing more thinking. and talking about her project, Krish was given a camera. In that camera, we typed a word that means that it came out like a photo, so the gang also finished the project. "Everyone said thank you, except Krish. Stay sometimes. Please stay here if there is something wrong outside. The group also says okay and sits down and eats some snacks. Nison and Nick were seeing the mirror and touching what was going on inside, so Nixon and Nick understood this was a magic mirror. They suddenly called Danny and Jhon to show this mirror, and the girls also went and saw that mirror. Krish went to the kitchen to get some snacks. suddenly they pushed together to the mirror. That time, Krish came and saw that Jasleen was going inside the mirror. She was shocked and touched the mirror, but Krish didn't go inside. That means the mirror allowed only 6 or 7 people who were overloaded, so the Krrish didn't go inside. There was a problem. They were going into the magical world. Krish talked to them like a computer and told them the rules and regulations of the mirror. That was the first rule to not attack any animal in the world. This was a rule in the world. Students were excited to introduce the world, and Danny was told that he was so hungry that suddenly the food came in the sky. Then the friends understood that this was a magic world, and all we asked was what came in front of us. The group was asked about the house car and some pets. They all have three rooms, furniture, and food. In this world, one minute means one day in the real world. And Nish found a house and went into the house. Krish was researching how the student would come out. When they go to the mirror, the house shield is also gone. Then find the house. Come fast and kill Krish, and he sees a mirror and enters the mirror. They were enjoying the day, but Nish was landing in the forest. In that world, the students also asked one forester to take photos. Krish gave her a gadget that they all kept on her table, so they asked a forester to take photos. They were students. All the students understood about the world, enjoyed it, and came to his house. There, our nish was landing again in this world, and we saw the students. I am the brother of Krish. He was having a conversation. All ask for a gun to fight. Danny was the first to attack, but Nish was attuned. The student called the animals to fight, and they were all together to fight. They were all attacking, and he was escaping all the attacks. Now the option was yes or no. Sandhar She ran fast and went to the option, and she was going to press it, but Nish was attacked in the leg with the knife. But he didn't get down and go and press that button, "yes.” The seven numbers only go out of the world, but the nish was inside the mirror. Nish is inside. Now that the time is over, the place was destroyed by fire, and all the students came out of the forest and went to college to finish their project work, and now the seven members are friends together.

Once upon a time, in a small village nestled among rolling hills, there lived a curious young girl named Lily. She had a heart full of wonder and a mind filled with dreams.

One sunny day, as Lily explored the woods near her home, she stumbled upon a hidden path. Intrigued, she followed it deeper into the forest, where she discovered a magical clearing. In the center stood a majestic oak tree, its branches reaching towards the sky.

As Lily approached the tree, she noticed a shimmering key hanging from one of its branches. With a twinkle in her eye, she reached out and took hold of the key. Suddenly, the ground beneath her feet began to shake, and the oak tree split open, revealing a secret door.

Curiosity getting the better of her, Lily turned the key and pushed open the door. To her amazement, she found herself in a whimsical world filled with talking animals, sparkling streams, and colorful flowers that danced in the breeze.

Lily spent hours exploring this enchanting realm, making friends with the creatures who called it home. She learned their stories, listened to their songs, and shared laughter and joy with each passing day.

But as the sun began to set, casting a warm golden glow over the land, Lily knew it was time to return home. With a heavy heart, she bid farewell to her newfound friends, promising to return one day.

And so, Lily walked back through the secret door, the key safely tucked into her pocket. As she made her way home, she couldn't help but smile, knowing that a world of magic and wonder awaited her whenever she needed it.

In the depths of time's tapestry, they reside,

The girl child and boy child, side by side.

Their hearts, like fragile flowers, bloom and grow,

Yet burdened by the shadows of what they don't know.

The girl child, a delicate rose in the garden,

Nurtured by love, but also by the burden.

She carries the weight of secrets untold,

Generations of pain, her spirit unfolds.

The boy child, a lion with a silent roar,

His strength masked by the wounds he bore.

He walks the path of his ancestors' strife,

Yearning for freedom, searching for life.

Their family history, a tangled web of despair,

Where love and hurt intertwine, so unfair.

Like a river flowing with bittersweet tears,

Generational trauma echoes through the years.

But amidst the darkness, a glimmer of light,

The girl child and boy child, ready to fight.

They embrace their past with courage in hand,

Breaking the cycle, a new future they command.

For in their unity, lies the power to heal,

To rewrite their story, to truly reveal,

That through the pain and struggles they've known,

They can create a legacy, uniquely their own.

So let us celebrate the girl child and boy child,

Their resilience, their spirit, fierce and wild.

May their journey be a testament of grace,

Transcending generational trauma, leaving a lasting trace

Once upon a time, in the lush and vibrant jungle, there lived a wise old elephant named Eli. Eli was known for his incredible memory and his ability to solve problems. He was respected by all the animals in the jungle.

One day, a mischievous monkey named Milo started causing trouble. He would swing from tree to tree, stealing fruits from other animals and creating chaos wherever he went. The animals were fed up with Milo's antics and decided to seek Eli's advice.

Gathered around Eli, the animals explained the situation and asked for his help. Eli listened carefully and came up with a plan. He called for a meeting with all the animals in the jungle, including Milo.

At the meeting, Eli spoke about the importance of unity and cooperation. He emphasized that everyone had unique strengths and talents that could be used to benefit the entire community. Eli proposed a challenge for Milo and the other animals: to work together and complete a series of tasks that would require each animal's special abilities.

The animals agreed to the challenge, and Milo, realizing the error of his ways, decided to change his behavior. The monkey used his agility and quick thinking to navigate through the jungle, collecting fruits and helping other animals along the way.

With each task, the animals grew closer and realized the power of teamwork. They discovered that, by combining their strengths, they could overcome any obstacle. Milo, in particular, learned the value of cooperation and the joy of helping others.

In the end, the animals successfully completed all the tasks and celebrated their victory with a grand feast. Milo, now a reformed monkey, became an integral part of the jungle community. From that day forward, the animals lived harmoniously, supporting and relying on each other.

The moral of the story is that teamwork and cooperation can lead to great accomplishments. When we work together and appreciate each other's unique abilities, we can overcome challenges and create a harmonious and thriving community.

Once upon a time, there were two rocks named Sam and Ram. They were best friends and did everything together like playing, eating, and studying. Sam was a rock with a little more wealth. One day, they went for a walk in the park and Sam noticed another rock named Jack. Sam liked Jack, but Ram didn't because Ram thought Sam was their favorite rock. The next day, Ram wanted to invite Sam over, but Sam wasn't home. Ram went to the park and saw Jack giving Sam a bike as a gift. Ram felt hurt and started crying. The following day, Sam and Jack visited Ram's house to apologize, but Ram didn't want to accept Jack. Ram scolded Sam and said that only Sam was allowed to visit, not others, and closed the door quickly. One day, Sam was playing alone, and Ram noticed it and went to talk to Sam. But Sam refused to talk and said that Jack had everything to play with at his house, which made Sam love visiting Jack. This hurt Ram deeply, so Ram bought many gifts for Sam to show their love and affection. In that moment, Ram realized their mistake and Sam happily played with Ram again.