



# Benevolence

Compiled By Sonali Khatu



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# About True Dreamster

Established on 23rd July 2017, True Dreamster is one among the fastest growing self-publishing companies in the country, with over 1200+ published books and 10000+ registered co-authors under our belt. Our pivotal objective is to transform the dreams of all literary enthusiasts into actuality, and we strive to grow bigger and better, launching umpteenth number of writers in the further coming years.

We have been operating successfully as an evolving community of writers and literature enthusiasts; have organized multiple sensational events in different cities across India.

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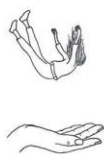
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# Benevolence

## Sonali khatu



Hello everyone I am Sonali, I am really enthusiastic about words & how they relate to us. Their connection bring out the poet in me. I started my journey young with pictorial stories as a kid & they turn to words as I grew older. So today here I am presenting you some of my lines to connect with. Hope you enjoy them. Happy reading.



## *Don't ever forget your dreams..*

Day's may pass by, with dates to remember.  
Weeks will make you go through your  
planning again.  
Months are made just to count days  
altogether.. Years just make you feel your  
life still finding its Destiny.

All this will happen, no matter what?

But you... Don't ever forget your dreams!!  
Every season starts with beautiful Spring..  
Flowers flourishing all around, cultivating  
bright ideas.  
Then comes warm Summers..  
Filling in all the best minds with theories to  
explore. Just when you are heating up.  
Rains brush your soul.. making it pure,  
to enlighten your minds again. now is the  
time to relax, it's almost end with a Winter..  
To cosy up and give a little rest...

All this will happen, no matter what?

But you... Don't ever forget your dreams!!

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As a child your dream evolved...  
But as a teenager it got mixed up..  
As an adult it took turns,  
but never could conclude  
But as you grew older it started to fade...

That is a sign you should never let go! All  
this will happen, no matter what?  
But you... Don't ever forget your dreams!

## *Life in A Way...*

Every day can be different..

Every moment can be mesmerized..

Every life can be changed..

Then why do we form circle of wires  
around,  
that strangle us! Every little thing can be  
managed.. Every little emotion can be  
tamed...

Every little part of our time could make it  
count.. They why we be in shell that ends all  
our ambitions!

Every seconds of our minute..

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Every minute of an hour..

Every hour of our day, we take for granted..  
Then why do we expect differently from life!  
Even if we make a small change..

## Minal Khatu



Hi I am Minal here, bringing the imaginary word to existence-reality was a hobby for several years. But I never stored them for years. Now is the time that I got to explore again, so the journey of writing again began alongside my daughters. So here are few lines in Marathi. A beautiful poetry about our life. This will connect with many, hope you enjoy it.





## मी

आनंदाचे क्षण आले माझ्या दारी  
क्षणात हासू क्षणात आसू  
काय कळेना मजला  
मीच माझी न राहिली  
आनंदाचे क्षण आले माझ्या दारी  
मेहंदीच्या, हळदीच्या सुवासात  
संजूनी नटुनी बसली  
जाणार सासरच्या घरी  
आनंदाचे क्षण आले माझ्या दारी  
पडते पाऊल पहिले माझे  
नात्यांच्या अंगणात, नाती असती वेगवेगळी  
जपता हळुवार मनाच्या अंतरी  
आनंदाचे क्षण आले माझ्या दारी  
हातातली कंकणे हळुवार खनकती  
पायातल्या पैजणाचा आवाज होता  
माझीच मी न राहिली  
आनंदाचे क्षण आले माझ्या दारी  
पहिले-वहिले गोड सोहाळे  
सण येती वर्षाचे त्यात नाहुनी जाती

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चाहुल येता गोड क्षणाची, कळले नाही मला  
क्षणभरी  
आनंदाचे क्षण आले माझ्या दारी!

## Rajvansh Arora



I am Rajvansh Arora, born in December of 2012 in New Delhi. I am a happy-go lucky boy, presently in 5th standard of G.D Goenka Public School, Vasant Kunj Delhi. Curious by nature who loves brainstorming and an animal lover by heart who lives with a spoiled dog named Scotch. Reading Fiction and also interactions in which I am trying to figure out the thoughts and feelings of others.



## *Poem on Maths*

Maths is a subject in school  
What I like about it is really cool.  
I practice it with my heart and soul  
But sometimes I am not being able to reach  
my goal.

Jaya ma'am lies in my heart  
Makes learning fun as an art.  
Generated my interest in her subject  
Helped me deal with all geometrical objects.  
I am really trying to improve my Maths  
As I love this subject and I'm trying my level  
best.

The greatest thing you could ever learn  
It's really going to help in your life at every  
turn.

Sitting at home, doing my sums  
I'm no good at Maths, I'm all fingers and  
thumb.

She explains me in a nice way  
For which words are less to say.

Maths is necessary in life  
Without it, it is difficult to survive.  
I will practice maths with my heart and soul  
One day I will definitely achieve my goal.

Math's week is celebrated to give  
Ramanujan gratitude  
All maths lover gives him a big salute.

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## Aditi Gaur



The one who stands out to roar  
here she is aditi with the surname gaur.



## *Rain*

The wind that blew,  
blew my heart along,  
the fragrance that mesmerized,  
touched my soul to depth and became very  
strong.

the faith must be like a cloud in the wind  
it travels here and there across the globe  
and rains, where it felt the tempt of need.

the sky turns blue -white,  
all the dusky land soothe down and  
mesmerize ,  
the fragrance of a rose took a flight so high  
creating an attraction in lover's eye.

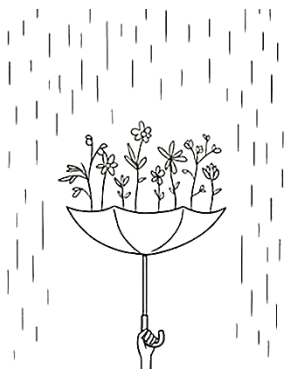
lovers' making love in rain,  
trees dancing as the wind blaze,  
tigers roaring with the thunderstorm,  
trying to defeat the cloud's noise of rain.

all the tantrums of a typical lady,  
the rain calms the irritated brain for the  
lover's sake.

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the football match also got disrupted,  
but the ground full of grass,  
adores the players' heart.

the charm of football,  
when it washes down the soil  
the rain  
dwells forever in a farmer's heart.



## Akankshya Kanungo

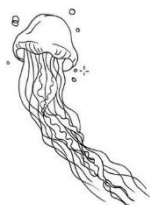


Akankshya Kanungo has a newfound passion for writing stories. As a feminist, law professional, and most importantly, a female, she desires to do something against the social evils prevailing in the patriarchal setup of society. Apart from this, she enjoys reading a lot as it's her 'haven' and whenever she's doing none of this, she gorges upon food, studies, and spends most time in the lap of Mother Nature, observing her surroundings in search of ideas to jot down. Though she never planned to become a writer, she now aspires to do something noteworthy in this arena. She is pursuing her integrated law degree from Utkal University,



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Odisha, and wants to use her knowledge for the betterment of society.



## *The Bed Tale*

"Papa, are you done?" A soft voice interrupted Ved's furious typing on the system as a little smile bloomed. He turned to see Pihu, his eleven-year-old daughter standing with her favourite bunny rabbit soft toy and was gazing expectantly at him through her big shiny doe eyes much similar to hers. And he instantly knew what she wanted: A Story!

He opened his arms wide signalling her to hop on him like she always did from the day she started crawling and no sooner she was snuggling into his frame. He visibly relaxed in her tiny arms. She pulled away smiling seated on his lap, asked, "Papa, you'd promised..." Ved chuckled and pulled her cheeks in adoration, "As you wish, Your Highness". She pouted irritatedly as she didn't like getting her cheeks pulled except for him.

They soon moved to her room and he gently laid her on the bed. "So tell me Princess what do you want to hear about today? Dragons? Wizards? Mythology? Or anything else?" He asked softly smoothening her unruly baby hairs and pulling the covers over them. She thought while snuggling more closely to him.

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She has always been a sucker of snuggling much like her, he mused.

"Umm... tell me some real story. Not any made-up ones", she spoke up excitedly breaking his thoughts. Ved squinted his eyes, "What do you mean by real? Do you think Papa tells you fake stories?" Pihu rolled her eyes at Ved's drama, as much as he knew his daughter so does she. "Papa you've always said that these tales are stories and they don't necessarily be true. Now, start!"

Hearing his smarty-pants, he knew it would be stupidity to test her patience anymore. Excited, full of energy and impatient just like her, his thoughts drifted back for the nth time. And then he decided to tell the tale much close to his heart as his mind somehow is getting reminded of those days every passing second. Not that he ever forgot them thanks to his darling Pihu's striking similarities with her. So he started telling the tale of his heart while reliving the good old days, "Nitin and Raavi, were two best friends ...

Ved was standing along with Rishi, in the hallways gazing at her sneakily with a clear longing. Diya, his best friend, has just stepped into the college premises with her other friends and like always he couldn't take his eyes off her. He felt guilty for getting attracted to her, she was his best friend from

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school time. But how can he stop his heart from fluttering?

"Why don't you just confess? This Devdas form isn't hideous, I caught it on the second day of college", Rishi asked nudging him to bring his attention from her. He looked over his shoulders at him, "And ruin my most treasured friendship... Nah! I won't trade that against anything in this world. And I'm not Devdas, for God's sake".

Rishi chuckled, "Fine! Sulk as much as you want... But you are Devdas!" "You-", before Ved could grab Rishi he ran away for his life. He shook his head grinning, he had got a crazy lot whom he calls friends. Rishi is his confidant as he couldn't hide it anymore when he had confronted him on that day.

A super-excited voice reverberated in his ears as he got knocked up by a sudden force from behind, "Heya!" And he instantly knew who it was... none other than Diya.

"Okay, so what's with you and these sudden jerks? And hello madam! By the way, you're ten minutes late", he asked recovering from the sudden hug quickly then turned behind crossing his hands. She grinned sheepishly, "I know I'm late but I made it on time, there's still five minutes left for the class. And about that, I can also ask you why haven't you gotten used to it in all these years?"

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"Fair enough! Shall we?" He agreed and asked signalling the way to the class. "Of course, Vedumb!" She teased him and he instantly retorted, "Woah, not again!" She smirked. He couldn't help but roll his eyes while she laughed which was not less than any music to his ears, they ventured in and grabbed their usual seats: the second bench in the middle row. That bench has been named by their classmates, the BFFs seat.

Just in time, the first lecture started and it must be five minutes or so into the class, Sam poked Diya from behind who was taking down notes from Ved's as she is a kinda slow writer. She leaned back to listen to her, "Diya, you've got an admirer..."

At the mention of 'an admirer' Ved's ears perked up and he instantly shut the lecture off to listen in to the new gossip about Diya's admirer. He looked from the corner of his eyes at her, keeping up his pretence of being very attentive to the teacher, only to see her brows knitted together. She was confused but it didn't last long as Sam continued whispering, "... 2'o clock. See! The new hottie guy. You lucky dog... His eyes have been on you ever since you've entered, EVEN NOW!"

Both immediately glanced at the same position: there was indeed the new guy with eyes stuck literally at her. Ved saw her

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shifting a bit and thought that she was uncomfortable but the sudden escalation of red tint on her cheeks and small tug on her plump petals that followed it said a whole different story. It was for the first time he had seen her blushing. And the fact that she blushed due to someone else fuelled the green monster inside him.

Ved drilled holes at him, one can easily sense the animosity that gaze had been cradling. He fumed with anger and his stance held a clear warning, dare you! To others, he seemed like a protective BFF.

Diya took note of that guy but she was least interested. Of course, she blushed but then who wouldn't? When you get unexpected attention, you tend to go all red. But she has ambitions that she is extremely passionate about. So, she shrugs off the new piece of information, Sam, you know already I don't have time for all this... He'll glance for a day or two or even a week then he will get over it". Sam retorts, "But-" only to be cut off by Ved, "You heard her, Sam. Let's get back to study, please". He looked proudly at her and took her hands squeezing them to show her that he is with her. And that was all she wanted, his support.

Her ambitious persona is the most attractive thing about her, and also one of the reasons he fell for his best friend. And he is glad that

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she still holds her principles close to her. He kicked himself internally for thinking that she might get lured towards that guy, even if it was for a split second. But then it bothered him that when he will confess his inner feelings how will she react to it... Most probably it will be similar to this but he doesn't want to lose their precious friendship.

Two days later

It was Sam's birthday and she was holding a house party at her place. That place was thronging with youngsters enjoying themselves. With food, beverage, music, games, everything.

Ved landed a bit late and got to hear a few words from Sam at the doorstep but somehow pacified her. He heard some cheering reverberating from inside, it sounded something like 'SAY YES!' leaving him puzzled. Hence, he strode in with quick steps to find out. But little did he know what was unfolding there.

The second he stepped in, he saw Diya standing in the middle of the room in a pretty knee-length black dress looking stunning that fluttered his heart like always. But then he noticed a bouquet of red roses held in front of her and it wasn't alone, the hand belonged to that new guy from college who

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was on his knees. To say he was shocked to his core would be an understatement. Then he heard that guy utter, "Diya... I love you. Please be my girlfriend-" and realisation dawned.

He staggered back a little and accidentally knocked a vase of the nearby table, in turn bringing all the attention to himself. Ved gazed up to meet the most beautiful pair of doe-shaped eyes to find at least something to cling onto. Rather he faced an equally bewildered pair as of him and it felt as if the confusion was just because of his reaction. Somehow it felt as if she was going to say 'YES'. No, I can't stand here and see her drift away... from me. He thought and turned his heels storming swiftly.

Diya, who had tons of thoughts swirling in her, felt like a bucket of ice-cold water was just emptied on her. She couldn't even keep her thoughts straight. Two days earlier when she had first overlooked this guy's gaze, she had premonitions that he will get over with it soon but here the situation has taken a one-eighty degree turn. She didn't dislike the guy but she can't say 'yes' as well. How she's even gonna decline him, that too politely? Then there's the question, will this guy take 'No' as and answer sportively or she will have to bear repercussions? But it doesn't mean she will say yes, she has a lot of ambitions and distraction is the last thing she wanted. Then



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a crashing sound broke her thoughts and she looked in that direction to see her best friend standing there but... he didn't seem normal to her. And before she could even do anything he walked away leaving her alone.

"Pardon me, I've to go!" She mumbled and rushed behind him not caring about anyone other than Ved. She knew she needed him and maybe even he needed her. Ved hurriedly walked out of the place not paying any heed to the range of persons calling his names. For a second, he thought among those voices one belonged to her but he shunned his stupid heart saying she must be busy with other more important matters.

The moment he reached the parking lot he heard a scream, "Vedumb if you won't stop right now then I'll kill you for sure". He was surprised when he realised that she came to him leaving her 'new boyfriend' alone but then chided himself for being stupid. He thought, of course, she has come down here for her 'best friend' to check whether he is okay or worse to talk about that creep. "I've some urgent work, I'll see you tomorrow, Diya", he tried dodging her.

"STOP RIGHT NOW, VED!" She used the deathly warning tone that made it clear to him to not rile her up anymore or else... He complied and she was in front of him no time, questioning.

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"What came up so suddenly that you are leaving when you've just arrived?" She questioned in a no-nonsense tone crossing her arms as she have had enough of him. She ran after him like a needy puppy when he wasn't stopping at all whereas she needed his support at the moment. Ved dipped his hands in his pant pockets to not give away that he was fidgeting while answering, "Why are you here? Don't you have a fresh relationship to care about at the moment? Go back to the party". He finished and tried to walk away again only to be blocked by her.

"You know, I always need you by my side. I can't do anything without you. Moreover, he is-

He cut her off, "What do you want me to do? Bond with my best friend's boyfriend? No, I can't because I am busy. Also, I don't like that guy, if you've not noticed it yet. I can't be with you right now, Diya... I need some time to wrap my head around the happenings".

She couldn't believe he was leaving her amidst the chaos, "You are leaving me stranded at such a crucial point... Are you even my best friend Ved?"

"Oh yeah, I AM! It's you, who's changed. It's you who had so many aspirations, who couldn't afford to get distracted but here

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you're- all new Diya. What happened to your previous decision?"

"That's what I want to talk about, just hear me out. Will you?" She asked as she felt a burning sensation at the back of her eyes.

"I told you I don't want to, not right now. I need some time. Till then figure whatever you want to on your own or others can help you as well. I think he can help you".

"I don't know what to do without you, for God's sake", she pleaded.

"I think I've had enough. I'm leaving", He sighed heavily and turned to leave.

"But why?"

"What why, Diya? You know my answer already..." he replied without turning as he could feel the water pooling up.

But she snapped, she had enough of his tantrums and frivolous reasoning's.

"NO, I DON'T. Tell me, tell me why are you leaving all of a sudden? Why behave like that in there? Why are you so overprotective all of a sudden? And most importantly why you are so jealous? I'm not taking any frivolous answers... I want to know the truth, ONLY TRUTH!"

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"Because I love you, dammit!"

"Oh my God, why are you crying Papa?" Pihu wiped the lone tear that has unknowingly cascaded down Ved's cheeks breaking his reverie, "Nitin did the right thing, and she deserved the truth..."

Ved couldn't help but place a little kiss on her tiny hands that were cupping his face. He felt he is blessed to have such an angel in his life. Thanks to her mother! She is just so intelligent and caring for a child of her age. He had never thought that he will ever experience this kind of love, unconditional love ever again but here he is, having it all.

Another voice boomed in the room breaking the father-daughter moment, "Gosh! I thought she would be asleep by now but..." Pihu's mother stood at the doorstep arms crossed glaring at them, she continued, "You've school tomorrow Pihu, the story will continue later, now SLEEP!" Ved chuckled at his wife who has just got back from work and got riled up seeing the 'nuisance of the house' still awake. He sauntered behind her but not before tucking his Princess to sleep.

Once out, he went to the kitchen where she was heating her meal. It pissed him off as he noticed that she hadn't changed her clothes yet, "You should've changed, you know. For

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you're always preaching us the same since time immemorial", he remarked taking a seat on the table beside her.

She looked at him through her tired doe-shaped eyes smiling sheepishly, "Well, she is sleeping and you can cut me some slack at least". He shook his head at her response but her next words caught him like a deer in headlights, "You still feel the pain, don't you? Ved, I saw your tears".

"Yeah, I do but like you know I'm the emo one of us. So, kinda still hung up", He shrugged. "That's true but it's kinda cute", she replied gorging upon her plate.

Suddenly she stopped as if realisation struck her and asked, "Do you... do you still feel guilty about that?" He bounced back horrified, "Are you out of your mind? Why would I? We married and had this exceptional kid. Seriously DIYA!?"

"Well, I was just checking if at all my BFF-husband feeling is stuck with me. And if he is conspiring against me along with my daughter...", she twirled the fork on her fingers. Ved chuckled while leaning in and smoothly wiping the corner of her lips, "Well, your best friend is stuck with you or is it the other way round, wifey?" She knew his tactics well, so pushed him back to his seat, "Okay stop, Ved! I've meetings with the

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Commissioner tomorrow, so let's hit the bed".

"As you wish, Collector madam!" He saluted like her security personnel and scurried into their room before she could throw a plate at him.



## Aum Sampat



Hey, I'm Aum Sampat (yep that's how it is pronounced) doing three degrees and a job. Basically living off coffee and I have a really crappy sleep schedule but Hakuna matata right??

My coping mechanism is baking and writing and I also randomly sing sometimes hope y'all don't hate my random 3am ramblings :)



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But then  
I can't tell how  
If the stars aligned  
Or fate smiled upon me  
But in that moment  
When our eyes met  
And I knew I'd found  
The one I'd been looking for

And reality seemed pointless  
In that moment.  
And I found  
Myself not caring much for it

It was at that moment  
That I'd found you

\_\_X\_\_

When I saw you first, it took  
every ounce of me not to kiss you.

When I saw you laugh, it took  
every ounce of me not to love you.

And when I saw your soul,  
it took every ounce of me

\_\_X\_\_



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I fell for you  
The way leaves fall to the ground.  
Slowly,  
Passionately,  
Beautifully.  
And then all at once

\_\_X\_\_

Through the years  
I have discovered that  
The only way to drown out  
The ticking of the clock  
Is to find someone who  
Makes your heart beat louder  
With falling in love

\_\_X\_\_

Hey,  
Last night I had a thought  
One of those 3am crazies  
Again. Last night as well.  
I thought about scenarios  
Of how Life would've been

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If I hadn't met you.  
And I cried. Again.  
And I never cry at all.

At first I didn't realise  
why tears kept rolling down  
My face. And then I guessed  
They were from the eye thing

Well they weren't.  
Even the thought of a reality  
Where I have not met you  
Fills me with dread,  
So profound, that I simply cannot  
comprehend it.

Fear nothing but fear itself,  
They say.  
Yet here I am  
I fear the possibility  
Of you going away  
Or leaving my life.  
Or reality, if it dictates  
Not having you in my life.

Did it make me weaker?  
Having a fear?  
Surprisingly, no.  
I'm stronger now.  
You keep me grounded into reality.

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And if not for you,  
I'd have gone with  
The voices that call for me,  
A long while ago.

You are,  
In all my faith,  
The best thing  
That's ever happened to me  
And for the world  
I wouldn't change that.

Yours,  
Just your friendly neighborhood me

\_\_X\_\_

Who knows, perhaps

If I think of you,  
I'll fall asleep tonight?

It worked just fine  
With falling in love

# Annanya Desai



I'm Annanya Desai, a girl who's passionate about writing. I started small from writing blogs to eventually writing poems and short stories. I love to read as much as I love to write. My room is like a small library!



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The sharp, icy wind gushed past me, sending shivers up my spine. I looked up at the navy-blue sky. The sun had set hours ago, yet not a single star shone in the infinite sky. The grass was sharp and uncomfortable. A butterfly flew in front of me. It was as dark as the sky. It flew softly, circling over me. Its enchanting presence seemed to have sparked a fire in me. I suddenly felt warm and relaxed. I had nowhere to be, nothing to care about. The butterfly reminded me of my mother.

When I'm in my mother's arms, I enter a new, magical realm and forget about the harsh reality of the world. So warm, so comforting. I wish she was with me right now, to protect me from the frosty air. When she looks at me, she always smiles at me before saying anything. A smile that says, "I'll always love you." I wonder how someone could be so radiant. In this cold world, how could someone be so warm?

One night, she came home late with a smile on her face. I asked her where she had gone, to which she replied, "I was over at the Anderson's. They live just down the lane and are not wealthy. I brought some bread and blankets to protect them from the bitter winter." She had walked through the raging blizzard to help the family in need. I asked her why, and she said, "When you do good things for others, you will always be doing a little good for yourself." I was unsure of what she meant at the time. But I understand now.

## Benevolence

"The fragrance always stays in the hand that gives the rose." Hada Bejar

Giving doesn't make you poor, giving to others is a gift to ourselves. Happiness is a gift we get by being generous. It is also the most important thing one needs to have in life. If you have a roof over your head, a few true friends, a loving family, and a giving mindset, you are much richer than you think. Give always, and you will always have.

A human being's most beautiful quality their benevolent soul. The first thing people remember about you is not your appearance—it's the way you treat them and how you treat others.

We all have the power to change someone else's life. Just a smile can warm others' souls. Take the step to help others and you will receive much more than you gave. Small selfless sacrifices are made in return for something even better.

# Bhagyashree Ramesh Nair



Hello everyone!

I am Bhagyashree Lele Nair. I have worked as a Math and a language teacher for around 30 years. I walked through various phases in life learning and experience various disciplines in life... now I am at a stage where these beautiful moments are my memories and loving life and family is my world along with creative writing. I love to live every moment of my life to the fullest.



## प्रेम... प्रेम म्हणजे काय असतं

सगळ्यांचं वेगळं असतं  
कुणाचंच सारखं नसतं

थोड्या गमतीजमती  
थोड्या गप्पागोष्टी  
गोड सुखाने आनंदाने  
हास्य तेव्हा फुलते ओष्टी

आईचं लेकरावर  
फुलांचं पानावर  
नाजूक एका दोन्यासारखं  
मंद त्या वाऱ्यासारखं

आजीआजोबांसाठी तर  
दुधावरची साय असतं  
मित्रदोस्तांसाठी मग  
दिलकी धडकन असतं

तारा जुळतात हृदयाच्या  
आणाभाका प्रितीच्या  
नजरेचे इशारे, मिलनाची ओढ  
या प्रेमाच्या धुंदीला नाही कसली तोड



## Benevolence

सोप्या शब्दात अशा भावना  
मांडणं शक्यच नसतं  
समोरच्यानं नाकारलं तरी  
आपल्यात ते भरभरून असतं

तुझं माझं कसंही असो  
प्रेम म्हटलं की प्रेमच असतं  
सगळ्यांचं वेगळं असतं  
कुणाचंच सारखं नसतं



## Dr. Bishakha Subedi



Dr. Bishakha Subedi, a dentist and an author, has been fostering the love of writing since her pre-teen. She has published her first book "The Cosmic Love, An Usaid Story" in 2018. She has also been published in several anthologies. Her writings include all expository, descriptive, persuasive and narrative. Poems, satire, short stories and speeches be her pivotal oeuvre.

"The pen is mightier than the sword", is what she gives credence to.

Dr. Bishakha Subedi is from Biswanath Chariali, Assam.



## *Taking a Dirt Nap*

We have fears, we shall never look upon  
thee.

But can the truth set us free?

We have seen the queue,

And we are in it too;

With invisible tokens and twist of fate,

This is the wait, for the destiny we most  
hate.

We have fears, we shall never look upon  
thee.

But can the truth set us free?

Six feet under, it's a long way down,

With bright coloured garlands, we will be  
crowned.

In the most unexpected of ways, in the most  
unlikely of places,

With all its glamour and cruelty, the finality  
graces.

We have fears, we shall never look upon  
thee.

But can the truth set us free?

To have no leniency,

How brutal can the overseer be!

It aches to see the dearest in ashes;

And with every breath it flashes.

This is the jinx and it's card game,

Blinded by the memory of a flame.

## Benevolence

To those who succumbed, and left us  
fractured and fragmented,  
Ceaselessly we hunt for you, high and low;  
Failing at life and falling to pieces,  
But death never bows it's head and weeps.  
And then, then we believe -  
The truth can't set us free  
And,  
***We are humans, born to leave.***

## *Ninety yet Sixteen!*

There are no answers, but stories;  
When you are old and grey and full of sleep.

The edge between life and death was thin,  
What differing was the shedding of skin.  
Skins of ego and arrogance  
And of, pessimism and dominance.

We are just grown up children with layers  
on,  
We have not reached the abrupt decline.  
They say we are ninety,  
Yet we feel to be sixteen.  
Yet to start dreaming of a new dream  
And, yet to start reading fairy tales again.

Dear Child,  
At the age you are broken,  
Or, Even in the sunset of your life  
In the old age of your youth,  
Or, in the youth of your old age

When you find smoke, fog and haze  
Let the hope sustain, and;  
You be the dream catcher  
And the fire starters.

When asked, the old couple next-door,  
A brave and startling truth, I was told.  
In cryptic little notes,  
There are no answers, but only stories;

## Benevolence

To the fate of the world  
What leads to what,  
And what destroys what.  
To the fate of the world  
Both our anguish and our solace,  
Our escort and our cage.  
To the fate of the world  
A cotton candy, at this hour,  
And a concrete secret, later.  
A widespread twinkle at this hour,  
And a masked and shy twinkle, later.

The curves of your lips rewrite history, it  
says.  
And here, we are ninety yet sixteen,  
*And it's all about the "Twist of Fate!"*

## *Shield against Congealing*

Appear and settle!  
State out loud, this is not an escape;  
Any diversion from realism to vision.  
And! There is nothing latent;  
Eclipsed behind the door.

All sugar berries; and they taste familiar,  
One within, might make things dim.  
It will stain and you will wipe off,  
Glancing at the losing consciousness,  
Dejected yet Contended!

Nothing's off limits;  
But who and what here is not a monster!

How tyranny does away with humanity, a  
subtle kind of murder!!  
From the world and from all the wars,  
And yet the voyage doesn't end.

Howbeit,  
Once grown outside the puzzle,  
Your pieces will no longer fit; and  
Superficial will suddenly cease to matter.

Once grown outside the puzzle,  
Not in the form of occult and enigma; rather  
as passion in the game,  
With bruished knees, noble ethos and head  
held high;

## Benevolence

Configure a diadem, get going, and let the mass reflect on.

***Move like a shooting star in the night sky.***





## Dr. Rutuja Raj



Dr Rutuja Raj, A graduate from Rajiv Gandhi University of health sciences. Consulting dental surgeon with skilful hands both in the profession and at writing. Practising dentistry since a Decade, She's also been writing Articles for local magazines. With her different perspective and impressive way of expressing complex human emotions into simplest way makes her layman's favourite. From healing people and putting back smiles onto their face to touching their hearts with her words, she believes in inspiring young minds.

## *The Coffee Table*

A summer evening with busy day calming down, on the coffee table where they met often, she waited for him that day to make her heart soften.

For the love she had for him was hardening up her soul, as he said "Babe I am not sure at all ".

He came along to race her heart, and sat by her holding her hand, "let's be friends" he said.

She looked deep into his eyes and she immediately knew it was an end.

Very sternly she raised up and took a step back with her brow shooting up she said, "No!".

He looked at her with great surprise.

She said ' we cannot be good friends'.

"We were not meant to be friends.

It's only LOVE within us and if it's not love then it's nothing else though!!

I cannot fake it all the time.

The more I see you the more I love you. The

## Benevolence

desire to hold you in arms is greater than  
the sense of right or wrong."

She was talking all her heart and mind.

"I guess we shall never be friends" she bent  
down on him and kissed him on his cheek.

"But ..." he stammered...

"I know you can't love me anymore. But can  
I love you still?? Said she interrupting.

"The moment I see you, you ignite the  
passion in me,

So much so that I can't help looking at you  
with desire filled eyes like nobody else is  
watching me, am lost "

"Set me free, let me go.

If it's not love, it can't be nothing else".

And she went on.....

"When you are around, my body language  
ain't the same.

My eyes ain't the same, and I can't hide it  
from people around.

I don't possess the super power to  
overpower my intense longing for you."

"I may be standing still just looking at you.  
But inside my head, am already holding you  
tightly and kissing you hard. Friends don't  
do like that!! Right? "

## Benevolence

I plead; you stay away from me. Its ok if you don't love I shall take care of myself.

But don't please say "can we be friends", I shall never be.

"Your friendship can confuse me further and kill me more".

She said with a smile, genuine.

" you will smile every day at me and I will never be at peace.

You will ask "are you ok?"

And I may faint in your arms to show you how much I need you and she laughed.

Her face turned cold, and her voice dropped she murmured "your friendship can destroy me, you might be kind to me but I shall take it as love.

I don't want to make things hard for me

Just set me free, let me go.

I shall never come back if you don't want me. "

" If it's not love then it will never be anything else." Said she with a gush of emotions.

Love shall never leave me, but I can't share it with you.

And I don't mind anymore

## Benevolence

Because I know..... Staring the favourite  
coffee table where all her  
unsaid dreams and desires flourished in her  
heart....

Silence adorning her, she was filled with  
profuse emotions. Love has broken me  
today, but has transformed me into  
something new.  
Love can hold on and keep my heart warm.  
She thought.

Being friends can always remind me of the  
rejection and mould me into a person with  
dejection.  
I rather choose love over friendship. Even if  
it means one-sided.

She moved away parting with a smile sliding  
her fingers on the coffee table,  
As it was the mute witness of her un  
bloomed love .  
“ I will be happy with the love I have”

Benevolence

## Dhara Patel



Passionate Journalist, professional public relation experts and love to manage the things.



## Benevolence

Mental health is a hot topic these days, as many young people are dealing with it without receiving any aid or care. Few of them go in the wrong route; some become alcoholics, others confront it alone, and a few are fortunate enough to overcome it and begin a new life. The difficulty is that we have a lot of friends, yet we can't communicate our difficulties with them because others take advantage of your weakness. Family is always present, yet there is a generational divide. It is impossible to share everything with one's family.

With the simple idea of providing them with a venue to discuss their suffering, troubles, and sadness, I established an effort called "Human is Near You, You Are Not Alone." It worked effectively, as I saw many people recover from their despair. They realise that there are a lot of people fighting beside them, that they are not alone, and that they have strength. They now have a place to air their grievances without fear of retaliation.

It was a simple notion, but that endeavour has assisted me in learning about true societal issues that I would like to discuss using storytelling.

A woman in her late twenties who was single because she couldn't find a decent match and

## Benevolence

was afraid of a broken relationship. Her family had a disagreement with her neighbour one day, which escalated into a heated exchange of words. Without shame, a neighbour publicly stated that your daughter will not get married because of your nature. Make a place for her in your home and accept the responsibility. They Parents dare to bring up the matter of a 29-year-old girl sitting at their home. The entire society had witnessed it and was enthralled by it. These two sentences had depressed their daughter, as well as her family. It occurs to a lot of girls and boys, so you can sympathise. Anyone here can advise you to be bold...! Is it, however, that simple? We all know how difficult it is to manage yourself when you are late in terms of the time frame given by society. Wherever you go, your parents and family must suffer, and in this case, someone is taking advantage of your frailty to silence you. That lady who spoke those words was one of us, and those who were in the audience were also members of our society. During a job interview, it is normal practice to inquire about your marital status and age (especially if you are young). If talent is important, where do these questions fit, but we all know that you can't complete an interview without them. A man and a lady in



## Benevolence

their 30s approached me. They are well-educated, attractive, and talented, but they are nevertheless depressed and going through a difficult time in their lives. They work as executives in a multinational corporation and are constantly attempting to conceal their age. We think it's ridiculous, but put yourself in their shoes for a moment. When they come across someone like this at work, they start gossiping about them. I've told firms several times that the birthdate should not be on the identity card because it isn't something that needs to be highlighted. Its confidential information that should remain confidential, and it shouldn't be leaked from HR. Occasionally, all of this information is leaked by Human Resources personnel through their buddies, and one minute of fun can wreck someone's life. It has an impact on their self-assurance and performance. This is the society we live in, and we are a part of it. I sincerely hope that we will be transformed.

A woman wedded to a man chosen by her family. She married when she was 28 years old. Of course, her parents were concerned about her because she was approaching marriageable age, and they wanted their daughter to choose her own mate. A lady was of a certain generation and didn't want to

## Benevolence

bother her parents. Because her parents chose him for her, she married a man who is less educated than she is. She was prepared to be his housewife and do anything for him, but nothing worked. He was having extramarital affairs and was uninterested in this girl. He'd started abusing her. Even she was broken once as a result of domestic abuse, and he threw her out the door. Her parents drove her to the emergency room. Even after this, she was not ready to divorce, but she had to make the decision one day. She returned to her parents' home. Even society backed her up at the time, but the true test begins now. After a month, everyone began to talk about her. Her neighbours and relatives began to show mercy to her and her family, and then began to taunt her indirectly. She had no right to talk or give her opinion on anything because the most typical response would be "A girl who couldn't handle her own family offering us advice." One of her neighbours had called her daughter back and said, "Don't spend time with her." Her life has been devastated by her. If you stay with her, your life will also be devastated.

She had been depressed for seven years and had gained ten kilogrammes as a result of the medication's negative effects. Who is to

## Benevolence

blame...? I suppose we, as a society, are more like her spouse. Many girls take drastic measures not because of a failed relationship, but because they are afraid that we, as a culture, will reject them. Even we, the younger generation, never try to stop our parents from acting in this manner...!

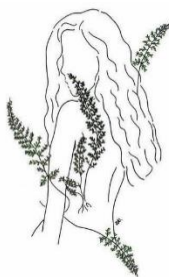
Our next-door neighbour's son dropped out after ninth grade. He is talented in other areas, but he is not socially acceptable because education is a social status symbol. Despite the fact that everyone assumes he has left the school, everyone will inquire as to how school is going. What are your plans for the future? Etc. For us, it's a few minutes of fun, but for that child, it's a difficult battle. Neighbours are attempting to take advantage of the situation, so each time parents try to speak up, they will be subjected to indirect taunting. It's great that we're even talking about child abuse. Isn't it maltreatment that has an impact on their mental health and may obstruct their development...? We, too, are a part of society. Let's start the change and dare to say "no" when we see someone doing it. When it comes to youth and youth power, we can begin by promoting a healthy society. A leader must first comprehend the issues before moving on to the solution.

Benevolence

# Dipali Mahendrabhai Patel



Hi folks! I am Dipali (friends and family call me dipu). I am small town girl with big dreams. I am working on my “ONE Day...” s. I love beautiful skies, water, nature and love. Contact me if you want to chat over hot chocolate!



## Benevolence

“Stop” came a voice from inside.  
I realised in the moment  
who I have become  
from who I was.

I felt like I don't know  
the person in the mirror  
at all.

My things have got fancier  
and my days have gotten busier.  
My tea gossip with my mother  
has been replaced  
with Instagram coffee.

My morning walk with my father  
has been replaced  
with 15 minutes more sleep  
to cope with only 5 hours sleep.

My spa days with my sister  
has been replaced with  
I don't have mood today.

My random stories with my grandmother  
has been replaced with  
me telling myself  
it is just a matter of time.

And in just less than a minute,  
I realised who I have become  
from who I was .

## *A Letter to Every Woman Touching My Life.*

I want to say something  
I had a thought  
Why do we even have to  
Be on the opposite side.  
Imagine what we can do  
On being on the same side.

The bond, connection and  
Strengths to complement each other  
Pains that only we understand  
Love that we share  
Struggles that only we can understand  
Needs that we can fulfil  
What if sister we hold hands together  
And go through this life together  
I am sure no one can break us  
If you have me and I have you.

What if we don't judge each other  
(There are enough people for that)  
What if we don't let each other down  
(I really think we can build a nation)  
What if we just let us be when we are not the  
best  
(We understand each other very well, we  
have vaginas)

## Benevolence

Let's just be the best ourselves and let others be themselves.  
:)

## *Life*

"Life is enjoy," a wise guy once told me. I didn't realise how serious this was until I had to choose whether or not to enjoy my life as I grew older. So, when I was a child and up until college, I thought life was good and everything was fun. There are no responsibilities or pressures. Okay? But now I'm a complete novice on the road to adulthood.

I felt like I was in a game zone when I first started feeling like I was in the middle of adulthood and didn't know the unwritten rules or essential skills. "Who am I?" "What am I supposed to do with my life?" and "What is the purpose of my life?" were some of the life-changing questions I was asking myself. Then one of my friends stated, "Life is happening to you." And I wondered if this was something that happened to everyone. Have any of these things happened to you? And he agreed. In a very casual manner, he said yes. I figured he'd worked it out by now. Here, I'm having a hard time with basic things like being on my own.

## Benevolence

But, for the time being, I've figured out some of the game's rules and surroundings. However, I find myself switching back and forth a lot. I was completely at ease with my most recent gaming zone level. To survive the past zone, I developed a variety of routines, behaviours, and life skills. And these behaviours aren't working so well in the current zone. These behaviours are ineffective and cause problems. Furthermore, these survival abilities appear to be ineffective. The new zone necessitates new habits, lifestyles, and life skills that are appropriate for surviving this new challenge. However, if you do not pass this game, you will lose all of your points; there is only one life line. You won't be able to redo it.. You won't be able to save your progress. It's simply a case of learning or failing. It's strange how life may give you a new level to pass at any time by making a single small decision and suddenly you're on a new level. It's insane. And I became so absorbed in learning all of the abilities, knowledge, and secrets to passing this level that I forgot I had to live through it.

And in that moment, I just realise “Life is enjoy”



Benevolence

# Divya Nese



Author, Poet and a B.tech Graduate  
(with a lot of Reader in her)



## *The Betrayal*

“Now if it isn’t the person that I’ve left here 10 years ago.” I turned around when I heard my best friend’s voice from the entrance.

“Markie?? How have you been? It’s been a long-time man.” I hugged him with a feeling of mere missing.

“I heard about the murder Abel. I’m sorry for everything that has happened.” He said looking straight in the eye.

I immediately burst out crying and thinking that will make me miss them less.

“I needed you when they passed. It’s been 10 years. And I hate that it’s still bugging me.” He started consoling me.

Just when I have seen a lady entering our office. She signalled something but with tears in my eyes I couldn’t see her properly.

“What exactly happened there? Did any of your informer tell you anything?”

## Benevolence

“No. I mean I got a call from one woman explaining that she saw the person who was killing my wife and son on purpose. But when I tried to track her, someone said that that woman was dead just the day before. I lost hope again. But one day I’ll get him.”

I saw Mark getting sweat after listening to my words, but I didn’t suspect anything. I mean it can’t be him I’ve known him all my life. He wouldn’t do anything to hurt me or anyone apart from the enemy in the battlefield, as the matter of fact. But this act of him made me suspect him.

Next day, I have arrived at office early and I’ve seen the lady, who signalled me yesterday, or I thought was signalling. The close I came to her; I’ve realised that I’ve seen her in some of the newspaper photos or in any of the victim photos.

“Mam, sorry that I couldn’t recognise you yesterday, but I think I’ve seen you

## Benevolence

somewhere. And yesterday did you signal me anything?”

“You don’t know me officer, but I tried to get to you since June 25<sup>th</sup>, 2012.”

“But that was just 2 days past...” she cut me in the middle and continued.

“Your wife and baby got killed. I know”

“Who are you?” but before I could complete the question, I could feel the other people arriving in the office and it was about time that almost everyone will be here.

When she finally trying to open about her identity, suddenly I felt mark’s hand on my shoulder.

“Am I missing something?”

“Not at all sir. We were just saying good morning.” She signalled later with her hand. I understood something was wrong and I’ve grown suspicious on mark after his act yesterday and her awkwardness before it. Something isn’t adding up.

## Benevolence

I've completed my work soon and I've seen that mark wasn't around to mess it up. I went to the lady and spoke to her.

"Cut the crap and fess up what you know as soon as possible. Mark isn't around and I will not leave him too if he's hurt you in anyway."

"You can punish him sir, but you can't bring back my mom who has given you the information about the person who killed your wife and baby."

"It's not possible, he wouldn't do anything to hurt my people. He's one the best officers we had, and Mark would never do it."

"Yeah, because he is your best friend? I could track you sir I had your number and address before I thought of come here. But being a professional hacker working for the Army I couldn't track his records. It's only possible only when he's trying to hide his identity with the help of opposite army intelligence. He's using a powerful encryption tool which is nearly powerful to the satellite signal and it's

## Benevolence

almost impossible to crack it, without him knowing that someone's onto it. I can show you the records of it."

She handed me some papers and as far I could understand, yes, she was saying right and by the papers, I think that there are things that don't fit saying that he's innocent. "Who are you and how do you know about me and Mark so much?"

"You still don't recognise me sir, do you?"

"No. I can't seem to figure it out. Figure you out."

"I'm Samantha. I'm daughter of the woman informer, Maggie, who informed you about the murder sir."

"Maggie, right I've seen her photo in a newspaper. I never forget a face, Samantha. As of I remember, she was murdered and it's still a cold case in Virginia."

"That's right. And I want you to check this out. I've recommended Mark to go on to this mission and we can find out who is he

## Benevolence

helping and the video which you're seeing here is from the camera I've fixed in his computer lens. I've fixed one in one of his recent power lenses too."

"That's brilliant."

Since we were waiting for him to do something rather than general things, I dozed off into this dream, it was before I got married and I was so in love with Daisy and when we found out that we were pregnant with Elena, it was the best thing I've experienced in ages. The joy, the happiness and the amount of protection it was vanished into thin air, just because of some stupid mission. Remembering that I suddenly woke up to Samantha looking at me in complete Awe.

"Oh god. What's with the staring?"

"Just admiring beauty."

"Yeah, rather when you should track Mark."

"What's with the brooding face? I'm genuinely curious of what are you thinking?"

## Benevolence

See boss, I've been completely honest and faithful with everyone in my entire life. Just, listen to what I've say.

I like you; I've liked you since you've been writing articles about Daisy and Elena. It's been so touching and some part of me loved the transfer to this office. Because I get to work with you. Get to know you more."

I've liked what she was saying but I didn't find right words to reply to her. It was liberating knowing that someone likes me after a very long time the same way I liked daisy. Thinking of what to reply I see Mark's face on the computer.

"Look over there. I guess he figured it out."

"I don't know who ever fixed it in my lens, if they aren't here by the end of the day, I'll start killing every single person in the office. And remember to come alone and always remember that I'll be one step ahead of you." Said Mark looking straight into the camera of the specs.



## Benevolence

“What now?”

“You and I get to take the revenge, properly this time.”

We booked a flight immediately to Bounty Hunters’ place. He’s on his ‘special’ mission. We’ve reached there and with all the safety measures we both got into the building he was in. At least what the tracker has said to us.

But we couldn’t believe what we’ve seen from the window. It was the head of the bounty hunter and Mark.

“What now?” She asked.

“We take the revenge.” We got into the room and Samantha took down the bounty hunter head. And only Mark was left.

“Now... any last words?” I heard Samantha’s gun pointed at me.

“What are you doing?”

“Any last words?” She asked me while releasing Mark and looking straight in the eye.

## Benevolence

“I shouldn’t have believed in you. For once, after a long time, I was feeling good about some outsider. Fine, have it your way.” I sent a command from my satellite device which directly was connected to my other commandos. The helicopters arrived and we could hear those finishing buildings and people.

“Did you think I’ll trust someone so easily? How naïve of you?”

I shot Mark with my revolver and slit the throat of Samantha without any remorse. I congratulated my team, and it was never about revenge. I wanted to move on from the past. Hopefully I do it this time.



Benevolence

## Eesha Telawane



I'm just a person who likes to express through poems. I love to describe my poems as 'more than just thoughts but less than philosophy'. Instagram poetry page 'enchanted rhymes'



## *The Great Escape*

The colour of the sea  
The sun is in the sky  
Made my mind feel at peace  
And my heart soar high

In the serenity of nature  
My thoughts started to speak loudly  
Silently as I sit  
Comparing them at every peek

The persistent flow of the sea  
Makes me feel priceless  
How I made it here  
Dealing with every situation that rises

With the rustling of the leaves,  
I felt the questing breeze  
That gives me goose bumps  
Till I felt weak in my knees

Clouds passing by  
With no hurry or greed  
Made me think about life  
And the tranquillity I need

With the sun set by  
Stars started to twinkle  
The sea felt cold and calm  
Still being clear as crystal

## Benevolence

I closed my eyes  
To the amiability of landscape  
From the uncertainty of life  
It was a great escape

## *She Is the Real Queen*

She wants to go  
High up in the sky  
Like a bird leaving the nest  
Learning to fly

She has the wings of courage  
And the wild fire in heart  
She makes sure she finishes  
Everything that she starts

She'll burn the midnight oil  
Struggle till the very last minute  
Dealing with all the obstacles  
She would just be killing it

She is not afraid this time  
Even if the night is longer  
She is ready to shine like a sun  
Only brighter and stronger

## Benevolence

She will write her own destiny  
Jumping over hurdles that  
stands in her way  
With efforts inching to perfection  
She likes to slay

She won't give up  
Or fall down  
She is the real queen  
And she will win the crown

## *My heart follows*

Through the misty meadows  
Overlooking all the shadows  
The music of nature that  
My heart follows

When the sky hints a dawn  
Leaving behind all the sorrows  
The sound of chirping birds that  
My heart follows

From the clouds and lakes  
Calmness my mind borrows  
A persistent way in the mountains  
My heart follows

Walking into the sun  
Burning for a better tomorrow  
A hope of good  
My heart follows

## Gaurav Kumar



Writer is a 23 year old BFA student from University of Allahabad, he is an artist lives in Prayagraj. Started his writing in his initial college days. In this lockdown phase author was facing an art block, so he started writing to refresh his mind. Filling his paper with imagination and creativity, some interesting write ups took shape. Author usually writes poetry, objective perspective, fiction stories and motivational quotes. This write up is one of them. In this poetry author is talking about the romantic angle in his beautiful relationship between him and his love interest. We all in love at a point in our life. However, in our initial teenage era it's difficult to distinguish between just attraction and our actual love.

## Benevolence

This poetry is just a short part of one of the thousands of love stories which were never been written.

Our eyes crossed and heart collapsed  
It's been years and season passed  
Can't think of anything when I think of you  
Our moments reminds me feel of the moon  
Flowers get happy when I tell them your  
name  
My mind is not working now whom to  
blame  
I want you to stay as you already know  
Come to see me again for the excuse to go  
My eyes light up when your appearance you  
give  
Heart feels down the moment you leave  
Your voice melt my ears my lovely melody  
Hard to define your existence is my remedy  
You are the home where my heart belongs  
You become the reason now I feel love songs  
You live in my heart never tried to get you  
Still feels like the day I first met you  
Our story Rose someday it will set  
In thousands of Tales I am glad that we met.



## Gopikrishnan Ravindran



Hi this is Gopikrishnan. Raised up in Mumbai, did my graduation in computers, working in an IT company and sometimes I put my thoughts in writing. I would consider myself a seeker, more inclined towards philosophy.

Visit:

<https://gkmaktub.wordpress.com/blog/>



## *Life*

Life! What comes to your mind when you hear this word? Maybe you are thinking about your own life, how it has been, how you have sailed through the hard times, how happy you are, all the ups and downs, memories etc. floods your mind. This is the general case for most of us where life is a roller coaster ride, and we can't foresee what is coming next whether its happiness or misery. Now one thing which we obviously might have missed out in this journey is the way we are impacted after every success or failure. Well, this is the most important thing which we usually overlook. Now hereafter I would like to ponder upon these aspects which eventually may give some food for your thoughts and likely to influence your life in positive way.

First failure might have made you feel devastated and like everything's lost and you might have shared your feelings with your dear ones and they held you up together at that time and consoled you or encouraged you to work harder for your next goal. Those who have such people in their life are lucky since they act as your mentors and guide you to the right direction. These are some conducive circumstances for optimistic growth of mind. Maybe you were young

## Benevolence

when you experienced your first failure and cried, at that time if you got the right inspiration and motivation from the right people like family, friends etc. that leads to the right direction. There might be plenty of examples around you who went to the wrong direction post they encountered failure. People tend to become hateful, violent, turn towards harmful addictions, even commit suicide. You must have heard about school students committing suicides due to academic pressure or low scores. What could be the reason for such bad move to even pass through their little minds. Certainly, something is not right somewhere, there should have been some influences in their life to think they are not worthy to be alive or there is no purpose in this life. When there is no one around to handhold and guide you when you fail then people tend to think in negative way and end up doing wrong things and finally make themselves believe that what they are doing is right. Like a thief who started stealing when he was a kid may think what he is doing is right, so it's very much needed for anyone to have someone to guide to the right path.

Moreover, you also might see people leading a good life earned in a wrong way, for e.g. corrupt politicians, drug lords. They all are at good positions in life having earned money, respect but maybe no one guided them to differentiate right and wrong. They are

## Benevolence

surely capable of earning money and respect, but they choose to do it the wrong way. I mean who doesn't want to become successful and rich in short time and one may tend to think how else I can become successful and rich if not choosing wrong path. But remember, such success is short lived.

I also want to highlight that success is different for each of us, for some success maybe making a lot of wealth but am not talking about material things here. Understand that successful people don't need to think about riches instead riches follow them. It somewhat synchronizes with one of the dialogues from 3 idiots movie "Kamiyab nahi, Kabil bano". So am totally talking about mentally being resilient, how well you face and bounce back at hard times in life. All the failures in your life and all the hard times are your teacher.

Other thing which is equally important is situation or circumstances. Lot of people are where they are because of their circumstances, maybe they were having a poor background where they couldn't afford to earn basic living which forced them to choose wrong path. See when you are striving hard to meet ends and when you get easy success from wrong things you tend to choose that path. At these times there might not be someone to point the wrong, or other way round there might be more people along

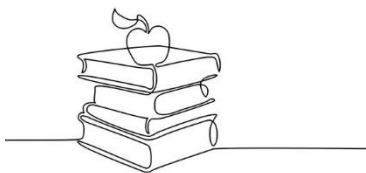
## Benevolence

with you doing the same wrong thing which makes you believe others are also doing so why not me. Differentiation of what is good and bad, what is wrong and right starts at an early age and if there is no one to guide then it becomes difficult later but not impossible. Overcoming these obstacles in the right manner is needed and those who do it are true winners. Since circumstances or situations are not constant, it's just matter of time and it will change for sure. To overcome these obstacles what you need is capability, you should know what's wrong, right, good and bad. For this, the first thing required is education, because education gives you the basic capability for the mind to prosper, along with education a conducive environment like highlighted before having guidance from family and friends forms strong foundation for a successful life. Again, as I said am not considering riches as success, am talking about having a resilient mind which helps you rise up in any circumstances and fight odds and overcome.

A healthy mind is what determines how your life will be. Hard times, failures will come, and everyone has that in their life but how you face and overcome it is what matters. This is the experience which you build up as you grow old, and you will be imparting this knowledge to your children by being their guide. So before going to sleep ponder upon the difficult times, failures you had and how

## Benevolence

did you act at that time, were you good enough, held strong, faced it or did the failure leave you broke, depressed or you didn't face it at all? Try to think around what you could have done better which is the lesson learnt and try to do that next time. More importantly, choose the right path and end up being happy.



## Jayshree Kotian



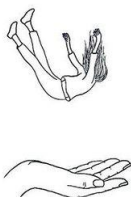
Hello everyone I am Jayshree, a passionate interior designer & an enthusiastic bicycle trek lover. I really appreciate the nature & its beauty. I am connected to my roots & appreciate simple lifestyle. Writing is something that really brings out my thoughts & my feelings. It's just a dream to connect with each & everyone reading my piece here. Happy reading!



## Benevolence

### All Is Life

Whether by accident or design,  
We are here.  
Let's make the most of it, my friend.  
Make happiness our pursuit,  
Spread little sunshine here & there.  
Enjoy the flowers, the breeze,  
River, Sea, and sky,  
Mountains and tall waving trees,  
Greet the children passing by,  
Talk to the old folk, Be Kind, my friend.  
Hold on, in times of pain and strife.  
Until death comes all is life.





## Kalpita Rane



Kalpita Rane is an exponent of and achiever in multiple genres of performing arts. She has a string of accomplishments as an actress, anchor, classical dancer, choreographer, playwright, and filmmaker, winner of beauty pageants, personality development coach, and Social worker. For her writing is a medium to explore her thoughts vividly while experiencing the true spirit of life. She chooses her mother tongue as she feels, it gives her the comfort to express her inner self more precisely.



## 'भेट'

दिवसभराची कामं आटपून थकलेली ती घरी पोहचायच्या गडबडीत घाईघाईने निघाली, तोच तिला समोर 'तो' दिसतो.ती क्षणभर गोंधळते, तिला कळतंच नाही कि इतक्या उशिरा हा माणूस इथे काय करतोय? ती गोंधळलेल्या स्वरात त्याला काही विचारायला जाणार इतक्यात तो गाडीचं दार उघडून तिला बसायला खुणावतो.तीही शांतपणे वाद न घालता गुमान गाडीत बसते .तो गाडी स्टार्ट करतो,तेच तिच्या प्रश्नांची सरबत्ती सुरु होते तू इथे कसा? इतक्या उशिरा?तुला कसं ठाऊक मी इथे आहे?मला कसा काय न्यायला आलास?का बरं इतकी मेहेरबानी?का कुठला ठरलेला प्लॅन कॅन्सल झाला म्हणून घ्यायला आलास? एक ना अनेक तिचे प्रश्न चालूच होते अन तोच तिच्या सर्व प्रश्नांकडे दुर्लक्ष करत ड्राईव्ह करत होता.ती शांत झाली तसा त्याने गाडीतला म्युजिक प्लेअर व केला, कुठलंसं स्लो गाणं लागलं होतं. दिवसभराची थकलेली ती,ते गाणं ऐकता ऐकता तिचा डोळा लागला. तिला डिस्टर्ब न करता, तिची झोप मोड ना करता त्याने हलकेच तिच्या

पुढ्यातली तिची बॅग मागे शिफ्ट केली. थोड्या वेळाने गाडी थांबली,तशी तिला जाग आली ,तिने पेंगुळलेले डोळे चोळत विचारलं 'घर आलं?' त्यावर त्याने एक मिशिकल हास्य दिलं अन डोळ्यांनीच खिडकीबाहेर बघ असा इशारा केला. तिने खिडकीबाहेर पाहिलं आणि क्षणात तिचा सारा शिणवटा पळून गेला.तिच्या त्या काही क्षणांपूर्वी पेंगुळलेल्या डोळ्यांमध्ये वेगळीच चमक जाणवली.तिने खिडकीबाहेर पाहिलं मग त्याच्याकडे,कारण तिला हवी असणारी ,तिच्या मनाजवळची गोष्ट त्याने आज शक्य केली होती. ती भान विसरून गाडीचं दार उघडून चालू लागली .त्या चांदण्या रात्री,गार वारा झेलत,वाळूत खोलवर पाय रुतवत ती त्या अथांग ,शांत तरीही लाटांनी फ़ेसाळणाऱ्या समुद्राकडे झेपावत होती.

किनाऱ्यावर लाटांनी तिच्या पायाला स्पर्श केल्यावर,ती किनारा गाठून त्याच्या कडेने समुद्राकडे एकटक पाहत चालू लागली, एव्हाना तिने तिच्या चपला काढून हातात घेतल्या होत्या. ती तिच्या विश्वात मोकळेपणाने रमली होती.इतक्यात त्याने मागून येऊन तिचा हात धरला,

तिच्या हातातल्या चप्पला निसटल्या.त्याच्या स्पर्शाने ती भानावर आली. तो येऊन तिच्या पुढ्यात उभा राहिला ,तिच्याकडे एकटक पाहत, तिच्या नजरभेटीची वाट पाहत .ती मात्र काही केल्या त्याच्याकडे पाहत नव्हती,पण तिच्या मनातली धडधड वाढली होती.तोच तिच्याकडे हलकेच सरसावला तसा तिने हात सोडवून घेतला आणि गाडीच्या दिशेने धावत सुटली.तिचं हे वागणं काहीसं अपेक्षित असलं तरी त्याचा थोडा हिरमोडच झाला होता. स्वतःच्या मनाला सावरत तो तिची ती बावरलेली छबी पाहून सुखावला आणि त्याच्या गालावर हसू खुललं.

ती गाडीपाशी धापा टाकत पोहचली आणि वळून पाहते तर काय, तिच्या चप्पला त्याच्या हातात होत्या आणि तिच्या पाऊलांच्या ठश्यावर स्वतःच्या पाऊलखुणा उमटवत तो आनंदाने परतत होता..ते सारं पाहून त्या क्षणांच्या सुखाचा अंदाज बांधता येत नव्हता.तो तिच्या पाऊलखुणा गिरवत तिच्या पाशी पोहचला, त्याला समोर पाहून त्याचा स्पर्श न होताच ती शहारली होती. ती तिच्याही नकळत त्याच्याकडे झेपावली अन त्याने

मात्र त्याचे हात मागे बांधून घेतले कारण त्याच्या हातात तिच्या चपला होत्या.ती त्याच्या छातीशी विसावली तसं तिच्या कानात तो हलकेच पुटपुटला 'वाढदिवसाच्या शुभेच्छा' तिने चमकून त्याच्याकडे पाहिलं.खरंतर ती स्वतःचाच वाढदिवस विसरली होती .तिने त्याला म्हंटलं 'ओह्ह मग माझं गिफ्ट ?' त्यावर त्याने तिला डोळे मिटायला सांगितलं आणि मागे बांधलेल्या हातांमध्ये असणाऱ्या तिच्या चप्पला तिच्या पुढ्यात धरल्या आणि म्हणाला ' उघड डोळे ,हे घे गिफ्ट ' त्यावर लटक्या रागाने तिने त्याला बडवायला सुरवात केली तसं त्याने अलगद तिला आपल्या मिठीत ओढलं, मिटलेल्या पापण्यांनी ओठांचा ओलावा अलगद टिपला होता.समुद्रकिनारी त्याच्या पाठमोऱ्या मिठीत ती विसावली होती , तिने त्याच्या खांद्यांआड पाहिलं ,लाटांनी त्या गिरवलेल्या पाऊलखुणा स्वतः सोबत वाहून नेल्या होत्या खोल समुद्रात.

या साऱ्याचा अर्थ तिला उलगाडत असतानाच , अलार्म वाजला अन ती दचकून जागी झाली ,स्वप्नातून वास्तवात आली. या एका स्वप्नाने तिला जगण्याची अनुभूती दिली

होती, तिच्या वाढदिवसाची तिला आठवण करून दिली  
होती अन तिच्याच नकळत तिला वाढदिवसाची पहिली  
'भेट'हि त्यानेच दिली होती. अनंतात विलीन असला तरी  
त्याने त्याचा शब्द पाळला होता , तिच्या वाढदिवशी  
त्याने तिचा हट्ट पुरवला होता .....

म्हणाली होती ती त्याला,  
सांग ना माझे हट्ट पुरवशील का?

पंख लावून मला आकाशी उंच उडायचं  
त्या दाटून आलेल्या ढगाला अलगद शिवायचंय  
मग माझ्या स्पर्शाने तो ढग धरणीवर बरसेल  
तहानलेल्या निसर्गाला तृप्त करेल  
सांग ना माझे हट्ट पुरवशील का?

माश्यागत मला त्या खोल समुद्रात पोहायचंय  
सागराच्या गूढतेला जवळून अनुभवायचं  
खूप खूप पोहायचंय त्या लाटांना धुडकावून लावायचं  
मला त्या पाण्यातलं पाण्यागत जगणं अनुभवायचं

## Benevolence

सांग ना माझे हट्ट पुरवशील का?

मला त्या मुंगी इतका इटुकलं व्हायचंय

इतरांसाठी नाही स्वतःसाठी राबराब राबायचंय

वाटेत आड येणाऱ्या प्रत्येकाशी इवल्याश्या दंशाने  
लढायचंय

मेले तरी बेहत्तर या निर्धाराने स्वाभिमानाने ध्येय  
गाठायचंय

सांग ना माझे हट्ट पुरवशील का?

त्या क्षितिजापर्यंत मला पायी चालत जायचंय

आकाश अन जमीन खरंच एक होते का ते पाहायचंय

येशील माझ्यासवे क्षितिजापल्याड जिथे जग असेल  
फक्त दोघांचं

जगाचं नाही ऐकायचं, करायचं फक्त आपल्या मनाचं

सांग ना माझे हट्ट पुरवशील का?

एकदा मला स्वप्न होऊन स्वतःच्याच स्वप्नात यायचंय

स्वप्नातल्या त्या कल्पनांना प्रत्यक्ष भेटायचंय

स्वप्न अन दृश्य या अवकाशाचा प्रवास करायचाय  
स्वप्नातल्या स्वप्नाच्या मनाचा ठाव घ्यायचाय  
सांग ना माझे हट्ट पुरवशील का?

विक्षिप्त माझ्या कल्पना अन अनाकलनीय माझे हट्ट  
मी पार वेडी आहे हे एव्हाना पटलं असेल तुला पक्कं  
ठाऊक आहे मला हे हट्ट पुरवणं सोप्यं नाही  
तरीही हट्टाने मी पुन्हा पुन्हा हट्ट करत राहीन  
सांग ना माझे हट्ट पुरवशील का?

तुझ्या नुसत्या होकारानेच माझे सर्व हट्ट पुरवले  
जातील

मला नवे हट्ट करण्याची स्फूर्ती देऊन जातील  
सांग ना मी हट्ट करावेत म्हणून तू हट्ट धरशील ना  
सांग ना माझे हट्ट पुरवशील का?

'सांग ना माझे हट्ट पुरवशील का?' तिची पापणी ओली  
झाली, डोळ्यातल्या खाऱ्या पाण्याने त्याची गोड  
आठवण उजळून आली



## Karan Kundkar



Karan Kundkar, grew up In Maharashtra, India. Currently an undergraduate with mind diverting to play with Words, The For-Not-Ever Bond, is my first poem.

The poem is about a boy who fell in love with his best friend and to overcome this situation, he made distance with her, which results in breaking of their friendship.



## *Best-Friend-Ship (Boat)*

The Day of the Promise

15<sup>th</sup> July was that lucky! To not to  
leave each other wasn't that hard  
buddy...

You first made me feel loved  
And you always had my back,  
Guess that wasn't true from my side  
As I was a crack...

I told you always  
I'm a man of my word, Even  
though the man's word  
Could go unfinished in front of  
love...

Don't you worry  
It is always my fault, And  
letting me see you  
For the first time, was God's!!!

It doesn't matter now  
As we're already separated,

## Benevolence

And Guess what, Best friends are not meant  
for being  
dated...

I thought it would work out  
As I've always wanted,  
But it was always hard for me  
Knowing that you've already got what you  
wanted...

So I kept myself hurting  
Till it was just out of control, Then I did  
what has to be done So that I won't get hurt  
at all...

And after that when I saw you cry I had no  
choice,  
But to leave  
Without even saying you a goodbye...

It was all just going fine after that, But  
knowing that you were hurt Had always  
made me cry...

Benevolence

## Kavita jha



Merchandiser by profession, homemaker by choice, mum of my little man. Now I am giving writing a try and with time I hope to improve.



## *And I Decided*

Tina was in a bit of a mess since this morning, in fact, something was bothering her for several days. But today she was very restless because today she had to take a decision. Now she didn't want to console herself anymore.

She remembers when she first met Nirvaan on a social site. First the conversation started on messages and slowly this series went on, both had come to know a lot about each other. And finally, both of them decided to meet.

Tina started smiling thinking of first meeting with Nirvaan. When Nirvaan proposed her on the first date, Tina was at first apprehensive and asked Nirvaan for some time to think over and Nirvana had said okay, you take all your time.

But today why is Tina having to think so much after saying yes to Nirvaan?

## Benevolence

In fact, Tina was in dilemma while selecting between Nirvaan and Dhanush (Tina's best friend)

Dhanush was an important part of her world of happiness. Tina wanted to tell Dhanush about Nirvaan but didn't know why she couldn't.

Tina again engrossed in memories of second meeting with Nirvaan. Nirvaan had a charming personality that any girl would've wanted him as her life partner. In their second meeting, Nirvaan asked Tina for her answer to his proposal and Tina then approves of her love for Nirvaan. Tina remembers that Nirvaan became very happy when she said yes and hugged her saying I love you and kissed her forehead. At that moment, Tina felt that she had found her life partner.

Everything went well for a few days. Now Tina wanted to tell Dhanush everything about herself and Nirvana. She had decided that whenever she would meet Dhanush she will tell him about her love.

Dhanush used to give importance to every little thing of Tina. Whenever they were together, they used to get so engrossed in

## Benevolence

their laughter and talk that they had no idea what was going on around them.

Suddenly, there is a lot of turmoil going on in Tina's mind since few months. Nirvaan nowadays does not pick up her phone, does not even answer his messages. And when asked about the reason behind not receiving or reverting to her call, his answer was only this, I am busy with office work.

Tina wanted to meet him, but Nirvaan did not give any answer, just kept postponing. Tina's heart was starting to break, she could not understand where she went wrong. She was always comforting herself by thinking, "Maybe Nirvaan really has a lot of work to do and will talk to Tina as soon as he is free".

Months passed; nothing went right. Tina messaged Nirvaan one day;

"Hi Nirvaan! How are you?"

The answer came after a long time

Nirvaan: "How are you tina?"

Tina: Look what's the matter Nirvaan, you do not talk to me nowadays, and how busy are you that you do not get time for a message or call?

Nirvaan: There's nothing like this, Tina, it's just that the pressure of work is high that I

## Benevolence

just get tired. And it's too late at night so didn't call you.

Tina: You can tell me if there is any reason for you to avoiding me, I won't mind.

Nirvaan: No dear, nothing like this, I promise to meet you soon, my love. Finally, a smile on Tina's face after seeing Nirvaan's message.

Then after that there is no message or call from Nirvaan and probably because of this, Tina and Dhanush meet many times, but she is unable to tell anything to the Dhanush about herself and Nirvaan. Even Tina thinks whether she herself is confused and doesn't know why she started comparing Dhanush and Nirvaan.

Tina herself does not even know when she has started feeling something for Dhanush. She realized that she had always found Dhanush by her side when needed, and not Nirvaan anywhere. Yesterday, when she was very upset Dhanush hugged her lovingly and said don't worry you just smile you don't look good while sad, just from that moment Tina's heart started felling for Dhanush that she could not sleep all night.



## Benevolence

When she woke up in the morning, she just kept thinking what she should do and while sitting on the bed, she thought for a while and suddenly she decided that she would not continue with Nirvaan anymore. She does not want the company of a person who does not respect her existence, and at the same time Tina thinks that she should tell Dhanush about herself and Nirvaan.

At the same time, she would also confess that she has started loving Dhanush, which she realized after meeting Nirvaan. And if Nirvaan would not have come in her life, then she would never understood it.

As soon as Tina made this decision, a gleam came in her eyes and she immediately called Dhanush.

Hello Dhanush! I want to meet you today.

After calling Dhanush, Tina went to get ready. After so many days, she was feeling very light.

She decided that no matter what Dhanush's answer would be to her proposal, she would not be disappointed.

Benevolence

# Manasvi pote



I write what I like to imagine, because my imagination is more interesting than my real life. Happy reading :)



## "Ae Dil Hai Mushkil Jeena Yahan,

Zara Hat Ke, Zara Bach Ke  
Yeh Hai Bombay Meri Jaan"  
Mumbai is not just a city  
But a feeling  
Covered with tall buildings  
And scrappers on one side  
And slums on the other  
The city which accepts you  
No matter the gender race language you  
are  
When you are drowned  
Or even if you are at the top of the world  
No matter how lonely you are or have  
the gang with you  
Marines is the place to be at  
The waves welcome you with open  
hands  
Ice-cream sandwich at Parsi dairy farm  
will melt you heart with exotic flavors  
Festivals are celebrated to the fullest  
here  
May it be Diwali or Eid city lights up  
Food at Mohammed Ali Road during  
ramzan is to die for  
Vada pav here is the hunger saviour

## Benevolence

In this city you are never alone  
There is one person always with whom  
you can share with

Where people spend more times  
travelling in local than at the homes  
Rich or ragged where walk on same  
streets having the same hustle in the  
heart

I dont know if this city is the one that  
never sleeps

Or the city of dreams  
But it is the city that makes you live  
H.O.P.E.

I would like to believe that someday  
someone will write a poem about  
That old grandmother living next door, who  
spent almost the whole of the last  
year, sewing colourful masks for the entire  
building.

Her smile now, sprinkles hope like glitter  
everywhere she goes.

I would like to believe that someday  
someone will write a poem  
About Wasim Chacha who drives the  
ambulance across the city day and night.  
He says, he has seen love more than death  
between the white sheets and the beeps of  
the oxygen monitors that he carries around.

## Benevolence

Amidst this hopes and beliefs, lies little  
things, little moments well after all aren't  
really little, are they?

I would like to believe that someday  
someone will write a poem  
About a bunch of teenagers who created art  
and are influencing people online.

I would like to believe some day someone  
will write a poem

About those homemade face packs and  
stacks of books beside.

About late night ludo games.

About card games with Nani and Maa's  
perfectly baked cookies.

About two hours long phone calls with your  
friends.

About a soothing sunset walk at marine and  
juhu beach ki extra butter pav bhaji.

About holding hands and writing letters like  
a old school way...

About those mountains road trips with  
friends and playing "kho gaye hum kahaaa"  
on the journey...

About the happiness of your bumble  
match's texts turning to daily video calls.

I would like to believe that someday  
someone will write a poem  
About everything that makes you ponder  
over your privilege and pride.

About love, loss and life.

## Benevolence

You see, we have been looking in all the  
wrong places.

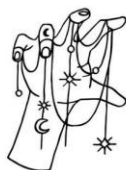
because

I would still like to believe that someday  
someone will write a poem that will help us  
spell H-O-P-E all over again.

## Miral Keralia Mehta



I am Miral Keralia Mehta, happily married. A moon gazer, hippie soul at heart, and believer in the universe's energies. I continue to explore my creative side and strive to excel in everything I do. I believe in being optimistic and always looking on the bright side of things. I am a fan of Efhar.



## Benevolence

She always believed in the power of love,  
and he always used to run away from  
commitment and togetherness.

She waited for 11 years,  
they got married and have 2 beautiful and  
adorable kids,  
living happily ever after.

Why?

Because the adamant quality of love always  
wins.

-

On a starry night and the full moon shining  
bright flashing radiant moonlight,  
She asked with innocence "Do you believe in  
magic?"

He replied with confidence in his eyes and  
love in his gesture "Yes, I believe in you!"

They sat there hugging each other till the  
sunrise.

-

He has a universe full of secrets,  
And she fell in love with the two twinkling  
stars in his eyes.

He has a galaxy full of issues,  
And she fell in love with the way he made  
her feel safe.

He has a life full of regrets,  
And she fell in love with his world of  
imperfections.

-

She: you are my favourite subject to study.

He: Don't study me, you would never be a  
graduate.

-



## Benevolence

High on life,  
Love over rules,  
Back to reality,  
Vibe lost and found.

-

They were friends for over a year now.  
Unknowingly they fell in love with each other.

Little did they know, they were addicted to each other emotionally.

They were each other's support system.

One fine day, while strolling from college towards home she playfully asked him.

She: If I ask you to stay with me forever....umm will you?

He: I Promise till my last breath! Forever is just the beginning!

And this was the beginning of their newfound love.

-

Vividly, he never said that he did,

She never denied that she didn't.

They had their ways of showering love on each other,

The adamant quality of love always wins!

-

She wanted to share all her weird thoughts with him,

And he was busy sharing his with someone else.

She wanted to be with him in his highs and lows,

And he was looking for someone who would understand him.

## Benevolence

She used to glance at him every day with the  
hope of being together someday,  
And he was glancing at other girls to find  
the sheer hope of love.  
Life was playing games with them,  
but eventually it was for the right reasons.

-

Virtual world: The one you have been  
waiting for all your life is right in front of  
you, but you seem to be blinded...  
Reality: And you saw, you just did!

-

Coincidences.  
Connections.  
Communications.  
The 3 C's which kept their souls intact even  
after 10 years.

-

She: "Will you ALWAYS be there for me?"  
She innocently questioned.  
"Yes I will in ALL-WAYS forever"  
Her dad replied watching over her from  
heaven.  
And that very moment she realised that her  
guardian angel will always be there with her.

-

It was pitch dark,  
She was scared,  
A hand extended from behind for help,  
She grabbed it and turned around,

## Benevolence

It was dark again!

-

A day is made up of 24 hours,  
And infinite number of moments to create.  
A Week is made up of 7 days,  
And infinite memories to build.  
A month is made up of 4 weeks,  
And infinite people to meet.  
A year is made of 12 months,  
And infinite lives to relieve every day!

-

During those exchange of glances, she fell  
for him within an instance,  
He lost a friend forever!

-

In midst of those awkward moments, they  
finally found love.  
In the chaos of knowing someone else, they  
finally found love.  
Their love was not the usual, but that is how  
they lived it.

-

"Meet me at my happy place"  
She said while leaving for her studies  
abroad.  
He used to send emails to her every day with  
the mention of "You are my happy place" as  
the subject line.

## Benevolence

-

If you would have met me earlier,  
Then I might have fallen in love with you.

If you would have met me earlier,  
Then you might have been a part of my life.

If you would have met me earlier,  
Then you might not have understood the  
depth of my love.

If you would have met me earlier,  
Then even you might have felt the same love  
as I do.

If you would have met me earlier,  
Then even you might have felt something in  
your heart for me.

If you would have met me earlier,  
Then you might have fallen madly in love  
with me.

If you would have met me earlier,  
Then our life journey would have been very  
different right now.

If you would have met me earlier,  
Then I am sure the super gods would have  
planned us to meet in some other lifetime.

If you would have met me earlier,  
Then our life would have been very  
different.

## Benevolence

If you would have met me earlier,  
Then we would not have been as happy as  
we are today.

-

Let us drive around the town my baby,  
No, we don't need no maps, the moon will  
guide us through.

-

While we are young, wild and free,  
Let us enjoy every moment together.  
I would want to be every drop of your blood  
that gushes all the way to your cheeks,  
and tint it red till it makes you mine.  
And as we grow older, wiser and happier,  
The wrinkles on your body would be our  
map back to the day we met and changed  
our lives forever.

-

He was truly madly deeply in love with her,  
But never had the courage to express it to  
her.  
She was always aware about his feelings but  
never made it evident to him.  
It was the last day of college,  
they were moving apart.  
The boy glanced at her,  
and their eyes did the rest of the talking.  
It was the time when they realised,  
it is now or never.  
They ran towards each other,

## Benevolence

hugged each other so tight.  
Since then they have been inseparable.

-

She always used to complain that you don't  
ever flirt with me!  
He shy fully mentioned,  
I do not know how to flirt, but I will keep on  
staring into your eyes until you agree to  
marry me and spend the rest of your life  
with me.  
That day she heard the best line that anyone  
could ever tell her.

-

Love was out of coverage area for her until  
he came with a rush of network.



## Nitali Mishra



I come from a very simple, down-to-earth family. My upbringing happens to be following simplicity, bliss, and peace-loving. Reading may be less of an interest to me, but writing down is what I believe to do. Simultaneously, I belong to the Human Resource background which is an added bonus to promote me in motivating people. Living like an ant in this little Mother planet called Earth, still makes me feel infinite and curious at the same time to understand the cycles running around me. Dangerous it can be if thought about. But the exciting part lies in exploring every emotion of it.



## *Trail Of Thoughts to Learn...*

There is always something fascinating about a walk into reality. We, humans, are truly remarkable creatures, but we are undervalued. Did that surprise you? Perhaps I can help. Here's a small bit of seriousness. I know many people would not find it attractive. In the street near my house, I was entranced as potters carved the molds of Hindu deities and small pottery vessels. Their work captivated my attention. The porter's colony had a peaceful existence. Each member helped it prosper. It was a pleasure to watch each child colouring and soaking up the sun. What a joy to be able to share such a beautiful picture with someone. Where was I? How did I miss it? The gathering was filled with family, friends, and their little ones. Despite the simplest of living necessities, they were able to support the Elders, Young, and Mid-Aged. It was a truly overwhelming experience for me. How far are we from the realization that someday, this is the sort of thing we would also require at a certain point in time? It is only natural to receive support and feel heavenly when we receive support. The concept of Give and



## Benevolence

Take is a valuable one. The future treatment you expect from anything that you invest in should match the treatment you want from it.

In many ways, the molding of a pot represents how we raise beautiful creations to give them meaning. At this point, it just reflects what it sees. How you wish to structure it is driven by the sense of sight, the touch of mold, and the eyes. Later, this creation, as directed by you, will keep you happy. The fact that we are united in the cause of keeping the creation strong and wonderful shows how deeply we care.

A person's emotions have an impact on his or her future. In the present day, if you plant a sapling in the same pot you carved and ensure that you nurture the growth process, the result will certainly be fruitful. Alternatively, you can plant a sapling in the pot you carved and make sure it is supported during growth. Begin cursing your plant and don't offer much support to its growth. Naturalized on dry soil, it bears no fruit, starts turning brown and tough, which can poke your skin if you touch it, then dies off. Now that you know where it's tracking, you can do more. Nonetheless, I am sure if you realize this, you will feel that it has helped

## Benevolence

someone or prevented them from going without support for tomorrow.

Corporate politics follows a similar pattern, resulting in high attrition and a decline in goodwill. Yet talented leaders and followers often go unnoticed or remain undiscovered without any support from teammates, managers, or leaders.

Conceptual notes and reality no longer align. As the years pass, this loss only benefits those who follow their leaders' instructions to the letter. Although, I cannot guarantee that the leader is really leading the right way.

Unity is not free, and trust, love, or selflessness remain static. Children growing up in nuclear or joint families are surrounded by multiple career plans aligned to their fingers like to become doctors, engineers, or some prestigious position just because Trail of thoughts to learn... the elders cannot or have already achieved it well for the child to benefit from in the future. There is a cost associated with everything.

Can we believe our parents wouldn't scream at us if we did something wrong? Could we be confident they would be understanding of our situation? Many questions. My exploration of this pottery family made me reflect on many things... some things that I had left unexplained now seem more

## Benevolence

appropriate to be explained. The trail of notions is what explains our ability to remain calm when someone is kind to us or expects us to be so as well.

The moment that I passed by that colony this morning, I returned home to correct my own thinking and remain optimistic about connecting with all of you who believe in me, in the hope that one day, I will be calling back to say, "Hey buddy! How are you?" Well, maybe I should be the one to say, "If you ever need me and you feel helpless, I am there for you!"

You might find that this helps you answer your trail of questions and keeps you happy with everyone around you. Quite simply, it is a small world.

## Piyush Kamal



Piyush Kamal is an Indian rising author of @likhne\_me\_kya\_burai\_hai. He is a white-collar engineer, IT professional and creative thinker who is passionate about writing poems and blogs. He works in an esteemed IT company located in Bangalore, Karnataka and also co-founded a cafe in Raipur, Chhattisgarh. He is passionate to learn new things and exploring new challenges. He believes that we should raise our hands either to extend our gratitude or to help people in need.



## *Evolution of "Success"*

Success!! It is one of the most heard words in anyone's life. From childhood, we hear a set of rules to be followed to succeed in our lives. Those rules were fed into our brain from the time, even we could not understand the meaning of the word "Success". The real question here is "Really, do we understand it now?"

The meaning of success has changed from decades to decades and centuries to centuries. Long back at the industrialization level, success meant to seize capitals, acquire cities, and build empire looting from other kingdoms. The time when no one could think of science, investment, or innovation.

From the 17th century to the 20th century, things started to change when our world used its greatest humankind tool which we call "Science". It gave us many brilliant minds like Albert Einstein, Isaac Newton, Galileo Galilei, Edmond Halley and so on. Brilliant minds all over the world were busy finding all the possible truth they could have found with those limited resources. Camera, Bulb, the distance of the Sun from Earth, speed of light, and thousands of other research & discoveries helped humankind to think the new meaning of success.

## Benevolence

Innovation and investment in innovation became a new face of success.

In the last of the 20th century, the world decided to re-use all the innovations which history has made. They realized to develop products on top of innovation and sell it at the large scale which we call "Globalization". Globalization became the new face of success and the world started to invest and grow money using already developed and tested products. The chronology of Globalization is one must work hard, test many possibilities, eliminate the unsuccessful ones, choose the successful one, develop a successful path, and then open the pathways for others to become equally successful.

Have you ever come across such a path that is already created for you to become successful? Think and think again!! Did most of us not follow our education system blindly? The education system became a part of Globalization where certain rules & path was created and universally accepted. Study hard, get good marks, qualify for good colleges, get a job with a decent salary and boom, society will consider you as successful. Now, the question here is "Is just earning money considered to be successful? Was this job your dream?"

There is no certain answer to define success as it is a perspective and moreover history

## Benevolence

also tells us that the meaning of success had kept on changing at large scale and impacted our life accordingly. I know, we all have a different perspective to consider ourselves successful. However, have we ever thought about these questions? "Whether am I successful today? If yes, then is it temporary? Did I always want to achieve the same what I have today?". Finding these answers might unfold a few unturned pages of our lives.

### Writer's perspective

The usual self-centric way to learn, earn, and spend money on ourselves may not be the true meaning of success. It should **NOT** be "What should I do with my knowledge, money and time only for me?" The knowledge must be shared with others so all can grow together. Our money must be invested in the needy and deserving ones. We must have time for the people around us who support us, respect us, and love us. Try to find out the true dream which you had long back but the life did not turn into that way. One small step towards your actual dream might be a success. Success should not be counted based on self-achievement but should be counted on the things which we return to society or for the new generations.

## Benevolence

Before turning the page over, think once!!!

Maybe you wanted to become a singer, a dancer, or an anchor. Maybe you wanted to open an old-age home, an orphanage, or a bookstore. There are so many "maybe" around, find yours!!! Maybe you would not be able to achieve your dream till the end of your life but what is a life without a dream?





## Priyashree



Priyashree belongs to holy city of Varanasi where she started reading and writing poems, prose and short stories at very early age. Professionally, she is a Civil Engineer working with Delhi Government and an NIT Hamirpur passout. When not working for public, she loves to observe people, nature and finds stories in everything around her. She is a dog mom and her world revolves around her little family. She aspires to keep on writing about everything that touches her soul.

## *SAILOR*

If the world could turn upside down,  
Like my life is now,  
I could get a better picture,  
Of the love that I lost,  
The magic that left,  
The beauty that faded,  
The promises that were not kept.

If the world could get topsy-turvy,  
Just by his absence,  
My breath became heavier,  
With every passing second,  
The fire in me has started to diminish,  
I wish it could burn me before burning out.

If only the world could be kind,  
Pretty, peaceful and home,  
Like I thought it would be,  
But how can I belong somewhere,  
You don't anymore.

Life is a long journey,  
You were my sailor,  
Now I am floating aimlessly,  
Searching for a shore to end up.

**-Priyashree**

## *GREEN LIGHT*

It was a normal day. A day like every other day in the series of monotonous days that Sarika has been spending in her pre-final year of school. She could not wait to grow up and leave her boring city, boring school and orthodox society behind and for that she has been spending a lot of time in studies. She goes to local cybercafé for various print outs of her projects. There, she developed interest in internet chatting alongside her studies. It gave her escape from the life she was living. There have been few repeated people with whom she used to chat. As time passed, she developed little inclination towards one person and she used to wait for him to come online. She even used to follow his pattern of coming online so that they could chat. He used username bhatia\_gaurav29 so she assumed his name was Gaurav Bhatia. Other things she came to know about him during her one-month long chat was that he was in final year of school and was an engineering aspirant like Sarika. He too was a resident of same city and was willing to leave the city behind like her.

Sarika had completed her most of project work and was about to leave for home. As she

## Benevolence

was signing-off, the green light beside Gaurav's name lit up. Her heart skipped a beat. It was a new feeling for her. She wanted to go ahead and text "hi" but she wanted to see if he texts her or not. After five minutes, just when Sarika was signing off, he texted.

Gaurav: Hi!! Good to see you.

Sarika: Me too. How are you?

Gaurav: I am good. I wanted to meet you.

Sarika: I don't meet strangers.

Gaurav: After meeting, we won't be.

Sarika: I am not comfortable. I am sorry.

Gaurav: Ok then, sign off.

Sarika was not sure how she felt about it. The idea of talking to someone behind the screens excited her. She could be anything and anyone while talking through keyboard but meeting face to face and that too to a person she has never met before discouraged her and on top of that the news report related to cyber-crime. She decided she made the right decision by saying no, doesn't matter how much the idea of this guy fascinated her.

She got off from her system and went towards cash register for payment. She saw a guy standing there. Fairly tall and thin with a boyish grin. When their eyes met, he smiled. Sarika averted her eyes. She could see that

guy coming closer to her from the corner of her eyes. Her heart started beating fast. That guy said, "Hi!! I am Gaurav. "Sarika's throat became dry and her head was full of apprehensions. "Is he a stalker?", "Why is he following me?" "Is it creepy or cute?", "How should I respond to it?" Before she could say anything, Gaurav said, "Hey!! I am not stalking you if that's what you are thinking. I was out for some work and it was our usual time to chat but rather than going home, I came to this closest cyber café and in the register, I saw name Sarika written against system number 3 so I took my chances to see if you are really that Sarika with whom I used to chat. So, you signed off from that account and came here for payment thus I assume you are \_cutegirlsarika?"

After a short pause, he said, "Sorry for blabbering too much in one go but I really don't want to give you impression that I am some creep stalker. I took my chances and I think it was co-incidence or destiny, whatever you want to call it. So, are we okay? Can we go outside to talk?"

Sarika was awestruck and literally at the loss of words. She only nodded and went outside with him. He looked nothing like she has imagined him to be. She always imagined him to be a person with average height and strong built, long hair but he was six feet,

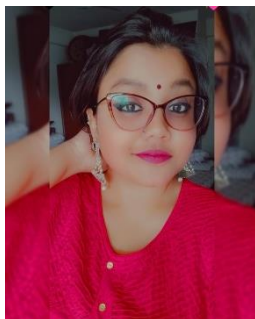
## Benevolence

fairly thin with ultra-trimmed hair. It took her couple of minutes to adjust to this new interaction. She tried to speak but she was so overwhelmed with the sudden happenings that only words she could manage to say from her mouth was: “Nice to meet you but I have to go”.

She rushed towards her scooty and rode home. Only thing that changed was her smile. She was beaming and she knew why.



## Rituza Roy



Rituza is an aspiring poet, blogger, and painter who dreams to become a published novelist someday. She completed her Master's in English Literature from Bangalore University and worked with EY for a year. She is now settled in Assam. She is an avid bibliophile who loves binge-watching multiple series at a time. She wishes to voice the struggles of living with mental health problems, growing up in an orthodox society, misogyny in contemporary times, and the misrepresentation of women and minorities in popular media through her writings and art.



## *The Steaming Plate of Self-Love*

The Bustling people around her,  
Wait earnestly,  
Wait for their next brittle self-esteem,  
Salivating for the next soul they could feast  
upon.

She was happy and free after a long time;  
this was an occasion that she was awarded  
yearly.  
An outing with her mother and  
grandmother, to the local book fair.  
She looked forward to seeing the people, the  
books, and the colourful stalls.  
Though none of it compared to this  
steaming plate of biryani,  
that she looked forward to all year long.

She sniffed the loving heap,  
of saffron-coloured rice.  
And the judgemental society, quenching  
their pet peeve.  
Of stealing glances at her sly.  
As she devoured her year-long desire.  
She didn't feel their mocking glares, nor  
their sniggers.  
At both her body and her act of eating.  
For she was, what they had labelled  
"a retard" and "fat."



## Benevolence

Compared to the standards they set  
themselves,  
to judge any person, they could.  
To feel better in their own skin.

For who decided on the correct size?  
Who set the standards of Normal?  
what really is perfection than a mirage for  
the insecure?  
what made them normal  
and her "mental beyond cure"?  
Was the rice too much?  
Was the spoon too small?  
Were her face and body not conventional?  
Was she supposed to care for it all?

Her mother squirmed in borrowed shame,  
Her grandma was uncomfortable on her  
behalf.  
Yet she couldn't care for their comfort.  
As her hunger mattered most of all.  
The hunger that ruled her, and all the  
animals unbiased,  
The hunger that burnt through shame and  
satire.

Her family kept her locked all year,  
to salvage their social prestige.  
"Their daughter's crazy and fat,"  
resulted in her one yearly leave.  
Their standards had turned her into an  
outcast.  
Yet she didn't mind it at all,

## Benevolence

as this society wasn't kind to anyone,  
many had succumbed to its assault.

She survived with her hunger,  
her desire to come out every year.  
She yearns for it desperately,  
bears through the scorn of both  
the society and her family.

Only to feed herself this one evening,  
away from her monotony.  
Where she chooses to love herself,  
even if just momentarily.

## *Almost*

Most days I try to remember,  
if what I felt for you was real.  
the vivid feel of you,  
that I can recall with all my senses.  
Yet I forget you a little more,  
with each passing minute.  
making that vivid memory,  
feel more like a lucid dream.  
I remember feeling for you,  
I remember touching you,  
I remember talking to you,  
I remember laughing with you.  
yet when I try to remember you,  
all I come up with is silence.  
your missing touch, your missing laughter.  
your missing words, your missing presence  
thereafter.  
I don't remember you most days,  
I won't even recognise you in person.  
yet when the days drop in temperature and  
the winds howl in their chill.  
rises the distant ache of an 'almost' love  
almost love, our space surreal.  
almost touches, our wounds heal.  
almost kisses, that we never shared.  
almost love, that we never dared.  
thus, most of the days I try to forget you,  
with all my five senses.  
so, all that remains is an obscured feeling  
of an "almost" love, for we were never real.

## *You're Not My Father!*

You're not her Father!  
yet you read her stories most nights,  
painted her childhood with ghosts and  
witches and trolls carefree.  
walked with her on busy roads,  
and held her hands secure.

You're not her Father!  
Yet you taught her to whistle,  
play rummy, chess, and carrom.  
you taught her to skip her rope,  
and spell without a stutter.

You're not her Father!  
yet you bought your niece things without  
question!  
pampered her needs with abundance,  
while she was stumbling for a sense of  
security.

You're not her Father!  
yet you bought your niece sweets and meats,  
while coming back from work.  
you bought her things when you bought  
things for your own daughter.

You're not her Father!  
yet you loved your Wife's Niece  
as if she were your own daughter.

## Benevolence

You taught her patience and discipline,  
and showed her the world of literature.  
You introduced her to Frost, Elliot, and  
Shakespeare.  
You showed her that to love was to care.

You're not her Father!  
yet you loved your Wife's friend's daughter,  
as you'd have loved her if she were your  
own.  
you guided, supported, and were proud of  
her,  
as if her achievements were your own.

You're not her Father!  
yet you waited for a neighbour,  
with the porch light on,  
till she came back home from work beyond  
godly hours.  
you offered her cooked meals,  
asked her if she had any trouble while  
travelling alone.  
You made her feel safe, miles away from  
home.

You were the ensemble of Uncles,  
of varied relations and arrangements.  
You taught her "Good Touch", while she  
sought reprieve from the bad ones.  
You all weren't my Father!  
You're way more than that!

## Sanjeev Tripurari



Sanjeev Tripurari, is technology enthusiast, keen on computer applications, drones, robotics, and sci-fi. Fitness freak with daily yoga and weekly marathons. Hobbyist on writing short stories and poetry unleashing artist in him



## THE GIFT

**-Sanjeev Tripurari**

Chill air, flapping leaves, beautiful sky turning orange a scenic beauty. Enjoying the beautiful evening, Rohit with a sipping coffee, at the garden restaurant. This is his favourite place Vaishali, since his first job, coffee he loves here. Rohit has come to Deccan Queen city, after a very long.

Rohit enjoying his coffee, just closes his eyes, experiencing chilling air, suddenly some soft feather-like touches his cheeks and he opens his eyes.

"Swati, how are you... so nice to see you..."

"Hi Rohit, good to see you too... so how was your journey"

"Yes it was very exciting as you called and I was just mesmerizing our good old days"

"That's nice so you remember all..."

"Yes... maybe but most of the good ones"

"What is this diary Swati? Would you like to have something?"

"Of course the coffee, this diary I started during my struggling days in search of a job."

Swati was very reserved and didn't talk to Rohit much, she was friendly with few people. During her final year, when her parents were planning for her marriage, the groom visited her college, and she was very disturbed. That guy, called Rohit, and enquired about Swati, if

## Benevolence

she is studying here, and does he know her class. Rohit responded saying, he cannot answer all those questions, if it's about family matter, and he should discuss it at home and not to come college. Rohit told the security to not allow people in college without permission. Then Rohit went to Swati and asked her, if she asked the guy to meet her, and if she is interested. This was the first time Rohit could talk to Swati, and he felt very happy and satisfied when Swati acknowledged him and thanked him for not allowing that guy to meet her. Swati's parents were eager to get her married, but she wanted to stand on her legs and gain good work experience.

This incident changed Swati's behaviour towards Rohit, and they became good friends. Both used to share books, do combine studies in the college library. They used to tease each other and also make fun of. Sometimes Rohit would make Swati angry by telling her if she doesn't study well, she will get married. But whatever was there was within the college, once they are out of college, Swati would again not talk to Rohit and be shy. So Rohit never disturbed Swati whenever out of college campus.

"Hey, where are you lost", asks Swati.

"No nothing, I was just lost in our college days, you know you have changed a lot since then."

"No nothing like that but you are special for me... so every time I think or do anything would like to have your opinion."



## Benevolence

"Do you remember, with so much difficulty I could contact you"

That was the time when Rohit was working, and he was the only one from his class who got the first job, while others were struggling. He used to call most of his friends who were staying close by for snacks. Then many people move off to different places, and most of them to the City of dreams, he was alone. He tried many times to get the number of Swati who was in the same city but could not get it. He then asked his colleague, Ruby, to contact Swati's home and tell her she is her friend. When Ruby called Swati's home, her mother didn't tell, kept asking who is she how she knows Swati, why she is calling, where from she is calling. So this made Rohit realise that maybe her parents might be insisting on her marriage. Finally, Ruby could convince them that there is a job opportunity, and that's how she got Swati's home number, her mother shared.

Swati, "Hey, Rohit again are you lost in memories"

"Yes, I was recollecting how difficult it was to get your number"

"Oh yes, actually I didn't like to connect with friends as most of you would have a good job, and see I am struggling"

"Well, not all actually in my group only I had got the job"

## Benevolence

"Ya, later I came to know but you know everybody talking about Y2K issues and java programming. I thought I was left behind"

Then onwards, both used to meet often over the weekend, whenever Swati, wanted to buy anything she used to call Rohit, and both used to go shopping. When Swati was sick, Rohit visited her, and taking doctor's appointment, for her health checkup. Later when Swati got job in small company, she would call Rohit for her birthday celebration in her office. Then both used to go out together for a walk and discuss their ambitions.

"Swati, so how is your job now... hope you have caught up well"

"Yes now I am fine, and you had been good support for me, teaching and training new technologies"

"You remember, when you were leaving this city, you gifted me."

"I remember, but you know it was all sudden, as I had to immediately join the next day."

"I kept that pen as it is still in the packaging"

"That is so bad of you, why didn't you use that pen."

"You are stupid, you don't even know how to gift someone"

"That is true... I never gifted anybody else, but what happened"

"That was a damaged pen, you can see through the package itself, but I kept as you are my best friend."

## Benevolence

"Oh no, I didn't check it properly before packing..."

That day was a very difficult and busy day for Rohit, he unexpectedly got a call for a job opportunity. It was difficult for him to leave as he had to visit his client, which is very far from the outskirts. He was working with a small company and had a lot of dependency on him. When he informed Swati, she said that client is known to her, and she talked to that client many times, says she will go and inform him not to worry. Rohit, cannot cancel the visit officially so plans to go to visit the client, and then inform his office he is stuck in the middle with punctured vehicle. Swati manages to discuss with the client. Rohit had cracked the interview, has been asked to join immediately. Since the person, who will hand over the work will be leaving abroad for his higher studies? Rohit, thanks Swati, immediately resigns his current company and leaves for the bus stand. Then he realises that Swati has helped him so he buys her gel pen, and thank you card, goes to her office and drops it by putting her name and leaves.

"Rohit, you know you didn't call me I wanted to congratulate you..."

"Yes, Swati, I was immediately sent to the training, and we had no phones available, I would only get time late at night"

"I can understand, but then you forgot me... not even called over the weekend."

## Benevolence

"Weekend, I thought you would go for shopping or party"

"Not without you... you are so mean, how can you forget your friend..."

"No dear, when I got the chance I called you right"

"Now you should see my diary, see how many times you called me... and what were my emotions then..."

Today, this moment Rohit realises that Swati has some feelings for him. And now he is well settled so as Swati, it would be a great time to share his feelings also. He had feelings for her since the first time he talked to her in college, but then was inspired by the way, she was focused on her future plans and career. Now, as both are in a good position, Rohit, this time has brought her gift and is deciding his mind to propose to her.

"Rohit, it's such a nice evening today.. I enjoyed coming here with such nice weather".

"Yes, Swati I had been enjoying this weather, and as you come I feel more energized and excited."

"Same for me, you know you are special for me, you are above anybody, and you have been there and supported me all the time"

"It's not only me, but you were also good support, remember there were no friends here, and those who were here were just asking for a party."

## Benevolence

"I found new lease of life when I meet you, I thought I will be struggling with this Y2K technology thing"

"Well, nothing happened that sort and we now are in the 21st century"

"What nothing happened, see the technology has grown so much even both studied same subjects but are working in different"

"Leave that tell me how you remembered me and asked me to come"

"You know, you were very busy, I had to call you... we last met a few days before you asked me to visit your client"

"Yes, thanks for that, and I am surprised that the client later called me and thanked me..."

"Even I have to thank you... for that"

"For what?"

"You are a very good guy, very supportive, and you are the person when needed... so I want to thank you for that"

"That's my pleasure, but you are friendly and I felt very comfortable and easy whenever with you"

Rohit, now very excited, pulls out his gift from the pocket and keeps it in his left hand. And by his right hand he wants to hold Swati's hand and want to propose to her, he has been hiding it for so long. As the conversation went in good and healthy for both of them, he could not resist and was about to hold Swati's hand.

"Rohit, I believe you, I trust you, and you are the only person I can share my..."

## Benevolence

"Say, what Swati? I see sparkles in your eyes, the dimples on your cheeks and the smile which you are unable to hide"

"Rohit, I am in love. I am just so excited that I cannot control, and have to tell you..."

"Swati, I can see love in your eyes, and I promise..."

"It's Umesh... who is my colleague... and I am unable to express my love to him... tonight I want to propose to him..."

"Swati, I promise. I am with you... for all the support you need..."

"Thank you Rohit... you are such a nice friend. I am so excited..."

Releasing Rohit's hand, Swati leaves him. Rohit thinks for himself, was it right that I didn't propose to her. Or was she testing him. That he opens up, was just surprising him by taking someone else's name to see his reaction. Rohit is puzzled, the relationship which he thought would go above friendship, or he could not bring in love what Umesh bought for Swati. Rohit gets his left hand on the table, opens the box he bought pen for Swati, notices it has broken nib.

## Sindhu Duvvuri



Sindhu Duvvuri is a voracious reader from Visakhapatnam nourishing her love towards reading and building a passion for writing. Her writings began with penning down small quotes and snippets. Her Dedication and love for writing is what sets her apart from others. With a liberal attitude Duvvuri terms herself to be a brave woman who wants to show her burning thoughts through her words.



## GOOD BYE

I walked on these roads  
The familiarity is gone  
I look at your favorite place  
There is no one to call “come in, have a seat”  
I surprised you by showing up after months  
“Boo”  
Now there is no one to smile at my  
surprises.  
Death is so deceptive  
So creatively it took you away  
It knows well of you  
If it doesn't take you now, it can never stand  
a chance.  
Do you think it's karma that take people  
away,  
Without giving a chance to say goodbye ?  
All I left with is your ashes!  
How far is this correct?  
Wish I had one more day with you to say  
proper goodbye .



## *Unsent Letter*

Dear Sunny,

Running through the wilderness, losing sight in the darkness, I feel short of my breath. With the sweat running down my body and anxiety through my nerves and one can feel their life was left out of the body. A warm hand touched me in the cold dark emotion and I woke up with a sudden jerk and realized I am travelling to the most beautiful place. Instead of viewing the beauty, as usual, I had let the darkness take over me. Again the same warm touch and this time I can hear the words “Are you okay?”

I had turned to see the air hostess standing with concern on her face. “I am good, Thank you,” I responded back and started looking out of the window. The magnificent view of the Himalayas has really taken my breath away this time. I had started clicking the pictures and videos and soon I am on the land I never expected to visit.

Love was never easy for me to handle. Breaking my heart is a habit I made and after 10 years of pain, I still came to find love in the highest of peaks. What lead me here to these mountains was so strange. I lost

## Benevolence

interest in people and suddenly like a shining star, you came into my life.

Each and every conversation I had with you led me to this point and when it's few more minutes that I will meet you in person for the first time, those 60 minutes of waiting was the hardest to pass. I keep on checking my mobile and there is no sign of your text or call. I felt so alone in the la-la land and then at the very same moment, my phone started buzzing.

I knew it was from you and listening to you very near is the most wonderful thing I felt at that moment. I walked out of the airport and there you are, standing all tired but I can see the shine in your eyes. How wonderful it would be if it is for me? You came in two quick steps gave a slight hug and said "Isn't it great to be here? I wanted to say standing near you is more than great. But I don't let my emotions out. I know I can't scare you out with such things.

The truth is, if I open up my emotions at that very first moment, you wouldn't even believe me. We started our week-long journey and I surprisingly didn't feel butterflies in my stomach seeing you, but your hug has a sense of closeness that gave me comfort.

While walking beside you, you keep pushing me to other side of road to keep me safe, isn't

## Benevolence

it romantic to be cared in such a way? I want to hold your hand and say, “Stay with me forever” but words failed me this time also.

Do you think romance lies only in happy things? I believed this for so long and when you actually hurt me and came back to me and started telling what you meant instead of just simply saying sorry and making things right , I fell for you one more time for the honesty. When I throw tantrums the amounts of patience you showed, I fell for you again.

When you kissed me and for the first time, all the demons have ran away from my mind and those imprints have been erasing the boundaries. I acted as if I never cared; I acted as if I am okay not having you in my life. But the truth is you made the way into my heart the moment I saw your eyes. And when you call me with my name, I felt the real connection and I smiled genuinely. Real romance is when you made me smile by just calling my name out and when you tickled me and I started giggling as if I am 20 years old. I know you said you don't know romance, but do you know romance lies in the smallest of things? Your care, honesty, patience, your smile all these are the most romantic things I have found between us. I couldn't hide my happiness when I am with you and I smiled for the first time when clicking pictures without external force. The

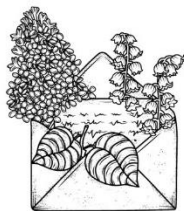
## Benevolence

natural aroma of this feeling around you is  
what romance.

Far from the world,  
In the snow filled mountains,  
Let me sprinkle you with my feelings  
Don't dust them off, instead hug them tight  
You can see the flickering hope,  
You can feel the warmest heart  
No! Don't run away, don't hide  
All it needs is a little trust  
Those real feelings exist in this world.

When time comes, I hope, I will hold your  
hand and can tell all this to you while holding  
you. Till then my love, these feelings are  
hidden in these letters of love.

Love,  
Anu



## Smruti Damushte



Smruti was born and raised in Mumbai. She completed her degree from Thakur College of Science and Commerce. She has spoken on air during her college days on the topic of Global Climate Change. As a person she is social, a chirpy bird, loves to dance, and workout, explore new places, all time foodie and most importantly loves spending time with animals, kids, oldies and amidst nature. Even the wild pigs are cute for her :D. Currently she is working as Project Manager with an IT firm. She always dreamt of writing something not knowing when or how but her manifestation came true when the opportunity came walking towards her through Ms. Sonali Khatu (always and forever grateful to her) and here she goes. She would like to express her gratitude towards her family, friends and to each one

## Benevolence

of them whose love blessings and support  
made her dream come true.

Mantra for life: Live Love Laugh



## Benevolence

All about Love....

What comes to my mind honestly when I hear this word Love, I want to be loved the way I do. I want to feel this love like I feel it for others, want to see someone who can push boundaries the way I do, want to call someone mine without having any second thoughts. Does it feel sad or depressing to hear me? and I know the answer is yes from most of you who are reading this now and I am sorry about it but genuinely that is not at all my intention

I'm going through a phase which makes me write this and I am just trying to be honest about it without pretending that I am doing okay. Sometimes it's okay, not be okay and I am accepting it and writing what's going on inside me. I remember these statements viz. 'Count your blessings', 'Always be grateful' and I surely agree practicing them have created miracles in life. So now let me tell you guys about my blessings and those are my Family and Friends to whom I have been, I am currently and I always will be grateful. I have my family, friends who love me immensely and they are the ones who always stand with me no matter what.

I am a Gemini girl who is very social and optimistic. Optimistic to a level that my friends call me

## Benevolence

Therapist but sometimes a therapist needs a therapy too....

I have always believed if it is love it has to be unconditional, it has to be there even if the other person doesn't love us. And this is what comes naturally to me or rather something which comes from my parents to me and I have been doing the same in my life. I am not chasing people but I always have questions like will there be someone for me like the way I am there for them without thinking about anything or anyone in this Universe? Will someone love me unconditionally and will I be able to love them back? Will there be someone who knows the worst side of me, knows all my flaws and yet accepts me the way I am? Is someone really meant for me and am I meant for someone? These are questions which I had in the past, which I currently have and not sure if I have them in future too unless I meet that someone in Life whom I have always been searching for.... Or will these questions ever be answered?

There is this line from bollywood movie Raabta, "Kehte hai khuda ne iss jaha mai sabhi k liye kisi na kisi ko hai banaya harr kisi ke liye"



## Benevolence

But with each day passing it really comes difficult to believe on the above lines but somehow have kept myself strong to go through this phase, gathering strength each day is another task but I will keep going because I know Life doesn't stop for anyone and it goes on and on and on

May be still I have some courage left to love again and get shattered into pieces once again but not sure until when.... Or looking towards the brighter side of it hope someday I am able to say these lines to someone, "Tera milna hai uss rab ka ishaara maano mujhko banaya tere jaise hi kisi ke liye"

## Sony Arnya



How to stay connected to your soul  
The soul is hungry of meaning,  
When things in the outer world  
As health issues, relationship troubles, and  
a life starts to lack meaning,  
Don't just try to move on with your life like  
this.

The voice within you that says,  
"This is not okay" Is a  
Direct call from the basic goodness of your  
spirit.  
This is the signal from your soul.  
**PICK IT UP!**  
**EVERY TIME**  
**PICK IT UP!**  
**AND STAY ON THE LINE UNTIL**  
**YOU FIGURE OUT HOW TO HELP**  
**YOURSELF.**

## Benevolence

Promise yourself you'll be back stronger if  
not today...but definitely the day when  
everything will take a backseat.

Accept yourself completely.  
Accept your soul's thought  
Let your soul guide you!

Sony Arnya...

## S. Chatterjee



I'm a student and an avid day dreamer. Reading and writing are two of my companions in alone-time other than music and art. I'm currently pursuing my bachelor's in Psychology and wish to settle in this field further.



## *Good-Bye*

You'd twirl like the leaves of late autumn  
breeze,

You'd warm like the sun when my heart'd  
freeze.

You'd buzz like the bees in the dandelion  
greens:

You'd dance like a snowflake to the winter  
dreams!

You'd shine in the dark like a dragon-fly,  
Kiss on my cheeks and tearful eye.

You'd sing me in my ear like a sparkling  
flow,

Hold me in your hands and breathing slow.

Long lost the days when your eyes shine -

Am lost in the jar of memories' brine.

You left me with the pile of shattering glass:

Sting me in the heart as the days I pass.

You were selfish, heartless, and a brutal soul

-

Stabbed me in the heart and broke me  
whole!

Now I'm just roaming thinking why,

Loved me, held me, hugged me but faded  
by.

Cheater are you as your promise broke,

Sleepy your body lie wrapped in cloak.

Farther in your world of earthen shield,

Thrashing all the blocks of love we'd build;

Counting my time but that too froze,

## Benevolence

Am leaving for you on the grave a bright  
pink rose.

Long live the love and long live you -

Far but in rain, every morning dew.

Looking to the moon I think of you and sigh

-

I loved you, will always do, now goodbye.

## TRUPTHI SHETTY



I am a varied reader and love to travel. I started to write really young. It was my peaceful place writing. Here are some poems which might connect with you. Happy reading

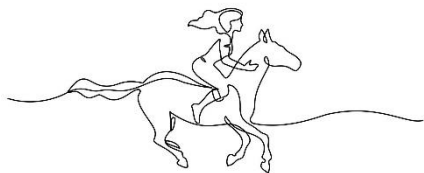
## *Riding Horse*

Dreaded by the traumatic obstacles of life  
Cognizance of memories bruising like Knife  
Oh riding Horse! You are meant to run the  
life machine  
Detriments clutches you aback  
Face the trauma with smack  
Life unravels you in its every plots and  
twists  
But every whereabouts are still in your fist  
People will ride you down on your back  
Hopes get dried up in a second  
Unclear roads always remain perturbed  
Strings of fear makes you remain disrupted  
Oh Riding Horse! You are meant to run the  
life machine  
History page is still set free to write down  
just you  
Breach the chain free, Fly free above all the  
hindrance  
Every beautiful hardship frames you into  
ideal mortal  
Every Perplexing anticipation sets a brand  
new angle  
Never let the suffocated words strangle  
Oh riding Horse! You are meant to run the  
life machine  
History page is still set free to write down  
just you  
Track down every mystery of life



## Benevolence

Taste every spices of life  
Drift away from sugar coated words  
Sift them telling you are a beautiful coward  
Oh riding horse!! You are just meant to run  
the life machine.



## *Untouched Smile*

That smile can take you for miles...  
She could have lived for a while...  
Waiting for her prince charming in aisle  
Making her blessed life to be lived  
worthwhile...  
Happiness was weaved around her in a  
versatile.  
Oh girl! You had chores to do in maize fields  
meanwhile...  
Unaware of those crocodiles besides the  
nile...  
Yet you were busy stacking grasses in a pile  
Green grass...sweet breeze and a blessed  
land which was very much fertile...  
With a fleeting thoughts your forbearer  
searched you for miles...  
You lay there in puddle of blood immobile...  
Your soul is now filled with hatred and  
bile...  
Yet those monsters quenched their thirsts  
leaving you in a trash pile...  
Oh girl! Your pain is echoed every day to  
every profile  
Ropes have been made sterile  
To induce the same torment you felt in your  
body tile...  
Every girl deserves to live their life...  
Rather than dusting those laws and  
petitions dusted in file.

## Benevolence

### Lonely Time!

As the times gets lonely,  
Hopes were low key,  
Your love and betrayal poisoned me slowly,  
Look at you now standing out there boldly,  
The love which was homely and cozy,  
Now has withered away shattering my heart  
into thousand pieces unknowingly....

### Passer By

She was waiting for his text as the time  
rolled by,  
still, he manipulated her with the strong  
standby,  
Her innocent heart was yearning for his love  
and care,

So she led her life on her own considering  
him as a passer by

### Heart Skips a Beat When I see You

Love me like a heart skips a beat,  
Care me until my trust is concrete,  
Cuddle me tight at a time when I accept  
defeat,

Yet sometimes I am scared of deceit,  
Yet you make me complete and this happens  
when fate allows us to meet,  
when fate allows us to meet

### Lockdown Life

Life has turned upside down  
With this never ending lockdown  
Economy has been collapsed all around  
Yet the COVID has still set its frown

## Benevolence

Social distancing and sanitizer is the new norm

Yet the life is engulfed away every single ounce

Hey peeps! It's high time to stay inbound  
Stop moving out like clowns

Cause now karma has started to take its account

Cause karma has now started to take its account!

Cause Taking Care Is Very Rare

Bubbling up with innocence her heart was still pure...

Still there was no panacea left for her to cure

Oh love! At least now please give her a tour..

Cause she has lot in her bucket list to procure..

It's high time now to change your schedule..

As she has hurdled more than she could endure

Make her feel more congenial in your secure...

Cause she has got not many days left to bonjouro bonjour

Unfair Journey

Rattling Noises...

Confused Voices...

Chasing dreams over a trailing streams...

A soul always brimming up with innocence...

A feisty devil waiting in its urgency...

## Benevolence

Hey World! Please don't shatter away my confidence...

Cause latter I am not left with any evidence..

To justify my credence...

A horrifying shriek hurts more than a usual  
Clinging & holding me by haunting my  
perusal...

Life can be an unfair and bit of a unusual  
journey...

cause not all get the powers to judge like an  
attorney..

Yet there are rattling and confused voices  
inside me honey...

Hey world! Is this the good place to live in..  
Cause there is a whole lot of gaps which I  
can't fill in...

Self-love!

I can feel you beside me

Loosened up from the thread of self-love

Dead seeds of hopes remain unploughed

Hey Girl! You shall find yourself one day

Though the life has its mystery all its way

Some people may shun you away

Crush you saying your life is in vain

Brutal world do exists which is insane

Hey Girl! You shall find yourself one day

Though life has its mystery in all its way

You may never feel yourself again

Cause all the pain has left its stain

Though the world collapses, you have to  
gain

Seeing the door closing still there

## Benevolence

Is light seeping through the window pane?  
I can feel you beside me now  
Leading a beautiful life with Vow  
Beautiful Loss  
Washing away all the agony of you  
All the memories dumped out of blue  
I find you still standing under a submerged  
hue  
Hey Love! You were my beautiful loss  
When our paths never came across  
The memories still recross  
Squeezing me to strive for you stating it's  
my Vandross  
I found out you are not my deserve  
Shattering almost all the love which was in  
my reserve  
Now nothing has left to preserve  
I sprinkled all the trust over you in  
fluorescence  
Now my life has lost its pleasure  
I walk with your memories in omnipresence  
Hey Love! You were my beautiful loss  
Some encountered journey are still waiting  
for its toss!  
Womanhood  
Is this some new taboo  
When a senora takes the bold new move  
Ballsy men awaits to grope her out of blue  
Yet! She reaches out and proves what she  
can pursue

## Benevolence

Hey World! Never underestimate women  
cause here vengeance is weaved perfect to  
sue

Karma has been weaved to you like a glue  
Still there are feisty devil set behind her to  
chew

Every women has right to live  
Which is only possible by changing your  
view

Which is only possible by changing your  
view

HOPE

Flowered hopes taking its beautiful shape  
Crooked mouths keep blabbering like a  
never ending tape

Yet I can still see you through those messy  
fog

Difficulties are here tough like an  
unmovable log

I am not able to get you as you are  
Cause you are always lost in my single sob  
Hey one sided love! You still crack me up  
with full of life

Where I always craved of being your wife  
Bustling with full of love

You cut me off like a cunning knife

This love is a never ending bruise

Hey! I still love you out of all your flaws

This crooked world is waiting to cling me in  
its claws

Yet those flowered hopes are still waiting for  
you without a pause

## Vanshikha Bilaska



I'm a 16 year old student. I developed fondness for writing poetries and stories since I've been in 7th grade. The exuberance for writing has made me discover a plethora of beautiful words and I'll continue doing the same. I wish to publish a book of my own someday. It's just so purely beautiful how we humans have the capability to get through life in some way or the other. It's hope that keeps us going and at the end it's nothing but happiness and victory.



## *You Deserve...*

You're worthy of all that is yours.  
For fate keeps bounding you with apologies,  
You're too valuable to face every bitter &  
sour!  
Cause you deserve someone who sees you as  
way too important to not be lost!

You deserve to be chosen undoubtedly over  
& over again,  
To be surrounded with peace & serenity,  
To forget about all your losses & gain,  
And shine brightly with all your  
authenticity.

You deserve way more better than bitter  
overthinking.  
And let slip off all the darkness,  
To live a life full of merry making,  
To shatter the biggest chunks of shadiness!

You deserve all your right desires to be  
fulfilled,  
And bring about happiness to whoever you  
feel.  
It's your life! Not a bullying field!

## Benevolence

That you'd keep accepting all that brings  
you to ruins.

You deserve all smiles & laughter's,  
And all that brings you exhilaration!  
Cause it's questioning your life thereafter.  
Darling! I'm you're frustration... not worthy  
of every frustration.  
**YOU DESERVE SO MUCH BETTER!**

Darling you're not worthy of every  
frustration...

**YOU DESERVE SO MUCH BETTER!**



Benevolence is not just a book on love or passion. It's the creation of various forms of love expressed through action, care, wishes, dreams, memories, relations etc. This book is a dream come true to most of the co-authors present here.

Their emotions, thoughts are expressed here through poems, stories, article, letter and so much more. It's their hard work & dedication, which is a combined effort, that has led to the beautiful collection of emotions & memories to read through. Readers are going to have fun walking through the memory lane created by these beautiful souls here in this book. Happy reading & growing together along with content minds.



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