



# SquarePetals

Global Webzine

## Poems

Time Cycle  
Affection  
Nightfall  
Still A Man  
Patriarchy  
To be Born a Girl  
Woman

## Flavor Special

Stuffed Gulabjamum

## Events

Teacher's Day Contest  
Miss Teen Bright

## Professional

Photo Editing

## Top Trends

## Personal Development

Attitude of Positivity

## Human Psychology

Emotional Flame

## Literary Bites

In The Real Race  
Negative Emotions

## Suspense Thriller

Hitchhiking Went Wrong

## Short Story

Bonding

## Art

Madhubani Art  
Pen Art



**COVER STORY**  
**Aarav Bhavnani**  
Model, Actor, Dancer



presented to

**Shashwat Johri**  
CEO  
SquarePetals

In Recognition of Outstanding Professional Achievement &  
Contribution in Nation Building

Harish Chandra  
Executive Director

S. Ravi Shankar  
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## FROM THE DESK OF

**EDITOR - IN - CHIEF**

Dear Readers,

Let us celebrate the festive November. Wishing you all Happy Diwali and a prosperous year ahead. I am writing this while the grand celebration is on in the religious town of Ayodhya where 5.51 Lac lamps are being lit, creating a new world record. Good reading is another form of enlightenment and we, through the SquarePetals Global Webzine are doing our little bit, for the people and society. 14th November is Childrens Day and this edition is dedicated to the lovely children of the world. May all the children be blessed with the right growth, nutrition, education and care.

It is pink of winters now, weather is beautiful and poetry has to follow consequently. So enjoy prize winning and other poems, along with the informative articles in this edition. And don't miss to peek into the art & photo editing feature, you will love it. Take good care of yourselves and keep smiling.

**Sansriti Johri**





On The Cover

**Cover Story**

Aarav Bhavnani.....05

**Personal Development**

Attitude of Positivity.....07

**Poems**

Kaal Chakra.....11

Affection .....28

Nightfall.....28

Still A Man.....29

Patriarchy.....29

To Be Born as a Girl.....30

Woman.....30

**Short Story**

Bondings.....22

**Events**

Teacher's Day Contest.....34

Miss Teen Bright 2020.....35

**Professional**

Photo Editing.....24

**Research**

Indian Cinema.....29

**Literary Bytes**

In Real Race Rabbit Wins.....13

Negative Emotions ?.....26

**Suspense Thriller**

Hitchhiking Went Wrong.....14

**Human Psychology**

Emotional Flame.....10

**Flavor Special**

Stuffed Gulabjamun.....32

**Art**

Madhubani Art.....37

Pen Art.....38

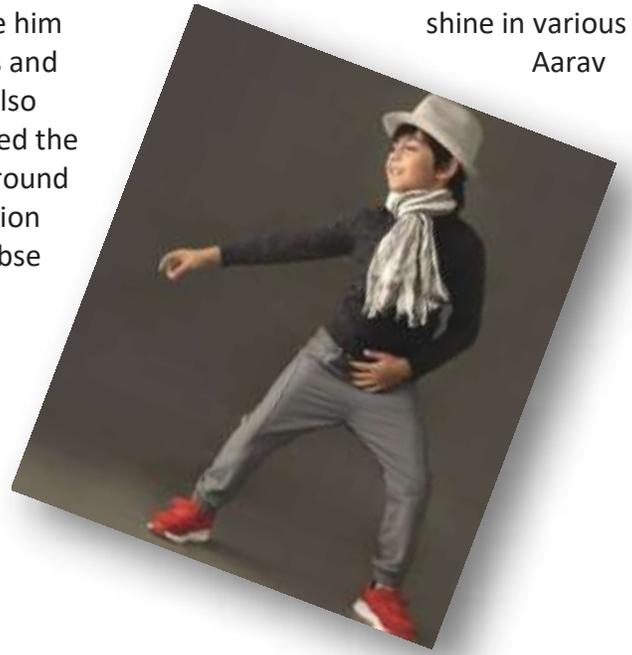
TOP TRENDS.....39

Contents



Outfits. His made him fields and has also cleared the first round audition of Sabse

diverse talents has shine in various Aarav



Bada Kalakar channel.

show on Sony



He strides with impressive glance and an innocent smile! Aarav Bhavnani became the pride of Vadodara city, reaching Top 20 in the Super Dancer season 1. Soon he was aired on Radio City with RJ Roshan as Jr. RJ!

Climbing heights through dedicated efforts, Arav was among top 100 contestants mesmerising the spectators by his performance in the Dance India Dance Mumbai Studio, and he was appreciated by the celebrity judges.

**Aarav** then made his mark doing runway modeling for Kids Clothing Brands at India Kids Fashion Week. He is also the EsquireVJ Showcase model for Sunehri Collection NS Series Designer

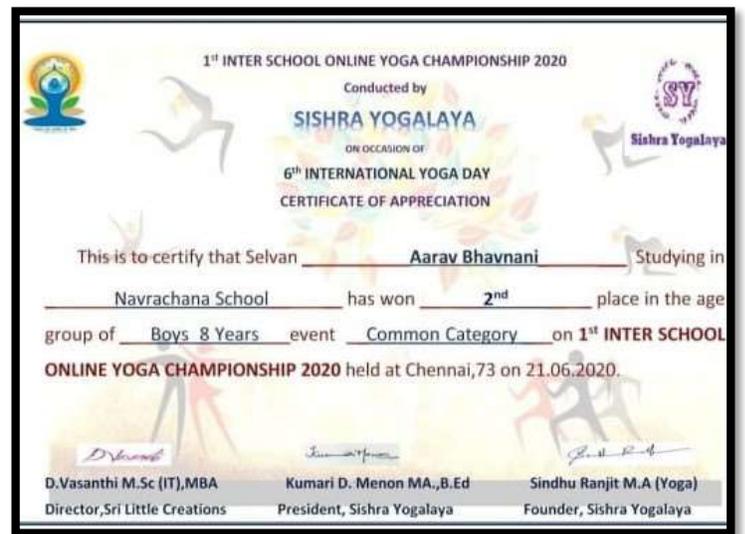
# Cover Story



Presently the li'l master is becoming a tabla & drums maestro at the Sangeet Prathmik Shiksha and we wish him great success .

Indeed Aarav Bhavnani is an all rounder budding SuperStar !

Winning many prizes and certificates for his outstanding performances Aarav Bhavnani is also a Glam Kids Vadodara finalist and always an ardent student.



# Cover Story



It is never too late to achieve your dream. Age is a matter of number, it is not a hindrance. Keep pushing through your limits until you achieve your dream. Warren Buffet became a billionaire at an age 65 years. Jeff Bezo started his business at the age 35. They never allowed age factor to limit them from pursuing their dreams.

One day a partially deaf, four year old boy returned home from school with a note that he gave his mom. The note was given to him by his class teacher. The teacher wrote that the boy will not be able to learn. His mother rejected the limits imposed on her child. She decided to teach her child at home and that grew up to be the great Thomas Edison. Thomas Edison had only three months of formal schooling. He never allowed his lack of schooling limit him from becoming the great inventor he was.

No one and nothing can limit you except you allow yourself to be limited and accept to be limited. Whatever is limiting is what you have accepted within you. All success stories are stories of people who pushed through limits. They refused to subject and condition themselves to any form of limitation. They bounced back stronger and broke through barriers. Young Beethoven was told he had no talent for music, but he gave some of the best music to the world. Most people quickly give up when their friends and families tell them that they can't achieve their dreams or try to discourage them that they lack the talent. It is not true. You have the ability to do whatever you have focused your mind on. Allowing people to dictate the direction of your life is the most dangerous thing to do. On the journey of destiny be careful who is giving you direction to where you are going to. A wrong step with a wrong direction could limit you from fulfilling your destiny.

Setbacks and disappointment are inevitable. A setback can act as a driving force and also an

obstacle. You need to develop a positive attitude no matter the pressure. Learn to become victor not a victim. Don't allow fear and doubt to short-circuit your mind. Positive thinking eliminates limitation.



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



# Children's Day Greetings! !

**Ifra Shariff**  
Calendar 2021 Contestant!  
[www.esquirevj.com](http://www.esquirevj.com)

Children's Day  
Greetings!





## EMOTIONAL FLAME

Man has changed his odyssey  
 Left with no mercy  
 Has become so messy  
 Wrestling in fake competitions  
 Trying to win over himself.

Socially, Man fragmented himself into  
 Nations  
 Separated himself into Religions  
 With a persisting belief in Casteism  
 Created a never-ending Racism  
 And divided himself into Divisions.

Oh! GOD.... why MAN is committing crime  
 Breaking law and order  
 Putting the disorder on prime  
 Killing Humanism  
 Leaving behind Conscience and Pragmatism  
 Every other day, WOMEN assaulted around  
 WOMAN left alone with no one to take care  
 behind  
 Haunted by wicked darkness ahead

Animosity seems to be leading the time  
 Saying, save the humanity  
 From this terrifying gravity  
 Snatching away the SMILES and  
 HAPPINESS of many SHE...

**Ms. Kavita Gupta**

*Assistant Professor*

Department of Psychology

Faculty of Education and Psychology

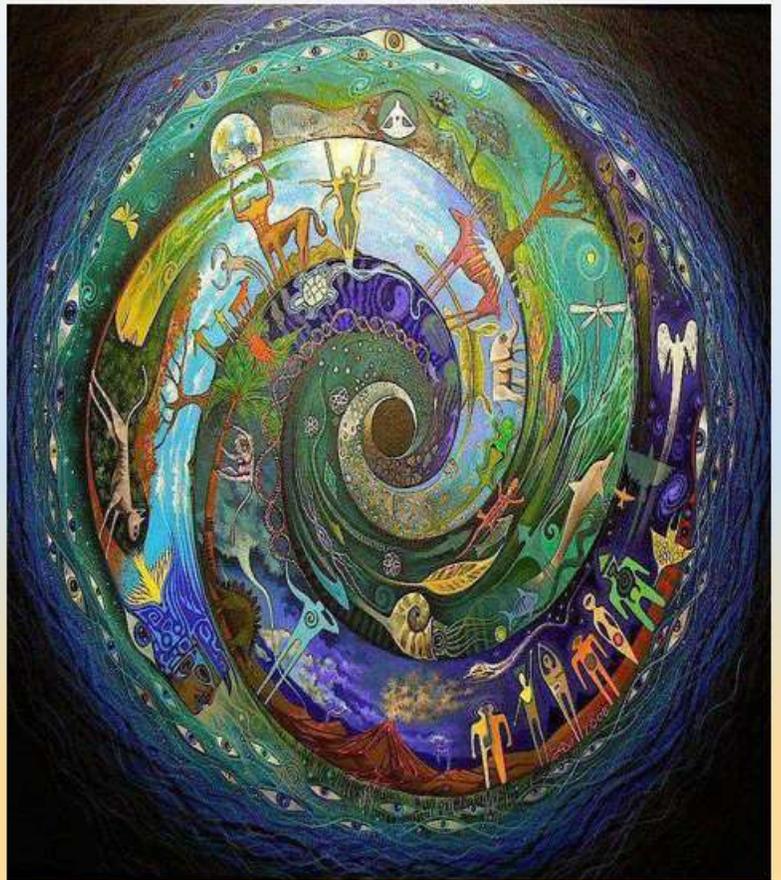
The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda

Vadodara, Gujarat (INDIA).



## TIME CYCLE (KAL CHAKRA)

Since the time Immemorial  
Subjected to Humiliation  
Five thousands years **Lockdown**  
With untouchability crown !  
People used to make them **Sanitized**  
As our touch made them sensitized  
Treated as Alien and stranger  
As something in us is danger  
Villages are at borderline  
Forever we are **Quarantine**  
No rights to enter into the temple  
It was our life's part and parcel  
For centuries and centuries  
Like **Social distance** a Life-Imprisonment  
Fault is this **Mask** of caste?  
Which is not in our hand.  
But now TIME CYCLE changed  
See now the world is REVENGED



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*Dr. B. S. Parimal*

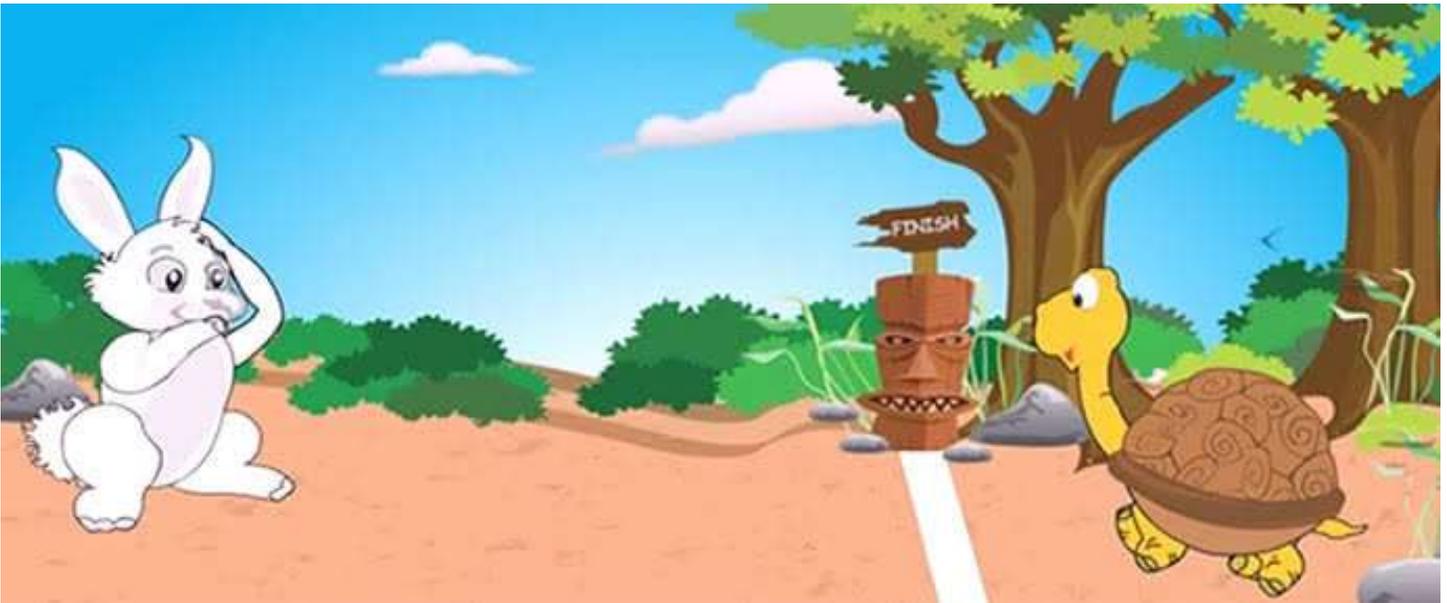
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**Children's Day  
Greetings!**



### ***In Real Race, Rabbit wins***

Comically, the story 'The Rabbit and Tortoise' and its moral 'Slow and steady wins the race', both are remarkably good but when it comes to apply this in real world; I'll say, it's a mad idea. Never get motivated by this story, particularly if you are not rabbit in that domain of task.

Luckily, even if you win the race in the first time, what about the other next races? Keep this in mind that Real life is not just about a single race; it has time bound daily races and not every time the rabbit is going to sleep nor you will have unbound time to complete the race, so being slow and steady would not help you.

You might have heard about the people who quit their own area of excellence and put a lot of effort to crack a particular exam or interview just to fulfill their loved one's dream. Somehow, many a times they achieve their goals too, but they soon get frustrated and get into severe depression which

sometimes even leads to suicide. I'm not discouraging you, neither want you to stop trying, but rather want you to think rationally. After failing to win multiple times, definitely soon you would be frustrated and the hard work and effort that you had made to win the previous race would just be a matter of luck for other people.

Always try to focus on your own area of excellence instead of comparing your qualities with someone else. If you are tortoise; that's completely OK, you have unique qualities of your own; why do you want to run a race with a rabbit? People hesitate to say 'NO' to such races, probably because of their ego or may be because they don't want to show themselves inferior. But this becomes the reason for their failure; unhappy, dissatisfied and annoyed life in future.

Competition is good when it is done in a healthy manner with the people who are better than you in the area of your interest and expertise. Like if you have a good voice and singing ability then try to improve it and

compete with other singers; in this case even if you lose, you would not be frustrated easily because you are interested in it, and gap between wining is less.

If you are fastest runner in your district then try to compete with the fastest runner of your state but don't feel inferior to say NO, if someone asks you to race with 'Maserati'. It would be like a tortoise-rabbit race.

Same thing applies for the people of society too. If you are rich, famous celebrity with millions of followers then you can think of picking fight with high authorities who are powerful when they are wrong but if you are a middle class man with no die hard followers then don't dare to shout alone from ground zero level without any planning and support. Most probably in that case, you'll be lost before someone finds you and provides you help. Stay calm, say NO to such fights keeping your ego aside for a while, till it is the favourable time for you.



- AKSHAY KUMAR SINGH

- Student of 'The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda

## HITCHHIKING WENT WRONG

The thunder of the clouds made me jump out of my skin. It was pouring down like crazy and, for a poor soul like me- who was walking home- it was a terrible time. Trotting down the road in a storm like condition was an unavoidable choice I had to make. My car decided to take a rest at this wretched time. It was so dark that I could not even see beyond a few feet in front of me and, the continuous assault of the raindrops was helping me either. I was fortunate enough that I had not fallen in one of those open sewers yet but, seeing how my luck has turned out till now, I would be least surprised. Shivering, I pulled my coat tighter around me- as if that would work- to save some warmth and cautiously continued my journey.

Another combination of thunder and lightning and, I was scared shitless! Already done with this weather, all I wanted was to get home as quickly as possible. I had not seen my family in years, heck this was the first time in years that I had set my foot in my hometown. I looked up at the sky, prayed to whoever was there listening, and hoped that somehow, I get through this lousy time. Hanging my head low, I trudged on, dragging my legs through, now ankle-deep water. Suddenly, I could see a dim yellow light in front of me and a shape like a silhouette. It seemed like it was surrounding me, but I could not find any source. Wait a minute if the light was surrounding me; it meant that it was coming from behind. In an instant, I turned around only to have the 'dim' yellow light to shine brightly straight into my eyes.

At that moment, I wondered whether the water had clogged my brain. Shaking my head, I watched it closely and realized a car was approaching me. NO! My lucky stars had finally answered my pleas! A miracle has taken place!

The car pulled up next to me and, I saw a pretty young lad in the driving seat. He must barely be in his twenties, and beside him was a pretty young girl, most probably his age.

"Excuse me, Sir, would you like us to drop you somewhere?" He surprisingly had a deep voice for his face. I was not expecting that.

"It is not safe to walk in this weather; do you have a place to stay?"

"Yes, if it is alright with you, can you please give me a ride back home?" I barely was able to get that

sentence out, with all the shivering and my jaw chattering.

"Of course, just hop in the back." The boy said with a charming smile adorning his face.

Not needing to be told again, I unceremoniously sat in the back seat. The warm air from the heater felt like rain in a desert- huh, the irony- welcoming and much needed. I put my hands out towards the radiator, like thawing frozen food, and tried to stop shuddering too much. Although I was dripping wet and cold to my bone, the warm and crisp air in the car was warming up my body slowly. Usually, car seats don't comfort me much and, I try to sit as upright as I could to have minimum contact, but I swear I could have slept like a baby in the back seat at that moment. Well, I almost did, but the girl's voice kept me from drifting into the darkness.



"So, where is it that we are taking you?" she questioned.

"Oh right, I live on the St. Peter's lane. I think it five miles from here if I am not wrong." I

replied. "I hope that I am not causing an inconvenience to you. I am sure you would rather be on your way home than give me a lift."

"No, of course not, you needed help and, we were there to offer it. Plus, no one should be walking in this horrible condition. We are more than happy to give you help." The girl said in a sweet voice. Too sweet if you ask me. But I pushed that thought out of my mind; I should not be thinking about the people who are selflessly helping me in this manner. To pass some time, I started a small chit-chat. I got to know their names- Patrick and Susan, pretty generic names, if you ask me- and a little bit more about their lives. As I had predicted, they were just twenty-two. Students majoring in music, they were here for hiking for the weekend.

Patrick was driving slowly and, due to the constant lull of the engine and exertion, my eyes started to droop.

"Hey, do you mind if I rest for a little bit? I am feeling tired." I asked politely.

"Sure, we will wake you up when we get to your street." Susan said and, again, there was the nagging feeling. The way she talked was sickeningly sweet. No one is this soft-spoken and friendly! I decided that I don't like her very much. Patrick is okay but, this woman is ticking me off. Keeping that thought in my mind, I tried to sleep- a little more cautiously, mind you, I am a light sleeper- and rest till we arrived at my house. Somehow, even in the given circumstances, I found the calming effect produced by the sound of the rain. It helped me to slip in a deeper sleep than I had

planned, and I couldn't stop myself and got cozy in the back seat.

But as my life has bad luck weighing more than good luck, I woke up. Or rather was rudely pulled out of my slumber by whispers- remember I am a light sleeper- of my helpers.

*"He is going to be a burden, Patrick, we have to do something."* Susan whispered.

*"It will be alright; I don't think that he will notice anything. It is too dark to see, much less to be suspicious about anything anyway."* Patrick replied.

*"What if he does? Our identities will get exposed, and it will all be over. We cannot risk it."* Susan's voice was so low that, had I not strained my ears, I would have missed it. After listening to this, all I could think about was, what had I noticed and who are they. I looked to my right and saw a dark shape on the seat. *Was it always there?* I asked myself. Very subtly, I moved my hand to uncover what was lying under the sheet. I was not able to move much without calling attention to me, but what I saw chilled me to my bones. As it was dark, I couldn't see much, but it seemed like a hand. I almost let out a loud gasp. I looked at it again to make sure I was not hallucinating, but the more I stared at it, the more I was convinced of it. What the heck did I think when I got into the car of total strangers! Oh, that is right, I didn't, my stupid brain decided not to raise any questions.

*"Then what are we supposed to do?"* I heard Patrick ask.

"I don't know, but what I do know is that this man cannot be here anymore. I had tried to stop you from offering him a lift, but you didn't listen. Now we are at risk of getting exposed!" Even though she spoke softly, the silence in the car amplified Susan's voice.

"Okay fine, I am sorry. But what should we do now? Do you have any plans?" asked Patrick.

"All I think of right now is ditching him. I don't think he has

supposed to do! Is there any way I could turn the tables?

"Yeah, I guess we would have to do that. Even the weather is on our side. It will be an easy task."

I discreetly started looking for anything that could help me escape these lunatic people. To my horror, while searching the backseat, I managed to make a sound, which made



figured out who we are yet, and no one saw us picking him up. If we get rid of him soon, we will be alright." This wretched woman is conspiring to kill me! I have to do something, but what. I could simply ask them to drop me off, but I have already seen their faces. They won't risk that and let me be on my merry way. And if I pretend to wake up now, they will surely suspect that I have heard everything they said, and that will solidify their decision even more. Oh, what am I

Susan snap her head back at me. I froze on my spot, praying hard that she didn't see me. I could feel a drop of sweat running down on the side of my face and my spine. She turned back around and faced Patrick.

"Sweetie, I think he is waking up." It was like she switched her personality! Just a few seconds ago, she was planning my murder and, now she sounded like the most caring person in the world. Like a bulb, an idea lit in my head. To escape my murderers, I would

have to kill them. It made perfect sense! It's like they said, no one saw us, it is raining, so no traces left behind and I could easily escape in the dark. It was a perfect plan. Yes, I have got them now and, I will show them that they were wrong to mess with me. I sensed a smile growing on my face, and I almost felt giddy to follow through the plan. I was excited to see how this goes.

Coincidentally, I felt something hard near my legs. Slowly, very slowly, I bent down and felt the object with my hands. It felt like a rod or something; it was difficult to tell. Smirking to myself, I picked it up. Running my hand along the length of the object, I realized that it was a spanner. It was my ticket to freedom, and unfortunately for my 'friends' here, it was their end. I gripped the tool tightly in my hand, waiting for the right opportunity. I



cannot rush into it; I have to strike at the perfect moment. As Susan was right across me, she would receive the first blow and, Patrick would go down next. Yes, this was flawless. But of course, nothing in my life ever went smoothly, so why would this? The moment I was about to raise my hand to hit the wretched woman, Patrick slowed down the car and ultimately stopped it.

*Did they come to know what I was about to do? Is this where they kill me? What are they planning? I started asking myself these questions. Any other man would have started panicking by now, but not me. I was still like a log and steady as a doctor's hand. I am ready to do this, prepared to save myself.*

"No, no, no, now is not the time!" Patrick shouted.

"Sweetie, what's wrong?" worry was dripping from her voice. I

hated her.

"I don't know!" He tried to turn the keys multiple times, "Maybe water has clogged

the engine." He sighed and hit the steering wheel.

*For music majors, they were not bad actors, I thought. You could fool anyone, but not me. I can see right through you.*

trick got out and sharply closed the door. Finally, an opening. I pretended to wake up because of the noise and asked Susan what the matter was. After hearing her excuse, I offered my help, like the nice man I was, and got out. With the spanner snugly sitting in my coat, I went near Patrick and saw him leaning towards the engine.

"Hey, need any help?" I offered. I was ready with the tool in my hand. I was prepared for this, eager to taste my freedom. The moment he turned around, I swung my arm and landed a blow on his head and, that was the end of Patrick. One hefty hit was all it took for him to fall. Although I knew that he was dead, I couldn't stop myself. I kept on hitting him until I heard a cry.

"Stop it! What have you done!" I got pushed by a wailing Susan. That woman! Just one look of her and something snapped inside me. I grabbed her by the hair and threw her on the side of the road.

"You wretched woman! You wanted to kill me and look where it got you!" I was almost shouting.

"What? Kill you? I don't- why would you do that to Patrick? We helped you." She sat trembling in front of me, with tears streaming down her face and begging for her life.

"Stop the act now. You lunatics were going to kill me and, I have turned the tables." I sensed a laugh bubbling inside me and, I

didn't feel the need to stop it. I let it out; I let everything out.

"Oh, how the hunters became the prey." I moved towards her, arm raised, blood dripping from the tool, and I was still laughing. It was fun to see the woman who was spewing venom, begging on her knees, and so helpless. Almost like a frenzy, I leaped on her started bashing her head. Just like while killing Patrick, I didn't stop, not until I felt the last of the raindrops on me. Glancing up the sky, I could see it clearing gradually. I let out a sigh of satisfaction- or perhaps it was of pleasure, I couldn't tell- and stood back up. Flinging the bloodied tool to the nearby bushes, I swatted my shoulders, straightened my jacket, and again proceeded to walk towards my house.

I had just walked a few hundred meters when a man pulled up beside me and stopped me in my tracks.

"Hey man, do need a lift?"

"Yes, please. My house is a bit further away from here." I replied.

"Not a problem, get in." Such a jovial fellow he was. With a roguish smirk, I get into his car and, he drove away.

"Do you mind if I switched on the radio?" He asked.

I simply shrugged as an answer. Listening to the radio would be fun, I figured. It crackled to life, but due to the weather, the signal was not as strong so, all we could hear was static for a few moments.

Suddenly, a voice rang clear through all the static:

"It is to inform all the citizens; there is a killer on the loose and, we strictly advise you to stay inside your home and lock your doors. Do not let any strangers in and be cautious. His name is John Krave and ..." The rest of the message drowned in the static.

"Mad World, ain't it? Good that I picked you up before anything bad happened." He commented.

I let out a small laugh, "Oh, yes, thank you. I am grateful for your help."

"No worries. So, what is your name?"

"...John Krave."

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# Children's Day Greetings!

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**Sahej Thakral**  
Calendar 2021 Contestant



## Bondings

“How are you, Ma?” I said, looking at my mother’s photograph.

I remember it was only last summer vacation that the cameraman had captured the best moment of my life. It’s been a year since she left me and Papa. Neither of us knew how valuable that moment was. In the photograph, she was embracing me. Her twinkling eyes were so welcoming and alive! The only

way to see her was through the glasses of imagination. I was used to her silence.

“I got an A in 9<sup>th</sup> standard. Everybody clapped that day. And when I reached home, I surprised

Papa. He said that he was proud of me. That day, we missed you the most, Ma. I’m going to grandpa’s. Now you need to have rest. It’s going to be a long journey to Bharuch.”

Looking out the window, I saw passengers boarding on. “Ma!” I heard a boy said. I followed the voice.

“My shoe lace.” he put forth his untied shoe. “Ahmad beta,” another voice said, “when will you learn to tie your laces? Let me show you

how.”

His mother bent over to tie the shoelace. I smiled at them. I never learned myself. It was my mother who used to tie them for me.

“Daalwale!” a voice filled the compartment. “Daalwalaaaaay!”

The aroma of lemon, tomato, green mango and chaat masala reached my nostrils. It worked as an appetiser.



“I want one!” I called to the hawker.

Handing him over Rs. 10, I started devouring it. It has a special place in my heart. In fact, in every Indian’s heart.

“Is this seat taken?” a soft voice asked. “No, no,” I answered without looking up, “you may sit here.” “I’m going

to Sayan,” she said, “and you?”

“Bharuch.” I replied.

When I had finished it, I opened my plastic bag and threw the news wrapper in.

“Most of the people throw it outside the window,” she asked, “why did you keep it inside?” Her voice was familiar to me. It was my mother’s.

I smiled at her, “Ma always told me to not throw away newspapers. You never know if you missed something important.”

“Good boy!” she patted my head. “Your mother is right in that.”

It was the same way she used to pat me whenever I did something good.

The train whistled, the slight push indicated the departure of the train.

People waved each other goodbyes.

“What’s your name, beta?” she asked.

“Moinkn.” I said. “And, and yours?”

“Nabeela”

It was my mother’s name. I stared at her for a moment. “Are you travelling alone?” she asked.

“Yes,” I replied, blinking.

The warmth of her smile cheered me up. I looked at her occasionally. Once, she caught me side-glancing at her but she smiled more.

“What’s your father?” she asked pulling out a half-knitted sweater from her handbag. “My father is a teacher.” I said.

“I’m a teacher too.” she smiled.

“Look at your shoelaces, Moin beta,” she said, “you haven’t tied them properly. Let me do it.”

I reminisced how Ma used to say the same words to me. I was almost in tears. A tear drop trickled down my cheek and fell on her finger. I immediately rubbed my eyes.

“Why are you crying, beta?” she asked worriedly.

“No.” I lied. “I’m not crying, auntie. It was an insect. It’s gone.”

She gave me a suspicious look. But then, another voice saved me from her discovery.

“Chai, chai, chai!” the man shouted. “Chai bolo, chai!”

“Would you like some?” she offered. “Sure!”

I said. “Here’s ten —”

“I’ll pay,” she placed my ten rupees in my pocket. We started having tea.

Slurp! Slurp! Slurp!

both looked at each other and smiled.

“We drink the same way.” she noticed.

“Strange! Isn’t it?” I nodded.

Me and Ma had the same manner of having tea, sitting together and tittle-tattling for a great deal of time.

I saw Sayan approach. The station’s arrival meant her departure. How I wished she would stay a little longer, or the train moved slower or time stopped by.

“Looks like it’s time to say goodbye!” she stood up from her seat and the train lost momentum.



**Moin Khan Pathan**  
**A young writer at the age when**  
**he is appearing for his**  
**12<sup>th</sup> Grade in School**



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**Myra  
Ahir**

**Children's Day Greetings!**

## Negative Emotions? Also a Sign of Life.

Recently I and my mum were featured in an interview with Dr Darshana Thakkar and Dr Parthiv Mehta. Among other things we talked about life after my accident and how I managed to stay mentally strong. The one thing that touched me and made me smile was a little sentence Dr Thakkar said near the end. It might even have gone unnoticed by everyone else; I'm not sure, but for me? Definitely not so!

What she said was quite simple, that I must be trying really hard all the time not to break down internally, for I enjoy a lot of things when I can, during some of the most energetic years of my life, despite being on a wheelchair...and she's right. It is the time of my life where I would definitely have wished to move around freely, bunk some lectures, go on unplanned trips and parties with my friends, maybe even a date. It becomes difficult in a wheelchair and I sometimes feel angry, frustrated, restricted, sad - all of it, even jealous of other people because they can do things that I can't. I am only human, and it is probably a good thing that I feel these things.

I feel. The fact that I can, and I do feel emotionally vulnerable, simply points to one thing that I am alive, I am thriving and I haven't given up on life yet. Have you ever seen or heard about a corpse being able to feel any emotions at all? No; right? It is biologically not possible. This is why I think it is important to feel vulnerable sometimes - it reminds us of our life or death status.

On the other hand, however, it is not a good experience when I'm actually going through my down times. It can be tough to exercise study or even read a good book or enjoy some music. It can be difficult to

understand someone else's point of view, to understand and remember how blessed I am to have an understanding and loving family, dedicated friends, my unharmed intellect and physical strength. It is difficult, but it is these difficult things that help me get up after an emotional breakdown. Luckily I am quite resilient so I don't have such phases often, even though unconsciously I may be battling them all the time, and when I do have such phases they last hardly for a few hours. But they are intense.

It is true that life can be emotionally mixed up, difficult, unnerving, but in the end what matters is that we take home the right lessons and not let things pile up. Everyone has negative emotions they are trying to get over, but how is that ever possible if we don't be true to ourselves and face them? If we're determined enough, willing enough, is it really that hard?



**Garima Vyas**  
Student of Psychology  
The M.S. University of Baroda

Stay Home  
Stay Safe

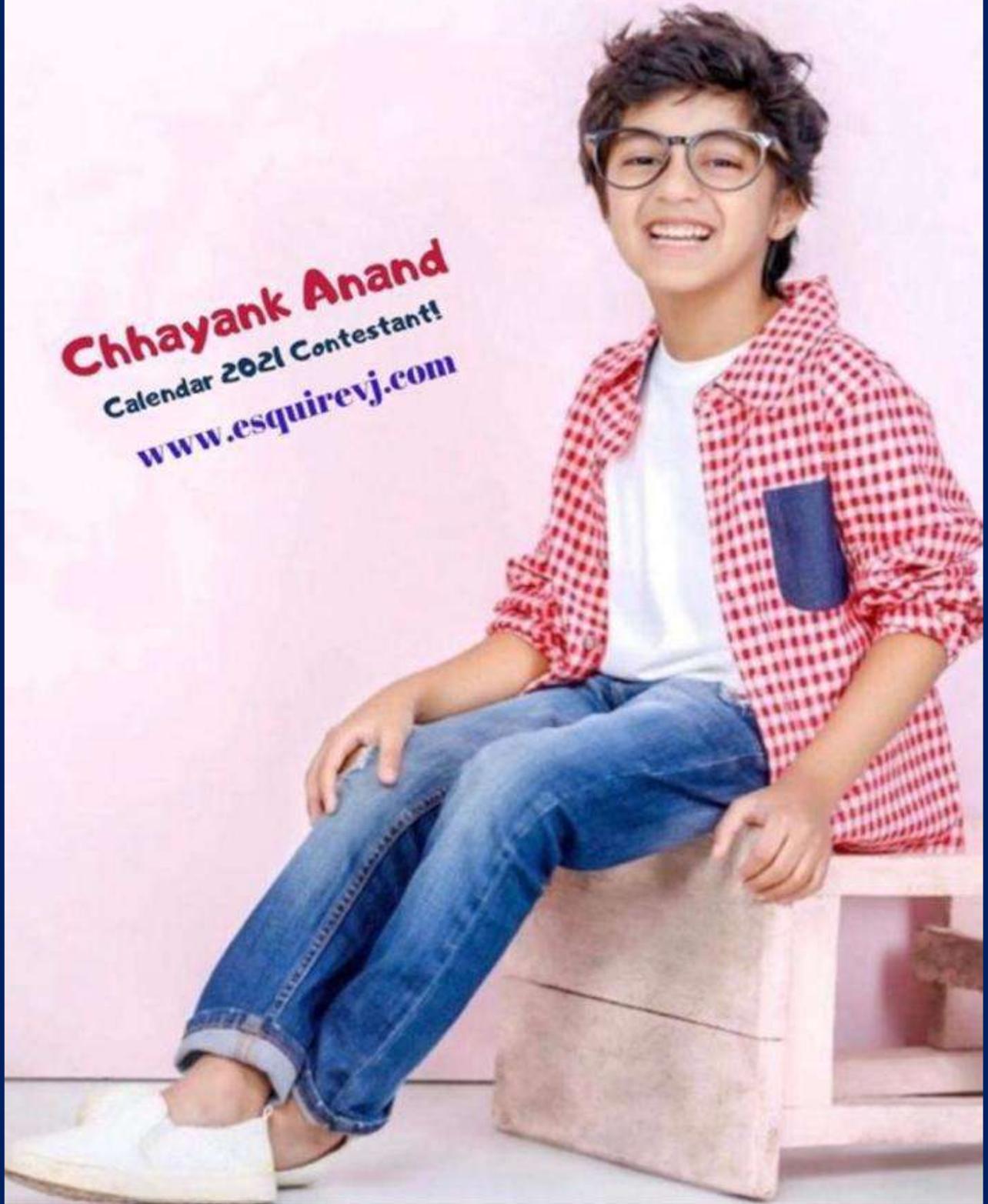
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# Children's Day Greetings!

**Chhayank Anand**  
Calendar 2021 Contestant!  
[www.esquirevj.com](http://www.esquirevj.com)





## Still A Man

I was silently sitting  
with my heavy head,  
When my mom  
blamed dad,  
for not loving and  
caring for her enough,  
for not bringing pearls  
and rubies she deserves,  
For not taking extra shifts  
to educate and feed us,  
for not being an enough man,  
for not being an idol husband.  
I am beneath the  
invisible cloak,  
When my brother is a  
solo breadwinner,  
and my part-time bodyguard.  
I wonder how much that  
wrist will weight with all those  
heavy bonds, I wonder  
how much those frozen  
eyes aspire to melt,  
how much those ears  
crave to hear,  
"it's alright to be shy,  
it's alright to break and shed,  
Its alright if you are not capable  
to break bones and head,  
its alright if you cry  
and feel pain."  
That man within you  
will still be a man.



*Living in the society  
Of taboos and  
Where gender equality  
Is nothing more than  
A myth.  
Patriarchy isn't meant  
To be regressive as it is  
Patriarchy should not  
Mean to use women as just toys.  
Patriarchy should not be  
Used as a power to force  
Women to fall into traps.  
Regressive patriarchy is the  
Worst enemy towards  
The progressive attitude  
Of the society.  
Now it's time for the  
Matriarchy to rise up  
And fight back the  
Regressive patriarchal society  
And thoughts.*



**Wajiha Khan**  
Prize Winner (3rd)  
Penvibe Poetry Contest



**Subhobroto Das**  
Prize Winner (1st)  
Penvibe Poetry Contest

## **'TO BE BORN AS A Girl**

She curses herself  
to be born in this world,  
Is it really her fault  
to be born as a girl?  
Wherever she goes,  
there's an eye following her,  
When she turns around,  
Realizes it was just a hallucination.  
This place has scared  
the hell outta her soul,  
That she feels unsafe  
even at her own abode.  
Every eye gives her preying looks,  
if she shows a little grace.  
She receives devilish smirks  
even if she covers her face.  
They try to touch her  
as if she is their property.  
She screams and shouts  
but no one is around,  
And she is caught up in a big misery.  
When asked for justice,  
all she is given is delay  
Now whenever she looks at the mirror,  
she feels like a toy to play.  
She curses herself  
to be born in this world,  
Is it really her fault to be born as a girl?  
Is it really her fault  
.. to be born as a girl?



**Satakshi Garg**  
Student of Psychology  
The M. S. University of Baroda

# WOMAN

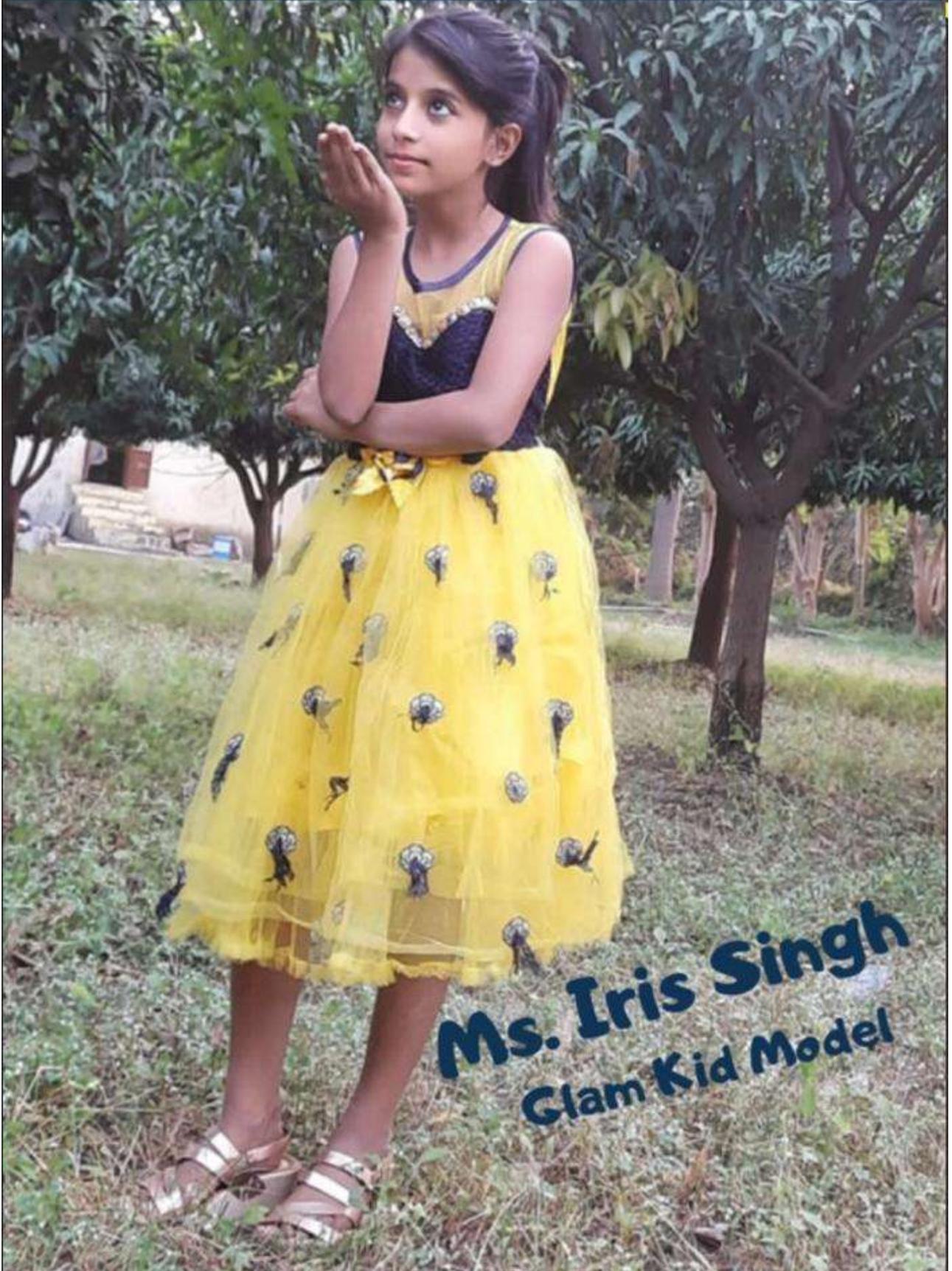


A woman is often misjudged  
For her outspoken emotions  
She is looked down upon  
For her creative notion.  
She must be a slave  
Of the opposite gender.  
And if she refuses to follow  
She is a regular offender.  
Love or lust  
Is her own desire  
She will decide to calm it  
Or ignite the fire.  
A woman must show  
What she wants in life.  
If she wants to remain a spinster  
Or become somebody's wife.  
Her life is her own.  
Her body shouldn't be seen,  
As an opportunity to abuse  
By the world so mean.  
A woman is often stopped,  
From being her own boss.  
She is often made to believe  
Her life is her very own loss.  
Yet every day  
We see women stand high  
And fight for the right to live,  
And fight till the hour they die.



**Madhumita Bhowmick**  
Prize Winner (2nd)  
Penvibe Poetry Contest

# Children's Day Greetings!



**Ms. Iris Singh**  
**Glam Kid Model**



- 3) 1 katori sugar (less or more)
- 4) saffron 10 threads
- 5) Dryfruits pieces as u like
- 400 grams ghee for deep fry Gulabjam

**Method**

- 1) First take mava in a Thali ,add pinch of bakingsoda,maida,Malai ,and mix it ,knead soft dough and covered it.
- 2) Now boil the milk on one side add saffron ,cardamom powder and let it boil on slow flame, stir in between ,till it becomes thick,now add sugar let it boil, stir continuously till the sugar melts,let it boil till u got desired consistency.
- Now take it down Rabdi is ready,when comes to room temperature ,keep in fridge .
- 3) Heat kadai on slow flame add mava stir for 2

- minutes,now add dryfruit pieces and saute for next 2 minutes,add desicated coconut,cardamom nutmeg powder and powdered sugar, mix well,add saffron water or syrup ,saute for 2minutes.Stuffing is ready,take it down ,let it cool.4) Now make sugar syrup (chashni),take sugar in big pan add water and rose water, Cardamom nutmeg powder,saffron threads let it boil stir continuously till sugar melts .Let it boil till.u get 1thread chashni,take it down.
- 5) Now make small balls of stuffing,knead cover dough with palms ,take a ball from dough,spread with fingers,put stuffing ball over it, close it neatly ,make smooth and round, get all the Gulabjam stuffed like this
- 6) Heat ghee on medium flame,slow the flame ,drop the stuffed gulabjams in heated ghee,deep fry in golden brown colour as usual,on slow flame.
- 7) Take it out n put in chashni,let it rest in chashni for 4 hours as takes less time to soak chashni than normal gulabjams!
- 8) Take it out after 4 hours n serv with Rabdi !
- 9) Stuffed Kesar Gulabjam is ready to serve.

Be careful while using sugar, as there is sugar in Rabdi, Stuffing, Chashni u can balance it as per Ur taste !



**Falguni Thakkar**  
Award Winner Chef  
& Author of Hand to Heart

Diwali is the most favorite Festival of India!

It is enjoyed in every Sweet home. On this occasion many sweets are made!

We always make Gulabjam but I have made it with an innovative touch. It's stuffed Gulabjam.

I have made stuffed Gulabjam! Stuffing is made with mava, coconut, Dryfruits n Saffron. It is served with Kesar Rabdi. Enjoy friends !

**Ingredients**

For stuffing

- 1) 1 katori mava
- 2) 6 TSP desicated coconut
- 3) Dryfruits pieces as u like
- 4) 2 TSP (less more as u like) powdered sugar
- 5) 1 TSP Cardamom nutmeg powder
- 6) saffron threads 25 boiled in water or saffron syrup 1 TSP

**Cover**

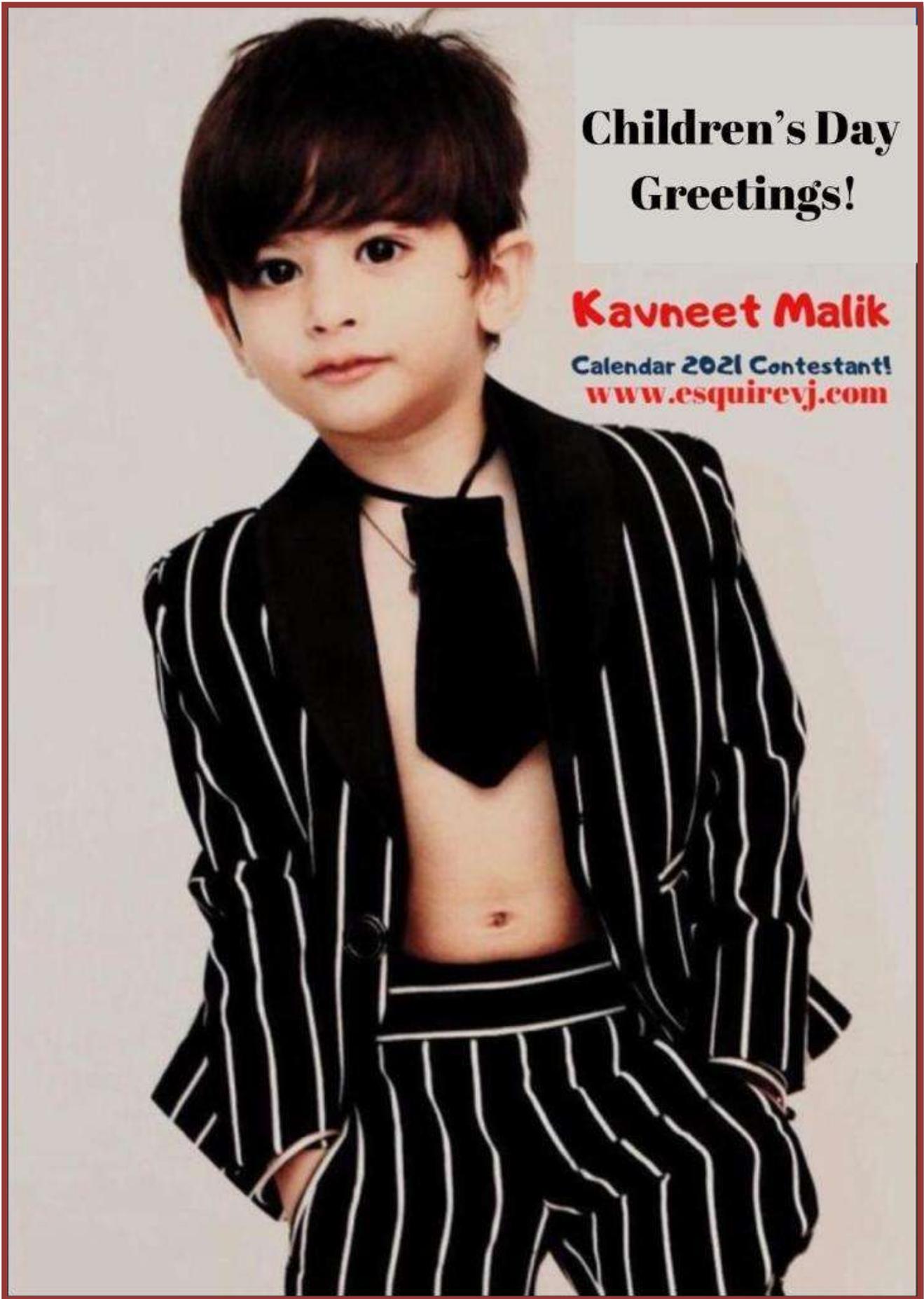
- 1) 2 Bowls mava
- 2) 1/2 katori maida
- 3) 1 pinch baking soda
- 4) 1 TSP fresh Malai

**For sugar syrup**

- 1) 3 katori sugar
- 2) 10 saffron threads
- 3) 1 TSP Cardamom powder
- 4) 3 katori water
- 5) 3 TSP rose water

**For Rabdi**

- 1) 1 litre milk
- 2) 1/2 TSP Cardamom nutmeg powder



**Children's Day  
Greetings!**

**Kavneet Malik**

Calendar 2021 Contestant!  
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# Events



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This is presented to the winner of Teacher's day contest 2020

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Satish Verma  
Jury

*Virendra Johri*  
Virendra Johri  
COO – EsquireVJ Showcase

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**Rashmirathi** : One who is riding a Chariot (not the charioteer) is a Hindi epic written in 1952, by the Hindi poet Sh. Ramdhari Singh Dinkar. The work is centered around the life of Karna, who was son of unmarried queen Kunti (Pandava's mother) in the epic - Mahabharata. It is one of the most appreciated works of Dinkar apart from "Kurukshetra" and one of the classics of modern Hindi Literature.

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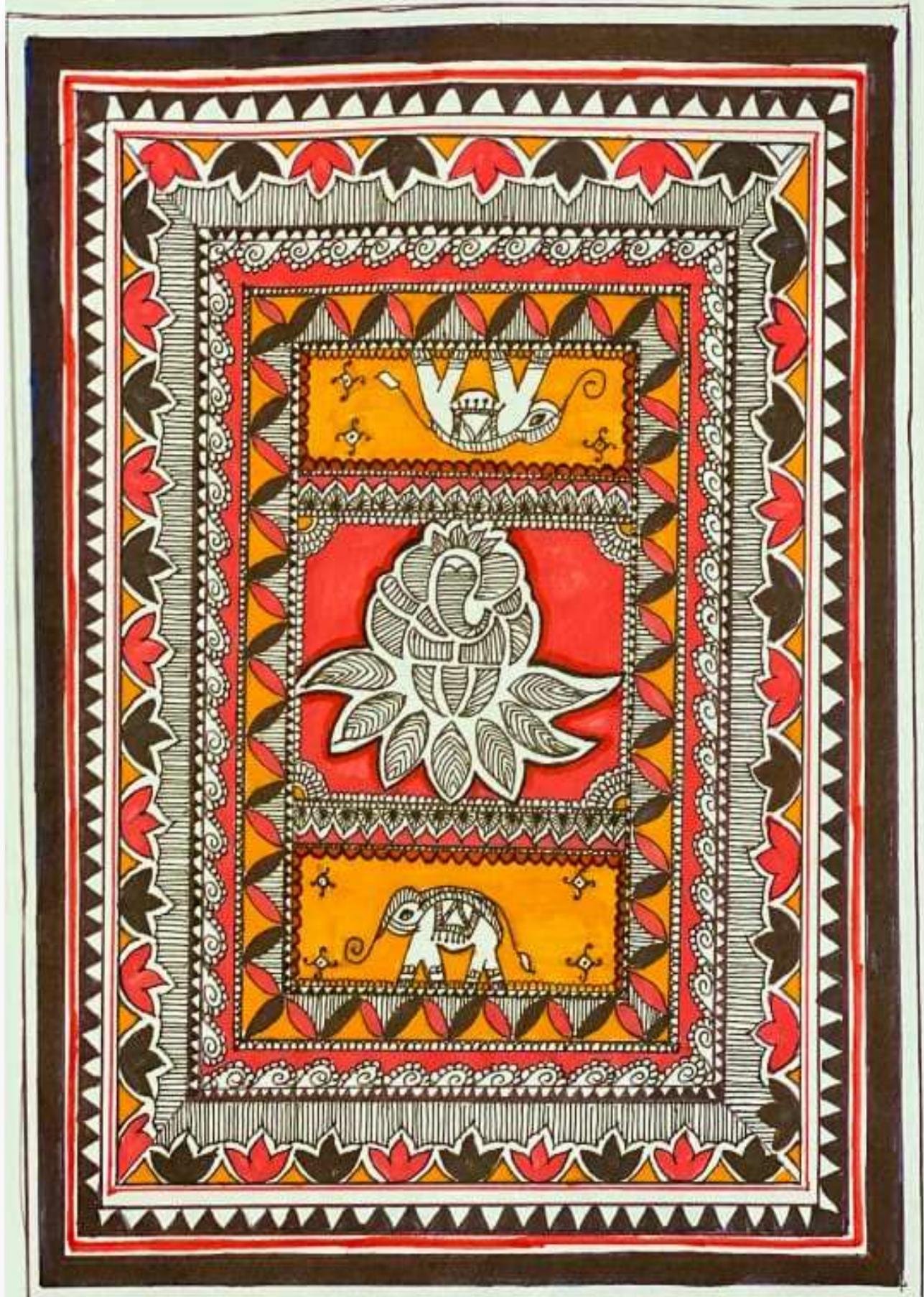
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