



THE BOOKISH BEACON

THE FORGOTTEN MEMORY

RAHUL DEV

In a cozy village nestled amidst rolling hills lived Tumble a blue furred creature. One day he stumbled upon a dusty old book in the library which talked about a magical crystal hidden deep within the heart of the enchanted forest powerful enough to bring back long forgotten memories. Determined Tumble set out on a journey overcoming treacherous obstacles until he reached the heart of the forest. When, he touched the crystal long lost memories flooded into his mind. Among them one precious memory was to cherish each and every moment and not to live with fear and sorrow.

With his old memories back Tumble heads back to the village vowing to live life to the fullest rest of his life. With renewed sense of purpose Tumble continued is adventures spreading joy everywhere he went uplifting others. Now he knew greatest joy of life did not exist anywhere else but in our own precious memories that we hold dear. There on from each passing day Tumble embraced the world with open arms never forgetting the lessons he learned from his memories.



The Final Transmission

By Bindu

In the year 2200, humanity had spread across the stars, establishing colonies on distant planets. Yet, despite their technological skills, they remained tied to Earth by a fragile network of communication relays.

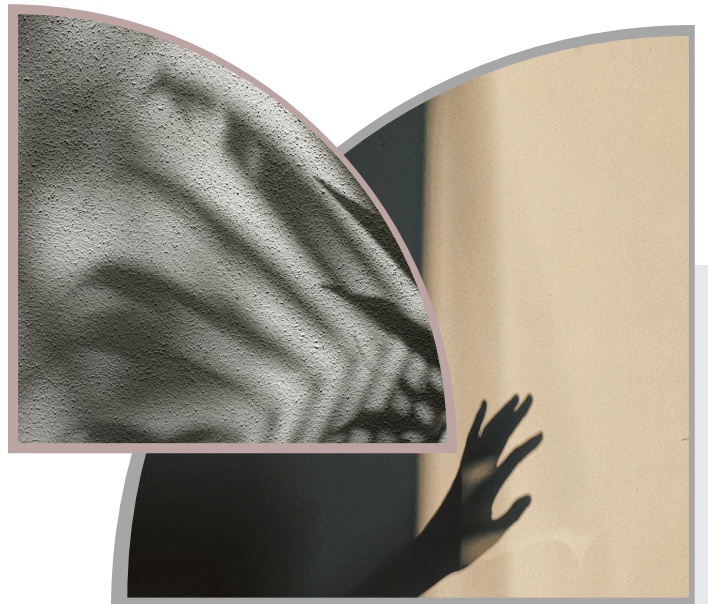
One such relay station, was nestled on the moon of Europa, served as a vital link between Earth and the outer colonies. It was handled and managed by a small crew of dedicated engineers, led by Commander Elena.

For years, they had maintained the station, ensuring the flow of messages across the cosmos.

But one fateful day, a disruptive solar storm crippled the station, leaving it stranded and isolated. With dwindling

supplies and failing systems, the crew faced an uncertain fate. As tensions rose, Commander Elena remained steadfast, searching for a solution. With each passing day, hope waned, until only Commander Elena and General Mark remained. In their final hours, they made a vow: to send one last message to Earth, as a hope amidst the darkness. Using the last remnants of power, they activated the transmission array. With trembling hands, Commander Elena typed out their message, pouring her heart into every word. It was a testament to humanity and a plea for help in their darkest hour.

As the transmission echoed across the void, Commander Elena and General Mark awaited a response, their hearts heavy with anticipation. But none came. In the silence that followed, they found peace in each other's company, knowing that they had done all they could. Days turned into weeks, and still, no help arrived. But in their final moments, as the station's systems faltered and the cold of space crept in, Commander Elena and General Mark found peace. For they had not only sent a message to Earth, but to the stars themselves—a message of courage, of hope, and of the spirit of humanity. And though their voices were lost to the void, their story would live on, whispered among the stars for eternity.



HOME

By K Nehal Chinnappa

The fresh earthy scent of the fields that
feel the cold, swathing zephyr
The steps that drop one into the other's
muddy embrace.

The chocolate bean of everyday coffee,
and the flowing rivers that erode the soil,
to the stepping stones of sandy banks of
the silver slushing waters.

The foot of the ice cold mountains risen
up to the freezing winter skies,
The fragrances of the smell we're used to
is foreign here.
The paddy we know feels alien here.

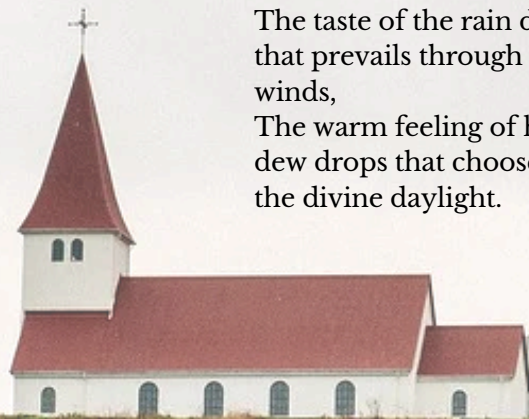
The outlandish feelings aren't bad, in fact
they're quite the opposite.
The differences that are to be found in
something we've known all life long,
The distant feeling of being lost loses itself
in the very arms of the lands causing this
curiosity.

The taste of the rain drenched ground
that prevails through the chilly September
winds,
The warm feeling of home dripping in the
dew drops that choose to dissipate under
the divine daylight.

The nightly holds of the star lit sky under
which young dreams of forever bloom
by,
and thick, heavy accents of old men and
women who keep having their words fly.
The soils of the land hold the elixir of the
ephemeral epiphany that is yet to come,
The ethereal scintilla that reeks from the
ambrosial incandescence of metanoia that
chooses to hide in oblivion amongst the
rustling leaves and pattering rain.

For a pair of halcyon iridescent eyes the
sun brings in light
and for mazarine vehement sights
outrunning the serene aurora, the moon
light of the inky sky of the night.

Kodagu offers to be a silent audience for a
soliloquy the soul chooses to sing,
Calling upon the sunken desires of a deep
hidden wanderlust to epistolize into
words unspeakable and thoughts
unthinkable.



Cuarto escondido

By Nikhil Singhaniyan



In the beautiful country of Greece, in the heavenly city of Santorini, lived a talented young man named Felix. He was practicing to be a volcanist. Everyday he used to visit a tunnel situated near Nea kameni. He used to work in that tunnel for numerous hours to do research about the formation of volcanic rocks. There were rooms situated in that particular shaft which were.

Used by volcanists and the company who were finding the research for the excavation of volcanic rocks which will help in their automobile company. So Felix had room assigned to him. He had to take care of the rocks. There was a room which was prohibited for all the workers. Felix always heard noises from there. One day he decided to venture what was there inside.

He was accompanied by his colleague Cancelo. He was first scared but with Cancelo beside him, he opened the door. He saw a lift. Cancelo and Felix opened the elevator and stripped inside. It had two options, Basement 1 and Basement 2. They first went to the basement 1. It was a dark room filled with rocks and maps.

These weren't usual volcanic rocks. They looked Extraterrestrial. But they didn't care. They were now thinking about what's there down at the basement 2. Cancelo suggested Felix to quit this and go back to their assigned Rooms. But Felix wanted to know more. Together scared but relentless they clicked on Basement 2 The lift took them to a room with lots of beds. And another room. The beds were strange. They were a lot shorter. All were covered with blankets till head. Felix thought it was a restroom for all the workers. They thought of waking the workers and asking them about the rocks. They first shook the first worker to wake him up. He didn't wake up. Then they decided to uplift the blanket. What they saw next .. changed their life... FOREVER.

Mysterious Gift

By Purushottam

On October 9th 1999, Rhett who was never interested in his life and has decided to jump of the London Bridge and take his life. But a single phone call changed his life.....

Before 24 hours..

Rhett who was a obident guy, his obidence has become an enemy to him as everyone has exploited his obidence, he doesn't know how to say no to people this led to him not having friend but rather bosses. He was always alone and had no one in his life and always was not interested in life. His life was becoming hell everyday and he was fired from his job..

He decided that October 9th will be his last day and he will end all the hell he is suffering and goes onto get rid of all the things he has and wanted to have the best beer of his life so he goes to one of the best bars in London and has a champagne and then he meets a mysterious guy who speaks with him saying that his name is Mr.Z . Rhett was not so interested because he thought he was some random old man who doesn't have work and then the man proclaims saying that he has solution for all of Rhett's problems. Rhett obviously doesn't believe the guy and tell's the guy to scam in a rude way. Then he finishes up his drink and goes back for one last sleep.



Back to present....

As he planned Rhett goes to the bridge and was about to jump and then his phone starts to ring and he picks it up it was a delivery guy saying that Rhett had a delivery. Rhett was confused. He was curious about the package so he goes back to his flat and sees the box kept over there. He was very curious about and goes ahead and open's it and discovers a strange book and three weird looking stones. He goes ahead and opens the book and reads it the book say's

"This book has been around for centuries but no one ever has made the perfect use of it. The book chose you and whether you will choose it or not will be your choice"

Rhett was so confused and starts questioning himself on how it was there and the book suddenly answers the questions he has thought. Then he rushes to the bar he was the last night searching for that mysterious man and asks around for him but everyone says that there wasn't a man like that and he was alone all the night. He was confused the book has answered all the questions correct but when he asked about who has given hm the book it says it was Mr z but he wasn't found anywhere. Will Rhitt use the book to his advantage?????

"Brushes & Shutters:

A SYMPHONY OF BRUSH AND LENS"

By Aditi Sanjay Gowrishankar



In the canvas of life, with hues so fine,
 Artistry and photography intertwine.
 Brush strokes and shutters, both
 capture the soul,
 In frames and colours, their stories
 unfold

A photograph freezes a moment in
 time,
 A masterpiece painted with light's
 sublime.
 In galleries and albums, they both
 reside, Expressions of beauty, side by
 side.

The artist's vision, the photographer's
 eye,
 Each medium has its own unique sky.
 Through lenses or brushes, they seek
 to explore,
 The world's hidden treasures, its
 depths to adore.

In art's vibrant palette and photos'
 sharp grace,
 We find inspiration in every embrace.
 For both are a language, a tale to be
 told,
 Through colours and images, their
 stories unfold.

THE HIDDEN TALENT

| *By Dhruv Aggarwal*



In the quiet of the cemetery, Sebastian, a young student, found solace among the weathered gravestones. Each one held a story, etched in fading letters and worn marble. He traced his fingers over the names, feeling a connection to the lives that had once walked the earth. As he sat on a nearby bench, Sebastian pondered the mysteries of existence. Why were we here? What was the purpose of it all?

These questions gnawed at his mind, driving him to seek answers wherever he could find them. With inspiration, Sebastian remembered his fascination with genealogy. He had always been drawn to the past, to the stories of those who came before.

Perhaps, he thought, the key to understanding the present lay in uncovering the secrets of the past. Armed with little more than a notebook and a fountain, Sebastian began his investigation. He meticulously recorded the names and dates inscribed on each gravestone, searching for connections and patterns. Slowly, the pieces began to fall into place, revealing the historical events of lives intertwined across generations. But Sebastian didn't stop there. He delved into historical records, looking for archives and libraries for any information he could find.

He became obsessed, spending hours poring over dusty tomes and crumbling documents in search of the truth. As the days turned into weeks, Sebastian's efforts bore fruit. He unearthed long-forgotten stories of love and loss, triumph and tragedy. Each discovery brought him closer to understanding the complex web of human existence.

And then, one fateful evening, Sebastian made a breakthrough. Hidden among the pages of an old family Bible, he found a clue that would change everything. It was a name, a single thread connecting him to a past he had never known. With trembling hands, Sebastian traced the letters, feeling a surge of excitement and anticipation. He had stumbled upon a hidden truth waiting to be uncovered. And as he embarked on the next chapter of his journey, Sebastian knew that he was on the brink of a discovery that would change his life forever.

RESTRAINED GIRL

- SHATAKSHIH SRIVASTAVA



She is very reserved and lonely girl. Sitting alone beneath the shade of a tree. Observing people passing of. Some RESTRAINED GIRL, some with their family and loved ones. She is watching them pass by her and wishing that she

also gets a person with whom she can share her feelings with. She desires someone whom she can

call as her comfort person. She has no family, no friends, no one to call as her own. She has escaped from her shelter to spend some peaceful

time with the nature. Nature is her only friend.

She shares her day doings with trees and animals.

Animals are her comfort. She needs someone who don't judge her and stays by her side. She is in

search of a faithful person; she wants to get out of

her restrained cell and showcase herself. She wants to boosts her confidence and stand out in the crowd. She wants to get recognized by people. She is depressed, unattended, unescorted.

THE ART OF DEFIANCE & REBELLION

BY DHRUV AGGARWAL

“Defiance is an art. It’s literature. It’s music. It’s poetry. It’s the art of breaking all those barriers that limit us from become what we truly are.”

Over the centuries, we’ve been conforming to certain rules and regulations that do not make any sense. Those rules are, usually, purposefully brought into this strict form of a societal barrier.

Rebellion isn’t just a fight for freedom. It’s the bloody fight for individuality, authenticity and identity.

It’s an act of pure violence against the oppression. It’s the desire to become your truest self.

It causes one to become conscious and think rationally. I’ve also always been fond of how humans had a way of rebelling the tyrannical authority.

The anarchism during the French Revolution is a great example of the rebellious nature of human beings.

It’s quite intriguing when given a thought. It took them years of violence and bloodshed to finally abolish the system of monarchy. It naturally gave birth to a spectrum in politics. Some that accept change and the others that do not.

“THE TRUE INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM”

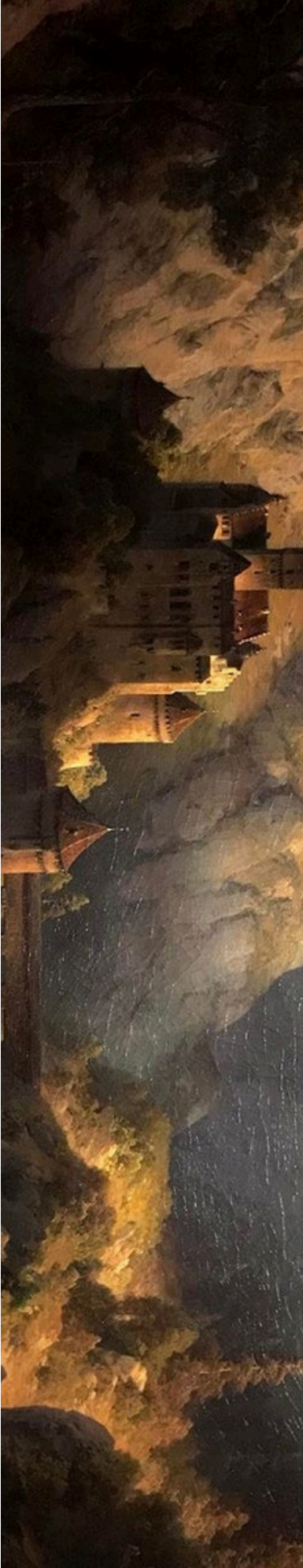
“The only way to deal with an unfree world is to become so absolutely free that your very existence is an act of rebellion.” – Albert Camus, “The Myth of Sisyphus”.

Albert Camus was a very famous French philosopher of his time and even today, his works are admired all around the globe. He believed in individual freedom and rebellion against all sorts of social constraints.

In his philosophy of ‘Absurdism’, he viewed the universe as inherently meaningless and yet wanted to embrace that absurdity by finding an individual purpose and personal freedom through the act of defiance, even if it goes against the societal norms.

Let me decode this quote further for better understanding. The world is an unfree place; there is an illogical, societal restriction on almost everything, which prevents us from being our true selves. So, Albert Camus explains that if we become absolutely free individually, our very existence would be an act of rebellion—a protest by the oppressed against the oppressors. The rebellion is not just against the external constraints but also against the internalised norms that the society imposes on us. Albert Camus suggests that the true freedom requires consciousness and deliberate act of defiance against these limitations.





“THE HISTORY OF REBELLIONS”

Defiance and Rebellion have been integral to human history, shaping societies, government, and cultures. These acts are always seen as responses to oppressions and injustices. They can range from peaceful protests to violent uprisings.

There are many examples of it in the human history. In 509 BCE, the Roman Empire was overthrown, leading to an establishment of Roman Republic. It was driven by the Romans' desire to eliminate the monarchical rule and establish a more representative system of governance.

And similarly, there were the Jewish revolts against the Roman Empire in the 1st and 2nd centuries CE were significant acts of defiance. These were fueled by religious and cultural oppression. Although they were unsuccessful, they have left a lasting impact on the Jewish history.

In Indian history, the Indian Rebellion of 1857 is well known for its defiance against the British East India Company. It is also referred to as the First War of Independence as Indians were suffering from the British oppression. It turned out to be unsuccessful and led to the British victory. India fell into the Direct Rule, or 'The Crown Rule' which gave them an opportunity to control the entire Indian subcontinent. However, it left a great impact in the society.

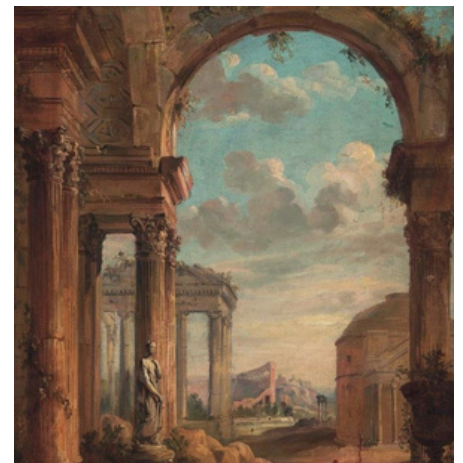
“THE RENAISSANCE”

The Renaissance was a period of history in Europe that gave birth to a cultural movement in the 15th and 16th centuries. It was an intellectual transformation that regulated the Greek philosophy of humanism, which was derived from the concept of Roman 'humanitas'. It marked a transition from the Middle Ages to modernity. It associated with great social change in fields like art, politics, architecture, music, science, literature and research.

It was a cultural defiance and a challenge against the medieval education system and the Authority of Church. It was an artistic innovation, a rebellion to the established norms of art.

It was also very much centered around the subject of Individualism.

Galileo Galilei and Leonardo da Vinci were some of the well-known Italian thinkers that emphasized the importance of empirical observation and experimentation, which, in turn, challenged the Aristotelian and Ptolemaic views adopted by the Church. This hugely impacted the fields of science, research and thinking.



Nicolaus Copernicus's heliocentric model of the solar system also contradicted the geocentric model that was supported by the Church, marking an act of intellectual rebellion. It greatly encouraged logical thinking instead of following the established set of traditional views or models. The invention of the printing press in the 15th century made knowledge available. It made the printing of books easier and was accessible to all. Secular music focused on the themes of love, nature and human experience was also considered as an act of rebellion against the Church and the exclusive religious themes that dominated medieval music.



“SPREAD OF COFFEE”

Coffeeshouses, which began to show up in Europe during the 16th century became centers for socializing, intellectual exchange, and political debate. It gave people an opportunity to gather and discuss ideas. Coffee also became a symbol of rebellion in the History of American Revolution after the Boston Tea Party, due to the Tea Act 1773, which imposed high taxes on tea.

The famous Boston Tea Party was also a very prominent protest fueled by the American Sons of Liberty against the British Tyranny. It led the Destruction of an entire shipment of tea sent by the East India Company. This soon escalated into the Great American Revolution.



“PRESENT WORLD”

In the today’s world, rebellion and defiance take various forms, from peaceful protests to armed insurrections.

The Civil Rights Movement in the United States, led by figures like Martin Luther King Jr., used nonviolent resistance to challenge racial segregation and discrimination in the US, resulting in significant political and social changes.

Non-violent protests are greatly inspired around the world from Mahatma Gandhi’s non-violent movements and protests to remove the British Raj from the Indian subcontinent. He has been a major player during the fight for the Indian Independence.



“IN CONCLUSION...”

All these fights, protests, acts of defiance, and rebellions are often against societal norms, racial discrimination, human rights violations, attacks on secularism, and much more. They are against the barriers put forth by people of the past. Traditional values that no longer have structure. It is a fight for humanity itself. It is not only a fight against oppression, but also a fight for individualism. And it is an art in itself. It is about regaining consciousness and making one’s life worth something. Understanding all these acts, and revolutions, we can appreciate the evolution of human beings and how far we’ve come over the centuries to unite and truly become ourselves

L O N E L Y

W H I S P E R S

By Nidhi Kothari



Loneliness is the beauty of nights
 It is when you dwell in your own life
 Watching no one is around, and knowing no one
 would be
 Realisation is the place that never existed for me
 Even if I die I would go back to the same place
 "to die again"
 The darkest shades have different form of you
 and your incapacibilities
 And the regretion that you will never love the real
 you
 You accept that you are the director that is
 fighting to get the hidden actor in you but
 sometimes the filmmaker take the snap of wrong
 part.

In the deepness of your eyes
 I saw the pain that demons in the dark scared you.
 In the deepness of your skin,
 I saw the scars that begged you to leave this world
 behind.
 The pain in your heart bought you under the deep
 sea where you never saw the brightness of dear
 earth and the beauty.
 You are the moon but the moon with scars
 The Stars in your eyes will glow one day the
 people who killed you will relive you one day
 O dear!
 Don't let the scars shout to kill the real you
 Let the eyes speak and shout-"Even when the
 world tore me apart i fought, i struggled, i cried
 and won before people could bury me inside the
 sea and to touch the lava."

THE UNEXPECTED GIFT

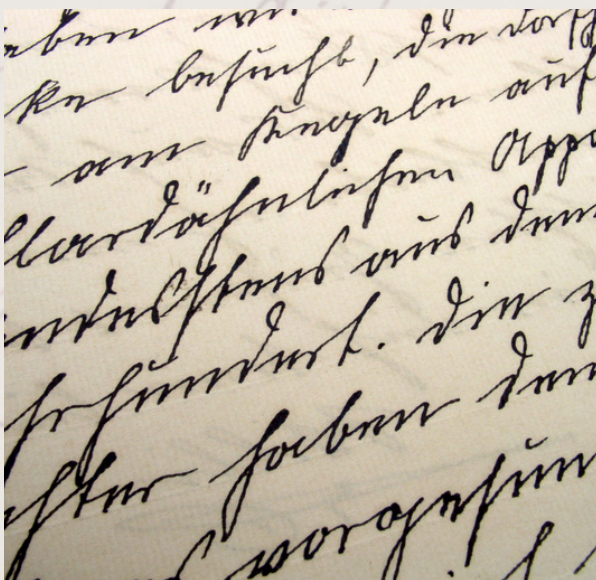
By Namisha

It was a normal Sunday afternoon. Melissa had finished her chores and was going to have relaxing bath. Suddenly the bell rang.

Melissa walked down the stairs cautiously with her feet not making the slightest sound. She opened the door which had cracked voice as if it was a person who had bad throat due to cold. She didn't see anyone standing at the door. Melissa moved her eyes down very carefully as though she was observing everything happening around. There was gift wrapped in blue paper with white dots and tiny butterflies with a small unusually twisted yellow ribbon. She picked the gift to see who had sent it for her but it appeared as if the person who had sent it did not have a name. She quickly closed the door and went to the living room. She sat down on the sofa trying to anticipate who sent it to her.

She kept thinking about the gift for a while.

She did not know who had sent it nor what it had inside. She then picked up her phone and called her best friend Sarah. Sarah picked up the phone and said, "Hi Mel, What's the matter why did you call up this hour?" Melissa was silent for minute and then she asked, " I received a gift this afternoon. Is there any chance that you sent it?" Sarah was puzzled by the question and then going into a thought for a second, she replied," No I haven't sent any gift to you." Sarah kept the phone with a feeling of anxiousness and a slight relief. Then she called up Sam and James but they had the same to say. Melissa was in state of perplexity not knowing why the gift had been sent to her and who sent it to her. She slowly picked the box and started to unwrap the gift. There inside was box and letter in a pink envelope with small flowers on it. She opened the box with gentle hands and then she saw a beautiful embroidered red gown with a pair of glittering golden shoes and a set of accessories. She opened the letter in full consciousness and concentration as though the letter would reveal the name. The letter read as follows;



"Hi Melissa,

I hope you are doing good. I know that you don't know me but I do. I saw for the first time walking down street 17 with bag full of vegetables. I admired you since then. I have no intention of harming you. Just wanted to send this little gift to remind you that you are beautiful and no one has the right to judge it.

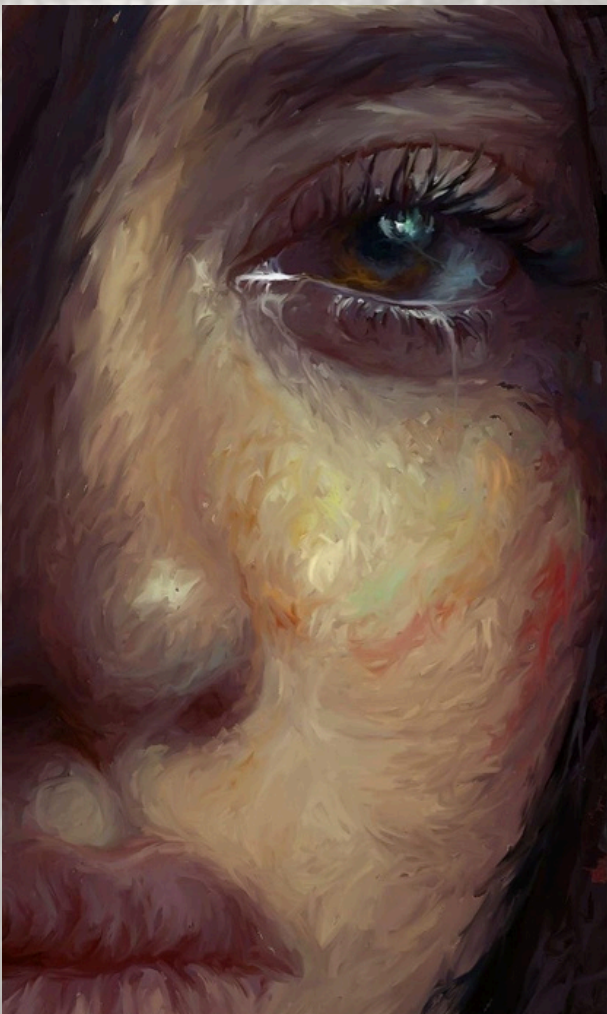
Anonymous"

Melissa yet was doubtful and unsure about this admirer but the letter had given her a sense of relief. She decided to keep the gift and letter with herself but she never knew who sent it.

Silent Tears

" :
A TALE OF TRUTH AND DECEPTION "

By Nidhi Kothari



Your eyes hold deepest secrets of the world .
The world where you never wished to live in,
In that harshness of the broken voice,
you wished that somebody would hear the sweetness that nobody admired for.
And waiting for the dark nights to take you to the war of the truths and lies,
Taking the conclusions of truthness of war you end up accepting the regretion of being the biggest liar.

ACCIDENT

By Alija Shamim



Yet, amidst the pain, a resilient bloom,
A fragile hope that dispels the gloom.
For love transcends the blame's cruel art,
It mends the fragments, rebuilding the heart.

In the echoes of grief, forgiveness may find,
A way to heal wounds, to bind.
For the girl who lost her love so dear,
Carries a burden no one else should bear.

Let empathy guide where judgment may cease,
And may healing whispers bring a gentle peace.
In the canvas of sorrow, a story unfurls,
Of a girl, a lost love, and the mending of worlds.

In shadows cast by fate's cruel hand,
A tale unfolds of love's demand.
A girl once danced in joy's embrace,
But tragedy struck, leaving an empty space.

Her lover lost in a twist of despair,
An accident's cruel, relentless snare.
Yet, in the wake of grief's darkened night,
Accusations rose, casting blame's bitter light.

A family torn, hearts heavy with grief,
Seeking solace, finding none, seeking relief.
They pointed fingers at the girl so fair,
Accusing her of destiny's cold affair.

But deep within her tear-stained eyes,
Lingered the truth, wrapped in silent cries.
For love was pure, an innocent flame,
Now drowned in sorrow, tarnished by shame.

She bore the weight of a tragic divide,
In the storm of sorrow, where emotions hide.
Misunderstood, in the tempest's sea,
She longed to set her own heart free.

THY MIND

By Akankshi Kumari

Should I maintain the silence Or
should I speak my mind
Running out of patience
Waiting impatiently...
Should I wind it up Or let it all loose?
Break free from this hell
And blow out my fuse?
Treading on this thin line, Begging
for what's mine All these pent up
thoughts my mind is still in knots...
People's judgemental glares, and
someone's anger flares
Does it have to be suppressed I don't
want it compressed Wanting to
break this cycle trying to find what's
vital

