



SquarePetals



Global Webzine

Personal Development
Face your Demon

Fest Zest
Celebrating Navratri

Short Story
**The Girl
Trick or Treat**

Fest Zest
Celebrating Navratri

Top Trends
Garba

Human Psychology
Cause of Suicide
If Humans have same Faces

Poems
My Doctor Brother

Photography
Kanchenjunga

Flavor Special
Litti Chokha



Cover story

Col Mickie Uberoi

President – Sant Ishwar Foundation
'GHAR' a charitable home

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**SHAURYA
RUGHWANI**



OCTOBER

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FROM THE DESK OF Editor-in-Chief

Hello friends,

Autumn breeze
Whispers these
Discarding clutter
Makes life better.

So, Let go & grow is the October message. As long as we provide space to clutter, be it in the mind or in the house, we keep blocking the path of happiness & good vibes in life. So make way for blissfulness & progress by removing negative thoughts, just throw away unnecessary baggage. 'Facing your Demons' is the Personal Development article this month, for the benefit of our readers. Demons are all killed by Goddess Durga, the supreme power, the Shakti, and here is the grand festival of Navratri celebrating this victory of good over evil. Best wishes dear readers, enjoy & stay healthy, wealthy & happy. Please mail us your valuable feedback about the October 2021 edition of SquarePetals Global Webzine.

Regards,
Stay safe , stay happy.

Sansriti Johri

Dr. Sansriti Johri
Editor-in-Chief

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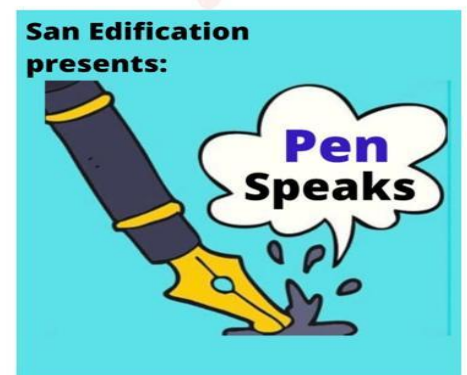
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**Healthy Lifestyle:
SelfCare**

Speaker:

Dr. Sansriti Johri

Author, Officer, Entrepreneur



San Edification Presentation

Squarepetals October 2021

Cover story





A charitable home of

SANT ISHWAR
FOUNDATION

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Making a difference to the lives of people'

An initiative to enhance the quality of life of orphan children, women with disabilities and elderly persons

Plot No. 30, Survey No. 255, Opposite Dashmesh Gurudwara
179 Deccan College Road, Yerawada, Pune – 411006

Each one of us has a desire to do something for those who are lesser fortunate than us. Each one does so in one's own ways. Some are fortunate to be able to give wings to their dreams. Ghar is an outcome of one such dream.

Ghar is about belongingness, hope, future, security, education, care and affection; about feelings, emotions and above all about love. Ghar is what each one of us cherishes in our hearts.

About Ourselves

Sant Ishwar Foundation is a registered public charitable trust which was incorporated in 2018 by a team of four retired Army officer veterans (now seven veterans) along with other members to serve humanity. Having served in the Armed Forces for several decades with commitment and responsibility and in the highest traditions of the Armed Forces, this team has immersed themselves in activities that relate to the humane aspects of society and have garnered their vast experience to create a charitable trust for the benefit of the public. The Trust envisions empowering marginalised and orphan children, women with disabilities and the elderly.

The Trust has all statutory registrations and under sections 12AA and 80G of the Income Tax Act, 1961.

How it all began

Colonel Mickie Uberoi (Retd), the founder trustee had dreamt of starting an orphanage/childcare home at a very young age when he was still a cadet in the National Defence Academy, Khadakwasla. In 2007, he took premature retirement from the Army, an organisation that he loves, to give wings to his urge to help the underprivileged and to serve humanity. Over the years, he has educated children from poor families, has treated and rehabilitated a paralysed person and has



helped to uplift the poor in various ways. Over the years as the calling within him to give wings to his dream grew, so also the conflict brewing within intensified. Where was the money for creating the infrastructure and the operational expenditure going to come from? After all he was just a pensioner with only a modest source of income. The urge, however, prevailed and he finally set forth to construct a seven storey building with his life's savings and borrowed funds to create Ghar.

An encounter with young paralysed women in a rehabilitation centre for paraplegics in Mumbai and getting to hear their stories



germinated the idea of a home for paraplegics wherein paralysed women from the underprivileged sections of society would lead a life of dignity and get mainstreamed in society. The home for the elderly was conceptualised for both the elderly residents and the children to partake from each other's company and the natural bonding and affection that would come about amongst them in due course. Thus was born Ghar - an abode for marginalized/orphan children, paralysed women and the elderly.

Need for Intervention

India is home to a large number of orphans and children in need of care and protection. Such children are often among the high risk, insecure and deprived groups who are denied not only their rights as children but also their childhood.

The ongoing COVID pandemic has taken a heavy toll on children. As per the National Commission for Protection of Child Rights (NCPCR), 30,071 children were orphaned, lost a parent or abandoned mostly due to the COVID crisis up to 5 June 2021. Out of these, 7084 children are from Maharashtra.

Children/orphans in need of care and protection face immense challenges - lack of belongingness, psychological issues, malnutrition, lack of education and access to healthcare, insecurity and a bleak future.

There is thus a need to augment the efforts of the Govt and NGOs in taking care of marginalised children/orphans and providing them a sense of belongingness, security, education, access to healthcare, care and support for their overall development.

Disabled people constitute a significant 2.21% (26.8 million) of India's 2011 Census population of 1.21 billion. 8.3% (20.78 million) of the total households in the country have disabled members. Maharashtra is home to



11.05% of the total disabled population in the country and 2.64% of its own population.

Paralysed women face immense challenges, at times even in acceptance by their own family members, a feeling of helplessness, lifelong medical issues that require regular medical treatment, insecurity, a lack of opportunities in terms of jobs and the inability to contribute as productive members of society. There is a need to rehabilitate them, to strive to give



them their due place in society and to make them productive members of society.

As per the 2011 Census Report, India was home to 104 million elderly people. This number is growing by the year.

Many elderly people are forced to stay alone due to the migratory work requirements of their children or for other reasons.

Elderly/old age people often face problems of loneliness, insecurity and a lack of a healthy and congenial environment which takes care of their special needs, particularly in cases where the children are away or neglect them.

Our Work

In order to address the problems of orphan/marginalised children, paralysed women and the elderly Sant Ishwar Foundation has created Ghar in a seven storey building specially designed and constructed to house children, disabled women and the elderly all under one roof; to empower them through quality education, mainstream them and make them productive members of society while enhancing the quality of life of the elderly.

Ghar will take care of the boarding, nutritional, education, health and personal needs of marginalised/orphan children. They will be

provided with quality education in English medium schools and all other facilities that are needed to make them realise their full potential and to become capable to participate and compete in all activities much like we do in respect of our own children. This will help them in pursuing their dreams and leading a life of dignity and respect in society.

Paralysed women who are wheelchair mobile will be admitted from all sections of society. They will be provided numerous facilities in an environment of a home. Our aim is to make them confident, independent and productive members of society and to empower them. The elderly will be provided a healthy and congenial environment with group activities, entertainment and medical support to make their lives secure, content and fulfilling. The home for the elderly will be self sustaining.

Ghar will house 40 orphan/marginalised girls, 10 paralysed women and 19 senior citizens when fully occupied.

Orphan/marginalised girls will be sent to Ghar by Govt agencies. The trust will approach Govt hospitals and agencies to identify paralysed women who wish to become beneficiaries of the facility. Awareness, visibility and word of



mouth will help in spreading the word in respect of the old age home facility.

Ghar is about belongingness, security, hope, education, future, care and affection and above all about love. It is a replica of the environment of a home with three generations of members living and bonding together as a family much like children, parents and grandparents do in our own homes. We intend to support marginalised/orphan girls till they become financially independent and settle down in life. We do hope they will carry the message of humanity, empathy and love which they will be recipients of to their respective worlds and give back to society in times to come.

Ghar will provide good amenities, healthy nutrition, healthcare, education, recreational facilities and good hygiene and sanitation. Ghar will provide counselling to the residents and do what it takes to make them grow into well informed and responsible adults, empower them and mainstream them in society as productive and law abiding citizens.

The trust will also endeavour to strengthen community participation in creating sustainable development opportunities for vulnerable children and paralysed women. The operational costs of the childcare home and the home for paralysed women will be funded with the help of donations from the public and CSR.

Present Status

The opening of Ghar was delayed due to the pandemic. The homes for paralysed women and the elderly will now be inaugurated on 2 October 2021 followed by the childcare home in the second phase.

We appeal to all members of the public to come forth and become a part of the journey of Ghar.

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conditioned to fear by the situations around us.

The good news is that the emotion of fear can be controlled. There are circumstances and events that we must avoid. Your task is to identify the monsters and demons that scare you, you alone know the kind of fears that are

FACING YOUR DEMONS

There are things that scare us in life. Our minds have imaginary demons and monsters which we have created. Those demons and monsters have been scaring and tormenting us.

These demons infuse fear within us. They hold us back from attempting greater things in life. They hold us down from trying to take risks. The greatest barrier to success is, fear.

Fear is a success killer and destiny destroyer. Fear is an emotion just like anger and ego. There is nothing wrong in having the emotion of fear, it is part of every human nature, especially in times of danger, to either fight or take flight. There is lot of other emotions also attached to fear; we all have the emotions of fear but we were not born to be afraid. We got

holding you back. Fear is a limitation to success; it usually comes at the edge of breakthrough to stop people from breaking through. You must do those things that scare you, you must have your demons eye to eye, you must be willing to go extra mile by pulling the bull by the horn.

You must be determined to contend with every opposition that comes your way. When people tell you that you can't do certain things and you believe them, you have placed a limit on your potential. When you believe that you can't do it or you can't become, you have minimized your greatness.

The lion and the Elephant who is bigger in size? It is the elephant of course. The Lion also not the fastest and strongest animal on the earth where we have hyenas and cheetahs. What makes the Lion stand out is, it's bravery. In facing your demons you need to be as brave as a lion. You need to go after those that seem

impossible, you need to try those things that seem unattainable. You need to come out of your comfort zone of fear and go after those things that you want in life.

Lasting success is attracted to the courageous not to the weak minded. If you are not taking enough risk, you are risking failure. Success is negotiable but it takes courage to turn the tables around for your Greatness.

Most people are suffering from the sickness of fear. Fear of not having enough money, fear of death, fear of loss and disappointment, all these have imprisoned them. When children watch cartoons with demons, the images of monsters they have seen gets registered in their mind and they begin to act and think fearfully. In reality those monsters are created in their minds and aren't real.

We all have various monsters that are scaring us; monsters that don't really exist rather we make them to exist and frustrate our lives. The good news is that the demons scaring and tormenting your life really have no power over your life. You must accept the reality of the fact that those mind tormenting demons can get their grips out of your life.

Whatever you are scared of doing, can grow to become demons. A little fear can escalate into a bigger fear. You must deal with fear squarely and brutally. Fear is just a state of mind. It is due to the conditioning of your mind that gives power to fear or disempowers it.

We must face that scary demon standing on our path to glory. We all have demons to conquer at every point in our lives. We must

get to the point that we become fearless and dare the consequences for what is going to happen.

For Moses he had the red Sea to conquer. For David he had Goliath to conquer. Until you face the demon scaring you, you will remain a victim. Fear is afraid of those who dare it.

The three Hebrew boys Shadrach, Meserch and Abednego were threatened to be thrown into the furnace of fire if they do not bow down to worship the idol of Nebuchadnezzar. The fear of being consumed by the blazing fire didn't stop them. They accepted to be thrown into the furnace than to worship Nebuchadnezzar's golden image. Did they perish? No, they survived.

Dealing with your demons gives freedom from captivity. It gives liberty for living. No man is free until he does all those things that scare him. I don't know what you are scared of, you can emancipate yourself from every captivity of fear against all odds. Success honors the brave. You should develop a fearless mindset towards whatever is confronting you.



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Festival of Shakti

The Supreme Power: Goddess Durga

Navratri is the festival of celebrating Shakti, the power, the Goddess Durga. It festival lasts nine days & is usually in the months of September -October. This fiesta is Gujarat fiesta. Navratri celebration continues for "9" days and on the 10 th day there is celebration of Dussehra, the days which hails victory of goodness over evil.

During Navratri, people play "garba- Dandiya" which are the popular traditional folk dances. Women wear colourful "CHANIYA CHOLI" and men wear "KEDIA". These traditional outfits speak of our rich culture.

Durga puja is done during Navratri in Bengal, Assam, Tripura, Odisha and Bihar. Durga puja is also known as "Durogatsava" also "Sharodotsava".

During the nine days of Navratri Goddess is worshipped in her different forms. On the first day "Mata Shailputri", second day

"Brahmacharini", third day "Chandraghanta", fourth day "Kushmanda", fifth day "skanda Mata", on sixth day "Katyayani", on seventh day "Kaalratri", on eighteenth day "Mahagauri" and on the ninth day "Siddhidatri". Every day is this devoted to "Durga puja".

Dussehra is also known as "Vijaya Dashami". On this day Lord Ram had killed Ravan, the demon.

So, this October again brings the joyful opportunity! Now comes the time from 6th October, to flaunt colourful chanya- choli, to show off dangles & bangles, to impress with shining Kedia and to dance to the rhythm of joys on the tunes of Garba & Dandiya. Happy Navratri .

By VISHWA THAKKER



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THE GIRL

Something in her appealed him. She was coy and cheerful, but there was something beyond just the looks and the pretty face that he sensed, something that showed an inner strength...and resoluteness. He conjectured what her dreams were and what she aspired to be. Would she just follow in the footsteps of her elders and remain cast in the mould that had been the essence of her existence till now? Or would she break out of the role that had been predestined for her by her near and dear ones within the bounds of local societal customs and set forth to chart her own course in life, to follow her own dreams, never

forgetting though the love and affection she had been deluged with by those who had nourished her during her nascent years? He somehow felt an inner desire to see this girl happy in life. He looked up at the skies and sent up a silent prayer to the Gods to shower her with bountiful of happiness in her journey through life.

The ladies danced to the beat of the drums. They were dark in skin, the hours spent working in the unforgiving sun, generation after generation, had but naturally made these fisherwomen acquire a dark and coarse skin texture. But the purity of their hearts was unblemished and their souls unsullied... as if they were the children of a greater God. They were attired in bright multihued sarees that were tucked up to their waists, revealing their knees and lower thighs. The young girls danced with gay abandon oblivious of the

unshaven bunch of onlookers who watched in fascination. The dance was a slow rhythmic gyration of their torsos and limbs in complete and precise unison to the steady and rather unmelodious beat of the drums - certainly nowhere akin to what is portrayed in films. He sat on top of the flight of high steps that swung around half the hardened ground on which the dancers beat their feet and made merry.

He was enjoying every moment of what was being enacted before him. Towards his left, at a distance of around 7-8 feet and a step lower sat the young girl. He fleetingly glanced at her... but something made him to keep looking

at her time and again. Her smile was infectious and she gleefully cheered the dancers many of whom were of her age or younger. There was a spirit of gaiety, of tranquility and of acceptance that seemingly sprung from her and enshrined him in a warm embrace. What is it of this 10 years old child that awestruck him and held him in a trance? What is it that made him shower unspoken blessings on her? What is it that made him wish that time should freeze and remain so for ever? He rummaged for the answers but couldn't find any.

Uthambar, a tiny coastal village lay 200 miles south of Mumbai. A narrow creek separated the village into two halves. The Northern part was inhabited by Hindus while the Muslims dominated the southern half. The two communities had lived harmoniously since generations and enjoyed amiable relations. As the tide rose and abated, the width of the creek oscillated likewise.

Albatross and Rajhans had dropped anchor in the shallow creek in the early evening hours, an impromptu stopover while on their way to Goa and beyond to Cochin. The decision had been taken on the insistence of Ganpat and Kamal, two tindals who looked after the upkeep of the yachts and whose village it was. They were old hands who were the bastions of the staff of the Corps of Engineers Sailing Club and who had displayed exemplary commitment and loyalty over the years. The young sea battered sailors were bemused by the overwhelming sight of the entire village folk turning out to welcome them as they sailed into the creek. Old and young, babies in arms clinging onto their mother's watched in fascination as the yachts dropped anchor and the crew lowered themselves into small

canoes to come ashore. Strong and comforting hands helped the crew ashore as they unsteadily stepped onto firm ground after being in the confines of their yachts for days and nights and being subjected to unrelenting rolling and pitching at sea. They ambled ashore in a seemingly drunken stupor.

The village had been colourfully decked. Festivities were in the air. The entire village was turning out for the marriage celebrations of a young nubile girl who was set to begin the next phase of her life and these shabbily dressed sailors, each looking scruffier than the other, were to be the guests of honour! First things first the village elders said! A march to the village well that lay away from the prying eyes of young giggling damsels followed. Fresh prawns and fish mouthed down with the local brew gave a heady start to the evening of revelry!

He looked at her and felt lightness in his heart. He had transcended from the hustle bustle of the life he had known all these years to a world of innocence and purity, of ordinary folk who toiled by the day but who rejoiced with abandon, unfettered from envy, prejudices and negativity. His heart warmed up to the simplicity and genuineness of these poor fishermen folk and their offspring.

The girl was not oblivious to his by now frequent glances. She looked at him with curiosity but felt awfully shy. With a mischievous giggle she turned her face away. Who was this unkempt bearded man with a dark tan and a head cap that made him look like a villain in the movies? Why is he looking at me? She glimpsed at him slyly from the corner of her eyes and saw him smiling at her. She somehow felt reassured. No, he couldn't

be the bad guy they show in the movies! But he's different. I've never seen a piece like him before!

He felt beholden to her. But a tinge of anxiety was irking him. He saw girls of all ages frolicking and making merry as if there was no tomorrow. The girl by his side cheered and clapped, there was a glee in her eyes... she radiated a warmth like no one did... but she did not join the dancing. He wondered why...

The revelry delved well into the night. As the moon rose and lit the village in a bright hue, in accordance with an ancient custom the village folk had followed for centuries, the rejoicing came to an end. The ladies rolled down their sarees and gathered their belongings. It was time to go home.

A lady, seemingly the girl's mother, walked up to the girl. She knelt before the girl and held her hands out to her. It appeared to him that she was about to embrace the girl. Instead she put her arms under the armpits of the young girl and lifted her up...

The sight hit him like a bolt from the skies... he had basked in the innocence and the charm of this little girl and just moments ago had prayed for her happiness. What he saw unfurling before his eyes seemed to be a cruel joke...

The lady lifted the girl and under her armpits she placed two crutches; the girl was stricken with polio on her legs!!

As he stood dumbstruck, she walked past him confidently on her crutches... she looked back over her shoulders and smiled at him... there was a twinkle in her eyes and cheer on her face. He gazed in shock at her diminutive figure as it receded in the

distance and darkness, finally engulfed her in its embrace... a glow seemed to emanate and leave a trail behind, a glow that would linger on and remain permanently etched in his heart and mind for all times to come, a glow that he had basked in and yet a glow that had bled his heart and thrown his mind in deep anguish and turmoil... tears flowed freely down his cheeks. He looked up at the skies and prayed for the falling star to make his wish. Little did he know then that the girl was an omen for a larger purpose, a fairy to convey to him what he needed to do ahead... she had left him in a trance and in shock but had also awakened his soul... in the times ahead he would trod up the arduous journey of life with his heart leading the way...

He felt a sudden lightness in his heart.

Amongst the millions of stars that twinkled and glittered in the dark velvet night sky, he knew he had seen the brightest of them all. He turned around and put forth his foot... and began a journey with a new beginning and a new purpose, a purpose that would crystallize in his heart and soul over the years as he made passage through the din of life... never for a moment forgetting the twinkle in her eyes and the cheer on her face as she looked back over her shoulders and smiled at him...



Col Mickie Uberoi (Retd.)

**President – Sant Ishwar Foundation
'GHAR' a Charitable Home, Pune**

**A deeply pious relationship
It is not just Kinship!
You can't separate shadow from you,
My Brother
Your sister is always there for you!
People celebrate 'Rakhi'
You discharge your duty
For everyone's well being
So we do not meet,
So what! Your blessing
Is my precious Gift!!!**



Dr. B. S. Parimal

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If by chance anyone meets failure in the mid of the process of attaining the goal, he thinks life is worthless. It can be observed here that a person meeting failure has not given up on desire and wants, but he has encountered blame in the mid. Now, he finds himself stuck in between the Commanding Self and the Blamed Self.

CAUSE OF SUICIDE

Every year 10th September is celebrated as the “WORLD SUICIDE PREVENTION DAY”. It is important to first understand that what leads a person to think about Suicide and end up his/her life. Every human being has some desires, wishes and wants which dominate throughout his life. An individual wants to have a full command over whatever he wants. He wants his all desires to be fulfilled in the present moment. But in doing so, we have forgotten to live actually.

Today, we all are competing in one or the other way, in order to achieve a Good Quality of Life and that too at the stake of Psychological and Emotional well-being. We are running after materialistic things to please ourselves as well as, others. We are more concerned about what others say and think rather than what self thinks and want to do. We have become conditioned to excel and achieve greater heights in terms of money, fame, social status, etc. and in doing so we forget to enjoy the process.

We often talk about Mental Health and well-being. Many campaigns are being conducted in this regard, to spread awareness about Mental Health. Looking into the issue of Suicides, there are many campaigns conducted for Suicide Prevention as well. However, looking for the cause of Suicide is the need of hour. What compels an individual to attempt suicide. Why does he feel worthless? In order to resolve this issue, attempts should be made on spreading awareness that Family and Health are the two ingredients in Life that make life & living worthy and meaningful.

Stressful events come and go, they are like pebbles and sand which may occupy space in our life, but do not last for a longer period of time.



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Trick-or-Treat

Trick-or-treat on a Halloween night is as exciting as ever, right? Halloween is, when kids get to enjoy the most. Eric is the kind of kid who loves to stay at home and read books. Weird, right? But that's how he is!

"Eric!" a voice rang from downstairs.

"Say...what are you going to dress up as tonight?"

"Well," Eric bookmarked his book and kept it away, "I don't know, Mamma. I guess I will stay home as usual."

"Come on, Eric," Mrs Carter nudged him, "it's Halloween, ya know! HALLOWEEN!"

"Okay, Mom," he cleaned his glasses, "well, you know that I don't like these weird clothing and all."

"Even Fern is dressing as a witch, ya know!" she giggled.

Uh-oh! She mentioned Fern. Eric is weak against books and Fern. After all, he has a crush on her.

"F-fine, Mom," he looked away, "I'll wear the costume, okay? You go and enjoy the party."

"My, my!" Mrs Carter patted his head. "Look who's getting all fired up!"

"Okay, okay," she hurried towards the door, "see you later, Eric! Enjoy!"

"Bye!"

With a glistening coat, canine teeth and long hair, Eric resembled Dracula in totality. Cool, right? He locked the door and left.

"All set," he said, "now it's time to meet Fern at Town Square." "Oy boy!" a voice called.

"Who's that?" he turned around.

To his surprise, there was no one to be seen.

“Tryin’ to scare me, eh?” he shouted. “You know what? I won’t be scared cause I KNOW that zombies, cyclops or wizards don’t exist.”
 “Are you sure, hmm,” the voice replied, closer to Eric, “that wizards don’t exist?”

Are you sure, hmm,” the voice replied, closer to Eric, “that wizards don’t exist?”

“Of course!” Eric turned around. “Who are you?”

“I am a wizard.” he said. “This emerald-crowned staff is the source of my magic, magical cape and pointed hat...don’t you think I am a wizard?”

“Of course not,” he chortled, “today is Halloween. There are plenty of them dressed up like you and me.”

“I’m not dressed up, son,” he retorted, “if you don’t believe that I’m a wizard, let me show you.”

“Wizards can do magic,” he said, “but you are pretending to be one.”

“In the name of Magnus Lee,” the emerald shot beams, “please grow me a chocolate tree!”

And what he saw was real magic. The earth tore open, and out crawled what resembled a treetop. Boom! The tree shot out of the earth and grew roots, thrusting down the soil.

Indeed! With every popping sound, a chocolate branched from the tree.

“Impossible!” Eric cried. “I can’t believe that’s a chocolate tree. You are a wizard?” “I told you,” he pouted, “but YOU wouldn’t listen to me. Hmph!”

“I’m sorry, Mr Wizard,” he forced a smile.

“Enough!” the wizard exclaimed. “Call me Magnus, okay?”

“Okay!” he said. “Magnus, why did you come here?”

“Your grandfather left a diary for you, if you remember, Eric,” he snapped his fingers, “so, make sure you read it. And also, I’m taking the tree. Well then, later.”

With that Magnus the Wizard was gone from sight. The tree vanished underground and the dug out soil filled the hole. It looked as new as ever, like there never was a tree at that place.

“Grandfather’s diary, huh?” Eric started mulling over it. “Ah-ha! I know where it is.”

“Hey Eric!” a girl came running towards him.

“Fern!” he exclaimed. “You look as gorgeous as ever!”

“Oh come on, Eric,” she blushed, “we’ve gotta go! The group’s waiting for you.” “Trick-or-treat!” he clapped his hands. “Wait outside. I’m coming.”

“So that’s Fern, huh?” a similar voice spoke to him.

“Mr Magnus?” he searched for him. “You are still here, right?”

“No,” he whispered, “I’m in the other world.’ If you want to know more about magic, whisper ‘Open! O Great Gate of Realm! Magic Elm of Magic Realm!’

I look forward to it.

Moin Khan Pathan



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



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Photography



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Kangchenjunga, also spelled Kanchenjunga, is the third highest mountain in the world. It rises with an elevation of 8,586 m (28,169 ft) in a section of the Himalayas called Kangchenjunga Himal delimited in the west by the Tamur River, in the north by the Lhonak Chu and Jongsang La, and in the east by the Teesta River. It lies between India and Nepal, with three of the five peaks, namely Main, Central and South, directly on the border, and the peaks West and Kangbachen in Nepal's Taplejung District.



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- Could your ideal course be in Australia, Canada, New Zealand, The UK, Ireland or the USA?
- it has been recognized that certain countries (currently 18) do not have strict laws regulating the entry and employment of foreign nationals.
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If humans had same faces

The eminent Swiss Psychiatrist Carl Jung has said, "People will do anything, no matter how absurd, to avoid facing their own souls." He also said, "Who looks inside, awakes."

A world where every human has the same face sounds almost perfect. A world without any beauty standard to adhere to, a place where mind will matter more than appearances. But a coin has two sides and grass is always greener on the other side. The thought seems like nothing more than an escape to me, an escape from reality. It portrays the fragility of human mind. The thought of such a world is proof that humans tend to find their solace in impossible fantasies rather than facing reality. Why else would we imagine the impossible rather than enjoying the world so meticulously created for us?

If I talk about myself, I am a 17-year-old who weighs only 37 kilograms. I am underweight and wherever I go, I am reminded that I am underweight. Does that make me feel insecure? Very. But does that mean I don't accept

myself the way I am? No, because I am more than my weight. I exist in the poems I write. I exist in words I speak. I am a unique creation, flawed or unflawed, just like every other person in this world, I am enough.

The world where humans had the same faces is a perfect example of a dystopian society i.e., an imaginary society where chaos prevails and there exists no order. If such a world ever exists, it will be the beginning of destruction. Our egos will clash because of our need to be superior to one another. Due to same faces everywhere, everyone will face a severe existential crisis. We will fight tooth and nail to earn name and fame. Individuality will be lost. Certain ideas of creativity will cease to exist. The world that reeks of perfection will eventually be our downfall. Personally, I won't enjoy waking up to same faces everywhere. What a monotonous life that would be!

We are a part of uniquely crafted, wonderfully flawed and scrupulously created world. We live in a world where no two same species look similar. Everything from our DNA sequence to our fingerprint and tongue print is unique. Even a tree is devoid of two similar leaves. Nature intended our world to be this way, a place where uniqueness is seen at every nook and cranny.



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roast for 2 minutes. Add all the spices and salt. Turn off the flame, now make small balls out of dough. Fill it with the filling made. Make filled up balls in the same way.

Now grill on oven or in tandoor or direct flame till it is golden colour. Pour some ghee over it.

For chokha
Ingredients

2 boiled and mashed potatoes

2 green chillies

Some coriander leaves, finely chopped

1 onion finely chopped

1/2 tomato finely chopped

Salt to taste

Red chilli powder according to taste

1 tbsp mustard oil.

Method

Take mashed potatoes in a bowl. Add onion, tomato, green chillies, coriander leaves

Add salt ,chilli powder and masala. Pour little mustard oil over it and mix well.

Serve with litti.

Litti chokha

Ingredients:

For litti

1 cup whole wheat flour

1 tbsp suji

1 tbsp ghee

Salt to taste

Take all in a plate, knead a medium consistency dough adding water. Keep aside.

For filling

1 cup sattu

Salt and red chilli powder

1 TSP each

1/2 TSP Jeera powder

1/2 tsp Garam masala powder

1/2 TSP amchur (dry mango) powder

1 tsp oil

Method

Heat oil in a pan. Add sattu and



Falguni Thakkar
Award Winner Chef
& Author of Hand to Heart



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