

## CREATIVE WRITING

### POEMS

#### LOVE

Love those who love you; some good thing  
They find in you; nurse it:  
Love those who hate you; some bad thing  
They find in you; change it.

We are human, 'bye' makes us cry,  
Simple jokes make us laugh:  
Little care means crush and we sigh,  
And touch raises love graph.

A life with love may have some thorns,  
But a life without love  
Has no roses, God so adorns  
Our life that we may love.

Let's be unique like love and salt;  
Sans salt food is tasteless;  
If love is absent, heart will halt,  
Making living lifeless.

The best life is to live with one  
Who gives you all his love:  
The best death is in arms of one  
Whom you adore and love.

We may not meet, we may not start  
The day with Hi! and Bye!  
If trust at heart, love won't depart,  
No need to 'sigh' and 'die' !

When love unknown, you wear joy crown;  
When love known, you know pain :  
If love gone, woe-begone, you frown,  
True value of life gain.

I know she always lies to me,  
Still I love her a lot :  
'I love you' when she says to me,  
I know facts, still hate not.

**Kedar Nath Sharma**  
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## WORDS OF WISDOM

Count your life by smiles  
Count your garden by flowers, never by leaves that fall  
Count your days by golden hours,  
Don't remember clouds at all  
Count your night by stars,  
Not by shadows  
Count your life by smiles,  
Not by tears  
And joy on every birthday  
Count your age by friends,  
Not by years.

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## WORDS

Words are untold  
Words are unfold  
Words should be hold  
Words are gold.

Words need tie  
Which can buy  
Each and every  
Smile and cry.

Words are rough  
Words are tough  
Words lead the way  
To do a stuff.

Words are power  
Words are shower  
Words may hover  
Words need drawer.

Words are expression  
Words are frustration  
Words need preparation  
To save the generation.

Words are mist  
Words can twist  
Words are fist  
To crack the list.

Words are hope  
Words are slope  
Words can crop  
The line of trope.

Words are thrill  
Words are shrill  
Words are zeal  
Words can heal.

Words are light  
Words are bright  
Words can fight  
With every plight.

Word is wisdom  
Word is wit  
Word is mild  
To celebrate thy deed.

Words can flow  
Words can blow  
Words have twin  
To make you glow.

Words are desire  
As frost in fire  
Words are smooth  
As butter in scoop

Words would link  
Words could sink  
Words should pink  
Words need ink.

Word is life  
Make thy thrive  
Words can drive  
Thy every strife.

If birth on earth  
Then words are mirth  
The mirth on earth  
By thy every word.

It plays many roles  
Both path and holes  
It drafts our way  
To reach the goal.

The word is love  
Pure as a dove  
To understand the club  
Through internal bulb.

In the last  
Please slow thy fast  
It would imprint  
A memorable past.

**Purushottam**  
Principal  
PGHS Itkhori, Chatra

### **Beauty behind Face**

I have told u a lot of tips  
To make Ur beauty like running whips.  
Have calmness on Ur steady face;  
And don't make Ur look a cause of distress.  
Always Believe in your inner charm,  
That makes Ur persona a flying Swarm.  
Don't judge yourself as per judgement of mirror,  
It will fill your heart with full of terror.  
Never give Ur beauty a vanity fair,  
It moves from Ur face the natural layer.  
Who has command over the godly visage;  
Fairness vanishes age after age.

### **The Dusky Dawn**

Don't think evening is the end of the day,  
It's the beginning of the nature's pray.  
The scattered sunrays spreading their charm,  
Clouds are humming like flying swarm.  
Don't forget, the setting sun itself is a tomorrow alarm,  
That awakes us in the way of worldly warn.  
Admixture of yellow and blazing red puts the evening on fire,  
It seems that homeward birds singing with lyre.  
The sun has put on gathered golden jewellery,  
The day is still alive with its past gallery.  
Always welcome the parting day with hopeful smile  
That never changes the day in dusky toil.

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## SHORT STORY

### THE STING OF INFATUATION

Raghuram was a man of science and had least concern with what is happening around him. He dedicated his life to the cause of his research and laboratory for which perhaps he was born ; he also was proficient in every branch of natural philosophy, and made an experiment spontaneously of his relationship with his wife in a spiritual affinity more attractive than any chemical one. It so happened one morning that he left his laboratory to the care of an assistant, changed his physical built up by clearing his countenance from the furnace smoke, washed the stain of the acids from his fingers and went after a beautiful woman to pursue to become his wife. It was not usual as the love of science to rival the love of woman in its depth and absorbing energy. The higher intellect, the imagination, the spirit found their congenial aliment in pursuits which as some of their ardent votaries believed, would ascend from one step of powerful intelligence to the other instinctive call of the heart, which may ultimately lead to his final doom, creating a vacuum for the one on whose infatuation he falls all of a sudden. Raghuram was not knowing how far a man is able to control the superior powers of nature, but also he never knew that this power was working in his own internal self. No doubt, he had devoted himself with full hearts to the scientific studies ever to be weaned from them by any second passion. In future, his love for his young wife might prove to be the strongest of the two, but it could only be intertwining itself with his love of science and uniting the strength of the latter to his own predicament.

Elenza was the name of his beautiful wife. The day he was married to her he had almost forgotten his laboratory. Formerly, he would never miss going to the laboratory which he used to call his temple, and there he had carved out in bold letters, 'work is worship,' and really his work was worship, but what happened to him, just after his marriage that all of a sudden his previous versions changed to his confinement ending round the surroundings of his wife, and he left his laboratory to the care of his assistant, a worthy man but certainly not of the level of Raghuram, as, in him, there was nothing of the passionate attachment to be seen as in Raghuram. The laboratory of Raghuram was his life as well as his soul. Needless to say that there was no place for anyone in his life till date.

But, now, after Raghuram's marriage with Elenza the responsibilities and devotion of Raghuram shifted from the former to the latter causing much anxiety to Elenza who noticed a big change in Raghuram, therefore, any word of Raghuram in appreciation of her beauty would put her in great embarrassment, apprehending some great misfortune not only in her life but also in that of Raghuram, and, for this reason, when Raghuram would say to her, 'Elenza, you have changed my life from degradation to upliftment.' Elenza would reply, 'why have you degraded yourself to talk like this? Raghuram would answer, 'I feel a tremendous sort of upliftment in

your company, and you call it degradation, this is really very shocking for a man like me.' 'I am more shocked,' Elenza would answer, 'Than you for the reason ,perhaps, not known even to you. What do you think about my selecting you as my life partner, only because you love me or because you hold a good post of status in society or you are very handsome, which you are certainly not,' in anger, she would go on saying like this and further, she would continue, 'Yes I selected you as my life partner only because I could see in you a great prospect for being a scientist who could do something to the cause of suffering humanity, but, of late, I am seeing that you have shattered all my hopes to the cause of nothing that is your infatuation for me. No, I never expected from a man of science and researcher like you such a smallness of behaviour, I am really disheartened.'

Elenza was right, Raghuram had really forgotten the whole world, of course, now for Elenza, which he previously used to do for science, and this was the thing which was disturbing her day and night. Elenza was knowing that her husband was a genius who could do something which others could not, and if he stops going to the laboratory, a great damage may hamper to the cause of the research carried out by her dear husband. Raghuram was absorbed in excellent beauty of her with no time for any other work. This was really very disturbing for Elenza, and she was always thinking about the plan to drag him out of the halo which her extraordinary beauty had worked on his mind and heart and virtually had captured him instinctively. She wanted that her husband must go back to his project, which she believed was exceptional and unique. Genuine and productive research meant a lot for Elenza not only in the interest of personal achievements but in the interest of the masses. She herself had inclination for such research, but, alas! she was not the lady of the line, therefore, the only hope was her husband, who had slackened himself for a lady like her. This was too much for Elenza as her plan of education and research was beyond imagination of any ordinary person. Not only this, her expectations of her husband were, perhaps, the last in the universe, but this does not mean she was impractical and would think something which her husband could not do. She wanted only to explore the possibilities which were there in him. She never wanted that her husband should be like Galileo, Copernicus or Isaac Newton as his line of research was different from theirs.

Yes, Elenza was in no way an impractical lady. She was knowing well the merits and limitations of her husband who was a man doing research on herbs and small insects like cockroach, snakes, bats and lizards and many more animals or insects of the same or related types. She had full knowledge of the fact that her husband could not solve the riddles of the universe, but was very confident that he had tremendous knowledge in his own field of research. She was over confident, if he devotes his time in his project in place of spoiling his time after her, would be rendering immense good to the cause of mankind and if he doesn't do his work in positive way the loss cannot be compensated in near future, but, alas! he was so absorbed in her love that he would not listen to any sane talk of Elenza.

Elenza was thinking and thinking and thinking, but she could reach no solution. Finally, she prayed to the Almighty,

‘Oh God! Awake my husband from deep slumber of infatuation and save him from degeneration. He is not only degenerating himself, but also belittling me by his preposterous actions as, in future, I may be given the title of a serpent as many ladies are given for whose fault, I don’t have any knowledge of, but, in my case, I am not one such lady who spoils the career of her talented husband taking him in her own fold or infatuation without caring for the loss incurred by them which would have been the cause for the loss of the masses as a whole.’

It is an old saying if the call is from the inner cores of the heart, it is granted by the Almighty, and sometimes it becomes difficult for the ordinary persons to understand whether the gift granted by the Great God is His Mercy or Cruelty. The effects of the pandemics, spread in the early part of the twenty first century, was there on Elenza herself and Raghuram was knowing that there was no medicine for that deadly disease. He was over puzzled as his dear Elenza had fallen a victim to this disease. Now Elenza was not asking Raghuram to go to the laboratory which she always was concerned with earlier. She only was on her bed, restless and perplexed, but the cause of her anxiety this time was different. Now, Raghuram was perturbed and in his mood of desolation, he awoke at the mid night, went to the laboratory, and opened the door with the duplicate key and entered the laboratory, and at 6 o clock of the following morning, enters his house with some doses of medicine and applied the medicines to his ailing wife and saw the effect of it on her and to his satisfaction the effect was good and she started healing. When Elenza was cured, she asked her husband, ‘Raghuram, you know today I am very happy. Can you tell me, why?’ Raghuram did not answer. Elenza added further, ‘it is not because I am cured, but because you have started going to the laboratory and have again absorbed yourself in the work for which you were born.’

Raghuram was still silent, for he was knowing something untoward was going to happen to his own self. While coming closer to Elenza, he himself fell a victim to the deadly disease and as, he was so much absorbed in his search for medicines for his dear wife that he couldn’t make any extra dose and the formula remained there in the laboratory, therefore, could not be cured in the absence of medicines.

‘Strange are the ways of the world and stranger are the ways of the Creator,’ Elenza uttered, ‘oh! poor husband, you failed in recognizing your talent. The fatal hand grappled you with the mysteries of life and death. In fact you were born for something else, but you diverted yourself to something other.’ Elenza’s husband took the last parting breath into the atmosphere, and his soul lingering a moment near his wife took to his heavenly abode explaining the mysteries of life and death. Then a hoarse, chuckling laugh was heard in the air, ‘thoughtless mortal



! You forgot what for you were born. Your wife had understood you better and recognizing your worth wanted to send you to the laboratory, but ignoring all her words of wisdom, you liked to live through her mundane world of appeasement. The instinctive urge of her wanted to use the best talent of you which either you could not or did not try to understand, and the reason for which can be attributed only to the tricks of the unknown.'

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