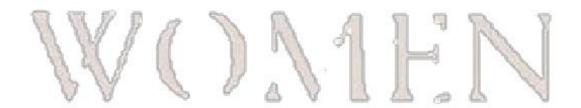


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A word from the Editor

Women – the mothers, lovers, wives, sisters, friends – woman.

Women are the backbone of humanity and yet treated in many cases with disrespect and cruelty. Women face abuse, violence and sexism in all aspects of their lives.

Women are however strong and overcome adversity. They triumph above the narrow minded people trying to push them down.

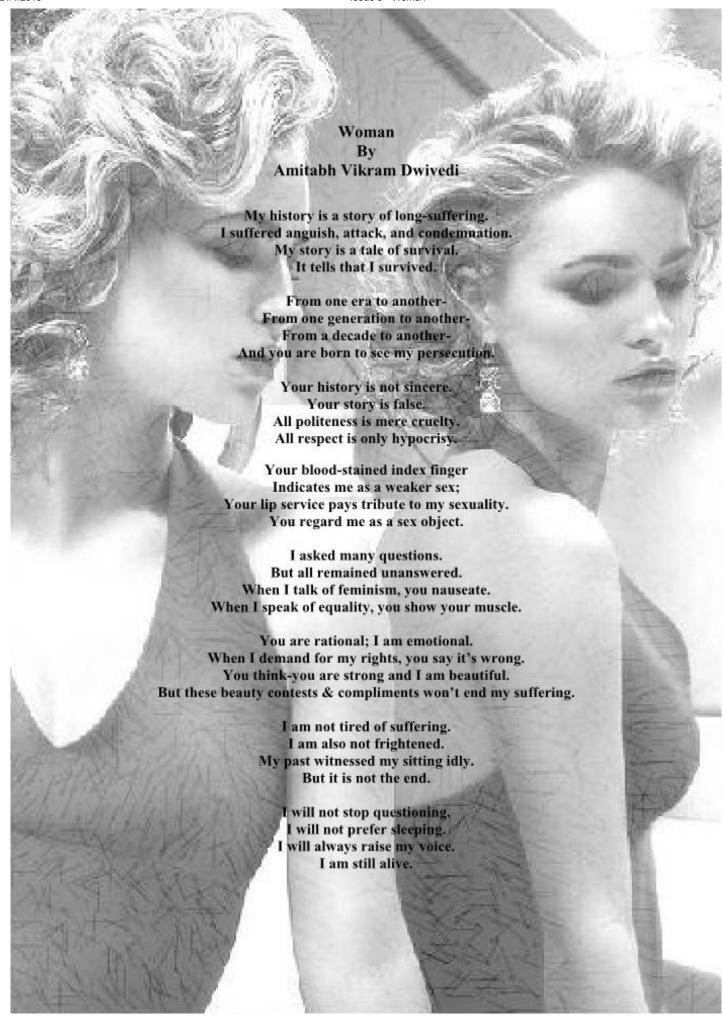
I wish to show good and bad in this Issue. A bit of sweet with the bitter.

I hope you enjoy the issue.



Please share my magazine with fellow authors, artists and Poets. Also share my magazine with avid readers and lovers of art.

Editor: Musae P Adumbratus



The Red Thread

By John Vicary



The heat doesn't usually bother Bharani, but tonight it presses her like a sodden sheet and she cannot sleep. She rises from her bed and watches the dark square of sky that she can see from her window. It is a moonless night, and the stars are legion. She chooses one that shines brighter than its brethren and keeps her gaze fixed on it until dawn arrives to eclipse all night wonders. She is still keeping her unblinking vigil when her mother comes to wake her in the morning. She already knows her wish has not come true.

"Tchk! Why are you just sitting there like a lump? Have you forgotten what today is?"

Bharani suppresses a sigh. "No, Amma, how could I forget the matchmaker? You've been talking about it for weeks."

"Of course I have. It's an exciting time in any young—youngish—woman's life. I remember my Auntiejis all fought over the privilege of being my matchmaker," Amma says. Her smile falters as the

memory fades. "You'll be fine with Sri Yaalini. I've heard good things about her skills. Wear your orange sari. It favors your complexion." Bharani frowns. "I was going to wear my shalwar keemez instead."

"No, no. The sari," Amma says as she holds up her hand to forestall further protest. "Orange. Now hurry up or we'll be late, and then even Sri Yaalini won't agree to see you. Ai ai ai! Why has Babaji sent me such a headstrong daughter?"

This is a variation on a frequent lament of her mother's and easy to ignore. Bharani pulls the orange sari and matching dupatta from her closet. It's too bright for her. She hates it.

"There, look how pretty you are!" Amma says. "Wait, where are your bangles? You need more than that. Bharani! The gold ones. You know better!"

Bharani does know. She slides the cool metal loops over her wrists until her arms clink with the cumulative weight. Her mother nods approval. "Let us go now. It will take us at least an hour to reach Marudham Road in this traffic. You should take that time to pray to the Goddess Parvati to smile on you and bring you good fortune, you hear me? Ai."

The ride does not take as long as Bharani would like. Her mother's chatter flows over her like water breaking on a recalcitrant rock in a streambed, and when she raises her head she finds they have arrived. Bharani follows her mother into the dark room that isn't dark enough to cloak her from prying eyes. It smells of chai and curry, but the familiar scents don't bring her comfort.

"Come in, please," Sri Yaalini says as the bell in her door announces their entrance.

"Namaskar," Bharani and her mother say, bowing.

Sri Yaalini returns the greeting. "May I offer you some tea?"

"That would be very nice," Amma says.

Bharani watches the older woman as she prepares the beverages. Her motions are graceful as she measures the leaves into the samovar. Her hand never trembles as she pours the boiling water. Sri Yaalini does not rush the ritual. Finally the tea is ready and she holds out a hand to indicate that they should be seated as she serves them each a cup. Amma sips the dark liquid and sighs in appreciation. Bharani cradles her cup and savors the warmth but does not taste it. "You are here because you wish to find a jeevansathi," Sri Yaalini says to Bharani.

Amma answers for her daughter. "Yes."

Sri Yaalini sits back in her chair. "I'm sorry. There will be no shaadi for this one."

"But you haven't even seen her birth chart!" Amma says. Her hands tremble and a drop of tea falls, "I have it here. Please, look."

Sri Yaalini holds up her hand. "I do not need to consult her Jātaka. You have wasted a trip here. I won't waste any more of your time today with false hope."

Bharani watches the stain on the tablecloth as it spreads. It resembles a tiny heart or perhaps blood. It is neither of those things. It's only a bit of spilled tea near the edge of the fabric that no one will ever notice.

"Is that because of her face?" Amma asks.

"Of course," Sri Yaalini says. "What man could she ever hope to attract with a deformity such as that?"

Bharani does not need to reach up to feel her mouth, but her hand moves of its own accord. Her finger traces the ragged split in her front lip that reaches all the way to her nose. She looks into her teacup and sees her own reflection staring back and knows that Sri Yaalini is correct. Her harelip deforms her beyond all hope.

"She is a good girl." Amma is still trying. There are tears in her voice that Bharani has learned to swallow years ago. "She can cook! Her *Dal Makhani* is the best you will ever taste. What man could resist that? You tell me. You read her birth chart and you find her someone. There must be someone. Anyone."

Sri Yaalini folds her arms over her chest and says nothing.

Amma begins to cry in earnest. "I don't know why we came here! You're no kind of matchmaker!" She sets her cup on the table and leaves the shop. The bell on the door laughs in the silence she leaves behind.

Bharani clears her throat and rises to follow her mother. "Thank you for the tea."

"Wait," Sri Yaalini says. "Why did you come today?"

Bharani freezes halfway between leaving and listening. "I came with my mother."

"But why?" presses Sri Yaalini. "Do you wish to find your jeevansathi?"

Bharani looks at the door after her mother but sits back down in the chair. "No."

"I see." Sri Yaalini nods. "Then what do you want?"

Bharani considers the question she has never dared ask herself. "I don't know."

Sri Yaalini narrows her eyes. "I think you do."

Without warning, Bharani's eyes fill with tears.

"Do you know what your name means?" Sri Yaalini asks.

"Of course," Bharani says. "It has always been another disappointment."

"One who fulfills," Sri Yaalini says. "All things in their time. I believe you will live up to your name."

Bharani realizes she is still holding her tea. She can detect the faintest warmth lingering in the ceramic. She holds the cup a moment longer, enjoying the mild swelter in her palm before she relinquishes it to the tabletop.

Sri Yaalini rises from the table and retrieves three squares of paper. "This is for you. Write your heart's desire three times. You must burn one, bury one and drown one." She holds out a line of red thread. "You must wear this until the last word has been offered, then find a sacred fig tree and tie this to a branch. Only then will you get your wish. Do you understand?"

Is the red thread a warning or salvation? Bharani cannot decide. She nods. "I do."



"Good. This is a very strong spell. It's important to use it wisely," Sri Yaalini cocks her head.
"I will not see you again."

"I know," Bharani says. "Thank you." She holds out her wrist and allows the red thread to be tied.

Amma comes in the shop. "Where are you, child? Why are you always keeping me waiting?"
"I'm coming, Amma." Bharani gathers her things and they go home together. The ride is
silent.

That night, Bharani stares at the three squares in front of her. She wonders if she should ask for her life partner. Her amma and appa would be pleased. Perhaps she should ask for her face to be healed. She closes her eyes. Please, Babaji, help me know what is in my heart.

A knock on the door sounds. She opens her eyes and the sheets are still a cypher to her.
"Yes?"

Amma enters. "What are you doing?"

Bharani pushes the pages aside. "Nothing, Amma."

Amma crosses the room and strokes her hair. "What happened today ... it is nothing, you know."

"I know."

Amma's fingers begin to plait the strands as she talks. "We will find another matchmaker. There is someone for you. That woman did not know her business that is all. Don't be discouraged, Rani."

Bharani turns around and hugs her mother, "I love you."

Amma doesn't move to return the hug. She pulls away and walks to the door. "Sleep well. You need to look your best for when we begin our new search tomorrow."

Her reflection grows smaller in the mirror until she has left the room. Bharani sees the three squares of paper through a blur of tears and she knows what to write:

I wish my parents loved me no matter what

She waits until the house is quiet, then she lights the corner of one in her incense tray. It is no trouble to sneak out and bury another under the wild almond tree, and after that she weighs the last square down with a rock and watches it sink to the bottom of the little garden pond. It is done.

No, not quite, Bharani thinks as she remembers the red thread on her wrist. She looks around but cannot recall any sacred figs in the area. She will have to wait to fulfill the last bit.

One day goes by, then two, and still Bharani wears her bracelet. While the sacred fig is not uncommon, there don't seem to be any within walking distance. She allows herself to forget that it encircles her wrist.

Amma has exhausted the matchmakers from all of the towns near them. They must travel farther from home to find one that will consent to read Bharani's birth chart. On the long road to Bhubaneswar, Bharani reaches out to hold Amma's hand. "We don't have to do this anymore. I can stay home with you and Appa. I'd like that, you know."

Amma squeezes her hand and they sit together in silence. Then, "Don't be silly, child. You're going to have the grandest *shaadi* of anyone you know. Just wait and see if I'm right. You're going to be beautiful, and your husband is going to adore you!"

Through the window, Bharani sees the temiliar heart-shaped leaves of the fig tree. "Wait!" she shouts. "I need to stop!"

"What is it? Did you see someone you know?" Amma asks, craning her neck to get a view of a potential suitor on the crowded city streets.

The red thread waits to complete its last part of the wish. Bharani tugs at the bracelet that has become so familiar and realizes that she doesn't need a ritual after all. She needs nothing more than she already has. She allows the tree to pass into obscurity outside the window as the worn out threads

fall free from her wrist and flutter to the floor as nothing more than scraps of trash. "No, Amma. I made a mistake. Let's keep going."

"Silly girl!" Amma says. She sniffs. "You scared me, shouting like that."

"I didn't mean to," Bharani says.

"I know," Amma says. "I know." After a moment, she reaches over and pats Bharani's hand. "You're a good girl, you know that? I don't tell you that enough."

"Thank you, Amma," Bharani says. "I don't want to disappoint you."

Amma seems to make a decision. "We've been driving a long time now, haven't we? It seems like years sometimes. Maybe it's time to go home now. I can make some *Aloo Gobhi* and you can bake the *naan*. Wouldn't Appa be surprised? If we turned around now we could have it ready by the time he was back from work."

Bharani doesn't dare to breathe.

"What do you think?" Amma asks.

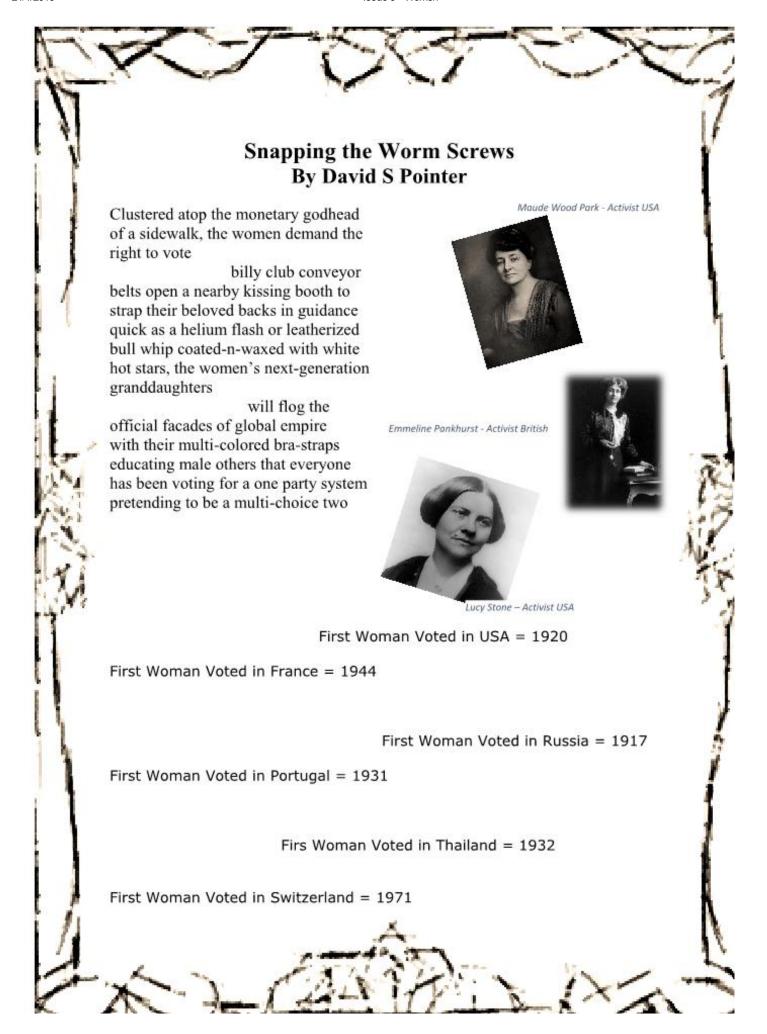
"That would be nice." Bharani doesn't look at her mother. "On the way back will you tell me again how all your auntijis fought to be your matchmaker?"

Amma smiles. "Well, I was the prettiest girl in the village, you know ..."

This time Bharani listens.

END





All women want is a prince But Most women are stuck With a frog



HEMLOCK

By

MICHAEL VERDERBER

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

NATALIE HEMLOCK - Female, early 20s, seemingly fragile, but disturbed

SETTING: A room, sometime in the first half of the 20th century.

(Lights up on a woman, NATALIE, standing in the corner of the room, her face hidden from the light. Her posture is in a closed, selfish, defensive state, as if she were trying to warm herself. A lone chair sits DSC slightly crooked. The lights are dim and the stage looks cold.)

NATALIE HEMLOCK

I can't remember everything. Sometimes, I wish I couldn't remember at all. (Positions herself so that her face is visible, yet still cast in darkness) I don't want to remember a thing. Or I choose not to. Memories are all I have left in this frail broken down old body, but it is nothing I care to retain. To some folks, they view things as a travesty. I, however, see things as retribution.

I will start with my name. My name is Natalie Smith-Hemlock. I was born on April 30th, 1928 in a small town, much like the towns that one drives their automobiles through and never thinks twice about. That was my town that was my haven. I went to school there and was sent to the county school in Harlanville, not too far away. Look, I know that I am going quite far back, but I urge you to not dismay the seemingly irrelevant. For you see, all will come into view in due time. All I ask for is your ears. Time, however, may be another matter, so I will try to stay as concise as possible.

I finished my schooling much like the others but instead of staying home to tend to the farm, I was determined to go to college. The nearest university was, say, 70 miles. It was quaint, far enough from home to put a distance between myself and my family, but close enough to maintain ample proximity. My father and even my mother both urged me to stay away from college, that it wasn't a woman's place. Hogwash, I told them.

Long story short, I went to college and that's where I met Peter Hemlock. Oh, he was a dream of a man. (Moves closer to the chair) I did not really notice him...(beat) in a

chemistry course, was it? Either way, things started out simple. We would chat and it was nice, those were nice times. After the chemistry course was over, I would always see him around campus, usually with other women, which would make me terribly jealous. There was this one girl, Caroline, I believe her name was. I wanted to spread rumors about her something terrible. Understand, Peter left me quite enamored. When he noticed that I was devoting much of my attention to him, he began to come around. Inevitably, we fell deeply in love and married right after graduation. Well, he graduated a year before I did and already had a job working for his father.

We remained city folk for quite a while, but I have to admit the hectic monotony of city life wore heavily on my patience. I was a born and bred country girl and that is how I wanted to live, if given the choice. I managed to convince Peter to move into the country and we found a two acre lot about 20 miles from my old home. It was beautiful, absolutely stunning. I always wanted a house with a wrap-around porch and Peter always wanted a shop where he could do his work. The barn in the back remained empty, although Peter liked gathering the hay and putting it in the barn. I never knew why, but he said it gave him something to do and that his father used to do it. Sometimes I would help him but it was not exactly my forte.

As the months went by, I could see that Peter grew restless. More and more he would look for excuses to drive to the city just to get away. Away from me, I determined. He once went for just a loaf of bread. A loaf of bread! (to herself) Was I so repulsive? More and more he drifted away from me.

He would spend more and more time out in the barn, sometimes not returning to the house until 1 or 2 in the morn. When I would wake up, he would already be gone. He would still go to work, I mean, I was under the impression that he went to work. We always had money.

He began to work feverishly at this wooden structure that looked like a giant fly. He called the wooden piece "Tachina" after the fly. He never told me what it meant but I understand that tachina flies inject their larvae into other animals and the larvae eat the insides of the host. At no point in our marriage and courtship did he ever mention an interest in art. I was left befuddled. I started feeling like the tachina fly. I would cook him dinner and barely a word would pass. I would ask him how things were going and he would respond with simple "good" or "fine" with no real interest as to what I was saying.

On one occasion, I had lamented about a passing relative and he had *nothing* to say. Just this, this sickening stone look upon his once soft face. He grew resentful, I think. I didn't know what to think. I was hurt, but his negligence began to anger me.

(Directly at audience member) That's when I started to watch him.

He would constantly tell me to leave him be when he is in the barn and told me to not go in there. He yelled at me and said that he wanted his privacy. This all happened when I walked in the barn and saw the fly sculpture. I thought it was the strangest thing, but that look in his eyes, the way he yelled at me, was... inhuman. It wasn't my Peter anymore. He hadn't been in many nights.

At this time we had fewer and fewer guests coming to visit until we eventually had none. I would try to get out of the house but he would hide the car keys and whenever I wanted to leave to buy groceries, he wouldn't give me money. He would leave and come back with groceries, some things I didn't even want. Odd things like a musical records, sweets, and make up. Things I never saw again. Months went on and I grew more frightened. I didn't know who to turn to, the last of my friends stopped coming two months prior.

I had no choice but to keep watching him. After a silent dinner one night, he hastily left to go back to his barn, he hadn't even taken but four or five bites of his food. When it got dark, I went outside to look for him. He had left the barn door slightly ajar and I heard voices. One voice was his and another was the voice of a very young lady. I peered into the barn and saw that Peter had taken his shirt off and the girl was sitting on the hay. That little tramp couldn't have been more than fifteen or sixteen. What I saw broke my heart.

(Struggles) He began to make love to her. He is usually aggressive during these times, but he was more aggressive with her. She seemed to be enjoying it. He was like an animal with her. He tore off her clothes and ripped off the girl's panties. My heart wouldn't let me watch yet...I was frozen in place. My eyes locked on to the sweating, pulsating image. I couldn't blink. I couldn't breathe. I felt a dizziness and my stomach churned terribly. He began to get more and more animalistic, like a bear mauling its prey. The girl began to scream to no avail, there were no people within five or six miles.

I tried to move but I could do nothing. He began to ravage her and she screamed. He slapped...he punched her...he grabbed her in the most ungodly ways. The screaming

and violence peaked to a deafening howl and suddenly she lay still in the hay.

I saw blood coming from her mouth. I could do nothing. I ran back to the house and locked myself into the room. (Long pause)

I was trapped with a monster.

I had no way of escaping. He had the car keys, we had no phone. I could try to run but he would surely spot me running through the barren fields. If he caught me, he would do things to me twice as bad as she. I also knew that if he knew that I witnessed the event, all means of my own safety would be jeopardized. I had to do my best to pretend that I knew nothing. (Looks directly at an audience member) Can you even fathom trying to block such a horrible atrocity from your mind? I tried my best to. I desensitized myself as best I could. I unlocked the door right as he walked into the house. I knew that if I could not convince him of my ignorance and naivety that I would never escape with my life. I began to fold clothes in a nearby drawer. I clenched my teeth and my eyes shut. I blocked out as much of the event as I could. I clenched and clenched.

He walked into the room and stood in the doorway. It was now or never. I looked at him with feigned concern. There was blood on his shirt and his arms had scrapes and claw marks in them. That girl's fingernails were imbedded in his flesh during her last chance to escape with her life. The only thing she could retain. I saw her fingernail protruding from his shoulder!

Trembling, I asked him, "What is the matter, dear? Oh, you're bleeding." He had three large scratches across his cheek. As he walked past, I could smell the girl on him. He marched into the bathroom and said that one of his tools, um, exploded and sent shrapnel all over him. He asked for the alcohol but found it before I could react. I asked him if he was well and he mumbled something that sounded like a "yes." I told him that I had a few dishes that needed to be picked up in the kitchen and I headed downstairs.

I stared at the kitchen hopelessly. I was tired, jumpy and my broken heart managed to race a mile a minute. I stared blankly at the dishes.

I saw a knife. My mind raced quickly. I could never do enough damage with just a knife. He would surely kill me. I grabbed a pan, still warm and greasy from the eggs. The smell of the food churned my stomach. I swallowed down some vomit. I grabbed the end of the table for support, as I began to see my vision fading. The room spun.

Things grew darker and darker. His voice pierced through me (*She sinks*). He asked me to come help him. I rubbed my head and took the pan in my hand. I tried to grab it firmly, but my fear overtook my physical prowess.

Focus, focus. I gripped the pan as if I were holding the last of my life within it.

This was very well true. He screamed my name as I crept up the stairs. He was staring at the mirror, examining the scratches on his face. Like the hand of God I felt a presence grab my hand and with a brute force, bring the pan down upon his murderous head. His face dropped heavily and his teeth shot into the sink. The two white pieces danced in circles and lay nestled near the bottom. He lay limp on the floor.

I stared frozen with fear and disbelief. I blinked for the first time in what felt like a lifetime. The knife found its way into my hand. I felt my grip tighten. I was on my hands and knees, puncturing soft flesh. I felt a splash of warm on me. I tasted metal. My usual conscience was dead and this Mr. Hyde quickly took precedence. I stabbed him seventeen times. I counted each and every one. Each one felt better than the last. From this point on, all went dark for me.

The next morning, I awoke awash in his cold blood. The walls of the bathroom were painted red. I was stunned at the splatters and droplets on the walls, like little red bugs. Like little red flies.

(Long pause as she sits in the chair.)

You may be wondering why I took so long to come forward with my confession. Truth be told, officer, I wanted Peter there in the bathroom. I liked him there. I was happier and safer with him there. Officer, nothing you do to me now could be any worse than what he could have done to me.

(Lights slowly fade out)

[END]

La Latina By Art Heifetz

La Latina is a doting hostess in the kitchen, a puta in your bed at night, a paragon of cleanliness who scrubs the counters clean with Lysol wipes, a marathon talker who calls her sister twice a day to discuss the latest soaps. La Latina takes two hours to prepare her lovely face and says she will have surgery when it all begins to sag..

who, she swears, can't keep it in their pants and pass out when they drink too much, delivered to your doorstep like a package from Fed Ex.

You tell her that you're Jewish, a people known for their sobriety, and faithful as a dog.
You drink in her spicy scent until you feel quite tipsy.
She's delighted it's not Chivas Regal you're imbibing and that no matter where you get your appetite you'll always eat at home.

BOOK REVIEW

Selections from the Thousand Nights and a Night, translated by Sir Richard F. Burton

By Sayantan Datta

"Glory be to Him who changes others and remains Himself unchanged!"

And hence, glory be to the aforementioned book, translated by Sir R.F Burton.

The book is written in archaic English, with a subtle merging of the poetic and the prose style of writing. The book is a translation of the famous Arabic classic, with the same name.

The book starts with the introductory prologue, which talks of how a noble king turns to a tyrant after being betrayed by his wife, and decides to cleanse the earth of the womankind, whom he takes to be the most treacherous and filthy creatures ever created by the praiseworthy Allah, and the plot continues into the minister's daughter Scheherazade deciding to stop this murderous rage. Scheherazade extends the killing for a thousand and one nights, using her expertise of storytelling, and the book consists mainly of 'The Tales of Scheherazade'.

The book is highly layered, and this creates the foreground for some really interesting discussion. On the first layer, the book seems to be talking of a patriarchal, religious (bigotry, almost) and sexist notion of the then-Islam-based-society, while, on delving deeper, the poetic verses reveal their true nature. Not only are they full of innuendos pointing towards a very physical (and material) world, but also talks of queer fascism, which is quite exciting for such a book. The preconceived notions about the book disappear when read with care and caution, and a very intriguing textual world opens itself to reveal lines of carefully coded passions and emotions. The book is also of a very labyrinthine concept (Like 'Labyrinths' by Jorge Luis Borges), with tales being sewn underneath a tale, which may be a master tale in itself.

Burton's linguistic skills are an added impetus to the book, with the archaic being so infectious and enchanting that you may get transported to the world of the Arabian Nights, easily.

No rating would do justice to this masterpiece, and as we continue to question the reasons for the entire series not being called an 'Epic', we advise you to check out this book, if you haven't already.



Evolution ...

By Rajarshi Choudhury

She-male

Devout, ingénue and docile, I am the conventional lady
From ages I am projected as; lachrymose, prude and schmaltzy
Shackled with obligations; disregarded for generations; vintage beauty
I am by default sacrificed, in the altar of family and duty



Living in the shadows of my man, bumbling through in-law's disparaging laughter

Forever playing a wife, mother, sister, or daughter Beyond these appearances no one cares about me My perennial Raison d'être; advance the family tree

Love is make belief, occasional movies, jewellery and Chinese food

Life: everyday domestic, languor sex and household's many moods

Jaded and drab at times I wonder what's the real gain

Divinity's capitation for man-kind's progress, my pain

Fe: Male

Competent and confident, I speak for myself
Men are partners; my honey-bunny; fifty percent help
Defending the girl-child, defying male domination
Equality in life, work and family is my only intention

Love my profession; I ensure the job gets done
Spending time with family and friends is my fun
I love my man and he loves me back
Egalitarianism is the soul of our pact

I am sensitive, I am gusty, I am born free
I have the courage to stand up for me;
Having a perspective, I ensure they hear my voice
Committed to the human cause; I protect individual choice

NO@male

#girlsonly@nightout that's the in thing
i choose FWB, relations without the attached string :))
i care a f*&k about what the world thinks
i'm the 1st to candidly voice my own cravings
i think; i drink and i loveeee pink:)

i love being me more than anything else
i indulge in extravagances & splurge just on myself
i chase my own dreams, i dig technology for help
i'm focused & ambitious, i work 24/7 with an ardent zest
i need to win every game, i am the best of the best

i'm single, ready to mingle, one night stands & sex-text
i'm all Cheers!! for a happy life & wild sex
i have sex just for fun, lessbo/ SM/missionary/threesome
i'm open to experiences but on my own terms
i'm the bestie . . . i loveeee me . . . i'm awesome :)

By Abhijit Narayan

No Drugs, Please!

(A tribute to Jane Khalaf)

'I will be fine' her daughter said, As she kissed on her forehead.

It was early Autumn, Leaves of different Shades of red, yellow, purple, Orange, blue, decorated the trees.

That scene was still Playing in her minds. Her face covered, With her old, wrinkled, Trembling hands, As she silently sobbed.

Her husband sat next to her, On the old wooden couch, His tears hidden behind his white beard. He remained quiet, Perhaps lost In the sea of his daughter's memories.

Earlier that day,
They had lost all they ever possessed,
Their 19-year old daughter.
Someone had spiked her drink at a carnival.
Killed, for no fault of hers.

The lights at the carnival,
Became dimmer, by the large ominous
Silhouette of her death
The music, silenced,
By her gasps for breath.

Will this ever stop?



Indifference

'A young woman raped';
Screamed loudly
The news on my computer screen,
As I settled into my old, brown chair.

The images of her distraught family,
Wailing, screaming,
Filled my mind,
While taking the first sip
Of coffee,
From my blue mug.

This city has become
So unsafe for women,
I thought to myself,
Staring blankly
At the screen,
Lost in my thoughts
For a few moments,
Before vociferously
Condemning the act
On my social media accounts.

And,
Perhaps like countless others,
I moved to the next news article...

The countries with highest rape cases are Lesotho (91.6 per 100000), Trinidad & Tobago (58.4 per 100000), Sweden (53.2 per 100000), Korea (33.7 per 100000), New Zealand (30.9 per 100000), United States of America (28.6 per 100000), Belgium (26.3 per 100000), Zimbabwe (25.6 per 100000) and United Kingdom (23.2 per 100000).

Only 31% of the rapists are strangers to the victim.

29% of the victims are aged between 12-17 years

Only 15% of the rapes are reported,

A tribute to Tugce Albayrak

(A young girl in Germany was killed for stopping some men who were harassing teenage girls. This poem is my tribute to that brave girl.)

> She was one of us Yet so different

In the wee hours of a Saturday
At a restaurant
She chose to raise her voice
To protect teenage girls
Being harassed by men
The girls were strangers to her
Still she came to their rescue
While other people conveniently
ignored
Busy as they were
Enjoying their food

When she stepped out
One of the men returned
And gave her a fatal blow
To punish her
For the 'crime' of defending
Innocent girls

The dark dawn that day Brought no happiness or joy It silently grieved The death of a hero

She is gone
But her spirit, her courage
Will inspire many
Across the globe
To fight for her justice
To fight for the safety
Of every woman

A 22-year-old student That she was Has taught us all



The Water's Edge

By Edward Ahern

The old woman crouched where waves met sand, thighs resting on calves, staring outward. Sophie laid out her beach towel thirty yards up the dunes, puzzled that someone so old had clambered down the rocks to reach the beach.

Off shore wind this morning, making the waves behave themselves. Wonder how she found this spot, not many people know how to get down here. Shifting patches of early morning sun and cloud mottling the water into the colors of shark skin, which suits my mood.

Sophie stood erect without using her hands and stepped toward the beach, sand still cool from the night. She angled down to the surf line on the woman's right, then walked along the wave edges toward her, letting the woman see her approach.

"Mind some company?"

The woman contemplated Sophie. "Not in your case. Sit, please."

Sophie jackknifed her legs, her backside settling gently onto the damp sand, salt water seeping into her shorts and underwear. "Aren't you afraid a rogue wave will wash over you?"

The woman shrugged. "Wet will turn into dry. You're devoted to this beach, aren't you?"

"How did you know? Yes, most days except during the winter, and even then once or twice a week. I seem to think well here, or maybe it's the reverse just now, I'm able to not think about a lot of things here."

The woman scooped a handful of damp sand and let it crumble slowly through her fingers. The action seemed deliberate, ceremonial. "Yes, you come here often. Did you ever wonder why you're so drawn to the sea shore? Why you tolerate hot sand burning your feet, and swimming through other people's washed off sun tan lotion, and becoming a host for sand fleas, all the while staring at featureless sand and horizons?"

Sophie paused. The woman didn't appear demented, and had asked her question in a tone that looked for a serious answer.

"I don't know, maybe to be with friends, get a tan, and go for a swim?"

The woman gave a half smile. "And yet you always come here alone. You're drawn here, lemming-like, because it's one of few places not debased into servitude of men. Cities, fields, even the forests are planted and pruned.

"But you're partly right, Sophie. People swarm to the junctions of air and water and sand to play. And they leave without realizing that they treasure the experience because they can't

distort these places. That no matter how hard they yell or dig or thrash, the sand and water and air fills back in, unaltered."

The woman's daft, but intriguing. "I never thought of it that way. I do like the beach more when it's empty of other people. Present company exempted."

The woman gestured and the nearest wave seemed to skitter. "The water and sand are of their nature formless, the shattered bones of mountains and living things, the liquid essence of all that has lived, leached from the ground and tumbled down into the sea. We're sitting in a featureless cemetery that will give rebirth to life and structure."

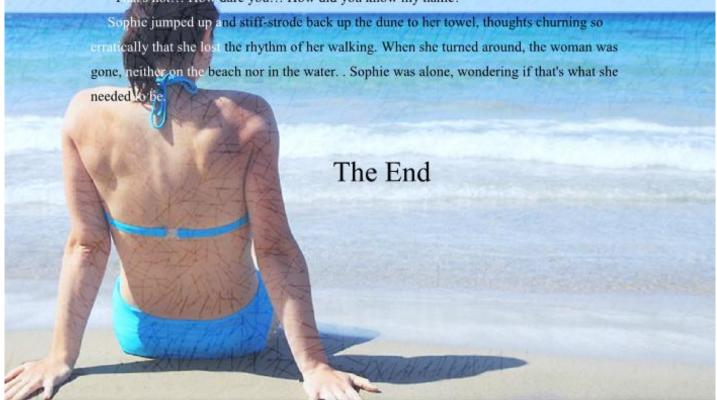
Whoa. Pull her back before she tries to bury me in that cemetery. "That's more profound than I can handle. Coming to the shore just keeps me somehow at peace."

"But you're not at peace any more, are you? This has become merely your refuge. You're not meditating, you're hiding."

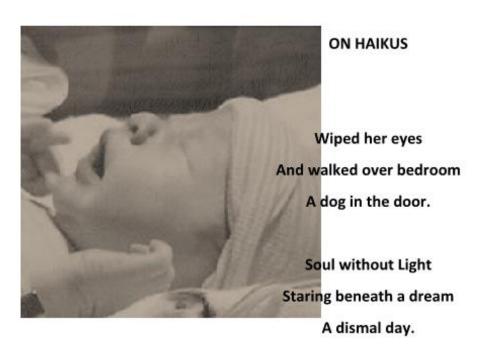
She's an intrusive little driftwood witch, isn't she? "Just some man trouble I'm trying to work out."

The woman's disheveled hair was the color of the shell shards that littered the beach. She stared at the water as she spoke. "You visit this beach as a devout woman attends services, without expectation or relief. You've asked for nothing, and have given silent praise. Here's a small answer in return. He has not one other woman but two. He services you from indolence and need. You stay with him because you've falsified your memories... Loneliness is purer than anguish. Sophie, and more fulfilling. Throw him out."

"That's not ... How dare you ... How did you know my name?"



By Daniel de Cullá



Woman sent the kid

To school clapping her hands

Flowers from peasants.

The boat was simply Little girl slapped it Stamp postmarked.

Year pass by side
There is something I must
Licking up rope.



SISTER MIDNIGHT

I see Sister Midnight, Gena Olivier
Hauntingly beautiful
Smiling laughing

Singing dancing

All around

And I wonder

Clapping my hands

And my prick going whoop whoop

Remembering the Women of Bohemian

Greenwich Village

And Harlem

Particles of Love

Lliving in New York

With Andrea Barret

Chronicles of her "hood Glory days"

Smiling laughing

Singing dancing

With dadaist Marcel Duchamps
Futurist Filippo Marinetti
With exciting
And frightening forces of Nature
Like the irresistible
Modernist Mina Loy
And the creative lunatic Baroness
Elsa von Freytay Loringhoven
As bees trapped in
Between curtain and glasses
And I wonder
I mean
Even if it did blow over
Just being able

To pick and gho.



The lady in the veil

By

Debosmita Paul

Heena squeezed into the first auto-rickshaw that arrived. Her vehicle was out of gas and she was in no form the previous night to get it to the petrol-pump herself. Public transport was not an issue with her after the years of surviving them during her college days. She raised her collar and pulled down the sleeves of her jacket and stayed put as a lady in her sixties, perhaps, joined the other three as the final passenger. Previous night was new year's eve and the debauchery had left her with a clingy hang-over. She had to take a good shower while promising herself never to let Jaswinder poison her sane drinks with his mischievious shots. She took a vasograin as precaution for any creeping migraine and left with a sandwich. Even that got her a good ten minutes late already. Although she made a call but guilt on first day of the year was never justifiable.

The motor started and picked up speed as usual without a warning, jerking them like matchsticks in a box. The young lady to Heena's right, clad in black left a gasp,"ya Allah!" She saw the old lady raise a silent eyebrow and sheift in her seat. That was when she noticed the dark brown beads in her wrinkled hand that started spinning maybe, a bit faster.

Heena settled herself and turned to the old lady,"You can squeeze in further aunty, there is space. You never know when a bike brushes by these days. The kids on the roads are impossible!" The lady complied. Then smiled and by nature of old age struck a conversation,"I am not accustomed to these autos. They give me a backache. Actually my son has two cars but he is out on work issues." Heena smiled back and looked ahead. However she continued," I had been to the bank actually. You know these KYC forms and what not they want these days." She raised her eyebrows trying to make a point raising three fingers and said," My husband constructed three houses but never let me even step the dust. But now after he is gone...", her expression softened for a moment. A voice came from beside, "That's the point! What would come of three houses once the body gives up? The soul needs cleansing, not spoiling." The lady beside declared from behind her veil, without looking this way. The old lady took a minute to gather from where the statement had been delivered. Heena felt her expression harden a bit as she replied, "Kanha bestows on His beloved souls. Its all good deeds of the past life. Not everyone has the fortune of relishing it." Heena felt herself caught in the midst of thickening air. She put her fingers to her face and the fainting smell of last night's cigarette teased her nose. She wished nicotine had some reservoir effect.

The young lady in black shiefted in her seat, unbeguiled by the catapulting auto now, "We come here for a reason aunty. Allah does not discriminate. He just wants us to toil to reach back home. To share the suffering that He put in for us."

Old lady wouldn't give up,"Kanha is beyond suffering my child. He just waits for us to have it all and yet rise above it all. And then he lets us have our prize" And looked away turning the beads.

Before the other could reply, the young teenager in faded jeans and spikes shot back with a jeer, "So aunties, do you mean to say if I miss my new year bash, 'am gonna top the exam?"

The two ladies looked at him like he was sitting stark naked and they suddenly realized it.

The kid asked the auto to stop. His friends were already waiting by the road in multicoloured spikes not unlike him and possibly sportswear with expensive brands tagged all over. The kid hopped out

saying,"Don't mind aunty. I don't believe in all these superstitions. And would be a hypocrite if I stayed silent." Making the finale comment he paid the driver and ran across the road without looking right or left.

The old lady mumbled subconsciously," (narak me jayega) He will go to hell."

Heena could not take it. "He is just a kid aunty. He is still finding his way."

The old lady gushed back, "He is losing his way my dear. This is how it all starts. Haven't you seen his hair? Like a parrot I tell you!" She became thoughtful, "Tells a lot about the parents." Then looked up and spoke, "Kanha! show them the path." She stated sympathetically as if asking the president for water supply to some remote famine zone.

"That is exactly what I was saying. Penance...Penance is the path. Limitations are required, atherwise the soul goes haywire."The young lady said and looked at Heena to back her up, "What do you say?"

Heena was caught motionless in the speeding vehicle. How she wished it took lesser time to reach her destination.

"Ah...umm...I don't know much about that...but 'am sure you have a point somewhere...aa..he's just a kid anyway." Heena shrugged her shoulders with a silly grin.

The old lady came back to her disappointment, "Why? Are you one of that thing too? What do they call it in english...?",she fumbled.

The help surprisingly came from the other side, "Athiest", the younger lady stated callously.

"No, I do believe in God.", said Heena like a confused schoolgirl.

"What's your name?" Asked the lady in black.

"Heena"

She raised her veil, smiled,"I am Zahira, nice to meet you." Heena realized she was not quite young. Maybe early thirties, but too pretty for her age. Her porcelain skin was almost transluscent. Now that she was smiling, She looked almost like one of those girls from the televion ads.

"Single?" She tried to make smalltalk.

"No, my luck failed me last year", Heena grinned with her usual humour trying to lighten the moment. However it didn't seem to have the same effect as it had on her friends. Zahira perhaps did not get the joke.

"Married, I meant...got married last year." Added Heena.

"Okay!" smiled Zahira. I am already late for my prayers you know. First day of the so-called year and yet", she giggled. "Your husband must be quite modern." She scanned Heena's skin-fit jeans and long cargo jacket." I used to wear jeans in college... with long kurtis I mean. But now... He says I look gorgeous in churidars." She said it in a way that made Heena feel guilty for never wearing the heavy brocade sarees her mother-in-law gifted her. Was she doing it wrong? Anyway she was never the brocade wearing sophisticated type and would do no justice to them, she quitened her conscience.

"You do look gorgeous Zahira, I could never carry the dupatta and the veil with so much finesse as you."

Zahira replied, "Nakaab, you mean. Don't you carry one? I mean you never know when the Azaan starts if you get busy. Although nowadays its not so rigid", she smiled.

"Okay,I gave a wrong idea I guess. I am not Muslim. But wish I were if that would make me as pretty as you.", said Heena easing the matter.

Aunty was listening from amidst her beads and couldn't keep her confusion any further," How come you don't use vermillion then? Or bangles even?"

"No actually, my husband does not mind and its sort of comfortable at work not wearing ornaments."

"What would a bangle do to ruin a job?"

Heena was caught offguard,"I mean I never thought of it as mandatory and yes it's comfortable not having them." Said she honestly.

"So does your generation do the same thing with people it's comfortable not having? Like mother-inlaws perhaps?" She retorted somewhat viciously.

Before Heena could reply the auto stopped and aunty got off. She had already paid the fare.

Heena looked at Zahira who was staring at her. "Did I say something hurtful to her?" Asked Heena.

Zahira replied," She is right in some way. A part of our generation is getting carried away by the glamour of modernization and forget their duties. I am glad to say my in-laws are like my own parents. You know Heena, traditions keep the soul rooted." She looked out, "Okay,my stop is here. I live in that pink building by the park. Do visit if you get time." She got down adding, "Just ask for Sultan's house. Everyone knows my husband in this area." She smiled proudly and left.

1.

Jamuna entered her house and opened the windows to the lawn. The episode in the auto had reddened her wounds. How she had adored her daughter-in-law and how much she wanted to pass on her values and family customs to her. What else is there to a family after all? But when her son told her about the transfer, she knew it was Mona who was behind it. She called Jamuna 'conservative' and 'dictatorial'! Even the maid heard her saying that!

She lit the temple-room chandelier and burnt the evening lamp after washing herself. "My only son. How could she!" Jamuna whispered, "Hope she has a son too. Then she would understand".

She lighted the scented sticks. Joined her hands and prayed, "Kanha! take me now."

2.

Zahira spotted on the way her teenage son Ahmed standing near the park with few friends and called him.

"What are you doing outside? You have boards remember? Don't forget the test marks." She warned him.

"C'mon ammi, the tests are comparatively difficult. You won't understand."

Zahira-"Its not like your mother is illiterate. Don't forget I am a graduate too."

"I know...I know...In English that too..." Ahmed rolled his eyes.

Zahira-"Of course in English! The subject you flunked! Go and study before abbu comes. Else you know."

"And yet you won't attend a PTA without abbu? Huh?" fought back Ahmed.

Zahira- That's because I am not in practice anymore. Wasted my talents bringing up a satan as you!"

Ahmed-"ya, whatever ammi...I need to go now. Tell abbu I need to collect some notes."

Before Zahira could stop him Ahmed sped off. He was really becoming an insensitive kid, Zahira thought. Its just the age perhaps, she told herself, recollecting Heena.

"What a careless girl! Yet what a carefree life.", she left a breath and went inside, subconsciously pulling her scarf over her head at the sound of Azaan emanating from a distance.

3.

Heena entered the building pondering over the ride. She didn't even notice the guard hurrying up to open the gate. She had no intention whatsoever of hurting the old lady. But then, being brought up in an orphanage and then with an unconservative foster-father like her's, she did not much understand the psyche of people sometimes. Although she cared never to step on toes or hurt feelings.

When Suraj and Hema had adopted her, she was barely 7 years old. At that time she had no clue who had named her Heena or why did the sisters make her wear the rosary. All she cared was that she gets the one with the fluorescent green beads. And after Suraj brought her, her life changed in a day.

Suddenly she was transferred from the discipline of the missionaries to a carefree life. Despite of his hospital and dispensary, Suraj would take time to read to her. It was only then she realized her love of books. She went to the Kalibari with Hema often and prayed and ran around the courtyards.

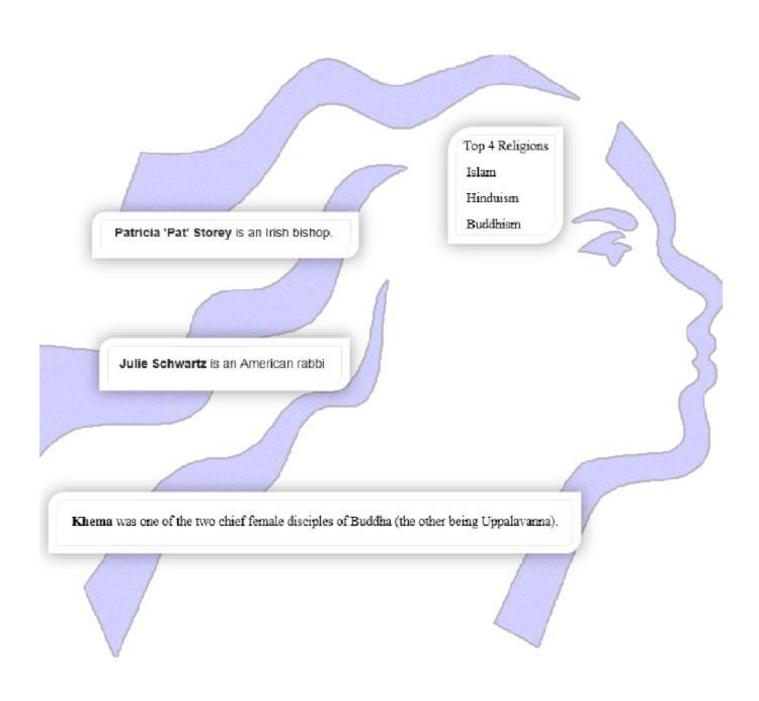
Being a good student reduced the pressure of society on her to be a sacrosanctous icon. Hence, after her marriage to Jaswinder she had no qualms having a gurudwara wedding as well, and luckily neither did her in-laws seem to mind her cluelessness about so many things. They would laugh at the way she draped her sarees but she didn't mind.

Never did she have to decide her religion. She was in a cocoon of faith that every deed is holy if it hurts nobody. Every laughter shared was an act of worship. And every healing hand a weapon of God. That is what Suraj had told her when she was leaving for college.

She opened the glass door and went in. Changed into the loose clothes and while scrubbing her hands at the sink thought to herself,

""Zahira"-what a pretty name! I wonder what aunty's name is!"

Without delay she went inside and looked at the man lying there as her apron was being tied. She stared at the bare shaven torso and marked the area with her view. Without moving her vision she spread her right palm and said from behind her mask, "scalpel please."



Radio

By Vimeesh Maniyur

The first a.m radio known Never listen nor clear Notices came day and night Before departure and after arrival

> We were women Me -thirteen lean boy Thirty four ma

Songs were less after
The dancing steps of
Horrible smell
Inspiring us to vomit
Casting beaten wind
With hold with new born marks

We the women Bench, plates, ma's diary My copy book, lunch box All burn with unlettered words

He, the distortion With intervals Without advertisements

Once it started phone in programme We overjoyed like August 15

But rest not changed We go on like aThird word country

Long after
he himself turned off
Before that he offered a newly bought F.M radio
High frequency, clarity
Unending phone in
Still we haven't s a single Outgoing

Her Eye's

By Rajarshi Choudhury

I looked into her eyes,
my sight piercing them in search of the untold;
have you ever tasted tears,
it's like swallowing your pain.

I turned away and looked again, behind the great torment of an abortive lie were a thousand roses in bloom.

Behind her eyes, behind her eyes
so deep, so lonely inside
was a lady unknown, was a speech without words;
resplendence of love in the darkest of the dark

Behind her eyes, behind her eyes she was sitting by herself groping her corpse in search of life.





Happy Mother's Day

-Biswadeep Ghosh Hazra

Jonaki was looking at the city lights through the rain spattering glass of the Taxi, wide eyed. She touched her hand on the glass- it felt cold, and started drawing a contour of a lady. The elderly lady beside her asked compassionately, "Who is she, Jonaki?" "My mother", was all she could fathom up to the kind lady. The taxi jerked, coming to an abrupt halt- the result of a torrential rainfall rendering almost zero visibility to the taxi driver. There was a massive jam ahead...

Tomorrow was Mother's day and Jonaki was excited and worried at the same time; she was experiencing a plethora of mixed emotions from yesterday, yes she was overly excited about 'Mother's Day' as Jonaki's mom was in jail and she was not allowed to see her sans this day; for the judge was humble and a mother herself. 'Mother's day had a whole new meaning for Jonaki, it was not about giving presents and people posing with their mothers and uploading their pictures on the Social Networking sites. It was far from it, far intense...

The plausible reasons for arresting Shiuli, Jonaki's mother were not few- she was a hardcore addict and worked in the local sewing company set up by the 'Aangaanwadi' from the government. Repeated absence, vamoosing much earlier than usual were normal for her, but all tolerance broke loose when Shiuli was caught stealing- the local people handed her over to the police station where she was sentenced to five years of imprisonment coupled with another five years at a rehabilitation center. Jonaki was now deracinated without her mother, barely three years old she stayed at her aunt's- fate had been cruel to Jonaki, she had lost everything she had at such tender age.

From that day onwards, Jonaki's every cell, tissue and muscle would wait for this day of the year when she gets to spend her time with her mother. This time it was all the more special as Shiuli was transferred from the jail to rehab and this would be Jonaki's second visit to the dreadful place. All year long, she maintained a copy which had in it all the questions which Jonaki wanted to ask when she would meet her- and within the copy there were questions aimed at her mother like, "Did you quit drugs?" and some questions (which appeared more in frequency than anything else) "Promise me you'll never leave me again?"...

"Honey, you're soup is ready", said the kind old lady. Jonaki's aunt was not her original aunt off course, some distant kin who too got involved in a prostitution ring and was under police custody, on top of that, she herself was impoverished and penniless. Jonaki soon got picked by a local NGO and within weeks a meeting was set up with the elderly lady who decided to adopt her until Shiuli arrived. "This is tasty! This is chicken naa?" questioned Jonaki with delight. "No this is mushroom!!" the lady retorted back-barely trying to hide the pseudo anger, "You're excited about the meeting tomorrow, isn't it?" the lady patted Jonaki's back smiling.

The next morning

Jonaki made no attempt to hide her excitement as she knew well that all her efforts would be futile- as the taxi set into motion a heavy drizzle started. The whole journey, Jonaki was animated and full of joy-with each passing kilometer her heartbeat increased and by the time they reached the Rehabilitation Center's gate, Jonaki was confident her legs would collapse and she would fall. Although her joy was somewhat dampened by the grim appearance of the institution building, she still managed to keep up the lead. Being a bright student, Jonaki had a photographic memory and was able to recognize the way without much effort from her brain.

"Mr.Gaurd, please quickly open the door so I can wish mommy..." an elated Jonaki shouted out to the guard. Patients there were no doubt kept in isolation. The guard who was good friends with Jonaki smiled, showing his guthka laden teeth. The door opened and the two angels met- and how!!! So many hugs and kisses were exchanged; and tears of joy fell from four pairs of eyes. "You've grown up!" exclaimed Shiuli as she caressed her daughter-she had never been this happy.

'Time and tide waits for none'- following the proverb, it was time for departing; a painful goodbye was exchanged in the form a tight hug. The wait had begun again from this moment and would again last a year. "Goodbye mother", Jonaki whispered into her mother's ears as she secretly slipped something into her mother's hand; though she was shocked, she remained composed. The guard locked the door and Shiuli whispered as she felt the metallic cold in her skin and saw the key, "The best Mother's day gift I would ever receive" and hid the key into the folds of her dress.

Credits

All pictures, unless otherwise specified, was obtained in their unedited form from http://www.freestockphotos.biz. Editing on photos done by MP Adumbratus.

Contributors in Order of Appearance

AV Dwivedi



Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi is an assistant professor of linguistics in the School of Languages and Literature at Shri Mata Vaishno Devi University, India. His research interests include language documentation, writing descriptive grammars, and the preservation of rare and endangered languages in South Asia. He has contributed articles to many English journals. His most recent books are A Grammar of Hadoti (Lincom Europa Academic Publications, 2012) and A Grammar of Bhadarwahi (Lincom Europa Academic Publications, 2013), and A Grammar of Dogri is forthcoming. As a poet, he has published around fifty poems in different anthologies worldwide. Until recently, his poem "Mother" has included as a prologue to Motherhood and War: International Perspectives (Eds.), Palgrave Macmillan Press. 2014.

John Vicardy

I began publishing poetry in the fifth grade and I have been writing ever since. My most recent credentials include short fiction in the collections "we were Heroes", "Midnight Circus" and "Temporary Skeletons". You can read more of my work at keppiehed.com. In addition to that, I am the submissions manager at Bedlam Publishing. I like to try new things and keep fresh with new genres, and I believe that this would be a great way to expose my readers to what else I can do.



Judi Calhoun

Judi Calhoun majored in Art and English at Palomar College, in San Marcos, California. She studied the pure contour method as well as intensive creative communication discipline under the tutelage of Children's book illustrator, Michael Sternagle and portrait artist Steven Miller. Their substantial training provided Judi with a well-rounded education in both portrait work and illustration. Some of her paintings have graced the covers of Romance and Fantasy novels, and many of her Watercolor paintings can be found on the covers of Web magazines, such as Pithy Pages for an Erudite Mind, and Dual Coast Magazine to name only a few.

In 2009, Judi was the winner of the Artist Innovation Award by Art Works, NH and twice commissioned to create a cancellation stamp for the US Postal service. You can view Judi's work by visiting her website at http://judiartist2.wix.com/judisartwork

Art Heifetz

Art Heifetz is inspired by his Nicaraguan wife. He has had 170 poems published in 12 countries, winning second prize in the Reuben Rose competition in Israel. See polishedbrasspoems.com for more of his work.

Rajarshi

Rajarshi or Raj is a poet at heart. Poetry is the expression of my existence. And my poetry emerges from everything around. There is generally a central idea around which most of the poems are constructed. And that idea emerges from the life I see around. I write poetry to celebrate life. I love life and my poetry is an expression of that love.



Abhijit Narayan

Abhijit Narayan is a corporate lawyer. His name was recently included in the list of world's leading business lawyers. He studied law in New York and practiced in India before moving to Germany. He started writing while he was in school. However, he was pre-occupied with professional commitments until he moved to Europe. That is when he took to writing poetry seriously. His poems have been published in the Poetry Society of India's anthology 'Spectrum' in 2014. Apart from poetry, he also enjoys writing short stories and is currently working on his first novel (fiction).

He describes poetry in the following words:

'for long, I remained a stranger to poetry and for long, I remained a stranger to myself .

ED Ahern

Ed Ahern resumed writing after forty odd years in foreign intelligence and international sales. He has his original wife, but advises that after forty seven years they are both out of warranty. Ed has had over fifty stories published thus far. His web site is swampgasworks.com

Vimeesh Maniyur

Vimeesh Maniyur is an established bi-lingual poet, novelist and translator from kerala, in India. He has two volumes of poetry and a children's novel in his credit. He has also penned stories and dramas. He has bagged for many prestigious awards such as Culcutta Malayali Samajam Endownment, Madras Kerala Samajam, Muttathu Varkki Katha Puraskaram etc. for young writers in kerala.

Biswadeep G Hazra

This is Biswadeep Ghosh Hazra, 21 years old currently pursuing my graduation from Haldia Institute of Technology in Electronics and Communication Engg. Writing is my passion and I generally write short stories, novellas, poems and scripts. Here I am sending some of them to you; hopefully you will go through them and revert back. I am looking for good blogs to publish my write-ups as guest posts or better still, publishers who can publish my works online.

Links to content sources per Page

Voting of Woman

Vote in America - 1920

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Women%27s_suffrage#United_States

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Women%27s suffrage in the United States

Rape

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rape

http://www.ibtimes.co.uk/top-5-countries-highest-rates-rape-1434355

http://www.wonderslist.com/10-shocking-sexual-violence-statistics/

Religion

http://listverse.com/2007/07/31/top-10-organized-religions-and-their-core-beliefs/

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pat Storey

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Julie_Schwartz_(rabbi)