



rising litera

#TheStoryIsYou

## *"Love At First Sight"*

RESURGAM  
February 2016 | Vol.2 Issue.2 |



*In Association With*





## EH!-DITOR'S TAKE

Hey! there Risers,  
Greetings and Salutations.

Surprised/Perplexed/Shocked..? Or any other random word which describes your amazement on not seeing Irfan beam from the editor's desk?

Well, it is Valentines week and I decided to borrow our workaholic Editor's desk for a while to save his lady luck from all the unnecessary trouble.

And what do I get in return? Duh, nothing. It is an act of selfless service for a fellow human being. I am a good person after all. Ah! Okay okay, I admit, I do get some of the limelight in return but Hey, I still am a good person and a little attention never hurts!

It's Valentine's Day, the wind smells of spring and the sun shines summer. He just tucked a wild strand of hair behind her ears and yes, love is in the air. Pupils dilate, crazy things happen to your brain and one falls in love at first sight with all those lunatic oxytocin-adrenaline rush stuff going on in the backdrop.

'Ted' fell in love with 'Tracy' after a series of heartbreaks and the invisible thread which kept them connected was nothing but a yellow umbrella, while 'Lady Chatterley' found her lover in the woods away from the 'Wragby mansion,' far from her chair-ridden lawfully wedded husband. 'Things I do for love' the 'Kingslayer' murmured and pushed the son of a Stark from the heights and 'Laila' embraced the warmth of 'Tariq's' love when he beat 'Khadim' up with his prosthetic leg, all he had.

Perhaps love really turns one's world around and upside down. Perhaps love is not meant to be understood. It just exists, in the rawest and the most unadulterated form possible!

Love is many things, one at a time. The only thing it is not is trivial. Not so trivial, not at all trivial.

Or perhaps this whole hullabaloo which revolves around Valentine's Day is useless; Valentine's Day is an opportunist bastard and you are an asshole.

Issues with the language? Well, then read at your own risk. Save that frown for "Wit Shits." You can stare at the columnist as much as you wish, he won't mind. Tried and tested. Chances are that he might write an article explaining the way you look at him in his column the next time!

Time to leave the borrowed desk people, maybe next time I will manage a peep from the window again. Till then keep rising.

Best Wishes,

*Isha Maharana*  
**Managing Editor | Resurgam**





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Editor-in-Chief	Irfan Ali
Managing Editor	Isha Maharana
Assistant Editor	Ninad Dange.
Designing Team	Neha Joshi Saharsh Goyal
Social Media Support	Akash Rumade Preeti Pathak Aashka Patel
Contributing Writers	Kavita Jhala Shivraj Jadhav Vivek Tiwari
Special Contribution	Sonali Chhabria

### Contact us:-

**Write to us, your perspectives and feedbacks about theme and articles. Your opinions and criticism are welcome.**

**Email at :- [editor.resurgam@gmail.com](mailto:editor.resurgam@gmail.com)**

**Submissions at :- [resurgam.mag@gmail.com](mailto:resurgam.mag@gmail.com)**

### For Advertisement and business inquiries,

#### Contact:

**Ms. Neha Joshi**  
**(M: +91-99263-22641)**

**Mr. Irfan Ali**  
**(M: +91-99770-88572)**







# Letters to Editor

One of the most gripping piece of Literature. That is what I feel when I read 'Resurgam'.

- **Gaurav Sharma, Bengaluru.**

It was a delight to go through the Jan issue of Resurgam! The theme, 'The Readers' Perspective,' struck a chord close home and I had great pleasure turning the pages to find my thoughts echoed by fellow readers. Reading is magic, transported to another level.

The pieces describing affection for Harry Potter, by Rajshri and Akash were very identifiable for a fan like me! I also loved the poetry, particularly Flying Like Jonathan by Ilu, since Richard Bach is one of my favorite authors. 'Panchali's Savior' was a beautiful piece of work too.

I appreciate your innovative concept of offering both Hindi and English work in one volume. But, to make it more coherent and structured, I recommend you could follow a section wise classification. I would prefer to read all poetry in one place, go through all interviews/inspirational accounts in the other and maybe have a separate grouping of reviews. You could also include more artwork and introduce partitions for each section.

I liked going through real life stories and accounts by Mr. Zakir Khan, Harsh Bahrey and Siddharth Rajhans.

My overall verdict would be that this magazine is a complete package covering diverse formats of writing and expression! Keep up the good work. -- **Garima Behal, New Delhi**

Resurgam literally means, "I shall rise again". And when I was in between the pages of the. January issue, I felt as if I am going through a boulevard of thoughts, stories, poems and I felt as if I am rising. Yes I was rising in the books, I was rising in the stories, I was rising in the thoughts. I felt as if I am entering the world of pure literature. I felt the books, the stories, its characters , its plots all revolving around me.

Very often do we find such magazines which holds the ability to take its readers into a whirlpool of knowledge which can give such pleasure to its readers that after they finished reading the last page and flipped the back cover, the taste of the knowledge they gained will linger in their mouth. Yes, Resurgam magazine has that magic. After I finished reading its 40 pages, it didn't feel as if I just read a magazine. It felt as if I read a few good books. All the stories , all the poems the arts, the covers are brilliantly chosen and handpicked. Pure essence of literature. From Harry Potter to Ravana, Resurgam's January issue has it all.

From voracious readers to people who don't read everybody will absolutely like these 40 pages. It really sends oneself into a wind storm of literature. But somewhere I feel that the cherry topping on the cake is missing. I feel it could have been there if the number of stories and poems would have been more as readers like me may not be satisfied with the number of poems and stories it offers. None the less, it really made me rise by "The Readers Perspective". - **Rounak Roy Chowdhury, Kolkatta**



#TheStoryIsYou  
**RESURGAM**

February 2016. Vol.2 Issue 2

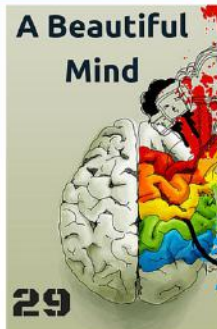
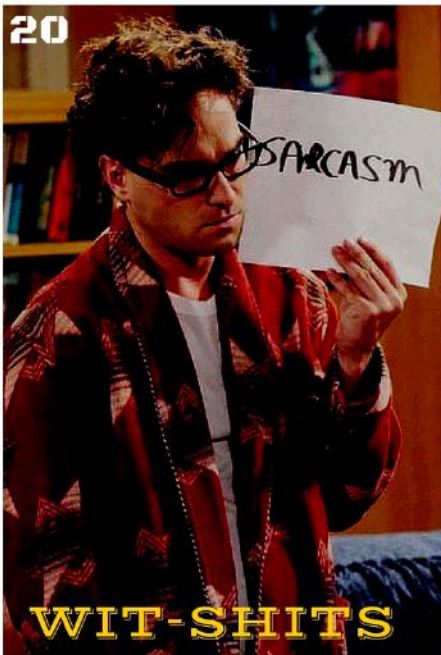
Articles/Stories

Delhi, My Love -By Shreya	46
Love At First Sight -By Mehazabeen	06
Why Being In Love Feels So Good? -By Sandeep	32
The Game -By Enakshi	25
Is Love At First Sight Possible? -By Shabbir	34
The Greener side of platonic love -By Rafika	45
First Love -By Moomal	17
A Memory By Akanksha and Irfan	08
Mind as Minefied -By Jaykaran	41
Parents Worship Day -By Kailash	51

Poetry

Lastinnng Love -By Shweta	50
Terrace to Terrace -By Vaibhav	47
Can't Stop Loving You -By Akash	28
Without You -By Animesh	10
Mah First Love -By Fatema	27
इश्क पहली नज़र में कहा होता है ? -By Naveen	44
Love -By Tina	07
प्रेम का व्यक्तित्व -By Mohan	16
रेशम की गुड़िया -By Rohan	09
Love Actually -By Heena	18
Love At First Sight -By Deepali	39
Freedom -By Divya	22
पहला किस्सा प्यार का By Rachna	31

**Cover Story**







## Mehazabeen Kachchawala

Mehazabeen is pursuing graduate programme in Pharmacy from Indore. She is sporadic writer and an adept elocutionist. Mehazabeen firmly believes in a quote of Oprah Winfrey, "The more you praise and celebrate your life, the more there is in life to celebrate."

**"Do you believe in love at first sight or should I walk by again?" -Anonymous**

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.....! Before considering the content of this phrase I would like to ask the meaning of love? What is love? Is it one which is described by media, music and literature? What is love if not costly?

In my opinion, Love is sacrifice which cannot be found in narcissism. You can give without loving but you can never love without giving. Love has its profound definition. You can invite love, but you cannot dictate how, when and where love expresses itself. Like the sun, love radiates independently of our fears and desires. It is inherently free.

I think love at first sight should not be merely a matter of attraction to external appearance, but it must be, knowing the person's traits such as morality, tenderness, sagacity and a sense of humor. It should be an intense form of romantic love that has a good chance of developing into profound love which involves shared activities, which fulfill essential needs that are constitutive for the couple's long term proliferation provided that the characteristics that are not seen at first sight are indeed similar to those the lover assumes, and that no external episodes occur to terminate the relationship.

When the love is intense and not profound, there is always a possibility that this love will not become profound enough to sustain a long time loving relationship. The probability of this is reduced considerably in the case of love at first meeting in which more of the person's attributes are revealed. So in accordance with this I contemplate that love at first sight is delusive because true love happens over a period of time when two people can finally share a sacred and beautiful bond which is something more than just physical attraction.





# Love

A sonnet of love  
Yet not as gentle as dove  
Hotter than the fire  
Wilder than the tiger  
Not boring love at first sight  
Or starting from a silly fight  
All that is crap and a trap

This is different; not because  
everybody feels  
Because it 'is' not 'was' like high  
heels  
Flowing through veins yet unknown  
Something that yet feels own  
Sprinkling through smile  
Just without a condition of 'while'  
Just so perfect yet not a fact



## Tina Khatri

She is a journalist and an editor. She discovered her writing abilities at the age of 14, when she wrote her first poem. However, that wasn't compelling enough to choose writing as a profession. But as destiny would have it, she ended up working in writing profession even after clearing her MBA.





"How have you been?" was the first thing he asked when the two of them met after a long-long time.

"Like I have been, all these time." She replied, nonchalantly. Her lips smiled, though her eyes were quite. Cold breeze swept past. She was sitting with her back against the seat, her eyes, now closed.

He looked at her and wanting to break the ice, asked, "So, how is the work?"

No response from her end. Silence prevailed for 10 seconds. "Just like it used to be." She said, suddenly out of nowhere.

His lips curled and he bit the lower one to curb the anxiety. Should he just ask or buy more time? He was in dilemma.

"Are you in love?" he took the risk. Well, he had to, at some point, someday.

"Yes," came back the spontaneous and unexpected reply. He was floored, shaken, just like the gentle touch of soothing waves on the shore.

"With whom?" he enquired, his heart throbbed violently against his chest, fingers curled in anticipation making the finger-nails dig deep inside the palms.

A car went past the busy lane. Now, it was passing through the Sea Link. Crashing sound of waves underneath could be heard.

He gritted his teeth, a shade of red could be observed on his cheek, blood was running high.

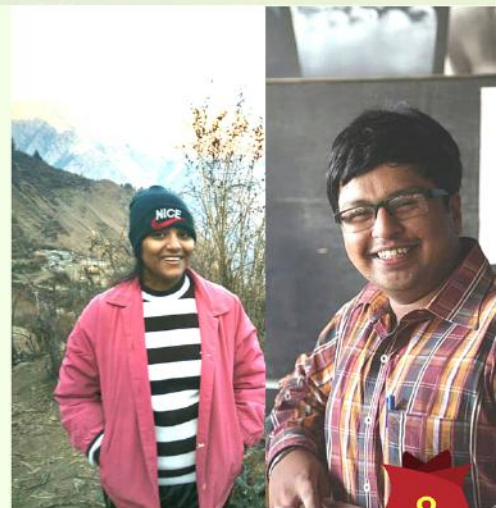
Then, a tear trickled past the corner of her left eye.

"A Memory", she whispered.

# 'A memory'

-By Akanksha & Irfan

**Akanksha Gupta is  
'A wanderer,'  
and  
Irfan,  
'A Wordsmith'.**







# Resham Ki Gudiya



रेशम के महीन तागों से बुनी है,  
वो गुड़िया जो ठीक मेरे सामने बैठी है....

तागा तर्जनी पर निशान छोड़ गया होगा,  
हाथ अकड़ गये होंगे, कुछ वक़्त के लिए,  
इतनी शिद्दत से बुना होगा किसी ने उसे,  
कि उस दर्द की मिठास आज तक ज़िंदा होगी...

भले ही ज़िंदगी निकल जाए कीमत चुकाते,  
फिर भी उसकी हर खुशी खरीदना चाहता हूँ,  
मगर डरता हूँ अलमारी से बाहर निकालने में,  
कहीं कोई तागा टूट गया तो मैं भी न टूट जाऊँ...

By Rohan Bapat



हुआ है शाह का मुसाहिब फिरे है  
इतरता, वगरना शहर में ग़ालिब की  
आबरू क्या है?

Everything that ghalib has said, applies to every writer in the world. A fan of ghalib's writings and a student of Gulzar's poetic flare, Rohan is a poet by passion, and a radio copywriter by profession.





You can't be substituted dear,  
You are irreplaceable.  
You can't be hated dear,  
You are so very lovable.  
You can't be ignored dear,  
You are very influential.  
You can't be parted from dear,  
You are so damn irresistible.

Without you,  
I'm a drug addict without morphine.  
A candle with melted wax,  
A photographer with no scene,  
A cycle with it's chain lax.

Without you  
I'm a toothbrush with no bristles  
A phone with a dead battery  
AC current with no pulse  
'Gud poli' without any jaggery

Without you  
I'm a TV without a connection  
A bar dancer without a pole  
A sniper without a gun  
A body with no soul

The light of bulbs is meaningless unless it's reflected in your eyes.  
The air flowing is worthless unless it blows your hair.  
Everyone's greetings are valueless as compared to your *Hiiis'*.  
Priceless is your concern for me, your care...

Having you support me is a very good feeling  
Being in your company is even better.  
Being loved by you, when I'm in a mess is sweet  
Being called your second half is even sweeter.

Knowing you love the way I treat you is lovely.  
Always being on your mind is lovelier.  
You making me smile makes me happy,  
But irritating you makes me happier.

# Without You

**-By Animesh Nighojkar**

*Dedicated to  
My FV:- Aditi*



*An engineering student, Animesh found his first love in writing poems when he was eight years old and after that he has been writing ever since. He's an orator and works for The Literary Club. He's equally passionate about teaching and programming.*

So with you  
I'm a bottle of champagne  
A merry dance of fires  
The sweet smell of rain  
A heart of desires



**‘Prestige Institute of Management & Research (PIMR)**, INDORE conducted the 10th International conference on 6th and 7th February 2016. The Theme was - **"Quality Education, Entrepreneurship and Exemplary Business Practices for Social Change"**. The experts at the conference shared their views on the business practices adopted by entrepreneurs for the upliftment of the society. Also the discussion was held on 'Importance of Quality Education' in enhancing the productivity and efficiency of students in the present competitive era.

The conference was attended by over 700 delegates, students, teachers, including foreign delegates from U.S.A, U.K, Nigeria, Egypt, Thailand, Brazil and Indonesia.

Eminent speakers in the conference included, **Mr. Ajay Chaturvedi, Founder-Harva Foundation; Mrs. Paridhi Sharma Saksena, Jodha Fame; Mr. Anson Ben, Global Culture And Learning Head, InMobi; Mr. David J. Wittenberg, CEO- The Innovation Workgroup; Mr. Anuj Tiwari, Writer; Mr Rajeev Nayan, Vice-President, HR Vendanta Group; Mr. Karunesh Saxena, Director, IMS.**

Kudos to the Institute's faculty, students and event organizing committee members for successfully conducting the conference.







**PIMR**  
**10TH INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE**  
**"HIGHLIGHTS"**







SUDEEP NAGARKAR IS A POPULAR CONTEMPORARY AUTHOR OF FIVE BESTSELLING NOVELS. HIS BOOKS ARE INSPIRED FROM REAL LIFE INCIDENTS AND ANYONE CAN CONNECT WITH THEM EASILY. HE IS THE RECIPIENT OF THE 2013 YOUTH ACHIEVERS' AWARD FOR WRITING AND FOR BEING ONE OF THE HIGHEST SELLING ROMANCE WRITERS IN INDIA.

**1. You are the best-selling romantic writer in the country. Why only Romance? Why not any different genre?**

I feel comfortable writing in this genre and I believe through my books if I can give some positive message to the youth of today, then my work is done. My books are more focused on relationships and friendships rather than romance. For me, it is not about how many copies my books are selling; it's about portraying the right message!

**2. Did you always wanted to be a Writer?**

I was an author by chance but of course, I have taken it as a full time career by choice as it's my passion! Personal tragedies made me an author but today I feel, I could not have done anything better than writing books.





### **3. Do you believe in Love at first sight?**

Valentine's Day is near and we are aware that today's generation really take relationships lightly. I personally believe that you can like a person at first sight, but loving someone is a challenge and a responsibility. So one should be really prepared to get into a relationship rather than regret later which could hurt the emotions in him/her towards love.

### **4. How important are the names of characters to you in your books?**

Generally, my characters are relatable as my stories are inspired from real life. I firmly believe that the names of the character somewhere make readers visualize them and hence for me, it's really important to keep the names which can connect with the readers.

### **5. What challenges you face as a full time writer?**

Answering questions like 'What do you do apart from writing in your life' or 'What do you exactly do when you are not writing for the whole day.' Generally these questions are asked at family functions. (*Laughs*).

### **6. Authors who inspire you?**

For me, my readers inspire me! I do not aspire to be like someone else. No one really inspires me to that extent but the love of readers over the past four years is unbelievable.





**7. Many young writers face difficulties to get their work published? Did you go through the same phase? Your advice in this situation.**

Yes, no one is spared. I faced many rejections, more than half a dozen for sure. But if it was an easy path, I wouldn't have valued my success. I know the pains to get published and to get a little appreciation from readers. Hence, I always make it a point to reply to each and every one personally through my Facebook, Instagram and Twitter accounts. Also, I believe that one has to be extremely patient and honest towards writing. If it's your passion, then continue writing, else stay away as it can lead you to depression.

**8. How do you handle criticism?**

That's a tricky question. But if it's a genuine criticism, I try to implement it in my next work. However, as a writer, I understand that I cannot satisfy each and every reader out there.

**9. Mantras that you live by.**

Party hard, live with your friends and spread love!

**10. How can readers discover more about you and your work?**

They can connect with me on Facebook, Instagram or Twitter. Also, just walk in to the bookstores to buy the books or Amazon, Flipkart is just a click away!







## Mohan Godbole

Working as Circle Training Head at Max Life Insurance Co. in Dehradun, Mohan is fond of Hindi Gazals. He is also associated with an NGO for promotion of classical music in the valley. He has been writing since 1999.



## प्रेम का व्यक्तित्व

प्रेम का व्यक्तित्व तो चिर यौवन से भरपूर है  
प्रेम न जाने समय की माया  
प्रेम न जाने अपना पराया

प्रेम समर्पण है प्रेम त्याग है  
प्रेम का वर्णन तो शब्द की परिभाषा से दूर है

प्रेम ज़माने की हदों और सरहदों से आगे है  
पुराना हो या नया हर कोई इसके पीछे भागे है  
सबका अपना दृष्टिकोण है सबकी अपनी परिभाषा है,  
सबको सबका प्रेम मिले अपनी तो बस इतनी अभिलाषा है







# *First Love*

The memories are still fresh in my mind, though it's been more than 4 years. The first time when I saw you...that feeling still gives me goose bumps. The first time when we looked at each other, I still feel your eyes penetrated up to my soul. The first time that you touched me, never ever has anyone made me feel so special. The first time that you called me, it was the sweetest melody I ever heard. I started loving myself more and more because of you. The first time when I felt you, it gave me the meaning of my being.

You made me complete even before you came in this world, when I felt you in my womb, my love. Until you came in my world, I firmly believed that your father has been my first and only love. But you gave my life a whole new meaning. You changed my perception for everything in life. It was then, when I took you in my hands for the first time, that I realised, what love actually is. A mother can never explain what she feels when she holds her own part of flesh who looks exactly like the love of her life. That feeling is eternal and the love is insatiable.

It's really strange how a girl transforms into a woman after marriage, and more surprisingly, how a lovely tiny creature can further transform her into a wonderful lady. Candle light dinners and late night parties became secondary all of a sudden. Your bubbly and carefree mom became sensitive and careful all of a sudden, just at the news of your conception. The day I came to know of your existence, I could not believe if it was true. I hope you remember, we had our own dream world, just the two of us...we used to talk to each other. I always tried to be careful and take care of your needs and when I wasn't being precautious, you would kick me from inside my belly. You gave me reminders of your likes and dislikes, for I had cravings for your likes and vomits for your dislikes. You made me realise how it feels to live for someone else.

Being a wife to your dad, made me the happiest person in this world. But, being a mother to you, has made me the most contented person. I no longer feel the urge to shop stuff, just for me. You have become the priority ever since you came and you will always be. True love is all about giving...you really made me understand this.



- Moomal Sisodia

Being loved by the love of my life, was the only thing I asked for...

But you are the topping of my life!

My first love...love u loads Dhruvzee!!

A management professional and an ex-Banker, Moomal is passionate about travelling and discovering new places. Presently she works as a freelance Life-Coach.





A loquacious person and an eloquent speaker, Heena is pursuing Engineering from Indore. She loves reading novels and writing poetry.

## Love Actually

- By Heena Rajpal

Dedicated to  
Swapnil Jain

A girl as young as sixteen,  
So curious, so keen.  
Tries figuring out the word, 'love',  
And movies answers her as she swerves.

As 'Bollywood' legend spreads his arms,  
Her heart pauses, stops, skips a beat.  
A l'il later as she calms,  
She believes this is her love, someday she'd meet.

Later, she developed a 'crush' for the star of a reality show,  
Became breathless, the moment he'd took his final bow,  
His melodious voice and innocent smile,  
She believed, this is the love that'd go for miles.

Then, came a sports coach, a handsome man,  
Then a cricketer, and she became a crazy fan,  
Then a radio jockey with a voice so enticing,  
Never realising, what true love shall bring.

A l'il mature she was, when she turned 19,  
Fell in love with herself, a queen,  
Because love doesn't make you skip a beat,  
It makes you comfortable, that's how it treats.

She found love in a person  
Who brought smile to her face,  
The day they met, it was a connection,  
Yes, love at first sight was the case.

It was never about the looks,  
Was just about how well they clicked,  
Opposites, one reads, other cooks,  
But love, trust, admiration, respect - ticks.

Love is,  
Who you think about, when the moon is up and night is late,  
When your mind starts etching dates,  
When time stops seeing you together,  
When sacrifices bring satisfaction, rather.

Love is, when you can't help smiling,  
even after the craziest fights.  
Love is when you can't leave,  
No matter who is wrong, who is right?

Love is soothing, love is dreamy,  
Love is longing, love is beamy,  
Love is stupid, love is unchecked,  
But no matter what, love is just perfect.



# The DOODLY STORIES

by **Sonali Chhabria**



A foodie, pet lover and music enthusiast, Sonali is an advertising professional. She is an adventurer, a movie freak and absolutely loves to scribble.







## WIT-SHITS

A 23 year old. A man with voice, some banter and quite an amount of sensibility. Or at least that's what many say. Look for yourself.

-by *Shivraj Jadhav*



**(Valentine's Day is an opportunist bastard and you're an asshole.)**

On this Valentine's Day, I'd like to tell you a story.

*It was the first day of my math class. The rain poured heavily and I had been to the class eons early lest I might make a bad impression in the teacher's books right since day one. There was no one at the class except the professor and another student, a girl. The teacher was busy and the girl, beautiful.*

*So very nonchalantly, I went over to her desk and introduced myself, like any other guy would have, but like any other girl would have, she chose to keep her eyes on her books and muttered a "Hi" that was barely audible. I felt quite uneasy because I had never anticipated this cold reaction and stood there like a fool not knowing what to say. But because the teacher saw that I was trying to talk to the girl and because he thought our time could be better employed to solve a seemingly difficult problem of parabola, so until the rest of the class arrived, he said, "Solve the equation on page 138 of your book." Then, with a sly grin, he added, "Let's see who solves it first. I'll be back in a few minutes." Thereby making us feel like we were in a benign, micro-version of the Hunger Games. Then he left the classroom for a while, increasing the uneasiness between the girl and me to an unprecedented height.*

*So I located a seat and decided to concentrate on the arithmetic problem and forget the girl. It was only a few minutes since I had begun to solve the parabola equation that I thought I was going wrong somewhere and that I needed to verify my answer before getting any further. Of course there was only one person in the class, to whom I could ask about it.*

*So very cautiously, I stammered, "Hey..."*

*She looked up at me with a spark in her eyes. In that brief moment, God sent oceans of love in my life. I had my answer verified. And then, I also got the answer to the most important question in my life.*

*Who will be the one? Who will send me miles up in the sky with just a glance? Who will hold my hand for the eternal journey? Whom will I love all that I can?*

*When I saw the spark in her eyes, I knew the answer: this girl.*





## WIT-SHITS



Now the reason I'm writing this isn't because it's our relationship's 5th anniversary or anything as stupid as that. Oh, just for the record, since I know you represent a common human being immensely interested in other people's lives and you want to know what happened after I saw that spark in her eyes, let me tell you that I dated her and we broke up after what can roughly be called a year. No fairy-tale love story at all. I have been 'in love' thrice after that – was cheated on once, left for ex-boyfriend once and left-without-a-clue once. That sums up my adventures on the quest of love and longing. Bottom line, never ask me again.

Yeah so back to where I was, the reason I'm writing this, or it would sound more appropriate to say 'I wrote the first few paragraphs' since I'm done writing it and it's not present tense, but what the hell, you aren't a grammar Nazi so let's not ponder over the tenses. The reason I wrote the first paragraph is because it's the Valentine's Day, and regardless of whether you want it or not, you have fallen madly, hopelessly in love with someone. And there are chances that you are looking forward to carry on with this relationship for the rest of your life.

In some rare cases, as rare as a woman driving a car with skills and perfection, it is possible that you'd get married, have kids, and one day they would kill me for writing this article and apparently trying to keep you from creating them. But in all the other cases, I'd strongly recommend you to not dream of anything like that because here's the deal: **Valentine's Day is an opportunist bastard and you're an asshole.** No one falls in love just because it's the Valentine's Day. This isn't a movie and you aren't a teenager to believe in all the romantic ideas.

Retrospect on your high-school years, come forward to this date in a chronological order and see for yourself how many times the Valentine's Day has fooled you into believing that you finally found love. My suggestions aren't sweet but what do you want sweet or safe? Grow up, or rather break up and face the reality. You won't fall in love today. **So go out, be an opportunist, flirt a bit, weigh your chances, refer the Playbook and say those three magical words to someone: Let's have sex.**

And yes, if you happen to be the one with the rare case, raise your kids nicely, never mention them anything about this article and everyone gets to stay happy. Okay?





## Divya Agrawal

**An Avid reader, Divya considers herself a blend of Computer science Engineer and a Writer. Currently, she is working as a freelancer for WittyFeed.com. Also she is editing an upcoming mythological fiction book.**

## Freedom- the Mature Love

Well it was a long time ago,  
When love used to freely flow,  
Nothing would make us part,  
Everything cool and slow,  
But now as we've grown up,  
I guess priorities change,  
And I'm now learning that,  
I have to let go...  
Love was freedom I had read,  
Somewhere some philosopher said,  
Then I had thought it was nonsense,  
That what was freedom was just that thread,  
That held us close and connected,  
But guess what things change I know,  
And now I'm learning to let go...  
Though i know it in my heart,  
That we would never fall apart,  
And be like this beyond death,  
But, the worldly attachments play their part,  
And make me feel insecure and marred,  
You worry not coz I'll play it smart,  
And as the seeds of love we continue to sow,  
I will free you but never let you go...



## Mana Apoorva

**She is a researcher in Indological studies. She is passionate about Sanskrit and loves to teach it to people of all ages.**

मां निषाद प्रतिष्ठां त्वमगमः शाश्वतीः समाः।  
यत्क्रौंचमिथुनादेकम् अवधीः काममोहितम्॥'

**'O hunter, you will not attain peace for eternity, as out of the inseparable pair of Kraunch birds you have killed the one that was infatuated by love.'**

Which sensitive soul won't be moved seeing such a heart-rending scene like this? Sage Valmiki spontaneously spoke this shloka cursing the hunter when he went to river Tamasa which flows from Sahyadri mountain range, Maharashtra. Seeing the reflection of Ram-Sita's love in the Kraunch (heron) birds, he created Ramayana





# -ShrewdShruti

## 1. When Nudity Drapes Love

**Like layers of black paint trickling down the canvass, her long, black hair glistened alongside the smooth curvature of her tempting body.**

**We sat cross-legged; facing each other, both admired the naked (true) human form. Her toe fingers made patterns in the air & my eyes followed her actions, involuntarily.**

**That's how nudity dressed love and love admired itself for it's shamelessness.**

## 2. A Meaningful Bond With Yourself

**You think, therefore, you sprint through the crowd.**

**You feel, therefore, you practice silence.**

**You celebrate happiness, therefore, you mingle.**

**You laugh, therefore, you unthinkingly tickle yourself.**

**You fight, therefore, you remodel yourself.**

**You love, therefore, you conquer yourself.**

## 3. In The Boat Of Narratives

**Pull me close & kiss me lightly, you'll be master and the moments will be the slaves. Pull me closer and hold my hand, like a shooting star buried in the depths of sand.**

**Look into my eyes and see the dark lattitude.**

**Now sketch a new map with our entwined breaths, whilst rowing the Boat forward with freedom and courage.**



A persuasive debater, writer, poet, Enginerrring Student and perky philosopher, Shruti wants to become a successful teacher. Shruti Agrawal writes under the pen name, "Shrewdshruti"





# Resurgam

#TheStoryIsYou

March 2016

Theme:  
RANG DE ZINDAGI

*Details Coming soon...*

*Stay tuned~*



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Active blogger and writer, Enakshi Johri, is a regular author for Indus woman Writing. Having worked as a freelance content writer, she is now working as a teacher of English. She also writes for several literary magazines and e-journals. She is an acclaimed book reviewer and her reviews can be found either on her personal blog or E-fiction India website (e-magazine). She has contributed in eight Anthologies so far. She is a creative thinker and a passionate writer and loves to pour down her heart in form of words. She shares her experience and her perception through her website.

school. But things did not turn out well. We were friends but we fought a lot.

#### **QUARTER TWO (2000-2004)**

Commentary

"And here comes Lily Swanders, with all her charm and strength. Wow, what clean defense. She is definitely a superstar."

The crowd was humming her name. I stood on my toes as she scored the last shot. Her team had won the high school championship. I went straight to her to congratulate her.

"Hey Lil, congrats," I said, hugging her.

"Thanks Curt," she answered, in a warm pleasant tone.

We went out to celebrate that day and talked our heads out. I told her about my ball trials, that were scheduled for the week after and she told me about her next tournament.

Later that day, we decided to spend some time in the nearby park. She had something to tell me.

"Hey, I want you to open this letter," she said, passing me a sealed envelope.

"What is this?"

"Please I insist."

I saw the NBA initials mentioned on the envelope and instantly I knew what it was. Lily had made into the basketball girls team. I was proud. I smiled.

"Even I have something to tell you", I said, "I got admission in the Royal's high".

## THE GAME

#### **QUARTER ONE (1995-2000)**

The effulgent rays of the bright yellow sun fell on my face as I stormed out of my house. The fights between my parents had increased and they did not bother how badly it affected me, their 10-year-old son. As I walked past the narrow paved path, I heard voices. There were some girls playing ball.

"Can I also play?" I bleated.

"Only if you think you are good enough," replied a fair looking girl. She had sharp features and had tied her hair in a bun, that was topped by a cap. There were two other girls as well, but I did not notice them much. We played for one hour. I was good but she was definitely better and it was difficult for me to accept this. During the last lay-up, when I knew she would not miss the shot and eventually I would lose, I pushed her. Her right side of the forehead began to bleed but still she did not utter a word. Later that day, when I told mom about this, she rebuked me and as a sweet gesture of apology she prepared a cake for that girl. We went to her house and then I realized that she was my next door neighbour.

"Come on, Lily, Curt is sorry. You two... shake hands now," persuaded her mother. It was then decided that we would be going to school together as I got admission in the same





"Are you serious? This means we will not be away from each other. Same city, and may be even we will be able to stay together too".

And that night we could not help but be happy. I was worried earlier, for I thought that Lily would be forced to take admission in some local college and giving up my royal's high scholarship would not sound intelligent. But we got a second bite at the cherry, eventually.

### QUARTER THREE (2004- 2008)

"Why don't you propose her dude?" asked my roommate.

"Probably I am playing a waiting game. I don't know. What if she does not want this?"

I did not propose her. Although now we had been together since 15 years, it did not sound right. And the worst part, I did not feel the need to take a further step. Was I jealous?

My mind did not know the answer. I realized that the more I found myself, the more I lost people. Lily was experiencing a career peak. But I was still struggling as a beginner. She was a star by then, or say, a superstar. May be I felt left out. Proposing her at this stage would ruin the prospects of me, rising higher and being known as the "game stopper". No doubt she played splendidly. But where was I? Probably the fear of being neglected, got the better of me. May be it was time to cut loose from her, instead of playing gooseberry. I decided. I wanted to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

The next day, I called Lily and asked her to meet me at the Coffee shop. She reached on time, with a large box of my favourite chocolates. It was difficult to spill the beans. But I had to. And I told her. We were indeed strange bedfellows. We broke up.

### QUARTER FOUR (2013- beyond)

"Hey Curt, when are you coming home?" asked my mother, in a heartbroken tone.

"Not till next month, mom. I have next ball championship coming up and the drill and practice is in full swing. I won't be able to make it."

"But it is your sister's birthday..."

"I know mom. But I am sorry, I can't."

Probably my mother's words rang loudly in my ears. "Atleast try. And yes, did you know that Lily met with an accident during one of her games?"

I was holding a cup of steaming hot coffee and the mug crashed on the floor instantly. It was Lily, after five long years. I had to see her.

Did I still have a soft corner for her? I did not care. I asked mom and came to know that she was also in Spain, playing as the center for her team. I persuaded mom to get the details of the hospital. And it did not take even more than five hours for me to reach the hospital.

We met and greeted each other warmly. But the ambiance was different. We hadn't talked for five years and to my utter dismay, Lily was engaged to some clown named Dorris.

A week later, I returned to my hometown and found that Lily was also in the same city, once again. It was a week before her wedding day, when I got a chance to say "Hello" to her. The meeting was formal. But I spent three sleepless nights after that meeting. I loved her. I had to give myself one last chance, I thought, and so I called her outside, in the park, in the middle of the night, throwing caution to the wind.

"I challenge you to a one-on-one game. If I win, you will call off your engagement as I know you still have feelings for me," I said.

"What if I win?"

"If you win, I will buy you the wedding present." I started off well but eventually she won. I started to leave, hopeless and heartbroken. But before I could pick up my jacket, she called out, "Hey you, double or nothing?"

I could not believe my ears. But no, I wasn't dreaming. She stood there with open arms and all I could do was hug her, making her mine forever.

- By Enakshi Johri







## MAH FIRST LOVE

- by Fatema Malubhaiwala

*Student of Science, Fatema is an ardent reader, eloquent debater and a creative writer.*

*She loves Literature, Sketching and Arts.*

A golden memory always flies  
of the day I opened my eyes.

I know your unconditional love was right,  
But what to do,  
I also was caught in 'love at first sight'.

Dear ones took me in their hands,  
But the adorable feeling was with your touch.

No doubt, I was precious to all,  
but I was deeply touched by your call.

Although your love will always be more than mine,  
and I know that's very fine,  
But I really need to confess,  
that mine will be neither less.

I heartily thank Lord for making me from your part,  
And I promise, we won't be apart  
although miles apart, but close to heart.

I can never compensate,  
for what you did for me,  
I just can worldly felicitate,  
that having you really feels heavenly.

A little smile on your face  
Adds colors to my voice,  
A sad look of yours  
Brings tear in my eyes.

I feel blessed having you ,  
Life becomes messed without you

The warmth in your arms ,  
The comfort of your lap ,  
and the sleep that came after your every tap ,  
All this makes me as happy as sprouting farms.

You gave me all of you,  
I can't even imagine a minute without you.

When I feel myself in danger,  
You're always there as an angel.

Up there, someone is really happy from me,  
That He sent you for me,  
And if it is so that,  
There is heaven on earth,  
Let me tell you the fact,  
It is truly YOU and YOU , MAMMAH ! ☆

I Love You Ma! ♥







## Akash Rumade

Akash Rumade is an inspiring author from a small town Roha in Maharashtra. He is a Final year Engineering student, who loves to write stories with unconventional endings.



### Can't Stop Loving You

(Dedicated to Tanee , whom I loved since our first chat)

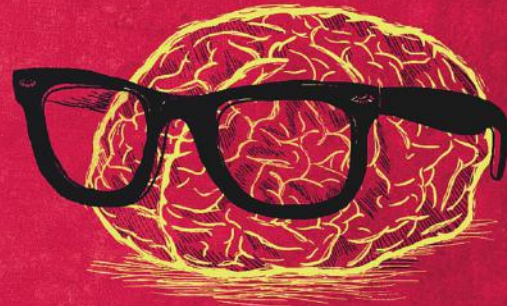
I still remember when you were here,  
For just another summer.  
I was the culprit,  
And wanted you to stay here forever!  
Every day I was hearing you anew,  
I fell for your curves,  
Your words,  
Your thoughts,  
Your flaws,  
Which you already knew!  
We didn't fell in love at first sight,  
Maybe we were in love since our first chat!  
Now, how far are we, away?  
Maybe hundred miles or more;  
How long shall we miss the kiss?  
Maybe couple of sunrise and sunsets more;  
The only trouble is,  
That my eyes miss seeing you,  
My lips miss kissing you,  
My arms miss hugging you,  
And my heart can't stop loving you! <3







- By Kavita Jhala



## *A Beautiful* **'MIND'**

When we set out to embrace life, the first emotion we seek is love. It's the love of the mother that feeds the newborn with more than nutrients, its love of strangers who then become friends that transform our relationship and make it worthwhile. Love is the most overrated emotion and yet the most misunderstood one.

February month is about love and since love is in the air; let me help you traverse through the complexities of love from psycho-biological perspective borrowing from its glimpses in literature.

Love is a universal human feeling, produced by specific chemicals and networks in the brain. It is researched that mainly three related chemicals in the brain — Dopamine, Norepinephrine and serotonin — play a role in romantic passion. It is speculated that the feelings of euphoria, sleeplessness and loss of appetite as well as the lover's intense energy, focused attention and increased passion in the face of adversity might all be caused in part by heightened levels of Dopamine or Norepinephrine in the brain. Similarly, it is also believed that the lover's obsessive thinking about the beloved might be due to decreased brain activity of some type of serotonin.

These effects and complexities of love have been widely described in classics as well as contemporary literature. Different kinds and different aspects of love have been covered up in the various works.

Jane Austen's "Pride & Prejudice" is a perfect example of love during courtship period. So does Chaucer's "The Miller's Tale," gets one traversing into the courtship love.





The familial love and bond has been taken up in various ways in several works. It could be siblings or parent-child relationship. The storyline too revolves around the love that is tested in various circumstances. A very famous example is that of Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women", followed by J.D Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye" and Tennessee Williams "Streetcar Named Desire".

Love that involves bonding over similar interests and familiarity, popularly known as platonic love finds its way in Lynne Reid Banks's "The L Shaped Room".

Then we have love that's hopeless since it is more like one-sided affair and involves rejection and dejection. Sometimes jealousy and obsession also for part of this kind of love that's known as unrequited love. Vladimir Nabokov's "Lolita" borders on the obsessive love that's peculiar and not usually accepted.

The most popular and often picked up love in the literature is the romantic love and also erotic love. It is mentioned in most of the works of the writers and poets. Of all, Rumi is the master. His poems on love, anguish, desire, happiness, pain all border on pathos and ethos in equal measure. His blending of pain and pleasure is so fine that it takes the reader into a world that's real and yet surreal.

So it remains for the readers to pick up what their mood is and what they want to read. It doesn't matter what love is, however it does matter how the writer makes you feel. When that is accomplished, you're on a different mental wavelength altogether – because you have understood what the depth of love is.

"To love is to surrender ourselves" and when you have the finest works to make you do so, there aren't going to be any complaints.

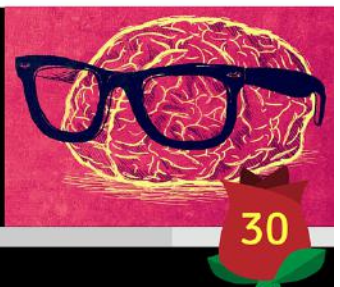
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Footnote:

Why have I picked up psychological perspectives into the literature?

Being human, we surround ourselves with people who we know or don't know, however we would really like to know and understand all. This article does that with a simple ways of blending psychology with literature to give you a better understanding of the characters and persons. This being the first article, I have gone slow on psycho analysis, however the succeeding ones will tickle your grey cells.

***A Post Graduate, armed with Clinical Psychology as her area of specialization, Kavita is an Educationist, Content Writer and a budding Author. Co-Founder of Rising Litera, Kavita is also a voracious reader and passionate about Arts & Culture***

*Resurgam Feb'16*







# “पहला किस्सा प्यार का”

ये एक अजीब पहल थी,  
बरसों हुए मिले हमे तुमसे,  
दिल देर से क्यों समझा ?  
अनजाने मे ही सही पर बना,  
पहला किस्सा प्यार का ।



**Rachna Shrivastava**

A teacher by profession, Rachna believes, her writing strengthens her beliefs.

रोज़ देखा करते एक दूजे को,  
समझे आज इशारों को,  
पन्ने भर दिए सवालों से,  
सुन कर दिल की बात बना,  
पहला किस्सा प्यार का ।

ये तो बहाना बन गया,  
मिलना उससे रोज का,  
कहा समय है खुद के लिए?  
दिलों की हसरतों से बना ,  
पहला किस्सा प्यार का ।

ख्वाबो से प्यार हो गया,  
हर पल सोच कर उसको,  
हाल अब बेहाल सा क्यों है?  
दोनो के विश्वास से बना,  
पहला किस्सा प्यार का ।







## *Why 'being in love' feels so good?*

Someone asked me the other day, "Why does 'being in love' feel so good"? I replied, "Because of a simple but rare privilege it allows us..."

One might ask "What kind of privilege?"! Well!! I will try my best to elucidate this.

If, in general, you list down things that gives you utter bliss or peace of mind – be it looking at the clear sky, basking in the sun, dining in candlelight with a glass of red wine to savor your taste buds, riding a bike or a roller-coaster, waltzing on the beat of music in a disc, smoking a cigarette, having a glass of champagne near the fireplace, gambling in a casino, watching a movie, reading a book, playing a sport, going on a vacation, shopping, listening music, playing a guitar or even reading this post, then in any case, actually all you are looking for is just a way to 'be in this moment'. Yes! All the above activities are merely creation of apparatus to facilitate that one thing.

That's what you want; and honestly, that's all you need...to be happy and carry on with your life; afresh. And for precisely the same reason "being in love" feels so amazing.

When you are looking in each other's eyes, holding hands, whispering in ears, cuddling into each other's arms, running fingers through hair, feeling the warmth of each other's breath, coddling gently, hugging tightly, kissing with your eyes closed, or 'becoming One' ... in each of the cases, you are 'right there...in the moment'.

Yes! Love feels good, not for what you do in it, but for what it does for you.

- Sandeep Atre

**Sandeep Atre is an Entrepreneur and a Trainer in the Domains of 'Soft-skills & Management Development' and 'Entrance & Recruitment Preparation'. He is one of the Directors of CH EdgeMakers – A training & consulting organization. He is an MBA and a PhD in Management.**



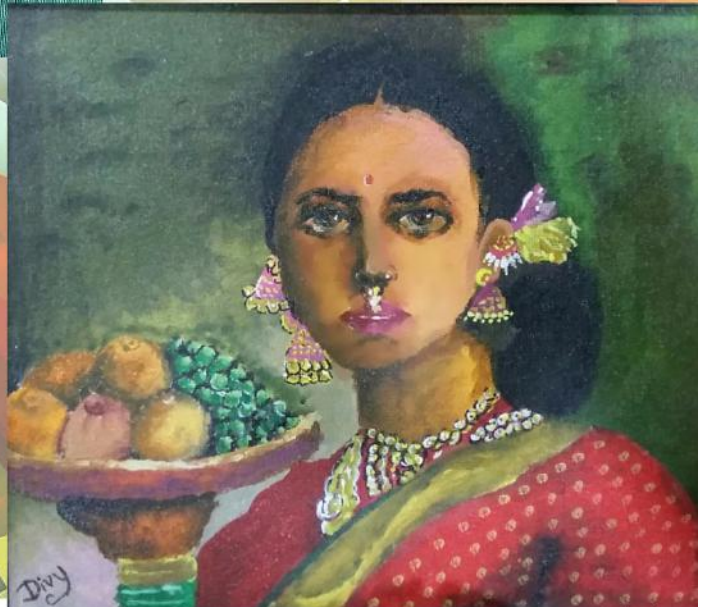
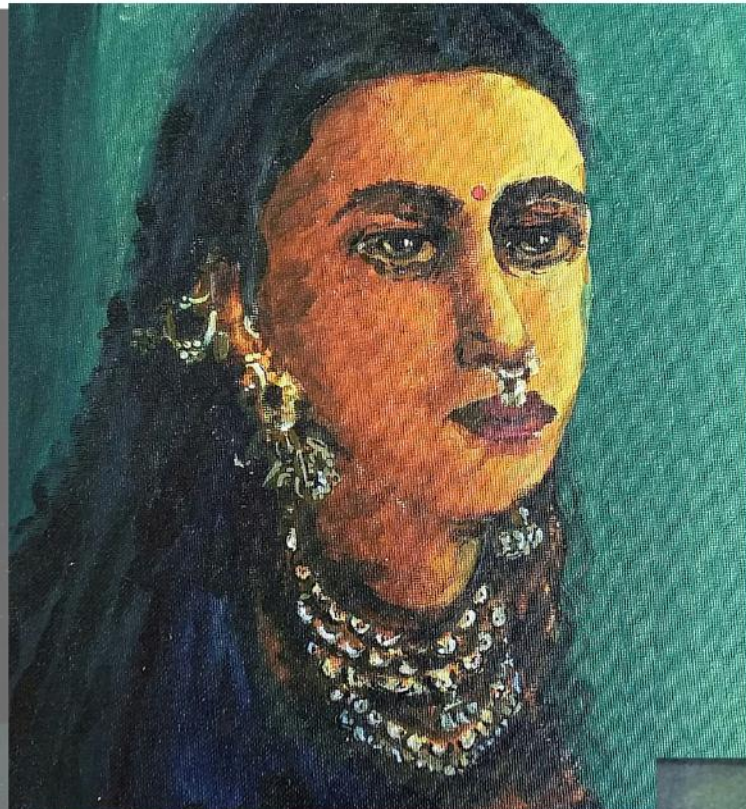




## Divy Jajodia

Soft-spoken and silent observer, Divy believes in goal setting and chasing the same with an utmost dedication. He has been often acknowledged for his beautiful artwork.

# ART ♥ WORK







# "Is love at first sight possible?"

A law graduate, Shabbir is Color & Chemical Businessman. He is an ardent reader, who also loves to write occasionally.



**Shabbir Rangwala**

Love at first sight.

On humorous note, we often say, love is blind and blind cannot see....so love isn't capable of being sighted, neither first nor second time.

For some people love at first sight is possible first with 'A' then with 'B' and then with 'C'...the chain continues.

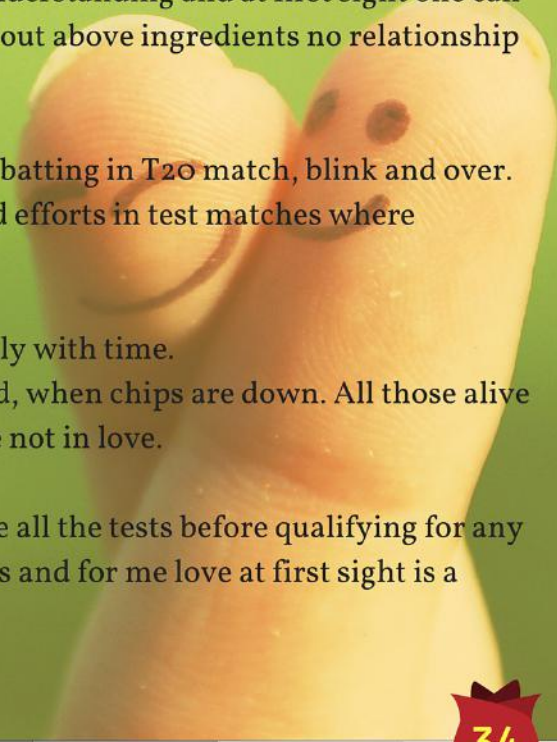
If love at first sight is reality, then 'DDLJ' or 'Dil To Pagal Hai' type movies would have ended in 5 minutes. Jokes apart but majority of us do not understand the true meaning of love, how can we know or experience the meaning of love at first sight?

There is very thin line which differentiates between love, physical attraction and lust. Love is all about commitment, sacrifice, respect and understanding and at first sight one can never put up so many efforts in any relationship. Without above ingredients no relationship can ever be termed as love.

Love isn't like a hundred meter dash or 'Yusuf Pathan' batting in T20 match, blink and over. Love is a 26 miles marathon or 'Rahul Dravid' laboured efforts in test matches where consistency is essential to finish the game.

Love is like exotic wine, it works definitely but gradually with time. Like life, love also has ups and down. True love is tested, when chips are down. All those alive are not living, and all those who are in relationship are not in love.

Love at first sight can be successful but it would require all the tests before qualifying for any positive rewards. I may belong to old school of thoughts and for me love at first sight is a misnomer term.







## Not-So-Trivial

**-By Vivek Tiwari**



### **BEYOND THE BRONZE MEDAL**

Resurgence means rising again and growing stronger. One such feat showed us the true meaning. The feat is **Hero Hockey World League Finals Bronze Medal**. Yes, the sport that media forgot right after the 1983 Cricket World Cup.

On 6th of December, Hockey was again in news as India clinched the Bronze Medal at one of the top-notch tournaments of FIH, most important after World Cup and the Olympics. This is much more beyond the podium. Since the rise of the team remained under the veil, I would take you where it started and the greatness, the medal talks about

#### **1. Champions Trophy 2002-2004**

Tournament consists of top-6 teams

Indian Team showing its great form after years. Dhanraj Pillay led team with great talents like Gagan Ajit Singh, Prabhjot Singh and Jugraj Singh. After showing promising game, India, ranked 5th, finally loses its Bronze Medal to Pakistan, thrice in a row.

#### **2. 2004-2008**

The team gets into internal conflicts with the erstwhile board (Indian Hockey Federation) and its members. News of mutual displease amongst players also became an issue. Retirement of Dhanraj and his men wasn't foresighted by the poor management at the top. This led to change of nearly whole team at once. In fact, it happened twice in these four years.

While Indian Team and the board became counterparts of the bitter battle, hockey was evolving. European Teams started focusing on specific physique and the techniques to play. Already the pioneers, they were distancing themselves more and more with the sorts of the Indian Team. India, on other hand was failing appallingly.

India kept losing. Australia, Britain, Germany and Netherlands thrashed India like school boys. Moreover, Pakistan and South Korea used to defeat with 2-goal difference.

Inexperienced team, poor management and penniless players. Nothing was going India's way. The hopes for the best were already shattered. Veteran players were calling help. And then came Beijing Olympic Qualifiers.





## **BEYOND THE BRONZE MEDAL**

### **3. 2008- The Painful Disguise**

India could not qualify for the Beijing Olympics 2008. First time in 70 Years. 8-time Olympic Champion. First Champion. Any adjective you could associate. Team ranked number 14 couldn't reach top 12 teams. Shame and disappointment.

Adding to it, **International Olympic Association (IOA) de-recognises Indian Hockey Federation (IHF)**

What else could one expect? Indian Sports Ministry cleared the way for formation of **Hockey India**. This organisation was redesigned to address the problems of hockey in India and manage the country's national sport.

### **4. 2008-2011**

This time, probably Indian players also stopped dreaming. Hockey India, though constituted but faced the biggest problem any Indian sport faces, Politics. Men at Hockey India chose Vidya Stokes as their President. This went horribly wrong!

**Vidya Stokes was an octogenarian (aged 83) who had no sports background but a Congress leader.** Apathy was that **she was chosen over Olympian Captain Pargat Singh!**

Indian Team was now being coached by V Baskaran, Captain of 1980 Olympic Champion Team. Narendra Batra now headed Hockey India. Things weren't going good, at all.

The 'atrocities' over the players now crossed the limits. **Rajpal Singh, Indian Captain 2011, and his team came out in media and said that they are not yet paid with their match fees.**

Team of already underpaid players was now not even being paid. Government interfered. Pay was regularised and so came the foreign coaches.

### **5. 2012-2013**

Facilities were up and ensured. India qualified for the London Olympics. Team was now gaining stability. Team had the new captain who was destined to write history 4 years later, Sardar Singh. Team finished 12th, the last, in London. Sardar and his team was again criticised. Team needed a motivation and exposure. Fortunately, for the first time the countrymen, who cared, must have thanked Hockey India. Decision was to bring in the doctor, **Terry Walsh**. And he changed the game.

### **6. 2014- Let the game begin**

Terry Walsh was a boon for Indian hockey. Accompanying him was high performance Director Roelant Oltmans. The duo made the team play the European style Hockey, focus on stamina of the men on the field. Team was still running loose in the last 15 minutes and conceded goals but if you could see what has happened in last decade, we were already half way better.

Sardar and Terry created a new team. Not in faces but places. The team which was struggling without a penalty corner specialist now had 2 in the team. Rupinder Pal Singh and Ramandeep Singh. However, Ramandeep is mostly seen working in midfield but its because Rupinder has given him that liberty.

Indian goalkeeper, PR Sreejesh turned up to be the best goalkeeper on the planet. I was very delighted to hear from experts that, "If Sreejesh couldn't stop it, nobody could". Young boys were gearing up and

**India became Asian games champion and was also the first team to qualify for Rio Olympics 2016. It took 16 years for the team to reach Olympics by Continental Champion berth.**





## **BEYOND THE BRONZE MEDAL**

### **7. 2015- The First Half**

The game was wide and clear. Indian team played great hockey and managed to defeat some great nations. By the start of Hockey World League Semifinals, India defeated all top-5 teams at least once. India played good hockey meanwhile and before flying to Antwerp, India ranked 8th. At Antwerp, India played great in its leg. Although defeated by 4th ranked Belgium and 5th ranked Britain, India showed some good skills. Only few faint moments and India conceded the goal. But in totality, India reached the 4th spot and confirmed the berth to Finals by dignity.

However, an ugly spat between Narendra Batra and Terry Walsh led to the latter's exit and Oltmans was the new coach.

### **8. 2015- The Podium**

India now ranked 6th. For the first time in last decade the group containing India was called the group of death.

Team started poor against Argentina making similar mistakes but evolved against Germany. Team that conceded goals in last quarters was now scoring then. Team lost the other game against Netherlands.

In the Quarter Finals, India had to play Great Britain, ranked 3. India valiantly defeated to play its semifinal against Belgium. The semifinal match was very much in India's favour except for the first 5 minutes where a mistake costed a goal. But in possession or shots on goal, India was in fair lead.

Though lost, but India played like wannabe champions

India defeated Netherlands in the bronze medal match. This victory is now etched in history.

Fighting what not India finished at podium. For the first time we heard commentators say that India is a contender for medal in Olympics. We now listen that India has the best midfielder or goalkeeper or right half or any other position. This medal is a dream run.

### **9. Where now?**

Team will now play the same set of teams in Rio Olympics 2016. Team needs to show slightly more consistency and work on mistakes. India has defeated all teams ranking from top to bottom in the previous season. Even if India finished 5th or 6th, we must understand that competition becomes clash of the titans at such stage and someone has to win. India now plays at par with Australia, Germany, Britain, Netherlands, Belgium, Argentina and New Zealand, if not better. India is the only Asian Team to feature in HWL Finals and only South Korea (ranked 10th) is another team in the top-

### **10 apart from India.**

The time India was a pioneer, we had no TVs. TV era has not seen the champions in hockey but only cricket. Our boys need some more motivation and we will clinch the Olympic Medal sooner or later.

**After a long long time, we can hope again!**



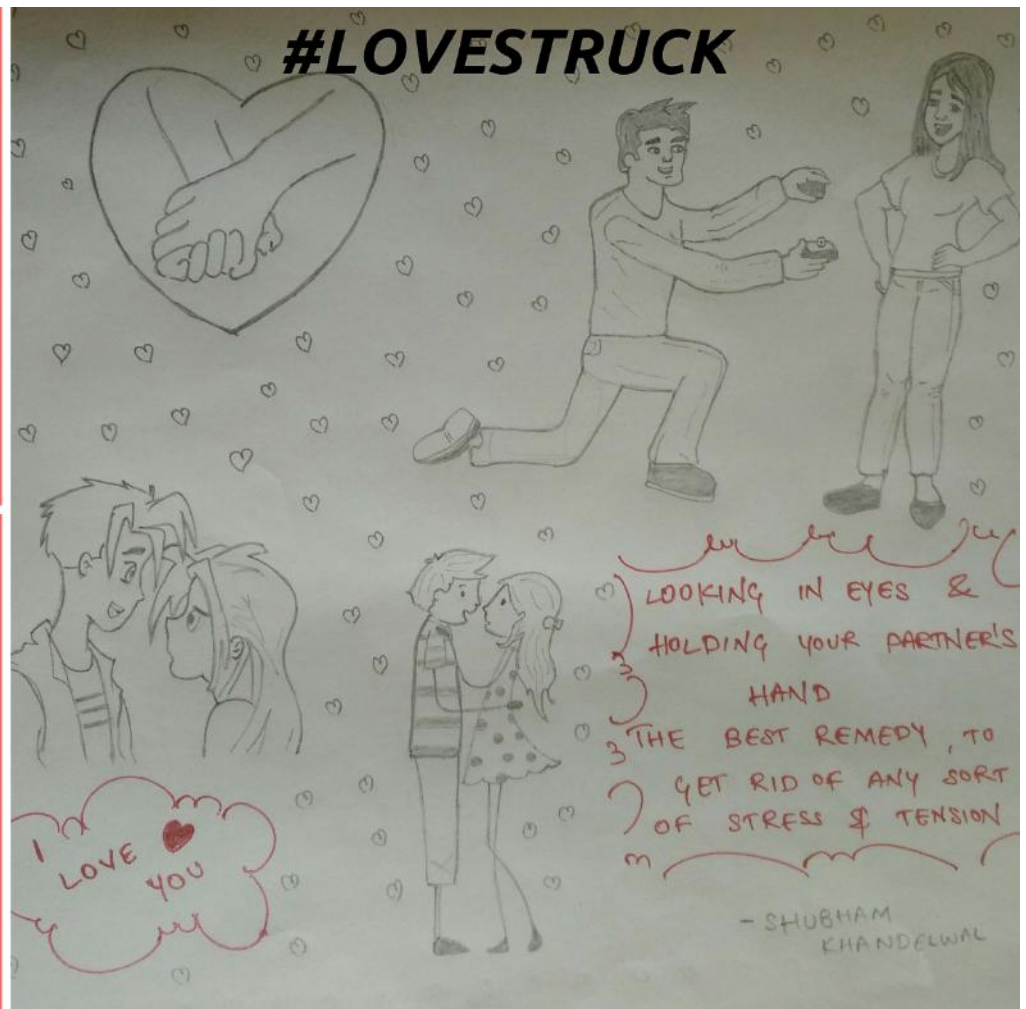
A Friend is  
someone who  
knows all about  
you and still  
loves you

**Dedicated by Harsh  
Vyas to his friends**

In every breath of mine I  
find you,  
You are that beauty  
which is out of the blue,  
In every vein of mine I get  
you,  
Away my heart you blew.

**-By Rounak roy  
chowdhury.**

**Dedicated to- Manisha**



**Tell me Taanee**  
-Akash Rumade

**(dedicated to Taanee, 'my only love')**

Tell me Taanee,  
Will he ever care for you?  
Like I cared for you?  
Will he ever lie for you?  
Like I lied for you?  
Will he ever cry for you?  
Like I cried for you?  
Will he ever dream with you?  
Like I dreamt with you?  
Will he ever pillowtalk with you?  
Like I pillowtalked with you?  
Will he ever live for you?  
Like I lived for you?  
Will he ever love you?  
Like I loved you?  
Tell me Taanee,  
Will he be like me and keep you happy?  
And if he could, my heart will go on  
And try to be happy!

**First Love Letter**  
**By Priyank**  
**Jajodia to his**  
**would be wife**

**A world of  
our Own**

*To be one of the 'in' people  
You've got to be on the fast track,  
No time to pause, or share  
A word, nor to look back.  
The world is not inclined  
to stop for any one,  
Cling on & be carried away  
With artificial fun.*

*But I love  
To step-off the world  
Now & then  
Just to be with you,  
Because for me  
You're someone special  
& my world revolves around you.*





# LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Walking in a lawn he first saw her in Yellow  
Mesmerized, hypnotized the ambiance mellow  
Her lips unnerved him and brows just killed  
Her presence soothed him and fragrance tickled

Love at first sight or mere attraction  
He knew not until she perplexed him  
For her captive eyes encompass huge sadness  
Her mystic being led him to further closeness

But choked with grief her veins were dry  
As wide pervading fear she craved and cry  
Her mind boomed and blood hissed  
For to and fro agony and spreading mist

The bountiful earth was unable to feed her heart  
Nature failed to please her and so it's each art  
The breeze, the rain went all in vain  
Mountains shackled her, energy drained

The wind was roaring and moon was moaning  
And here from and now some miracles were waiting  
The faith evolved in her, this all will change  
Her bosom; barren field will fertile again

Searching his soul for long apart companion  
To gift her happy life, love and lost passion  
His divine aura soaked all her sorrow  
She realized again beauty of sky and sparrow

She found his longings; lust less as pious boons  
His temperate breaths healed all her wounds  
Filled with utmost honor and incomparable pride  
Beautiful and chaste she became his bride

The unfathomable love, love at first sight  
They began their life with no regrets or plight  
First sight into heart first sight into soul  
They lived happily forever with otherworldly goal



## Deepali Chourasiya

Post graduate in English Literature. Deepali is a voracious reader. She loves to sing and write poems. Currently, she is working as a technical analyst with financial services provider.





## Himanshu Budheliya

An Engineer and a passionate photographer, Himanshu believes that pictures have a power to recall the old past days. Sharing and clicking photos is what makes him happy.

# ART WORK



Just when everything is  
perfect,  
And you seem so  
delicately sweet  
A rush of wind comes  
past me  
As I'm swept beneath  
my feet

It's not two of us  
that makes a  
heart,  
Its a soul that  
locks the entire  
life in two hands  
& one heart.







# "MIND AS MINEFIELD"

Selfless action is the outward expression of selfless love. When the heart is filled with love, it expresses itself in the form of unselfish action. One is a deep inner feeling and other its outward manifestation. Without deep unconditional love, selfless actions cannot be performed.

In initial stages of our journey our self love becomes the driving force for each of our action, even if we choose to call them selfless. Love for the ego, or oneself is the predominant feeling in every human being. Unless this feeling withers away real or actual selflessness will not emerge.

I would like to tell you this with a short story of an old man planting mango trees. When his neighbour saw what he was doing, he said, "Do you think you will live long enough to taste the mangoes from those trees?" "No, I doubt it," replied the old man. "Then why are you wasting your time?" asked the neighbour. The old man smiled and said, "All my life I have enjoyed eating mangoes from trees planted by others. This is my way of gratitude to the people who planted those trees."

If you choose love and selflessness as your goal, you need to be watchful. Watch your mind constantly because the mind won't let you do anything selflessly.

The mind doesn't want you to be selfless- its only aim is to drive you down the path of selfishness because the mind is selfish. As long as you dwell in the mind, you can only be selfish.

You have to be free from the mind to be selfless.



## Jaykaran singh

An Interior Designer by profession and spiritual reader and Writer, Jaykaran is also a founding member of Ek-Ummeed. (An NGO)





## CHARACTER ANALYSIS

- by Antara Bandyopadhyay

*Antara is a student at heart from Kolkata. she is trying to find her ability in placing words in right place.*

***You have a grand gift of silence, Watson. It makes you quite invaluable as a companion.***  
**- Sherlock Holmes**

We all know Sherlock Holmes, the fictional master at crime solving, the only one of a kind 'Consultant Detective' created by Sir A.C. Doyle. But in his innumerable swaggering cases, we can never forget the presence of his dearest friend, confidant, accomplice and biographer Dr. John Hamish Watson.

An ex-army officer from the British army in the late 19th century after his degree in Doctor of Medicine in 1878 and further studies at Netley for surgeons in Army, John Watson got duly attached to the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers as an assistant surgeon. It was starting of the 2nd Afghan war and soon he was transferred to Berkshires Regiment of Foot at Candahar on Indo-Afghan border.

Here at the battle of Maiwand Dr. Watson gets hit on the shoulder by a Jezil bullet shattering the bone and arteries. Saved from the Ghazis by Murray, a colleague, still in severe pain and weakened to the bones he subsequently faces a long bout of enteric fever. After this he was immediately sent back to England, with no kith or kin and a marginal pension of 11 shillings 6 pence a day.

It's here that he meets Sherlock Holmes, a person extremely keen about chemistry, expert at deducing, and with an extraordinary skill to reach perfect conclusions from apparently a meager number of clues. Henceforth follows the adventures!

Watson is the archetypal late Victorian or Edwardian gentlemen against his brilliant but emotionally detached analytical machine-like companion. Where Holmes carries out detection in absolute scientific, cold, unemotional and overtly exact manner, Watson is found dealing with information in a more humanly way and like just a very keen observer. Thus besides an excellent doctor and surgeon he is an astute in his own deductions which he applies not only in Sherlock Holmes' cases but in "Study in Scarlet" towards deducing Sherlock Holmes own occupation as well.





## CHARACTER ANALYSIS

His appearance has been suggested differently in different parts of the stories. In the introductory stories we meet him as a gentleman who is "thin as lath and brown as nut". Later in a better health he is known to be of strongly built and stature of average or above average with a thick strong neck and small moustache. Being a former athlete in rugby at Blackheath and as former army veteran he is a crack shot. At an older age he is described as a heavily built elderly man with grey moustache.

### AS A FRIEND:

In 1881, Watson took to flat no.221B Baker Street on share with Sherlock Holmes. After their first case "Study in Scarlet" the credit of the case was not really given to Holmes, a fact that was preferable to him. But here we see reactions of Watson as a friend who unhappy with this decides to publish the cases himself.

With progress of stories we find Watson to become one of those rarest person whose line of thought, deductions, conclusion and even presence at the scene of crime becomes not only acceptable but also ameliorating to Holmes. Thus from a writer's point of view he is someone to whom the detective can make enigmatic remarks, a consciousness privy to facts in the case, aloud, without drawing conclusions till the opportune time.

Their friendship thus becomes highlighted in 'The Adventure of Blanched Soldier' where Sherlock exclaims 'I am lost without my Boswell', and Watson's frequently and severely criticizes Holmes' drug abuses and insensibility towards pets and human emotions alike. The final revelation of Watson's personality is given by Sherlock himself when he exclaims that instead of being shaken and shattered, as was presumed by Watson himself, the war front in actuality had strengthened the latter's nerve. He was so, subconsciously, finding peace and refuge among the violence and adventure in Holmes' company rather than running away from it.

But inspite of this we see Watson more as a family man as he finally gets married to Miss Mary Morstan in 1889, a governess in the case 'The Sign of the Four'. Her past is a little unclear; however, it is known that her father had disappeared under mysterious circumstances and her mother died early with no other relatives in England.

But by the time of "The Adventure of the Norwood Builder" Mary Morstan has died and Watson returned to his former lodgings in Baker Street. Her cause of death is never mentioned. Thus Watson proves to be a homely man comfortable in known surroundings. Thus Dr. Watson, the fierce army personnel, a great observer, fierce friend, romantic by heart and a homebound peace loving adventure seeker is as strong and sharp a character we come across as the steel blade hidden in his walking stick, puts his long lasting impact on our mind as strong as Sherlock himself.





## Naveen Chourey

Engineer by education; Writer by choice, Naveen Chourey, 24, is an emerging poet strengthening his roots in Hindi poetry. He owns the blog "हूबहू" and is looking forward to grow in the field of artistic literature with ghazal, Nazm, stories, script writing, jingles etc. Soon to be engaged in front and back stage performances in stage play and theatre.



### "इश्क, पहली नज़र में कहाँ होता है?"

कुछ धड़कनें जवां होना  
कुछ बंदिशें धुआँ होना  
इक बेवजह मुस्कान सी  
कुछ मुश्किलें आसान सी  
कोई शाम इक ढलती हुई  
इक रात के उनवान सी

चाँद का आना फलक पे  
रात का कटना नहीं  
बस एक चेहरा सामने से  
एक पल हटना नहीं

जिसको हुआ उसको लगा  
सबसे हसीं, सबसे जुदा  
इश्क का पहला नशा  
लगता जहां थमता हुआ

वक़्त के थमने में पर  
कुछ वक़्त है लगता ज़रा  
कुछ देर लगती है  
समझ आने में क्या है माज़रा?  
पहली दफ़ा दिल में उतरती है जहाँ  
नज़रों से मय  
ताउम्र हो जिसका असर,  
हौले से वो नशा होता है  
इश्क, पहली नज़र में कहाँ होता है?

पहली नज़र में,  
बस आगाज़ होता है  
आलम के बदलने का आगाज़

आईने से रब्त का जुड़ना हुआ पहली नज़र  
बेहिस निगाहे- ख़्वाब का उड़ना हुआ पहली नज़र  
बेवजह ही ढूँढ़ना, मौके संवरने के लिए  
शक़ल खुद की, देर तक तकना हुआ पहली नज़र

पहली नज़र ये इश्क की,  
तन्हाईयाँ ढूँढ़ा करें  
इश्क की पहली नज़र ये  
भीड़ में तन्हा करे

कहने लगे अहबाब जब  
रहते कहाँ गुमसुम हो तुम  
खुद को जहाँ लगने लगे  
अब हो नहीं पहले से तुम।

Phone में हरकत ज़रा हो  
नींद गहरी टूटना  
उसके इशारों में कहीं  
उम्मीद अपनी ढूँढ़ना

बारहा लिखना, मिटा देना, नहीं देना जवाब  
'कौन, कितना याद करता है' रखा तुमने हिसाब

जान ले लें दूरियाँ  
नज़दीकियाँ ले लें जुबां  
आवाज़ से बेहतर लगे  
उसकी, तुम्हें ख़ामोशियाँ

याद जब आने लगे  
उससे मिली पहली नज़र  
तुम पे ख़ुमारे- इश्क का  
चढ़ने लगा धीमा ज़हर

वो एक लम्हा, जो कभी गुज़रे नहीं  
वो इश्क है  
वो एक ज़िद जो टूट के बिखरे नहीं  
वो इश्क है

होना जिसे हरगिज़ मुकम्मल  
अधूरी सी वो दास्ताँ होता है,  
इश्क, पहली नज़र में कहाँ होता है?





# Love-The Greener Side of Platonic Love

Love at first sight is possible. Our first love is mother's love and isn't it immortal?

Love, which happens at first sight, is pure and spiritual as we do not know the background, caste and age of that particular personality, for whom we have fallen for.

Lust and infatuation are totally different from love. That happens in a blink and vanishes with a blink. It does not exist in our life for much time. But true love happens when our inner instincts permit.

We follow our true love and gradually, with time we accept the qualities and shortcomings of that personality. Love is only giving and inspiring. The word expectation and return does not exist in its dictionary. It is next to platonic love.

Unfortunately we belong to an era where this kind of love is rarely found, that's why, not understood. And if by chance it happens with some people, they enjoy their ecstasy and doesn't display and express in front of others.

Only people with great instinct can feel it. I totally agree with Shakespeare's view:-

**"Love sought is good but unsought is better."** and love at first sight falls under this category.



Rafika Rangwala

Masters in English literature, Rafika is Fond of writing. Her 'Letters to Editor', appears regularly in Free Press Indore. Through her pen, she is derious to curb social evils from society.





## Delhi, My Love

A Software Engineer by profession, Shreya is a passionate Writer. Writing is her source of happiness and fulfillment in this humdrum of a lifestyle.

-by Shreya Singh

Like stars and moon it shall always shine, alluring the hopes, but in its fold, darkness lies that's unseen to those many.

It took me an entire year to find 'it' in me, to like this city – the city with the largest geographical area – Delhi!

From Lotus Temple to Humayun's Tomb, Connaught Place to Akshardham Temple, 'India Gate' to.....well, I had it all. Indeed, these are truly a marvel sites to visit, but the fact that someone would want to live in this horrid weather with so much of population and pollution, was way beyond my perception. Moreover, I hated smoking, so I couldn't believe when I used to buy pack of cigarette for my senior as and when black clouds shamelessly hovered over the sky. (Yes, I used to hate the rains too!)

The moment I'd turn around to move, my fragile 'Chappals' broke because someone would step over it. The thing that I always appreciate about Delhi is its Metro Service but due to heavy rains, sometimes the train gets delayed. As if this could get any better, I took my time to curse the situation but as soon as I turned to look down at the busy road, realization hit me like a strong wave. Everything went from logical to mystical and from obvious to ironical. In Delhi, people find solace even after honking for hours, celebrate every night for no specific reason, and take a regular stroll around 'India Gate,' not for the sole purpose of patriotism. Here, I became extrovert and made friends from every genre. Sometimes, we'd sneak into the beautiful states of Uttarakhand and Himachal Pradesh. Delhi, where being low on money and enjoying good food existed simultaneously! Every corner, every street has its own story.

Alike every youth, Delhi gave me a chance to grow (I feel I am a better person than before), strength to dare (I started drinking, fortunately found control over myself and I love it absolutely!) and spirit to explore (I learnt to appreciate the art of travelling).

All in all, soon enough, I realise that, it is never the place you have memories of instead; it's those memories that make that place special. I've had some golden-bitter life-changing experiences in this city which many people might have in some other city. Still, I will always love Delhi despite of its scars.





## Vaibhav Vijaywargiya

Student (M.Tech) at MANIT  
Bhopal, Vaibhav loves  
writing. It's something which  
he cannot resist. Till date,  
he has written around 125  
poems.



Not everything that a Poet or a  
Writer writes is true, false or  
imaginary. It's a blend of  
everything. A part of him that he  
wants to show. A harmless lie  
meant to capture hearts. And  
dreams he sees with his eyes open.  
All he wants is, to feel what Alice  
might have had felt in Wonderland.

# "TERRACE 2 TERRACE"

I was standing in the moonlight,  
It was September, a Friday night;  
Back home for vacation  
To a place of fascination.

I was looking at the moon  
Unaware that I won't be alone soon.  
I was in blue and Moon was white,  
It was nice, a beautiful night.

Resting my hands on the left edge  
Looking at the moon on that side,  
My left neighbor's door opened up,  
In the moonlight someone showed up.

I was stunned and star struck,  
Like an accident with a loaded truck,  
She was a girl in a white T  
An angel living in my vicinity.

She saw me and I was looking dumb  
She was so cute, she made me so numb.  
I woke up from my sleep in serenity  
Embarrassed over my stupidity.

She was on her after dinner walk,  
I was looking for a reason to talk.  
After that her dad came up  
The villain in the story of my love.

I came back to my room  
Thinking about the boom  
I could not sleep the whole night  
It was the angel in the moonlight.

Everyday I waited for the night  
Just to catch her sight  
Sometimes hiding behind my terrace garden  
To look her hairs so dark and face so bright.

In some days  
we were no more strange  
Not words but eye locks  
And smiles were our range.

A night came with the rain  
She may not come up tonight again  
Still I went up with a hope  
I was all wet but she wasn't at the roof top.

Suddenly the heaven door opened up  
She came up with an umbrella  
She saw me and said  
"Why you getting wet?  
You can stand under my umbrella."

It was the first time I heard her voice  
A symphony in the rainy noise  
We three were there, she, me and the boundary wall  
Under the umbrella, in the rainfall.

We talked a lot and the rain stopped  
She said "Bye I got to go"  
I wish the rain again had dropped  
I caught her hand and said "I would never let you go."

I said "I love you", she looked in my eyes  
I said "I need you", she was frozen with surprise.  
Not words, but her eyes told the story  
Her smile was the beginning of a new love story.





#TheStoryIsYou

**Walking  
BookFairs**

~By Isha Maharna

Books have been my companion even before I was born. Even as a kid, I preferred the feel of a crumpled aged book over the pleasure of playing with a toy. Sunshine, squirrels and a book in my hand, this was (still is) my idea of a perfect day. In my teenage I have always dreamed of packing up some stuff of mine (that'd be books again) and travel to places I have never been before. And then life happened. Caught in the hullabaloo of everyday's routine, I now blame time.

Sounds familiar?

Yes, it definitely does.

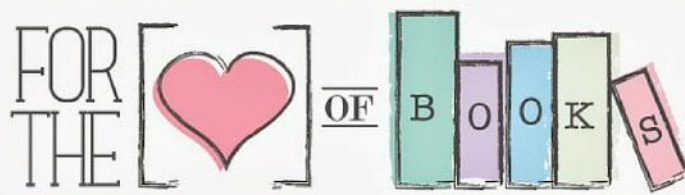
People from all over the world can be divided into two categories, actually three. The third category belongs to the Non-Bibliophiles. We are going to talk about the first two. The first category comprises of people who actually love living in the world constructed by the bricks of pen, paper and ink but instead get entangled in the webs build by them.

And the second category is where our protagonists belong.

Meet Akshay and Satabdi, the working hands behind 'Walking Bookfairs'. Walking Bookfairs is exactly what the name suggests and even better. The team of 'Resurgam' got a chance to meet them and here we are with the story behind its existence.

This story is not just about Akshay and Satabdi who left their jobs at a reputed publishing company and a leading advertising company respectively to take this initiative of taking books to people quite literally, but is also about those people who belong to such remote areas that they never got the chance of reading one and are fascinated just by the sight of books!





#TheStoryIsYou

They started their journey in January 2014. Initially they packed all the books they had in their backpacks and displayed in on the pavements and in today's date they are the proud owner of a book shack at Bhubaneswar and also of a book van which has travelled a lot across the country with them!

When asked about the motive behind their efforts, Akshay answers, 'I have been to a lot of places and what saddens me the most is that you will get every kind of chips and packaged drink you ask for, what you will never see is a book. That was when I realized maybe we should change our approach. Maybe this is time we bring books into physical contact with the outer world.'

They have left the comforts of a steady and stable job behind them but one can clearly see that they are more than happy spreading the joy which comes by reading and by nothing else. They strongly believe that books are meant for everyone, including the poorest farmer in the remotest village.

Travelling to places, owning a bookstore and a tea café, reading books from your own store and sipping on a cup of tea while reading and more than that, the satisfaction of introducing people to the world of books. Sounds like a dream?

Well, this duo is living it.

**Walking  
BookFairs**





**The day when I got proposal from you,  
you seemed as bright as hue.  
Your gentle words touched my heart,  
With a relation born, we had a start.**

**You had a biggest smile,  
That made me fall in love with you.  
It gave me unconditional feeling for you.**

**As I found a guy of my dreams,  
Sun peeped out splaying beams.**

**Feeling so nice & warm inside,  
But eyes just can't hide.  
I'll never forget that special day,  
& those memories of heart'll never go away.**

**For a moment I had whole heaven in my eyes,  
& myself in the arms of paradise.  
A sensation of a dream come true,  
Hand in hand, both together just me & you.**

**Every time I gazed, your eyes had special feelings,  
My broken heart. You are healing.  
You've always been there for me in my good & bad,  
In all those days that I ever had!!!**

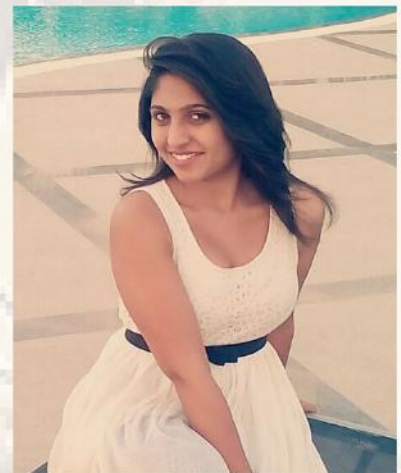
**Endless efforts till moon doesn't glow,  
Till wind doesn't blow,  
Till sun doesn't shine,  
Till you're not completely mine.**

**Yes, yes that's only you, somewhere from the heavens above,  
Fulfilling me with delight & tilling my heart with love.  
Your smile is the first & last thing I think of everyday,  
Only that makes me smile more then what I can say.**

**Let us be the couple holding hands,  
Till the love doesn't ends.  
Let the shine of love in our eyes,  
Be the lasting love that never dies.**

**-Shweta Dave**

# Lasting Love



**A BCA student, Shweta loves singing, writing poems and being creative. She believes in giving her best in everything which she undertakes.**





## *Parents-Worship Day- 14th Feb*

India is a great country with one the oldest culture in the world. There is lot of diversity, uniqueness, different colors and many festivals.

While on 14th Feb, many people propose their first love, many spend time with their loved ones, family and friends.

Then, there are those who stay away from their family and hope that some of their family member will come to meet them, someday sometime. Yes, I am talking about the people who reside in old age homes, those who have been sent there by their very own children because they can't take care of their elderly anymore. They are so busy in earning and leading their own life that they don't have time for the parents.

I first visited an old age home, when I was 12. I was shocked when I saw old people in such poor conditions. I couldn't believe that this can happen in our country where parents are worshipped. Amongst them was an old lady, who sat on wheel chair, her eyes waiting for a kin to take her back.

Facts says that India has population of above 8 crore old people( Census 2011) & it grows every year by 1.1%. Out of 10 (60+) old people 3 are in old age home I guess it's nobody's mistake.

We are growing with modern culture where the element of love towards parents is missing. And Why is that from our birth to the time we stand on our legs we were taken cared by parents but when we grow, we tend to neglect them?

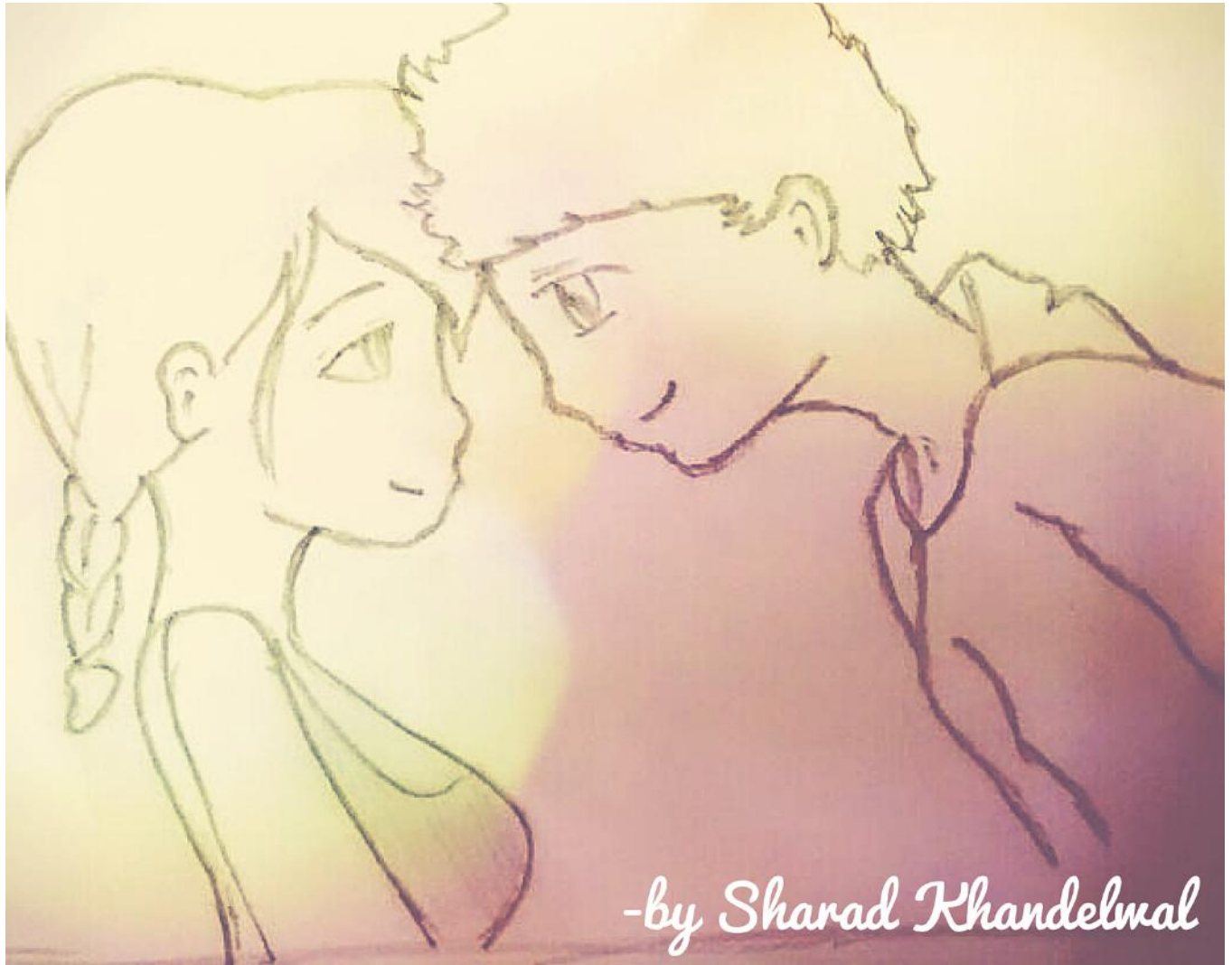
7 years ago I found some people celebrating parents worship day, it was really nice concept. I was elated and from then on I started celebrating the same, each year on 14th feb. Be it Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Christians, whoever you are, we all can show some love and compassion to our elderly, and give a new and beautiful meaning to Valentine's Day.



**-By Kailash Adani**

**An Engineer by profession, Kailash loves sports and travelling. He is also an active social worker,**





# *Love At First Sight*

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