



RHYVERS BEAT

VOLUME 02 | EDITION 11 | NOVEMBER 2023 | ₹ 100

Mystery

RHYVERS PUBLISHING GROUP®

The Energy that flows

OUR PRINT LINES

RHYVERS



RHYVERS ONE



OUR PUBLICATIONS



Quartely Hindi Magazine

RHYVERS BEAT

Monthly Literary Magazine



Quarterly Punjabi Magazine

OUR PORTALS



ENGLISH



URDU



HINDI

RHYVERS PUBLISHING GROUP®

🏢 CORPORATE HEADQUARTER : 1515 Pataudi House, Daryaganj, New Delhi-110002

✉ mail@rhyvers.com ☎ 91 78300 15300

🌐 rhyvers.com 🌐 rhyvers.press 🌐 rhyvers.media 🌐 rhyvers.in 🌐 rhyvers.net



NEW DELHI • CHANDIGARH • SRINAGAR • BANGALORE

RHYVERS BEAT



A RHYVERS PUBLISHING
GROUP INITIATIVE

VOLUME 02 | EDITION 11
NOVEMBER 2023 | ₹ 100

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Affan Yesvi

EDITORIAL BOARD

Prof. Manju Jaidka
Prof. Santosh Bakaya
Ms Neena Singh
Prof. Manjit Kaur
Prof. Aparajita Hazra

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Dr. Sonika Sethi

CONSULTING EDITOR

Rajni Shaleen Chopra

FEATURES EDITOR

Preeti S. Manaktala

POETRY EDITOR

Dr Shalini Yadav

REGIONAL EDITOR - CANADA

Anuradha Grover Tejpal

OWNED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHING BY

Rhyvers Publishing Group


PUBLISHED AND PRINTED FROM


Rhyvers Press, 1515 Pataudi House,
Daryaganj, New Delhi-110002


ADDRESS FOR ALL CORRESPONDENCE

Rhyvers Press, 1515 Pataudi House,
Daryaganj, New Delhi-110002
Email: rhyverspress@gmail.com

RHYVERS PUBLISHING GROUP

 rhyvers.com, rhyvers.in
rhyvers.net, rhyvers.press
http://रिवर्स.भारत

 editor@rhyvers.com


 91 78300 15300
91 120 3640160

 @therhyvers

All Rights Reserved

Reproduction in whole or in
part without written permission
is prohibited

All Advertising enquiries, comments
and feedback are welcome at

 mail@rhyvers.com

Periodicity: **Monthly**

Language: **English**

Price: ₹ 100

The information contained in this magazine
has been reviewed for accuracy and is
deemed reliable but is not necessarily
complete or guaranteed by the Editor. The
views expressed in this digest are solely that
of the writers and do not necessarily reflect
the views of Rhyvers Press.



FROM THE DESK OF GROUP EDITOR

Mystery has always held an alluring charm, captivating readers with its enigmatic nature. It is a genre that pushes boundaries, challenges the mind, and keeps readers on their toes, eagerly turning pages in search of hidden truths. As literary enthusiasts, we are drawn to the endless possibilities of the unknown, and the pleasure of untangling the intricate web woven by skilled mystery writers.

Mystery literature offers a window into the human psyche, reminding us of the inherent desire to unlock the unknown, to unravel the complexities of life and human nature. It holds a mirror to our own curiosity; our incessant need to seek answers, and our quest for truth. As readers, we dive into this kaleidoscope of secrets and puzzles, losing ourselves in the labyrinthine corridors of authorial brilliance.

Mystery literature places readers right at the heart of a thrilling puzzle, engaging them with complex characters, twisted plots, and unexpected twists. Through the ingeniously crafted narratives, readers embark on a journey of discovery, akin to piecing together fragments of an action to expose the truth. Such tales, poetic pieces and articles not only entertain but also become a mirror for our own experiences, reflecting the uncertainties and secrets that often surround us in life.

This edition of RHYVERS BEAT explores the various dimensions and intricacies of this enduring genre. Carefully selected works and embedded here not only push the boundaries of the genre but also explore the versatility and depth that exists within mystery literature and will surely leave readers enthralled.

Moreover we would love to share that our community is growing and reaching far and wide. For November edition, we received valuable contributions from various countries including Greece, Bangladesh, Vietnam, Malaysia, etc. It is a positive sign for all of us. We look forward to touch and connect more with literati fraternity across the seas in future and ensure to reach a wide range of writers, artists and readers.

We hope that this edition of our literary magazine, dedicated to the captivating theme of mystery, will not only entertain and intrigue but also shed light on the enduring power of this genre. Let us revel in the joy of the unknown, surrender to the thrill of the chase, and allow mystery to transport us to realms of unexplored possibilities.

Embrace the enigma, dear readers, and unlock the mysteries that lie within these pages.

Happy reading!

Affan Yesvi
Affan Yesvi



RHYVERS BEAT

Inviting contributions for the next edition of our magazine,
slated to be published in January 2024

Theme

Counting Blessings

Send your original contributions in the form of

Short Story (550 words max)

Essay (750 words max)

Poems (20 lines max)

Flash fiction, Artwork, Photo Essays

Book / Movie Reviews

Graffiti etc

Last date to send entries

18 December, 2023

Please email your contributions to

rhyversdesk@gmail.com

For further details please visit

rhyvers.com/beat

 **78300 15300**



CONTENTS

Migratory Soul <i>by Aklima Ankhi</i>	4
Traces of Kisses <i>by Dimitris P. Kraniotis</i>	5
Dandelion <i>by Elemi Debbarma</i>	6
To my Grandfather, whom I never met... <i>by Ngo Binh Anh Khoa</i>	7
Movie Review : Jaane Jaan	8
O Keats! It's hard to be in 'uncertainties, mysteries, doubts' <i>by Dr. Rabinder Powar</i>	9
The Silenced Chimes of Bell Tower <i>by Nishant K Shrivastava</i>	11
The Long Winding Road <i>by Seema Jain</i>	12
It Happened One Night... <i>by Ramendra Kumar (Ramen)</i>	13
Black Mirror <i>by Dr. Shalini Yadav</i>	14
The Dark Depths <i>by Sheila Ann</i>	16
Mystery that is Mind <i>by Sherin Mary Zacharia</i>	17
Cosmic Ballet <i>by Shivani Ghosh</i>	18
Ghastly Ghost <i>by Surekha Srinivasan</i>	19
The Unidentified <i>by Sushmindarieet Kaur</i>	20

Migratory Soul

*My soul is resting here under an umbrella,
Hearing the rhythmic roar of big waves,
Observing dead Oyster shells' hearts quiver.
They come from mysterious abysmal burg
After completing their life journey.
Looking at the vast open sky,
I whispered to the chariot wind;
When are you taking my migratory soul,
To that unspotted sea of empty garden?
Soon heart fills up with an obscure pain.*



Aklima Ankhi

is a poet, storyteller, translator and lecturer of English from Mymensingh, Bangladesh. Her poetry collection *Guptokothar Shobdochabi* is published in Bangla.

Traces of Kisses

*To the supposed end
Of unfulfilled love
And countless hardships
To the so many alibis
In adults' lies
And artificial passions
Suddenly You
With the pace
Of the passers-by
Stumbling upon you
To leave behind you
Traces of kisses...*



Dimitris P. Kraniotis is an award-winning Greek poet and medical doctor. He has penned ten poetry books. His poems have been translated in 34 languages. He is President of World Poets' Society (WPS) and Chairman of Writers for Peace Committee of PEN Greece.

Dandelion

*How fair are thou, soft and tender
That stands so low and humble
Not a word to passer by
Not a call, nor a cry, though you long so;
There I saw you one early morn
And fell in love with you and still its strong,
Picking you up from the ground was a delight,
Easing your heart and bringing me a smile,
There, I blow you of your eternal bound.
The wind strengthened your wings
Followed by a mirthful song.
Oh dandelion, my dandelion!
Couldn't you spare me a tiny ground
And let me put my moaning song
As the wind sets you blow
Let me set my wind on you today and thus
Experience my blissful song
Let's tie this friendship to a bond
And be one with Mother
And thus sing our eternal song
Before we are really gone,
Gone, forever gone...*



Elemi Debbarma

is a resident of Tripura, India. She is currently working as an Assistant Professor in Government Degree College, Kamalpur, Tripura.

To my Grandfather, whom I never met...

To my Grandfather, whom I never met...

*Your hourglass had stopped long before
My own began to flow.
I've heard your tales, I've read your work,
But I wish I could know.*

*You as a person, in flesh and blood,
Whom many adore,
And not a memory woven with words
From distant days of yore;*

*You as a patriarch, filled with love
And warmth and endless glee,
Who gave his kin the best of life
However tough it'd be;*

*You as a teacher of great wits,
Whose passion fiercely burned,
That formed a beacon of respect
And trust thoroughly earned.*

*Alone, I walk your teaching path
Now in our family,
A sheer climb that might be less hard
Were you here, guiding me.*



**Ngo Binh Anh
Khoa**

is a teacher of English in Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam. He enjoys reading fiction and writing speculative poetry. His poems have appeared in various magazines and anthologies.

JAANE JAAN

(Available on Netflix)

A death in the valley, a smart cop, handful of suspects and an engaging investigation. Jaane Jaan is your quintessential murder investigation story, a movie that gets all its aspects right. Well almost.

For starters, it's set amidst the backdrop of beautiful and misty Kalimpong. There's a rustic, dark, and eerie feel all the time. The hilly locations look as gorgeous and soothing as ever, plus they serve as the perfect setting for a murder mystery.

Kareena Kapoor plays Maya D'Souza, a single mother to a teenage daughter and owner of a little café. Jaydeep Ahlawat plays her neighbour, a lonely Maths teacher infatuated with her. Maya has been hiding from her estranged and cruel husband in Kalimpong, but he turns up one day, all of a sudden, and threatens to take her daughter away. A series of events ensues, with Vijay Verma playing a cop investigating murder.

What works most, is the pace. There is no slag whatsoever, it moves fast and comes straight to the point. The story doesn't digress

from the case, there is no wasting time on meaningless songs or side-tracks. The narration is crisp, and you don't feel bored at any point.

I wouldn't call Jaane Jaan stylish or sleek. It is more of a mature and realistic, old-school thriller that keeps you guessing and asking for



more. Unlike most OTT content, the movie thankfully is sans any cussing or adult scenes. That's indeed refreshing for once.

Jaane Jaan isn't without a few minute pitfalls though. The ending is pretty unpredictable and seems a bit far-fetched, with some

important questions left unanswered. Also, there are moments when you can't miss the obvious semblance to Drishyam.

Of the cast, Kareena Kapoor plays a damsel in distress, and she does good. Ditto Vijay Verma, he plays a cop with a sense of humour to the T. But both Kareena and Vijay are great actors, capable of a lot more, a lot stronger. Jaane Jaan does not explore their talent to the fullest, I mean anybody could have played their roles.

But it's Jaideep Ahlawat all the way. He totally steals the show, speaking with his eyes most of the time. His expressions are perfect. You could totally relate to the lonely, weird, and eccentric genius he plays. He literally carries the enterprise on his able shoulders.

Jaane Jaan is a classy and powerful watch. The finale totally caught me by surprise, I wouldn't have seen it coming. It's been a while since a tasteful murder mystery came by on OTT and Jaane Jaan is worth your time and effort. Go for it.



Preethi Warriar

is an Assistant Professor and lives in Mumbai. She is the winner of the TOI Write India Campaign Season-1.

O Keats! It's hard to be in 'uncertainties, mysteries, doubts'

**In the vast theater of existence, a cosmic carnival,
Life's myriad incarnations, in enigma arrayed.
From microscopic wonders to colossal scenes unfurled,
Creation's secrets, in this wondrous world.**

**Is it the hand of fate or a masterful design,
A fantoccinian's whimsy or a celestial sign?
Life's elusive purpose, veiled in mystery's attire,
In this cosmic conundrum, we aspire.**

**Struggles and victories, laughter and tears,
A perpetual ballet that spans the years.
Capricious capers, or a mission veiled in night,
In this complex riddle, we seek insight**

**Contemplating with wonder and delight,
The enigma of life that persists in sun and moonlight
Answers may linger in shadows, far and wide,
In this timeless narrative, where secrets do reside.**

**O Keats! It's hard to be in 'uncertainties, mysteries, doubts'
Watch, wait and wait, watch throughout
And embrace the mystery, with hearts open wide,
Seeking in its depths, where life's unfathomable true essence abides.**



Dr. Rabinder Powar

has been former HoD English,
Punjabi University, Patiala.
She has two books to her credit.



The Silenced Chimes of Bell Tower

In an ancient town at the corner of Darjeeling shrouded in mist and legends, a peculiar occurrence has captured the attention of its inhabitants. For centuries, the Bell Tower that stood at the heart of town had been dormant, its chimes silenced by an unexplained force. But only on the eve of the summer solstice, as the moon bathed the town in an ethereal glow, a ghostly melody resonated from the Bell Tower, echoing through the cobblestone streets.

The melodious sound would happen only on a full moon night. Mystified and terrified, the townsfolk never took to unravel the truth behind the chimes.

Kritika, the lone explorer and a brave heart was always eager to demystify the legend associated with the mysterious tower. She delved deeper into her investigation and on one of the full moon nights while the chimes went alive, she ventured into the tower full of dust mites and spider webs. She uncovered a hidden chamber beneath the Bell Tower. Inside it, she discovered a weathered journal that belonged to Mr. Vishwakarma, the disappeared clockmaker. She read the journal clad in dust on the open balcony of the tower under moon lit but densely cloudy sky.

She found that the curse was not the work of a vengeful sorcerer, but rather an unfortunate accident. Mr. Vishwakarma driven by a desire to create the most extraordinary clock in the land, had accidentally tampered with the ancient mechanisms within the Bell Tower,

unknowingly disrupting the delicate balance of its enchantment on each day to only full moon nights.

Realizing his mistake, Mr. Vishwakarma harnessed his knowledge and skills to pen a heartfelt apology and placed it within the hidden chamber, intending to pass on the task of rectifying the curse to a worthy successor.

As Kritika read the poignant words in the journal, she realized that she was the one destined to break the curse. With the key and mechanism of bell entrusted to her by Mr. Vishwakarma, she unlocked a secret compartment containing a missing gear, the very piece that would restore the Bell Tower to its full glory.

Gathering the towns people, the following day, she climbed the Bell Tower, fitted the missing gear into its rightful place, and slowly turned it, reigniting the intricate mechanisms. As the gears interlocked and the tower came to life, the chimes roared back to existence, filling people with their enchanting melodies once more.

The mysterious town was finally free from the curse that had plagued it for centuries. The mystery was solved, and the true story behind the silence of the Bell Tower was revealed: a tale of ambition, regret, and redemption. The townspeople rejoiced, grateful for Kritika's courage and determination to set things right. Their beloved Bell Tower had found its voice again, and the town was forever transformed by the power of discovery and unity.

Mr. Vishwakarma driven by a desire to create the most extraordinary clock in the land, had accidentally tampered with the ancient mechanisms within the Bell Tower, unknowingly disrupting the delicate balance of its enchantment on each day to only full moon nights.



Nishant K Shrivastava

is a retired engineer settled in Chandigarh who dabbles in poetry, prose, sketching and much more.

The Long Winding Road

From birth to death, each step of life is shrouded in mystery

Like a long winding road on a winter morning misty

But as we advance along the road farther and farther

Step by step, the path becomes visible and sufficiently clearer

Like travelers on a misty morn, we go forth walking through life

With so many riddles baffling us at every step of this mystery ride

The small child wonders: Who painted the sky or the ocean blue?

Why don't the fish fly, the birds swim, wherefrom come drops of dew?

Who plants seeds under the soil that sprout and grow into huge trees?

Who tells the sun when to rise or set? What makes the rain drops freeze?

Growing up clears some of these mysteries only to bring some more

Who controls birth and death and whither goes the soul?

Why do some roll in luxuries and some struggle to make ends meet?

Why did we create such weird systems that humans hate, loot and cheat?

Why do we have wars, conflicts, enmities among people and countries?

Why can't we live in love peace and harmony?

Does happiness lie in riches, power and pelf?

Or is it to be found in simple things, realization of the self?

This whole life is a journey from one mystery to another

That keep unfolding in umpteen ways till to final sleep we surrender.



Seema Jain

is a bilingual poet, story writer, translator, editor and reviewer.

She is former HoD, Dept of English, KMV College Jalandhar, Punjab and has fourteen books to her credit.

It Happened One Night...

I had gone to New Delhi to attend a conference in November 2019 and checked in a modest hotel. I returned at 11 and went off to sleep. I must have slept for an hour when I woke up to a hushed sound. I opened my eyes and saw a shadow in front of me. For a moment I thought there was someone in the next room.

‘What kind of a hotel is this? I can see the person staying in the next room! Hell, there is absolutely no privacy,’ I thought.

The shadow moved and then the realisation hit me. There was a man standing in the bathroom and it was his reflection that I was seeing on the TV screen bang opposite to my bed. I was filled with raw fear. I screamed with all the lung power I had that caught the man by complete surprise. There was a crash and the prowler disappeared.

I unfroze my locked limbs and leapt out of the bed. I heard a man shouting, “Thief! Thief!” running down the corridor. I rushed straight to the reception and babbled my story.

“Sir, kindly go back to your room. I’ll come right away and check,” the receptionist replied.

Still shaken I returned and looked into the bathroom. Glass pieces were strewn all over. I looked up. There was a large ventilator with glass panes fixed at an angle. It was clear that the would-be thief had removed a few panes and slipped in. He was planning to clean me up when he heard my full-throated cry. He panicked and jumped out.

There was a knock at the door and the receptionist entered.

“Sir, I know what happened. You must

have had one too many and imagined the rest,” the receptionist winked at me.

“I have never had booze in my life. So cut out the crap and take a look at the bathroom,” I shouted.

“Sir, this proves our point. You got high and created this mess.”

“You know what? I think this is an inside job. It was your guy who got in and he was the same rogue who ran out shouting. I am checking out as soon as the day breaks.”

Next day I checked out and told a couple of other delegates about my experience.

On the final day of the conference, during dinner Kuldeep Grewal, a fellow professional took me aside. He was in his late forties, well built with an air of confidence.

“You know something strange happened to me last night which spooked me out completely.”

“What?”

“After dinner in my hotel I had a couple of pegs. I was about to doze off when I saw something written on the cabinet beside the bed. Carved on the wood were the words, ‘*Mr. Kumar stayed here*’. Your experience, the liquor and this line was too much! I couldn’t sleep. I spent the entire night looking under the bed, inside the bathroom and behind the curtains.”

I couldn’t help laughing, imagining the rather large chunk of humanity groping around like a tween with an over active imagination. However, till this day I keep thinking of the mysterious intruder who could have carved me and the spooky message etched on the wood.



Ramendra Kumar (Ramen)

is an award-winning writer, storyteller and motivational speaker with 49 books. His writings have been translated into 31 languages.



Black Mirror

A eleven year old in a floral frock, on a mattress, under the Indian Lilac on the parapet, struggling to find something into the wooden mirror, kept leaning on a creaky chair in front of her. Adding to her innocence, the morning breeze carried her silky hair to her face as her mother whispered in her ears to carefully look into the mirror as she pushed the hair covering the girl's face.

Poor girl with a solemn face has forgotten to chirp like a bird. Her uncle scolds her, urges her to concentrate and see deep inside the emotionless timer frame.

The bright sun moves up from the east heading towards north, as the sunlight peeps through the leaves and branches of Lilac; falling on the girl's face creating patterns of various shapes.

Her pale and nervous mother pats the girl's back and asks if she can see Malini aunt's house in the mirror.

The little girl has not yet had breakfast. What she sees through the mirror is sliced bread with jam or tomato sauce, a platter of stir-fried Chow Mein, pieces of chocolate cake and salted cumin cookies.

She controls her urge and utters, 'Yes mom, I can see aunt's Jobner house with two long-legged Ashoka trees like bodyguards in the lawn. There's also a white Toyota Yaris in the portico.' Her mum's pale face starts glowing with a ray of hope. 'Okay', she says quickly, 'what else do you see in the house?'

Poor girl with a solemn face has forgotten to chirp like a bird. Her uncle scolds her, urges her to concentrate and see deep inside the emotionless timer frame.

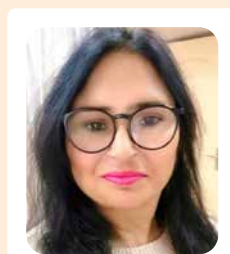
'Umm...' the girl cooks up her story further, 'Malini aunty is serving breakfast to Uncle and Pinky on the dinning table.' Her uncle interrupts before she can elaborate and says, 'Let this all be....Tell me...do you see your father in the house?'

The girl shrinks out of fear and hesitation. 'Not yet. I can't.' Finally she responds.

This goes on for nearly a month. Every morning she is made to sit in front of that mirror given by a fraudulent saint to her mother.

One day a policeman comes home with a broken wristwatch, some torn blood-stained clothes and the last photo taken of her father.

With tears in her eyes, poor girl whispers, 'Dad! I wish I could really see you in that mirror.'



Dr. Shalini Yadav
is an author, poet and editor based at Jaipur.

Haibun...

*wilting timber-
she grips blurry mirages
with a wince*

The Dark Depths

Over and around the glass brims

Flows the ocean of beauty

Depth precariously observed

While sitting on the mound of my imagination

Aratare...

Souls of the dead trapped between life and death

Transpire as an epic

In the hands of a painter,

Though hard to embezzle the color of death

Emerged as a fandango of tinge and shades

Like a child, artistically brushes petals of flowers

Dainty colors of sunburns on meadows

Mother I see through you, a little light

holding my hand, with ground ebony pigment,

Painting the vertigo of death and life with me

I smiled,

For the glass brims remain still and silent.



Sheila Ann

is from Perak, Malaysia. She has worked as an HR Administrator and is currently pursuing her creative writing career.

Mystery that is Mind

*Visible on the face is a story
different from the one unfolding
on the screen within, invisible.*

*Playing rapidly, each scene
gives no clue about the next.*

*The climax forever unpredictable
as the mind directs with mysterious scripts.*

*Conflicting progressions of thoughts,
reckon not or pretend to know, a dance-
by the mind for a decision, mysterious steps.*

*Familiar and unfamiliar these thoughts, need
weeding, watering and building a fence
to picture a lovely garden in full bloom*

*where butterflies flutter about
in colourful shining costumes.*

*Emotions enter, unexpected cameo;
the dance slips into wrong steps,
transforms to depict a woeful tale.*

A mind has lost itself mysteriously

Would it rebound and dance, is the next mystery?



Sherin Mary Zacharia

is a non-speaking autistic poet from Kochi, Kerala. She is a regular blogger (www.musingsofsher.in). She is the co-author of *Talking Fingers* (2022) and *Discourses on Disability* (2021).

Cosmic Ballet

*In shadows cast by cosmic verse, she roams,
A damsel adrift in galaxies unknown,
Her heart, a vessel seeking cosmic codes,
Diving deep in the ocean of secrets, that mermaid alone.*

*Through stardust whispers, mysteries unfurl,
The universe, an enigmatic pearl,
Her dreams entwined with constellations' sighs,
Infinite questions dance in her eyes.*

*A cosmic ballet, life's celestial trance,
A maiden's existence, a mysterious dance,
She craves the secrets that the stars bestow,
Breathing affirmation in the universe her dreams shall glow.*

*As mysteries and girl's life unite,
In silent wonder, they share the night,
The universe and she, both intertwined,
The enigma of life untangled by the Mastermind*



Shivani Ghosh

has 15 years of experience in teaching and is also a motivational speaker, an established Personality Development Coach, a Podcaster and a Life Coach from Chandigarh.



Ghastly Ghost

Does silence heighten noise? Paradoxical.

Saloni stepped inside the abandoned mansion. She took up this job with youthful cockiness. There was no “*bhoot-preth*” in her world of science. She had signed her name on the offer letter with characteristic flair. After all, her degree in Paranormal Sciences had prepared her psyche to distinguish between the scene’s authenticities and mock juvenile pranks of miscreants. Yes, she was a Ghost-buster.

The party had approached her saying they were unable to sell off this giant white elephant of a property as some miscreants had spread the rumours of ghostly sightings, of the tacky “*chhum-chhum*” of payals, enigmatic shadows and weird sounds. Rumour had it that it was a playful adda for the local teenagers, a hide-out for their misadventures.

As her footsteps rustled a few dead leaves, she realised it was too late to regret her decision. The crunch accentuated to a 1000 watt boom in her ears. The entrance looked ominous. But no, she would not let her creative juices run amok. She opened the door with the huge antique key provided to her, the creak and subsequent push required her whole strength. She adjusted her bag containing her tools- a few gadgets to record shifting energy levels, ultraviolet flashes and sound magnifiers. The slight drizzle outside neither helped her vision nor her ears. The dusty curtains swished in response to the shaft of breeze that managed to creep in. This was probably the Lorelei apparition that the folk around misconstrued. Her steps regained vigour and purpose as her mind eliminated all the appositional causes one by one.

The Antique clock, gathered more

dust than memories and rested next to the grand spiral staircase. A porcelain joker doll sat on the mantelpiece next to the clock. She ran her fingers on the smirky face. The painted red mouth had a ghastly smile that sent shivers down her spine. As she moved on to the winding stairs, a resounding creak brought her heart into her mouth. But the culprit was her sketcher-clad foot that lay entangled in the loose plank, a deep gash oozed blood on her shin. Blood, long shadows, dust and mire, whoosh of trees around, crick of cicadas, the eerie silence-perfect ghost-friendly scene. A swathe of moonlight greeted her on the floor above. She was bathed in the limelight like a Bollywood heroine’s entry.

She ran all the gadgets- motion-sensors, UV flares, infrared torches, sound detectors, through the abandoned house. Her report would state the “All Clear” memorandum, declaring the premises safe to buy or let. As she ran down fast, in her joy, a small misstep and down she tumbled; onto the floor of her room, her bed.

‘Oh, No! Was it all a dream?’

As she climbed back into her bed the last memory was that of the ghastly Joker.

The morning was clear and sunny. Saloni’s mother stepped into the room. A tiny ray of sunlight entered through the curtained window and fell upon the chair where she worked day and night. Something shone brightly. Saloni’s mother was taken aback. It was a porcelain joker toy that kids played with in olden times, no more available in this plastic world. But it was the strange SMIRK, the painted red mouth that caught her attention!



Surekha Srinivasan is an English Aptitude Trainer by profession, working for the T.I.M.E. Institute, and has 8 anthologies to her credit.

The Unidentified

*An enigma prevails,
A conundrum and a mystery
Obscure, cryptic, unknown, covert, ambiguous as well.
What is being transpired and what will be turning out?*

*Yes, the night before
I saw a Goliath, massive and Titanic.
Moving forward and approaching me
Growing larger with every step, with every move;
And it multiplied into a vast structure,
Larger than life, I suppose;
Hence, how could it be perceived as a whole?
That too, at the nocturnal hours.*

*I commenced examining and scrutinizing it from the top,
Anxiety, shock and fright captured me;
Gradually moving my glance downwards,
Towards the bottommost,
And suddenly, I felt
As if it has bent down and started crawling.*

*Awestruck, I gazed deeply,
Where to start from?
Would I have to start again?
To relish its signs and gestures?
Ah! It embarked upon its journey to shift into the cave
Suddenly it vanished and departed,
Receded, faded away in the darkness of the grotto.*

*I could only elicit after my slumber:
Its shimmering rustish huge figure
Golden hands and feet
Along with a rust ribbon around its waist;
Such a gargantuan outlook
And it vanished into the cavern.*

*I still recall in ecstasy and tranquility,
After many, many years
As if a century-long period
And have woken up from my sleep.
That it was a dream.*



Sushmindarieet Kaur

is Head, P.G.
Department of English,
G.G.N. Khalsa
College, Ludhiana,
Punjab. She has two
collections of poetry-
Voices From Within
and *The Tapestry of
Heartstrings*.

10TH
YEAR
ANNIVERSARY
21 YEARS OF ACADEMIC
EXCELLENCE



SGT UNIVERSITY

2023-24
ADMISSIONS
OPEN

NURTURING FUTURE LEADERS

- 70+ ACRE POLLUTION FREE, SELF-SUSTAINED CAMPUS
- 1500+ MENTORED AS ENTREPRENEURS
- 18 FACULTIES
- 9200+ STUDENTS
- 360° HOLISTIC DEVELOPMENT
- EXPRESSWAY CONNECTIVITY FROM AIRPORT
- UPTO 100% SCHOLARSHIP

UNDERGRADUATE, POSTGRADUATE & Ph.D. COURSES OFFERED

Engineering and Technology | Law | Mass Comm. & Media Technology | Science
Hotel & Tourism Management | Commerce & Management | Agricultural Sciences
Education | Fashion & Design | Nursing | Physiotherapy | Allied Health Sciences
Pharmacy | Behavioural Sciences | Dental Sciences | Medicine and Health Sciences
Indian Medical System | Naturopathy & Yogic Sciences

To interact and know more type "SGTU" and Whatsapp to  9205894938

 www.sgtuniversity.ac.in |  1800 102 5661 |  admissions@sgtuniversity.org



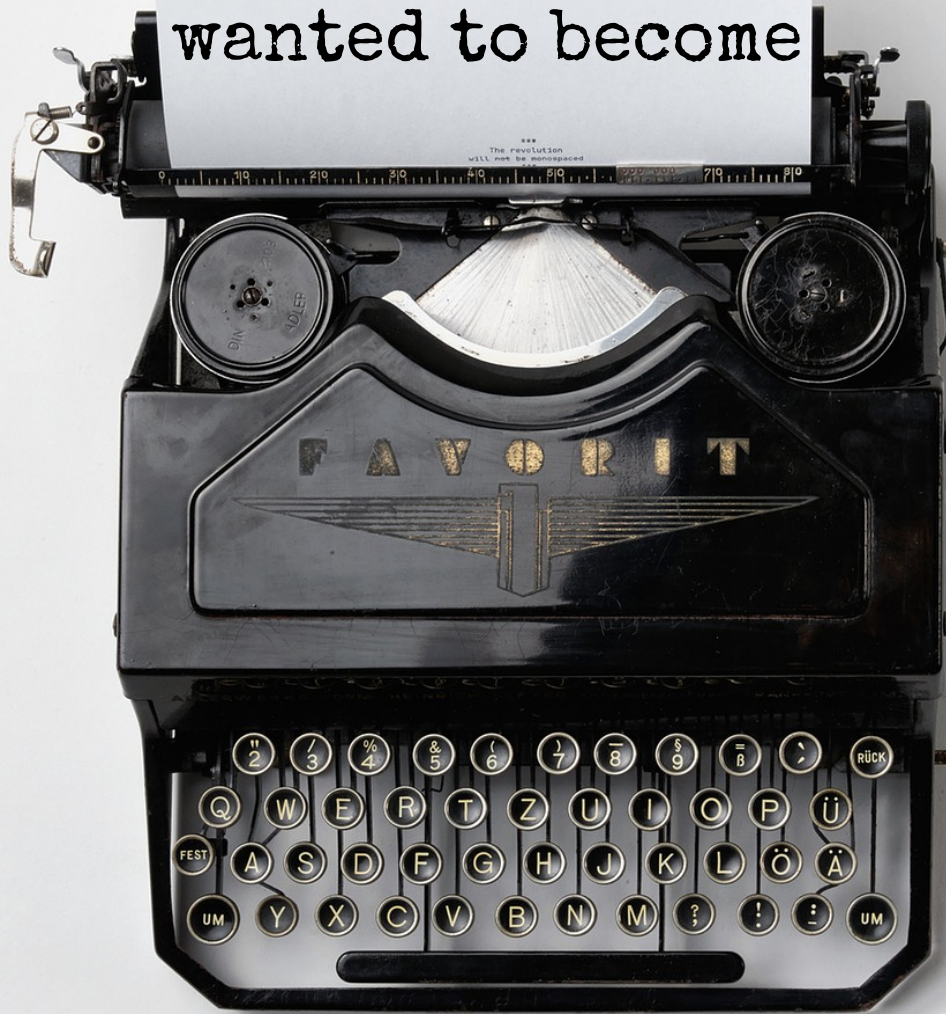
Budhera, Gurugram-Badli Road, Gurugram (Haryana)-122505

Scan to Apply Now



RHYVERS
PRESS

BE THE AUTHOR
you have always
wanted to become



WORLDWIDE
DISTRIBUTION

Get started on publishing your
dream book

 **91 78300 15300**



rhyvers.press