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## FROM THE DESK OF GROUP EDITOR

Count your many blessings  
Count them one by one  
And you will be surprised  
What God has done !

The journey of life is never smooth and the longer it gets, the more experiences it gains to talk about to others and show off the loads one has been carrying down the road, thus adding to the general belief that life is burdensome. And that's only one side of the coin - the other is watching life from afar as from the clouds, watching an interesting show - totally unbiased, absolutely uninvolved. But not at all possible!

So the correct attitude is to take life in one's stride as it comes and flow with the current, enjoying each moment as a blessing. The miracle of being born, maturing with time, inhaling and exhaling peacefully and of course, ever ready for the inevitable. Is this possible?

Yes, it is possible!

Just practice the simple trick of unveiling each experience and try to understand the learning from it. Offer gratitude for everything that happens, trusting it as His Will and if ever one feels cornered by circumstances - just begin counting the many blessings showered by His Grace.

This edition itself is a blessing and brings the countless blessings that have been offered in form of poems, articles, photographs, paintings etc.

Keep counting your many blessings through 2024 and forever.

May they be unending - Amen!

*Affan Yesvi*  
Affan Yesvi



# RHYVERS BEAT

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

*Theme*

**Heartbeats**

Send your original contributions in the form of

Short Story (550 words max)

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Poems (20 lines max)

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# God has His Ways

'Concentrate on counting your blessings and you will have little time to count anything else.'  
Woodrow Kroll.

This is the magic in our lives. This is the art of living. Life has a strange way to teach us the importance of little things that are blessings from above. There are certain times of the year when we stop and think about all the things that make us happy; when we count our blessings and notice all the wonderful things in our lives. It's good to be grateful for all the blessings rather than taking them for granted.

For me it is Deepawali time.

It's the night when the shrine at home is decorated with marigold flowers and earthen lamps. The silver thali with the swastik, the four cornered diya, the frankincense sticks, the silver and gold coins and the rose petals, everything is simple yet disarming.

The flicker of the pious flame and the feeling of God's presence- the flame that night seems to be having a life of its own, flickering, dancing, glowing, and spreading light and warmth all around. Everything is so heart-warming, not to forget the sweets that we devour as prasad. This is a day when I indulge myself by gorging on rasgullas, gulab jamuns and jalebis. It's an altogether different experience. Every day when I close my eyes to pray, I remember the Deepawali night and I

smile in gratitude as I start counting my blessings.

The same magic we can witness in the sunrise and sunset; rain and snowfall; flowers and forests. I remember another day vividly etched in my memory. On my way to college, I invariably stopped at a Gurudwara to pay obeisance. One particular day as I parked my car, a mild drizzle began. I looked at the thickly overcast sky and thought that I would get drenched. Though very fond of rain, I didn't want to reach the class all wet. However, when I stepped out of the car, the drizzle suddenly stopped. I thanked my stars. I reached college safe and dry. But as soon as I reached the staffroom, it started raining cats and dogs. I moved out into the corridor to watch the rain. A few friends who were free at that time also joined and we ordered tea from the canteen. Suddenly some girls moved onto the lawn and started dancing with gay abandon. A girl walked up to us and asked if we knew how to make paper boats. We slipped back into our childhood and in a jiffy a few paper boats

were ready. The very next instance the girls were gleefully floating the boats in the puddles and singing. What a sight to behold and what a delightful morning! Totally unplanned, totally unimaginable, yet so enjoyable.

Whenever I remember this day I start counting my blessings. Not getting wet and still enjoying a rainy day. God's magic at work.



**Alka Kansra**  
is a retired educationist  
from Chandigarh and  
an author and poet.

# Life is where Home is...

He looked straight ahead, tears streaming down his tender cheeks, gently flowing through the blood on his face. His sword in his hand and fire in his eyes, his mind urging him to take back what was his, his heart asking him what was his?

Then he chose, he chose for himself and the world saw the mighty warrior mounting his horse, rage or love driving him forward- they did not know. With eyes full of fire, he saw the kingdom now, in ruins, broken with more fire enveloping the horizon. He wanted to fight, he wanted to run away,

He wanted to stay, he wanted to sway. The enemy was still advancing, hungry for their blood and the world watched as the warrior rode

forward. Piercing through the army he went, blood spilling everywhere. The mighty warrior had chosen to make his own way.

Home. He had to go. Home. Is his mother still boiling meat and rice for her son? Would his wife be pining for him all day, still? Would his father, be crying by the door, repenting?

Home was in ruins. Would it not be more wrong to take him from them, than him from the army that had sold them lies. The rich lies.

He would right the wrong. Save the ruin he could save.

And make his house, home again.

*Written by Devansh Farmania*



# *The Power Divine*

*One life uncountable blessings  
One divine uncountable feelings  
One prayer uncountable answering  
One promise uncountable smiling  
One universe uncountable calling  
One survival uncountable raising  
One tongue uncountable cravings  
One mind uncountable savings  
One body uncountable servicing  
One hand uncountable gracing  
One heart uncountable touching  
One soul uncountable healing  
One road uncountable chasing  
One focus uncountable accomplishing  
One ambition uncountable pursuing  
One blood uncountable sacrificing  
One book uncountable learning  
One language uncountable addressing  
One power uncountable seeking  
One love uncountable bonding*



**Manju Khosla**  
lives in Mohali, Punjab and is an educator,  
astrologer and blogger. She posts her creations  
on her blog <https://mkkavya.home.blog>



# *A Bright Speck*

*A bright speck entered the room  
Moved from corner to corner  
Then danced in the golden haze  
Burning bright like a glow worm.*

*The air was charged and slow  
The time moved in a tik tok way  
Everything was under ecstasy's sway  
Lo! The features of time have radiant glow.*

*A flash appeared in the drowsy eyes  
Corner to the corner it was a big smile  
The cup of blessings overflowed with grace  
The witness of divine in the same room.*



**Dr. Pankaj Kapoor**

is Associate Professor  
(English), G.C.G.  
Patiala. He is a trilingual  
poet and writes poetry  
in English, Hindustani  
and Punjabi.

# The Crackle of Leaves

*Witnessing life's twilight  
Shakes one out of any reverie  
Reality hits...evaporates  
Time swiftly rewinds.  
The fallen leaves...once supple  
Now crackle...Echo the passing of time  
Crumble as we tread upon them...Crisp and crunch  
Bereft of the bygone splendour  
No longer a spectacle of wonder!  
Varied hues...none alive....a composting mess  
When in bloom, none pondered this inevitable end.  
A lesson.... taught but forgot.  
Thankful for our mere existence  
Pondering on the elusive genesis  
None make sense.  
The darkest clouds shroud  
Then silver lights the sky...  
Showers of His blessings drench...cleansing off the grime  
Absorbing...not counting... insomniacs all  
Forgetting to thank the Sublime!*



**Parminder Soni**  
lives in Chandigarh  
and has 3 books to  
her credit.



# The Ice-candy Seller

It was one of the hottest summers Chandigarh had ever had. In a city which boasted of its lush-green surroundings and pleasant climate, people sweltered even sitting in front of water-coolers and seriously wished to have ACs installed in every room. It was then that I suddenly had a guest-fall one morning. These were a bunch of old friends from Delhi, who on their way to Shimla, had decided, owing to my reputation of being an excellent host, to spend a day or two with me.

Realising the harsh and hot reality of the situation, I immediately booked a few rooms in Kasauli Club and loading the guests in my Gypsy, set out for the hills, the very next morning. We had barely crossed the narrow stretch of the highway in Kalka, when we found ourselves awfully stuck in a chaotic traffic-jam. By the time we thought of turning around and spend some time in the Mughal Gardens of Pinjore that we had just passed, we were sandwiched by an unruly rush of scooters, cars and buses.

So we decided to chill around and as luck would have it, we spotted a middle-aged man, struggling to find his way ahead. Clad in speckless white khadi dhoti-kurta and a topi, typical of the Bhaiyyas hailing from UP, he carried an old-fashioned rectangular wooden sandook on his head and sold home-made ice-candy, that we used to have so often during our school days.

It was no less than a God-send opportunity for my Delhi friends, who were dying to have

something cold to beat the heat. We soon forgot about the commotion around and started enjoying our cool candy-party. Interacting with our sweet, simple and honest host was also great fun till we found him abruptly (and arbitrarily) shut his shop and say 'no more please'.

We were all taken aback. It was not only discourteous on his part but also an unethical business practice. He still had plenty of ice wrapped around in a thick green blanket in a cylindrical shape, but he just wouldn't sell it to us. When we insisted on knowing the reason, he came out with an explanation which not only touched our hearts but also enhanced our respect for him. Most humbly, he said, 'I sell the ice to the poor children of a nearby primary school. It's with great difficulty that they manage to get

a paltry sum from their parents, that too once in a blue moon. They save it to buy my ice. It's going to be recess-time soon and my young customers would be waiting for me. I have to reach there somehow or the other and help those, who have the money on hand today, from not getting disappointed.'



**Sewak Nayyar**  
is an author and ex  
civil-servant from  
Pune. He has twenty  
books to his credit.



# *Blessings Infinite*

*Rising from the abyss of despair,  
I can feel the warmth of sunshine,  
I can comprehend the plan Divine  
I was once a shattered being,  
But today I have blessings replete  
Life seems beautiful and the Almighty merciful  
Dancing in the rain, forgetting my erstwhile pain  
I see the VIBGYOR being formed, through the prism of raindrops  
The toddlers playing hide-and-seek;  
Carefree, mischievous beings  
I paint the splendid view and write poetry too  
Or write poems and then paint  
Whatever the case might be  
I am like the Creator-  
As Aristotle had proclaimed!  
Bonding with my best pals over a cup of coffee  
Discussing with them matters- trivial to lofty  
Oh My! It's indeed a wonderful life,  
For I now have blessings infinite!*



**Staffy Bhateja  
(Steffi)**

is an award-winning poet, editor and painter from the City Beautiful.



# Embracing the Scars

“28-year-old... Kesari... dowry victim”, Dr. Banerjee, chief surgeon, briefed us in the operation theatre while we were scrubbing.

As I looked at the woman on the operation table, I gasped inwards. No facial feature was recognizable. The nose bridge was collapsed, the left eye had been displaced downwards and the contractures had reduced the mouth to a very small opening.

“She will need multiple reconstructive surgeries”, Dr. Banerjee said.

“Dr. Mohan”, he addressed me in a serious tone “Take charge of this case.”

I whined inwards to myself. Another case! As if I am not busy with ward duties. Dr. Banerjee thinks I should devote thirty hours to my profession. As it is, my wife readily criticizes me for not giving enough time to the kids. “You are an absent father but you should be given the Doctor of the Year award, busy bee.”

In the recovery room, as I changed her dressing, under the cover of painkillers, Kesari’s face, covered with bandages, reminded me of The Invisible Man by H G Wells.

Repeated bouts of anesthesia, multiple blood transfusions, four reconstructive surgeries and six skin grafts later, I heard her speak for the first time.

“Dr Saab, d--do I look like a monster? Why should I live? Oh God, please take this life from me. My life has no meaning...”

“Stop it!” I blurted. “You getting saved is nothing short of a miracle. This life is precious and God has saved you for doing some good karma.”

“No, he has punished me for some previous bad karma.” Depression and post-traumatic stress disorder are common in burn patients and I could sense traces of both in her. I arranged counseling sessions



for her which boosted Kesari’s self-esteem. She was discharged after 6 months.

“Dr. Saab, I have good news to share.” While leaving, she told me with great enthusiasm that she was collaborating with a photographer for a coffee table book with pictures of burn victims.

As she showed me the details of the project, I felt empowered and chided myself for complaining about being busy. Moments like these made me feel proud of having chosen this noble profession. I vowed to never complain about being busy. At home, I expressed gratitude to my wife for the sacrifices she made to help run our lives smoothly.

A few months later, I met Kesari at a conference, where she shared her story amidst a gathering of about a thousand people.

“I accept my scars- the way God has made me and He cannot make mistakes. Every day is a blessing from God. I am a survivor, not a victim. My life turned around when Dr. Mohan told me to look at life as a precious gift. I am a fighter and have started an NGO to support other burn victims and victims of harassment for dowry. My life’s story will not be led by the way society dictates and creates standards of beauty. My concept of beauty has changed. My belief in myself makes me beautiful.” There was a thunderous applause.

“Thank you, Dr. Saab for teaching me the value of my life,” she said to me. Who taught whom? I smiled as I thought about it.



**Dr Suruchi Aditya**

works as a senior lecturer in Dr HSJ Institute of Dental Sciences, Panjab University, Chandigarh. She is the co-author of the book *Install antivirus in your Heartware*.

# My life has been an open book

**L. Aruna Dhir**, the first-ever creative writer for the Indian greeting cards giant ARCHIES Greetings and Gifts Ltd., author of two anthologies – *Love Never Changes and Friendship is Forever*, a seasoned hotelier with over two decades of experience in hospitality communications and brand management, one of the finest international hospitality writers with columns running in top-ranked global hospitality publications, and a recognized and national-poll-winning corporate communications specialist and PR strategist. And now for the latest, she is ready with her bestselling Memoir – *Hotel Adventures with the Stars*. The book is being heralded as a one-of-a-kind memoir. Celebrities are calling it a Collector's Edition and the publishing industry is labelling it as a sure-shot charts-topper.

**Preeti S. Manaktala** unfurls the journey of **L. Aruna Dhir** from being a creative writer for cards to the author of a memoir.

**Take us on a journey into your writings and your love for poetry. How and when did poetry make a home in your heart?**

**L. Aruna Dhir** – Having grown up in a home where both my parents were fond of reading and in a City that has always been highly regarded for its rich culture in literature and academia, reading and writing came naturally to me. Both my parents were extremely fond of *Urdu Shayari*. My Father loved English literature too. Many a Sunday would be spent reading rich poetry ranging from sonnets and elegies, odes and ballads and mesmerizing *shers* from the works of Shakespeare, Keats, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Byron, Frost, Ghalib, Faiz, Mir, Iqbal, and other greats. That subliminally, spurred my interest and fine-tuned my ears for the finesse of language and the depth and vastness of words.

My first real job was with Archies G&G Ltd, where I worked as India's 'first and only' Creative Writer whose name and verses would go on the greeting cards. There have been recurring signs hinting that the pen had to be my closest and lasting compadre. As for poetry, it stemmed out of immeasurable grief for me. At Nine, I penned an ode to my late father; an act that went on to ensure that my ink never went dry. As a young girl, I would spend hours in beautiful nooks of Lucky Manzil, the family Farmhouse getting lost in my imaginary world and putting pen to paper. By the time I reached my mid-teens, I had a sizeable body of work- both prose and poetry- that carried some worth. The die had been cast for me to take strides into the world of writing! There was a decisive, definitive phase in my life when I was writing a lot of poetry. I began publishing a lot of my poems in the very successful youth magazine *Jetset*; and much later in *Femina* and *Asian Age*. In 1999, Archies picked my love ballads and verses on friendship and brought out two poetry anthologies- *Love Never Changes* and *Friendship Is Forever*- my journey as a poet had, thus, begun.

**You have been engaged in freelance work for Doordarshan, All India Radio (AIR) and Times**



**FM. How has your engagement and experience with the media been?**

Media has been a very significant part of my career, right from the beginning. The occasions you mention in your question, about my dalliance in front of the camera or with the microphone have been fun and exhilarating. I have enjoyed myself thoroughly in those roles. Having been on both sides of the fence, I have had a great working relationship with the Fourth Estate, one that has been symbiotic and mutually respectful. As a writer, I understand the enormous responsibility I have, when putting my articles out on global platforms. With the internet, digitization and the advent of digital economies, one does write in indelible ink and one's works are always searchable, hence the need to be far more accountable, trustworthy and a source contributing a saner voice to the dialogues.

**As a freelance writer since 1987, your articles have appeared in India's topmost newspapers**

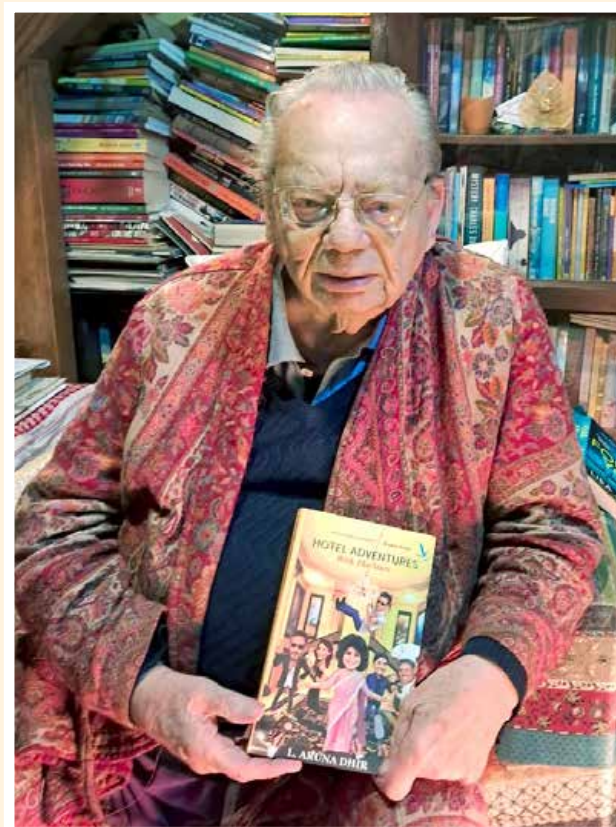
**and magazines. You are a blogger and a memoirist with works published on multiple platforms. What is it that inspires you to write and what has been the most endearing memory from your writing journey?**

The inspiration truly comes from the eagerness to create a webbed world of knowledge sharing, and an oeuvre of merit and value. It is a two-way street. The more you share your knowledge, the more you learn via interactions of the highest calibre.

These days, I am inspired by just about anyone who pursues their pursuits with honesty and excellence. In my writing journey, the hat of being India's first and only Creative Writer will always be special. More recently, I have enjoyed the birthing process of my Memoir- *Hotel Adventures with the Stars*. From the germination of its idea to seeing it to fruition and then to watching the love it has been receiving from readers worldwide, it has been one hell of a joyride.

**You are adept at writing poetry in different genres. Which genre is your favourite to read and write?**

Poetry is one form of writing that can never be on tap. While most other forms of content creation can be on demand, poetry can only come from the shifting of tectonic plates within the depths of



one's heart. Those plates could shift with great joy, immense sorrow, or a sense of euphoria, but you have to be feeling deeply to write poetry; in any genre. This is also to say that whether it is writing an ode or an elegy, a sonnet set to nature or a love ballad, it depends on the kind of mood or the station in life emotionally you are in at the time. Happy poems are great to read or write. But I also like to make a social commentary. Without being pedantic or didactic, I wish to add the voice of reason and rationality through some of my poetry where I like to address the weakening of our collective social and moral fabric and the thinning of the human character.

**A lady who has been voted as one of the finest hospitality PR professionals nationally, an industry expert who has launched brands, developed training modules, to a writer par excellence. What is that one thing that the world still doesn't know about you but should know?**

One thing that may take people by surprise is



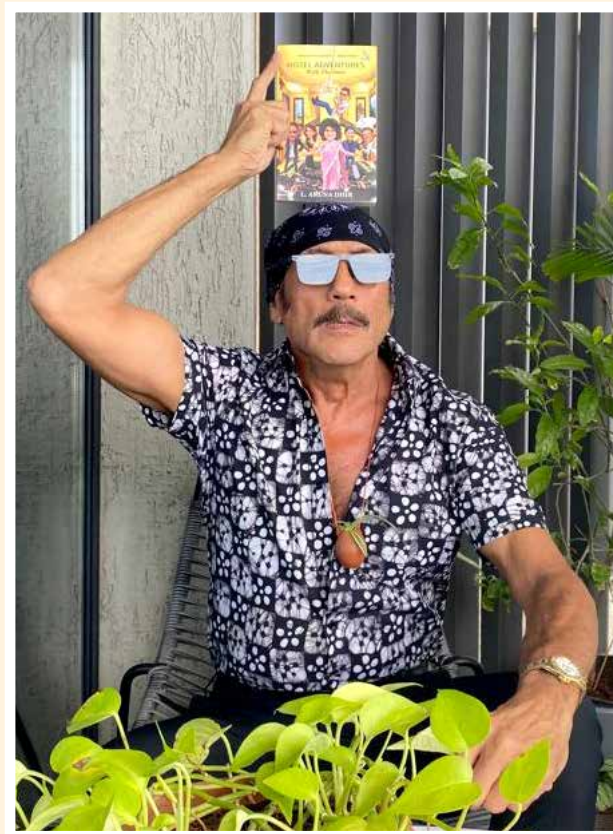


that I have social anxiety. This, despite having had very public personas, or running my own YouTube Channel- the High Priestess of Hedonism! The second thing that could stand out is the depth of my resilience. I always rise up and back. Perhaps more emboldened than before. My life has been an open book. I talk about things openly. From my unfathomable love for flora and animals, particularly dogs to my debauchery around food, it is out there for everyone to see.

**With a foreword from Ruskin Bond himself, your recent book- *Hotel Adventures with the Stars* is making waves and is being heralded as a one-of-its-kind Memoir. How did this book come about?**

After stepping off the corporate ladder and getting on the other side, I began working as an International Hospitality Writer for some of the top-ranked global hospitality publications. I also began writing for some very popular online media platforms. There I would usually write feature pieces on my favourite cities and my growing-up years, or make a commentary on a topical issue around society standards or consumer behaviour. Then I began writing some fun pieces on Bollywood, such as 'Who's the best dressed or the sexiest or the finest public speaker in our Film Industry.' Those pieces would be lapped up voraciously by readers and would be amongst the highest read on that platform. Also, over the years, while working with some of the finest luxury hotels, I would come home from my office and regale my family with interesting anecdotes about the fantastic people I was meeting and getting to know; ranging from royalty to international sports legends, Hollywood directors to Bollywood Superstars. Seeing the popularity of my Bollywood pieces, my husband urged me to put my hotel stories together for a probable book. Both my Literary Agent and my Publisher felt that we had a winning combination on our hands. I am so grateful to add that my readers have proven us right!

The legendary Ruskin Bond and my uncle



Brahm Dev had been close friends as young boys in Dehradun. It was Brahm Uncle who introduced me to Ruskin Bond. I have described my lovely association with him over the years in a beautiful chapter in my Memoir.

**What is that one piece of advice you would give to young aspiring writers and poets?**

There are a bunch of things I would like to say to the young ones,

who are attempting to find their place in this extremely fleeting, ephemeral, make-believe world that we inhabit today. Carve out a niche for yourself. Nurture the unique you. Develop your voice that stands out in the crowd. Step away from the herd. Avoid the temptation of using AI incorrectly and unethically. You may fool others, but you can never fool yourself. Plus there are several cases of famous names having been caught out, only to lead a life of ignominy and infamy from that point on. Be Confident. Be Courageous. Be Compassionate. Finally, Dream Big! Define beyond your comfort zone! Be Discernible!

# Poorvabhadrapadaa

*The noon sun catches the green in me,  
Reminiscent of my eternal undying soul free,  
Here on fresh turf where shadows etch themselves blurry,  
And foliage that has seen life flutter down in a flurry,*

*I bask in blessings I cannot count as I listen to songbirds chirpy,  
As I blink at few drops chuckling on the air nippy,  
This Chaturthi of Aashadha month gave me a place on Earth;  
A star named Poorvabhadrapadaa gave my birth,*

*In a time frame marked by an almanac dateless,  
I thank the brightest sun for giving me life limitless.  
Six yards to embrace my countenance that the self-celebrates,  
Envelops love from all sides as this gift of a saree my being drapes.*

*My very breath, a home, kith and kin embrace my soul,  
Food and festivity despite woes feed my purpose on the whole,  
That I see, hear, talk, walk and live my day to day life,  
Makes me want to stop and wonder at those who face many a strife,*

*That I live in a country free of wars causing death,  
Makes my land holy, a haven of peace through its length and breadth,  
These and many more I appreciate as I see the sky,  
Endless as the stars are my blessings pouring from way up high!*



## **Geethanjali Dilip**

is a professor of French for 40 years at Zone Francophone. Curator of Yercaud Poetry Festival since 2018, her four solo poetry anthologies earn wide appreciation.

# The Eternal Blessings of My Beloved Grandmother

The impact of a grandmother's love and blessings can never be overstated. In my life, my grandmother, Ram Murti Devi, was a constant source of joy, wisdom, and boundless love. Her blessings touched every aspect of my life, from the material gifts she bestowed upon me to the intangible and everlasting spiritual guidance she provided.

My grandma was a remarkable woman who resided in the village Barwala in Panchkula. Barwala is a picturesque village in northern India, surrounded by lush green fields and a vibrant, close-knit community. My grandma was a testament to the beauty of rural life. She woke up early to the melodious chirping of birds and the scent of blooming flowers. Her days were filled with tending to the family's cattle and fields, which were the primary sources of sustenance. Her evenings were spent in the company of neighbors- sharing stories and laughter and visiting satsang ghar.

Grandma had the unique ability to bless every aspect of my life. Due to my father's job we shifted to another town but whenever I visited her, she blessed me by saying "jug jug jeo, jeonda vasda reh, hasda reh, khush reh, swasth reh". Although it was a bit funny but it was her way to express her love for me. Her blessings like a protective shield, guided me through ups and downs, infusing me with the strength to face life's challenges. Whether it was an exam, a difficult decision, or a moment of self-doubt, her words of encouragement and love never failed to provide me the reassurance I needed.

In the realm of education, her blessings were particularly influential. As a young student, I often found myself facing the daunting task of taking important exams. It was in those moments of anxiety and self-doubt that my grandmother's wisdom shone through. She would sit me down, her eyes reflecting a deep well of experience, and speak words of encouragement that resonated with me. "Darr na sab changa houga" (Don't worry, everything will be alright). Her insights, often drawn from her own life experiences, were like beacons of light illuminating my path, making me feel invincible in the face of challenges.

She also showered me with toys, books, and even a new mobile phone, which I continue to use to this day. These gifts were not just objects; they were a tangible representation of her affection and her desire to see me happy and successful. She had a remarkable knack for knowing exactly what I needed and what would bring a smile to my face.

Though she has left this world, her blessings have not left me. Her legacy of love, kindness, and resilience continues to inspire and guide me. Her memory is a constant reminder of the importance of family, compassion, and gratitude for the blessings in our lives.

In the midst of our increasingly complex and fast-paced lives, I find solace in the simplicity she cherished. I strive to carry on the traditions she held dear, like nurturing a home garden and maintaining a connection with nature.



**Dharamdeep**

is a student of English Honours at Punjab University, Chandigarh.



# Matter of Perspective

*When I sat to introspect,  
Imperfection was all I saw,  
Complaints galore,  
Not much to be grateful for.*

*Everything that wasn't right,  
Became the centre of my attention,  
A black dot on a snowy white paper,  
That is all I could focus on.*

*But when you're stuck in a limbo,  
A jolt to awaken is what you need.  
It clears your vision and brings forth,  
Positives to which you must pay heed.*

*That led to a change in perspective,  
The black dot did not magically disappear,  
Just that it no longer remained the centre,  
As the white became much more clearer.*

*If you're grateful for what you have,  
The little you don't can be discounted,  
With this new perspective, you realise,  
Blessings are plenty, more than can be counted.*



## **Zeyd Ladha**

is an engineer, entrepreneur and writer. His short stories and poems can be found on his blog and Facebook page, both by the name- A Good Life.



# ‘It’s The Season To Connect, Converse, Create’ – Dr Sumita Misra, Festival Director Literati

The 11th edition of Chandigarh International Literature Festival 'Literati 2023' began amid massive applause and fanfare. Famous standup comedian Gaurav Gupta gave a spectacular performance to a packed hall at Tagore Theatre in Chandigarh on the opening night of the festival on November 24. Dr. Sumita Misra, IAS, Chairperson, Chandigarh Literary Society and Festival Director and famous author Ashwin Sanghi, inaugurated the festival on November 25 and launched the Literati Digest at the Lake Club. The two-day festival was a literary extravaganza and book lover’s delight as renowned speakers, authors, luminaries descended in the city for it, and captivated the audiences with their insightful

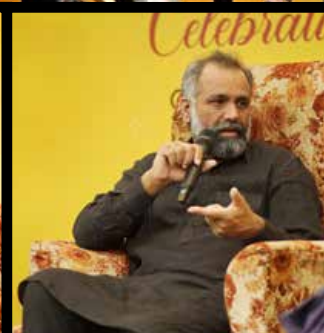
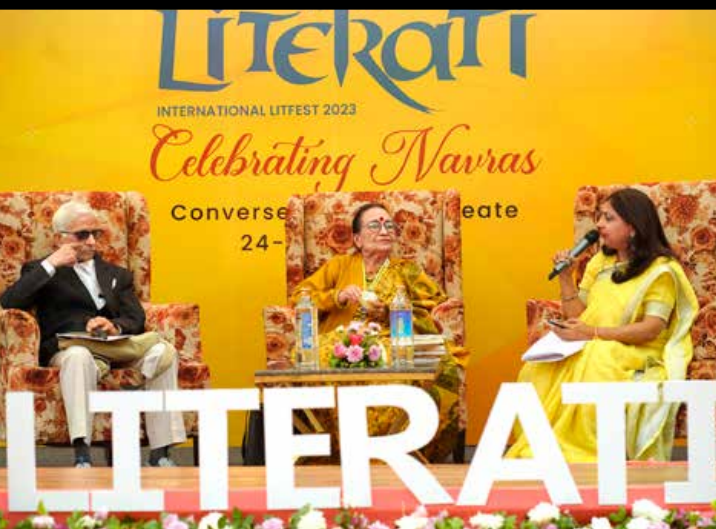


conversations and panel discussion. This year, the theme of the Chandigarh Literature Festival was 'Navras'.

Award winning author and bestseller Ashwin Sanghi delivered a thought provoking keynote address on The Dharma of a Writer. The star attraction on day one was a candid conversation between Dr Misra and international star Kabir Bedi, who rose to stardom with Octopussy and Sandokan. His autobiography, Stories I Must Tell is

an Amazon bestseller. Open and free for all, people thronged the trilingual festival. This was followed by to an enlightening interaction between Pramath Raj Sinha (Founder and Chairman of Harappa) and Rudrangshu Mukherjee, Chancellor and Professor at





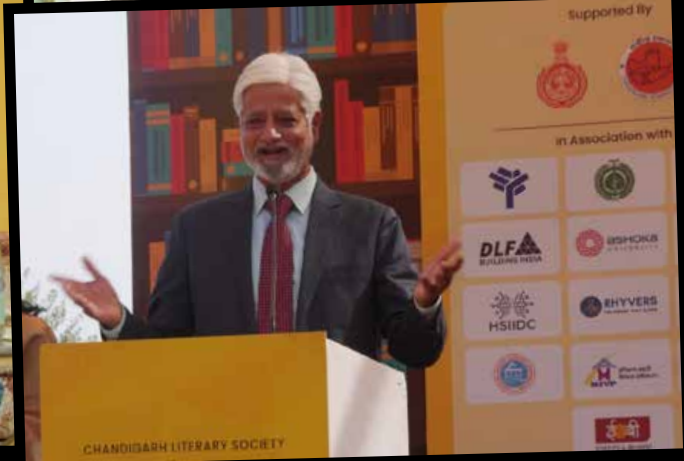
Ashoka University in their session Mahatma & Tagore. Geetanjali Shree the International Booker prize winner for her book *Ret Samadhi* impressed the audience with her eloquence and bestseller author Amish and writer Bhavna Roy discussed the power of idols through their book, *Idols: Unearthing the Power of Murti Puja*. Both sessions were huge crowd pullers on Day Two.

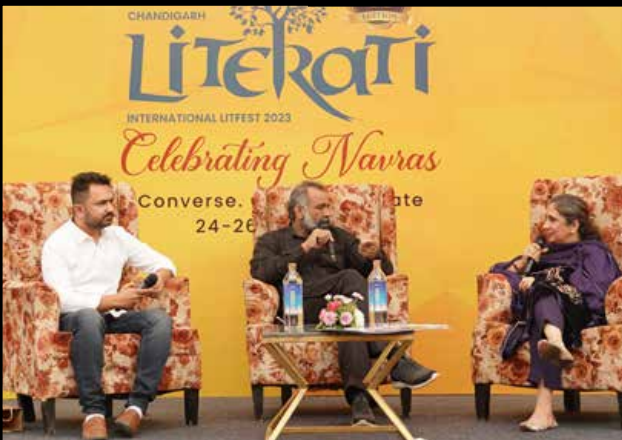
From gastronomically powered chat between Turban Tadka Chef Harpal Sokhi and Naan Curry podcast's Sadaf Hussain, unravelling the contemporary Hindi novel by Mamta Kalia and Gyan Prakash Vivek, understanding the choice of medium of expression through a panel discussion among renowned filmmaker Ashwiny Iyer Tiwari, award winning playwright Mahesh Dattani and Kumaon Literary Fest's Sumant Batra to exploring *Bharat ke raas-rang* with santoor maestro Pt Abhay Rustum Sopori, Sufi Kathak danseuse Manjari Chaturvedi, Nandita Puri and Affan Yesvi, the sessions exemplified the Festivals tagline of 'Converse, Connect, Create.' From Embarking on a poetic journey between renowned poets Dr. Sumita Misra and President, National Sahitya Akademi Madhav Kaushik, to exposing

true crime and crime writing with Maharashtra's first woman IPS officer, Meeran Chadha Borwankar, and Rajesh Pandey IPS, the fest was an enriching experience.

The Litfest which concluded on November 26, also saw invigorating sessions on Punjabi - the state's rich and changing literary landscape was explored in Punjab De Safeyan Ton with Sahitya Akademi Awardee Manmohan Singh, Bubbu Tir, Dr Lakhvinder Singh Johal. Celebrated filmmakers Amitoj Maan and Gabbar Sangrur gave an insight into Punjabi cinema in Punjab da Biscope. The lyrical presentation of Ramayan in Urdu by Fouzia Dastango and Ritesh Yadav in 'Dastan-e-Ram' enraptured all in Dastangoi. There were book launches, and launch of the Hindi magazine *Aabhaas* by Rhyvers Publishing.

Dr. Sumita Misra said that we have completed a wonderful decade of hosting the best litterateurs of India and abroad in the beautiful city of Chandigarh. She said that our aim and dream has always been to make Chandigarh the favorite destination for literature lovers and for the festival to reflect the modern and vibrant spirit of the city.









# Comedy Night : Gaurav Gupta







# Launch



Launch of **AABHAAS**,  
Quarterly Hindi Magazine  
by Rhyvers Publishing



Launch of **KAHANI  
KASHIDA** a Punjabi  
Podcast Series by Bubbu Tir  
produced by Rhyvers



Launch of **BENVELONCE**  
a poetry book  
by Dr Anu Girdhar



# आभास

मार्च 2024 अंक के लिए रचनाएं आमंत्रित है।

## बसंत

आप अपना लेख निम्नलिखित रूप में भेज सकते है:

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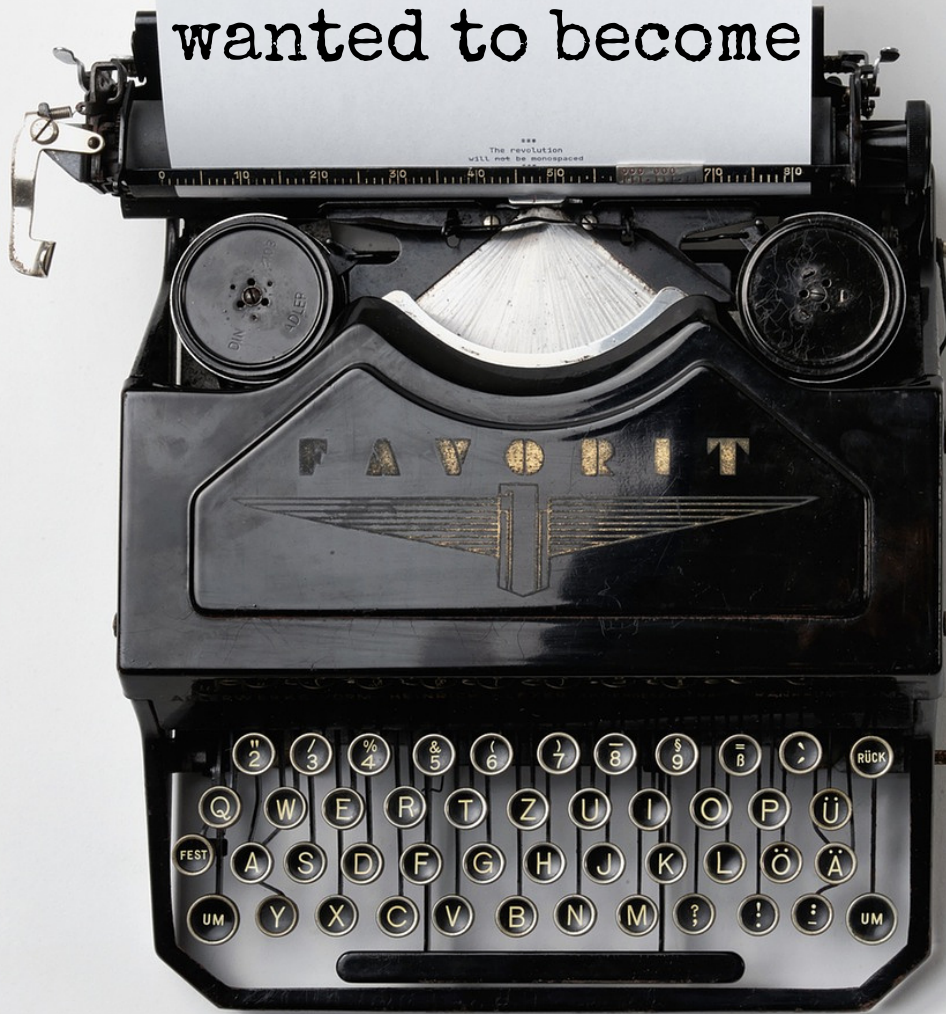


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