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FROM THE DESK OF GROUP EDITOR

The heart beats on
The nonstop thump plays on
Keeping our blood flowing
And feelings breathing on!

The catchword is Feelings!

Where do they arise? Are they the cause of all our action, or are
they mere reactions to events around us?

Can feelings be defined?

Can feelings be expressed? Can they be transmitted? Do feelings
vary from person to person, or are they common in nature? What
inspires collective feelings?

Whatever the outcome of these and other similar queries - one thing
is certain. Feelings do affect the heartbeats. Anger and fear speeds
them. Love and appreciation excites them. Meditation soothes
them. Fatigue lulls them.

And the heart keeps beating.

In this edition, our contributors have presented their feelings in
various forms to affect our heartbeats. We wish all readers the
reassuring thumps of healthy, loving, and memorable heartbeats
forever.

Affan Yesvi
Affan Yesvi



RHYVERS BEAT

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

Theme

Womanhood

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 February, 2024

Please email your contributions to

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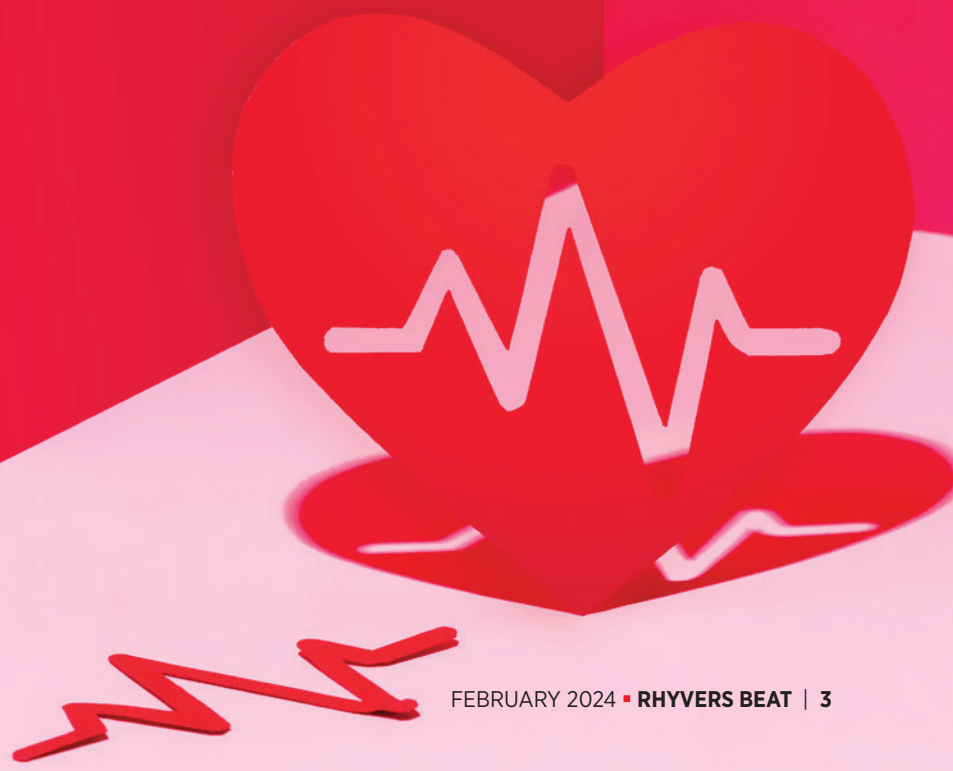
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The Move

In the middle of the chaos that comes with moving to a new place, Siya felt so guilty ignoring her four-year-old son Neel. Her hands were filled with unpacking, arranging and managing the new house that she could hardly get time to listen to his tiny tales or play with him.

To Siya's utter relief, Neel discovered a playmate next door- Sanju. He developed an instant bond with him which was unusual for an otherwise shy boy who loved his world of fantasies. Siya was rather thankful and loved this new place even more because of this. Neel used to rush to Sanju's house every morning and would talk about him till he slept at night. His small details were sometimes unheard of by Siya because of many other things taking over her mind initiated by the move.

Neel developed a new taste for red T-shirts as it happened to be Sanju's favourite colour, his favourite sandwiches were replaced by aloo parantha too. Siya was happy that he was eating a variety of food now but cajoled him to avoid wearing the same T-shirt daily.

"Sanju also wears the same" Neel was adamant. "Twin with my dress too someday." She ruffled his hair and smiled.

"Sanju doesn't want to come to my house" Neel murmured one day. The house was a little settled by then. Embarrassed that she hadn't even met and thanked the family next door once for taking good care of Neel for so long, Siya promised her little son that she would personally visit them to fix a play date at their place. Neel was overjoyed and he sang, "I won... I won..." jumping on the bed. She smiled dotingly at her son's small victory of inviting his friend over.

The very next day Siya decided to bake a fresh cake for her neighbours to express



her gratitude. She was thinking about inviting the whole family for dinner this coming weekend. Neel took a lead running far ahead of her. He rang the bell and a middle-aged woman hugged him with delight ignoring Siya completely. Neel rushed inside her house with familiarity. Siya softly introduced herself, "I am Siya..." With a little hint of surprise and genuine joy in her eyes the middle-aged woman welcomed Siya delightedly.

"Oh! Neel's mom... so lovely to meet you finally. I was longing to see you and thank you for letting him come over to me. Your Neel has brought so much happiness back into this house. My mornings are not lonely anymore." "It's the other way round actually. I should be thanking you, he loves to play with..." Before Siya could finish, the middle-aged woman gazed into a

corner with teary eyes and cried "After losing my son Sanju, my life came to a standstill. Neel made me alive again with his laughter."

Confused Siya followed her gaze and was shocked to see a garlanded picture of a boy around four or five years old in a red T-shirt adorning the wall. Emotions swept over Siya and she sat on the sofa with a loud thud. Neel's distant giggling from the next room haunted her.



Chitra Khosla
is an author based in
Hyderabad.

Wake This Heart

*There is not enough coffee
to wake this heart
of mine today*

*It is sleeping in
to remember the dreams
I had with you*

*And will only wake
once it's dreamed its dreams
long enough*



Jennifer Gurney

lives in Colorado where she teaches, paints, writes and hikes. She is the winner of the 6th Basho-an International English Haiku Competition.

The Unborn **Heartbeat**

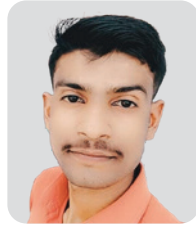
In a dimly lit hospital room located in a Madyana city, Dipti and Priyat, a newly married couple, sat anxiously on the edge of their seats, watching people going and coming back into the cabin of Dr. Malhotra. Their clasped hands betrayed the tremors coursing through their veins as they waited with uncertainty, having gone through fertility treatments and emotional upheaval to conceive. After some time, the heavy door groaned open and Dr. Malhotra, their obstetrician, emerged with a compassionate smile. Her calming presence offered a fleeting respite from the relentless anxiety that had gripped Dipti and Priyat.

Dr. Malhotra prepared the ultrasound machine with painstaking care, the mechanical hum contrasting with the tangled web of emotions ensnaring the couple. As she positioned the cold ultrasound probe against Dipti's belly, a palpable silence gripped the room, punctuated only by the rhythmic beeping of the monitor as it flickered to life, casting an ethereal glow upon the faces of the anxious parents. Then, in a breath-stealing moment, the room was filled with the profound promise of life.

It was the hypnotic rhythm of their unborn baby's heartbeat, a pulsating symphony that wove its way into the very fabric of their souls.

Tears welled up in Dipti's eyes, while Priyat's grip on her hand tightened as if to anchor her amidst the overwhelming flood of emotions. In that singular heartbeat, they found solace, hope, and an unwavering sense of gratitude that resonated through every fibre of their being. The echoes of their baby's heartbeat imbued the room with an irrefutable sense of purpose, infusing their spirits with an unyielding determination to face the uncertain road ahead with unswerving love and resilience.

In that white-lighted hospital room, amidst the soft whirl of the ultrasound machine, Dipti and Priyat bore witness to the miracle of life unfolding before their very ears. And in that transcendent moment, they knew that their hearts would forever beat in unison with the rhythm of their child's precious heartbeat, a melody that would resonate through the tapestry of their lives, binding them with an unbreakable bond of unconditional love.



Dilkesh Kumar

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Department of English,
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Management, Meerut,
Uttar Pradesh.

Symphony

*...when my heart beats
to the beats of the heart
each beat beats to the next
and the beatings beat in a symphony!*

*...by the beating beats
I feel assured of the bubbly life
and the tiny bubbles of beatings
create a betrayal of belongingness!*

*...how the transitory has the power
to beat us out of the blues
to entice us and take us away
from the mundane of life!*

*...my heart tunes itself and
beats faster than ever before
the beatings become the only reality
I want to breathe in!*

*...how I bleakly wish
to let the beatings continue
forever, to the times
till (if) there's an ever again!*



Dr Jyoti Raj
is a Professor of
English in Sonapat,
Haryana.



**Red
is the
Colour
of**

Passion!



Its fate! Rhyvers Beat celebrating its February issue theme with Heartbeat ❤️ and the Fashion trending colour of Spring 2024 is Radiant Red!

When we mentally conjure the image of Red, it is commonly associated with Passion, Sexuality, Anger, Love and joy.

MAC Cosmetics' iconic lips shade Ruby Woo (celebrating red) is still one of the most sort out red shades on the fashion platform worldwide followed by Relentlessly Red (MAC), Dior Rouge 999, Chanel luminous Intense lips are the best of the best go-to red lips.

Interestingly, Red does not discriminate with skin colour and surprisingly top brown skin models flaunt the colour reflectively on the runway with flair.

Personally, Red symbolises the ability to break hackneyed ideas of women hiding in the darkness of obscurity and bringing out our talent to shine on the runway of our lives. Eleanor Roosevelt said "Do one thing every day that scares you", in the context of fashion and Red. Why not, this year, embrace the fashionista in you and experiment and explore the different hues of fashion and red?

The female who shies away from wearing Red from top to bottom can always balance it with warm neutrals like Beige, White, denim, grey and dark brown.

2024 is about Femininity & Sustainability. Quiet luxury will be an essence. Quality clothes without burning a dent in your pocket as well as gold metallics will be in focus. Shivan Bhatiya, founder and head designer at the label Shivan & Narresh believes, "Fashion has undergone a significant transformation, moving from extravagant and loud runways to a focus on functionality."

Who can forget Julia Roberts in the movie Pretty Woman carrying the Red dress with Panache?

So ladies, stop wearing your hearts on your sleeves and let the limelight fall on your beautiful self. Red will retain its ultimate femme-fatale energy in 2024 so 'Be your own Valentine' this year and the World is definitely going to be your Oyster.



Madhavi Lamba
is a fashion stylist
based in Chandigarh

LOOK 1: Teamed this beautiful dress by Proenza Scholar White label (Farfetch.com) with a white printed sweater by Karen Millen, Bag by Nanushka (Farfetch.com) and pink heels by Aldo.

LOOK 2: Here in Christmas spirit-I teamed this sweater from Zara with high-waist pants from Alice & Olivia, a Versace gold bag (Trousseau collection)

LOOK 3: Teaming these super beautiful jeans from Rome, With this lovely red top which I bought from Paris (some boutique label) and white heels by Zara.

LOOK 4: Teaming this informal western kimono outfit from Flames Goa with silver jewellery and loved this vintage silver bracelet which I bought from an antique shop in Goa.

Sharing some of my personal fashion looks sporting red over the years. Red is a colour which is impressionable. Remember, we even have an award-winning song 'Lady in Red' by Eric Clapton- celebrating the power of Red.

A Rhythmic Cadence

*In the rhythm of life's sweet song,
A heart's lub-dub beats strong.
It pulses within, a sound of grace,
Echoing life's constant embrace.*

*With every beat, a tale unfolds,
A story of warmth, as life it moulds.
From the first flutter, a tender start,
God's symphony, written in the heart.*

*In joy, it quickens its lively dance,
Love's heartbeat, a sweet romance.
In sorrow's grip, it slows its pace,
Yet resilient to beat death's race.*

*A rhythmic cadence, life's heartbeat,
A melody of moments, bitter and sweet.
In the silence, a reassuring sound,
Our heartbeat, a lifeline profound.*



Neena Singh
is a renowned poet
from Chandigarh.



Twist of Fate



Nimmi's journey unfolded amidst the tapestry of traditions, her life woven into the fabric of rituals like the morning *diya* and reverent prayers. A spirited girl of medium height, her intelligence shone through her sparkling eyes, a quality that set her apart. Though her family fervently envisioned her as a doctor, Nimmi harboured fervour for management, sparking a familial clash of dreams.

In this muddle of familial expectations and her mother's ailment, Nimmi agreed to an arranged marriage. Her path led her into the arms of Raj, an Army School scholar turned businessman. Nimmi's charm and allure, both physical and intellectual, captured Raj's heart, but his love soon twisted into possessiveness.

While still a college student at 18, Nimmi grappled with the complexities of her marriage. Raj's jealousy spiralled into physical abuse, leaving Nimmi emotionally scarred. Yet, in the crucible of adversity, she pressed on, finding strength with her mother's support. At the tender age of 19, she summoned the courage to break free, navigating the storm of divorce.

Returning to her parents, Nimmi sought solace, their unwavering support becoming the bedrock on which she rebuilt her life. Her studies became a refuge, a path leading her to success as a consultant and a fine art artist. Seven years elapsed, marked by triumphs that adorned regional newspapers and swelled her parents' hearts with pride.

Amid concerns about her marital status, Nimmi asserted her autonomy. The pursuit of a life partner became a personal odyssey, and in the process, she met Prayas,

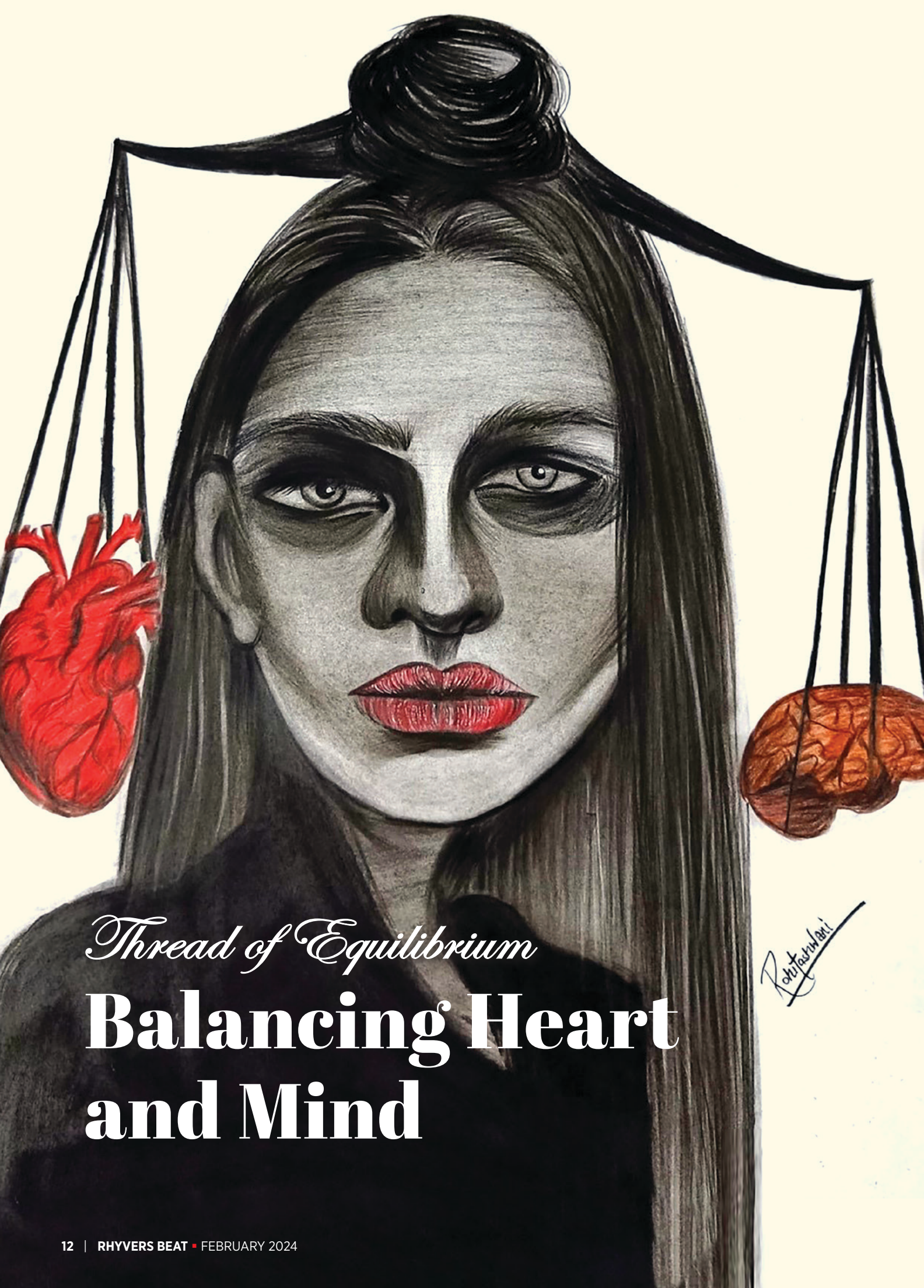
an Airforce Officer. However, Nimmi, scarred by past experiences, harboured doubts about Prayas's intentions. Unsure if he was serious or just passing time, she made the difficult decision not to waste her precious life on a potentially meaningless relationship.

Amid these tribulations, the family astrologer hinted at a cosmic intervention. The astrologer sought to alleviate Nimmi's disappointment, reassuring her that forgetting about Prayas and choosing to move forward without him would not result in any loss for her. Nimmi, propelled by celestial guidance, ventured to London for a fine arts course. Destiny unfolded in the bustling city, where she encountered Rojer— an ex-Army man turned educator. Rojer, drawn to Nimmi's charisma and refinement, gradually fell in love.

Their story, an enchanting crescendo, saw Rojer observing Nimmi for months. With courage and a ring in hand, he proposed, “Let’s get married and have children together. I will name them, and you suggest. I love you.” Nimmi, enveloped in gratitude, couldn't believe her ears at the unique and beautifully sacred proposal she heard. The harmonious beat of their hearts echoed a fulfilment, dissolving all the adversities of Nimmi's past. Trembling, she held Rojer's hand, and as if there were no tomorrow, he got to his feet and embraced Nimmi. She, too, lost herself in his arms.



Seema Sharma
is an entrepreneur,
landscape designer,
Vastu consultant,
author and speaker
from Chandigarh.



Rohitashwari

Thread of Equilibrium

Balancing Heart and Mind

*Amid life's tapestry, a thread so fine,
Balancing heart and mind, where truths align.*

*Whispers of positives, negatives' call,
A quest for balance, touching one and all.
In the zodiac's realm, where Libra guides,
Decisions find balance as courage abides.
Strength in choices, resolute, crystal clear,
Balancing thoughts, both distant and near.*

*Emotions surge like ocean tides high,
Yet balance anchors where peace draws nigh.*

*Spiritual whispers in life's grand scheme,
Merge with emotions, a delicate dream.*

*Physical strength, mental might, align,
Seeking equilibrium, day and night's design.*

*In this dance of existence, a quest unwinds,
The balance unites heart and mind.*

*Negatives loom, positives shimmer bright,
Balance crafts darkness into the pure light.*

*In the tapestry of thoughts that entwine,
Lies the essence of balance, pure and divine.*

*Courage emerges in this symphony's blend,
Acknowledging thoughts that both hurt and mend.*

*In equilibrium where truths are hurled,
Life unveils its beauty, balanced and unfurled.*



Dr. Rohitashwani
is an author and artist
from Hisar, Haryana.

Passion Pandemic & a

The whizz of the ambulances, blinking reds and blues flitted past like scurrying rats. The new guy in town turns the whole world upside down. Unknown viral pandemic sweeps the world. What to touch, what not to touch, what to eat, what not to eat- the Mantra varies.



The Hospital walls reeked of antiseptic. The blue-green garbs danced in my vision. A diaphanous screen separated my neighbour. The figure next to me seemed to flay his hands disturbingly. I called the nurse. She rushed in and arrested his panic. I took a peek. He was so handsome! Or at least his face that was exposed. Only his eyes were visible above the all-encompassing mask. After the nurse left, a bump struck out sorely. I nudged it and, to my surprise received a nudge back. A smile coursed through my face. A respite from the boring solitary stay. We peeked at each other through the curtain. Mouths masked, yet his eyes spoke volumes. They burned through with remarkable intensity!

A current of emotion slivered into the air, my eyes widened in wonder. Could eyes fall in love? Through the Covid curtain, our gloved hands entwined. Through the muffled masks, we spoke of the pains and pleasures of our lives. Of how it was torturous to cram for history exams, Shakespearean Medieval English woes post-lunch sessions, whiffs of canteen Biryani making it even more torturous. His eyes sparkled in acquiescence, laughing at my academic eulogies. He too had quite a number of them but none were delivered with panache.

Each day brought news about the pandemic growing in alarming proportions, claiming young and old alike. The acute shortage of medical supplies was a threat to survival. The fattest wallets survived.

Our diaphanous facade was still a reality, but our phone messages moved back and forth with lightning speed. Sometimes we saw the familiar faces of the nurses and doctors, but some disappeared forever. Amidst this mire blossomed our Love like the proverbial Snow Lotus on icy wastelands. Our bodies were not familiar with each other, but our souls were. In a normal world People meet, see, talk, like, Love and then Souls connect. Somewhere the Virus did mutate the process of Love.

In ancient times, I told him, actually the couple tied the knot without even seeing each other, let alone meeting. In the wedding ritual, a cloth screen was held between the bride and the groom. As the first ritual commenced, then without



warning the great divider was dropped all in an instant. Their dream partner took shape in front of their eyes, the vague persona gained flesh and came to life!

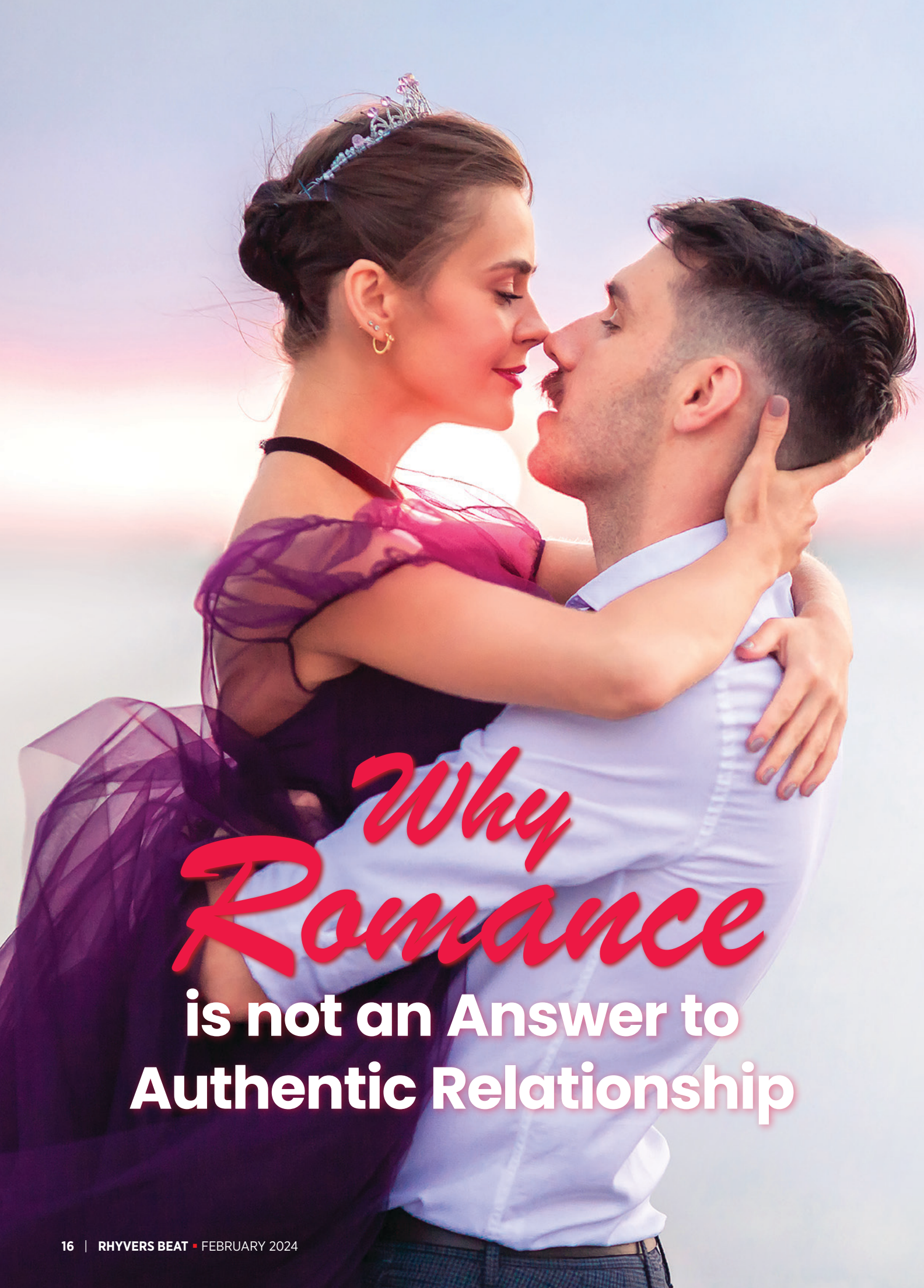
The narration drew parallels here, I expounded with my characteristic vivid imagination. It was as if we had slipped into a bygone era. When the plastic curtain was dropped with a whoosh, we saw each other. Trepidation wrote panic in our faces but our eyes came to the rescue. Eyes are called the Windows of the Soul not for nothing. How true in our case!

The Pandemic ran its course. Masks, vaccines, and sanitizers became redundant. Life returned to normal. Our lives were still entangled with the memories of

Pandemic Passion surfacing now and then over coffee sips. Sometimes I wonder, 'Is this the way people should meet? Connect without bodily perceptions- the beautiful, the ugly, the old, the young, the intelligent, the stupid, not fitting into worldly moulds, or parameters.' Just relish the pure emotion of Joy felt at meeting another soul. If we could survive the worst of situations, a Pandemic nonetheless, then we should be ready to face any challenge Life throws at us!



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



Why
Romance
is not an Answer to
Authentic Relationship

Romance is the craving for the moon sans its dark spots as an ethereal, enchanting object luring the dwellers of the earth below. A lover promises the moon and stars to his beloved in return for her love without even a sufficient peek into her heart. In our society, the Bollywood movies had been marked by the stereotyped love relations reflecting the current mood. The cinema that streams unreal men and women in the most unauthentic relationships becomes an easy tool for any dominant order such as patriarchy to work on the impressionistic minds.

The issue being, the perspective through which men and women are reflected as born with certain fixed attributes, the justification for gender formation. Women as demure, submissive, diffident and childish and men as brave, confident, extrovert adults who make the perfect romantic and ideal couples. Romance is imaginative and ends often with the final note of optimism after the bonding of lovers as “They lived happily here after” the much-quoted adage.

Not infrequently, we come across the commonly held belief that in the olden times the rate of divorce was just minimal as the women were blessed with the ‘adjusting nature’ which is abysmally missing in them today. Even in the not so old matrimonial advertisements the texts were replete with the demand for the would-be brides possessing the ‘adjusting nature’, a trait discriminately sought in women and not men who are equally responsible for the ‘ideal’ family life post marriage.

Romance encourages the double standards of social behaviour based on the gender and biology. Love can be achieved in the most genuine manner only if relationship is founded on the values of equality and mutual self-respect. Women as well as men are

Romance encourages the double standards of social behaviour based on the gender and biology. Love can be achieved in the most genuine manner only if relationship is founded on the values of equality and mutual self-respect.

made to learn the ‘truth’ about themselves much before they develop the brains to find their own truth. Their mental training or the orientation is different in the preparation of their roles and responsibilities. Interestingly romance sanctifies this and prompts women to remain dependent on men for prosperity and wellbeing. Hence, the gothic stories of saving the imprisoned princesses or damsels in distress and awakening the sleeping beauties by the handsome beaus mark different sets of roles and expectations for the sexes.

Romance overwhelms the minds with excitement and adrenaline but its featuring in the human relations in the long-lasting sense, does more harm than good. The inflexibility perpetuated by the romantic love negatively impacts the growth of the male members as humans too. The compartmentation of the human traits into masculine and feminine may serve the interests of one gender but has a toll on the minds and bodies of the both. Boys are taught to shun the ‘feminine’ in them that might reflect in their feelings of fear, shyness, care, guilt and interdependence. Resultantly, they suppress these emotions for the stigma of being labelled as effeminate. The same way women tend to curb the masculine and independent free nature in them for the fear of losing their ideal love. In a recent tragic incident relating to the 26-year-old Kerala doctor, Shahana committed suicide because her lover doctor backed out of proposed marriage after her parents expressed their inability to meet the heavy dowry demands set by his family. Apart from decoding it from the view point of the dowry menace, this is a case of an unreal romantic love. As the chimera of the ‘male protector’ shattered, the victim sadly found herself on the edge of existence and took the fatal step.



Dr. Manjit Kaur is a former Professor of English from Chandigarh and is the author of two collections of poems.



Heartbeat Opera

*Clock chimes musically
life moves rhythmically
tick-tock of breathing
nourishes critters, plants' wellbeing*

*Blessing is every heartbeat
breath is a miraculous divine treat
To thrive life gives ample rope
brims joie de vivre of euphoric scope*

*Beating heart promises sunrise 'morrow
roller coaster of joys mixed with sorrow
colourful mosaic of speckling rainbows
sound 'n' light magic-filled emotional show.*

*A time comes when the heartbeat slowly slows
with age, experience, aching-flows
with loss, dejection, depression, diseases
rejection, loneliness, stressful creases*

*Yet heart hums songs of hope
seeks to climb the happiness slope
yearning, seeking, learning, desire
burn until Opera of heartbeat is afire*



RUPA RAO

inks poetry and stories and has contributed to local papers, e-zines, anthologies and blogsites.

In the heart of a bustling city, where the rhythm of life echoes through crowded streets, lived Arjun. His days were consumed by the pulse of deadlines and meetings, yet beneath the surface of his hurried existence, there lay an unspoken yearning for something more.

One day, as the sun dipped below the skyline, casting an amber glow over the city, Arjun stumbled upon a quaint antique shop tucked away in a forgotten alley. The shop's entrance beckoned with a creaky wooden sign that read, "Heartbeats Antiques." Intrigued, Arjun stepped inside.

The air was thick with the scent of aged leather and history. Antique clocks adorned the walls, their rhythmic ticking resonating through the small space. As Arjun wandered deeper, he noticed a peculiar device nestled among dusty relics – a vintage stethoscope.

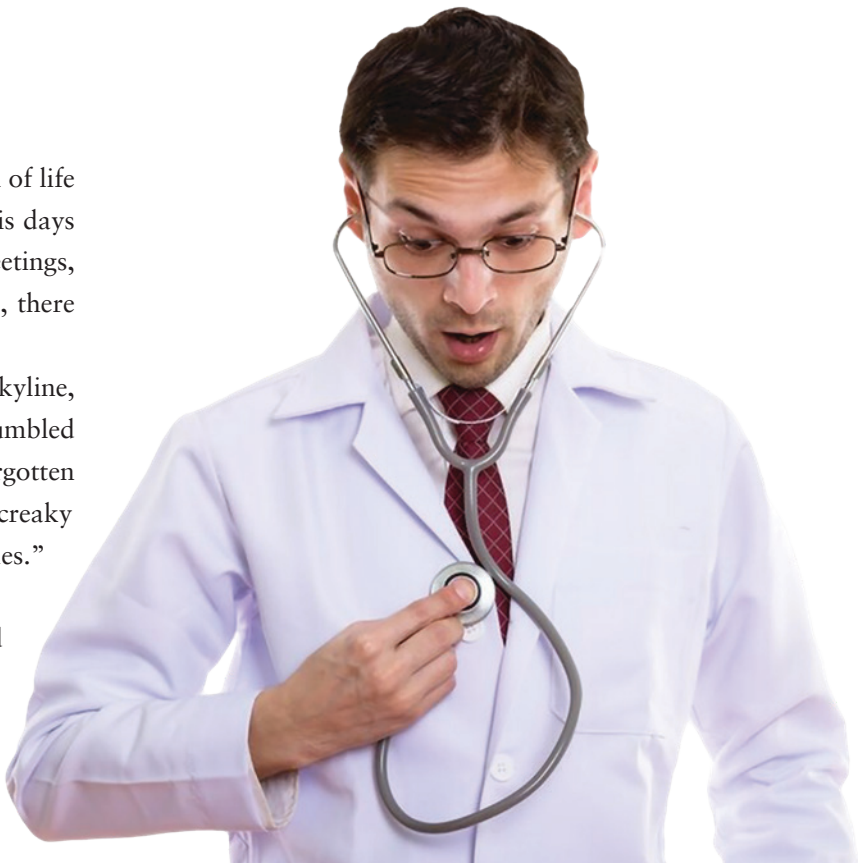
The elderly shopkeeper, with a twinkle in his eye, explained that this stethoscope was unique. When placed against someone's chest, it amplifies the sound of their heartbeat, allowing the listener to hear the cadence of their soul.

Arjun, intrigued by the prospect, decided to try it on himself. As the cool metal touched his chest, a symphony of beats echoed in his ears. At first, they mirrored the hurried pace of his daily life, reflecting the stress and chaos he often ignored. Yet, as he closed his eyes and focused, a subtle shift occurred.

The heartbeat transformed into a melodic rhythm, a pulsating harmony that resonated with his deepest desires. Arjun was taken aback, realizing that beneath the chaos of his routine, there existed a silent melody – a passion for art and creativity.

Empowered by this newfound insight, he ventured into the world with a renewed perspective. He began to allocate time for his neglected passions, painting the canvas of his life with vibrant strokes of expression. The heartbeat stethoscope became his guiding companion, a constant reminder to align his actions with the rhythm of his true self.

Word spread about Arjun's metamorphosis,



Heartbeats Antiques

reaching the ears of a renowned art curator. Intrigued by the story, the curator visited Arjun's humble studio and was captivated by the authenticity of his creations.

As his artwork gained acclaim, Arjun's heartbeat took on a new tempo – one of fulfilment and accomplishment. The pulse of his life had evolved from a monotonous routine to a vibrant composition, echoing through the corridors of his soul.

Arjun's story became an inspiration for many. The antique shop, now a symbol of transformation, continued to draw seekers of purpose. The vintage stethoscope passed down to the next curious soul, carried with it the power to unveil the hidden melodies within.



Neha Oberoi Austin

is an author and poet who lives in Sydney, Australia. She is an HR Manager by profession.

Arsh Verma's novel The Velvet Hotline

The silver lining has to shape itself into a barbed wire if it is to tear out of a black hole.

Those were my concluding thoughts when I completed Arsh Verma's debut thriller *The Velvet Hotline*. The story is that of a Manipuri girl with a tongue twister for a name (Ayingbi Mayengbum) who works at a suicide helpline.

The book unravels like a dark comedy as Ayingbi speeds across town on her Scooty to save suicidal folks. Her phone calls with these people are adorable. Of course, a book about a suicide helpline will have some commentary on death and what it means to be alive. Soon, Ayingbi finds herself in murky waters. A disconnected phone starts ringing in her cubicle. Her boss begins to act suspicious. Something happens with the cats of the locality. This is just half of the story.

So, here's what is interesting about this crazy ride of a book:

THE SUSPENSE: The author has kept a singular focus on puzzle-solving throughout the story. That's what drives the readers to keep turning the pages. You just have to know what happens next. Without giving much away, there are a couple of parts where I was genuinely astounded as to what was going on in the story (no spoilers!). The author pulls off unthinkable scenarios with a passionate honesty that is hard to rival in a debut.

THE CHARACTERS: Homegirl, Ayingbi, is a won't-back-down go-getter. There is a relentlessness about her that is almost endearing yet scary because she just won't back down. She's up against mighty odds (a bit like changing the tyres on a moving



vehicle) but she truly gives her all. You root for a heroine like her.

THE WRITING STYLE: Verma doesn't mince his words. He deploys a pithy tone throughout and keeps you on edge most of the time. The dialogues are crisp, the settings sharp, and the characters emerge with absolute clarity. Peppered here and there is levelled sarcasm, some dark humour, and a wholesome dose of self-inquiry.

I especially love the conversations towards the end of the book as the grand mystery is solved.

Here's an excerpt that got me thinking:

"It feels like a design flaw... being suicidal. Like we know very little about what our great cosmic purpose is, right? Except to survive. All creatures have that instinct – even bugs and plants, life that can barely think. So, in circumstances of fierce and unnatural pain, we can walk against these grand design wheels. I don't know if this says more about the universe or more about us. Either the universe is fundamentally broken, or we are. And I don't know which is worse."



Sonia Chauhan
is a professional writer
and the author of
award winning novella,
This Maze of Mirrors.

OVERALL TAKE: Suicide is quite literally a question of life-and-death. An unsolved question, at that. And to take up such a topic in his debut is a sheer act of courage on the author's part. Yet, he delivers well by mixing it with heavy doses of humour and wit that keep the story from going into a pity party. The light is always shining in from some corner or the other. In the end, the author makes sure the reader closes the book with half a smile.



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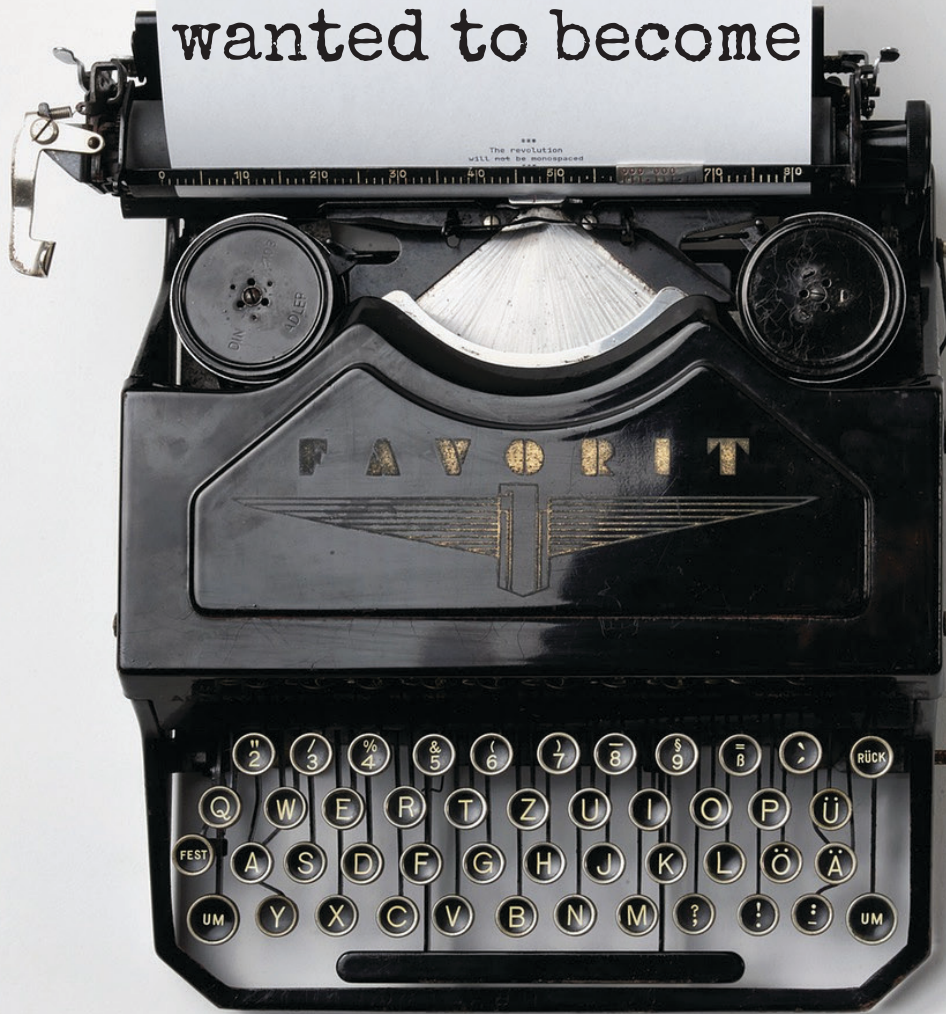


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