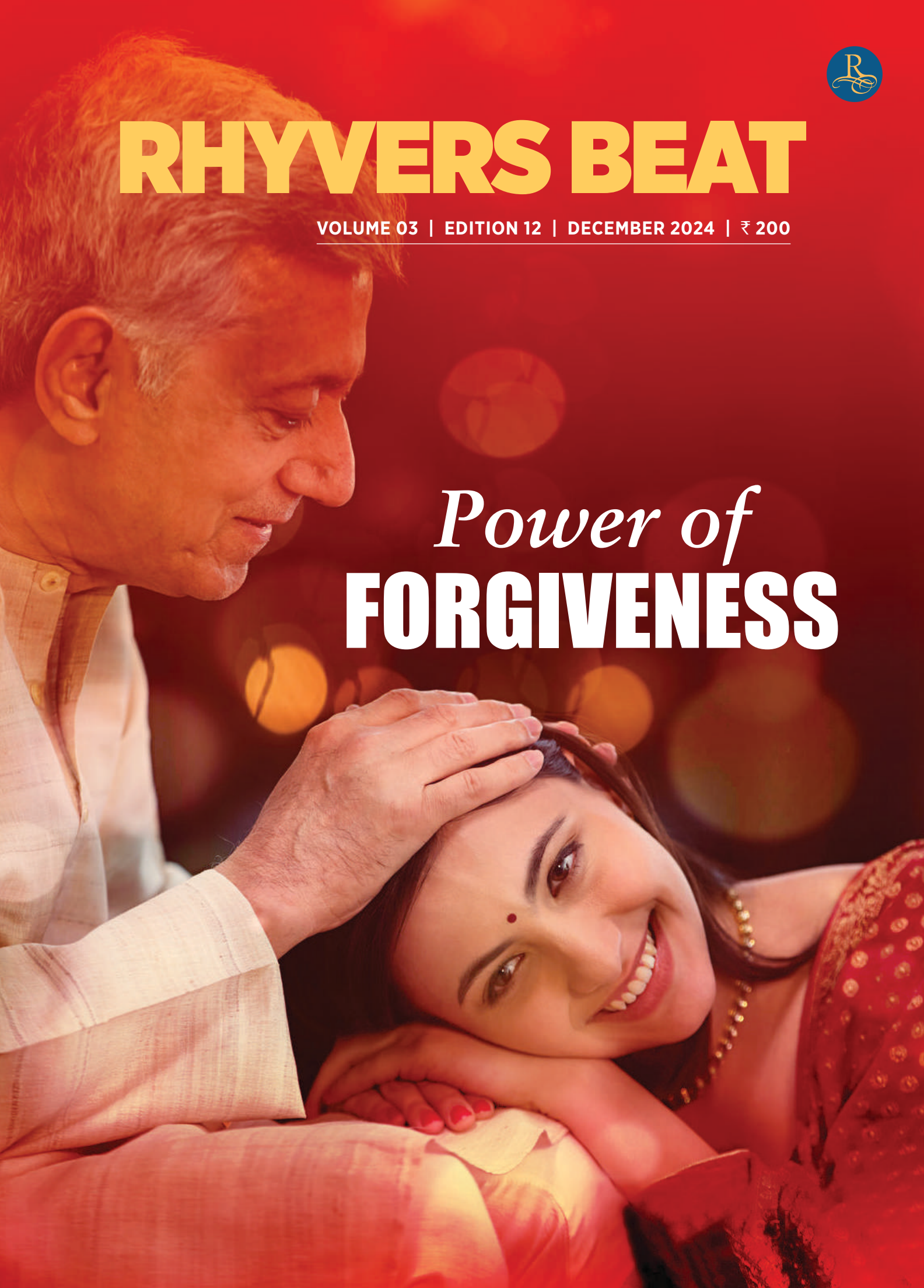




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
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
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FROM THE DESK OF GROUP EDITOR

Forgiveness is not always easy. It requires a willingness to let go of the past, to release the negative emotions that have been weighing us down, and to move forward with compassion and understanding. But the benefits of forgiveness are undeniable. When we choose to forgive, we open ourselves up to a sense of freedom and liberation that is hard to find elsewhere.

Forgiveness has the power to heal emotional wounds, to repair damaged relationships, and to restore a sense of peace and tranquility to our lives. It allows us to break free from the cycle of resentment and anger, and to move forward with a renewed sense of purpose and direction.

But forgiveness is not just a personal virtue; it also has the power to transform communities and societies. When we choose to forgive, we create a ripple effect of kindness and compassion that can spread far and wide. We inspire others to do the same, and we create a culture of forgiveness and understanding that can have a profound impact on the world around us.

Of course, forgiveness is not always straightforward. There are times when forgiveness may seem impossible, when the hurt and pain we have experienced seem too great to overcome. But even in these difficult circumstances, forgiveness is still possible. It may require time, effort, and support, but it is always an option.

As we reflect on the power of forgiveness, let us remember that it is a choice. It is a decision that we must make every day, in every situation, and with every person we encounter. Let us choose to forgive, not for the sake of others, but for our own sake.

Let us choose to forgive, and in doing so, let us create a more compassionate, more loving, and more peaceful world.

Affan Yesvi

Affan Yesvi



RHYVERS BEAT

Inviting contributions for the next edition of our magazine,
slated to be published in January 2025

Theme

TRAVELERS

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

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Is it Difficult to Forgive?

The other day, I was having tea with my daughter. My grandchildren were playing in the playroom with their friend who had come to spend an afternoon with them. The nanny was supervising. As it usually happens, after some time, the children fought over a toy. My daughter went to resolve the situation. She explained to her children that the toys must be shared with friends happily since they are the guests. She told her son that she would forgive him if he apologised to his friend.

He readily agreed, said sorry, and the children went back to playing as best friends. A few minutes later, my grandson came running, hugged his mom and innocently asked, “Mama, what do you mean by forgive?”

My daughter told him, “If you say sorry and decide not to fight with your friends over small things then I will not be angry with you. This is forgiveness.” He hugged my daughter again.



I was lost in my random thoughts. Life can be sweet and beautiful if we remember to apologise, if we can forgive others without keeping grudges in our hearts, and if we can forgive ourselves. But as we grow old we forget these golden qualities we learnt in childhood.

We often see siblings fighting over material things or getting into playing one-upmanship with each other. A little ego issue and they skip the marriage of their niece or nephew. For years together they miss their siblings, feel guilty about skipping the marriage but refuse to let go and forgive or apologise. There is an ego issue on the other side as well. They are the wronged party, so why should they take the first step?

At the end of the day, it hardly matters who made the first move, who apologised or who forgave. What matters is the togetherness of the loved ones.

Is forgiveness that difficult? Can't we be a bit large-hearted?

Many times, a happy marriage turns toxic when both partners refuse to forgive and let go. Things are more difficult in joint families where the girl is usually branded as having anger or attitude issues or not respecting the in-laws. The mother-in-law gets the food prepared and if the girl says that she doesn't eat a particular vegetable it is considered that she doesn't respect the mother-in-law. On the other hand, if the boy orders a pizza as he doesn't like a particular vegetable his mother made that day, this will not be considered disrespect to the mother.

We have numerous such instances going on tacitly in the society around us. The in-laws have one set of rules for their daughter-in-law and another for their son and daughter. The girl gets tired of saying sorry for every little thing. Toxicity creeps in sooner or later. Why can't the family accept the girl as she is? Why can't they give her some space and a bit of freedom? Is it that difficult?



The in-laws have one set of rules for their daughter-in-law and another for their son and daughter. The girl gets tired of saying sorry for every little thing. Toxicity creeps in sooner or later. Why can't the family accept the girl as she is? Why can't they give her some space and a bit of freedom? Is it that difficult?

“One should forgive, under any injury,” says the Mahabharata.

“It hath been said that the continuation of the species is due to man's being forgiving. Forgiveness is holiness; by forgiveness, the universe is held together. Forgiveness is the might of the mighty; forgiveness is sacrifice; forgiveness is quiet of mind. Forgiveness and gentleness are the qualities of the Self-possessed. They represent eternal virtue.” What deep knowledge this is! If we remember a little bit of it every day, life would be beautiful.

According to Sri Sri Ravishankar “Forgiving others with a sense of compassion is the best form of forgiveness. Cultivating this sense of forgiveness in oneself is a mark of being noble”.



Alka Kansra
is a retired Professor of Chemistry from MCM DAV College, Chandigarh, an author and a poet.

Angel from the Fog

*Dark shadows of anger live
Where unforgiveness, ego and pride thrive.
Tragic place of rising above the other.
Where there is me and
I got no bother.*

*A glimpse of hope rises from pitch Dark
Like an angel arising from the fog.
Lifting me from bitter chains
And, attacks my ego Where anger reigns.*

*Now, I must rise above
Leaving the clouds of unforgiveness
Fly towards the ray
Where we all shine together.*



Chhavi Chopra
is pursuing her
Masters degree from
Punjab University,
Chandigarh.

The HOMESTAY

It's ok, don't feel sad about it. I'm in a better place now.

Of course, I liked it best when I stayed with you. It was nice and warm. Like an infinity pool with warm water. I could swim all day. Drinks were served in the pool itself. It was quite the perfect life.

When He offered the proposal, I fell for it. A nine-month-long vacation and that too sponsored by the homestay owner? Who would ever say no to something like that?

I reached the homestay and was blown away by the sheer comfort. It was heavenly. It was like staying inside a tight, warm hug for a very long time. I floated in bliss.

Everything seemed perfect for a while, but just as I was preparing to pen down a five-star review, I noticed a few things. The quality of food served was fine, but it was somewhat insufficient. The homestay owner herself was a small eater, but I needed some more food.

Mornings were safe and sound, but in the evenings, there was a lot of noise. I could hear the tinkle of glassware, and men shouting and saying unkind things to the homestay owner. I felt so bad about it. Sometimes she would cry and swallow her tears. I licked the salty water and hated the taste. I hated the men who made her cry.

I also hated it when the homestay owner was woken up in the middle of the night by the loud noise of the drums playing in the attic. I couldn't sleep too. Sometimes, she walked up sleepily and asked him to lower the noise, but he made it even louder. Sometimes he



threw the stick at her and then one day, I felt as though I was in a car and it had crashed. My heart began to beat louder than the drums. He had kicked her in the belly with all his might. Did he think that her belly was a drum too?

That day I tasted salt again, but this time it was a bit different. It was my salt.

I know you loved me. You cried when the doctor pushed the injection, but you did not cry for the pain. You sobbed, but as I was being kicked out of the homestay, I could not taste the salt anymore. I oozed out in red drops on a thick mattress made of cotton wool. My vacation was over.

As I told you earlier, I am in a beautiful place now, but I miss you so much. I had a little heart that would beat for you, but then, both of us were beaten down.

If he does that with you again and if you need to go to the doctor, please ask him to send those little, beating hearts to me. They will be my siblings, after all.

I forgive you, Mum. It was the best vacation ever and your belly is the best homestay still. Maybe, you just need to move away from the drums.

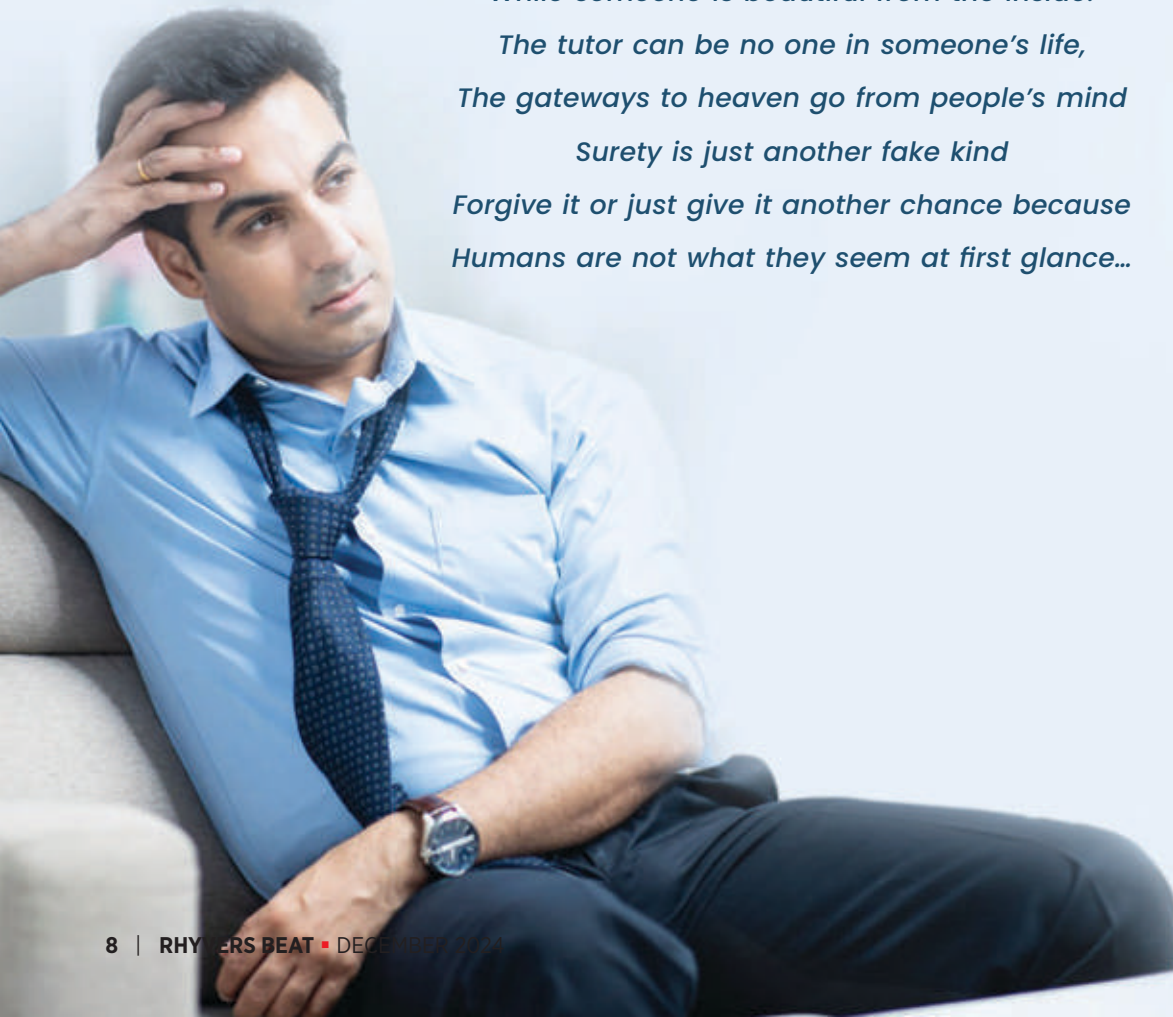
Remember, drums are played when hunters are around.



Debapriya Ghosh is an educator and presented Western Music at All India Radio, FM, Kolkata. She has two books to her credit.

Forgive Them

*Forgive them if they couldn't be their best,
Forgive them if they don't really know you,
It's human nature which cries for the excessive needs of the world.
But the clouds of despondency would soon leave the earth.
There's a cry of forgiving the odds of imperfection,
People have even the colours of deception.
The emotion of switching one's taste,
Or leaving a person on the stage.
Humans have got a legacy to open,
To break the hearts and then cry for forgiveness,
Or to mend what's remaining undone.
Forgive them for they don't know what's already done.
The creator of the universe has created everyone different on this earth.
Someone with beauty from the outside,
While someone is beautiful from the inside.
The tutor can be no one in someone's life,
The gateways to heaven go from people's mind
Surety is just another fake kind
Forgive it or just give it another chance because
Humans are not what they seem at first glance...*



Kaushki Katoch
is a student from
Himachal Pradesh.
She loves to write
Poetry.

The Weight of Light

*Harsh words linger
like stones in the heart
heavy with pain
But in the breath of pardon,
stones dissolve into dust.*

*We build high walls,
fortresses of hurt and pride,
but with one embrace
cracks form, sunlight seeps in—
healing the hurt and pain.*

*Forgiveness rises,
like dawn through stormy skies,
soft but relentless
It balms the wounds so hidden,
turning scars to gold.*

*Let go of the burden,
release the past to the wind,
Let us feel the lightness—
in the space where anger lived,
peace enters like falling rain.*



Neena Singh

is a banker turned poet. She has published two books of poetry— *Whispers of the Soul: the Journey Within* and *One Breath Poetry: a Journal of Haiku, Senryu & Tanka*.

Whispers of Grace

*In the shadows where grudges reside,
A heart once heavy can turn the tide.
Words unspoken, pain held tight,
In the silence, we lose the light.*

*Yet a whisper of grace can break the chain,
Transforming sorrow, easing the pain.
To forgive is to rise, to let go of the past,
Finding peace in the present, a love that will last.*

*Like the dawn that breaks through the darkest night,
Forgiveness brings warmth, restoring the light.
It softens the heart, mends the soul,
In the act of forgiving, we become whole.*

*No longer a prisoner of anger's embrace,
We discover the strength in gentle grace.
For in letting go, we truly begin,
The power of forgiveness lies deep within.*



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

The Unhealed Wounds

*These wounds you carved still bleed through the passing years,
Like thorns beneath my skin that will not heal.*

*Though time has dried the salt of bitter tears,
The hollow ache of trust, I deeply feel.*

*Your shadows dance across my waking thoughts,
A haunting waltz of promises you broke.*

*The peace I seek remains forever caught
Within the web of lies that you once spoke.*

*I've tried to find forgiveness in my heart,
To free myself from this relentless chain,*

*But every time I think to make a start,
The memory floods back with fresh-cut pain.*

*Though mercy might grant wings to help me soar,
My wounded soul stays anchored to that door.*



Parminder Singh

is an Assistant Professor of English at Dev Samaj College for Women, Chandigarh. He is a multilingual poet, translator, and short-story writer.

Let the Soul Shine

Years stumble, one on another

Countless and continuous

I fail to keep track of numbers

Of digits piling

Hoard up memories mellifluous

Some pinch, dig deep within

Linger on...adhere to my being

Oust them I would, I should,

If I could.

Their tight grip, deadly squeeze

Bemused, bewildered senses freeze!

Light feathers shield- an Angel surely?

Shadowing the nefarious speculation

An instant purgation

To thwart the thought and bring recognition

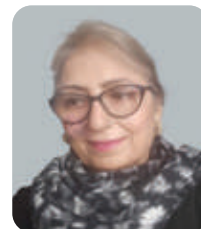
To steer clear, embrace benevolence

To absolve and not malign

To forgive, embrace the Divine

Exclude acerbity

Let the soul shine!



Parminder Soni

lives in Chandigarh
and has three books
to her credit.

Face in the Mirror

*Under the bright lights
Careful layers of paint are applied
Hiding scars and blemishes
Inflicted by experiences of living
Arched eyebrows deftly curved
Shimmering cheeks aglow
Luscious lips rose, honey-dewed
Tinkling glasses filled with
Intoxicating brew
All in place, all just so
Later when the layers are peeled off
All pretences stripped off
An unknown person stares back
Blank eyes holding captive
Strange loathing surfaces
Tears- frustrated, irate, helpless spent,
Emptiness haunting
Empty hollows of the mind
Slowly kindness reappears
To lend a helping hand and to reassure
All is not lost, all has not gone to waste
Pockmarks on the soul heal
Smile at the mirrored reflection
Forgiving and healing happen.*



Ruma Chakraborty is a senior English faculty in a premium institution in Kolkata. A painter, a budding poet and compulsive story-teller, currently she is in the process of writing a compendium of short stories and poems.

Of Rhythm and Noise

I am Perpetually in Love with

The Bygones

The Shadows

The Betrayals

The Disenchantments

The Incompleteness

Because they usher...

The Future

The Light

The Commitments

The Fulfilments

The Completeness

The Yin and the Yang

The Unity of the Opposites

The Beginning of the End

And the End of the Beginning

The Mystic Cycle of Life

The Incoherence amidst Coherence

The Acceptance of the 'Flawed'

And Freedom from the Paranoia of Perfection.



Sarbani Chakravarti

is a teacher in a reputed private school in Kolkata. She is an avid reader, a published author, poet and blogger.

Redemption

The soft hum of the ventilator filled the room, punctuated by the steady beeps of the monitor. Maya sat in the chair beside the bed, her fingers gripping the frail hand of the man lying unconscious before her. Her father. The man she had not spoken to in years.

The estrangement had been her choice, the wounds too deep to heal. A childhood marred by broken promises, alcohol-fuelled rages, and a house that had never felt like home, had left scars too painful to forget. Her mother had endured it all, her silent suffering a constant companion to Maya's growing resentment.

"I'm sorry," her father had whispered, the last words she had heard from him before she walked out of his life at eighteen. She had left to escape the pain, determined to forge a life free of the chaos he had created. And she had succeeded. A job, friends, and a life far from the toxicity of her past. She thought she had moved on.

As she looked at the frail figure lying motionless in the hospital bed, tubes snaking from his body, the old wounds resurfaced. The call had come out of the blue— a stroke, they said, leaving him on the brink of death.

"Come if you can," the nurse had urged. Maya hadn't hesitated, but now, sitting here, she wasn't sure why she had come. What could she possibly say to a man who had caused her so much pain?

Her eyes welled up with tears as memories flooded back. The nights he had promised to come to her school performances but never showed up. The arguments that echoed through the thin walls of their home, shattering the fragile peace. The bruises her mother had tried to hide. Her childhood had been stolen by his demons, and she had never forgiven him.



Shagun Choudhary is a student of the Government College of Education, Chandigarh.

Staring at his pale face, she realized something she had long buried— she had never really let go. The anger she had carried for years had weighed her down, poisoning her relationships, and making her wary of trusting anyone. And yet, here he was, fragile and broken, perhaps in his final moments. There was no more time for apologies, no more time for explanations. Only silence.

The door creaked open, and the nurse entered quietly.

"It won't be long now," she whispered, her eyes soft with sympathy. Maya nodded, barely hearing her. Her heart ached, torn between the urge to walk away and the desperate need to release the burden she had carried for so long.

Taking a deep breath, she leaned closer to her father, her lips trembling. "I forgive you," she whispered, her voice breaking. "I forgive you for everything."

The words felt like a release, a heavy weight lifted from her chest. Tears streamed down her face, but for the first time in years, they were not tears of anger or pain— they were tears of freedom. At that moment, she understood something profound: forgiveness wasn't for him. It was for her.

As the heart monitor slowed, its beeping growing more sporadic, Maya felt her father's hand twitch in hers. Whether he heard her or not, she would never know. But in her heart, she knew she had let go of the past.

And in that act of forgiveness, she had found peace.

Recover, Repair and Rejuvenate

*The end of self-harm
Is the beginning of self-healing.
Refusing to inflict pain on me,
I recover, repair and rejuvenate.*

*The end of self-neglect
Is the beginning of self-care.
The sole custodian of a beautiful temple,
I tend to my body lovingly.*

*The end of self-criticism
Is the beginning of self-confidence.
Blocking out disapprovals and judgements,
I fearlessly stride through life's struggles.*

*The end of self-distrust
Is the beginning of self-respect.
A reliable confidant resides within me,
I listen to my inner voice for guidance.*

*The end of self-loathing
Is the beginning of self-love.
No more a victim of the situation,
I treat myself with gentle kindness.*



Dr Suruchi Aditya

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

Conciliate Yourself

*Tears weaved out of agony,
Guilt rocked inside the heart,
It was a mistake,
But you repented hard.*

*They talk about forgiveness,
But forgive yourself, release...
Crushing hard at your chest.*

*Innocent or unaware, a tide,
It haunts, the scent of regret,
Echoes of years,
When are you liberating yourself?*

*You thought you moved on,
But a single wave collides,
Finding yourself lost in familiar shadows,
Shackles surround your soul.*

*Consuming yourself, being harsh,
No strength will enter your park,
No one knows the battles you fight,
Forgive and protect yourself from demise,
Yet to heal and rise.*



Yashika Garg
is an aspiring poet
from Punjab.

If you're looking for solutions with a side of sass, **write to Aunt Ara**, your personal problem solver
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My boyfriend is on Tinder!

I've been dating my boyfriend for over a year now, and things were going great until recently. I discovered that he's been spending a lot of time on Tinder. When I confronted him, he said it's just for fun and that he's not meeting anyone in person. However, I can't help but feel hurt and betrayed. I love him, but I feel that I can't trust him anymore. What should I do? Help!

Heartbroken,

Dear Heartbroken,

I'm truly sorry you're experiencing this. It's completely natural to feel hurt and betrayed. Trust is the foundation of any relationship, and discovering your boyfriend's activity on Tinder can be incredibly painful. There are a few steps you can take. Have a heart-to-heart conversation with your boyfriend and share your feelings openly. Let him know how his actions have affected you and why trust is so important in your relationship. You might also take a deep look at how you truly feel about rebuilding trust in him. Trust can be mended, but it requires effort and commitment from both sides. Set clear boundaries by discussing that using dating apps is unacceptable to you. You could also lean on your support system—talk to close friends, family, or a counselor about your feelings. Sometimes, an outside perspective can provide clarity and comfort. Finally, remember that your well-being is paramount. If his actions continue to cause you pain, it might be time to rethink the relationship. Remember, you deserve to be in a relationship where you feel cherished and respected. Take your time to make the best decision for yourself.

With care, Aunt Ara

Is my wife seeing someone at work?

I've been feeling uneasy lately because I suspect that my wife might be seeing someone at her workplace. I've noticed some changes in her behavior, and she's been spending a lot more time at work. I'm not sure how to approach this situation without causing a big argument. Should I confront her?

Worried Hubby

Dear Worried Hubby,

It's completely understandable to feel uneasy and concerned when you notice changes in your partner's behavior. Although a confrontation may not be the best approach, having a heartfelt conversation is important.

Before talking to your wife, take some time to reflect on your feelings and gather your thoughts. Try to understand what specific behaviors have made you feel this way and why they concern you. Once you're ready, find a calm and private setting to have this conversation. Approach it with a peaceful and open mindset, using "I" statements to express your feelings without sounding accusatory. For example, you might say, "I've been feeling uneasy because I've noticed you've been spending more time at work, and it's made me worry."

Listen to your wife's side with empathy. There might be reasons for her behavior that you aren't aware of. Ask her calmly for clarity and reassurance about your concerns. It's important to understand her perspective and see if there are ways to address your worries together.

If the conversation doesn't resolve your concerns, consider seeking the help of a couples' counselor. A professional can provide guidance and facilitate healthier communication. Remember, it's crucial to approach this situation with empathy and a willingness to understand each other. Trust and communication are key to resolving such issues.

Married boss wants a date

Dear Agony Aunt

My married boss recently asked me out for a drink, and I'm not comfortable with the situation at all. How can I politely refuse without causing any awkwardness at work? I've started getting a weird stress in my office because of this creepy situation.

Stressed Employee

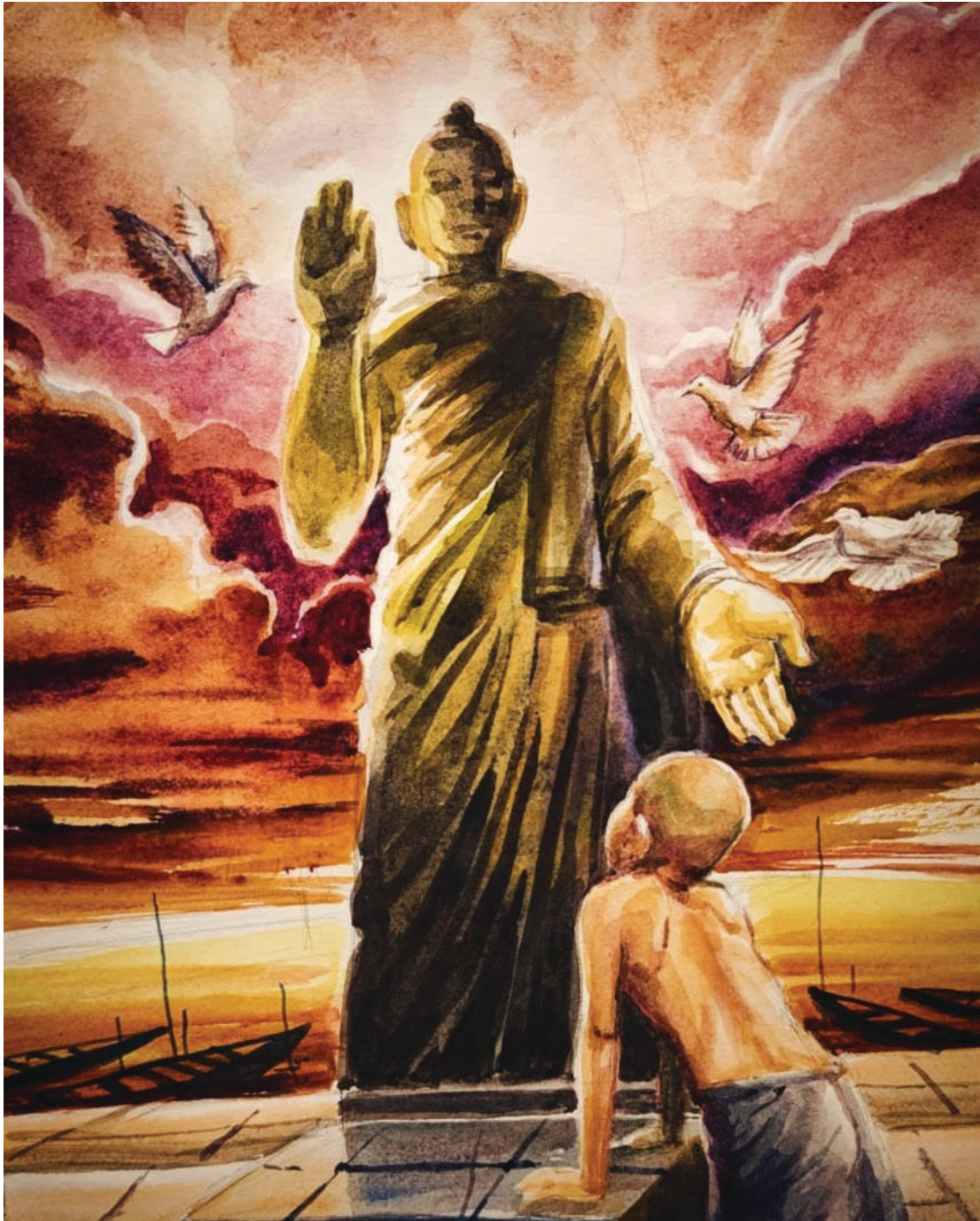
Dear Stressed Employee

I can empathize with your discomfort when your married boss asks you out for a drink. To handle this situation politely and professionally, you could respond by expressing your appreciation for the invitation while setting a clear boundary. For example, you might say, "Thank you for the invitation, but I prefer to keep our relationship strictly professional." This approach shows respect for your boss while maintaining your comfort and professionalism. If the situation persists or you feel pressured, it might be helpful to discuss the matter with HR or a trusted colleague to ensure your work environment remains respectful and supportive.

Aradhika Sharma has run a successful online Agony Aunt column, under the pseudonym "Preeto Ma'am" for several years. Among other publications, she is the author of the popular book, "Dear Agony Aunt."

ART FORM

To Err is Human, To Forgive is Divine (Water Colours on Paper)

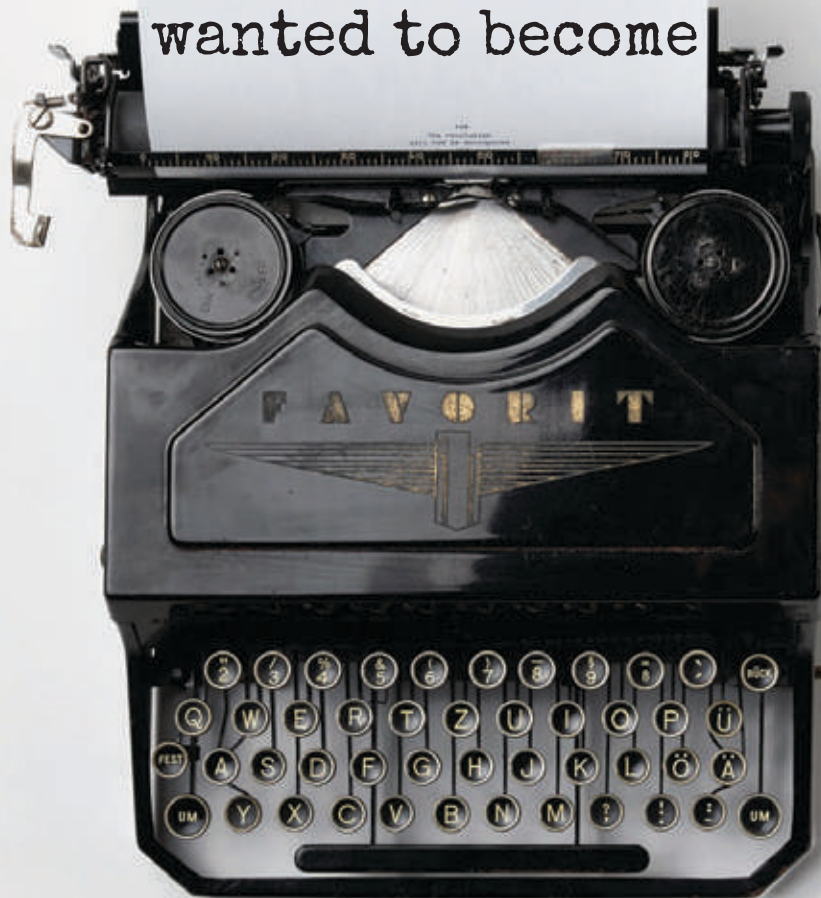


Anubhav Som
aka Somnath Dikpati
is an Associate
Professor at the
Chitkara University
Design School.



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Rhyvers will offer you the opportunity to surf on the waves created by the magical interweaving of words and images. We will splash you with colours of imagination and drench you with surreal experiences.

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