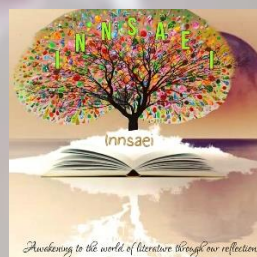


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VISION

An honest voice having the vision to provide a vibrant literary culture with the creative writers with the literary commune to promote peace and humanity in the society.

MISSION

1. To provide a vibrant literary culture among the creative writers.
2. To encourage the development of poets and writers in society.
3. An initiative to promote peace and humanity in society.
4. To provide an ambience among the literary communities to work together for a common cause.
5. To provide a platform for human expression for the deep inner expression of suppressed thoughts.
6. To encourage hidden voice from the grass-root contributors allowing them to express human values.

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FOUNDERS' VOICE

Founders' Voice

Dear Readers,
Greetings!!!

It is another month of merriment and gaiety as we remember Saint Valentine. The thought of being loved and being fallen for the pulchritudinous souls is a delight. The ink can flow the way she hears the whispering silence in the air. She quietly remembers the yestreen nostalgia and melancholy imbued in her belief system. She tries to word from the ink, every time she adds, she stumbles upon many anecdotes. Deep down in the crevices lies the feelings, the words are unable to do justice to the thoughts. This valentine, we tried to decipher the Pandora's Box. The ink is flowing, trying to whisper with thoughts, exploring every time. Each time we add a new dimension of being, it adds more callisthenics to it. The journal shall add new dimensions to the existing journey, we are inviting the readers around the globe to join in the exploration of real-life stories to make the literary journey very close to our hearts. I hope the love to get imbued with words shall transform the literary commune to be in synergy to tell the real-life stories for the world to listen.

Thank you for listening to us...

Avec Plaisir

Kind Regards,

Mr Orbindu Ganga and Dr Tejaswini Dange Patil

Founders and Literary Editorial Directors

INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative

Literature for Peace and Humanity (IJCLPH)

COVER STORY

Role of Literature in Spreading Peace and Humanity in Contemporary Scenario

By Ms Rini Valentina

Editorial Board Member, INNSÆI

International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity

Humans were created to rule the world with the ability and intelligence that they have, and then to apply it to the welfare of all mankind. But behind their intelligence and abilities, humans are often controlled by ambition in achieving their goals. They forget about love, and do not care about the needs and interests of others. Even because of their ambition, humans turn harsh, and justify all means so that their goals are achieved without seeing anymore if their steps have damaged the sense of love, mutual respect, and even crashing togetherness between families, neighbours, and the worse, destroying unity between countries in the world.

Their greed and ambition have destroyed the world by trampling on the rights of others so that the main goal for human welfare has been forgotten. Many nations are starving, losing relatives as a result of wars that have engulfed parts of the world because of personal ambition.

The world is no longer peaceful because the ambition of every religious leader and world leader feels that they are right by imposing their own mindset which ultimately leads to disaster.

Then what is our role as part of the world community engaged in literature? Are we going to just sit there without doing anything? Or do we have the right and the obligation to spread peace and love to the nations of the world with literature? Every day, we only write on the paper or at the computer. As if there is not much, we can do to participate in bringing about peace in this world.

The answer is YES!

The next question that often arises in our minds is, what can we do to participate in creating peace, harmony and humanity when we are only literary writers who are only able TO WRITE simple poetry or short story, essay or any other genre of literature...? We are not politicians or humanitarian social workers who face the conflict areas. We are also not UN Soldiers directly who are working on the ground facing thousands of war refugees.

As a part of the world community, we have a role to play in realizing peace in writing... whether it's poetry, short stories or any other kind.

Here as writers, we can spread love with words of love, respect and tolerance to all people regardless of ethnicity, language, religion or culture. We know, the Absurd Drama written by Beckett, Pinter, Ionesco, Albee and some others created the awareness about the psychological trauma the whole world faced after the World War II. The Literary Movement made the people around the globe realize the horror of Wars. Many poets like Hardy underlined the futility of the Warfare. The PROBLEMS can be solved through the COMMUNICATION.... DISCUSSIONS. Every time, there is no need of bloodshed and human loss. The writers have focussed on the Strength of Love, Power of Understanding and Need for Peace. The territory we can win is of Human Hearts.

The writers are Peace-makers, Messengers of Love and Convenors of Divinity.....!

But the next question is, what can we do then if we don't know where to publish all our writings in order for the world to read?

Newspapers, magazines, journals or other media are a means to accommodate and display all of our creativity in the world of writing. Especially in this era, we as writers are greatly assisted by the existence of electronic media which is much more profitable. International literary journals, electronic magazines and electronic newspapers have grown like mushrooms. We can't even count them anymore. All of these become a means or a place for us as writers to spread love in any part of the world.

We don't have to bother paying attention to the other side of the world by going directly to the conflict area. We don't need to let ourselves sink into the dangers of gunfire.

Write it! It is enough to write and leave all the existing containers to accommodate all of our writing.

Even more, if we write in the world of writing, our position is as an editor of a journal, magazine and newspaper. The literature is spread to the masses through these media. They initiate the movement for the young generations towards peace through writing. For writing, the most essential preparatory thing is to think and for thinking, reading literature... Making people write is to demotivate them from violence, destruction. By writing through poetry, we can also contribute to the world that love and peace can be realized with the beauty of writing and words.

So as poets or writers, we can do our best for world peace. Write wisely, so our writing will be a means of realizing peace and harmony between nations. So, write to make your dreams come true through poetry...literature. By writing love-filled poetry, we have helped spread love to the world.

Of course, it's not just writing. But write with your Heart!

The role of a literary writer will be very large when we write with heart.

So here it is clear, the participation of a magazine, newspaper or journal is very important in creating love and peace for the world with beautiful writing through poetry. We can invite anyone to take an active role in maintaining world peace without the need to be present in the midst of war by presenting literature in newspapers, magazines and journals. Of course, the participation of international journals is very large for writers who really want to play an active role in maintaining world peace and humanity. There is no need to dream too high without proof. We don't even know how long the dream will come true. It is enough to contribute our talents, creativity and abilities by writing beautiful things based on love through the journals.

About the Author



Valentina Rini Asih Sasami or Rini Valentina is a trilingual writer; Indonesia, English and Spanish. Since writing at the end of 2017, she has published 16 poetry collection books and 2 short story books, a story translation from Serbia and 7 international multilingual anthology books published on Amazon Kindle (Amazon.com) where she is the chief editor and compiler.

It is an honour for her because France and Switzerland appointed her as the peace ambassador for Indonesia. UHE, a Spanish-language international literature institute based in Peru, also appointed her as national president for Indonesia. An international electronic magazine based in India, GRIHASWAMINI appointed her as an ambassador for Indonesia. Writer Capital International Foundation nominated her as a recipient of the 2020 GLOBAL ICON AWARDS.

INTERVIEW

An Erudite Conversation with a Literary Connoisseur



Dr. Kanako Tomisawa is a wild lifer and a practitioner of African art Tinga Tinga and Chinese art Jianhua in her own way. She has been working in various capacities as Zoo Spokesperson /Deputy Chair, Species Management Committee, South East Asian Zoos Association /Executive committee member, CPSG Japan /Jianhua Cutting Paper artist /Tinga Tinga artist. She has also worked for Association of Asian Wildlife Conservation (Executive officer), International Species Information System (current Species 360, Asia Pacific regional coordinator) and now she is working at Omuta City Zoo (Spokesperson). She has experiences of attending variety of conferences and translating various types of documents. She has worked for networking with lots of countries and regions as well as involved in teaching population management and record keeping. She is also an artist who practices Tinga Tinga and a Jianhua cutting paper art.

EDUCATION:

2004-2007 PhD Environmental Science.

Graduate School of Environment and Information Sciences, Yokohama National University, Japan.

Dissertation: “Establishment of the Social System for In Situ and Ex Situ Wildlife Conservation”

1999-2001 Masters of Animal Science (Wildlife Reproduction and Physiology)

Graduate School of Azabu University, Japan.

Thesis: “The lapsed time-change of the spermatozoa motility of Sumatran tiger (*Panthera tigris sumatrae*)”

2002-2003 Post-Graduate studies, Environmental Education.

Graduate School of Tokyo Gakugei University, Japan.

1995-1999 Bachelor of Animal Science (Animal Behavior) Azabu University, Japan.

Thesis: “Study of Reproduction behavior of Ostrich (*Struthio camelus*)”

WORK EXPERIENCE:

2016-Present Teikyo University of Science -Part time lecturer.

2014-2016 Yamazaki Gakuen University -Lecturer and the Deputy Manager of Corporate Development Department.

2014-Present 21st century Tiger Official Japanese Advisor.

2014-Present South East Asian Zoos Association-Deputy Chair of Species Management Committee.

2010-2014 Japanese Association of Zoos and Aquariums- International Affairs Officer / Spokesperson.

2009-Present CBSG Japan -Executive Committee Member.

2007-2014 International Species Information System Asia/Pacific and Australasia Regional Coordinator.

2001-2005 Association for Asian Wildlife Conservation 2 -Office Manager.

SUMMARY OF SKILLS:

Language skills: I am native Japanese speaker (with skills in other Asian languages) and am fluent professionally and socially in English. When there was the Tohoku earthquake in 2011, I was the only one person responsible to answer all of the emails, phone calls and other contacts from overseas and transmitted information toward the rest of the world from the damaged facilities almost every day.

I have experience with interpretation during meetings at the executive level. I have experience with written translation including MoU, agreements, business letters, leaflets, pamphlets, emails and so on. I have translated various documents between English and Japanese. I can speak some of Bahasa Indonesia and Chinese. Since I have worked for Sumatran tiger for more than 5 years, I have learnt the languages little by little. I always try to make efforts to use the local language that is spoken where I visit as much as possible.

Communication skills: I have a lot of experiences for networking around the world. Especially in Asia / Pacific where I have been working more than 18 years, I understand fully about the difference of culture, way of thinking, and respect the differences. I have the experiences to build the relationships with the people from different countries. I understand how difficult it can often be to make progress with the people from different cultures or different background. However, I also understood how to resolve such issues and the joy of forward progress to a goal as part of a team. I have an outgoing personality and enjoy communicating with people from different countries, cultures and backgrounds with a view to forging partnerships and consolidating programmes in conservation and sustainability. I believe I have excellent skills in presentation, negotiation, organization and administration. I have been teaching about presentation and some of my students got prize for good presentation.

Teaching skills: I have experience of population management, record keeping and studbook analysis training in both English and Japanese. Some sessions were for couple of days and some for a week or more. The participants engaged in English sessions were both native and non-native English speakers. I have experience to teach at universities and technical colleges as guest speaker many times about wildlife conservation. I have held the population management seminar and more than 500 people have been attended. I have a postgraduate certificate for teaching Japanese to foreigners and even have experience of

teaching Japanese to refugees seeking shelter in Japan. I can teach Japanese both to beginners and advanced students.

Computer skills: Google documents, IssueTrack (ticketing software), Go to meeting (video chatting), DOS program support, SharePoint Site Administrator (creating /editing), Skype, Microsoft Word 3.

An Erudite Conversation with a Literary Connoisseur

Hon. Dr. Kanako Tomisawa (Japan)

by Dr Sanjeev Kumari Paul (India)

Dr Sanju Paul: Hello, Kanako. Greetings from India. I welcome you to this interview session.

Dr Kanako: Thank you, Sanju! I'm happy to join you for this interview.

Dr Sanju Paul: You are a wild lifer as well as an artist. May I ask you if it's wild life that prompted you to become an artist or was there was some other stimulus?

Dr Kanako: Most of my art is about animals. I believe animals are beautiful. It's not only about their looks, their morphology, but also as a life, they are beautiful creatures with lots of different skills to survive in the wild.

I want to get closer to their beauty. That's the basic reason why my artwork is also based on wildlife.

Dr Sanju Paul: Why did you choose wild life as your career? What were the challenges you encountered while working in this field? How would you connect conservation to routine human life? What differences do you observe among rural and urban scenarios? Why did you choose wild life as your career?

Dr Kanako: I basically love animals since childhood. My parents told me that when I was a child, they took me to a farm often. There I went into the flock of Sheep, and didn't come back for couple of hours. I, myself don't have any memory about it at all, I have no idea what I did in the flock of Sheep. Now I wonder why my parents didn't worry about me not coming back for long time. I might had been attacked by Sheep (smiles). Anyway, my parents say that those kinds of experiences made me what I am at present. It could be an influence of all that, and now I appreciate their attitude toward child-raising in that way.

Dr Sanju Paul: What were the challenges you encountered while working in this field?

Dr Kanako: When I did efforts for Sumatran tiger conservation, I had a passion to contribute to this endangered species. However, one day local people told me, “If you really think the Tigers are important, take them all to your country. We don’t need them”. It was a big shock to me. I was of the opinion that I was doing the good, but not all the people think in the same manner. After that, I studied Environmental Education at university and tried to find the best solution. The solution is not always one. There are many different opinions how to protect the species. It is fine. If all the people have exactly the same idea, it would be scary. Differences are the basis to get the new things out, and to find the solution. The conservation activities never yield good results without the support of local community. I would say wildlife conservation in the field should be local community-based activity.

Dr Sanju Paul: How would you connect conservation to routine human life?

Dr Kanako: The important thing is people do what they can to daily. It might be very tiny stuff; however, many pieces of stuff can change the situation at the end. It is difficult to realize “it is changed by what I did!”, and there are possibilities we might not get the results during our lifetime. However, if we don’t do it, the environment on the Earth will never get well. I would never recommend forcing yourself to do something. It won't last long and also it will make your everyday things hard. If you can't continue, it may not be a good thing.

Also, it is important is to try to get the accurate fresh information. Now these days, the information is easily available on the web, may be, too much information. If you don't have the antennas to get the information, or if you can't judge whether it is correct or not, you may fail to notice what is actually going on.

Dr Sanju Paul: What differences do you observe among rural and urban scenarios?

Dr Kanako: Our family used to live in the big cities like Tokyo or Sapporo, so I don't have many experiences of stay in nature while I was young. However, it doesn't matter. If a person is interested in nature and wildlife, the person will still love them without many experiences.

Now I live in the country side, a small city. While I lived in Tokyo, some people used to say "Tokyo is always busy", however, I had no idea; because I was born and grew up there, it was normal for me. At that time, I didn't know about other places. Now I understand what they say so. And I love to live here. One thing I didn't like was that it wasn't possible to join the events in big cities such as Tokyo or Osaka physically. During the COVID-19 pandemic, we got many online events so that way I was very lucky to join through the web.

Dr Sanju Paul: Tinga Tinga! Introduce us to this art please.

Dr Kanako: Tinga Tinga is the pop art in Tanzania. They draw animals and local life in Tanzania. The art is slightly different with each artist, but the common items are red lines around eyes which depict the life force and strength, the black line around body. Tinga Tinga is the art that was established by Mr. Tinga Tinga about 40 years ago. My teacher Mbuka learned Tinga Tinga from his father who learned from Mr. Tinga Tinga directly as a student. After Mr. Tinga Tinga died, Mbuka taught his daughter how to draw Tinga Tinga. She is an artist, too, and now she still practices this art in the Tinga Tinga village in Dal es Salam, the capital of Tanzania.

I love Tinga Tinga so much and my passion has never changed even after twenty years.

Dr Sanju Paul: How did you begin doing Tinga and Tinga and creating art with wild animals?

Dr Kanako: I've been in love with Tinga Tinga for more than twenty years. However, It is an expensive art and I bought the art pieces one by one. Then I thought if I draw it by myself, it would be more fun. However, I had no friend in Tanzania, had never visited there at that time, there was no way to go. One day, there was an African business Event in Yokohama, and there was a Tanzania country booth, where I met a Tinga Tinga artist who did live painting. I thought this was the only chance I could get. I talked to him nicely

about how much I loved Tinga Tinga and I would like to go to Tanzania to learn the drawings. In the beginning, initially, the artist might have thought “what a weird person she was?!” however, at the end, he gave me his email address. It was a small piece of paper, however, to me, it was a golden ticket to heaven! I wanted to visit him as soon as possible, however, I had a lot of work and couldn’t get days off soon. About one and half year later, I got some weeks free, I contacted him. I had no idea if the address was still working, however, I got a reply and boarded the aircraft. That was the beginning of my Tinga Tinga days.

Mostly, I draw animals. Mainly, Tinga Tinga art draws African big five (Elephant, Buffalo, Rhino, Leopard, Lion), Giraffe, Hippo, Gazelle...etc. I draw Okapi, Tiger, and other animals, too. Once, I was asked to draw a turtle with the person with whom it lived with. I would also like to draw animals in Asia in the future that had never been drawn by Tinga Tinga.

Dr Sanju Paul: Coming to your thesis on Sumatran Tigers. I am trying to provide my audience a little glimpse into some technicality. How did you collect the samples from these tigers, tackled various issues during the research?

Dr Kanako: It was a part of the Sumatran tiger conservation program. We used anesthetic medicine to immobilize the male Tigers. After anesthesia, we inserted the electric ejaculation bar into the rectum and stimulated it with electric current for five seconds to collect tiger sperms. I investigated how the mobility of sperms continued after ejaculation to get the indicator. Nowadays, the frozen sperm bank has an important role in species survival and I hope my research could contribute a bit to it.

Dr Sanju Paul: Jianhua Paper cutting art! Why, how and where did you learn this art? What is it and how popular is it in Japan?

Dr Kanako: When I was a university student, I learned Chinese privately. One day, the teacher gave me a small cutting paper from China. They used red colored paper for the decoration of the New Year. It was so beautiful, so I tried to make the cutting paper. At that time, I just cut a paper with the normal paper cutter. That was not so good, but when

I showed them to my friends at school, a friend of mine took me to the store and made me buy the art knife (and I have been using it till now, for twenty years!). Then I tried many methods to cut black paper and add many different colored papers from behind. In Japan also, there's traditional art to cut black paper, and put the white paper on, it's behind colored by watercolour. So, my art is a kind of mixture of art in Japan and China. Jianhua means cutting paper in Chinese language, and "Jianhua cutting paper" is the original name I've created. I'm not sure if there's someone else who does the same.

Dr Sanju Paul: You have been effectively applying your creativity in art to value add your professional skills in wild life projects. When this did thought striked your mind and you began doing it?

Dr Kanako: Hmm... Maybe when I was in University. At the University there are many different people and my world expanded a lot. Also, not only inside, but outside the university, I met many different people. Those experiences blow my skills and I carefully grow them up. I have always been supported and helped by many people. The current myself is not made by myself only. I always thank people around me who gave me their time, their mind, their feelings. I will never stop to thank them until the end of my life.

Dr Sanju Paul: In your wild life career, you are also an educator. I would like to peep into your experiences with global projects like Species 360 and ZIMS.

Dr Kanako: Education is one of the stuffs I made efforts for years. And certainly, the days I worked at Species 360 was the beginning of my education experiences. I supported and taught many people about the software to keep animal records and creating and maintenance studbooks. After my days at Species 360, I had my own system to teach basic population management in zoological world and more than a thousand people has attended. I had the lectures around Japan, also in other countries in Asia such as Singapore or Myanmar.

I understand education is very important to gain many people who understand well about the stuff, like what I did was population management and record keeping. At the same time, it was a great opportunity of learning for myself.

When I've asked questions, sometimes I realize a very important thing that I should explain by the questions. I understand what I teach. However, sometimes it is not easy to find how I should explain and where the things difficult to understand. Because I already knew and understood it. Teaching is also learning. I can learn by teaching and answering questions by students. And it is a great opportunity for all the people who attend the lecture.

Dr Sanju Paul: Human animal conflict especially the human - wild animal conflict! How does it reflect in various countries that you have been to, what are the differences that you found among various geographies?

Dr Kanako: I know there are many human-wildlife conflicts. And it is not easy to solve them, because every situation is different, and for local people, it is a great problem. For the people out of the site, it is very difficult to imagine what is going on, too. Once I talked about bush meat with a person from Sri Lanka, I had an unforgettable experience. He said, "if we can go to supermarket and buy food easily, we will do it. We have no need to capture wildlife". This was a big shock to me and I hesitated, my thinking was very selfish. It is very important to think as if you are in different situations. The environment itself cannot be changed drastically in a second both in urban and rural areas.

In Japan, there's Iriomote wild cat. They live on a small island in South and it is not allowed to keep them in husbandry; most the Japanese people never see those animals. This species was found in 1965, after that Japanese government started conservation project in the wild. As a part of it, they put chicken meat in the wild to provide the food for them. However, at that time, local people could not eat chicken easily since the local community was very poor, they got frustrated that the national government considers cats to be more important than local people. I think this can be a bad example without cooperation by local people. Of course, nowadays we have a good situation there and Iriomote wild cat conservation program works in progress.

I don't think to push an idea to the people who have a different idea. Let me repeat that, we should respect the local way of thinking, cooperate with local people, otherwise we cannot have conservation activities in the field. And we should create the cycle and programs in a manner in which local people can receive a benefit from wildlife conservation. It is desired that they feel proud of the local wildlife existence.

Dr Sanju Paul: Anything in particular that you have learned from animals which you would love to have in the humanity of future?

Dr Kanako: “If the environment is changed, (animal) behaviour will be changed”

If the animal has the abnormal behaviour, the fault is not with the animal, but with the environment surrounding the animal. The animals do their best in that environment. However, humans sometimes say the animals are at fault, and try to change their behaviour. If you force it to the animal and succeed, you think the problem is solved. However, for the animal, the problem gets doubled. One, the things that caused his abnormal behaviour do not disappear; two, he has to do what he doesn't want to do. This applies to humans, too. If you want to make a person change, don't ask or force him/her change their behaviour, however, change the environment that causes the behaviour.

Dr Sanju Paul: Which Wild animal fascinates you the most and why?

Dr Kanako: This is a very difficult question for me. All of them fascinate me and I cannot choose one. However, the Ostrich and Tiger are special to my mind since I had research programs on them in university.

Dr Sanju Paul: Your upcoming projects?

Dr Kanako: At the moment, I work as a spokesperson at the zoo. The zoo is located in the countryside and it's small. We do many environmental enrichment and husbandry training programs to enhance the quality of life as a part of our efforts for animal welfare. I work as a Spokesperson at the zoo and try to do my best to spread the words about animal welfare. “Animal welfare” is not well known in Japan yet, and it is very important to show what we do for animals at the zoo to enhance the quality of life. I would like to do my best to raise awareness on animal welfare in Japan and I hope people in Japan will have better understanding about animal welfare.

Dr Sanju Paul: Message for the readers of this interview!

Dr Kanako: Thank you so much for reading this interview. I hope you enjoyed it and got some idea from what I expressed. English is not my mother tongue and if you have some difficulties to understand, kindly pardon me. It is truly my honor to have this opportunity. Once again, thank you very much and have a great day!

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### About the Interviewer



Sanju Paul is her pen name, original being Sanjeev Kumari Paul. She is a veterinarian by profession and a poet and an artist by passion. She belongs to Himachal Pradesh (India) and has been involved in multiple projects of artistic as well as scientific temperaments ranging from very local to global ones. She has also developed an artistic technique of carved and washed paintings using discard PVC sheets as the canvas. Pen sketching is another art form she uses to express herself. Besides, she also has a short film named “*Catharsis*” to her credit.

FEATURED WRITER



Ms Bindu (INDIA)

Bindu is the pseudonym of Mousumi Biswas. She is an assistant professor of English at Sri Aurobindo College, University of Delhi and has been teaching for 15 years.



## Your World, My World

By Ms Bindu

She was glued to his words. His voice was falling like a gentle stream on her ears and she wanted to hear him more. In fact, she wanted to hear him all the time throughout her consciousness and also in the unconsciousness of her dreams. His voice was soothing, supportive, respectful, caring, gentle and yet there was firmness in it which betrayed confidence and resolution. He sounded like a news anchor--with a very gentle and sympathetic voice. He suddenly turned her world around. She wanted him to read out to her every day, but he was not from her class. He was from the Political Science department and was a friend of the President of the students' union, so he volunteered to read out to her that day. It was a good way to ensure votes in the following year. She had no qualms about the arrangement because the rest didn't care for the likes of them anyway.

He took her by the hand and entered the library. She was warmed by his touch. There was no discrimination in that touch. There was only understanding and mutual respect. She knew all kinds of touches; those who would leave her till the bus stop and escape as fast as possible, glad that their duty was over; then there were those who would hold her by the shoulder expressing their desire for keeping the distance from a being unlike them; then there were those who would hold her lightly by the hand, uncomfortable yet conscience-bound to perform their duties. These were torn between what to do and what not to do. While their conscience asked them to help her, their bodies rejected her company and her touch. Then there were those who would pass by her without making any noise so that she wouldn't find out about them and ask them for help. They didn't realize that she always knew by the sound of the shoes on the floor, the perfume, that style of breathing, that body odour, that clink of the bangles, that particular way of moving. She would smile and move ahead letting the culprit escape happily, unaware that he had been found out. Then there were those who made excuses, stupid and weird, and those who would outright be rude. The most outrageous were obnoxious, those who would touch her inappropriately as if by accident. They forgot that it was she who was blind and not them. In a country where

women with all the normal faculties were crouching with fear from rape and molestation, no one could understand her predicament and vulnerability.

She had tasted them all and felt them more than a person with eyes could feel. Ordinary folks couldn't see inside people, but she could. That was the peculiarity of her condition. She could find out simply by their reaction to her.

But this boy, he was different. She could read his mind, his views and his ideology through his touch. She knew everything about him that she wanted to know.

She knew that he considered her his equal and that he would never pity her. Nor would he spoon-feed her. But he would lovingly do things for her which she couldn't do by herself and yet he would respect her. In other words, he would understand her.

She knew that she could never say anything to him. She was simply part of a system which didn't allow her to fall in love with just anyone she chose to. It was an unwritten law. Yes, it was a democratic country, and everyone supposedly had freedom of choice. But have you ever heard of a woman proposing to a man? No, not even in the West. It was a man's job. Surely, one must remember the classmate who was madly in love with a boy in school, but couldn't begin the love story simply because the guy never understood her feelings for him. He just thought that they were good friends. What if she had proposed to him that day? What if that relationship had developed into marriage? Would she have been happy with him? Maybe not, but that does not guarantee her happiness with a man chosen carefully by her parents either. In a world where ordinary women won't dream of proposing, how could she, being blind? Suppose she did propose to someone, what would be the general reaction? Shock. Yes, shock and surprise. Consider her audacity! How could she even think of it? And so shamelessly begging love and sex. That is why these people get in trouble. Then there would be people wondering why she wished to spoil someone's life. It was not as if she was going to bring light to anyone's life; in fact, she was ushering in darkness and making herself an unnecessary burden lifelong to the person she loved. Should she do that by her conscience? Of course, not.

So because she loved someone, she could not ask him to be part of her life, because she would, of course, want his best. It was funny how the rest of the people never had to bother about that and they even romanticized the contrast between the rich and the poor,



the upper caste and the lower caste, and the fair and the dark, and earned millions by selling it in films and books. Have they ever made any movie from her point of view? May be, but she couldn't see it. But she dreamed of a movie where she could choose to be with whoever she loved and that, that person would love her back madly and truly, in spite of the fact that she would be a partial burden, but that is how things are. That is how the world is, with all its distortions, exclusiveness, inequalities and injustice. It is time that the world learned to live with her too. No one questioned a person who bagged a job by nepotism or secured a college seat by donation. No father would go to that candidate and ask him, "Why did you ruin my child's life? He could have got a life, but for you." But if she were to ask for marriage, that would be the exact question she would have to face. It was simply a condition she found herself in. She hadn't asked for it. The world should understand, but in every case, the individual was left to understand himself or herself and also deal with the condition by themselves. She had to change her views and expectations, because she knew that the person standing opposite her won't.

So eventually, she would have to look for someone like her and lead a life arranged and limited by society because no one else would accept her. In this so-called liberal world, there were still orthodox cruelties. Things are more or less the same, and only the pretension and hypocrisy have increased. Is there tolerance and acceptance? Yes, definitely, but only when you have closed your door shut to the outside world and are safe and secure inside your own liberal space.

"Did you understand this point?" he asked. It was the first time someone had asked her that because people would simply read out to her and not bother about whether she understood or not. She felt ashamed. He had taken time out for her and yet she was not utilizing it. She had drifted off in his voice. She cleared her throat and requested him to repeat and explain it. He did it instantly without appearing the least bothered. She wanted to hold him and kiss him right then and tell him about how much she loved him, without bothering about how much of his time she had wasted. She was tired of feeling indebted to people every day in her life. She also wanted to expect, to take people for granted, to be liked, to hold and to be held, to be popular, to be in demand, to be happening, and mostly to be loved.



“Do you understand now?” he asked. “Yes, very well, thank you,” she said. There was no point of asking him to repeat anything. His voice wasn’t registering in her mind; it was registering in her heart. The output wasn’t intellectual but sensuous. She wanted him to go on speaking in his comforting voice.

Her reverie was broken with his phone ringing. “Hello,” he said taking the call. On the other side, she could hear the crisp voice of a boy clearly in the silence of the library. “Hey, when are you coming? Class is about to start. You didn’t forget about the test I hope?”

“No, not at all. I’m coming,” he said before disconnecting the call. She knew what was coming, so without further hesitation, she said, “Please go to your class now, or else you will be late for your test. All the very best and thank you so much for coming.” She inwardly said, “Please, come again when you get time. Your voice is beautiful!” He left giving her his number and asking her to call him directly whenever she needed help.

As soon as he left, she sank into the chair and her inconsiderate world again.

POETRY



Dominic Loise (UNITED STATES OF AMERICA)

Dominic Loise is open about and advocates for mental health awareness. His work has appeared on Alchemic Gold Poetry Society, Alt.Ctrl.Jpg, Calm Down, Clementine Zine, Push up Daisies!, Raven Review, Refresh & Silent Auctions and in Analogies & Allegories, Collective Realms, Emotional Alchemy & October Hill. Dominic was a finalist in Short Editions' "America: Color it in" contest.



## **THE LONELY BLACK HOLE**

By Mr Dominic Loise

The Lonely Black Hole  
consumes all it encounters  
contains silent screams



Zee Aslam (NIGERIA)

Zee Aslam is a Nigerian poet, writer and motivator. She hails from the northern part of Nigeria. She specializes in writing motivational quotes, poems and short stories. She is a member of Hill top creative arts foundation, Niger state, Nigeria and a current dental student.

## GRAPPLING SOLDIERS

By Ms Zee Aslam

We are diamonds on glint snow  
Genuine patriotic soldiers  
As hard as Himalayan ice water  
With medals pinned to our chests  
And battles scars like tattoos.  
Violence rages all around us.  
We've faced fears and perils  
Of battles  
And braved endless turmoil  
And strife.

We were trained to stand steadfast  
Against cruelties of war  
To endure horrors and sacred faces  
That haunted our dreams  
And cheer as our enemies littered the ground  
We are the tyrants that labor endlessly  
To seek for protection

There is this strength that beats



From our hearts

For we are courageous, bold and fearless

Some of us die for the patriotic ardour of our country

Some fall their faces to the fore

Trickling down their faces are

Tears of fulfilment

Solemn in drums thrill-death calls

"Soldier" isn't a title any man can bear

We gift our lives as oxygen

For the country to breathe peace

We hit hard so

The future will be carved in golden stone

If we didn't make it home

Tell our people

They were worth sacrificing for!



#### NITUSMITA SAIKIA (INDIA)

Nitusmita Saikia is presently working as instructor in National Cadet Corps. With service, she is a keen worshipper of literature. She writes poetry both in English and in her mother tongue Assamese. Writing for magazines like GloMag, FM online magazine, Tuck magazine, her poems have been published in many National and international anthologies.

**VERMILION ROOF...!**

By Ms Nitusmita Saikia

In the cleavage of entity,  
henna shines on my palm ,  
teasing every memory lane,  
Of my beloved shire .....

As if,

The sun rises under the veil of golden hue,  
The arms of earth and sky entwined there.

In the twilight

Overwhelmed with holy chants and blessings,  
A vermilion strip across the gazes,  
Goes towards the city with high walls  
And high roofs.

Like a fallen leaf of winter

Dangling within the four walls,

A gift for a new bride ...!

A chandelier without its spark and light,

As if,

A long silence is waiting outside my door



A freezing midnight with all its folded promises ashore...!

Waiting for my turn, still waiting,

bobbing up and down for life,

dreams are slowly drowning...

soaking ultra bright hues,

My crimson veil is no more a veil

But I see it as if,

a satirical piece of play ,

Full of pathos of the first night

I am an unwanted bride.

In the emery wheel of patriarchy,

Polishing my entity,

Night goes in their will and whim,

Abandoning the truth of my birth,

I am forced to lay my existence bare

For their darts.....

And I bleed and bleed,

Under a vermilion roof forever.



### SAIPRAKASH KUNTAMUKKALA (INDIA)

Saiprakash Kuntamukkala is a poet and an advocate from the South Indian State of Andhra Pradesh. While he absolutely adores poetry, he is also into debating and public speaking. He holds two Bachelor's degrees besides an L.L.M.

**BONSAI LIVES**

By Mr Saiprakash Kuntamukkala

All these years I tried my level best  
To grow to my potential  
That you never imagined  
Each time I extended my wing  
You trimmed it to half  
Each of my sentence perforated with punctuation  
My thoughts never completely heard  
My dreams never turned to reality  
You the culprit  
Many books I read  
With no front and last pages and a few pages in between  
Each time I argue you showed your prowess and power  
Citing my age and experience  
Far below yours  
Often I wonder how your predecessor dealt You  
You project to be a tall Banyan  
You made me a Mimosa  
My mother root cut many times  
Not to cross the pot  
You wanted me to be a Bonsai



My soil disturbed

With very little water and Sunshine

Will I able to survive?

You wanted this way

I have to oblige

Fitting the balcony

Leaving the canopy

Yes I agree to live

The BONSAI LIFE



### SREEDHARAN PAROKODE (INDIA)

Sreedharan Parokode is a bi-lingual poet from Kerala State. He has thirty books of poetry to his credit, including 'Weeping Womb', 'Slum Flowers', 'Mahatma Gandhi' etc. He has also written songs for professional dramas, albums, competitions, devotional songs etc. He has written songs for animation film also.

Sreedharan has attended various literary conferences in India and abroad. He presented his poems at World Congress of Poets, in Taiwan, 2015, China, 2018, and Literary Conference in Serbia, 2007.

He has received awards and honours from various organizations such as Sahitya Shree Award, Sahitya Shiromani Award, Shan-E-Adab Award etc. He has also received an Honorary Doctorate from the World Academy of Art and Culture.

## **'GOOD MORNING SIR'**

By Mr Sreedharan Parokode

The voice sounded pleasant.

There were two, a gentleman and a lady in front of the college office,  
talking to the officer in charge.

Suddenly turned their faces as a motor car stopped with a jerk at the gate.

The officer kept his bag in a corner and joined them.

"Could I see the Principal?"

The gentleman asked gently.

"For"?

Replied the Officer.

"Admission purpose"

Words came from the lady with him.

The gentleman seemed talkative and she too engaged in it.

Talks and laughs continued.

After some time,

as the officer was searching for his bag,

an auto-rickshaw was seen moving fast,

with two passengers!





#### SULEKHA SAMANTARAY (INDIA)

Sulekha Samantaray is a retired Reader in English staying at Bhubaneswar. She is a bilingual writer who has published two anthologies of English poems and six books in Odia language. She has also published hundreds of articles (poems, stories, features, essays, translations) in both English and Odia. She has received twelve awards from different literary organizations.

**DEATH IS MARCHING**

By Ms Sulekha Samantaray

Death is smashing many a lock  
with his horrible heartless hammer,  
to steal many of my friends' fortune  
like an invincible ruthless robber.

Daily I hear the pounding of  
Death's mallet on someone's door,  
treasures are snatched away with temerity  
as Death puts people into terrible torture.

Human life is now transformed into  
a formidable bane with no light of respite,  
men and women are manacled by Corona  
omnipotent Death is marching into every street.

The poignant procession of dead humans  
seems to be unbearably unending,  
the loud noise of knell is heard every where  
as dreadful Death's horrendous wagon comes galloping.



### SUTANUKA MONDAL (INDIA)

Sutanuka Mondal is from Durgapur, a city in West Bengal. Having finished her M.A. in English and Culture Studies, she is now pursuing B.Ed. An avid reader, a budding writer and poet she also enjoys listening to music, her poem "Olufunke: The Black Maiden" got featured in Afrobizger many.



## **BOORISH: THE NEW WORLD**

By Ms Sutanuka Mondal

Love has walked out of the door.

Honesty and Loyal too

Cruelty has invaded the room.

So, welcome to the world of cruelty.

It's a world of hatred, not of peace.

Here jealousy dominates each corner.

No it's not at all a world of assailment

But a world of abhorrence

Welcome to the new world, the world of cruelty.

This world celebrates violence.

Injustice of all kinds.

Trust me it's not a phantasy.

It's a new world

A bit more forgiving

A bit more cruel

A bit more unforgiving

Where umbilical cord unlink

It's mother's womb before birth.

It's a new world

Where life starts with death

Where the creator murders its creation

Where amniotic fluid never acts as a sac any more

A world filled with brutality.

Love walked out of the door

And welcomed lust

The Sun rises still here,

The stars sparkle and the moon glow too.

Hatred inhibited the place

And love desolated it soon.



#### JOHANNA DEVADAYAVU (SWITZERLAND)

Johanna Devadayavu, alias Johanna DS Chittranjan, hails from Switzerland. At her young age she spent five years at an Ashram in South India. Now she is married to an Indian Citizen and is residing in Tamil Nadu since 40 years contributing greatly to humanity through her charitable venture.

In 2014 Johanna published her first anthology of poems titled 'The Call of the Turtledove for Universal Peace'. Listening to her inner voice, she continues her journey, spreading the light of wisdom through her poems, adding beauty to those lives around her with her boundless love.



## THE RIVER'S WISDOM

By Ms Johanna Devadayavu

The River flowing past my little town  
To my wond'ring heart whisp'ring soft and low:  
"Come give ear to my age old song!" - I,  
"O river clear, let me hear your Wisdom dear!"

"Behold," he goes on, "people work in frenzy  
Rushing through their days enjoying sycophancy,  
Unaware - of Truth - of Love - of Reality  
On slippery ground their stand is shaky."

I lift up mine eyes catching a glimpse concise  
Of egoistic pride in disguise duping even the wise.  
All that is seen ugly or nice is transitory - lies;  
Live, observe, don't surmise; know life to be an emprise.

A strong force of desire can drag one into the mire.  
Let us enjoy, admire, knowing world's empire  
Though desirable like a precious sapphire,  
To be dire; we need to realise and rise higher.

The River was right: Though we might  
Attain great height, without insight  
Of Truth and Light, we'll never take flight  
Of freedom bright in Love's delight.

The River's counsel:

"If firm you want to stand then understand  
This facsimile - Shadowland. Desire withstand!  
Yield, be compliant to God's loving hand;  
Follow His humble footprints in the sand."



DR SUMAN KESWANI (INDIA)

Dr Suman Keswani is an Assistant Professor in English, Dada Ramchand Bakhru Sindhu Mahavidyalaya Nagpur, a book on English poems 'Reflections' has been published. Till now, she has penned around 70 poems. She has presented about 20 research papers in national and international journals and attended about 10 national and international seminars and conferences. She is the Teacher Coordinator of Rotaract club of her college.



## WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

By Dr Suman Keswani

A comforting word  
A reassuring smile,  
An extended arm  
And the cushion of solace  
Is what families need today.

A healing touch  
A blanket of care,  
A gush of sympathy  
And an act of benevolence  
Is what societies need today.

A united stand  
A steely resolve,  
Responsible behaviour  
To combat the crisis  
Is what cities need today.

A vigilant eye  
A committed approach,

A resurrection of faith  
Against the gloomy menace  
Is what countries need today.

A little blunder  
A little haste,  
May sweep away thousands  
So be alert because  
Brave hearts, the world needs today!



### SOUMIK KUMAR DE (INDIA)

Mr. Soumik Kumar De is a teacher by profession and a poet by passion. He was born in 1977 in Bankura, West Bengal. An M.A. and M.Phil in English literature Mr. De has several bilingual poems to his credit. His first anthology *Adrikake Nije* was published in 2005. It was a collection of Bengali creative poems. His poems have been included in several journals, anthologies and web magazines like *Aulos: An Anthology of Poems*, *Caravan*, *Sangshaptak*, *Borderless Journal* etc. Besides, he has several academic and non-academic writings. He is also a writer of short story and flash fiction. He has a penchant for travelling and so far covered almost all the states of India. Besides writing, he likes to spend his leisure hours by painting and playing guitar.



## COY MISTRESS SPEAKS

By Mr Soumik Kumar De

'Tis true we had not world enough and time  
Either to recite or to rhyme.  
Either also to hear praise for mine.  
It is futile then to sit down or to think  
If to forehead gaze or simply blink.  
Rubies by the Ganges or the Humber complains  
Or to praise the body parts—all equally useless.  
Pure love is not vegetable any more,  
'Tis time to enjoy every pore.

Time's chariot is hurrying still  
But we can win it, if we will.  
Before us lie the vast eternity  
Why then keep my virginity?  
Blow, blow, the ashes to revive lust  
Not to put thy energy all in dust  
Come on, let us embrace.  
Not in grave, anywhere else.

Youthful hue is with us hitherto

Enjoy it, I too, think so.

You are correct, as you say,

We are, sure, the birds of prey.

We will drink, drink the last drop

There'll be no end of love, till we stop.



### CHINONSO EZE (NIGERIA)

Chinonso Eze is an upcoming poet with a vision of healing the souls with his works. He hails from Eha-Alumona, a suburb of Nsukka Local Government, Enugu State of Nigeria. He obtained his bachelor degree in Library and Information science from the University of Nigeria, Nsukka. He is currently pursuing his master's degree in Library and Information science from the same University. He is a Chartered Librarian.



## **SHADOWS BEHIND**

By Mr Chinonso Eze

Shadows behind draw me back

Heavy loads of yesterdays

Still tied strongly to my back

Lessing my pace in today's enterprise

It is my entire fault

Because I wear yesterday on my heart

It drains my strength and might

For the race for a greater height

I must loosen the tight hold of previous life

And cast away the shadows of past life



### PANKHURI SINHA (INDIA)

Pankhuri Sinha, a bilingual young poet and story writer from India. Two books of poems published in English, two collections of stories published in Hindi, and five collections of poetries published in Hindi, and many more are lined up. She has been published in many journals, anthologies, home and abroad and has won many prestigious, national-international awards. Her literature has been translated in over twenty one languages. Her writing is dominated by themes of exile, immigration, gender equality and environmental concerns. After doing her BA from Delhi University, and PG diploma in Journalism, from Symbiosis Pune, Pankhuri did her Master's in history from SUNY Buffalo, and has an unfinished Ph.D. from the University of Calgary, Canada. She has worked in various positions as a journalist, lecturer and a content editor.

## **BEING PEOPLE IS A VERY EASY JOB**

By Ms Pankhuri Sinha

Being people is a very easy job

And yet we fail it

Many times.

Sometimes, it enables us

To take no responsibility

To not even be human

Question is how do we beat it?

The tendency to

Descend into alleviated

Conspiring, condescending animals?

How do we, some of us, excessively persecuted

Tell people to not persecute people

On social grounds

On say, having had an extra marital affair.

To not assume that higher status

From not having had an extra marital affair.

However, that is a line of division

No longer true, wholly.



Let us not turn

Fidelity into religion

And let us not do it

In the name of love

Let's leave love

In the personal domain

To be lived and experienced

Felt and cherished

Treasured and celebrated

Being people

We can ask for

Commitment and consistency

Nothing must be flouted

Without pressing reasons

But so often

People are

Simply their class

They are middle class morality

Upper class freedom

Lower class struggles

Although struggle pervades

All classes

As does anarchy

And Darwinian theories fail

Preventing people from being people

Even though

Being people is very easy!

And yet, people are at their worst

When they turn into a crowd

Mad, unruly

Unidentifiable!



#### SABUR ALI (INDIA)

Sabur Ali is from Barpeta, Assam, India and is a teacher by profession. He belongs to an uneducated family. His parent's hard work, great endeavor visualized their dreams to educate him. He has completed his graduation in English in 2017 under Gauhati University in English thereafter pursuing B. Ed. He loves poetry very much, poetry is his passion, and he lives with poetry. He has been awarded from national and international literary forums for his poetry.



## INNER STRENGTH

By Mr Sabur Ali

You are my inner strength, possession of will power

As powerful engine driving me forward

You are my inner fortitude, resilience, battery empower

Reason of my accomplishments , achievements since you in my inward

You are my courage, reason of capability to withstand obstacles

Since you mingle with my soul vanish all irresponsible

You improve my faint power, training

Teach requires training how to cultivate power, remaining

You enable me to control ominous impulses

You are reason of lack persistence and inner stamina expulse

You are painter of my face

Your vibes act as magnet in empty space

You make me stronger as gym make muscles stronger

Teach to climb stairs instead of taking lift of yonder

You are my *Atmabala* strength of my soul and mind

And guards of my psyche and supporter as true friend



#### EVA PETROPOULOU-LIANOU (GREECE)

Eva Petropoulou-Lianou was born in Xylokastro, Greece. Initially she loved journalism and in 1994 she worked as a journalist for the French newspaper "Le Libre Journal" but her love for Greece won her over and she returned in 2002. She has published books and e-Books: "Me and my other self, my shadow" Saita Publications, "Geraldine and the Lake elf" in English - French, as well as "The Daughter of the Moon", in the 4th edition, in Greek-English, Oselotos Publications. Her work has been included in the Greek Encyclopedia Haris Patsis, p. 300. Her books have been approved by the Ministry of Education and Culture of Cyprus, for the Student and Teacher library. Her new books, "The Fairy of the Amazon Myrtia "dedicated to Myrto with a disability, and" Lefkadios Hearn, Myths and Stories of the Far East ", illustrated by Sumi-e painter Dina Anastasiadou, are released in 2019. She recently published her book," The Adventures of Samurai Nogas san "in English by the publishing house OntimeBooks, based in England. She collaborates with the electronic literary magazine- The poet magazine. She is his partner International Literary Union based in America; collaborates for the promotion of literature and promotes the work of Greek poets. Eva is a member of the "Association Alia

Mundi Serbia", "the International Society of Writers and Artists of Greece" and the "Piraeus Society of Letters and Arts" as well as the Corinthian Writers Society.



## THE LOCKDOWN POEM

By Ms Eva Petropoulou-Lianou

Do not touch me

I am in love with you

In this world that every moment matters

I think of your smile

Do not touch me

I'm in love with you

I'm looking for your hands

You're back in the middle of the night

When the nightmare is coming

Do not touch me

I'm in love with you

I'm looking for the correct words

I'm tasting the emptiness

I'm thinking for a white future

So, do not touch me

Nooo...

Do not...

I'm in love with you

This sky sends me messages  
Above my eyes  
Looking my self  
Your eyes looking the same way  
At the same sky  
Two hearts separated  
My heart is beating like crazy  
Do not touch me  
I'm in love with you  
But I'm lockdown  
In a small body  
Full of mistakes  
Of anger  
And loss  
Crying for understanding....

Do not touch me  
I'm in love with you



DR ASHOK CHAKRAVARTHY THOLANA (INDIA)

Dr Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana, is a poet, writer and reviewer, who during his ongoing 30-year stint has clinched the rare distinction of getting his message-centric poems chosen for publication in no less than 90 countries. He's conferred with several prestigious national and international awards that include five doctorates, lots of laurels, commendations, citations and titles for promoting Universal Peace, World Brotherhood, Environment Consciousness, Protection of Nature, Safeguarding Children and Human Rights etc.

In recognition of his poetry writings, *Dr. Ashok received commendations from Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam, former-President, India, Shri Atal Behari Vajpayee, former-Prime Minister, India, Bill Clinton, USA, Queen Elizabeth of Britain, Princess of Wales, President and Prime Minister of France, Prime Minister of Switzerland, Senator Viktor Busa, The Lord President, Italy, United Nations Organization, UNESCO, UNICEF etc.* As of now, EIGHT of his poetry volumes have been published and 12 spiritual books have been translated from Telugu (local language) to English language.



## MOTIVATION

By Dr Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana

I greet “concern” with a revered heart  
I seek “mercy” with a trusted mind,  
Yes, with divine blessings, I aspire  
To dispel worries of the downtrodden.  
The brightness of the peeping sun  
The splendor of the melting clouds,  
Moment after moment as they dissolve  
Wish, humans feel a wave a renewed love.

Yes, the delights of love and kindness  
Offer a treasure of life-long warmth,  
Every day in such human hearts,  
A beam of compassion keeps glowing.  
“Love” embedded in the core heart,  
Aspires to be righteous and merciful;  
Serenity dwells inwardly and outwardly,  
Realize! Sympathy motivates any heart.



#### MISNA CHANU (INDIA)

Misna Chanu was born in Assam, India. Though she is a postgraduate in Botany, she loves art and literature, especially poetry. Since childhood, she has been writing poetry in her mother tongue, Manipuri, later she started writing poetry and short stories in English. Some of poetry and short stories have been published in international and national Anthologies. She published her first poetry book, *“A Little Piece Of Melancholic Sky”*. Her poems have been translated in to *Manipuri, Greek, Serbian, Italian and Chinese*. Her second book *“Under The Azure Sky,”* a bilingual International Anthology of Poetry is under publication.

## UNDER THE SHADOW OF SILENCE

By Ms Misna Chanu

It's not about when I told you  
and you were listening,  
but its more about  
the silence -  
that doesn't need words  
and I found myself  
somewhere  
under the shadow of  
that silence,  
waiting for you to listen,  
perhaps the words unsaid,  
perhaps with the anticipation  
of my heart,  
perhaps, with the reluctance  
of thought!





ADITI LAHIRY (INDIA)

Aditi is a teacher from Hyderabad who finds passion and respite in writings. Her writings are about life and its subtle beauty. She loves to write about the nuances of human nature and their reflection on relationships.

## THE TRUE REFLECTION

By Ms Aditi Lahiry

The mirror smiled not every day

It reflected the true image

The scars, which needed to be

healed, it portrayed clearly on

days of happiness

The feelings of suppressed anger

hidden, deep within the core

like ripples forming on the lake's

surface, it did reflect on the

mirror's face.

However, the face tried to wear

a mask of a happy visage

The true reflection, surfaced

on the mirror each day and each hour.

The more the concealed emotions

tried their best to remain dormant

Like an active volcano spewing lava

the true reflection regularly surfaced.

Then, one day the mirror looked at the  
face and said directly,

"In this world, where everyone tries  
to wear a mask of happiness

Oh ! face, let's try to portray the  
true reflection gradually

If we try it honestly, we will  
be true to ourselves at least once genuinely."





### **SOMA DEBRAY (INDIA)**

Soma Debray, Assistant Professor in English, Narajole Raj College, West Bengal, lives in a constant state of wonder at all the possibilities life has to offer. She has known no other vocation than teaching. She loves writing; has published a few. She is a staunch nationalist.

## THE LOVERS

By Soma Debray

The two walking hand in hand

Stop awhile.

Embracing under the great Banyan tree

That hang upturned;

Or is it an apple tree?

Hope and Hurt.

The booming voice questions...

“Who has poisoned Man first?”

Who has raked the autumn leaves...

Till the soil black and thick

Flow down the river of blood

Beyond generations.

Pitter patter

Pitter patter

Night dawns to day

As Hurt desires Hope.



### **DR THIRUPURASUNDARI (INDIA)**

Dr Thirupurasundari is a cheerful, avid researcher and a gold medalist in Life Sciences. A doctorate; started her research and teaching experience at a Diabetes Research Hospital. She has excelled as Assistant Professor and a researcher at Vector Control Research Centre and Indian Institute of Horticultural Research. She has prolific knowledge in the fields of Cancer, Diabetes and Horticulture. Her passions include yoga, sudoku, sketching, gardening. Besides a science content writer, an editor for “Science Shore” e-zine, she has contributed oeuvres to Chennai and Bangalore Poetry Circle, International Writers Journal, Adisakrit, Positive vibes, Indian Periodicals anthology groups and magazines.



**“ALLIES OR FOES”**

By Dr Thirupurasundari

Inadequacy, insecurity, inaction,  
Thoughts muttering,  
Fear booming,  
Oh! Not a sign of progression,  
Not to get engrossed deep within,  
Not to pamper,  
Uninvited guest,  
Mind and body atrophied,  
Creativity hampered,  
Calibre thwarted,  
Blocks and detours,  
Impediments here and there,  
Staying diminutive is no good.

Innumerable yardsticks,  
Safe and secured,  
Within a canopy of acceptance,  
Oh! May not work always,  
Born to accomplish,  
Launch fear as an impetus!

Locked in a circuit?

Smug attitude is no motivator,

Perseverance matters,

Integrity matters,

Not the fear!

Fear, a catalyst,

Jiggle and joggle,

Jolt things up,

Miniature steps taken,

Nevertheless move on!

Be an opportunity magnet,

Uncertainties?

Understand and accept,

Enfold them,

Stretch the horizons,

If not now,

Never may be!

Little fear, a friend

Keeps us alert,

Wields us alive,  
Smaller the concoctions,  
Better is the appetizer,  
Larger the dose, a menace.

Push beyond the palatable situation,  
Break the shackles,  
Lunge forward,  
Relish the fruits of empowerment,  
Enjoy the exhilarating ride,  
Exhibit your bigger version!





#### ANTARYAMI MISHRA (INDIA)

Antaryami Mishra, born in the native village of great Jagannath Das, the most popular poet of Odia Bhagbat, on the poetic bank of River Bhargabee; has been writing Poetry since High School in Odia. He has a collection of ODIA poems, MAA NISHAD !-2017.

Published in more than half a dozen of International Literary Anthologies, he has contributed to a number of Literary forums of national and international repute; a Pentasi B World Friendship Poetry featured Poet -2019; A winner of Silver Medal, Edgar Allan Poet American Writer Honorary Diploma from the American Cuban Association and Literature in the state of Las Vegas NV.

Human love, its failings, dreams and the shattering of dreams, societal negative forces harming human peaceful co-existence find place in his poetry in a symbolic, dreamy and evocative way enticing readers as they go through his poems. 'Pity' and 'pathos' are points of observation in his poetic presents.

## PEACE IS IN THE HANDS OF LOVE

By Mr Antaryami Mishra

A number of friends have I

All well placed in America, England, France, Germany

Japan, China and native Indians so many.

Everyone over phone, on Facebook has a nice story to tell

That life there is 'this' or 'that', salary, promotion

Lucrative but competitive, enjoyable but not for all.

Nobody ever narrates a single story

Of people taking pride, living life admiring

Beauty in feelings for humanity, a university of amity

Save annual increment, national budget

Depression in economy, a number of new coinage

For problems, marginalising some, somehow.

Most of my friends with wide exposure

Give me the impression of a round the world-tour

Knowledge of trying-times, competitive defence and offence

More money, transcontinental living- make a man orator !

No one, including me, has ever assessed celebrating life in love

Never worried about peaceful living over the globe

Whenever thought of a world-class welfare scheme rising

Instantly starts the show of high-handed regime.

Man has been friend and foe of man, down the ages

Love for man -only quote of scriptures, ways for sages !



## Innsæians' Voice



### ORBINDU GANGA (INDIA)

Orbindu Ganga is the Founder Director of Innsæi, International Journal of Creative Literature for Peace and Humanity. He is a post-graduate in science and the first recipient of Dr Mitra Augustine gold medal for academic excellence. He worked in financial, banking and publishing domains. He proved his finesse as a Soft Skills Trainer and Client Relationship Manager. He is a multilingual poet, author, critic, content writer, sketch artist, researcher, and spiritual healer. His poems have been published in many international publications and anthologies. He has published nine articles, two short stories, two research papers on poetry and one science article. His short story, prose, painting, and photography have been published.

## DINNED WITHOUT SMILES

By Mr Orbindu Ganga

Walking along the aisle

Did you ever think?

The world is on the pavement,

Many sleep without food

Waiting for the Auburn,

Sweating the whole day

Asking for the wage, treated as a mendicant

Shared by the middle man,

Left with a few rubbles

To live for a few days,

How can he raise his children?

Schools are still a dream

Hearing his children's apathy,

Without shelter they still

Exist, to be among the desolated,

Many onlookers gave a glimpse

None to show mercy,

Life is moving without a glance

Asking for kindness, none to hear,

Drawn in the penury

Living forever without the smiles.







DR SUSHMINDARJEET KAUR (INDIA)

Dr. Sushmindarjeet Kaur, Associate Professor and Head, PG Department of English at G.G.N. Khalsa College, Ludhiana, Punjab. She is a UG and PG teacher for the last thirty years. Hailing from Patiala, Punjab, India, she acquired her M.Phil in Anthropological Linguistics and Ph.D degree from Punjabi University, Patiala in Indian English Literature. She writes short stories and poetry. She has edited three books. She has translated a book *Sikh Soldiers in Italy* during Second World War which has been released in England. She has to her credit more than fifty poems and articles published in various anthologies and journals. Dr Sushmindarjeet Kaur was conferred with *Master of Creative Impulse* Philosophique Poetica International Award at World Poetry Conference in 2019. Besides, she has been awarded with the title of *Edifying Editor* at Poetic Confluence held at Hyderabad in September 2019. To write short stories and poetry is her passion since childhood.

## **DARKNESS WITHERS**

By Dr Sushmindarjeet Kaur

Editorial Board Member, Innsæi,

An International Journal of Creative Literature

for Peace and Humanity

When there is darkness all around

Light suddenly appears

And brings forth

New aspirations, inspirations

And motivations.

Then Darkness withers

Giving space to Light.

Light gathers all

And dispels away the dirt,

The garbage, the evil,

The wickedness,

The greed, the pride, the wrath,

The attachments,

From the mind.

Everything becomes pious

Leading to the luminescence,

Which penetrates,  
Sprouts and blooms  
And new blossoms  
Spring.  
Light is spread.  
There is no blackness and gloom.  
And all, that was not visible,  
Vanishes with the darkness.



SHORT STORIES



Aditi Lihiry (INDIA)

Aditi is a teacher of the English and French languages, along with creative writing. She is passionate about narrative writing and is a storyteller, emerging poet, and writer. She lives in Hyderabad. She loves to cook, sing and spend time with her 6-year-old son.

## The New Leaf

By Ms Aditi Lahiry

Shivani was sitting in front of the groom's family for the tenth time. This time again, they left saying, "We will reply to you soon," but her parents, especially her mother, knew their real answer.

They had once again rejected her. It was not that she was abnormal or a misfit, but she was always rejected for not having a fair complexion, not knowing how to cook and do household chores that girls of her age could in the neighbouring towns.

Shivani had always been a tomboy; she had always been good at swimming and badminton. She had also been a topper in her college. She was a role model for many girls in her town. However, many went and told her parents, "Why are you wasting so much money getting her educated. She has to be married soon." The words of the neighbours made Shivani's parents desperately look for a perfect match for her.

After this incident of having been rejected by the groom's family for the tenth time, Shivani told her parents, "Please stop looking for a perfect match for me. I want to pursue my higher education."

Her parents were shocked for a while but decided to wait for the right time.

It was with the arrival of the spring season, that year, that Shivani received the news that she had been selected for the IAS Prelims, and was now to appear for the mains. Her joy knew no bounds, for she was the first girl in her town to have cleared the prelims.

The new leaf was like the beginning of a new chapter of hope in Shivani's life. Her parents were extremely proud of her and realised that finding the best match is not always the best solution in a girl's life.

Spring had made them wait, but had come to Shivani's parents as a big eye-opener. Now everyone deferentially looked upon Shivani as their role model. When she cleared the mains, she started getting new marriage proposals. She would not accept the proposals so



soon, now that the groom's family would have to wait for another Spring, before she made up her mind about whom to select.

FICTION



Dr Sanjeev Kumari Paul (INDIA)

Editorial Board Member, Innsæi,

An International Journal of Creative Literature

for Peace and Humanity

Sanju Paul is her pen name, original being Sanjeev Kumari Paul. She is a veterinarian by profession and a poet and an artist by passion. She belongs to Himachal Pradesh (India) and has been involved in multiple projects of artistic as well as scientific temperaments ranging from very local to global ones. She has also developed an artistic technique of carved and washed paintings using discard PVC sheets as canvas. Pen sketching is another art form she uses to express herself. In addition, she also has a short film named “Catharsis” to her credit.



## FESTIVAL OF GRANDEUR

By Dr Sanjeev Kumari Paul

Once upon a time, there was an emperor who was briefed by some occultist that if he started wearing capes made of skin of the men who sweat a lot, he would become immortal and would rule his empire forever. He called a meeting of the experts in royal meeting hall to discuss the matter. General consensus was reached upon forming teams of experts who would screen all the people of the empire, keep account of their sweat and secretly identify top hundred men for the cause.

Health check-up camps were installed in various areas to know the status. Royal doctors themselves handled these camps. People of the empire were glad to get their health check-up done without any discrimination irrespective of their status in society. It had never happened before; royal doctors were available to ordinary people. After fifteen days, all the teams arrived in the royal palace with their results. None in public could sense of the plan to mark hundred men. To the astonishment of emperor, all hundred in top list were either labourers or farmers. Not even a single person out of the royal ministers, traders or sedentary people could make into the list of top hundred. Emperor was keen to know the reason though it was obvious. Experts briefed the emperor that since labourers and farmers were physically working hard in hot sun, they were sweating the most.

Emperor was so lost in dreams of becoming immortal and ruling forever that he had no place in his thoughts, how insensitive and brutal was the suggestion of the occultist. He ordered his five favourite ministers to chart out the plan for smooth and effective implementation within a week, failing which all of them would have to face beheading. Ministers were too scared to utter anything.

Ministers dispersed after the meeting deciding that they would meet the next morning with some ideas. It was a dreadful night for the ministers; insomnia ruled over their heads all night. They knew the idea was impractical, immoral and barbaric but none had the courage to speak out. People were overwhelmed with the health check-up camps done by royal medical staff; emperor was stamped as a kind of angel in their minds. Resentment wasn't a choice.

Next morning, four ministers joined the meeting with nothing in their heads but nervousness. Fifth and the youngest of them was looking peaceful, his eyes were twinkling

as if he had worked the solution out. As the meeting of five ministers began, youngest minister rolled out his plan on the table. Plan was to hold a grand festival in which the hundred chosen people would be honoured and celebrated. They will be rewarded with a ticket and pathway to heaven, for which they would have to leave their skins on earth. In the heaven, they would act as the messengers of empire who would ensure safety of empire in conjunction with divine forces. These messengers would be vested with divine powers and luxuries in heaven. The capes made out of their sacred skins would be worn by the emperor on selected hundred days every year. The sacred capes would be a medium of communication between emperor and the messengers of empire in heaven on those sacred days. The festival will be named as the “festival of grandeur”.

It was to be advertised as the message from heaven to the emperor through his dream on a full moon night because of his deep devotion and instinct for welfare of the people of his empire. When the proposal was put forward before the emperor and royal crew, it was immediately approved.

First day of the coming month was chosen as the sacred day for holding the festival. In the meantime, preparations were to be done for the great festival.

Everyone in the empire was happy except the families of chosen people; they tried to object but none paid heed, rather advised them to feel proud. After all, it was for the well-being of the empire, a great cause.

The “festival of grandeur” was going on in full swing. Chosen hundred men were dressed in golden clothes with crowns on their heads. They were seated in golden chairs on a lavish and huge platform decorated with beautiful flowers. A team of musicians was playing lovely music and songs of patriotism. People from all around the empire were coming to pay their respect to the great chosen people who would act as messengers in the heaven. The respect ceremony began with emperor’s address in the “festival of grandeur”.

By the evening, everyone was returned home impressed by the magnificent festival and valour of chosen men.

Next morning, the news spread all around that during midnight many golden chariots descended down from heaven and the chosen hundred messengers left for heaven after surrendering their skins which were being processed.

Emperor regularly wore those beautiful skin capes during selected scared days every year. He kept communicating with the messengers of empire in heaven but neither he became immortal nor could he rule forever. Emperors kept coming and going.

The tradition of celebrating “festival of grandeur” however never ended and continued forever.



ESSAY/MEMOIR

## Innsæians' Voice



Jessieca Leo, Ph.D. (New Zealand)

Editorial Board Member, Innsæi,

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for Peace and Humanity

B.Sc. in Chemistry and Economics from the University of Canterbury in Christchurch, New Zealand.

PhD in Chinese Studies from the Ludwig Maximilian University, Munich. Areas of research include History of Chinese medicine, Mongol history, and Chinese art and archaeology.

Recent published works: *Sex in the Yellow Emperor's Basic Question: Sex, Longevity, and Medicine in Early China*, *Global Hakka: Hakka Identity in the Remaking* and *Where Have All The Swordswomen Gone?*.

## **TO watch OR not TO watch**

By Jessica Leo, Ph.D.

On a beautiful late autumnal pre-Netflix day, I received a stash of DVDs by post from a thoughtful overseas friend, who was trying to help me stave off my impending winter depression. Being born in the tropics, I do not manage myself well in the bone-deep cold, but sometimes distraction helps to dull the reality of being frozen off ones not-so-taut-anymore arse. Obviously, German homes are centrally heated but the thought of kitting myself up as if going to the moon every time I leave the apartment, the bare landscape, the bald trees, and the general atmosphere of glum faces waiting for spring only help the roaring advance of winter depression.

Among that treasure trove, there was a mysterious and sexy image on the disc entitled a Match Point. It shows the heads of a man and a woman with the tops of their heads cut off at the nose in a ‘so near and yet so far’ pose. You could almost see their lips quivering to kiss, but they were cruelly frozen at that crucial point in a possibly ultimate erotic scene. I mentally filed it in the first five from the stack to watch and tried to look for the name of the two ‘dying-to-kiss’ protagonists.

To save the expenses on postage, my thoughtful friend had disposed of the hard covers of the disc and sent only the DVDs in their thin plastic soft-shell so there was no way of finding out who they were until I put the disc on. The tagline, “A Marvellously Sexy Thriller” below their lusting faces added my excitement. A closer look at the picture revealed that Woody Allen had directed the film. Now exactly the display created a dilemma in my mind. My first reaction was to take the disc and drop it into the garbage bin. I knew nothing about the movie. It was a very well-trained gut reaction to the name Woody Allen.

I was amazed by my perseverance that I was still revolted by his name. I loved his movies: Sleeper, Annie Hall, Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex\* But Were Afraid to Ask, Manhattan, Hannah and Her Sisters... just to name a few of his films from among his very impressive body of work. Woody Allen was a part and parcel of my western culture and the development of my taste in the arts. I became ‘hip and groovy’ because I was the



Woody Allen fan and we, the fans, always felt proud of themselves for such a thing. I think these were some of the best films produced in those decades.

I stopped watching Woody Allen's films or reading news about him as a sort of personal protest after knowing what did he do to Mia Farrow. I know it sounds odd one when she even doesn't know I exist, but it has nothing to do with her. It is about how men treat women; what is the right way and wrong way to end a relationship; and human decency and dignity.

I don't say what Woody Allen did was wrong by leaving Mia Farrow with her adopted daughter. She was a Korean orphan adopted by Mia Farrow and her husband Andre Previn then. After Mia Farrow and Andre Previn divorced, she got in relation with Woody Allen. Though Mia Farrow and Woody Allen never married, but he played the role of stepfather to Soon Yi Previn from the age of eleven.

Legally, there was nothing wrong with their liaison because he had not adopted her or they were not biologically related and they were consenting adults when it happened. In our world today, kids can have had two or more stepfathers, depending on the mother's proclivity. So, there's no big deal, even if an ex-stepfather marries one of his ex-wife's adopted daughters. All I objected was the way it was done.

Mia Farrow found out by chance the naked photos of Soon Yi taken by Woody Allen. I remembered how my heart ached for Mia Farrow, and I asked myself what I would have done if I was in her shoes. I had no answer. How can you hate a daughter you've loved and seen grown up? Kill the man you once loved and widow your daughter? Kill yourself and let it be on their consciences for the rest of their lives?

Unpleasantness went off the chart and it begged the question of what made him do it. She was young, but he had no excuse. Would a caring father put his family through such a trial? How does it work with Moses and Dylan, who he adopted with Mia Farrow, and their biological son, Ronan—sister-stepmother, stepmother-sister, brother-in-law-father, father-brother-in-law? And that's just terminology. What kind of emotional gymnastics does the family have to perform? Psychological acrobatics may soothe the way, but they would have this mental and emotional obstacle course to manoeuvre for the rest of their lives.

So, my knowledge of Woody Allen's works and life is based on before the incident of 1992. After what happened, I decided I would never watch another Woody Allen movie again as a protest for women. I did not tell anyone what I was doing. I just stopped watching his films or read news about his works and until now—fifteen years later—I face this dilemma.

It has now become my problem because I cannot believe that I am so 'unforgiving' even after all these years. The incident has nothing to do with me and it is not up to me to 'forgive'. So, why am I still holding this silent torch? As far as I know, Mia Farrow has moved on and is doing very well. She might even have accepted their children and happily played being a grandmother to all of them I know, but why am I still hanging on to this protest. It feels so intolerant.

To me, what he did to Mia Farrow is the ultimate betrayal of love and trust in the most unforgivable way. May be what I am doing is just to remind myself never to get into that situation where the trust and the love of people you care for would be put to the test. I believe when an infraction of this nature has been committed, like Humpty Dumpty, nothing can put it back together again. A shattered vase, no matter how strong the superglue is or how well it is professionally restored, will always carry the invisible scars.

Ultimately, it was not what he did disgusted me, but the way he did it that caused me to hold this torch. Forgive, live and let live has always been my motto, but somehow, I don't come close to even letting go of this cherished protest. Is it to satisfy myself that I can or has it become a habit?

Well, I think Match Point will go into the bin for now. Woody Allen will have to make a film that I really want to see. (2007)

PS: It may be my loss, but it's 2021 and I still hold that torch.





Dr Savita Patil (INDIA)

Director of Content, Innsæi,

An International Journal of Creative Literature

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Dr. Savita Vardhaman Patil works as a head of English Department in Dr Babasaheb Ambedkar College, Aundh, Pune. She has presented many research papers in International, National conferences. Her poems have been published in an International anthology entitled “Feeling with You” and in other leading magazines. She is a creative writer and published her short story in volume II entitled “Voices from the Society.”



## UNFORGETTABLE LAUGHTER

By Dr Savita Patil

I still remember those days when I used to wander everywhere with friends at the earlier time of my job. Whenever I remind this incident, still I cannot control myself to laugh.

After pursuing my post-graduation in English, I joined the college as a lecturer in Ramanadnagar. By the recommendation of one of the principals, I entered Rayat Shikshan Sanstha, Satara. Till that time, I had mere learnt about the Sanstha, but it was my first experience to soar in the sky alone. Previously, I had been living with my family in a safe zone but now I had to leave the house for the sake of job. I got my appointment in Arts, Science and Commerce College, Lonand then. I joined the college with a bit apprehension; however, I unexpectedly received overwhelming response and welcome from the fellow staff members. The Head of the Department Prof. Konik Sir was very generous and kind hearted. He always extended his helping hand to me and others who were on the same sort of journey; the era of budding.

I met with one friend there who also joined as a fresher like me. We both shared good bonding with each other. The entire teaching fraternity was enthusiastic and accommodative. I remember, one of the staff members of Marathi (I will not mention his name. Hereafter I will address him as a Ramesh) whose several humorous incidents were being chewed by everyone. Although, I had heard such several incidents from many people but never had an experience of it as such. Similarly, I was new and fresher lecturer in college that's why I always kept mum and couldn't talk much candidly.

Once, one of our staff members invited us for the house warming ceremony in his hometown namely Karad. It was far distant so all decided to hire a vehicle to reach the place. As me and my friends were bachelor, we both joined the group of lectures. The day was fixed and Ramesh sir was also accommodated there. After completing the college work, we began our journey back. It was 5.15 pm (Indian time). We all were marching towards Karad merrily.

We attended the ceremony and enjoyed the hospitality. The sun was setting by spreading its darkness. The entire atmosphere was sullen. Now, we all wanted to get back to the Lonand as early as possible. There were almost nine lecturers in our group from all the streams. Suddenly, Ramesh sir got up and insisted us to visit his own house which was given on rent. All were extremely exhausted by the travel so almost everyone denied his invitation. But he was not in his mood to listen. He kept on insisting to visit his home. Eventually, one senior lecturer convinced all of us to visit Ramesh's house. Finally, all agreed to visit his house on one basis that not to spend much time in his house.

Then our historic journey began. Ramesh sir occupied the place beside the driver to guide the path. We didn't have Google Map in those times like now we are facilitated with. At initial stage, due to darkness he forgot the road of his house. We all were bit scared of future unpredictable disasters. The entire group began to tease him for forgetting the way to home. The colony was large one. We took the turn and Ramesh sir was observing the bungalows as he felt difficulty in locating it.

Each one knew about his father-in-law's financial assistance for constructing the bungalow. So, everyone was passing the comments and cracking jokes. Suddenly, he asked the driver to stop the Jeep in front of one bungalow. The darkness had spread her hands all around. All row bungalows were showered with silver light. Then we entered the bungalow that Ramesh sir had told us. He had given that bungalow on rent. Later, Ramesh sir, me, my friend Rekha, Waydande sir and Chougule sir entered the house. We directly entered the living-hall. Rest members scattered in garden to eulogy his saplings. An entire bungalow was fenced with wall compound. The person came forward to see us with a number of lines of anxiety on his forehead. At the same time, Rekha and Mite sir were talking to a kid who was addressing Rekha as "Kaku" (Aunty). So, she was extremely disappointed and lost the interest to see the house.

Here, Ramesh sir, I and Waydande sir were talking with that tenant. He was perplexed. His wife too seemed baffled as Ramesh sir called me and Waydande sir to show kitchen. Till that moment, we were absolutely unaware of the forthcoming menace. Other members were roaming in the garden unaware of the chaos happening in the house situation. We had trusted Ramesh sir. Me and Waydande sir crossed Kitchen to see other rooms as per the order by Ramesh sir. The person's wife too seemed baffled as Ramesh sir called me



and Waydande sir to show kitchen. Other members were roaming in the garden unaware of in-house situation. We had trusted Ramesh sir. Me and Waydande sir crossed Kitchen to see other rooms as per the order by Ramesh sir. We were appreciating the finishing and room. In between, the man came to the front and asked Ramesh sir, "Who are you?" Ramesh sir said, "Who? You didn't recognize me. I am your *Malak*(owner)". The person perplexed and said "Who are you?" During the time, I and Waydande sir had entered the bedroom to observe the house. We were appreciating Ramesh sir's choice of colour and structure and interior of the bedroom. By the tone of the person, within a moment we realized the situation. Other members who were in living hall mapped the condition. One of the colleagues started to run outside and commanded everyone who was in the garden admiring sapling and greenery to leave the place. He said, "Run away, run away. Ramesh sir has entered wrong house. Jump beyond the fence or climb on the electric pole". All too began to run in haste.

Waydande sir and I were absolutely trapped in the house. For a moment, we were baffled of what to do. The owner was at the top of his wrath. Now, we had to take step to sooth his anger. Waydande sir gathered strength and words, too and came forward prostrating and expressing apologies to the owner. He defended Ramesh sir and expressed apology too on his behalf by construing the awkward situation. Finally, the owner became cool and understood the awkward moment. In between, Ramesh sir was inside the Jeep without expressing apologies.

All were deadly silent. Nobody uttered a single word. After a while, Ramesh Sir directed towards one bungalow. But nobody ventured to step inside. All asked him to enter his own house himself first and come back with one piece body for confirmation. He seemed extremely embarrassed at these words. Finally, we enjoyed the hospitality of the tenant by suppressing the loud laughter. On the return journey, everyone was laughing teasing Ramesh sir. Rekha said, "Sir, it's okay that you didn't identify your own house. What about your tenant? At least, you should have to recognize him." Again, all started laughing. During, Ramesh sir again felt embarrassed. Afterwards, all decided to close the chapter and not to discuss anymore with anyone. It was 2.00 am and the whole atmosphere burst into laughter and cracked the silence. Whenever we glanced at Ramesh sir, we were unable to manage our laughter.



The next day, I went in college conforming myself to finish this topic. As I stepped in the staff room, one of the colleagues said, "Vahini, I am your *Malak*" (Aunty, I am your owner). I was taken aback. Within a moment, I realized the situation and the entire atmosphere filled in with uncontrollable laughter.



QUOTES WITH THE IMAGES

Quote with Image by Ms Eeshafad Shakiwia



Do not follow luxuries; follow your dreams because life is not fair;  
it doesn't give you what you deserve; it gives you what you demand!



PUBLISHED AND UPCOMING BOOKS

## The Man Who Was Afraid of LOVE

Translation by

Ashraf Aboul-Yazid Ashraf-Dali

Book published by Eva Petropoulou Lianoy

Short story in 2 languages

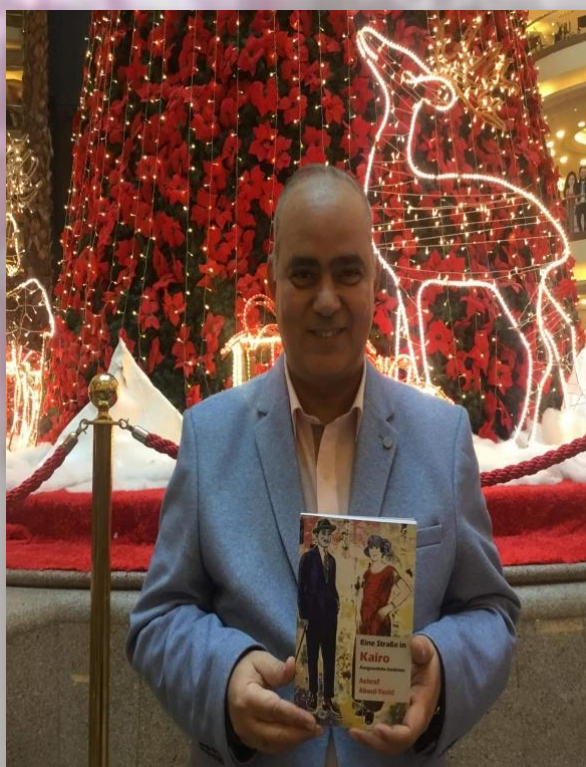
Arabic and English



Eva Petropoulou-Lianou (GREECE)

Eva Petropoulou-Lianou was born in Xylokastro, Greece. Initially she loved journalism and in 1994 she worked as a journalist for the French newspaper "Le Libre Journal" but her love for Greece won her over and she returned in 2002. He has published books and eBooks: "Me and my other self, my shadow" Saita publications, "Geraldine and the Lake elf" in English - French, as well as "The Daughter of the Moon", in the 4th edition, in Greek - English, Oselotos publications. Her work has been included in the Greek Encyclopedia Haris Patsis, p. 300. Her books have been approved by the Ministry of

Education and Culture of Cyprus, for the Student and Teacher library. Her new books, "The Fairy of the Amazon Myrtia "dedicated to Myrto with a disability, and" Lefkadios Hearn, Myths and Stories of the Far East", illustrated by Sumi-e painter Dina Anastasiadou, are released in 2019. She recently published her book," The Adventures of Samurai Nogas san "in English by the publishing house OntimeBooks, based in England. She collaborates with the electronic literary magazine *The Poet* magazine and is his partner International Literary Union based in America. She collaborates for the promotion of literature and promotes the work of Greek poets also. Eva is a member of the "Association Alia Mundi Serbia", the "International Society of Writers and Artists of Greece" and the "Piraeus Society of Letters and Arts" as well as the Corinthian Writers Society.





## Innsæian's Voice



Valentina Rini Asih Sasami (INDONESIA)

Valentina Rini Asih Sasami or Rini Valentina is a trilingual writer; Indonesia, English and Spanish. Since writing at the end of 2017, she has published 16 poetry collection books and 2 short story books, a story translation from Serbia and 7 international multilingual anthology books published on Amazon Kindle (Amazon.com) where she is the chief editor and compiler.

It is an honour for her because France and Switzerland appointed her as the peace ambassador for Indonesia. UHE, a Spanish-language international literature institute based in Peru, also appointed her as national president for Indonesia. An international electronic magazine based in India, GRIHASWAMINI appointed her as an ambassador for Indonesia.

INNSÆI international electronic magazine gives confidence to her as an editor for short stories.

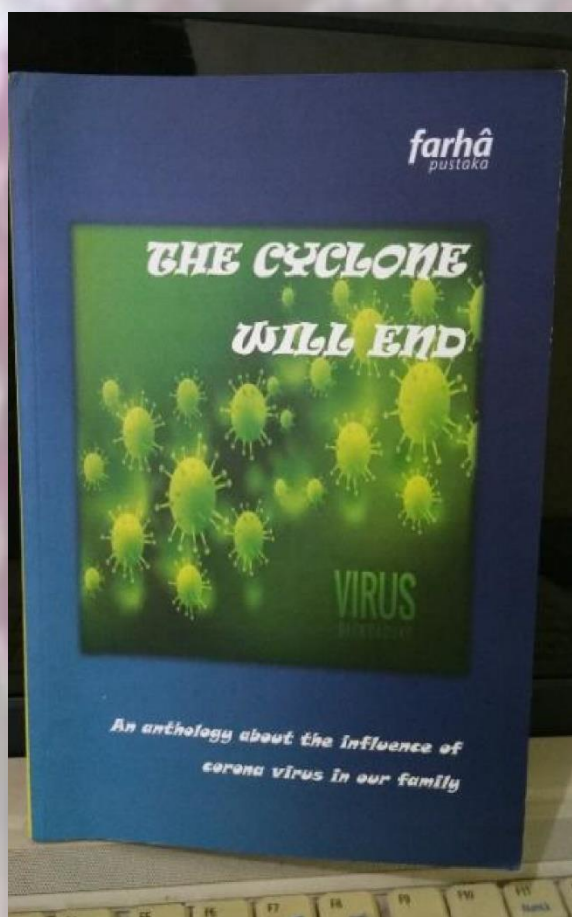
Writer Capital International Foundation nominated her as a recipient of the 2020 GLOBAL ICON AWARDS.

She is working recently in two international anthologies in Spanish and English. The woman who also has a hobby of cycling is also known as an editor, translator and self-publisher on Amazon Kindle.

**THE CYCLONE WILL END**  
AN ANTHOLOGY ON THE INFLUENCE OF COVID-19

An international anthology that talks about the influence of COVID-19 on our family life, written in poetry. In this book there are 45 world authors from various countries including Croatia, Israel, India, Indonesia, Cuba, Espana, Algeria, Mexico, Serbia etc. The anthology of The Cyclone Will End was edited by Rini Valentina as chief editor, Williamsji Maveli, Eliza Ramirez, Violeta Marquez and compiled by Indonesian writer Rini Valentina.

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