

*The*

A MONTHLY LITERARY E-MAGAZINE

# Literary Mirror

A Venture of LITERIA Insight

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# Silisti Karuriya

Indian Author

A microbiologist by qualification and a storyteller by passion, Silisti Karuriya has marked her presence as a storyteller. The Chamde Ka Lutera fame had already created a niche for herself. Her innocence and sweetness in the thought-process has been vividly visible in her tales which touches the hearts of readers. The cuteness of characters in her stories reveals a soft side of humanity which has been her way of embarking the society to a greater good.

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From the  
**EDITOR'S  
DESK**



Since the advent of the mere mortals on this placid earth, we have been prone to various fallacies. Those fallacies which are enough to distort a person's thought-process are enough to make an impact in the society. Ironically these impacts are not soothing always and over the top a natural or man-made disaster makes it more disturbing. Amidst all the prevailing chaos, the pandemic of COVID has left the world shattered. At the time when human lives are lost in a heap, it becomes imperative for us to stay calm and create a sense of belongingness and assurance to our near and dear ones. The Literary Mirror dedicates the May Issue to all those who have been affected in this hour of distress and pray for their well-being.

**Stay Safe, Stay Calm!**

**Nitish Raj, Editor-in-Chief, The Literary Mirror**

# *The* **Literary Mirror**

## **Managment**

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# INTERVIEW

**In an exclusive interview with the Editor-in,-Chief of The Literary Mirror, Mrs. Joshi talks about the various facades of literature along with the essential pre-requisites for a book to make it to the screen.**

An author just has to keep looking for an idea with a strong hook that the audiences can buy into says eminent novelist, Parinda Joshi

Parinda Joshi, an MS in Computer Science has been an avid storyteller with 3 novels under her name. Born and brought up in Ahmedabad, Mrs. Joshi who is a mother of her precocious mini-me is an avid traveller, photographer along with an irresistible lover of modern poetry. Mrs. Joshi currently resides in the Silicon Valley with her loving husband and cute princess.



**Parinda Joshi**  
Author

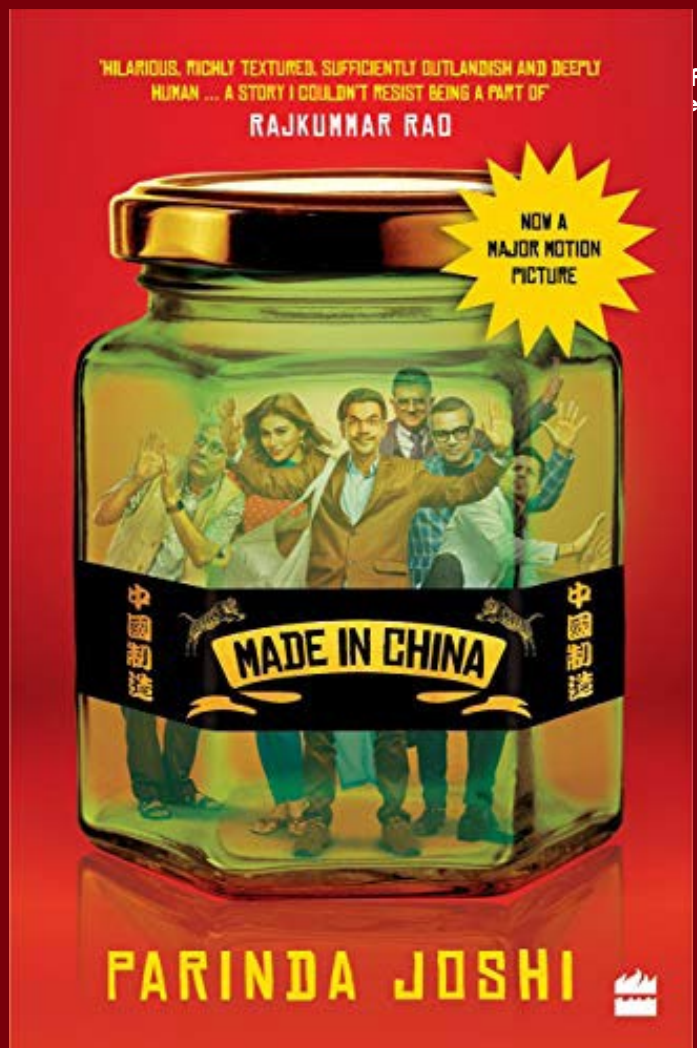
**1. What are those factors of a novel to make it commercially viable in order to be adapted into a movie?**

**Ans.:** Regardless of whether a novel is ripe material for a movie or a web series, what makes it a good novel is no secret. It's a captivating story narrated in a gripping manner with unique, layered characters, something that takes readers on a compelling journey and makes them feel.

Production houses often turn to books because popular books or book series are accompanied by an ardent fan base who then become influencers for the on-screen content, giving it additional publicity and word-of-mouth reviews. With the advanced analytics that streaming services often tap into, they are aware of the genres and sub-categories that are most popular, among other data points, and it makes more business sense for them to find content within that space.

**2. How much the essence of a novel gets distorted while bringing it to the screens?**

**Ans.:** It really depends. When a production house finds a book they think will translate well on screen, they option and, subsequently, purchase the book from the author. They can then choose to create a screenplay based on the book as it is or develop it further with their own team of writers. The end product may closely mimic the book or turn out to be very different from it. The author would have to explicitly agree to this via the contract drawn out between the parties. The author can be a part of the writing team or even be the solo writer. Again, this would be contingent upon the terms agreed to by both parties.



**director/producer?**

**Ans.:** While the old classics are being remade, high-concept stories that push the envelope on revolutionary ideas are also enjoying a quiet moment of spotlight. Good stories told in a compelling manner will never go out of style. An author just has to keep looking for an idea with a strong hook that the audiences can buy into. Whether it's a fresh take on an old concept or something beyond the realm of the audience's imagination, the struggle for a writer is the same: originality, re-invention, innovative ways to deliver the key message in the screenplay, creating fleshed out characters people can invest in and a meaningful narrative to tie it all together.

**4. Does being an NRI give you a privilege in pitching your novel to Production Houses or it had been just an existing stereotyping?**

**Ans.:** Neither. A writer can typically pitch ideas to production houses in one of two ways: via agents or through connections. In both cases, it's your ideas that are instrumental in taking you to the next round. Your bio helps in terms of your body of work, not your location. The world is increasingly becoming flat. The next big idea can virtually spring from anywhere and is largely evaluated on merit, in my experience.

**5. In the era of digitization where readers are getting away from reading habits, don't you think adapting the books into movies will further distance them?**

**Ans.:** The use of audiobooks is definitely on the rise but data in the US, where I live, shows that the average number of books people read in a year has largely remained unchanged since 2011.

However, books are inherently different from movies, and movies based on books are largely the director's interpretation of the world the author has created. That's precisely what pulls in a reader – the need to experience the stories they've loved via a different medium.

**6. How much the Indian movie industry has been perceptible towards Business Movies as we are still wrapped up in the genre of romance and thriller?**

**Ans.:** I think the appetite is definitely there for audiences to be treated to genres other than rom-coms and thrillers. The rise of streaming platforms with Netflix and Amazon Prime Video paving the way and several indigenous platforms coming into prominence has been indicative of the fact that the golden era of content is here and viewers are ready for original and interesting stories that are genre agnostic.

**7. What would be your message to the young writers with your recently released novel?**

**Ans.:** My advice to young writers would be to take risks with the subject, create relatable characters and create a world that's deeply engrossing, and conflicts that feel real. Again, easier said than done. To achieve all that, I'd advise writers to read a lot across genres; fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. It opens up your mind to new styles of writing, whether it's contemporary, lyrical or literary and widens your horizons. And don't quit your job to write full time until you make it really really big.



Parinda Joshi, Author

"PARINDA, THINLY TEXTURED, SUFFICIENTLY OUTLANDISH AND DEEPLY HUMAN - A STORY I COULDN'T RESIST BEING A PART OF"  
RAJKUNNAR RAO

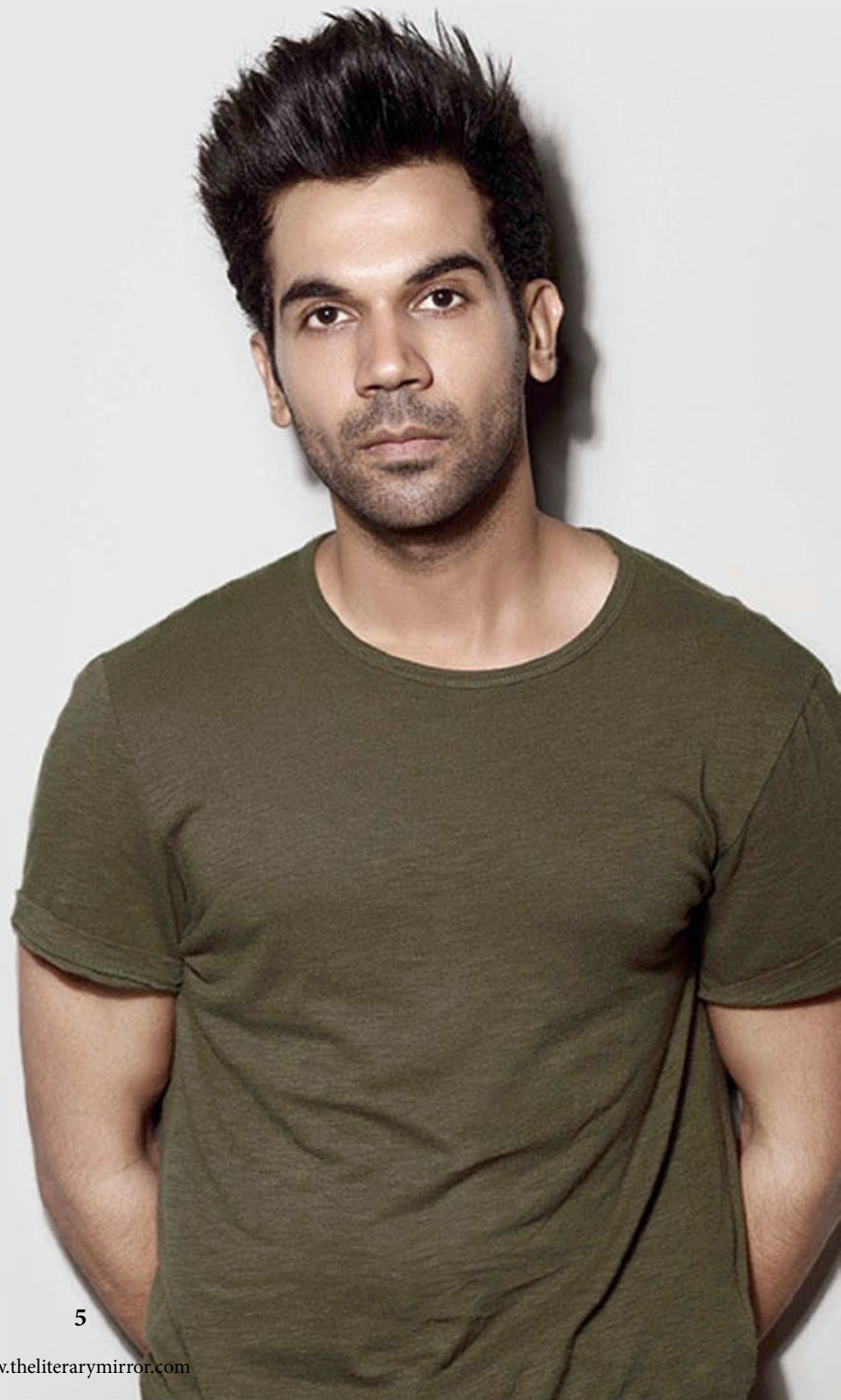
MAJOR MOTION  
PICTURE

“

**Hilarious, richly textured, sufficiently outlandish and deeply human...a story I couldn't resist being part of**

- Rajkumar Rao, Bollywood Actor

”



**FEATURED**

# DETECTIVE FICTION THROUGH THE EYES OF A DOCTOR

In an ordinary day you may see Dr.Razi Ahmed working relentless hours in a bus ICU.Trying to save lives,consoling devastated relatives of serious patients,grabbing something to eat in-between the ticks of seconds and running to an emergency call because somebody needs him. But don't let that fool you.This 'Superman' of Dr.Razi has a 'Clark Kent' too, i.e,his alter ego 'Author Razi'.

This 34 years old Ranchi (Jharkhand)based Super Doctor has written a fabulous fiction novel 'The secret of the Palamu Fort' that has joined the ranks of bestsellers within a few months of its release. Asking about how he managed to write a best-selling book in spite of his busy schedule at hospital,he replies very casually with a smile, "It's never about time.It's about how much you love doing something.If you really love something you'll always take time out for it.And this fact holds true for everything,be it your family,your relationship,your family or friends." He is an Intensivist (Critical Care specialist) at Bhagwan Mahavir Medica Superspeciality hospital at Ranchi and according to him managing his time has been a little easier for him because his wife Dr Sana Anjum Haque is also an Intensivist in the same hospital,and she understands his late hours very well.This 'Power couple' from Ranchi has been recently blessed with a beautiful daughter Airah Ahmed.Dr.Razi believes she is his lucky charm because he found his publisher 'Storymirror'on the day she was born!

His book 'The secret of the Palamu Fort' is a detective fiction with its story based in the very beautiful state Jharkhand,with some historical and supernatural elements.In this book he has introduced a genius Detective 'Robin Horo' who is a tribal boy from Jharkhand. As this book also deals with a part of the history of Jharkhand,especially Palamu and the Palamu Forts,it holds a very important literary significance in the indian fiction literature.It introduces a new flavour to the sensibilities of readers - Jharkhand. We get to know about the natural beauty of Jharkhand as well as it's rich history which has largely been missing in popular fiction.

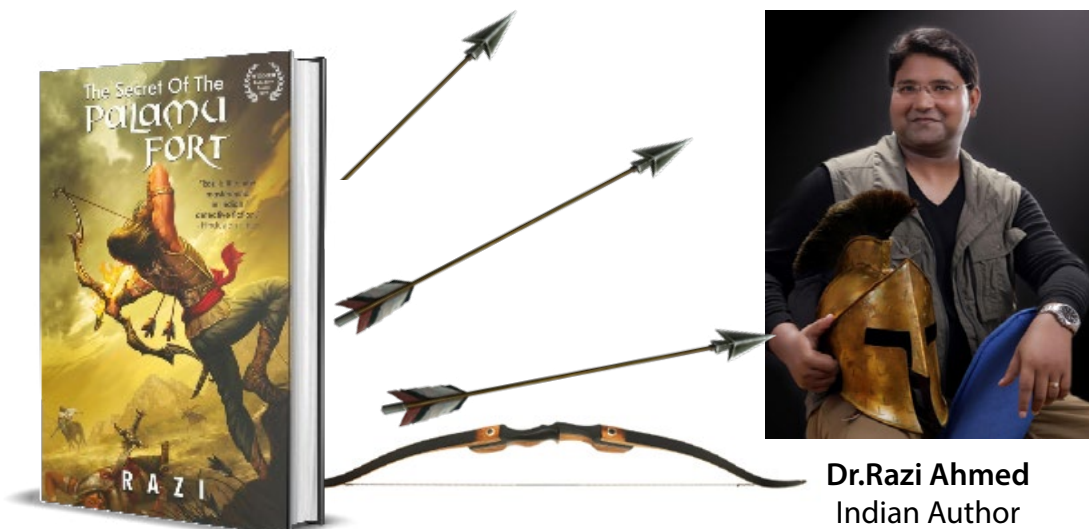
Asking about why he chose to write a mystery based in Jharkhand and not any relatively safer gener like romance,he replies after a little thinking, "I believe a writer does not choose a story,but a story chooses a writer to convey itself to the world.The Palamu Fort has been there in the deep jungles of

Palamu since centuries,but when I visited that place and found out about the history and folk-lores associated with it ,I was literally possessed by its ghost!! wondered why haven't somebody written a book over it?Some stories are meant to be told and this was one of them.

And Jharkhand is the place where I have grown up.It has given me everything that I have today.This is my way of giving her back something,however small,in my capacity." He had an equally beautiful answer for whether he has started writing recently or is it his old hobby, "**I am in love with books since childhood.I have a small library at home with a little over 1000 books!So it was inevitable that I was going to write a book someday.I have written a few short stories earlier too.I used to write columns for a few local newspapers and used to make cartoons strips for them also in my college days.You can say writing for me is like true love - pure and unconditional!"**

He has a whole series of Detective Robin Horo lined up for release this year and a non-fiction book is also in the making.His book is also being pitched to various production houses so he is keeping his fingers crossed. Working in an ICU and dealing with patients battling between life and death has given Dr Razi a new perspective.He has a very clear message for us, "Treat life with respect and live it while it lasts.Because I have seen how fragile it can be.And don't take people you love for granted.Spend time with them. Because that is what matters in the end.No amount of money or wealth can buy that if the time passes.Believe me,I know!" Spending a day with Dr Razi Ahmed and following his work hours can make you really tired at the end of the day.But when you see him smiling with the same warmth to the patients and their relatives even at those hours generates a respect for him and the Doctor community as a whole.

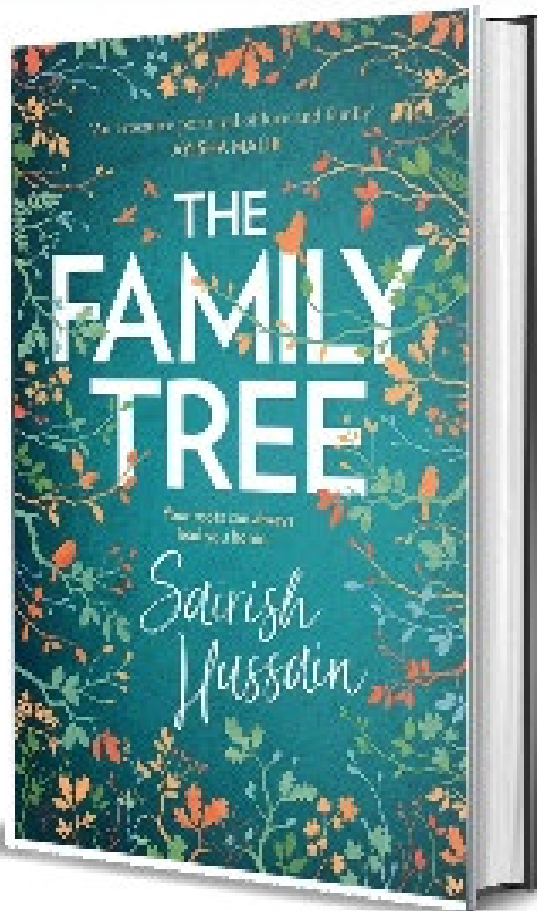
Seeing him plunging back to the chaos of the beeps of monitors,alarms of ventilators,medicines being infused into veins and troubled soules waiting for a healing touch,makes it almost unbelievable and heartwarming at the same time to know that this warrior who fights the good fight in the twilight of life and death for his patients in ICU,nurtures a heart that is rooted deep in the world of literature.



**Dr.Razi Ahmed**  
Indian Author



# YOUR ROOTS CAN ALWAYS LEAD YOU HOME- THE FAMILY TREE



I felt really overwhelmed after reading this book because when you finish a 520 pages long book without even skipping a word and you want to read more and more but sadly the book ended. Story is so much captivating and gripping that you feel connected with the characters, you cried when they cry, you felt happy when they are smiling or enjoying their little-little things. The way Ms. Sairish defined each tiny detail about scenes and characters, how they thought, how they felt and how their family connected with each other so strongly and emotionally. The story revolves around a Pakistani family settled in Britain, Amjad; the single father of two kids, Saahil who is 10 years old and Zahra a new born girl. As Amjad's wife Neelam died and he got responsibility of raising both the children and his Ammi also came for his help. Amjad's friend Harun and his wife Meena also helped him a lot between job and children. Their son Ehsan and Saahil are their best of friends and they both have finished their graduation together and wanted to become a rich person. There are so many dreams which they wanted to achieve together but one terrible night changed all equations between them and both the families. I can't write the whole story here so you have to read by your own to know more about them. Book is divided into three parts, first part was about their childhood and second part described Their university days and the third part was bit slow but till time I had got so much attached with the characters and specifically Zahra who's character was bit upfront and like today's girls who puts her opinion strongly and knows how to express herself. She write blogs on world crisis like Syria war etc.



**Sairish Hussain**  
Author, USA

## Book Review by Dipali Gupta

Book: The Family Tree  
Author: Sairish Hussain  
Rating: 4/5 \*\*\*\*



**Dipali Gupta**  
Indian Reviewer

## Poem

## Karma OR Corona

Let's play a game  
A game of in and out  
Of course you'll win  
But wait, till I say  
It's Time OUT  
It's TIME OUT!!

It's too late  
How can I wait!  
This game has no rules  
Once you out,  
I will shout!  
It's Time OUT  
It's TIME OUT!!

No Clues! No Clues!  
I know you will lose all your gain  
It's better than the option of death's pain.

Use your psyche  
Heart is no more  
I know! I know!  
You can grow some more,  
Science has spark  
Until it's not dark  
Wait! Let me shout loud  
See here are my clouds!  
It's Time OUT  
It's TIME OUT!!

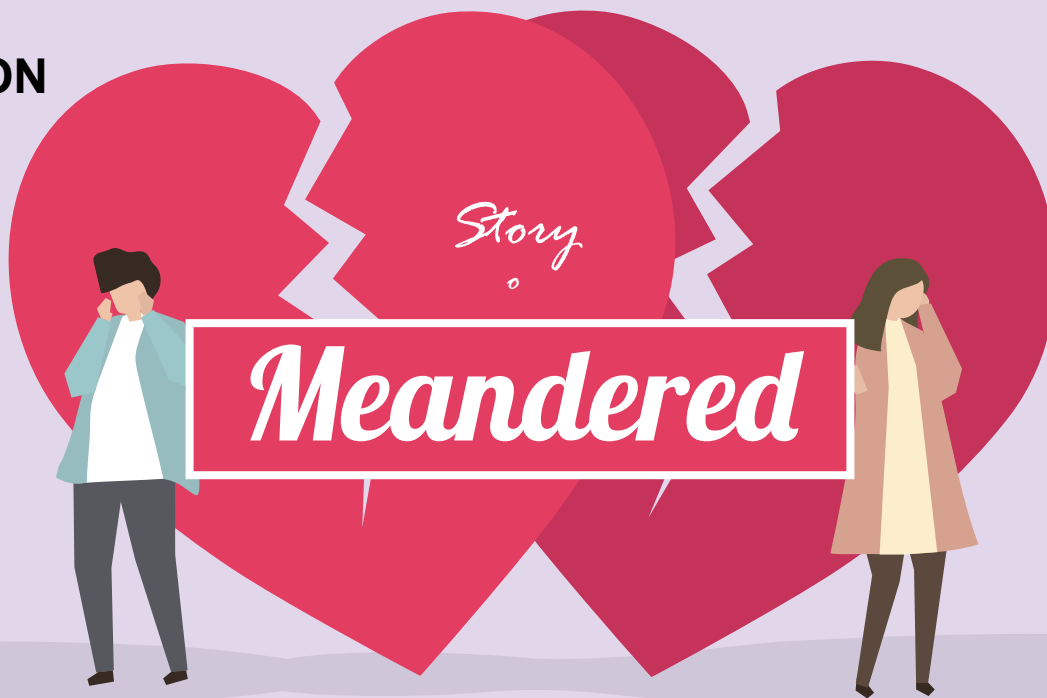
- Written by  
Simran Tripathi Shringi (Research Scholar), Rajasthan

## About the Poetess



A research Scholar by qualification, Simran Tripathi Shringi has established herself as a poetess. Her literary career got its initial wings from the esteem digital platform Your Quote which helped her to make an initial mark in the literary fraternity. Hailing from Ajmer, Rajasthan she has imbibed the varied facades in her personality as a feminist which have enabled her to spectacle the mere mortals through a prism of changed perspectives. when feminism has been prone to fallacies she has channelized her feminine competence in deciphering the various malfeasance of the society. Besides being a feminist she is a poetess and short story writer of "Chikti khamoshi."

# FICTION



*'To be honest, I never thought that I would ever feel this for anyone and fall in love again. I know this is what every teenager says after a heart break, but the difference is that I'm no longer a teenager, nor was I at that point and I am not heartbroken either. I'm not cynical, or pessimistic, or depressed. I'm just a person, who once considered someone to be greater than everything else and when I lost the person, I boxed up myself. But... I was 21 then (and foolish; PERHAPS) and life has been too long and dreary. What I'm feeling right now is something that I have been alien to for a long, long time, perhaps too long.'*

Afreen read the page for a second time. She didn't like what she had inscribed emotionally. Her pen began its journey from the last line, running through the heart of all the words. But, it came to a halt as it reached 'perhaps too long'. She read again what was still left on the page of her diary dated 13th February 2018.

The next day, the entire world was set to celebrate the grossly marketed day of 'love'. Afreen was virtually feeling loveless, lost and marooned for the first time, in years- nine years to be precise. 'Time' she thought had healed her, just to prove her wrong in one of the rarest occasions.

She always wanted to be alone in these years. 'Nothing succeeds success.' She had always been a staunch believer and an honest observer but a rude executer of this notion ever since she heard it from Prof. Rakshit. But, even such pragmatism seemed to be losing its grip over her in the past few weeks. Arvind Kumar, her junior was turning out to be too enticing. She could feel her knees going weak whenever he was around. Arvind was a fresh recruit; hardly 23, yet he had an aura around him which seemed to cast a spell on her. Afreen never felt so attracted to any man in the last eight years as he felt for Arvind. It often intrigued her. Arvind was the only thing she liked about Kolkata. She never wanted to get transferred here. But, her boss in Hyderabad used the last card in his sleeve- unexpected salary hike and promotion as a 'Project Manager'. Afreen grabbed the offer with both her hands. She hated the work culture here, till Arvind joined her team. Confident, handsome, chivalrous, with an exceptional sense of humour and wit- which were more than enough to make any woman fall for him.

Afreen sat waiting, hoping against hope that he would call her or send her a message as the world would start falling in love all over again at the stroke of midnight.

They often worked late night in the office to accelerate the project and to give it a better shape. Working late was nothing new to her. But, for the first time someone volunteered



**Indranil Roy**  
Indian Author

**Indranil Roy is the author of two highly acclaimed novels. 'The Man Behind the Teacher's Desk' (2017) and 'Decoding Life Post 8/11' (2018) An alumnus of Belur High School and Lalbaba College, he has been working as a Teacher of English Literature and English Language at Heritage Academy High School (Howrah, West Bengal) for the past 11 years and is also known as a motivational speaker.**

to stay with her and she didn't refuse. Such proximity was changing the demography of her life but she did not resist. She could see passion in Arvind's eyes- it was an unusual experience. 'Who would expect such a young guy to love his senior- that too someone so rude as she was.' Initially she had doubts. But, she couldn't remain skeptical for long. The ice began to melt. Over the last month and a half she was left in a dilemma whether she had observed celibacy for this youth all these years. Noone since Prof. Rakshit spurred the lady in her. She looked at the watch- half an hour was left.

Keeping the diary beside her pillow, Afreen drew her 'MacBook Pro' near, tapped on a secret folder and typed her password 'AI&Rakshit'. The folder opened with only one picture, clicked about eight years ago with a 0.5 VGA camera. The pixels disintegrated and started running away from each other as she opened it. Yet, one could not miss the bright smile of a girl, who was hardly a match the bespectacled Afreen Hussain, Senior Project Manager, IBM - popularly referred to as the 'BITCH' by her colleagues.

But Afreen wasn't looking at herself. She started walking back in time with her eyes fixed on Prof. Rakshit- her first and her desperate crush. The picture was taken on the last day of their college trip to Ooty. It was a Valentine's Day back in 2010. She was a first year student of M.Tech, desperate to secure a better job than what she was offered during the final years of her B.Tec. She never allowed her mind to divert before, for she was on a mission to prove to her 'Abba' that he wasn't wasting money on her.

Unlike the others of her class, she was always focused. But, Afreen broke her own codes for the first time and let her spirit soar loose during that trip. Even after a week, she was sitting unmindfully in the class, ruminating those moments.

"Afreen I don't think you should be too concerned about how Divyani looks after her marriage. That she is here after her marriage proves that she wants to break rules and make someone out of herself. I feel too proud of her." Afreen turned pale in an instant and looked at Prof. Rakshit. It amazed her, how seamlessly the man could decrypt human thoughts. Afreen was always in a fix what impressed her most, his 'AI and Neural Networks' classes or the person himself. While the other girls of her age were falling for either the boys of her class or seniors, she had hardly ever looked at them. She was bowled over by this 44 years old professor-younger and more charming than anyone she had ever met.

'Can't he read my mind?' But the Professor never did justice to her earnest wish. Afreen stood up while the whole class looked at her in absolute surprise. She had never been in this situation in any class. "Sorry Sir. HEADACHE." She nervously stressed on the last word. The ringing bell rescued her from further discomfort. Prof. Rakshit left, throwing a queer glance at her.

Afreen started walking towards the canteen. She was stressed that day. She had no idea how her father came to know about her affection for Prof. Rakshit. The result was detrimental beyond imagination. She was now to choose between marriage and career. Her father made it loud and clear that he would not tolerate such imbecility and Afreen would be married off with the first man available. So, she could not help but look at Divyani, trying to decipher her thoughts. Divyani was lucky, but Afreen knew that marriage would put an end to her dreams for sure. Without her father's support she would have never been able to stand up against others to become the first lady from her family, to study in an engineering college. How could she go against him? Yet, for the first time in her life she let her emotions run wild for a 'Man'- the smartest and the wisest, the man of her dreams.

How could she choose between them?

She felt Divyani's hand on her shoulder and looked at her face. "I know it's tough to stomach, but you will have to. He is nearly twice your age."

Afreen gave a queer look at her. 'How on earth...'

"Don't try to hide it from me. Being your best friend, I know everything. I am always there by your side. I know it's tough but, you will have to look beyond, you have a bright career ahead of you."

'Did she inform Abba?' It struck her instantly.

"Rakshit is in a relationship with Madam Vijaylaxmi..." It seemed as if someone poured liquid iron into her ears. Afreen looked at her with a blurred face in utter disbelief. She should have cried, rather howled- but she did neither. She looked fixedly at the sandwich on the table for long. 'Divyani, I have something to confess.' She whispered to her, pronouncing each word carefully. She had to make a choice and she finally made one. Divyani became livid with rage by the time Afreen finished what she

had to say. "We need to go to Madam Vijaylaxmi. Come with me. You have to be brave now. Can you?" Afreen nodded vaguely.

\*\*\*

Next afternoon Afreen was standing at the corridor on the second floor looking at a disgraced Prof. Rakshit, leaving the campus- suspended indefinitely on the charge of molesting a certain Afreen Hussain. Before getting into his car the Prof. looked upwards straight at her. Afreen shivered, 'How on earth did he know where I am!'

She could read his eyes- 'WHY?'

Afreen tried her best to put up a stoic face - but her eyes were blurring out thousands of emotions with every glance. Rakshit's car left the campus. The boys were delighted. They seemed relieved to see their common competitor leaving, disgraced.

Rajat came and stood beside her. "You can count on my support." He placed his hand on hers. In a flash Afreen released her hand and slapped him in front of everyone and shouted hoarsely-

"I DON'T NEED A MAN IN MY LIFE."

Afreen closed the tab. She had enough of the picture as she had enough of men. Ever since that day she had never allowed her mind to distract; never allowed any man near her. She was unusually rude to them always. In these years she cared for nothing but her work and strangely; she loved to be hated by her colleagues.

Afreen looked at the clock and sighed, it was about one o'clock. She switched off the lights and went to bed. No message came from Arvind as she had expected. There was no doubt in her mind that Arvind loved her. 'Then, why didn't he wish me?' She was feeling like a teenager in love-expectant, jittery, sighing deeply, since things didn't turn out as she had anticipated. But, she didn't cry. It was against her nature. She closed her eyes to picture Arvind's face. But, Prof. Rakshit's grieving eyes came to haunt her again, as if he was unwilling to release his claim over her- the claim which he never made.

The next morning set in just like any other morning in her lonely flat. Once again Afreen got ready to dawn in the role of a 'Bitch'. She prepared her breakfast. The pick-up car came at 9 o'clock sharp and took her to office. Afreen called her team to her cabin for the customary meeting at the start of the day. Arvind was absent. She felt dismayed. But, with only ten days left before the deadline for the project, she was at her rudest best. She never compromised with her work and didn't feel any urge to do otherwise even today.

"Call Arvind and tell him to come. I will not tolerate such irresponsibility."

When everyone left her cabin, she sat before her laptop. 'Anger is the worst enemy of prudence.' Afreen never let anger get the better of her, barring a few incidents for which she had to repent later. But, today she was 'ANGRY'. 'Does he love anyone else? Has he gone on a date?' Her mind went unnaturally off route with such questions. She picked up her phone and placed a call to Arvind. There was no response. The automated reply confirmed her even in her third attempt that Arvind's cell phone was switched off. She kept on staring at the computer screen, but was hardly aware of what was displayed there.

"Madam, Arvind's cell is out of reach." Mandira opened the cabin door a little and said.

"It's switched off. Don't lie. Now, go back to your desk and start working." Mandira looked at Afreen's grim face and shut the door without any further word. "BITCH. She will never get a man." Mandira said loud enough when she returned to her desk. The whole team heard it. But, no one protested. In the last four months they had it all. No one had any doubt regarding Afreen's efficiency and skills. But, Afreen was too rude to garner any sympathy and support from anyone but Arvind. "I don't know why Arvind speaks so highly of her and takes her side. If he wants to use her as an elevator, he should better reconsider it a million times."

Back there in the cabin, Afreen was trying her best to kill time. Arvind never directly or indirectly hinted at his feelings for Afreen. Neither did he

ever approach her. But, Arvind's warmth and care rekindled the lady in Afreen who seemed to be coming out of hibernation after all these years. She was convinced that he loved her. During that college trip Prof. Rakshit had once told her the basics of observing a person and to process his or her thoughts. Over the years Afreen practiced it to near perfection. At around one o'clock Afreen received a mail notification. Her heart skipped a beat as she went through it,

Madam,

Kindly overlook my absence. Quarantine the viral 'Bitch'. For I wish to visit China with the lady hidden inside you. I have also planned a three hours journey from neighbouring Vietnam to Washington, to explore 'The Post'. Will you accompany me? Waiting eagerly at City Centre 2.

-Arvind.

Afreen blushed, yet she felt comforted. She wasn't wrong. The mail would appear vague to others, but she couldn't overlook the unmatched wit. She was on a 'date'- for the first time in her life. She looked at her wrist watch and hastened to the washroom. Mandira knocked the door, "Madam, I have made the report."

"Tomorrow. I am taking the day off."

Mandira gaped as she saw Afreen entering the washroom in haste. 'Is that Bitch going on a date too?'

\*\*\*

"I've spent the best day of my life. I never endorse this opulent public celebration of love. But, honestly it felt great today. I don't regret for what I have missed all these years." Afreen said in one breath as she sat on the sofa in the drawing room of Arvind's house.

"It's my pleasure." Arvind sat opposite to her. He insisted Afreen to visit his home once. "I still have a surprise for you." Afreen didn't deny him. For the second time in her life, she broke all her codes. Ever since she reached City Centre 2, she gave in to Arvind; jubilant, delighted and relieved. For the first time in her life she tasted Chinese cuisine. Her movie date, 'The Post' kept her engaged. Inside the theatre she sat holding Arvind's hand while her head rested on Arvind's shoulder. She felt like a lady once again. It was different from her lonely life.

Arvind too lived alone in his ancestral house in North Kolkata. The exterior of the house was hardly appealing, but once they got inside Afreen felt comfortable. Though, she initially hesitated a bit to be alone with him. But, her infamous mind confirmed her that she was safe. "Why do you stay alone?" She asked him gazing fondly at the room.

"My mother died when I was six. I studied in a residential school in Burdwan and then went to college. My maternal uncles brought me up. Though, at present we are sitting here in my father's house. I renovated it and shifted here last year."

"What about your father?"

"He died six years ago." Arvind looked away and added, "He committed suicide."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. Thank God he did so. He was a shame to me and my family. Bloody pervert! He lost his job for his nature. I feel ashamed to be his son. That's why I use my mother's surname. I didn't want to keep any trace of him in the house. But my aunt, who is like my mother, insisted that I should at least keep his picture in the house. She was the only person who always stood by him and would insist that all of us were wrong in our judgement."

There was a sudden silence in the room. None of them said a word for a while. Finally, Arvind stood up. "Oh! That old pervert is spoiling everything once again. You wait for five minutes. I won't take long. Make yourself comfortable. I have a surprise for you." Arvind trotted to the other room.

Afreen looked around the room. She had never been to such a traditional Bengali house. She stood up and started walking from one corner to the other marveling whatever she saw. She went down her knees near the bookshelf. The collection was laudable.

Suddenly, she shivered to see a set of books. It was on AI, a priceless collection. She always wanted this collection, but she never managed to procure it. She opened the cabinet door and stood up with a book. But, the book fell off her hand just as she was about to open the first page. Afreen froze with fright, for what she saw before her was the last thing she would have expected in her life. Even in her death bed she wouldn't have made any mistake to recognise the face, those sparkling eyes and that charming smile. Prof. Rakshit was staring at her from the top of the cabinet. The book, bearing his name and signature was lying on the ground like a shattered flower vase. "My father." Arvind announced from the door. Afreen had no doubt about it. Suddenly the lights went out. At the very next moment Arvind was standing beside her with a heart-shaped cake, with a red candle burning in the middle. "This kept me engaged all this morning."

Afreen couldn't take her eyes of that smile even in this darkness. It kept engaged for more than eight years. Notwithstanding her desperate effort,

Prof. Rakshit was still at the heart of her life. But the man was dead-committed suicide. She knew what led him to this, who led him to this. Tears rained down her cheeks. She was glad that Arvind had switched off the lights.

**Written by: Indranil Roy, India Author**



# Have you ever took a ride on a roller coaster?



**W**ell! Devouring the pages of a book just gives you the analogous experience except everything happens in your imagination, that alternates between making you feel excited and exhilarated, happy and sad, disappointed and desperate and which book could have done it better than 5 Minutes?

The author's collection of various real-life incidents jotted down into subtle 16 chapters which are fast paced, grounded in reality, adrenaline soaked, grab you by the feels, keep-you-guessing, intriguing, completely unexpected, heart-breaking yet hopeful and a crazy read on the wild side. It's hooking from beginning to end with 'can't wait to see what happens next' feels.

The author has offered her brilliant vision of portraying the existing discrimination of the females in this patriarchal society and the fight-back. Though the book centralizes on women empowerment, it's no less a story of men empowerment too, where the men is the most important ally in achieving the gender equality, promoting women empowerment initiatives

and achieve a whole round development of our society breaking all the conservative myths by elevating women's access to education, employment, safe working conditions and full participation in decision-making.

The depiction of the protagonist "Pooja" as someone who can be described as an 'every girl'- like an extraordinary story of an ordinary girl. This book is a tense journey of one of the most independent, adventurous and responsible girl of the 21st century, struggling with the old beliefs of Indian society and her commitments to be an ideal daughter, lover and a friend. She was born with glitter in her veins, which would attract anyone in 5 minutes. But she was brought up by the avoidance of her father who taught her the atrocious lessons of life in just 5 minutes and by the love of her mother who motivated her throughout. So, as we can see her fight started right after she stepped into this world.

Her innocence was charming, beauty enticing, mind brilliant and character flawless; yet was hated and ignored. Because she lived in a brutal world where her very morals and emotions brought on herself a turmoil where she stumbled upon and lost her quintessence and relationships too in the wake. Help has always been there for her in one form or another but never been the one she actually needed in her life.

From being ragged by batch mates, blackmailed by authorities, molested by men, betrayed by friends, to being in drama of relationship chaos, she faced it all alone and still strived towards achieving her dreams fighting her demons.

And then, digging in the dirt, 'The perfect Girl' found herself trapped in love with the male protagonist of the story 'Mr. Jeeva' who is 18 years older to her and also happens to be the boss at the work. Thus, meeting of 5 minutes with him cost her decades of life where she encountered with next level twists, drama, romance, passionate love, lies, lust and sex. Amidst all obsession and fascination, the author has again spectacularly demonstrated about family ties, about how Indian cultures till date hinder personal growth and unconventional love life.

The story also involves a character 'Shahid' who was a very close friend to Pooja who again gave rise to another striking tale of religious

love riots. And the author needless to say, didn't fail to capture this religious battles which is transpiring in our society, thus reminding us again that there is no religion without love.

The author started the story as thriller and also ended like one but what happens in the middle is exactly what carries the readers through ways of engaging with whirlwind of emotions, confusion, drama, pain and love. All incidents are described with gentleness and compassion, helping the character Pooja shift from anger and fighting with pain to becoming accepting and compassionate to pain.

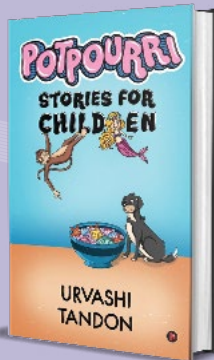
This book will make you question yourselves- the worth of cost we pay for falling in love, the sacrifices we make to keep our friendships upright or of being a responsible daughter and thus leave us perplexed. But then, it will all make sense with a twist which the author has secretly, kept for us in the end, which you'll know only after you read this amazing book.

The author in this book has made a very bold attempt to make us realize- "What does a woman actually want?" And that it's now time for the men and society to understand the hardships women go through and give them love and respect they very well deserve.

Many of our life's questions are answered here, only to have many more pop-up. To break the monotony of the narrative flavour, the author has interestingly added many beautiful poems where ever apt which the poem lovers would definitely cherish. The quotes by Julius and Darwin's teachings makes it even more splendid and wiser.

This book is gift of true wisdom and real life practical assistance.

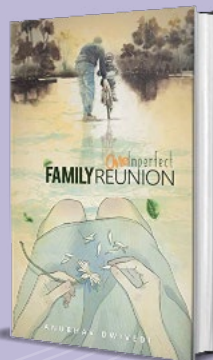
# BOOKSHELF



## Potpourri: Stories For Children

Author: Urvashi Tandon  
 Publisher: NotionPress  
 Price: ₹149, Pages: 76

These short stories that integrate both fantasy and reality, manage to instil values and contribute to a better tomorrow.



## One Imperfect Family Reunion

Author: Anubhav Dwivedi  
 Publisher: Writing Geeks  
 Price: 149, Pages: 250

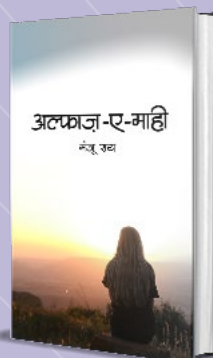
The family members of Vishesh have different opinions. Vishesh's father wants to wait but his mother wants to move on in life. However, what will Vishesh choose, remains the million dollar question?



## As Death Stared Back

Author: Ajinkya Bhasme  
 Publisher: Amazon Kindle  
 Price: ₹49, Pages: Not Available

As Death Stared Back speaks the unspoken truth of our society. The survival story of mother and son when the father comes back to life 10 year after his cremation.



## Alfaaz-E-Mahi

Author: Manju Rai  
 Publisher: Upcoming  
 Price: Not Available, Pages: Not Available

The upcoming poetry collection has imbibed the various shades of life. Those aspects which sometimes make us aware of the melancholy along with reminding us of the joyous attributes of life.

# Art in the form of Acting

## - Ilhaam Artistic Association

Ilhaam, basically originating from the Arabic language derives its basic essence as 'Divine Inspiration'. As the name suggests, the organization has been totally devoted towards the enlightenment of society. Ilhaam got legally registered in 2019 but have been working from past 10-12 years in the field of arts and social awareness. They have always tried their best to make society aware about many things by performing Stage plays, Street plays, Gathering of numerous artists.

### Ayush Rai

Secretary and Founding Member, Mr. Rai manages all the working of the organization and has been working since 2012 in the field of theatres. Mr. Rai left Vivechana in 2015 and ventured out as a freelancer. In 2016 Ayush wrote and directed his first play 'Seemant', a love story between Doctor and his mentally challenged patient.



### Shalini Ahirwar

Being a dance, music practitioner and having a sound knowledge of acting she always tries to contribute her efforts in every production of ilhaam. She has acted in many plays like 'Seemant', 'Kauon Ki Pathshala', 'Poster' and 'Mein Emily'.



## Deepti Negi

**Deepti Negi** is a Delhi based young musician. She believes the most important aspect of being a musician or any artist is the art of deliverance; how you deliver and what you deliver. And that's how your audience will see you. She has been playing her original songs around the county. Her original compositions is about alienation, urbanization and psychic. She will be offically releasing her songs this year.



## Somanshu Agarwal

**Somanshu Agarwal**, the creative name "chambalguy" is an Indian indie singer-songwriter and a musician, roots from Gwalior, India. As a small-town boy, he started his journey when he was 14. He was inspired by his uncle who had a Banjo. He writes in Hindi and mostly has an acoustic pop style. He is also a part of the Pune based "Project Indian Dust" - An alternative indie rock band based out of Pune. He released his debut solo - acoustic EP "Tarana" on 29th March 2019, consisting of three tracks.



# Dance is an integral form of creativity



## Aditi Bansal

Dancer, India

Fusion of mind body and soul, igniting a passion unknown for this young danseuse. Beginning her journey at a tender age of four, Odissi dance gave her a new life. It seeped into her system and gave meaning to her life bringing discipline, devotion dedication and self exploration. Aditi Bansal has showcased her talent in various ceremonies, competitions and performed at the International Dance Festival at Bhuvaneshwar, Orissa. She is also the winner of National Dance competition for 4 years consecutively and winner at District level competitions. Her heart beats at the taal of Hindustani music and mudras sketched perfectly as silhouettes!



**Nidhi Kala** is a published Writer and Calligrapher based in haryana. Her calligraphy journey began in 2018, when she started exploring some unique designs for a book cover that she was working on. She's currently working on combining her passion for writing and calligraphy in the form of blog where she will educate people about calligraphy.

## What is Calligraphy?

Calligraphy is the art of writing beautifully. The formation of letters and words that look printed but instead are handwritten is what makes calligraphy elegant. There are various calligraphy scripts, most popularly modern script, copperplate script and Gothic script. Calligraphy is done with nibs and inks. But these days, with the evolution of tools brush pen is one of the most common and easy ways to start learning calligraphy. Calligraphy is becoming a great preference for everyone over digital fonts because of its elegant and beautiful script. From weddings to restaurants and cafes, calligraphy has huge demand. You can give a personalised touch to any occasion with handwritten letters, wedding invites, wedding place cards, wedding decor and much more.



# Creativity never dies

- Vaishnavi Chumbalkar

In her early days of school Vaishnavi planned on becoming an Engineer just like all her family members. She was always a scholar with her natural interest in all the cultural activities. And dramas were something that played a role of a magnet. Something that always attracted her.

Being on stage ,playing characters always brought some sense of emotion to her.Felt like being connected to every character she played which eventually made her realize this is her passion.May be Destiny as well.

Just as planned she got into Engineering college but soon she realized this is the calling of the universe maybe acting is something she should take up more seriously than just a hobby!Soon after a lot of hardwork she started treasuring number of trophies along with Wonderful experiences, meeting various people from the industry,learning new things everyday. Actors like; Tapsee Pannu, Kriti Senon made her realize she can live her dream even after becoming an engineer. And as Will Smith once said "There is nothing more valuable than how people feel in a movie theater about the movie"and these words truly touched her.

Later Watching movies were more of knowledge than just an entertainment and this is how Vaishnavi started being known as an actor.Right now along with her academics Vaishnavi is working with various cultural groups , doing street plays theater, monologues, hosting events.



# The LIT Digital Awards 2020

## Grace the grandeur

The Literary Mirror feels pleased to announce The LIT Digital Awards for honoring the literary figures who have been consistent to bring a positive change in the society. It is aimed to commemorate the literary figures in the field of English literature irrespective of their genre and geography just keeping in mind, their contribution to literature.

First  
Runner-Up

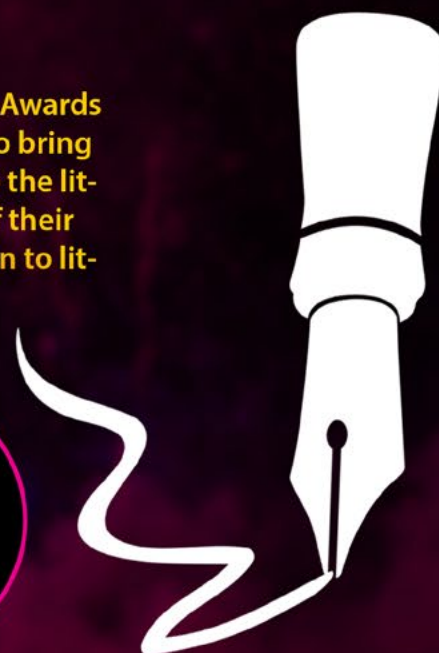
**15K**

WINNER

**25K**

Second  
Runner-Up

**10K**



### Who are eligible?

- Any literary figure who has published his work between 31st April 2010 to 31st April 2020
- You must be a citizen of India
- You must be 18 years of age by 31st April 2020
- You must be author/- Co-author of the book

### Prize Money

- Winner: A cash prize of ₹25K along with other exciting benefits
- First Runner-Up: A cash prize of ₹15K along with other exciting benefits
- Second Runner-Up: A cash prize of ₹10K along with other exciting benefits

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# Ankush Srivastava

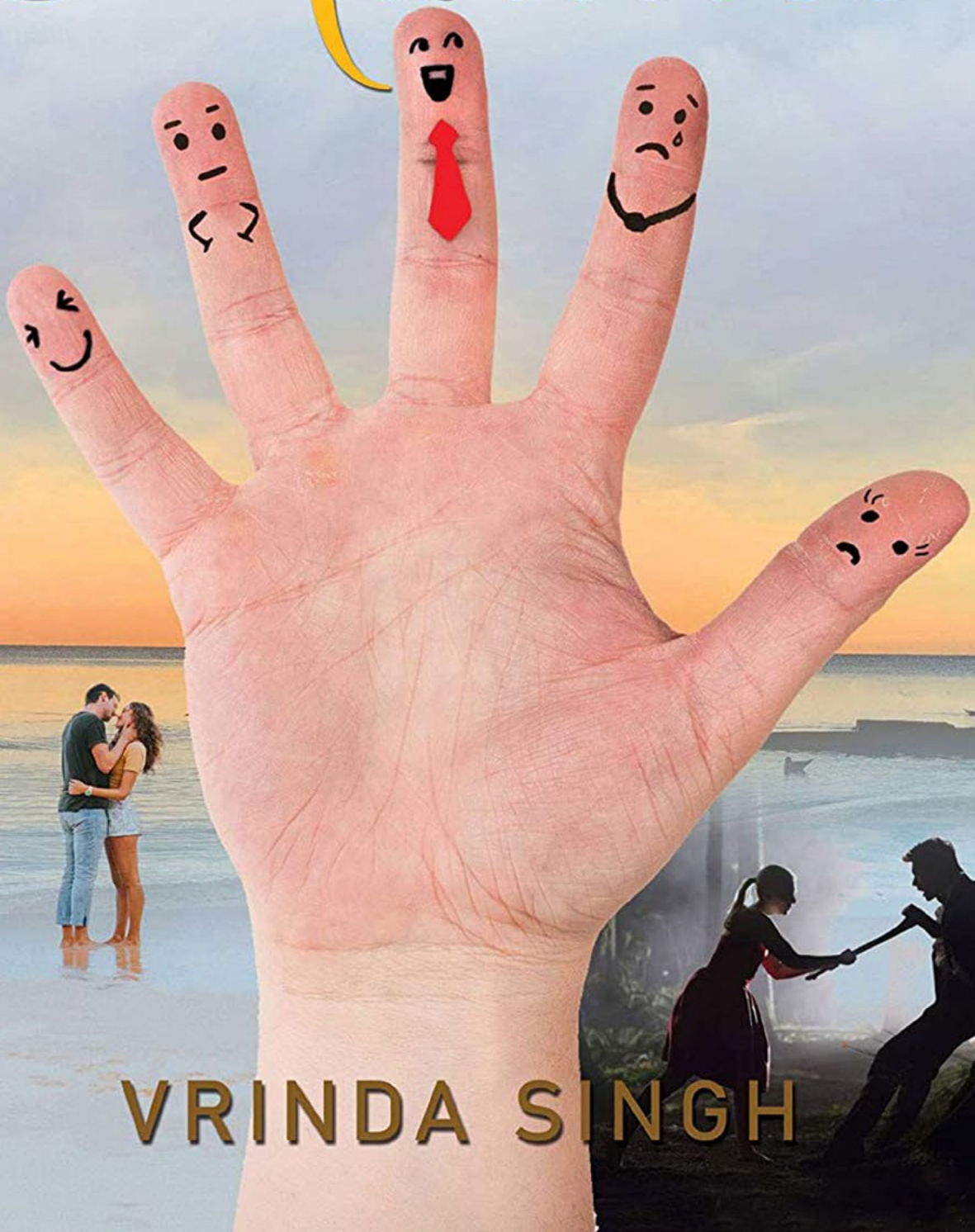
Indian Poet & Artist

Ankush Srivastava is a young dreamer, poet, storyteller, who believes that every life is full of stories, both said and unsaid. His honest, humble and deeply rooted words strike a chord instantly and captivate the audience. Passionate for Hindi poetry, Ankush loves reading Munir Niazi and Jaun Elia. He started writing poems in the year 2009, when he lost a close friend to Typhoid. It was not until 2014 that he started reciting his self-written poems. The reaction received from the audience was encouraging and helped him continue to read and write.

Follow On Social Sites



# 5 Minutes



VRINDA SINGH