

SWISS TEA

Water ^{2cups} / **Sugar** ^{1/4cup} /
Tea Leaves ^{8 Teaspoons} / **Lemon** ⁴ /

01

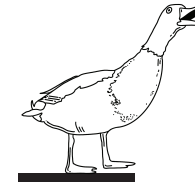
Bring the water and sugar to a boil in a small sauce-pot, turn off the flame once all the sugar is dissolved.

02

Immediately pour in the tea leaves. Cover and let the mixture steep for two hours.

03

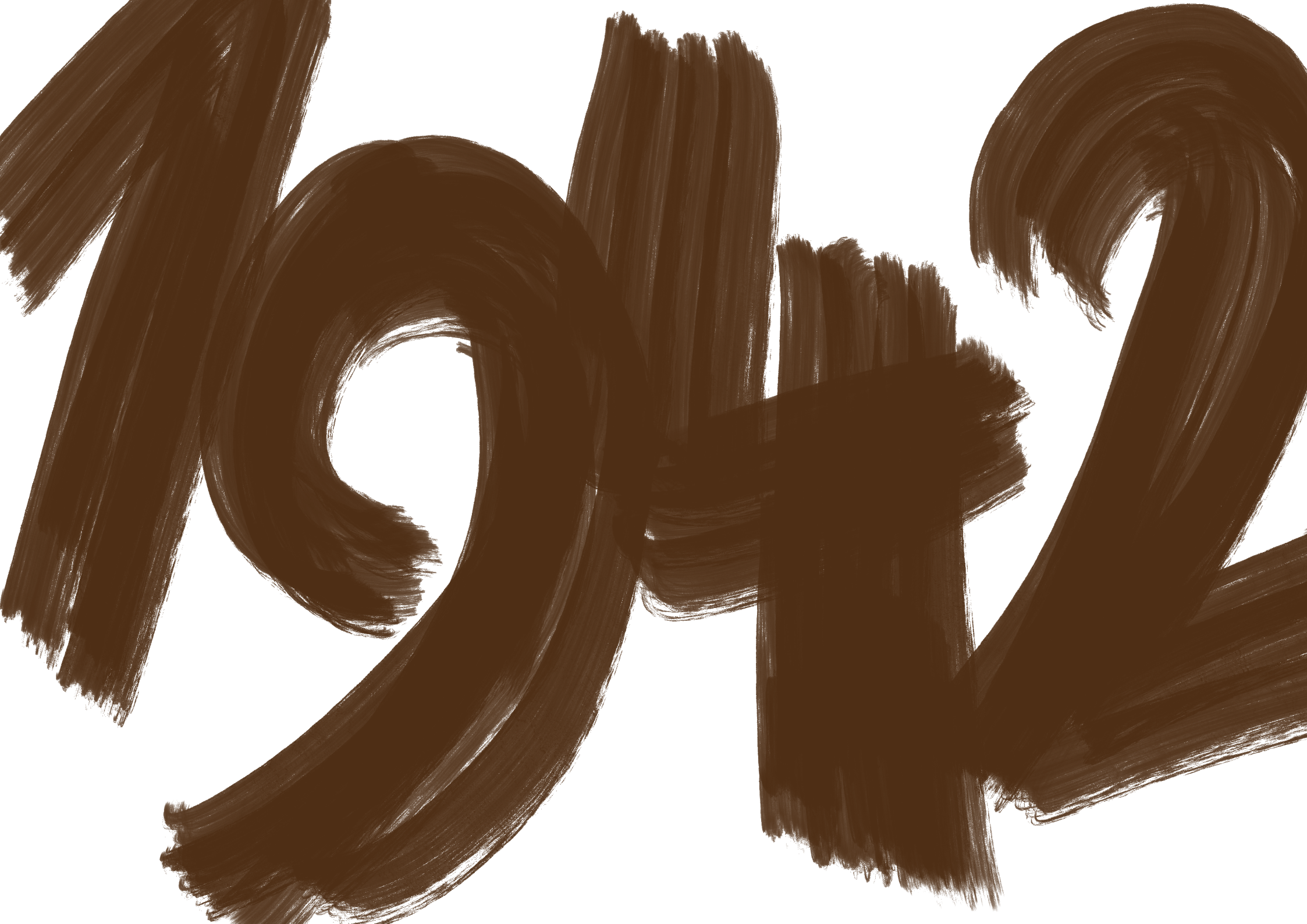
Dilute the concentrate as per taste, squeeze in lemon.



**GOT ANY
GRAPES?** No,

Can I get you a glass? The duck said, "I'll pass".

we just sell lemonade. But it's cold And it's fresh And it's all home-made.



NO FRIGATE LIKE A BOOK

INCONSEQUENTIAL MARKS
ARRANGE THEMSELVES IN
STRANGELY COINCIDENTAL
PATTERNS AND SIT QUIETLY.
ONLY, ENTRAPPED WITHIN
THEM ARE COUNTLESS SILENT
STORIES, IMMORTALISED.

When one reads, it isn't as a spectator, instead the words are shared. The author hints and one imagines. It's a collective effort and the beauty lies in the way no two people could ever live that story in the exact same way.

There's a comfort in words—in writing them and in finding them already written.

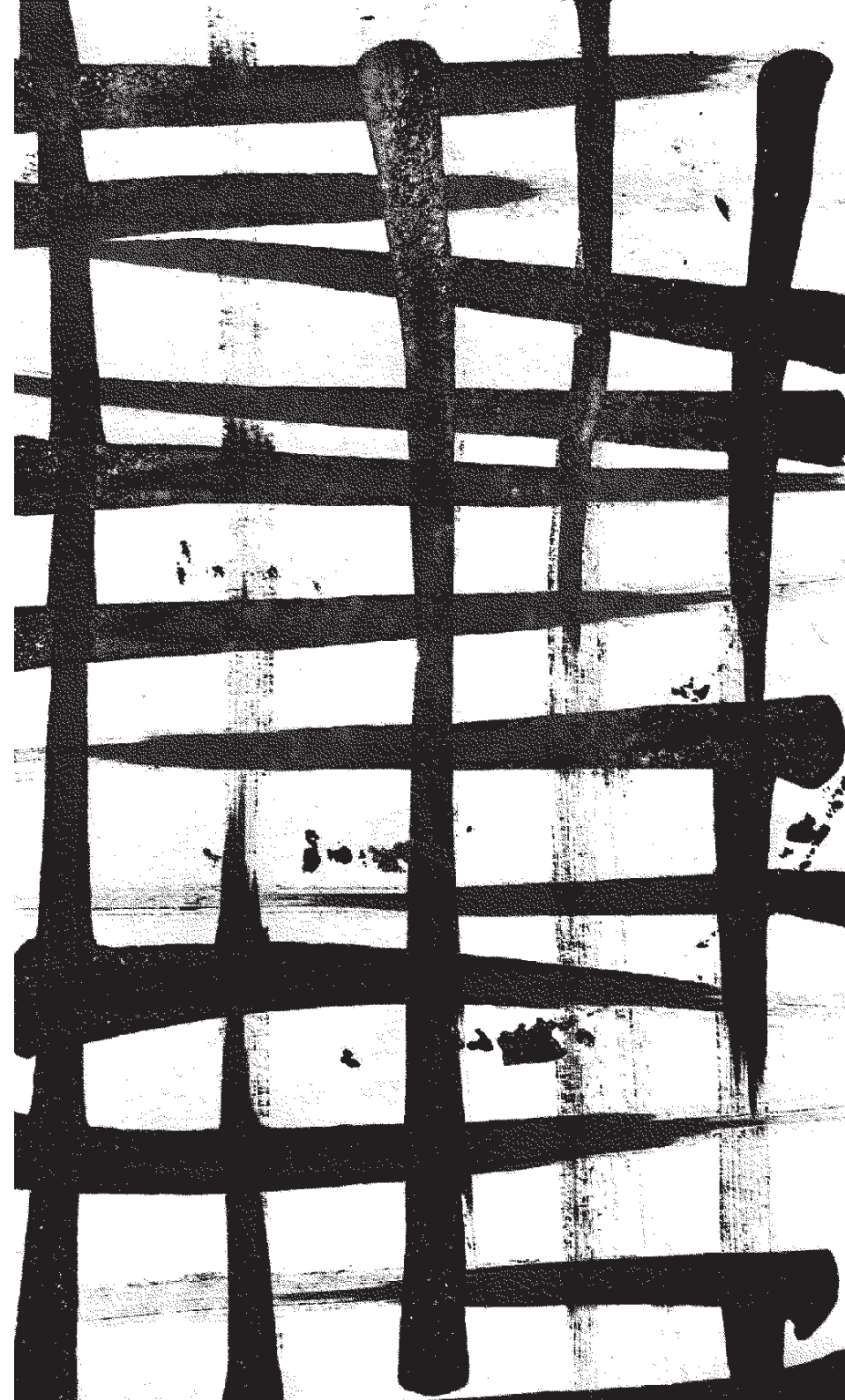
It is a beautiful thing to stumble upon a piece of literature only to recognise your own thoughts reflected within those lines.

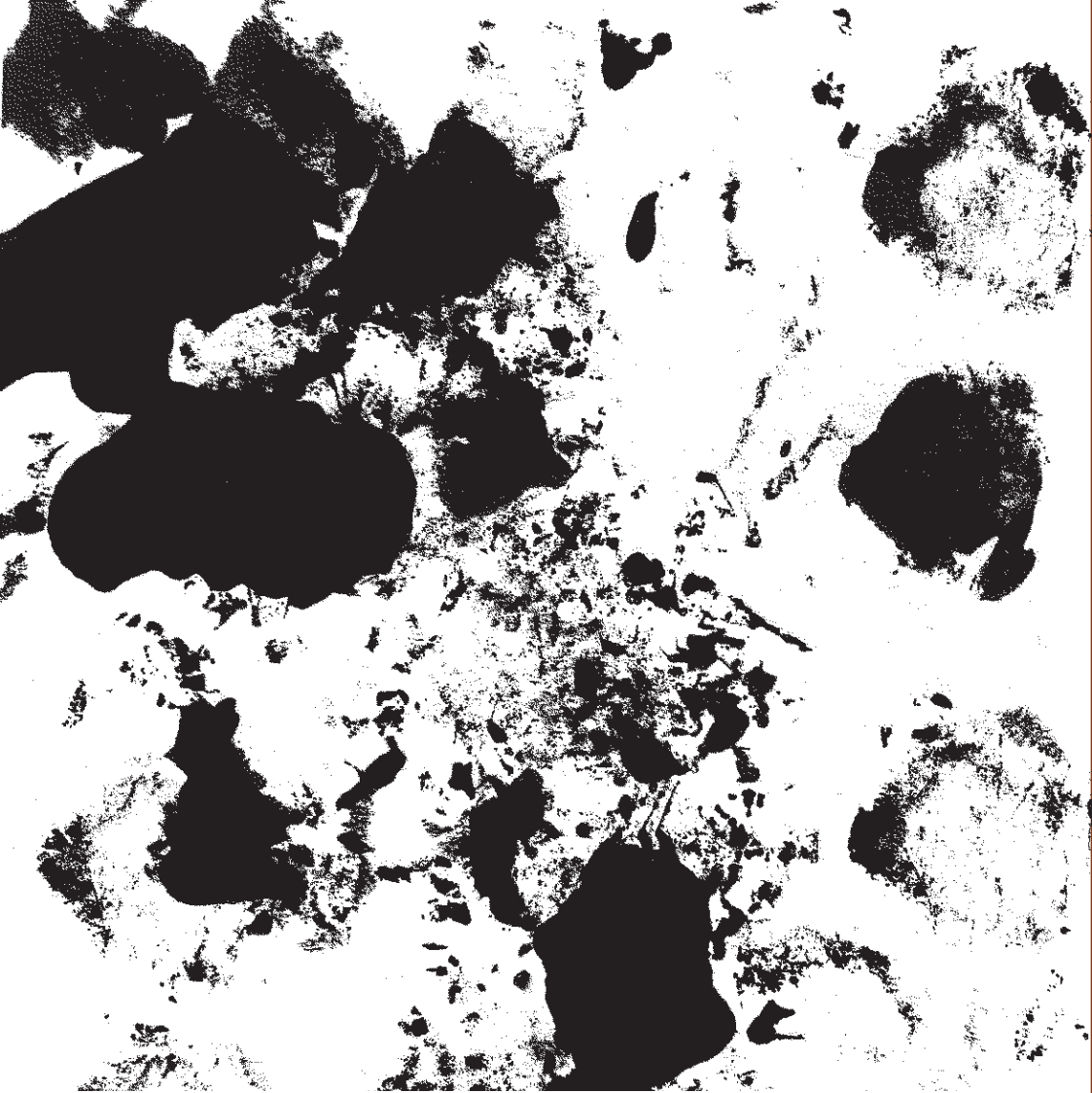
There are words I once read and then wanted to inscribe upon my soul. They wander through my mind like whispers in the dark, finding me when I least suspect it.

I used to be afraid of forgetting strings of words that felt too sacred to keep. But then I would hold the pages where they were bound and know that in whatever ways I changed, even when their space in my mind would be taken up by something new, they would remain where they were now—waiting, welcoming me back whenever I may want to stop and rest within them.

Every piece of literature I've read has memories attached to it, I stumble across familiar words and think—this is the poem whose words my best friend scribbled in the margin of my maths notebook in eleventh grade, or this is the first book to have made me weep into its pages, or this is the book that first made me want to crawl into its depths and lie swaddled within the letters because nothing had ever felt more mine.

It is this power of literature that has always made me feel like I belonged and further still, that I mattered. That although I may be reading lines that have been read multifariously before me, somehow, they're uniquely and singularly mine. Inexplicably, it is the very same quality that allows literature to bring people together. For it is in its belonging to each that it manages anyway to belong to all.





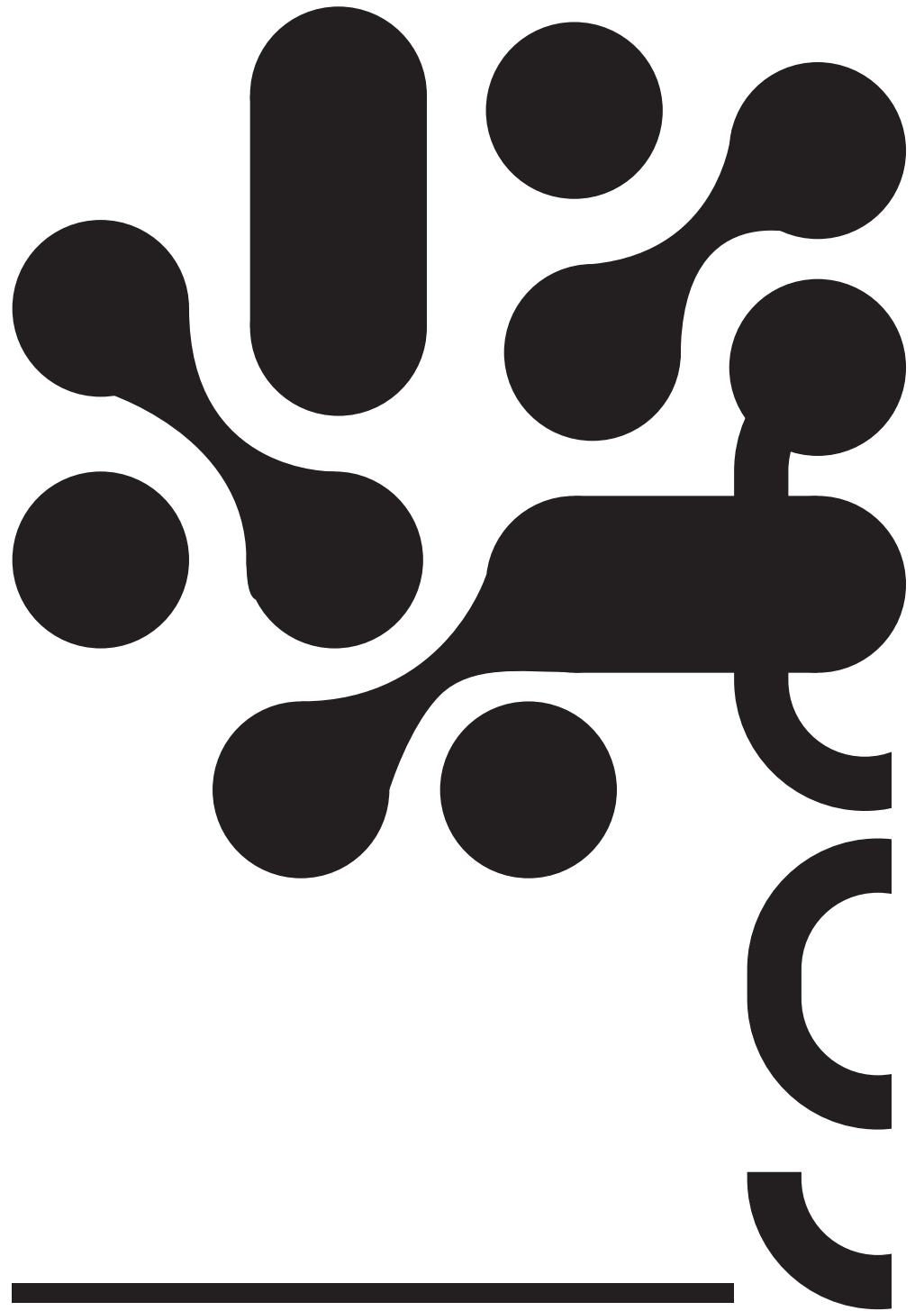
When you get angry

frustration®

take a breath and count to 10

throw a punch at 8

No one expects that.



OBSERVATIONAL MEDITATION

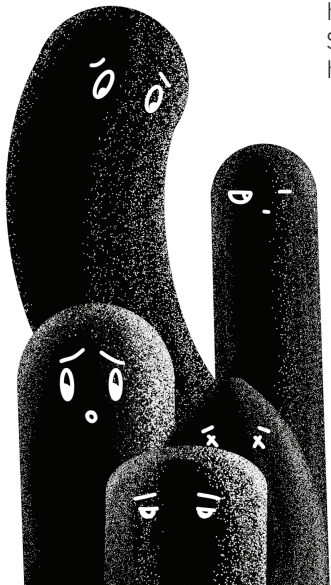
An irresolute exercise

The fan is whirring. It's clanky and creaky, loud. The thick, dry summer heat is stifling.

I can hear the traffic on the road below. There are horns. Lots of them. A vehicle with a notably loud engine passes through sometimes. It's weary groaning continues down the street until it turns either left or right at the end of the road and then I can no longer hear it.

I hear my sister enter the room, phone in hand as she continues listening to the podcast that is her schooling. She's on her way to a bathroom break. She has left the door open and now I can hear the house's sounds.

I hear my dad talking loudly on a call. The noise canceling headphones he wears encourage him to speak louder than he needs to.



The hum of the cleaning robot floats through the air, it's scouring the floor right outside my room. It's a pesky little thing, the third child of the house. Also the one that gets the most attention. It has to be lovingly cleaned each day. On some days my dad has to walk behind it, making sure it doesn't get stuck along the way. We all have our bad days.

My sister emerges noisily from the bathroom. Hurriedly switching off the fan, exhaust, lights and closing the door behind her all as her teacher continues on. She's talking about the digestive system. I see my sister is a good student, going the extra mile. She leaves the room, shutting the door firmly behind her.

I hear my stomach now. It's telling me that it's time for lunch.

I ignore it.

I can hear myself breathe now. The exhales louder than the inhales. I can feel my heartbeat in my chest. I try to hear it and I can almost manage—or it's just my imagination and my straining ears.

I've been stuck in the
place between
today and tomorrow
for years



In this finite life, it is the promise of an end that inspires most of our *actions*.

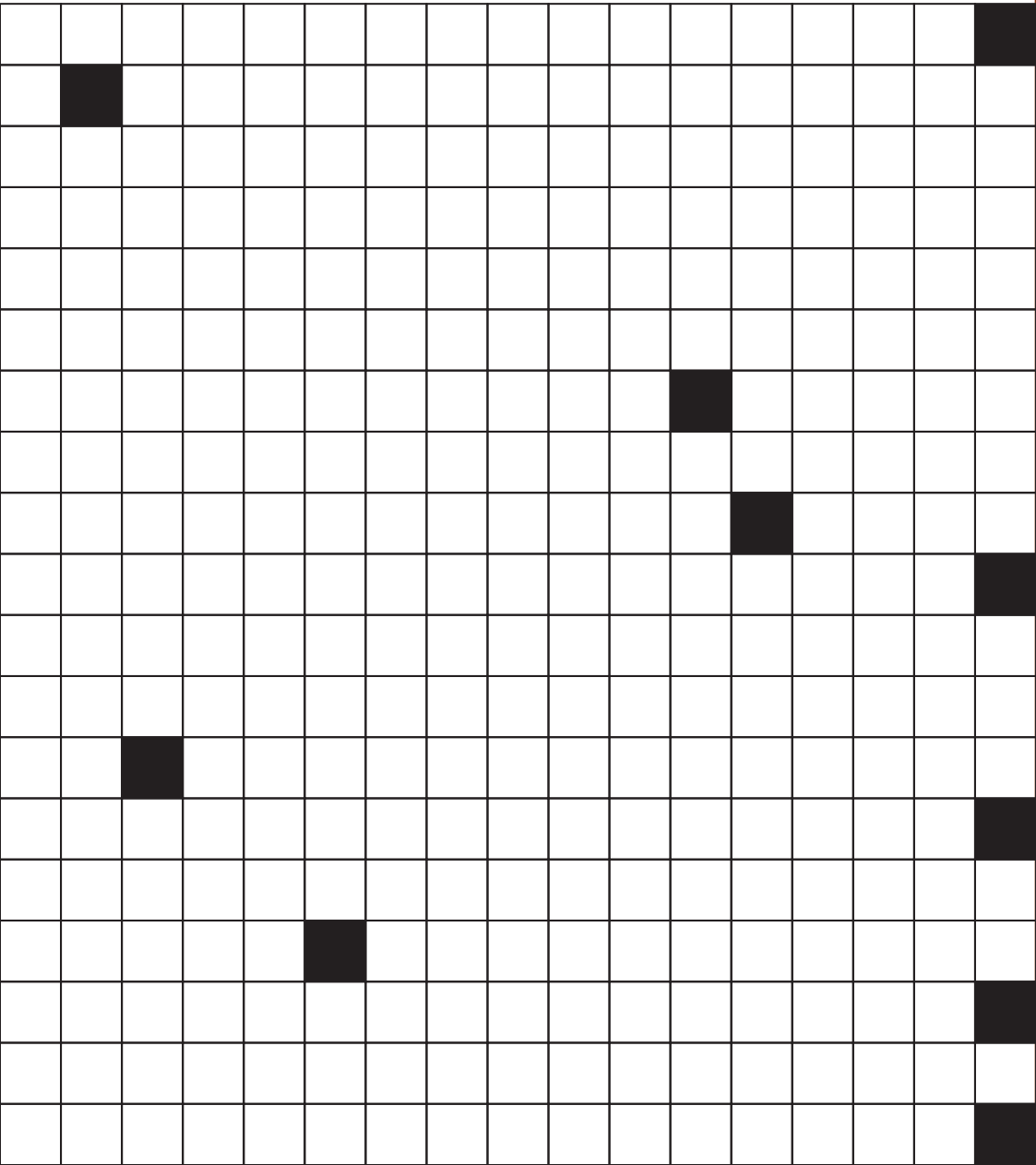
It decides the intensity they possess, it defines the love and care we give to the things and people that carry us to the *end*.

And it is those, in turn, that define the otherwise fast-paced futility that is *life*.

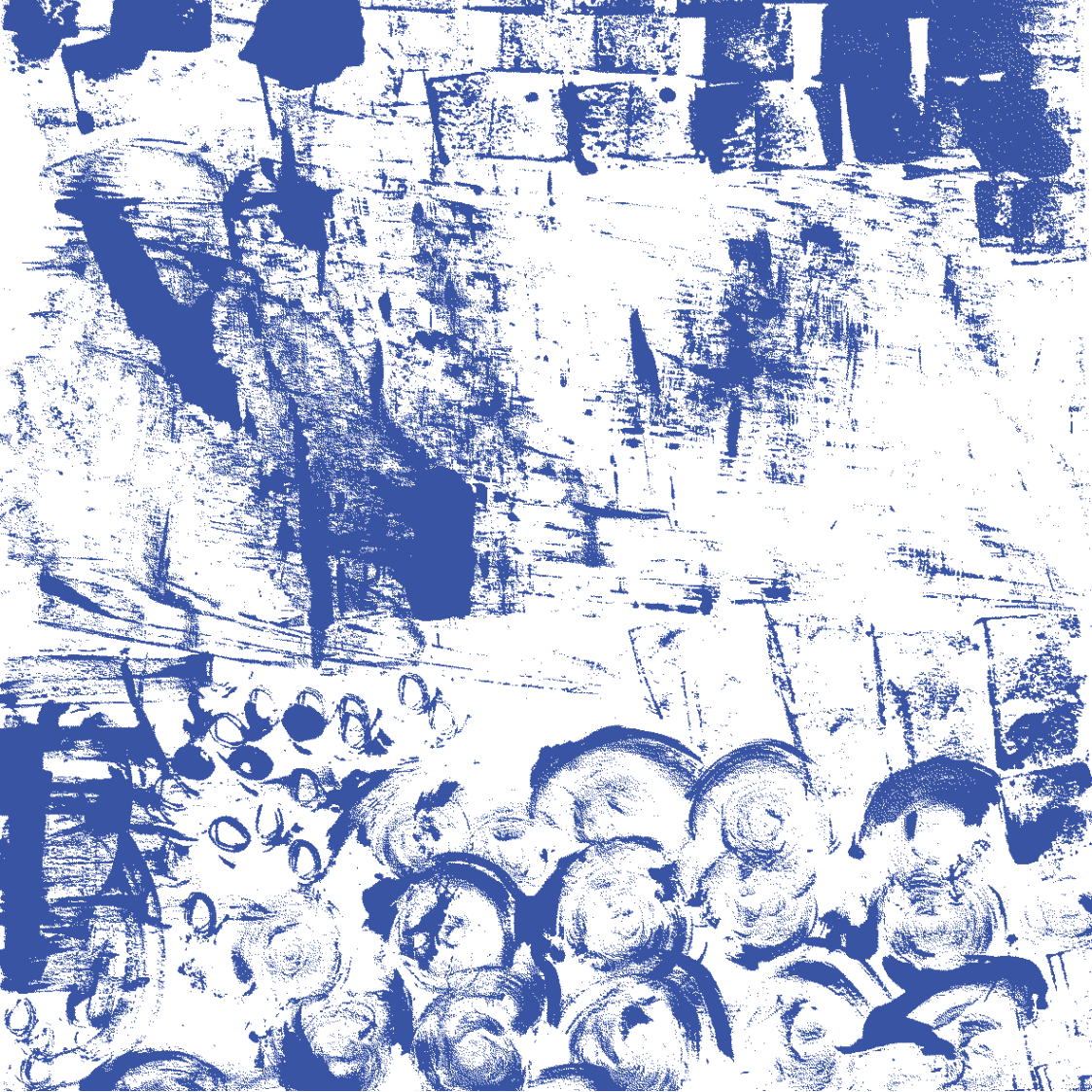


seven and a half million years of thought and the answer to life, the universe and everything is a decidedly unremarkable two digit number that doesn't care to extend the common courtesy of being indivisible.

42



3.14



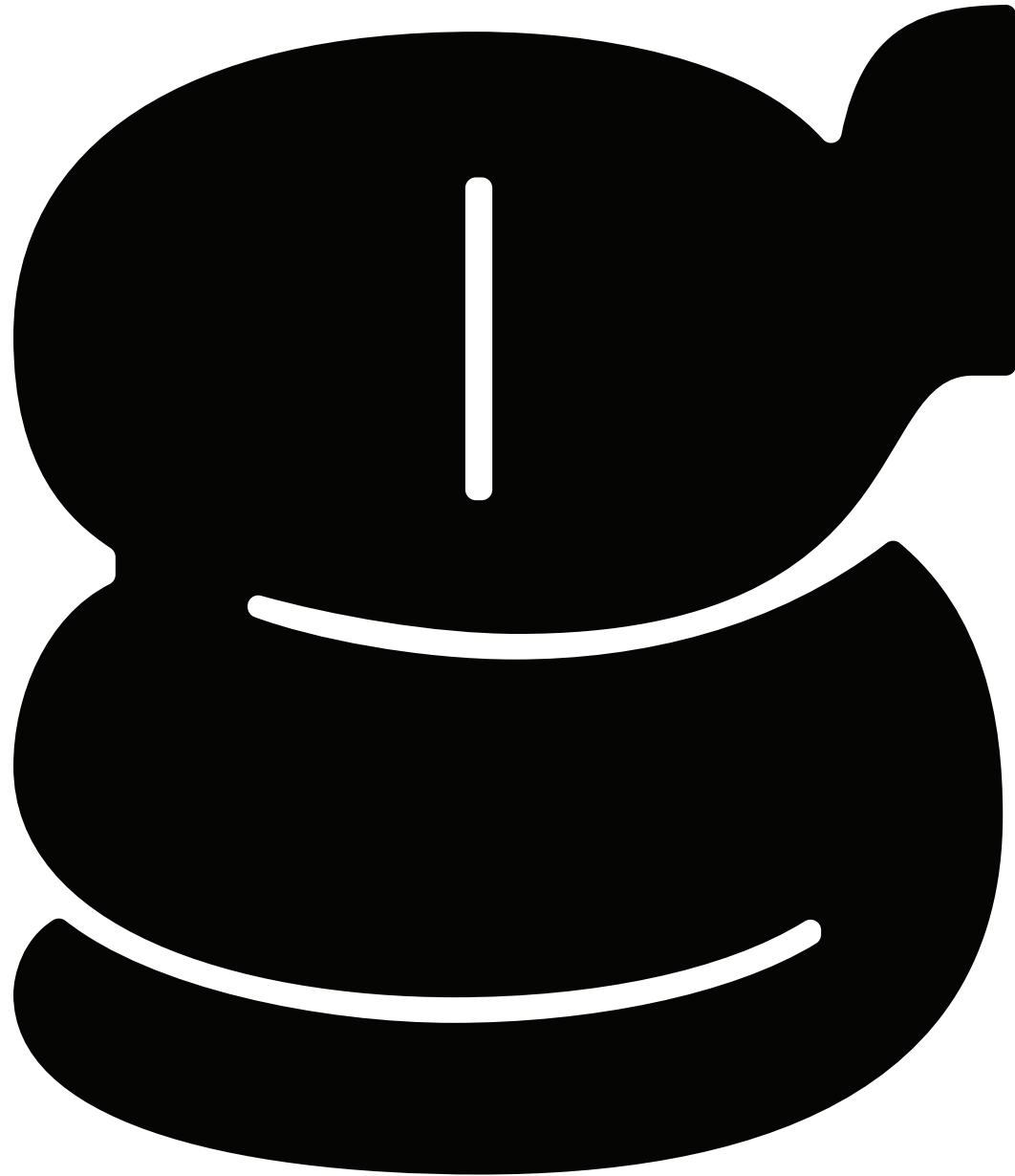
Time cares not for well intended plans

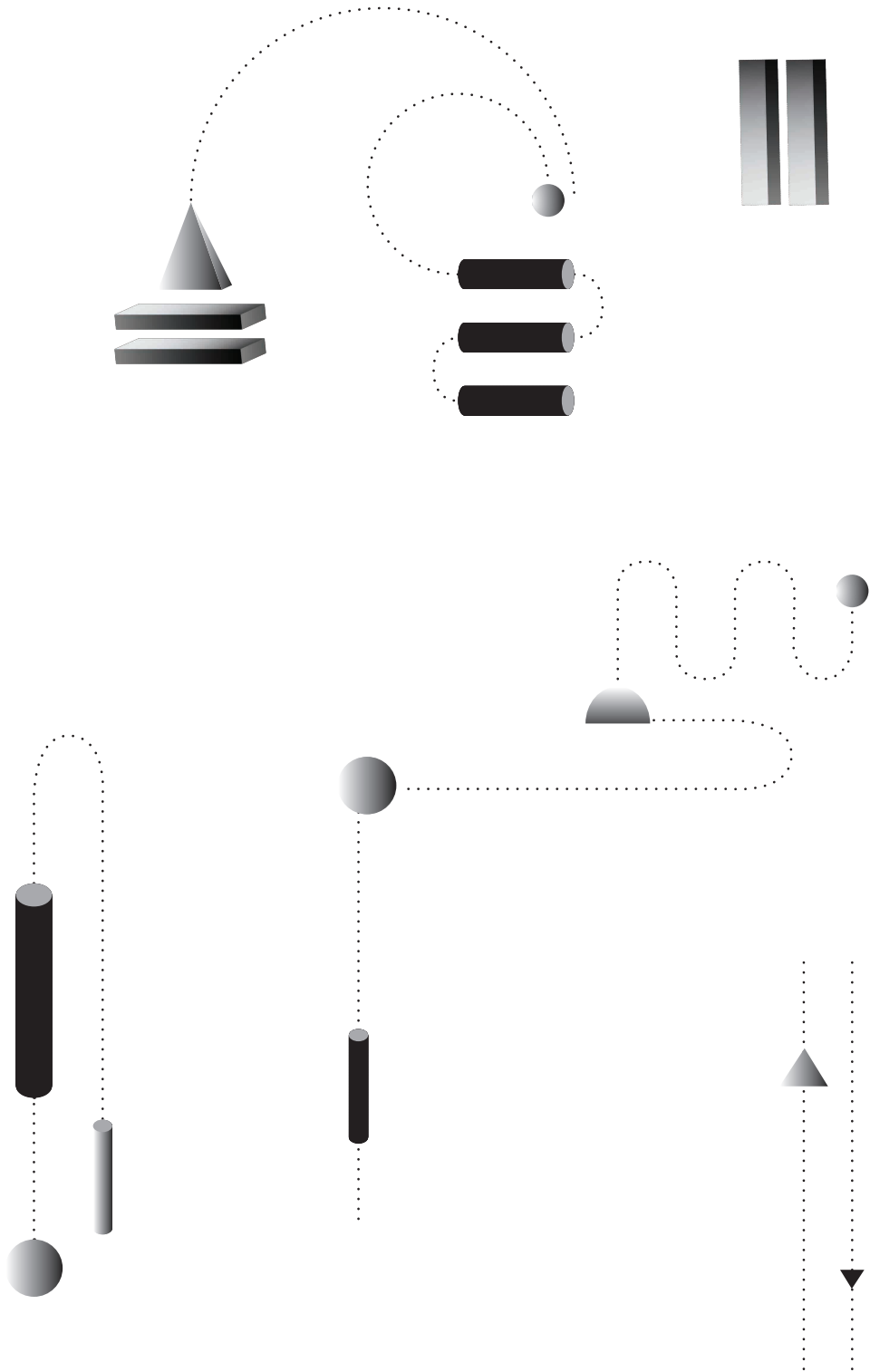
change®

I was to watch the tree

shed today, alas,

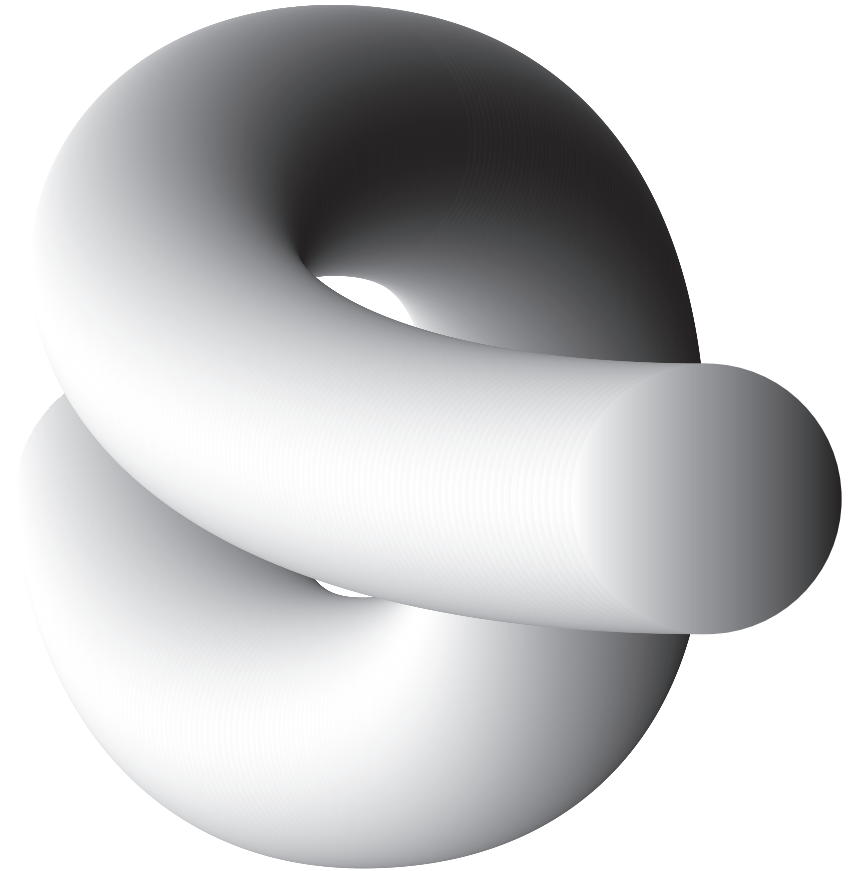
the leaves did not fall.





JUST BECAUSE THERE IS
SUFFERING IN ART, DOESN'T
MEAN THERE SHOULD BE ART
IN SUFFERING

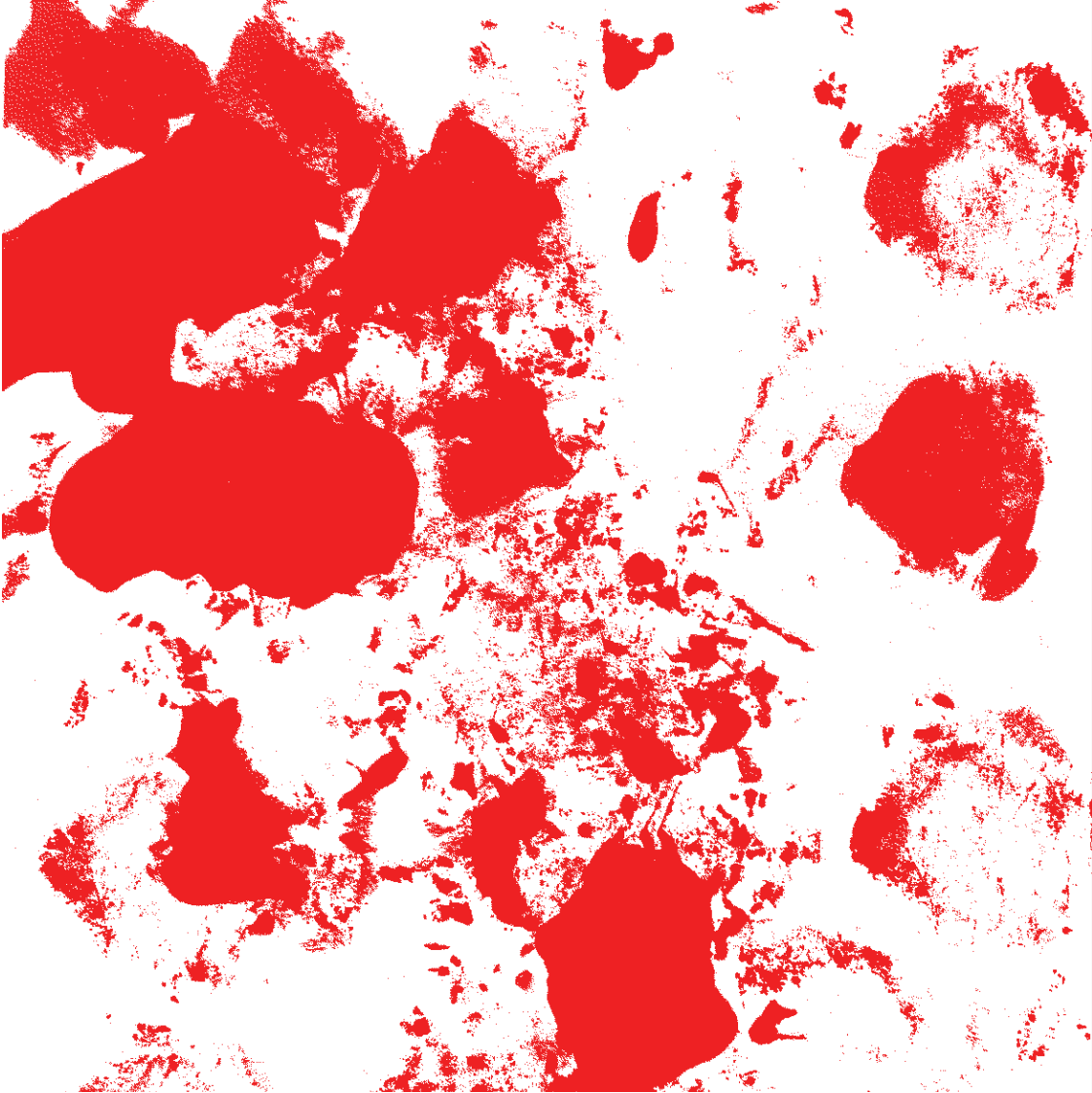
ART
/
SUFFERING



ONE CAN TELL WHEN ART
THAT SPEAKS OF PAIN IS BORN
OF SOMETHING THAT ISN'T
INFLECT THE SAME PAIN

IS IT TRULY FAIR? TO FRAME
PAIN AS INHERENTLY
ROMANTIC, WORTH WHAT IT IS
ONLY BECAUSE IT IS *PAIN*

PAIN SHOULDN'T MAKE ART
MORE POTENT, IT ISN'T A LENS
FOR PASSERSBY TO LOOK
THROUGH, PAIN HAS WEIGHT



When you get angry

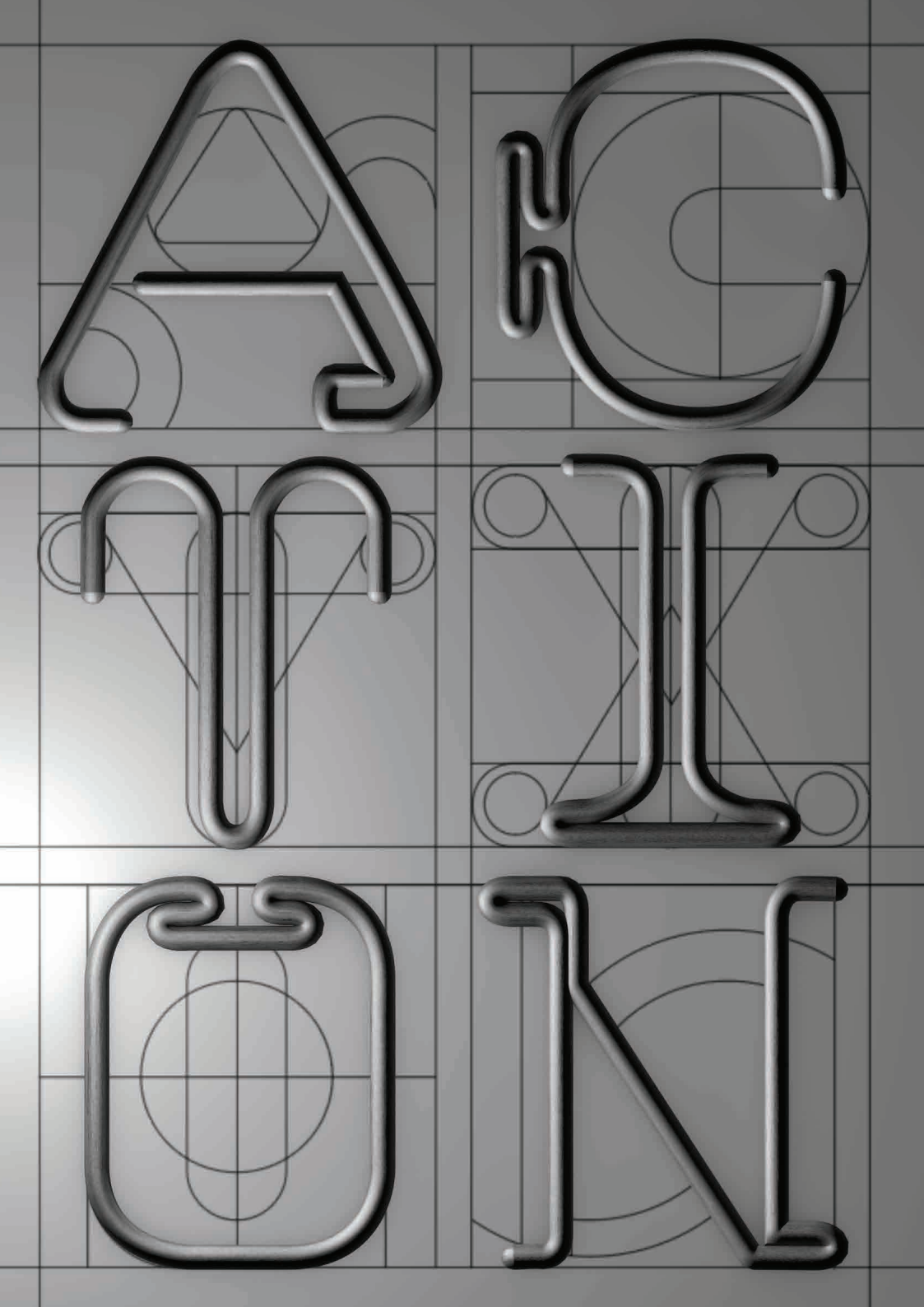
frustration®

take a breath and count to 10

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ਪੁਰਾਣਾ



31°20'18.1"N
75°34'18.9"E
8HQ + 8QV



Gopal Nagar

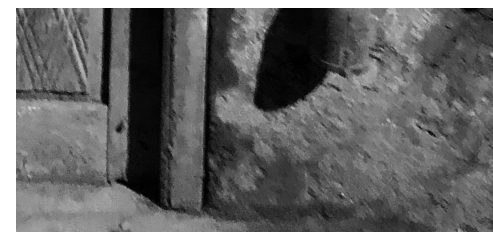
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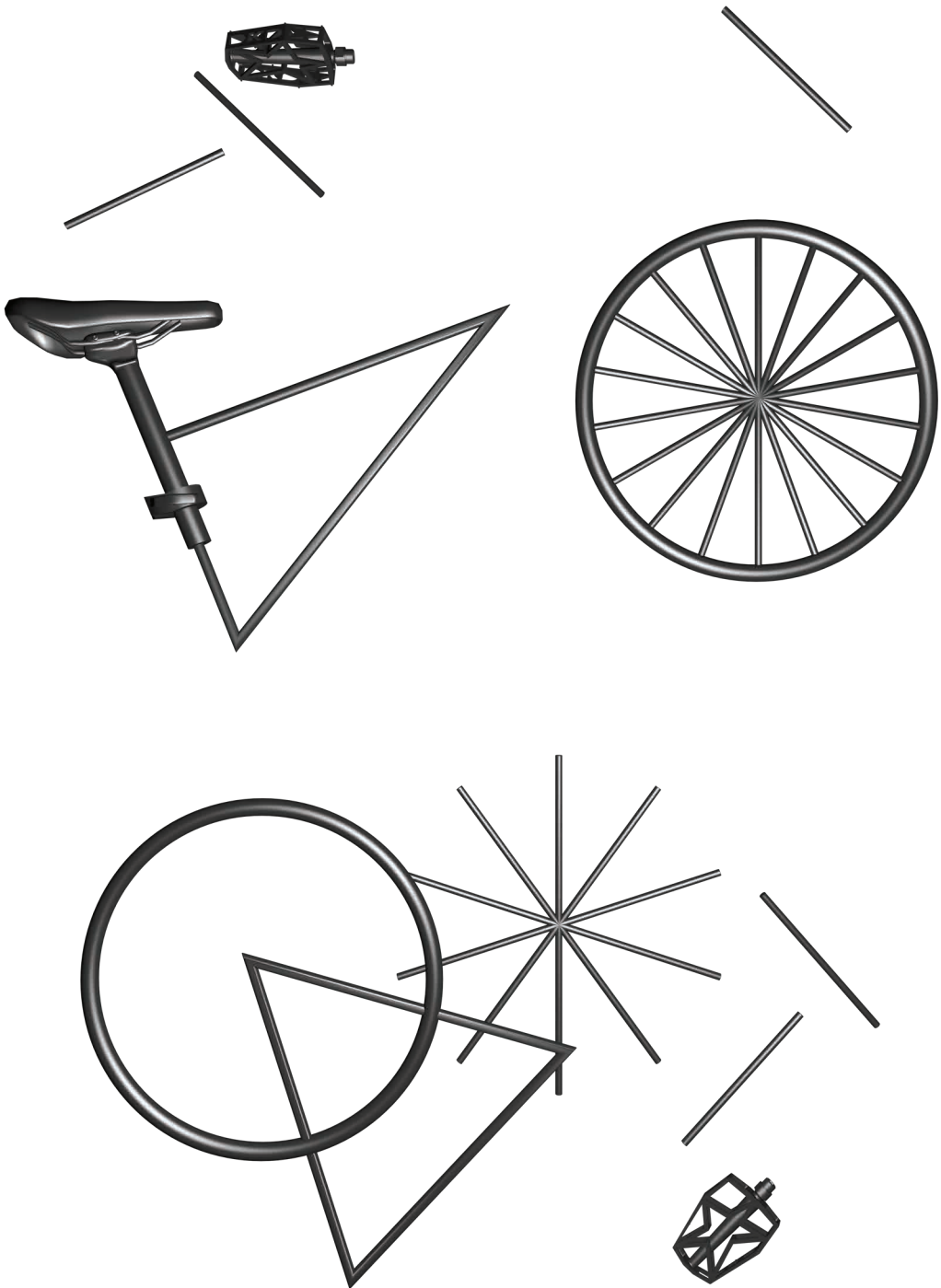


Jalandhar
Punjab



ਸ਼ਮਾ





never-never land _____

A novel

I do not believe that we contain power greater than the world.
We are elements of it, a part of the greater whole.
Together, our collective energies work in harmony to keep in motion the precise functioning of the universe.
The vibrations of our thoughts and energies, somewhere converge and form the greater whole.
It leads, eventually, to the concept of moksha. To the ultimate salvation. Once the energy contained in our physical selves, a manifestation of which is our minds, finds its way beyond the material that is this physical world, the energy transcends the shell it exists within.

**Context—
The Secret by
Rhonda Byrne**



There is a lot I do not know

faith®

In the shadows of looming realities

all i can do is trust

the joys of a sunny day.



—

The two layer white doors open into a narrow hallway, laughter can be heard from the courtyard that the hallway opens into.

The winter sun shines it's afternoon brightest on the marble and concrete floor that had once been exposed bricks. This house is over 80 years old I'm told, it's construction abandoned once at the time of Partition. The Muslim influence is obvious in its architecture, in its multitude of windows, in the arches and beveled corners that nestle every curve.

It is only when we sit down to eat that I'm shown the largest room with the highest ceilings, double the height of every other room. There are windows near the ceiling that open into the room. The remnants of the Parda system that prevailed at the time. The ground floor has been renovated countless times to battle the dampness that has been steadily destroying the walls. It has been expanded to accommodate the growing family within.

The first floor is mostly untouched, it's a maze of narrow staircases, one-person balconies and rooms that open into each other. There's one such staircase that leads to an open space, the highest plane of the home, built so that no part of it can be viewed from the floors below. It used to be the outdoor toilet at some stage in the house's history. Rows of bricks had been stacked such that they formed seats with empty spaces in the middle—early toilet seats. Jamadaars used to collect the deposited excreta everyday. The walls here are still just exposed brick and cement.

As I descend staircase after another, the clouds shift and sunlight streams in—it's green, and red and blue as it passes through the stained glass that is framed by arched windowpanes. I am called out for from the courtyard—the sun is out, everyone is collecting on manjis. As I step onto the courtyard, and the scent of freshly cut fruit wifts through the air, I feel warmth that isn't just from the sun.

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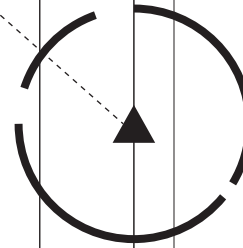
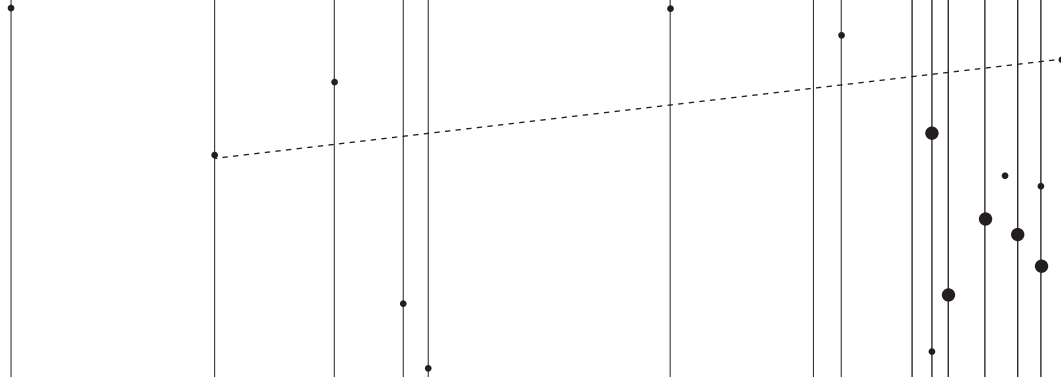
सिआपा

The places

I want to go

The places

I want to see



The places I've been

The place that has been me



THE FAN IS STILL WHIRRING, CLANKY AND CREAKY AS EVER.

THE THICK, DRY SUMMER HEAT IS STILL STIFLING.

The fan can no longer combat it alone, the shiny, sleek, silent AC accompanies it today. Whatever little hum it makes is drowned out by the dominating loudness of the three bladed apparatus that looks down upon the room.

The street isn't all that busy today, I've only heard two obnoxiously loud horns in the last thirty minutes. I don't know what they were directed at, there didn't seem to be much other traffic around. I suppose they were just little jubilant sounds of glee at an otherwise empty road.

My sister enters and I am yet again reminded of the sameness in my days. She doesn't go towards the bathroom this time. Ah! Variety, the spice of life. She curls up on the bed, exhausted by the days work but more so by the thought of all there is yet to do. She's on the cusp of that decision making age. That age where one must stand at the top of a mountain that is choice, looking down at all the paths that lay ahead and pick but one. She falls asleep quickly and now I can hear her even breathing.

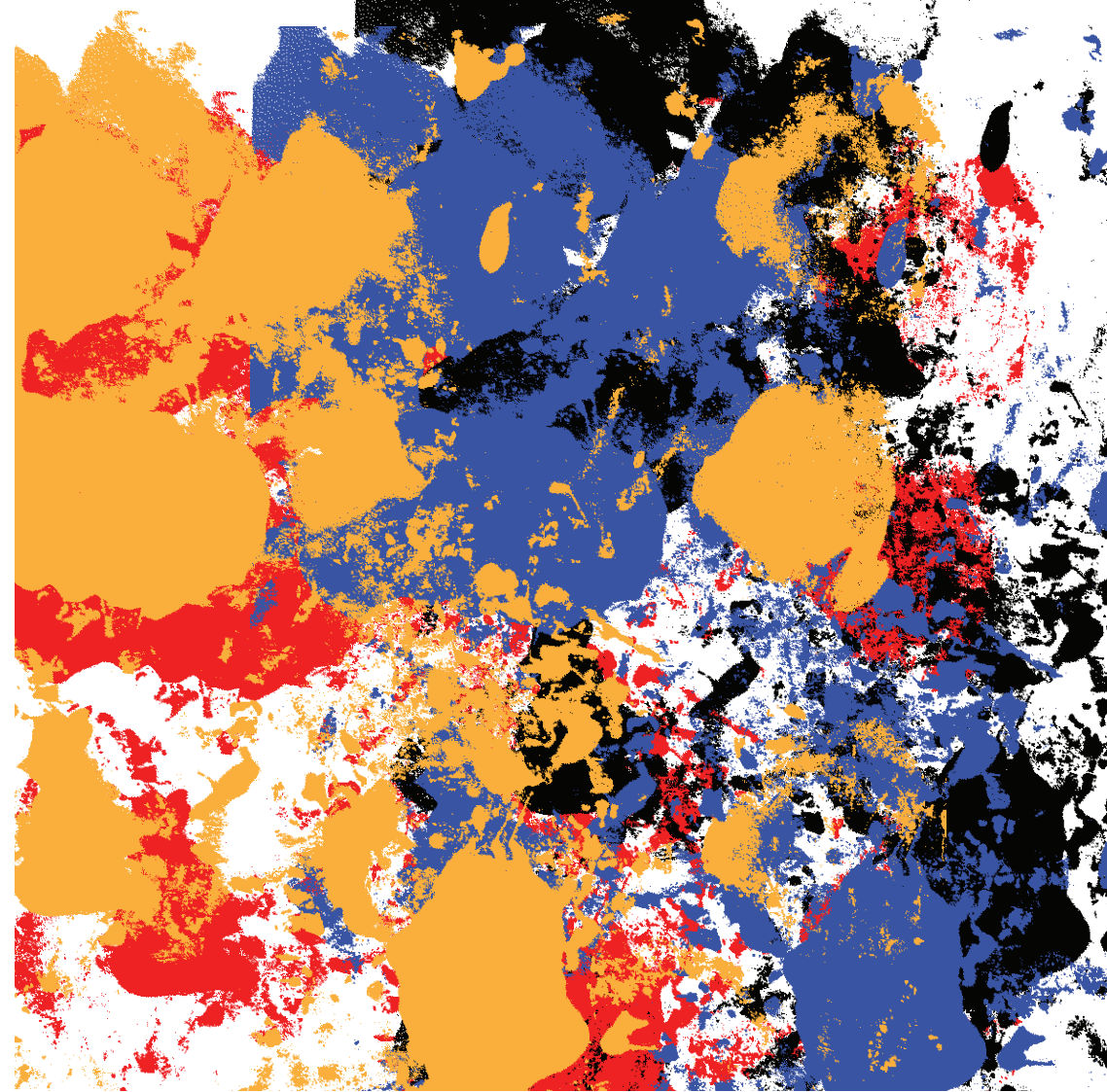
The door opens again. A slumber is broken. There is much to do.

The bed creaks as my sister drags herself off it, it's a heart wrenching goodbye. She leaves the room, shutting the door firmly behind her. Sameness, my old friend.

The fan is loud. I can hardly hear myself think. I subconsciously begin to alter my breathing, making it forceful until I can hear it. I marvel at my meditative prowess until I realise I'm all but panting. I stop. The fan continues on smugly.

I find stray petals still at
the bottom of my pencil case
between the pencils that
have replaced the gel pens.

They give me strength.
Not because I believe in their
extra ordinary powers but
because *they* did.
And they cared enough to
share it with me.



I feel stuck sometimes

kinetic®

but my footprints would say

I'm getting along

swimmingly.

