

# ATSPHERE

A watercolor illustration of a woman's face, split vertically. The left side is rendered in deep blues and purples with intricate white vein-like patterns, while the right side is in lighter, more ethereal tones. Her eyes are strikingly green, and her lips are a vibrant red. The background is a mix of soft pinks, purples, and blues, with some darker splatters.

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INAUGURAL  
ISSUE

SPECIAL FEATURE  
INTERVIEW WITH  
AJITABHA BOSE

AUTHOR,  
THE KAPIL SHARMA STORY



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# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

Each piece of writing is like a pearl in an oyster, waiting to be found and appreciated by the reader. When a creative person expresses oneself with words or colors, then it becomes the responsibility of communities like ALSphere to provide a platform for their expression and present it to the right audience.

ALSphere Magazine is an initiative of ALSphere Foundation to bundle up the talent of writers, artists, and photographers and present it in a resplendent manner to the world so it continues to infuse life and create a legacy in the field of art and literature.

As you read through the pages of this inaugural issue, you will find verses beaded with love, tales that will stir your emotions, words that will motivate you through your challenges, art that will sprinkle color in your day, and photographs that will make you smile in awe.

There is immense creativity, insight, and passion in each of the pages and it is bound to captivate your heart.

We are grateful to the contributors for each of the gem that has embellished this issue.

We hope you find meaning and warmth in this fondly crafted compilation. Few words of appreciation/ feedback are the biggest reward for a writer/ artist, so do offer your love and share your comments with us at [alspherefoundation@gmail.com](mailto:alspherefoundation@gmail.com).

Regards

Vandana Bhasin

Editor, ALSphere Magazine

## Poetry

Poets who have stirred the wide world wild  
with their potent potions  
Did they often squat by their empty pots,  
stirring poetry?



Anju Kishore

## Awaiting Poetry- A Ghazal

Strewn are metaphors we squeezed off the night, seeking poetry

Look how they stay sequinned from the poet, spurning poetry

We bled the alleys of the heart for a muse gone astray

Won't you tell us when you sight a song evading poetry?

Blossoms are said to keep lyrics well veiled in their bosom

When asked, they parted their lips and laughed; confusing poetry

Trills landed light, but alas, on the wrong side of our quill

Even birds look askance at rickety poets chipping poetry

Poets who have stirred the wide world wild with their potent potions

Did they often squat by their empty pots, stirring poetry?

Perhaps they stoked their fire to ignite revolutions  
Our heart croons to the hearth in its bid to kindling poetry  
Embers of embellished thought smoke and curl into the sky  
Burnt to ashes, we are left behind, breathing poetry!

**Anju Kishore**

## Poetry

People laughed and that mockery I  
treasured,  
Turning it into inspiration, hearts I  
conquered



Dr. Shweta Mathur Lall

## True Sportsmanship

When I was a kid and I hopped,  
My parents jumped with joy, imagining I would top  
Slowly but steadily, polio crept within,  
Paralyzing my limbs, like a boat sunken  
I challenged its verdict, stood strong, toiled hard,  
Varun Bhati, champion high jumper, says my card!

Mariyappan Thangavelu my name, Padma Shri precedes it,  
When I was five, a bus driver severed my leg and, my life with it  
People laughed and that mockery I treasured,  
Turning it into inspiration, hearts I conquered  
With one leg, I jumped so high,  
Entire world bowed down, hearing my war cry!

I was a beauty queen with heels, and an ace swimmer,  
Life jolted me out of reverie, and made me a wheel chair bearer,

I woke myself up, 'Motivation' my key,  
Shotput I held, became an Arjuna awardee!  
Deepa Malik, my name, wheels of my chair never stop,  
Keep going, push yourself, anxieties you must drop.

Sports has the power to pull one out  
Never brood on inadequacies, stand out  
Hard than harder, Yes, try again  
Chains of destiny in your favor, shall smile again!

**Dr. Shweta Mathur Lall**



## Poetry

Jump with joy whenever you get a  
chance,  
Opportunities in life don't always come  
by chance.



Deepti Shakya

## Jump with Joy

The sky was cloudy,  
The wind blew softly,  
The flowers were smiling happily,  
The butterflies were also dancing in glee.

The raindrops wanted to touch the ground,  
She heard a thundering sound,  
She loved getting wet in the rain,  
She enjoyed the rain forgetting all the pain.

Suddenly it started raining,

She jumped with joy and started singing,  
She came out to get wet under the open sky,  
She got wet in the rain and started jumping high.

she was eagerly waiting for the rain,  
She wanted to have fun again,  
The child within her was still alive somewhere,  
She used to get very thrilled when raindrops touched her.

Life is all about forgetting sorrow and lament,  
And enjoying every moment,  
Jump with joy whenever you get a chance,  
Opportunities in life don't always come by chance.

**Deepti Shakya**

## Poetry

Supreme pride has tamed into low  
humility,  
And self is now too frail and feeble to  
declare its supremacy



Hein Min Tun

## Sunset

The pond of tears has dried up

Love has lost its gripping claws

Attachment has broken its limbs

That stay clinging to the lies of this realm

Manifold sounds of desire have ceased

The voice of anger has relented into soundless peace

Supreme pride has tamed into low humility

And self is now too frail and feeble to declare its supremacy

When my sunny day is left far behind, buried in the bygone moments  
Which have burgeoned into the decayed dump of the past  
When the eventide of my life glows faint in the dull sky  
That has been stripped of its ornaments of ivory clouds

When the sighs of the late evening are soft and cold  
When calm sunset soothes my weary soul

With the poignant music of its mournful stillness  
And when the time ripens for me to stand alone

On the lonely banks of the river Thanlwin,  
Waiting for my next voyage in the murky dusk  
With the swaying light of the lamp  
Burning blissfully within my inner void!

### **Hein Min Tun**

Poet's Note: "Thanlwin" is the third-largest river of Myanmar which surrounds the city of Mawlamyine in Mon State with its sublime nuances from dawn to dusk.

## Poetry

I realize I need to give these traits a fair  
chance,  
And that goes way beyond an inner glance



Jaya Karmalkar

## My Inner Mind

I've observed that my inner mind,  
Is in its element lately,  
And understandably, it's helped me see,  
Many perspectives in entirety

And thankful enough to it I can't be,  
With rationality and kindness it's lined,  
And looking within I also find,  
Purity and beauty that is entwined,

With stability and tranquility,  
And then I feel,  
It's such a pity,  
When these qualities don't form an integral form of my personality,

When I get into the nitty-gritty

I realize I need to give these traits a fair chance,  
And that goes way beyond an inner glance,  
My inner mind affirms my thinking,  
And puts me in a blissful trance.

**Jaya Karmalkar**

## *Artworks*

"If I could say it in words, there  
would be no reason to paint"

Edward Hopper



**"Dancing in the moonlight" by Dr. Aparna Pradhan**



**"Hope" by Ritu Bhatnagar**



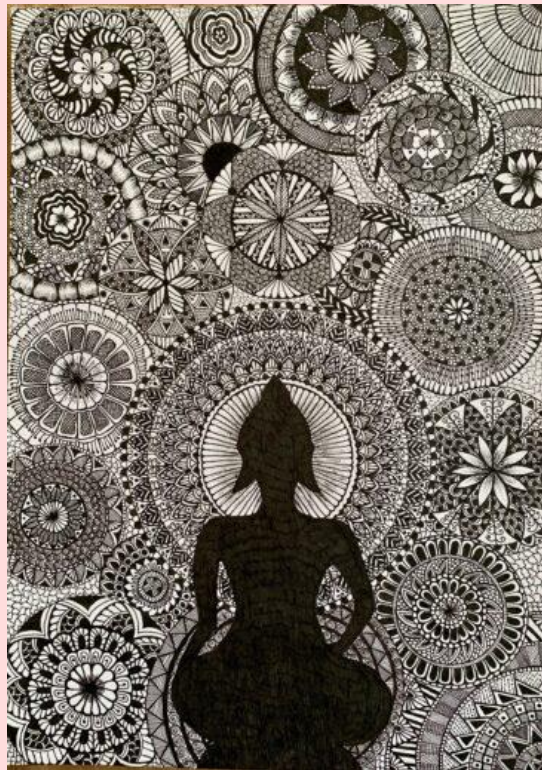
**"Find your Wings" by Sangeetha Kamath Prabhu**



*Artworks*

Art is not what you see but  
what you make others see"

Edgar Degas



**"Quiet the Mind and the Soul Speaks" by Navneet Kaur Kohli**



**"In the Serenity" by Aditi Trehan**



**"Little Angel" by Antara Pal**



**Ajitabha Bose** is a popular Indian bestselling author, filmmaker and publisher. He holds the national record for publishing the smallest love storybook in India. He has a base of over a million readers and was featured in Limca Book of Records for his contribution in literature.

His book "In Love with Shah Rukh Khan" received love from all over the world. His book "The YouTube Stars of India" is an authorized book on the top YouTubers of the country including Carryminati, Amit Bhadana, Ashish Chanchalani, Technical Guruji, Prajakta Koli, Harsh Beniwal, Flying Beast, Shruti Arjun Anand, Mortal, Vinay Thakur, RVCJ Media, Vipul Goyal, Mumbiker Nikhil, Jannat Zubair & Kunal Chhabhria.

He recently published a book on the life and journey of the popular celebrity, Kapil Sharma titled "The Kapil Sharma Story."

He is the Chairman & Co-Founder of BDL Studios, a renowned production house based in Delhi-NCR. He has worked in 550+ videos and has made 55,000+ designs till date. He recently opened his own publishing venture named Ajitabha Publishers. He's reachable at [contact@ajitabhabose.com](mailto:contact@ajitabhabose.com)

**Vandana Bhasin: Sir, you are a record holder in Limca Book of Records 2017. How did this idea of pocket books spring? Most of the aspiring writers would feel that they would never be able to make a mark with a pocket book, so what instilled your faith as a writer that "This can work and I want to do it."**

**Ajitabha Bose:** When I came up with the idea of pocket book, nobody backed me initially as it was quite new and nobody in India knew about it and I proudly say that I am probably the only author in India who got rejected by the self publishing houses as they found it risky and even laughed at me. But the concept became popular with time and the same publishers are now after me.

The idea came to me in 2014 when I was travelling back from hometown and I met a girl in my train while I was reading a book and she said, "How can you read such fat books? I don't even get enough time to read my course books." I was carrying my first anthology and I offered it to her to read my short story that was published in it. She read the story and really liked it and said, "Why don't people like short stories that one can finish reading soon, like in 30 minutes or one hour?" So that day I realized that there's a section of people who like to read books but they don't read because of the size of the book and that's how the idea of pocket books emerged.

After the book was published, a lot of people told me that it was a unique idea that'd never been done in India so I decided to apply for 'Limca Book of Records and after six months, I got a confirmation from them.

**Vandana Bhasin:** Your book “The YouTube Stars of India” reflects on the struggles and journeys of 15 Indian YouTube stars. Not just that, you are yourself a part of the digital realm with your film making, designing and advertising ventures, and though YouTube is a fascination for the youth, it’s a much complex game. In that context, what advise or learning would you like to share with people who aspire to be YouTubers some day?

**Ajitabha Bose:** “The YouTube Stars of India” is a very special book for me. When I started researching about YouTubers, I realized that there is no such book that covers their journeys and how being a YouTuber has worked for them. I contacted about fifty YouTubers and fifteen of them agreed.

The book is a great source of inspiration for the upcoming YouTubers. It helps them understand how it all works, how the famous ones started and how they can chase the game.

**Vandana:** You recently published your book “The Kapil Sharma Story.” It is not an easy task to write the biography of a person and presenting the narrative to the world from that person’s perspective, especially if the person resides in the heart of every Indian. How different it was for you to pen a biography than writing a fiction?

**Ajitabha Bose:** “The Kapil Sharma Story” is the toughest book that I’ve written. It took almost four years to complete the book. The first two and a half years were the research because when you write a biography and that too of a person of fame as Kapil sir, it becomes a kind of responsibility to write the right things and of course it took time. I took his permission before writing the book and he endorsed it. I saw all his episodes on repeat mode, read his articles, listened to his interviews and it was a long process. It was quite different than fiction writing. When you are writing fiction, you can write anything and everything you want but in case of biography, you have to be very specific and

accurate as you are writing about a real person. So, it was difficult but it worked out well.

**Vandana Bhasin: Sir, you have published 10 books since 2013, how would you like to describe your journey and growth as a writer?**

**Ajitabha Bose:** The journey has been fabulous. When my first book came out, a lot of people told me that I am a good storyteller but I'm not a good writer. I didn't know anyone in the industry, I had no Godfather and there was none to guide me. I have learnt everything by myself. With years, I was told that my books were getting better. I am glad that people love and read my books. I started my journey with the passion of reading but today when I've sold a million copies, it feels magical.

**Vandana Bhasin: We all learn immensely as we grow, what nuggets of wisdom would you like to share with other writers- young, budding as well as experienced ones?**

**Ajitabha Bose:** I always tell my fellow authors that only three things can make one popular in India- Politics, Bollywood and Cricket. Now the fourth one that's coming up is the writing industry and the authors are getting popular.

It's very difficult to get into first three so people have now started writing books. Writing a book is more of a bucket list item for people now. But I would say, that don't write a book to get famous but focus towards the story and your writing and fame will come simultaneously. Think about the larger perspective. Your story should be really good. People connected to the characters and plots in my stories and that's what you should focus on.

## 50 Word Story



# Taming Shrew, The Nemesis of Equality

Following PTA meet, teacher began teaching class differently.

Two plus three was five only for the correct gender: Male. The rest got 'wrong' in different formats of language and expressions. If imbalanced equations were what was sought, training should start early she decided.

Gender based biases definitely constituted imbalanced equations!

**Lini Fernandez**

# Satisfaction

"Give him something to stop wailing. He must be hungry."

"He is neither having milk nor fruits."

"Why don't you try some nuts or pistachios?"

Down the lane, a poor child of the same age dug through the garbage bin and smiled as he ate a piece of half-rotten apple.

**Sudha Vishwanath**





## 50 Word Story

# Tears Tormenting the Time

After the 1999 cyclone, I went to my ancestral village. Our house had become a pile of soil. I couldn't find my parents' body but completed the thirteenth sacrament. My childhood memories were reflected on tears, which weren't under my control. I saw my mother's bracelet, shining under the soil.

**Amita Dash**

# Just in Time

Pranav was desperate to get this job; his savings would only last for ten more days. He left home in time to reach for the interview but couldn't; he was paying the hospital bills for the stranger whom he had found in the lift, struggling to survive the heart attack!

**Neha Gupta**



## **Start Tomorrow!**

Start tomorrow. A promise I borrowed from yesterday and securely pinned on my to-do list today. I evade my first step towards it again; "Start tomorrow," an assurance settles me down, I fall prey to my own conviction. My faith swallows the delay, yet again, by another day.

**Poonam Kanwal**

## **My Life is My Making**

An exceptional taste runs through my veins; the sanguine taste of my past. The grey in my hair loudly yet subtly shines; proudly blithe like the fine lines under my eyes. My eyes fit as a fiddle, look much beyond what life reveals. I'm full of everything and nothingness at the same time.

**Preeti S. Manaktala**

## **Embracing Life**

The day comes when you are no more scared of losing things in life; you no longer get angry at what you used to be and you are no more bothered by conflicts running inside you. It doesn't mean things don't affect you, rather you embrace the things into your life learning how to belong to the world.

**Sweta Kumari**



Life does not always bestow us with opportunities we desire; we need to create them and strive relentlessly towards achieving our goals. As parents of a child with special needs, this practice becomes imperative. But not everyone has the resilience to accept the situation and handle it with grit. They may also not have the fiscal means to foster a supportive environment for a child with disabilities and these struggles are real. Their needs may fluctuate throughout their lifespan and may involve emotional, social & financial concerns.

Each diagnosis comes with different challenges and unique symptoms that require different intervention but one thing common to all, is the struggle of the family to make their child a part of the system, without any bias or discrimination.

Like all these parents, we needed a dash of hope too, to ensure that our daughter Anoushka, who was diagnosed with Down Syndrome at birth, was not deprived of leading a normal life and that she did not succumb to societal pressure. We tried to provide her with an environment where she flourished and achieved milestones. Today she is a confident & independent individual with a strong mind of her own, making decisions in her capacity.

Unfortunately, disability is still seen as incapability and such children are often viewed as a problem to be 'fixed,' with focus on their disability, rather than on their abilities and potential. It takes immense courage and strength as a family to first "accept" the issue and then address it. "Inclusion" is something we as a community, are striving for and it remains a continuous struggle.

Way back in 2014, our relocation to Dubai opened doors to many opportunities for Anoushka. Al Noor Rehabilitation Centre, her current institution, has been putting well-structured efforts with specific development plan, to integrate her into the mainstream.

In Dubai, many organizations are working towards betterment of this community by fostering transformative learning and living environment and empowering people with special needs. Individualized educational plans are designed to address their specific, individual needs with focus on development, life skills and self-dependency. There are many non-profit organizations dedicated to facilitating the inclusion of People of Determination in all spheres of life to focus on self-advocacy and awareness. These organizations support the families by providing life skill training with a goal to place them in relevant fields and making them self-sufficient.

With many organizations extending support by providing opportunities, families of special ones, just need to grab those opportunities and turn adversities into accomplishments. We, as parents must put in an extra bit to ensure that they lead a fulfilling life to the extent possible.

And let's remember – A pessimist sees the difficulty in every opportunity; an optimist sees the opportunity in every difficulty ~Winston Churchill

## **Nisha Tandon, Dubai**

*Editor's Note: There are many stories that remain untold, as parents are not comfortable sharing those and that is understandable but we request you to come forward with your tales of courage that could inspire or benefit others. You could also email us your questions or suggestions at [alspherefoundation@gmail.com](mailto:alspherefoundation@gmail.com) about any piece of information that you are seeking in this area and we would try to revert with the best of our knowledge. This would be a regular feature of the magazine to share further knowledge and information in this area.*

# Photography

I see the world through my lens!



**"The Urban Bloom" a photo by Aparnaa Laxmi Singh**



**"Girls Education," a photo by Vijay Patil**



**"Sindoori Saanjh" a photo by Rudhir Waghmare**





**"Sharing is caring" a photo by Sai Surve-Rane**



**"The Perfect Selfie" a photo by Moumita Dutta**



## Gilded Memories

I was probably seven years old when I fell in love with the beautiful handmade creations on a background that was the color of melting chocolate. There were five apparitions in all, each a masterpiece. I would look at them, collectively first and then each one separately- admiring every fine detail. All of them displayed a female form in various moods. Interestingly each of them featured the Indian string instrument 'Veena' along with an alluring young woman. Over time, two of the artistic pieces became my favorite.

My absolute favorite creative piece was a beautiful damsel who lay languorously, back arched, one arm lying lazily by the side and the other folded behind a perfectly shaped head covered with ebony hair, spread out like a flame, breasts covered with a translucent veil over a rust color floral, blouse embellished with gold flowers, a red skirt with an intricate tear drop shaped ornamental paisley design adorning the broad border. She wore delicate jewelry of gold hoops and a gold chain with a pendant resting near her 'beating' heart. The 'Veena' lay across her body suggesting that the winsome lady had been singing a romantic strain accompanied by the soft notes of the instrument, now intimately covering her curves. Her veil, splattered

with glowing gold stars floated towards the heavens above in undulating waves sharing the tale of a love fulfilled. Her eyes had a look of ecstasy and of dreams realized!

My other favorite featured a most attractive young lady sitting next to an open window adorned with an exquisite pair of curtains, held back with delicately embroidered bands of copper. A crescent moon peeped in apparently to hear her melodious verses of endearment. She wore a dress of muted gold with leafy motifs woven into the soft folds of her dress. A gossamer gauze veil enveloped her delicate form revealing the voluptuous figure within. Her thick braided black hair adorned with flowers snaked all the way down to her waist. Her lap cradled the 'Veena' while her hands were on the strings, seemingly playing a sweet melody of undying and everlasting love dedicated to her lover. Her eyes encased in long lashes were closed in rapture, her cheeks were flushed and a secretive, charming smile played upon her rosy lips.

Over the years I developed a relationship with these figures. As I aged, my thoughts on love and romance evolved, my perspective changed, as did the stories I conjured up in my head about them.

On rare occasions, I would hug my mother tightly when she wore the trousseau saree on which the captivating figures were hand embroidered with single strands of silk and gold.

After my mother passed away, I would hold the saree close to my heart to feel her presence. Ultimately, I decided to give its art form a new life.

Today my two favorite maidens adorn my house in gilded frames, bringing eternal warmth and beauty to my abode.

## **Neeti Parti**



## Streak

"Flour, sugar, cardamom, cinnamon powder. That's it, right? Am I forgetting anything?"

Nani ma used to tell me stories of how obedient Mumma was as a child, especially when it came to eating her food. And the secret was in Nani ma's puas, which were the less fatty versions of popular malpuas.

"Children are fussy eaters, you just have to find their streak and pua was your Mumma's. So every day after school, she'd come home happily, anticipating the delectable sweetmeats along with the usual food. Seeing them on the plate made her eyes sparkle. I didn't have to pester her. Oh, how she loved puas". Nani ma had asked me to try the same with my 3-year-old Chikki. Not that she's a fussy eater, but she does get cranky at times.

I mix all the ingredients trying to recall the proportions that Mumma had randomly mentioned. I whip up the batter; "Whip until it's pasty, only then will puas turn out soft". I touch it with my fingers; feels about the

correct pasty. I put a drop on my tongue, tastes about the correct sweet.

Funnily though, it just so happened that I never got to taste Nani ma's puas nor did Mumma ever prepare them for me. However, the stories around them stayed with me.

The batter has been sitting aside for half-an-hour now. I put the pan on gas and wait for oil to heat up. I carefully lower a spoonful of batter into the hot oil. Small bubbles embrace it from all sides. After a few seconds, I turn it over. The house is filled with sweet aroma.

Mumma had told me how Nani ma's puas used to turn out. Looking at my conquest, I try to remember the checklist:

- \* Round – well almost;
- \* Well-fried in medium heat – done;
- \* Caramelized-sugar fragrance – oh absolutely!

I pinch a piece off my almost circular, caramel-colored pua and place it on my tongue after blowing off the heat. They're just the perfect blend of crunchy-mushiness. I hungrily take a bigger piece off and drown in its cinnamon – cardamom flavor. Chikki would love them too!

Placing a few puas on her favorite oval-shaped steel plate, I prance excitedly towards the balcony where she's sitting on her swing. She glances at me before seeing what I have for her and squeals exuberantly. "Seeing them on the plate made her eyes sparkle."

I sit next to her on the chair as she gobbles one.

"Careful, they're hot!"

She smilingly leans forward while still sitting on the swing and hugged me "Maa."

I fight back my tears and hug her tightly.

“One more, Maa?”

“Of course...umm...beta. They’re all for you.”

\*\*\*

‘Your mother’s Alzheimer’s has wiped off her personality. However, such patients do have certain lingering childhood memories, you could try.’

‘Patient’, I’d detested when the doctor used that term for my bubbly Mumma.

Puas did awaken Mumma’s streak but she presumed me to be Nani ma.

I miss you Mumma.

**Parul Srivastava**



## Onion Rings

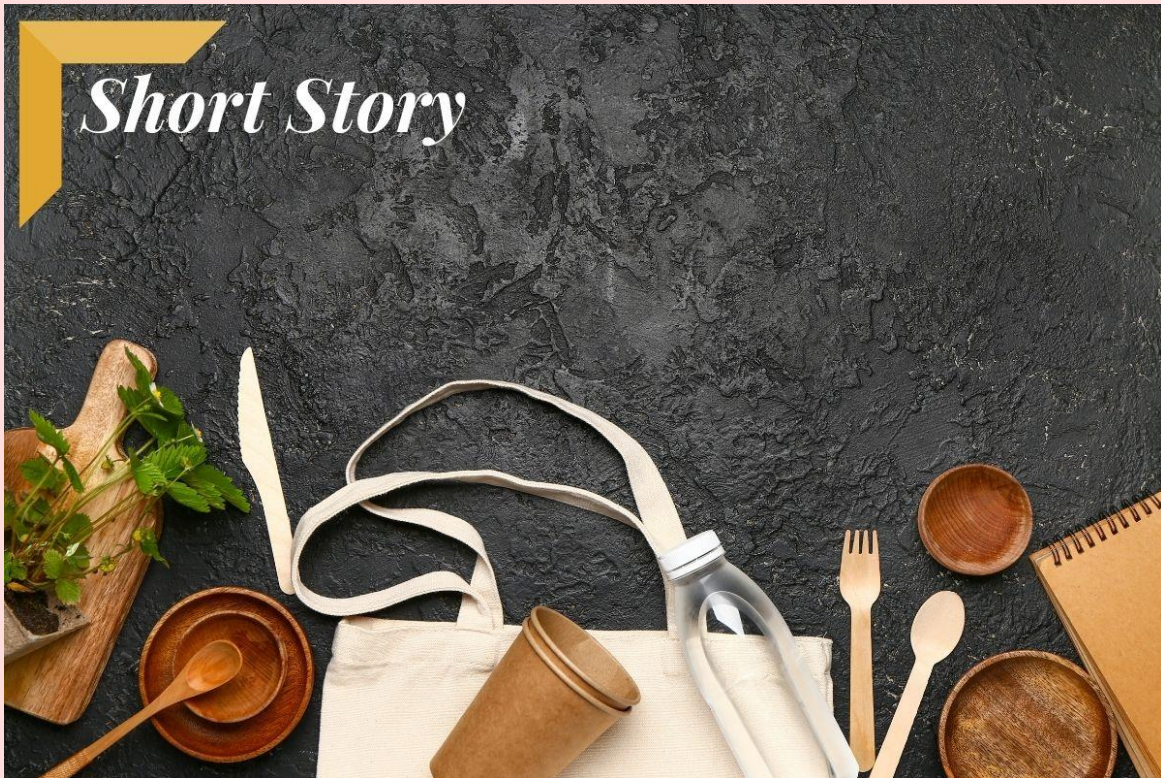
Every day mother pares and dices onions with hawk's eye; then keeps a few rings away in an air tight container– the ones which contain her life– but when I ask her why she does that, she says for us, even though it makes no sense.

So I check the container every morning, and the rings are gone. Frowning, I ask my mother, rather hopefully, if I could have some. Although I don't have any hankering for them, but she gasps, and sputters, "They are not for you to eat," hearing which my sister looks at me with tired, watering eyes as if the girl's very life depended on a few paltry onion rings. In response, I silently plan to steal the rings before sleeping, little knowing that mother mixes the rings with an elixir to rub on the soles of my feet, on my back and on my forehead, to peter out my nightly fever for that is the only remedy to the curse, according to the three-eyed doctor.



And thus, unbeknown to me, I eat my cure; never to see the light of today, but to see the ghost of a story,  
in the eyes of my family gathered around my pyre.

**Manasi Diwakar**



## A Much-needed Replacement

The new entrant at Color World supermarket was quite busy. He'd been introduced as a replacement to the more established entity in the shop. He felt privileged. The workers at the shop fondly called him Nattu.

Nattu seemed to enjoy all the attention. His counterpart, referred to as Pittu, felt sidelined.

It was Pittu who'd always occupied the cash-handling counter. But he was pushed unceremoniously to the rear and Nattu took his position beside the moneybox.

"Not even a day has passed since your arrival and you're already acting too sassy," huffed Pittu.

"Ahem! I see that somebody's getting jealous," Nattu grinned at his companion.

"Jealous? Nah! Do you think you can eradicate my presence?" spat Pittu.

"How I wish I could do that! But that requires a lot of cooperation from humanity. It also needs a conscious change in their mindset," replied Nattu dreamily.

"Ha! Don't give me the utopian picture of the society that you're visualizing."

"I'm not dreaming, Pittu. I want to make it a reality. Not just this shop, but I want to enter every part of society, every household, and every human mind to bring about this change."

"Brother, I'm ubiquitous and immortal. You can't even level up to me, let alone replace," remarked Pittu haughtily.

"Immortal? That's precisely the reason I want you to leave. Your immortality is doing no good. Every being on the planet comes with an expiry date. That's the Law of Nature. How can you not comply with such a basic rule?"

"That's the way I'm made. You'll have to ask mankind- my creator."

"True. Mankind is its own enemy. I wonder when it will stop being the reason for its downfall," whispered Nattu, defeated.

"Now you see it? I can't be blamed for being who I am," mentioned Pittu truthfully.

"Right! But the human race has woken up from its trance. It's begun to realize that it's high time it takes care of the planet that's given it so much. Or so I believe. That's why I'm here, signifying the first step of a long journey," Nattu said aloud.

Pittu admired Nattu's will to bring about a revolution. He empathized with him.

"I love your spirit, but don't you think humans would start producing my variants soon and make those available as viable options?"

"Probably. But I only hope that at least your variants come with an expiry," sighed Nattu.

Meanwhile, a lady at the cash counter asked for a bag to carry her purchase home. The checkout operator picked up the cloth bag, Nattu, and handed it over to her. Nattu was elated.

“Oh! Plastic bag, please?” asked the lady.

“No, ma’am. Not until we’re supplied with biodegradable ones,” replied the operator.

Pittu, the plastic bag, looked up. His curiosity was piqued at the mention of his name. He hoped that his variant wouldn’t be an immortal entity causing havoc to his planet.

Nattu had indeed made a positive impact on his widely proclaimed nemesis.

## **Lavanya P Kesan**

*Author’s note:*

*It’s a request to everyone to carry their own cloth bags for any kind of purchase. Let’s say “No” to plastic. Let’s understand the fact that tons of plastic that we discard into the environment is extremely hazardous to nature and the generations to come. Although biodegradable variants are available, not many stores or small shops provide them. It’s time to make the change and the onus is on us.*

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