

# The footloose meanderer is not a tramp



Often we see the meandering one as fiddle footed, not sure and vagrant, however I say that they need a new space to create magic. I see them as having the need for new rooms to fund the resonance to their thoughts and actions. For some it could be a brewing a strong cup of coffee in a nice cozy corner while for some it could simply mean moving into a new yet temporary area. Whatever it takes to be meaningful is useful according to me. The problem here arises when others don't see it that way, they see coffee conversations to be competitions and completions to their own unfinished tasks, while some may try and restrict that fleeting soul captured into a box.

I strongly think that all have their own uniqueness in creating magic and not be wanting of any miracle to uplift them from their self inflicted misery. The miracle is in doing, in performing and in creating our own narrative without feeling the need to become a rival or to outshine the other

who is in peace with their own space. It is impossible to explain to the other who has already decided to go into a war path with you, since they never even knew what you gave them for their growth. They take any reason to create a distance and little do they see that distance will never heal but only create more scars that will deepen over time. So what's the solution? A simple text to say, " Hi" or a simple call or if you can a small visit to that now your created distant one. The movement becomes the oar which is in your hand and the fear is never in the failure but in the magic of finding fortunes to come

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**“Making a dream into reality begins with what you have, not with what you are waiting on.”**



I come across people who choose to wait endlessly for the right moment, the right opportunity, the right company to start with. The wait for trust to develop and faith to build is like cementing your house. For me my heathen may just be made of tiny straws and sticks but my large dream is built on whatever little I may possess. Not that I am sure of my ideas would make a huge sale, not sure that I will knock that century, not sure that I will come home with my awards hanging on the wall. But yes I am sure of my sure steps, despite it being many times small, I am happy with the rewards of a simple smile to a day well done.

I rarely feel negative only because I know that dreams are to start with whatever you might have, less or more is not the answer here but it is the feeling of abundance that you are born with. I have no sense of fear of loss, of power going away from my hands as I have always been like that. I cannot imagine to wait it out, and even if I have to in some cases, I will make sure to fill that time with twigs and sands.

My sand will make the mirror through which I can reflect the

sun's rays that will illuminate my entire inner core. I say so because I am sure as I have done this so many times before, to pick the little pieces and restore each one into a fabulous painting that existed over centuries. I urge each one of you readers to be sure of your dreams, to embark and soar across the clouds and not think of the dangers of the flight. Let Amelia Earhart the solo woman to fly a plane across the world be your inspiration, yes she was lost to all of us, but she so was sure of her dreams she chose the distance sun to be the mirror of her radiant face. Let us face the same brilliance with no trepidation, no racing pulses but a simple weaving of in and out like riding across the soft fluffy white of the vault of heaven to open to the dazzling gold hidden in.

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## **The Art of Listening Well**



Most people do not listen with the intent to understand; they listen with the intent to reply.

Stephen Covey

We all need to develop the art of listen, because listening often is seen an response to replying. The moment we loose the intention behind the art of listening we have created a cess pool in our mind, our chest feels heavy and breathing becomes difficult. We do not quite understand what has gone wrong, is it our mind that is playing a trick on us or is what we are experiencing the truth. the moment we hear people out we are

receiving them and accepting them with not only love but respect. Our heart lightens in sheer brightness refusing to turn away from any awkward conversation. We can tackle situations with much more ease which we had not before.

I wish people could tune in to other people, as its as simple like catching the frequency of a radio station. All people emit signals sometimes weak that we cant monitor while some are clear and strong. The moment we are ready to attend to the oscillating nerves around we have restored our faith in that human who will then be with us forever. We would have then found a friend we all need so much. Trying times will get easier wisdom gained will become our reward. So try and listen now to the numerous hearts that are beating faintly.

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**I create because I care not  
because I dare**



Creativity is another form of compassion and empathy, it does not come as a reason for being brave or being termed as being brave. It is an act that makes one think, write or feel as one wishes to have a reason to live beyond the realms of just day dreams and unadjoined pauses. Creativity does not create any boastful moments nor any outstanding thoughts but only because one seems to care for the unexplained.

The moment we decide to find the reason for the unexplained brief minutes and join in that dance of uniqueness, despite facing many times stares from strangers, we do not even realise how we have affected people. Yes we are often melodramatic, slushy, sugary and moonstruck but that spooning we do is only our boon perhaps. Let me be truthful it might not have the same vapid and sugary affect on people who live with us. No one wants to permanently live besides a coca cola fizzy drink do they?! So they think its better to leave the inventive one to their own sloppy stir.

Your near and dear ones arrive only when the " prolific production of soft boiled eggs" have been devoured and eaten and that misty eyed one is has now become half sleepy eyed. Its safer to savour the hardened overnight eggs surely! Unfortunately, the soap operatic one at the rise of the next day, will always tweak in the vanguard yet again and again.

Vanity worn as the cuff links seeks to imagine that creativity is a care, and not a bravado, as seen to many. So what do I really want to say across this jumbling of too many dreamy ideas, its one simple line " creative people come from another planet and its impossible to fit them in slots or to deal with them, leave alone live with them !!"

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## **The Darkness in Me ( A True Story)**



As a little pudgy child with dark skin and wild unkept hair, she would scamper in and out quite freely in a light cotton frock. She was unmindful of all watchful eyes and often would get rebuked and laughed at for her skin colour. " Hey you are so dark " said one scornful voice while another said your mother must have drunk a lot of tea and that's why you look like black tea". Somehow it made no sense to her for she would run to the only best friends she had, the flowers in the garden. She would talk endlessly to the roses, the pansies and the lilies who never judged her who smelled sweet as her chattering grew, but the darkness in her decided to stay on.

The darkness always crept around her when she would go to her room to spend some time alone by herself. It would appear like shadows creeping across the room, so she never would keep quiet. She would sing to herself, " I saw that black motor car, come across to me! Go that little motor car far away from me." No one understood her mumbling rhymes and she would get severely scolded for singing the nonsensical rhyme late into the night while others tried to sleep.

However morning always came bright and the flowers bloomed and she would run back to talk happy things to her friends. Yes it was odd to see her sing about that black motor car in the night and yet chatter happily to Rosie or Pansy her bright best friends. " Hey Rosie how do you do? Miss Pansy hope you are fine too!"

Even today when that black motor car comes during the day she does happily chatter but in the night she needs to sing herself to sleep to forget that dark black! The sun does appear and so does her bright smile, the frightened one is brave again, maybe with real friends this time and with real high time moments. She knows now if that horrid black car will come along others will come too, bright white, red and yellow even! She can sing now about all other cars too, " that red one will come to steal my little heart, with yellow roses we will never part! The darkness in me does fade away, within the white light of the day!

I know now as a grown woman, darkness will never reign supreme, for I still believe in my sweet smelling best friends. My darkness today defines me and my beauty!

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# Kindness Shows the Way

**Kindness can become  
its own motive.  
We are made kind by  
being kind.**

—ERIC HOFFER



Many times we mistake kindness as acts of mercy. Mercy and kindness are totally two different things. Acts of kindness never needs definition nor do they need validation nor do they need gratitude. It is an unconscious value that one performs daily without expectations of someone showing gratitude or even saying thank you. The moment we expect a response from our act of kindness the value of it is lost forever.

I see acts of kindness everywhere, a kind teacher who decides not to shout at her pupil, a friend who might decide to come

and meet her sick friend or a employer giving new clothes to his workers. They do these acts as a value not because of the satisfaction of a " thank you " or someone saying " we are in gratitude to you" but this is because they are not scaling it in utility. If one expects gratitude, then one is only displaying his ego and thus placing himself much higher than the receiver, while true acts of kindness sees all as equals.

Mercy is an act that is deserving of sincere appreciation. Its a rare act, I read of a wife forgiving the killer of her child, that is true mercy. When the president of our country decides on clemency of hanging that is an true act of mercy, when an act of assassination is forgiven that is true mercy and praise worthy of being seen as beyond mere acts of kindness.

Let us stop once to re examine our own deeds and see what are we looking for, if is it praise behind the act of kindness it is unworthy in value. The moment we do not put any value behind the act, we are truly kind. That is worthy of praise as we ourselves do not know when we were kind.

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## **An Idea Away**



We are all just an idea a way, a thinking of a new concept, an novelty which we can imagine which we wish to share the world with. However something stops us, is it fear of the unknown, of loss, of insecurity I do not know, but we stop many times mid way. At that those moments of doubt we tend to consult the cynic who has been with us through out. That scornful friend

proves right to us at that time and we tend to overlook the idea that gave us so much joy before and move into the hands of the suspicious player with much ease.

In that moments when we slip into that comatose stage of despair all we need is to shake our inner self doubt and go back to the dream that dwells within us. Many climbers have returned from the base camp of Mount Everest without thinking only because of the fear of the climb. It is the fright of the vault that will kill us and not the jump into the belief that you will win. The moment we feel insignificant we have lost the game. The page turner is the intention to win, the affirmation of the judgement that what you are feeling and what you are about to do, is the truth and only truth.

No one can hold your hand in your resolve to find significance in what you are teaching yourself, as you are the pupil and you are your guru. Caper into the flight, attacking all doubt only to skyrocket yourself higher and higher. Let us hurdle and free ourselves of all chains of uncertainty and find confidence in that belief which is our truth and only truth.

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## **The Importance of Death**



We often are led to think or we lead ourselves to imagine that death comes to destroy us and the person who meant the world to us has taken everything which we called ours. However do we ever stop to think to go beyond the departing and make us truly learn to live life and enjoy the living instead of mourning? I am not trying to negate memories but trying to rejoice in that memory of that beloved. The death reminds us that we need to belong more and more into the realm of the positivity of that earth it was made to rest. The earth now grows trees and flowers whose sweet scent is enough to fill our hearts with joy.

I chose before in my life to see destruction in death but when I saw life I was awoken to the needs of life and living. I see my world as pillow soft rather than hard as rocks and every step as taking me to soar beyond my dreams into a magical world I wish to create. I may be mocked, if wishes were horses then beggars would ride them, however my dream is not an imaginary horse but a strong step as building blocks to my heathen.

We need therefore to see importance of a death that is

responsible for creating life, a life that will take us into another realm of cultivating , of celebrating, of curating the new and the born. Let us see this vitality in a death not as decay but as dissemination of power in the unique fostering care and compassion once again.

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**Stories, Laughter and**

# Emotions: Natsamrat Delhi's Four-Play Showcase Captivates Audiences



**Eight performances, four plays, and one unforgettable theatrical experience.**

Natsamrat Delhi brought a dynamic theatrical celebration to the LTG Auditorium, Mandi House, with its four-day showcase held on 9, 10, 15 and 16 November 2025. Through eight performances of four thoughtfully selected plays, the event highlighted the richness and diversity of Indian theatre while offering audiences a memorable blend of humour, sentiment and social insight.

The festival opened with *The Proposal*, Anton Chekhov's

timeless comedy of manners. The production delighted audiences with its sharp wit and expressive performances, turning a simple marriage proposal into a whirlwind of hilarious arguments over land and a beloved dog. The actors captured Chekhov's satire with perfect timing, keeping viewers engaged and amused throughout.

Touching the emotional core of the festival, Satya Prakash's *Kambakht Ishq* explored the inner world of two elderly individuals battling loneliness. The play's sincerity, gentle humour and heartfelt dialogues resonated deeply with spectators. Its portrayal of companionship and emotional vulnerability brought a quiet poignancy that lingered long after the curtain closed.

The showcase continued with *Chekhov ka Sansar*, which presented two of Chekhov's notable stories with a beautiful balance of humour and introspection. The play captured the writer's subtle emotional currents, highlighting the contradictions of human nature and the understated wit that defines his storytelling.

Providing a lively comedic high point, *Kallu Nai MBBS*—inspired by Molière—brought the house down with its spirited performances and fast-paced energy. Revolving around a drunken barber forced to impersonate a doctor, the play offered uproarious humour while subtly commenting on social issues such as domestic violence and gender dynamics.

All four plays were directed by **Shyam Kumar**, whose thoughtful interpretation and cohesive vision shaped the entire festival. The ensemble cast—featuring Vishwajeet, Munmun, Shivangi, Aman Kumar, Vansh Rathore, Raman Kumar, Rajan K Batheja and others—delivered compelling and engaging performances. Supporting them was a dedicated backstage team, including stage managers Sunil Rathore and Suraj Singh, assistant stage managers Himanshu and Nisha, makeup artists Payal and Raj Rani, costume assistants Rohit Prasad and Rekha Devi, and

music operator Vansh Rathore.

## **Audience Reactions**

The showcase drew enthusiastic responses from theatre lovers, many of whom praised the emotional breadth and artistic clarity of the performances.

**“It felt like watching four different worlds unfold on one stage. Each play had its own charm.”** – *Audience Member*

**“Kambakht Ishq brought tears to my eyes. Such honest performances—it stayed with me long after the show.”** – *Senior Theatre Enthusiast*

**“We came for the comedy, but Chekhov surprised us! The humour and sensitivity were beautifully balanced.”** – *Young Couple*

**“Kallu Nai MBBS had the entire hall roaring with laughter. Brilliant timing by the actors!”** – *College Group*

**“A refreshing blend of classic storytelling and contemporary relevance. Truly a rewarding experience.”** – *Regular Visitor*

The warm applause and heartfelt reactions reflected the lasting impact of Natsamrat Delhi's November showcase—a testament to the enduring power of theatre to inspire, entertain and connect audiences across generations.