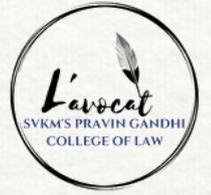


SVKM's Pravin Gandhi College of Law



L'avocat's

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JANUARY - FEBRUARY 2026



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Marathi Bhasa Diwas 2026,

Kadachit Ajoonahi

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A Twist in Love

Harsh Solanki

Runner-Up of Creative Writing (Poetry), Freshers' Meet 2025

First Year, B. A. LL.B.

His Presence, like a soothing breeze,
glancing whom I always freeze.
His mind so calm; no mess,
who treats me like his little princess.
In the woods he takes me, resting under Rowan trees,
His words so magical dancing in my heart as poetries.
He handles kingdom so big, yet appears besides whenever I need,
Sometimes Tho his tantrums, make him a kid.
Clam quite humorous and wise,
A perfect man for my wandering eyes.
After him, I wanted none,
in him only, was my moon and my sun.
But as the wolves' cry and moon-less night arrives,
my sweet gentleman starts the play of his lies.
When I slept on bed with dreams serene,
He left me at night changing realms.
His kingdom so luminous became at once dark,
felt as if I'm in a wraith's park.
Overwhelmed me with mysteries to solve
Wondering where my relation evolved.
Meandering out, I found him on the forest bridge; for the secret to unveil,
aghast I was, when I witnessed my love was no human but a DEVIL!
He cried beneath the rowan tree,
again reciting his sweet poetry,
The devil now tells me his story,
on "how I fell in love with thee"

I stand stunned listening to his voice of cry,
Witnessing his real face with raven's eye.
His body now, huge with horrific glance,
My love for him Tho, still enhanced.
after him, I affirmed "although thou are a devil"
"I'm still thine, and thou are mine; that is my will"
The ease on his face to know my acceptance,
But for lying huh! My Devil is bound for a sentence.
Never thought my love would have such a twist,
Where I'd be the beauty and He'd be the beast!



Fairytale 2.0

Soumyarshi Maitra

1st Runner-Up of Creative Writing (short story), Freshers' Meet 2025

First Year, B. A. LL.B.

A barrage of emotions started to storm in Brandon's mind, for he is about to leave his hometown to attend college in Edinburgh.

On one side, his excitement runs wild as he has been admitted to the famed Edinburgh Law School, and on the other hand, he is unable to come to terms with leaving home.

For the greater part of his life, Brandon has fallen prey to an inferiority complex, and now he wants to start a new life at this college. "Have you packed your bags for the journey, son?" asked his over-scrupulous mother. "Mom, you are asking me this for the 100th time today," replied Brandon fretfully. It was finally the time when Brandon was standing at the Penzance station with too many suitcases. He is prepared for the ten-hour scenic train odyssey. This meant his transition from a dreamer in a small coastal town to a law student in a grand, stone-carved city. The familiar smell of salt clinging to every pore of his skin, and the seagulls flew above him in a circle as if bidding their favourite woolgatherer goodbye.

For our daydreamer Brandon, the train journey was a ten-hour blur of shifting horizons. It began with the liquid gold of the Cornish sea wall, where the waves sprayed their last bit of emotion with Brandon, and it seemed the scenic beauty was etched in his heart.

After a long journey, he stepped off the train, and before him were the "Grey Friars" stone of Edinburgh, reminding him of the bright, airy home he left behind.

A long rest was needed, so Brandon went to his hotel and slept off.

The next day was college. His eyes were delighted at the sight of the renowned University. The first lecture was an introduction to the Public Law of the UK and Scotland. His slow-paced movements had already cost him a couple of minutes. He received the title of "latecomer" on the very first day of college.

Although an underconfident boy, he secretly and silently took pride in his bookish knowledge. In the Public Law lecture, the professor was astonished by the knowledge he possessed about the subject at such a young age. Little did he know that this slowly instilled a sense of courage and confidence in him. Over the course of time, he made new friends but unbeknownst to him, he felt comfortable opening himself more to a girl named Sarah. She was the complete opposite of all the characteristics Brandon had. Sarah was a pragmatist, she lived in reality. She didn't speak much, was reserved and capricious. Nevertheless, Brandon engaged in meaningful conversations with her.

One day, there was a library session where the students had to pick up any landmark judgement of their choice, read it and write their own views in a story format which should entail every piece of informed decisions written by the Hon'ble Judges. While scouting for judgments, Sarah and Brandon met and decided they would work on the same case. Brandon pulled two chairs for him and Sarah and sat down examining, highlighting and skimming through the judgment. Sarah was a type of girl who wanted everything to be organised and planned, with a typical pragmatic nature. She kept her highlighters, iPad, pens, and books in an organised way. She had a focused gaze while Brandon was disorganised, carried old books and pens, and wasn't so technologically advanced. He had a notebook full of doodles, poems, sketches and kept getting distracted by the various hues the books reflected when sunlight fell on the books through the library's stained

glass windows.

“Look here Brandon, focus, your daydreaming nature will cost you heavily someday,” said Sarah with a frustrated tone.

Brandon was able to focus for a while but again got caught up in the specific smell of the library, old paper, floor wax, and the damp wool of students’ clothes.

They both sat there reading the judgment for three whole hours. Then with a jolt that startled even Sarah, Brandon stood up banging the bench and in a low tone said, “ I need a cup of coffee.” Over a cup of coffee, they continue discussing the points of the judgment. In a rare sight, Brandon became serious for a moment and engaged in a discussion with Sarah. They are thinking differently, Sarah emphasises the “Letter of the Law”, looking at facts, statutes and outcomes. She looks up relevant facts on her iPad while Brandon observes her seriousness with which she approaches everything. Brandon gets a sense of competition and voices his opinion.

“Maybe we should also look at the Humanity of the Law, ” said Brandon as if he were the vessel of Aristotle himself.

Sarah paused, her eyes locked at Brandon’s silly face. She turned to look at him, her pragmatic gaze meeting his wool gathering eyes. Their discussion suddenly fell into a lull and the distant chime of the Central Edinburgh Clock was able to break the silence.

"The Humanity of the law, Brandon?" she repeated, her voice softening just enough to lose its sharp, frustrated edge. "Humanity won't help us pass the Bar. Do you think the Judges work on poetry or precedents?"

Brandon leaned back, his chair making a creaking sound against the ancient floorboards. "But Sarah, take any precedent, the Judges are humans too and a slight tint of humanity is always reflected in their judgments." Sarah, before she could counter him, looked down at his notebook, cluttered with

sketches of the library's gargoyles and fragments of verse that had nothing to do with Law. Her own screen was an ocean of facts and statutes shining in yellow, but she soon understood that the contrast was a physical wall between them, modernity clashing with the medieval.

"You are a lost cause, Brandon," she murmured, almost to herself. She didn't sound annoyed anymore; she sounded disappointed, but somewhere in her heart, there was a voice screaming that the law isn't just about dry statutes and facts, agreeing with the perspective of Brandon. She wanted to say something, but was held back by the intense tingling sensation inside her head.

"Fine," she said, a small, rare smile ran away from her face. "I think I will take your leave. If I stay in this whispering house of ghosts any longer, I'll start seeing the colourless Privy Council in the stained glass, too." Soon, Brandon realised that everybody had left and the golden yellow flicker of light from the setting sun was the only thing keeping them company.

As they began to pack their things, Brandon felt a strange surge of warmth that had nothing to do with the library's heating. He watched her meticulously slide her tablet into its case, her movements efficient and purposeful. He wondered, briefly, if a pragmatist like her ever dreamt of things that couldn't be cited in a legal brief.

"I'll explain it," Brandon said, his confidence flickering like a candle in a drafty hall. "But only if you promise not to highlight my explanation in yellow."

The night Brandon went home, his mind replayed and romanticised the moments that transpired at the library earlier. Somehow, he felt Cupid had shot his arrow of love, aiming straight for Brandon's chest, and it had pierced his heart, resulting in a garden with scores of daffodils dancing with newfound love and joy.

The next day, it was announced that there would be a seminar at the end of the lectures, where a bigshot barrister would be coming and delivering a dry, flat speech on Constitutional Law and its connection with Public welfare. The lecture hall gave off the sensation of productivity while ironically missing the same element due to the speech and the tired faces of the students.

Brandon reached the hall with half-asleep eyes and a cup of coffee in his hand and purposefully took a seat in the row behind Sarah, giving him a perfect view of the back of her head. From here, his attention was largely divided into two halves, like the equator divides the world. The heat in the room was thick. It was the kind of humid afternoon where the air felt like a physical weight on your skin. Brandon sat with his notebook in one hand and coffee in the other. Halfway into the lecture, Brandon felt overwhelmed by the information and decided to sketch the stones, and birds, and the edifices that he had seen in his stay in Edinburgh. The notebook that was supposed to be about case laws was instead filled with messy sketches of the immaculate and the sordid sides of this large Gregorian New Town. But his mind hovered around the tension between him and Sarah. "Does she feel the same way I do? Nay, why would she ever feel that way?" A gush of questions entered and left his mind, and soon became a maelstrom when mingled with the teary emotions that were already initiating a whirlpool.

Then, soon, he noticed a single, thick lock of her hair that had escaped its clip. It had fallen over her shoulder and was caught against the rough fabric of her sweater, twitching every time she moved. It looked out of place, a small bit of chaos in her otherwise perfect world. Brandon was swayed by the silky hair of the girl who had recently stolen his heart. Brandon's heart started to hammer. He didn't think much; He leaned forward slightly, took a part of her hair, and started to wriggle his fingers around the hair. Sarah was so indulged in the speech that she was almost oblivious to her surroundings.

Brandon went on, gently twining the lock of hair around his index finger, pulling it back over her shoulder so it fell down her back. It was a silent, private thing, entangled within a Fairytale moment happening right in the middle of a dry lecture on Constitutional Law. Then the three-hour-long arid sermon finally came to an end. While packing things, Brandon got desperate and what was a modest spark born of two stones clashing, gave rise to a violent fire of love that scorched his heart.

A new movie was recently in theatres and Brandon wanted to ask Sarah out to the movies.

“Hey, did you hear people talking about the new movie that’s broken the box office?” asked

Brandon stuttering in between with nervousness and hesitation.

“Yes yes, I have heard about it. I tend to forget its name.”

“Fairytale 2.0”

“Correct”

“So will you watch the movie with me?” – hesitation took the better of him.

But the answer that followed was unexpected for Brandon.

“Yeah, why not?”

“Whoa, well then, meet you in the evening.”

Then they both went their own ways. The yearning for love from Sarah resulted in an unknown happiness that Brandon felt was denied to him all his life. While returning he continued to have his head in the clouds, until a sharp sensation on the left side of his chest brought him back. He didn't pay much attention to it and was more focused on getting the tickets for the show. It was time for the show, and Brandon was waiting for Sarah at the designated location. Soon he found his eyeballs getting fixated on a woman from far away on their own. Silky hair, fair skin wrapped in a fine velvet dress; a hibiscus resting by the side of her face, brushing the tip of her ear. Her eyes were glowing, as if calmness personified. As she came close to him, a familiar scent tended to enmesh Brandon in her beauty.

“Oi, daydreamer, let's go.”

“Yeah, sorry, come with me.”

As soon as they started walking together, several cumulonimbus clouds joined forces and started pouring cats and dogs. In no way was there any rain forecast and so they were not carrying any umbrellas. Two lovebirds just wished to find their nest to have respite from this downpour.

“Cover your head with my jacket otherwise you'll catch a cold.” – offered Brandon in a genuinely caring tone.

“Your jacket will cover your head too Brandon, don't act so mighty.”– said Sarah, her tone mingled with sarcasm.

And so they entered the theatre with popcorn and a cold drink and sat down for the show. The movie began with a pompous family celebration on a faraway isolated island, and then it slowly started to derail from what the title exactly suggested, the complete opposite of a “Fairytale”.

A quiet sense of passion was transforming from its nascence to maturity. Brandon seized the moment as soon as he inhaled the air of romance and slowly slid his hand towards Sarah's. He knew it was a gamble. When the atoms at the tips of their index fingers hovered between them, tendrils of a love plant grew wild, binding their hands together. Soon, a pattern followed, like the internal mechanism of a clock where every arm interlocks perfectly to give rise to an interlocking gear mechanism, their minds, hearts and thoughts intertwined into one and both knew this was pure.

But suddenly the rosy-coloured atmosphere shattered. The theatre started playing Brandon's childhood before his eyes. He stood frozen in shock as it was replaying all the worst memories of his entire life. When he looked around, the hall was empty, only moments ago it had been full of people. He turned to see Sarah who was sitting as if she had been hypnotised by Medusa.

Just then, an abrupt change of scenery mysteriously soothed Brandon's chaotic mind. He was sitting in the same position as he was in the movie theatre with Sarah. A stagnant lake in front of them enhanced their views, and tall trees encircled the lake, which were shedding their leaves. A bouquet of tulip flowers lay on their lap and the golden yellow light from the setting sun was again keeping them company, mimicking that day in the library. Somewhere in the distance, a bird called once and fell silent.

"Isn't the sky beautiful, Sarah?" — asked Brandon calmly.

There was no answer. When Brandon turned to look at Sarah, he saw an older Sarah, about seventy years of age, smiling at him. He was aghast at this sight. Then his gaze fell on their clasped hands, which looked wrinkled due to age. The once young hands turned into wrinkled old hands in an instant. He ran towards the lake to look at his reflection in the water and saw an old man. Then the world before him blacked out and when he opened his eyes after a brief moment, he found himself lying on a hospital bed, with the old Sarah sitting by his side holding his hands.

Seeing this, Sarah was ecstatic and started calling every doctor screaming at the top of her voice, "HE IS AWAKE! HE IS FINALLY AWAKE! DOCTORS!" Muffled voices ringing loudly in Brandon's ears, his vision blurred. He saw four doctors approaching him in haste.

At the end, did he relive his life because he was dying, or did he live it again because he was not yet done? Was Brandon remembering love, or was love remembering Brandon?

We will never know what actually transpired.



A Love Story That Stays

Saanica Nankani

1st Runner-Up of Creative Writing (short story), Freshers' Meet 2025
First Year, B. A. LL.B

“Falling in love is like owning a dog. It’s a lot of work and can be messy, but in the end it’s worth it because they might just save your life.”

Chapter 1: The Day Everything Went Wrong!

“BHOWWWW!! BHOWWWW!! BHOWWWW!!”

She was going to die outside a law college.

Not in a dignified, headline-worthy way.

No.

She was going to be chased to death by dogs, while holding her original documents. It started with one bark. Then two.

Then a full committee of extremely motivated street dogs who had clearly decided she was today’s entertainment. She ran. Bag bouncing. File flapping. Life flashing before her eyes in extremely poor resolution.

“HELP—” she yelled, just as she nearly collided with a guy coming from the opposite direction.

He looked up, confused. She pointed behind her, breathless. “DOGS.”

That was all the explanation he got before they appeared.

“Oh,” he said intelligently. “Those are... many.”

He grabbed her wrist. “This way!”

They ran. Together.

“WHY ARE THEY SO MOTIVATED?!!” she screamed.

“MAYBE BECAUSE THEY ARE DESPERATE TO HAVE YOU AS THEIR NEW MEMBER!” he cried.

He gripped her hand and gained speed which would’ve been Bollywood worthy if he hadn’t immediately tripped over a stone.

They both stumbled.

The dogs gained confidence.

“WHY DID YOU STOP?” she screamed.

“I WAS TRYING TO SAVE US!” he yelled back, sprinting again.

They ducked behind a parked car, crouching , likely hiding from their poor life choices , clearly failing miserably.

She clutched his sleeve. “I don’t want to die before orientation.”

The dogs barked. Cirled. Judged them. One of them sat down.

She whispered, “Do you think they accept apologies?”

He bit back laughter. “I think they’re conducting an inquiry.”

Finally, a chaiwala shooed the dogs away.

Silence.

They looked at each other.

Hair ruined. Dignity missing. Hearts racing.

She realised she was still holding his arm.

She let go instantly. “I’m so sorry.”

“For what?” he grinned. “Kidnapping me and making me run a marathon I didn’t sign up for?”

She groaned. “You must think I’m a walking disaster zone. Which I likely am, I guess. But the previous better not named incident wasn’t my fault completely. In fact I love dogs, they are absolutely adorable but I guess universe planned me a dramatic welcome to the college and this yet again proves what a fabulous luck I have which never fails to entertain others. God!! I am rambling again , am I not? I do that when embarrassed. ”

He tilted his head. “You definitely have a comedic luck might I add. Brave. Dramatic. Poor judgment but clearly a fast runner.”

She felt her cheeks warm up.

He was clearly enjoying her reactions. She didn’t respond to avoid being further humiliated. Stood up and made her way to the college gate while counting her unlucky stars.

Chapter 2:- Out Of Her League

The next day, she returned to campus with her friend, determined to forget everything.

Her friend, however, was determined to notice everything.

“Do you see him?” she whispered, gripping her arm.

She followed her gaze.

The same boy—from yesterday—walked across the quad with easy confidence, surrounded by people.

“That’s Aarav,” her friend breathed. “Third year. Rank-holder. Moot court legend. Rich. Faculty favourite. Completely out of league.”

The words settled heavily in her chest.

Out of league.

Good, she told herself. Yesterday had been an accident. Accidents don’t repeat themselves.

They always do.

Auditorium. Orientation.

She sat very straight, very quiet, determined not to be remembered as a “CANINE MAGNET”.

“Your senior representative will now address you,” the Principal announced.

The guy from yesterday walked up to the podium.

Same grin. Same voice.

Her soul left her body again.

“Good morning,” he said a little too cheerfully. “I’m Aarav, third year.”

Pause.

His eyes found her.

“If anyone here is wondering,” he continued, “Law school prepares you for many things.”

Beat.

“Running from problems is not one of them.”

The hall laughed.

She felt her cheeks flame up and heat radiating out of them. She wanted to be struck by a lightning.

As he stepped down, he passed her row.

“Relax,” he murmured. “I only tease people who survive dog attacks with me.”

Her heart did something extremely illegal. It somersaulted without permission and she knew she was now entering an uncharted territory.

CHAPTER THREE: Aarav Notices

(Aarav's POV)

He hadn't planned to notice her.

She was just a junior—new, nervous, easy to overlook.

Except she wasn't.

She observed rooms before entering them. Listened more than she spoke. When she did speak, it was careful, precise. She argued in class with a quiet intensity that stayed with him long after lectures ended.

He noticed how she smiled like she wasn't fully convinced she belonged yet.

So he started saving her seats.

Leaving coffee beside her notes.

Teasing lightly—but stopping the second her shoulders stiffened.

When she finally asked him not to call her “Dog Girl,” he didn't joke, didn't ask why.

He stopped.

Because boundaries mattered.

And because, somewhere between shared silences and exchanged glances, he was already in trouble.

CHAPTER FOUR: Dates That Pretended Not to Be

(Ananya's POV)

They never called them dates.

They called them “walks,” “breaks,” “coffee.”

But they lingered longer than necessary.

They sat in roadside cafés arguing about cases that hadn't happened yet. He listened when she spoke about why she chose law—not ambition, not prestige, but justice as a stubborn belief.

“You're idealistic,” he said once, smiling.

“So are you,” she replied softly.

He didn't deny it.

Once, they went to the movies. Their hands brushed. Hesitated. Intertwined.

“If you hold my hand now,” he whispered, “I might never let go.”

“That sounds like a warning.”

“An invitation.”

She accepted.

CHAPTER FIVE: Rain and Almosts

(Dual POV)

The rain arrived without warning.

They had been walking back from a café, laughing, when the sky opened up.

They ran instinctively, ducking under an awning, breathless and soaked.

He stood close—too close.

Water dripped from her hair. His jacket clung to his shoulders.

“If I kiss you now,” he said quietly, “I won't stop.”

Her breath caught.

She leaned in—

A bark.

“No,” she whispered, eyes widening.

Dogs.

Again.

They burst into laughter, fleeing once more, soaked and ridiculous.

Later, she would think about how fate had a strange sense of humour.

CHAPTER SIX: The Distance Grows Slowly

(Aarav's POV)

Delhi had always been part of the plan.

He just hadn't expected her to be part of the hesitation.

The internship offer arrived with congratulations and certainty. Pride followed quickly—then guilt.

How do you tell someone who already feels out of place that you're leaving?

He delayed.

That delay hurt her.

And that hurt him more than distance ever could.

CHAPTER SEVEN: What Isn't Said Hurts the Most

(Her POV)

She heard it from someone else.

"He's interning in Delhi."

Of course.

When she confronted him, her voice was steady.

"You didn't trust me."

"I didn't want to scare you."

"You don't get to decide what scares me."

That was the first time she saw fear in his eyes—not for himself, but for losing her.

CHAPTER EIGHT: Forced Proximity

(Dual POV)

The group project trapped them together.

Late nights. Shared exhaustion. Careful conversations.

“I don’t want to protect you from life,” he said finally. “I want to walk through it with you.”

She believed him—not because he said it, but because he stayed.

CHAPTER NINE: The Kiss That Waited

(Ananya’s POV)

The rain returned weeks later.

So did the dogs.

They ran again—slipped, fell, laughed hysterically.

Under the awning, soaked and breathless, he stopped her.

“If I kiss you now,” he said softly, “I’ll fall.”

She smiled. “Haven’t you already?”

He kissed her.

The world did not end. It just turned a lot more colourful, just how she turned his life a lot more

vibrant bringing chaos yet memories that could never leave him , at least not in this lifetime.

CHAPTER TEN: Staying

(Aarav’s POV)

Leaving didn’t mean abandoning.

It meant choosing—again and again.

Distance tested them, but it didn’t undo them.

What was real stayed. The innumerable letters and conversations Stayed.

The memories and the love

never diminished. The craving only grew stronger with the wait and the distance.

CHAPTER ELEVEN: The Kind of Ending That Stays
(Ananya's POV)

Years later, she stood outside the same gate.

“Sorry,” a familiar voice said. “Traffic. And fate.”

Aarav smiled, white flowers in hand.

“You still afraid of dogs?”

“Only the ones that chase.”

He took her hand. They were warm, a little too warm for the winters but so was his love that warmed

her heart in ways that rewired her heartstrings.

Some fairytales don't end.

They just learn how to stay.

“True love stories never have an ending.”- Richard Bach

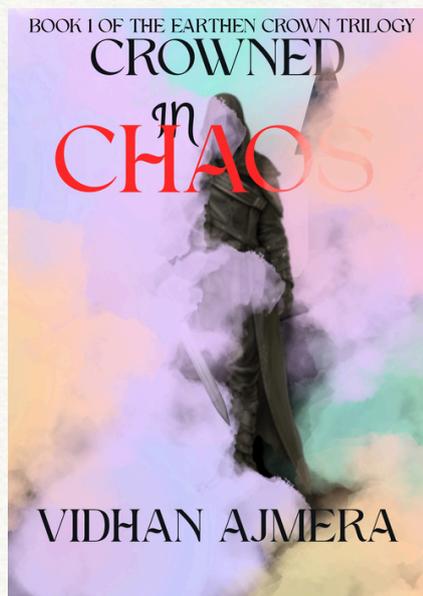


Crowned in Chaos

Vidhan Ajmera

Runner-Up of Book Teaser, Freshers' Meet 2025

First Year, B. A. LL.B.



Crowned in Chaos is the first book in the EarthenCrown trilogy that revolves around the powerstruggle in the subcontinent of Elarion and the political drama that takes place. When King Augustus is murdered, and the royal Princess vanishes, the kingdom fractures beneath the weight of grief, treachery and secrets. As nobles sharpen their smiles and neighbours strengthen their armies, fate begins its journey through the cracks of power.

Riona, the lost princess, carries with her an ancient force long thought forgotten, and to some she is salvation. To others, a weapon and to one man, she is both. Silian is an assassin bound by blood and oath to kill without mercy, yet he is tasked with the impossible to protect the very life he may one day be ordered to end. As a war looms and the truth rots beneath the very castle, loyalties are tested and torn between duty and belief, are some lives too dangerous to spare? Or are some too precious to destroy?

With enemies and secret orders pulling unseen strings and gods who may no longer be watching- or worse, watching too closely- the crown stands on the edge of chaos.



A World Held Together With Strings

Soumyarshi Maitra

Runner-Up of Book Teaser

First Year, B. A. LL.B



This is a story about a world that sustains itself only on strings held by a mysterious force that everyone is oblivious to.

One day, a string breaks, which causes grave imbalances to the world and creates a vaulted catacombs where citizens have completely forgotten how the world was before this imbalance. The moon starts giving light to the world, the citizens start drinking fire instead of water, and water is breathed

by the humans. Humans and animals walk on air, and air is solidified.

But there remains a certain teenager who remembers what the world looked like before this mess.

This story revolves around the boy who, even after many hardships, continues to unravel the truth and restore the original order of the world. In the process, he is confronted with the mysterious force, but the tables turn majorly at the end.

Is he somehow involved in the conspiracy? Let us find out together.



Still, I Choose

Saryu Nahar

Third Year, B. A. LL.B

Some days,
I am not brave.
I am just awake.
Just moving.
Just choosing to stay.

I do not always understand
where I am going.
I only know
I am no longer who I was.

I have learned that healing
is not a straight road,
it bends,
it breaks,
it asks me to meet myself
again and again
with new eyes.

There are mornings
when the past knocks softly
and I let it sit with me
until the ache loosens its grip.

There are nights
when the future feels too large,
and I fold it into my chest
like a letter I am not ready to open.

But still —
I choose the breath in my lungs.
The ground under my feet.
The light I keep finding
even on the days
I do not look for it.

I choose the becoming.
The quiet work of living.
The gentle courage
of staying.

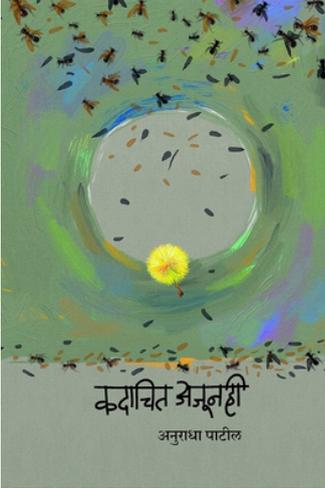
And if this life is a question,
then I am learning
how to answer
with my whole heart.



About Books

Kadachit Ajoonahi

Marathi Bhasha Diwas Special



As February arrives, it brings with it an occasion close to the heart of every Marathi reader, Marathi Bhasha Diwas. It is celebrated on 27 February in honour of the legendary poet Kusumagraj. More than a celebration of a language, the day is a tribute to centuries of stories, verses, rebellions, prayers and quiet emotions that Marathi literature has carried forward. Marathi is a

language that can argue, adore and protest, sometimes all within the same sentence.

The richness of Marathi literature lies in its range. From the spiritual clarity of Sant Dnyaneshwar's *Dnyaneshwari*, which brought philosophy to the common people, to the passionate *Abhangas* of Sant Tukaram, Marathi classics have always spoken directly to the human soul. Moving into modern literature, novels like Shivaji Sawant's *Mrityunjay* explore moral dilemmas and human resilience, while Kusumagraj's poems and plays continue to echo themes of freedom, dignity and social justice. Each classic, in its own way, proves that Marathi literature does not merely narrate life; it questions it.

In this spirit, the poetry collection *Kadachit Ajoonahi* finds its place. It is a celebrated Marathi poetry collection by renowned poetess Anuradha Patil, published by Shabd Publication, known for its powerful exploration of womanhood, human relationships, and societal perceptions, earning

significant acclaim and awards, including the Sahitya Akademi Award, for its deep, relatable themes. The title, translating to “Perhaps, Even Now”, instantly evokes a sense of longing and unfinished conversations. The poems are deeply introspective, dealing with love, separation, memory and the quiet pauses between emotions. What makes this collection special is its restraint; feelings are suggested rather than declared, allowing silence to speak as loudly as words. *Kadachit Ajoonahi* resonates with contemporary readers because it captures emotional uncertainty with honesty and elegance, reminding us that some feelings never truly fade- they wait, perhaps, even now.

