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PRIDORA

PRIDORA MAGAZINE-"BE YOU-NIQUE"



ABOUT US



The word PRIDORA stands for ideals, knowledge, altruism, selflessness and generosity. Only by giving value can you receive it.

We at Pridora, aim to make your dream of being published and recognized a reality. We have a team of 8 members working hard to make your talent reach to each and every corner. Our members are highly talented and determined to make this place a pool of talent and a place where your imaginations and thoughts find a way. All you need is to contact us and participate in our monthly competition and magazine.

Founders

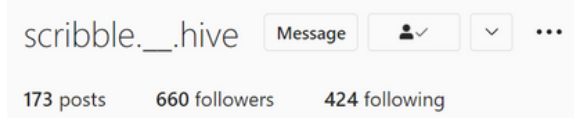


Bhavya Sinha, our Founder is a 19-year-old Nyctophile who is currently pursuing her BA. L.L.B (HONS) from Amity University, Lucknow. She hails from Jabalpur, Madhya Pradesh.

She had published her own SOLO book, in January 2020 and is planning for the next solo publication next year which will be a novel. She is successfully running her own website under the name BoldBlitz.

She believes in working with utmost dedication and with her, you will never be left with your problems and doubts unsolved. She can be your adviser and guide every time you will need one.

Connect with her at- bhavyasinha950@gmail.com

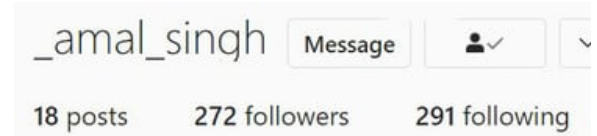


Amal Singh, our founder and technical head hails from Kanpur, Uttar Pradesh. He excels at technical work and is an efficient website developer. He has successfully developed 10+ websites till now.

He is a freelancer and well skilled in Artificial Intelligence and Cyber Security. He is also the founder of LawFoyer. He is the reason behind PridoraMagazine website development.

Pridora Magazine is his initiative to bring talented people under one shade. He is the most hardworking and kind member of our Team and will make sure you never face any technical or cordial errors with us.

Connect with him at- Singhamal06@gmail.com



OUR TEAM



Let's meet our team members who have rich experiences.



Shivam Sharma

Co-Founder & Marketing Head



Rajarshi Tripathi

Member



Harsh Singh

Member



Shruti Singh

Member



Ananya Rai

Member



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By:- जाना "शायर" 1906

कुछ दिनों में ये साल भी बीत जाएगा मेरे
हिस्से इंतज़ार रहा इंतज़ार ही जाएगा।

उसी राह आज भी खड़ा रहता तकती
निगाहों से तूने कहा था तू शाम तलक
वापस लौट जाएगा।

डाकिया से पूछता हर दिन तेरे खत के
बारे "जाना" की डाकिया क्या आज
उसका खत जाएगा।

हर शख्स कहता है भरी आवाज़ में मुझसे
पागल जो अबतक नहीं आया वो क्या ही
आएगा।

तेरी हर बात को सच मान में तुझसे प्यार
करता हूँ सड़क से गुजरती हर गाड़ी से तेरे
उतरने का इंतज़ार करता हूँ।

अब तो लोग भी कहने लगे है पागल
"जाना" सोचता हूँ तू इन सबका जवाब
बनकर जरूर जाएगा।

ये सर्द सा दिसंबर मेरी उम्मीदों को बेजान
कर रहा है तू जान फूंकने प्यार की गर्माहट
लेकर कब जाएगा।

गर मर भी गया "जाना" तेरा तेरे लौटने के
इंतज़ार में इक आवाज़ दे देना वो रूह
बनकर लौट जाएगा।



GUNJAN JOGIA, FROM PORBANDAR, GUJARAT IS A HOMEMAKER AND A MOTHER OF TWO CHILDREN. WRITING HER THOUGHTS IS HER HOBBY & HER WISH IS TO EXPRESS HER THOUGHTS THROUGH HER WORDS TILL THE LAST BREATH OF HER.

By:-Gunjan Jogia

सर्द है मौसम, सर्द है हवाए....

सर्द है मौसम, सर्द है हवाए,
सर्द है रातें, इन्हें कैसे हम भुलाए।
तुम्हे याद हो न हो, मुझे तो बेशक याद है।
ये वही सर्द मौसम है, जब मैं तुम्हारे मनपसंद,
लाल रंग के स्वेटर में तुम्हारे सामने आती थी,
और तूम मुझे प्यार भरी नजरों से देखा करते थे।
ये वही सर्द हवाए है, जो मेरे बालों की लटों को,
अंगड़ाइयां लेने पर मजबूर करती थी और तुम,
इन लटों पर अपनी जान छिड़का करते थे।
ये वही सर्द रातें है, जब हम अपने-अपने घर की छतों से,
चाँद में एकदूसरे का चेहरा देख लिया करते थे।
और ऐसे ही जी लिया करते थे।
क्या तुम्हें याद है?
वो सर्द मौसम,
वो सर्द हवाए,
वो सर्द रातें, बताओ?



*I AM MANVI KAUSHAL FROM PATIALA. I WANNA BE
A GREAT ARTIST PLZ HELP ME IN THAT BY
FOLLOWING MY ACCOUNT ON INSTAGRAM
@JERRYS_ART3.*

- By Manvi Kaushal





*"I SHINE FROM WITHIN, SO NO ONE CAN DIM MY LIGHT"
I AM A FIRST-YEAR LAW STUDENT. MY HOBBIES ARE
SKETCHING & PAINTING.*

- By Saumya

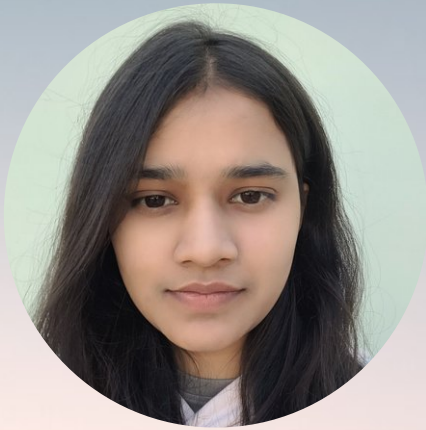




*NANDINI, CURRENTLY PURSUING
B.COM.LLB.HONS., FROM UILS, PANJAB
UNIVERSITY, CHANDIGARH*

- By Nandini





MY NAME IS PRIYANKA MEENA. I AM 3RD SEMESTER STUDENT AT UNIVERSITY OF FIVE-YEAR LAW COLLEGE. THIS WINTER THEME IS SPECIAL BECAUSE I HAVE NEVER SEEN SNOWFALL SO IN THIS PAINTING I CAN DRAW MY WISH.

- By Priyanka meena





PALLAVI IS A PUBLISHED HINDI POET AND WRITER. SHE INTERESTS NOT ONLY INCLUDE WRITING BUT ALSO READING , PAINTING , SINGING AND MANY OTHER THINGS. SHE AIMS TO CHANGE THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE SOCIETY THROUGH HER WORK.

- By Pallavi

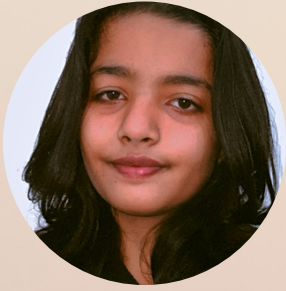




HARSH SINGH, IS AN 18-YEAR-OLD BOY FROM LUCKNOW. WORKED AS A LEGAL NEWS WRITER IN REAGAN ASSOCIATES. HAVE EXPERTISE IN THE PHOTO & VIDEO EDITING. I'M HIGHLY DEDICATED TOWARDS MY WORK & MAKE SURE THAT I COMPLETE MY WORK WITHIN A STIPULATED PERIOD OF TIME

- By Harsh Singh





*MY NAME IS MAITREYI, AND I ENJOY TAKING
LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHS. I AM A BTECH
BIOTECH UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT.*

- By Maitreyi





*I AM A 19-YEAR-OLD PHOTOGRAPHER WHO
LOVES TO CAPTURE AND TELL STORIES
THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHS.*

- By Zayed Alam





- By Harsh Singh Verma





*THIS IS SRISHTI RANI PANDA A SMALL TOWN GIRL
BURDENING HERSELF WITH MANY HIGHER
DREAMS. SHE WANTS TO BECOME A NEWS READER
AND WANTS TO BRING A SWEET SMILE IN HER
MOM'S FACE*

- By Srishti Rani Panda





I AM BARATAM BALAJI & I AM STUDYING IN 9TH CLASS. I AM FROM RAYAGADA, ODISHA. MY HOBBY IS PHOTOGRAPHY AND TRAVELLING. MY AIM IS TO BE A WILDLIFE AND NATURE PHOTOGRAPHER.

- By Baratam Balaji



WINTER GLEES



"NOOR TABASSUM IS A WRITER BY PASSION AND CHOICE, WHO BELIEVES THAT WRITING IS THE MEANS TO EXPRESS ALL THE INNER FEELINGS. SHE WRITES TO EXPRESS HERSELF RATHER THAN TO IMPRESS."

- By Noor Tabassum

Oh, my friends, here comes winter again,
A season which fills my heart with delight
and the love of my darling reigns,
When the sky is covered with thick clouds
trying to block the sun rays from reaching
the earth, in vain,
A season when we enjoy sitting outside
during the day and wrapped in a blanket at
night,
A time when vivid sweaters and jackets
wrap everybody tight,
A period when the delicious smell of grills
arising from barbeques spread in the
chilling wind,

A stretch when bonfires keep everyone
warm, and they dance around it with joy
like the naughty fireflies,
A time when sleeping gives immense
pleasure, by hugging each other,
A period when the body warmth of each
other keeps us warm and away from
shivering,
A season when even birds stay together in
their nest for warmth,
A season when earth happily gets covered
with the white blanket of fog, When nude
trees stand bending their head as though
they are shy,
A favourite season for the love birds,
A time to enjoy hot coffee and sizzling
fritters.



THE SNOWY WARNING



A BIBLIOPHILE WITH A NATURAL EAGERNESS TO LEARN NEW THINGS, ADRIJA ENJOYS WRITING, MUSIC, DANCING, ACTING, EVENT MANAGEMENT, COMMUNICATIONS AND PUBLIC RELATIONS. SHE HAS WORKED WITH SEVERAL MAGAZINES AND YOUTH ORGANISATIONS ACROSS THE GLOBE AND IS AN ARDENT AND COMMITTED ACTIVIST IN THE FIELD OF ADVOCACY AGAINST PERIOD POVERTY AND EDUCATION INEQUITY.

- By Adrija Jana

Once upon a time
Nature lived in harmony with all her children
Plants, animals, birds, insects and humans
They all loved each other
And they all loved her
Only taking from her
What they needed to live, and no more
Nature gave them the fruits of happiness,
kindness, empathy and compassion
And they delightfully accepted her gifts,
seeking no more.

But one fine day
The devil planted a tree in the human brain
This tree was more beautiful than any nature
had ever created
The fruits more delicious
And unlike the fruits of nature,
They flowered all year round,
In spring, winter, summer and rain

But nature knew the fruits were poisonous
The tree was dangerous
It bore the fruits of deceit, anger, jealousy,
greed and selfishness
And nature screamed to her children
Not to fall into their trap
But her children had blocked out her voice
The glittery facade of the fruits poisoning their
minds against her
And they started wanting more and more and
more

They started torturing their mother nature
Destroying her trees
Dirtying her rivers
Polluting her fresh air
Clogging her lungs
And building building building
Man made forces of destruction, everywhere
Ceaselessly.

But nature still loved her children
So she made one last bid
Went to the harshest of all weathers, the
winter, to warn her children

That year in winter it snowed
 It snowed not white, but orange
 The humans were shocked
 But they did not heed their mother's warning
 They started wanting more, harming more
 Harming not only Mother Nature
 But their brothers and sisters as well
 Whom they had started to see
 As lesser creatures

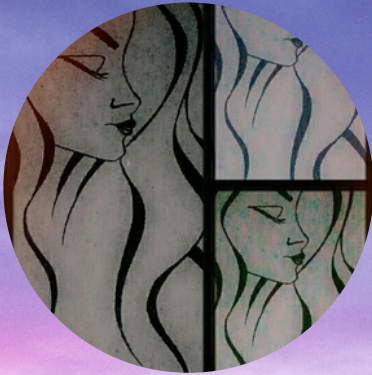
But Mother Nature was yet soft hearted
 So next year it snowed again
 But this time it showed red
 Red as blood
 Mother nature tried one last time to bring her
 children back to the correct path
 But they still disregarded her warning

They became even more daring
 Thinking they could control mother nature
 And started torturing her
 With even more intensity

The bounds of her patience broke
 Mother Nature fumed with rage
 She could no longer recognise her children
 It seemed they had turned into beasts
 Like the devil that now resided inside their
 minds
 So that year it snowed again
 It snowed harder than ever
 It snowed black snow
 Hailstorms and snowstorms
 They surrounded all humans
 Freezing them into snowy statues and icy
 caricatures And burying them under the ocean
 they had themselves dirtied

And Mother Nature closed her eyes and
 walked along the snow-covered landscape
 Till she finally reached the peak of the
 mountain
 A snowy tear rolled down her cheek
 As she sat down quietly
 To build her world all over again.

RAW REASONING



SYEDAH HAFIZA RABIA IQBAL, IS AN ARTIST, PUBLISHED WRITER, COMPILER AND CALLIGRAPHER AS WELL. WRITING IS HER PASSION AND HER FAVOURITE GENRE IS POETRY.

- By Syedah Hafiza Rabia Iqbal

Water standing in a winter night
Perhaps making emotional ignite

Cold is showing off her attitude
Behaving as a young virgin incites

Memories are frozen, fade as well
Without giving marks they bites

Cold waves are gathering blood
With naked soul, along fugitive ride

Trees are covered by white flakes
Static, symmetric like a milky bride

IF WINTER WAS A SPY

I am as cold as the north wind,
I am as bold as the coldness around,
I saw a girl selling wood,
For fire was under which she should,
She was a crumpled nest of all things,
We don't understand,
but we don't want to.

I am as beautiful as the snow-peaked mountains,
With the Sun peeping from the blind trees,
That dance in the breeze and we freeze.
I am as light as the snow that falls,
Like tiny bulbs lighting up the whole sky,
I am an igloo trying to survive the snowstorm,
I am as merciless as the vegetation dies.
If the winters were my spies.



SOURISHREE GHOSH IS A 18 YEAR OLD, FREE-SPIRITED SOUL FROM INDIA. SHE HAS BEEN A CO-AUTHOR OF DIFFERENT ANTHOLOGIES OF DIVERGENT PUBLICATIONS. SHE LIKES TO PAINT THE BLANK SKY OF PAPER WITH HER COLOURFUL WORDS . SHE IS A BHARATNATYAM DANCER AND PAINTER.

- By Sourishree Ghosh

WINTER TIDE



DIPANJAN BHATTACHARJEE IS AN ENGINEER BY PROFESSION AND A WRITER BY PASSION. HE HAILS FROM THE STATE OF JHARKHAND IN INDIA. WRITING SIMULTANEOUSLY IN 3 LANGUAGES NAMELY ENGLISH, BENGALI AND HINDI MAKES HIM STAND OUT OF THE CROWD.

- By Dipanjan Bhattacharjee

The cold night just dissappeared moments ere,
And now I perch beneath the tenderly hazel
sky. Tis my share in abundance; I quaff the
layers Till I succumb to the brute hours
passing by.

I behold the tiny leaves decay and fall, And the
earth being enfolded in xanthous duvets.
Vibrantly winged birds thru' cerulean heavens
call, Their amorous squeaks herald brighter
fates.

Off miles to yon lands where skies art white,
And ivory canvas enwraps the crust. Snow
flakes rain thru' lone bleak nights, And cloak
the distant swathes of dust.

Morns too obscure yet skies art feebly bright,
Clouds art yawning wide with sleepy pair of
eyes. Quivering men off homes aft a dreary
night, Walk o'er bare white roads neath the
snowy skies.

Yet for me tis warm beneath the scarlet shine,
Bleak night's gone for hours; let me bathe in
glee. Ere the day falls frail and sky turns brute
carmine, Let me fete the morn as the birds too
gay and free.

THE WINTERS



*SRISHTI RANI PANDA A SMALL TOWN GIRL
BURDENING HERSELF WITH MANY HIGHER DREAMS...
SHE WANTS TO BECOME A NEWS READER AND WANTS
TO BRING A SWEET SMILE IN HER MOM'S FACE....*

- By Srishti Rani Panda

Oh! At last, the day landed when the fluffy snow curses the whole world to be white, Detaching the autumn season they often celebrate dew over the Christmas trees bright, When the Fans turns be your enemy and the icecream causing cold are totally ceased, Instead, bodies concealed within the blankets and a cup of hot coffee are gladly released,

Ice crystals of varied forms decorate your faces and curls gets tingled by the breeze, You stretch out both your arms to feel the glittering pieces of ice at ease, Trembling bodies feel helpless even if you rub your palms against your shoulders, Feet gets drenched and slipped but still you enjoy the beauty like a person bolder,

The red stained palms and the smoke from your mouth which you release as a play, Sweaters, mufflers and gloves follow you wherever you lead every night and day, When the peaceful nights seems to be larger than the cruel and the sunny days, Fog all over the sky alike the candies and the dew drops scans their own leaves to stay,

Decorating the roads from both sides, it blesses all the passers-by for a happy journey, The vehicles witness the snowflakes slipping over them choking their destination journey, The lakes are controlled and are ordered to cease with the trees spitting the snow, Benches of the park and the mountains too wear a fur of white which often glows,

Street lights and the the stars also glitter with happiness when a piece of snow is sprinkled, Hot Pakoras, Samosas and funnel cakes are shamelessly mingled, It forces the couples to cling into their arms creating a erotic weather, Where family celebrates every evenings as the best atmosphere either,

Gifting much enjoyment it forces the siblings to create a snow ball fight! Licking the chilling ice, skating and fainting over the white grass is accurately right, The snow bears comes alive when the kids mould it with their smiling faces, Then What! Who is the best! Winter is full of gracious competitions and races.

JINGLING SNOW



SHE HOLDS THE POWER TO WRITE THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE FAR FROM THE REAL IMAGINATION.

- By Naina Prajapati

It's arrival of dazzling moment, first fall of snow Clutched the family of bulbs, all coloured in a row,

Blowing wind whispered, clouds were on the way Little girl with blushed smile, held her hands for pray,

Just to see the fall of snow, cherished voices arrived Now the white balls landed, soul's grace stay in deep dived,

Winter has knocked the door, carried some bushy hopes, It's a month of December, sun is on holiday all over the globe,

Which leads the jingling sounds "Ha! Ha! Ha , Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas. It's santa here."



SMOOTH IN TEXTURE



TANYA IS A 19-YEAR-OLD IAS ASPIRANT WITH A KEEN INTEREST IN THE CONSTITUTION AND AUDACITY TO PREVAIL BY THE TRUTH. SHE ALSO HAS A FLAIR FOR WRITING HAVING CO-AUTHORED SEVERAL BOOKS. SHE DOTES ON HER FAMILY AND LOVES SPENDING TIME WITH THEM DUE TO WHICH SHE HAS IMBIBED THE QUALITIES OF CARE AND COMPASSION TOWARDS HUMANITY.

- By Tanya Giri

Smooth in texture
Clean in Look,
And that's the season to be young
Catching snowflakes in Hand.
Cold in body and
Chill in season.

The hot coffee in hand
And very warm clothes
The wind is like soft and cool
A winter is blessings,
Feel the winter in your body
Close your eyes,
Lift your nose
Listen with your ears.

The sky is dark
And the ground is calm
The birds sound,
And the slant of light
The fronted cakes
All covered up .

HAPPY WINTERS



*"FIND YOURSELF, CREATE YOURSELF,"
"LIVE, LOVE, FEEL, ENJOY."
I BELONG FROM MUMBAI.*

- By Soundarya Mohan

Winter is a starkly beautiful season. With frosty mornings, bright, crisp days and powdery snow and going for long walks, and feel the breeze of cold makes me happy. The Beauty of Winter fills my heart with warmth and happiness always forever in my life.

I've always loved winter. It's the best season. It's a time for rest, cozy activities like reading, and reflection. Winters are the most beautiful season in India. I personally love winters. Winters are the coolest season that starts from December and last till March. The peak time when winter is experienced the most in December and January. In India, winters hold great importance. In addition, the essence it has is admired by many people. Winters give you the time to indulge in various activities like snowball fighting, building snowmen, ice hockey and more. It is a great time for kids to enjoy their vacations and get cozy in their blankets.

The Clouds are covering the cold dark winter night. It was a peace dark beautiful winter night. I love cold dark winter nights. I love to go night skiing at Sun Peaks on cold winter nights. I see snow falling around me. when I am on the platter lift. I here trees blowing around me. I feel frostbite on my cheeks. It is really fun to go night skiing at Sun Peaks.

Winters are the best time when we feel cold and go for long holidays and enjoy time with our family. Winter is the best and favourite season for me I love winters. Winter is the coldest season of the year. On a dark cold winter night in the park, I could feel a cold breeze slither down my back. The wind smelled like strawberries in sugar. Winters are the Best season because we can go for camping trips and enjoy quality time with our loved ones. I love to have a cup of hot coffee and sit under the millions of stars and enjoy the beautiful view of the sky and feel happy with my friends and family. My Winters are always happiest with lots of beautiful memories.

A MISTY MORNING



I'M A 11 TH GRADE MEDICAL STUDENT WHO LIKES TO CAPTURE EVEN SMALL MOMENTS OF LIFE AND FIND HAPPINESS IN THEM.

I LOVE TO WRITE POETRIES AND TAKE ON NEW CHALLENGES. I LIKE TO EXPLORE AND LEARN.

- By Bhoomika Aggarwal

It covered everything like a sheet of snow,
A wall as white as moon in front of me it glowed.
It started to fade away and i could see barly the outlines,
but the moment was captivating I wish I could rewind.
The mist matched a mirror
For as close we get to it things become clearer.
What lies beyond both is reality
We know it perfectly yet we roam with blinded mentality
The winter affix me to my subconscious world
Where lies absolute white walls filled with my memories as
precious as pearls
Winter makes me cold and makes me longer for warmth
Though the sun doesn't show for long but it's dazzling heat for
some moments I adorn.
Winter arrives with the shedding of leaves and leaves with
their rebirth
Life is the same since it make you hurt at the start but happy
afterwards
Making it a deal worth.

PriDorA MAGAZINE



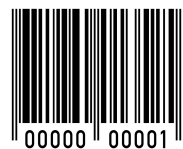
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