

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

Edition 2

Let's
DREAM

RELATIONSHIPS
and
ROMANCE

THE
DREAMER

Exam Time
REMEDY

TOP 10
BOOKS OF
2014

HOW TO LOSE
A GIRL IN
60 SECONDS

**ENTERTAINMENT
GURANTEED**

A
Year's
Journey

GO
GREEN

What's Over
the
Internet?

FACE OFF

with

**SARIKA
PANDIT**



The Author's Blog is a writers and readers unite. The whole concept of this community is to bring about talented writers to the world, i.e., to the readers. This community is open to all and welcomes any new talent who is willing to contribute and share.

Our team members are always engaged with something or the other in order to deliver the best stuff to the readers. TAB is always ready to tackle anything new and interesting. We are continuously working on different projects in various categories. Make sure you visit our blog regularly to stay updated.

Blog URL : theauthorsblogg.wordpress.com

If you have something to share, please contact us at theauthorsblogg@gmail.com. If liked by our editorial team, it will find its place on our blog.

The Author's Blog is open to all and accepts any new talent irrelevant of age or sex. You can contact us through email, our blog or through facebook. Just remember, TAB is always there to help.

Editor's Note

Namaste!

I'm very proud to present the second edition of EXTRA MILE. This edition is going to be more attractive, more entertaining and much more interesting. EXTRA MILE is not just a magazine that's will end within these finite pages. It's a journey filled with hope, aspirations, dreams and passion. And yes, there are many more EXTRA miles to go.

The journey of Author's Blog began with a growing need to publish works of various talented and aspiring writers on a common platform. Not everyone is a blogger nor can anyone just open a blog to publish a few works. There was a need to create a platform for such people who wrote occasionally but wanted their work to be published. And with a dream in mind began the journey of 'The Author's Blog'. And today, after more than a year later, TAB has grown into a wide community with lots of passionate readers and writers. It grown in various other phases with time and your support. Other than a creative literary blog, The Author's Blog is a growing name in 'Book Reviewing' and 'Book Marketing' world. And yet, there are many more miles to cover.

One such initiative is this, i.e, EXTRA MILE. It's a kind of tribute to all those people who are willing to travel that 'Extra' mile in their lives. We'll be publishing works of aspiring and established authors in order to create a common platforms for both writers and readers. Young writers will get a chance to get their work published with established writers and the latter, ofcourse, will inspire and encourage others. And for our readers we've got only one thing - "Entertainment, Entertainment and Entertainment".

Hope you guys are going to enjoy this edition. With a promise to deliver even better editions in future, I would like to request you to kindly go on with our second edition. Fingers crossed!

Shubham Kumar
Editor, The Author's Blog

For any suggestions or queries, please mail us at theauthorsblogg@gmail.com

Manager's Desk



'Extra Mile' is a dream. It is a dream which provides a platform to all those dreamers around who wants to taste success in future, to all those dreamers who are ready to take that one 'Extra Mile' towards their goal.

We would like to thank from the bottom of our heart for showing such a huge response regarding submission for this project. It feels immense pleasure to see that there are people out there who wants to be a part of the initiative and are ready to help and contribute. It took us a bit longer to come up with the best, but now we can assure you that the upcoming pages are full of incredible work of incredible authors/writers. I hope you will enjoy our hard work of.

“Keep reading, Keep writing, keep TABbing and never be afraid to take up an EXTRA MILE.....”

Sandeep Sharma
Manager, The Author's Blog

Idea

Dream

Passion

Life



This Year

GO

GREEN



“What’s green, looks green!
And whatever looks green is
full of life”



Green

is the new

Revolution





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GO SLOW

ENTERTAINMENT

AHEAD!

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Re-Evolution

Reviving mother nature

by Danger DX

*A myriad of memories
coming through
making way
for the glorious past*

*The past absconded
to meaningful future
reviving, rejuvenating
its foundation*

*Let mercy befall
on this deluded mankind
harmony be returned
between mother & child*

*For the balance
might not return
but a new balance
can be reached*

*Let the spirits
take control
and mankind be rested
for a little while*

*Let mother nature
bond again
with its forbidden
and mislead child*



by Nisha Thakur

*I am rain on a summer day
Drenching drowsy, lifeless buds
Stirring them to a dancing wakefulness
Washing leaves dull and dry with dust
Dousing fire in a desert ringed inferno*

*I am the drizzle on a pale moon night
Easing into the heart with music
The melange of water humming with the wind
The splash of puddles in fields of Barley
Gently filling thirsty river beds craving for a flow*

*I am showers before monsoons
Impregnating the air with soothing droplets
The hint of life in an oasis of colours
Breathing moist on a bronzed farmer's skin
Tingling the world with shimmering emerald*

*I am sawan, the monsoons
Winding my way to through a chorus of clouds
Thundering my presence into the sea of renewal*

*Cascading on sandy shores that glisten with
light*

*Whisking away waves of gold with jubilant
darkness*

*I drape the land in arrays of greens
Scent the soil in my fragrance
Dance with the rhapsodic dance of the peacock
Wreath petals into flowers that vine
And curve in the soil of growth*

I am the monsoons

Walk Alone

Till the end of the road...

by Pavitra Singh

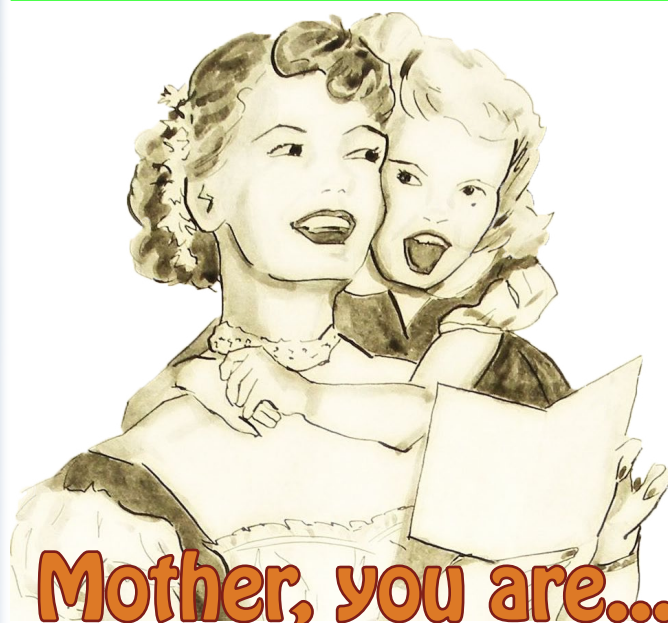
They say time changes but it actually doesn't
I started my journey alone
Now I have to finish it on my own
Nobody can change what's written in destiny
So I'll just walk alone, walk alone and walk
alone
Till the end of road

I have enough of bad life
Now want to let go of it
Let me go go I have to walk alone
Can ignore but can't sit with it
So I go walk alone, walk alone and walk alone
Till the end of road

Pretty long race track it is
Keep a backup you never know what can fail in
it
Your lover may say I am not interested in it
So again Damn again
You will be the one who has to walk alone, walk
alone and walk alone
Till the end of road

The more you try ignoring
The more you see coming before you like a
paranoia
The bitch stays with you
Watches you, laughs at you
And I, like a failure, walks this lonely road alone,
alone and alone
Till the end of the road

The road is long and time less
I believe somebody will find me
Who understands me, inspires me
That someone is yet to come
Till then I have to walk alone, walk alone and
walk alone
Till the end of the road



Mother, you are...

by Nisha Mishra

I go down the street and see you smiling,
I sit down to write and sense you nodding,
I hear you attentively and you keep talking,
Mother, you are amazing

The way you tap my head,
The way you laugh and shake your head,
The way you caress my cheeks,
The way you frown, when I slip,
The way you hum that old song,
The way you stay by my side, all night long,
Mother, you are beautiful

Those little talks near the kitchen shelf,
The imprints of your smile over myself,
The fragrance of you everywhere and in me,
The bottomless affection that you shower on
me,
Mother, you are a goddess

Every word that you utter,
Every step that you take,
Whatever you do,
Everything that you make,
The fortune of being born through you and
from you,
Mother, I can do nothing to ever be as flawless
as you,
Mother, you are beautifully divine,
Oh! Mother, you are all mine!!

7 things you should remember for next Valentine

by Abhished Dixit

Here are some of the things you should remember for next valentine. Some of my stupid friends who are called as 'committed' shared their experience about this valentine and I concluded that we all have been taught enough romance by Sharukh Khan to woo a girl. We also have been educated enough 'how to kiss' by the virtue of Google and Imran Hashmi and rest has been demonstrated by Rocoo Siffered.

What we need to be taught is these seven points which will help you to avoid any possible social embarrassment and would also help you to come home in one single piece.

- Never kiss in front of Bajrang Dal Headquarter.
- Stay away from any shop which sells anything related to Rakhi.
- Bath irrespective of how cold is it out there.
- Don't roam around with same gender for considerable time.
- Shave. You don't want your girlfriend complaining about the stings.
- I know it's hard to manage but try to be with only one girlfriend.
- Don't forget to buy rose and condom. Stay protected!

Hopefully you people will keep some of these points in mind. You never know when one of these might come in handy. Life is full of possibilities. You can share your valentine experiences with me if you like. I need content for my next article. (*_-)

The Fire Within

by Danger DX

Not many of us realize the importance of writing in our life. Most of us don't even know for what or whom are we writing for. That's the dilemma of a major proportion of writers in our society. We write and we seek critical appraisal. We're motivated on receiving positive feedback and vice versa.

I used to be the same but one perception totally changed my viewpoint. It was the mid-summer recreational activity session and everyone was busy working on a thing or two. And there was Armaan, sitting alone near one of the corner seat of the room. He was like every other normal fellow but his profound obsession for poetry and writing made him stand alone amidst the general crowd. It was not as if he was a talented writer or something like that, but he wrote, no matter what, he wrote. He used to pin a piece of poetry everyday on the notice board. I never understood a word of his poetry. For most of us, it was just a combination of jumbled words with no particular meaning. Everyone used to laugh at his creations, including me.

One day this guy Armaan was sitting around the corner as usual. A group of students, all attending the same class, stopped in front of the notice board and started making comments about his poetry. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, one guy tore the paper off the notice board, crumbled it, and threw it in the dustbin. The whole group started laughing. 'That's the right place for it', commented one. Armaan saw everything but remained silent.

Normally I would have enjoyed the turn of events, but it was somewhat over the top. Making fun of someone behind his back is a different thing, but crushing his creation in front of his eyes for no good reason, it was absurd. I went to his seat once the group cleared the room.

"Hey man! I don't know what your problem is but you should stop embarrassing yourself by sticking those ridiculous poems on the notice board. I know you like writing, but good writing is not a piece of cake."

"Are they bad!" Armaan replied.

"Well... they don't have a meaning."

"They have meaning when I read them."

"Look, you should just stop this baseless writing stuff. Try your hand on something different. We've got a whole lot of creative stuff down here."

"I can't stop writing."

"So you are just going to keep writing and keep embarrassing yourself?"

"Look I don't know what you and others think of my writing, neither I am interested in knowing. I write because I love writing. Yours' or anyone else's opinion ain't gonna change that fact."

I stayed silent.

Armaan continued, "I don't write to impress, I write to express. Every time I read my own creation, I read it as a stranger. As I progress with it, I realize that each emotion and expression is essentially mine. After completing it, there is a sense of accomplishment, to have expressed something ineffable. I feel happy and that's what matters."

"Don't write to impress. Write to express."

"But how can one come up with that stuff... daily?"

"We don't have to come up with anything, it's all in there. We just need to express. It's like a fire, within us, that keeps on burning. Till this fire is burning, nothing can stop you from expressing yourself. The question remains, Is the fire still burning?"

I had no idea how to react in that situation. I remained silent. I had no words to express myself; I had no fire! I looked towards the door and started moving. A lesson was learned silently.

Looking back at that moment, I feel inspired. That moment of silence ignited a fire within, and those golden words still fuel this fire.

It's not about the language or vocabulary that matters, but the expression and the reason. Language and vocabulary are just the tools of expression. What really matters, as a writer, is what inspires us, what ignites our fire and most importantly what fuels our fire! It's all about the fire within. All you need to do is dive deep within yourself, and in a moment of solitude, ask yourself: 'Is the fire within still burning?'

*"Man is all power
Power is the beast
Conquer what he may
Remains slave to greed"*

How to Lose a girl in 60 seconds

We all are familiar with the complexities of life in one way or the other. And one of the most complex thing known to us is, she. Ever wondered how to get rid of a girl, intentionally or unintentionally? Well, here are some of the ways to lose a girl in 60 seconds. Good luck!

- Tell her to shut up! (Yeah, this is the quickest one)
- Insult her parents.
- Call Justin Bieber 'gay' in her presence. (**Conditions Appy**)
- Abuse Salman Khan/SRK.
- Comment about how fat she is. (Use the reverse approach with the slim ones)
- Start asking general knowledge questions.
- Tell her that you saw the same dress that she's wearing in Pallika at more than affordable price.
- Blame her for every single of your life's tragedies. (fiction writers, be creative!)
- Just tell her that you're HIV positive.
- Accidentally call her DUMB.
- Ask her if her sister is single.
- And... just run as fast as you can. Because some problems have no solution.



by Dinesh Khanna

1. Choosing your partner- The sustainability of your relationship would be entirely influenced by this factor. Don't show hurry-burry kind of things when you pierce into a new relationship. Try to examine or inquest your mate before you commit. Stick in your mind that, this particular thing (choosing your half) will be going to decide your future.

2. Clear your state - Before you step-in into a relationship, try to clear your state to your mate. Like, the piece of independence you need in your entire rapport, about your friends circle (Majority of Indian minds hate this, if you have bundle of friends in your opposite gender. As far as I know 60% of break-ups occur 'coz of this simple suspicion/misconstrue.) About your dead-end boundaries(how much you can sacrifice, your family or anything for him/her.) About your touchy-feely levels (like kind of, your sentiments and your attitudes) and about your destiny/dreams (so that your mate can't surcease you in future).

3. Comrade before companion - Being in the status of good friends, before falling in love will help a lot to share a good rapport between the two. This aids many benefits than the couples who tumbles in love in a short span of time. Like, better understanding, suspicion-free, better communication.

4. Well-timed open ups - A mountain is composed of tiny grains of earth. The ocean is made up of tiny drops

of water and so are your misunderstandings. Kill it before it kills your relationship. Open your heart when your mate is in his/her best cheerful mood. Frequent and well-timed open ups will help to save your relationship and end in a better mutual understanding.

5. Praise your love often - Learn to praise your partner for every little thing he/she does for you. A sweet timed hail can warm and soothe any heart. Hail their external beauty and physique often. No one in this universe hates when his/her mate hails their prettiness.

6. Candid moments - Imagine you and your love, chattering at the night before your marriage day. Like, how far you people came across for this particular day, how you guys had enjoyed your togetherness, unexpected surprises you people presented to each other, some sweet mix-ups, and pleasant moments of your journey. There is no doubt that the moments will be cherished forever. Therefore, you are the one who is entirely responsible to turn your love life worth rewinding in future.

P.S. No relationship can stay upright without a single mix-ups/ misunderstandings, the thing is how you people keep it together and what they had learned from that. Be matured and be lively, my wish for your imminent marshmallow life. Cheers !



by Danger DX

In my last article I discussed some of the top stress busters during exam time. Exam time is a crucial period of any student's life (which of course repeats itself at regular intervals).

I don't know how you people feel about it but I personally like this period. This is the time when our brains start working (actually). This is the time when ideas flood in and multiple thoughts occupy our brain, especially the PRE-EXAM period, i.e., 2-3 days before exams (I am specifically talking about late bloomers here; ones who start studying sometime around this time).

This is the most interesting and the most challenging part. This is the time when our mind has to compete with itself. Some of the observed features of this period are -

- **Doubts come to existence** (Doubts that didn't have any significance moments ago, doubts that were not necessary during classes, doubts that weren't supposed to be doubts)

- **Mind starts devising new theories** (New and modified theories are invented with hollow facts but solid results)

- **More syllabus emerges** (Portion that wasn't there in the syllabus moments ago is now THERE)

- **Notes start vanishing** (The simplified theory & key points that were written in the notebook are now missing, probably kidnapped!)

- **Movies already seen are suddenly much more interesting** (The plot, the story, the sequences seem more exciting)

- **Cross checking syllabus with friends is the first priority** (Calls & messages to confirm and reconfirm the syllabus; the fear of studying more causes our mobile balance to suffer)

- **Urge to buy subject guides** (The thick books give goose bumps forcing one to opt for the thin and sufficient MASTERPIECES)

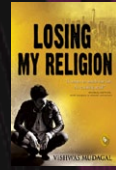
- **Increase in social activity** (Regular checking of our social accounts to know how other people are doing and to get any new info/tip related to exams/studies)

So these were some of the features of the so-called PRE-EXAM stage. The features may vary depending upon personality and situations. But no matter how good you are you can always connect with any one of the above-mentioned features. If not then chill and keep trying... until you connect!

Top 10 Books of 2014 (Till July)

The Author's Blog List

1 Losing My Religion - Vishwas Mudagal



2 I'm a Woman & I'm on Sale - Mallika Nawal

3 Sita's Curse - Sreemoyee Piu Kundu



4 Embers of Light - Abhi

5 Bucket List of a Traveloholic - Sarika Pandit



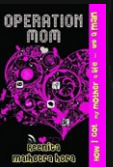
6 Twice Upon a Time - Anjali Bhatia

7 I Am Dead But My Heart Beats - Priyank



8 The Exiled Prince - Ravi Venugopal

9 The Devil's Gate - Deepak Kripal



10 Operation Mom - Reenita Malhotra Hora

The Speaking Tree

*"Be smart, stay silent.
Be silent, stay smart."*

*"An Optimist just needs
one reason. A pessimist
can find many."*

*"The moment you start
believing in yourself is the
moment the world starts
taking you seriously."*

*"Mistakes
are the best
teachers."*

*"In struggle between the
good, the bad & the ugly,
the ugly always loses."*

"The World speaks for those who speak for others."

*"We can't blame anyone or
anything for our stupidity.
It's our natural talent."*



“Beauty lies in the heart of dreamer.”

“The one who knows everything stays silent.”

“When one of the greatest minds are at work, the minute ones are busy posting, liking, sharing and.. whatever!”

“Wisdom thrives on counterparts of imprudence. Let alone, it’s an agglomeration of fancy ideas.”

“Be open to experiences and committed to learning.”

“If you can’t defeat your enemies... kill them!”

“Never say ‘I Failed’. Just make an excuse and move on.”

THE DREAMER

Photoshoot :

The Dreamer

Photographer :

Divyam Dwivedi

Model :

Priyanshi Singh

Photoshoot conducted and
presented by 'The Crayons'

About 'The Crayons'

'The Crayons' is an initiative dedicated to photography and fine art. The main forte of of this initiative is theme based photography. Founded and maintained by Divyam Dwivedi, the journey of crayons began with the need to convert ideas into visual format. 'The Crayons' showcases the personal work of Divyam. Divyam is a dynamic and helpful individual and is willing to teach any newbie the art of visual photography. You can contact 'The Crayons' at crayonpicture@yahoo.com.

For any further information please visit the facebook page at www.facebook.com/thecrayons









by Mridula S.Deol

Every summer Neera and her family would go to Mussorie to spend their vacations. One year, on their arrival, they found the place hotter than usual. Thanks to the rapid growth of concrete jungle. They decided to move for greener pastures till they reached this haven called Dhanaulti.

The first whiff of cool breeze took their weariness off. After checking in the nearest hotel the kids just could not wait to explore the outside. For the first time after their halt Neera got the chance to observe the picturesque place keenly. Nature had bestowed all its booty generously but meticulously. While tall Deodar and Pine adorned the slopes down the steep road on one side, the other side was full of native shrubs and ferns covering the entire stretch of Rocky Mountains. As Neera's family strolled capturing the nascent beauty, some Ghodawallahs were steadily negotiating business all the while. Finally Neera and her children rode on their respective hacks which

were destined to carry them to the temple at the hilltop. On reaching there, many young children hovered around them carrying their petty stuff. They had made various crafts out of the varied local forest products like twigs, bark and pine cones.

Lots of swirling Phirkies made of lantana wood and tree leaves caught fancy of Neera's children. Neera took one from each of the vendor as she in no mood to disappoint anyone. Unexpectedly, the children were so excited that they just ran away like wild 'horses without reins', nearly trampling a small girl who stood behind them in an arbitrary condition. Neera hurried to help her and when she asked for her hands, the girl gave one of her hand. Neera noticed that the other hand was crippled. Her jaw dropped at this wretched sight. Oh! She sighed gently lifting the girl up. Before Neera could ask her about her well-being, she was already well into her usual job and popped up chirpily "Do you

want some Phirkees”?

“ I haven’t sold even one...” she ended rhetorically. Neera was looking carefully at the innocent but pale face when the girl broke her gaze by waving her Phirkees across Neera’s face. She misunderstood Neera’s silence all this while as a gesture of disinterest in her items so she pinned her hopes on Neera’s children. Looking straight into their eyes, widening her sunken eyes as much as she could, she spoke dramatically “On certain full moon nights jungle fairies come and fulfill the wish of kids who sleep with these Phirkees on their bed side”. Neera was amused by her wits of a perfect sales girl. She took all her Phirkees paying generously for them. The dusk was about to grip the place but Neera could still catch sight of the girl’s torn rags and unbridled hair waving Goodbye to them in the numb air. The chill at that hour was getting on to her nerves for she had left her woolens in the hotel room just in the hurry to make children wear their stuff well.

When they descended they prioritized to have local delicacies from the tin shed Vendors over the sumptuous dinner at the hotel’s restaurant. Neera who had been associated with a child empowerment NGO took special interest to interact with the local youth and know about education and employment status in the village. She was briefed that children often earn by selling some handmade stuffs and don’t go to school as it is far- flung as well as devoid of any teacher. Later in the hotel room Neera walked out to the balcony to have a bird’s view of the place. It was a dimly lit hamlet downhill where smoke was rising from the houses. She could also hear some humming of folklore. Infatuated by the ambience, she turned to insist her husband to go out but he and the children were already asleep. She was sleepless so after roaming around a while she armed herself with an overcoat, phone and a torch and was out on the narrow stony trail leading her to the village.

First she saw some hacks tied outside the huts. Only women were seen outside the houses cooking some local dish. Most of the children seem to be sleeping inside. Neera, as expected, got some sneering looks from drunkards roaming in the alleys of the village. She quietly steered clear of them concealing her face with her stole. Then she found herself in a clearing which seemed to be the end of the village. As she was about to turn back

she dropped her stole. She bent to pick it up but was aghast when she touched something so soft; a mush. To her amazement it was the phirkee girl lying on a flat stone in her doleful slumber. Her boney cheeks were reflecting the full moon light but her eyes seemed to have absorbed the darkness of many dark nights. There laid her phirkees by her side. She was curled like a baby in the mother’s womb braving the chill of the night. Neera was emotional for a minute and then dug around in her pockets desperately as if she was in search of a magic wand to give the girl a Midas touch and sublimate all her miseries. Finally all she could forage was a Hundred Rupee Note and some nuts. She tied them in a knot at the corner of her stole and covered it on her disheveled body. Neera took long strides to go back as she feared that her tear stained eyes could soon make her way blurred. She just stopped at the hotel gate to look back at the village. The splendid moon beams were swallowing the darkness of the village. She pledged she has to come back to Phirkee girl as her wish granting ‘Jungle Fairy’.

This Year

Let’s resolve to make
this earth a **greener** and
happier place.



**KEEP
CALM
AND
GO
GREEN**

ONE-ON-ONE

with

Sarika
Pandit



• Hi Sarika. You recently published your book 'Bucketlist of a Traveloholic'. It's a travelogue of your journeys across the globe. What inspired you to pen down your experiences?

"I've been doing freelance travel writing for a while now. I've written for publications such as TOI, Mint, Femina, Nat Geo Traveller etc in the past. This book just seemed like the logical next step."

• What's the reaction from the readers? What were you expecting?

"Given the fact that it's my first book, I was obviously quite apprehensive but the reactions have been largely positive and very encouraging."

• Do you write often or is it just an occasional thing?

"I have a day job and so it's difficult to write during the week, but I do try to find some time to write on weekends."

• You're an avid reader. So which is your favorite book? And your favorite author?

"There are so many. It's difficult to name just one. But I think the few that come to mind are the ones that have had a deep impact on me emotionally, books such as Gone With the Wind and Milan Kundera's Laughable Loves and those that I can keep reading over and over again such as Pride and Prejudice and Jane Eyre. These days I've also been reading a lot of historical crime fiction – Anne Perry for instance."

• You've been to different countries with different cultures. Which is one place, if given a chance, would you love to settle down for the rest of your life?

"I've been asked this question before and the fact is, I can't imagine settling in another country for life. Mumbai is home to me – and it's where I would love to keep coming back to. But I loved Florence – I felt a connection with that place that I haven't experienced with other destinations so far. There's just something about its atmosphere and history that spoke to me."

• Which is your most memorable travel experience so far?

"I think every trip has, at the very least, one high point or defining moment. Israel, however, was one place where I experienced several such moments. Jerusalem was a revelation to me – it's history, its borders, its architecture, it's people and it's politics. There's a lot to assimilate and it's the sort of place that you think about long after you've returned."

• So what's next on your 'Bucketlist'?

"I am keen to see the Northern Lights and to see a bit more of South and North East India. My next trip, however is to Turkey. I am very excited about the hot air balloon ride over Cappadocia :)"

• From what we've heard, readers are appraising your writing style and narration. There's already a demand for another book from your side. What do you've to say to that?

"That's nice to hear. I have written a second book – fiction this time. Hopefully it should come out soon."

• Now let's have a quick 'favorites' rapid fire round –

Favorite food - Thai

Favorite actor – Haha. George Clooney. I think I went into mild depression when I learnt that he had gotten engaged.

Favorite TV show – Homeland, of the recent ones.

Favorite movie – One Fine Day, simply because I can keep watching that movie.

Favorite drink – Depends on the mood, really.

• Which famous person, living or dead, would you like to meet and why?

"Jane Austen. I am a hopeless romantic – I would love to go back into the Georgian-Regency era of the 1800's, discuss her characters with her, in the language that she wrote."

• You published your book with Fingerprint Publisher. How was your experience?

"The team at Fingerprint (everyone from Editing to Marketing and Sales) has been absolutely fantastic to work with. I could not have asked for a better experience for my debut novel."

• Do you've any advice for budding & emerging writers?

"I think my advice would be not to take rejection to heart too much and to keep writing. My first manuscript was fiction and I was told by my agent (rightfully so) that it needed a lot of work. I was obviously devastated at the time, but thankfully I quickly brushed it off, opened a fresh word doc and got down to writing this book."

• If you've to describe us, i.e, The Author's Blog in one word, what would that be?

"Enterprising"



A few words about **EXTRA MILE**. . .

"I think it's a great initiative - in terms of providing both, fresh / new content for readers and a platform for aspiring and emerging authors who are looking to reach out to a wide audience."

*“Life is a lesson
To learn and share
Death is the truth
Each should be aware”*

The Con Who Loved Me

by Danger DX



by Ashi Mittal

A careless strand of hair wandering aimlessly on her face, she leaned dangerously close to the edge of the building. An air of freedom surrounded her. Her black eyes looked at the neon lit city. She closed her eyes, let open the bun and allowed the breeze to play with her hair.

The touch of that monster was nowhere to be seen. The glint in her eyes was carefree. The memories of her past had faded away. She had the strength to resist them. But there were times when they came back rushing to her mind and that time too.

Her toned legs staggered. She cursed the moment she married that monster. She cursed herself for letting him to make her moan with pain. There were used to be just grunts and groans. It was almost like he wanted to hurt her physically with all his heart. She cursed herself for bearing him for three years.

Then suddenly in the mid way of her thoughts, someone tapped at her back and confided, 'Madame, the mission is successful. He is dead.'

And she smirked at the perfect smoke ring she just blew.

I jumped over the brawny fence to square him on the next street. But he was way too fast to be trapped that way. I tried to match his agility and followed his lead. Just a little faster and there he was, in my grip. He took

a sharp left & I swayed my hand. *Missed by inches!* I regained balance & rushed again in his direction. Left-Right, Right-Left, many more turns but I knew where we were heading. A quick right and there he was, facing the wall. A dead end!

He turned around & drew his gun. I wasn't prepared for that but I reacted. A drop of sweat ran down his right eyebrow. His finger reached for the trigger. Our eyes met for the one last time and. . . .BANG!

One hour later. . .

The heavy sounds of ambulance and police vehicles covered the lonely street. Every officer was busy investigating the crime scene. I was sitting silently in the far corner covered in a blanket. Yes I was cold! I dislocate the bullet casing from my gun. Tears rolled down my eyes as I looked below. . . .Six slots, Six bullets.

*“Oceans are deep
Shallow, the lakes
Lucky the happiness
Which joy overtakes”*





The Mask

I don't think I can make it

Or rather I could just fake it

It's easy that way, playing roles

Covering all the patches, all the holes

It would be a new story, a new line

No one too close, no one to whine

No questions asked, none answered

And life above all, mastered!

*"The world is falling
Who is to hold
The so called humanity
Now nothing but cold"*



Why I Write?

by Abhishek Dixit

*To fetch out a new me
what I am truly
my 'inner me' asks me
Why I write?*

*To water the fire within
To rejuvenate the slept rhythm
the plain paper asks me
Why I write?*

*To write a patriot for our land
To write a lullaby for a infant
needs of world ask me
Why I write?*

*When I see a crying child
I sing this song, he smiles
that's the answer of my question -
Why I write?*



THE STORY OF TIME

by Sandeep Sharma

Age has left some scars on her beauty but she still has that grace in her which keeps me spell bounded whenever I look at her. Those eyes still had that naughtiness which can mesmerize any men of my age.

She was getting ready in front of mirror and I was busy staring at her. I don't know when did I, for the last time, has seen her so happy. She was smiling, yes, finally I lived my promise and was able to bring a smile on her face.

I told her to take out her best sari for today's occasion; I wanted this day to be special for both of us. It was our 50th marriage anniversary.

"Happy Anniversary, Darling." I said didn't realising that it was maybe the 10th time from the morning that I wished her.

"Happy Anniversary, Hubby." She giggled after saying that. She still feels shy in calling me hubby. She was wearing the sari which I gave her on our 25th anniversary. That was my last gift to her. Life have gone so fast in these last 25 years that I can't even think of one second in which I showed her my feelings for her, my love and my care for her. But today was special. I wanted this day to be

remembered by us as one of the best day of our life.

"You know what, you are looking stunning." I was in no mood to resist myself today. I have already resisted myself a lot in past in expressing what I feel. First because of society, then children, after that our age, but today I wanted to live freely. Free from every obstacle which keeps me away from my wife.

"So, now what?" She asked me of my plan. She loved to change the topics whenever I tried to get cosy with her.

"So, my plan is that first we will go to the temple, and then we will see a movie and finally the restaurant." I explained in brief. I was too excited for today.

"But Rakesh, we....." I interrupted her. I didn't want to hear her at this moment. I knew what she was worried of.

"No 'buts' today..... We will live today to the fullest, I know your worries, but today we have to forget everything and enjoy this very moment." She kept on staring in my eyes. She knew me very well. I knew that she had a hint of my real plan but she will not share it with me. She loved me, she trusted me and that was all for me.

We reached the temple within half an hour. It was difficult to maintain eye contact with the idol of god. They knew me, they knew everything. I don't know whether I chose the right path or wrong but I knew that we had no other option.

She sensed my uneasiness standing with folded hands in front of god. She took my hand in hers and smiled. 50 years and still she looked the same. I was feeling the Déjà vu because it all happened 50 years back too. She holds my hand in the same manner like she did when we ran from our respective homes and decided to marry in this same temple before the same idol. I smiled back at her.

Ranjhana was the movie which we saw. Good movie, I liked it because she liked it. It was although pretty difficult to watch movie with youngsters all around but we enjoyed the whole scenario.

Now we were in front of my favourite restaurant. I always wanted to see this restaurant from inside, it was my dream to sit with her and have the dinner in it but because of lack of money and lack of time to live life, I always kept my dream under my soul.

"No Rakesh, we are not going in, this restaurant is for rich people, not for us." She said while holding my hand. She was stopping me to take further steps towards the restaurant.

I just gave her a smile and she understood what I meant. She didn't want to spoil today's evening with arguing with me. She came with me.

The hotel looked stunning, just the way I thought it would be. I was happy to be finally there. We ordered our food and were waiting when I took out the present from my coat's pocket. It was a ring. She was about to cry when I gave her the present by kneeling on the ground. Everybody clapped for us and gave wishes. Our love was a wonder for others.

At last, our food came. I stared hard in her eyes, she was smiling. She knew what I was about to do. I was feeling scared but she was not. She took my hand in her. I smiled at her.

I took out the bottle from my pocket and poured it on our food. We quietly ate food and kept the money on the table.

"Sir, suicide note was also kept with the money on the table." He gave the letter to the police inspector.

It read:

'We already have lived our life; 50 years of life together was enough for us. We have lived together; we also wanted to die together. We can't see each other dying every day and eating those piles of medicines. That's not the kind of death we wanted to have. We are happy of what we did. No one forced us for this.

I request you to please don't inform our children of our death. They are busy in their own lives, in their own families. Please don't bother them. I ensure you that they will not ask anything about us in the coming future also. They have grown up strong and big, and we have become weak and small. We had time to wait for our children but they didn't have time to see their parents. May be that's what the destiny has written for us. That's all about TIME. Time has changed a lot, and time has also ended for us.

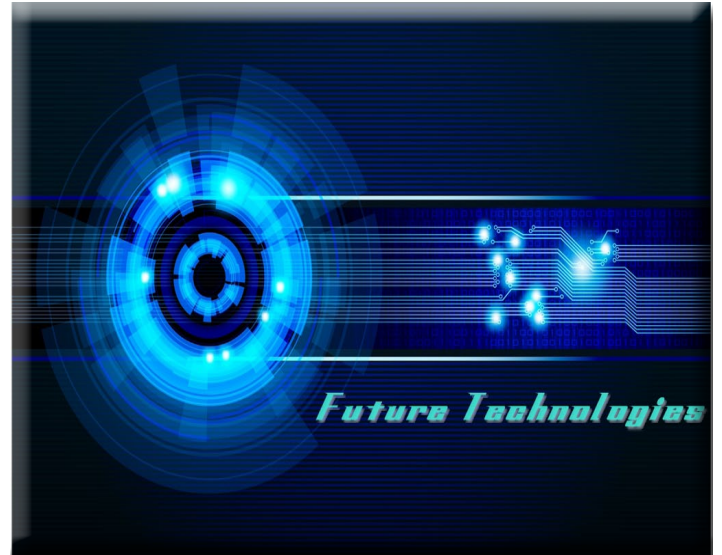


Attention Bookoholics!

Looking for a new book in the market but not sure which one to pick up? No worries, read the review at 'The Author's Blog' for quick decisions.

Want to read new books without bearing the book cost? Come visit 'The Author's Blog' for book giveaways and contests. Win free books!

Technologies coming our way



Some **Alternate** and **Offbeat** sources of **energy**

- Diapers and human feces
- Algae
- Urine
- Tornado, Hurricanes and Tsunamis
- Dead bodies
- Sea water
- Confiscated Alcohol
- Cow farts
- Human fat
- Sludge
- Wasted Heat

- The world's first zero-carbon, sustainable city(Masdar city, Abu Dhabi) [2015]
- Personal 3D printing [2015]
- Space tourism will hit mainstream [2016]
- The sunscreen pill [2016]
- Rebirth of a Woolly Mammoth [2016]
- Portable laser pens that can seal wounds [2017]
- Light Peak technology [2018]
- Insect-sized robot spies [2018]
- Web 3.0 [2019]
- Energy from a fusion reactor [2019]
- Crash-proof cars [2020]

Facts about



by Sandeep Sharma

So here are some of the scientifically proven facts about dreams. Who proved it, well, it doesn't matter.

- The strangers in your dreams are actually people that you've seen in real life! *Is that so!*
- You might soon be able to upload your dreams to YouTube! *All you scientists out there, are you crazy? Don't you have any other job to do? Who wants to upload their dream on YouTube? Just think about it, all your 'THOSE' dreams will get uploaded! NO!!!*
- The Average Person Has between 1,460 and 2,190 Dreams A Year. *Really! Who counted that?*
- You can teach yourself to control your dreams. *Now that's interesting. I need this technology. Kudos to the scientists.*
- Women dream about sex as often as men do. *Ahem! Ahem! Next please.*
- Falling backwards in a nightmare can change it to a more pleasant dream. *Does this technique come from Inception?*
- Salvador Dali would wake himself up the moment he fell asleep to capture and paint surreal dream images. *The world is full of cr..... creative people. What else did you hear?*
- 12% of people dream in black and white. *I surely don't fall in this category. My dreams are always full of colours.*

Courtesy : OMG Facts (www.omgfacts.com)

How to get Nothing done!



- **Step 1** : Think of something you need to get done today. Keep this in the back of your mind so you can always be painfully aware of what you're not doing.
- **Step 2** : You can't be expected to work with an empty stomach. Make yourself some food and watch your favorite TV show while you eat.
- **Step 3** : Finish your food, but continue watching the show until the episode is over. After all, it wouldn't make sense to stop halfway.
- **Step 4** : Watch the next episode, because come on, it was a cliffhanger! There's no way you could focus with that weighing on your mind.
- **Step 5** : Check every social media website in existence. You can't neglect your thriving social life just because you have things to do.
- **Step 6** : Think about that thing you need to get done, but don't start working on it.
- **Step 7** : Whew! All that thinking sure is hard work. Take a break and play some CandyCrush. You've earned it.
- **Step 8** : If a friend calls to hand out, politely decline their offer on the grounds that you are "totally swamped" today. Continue playing CandyCrush with your free hand.
- **Step 9** : Alright, it's time to get down to business. But not with an empty stomach! Repeat steps 2 through 4.
- **Step 10** : Start feeling guilty about all the work you haven't been doing. Let that guilt paralyze you creatively, sending you into an emotional tailspin.
- **Step 11** : Get your spirit back up by watching a few Youtube videos.
- **Step 12** : Watch 55 Youtube videos in a row.
- **Step 13** : Okay, if you start working RIGHT NOW you can make some good progress before bedtime. But man, it's hard to focus with your stomach grumbling like that...
- **Step 14** : Okay you're finally feeling energized and ready to work! Unfortunately. It's 2.00am, so it wouldn't make sense to start now. Put it off until tomorrow.
- **Step 15** : Try to remember what you were thinking about yesterday. Keep this in the back of your mind so you can always be painfully aware of what you're not doing.

Courtesy : College Humor (www.collegehumor.com)

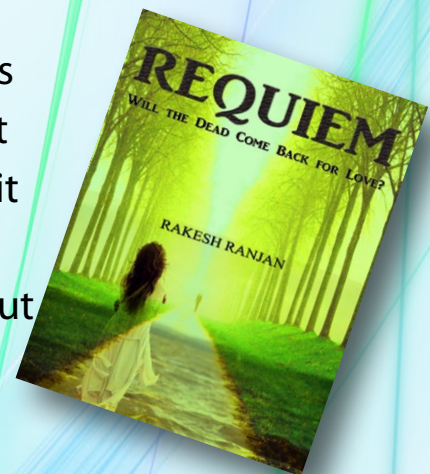
BHAAG! is a collection of Inspiring stories of student entrepreneurs in India, who are racing to build their own ventures. BHAAG! traces the entrepreneurial journeys of ordinary Indian youngsters with extraordinary dreams. The book celebrates the restlessness, imagination, guts and soaring ambition of India's youth. A must-read for every youngster who wants to be an entrepreneur.



An army addicted to power, a soldier prepared for the ultimate sacrifice, and a spy who will go to any length to stop him - 'Operation Fox-Hunt' is a tale of sacrifice, camaraderie and betrayal.

Will the 'Fox-Hunt' succeed? Read the book to unveil the truth.

It's the story of the unfulfilled love of the author. It's about Death, Love and Life. There are mistakes that a person makes but love often persists. And when it becomes so integral to your existence, you always tend to go back to it. It may haunt you in a sense but is often the sweetest memory that you carry.



Puneet can see his future son, Rishi, who has come to the present to find a perfect wife for Puneet and a perfect future mom for himself. But doesn't it look pretty absurd? Is this story really so simple? Future means nothing without a past and that's where the truth lies.

'Hey Dad!' is the twisted tale of emotions of a father, a son and mother. Stay ready for an amazing ride.

Contributors

Ashi mittal, a writing freak, lives in rohtak, Haryana. She is passionate about reading and writing. She is pursuing B.Sc. Life Science from Delhi University. She is a science student but she still believes in supernatural phenomenon! She is a co-author of 'CRUSH: An Incomplete Heartbeat'. She is one of the writers of the famous facebook page 'Nostalgia' having about 15000 followers. Sometimes she reveals herself in tears and sometimes she disguises in smiles.



Pavitra Singh, a teenager from a small town with big dreams. He is a 12th Commerce student from a small town Jhalawar, in Rajasthan. He is also a badminton player and has achieved many trophies for his state and for his district. He loves to play guitar & believes that anybody can achieve anything, anywhere, anytime. He likes to listen to music and reading novels. Pavitra is a cricket freak & he likes to write poems on love.

Born and bred in Chennai, Dinesh is an electronics engineer by profession and a writer by aspiration. He's a keen observer of people, heritage and life in general, and it reflects in his works. He's currently working on his first novel, which is a romance fiction. Other than reading and writing, Dinesh is an appetite coffee lover, passionate traveller, and a fervent biker. In addition, he contributes his spare time to helping society through several NGO's.



Nisha Mishra resides in Faridabad, Haryana with her family. She is a Delhi born and brought-up. She is pursuing B.A. (Hons.) in Political Science from DU on distance education basis. Her hobbies include writing, astro, reading and music. Cooking is fun too. Nisha aka Vahika is 21 years old, having a long list of wishes that she aspires may come true, the soonest. She can be reached at:
Email:- vatsva3@gmail.com

A photograph of a person in a red sari standing on a stone pier next to a wooden boat at sunset. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a golden glow on the water. The person is looking out towards the sea. The boat is a simple wooden structure with a flat roof.

the journey continues...