

ISSUE #4

# BLACK | *Grey* | WHITE

AUGUST 2017

Discovering Himachal

Art Journal #2

Daily Magic

BGW Minis

Words Are Never Overrated

Cover Picture shot by Sagarika Debnath



Welcome to the  
colourful world of

**BLACK** | *Grey* | **WHITE**

“We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion. And medicine, law, business, engineering, these are noble pursuits and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for.”

- Dead Poets Society





Cover Picture for Issue #4 August 2017 was shot by:

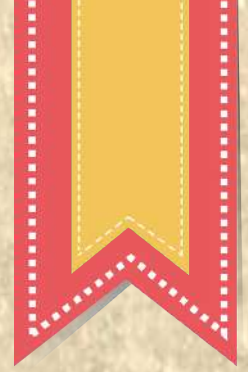
*Sagarika Debnath*



*“Daily Magic” by  
Sagarika Debnath continued on page 22*



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# About Us

Ink is Black. Paper is White. Issues are mostly Grey because they exhibit thoughts of our grey matter. Hence, our name. Worry not, our thoughts and words are colourful.

BLACK | Grey | WHITE is an online Magazine which plans to launch an Issue every month.

Our magazine is a montage of poetry, write-ups, illustrations, artworks and just about anything. We aim to spread positivity through awareness and gain experience along with it.

Feel free to submit whatever you want to. We encourage all types of submissions.

You can read check out our Blog to join our team or read the submission guidelines or just to support us.

Blog: [www.blackgreywhitemagazine.wordpress.com](http://www.blackgreywhitemagazine.wordpress.com)

Facebook: BLACK | Grey | WHITE

Instagram/Twitter: @blackgreywhitemagazine

Thank you for supporting us!

Thank you for believing in us!

Love

BLACK | Grey | WHITE

# Our Team



*Manavi Kunwar*

Founder and Editor-In-Chief



*Saleha Siddiqui*

Founder and Editor-In-Chief



*Akanksha Mishra*

Head Editor  
Writer's Clan



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*Jwairiah Khan*

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# Our Team



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Writer



*Tanvi Taparia*  
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*Sanaa Zahid*  
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Social Media



*Shanfa Raheman*  
Social Media



*Milind Bisht*  
Social Media

# From the Editor's Desk



Greetings, Readers!

Benjamin Franklin once said, “Either write something worth reading or do something worth writing.”

BLACK | Grey | WHITE aims to kill two birds with one stone. We are a magazine filled with some amazing people willing to use our talent to leave our mark on the world or at least, those who read our magazine. Even if a single person who reads what we write and portray is impacted, we will have done something amazing. Thus, we will have contributed to a cause greater than ourselves.

The power that the youth hold is so strong that it can be used to create impact that the other generations could not create. In recent years, we have noticed that the youth have stepped out of the comfort zones that previous generations were not able to step out of because of certain reasons. But given the resources and ideas that we have access to, a lot can be done to create a positive impact on this world if we put our minds to it.

BLACK | Grey | WHITE aims to be a magazine and a platform accessible to everyone. We encourage all types of talents and expressions of thoughts.

As the Editor-In-Chief, it is my job to make sure that every form of Art, be writing or photography, has the desired effect over the reader and that our message is conveyed in a way that is appreciated by everyone. I aim to make this as impactful as I can by using my own thoughts and creativity to make it a success.

Hoping that whatever we do is appreciated and we thank everyone for their support.

Thank you for believing in us!

*Manavi Kunwar*

Founder and Editor-In-Chief



# From the Editor's Desk

A very warm welcome to all you readers!

We are very excited to bring forth the latest issue of our magazine and are grateful to everyone taking out time to read it.

Through BLACK | Grey | WHITE, we aim to reach the youth and spread positive vibes and awareness by gathering and creating content that many people could relate to. We aim to promote reading and understanding each other's viewpoints through written thoughts, to create sparks of curiosity and wonder through art and poetry, just to touch your heart and revive the beauty of expression in this manner.

In our busy lives, I believe, if we take out time to read a little, appreciate art and try to understand the power of emotions through poetry, we might strike a chord somewhere, find a place of sense and peace of mind, and a stage which could create a powerful impact upon our developing minds in the most fun and accessible way possible.

Thomas Merton rightly says that "Art enables us to find ourselves and lose ourselves at the same time".

We created this platform to promote bright and colourful ideas in the grey matter of our brains, and through this we aim to tap into new understandings, explore ambiguities and to meet new people who are equally enthusiastic about art.

Being the Editor-In-Chief, I want to do my best to convert my ideas into a reality and through your support, we will keep creating better content in the future and discovering a lot of untapped potential.

Happy reading!

*Saleha Siddiqui*

Founder and Editor-In-Chief



# BGW Minis

BGW Minis are a 4-5 Line Stories, Proses or Poems based around a word. These are the best ones submitted by our team.

**Word: RAIN**

The first time I saw love, it was running in the rain, clumsily tripping over its own shoe laces as it knocked on my door and smiled nervously. I remember thinking that there are some experiences in life they haven't invented the right words for.  
This was mine.

**Manya Chaudhary**

16,  
As she walked down the aisle of the hospital,  
she could sense the city getting darker as she stepped outside the hospital  
the tiny drops of rain touched her skin  
time has come for her to see the world in colours.

**Sumaiya Rizvi**

## Word: BED

I remember the noon when I woke up  
Never has my bed been this comfortable  
Why are these people staring down at me?  
Why are they throwing dirt on me?  
I can't speak. I can't act. I can't move.  
Little did I know.. It was my doom.

Divyansh Gupta

She went zip-lining in Costa Rica,  
Rode a helicopter in Dubai  
And watched the Northern Lights in Norway  
The girl laying in bed,  
Was jealous of the rendering of herself she  
saw in her dreams every night

Hanine Hassan

She lay on the bed  
The sheets were sodden with her blood  
Her hair was plastered to her sweaty  
forehead,  
Her dead eyes stared at the face of the  
one she had loved

Devanshi Gupta

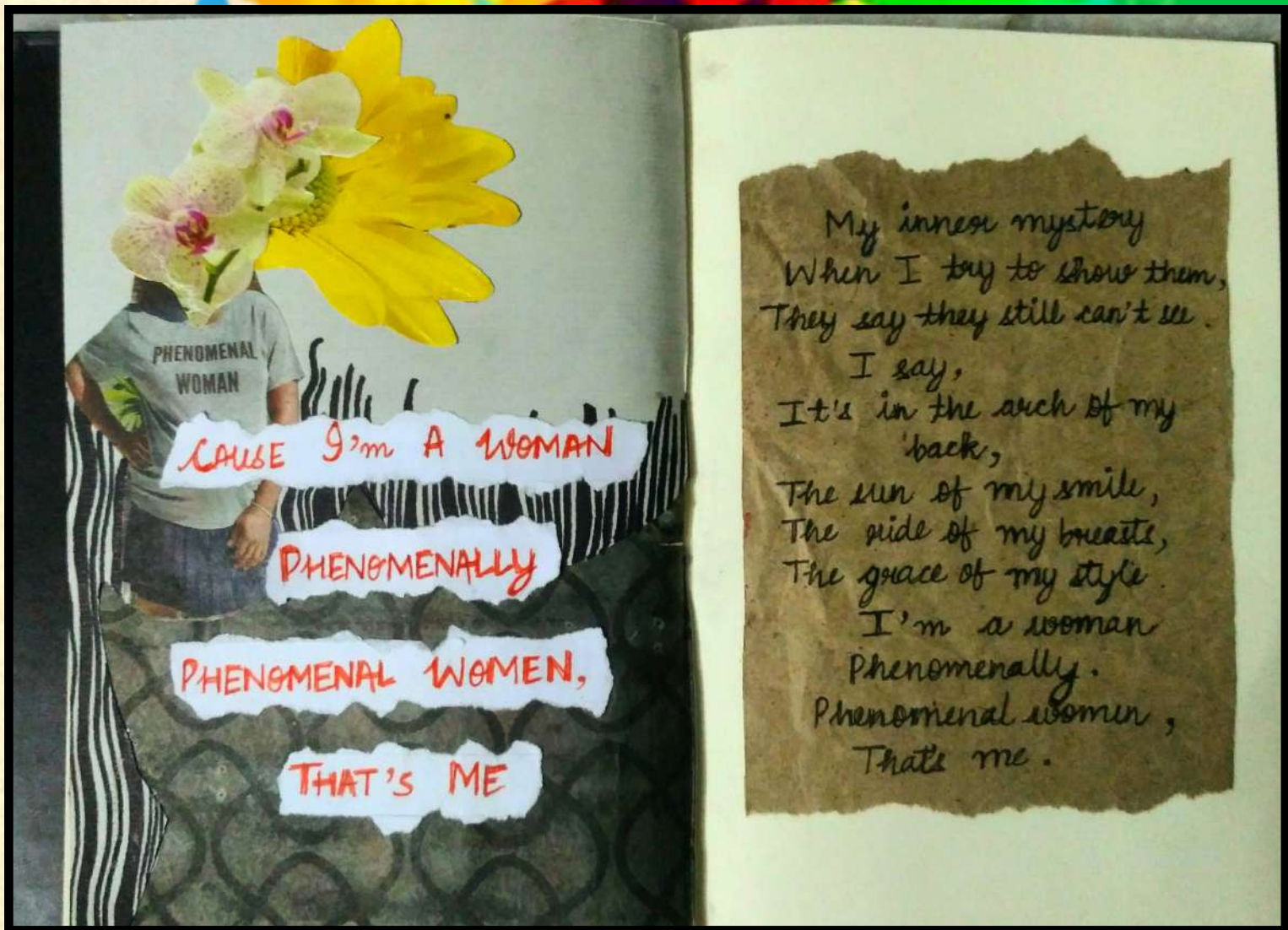
Her bed creaked and she woke up all afraid  
that the monster has made its way to her  
bed again.  
"Happy Birthday!", Her hostel mates  
shouted.  
Not every 12 a.m. deserved a nightmare  
turning to reality;  
some had her dreams in store too.

Shreya Gupta

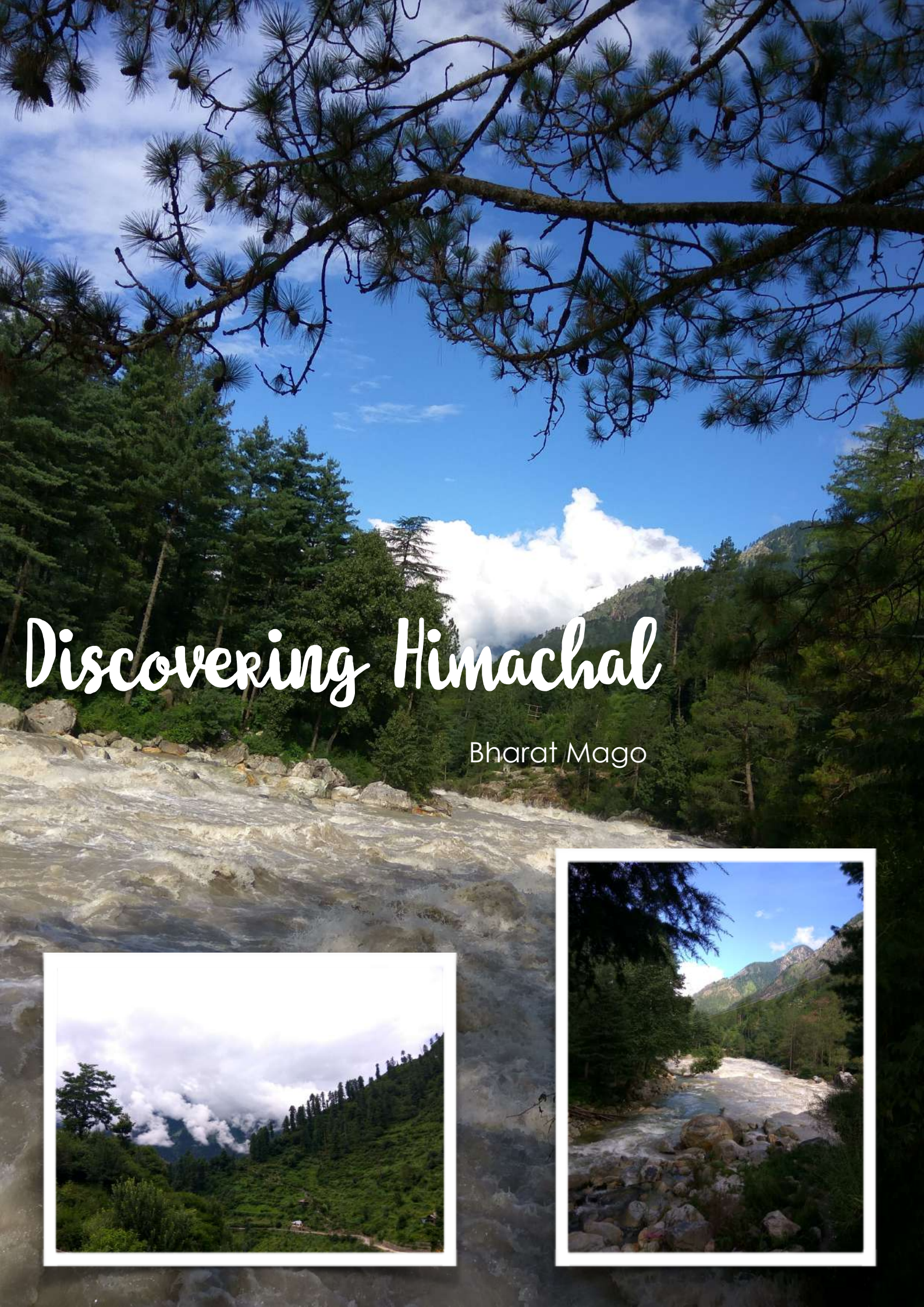
# Art Journal #2

Juvairiah Khan



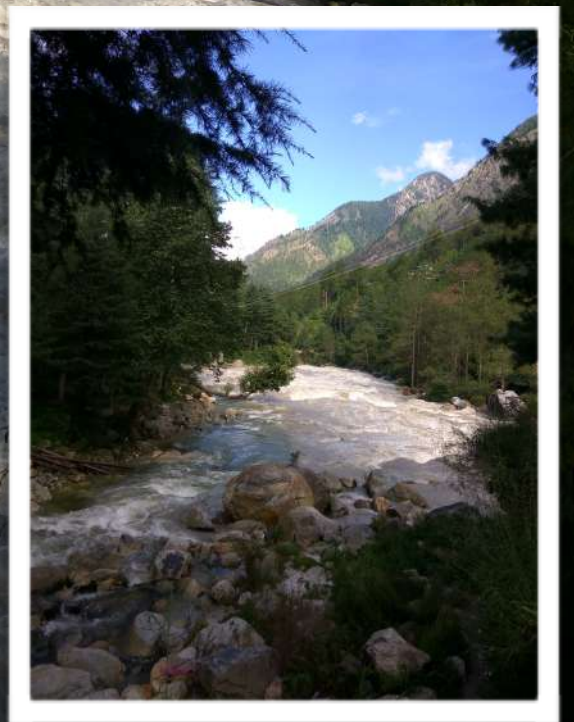


My inner mystery  
When I try to show them,  
They say they still can't see.  
I say,  
It's in the arch of my  
back,  
The sun of my smile,  
The side of my breasts,  
The grace of my style.  
I'm a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That's me.



# Discovering Himachal

Bharat Mago





Squeezing myself in the backseat of the cab is how the most anticipated weekend of my college life started. The only day when I had been the most punctual in my life. After a busy summer job and a college project, I had finally managed to make time for a trip to Parvati valley and its villages in Himachal Pradesh with four of my college friends. We boarded a volvo bus for Bhuntar at 7 pm from Majnu ka tilla, New Delhi. We reached before time and explored the Tibetan food market, I even got some steamed dim sums packed for the journey. Soon after a thirteen-hour long journey we had finally reached Bhuntar.

### DAY 1

Bhuntar is a small town in the Kullu district of Himachal Pradesh which further connects into the land of wanderlust. One can hire a taxi which drops you off to the trek points for different villages through the hills. Without any further wait we ordered ourselves a local taxi which would take us all the way to Kasol. The taxi business is commercialized by the locals with cost of approximately 1300 rupees to commute between the village trek points. Kasol is a small village at a height of 5200 feet above sea level. With a small mall road with restaurants, guesthouses and handicraft shops. It is a perfect destination for all the shopaholics who love to explore. From Kasol we trekked for about 40 minutes alongside the river to a small village in the valley called Chalal. This is where we had planned to camp for the night and luckily, we had found the perfect place to stay. A camp site just beside the river Parvati with its gushing flow and mountains with green lush forests and a guesthouse named as the Green View Café. True to its name it provided the perfect music of nature. We sat for hours with our feet dipped in the cold water just beside the sign boards which warned us not to get too close to the river. That was the moment where I realized the true meaning of the old saying that goes somewhat like “river sucks you in and takes you on for all eternity”. At that moment death seemed beautiful but life was much more precious with nature all around.

### DAY 2

We woke up early in the morning and after absorbing all we could from the river and those green lush hills, we started our trek for a small town called Pulga. Pulga is situated at a height of 6900 feet from sea level. With a steep trek which we managed to do in about 1.5 hours gave us one of the most exotic scenic visuals of our lives. We left the river behind and walked amongst the clouds. The air felt cold and we managed to make it to the top of Pulga. There, we found ourselves a reasonable café for the night and had one of the most amazing Nutella pancakes ever. The stay was quite cheap and the food was moderately priced. The café was surrounded by the forest and we decided to trek further towards the hill top. We explored the forest finding ourselves small caves and big boulders to sit on and relax. We had trekked for about 3 hours and couldn't climb the steep hill anymore. The day went by and we were on the exploration of the forest which turned out to be tiring and exhausting and not so soon enough we dozed off for a small nap. Around 8 PM we got up and ordered ourselves thick, spicy north Indian curries for dinner. I still remember waking up in the middle of the night as it was colder than we expected and sharing a blanket soon turned out to be a struggle.

### DAY 3

We had initially planned to leave early in the morning but the monsoon rain had already kicked in and we got stuck in our rooms till 1 o' clock in the afternoon. The guesthouse caretaker was a fun jovial guy with an American name David. David had a peculiar tone which could almost pass as a Russian accent and he left an imprint in our minds for calling us brother after every sentence. We taught him how to play a card game called bluff. He was a natural and damn good at it. We were careless enough to not pack rain coats and waited till the rain settled. Soon we rushed to trek down the village but the way down was way too adventurous and deadlier than anything else all of us had been into. The trek was full of puddles and slippery stones. And on the other side was a ditch which sent shivers down our spine. In about 2 hours we managed to make it to the taxi stand all drenched and soaked in mud. It was an experience which none of us could ever forget. Next stop was the village Tosh. We reached the trek point for Tosh by a 1-hour long drive. Tosh is a small village which is amongst the highest points of Parvati valley. With its altitude of almost 8000 feet above sea level. To enter the village, we had to cross a wooden bridge over one of the streams from the river Parvati. We went through the village where the houses were made of wood and were amazingly beautiful and colourful. The Local kids were playing all around and it was a pleasant sight. The trek is quite easy as the locals have paved the way to the hill top. Where the accommodation and food is moderately priced. We were hungrier than ever and found a place to stay on one side of the hill. The view from Pinky Didi's café balcony was mesmerising and we could see the snowcapped Himalayas not so far from us. As it had rained for hours during the day, the electrical grid was down. We managed to buy some candles from the locals and had a candle light dinner in the balcony. We hogged on an Israeli dish called "Shakshuka" which is an Israeli version of our favourite indian "anda bhurji" sautéed in tomato puree. The view was heavenly and the food was orgasmic. I never wanted this night to end as it was our last night in the valley of wanderlust. We gazed upon the stars for hours until all the candles melted. With the dying flame we called it a night and headed to our respective rooms.

### DAY 4

I woke up to the most beautiful scenes of this trip and as it was the day to head back into the metropolitan routine of our lives where the highest point were the rooftops of apartment buildings the hills seemed prettier. We had Shakshuka and chicken rolls for breakfast and headed for our descent around 12 pm. The ride downhill made me anxious and I wanted to chain myself to every passing tree. We reached Bhunter at 6 PM but our ride back home was late by 2 hours. After 30 minutes of journey we found ourselves stuck in a landslide for more than 7 hours. I guess the valley also did not want its lovers to leave. To top that, our bus had some mechanical problem further delaying our stay in the hills. I remember waking up at 7 in the morning and still trying to get out of the hills. After 24 hours, we were finally home. We reached back to Majnu ka Tilla with sullen faces. Our expressions were that of a heartbroken lover. I was already missing the fresh air and the sound of nature. The magic it wove around me was enigmatic. Parvati valley was truly a place where I had left behind my heart and my mind, I wish I could stay amongst the clouds for a little while longer. I wish I could write this article while sitting on a boulder gazing upon the hills of Himachal.



# 5 Reasons Why Paulo Coelho Is The Master Writer When It Comes To Philosophy

Shreya Gupta

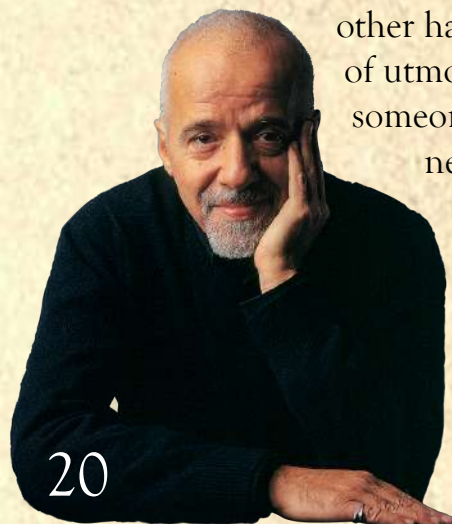
Philosophy has been defined as an academic discipline that seeks truth through reasoning rather than empiricism. There are so many people unknown to us, so many experiences unsung, so many stories unheard. And in that case, what has been the armour of mankind, are books. They transport us to a different world, transform us to someone we might have never known, had we not picked the book. Coelho is a well-known Brazilian writer with all his books translated in English and many other languages. Here are five reasons why Coelho is the best choice to finish reading if you want to get philosophical peace in the mystic and magical world he creates.

## 1. He teaches how every individual is different and that difference should be celebrated.

From his early childhood, he was called a lunatic as he talked of mysterious things and found his interest in spirituality. But this never discouraged him to embrace his uniqueness and dare to be a writer while everyone wanted him to be a lawyer. In his novel 'Veronica Decides To Die', Paulo writes, "You are someone who is different, but who wants to be the same as everyone else. And that in my view is a serious illness. God chose you to be different. Why are you disappointing God with this kind of attitude?" With a simple language, he preaches that God has made billions of human beings and every person has a distinguished quality and their uniqueness should not be considered their weakness. Strength lies in the various ways we all have been knitted and very few authors call this a blessing like Paulo Coelho.

## 2. He puts emphasis on friendship, compassion and love.

Man is a social animal and cannot survive otherwise. This is a truth we all need to realise in the world where half the population is in depression and finds itself lonely while the other half is in the terror of loss and violence. The words of the great author are of utmost importance in the contemporary society: "Love is not to be found in someone else, but in ourselves; we simply awaken it. But in order to do that, we need the other person. The universe only makes sense when we have someone to share our feelings with."



### 3. Progressive thoughts are the roots of growth of humanity.

Paulo is a progressive thinker and doesn't present sex as an erotic medium of pleasure. He links it with spirituality and says in his novel 'Eleven Minutes', "Sex was always surrounded by taboos, and I don't see it necessarily as a manifestation of evil. I think that sexuality is first and foremost the way that God chooses for us to be here on earth, to enjoy this energy of love in the physical plane." No job is less and no man is filthy, he shows by making a prostitute the lead character in his novel and not showing the ill-sides of their work.

### 4. Strong determination can keep you going.

He strongly believes in the strength of determination and believes that every moment comes with a chance to change our whole lives. He writes, "Everyday God gives us the sun, and also the moment in which have the ability to change everything that makes us unhappy. Our magic moment helps us to change and send us off in search of our dreams." His ardent faith in the magic that surrounds our lives and that God is always there to guide the path ahead is what we all need to incorporate in our minds too because this, solely this is the key to success.

### 5. Stop over-thinking and start living.

Almost all the books of Paulo teach the importance of living in the moment. In *The Alchemist*, he narrates the story with a motive that if you want to live your dreams, do what your heart says and often, it tells you to live. He writes, "Haven't you learned anything, not even with the approach of death? Stop thinking all the time that you're in the way, that you're bothering the person next to you. If people don't like it, they can complain. And if they don't have the courage to complain, that's their problem." Life is simple. Just think of yourself, do the right deeds and live.

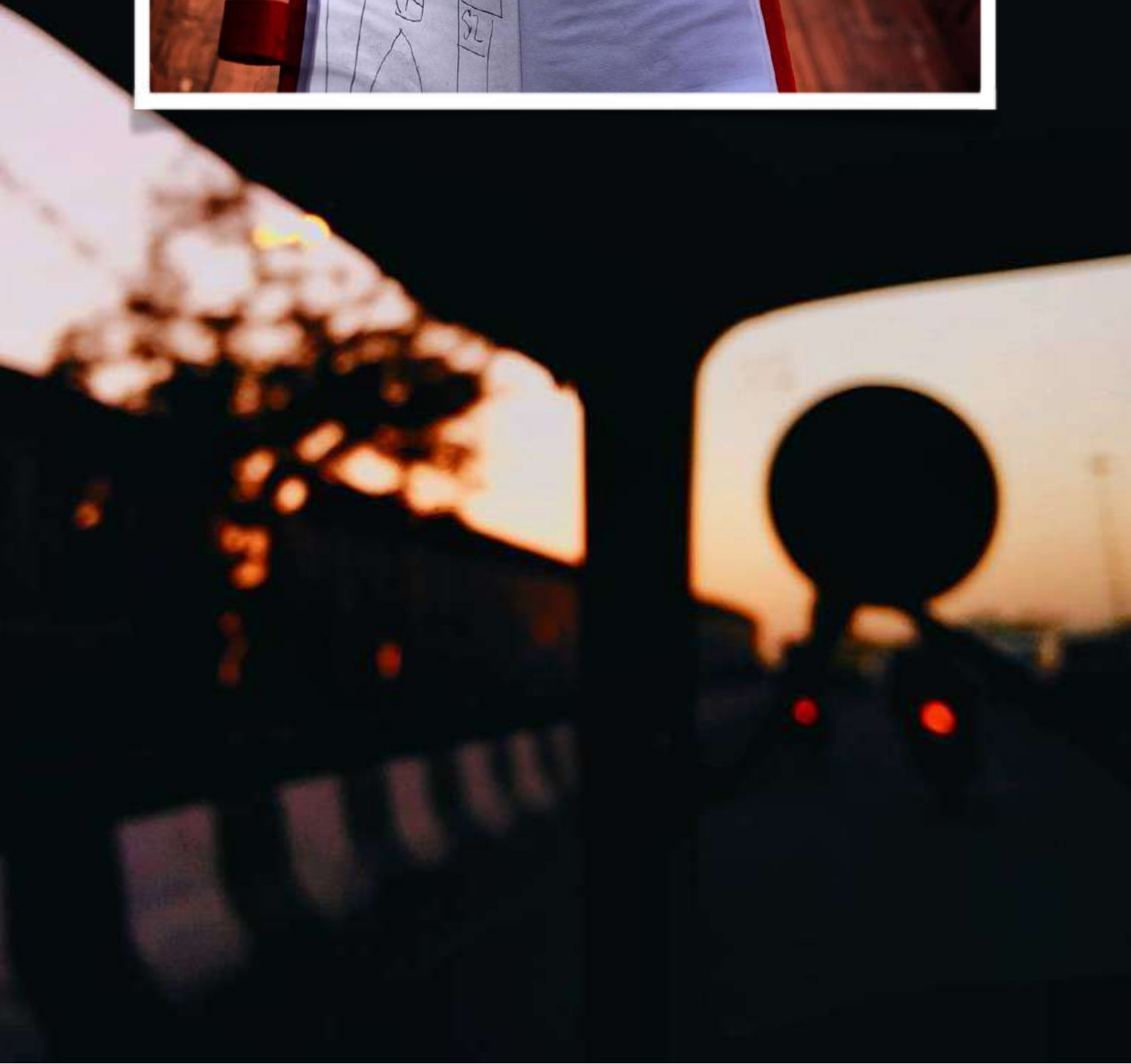
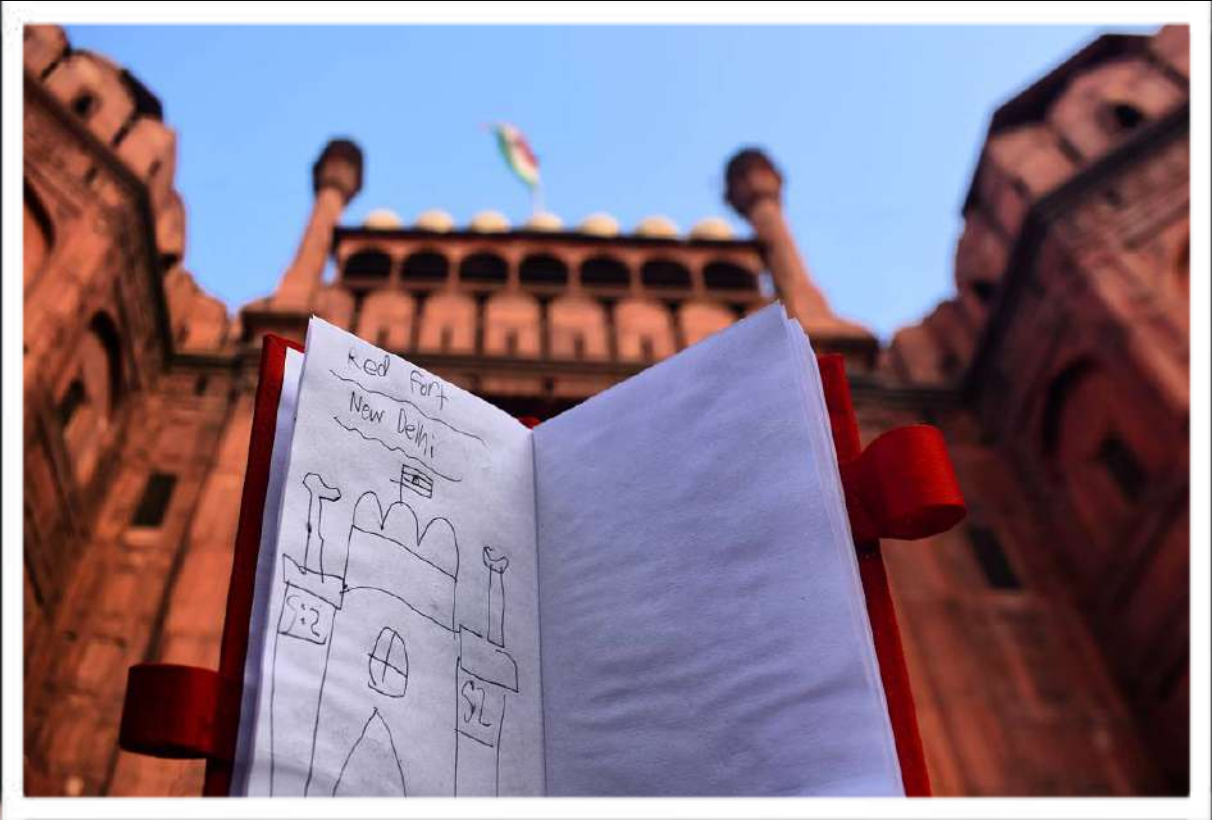


HOUSE No. 26  
&  
HOUSE No. 27

# Daily Magic

Sagarika  
Debnath











# Why was 'Logan' Different?

Devanshi Gupta

**“Laura: You are dying. You want to die.**

**Logan: How do you know?**

**Laura: Charles told me.**

**Logan: What else did he tell you?**

**Laura: To not let you.”**

Logan was released earlier this year in March. Set in a dystopian world, it provides a grittier and darker film than any other X-Men instalment. It follows the story of an older and weaker Wolverine, his clone daughter, and an aged and mentally unstable Charles Xavier.

I'll say it right away; this film is better than other X-Men films. Hell, this film is better than most superhero films. One of the main reasons why it is so good is because it is brutally honest and lays bare the soul of Wolverine in his final days. This film is an emotional rollercoaster. It is sometimes funny, sometimes touching, and sometimes so sad that it is hard to stifle tears.

As one watches Logan, one notices that there is no Mystique here; there is no Magneto here; all our favourite characters are gone—dead. Wolverine has grey hair. His eyes are bloodshot. His healing powers are lax. His eyesight has gone bad, and he is coughing blood. The most powerful telepathic mutant, Professor X, is bonkers. He mumbles to himself and fails to even recognise Wolverine. There is an albino genius mutant, Caliban, whom I kind of hate.

And then we find out that Wolverine has a daughter, Laura, who shocks everyone with the tiny claws that protrude out of her knuckles. She is like Wolverine, very much like Wolverine. In her first action sequence, she viciously kills more than a dozen soldiers, screaming her head off all the time. This is so unexpected and awesome that one cannot help but cheer for this little girl. Dafne Keen, who plays the little mutant, does an excellent job of embodying a badass child who is an imbecile regarding the ways of the world.

The relationship between Wolverine and Laura is most interesting to watch. It starts out with hostility and ends up in something very beautiful. Wolverine's denial and scepticism make it all the more touching when we find him genuinely caring for his miniature version, his daughter, his heart.

I really love the scene where Wolverine rams his car into a fence, and the fence doesn't just buckle down. This scene screams that Logan is not like other films because for the first time, Wolverine is at a disadvantage and not shown as invincible. If he is a part of an X-Men Movie, he is always shown as the Hero who doesn't care initially but always ends up saving the day. This film is one of a kind because he does end up saving the day but could not save himself. All this time when his healing saved us and himself from the multiple near world ends, time finally took it away and we had to say goodbye to our old friend.



# Yellow Like Those Daffodils



Manya Chaudhary

There we are, walking through the wilderness where the streets are humming. And the crossroads, with those daffodils you used to give me, fallen around are echoing with the wrath of mother nature forcing it's way onto us through cracked edges in the sidewalk.

Can you smell the heavy air full of words written on the mountains of our dreams? It's intoxicating me with its presence. The time wants me to live on forever with it but I've got pains that wear me out. Right now, I've got wishes and hopes that are unknown even to me.

Running and running and running.. can you feel my heartbeat? It's winning the race against those winds blowing through your perfect hair.

We've lost our way back home but you're carefree, eyes closed, feeling the sunlight on your face, and shining golden that's complementing the daffodils of my past. In that moment, I realised, yellow is my favourite colour.

I want to feel as calm as you do but you make me wild. I'll be nothing but chaotic as long as I'm by your side. Our thoughts kiss at inappropriate moments and I somehow find home right here, with you around.

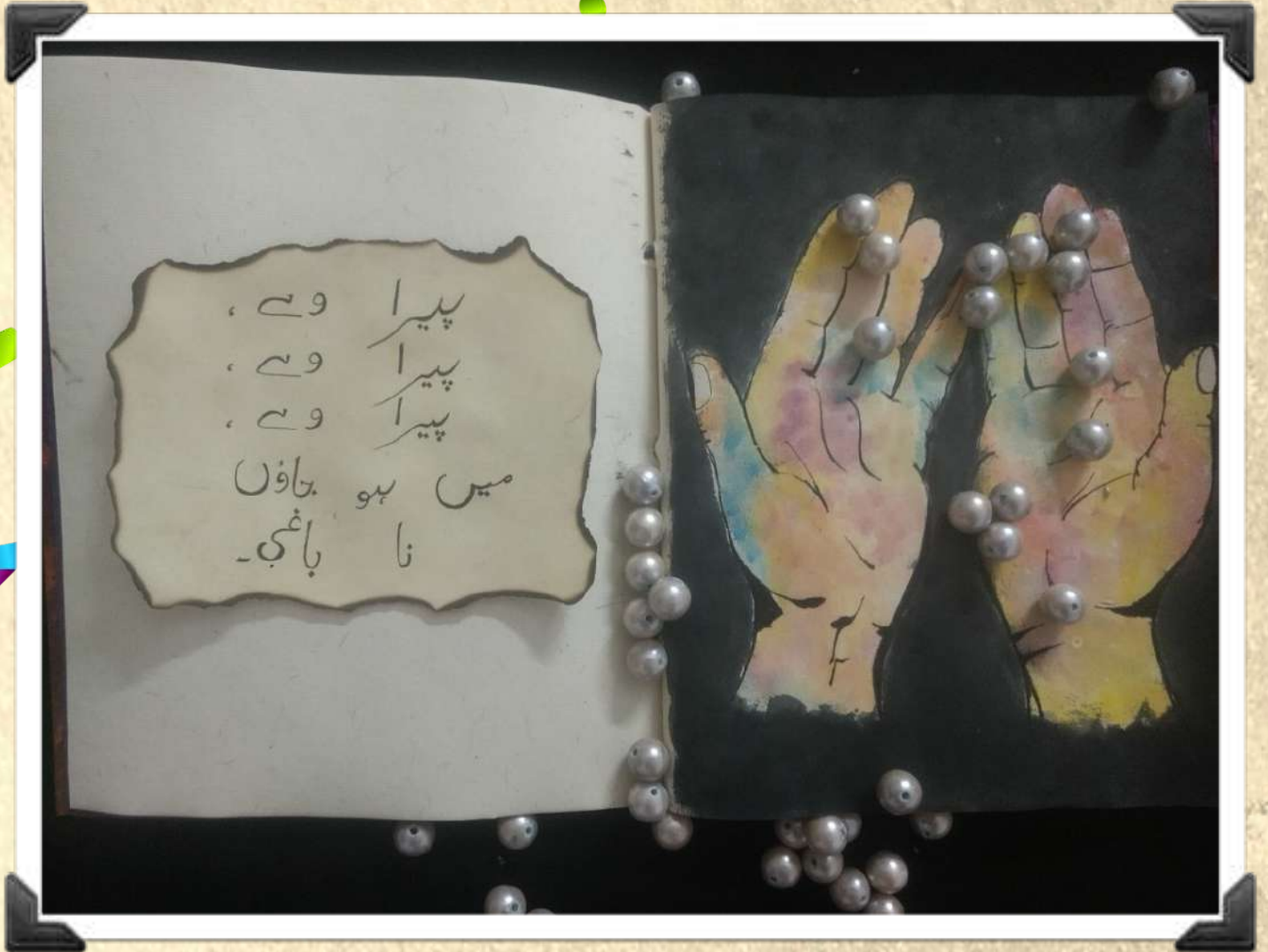
You finally open your eyes and look at me, unaware of the feelings being provoked within and so I turn away and once again we're running and running and running, with my deepest secrets disclosed to the sky and some even to me.



# In Progress

Zoya Azmi





Translation:

(In Hindi)

Peera Ve Peera Ve Peera  
Main Ho Na Jaun Baaghi

(In English)

A Girl praying that she doesn't end up being a rebel because  
of her circumstances.



# Protection, Paranoia and Patriarchy

Sanaa Zahid

70 years ago at the stroke of the midnight hour, when the rest of the world was sleeping, India woke up to freedom. Freedom is not only limited to the 'right to vote' or autonomy, it also involves being able to do what we want within the law. India is indeed constitutionally free but it needs to be ideologically free too.

Our society seems to think that all these freedoms and ideas are only reserved for the male population. The female population enjoys but a fraction of the modern ideals that we boast about. Freedom for the female population starts with treating women with respect and seeing them as equals. Equality in all fields or feminism isn't the solution to this. Just like charity begins at home, equality begins at the family and all the places where women grow up, interact and live.

When students leave their hometown to pursue degrees at universities in other cities, they want their child to be treated just like they were treated at their home with their needs taken care of. While mostly what a student actually faces is a pure deceit. The administration gobbles up the funds and gives extremely unsatisfactory returns for it. They want money on time but take a disgustingly long time to get satisfactory results. Female students are subject to such incompetent hostel administration because they prefer to live somewhere that's safe and permanent. They aren't treated respectfully. They are treated like potential liabilities rather than assets. The money taken is overcharged compared to the services provided.

This is not just an issue in a single institution, it is a general problem nation wide. The people in the administration like anyone else will want what's best for their child and will be outraged if their children are treated like a burden. They need to start respecting the students who come to them because they are the future service providers for the nation. They need to understand the amount of stress and hard work it takes to pursue a degree and should do their best to provide a comfortable ambience for them to stay without any hassles so that the students can focus on achieving their goals.

A country is only as great as its people, only when the youth is allowed to flourish in a comfortable and safe environment, they will lead us to a better future.

Jai Hind.



# Grains Of Sand And Us

Tanvi Taparia

Like the grains of sand  
Difference lies in our hearts,  
Maybe residing on the same land,  
Yet having a unique definition of  
transparent;

Like the grains of sand  
We all are only a tiny part of this infinity,  
Existing with our own little band,  
Our souls trying to conquer the eternity;

Like the grains of sand  
We all will someday fall in love and it's  
emotions,  
Some with the endless ocean and others the  
sky above the land-  
And will appreciate that feeling in all of its  
forms;

Like the grains of the sand  
We all will be washed away some day,  
Maybe to a faraway lonely island-  
Beautiful or not, Souls will find a new way.



# SUBMISSIONS

Contributors:

Madiha Fatima  
Shreyashi Tiwari  
Hassan Saeed  
Saiprasad Manchal



# Submission Guidelines

We accept submissions of all sorts. Articles, Poetry, Photography, Comic Strips, Artworks, literally anything. We encourage all topics apart from Politics because it can cause conflict and we aim to spread positivity.

To submit to us, send us an email on [contactblackgreywhite@gmail.com](mailto:contactblackgreywhite@gmail.com) with the subject as SUBMISSION: \*Category\*. For example, if you want to submit an artwork, the subject will be SUBMISSION: Artwork.

We promise get back to you within two weeks and if we cannot publish your piece in our issue, we guarantee a feedback.

For queries, contact us:  
[contactblackgreywhite@gmail.com](mailto:contactblackgreywhite@gmail.com)

Check out our Blog:  
[www.blackgreywhitemagazine.wordpress.com](http://www.blackgreywhitemagazine.wordpress.com)

Instagram/Twitter: @blackgreywhitemagazine





# Sweet Nausea

Shreyashi Tiwari

I sleep with a sigh, a heavy one on my pillow  
a life so unimagined, a drastic case, nowhere to follow  
lost in the things, observing the peace around  
the strange quietness resultant to arouse  
the certain horrid versions of the stories told  
of the foreign land and the witches cruel and old  
Moving ahead with careless ease, blurred visions  
Curiosity lights up the path in the deserted and untrodden lanes  
breathing and seeking the life of the moment and reaching close to  
god-made things

From the sweet chirping to the spine-shivering hisses  
The life in the soul groans n pushes its way through hinges  
They come out after a birth, after a whole world has passed  
After the kingdoms and civilisations have come and gone and now  
where the democracy lasts

Hiding all these times , beneath the sheath were these crackling  
secrets

They come out in tears, along with an amusing laugh  
mixed with an innocence of a child, and a peace to the soul of the  
world

sitting by the water it washes away the remaining dirt.  
The soul cleaned, the thoughts tidy, filled with inspiration from  
the Almighty

Fulfilling the purpose the ultimate aim,  
For which He sent you, for which the world had claim!



# I go on Forever

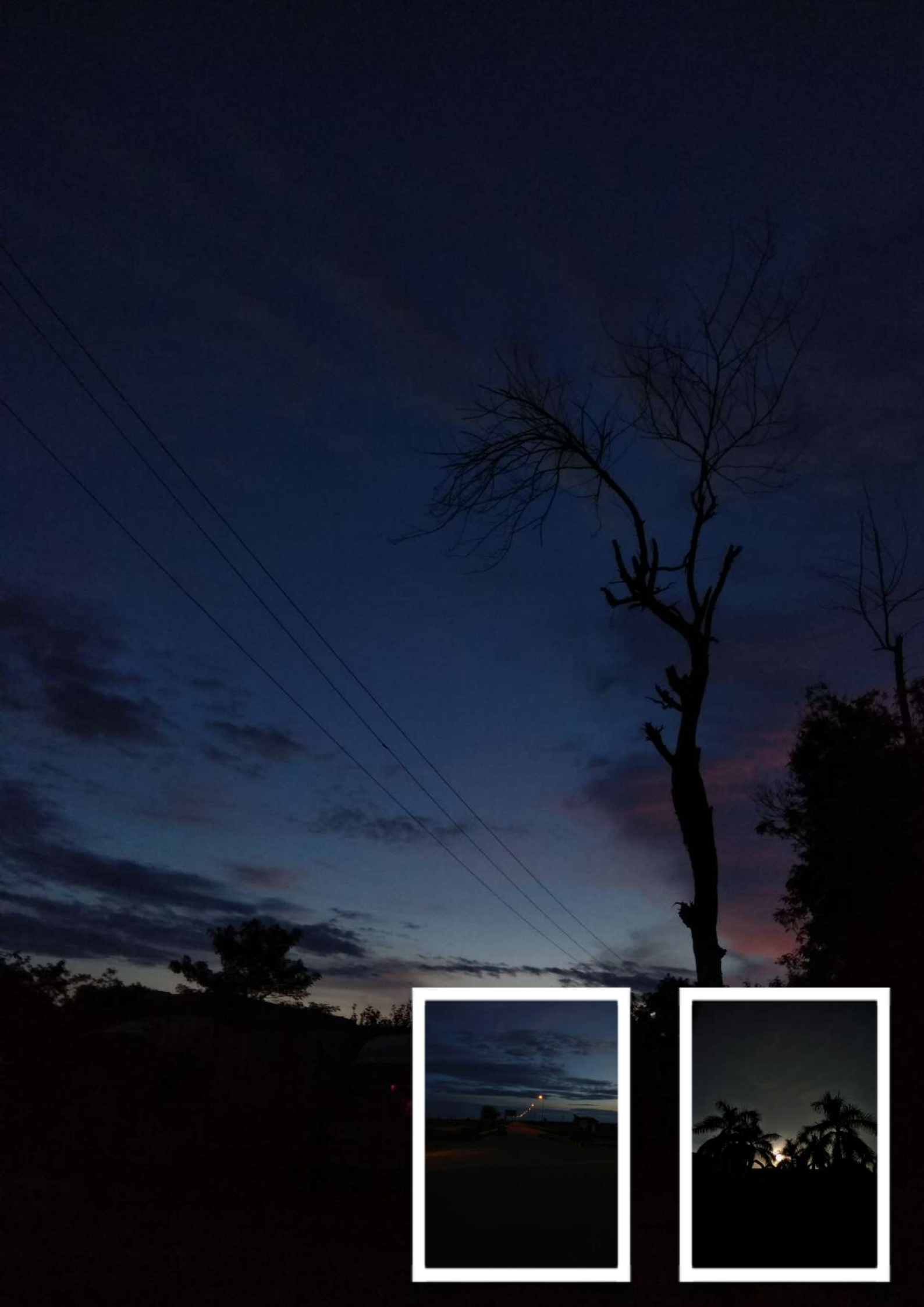
Madiha Fatima



# Sunsets and Shadows

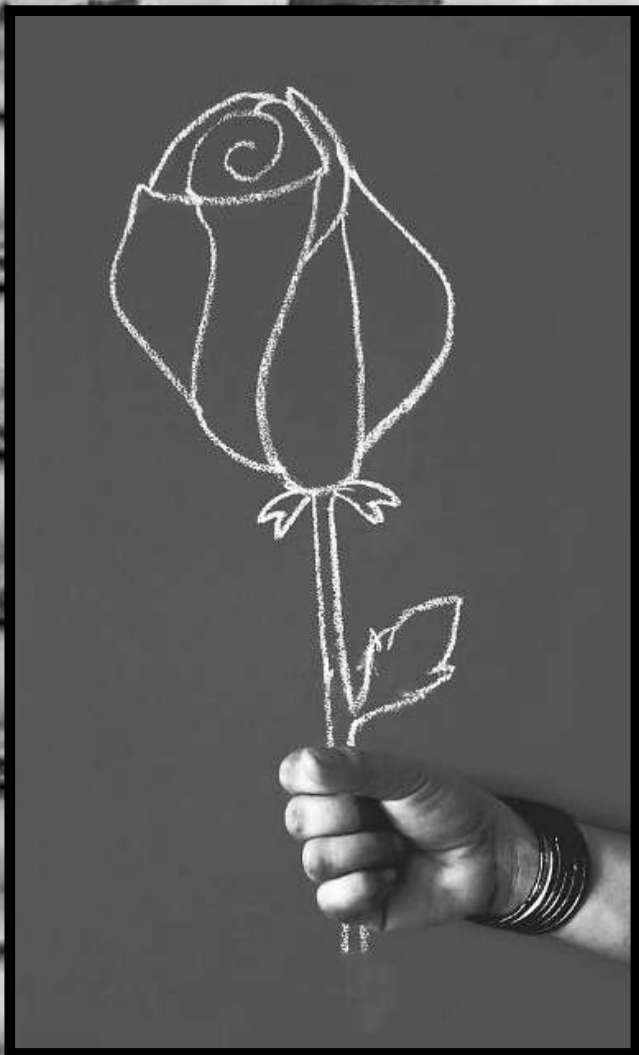
Hassan Saeed

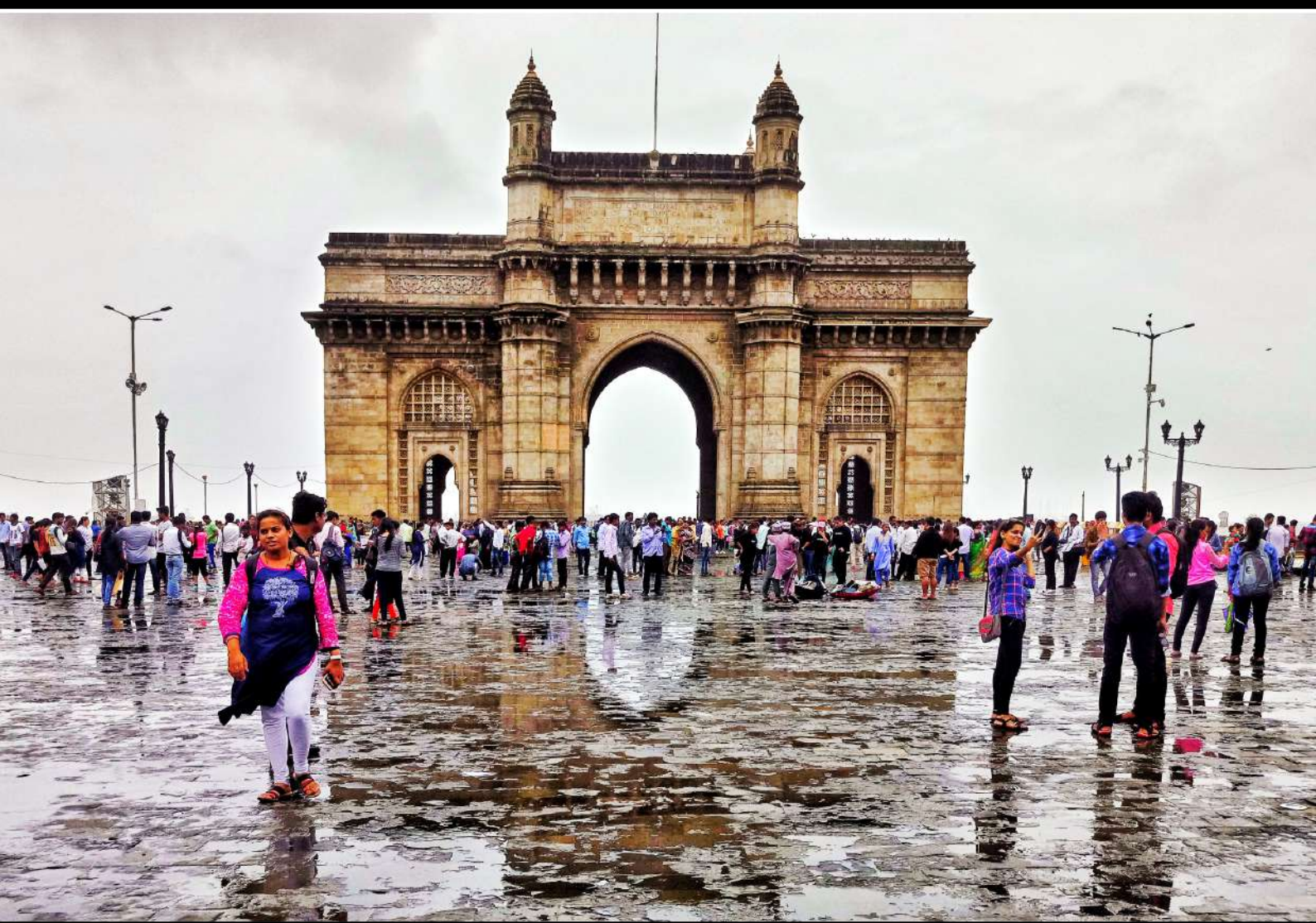




# Smiles and Dreams

Saiprasad  
Manchal







Thank you for believing in

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