



# WALT AIR TIMES

VOL-29 | ISSUE - 3 | SEPTEMBER 2024

THE HOUSE JOURNAL OF WALT AIR CLUB



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# From the President's Desk

Dear Esteemed Members,

I am happy with the spectrum of events conducted in September,2024 month as they reflect the spirit and tradition of our waltair club.

The September month events commenced with the unique program conducted by Senior citizens on the first day of September.

We are delighted to announce the celebration of Lord Ganesha Puja at our club, where members and their families come together to invoke blessings for prosperity, wisdom, and success. The serene atmosphere was filled with devotion, prayers, and with prasadam.

Looking ahead, we have an exciting calendar of events lined up, catering to diverse interests and ensuring that there is something for everyone to enjoy. I encourage all of you to take part, continue contributing your ideas, and share in the joy of creating memorable experiences together.

As your president, my commitment remains steadfast to fostering an inclusive environment where every member feels valued, heard, and connected. Let's continue this wonderful momentum and make the coming months even more vibrant.

Thank you for your dedication and for making our club a true haven of friendship and growth.



Best Regards  
**K. Vamsi Kishore** (V-168)  
98491 66669

PRESIDENT	MR.K.VAMSI KISHORE	V-168	9849166669
VICE-PRESIDENT	MR.SISTA SRINIVASA MURTHY (VASU)	S-422	9848191313
HON.SECRETARY	V.SEETHARAMAIAH	S-225	9849691188
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LADIES COMMITTEE	MISS.SADAF MOOSA MEHDI	M-242	9849997786
SENIOR CITIZENS	MRS.VALLI RAMGOPAL	R-051	9866683660



## Vice-President's Message

Dear Members,

It gives me immense pleasure in expressing my happiness from our club events of September, 2024. I want to share one of the event happened in September month.

### SIP AND PAINT

Our waltair club ladies committee conducted unicorn Arts under the name SIP & PAINT. This event was planned and nicely conducted on 21st, September, 2024 between 4.00 pm. to 7.00 pm. The dress code for participants of Age +13 is 'FLORAL'.

Our recent Sip and Paint event brought together members for a delightful evening of creativity and camaraderie. With brushes in hand and beverages in the other, participants unleashed their artistic flair while enjoying lighthearted conversations. It was a perfect blend of art, relaxation, and fun, leaving everyone with beautiful memories

and masterpieces to cherish.

In the coming months, we have several exciting events planned that aim to bring our community closer and offer enriching experiences for everyone. I encourage all of you to stay engaged, share your ideas, and make the most of these opportunities to connect and grow together.

As your vice president, I am committed to supporting our leadership team and ensuring that we continue to provide a platform for meaningful interactions, learning, and fun. Thank you for your continued support and involvement.

**Mr.Sista Srinivasa Murthy (Vasu) (S-422)**

### CHAIRMAN : SISTA SRINIVASA MURTHY

**EDITOR :** Dr. M. RAMJEE (R-267)

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2. MR. S.S. SARMA (S-533)
3. MRS. SRINIJA (S-1045)
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9848191313

## Editors Message

Dear Members,

As we enter the third month of our club's activities, I am delighted to share my reflections on the wonderful journey we have embarked upon. The last two months have been filled with creativity, collaboration, and a genuine sense of community, and it has been an absolute pleasure to curate these experiences within our club's journal.

Our club magazine is meant to be a reflection of the wonderful community we share, with stories, insights, and creative expressions from both our members and their families. However, we've noticed that contributions have become fewer, and it seems some of us may be holding back from sharing.

While this might feel disheartening, we believe this presents an opportunity for all of us to reignite our collective enthusiasm. Each of you, along with your families, has unique experiences, ideas, and stories to tell-ones that could inspire, entertain, and connect us all more deeply.

Remember, the magazine is not just a publication-it's a platform for your voice, your creativity, and your personal touch. We encourage you to share, whether it's through writing, photography, artwork, or even a fun family moment.

Together, we can make our magazine vibrant and engaging once again. We look forward to receiving your contributions and creating something we can all take pride in.



**Dr.M.Ramjee, R-267**

98480 40655

# Hon. Secretary's Message

Dear Members,

As we embark on the third month of this exciting journey, I am delighted to reflect on the incredible energy and commitment each one of you has brought to our club. It is your enthusiasm that fuels our collective success, and I am honoured to serve as your secretary, ensuring that our activities run smoothly and effectively.

In September, we hosted different events for the

- Senior citizens
- Ladies
- Children
- Devotional

In addition to the regular monthly events of our club

These initiatives are a testament to the dynamic and diverse interests of our members, and I am thrilled to witness the growth of our vibrant community. Your active involvement in these events makes all the difference, and I encourage you to continue participating, sharing ideas, and contributing to the lively spirit of our club.

As we move forward, my focus remains on enhancing communication and organization within the club, ensuring that all members are well-informed and actively engaged. The coming month promises more exciting opportunities to connect, learn, and celebrate together. I am always available to hear your suggestions and feedback, as they are invaluable in helping us evolve and grow.

Thank you for your continued trust and support. Together, we are building something truly special.

Best regards,  
**V.Seetharamaiah**, S-225  
 9849691188



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 Web : www.waltairclub.com

# SENIOR CITIZENS -

## AGE RELATED MEMORY LOSS

A brief report on the seminar on 'Age related memory loss ' conducted by Senior Citizens committee of Waltairclub on 1<sup>st</sup> September, 2024.

As they say, age is just a number ! There are so many positives of getting older, like old wine, you are wiser, more experienced in matters of life, left the rat race behind and enjoying the fruits of your labour, have ample time to spend with family especially the precious grandkids and friends, everything is hunky-dory except that there are those creaky joints, the pesky high blood pressure, the troublesome diabetes, sleepless nights, feeling lonesome and neglected, etc etc, but most of all losing your memory ! It starts with small episodes of forgetfulness, like misplacing keys, forgetting names etc but if not dealt properly leading to dementia . So, it was a very appropriate and timely seminar thought out by Mrs Valli Ramgopal, chairperson of the senior Citizens Committee and all her team members on 'Age related memory loss' on 1<sup>st</sup> September, 2024. There were a galaxy of speakers led by the eminent Neurophysician, Dr K.Venkateswarlu and team of psychiatrists, psychologist and palliative physician.

Once again the rain gods were benevolent, after incessant rains, it was a clear Sunday morning, that our programme started around 10.30 am in the cosy environs of 2010, Waltair club. About 78 enthusiastic members and guests attended, to the delight of the organisers and speakers.

The chairman cordially welcomed everyone with her opening remarks. Mrs Sunita invited the speakers onto the Dias.

Dr Kalpana Subrahmanyam then started the proceedings. She introduced Dr K Venkateswarlu, an emeritus professor of Neurology in AMC, to the audience and invited him to start his lecture. He was very thorough in his presentation about ageing and memory loss, conditions leading to dementia, Alzheimer's etc. He narrated the factors leading to memory loss, how to avoid dementia, benefits of good nutrition, exercise, social interactions etc. It was a very exhaustive talk and beneficial to the audience.



Dr Kalpana, then introduced Dr N.S.Raju, a palliative physician, Managing trustee and Medical Director of Sneha Sandhya Age care Foundation and invited him to give his talk. He spoke about the problems of old age, long term illnesses and their impact, taking care of such patients, palliative care, how their foundation has been dealing with it and its future projects. It was very inspirational.

Then it was the turn of Mr Ravikanth Kuchibhotla, a qualified Psychologist who really lightened up the audience with his lively talk .

Dr Sravani Gaddipati, an assistant professor of Psychiatry from Gayatri Vidya parishad medical college made the audience to write on 4 Chits, what they

love most in an order of importance, then asked to leave each randomly to the chagrin of the members, it felt so real, no one wanted to give up their loved ones, their home, career etc, whatever they had written. This was her point that we shouldn't be attached to anything, be prepared for whatever fate offers. Still it was a poignant moment for many, with a tear or two.

Lastly, another psychiatrist, Dr Srinivas Singisetty, an Associate professor from Gitam Medical College, gave a very useful and brief lecture on how to combat memory loss.

All in all it was a very informative seminar and the members listened enthusiastically and interacted actively, they felt it was over too soon. Maybe we can plan a full day programme in future.

Mrs Sarvalakshmi gave the vote of thanks. The speakers were felicitated by the Waltairclub committee members. Mementos were presented by the senior citizen committee members, lady members presented them with fruit baskets.

Many members stayed back to get basic memory screening by the specialists.

The meeting was a great success, thanks to the meticulous planning of the chairman and her team. Looking forward to more of such interesting meets of senior citizens.



**Dr Kalpana Subrahmanyam S277.**

# WHY **TULSI** IS NOT OFFERED IN LORD GANESH PUJA?

Tulsi, or holy basil, is not offered to Lord Ganesha because of a story from Hindu tradition:

While **Tulsi** leaves are considered an important part of every ritual and worship in the traditional customs, these sacred leaves are never offered to Lord Ganesha. There's an interesting story behind this ban and here's how it goes.

Once upon a time, in the divine realms of Hindu mythology, there lived a beautiful goddess named Tulsi. She was known for her unwavering devotion and her ethereal beauty that attracted the attention of both gods and mortals.

One day, as fate would have it, **Lord Ganesha** was deep in meditation. He sat regally on a magnificent jewelled throne, His divine presence radiating tranquillity and wisdom. His tranquil state drew the curiosity of Goddess Tulsi, who had never seen anyone as enchanting as Lord Ganesha.

Fascinated by his divine aura and grace, Maa Tulsi felt a strong fascination. She thought to marry Lord Ganesha and share her life with the deity who embodied wisdom and benevolence. With a heart full of hope and yearning, she approached **Lord Ganesha** and expressed her wish to be his consort.



However, Lord Ganesha, was following celibacy back then. He gently declined Maa Tulsi's proposal. He explained that his purpose was to serve as a guardian and protector, devoid of worldly attachments and desires.

Maa Tulsi, was overcome by anger and disappointment due to this rejection. In her frustration, she uttered a curse. She cursed Lord Ganesha to experience not one, but two marriages in his lifetime, a fate he had never before been destined to bear.

In response to Maa Tulsi's curse, Lord Ganesha was filled with righteous indignation. He, too, issued a curse in return. He proclaimed that She would be married to an Asura, a demon, as a consequence of her hasty actions.

Realizing the gravity of her actions and the curses that had been cast upon both of them, Maa Tulsi immediately regretted her words and sought forgiveness from Lord Ganesha. She bowed before him, her eyes filled with remorse and repentance.

Lord Ganesha, in his infinite compassion, accepted the apology. He assured her that her fate would indeed intertwine with that of the demon 'Shankha Churna,' as foretold by his curse. Moreover, he revealed a divine destiny for Tulsi. She would become the one who gives life and salvation to the world in the age of Kaliyuga. She would also hold a special place in the hearts of Lord Vishnu and Lord Krishna.



Despite their reconciliation, Lord Ganesha cautioned Tulsi that offering her leaves in his worship would not be deemed auspicious. Thus, the tradition emerged that offering Tulsi leaves to Lord Ganesha during worship is considered inauspicious in Hinduism, as it is believed to be associated with this ancient tale of curses and blessings.

And so, the story of Tulsi and Lord Ganesha serves as a reminder of the complexities and wisdom found within Hindu mythology, where even the curses and blessings are interwoven with profound significance..



# SIP & PAINT:

## An Afternoon of Creativity and Camaraderie

The Sip & Paint event, organized by the Ladies Committee on 21<sup>st</sup> September, was a delightful success, bringing together our club's members for an afternoon of art, fun, and relaxation. The session saw enthusiastic participation from ladies across all age groups, including young members aged 13 and above, making it a true intergenerational celebration of creativity.



With a lively atmosphere and upbeat music in the background, the event kicked off with participants exploring their artistic side, painting beautiful designs on tote bags provided to them. All art supplies were arranged by the committee, ensuring that everyone could focus on expressing their creativity. To add to the experience, a variety of delicious snacks and refreshments were served, making it a perfect blend of art and indulgence.

It was heartwarming to see the joy and camaraderie shared as participants exchanged tips, appreciated each other's designs, and bonded over paint and canvas. Each tote bag turned into a unique piece of art, reflecting the vibrant spirit of our members.

The organizing team extends heartfelt thanks to everyone who joined and made the event such a memorable one. We look forward to more such engaging sessions that continue to strengthen the bonds within our Waltair Club community!



## MEMBER HONOUR



With respect, this is happy to share the information stating that the vice chancellor, Andhra University on the recommendations of the board of examiners is order that myself (mullapudi krishna rao ) be declared qualified for Degree of Doctor of Philosophy ( PhD) on the thesis of performance of export processing zones (SEZ's).

## BUMPER TAMBOLA



## CLUB CALENDAR

04.10.2024	Friday	Movie	7:00 pm
06.10.2024	Sunday	Sunday Special Tambola	12 noon
10.10.2024	Thursday	DussehraDhamaka	7:30pm
11.10.2024	Friday	Movie	7:00 pm
18.10.2024	Friday	Movie	7:00 pm
20.10.2024	Sunday	Senior Citizens Day	11:30am
25.10.2024	Friday	Halloween Movie Night	5:00 pm
27.10.2024	Saturday	Bumper Tambola	7:30pm
30.10.2024	Wednesday	Diwali Mela	4:30pm

## OBITUARY

We regret to announce the sad demise of our members.



MR.V..R.RAO (M.NO.R-035)  
EXPIRED ON 15.09.2024



MR.S.V.SUBBARAJU (M.NO.S-360)  
EXPIRED ON 20.09.2024



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(The following four stories are one for children, one for youth, one for middle aged and one for the people with decades of experience) – collected by Mrs. M.Subha, R-267

# The Legend of the Forgotten Garden

In a small village, nestled between towering mountains, there was a secret that no one talked about-the Forgotten Garden. It was said that only the bravest children could find it, and that whoever did would discover its magical powers. For generations, the garden had been lost, and many believed it was just a tale to entertain children.

But one summer, three friends-Maya, Aarav, and Zara-decided to uncover the truth.

One day, as they explored the dense forest near their village, they stumbled upon an old, crumbling map hidden in a hollow tree. The map was faded and torn, but the words "Forgotten Garden" could be seen scrawled across the top. Excited and curious, the trio decided to follow the path on the map, which led them deeper into the unknown.

After hours of walking, they reached an ancient stone archway covered in ivy. Beyond it lay a world unlike anything they had ever seen. The garden was alive with colour-flowers that glowed in the dark, trees with leaves that changed colours as you touched them, and fruit that sparkled like jewels. But the garden wasn't just beautiful; it was alive in a way that felt... magical.



As they explored, they noticed something strange-each plant responded to them in unique ways. Maya discovered that the flowers bloomed brighter when she sang, Aarav realized the trees bent and twisted to form new paths when he whistled, and Zara found that the animals of the garden seemed to understand her words, following her every instruction.

The garden, they realized, was enchanted, but its magic depended on the heart of the one who entered. The purer the heart, the more magical the garden became.

For days, they visited the garden, keeping their discovery a secret. But one day, the sky over the garden darkened, and the flowers began to wither. A sudden gust of wind brought a voice that echoed through the trees. It was the spirit of the garden, speaking for the first time.

"The magic of the garden is fading because the world has forgotten it," the voice whispered. "If the garden is forgotten, its magic will be lost forever."

Determined to save the garden, Maya, Aarav, and Zara decided to share its story with the world. They invited the villagers, both children and adults, to come see the garden and experience its wonders. The village soon became famous, as people travelled from distant lands to witness the beauty and magic of the Forgotten Garden.

But the garden had one last secret. It revealed that the true magic wasn't in the flowers, the trees, or the sparkling fruit. It was in the hearts of those who believed in its wonder and cherished the world around them. The garden was not just a place-it was a reminder that magic exists in the smallest moments, in nature, in friendship, and in the power of belief.

And so, the Forgotten Garden was never forgotten again, and its story lived on, passed down to every new generation, reminding them to always look for the magic in the world around them.

# The SKY Beyond Limits

In the bustling city of Harrisonville, where technology and ambition reigned supreme, lived a group of four young friends—Rhea, Vikram, Aisha, and Karthik. They were all in their early twenties, fresh out of college and brimming with dreams. But while the world around them was racing toward material success, these four felt an emptiness that success alone couldn't fill.

One evening, as they sat on the rooftop of their favourite café, staring at the distant skyline, Rhea spoke up. "Do you ever wonder if there's more out there for us? Something bigger than just getting a job and living a normal life?"

The question lingered in the air.

Vikram, the pragmatic one, chuckled. "Everyone feels that way, Rhea. But the world isn't built for dreams. It's built for survival."

But Rhea wasn't convinced, and neither was Aisha, the quiet artist among them. "I think," Aisha began, "that the world is built for whatever we make it. We're just taught to believe otherwise."

That night, the conversation sparked an idea. Instead of getting swept up in the same path as everyone else, why not challenge themselves to break free from convention? What if they set out to do something bold, something that would change their lives forever?

After days of brainstorming, they came up with a plan. They would embark on a six-month journey across the country, not just as a road trip, but as a quest for purpose. Their mission was simple: explore the unknown, meet people from all walks of life, and figure out what truly mattered to them.

They called it "**The Sky Beyond Limits**" challenge.

Their journey began with excitement and uncertainty. The four friends packed their essentials into an old van, painted with vibrant colours and a giant sun symbol, representing hope and endless horizons. Their first stop was a remote village in the mountains, where they spent weeks volunteering at a local school. Here, they learned humility and the joy of giving back, as the children's smiles reminded them that happiness didn't come from wealth, but from connection.

As they moved on to different places—working in farms, learning craftsmanship from artisans, trekking through unexplored forests—they began to discover pieces of themselves they had long forgotten. Vikram, who always thought of himself as a realist, found peace in nature and simplicity. He realized that true satisfaction didn't lie in competing with others but in connecting with the world around him.

Aisha, who had struggled with her art, found inspiration in the diverse stories of the people they met. Each face she painted, each story she captured in her sketches, became a reminder that life was art in motion, and it didn't need to be perfect to be beautiful.

Karthik, the tech-savvy dreamer, rediscovered his passion for problem-solving when he helped a rural community set up solar panels, providing light where there had been none. The spark in his eyes returned as he realized that innovation wasn't just about building the next big app, but about solving real-world problems.

And Rhea, who had always questioned the status quo, found her answer in the most unexpected way. One night, under the vast sky, she realized that the limit she had been searching for wasn't out in the world—it was in her mind. Once she let go of the fear of failing, of being "ordinary," she felt a freedom unlike any she had known before.

After six months, they returned to Harrisonville, not with stories of luxurious vacations or professional achievements, but with something far more valuable—clarity. They realized that success wasn't about fitting into society's mould, but about creating their own path. It was about making an impact, no matter how small, and finding joy in the process.

Their journey became a symbol of courage in Harrisonville, inspiring other young people to challenge the conventional route. The media picked up on their story, calling them "The Dream Weavers," and soon, youth from all over the city began embarking on their own adventures, whether that meant starting a social initiative, creating art, or simply daring to dream differently.

In the end, "The Sky Beyond Limits" wasn't just about a journey across the country. It was about breaking mental barriers, about realizing that the limits society places on us are often self-imposed. It was a reminder to the youth that life is more than just a race for success—it's an opportunity to find your passion, challenge the ordinary, and chase what truly makes you feel alive.

This story for youth is meant to inspire reflection and self-discovery, encouraging them to embrace their individuality, seek deeper meaning, and explore the world around them with courage and curiosity. It blends adventure with philosophical depth, making it a compelling read for young minds searching for purpose.

# THE UNSEEN CLOCK

In the heart of Silvergrove, a quiet town known for its cobblestone streets and timeless charm, lived a man named Anil. At fifty-two, Anil was a man of routine—a successful banker by day and a content family man by night. He had checked off all the boxes of a well-lived life: a loving wife, two grown-up children, and a house that echoed with memories of laughter, celebrations, and life's small victories.

Yet, deep down, Anil felt something he couldn't quite explain—a restlessness that gnawed at him when he found a quiet moment, which was becoming increasingly rare. It wasn't dissatisfaction with his life, but more like a faint whisper, as though time itself was trying to tell him something. But, like most middle-aged professionals caught in the whirlwind of career and family, Anil ignored it.

One crisp autumn morning, while walking through the local park to clear his mind, Anil noticed something peculiar—a small antique shop that he had never seen before. It was tucked away between two modern cafés, its wooden sign swaying gently in the breeze. Intrigued, Anil stepped inside.

The shop was a treasure trove of forgotten relics: old watches, dusty paintings, and vintage books. But what caught his eye was a strange clock hanging on the far wall. It wasn't ticking. Its hands were frozen, and its face was adorned with intricate symbols he didn't understand. The shopkeeper, an elderly man with kind eyes, noticed his curiosity.

"Ah, the Clock of Moments," the shopkeeper said, his voice soft yet full of mystery. "It's not for sale, but it chooses who can use it."

Anil raised an eyebrow, half amused. "What do you mean, 'chooses'?"

The old man smiled knowingly. "This clock doesn't measure time in the way we understand. It measures the moments we overlook—the ones we're too busy to see."

Curious but sceptical, Anil felt a strange pull toward the clock. "What happens if I take it?"

"You don't take it," the shopkeeper said with a wink. "It will follow you, if it believes you need it."

Without thinking much of it, Anil left the shop, but something felt different. When he returned home, the clock was sitting on his living room mantel, its hands still frozen in place. His wife, Priya, hadn't noticed it—no one had. Anil, both perplexed and intrigued, decided to let it be.

Days passed, and life resumed its usual rhythm. But Anil began to notice subtle changes. The clock would

tick, ever so faintly, whenever he was in the midst of something mundane. At first, he ignored it, thinking it was his imagination. But soon, the ticking grew louder at odd moments—when he sat down for dinner with his family but was distracted by his phone, when he passed by the old family photo albums without opening them, or when he hurried past his garden without stopping to admire the roses his wife loved.

It was as if the clock was calling attention to the moments he had been sleepwalking through for years.

One evening, after a long day at work, Anil sat in his study, staring at the frozen hands of the clock. The ticking began again, this time louder than ever. Anil felt a wave of realization wash over him—he had spent so many years focused on building a successful life, that he had forgotten to truly live it. He had rushed through moments that mattered, always planning for a future that was constantly just out of reach.

The next morning, something shifted in Anil. Instead of checking emails over breakfast, he lingered at the table, laughing at a story his daughter shared. He took the time to listen to his wife talk about her day, not just with the automatic nods, but with real interest. On the weekends, he no longer skipped his morning walks to catch up on work. Instead, he wandered through the park, noticing the beauty of the changing seasons, the sound of children playing, the warmth of the sun on his face.

The more present Anil became, the quieter the clock grew. Days turned into weeks, and he found joy in the little things he had once taken for granted—watching the sunset with his wife, helping his son with a project, or simply sitting in the garden, savouring the peace of a quiet afternoon.

One day, as he was enjoying a rare, quiet moment in his garden, Anil looked at the clock. The hands were no longer frozen—they had started moving, ever so slowly, as though each tick was in sync with the rhythm of his newfound appreciation for life.

Years later, when Anil was much older, he returned to the antique shop, curious to thank the old man who had given him the clock. But the shop was gone, as though it had never existed.

This story for middle-aged readers serves as a gentle reminder to pause, reflect, and appreciate the little things in life. It speaks to the subtle restlessness that often creeps in during mid-life, and the importance of rediscovering the moments that truly make life meaningful.

# The Forgotten MELODY



In the quiet town of Maplewood, where life had slowed to a gentle pace, there stood an old, ivy-covered house at the edge of a serene lake. This was Maplewood Rest Home, where elderly residents spent their days in quiet reflection, sharing stories of the past and basking in the warmth of a life well-lived.

Among them was Mrs. Latha Varma, a retired music teacher who had once been the pride of the town's music academy. She had taught generations of children to play the piano, violin, and sing. But now, at eighty-six, arthritis had stiffened her fingers, and her once vibrant voice had grown soft and trembled with age. She rarely spoke of her musical past anymore, as if time had faded her connection to the world of music she once knew so well.

The other residents liked Mrs. Varma for her gentle nature, but they had never heard her sing or play. She spent most of her time by the lake, gazing at the horizon with a distant look, as if searching for something she had lost long ago.

One autumn afternoon, a new resident arrived at the rest home. His name was Mr. Rajan, an energetic seventy-five-year-old with a deep love for storytelling. He had once been a conductor for the city's orchestra, but a life on the road had taken its toll, and he had come to Maplewood Rest Home to find peace.

From the moment he arrived, Rajan's booming voice filled the halls with stories of grand symphonies and concert halls. The residents enjoyed his tales, but what caught his attention was Mrs. Varma's silence. While everyone else listened eagerly, she sat quietly, lost in her thoughts.

One day, Rajan found her sitting by the lake, watching the golden leaves fall. "You must have a story of your own," he said gently.

Mrs. Varma smiled, but it was a smile tinged with sadness. "I had a life full of music," she said softly. "But it's all in the past now. My hands... they can't play anymore."

Rajan looked at her, sensing there was more to the story. "Music is never in the past," he said. "It lives in us as long as we remember it."

She shook her head. "I used to believe that, but now... it's like the melodies have faded from my mind. I can't hear them anymore."

Over the next few weeks, Rajan began to talk more about music with the residents, encouraging them to share their own memories of favourite songs and melodies from their youth. Slowly, the home began to fill with the chatter of music-memories of vinyl records, old radio broadcasts, and family gatherings around pianos.

Then one evening, Rajan made a surprising announcement. He had convinced the staff to bring in an old grand piano, and he was planning a small concert for the residents. He invited everyone to come and share their favourite tunes, but he had a special request for Mrs. Varma.

"I'll play the piano, and you sing," he said.

Mrs. Varma looked startled. "I can't," she whispered. "I haven't sung in years."

But Rajan wouldn't take no for an answer. "We'll do it together. Just one song. For old times' sake."

On the day of the concert, the residents gathered in the home's lounge, eagerly anticipating the event. The piano gleamed under the soft light, and Rajan sat at its keys, warming up his fingers. Mrs. Varma sat quietly in the corner, her heart racing. She hadn't sung in so long-what if her voice failed her?

But as the music began to fill the room, something stirred inside her. The familiar notes of an old melody-one she had taught countless students-came to life under Rajan's skillful hands. It was a song she had loved deeply, a lullaby she had sung to her own children when they were young.

Her lips trembled, but the words came. Softly at first, then stronger. Her voice, though aged, still carried the warmth and emotion it always had. The room fell silent as the residents listened, mesmerized. It was as though time had melted away, and for a moment, the years didn't matter.

As she sang, Mrs. Varma felt something awaken inside her-a joy she hadn't felt in decades. The music wasn't gone; it had been waiting for her all along, hidden beneath the layers of time and life's burdens. Rajan smiled as he played, knowing he had helped her find it again.

When the song ended, the room erupted in applause. Tears filled Mrs. Varma's eyes, but they were tears of happiness. The forgotten melody had found its way back to her, and in that moment, she realized that music, like love, never truly fades.

From that day on, the piano in the lounge became a symbol of hope for all the residents. Mrs. Varma played when her hands allowed, and when they didn't, she sang. The music brought life back into the home, reminding everyone that age could not take away the things that truly mattered.

For Mrs. Varma, the return of her music wasn't just a rekindling of her passion; it was a reminder that life's most precious gifts-memories, love, and joy-never really leave us. They simply wait for us to rediscover them, no matter how old we are.

This story for older readers speaks to the theme of rediscovery and the idea that age is not a barrier to joy or passion. It reminds them that even when life seems to have slowed down, there is always something beautiful waiting to be found, if only we're willing to listen for it. It is a story about hope, music, and the timeless connection between our past and present selves

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