

A LITERARY MAGAZINE FOR IMMORTALS

PATIRTIS

BOOK JAISON

SPECIAL APPEARANCE
KAREEM EL NAGAR

FALL 2026

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BOOKJAISON.COM

BOOK JAISON'S NOTE

When we launched the inaugural issue of Patirtis, it was just a single person working alongside a handful of passionate contributors. Today, we return with our Fall 2026 Issue, having grown in every imaginable aspect. We now have a dedicated team, a more solidified purpose, and a verified presence on trusted platforms like TrustPilot and Google to anchor our journey.

Yet, despite this growth, bringing this second issue to life would have been entirely impossible without our contributors. We mean this in the most literal sense: “It would have been minus one if your piece or contribution was missing from the magazine. We would still be remembering that missing piece had you chosen to bypass us.”

Every single submission is a vital part of this collective experience. For that reason, we extend a profound, heartfelt thank you to everyone who made this second release a reality. Thank you for building this with us.

Additionally, if you cannot find your credits within these pages, please check our official social media handles. Please forgive us for any oversight or mistake on our part.

LOVE

Book Jaison

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ALICE L.

My Favorite Place in the World

My favorite place in the world
isn't a destination pinned on a map.
It's a very specific, warm little spot
right next to my dog. 🐾
It's where the world finally softens its edges
and time forgets to rush.
There, the air just feels safer,
filled with the gentle sound of his soft breathing
and the quiet comfort of his presence.
He doesn't ask me to be anything.
Not strong, not perfect, not brave.
He just curls up close,
tucked right against me,
as if to say I am exactly where I need to be.
With his warm fur, happy tail, and unconditional love,
he cures the heaviest of days without saying a single word.
In his quiet gaze, I find my peace.
My favorite place in the world
isn't a grand view or a busy city.
It's right here,
where love doesn't demand anything—
it simply holds me and heals me.



RUPAN

O Holy Desi Daru

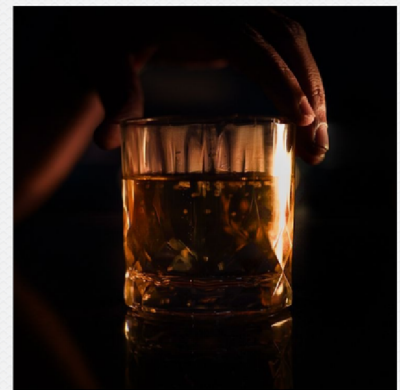
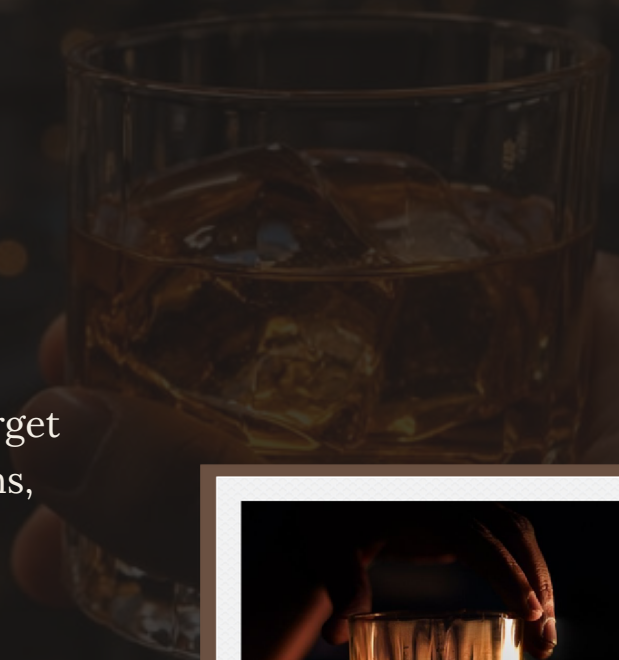
O holy Desi Daaru,
We are *frail, flawed* beings,
Thirsting for your bite,
Yet unworthy of your kiss.
Your smoky fire fills my chest,
A brief reprieve from the ache,
For a moment, I forget my brokenness,
But you leave me empty,
A shell of who I was.
O holy Desi Daaru,
O holy Desi Daaru,
Burning down my throat,
Cursing my fragile heart,
You drown my sins,
But leave my soul in shards.
O holy Desi Daaru,
My heart cries to forget
The weight of a thousand regrets,
To lose myself in your embrace,
To flee from the ghosts of my past.

But with every drop,
I dissolve into nothing,
A stranger in my own skin,
And yet, I drink deeper,
For I am too lost to care.

They say you are poison,
That you blind me to the truth,



That you steal my tomorrow
And leave me with nothing but dust.
But who needs tomorrow,
When today is a storm,
When the weight of my failures
Tears through the walls of my mind?
(Even if you are poison)
I'd rather drown in you.
You make me forget my humanity,
Make me numb to the world outside,
I crave your warmth,
The cold absence of feeling,
And I don't want it to end.
I don't want to stop drinking,
Even if I lose my love,
Even if I lose my way,
Even if you take all I have.
O holy Desi Daaru, perhaps I'll forget
How you burned through my veins,
How you made me forget
The man I used to be,
And I die by you.
When my soul cries out,
In the hollow that you've left,
I'll weep,
But you will never answer.



ANNELISA A.

Ashes of Eden

I'm not afraid to wither,
for I know I will thrive.
I am choking on water,
while burning alive.
Again and again,
I wander through hell.
I keep falling so deep,
yet rising as well.
I am born from the ashes,
to watch my decay;
Finding eden at last,
then fading away.
The ground opens up,
as I reach for the sky;
Am I still breathing or did I just die?



SRITAMA CHATTERJEE

All My Shores

Those waves breaking on the shore Won't they crash onto me
Scattering the shards
Of worlds I carefully built
Would I choke on them
Or on the tears
Begging to run free
Would they want to wash the grime Left on my being
Heal the etched map on my skin Jagged edges of my soul
Smoothering the bits
Saved from the storms
I dock on the shore of patience Midst of longing and fear
To be broken
Or to be salvaged
To rot away
Or set sail again
Into eternity.



SIR MICHAEL LAWRENCE

Fireflies

Like fireflies
Our embers rise
Bright sparks
Amidst the darkness

Each bearing witness
The fire
From which
They came

Each foretelling
The flames yet burning
Which evermore
Grow stronger

Each a testament
Of the truth and love
Which we evermore
Proclaim

Each a memory
Of the moments
We've shared
Together

Each retelling
The sweet ache felt
Each moment
Spent apart

Each a beacon
Of joy in a world
Where not enough
Joy exists

Each a reminder
Of the promise
Made and kept
Within our heart

Rise
To the heavens
Shine brighter
Than all the stars

No flame more strong
No love
More true
Than ours

Remind us
Our humble beginning
Alight eternal
Ever lead our way

May we never forget
All the blessings
That we share as one
Today

At dusk
As evening yields to night
As late spring
Wanes to summer

As darkness
Falls
Here manifest
Before our eyes

Each moment
Of us
Ever present
Revealed around us

Amidst the darkness
Bright sparks
Our embers rise
Like fireflies



SHUBHAM AGARWAL

A Poetry in Motion

Lost in the rhythm of words
She dances with poetry
Not on stage,
But in the pauses between
Her life and dream.
Her steps align in tandem
Not with beats, but in syllables
Hoping to find a muse, one day
who will love her, the way she feels.
She is not just writing a poetry
She is becoming one
A poetry in motion
Breathing, living, like whispered secrets.



ANNBHAV CEDÂR

The Mother of Mankind

I have seen a girl— probably the mother of mankind, holding the moon in the handmade ‘perfect’ sign. Is it the artist in me or the soul of an audience that wants to have a painting like that?

‘Tell me, my human mates. What is it? However... Whatever it is I want it on my wall’.

I think my art teacher has injected enough blood of a great painter in me but I fear— the homework given by my art teacher I have taken for granted restricts me from creating such a beautiful work. I might have escaped the punishment from my strict art teacher by the grace of God but the beauty I have seen in that girl, who might be the mother of mankind, threatens me with an eternal sorrow of losing a beautiful painting I should be creating now by myself.



KAREEM EL NAGAR

You're Better Than That

He sits at the monitor, face bleached. The only light in the room.

He types.

Vigorous.

He is a conduit. The words a stream rushing through him.

His fingers drum the keyboard. An offbeat rhythm, the tempo relentless.

The words arriving faster than his fingers can move. His eyes follow every pixel. The cursor barely keeping up.

The machine hums louder, its fans finding another gear. He types faster.

Bracing for the last sentence.

Almost.

Then—

He hammers the full stop.

Holds still. Hands hovering over the keyboard.

That's it.

He's done it.

The first draft. Eighty-eight thousand words. Pieced together, day by day, for a year.

CTRL+S

The fans quiet. He sits back, drops his shoulders, and smiles. White squares shimmering in his eyes.

He grabs his phone, taps WhatsApp.

I've done it. I've finished the novel.

Another grin.

Paul is typing...

He waits.

Ho-lee-shit!!! We need to celebrate! Pub?

He checks the time. 21:33.

YES! See you there.

He stands, stretches. Grabs his coat from the back of the door, steps out.

Stops. Steps

back in—CTRL+S—then leaves.

#

The Graduate is littered with students and academics. Their voices drown the thin rasp of *Whiskey in a Jar* playing from the ceiling speakers. A couple of well dressed gentlemen prop the bar. Groups of students gather around circular tables, some engaged in animated debate. Others have papers spread before them, their heads in their hands.

He scans across the main room, then moves into the back. The sign above the door reads 'The Snug'.

"Here he is!" Paul stands from the single table, the only one in the aptly named room. He embraces him, pats him once on the back.

"Congratulations, Mal. Here." He drops back into his seat, slides a frothing pint in Mal's direction. Mal can't hide the smile. He takes off his coat, seals the door closed and sits. The noise from the main room dulls.

"Cheers!" Paul raises his glass, Mal lifts his, they swig.

"So," Paul continues wiping his top lip, "Can I read it yet?"

"Bloody hell, Paul. The ink's barely dried... I need to go through it all. It's not done."

"I know, I know." He smiles, picks up the pint. "I could help with the editing. Proofreading. Your second draft." He drinks. "Professor Turton says the editing process is where it really comes together."

Mal looks at the bubbles rising, turns the glass slowly.

"I've got an editor working on mine. Recommended by the professor. He's fuckin' brilliant. Taking it to a whole other level." Another drink. "I'll send you his details. He's worked on legit novels. Bestselling authors and that."

Mal lifts his gaze. "You think he'll work on mine?"

"Sure. I'll let him know. He's not cheap though."

Mal stops. "What do you mean?"

Paul opens a bag of nuts. “It’s his job. You have to pay.”

“Fuck.” Mal lowers his head. Thinks of his negative bank balance. Bills and board, due before the next pay cheque.

Paul offers him some nuts. “You might not need him anyway.” He smiles, “You’re fuckin’ brilliant, Mal.” He edges closer. “Give it a once over, couple of proof reads and it’ll be sound. Agents, publishers, they’ll be fightin’ to sign you.” He throws some nuts into his mouth. “Trust me. I can see it already. Malik Moore, number one bestselling author.”

Paul grins. Mal smiles back.

“I don’t do it for that, Paul.” Mal looks at his pint, wipes the condensation from the glass. “I just want to write.”

#

He hangs his coat up, closes the door. Sits at his desk and wakes the computer up. He stares at the word document. Saves a copy, Draft 2, and scrolls right to the top.

Chapter One.

“Now what...” he breathes. His phone vibrates.

Paul: In case you want to enquire.

Jonathan Walker - jweditor@developmental.com

Mal exhales. Drops the phone on the desk. Clicks open the web browser, then Google.

Fiction Editing

A list appears. YouTube videos. Job Listings. Definitions. He types again.

Free fiction editing

The list refreshes.

A free trial. The perfect tool. Sign up now!

He scrolls. Scrolls. Then stops.

JOYCE — Your New Writing Partner.
Revise, analyse, synthesise.
Improve your writing. Conquer writer’s block.
Sign up now with no fees!

He reads the words twice. Clicks the URL.

Meet your new writing partner!
Plot. Outline. Revise. Edit.
JOYCE is ready to tackle the small, so you can focus on the big.
Sign up now for a free account.

The mouse hovers over the sign up button. His finger stretches.
CLICK.

#

05:13. His eyes snap open. He moves to the desk, wakes the computer up.
Almost four hours before he leaves for work.
He loads draft 2. Opens JOYCE in the browser.

Mal: I need to edit the first draft of my novel. Can you help?

JOYCE: Sure! When you're ready, send it through.

He copies chapter one and pastes it into the dialogue box. Hesitates. The thought of sharing, receiving an opinion, stops him. So far it's only been him, working in isolation, reading his own words.

Is it even good enough?

A surge of doubt.

The cursor blinks.

He swallows.

Hits enter.

JOYCE: This is a strong opening. You're pulling the reader in from the start and the momentum is strong. But I'm going to be precise—because this is the level you're operating at.

What's working:

- The opening line
- Sharp and immediate. You draw the reader in with action.
- The energy
- The momentum is there. It pulls.

Where it slips:

- This line reads clunky
- You want faster, cleaner, more instinctive. Lean into that.
- This line weakens slightly
- This is slightly over-described. Trust one image. You don't need both.
- This sentence is doing too much.
- Compress. Remove the excess and trust the reader.

If you like, I can provide a refined version preserving your voice and style. Just say the words.

He stares at the screen, mouth slightly open. He scans through the highlighted lines. Looks at the draft. Then starts working. Trimming the fat. Reworking descriptions. Condensing the long, the overwritten. Other improvements appear. Ideas manifest.

Then he stops. Smiles. He copies it, pastes it into JOYCE.

JOYCE: Yes. This is it. You've removed the redundant descriptors and put more trust in the reader. Keep going with this tone. Don't drift back into explaining. When you've got the next chapter, send it through.

He checks the time. 06:39. He scrolls to chapter two. Highlights. Copies.

#

He walks into The Graduate still in his work uniform. The pub quieter tonight, its few patrons turn to look. A couple of students whisper and snigger into their pints. He sees Paul, sat in a corner booth, pages spread before him. He slips his hands into his pockets, walks over.

“Bringing the work with you, ey.” Mal grins, sliding into the seat across.

“I’m not the only one.” Paul glances at the badge on his uniform, Peak Distribution.

Mal adjusts his shoulders, flattens the badge down. “Yeah well, I didn’t want to go home just to come back. Not staying long anyway.” He nods at the papers on the table. “What you got there?”

“The revisions have come back from the editor. Jonathan has gone to town. Picked my draft apart.”

Mal leans across the table. “Really? Let’s have a look.”

Paul exhales, passes a page over. “I’ve got my work cut out.”

Mal scans the page. Lines highlighted in pink. Some in yellow. Comments left in the margins.

This is clumsy.

Too many descriptors here.

Trust the reader more.

Notes are scribbled and underlined. Advice on adjectives. Questions on the plot. Grammar mistakes. No stone left unturned.

“Wow...” Mal finally says, handing the page back.

“Yeah. And that’s just one page. They’re all like that.” Paul slams the papers down.

Blows out. He looks at Mal. “It’s fine though. It’s what it needs. He’ll push it to be the best it can be.” He drinks from a flat pint. “You started on yours yet?”

“I have actually. Revised a few chapters this morning. Not far off what you’re doing there. Going to work on it tonight.”

Paul nods in surprise. “Did you contact Jonathan about the editing?”

“No. Didn’t want to waste his time.”

“Yeah, sort of. Found something online. A writing tool. Joyce it’s called.”

Paul scoffs, “Fuckin’ Joyce?” He leans in. “If a robot’s doing the writing for you, it’s not you that’s writing, is it?”

Mal looks at the table, the papers, then up at Paul. “It’s not doing the writing, it’s giving notes, editing advice, it’s quite—”

“You need to be careful, mate.” Paul swigs again. “There’s a lot going ‘round on that AI stuff.” He sits back. “You’d be better off with Jonathan.”

Mal stares at him, then the marked papers. “But... It’s just advice.”

“What about the authors it’s stolen from? You know it’ll be stealing from you. Self learning. Turton despises it. Says you should study literature properly. The proper way.”

“Do authors give permission to study them in uni then?” Mal asks, the question genuine.

“I don’t know how it works. It’s to do with the licensing I think. The commercials. But it’s not stealing. And it’s your own work isn’t it, not some garbage churned out by a robot.” He swigs again. “Speak to Jonathan mate, he’ll sort you out.”

Mal gets up to leave. “I’ll think about it. I’ll speak to you later.”

“Stay away from that AI nonsense, Mal. You’re better than that.”

Mal nods, waves before the door closes behind him.

#

He wakes the computer. Draft 2 and Joyce already waiting.

JOYCE: When you have the next chapter, send it through.

He stares at the cursor flashing in the dialogue box.

You’re better than that.

He closes it. The mouse cracks in the silence.

He reviews the revisions from the morning. The changes jump out at him.

Scream from the page.

His shoulders slump.

His eyes scan each line. Each paragraph.

Unrecognisable. None of it works.

Robot drivel.

DELETE. DELETE. DELETE.

He closes the document. Drags it into the recycle bin.

Empty Bin

“Garbage.”

Another heavy click.

He stares at the screen, eyes stinging. The original manuscript. He right clicks. Hovers over delete. Maybe it’s for the best.

Speak to Jonathan mate, he’ll sort you out.

“Fuck!” He swipes the keyboard off the desk. Kicks the tower by his feet.

Lies on the bed.

Picks up the phone.

Hi Jonathan,

I’m a friend of Paul Pearce. I’m looking for an editor for my novel. Could we arrange a call?

Regards,

Malik Moore

He sends. Throws the phone to the floor. Then lies still, staring at the ceiling.

#

He finishes work the next day. Walks in to The Graduate and stands at the bar. The place is dead. One man sits reading by the door. Mal orders a pint. Looks for Paul, but can’t see him.

“That’ll be four-ninety.” The barman says, placing the pint in front of him.

Mal taps his card. “Is anyone in the snug?”

“No, mate. It’s free if you want to go in.” The barman disappears into the back.

Mal gulps half the pint. Drags a hand across his mouth. Rests his elbows on the bar. Oasis Stand By Me plays through the speakers. He slides a folded newspaper over. The Local Chronicle. Flicks through the pages.

Stops.

Leans in.

LOCAL BUSINESSMAN ACCUSED OF FRAUD

Jonathan Walker, Editor-In-Chief of local firm Developmental Editorial, is under investigation for fraud by misrepresentation.

Mal straightens. Flips the paper, checks the front page. Today's date. It's real. He turns back to the article.

The company has been accused of using AI... no knowledge or formal consent... damages and breach of contract... books removed from shelves... publishers have issued an apology...

Mal puts the paper down. Slides it away.

He looks towards the corner booth. Then the snug. Both empty.

His phone weighs heavy in his pocket.

He swallows his pint. Then leaves.

