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# THE SOLINK

**Edition 13**





# EDITOR'S NOTE

Our thoughts and ideas spread so wide and far. They cannot and should not be contained within a strict art form or a rigid theme. This SOLink wanted to give contributors to explore their most maniac thoughts and communicate their interests through their preferred art form.

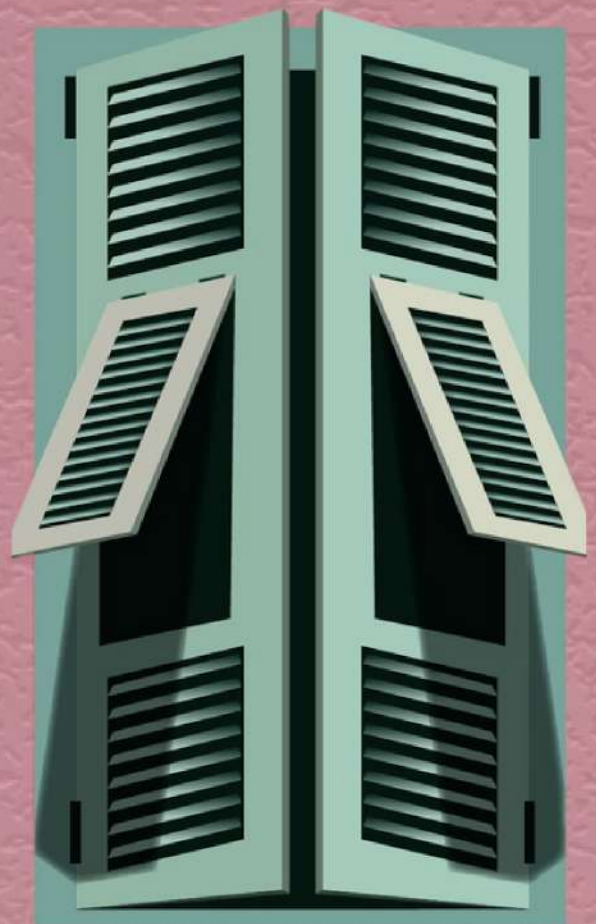
From covering 2023's most anticipated movie and the biggest media trend ever; Barbie to exploring facets of pain. This edition is about everything everywhere and all at one place.

While none of the contributors' thoughts and ideas reflects ours, we would love for you all to enjoy the magazine as much as we did curating it.

None of it would be possible without my stellar team who have, well, outdone themselves!

Enjoy and Peace Out!

-Akriti  
(Editor In Chief)



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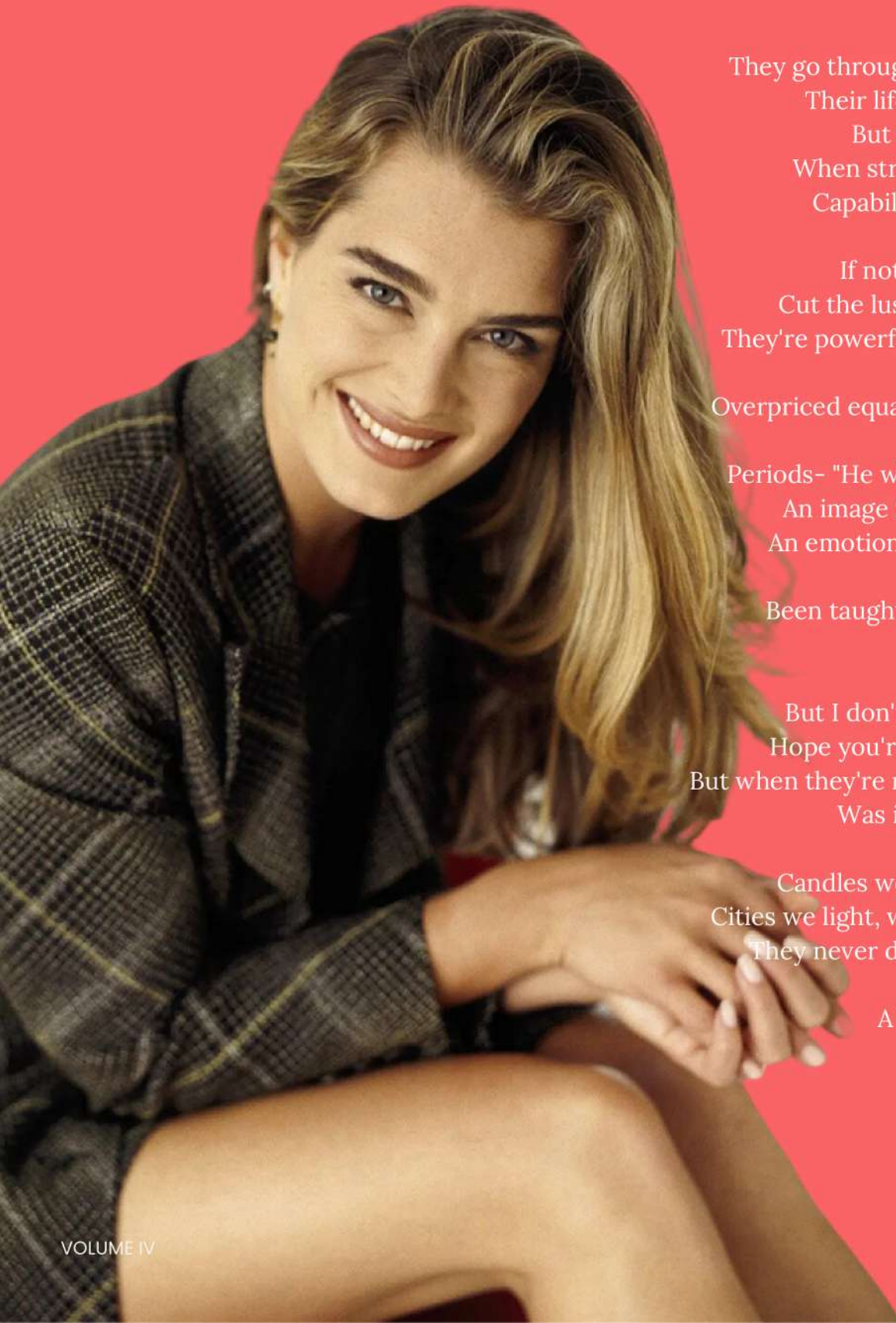


# A LITTLE TOO PERFECT

by Shivam Joshi

# A LITTLE TOO PERFECT

by Shivam Joshi



They go through a lot, no matter what  
Their life is a beautiful blessing.  
But why call them delicate?  
When stronger than a barricade!  
Capabilities, we keep guessing.

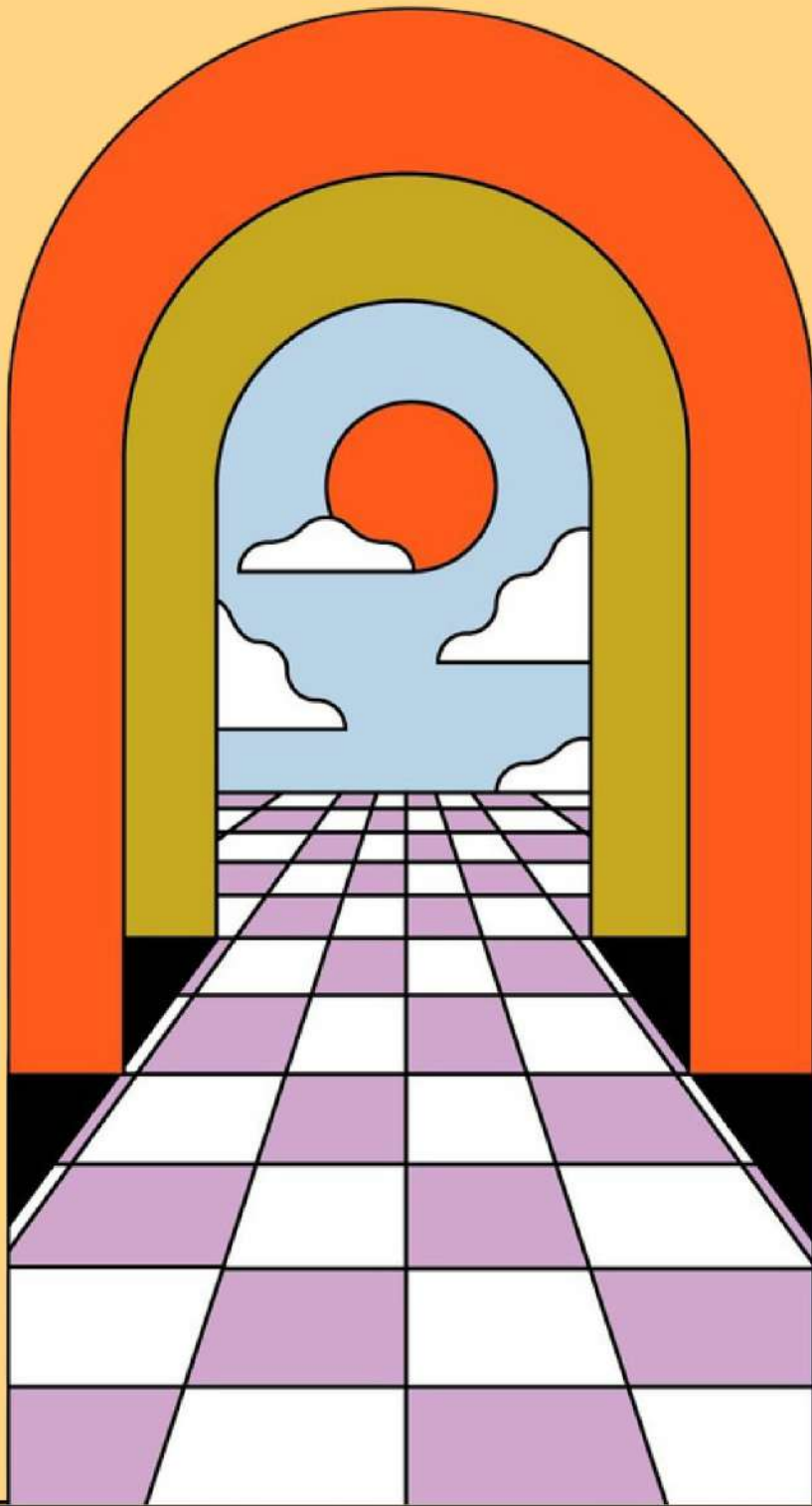
If not nice, be fair with them  
Cut the lust, fall in love with them  
They're powerful women, not astray of  
men,  
Overpriced equality, oh where to begin!

Periods- "He who must not be named"  
An image it never wanted to gain.  
An emotional trauma? Or a natural  
phenomenon?  
Been taught "undisturbed it should  
remain".

But I don't agree, I'm really sorry.  
Hope you're not holding a grudge?  
But when they're raped, evidences caped,  
Was it worth having a judge?

Candles we light, a rape we grieve  
Cities we light, when brought to justice.  
They never deserved this, nor do we  
deserve them,  
A little too perfect for us.





# NEXT TO OBLIVION

by Shivam Joshi

# NEXT TO OBLIVION

by Shivam Joshi

Stay with me but don't stay for me  
Eat my heart for I pray for thee.  
Next to oblivion we sit and cry  
It's the distance between our love and I.

Naming memories, though always absurd  
It's the uncanny feelings, that can't be heard  
Days are nights, and nights are us,  
Espresso but you, my adrenaline rush.

So much to feel, but there's nothing to say  
Because time does heal, as we find our way.  
In the dark my dreams and I come true  
Sunrise is distant, and so are you.

But how can I show my true self to you?  
All the more my fears, that may come true?  
Next to oblivion we sit and try  
For it's the distance between our love and I.







# WORST ENEMY

by Shriya Srikant

# WORST ENEMY

by Shriya Srikant

You have always been my worst enemy,  
You and your lies, your sick games, you  
man-child.

You would rather kill me than set me  
free,  
You could die if it ensured my misery.

Remember the garden across my home,  
With green lights, drew us like moths to  
a flame?

Remember that Gatsby feeling of doom,  
How I felt when you took my hand in  
distase?

Adorned with red roses, this love coerced;  
You led me down this path of wrath and tears.  
Now I trust men who are the absolute worst;  
And the ones I leave, wait for me ten years.

Did it matter to you that I was thirteen?  
Did you care that I had a life ahead of me?  
What does "mature beyond years" even mean?  
Why would you care, aren't your hands clean?

You don't really frighten me anymore,  
But I will still keep writing about you;  
And I will still obsessively keep score,  
Wishing I could blame you for all my blues.

I make bad decisions without a care,  
I burn and drown in my many regrets.  
I led me to despair, beyond repair:  
I was always my own worst enemy.







# PAIN

by Vaivek Surana



A lot to say within,  
But nothing on the tongue.  
My heart seeks out help,  
But is not able to find any shelter.  
How many holes will you make in it,  
I cannot afford to suffer anymore.  
Please God stop this slaughter,  
Before I die from within.

# PAIN

by Vaivek Surana





# YOU NEED TO REST

by Rashit

# YOU NEED TO REST

by Rashi



I know you have many things to do  
and still, sometimes you don't have any  
clue

I know you always want to give your  
best

but trust me **you need to rest**

I can see your eyes full of dreams  
but remember not to give up in the  
midstream

I know you want to kick off each and  
every test

but trust me **you need to rest**

I know you have many expectations to  
fulfill

and you want to be at the top of the  
hill

but always remember

whenever you find yourself on a quest

**JUST REMEMBER TO TAKE REST**





# MY THOUGHTS

by Raaghav

# MY THOUGHTS

by Raaghav

In a land where dreams reach the sky,  
Where nature's paintbrush dares to fly,  
There lies a gem so pure and grand,  
A paradise carved by nature's hand.

Oh, my beloved, let me paint for you,  
The beauty of Ladakh, so pure and true.  
Where mountains stand tall, like guardians bold,  
Their peaks adorned with winter's gold.

In the valley's embrace, a river dances free,  
Crystal-clear waters, a melody for you and me,  
Carving its path through rugged terrains,  
A serenade of life, that forever remains.

The sun, a radiant lover in the vast blue,  
Caresses the land with a golden hue,  
Kissing each peak, each meadow, each stream,  
Igniting passion in nature's wildest dream.



The air whispers tales of ancient lore,  
Carrying the scent of adventure, forevermore,  
As prayer flags flutter, in the gentle breeze,  
Whispering wishes, bringing us to our knees.

Oh, my beloved, let us wander hand in hand,  
Through Ladakh's canvas, so surreal and grand,  
Where monasteries cling to cliffs with grace,  
Offering solace in this mystical space.

The silence of Nubra, a symphony divine,  
Where time stands still, and souls align,  
In the embrace of sand dunes so serene,  
Our love, a flame, forever to gleam.

Oh, my beloved, let us embrace this land,  
Where beauty and love forever expand,  
Ladakh's enchantment, a gift to behold,  
A testament to a love story untold.







# CAGED!

by Anisha Moonka



# CAGED!

by Anisha Moonka

Isn't it ironic that we are free,  
but caged?  
We always sense nothingness,  
but are still engaged?  
We search for better and lose out  
on the good,  
And treat ourselves with all that's  
rude!

Life is such a complex puzzle with  
pieces all lost.  
We don't know how many they  
are and how much they cost.  
It is difficult to live in a world  
filled with gloom;  
where we never find a flower to  
bloom!

Our emotions and thoughts keep  
playing tricks,  
and boxes of complexities always  
filled with ticks!  
Sometimes we do not find a ray of  
hope,  
Or even while falling do not hold  
onto a rope!

What is this life a human leads?  
Full of wrong and sometimes  
right deeds!

Oscillating between too much and  
too less,  
Life is not devoid of stress.  
We have to sail through an ocean  
that's black  
with boats full of cracks.

Always wanting to be a bird that  
is free,  
we often land up on dead dried  
trees.  
But, one day we'll spot some  
light,  
and become strong enough to  
fight,  
and we'll say we are not 'caged'  
and freedom in our lives will be  
gauged!





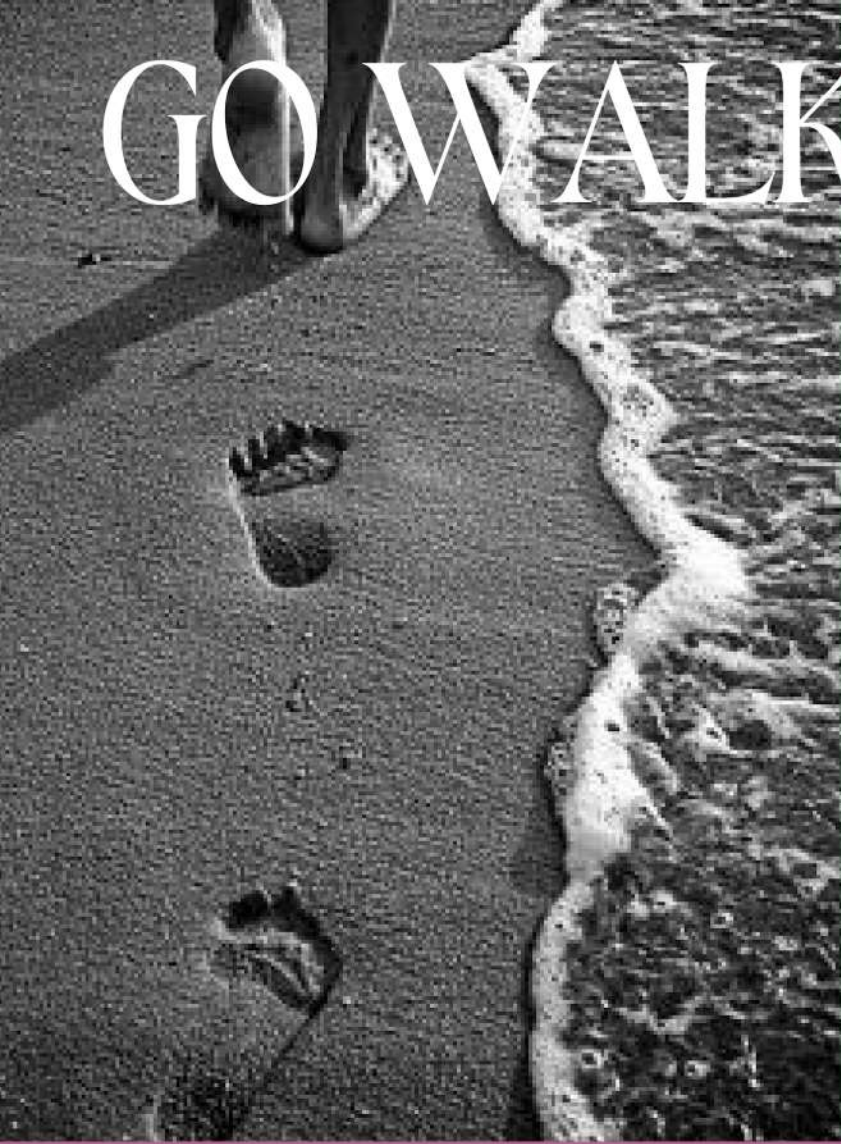


# GO WALK A MILE!

by Anisha Moonka

# GO WALK A MILE!

by Anisha Moonka



I see some dead dried leaves  
lying on the road which once  
fluttered with the wind, but  
now just lying there in peace  
until a fellow steps on it and it  
squeaks.

As I look outside my window.  
I see an earthen pot,  
Beautiful trees, shedding  
leaves,  
Open terrace longing for  
people,  
Birds chirping and flying  
living their own life,  
I see a mountain of stones  
A cow struggling to find  
something to eat in the large  
garbage dump.

Some women walking,  
Some men riding, and,  
leaves dancing with the  
breeze,  
I see rain drops touching the  
ground very gently, they  
initially seemed to be an  
arrow shooting down,  
but they turned soft and  
touched the surface without  
a frown.

I see all of this and wonder if  
time could cease and we  
'always busy' people could  
stop to witness all of these,  
Life is chasing some  
Some are chasing life,  
But no one's got some time to  
stop for a while and go walk a  
mile, to look at the faces that  
smile,  
the nature that greets,  
and flowers that beautifully  
treat,  
It's all there waiting for us to  
appreciate while we sit and  
differentiate.

So,  
cease, go, see, appreciate and  
embrace what the world  
around you has to offer!  
You'll be grateful-  
You'll feel alive and  
find reasons to smile, but  
first, go walk a mile!





# A GOOD FIT

by Anisha Moonka



# A GOOD FIT

by Anisha Moonka

I over explain myself and give disclaimers to everything I say,  
I question that, if I may?

Is it because I want to be heard and be understood correctly?  
Or I want someone to just tell me that I blend perfectly.

That I am a good fit, a good fit for the world of people who  
are looking for all things petty in abundance.

A good fit for the world that knows how to take and quite  
rarely to give.

A good fit for the world that speaks to be heard, but hears  
little.

A good fit for the world that has people whose minds never  
sleep at night.

A good fit for a world that expects so much and does just a  
bit.

A good fit for the world that clicks too many pictures, but  
makes few memories.

A good fit for the world that constantly speaks of living in the  
present, but hardly stops dwelling in the past.

A good fit for the world that does not believe in fixing a  
concern, but hiding them under garbs and does not discern.

A world that I am a part of hopefully ceases to be so one day,  
as for it,

I shall never be a good fit in any possible way.







# FRAGILE

by Anisha Moonka

# FRAGILE

by Anisha Moonka

I feel my soul is fragile,  
like that of the wings of a  
butterfly.  
I want to reach up there play  
with the clouds,  
but my soul screams of fear  
that's loud,  
My tears that roll down my  
cheeks,  
Make me wonder if I am  
strong or weak,  
Is being strong, but fragile  
acceptable to the people who  
walk down the aisle?  
I question what strength is?  
Is it my power to hold back  
the water in my eyes or to let  
them flow,  
while the light  
passing through it makes it  
glow.

I worship Maya's strength  
and Woolf's will, I wish had  
a quarter of what they did!  
I want to rise like a bird,  
I want to weep with tears of  
power,  
And want to say it out loud,  
that yes, I am fragile,  
but that doesn't make me  
weak,  
but that doesn't make me  
weak!

And no, my soul that can be  
be chopped into two, doesn't  
make all that's going to  
happen, bleak!  
But I am fragile still!  
But I am fragile still!







# IT LIES WITHIN

by Anisha Moonka



# IT LIES WITHIN

by Anisha Moonka

It is all about what's  
within.  
I might have a sparkling  
smile,  
Strength to walk down  
miles  
Cheeks that are all red  
and I might look well fed  
My head might not have  
the lines  
of stress.  
I might look pretty in my  
little  
dress,  
With gleaming eyes and  
all  
ready to fly,  
It might be all hunky  
dory on the  
outside.

But you never know  
what's inside.  
The sparkling smile  
might  
have a mouth behind,  
that has stories to tell, all  
appalling,  
The strength to walk  
down miles might come  
from the pain that's  
calling

The cheeks might seem  
red with the bloody tears  
that touched them the  
last  
night,  
I might be well fed, but  
you never know the  
emptiness that has

eaten me up in fright  
My pretty little dress just  
hides all the bruises my  
body has from that night,  
My gleaming eyes might  
have fire within to rupture  
the wall and fly far away  
to a world that would  
treat me just right!

But you would still not know  
what lies within.  
It's all an illusion  
It's all a game,  
It's all a trick,  
It's because of the years of pain.  
So, please be kind because the  
bubbly little one might actually be  
in a bubble with spikes of all  
that's not kind





# TENDER AND TOUGH

by Rahi

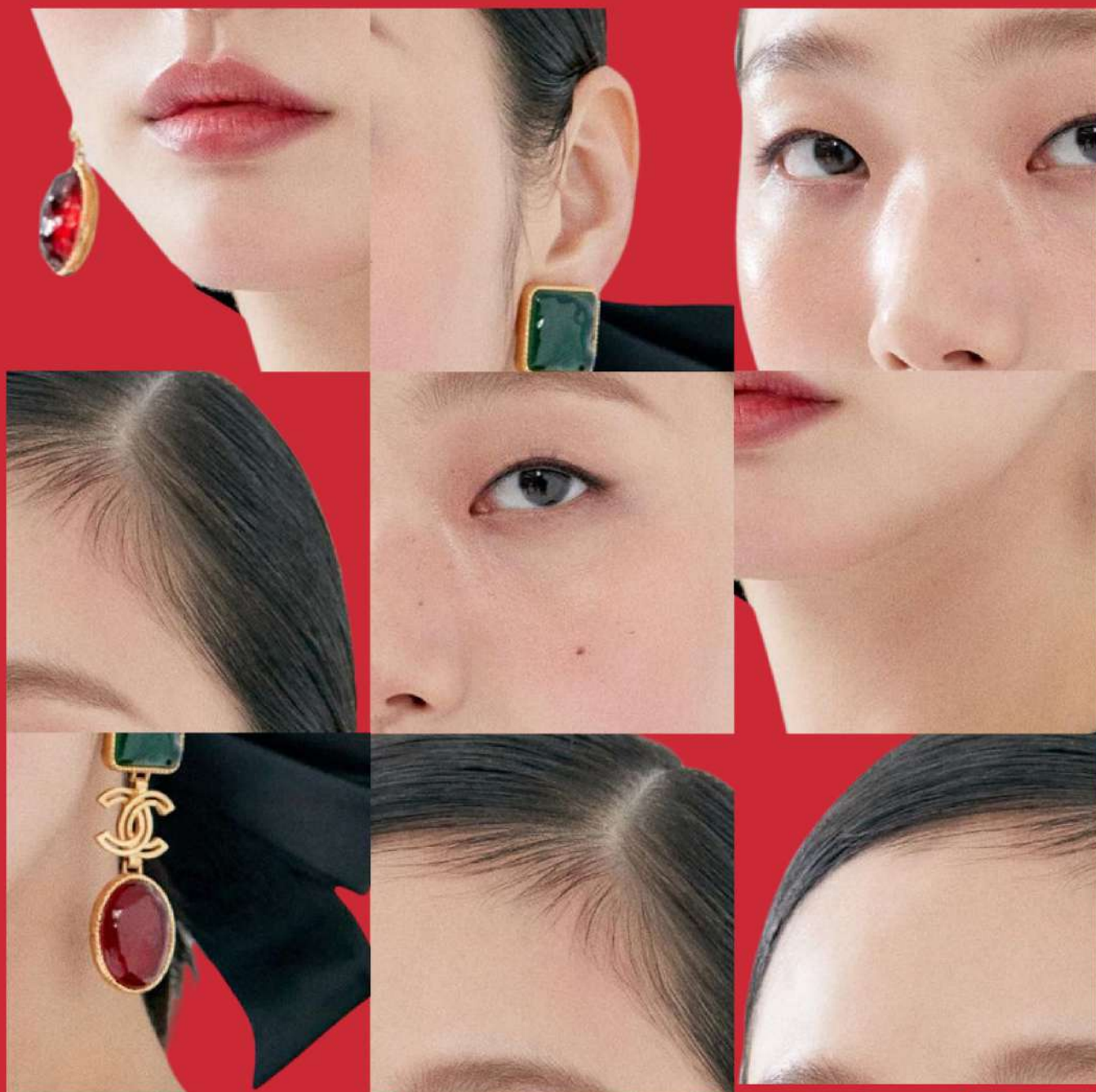
# TENDER AND TOUGH

by Rahi

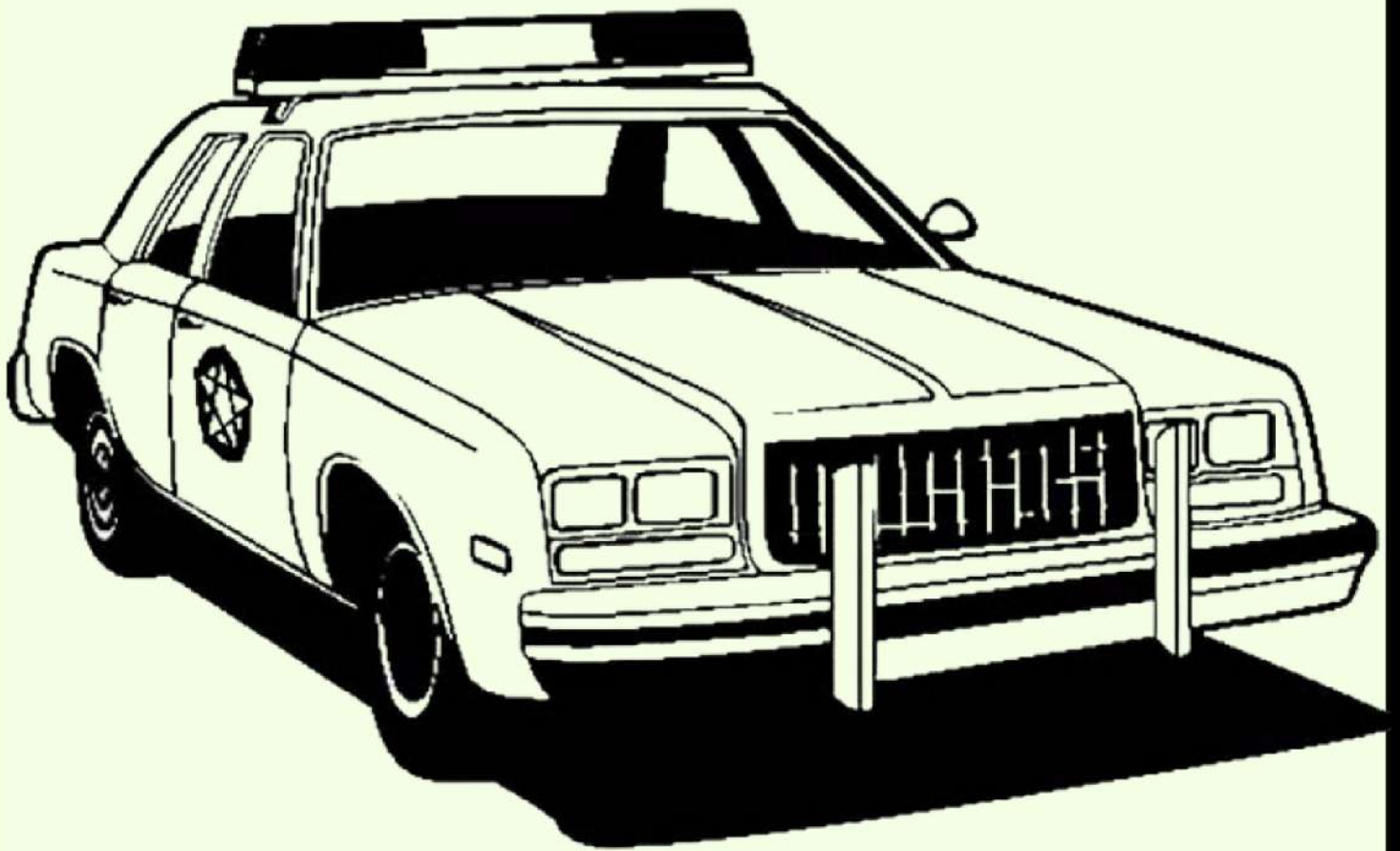
I wish I was held by my father as a child  
Kissed by my mother when everything  
seemed so wild  
I wish I could see my tiny feet and a soft  
smile,  
In an album or a picture pile  
I wish I could undo the pain I still go  
through because THAT happened  
For I never knew that'll cause my present  
to be saddened  
I wish I could sit with all my cousins and  
cherish the memories we made  
I can't, as there are none, and it's all of  
dark shades  
I wish I could think of the moments my  
mother laughed seeing me grow  
But this tale of past shall never have a  
smooth flow  
I wish I was greeted with smiling faces  
when my eyes saw the world for the first  
time  
But the then pale reactions make me feel  
taking birth was a crime  
They say childhood never comes back, but  
never ask if I want it to  
If you can, please recreate and start afresh  
too  
It's probably because of all the love that I  
didn't receive as a child  
That I have so much to give and in the  
process I have always smiled  
It was not all that dull and bad, I guess  
I had all THINGS needed, I confess  
But love and people are no things, you  
know  
For without it, childhood is such a dismal  
show!







Some More



## POWER OF THE MAGISTRATE TO DECIDE CASES UNDER SECTION 156(3)

By Vidhi Rathi



# POWER OF THE MAGISTRATE TO DECIDE CASES UNDER SECTION 156(3)

BY VIDHI RATHI



However, if the offence is triable exclusively by the Court of Sessions, the Magistrate cannot issue direction for investigation. The Magistrate can dismiss the complaint if he is of the opinion that there is no sufficient ground for proceeding. If the Magistrate is of the opinion that there are sufficient grounds for proceeding, he will issue the process to the accused for appearance as per the procedure and mode specified in Section 204 of the Code.

Difference in the power of Police to register and investigate an FIR under Section 154(1) read with 157 of the Code, and the Magistrate's direction to register an FIR under Section 156(3) of the Code. Power of the Magistrate to direct registration of an FIR under Section 156(3) in contrast with post-cognizance stage power under Section 202 of the Code.

The Operandi for registration of information in a cognizable offence and eventual investigation is not limited to the Police. The Magistrate has two powers to direct investigation: pre-cognizance stage under Section 156(3) and on cognizance under Chapter XIV and Chapter XV. A three Judge Bench decision in *Ramdev Food Products Private Limited vs Arvindbhai Rambhai Patel & Ors* examined the distinction between these two powers. The Magistrate has discretion to take recourse to his powers under Section 202, which provides for postponement of the issue of process and inquiry into the case.



The Ramdev Food Products Private Limited case held that the Magistrate's discretion to call for a report under Section 202 instead of directing investigation under Section 156(3) is controlled by defined parameters.

The cases where the Magistrate takes cognizance and postpones issuance of process are cases where the Magistrate has yet to determine "existence of sufficient ground to proceed". The exercise of discretion is guided by the interest of justice from case to case. The judgment in Priyanka Srivastava (supra) states that the Magistrate has the power to take cognizance and take recourse to procedure under Section 202 of the Code and postpone the issue of process where the Magistrate is yet to determine existence of sufficient ground to proceed. In Priyanka Srivastava (supra), the Court highlighted abuse of the criminal process by the unprincipled and deviant litigants who do knock at the door of the criminal court for malevolent reasons



To check malevolence and false assertions, the Court directed that every petition/application under Section 156(3) should be supported by an affidavit so that the person making an application should be conscious of it and to see that no false allegation is made. Vigilance is especially required in cases pertaining to fiscal sphere, matrimonial/family disputes, commercial offences, medical negligence cases, corruption cases, or cases where there is abnormal delay/laches.





This court in Mohd. Yusuf v. Afaq Jahan has held that the Magistrate has a limited power to direct an FIR under Section 156(3) of the Code, and that it is the duty of the officer in charge of the Police station to register the FIR regarding the cognizable offence disclosed by the complainant. In Anju Chaudhary (supra) also observed that the Magistrate exercises a very limited power under Section 156(3) and its discretion does not travel into the arena of merit of the case. The most important details in this text are that when a Magistrate receives a complaint, he is not bound to take cognizance if the facts alleged in the complaint do not disclose the commission of an offence. However, under Section 202, the Magistrate can analyse the veracity of the complaint and appreciate whether there are grounds to proceed further. In Chandra Deo Singh v. Prokash Chandra Bose, the Court observed that the object of the enquiry is to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the complaint, but the Magistrate has to do this only with reference to the intrinsic quality of the statements made before him at the enquiry.

#### REFERENCES

1. Ramdev Food Products Pvt. Ltd vs Arvindbhai Rambhai Patel & Ors on 29 August, 2006
2. Priyanka Srivastava & Anr vs State Of U.P.& Ors on 19 March, 2015
3. Mohd. Yousuf vs Smt. Afaq Jahan & Anr on 2 January, 2006
4. Anju Chaudhary vs State Of U.P.& Anr on 13 December, 2012
5. Chandra Deo Singh vs Prokash Chandra Bose & Anr on 22 January, 1963



# ARTPOP BY LADY GAGA

by Anushree Singh



# ARTPOP BY LADY GAGA

by Anushree Singh

ARTPOP is the third studio album by Lady Gaga released on 6th November, 2013 through Streamline and Interscope Records. Primarily an EDM and synth-pop album with R&B influences, Gaga's third record is clearly the most eccentric and colourful one in her career.

The continuous underlying themes of this album include success, dealing fame, drug use, sexual freedom and expression, gender roles and empowerment. Several lyrics also make references to Greek and Roman mythology. Gaga described ARTPOP as "a celebration and a poetic musical journey" that displayed a "lack of maturity and responsibility", contrary to the darker themes of her preceding album *Born This Way*. She cites Italian painter Botticelli's 'The Birth of Venus' as a huge influence in the making of this album.





ARTPOP starts off with Aura, a dubstep inspired EDM song with beats leading up to the chorus where Gaga sings “Do you wanna see the girl who lives behind the aura,” referencing her unique and visual fashion sense. The next track Venus shows futuristic, space-age inspired themes referencing the Roman Goddess of Love in the title. According to Gaga, the song is psychedelic, and is “about sex in the most mythological way.”

G.U.Y. is an EDM heavy song inspired by R&B and house. The title, an acronym for “Girl Under You,” focuses explores sexuality and submission from a new wave feminist perspective. This has often been lauded as the best song on the album. ‘Sexxx Dreams’

is synth-pop track inspired from the music of artists such as Prince. The song alternates Gaga’s vocals between singing and speaking, the sung verses addressed to her partner and the spoken verses to the person she fantasises about.





Jewels and Drugs is a hip-hop song which talks about fame and addiction. The sixth song Manicure is an electropop, R&B track that includes handclapping and ambiguous lyrics that have spiritual undertones and themes of sexual submission. The album's title track Artpop is inspired by electronic music and focuses on the subjectivity of art.

Swine is a rock and roll inspired dubstep song, which Gaga calls "very personal" as she sings about "troubling and challenging sexual experiences."

A fun pop song with electronic beats and new wave feminist themes, the tenth track Donatella is "an ode to the head of the Versace fashion house," that is Donatella Versace. Fashion! is a dance song with funk beats that portrays Gaga's love for high fashion and clothing.

Mary Jane Holland is a synth-pop song with themes of "having fun" and recreational drug use. The title of the song is an alter-ego used by Gaga when she was intoxicated in Amsterdam with her friends. Dope is an electronic song that deals with the "sad part" of Mary Jane Holland. It has themes of drug addiction, anxiety, depression, and paranoia.

Gypsy is a Europop-inspired track that speaks of travelling the world and dealing with loneliness. In this song, Gaga gives a shoutout to her fans, whom she "feels at home with." The album comes to an end with Applause, which as a Europop track with dance and synth elements that highlight the difference between "an artist and a celebrity," with Gaga saying that she "lives for the applause" referring to her fans' love and adulation through their applause as she entertains them.

While ARTPOP may not have been Gaga's biggest commercial hit, it more than fulfilled its aim by encouraging her to further develop her artistic abilities. This strange and snarky synth-pop, R&B inspired album attempts to bridge the gap between what is considered artistic and what is considered mainstream, highlighting the subjective experience that art is to each person.







# THE BARBIE EFFECT AND THE REAL WORLD

by Shriya Srikant



# THE BARBIE EFFECT AND THE REAL WORLD

by Shriya Shrikant

In 1959, Ruth Handler after watching her daughter play with paper dolls had the idea of making dolls modelled after adults allowing children to live adult lives vicariously through the dolls. Baby dolls were the most popular toys for young girls at that time. This was later criticised by author and professor Sherrie Inness in her book 'The Barbie Chronicles' as regressive. Unlike Barbie, which was available as every kind of profession - from doctor to the POTUS (sadly enough the only female US President till date) - and encouraged in young girls' imagination and aspirations, the baby dolls served only to reinforce ideas of maternity and domesticity in young girls. Handler was inspired to create her own doll while on vacation in Switzerland, where she saw the German plastic doll Bild-Lilli. On 9th March 1959, she presented new adult doll named 'Barbie' named after her daughter Barbara. The first Barbie model was dressed in a black-and-white striped swimsuit, and available as a blonde and a brunette.





Barbie has sparked a number of controversies over the years, including her materialistic attitude, lack of inclusivity and racial diversity in the models. Psychologists have over the years studied what is termed as the “Barbie effect,” which is the hypothesis that Barbie negatively influences women. Studies found that college-going women, on comparing themselves to Barbie or fashion models, had a decline in self-esteem, body image, and an increase in risky sexual behaviour.

So how is Barbie still relevant in today's day and age despite all the controversies attached to her name? To examine this, it is important to understand what draws young girls to Barbie dolls.





One of the strongest selling points of Barbie was that it was constantly evolving with times and hence, appeals to each generation. In the 1960s, when mass media propagated domesticity and family values, Mattel marketed Barbie in a similar manner. The Barbie books focused on Barbie's relationship with her parents George and Margaret. New dolls like her boyfriend Ken and her best friend Midge were mass-produced. In the 1980s, as efforts for inclusivity of women in workplace increased, Mattel released the Day-to-Night Barbie, which came dressed in office formals and with an extra evening gown, as a celebration of women's workplace revolution. She was shown to be working in male-dominated fields, for example Scientist Barbie, Engineer Barbie, etc. The first Black Barbie was launched in 1968, and the first Hispanic Barbie in 1980. In 2016, Mattel launched more inclusive Barbie in three body shapes, seven skin colours, 30 hair colours, around 20 eye colours and several hairstyles. They also introduced differently abled Barbie dolls. Today, when we hear the name Barbie, we all immediately picture a skinny, blonde, white doll. Despite the efforts for inclusivity, this image of the white, blonde Barbie as the poster girl for the brand shall continue to persist as Mattel was very late in implementing their ideas for diversity.



Barbie



Another reason could be that Barbie is unabashedly a feminist, but in a way that appeases the mainstream. In the Barbie movie “The Princess and The Pauper,” Erika, a commoner, turns down the prince’s marriage proposal in favour of dream to be a singer and travel the world. She marries him only after she gets that chance to fulfil her dreams. Barbie always supports herself, she can do anything, she supports peace, and so on. At the same time, she stays away from feminist ideas that are considered contentious, such as wealth disparity, abortion or gendered violence. While Barbie may promote a form of feminism that is palatable to the mainstream, her portrayal of success and empowerment is often tied to material wealth and possessions, which can be exclusionary for those who do not have access to such resources. The focus however is placed on the fact that she can do anything. This brand of uncontroversial feminism appeals to the mass media and the public.

Above all, the reason for Barbie’s continued cultural relevance is because she is just a plastic doll; a mere canvas for young children to project their fantasies onto. She symbolises that women have agency and choices and can live their lives on their terms. Mattel encourages this personalised imaginative play and emphasises Barbie’s status as an aspirational figure. She proclaims ideas that the masses want her to proclaim, and each one of us give those ideas meaning. She communicates what we as a society place on her.







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# CITY OF STARS

by Adithya Kumar



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*If I were to kiss her and then go to hell, I would boast to the devils that I saw heaven without ever entering it."*

*- William Shakespeare*


At the end of it aren't we all at some point looking for companionship? The chance at love, a chance at the famous "happily ever after". Well, haven't we all romanticised our scenarios, imagined us being the star of our own romantic stories.

Mumbai is a places where hundreds if not thousands of people Dream about living their own star studded story. Is it safe to say that Mumbai can also be called city of stars? Look at that, hundreds of people holding hands trying to find that one small piece of the puzzle called love.

But hey who am I kidding, this fairytale kind of love and yes our city of stars has had a twist in its script in recent years. Relationships, dating all of these have turned into something much more, how shall I put it?, complicated I would say.

Finding love in Mumbai is not as easy as Bollywood tries to make it. There is a huge change in how love and relationships are being perceived.





It isn't like boy meets girl, falls in love and then happily ever after. Now there are stuff like casual dating, fleeting love, ghosting etc. This is something which has become as common as Starbucks. Is this true love? No I don't think it is, why? Love is supposed to be beyond this, it's a connection that lasts and certainly not something which we use each other for. We see people casually hooking up, using other's genuine feelings to get through their problems, without thinking about how it might affect another person. Our City of Stars has become the playground of love as well as heartbreak, because the little things started to take a back seat.

Take the story of Ayaan and Maya. Ayaan was the average next-door boy, cheery, smart and daring. Maya on the other hand, was outgoing, bubbly and charming. They met in St Andrew's College in Mumbai in a typical scene from a movie. He first laid eyes on her pretty smiling face at a debate competition. A mutual friend introduced them, so they exchanged Instagram handles and started talking.

yaan was the typical old school romantic who believed in happily ever after. Maya was the other side of the spectrum, she believed in love but didn't want to put in the effort and didn't care if others feelings got hurt. They really hit it off and talked endlessly for hours on the phone. It was like the peg and the hole fit ever so perfectly.

But from there things went downhill suddenly. Ayaan found himself being the prompt caller everyday, Maya was the prompt rain checker, random boy texter and even though she liked Ayaan a lot she didn't feel she needed to reciprocate the same. The truth was that in forming a relationship you need to be vulnerable and Ayaan was willing to, Maya was not and felt that playing with his genuineness would make her more appealing to her peers.

Ayaan kept seeing her giving signs of attraction towards him but also her taking him for granted. She just played around with a lot of guys In order to remain popular. Ayaan took the hint after a while and distanced himself from her, thinking she might call him but his fear came true as not even a single text came after that. Only those times did a ping or two come when she had no one else.

This story is the epitome of emotional manipulation, it's the kind of stories which this city has to keep a page or two for. It emphasises a point where love is not something which just happens but it's something which we grow into, it's an effort which we make to a person we care about and view a future too, it's definitely not something which we take advantage of.

This City of Stars does have hope though, if the heart truly desires a starring role in Its own romantic story then truly the whole universe comes into force to make it happen.



It's the little things which make love in this city more special, because Mumbai is a place where time is limited but also beautifies true love. The value of efforts rises, the pani puri is more divine with that special someone when you're against the clock, the locals are slower somehow, etc.

Ayaan later met a girl called Natasha in college, they ended up in the same class for their final year. At first Ayaan and Natasha were just friends. Both of them being business students were obviously very busy but they had a spark. Natasha was a driven girl, extremely focused on building a career. She had gone through a really bad heartbreak and used her work as closure. She knew the meaning of relationships but didn't believe in love's meaning anymore.

Ayaan and her soon grew quite fond of each other. "That building reminds me of that film yaar", exclaimed Natasha. Both Ayaan and her shouted at the same time "DDLJ!". They really got to know each other as friends, spending hours talking to each other on the phone.

As soon as they started their jobs it became evident that Natasha didn't feel for anyone else the way she felt for Ayaan. She became a junior advisor with a major airline in Mumbai and Ayaan became a consultant for a huge multinational company. Ayaan felt that if he never tells her how he feels there would never be another chance.

And so they went to Marine Drive on a cool January friday, they went to their favourite spot on the drive and just sat there, talking. Ayaan thought this would be a good time to finally tell her, but somewhere or the other there was some distraction, sometimes dogs came a bit too close, there was some deep conversation which was going on and he never got the chance. On the train journey back, with Ayaan still nervous to tell her Natasha's station was fast approaching. She got up to the door to leave and like a dramatic scene from a movie Ayaan tells her.



Natasha thinks on this and nervously reciprocates her feelings. Soon they started dating. Now you would expect that happily ever after and good times have begun, well no, Natasha was still unsure about her feelings for Ayaan whether it would turn into love or not.

Ayaan was nothing like any boy she knew, he never took her for granted, always put her needs before his own and remembered every little thing about their talks. He also never got the stroke of jealousy whenever she told him about guys at her office.

Natasha had grown so used to being manipulated that she couldn't bring herself to love Ayaan even though in reality she did, she just couldn't admit it to herself. Ayaan knew her enough to understand what was going on. Even though they had their disagreements he still stuck through and cared for her and made sure he never gave up on her. Natasha helped him with his insecurities by making him feel wanted and he helped her by making sure that his love would outclass any disagreements or fights they would have.



This short story shows that with the right person everything comes full circle. Those insecurities are overwhelming but it's easier with that someone by your side. That's the beauty of this City of Stars that it will give you heartbreak at some point but it rewards your main character with a lead partner, as long you never stop believing.



**A Little More**





# PEOPLE

by Akriti . Digvijay Ojha. Aditya Bagadwa & Rhea Nair.

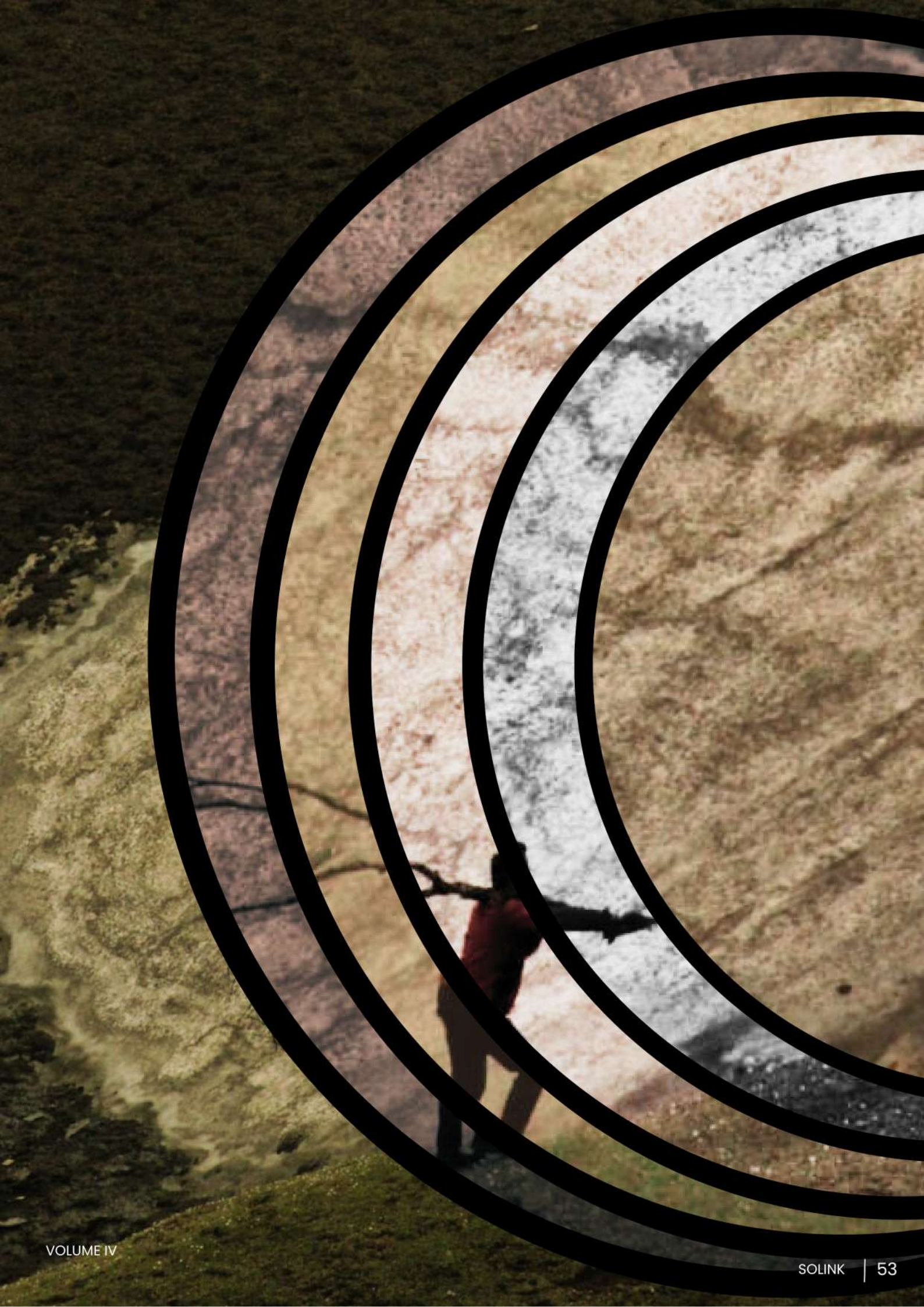
People, mysterious and profound, dwell within the tapestry of existence. Seeking meaning and understanding, they unravel the enigmas of life. With free will and agency, they shape their destinies, leaving their mark on the world. Yet, they are bound by interconnectedness, where actions ripple through the lives of others. In this delicate dance of empathy and discord, they find solace and forge relationships. People, intricate and ever-evolving, are the vibrant threads that weave the fabric of humanity.













# PLACES

by Akriti , Digvijay Ojha, Aditya Bagadwa & Rhea Nair.

Places, vibrant and diverse, weave stories of history, culture, and nature. Cities pulse with energy, nurturing innovation and human connection. Streets become pathways for dreams and faces that paint the tapestry of urban life. Beyond the confines of cities, nature embraces us with its tranquil forests, towering mountains, and breathtaking coastlines. These landscapes offer solace and a connection to the vastness of the earth. Places, where human experiences unfold, hold the power to inspire, captivate, and shape our lives.











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