

February 2022

Issue 1

MERAKI

Editorial Team - Psychology Department



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Editor's Note

Welcome! I hope you are safe, sound, and hearty, and so are the ones you hold dear.

With 2021 now past us, the world has seen two years of a pandemic. In the wreak havoc of calamity, we've loved, we've lost, and we've yearned for solace wherever we could find it.

For many of us, and certainly, for the editorial tribe, art came to the rescue. Whether it was consuming or creation, appreciating the color palette of the sky, or looking more intently at nature, in words or photographs, we've searched for pieces of ourselves in the universe.

And so I present, Meraki, a digital magazine by the editorial team of the psychology department. In the magazine, we've given you little pieces of ourselves through our recommendations, stories, and aspirations.

I am utterly grateful to my ed. tribe for contributing to the magazine in all their capacities; this wouldn't have been possible without their relentless efforts. And to you, the reader, I hope you have fun making your way through this puzzle pieced together with all the warmth we could muster.

Warmly,
Anahita



What are we Reading?

01. The Miseducation of Cameron Post
by Emily M. Danforth
02. The Boy, the Mole, the Fox and the Horse
by Charlie Mackesy
03. Les Liaisons dangereuses
(English: Dangerous Liaisons)
by Perre Choderlos de Laclos
04. The Gift of Therapy
by Irvin D. Yalom
05. How to Do the Work: Recognize Your
Patterns, Heal from Your Past, and
Create Your Self
by Nicole LePera
06. Pamela
by Samuel Richardson



07. And We Stay by Jenny Hubbard (TW: Suicide)

08. Sophie's world by Jostein Gaarder

09. 1Q84 by Haruki Murakami

10. The Henna Artist by Alka Joshi

11. No Guns at my Son's Funeral by Paro Anand

12. Nur Jahan's Daughter by Tanushree Podder

13. It's not about the Burqa by Mariam Khan

14. Something Wild by Hanna Halperin
(TW: Violence and Domestic abuse)

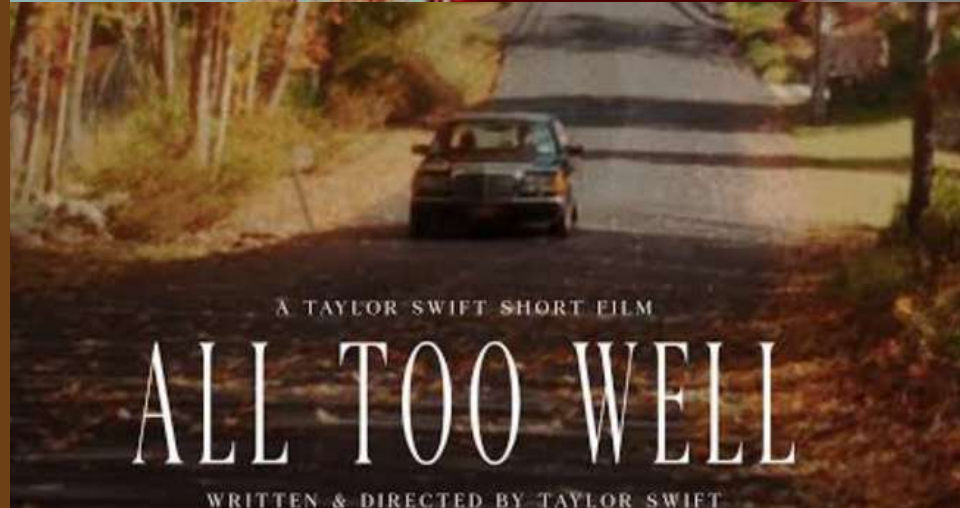




What are we watching?

01. Beautiful Boy (TW: Substance abuse)
02. Normal People
03. Servant
04. Feel good
05. I May Destroy You (TW: Sexual abuse, violence)
06. Unbelievable (TW: Sexual abuse, violence)
07. The Haunting of Hill House
08. Three Billboards outside Ebbing, Missouri (TW: Violence, Sexual Abuse)
09. Orange is the new black
10. Master of None

11. Elisa and Marcela Pose
12. All Too Well - Taylor Swift
13. Fleabag
14. Killing eve
15. Soul
16. Modern Love
17. Unpaused
18. Fractured
19. Nappily Ever After
20. Bombay Talkies
21. Me before You
22. Wild Wild West



Vision For The Future

- Community support becomes the norm
- Insurance covers mental health expenses
- Strong organisational structure and code of conduct for mental health practitioners to adhere to

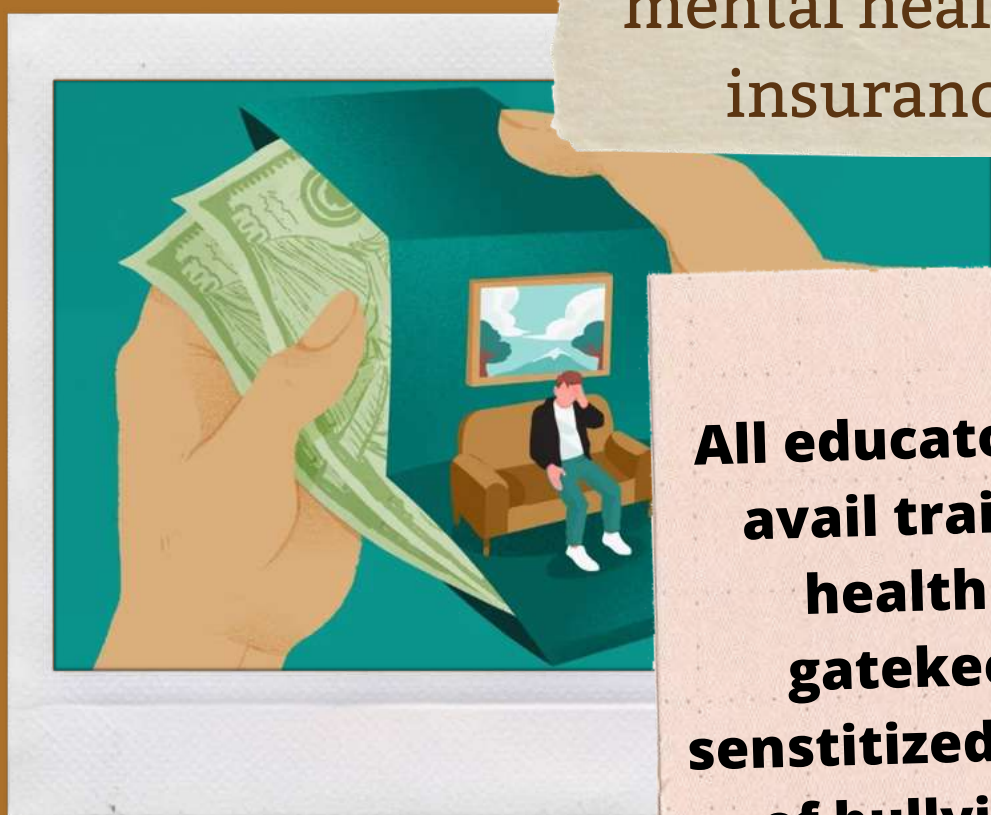
- Increased awareness and sensitization in society towards the discipline and practitioners
- Affordable and inclusive mental health care for everyone



Queer affirmative is not a bonus, but a must for mental health practitioners

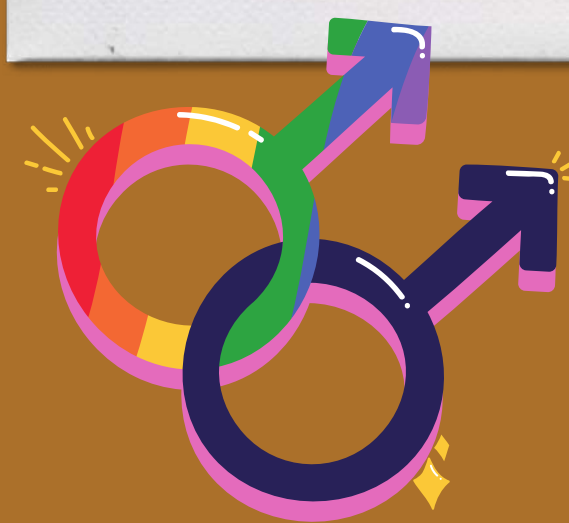
Clinical diagnoses are not used casually to label people

Caregivers receive adequate mental health support and insurance coverage.



All educators and teachers avail training in mental health first-aid and gatekeeping and are sensitized towards themes of bullying, adolescent issues and other mental health concerns faced by students.

Social Emotional Learning (SEL) is integrated into Indian curriculums and pedagogy



SAHLA SIRAJ



SAHLA SIRAJ

NIMISHA SHAH



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NIMISHA SHAH

LOVE IN TIMES OF CRISIS

What I would someday tell my grandchildren when they ask me about the pandemic

By Ishani Bharadwaj

It was March 2020,
people were proud and thriving
and ignorant of each other.
A microscopic virus had just begun creating havoc
in the lives of those who were a little too used
to spinning the earth
on their fingers.

First, we waited 21 days,
then 40 and eventually
everyone just lost count.
The days grew longer
and the nights scarier.

The mad race that we had always been a part of
suddenly came to a halt.
We couldn't run the marathon of productivity any
longer for
our legs had collectively given up.
Forced to put down the armour of self-sufficiency
that we had so proudly carried all along,
our faces were masked, but our hearts uncapped.
Humanity was more vulnerable than ever.
But we've been around for 200,000 years for a reason,
we adapt.

When we couldn't turn to the hustle anymore,
we turned to each other.
It was when lovers were separated
through rectangular screens
that they found solace in each other's eyes.
I learned how much I value the few friends in my life
through incessant matches of ludo.
For the first time in 18 years,
I noticed how my mother's mouth curves into
a smile on seeing my face in the morning.
When loneliness and uncertainty
sent me into panic attacks,
I found relief in my community.
I learned how to ask for help
and accept it.
And when we couldn't turn to each other,
we turned inwards.
Notebooks left blank for months were now filled
Books long carrying dust
in the big bookshelves of even bigger houses were
read
Countless nights I stood on my balcony
and looked at the sky
for the moon and stars
were the only certainty in most of our lives then.

Some nights
I mourned the loss of the life that had been
snatched from me
And on others, said my thanks for not becoming
one of the hundreds of nameless cremated bodies
that the news anchors hourly reported.
Each night I sang lullabies to the sky.
When the virus found its way to me
I stood in front of the mirror
and looked at my body,
truly, looked at it for the first time ever,
and my eyes teared up in gratitude,
for it was housing the molecule of death inside it
and yet fighting every second to keep me
alive.

If you look closely at us
You may as well see the scars
that those years left behind
and god, have they stayed.
The pandemic was not romantic,
it was traumatising.
But the only thing that got us through was
love.
Love
that filled my stomach each day
in the form of food that my mother cooked.
Love
in the eyes of my dogs who still looked at me with
the hope that my heart had become parched for.
Love
in songs, I played on strings,
the way I turned my pain into ballads.
Love
that Rumi and Bronte wrote about,
which became my companions on lonely nights.
I, too, wrote a love story in the pandemic,
I romanced the sky.
Locked inside the four walls of my room
I met parts of me I hadn't known existed,
I found intimacy within myself.

I learned about the smallness and the significance
of my being and of those around me.
About how we are so small and so different
but after all, tied together in explainable ways.

I know that as I sit here, if anything
it was love that got me by.

Love Language

By Saumya Rai

My family doesn't need band-aids for bruises,
or medicines for sickness.
Baba brushes off the dust from his cuts,
and it just heals the next day.
Didi walks through roads without fear,
and calls out the rude neighbor who scolds the watchman.
Maa is a nature's child,
who holds big insects delicately in her hand,
and stands in the sun when others are too afraid to get
burnt.
I, on the other hand,
can be called a black sheep.
I am scared of how tumbleweeds move,
I need a blanket on warm days,
and take a day off for paper cuts.
We're too different,
but not too distant.
In tough times that make cuts bleed a little more,
roads a little too crowded,
and the sun crueler,
when I only see frowns,
on these resilient faces,
I come up with some strength,
and stick band-aids with my warmest smile.
Hold umbrellas to threaten the sun,
and grab gently, the hand that hesitates to travel through
crowded roads,
and say aloud every time, 'It's okay, I've got you.'
People say that strength makes you cruel,
but these strong people I live with,
they only spread kindness.
My sister who hates crying,
often lets me hug her tightly,
and allows the strands of her favorite shirt to turn salty,
with my tired tears.
Baba's love language is food,
and I see him stack up drawers,
with my favorite cream rolls,
on days I don't smile back at him.
Maa silently drapes her pashmina shawl around me,
when I don't want to tell anyone that I feel cold,
and her forms of PDA include special masala chai and
gentle pats on my head,
on nights I can't sleep.
This love that lingers in awkward small
talks,
and in that one song all of us like humming,
feels like a soft hand on my sunken shoulders,
giving me hope on every cloudy day.

Recollection

By Vasudha Singh

There are many things I remember about that day.
I think the day you lose a family member is one of
those days when you find yourself etching
arbitrary details into your memory. I remember
feeling perturbed by the unnerving orderliness of
the entire situation. The neatly parked cars, the
colour coordinated flower arrangements, the
preciseness of the rituals, all a defensive
scrambling for any form of structure.

I remember being approached by awkward faces
and reluctant limbs, unaware of the words or
gestures that can perform magic in this period of
tragedy. It's a strange feeling, being highlighted in
a crowd that has gathered for such melancholic
reasons.

I remember my family's apathetic behaviour. I
particularly remember being annoyed by it. A
rather forceful attempt at entangling this day with
the ennui of their daily lives to shield themselves
from the reality of the event. Their incapability to
show emotions was making me feel heavy in my
chest. The only strange behaviour we displayed was
that we seemed to have lost our sense of object
permanence. I could feel our constant need to
have each other within our fields of vision, to ask
purposeless questions, and be acutely aware of
each members' whereabouts.

I remember volunteering that night to sleep in the
same room as the body so that she's not alone on
her last night in the house. I was dreading the
emotions I was going to feel that night. The grief,
the isolation, the mortality in the environment. I
remember watching other family members drag a
mattress and pillow through the night, one by one
as if they all had sensed my thoughts from their
rooms. Eleven members slept that night in the
room, all connected by history, loss, and love.

The Art of War

By Kiran Goswami

In a Korean series I watched, a mafia said,
'War and art are best observed from a distance.'
I haven't seen Kashmir. Ever.
Maybe once or twice in my dreams.
Maybe once or twice when I imagined heavenly art,
a place sculpted more beautifully than humans are by
God.
Maybe once or twice when I imagined terrifying war,
a place isolated more dreadfully than humans isolate
God.
Kashmir is both.

My mother asked,
'You know what makes war and art have something in
common?'
'Red colour?' I guessed.
'Yes, and that is the colour of love.
Love makes war and art have something in common.'
And my mind was blown hearing this,
like how you hold the wind from a storm in your fists
as if catching a feather stuck in this typhoon that was
a letter;
and when you open your fist, the wind just blows
away. Somewhere.

Love in Kashmir comes like a blanket of fog on Dal
Lake,
that it holds dearly while it sleeps.
So while the sun tries to hit the frozen surface,
It clenches its blanket protecting its morning sleep.
'Just 5 more minutes.'

Love in Kashmir comes like a Khaled Hosseini novel.
Except that you don't see Hassans running for kites
here
but 'Hasinas' running to gardens from the graveyards
they were born in
and they turn their heads towards this land saying,
'For you, a thousand times over.'
Love in Kashmir comes like a Dina Nath Walli's
Badam Wari painting that comes like a Shikara to
you.

It picks you up from the cemented lawns you stand on
and drops you on the other side of the shore filled
with paths like the braids of her hair.
The other side is too far away
as the distance between one ear and another.
You realise the light-year length when you try to smile
from ear to ear on those days.

Love in Kashmir is the Paneer Chaman you eat
after that one more cricket match.
Independence tastes different in Kashmir.
It tastes home-like,
but you know what happens when the milk gets
lost in this Chaman.
It gets lost like heaven does between the footsteps
of the dead arriving and the prayers of the living
leaving.

Love in Kashmir is like the photograph of my
grandmother-
a Pheran of the colour of love.
All my life I thought she received too much of it.
My grandmother died without it.
I guess that is why I hate landscape paintings.
The frame is too small to capture what captures
the eye.
You know, love triangles look good only between
humans.
When it happens to heaven and lands, the story is
a little different.

Love in Kashmir is roots of Chinar trees.
Seasons change but the love remains.
It grows taller and taller
like my hair.
I hope no one cuts it, just to style it a little,
to suit them a little;
like I did to my hair.
Times in Kashmir change faster than they do on
mercury
and what stays is not war or art,
but love.
Because in Kashmir, it's not love in times of crisis
But crisis in times of love.

Kashmir is both.
I want to see Kashmir. Once.
But in the Korean series I watched, a mafia said,
'War and art are best observed from a distance.'

For the one in the mirror

By Vanshika Sharma

Love is one of the most complex feelings to describe. To date, there is no particular one-fits-all definition when it comes to love. As a result, its expression is also as varied as its descriptions. However, there are some common underlying characteristics that almost everyone agrees with like kindness, care, being considerate and honest, and other virtues. We all expect our loved ones, at some point in time, to act according to these characteristics, especially when we're dealing with a difficult situation.

Everybody has a universe of their own filled with their loved ones, and all of us go through a galaxy worth of challenges and trials, or crises which some of the times only we are aware of. We try our very best to not depend too much on other people and maneuver our way around that difficult time by causing the least discomfort of any kind to others. But in this quest of overcoming every hurdle that is thrown at us, we forget or sometimes lose sight of one of the most important things in our lives—us. We can shut other people out, and try and be poised and diplomatic with them at all times, but along the way, we lose ourselves. We forget that the first person who deserves our compassion, our consideration, and kindness is, us. There is no escape from ourselves; it is we who give meaning to our experiences. We put life into our experiences, good or bad; we are the ones who have the power to make ourselves feel alive. And a part of feeling alive is loving and being loved.

So how can we forget to love ourselves?

Whatever the situation may be, scoring low on an assignment, not knowing what we are doing with our lives (a shout-out to the third year here), or just feeling lonely, whatever challenges you may be faced with, don't forget—you can always show up and take control of things inside your locus. Even if sometimes your mind sends you in a spiral or down a memory lane you'd rather not visit, remember you are the one who gathers and pulls yourself up to make a better day and a better memory for you.

Even when you make a mistake, when you feel that you are causing an issue or a problem, even when you feel that you are in the wrong, don't forget that having the courage to accept it and be honest and kind to yourself. Self-love, like any other kind of love, is not perennially flowery, but it is very much real. So, sometimes just being comfortable with oneself and accepting who we are, and that we have to be better and do better is nothing less than self-love.

So when we think about love, let's not exclude ourselves from it. Let's try and remember that if not anybody else, we are there for ourselves. So, with a little introspection, compliment and congratulate yourself for always trying to be there for you!

An Incomplete Love Story

By Poorvi Sethi

my grandmother was born on the eve of
independence
with the memory of a bloody partition still
fresh in her parents' minds
she had learnt to find solace in the
bustling lifestyles of first Punjab,
then Lucknow, and finally Delhi

my grandfather had been in India long
before it became a place full of cries,
gunshots, and religious fervour
he understood who to hate and who to
love
who was to be stomped upon and who was
to be worshipped
his father was a ruthless man, whose
scars he still bore
maybe it was the lack of love during his
childhood or the graveness of a war-torn
India
but he never learnt how to express

when he married my grandmother in the
winter of 1971
it was the first time he had had the
chance to share his burdens with
someone else
the first chance to unlearn some
prejudices and learn the art of emoting
in a country that was still recovering from
the aftermath of a 200-year long struggle

his was a life that hadn't truly been lived
until he held my grandmother's hand
for the first time, he had someone whose
smile he wanted to see
he had someone who he wanted to spend
time with
so he took her out to the cinema in old
Dilli, the sweet shop in CP,

the sari-wala in Chandni Chowk
together, they moved out of the cramped
one-room flat
and built a new house for their future
family
a home
they raised their children strictly but
lovingly
and now
my grandfather suffers from dementia
his mind is too slow to comprehend the
enormity of my grandmother's love for him
she doesn't understand what a mental
illness is
so she stands there

always on the verge of tears filled with the
sting of underappreciation
everything she does for him goes
unnoticed
it's peculiar to think that they were once a
young couple in love who used to go sneak
out from under their father's nose
and go to the cinema
theirs is a story left incomplete
because my grandfather doesn't remember
and my grandmother doesn't have the
strength to say "look at me"

Blackened Hearts

By Nupur

Black clouds hovering in the sky
Harsh sounds of the wind
Sounds of branches breaking
A house stands dull in the darkness
Adorned by a single lamp
Isolated from relationships
Awakens at night filled with horror

It's filled with tears of melancholy
Made of windowpanes stained in blood
The creaking wooden floorboard
Walls that have heard the fights
Shouts echoing at every corner
Screams to be released from the torture

Broken pieces of glass adorn the floor
Knives stained with blood
Drops of blood lead to the room
There lay a lifeless angel
Beautiful, in a white dress stained with
emotions

Pictures around her tell a story,
She shouted and screamed for help
But no one heard the voice of suffering
All they saw was an insecure girl
With arms full of cuts and scars on her skin
They failed to see her quietness shrieking
Failed to see the pains and troubles of her life.

Facing abuse and hatred all her life
All she wished was to be loved
But now all there's left is a letter
With words filled with tears of anguish
She gave up her life searching for freedom
And opened the eyes of her soul

Blackened hearts saw a light
Felt her pain and cried over their neglect.
Only if they had noticed earlier, then maybe
she would have been amongst them,
Happily smiling and loving

Unexpressed love in crisis- a bereavement

By Lisa Keshariya

“you may attempt to devastate the world with your tragic, bereaving love that shook your insides to the core of their deepest wounds but let me tell you how you fall to only futile lengths with every new poetry which spills out of your fingertips like tears fall into the witch’s cauldron/

let me tell you real poetry is when my heart aches to some many years ago to long for someone who left from the floors of my crumpled room I struggle to pay rent for\ I struggle to understand this business of life and death when all my life I have owed to the masters of the bills who I have been blinded to and by\ and now death owes me itself because how can I ever in this life be forbidden from suppressing all this poetry when I fail to see that I am birthing art on my barren taste buds/

let me tell you real poetry is when this void chokes me to numbness, and I let it/

let me tell you real poetry is when I see my little daughter lay there helpless, and my love, this prejudiced superficiality of the human race, allows her to be taken away to a place not only so apart from her imaginations but to a place in my mind which prisons me every time I try to remember her in my faint thoughts/

let me tell you that as I come to plough your gardens two days after and your incessant home reminds me of my daughter, I will curse those who took her away from me because I will never create the poetry of my home being snatched away/

let me tell you about real poetry because if I am not one your hands will starve on the grief that is pushed down in me so shallow that I have no knowledge of it being there letting death pay me back

let me tell you that I am in the field of no knowledge, a wasteland of thick tombs of my feelings, and I know nothing of which to offer my tears to because I can’t cry/

let me tell you that now your plants are as helpless as me because their soils are laid numb, their roots growing on my wounds, and their leaves crackling at the moment of their birth/

let me tell you that don’t you dare tell me how beautiful and wondrous my poem tastes to you\ that I will never outpour my grief to you and as I rot with every passing moment, I grow more away from her, but I did not bereave, to begin with/

and if this is not poetry to you, let me tell you that you feign to know of any love because this crisis in me is inexplicable, and I am a poem which will never be written.

-an incomplete father

Of Love, or Lack Thereof

By Shraddha Gupta

I remember when I read about love in fairytales
I could count my age on my fingertips
and I couldn't wait for my foot to fit right into
the glass slipper someday
I would dream of star-studded skies
and stealing them empty for someone
what is love if not a dream? I thought

I was eight when I flinched at her arm for the
first time
and cried my love out
because I thought you could only hurt someone
you hate
but she hugged me and told me that pain is
only normal in love
so I covered up the wounds and tried to heal
them with cotton love
it took only one week to heal the wounds
but it has been years, and I still ache at the
thought of it
I feel wounded in parts of my body I don't know
of
but what is love if not wounded? I thought

then I was twelve before I knew
and I was running out of fingers to count my
age on
but I could fit all my friends on them well
enough
I couldn't count on them though
I learnt from my mother that fighting is only
normal when it comes to love
so, I fought my way out of every friendship I
had,
and I called it love
what is love if not raised voices & cruel words
before a hug to fix it all?
I thought

and I was fourteen when I first thought I truly
loved someone
he said he loved me, but he loved the two of us
alike
I didn't want to part my love with another
but what is love if not shared? I thought

I was sixteen when I loved again,
and I did it over and over until I couldn't
anymore

I gathered the courage to pick myself up each time,
maybe because I feared being alone,
but what is love if not an escape from loneliness? I
thought

so I stayed lonely for a while, for I wished to face it than
escape it
it didn't eat me up as much as I thought it would,
and I was seventeen when I first gave love a chance
again,
I saw it in every flower and even the ugliest of things
I thought the world was nothing but love
until I learned that the love was but a lie
but what is love if not convincing ourselves we can
tolerate each other?

I thought
on some nights, it still breaks me to think I grew to be
intolerable
but now I'm nineteen, and I've been avoiding every glass
slipper
ever since I learned
that the one I thought fit me the best could be shattered
I still remember how it pricked my skin leaving it
drenched in blood
but what is love if not a bleeding heart that still beats? I
think

and I know every heartbreak means
that someone is going to come around
to put a band-aid in your bleeding wound

but I don't have the heart to let someone near the wound
again
I'm afraid an open wound is more prone to infectious
love
and it only feels like this one's going to stay fresh for a
while
although on some nights I still miss the comfort of the
right foot size - I try to manage barefoot.

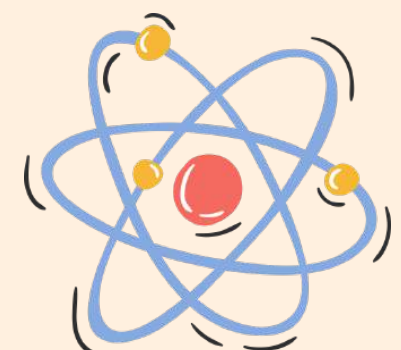
what is love if not being terrified of loving, I think?
what is love if not yearning for it yet running from it all
the same?
what is love if not everyone trying to convince you they
love you,
but no one trying to do it the way you'd want to be loved?
what is love if not a shattered glass with a distorted
reflection of your past, I think?

What are we researching?

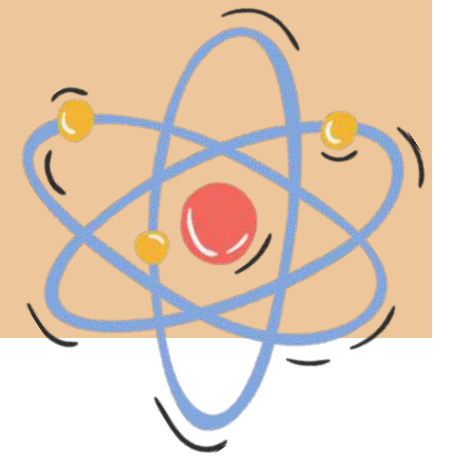
Volunteerism During the Second COVID-19 Wave in India: Analyzing Motivation, Distress and Positive Emotions in Volunteers

To understand behaviour of COVID-19 volunteers and non-volunteers, **Aswaki Rana, Suprit Randhawa, and Tanishqa Sadana** pursuing Applied Psychology (Hons) at Gargi College conducted a research study under the supervision of **Professor Dr. Sangeeta Bhatia**. The second wave of the pandemic formed the basis of the research. The researchers believe that the pandemic was Pandora's box and with all that it did bring, it also brought hope and opportunities for many. According to them, the conduction of research with 511 participants on a pan-India level was only possible due to the online mode of data collection. In the results, they understood how small gestures such as cooking for the neighbours ended up becoming significant to some yet for others accessing the SOS numbers was an unaffordable privilege. The altruism displayed by individuals during times of crisis was interesting to analyze and even became one of the crucial aspects of the research. The researchers believe that altruism should be a habit inculcated in people and thus, should be included in the academic curriculum. This real-life application to develop an altruistic nature is what they look forward to.

Moreover, to make the research a success the researchers decided to divide the tasks in hand and assigned deadlines for the same, however, they decided not to keep a deadline for the finished product. Additionally, undertaking this project allowed the three to learn everything from skills of rapport formation to SPSS and programming. The researchers were constantly present to guide each other and were guided by their supervisor, Prof. Sangeeta Bhatia, who was relentlessly working with them to make their research better and to encourage them at every step of the way. They reflect that it was because of Dr. Bhatia's unconditional support that their ideas translated to a tangible reality.



To understand the prevalence and effects of Maladaptive Daydreaming among the Indian youth in relation to their stress and satisfaction with life



A research project was undertaken by third-year students of Applied Psychology (Hons) at Gargi College—**Kamya Jain, Mallika Aggarwal, and Vidhi Bajaj**—under the supervision of **Dr. Shweta Chaudhary**, Assistant Professor, Gargi College, University of Delhi. The aim was to understand the prevalence and effects of maladaptive daydreaming (MD) among the Indian youth with regards to their stress and satisfaction with life. The research concluded that there is a statistically direct correlation of MD with perceived stress along with an inverse significant correlation with life satisfaction. The idea emanated from the experiences of covid isolated individuals; it was observed that there was an increase in instances of daydreaming to cope with the loss and isolation. The students are extremely grateful to their academician and mentor Dr. Shweta Chaudhary for her unrelenting support and immense guidance. The research helped the students gain insight into various skills like statistical analysis, thematic analysis, required skills of an interviewer, and practical exposure related to the paradigm of research. The students stated that the research was a unique experience for them. It gave them a unique insight into the mind of others, and they understood that the pandemic had amplified the nature of maladaptive daydreaming.

Imposter Phenomenon: Examining the role of Psycho-Social factors and Internet Usage



To understand the prevalence of imposter syndrome among Indian youth (up to 27 years), **Mannat Chopra and Simran Katoch** pursuing Applied Psychology (Hons) at Gargi College conducted a research study under the supervision of **Professor Dr. Sangeeta Bhatia**. Through the review of literature, the researchers gathered that in the Indian context, there was a research gap, especially for the sample chosen. The results were astounding as it was gathered that most students experienced some form of imposter syndrome and that the results also indicated that the variables of internet, gender, educational qualification, and culture determined the extent and prevalence of the Imposter Phenomenon. The students expressed their heartfelt gratitude to their brilliant supervisor, Prof. Bhatia, and stated that their spark for research was ignited because of her unwavering support and immense interest in the subject. The students also emphasized that they felt motivated because ma'am placed her full faith in their idea, and helped them widen their horizons through her guidance and knowledge. The results indicated that the syndrome in question was more prevalent in areas that had lower populations and had greater specificity to eastern cultural contexts. It also indicated higher internet usage contributed to a greater prevalence of this syndrome, and that there were marked differences in the lived experience of the syndrome with respect to differences in gender and educational qualifications. The research is under consideration for publication and presentation.

Credits



Anahita Ahuja
(she/her)

Editor

"Joy is not made to be a crumb." Mary Oliver



Saumya Rai
(she/her)

Writer and Researcher

When you're going through something, eat a whole medium-sized pizza and sleep. Oh no, it won't help with the problem, it just feels good



Poorvi
(she/her)

Writer

chasing the sun



Vasudha Singh
(she/her)

Researcher

"I'm Responsible For My Own Happiness? I Can't Even Be Responsible For My Own Breakfast!" - Bojack



Lisa
(she/her)

Writer

words fall short - always



Kiran
(she/her)

Writer

Saranghae



Nupur
(she/her)

Writer

I knew exactly what to do. But, in a much more real sense, I had no idea what to do."



Vanshika Sharma
(she/her)

Writer

a small human with an ocean worth of feelings, emotions and opinions with a will to learn and grow!



Ishani
(she/her)

Writer

Always rooting for heartfelt poetry, a sad book, pretty skies and a lot of bollywood. If you're looking for someone to sit with and vent, or have long conversations about everything life, she is your person!



Shradhha Gupta
(Any pronouns)

Writer

Who I am is not measured by what I become



Manasi Prabhakaran
(she/her)

Writer and Researcher

And in that moment, we were infinite'



Nimisha Shah
(she/her)

Photographer

Can find a rainbow in my pocket :)



Sahla Siraj
(she/her)

Photographer

A socially sanguine serious sarcastic.



Bhawana Singh
(she/her)

Illustrator



Tahriem Shibli
(she/her)

Illustrator

"Morning will come again, because no darkness, no season, can last forever." -BTS (Spring Day)



Ragini Narang
(she/her)

Illustrator

The Office: S4 Ep7, 6:18



Vanshika Gautam
(she/her)

Illustrator

"We don't see no lines, we don't colour inside" Mac Miller (Ladders)