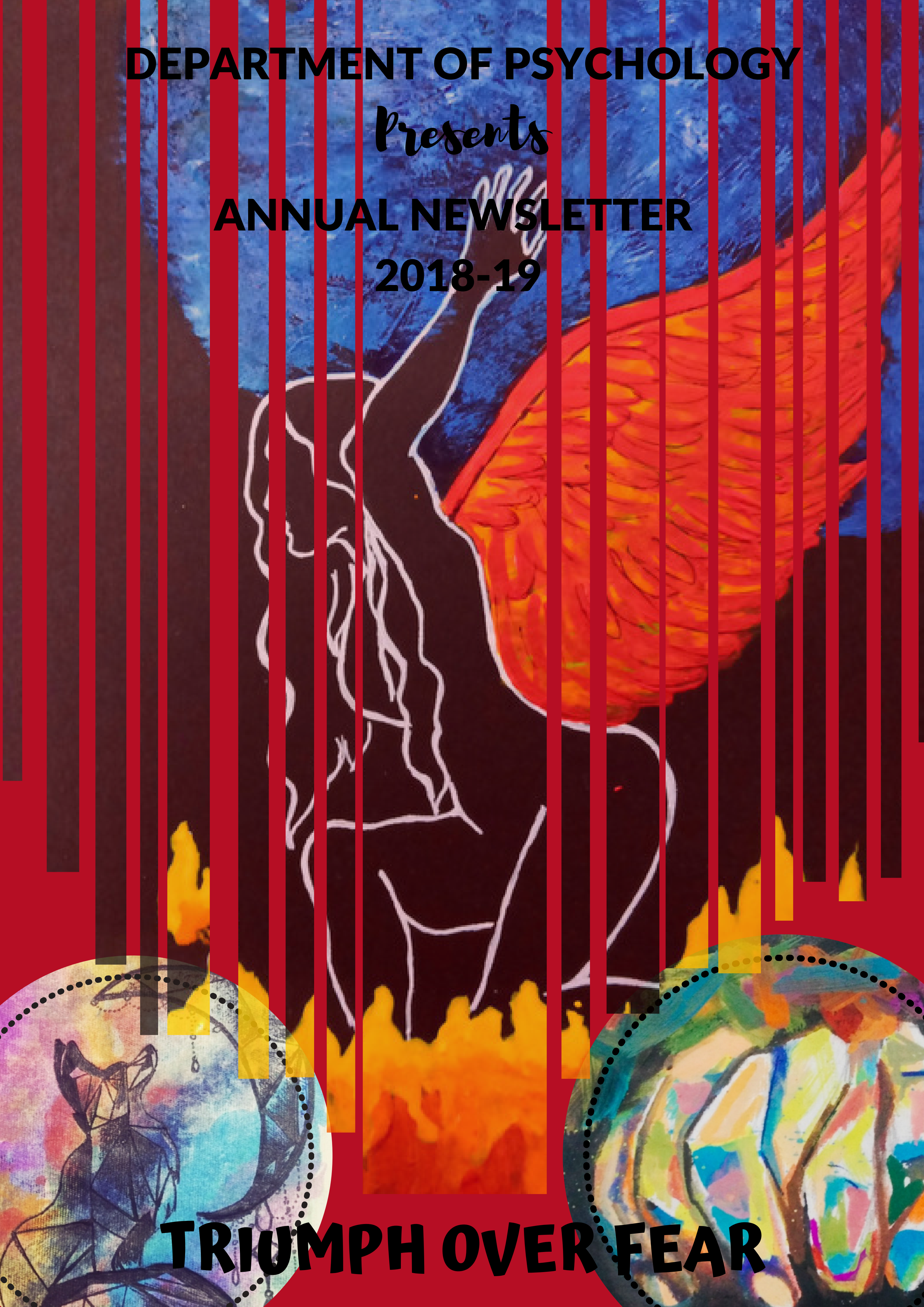


DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY

Presents

ANNUAL NEWSLETTER

2018-19



TRIUMPH OVER FEAR



EDITOR'S NOTE

The much dreaded 2nd year of Applied Psychology Honours for me went by quite, well, dreadfully. But not to use yet another space for an obvious rant, I'll try to switch this to a different perspective, the training for which I've received in Pooja ma'am's class.

This erratic year offered its own set of learnings, like most erratic things do. To begin with, it taught me that reciting a spoken word in front of 40 (un)known people is in fact not that frightening. It made me realise that the best stress management technique was accepting that there was stress that had to be managed. It taught me that having to take a bath should NOT be a task I check off my to-do list (Thank you, Veena ma'am; yes, I do bathe everyday). I learnt that walking with your heart on your sleeve doesn't come without a cost, but is still a favour I should do to myself. It taught me to give people a chance and sometimes, not. I learnt to actively remind myself that being soft was synonymous to being brave. All of this, a courtesy to our department, that allows de-stress days; a courtesy to the people in it, who allow me to steal their cappuccinos; a courtesy to our teachers, who allow us to just simply be.

And even though, to say this year was a challenging one would be an understatement, the breaking news is that we're almost through it.

Even though there was more on my to-do list than the number of hours in a day, and lesser grades on my mark sheet than my short-lived sleep spans; I am almost through it. And guess what, so are you!

And through this newsletter, we celebrate that.

We throw word-confetti on our unsung wins and we hoot for our own little victories. For if we won't, who would?

-Kirti Wadhwa

UNION 2018-2019



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2ND YEAR : Varunika Gupta

3RD YEAR : Devanshi Behwal; Vrinda Garg

THE LIGHT OR THE ROSES?

Dakshiani Bhan, 3rd Year



You can ask me what you can take away from me
For glory or for your own satisfaction,
My answer would be anything but my strength.
But right now, without it I feel naked.
What happens to a human without strength?
It's the same but the mind disassociates itself with the rest.
My mind feels heavy and light at the same time.
It's lost the balance it used to feel content with
Rivers flow with speed,
But my body seems to float faster on still land.
I feel numb here, without this tingling feeling.
I took it for granted.
I took it to believe it would be in my bones for better or for worse.
Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.
A fragment of what I felt, of what you knew,
A formula, a phrase remains,—but the best is lost.
The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the
love,—
They are gone. They are gone to become the roses of my
mind. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.
I do not approve my sanity anymore.
I do not want it anymore.
More precious was the light in the eyes than all the roses in the
world.
What I didn't realise that without the roses, that light would have
no meaning.
Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
The few, the proud and the emotional.
I know. But I do not approve.
Never imagined a life of withdrawal,
Right now I am living it.



**Rea Kwatra,
1st Year**



In Conversation with..

**What is your favourite
Psychology joke?**

**WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN MAGICIANS AND
PSYCHOLOGISTS?
MAGICIANS PULL RABBITS OUT
OF HATS AND PSYCHOLOGISTS
PULL HABITS OUT OF RATS**

Ahaana, 1st Year



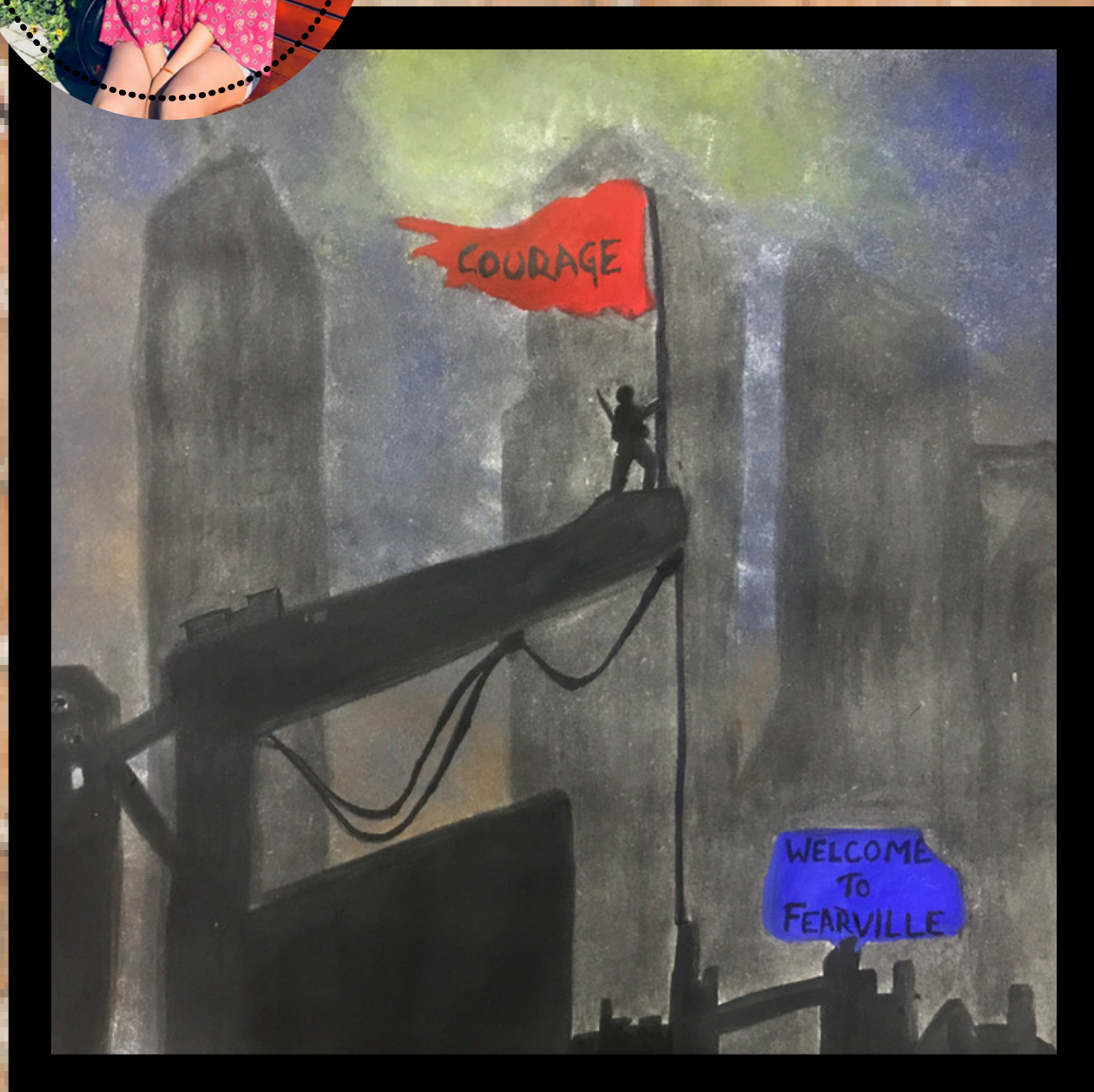
**"Even the smallest light that shines upon you feels
warm when you are so caught up in the dark"**

Kajum Gamlin, 2nd Year





Gaurangi Vats Chauhan,
2nd Year

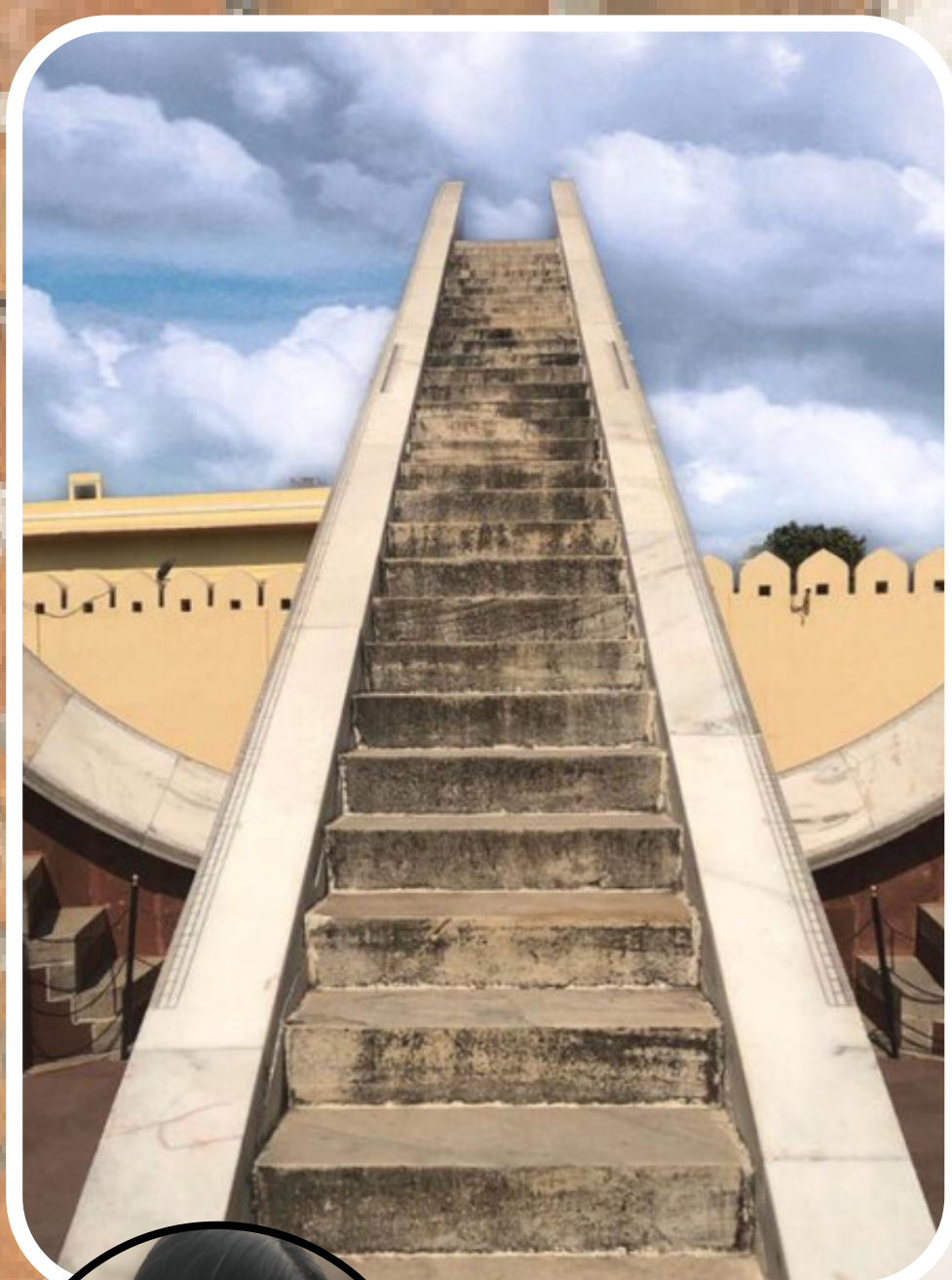


In Conversation with..

What is your remedy to a bad day?

ADRAK WALI CHAI USUALLY DOES THE TRICK FOR ME!

Diksha Arora, 3rd Year



Meghna Talreja,
2nd Year

SEMI COLON

Afreen Zehra, 1st Year

Does your reflection stare at you too much?
Those murky circles underneath your shineless eyes
Scream at you , parade your sleepless nights
The puffiness in your hazel orbs voice the tears that you've shed
The scars on your arm show how you wish you were dead

Does it feel it's not you when you touch your face ?
The storms in your head , oh they don't give in
All your demons cast darkness on the light down the tunnel
You stand alone, in utter melancholy, braving this ordeal
So thick skinned, worlds doom you won't feel

Does it feel right when you say you should die?
You are in such despair, nothing seems better than this
Feels like you can't bear anymore
Love is nowhere near, the future is too bleak
If you went away, even your shadow won't grieve.

Does the bright orange of the morning sun seem dull?
The green of the park outside your home spreads gloom
The birds don't sing, they yell at you
You can't recall the glitter that filled you when you saw butterflies
Or how the rabbits etched your face with countless smiles

Does it hurt when you recall who you were before?
An elated being soaring through life's bliss
A beautiful girl who used to kiss her mother every morning
Lively, singing through the corridors of her college
A girl who'd smile ear to ear in classes scoring knowledge

Does your heart flutter when think you could go back?
Back to being what you were and not this lifeless life
Maybe this is the hope which kept you "still breathing"
Maybe it's this wish that kept your heart "still beating"
Maybe it what kept you "still living"

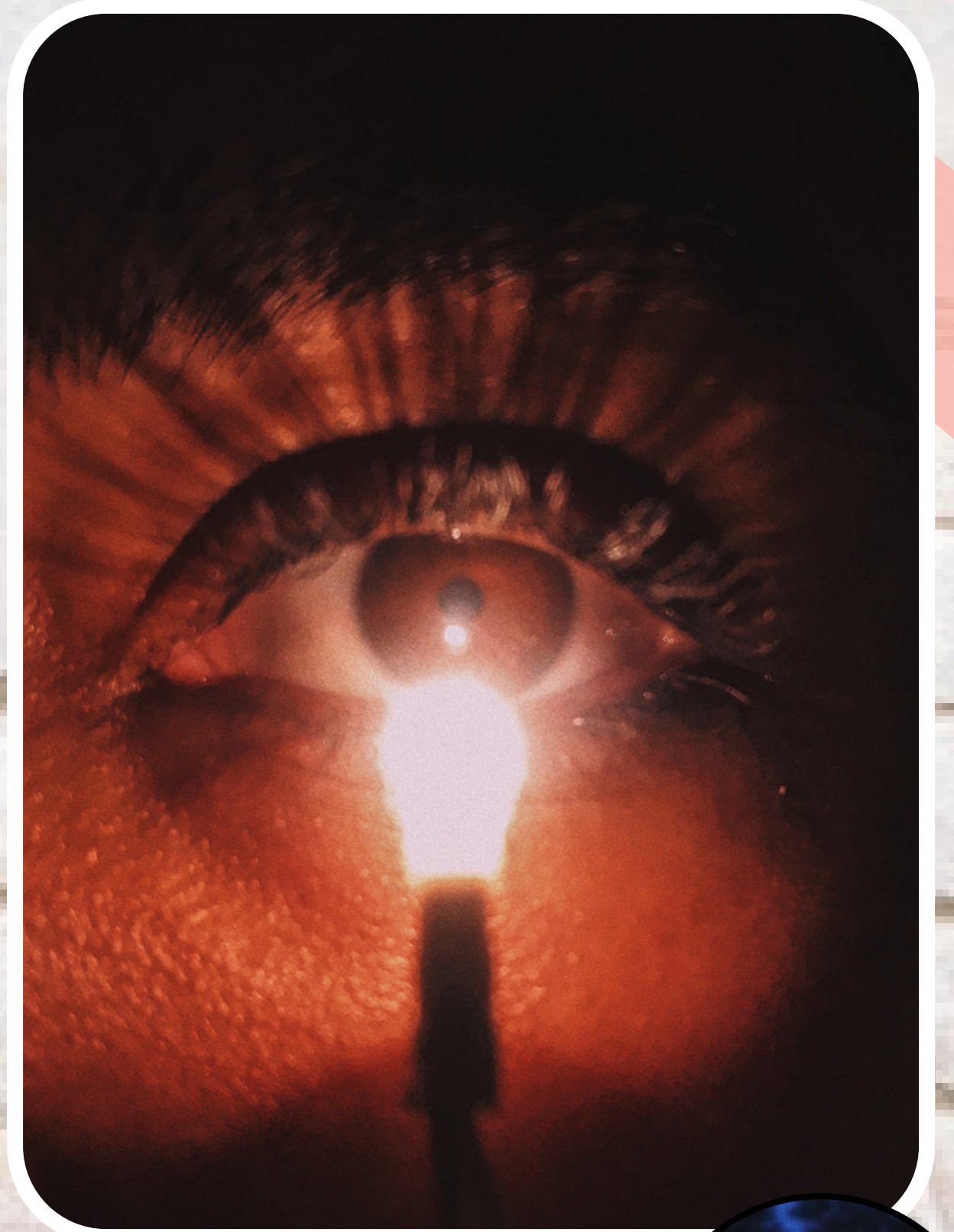
Does the moment come when the light flashes for a second?
The gravity that burdens your shoulders just dissolves.
And for that moment you feel no despair or gloom
The darkness at the end of the tunnel turns grey
In the moment you feel a purpose, not a life led astray

So stand up, and place a hand over your chest
You have the power to say this is not how your story will end
Maybe not for the past or the people you've met
But for the times and lives still waiting ahead
Does this sound right?

JUST BAKE IT!

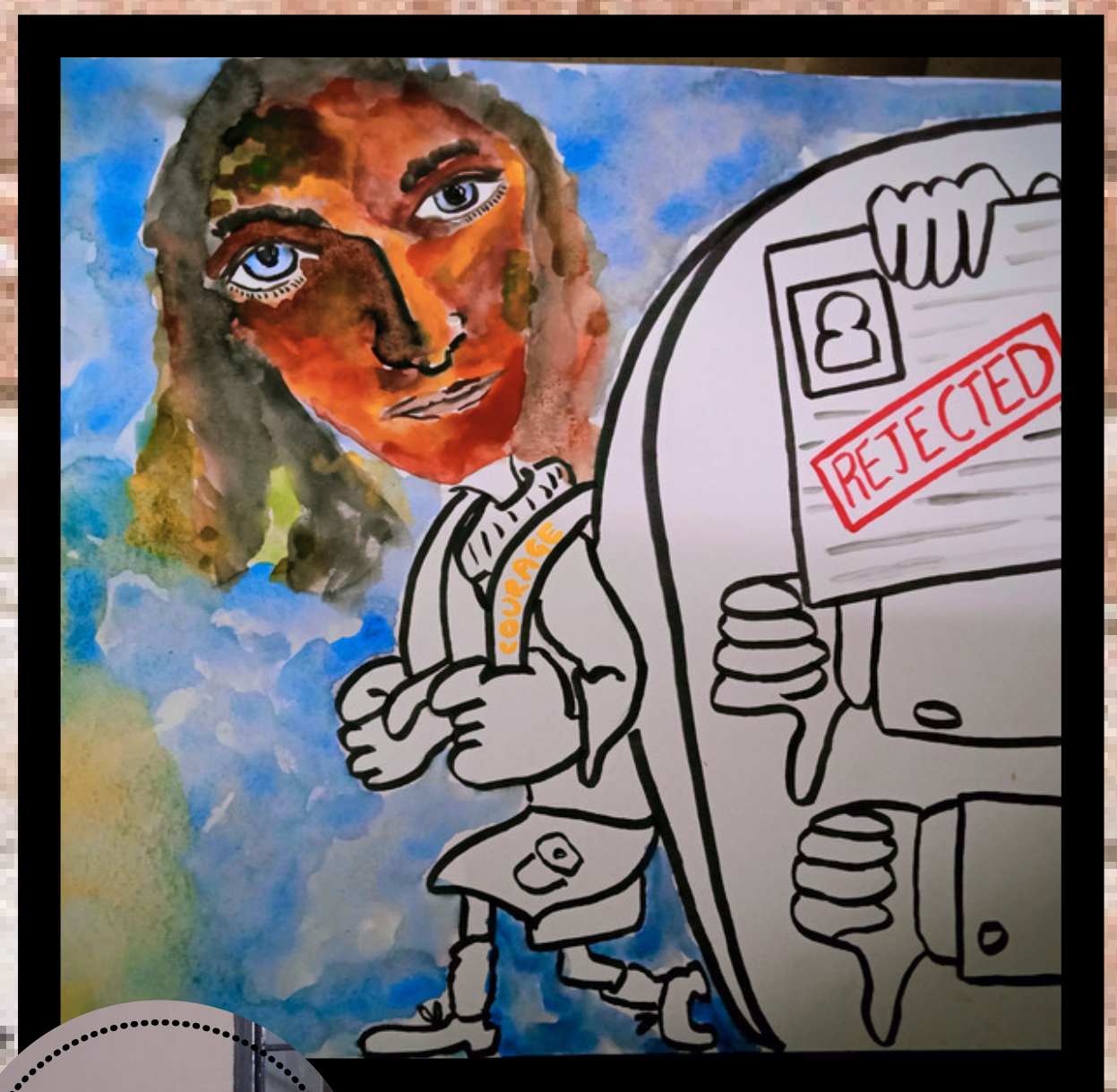
Hridey Nanda, 3rd Year

Being a 19 year old and knowing what you want to do in your life is one thing. Transforming that idea into a reality is another. Good food and good company has always been my happy place. I think it is a form of pure joy that can make anything better, and that's what Neighbour Baker (NB) was to me. I wasn't quite sure of how to take things forward but I knew where I had to start. I made my own Instagram page and started posting about the things I love to bake so that people would know about NB's existence. One of the biggest struggles was to prioritize what is important, what gives me happiness and learning to manage being a student as well as being an entrepreneur. After a certain amount of time and practice, I figured out my strengths and weaknesses and became confident of my products. Now was the time to take the next step - to sell. The growth of NB was all about grabbing opportunities. Reverie was the perfect platform for my first attempt at providing the general public with my baked goods. Then came Zistatva and The Lil Flea. Each and every event was a different experience. You learn from each experience and make the next event better. Was I afraid to cater to 4-5k worth footfall, being the only baker and everything being home baked, as my first experience? Yes. But I knew that this is the perfect chance and I shouldn't let it go because of some reservations that I have. It took a lot of support from my family, constant appreciation from friends and constructive feedback that has kept NB going. In the initial phase, my main concern used to be 'Will people even buy cookies' because 'Everyone wants a cupcake/brownie'. It took me a while to realize not every product has a huge market. People who really want to buy what you're selling will buy it. My goal therefore, was to make the product in such a way that they come back for more or give you the biggest smile after eating it. Another obstacle for me was in terms of available resources needed to pull off big scale events. The learning for me here was, accept help. Make use of your social networks. I'm someone who believes 'It's my work and therefore I will do it on my own'. This definitely creates unnecessary pressure; specially, when you're trying to launch something big. Accepting help doesn't make you less capable. It makes things easier. Soon I'll turn 21; a 21 year old female, who has a brand of her own because she decided to believe in herself, not listen to people who questioned her unconventional life plan and made every opportunity count by accepting the challenge and letting her believers help her in doing the same. There will always be doubts, second thoughts and challenges, but if I can do it, so can you.



"Courage for me is discovering own truth without judgement"

**Sharmistha Singh,
2nd Year**



**Nandini Jain,
1st Year**



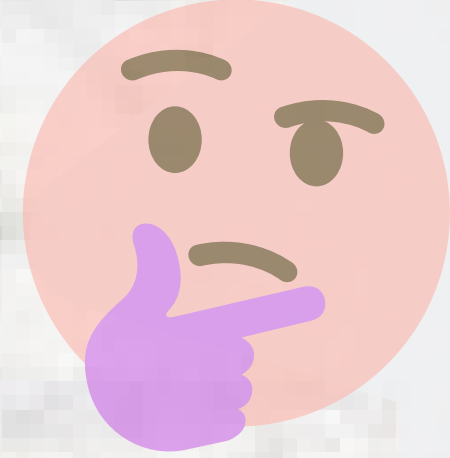
Chapter 1: Break Time!

Victorious Secret!

Fake fan or True Stan? Get psyched, and find out how well you REALLY know the department!

1

To some of you, it may be like home
a place with memories galore,
airy and spacious (now with an AC)
a symbol of this department forevermore

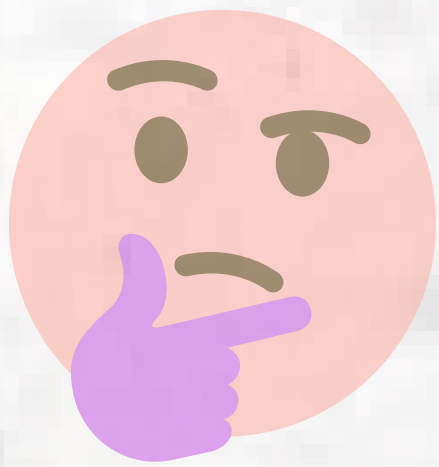


2

If what you're feeling is something like drear,
they'll lend you a listening ear.
so speak your truth and seek acceptance,
comforted by their helping presence.

3

That time of the year,
where students' talents glow
the department comes together,
to put this extravagant show



4

To reach me, you'll have to cross the bridge
cold and distant, just like a ridge
Practicals are all I'm used for
3 alphabets and I'm all yours

5

To help everyone, we are always ready
you can take anything you need
but wait!
First, give us your IDs



P.S. - If you scored anything less than a 5, do you know what that means? You HAVE to start coming to college more (Teachers agree!)



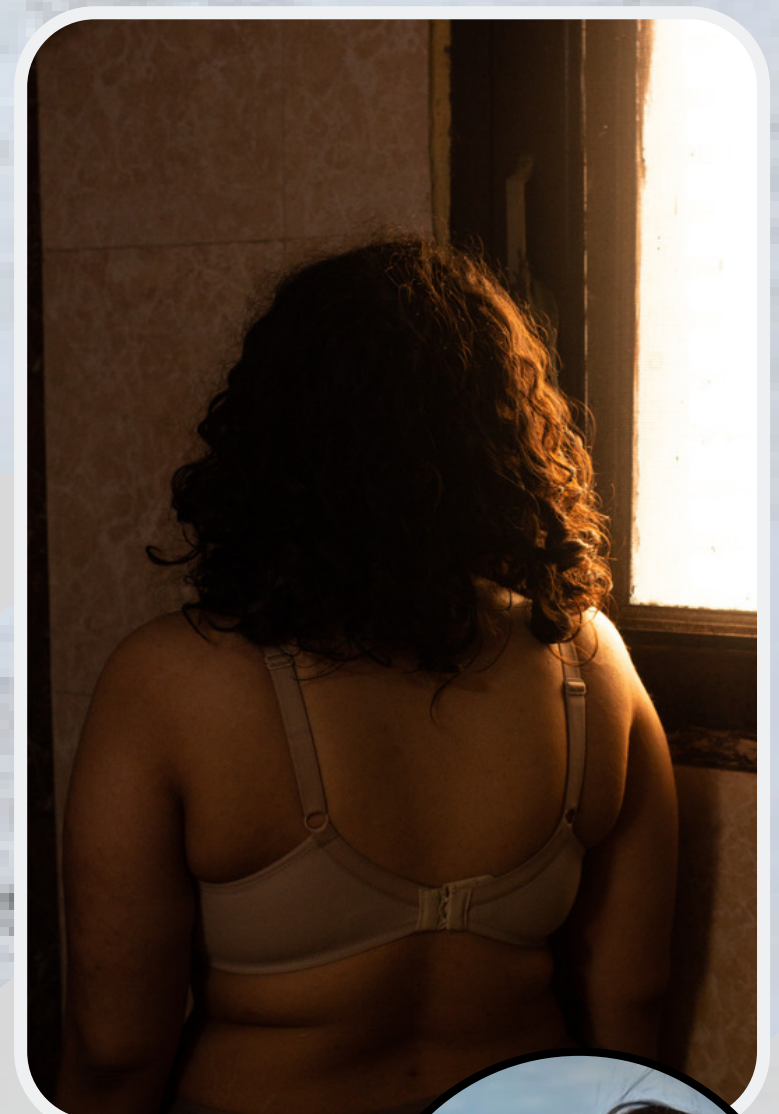
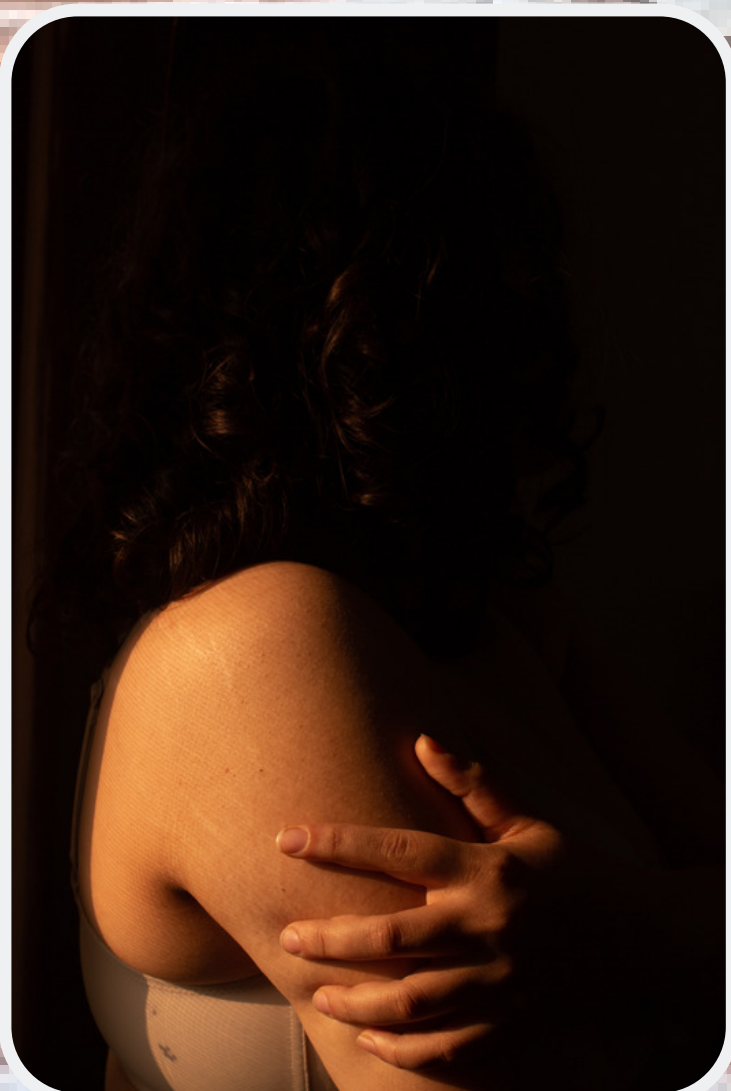
ON WRITING

Shubhda Sharma, 1st Year

Self awareness, more often than not, pricks you like a persistent curse, every word lies heavily against the sheets as though the entirety of your worth will be determined right here, right now, and any chance of redemption from now will be given out of pity. You'd think this fear would move me to for once achieve something, but instead my mind gapes at me blankly as I beg of it something comprehensible. The only thing I finally achieve is mental theatrics, as a drama of sorts builds up for days beyond the deadline.

I am aware of how rigid and controlled every word seems as I write for the sake of submission, and all my attempts of being honest are constricted by an absolute fear. You'd think writing comes easily to someone who has claimed since she was nine, that all she wants is to be a writer when she grows up but it doesn't, because words refuse to come easily when you are constantly scrutinizing yourself. Some things in life become quite unnecessarily dramatic, and if I had a way to get through them while being intoxicated, I would.

All my life I've chosen to push myself as deep into the ground as I possibly could so as to avoid being seen, and when I finally decide to pull myself up for a peek, I found myself feeling as though I was an infinite steps behind everyone else. The past three years I have been in Delhi, I have attempted to make up for lost time and to finally fight myself feels as though I have to learn everything from the scratch, and it's ridiculously hard with a brain that refuses to let loose. But there is nothing to be done except to try, and I guess a fumbling attempt at writing a piece for the newsletter is a good step forward.



In Conversation with..

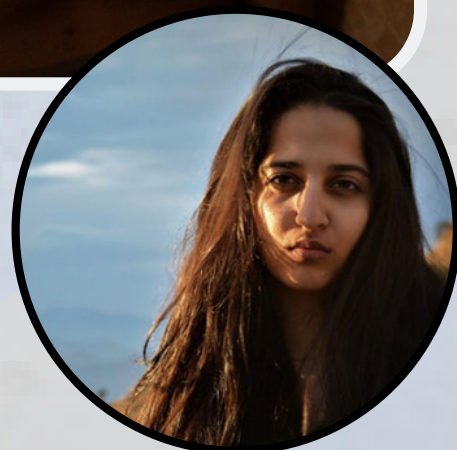
How is adulting going for you?
WELL, TAKING RESPONSIBILITY
AND BREAKING RULES ALL AT
ONCE, IS QUITE FUN!

Annu Kumari, 2nd Year



"Parts of me which once haunted me,
are the roots which now strengthen me."

Aadika Rawal, 3rd Year





OF GROWING ACCEPTANCE

Alisha Nevatia, 2nd Year

I was walking down the weary road, covered with green and yellow leaves. My body felt tired, back aching, chest heavy, legs didn't feel like moving but walking away seemed like the only option. My mind was playing stupid games with me by replaying all the happy memories after a long day of heartbreak. Everything around me was quiet, probably because it was winter. For the first time, the sun did not feel soothing. I finally sat down in a park looking at everything wrong that ever happened to me. In a moment of introspection, I thought maybe my fear of losing people suffocates them and hence they leave, replacing them I find someone new and then the cycle repeats. While I looked at those few leaves that fell from the tree, I kept questioning myself how and when I get trapped in this endless loop. I felt sad for the leaves that got separated from the tree but I couldn't blame either for this separation. The leaves leave the tree and even the tree gets separated from leaves. But new leaves grow and then they also fall. Hence, the cycle repeats. But all of this is considered as a part of nature. So, why can't human beings accept things just like the trees? Why do we feel the need to control everything and everyone around us, just as our emotions and fears start controlling us? In that moment I gained realization that no one else could've helped me gain. My life and my emotions are in my control which I can't exhibit on others. If people will leave, I need to embrace it rather than letting it build a nest inside of me, that I need to regain control of my fears as it will push more people away, and make myself into someone that I might start disliking. And just like that in that moment, I found the strength and the courage to accept, stand up and start walking again.

**Devanshi Behwal,
3rd Year**



In Conversation with..

What is your favourite cake?

**CHOCOLATE CAKE THAT
ANOUSHKA'S NANI MAKES**

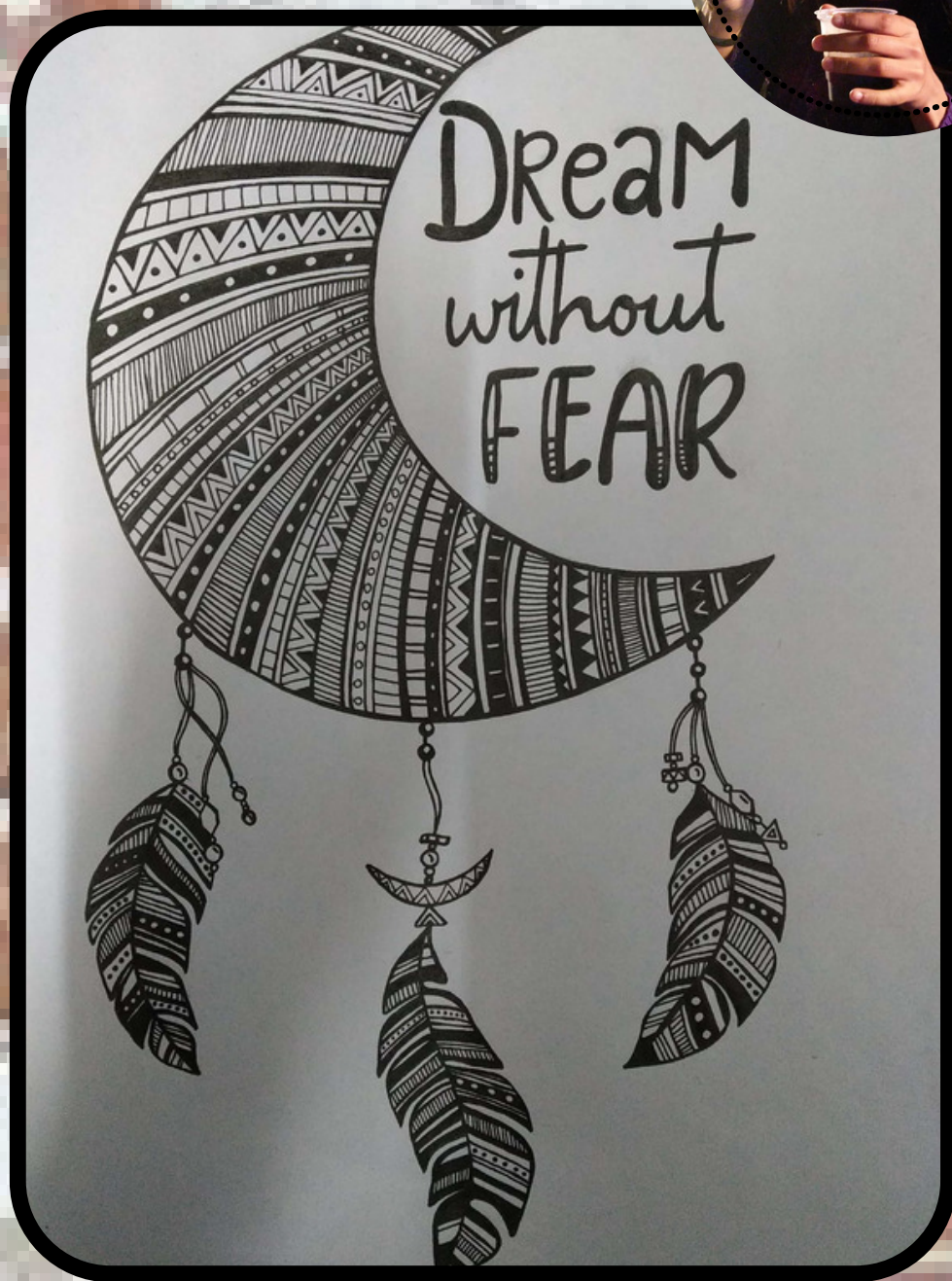


Fatima Juned, 3rd Year



**Ishani Gupta,
2nd Year**

**Pooja Lal,
2nd Year**



**Kriti Verma,
3rd Year**

"When the calm met
the wild"

In Conversation with..



What's your remedy to a bad day?

**I PREFER TO JOURNAL AT
TIMES, AND IT REALLY HELPS!**

Nandini Garg, 2nd Year

LET THEM GO

Jayati Palsokar, 1st Year



I lived in fear of heartbreak for so long that I dared to never give myself away to people. Silly me, I forgot how much I can't live without other people. Someone once said to me that life is a battlefield and you won't be able to tell the difference between your friend and your enemy. I learnt pretty soon that we make "terrorists" out of "war heroes" and "war heroes" out of "terrorists" and that although people need people, people also hate people. I grew up in a household where we didn't believe in affective talk. Don't let emotion power your head space, we believed. So I fought back.

My first act of rebellion was developing a solid crush on a boy slightly older than me. The second act was talking about this boy to my mother. I knew that I'd need back up if I were to enter this conversation by myself, but I went it all indignant and unamused. It was not the best idea, but at least I dared. People break your heart and I got my dignity handed to me in palm, but wounds heal, and heal this one did.

I remember watching Lage Raho Munnabhai and the scene from the song "Pal Pal Pal" has been engraved in my head, crystal clear. Vidya Balan has received her letter and Sanjay Dutt is waiting in the anticipation of everything that is to follow. I was six when I watched this film and heartbreak was an emotion that I seemed to understand even then. I know I did, for the song always leaves me with a little ache in my heart. The anticipation of the dark cloud is always a little worse than the dark cloud itself and I know that because every time I pull myself up to the position where I can tell someone something really close to my heart, I am giving them the complete power to break it. The anticipation of playing along with "Come on, spill your secrets" is what makes doing it so hard. Of course, anticipation is powered by our survival instincts. However matters of the heart are messy and survival instincts can be untrue and we fail and we cry. So we do things anyway. Crushing some fear is how progress truly happens and that's the first step. As my beloved Mary Poppins says "Well begun is half done"

Courage is being a child even though you are fully aware of the fact that you are actually far from physically being one. And my life has never seen the best track record of courageous acts, a classic ringing-doorbell-running-away peaks my stress to unimaginable levels. But I do my bit. So when I trust people, I hope they don't break it. For hoping is Courage. Anticipation is dreaming. And dreaming is Courage too.

We are all closet connoisseurs of crushing fears, we just don't know that yet.

Chapter 2: Enhancing Positive Emotions

READING 1:

A Courage Playlist

Courage is a practice and who says you can't practice it with your headphones turned up at the full volume? So add these beats to your playlist and begin the headbang, now!

- Bekhauff (Sona Mohapatra)
- Born This Way (Lady Gaga)
- I want to break free (Queen)
- Superheroes (The Script)
- Khaabon Ke Parindey (ZNMD)
- Oh Child (Robin Schulz & Piso 21)
- Hall of Fame (The Script)
- Dil Chahta Hai (Dil Chahta Hai)
- Fight Song (Rachel Platten)
- Kar har Maidan Fateh (Sanju)
- Love myself: Answer (BTS)
- When you believe (Whitney Houston)
- Eye of the tiger (Survivor)
- We will rock you (Queen)
- Immigrant song (Led Zeppelin)
- The Climb (Miley Cyrus)
- This Is Me (Demi Lovato ft. Joe Jonas)
- Believer (Imagine Dragons)
- Rainbow (Kesha)
- Broken glass (Rachel Platten)
- Brave (Sara Bareilles)
- High hopes (P!atd)
- Hey look ma i made it! (P!atd)
- Melt the snow (Shane Ward)
- Catch and release (Matt Simons)
- Le festine (Camille)
- Fight song (Rachel patten)
- Miracles (Coldplay)
- Alive (Sia)
- Yeh Honsla (Shafqat Amanat, Karsan Sargathiya)

READING 2:

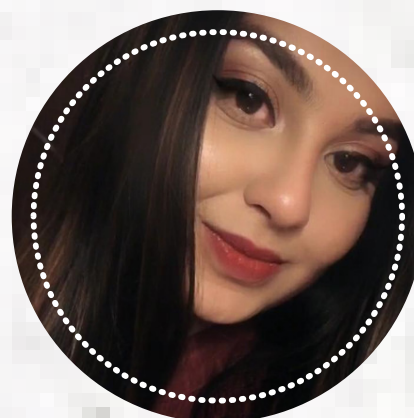
Recalling positive memories!

What is the one thing you'll always remember about the department?



It's a big dysfunctional family! There's a perpetually late sibling, a mother, an uncle who only shows up for NP Ma'am's tests and a know-it-all cousin. But despite all the browns in reds, we all come together when it matters! (Guncha, 3rd Year)

This department tastes like freedom! It's alive with utopia. I'll never forget how it made me feel - like I matter! (Divya, 3rd Year)



Every morning we enter a place full of warmth and understanding; a place with its own charm. I'll always remember these mornings! (Megha, 3rd Year)

There's always someone on the lookout for you. A warm smile, a long hug, an "I'm here if you want to talk" from people is what makes it so special. A few years down the line when I'm reminded of this department, I will think of corridor that's seen tears and joy and anxiety and kindness. I will remember it for all that it has given me. (Anoushka, 3rd Year)



ACCEPTING GHOSTS

Jayati Garg, 3rd Year



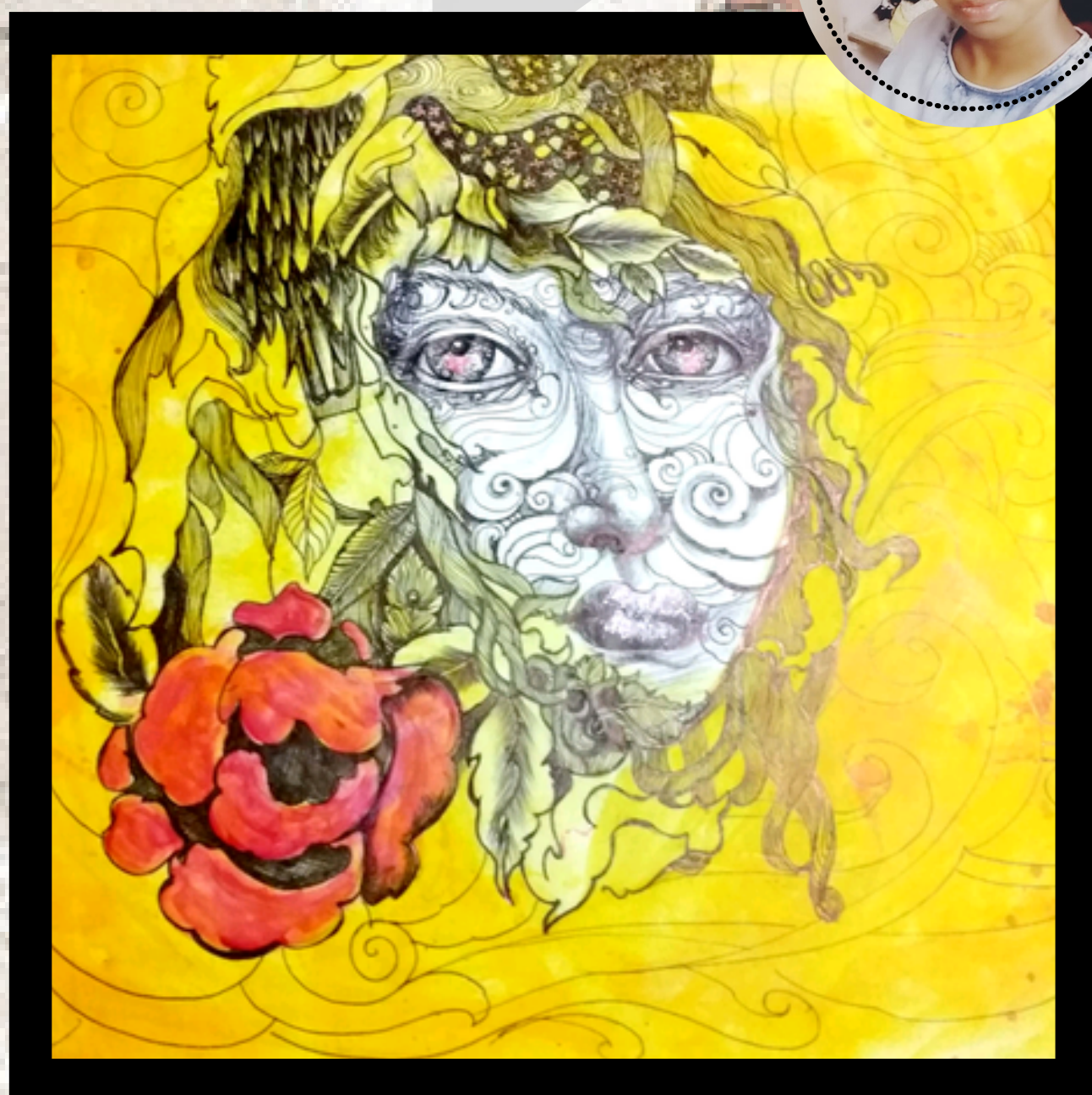
Lately i find myself
more on my floor than on my bed
i find myself crumbling and breaking down
more than ever
i see myself sleeping more
getting angry more
irritated more
find myself lonely more.
i am talking less
meeting less
and eating less.
i'm investing less.
less in humans,
less in conversations
less in relationships.

and i have realized
it takes more courage to say
I'm not fine than to say
I'm fine
because saying im not fine
involves a spiral of going back
and talking about things that break you
about things that you
don't want to open up about.

so i think bravery to me would mean
overcoming the demons
that haunt me each day
bravery to me would mean
opening up
investing more
trusting more
going out more
meeting people
taking care of self
and people around

bravery to me wouldn't mean
absence of weakness
but accepting it
acknowledging it
but not allowing it to overstay.

**Laxmi Verma,
1st Year**



In Conversation with..

**What is the best thing about
being in the department?**

**EVERYONE IS SO WARM AND
ALWAYS READY TO LISTEN!**

Jainish, 1st Year



"Lights will guide you home"

**Tanvi Pawar,
2nd Year**





UNDAUNTED

Anshika Dhar, 1st Year

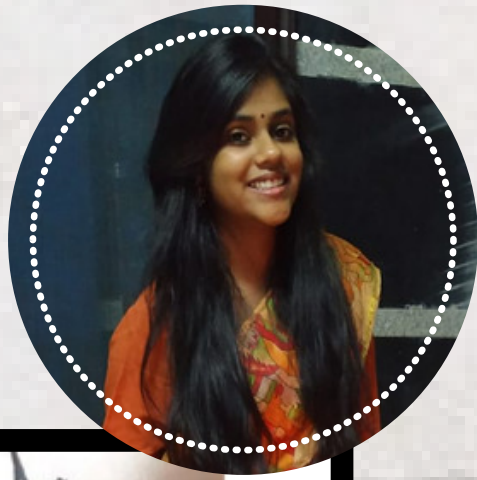
Her eyes, her eyes are all that can be seen
 Yet she walks so gracefully,
 All black and covered under the glaring hot sun
 amongst numerous eyes that eye her.
 Her legs her arms and the piercing in her belly
 button,
 With her eyeliner on point her hair all styled, she
 walks so proud amongst the crowd.
 For some it's just clothes
 For some it's their soul

They had long hair, wore a skirt and walked in heels,
 Everyone assumed them as she,
 She is pretty. Her name is A. She. Her. She.
 No one asked them, all presumed
 And then, then they accepted themselves and
 stopped waiting for others to accept them.
 She could see people whispering,
 She could hear her own heartbeat,
 She could feel the lyrics slipping out of her head.
 Yet, she took a breath and sang.
 She could see the smiles,
 She could hear the claps,
 She could feel the self doubt fading out.
 For some it's a struggle against society
 For some it's a struggle against themselves.

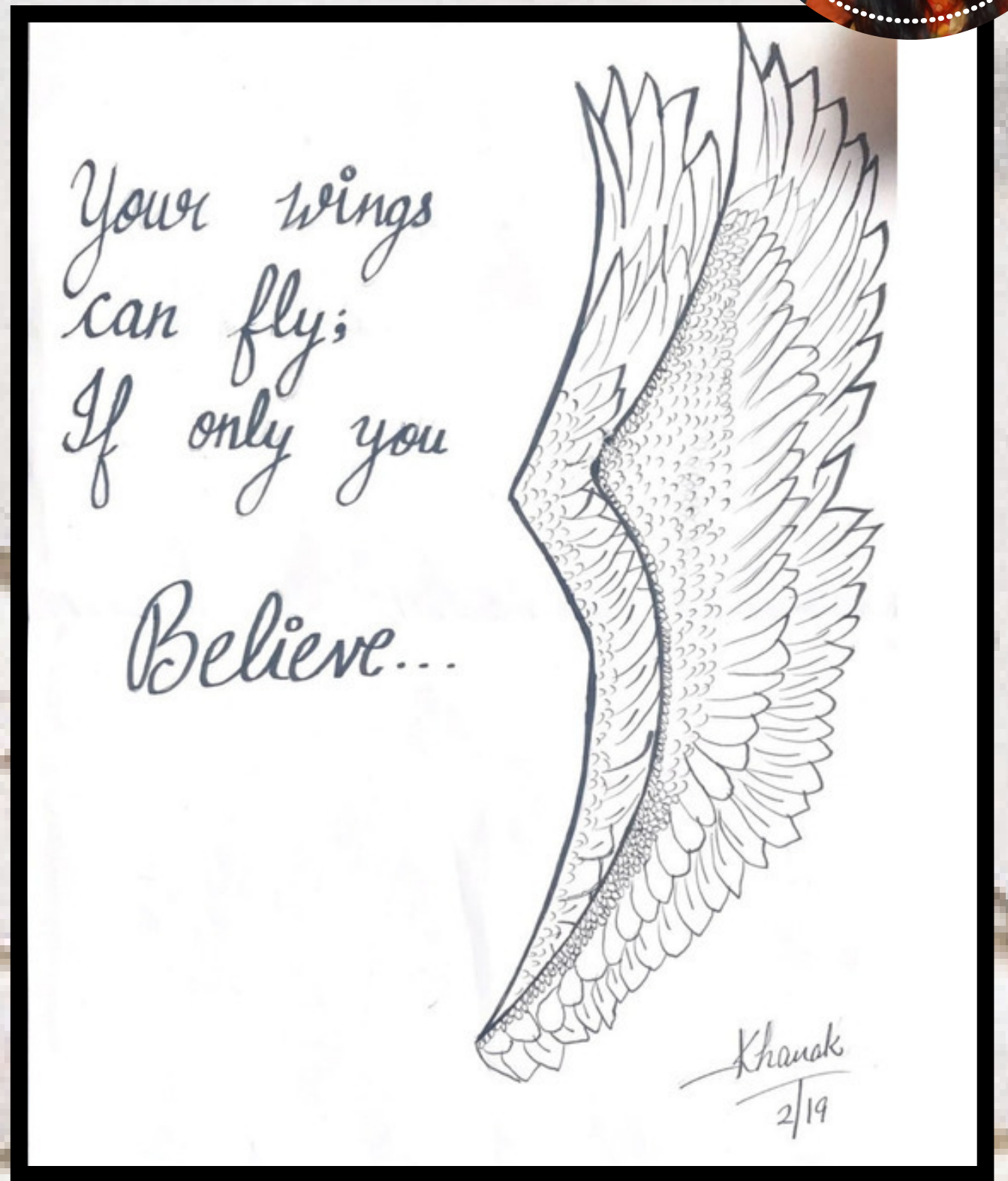


"Let yourself feel"

Rea Kwatra,
1st Year



Khanak,
2nd Year



I KNOW

Kritika Kaul, 2nd Year



Every one of my fears has a voice of it's own in
 my head.
 Lately they're all I can hear
 And I have been trying and trying to get them to
 disappear.

I'm not scared of the dark, or insects or closed
 spaces,
 it's loneliness, failure and my own weaknesses.
 Engulfed by their intangibility,
 I have been nothing close to free.

Overcoming them is a process, long and hard
and painful.

I am working on the strength I need to be
defiant.

But for the courage I have found in me, I am
 grateful,
 For I know one day, I will triumph.



HAPPINESS; BY A HUMAN PLANT

Shivani Bajaj, 3rd Year

In 2016, I wrote about small happiness; the meaning and genuineness in small moments. In 2018, I became unsure, uninspired and blank; currently, there have been impassive forty-nine minutes between me, my phone and my laptop screen, where texts remain unreplied and this piece remains unwritten.

And this comes from the fiftieth minute; during July 2018, my ideas, thoughts, perceptions, faiths, and consciousness became some loud bazaar, a crowd without content. I would awake and sleep again, till the morning bent into the afternoon because sleep had less work and more motivation than attending college classes or female friendships. Some days, I would awake with anxiety that created an intense hyper-awareness about everything wrong with everything that made me and overtook my conversational skills. Those days, I would become static on a television screen; an awkward blank pause in everyday conversations with everybody. Eventually, I distanced myself from my family and friendships; if my anxiety was a castle, my head was the surrounding moat with crocodiles that held everybody at bay. I was cactus that would project personal irritation with personal inefficiency, onto others. So, between September and November, I lost connect with my faith when I lost connect with my family, friendships, and love; I had created several immensely secure and healthy homes within people so, never bothered to create another within myself {disappointing Maslow (1943) since, 1998}. Summarising the fiftieth minute; I became a really really scared, paradoxical but interdependent coexistence between overthought noise and blank emptiness. Last semester, I was an unmade bed, overgrown with weeds.

I lack the documenting skills and physical space that can appropriately emphasise the mental and emotional efforts but in 2019, I have been investing in others and self, but more visibly I have come to secure anchors in communication, plants and film. It was immensely difficult to overthrow ego and hold, with my closest people, several explanatory conversations that revisit arguments, faith, emptiness, and fear. There maybe some irony in escaping anxiety and sadness by revisiting them but it has allowed progress; a professor introduced hope to my future oriented fears, and I have been working with friends, as work with me, to reconnect. Eventually, I also discovered meaning and creativity through analogue photos; i found some wild happiness in expressing places and moments on film.

Since change is inevitable, the arrival of emptiness, loneliness and fear is inevitable. It becomes within me (and us) to create secure homes within ourselves, even when we create similar secure homes in people most important to us because we are among those people who will support us. There hasn't been much more difficult than healthy communication and creation, and there hasn't been much more wholesome than the resultant happiness (under construction), and the currently evolving relationships with others and myself. Hopefully, this piece speaks and empowers.

Signing off,

A Human Plant, in Third Year.

(I understand, and I am here for conversations)



**Phoebe Sailo,
2nd Year**



**Kulpreet Kaur,
2nd Year**



THIS ONE'S FOR YOU...

Ikisvon Jamang, 3rd Year

Sometimes we get stuck in a rut and we need some encouragement. This one's for you.

To the girl who feels invisible, understand that you're not. Understand that someone's lack of seeing you doesn't mean you don't exist. Understand that sometimes the people we think know us best, simply don't know us at all. Understand that their validation can only keep you afloat for so long and soon you'll need more. Understand the only person responsible for really seeing you is you. To the girl that tries hard but feels like she's getting nowhere, keep working and learning. Everyone has their time. To the girl who feels like a mess, it's okay to feel chaotic and forget up from down, endure the storm you'll find your way back. To the girl who's scared of love. Living a loving life is a rewarding journey. Learn to embrace it and your perceptions will shift. To the girl who's always there for everyone else, learn to say no and re-learn what makes you happy. You've been so accustomed to the activities and ways of others you have forgotten that you too were placed on the earth to smile your brightest smile. To the girl who feels like she doesn't belong, YOU DO. Focusing on why you don't belong here will have you missing out on why you do. To the girl that's heartbroken, it'll get easier. Cry it out, be mad, and take this experience as a redirection and not rejection. To the girl who has social anxiety, it won't always be this way. Envisioning yourself without social anxiety has to be tough but you can work on it with time and practice. To the girl who doesn't love herself, loving yourself is the best gift you can give to you. Start small and pick out something you like about you. From there keep building, love. To the girl who feels alone, you aren't. I think we tend to focus on who we don't have and forget the people standing right in front of us. Reach out a hand to your loved ones and walk away from those who can't appreciate you the way you deserve. To the girl who's too depressed to get out of bed, take it one day at a time. Eating for that day is an accomplishment try to do 1 thing a day to get back on your feet. It'll come. To the girl who's talented but thinks she's not good enough. You are good enough, you won't be able to excel if you don't continue to try. To the girl who feels trapped by life, you can always make another decision. It's up to you. To the girl who can't remember what joy feels like, it's inside you don't stop fighting for it. To the girl who's even sick of fighting, you're almost through the chaos. Keep the faith. To the girl who doesn't fit in, don't force it and don't change. The people that belong in your life will welcome you into their lives with open arms. To the girl who's struggling in general, I'm here for you. You're strong; I know you'll get through whatever is bringing you down.

EMBERS OF DARKNESS

Soumya Sethi, 1st Year



The shadows of your past try to linger around
but you shun them, when you smile about.

Your bullies and past won't arrive
you try to convince yourself for a while.

The darkness creeps around at every corner of
the street,

As your demons are yours to keep.

The sun has set, so has the light.

Nightmares have become your partners through
the night.

As you drown in the screams and voices of pain,
your brave smile is all that remains.

Your determination to win never falls back

as you try to break the shackles that create the gap. you miss a step, but then you realize
Your lost soul begs for relief,

temporary as it be, that might provide solace
from your grief.

You look for support but find none.

The mirror shows you your true worth

Your 'people' have left your side,
You struggle to find a savior in sight.

Fighting a storm you try to survive:
a journey longer than a few miles.

Your eyes feel tired and your knees buckle,
But you never fall, yet still suffer.

Your courage is now your hope to survive,
Your only hope for a better life.

Sometimes you lose balance,

you miss a step, but then you realize
giving up was never a choice.

So you continue to walk
and keep your strength straight

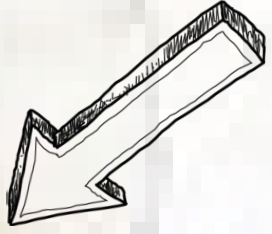
as it's all about the journey

and what it makes.

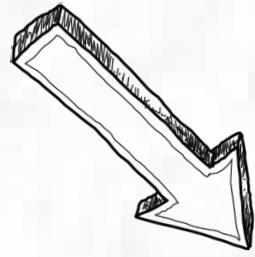


Chapter 3: What's the Vibe Today?

Are you well rested?

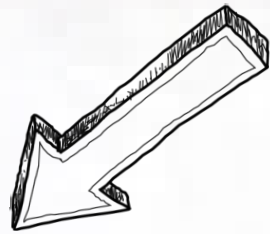


Yes!
(Good going!)

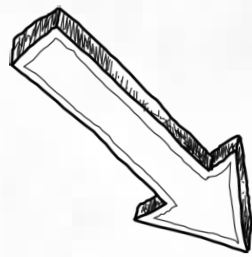


No!
(Do you have 30
minutes for a nap?)

Get your groove on,
tell us about your day;
We might even have some fun,
and recommend a movie on the way!

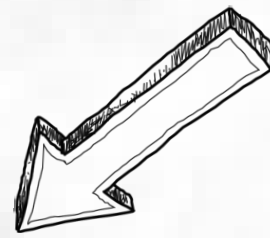


Yes!
(Then go for it!)

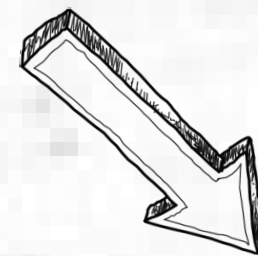


No!
(Grab a coffee @
Nescafe!)

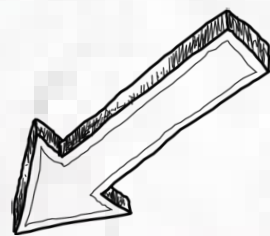
What are you wearing?



I feel like
experimenting!



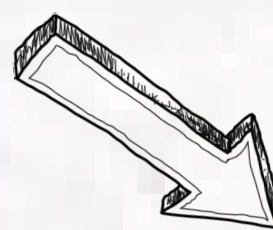
It's my comfy
day!



Mismatch today!

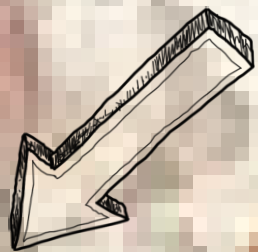


Ethnics!

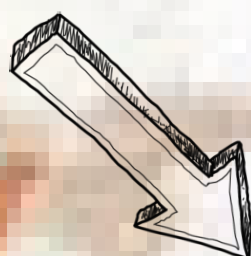


Style something off
Instagram today!

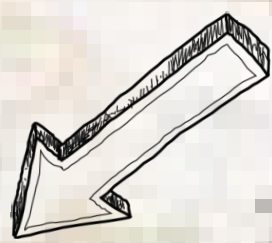
Did you eat breakfast?



Yes! (I'm full!)



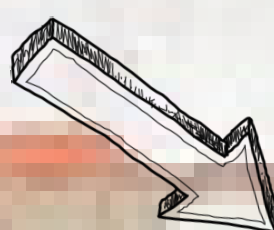
No. (I feel hungry!)



Grab a fruit!



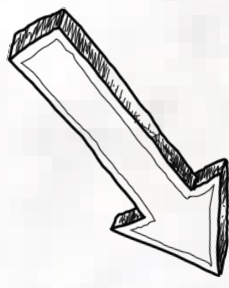
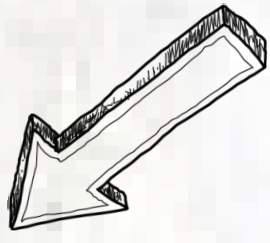
Protein bar to
the rescue!



Toss some dry fruits in
your pocket!

What's your commuting entertainment?

Music /
Netflix



A book!

I'd rather
nap!

You're at college in time but it's a lucky free class. What do you do?

Stretch my foot
on the roof!

Grab a booth at
Nescafe and EAT!

My Dilli Explorer
side is awake!

Something
sweet! (Muffin)

You're waiting
for your maggi!

New cute
cafes!

Museums/
tombs/
parks/
the
road is my
friend!

CR calls you for
class. Where do
you sit?

FRONT. (I'll
get bored in
the back)

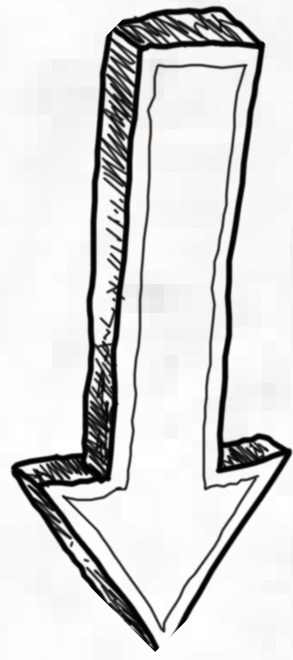
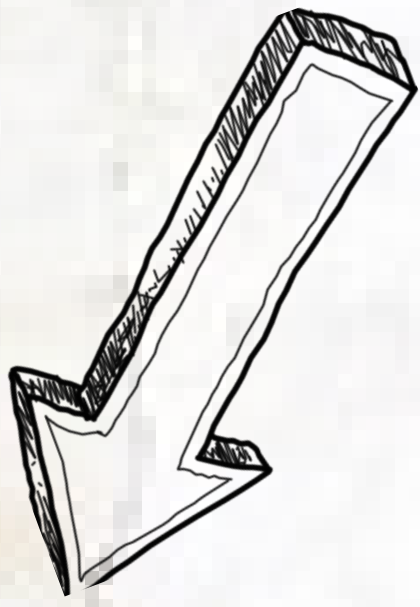
BACK. (I'll
get bored in
the front!)

COLLEGE IS OVER. Where do you head?

HOME. (I'm tired
and I need me time!)

To a friend's! (I can never
get enough of them)

Now that the day is over, HOW DO YOU FEEL?

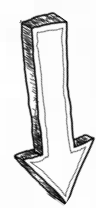


**Stressed and
anxious!**

**Tired and
exhausted!**

**Happy and
merry!**

**Bored and
Unstimulated!**

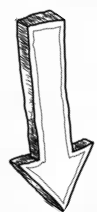


**TAKE 3 DEEP
BREATHS!**

**BUT YOU GOT
THROUGH THE DAY!**

YAYY!

**THERE'S ALWAYS
TOMORROW!**



**YOU'RE
BRILLIANT
AND YOU
GOT THIS!**

**WE ARE
PROUD
OF YOU!**

**WE ARE
HAPPY
WITH
YOU TOO!**

**THIS TOO
SHALL
PASS!**



**WATCH A FEEL
GOOD FILM!**

**WATCH A LIGHT
HEARTED COMEDY!**

**WATCH A
DRAMA
/ROMANCE!**

**WATCH THESE
ART FILMS!**



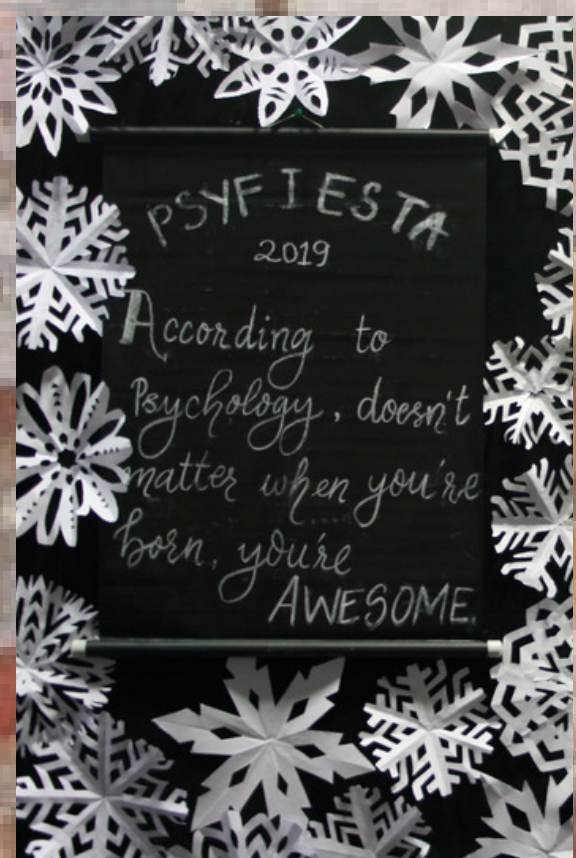
- Mary Poppins
- Pursuit of Happyness
- Yeh Jawaani Hai Deewani

- Bridget Jones Diary
- Just go with it
- Dhamaal

- Call Me By Your Name
- Before Sunrise
- Kal Ho Na Ho

- Isle of dogs
- Dead Poets' Society
- The Lunchbox

THE YEAR GONE BY...



THIS NEWSLETTER IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY..



Kirti Wadhwa
2nd Year
Editor



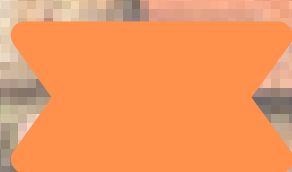
Jayati Garg
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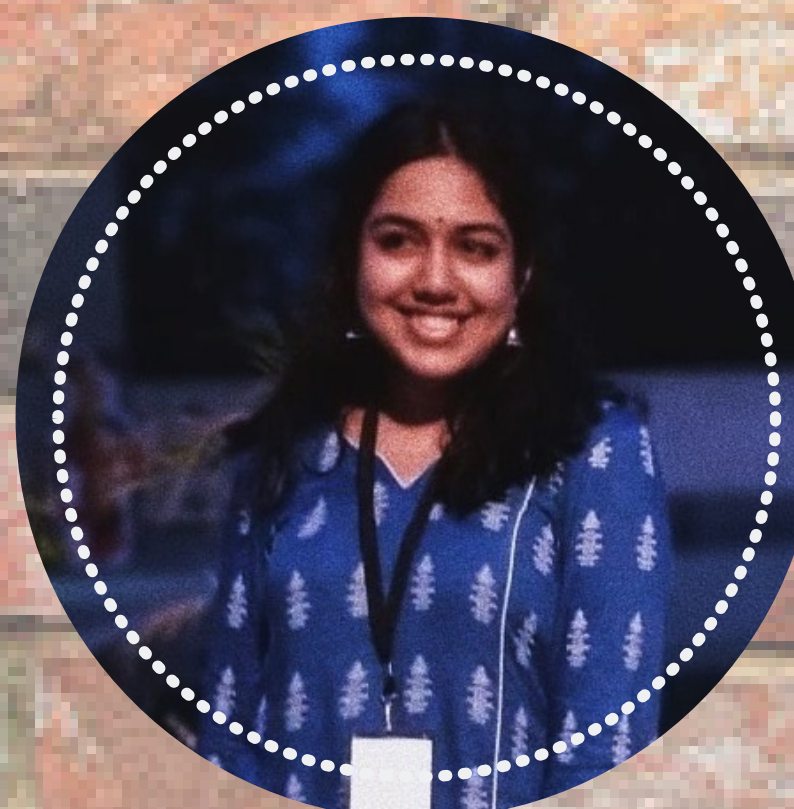
Tanvi Pawar
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Photographer



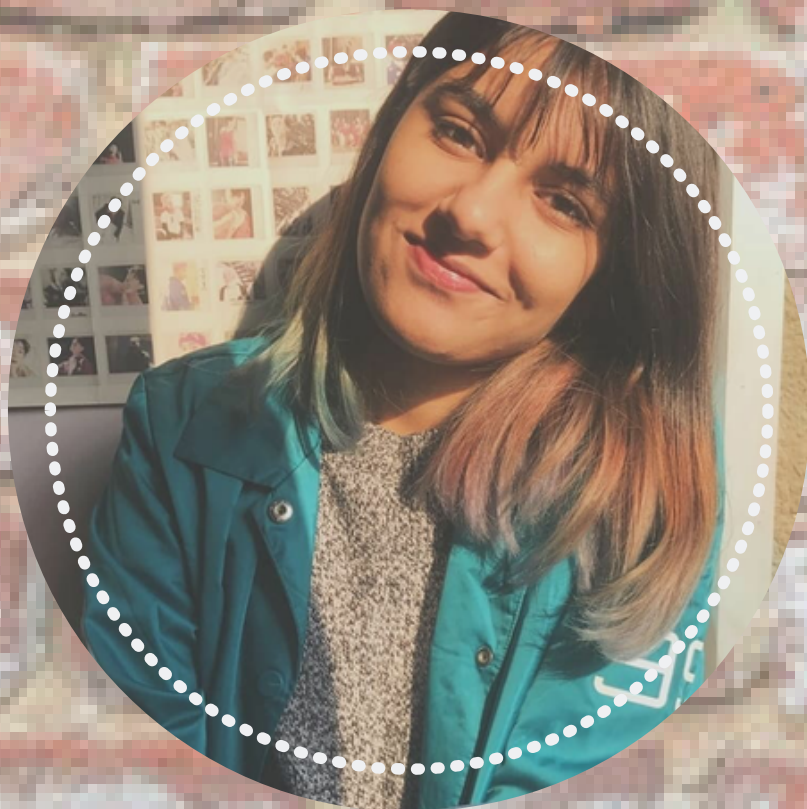
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Soumya Sethi
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Sharmistha Singh
2nd Year
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Kritika Kaul
2nd Year
Writer

Jayati Palsokar
1st Year
Writer



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..this year (almost!)

Be Courageous!
Until we SEE YOU
NEXT YEAR..