

APRIL 2024

Smile!

Edition - 2.0



T E M P U S



FUGIT (Time Flies)

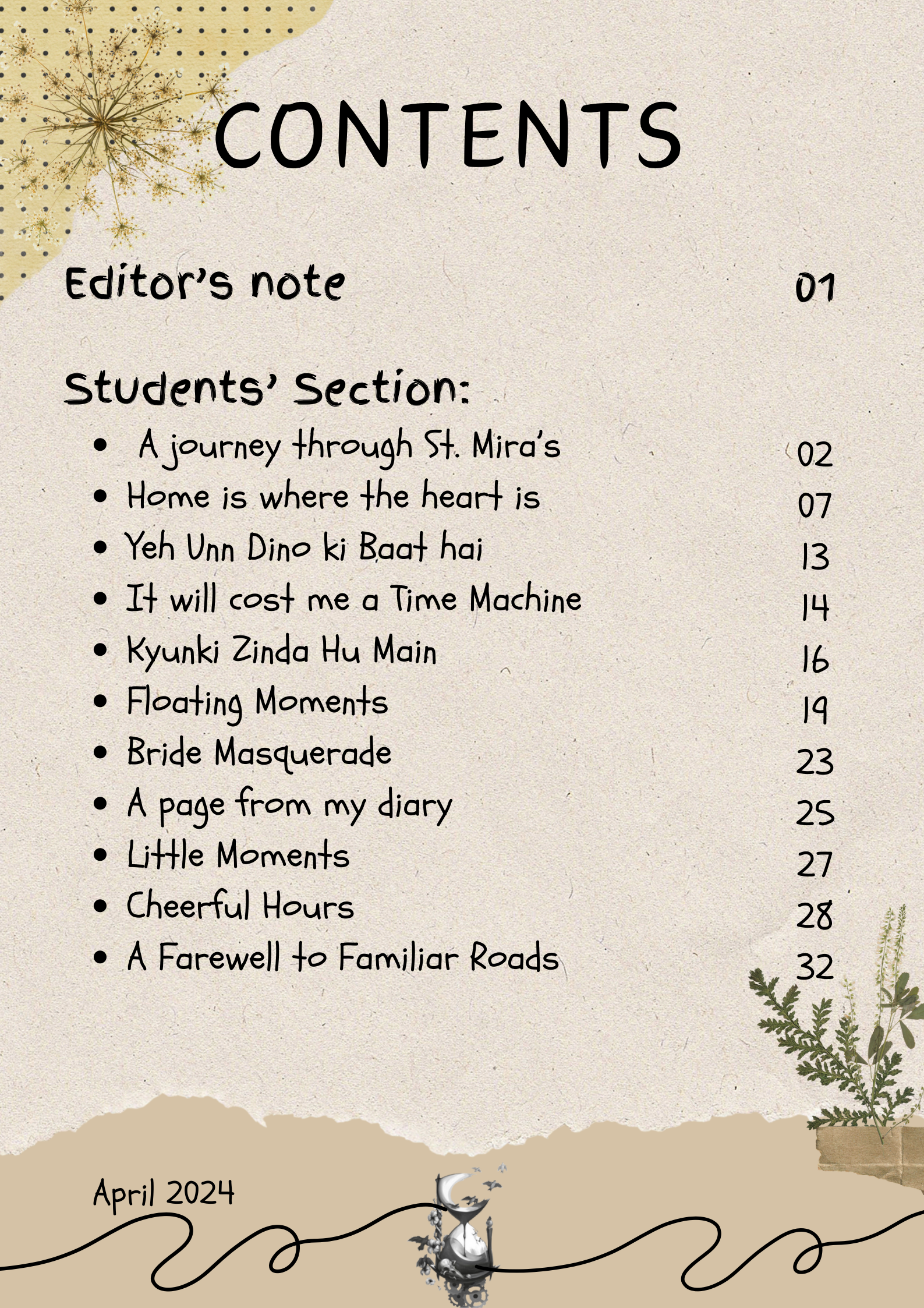
SHINE

REC 

CUTE



HEART

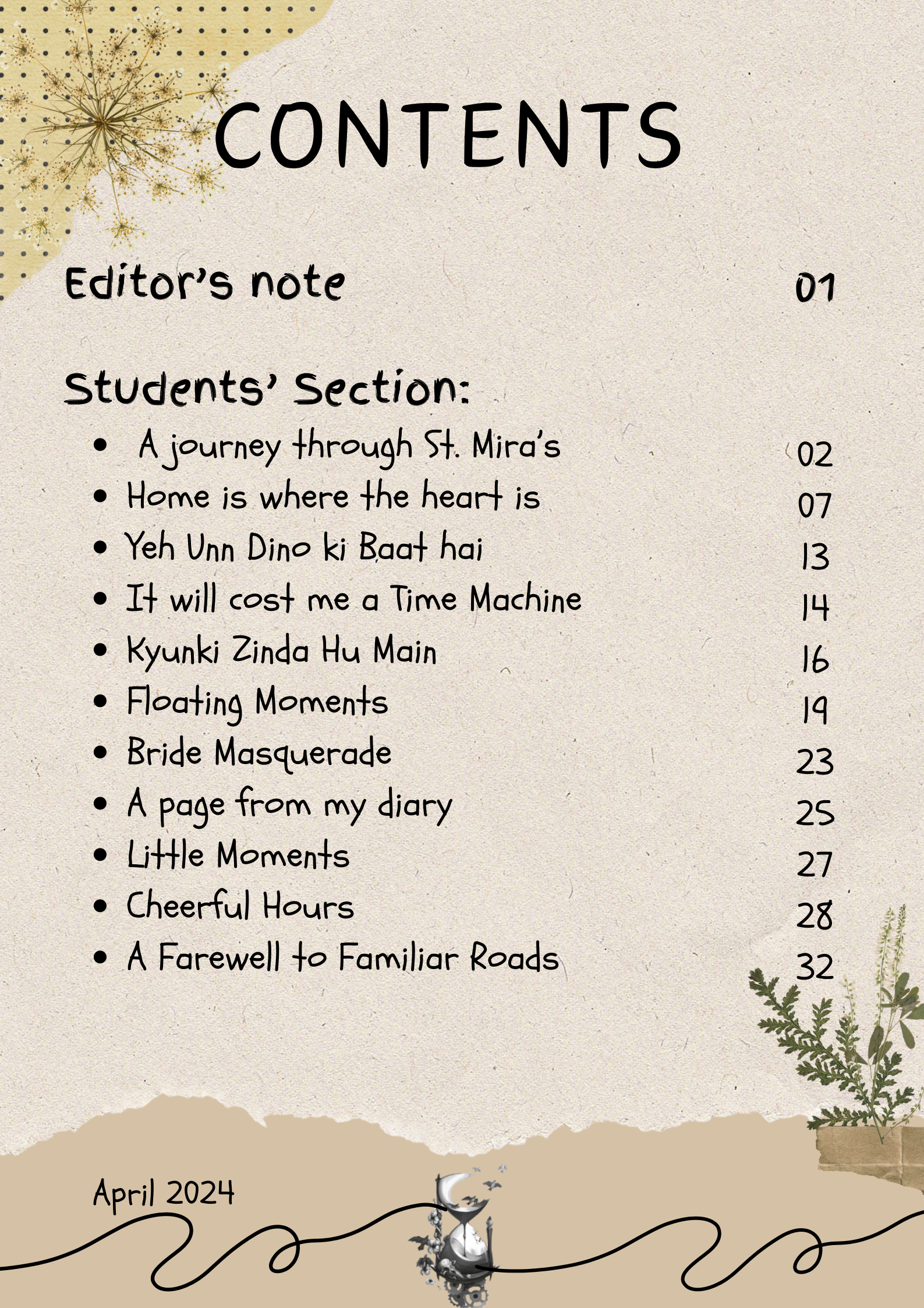



CONTENTS

Editor's note

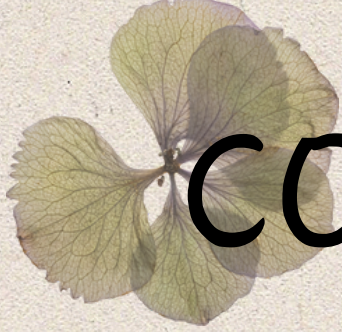
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Students' Section:

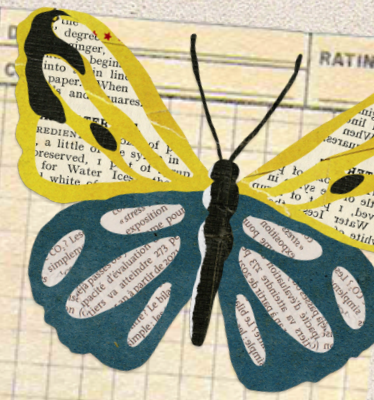
- A journey through St. Mira's 02
 - Home is where the heart is 07
 - Yeh Unn Dino ki Baat hai 13
 - It will cost me a Time Machine 14
 - Kyunki Zinda Hu Main 16
 - Floating Moments 19
 - Bride Masquerade 23
 - A page from my diary 25
 - Little Moments 27
 - Cheerful Hours 28
 - A Farewell to Familiar Roads 32
- 
- 

April 2024





CONTENTS



Teachers' Section:

- Behind the lens 33
- Voh Din Bhi Kya Din The 34
- Gele te Divas 35
- Young and Carefree 36
- College Daze 37

Alumni Section:


- Without them 39
- The Online Era 41

A letter to the graduating batch 46



April 2024





Editorial Notes

To the years we've shared and the moments that have shaped us, We dedicate these written words to honor their significance. As the editorial team pondered upon the theme, "Tempus Fugit," the notion that time flies struck a chord close to our hearts. Nothing makes the value of togetherness more conscious than the swift passage of time. Through its limit and paradoxical beauty, time has taught us to cherish each other, fostering growth and understanding.

In its fleeting passage, time has penned the most beautiful pages of memories, ones filled with fulfillment and reassurance. These memories will act as soft pillows on tough days of life.

Through our reflection of the past, we aim to welcome the future with the same positivity and joy that this Institution has provided us.

While we were taught academic subjects with care, it was the lessons of love and true womanhood that resonated most deeply.

With much love and a warm adieu,
The Editorial Team

April 2024



01

A Journey Through St. Mira's

It is a little hard to believe that it's been three years since I first walked in through the gates of this college. I barely recognise the person I was then. But the thoughts? I remember them with absolute clarity. When I found out that colleges were really opening, when the reality loomed over me, I was not as excited as I once was.

There was excitement of course, who would want to miss out on their college life after all? But along with it was some amount of anxiety, a tiny bit of fear and a complete unfamiliarity of the place and its people. These girls, who are all wonderful in their own way and who have become some of the closest friends I've ever had, scared me. Covid and lockdown had rendered my social abilities useless. Since I hadn't gotten to meet anyone in the past two years, I'd forgotten how to interact with people, let alone making small talk with new ones.



I hoped against hope that there would be others like me, a little awkward, a little confused, but still excited. After being in the same school for eleven years, I already had my perfect little life in place. I had my friends, who I'd known since the beginning of our school years, I had our teachers, who had taught me since I was a kid, and I had the familiarity of the school grounds. The dimly lit classrooms, the chill of the morning air on the grounds, and the same old prayer in assembly had a strange comfort and warmth.

With a new college, I barely knew the who and the what of the place. All I knew about my classmates were their voices, with no face to picture them with. I only knew the buildings and the grounds from the handful of times I'd been there, and I was sure I'd get lost. It was strange to see the older students greet each other so warmly, and talk fondly about the memories they made in junior college, when I knew nothing and had nothing to contribute.





It was even stranger to see how at ease other new students were, how they didn't have even half the doubts that I did. But looking at them made me feel more confident. It made me want to be more like them, open and honest and friendly, and hope that I might find some great friends after all.

I hoped that I could remember faces and people and incidents. I wanted to know everyone as a little more than disconnected voices and names, and a little more as the little quirks that make them so unique.

It's funny how the idea of a girls' college conjured so many weird images in my mind. Some were funny, some were warm, but all of them were extreme ends of a spectrum. Two years ago, all I could think about were catfights and drama, with lots of gossip, screaming and perhaps even some amount of scratching and hair pulling.

The other thought was much more bearable, but sickeningly sweet, of friendship and love and a sacred sisterhood and whatnot.



When I met these girls, they shattered every single belief I held. These were the type of people who looked out for me, who introduced me to the others and took me under their wing in a way.

Now that I know them, I feel so strangely familiar, as if I've always known them. The jokes and the smiles and the hugs more than made up for the awkward moments. I wasn't the only one groaning and complaining about the tiring practices, hectic lectures and stress-inducing assignments. I wasn't the only one panicking before an exam, frantically cramming as much knowledge as I could.



Happy moments make for great memories, but it is moments like these that are the real ones, where we struggle together and upon which we will look back and laugh.

It breaks my heart to think that in a few short months, I will be walking into a place where my girls won't be by my side. But I can't wait to see them go out in the world and give it the warmth and love they gave me.

To the moments that are irrevocable, irreplaceable;
~The value of a moment gone and lived often lies in the strength of its memory.~

-Abha Patwardhan
TYBA A



April 2024



06






Home is where the Heart is

'But why so far?'

'Because I want to. Because if I stay here any longer, I know I would combust and become this dementor that will suck away your happiness. Because distance is the only way our relationship can be mended. Because distance is the only thing that would make me love you again. Because my arms are tired from being pulled from opposite sides. Because I know that you would forgive me if I let the other side win. Because my dream is calling me and if I don't listen to it, it'll fade away. Because I know that if I go, I can come back. Because if I stay, I would become you. But if I go, I would become something you wanted to be. Isn't that better mom?'

April 2024



07

I never said this out loud. She wouldn't understand. Nor did I want to break her heart by telling her this. I wasn't that cruel. So instead, I told her that what I wanted wasn't here. She pretended to understand. And I tried to hide the lump in my throat.



I still remember the day clearly, or night I suppose. My brother came to me frantically telling me that he forgot about an important test he had the next day. I remember sitting with him till he was done studying for his test. I also remember crying in the dark, wishing for it to last forever, so the day I had to go far away from him never comes. I had this immense guilt of passing on the burden of being the listener of the house, something I had protected him from. I cried because of how selfish it was of me to choose only for myself. I cried for how badly I wanted to be selfish.





On the other side of the door, there it was, the floating dream, the one I was so close to grab. The dream that I ran towards, without looking back. Without trying to understand what it did to the people I called home. It was so delicate, so full of uncertainty yet the urge to fulfill it was so fierce that I ran towards it. So fast that my home couldn't catch up.

When I grabbed that dream, I turned around, looking for them to tell me how proud they were of me. But in that fog, just a silhouette was visible, the voices sounding hazy. I ran towards the silhouette, this time, determined to grab their hands with one hand and holding my dream with the other. But the more I ran, the farther they seemed. I ran till I realised the dream was weighing me down. It was so tiring to hold it and run. Yet, I ran. I had to show them this dream. But then the voices said, 'Go, we're here. We've got your back. Don't look back.'

April 2024



04



As soon as I held that dream like a trophy, my mother never asked me why? She just cried silently as I left home every time. My father never cried, yet he was always unable to talk when it was time to say goodbye. My brother never asked me to teach him, yet he always hugged me goodbye, even when he told me he hates hugs. I took these pieces of affection, stored them in a box and sailed far away. And whenever I go back with the half-empty box, my heart, I take more of it; making sure I give something back. This give and take in our relationships is always there, we just don't notice it until we've sacrificed something.

April 2024



10

I hold that dream like a portal. Once I let go of it, I become the person I was before chasing it. It transforms into a world where I go back home, or to the people who make the house feel home. The one where I grew up. The one where I learnt my first words. The one where I ache to go back to holding that dream.

But as soon as I pick the dream, I am transformed into a world of found family. A place where the people didn't have to love me, but they did. The one where I got to know myself. The one where I live the life I wanted yet, my heart screams at me to take it back home.



April 2024

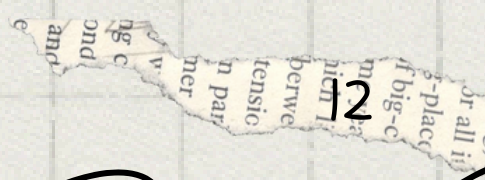




Home. I have two now. The place where I grew up and the place where I live now. So much love, yet I feel so lonely when I think of home. Where do I belong? The place where I spent 18 years of my life or the place that changed everything the 18 year old girl knew? They say home is where the heart is, but what if my heart is torn into two?

-Purva Joshi
TYBA A

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Yeh Unn Dino ki Baat Hain



Dear inner child,
People came,
People went away,
And some stayed
But where are you?
Are you gone?
Are you still there?
Will you come back?
And if you do, will you stay?

All these novels ranging from
thriller and romance
Yet nothing hits close to
home like aaji's bedtime
stories
Where fairies sung and
danced
In a land of pink skies and
orange candy trees.



-Ashlesha Patil
SYBA A

April 2024

13



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23

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Enjoy the little things

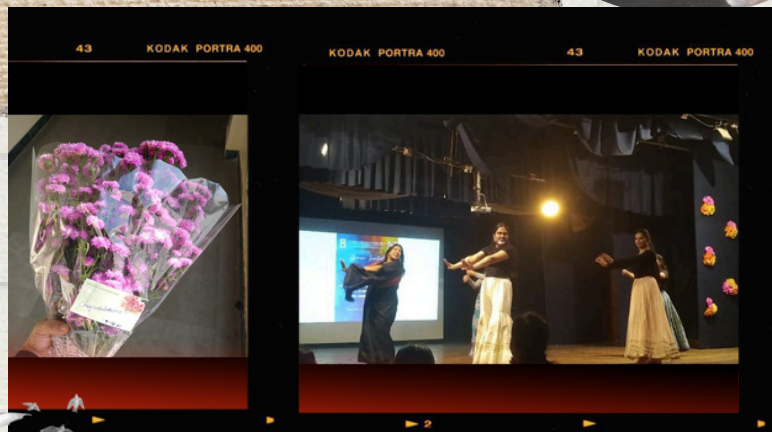
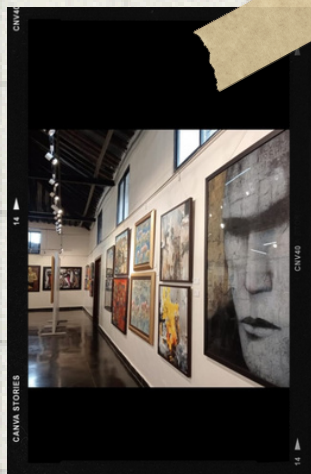
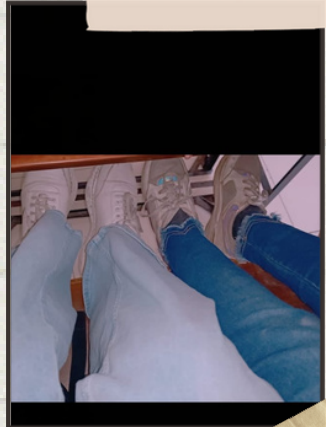
Powerful women

Believe in yourself

It will cost me a Time Machine

It'll cost me a time machine. To change my prejudice towards the institute that's given me beyond measure. To revisit the absolute bliss of letting go. The art of loving art and that of reading between the lines. Often left in the corner of my mind were interpretations these years brought to the centre. My core has changed, yet stays the same, its grown to accepting new additions.

I transition from a haven to uncertainty, it'll cost me a time machine to experience a home outside home. I'll go back to the day life transitioned to a new scene where things were better than tragedy. My cognitions thanking the universe for letting me be the antihero. I'll let my thoughts flow and won't bother collecting them in a jar, waiting for someone who liked cookies.



April 2024





I'll let my words convince rather than my silence speak. I'll assure and reassure those I love as they affirm me of their acceptance. I'll read those poems and prose again, let them make me feel invincible and learn from them the craft of reading people. I'll take that time machine and live my best years again. Let it give me the oxymoronic combination of tranquillity in chaos.



For the roads I took and the dead ends that met me, leading to better beginnings. It'll cost me a fortune for that fortunate past, filled with joy, my firsts and lasts. Yet no amount seems to fill the empty nest that time flew from. As I look at what's left, it's like trying to hold onto everything at once. I focus on one thing, but then another swiftly emerges, and there's always more to take in. So I let my pen touch paper, tell and remember stories of the best years yet, until it costs me a time machine, to live them all again.



Sania Maryam
TYBA (A)





↓
Garba
Day



↓
Exodus

Kyunki Zinda Hu Main: my ZNMD moments

"And we're off! Time's ticking away my friends—" The words echoed in my mind as I stood on the stage, adrenaline coursing through my veins. It was my first-ever dialogue in theatre, and in that moment, I felt alive. The fear that had held me back for so long melted away as I embraced the thrill of performing. But that wasn't the only place I found my liberation. That was only the beginning. I realized, while I was on stage and facing the crowd, I was living in a glass castle and after that performance, where I spewed out satirical harsh truths, the glass castle didn't really shatter but I was able to look through it and finally see the world that wasn't distorted by a tinted glass.

It was in the rush of running in the middle of the road, throwing caution to the wind and the spontaneous moments of dancing freely with my girls.



I could feel the rhythm and the awkwardness in my movement as we belted out lyrics to Taylor Swift's songs.

Writing became an important channel for me to express myself authentically. Submitting my first article for the periodical and crafting my first poem were moments of vulnerability and triumph. Despite the self-doubt, they were my creations, a reflection of my innermost thoughts and emotions, and they became my favorites, imperfect yet uniquely mine. Studying poems and plays opened me up to a whole new world of imagination and inspiration as I delved into each line and found myself crying, connecting and envisioning it all. This love simply stemmed from the sheer joy of learning and discovering the beauty of human expressions.

Does the thought of never feeling these emotions scare me? Yes, but that's no reason to stop enjoying them.





I still sometimes struggle with fears of failure, of the unknown, they linger in the corners of my mind. But I've learned that it's okay to be afraid. It's okay to embrace the uncertainty and dance in the rain (Something I haven't physically done yet but intend to) because these moments are transformative, bringing out resilience and creativity with a depth that may surprise your own self.

So, just breathe and take it all in one step at a time.
You've got this.

-Zainab Tamim
TYBA A

18

April 2024





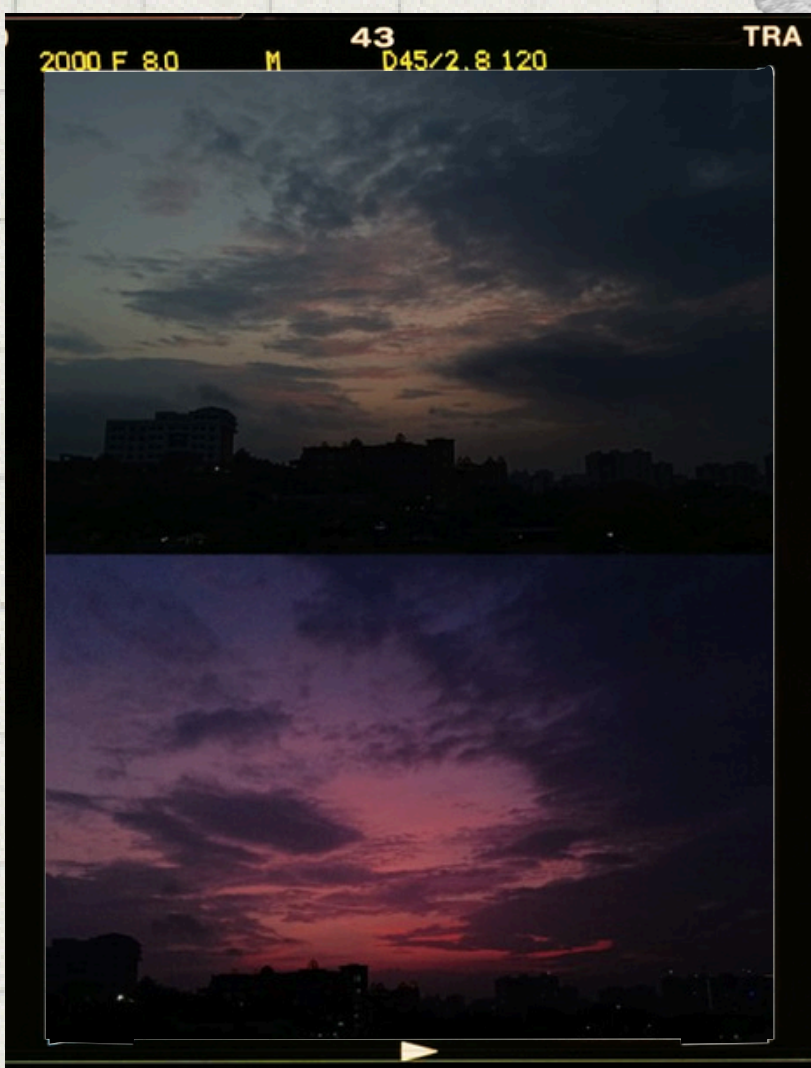
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Floating Moments

A sky lover, that's what they call me. Oh no, that's what I call myself, they call it a nuisance when I stop by to capture it.



They say it's the same every day. "Every time you capture it, the same shades and clouds are there." I walk past them, smiling at the fish-shaped cloud I figured this time. Then I point again at the sky, moments before it was blue-gray now it is pink-purple. Are you sure it'll be the same again? Maybe someday it will, but everything beneath it will change.

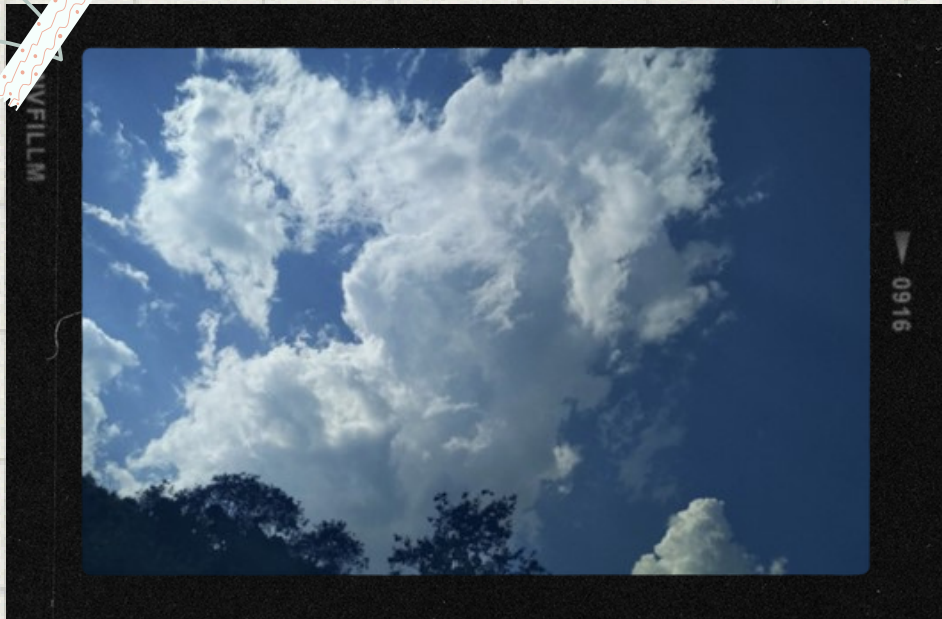
April 2024



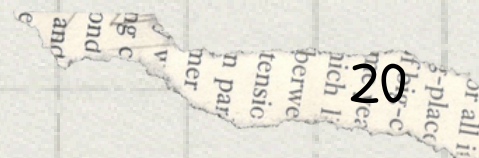


The sunlight danced
as the leaves
swayed, and
butterflies
accompanied me as I
made my way. To
where? I don't know.
For now, I'm in a
world no one is
aware of.

If I hadn't turned
my gaze, I would
have missed the
love



April 2024





I look at this image and I'm reminded of a time, tough and fun. I'm reminded of the smile it brought to my face and the calmness in my heart. I'm reminded of the runs I used to make just to get to this part. I'm reminded of the breeze in my hair and the warmth of the sun on my skin. I'm reminded of times dark but how this was my bane. As the water diamonds danced and the sound of the breeze, ducks, and birds chirping became music, I was transported away from my worries to a world of my own. A world I want to name now to remember it. My go-to place? My home? Or just, A part of me?

April 2024



21



I looked at it
long enough to
make sure I
absorbed, every
curve, every
fold, every
shade, and
highlight of it
Only to come
back to a
wilting one the
next day,

I was sad that day.
But Hope, that's what I see
In these moments of blooming and wilting. One
moment it's bright and the other it's preparing to
be brighter.

-Divvy Agarwal
TYBA A

April 2024



22

Favourite Person



Bride Masquerade



Year ago, I walked through this aisle,
White veil occasion, white roses ahead,
A promise of new beginning as I wanted it to be,
But by the time I arrived, the roses were dead.

And our vows were doomed,
White now speckled with black and rust
It's a shame we died widowed.

But I walk through the same aisle again, in dust
Like a spirit wandering around for it's last wish,
My mascara running, my skin all bruised and blue,
Standing in that once beautiful bridal dress,
Waiting and my lifeless eyes still searching for you.
But it's not the same anymore.



The wedding, it's a horrible masquerade
The seats occupied by our ghoul guests,
Half eager and ignorant as the humanity in them
begins to fade,
And turn into monsters we once feared.

But tell me my love, would you give this an another
chance?

To pronounce each other husband and wife,
And have our anticipated first dance,
Because I know somewhere the human instincts live.
So tell me, are you wishing the same?
Because I am willing to as I decay every day,
My desperate attempt to rekindle the flame,
Would you take me to be yours in this masquerade?



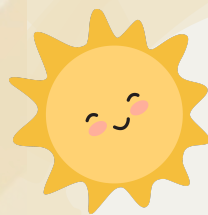
-Ashlesha Patil
SYBA A

April 2024




24





A page from my dairy



"I know my friends might probably kill me for using this picture, but this picture depicts exactly how we are - chaotic, loud, and never able to get the whole group in a single frame (but at least we stick together till the end, against the myth of college friends breaking apart by the last semester). Each one of us is so unique and different, and yet together we bring out the best in each other. My friends have made my graduation journey wholesome in its true essence. I love you all ."

April 2024





"Three cheers to my sporty gang... hip hip hurray! ✨
These girls were nothing less than fire on that mountain (literally, too). Memories of that mountain-top with you all by my side are etched so deeply, even time itself couldn't erase them. Thank you for convincing me to join. 💕

-Charul Hastak
TYBA A



April 2024

26



Little Moments

That sunny afternoon in that little kitchen,
Just baking strawberry tarts while also dancing to
every song,

The pensiveness now nothing but giddy laughter,
Something that was lost for so long...

The world was now pink, sugary, messy but so fun,
Lost in the moment but I found myself right there

The childish anticipation could not be held back
When the scent of delicious delight filled the air.

Where was this before? I don't know, but the joy is
back with me,

And the serotonin dose in this little tart,
Fresh, warm and sweet like my new found soul,
Yes, it was just a confection but for me, it was an art;
The art of finding happiness in the little moments.

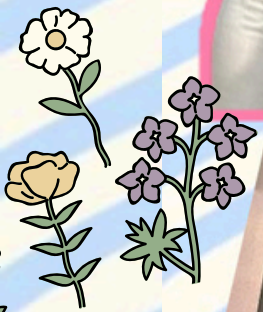
-Ashlesha Patil

SYBA A

April 2024



27



Cheerful hours

Now I dance in the rain
imagining what my life brought me
a bunch of screwed folks who are
my spitting image.
what stories we lived...



April 2024

28



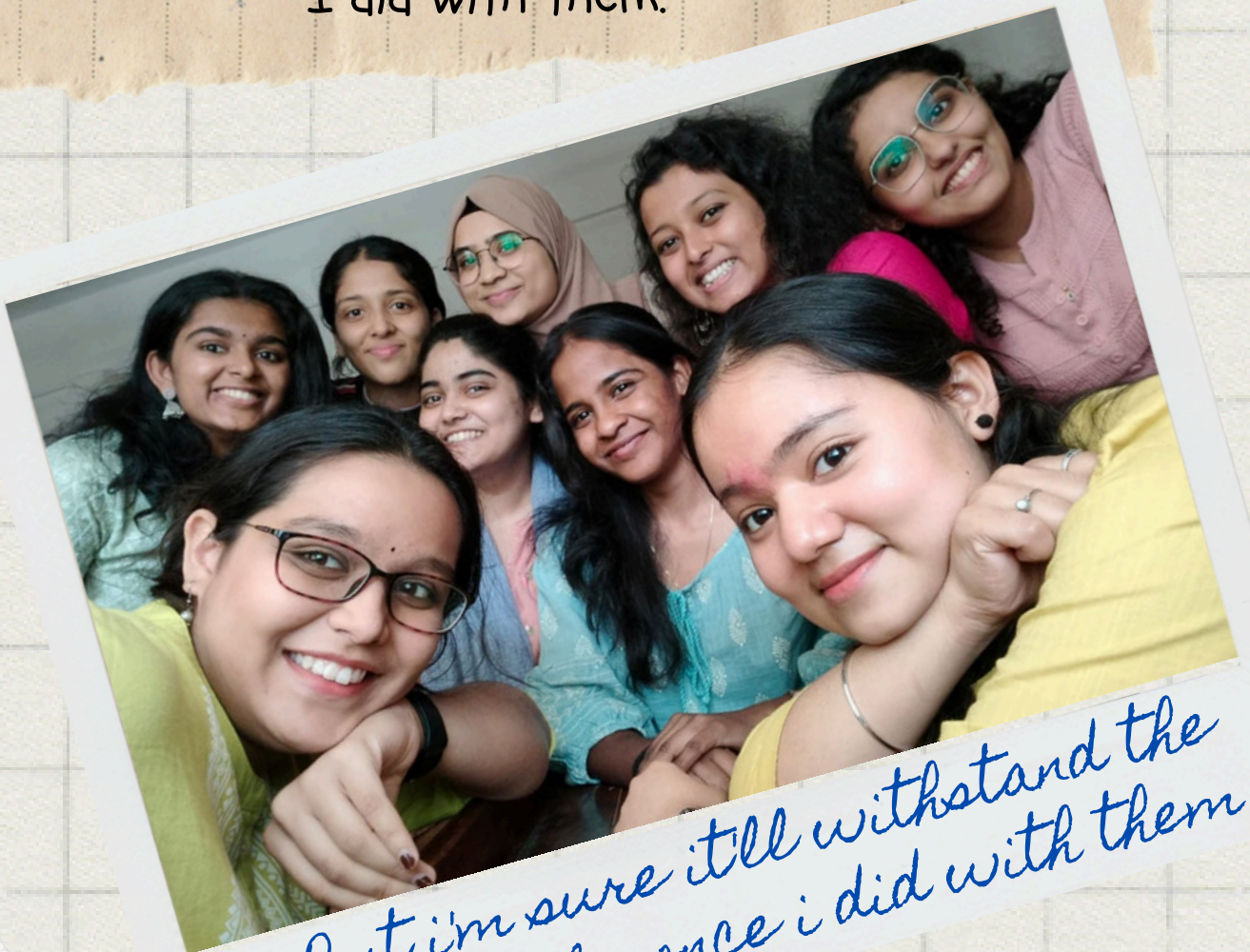
how easily they become "ours".
I miss them a little today and
tomorrow a lot
an hourglass moving in matrix and we
stand still in.



Our cheerful hours
is it me feeling too much?

Happy pills, sleepy pills, magic pills deadly they are.
Oh how I wonder what my castle will look like on the
beach today ?

but I'm sure it'll withstand the waves like once
I did with them.



*But i'm sure it'll withstand the
waves like once i did with them*

April 2024



30

Forget love, their longing is all I need,
the food, the water, the dreading walks and
beautiful pictures in what happiness breeds.
I won't call them my heaven, they are my
flowers in hell.



-Harshal Rapol
TYBA A

April 2024

31





LIMITED EDITION

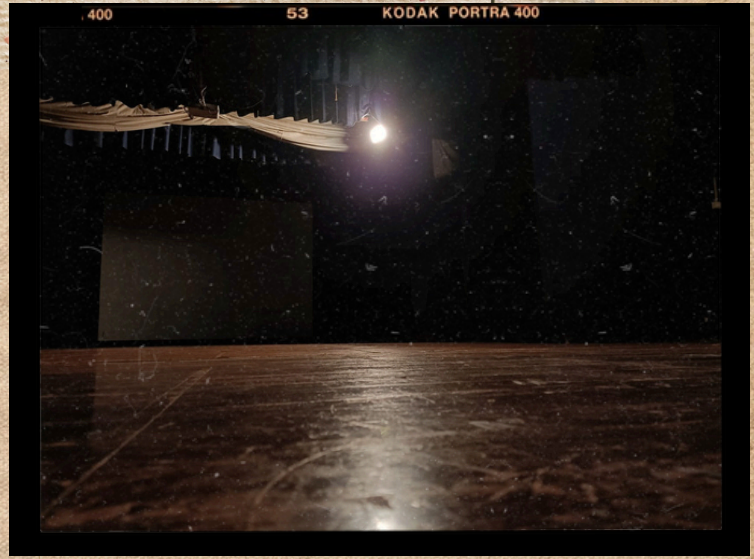


A Farewell To Familiar Roads

I walked down
This road
Not knowing
That this would
Be the last time
I'll see

The flowers
Constantly blooming
Under the guidance
Of the trees

As they mingled their roots
Aspiring them to go deeper



Than they ever had
The water
At the water hole tasted
As sweet as it did
When I drank from it
For the first time
And now as i left the road
behind
I wonder
Will i ever find this road
again
Without a map?

-Tanvi Pingale


TYBA A 32



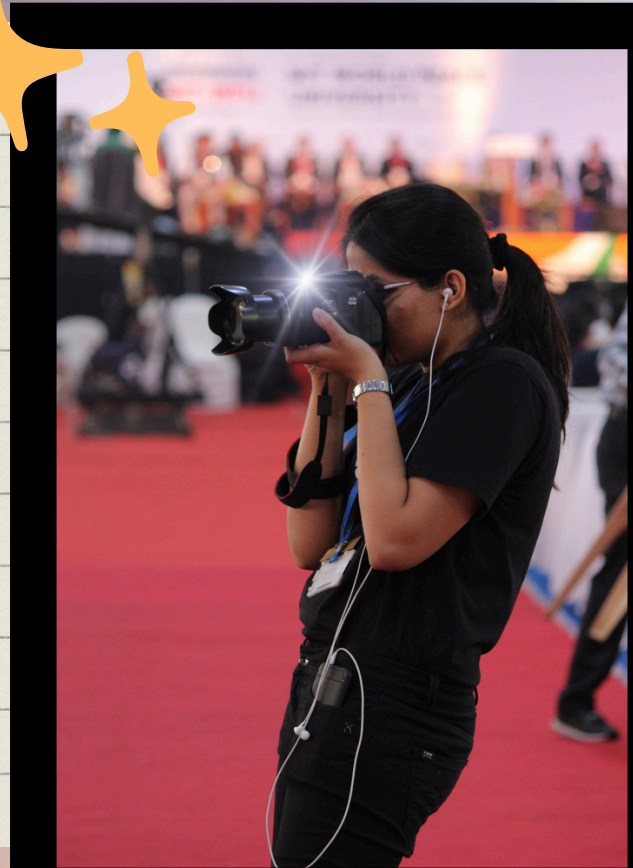
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I don't have many photos of me from my college days since I was infinitely more comfortable being behind the lens than in front of it. In the handful that I do have, I am still behind a camera in most of them. At every college event—big and small—I was there with my team, geared up, with a camera in my hand and a tripod slung across my back.



*-Prof. Hiteshi J.
Dept. of English*

Behind the Lens



In my head, I was Deadpool. Albeit with just one "katana" and nowhere close to having that level of swag. The funny thing is I only got into photography because I didn't have the courage to refuse when someone asked me to register for the photography club.

Looking back, not being able to say no then was one of the biggest catalysts to my character development arc.

College wouldn't have been nearly as fun and, more importantly, I wouldn't have become at least kinda-sorta cool had I refused that offer.

April 2024

33



Woh din bhi kya din the...

-Asst. Prof. Komal T
Dept. of English



My first fancy dress where I was a "bhajiwali". I went up on stage to say my lines but got terrified and ended up crying instead. At least I was cute 😊

College birthday party 😊



Eating Indian food in Spain after starving for days. I love Indian food ❤️



Bollywood day at University. I was a Bollywood tapori stereotype 😜



April 2024

Carpe Diem

It lives
less in the
present

Than in the
future
always,

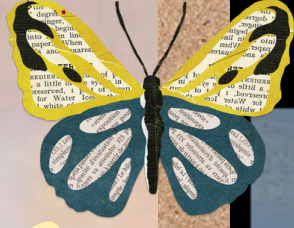
And less in
both
together

Than in the
past.

-Robert
Frost



दाटून येतो कंठ भावनांची होते गर्दी,
नजर होते स्तब्ध जेव्हा येतात
आठवणी,
बदलला जरी काळ तरी जादू असते
काहीशी,
जसा सुगंध चंदनाचा सदा दरवळे
मजपाशी.



*-Asst. Prof. Manjita K.
Dept of Sociology*

April 2024



35

Young & Carefree



These are the only 2 photographs I have of my college days and they bring back such a flood of memories – how young and carefree we were! I feel such happiness when I see these photographs for more than anything else they remind me of the years when I was finding myself and becoming the person who I am... College years are just that – the time when you find yourself and grow and become, in some measure, the person you truly are. Moreover, you also find your lifelong friends here. I did and we are still in touch even though it's been 37 years since then. 37 years! Where did all that time go? Tempus, really, fugit, doesn't it!

-Asst. Prof. Suhaile Azavedo
Department of English

April 2024





COLLEGE DAZE



Time flies, leaving behind a trail of memories that often center around college days. Those years are a whirlwind of experiences, from the excitement of new beginnings to the bittersweet farewells at graduation. In college, every day felt like a new adventure, whether it was making lifelong friends, pulling all-nighters for exams, outings with friends,





exploring new passions and interests and friends applauding at our success. The memories we cherish are like snapshots frozen in time: the laughter in the psychology labs (that were referred as Our Dungeon), Laughter over paper dosas (that was referred as Friendship Dosa, which is evident from its size!)



Friendship Dosa !



<3

As time passes, these memories become even more precious, serving as a reminder of the person I was and the journey I taken to become who I am today. So, while time may fly by, the memories of our college days remain etched in our hearts forever.

*-Asst.Prof. Sharmin P.
Dept of Psychology*

April 2024





ES



Without Them

The first shrine of meals
The first morsels of love
The first bouts of anger
The first shame of insults
Mean nothing
Without them

The first pats on backs
The first words of advice
The first signs of frustration
The first delights of pride
Mean nothing
Without them

The dark dungeons of doom
The dark horrors of minds
The dark alleys of Jaipur
The dark fights of souls
Weren't fought
Without them





The light of liberation
The light of strength
The light of erudition
The light of this light
Wasn't achieved
Without them

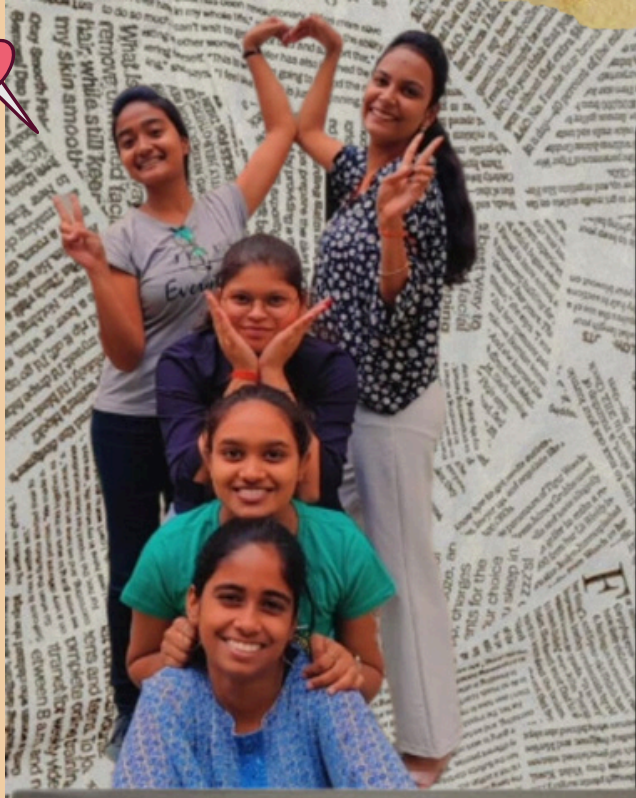
Nothing
Without them
All
With
out them

-Ummesalama Karu
2022-23



April 2024





The online era - 2020 story

It was in my second year of BA & I had opted for a theatre credit course and the performance was in Jan 2020. For the performance, we practiced 4-5... this meant missing out on lectures. For Poetry & Optional English, I couldn't figure out the details of the stories and the poems. I tried hard. Then I requested Snober Ma'am if she could help with them. She agreed- no questions asked, no comments on anything, she agreed with her signature reassuring smile.. She took 1 lecture for poems and covered all the poems I had missed. For optional English, it was just two of us in the class but still, she turned on the TV & taught me using the presentation & cleared all my doubts. She didn't have to but she did. She went out of her way to help me. She's so passionate about her work & goes the extra mile- no wonder we used to lovingly call her Snober Mom.



April 2024

41

It was one of our last lectures, one of those bittersweet days in college where you're on the cusp of a new chapter. Callen and I shared a desire to express our gratitude to our teachers. We brainstormed and decided on a heartfelt gesture: making Hearts & Thank You cards to present during our lecture. We meticulously planned our surprise, crafting a script and coordinating our efforts.

When we reentered the virtual classroom after 40-45 minutes, Suhaile Ma'am surprised us by turning on her camera, revealing a GIANT, exquisitely decorated heart she had prepared exclusively for us. The sight moved me to tears then, and the memory still brings a lump to my throat even today.



It was the night of the first supermoon of 2021, sometime in April. My mental health was beyond terrible, and so was my emotional state due to a personal loss I had experienced.

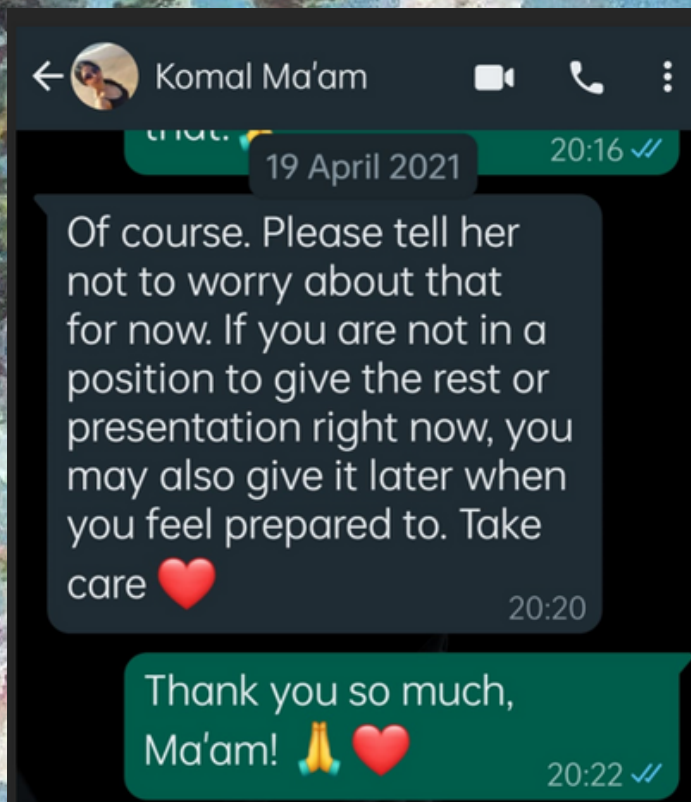
As a final year BA student, along with my classmates, we were campaigning to organize a fundraiser for a fellow classmate in need. Remarkably, we managed to raise 2.5 lakhs.

After the fundraiser, I found myself chatting with Gulshan Ma'am. It was during our conversation that she picked up on my distress, a realization that had escaped me. She asked if I meditated occasionally, to which I affirmed that I did, in fact, meditate daily.

Without hesitation, she sent me a very powerful meditation to do that very night, along with some insightful guidance. She continued to check in on me, providing support and guidance until she felt that I had healed emotionally and mentally.



April 2024



April 2021 - the time for internals of our final semester.

My best friend lost her Mom & her Dad was very serious... I approached Komal Ma'am to request for my friend if she could attempt these tests later.

Ma'am very generously & with a lot of kindness allowed her - (and added in me too) to take them later. She figured I was disturbed by everything even when I was trying hard to not let anyone know. The K in Komal is for... umm Kindness.

My sister's board exams and my MA Sem I exam were on the same day.

My timings were 12:00 noon, and hers was in the morning. We reached college around 8.

By 10:30, I was done with my revisions and thought of meeting Veena Ma'am because I hadn't seen her for a long time. We rarely came to college—only for exams, hall tickets, etc.



While we were speaking, she asked if I had breakfast because I had been there since morning.

That day, I hadn't.

Common... it was my first theory exam after the pandemic. I was way too scared—she knew.

So... Ma'am took out her tiffin box, made me sit, and then made me eat.

They were the most delicious Idlis I've ever had in my life.

How was my exam that day... umm, it was good. I was able to complete the paper thanks to the power I got from Idlis and her love.

-Sriradha Gupta
Batch 2018-2023



April 2024








Dear Beloved Friends,

As I sit down to pen this letter, I find myself overwhelmed with a cascade of emotions that have defined the last three years of my seemingly uneventful life. These years have been a rollercoaster of unpredictability, where excitement, nerves, and grief intermingle in a dance so intricate that it becomes challenging to distinguish one from the other.

In the midst of this tumultuous journey, a group of extraordinary individuals entered my life in Classroom 302, destined to transform it in ways I could never have fathomed. Our connection deepened within the auditorium, under the influence of a man who held a special place in each of our hearts. The pain of grief, though poignant, is dwarfed by the privilege of having known and shared moments with such an extraordinary soul.




These friends of mine, they love with an intensity that seems to be the only way they know how. Unspoken yet palpable, there is an unspoken awareness that our time together is fleeting. Graduation looms, and unspoken fears surface - will we ever see each other again? Yet, amidst this uncertainty that clouds so much of my life, there is one certainty that stands unwavering: my love for these people. A love that, I am convinced, will endure the tests of time and distance.

A line from a movie echoes in my mind as I attempt to encapsulate the essence of these transformative years:

"I know that we all think we're immortal, we're supposed to feel that way, we're graduating. The future is and should be bright, but, like our brief four years in high school, what makes life valuable is that it doesn't last forever, what makes it precious is that it ends."

(The Amazing Spider-Man 2)




The inevitability of our paths diverging weighs heavily on my heart. I anticipate the days when our laughter, conversations about everything and nothing, and shared dreams become cherished memories. Time will march on, and as days turn into months and years, our interactions will inevitably dwindle. It's a distant future, but in my mind's eye, I envision a day when our children, gazing at faded photographs, inquire, "Who are these people?" With a bittersweet smile and invisible tears, I will respond, "It was with them that I experienced the best days of my life."

In the words of Taylor Swift, "I had a marvelous time" (the last great American dynasty). These people have turned my teenage dreams into a tangible reality, and for that, I am eternally grateful.

So here's to us, to the indelible mark we've left on each other's lives, and to the unspoken promise that our bond will forever withstand the test of time.

With love and everlasting gratitude,
Anna kannan
TYBA (A)



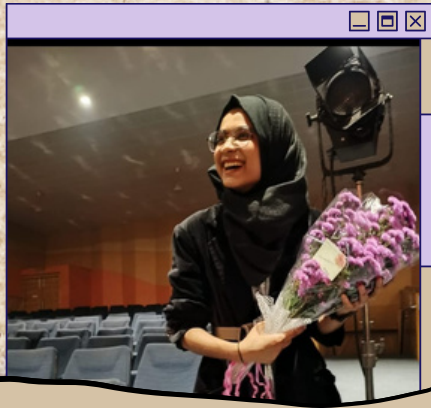
April 2024



48

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BY



Sania Mariyam



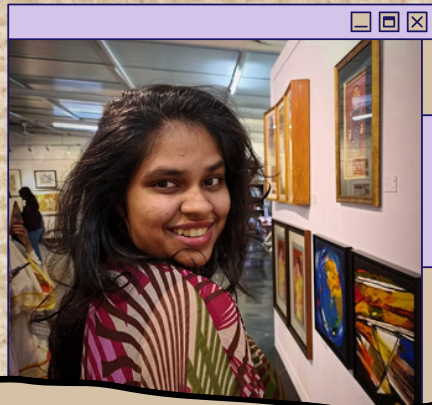
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Harshita Masand



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