

VOLUME 12

ALFAAZ

**ISBF'S ANNUAL IN-HOUSE
PUBLICATION**



THE EDITORIAL

HELLO THERE!

COME ON IN,
WE'VE GOT
EXPLORING TO DO!

I WRITE TO YOU
FROM THE
COMFORT OF MY
APARTMENT, KNEE
DEEP IN
MICROECONOMICS
AND LIFE. HEY!
HOW'S IT GOING?

I AM HOPING YOU
HAVE
MARSHMALLOWS
ON YOUR BEDSIDE
AND BRILLIANT
MUSIC ON YOUR
PLAYLIST!

When we started discussing article ideas for this years' annual magazine, Alfaaz, I knew it had to be something that adds value to the life of the reader. After what I call 'sifting through a river' of good and bad work written with earnest intent, I present to you, our cumulative thoughts.

They say the reader cares about the story and not how hard it was to write it. But I don't think that's true. We are all stories. Vintage and pristine, poetic yet rugged. We have words bubbling from our mouths. We desire to push them out and sometimes pull them back in. In this magazine, you will hear us, and we hope you smile.



Alfaaz is written with grace and elegantly designed. You will find style, sass and cartoons too! We have meticulously reported events and lots of artist expression through poetry, prose and self-help! We hope you like them and everything else in this issue. I am proud to present our work in print for the first time in the history of annual magazines at ISBF (mentally checking off a goal in my head) and thank you, for your time.



*Lots of warmth and feeling good,
Mohika Mudgal*



ACK NOW LEDM ENT

MOHIKA MUDGAL
CHIEF EDITOR & DESIGNER



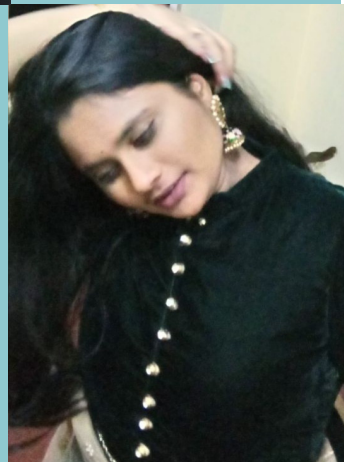
APOORVA VERMA
SUB EDITOR & DESIGNER



VANDITA PAL
JOURNALIST & DESIGNER



AAKANKSHA REDDY
SUB EDITOR



COLIN CHANDNA
JOURNALIST &
PHOTOGRAPHER



PRANAV KAKKAR
JOURNALIST

SIDDHARTH JAMAD
JOURNALIST



SAARTHAK CHAUDHARY
PHOTOGRAPHER



An Open Letter

By Navni Kothari

To all the influences that have been, and are,

The last two years that I have spent with you all –getting to know you better, revelling with joy in the convexity of your smiles, and feeling a little smaller in the concavity of your tense, you have all given me more than I could have ever asked for.

I started on the other side at ISBF 21 months back with the objective of maximising professional clarity in light of an inter-temporal budget constraint spanning two years, but soon enough, my modelling exercise fell short, and my inter-temporal discount factor began to grow exponentially. In light of a now dynamic, and even volatile utility function, and a temporal constraint with no explicit value for my time here, the endless demand shocks were starting to lead to destabilisation, until the hope in your voices, the dreams in your eyes, and the perseverance in your work reminded me to revise my expectations, and pushed me towards exploring options on the supply side to counter any disturbances that might be caused otherwise. So, I guess what I am really trying to say is that all of you make life better. Hell, you make me better, every day.

Enough with the economics, though. I tried multiple tones for this letter, but to little avail – the classroom experience is too real for words to contain (even though I am one to doubt how much they can achieve!). That said, honesty seems like my best bet at this point. So, the truth is that much like it is with most professions, teaching has its good days, and its bad ones. There are some great classes – the ones where some eyes sparkle with hope and intrigue, and then, there are some terrible ones – ones that make me cringe, and lead to at least a couple of sleepless nights. But in the midst of these ups and downs, there are the unbeatable constants – you can't imagine the pride I feel when you work nights to make sure you are that much closer to your dreams, or the hope you are able to transcend every time you talk about the difference you want to make.

And while I have learnt a massive lot from you all, the last couple of years have also exposed me a thing or two to what people often call the “real” world (or so I like to believe, potentially delusionally!) – and well, here are two cents that might help you when you hit the juncture. If you were to ever try to make a difference, you'll realise that most battles are harder than you had initially expected, so, pick your battles, but once you do pick them, don't give up – hang on to the last strand of hope till you see light, because despite what the neorealist might tell you, there IS light at the end of the tunnel.

While you try to work through this though, you'll learn just how many people are fighting their own, very personal battles – try to create a space bereft of judgements, lines and walls for them and yourself - you will be amazed at the happiness and openness accepting yourself will bring, both to you, and to the people around you. And well, hang on to the hope in your hearts – it is so much more powerful than you can ever imagine, and it is just that significant too.

So, millennials, people who are ready to take on the world, make their mark and define positive change, keep dreaming, keep working, and every once in a while, pamper yourself. Know that you are incredibly special, because I have had the pleasure of knowing all of you, and I can't think of even one person who isn't beautiful in their uniqueness.

Love and warmth,
Navni

WORLD

—

here's our poetry, here's our love

// from

our

hearts to

yours //

we offer you a piece of our art

—

PLAY

WHEN YOU SAY YOU LOVE ME

Mohika Mudgal

When you say you love me, I want you to know that I strongly feel about washing my feet before going to bed. I like rolling mint balls in my mouth when I'm bored. My google drive is full of pictures of me and my ex best friends, lost lovers and goodbyes because I'm the kind of person who kicks people out when they hurt me but I cannot get rid of memories, of painting together all night, laughing till my belly hurt and sneaking maggie into our rooms. I live in the past twice as much as I dance in the present. I like looking at old photo albums. I looked like a boy whose parents exchanged a mushroom for a head and now I sit like one too.

When you say you love me, I want you to know that there are things I have done and I am ashamed of them. The thousand lies I told still burn my throat. I am not always pretty but I am trying to be honest. I will lay all my cards in front of you. Even the one that tells you I have 5 cavities in my teeth. And don't think I'm socially awkward but I do enjoy having coffee alone. I read more books and poems than I have clothes and I will spend Friday nights cleaning my closet instead of partying. But if I do end up in a disco with you, I will make sure we dance.

When you trip over your decisions and fall, I won't make fun of you. We could go buy ice creams and swing on swings in the garden. We won't wait for old misery to dry and new misery to unload trouble over our heads. Instead, when you say you love me, we'd be a mess Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday all the way up to Sunday; colours leaking from our fingernails into the sky. We will make art and mock each others farts.



When you say you love me, I want you to know that I want you when you're
stupid drunk and angry at the world; wailing and flailing your fists in meek
attempts to put people away. I want you at your worst when you assume the
world is ending, we're all falling into pits of hell, when demons await our arrival. I
want you when you're crying in your sleep for the girl whose bread got wet in
rain, she hadn't eaten in four days and you couldn't do anything about it. I want
you at 2 a.m., a sleepy boy, tired of fighting battles, slamming doors in the face
of agony, i want you still. I want you when you're not talking to me, rough hands
and crooked nails and clumsy footsteps.

When you remember me least, or not at all
when the gray in your hair clouds all memories
when you walk with a stick stooping and curved like the letter C, I will want you
then too.

I want to feel your breath on my face, hands on my body
I want to paint a field of sunflowers on your back
I want the quakes in your heart and the ecstasy of your happiness.

I want all of you and everything in between.
Because there's layers to me and there's layers to you.
And soon enough you'll know all of me.
I hope you love me anyway.



WARNING SIGN

Apoorva Verma

I should come, with a warning sign;
bits and pieces of words spread across parts of my body.

Warning! These hands may cause severe skin burns.
Handle with protection.
When I touch you, your skin will blister.
The scorching touch of someone filled with love,
to give and to get,
brings mighty warriors to their knees.
No body can resist a touch so sweet, least of all yours.

Warning! Do not breathe me in.
I will stand guard to your heart
and make home in your lungs;
create a maze inside and stay there.
I will never let you breathe me out (again).

Warning! Wash skin and eyes thoroughly after handling.
When we're together, I will infect you.
Share with you these contaminated parts of me.
I will cling to every open surface
and parasite my way into your bloodstream.
And believe me, there isn't enough
medicine in the world to rid you of my essence.

Warning! DANGER ALERT!

If you touch me, I will lean into you
Warning! LIFTING HAZARD!
You will never be able to fit all of me in your arms.
I will escape through the crevices of your fingers,
make you desperate to hold on and never, never let go.



Warning! Confined space.

Authorized personnel only.

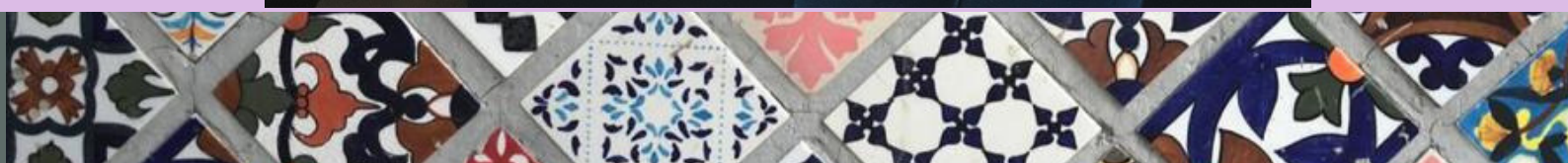
I either give in too fast or too slow.

Never not at all.

I'm smaller than I appear to be.

People have begged, borrowed
and stolen parts of me they've found desirable;
rid me of everything but this beating in my chest.
You may take it if you so wish.

Warning! Handle with care. Fragile cargo aboard.



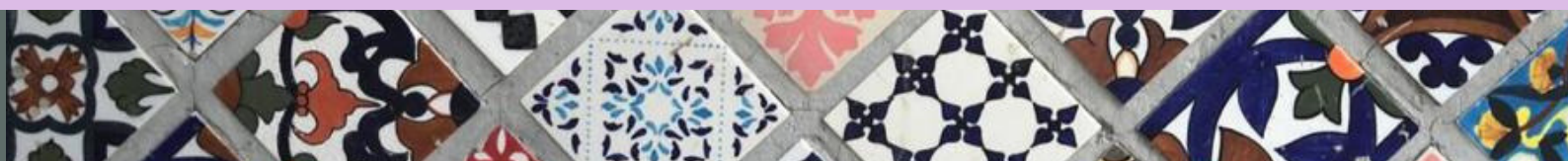
LOVE IS A DRUG - A TITLE OF EVERY CHEESY POP SONG EVER MADE

Apoorva Verma

When I say, “love is a drug” I mean it.
I mean that it is a schedule 1 drug
high potential for abuse
has a lack of “accepted” safety for use
and I am tripping on that shit.

When I say, “love is a drug”,
I mean if it were sold in small
tablets or capsules,
I would gobble them up
Like pieces of candy.
Get high off of the dopamine
And immerse myself in that feeling.
(I really don't know enough about drugs to be
doing this)

When I say, “love is a drug”,
I mean if it were like tobacco,
I would roll that shit
Into scented love letters
And smoke up
Until every single one of my
Past, present and future lovers
(not necessarily in that order)
Go up in smoke
Mix with the air and get farther and farther away
Until they're indistinguishable from
the foggiest of my mind
And my heart.



When I say, "love is a drug",
I mean that on days when
I don't feel like myself,
When everything around me is crumbling
When there is no way out of this collapsing building
A little whiff of love
Reconstructs everything from the ground up.
My best friend's love for her dog
My baby's love of clouds
My 4u's love of white and blue
My parent's love for each other
Your love for yourself
Is enough to make me feel okay.

And so, if anyone tells me that love is a drug
That love isn't something we're all addicted to
That it isn't something I abuse
That it's not something I can thrive on,
Then that person has yet to experience how
Exhilarating and intoxicating love can be.



MIRROR MISERY

Aakanksha Reddy

Objects in the mirror are closer than they appear.

Then why is that I feel further away from myself whenever I look in the mirror?

Mirror Misery

Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

The woman who is fair, voluptuous and tall!

Why can't I wake up without a bed head?

My skin isn't smooth and flawless; there is acne on my forehead!

Beating the dandruff off my shoulder every morning is a must

Why can't my hair release something prettier? Like pixie dust?

I absolutely loathe my pimple

The only body part I am proud of is my dimple!

I am bogged down by the asymmetry of my bust

Is my body even capable of eliciting lust?

I look down and I fail to spot an hourglass

No guy would ever make a pass!

My thighs are engulfed with cellulite

How do I burn thigh fat overnight?

I might not be a hourglass but life is.

It surely isn't worth abiding by these archaic beauty norms.



TO ME, FOR WHEN I NEED IT MOST

Mohika Mudgal

what makes you, you?

does your happiness depend on what other people think of you?

are you terrified of being alone?

will you reveal your secrets?

do you really like aam ka achaar?

note~

hey there,

I want you to know that

your relationships do not define you.

the people you hang out with,

do not define you.

you are an ever growing vine,

nourished plentifully.

sometimes hurt laces your thoughts

but you bear the strength

to steady your heart.

stop looking for happiness

in the wrong places, child.

don't let words get the better of you.

you birth happiness for yourself

and on your own terms.

the world you live in,

is yours to shape.

the people you choose

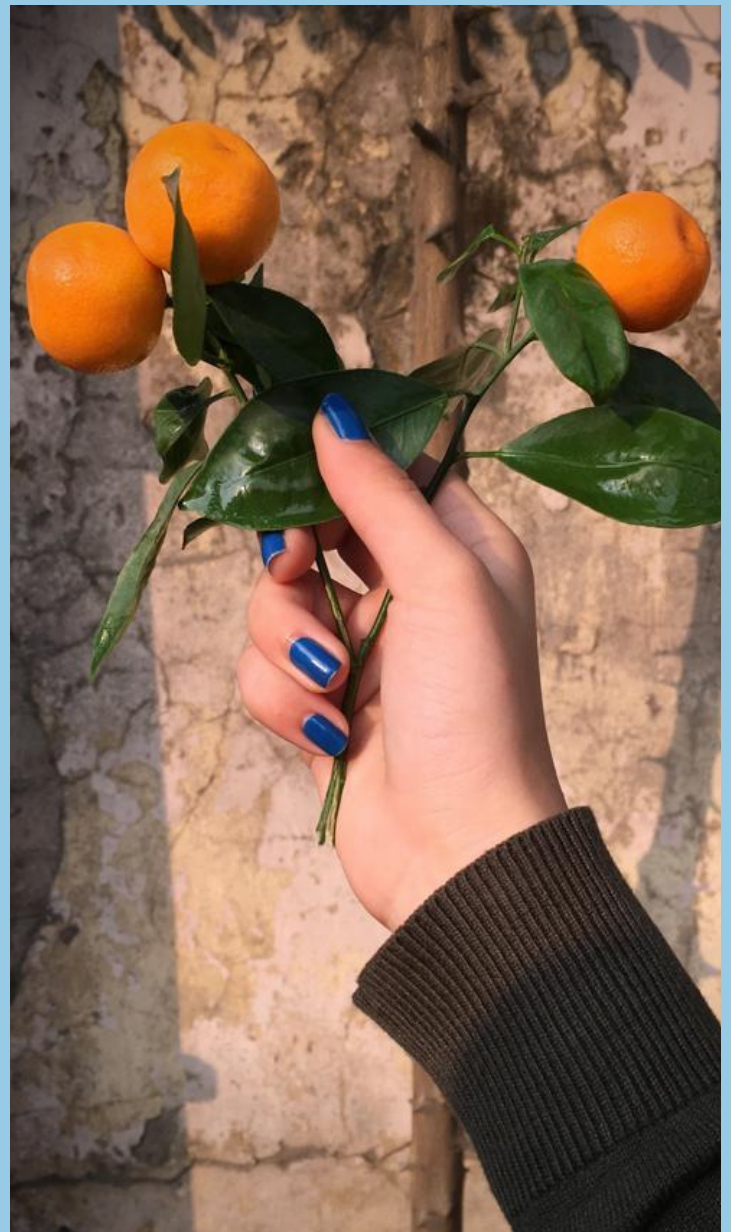
are yours to love.

let them come

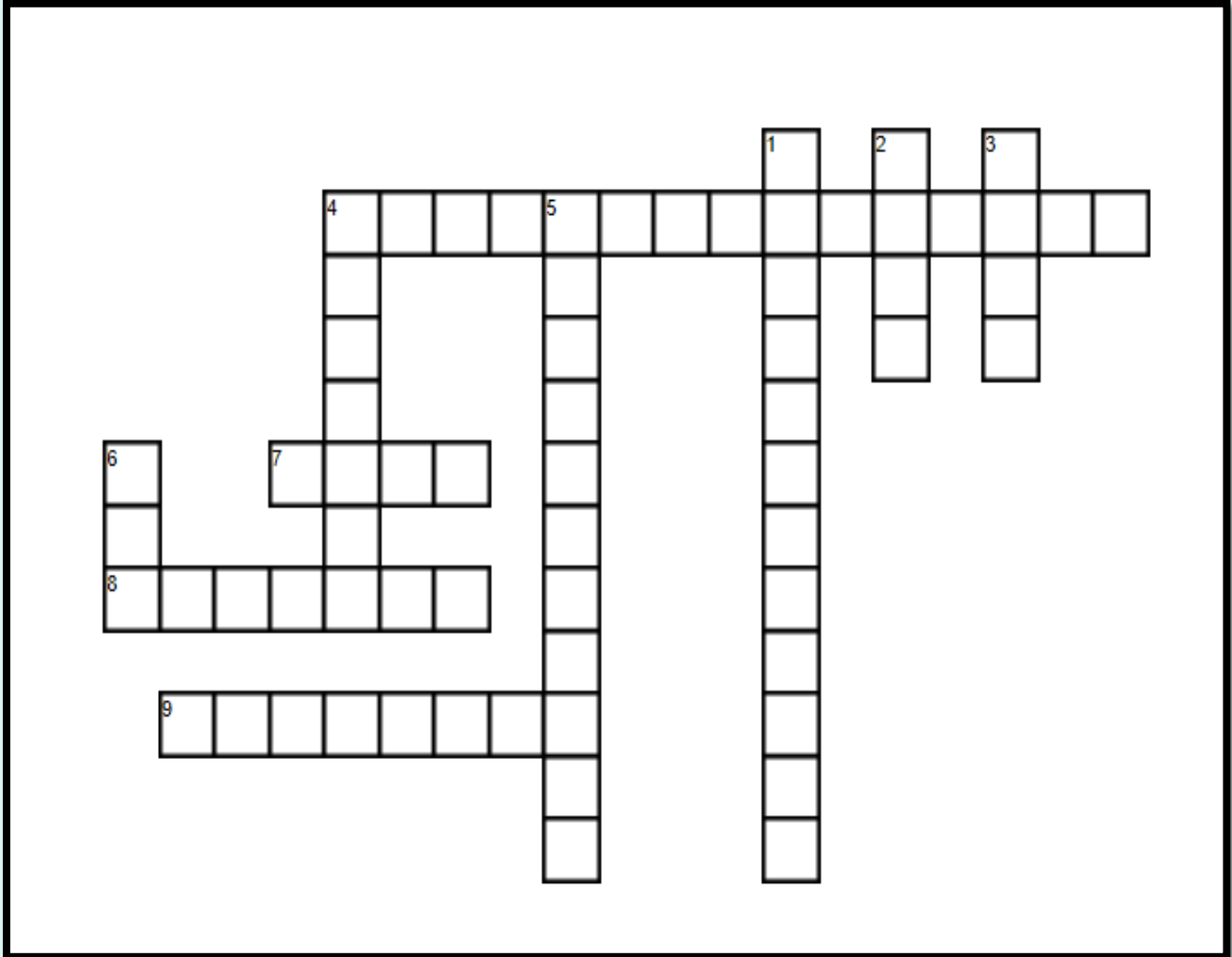
and let them go.

It is not selfish

to put yourself first.



CROSSWORD



DOWN

1. Neeraj Bhaiya's Special
2. How's the ...?
3. Live counter at itreat 2016
4. Shashi Tharoor of ISBF
5. Fine for eating in the usual and casual room
6. Our favourite cuss word (hint: it is the name of a famous DU college)

ACROSS

4. Theme of Xenia 2017
7. **** School of Business and Finance
8. Get over PC! Our sponsor is better
9. The teacher who will be in our heart



CAMPUS NEWS

ISBF MEDIA HUB

August 3, 2018

Orientation Ceremony

(is it what it is, or is it how we see it?)

After weeks of planning, preparation, staybacks and run throughs, the **13th Orientation Ceremony of the Indian School of Business and Finance** for **undergraduate and postgraduate batches of year 2018-19** took place at the **India International Center, New Delhi**. Boys dolled up in suits, girls with their heels clicking against the floor, pre-event jitters in clammy hands and excited eyes. Although the sun was barely out, our newbies were very much alive and kicking.

To mark the beginning of a wonderful year, the **ceremony commenced with the lighting of the lamp**- gesture of devotion to the goddess of knowledge (a plea to sail us through).

The event was graced by **Chief Guest, Dr. Jaimini Bhagwati**. Sir is an Indian Civil servant and was the Indian ambassador to United Kingdom. Currently he is **the RBI Chair Professor** at the **Indian Council for Research on International Economic Relations, New Delhi**. The comfort and encouragement in his words took students, professors and parents alike, on a journey through literature and knowledge (somewhere stealing the hearts of all Bengalis by quoting Tagore!).

Imagine sitting in a room full of strangers who would *fingers crossed* soon become friends (some, even family). What would your reaction be if the person next to you announces **Tom Cruise and Aishwarya Rai as the perfect movie couple**? Or would Camel (out of all animals) be on the top of your "weird foods to try!" list because the person three seats in front of you had it? **Would you buy a bookstore with your billionaire money or would you rather immerse yourself and write all the books?** Would you want to visit your grandparents, too? Be kidnapped in accusation of an airplane hijacking? **Agree to disagree on having bad breath?** Is your favourite colour also yellow?

This, ladies and gentlemen, is a glimpse of what an **Ice Breaking Session at ISBF looks like!** There was hooting and giggling and impromptu questions, too! Nervousness evaporated, smiles got exchanged.

Post that, **Ms. Navni Kothari, alumna cum professor** addressed the students as her very own. She highlighted the extensiveness of future choices. Between sharing tales of her life, recalling experiences and being really cute too, **she inspired all of us to push ourselves harder**. Our resident **LSE graduate himself, Associate Director, Mr. Chiraag Mehta** closed the Power of Why series. **Top scorers Siddharth Jamad** along with first and second runner-ups were awarded for their consistently impeccable performance evaluated over a tenure of 8 weeks. **The student council was officially announced by Vidur Sachthey, President of Core Council 2018-19!**

The Ceremony concluded with a mindblowing performance by the music society, **TRIN (The Rest Is Noise)**. No wonder the audience swayed to the music and grooved in their seats! A **vote of thanks and group photographs of all postgraduate and undergraduate students with the faculty** came up next. This was followed by **High Tea**. Cookies and water in paper cups and aloo-puri with gulab jamuns and delicious food awaited us. In the crowd were volunteers, freshers, faculty members all the same. What started as formal conversations turned to jolly banter and high hopes over the course of 3 hours .

With lots of drama, serious speeches, laughter between hitched words and gratitude to be a part of an amazing institution, this is us, the **Masters * of Ceremony, Mohika Mudgal and Apoorva Verma signing off.**

**Love and Grammar,
Team IMH!**

- **'Master'** is a word loaded with all kinds of **patriarchal baggage**. We are using the word specifically with the connotation of being **proficient at compering a ceremony**. It is also induced by **our collective dislike for the political correctness of 'Mistresses of Ceremony' and the neologistic 'emcee'**.



INDEPENDENCE DAY

By Siddharth Jamad and Vandita Pal

“Okay?” asked Dev, testing the microphone, and in return being greeted by an ear-splitting screech.

“Okay,” said Sanya.

And so began the very first event organised by the incoming batch of 2021 — the **Independence Day celebration**. To stir some patriotism and energy in the otherwise expressionless audience, the new batch set things moving with an applause-inviting, hoot-inducing **dance performance** that ended in a **proud unfurling of the Indian *tiranga***. Next up came Arnab and Viraj; the mic-deprived duo attempted, though in vain somewhat, to engage the audience in an equal-part illuminating, equal-part humorous **quiz** that was punctuated with perfectly timed **KBC tunes**. Brownie points for that, guys.

But it turns out, the quiz wasn't the only entertainment trick the first years had up their sleeve. In what must have cost everyone in the room a chest aching from laughter, a cast of **three “freedom fighters”** took to the stage to discuss India's future (and their place in it) just months before the nation became independent.

The play ended with **Aatma Dandi** (the name ring a bell?) shedding his vest to dance to “**This is America**”. Yes, **all the professors were there. Laughing.**

But what's some fun without learning? **Professor Aryapriya Ganguly**, in addressing the now-cheerful gathering, **stressed the importance of independence** in, among other things, the process of learning itself. But what really hit the audience at the core of their hearts was a **poem** by **Pranav Kakkar**. In regarding the Indian flags thrown on the streets as a “corpse”, **the 18-year old inspired a feeling of patriotism and guilt in students and faculty alike**. The event was wrapped up, appropriately, with everyone standing up to **sing the national anthem**, this time with a greater sense of respect and dignity. Also, there was an after-party. But that's a story for another time.

RECIPE FOR EVERY ISBF EVENT

BY AAKANKSHA REDDY

// XENIA //

Get ready to set the flame at 100 degrees because it's about to get hot.

Numerous WhatsApp groups.

Brace yourself to witness tears rolling down your eyes.

Imagine this to be the onion cutting stage.

However, do not mute the group!

Garnish the event with aesthetics. For garnishing you will need:

- A couple members from the **logistics team** (preferably first years) to procure supplies from Aarti store.
- glue drops. **A lot of glue drops!**

Aesthetics take some time to boil. Accelerate cooking by introducing three catalysts:

1. Ayshika, Gunisha, and Soudha. They will **speed** up the **process** and **add flavour** to the **dish**.
2. Use ribbons, chart papers, and leftovers from previously cooked meals (being **economics students** has taught us the **importance of efficient resource utilisation**)
3. Food. **A lot of food!** Pizza, coffee, Mcdonalds, Subway and the likes of it.
4. Did we mention **food?**
5. Documents. **MOUs, certificates and attendance sheets.**
It is important to use these ingredients before the expiry date.
6. Last but definitely not the least, **Team IMH and Xenia content team.**
They will season the dish by **sprinkling love** and **grammar** to all the official emails, social media posts and posters.

Are you ready to taste an ISBF event?

A P L E A F O R L O N G E R S H R I F T S

By Aryapriya
Ganguly

"Sir, do you have any toxic traits?"- one of my students asked me recently. At a loss for an answer, I asked my students, close friends and peers. They were either being too nice or I had cause for concern- I was struggling to figure. My girlfriend, however, didn't mince words and in a flash, responded "You are a man of excess! You don't know moderation!".

Our zeitgeist (or at least the kind of zeitgeist that sustains humanity, creativity, diversity among other 'developmental goals') demands scrutiny, analysis and constructive criticism. I spend a lot of time talking to my students about a smarter and more meaningful future for themselves (and those influenced by them), devoid of attitudinal and behavioural extremism.

In order for such ideas to be understood and assimilated into our temporary schemas, we need to give points of view a fair hearing. After my clearly-late-in-the-day realisation, I intend on cultivating greater resolve and conviction before committing myself to a stance or a campaign.

Let's hear people out before we decide to influence, persuade or dissuade. Let's be more nuanced and mature in our decision-making, as befits better informed and more socially aware citizens. When stakes are high, reliance on resistant schemas (ways of making sense of the world) and problematic heuristics (rules of thumb for quick decision-making) affect tangibles like lives and property- things most of us hold dear. Moderation breeds nuance, which in turn breeds consideration, the human quality that seems to get stifled most alarmingly in the face of dogmatism.

When I was asked to 'confess', I reflected on my sins in true Catholic tradition. This was my short shrift, and I sincerely hope and wish we give each other longer shrifts at our/their confessionals.

There are days, when I feel blossomed, when I breathe a little longer than usual, when my words are peppy and less spoken, when my walk has a little more bounce to it, when I don't tuck my long hair, I let them fly with me.

On these days I talk to trees, I ask the leaves, if they need any help? I run behind the dry leaves flying away from me. I sit on the mud and collect pebbles, I clean them and ask them for stories, they tell me about the rivers they call exes and the concrete bulldozer that used them. They tell me the happy days they lived. They tell me soon I'll look like them.

On these days I hop on my feet and tell the world about my evil deeds, they stare back at me and tell me about my weird ways. On these days offense and anger are not my teachers, I'm in a university of happiness where I learn freedom and the courage it takes to build zero boundaries around you.

On these days I'm not Pranav Kakkar, I'm just flesh which has been granted life and I'm living it. On these days I'm useless. I'm a dust particle spreading my existence all over, a dust particle which can be cleaned off anytime by Him.

On these days I look at animals, I pat all of them, and when I kill an ant trying to pet it, I pick it up and bury it in soil. On these days I conquer loneliness and fill my belly with satisfaction.

I check the depth of each puddle and jump right into it regardless. I look at my muddy feet and the contaminated water that runs over them. On these days I forget comfort, I forget laziness and college classes. I forget happiness and sadness. I don't stress on achieving. I simply just exist, exist in the raw, wild and rough jungle we call Earth. On these days I am responsible for everything that goes on here. On these days this entire planet is my home and the grass my private bed.

So I write about these days, so I can remember how to live. I write about these days to make sure, once I'm old, or I have an exam, when girls mess with my head, or when I'm simply annoyed I remember to live.

I write about these days so that I can live, not exist.

BY PRANAV KAKKAR

THOSE DAYS

Adulting 101

//because life is not a bed of roses//

By Mohika Mudgal

It was quite early in January, Christmas cheer hadn't left the city yet and the pollution rate was shooting through the galaxy when I stumbled upon a video on Youtube. Last few months, the lens of my life was focussed on being the best I could be and achieving short-term goals (at least!)

I was on call with a friend when he recommended a video titled, "Get Your New Year Resolutions To Stick" (HAH!) If you know anything about the past Mohika, she'd have groaned at the thought of a silly seven minute virtual learning tutorial that would find way to her mind's trashcan before the video was even halfway down. But the January-her jumped at the idea! After all, isn't life about stepping your game up? Wide-eyed and wondrous, excited to learn the art of doing xyz (for once!)

Being brutally honest with yourself comes at a cost, you cannot be lazy and let an excuse shadow it. This is scary because why make resolutions when you can barely stick to them? No? Well, this was my mindset for the most part of first-year college. But perspective is everything. You keep failing because you keep trying to grapple with the world and need instant results. You forget that change is a sloth. It is slow.

From the video, I learnt to not snooze my goals. Passion and perseverance will drive this long-term relationship. We know it is hard, but it is also doable. The best part about improving lifestyle is you do not have to wait for the year to end or the month to go by. You steer course when you want to.

Most people take goals as a sprint. But sprints as we know them, are short-lived. We need habits that last a lifetime. So what is the hack? How do you conquer your dreams?

1. Shrink the change!

(get down and dirty with details and watch them play out. Imagine yourself already getting the scholarship, what would be the first thing you say? how would you study for it? would you call your mother?)

2. Convert idle wishes to concrete, realistic plans

(instead of saying "I want to go to the gym more this year" tell yourself, "I will take care of my body by going to the gym at least once a week no matter what". Making small alterations to your everyday life go a long long way when you glance at your year in December.

3. Write it out!

(nope, I do not mean draft an essay and become an author. I ask you to pen your life. Give it direction. Writing on paper or your phone will no longer let your goal sit in your head. Instead, it is now on the couch, looking at you square in the eye, asking you to come and sit next to it)

GO
GET
IT!

*It is only as
difficult as
you make it.
You have got
the world in
your hands so
shoving them
in your pockets
is a really
really
(exponentially)
dumb move.*

Unfinished almost love letters to platonic lovers

ISBF

VIA ALFAAZ

By Apoorva Verma

There are days when you see a beautiful waterfall and find yourself void of any and all inspirations, and then there are days when a tiny flower growing at the side of the road fills your head with determination to survive in this tough world and write about how beauty can grow from disaster. *When everything is against you thriving, but you kick the haters in their ugly butt and laugh in the face of atrocity.*

I guess what I'm trying to say here, mixed with a lot of confusion, is that it's okay.

Just because you wake up to a black and white world every day, doesn't mean that you'll never be able to see colour again.

Just because you wake up to a colourful world every day, doesn't mean that you'll never see black and white again.

Just because your mind feels caged and barren and lonely, doesn't mean that it'll never run free again.

"I suddenly realized that we're on borrowed time, that time is always borrowed, and that the leading agency exacts its premium precisely when we are least prepared to pay and need to borrow more.." - André Aciman

Living every day of your life to your fullest is hard, but living every day such that the end is at least a little happier than the beginning is even harder. We go through life looking as we are and being as we were, missing so much of what is vital and important. **Time doesn't stop. Neither does the living.** But experiencing emotions? Feeling pain? Loss? Love? Lust? Is only given to us in handful pouches, weighed against the character of our souls. **Cherish them, care for them, and never let them go.**

The Child in me

BY PRANAV KAKKAR

WEAR YOUR SHIRT BACK SIDE FRONT, JUST PUT YOUR BELT INTO EACH BUCKLE AND LEAVE IT. SIT ON YOUR BUM, HOLD YOUR SHOE IN YOUR HAND AND WEAR IT WRONG. TIGHTEN, PULL YOUR SHOELACES AS HARD AS YOU CAN. AND THEN PUT A PERMANENT KNOT. STRUGGLE HARD TO CLOSE YOUR BUTTONS, TRY TO FIGURE OUT HOW THEY WORK, PULL YOUR HALF SLEEVES T-SHIRT, TRY HARD ENOUGH TO MAKE IT FULL SLEEVES, JUST LIKE DAD HAS. THE BUTTON THAT BROKE, HIDE IT IN YOUR DRAWER, PUT IT AT THE RIGHT END OF IT, WHERE YOUR STICKERS ARE KEPT.

LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR, SMILE, FEEL CONFIDENT AND COMB YOUR HAIR LIKE MOM DOES EVERY MORNING. HOLD YOUR CHIN UP, IMAGINE HER HAND PINCH YOUR FACE AND STROKE YOUR WET OILY HAIR TOWARDS RIGHT. CLAP FOR YOURSELF, MAKE YOURSELF AS HAPPY AS YOU CAN. LAUGH, GIGGLE AND SHY AWAY. GO STAND ON THE STOOL AND WASH YOUR HANDS WITH SOAP, THIS WORLD IS A LUXURY CREATED FOR YOU. JUMP OFF THE STOOL SHAKING YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR AND DRYING THEM. THEN WIPE THEM FROM YOUR CORDUROY PANTS.

WALK AS CLUMSILY AS YOU CAN TOWARDS THE REMOTE YOU THINK IS A PHONE. DIAL YOUR IMAGINARY FRIENDS NUMBER, CALL HIM UP TELL HIM YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY, AND YOU'LL REACH ON TIME. RUN TOWARDS YOUR DRAWING ROOM, GO JUMP ON THE SOFA, AND SIT LIKE A GENTLEMAN AND HOLD YOUR GLASS OF WATER WITH BOTH YOUR TINY HANDS, AND TALK TO YOUR IMAGINARY FRIEND. TELL HIM HOW LIFE IS STRESSFUL AND HOW IT HAS BEEN A HARD DAY. TELL HIM THAT YOU CHERISH THE TIME SPENT WITH HIM, TELL HIM ABOUT YOUR DREAMS AND ASPIRATIONS, TELL HIM ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU IN SCHOOL, TELL HIM HOW THE TEACHER PUNISHED YOU, TELL HIM HOW YOU FIGHT FOR COLORS IN CLASS AND YOU ALWAYS GET THE USELESS WHITE CRAYON, TELL HIM YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO TALK TO THE CONFIDENT GIRL IN THE CLASS, TELL HIM HE'S YOUR ONLY FRIEND, TELL HIM HOW YOU DECIDED TO BE A CHILD TODAY ONCE AGAIN. ONCE AGAIN YOU CAME TO SEE HIM, TELL HIM THE CIRCLE GOT COMPLETE, AND HOW LIFE TURNED INTO A BIG ZERO, TELL HIM THAT CHILDHOOD IS AN ESCAPE AND TELL HIM YOU WANT TO GROW UP. AND THEN NEVER GROW UP.

F A S H I O N

MY TAKE ON IT

By Mohika Mudgal

I believe the best fashion trends can only be set in two ways. One, when you are busy being comfortable and the second when you decide to step out of your comfort zone, go explore the world. Fashion plays a huge role in dictating your story using not words but expression.

From the tomboy crossing the street to a musician getting dreadlocks. From the ivy-draped across a monument to the leopards running wild all over your body. Non-static and absolutely unavoidable. The way you don many talents, your body dons moods. And so on days, you feel under the weather, there are soft pyjamas and cosy sweaters while a silver shimmery bodycon dress laces around you on New Year's Eve. Your mood is fashion too.

I like to think about fashion as an art form. Funky sunglasses and retro boots in the 90's giving way to monotone outfits paired with bold statement lips in this day. The way you cannot paint the same abstract on canvas with acrylics over and over, for the horror of repetition, the same way, fashion flows. It evolves like seasons, only, you are the master this time. Beautifully raw. Since fashion is universal, little sense of style with a low budget can show off your glam too!

You could wear sneakers with dresses and gym clothes to work, graphic tee shirts to parties and hats to ceremonies. You can mix it up and dress it down. Make it all topsy-turvy and satisfy your quirks. Fashion is embracing your creativity in a way that is personal to you. It is colours sprinkled in your personality type, like homemade ice cream. And as much as it is about being non-violent, tailored or torn, your looks can always kill!

It's been a year and I've started to wonder how much I've changed in the presence of your atmosphere. I've started to wonder if in your presence, I still feel fear.

Your staircase is what makes me feel comfortable as I skip steps in between.

I feel as if I'm beginning to fly,

my comfort is cheap and easy.

I'm the warrior that won't hold a shield in the battlefield, the warrior who welcomes the might of the opponents onto me.

Your lectures are preparing me for a battle, a window into the unknown, and in this presence of the unknown, I'm unable to hold the entirety of who I am.

I've realised, comfort doesn't always work in my best interest.

I've known that when comfortable, you share something closer to the rawest version of yourself. But this rawness makes it difficult for others to hold their personal images of you, subconsciously.

Dear college,

you told me to question everything in my reach; to question my teachers, my books, my friend and myself.

But I beg to question,

Do you enjoy me?

Or do you enjoy your idealised version of me?

Are we in this lecture together, with fulfillment and knowledge?

Or am I playing an actor in the script you have been writing in your head?

Dear college, I'm a terrible actor.

I smile too much.

Sometimes while acting I realise, you only appreciate me being myself when it sticks with whom you think I am.

But college, please allow me to step out of character.

I'm not a Mona Lisa painting

I'm not a captured image on your DSLR

I'm a person,

I have bad angles and worst days too sometimes.

I don't expect you to be happy with me.

Or to love every part of me.

I just hope you're prepared to love, not only your favorite parts or my parts,

But everything outside of the frame you've tried to box me into.

Dear college,

There is gossip that we all love, stories and passion we share.

Stories that all of us seem to know.

But can we make some space for acceptance, less whispers, more shouting?

Can we transform into a loud bunch of noise 3 year olds complaining about crayons and not people? Can we truly and finally, break free?

DEAR FIRST YEARS

A GARLAND OF WORDS STRAIGHT FROM MY HEART WITH ALL AUTHENTICITY I MANAGED TO PICK FROM THE GARDEN.

BY MOHIKA MUDGAL

YOU'VE ALREADY COVERED A MAJOR CHUNK OF YEAR NUMÉRO UNO AT ISBF. SOME OF YOU WOULD AGREE WHEN I STATE THAT WITH GREAT JOY ACCOMPANIES GREAT DISCOMFORT. COLLEGE LIFE, AS IT SOMETIMES FEELS, HAS FALLEN 2 KM'S SHORT OF BECOMING HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL. IN FACT, ON RAINY DAYS, ALL YOU MIGHT WANT IS TO GET HOME WITHOUT BURNING A GREATER HOLE IN YOUR POCKET THAN IT ALREADY HAS!

MY FIRST YEAR IN COLLEGE, I WAS A SUNNY SIDE UP. HOLD UP, POOR CHOICE OF WORDS. WHAT I MEAN IS, I HAD MY LIMBS IN AS MANY BUCKETS AS WERE AVAILABLE. I WAS A PART OF CORE COUNCIL, PRODUCING CONTENT FOR ANY AND ALL EVENTS, DANCING MY TIREDNESS OFF IN BLAIZE, STRENGTHENING CORE, MAKING THE PILGRIMAGE FROM GURGAON TO THIS PLACE THAT BECAME SYNONYMOUS TO HOME (I COULD RECALL FACES OF MOST AUTORICKSHAW BHAIYAS) AND OF COURSE, STUDYING. I ORGANISED AND WALKED THE RAMP ON INDEPENDENCE DAY AND HOSTED THE FAREWELL TOO! AND IN MY LEISURE TIME, I WOULD PAINT AND WRITE POEMS AND DISCOVER NEW PLACES. I LEARNT THE PERKS OF SAVING POCKET MONEY AND INVESTING IT IN FINGER-LICKING ROADSIDE CHAAT. IT SOUNDS VICTORIOUS TODAY BUT I HAD MY FAIR SHARE OF WANTING TO GO BALD AND RUNNING IN CIRCLES LIKE A WORRYING CHICKEN (THAT PART OF THE GAME NEVER STOPS).

I LEARNT IT IS OKAY TO BE OVERWHELMED. I LEARNT IT IS OKAY TO NOT HAVE ALL YOUR EGGS LINED UP PERFECTLY. SOME OF THEM CRACK, AND WITH TIME, YOU BECOME A PRO AT SCRAMBLING THEM DELICIOUSLY. BEING IN COLLEGE WILL TEACH YOU SO MUCH ABOUT YOURSELF, THE LIKING FOR AVOCADOS AND UTTER DISGUST FOR WASABI, THE KIND OF PEOPLE YOU WANT TO SURROUND YOURSELF WITH, WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPY AND TRIGGERS YOUR EMOTIONAL TANK TOO IF YOU LET IT. YOU'LL START GROWING THE SECOND YOU ALLOW CHANGE TO HAPPEN ORGANICALLY. LOOK PAST WHAT IS AROUND YOU, HUNT OPPORTUNITIES. I ENCOURAGE YOU TO SAY "YES!" TO IDEAS THAT TUMBLE YOUR WAY, THERE'LL BE PLENTY.

YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF WANTING TO NEVER SEE A HUMAN BEING AND STUFF YOUR FACE WITH PIZZA. YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF BEING CURIOUS ABOUT THIS GAME OF STICKS AND BALLS (AHM) CALLED POOL, YOU'D BECOME A PRO AT IT. THERE WILL BE DAYS YOU PAINT FOR HOURS AND WHEN YOU LOOK UP, IT'D BE MIDNIGHT. ON SOME DAYS YOU WILL CRY FOR NO REASON AT ALL. ON OTHER DAYS, YOU WILL ATTEND ALL YOUR LECTURES AND FEEL GREAT ABOUT YOURSELF. YOU WOULD TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF PEOPLE YOU LOVE AND THE CITY YOU HAVE GROWN TO CALL HOME. WHILE ALL OF THIS UNFOLDS, I PROMISE YOU'D EMBARRASS YOURSELF.

BE KIND AND GRACIOUS. SEEK INSPIRATION FROM THE BOUNTIES OF THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD. THERE IS SO MUCH TO LEARN. SURROUND YOURSELF WITH PEOPLE WHO WANT THE BEST FOR YOU. YOU ARE ALLOWED TO MAKE MISTAKES. YOU ARE ALLOWED TO FIX THEM. YOU ARE ALLOWED TO CHOOSE YOUR HEART OVER YOUR MIND. BE SILLY. EXPRESS HOW YOU FEEL, ALWAYS. HOWEVER LONG IT SEEMS, TIME WILL FLY.

I READ SOMEWHERE THAT WE MUST NOT COMPARE OUR CHAPTER 1 TO SOMEONE ELSE'S CHAPTER 20. IT IS A LESSON I TUCKED SAFELY IN MY POCKET. I CARRY IT WITH ME WHEREVER I GO.

SMILES, WINKS, MIC DROP

TO THE PEOPLE I'VE MET THIS YEAR



It has been 6 months and you guys are the closest I have to family in this city. Being around y'all makes me forget things I usually worry about. I know for a fact that if I need any one of you at 3 in the morning, you'll be there. It's been a rollercoaster ride. From the treasure hunt across town in a senior's car to going for lunch 4 times a week, I didn't think we'd make it so far. I don't care whether we argued one night or if we have differences in opinion about the way the metro system works. As long as we can sit in the Usual Place and laugh together, life's good. We've done a lot with the time we have. I know I have. Things I didn't think I'd ever do.

I remember flunking the first IIS paper and cribbing about it and everyone told me it was okay. Sharing notes, consoling me, hugging me and saying I could do much better, you did this job better than anyone else. Who knew staying in college till midnight and working could actually be more fun than tiring? You taught me that. You taught me that distance didn't really matter. Having dinner together on video call could be just as much fun as doing it live.

They say that if friendship is your biggest weakness then you're the strongest person and now I know what it truly means. Calling me "pretentious" every time I mentioned a brand and yet being on your toes the moment I mention shopping, god such hypocrites, man! but ah, what would college be without this?

From freshers to the after parties, every night has been a bang in a different way and I'd change nothing about any of them. Sleepovers after birthdays because it's too late to go back to the hostel and then staying up the whole night gossiping is the best part if you ask me. Talking of sleepovers, living in the hostel is like having one every night. Take out chinese food or toasted bread with butter, ask us to pick and watch us never eat chinese again. All my moms who make sure I eat food on time, take medicines and get enough sleep, how will I ever be able to thank you enough? From counting down the days for the college trip to watching the photos now and laughing at the nonsense we did, I don't think it could get any better. From dropping me to the airport to picking me up, you've all always been ready. And daily calls when I'm home, my mom is fed up, I swear. Also, why does whatsapp not let you have more than 4 people on call? It really isn't fair.

When I go home, how do I fit all of you into the one hour of gossip session I can have in a day? I have made so many new families here. Thank you for taking us around and showing us places that have memories associated with each of them. Thank you for telling us that flunking in a subject once is okay. Thank you for all the love that you all have given us. Thank you for all the times you've taken us home for "ghar ka khaana". Thank you for loving us in the way that you do.

And most of all, thank you for making this place feel a lot like home.



Yours,
Colin Chandna





A typical day at ISBF

Meme worthy moments ISBFians face

**WHEN YOU INSERT 10
RUPEES BUT DON'T GET FROOTI**

YE BIK GAYI VENDING MACHINE

**When the vending machine is the last
resort but it ends up scamming you.**



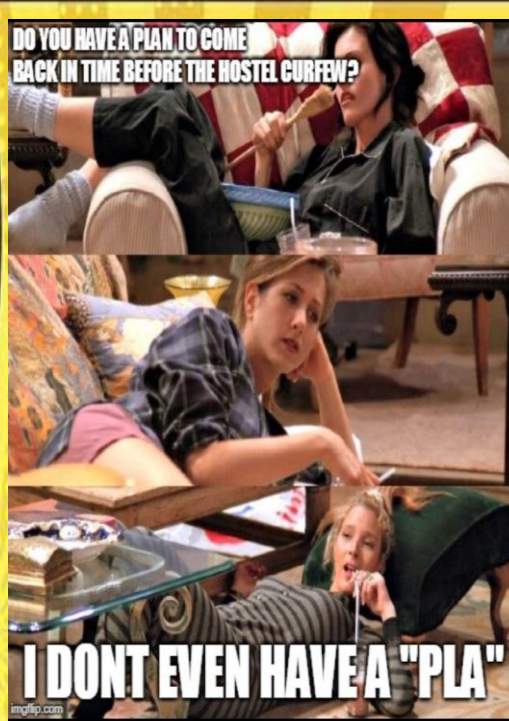
**Economics (and ISBF is all
about choices)**



Food for thought

**The trials and tribulations of a
morning lecture in Delhi.**

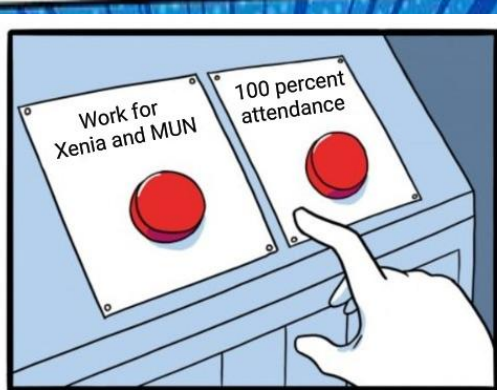
**WHEN YOU HAVE A 9:00 AM CLASS
BUT DELHI'S TEMPERATURE IS 3 DEGREES**



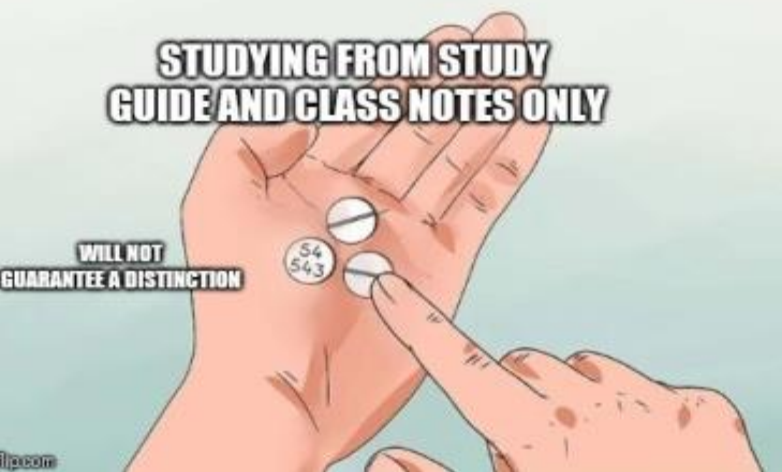
**Hostel diaries
vs metro wooes**
Is the grass greener
on the other side?
Or rather, Is the air
less smoggy on the
other side?
#justDelhithings



**FIRST
WORLD
PROBLMES**



**Xenia: The
time ISBFians
truly
understand
the meaning
of opportunity
cost**



That moment when ISBFians finally
Understand the difference between
Casual and Usual room



