

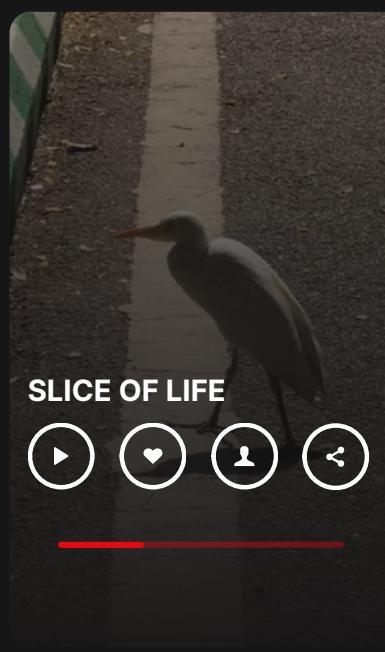
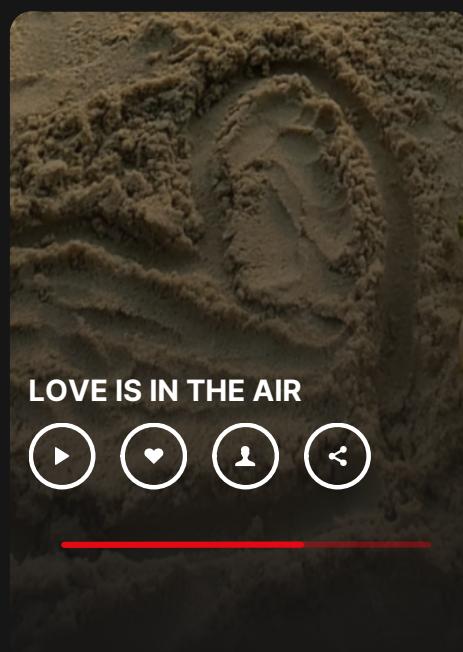
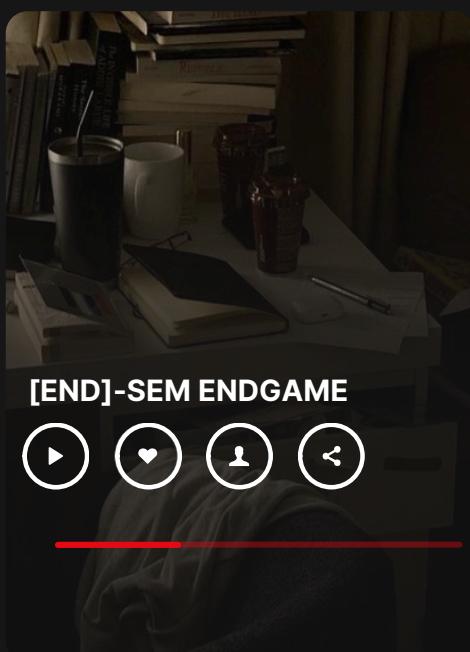


# MANIPAL ORIGINALS

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# FROM THE EDITORS' DESK

Stepping into this role has been nothing short of surreal. To lead a team that doesn't just report stories but shapes them, to be at the helm of a board that turns fleeting ideas into bold, tangible creations—it's been one of the most fulfilling experiences of my time here.

When this edition was just a rough sketch in our minds, none of us knew exactly how it would take shape. But what we did know was this: we had the right people. A team that meets chaos with clarity, deadlines with dedication, and uncertainty with creativity. That's how this newsletter found its voice.

To my Managing Editor, Nishit—thank you for being the calm in the storm, the strategist in the mess, and the constant sounding board when things got overwhelming. This journey would've been a lot tougher (and a lot less fun) without you by my side.

To the powerhouse that is my team: The Editorial Board—you're the reason this edition breathes the way it does. You've turned complex ideas into compelling content and brought heart to every page. The Management Committee—your efficiency and enthusiasm kept this engine running. The invisible effort behind the scenes never goes unnoticed, and I'm incredibly thankful for your support.

Here's to new beginnings, stronger voices, and a future filled with ideas that dare to go further. This edition is just the start.

**Onwards and upwards,  
Devanshu  
Editor-in-Chief**

# FROM THE EDITORS' DESK

There's something funny about firsts.

They rarely go as planned. There's chaos. There's clumsy backspacing. And there's always that one moment at 3 AM where someone on the team says, "Wait, are we even allowed to write this?"

This newsletter is our first as the new editorial board. And true to tradition, it's been messy, exciting, slightly sleep-deprived—and honestly? Worth every second. Because behind every word, every artwork, and every "final-final.pdf" lies a team that believes in stories. In voices. In putting a little bit of heart (and occasional caffeine) into everything we make.

We didn't want this to just be a newsletter. We wanted it to feel like walking into a room full of people who get it. Who've stood in your shoes, tripped in them, and found a way to dance anyway.

This is just the beginning. We've got miles to go, more stories to tell, and a couple of typos we're sure we missed. But if this edition makes you pause, smile, think, or even just feel a little less alone in this whirlwind of college life—we've done our job.

Here's to fresh starts, big feelings, and a board that's just getting started.

Read on. We've got something to say.

**Nishit Kashyap**  
**Managing Editor**

# MANIPAL ORIGINALS

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Season 1 ▾

## EPISODES



### 1. SLICE OF LIFE

- Schrödinger's Wi-Fi
- Nostalgic Melancholy
- A New Home



### 2. LOVE IS IN THE AIR

- Ripples of Love
- Chaho toh!
- Self-Love Beyond the Buzzwords
- Eat, Pray, Love (Yourself First)
- Is your person in a K-drama or a simple comfort movie?

# MANIPAL ORIGINALS

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- Oh Here We Go Again
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- How to Fail a Test in 10 Ways



## 5. SPECIAL EPISODE

- Revels Gala
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- Love Letter to Theatre



# SLICE OF LIFE

*soft moments, deep thoughts, and a cozy dose of reality*



# Schrödinger's Wi-Fi

- Shivam Mohite

No matter which part of campus you're in, either your hostel or an academic block, you will face the one universal truth: the wi-fi exists in a state of quantum uncertainty. It is both present and absent, functional and non-functional, depending on how desperate you are for it.

Why does it work flawlessly when you're casually scrolling memes but crash the moment you're in an online meeting? Streaming Youtube? Works perfectly. Writing an online quiz? "Connection lost, please try again."

The solution? Use your 1.5gb mobile data as backup, but that limit will definitely vanish in an hour. Or you could start your assignments early. (We all know that's not happening.)

This mystery of Schrödinger's wifi may never be solved, but oh well – at least Netflix somehow always works.

# Nostalgic Melancholy

- Rachana Bhat

Everything seemed so easy,  
When I was a child.  
When the nights were breezy,  
And the days were wild.

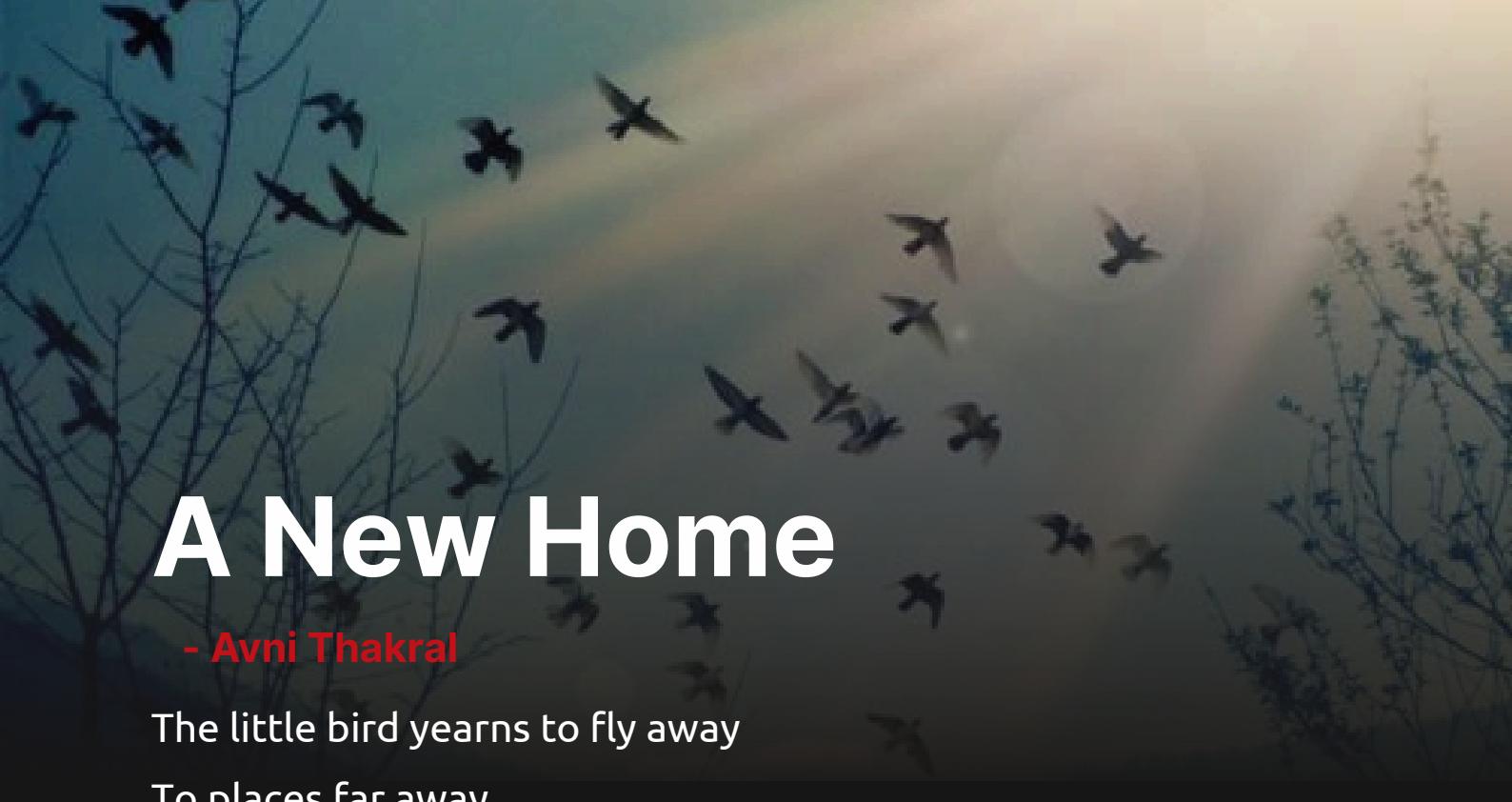
Those were the days,  
When candy cigarettes was happiness.  
When we found new ways,  
To express our archness.

Those were the days,  
When we were closer to nature.  
When the light of the sun rays,  
Was the leading lamp for our future.

Away from the technicalities of a phone,  
Away from the numerous expectations to overcome.  
When no one felt lonely or alone,  
When only to sleep we would succumb.

But time happened and we grew up,  
Nature became a skeleton of who she was.  
We went from 'how are you' to 'sup,  
No one can save us from this hell, not a pillar, not a cross.

I wish I could turn back time,  
I am willing to pay the price;  
I have enough dollars enough dime,  
But destined are we to lose against time in this game of dice.



# A New Home

- Avni Thakral

The little bird yearns to fly away  
To places far away  
Day long, it dreams  
Of the world of its dreams  
The rest of the world ceases to be;  
When will it fly away, it wonders

Ah, the day has come!  
For it to fly away  
It flies away, to places far away

But where are the worlds  
That it dreamt of?

---

**"What! Just ten days?"** I exclaimed when I read that I had to leave for college so soon.

And, college? Sure, I'd watched hundreds of videos, had taken dozens of entrance exams and just wanted to start a new chapter of life. This soon, though? I wasn't prepared. For **leaving home**, or **growing up**.

But soon enough, my family was helping me pack my bags for the journey.

**Completely overwhelmed** with emotions, I felt like a soldier being sent off to a faraway land. And soon, in the **pouring rain**- we reached Manipal.

When I realized that this is where I'll be spending the next four years, it felt strange.

The next 7 days were spent attending orientation lectures, and wondering which building I was in and how to get out of it. We even went to the beach, but it was the wildest time for the sea, mirroring my emotions. I felt myself transitioning into a new person as I said goodbye to my family. I **tried not to cry**, but I couldn't hold back. I **hugged them and ran** to my room, without looking back.

It took me a while to calm down, but soon I was fine. I knew I could do it. I was ready to start a new chapter of life.

Right then, someone knocked on the door. It was my roommate. We were talking for a while when we heard another knock on the door. It was our other roommate. She came in, and we talked for a long time- telling each other about ourselves, discussing what we like, what we don't, what we think about Manipal, and how annoyed we were by the downpours and wondered if it will ever stop raining. I looked at them and it felt like I had known them forever.

We spent the next few weeks together – watching movies, listening to music, going around the campus, and helping each other recognize buildings.

And soon enough, **I fell in love**.

I fell in love with the place, the beaches, the weather, and the people.

As I look at them today, I get a glimpse of the many memories we've made in just a few months. Of how they've always stood by me and helped me evolve into a better person.

I realized that I had found myself **a new family**. I realized that I had found **a new home**.

And then **it stopped raining**.

A black and white photograph of a man with dark, curly hair and sunglasses, wearing a dark t-shirt with a small white logo on the chest. He is playing a saxophone. In the background, there are vertical blinds covering a window and a guitar on a stand to his right.

# STAFF PICKS

*self discovery, culture, on the go*



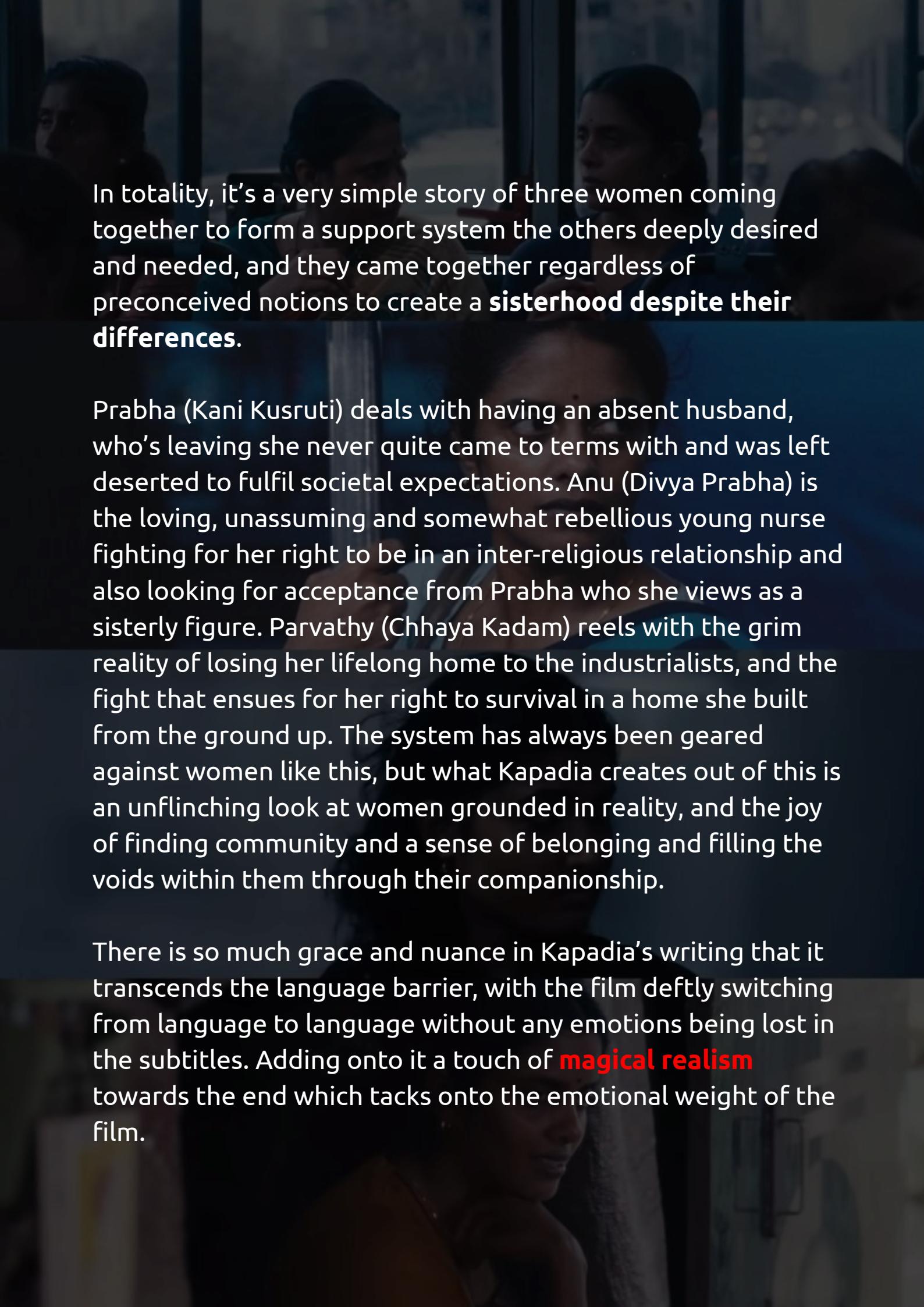
# All We Imagine as Light

- Krish Vinod

“Get used to the impermanence.”

We know Mumbai's standing in this country, with its sheer scale and its stifling yet awe-inspiring status as an amalgamation of cultures and identities. But for the first time, you see Mumbai as a story's muse. A strikingly blue colour palette, dingy and wet atmosphere, the constant rattle of the local trains at the back and people bustling around the clock. That's how Payal Kapadia sets the scene for her **first feature film**, led by three sublime leads and creates a story for the ages. Kapadia does something interesting with the opening voiceover, at once it creates an atmosphere that authentically outlines the story we're diving into through a few words by different people in different languages.

Divided into two clear parts marked by two very distinct locations; Mumbai and Ratnagiri, it shows how both locations mirror the developments in the characters' lives. The former with a very dismal ambience signifying how the characters deal with their deep-rooted trauma, emotional baggage and just a regular struggle to exist. The latter shows how each of them comes to terms with it, finding closure and feeling some cessation of the constant struggles.



In totality, it's a very simple story of three women coming together to form a support system the others deeply desired and needed, and they came together regardless of preconceived notions to create a **sisterhood despite their differences**.

Prabha (Kani Kusruti) deals with having an absent husband, who's leaving she never quite came to terms with and was left deserted to fulfil societal expectations. Anu (Divya Prabha) is the loving, unassuming and somewhat rebellious young nurse fighting for her right to be in an inter-religious relationship and also looking for acceptance from Prabha who she views as a sisterly figure. Parvathy (Chhaya Kadam) reels with the grim reality of losing her lifelong home to the industrialists, and the fight that ensues for her right to survival in a home she built from the ground up. The system has always been geared against women like this, but what Kapadia creates out of this is an unflinching look at women grounded in reality, and the joy of finding community and a sense of belonging and filling the voids within them through their companionship.

There is so much grace and nuance in Kapadia's writing that it transcends the language barrier, with the film deftly switching from language to language without any emotions being lost in the subtitles. Adding onto it a touch of **magical realism** towards the end which tacks onto the emotional weight of the film.



# The Northbound Train

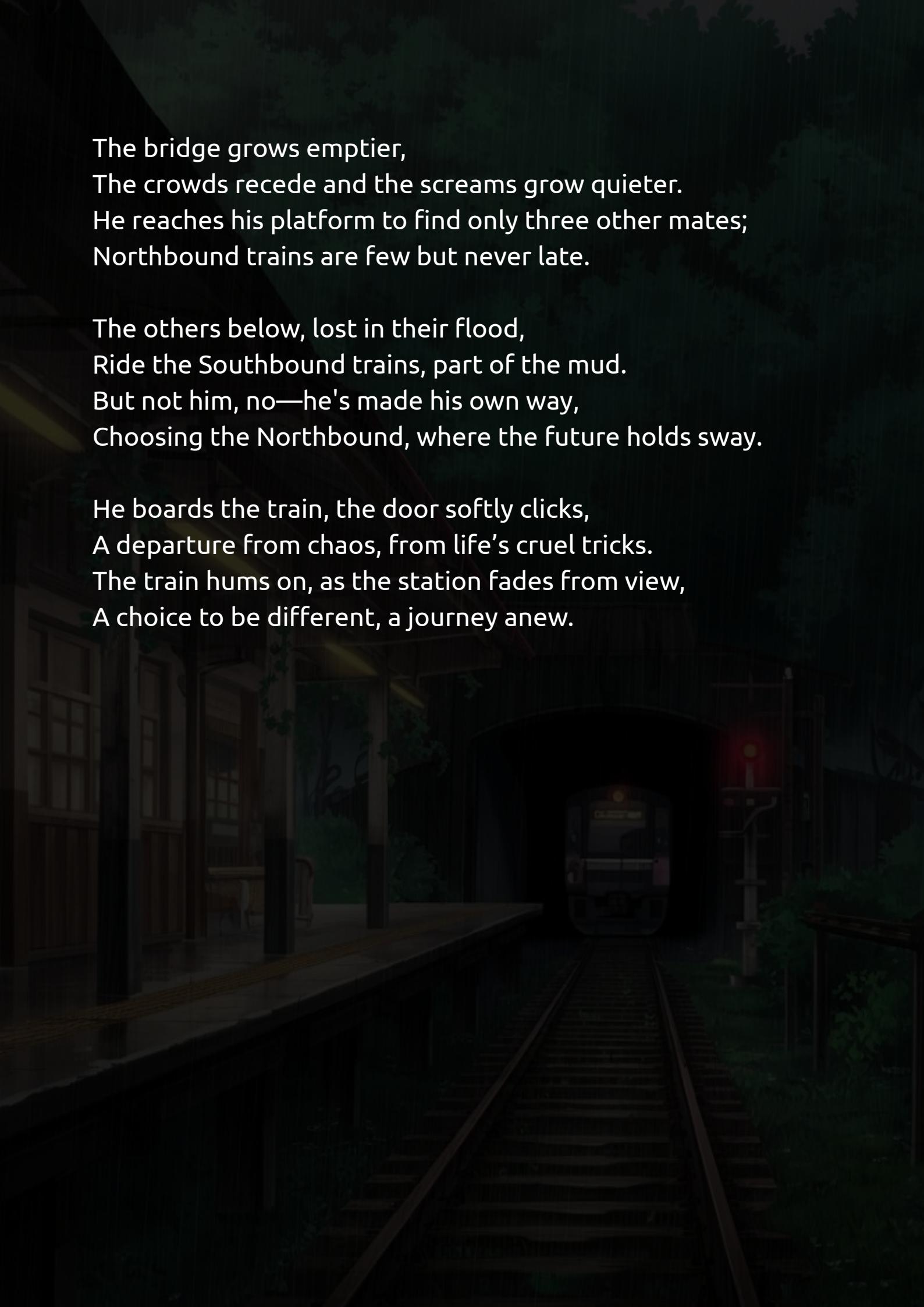
-Pratham Shah

People of all creeds and of all faiths,  
Rush through the station gates.  
As the twilight wanes, the sky dons a tint of red  
The night is over, a new day is ahead.

The blue collars fall, the white collars jump,  
Travellers witness but join the purge.  
In this chaos is a striking form:  
All walks of life run to the same platform..

The Southbound trains arrive every three minutes:  
Towards the doors, the crowds cram and heave,  
There is no room to fear or fret, to breathe or leave:  
One loses control of themselves in the sea of sweat.

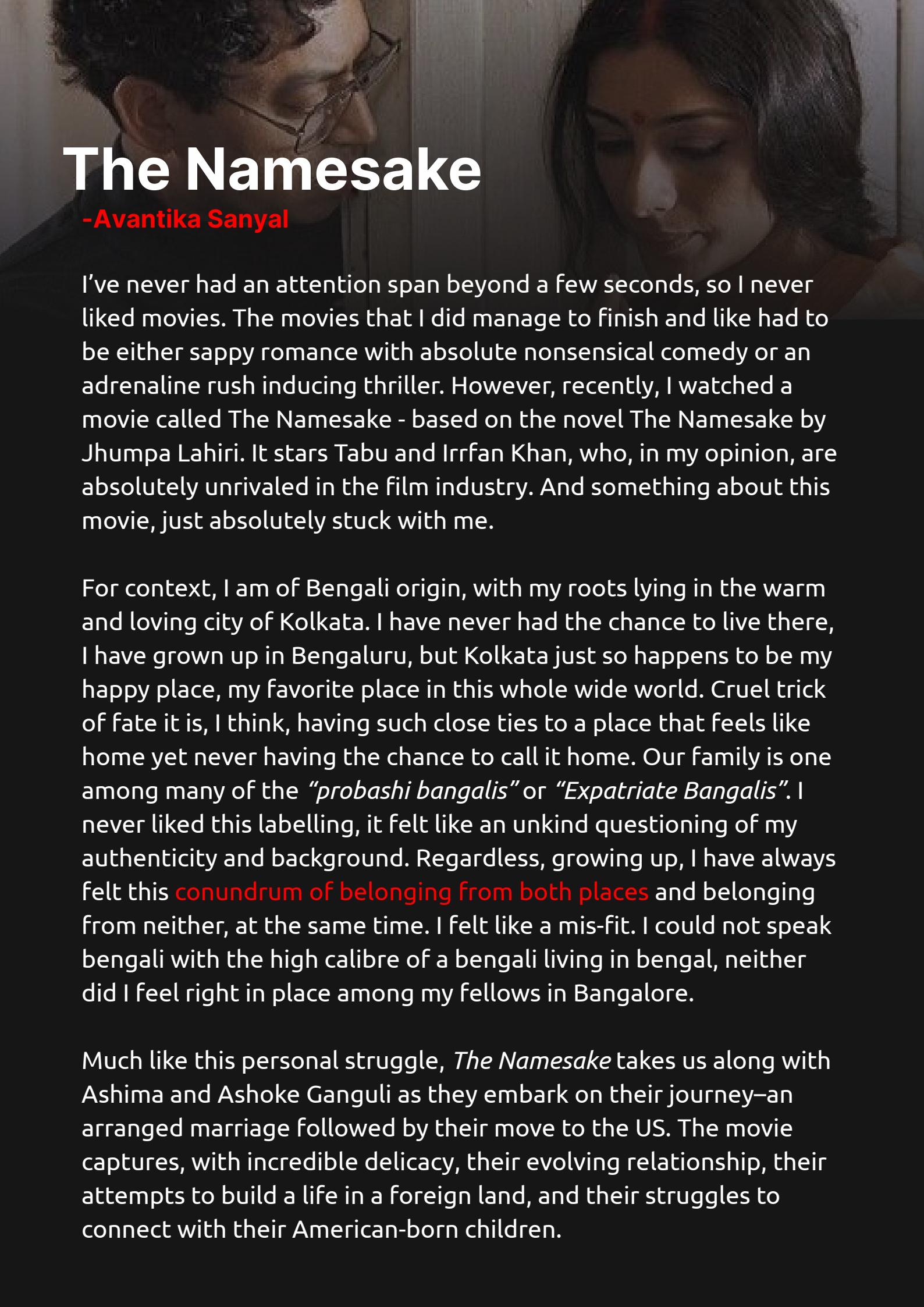
In this uniform void, a man is seen:  
His shirt is colourful, his face is alight  
He surrounds himself with a mirth that is bright.  
An upstanding figure, he shrinks and ducks,  
To avoid being struck by the nameless schmucks.  
He moves with remarkable ease,  
At peace with himself, with no one to please:  
Dallying in the face of conformity's pace,  
He climbs the footbridge across the tracks, with a happy heart and a  
beaming face,  
Towards the Northbound platform.



The bridge grows emptier,  
The crowds recede and the screams grow quieter.  
He reaches his platform to find only three other mates;  
Northbound trains are few but never late.

The others below, lost in their flood,  
Ride the Southbound trains, part of the mud.  
But not him, no—he's made his own way,  
Choosing the Northbound, where the future holds sway.

He boards the train, the door softly clicks,  
A departure from chaos, from life's cruel tricks.  
The train hums on, as the station fades from view,  
A choice to be different, a journey anew.



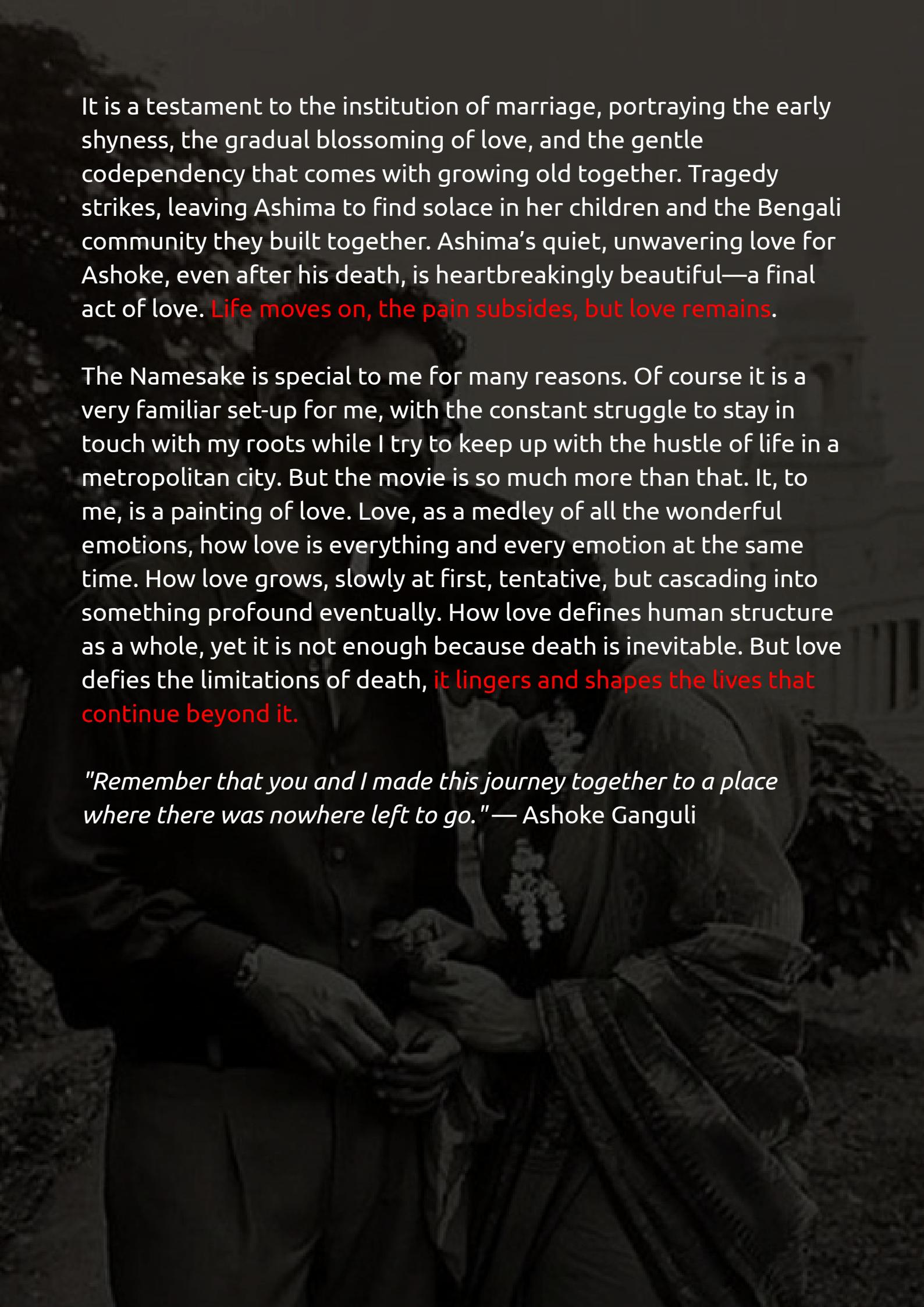
# The Namesake

-Avantika Sanyal

I've never had an attention span beyond a few seconds, so I never liked movies. The movies that I did manage to finish and like had to be either sappy romance with absolute nonsensical comedy or an adrenaline rush inducing thriller. However, recently, I watched a movie called *The Namesake* - based on the novel *The Namesake* by Jhumpa Lahiri. It stars Tabu and Irrfan Khan, who, in my opinion, are absolutely unrivaled in the film industry. And something about this movie, just absolutely stuck with me.

For context, I am of Bengali origin, with my roots lying in the warm and loving city of Kolkata. I have never had the chance to live there, I have grown up in Bengaluru, but Kolkata just so happens to be my happy place, my favorite place in this whole wide world. Cruel trick of fate it is, I think, having such close ties to a place that feels like home yet never having the chance to call it home. Our family is one among many of the "*probashi bangalis*" or "*Expatriate Bangalis*". I never liked this labelling, it felt like an unkind questioning of my authenticity and background. Regardless, growing up, I have always felt this **conundrum of belonging from both places** and belonging from neither, at the same time. I felt like a mis-fit. I could not speak bengali with the high calibre of a bengali living in bengal, neither did I feel right in place among my fellows in Bangalore.

Much like this personal struggle, *The Namesake* takes us along with Ashima and Ashoke Ganguli as they embark on their journey—an arranged marriage followed by their move to the US. The movie captures, with incredible delicacy, their evolving relationship, their attempts to build a life in a foreign land, and their struggles to connect with their American-born children.



It is a testament to the institution of marriage, portraying the early shyness, the gradual blossoming of love, and the gentle codependency that comes with growing old together. Tragedy strikes, leaving Ashima to find solace in her children and the Bengali community they built together. Ashima's quiet, unwavering love for Ashoke, even after his death, is heartbreakingly beautiful—a final act of love. **Life moves on, the pain subsides, but love remains.**

The Namesake is special to me for many reasons. Of course it is a very familiar set-up for me, with the constant struggle to stay in touch with my roots while I try to keep up with the hustle of life in a metropolitan city. But the movie is so much more than that. It, to me, is a painting of love. Love, as a medley of all the wonderful emotions, how love is everything and every emotion at the same time. How love grows, slowly at first, tentative, but cascading into something profound eventually. How love defines human structure as a whole, yet it is not enough because death is inevitable. But love defies the limitations of death, **it lingers and shapes the lives that continue beyond it.**

*"Remember that you and I made this journey together to a place where there was nowhere left to go."*— Ashoke Ganguli



# Requiem for a Dream

-TS Saumyaa

*A Vision of Beauty, Ruin and Despair*

"Marion? Marion?"

*"Don't worry, you're in a hospital."*

"Marion?"

*"Who's that? She'll be sent for, she'll come."*

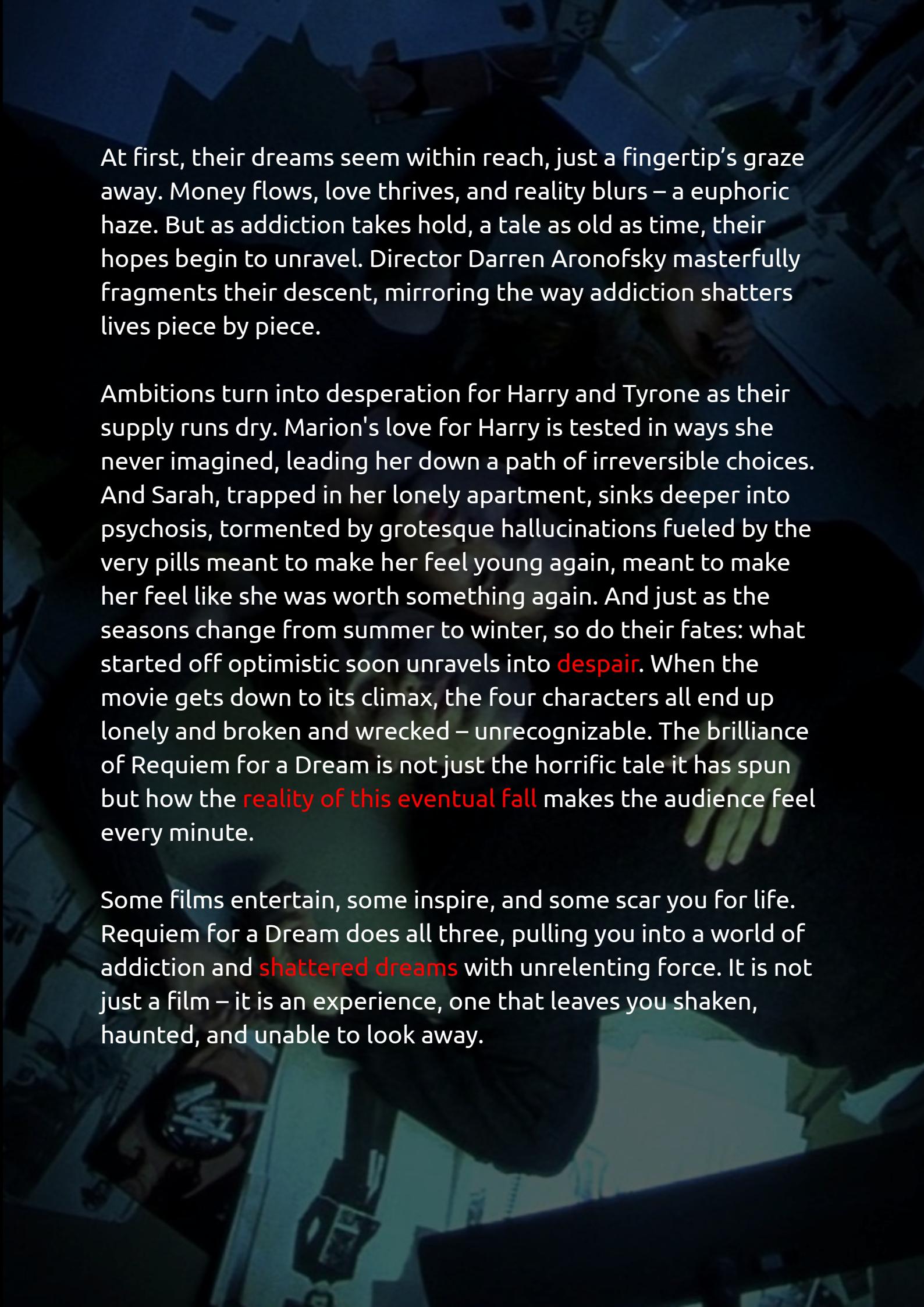
"No... she won't."

*"She'll come."*

"No... she won't come."

What happens when dreams turn into **nightmares**? Requiem for a Dream answers this question in the most brutal and unforgettable way possible, taking viewers on a visually stunning and emotionally devastating journey.

A movie that lingers in the mind post credits-roll, Requiem for a Dream follows four characters, each driven by different desires, but ultimately unable to escape the same **vicious cycle of addiction** as they **chase their own version of happiness**. Harry Goldfarb (Jared Leto) and his best friend Tyrone (Marlon Wayans) dream of making it big as drug dealers, hoping to escape their bleak reality. Harry's girlfriend, Marion (Jennifer Connelly), clings to the thought of building a future with him, her artistic ambitions a fragile lifeline. Meanwhile, Sarah Goldfarb (Ellen Burstyn), Harry's aging mother, pursues an unconventional vision of self-worth – obsessed with losing weight for a television appearance, she falls victim to an addiction as destructive as, if not more than, her son's.



At first, their dreams seem within reach, just a fingertip's graze away. Money flows, love thrives, and reality blurs – a euphoric haze. But as addiction takes hold, a tale as old as time, their hopes begin to unravel. Director Darren Aronofsky masterfully fragments their descent, mirroring the way addiction shatters lives piece by piece.

Ambitions turn into desperation for Harry and Tyrone as their supply runs dry. Marion's love for Harry is tested in ways she never imagined, leading her down a path of irreversible choices. And Sarah, trapped in her lonely apartment, sinks deeper into psychosis, tormented by grotesque hallucinations fueled by the very pills meant to make her feel young again, meant to make her feel like she was worth something again. And just as the seasons change from summer to winter, so do their fates: what started off optimistic soon unravels into **despair**. When the movie gets down to its climax, the four characters all end up lonely and broken and wrecked – unrecognizable. The brilliance of Requiem for a Dream is not just the horrific tale it has spun but how the **reality of this eventual fall** makes the audience feel every minute.

Some films entertain, some inspire, and some scar you for life. Requiem for a Dream does all three, pulling you into a world of addiction and **shattered dreams** with unrelenting force. It is not just a film – it is an experience, one that leaves you shaken, haunted, and unable to look away.



# Gothic Horror is SO back

-Ashwin Nair

Hollywood fell into hard times when it came to horror, a genre famously preoccupied with redundant franchises, or cheap attempts at making one. So, when I heard that Robert Eggers, a filmmaker infamous for his psychological thrillers like 'The Lighthouse' etc was remaking the 1920 Noir horror classic 'Nosferatu', giddy excitement would be an underwhelming description of my state of mind.

The story takes place in the German town of Weisberg, a departure from the setting of the actual original source material, Bram Stoker's Dracula, which took place in Transylvania, Romania. The opening scene gives us a glimpse into the terrifying psychosis the protagonist, Ellen Hutter experiences, portraying her confusingly erotic but creepy brushes of death with this dark broody mystical figure. It is clear from the inception that Ellen shares a deep connection with this figure, albeit disturbing and violent.

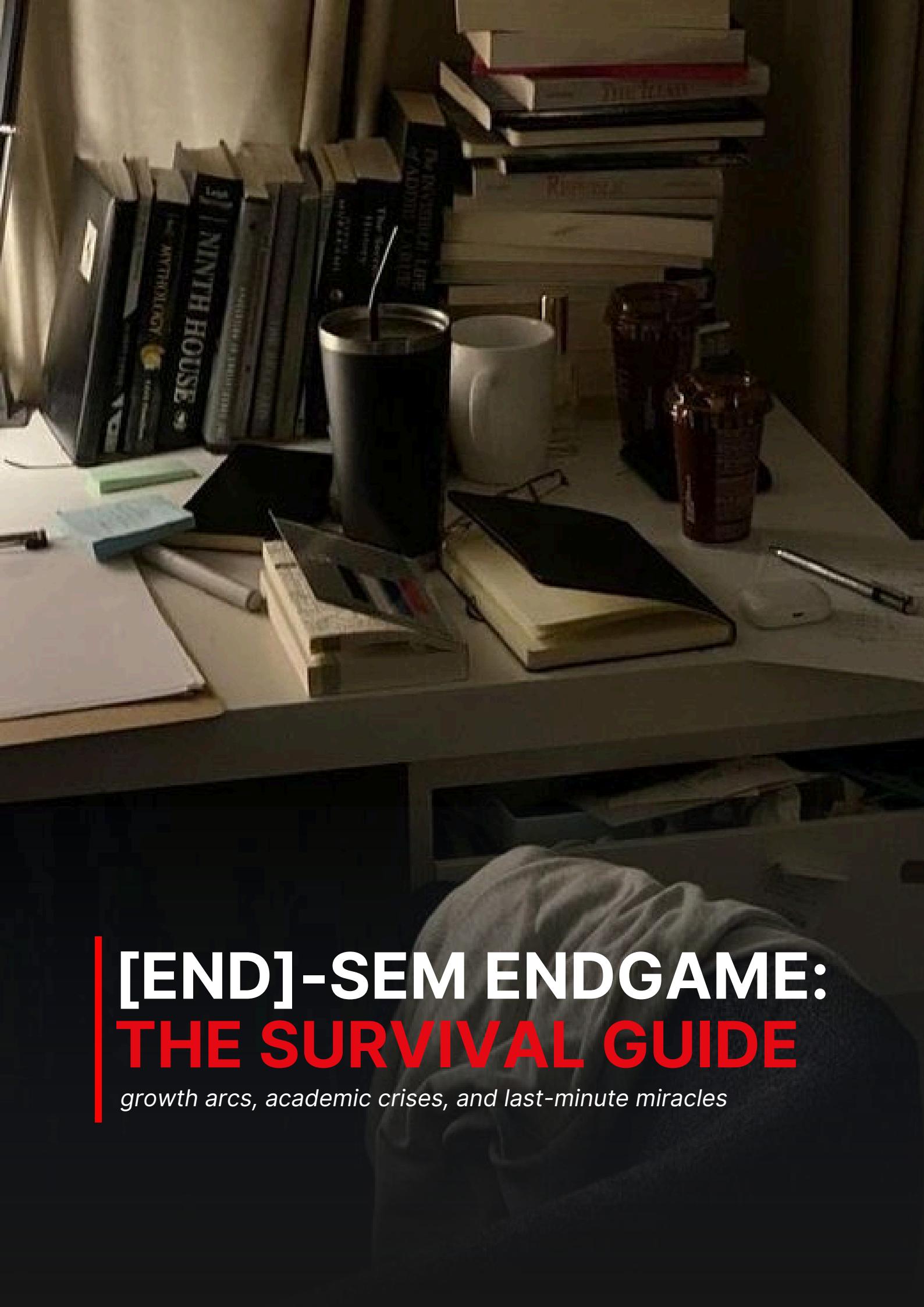
The original Nosferatu released in 1920 is considered to be one of the most influential movies of all time. Thus, Eggers was already walking on eggshells when he began filming. The set pieces are beautiful, with serene backdrops and stunning sceneries. The choice of using the snowy hillsides of Romania as the residence of the Count was commendable.

The highlight of the film has to be the first meeting of Thomas Hutter (Ellen's husband) with Count Orlok. What was supposed to be a simple real estate sale turns into a horrific reality, as Thomas slowly realizes the sinister vibe of the castle and the monster-esque inhuman appearance of the Count. The pristine cinematography paired with the amazing soundtrack raises the tension of this scene, using only natural candlelight, and a huge fireplace, as would be the norm in 1800s Germany.

Lily Rose Depp gives the performance of a lifetime, nailing the portrayal of a desperate, afraid but brave main character, whose only wish is to understand this nefarious entity, that keeps communicating with her. Bill Skarsgård does an amazing job as the Count. I personally was very pleased with the direction they took with the character, steering it away from the generic handsome charming, garlic-hating vampire, aiming for a grittier, more-accurate-to-the-source Dracula.

The final act of the movie leaves no stone unturned. Willem DaFoe's character, though minor, plays a crucial role in the climax. This was definitely one of the more understood-the assignment horror movies in recent years, paralleled by, I would say, Scream, which found solace in its absurdness. This is a highly recommended watch for horror enthusiasts, and cinephiles in general. Amazing atmosphere, emotion rich acting, breathtaking cinematography and Willem DaFoe, who's an absolute treat to watch in whatever he stars in.

Would give this a 9/10.  
Minus one point for the lack of garlic :/

The background of the image shows a study desk in a dimly lit room. On the desk, there are several stacks of books, a silver lamp, a white mug, and a small bottle. A person's head is visible in the foreground, resting on their hand, suggesting exhaustion or deep concentration.

# [END]-SEM ENDGAME: THE SURVIVAL GUIDE

*growth arcs, academic crises, and last-minute miracles*



# OH HERE WE GO AGAIN...

- Eshika Gupta

TICK TICK BOOM  
IT'S THAT TIME OF THE SEMESTER AGAIN.  
DEATH GRIP ON YOUR SOCIAL LIFE  
CAFFEINE REPLACING THE BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS  
WELCOME TO MIDSEM MAYHEM-  
A DISSERTATION OF YOUR MENTAL BREAKDOWN.

## **Chapter One: The Queen's Gambit**

Blank Stare. The dull gleam of your laptop brightens the room. The soft snores of your roommate empowering you to give up. Your bed and table resemble a battlefield cluttered with notes and empty Apoorva deliveries.

This is the critical moment where you rack your brains to focus, but it is already in coma.

Weaponize yourself with pens and highlighters and a rough notebook. Lay them out and send out good vibes, 'I cry a lot but i am so productive, its an art!'

Keep chocolates right next to you as a reward for completing each topic (works for me every single time). A pat in the back is the best incentive for a night of rigorous cramming.

Do you wish to kick off the season with a bounty of tears or save it for the halftime show? Its your call!

## **Chapter Two: Squid Game**

You snooze, you lose! Check out the syllabus and the weighted topics, start with them, get a doable grasp before you shove a chocolate in your mouth. After relishing the treat, review what you have done and whether you actually recall it; if not, BEEEP you are out of the game(not really). Take a break now, and cry.

Its alright. We get it.

Alliances can make or break you. A reliable study partner is your Golden Snitch. Share resources, quiz each other and crack your head on impenetrable numericals. Friends who have breakdowns together, stay together.

## **Chapter Three: The Game Of Notes**

You open your notebook. The first couple of pages would be the ones you took down during the beginning of the semester while you were still pretending to be a model student, fresh out in the world.

The middle section puts Egyptian Hieroglyphics to shame where your illegible scribbles make the appearance.

And all of a sudden, without any warning, your notes end in a cliffhanger. This is the point you went to class just for the sake of attendance.

Now under influence of 3 mugs of coffee, maggi and chips (take note i didn't include the chocolates), these jottings seem to be written in binary while you comprehend only decimal.

## **Chapter Four: Hello You**

This is when existential dilemma kicks in but you need to power through. Otherwise it would be you in a glass cage and your CGPA playing Joe Goldberg. Now we do not want that do we? But then again how many of Joe's victims did survive..?

On a more exciting note, this revelation makes you embrace the anxiety and pressure, use them as catalysts and surge ahead.

"Just one more slide" Whisper the mantra till it works.

## **Chapter Five: Avengers-Endgame**

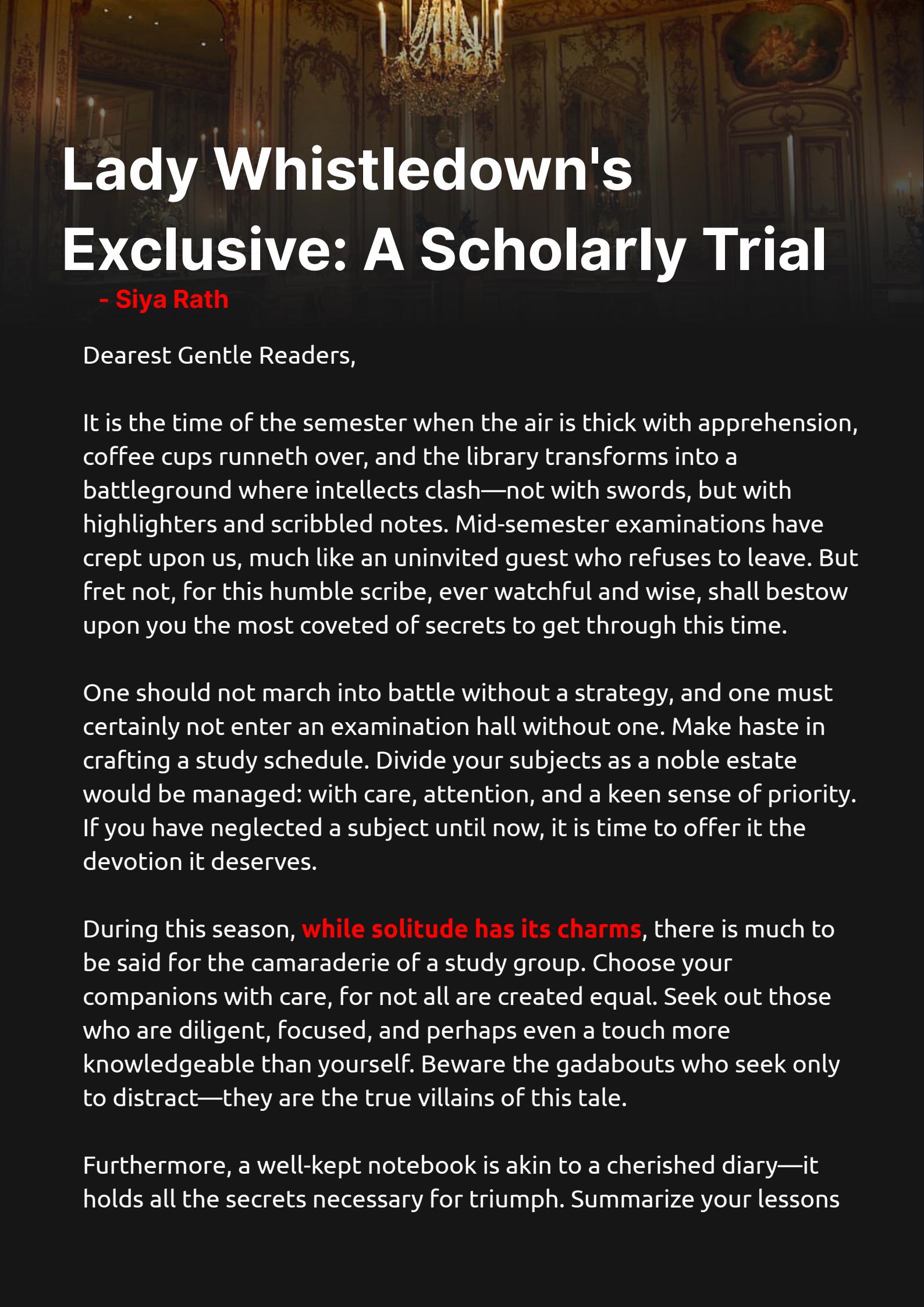
It's time for the ultimate showdown. The exam hall looms ahead.

Visualize yourself as the protagonist ready to conquer or die trying.

As the E-pad counts down the last 5 seconds, you feel liberated having given your best. You exit the room and breathe in the sweet smell of the spring air.

The Elysian moment lasts for a moment after which you remember that another exam is due tomorrow.

Repeat. Rewind.



# Lady Whistledown's Exclusive: A Scholarly Trial

- Siya Rath

Dearest Gentle Readers,

It is the time of the semester when the air is thick with apprehension, coffee cups runneth over, and the library transforms into a battleground where intellects clash—not with swords, but with highlighters and scribbled notes. Mid-semester examinations have crept upon us, much like an uninvited guest who refuses to leave. But fret not, for this humble scribe, ever watchful and wise, shall bestow upon you the most coveted of secrets to get through this time.

One should not march into battle without a strategy, and one must certainly not enter an examination hall without one. Make haste in crafting a study schedule. Divide your subjects as a noble estate would be managed: with care, attention, and a keen sense of priority. If you have neglected a subject until now, it is time to offer it the devotion it deserves.

During this season, **while solitude has its charms**, there is much to be said for the camaraderie of a study group. Choose your companions with care, for not all are created equal. Seek out those who are diligent, focused, and perhaps even a touch more knowledgeable than yourself. Beware the gadabouts who seek only to distract—they are the true villains of this tale.

Furthermore, a well-kept notebook is akin to a cherished diary—it holds all the secrets necessary for triumph. Summarize your lessons

in a manner that is both concise and effective. Those who rely solely on last-minute cramming shall find themselves at the mercy of fortune, which, as we all know, is a fickle mistress.

I implore you, **do not fall prey to the siren call of all-nighters**. While it may seem noble to sacrifice sleep in the name of academia, the truth is far less romantic. A weary mind is a muddled mind, and no amount of caffeine can truly compensate for the restorative powers of a good night's rest.

Amidst the chaos of midsems, do not neglect the care of your person. A brisk walk in the fresh air can do wonders for the spirit, and a nourishing meal shall fortify you for the battles ahead. Indulge in the occasional treat—a cup of tea, a slice of cake, or a moment spent in quiet reflection.

Finally, remember that midsems are but a fleeting moment in the grand tapestry of your life. While they may seem all-consuming now, they shall soon pass, leaving only memories in their wake. Do not allow them to define you, nor to rob you of your joy. You are more than your grades, dear reader, and your worth is not measured by a single exam.

And so, take heed of these words and venture forth into the week ahead with courage, wisdom, and an unwavering resolve. May your quills be swift, your minds sharper than the keenest blade, and your grades reflect the grandeur of your efforts.

Yours in ink and scholarship,  
**Lady Whistledown**



# The Imposter

- Urja Srivastava

You know those people who seem to have it all together? The most active responders in class, the ones who are in every college event, a member of every student club you could think of, probably working on a student project, and yet somehow maintaining a perfect CGPA that feels completely out of reach? Every time exams approach, I can't help but compare myself to them. It reminds me of the time when an adult in my life once told me, "**If they can do it, what's stopping you from doing it too?**"

Exam season inevitably brings with it a wave of imposter syndrome, even when you're doing a lot. Nothing ever feels like enough. No matter how hard you try, it never seems good enough. Two weeks before midsems, and I start questioning everything-if I'm even meant for this degree, if all this effort will ever be worth it, if I even belong here. The doubts creep in: **Why this? Why me? When does it end?**

I've battled this feeling too many times, yet I still don't have a clear answer. It's so tempting to give in to the voice that says, "You'll never be good at this, so what's the point?" Avoiding the studying feels easier than facing the fear of failing. Writing it down now, I know how irrational it sounds, but in the moment, it all feels so real. At one point, I asked a few seniors if this was just an isolated experience. Turns out- it's not. Even the people who seem the most confident, the most put together, struggle with the same feelings. Knowing that I'm not alone, that this isn't proof of inadequacy but just a part of the journey, is oddly comforting. I wish no one ever had to bond over something like this, but it helps to know that it does, in fact, get better and that all of this is worth it after all.

So if you're feeling anything along the same lines, just remember: **the only way out is through.**

You are not alone in this. And maybe, just maybe, the people you think have it all figured out feel just as lost as you do.

# How to Fail a Test in 10 Ways

- Harshini Kishore Kumar

Are you tired of the pressure to score a good GPA? You're not here to 'ace' anything, you're here to survive. Well, guess what? Even that is optional. If you want to fail your exams with style, grace, and zero shame, then buckle up. Let's make your GPA plummet faster than your attention in an 8 am class. Here is a foolproof guide to ensuring you crash and burn in your exams with absolute precision.

## 1. Start Studying the Night Before

Nothing screams 'engineering student' like opening your textbook for the first time 6 hours before your exam. Why waste weeks preparing when you can binge-watch Netflix, scroll endlessly through social media, and then attempt to absorb an entire textbook in a single night? Let the brain rot content get to you. The adrenaline rush will give you false hope....and the inevitable brain fog during the exam. Always trust your concoction of coffee powder mixed in with room temperature water.

## 2. Ignore Every Lecture Until Attendance Becomes an Issue

If your professor recognizes you, you've already failed at failing properly. Attending class is for people who plan on having an actual future. Real engineers and scientists thrive on lecture slides they find two hours before the exam. Besides, you "passed" that one midsem by guessing everything. Surely, the endsems won't be any different.

## 3. Rely Entirely on Luck

Who needs preparation when you have the divine powers of the universe on your side? Forget studying—just carry a lucky pen, trust the person in front of you who knows no more than you, and believe that the cosmic forces will miraculously guide you to the right answers.

## 4. Spend More Time Complaining About Exams Than Studying for Them

Organize a protest. Write an angry note on your Insta story. Start a petition to cancel exams because the real test is life itself. Make sure to dedicate at least three hours to complaining before realizing the exam is tomorrow. Create a conspiracy theory about how your professor is secretly plotting your downfall. Anything but opening your notes, that is if you even have any. Bonus points if your entire study group is doing the same and pro tip, spare your roommate. Trust me, there are other ways to get a 10 CGPA.

## **5. Deceive Your Friends**

Tell your friends that you aren't studying for the exam because it's easy. Doing that will demotivate them. GPA is relative now isn't it?

## **6. Invent New Scientific Theories in Your Answers**

Who says the laws of science are fixed? If your answer doesn't match the textbook, just claim you've discovered a new branch of science. Call it 'Theoretical Hyper Quantum Mechanics' and gaslight your professor till they question their own degree. You can always copy-paste formulas from the formula book when you blank out.

## **7. Overcomplicate your answers to seem smarter.**

The boiling point of water isn't 100°C. Instead, it is, 'Under standard atmospheric pressure at sea level, the phase transition of H<sub>2</sub>O molecules from liquid to vapour occurs at approximately 373.15 Kelvin.'

And there you have it—your guaranteed way to academic disaster! Now, if you actually want to pass... well, that's your problem

## **8. Forget scrolling to the very end of your question paper**

Another easy way to lose marks for free is to ignore the four markers at the end. What you can't see, doesn't exist.

## **9. Forget Essential Supplies**

Show up with just your existential crisis—it's a statement. You don't need an ID or an admit card. And you should forget your calculator because the calculator in the E-pad is definitely advanced enough to solve matrices.

## **10. Blame the Syllabus, Not Yourself**

If all else fails, rant about how the exam was 'out of syllabus' even if it wasn't. Even if it was taught at 4:15 pm on a full day, remember that you're never wrong—the system is. Your failure has nothing to do with you.





# LOVE IS IN THE AIR

*butterflies, iced tea, skin care*



# Ripples of Love

- Vaishnavi Dixit

The mornings when you were younger were just a string of ordinary things turned beautiful; filled with the sweet aroma of chai, the bells of the temple in front of your house, and the hope for a good day ahead. Growing up in a household like mine, love had a new definition each day. One day, it was sharing your plate of maggi with your sister. The other day, it was the smile on your parents' faces after you scored good grades. On a random Thursday, it was the feeling of true bliss of being with family, people who love you, and most of all, endure everything you do. And occasionally, it was the silence that came with being on your own when your parents went out for groceries.

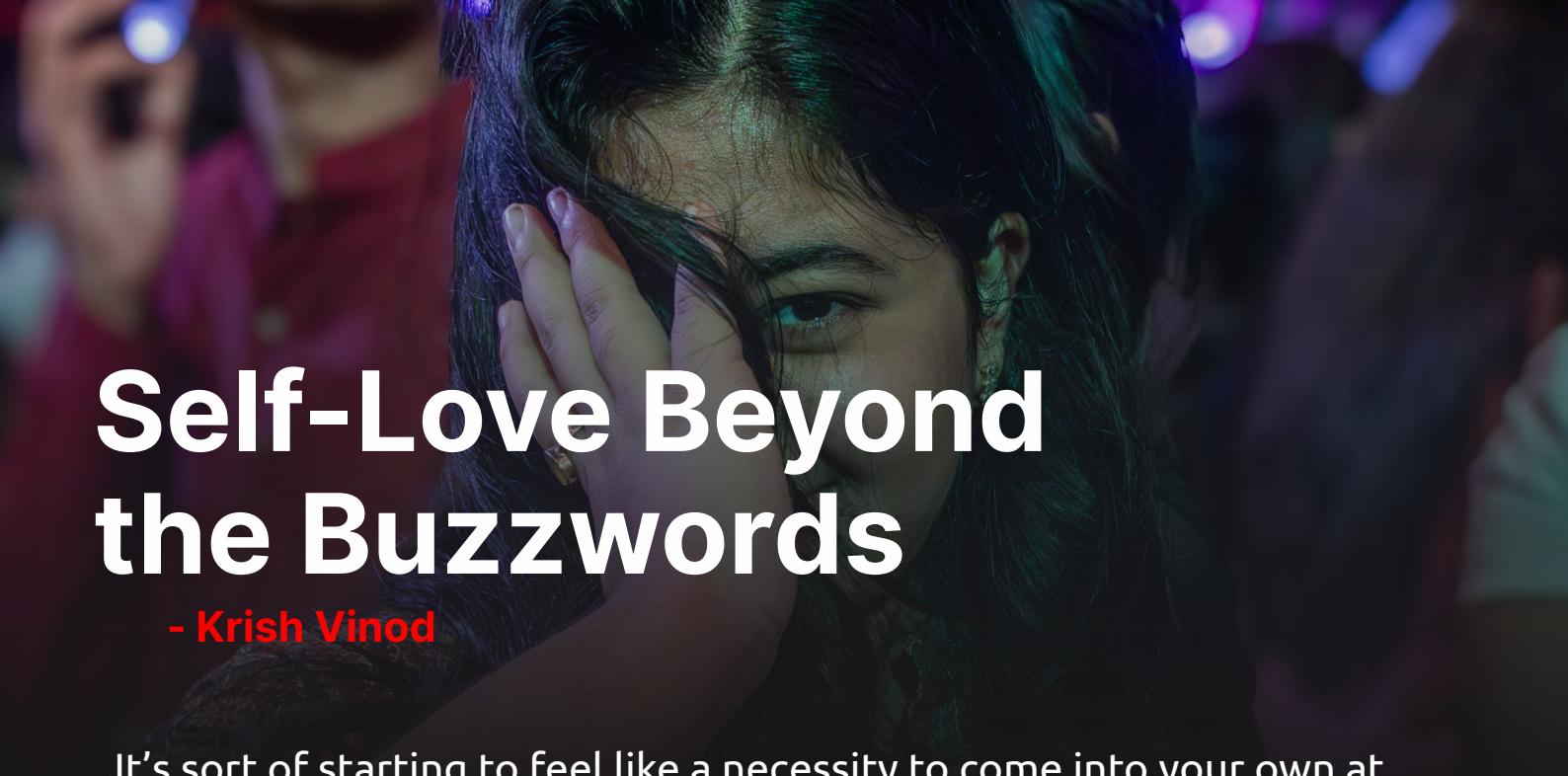
Endurance, sometimes, becomes the other face of love growing up. The fights with your siblings, the arguments in the car, slowly turn into a plate of cut fruits ready on your table, and a family game of cards the next day. You go back and forth, trying to understand love as you know it. The evenings are filled with games with friends, and sweet gossip sitting on the park bench. With time, one starts to wonder if love really comes with conditions, no arguments, and no disagreements. **Or is it being there for the people you love in spite of all these not-so-pretty flaws?**

And then one day you are 18, with your bags in yet another new city, carrying the same old questions. The air now holds new hopes, new dreams, the evenings filled with new people, and new smiles. You see people around you with a flutter in their step, talking about their newfound love, maybe in a friend, or maybe in someone who's more than a friend.

It all starts piling up, the photos they post, the smiles they have, the stories they tell while you stand there listening intently. The week leading up to Valentine's, almost everyone walking with flowers and gifts in their hands, the people you see returning from dinners. Love seems to surround you, in ways you didn't want.

In the middle of all this chaos, you fail to notice your friends calling you for another game of charades. Your roommate asking you if you ate, your classmate helping you during exams. You fail to notice their helping hands, the love they envelop you with through their simple acts. And even more so, you never seem to notice that love is with you, even when no one is. When you take yourself out for a walk, how the birds chirp a little sweeter, how the sun shines a little brighter, and how the campus dogs follow you around.

Days, weeks, and months go by, and you see how easy it is—to share love, to experience love, but only if you look in the right places. Love is indeed endurance, patience, worry, and care. **Love is something you find in everyone and everything.** You find it looking in the mirror, and you find it looking into a friend's eyes. You find it in the laughter that echoes through the room, and in the arguments before making up. Slowly but surely, all your doubts shed from you as a flower from a branch, making way for new blossoms.



# Self-Love Beyond the Buzzwords

- Krish Vinod

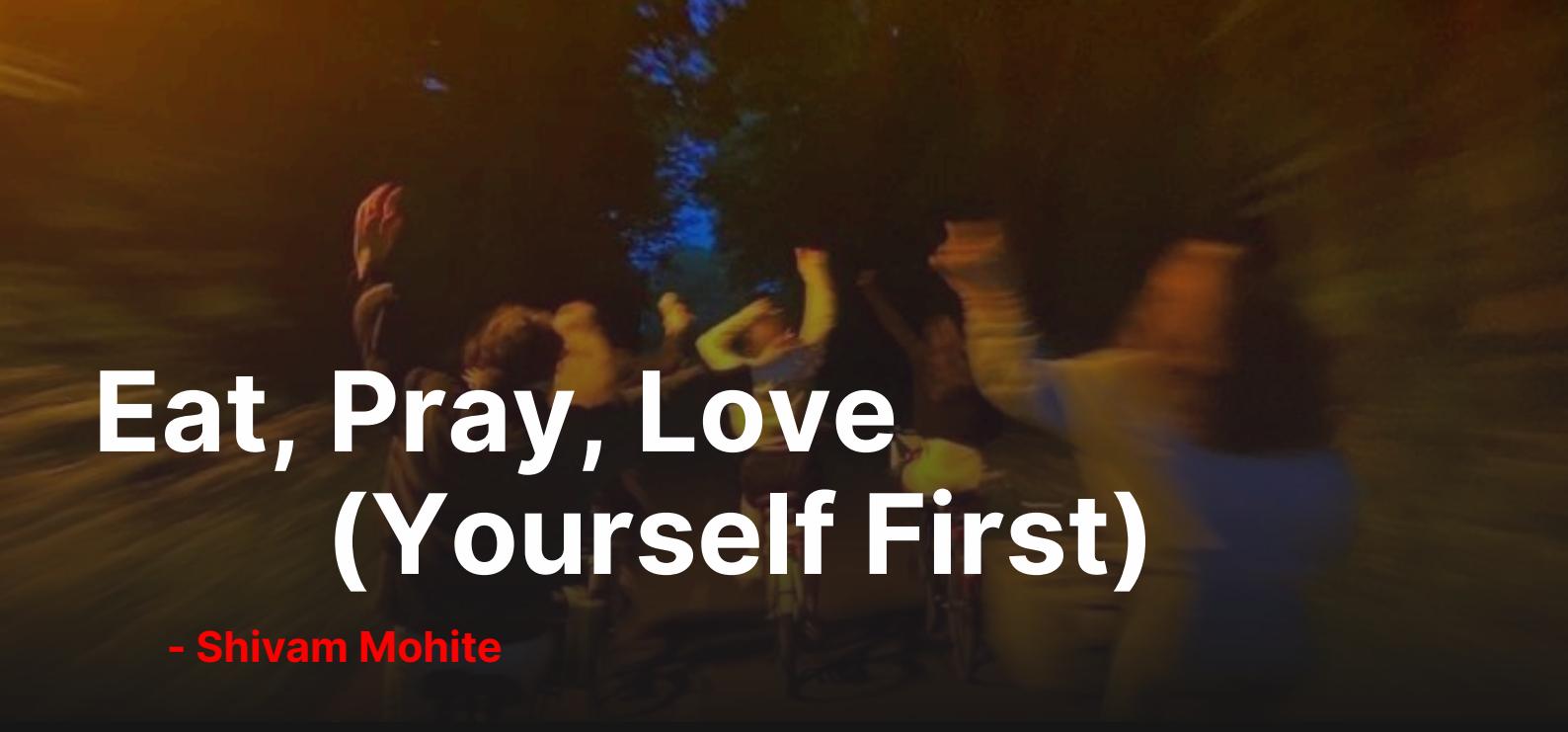
It's sort of starting to feel like a necessity to come into your own at some specific point in your life and figure out everything; maybe that be emotionally, mentally or even academically. Making the move to completely trust yourself is weird and scary but at times also fun and revelatory. To be that conscious of one's physical, mental and psychological self, to expect that sort of symphony from yourself is a tall order. I imagine that having that kind of harmony between yourself and funny enough; yourself, would be an out-of-body experience. Commonly, one's insecurities manifest in a few well-known ways. Body dysmorphia, self-esteem issues, familial stress, isolation and many more. And the standard solution is "**love yourself no matter what**".

We live in a world where we're so exposed to others, that there's a torrent of comments and unflinching opinions on you or others that you come across which sometimes become a root cause of these issues, that even the most removed people feel these emotions. There are just too many variables at play. Each individual has different difficulties and something different to offer. To expect yourself to fix everything in a given amount of time is not possible, many people put that pressure on themselves and lose the meaning of what the entire process is about. It does take time, and one of the biggest steps in that direction is giving yourself that grace and taking that time to heal and understand.

Calling on to the seminal 2024 body horror film; 'The Substance' which deals with how the way culture has damaged our perception of our bodies. There's an upper limit when it comes to age especially for women until their worth can be measured and after that time elapses they are not pertinent. In the film, portrayed expertly by Demi Moore, all those physical insecurities that come with ageing come to the surface when a production executive plans to replace her with a younger woman for a job she has been the best at and has kept her at the top for almost her whole working lifetime. She didn't realise that her time had come to an end. Always seen as the model for perfection she never realised the need to preserve and love herself and her sanity because everyone loved her until they didn't. Ultimately, triggering a self-destructive journey. How does she figure out herself, and dismantle deep-rooted insecurities in her fifties after being the ideal standard for so long?

The entire journey has regrettably been packaged into a marketable statement, 'Just love yourself' which is the core of this process, but it makes people believe following a few steps gets you to that end goal. Sometimes those few steps are required to get you going or drive you to go further, but the majority of it lies in interpreting and dismantling your issues one at a time and giving yourself the time to create a safe space to express those sentiments. Feeling self-indulgent by taking time to recalibrate from something you've experienced is natural but also imperative. It is a journey you may take with others, but eventually, **you make your way by understanding your individuality.**





# Eat, Pray, Love (Yourself First)

- Shivam Mohite

किसने कहा कि सिर्फ आशिकी में  
आशियाना होता है?  
दरयाप्त तो करो,  
ऐसे कुछ दोस्ताना भी होता है।  
बेवफ़ा तो बस कहने की बात होगी,  
बेक़िफ़र हम क्योंकि किसी और की अमानत  
नहीं होगी।  
दूसरों के लिए लिखे लफ़ज़,  
कमी खुद के लिए भी कुछ अल्फ़ाज़ लिख लो।  
दूसरों से पहले अपने आप से प्यार  
करना सीखो,  
तभी तो बरसात के बाद बहार होगी।



# Is your person in a k-drama or a simple comfort movie?

- Rutuja Deolalikar

Ever had a Velcro friend who gets all worked up when you forget to ask if they want to go to the mess together? Or has someone love-bombed you at 3 a.m., three days, three hours, and thirty minutes into the relationship? Ever heard your sibling sing *Do You Want to Build a Snowman?* through a locked door when you kicked them out because they kept pushing you for your love life tea? Wait, or maybe you're not on the receiving end, but rather, the one giving cling-zilla.

Not everyone vibes at the same emotional intensity, and more often than not, the person doing the most will feel like they mean less to you than you do to them, earning yourself a one-way ticket into their ranting journal. On the other hand, when one person in any kind of relationship—romantic, platonic, or family—expects more emotional attachment than you're comfortable with, things can go haywire real quick. Whether we like it or not, we've all been on both sides.

Balancing the expectations and reality of what someone is comfortable offering can be extremely difficult, especially when you feel as deeply as Anna from *Frozen* (girl wanted to marry him not even hours into knowing the guy). But here's the kicker: not everyone is built to handle that level of emotional energy all the time. Some people thrive on it (bless their hearts), but for others, it can feel draining. **Think of it like a rollercoaster ride**—some people are all in for the K-drama life, wanting to feel those highs and lows while coddling their person. They're ready to pour out their hearts, from the tidbits of their childhood to the problems in their family dynamics; they want you to know everything.

It's not a bad thing—it's just human nature. We all process emotions differently, and when expectations collide, it can create a tension that's hard to navigate. Relationships are complex, and sometimes we can be too much or not enough, and that's where the real drama begins. So when your partner pulls a Taylor Swift and says, "You need to calm down," give them their space and try not to feel hurt because they do love you in the same sense that you love them.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have 15 unread messages from my Velcro friend waiting to be ignored.

Xoxo ~

# ...why should you not fall in love with a poet?

- Krish Gandhi

Filled with paradoxes is the core of ours  
For us every expression of yours is a personification of beauty  
No word of yours seems less than exaggeration  
Yet an understatement would be every loving word of ours  
No simile would be capable of comparing you with anything in this world  
A repetition will never be those three words of yours

Even the genres of writing won't be able to define you  
A comedy would be every laugh of yours  
A thriller every future story of ours  
An adventure would be a day spent with you  
A tragedy would be every moment spent apart  
A crime would be to not write about you  
A fantasy is just what you are  
Horror-filled will be the days of us poets if we part  
These are the days when your memories will hunt us in the dark  
These are the days when tears will make the ink that makes our art

We will show you what we don't show the world  
We will show you what is written yet left untold  
We will show you the parts of us that are broken yet made of gold  
What we will give you for free by another it can never be sold  
Will you be able to see such a person heartbroken and cold?

Just to feel your warmth once again, we might just burn out whole world  
Will you be at peace leaving such a true poet whose heart you own?  
Vulnerable we will be towards only you; we shall break if you depart  
Yet you will live on in our lines, you will definitely leave us scars  
You will never be forgotten; you will forever be ours  
We will write for you with our hands, bloody from rebuilding our glass hearts  
You will still feel us loving you through our art  
Gut wrenching will be the feeling for you  
You will never be able to truly hate us until our pen lasts  
You will never love us like we love you even after the days of love are past  
While you struggle to hate us, you will feel our dried tears on the page that together we wrote last

Confused about the answer now, are you?  
Are these lines too much for you to bear?  
Or is it just what you wanted but didn't have the courage to share?  
Did these lines bring you to a conclusion very unexpected?  
Do you feel like the reality and interpretation of the question were nowhere near?  
Expected a list of faults, did you? Did you find them here?

Think again for these lines you and I both will never forget  
Was it an answer from me or really a question for you when I wrote about...

**...Why should you not fall in love with a poet?**

# Chalo Toh!

- Manish Kumar

मुद्दत हुई है जो छोड़ आए थे रास्ते,  
वो मोड़ अब भी कहीं मुड़ते तो होंगे?  
उनसे कहना के हम बेवफ़ा नहीं थे,  
बस इश्क़ में मजबूर हुए होंगे।

जिसे छोड़ आए थे हम मोड़ पर,  
वो रास्ते आज भी हमको बुलाते होंगे।  
जिसे ख्वाब समझा था मैंने कभी,  
वो ख्वाब आज भी नींद से जगाते होंगे।

ज़ख्मों की तक़दीर लिखी गई थी,  
मगर हम हर दफ़ा मुस्कुराते होंगे।  
जिन आँखों में बस चाहत देखी थी,  
वहाँ आजकल आँसू भी आते होंगे।

चाहो तो हमको मिसाल-ए-दीवाना लिख दो,  
या यूँ कह दो के हम बेवफ़ा रहे होंगे।  
लिखने चले थे फ़साना-ए-दिल का,  
मगर हर दफ़ा आप ही लिखते होंगे।

पत्थर भी रोए, दरिया भी रोए,  
तेरे बिना भी जीने की आदत पड़ गई,  
अब मौत आए तो पूछकर आए।

चाहो तो हमको हवा कह लेना,  
या रेत की लकीर जिसे मिट जाना था।  
पर जो लिख दिया था मौला ने मेरे,  
उस लफ़ज़ का मतलब ज़माना समझा न था।

चाहो तो हमको कहानी कह लेना,  
या टूट गए पत्तों की रानी कह लेना।  
पर जो लिख दिया मेरे मौला ने,  
उसी को मेरी ज़िंदगानी कह लेना।

मोहब्बत भी एक दिन धूल हो जाए,  
सांझ ढल जाए, शाम हो जाए।  
जिसे रो रो के पाला था दिल में,  
वो यादों की तरह बे-नाम हो जाए।

चाहो तो क्रिस्मस का रोग लिख दें,  
या खुद को बेक़दर का दुख लिख दें।  
आखिरी दफ़ा जो नाम लिखा था तेरा,  
उसके नीचे बस "नसीब" लिख दें।



# SPECIAL EPISODES



# The Revels Gala

-Vaishnavi Dixit



Finally, after the long wait of months, the day of Revels Proshow arrives. For others, it is another random Sunday meant for unwinding after the long week, but for the students of MAHE, it is the Sunday that they have waited for since the last odd semester. The day when they wake up without an alarm, merely by the sheer excitement for the day ahead. But there is more to this day than just excitement and zest. This Sunday, unlike the others, is laced with chaos, drama and plentiful confusion.

The day begins with the normal routine of breakfast and then lunch, which then starts the ticking for the mayhem of getting ready for the night. **The chaos starts unfolding in the group chat**, with the girls planning their outfits piece by piece, paying abnormal attention to details. Everything, down to the makeup, the hair and the outfit has to be perfect for the concert. The guys, already decided with their outfits, are spamming the chat with random stickers during the conversation. The conversation finally makes it out of the phones and into one of the rooms, which becomes the green room for the night.

In the middle of all this, one of the friends will start doubting whether he wants to attend or not, and suddenly everything stops. Everyone is now trying to get this monstrous idea of missing out on the concert out of his head. They spell out every single excuse you can think of just to get that one friend to the concert! After an entire hour of someone going back and forth in this conversation, the guy finally gives in and the order is restored.

And then finally, the clock hits 6:30 and everyone has to get in the queue to get entry into the venue. Almost half of the group is late, the other half panicking, one of them can't find the verification email or screenshot, and someone or the other has lost their ID card. It almost seems as if everything had to go wrong on this particular day because of course, you can't be this irresponsible and indecisive on any other ordinary day.

At the end of the day, the whole group makes it to the concert, where they dance to their heart's content, and shout the lyrics at the top of their lungs. After an entire night of dancing in heels, and looking for water every 30 minutes, the gang finally retires to their hostel rooms and crash on the beds as soon as they enter.

But wait, the chaos doesn't end here. It begins again the next day when the person who has all the photos has somehow not woken up yet. The song for the Instagram story is decided, and the caption is certain, but the photos? The photos will make it to the group chat at an odd hour of probably 5 pm, after asking for surely the hundredth time. But who cares as long as the posts are amazing, right? Suddenly, everyone's home feed is filled with stories from last night, with a desi Bollywood party song in the background.

**And just like that, another Revels Fiesta ends.** The silence after the concert is a promise of the madness and chaos to come again next year, with even more havoc and ample drama. Until then, another semester comes and so the filler episodes begin.





# Frontline Fables

1950-2025 76 Seasons HD

**U Patriotism, Unity, Sacrifice, Freedom Struggle**

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A country's defining moment. A constitution that changed everything. Every year on January 26, India comes together to celebrate its journey as a sovereign republic. With a grand parade, powerful military displays, and vibrant cultural performances, this historic event honors the sacrifices of the past while showcasing the strength and diversity of the nation.

**Cast:** Citizens of India,  
Armed Forces, Political  
Leaders

**Genres:** National Events, Patriotic  
Celebrations, Historical  
Commemorations

**This event is:** Inspiring, Grand,  
Historic, Emotionally Stirring

-Sanidhya Mishra

Growing up as a military brat, I've been regaled with enough wild stories to fill a library—some heart-wrenching, some downright hilarious. One of my favorites comes from the time my father was deployed in Arunachal.

The troops were on an operation to hunt down an insurgent group in the forests of Arunachal. There they came across a tribal settlement which seemed to be deserted, so the troops set up a temporary camp in an abandoned hut which was empty. A few hours later, there arrived a very **old tribal lady**. Exasperated after seeing how the soldiers had made themselves at home, in her house, she rushed to take the matter up with the local tribe leader.

In her tribe, it was customary to settle any misdeed by offering a Mithun—**a hefty, prized ox revered in the region**—as compensation. The more grievous the “crime”, the more Mithuns you owe. Failure to pay? Exile. Naturally, our spunky lady demanded a Mithun from the troops for their unwelcome invasion of her home.

My father, ever the diplomat, replied, “We’re fresh out of Mithuns, but we do have a goat in our base camp.” Yes, you read that right —**a goat**. You’d expect this feisty lady to look at the goat and say, *“No goat is good enough to replace a Mithun!”* And for days, she huffed and puffed, stubbornly refusing the goat as her rightful compensation.

But here’s the twist: instead of eventually butchering the goat for a hearty meal, our unyielding lady grew strangely fond of it. The goat, which was meant to be a mere substitute for a mighty Mithun, ended up being pampered like a **royal pet**.

And thus, even amid adversity, these soldiers still manage to share moments of unexpected humor and heartwarming **camaraderie**.



# Love Letter to Theatre

-Krish Gandhi

*My Journey with Aaina Dramatics*

When someone asks me to describe **Aaina Dramatics**, only one word comes to mind—**family**. In my short time here, I have been blessed with the opportunity to interact with incredibly talented actors and amazing individuals whose lessons aren't limited to acting. The sole purpose of our presence in any play is to put on masks and have ever-changing personalities, yet it is here that I have forged some of the most genuine connections with people I never expected to befriend.

About a month or two ago, my journey with the cast of '**Samaaj Ji Ka Ladka**' began. We were an odd bunch—many of us had never even seen a street play, let alone performed in one. To make matters more challenging, two of our three directors were injured and unable to be present for a significant portion of rehearsals. We were, by all means, an underdog team. If someone had told me back then that I would grow to love my cast and this play as much as I do now, I would have called them crazy. And why wouldn't I? At the time, I had no idea of the caliber of the actors around me, how much fun they were, or how powerful the play was. A play that would one day move me to tears because of how breathtaking it looked through the eyes of the audience. A play that would leave me longing to perform it again in front of a crowd.

**Samaaj Ji Ka Ladka** tells the story of how **society** first nurtures the **artist** within us, only to cruelly destroy it. Something that all of us students relate to. The emotional attachment we had to the play and the sacrifices each of us made were overwhelming. More than anything, we wanted the audience to feel the same connection we did. But on the final day of practice, I felt that hope slipping away as we struggled with our run-throughs. Words of reassurance from my peers felt meaningless in that moment—I was devastated.

Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that the performance would move the audience to the point of speechlessness, that they would be in tears as our final scene unfolded. Even though we didn't come first, the expressions on their faces as they watched the protagonist lose his battle against society still bring tears to my eyes. No trophy could ever compare to those ninety minutes of crying in the arms of my friends, receiving heartfelt compliments from people I consider true mentors—all while getting scolded by my seniors for making them emotional too, of course.

I still remember the burning pain in my feet, the scrapes, the cramped muscles, and the fatigue from hours of daily rehearsals. It was a difficult ordeal. Yet here I am, yearning for just one more day of running on that unforgiving asphalt, watching someone get scolded for forgetting their lines and then sometimes being a victim of that, myself. The play has turned me into a kind of person that I never knew was hidden inside me. I still cherish those few hours that we took out of every day and sang, danced, laughed and cried together so much that we made pools of tears. The amount of inside jokes and amazing little bits of memories that tie us together is something that makes me pity the people that weren't there to be a part of it.

Aaina is one place where different people of different backgrounds come together to change hearts, shape minds and touch souls. Even if we don't win, you can be sure that we will deliver a performance that is just as life-altering for the audience as it was for the cast. When the dust settles and the stage is dark, when we sit with all masks removed- one line shall resonate in our hearts forever:

**"Jag ki nazron se tu na dekh, tu dekh dekh, Aaina dekh!"**



# MANIPAL ORIGINALS

Are you still watching?

**Continue Watching**

**Exit**

