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JPSOLA's Independent Student Publication

THE LIBERAL CANON



EDITOR'S NOTE

Hi there!

Welcome back to The Liberal Canon.

Welcome back to the hustle and bustle of another semester! We hope you had a fantastic break filled with relaxation and adventure. January brings with it a sense of renewal, a chance to set fresh goals and embrace new opportunities. This month marks the beginning of another chapter in our collective journey of growth and discovery.

As we navigate the challenges of the upcoming semester, let's gear up for another rollercoaster ride of academic highs and caffeine-fueled lows.

We hope you can stop and spend some time reading the amazing works that our writers have to offer.

Have fun and Happy Reading.

Here's to a new era.

See you next month.

RIYAH AMIN





LUCKY GIRL *Syndrome*

If you're anything like me and have the sudden urge to get your life together at 3 am in the morning, you've probably gone down a rabbit hole of videos explaining the law of attraction and how you can manifest your dream life. While having one of my very early midlife crisis episodes I came across the term 'Lucky Girl Syndrome' on my 6-inch screen and that sent me in a complete spiral.

Let me start by explaining what 'The Lucky Girl Syndrome' is; it is the introduction of a mindset that states if you repeatedly tell the universe how fortunate you are, you will eventually be fortunate – to manifest that luck – and be rewarded with that promotion, proposal or pay raise, depending on what you wish for. I would like to label it as an alternate term to 'Manifestation' that is exclusive to girls.

Theoretically, there aren't many flaws to this concept, it is the adaptation of a mindset that negates the existence of any negative thoughts that could let the doubts creep in or lower your self-belief; in turn hindering the arrival of opportunities that you could benefit from.

Emulating a 'Lucky Girl' is almost being blindly optimistic and having a false sense of self and the reality that surrounds you, because the crux of the concept is such that it ends up highlighting toxic positivity rather than affirmative self-belief. Toxic Positivity is the phenomenon where one suppresses negative emotions and feels pressured to display only positive emotions.

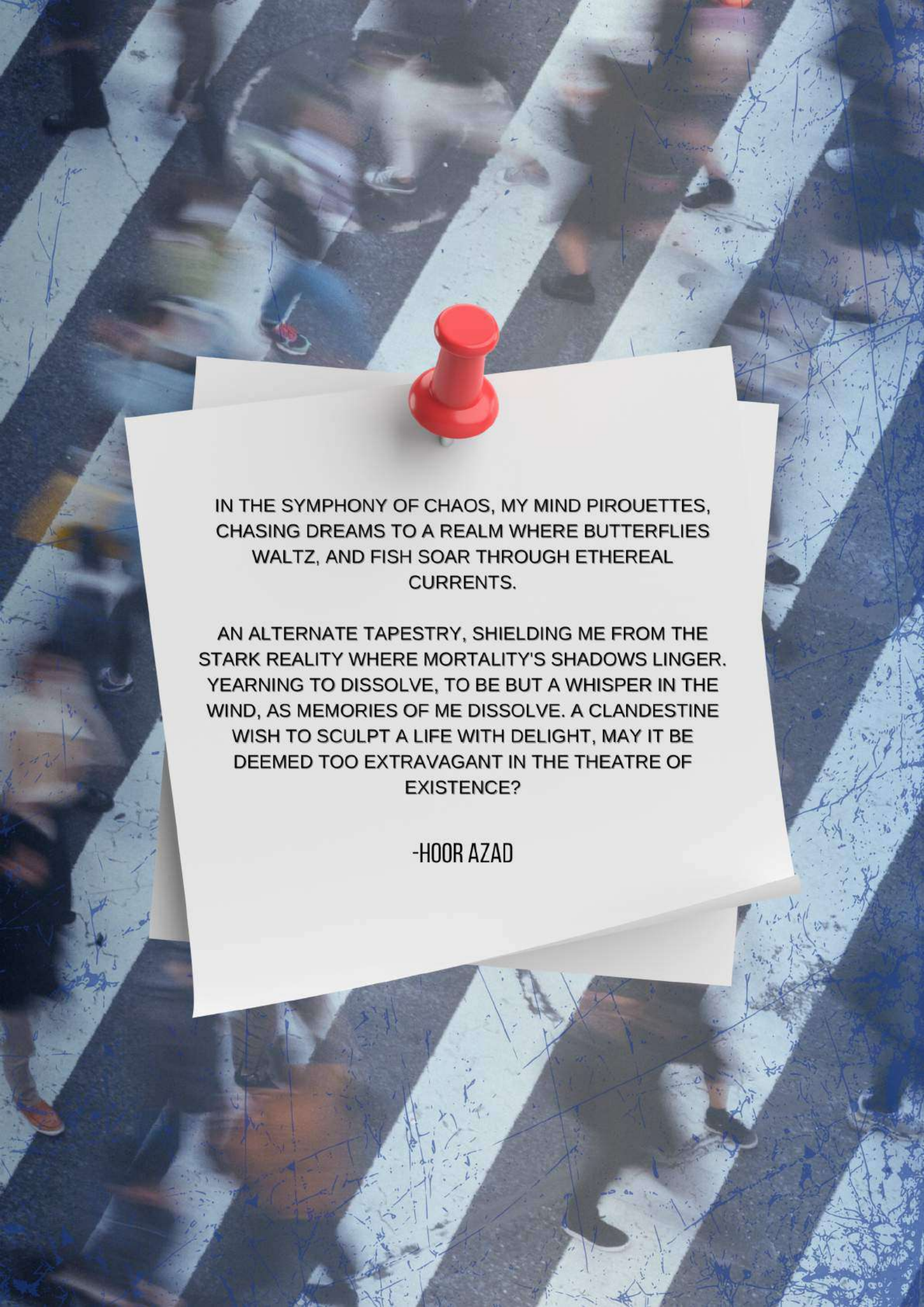
The Lucky Girl Syndrome is only based on the fact that one must constantly feel gratitude and have this positive outlook that everything that you want will come to you, but doesn't allow any room for error; the minute you have negative self-talk and self-doubt, apparently you sabotage and deprive yourself of that promotion, proposal or pay raise

The black-and-white lens of the concept doesn't allow reality to chime in, instead, it is entirely based on delusion. Negative emotions are just as natural and prevalent as positive emotions, the complete neglect of an entire spectrum of emotion doesn't quite make it a very efficient concept, it lacks balance.

The opposite of this syndrome is reality. If you start thinking logically and more realistically, you're never going to end up achieving your larger-than-life dreams. It's almost as if one is being asked to dream to reach a destination without thinking about the path they have to follow, it makes perfect sense metaphorically but in practicality, it could be deemed a flawed concept.

This syndrome has been a huge phenomenon among a lot of young girls and I'm sure has proven to be effective and caused them to have great faith in this process, I don't believe that adding one person's realistic perspective can completely negate the entire concept, but the one-dimensional nature of it all makes me question the viability of a mindset like this which is ingrained in today's generation. Is lucky girl syndrome true or is it just another hack to avoid living in the now that might be not so lucky?

Maithili Bachani



IN THE SYMPHONY OF CHAOS, MY MIND PIROUETTES,
CHASING DREAMS TO A REALM WHERE BUTTERFLIES
WALTZ, AND FISH SOAR THROUGH ETHEREAL
CURRENTS.

AN ALTERNATE TAPESTRY, SHIELDING ME FROM THE
STARK REALITY WHERE MORTALITY'S SHADOWS LINGER.
YEARNING TO DISSOLVE, TO BE BUT A WHISPER IN THE
WIND, AS MEMORIES OF ME DISSOLVE. A CLANDESTINE
WISH TO SCULPT A LIFE WITH DELIGHT, MAY IT BE
DEEMED TOO EXTRAVAGANT IN THE THEATRE OF
EXISTENCE?

-HOOR AZAD

Muse

He was a poet
And she was his rhyme

She asked him if he could stay a bit longer
But he had no time
He felt bad but left her on the spot
It wasn't his fault
He was scared of getting caught

But the girl failed to realise
And broke out crying
Things started to change
The boy was in a lot of pain

He wrote poem after poem
But couldn't find any words
His love was gone
Everything seemed miserable
And alone

Oh, he was still a poet
But his poems no longer rhymed

Lavanya

{when a city falls out of love}.

"From a distance, I heard the sound of two hearts melting, in sync with each other, dancing the night away under the stars of the old city."

The remembrance in between your fingertips will swallow you whole, in its champagne-coloured glory of 1943 and the decade will have passed but you have still spent your life dreaming of all that you were, reminiscing all that you could have been. You sit in between the ruins at 4 in the morning, "Give me back my heart," you let the words slip, defining you for who you truly are; a stranger amidst the song-laced city streets, an intruder taking what it likes and leaving what it doesn't and breaking what it likes and bleeding on what it doesn't. "Give me back my heart," you say it and you say it again but what does it mean to look over the ruins of what you once let go of, and whisper words that are incomprehensible who would know better than you, that when a city falls out of love with someone, that's when the blood comes in the form of soft thunder.

You draw constellations on your palms, to taste divinity on your fingers, but your heart is tugging on its armour as you write letters to Fortuna, praying forgiveness for loving and leaving, for taking its heart and fragmenting; deceiving. You dream of dancing barefoot on water, and leaving when you have had your fill, but your hands are shackled in the void of white lace, cherry-red darkness and a house by itself.

The memories mould a story in your heart, in the shape of the houses you have lived in and the cities you have grieved in. You look back on the night you bled fireworks, ichor mixed with life, flowing through your veins and you dwell and dwell and dwell until your withered heart reaches past the burning hands and "Give me back my heart," you say, but now it dawns on you, it was never yours to begin with.

"From a distance, I saw arms hold each other in place, eyes for only each other, for this, was their last night together, under the city of the old stars."

- *Aishani Shreshth.*

JD16 LOVES

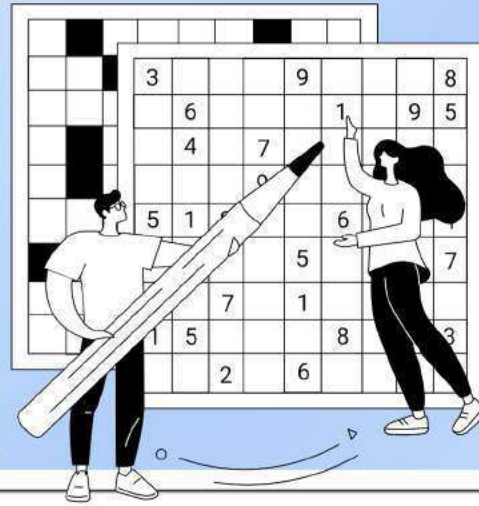


MOVIE MIGRATION	BOOK THE MOUNTAIN IS YOU	TV SHOW PERCY JACKSON AND THE OLYMPIANS	PODCAST ON PURPOSE WITH JAY SHETTY
TAKE OUT QUESSO XPRESS JUHU	GAMES CHAI AND GAMES	WORKOUTS SPINNING WOKROUT	ONLINE COURSE DIGITAL MARKETING AND ECOMMERCE : GOOGLE
INSTAPAGE @THETINYCHEFSHOW	BORED GAMES IDLE BREAKOUT	APPS LOOKUP	ONLINE SHOPS DECATHALON ONLINE
MENTAL HEALTH ORGANISATION MINDROOT FOUNDATION	SNEAKERS CONVERSE CHUCK 70	ART SIESTA BY PAUL GAUGUIN	DESTINATION FORT KOCHI, KERELA



Games & Puzzles

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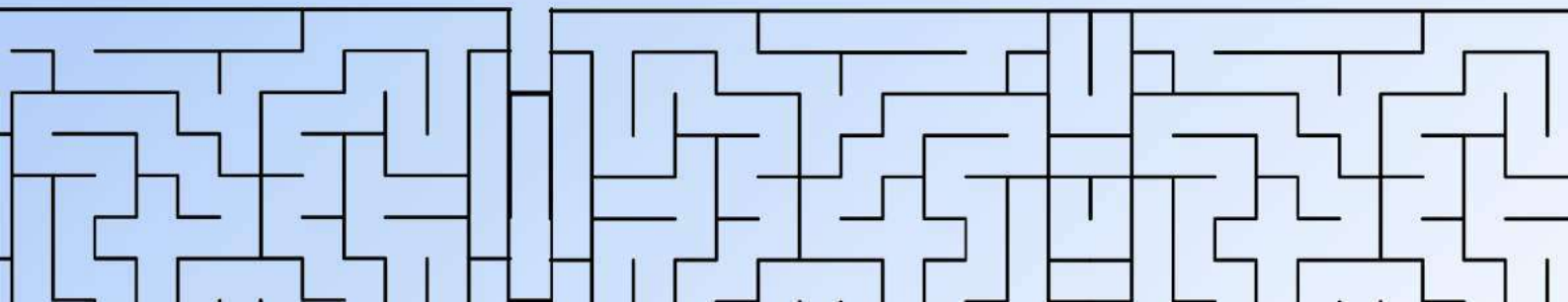
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