



## unfolding throwback edition 12

• looking back at our year

### PINK

#### Color of Feminism.

#### Color that symbolizes womankind.

I remember, in the last Volume of Oh! Womana, we had done an issue on how much we love our men and that edition was majorly pink! Was there any sarcasm in that? No, I guess. It is just to drive a point about equalism.

Feminism has been misinterpreted hugely. There are people who have started hating women who call themselves feminists. Why this bias?

What has really caused this extreme behavior or retaliation or reaction or conclusion or whatever you may want to call it. Could there be anything that could remain within proportions, limits, and make sense at the same time? Why are we pushing boundaries to the extent that the entire purpose is defeated and everything is converted into a fight!

**Yes, there is a fight for equality. But that applies to men and women, both.**

Humans are like this beautiful piece of Ice-Pop. No doubt they are beautiful. They are yummy. They are so attractive, that it could manipulate your integrity and indulge you into series of relishes.

But.... this little piece of beauty sustains when there is a proper temperature; else it melts away into colored liquid. Just like humans! It's a basic survival tactic. We know how to do it. Everyone does it. And when everyone is doing it, who are we to demand or dictate someone to behave in a certain way?

Now isn't this all about equality. About being able to have a say, about being able to live, survive the way one finds feasible? Then what is this fight all about?

**Mind you, this Ice pop would be as awesome, had it been blue in color!**

Let's look beyond these tiny things. There is a vast sea of understanding waiting for us to be explored. Let's all grow up... shall we?

The coming new Volume of Oh! Womana, the next series of editions promises a dissection of all that has been and need not be anymore!

**This one...well.... is our THROWBACK!**

*Wishing you all a lovely and colorful Summer! Lick some Ice-pops and have fun. Simple pleasure of life! Sigh*



## the donut story



You keep a sinful donut in the fridge because you can't add on any more calories to the diet. So you keep it! In your fridge!

Then you go and perform your chores set through the day. All the while you subconsciously crave for just one bite of the sumptuous chocolate-filled donut. While cooking or cleaning or working or driving – it's always on your mind.

You know back there, in your own refrigerator - is your love, which you can't unite with. But it still tempts you, distracts you from living the moment. Even if you forget, your brain knocks on the temples and prompts "Hello, you need to feel bad about something. Try and remember the story!"

So you see what you've done? Created a matrix for yourself. If you love the donut, eat it! If you can't, then don't keep it, to torment you later.

That silly 2-inched diametrically round thing made you lose concentration, made you feel bad, tempted you into thinking about it, and made you feel guilty!

Similar is the story of life, we first plant devils in our life, knowing well that they will ruin us, then we feed those devils by giving them mind space and top-most priority.

It's just like a petty donut, we know but in reality it is so much more. For instance, shopping for practically no reason, or just

because there is sale, the excessive bitching, body shaming, insecurity, so many things.

So many tiny demons devastate our peace on regular basis. Some we plant, some are sown by others, and some don't even exist. But yeah we feed them all, consciously, subconsciously.... Creating so many matrices that our peace of mind, our soul, our own self gets lost in this ruckus!

And then there is debris of things lying, all rotten, which once looked appealing. You can take it or leave it, because you have been feeding it all this while. It is now stuck. It is slowly consuming you. The little worries, tensions, unnecessary details about other people's lives, pessimism – everything has been feeding on the energy you provide it. That energy is called attention.

So just let it go. As long as we attend to it, it feeds more and becomes stronger. Why not feed the positive thoughts? If the Matrix is unescapable, we might as well create a positive matrix which empowers us.

That one donut, is all it takes. Take it or leave it. If it is left behind, forget it! If not, do not let it feed off your attention.

# Are exams necessary to judge the worth of a student?

**'When students cheat in exam, it's because our School System values marks more than students' value learning'**

said Neil deGrasse Tyson.

This is the most concise description of what really happens when there is an examination system in place. Exams are not as important as learning subjects to gain knowledge. How many students appear for the exams with utmost sincerity, without worrying about the result of this effort and test their knowledge gained over a period of time?

There would hardly be any student who would appear for an exam without the expectation of scoring, truly testing themselves in their areas of interest.

When the main motive of conducting exams is defeated, there is really no need to have them. During examinations, we see students, skipping their meals, opting to stay indoors and mugging away chapters to prepare for the next morning; they give up on their sleep and adhere to an erratic schedule.

**'Study during study time, play during play time' – is a very famous Chinese saying.** This is seldom practiced. For the most part of the year, the students engage in other activities, sidelining studies, and during examination they give up everything else and only prepare for tests. But is that how it is intended? If the student breaks from his regular schedule to study for his exams, then the whole purpose of education is defeated. There should be learning in stages. These stages should ensure, that no matter at what time of the month or year a student is exposed to a test, she/he should be able to face it with confidence.

Exams end up being memory tests you can't afford to fail.

Exams are the most stressful part of education. This isn't reflecting a student's knowledge; it's gambling their grades on how well their memory holds up under pressure.

There is no point in having examinations. Examinations set limits; lessons are endless. If there are no examinations, the students will have a curiosity to explore and learn more, knowing that there is no syllabus limit to cover to pass in exams. This enables them to increase their scope of exploring the subjects and makes them excel in the areas of their choice.

Exam confines the thinking abilities of a student, making them conform to only specific parts of the curriculum.

This system thereby produces people who have grades, no knowledge. If we intend to produce erudite individuals, we should allow them to learn unreservedly without laying any conditions of passing in examinations or tests, whatsoever.

This approach is the only way, which will help us in unlocking the hidden potential which many students hold. The capacities of the mind are infinite. And these young minds are the future!

Imagine running in a race with a condition that the entire lap is to make one realize the importance of leg muscles and nothing else. There would be no first position to the winner and all the runners could run just for the sake of running. What would be the motivation behind running in the race in the first place? Analogously, we can talk about education and examination too. In order to have a purpose and end result to the efforts that the students put in, there should be a test to judge the capabilities of the students. Else they would not be motivated to pursue education, if there were no exams.

Examination is not just a routine to test a child's knowledge in a particular subject. It is much more than that. Any examination lasts for say 'x' hours. Within that time, a student is expected to answer certain set of questions carrying certain weight-age. The answers to these questions are later analyzed and a student is marked as poor, average or bright.

The examination is not just a memory test. Also that. It is more than just testing the capacity of a student to reproduce the answers that he/she has learnt. Examinations put to test more than just the memory of the student. It tests the discipline, confidence, time management and sharpness of intellect in the entire process. This is very important, because a student needs to know how their skills are faring during the growing up years. This plays a very important role in defining the further course of life.

Marks and grades are equally important. Grades are a reflection of the assessment of a student's abilities. Grades and marks give them a competitive edge and make them perform better in the class. Doing away with examinations and marks will not do any good to the young minds, because psychologically and instinctively, man yearns for competition. Survival of the fittest has been stressed up on in the evolution theory and it holds true in this case as well.

Some may say competition with other students is not healthy. It creates a very discouraging environment. Perhaps, the approach should change. Examination is the method of analyzing one own self. It is to see how better you are than before. Pitching students against each other usually happens these days, which leads to pressure and depression. If the approach is molded so that the student seeks his own betterment through this whole process, then Examination and Grading would help them progress.

If the competition is eliminated, the students will have no aim and no goal to accomplish. They will be withdrawn and the curiosity to learn more will be bowdlerized. This is not something we want. Do we?

VS

## Are they Wrong?

Let me tell you a story about a family. And a girl.

There is this girl I know. She hails from a small town in UP. She is a little weak mentally. She used to live with her mom, dad, her aunt (father's sister), and four siblings. Her father also has weak brain, which makes him dull and slow. Her aunt was the eldest, hence was the head of their family. She used to beat this girl up, beat her siblings and mistreat this girl's parents - her brother and his wife too. She used to force this little girl to do all the household chores, from washing, to cooking and cleaning. Just about everything you can imagine. But that is considered to be ok, because one is doing tasks for their own family. And it's ok, when the children of the house are made to work as domestic aides. No??

But this girl has a weird way of retaliation. Every time anyone reprimanded, or hit her, she would freeze. Freeze into a statue - rock solid, would stay like that without moving, immobile for hours. Either she would freeze or would wail hopelessly and gather all the villagers with her continuous crying. She was termed as "Pagal" by most of the people.

Her dad used to send her to a house in the village for domestic work as a helper, but because of her mental state, she turned out to have a severe people-phobia. Whenever anyone said anything, she would freeze in front of new people, not responding at all.

Though she gradually managed to learn and work there, but her weird ways made the housemates irritable. She even had a weird and scary habit of talking to imaginary people. She would steal food from the house she worked and caused much annoyance to the people there. Finally they sent her to a relative's house, in the city, after taking permission from her family.

The family, to which she came, in the city, was also petrified by her ways. Her ways were too alien for them. But the sons, in the family, almost adopted her. Having no younger sister, they pampered her like she was their own sister. She was always loaded with chocolates and goodies from them, their relatives and their friends. She continued her habit of stealthily grabbing a bite here and there, despite being given so much, but everything was allowed for her. Her mental condition and innocence, her naïve attitude towards things, made this family and the people sympathetic towards her.

If at all, there came a time when she needed to be scolded for something, it turned out to be a punishment for the family instead, because she would freeze for eternity.

They pampered her, and most importantly loved her. She was devoid of that. She did change a lot. She loves to doll up. She loves makeup and jewelry and she has loads of accessories, as someone or the other keeps showering her with these gifts. She loves to watch television, and apes her favorite actors and keeps humming songs from the movies. She lives a more carefree life.

The family attempted to give her education, and they got four tutors for her, but they all ran away. Yes, she would freeze or wail, whenever they scolded her, and in turn they would get horrified. She hates studies and it is very difficult to teach her. But she knows every detail of Balveer et al.

She doesn't know numbers or money, but she knows which channel comes on which number. She sneaks into the kitchen at wee hours and munches snack while watching television after everyone has gone to sleep. She goes to the terrace post-midnight and talks to her imaginary friend in an alien language. She scares the sh\*t out of everyone.

But she is loveable, and if you love her, she loves you back immeasurably. That's the only language she knows and that's how she has changed all because of love.

A few years ago, unfortunately her mother was beaten by her aunt when she was in her second trimester, and she bled to death. After that her father got married again, and was thrown out of the house by the aunt and is now looking for job in Kolkata.

This girl doesn't understand what death means. She did not cry when she was told about her mother. She remained quiet and kept telling everyone "Meri maa ko bua ne maar dala..meri maa marr gai"

At times, she dreams of her mother and then goes to the terrace and talks to her imaginary friend.

Maybe now, she is making tea and cooking in this family who brought her to stay with them. But then isn't it better than being beaten up? She wears good clothes, eats good food, sometimes she also goes out to restaurants with the family, she roams places with this family, travels, and attends all important functions.

Most importantly she is loved, she is pampered, she is protected and she is happy.

One day she will marry a nice guy who will take care of her, and stay with her there only, under the constant watch of her guardians, as she can't be let out on her own.

PS - she will give you all her money and whatever she has if you ask her with love.



# Body shaming

We are a society of perfect people. We all weight slightly over 60 Kgs, we are tall, we are fair, and most of us have abs that we can at least count on fingers of one hand. At least. We all love to flaunt our hair - voluminous and shiny.

The women are more than perfect with their thick eyelashes and naturally bestowed eyebrows, and bow shaped lips. The men flaunt the quintessential chutzpah which is enhanced with moustache and gotis on the face. All of them live in a perfect world, where features are carved, physiques – structured and images – impeccable.

While reading this, did any one of you disagree? I did! I am not any of what is stated in the above paragraph.

**Yet I am flawlessly perfect and perfectly flawed.**

Irony, ain't it? Let's break it.

We have lots of fad doing rounds, depending on the mood and trend. There was a fairness fad, then "stay dark stay beautiful" fad, zero figure fad, then non-zero figure fad. And they go on.

The major trendsetters for the Indians are the celebrities. We want to look like them, we want to be them. Where very few celebrities insist on healthy living and healthy thinking, most of them are into quick-fix methods. There are shortcuts to saggy flabs, non-pouting lips, dull hair, flat hips, anything, and everything. You name it and they have solution for it. Liposuction, laser treatments, plastic surgeries, and all unnatural ways of making things look beautiful, so that we polish the exterior and put it on an exhibition.

We are not proud of our bodies. Some may be upset because of oversized bottoms, some may be unhappy with clunky calves, some may want broader shoulders, and some may want sexier backs. The list is endless. We want to fix so many things that we deem imperfect in our body.

What needs fixing, if we may ask? We want breasts like Kareena Kapoor, abs like John Abraham, biceps like Salman Khan, waist like Deepika Padukone, smile like Priyanka Chopra and hair like Aishwarya Rai. Everything is tagged. We aim, not for a healthy

lifestyle, but we aim to become someone who looks the way she/he does because of so many different reasons.

Are we really proud of whatever we have? Can we look into the mirror and not wonder...what if you were a little slimmer... Are we ok with the size and shape we have been bestowed with, are we ok with the way our anatomy projects itself out in the world? Most of us aren't.

We are looking for acceptance in more ways than one, and we haven't accepted ourselves the way we are, let alone, expecting others to approve of our appearances.

I am nowhere trying to put a point that getting into good shape and health is bad. It is very very important to be healthy. But health is not "36-24-36" or 6 pack sexy abs! If we don't have those measurements, we are naturally ashamed of our bodies.

Anorexia and Bulimia are diseases which most of the teenage girls suffer all over the world, because they have body-image issues. There is a chronic disease which crores of people all over the world suffer, which is called "Body Dysmorphic Disorder".

They give up on eating. They forcefully throw up after having meals and slowly sink into depression. Tagging body image to social acceptance has been the norm, till now, but we refute it strongly. This is not a very good practice. There are more important things.

Healthy living is indeed very very important, but there is fine line that differentiates the idea of living in good health and becoming slim by compromising health.

Body shaming is a very serious issue. With new-age parents pressurizing kids to maintain weight and join gym at the age of 13-14 years, the idea of "healthy living" per se is going for a toss. We are not interested in maintaining healthy weight, or healthy body composition. We are more into looking better physically, even if that means undergoing operations, or treatments, or starving ourselves to extremes.

That fine line needs to be known, defined, accepted and educated amongst everyone.

Otherwise, it won't be far, when we'd see a day, where everyone is perfect, look wise, and messed up inside!!



# Face packs for oily skin

By Sabeeh Abidi  
Cosmetologist

Oily skin people need to face many problems. They have to handle acnes and pimples and have to be selective while choosing the products. You need to take care to remove excess oil and protect your skin from dirt and pollution. You can also use the natural ingredients and get clear, glowing and shiny skin.

## Yogurt and strawberry pack

Take ¼ cup of fresh strawberries. Add ¼ cup of yogurt to it. Blend smoothly and make a paste. Apply this pack for 15 minutes. Wash with normal water. And here it goes! A refreshing skin is what you will get.

## Yogurt and orange peel pack

Take 2 tbsp. of yogurt and add to it 2 tbsp. of orange peel. Mix well and apply it on face. Keep for 20 minutes. And wash with lukewarm water. Oranges are best for oily skin. It helps to eliminate excess oil from the skin.

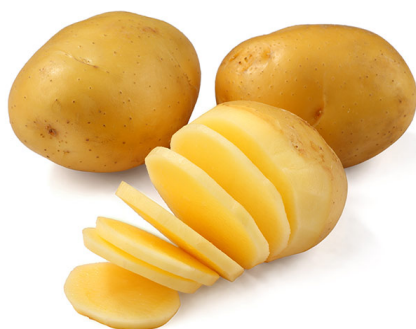
## Cucumber and Yogurt face pack

Cucumbers are cooling for the skin. They are the best to be used in summers. Grate a cucumber and mix the pulp of it to 2 tbsp. of yogurt. Mix well and apply this pack on the face for 15 minutes and wash with warm water. This pack will refresh your skin and help close the open pores.

## Lemon and Potato

Take potato juice and lemon juice in equal quantity. Mix well and apply it on your face. Wash it after 15 minutes with normal water. This pack will tone your skin and also help removing the tan.

These face packs can be used one or twice a week. Use them and maintain the beauty of the oily skin.



## anonymously yours...

What am I afraid of?

What if someone I know comes to know how gullible I am, how vulnerable I am?

What if my friends, who know some pretty details about me, also come to know about my gory ones? Every human has two sides. A good and a bad.

To survive in a society we usually show our good side, so that we amicably get along with the other people and live in peace and mutual understanding.

I would be highly affected, if my friends come to know about the way I feel about the topic of Marriage, to begin with. I would be an outcast if I were to openly tell them how I feel about relationships and friendships. I am very different when it comes to being true in a relationship, not being mowed down by the tenets of the society. I would be someone who would not be accepted in the society if I were to openly talk about what I feel, what I wish to do, how I want to fulfil my dreams. It's a very different perspective, which only a very trusted few understand and relate with. Therefore I write, express anonymously to escape the judgment which will inevitably come my way.

But is it really fair?

What would be done to me, if people find out that I am the one, who believes that being honest and truthful to oneself is more important than being true to the society.

What if people find out that I am the one who believes in falling in love hopelessly, just to get a feel of what it feels to be in love, even if the other person is of a different caste, different religion, different status, or same gender?

What will people say, when they find out that I support LGBT issues, I want to adopt kids before having my own.

What if I pick up a kid on the road and kiss the kid and play with it, but on the other hand refuse to give alms to the kids begging on the road?

What if I speak openly about my first kiss, about how I fell in love, hurt myself and learnt a lesson?

I am scared of those fingers being raised at me who may term as an "emotional fool", "crazy head" and so many different titles.

I am constantly living in that fear of being judged.

I fear whether I will be accepted.

I fear my own people will forego me for being so headstrong about certain things, and having such weird beliefs.

I wish I weren't scared anymore.



I wish I could face my family and tell them, that get me a guy who would let me adopt a baby, get me a family who would be fine with a registered marriage, and wouldn't agree on spending lakhs in feeding the unworthy few representatives of the society who can change their take on anything, anytime.

I respect people who are brave enough to listen to their heart and take a step towards fulfilling their dreams. I want my friends to know, vanity is not my cup of tea, if shabby jeans and t-shirt with undone brows are not-so-in, then I cannot be tip top all the time. I believe in honing the inner self, more than the outer.

I would love to stop earning and let go the need to display high status and well-paying job, and settle for an income which suffices my basic necessities and instead I would do something more lucrative and fulfilling in my free time.

I have weird thoughts, I have weird aims.

I am a weird person.

But no one knows this side of me.

I am whimsical.

If everyone were to know this side of me, then they would not be friends/family with me anymore, because straight away I would have wronged on so many aspects.

But I wish to surface sometime. At least some time. Probably when I am dead, I would want my friends and family to know, that this is how I was. This is what I truly believed in.

I wish I had the guts to confront my own self. The mirror deceives me at times. I am blinded by the layers of "what should be" rather than "what really is".

This is how I've lived for so many years.. And salvation will come the day I accept myself, let go the fear of UNBEKANNT, be ONE, have just one personality and exist as what I believe in! That day..I wait for!



## Men vs Women

In the Mythological land of India not even the goddesses were spared. Goddesses were questioned about their sanctity. Religions are male dominated or so they seem to be. Maybe Language was also a man's prized possession. Men are supposed to earn and Women are merely for pleasure.

While the etiquettes in the language used in the past, show 'bloke' and 'fat head' as words of abuses, the present day world uses all sort of superlative curses. These words not only abuse the man, but also verbally rape, molest, character-assassinate the female members of the man's family.

I have often wondered on the invention of such abusive language, why and how did a 'bloke' become a 'ch\*\*\*ya' or 'fu\*\*\*r? What do these words imply? I see no resemblance between the words 'bloke' and the latter which are now in trend.

What pleasure does a person seek or get after abusing another person's mother or sister when he possibly has never even met them? If this gives a level of comfort, if this calms him down, then it sure is a pitiful situation. The level of sadism today has reached an all-time high. If abusing someone's family is the only mean to calm one self, perhaps, trends like yoga or just shutting one's big mouth isn't working well enough.

I thought bi\*\*\*h means a female dog, when later I matured enough to realize it meant a s\*\*t as the B is open to all. I wonder why would you call your friend a S\*\*\* or a W\*\*\*e, even out of love? Have you seen how the teenagers address each other? 'Happy Birthday Bi\*\*h'. That sure is an expression out of love, so why would a woman call another woman a slut, or give a title to her for sleeping with multiple partners? What is this trend all about?

Leave aside men, people find new means to abuse women, like it's their pleasure sport. But why do Girls abuse Girls? I mean why on earth would one 'mcbc' people when one clearly knows it means something wrong?

S\*x was considered divine and was expressed in various forms all over the temples. Then it was made a taboo and called a sin. Then it became a tool of verbal abuse and derogation. Now it's become open yet closed, it's used in derogation but still Media makes maximum money out of it. Be it porn, be it exposure or be it just the cuss words.

More the cusses bigger the hits. The sad part is, the so-called 'women oriented movies' show the women as 'wannabe men', with traits like a warrior or a mafia guy, cussing like a cheap, roadside Mawali. These very movies make huge money, by making women sit at a pedestal, showing that they are indeed uplifting women by making them utter the cusses like men do. Instead they are degrading them to the level of cheap men who blatantly use languages which is highly pejorative.



I just fail to understand. When a woman abuses does she become a strong woman? By demeaning her sisters? When icons of Bollywood and Hollywood degrade themselves and humanity, I wonder why do we applaud and make merry by pointing that 'yes this movie empowered women, by cursing other women.....'

I wonder how many people know, that 'ch\*\*\*ya means earning a living of his wife's prostitution. How many sick heads use it in every sentence and actually curse the wife he might not even know.

So to all the Gaali maaroing people who know or don't know what it means, please 'f\*ck yourself'!

# Men vs Women

Wanted a beautiful, very fair, educated girl for a smart handsome Punjabi boy

Seeking a beautiful, fair, good-looking, girl for a business man Jatt boy

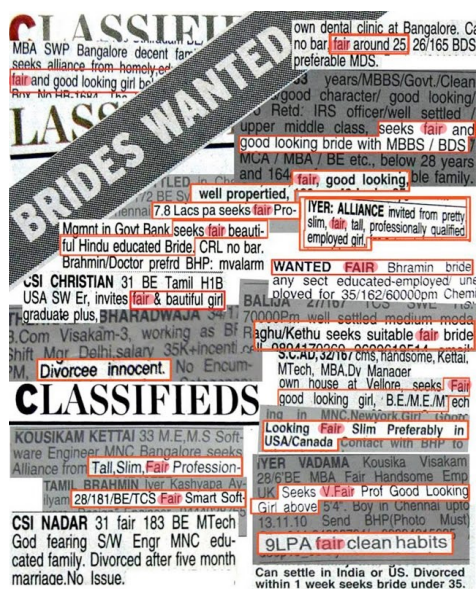
Wanted a fair, beautiful girl, education no bar, for a well-qualified doctor settled in Delhi.

Doesn't it sound familiar? The matrimonial advertisements?

Since the time we have zeroed down upon "fairness fad" as the topic for our next issue, I have been trying to strike conversations with women about this. Mostly girls I know do use fairness cream, which are proven and used widely. They have no complaints with the product quality and they are very satisfied customers.

It's not really about who is right and who is wrong. It's just that, there are a lot of wrong notions doing rounds. The notions about fairness being the trend, is totally misleading. Where some people promote that using fairness creams are really harmful, most of the times, they just feel secured in their own fair skin. It's good in a way. But then the dusky lasses will probably question "You are fair, what do you know about being dark".

The debate probably is unending. Women will end up doing what they fancy, at the end of the day. But being non-judgmental about oneself is the best thing one can ever do. Hadn't there been societal pressure for marriage, or looks being the supreme criteria, it would have been peaceful for the women to live. We create these fads. And we suffer, ultimately. Who is to be blamed? Really?



So the other day I get a call from a friend's mother, who said that she is looking for a girl for her son, and here is the conversation we had.

"Beta, you are staying in Bangalore, could you help find me a nice girl for my son."

"Sure, Aunty, I'll try. I am not sure what kind of a girl you are looking for"

"I really have no problems with girls from any caste, or educational qualifications. We are very open-minded that way, beta."

"That's great, aunty"

"But since it is Bangalore, it will be very difficult to find fair girls. All south Indians are dark-skinned no! So please see, if you can find someone who has a fair complexion. She will be staying in Delhi, after all, after marriage, you see"

"Yeah! Right!", I said!

So two women, break into this conversation

"I don't know why girls are crazy behind fairness creams", said the fair one.

"You don't have a dark skin, da, how would you know?" said the other aspiring girl.

"I don't use fairness cream at all. Only moisturizing my skin is enough. That keeps my skin healthy", said the fair one.

"So the skin cream that we use, it makes the skin fair and also moisturizes it. We keep it healthy too", the other defended.

"Yes, but why do want to make it fair. You are dark and you are beautiful", complimented the fair girl.

"But I don't want to be dark. I want to be fair. May be two shades darker than you, but definitely fair", she said.

"Fairness is something that is by birth, you cannot alter it", that was an interesting comment, I thought.

"Ok, so tell me would you go and get a tan, to look dusky?" the fair one was asked.

"Why should I? I am so happy I was born the way I was. I love my skin", concluded the fair girl.

"So you don't want to be dark?" the other asked.

"I would hate it had I been dark. Fair is good!", she sounded hypocritical.

I just wondered, "Yeah Right!"



## cover speaks

Throwback!

We have come along way from just writing and discussing to blogging to now compiling our thoughts in our magazine. Our covers are our first impressions on you and through our writings we want to connect with your soul. In our humble endeavour of writing for a cause we are now a year old, a year wiser.

### When nothing interesting to do....

N: I hope news to mil hi gayi hogi tumlog ko???

Y: Kya

Y: Bolegi aaj?

D: Ye joke hai koi

N: Yehi ki ab naya Rin shakti peelaapan saaf kare sirf Rs.25/- me.

### When Grammar goes for a toss...

Y: It was stucking.. Is it right?

Y: I am using that word ovr n over

D: Huh

D: Stucking is a word?

D: ?

Y: I dunno.. Now today ive used it so many times am starting to feel that it is!

D: Lik stucking?

D: Matlab stuck up?

Y: Hau

Y: "i dnt know why its stucking"

D: Wow frm u .. tis is weird

D: I think my keypad needs calibration

Y: The technical me knows no English.. When am a good engineer i suck at language

and talk shit isY: It was stucking.. Is it right?

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D: ?

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Y: The technical me knows no English.. When am a good engineer i suck at language and talk shit

## choli ke peeche

### When we give up on CB

D: Hf gf book lu k nahi

D: Mann nahi hai cb padhne ka

Y: Bilkul mat le

Y: Le

Y: Par dimaag side pe rakhke padhne ka mann hai toh ke... Am not liking it at all

D: Oh k nt buyin

**PS: We have read the comments and taken up a few pointers too. How much we follow and stay in our senses, is all up to the rotation and revolution of the earth! We are unapologetic, but we sincerely respect feedbacks and we couldn't have been more thankful! :)**

**So keep 'em coming.**

### Until Next time:

**Note: All the typos in the posts are intentional. If you haven't found any, Congratulations!**

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