

GAZETTE

INDIAN SCHOOL OF HOSPITALITY

for artists who
leave and return,
bound by the
same thread.

EDITION 9

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GAZETTE

August 14, 2025



75%



Normal text



Letter from the Editor

I've dreamt of writing this letter for so long and I always imagined the words would just be waiting to write themselves, but now that I'm here, it feels still, quiet even – like the universe paused for a second and went, “go on then”, like this is exactly where I'm supposed to be.

This magazine is the best thing that Spitfire has given to me – it's this cozy little corner I've carved out for myself at ISH where I feel most like myself. It's where I've learnt to express, create, reflect, connect and more than anything, to appreciate and value this culture that's formed around me – the culture that I am today, a culmination of.



To experience this culture is a quiet luxury which is irreplaceable.

To have a platform – this ability to express, voice myself and be heard is a privilege, not just of space or print but of people, of community.

And that community is what Raagini, so delicately, has spent 8 editions building, through shared ideas, effort and vulnerability.

We owe so much of this magazine to her and Reeya and that's the legacy that Mitodru and I have tried to honour this edition – with honesty and intention. Feels a bit full circle, this moment, which is why we open this edition by looking at where we begin and we close it by honouring where we're headed and in between, we've tried our best to hold onto everything that matters along the way.

So here's to full circles and to the next chapter of life of this magazine.

With love,
Rhea|



75%



Normal text



Letter from the Creative Director

They say, “Don’t judge a book by its cover.” I’ve never quite agreed. We do it all the time — not just with books, but with people, places, and the objects we surround ourselves with. How something looks shapes how we feel about it. Optics are the first layer of storytelling, the surface that invites us in — or keeps us out.



Luxury, opulence, comfort — so often, they’re less about what something is and more about how it’s perceived. Growing up, I was deeply influenced by the design of the 2000s — bold layouts, unapologetic typography, pages that dared to be playful. That era shaped my design identity. Somewhere along the way, though, I think design has lost a bit of that character.

Look around today, and you’ll see a creeping sameness. We’ve replaced quirks with clean lines, personality with minimalism. Spaces that once carried a sense of intent — like the modernist language of Chandigarh, a city designed to speak to its residents — are now harder to find. Everyday details that once delighted the eye — park benches with ornate ironwork, telephone booths with distinctive silhouettes, stair railings with intricate patterns — have been stripped down into something “modern” but soulless, easy to replicate, easy to forget.

With The Gazette, my hope is to push back, just a little. To bring some of that playfulness and intentionality back into how we present our stories. This year, we’ve experimented — new fonts, unexpected layouts, aesthetics that invite a double-take. I want our pages to feel like a conversation with you, full of texture and character, where every spread has its own voice but still speaks the same language.

Being aesthetically stimulated is a quiet luxury, one I took for granted for too long. This magazine is my attempt to share that luxury with you — to make you stop, look, and maybe, just maybe, fall in love with the details again.

Mitodru Ghosh

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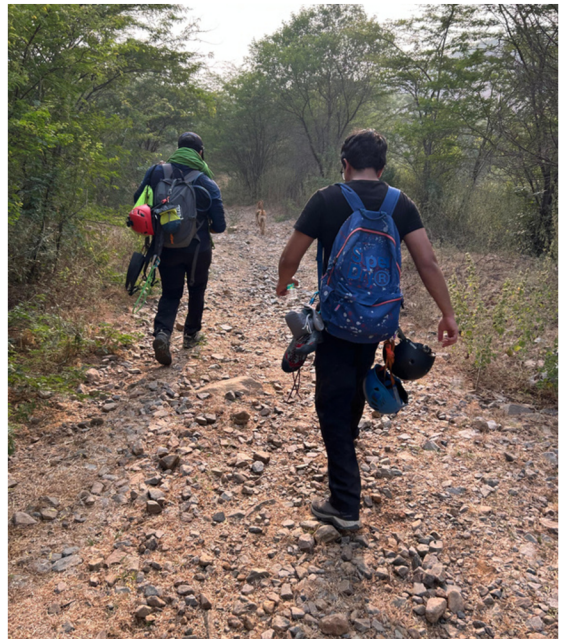
FRESH
OFF THE
BLOCK

Who let the freshers out?

Mehul Shah; Fresh faces, curious minds, and plenty of excitement in the air. Naturally, we couldn't resist introducing you to a few of these intriguing human beings. We cornered three enthusiastic Semester 1 students, grilled them with questions (the quirky kind, not the dreaded "What's your five-year plan?" kind), and got you a little bit of everything – from their favourite toothpaste to what drives them to be who they are. I had a great time interviewing them and hopefully you have an even better time getting to know them.

Reyansh Chugh

Hey there! I'm Reyansh, a Semester 1 student, pursuing BBA in Hospitality Management. I'm from New Delhi, where dodging traffic is practically an adventure sport in itself – speaking of which, I'm obsessed with adventure sports – scuba diving, rock climbing, trekking, you name it. I'm also planning to take up a mountaineering course from NIMAS. Not to mention, I'm a national-level judo player, because apparently throwing people around is my idea of a good time.



Did you shower today?

"Yes," he said, way too convincingly, which made me suspicious. When I asked him about his shower routine, he replied, "I shower twice a day, once in the morning and once after my gym session in the evening."

Why did you choose this course?

"Since childhood, I've seen new restaurant launches, which have always made me curious about starting businesses and managing expenses." Reyansh grew up around

restaurateurs – his family started the iconic Nizam's Kathi Kabab. "I love interacting with people, so I would love to go back to the business and help my dad run the main restaurant."

What food or beverage describes you best and why?

"Chai. I prefer chai over coffee," he replied, almost instantly. For Reyansh, having a calm mind is a prerequisite for drinking chai. He sees himself as more conventional and calm than those around him.

What is your Death row meal?

"A double chicken, double egg," he replied.

"Not double mutton?" I said (my favourite from Nizam's).

"If you're going for mutton, you've got to try the Mutton Seekh and Egg Roll," he replied. I added it to my mental to-eat list almost instinctively – after all, there's no questioning one who's been eating Nizam's since the day he was born.

What is your favourite piece of media you've consumed this summer?

The Rookie. "It's about the LAPD," he said.

"Is it similar to Brooklyn Nine-Nine?" I asked.

"It's better than Brooklyn Nine-Nine!" he declared. I'll have to watch it myself before deciding if he's right.

If you could get a tattoo one day, what would it be?

"A trishul."

What fictional character do you resonate with?

"No, not really," he said.

When Rhea asked if he was into fictional movies, he shook his head, "Not at all."

Despite his best efforts to think of something, we came up just as empty-handed. "He is unique like that," said Rhea.

breaks into song "Reyansh College of Hotel Management –"

What is your 'Hot Take'?

"Italian food is overrated, I hate pasta," he said.

"70% disagree." I replied

"I prefer Indian cuisine," he added.

"Is your perception of Italian food similar to how Indian food is perceived outside India?" I asked.

"I've been to Italy. I enjoyed eating pizza there, but I didn't find pasta all that delicious."

If you could have a superpower for 7 minutes what would it be?

"To gain *insane* muscle mass," (re-emphasise on insane) he said. As the fitness freak

he seems to be, I wasn't too surprised by his answer. "I want it to be all natural, no steroids involved," he added.

What is your favourite toothpaste?

"Colgate-" he said, then paused, like he just had a eureka moment. "You know the toothpaste we all used as kids – I think it was the Colgate Spiderman one – strawberry flavoured?"

Rhea seemed slightly offended and corrected him, "Blueberry you mean; Barbie was strawberry."

Mallika Sethuraman

I'm Mallika – I enjoy baking, art, crocheting – basically anything that lets me create something from scratch. I've always known I wanted to build something of my own, and that's what led me here. I see entrepreneurship not just as a career path, but as a way to bring my ideas to life. I might come off a bit quiet at first, but I promise I'm funnier than I look – it just takes a minute.



Did you shower today?

"Yes, I did. I shower every day," she said, with just the right amount of confidence to make me believe her.

Why did you choose this course?

"When I was 13, I developed an interest in baking and pastry, started experimenting with things at home." With the support of her family, she decided to pursue it as a career. "It was actually their idea – *Why don't you go ahead and follow your passion?*"

What food or beverage describes you best and why?

"A chocolate cake. *Classic*. I'm neither an extrovert nor an introvert," she said thoughtfully. "It's something you keep coming back to, getting to know it better and differently each time."

Naturally, I asked her the one question that mattered to me most: "What kind of frosting do you like on it?"

"Ganache. A classic one, it's the best," she replied.

Writer's note: German buttercream. Claire Saffitz's recipe. The *real* best.

What is your go-to karaoke song?

"I can't really decide on one song," she said, "but I listen to One Direction, Taylor Swift – I really like her lyrics, but I'm not the biggest fan of her songs – they all sound the same. I like Sabrina Carpenter too,"

Rhea gasped, she had found a fellow Carpenter.

Curious, I asked her which Tamil song she liked the most. "*Vaadi Pulla Vaadi* by Hiphop Tamizha – it's *really* good," she said, with raised eyebrows for emphasis.

What is your favourite piece of media you've consumed this summer?

"I like going back to shows, rewatch them – I can watch the same thing over ten times."

She took a moment to think, then added, "Stranger Things. I'm really excited for the new season."

If you could get a tattoo one day, what would it be?

She seemed quite averse to the idea, "I don't know if I'll ever get one. It's apparently very painful, and I don't want to regret it later."

What fictional character do you resonate with?

After some long deliberation, she said, "The monkey from Dora the Explorer." It was a character we all knew, but I couldn't quite place the name. Mallika was the one who reminded us: "It's Boots."

What is your 'Hot Take'?

"I think this one's *quite* controversial," she said, almost too carefully. "I don't understand *teen* love,"

"100% agree," I replied.

She laughed sarcastically, "People are not going to be talking to me after this."

If you could have a superpower for 7 minutes, what would it be?

"Reading people's minds," she said, prompting a synchronised "Ohh." from Rhea and me.

She continued, "Whenever I'm talking to someone, I'm always thinking about what they're going to say next." I have no doubt she'd use that power to stay one step ahead at all times.

What is your favourite toothpaste?

"Colgate," she said immediately, almost like she'd been practicing this question for years. When asked if there was a particular Colgate she always went back to, she replied, "Nothing in particular, whatever I get my hands on – mostly, it's Colgate Salt."

Granth Vohra

Hi, My name is Granth Vohra. I was born and brought up in Delhi. I studied in a boarding school called Mayo in Ajmer for the last 8 years of my life. As a sport, I took up boxing and represented Ajmer in Boxing states. I am an avid musician with an interest in a variety of musical instruments which include the Tabla, Trumpet, Cornet, Bass Guitar, Drums and a few more. I started DJ-ing this year and have gotten a good hang of it.



“Did you shower today?”

“Yes, of course,” he said.

I asked if he was a morning or evening shower person, to which he replied, “I generally like morning showers, but because of the college schedule, evenings suit me better,” he replied.

Why did you choose this course?

“My mother wanted me to learn coding, so I chose Computer Science in school for that reason,” he said. “I didn’t necessarily mind it, but I’d also been cooking and watching people cook for a very long time.”

He comes from a family of restaurant owners, so I asked inquisitively, “Did you go into the kitchens often at the restaurant?”

“If I work in a place my parents run, there’s bound to be some bias – but I did bartend a lot,” he said.

What food or beverage describes you best and why?

“Gin and tonic. A lot of people don’t like it, but it has so much more depth than you’d imagine,” he said.

“It’s almost like a blank canvas, you have the opportunity to give it personality and turn it into something you like, something fresh.”

If you were to purchase a one way ticket to somewhere, where would you go?

“I would like to go to Italy. No, wait – Bora Bora! You have the mountains, you have the sea... kind of like Goa, so yeah.”

What is your favourite piece of media you’ve consumed this summer?

“I watched The Big Bang Theory. I really liked it,” he said. “But I don’t enjoy summer breaks too much. I’ve studied in a boarding school for eight years, so I can’t just sit around and watch a movie. I’d much rather go out and do something.”



If you could get a tattoo one day, what would it be?

"I love tattoos. Unfortunately, I haven't gotten the time to get one yet, but I know I'll get a lot of them in the future," he said. When I asked what he'd want as his first tattoo, he replied, "A stick figure rowing a boat," while moving his hand through the air, hinting at a wave. "It basically means – whatever happens in life, just keep moving."

What fictional character do you resonate with?

"I used to watch a lot of Tom and Jerry, so maybe Jerry," he said. "I have an elder brother, so it's fun irritating him – maybe that's why?"

What is your 'Hot Take'?

"When it comes to street food, the best food you'll get is from the dirtiest stall in the market."

100% agree.

If you could have a superpower for 7 minutes what would it be?

"I would love to teleport," he said, clicking his fingers. "Just like this – and you're there."

What is your favourite toothpaste?

"I changed my toothpaste from *Dant Kanti* to Pepsodent," he said. "Honestly, I really like *Dant Kanti* because it's closer to being natural than any other toothpaste."



Batao kitne me liya?

Oil Spill

competitive currencies in the age of curated scarcity

Manya Kadian; Consistent, common and perhaps, now courtesy – the assumption of a low price. The lower the price, the sweeter the bargain. We call it a *sauda*. My crowning achievement in the art of *Sarajini* thrifting till date? A haul of four coats for Rs. 3,000. From the original price of Rs. 2,000 per coat to a particularly pleasing bargain is a sense of triumph that takes both skill and a history of getting ripped-off. The *desi* mindset is hardwired to get the most out of the least.

Maybe it's a lingering nod to the colonial fever – one that never really disappeared – just evolved into this **unseemingly**, persistent chatter against the growing billion heartbeat populace. Habits can be broken, but instinct makes it harder to question. Why?

Because it's not just an Indian thing, it's not even an Asian thing. It's the mindset of every once-suppressed nation, based on having to live off of less than the bare necessities and emerging into a crumbling debt and shotgunned economy.

To its credit, it's a very real part of community-building and bonding. Neighbourhood aunties comparing finds

over chai, raising eyebrows at each bargain, subtle jabs of “*Zyade me le liya!*” This is what connection is about – the existing spectacle of human connection. And let's be honest: the Indian diaspora is almost entirely “middle class.” Different classes, different dreams – the lower class wants to make it to next year, the middle class wants to retire early, the upper **echelons** want status, luxury, and comfort. Competitive currencies exist everywhere.

But it's never completely separate. We are – and have always been – a second hand nation. Progress just means we're now imitating the next big thing. Economically? Great. Culturally? Mildly venomous.

The biggest samples of this homogenisation are matcha, labubus and the greatest tragedy – thrifting becoming posh and *gatekept*. We've been doing this for decades, people. Social media and the label “vintage” have convinced whole economic classes to buy for the vulgar **aesthetes** of it – “vintage jackets,” “vintage shoes,” “90s aesthetic.”

You can now get last season's H&M

leather jacket, already creased, for a neat ₹3,000 – plus shipping. And honestly, why is everything fixed price now? Only select items in *Sarojini* and *Chor Bazaar* have fixed prices. The fact that people accept and validate this shift, makes me nauseous. Instinct is trending and being rewritten.

It started with Gen Z's shift away from fast fashion. Cleaner solutions. Conservative values. Mass appeal.

H&M changed policies, Shein was shamed; handmade/recyclable online shops grew. We live in an era of guilt, preservation, and oscillating opinions. And of course, we've always wanted to be *cool*. Cool enough for people to advocate for our opinions. Thrifting hit that sweet spot. Legendary hauls are just more engagement.

The problem starts when we tier the system. Lock up the vibes. Erase the reason we thrift in the first place. Gatekeeping, segregation, oil and water. Have we ever actually thought about why we thrift? We want to be thrifty and trendy – but the flip side is the stigma: "dead people's clothes," "unknown origin." In reality, it's mostly factory rejects and imports from big brands.

An economy where worth is weighed in curated, acceptable second-hand. Ironically, the same upper classes who side-eye thrifting are the ones joining the movement – but only through "clean," "verified," and yes, "fixed price" shops. They want the culture without getting their hands dirty. But there's no posh way to thrift.

Merriam-Webster defines thrift as "to shop for or buy used goods, especially at a store that specialises in secondhand merchandise." We only slapped the *eco-friendly* badge on it after Shein and other fast fashion brands started torching the planet even more.

Gen Z thrifts to try to save the planet and to pretend that it's going to make a huge difference, which it might as a collective.

But now, thrifting is marketable, it's posh – and I'm not blaming rich kids for following trends, that's human. The problem is that we've "core'd" everything and made it so performative that we can't tell if we actually like something or if we're just echoing the pretty girl with 400k followers saying it's "so aesthetic."

We've gotten so performative it's sucked the joy out of everything.

We'll redo a "candid" shot of our process six times before posting it – not for the sake of the craft, but for perception. Authenticity of product? Irrelevant. Perception? **Paramount.**

In conclusion, I just want thrifting to be fun again.

Let the girls have fun without feeling the need to bring home marketable content. Wear ripped jeans in 2025. Put your hair in pigtails after a *champi* with Parachute oil. It's not aesthetic – it's culture. Step out of the mould that says everything must be curated to be real. Reality will always be what you want it to be.



After the Artist

on the afterlife of paintings and the people who see them

Gargi Bagde; The scene is set – a quiet gallery, two people, one painting. Nothing dramatic. No conversation. Just two pairs of eyes meeting the same canvas with entirely different minds. What one sees as tension, the other reads as tenderness. Some notice brushstrokes. Others build stories. Because art is layered – subjective at its core – and while perception is personal, intent is often private.

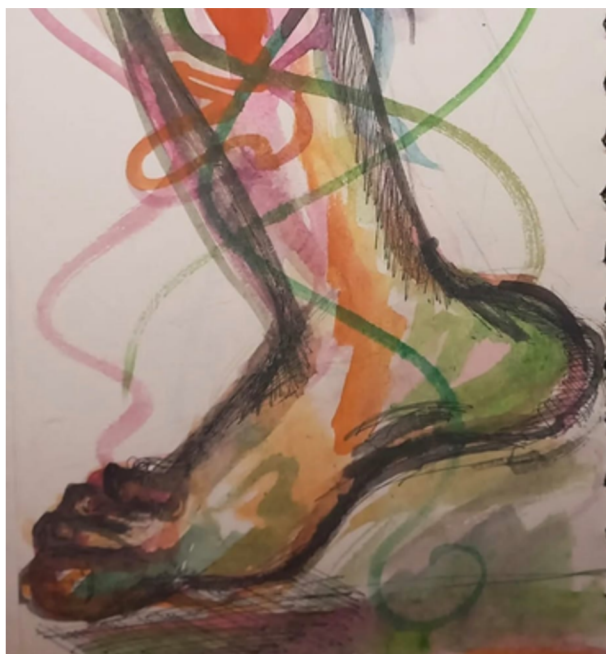
Take *Comedian* (2019) by Italian artist, Maurizio Cattelan: a banana duct-taped to a wall, sold for \$6.2 million. It was ridiculous and deliberate – the size, texture, color of the banana, the exact piece of duct tape at that exact angle – but maybe that was the point, to poke fun at the absurdity of the art world itself.

But once it was on display, the meaning began to shift, because the moment art is made public, the artist's control fades. The viewer becomes the storyteller. Art unfolds in layers, much like a **matryoshka doll**, each interpretation revealing another, until you reach the core. But once the artist's work is hung on a gallery wall, it is no longer theirs alone. The moment it meets an audienc-

-e, control over its story begins to slip away. From then on, the painting belongs as much to the interpreter as to its creator – its meaning shaped by countless eyes, each carrying their own histories, emotions, and assumptions. Many perspectives will emerge, including the artist's own, all coexisting within the same frame.

Art is a window to the soul, and in that way, it isn't so different from friendship, which is simply the slow unveiling of someone's inner world. Was Salvador Dali just an angsty teenager who never outgrew his hatred for conformity? Would Monet have been a gardener if not a painter? Would Van Gogh have liked the *Frank Ocean*? We'll never know, but art lets us ask these questions, and sometimes, in the asking, we find our own answers.

The use of art as a mirror for the self is not new. In therapy, it's a long-standing practice: early psychoanalysts like Freud and Jung explored how artistic expression could unearth emotions buried deep in the unconscious. In the same way, a gallery wall becomes a kind of stage where our inner lives play out in response to what hangs before us. The



same painting might leave one person unsettled and another comforted. This response is stitched from countless threads – childhood memories, cultural background, political beliefs, personal losses, even the kind of morning someone has had. For one, the colour red might pulse with danger and blood; for another, it radiates warmth and love.

And so, a work of art often ends up being less a portrait of its maker and more a mirror for whoever stands before it. Even when an artist lays bare their intention – in an interview, in a gallery placard – it rarely cements the work's meaning. Viewers may nod, disagree, or wander into an entirely different narrative. This is the quiet truth of art in the public space: the moment it leaves the studio, the artist's grip loosens. Their private world becomes a public object, open to infinite retellings. Literary critics call it "the death of the author," the idea that once a work is out in the world, its meaning belongs to the reader. In visual art, the same law applies. The painting

becomes a conversation without a single voice in charge.

Take Tiptoe. At first glance, it's just a foot, mid-step, balanced between motion and stillness. But linger, and a story begins to unfurl. Perhaps it's a child sneaking through the kitchen for hidden chocolates while their mother sleeps, every creak of the tiles a betrayal. The familiar warmth of the room turns to a battlefield, each cupboard a potential informant. Everything must look untouched, down to the placement of the smallest jar, because a mother always knows when something is amiss. Every move is calculated, every breath a gamble. It's playful, it's dangerous, it's entirely human. Yet for another viewer, the same painting could tell an entirely different story. They might see not a child, but a dancer poised at the brink of freedom – toes straining against the rigid outline that contains them. Colour spills beyond the lines like defiance, like a puppet straining against its strings. Where one sees stealth, another sees longing. Where one sees mischief, another sees discipline.

“Even one's assessment of the compelling nature of an argument supporting an opinion is itself a mere opinion.”



Now we're back at the gallery. Two people stand side by side before *Tiptoe*. Neither speaks, yet both are deep in conversation – not with each other, but with the work. Their interpretations are tinted by everything they carry into the room: their histories, emotions, assumptions, the quiet weather of their own thoughts. They are not looking at the same painting, not really. The canvas holds as many versions of itself as there are eyes to see it.

In the end, all art lives in the delicate tension between what was meant and what is seen. The artist lays down colours, shapes, and fragments of meaning, but the moment the work enters

the world, it becomes something else, something claimed by every pair of eyes that meet it. Intention and perception aren't opposing forces so much as they are two sides of the same canvas, stitched together yet never seen in the same glance. We may never truly step into the artist's mind, and even if we could, our own thoughts, moods, and histories would follow us in. Perhaps that's the quiet beauty of it: the reaching, the guessing, the way we turn someone else's creation into a mirror for ourselves. In trying to understand the work, we end up creating something new, and maybe that's the real art after all.



W
LOVE
COLOUR

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— LIVE
LOVE
LAUGH

GRATEFUL

3RD FEB, 23



"Let's name them?"

"Lets."



Gastro Escape

Kuuraku

₹₹₹

Coming to a new city is daunting. Looking for good Japanese food? Terrifying — especially when the seniors launch an unhinged ode to Kuuraku. Think Drake talking about Stake — feral. Walk in and you're hit with a chorus of "*Irasshaimase!!!*", sake bottles lining the walls, an open kitchen, and cosy (if not cramped) seating. Their lime beer — *mosambi* with a kick, feels like a blackjack win. As someone not big on fried chicken, theirs converted me, especially with a creamy, tangy dip worth its own review. My first-ever *takoyaki* had no benchmark, but it's one of the best I've had.

Prices won't burn a hole in your pocket, and the *pièce de résistance*? Complimentary *kaccha aam* candy on your way out. Maybe my seniors are food-obsessed lunatics. Or maybe they're right. Either way, I'm one of them now — and I hope to pass on the Kuuraku gospel to my juniors someday.

Bomba

₹₹₹

Good pizza on MG Road felt like a myth — until Bomba Pizzeria. Step in and the air smells of blistered dough and molten cheese. The wood-fired oven is the star, turning out airy, chewy Neapolitan bases that beg to be folded in half. The Diavola, with spicy salami and a slick of chilli oil, is pure joy. Prices are fair, portions generous, and by the last bite, you're already plotting your return—probably with the same borderline obsession I now have.



onomic oades



Zuru Zuru

₹₹₹

Zuru Zuru in *Shahpur Jat* is where ramen dreams come true. Tucked into the narrow lanes, this cosy, dimly lit spot wraps you in the comforting hum of simmering broth. Their *Tonkotsu* is a slow-cooked masterpiece—rich, silky, and deeply layered—while the miso ramen delivers a savoury depth that’s just as satisfying. The gyoza deserve their own fanfare: crisp-edged, juicy, and vanishing far too quickly. Even the sides, like *Karaage Chicken*, feel crafted with care. Portions are generous, prices surprisingly reasonable, and every slurp feels like a warm hug on a grey day. By the time you put down your chopsticks, you’re already planning the next visit—and maybe even bringing a friend so you can “accidentally” order two bowls.

Shaam Restaurant

₹

Shaam Restaurant in Sector 39 is a little slice of Syria in Gurgaon. The *Chicken Mandi* is fragrant, tender, and piled over buttery, spiced rice. *Shawarmas* are fresh off the spit, wrapped with an addictive garlic sauce that could convert anyone. Generous portions, pocket-friendly prices, and flavours that linger long after you leave — this isn’t just a meal, it’s one of Gurgaon’s most delicious secrets.



Teyy's K-Cafe

₹₹

Tucked away in Safdarjung Market, Teyys is one of those rare spots you stumble upon once—and then reorganise your entire life around. What began as a modest stall in front of Lea Izakaya (another place I'm deeply, emotionally invested in) has now grown into the cutest little café right beside it, all warm light and quiet charm.

But their Smoked Pork and Cream Cheese Kimbap? That's a sit-down, take-a-breath moment. I wasn't emotionally prepared for how good it was, and soon I was making trips to Safdarjung solely for that one dish. Obsessive? Maybe. Regretful? Never.

Let me be clear: order it. I've been so loyal I've barely strayed to try the rest of the menu—but if this kimbap is any indicator, you're in for something special. Bonus: it's ridiculously affordable.



Espresso Anyday

₹₹₹

Hidden in plain sight in Gurgaon, Espresso Anyday is less a café and more a comforting ritual you find yourself returning to over and over. The space is warm, minimal, and quietly buzzing with the sound of milk steaming and beans grinding—no frills, just a deep love for coffee.

Their espresso is exactly what the name promises: smooth, balanced, and the kind of shot that can turn an entire day around. The flat white is my personal undoing—creamy, rich, and gone far too quickly—while their cold brew packs enough punch to make you feel invincible.

It's the sort of place you "pop into" and then lose track of time, nursing your cup as life slows down. Prices are fair, quality is unwavering, and yes—every day feels like an espresso day here.





Monique

₹₹

Delhi NCR has no shortage of cafes promising charm – but Monique feels different. Sunlight spills through tall windows, the air rich with coffee and butter, like freshly baked cookies.

The blueberry banana smoothie was a hit; the strawberry matcha, not so much. On hearing this, the staff offered a complimentary dessert – an unspoken peace offering from the benevolent gods of free food.

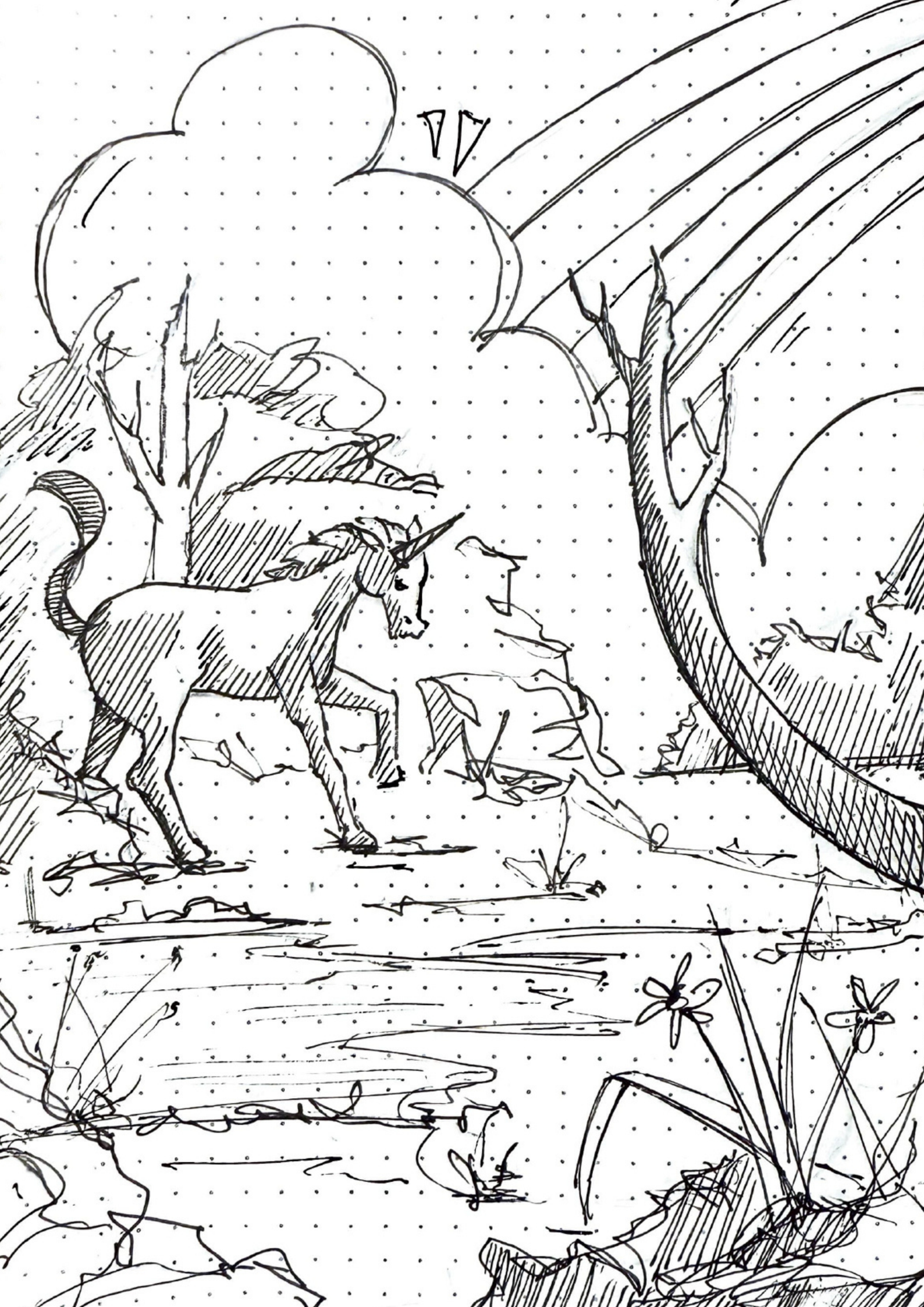
Megu

₹₹₹₹

Megu at The Leela Palace isn't just dinner—it's theatre. Step inside and you're greeted by soaring ceilings, warm lighting, and a quiet sense of occasion. The menu blends precision and artistry, from delicate sushi to perfectly grilled *Robata* Skewers. The signature Megu Salad is a sleeper hit, while the Miso-marinated cod is pure silk. Service is intuitive without being overbearing. Yes, it's indulgent, but every bite reminds you why Megu remains one of Delhi's finest Japanese dining experiences.



Dining here moves at its own pace. Take the *Le Sandwich Norvégien*: Salmon, avocado, cream cheese, and greens between perfectly toasted bread. Simple, yet a quiet symphony of flavours reminding you food needn't be fireworks. Sometimes the matcha misses, but you stay for the windows, the warmth, the unhurried service – and that small, unexpected dessert that turns a meal into a memory.



TruthTM

propaganda we're not
falling for

Sarthak Dubey; In Peter Pomerantsev's *This is not **Propaganda***, censorship in the socialist state of the Soviet Union wasn't just about protecting those in power – it was also about suppressing Western ideas the state deemed revolutionary. Revolutionary, not just in the fun, riot-on-the-streets way, but in the "Uh what if people start thinking for themselves and realise that we, the oppressive and exploitative overlords, are actually the problem?" kind of way.

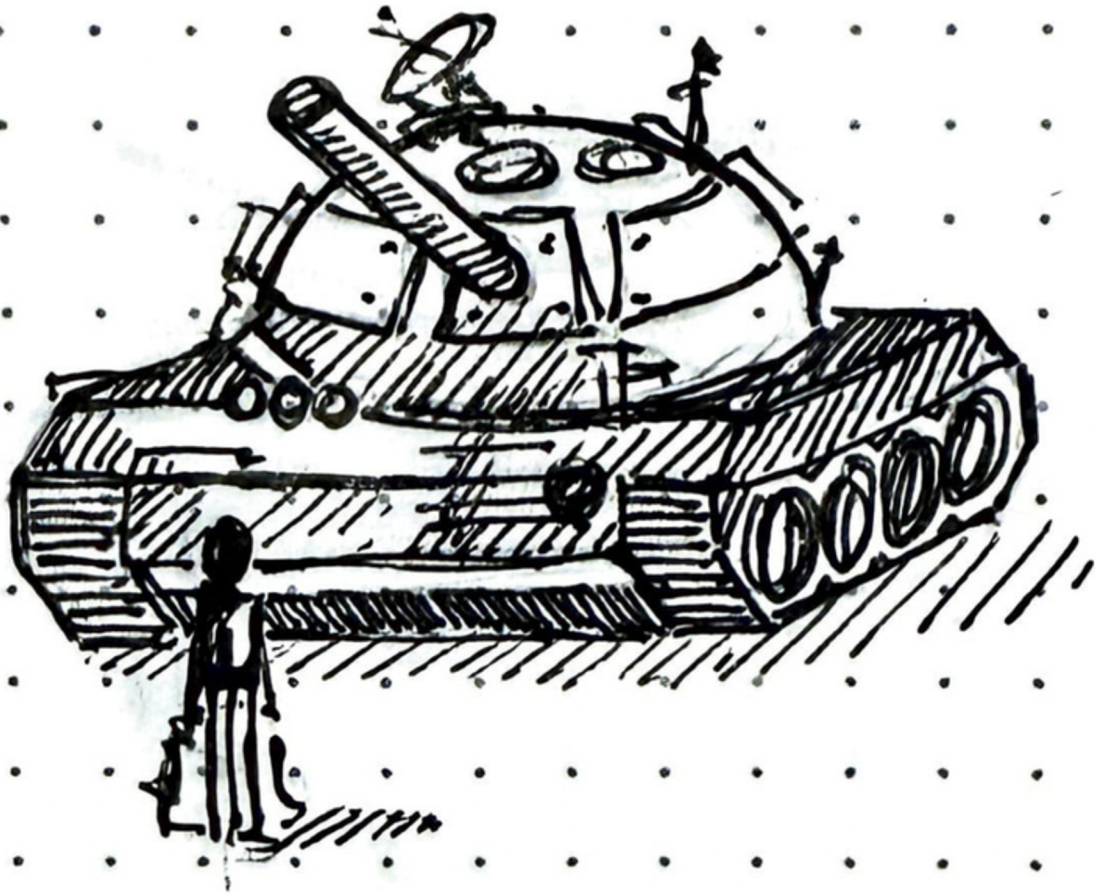
But maybe the status quo isn't all that different today. Censorship, while not as blatant, still exists. From governments buying off news channels to state leaders sticking strictly to scripted interviews, efforts to control information and distract the public with nonsense (like YouTubers plagiarising jokes no one asked for) are in full throttle.

One of the most crucial pillars of any democratic state is free speech. The ability to voice different opinions gives people access to multiple perspectives, helping them think critically and resist the inevitable **homogenisation** of thought. More importantly, it helps people care about their opinions. Censorship actively takes

away the public ability to discuss the censored issue. If the topic of censorship itself were censored, this article wouldn't exist. Or maybe it would, just with extra snark.

Speaking of snark, censorship isn't always a dead end. Throughout history, we've seen artists use creativity to combat censorship. Take *The Common Man* by R.K. Laxman – dressed in a *dhoti* and Nehru jacket, with round *Gandhi*-like spectacles, he wandered wordlessly through absurd encounters with government bureaucrats. That was a quiet rebellion. During the emergency in India, when newspapers couldn't publish articles about "internal disturbances," some just left blank spaces where those articles should've been. A literal silence that spoke volumes.

Even today, it's easy to be labelled "anti-national." Criticise a policy? Anti-national. Protest a law? Anti-national. Complaining about a late train? No points for guessing – anti-national. This fear eats into people. They begin to apologise for having opinions. And when you call someone a traitor long enough, they start to believe it. That's how



leaders grow **complacent**, or worse, corrupt. Management tells us we're the problem. Under the guise of "regulation," they start shaping the truth. It begins small like brushing over the Manipur issue, or worse, censoring a 30-second kiss from a movie, and snowballs from there. So what do we do? I'm not asking you to be an activist. But if someone tells you freedom of speech is a luxury, sing *Wavin' Flag* in the most shrill, defiant voice possible. Ask questions, even when you're told not to. Don't take things at face value. Do your

own research. Read the stuff they don't want you to – not conspiracy theories, but banned books, alternative perspectives. Call out **bullflowers**, even when it's uncomfortable. Speak up. Sometimes, the smallest acts of rebellion – like refusing to cut your hair even when the chef's asked thrice – are what keep democracy alive.

Big Brother will try to convince you that expression is a luxury. A luxury you can't afford.

EXIT
LEFT

ENTER
RIGHT



14.08

∞

Enter Right, Exit Left

while the wings hum
unscripted moments

Act I

Rhea Budhraj; There's this concept in theatre, the fourth wall.

It's this invisible barrier between the actors and the audience. While the audience sees through it, the actors pretend it's there. But sometimes, a character will look straight into the camera or the audience dead in the eye and speak directly to them and that's called breaking the fourth wall – when the act acknowledges that it is, *in fact*, an act.

This concept is my Roman Empire, I think about it more than I'd like to admit.

Rewind to Semester 2, our first ever class with Mr. Paras Yadav. This stoical young man carried a composure of calm, collected, and professional – normal, even, not a smile out of place – at least not in class, no side jokes, no silly comments, just consistent faculty-at-work energy.

But the next day, I spotted him in the food hall wearing the funkiest, most colourful pair of shoes I'd ever seen. They were so joyfully loud it felt almost illegal. Especially on him.

Naturally, I said, "That's a lovely pair of shoes," with what I now recognise as an undertone of surprise and honestly a trace of sarcasm.

He laughed. Audibly. The kind of laugh you let out when you're comfortable. The kind that breaks this unspoken social rule but in the most human way possible.

That moment was the fourth wall cracking and ever since, I've been fixated on how people, even unintentionally, break character. How we all break the fourth wall sometimes.

Act II

In media, the fourth wall is an unspoken understanding that the characters won't acknowledge the audience, and the audience won't interfere. But some of the most memorable moments in film and television happen when that wall is deliberately broken – a glance at the camera, a smirk that feels a little too personal and suddenly, the illusion unravels. The character now knows you're watching and you know they know. Sometimes it's loud and unmistakable, other times it's subtle but intentional.

And pop culture thrives on these breaks – there’s obviously *Fleabag*, who uses the concept masterfully to not only directly address the audience but to communicate secret frustrations, reactions to **frenzied** situations, and even to seek validation at times, all while everyone else in the scene remains completely unaware. She’s constantly breaking the character within her character, and somehow we’re the only ones who see it. It’s weird to think about, *very meta, you know?*

But that intimacy and the knowing between her and us? That’s her coping mechanism – her way of surviving the narrative she’s trapped in. And by the end, when she stops looking at us, the silence is almost unsettling.

Then there’s *Deadpool*, this havoc incarnate who narrates his own story, grumbles about his scriptwriters and converses with the audience more than his co-stars. He knows he’s in a movie and isn’t shy about pretending otherwise. If anything, he weaponises the concept and turns it into a bit. And honestly? It works.

One of my favourite references for this is *The Office*, where the fourth wall isn’t just broken, it’s layered. The show exists within a fake documentary, constantly blurring the line between fiction and reality, until you, too, feel like a co-worker awkwardly hovering in the break room. *Jim Halpert*, especially – he genuinely gets it. Every time Michael says something even remotely unhinged, I look at Jim because he shoots at the camera this iconic

deadpan look – that comedic micro-expression of sarcasm and disbelief is the fourth wall shattering.

In all of these, what stands out isn’t just the wit or plot, it’s the *connection* we form with the character who’s breaking theirs. When the illusion of the act drops, the story winks, you’re no longer watching from the outside, you’re in on it, with them. It’s intimate, disruptive, hilarious and sometimes **fazing**.

And although it’s scripted, rehearsed, cut and edited, media breaks the fourth wall to remind you of how the performance is not only being delivered to you but it’s also being *shared* with you and that rupture? It’s electric, it’s raw and it’s real.

Act III

Breaking character isn’t just reserved for stages or screens, we do it too. In quiet moments, in loud bursts, sometimes without even noticing. Sometimes it’s just you, a classroom, a meeting, a lunch table and this overwhelming sense of being constantly watched, performing, delivering a character you’ve spent years building and rehearsing lines for because real life has its own fourth wall. It’s thinner, sneakier and less obvious. We don’t stare into cameras, but we do, at times, pause mid thought, caught in that strange, slippery moment of self-awareness where the line between real and performative starts to blur.

It starts early – you learn to modulate tones, memorise templates, deliver timed responses. The ambitious, polished classroom voice, the agreeable

but competent colleague persona, the nonchalant friend who says “I’m good.” even when they’re absolutely not, the one who chuckles on cue, nods in meetings, says “you too” reflexively – you play your part, all of us do.

And it’s not always deliberate. Sometimes, you just become fluent in performance, not out of deceit, but survival. It’s instinctive; it’s muscle memory. We’re all daughters, sons, students, confident interns who know exactly what they’re doing, cool nonchalant friends who don’t overthink texts, put together 20-somethings with a gym routine and a morning affirmation playlist.

This, in its entirety, is performative which is not inherently **pretence**, sometimes, it’s the bridge between people. It’s how we survive awkward silences, signal safety, and earn trust. Rehearsed doesn’t mean insincere, it just means we’ve done this dance before. We perform to belong, to comfort, to protect.

And sometimes, we forget our scripts and drop the act. When the nonchalant friend needs help framing a text, or the class clown doesn’t crack a joke for once and maybe sometimes, you even stop pretending like you’re always “*totally* fine” and that’s comforting because the second someone lets it slip, you feel like you’re allowed to do the same. There’s a noiseless freedom in not being “on” all the time.

Because life, my friend, is the longest running improv show of all time, and just like in theatre, the real magic – the whimsy – often comes from actors

forgetting their lines or even choosing to abandon them.

We break character not because we’re failing, but because we’re human. Sometimes, the act is heavy, the spotlight is hot, and all you want is to step out of the scene for a moment and just be.

This isn’t where the show ends, it’s the part where the audience leans in.

Final Act

It’s honestly hilarious how we’re all characters we’ve written for ourselves, following non-existent scripts to the dot – the voice, the posture, the curated preferences, saying “I hate small talk” or “I’m such a Libra” like it’s our backstory. And don’t even get me started on the “Are we living in a simulation?” rabbit hole – that’s a whole other article (lol, next edition maybe).

We’re all constantly performing, sometimes for safety, sometimes for applause but mostly, it’s just out of habit. You’ve done the bit for so long, you don’t realise you’re still in costume.

There’s something beautifully ridiculous about how seriously we take it all, the effort it takes to be the version of yourself you think people expect.

But maybe someday, someone says your name weird, or you laugh in a way you’ve never heard before, or you catch your reflection doing something entirely off-script and instead of questioning it, you just keep going.

This isn’t some dramatic curtain call, it’s just a reminder of how we’re all performing but we don’t always have to be. You’re allowed to forget your lines, you’re allowed to just be (omg that rhymed). Alright, exit stage left.



Seasoned and Slightly Salty

Lakshita Singh;

Naman Agrawal

Could you introduce yourself a little? Where you're from, where you articulated, and what you're up to these days?

"Hi, I'm Naman Agrawal – a student from the 2021 batch at ISH. I articulated a year ago to the *École Ducasse Paris* campus, to specialise in French cuisine and after the six months I spent there, I started my internship at *Osteria Francescana* in Modena, Italy, which I'm currently completing."

What was the biggest adjustment when you moved, culturally or professionally?

"I didn't find the adjustment too difficult – I believe that people are just people; you just need to learn how to communicate and interact with them effectively. You always hear about stereotypes – French people, and everything. But when I came to France, spoke to people on campus, it was actually very nice. I think it's wonderful how passionate both Europeans and Indians are about their cultures. They show a remarkable openness to learning about others, much like we do."

What is the most popular dish in French cuisine?

"Sweet bread!" he said. And like anyone else, I thought, "Oh, cool – it's like an actual sweet bread," so I responded "Sounds awesome!"

But then he threw me a curveball, "Actually, it's the thymus gland of an animal."

How do you feel working at Osteria Francesca?

"I mean, that's the main reason I wanted to come to France – I couldn't get the chance to work at this restaurant otherwise. The fact that it's a 3-Michelin-star restaurant and has held the number one spot out of fifteen for three consecutive years says everything about how good it is."

What's a small, random item you always kept in your locker or bag, your secret weapon?

"You know, I'm not sure if I should say this because the college might get mad at me, but it was my very first menu I did at ISH – I was kind of the head chef and I had this spoon I was working with – *spoon* tasting everything, right? So I kept this spoon. And it's been with me since two, maybe three years, now. It's pretty nostalgic!"

How do you stay motivated when things start to feel overwhelming or uninspired?

"It was initially quite overwhelming when I moved to France, then to Italy for my internship – but I truly believe it's all about taking breaks and finding time for yourself. Having a life outside the kitchen can help maintain balance, and making friends beyond work is always a boost."

What advice would you leave for your juniors at ISH?

"If you're planning to articulate, it's important to focus on personal development and establish a strong foundation, because when you articulate, you'll be learning completely different material. Even if you're uncertain about articulating in your fourth year, remember that it's ultimately up to you; you'll be on your own in your final year. Make sure to practice regularly. There may be topics you don't care about right now, but you should start learning them. Additionally, don't hesitate to put yourself out there. Now's the time to make the most of it. You'll come across so many exciting opportunities, so grab them and give it your all. You've got this!"

Kailash Koduvayur

Could you introduce yourself a little? Where you're from, where you articulated, and what you're up to these days!

"Hey, I'm Kailash, I'm from India, affiliated with *Les Roches*, Crans-Montana, Switzerland, and right now I'm doing my internship at the Intercontinental Dubai Festival City in the front office. It's been hectic, but I'm learning a lot just by being in the middle of everything."

What have I been up to?

"Something I've come to appreciate lately is just catching up with friends and taking a break from everything once in a while. It helps more than I expected. Like a proper reset for my brain. I come back sharper, lighter, and way less stuck in my head."

What's something every ish student should really know before articulating?

"Soft skills are crucial, more than you might realise. Your communication style and ability to handle stress leave a lasting impression. But don't get in your head thinking someone's always watching over your shoulder. From what I've seen with the little international exposure I've had, honestly, they empower you and give you space to grow. If you demonstrate effort and maintain a positive attitude, you'll receive the

backing you need. Remember, it's not about being perfect; what matters is your commitment to improvement!"

Tell us about a guest interaction or kitchen moment that lives rent-free in your head.

"Honestly, I used to think that front office operations would be easy. I thought, "You just talk to guests, right?" But the first time a guest started yelling at me, I *froze*. I couldn't think of anything to say or do; I just stood there awkwardly. That moment hit me hard, and since then, my respect for hoteliers has increased tenfold. It made me realize that this job requires much more skill and patience than I ever gave it credit for."

What was the biggest adjustment when you moved, culturally or professionally?

"Honestly, being exposed to such a variety of cultures has been one of the greatest blessings in my life. It's incredible how much you can learn from the small things. For example, some nationalities prioritize family above all else, while others have different values and work styles. Understanding these nuances helps me navigate conversations with clients and colleagues in a more effective way. Professionally, I've realized that effort doesn't always lead to immediate results. In the hospitality industry, success relies on consistency and patience rather than just hard work and expecting quick recognition."

If your career had a theme song right now, what would it be?

The Lazy Song by Bruno Mars, because the whole chorus perfectly describes me!"

What's one myth about hospitality abroad that you'd like to bust?

"It's not all luxury and glamour – it involves grit, precision, and the daily challenge of swallowing your ego. Being abroad doesn't necessarily mean it's better; it simply provides a new perspective. You grow when you are pushed out of your comfort zone, not merely because of your location."

How do you stay motivated when things start to feel overwhelming or uninspired?

"You know, I just love digging into good food, haha! I also make it a point to hit the gym, where I can lift all my frustrations away, it's such a great way to clear my head. I've always been a sports enthusiast (he's ex FLYP like that)! I really cherish the time I spend with my friends, whether we're chilling at someone's place, dancing the night away at a club, or hitting the beach late at night – and from time to time, I like cribbing because let's face it – it's fun"

Finally, what advice would you leave behind for your juniors at ISH?

"Living in fear of failure is one of the worst situations you can put yourself in. Embrace new experiences, say yes to opportunities, and just enjoy life. Don't take things too seriously; you'll figure it out as you go along. Half the magic lies in the chaos."

Prabmer Wadhwa

Firstly, could you introduce yourself a little? Where you're from, where you articulated, and what you're up to these days!

Hi! I'm Prabmer Wadhwa from Delhi and I'm 21 years old. I am the founder of the business venture and food blog The Treble Chef on Instagram where I share my pastry journey. I articulated to *École Nationale Supérieure de Pâtisserie* (ENSP) in France for the fourth year of my Bachelor's degree. I recently completed a 6-month internship at BO&MIE Paris and right now, I'm on a much-needed 2-week vacation, traveling across a few countries in Europe with my siblings after which I will return to India.

What's something you believe every ISH student should know before articulating?

"Every ISH student should know that articulating abroad is truly a once in a lifetime opportunity to live, learn, and grow in a completely new environment. Yes, it's a tough decision to make, especially when you're leaving behind your comfort zone, but for me, it was absolutely worth it. You'll gain not just technical skills, but independence, confidence, and a fresh perspective on the industry.

What's one myth about hospitality or pastry school abroad that you'd like to bust?

"One myth I'd like to bust about studying pastry abroad is that it's all fun and games. The reality is that it's both physically and mentally demanding. Classes often start early in the morning and can stretch late into the evening. Many days, you'll find yourself running on just a few hours of sleep. It's tough, but the experience and skills you gain makes it worthwhile."

What was the biggest adjustment for you when you moved, culturally or professionally?

"The biggest adjustment was realising that you have to do almost everything on your own. Beyond your studies, your time is spent cleaning, cooking, doing laundry, managing bank work, grocery runs, etc. The list goes on. It really makes you appreciate how convenient life is back in India, where we often take small everyday support systems for granted."

Tell us about a guest interaction or kitchen moment that lives rent-free in your head.

"One guest interaction that truly lives rent-free in my head was when I met Chef Gary, Matt, and George, the original judges of MasterChef Australia. They were in Gurugram for a dessert masterclass, and I was lucky enough to attend. They were incredibly warm and kind, and even recorded a short video with me! It still brings a huge smile to my face every time I watch it."

If pastries could talk, which one would be the sassiest?

"This is a fun one! I think the sassiest pastry is definitely a soufflé. It demands perfect mixing and precise baking, and if you don't serve it immediately, it collapses into a sad little sponge that looks nothing like the showstopper it was five minutes ago."

What's a small, random item you always kept in your locker or bag, your personal secret weapon?

"This one's a no-brainer: a marker. You've gotta have a marker in the kitchen. I can't even tell you how many times mine has been borrowed! Whether it's for labeling *mise en place*, writing notes, or marking trays, it's your secret weapon. Just keep it close by – always!" I thought to myself that it was a really smart answer."

How do you stay motivated when things start to feel overwhelming or uninspired?

"There are definitely moments when things get overwhelming or motivation dips. Whenever that happens, I usually call my family or friends. Their support always helps me regain my energy and motivation. Another thing that really works for me is going for a walk. It clears my mind and helps me come back refreshed."

If your career had a theme song right now, what would it be and why?

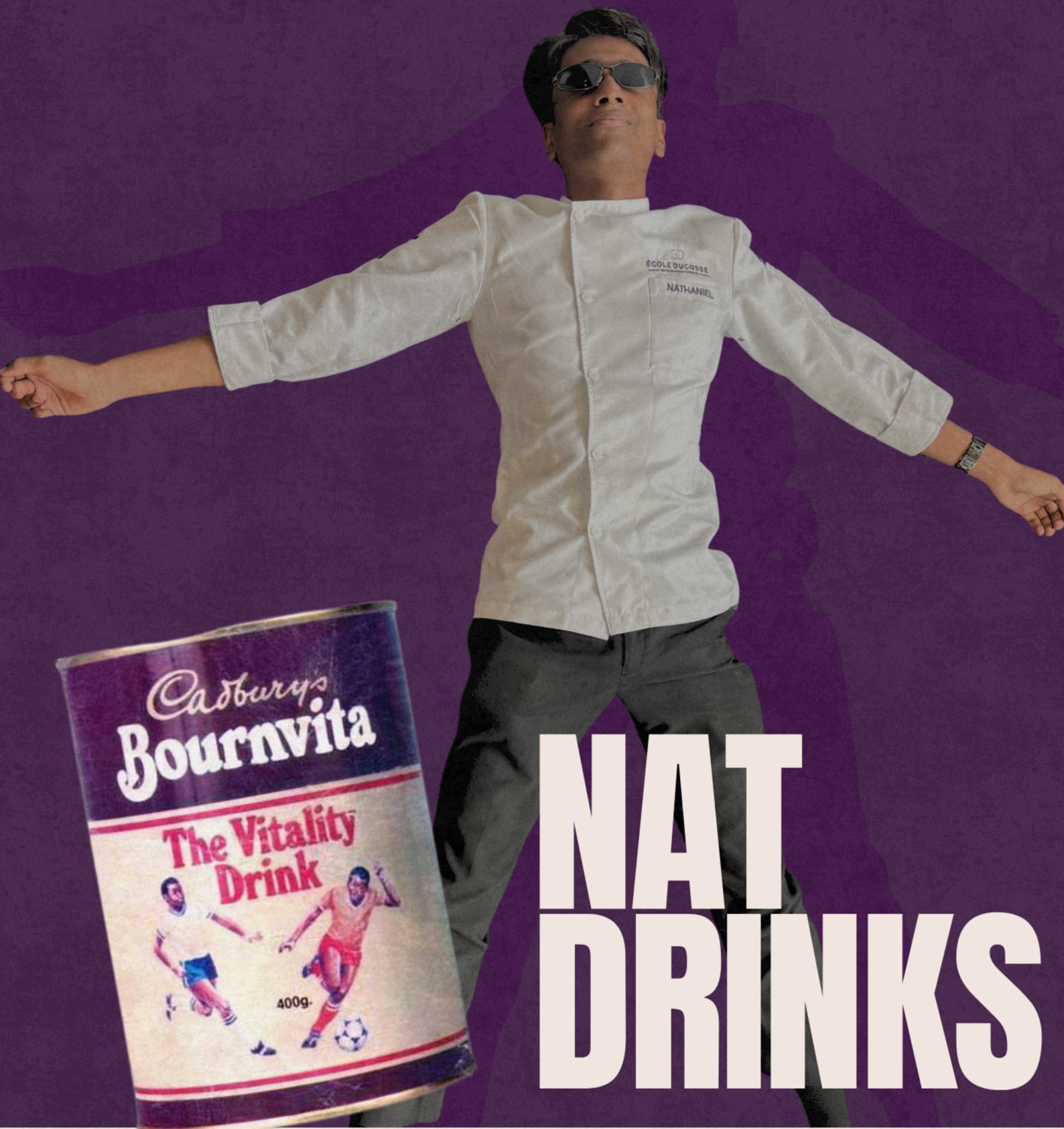
"If my career had a theme song right now, it would be *Yesterday Is Dead* by Josiah Queen. This past year away from home has truly changed me. I've experienced so many new things and gained a fresh perspective on life and my journey as a chef."

What's one "leadership" lesson you didn't expect to learn but now carry with you?

"One leadership lesson I didn't expect to learn but now carry with me is the importance of staying calm under pressure. In the kitchen, things rarely go exactly as planned. There's always a long list of tasks, and unexpected problems can pop up at any moment. The key is to not lose hope. Stress only makes things worse, but taking a few deep breaths, staying composed, and moving forward with focus always helps. Your calmness can set the tone for the entire team."

Finally, what advice would you leave behind for your juniors at ISH?

"Here's my advice for juniors at ISH. Don't stress about being perfect all the time. You're going to mess up, and that's totally okay! The kitchen is all about learning as you go, so don't be afraid to try new things and make mistakes. Stay curious, keep your passion alive, and just enjoy the ride. Trust me, it gets better when you stop worrying so much."



NAT DRINKS

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Milonging for Malt

it's the greatest thing
ever, honestly

Prajith Santosh; There's something serenely magical about cold milk stirred with Bournvita or Boost. It might seem simple—almost too simple—but for many of us, it's so much more than a drink. It's comfort, nostalgia, and a ritual we never quite outgrew. Whether it was a lazy Sunday morning, a quick refuel after a long day at school, or a post-sports-day treat, malt drinks have always been there, quietly showing up when we needed them.

“100% it's the best thing that I've ever had in my life and nothing can ever beat it.”

For me, the connection runs deep. Just like some people reach for old *Kishore Kumar* songs on a foggy evening with a glass of whiskey, I reach for malt. It resonates—warm, familiar, dependable.

Malt isn't just nostalgia in a cup; it's surprisingly versatile. On my 17th birthday, I baked an orange cake with a filter coffee Milo glaze. During my internship, it was coconut milk Milo French toast with blueberry compote, eaten at 3 a.m. after 16-hour shifts. I remember thinking: Damn, if someone

reconstructed this with intention, it would be a *banger* dessert. Even now, I still experiment—new drinks, new flavours—but the one constant in my life has always been malt.

“It reminds me of the hope I had in my hostel.”

And it's not just about taste. It's the memories. The Boost commercials promising greatness, those Complian freebies (who else remembers the car pens?), and the overseas relatives bringing back treasure troves of Milo or Nesquik. Or those evenings with grandparents—Horlicks in hand, old tunes playing in the background.

There's also the thrill—the grade 3 version of rebellion: sneaking spoonfuls of Bournvita straight from the jar, chocolate smeared across my face, the fear of getting caught making it all the more delicious. Eternal moments, locked in time.

“Reminds me of 2020 where all I did was just make new ways to drink milo.”

One memory, though, rises above the rest. Dubai, 2016. Just me and my neighbour. We had finished shopping at the Gold Souk when we stumbled across what looked like a Nestlé souvenir shop. A Milo haven, tucked away in a corner of the city. We stocked up on drinks and merchandise that somehow lasted over a year, but the memory—of discovery, of connection—has lasted far longer.

Sure, some of the packaged drinks were a letdown—chalky milk, off proportions—but you take it all in stride. Asia, though, gets it right. From Kerala's chaotic and wonderful Boost Kuluki, to Singapore's Milo Dinosaur, to a perfectly chilled glass of Boost from any tea shop in South India—malt finds a way to belong.

“It’s so good! It’s just artificial chocolate flavour and crystals.”

And let’s be honest: whoever marketed malt as a “health drink” deserves to be side-eyed. I had Complan religiously in the sixth grade, and the only thing that grew was my blood sugar. But even with all the marketing noise, underneath it all, malt is a great **equaliser**.

“Tetrapack malt drinks don’t taste the same – it’s not the right milk, not the right proportions.”



It saw us through late-night study sessions, last-minute bake-offs, college friendships, and tired commutes. It sat beside us while we made sense of the world, while we grew up—quietly shaping who we were becoming. For me, it even helped shape a career. I chose the culinary path largely because of my memories with malt—and my neighbour, the one who introduced me to it all. It just... makes sense now.

Looking back, it’s funny how something so ordinary could hold so much weight. Malt wasn’t just a drink—it was a companion, a constant through the chaos of growing up. It taught me about flavor, comfort, and creativity. And even now, years later, that familiar chocolatey swirl in a glass of milk still feels like home. Maybe that’s what nostalgia really is—not grand gestures or big moments, but the small, sweet things that stick. Like malt.



Meet The Team

This is my son, mine own **Telemachus**,
To whom I leave the **sceptre** and the isle,—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In **offices** of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

*An excerpt from, Ulysses
by Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

Glossary

Aesthetes

noun (ees·theets)

a person who is appreciative of and sensitive to art and beauty.

Bullflowers

verb (bul·flau·uh)

stupid or untrue talk or writing; nonsense

Complacent

adjective (kuhm·play·snt)

showing smug or uncritical satisfaction with oneself or one's achievements.

Echelons

noun (eh·shuh·lawnz)

a formation of troops, ships, aircraft, or vehicles in parallel rows with the end of each row projecting further than the one in front.

Equaliser

noun (ee·kwuh·lye·ser)

a thing which has an equalizing effect.

Fazing

verb (fayz·uhng)

disturb or disconcert (someone).

Frenzied

noun (fren·zeed)

wildly excited or uncontrolled.

Homogenisation

noun (hoh·moh·juh·nuh·zay·shun)

the process of making things uniform or similar.

Offices

noun (aw·fuh·suhz)

a position of authority or service, typically one of a public nature.

Paramount

adjective (pa·ruh·mawnt)

more important than anything else; supreme.

Pretence

noun (pruh·tens)

an attempt to make something that is not the case appear true.

Propaganda

noun (praw·puh·gan·duh)

information, especially of a biased or misleading nature, used to promote a political cause or point of view.

Sceptre

noun (sep·ter)

an ornamented staff carried by rulers on ceremonial occasions as a symbol of sovereignty.

Telemachus

Greek name (tuh·leh·muh·kuhs)

This name is famously associated with the character in Homer's *Odyssey*, the son of Odysseus and Penelope. The name's etymology breaks down to "tele" meaning "far" or "distant" and "mache" meaning "battle".

Unseeming

noun (uhn·see·ming)

unseemly or not apparent.

GAZETTE

INDIAN SCHOOL OF HOSPITALITY