

# MARKETPLACE

Journal by Forbidden Verses

3.0

s k i n



# S F U M A T O

derived from the Italian word fumo,  
meaning “smoke”

In fine art, the term “sfumato” refers to the technique of painting in which colors or tones are blended in such a subtle manner that they melt into one another without perceptible transitions, lines, or edges. S k i n just like paint blends in from one stimulus to another leaving little or no traces to the world outside but completely changing e v e r y t h i n g for the person who wears it.

*Cover image and concept by  
Chetna Chauhan*

# FOREWORD

As we lend to you, our third edition of Marketplace we attempt to explore 'Skin'. Skin, in all it's mundanity and universality is also something so personal, and so intimate and to say the least, we left the submissions absolutely moved.

The vastness of skin. The personal battles which come with its suppleness, and how it is a giant canvas of experience. Further, skin has always been a site of violence. And of politics. The myths of purity and pollution have played out here. The policing of it's forms has prolonged itself through history. Which skin is desirable? Which skin is policed? Skin has also lent itself to desire. To love languages. To the archaicness of beauty. The connotations are endless and before you sink in, we ask you to think for a brief moment, 'what does skin mean to you?

It has been a pleasure to curate this issue. The breathtaking illustrations, the brutally honest photographs and the supple poetry we've held onto for so long, we can't wait to share it with you. Happy reading

- *Anureet Watta*

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# Skin as a Reparation

*By Anureet Watta*

I'm sorry to bring this up but,  
Do you know about the Nazi that made a lampshade out of human  
skin? How long did his house reek of rotting flesh?

Beige banality, and a great conversation starter,  
sitting quaintly between a wedding photo and a scented candle-  
it's not our backs that we own,  
only our lies.

I would touch you,  
but we live in times where skinning a cow turns into skinning a man  
turns into a forgotten news report.

Repertoire.

A 2000-year-old race -  
to drown in soft earth like a warm embrace or to be gnawed to the  
bone by hate.

Who wins and gets to forget?

What I'm saying is,  
it's a charade  
the hand that holds a gun, is also a gun,  
and neither meant for making a fire in this endless frost.

Except all we yearn is for the comfort of an elbow,  
a wayward cheek, the warmth of a palm, to peel a lover open.

Except, we don't really remember where we learnt to crave for skin  
and then to conquer it  
What is a country if not a tapestry of skin it reaped unfairly?

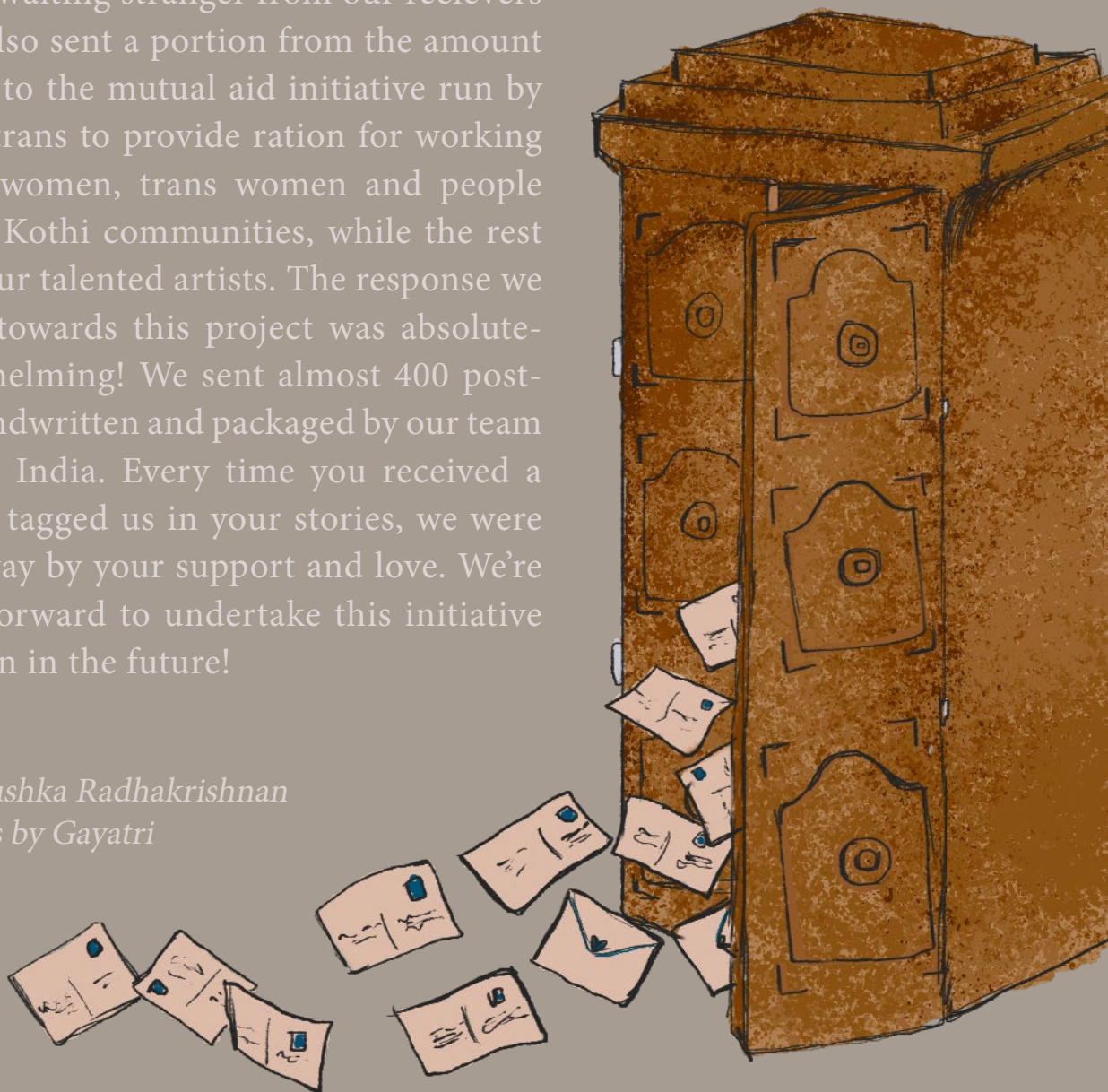
What I'm saying is  
I may be a coward  
but how can we touch and do anything if not mourn?



# Dostcard

In collaboration with Almaarii, we introduced Dostcard: a postcard exchange artists to counter the capitalistic, heteronormative version of love enforced upon us every year on Valentine's Day and do something different. We had 13 different designs to choose from, made by our queer artists to send to your friend, partner, family, yourself, or even a stranger. For each Dostcard purchased by you, we sent another to an awaiting stranger from our receivers list. We also sent a portion from the amount collected to the mutual aid initiative run by @trains\_trans to provide ration for working class cis women, trans women and people from the Kothi communities, while the rest went to our talented artists. The response we received towards this project was absolutely overwhelming! We sent almost 400 postcards, handwritten and packaged by our team all across India. Every time you received a postcard, tagged us in your stories, we were blown away by your support and love. We're looking forward to undertake this initiative once again in the future!

*Written by Anoushka Radhakrishnan  
Images by Gayatri*



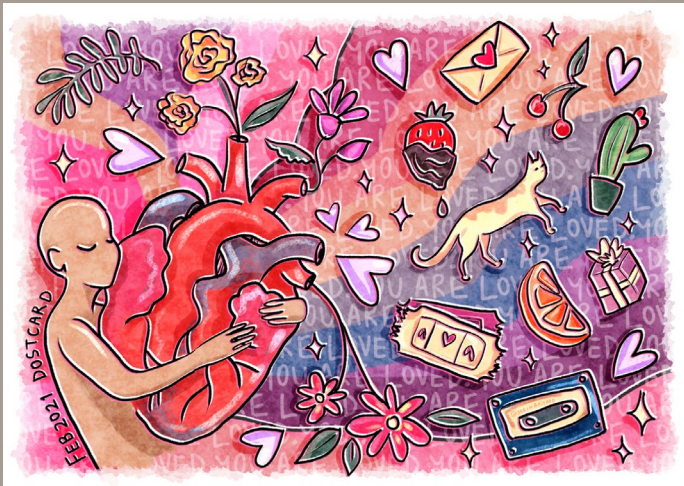




ANUREET WATTA



HANA



MRINALINI



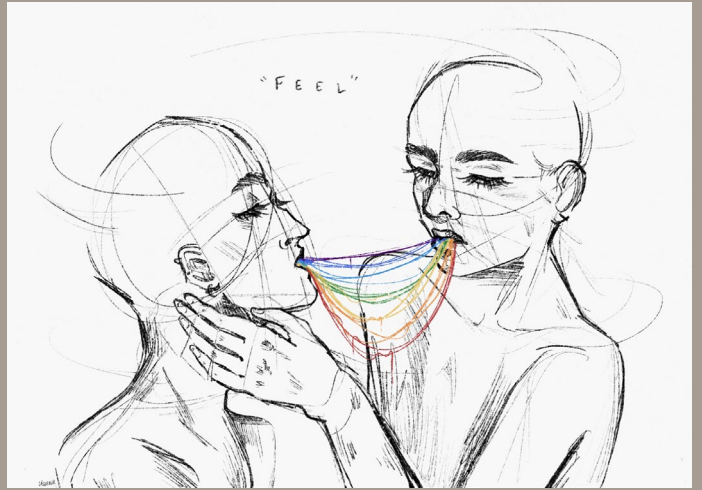
ANUSHKA BANSAL



CHETNA

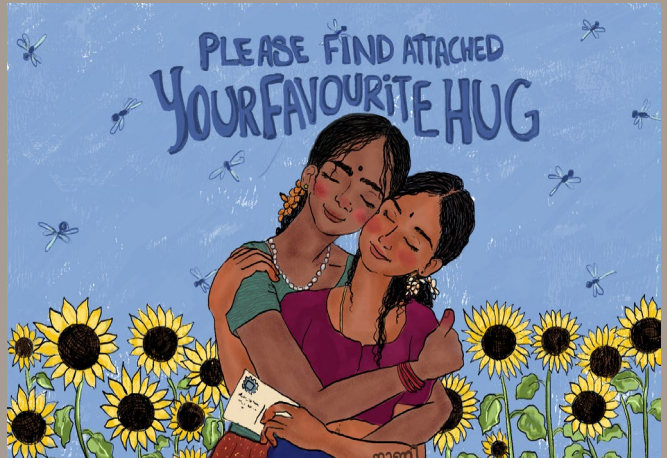


USHNA PATEL



DIV RODRICKS

GAYATRI

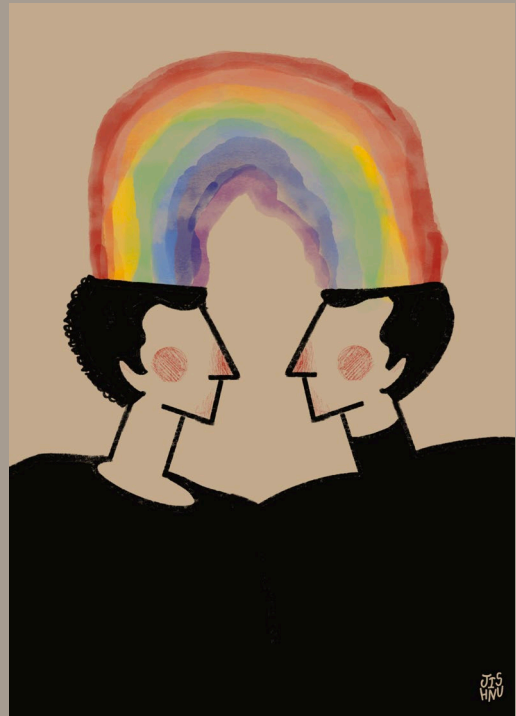


AKRITI





SAMHITA SONI



JISHNU



TORA

# Instagram Live with Vibhav Singh

On 17th January 2021, we hosted an Instagram live with Vibhav Singh, a freelance illustrator and animator based in Bangalore. As described in his own words, his work is mostly narrative, inspired from classic science fiction and fantasy, music and film. Vibhav has worked in the Indian indie music scene, collaborating with musicians on visuals and cover artworks, as well as illustration, concept art and visual development in gaming, film and advertising. In a lively and engaging conversation, we discussed art, his creative process and all that he learned through his journey in the field.



*Written by Anoushka Radhakrishnan  
Image by Vibhav Singh*



# A Garden of a Mother's Insecurities about her Daughter's Distaste for men

*By Mili Mukim*

What flowers will grow  
on the graves I dig  
in my skin  
How many cuts  
does it take for roses  
to grow fuller,  
sunflowers to sigh.

Would you kiss me  
when the flowers  
seep out of me  
Is it okay to  
hold you close  
softly  
whisper  
'flowers aren't  
what they're called'.

My therapist says  
it's all inside your head  
you're not as gay  
as you think you are  
My mother, with tears in her eyes

like a gun to my heart,  
You have had enough  
it's time to get straight  
or get married.

How many days  
does it take for roses  
to rot.

# Stella Barla on Skin

*Artist and photographer Stella Barla interviewed by Aadrika Sominder, Chetna Chauhan, Ishani Singhal and Radhika Chauhan*

*Written by Aadrika Sominder*

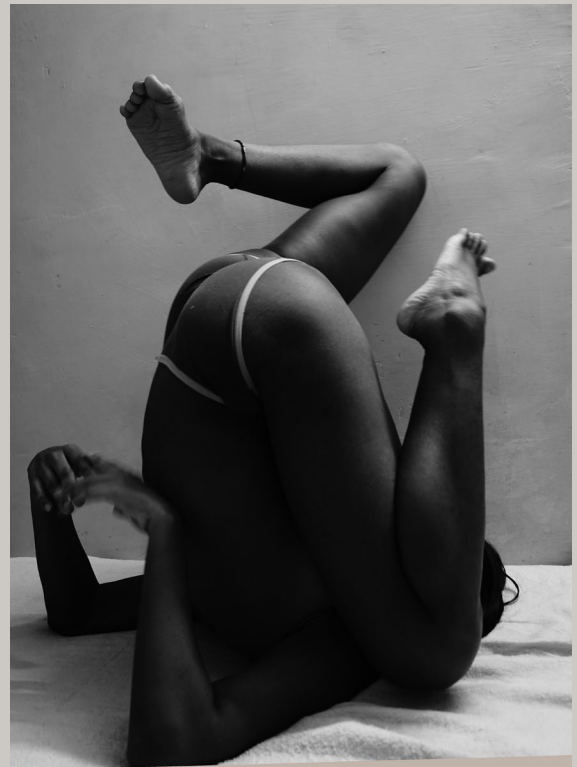
Stella Barla sits with her back to a white wall, in front of the camera that she is usually behind. With her sit the three of us, with our heads in our hands- leaning as we listen to her talk about skin and photography.

***Q. Hello Stella, why don't we start with you telling us what skin means to you and how you reflect it in your work?***

Okay so, the way I think about skin is how most people think about skin, you know?

A lot of my art revolves around the growth and evolution of skin mainly because when I look at myself in the camera, I see so many imperfections- the stretch marks, the acne. But that gives me confidence. And this is also what helps people connect to my work. They're seeing things in my pictures that they already have!

For this connection only, I also try to make my photographs as subjective as I can because the end message I want to send with my piece is simply to accept



myself. This is also the reason I tend to post a lot of pictures without a corresponding writeup or 'caption less' posts. We are all allowed to exist however we want to exist- with our scars, stretch marks, acne, weight. This is what I hope people see through my art- the freedom to exist.

***Q. That's really cool. Could you walk us through your process- how you come up with ideas and how you implement them?***



Okay, this is a sticky question because, sometimes- actually, I rarely plan my work. The pictures have always come before the stories and most photographs I take are in the moment shots of everyday instances. I can't do the whole planning for Instagram thing because I do photography for myself and planning feels a little bit restrictive. After I've taken the photographs, then I'll look at them and build a story.



As for the process, I mean I like to keep most of my pictures very low edit and even if I edit, it's very light editing. And while I usually prefer natural, mellow tones some of my work does have bold colours but I usually do that in an attempt to make something stand out. The colour already exists- like the soap picture- and I just photograph it how I see it.



*Q. A lot of your pictures are quite intimate- bare skin, monotonous. Is there a reason behind this?*

Okay, let me ask you a question. Don't people really exaggerate the importance of an 'outside gaze'? Why is this outside gaze so important? Why is the way other people see us so important?

My photography comes from a place of insecurity and I feel like most artists make work that is very personal to them. I believe that everything is natural and I only aim to portray things how I see them. There is nothing deep about how I take pictures. I'm just trying to show bodies how they are, uncensored.

One of my favourite pictures is part of a series called 'Hands'. It's a little scattered across my feed but in that, I've portrayed a human and a mannequin in high contrast, low light setups.



It is actually a story about how they cannot be together- a human mannequin twisted love story and when I showed it to one of my friends, they said it was pretty representative of a real relationship. And that was so cool because the theme of the picture was dark and twisted but simple- black and white. I created it to show touch- skin to skin warmth, holding hands, kisses on foreheads- that sort of thing.

As you can tell, most of my work is very obvious because one of the joys of photography is having people interpret your art the way you want it to be interpreted. Even when it's open to interpretation.

***Q. You seem to have a very good sense of your style but when did you start exploring photography and how did you decide upon it as your main medium?***

Oh, this was a pretty natural process because I've always been attentive to detail.

All of us do the same things- gestures and all. And I take inspiration from that. Like look at us right now, four women talking about skin and everyone is leaning, touching their faces! This. I just wrote it down but this is how women sit when they talk to each other.

I actually began with photographing *ghar ke log*, you know. My mother, my sister. My sister is a very creative person and I take a lot of inspiration from her. After that, I did a lot of photography in college and that was a good environment to explore a lot of new genres. It's not that hard to learn how to photograph especially with the resources we have on the internet.

So you learn and you keep learning, I guess. You have to be open to every style in the beginning because if you don't explore, you won't find the one that fits best. And taking inspiration from around me is a big part of my process- everything inspires everyone and everyone inspires everyone.



***Q. What's the next step then? How do you go from deciding your style to actually being comfortable with it? What about the dreaded imposter syndrome?***

Oh, haven't we all struggled with this?

Professionally, in my first year, I would look at pictures on my feed and think what am I doing? Am I doing enough? But then I was like- why am I comparing my work to other people's work, you know? This used to really affect me when I started and I used to constantly put myself down, for no reason!

But over time I think I've learnt how to disconnect myself from this type of response to other people's photographs. I think the key is to stop comparing your work to their progress. The only person you should be comparing yourself to is you.



It's a long process but it never really goes away. I recently read this article where they were talking about how when a woman writes about heartbreak and emotions its always said to be too feminine, emotional and not classified as real art, but when a man writes about heartbreak it's a sad song that should achieve critical acclaim. They're right. Why is a woman not allowed to express her feelings through art? What is this hypocrisy?

And I think it's our job as artists to break through those barriers. It's the only way we can move forward.

***Q. You're right. It has been such a pleasure talking to you! Before we say goodbye is there anything else you'd like to add?***

Yes, there is no path to becoming a 'good enough' photographer. There is no step that you can take that will make you 'good enough'. My principle is that as long as what you're shooting makes sense to you and to other people, it is enough.

Photography is about expressing yourself, and only expressing yourself will bring you maximum fulfilment. This fulfilment should be your only goal. Everything else is allowed to keep changing.



# ये कौन रोज़-रोज़

आकृति द्वारा कविता

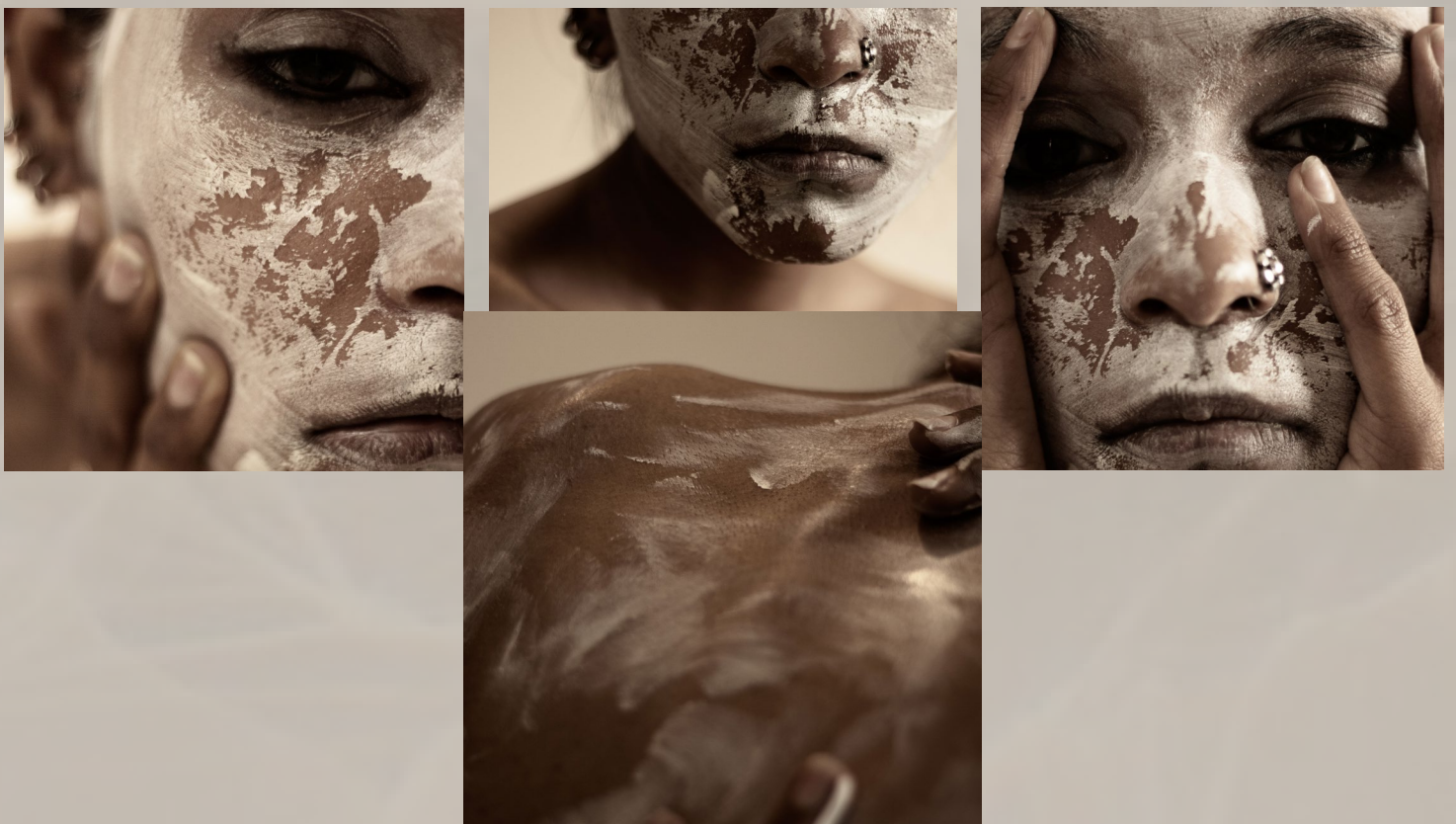
ये कौन रोज़-रोज़ इंकलाब का हाल सुना जाता है?  
फकत चमड़ी जल जाती है गुलिस्तां का हाल देख कर।  
जल रहे इस चाम को किस तेल से बुझावे?  
लाओ इस बाग की मिट्टी जरा पोरों में झोंक दो।  
जो आग गर तब भी बुझे ना देह में मेरी,  
तो इस पर फैज की कोई ग़ज़ल का इत्त मल देना।  
उन लाठियों के है निशान तो हैरत हुआ क्यों बेवजह?  
कह दो हथियार अपने बदल लें हारा नहीं है काफ़िला।  
ए आशिक़ तुझे क्या दे सकी, कुछ खाली खतों की इश्कियां?  
रुक आज ना मेरे लिए मेरी चमड़ी ने बहुत कुछ सहा।

# This Skin That I'm Hiding Behind

*Self Portraits by Ishani Singhal*



I feel the stimulus from the outer surface of my skin- far away from this world inside of me that twitches at every touch. This foreign world seeps into me through my skin and turns into a different world of its own. Everything it makes be feel remains burried inside this skin of mine. Among silences touch echoes in feelings I never even knew I could feel- feelings you will never know I have felt- and my skin enjoys being audience to this dramatic irony.



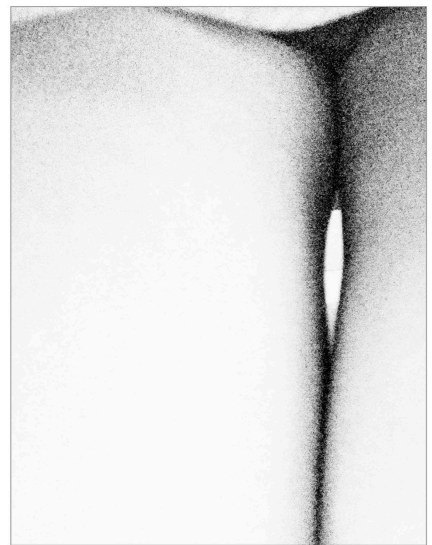
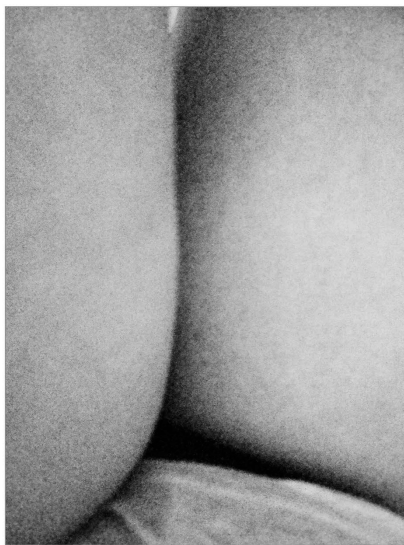
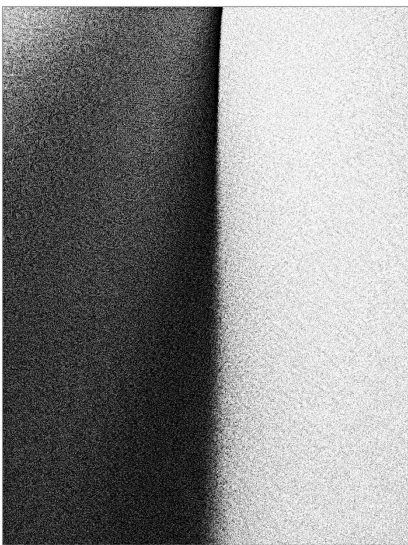


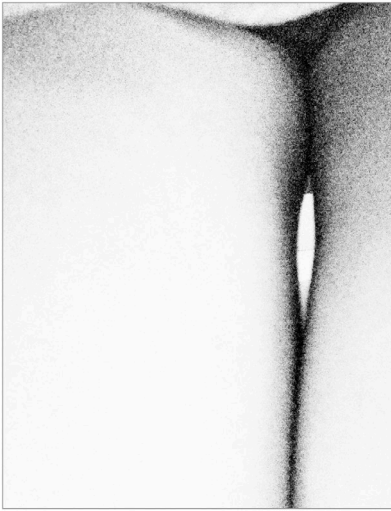


# Origami Folds

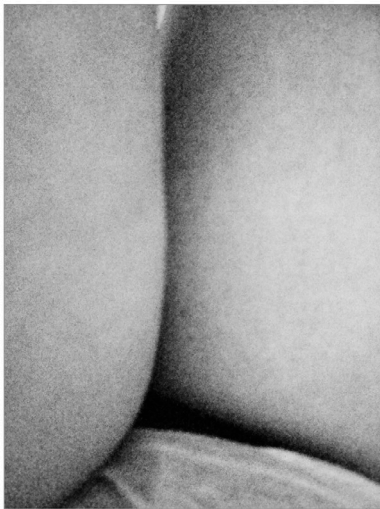
*By Varsha Panikar*

Origami Folds is an ongoing photo-poetry series which explores curves and folds of the human body (self and others) and uses it as a medium and metaphor for hopeless frailty and hardened impenetrability, from which emerges the themes of identity, dysphoria, commodification of the body, and denial and loss of autonomy as conditions of globalized society and cultures through the lens of south-asian, queer and marginalized bodies which are forever under critical scrutiny, objectification and dehumanizing policing from external and internal perspectives. Within this stifling framework, the skin has separated from the body, both physically in the act of medical dissection and alterations in an effort to meet popular standards of beauty, and metaphorically in the separation between skin and psyche. Skin here, also represents time and wraps us up like cellophane wraps hard candy.

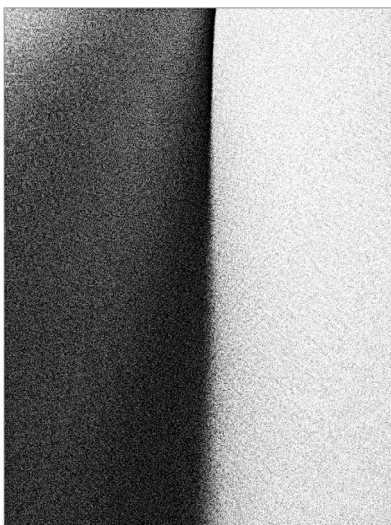




our lives are not  
a pretty picture  
covered in  
shiny cellophane boxes.  
like this skin,  
they are just a collection of different bits  
that randomly fit  
and rarely,  
interlock



you origami fold me and stuff me  
into boxes, categories  
and caskets  
but all you ever had was my skin,  
the carcass.  
i can't be had,  
can't be captured,  
not even quantified.  
i am an origami fold,  
endless and inexhaustible,  
and within my thundering mass i remain the madness,  
the one of garish news.



the skin i live in  
where the ink is  
more permanent from within, where words and memo-  
ry bleed across the skin,  
and the scars...  
if I scratch them,  
will they disappear?  
will the pain remain?  
this skin,  
raw and ruined  
in the new world aesthetic.  
how many mirrors  
have seen your hate?  
will you murder your body until you suit their taste?



# Fish Scales = Tree Leaves



*By Bondar Kate*

# Innocent

*By Pratishtha Jindal*

In a room with no light,  
In a house with no fight.

But then the lights turn on,  
And I see my skin.  
I don't know why it speaks, why it tells,  
Saying a million words that are left unsaid.  
I don't know what it says or what it once did, I don't know what  
made people do what they did.  
I cannot understand, how could they do what they did?

To me, it's just my skin-  
It hasn't sinned.

I often think, did these things really happen?  
In history books, in all these pages I've read and have been shook,  
But then the news reminds, these things still happen.

It's so innocent, my skin-  
It doesn't know what wrong it did.

I often realize, how fortunate I am,



To be alive at this time,  
When no guns are fired at the colour of my skin.

I hear about racism and think, we must have  
grown,  
How can we still believe, that something so mute  
as this skin speaks?

But then the books moan, all the truths they  
fold;  
And I feel myself sinking, why are we still  
chained?

If there are keys to be found, why are we still  
locked?

Skin is a part of one's identity,  
Why does it have to fight to be?  
Why is there a fight, to begin with?

In a room with no light, I  
n a room with no fight.

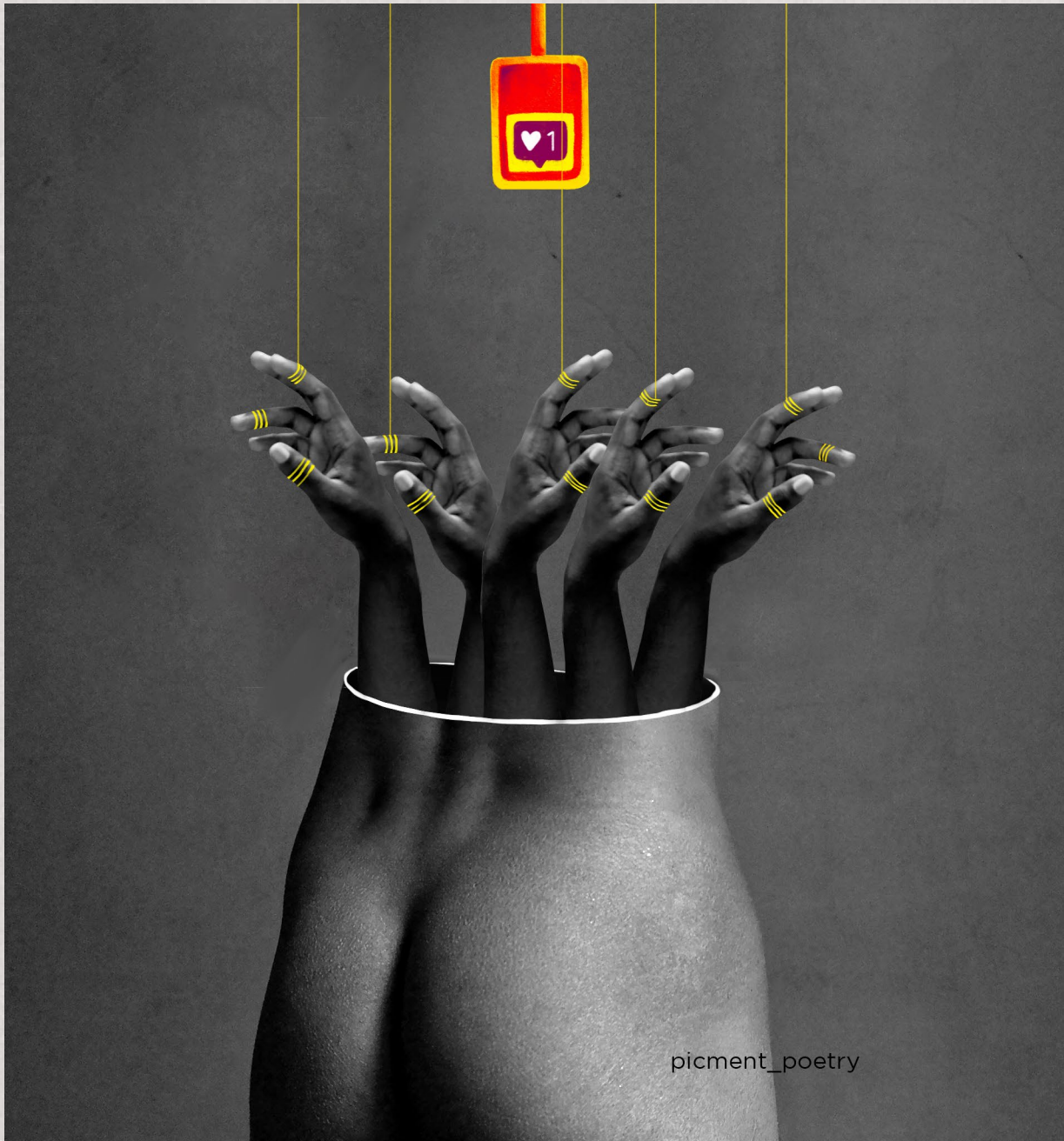
But then the light turns on,  
And this time, you and I,  
We don't hide.

# Peace in this skin



*Photograph by Tyson Simmons*

# The Skin I Live In



*Illustration by Anurag Pushkaran*



# Pleasures of the World

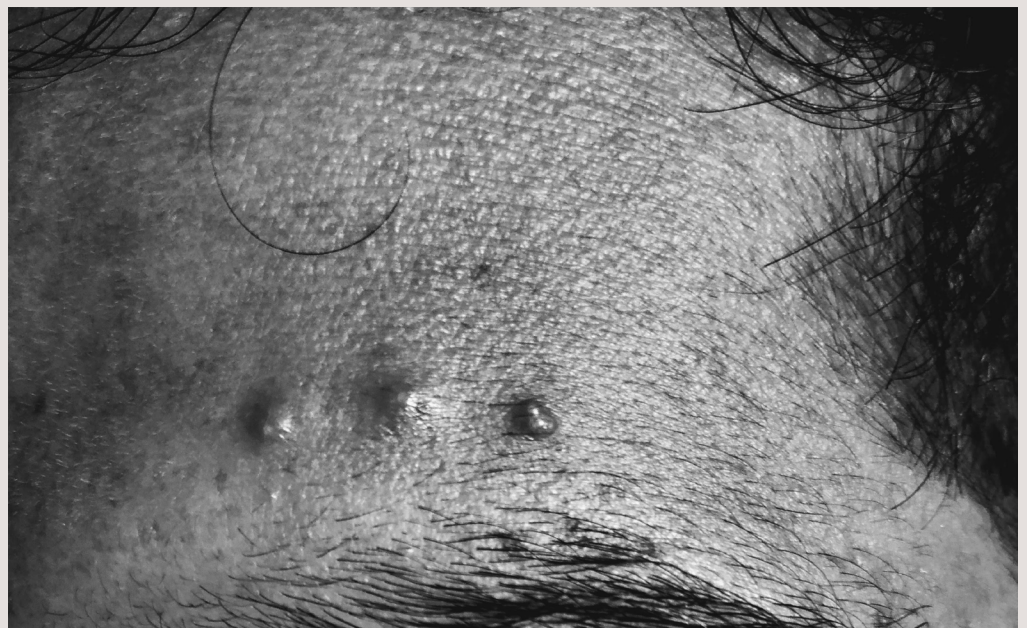
*By Shafa Shamsudeen*

Rusty hinges, white window panes  
trapped sun within beige curtain  
pave the way for the cold air  
rolling down their hard bent spines.  
Bathroom tiles sick of gray hair;  
drown the music for the partially deaf.  
Two bodies sat blowing bubbles  
on a yellow porcelain tub.  
Water dripping from their sides  
Shedding dead skin off her bald head.  
Champagne glasses clicked, arms flapping in air  
Words trickling down his rotten teeth.  
They spoke of dances denying loose hip  
Drinks with eyes closed, cheers for the winning  
team.  
Sugar rush from birthdays of senility,  
Dinner reservation for two with dentures.  
Necks kissed, wrinkles absorbed.  
Stray dogs fed, alarm glasses broken.  
Drunkenness and impaired honesty  
Cereal in bed and sunsets of satiety.  
“Let’s have them all!” said the hedonists  
Wiping each other’s skin.

# From Mapping the Textures of the Skin



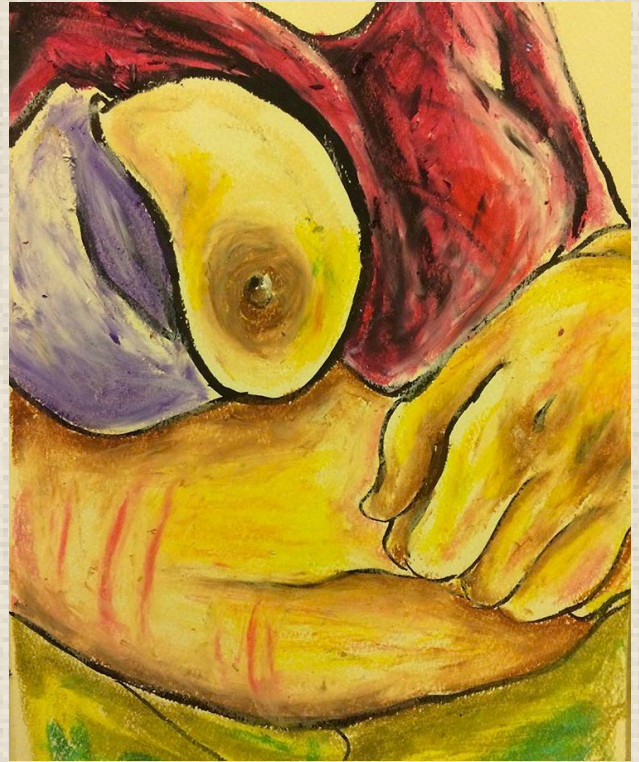
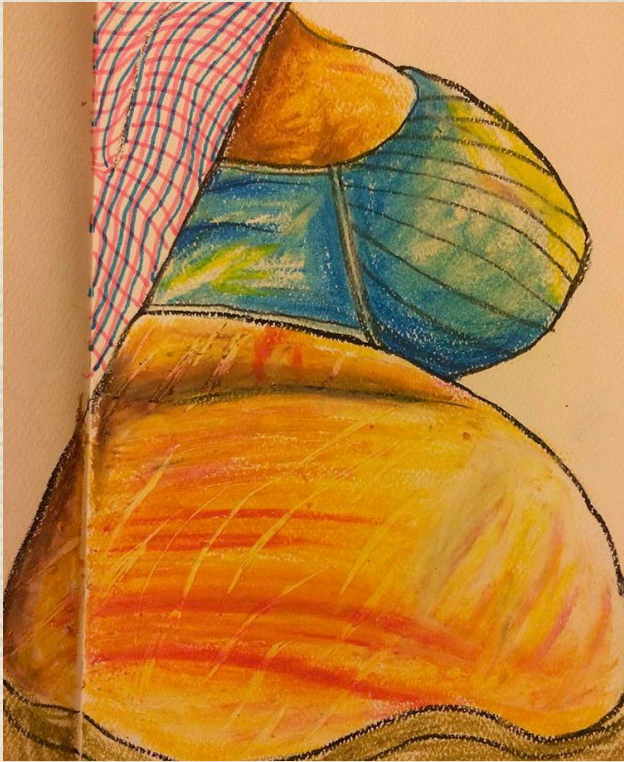
*Photographs by Priyanshi Jhaveri*





Priyanshi Jhaveri is a visual artist who engages in narratives themed around Abjection. Her work is the ambiguous liminal space of jouissance and horror. Her practice has evolved, with the process of making with a range of media such as sketchbooks, drawing, photography, printmaking, ceramics, and installation.





*Illustrations by Anurekha Deb*





# Brow Skin Gurl



*By Maurice Moore  
Feat. Sarah Baartman, Nina Simone*





# Ode to my Scars

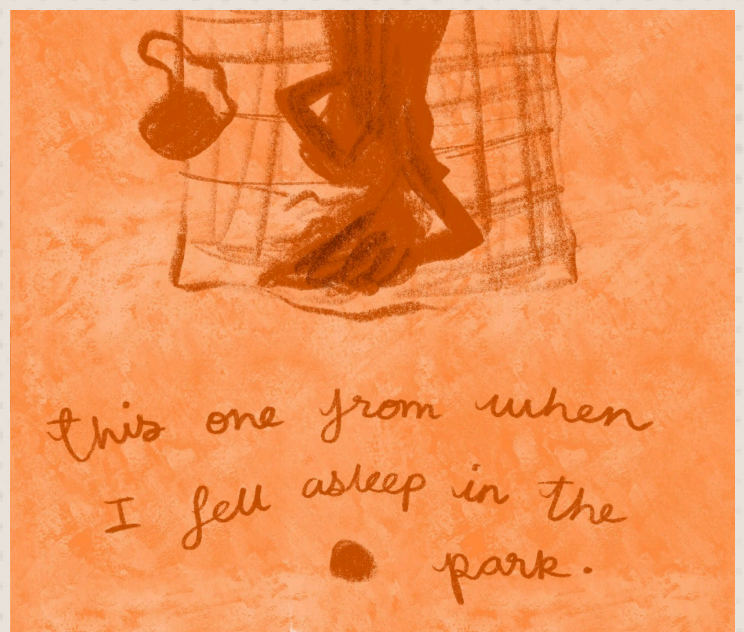
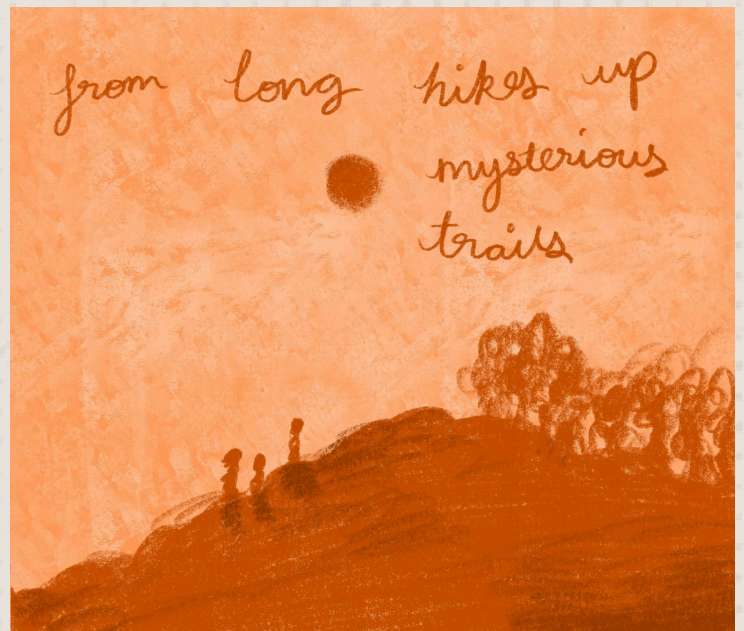
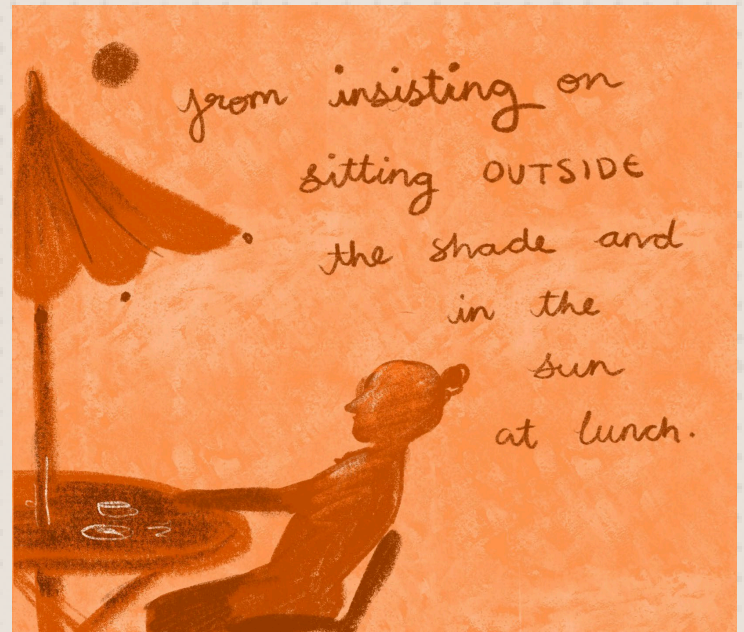
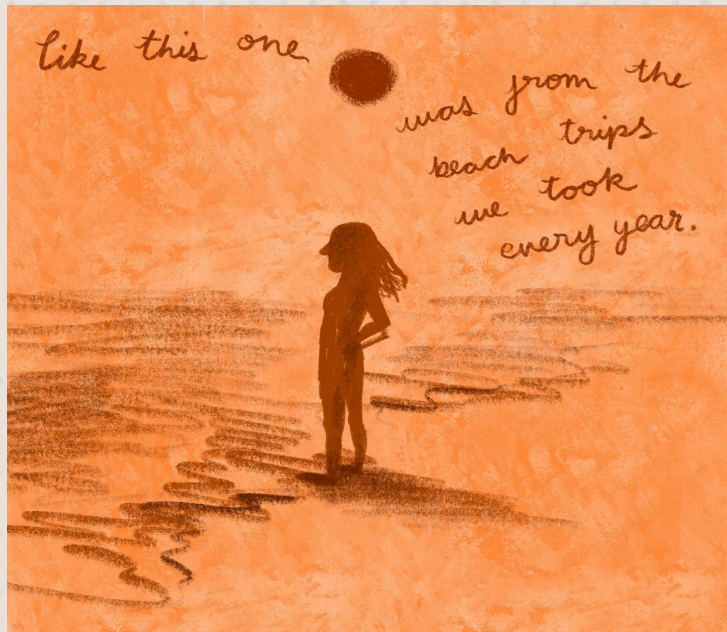
*By Soph Bee*

you wicked gossip, giving away  
all of my secrets before I even say a word.  
you frankenstein's mouth.  
you fat white worms, crawling up my arms  
and making yourselves at home  
on my upper thighs.  
I look at photos of myself and you stare  
back at me, demanding attention  
the way children do  
when they are desperate to be seen  
and believed.  
I often sink into daydreams  
of skin like calm waters  
because I still miss what used to be  
the blank canvas of this body,  
all whisper and possibility and softness —  
but you took the hurt and called it healed.  
you quieted the screams that escaped  
from the ugliest parts of me.  
some days I run my fingers over you  
and am shocked that I survived the war,  
and relieved.  
so ode to you, you ribbons of forgiveness.  
ode to both the storm and its aftermath,  
the wreckage and the creation,  
the death and the rebirth.  
ode to the way you loved me  
when I did not love myself  
and ode to the way you let me live  
through what I thought was unliveable  
every time.

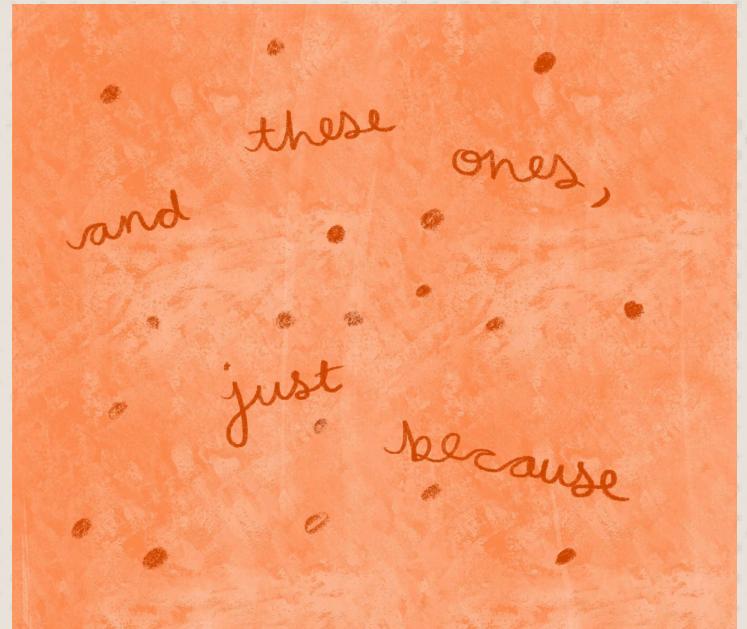
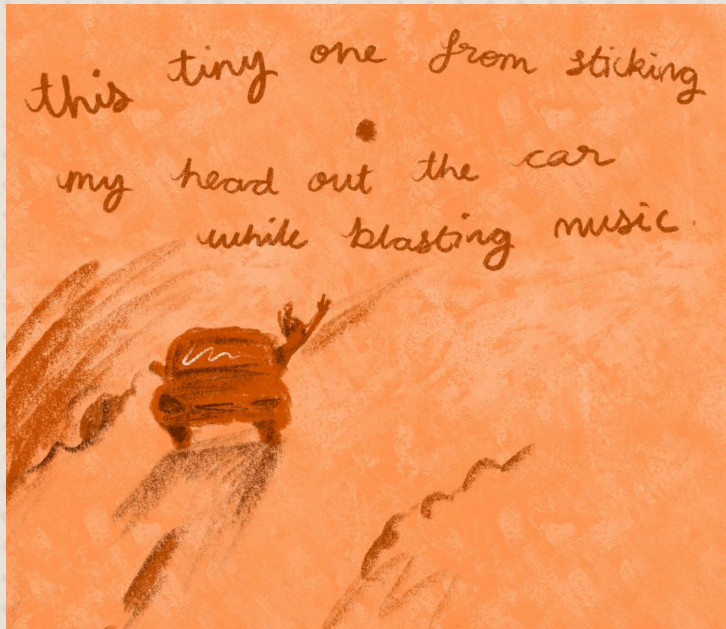
# Freckles











Comic Strip by Maithali Joshi

# An Ode To Your Cheek

*By Rosie Shackleton*

Below your eye,  
To the left of your nose,  
And to the right of your ear;  
That is my favourite part of you.

That sacred oyster-shell cheek,  
Which when I kiss it,  
You close your eyes.

# Skin and River



*Photograph by Barnana Sarkar*



# I'm Me



*Photograph by Shkurte Ramushi*

# Fall from Grace

*By Kaniz Hossain*

There's something to be said for the look in your eyes  
when you catch my gaze and tell me that you want me.  
Dangerous in its honesty, inviting in its admission.

Did you mean to kiss this secret into my mouth?

The curve of your lips follows the line of my neck,  
and I want to know if you'll familiarize yourself with every part of my  
body this way.

I get my answer when your hands ghost over my skin,  
fingers trailing like sentences that could never be finished.

Warmth blooms underneath where you touch just a little more,  
and I can't catch my breath quick enough to tell you to keep going.

But you know, don't you?

Know how to stain my skin in red to mirror the ink in yours.  
Your hand snakes around my neck, tightening like this knot in my  
stomach.  
Bruising kisses littered along my collarbone reads like a love letter full  
of promises.

Fuck, what a heady feeling –  
to know I'm safe in the face of your primal need to take my breath  
away.

You can't stop tasting, and I can't stop from falling.  
A whisper in the back of my mind wonders if

this is how Lucifer felt when he was cast from heaven.

For how salacious it feels to call out for God,  
when you burn your smile into my inner thigh,  
mischief in your eyes,

intent on making a sinner out of me.



# Catta Peeled Me



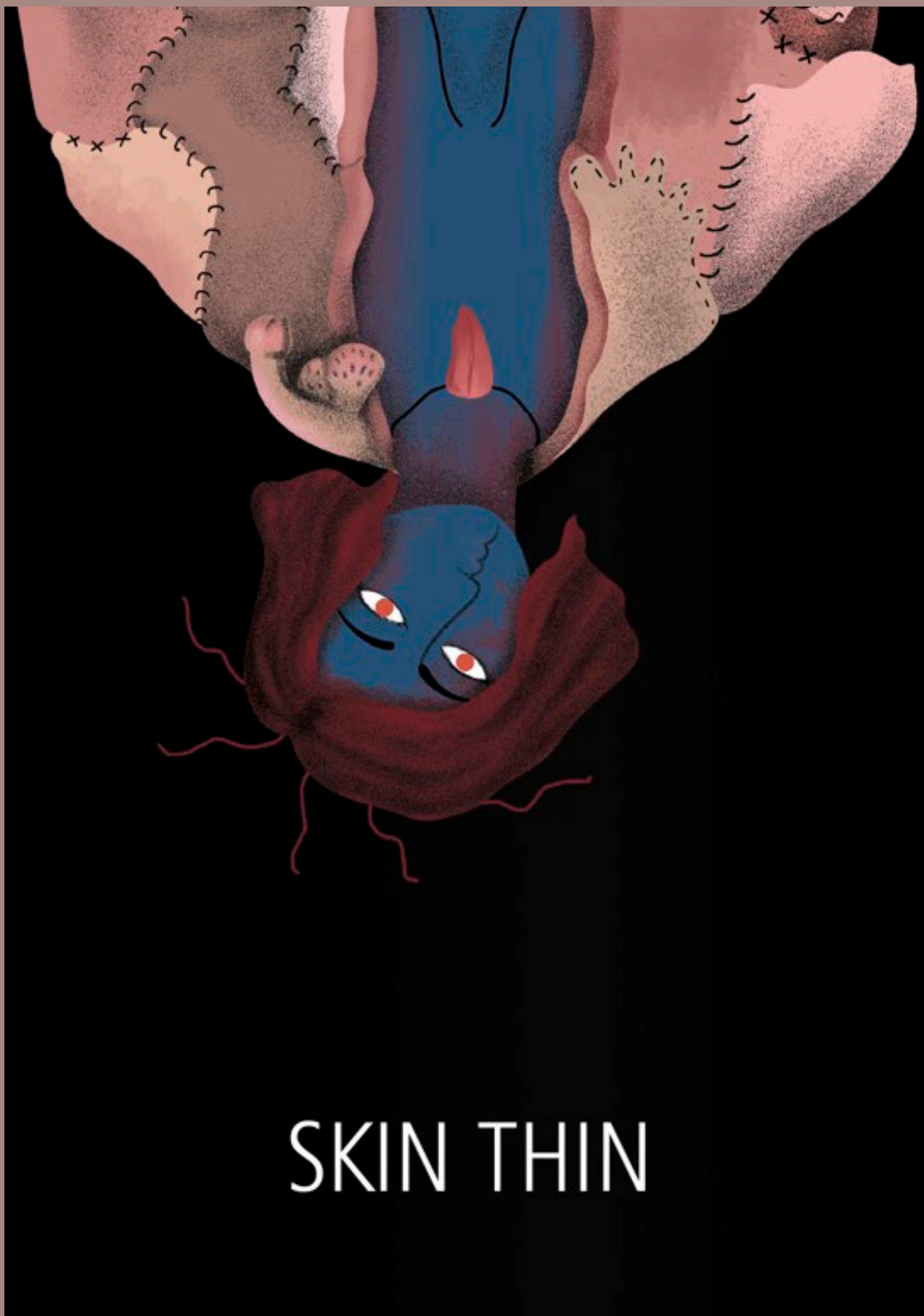
There's this thing  
Under my skin  
It's makes me kinda blue.

Sometimes glitchy  
Other times prickly,  
Stuck to me like glue.

On full moon nights  
Is when it tends to bite  
Wish I could see it thru.

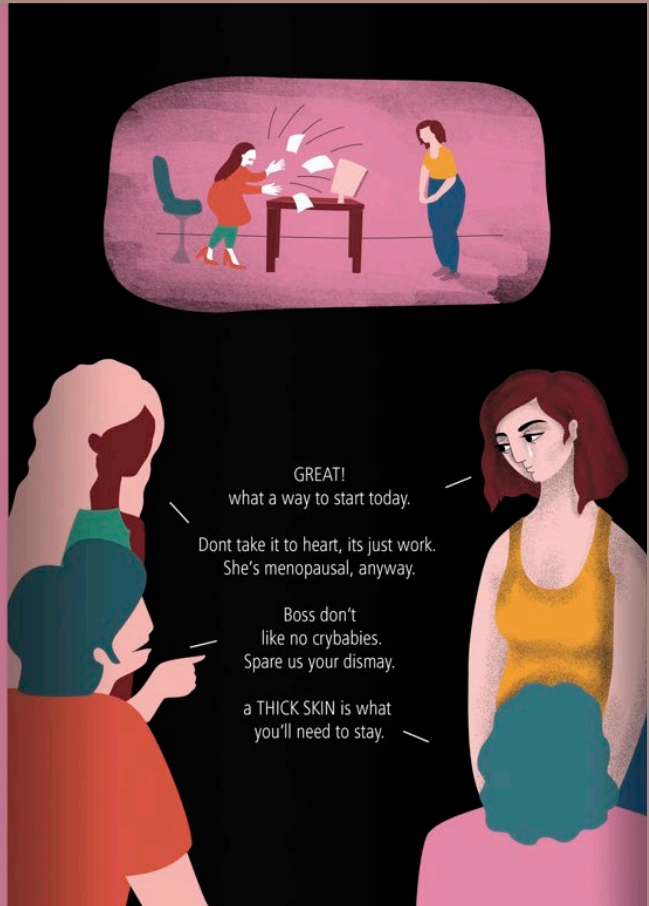
Should I set it free  
Or just let it be  
Do you feel it too?

*By Vriddhi Chaudhry*



# SKIN THIN

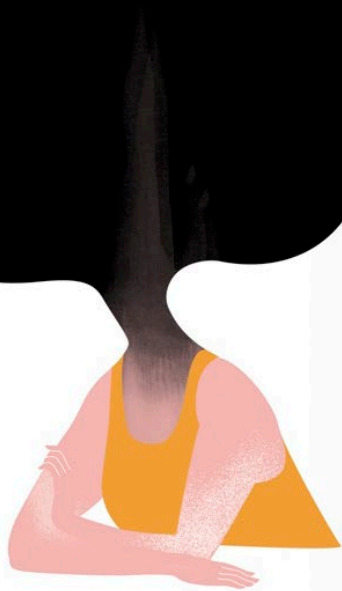
*Comic Strip by Gargi Chandola*





Maybe they're right,  
I am that weak.  
Of doubt and self pity I reek.

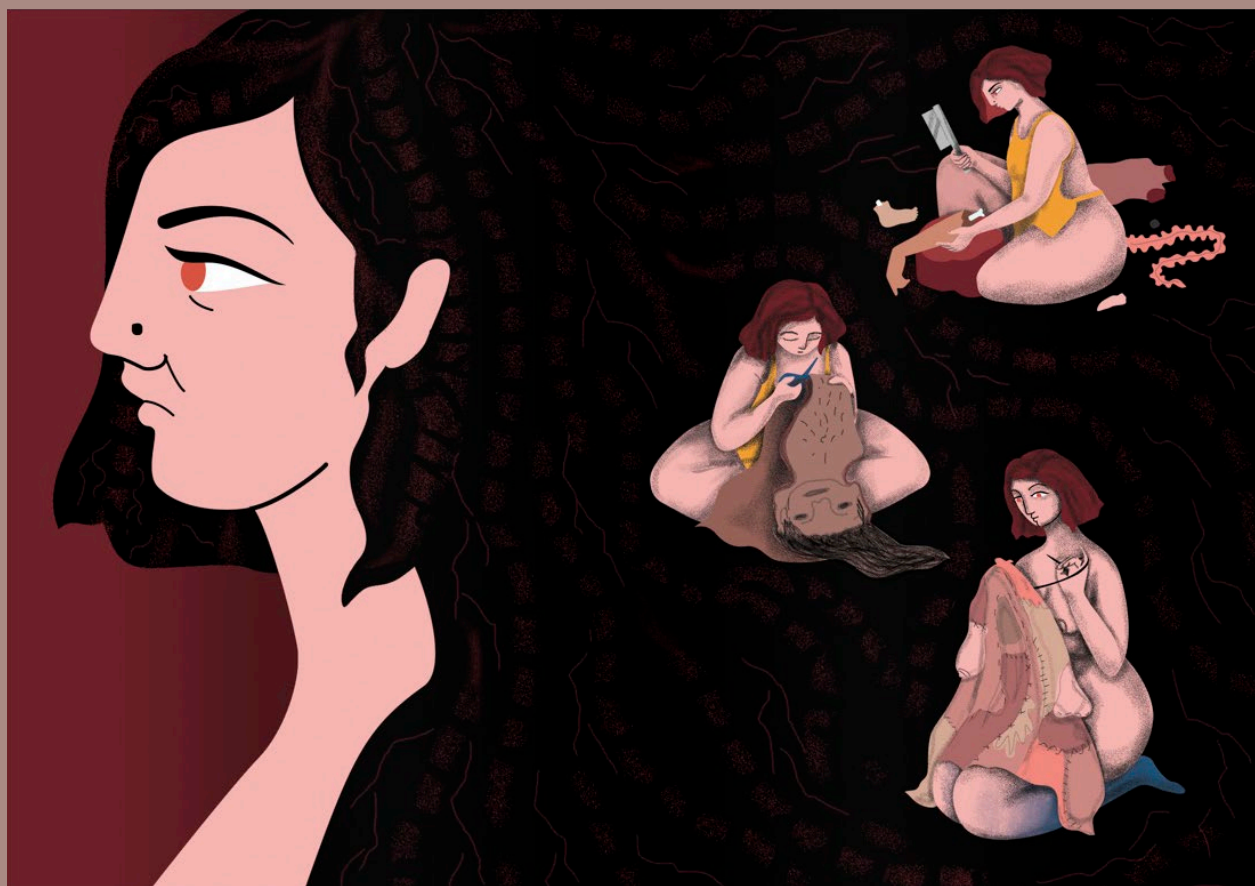
But no one knows how hard I've tried  
to grow myself a super thick hide.



Thick skin Thick skin wherever you are,  
I hope that's not too far.

Maybe I find you in a store,  
Rotting away on the third floor.

Do I smell flesh? It's making me dizzy,  
Or am I going a lil crazy?



Happy now?!!! No more a joke,  
I've made myself a brand new cloak.

I wish i'd been born this way,  
And yet i don't feel myself today ...

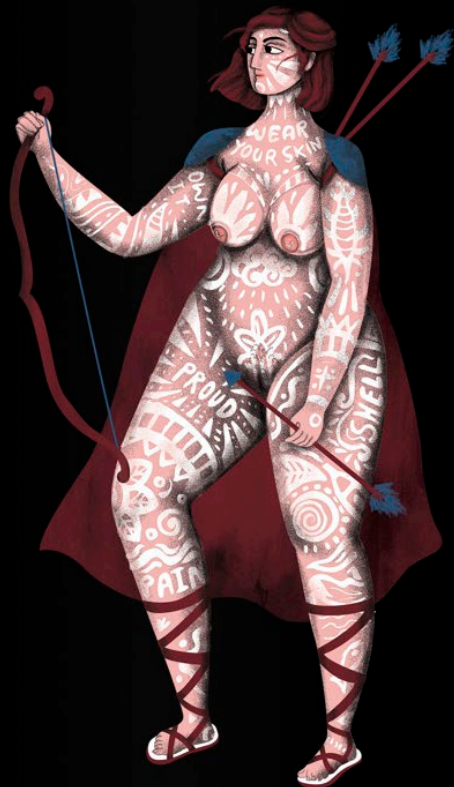
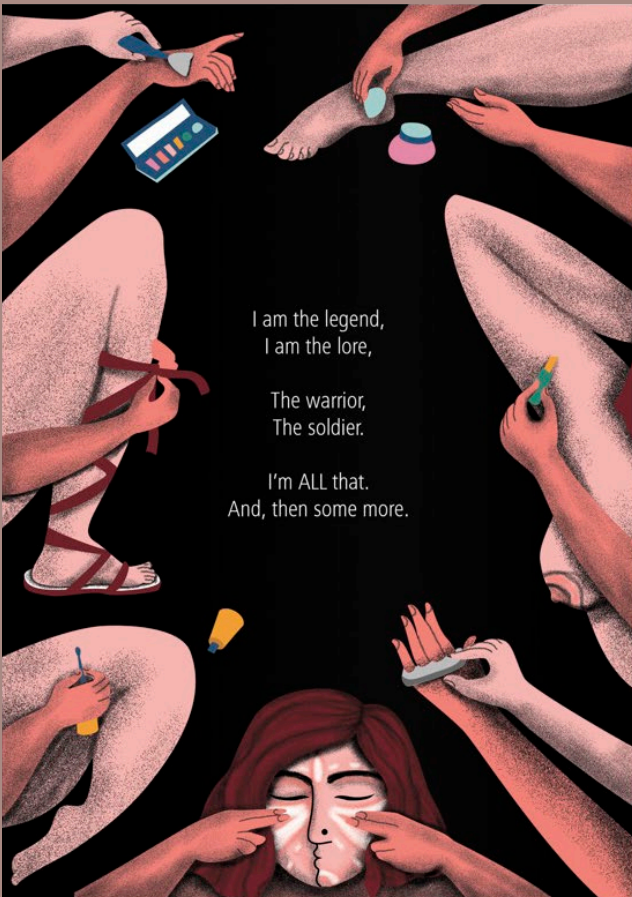


Sometimes I forget who I am,  
It's me! just need to drown out the noise.

I had the answers all along,  
just needed to find the words to my song.



I am the legend,  
I am the lore,  
  
The warrior,  
The soldier.  
  
I'm ALL that.  
And, then some more.



# This is a Good Thing

*By Linda Imbler*

The little white Texas toddler  
Bathes her black baby doll  
With her mother's help.  
She changes the baby's clothes  
By herself,  
Bestowing kisses and hugs  
On the doll, a gift,  
And her mother says  
This  
Is a good thing.

The young white six-year-old  
Plays with the black girl,  
Her same age, sharing her toys,  
Knowing the other has few,  
And her mother says  
This  
Is a good thing.

The 13-year-old white girl  
And her mother wait,  
Standing behind the black man,  
Getting a drink  
From the same common water fountain,  
And her mother says



This  
Is a good thing.

The 18-year-old white college girl  
Exchanges summer phone call  
With her black friend  
And classmate, Patsy, during vacation.  
They talk for a long time with frequent giggles.  
Patsy is smart, beautiful, and so very funny,  
And her mother says  
This  
Is a good thing.

Fifty years on,  
I still have the photo of toddler and doll.  
Of the events, I still have my memories.  
And I say  
This  
Is a good thing.

# Beauty is Fragile



*Photograph by Medha Khanna*



# The Stretch of the Hour



*By Sagrika Das*



# Lubing the Lizard

*By Kay Sage*

My first thought was to kill it, pry it  
off like a band-aide, scales on  
fingertips, then fling it far. Or better  
a hammer, bash green leaf into mulch.

It would only be fair I be the one  
to do this. You did it to two birds  
the cat took into its mouth. Boxed them  
in a shoebox and stepped.

But you said, No. There,  
splayed on the glue trap for flies,  
the green anole waited. I do not  
think much of reptiles, but

it knew. It knew it was going to die,  
slowly, body confined to awful bed,  
while it starved. Out on the porch,  
the leaves were going to skeleton too,

green once, then color drained, then little  
wisps. They clung. But you said No.  
We left the glue traps in the garage. This  
is our fault. We have to try. So one



# Skin and Bark



*Illustration by Sabatin Bascoban*





*Photograph by Sonora Bravo*

# Orion's Belt

*By Jennie Louise*

Most nights you can see Orion's belt.  
Dot to dot the stars with your finger  
while I dot to dot the spots on my skin,  
Too scared to look up,  
Too busy pick, pick, picking at the surface.  
Across arms and legs, deep down my back  
and along my scalp,  
I leave spots wherever I touch;  
Indentations like craters that make me wish  
I could tear apart the night sky  
instead of my body.  
I would scatter the stars into oblivion  
with my fingertips until they are muddled  
without focus, Orion's belt stretched  
and an empty sky in its place.



# Stretching Out and In



*Illustration by Felix Jackson*

He pursues drawing as an effective means of communication, conveying a diverse range of psychological narratives and emotional states. He is also very keen to explore the delicacies of the line itself, & its capacity for expression.



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