

TEEN

PERSPECTIVE

BREAKING
STEREOTYPES



Embracing Youth
www.teenperspective.in

By Teen Perspective Co.

Teen Perspective

ABOUT US

Friday, 15 March 2022

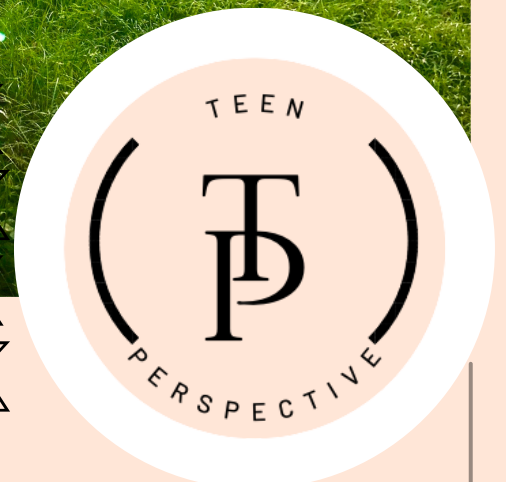
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We are Teen Perspective and are here to provide you all with a platform to open up and freely discuss all the issues which you feel should be talked about.

We simply provide you with a safe space to blurt out your emotions and thoughts and let you connect with people. We bring forth a stage for you to voice out your opinions and give you a chance to break all the "stereotypes" you feel should be broken. Reading us will help you step into a world of familiarity and will be an exploration for all of you. We will provide you with a new issue every month and with a new theme every time where the world will get to see who YOU are through your thoughts, your doodles, your work and your voice.



LOOK
BOOK
LOOK
BOOK



Be a part of the Teen Perspective family by following the three S- SUBSCRIBING, SUBMITTING and SHARING.

We want this initiative to be a like a home to all the teenagers out there and know, that we are a reflection of our readers and a mere representation of who they are.

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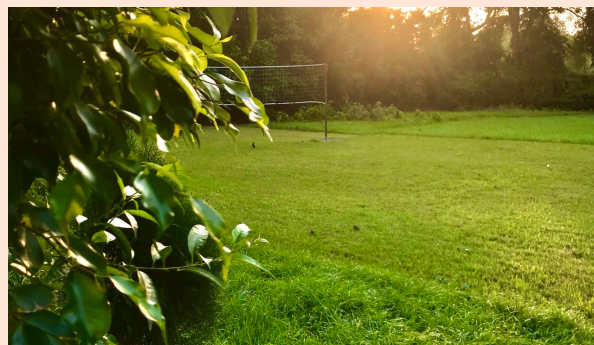
Teen Perspective

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THE FEEBLE SOUL

Written By: Kavya Khandelwal



Blessed was the family in which was she spliced,

But little did she know what her future comprised.

Happy to the thought of a radiant long life.

And always being by her partner's side.

She thought of raising a family beautifully thrived. She adjusted herself as she was taught,

All of this was what she fantasized.

Days passed by and she was content.

Fulfilling her duties as a wife and a daughter.

But alas! all she did was to go in vain,

As no one did seem to have any eye for what good she did.

She brood on it and assured herself,

That everything would be just fine

And just to give a little more time.

She hoped for her husband's console,

To fulfill his wedding vows.

But sadly, she found herself alone,

**As her better half would choose blood over her
soul.**

And stayed quiet to live bounded to the hauls.

Time passed by and things weren't any better.

The hope she was clung to was all shattered.

Her life curbed by her family's will,

Bearing this brutal torment,

**Once known bright soul was for forever
perished.**

*"The days of the far-off future would
toil onward, still with the same
burden for her to take up and bear
along with her."*



Captured by: Shambhavi Dubey

A Rainbow Of Hope

Written by: Shreya Vig

The thought of death daunts my heart,

As denouement of mortality, Takes away our life's art.

Amidst the horrifying perplexity,

What helps my mind to cope,

Is my soul's promising hope.

Surpassing my distress the universe senses my grief,

My dears and nears shower the rain of love,

Which boosts my ticker's core and strengthens my belief.

The droplets of courage renders me peace,

Nature holds my hand,

And never let the path of hope cease.

He inner me apprehend the mist of compassion,

And the cool breath of solace,

Calms down my heart's disrupting passion.

My soul gathers life's beautiful hues,

My feelings amplify,

And my heart is ready to eliminate the daunting blues.

A ray of sunshine flickers,

The driblet of love clashes the beam of warmth,

This makes my life glow,

And there I see,

Hope's glamorous rainbow.

WOMEN: A BEAUTIFUL ARRANGEMENT OF ATOMS.

Written by: Shambhavi Dubey



It's about women not being able to be the way they are. It's about society trying to paint or shape them the way they want according to their needs. Ahh don't wear that shade too loud. Or she is not beautiful as him. It's about all the female expected to do something or be something or someone from the day they were born. Like, Oh! you have to be "INDEPENDENT" but no one says the same thing to boys because for them it's 'you wanna start a business??' Okay just tell us the zeros.

But when women want to do something they have to put on a mask or change their attitude and are expected to do it in the first try otherwise duhh!!

Get married.



YES! I'm a feminist.

Written by: *Pratishtha Senger*

Yes I'm a feminist. I am someone who demands of equal rights to women. For the most part of the population confuses feminism with pseudo feminism. Do women deserve more respect and people with other genders deserve no respect? Feminism is of various kinds- liberal feminism, cultural feminism, radical feminism, Marxist and socialistic feminism and eco feminism.

I would like to question the society that why does a mere piece of cloth and the length of her dress rule her character. I want to know that why does a simple needle in the clock determine her character. I want the community to answer that why does alcohol set her character when the same drink is just a health hazard for men. Does anybody have an adequate answer to why should we care about those four people everytime we want to make a decision. Even if we now live in modern society there is still more than 70% population who subdue women. It's so upsetting that we live in a place where women suppress women, where sometimes the victim is blamed for her own rape, where people and officials avoid serious cases saying "BOYS WILL BE BOYS". In many families, even today, small girls are taught that they should never mess with a boy as they are stronger. I belong to a place where girls are always told to protect themselves, to avoid going out at night, to not wear short dresses but boys are never taught to respect girls.

According to the 2018 National Crime Records Bureau 91 rape cases were reported daily across the country. In India dowry deaths are very regular. Married women are murdered or driven to suicide by continuous harassment and torture by their husbands and in-laws over a dispute about their dowry, making the women's house the most dangerous place for them to be. Honor killing, witchcraft-related murders, female infanticide, sex-selective abortion, rape, insult to modesty, and human trafficking are the common crimes against women in India.

In India where prostitution is illegal, I think that if it is made legal then the number of rapes will decrease. But still, I cannot guarantee that because some sick-minded people will carry on with their screwed-up thinking.

It is sad but true that we have to eliminate one gender to make women feel safe.

The Good Old Days!

Written by: Shreya Vig

Joy! The word comes to my mind and all I can recall are the last seventeen years of my life. Often a thought comes to my intellect that times that are well spent are not felt. All that our brain would retain are the blurry images and some unforgettable incidents. We've often heard our elders saying, "Those were the days!" and when I ponder upon this, all I get to know is that I am living 'those days' and with every second my childhood is slipping away like beads from a broken garland. Our childhood constitutes not just our happy moments but the happy moments of people around us. A child is capable of bringing a smile to the saddest faces. Our childhood memories are endured by our parents and wellwishers more than they last in our minds.

I still remember the times when my father had the widest smile on his face while telling me about the first ever steps I took with my little feet, about the day I gave the interview for school admission, the greeting cards I made for birthdays and anniversaries, the first time I demanded a toy at a store and many such memories he could not stop talking about.

Childhood leaves behind good memories, some bad memories, embryonic values and most importantly the essence of affection one receives at a tender age.

I can never forget the times my grand mother would stuff my wrist with almonds before leaving for school. The happiest were the days when we together listened to old songs and she would wholeheartedly buy me any and every thing I ever wanted. Every single evening she took me for a walk to the temple in the neighborhood and I still remember the excitement to fetch a basket of flowers to the temple. I went to places without having a thought of any pending work, the hectic tuitions and academic responsibilities this life offered with upcoming years.

There is something magical about childhood that it makes you do even the most difficult of the tasks without the hint of fatigue. I can never forget how carefree I used to be about my academics and still managed to do well in exams. Time itself make you do things as a child without any extra efforts. Whenever I get into a deep thought about my future, even a thought of making mistakes leaves a heft on my shoulders and this makes me feel the importance of my childhood when the scope of making mistakes was vast. Since childhood is a learning phase, the more mistakes, the better is the arena of learning.

The times my mother would recite nursery rhymes with me etched one of the happiest memories in my brain. The smallest thing would make me happy and now it makes no difference at all. I miss the time when every small thing would fascinate me and I day dreamed about it for hours. Childhood passed by in a blink of an eye and left behind memories to be cherished for a lifetime.

The thought that the best years of my life has ended and all that is left are new chapters of life to unfold gives me goosebumps.

Every child on earth has condemned and cursed examinations only to realise that academic tests were just the tip of the iceberg and life has to offer bigger tests in future.

To Whomsoever It Belongs

Written by: Shambhavi Dubey

You ever just feel as if this is it?
This is the feeling or this is your end game.
Everything just feels right even though you know nothing about the other
person.
You don't know them, you haven't met them, talked to them or haven't
even made eye contact!
yet! you just know them.
You have a feeling this is gonna be good. You know they are good for you
and you are for them,
even though it's the first and last time you see "That Person".
Even though you weren't actually able see them because of a fucking
mask!!!
even though you have a fear of rejection ,or fear of them not feeling the
same thing as you; you want to try things with That Person and the only
thing that's keeping you from giving up is The Feeling
the feeling of being watched
the feeling of that insane yet sane connection even though you are not
sure about any of it yet you are willing to try and are not
relinquishing hope even though you should.
Some say it's crazy
Some say it's just a phase
Some say you should've made the first move
Some say oh baby you gonna find someone better
Some say it's infatuation
And, it hurts...it hurts when people whom you expected to say more say
nothing, but it's all right and then talk about their life.

**Stealing an hour from my boss's clock,
Putting down my pen and pending doc,
I gather myself, with swinging keys,
to see from my life "an hour please!"**

**Amidst this hustle and bustle around,
I don't wanna let to my ears a sound!
Here, I put up my seat belt all tight,
To run to a place little calm and quiet.**

**Racing along the scenic East Coast
Road,
Shaking of my shoulders all hectic load,
Feeling the breeze piercing through my
skin,
Tickling me Beneath my shirt so thin!**

**With trees so dense on both the sides,
Surpassing the sparkling oceanic tides,
The nature has set up a fashion show,
Will oceans dressed in silk to blow,
Trees carrying a swag on Ramp walk,
Looks like says a lot, without a talk,
The radiant Sun is there to wisely
judge,
Award the winner, leaving none to
grudge!**

**It wasn't just a long drive along a
coastline,
It was a break that felt so fresh and
divine,
As if mother nature heals me
soothingly,
Rekindles me and lift me up amusingly!**

Just An Hour Please!

Written by: Divyanshi Bansal



A PIECE OF MY HEART

Written by: Sameya Khanam

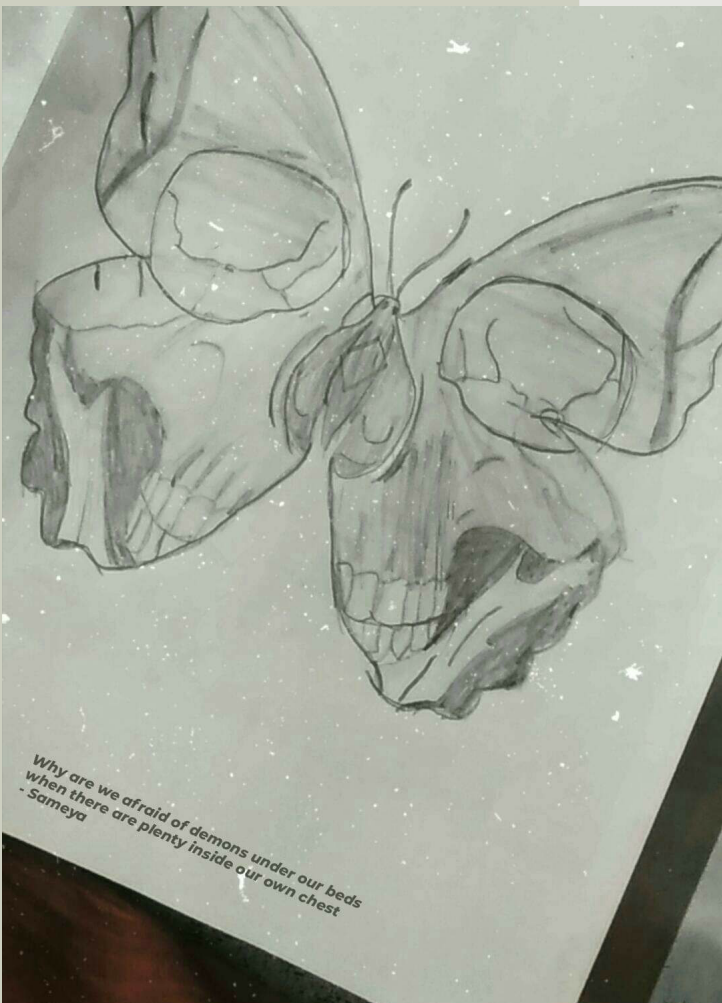
He is like the sunset view from the side of a cliff or like the silent lake flowing in the foot of lonely hills

He is like the sound of birds chirping at 5 AM in the morning or like touch of wind in your hair so wild yet calm

He is like those dark night of winter when all you need is to feel warmth

He is like the dedication of that one book, that tears you apart or like your favourite Album thats always on repeat

But he is entirely discrete from the men that you find in worldly chaos cause he is tender with his touch and passionate with his words.



Why are we afraid of demons under our beds
when there are plenty inside our own chest
- Sameya

”



Captured by: Eshaan Rane

"A woman is women's worst enemy"

Written by: Shashwati Thakur

We have all heard of this cliché and quite certainly believe, and we had good reasons to believe it too. We've often heard aunties scandalising girls about the visible bra strap, or if they are coming home with their guy friends and God forbid if they are laughing and enjoying with the guy friends or even the time of coming home for that matter and why not after all these stuffs make the girl "loose". But its not only aunties who are so bothered about each other, it's also young women who feel insecure about other women because we grow up following the "rules" that make us "good girls" so any girl who does not follow those "rules" becomes a girl of "questionable character".

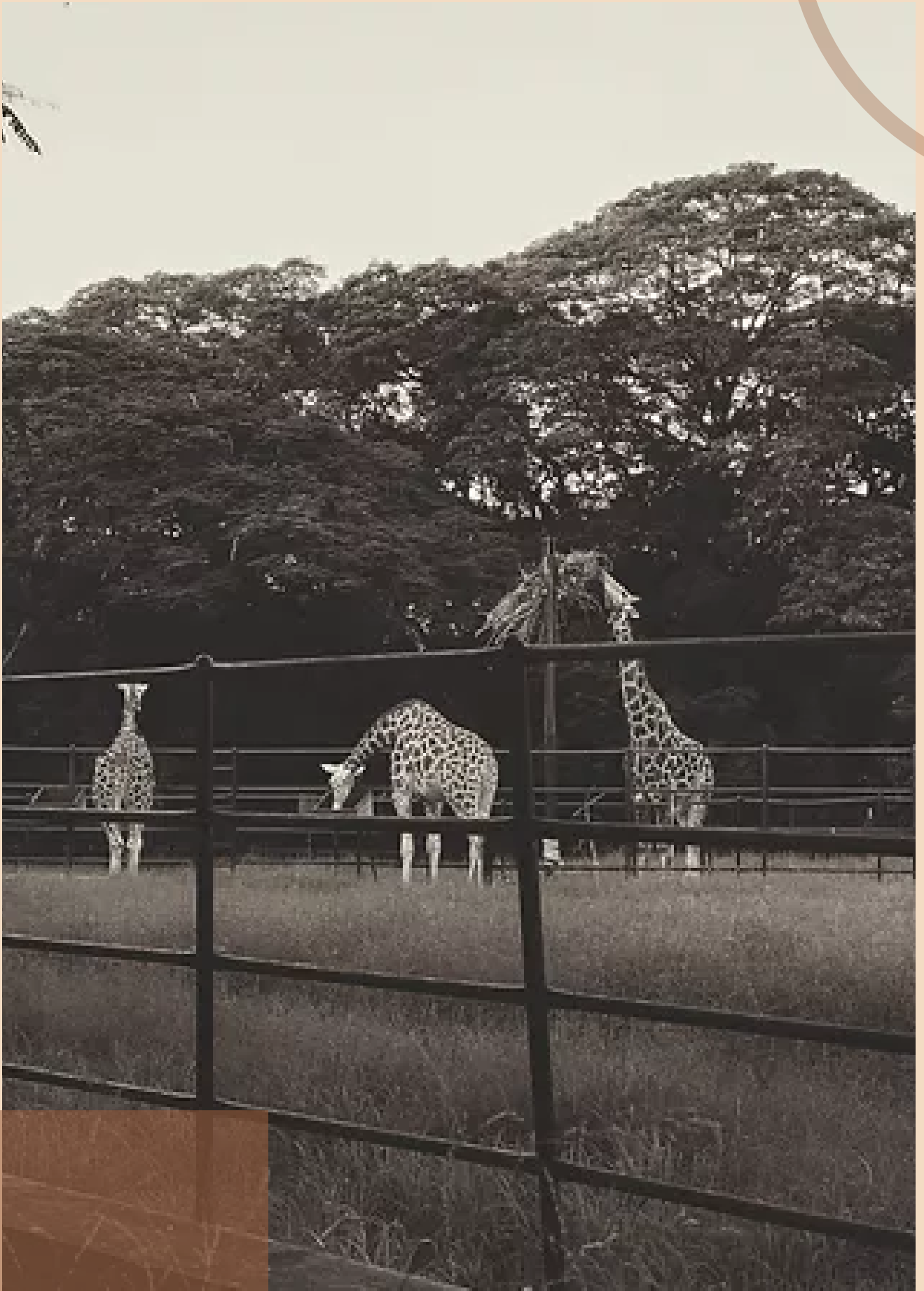
But it's high time now to break the stereotype and show that if some other girl is different than us and does her own thing it doesn't make her "loose" and this can only be achieved by US, women to join our hands, support and stand for each other. We can't deny this fact that only a person who truly understands someone's hardships is the person who suffers from it or has already suffered from it and in this case it's us because only a woman can truly understand what other women goes through on a daily basis as it is pretty much the same for each and every one of us.

Only by supporting each other we can make this world a better, safer and non-judgmental place for women including our own selves.

Just because the other woman is doing the same thing, it doesn't make her your competition. It's time for us to continue doing our thing and making space for other women too so that they can do their own bid. We don't need our sisters to judge us because let's face it, the society already does that a lot for us. We have to protect each other at all costs, love each other, empathise with each other and support each other. From deciding what to wear and swapping each others dresses to telling how that creep stalker made your skin crawl, we can talk to each other about anything and everything and it's our duty to make that environment for each other so that we don't feel judged for speaking our mind or doing our actions unapologetically.

All being set it's time for us to work as a team in every aspect and break the stereotype of being worse enemies to each other and becoming each others best supporters and best friends through and through.





Captured by: Eshaan Rane

MENTAL WELL-BEING BEFORE PLEASING SOCIETY



Written by: Shambhavi Dubey

Everyone deals with mental issues. Everyone has it or had it and it's OK. It's OK to be anxious but it becomes bad once it starts acting as a hindrance in your daily life. It's bad if it becomes a Lifestyle. You should accept and let go off the things which can't be in your control, you are allowed to have days when you can't function, days when you wish to give up or feel Emotionless.

Your mental health is more important than your career, money, other people's opinions, your relationship, your family and everything else. If you taking care of yourself is making someone feel as if you are letting them down then so be it .

Mental health isn't a joke and people who think it is are straight-up Idiots. Anxiety makes you overthink everything. It makes you feel like you are being abandoned and you are not worth anything. You feel as if the most important person in your life doesn't want you. You push people away as you fear being hurt by them if they leave you. Anxiety this bad makes you leave the one you love and it sucks. You make yourself sad unintentionally and I quote "The version of you someone created in their minds is not your responsibility." People think it's a phase but no it's not once you have an anxiety attack all you want to do is cry the hell out and cut off from everyone.

The hardest thing is expression not only in this case but almost everywhere and with everyone. Somewhere or the other we have all fallen and have been bruised and misunderstood but were not able to express it half of us due to the fear of not being understood and half of us because we ourselves don't know what we are feeling and what the shit is all about. Emotional abuse hurts as much as physical abuse.

Do what makes you happy irrespective of it being wrong or right. Because if it makes you happy it is right, don't let anyone tell you otherwise. People are gonna make you feel shitty and yes, you will feel shitty but remember you are gonna inspire yourself. In the end you have to fight for your own fairy tale.

**TAKE A STEP BACK
AND BREATH.**

●
LETTER

FROM THE

EDITOR.

●
Teen Perspective is like a dream come true for us and this could not have been possible without the help of all our writers who contributed their immense time and energy. We've tried our best to make this into a safe place for all our readers and writers so that they can express their views without the fear of having judged. We hope that this consistent effort of ours can bring a change in society for the better.

See y'all next month. Until then keep reading and keep breaking the stereotypes!

THANK YOU.

*“We read to know we're not alone.”
— William Nicholson, Shadowlands*