

Are you real? Can I
if you're real, sure we
I love you, leave me alone
somewhat someone make me colder
Letters to
my friends
done, good are you there?
P424H1-1441 BSc4H

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Letter #1 : Dear friend in the future
God I hope you exist. However, based on my math, I think you do. I hope this letter finds you well because you are about to be my friend and I think its for the best that you are well. I don't think I'm rich so if you are unwell, let's hope it's the situation and stress cause I sure can't pay your hospital bills. Just a few disclaimers I wanted to give you so that you know what it is to be friends with me and know what's coming.
Okay, Hello my name is whydoyouthinkwilltellyoumynameimnotthatstupid and I am laughing at your jokes because I don't get those references. I don't care how iconic the meme was or how famous the show was, so if you're trying to find a common ground for our friendship, get ready to fly because there is no ground. There are also no walls because of my inability to understand when I need to draw a boundary and tell a friend "NO". So I think the best that can come out of this is that I can avoid Donald Trump approaching me for friendship. Which is a relief cause I just said no to Elon.
Which brings me to another disclaimer, I am delusional. It broke my heart when I found out that friends and people around you can't telepathically communicate. Due to the lack of developments whydoyouthinkwilltellyoumynameimnotthatstupid Love,
whydoyouthinkwilltellyoumynameimnotthatstupid

Letter #2 : Dear friends at Qutub Minar,
When you go to a monument, do you stare at the architecture? Or the people staring at the architecture? Or more like stare at people pretending to stare at the architecture while there's another person behind them with a sleek rectangle capturing the photo of the person who's pretending to stare at the architecture? I'm all. Yes, I OBVIOUSLY look at the monument. But what's interesting is how the people who created it centuries ago wanted their monument to witness the future years, see how humans looked in future, how they love in future, and how they perceive the architecture in future. They never would have imagined that their art would one day have to watch a man in tight jeans and dark sunglasses walking away from Qutub Minar in slow motion to the background of "jhoome joh pathan". I find it incredibly fascinating how humans have become so self obsessed. I hate them and I don't think I fall into the human category. I sat in front of Qutub Minar and just observed the nature around me, I guess that just makes me God. And I'm not complaining, I am, though in all ways, perfect.
Continuing with the earlier thought, looking at every stone at Qutub Minar made me wonder, that Love,
Your friend who's incapable of expressing her feelings.

Letter #3 : Dear friend who is incapable of expressing her feelings
How are you doing? It seems to be only this morning when I looked at you, I couldn't find you until I realized that maybe I lost you. Mornings are reserved for grieving. By night time, I can't help but be annoyed at you. Annoyed at how you promised to be different for good, annoyed at how easily you mask your internal urge to scream and smash your head against the wall and most importantly, I'm annoyed at how good you are at being calm from the outside so that others call you mature, even though you hate it. Anyway, I should be knowing how you are doing but unfortunately I don't. Perhaps because you are the person who I didn't keep in touch with the most. I miss your smile. I remember how every teacher in school used to call you "the smiling girl". Now people still compliment your smile but without the awareness of the amount of effort that goes behind it. But then again, when I see my other friends I see them casually mention things that you and I struggle with and realise that for others it is a joke, the difference lies in perception I guess. We became so engrossed in ourselves that we ironically, forgot each main question should be- "What's the fucking point?" Love,
God