

THE WEAKLY

A WEEKLY NONSENSE

redacted

NEWS

- Conflict escalates between Israel and Iran - bombing increases in Lebanon in suburban areas.
- Haryana elections receive 65% voter turnout; Congress poised for the win according to exit polls.
- Monsoon ends in Delhi with above average records, city to experience warmest October since 2014.
- FMovies, world's largest movie piracy ring permanently shut down. RIP.
- ICC Women's T20 World Cup 2024 kicks off in Bangladesh- India loses to New Zealand by 58 runs.



Didn't get a physical copy? Print your own!!!

WEAKLY?

This zine needs YOU to keep it running by sending in your musings, from your notes app to the backs of your books. It is printed every first working day of the week- and distributed amongst whoever the editor runs into first. It's special in a way where you know that someone probably carries your poem in their wallet.

You can also find the Weakly and more zines at **DelhiZine**, a zine collective devoted to sponsoring art. Catch us at **@delhizine** and **delhizine.github.io**.

E-mail your thoughts, notes, pictures, sketches, singing and crying to **fillsicks@gmail.com**. Or maybe bump into me in the corridor. God knows, I love that.

COLLEGE NEWS

- IIT Delhi's annual cultural fest Antaragini commenced Saturday, 5th October and to continue till the 8th. Salim-Sulaiman and Mithoon to perform on the final days.
- The newly established Spanish and French departments celebrated their maiden academic days on Friday, 4th October with success.
- Navratri begins- students get ready to participate in Garba nights across the city. Colleges expecting less attendance due to numerous holidays coming up.
- University of Delhi to introduce dual degrees for its students; students can now pursue more than one degree at a point.
- Mop Up rounds for the University conclude- admissions for the session 2024-25.

you s'not ipoe

I never used to be a call person. I absolutely abhorred calling- from concept to physicality. But as all things do, living alone has made me the caricature of an idle housewife in a misogynistic soap opera, who spends all her time with a phone in one hand and a pen in the other, doodling five petalled flowers her mother taught her, in the phonebook. I talk to someone on call daily, and a glance at last week- topics ranging from can I substitute coriander with coriander powder to stay on call awhile, please don't cut yourself tonight. There are we're reaching your place in half an hour calls followed by several shorter where the hell are you and I think I'm lost calls. There are unexpected calls from my brother, who doesn't laugh like he used to since he grew up, and for the first time he says 'bye, love you' back. There are calls from friends I've had no contact, but whose names are still saved with the same quirk in my SIM card as they were in 7th grade. There are calls where there is silence on the line as my Nani has no recollection of me for two solid minutes and my mom tries to cover it up with awkward jokes, more for her mortality's sake than my feelings. There are calls with hurtfully awkward silences, both of us silently aware of the unavoidable end of the whipping spark of school friendship. There are calls which run into the early hours of the morning, followed by a text which says 'Forgot to tell you-'. And after every click of a call being cut, there is silence.

MEDIA OF THE WEEK



THE MISEDUCATION OF LAURYN HILL
MISS LAURYN HILL
1988
HIP HOP, R&B

After sitting down with Aretha and getting up with Whitney, and after creating the best alt hip hop album of the 90s with The Fugees, Lauryn Hill was 23, single and pregnant when she released this masterpiece. The album channels perfectly the voice of a young black woman in modern times trying to reclaim her body which is a weapon against itself. It is an album about hearts and hearts that break, and advises young people to not take it all to heart. 'How you gonna win when you ain't right within?' she asks while she addresses the future of her race, the future of her gender, and the future of herself and her unborn child. Combining deftly a human ingenuity and chilling rhymes, Miss Hill proves herself to be the coldest MCs of her time and produces this timeless rap masterpiece which stands the test of time like provoking vandalisation on your classroom desk done by generations of deviants.

LEONARD PACINOFF NISTUN OR

Weekly Special

sharp eyes, thin specs, the prospects couldn't be fairer. strong arms, great hair. you wonder, who's Roger Federer?

Head over heels while I was touching my toes wonder do goal posts look bigger with a Roman nose

Sadder days were spent it will be fine PT classes ended after grade nine

i found employment high society line cook days grow colder he found me on facebook

summers were warmer i grew greener lawns my tips grew generous i baked softer croissants

it's one thing to be an instructor off duty when he's a middle aged man texting hey cutie