



Fig. 1: **From my favourites folder** : one of the faint memories i have from my childhood is going to India gate with my family and having chuski. this day i drove my mom and brother to india gate, and i had chuski :)

Fig 2: **From my SD card** : class 7th trip, the first time my parents trusted me with a camera. i wish i could go back to being a 7th grader.



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does it exist, outside my head?
U WILL BE OK ZINE ISSUE#2



spin plot. something that makes you stay, makes you long to
be in a show that, objectively speaking, has very screwed up
lives for its characters. suits made me want to have a harvey
to my mike, and a few days back, my senior called me exactly
that, in her farewell speech. and i literally lost it and started
sobbing right there. i think it says a lot, when simply being
compared to a fictional duo has the power to make you cry
like a baby. thank you for ruining my makeup, suits.

i would first like for you to look at the collage on the right.
yes, that is a solid testament to my procrastinating skills.
anyway, i would like to start off by saying that my suits
obsession started 6 years ago, way before it became tiktok
famous. its probably one of the only shows i've rewatched
like 4 times now. i remember starting it in 9th grade,
longing for a photographic memory like mike ross', wishing
i could be as cool as donna, as successful as harvey, and
seeing a role model in jessica. this show FUELED my "i
wanna be a lawyer" phase. all the clever loopholes and
workarounds they used to find to somehow always win.
that's what i wanted. but the truth is, the real world is hardly
ever so perfect. people aren't born with photographic
memories, you don't have picture perfect characters who
always win despite the odds, you don't always get the girl,
and you don't always have everything go your way. but the
show acknowledged that too, sometimes. every once in a
while, your main character's unbreakable armor can simply
shatter, and what's left beneath is a real person (ykwim),
all with very real flaws and imperfections. suits goes
beyond the legal jargon, at its heart is true friendship,
loyalty, and family. that's what makes it stand out. that is
what somehow gives life to an otherwise impossible to

MEDIA I LIKE: SUITS

disclaimer: this is not a review, just my thoughts.

this semester. its not even in the conversation. that
leads me to feel like perhaps the problem was never the
studying, maybe the underlying problem is something

else entirely.
"when you hear hoofbeats, think horses, not zebras",
the horses were my academics last semester. as for
what the zebra is? i don't know. maybe i do. truth be
told, i don't really care what the zebra is, all i want is to
stop hearing the hoofbeats. what adds salt to the wound
is seeing it all around me, what i crave for. and getting
none of it. you can only see so much of that before you
start wondering if the zebra is you. is it all in my head?
the glitz and the glamour? that perfect life, the perfect
people, the perfect relationships.

does any of it exist, outside my head?
you know, this saying could go for a shit ton of things.
some things, you wish they didn't exist, outside of your
head. my anxiety, my overthinking, my most irrational
fears. i wish they didn't exist outside of my head, some
of them don't. but some things that i wish did, also don't.
as i'm writing this, i can feel a certain irony glaring out at
me. god knows.
does any of it exist, outside my head?

does it exist, outside my head?
i have this friend. she's supposed to be one of my
closest friends. she is. but in the last year, the only
times she has texted or called me herself have been to
wish me happy birthday, or ask me for money. i text. i
call, no response. one week later i get a text and guess
why i've been remembered. if this is where second year
has left us, is our friendship really going to survive in the
long run? i wish i had an answer. correction: i wish i
didn't know the answer. second correction: i hope i'm
wrong about the answer that i have. those who know
me will probably not really be able to guess who this is
because what i go around saying about my friends
makes them seem like the most perfect people to ever
exist. and they are, at times. but behind all the glitz and
glamour lies the dirty truth, the unanswered texts, the
rotting whatsapp chats, the dusty telephone. last
semester this time, i was feeling extremely lonely and
disconnected from my friends because my studies were
so overbearing that i could barely keep in touch with
them. this semester, i seem to be in the same position.
not as worse, but some things can't help but feel the
same. though, the catch is, i've studied next to nothing

FROM MY NOTES APP: 06/05/25