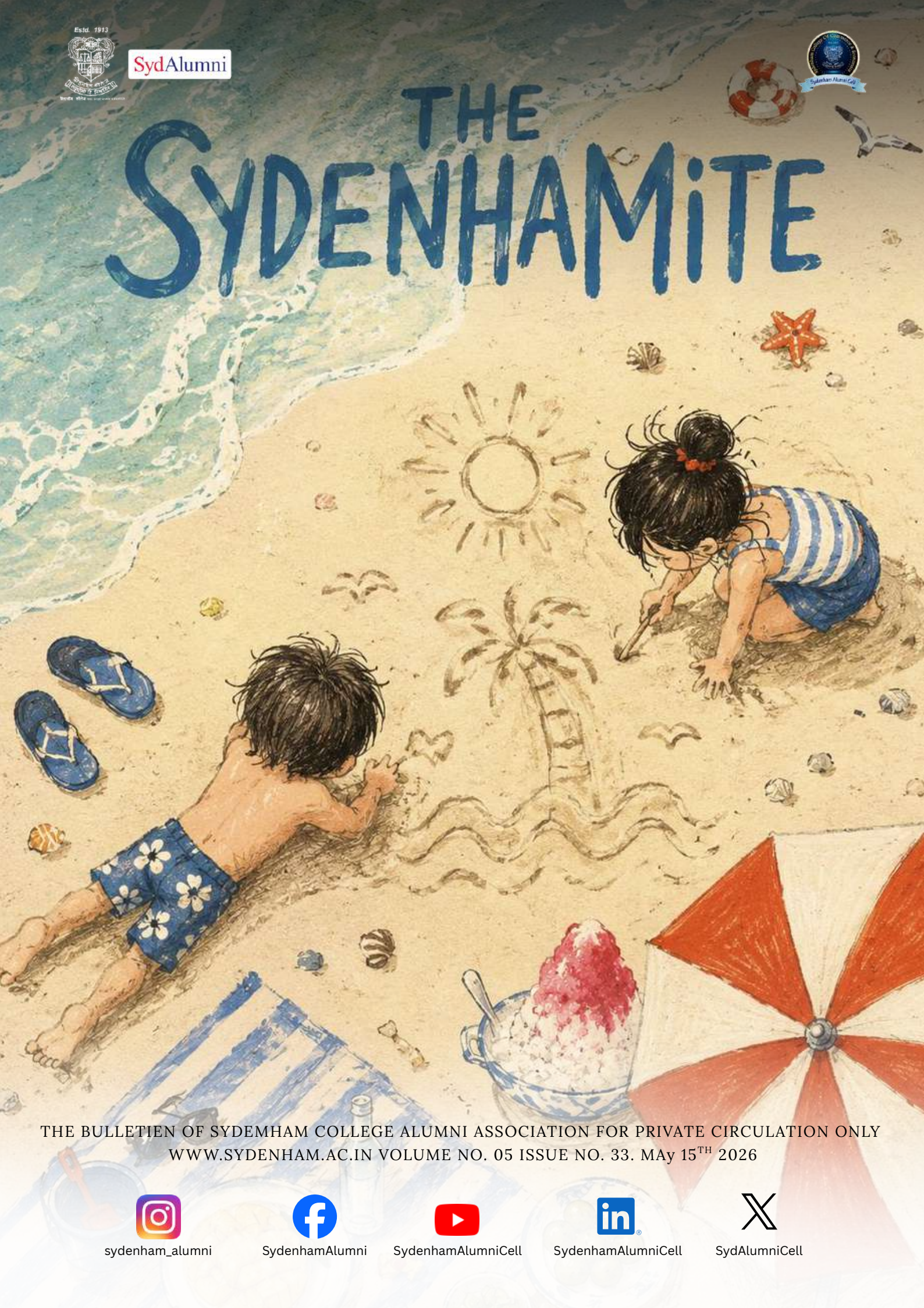




SydAlumni



THE SYDENHAMITE



THE BULLETIN OF SYDENHAM COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY
WWW.SYDENHAM.AC.IN VOLUME NO. 05 ISSUE NO. 33. MAY 15TH 2026



sydenham_alumni



SydenhamAlumni



SydenhamAlumniCell



SydenhamAlumniCell



SydAlumniCell



TABLE OF CONTENTS

01 TURNING THE
TIDE

03 SNACKS FROM
MY CHILDHOOD

05 TRVEL STORY TO
EUROPE

06 TANNING IS
GOOD

08 THE LUXURY OF
SUMMER
VACATION

10 WHEN THE BELL
RANG FOR THE
LAST TIME...

11 SWEET CITY
SUMMERS

13 FASHION
STAPLES

15 BEYOND THE
METROS



Sydenham *news*

16 SYDENHAM COLLEGE LEADS THE
WAY WITH TWO GROUNDBREAKING
NEW PROGRAMS





EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear main character (yes, you),

If I'm being honest, this edition almost didn't happen the way it did. Not because we lacked stories, if anything, we had too many. Too many late nights, too many half-eaten Magnums melting onto layout notes, too many moments of how do we fit all of this into 20 pages?

But that's the thing about summer. It refuses to be contained.

This one's a love letter, to Sydenham, to the season, to childhood photos that are creased and sun-faded but somehow more vivid than anything recent. To fashion that feels like freedom, travel stories that smell like sunscreen, and cricket, because watching India play turns every Indian into a poet, a philosopher, and a nervous wreck all at once. We wrote about what we know, what we've lost, and what we're still chasing.

I hope something here finds you. I hope it feels less like reading and more like remembering.

This one's for everyone who showed up anyway.



Turning the Tide

By Anvi Mishra

Beaches are strange in a beautiful way. At first glance, a beach feels peaceful. But stay long enough, and you begin to notice what lies beneath. From a distance, they look calm and simple: just waves coming in again and again, people walking, maybe some laughter in the background. It is always changing. The wind shifts the sand, the waves reshape the shore, and beneath it all, life quietly continues. More than just a place we visit, a beach is a constantly evolving system.

In a city like Mumbai, this reality hits home at Juhu Beach. It is one of those places everyone has been to at least once. Still, alongside the crowd and energy, there is also something uncomfortable you cannot ignore: plastic waste, polluted water, and the effects of excessive human presence. At the same time, there have been clean-up efforts by people who genuinely care, and that changes the way you see the place. It stops being just “dirty” and starts becoming something that can still be repaired.

Then there is Ganpatipule Beach, which feels completely different. It is quieter, cleaner, and less disturbed. You can actually notice things there, like the texture of the sand, the clarity of the water, and even the small movements of life near the shore, but even places like this are not completely safe from change. As more people visit, the same problems slowly begin to appear. It makes you realize that damage does not always happen suddenly; sometimes it builds up quietly.

If you look at the bigger picture, the Gujarat Coast shows another side of the story. It is not just about beaches being clean or dirty; it is about how much we depend on them. Industries, ports, and fishing communities—so many lives are connected to this coastline, and because of that, it faces a different kind of pressure. Pollution here is not always visible in the same way, but its impact runs deep, affecting ecosystems over time. Nature does not fail us; we fail it, slowly and repeatedly.

This problem is not limited to one region.

Even popular tourist destinations like Goa are beginning to show signs of stress. Once known for clean and peaceful beaches, many parts of Goa are now facing issues like overcrowding, waste mismanagement, and unregulated construction. What was once a natural escape is slowly turning into a space struggling to handle the pressure of tourism. It reminds us that even places known for their beauty are not immune to environmental decline.

Due to challenges like these, global efforts have started focusing on large-scale solutions. One such initiative is The Ocean Cleanup, which recently expanded its work to India. Studies have shown that Mumbai alone releases around 5 million kilograms of plastic into the sea every year, affecting coastlines, mangroves, and marine life.

The organization plans to install systems in waterways like Trombay and Malad to stop plastic before it reaches the ocean. Instead of just cleaning the sea, the focus is on preventing pollution at its source, which makes the approach more effective in the long run.

The proposed desalination plant near Manori is one such example. It aims to convert seawater into drinking water using advanced technology, with an initial capacity of about 200 million liters per day, expandable to 400 MLD. This could help Mumbai deal with its growing water shortage.

However, the project also raises environmental concerns. The discharge of concentrated brine and its impact on marine ecosystems are still being studied, and strict conditions have been placed to ensure sustainability. It becomes clear that even solutions need to be handled carefully.

When you step back and look at all of this together, beaches begin to feel different. They are no longer just places to relax or visit with friends. They are spaces where human choices are constantly visible, whether in the form of pollution, development, or attempts at restoration.

And maybe that is where the real shift begins.

The waves will continue to return, just as they always have. But what they return to is no longer entirely natural.

The only question is whether we will learn to take better care of what they return to.





Snacks from My Childhood

By Bhavna Nepram

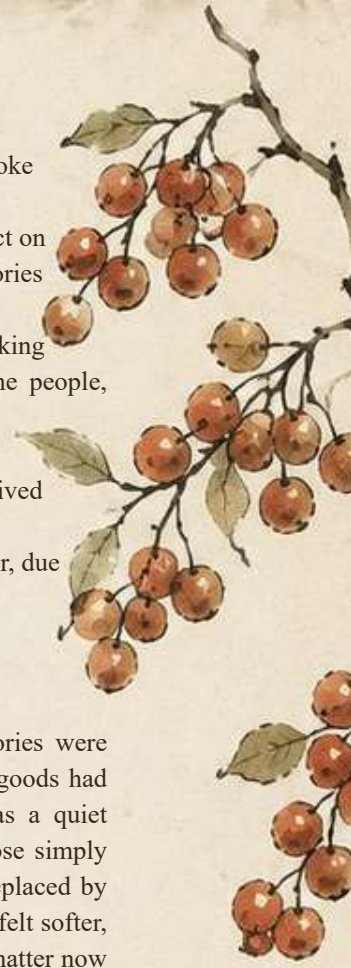
Nostalgia does not always arrive as a memory; it often comes as a feeling, quiet and unexpected, settling gently within us. It carries fragments of a time we once lived so fully, yet can no longer return to. For me, nostalgia has always been about taste; flavours that stay long after everything else has faded. “Taste?” one might wonder. But how do you explain a taste that is more than just flavour? A taste that holds laughter, warmth, and the soft hum of familiar voices? How do you put into words something that is tied not just to the tongue, but to a place, to people, to a time that no longer exists in quite the same way?

Long before my city was affected by the political affairs of our land, summer in Imphal, Manipur, was more than just a season; it was an experience filled with flavours and the simple excitement of seasonal snacks. Now summer feels distant, quiet, and incomplete without those familiar tastes. I often find myself going back to those days, remembering how even the simplest moments felt full of excitement.

After a long and exhausting day of school and tuition, I would quietly join my elder siblings and their friends as they snuck in these snacks despite our parents’ restrictions. Those moments felt like small rebellions, filled with secret joys and laughter under the harsh summer sun. Over time, the strict warnings softened into a simple reminder, “You know what is right for you.” Yet the longing for those moments has only grown stronger. Even now, those memories linger, as if waiting to be relived. And perhaps it is this very longing that makes certain flavours unforgettable, turning them into something more than just food.


Let me introduce you to my favourite snack combination, Heitup and Heimang. Heitup, also known as Elm Leaf Grewia, is a sour and slightly bitter fruit indigenous to the hills of Manipur, loved for its crunchy texture and refreshing taste during hot weather. Heimang, scientifically known as *Rhus semialata*, is a dried fruit powder native to Northeast India that perfectly balances Heitup’s sharp sourness. While both can be enjoyed individually, their tangy and refreshing combination remains unmatched even today.

What makes it truly unforgettable is not just the taste, but the memories that come with it. I still remember how Heitup was packed in small pieces of old paper and sold at a tiny wooden stall in our locality. The shop was open only for a few hours in the afternoon, but in that short time, people from many neighbourhoods would come, waiting patiently for their turn. I was rarely allowed to go out, so those moments felt even more special. Whenever I did go, the woman at the stall would greet me with a warm smile and call me by a sweet nickname, as if I were her own child. She would carefully pack my Heitup and always add a few extra pieces, as if she knew how much it meant to me.



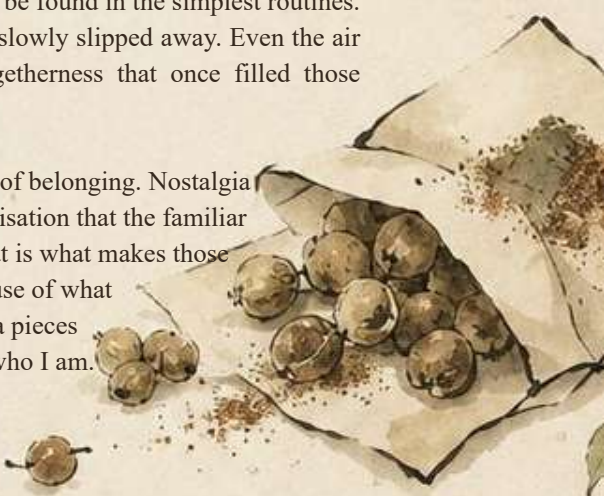
Though my mother often complained about the long wait and crowded space, people there never seemed to mind. The stall slowly became a small gathering of stories, where people spoke about their families, struggles, and daily lives. The lady who sold Heitup was more than a shopkeeper; she listened, smiled, and offered sharp yet playful advice that made people reflect on their situations. Even as a child, I loved listening to those conversations. I would carry the stories back home, laughing with my sister and her friends while enjoying the sour taste of Heitup and Heimang on hot summer days. Somehow, the flavours and laughter always blended. Looking back now, those afternoons feel vivid not because of the snack alone, but because of the people, stories, and the quiet joy of belonging to a small, close-knit world.

Alongside the fruit snacks, there were countless unique snacks and small street foods that arrived at her shop from Moreh, the border town between Myanmar and Manipur. The excitement of discovering their varied tastes and textures still echoes in the corners of my heart. However, due to the ongoing conflict, access to these snacks has been difficult. With this comes the harsh realisation that they may never return, and it feels as though an entire experience will quietly fade away.



When I visited my hometown a few months ago, I met her again, but this time her stories were different. She spoke about how ingredients had become difficult to find, how the flow of goods had been disrupted, and how she was trying to support herself beyond the stall. There was a quiet heaviness in her words as she spoke about how conflict affects ordinary people most; those simply trying to survive. That day felt unfamiliar. The usual laughter and gossip were missing, replaced by stories of struggle and uncertainty. She still smiled at me as she always had, but this time it felt softer, heavier, as if it carried unspoken sadness. The small wooden stall that once felt alive with chatter now stood quieter, as though it too carried the weight of everything that had changed.

My childhood summer days felt endless; when the sour taste of Heitup and the gentle balance of Heimang felt like small rewards after a long day, and when joy could be found in the simplest routines. Now, those moments feel distant, like fragments of a world that has slowly slipped away. Even the air seems different, no longer carrying the same excitement and togetherness that once filled those afternoons.



It reminds me how deeply food carries identity, memory, and a sense of belonging. Nostalgia is often described as sweet, but for me, it carries a quiet pain; the realisation that the familiar tastes that once felt like home are no longer within reach. Perhaps that is what makes those summers unforgettable, not just because of what they were, but because of what they are no longer. The laughter, the waiting, the stories, and the extra pieces slipped into my hand now live only in memory, yet remain a part of who I am.



Travel story to Europe

By Joshua Dmello

A journey through Europe became one of the most memorable and personal experiences of my life when I explored the serene beauty of Switzerland and the vibrant charm of Paris. What made this trip truly special was not just the destinations themselves, but the emotions they stirred within me—calmness in one and excitement in the other.



My time in Switzerland felt almost unreal, like I had stepped into a postcard. The air was crisp, the landscapes were untouched, and everything moved at a slower, more peaceful pace. One of the most unforgettable moments was seeing the majestic Matterhorn up close. Its sharp, pyramid-like peak stood proudly against the sky, commanding attention and admiration. As I stood there, I couldn't help but think about its incredible history, how it was formed millions of years ago through the collision of tectonic plates and later shaped by glaciers into the iconic structure we see today. Learning that it was first climbed in 1865 by Edward Whymper made the experience even more meaningful. It wasn't just a mountain anymore; it was a symbol of perseverance and human courage. In that quiet moment, surrounded by nature, I felt a deep sense of peace and reflection that is rare in everyday life.



Then came Paris, where everything changed most beautifully. The calm silence of Switzerland was replaced by lively streets, artistic energy, and a sense of romance that seemed to fill the air. Arriving in Paris felt like entering a different world. The highlight, of course, was finally seeing the Eiffel Tower in person. It was even more breathtaking than I had imagined. Knowing its history made the experience richer; it was built in 1889 for the Exposition Universelle and designed by Gustave Eiffel. What surprised me most was learning that many people initially disliked it, considering it an eyesore. Yet today, it stands as one of the most iconic symbols in the world. Watching the Eiffel Tower sparkle at night was a moment that felt almost magical, something I will always carry with me.



What truly made this journey unforgettable was the contrast between the two places. Switzerland allowed me to slow down, breathe, and reconnect with nature, while Paris encouraged me to explore, feel, and embrace the beauty of culture and human creativity. It was like experiencing two sides of life—one quiet and introspective, the other vibrant and expressive.



Looking back, this trip was more than just a vacation; it was a journey of emotions and discovery. From standing in awe of the timeless Matterhorn to watching the glowing lights of the Eiffel Tower, every moment felt meaningful. It taught me how travel can change not just what you see, but also how you feel and think. Switzerland and Paris didn't just give me memories; they gave me a story I will cherish for a lifetime.

Tanning is good

By Tanvi Vare

Growing up, summers meant going to my native place, between my mom's childhood wada, which was grand with pillars and old doors that had been there since any of the members of the wada had been alive, and to my dad's home, which people always surrounded; credit for having the biggest joint family. My afternoons were spent climbing mango trees and watching oxen drink water, which were bright white with orange painted horns, and every morning, my cousins and I were trekking on the mountain behind our home. My village is at the foothills of Panchghani and around 8 km from the Wai city, called Kusgaon (the name derived from being in the center of all the mountains and surrounded by them)

So, when I planned my trip to the surf capital of India, I was excited and mostly worried about whether I was a beach baby or would miss the mountains that I had been surrounded by since I was a child. Mulki was an impulsive decision; I only knew one person from the group, who is my classmate, and others were strangers, people whom I was meeting for the first time, but let me give you a spoiler: we became really close towards the end of the trip. Mulki is much more than the images you will find online on Google; the culture, the food, the people, and the nature, everything will amaze you. I think I am ruined for the rest of my life because the beaches there are so clean, with the salty air, the humidity clinging to your skin, the sand in your toes, the sun shining bright, and the evening breeze cooling you down.

But let's move to the best part of the trip, surfing. I planned my stay with Kayakboyz Surf School, and I made friends from all around India. Many of them, like us, were either in a group or, in the female dorms, most of them were solo travelers, independent women, celebrating their birthdays. Not technically, but I would also say that even this is my adventurous trip before I turn 20, and I was the youngest amongst them all, but I felt like I had an advantage against them all about exploring the world early on in my life, and that made me feel independent in some way, though my dad funded my trip.

Surfing lessons start early in the morning when the sun is not even fully in the sky yet. On the first day, we got a brief, and then we were all assigned trainers who would help us catch waves. For the first two days, I was scared of getting hurt or falling, and even at a minor inconvenience, I came and sat by the shore for the rest of the session, but on the third day, the ocean was gentle, and even I wanted to flex at the dinner table that night about catching a wave because I was being bullied about being cowardly.



And after many failed attempts, swallowing half of the ocean, being thrown out by the waves, and carrying the surfboard bigger than me (mind you, I am 5'2") back to where the currents begin, and after 35 minutes into the session and a quick prep talk by my instructor, which was along the lines of "You will not die" and "Stop being dramatic," he told me to take position, and as the current began, he pushed me forward and shouted, "Pop-up," and I was standing on the board, and I was riding my first wave.

Ice Bath



You feel like flying; the adrenaline rush is so sweet and so powerful at the same time, and you feel pure joy. And on the way back to the surf school, when everyone is in the van discussing their sessions and you get to talk for the first time, and when you are nearing the school and everyone is quiet for a few seconds, you feel proud of yourself for being the first woman in your bloodline to do something like this, proud that you could do something like this, and then later during the day you catch yourself smiling.

Pretty Sunsets



You return home with a suitcase filled with sand and tanned skin and a digicam filled with laughter and joy. Memories that you will carry with you for the rest of your life, and friends with whom you will always stay in contact. And since I am also a mountain person so next adventure is skiing. Until next time, love, laugh, live, and capture people around you. Plan adventures and don't be scared of falling because guess what happens when you fall? You also get up quickly from the embarrassment of being seen by anyone.

Surfing





The Luxury of Summer Vacation

By Tanisha Kolge

The arrival of summer in our part of the world isn't just a change in the weather; it is a psychological shift. The air grows heavy with heat, the days stretch long into the evening, and a familiar stillness settles over the neighborhood. But as we transition from the cool breeze of spring to the golden glare of summer, we realize that vacation is a relative term. Depending on where you are in life, the luxury of summer takes on an entirely different shape.

For young children, summer vacation is the ultimate liberation. It is the only time of year when the clock seems to lose its power. The most significant luxury for a child isn't a trip to a resort or a fancy toy; it is the absence of academic pressure, something summer finally breaks.

In this phase, luxury is found in the freedom to play until the sun goes down. It is the time when hobbies, often pushed to the sidelines during the school term, take center stage. Whether it's learning to ride a bicycle, painting for hours without a grade attached, or simply lying on the floor reading comic books, kids experience a rare form of mental peace. There is no stress about the next chapter or the morning alarm. It is a period of pure exploration where the only goal is to enjoy the present moment.

As we move into the college phase of our lives, the luxury of summer vacation becomes more complex. It is no longer just about play; it is about purpose. For those in their twenties, the summer break is a vital bridge between the classroom and the "real world."

This is the season of internships, volunteering, and figuring out what the future looks like. While the younger kids are out playing, the young adults are often hunched over laptops or navigating new office environments. However, the luxury here lies in the freedom to choose. This is the time to explore a potential career path, to learn a new skill, or to travel with friends before the true responsibilities of adulthood set in.

Crucially, for those studying away from home, summer is the long-awaited return to the family nest. It is the luxury of a home-cooked meal and the chance to reconnect with parents and siblings before the next semester begins. It is a balancing act halfway between the carefree days of childhood and the professional demands of the future.

Then, working professionals who have already stepped into their careers. For a working adult, summer vacation as a concept largely disappears. There is no "end of term" and no "two-month break." May and June are often just another set of months filled with meetings, deadlines, and commutes.



Yet, even in the grind, summer offers a specific kind of luxury. Here, the luxury lies in connection. While the adults do not get a seasonal break, they often find ways to steal time. It might be taking a week of earned leave to take the kids on a road trip, or simply leaving the office a little earlier because the sun is still up. For the working class, summer is special because it facilitates family time.

Seeing the joy in their children's eyes as they play, or hosting a weekend brunch for old friends, provides a refreshing break from the corporate routine. It is a time for "micro-vacations," small moments of hanging out, traveling to a nearby hill station, or enjoying a cold drink on a balcony. For the professionals, the luxury of summer isn't about the quantity of time, but the quality of the moments spent with loved ones.

We all pass through these seasons, not just of weather, but of life. We start as children with dusty knees and a cricket bat, transition into the ambitious student piecing together internship applications, and eventually become the working adult trying to build summer memories for the generation coming up behind us. Summer, in whatever form it takes, is a reminder that the soul needs a change of pace. Work and academics matter, but so does breathing, connection, and the simple act of remembering that life is more than a schedule to be kept.

Whether you're lucky enough to have three free months ahead of you or just a quiet Sunday afternoon, the real luxury is the same: the chance to slow down, look around, and be present for a little while.

Luxury, perhaps, is not about escape, but about the permission to slow down.



When the Bell Rang for the Last Time...

By Sana Sawant

We all knew it was our last lecture. That thought lingered somewhere in the back of our minds, but no one really said it out loud. Maybe it was because saying it would make everything feel too real. And honestly, after spending years complaining about lectures, attendance, assignments, and submissions, this was the one class none of us actually wanted to end.

There was no dramatic, movie like scene. We were just being ourselves. Laughing loudly while the classroom echoed with noise, passing random comments in between lectures, and making fun of each other like always. One person was busy taking random candid pictures, another kept asking, "Attendance lagegi kya?", while someone else was already talking about food. Sunlight was falling through the classroom windows, everyone looked normal, and somehow that made the moment feel even heavier.

Even the last break felt different. We sat cross legged on classroom benches with our tiffins spread open, just like we always did. Everyone was stealing food from each other's boxes, fighting over fries, and complaining about the canteen one last time. Usually, break time would fly by, but that day no one seemed in a hurry. It felt like we were all quietly trying to hold onto those few extra minutes together.

And then, almost suddenly, all the best memories came rushing back. The late night calls that were supposed to last ten minutes but somehow turned into hours. The endless discussions, chaotic meetings, last minute planning, and running around before every event. We complained about the work all the time. Every other day someone would say, "I am done with this fest," but deep down we all knew we loved being part of it.

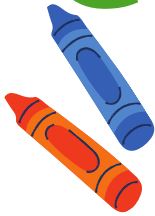
Somewhere between running around for work, staying back after college, sharing notes, and ranting together, we grew closer. People we barely knew at the beginning somehow became the people we talked to every single day. The random meet ups in corridors, the inside jokes during meetings, the chaotic group chats at midnight, and the small conversations before lectures slowly became a part of our routine. Even the pointless arguments feel funny now because somehow, no matter what happened, we always ended up laughing together again.

I think that is what hurts the most now. Not just leaving college, but leaving behind the people who made this place feel like home. The thought of not seeing them every day feels strange. No more random "Where are you?" calls, no more sitting together before lectures pretending to study, and no more waiting outside classrooms just to walk together.

We clicked so many pictures that day. Some nice ones, some blurry, some completely random. Even the teachers felt softer somehow. Nobody wanted to leave after the lecture ended. We all stayed back for a while, talking about random things because leaving meant accepting that this phase of our lives was actually ending.

At that moment, it did not feel like a goodbye. It just felt like another regular day in college. But now, looking back, I realise those ordinary days were probably the most special part of all of this. Not the grades or the assignments, but the people, the laughter, the chaos, and the quiet realization that the best days of our lives often pass by while we are busy living them.

A B C



SCHOOL





Sweet City Summers

By Keya Thakur

Summer vacation. Just those two words and something shifts in you, doesn't it? For most kids I knew, it meant packing up and disappearing to some village or hometown, grandparents with open land, cousins everywhere, all of that. My summers looked nothing like that. Mine were city summers, no fields, no long train journeys, no exotic destination at the end of a road trip. Just the same city I already lived in, the same streets, the same heat yet somehow, despite all of that sameness, every summer felt different in its own way.

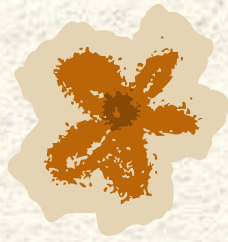
Both my parents worked and that was just the way things were at home. As a kid I never really thought much about it. What it did mean though, was that every summer I rotated between three places, three homes that each felt completely different from the other. My babysitter's place. My Dada-Dadi's, on the other side of the city. And my Nana-Nani's, just fifteen minutes from where we lived. Each one had its own vibe, its own smell, but the same kind of love.

My babysitter's home was comfortable in a way that's hard to explain. She had daughters, but they were much older than me, practically grown up from where I was standing. They didn't have to bother with a little kid tagging along, but they did anyway. They'd sit with me, talk to me, play with me sometimes and dress me up which was my favorite part. There's something about an older kid choosing to spend time with you that just feels special. You know they're not obligated. You know they could easily be doing something else. And yet there they were. My babysitter herself is one of the kindest people I've ever known, the kind of person whose home just feels calm the moment you walk in, warm with the smell of something always cooking, peeling fruits for me and much more. Every evening she'd take me to the park filled with the sound of children and the smell of evening dust and that became the thing I looked forward to all day. That one hour outside, the open air, the change of scene after hours indoors.

Dada-Dadi's, my aaji-baba. Were on the other side of the city, which felt like a real journey back then. Aaji worked at a hospital and some days baba and I would pack up her lunch and go drop it off for her. I loved those trips. Walking into the hospital, finding her, handing over the dabba it sounds so small but it felt like we had a mission to accomplish. Baba was retired, so his time was entirely his own and in the summers, a big part of it became mine. Evenings we'd go to the park together, the city heat finally softening into something bearable, and on the way back he'd stop at a kulfi wala or grab some snack without making any big deal of it. Just here, eat this. That easy kind of love that doesn't announce itself.

And then there was Nana-Nani's, the other set of my Aaji-Baba. Only fifteen minutes away but it had a completely different feeling from home. Aaji cooked all my favorite things and I mean all of them without me ever having to ask. I don't know how, but she always knew what I was craving. The kitchen always smelled of something rich and familiar, as if the food itself were a way of saying, "I knew you were coming." Baba was always busy with something or the other, always had some task going on, and I'd just attach myself to him and follow him around, convinced I was being helpful. Whether I actually was is a different question entirely. But he never said otherwise and that made me feel very important.





There was no hill station. No beach trip. No resort with a swimming pool. My summer vacation was three homes, full of people who had no reason to love me as much as they did, and yet they did. Evening walks, park visits, kulfi, lunch deliveries to a hospital, aaji's kitchen and a happy little kid. The city was ordinary and loud and inside it these warm, unhurried pockets of time that I didn't fully understand the value of until much later.



I think about those summers now and all I feel is gratitude. Grateful that my parents made sure I was somewhere safe and cared for. Grateful that there were people around me who gave their time so generously. Grateful that my childhood was so full, even without any of the things I thought at the time made a summer vacation "real."



It was real, The Sweet City Summers — more real than I knew.



Fashion Staples

By Regina Field

There is something deeply revealing about summer dressing. When the heat settles in and the days begin to lengthen under a brighter, harsher sun, clothes stop being simply decorative and become deeply practical. In that shift, style reveals its truest form: not as excess, but as ease. The best summer wardrobes are not built around novelty alone they are shaped by breathability, movement, and the quiet intelligence of fabrics that understand the climate as well as the body.

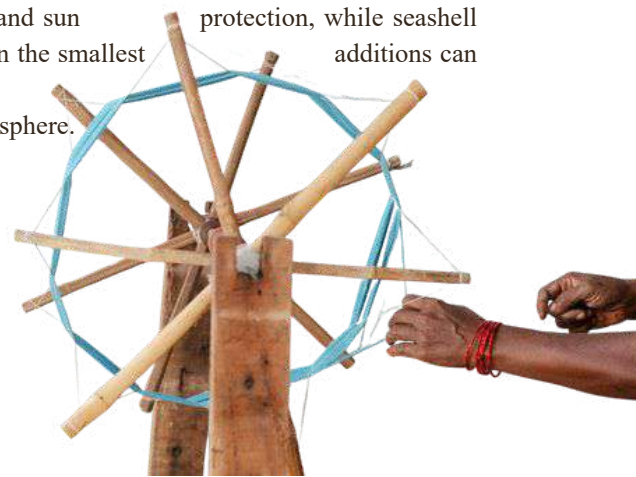
For women, summer staples have always carried this dual role. They must feel light enough to endure the heat, yet polished enough to move through the many rhythms of the day. A linen trouser, a cotton t-shirt, a white button-down shirt, or a flowing maxi dress may appear simple at first glance, but each one holds a particular kind of usefulness. They are the pieces we return to because they do not ask for effort, yet still offer presence. In that sense, the most enduring summer wardrobe is often the most restrained one.

What defines these staples is not just silhouette, but material. Cotton, linen, rayon, satin, and similarly airy fabrics allow the body to remain at ease even when temperatures rise. Linen trousers and smocked midi skirts offer a welcome alternative to heavier denim, while high-waisted shorts bring comfort without compromising on structure. Straight-leg jeans still have their place, but in summer they work best when balanced with softer textures and simpler styling. Clothing begins to feel most relevant when it can meet the moment without resisting it.

Tops, too, take on a quieter role in the season. A crisp white button-up shirt remains one of the most versatile pieces in any wardrobe, working just as well for workwear as it does for travel or casual dressing. Classic t-shirts, especially in stripes or neutral shades, become the foundation for layering and repetition. They are the pieces that make getting dressed feel instinctive rather than complicated. Their appeal lies in their ability to adapt—to be tucked, tied, layered, or worn loose with equal ease.

Summer dressing also makes a strong case for one-piece solutions. Flowy maxi dresses, sundresses, and shirt dresses offer complete outfits with minimal effort, making them ideal for warm days when comfort matters most. Their appeal lies in movement: the way they fall away from the body, catch the breeze, and allow space. In the Indian context especially, this ease finds a natural extension in cotton kurta sets, breezy co-ord sets, kaftans, and lightweight sarees in chiffon, georgette, or cotton. These are garments that do not merely survive the heat they are designed for it.

Accessories complete the picture with subtle distinction. Strappy sandals, casual slides, and vintage-style sneakers keep the look grounded and wearable. Straw hats bring both glamour and sun protection, while seashell jewellery and lightweight scarves add a softer, more personal note. Even the smallest additions can shift a summer outfit from functional to memorable. In warm-weather dressing, accessories are often less about ornament and more about atmosphere.

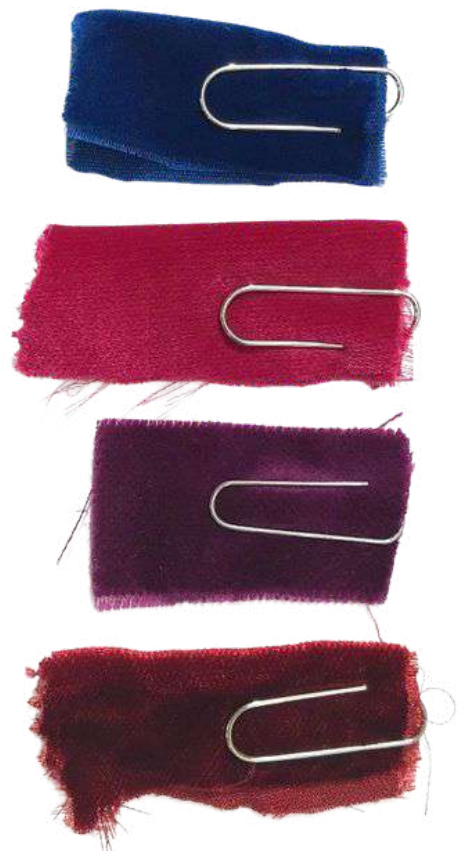




Then there is the question of colour and print. Summer has always invited lightness, but it also makes room for joy. Pastels, earthy tones, white, sage green, and turquoise reflect the season's need for calm, while floral prints, asymmetrical hems, and unexpected colour combinations add energy without overwhelming the look. The result is a wardrobe that feels alive but never heavy. It is fashion in a more breathable register, one that understands that comfort can still be expressive.

In India, this philosophy has long existed in more rooted forms. Cotton, linen, and mulmul have shaped summer wardrobes for generations, particularly through kurta sets, palazzos, pastel sarees, kaftans, and cord sets. These garments are not seasonal inventions so much as cultural continuities proof that dressing for heat has always required both beauty and intelligence. From embroidered fusion wear to simple wide-leg trousers and floral cotton dresses, the logic remains the same: clothes must allow the body to move freely while still feeling considered.

What makes this renewed attention to summer dressing especially compelling is how it now bridges practicality and identity. The best pieces are no longer those that simply follow a trend; they are the ones that understand how people actually live. A well-cut linen shirt, a cotton kurta set, or a strappy sandal may seem modest in isolation, but together they create a way of dressing that feels composed, relevant, and deeply in tune with the season. In that quiet alignment, summer style finds its most enduring expression.



BEYOND THE METRO

by Vighnesh

The legacy of Indian cricket, once scripted almost entirely by the elites of Mumbai and Delhi, is now being aggressively rewritten by a fearless new wave of talent from every corner of the nation. The IPL has become a platform, giving kids from quiet local grounds, far from the spotlight, a chance to chase their dreams. Now, where you come from doesn't matter as much as how well you play. This article highlights players ranging from Arshdeep Singh, Vaibhav Sooryavanshi, Yashasvi Jaiswal, Akash Deep, Praful Hinge, and Sakib Hussain.

There was a time when making it to the Indian cricket team felt like a closed club reserved mostly for kids from big cities like Mumbai or Delhi. If you were from a small village, it didn't matter how talented you were; scouts and top academies simply weren't looking in your direction. It was never about a lack of skill or passion in these remote areas but a heartbreaking lack of opportunity to even be seen. In the past, poor location was the biggest problem, often stopping people from achieving their goals before they even had a chance.

1] Hailing from Punjab, Arshdeep Singh's journey began on local grounds before he truly grabbed the spotlight with a massive breakthrough during the 2021 IPL season. That stellar performance quickly paved the way for his 2022 debut for India.

2] Hailing from the small village of Tajpur in Bihar, Vaibhav Sooryavanshi's journey began on local fields before he shocked the cricketing world by becoming the youngest player to land an IPL contract. He made headlines by smashing 175 runs off just 80 balls in the U-19 Finals.

3] Originally hailing from a small town in Uttar Pradesh, Yashasvi Jaiswal famously lived in tents and sold street food in Mumbai just to keep his cricketing hopes alive. His massive defining moment came as the standout star of the 2020 U-19 World Cup.

4] Coming from the small village of Baddi in Bihar, Akash Deep moved to Bengal to chase his cricketing dreams. His turning point during the 2019-20 Ranji Trophy season ultimately paved the way for his spectacular Test debut for India.

Even though I was born and brought up in Mumbai, my roots are in Uttar Pradesh, and I grew up carrying that same childhood dream—to represent India one day. Seeing players from those dusty village fields step onto the biggest stages fills me with immense hope and pride. It makes their success feel deeply personal, a beautiful reminder that your background doesn't limit your ambitions and that extraordinary dreams belong to everyone. It brings a sense of hope and pride to every young dreamer.

Ultimately, giving players from the deepest corners of India a real chance isn't just a nice story; it is something the sport desperately needed to thrive. When you see the raw hunger and passion they bring to the pitch, it makes us wonder how much incredible talent we lost in the past simply because of geography and a lack of access. It has been proven that the sport is infinitely richer and more exciting when it actually belongs to everyone. The IPL has become more than just a tournament—it is a stage where raw talent from the smallest corners of India finally gets seen.



Sydenham College Leads the Way with Two Groundbreaking New Programs

By Keya Thakur

Sydenham College of Commerce and Economics, one of Mumbai's most prestigious institutions, continues to cement its reputation as a pioneer in forward-thinking education with the introduction of two innovative undergraduate programs, The Bachelor's in Luxury Brand and Retail Management in 2024 and the B.Sc. FinTech in 2025. These programs reflect Sydenham's commitment to staying ahead of industry demands and offering students career-ready pathways that go far beyond conventional commerce degrees.

Luxury Brand and Retail Management

Launched in 2024 in collaboration with The School of Luxury Retail, the B.Sc. in Luxury Brand and Retail Management is India's first undergraduate degree in luxury brand management with the degree conferred by Dr. Homi Bhabha State University. The program equips students with a thorough grounding in luxury business models, branding, retail strategy and consumer behavior all brought to life through exclusive industry masterclasses and real world immersions. With only limited seats and a curriculum aligned with NEP 2020 this program is already shaping the next generation of luxury brand strategists, retail merchandisers and consumer insights professionals.

B.Sc. FinTech

In 2025 Sydenham added the B.Sc. FinTech program through the International School of Finance and Economics which is India's first undergraduate program to combine a university degree with CFA level curriculum and practical tech skills. This four year NEP aligned program spans over 36 subjects across finance, analytics and technology giving students hands on exposure to tools like Python, Power BI and AI driven trading platforms. It prepares graduates for meaningful careers across fintech, equity research, corporate finance and risk management offering something that no conventional degree program truly can.

Sydenham is not playing catch up. It is already ahead.



THE SYDENHAMITE

Reach out to us at sydenhamalumni@sydenhamcollege.edu

College Principal: Dr. Shriniwas Dhure

President of Alumni Association: Mr. Ajit Lalvani

Vice President of Alumni Association: Mr. Hosi Charna

Strategy Advisor: Mr. Mohammed Virani

Sydenham Alumni Cell Prof In-charge: Prof. Rajendra Mali

Sydenham Alumni Cell Core Team: Sanika Gujar (Chairperson), Smruti Madiwala (Vice Chairperson), Himanshu Vaishnav (Coordinator), Rehan Dariashaw (Student Representative), Shaan Gosar (Assistant Student Representative)

"The Sydenhamite" Editor: Tanvi Vare



Scan the QR code to subscribe to "The Sydenhamite" monthly edition.



Got a feedback for us? Zap this QR code to share your thoughts and insights!

The views and opinions expressed or implied in "THE SYDENHAMITE" are those of the authors or contributors and do not necessarily reflect those of the Editorial Team or the Sydenham College Alumni Association. Material in this publication may not be reproduced, whether in part or in whole, without the consent of Sydenham College Alumni Association.