

archietype

drop1



*Half and*

Half

**here** and there,  
then and **now**.

things we were born with,  
**things we saw around.**



what was passed down,  
**what was bought.**

I grew up in a room that was a hodgepodge of colours, a museum of things that I seldom chose for myself.

I couldn't wait to have a space of my own, with white walls and white furniture—a blank canvas that would finally allow me to recreate the clean, girly bedroom that lived rent-free in my wildest, YouTube room-tour-inspired dreams.

But while I dreamed, my family believed in collecting things over time, passing them down.

To them, a whim for a full set of imported Ikea furniture was unjustified compared to the value of unique handmade pieces made locally.

Today, finally, I sit within my blank canvas oceans away,

held back by a baggage allowance that allows me nothing but my clothes,

using tape to stick reminders of home onto my white walls.











block  
*party*



*Growing up, a birthday was an excuse to host a gathering, an assembly of all the children from the neighbourhood, be it friend or foe, toddler or teenager.*

**Birthday gifts were optional, but a return gift was mandatory.**

*Games, food, and invitations, all chosen with the hopes of making it a day to remember.*

Years passed, we became teenagers.

Birthdays moved away from the intimacy of homes to the perfectly lit interiors of the hottest restaurants, and hand-written cards were replaced by Instagram stories. And then we left home, for university or for work.

Celebrations got smaller to accommodate a student lifestyle, and the privilege of spoiling others was finally realised.

**A fancy dinner in London is a financial nightmare, but cake, chips, and a samosa? That's achievable.**

And that's where you'll find me, in a place  
that you can't turn into an Instagram location,

a place that's once again,

simply about sharing joy.





Lately, I've been learning to make peace  
with holding back.

**I am a sentimental person; hugs and  
declarations have long been my  
preferred outlet.**

I've shifted base, and while I've never felt  
freer, my love struggles to voice itself as  
easily as it once did.

Still, the intimacy of girlhood seems to  
transcend boundaries.

**The walls of my blank canvas now hold  
stories from around the world, stories  
shared with the promise of sealed lips  
and unconditional acceptance.**



Walks alone, expensive taxis from the airport, ordering one whole plate of pasta for every single person at the table. I often feel uneasy as I struggle to down mine. I was raised to share; food was about community. I could offer my company a bite, but I don't want to seem impolite.

Splitting portions, asking for help, relying on the good faith of others —

**these things only seem to get harder in an era where one's worth is measured by independence.**

*Well, I wouldn't be who I am  
had I not met the girls who stole  
the cherry off my slice of Black  
Forest cake.*



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