



# Beyond the bling

# A Bangle's Journey Through Time, Utility, And Tradition

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**B**orn in fire and cooled in water, I emerged as a smooth circle made of glass. In the glistening threads of time and the shimmering circles of destiny, my life began, silently witnessing the ebb and flow of human stories, transcending generations and embracing the profound beauty of tradition and change. Made from glass, sea shells, copper, bronze, gold etc., the artisan's touch had etched delicate designs on my body, whispering my story. My first embrace was the cool and dark velvet of a jewellery box, a haven shared with dozens of my shimmering siblings. Then came sunlight and I found myself amid a bustling market with voices clamoring everywhere and the curious glances of women fell on me. To be honest, I felt exposed but then a young woman slipped me on her honeyed wrists and the world became a kaleidoscope of sights and sounds – the rhythmic clatter of your beloved bangles.



Pic: Siddharth Tripathy, AIS VKC Lucknow, XII B

As I rest upon the wrists of beautiful women embarking on a journey of their future as grown-ups, I have been passed down from generation to generation; my oldest form found in Mohenjo-Daro from around 2600 BC.

In India, I am a part of the *solah*

*shringar* of brides, holding a special place for all married women – a symbol of their marital status, prosperity, and well-being. So much so that different colours have different symbolic meanings in the Indian culture; red symbolising energy and prosperity, while

green is good luck and fertility, yellow bangles means happiness, and orange denote success. As we signify the long life of the husband, breaking the bangles is considered inauspicious because when a woman's husband dies, she breaks me in an act of mourn-

ing. Firozabad in India is one of the largest producers of bangles.

I am also a part of many traditional South Asian cultures. In Bangladesh and Pakistan, bangles or *churiyan* are treasured accessories of women. No wonder I feature in so many Bollywood songs and folk songs, be it Kareena Kapoor adding oomph with her dance moves in *Bole Churiyan* or Sridevi clinking me in *Mere Haathon Me Nau Nau Churiyan Hain!* The world is certainly crazy about me. With evolving times, the Indian market for me has also evolved. Now women prefer to wear modern designs, stacking metal and glass bangles together, perfectly blending the modern and traditional styles.

But now, to most, I only hold an ornamental role, worn only during the traditional ceremonies or on auspicious days. A simple bangle, adorning shelves and not hands, that's what I have become nowadays. Sure, there are so many who wear me on the daily, my clinker still bringing a smile to many faces. Perhaps that's what keeps me going.

# Mischief managed

**Avni Munjal**, AIS Gur 43, XII D

In 1971, four children arrived  
At Hogwarts School Of Wizardry  
Being Gryffindors together they lived  
And drove their teachers to misery

Out of the four, Padfoot was witty  
Amongst all other Moony was wise  
Prongs was all brilliant and cheery  
Wormtail always hung by their side



Remus was then bit by a werewolf  
And was now declared a lycanthrope  
But fine as their friendship stood

For all three showed utter support

In his wolf form, Moony lost control

To help him, the three did enroll  
Together they all became animals  
Wizards were known as Animagus

Tasted mandrake leaf for one month  
 Waited for a stormy wand at heart  
 'Amato Animo Animato Animagus'  
 Together they speak to hear a heartbeat

When the immense lightning appeared  
They drank the potion of blood-red  
Again, they all spoke the incantation  
And completed their transformation

The process took them many long years  
To metamorphose their skins into furs  
They waited for the nights of a full moon  
That was the day the Marauders bloomed

It was a beautiful and enchanting tale  
Of the strong friendship that prevails  
Padfoot, Prongs, Wormtail, and Moony  
Together kept their friendship all divinely.