CHRIST (DEEMED TO BE UNIVERSITY)
PUNE, LAVASA CAMPUS - 'THE HUB OF ANALYTICS'

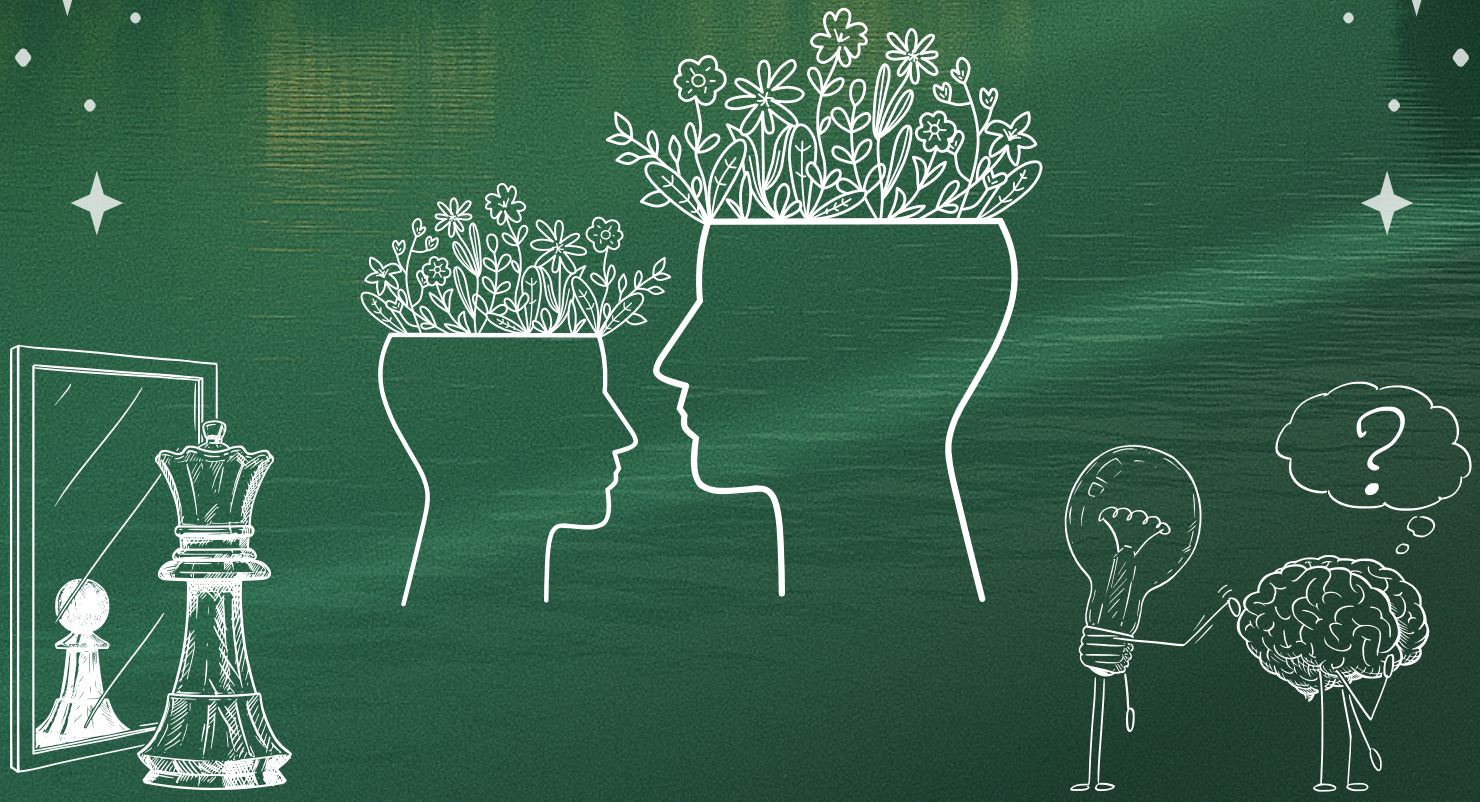
CENTRE FOR COUNSELLING & HEALTH SERVICES (CCHS)

PEER TREASURE

FOR THE PEERS BY THE PEERS

EVOLVING MINDS AT LAVASA

EDITION 5 | MAY 2025



ABOUT PEER TREASURE

Peer Treasure Magazine is more than just a digital publication—it's a living, breathing reflection of the incredible journey taken by Peer Educators of Batch 5. Through raw emotions, creative expressions, and unfiltered honesty, this edition boldly explores mental health and the unspoken topics that shape our lives. Each page is infused with poetry, stories, essays, and art that echo personal growth, resilience, and the power of peer support. It is a celebration of voices coming together—each one unique, yet united in purpose—to heal, to inspire, and to spark meaningful change.

In a world that often silences vulnerability, Peer Treasure stands as a testament: self-discovery is powerful, and even more so when shared.

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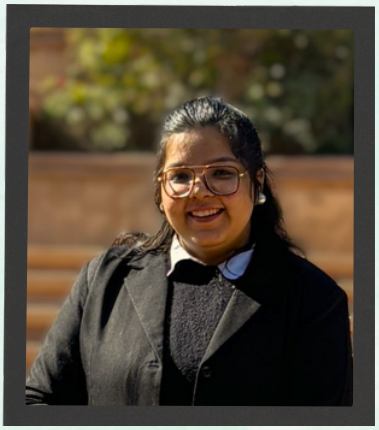
Student Editorial Team



Being part of the Peer Treasure Magazine at CCHS has been a truly special experience for me. It pushed me to think creatively, speak up, and grow alongside an incredible team. From brainstorming sessions to final edits, every moment was filled with learning, laughter, and genuine connection. I'll always cherish this chapter of my journey.

- **Jigyasa(23113130)**

Being a peer educator at the CCHS session has been truly heartwarming and insightful. I've learned so much about resilience, leadership, and healthy boundaries in relationships, which has been incredibly empowering. The emphasis on self-care has reminded me to prioritize my own well-being as I support others. -



-**Smaira Pandita (23112314)**

Student Editorial Team



I was genuinely honored to be part of the editorial team for Peer Treasure Magazine, especially to have had the chance to proofread for the publication. Editing the works of my fellow peers and witnessing their unique perspectives, creativity, and raw honesty was truly inspiring. Each piece carried its own deep emotion and powerful message, and it was an absolute privilege to help shape those voices while honoring their authenticity. This experience didn't just teach me about editing; it ignited a deeper appreciation in my heart for the transformative power of storytelling.

-**Archisnata (24125001)**



As an Editorial Board member of Peer Treasure, I believe every word shared is a spark of wisdom. This magazine is more than pages—it's a reflection of thought, growth, and the quiet power of expression. May each piece inspire reflection and purpose. In a world that moves fast, let this be a space to pause, ponder, and connect. Here's to voices that matter and stories that stay.

Abhimanyu Sharma

MESSAGE FROM DIRECTOR'S DESK

- Dr Fr Lijo Thomas



No one walks alone; we rise by lifting each other."

Dear Students,

It brings me great joy to witness The Peer Treasure Magazine, now in its 5th edition, continue to grow as a powerful voice for empathy and connection. What began as a support initiative has now become a movement of shared strength—one where students uplift one another through listening, understanding, and walking together.

I am proud of our peer educators, who remind us daily that healing and growth happen best in community. You are not only supporting others—you are shaping a campus culture rooted in care.

My heartfelt thanks to CCHS and the student team for making this space possible.

Keep inspiring. Keep reaching out. Keep building each other up.

MESSAGE FROM THE ACADEMIC CO-ORDINATOR'S DESK

- Fr Justin P Varghese



"Small acts, when done with great love, can transform lives." – Mother Teresa

Dear Students,

It is with great pride and joy that we celebrate the successful completion of Batch 5 of the Peer Education Programme and unveil the newest edition of Peer Treasure Magazine.

This achievement stands as a testament to the empathy, dedication, and quiet leadership of a group of students who chose to lead not through titles, but through care and compassion. Throughout their journey, the Peer Educators of Batch 5 have committed themselves to being a reliable support system — learning, growing, and preparing to stand by their peers in times of need. The Peer Education Programme serves as a powerful reminder that transformation begins with simple conversations, genuine listening, and the courage to be present. Peer Treasure beautifully reflects these moments — the reflections, lessons, and the collective spirit that defined the journey of Batch 5.

To this inspiring group of Peer Educators — congratulations. May the empathy and strength you've cultivated continue to guide and impact every space you step into.

From the CCHS Coordinator's Corner



Ms Arpita Ghosh

The thing that I always try and say to young people starting out is - your peer group is really the most important influence on your life because you are going to rise and fall together. - Joanna Coles

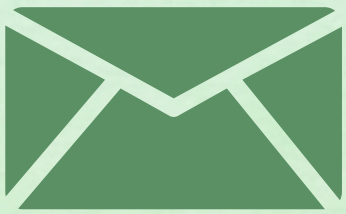
The Peer Education program provides the students training in life skills and psychological first aid. This enables them to reach out to their peers and offer them any assistance they may require. As Peer Educators they play the role of Influencers and it is important that influence be constructive and positive.

This is our 5th Batch and it is a moment of pride for TEAM CCHS, when we see the words of wisdom flow through them in the form of poems, write-ups, stories and sketches.

The knowledge received today , will take them a long way in life, as they express the lessons learnt through their communication to others – especially their peers.

Message

from our counsellors



Ms Jyoti Srivastava

Counsellor, School of Law



The Peer Education Programme equips students with vital life skills and fosters self-awareness through peer-ed sessions. Students gain a deeper understanding of themselves, improve emotional intelligence, and develop practical skills like communication, empathy, and decision-making. The programme encourages reflection, resilience, and responsible behaviour, helping students navigate academic and personal challenges more confidently while building stronger, more meaningful peer connections.

The thing that I always try and say to young people starting out is-Surround yourself with only people who are going to lift you higher." – Oprah Winfrey

Ms. Munira Kachwala

Counsellor – School of Business & Management, Department of English & Cultural Studies



"Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much."
— Helen Keller

Peer education involves learning with those who understand you the best. It does not involve lectures or any form of authoritative teaching. The sessions revolve around conversations and experiences that are relatable. When students support each other, learning becomes real, relevant and powerful.

As a peer educator, you do not have to be all knowing, you only need the courage to listen, share and set a good example. Here every voice counts. You do not learn from your trainers alone, you learn from the people adjacent to you, people who have been through similar challenges and have had similar questions.

Ms Najah Ummer

Counsellor, School of Sciences



"Leadership begins with listening." – John Baldoni

At its core, peer education is about connection. It's about people coming together, sharing real experiences, and learning from one another in ways that truly matter. When we listen with empathy and speak with honesty, we don't just exchange ideas—we build trust, understanding, and growth.

In this space, everyone has a voice. Everyone belongs. And together, we create a community where learning is mutual, leadership is shared, and every step forward is taken hand in hand.

Because real change doesn't come from standing alone; it begins when we lift each other up.

Ms Kajal Dass

Counsellor, School of Business & Management



Peer Education is a journey of shared learning and transformation. It equips peer educators with critical insights on relevant, real-world issues through interactive discussions, experiential activities, and thoughtful mentoring. This platform becomes a safe space—encouraging curiosity, fostering openness, and nurturing empathy. What emerges is not just knowledge, but a sense of connection and community. As each participant contributes their voice and experience, a stronger, more compassionate collective is formed.

"The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others." – Mahatma Gandhi

Ms Victoria Abhilasha

Counsellor, School of Commerce



Peer education holds deep relevance in today's world, where individuals often retreat into personal comfort zones and digital spaces, hesitant to engage openly with differing perspectives. While current social trends promote independence and self-containment, they can unintentionally limit opportunities for genuine human connection and growth. Peer education gently challenges this by creating spaces where people feel safe to listen, reflect, and share. It operates on the belief that everyone has the potential for insight and healing when truly heard. Rather than viewing difference as a threat, peer learning encourages seeing it as a mirror—an invitation to understand oneself through authentic encounters with others.

Ms Anasua Sikdar

Counsellor



Peer education is not just about sharing knowledge—it is a transformative process that begins with expanding oneself. It encourages individuals to grow emotionally, intellectually, and socially, as they take on the role of both learner and teacher. A peer educator's journey toward success largely depends on the mindset and approach of the facilitator. Peer education nurtures a strong sense of belonging, which is vital for the community. This feeling of inclusion becomes the foundation for creating a more aware, compassionate, and proactive to the society.

Peer education empowers an ordinary individual to become agent of change—people who not only educate but also uplift, connect, and lead with compassion and openness.

SHORT Stories



The Ripple Effect: How One Peer Educator Found Her Voice and Empowered Others

- Simran Jaiswal (23113057)

Anaya had never considered herself a leader. She was the kind of student who arrived early to lectures, sat in the second row—not too close to be noticed, not too far to be disengaged—and quietly scribbled notes in neat handwriting. She rarely raised her hand unless called upon. Group presentations filled her with dread, and networking events were something she endured, not enjoyed. In the sprawling university of nearly 3,000 students, Anaya felt like one of many—capable, but not exceptional. That changed, the day she saw a poster on the bulletin board outside the campus library.

“Become a Peer Educator. Train. Mentor. Inspire.”

The words were surrounded by smiling photos of student mentors leading sessions, chatting in circles, laughing in classrooms. Anaya paused. Something about the phrase "Train. Mentor.Inspire." felt oddly personal. She quickly dismissed it. Not for me. I'm not that kind of person. But the poster stayed in her mind like a persistent melody. Two weeks later, when her favourite professor mentioned the same program during a



lecture and encouraged “anyone with the passion to help others” to apply, Anaya found herself hesitating for a moment longer. Later that evening, she filled out the online form. She didn’t expect much.

The Unexpected Beginning

She was accepted. The training began on a brisk Monday morning in a sunlit seminar hall. The group of 20 students, all selected from different departments, seemed brimming with confidence. Some had already run clubs, others had hosted events or debates. Anaya felt out of place. But the sessions were not about being the loudest voice. They were about listening. About understanding peer struggles, addressing mental health stigma, creating safe spaces, and learning how to facilitate—not dominate—discussions. During a roleplay exercise on active listening, Anaya paired up with Meera, a final-year psychology student. They were asked to talk for five minutes about a time they felt overwhelmed. Meera spoke first, and as Anaya listened, she found herself naturally nodding, asking gentle questions, and reflecting emotions with empathy.“You’re really good at this,” Meera said afterward. “You made me feel... heard.”That was the first time Anaya felt like maybe, just maybe, she belonged in that room.

First Steps into Leadership

Her first session as a peer educator was for a group of first-year students struggling with academic overwhelm.

She prepared meticulously—handouts, slides, even a personal story to make things relatable. But as the students began to file into the room, she felt her palms sweat, her throat tighten. She looked out at the sea of anxious faces and recognized something: they were her, just one year ago. She took a deep breath. “Hi, everyone. I’m Anaya,” she began, her voice steady but soft. “I know what it’s like to feel lost here. So today’s not about giving you a perfect formula—it’s about sharing what has worked, what hasn’t, and finding what might work for you.”To her surprise, the students engaged. They asked questions. They laughed when she talked about her failed attempt at waking up at 5 AM to study. They scribbled notes when she broke down time management strategies. And at the end, one girl lingered behind.“I’ve been so anxious I haven’t slept properly for weeks,” she admitted. “Today helped more than anything else this semester.”That single comment made the hours of preparation, the anxiety, and the doubts worth it.



Becoming the Change

Over the next year, Anaya facilitated workshops on exam stress, building routines, managing peer pressure, and navigating relationships. She also initiated a monthly “Listening Circle” where students could come and simply

talk without fear of being judged or advised. Each session deepened her understanding—not just of others, but of herself. She learned to speak without shrinking. To hold silence when needed. To say, “I don’t have the answer, but I’m here.” More than once, she had students return, saying, “You helped me feel like I’m not alone.” Others asked how they could become peer educators too.That was when she understood the true nature of peer education: it wasn’t about being an expert. It was about being real. It was about starting ripples that would extend far beyond what she could see.

A Life Transformed

By the time Anaya graduated, she had trained over a hundred students through various peer-led programs. Many had stepped up to become peer educators themselves. The program she once doubted she was fit for had become the cornerstone of her university life. Today, Anaya works with a nonprofit organization that integrates peer education into rural school systems. She trains young leaders, most of whom never imagined they could stand in front of a room and teach. But she knows—just as someone once helped her see—what they’re capable of and every time she sees a quiet student hesitating in the back of the training hall, she smiles. She remembers who she knows what a ripple can become.

Storm and Flame: The Balance of Gods

Abhimanyu Sharma (23112320)

The air pulsed with neon and incense. Prayer flags fluttered like restless spirits, tangling with wires above noodle stalls and dive bars.

The city breathed—choked, chaotic, alive.

A crimson billboard flickered overhead, casting ghost-light on the cracked street below. Beneath the chaos, two figures stood in stillness—like a breath held before a storm.

ARJUN SHARMA (Hanuman), wrapped in a dark blue kurta streaked with golden thread, stepped barefoot over shattered tiles.

Each step stirred the wind, petals of invisible light blooming underfoot. His eyes, deep and storm-wrought, locked onto the figure across from him.

A Rudraksha bead at his neck pulsed—ancient, humming.

Across the street, WEI MING (Sun Wukong) leaned against a flickering streetlamp, black leather jacket tight, soaked in rain and heat.

His wild, ember-red eyes glinted beneath strands of silver-black hair. The Ruyi Jingu Bang (Staff of the Celestial), golden and etched in

simian script, rested on his shoulder like a casual warning.
Wei smirked. “You’re late, monk.”
Arjun didn’t flinch. “You’re early, monkey.”
CRACK!
Wei moved first—faster than light, faster than thought. His staff slammed down. The ground fractured—concrete exploded upward, flames spiraling like dragons unleashed. Prayer flags ignited, scattering in phoenix-shaped embers.
Arjun vanished—just gone.
Then reappeared above, wind curling around him like silk. He landed behind Wei, barefoot on glowing tiles.
“You never did learn patience, Wukong” Arjun murmured.
Wei spun, eyes blazing. “And you never learned to stop preaching!,Vayu Putra.”
The staff swept toward Arjun’s ribs—too fast for mortals. But Arjun flowed, palm open, catching it with no resistance —just motion, redirection, like water swallowing a blade.
The impact echoed through the alley like a temple bell struck wrong.
Then—the wall behind them cracked. A mural of Avalokiteśvara split open, revealing a swirling vortex of gold and void. Time twisted.
They were swallowed whole.

THE CITADEL OF IMMORTALS — High Above the World

They crashed down into a marble courtyard beneath a sky that moved like ocean tides. Floating lanterns orbited the citadel, casting halos on ancient stone.

Immortals surrounded them—Guānyīn, Erlang Shen, Vibhīṣaṇa, Jambavān—each etched in myth and memory. They watched not as gods, but judges.

Wei rose, growling. “Great. A damn celestial intervention.”

Arjun stood slowly. “Maybe they’re here to stop you from tearing the world apart.”

“No,” Erlang Shen intoned. “We’re here to see if you’re worthy of saving it.”

The ground cracked under Wei’s step as he launched again, his staff ablaze. Arjun leapt into a spiral, a cyclone of petals rising around him, transforming into twin lotus blades.

CLASH.

Flames tore through marble. Petals sliced the air. Each blow echoed like thunder clashing with a typhoon.

“You call this balance?” Wei roared. “Where were your gods when my city burned?”

Arjun parried, blades dancing. “Where was your heart when you let vengeance blind you?”

Wei struck downward—his staff becoming a hammer of comets. Arjun deflected with a blade of wind, creating a sonic boom that shattered pillars.

BOOM.

Jambavān roared. The Citadel trembled.

Wei landed hard, breathing fire. “Rebellion without purpose,” he spat, “is just chaos in fancy robes.”

Arjun, eyes calm, replied softly, “And obedience without heart is a cage gilded in prayer.”

They lunged. Final strikes. Flame and wind collided—no longer weapons, but truths.

A dome of light erupted.

Then—silence.

Guānyīn stepped forward, eyes like still water. She raised her scepter. “Enough.”

Erlang Shen’s hound growled once. The wind stilled. Fire dimmed.

“You do not fight each other,” Guānyīn said, voice soft and sharp. “You fight the imbalance rising beneath us all.”

Wei’s hands trembled. He dropped the staff. “The world’s unraveling,” he said, voice cracking. “And I don’t know who I’m supposed to be.”

Arjun stepped closer. “Maybe... you’re someone who still has a choice.”

Wei looked up. Arjun offered a hand.

Wei hesitated.

Then took it.

The flames flickered, soft now—like stars dying gently. Wind swirled, playful.

The Immortals nodded.

Together, they walked toward the edge of the Citadel, into mist.

“Let’s finish this, Hanuman” Wei muttered.

“But not against each other,Wukong” Arjun said.

They vanished into the clouds—storm and flame, united—as a deeper darkness stirred beneath the world, waiting.



The House on Jasmine Street

- Archisnata Chakraborty (24125001)

At the end of Jasmine Street stood a forgotten old bungalow, cloaked in shadows and whispers. Its once-vibrant walls had faded into muted echoes of their past glory, the iron gate bore the scars of rust, and the bougainvillea that once danced with the sun now hung its head, weary from waiting to be acknowledged. Yet, as the clock struck five each evening, the silence would shatter, filled with the joyous ripple of laughter that flowed like a gentle stream from its porch. The enticing aroma of cardamom mingled with the rich scent of filter coffee, beckoning warmth into the air and hearts alike.

Within those walls, five extraordinary women convened—each a tapestry of unique stories woven together by threads of resilience and shared struggles that transcended their differences.

There was Farida Begum, a widow in her late fifties, draped in crisp cotton sarees, her silver hair adorned with fresh strands of jasmine. Fifteen years had passed since the tragic riot claimed her husband, yet the world around her insisted that her life should have ended with his. Family weddings became tainted with whispers of "inauspiciousness," and so she withdrew into the shadows, mourning a love and life that was unfairly taken from her.

Then there was Meera Iyer, a Tamil Brahmin whose spirit had been bruised but not broken. A divorcee, she bore the heavy burden of her in-laws' scorn for leaving a man who inflicted daily emotional wounds. Once a devotee of her community's traditions, she now found solace teaching Carnatic music, though those very traditions branded her "unfit to teach sanskaar." Yet, in that moment, she embraced her worth anew, shedding the shackles of societal judgment.

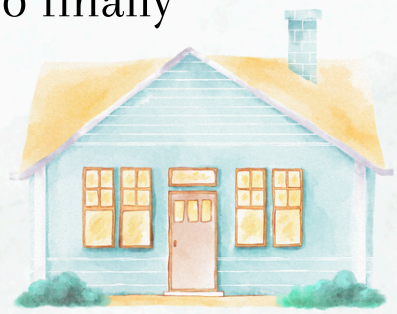
Simran Kaur, once a gleeful Punjabi newlywed, was left shattered after a decade of yearning for a child—a dream that faded into a nightmare when her husband abandoned her, claiming her silent sorrow had hollowed his existence. For far too long, she had remained voiceless, yet among these women, she rediscovered her strength and unleashed the power of her unspoken words.

Asha D'Souza, the spirited Goan Catholic in her early forties, had always been labeled "too ambitious," "too independent," and ultimately, "too much." Society called her "the spinster with too many opinions," as if her vibrant individuality demanded apology. But within this circle, she was simply Asha, the woman who brought joy through her delectable plum cake and the sharpest wit, lighting fires of laughter with every remark, reclaiming her narrative.



And then there was Tenzin Lhamo, a gentle Buddhist from Sikkim whose heart had chosen motherhood at the tender age of twenty-four—a choice met with whispers of disapproval and bewilderment in her conservative town. They questioned whether she would ever find a husband, but Tenzin was unbothered; she championed the belief that motherhood is a choice steeped in love, not defined by convention.

Together, these women formed an unbreakable bond, a sisterhood imbued with empathy and fierce compassion, sitting on the porch of that old bungalow, where the laughter and warmth they shared gradually painted over the bruises of their pasts, daring the world to finally see them.



They discovered each other gradually, almost serendipitously. Farida and Meera first met in the market, reaching for the same bundle of coriander, which led to an engaging conversation lasting an hour. Simran and Tenzin connected in a doctor's waiting room, where both received different messages about their womanhood, suggesting it was somehow "lacking."

Asha facilitated their gathering by offering her late aunt's bungalow on Jasmine Street—a space that was in need of joy, much like the women themselves. They named it

"Gulzar," symbolizing a place that flourishes.

They did not identify as activists or reformers, nor did they aim to initiate a movement. Their desires were simple: to breathe freely, share meals without the fear of judgment, enjoy moments of silence without interruption, and exist authentically without having to justify themselves.

As their community evolved, speculation began to arise.



“They’re forming a cult.”

“Must be feminists.”

“Do they even adhere to any particular religion in that house?”

Some neighbors chose to cross the street instead of passing by their gate, while others attempted to caution the women about one another. "Be careful, Meera. You know how they are,” someone quietly remarked, gesturing towards Farida. “Watch out, Asha. That Buddhist woman... she adopted a child, didn’t she?”

Despite the whispers, Gulzar thrived. Each Friday, they lit candles representative of various faiths—diya, lamp, agarbatti, incense, church votive, butter lamp—and shared a moment of silence for their individual beliefs.

Every Sunday, they organized a "chai-circle," inviting women from all over the city who faced isolation for various reasons. Some were separated, some identified as queer, some were childless, and some were simply weary of

being deemed “less” in society’s view. Within this space, they found wholeness.

They adorned the walls of Gulzar with murals depicting women dancing, their eyes filled with defiance. They cultivated flowers such as marigolds, hibiscus, tulsi, and rhododendrons together, affectionately naming it their “Garden of Second Chances.”

They shared laughter until their stomachs ached and allowed themselves to cry without fear of judgment. Tenzin often brought her daughter, Norbu, to these gatherings, where the young child, barely three years old, would chatter in a delightful blend of English, Nepali, and Hindi—embraced by all and unfettered by scrutiny.

One fateful day, a young girl named Zeenat, barely nineteen, knocked timidly on their door, her heart heavy with the weight of rejection. Disowned for daring to love a man from another caste, she wandered through a world that had turned its back on her, with nowhere left to seek refuge.

They opened their hearts and their home to her.

In that moment, Gulzar transformed into more than just a dwelling; it became a sanctuary—a sacred space where hope could blossom anew. Whispers floated through the air, some laced with disdain, yet others slowly evolved into curiosity, and from that curiosity sprang quiet admiration.

As years slipped by like petals falling from a cherished flower, the city council recognized Jasmine Street as one of the "most vibrant cultural spots," and at its core stood Gulzar, adorned in warm, inviting hues, its gates flung wide open, ready to embrace any weary soul in search of solace.

Inclusion wasn't merely a term they echoed—it was a beautiful, palpable rhythm of compassion they lived out every single day.

And if you ever found yourself wandering past the exquisite house on Jasmine Street, you'd hear the symphony of countless lives intertwining—each one imperfect, each one radiant—and in that melodic embrace, you'd understand: true inclusivity doesn't always erupt in protest. Sometimes, it tenderly unfolds over a shared meal, a heartfelt word of kindness, and the promise of an open gate.



The Room with No Door

-Mamas Khemka (23111337)

There was a man named Rishi who woke up one day in a small, windowless room. The walls were smooth stone. There was no door, no light switch, just a single bulb hanging from the ceiling and a mirror on the wall.

Panic set in. He yelled, screamed, banged on the walls. No answer. No escape.

But then, the mirror flickered.

Instead of his reflection, it showed scenes from his past. His childhood. His mistakes. His regrets. People he'd hurt. Promises he'd broken. Dreams he'd buried. Shame flooded him.

The next day, the mirror showed something else: moments of kindness, of laughter, of quiet strength. His mother's proud eyes. The friend he once helped. The time he stood up for someone.

Every day, the mirror changed. One day, it showed his fears. Another, his hopes. It made him cry. It made him reflect. It made him think in ways he never had before.

He began talking to the mirror. Apologizing. Forgiving. Accepting. Slowly, he felt lighter. He no longer panicked. He cleaned the room, exercised, and meditated. He began smiling at the mirror.

And then on the 21st day he woke up and saw something he hadn't before, a door.

Right behind the mirror. He stepped out into the sunlight. An old man was sitting outside, waiting. Rishi asked, "Who locked me in there?"
The man said, "No one did. That room was always inside you. You were never locked in. You just weren't ready to look at the mirror."

"The room was a metaphor for Rishi's mind; he had trapped himself in denial, fear, and regret. Only by facing his inner self did he find his way out."



The Sound of Waves

-Leon Thaj (24113029)

The sea didn't remember, or at least Aarav believed so when he set off alone in a tiny sailboat named shakti. His village had vanished in the deluge, his family washed away by waters that were remorseless—only silent. With some food, a sleeping mat, and an old radio, Aarav sailed away.

Nights fell over days, and the angry grey of the sky was replaced by boundless blue. Hunger clawed at him, and loneliness thundered louder than the gale. But he was not alone—not exactly. A bright-eyed, mynah bird had claimed his boat as home on the second day. Aarav gave it the name "Aarav Jr."

Initially, he spoke to the bird just to remain sane. Then he listened.

"You think all this is a story, don't you?" he once asked the bird, after telling it a dream his mother had sung to him in the rain. The bird chirped back, and Aarav smiled—because dreams were all he had.

One evening, a tempest rolled in like a god testing his belief. The boat creaked and groaned, and Aarav hugged the mynah close. "If we make it," he whispered, "I'll believe again."



The storm passed. The sun returned.

And on the seventh morning, there was a coast in view. People discovered him—skin and bone, but alive. Mynah escaped.

Years later, if questioned how he had accomplished it, Aarav would smile and repeat the bird, the songs, and the dreams. Some would laugh. Others would nod.

But for him it was the inevitable truth that we humans can only understand the true essence of life when we see it backwards.

And in that, the sea did indeed have a soul after all. A soul which taught him more than what words could ever express



The Beauty in Brokenness

-Akash Kumar (2412110)

In a quiet village, an old man carried two large clay pots every morning to fetch water from the river.

One pot was perfect ,while the other had a small crack,leaking drops of water along the path.

One day, the cracked pot,feeling useless,spoke to the old man. “I am broken.I spill water every day.why do you still carry me ?”

The old man smiled and pointed to the path behind them.On the side where he carried the perfect pot,the ground was dry and barren.

But on the side where he carried the cracked pot,beautiful flowers had bloomed.

“Your little drops of water made this possible,”

The old man said.”You may not see your worth,but because of you,life grows.”

The cracked pot no longer felt broken-it felt proud sometimes,what we see as flaws can create something beautiful.

This story teaches us that our flaws and imperfections can have hidden value. Like the cracked pot, we may feel broken or less useful, but even our small contributions can bring beauty and purpose to the world around us. Sometimes, what we see as weaknesses are actually our strengths, making a quiet but meaningful difference in others’ lives.

Event Updates

MENTAL WELLNESS MONTH :

The month of May 2025 was celebrated as Mental Wellness Month by CCHS, where a variety of activities were organized to promote emotional and mental well-being. From mindfulness workshops to creative art therapy sessions, every event was thoughtfully planned to encourage self-care and awareness. It was inspiring to see students and staff come together, sharing positivity and supporting each other. Mental wellness is a journey, and this month reminded us that taking small steps every day can lead to a healthier mind.



ZERO DISCRIMINATION DAY :

On March 1st, 2025, CCHS observed Zero Discrimination Day with a powerful campaign promoting equality, inclusion, and respect for all. The event featured interactive sessions, poster displays, and open discussions, all aimed at spreading awareness about the beauty of diversity. It was heartwarming to witness our community standing united against all forms of discrimination. This day served as a reminder that everyone deserves to be treated with kindness and fairness, regardless of differences.

-Sukesh (24112515)

CANCER AWARENESS DAY:

Attending Cancer Awareness Day on February 6, 2025, organized by CCHS, was a truly inspiring experience for me. The Infographic Design Competition was an eye-catching event. Students poured creativity into powerful messages about cancer awareness, and it was amazing to see the results. At the Cancer Awareness Stall, I explored resources on prevention, early detection, and emotional support, all while chatting with volunteers over healthy snacks. The soft background music and a fun lucky draw made the day feel even more special. I walked away feeling more aware, motivated, and committed to making healthier choices.

Janiv Vincent (24112506)



INTERNATIONAL NURSE DAY:

This International Nurses Day, we came together to celebrate the heart and soul of our campus, the incredible nurses who care for us every single day. Each nurse was surprised with a token of appreciation: chocolates and a personalized card, carefully crafted to thank them for their tireless dedication to student health and well-being. It was a small gesture, but seeing their smiles made it feel truly special. To spread the love even further, we shared a heartfelt Instagram post through the official CCHS account, spotlighting their invaluable work and reminding everyone how much they matter. This celebration wasn't just about a day, it was a tribute to the empathy, strength, and professionalism our nurses bring into our lives every single moment. Their kindness often goes unnoticed, but on this day, we made sure they felt the gratitude they deserve.



- Janiv Vincent (24112506)

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY:

Organising the Women's Day event alongside my co-student Simaran was an incredibly enriching experience, made even more meaningful under the valuable guidance of our mentors. From conceptualising the theme to coordinating art and creative, logistics, and participant engagement, we worked collaboratively to ensure every detail reflected the day's spirit. Our mentors provided constant support, offering insights that helped us refine our plans and overcome challenges effectively. This experience strengthened my organisational and teamwork skills and deepened my understanding of event management and leadership, leaving me truly grateful for the opportunity to contribute to such a significant celebration.

- Somiya (24112304)



NATIONAL STRESS AWARENESS DAY:

As an attendee of the National Stress Awareness Day campaign by CCHS on April 16th, I felt genuinely seen and supported. With exams approaching, stress had quietly taken over, and this campaign arrived like a breath of fresh air.

The posts helped me understand that stress isn't always harmful—it can actually sharpen focus if managed well. What really stayed with me were the simple coping strategies they shared. I tried practicing mindfulness and setting a better sleep routine, and surprisingly, it made a difference in how I approached my studies.

The Instagram stories with uplifting quotes added a comforting touch. It wasn't just informative—it was emotionally reassuring. For the first time in a while, I felt like someone understood what we were going through, and that made all the difference.

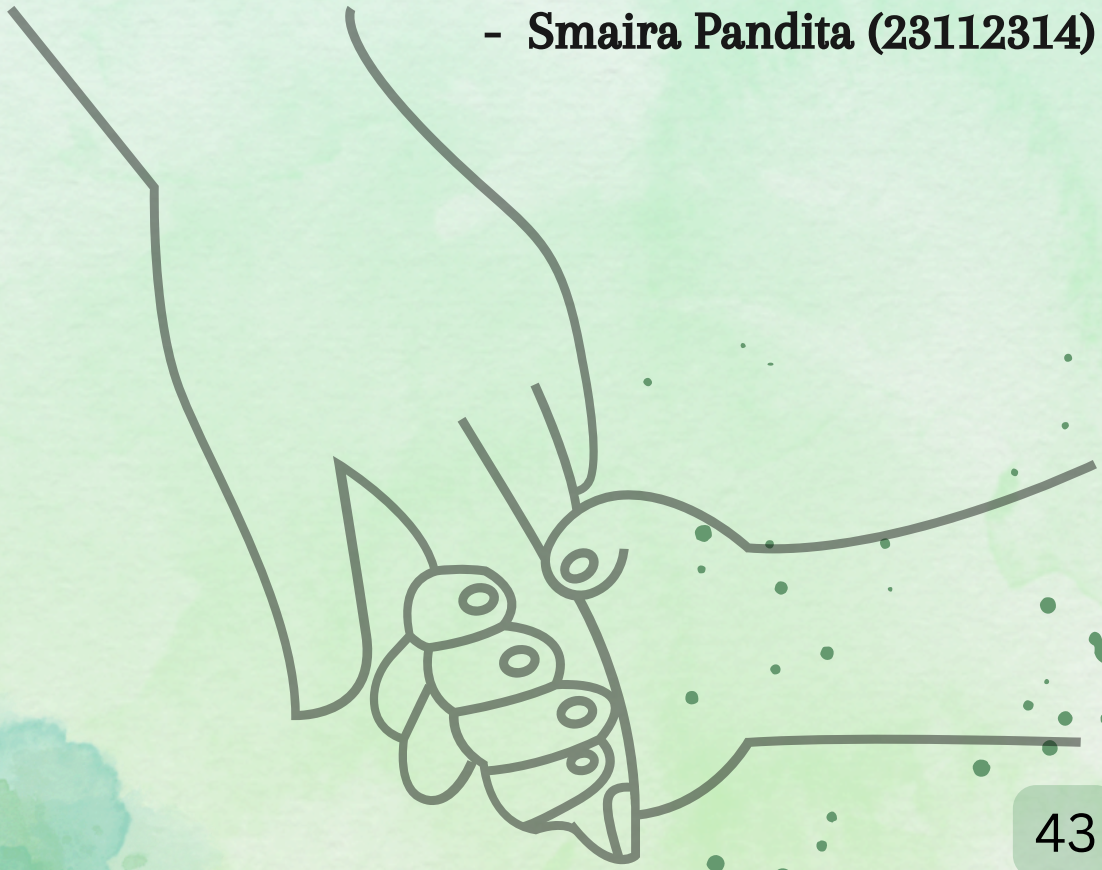
- Abhimanyu Sharma (23112320)



MOTHER'S DAY

The air in Lavasa on Mother's Day was just buzzing with a special kind of warmth. You could see it in the smiles, hear it in the softer tones of conversation, and feel it in the gentle hugs being exchanged. Families gathered, some with tiny hands clutching handmade cards, others with grown children offering heartfelt thanks. There was a lovely, relaxed vibe as people enjoyed the beautiful scenery and spent quality time together, often over a delicious meal. It wasn't about grand gestures, but more about those quiet moments of appreciation and love that truly made the day feel meaningful. A sweet celebration of the amazing women who shape our lives.

- Smaira Pandita (23112314)





POETRY



Oops! A New Beginning

My big plan went thump right on the floor,
Like a toy that just won't work no more!
The bits were there for all to spy,
My great success? Well, not quite high!
That "oops!" feeling, clear and loud,
A little story in the cloud
Of how things went a tiny bit wrong,
But not for always, not for long!
Is this the place where dreams all end,
And all my tries just can't defend?
No way! A funny thought pops in,
Like a new game that we can win!
A quick deep breath, a little smile,
At the funny mess piled for a mile!
So many ways that missed the mark!
Now I can see a brand new spark!
For in this flop, right on the ground,
A silly thinker looks around!
The broken bits just show me how
To make it better, starting now!
And as I stand up, feeling bright,
This silly flop? It shines a light!
The world says soft, a happy sound:
The best new starts are often found!





- **Jigyasa (23113130)**

The Eagle’s Silence

In skies where storms dare not remain,
An eagle rides the wind, not vain.
No cry, no boast, no flapping loud—
Just grace against the thundercloud.
Alone it soars, yet never lost,
It knows the climb, it bears the cost.
While others flock in noisy flight,
The eagle waits, then strikes from height.
Its eyes—two worlds beyond the haze,
See dawn through dusk in a timeless gaze.
Not chasing fame, nor seeking praise,
But guided by the sun’s own rays.
It sheds its feathers, claws, and beak—
To find new strength when time feels bleak.
A symbol not of just brute might,
But one who dares the edge of night.
The mountain’s peak, the canyon deep,
Its home lies far from common sleep.
For what is power without the grace.





To rise, to fall, and still embrace?
So be the eagle, bold yet still,
Not led by a crowd, but inner will.
For silence holds the loudest call—
To rise alone... and rise from fall.

The poem reflects how silence, solitude, and self-renewal define true strength. Like the eagle, rising alone with purpose teaches us resilience, vision, and the power of inner growth.

- Akash kumar (24121101)



Let Them Talk



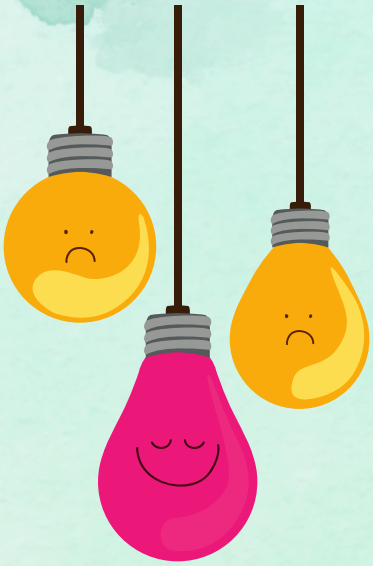
They whisper softly when I leave,
Craft tales that only they believe.
Their words like daggers, sly and thin,
But never dare to meet my grin.

Let them talk, let rumours fly
Their echoes fade, while I climb high.
For every tale they weave and bend,
Just shows the truth they can't defend.
So, murmur on, conceal your face
I'll rise above with quiet grace.

- Palak (23113041)



The Weight We Cannot See



We carry bags no eyes can see,
Of thoughts that twist internally.
A smile may float upon our face,
While storms rage on in silent space.

We walk through crowds, we laugh, we try,
But sometimes I ache and don't know why.
The mind, a maze of winding turns,
With hidden fears and quiet burns.



But there's a light in every shade,
A strength in all that we evade.
To speak, to rest, to simply feel—
These are the ways we start to heal.

So if your steps feel slow today,
That too, is part of finding way.
You're not alone, you're not behind—
There's bravery in every kind.

- Sakshi Kumari (23111645)

College Life 2025: Dreams vs Days



I thought I'd wake up with the sun,
Exercise, study, get things done.
Healthy meals and notes so neat,
A schedule planned; a day complete.
But morning comes—I hit snooze twice,
Coffee cold, not very nice.
Classes blur, my bed's my chair,
And messy notes are everywhere.
I dreamed of clubs and goals so high,
Now I scroll and wonder why.
Yet in the mess, there's laughter too,
With friends who feel the same as you.
College life may not be clean,
Not always like the perfect scene.
But in each day, both big and small,
Are memories that mean it all.



- Tanushri Bhayani (23111659)



The Silent Rain



Sometimes a smile can hide the pain,
Like sunshine lost in sudden rain.
We laugh, we talk, we wear a face,
But deep inside, there's empty space.

The heart feels heavy, thoughts unclear,
But no one sees, and no one hears.
“Be strong,” they say, “You’ll be just fine,”
As if our minds must walk a line.



We fix a bruise, we mend a bone,
But broken thoughts? We face alone.
We hide our tears, we bite our tongue,
For fear of being called “too young.”

But feelings grow, and silence burns,
And peace is something each soul yearns.
So why not care, why not just say,
“I’m here for you, every day.”

Mental health is real and true,
It matters just as much as you.
So let's be kind, let's choose to see
The storm inside, not just the tree.

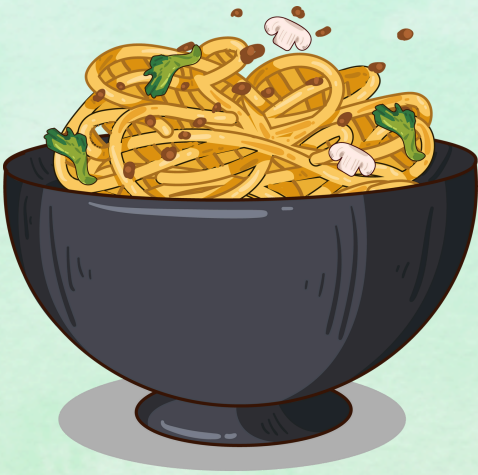
Talk it out, or sit in still,
Sometimes, just listening can heal.
We all are human, hearts that bend
And every soul deserves a friend.

- Smaira Pandita (23112314)



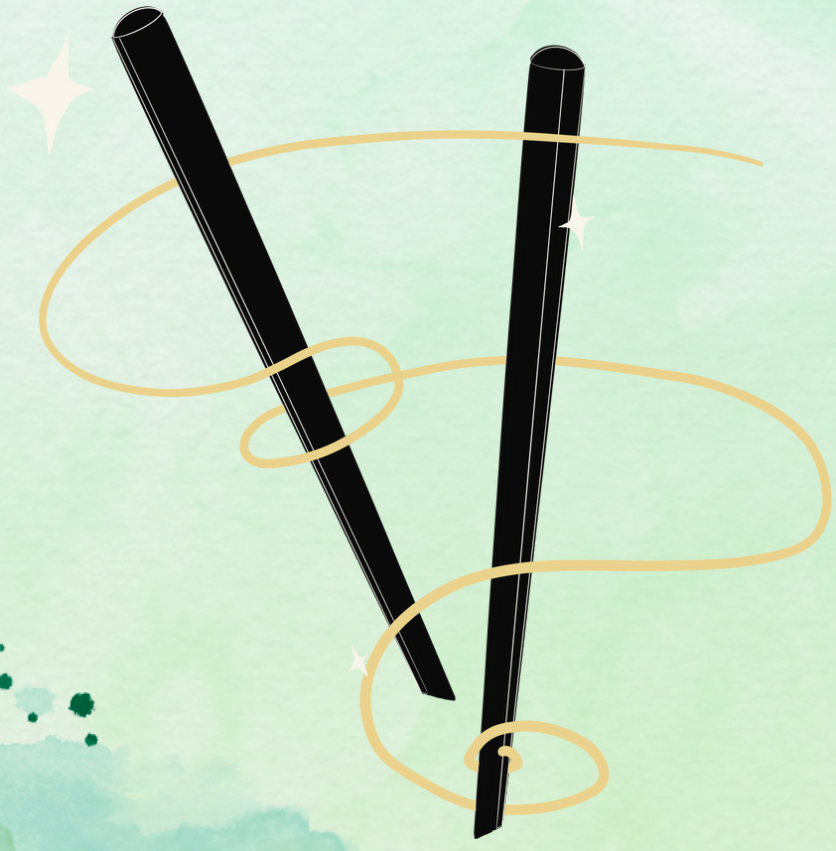
The Hoodie-Wearing, Maggi-Eating College Diaries

“I’ll start tomorrow,” we always say,
But tomorrow feels so far away.
Our phones we check a hundred times,
While Wi-Fi drops at the worst of times.
Early class at 8:30 AM?
Feels like climbing a mountain then.
Notes look nice... or like a mess,
Depending on the day’s stress.
Group projects? One does it all,
While others just ignore the call.
That one friend with updates clear,
Is truly someone we hold dear.
Search bar filled with “due tonight,”
While Maggi is our dinner delight.
Joined a club for resume pride,
But stayed for fun and friends inside.
Money’s gone by week’s end,
A nap feels like a healing trend.
At 2 AM, we plan our life,
Dreaming big through joy and strife.



Our bag's a mess, pens run away,
And stress visits every other day.
College fests are our grand escape,
Where we forget the grades we chase.
Oversized hoodies, comfy and wide,
Hide the sleep we keep inside.
We fight for marks and attendance too,
But wouldn't trade this life we do.
In all this chaos, laughs still grow—
If you're in college, you'll surely know.

- Vatsal Sharma (23111565)



Burden Of Being Seen...

The nights stretch longer than the life I imagined,
Each dream once gripped tight, now slipping
through the roughened hands of time,
breaking beneath the weight of waiting.
Faces I cherished fade,
not in the way memories drift,
but in the ache of what should have been.
Their laughter lingers like a shadow,
but in the silence it leaves,
I find my resolve.

I stumble in the halls where knowledge is counted,
not by the things I've learned,
but by what they see—

the grades, the attendance, the paper I am reduced to.
I am no more than numbers to them.

but beneath it,
there is a life they'll never know.
The hours spent waiting for my knees to heal,
the moments that don't fit inside their perfect system,
never acknowledged, never understood.
Super senior, they whisper,

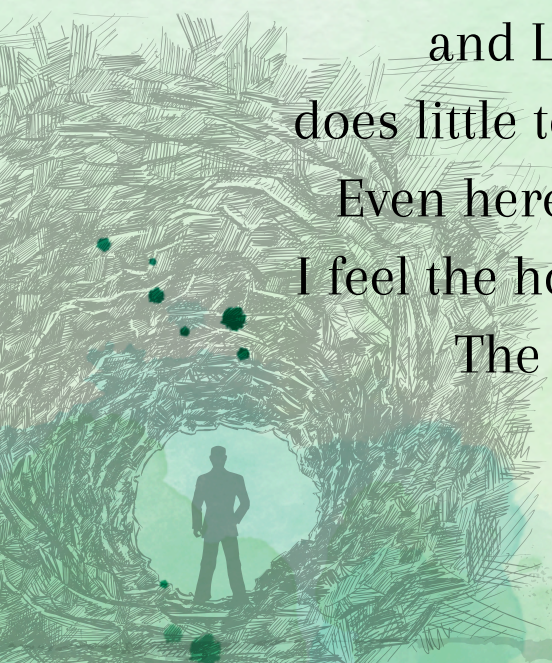
as if that label can define me. / An anti hero...in my own story
But truth? I'm not measured by their clocks—
I am the weight of years carried on weary shoulders,
the knowledge etched not in books,
but in the lessons learned through loss,
the quiet suffering no one sees.
There's wisdom in the cracks of my soul,
in the ways I've been broken
and still chose to stand.
But no one sees that.

My family's doubt is the weight that drags me—
their eyes once bright with belief,
now dimmed by the shadows of my failures.



It stings,
a wound that never heals,
Each word from home was like a stone in my chest.
I hesitate to ask for help,
For what can I give them when we're barely standing ourselves?

The path is dark, and still I walk it,
limping, bruised,
not because I believe in the light at the end,
But because they need me to keep moving.
And so, I move.
Money slips through trembling fingers,
But no matter how much I give,
It's never enough.
The bills never stop,
and Lavasa, with its quiet beauty,
does little to ease the ache of empty pockets.
Even here, amidst nature's hum of hope,
I feel the hollowness that no one speaks of—
The weight of all that's unsaid,



The burden of wanting to do more but never enough.
They say leadership is calm amidst chaos,
but do they know the chaos inside me?
The battle I fight every day,
not to be seen, but to be understood.
I never asked for this role—
never asked to be the one others lean on.
But here I am,
not perfect,
not whole,

but solid enough to hold their expectations.
And still, I wonder—
at what cost?
How much of me has been shaped
by the things I couldn't control?
By the system that only values what's visible?
I've known pain—the kind that keeps me awake at night,
the kind that burns deep in my chest,
whispering, *Why bother?*
But it's in that pain
that a flicker of hope still stirs.



-

Not a fire—no,
but a spark that reminds me
that even the broken dreams are worth chasing.
Even the pain is worth the pursuit.
And yet, the world looks at me—
and all it sees is the surface.
The papers, the deadlines,
the attendance I can't seem to meet.
But it doesn't see the heart beneath,
the quiet wisdom I've earned through years of struggle,

the kindness that guides my hands,
the resilience that has kept me standing.
They judge me by documents,
not by the way I treat others.
And it stings,
because I've given everything—
and for what?



For a number that never tells my story?
Here I am—flawed, unfinished,
still reaching for something I cannot name.
The horizon is not a promise,
it's a question—
but it's enough.
Enough to keep walking,
enough to keep hoping,
even when the world tells me I'm not enough.

I will keep going—
not because it's easy,
but because I must.
And maybe, just maybe,
there will come a day when they see me—
—
not as a number,
but as the one who lingered
and still rose.

- Abhimanyu Sharma (23112320)



Two Years in Lavasa



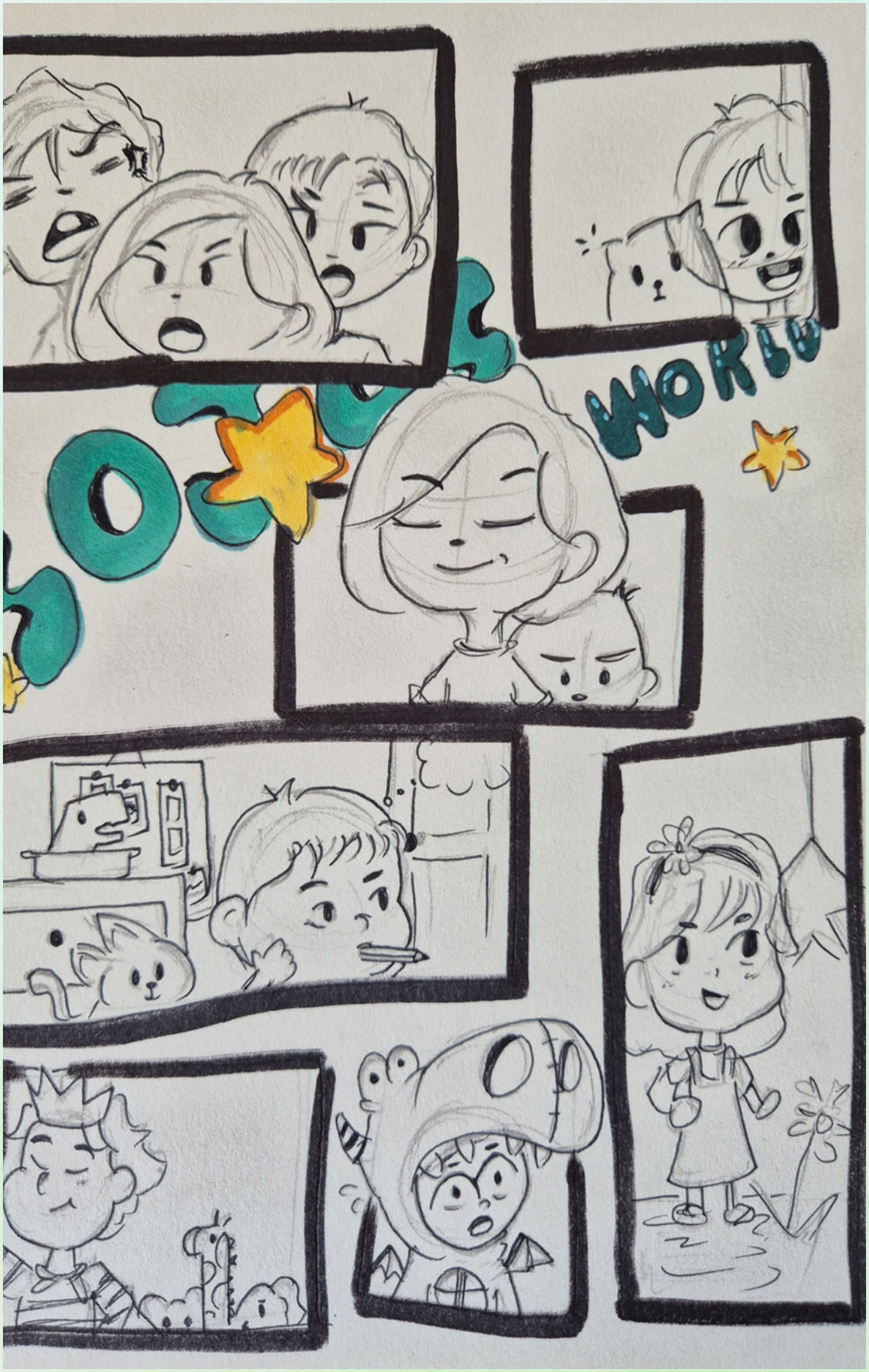
I still remember my first day here,
Backpack full, heart kind of scared.
The hills looked calm, the air felt new,
Didn't know then what I'd walk into.
From that moment on, life began to shift
Slowly, awkwardly, like a shy little gift.
College life hit like a storm sometimes,
Classes, deadlines, late-night grinds.
I sat in rooms feeling out of place,
But somehow still kept running the race.
There were moments I nearly broke—
But I'd laugh it off, make it a joke.
Not gonna lie, it wasn't all bright,
There were days darker than night.
People doubted me—I did too,
But quietly, I started pushing through.
In all that noise, I found my lane,
Learned to stand tall in sunshine and rain.

And then there were those golden days—
Dancing on Ethnic Day, losing my way
In random talks and chai breaks late,
Moments that made this journey great.
Friends came, left, but some stayed near,
Made Lavasa feel a little less unclear.
Now I'm packing memories, not just stuff,
These two years—honestly, they were tough.
But they made me real, made me brave,
Taught me to give, to hold, to crave.
And if someone asks who I became,
I'll say: "Lavasa gave me that name.

- Yash Srivastava (23111365)



ART



- Somiya (24112304)



- Somiya (24112304)

Articles



Be Humble: The Strength in Simplicity



In a world that often celebrates loud achievements and self-promotion, humility is a quiet strength that stands out. Being humble doesn't mean thinking less of yourself; it means thinking of yourself less—and recognizing the value in others.

At CHRIST University, where students constantly strive for excellence, the value of humility plays a vital role in shaping leaders with integrity. Humble individuals tend to listen more, learn faster, and connect better. They are open to feedback, acknowledge their limitations, and are eager to grow. These are not signs of weakness but of emotional intelligence and maturity.

Humility also fosters stronger relationships. When peers treat each other with respect and set aside their egos, collaboration becomes more meaningful. Whether in group projects, campus events, or peer mentoring, those who lead with humility often build trust and admiration naturally.

In academic life, success is important, but character is everything. A student who remains grounded despite achievements inspires others—not by boasting, but by uplifting those around them.

As the saying goes, "Stay humble, stay hungry." It reminds us that true greatness isn't measured by trophies or titles, but by the impact we leave on others. In the end, humility allows us to learn more, give more, and grow into leaders who are not just successful, but also deeply respected.So, no matter how far you go or how high you rise—stay rooted, stay humble.

- Akash Kumar (24121101)

Self-Respect: The Foundation of a Stronger, Happier Life

In today's fast-paced and often judgmental world, respecting yourself is one of the most important values you can hold. Self-respect means recognizing your own worth, honoring your boundaries, and treating yourself with the same dignity and kindness you expect from others. It is not just about feeling good about who you are—it's about believing that you deserve love, fairness, and a life guided by your own values. This belief is essential at every stage of life, whether you are a student finding your voice, a professional pursuing your goals, or simply a person trying to make good choices every day.

Self-respect also builds inner strength and confidence. When you respect yourself, you develop trust in your decisions, your goals, and your ability to overcome obstacles. This confidence empowers you to speak up in group discussions, stand by your opinions, and try new things without fear of failure or rejection. You stop depending entirely on others' approval, because you have already approved of yourself.

Furthermore, respecting yourself helps you make better life choices. It becomes easier to avoid negative influences, say no to harmful habits, and walk away from relationships or situations that do not serve your growth. You begin to understand that protecting your peace and well-being is not selfish—it is necessary.

Self-respect is also the foundation of healthy relationships. When you know your worth, you are less likely to tolerate abuse, manipulation, or disrespect. You surround yourself with people who uplift and support you, rather than those who drain your energy.

At the same time, self-respect allows you to respect others better, because you understand the value of kindness and mutual understanding.Mental health is deeply connected to how we view ourselves. A person with low self-respect often struggles with feelings of self-doubt, anxiety, and depression. But when you treat yourself with compassion and forgiveness, your mental and emotional well-being improves. You become more focused on growth and progress rather than perfection.

Life is not always easy—challenges, failures, and disappointments are part of every journey. But self-respect gives you the resilience to rise above these moments. It reminds you that your worth is not tied to any single success or failure. Even when things go wrong, you still believe in yourself and your ability to move forward.

Lastly, respecting yourself helps you grow. It encourages you to accept feedback, learn from your mistakes, and take responsibility for your actions. You stop making excuses and start taking charge of your personal development. Growth becomes a sign of self-love and self-respect, not just a duty or pressure from others.

In conclusion, self-respect is not about arrogance or pride—it is about believing that you matter. As peer educators, we must model this belief in our own lives and help others build it in theirs. When we respect ourselves, we create a culture where everyone feels valued, empowered, and inspired to reach their full potential. Always remember: self-respect is not a destination—it's a lifelong journey. And it begins with a simple truth—you are enough.

- Prajakta Patel (23113146)



INCLUSIVITY BEGINS WITH US

Feeling invisible amongst a crowd, like everyone has their own circles and you are just standing alone outside it. For several students this feeling is not rare, it is a painful part of college life and this often goes unnoticed, which is why inclusivity is necessary. We all want to belong . But not everyone finds belonging easily. People are excluded because of how they look , think or simply because they are new. Inclusivity is the solution for all of this. It's about making sure that person feels valued and respected. In a diverse campus like ours, it's not just important but essential.

What is inclusivity? Inclusivity is not just allowing others to be part of a group . It's about welcoming people from different backgrounds and identities, making sure they are heard, respected and valued regardless of their gender, language, caste, class or personality. Being inclusive means embracing differences and not just tolerating.

When I first joined my UnderGraduate college, I didn't knew anyone. I would come, attend class and leave. No one bothered to talk to me not even a "hi". It wasn't they were unkind. They just had their own groups and I wasn't there in them. I started questioning whether I belonged at all. But then something changed and that change came from one person. He was just a classmate at first. One day he casually said "hi" and asked me to join him. That small kindness turned into conversation, friendship and a bond that is never going to break. Today he is my best friend . He's the reason I found the motivation to keep coming. That one inclusive gesture reshaped my entire college experience.



When people feel included, they are more confident, more engaged, and more likely to succeed. Inclusive spaces foster friendship and safety. And in a college environment where students are growing and shaping their identities, this kind of emotional support is essential. Students are going through academic pressure along with personal transitions, inclusivity gives them a support system to grow. When students feel heard and respected, they are more likely to contribute meaningfully and create lasting connections. Inclusivity matters because it transforms passive presence into active engagement. When students are welcomed as they are—regardless of their language, gender, appearance, etc., they are empowered to bring their best to the community, and the community becomes stronger and more reflective of the world we want to create.

But often, people aren't excluded out of cruelty, but out of habit. We stick to our own circles, speak in our own language, and stay in our comfort zones. But these things can make others feel like they don't belong. Another issue is when people make assumptions based on appearance, accent, or background, which can leave others out for no real reason. A major cause is the fear of rejection or not fitting in, which can prevent students from participating fully.Being inclusive doesn't take a huge effort. It can be small things, like saying hello to someone sitting alone, switching languages if someone doesn't understand, not judging people by stereotypes, and respecting differences in culture and background. These few things can completely change a person's life. As peer educators, we convey that reaching out and including others, whether in a classroom or in a hallway, gives us the chance to make someone feel that they belong.

Inclusivity begins with how we treat those around us. A simple "hi" can be the beginning of someone's confidence, joy, and sense of belonging. It certainly was for me.

- Mark Paul (24125005)

Embracing the Pause

In a world that glorifies hustle and filters every moment into perfect squares on a screen, choosing to slow down feels almost rebellious. Yet, it's in the pauses, in the moments between one goal and the next, that we find who we really are.

When I first joined the Peer Education Program, I expected structure, schedules, and sessions. What I didn't expect was silence, the kind of silence that nudges you to confront your own thoughts, insecurities, and fears. And it was in that silence that I learned the most. There's power in acknowledging that we don't have it all figured out. That it's okay to not have an answer to every question, to feel overwhelmed, or to simply need a break. Through peer sessions and heart-to-heart with mentors, I realized that vulnerability isn't weakness, it's an invitation for growth.

We often forget to pause, to breathe, to ask ourselves, "How am I, really?" And while self-care is often marketed as scented candles and bubble baths, its rawest form is honesty, the kind of honesty that allows us to say, "I'm struggling," and also the kind that celebrates every little win, no matter how small.

Peer Treasure is more than a magazine, it's a mirror. A reflection of all our journeys, our stumbles, our resilience. And I'm proud to be part of a space where being real is enough. Sometimes, the most beautiful growth doesn't come from running, it comes from simply standing still and choosing yourself.

- Palak (23113041)



Healing Is Not Linear: Embracing the Ups and Downs of Mental Wellness

In a world that glorifies hustle and instant results, healing, especially emotional and mental healing, often gets misunderstood. We're taught to think of recovery as a straight line, from sadness to joy, from anxiety to calm, from chaos to control. But the truth is, healing is rarely linear. It's a journey of loops, detours, pauses, and quiet progress.

The Illusion of Constant Progress

We often believe that once we start feeling better, we should keep feeling better. But healing doesn't work like a staircase you keep climbing. Some days, you'll feel light, inspired, and grounded. Other days, you may feel like you're back at square one. That doesn't mean you're broken again, it just means you're human.

Our minds hold layers—old wounds, forgotten fears, suppressed emotions—and they don't surface in order. They come up when we're ready to face them. A random smell, a memory, or even silence can trigger what we thought we'd already "dealt with." And that's okay.

Setbacks Aren't Failures

One bad day doesn't undo months of growth. A panic attack doesn't mean you're weak. Needing help again doesn't mean you're not strong. In fact, recognizing your pain and reaching out is one of the clearest signs of strength.

We must stop measuring progress by the absence of pain, and start recognizing the presence of resilience.

What Real Healing Looks Like

- It's crying one night, and laughing the next morning.
- It's setting boundaries, and still feeling guilty, but holding them anyway.
- It's learning to pause before reacting, even if not always.
- It's choosing to stay alive and hopeful, even when it's hard.

Healing is remembering that you're allowed to take up space, while you're still figuring things out.

The Role of Self-Compassion

Mental wellness is not about "fixing" yourself, it's about understanding yourself. It's about talking to yourself the way you'd talk to someone you love. That's where true healing begins, not in perfection, but in compassion.

So, if today feels like a step back, remember: even waves return to the shore. That's not regression, that's rhythm.

- Manas Khemka (23111337)



Let's Talk: Why Everyday Conversations About Mental Health Matter

We talk about the weather. We talk about our jobs, our weekend plans, and what we had for lunch. But when was the last time you asked someone, genuinely, how they're really doing, emotionally?

Mental health is not something that only comes up in therapy sessions or during social campaigns held in awareness months. It is something that lives quietly within us, every single day. And just like physical health, it needs regular attention, care, and, perhaps most importantly, conversation.

The Weight of Silence A simple "How are you feeling today?", not out of habit, but with real interest, can open a door. It can tell someone that their mind matters as much as their schedule, that their emotions are valid, that they're not alone.

Conversations don't have to be heavy or intense. They can be light, short, even awkward at times. But making mental well-being part of our everyday language sends a powerful message: it's okay to not be okay.

The Power of Everyday Words

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Small Steps, Big Impact

• Normalize emotions: It's okay to say, “I’m having a tough day.” When we model emotional honesty, others feel safer doing the same.

• Listen more: Sometimes, people don’t need solutions, they just need someone to hear them without judgment.

• Check in often: A simple text or call can remind someone that they’re cared for, even when they don't feel up to reaching out themselves.

Beyond the Buzzwords

Mental health isn't just about burnout or anxiety, it’s about our relationships, our self-worth, our ability to feel joy. It's about how we wake up in the morning, and how we sleep at night. It's about feeling seen. So, let’s go beyond hashtags and campaigns. Let’s create a world where talking about our minds is as normal as talking about our bodies. Let’s build spaces, at home, at work, in schools, where it’s safe to feel. Because the more we talk about mental health, the less lonely it becomes.

And maybe, just maybe, that simple conversation you start could be the light someone didn’t know they needed.

- Smaira Pandita (23112314)



Mental Health Awareness and Coping Strategies: A Call to Compassion

In today's fast-paced world, mental health is a topic that can no longer be ignored. Although awareness has grown, many individuals continue to struggle in silence, hidden behind smiles, academic or professional success, and day-to-day responsibilities. Mental health is more than the absence of illness—it is a vital part of our overall well-being, affecting how we think, feel, and interact with the world. Too often, mental health issues are misunderstood or dismissed. Depression is mistaken for laziness. Anxiety is shrugged off as overthinking. People battling real and painful inner struggles are told to "just be positive" or "snap out of it." These misconceptions fuel stigma, making it even harder for people to speak up or seek help. But the truth is, mental health challenges are not signs of weakness—they are part of being human.

Mental health conditions do not discriminate. Whether you're a student facing academic pressure, a young adult coping with identity and career uncertainties, or someone dealing with loss or trauma, mental health can be impacted. Yet, many suffer quietly, afraid of being judged or misunderstood. The stigma around mental health creates a powerful barrier, one that can make someone feel invisible and unworthy of help. Breaking this barrier begins with empathy. When we open our hearts and truly listen—without interrupting, without judging—we create a space where others feel safe. A simple "How are you really doing?" asked with sincerity can give someone the courage to open up. Emotional intelligence—the ability to recognize and manage our own emotions while understanding those of others—is key to supporting mental wellness in ourselves and in our communities.

For those experiencing mental health struggles, there are practical strategies to help navigate the storm. Talking to someone—be it a friend, teacher, family member, or therapist—can make a world of difference. When we speak our truth, we begin to lighten the burden. If verbal expression is difficult, writing in a journal or even recording voice notes can be therapeutic. Creating a simple daily routine can help restore a sense of control. Waking up and sleeping at regular times, eating nutritious meals, and scheduling time for rest and hobbies all contribute to emotional balance. Even when motivation is low, small steps—like making your bed or going for a short walk—can rebuild momentum.

Mindfulness is another effective coping tool. This practice invites us to be present in the moment, without judgment. Whether through meditation, deep breathing, or simply paying attention to our surroundings, mindfulness helps quiet the noise of overthinking and stress. Even five minutes a day can provide clarity and calm. Exercise, too, is incredibly beneficial. Movement releases endorphins, the body's natural mood enhancers. Whether it's walking, dancing, yoga, or playing a sport, physical activity can lift the fog of anxiety and depression.

If these strategies are not enough, it is absolutely okay—and often necessary—to seek professional help. Therapists, counselors, and mental health professionals are trained to provide support tailored to your unique needs. Whether through talk therapy or, in some cases, medication, professional support can be life-changing. There are often low-cost or free resources available, particularly for students or individuals with limited means.

Mental health is not just a personal issue; it's a collective one. Schools, workplaces, and families all have roles to play. Educators can create safe spaces in classrooms, employers can offer mental health days and counseling resources, and families can foster open, nonjudgmental conversations at home. When communities prioritize mental wellness, we all benefit. It starts with listening more, judging less, and checking in on each other often.

Healing is not linear. There will be good days and hard days. But every step toward caring for your mental health matters. To those struggling: you are not alone. Your feelings are valid. Your story is not over. And there is always help and hope, even when it feels far away. To those supporting others: be gentle, be present, and remember that sometimes your quiet presence can mean everything.

Mental health awareness is more than a trend—it is a movement toward compassion, connection, and healing. By embracing emotional intelligence, speaking openly, and offering practical support, we create a world where it's okay not to be okay—and where no one has to face their pain in silence.

- Aditi Singh (23113103)



Breaking the Stigma: Male Mental Health and the New Masculinity Movement

"Man up." "Boys don't cry." "Tough it out." These phrases have shaped how generations of young men define masculinity, creating a culture that rejects vulnerability. The consequences are devastating: men face three to four times higher risk of suicide than women despite similar rates of mental health challenges. On college campuses, young men often suffer in silence, choosing isolation over seeking help.

Yet a profound shift is underway. The "new masculinity movement" is gaining momentum in university spaces and social media, where young men are challenging traditional gender norms and embracing emotional intelligence.

Jamal, a 19-year-old peer mentor at UCLA, spent years suppressing his emotions because he believed that's what "real men" do. "I only discovered true resilience after I hit rock bottom and realized that feelings don't diminish strength—confronting emotions properly creates genuine strength." Research confirms that young men who adhere to restrictive masculine norms are less likely to seek mental health support and face higher risks of suicide and self-harm.

This paradigm shift is creating a new masculine identity. "Men's Emotional Intelligence Collectives" are emerging on American campuses, providing safe spaces for college men to develop emotional literacy.

Open Mic Mental Health sessions, where male students share personal experiences with depression and anxiety, demonstrate that vulnerability fosters connection rather than shame.

Mental health ambassador Miguel Santos describes his pivotal moment: "Hearing another guy I respected talk about how therapy changed his life gave me permission to seek help myself." Male peer advocates play a crucial role in normalizing help-seeking. When respected male students share their mental health journeys, they exert powerful influence.

Digital platforms have become essential spaces for challenging traditional notions of masculinity. Collegiate athletes produce "Five Minute Mental" segments on TikTok, garnering millions of views. Comments like "Seeing another guy talk about anxiety makes me feel less alone" demonstrate their impact.

These peer-led initiatives are showing remarkable results. Arizona State University's "Brothers Speak" program increased male student utilization of counseling services by 65% over three years. The University of Michigan's "Strengthen" campaign, featuring male student athletes sharing their mental health experiences, led to a 40% increase in male students seeking help.

Senior peer educator Alex Jimenez admits, "I used to be the typical tough guy who thought therapy was for everyone but me. It wasn't until another guy in my dorm opened up about his anxiety that I changed my thinking about mental health support."

The new masculinity movement offers a vital solution to the silent mental health crisis facing young men. Learning emotional intelligence during college equips men with skills they carry into future relationships, careers, and communities. As Dr. Marcus Jackson notes: "What we're seeing goes beyond addressing immediate mental health needs—it's redefining masculinity for future generations."

A peer educator summarizes it perfectly: "The strongest thing I ever did wasn't powering through alone—it was having the courage to admit I needed support." This simple truth provides the key to addressing the silent mental health crisis facing young men today.

- Navodita Kaushik (23113068)



Mental Wellness: A Daily Practice, Not a Destination

In today's fast-moving world, we often associate wellness with physical fitness, healthy diets, or productivity hacks. But true wellness begins in the mind. Mental wellness isn't just the absence of illness, it's the presence of balance, clarity, and emotional strength. And like physical health, it requires care, attention, and daily practice.

What Is Mental Wellness?

Mental wellness is about more than surviving, it's about thriving. It includes our emotional resilience, our ability to manage stress, form healthy relationships, make mindful decisions, and feel a sense of purpose. It's not about always being happy or positive, it's about knowing how to return to a state of calm after chaos, and how to stay grounded in who we are.

Why It Matters

Just as we wouldn't ignore a constant headache or fatigue, we shouldn't ignore signs of mental strain, like burnout, irritability, withdrawal, or loss of motivation. Our mind is the lens through which we view the world. When it's foggy or overburdened, everything else feels harder. But when our mind is well-rested and supported, we're better able to face life's challenges, connect with others, and enjoy the present.

Practicing Mental Wellness Daily

Mental wellness doesn't require grand changes, it lives in small, daily acts. Some of these include:

- Taking breaks: Giving your mind permission to rest is powerful. Even 10 minutes of deep breathing or stepping outside can reset your system.
- Journaling: Writing out your thoughts helps you process emotions and track patterns. It's like decluttering your mental space.
- Staying connected: Talking to someone you trust, even casually, can lighten emotional loads.
- Moving your body: Physical activity releases endorphins that naturally uplift mood.
- Setting boundaries: Saying "no" to protect your energy is a form of self-respect.
- Practicing gratitude: Even during hard times, noticing small positives rewires the brain to look for hope.

It's Okay to Ask for Help

There is incredible strength in vulnerability. Whether it's a friend, counselor, or support group, reaching out can be the first step toward healing. You're not alone, and you never have to carry the weight of your mind all by yourself.

- Sakshi Kumari (23111645)





Memories











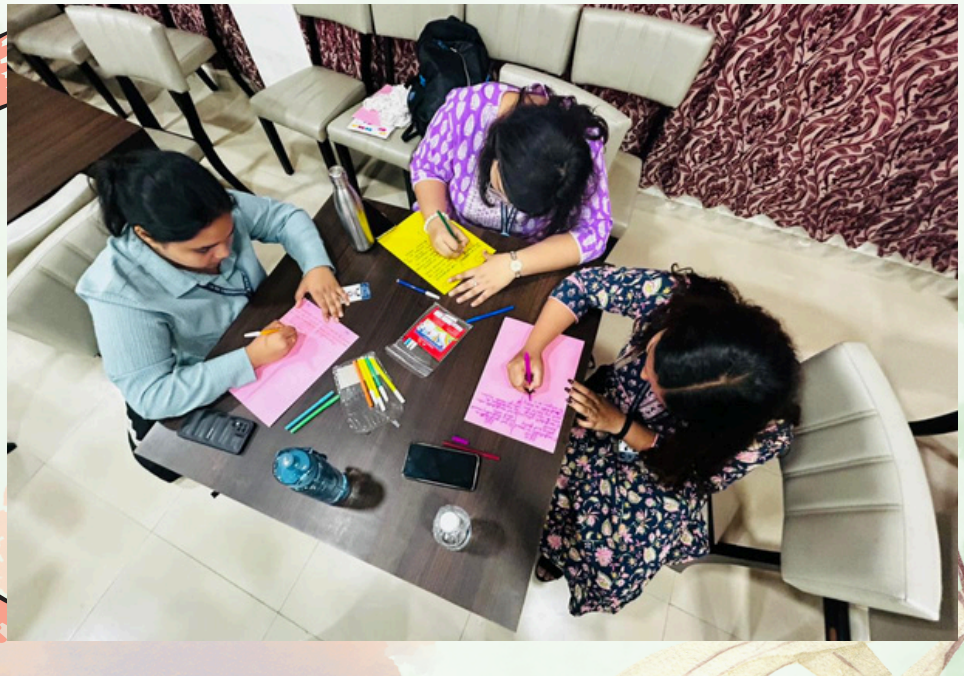


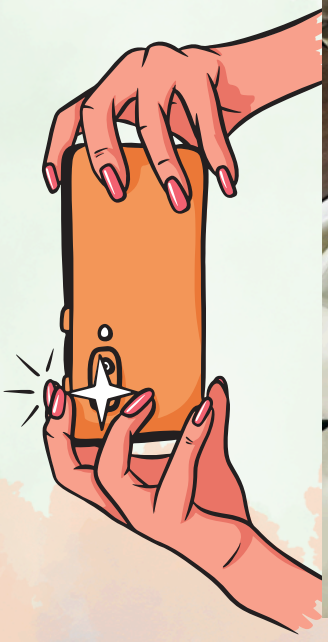

PERSONAL SAFETY
&
ADDICTION
Peer Education
Batch 05













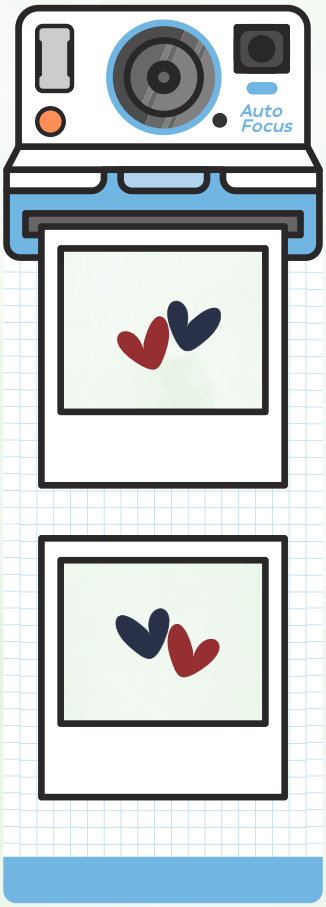

Body's
Memory
– Washing of
Runanubandha




ASSESSMENT




SETTING
BOUNDARIES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INTRODUCTION TO
PEER EDUCATION
PROGRAM





Testimonials





The Peer Education Programme by CCHS was an enriching experience that had a lot of learning for me on health, mental well-being, gender sensitivity, and communication. It made me more confident, responsible, and sensitive in working with my peers and providing them with a supportive, safe space. I thank CCHS for providing me with the skills and knowledge to positively impact my community.

- Aditi Singh (23113103)



The peer educator session was transformative, helping me build self-confidence and resilience. I learned psychological first aid, equipping me to support myself and others in distress. The discussions on relationships and safety made me more mindful in my interactions. Conversations on addiction highlighted its impact and the importance of support. Overall, the session empowered me to grow emotionally and mentally.

- Shristi Verma (23111650)



I initially joined the Peer Education course thinking it would help me understand others better and improve the way I speak and communicate. But later, I realized that it also helped me understand myself better; who I truly am and what I need to change and improve within myself.

– **Ridhushrre Kathirvel (24114027)**



Being the part of peer education programme was truly transformative. I learned to lead with empathy, set healthy boundaries, and build mindful relationships. The sessions deepened my emotional awareness and strengthened my resilience. This journey planted lasting seeds of self-awareness, compassion, and purposeful growth. ”Awareness is the first step toward meaningful change — this program helped me take it mindfully."

– **Akash Kumar (2412110)**



Being part of peer education sessions has been a truly transformative experience. Through this initiative, I learned the true value of leadership, inclusivity, and the importance of being a supportive presence for others. This journey not only empowered me to grow personally but also gave me the confidence to create a safe and welcoming space for my peers.

– Mark Paul (24125005)



Being a part of the Peer Education initiative by CCHS has truly been a transformative experience. It has fundamentally changed the way I think about caring for myself and my peers. Before, I often felt unsure about how to navigate my own emotional well-being, let alone offer support to others. Peer Education provided us with invaluable knowledge through sessions like Psychological First Aid, Self-Care, Relationships, and Inclusivity.

– Saptaswa Sen (24112010)

ABOUT THE PEER TREASURE

CREATING A VIBRANT TAPESTRY OF VOICES, VISIONS, AND VICTORIES, PEER TREASURE IS AN ENGAGING PLATFORM INITIATED BY **PEER EDUCATORS** UNDER THE **CENTRE FOR COUNSELLING & HEALTH SERVICES (CCHS), CHRIST (DEEMED TO BE UNIVERSITY), LAVASA CAMPUS**. THIS SPECIAL EDITION CAPTURES THE EVOLVING MINDS AT LAVASA THROUGH **CREATIVE EXPRESSIONS, HEARTFELT REFLECTIONS, REAL-LIFE EXPERIENCES, AND WELLNESS-DRIVEN INITIATIVES**. FROM SILENT STRUGGLES TO POWERFUL BREAKTHROUGHS, EVERY CONTRIBUTION ECHOES THE SPIRIT OF EMPATHY, HEALING, AND GROWTH—CRAFTED **BY THE PEERS, FOR THE PEERS**. IT IS NOT JUST A MAGAZINE, BUT A CELEBRATION OF THE SHARED JOURNEY TOWARD EMOTIONAL AND MENTAL WELL-BEING.

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