

THE MANN MATTERS TIMES

VOL. 1 * * * * * PSYCHOLOGY * * * * * JUNE 2026



The theme "Labyrinth of Consciousness" suggests an internal struggle and a complicated social reality which is depicted by the multiple eyes and chaotic visual style and represents the complexity of navigating a world full of microaggressions, systemic exclusion, and the internal struggle against internalized ableism. It strongly relates to the systemic and social barriers (attitudes, stereotypes, lack of accessibility) that erode the self-esteem and sense of worth of people with disabilities. Changing the narrative means moving from pity or inspiration to one of rights, autonomy, and equality.

SANVI
SAWHNEY

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HUMAN GREED

*It's human greed that kills us all
Wanting more than what we got
Sirens buzz where bluebirds should sing
But in the end, no one wins*

*You can't say that you are truly alive
If you pray for a better life
Funny how a single ray of light
Can make dark the humankind*

KRITI IYER

THE SUN WON'T SET FOREVER

*I know it's not easy,
Maybe it will never be
But soon your hands will be steady,
Soon you will breathe freely*

*The sun won't set forever,
Soon you'll go to sleep
Maybe that's when you will find peace*

*But its a blessing to be alive
For one day, you will lose this life
So instead of waiting for that night,
Enjoy the view while you still have the time*

KRITI IYER

FEELING BLUE? I'M FEELING BLUER

*Should sorrow be compared? Who's sadder, the dying or
the one who has to watch the other die?*

*Can sorrow even be quantified? When we talk of sorrow;
metres, litres and grams don't make sense.*

*It is a wonderful phenomenon; sorrow. A trick of the
mind, a chapter of life. There are different kinds of
sorrow. But two majorly. One's with a reason; the rational
melancholy. And the other's with no immediate cause,
just a gust of wind and you're shifted to a brain space of
poignance.*

*The rational melancholy is mostly associated with loss;
or maybe failure. Sometimes it strikes early, while losing
or while failing, A state of desolation which makes you
question senseless things like the meaning of life. A
question never answered, asked for the millionth time by
another feeble brain. A state of seclusion of the unhappy
kind. When the pragmatic worldview dies down and the
brain works overtime, the theoretical overthinker. To
procure meaning out of trivial things, the theoretical
overthinker.*

*A sorrow with no immediate cause, a river with no end.
This particular sorrow surrounds the bohemia. A sorrow
with no immediate cause, the muse of the bohemians. It's
a long road to saunter, this sorrow, because there is no
end. But its chain is broken, not always but mostly,
someday, by a human form. A beautiful human, a ray of
light. A morose personality lightened by someone who
feels like a fresh breath of cold air, an act of rejuvenation.*

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Back to the question of the day, should sorrow be compared? Feeling blue? I'm feeling bluer.

They are the most senseless of human attributes, judgement and comparison. They are blatant, harsh, and hurtful. Judgements and comparisons should be kept to one's own self, not spoken out loud; they are complete baloney.

Sorrow is subjective, and so is life. No sorrow IS trivial, and so is no life. Something that cannot be quantified cannot be compared. It is the most pretentious individuals that will enclose their gloom with superiority.

ABEER BORDOLOI

IT WAS NEVER JUST A GAME

People often say cricket is just a game. But for millions, it is far more than runs, wickets, and trophies. It is a living world that quietly feeds dreams, homes, emotions, and entire livelihoods.

Behind every match that lights up a stadium, there are thousands of unseen people working endlessly to keep that moment alive. A cricketer may stand in the spotlight, but the game survives because of many invis-

-ble hands. Cameramen spend hours under the scorching sun capturing emotions that words cannot explain. Commentators turn silence into excitement and moments into memories. Journalists travel from city to city, not merely to report scores, but to tell stories of sacrifice, pressure, failure, and hope. Even the ground staff, technicians, editors, and production teams become part of something larger than themselves.

Sports broadcasting is not only about entertainment. It is about connection. A single match can unite strangers sitting in different corners of the world. For a few hours, people forget stress, loneliness, and differences. They celebrate together, lose together, and believe together. That is the quiet power of sports.

Cricket also reminds us of an important truth about life: no victory is achieved alone. Every applause heard in a stadium carries the effort of countless people who remain unseen. The audience remembers the century, but rarely the people behind the cameras, the writers behind the headlines, or the voices behind the microphones.

In the end, sports is not just a game. It is an ecosystem of passion, survival, storytelling, and human connection that gives meaning and purpose to countless lives every single day.

AYAANA MISHRA