

APRIL 2026

# JUST DUMS



# JUST BUMS



@MVICORE

## **Editor-in-Chief**

Pranav Gupta

## **Managing Editor**

Pranav Gupta

## **Content Director**

Pranav Gupta

## **Art Director**

Pranav Gupta

## **Photographers**

Pranav Gupta, Mohak Joshi, Ananya  
Goel, Mummy

## **Contributing Writers**

Pranav Gupta

## **CONTRIBUTORS**

### **Pranav Gupta**

Has been planning this for a month.  
Cried twice. Would do it again  
without hesitation.

### **Mohak Joshi**

Didn't fully understand what this  
magazine was about but showed up  
anyway.

### **Ananya Goel**

Was going to write three articles.  
Cancelled. Said she was PMSing. We  
love her anyway.

### **Aunty (Mummy)**

Give her an angle, she delivers the  
shot — then gets a kiss from her  
subject.

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I don't fully understand what's happening but Shamvi looks really cool in all the pictures. 10/10.

— **Mohak, Clueless but Present**

Just kidding, Mohak did not write this. I wrote this. Mohak doesn't even know what page numbers are.

**love, Pranav**

I was going to write something longer but I'm PMSing.

— **Ananya, Her Room**

Just kidding, Ananya cancelled writing this too. I wrote it for her. She was PMSing.

**love, Pranav**

READER  
LETTERS

# HEY, DEAR DUMS



Dums,

Let's get one thing straight. You gifted Vedanshi a two page magazine you found on Instagram for her birthday. Two pages. From Instagram. I want you to know I took that personally. So here we are. A whole magazine. A proper one. Because I am a better birthday gifter than you and I needed you to know that in print. This is a competition and I'm afraid but you have lost. Badly. Don't argue.

We went to trip because you complained about never going on a school trip and two weeks later we were sneaking off to Jaipur without telling our parents like absolute menaces. I lied to an entire group of people, made them walk 800 metres in the wrong direction, and invented a fake coincidence outside Tripolia Bazaar so you could get your lakh ke bangles. Three hours in that market. Three. You're welcome. You owe me.

You are a topper to me. (Not) Because of marks — because I have watched you put in more effort than anyone I know into a course nobody asked you to take. You would have been unstoppable in Fashion and you know it. I know it. Your classmates who keep copying your fits and getting it completely wrong definitely know it. ECE will not be mentioned in your Wikipedia page. We move.

Become the independent, unbothered, rich mom baddie you keep talking about. I genuinely hope you do. I will also be showing up at your hostel gate every single time you try to walk out alone with your wired earphones looking nonchalant. Every time. Without fail. You will never be nonchalant on my watch. This is a promise and a threat.

I will be actively spoiling you and not letting you do anything by yourself for as long as possible while simultaneously telling you to become independent. Contradiction? Yes. Intentional? Absolutely. Changing? Never.

Happy birthday, Dums. You arrived. Please stop being so much pfft. It is genuinely getting inconvenient for everyone around you and we are all very tired (know it already man).

*Pranav Gupta*  
Editor



SHE ARRIVED.  
THE FUTURE IS DUMS.

MOMENT JAIPUR  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PRANAV GUPTA

She didn't announce herself. She didn't need to. Shamvi just showed up one day looking like that, being like that, and the rest of us have been adjusting ever since.

There is a version of Shamvi that strangers see. The one with the face that says she has already clocked you, assessed you, and found you mildly disappointing. The one that makes people nervous in queues and suddenly very quiet in group settings. People call it intimidating. She calls it Tuesday. They are not wrong. She is judging you. She is judging everyone. She has been judging you since you walked in. The scary part is she is usually right.

The ones who somehow survive her initial assessment and earn her time find out she is still kind of mean — just selectively. She is the funniest person in the room and it's what she thinks. The most brainrotted, the most quotable, the one who keeps the energy alive without appearing to try at all. She also feels everything deeply and tells approximately nobody. Things land with her, sit with her, matter way more than she will ever admit out loud. She will walk out of a situation completely unbothered looking and then go process every single second of it alone in her room. This is not a character flaw. This is a carefully maintained brand and it is very effective.

Jaipur was her first ever trip because no school had managed to take her anywhere and every plan before this had mysteriously collapsed. So when it finally happened the only priority was making sure she got everything she wanted. She wanted lakh ke bangles from Tripolia Bazaar. A normal person would have noted the location and planned accordingly. Instead an entire group of people were lied to, made to walk 800 metres in the wrong direction, and presented with a fake coincidence outside the market. She got her bangles. Spent three hours in there. Watched a little girl making them by hand. Walked out completely satisfied. She also got a scooty which if you know her is basically a spiritual experience. Cut through all of Jaipur on it. No agenda, no plan, just roads and wind and Shamvi being exactly where she was supposed to be. First trip. Executed correctly. You're welcome Dums.

She doesn't give a fuck about anything. Except she gives a fuck about everything.



# INFLUENCING EVERYONE



## WITHOUT TRYING

**MOMENT CLUBBING**  
**PHOTOGRAPHY BY PRANAV GUPTA**

She never posted a tutorial. Never made a guide. Never told anyone what to wear or how to be. And yet somehow everyone around her is quietly taking notes.

People in her class have tried to copy her. They were not even close. That is the thing about trying to copy someone whose style comes from who she actually is.


There is a specific energy that enters a room before Shamvi does. You feel it before you see her. Then she walks in — fit planned the night before, every piece deliberate, nothing out of place — and the whole room collectively loses its focus. Heads turn. Not in a loud way. In that quiet, involuntary, slightly embarrassing for everyone else way. She has been doing this in class, at parties, in Jaipur markets, at the beach at midnight. Every single time. Without trying. Which is the most annoying part.

The fits are not accidental and if you thought they were that is your problem. Winter and she wraps a shawl and suddenly every other shawl in existence is cancelled. Summer and the crop tops and halternecks come out and it is genuinely mamamia every time against everyone's will. People in her class have tried to copy her. One girl wore the shawl and jeans look shortly after Shamvi made it iconic. It was painful. It was embarrassing. It was not even close. That is the thing about copying someone whose entire style comes from who she actually is — you can buy every single item and still look like you googled "how to be it girl" and took it too literally.

She wants to be nonchalant. Wired earphones in, mogger face on, walking alone so everyone within a 50 metre radius is forced to acknowledge she is completely unbothered and it girl. She would absolutely pull it off. Unfortunately her best friend has made it his full time job to make sure this never happens. Every single time she is about to have her moment he is already standing at the hostel gate like an overexcited labrador who cannot read the room. Every time — EVERY TIME — she says next time I am coming alone, I looked so nonchalant. And every time he is already there saying good morning. She is a baddie. She is just never nonchalant. This is entirely his fault. He knows. He does not care.



# THE GIRL WHO OUTGREW THE PLAN



She was a topper her whole life. Then college happened. And the plan she had for herself stopped fitting — not because she got smaller, but because she was always meant for something bigger.

Shamvi was a topper in school. Not the kind who got lucky on a paper — the kind who actually put in the work, understood the material, and delivered every time. That was her identity for years and she wore it well. Then came branch selection and the universe decided to be funny. She wanted Computer Science. Did not clear the cutoff by a margin. A margin. Settled for ECE. And that one moment quietly changed the trajectory of everything while ECE sat there completely unbothered about what it had just done.

Here is what nobody tells you about watching someone work hard in the wrong direction — it is genuinely one of the most painful things to witness. She writes everything down. She learns it. She puts in the hours that most people in the right course cannot even be bothered with. And then exam season comes, something does not translate, and the marks do not reflect a single thing you watched her do. She gets disheartened every single time. She has every right to be. ECE should be apologising frankly. (Sad ho bacha call kru)

**MOMENT AMRITSAR**  
**PHOTOGRAPHY BY VEDANSHI**



She is not failing due to lack of effort. She is just someone who was built for a different room and ended up in this one because the other doors were complicated.

She wanted to do law. Her father is a judge — everyone would have said it was handed to her, because people love to do that. She wanted fashion — not reputed enough apparently, as if being unstoppably stylish is not a full time career. She had the aptitude for CSE but SNU said no with zero remorse. Every single door she actually wanted had a complicated inconvenient reason standing in front of it. So she walked through the one that was left open, sat down in ECE, and decided to make it work anyway. Respect honestly. Misplaced but respect.

And it shows — in every way except the marks. The fashion eye that spots a silhouette from across a room. The legal mind that remembers every single detail she writes down. The tech instinct that absolutely should have had a CSE seat. All of it fully intact, completely wasted on circuit diagrams, just waiting for the right outlet. ECE got her attendance. It never got the rest of her.

But watch her now and something is actually shifting. The girl who once stared at a graph like it had personally wronged her now explains them to other people. Confidently. Without hesitation. She is figuring it out on her own terms, in her own time, in a course she never asked for. That is not average. That is actually kind of extraordinary. The stream did not break her. It tried. She is just getting started. ECE really picked the wrong one.



**MOMENT AHMEDABAD  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY AUNTY/MUMMY**

# 2 INTERNS, 0 SENSE.



**Two internships. One (enemy)ship. Zero lessons learned. She was involved both times.**

There have been two internships. Both were technically work experience. Neither should be counted as such.

The first was in winter. Every morning they went separately because one of them was late every single day without exception. This was entirely her fault somehow. The logic here is unclear and will not be explained. They reunited every evening at Botanical metro station where Burger Singh became less of a restaurant and more of a personality trait. Hauz Khas was also a regular stop where burgers and chole bhature became the official diet of the entire month. Was this healthy. No. Was it the best period of the internship. Absolutely yes. They also spent considerable time arguing about whose office was better. One office was great. The other was lame. The debate was never resolved because one party refused to accept reality.

The race home from Botanical was a separate competition entirely. One of them lived 2km from home and somehow could never find an auto. The other lived 5-6km away and found one immediately every single time and reached home first. Every time. Without fail. This was deeply embarrassing and will not be elaborated on further.

The second internship was in summer. By this point a car had been acquired which seemed like progress. It was not progress. The plan — never officially discussed, just somehow agreed upon — was to pick her up, drive to Delhi, drop her back, then go home. This added significant distance to an already long commute. Nobody complained. The car however did. Repeatedly. The corners got broken. Then the front got hit so badly the AC stopped working entirely. In peak summer. In Delhi. They briefly considered taking the metro. They did not take the metro. They sat in the broken AC car in the Delhi heat and continued as normal because this is just what happens.

The birthday incident deserves its own paragraph. Bike was acquired for the occasion. She did not trust the bike. She did not trust the driver of the bike. She got on anyway because it was his birthday and she had no choice. They ended up stuck in Old Delhi which was not the plan. They eventually reached CP. They went to Chilis. They ate. This was also not the plan. It was his idea. He blamed her. She paid for it somehow anyway.

The chaat wala will be discussed separately. That story deserves its own space. It is not funny yet. It will be.



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## THE CHAAT WALA: A HORROR STORY

He was there. Then he wasn't. Nobody can explain it. We have tried.

It was a regular evening during the summer internship. They had been roaming around hungry for a while when he appeared. A chaat wala. Tucked into a spot neither of them had noticed before. They ordered. One plate spicy. One plate non spicy. The man made the chaat with the quiet confidence of someone who has been perfecting a single recipe for forty years. He added the onions himself — unsolicited, unbothered, like he already knew. It was the best chaat either of them had ever eaten in their entire lives. They sat in silence for a moment because words felt insufficient. They decided they would come back tomorrow. Obviously.

Tomorrow came. He was not there. Not closed. Not on a break. Just gone. They asked around. Someone said — wo bas kal ke liye tha. He was only there for yesterday. They stood there processing this for longer than they would like to admit.

Where did he come from. Where did he go. Was he real. Were they real. The spot has never had another chaat wala since. The onions were perfect and he knew about them before anyone asked. They have not had chaat that good since and they never will. He appeared, delivered, and vanished. Like a ghost. Like a dream. Like something that was only ever meant to happen once.

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