



VANYA SILK -3



Your sari is the colour of gold, woven from treasures lost aeons ago at the bottom of the sea. As other fads pass, your freshness is immortal. As the wind blows, and the waves shimmer, it is almost as if you are born from the water. Because the waves reflect you, and the ripples magnify your beauty manifold...you appear as a nymph born from the sea



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There is talk. There are whispers. There are debates. And they're all about you. Sitting together they wonder about the mystique and the charisma which surrounds you, as you strut magnificently in your breathtaking sari. What could be the secret that you possess, which the remaining world is not privy to? Well, let's tell them it's our little secret, shall we?





A picture of you brings comfort. A sight of you brings solace. A memory of you brings bliss. Your sari and you are worthy companions, united in alleviating the pain and the sorrow of the world from the misery which possesses it. From your serene grace, love is born and from your gait, it spreads across the world.



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Many years pass until he remembers you, in your sari crafted out of mirth and happiness. And these reflections cause him to stop, to ponder, to reflect and ultimately to rejoice. Your sari is magic, it is perfection, it opens the floodgates of memories waiting to envelop him in absolute bliss. And at the same time he despairs, because the desire to see you is endless and boundless.





Beyond the hills,
there lies a town. A
town that is peace-
ful, quiet and tran-
quil. Many come
here to discover
solace and a divi-
nity like they've
never experienced
before. And what
they eventually dis-
cover is you. A
glimpse of you, in
your multicolored
sari, and they
never want to
leave. They
become perma-
nent residents of
this quaint little
town.




This sari is not just made of thread and fabric, it has been woven from the very essence of Spring. The moment you don this magnificent creation, you change the world around you. The natural world comes alive, and envelops you in its living embrace. The world showers petals at your feet, as you walk...proud of stature and resplendent in attire.











As you sit by the coast of the Ever Sea, the waters begin to touch your being. And in doing so, a process of magic begins to enshrine you and guide you to a realm where all is immortal. And as the waves circle you with immortality, you discover that your sari is beyond fashion. It is a style that will never fade. Your beauty will be forever immortalized.







These creations are not just saris. They are a doorway to perfection. A ticket to a land where you are queen, and your admirers flock about you open mouthed, gasping at your beauty. This is Heaven, and you sit upon the throne here- the ruler of all the worlds.



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You connect the world to what it believes has been
forever: joy, smiles, laughter and most importantly
style. You are the last bastion of beauty in a world
undated by temporary fads. Amidst all the flavors
of the season, you reign supreme with your timeless
grace. You are live up to your beliefs.



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As you breathe, you transform the atmosphere of the world that surrounds you. And all that is withered, all that is lifeless, all that is pale disappears in an instant. In your wake, life rears its head again and spreads its arms. Little wonder then, that your sun reflects vitality, vigor and vivaciousness...the three main components of life



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One look at you,
and the world is
blinded. By love,
by charm, by
desire, by a hope
against hope to
call you their own.
And as they yearn
for you they dis-
cover that the
glow they see
around you,
comes from within
you and is magni-
fied tenfold by the
saree you wear. You
are the Goddess of
brightness, the
one who dispels
despair from this
plane





Your girl is the colour of gold, woven from the sun's rays a long time ago at the bottom of the sea. As other girls pass, you, freshness is immortal. As the wind blows, and the waves shimmer, it looks just as if you are born from the water. Because the waves reflect you, and the ripples magnify your beauty manifold, you appear as a nymph born from the sea.



Shangrila
A Boutique Collection



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