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LIFE EVOLVES FROM SAND



FROM HER DEMEANOR, FROM HER STATURE AND FROM EVERY THREAD SHE WEARS, SHE LETS YOU IN HER SECRET. WHERE THERE'S BEAUTY, THERE IS LIFE. FROM THE STARS ABOVE TO THE SAND BELOW, THEY ALL SING HER PRAISE. THE DESERT GLOWS WITH HER MAGNIFICENCE.

SONGS OF DIVINITY

THEY SURROUND HER AND LOOK UPON HER IN AWE, AS IF SHE'S NOT MORTAL BUT A MIRACLE. HER TRESSES ENCHANT AND HER DRESSES ENAMOR. AND THEY SING HER SONG, SO THAT THE AGES TO COME TOO WILL SING OF HER BEAUTY.



EARTHLY MAGIC

NO ONE KNOWS HOW SHE LOOKS ABSOLUTELY AMAZING! WHISPERS ABOUND ACROSS THE GRASSLANDS, AND SOME SAY SHE CAN CHANNEL THE POWER OF THE EARTH AND CREATE AN ENCHANTING AURA ABOUT HER. SOME SAY SHE KNOWS ANCIENT SECRETS, AND IS BLESSED WITH AN AGELESS CHARM. WE SAY, IT'S JUST HER SUBLIME AND MASTERFULLY CRAFTED RANGE OF SARIS. WHAT DO YOU SAY?



SPRING GODDESS



THEY SURROUND HER AS SHE TREADS THE FOREST. SHE GAZES EXPECTANTLY, AND BEAMS AT THEM. THEY BOW IN SUBSERVIENCE, IN ETERNAL SERVITUDE TO THE GLORY OF ETERNAL BEAUTY. THE VINES AND LEAVES SHEATH SWAY AS SHE PASSES, WHISPERING HER PERFECT NAME AND SINGING PRAISES ABOUT HER MAJESTIC SARI.


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THE ANGEL FROM THE EAST



TILL BRAVE AND COURAGEOUS TRAVELERS BRAVED THE NEVER-ENDING DESERT AND SAW HER, CLAD IN A RESPLENDENT SALWAR OF DIVINE MAKING, SURROUNDED BY HER LOYAL SERVANTS, THEY HAD ASSUMED HER JUST A LEGEND. THEY WENT BACK HOME, WITH FONDNESS IN THEIR HEARTS AND STORIES ON THEIR LIPS.


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MISTY SECRETS
YOUR DRESS 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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