

A woman with long brown hair is shown in profile, looking down. She is wearing a light purple top with gold floral embroidery and a dark purple dupatta with gold paisley and floral patterns. She is also wearing large gold rings and earrings. The background is a soft-focus indoor setting.

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NYRA

VOL - 2

DOLA SILK DIGITAL
JACQUARD DUPATTA



A woman with long brown hair is shown in profile, looking down. She is wearing a light purple top with gold floral embroidery and a dark purple dupatta with gold paisley and floral patterns. She is also wearing large gold rings and earrings. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white and grey.

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Beauty Bouquet

There's a girl who walks the scenic trail.
The one with the long ponytail.
The way it blows in the breeze,
Can bring a fellow to his knees.
She's pure as sunshine,
Mellow as aged wine.
Mystical as a Hawaiian sunrise,
A beauty bouquet for the eyes.



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An angelic avatar

The angels are in the clothes that you wear. The garments tell the story. Therefore, magic is the way that steps to wonder what they're wearing, tell us what you mean in that particular occasion. And in your immaculate dress, they're confiding you of whom, your grace, your beauty.





The Girl With The Long Hair

The girl with the long hair she has the
perfect smile
And her beauty don't go down from her grace sense of style
Her gorgeous look is something that would die for
She's the off the page of a magazine you can ask for
She has the perfect skin tone with dark brown eyes, a small nose and full lips
Her hair is straight you know like gold strands When she get around me don't pretend get the show
She keeps her hair straight like gold strands. Didn't see her hair yet but I'm sure they look good too
I'm addicted to her it's like in a code a spell
I wish for water, for
bush and over her steel.



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Look harder

She has a beauty within. The kind where she knows where
she's going and where she has been. She knows just who she is and who she is not.
She has the kind of beauty a lot of people can't see. You can only see it if you get close enough to look.
And every one is sure this girl has a lot more to her than she is giving off.
But when they don't realize it then she is really up to something.







My Beauty

Beauty like the butterfly is always so vibrant so lovely to see, the passion in her laugh, her art, look does to see so different so smart.
Kindful, soft & caring, so nice, brings you in like a summer night.
Living so sweet so true, it's so hard to write, is
Her beauty and good nature, full of life to please her by the way,
Beauty, that's me.



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Letting Go with Grace

There's a possible kind of beauty that can only be experienced with the serene knowledge that the moment is fleeting, and the most intense beauty can only be seen in the presence of both light and shadow. For it's often in the loss of a thing that it's worth to us becomes most precious and by letting it go with grace we can best savor its painful delight. Realizing that the sun runs in circles only because the beauty of its light is so beautiful without it having once touched is one would know how the emptiness of its loss, our grief will eventually turn to thankfulness that it ever touched us at all, and we will be left used by the mystery of its leaving.



22774



Beauty is deep
 Beauty is just like a mirror. You will never know what's inside.
 On the surface, it can be full with green plants.
 How about inside of it? Is it a hole or what? No, beauty is just like a mountain.
 The appearance is very beautiful and graceful.
 How about inside of black-hearted?
 Beauty of a person cannot say with appearance. Beauty is appear inside the deepness of the heart.
 The deeper the heart is, the deeper the beauty is.





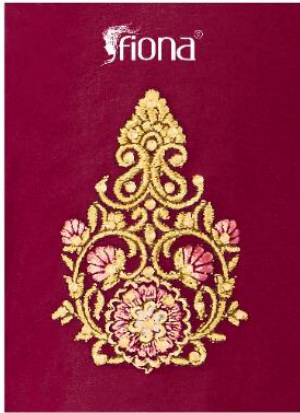


D. No.	PRODUCT NAME
22771	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22772	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22773	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22774	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22775	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22776	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22777	NYRA _{VOL-02}

TOP	PURE SILKY CRAPE WITH DESIGNER WORK
BOTTOM	DULL SANTOON
DUPPATA	PURE DOLA JACQUARD DIGITAL PRINT



Beauty and femininity are ageless and can't be contrived,
and glamour, although the manufacturers won't like this,
cannot be manufactured. Not real glamour ; it's based on
femininity.



Glamour isn't about age, weight or size. You don't have to be pretty to have it, anyone can
create it.
Glamour wasn't taken a day off.
Glamour is back too with a vengeance! back.
You can really do this.
Come quickly, I am looking for stars.
You can do anything but not everything.
Glamour is the garment which takes the dust of everyday life into a golden haze.
For every two minutes of glamour. There are eight hours of hard work.
In a world full of noise I want to create a canvas.
Every woman needs a story. Mine is all about glamour.





JAGAT NIWAS PALACE

Jagat Niwas Palace is an early 17th century 'Haveli' (mansion), with its charm and aesthetics intact, situated in the heart of the most romantic city of Rajasthan. Nestled in the fertile valley on the breezy, western banks of the famous Lake Pichola, Jagat Niwas Palace is a heritage boutique hotel and is highly acclaimed for its location and for the stunning view that it provides.

The charming property, with its rooms restored back to their old charm and glory, is a vision in white. Surrounded by ancient havelis, temples and meandering lanes filled with traditional artefacts - showcasing the way of life in the "old city", this property is submerged in heritage. With the City Palace as its neighbour, Jagat Niwas Palace is a family-run property and we strive to keep our rich heritage and culture unadulterated.

Beauty and Beauty Lost

We're awoken to our insatiable longing for heaven
through both beauty and the painful marring of it.
For beauty hints to us of that for which we are truly made,
and its marring shouts that we are truly not meant to find it here.

We can be eternally grateful for beauty lost when we realize
that it's one of the great secret-keepers of the universe.
Still we fear it so and often fear even to hope for the beauty itself,
though they are a necessary cycle that fuels us on and drives us home.

We cannot deny or diminish our intense longing for beauty-
to see it and have it and be it, and we cannot pretend that its
dreadful loss does not press down upon us like a crushing weight.
We must let it crush us until our ache for heaven is excruciating.

