



THE STAR

HER GAIT KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES. HER ELEGANCE KNOWS NO LIMITS. HER CHARM IS A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION AND WONDERMENT ACROSS THE WORLD. LOOKING SIMPLY DIVINE IN HER MATCHLESS ATTIRE, SHE RULES THE WORLD WITH HER SMILE. HER ADMIRERS FOLLOW, ENTRANCED.

HER PHOTOGENIC FACE HAS BEEN SCULPTED TO ADORN THE COVER PAGE OF COUNTLESS FASHION MAGAZINES AROUND THE WORLD, EVERY CAMERA CRAVES MANY MOMENTS WITH HER. ACROSS THE WORLD, HER RENOWN IS UNMATCHED. AND SO TOO, HER DRESS...CRAFTED TO PERFECTION.





LITTLE GIRLS AROUND THE WORLD CUT OUT HER PICTURES- FROM NEWSPAPERS, TO MAGAZINES, TO POSTERS AND PIN THEM ON THEIR WALLS, DREAMING ONE DAY TO BE AS GRACEFUL, AS FLAWLESS, AS SUBLIME! SHE IS THEIR PRIDE, AND THEY DREAM OF EMULATING HER SOMEDAY. SHE'S THEIR PRIDE, THEIR JOY, THEIR SOURCE OF INSPIRATION.

















1001 1002 1003







1004 1005

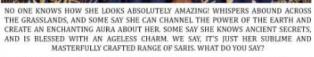


HER FACE ADORNS EVERY TELEVISION SCREEN ACROS INDEED THE WORLD, THEY TALK ABOUT HER, AS THE

HER FACE ADORNS EVERY TELEVISION SCREEN ACROSS THE COUNTRY, AND INDEED THE WORLD. THEY TALK ABOUT HER, AS THE NEXT BIG THING-THE GLAM QUEEN. THEY DISCUSS HER DRESSING STYLE-CLASSIC, CONTEMPORARY AND TRILLY MAGICAL BUT WHAT THEY DO NOT REALIZE IS THAT HER STYLE STATEMENT WILL, OUTLAST THIS YEAR, AND THE NEXT, AND INDEED THE ONES TO FOILOW. SHE IS A PERENNIAL BEAUTY.







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.





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 STRIIT MAGNIFICENTLY IN YOUR BREATHTAKING PRESS. WHAT COULD BE THE SECRET THAT YOU POSSES, WHICH THE REMAINING WORLD IS NOT PRIVY TO? WELL, LET'S TELL THE MIT'S OUR LITTLE SECRET, SHALL WE?

YOUR DRESS IS THE COLOUR OF GOLD, WOVEN FROM TREASURES LOST AEONS AGO AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. A SOTHER FADS PASS, YOUR FRESHNESS IS IMMORTAL. AS THE WIND BLOWS, AND THE WAVES REFLECT YOU AND THE RIPPLES THE WAVES REFLECT YOU. AND THE RIPPLES HARDING WORLD IS NOT PRIVY TO? WELL, LET'S TELL THEM IT'S OUR LITTLE SECRET, SHALL WE?







