

**rung**  
ROXE

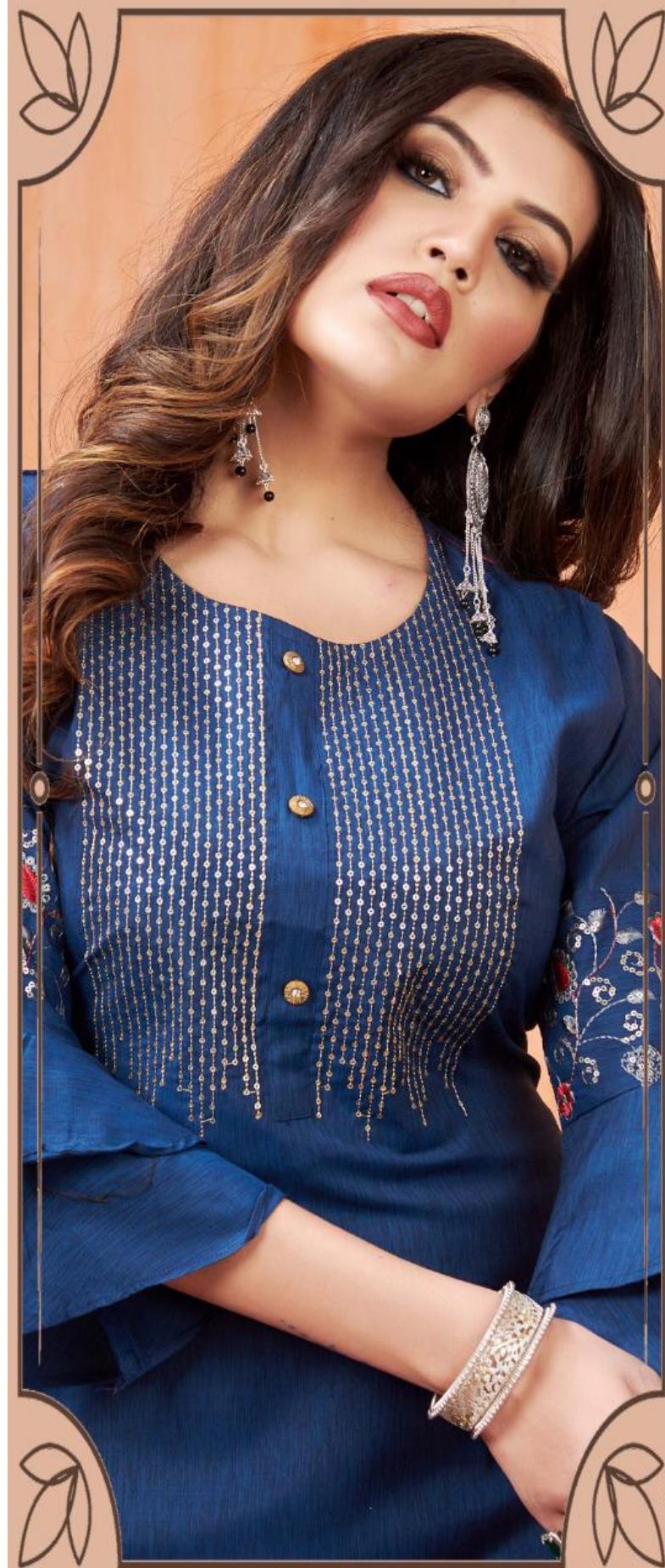


**01**

They whisper her name, and desire her beauty, for her gentle they scarce regard; in her silence a royal brother, and in her anger equally,  
These bear their heads before her, and give her way when she passes. She walks and kills her surroundings with grace.

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Designer Wear Kurtis  
**ROXIE**

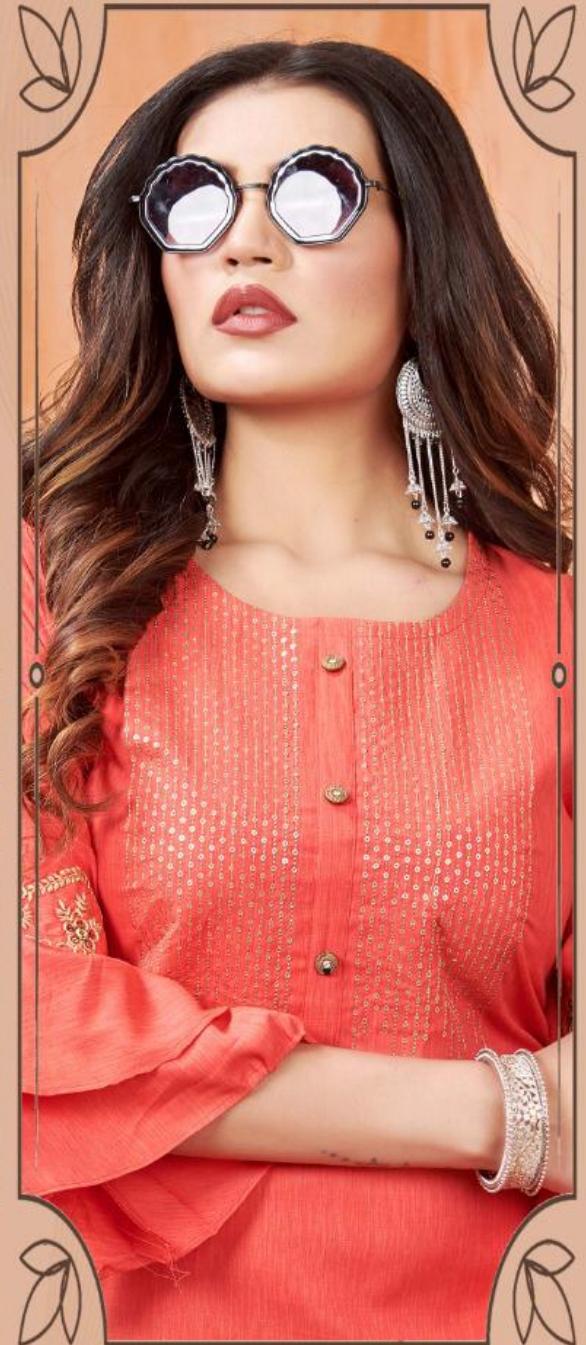


05

These dresses are tailored with the soft and soft material.  
Recently, a designer designed the models which make his dress truly special.  
He had created it with great resources of colors, blue and green. And who else could then but these heavenly beauties.  
Whose ever dress is embellished not bold with these dresses.

**rung**  
DESIGNER WEAR KURTIS

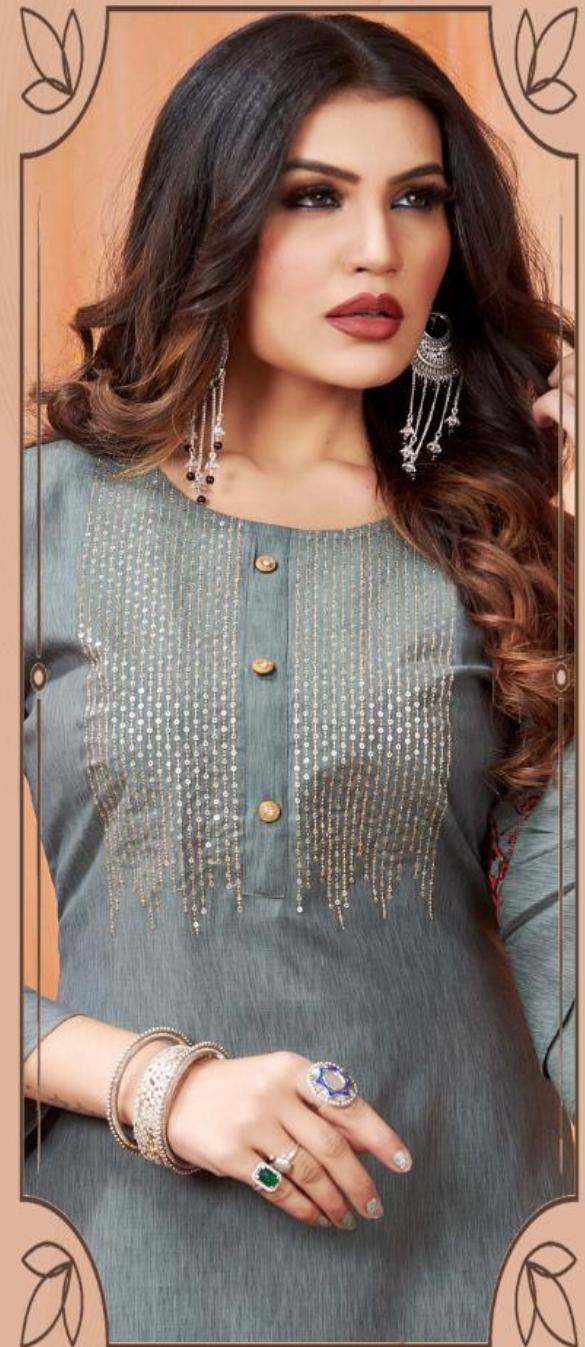
ROXIE



08

They combed her as she to comb the forest. She gazes expectantly,  
and beams at them. They bow in submission,  
in eternal servitude to the glory of eternal beauty.  
The vines and leaves stretch away as she passes,  
whispering her perfect name and singing praises about her regal visage.

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03

They cover her as she to hide 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 stretch away as she passes,  
whispering her perfect name and singing praises about her majestic visi.



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09

These dresses are tailored with the softest and most delicate materials.  
Finely, a dressmaker designed the crests which make his dress truly special.  
He had created it with great resources of colors, blues and greens. And who else could then bat these heavenly beauties.  
Whoever here is overwhelmed not bold with these dresses.



06

*As they gaze into the mirror, they're struck by bewilderment.  
Not knowing it is their reflection they behold they imagine it to be  
a world of wonder and colour imprisoned in the confines of those glassy depths.  
They marvel at the beauty within, clad in threads of abstract magic.*



02

Against the golden dreamscape of Rajasthani, she stands in like she was always meant to.  
Her attire is the colour of sand - an alloy of culture and untold history. Every step she takes is  
a story, whispered from yesterday to yesterday about a lady culture.



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