

#PERSPECTIVE



How a man cave becomes a time capsule of memories

It often gets reduced to clichés: dim lights, a hi-fi, and a couch that doubles as a bed. In reality, a man cave can be something much deeper. For me, it is less about masculinity and more about memory. The space is an incubator for my inner child who once clung to comic books, daydreamed about piloting mecha suits, and spent hours tracing sketches of anime characters in the back of exercise books.

The man cave as a sanctuary

I remember watching *Friends*, and how Joey and Chandler's fabled La-Z-Boy chair

became a character of its own. I am sure there was a never-ending list of shows that shaped our imagination and personality but such an impact often led me to daydream about having a room that reflected my passions. A space, if someone were to walk in, would instantly know who I was and what I stood for.

Today, you step inside my room, and it is not merely décor. On one of my shelves sits a LED Gundam frame, mechanical details etched with

