

precision waiting to be lit up, while right beside it stands a stoic Gundam model. This pairing was, obviously, not random. It is my feeble attempt at forming a bridge between art and craft, between the worlds I watched, got lost in, and the worlds I built with my hands.

Next to it hangs the unmistakable framed posters of the red motorbike of Akira, symbolising the chaos and beauty of dystopian imagination. And then, a shelf higher, you see Goku pose against Vegeta, two figurines forever locked in their iconic rivalry, with a Dragon Ball displayed between them as if the skirmish never truly ended.

Every item in the room carries a fragment of memory. The miniature Toyota AE86, for instance, is more than a die-cast car. You do not need to be a petrolhead to feel the pulse it represents. It's about the speed of youth, the reckless innocence of wanting to go faster than life itself.

On the back of the door, The First Slam Dunk poster adds another layer. Basketball never needed to be part of my reality for it to become a part of my fantasy. Watching Shohoku fight for every point was not about sport. It was about grit, friendship, and the rhythm of adolescence.

And tucked into corners are the comics and graphic novels I still read, stacked like guilty pleasures but worn enough to prove their place. They



remind me that while others may have outgrown illustrated pages, I never really did.

The man cave as an evolution

"Are you not too old for superheroes? Stop wasting time on drawing cartoons and stop obsessing over toys" — we were told!

Some might see this as clinging to

childhood, but to me, it is an evolution. There was a time when game nights meant going over to a cousin's place, where you could collectively get lost in the world of pixels and interactive storytelling. Time moved on, and so did the others. And now, the PlayStation 5 sits by the television, flanked by towering speakers, waiting for nights where the

room transforms into a private theatre and maybe recaptures the nostalgia with family and friends.

Whether it's gaming, anime marathons, or simply letting vinyl-like basslines shake the walls, it all becomes a reminder that I've finally built what younger me always wanted.

A man cave is a safe place for my inner child to flourish and run wild. Each poster, figure, and collectible are less about who owns it, and more about coming to terms with the child who once felt limited and wished for their own space to play was never really gone. He was just waiting.

Some pieces of our youth are buried under bills and responsibilities, while others have been polished into nostalgia that we look at when no one is looking. It's not a getaway for me; it's a get-together. A quiet shake of hands between the boy who wanted everything and the man who could finally make it happen.

Maybe the real luxury is not the fancy chair that Joey and Chandler loved, but a place where your past and present can sit next to each other and watch, remember, and remind you of who you are.

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