



SRIJAN
2006

SRIJAN - 06

the write angles



the write angles

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, HAMIRPUR (H.P.)

Antithesis

Two roads diverged in yellow woods... I started making a new one... ..

I would not presume our success... But yes, this has certainly made a difference. To trace the journey, let us turn anticlockwise.

For me this antithesis began with the release of the "Myriad Hues". I was told to carry the legacy further ahead. Not that I had a doubt in our potential but frankly, I was a bit shaky that time (we had Wipro placement party the previous night). I urged my to-be- executives to be free thinking and defying (some really did!) and expected my new associates to be meek and innovative. Managing editors till now had enough experience to keep doing what they have done in the past so I knew my role... very explicitly.

And then came the interviews... the best part of them (apart from the fact that it was the first and the last time all of the final year team was together) was to enable us know people on a vis-a-vis level... personal and professional.

We realised that the energy was higher and the team was to be a formidable one with some excellent and some enthusiastic people. Well... include some emotional too. We also discovered a funny word called 'probation' to hide our catch-22. With the team compiled, we started to meet.

I wish I had a better substitute for meetings. Srijan's meetings have a funny resemblance to marriages. As the time passes they lose their charm. But democracy under a dictator requires a consensus. So we met and I decided!

The meetings were fun when the theme was being decided. The ideologies had to contrast and skirmish. The result was 'the write angles' (all lower case); something which has a philosophical fragrance, literary twist and a cool dressing (kudos to Arjun). The Sensors had detected the direction and I just had to press the 'fire' button. I did; the mechanism responded and by October we had everything in our computers.

But looks like God designs the world with 0-flip-flops which introduce a delay between every decision and execution. Soon I had another marriage- hill 'ffair (again all lower case). I must admit for while I had a divided devotion but... then all roads lead to the same destination.... the antithesis.

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thə gOd OF bLaSpheMy

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WE SALUTE YOU

• Students' Editor

Kumar Ashutosh

• Managing Editors

Sanchit Gupta
P.V. Raghavendra Rao
Siddharth Juneja
Himani Aggarwal
Amit Burdak
Mukul Madan
Vivek Trivedi

• Executive Editors

Arjun B.S
Abhinav Jogi
Vivek Shah
Vivek Chauhan
Aditya Gandotra
Varun Walia
Divya Sharma
Saumya Rathor
Abhishek Tondon
Gajendra Singh
Manish Singh
Utpal Tiwari
Shishir Kumar Goel
Tamal Kanti Paul
Dhanvant Reddy
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Shipra Kharwal
Ipsita Dhar
Khushboo Aggarwal

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Dipanjan Mazumdar
Tejaswi Gautam
Parul Pandey
Ashwini Dhiman
Kamal Prakash Ravi
Ravi Kumar
Sparya Sharma
Kunal Dhar
Sachin S.H
Swati Dhiman

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Siddhartha Kumar
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Sneha Kelwa
Chandrakant Chaturvedi
Aprajit Kar
Aviral Sharma
Princy Soni
Rajjan Singh

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Simultaneously I acknowledge conscientious efforts of Sanchit for completing me wherever I lacked, Juneja for his efforts for asymptotes. Himani and Raghu for their moral support throughout the crusade. Burdak for his aesthetic suggestions and 'antithesis' painting.

Arjun to come up with 'the write angles'.

Tondon, Arjun, Aditya, Divya, Jogi and Chauhan for editing and selecting theme section articles in English.

Tondon, Shishir, Utpal, Gajendra and Manish for editing and selecting Hindi articles.

Shah, Arjun and others for '360 degree' compilations.

The whole team which worked for Departmental Diaries and Psycho-apathy.

Dipanjan, Krishna & Team for Survey.

Shishir for origin of species.

Kunal, Aprajit (double applause), Aviral, Sachin, Swati and others for covering the fine-arts section.

Tamal, Shipra, Dhanvant, Ipsita, Manish and Shruti for Cover Pages.

Deepak Jain for cartoons.

The whole team which worked for collages.

Prashant for keeping the minutes of the meetings.

Tondon, Shishir and Kamal for formatting, designing, editing and compiling the whole magazine on the printer's desk.

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So every ovation that this team work receives goes to the every person who rendered his/her services at any instant. I might have missed a few names but finally I acknowledge every unnamed soldier who stood up against the rage of syllabi, time and restrictions to give his/her invaluable contributions for our cause...our magazine.

Kr. Ashutosh



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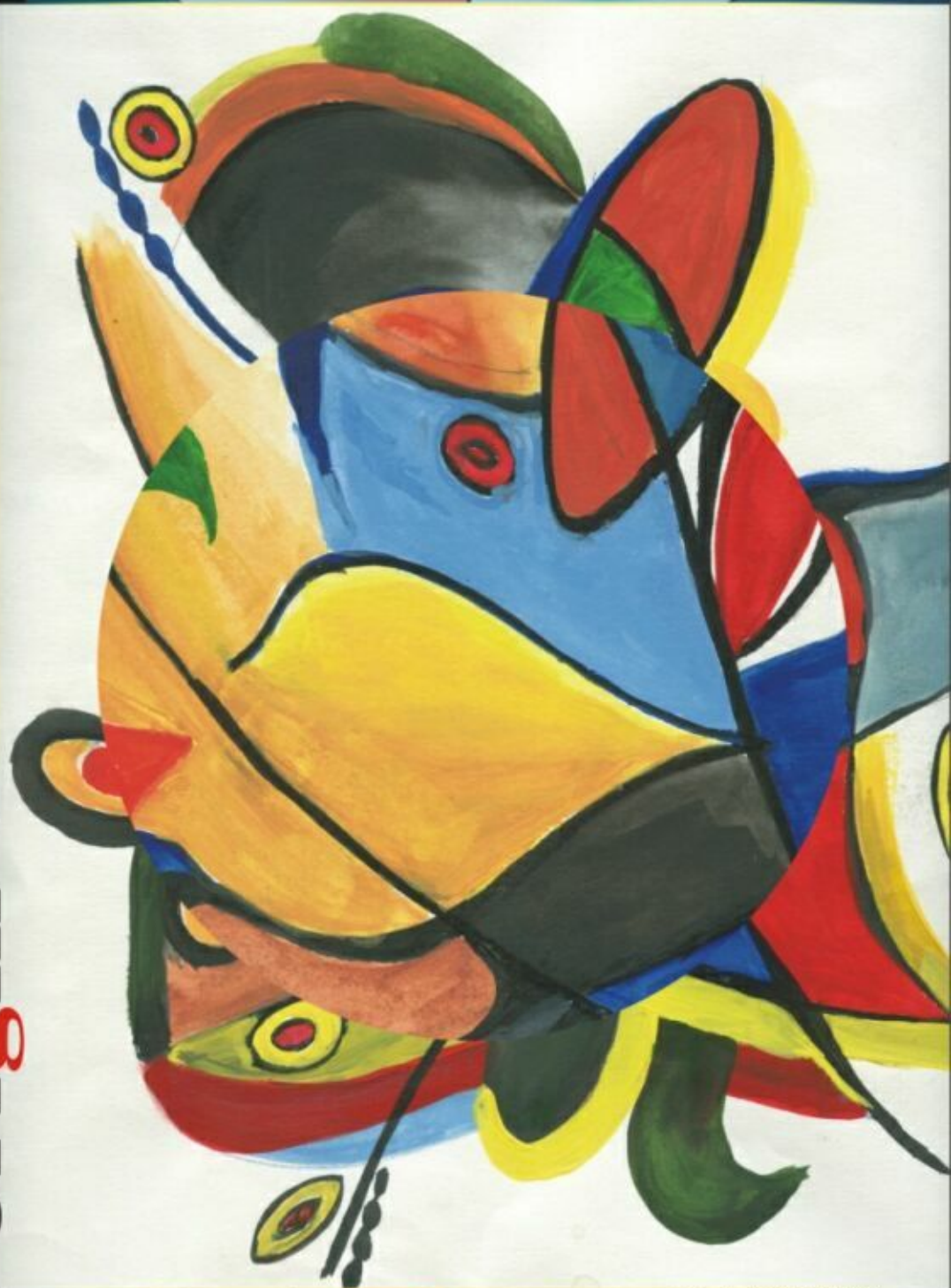
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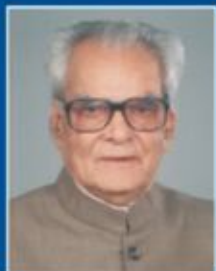
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graphics by : SHIPRA KHARKWAL

Message



Shri B.S. Shekhawat
Vice President
India



FROM THE VICE PRESIDENT OF INDIA

K.L. KOCHAR
JOINT SECRETARY AND
PRESS ADVISER TO
VICE-PRESIDENT OF INDIA

उप-राष्ट्रपति सचिवालय
नई दिल्ली - 110011
VICE-PRESIDENT'S SECRETARIAT
NEW DELHI - 110011

Vice-President of India is glad to know that National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur (Himachal Pradesh) is publishing its Magazine "Srijan 2006".

Vice-President of India extends his good wishes to the National Institute of Technology and wishes the Magazine "Srijan 2006" all success.

(K.L. Kochhar)

On behalf of the Vice-President of India,

His Highness **Mr. B.S. Shekhawat**

Message



Shri Virbhadra Singh
Chief Minister
Himachal Pradesh



FROM THE CHIEF MINISTER

I am glad to know that the National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is bringing out its annual magazine 'Srijan 2006'.

The National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is the pioneer of vocational education of par excellence in the state and has been recognised as a deemed university for imparting quality education to its students admitted from all over the country. The state government is poised to make Himachal Pradesh the 'Knowledge State' of the country where private participation is being encouraged which could supplement the endeavours of the government in achieving the objectives.

Publications brought out by the educational institutions provide students appropriate platform to express their views and exhibit their artistic talents which helps in their overall development up to certain extent.

I hope the annual magazine would contain valuable information for the benefit of the students which could guide them in their future endeavours and make them capable to face all the challenges in their life successfully.

I send my good wishes for the successful publication of 'Srijan 2006'.

(Virbhadra Singh)
Chief Minister,
Himachal Pradesh

Message



Dr. R.L. Chauhan
Chairman,
Board of Governors



FROM THE CHAIRMAN

I am delighted to learn that the National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is bringing out the annual issue of its magazine 'Srijan'. This magazine has been providing a useful medium for expression of thoughts, ideas & writing skills to all the members of NIT family and joy to its readers. It is a healthy tradition which NIT Hamirpur is maintaining and deserves praise.

The quality articles in the magazine showcase institute's strength and contributor's talent emanating from the inherent desire to express and share the joy of writing. The Magazine provides a forum to those also, who bring to us the lighter side of life. The multi-cultural, multilingual facet of the Institute, which is deeply etched in our ethos, affords unique opportunities for national integration and assimilation of wider cultural values of various regions of the country duly reflected in this magazine. Task of the Editorial Board gets increasingly challenging in the face of high standards of contributions for publication.

Through this message I express my happiness and convey my good wishes to the NIT Hamirpur family for bringing out the 'Srijan-2006' which, I am sure, all would enjoy reading.

(Dr. R.L. Chauhan)
Chairman,
Board of Governors
National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur (H.P)

Message



Prof. I.K. Bhat
Director,
NIT, Hamirpur (H.P.)



FROM THE DIRECTOR

It gives me immense happiness to have come to know that the institute is bringing out yet another issue of Srijan. The very spirit of well acclaimed college magazine commemorates the spirit of creativity. It represents the charisma of learning which unfolds itself into myriad dimensions propitiating the growth of curiosity, ideas and activity within the yearning minds.

It is heartening to know that via Srijan, not only are the technical skills and competency of the students brought to the fore but also are their energies channelised towards the activities which derive their origin from ingenuity. The process not only sows the seeds of innovativeness, ever essential for a successful engineer but may also be attributed to provide an outlet to their thoughts and expressions. It enables student develop into multifaceted personality as he steps out of the institute by making him aware of intricate web of human social values, traditions and customs.

I extend my heartiest congratulations to the editorial board and all those who contributed to make the magazine a pride of the institute reaching unprecedented heights.

(Prof. I K Bhat)
Director,
National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur (H.P.)

Message



Dr. (Mrs.) Saroj Thakur
Editor-in-Chief

Straight From the Heart....

The world that these young souls explore is best described by Tagore:

I shall find hidden thy infinite joy

In every splendour of smell and vision and sound;

Even while a thousand fetters still bind me to the wheel

I shall taste Thy infinite liberty.



STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART....

It has been a wonderful experience to watch young minds at work during the making of the Srijan. The Srijan is the result of the commitment and love of all those dedicated ones who have the strength of mind to turn their dreams into reality. These young stalwarts, through their creations, become the mirror of the times. The artist, the writer, in fact any creator, would never take the first step without having previously seen it with his imagination. Thus every work of art is like giving wings to your dreams. Acting as a bridge between the alumni who had worked for the college Magazine and the present team has brought a universality of the creative nature to surface.

Human nature is essentially unchanging. The same passions, emotions, feelings and even situations are seen again and again throughout human history and the same is true for the literary history of--The Srijan--the heart, the soul and the mind of NIT Hamirpur. Srijan recapitulates all those creative expressions--in words and in colours substantiating a well-known eighteenth-century definition of poetry that it is "what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed". All creative expressions in Srijan are the result of labour of love for the die-hard group of dedicated Team Srijan and others for whom the publishing of this magazine is a passion. The articles and art forms are like complete living organisms having an entity of their own and this is what any creative form should be like.

What Literary forms should not be like a decoration--an icing on a cake--which is applied externally on a completed structure but should integrate with the work of art. When the creator is able to transcend the sense of distance between creation and imagination and is able to "enact" what he feels, the sense of creation is achieved.

The freedom to transform the ideas into reality, the abstract into concrete and the general into specific was provided to the team Srijan by Dr. I. K. Bhat the Director of the Institute who always was the force to provide us with the ambience needed for artistic creativity!

Srijan

Dr. (Mrs.) Saroj Thakur
Editor-in-Chief
Srijan

First Counter

Dear Friends

Tomorrow 'Today' will be 'Yesterday'.
We shall be shadows of time. But I
can vouch that these shadows won't be
that dark. They will have some luminous
footprints of our nostalgic rambles... free
and wild.

The freaks that we played with friends, the classes that
we attended with sleepy eyes (whenever we did...), the innovative
notes that we took on classroom desks, the late night walks
with a few friends, the first crushes that we had every
second day, the love that came through a window we never
left open, the songs that moistened our eyes, the responsibilities
we shouldered, the purple pains... we seldom wept upon, the
dreams that we saw with open eyes... everything we felt,
loved and cherished are parts of a powerful play - 'life'. This
is our attempt to write a verse in the bigger drama's small
chapter.

'Srijan' is not intended to be a literary masterpiece (though
our contributors have immense potentials to prove this wrong).
Nevertheless, it still remains to be an anthology of 'what
we are... what we feel...' 'what we say' and 'what we share'...
It is an engagement to all the muses together. It is all
the angles we curve upon that have been inked and bound
close to our hearts. It is an intoxication with dreams
and attempts in the cocktail of 'love' and 'beauty'.
With this 'the clown' and 'the ringmaster' of this fantasy
circus gives his newborn in your hands... Caress it!



K. Ashutosh
(STUDENTS' EDITOR)



EDITOR'S PICK - BEST DEPARTMENTAL DIARY

Departmental Diary CIVIL ENGINEERING

SHISHIR GOEL & RAVI KUMAR

'Never walk on the bridge you engineer and never live in the home you construct'. This is the first and foremost maxim a civil engineer must be equipped with. In modern life, this funda holds true with the increasing commissions beginning right from the very basic level of hierarchy in the construction business. Students come and go, but the same things with different titles keep on happening. Like every year, this year also CED had many events held in the department to point out. The department has its cap full of feathers which can make other birds in the nest envious.

Numerous guests visited the college to find students interested in their specialized subjects. But they were more than satisfied when they found at least the first row of the classroom packed with the students. Nothing to be surprised about, if the students needed a tea-break every 30 minutes. The future prospects of Hydro Power Development were elaborated, but don't they remain the same every year??

Budding civil engineers were deciding upon the quantity of cement to be mixed in concrete in their field of work when experts delivered lectures on Cement and Concrete Properties. I guess, most of them found themselves too much satisfied with the practised values.

No engineer is complete if he doesn't have a list of workshops and training which he has been a part of during his four year holiday package called engineering. Experts from all over the country enjoyed a trip to the lush green NIT Hamirpur campus in unbearable heat of the plains for the training and short term programmes going on in the CED. Heavy topics including 'concrete mix design', 'estimation, construction and maintenance of public utility works' and 'services to the community' were tried to be explained about. Many participants for the first time were comfortable with the lectures as there were a few desirous candidates who preferred the first row cushion seats. The shows registered jam packed balconies. Moreover, TEQIP also found one more way to spend its never ending money on these programmes.

Rome was not built in a day. You have to appreciate the attitude shown by the participants who believed 'lets try building in two days'. A total of fourteen 'two day training programmes', mainly focusing on soil and material characterization made the participants aware of the ground(soil) realities of their work. It is great to be a civil engineer indeed. At least you can choose the type of soil to rest in peace. The dedication of the organizers and participants can be clearly visualized as the full 'Summer Break' was utilized in the two day programmes. But, Rome was only the half way.

A final trial to complete the capital was embarked upon with three 'five days programmes' on 'Earthquake Risk Management'. It is wise to look before you leap. That's why, it is always necessary to learn disaster management if you happen to be a civil engineer. If the city happens to crumble someday, then there is a need to worry about the remaining life, because the government changes every now and then.

With research and development beaming in the campus, project titled 'landslide hazard zonation and mitigation measures for Kullu-Leh Area of Himalayas' was granted Rs. 30 lacs in two equal installments. Having been found the students getting bored in the laboratories, six grants of 7.19 lacs each were approved for procuring laboratory equipment. Large machines with very large names and inhuman work made students wonder about their mechanical counterparts. Twelve new biggies worth Rs. 55 lacs have made the civil department the richest place in the college with SBI underneath the building. I think, the new Portable Bore Hole Drilling machine over the bank can help someone partying hard these days. Moreover, projects worth crores are under progress in the department.

ALCTE as a matter of fact and tradition approved our one more programme, i.e. the Ph.D. courses in the CED. Its will be nice to see an engineering college produce doctors. The hard work of the students of the department is worth praising. Most of them got good placements even when it requires too much to get placed in this field.

With the new construction work going on under the construction cell, three new extensions have been added to the make-up of the building. Remodelling of water storage tanks has been completed satisfactorily in September, 2006. Flume with shed has now been relocated to make its presence felt rather inauspiciously. With increasing faculty, new offices have been constructed with some alterations in the remains. Hopefully, the repair work in the stairs will start shortly. Special thanks to the side corridor stairs which take away maximum load from the interior ones.

Finally, CED's National Conference was enough to hold the students back in college for a day in the most awaited mid-semester break. 75%, a dream figure for most of the students turned out to be a nightmare for a few unlucky ones. Even one short and sufferer was found fighting his way through the fluid. "The Old Nero of Rome" was accused of playing violin at office hours. Hope they try building India next time.

This was all about the CED's cap fully feathered. New developments will again begin when the feathers start blowing away.





Departmental Diary ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

VIVEK CHAUHAN & PRASHANT



What lies in a name ? Well !! this is the hottest buzz in the electrical engineering department or the electrical + electronics engineering department, if I may call it ! The batch enrolled this academic session is the first batch which will be getting the EEE degree. The question now is whether the second and third years will be getting the same or not. It was recommended by the department that they should as the third years are behind by just one chapter under the new scheme and the second years should most definitely because they have not even started. The first year syllabus being common for all the branches. Well the decision has been made and due to some policy issues the EEE degree is being awarded to only the first year and the future batches. Hard luck guys. But nothing is lost. If I may point out IT's don't give EEE degrees! Nonetheless the students are giving it their final shot !

Now let us get to some serious business going on in the department. As usual the department boasts of the best faculty in the institute. The students miss Dr. M N Bandyopadhyaya who had to leave the department this academic session as he is currently the Director of NIT Kurukshetra. The department has grown into the largest department in NIT Hamirpur and is still growing, adding more faculty and branching into new courses, projects and research areas. It maintains close affiliations and several joint research projects with a good range of interaction with other departments.

Several levels of education are offered in the field of electrical engineering ... B.Tech in Electrical Engineering, M.Tech in Electrical engineering and Doctors of Philosophy in Electrical engineering. Various undergraduate and post graduate projects are currently underway in the department. A few of them being

- ❖ Congestion management of restructured power sector with renewable energy resources under the scheme of R&D
- ❖ Modernization of existing high voltage lab under MODROBS.
- ❖ Contingency screening and ranking for voltage stability under R&D scheme
- ❖ Modernization of existing power electronics lab under MODROBS

The department has projects worth 5 crores for R&D purpose. The areas of research in the department are advanced power systems and technologies. No. of seminars and lectures were held for the students and faculties in the department.

The latest one being by Dr. Jha from NIT Jalandhar on Digital Control Systems. The department has also organized two TEQIP sponsored short term courses for the unemployed youth of the local community. The TFAC-CORE is one of its kind in the entire northern region. This has enabled the department to move ahead in the areas of transformer monitoring at site, easing of solid insulations and improvements, detections, location and deformations and integrity of winding deformation due to short circuit, performance and evaluation of transformer feeding steel industry, partial discharge measurement at site.

As another year passes by the department is moving in one direction and one direction only, i.e. UPWARDS. The campus placement record has been varying between 70 to 80% during the last few years. Though the remaining students secured a job off campus but this is one area where the department is focusing on improvement. Hopefully in the years to come the placements will be 100% or more.

"Extra classes (sigh)" while other department students were enjoying themselves in the hostels surfing the net, playing counter strike or just lazing around, the poor little electrical engineers were toiling it out in areas of electro mechanics, numerical analysis and the likes. As if 8:30-5:30 electrocution were not enough !

In sports champs in basketball & volleyball have the strongest teams (ON PAPER) in football & cricket but could not manage to make it to the finals somehow, better luck next time.

Yah...yet again the department continues to be the hub of the major decisions making in the institute (by the students of course), favourite spot for the all the meetings be it related to, "SRJIAN" or the HILL FFair or any other student meeting for that matter. It is the place where all the policies are made.



Departmental Diary MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

ABHINAV JOGI

The Royal Mechanical Engineering Department...wait a second...is it still 'royal'...?? The answer is, 'obviously yes!' Talking about royalty...it's always increasing!! Situated on the 'highest' in the institute, both in terms of contours and output, the department is one of the premier centers of its kind in the country. With a highly efficient administration and teaching brass, well equipped labs, infrastructure and state of the art Workshop...and the workshop dress too, the department caters to all the needs of its students.

Following the year 2005, the department has added to its list many new types of equipments, machinery and is on the verge of going for the MECHATRONICS LAB. Good news for the MEDDYs who couldn't get into electronics and a better one for them who somehow managed to get through it in their first year. Added to this, the computer lab has been completely upgraded with latest systems and have engineering softwares, not to forget Mozilla-Firefox for the 'better' use for students and the faculty as well as for academic and research purposes. Softwares for CAD/CAM are also being considered for further additions. Along with this, the CNC (Computer Numerical Control) Machining Center and CNC Turning Lathe & machines for large scale production, have been added to the Workshop. A CAM Lab is under construction and will soon start functioning along-with the Architecture department next to ours'. Hey guys, Lets have a poll sometime...which one of the two do you want first? Something interesting for the STAR Robocop Lovers, finally we have a ROBOT!

Now here is something which the MEDDYs can really be proud of. The Placements this time, as always, brought fortunes for our students as well as for 'Devbhumi' and 'LILLI'. The Department had nearly 100% campus recruitment of the 2006 pass out batch and 95% recruitment has been achieved for the 2007 batch with a complete semester still remaining. Some of the major recruiters visiting our campus for Mechanical Engineering students include Hero Honda, Alstom, Ashok Leyland, NTPC, LET, ABB, DRDO, ESSAR, Subros etc. Good news for the 'big ones'. This time it is planning to call the local gymnasiums for placements too...so get geared up!

The department has started a Postgraduate programme leading to M. Tech. Degree with specialization in 'Computational Methods and Experimental Techniques in Fluid Flow & Heat transfer' from the session 2005-2006 and is offering a PhD programme in the areas of Design, Thermal Production/Industrial. This means we are going to have more doctors now! The intake in the number of students in first year has also been increased as well as the furniture to seat them. The department is also looking forward to start new PG programmes for MBA (Industrial Management).

In association with ISTE (Indian Society Of Technical Education), 'Bike Stripping' was recently organized in which experts from Bajaj autos demonstrated the Bajaj Discover DT5i engine and its components followed by a cool interaction with the experts in the mechanical seminar hall after a hot lunch session and no one slept this time for more than two hours! By the way, next time they are planning to victimize a car, so keep an eye on your notice boards. Therefore, taking such events as a step, the 'coolest department' of the college, thanks to the refrigeration Lab, has laid a foundation for future institute-industry interface which is to be capitalized in the forthcoming years.





Departmental Diary

ELECTRONICS & COMMUNICATION ENGINEERING

KUNAL DHAR & SAUMYA RATHOR



"Old Hardware engineers never die, they just cache in their chips....." These words actually amass the whole educational career and the valued experiences of an electronics engineer into a single sentence. All the experiences are converted into an invention of new chip or a new circuit which remains 'eternal' even if the person fails to continue his breath. In every single moment the 'Technological World' comes up with a new technology by the continuous tuning of the unwearied minds of the engineers from behind: thus making the world a smaller and better place to live in.

Housed on the top floor of the newly painted administrative block is the 'Brand New' E.C.E. Department, shyly spinning up some threads of 'Creativity' with the Architecture Department underneath!! With snazzy classroom desks that have added as manuscripts for a lot many creative thinkers whose creativity gets on a high during Lectures and new green-boards, the department has undergone a major transformation. However, the exterior cosmetic surgery must have broken a million hearts, with the gorgeous balcony being iron-cut, which used to be the place for the 'Tronix Junta' to breath out sunlight.

But then there is another guy magnet. The Notice board of the department. What the girls miserably failed at, this 'not so good looking' board accomplished. Between the classes the ever enthusiastic 'Tronix Juntas' can be seen humming around this 'fortunate' notice board. There is also the renovation of the departmental library and the seminar hall taking place in the midst of all the activities bearing in the campus.

The end of the previous academic year embarked upon a change of gears in the hierarchy of the ECE Department with Mr. Vinod Kapoor giving way to the new LOD Mrs. Rajeevan Chandel. Not far from the ECE department is GTM- A 'Second Classroom' for the Tronix Juntas. Projects, seminars and periodicals are all cracked in this intellectual heaven. And the 'Third Classroom' is the 'Green Benches'. No electronics engineer is complete without his few moments being spent in idyllic bliss on the benches watching the Electrical students attending an array of classes, thus attaining an innate sense of joblessness.

Let's now throw some light on the laboratories – Laboratory is 'A place for 'Labor' not 'Oratory.' The department facilitates the students along with the working staffs with well- equipped labs of various kinds such as digital lab, communication engineering lab, television lab, digital signal processing & Embedded system lab, etc. The VLSI lab is also being set up in the department under the SMPP-II project of Ministry of Communication and Technology. In the labs, the old 'kits' have been replaced by the new 'Kittens'. The engineers are often found busy waving their mind along with the waveforms of the signal in the CRO and grooving with the tunes of FM and AM. The breadboard seems to be the play field for the budding engineers tuning their hands with the logic gates and ICs.

The department has got its computer centre renovated with brand new desktops attiring the suave desks. The PCs are well-equipped with all sorts of educational softwares including MEMS PRO software in VLSI design, Optical Simulation software OptSim-5, Proteas VSM, Matlab interface, orcad, etc.

As no beauty is 'beauty' without the essence of purity in it, similarly no degree (B. Tech) is deserving without having the 'Training' and 'Short term courses' in it. Experts from different corners of the country are invited for their expert views that the interested students find quite beneficial to their technical career. Recently the department had organized a training course on 'repair & maintenance of electronics gadgets' under the 'Community Service Programme' of the TEQIP. It had also co-ordinated the summer school on 'VLSI Design and Optimisation Technique' this year with the participation of the engineers from other premier educational institutions. The department also helps the engineers sharpen their knowledge by organizing short term courses like 'Recent trends in Digital Electronics' and national seminars on 'Recent trends in Communication'.

'No winter lasts for ever, and no spring skips its turn....' The campus recruitment starts with the fresh and cool environment of the winters. The department does shoot a line of having nearly 100% placement in the previous year and having more than 85% this year i.e. of the 2007 batch still with companies knocking at the door. The major companies visiting the NIT campus for the recruitment of the ECE students include Wipro, Hewlett Packard, BEL, Texas instruments, Perot systems, DRDO, Essar group, etc.

At both Undergraduate and Postgraduate level our modular programmes offer flexibility, allowing interdisciplinary combinations. The department is blessed providing M. Tech degree in VLSI Design Automation and Techniques (VDAT) along with the Computer Science & Engineering Department. Also the department is producing 'Doctors' of Philosophy (Ph.D.) in VLSI Electronics & Communication Engineering. All in all one helluva department with a perfect blend of brains with supernova energy!

Moments come and go, some sink in our mind while some leave an indelible impression in our memory. Yet another batch got passed out this year but their memories are still fresh somewhere in the corner of our heart.



Departmental Diary

COMPUTER SCIENCE & ENGINEERING

VIVEK SHAH & ASHWINI DHIMAN

"Experience The Power of Chaos" — The central idea that the CSED starts off with. If you don't like these lines then you are not one of the guys who do everything under the banner of "CSE ROCKS". The department is the heart line of NIT Hamirpur with the hearts aka network servers located in this hallowed department. This department is geeks' haven. It is much more than sitting in front of terminals and coding away to glory. To mention in a few words it is about nothing yet everything.

The department made grand efforts to bring the college on the technology map of the country. Sounds crazy? But where else do you get a whole host of IBM R 52 Thinkpads dedicated for internet access 6 days a week with restrictions (er... which can be easily bypassed)? The Labs have all undergone change from the ugly ducklings to the beautiful swans (that's a serious understatement). The old P2's have gone and in their place there are shiny new P4 LT with 80 GB of disk space. Thanks to TEQIP the whole lab structure has seen a new facelift. A free software revolution is visible with most of the PC's running on Ubuntu — a fact that Mr. Bill Gates won't be very appreciative of. "Change is the law of nature" and so be it but please don't ask if it's a social change. For this answer get in touch with the PC.

A slight bit of misfortune for the MED is that they now have to do a bit of trekking to reach their department with the computer centre being built. A 100 node computer centre is under construction to satisfy the cyber surfing urge of students. The network administrators need to be congratulated for effective maintenance of the college network amidst chaotic breakdown of LANs due to stated reasons like FLOODING and CRACKERS. For more information contact students in various hostels who have their intriguing hypotheses at your disposal. The department misses the service of Shri T.P. Sharma who had endeared himself to a lot of students and is currently on leave to complete his Phd. Shri Narottam Chand has joined the department after submitting his thesis in IIT Roorkee.

In a bid to promote interest of students in current know-hows, a lecture was organised on TCP/IP v6 and Encrypting file systems by Prof Dheeraj Sanghi of IIT Kanpur. To promote student participation various lucrative offers like "chai" were made which ensured brilliant student turnout though for different siestic reasons. Prof. Moinuddin of NIT Jalandhar delivered a lecture on "Mobile Computing". Prof. Saroj Kaushik delivered an expert lecture on "Artificial Intelligence" which was greatly appreciated (probably because of absence of natural intelligence). A computer Hardware and Software workshop was organised for the non-teaching staff of NIT Hamirpur in the interests of computer literacy.

Varun Rajput and Md. Intekhab organised a workshop on MySQL and website management where a lot of participation from outside the college also took place for reasons unknown to the department. The reason is being attributed to the popularity of ORKUT so everyone wants to build his own version. Debarshi Ray currently in final year has been made the official maintainer of Songariser under the Savanna project of GNU/LINUX. He is also one of the maintainers of the blog of Richard Stallman (RMS). So the institute can bank upon alumni for huge donations in the future. Anit Ahuja of final year secured 3rd rank in the online programming contest of IIT Roorkee in which second year students Vivek Shah and Divya Sharma secured 7th rank. Looks like the department has more than the fair share of its obnoxious geeks.



Departmental Diary Architecture

ARJUN B.S. & SWATI DHIMAN



This stream's job is not just about line maoing or spending sleepless nights for the sake of submissions. It has a lot more intellect involved (we understand). Architecture is about being creative by tickling those slender and seldom used imagination nerves, and penning down mind maps.

The biggest challenge for an Archi fresher came during Hill'ffair this year (!) Apparently, 'learning the basics' had them confined to their rooms to such an extent, that all the energy during Hill'ffair came as a blast that was a little too much to handle. Let's put our hands together and pray for the new batch this year.

Barring this foreseen incident, reports from the Department of Architecture, NIT Hamirpur also mentioned of talents being shown off during VISA events. The Department, however, declined to expand the word VISA. We did hear that the Credit Card Company's turnovers have shot up considerably this fiscal year. At the end of the first semester, 4 days were squeezed out of the tight schedules to fit in a trip on the Sujapur-Palampur-Dharamshala trail. The quality of the trips was said to have improved after 8 days were spent in Shimla and Chandigarh in the second semester. The Archians told us that they saw a lot of buildings and learnt about other interesting structures. But we know that's not why they went there! Life in the freshman year was basically fun, though 'fun' is user defined.

As Tintin's good friend Captain Haddock says, "Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!" Life began 'yo ho ho' for the second years and ended with a bottle of . (Fill in the blank. Please note that this is not a contest because we believe that even a drunken (wo)man can get this right.) They spent a good amount of time meeting intellectuals and exploring the unexplored. No comments. They went off the drawing boards and into the fields for surveying. The second years attended the annual NASA event in Mumbai from the 26th December to the 31st. They were the largest team of delegates and participated in various competitions. New Year celebrations were held in the train. Ashwini and Parvesh won a prize for making a clay model (putti) of a play station. The second years also visited Paragpur which is a heritage village in Kangra, HP, and met their counterparts from the University of Texas. Big projects in the form of working on the designs of the Baijnath Temple and the Lambhoo temple also came their way.

A good half of the third years spent their time in participating in competitions, designing and having fun. They visited Mumbai and Ahmedabad to participate in the annual NASA events. Rakesh Mishra dressed as a mummy using newspapers and won a prize. Later that night, he received a bottle of champagne with a note that read:

THE TOMB OF TUTTAKAMEN

Dear Rakesh,

You have shown exemplary talent with your work by fooling the crowds that you were a mummy. The Gods are very pleased with you, as am I. Please accept this cursed bottle of Champagno Xplosion IX as a token of my appreciation.

Stay healthy,

T'kamen

P.S. Do not share the drink with anyone. It's cursed.

Riyaz Habib won the second prize at the Convergence in IT Roorkee. B.N. Panda participated in a steel design contest. A transparency glass design INSDAQ was held as well. Acumen, a quiz contest also saw their participation. The rest of the year was all about submissions. And a few more submissions. And a few more. Stop.

The fourth years are a creative lot. Their innovative ventures can be seen in the campus itself (a search team has been sent out.) Sachin Patil wrote an award winning article on Green Architecture and walked away with a cool booty of Rs. 5000. Being a good student, he chose to invest it in his studies. The Bhota Hospital came under their looking glass. They proposed campus landscaping, designed the Auditorium reception and extension of the Office in the Administrative Block. In all, their time was well spent in applying their ideas practically. The Final Years were all too involved in thesis, projects, placements and training. Some planned to deviate from Architecture and do an MBA. A few thought of getting married.



hill 'ffair-06

ATTITUDE REDEFYNED

ARJUN B.S. & TEAM

Monday, 6th Nov 2006

Dear Diary,

It's called Hangover Day today, for multiple reasons, I'm permitted to say that the last three days of Hill'ffair got me so high that I felt dizzy getting up this morning. I guess, 3rd to 5th November were three of the best days this year. At a college level, the team did run the show like a business. No, I don't mean the show business. All of us did have a certain word called Break free on our tongues, though half of us didn't know what we were breaking free from. And the other half knew too much.

I think all those 50 plus odd days (or rather nights) of practices, arguments, discussions, brainstorming and other stuff that cannot be said in print boiled down to three chilly nights of stage shows.

Night One: It opened with the formal ceremony followed by a line of dances. I remember some kids dancing in one of them. Kaavya Sammelan was, what's that word, yeah-interesting. The Dramatics team held the 800 odd guys for 20 plus minutes with their Choreography, which btw, is considered commendable in NIT-LI. We loved it. Music was the taste of the evening after that. Everything that could be classified as music was played. Starting with Hindi numbers and ripping through the schedule like a Ferrari in fifth, it was shown what the Winds of Change could do to Breakfree. Or why Standing by me or being my Wonderwall (whatever that is) is so helpful. The new guys on the block, Zero Degree Celsius (Genre: Rock) closed the first night.

Day Two: The Fine Arts Gallery at the Auditorium, called Paradise was inaugurated by the Hon'ble Director at 11 A.M. Those paintings sure drove everyone nuts. People could be seen coming out of the gallery dazed, with mouths agape in astonishment! English and Hindi Clubs ran their events at the day time. And boy! They were different from the last Hill 'ffairs. Meanwhile the crowd remained afloat near the Open Air Theatre with various daytime competitions keeping them busy. The food stalls this time around were great! All roads led to the OAT for a second day in a row. The Musical Jugalbandi Competition was liked by all. This was the night of Fashion and Models. And Super Models. Mohd. Israr and Swati Ahluwalia were crowned the male and female supermodel respectively. They walked the ramp. We clapped. Dead Chain and a new look Second Gate (Second reloaded is what they call themselves) (Genre: Beyond Rock) closed the night. This sure was an amazing performance which sent the crowd in frenzy.

Day Three: Another day passed. Faces were painted. And the Tug-of-War-on-the-Road-at-dusk was dragging. A power cut in the evening gave the organizers a real scare. But the supply was soon restored and they could breathe again! And along came the Third Night. After the round of dances, songs, plays et al, we geared up to welcome in this year's Adam and Eve.

After introductions, Ramp-walking, answering hot-pan questions and biting nails, we got this year's Adam and Eve-Sanchit Gupta and Mansi Dulloo respectively.

Post prize distribution, the old look Second Gate along with Dead Chain did what they do best-play awesome rock. But this was not the end. The best part was yet to come, 'Seraphim' was here. Great things come in small packets, they say (holds true for the 2 guitarists of the band). The memories of Harshvardhan playing were still fresh in the minds of the audience. And here he was! Back with a bang! (and his kiddo bother). All the bands surely gave the 'headbangers' a real good time. Even some of the teachers could be seen banging their heads, arms-in-arms with the students. It all ended with FOOTLOOSE (the DJ nite) which was marred by some unfortunate incidents bringing about its abrupt and disappointing end which left the crowd furious. The curtains were drawn and it was all over.

Another issue regarding the Hill'ffair '06 were the sweat shirts. The sweat shirts were liked only by those who brought them. The ones who bought them are still wondering...

"If I leave here tomorrow, would you still remember me?"

A big thanks to Lynyrd Skynyrd for coming up with Freebird and that immortal line above from that song. That sums up Hill'ffair for 2006. See you next year.

The guy who writes into this diary,

(For Hill'ffair '06)





Sportsline

VIVEK CHAUHAN



Yet another season is over in the NITW SPORTS CALENDAR. It all began early this summer. The entire sports committee was revamped and it started off with a lot of steam, full of zeal and enthusiasm! (One wonders where all that steam gets lost midway somehow.) Anyways we had our fingers crossed and hoped that things would be different this time round.

The new species, the first years had just made their entry...moving around with their heads stooping low as if they would touch the floor. The sophomores, the newly proclaimed, rather self proclaimed lions of the jungle looking for a chance to take a rap at the pure little prey! Our honorable director had a vision that sports could help ease the freshers into the set up...and hence here we were, the BIG DAY...First year makes its debut in the NITW grounds. Playing their first ever cricket match against the second years. It was a matter of PRIDE for the second years, who wanted to show them who rules the roost...while the freshers wanted to prove their mettle and make a place for themselves. In a dramatic finish the freshers somehow managed to squeeze a victory! ZAP there was a buzz around the campus... although it was just a friendly match but still how could the FRESHERS WIN! Highly unacceptable! Everyone was desperate to get a crack at them and

show them who's BOSS! Well the management thought otherwise and the seniors were kept wanting.

Anyways it was time for the official soccer season to kick off. Fresh out of the WORLD CUP everyone was longing to show their skills with the boot. One could see all the teams sweating it out in practice sessions. The INTER BRANCH FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT was the first tournament to kick start the OFFICIAL NITL SPORTS FESTA. The inaugural match was kicked off by our director as CSE took on the Meddys! After an interesting match CSE managed to steal a victory. ELECTRICAL had entered the tournament as favorites but couldn't manage to win a single match. Half the college team consists of these electrifying personalities and yet they couldn't convert. Probably a little bit of overconfidence leading to their undoing. Well the CSE guys maintained their golden touch and went on to win the tournament 1-0 against CIVIL in an intriguing final.

Next up was INTER BRANCH BASKETBALL. The ELECTRICAL guys looking to avenge the humiliation that had been caused, took the tournament by storm. They literally blew out the opposition with their well crafted finishes and amazing twin towers! Nothing could stop them and they won the tournament hands down. The ROYAL MEDDYS were taken for a ride in the finals.

Rubbing the good luck and form from basketball the ELECTRICAL guys won the VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT as well. After all what could one do when one was receiving smashes from 8-9 feet height! In a well crafted final once again the MEDDYS succumbed to them.

Ummm...then came the big one...the INTER BRANCH CRICKET TOURNAMENT...it was literally a knock out tournament. The first match was played between arch rivals CIVIL and ECE. CIVIL managed to register their first victory. Meanwhile in the other pool ARCHITECTURE registered the greatest upset and their first ever victory, defeating the MEDDYS. CSE defeated MEDDYS and ended their tournament dreams. Next up was the clash of the titans. ELECTRICAL took on CIVIL...everyone knew that it was a virtual semi final. Whosoever won would proceed. The match ended in a controversial finish. There was some error made by the scorer and ELECTRICAL had lost. Well this wasn't taken lightly and a written complaint lodged which made the officials scrap the idea of a knockout tournament. ELECTRICAL defeated ECE and proceeded to the semis. In the semis they were put up against CSE who had got in as their pool toppers defeating the MEDDYS and the ARCHIANS. CSE won the match as it ended in a close finish. In the other semi CIVIL creamed the ARCHIANS. The finals were played between arch rivals CIVIL and CSE. Well luck wasn't going CIVIL'S way as the CSE guys put up a mammoth total. The CIVILIANS went down fighting. Perhaps the CIVIL captain is jinxed or something. He has been in every tournament final but is yet to win one!!

Moving on, the CIVILIANS did not take the loss against CSE lightly. They were desperate to take revenge. And they got their chance. They literally thrashed CSE in the INTERBRANCH BADMINTON FINALS!

Then on it was CIVIL all the way...they literally washed out the remaining tournaments in the INTER BRANCH category. One could say on a dream roll or something. They defeated the MEDDYS in the CHESS TOURNAMENT, then went on to defeat CSE in the CARROM and TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENTS as well. They had worked their magic all season and were crowned the INTER BRANCH CHAMPIONS. A title WELL DESERVED!!

At the end of the semester the INTER YEAR TOURNAMENTS have kicked off as well! The first being INTER YEAR FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT...in this as expected the THIRD YEAR GUYS literally creamed the rest of the teams to be labeled CHAMPS. In the next semester the remaining INTER YEAR TOURNAMENTS will be played to ascertain the CHAMP of CHAMPS!

Meanwhile there were a few INTER COLLEGE events as well in which our teams participated and brought home glory. The College SOCCER TEAM toured PUNJAB ENGINEERING COLLEGE, CHANDIGARH and brought in the third pedestal. Same was the case with the COLLEGE VOLLEYBALL TEAM which had gone to NIT KURUKSHETRA. However the BADMINTON team couldn't make it to the top three slots and came in fourth in NIT JALANDHAR. Hopefully the CRICKET TEAM which will be touring next semester, will manage to rope in some laurels for the institute!

Until then this is your Vivek Chauhan signing off..! See you next season!!!!



एक कदम

उजाले की ओर

गजेन्द्र सिंह सिकरवार

स्वामी विवेकानंद ने कहा है "नर सेवा ही नारायण सेवा है।" ईश्वर को पहचानने का और उसके साथ एकाकार हो जाने का सबसे सही रास्ता यही है। इसी उक्ति को अपना आदर्शवाक्य बनाकर आगे बढ़ने वाली एक संस्था है एन. आई.टी.एच. लिटरेसी मिशन।

हम सभी ने बचपन से आज तक जो भी मांगा, जो भी चाहा वो सब हमारे माता-पिता ने हमें दिया, लेकिन याद कीजिये जब आपने कुछ ऐसी चीज माँगी जो आपको नहीं मिल सकी तो कितना बुरा लगता था, हमें भी और हमारे पिता को भी। लेकिन चारों तरफ एक बार नज़र डालिये, इस दुनिया में कितने ऐसे पिता हैं जो बच्चों की माँगे पूरी करना तो दूर, उन्हें अच्छी शिक्षा भी नहीं दिला सकते, दो समय का खाना जुटाना ही उनका लक्ष्य होता है।

कॉलेज के हम छात्रों ने सचमुच जब एक बार आँखें खोलकर देखा तो पता चला हम समाज की कितनी बड़ी सच्चाई से, कितने बड़े घाव से मुँह मोड़कर बैठे हैं। तब हमने सचमुच दिल से कुछ करने की, एक नयी पहल की, एक नये प्रयोग की शुरुआत की। हमने फैसला किया कि हम चाहे समाज को न सही, समाज के भाग को तो बदल ही सकते हैं। हमने फैसला किया शाम 5:30 के बाद झुग्गी-झोपड़ियों में रहने वालों को यथाशक्ति पढ़ाएँगे।

किसी भी मिशन को चलाये जाने के लिये अगर जुनून के बाद जो सबसे ज्यादा चाहिये वो है - पैसा। इसके लिये हमने सबसे पहले तरीका अपनाया कलेक्शन का। इसके अंदर छात्रों से कुछ रुपये मेस बिल और इंस्टीच्यूट फीस से लिये, कुछ होस्टल्स और टीचर कॉलोनी से रद्दी बेचकर जमा किये। लेकिन हमारा नया तरीका है कॉन्सर्ट कराने का जिसे हमने नाम दिया है 'प्रयास'। इसके अलावा कॉलेज के कुछ पुराने स्टूडेंट्स भी कुछ पैसे भेजते ही रहते हैं। इसलिये शायद हमें भरोसा होने लगा है कि अच्छे इरादों को आगे बढ़ाने के लिये ताकत देने वाले लोग आज भी हैं।

हम चाहते हैं कि बचपन में हमने जो कुछ भी पाया है, हमें जो माहौल मिला है, वो सब कुछ वही माहौल, वही प्यार इन बच्चों को भी मिले ताकि फूल से इन बच्चों का बचपन यूँ ही महकता रहे, यूँ ही दूसरों को महकाता रहे। यहाँ बच्चों को किताबी कीड़ा या रट्टू तोता नहीं बल्कि खुले दिमाग वाले, हँसते हुए बहुमुखी प्रतिभाशाली नागरिक बनाने पर जोर दिया जाता है ताकि आगे चलकर वो समाज का अंग हिस्सा या रिसता घाव नहीं बल्कि भारत को आगे बढ़ाने वाला ताकतवर बाजू बन सके। और इन बच्चों के विकास का सबसे बड़ा सबूत है उनके चेहरे की मुस्कान, उनकी आँखों का छलकता आत्मविश्वास, उनकी चाल में झलकता उत्साह। ये ही बच्चे कॉलेज के स्टूडेंट्स के साथ हरेक मौके पर कुछ न कुछ जरूर करते हैं चाहे वो फिर 15 अगस्त हो, जन्माष्टमी हो, हिलफेयर या कोई भी मौका। ये बच्चे किसी भी उस बच्चे से कंधे से कंधा मिलाकर खड़े हो सकते हैं जो इनसे कहीं अच्छी सुविधाओं में पले बढ़े हैं। यही वो समय होता है जब हममें से हर एक अपने आप पर गर्व महसूस करता है।

हम सभी जानते हैं हमारे देश में फैली हुई निरक्षरता से लड़ने के लिये एक छोटा सा कदम ही है, लेकिन याद रखिये हजारों कोसों की यात्रा भी एक ही कदम से शुरू होती है। अंधेरा कितना भी गहरा क्यों न हो, सूरज की एक किरण उससे लड़ने को काफी होती है। और सूरज की किरण तो एक संदेश है, एक चेतावनी है अंधेरे को, कि अब सवेरा दूर नहीं।

उसी सवेरे की उम्मीद में लड़ रही है निरक्षरता के अंधेरे से साक्षरता मिशन की ये टीम। हम प्रार्थना करते हैं, हे ईश्वर! जल्दी सवेरा हो और हमारा समाज सूरज की मखमली, सुनहरी धूप से भर जाये, तब उस सुनहरी रोशनी में दुनिया के सामने सर उठाकर चमकेगा, हमारा भारत, हमारे सपनों का विकसित भारत।

असतो मा सद्गमय, तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय, मृत्योर्मा अमृतमगमय।।

(मुझे असत् से सत् की ओर ले चलो, अंधेरे से उजाले की ओर ले चलो, मुझे ले चलो प्रभु, मृत्यु से अमरता की ओर.....)



Psycho-a-Pathy

Raghu : I can't wake up to attend the 8:30 am class. I am running short of attendance and I am desperate. Please help me out.

Chatru : Your problem seems genuine. We suggest you adopt the following 3-tier approach to minimize risk. Firstly, sign a memorandum of understanding with your classmate (bribe him if necessary) to do a proxy for you. If not, then keep this hour as prime time & sleep. Last resort, sneak your way into the teacher's colony, and lock up his door the previous night.

Murga : "Roti leni ya degree leni" says Chachu/bhaiji in mess. "How do I get a degree without food?"

Chatru : Dear Victim, Your words reflect your pain and mental erosion. All we advise is to get that apron & toque going & cook your way to health & glory. Impossible! You say. Fear not, and then how about writing an application asking for replacement of Chachus with Chachees. Failing so, Canteen status has to be uplifted. After all, it's "The survival of the fittest."

Circuit : In winter, I accumulate inch deep dirt, I have been stinking for the last seven days, people refuse to sit with me at the dinning table, and my room-mates have migrated elsewhere and still this damned geyser refuses to give hot water. What should I do?

Chatru : Dear stinky, One obvious solution is bathing in deodorants if warm water's such a rare commodity. In case of deodorant breaking up, get innovative & go look for a natural hot water spring. In the absence of such natural wonder don't panic. Join 'Srijan' team and you will have a company of those similar to you. Also you have a perennial excuse that you were too busy with work. By the way how many people take regular bath in this College?

Chillar : I have a peculiar habit of stealing pens within sight. How do I overcome this?

Chatru : Dear pen thief, NO big deal. There is one guy in final year who hasn't bought any stationery in entire degree and is placed in Wipro (still going strong). You two can start a new Ocean 11. Nevertheless, after detailed analysis, we have come to the conclusion that it might be a genetic problem. Think twice, there is a possibility that it is a thief tracing device. Take a part time job in stationery, practice resisting the temptation. If all else fails, dial 100 & surrender.

Pajjad : It seems juniors wish just about everyone except me in this college. Even to chachus sometimes. What is my fault? Also I am too scared to rag.

Chatru : Get a bonafide certificate, hang it around your neck if possible. Unity is strength- walking in groups of five or more increases your chances of being wished. Still ignored! Join discipline club and bring them on!

Cheeky : I can't resist the sight of senior girls. Where am I going wrong?

Chatru : Dear stalker, you have a real problem on your hand. Yours is known as intra-gender bias wherein a person shows fool symptoms.

- (a) A sudden rush of seeing of a madam.
- (b) Trying to engage into a useless discussion.
- (c) Staring for long hours.
- (d) Keeping a constant vigil at PGH. If you experience this, then I suggest :
 - (A) Daily, 3 hours of interactions with the smartest female batch mate.
 - (B) Distract yourself while they are in sight. For instance pull out your shoe, smack your head etc. You will feel better.

And if nothing helps. Go man and ask her out. Don't you know the rule- the chances of a junior getting a senior girl is higher... (Read last year's Srijan).

Ms. Bournvita : I have got five proposals from boys' hostel. How do I choose?

Chatru : Test them in groups:

- (a) Envy meter :- Check their envy levels for each other. Use your discretion to eliminate them in pairs.
- (b) Spending power Parity :- Insist to ask you out for a lavish lunch (you can't go for dinner...sigh). Check his reaction. Make sure he maintains a continuous flow of gifts.
- (c) Fashion parade :- Best guys need this! Book a ramp. It's upon them to set it on fire. You choose the winner & groom.

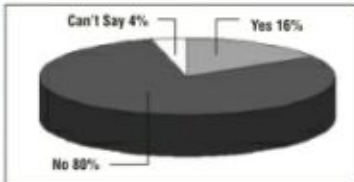
All the characters in this questionnaire are true to our knowledge. Their resemblance to any person living or dead is purely intentional

I Want It That Way !

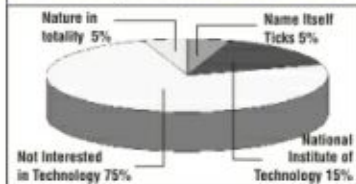
The SRIJAN team conducted a survey to keep track of the recent emerging trends in the institute as well as to know students' perspective on the issues related to their alma-mater. The survey was conducted in the third week of October. What follows is a report based on the responses of more than 400 students who participated in this survey.

1. At a time when B. Tech education suffers due to lack of infrastructure, does starting full fledged M. Tech and Ph. D courses make sense? Do you think this is going to improve the brand image of the institute?

The starter was to judge whether students are satisfied with the facilities and infrastructure available. Although the Data-Quest survey technical institutes of the nation on the criterion of infrastructure, the students out here did not seem to agree as 4/5th of the respondents found it little over optimistic action to start M. Tech and Ph. D courses, the reason being the lack of infrastructure. It seems they wanted the authorities to take an inside look into the infrastructure concerning the B.Tech students.



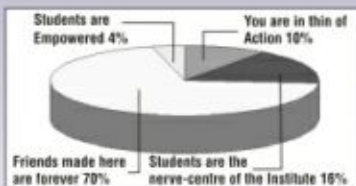
2. Your expansion for 'NIT' will be



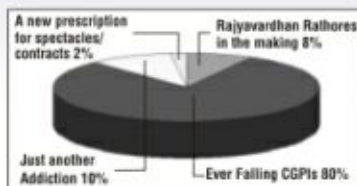
The question had no serious reasons but just a teaser to make the survey interesting, and the students appeared to be too frank giving a 3/4th turnout in the favour of the option that seems to be the weirdest one(who knows?). Perhaps, MHRD needs to consider the idea and rename the institutes, keeping the acronym still the same. After all what's in a name?

3. You love this institute because

They say Love has no reasons, but being an engineer, you need reasons to justify your falling in love with this college, and the options made it easy. 70% of the respondents gave the credit to the everlasting friendship relations they have developed here. A total of 20% considered their being empowered and being the nerve-centre of the institute as the reason for this 'Love'. And some of them were bold and honest enough to accept their laxity as the best offer provided by the institute. We second you.



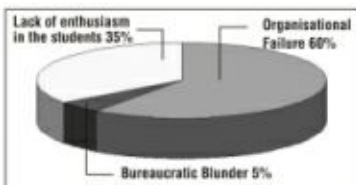
4. Consequences of rising popularity of Counter strike



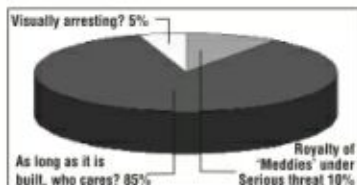
This question was thought to be exclusively for boys, though girls too had their say (we have a bunch of sharp shooters in PGH too; only they are armed with different weapons). And the answer was but too obvious, ever failing CGPIs, 80% people voted for which. Well, it must have disappointed the local opticians and the Ministry of Sports as well, just in case they were expecting someone from the institute bringing rare honours to the country in Olympics shooting.

5. What do you think Nimbus wasn't held last year?

Another serious question in the series was this one, and everyone was free to blame (aren't we Indians good at playing this blame-game. Think cricket). 'Organisational failure' as we students consider it, Nimbus at least counts for the students. But 35% felt that they themselves were to be blamed for not being enthusiastic. May be, the Final Year knows it better! No worries, we hope to have it this time.



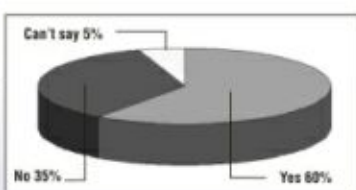
6. Your views on the location of new architecture department



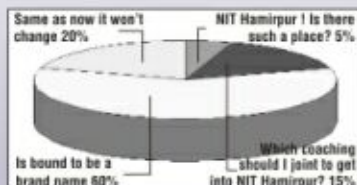
The response to this question was quite one sided, and Meddies must be happy, their royalty doesn't sense any threat. The attitude of the majority was a 'Don't care' variable, you can take it high or low; but true, until it is built, who cares! After all the meddies now do have a 'stayfree' attitude. But for a selected 10% the 'moods' may differ.

7. Do you think that banning of vehicles in the college campus is justified?

A question that challenged the decision of banning the vehicles in the campus, but not unless the respondents feel it is wrong; and they don't feel so, barring 35% of them (majority of which surely own one). Safety gets some consideration in the minds of the students. But some were seen on cycles then (Is ours so huge a campus!!), and then that too is not 'so safe', you may have a broken hand (besides a torn pair of jeans) the next day, 'a Cycle Accident'!



8. Where do you see NIT Hamirpur 10 years from now?



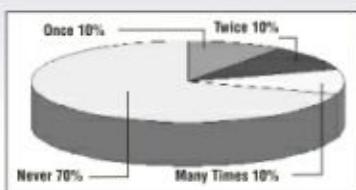
The question was put just to find out what NITians think about the 'future' of their institute; and the respondents didn't disappoint us. 3/5th of them were quite convinced that NITH is bound to be a brand name within the next 10 years. However, 20% thought that there won't be any change. But a subsidiary question arises- would these 60% send their children to get attached to this brand name. It seems optimism is in the air these days.

9. If you are made Director of this institute which things would you like to do to make NIT Hamirpur a better institution?

Quite a difficult one to answer, and then you don't have options to choose. Out of numerous replies, most of which in some way or in the other related themselves to academic and administrative response, the most prominent was to reduce the academic load on the first year students. (Its total different issue that most of the participants were freshers). There were a few weird suggestions like bringing GTM within boundaries of institute and a few weirder like allowing girls to be out of the hostel upto late nights (seriously what do these people think a director can do?). But the most striking response was to fire the present P.A. and hire a young lady instead (wow! this one sounds good!). Well, UGCs need not worry, for it will take no less than 3 decades for an NITian to come back as the director of this institute.

10. How many times have you given your valuable suggestions to the concerned officer/official for improving the governance of NIT Hamirpur?

This was particularly a kind of question the institute administration would be interested to know the answer of. And 70% of the respondents haven't ever suggested any improvements. To look at the brighter side, 30% of the students did suggest improvements at some point of time. But are those suggestions given a thought.... Well, to answer this question, we need another survey! (we are humans, people! we can't go on surveying you guys forever).

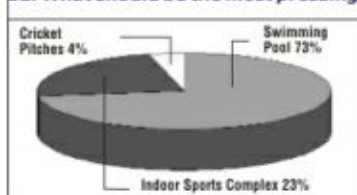


11. Name two things, which you have contributed to make NIT Hamirpur as a brand of which you feel proud of in the future.

The response was dominated with entries regarding Hill'ffair, sports, studies and blah blah blah but what really made us hold our tummy were the replies like "I paid my mess bills regularly.", "I went to techfests (read picnic) in IITs.", "I told my friends about the erudite environment prevalent here (wonder how does that help)". Overall most of the students were rendered clueless while one businessman said he had sold his Hill'ffair shirt to somebody at 30% profit!

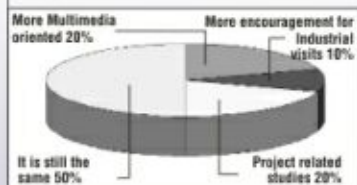
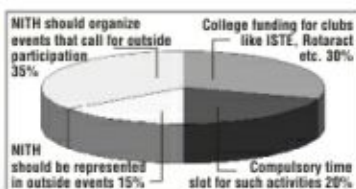
12. What should be the most pressing issue concerning the sports authorities of the institutes? Building a

NITians after Breaking Free now want to swim freely. Around 3/4th of them desperately want a swimming pool and the percentage of girls looking forward to have one built is even higher (YES!)!!! So the next generation Hammerporeans are going to be mermaids and sirens. And then, an Indoor sports complex is not so bad an option, 23% people want that too. And once popular cricket is losing its niche due to deteriorating performance of Indian team.



13. What should be done to improve the participation of students in extra curricular activities?

This was perhaps one question that successfully divided the respondents into groups. The biggest chunk wanted the institute to organize events and invite other colleges while the smallest one wanted to participate in the events of other institutes (official picnics). While one group advocated for compulsory time slot for these activities, another wanted the institute to fund the 'regulars' as far as extra-curricula are concerned. One better option, let's participate!

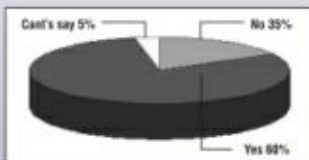


14. How has the teaching scene changed over the last couple of years?

And then the emerging trends in academia! How have things changed over past couple of years, half of the respondents say it's the same. The rest half, however, thinks that it has become more multi-media oriented and focus is on projects and industrial visits are being encouraged now.

15. Does a survey like this help?

Ohh! Thank you people we have generated a response for the first time. 17% of you were really interested and 80% were saving the overworked Srijan team from another headache (yes it's a painful one). So heads we win-tails we win. Hey, did I say 'optimism' somewhere.



Origin RELOADED of Species

By : Charles

'Shishir Goel'

Darwin

Have you heard of Charles Darwin??

Yes, exactly, the man who first created 'The Origin of Species'.

Wait! You'll be surprised to know he posted its sequel to The Chief Editor, Srijan, NIT Hamirpur. And to my astonishment it landed at the right place, who cares if it took decades. So here are few excerpts of what is called as 'The Origin of Species - Reloaded'.

Holidays are a necessity for every mortal. Everyone needs some time to relax, some time just for oneself. But a long holiday always leads to monotonies, boredom and frustration.

Same is the case with engineering. Four years is indeed a very long time for anyone just to relax and chillax. And excess of everything is bad. A large chunk of the NITians belongs to the specie of these bored and frustrated people.

You try communicating with them and in return you get a look as if you asked for their kidneys. The situation worsens if the prey tries to divert their attention from their mode of work which only they understand and no one else. Mostly the frustees are found in their rooms, probably deciding India's future or finding someone to blame for their inherent virtue. They possess a unique but a common dictionary within their group which can even make Oxford shy. Besides monotony, the strongest reason for their frustration is the global problem- "The Fearer Sex".

Advice is something one likes to give than to have and follow. There exists one such specie in the NIT jungle which has fought its way from the verge of extinction from its very infancy, but has always been labeled as the 'endangered' one. The title 'endangered' owes its existence to the feel other animals in the arena have about the taste of the 'mamus' being served in the slaughter house. The guts 'mamus' possess is worth appreciating. The endurance, patience and perseverance complimented with shamelessness makes them eligible enough to poke their nose in every petty thing. Others are just the 'bhaktjans' when the 'pandits' speak and the meeting has got no exit until it is over. It is the only class in the college where sleeping is more than a crime. So what if they boast about themselves with every single experience in the world being a part of their simple life, they have proved themselves time and again with their advices bearing fruits. Just one humble prayer Oh Lord!! May they not become the 'Jagat Mamus'.

When they left home, they were told to follow 'brahamcharya vratt' till the degree is over. But isn't it too much to be expected of an engineering student and that too in a co-educational college!! There exists specie within the jungle comprising of the most

dangerous figures which tries to adhere to the vratt till date. The reasons behind their 'keep distance' policy are manifold and it may be fatal to unveil them here. Popularly known as the 'babas', they are found in the deepest of the deep localities of the boundaries. Except for 75% attendance in the classes, it is against their pride even to visit the college and get a glimpse of anything even close to be called as the member of the opposite sex. But the 'ammas' possess an altogether different view about them thinking showing off is only a female's cup of tea. With 'babas' reaching the areas of public interest (sometimes) against their set principles, it is never less than a nightmare for the 'better halves' of the future. Right from the day, they get the entry ticket to the jungle; they become eligible for doing everything which others are allowed to do after 21 years of worldly life. There has been a remarkable increase in the size of the group with the grapes getting sourer day by day. Unfortunately, 'babas' have the maximum 'black sheep' and 'chameleons' in their gang. After all, they are known by the company they keep. Hope the real 'babas' don't get curtailed by them.

Inclination towards the opposite is innate to every being, but there are only very few who admit it. One such bold specie, much liked by the females only because of the importance for themselves they exploit from them, flourishes in the lush green NITH. Labeled as the normal ones by the feminine gender, CCs seem to give out a rotten smell to their counterparts and more importantly to their competitors. This accounts for the main reason they don't accept the reality. Found roaming outside the 'mandir' named after Shivji's wife suitably situated on the Mall Road in the evenings and attending most of the classes, they possess the most flexible tongue which always flutters to know the deepest truths of evolution. Abiding by their main motto "Better Avenues For Better Relationships", they continue their hunt for the suitable match throughout their life. There also exists a support for the group which believes in being the part of the social life. These 'tunnel-view thinkers' are always out of bucks because of their lavish habits to make some minimum number of calls per day and few parties per month.

The creatures of the specie auspiciously called as the 'Maggus' play an important role in maintaining the ecological balance. The worms are always found with their best friends, the books, which keep on changing every semester. Easily accessible in the library carelessly chewing and gulping the tiny creatures flourishing in their best friends, 'maggus' are the sole worms which give a special feeling the feeling that the jungle has got the status of an academic pasture of national level. The heights of dedication can be judged from the fact that the 'maggus' are found sleeping in their bills when the 'Jhinalala' goes on in the OAT. They are the cynosure of every forest inspector's eye. Entire credit for the dismal faces at the end of every breeding season with scores of other animals getting low goes to them. Their mere existence for other animals lies in their haste to complete the assignments and practicals. Unfortunately, one of these 'maggus' always gets 'The Best Animal Award' at the expiry of every term.

'Contentment' is their trademark. 'Satisfaction' is their mission statement. 'Velle' is their brand name. They 'storm the front' with their teams anywhere and everywhere they graze. Counter Strike and Age of Empires is their staple diet. Gossiping within the group forms

their fast food. They are known for their concentration power. Nothing can deviate these beasts from their work. But the primary degree objective of their stay in the jungle is always under some trouble. They are always in the 'danger zone' which begins from the entry gate to the convocation from the jungle. The veterinary doctors are highly benefitted by them at the end of every season. The certificates these doctors issue against some sum helps them to proceed through the season. It is all because of their appearance the area looks like jungle. Having strong belief in life being a game and shortage of time, they pay short visits to their homes only after the end of semester.

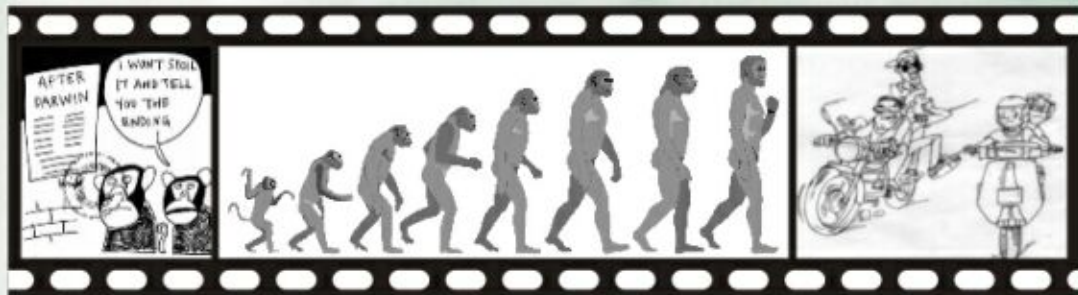
You might have heard about a rat boasting of himself and saying 'Hum red & white peene waalon ki baat hi kuch aur hai.' Our jungle is also blessed with some rats of this kind. This specie is always found in their favorite ditch known as 'GTM' in common language. The ditch has registered an increase in the visitors with the opening of a new temple and introduction of new feed. So very rightly called as 'Gire Tou Mare', this place is an inseparable part of the jungle.

With the Dhauladhar range of the jungle blessed with the new breeding ground, called The Nescafe Counter in human language, species of seasonal birds is now being observed perching. The birds travel in packs with other creatures of the same species all the way from the premises of the 'mandir'. The range is highly thankful to Nescafe along with Ganeshji to carry out the serious task of attracting birds. The deity has been visiting the hills every year during the Ganesh Puja. A bird watching spot in the national park of ours is under construction. Beware not to anger any, as the whole group might hate you.

One of the most popular (read infamous) species of all rounders, the title of which is still in oblivion exists in the premises. They are easily accessible at all the places of public interest. No less than a mama, no better than a CC, no more than a frustee, no worse than a vela, these monkeys are everywhere to render their services. One of the chief examples of such creatures is the only student having his message printed among those of the dignitaries at the beginning of the magazine. No doubt these animals are the idle ideals for many others.

The species so brought to the surface above are enough to describe all the animals in the jungle. If, however, a negligible number is excluded, they themselves are held responsible for this. They never proved themselves on one side of any specie.

Special thanks to Sir Darwin. It seems he was an engineer and completed his degree in the NITH.



Horizons

MIT TO NIT

Dr Richard Matthew Stallman (or RMS, as he is popularly known as) was in NITH on October 25th to deliver a guest lecture on Free Software. The lecture was organized in the college auditorium. Everyone was eager to see this chap after such a hype and buzz created in the college. As it turned out, RMS was a template computer geek with long hair and even longer beard! The prima-facie made him appear a cool laid back person but as they say 'the talent is always latent'. Appearances aside, the rapport of this 'cool chap' was huge. I was hoping he would live to it.

Finally he started speaking. And how!!! The issue he was to broach upon in his 'short' (was it?) speech was "Free Software". As every other lecture the beginning was grand but it appeared that RMS was bent upon winning more than a few supporters of his cause so was using the figure of speech called 'repetition' to make the point even more embossed. He was speaking like Morpheus. And then, time froze! And for the lovers of jokes he had lots on Bush and Microsoft. He explained some four freedoms which made free soft

wares a necessity. He continued speaking on this topic, driving home (or rather trying to...) one way or the other. But, many had drifted to a blissful sleep!! Later, he dressed up like a saint and the auditorium burst out in laughter.

The last leg of this "short lecture" was the question-answer session where the students fired questions and he answered. Sitting on the stairs, he very patiently listened and then answered them. After all this, there was the photo shoot, where the students swarmed around RMS to get their photos clicked with him. (And later put it up on orkut to brag!). It came to an end (thankfully for many!). All in all, it was fun and also a moment which goes down in the history of this college as one of the most remarkable.

By : Name withheld in personal interest!



SECOND GATE: ROCK ON.....

When things aren't quite going one's way, what's next? Put a rock band together and call it SECOND GATE! From the man who has been leading from the front, Harshvardhan Sharma (2002-06 Civil Engg.) decided that Second Gate would stand for a second opportunity in life. This year saw the band go big in a way that made the Institute stand up in pride. With Harshvardhan playing lead guitar and vocals, Jetaban Kachari (JK) with the Rhythm Guitar, Saurabhjyot on the Bass Guitar and drummer Achint, the band struck the right chords with their fan following whose numbers are growing the day.

While the main forte of the band has always been playing covers of heavy metal to classic rock, their skipper would some day like to play Blues. The band influences trace down to the Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd as well as likes of Iron Maiden. As every budding rock star dreams, Second Gate did move from playing covers to own compositions the most famous being 'Thin Air', 'ye lamha' and 'ye kya jagah hai'. Incidentally, the band was originally to be named Thin Air!

The other members of the band are equally rock fanatics. Saurabh, who switched to Rock from punjabi songs feels that bass guitar is not as easy as it is supposed to be and with the band adopting heavy metal and death metal genre, his role becomes even more important. JK is a cool customer and his sudden riffs both with guitar as well as his speech are more

than just popular. Achint believes in music, not necessarily heavy or soft and is pure concentration when he is beating his wand on the dead skin.

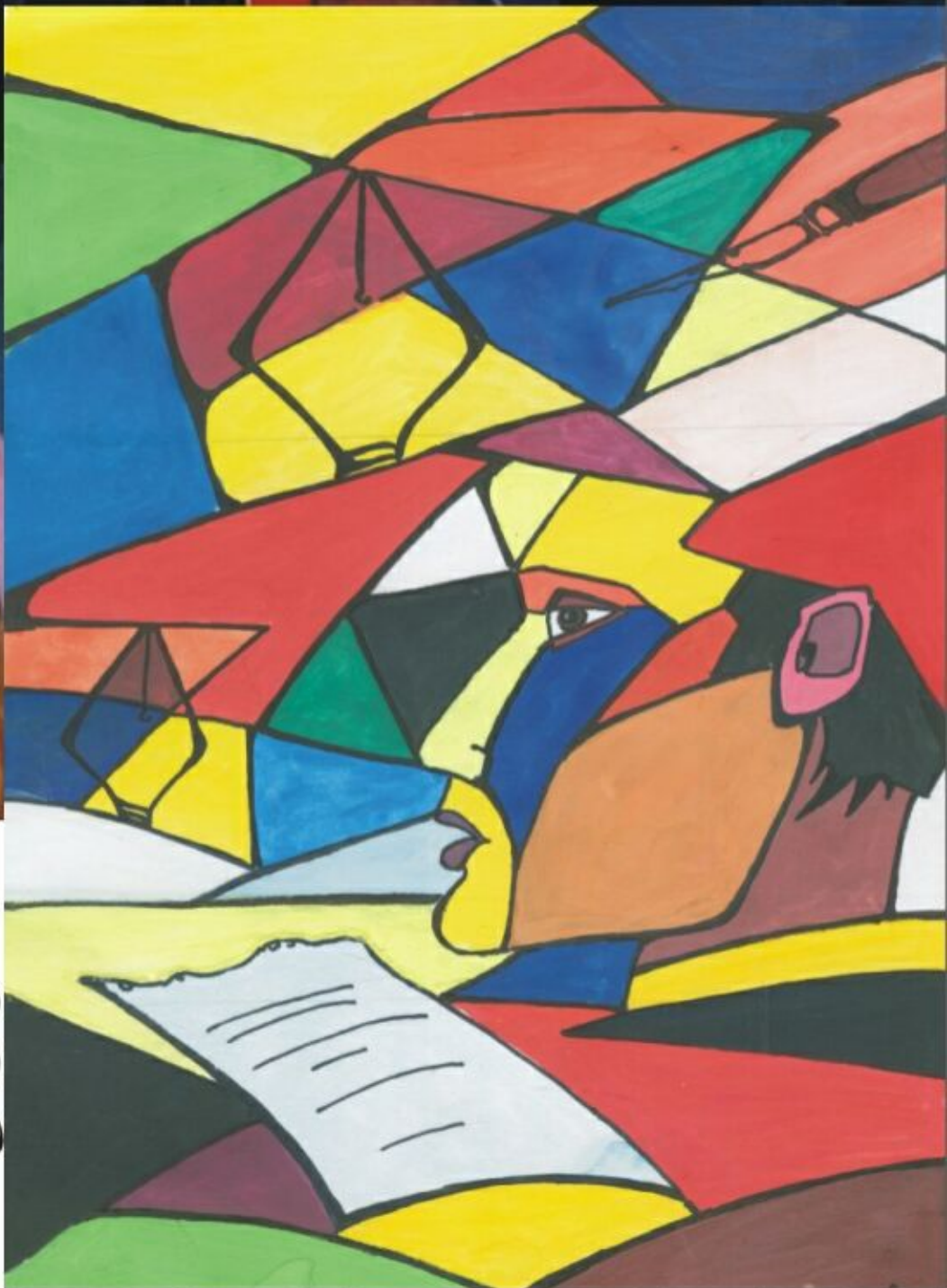
With inclusion of a new vocalist Aditya Thakur aka Adi, the metal has reached the level of gothic and very very dark death metal. Even JK has a companion in immensely talented Sid aka mumbaiya and the duo creates furore and music simultaneously. With guest performances from Peeyush Shandil, Rohitashwa and others, they cater to everybody's tastes.

So the message is loud and clear. "Long live rock and long live the Second Gate".



360°

360°



BEST ENTRY FINE ARTS

graphics by : TAMAL KANTI PAUL

Take a ray. Rotate it on its pivot so that it regains its original position. One gets an angle. Some may say zero! But we call it 360 degrees because the word has the coverage, experience and journey that zero misses. In Srijan this ray is of thoughts. The thoughts when pivoted to their origin i.e. our brain and rotated, they encompass everything... be it realism, philosophy, youth cults, information, fashion, metaphysics, sports, personalities, politics or simply life. The 360 degrees can not be thought and imagined. They have to be experienced, researched and debated upon. So this section is not intended to be composed of original ideas. Rather it is an amalgamation of data from different resources with an intention to provide the readers a circumspect delight.

Enjoy the rotation !!

▷ Symbology

Shishir Goel & Abhinav Jogi

▷ In God's Own Life

Arjun B.S.

▷ सन् सत्तावन के भूले-बिसरे शहीद

रवि कुमार

▷ Band Aid

Dipanjana Mazumdar

▷ Step-Uncle Sam

Vivek Chauhan

▷ Knocking On Heaven's Door

Sachit Kaushal

▷ Alien Skulls

Aditya Gandotra

▷ A Journey On Wheels

Divya Sharma

▷ Science Vs Religion

Vivek Shah

▷ Catch The MBAndwagon

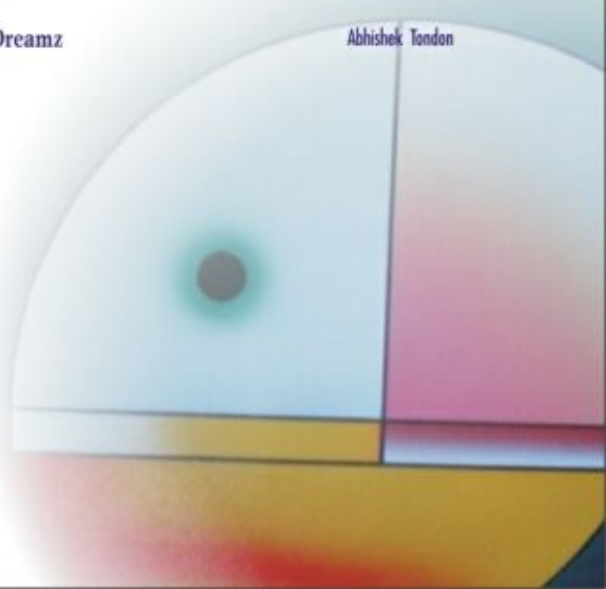
Prashant

▷ शस्त्र

गजेन्द्र सिंह

▷ Dreamz

Abhishek Tondon



Symbology

SHISHIR K.GOEL & ABHINAV JOGI

THIRD YEAR

"The Martians are coming...!!" "We come for peace....", said the Martian Ambassador. "We came for peace", saying this someone from the crowd released the Dove, the Peace Symbol for people on earth.....But something goes seriously wrong.....the Martian Ambassador finds the 'Dove' a symbol of danger and kills it, further, ordering an attack on Earth....!!

The above scene comes from the famous movie, 'The Mars Attack'. **Symbols**, which are material objects whose shape or origin is related, by nature or convention, to the thing they represent. For example, **The Scepter** is a traditional symbol of royal power, **The Olive Branch** represents peace, **The Halo** is a symbol of sainthood in Christian imagery, The **Tartans** are symbols of Scottish clans, and the **Colour Red** is often used as a symbol for socialist movements, especially communism.

Symbols can also be analysed by parsing them into the artifact and the metafact. An artifact is a humanly constructed object that can be perceived by the senses. It can be seen, heard, smelt, tasted, touched, or felt. In contrast, a metafact is a human constructed object that can only be held in the mind. A favorite song, the concept of a nation or a cause, or the idea of economic value are metafacts. When artifacts and metafacts combine, they form a symbol. A woven piece of cloth is just an artifact until it is invested with the metafact of a cause or a nation, then it becomes a flag, and that flag is a symbol. A stamped piece of metal is just an oddly shaped bit of metal until the stamped image stands for a measure of economic value, and then it becomes a coin. Some of the

most common and important symbols are discussed further.



OM

The symbol Om (also called Pranava), is the most sacred symbol in Hinduism. The symbol of Om consists of three curves, one semicircle and a dot. The lower

curve denotes the waking state, the upper curve denotes deep sleep, and the right-side curve (which lies between deep sleep and the waking state) signifies the dream state. These three states of an individual's consciousness, and therefore the entire physical phenomenon, is represented by the three curves. The dot signifies the Absolute (fourth or Turiya state of consciousness), which illuminates the other three states. The semicircle symbolizes Maya and separates the dot from the other three curves. The semicircle is open on the top, which means that the absolute is infinite and is not affected by maya. Maya only affects the manifested phenomenon. In this way the form of Om symbolizes the infinite *Brahmand* and the entire Universe and the world. Aum is made out of the three Gods Shiva, Ganesh and Gayatri. Found first in the Vedic scriptures, Om has been seen as the first manifestation of the unmanifest Brahman (the single Divine Ground of Hinduism) that resulted in the phenomenal universe. Essentially, all the cosmos stems from the vibration of the sound 'Aum' in Hindu cosmology. Indeed, so sacred is it that it is prefixed and suffixed to all Hindu incantations. It is undoubtedly the representative symbol of Hinduism.

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THE SKULL AND CROSS BONES

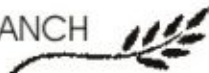


If you have seen the famous action movie 'Pirates Of The Caribbean', then you would like to know about something the pirates really 'love'...Yes, you are right...it's the '**Skull and Crossbones**'. The '**Skull and Crossbones**' is a symbol

consisting of a human skull and two bones crossed together under the skull. Today, it is generally used as a warning of danger (usually with regard to poisonous substances). The symbol, or some variation thereof, was also featured on the Jolly Roger, the traditional flag of European and American pirates.

Actual skulls and bones were long used to mark the entrances to Spanish cemeteries (*campo santos*). The practice, dating back many centuries, led to the symbol eventually becoming associated with the concept of death. In 1829, New York State required the labeling of all containers of poisonous substances. The skull and crossbones symbol appears to have been used for that purpose since then.

THE OLIVE BRANCH



A white dove is generally a sign for peace. This comes from the biblical reference, 'a dove was released by Noah after the Great Flood in order to find dry land'. The dove came back carrying an olive branch in its beak, telling Noah that the Great Flood had receded and there was land once again for Man. This symbolized that God was ending his "anger" with mankind. The appearance of the rainbow at the end of the Flood story also represents peace, whereby God directs His 'bow' toward Himself, an ancient symbol of a cessation of hostilities. The motif can also represent 'hope for peace' and even a peace offering from one man to another, as in the phrase 'extend an olive branch'. Often, the dove is represented as still in flight to remind the viewer of its role as messenger.

THE CND PEACE SYMBOL



This symbol was adopted as its badge by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in Britain, and originally, its use was confined to supporters of that organization. It was later generalised to become an icon of the 1960s anti-war movement, and was also adopted by the counterculture of the time. It was designed and completed February 21, 1958 by Gerald Holtom, a commercial designer and artist in Britain. He had been commissioned by the CND to design a symbol for use at an Easter march to Canterbury Cathedral in protest against the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston in England.



Semaphore 'N'



Semaphore 'D'

The symbol itself is a combination of the semaphoric signals for the letters 'N' and 'D', standing for 'Nuclear Disarmament'. In semaphore the letter 'N' is formed by a person holding two flags in an upside-down 'V', and the letter 'D' is formed by holding one flag pointed straight up and the other pointed straight down. These two signals imposed over each other form the shape of the peace symbol.

THE PENTAGRAM



A **pentagram** (sometimes known as **pentalpha** or **pentangle**) is a five-pointed star drawn with five straight strokes. Pentagrams were used symbolically in ancient Greece and Babylonia. The Pentagram has magical associations, and many

people who practice pagan faiths wear them. Christians, once commonly used the pentagram to represent the five wounds of Jesus, and it also has associations within 'Freemasonry'.

The pentagram has long been associated with the planet Venus, and the worship of the goddess Venus, or her equivalent. It is also associated with the Roman Lucifer, who was Venus as the Morning Star, the bringer of light and knowledge. Pentagram image from Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa's *Libri tres de occulta philosophia* illustrating 'The golden symmetry' of the human body (A lot about *The golden symmetry* is mentioned in The Da Vinci Code).

The first uses of the pentagram are found in Mesopotamian writings dating to about 3000 B.C. In the Babylonian context, the edges of the pentagram were probably orientations: forward, backward, left, right, and 'above'. These directions also had an astrological meaning, representing the five planets Jupiter, Mercury, Mars and Saturn, and Venus as the 'Queen of Heaven' (Ishtar) above. The Pentacle has another surprising link with the planet Venus. The planet traces a perfect pentacle across the sky in every four years and this has become the symbol of perfection, beauty and love. This is why the Greeks organized their Olympiads once in four years and their five intersecting circles represented the spirit of harmony and inclusion corresponding to the five pointed star, 'The Pentacle'.

THE CHINESE DRAGON



The **dragon** is typically depicted as a large and powerful serpent or other reptile, with magical or spiritual qualities. Mythological creatures possessing some or most of the characteristics typically associated with dragons are common throughout the world's cultures. The

various figures now called dragons probably have no single origin, but were spontaneously envisioned in nearly every different culture around the world, based loosely on the appearance of a snake and/or a large bird of prey and possibly fossilized dinosaur and Tertiary mammal megafauna remains.

Dragons are often held to have major spiritual significance in various religions and cultures around the world. In many Eastern and Native American cultures

dragons were revered as representative of the primal forces of nature and the universe. They are associated with wisdom often said to be wiser than humans and longevity. They are commonly said to possess some form of supernatural power, and are often associated with wells, rain, and rivers. In some cultures, they are said to be capable of human speech.

Dragons are very popular characters in fantasy literature, role-playing games and video games today. The term *dragoon*, for infantry that move around by horse, yet still fight as foot soldiers, is derived from their early firearm, the "dragon", a wide-bore musket that spat flame when it fired, and was thus named for the mythical beast.

In medieval symbolism, dragons were often symbolic of apostasy and treachery, but also of anger and envy, and eventually symbolised great calamity. Several heads were symbolic of decadence and oppression, and also of heresy. They also served as symbols for independence, leadership and strength. Many dragons also represent wisdom; slaying a dragon not only gave access to its treasure hoard, but meant the hero had bested the most cunning of all creatures. In some cultures, especially Chinese, or around the Himalayas, dragons are considered to represent good luck.

THE CHAOS STAR



The chaos star (called a 'chaosphere' by some practitioners) is the most popular symbol of chaos magic. '**Chaos Magic**' is a relatively new form of ritual and *empty-handed magic*.

Practitioners use mind altering techniques, they call 'gnosis', including, but not limited to, meditation, chanting, spinning, dancing, drug use, pain or orgasm. Practitioners hold that they can shape reality using this form of magic.

The term **Chaos magic** first appeared in print in the widely influential *Liber Null* by Peter Carroll, first

the write angles

published in 1978. In it, Carroll formulated several concepts on magic that were radically different from what was considered magical mysteries in the days of Crowley. Magicians who align themselves with these ideas call themselves Chaotes, Chaoists or sometimes Chaosites.

Chaos magic is unique among magical traditions in that it does not attribute significance to any particular symbol or deity. *Wicca* and *Thelema*, for example, could not be what they are without the *Mother goddess* and *Horus*, respectively. In contrast, chaos magicians may (or may not) pick any concept or set of concepts to worship, invoke or evoke. The eight-pointed chaos star (or chaosphere), originally taken from the fantasy novels of *Michael Moorcock* is frequently used by chaos magicians. Chaos magic has had name checks in such places as DC Comics, Marvel Comics (See: Scarlet Witch), and Buffy the Vampire Slayer.



THE HEXAGRAM

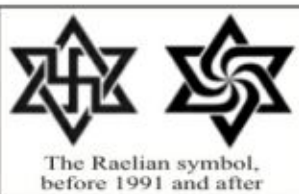
A **hexagram** is a six-pointed type of complex star polygon. It is usually symmetrical, formed from two overlapping equilateral triangles, of

which the intersection is a regular hexagon. While generally recognized as a symbol of Jewish identity in the recent times, it was and still is used also in other historical, religious and cultural contexts, for example in Islam, in the Eastern Religions as well as in Occultism. *In mathematics, the G₂ root system is in the form of a hexagram.*

The hexagram is a Mandala symbol called *satkona yantra* or *sadkona yantra* found on ancient South Indian Hindu temples. It symbolizes the Nara-Narayana, or perfect meditative state of balance achieved between Man and God, and if maintained, results in 'Moksha', or 'Nirvana' (release from the bounds of the earthly world and its material trappings).

RAELISM

The pacifist International Raelian Movement (IRM)



The Raelian symbol, before 1991 and after

uses a hexagram. The root of this symbol, according to the founder of the IRM, Rael, can be attributed to its use by genetic engineers

from extrasolar planets who are allegedly the same entities referred to as Elohim. According to Rael, these space travellers came to Earth and synthesized life from non-living matter in seven laboratory bases which contained the symbol.

Some meanings which involve particular variations of this symbol are supported by the IRM, such as 'swastika' which means 'well being' and 'infinity in time' (Hindi sees the swastika as a symbol for 'eternal' cycles). In Raelism, the upper and lower triangles represent '*as above, so below*', which refers to either the likeness between the creators' past and created's future or the repeating fractal hierarchical structure in the universe. The symbol initially used by the Raelian movement was the source of considerable controversy linked to a proposal to build the Raelian embassy in Israel since it resembled a hexagram with the image of a Swastika embedded in its center.

Occultism and Other Uses

The hexagram was and is used in practices of the occult (where it is known as a sorcerer's star) as well as Satanism. In these traditions the hexagram is inscribed inside a circle with the points touching it. In alchemy, the two triangles represent the reconciliation of the opposites of fire and water. In some cultures, the triangle pointing downwards represents *female sexuality* and the triangle pointing upwards represents *male sexuality*, the combination representing unity and harmony. This use of the symbol was used as an important plot point in The Da Vinci Code.

There are many symbols which we come across in our day to day life and we do not realise their real meanings and their origins. For example, the 'horns' which many of us make behind our friends' heads while posing for photographs.....just try and find out what they actually mean and we are sure you will be outwitted !!



In God's Own Life

ARJUN.B.S

THIRD YEAR

[Best Footballer of the century-people's choice, an ardent devotee of Che Guevara, a disciple of Fidel Castro, a star, the enlightened one, God. And human. A sneak peak into the story as told from the horse's mouth.]

Villa Fiorito is a poor neighborhood on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, Argentina. In Fiorito, summers are very hot and winters can get really cold. Life here can be described in one word- 'struggle'. If there is something to eat, people eat; else they don't. An obscure neighborhood sans essentials, its name sits on the tongues of millions across the world. On October 30, 1960 a poor couple had their fifth child. His name was Diego Armando Maradona.

THE EARLY YEARS

"Everything I did, every step I took, was because of the ball. If La Tota sent me on an errand I would take with me anything that resembled a ball: it could be an orange, or scrunched up paper or cloths. And I would go up the steps on to the bridge that crossed the railway, hopping on one foot, the right one, and taking whatever it was on the left, tac, tac, tac... That's how I walked to school as well."

(The Beginning, Pg. 3)

At 9, Diego began his hilly ride in football at the Argentinos Juniors with the *Los Cebollitas* (the little onions). Barely out growing his shorts off the field, little Maradona and his band of merry men once went on a record-winning spree of 136 games in a row in the local tournament! In a game against another Buenos Aires side Banfield, the *Los* won 7 goals to 1. Diego, playing with 7 stitches in his hand wrapped in bandages, scored 5 out of the 7 goals.

THE RISE AND FALL

Playing through his teens with Argentinos Juniors, Maradona's prowess with the ball went beyond the

shores of Argentina and South America. In 1978, the team for the World Cup was picked. Maradona was kept out of the squad that went on to clinch the cup that year. As it is oft said, some succeed by a desire to win and few others are driven by nightmares. But when the fuel is *bronca*, only the heavens can do anything to stop you and your team from winning the Youth World Cup in Japan. Beating the Russians by 3 goals to 1 in the finals, Maradona had led the team to win the tournament in which he was adjudged the best player.

By 1981, Argentinos were fighting offers to keep Maradona in their grips. Boca Juniors were near broke at that time. River Plate, the archrivals of Boca, had the money and tried luring in Maradona. The entire family of Diego's had always supported Boca Juniors. For the first time, and not the last, Diego signed up to play at the Bombonera stadium with Boca. Across the Atlantic, Barcelona FC in Spain was crying out loud in 1982 to sign up Maradona. The crossing was made from the Bombonera to the Nou Camp. But the honeymoon period (or the lack of it) was soon over by '84. Maradona's career was on the rocks. The 1982 World Cup was best forgotten for Argentina. Jose Luiz Nunez, the then President of Barcelona wasn't exactly Diego's best pal.

THE COMEBACK

1984. Naples, Italy.

Napoli was fighting relegation in the Serie A. Cometh the hour, cometh the man. The resurrection of the club was in store as much as that of the man in the years to follow. Two years from his arrival there, from the bottom of the Serie A, Napoli rose like a phoenix to win the *scudetto* in '86, the same year the Hand of God and the Second Goal were crafted in Mexico.

"29 June 1986, Azteca Stadium, Mexico. That date and that place are now imprinted on my mind, on my skin. I remember the feel of the cup in my hands, I was shaking it, and I didn't know what I was doing. I lent it to goalie Nevy Pumpido for a bit but I immediately asked for it

the write angles

back. I want to be sure it was true- that the World Cup belonged to us, to Argentina."
(The Glory, Pg.104)



Naples got everything that the Good Lord had permitted the God to give them. 4 years later, when Fabio Cannovaro was a ball boy there, the San Polo stadium in Naples was set to host Italy and Argentina in the semi-finals of the 1990 World Cup. Newspapers ran headlines- "Now, it's Italy against Maradona" and "Dear Diego, see you at home". Just before kick off, the teams lined up for the national anthems. For the first time, the Argentinian national anthem was applauded from beginning through till the end. In Maradona's heart, that was half the match won. From the terraces at San Polo, banners read "Diego in our hearts, Italy in our songs" and "Maradona, Naples love you, but Italy is our homeland". A couple of hours later, Italy was out of World Cup 1990. It was a Germany-Argentina final.

"How could I not weep? I'd had the World Cup snatched away from me. Robbed. And I was getting whistled, whistled. What more did they want? Afterwards, in Argentina, people wanted to celebrate: you don't celebrate second place, tiger."

It was all over in Italy. Naples was done. In the following years, Maradona played for Spanish side Sevilla before returning to Argentina with Newell's Old Boys in 1993.

A SECOND LIFE

Two things happened in USA '94. Few can forget Maradona charging at the camera screaming at the world

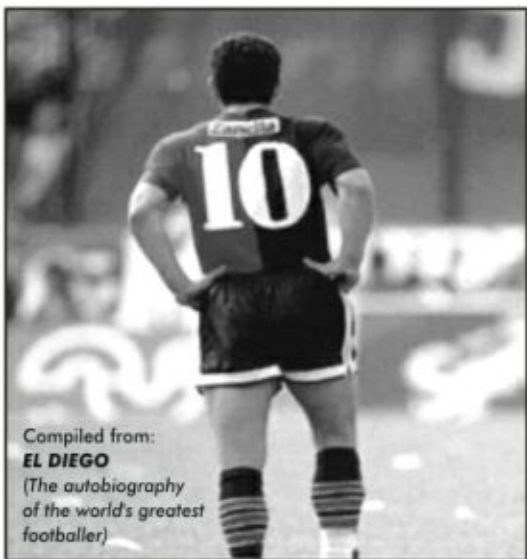
after scoring a stunning goal against Greece. But 'THE END' was just around the corner. A plump nurse stepped on to the field while celebrations were on against Nigeria. She was to lead Maradona to his execution. Ephedrine had pulled the curtains rather abruptly on a career that'll be talked about 2000 years hence.

It was Esteban Cichello Hulner's idea; an Argentinian boy studying at the Oxford University to whom Diego Maradona would be ever grateful to. The prestigious university on Hubner's suggestion conferred the title "Master Inspirer of Dreams" to Maradona in November of 1995. Later that decade, in 1999, he was voted the best Argentinian Sportman of the 20th Century.

ATHIN LINE

Being Maradona means getting the cars you want. When in Italy playing for Napoli, he demanded for a version of Mercedes that wasn't available in the Italian market. Mercedes sent the car to Maradona's house with all the bigwigs from the car company there to present the car to him. It was the first of its kind to be brought into Italy. The keys were handed over and everybody around watched as Maradona opened the door and stepped in to the car. He sat in the driver's seat lapping up every ounce of charm (that a Merc never fails to exude). His hands felt the gear shift as everyone watched- "It's automatic", he said. "Yes, the latest one." they replied. He got out of the car, handed back the keys saying- "I don't like automatic gears."

For as long as El Diego shall remain, there will exist a thin line between genius and madness, and Man and God. Amen.



Compiled from:
EL DIEGO
(The autobiography
of the world's greatest
footballer)

सन् सत्तावन के भूले-बिसरे शहीद

रवि कुमार

द्वितीय वर्ष

“किसी अपरिचित डाली से गिरकर जो नीरस जंगली फूल,
फिर पथ में बिछकर आँखों में चुपके से भर लेता धूल।
उसी सुमन सा पलभर हैसकर, सूने में हो छिन्न मलिन,
झड़ जाने दो जीवन-माली, मुझको रहकर परिचयहीन।”

(महादेवी वर्मा)

कहते हैं, ताजमहल में संगमरमर की खुबसूरती और उसके वैभव पर तो सबकी निगाह जाती है, उसकी प्रशंसा हर कोई करता है पर प्रायः लोग उन पत्थरों, उन आधार शिलाओं के बारे में कभी नहीं सोचते जिनकी बुनियाद पर यह सुंदर रचना, दुनिया का यह सातवां आश्चर्य सदियों से टिका है। उन मूक पत्थरों की पीड़ा और उपेक्षा, उनके कभी न मिटने वाले अंधेरे, उनका विलक्षण धैर्य तो बस कवियों, साहित्यकारों और दार्शनिकों के लिए ही प्रिय विषय हो सकते हैं।

पर यही दुनिया की बिड़बना है। यहाँ हर किसी को उसकी योग्यता, मेहनत या फिर उसके त्याग के अनुपात में परिणाम मिले यह जरूरी नहीं होता। कुछ ऐसा ही है अपने उन अनगिनत शहीदों के साथ जिन्हें हमने, आपने, सबने भुला दिया।

इस देश में नेताओं, नौकरशाहों या तथा कथित बुद्धिजीवियों से अब विशेष अपेक्षा नहीं रखी जा सकती। जो लोग कई दिनों तक बस इस बात पर उलझे रहे कि स्कूलों में सात सितंबर को ‘वंदे मातरम्’ गाने दिया जाए या नहीं, जिनमें से कड़वों को तो राष्ट्रगान तक भी पूरा याद नहीं और कुछ तो इसके गान के समय बैठे हुए भी पाए गये। वे भला देश के ऐसे सपूतों की खोज-खबर क्यों करेंगे, उन्हें याद क्यों रखेंगे ?

पर कम से कम भारत का युवा वर्ग, यह नई पीढ़ी जिसके कोरे और ताजे मन-मस्तिष्क पर अभी स्वार्थ और छल-कपट रूपी धूल की वह मोटी परत नहीं चढ़ी, उसे तो इतना कृतज्ञ नहीं होना चाहिए न !

10 मई 1857, अपने महान् देश के गौरवशाली अतीत का एक सुनहरा दिन यह तारीख जिस दिन सदियों से परतंत्र एक मृतप्राय राष्ट्र की चेतना पुनः जाग उठी। लगभग पूरा भारत फिरंगियों को देश से बाहर निकालने के लिए एकजुट हो गया। इस प्रथम स्वतंत्रता-संग्राम में, जिसे कुछ इतिहासकारों ने ‘सिपाही-विद्रोह’ का नाम भी दिया है, तात्या टोपे, रानी लक्ष्मीबाई, नाना धुंधूपंत, बहादुरशाह ज़फर, बख्त ख़ाँ जैसे विख्यात सेनानियों के नेतृत्व में क्रांतिकारियों ने अंग्रेजों को नाक़ी घने चबवा दिए।

the write angles



पर ये तो कुछ ऐसे नाम हैं जो अग्रणी थे और जिन्हें प्रायः सभी जानते हैं, किंतु दुर्भाग्यवश अनेक वीरगाथाएँ, दस्तावेजों और पुस्तकालयों की अलमारियों में बंद होकर रह गईं। ऐसे शहीदों के नामों की फेहरिस्त तो काफी लंबी है पर उनमें से कुछ हैं - इंजीनियर मो. अली खान, जैतपुर (म.प्र.) की रानी, मालागढ़ (उ.प्र.) के वलीदाद खाँ, कानपुर की नर्तकी अज़ीजन, धार की रानी द्रौपदी बाई, हरियाणा के नूर सनद खान, प. बिहार के बहादुर अमर सिंह, संबलपुर (उड़ीसा) के सुरेन्द्र साय और मिदनापुर (प. बंगाल) के वृंदावन तिवारी। तो आइए हम एक-एक करके इनकी वीरगाथाओं को पुनः याद करें।

मो. अली खान :-

हम यह सिलसिला शुरू करते हैं एक बहादुर इंजीनियर मो. अली खान से। वह रुहेलखंड (बरेली के आसपास का क्षेत्र) के एक सम्भ्रांत परिवार से थे और उन्होंने रुड़की के इंजीनियरिंग कॉलेज से प्रशंसनीय सफलता प्राप्त करते हुए बी.ई. उत्तीर्ण की थी। वह लखनऊ में बेगम हज़ुरत महल के यहाँ सैनिक अभियंता के पद पर कार्यरत थे। उनकी अंतिम साहसिक कहानी कुछ इस प्रकार है:-

फरवरी 1858 का अंत था। अंग्रेजों की सेना ने करीब दस दिनों से लखनऊ व कानपुर के बीच पड़ाव डाल रखा था। सर लुगार्ड और ब्रिगेडियर होप का शिविर उन्नाव के पास था। उनकी सेना किसी भी क्षण लखनऊ की ओर कूच कर सकती थी और क्रांतिकारियों की विजय को पराजय में बदल सकती थी।

घारों और नितांत सुनापन था। इस बीच कोई व्यक्ति मिटाई बेचता हुआ आया-मिटाई वाला, मिटाई वाला। आलू-बुखारे की केक वाला। पहले चखिए, फिर खरीदिए। अंग्रेज अधिकारी प्रति-दिन राशन का मांस और बिस्कुट खाते-खाते थक चुके थे। उन्हें मिटाई वाले का आगमन एक सुखद परिवर्तन लगा। मिटाईवाला एक गौरा युवक था और देखने में बहुत आकर्षक लगता था। वह शिविर के साधारण भारतीय कर्मचारियों से बिल्कुल भिन्न था। उसके साथ एक दूसरा व्यक्ति भी उसकी टोकरी उठाने के लिए था। वह बिल्कुल अपराधियों जैसा लगता था और उसका नाम मक्की था।

फॉक्स माइकेल को लगा कि यह दोनों व्यक्ति बिल्कुल अपरिचित हैं इसलिए उसने मिटाई वाले से पूछा - “क्या तुम्हारे पास सैनिक शिविर में आने का पास है ? मिटाई वाले ने तत्परता से उत्तर दिया - “साजेंट साहब, मेरे पास स्वयं ब्रिगेडियर मेजर होप का दिया हुआ पास है। मेरा नाम जॉनी ग्रीन है और मैं सैनिक-शिविर में खानसामा का कार्य करता था।” फॉक्स माइकेल उसकी इंग्लिश से काफी प्रभावित हुआ और दोनों के बीच काफी देर तक बातचीत होती रही।

मिटाईवाला यह जानने को उत्सुक था कि अंग्रेजों की सैन्यशक्ति कितनी है, वे लोग लखनऊ की ओर कब कूच करना चाहते हैं और

गर्मी का उन पर कितना प्रभाव पड़ेगा ? जॉनीग्रीन के बात करने का ढंग इतना आकर्षक था कि साजेंट को कोई संदिह नहीं हुआ। मिटाईवाला गुप्त सूचनाएँ लेकर फरार हो गया।

अगले दिन पता चला कि जॉनी ग्रीन और कोई नहीं इंजीनियर मो. अली खान थे। पर दुर्भाग्यवश वह पकड़ लिये गए क्योंकि वह लौटकर पुनः यह देखने के लिए आ गये थे कि अंग्रेज सेना ने उन्नाव से कूच किया या नहीं ? किसी व्यक्ति ने उनकी शिकायत कर दी थी जो अंग्रेज का कृपापात्र होना चाहता था।

तीसरे दिन प्रातः काल की बेला में इंजीनियर मो. अली खान को फाँसी पर लटका दिया गया। इस प्रकार उन्नाव के सैनिक शिविर में एक बेहद संतुलित व्यक्तित्व के जीवन की कहानी का आरंभ होते ही अंत हो गया। यह देश ऐसे सपूतों का सदैव ज़रूरी रहेगा।

जैतपुर की महारानी :-

आइए अब हम बढ़ते हैं थोड़ा मध्य भारत की ओर वीर छत्रसाल की भूमि बुंदेलखंड। हाँ, वही छत्रसाल जिसने औरंगजेब के खूनी इरादों को कभी सफल नहीं होने दिया, जिसने करीब 52 लड़ाईयाँ लड़ी और एक बार भी मुगलों से पराजित नहीं हुआ। म.प्र. में करीब तीन पर्वतों से घिरे अजयगढ़, टीकमगढ़, पन्ना, रिगाँव, ओरछा, छतरपुर, नैनिगाँव आदि इलाके बुंदेलखंड कहलाते हैं।

जैतपुर बुंदेलखंड की एक छोटी रियासत थी। इस राज्य के स्वतंत्र अस्तित्व को लार्ड एलनब्यू ने समाप्त कर दिया था। जैतपुर की रानी वहाँ के विद्रोही शासक राजा परीक्षित की पत्नी थी। राजा की पहले ही मृत्यु हो चुकी थी।

“जो गति ग्राह गजेन्द्र की सो गति भई आज

बाजी जात बुंदेल की राखो बाजी लाज।”

सन् सत्तावन की चिनगारी भड़कने पर रानी ने भी अंग्रेजों के विरुद्ध विद्रोह का झंडा खड़ा कर दिया। पड़ोस के दतिया के देशपत एवं कुर्ज प्रसाद भी रानी का साथ दे रहे थे। इन लोगों ने अंग्रेजों के भेजे सात सदेशवाहकों में से छः के टुकड़े-टुकड़े कर डाले और फिर लगभग पूरे बुंदेलखंड से ही अंग्रेजों को खदेड़ डाला।

पर एक दूसरे पड़ोसी राज्य चरखेरी की सहायता से अंग्रेजों ने पुनः जैतपुर पर हमला बोल दिया। करीब आठ दिनों तक घमासान होता रहा। रानी ने अपूर्व वीरता का परिचय दिया किंतु अंत में उन्हें जैतपुर छोड़ देना पड़ा। वह टिहरी क्षेत्र में शरणार्थी बनकर भटकती रहीं। जैतपुर के रानी की वीरता और आजादी की भावना इतिहास के पन्नों पर अमर रहेगी।

सुरेन्द्र साय :-

सन् सत्तावन की चिनगारी प्राचीन कलिंग अर्थात् उड़ीसा तक भी पहुँच चुकी थी। यह वही कलिंग है जहाँ एक समय शक्तिशाली मगध की

अपराजेय सेना आकर धम गयी थी, जहाँ प्रतापी अशोक सब कुछ जीत कर भी हार गया था। संबलपुर जिला उड़ीसा में स्थित है। संबलपुर का राज्य भी डलहौजी की अपहरण नीति का शिकार हो गया था। सुरेन्द्र साय उसी राज्य के एक वंशज थे।

यहाँ विद्रोह की ज्वाला बहुत तीव्र थी। सुरेन्द्र साय के नेतृत्व में जमींदारों ने कोलकता और मुंबई एवं कोलकाता और संबलपुर के बीच सभी संचार साधनों को काट दिया, अंग्रेजों के बंगलों को लूट लिया और अनेक अंग्रेजों की हत्या कर दी।

14 फरवरी 1858 को सिंहचोरा नामक दर्रे पर युद्ध में कैप्टन गुडविज मारा गया। इससे पहले सुरेन्द्र साय के एक भाई छवील साय की भी युद्ध में मृत्यु हो गई थी।

संबलपुर की यह जनक्रांति महीनों तक जारी रही। सुरेन्द्र साय एवं उनके साथी छापामार युद्ध द्वारा अंग्रेजों को परेशान करते रहे और उन्हें आगे नहीं बढ़ने दिया। अंत में करीब छः साल बाद 23 जनवरी 1864 को वो अपने साथियों सहित पकड़े गये। उन्हें जेल में पहले अंधा कर दिया गया और फिर वहाँ चुपचाप अंग्रेजों ने उनकी निर्मम हत्या कर दी। सुरेन्द्र साय का यह बलिदान लंबे समय तक युवाओं के लिए प्रेरणास्त्रोत रहेगा।

नवाब नूर सजद खान :-

आइए अब हम पुनः लौटते हैं उत्तर भारत की ओर और चलते हैं भगवान श्री कृष्ण की कर्मभूमि हरियाणा। वही हरियाणा जिसने हिन्दुस्तान के इतिहास की कई निर्णायक लड़ाइयाँ देखीं, जो दिल्ली में होने वाली शाही हलचलों से सबसे अधिक प्रभावित हुआ और इसीलिए जबकि शेष पंजाब सन् सत्तावन की क्रांति से लगभग अछूता रह गया था हरियाणा इससे अछूता नहीं रह सका। यहाँ के क्रांति के इतिहास में रुनिया के नवाब नूर सनद खान के बलिदान का एक महत्वपूर्ण स्थान है। रुनिया हिसार के पास एक छोटा सा राज्य था। दिल्ली पर क्रांतिकारियों का अधिपत्य स्थापित होते ही नवाब ने भी विद्रोह का झंडा खड़ा कर दिया।

अंग्रेजों के कहने पर नवाब ने घुड़सवारों और पदयात्रियों की एक बड़ी सेना का गठन किया था जिसका खर्च अंग्रेजों ने उठाया था और इसका काम 'सिरसा' क्षेत्र की सुरक्षा करना था। पर इसके ठीक विपरीत उन्होंने वहाँ क्रांतिकारियों का साथ दिया और अंग्रेजों के खजाने को लूट लिया। बंदियों को जेल से छुड़ा दिया गया और उस क्षेत्र में अंग्रेजों का नामोनिशान मिट गया।

अंततः पंजाब के चीफ कमीशनर जॉन लारेंस ने जनरल कोटलैण्ड को एक बहुत बड़ी सेना के साथ नवाब को पराजित करने को भेजा। रुनिया के निकट उद्यान नामक गाँव में दोनों के बीच डटकर युद्ध हुआ। नवाब के करीब 530 साथी मैदान में ही वीरगति को प्राप्त हुए।

इस प्रकार सैनिकों की कुछ कमी और तोप-गोलों के अभाव के कारण क्रांतिकारी फौज को पराजय का सामना करना पड़ा।

नवाब नूर सनद खान को अंत में लाहौर में फाँसी पर लटक दिया गया।

वृंदावन तिवारी :-

क्रांतिकारियों की इस सूची में अगर हम बंगाल के वृंदावन तिवारी का नाम न लें तो शायद यह वृत्तान्त अधूरा रह जाएगा। उन्होंने धर्म और राष्ट्र के सम्मान के लिए खुद को बलिदान कर दिया। वह पुलिस में थाना बरकंदाज (हवलदार) थे। उस समय मिदनापुर की जेल में लगभग 800 कैदी थे। वहाँ का मजिस्ट्रेट एक दिन खाने के समय जेल के दौरे पर आया। कैदियों की एकता व सहजता देखकर उस धूर्त ने यह आज्ञा दी कि हरेक कैदी को अपने वार्ड में ही खाना मिलेगा। पर अगले दिन करीब 51 कैदियों ने खाना खाने से इनकार कर दिया। फलतः उन्हें बेरहमी से बेंत से पीटा गया।

अगले दिन वृंदावन तिवारी मिदनापुर के सैनिक शिविर में आए और उन्होंने सैनिकों को सत्य से अवगत कराया। उन्होंने ओजपूर्ण वाणी में कहा - "सैनिक भाईयों, कल लुशिंगटन एवं एक अन्य सेनाधिकारी जेल में आया था उन लोगों ने बंदियों को गाय मांस खाने के लिए बाध्य किया। क्या आप इस अपमान को सहन करेंगे? सैनिकों को जागृत करने के उपरांत उन्होंने खजाने के भारतीय रक्षकों के समक्ष भी जोशीले भाषण दिये।

देश के दूसरे हिस्सों में क्रांति पहले ही भड़क चुकी थी। अंग्रेजों को ऐसा लगा कि कहीं यहाँ भी न क्रांति भड़क जाए। अतः उसने उन्हें गिरफ्तार कर लिया और उन पर शेखावत बटालियन के सिपाहियों में क्रांति की भावना पैदा करने का आरोप लगाया। उन्हें फाँसी पर लटका दिया गया।

इस तरह से वृंदावन तिवारी ने भी आन पर मर-मिट जाने की हमारी परंपरा को कायम रखा और इतिहास में अमर हो गये।

सन् 1857 ई. का हमारा पहला विद्रोह भले ही असफल हो गया पर इसने सदियों से परतंत्र भारतवर्ष में एक नया शक्तिबोध, एक नया आत्मविश्वास भर दिया। इसने भविष्य के राजनैतिक भारत के निर्माण के लिए एक छोटी नींव भी डाली। आज इस क्रांति की 150वीं वर्षगांठ पर हम इन अज्ञात एवं भूले-बिसरे शहीदों को पुनः शत-शत नमन करते हैं।

“वे भले न हों हमारे साथ
पर उनकी याद तो है अमन में,
अर्पित हो यह श्रद्धांजलि उनको
इस राष्ट्र के हर चमन में।”



BAND AID

DIPANJAN MAZUMDAR
SECOND YEAR

LANCE EDWARD ARMSTRONG has become a household name of late. The American grabbed his seventh consecutive Tour de France title, the premier road cycling event in the year 2005. But he shot into limelight not just because of this feat but for having cycled through the clutches of cancer, which was an unparalleled achievement in itself. At a stage when most confine themselves to bed, Lance, instead of following the herd decided to live his life and his passion, and the rest is history.

Lance began his sporting career as a tri-athlete but as he reached teenage, he realized that cycling was the one field where he could make a mark for himself. He featured in many races, winning accolades, and finally took up professional cycling in 1992. In 1995, he won the *Tour Du Pont*, the most prestigious cycling event in U.S. In the month of October 1996, he was diagnosed with stage three testicular cancer which spread to his lungs and brain. His chances of survival were real slim, but he eventually recovered after having his right testicle and two brain lesions removed. Thereafter, he made a strong statement of his comeback by registering fourth place in *Vuelta a Espana*.

The champion cyclist founded 'LIVESTRONG', the Lance Armstrong Foundation in 1997, a non-profit organization located in Austin, Texas. The foundation inspires and empowers people with cancer. Following the success of *Livestrong*, Armstrong and accessory brand *NIKE* launched the *LIVESTRONG* line of merchandise; one dollar from the sale of each piece of such memorabilia goes to the foundation. And one of such unique merchandises is the *LIVESTRONG* band which we have seen being sported by every respectable wrist around, including many celebs. We all know they are for charity, we all know they are the rage. These bracelets have become a cultural phenomenon. The band is engraved with the word, *LIVESTRONG*, a message of hope and benevolence, encouraging and empowering people not to give up and to fight with all they have got. After all, if one man can pedal his way over the finish line in one of the most gruelling bicycle races not once but seven times, he must know a word or two about survival and tenacity.

This band goes along well with almost any attire, from regular jeans and shirt to sports outfits. They are trendy and cool, yet barely expensive. Only this time you are a rebel for a cause. More than a fashion statement, they make a difference. These wrist buddies are made of silicones and show the wearers' support for a cause. We are talking about the ultra slim rubber bands in varied colours plastered to your wrist. The *band for a cause* is here to stay. And here's opening your eyes to the various wristband colours that make you stand out, or rather stand up for a better world.

Livestrong Band : Yellow

This is the original band by the *Lance Armstrong Foundation*, made in collaboration with accessory brand *NIKE*. The foundation came up with the idea of selling these cool and sporty bands to raise money for research related to cancer, and these have become an indispensable part of every wrist around. This yellow band set the trend and many a different coloured bands soon followed to lend a helping hand for a cause. The colour yellow is especially significant to Lance as it is the colour of the jersey he has cycled to victory numerous times.

Live free-smoke free band : Orange

Puffs of nicotine: that's what the cause is all about. Smoking among teens has increased manifold in the recent years. So if you are someone who is sporting the orange band, you are encouraging others to quit smoking.

Hope band : Purple

It is a memorable band in honour of those people who lost their lives or those of their loved ones to any kind of cancer. In support of *Relay for a Cause*, this band benefits anybody whose life has been touched by cancer, in one form or other.

Courage band : Red

Red stands for AIDS. So in support of AIDS research, victims and people who have lost the battle, the Courage band is a symbol of hope. With all of us prone to HIV, AIDS awareness and education among teens is a must. This band is stamped with the red ribbon marker that is known worldwide as the symbol for battle against AIDS.

Antiracism band : Black and white crossover

Racism is still a major phenomenon to reckon with in the present times. It is a sad reality that in this so called developed world, global racism is on the rise. Show your dedication to racial equality and cultural tolerance by wearing one of these unique bands. It is actually two bands in one: a black one crossed over a white one.

Tsunami relief band : Aqua blue

The December 26, 2004 Tsunami which claimed innumerable lives, is the worst natural disaster of modern times. Etched with the words, *One World One Cause* this band recognises the global family of which we are all a part of. Support tsunami relief and show your commitment to the humankind.

Purple paws band : Purple

This band is in support of animal shelters and cruelty-free campaigns. It is sponsored by 'Crafts N Scraps', with all the profits going to the *Maxfund*, a no-kill shelter house that helps injured and abused animals get a new start.

Children's cancer : Gold

This band is especially meant for raising awareness against cancer in children as well as raising money for the cause.

Never Again band : Black

The benefits from the sales of this band go in assisting the families of troops killed overseas, for collecting funds for Melanoma victims, in support of anti- tobacco campaigns as well as in memory of *Tiananmen Square* protests of 1989

Poverty Awareness band : white

This is one of the earliest bands released by the foundation. The benefits from the sale of this band go to various projects run for eradicating poverty especially from African countries. It also commemorates freedom of speech for every citizen of the state.

Apart from these, there are many a bands in different shades which are for awareness against child abuse, diabetes, Parkinson's disease, brain injury, epilepsy, Lyme disease, drugs as well as campaigning for organisations like *UNICEF*, *UNESCO*, *WHO*, the army and the like.

These bands are available anywhere, from auction sites to grocery shops to accessory stores. But of late, it is seen that people are so desperate to get these bands as a fashion accessory, that they go for fake ones, which do not have anything to do with raising money for cancer or any other cause. By buying these counterfeit accessories, we are doing nothing but lining the pockets of those who make money in the name of charity. So always go for an original *LIVESTRONG* band bearing the *NIKE* logo.

"LONG LIVE LIVESTRONG"



STEP-UNCLE SAM

VIVEK CHAUHAN

THIRD YEAR

"September 11, 2001 was a defining moment for our nation and the world. Under the vision and leadership of President Bush, our nation has risen to meet the challenges of our time: fighting tyranny and terror, and securing the blessings of freedom and prosperity for a new generation. The work that America and our allies have undertaken, and the sacrifices we have made have been difficult -- and necessary -- and right. Now is the time to build on these achievements -- to make the world safer, and to make the world more free. We must use American diplomacy to help create a balance of power in the world that favors freedom. And the time for diplomacy is now."

-Dr. Condoleezza Rice

What exactly does use of American Diplomacy to help create a balance of power in the world that favors freedom mean? At first glance it seems like the US is all gearing up to make the world a better place for humanity. But for those of us who know better, it is the warning bell being sounded. Get ready world; the US is all set for a new set of imperialistic adventures...that's what it means if you read between the lines. After all there are ample illustrations in history to strengthen this point. American public diplomacy is about one thing and one thing only, American national security. It's about defending and protecting American interests in a so called dangerous world. It is not about making the rest of the world "better", or winning popularity contests. The only thing it focuses on is AMERICA. So much so that this obsession has led it to perform atrocities.

A glimpse into the past is one into the future for American diplomacy. To this end, America's negotiation with the Native Indians as an example where, although disjointed hostilities existed, diplomatic efforts on both sides often created an avenue of peaceful co-existence. However, many of these efforts were negotiated by the United States utilizing strong-arm tactics, threats of immediate retaliation, including that of war, and harsh methods of coercion. The tactics of negotiation, provided the Native Americans with relatively meaningless financial considerations but deprived them of their innate right to the land they rightfully hunted and depended upon. Conversely, the United States received precious land to continue its expansion into the western frontier.

It has become the trademark of America, to emasculate the vulnerable and blindly strangle the life from a culture.

In fact, when it comes to moral issues, realism has gotten a bum rap. As the events of the post-Cold War era have reminded us, idealism-whether the left liberal variant that emphasizes humanitarian interventionism or the neo-conservative version that urges using American power to promote American values-provides no escape from the moral pitfalls of statecraft. If anything, it exacerbates them.

Good intentions detached from prudential considerations can easily lead to enormous mischief, both practical and moral. In Somalia, efforts to feed the starving culminated with besieged US forces gunning down women and children. In Kosovo, protecting ethnic Albanians meant collaborating with terrorists and bombing downtown Belgrade. In Iraq, a high-minded crusade to eradicate evil and spread freedom everywhere has yielded torture and prisoner abuse, thousands of noncombatant casualties, and something akin to chaos. Given this do-gooder record of achievement, realism just might deserve a second look.

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY TODAY

Although the phrase is normally used to refer to American practice, dollar diplomacy is not confined to the United States of America. Many other countries, among them Great Britain, Germany, Denmark also base a part of their foreign policy on the influence of aid and donor grants.

Dollar diplomacy can also take the form of a denial of direct economic US aid in order to influence a country to change its policies, such as the Freedom Support Act (1992), Section 907, which prohibits US government assistance to the government of Azerbaijan until it lifts the blockade against Armenia and Nagorno-Karabakh. The act also established U.S. Civilian Research & Development Foundation, an organization specifically set up to carry out dollar diplomacy.

Through its interest sections and embassies the United States provides funding for nearly 5,000 NGOs worldwide (2005). In this context, the results of dollar diplomacy can take the form of grey propaganda or even black propaganda as the use of third party NGOs make it hard to determine the original source of the funding for the lobbying. In 2005, Russia reacted to this trend by passing a law making it illegal for most of these organizations to receive foreign funds.

THE MIDDLE EAST SCENARIO

Apart from Israel whose interests are served by the US, no other regional players trust or rely on America. Over the last decade, it has become abundantly clear that apart from oil and 'Israel's security' the US has no other interests in the region. All the talk of democracy and ideals is just idle talk that has infused little hope in some moderates, only to be deflated with subsequent US action or, in most cases, inaction. For the US to regain some of its lost prestige and credibility in the region, it must play 'fair', something it is seen not to do. US policy is seen as always favoring Israel and as being unfair towards the Palestinians. As long as this image persists, the US will continue on its long slide into irrelevance in the Middle East, even as it sinks deeper in the quagmire that is now Iraq and Afghanistan.

THE SPOILED CHILD OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

For decades Pakistan has been the spoiled child of American diplomacy. The Americans made the mistake of thinking that "Islam is a bulwark against Communism." That was all they knew, and all they needed to know. And besides, those Pakistani generals,

the write angles

seemingly straight forward in speech, were such splendid fellows. It is impossible to comprehend how deeply dyed by a culture of nonsense and lies, so that even those who seem to be most full of rectitude are offering up some version of their refusal to come clean with the Infidels about Islam and what it inculcates, and how it shapes the attitudes and pervades the atmosphere. It is particularly grim and for decades has received great amounts of American military aid. There was money, training, and equipment, including top-of-the-line planes. During the war in Afghanistan, Pakistan was both the conduit for and recipient of a great deal more aid, and helped to establish the view that the Soviet Union was the sole problem, and nice Mr. Bin Laden and his friends and family all part of the "solution." And meanwhile, the Pakistani ISI (a wholly-owned subsidiary of those same rectitudinous generals) was doing all kinds of things. It was funding, and encouraging, and rewarding, Dr. A. Q. Khan, who worked busily, stealing nuclear secrets here, getting equipment there, and has endangered the United States more than anyone else -- including Bin Laden. And it was allowing those madrasa students who metastasized quite naturally into the murderous Taliban

NOXIOUS HYPOCRISY

The idea that one has an unilateral right to attack, pre-emptively, anyone who might at some future time, be a possible attacker is the standard the USA has created. This is a recipe for hair trigger wars which is what the UN was supposed to prevent. During the Cold War stalemate, at various times, both huge empires in this deadlock used proxy states to poke at each other but whenever it came to direct conflict, one or the other would back down. Today, thanks to Pax Americas, we see everyone threatening everyone else. The rank hypocrisy of the present sword rattling is particularly noxious. Americans imagine that being hyper armed with hair trigger nukes is perfectly fine and waving their other weapons in front of other countries' faces is perfectly OK but no one else may do this. They threatened China demanding they stop building up their military. As usual, Israel can kidnap, assassinate, lie, spy, cheat or openly steal and our rulers shrug it all off. But then, when others do far less, suddenly the rulers are furious and demand justice. Not that they care about justice, it is only another tool to attack yummy targets of their lusts and desires.

China is increasingly angry about the Taiwan issue as well as the incessant reports about how evil China is coming from the world's number one police state, the USA. China issued the Human Rights Record of the United States in 2005 in response to the Country Reports on Human Rights Practices for 2005 issued by the U.S. State Department. Released by the Information Office of China's State Council, the Chinese report listed a multitude of cases to show the serious violations of human rights both in and outside the United States. "As in previous years, the U.S. State Department pointed the finger at human rights situations in more than 190 countries and regions (including China) but kept silent on the violations of human rights in the United States," says the document. To help people realize the true features of this self-styled "guardian of human rights," it is necessary to probe into the human rights abuses in the United States in 2005, it says.

THE BIG BULLY

Big Brother needs scared people afraid of war so he can wage war in the name of peace. Seeking eternal security, the police state has to control all people in all places at all times. Shock and awe coupled with death and destruction is supposed to produce happiness and security the bully-boy way.

The classic method of producing security via diplomacy has collapsed with Israel and its ally state, the USA. On behalf of the belligerent state in the Middle East, the USA is reduced to snarling at close former allies. Meanwhile, the other super powers are merging. China is preparing for World War-III which seems inevitable at this point, judging from the way the USA's dictator is reacting. They won't fight it over Iran, Iran is too far away, Russia is much closer and Russia doesn't want to see Americans wrecking Iran while strengthening bases on their own perimeter. So both Russia and China have many reasons to bar American/Israeli attacks on Iran and Iran knows this. For public consumption, Russia and China ritualistically speak out against nuclear proliferation and of course, they both silently point to the recent USA/India pact that cements nuclear technology assistance to a violator of nuclear proliferation.

HARD CORE EXAMPLE OF DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

Below is an excerpt from an article posted on the web which proves as the best illustration of the double standards set by the United States. **Dollar Diplomacy: U.S. Embassy funds anti-independence propaganda**

In a paradox for a country founded on the right to self-determination, the U.S. Embassy in Moldova is distributing funds to groups who work against Pridnestrovie's independence. The position shared by a vast majority of the population in Pridnestrovie is drowned out, getting no funding and no fair hearing.

Moldova failed in its 1992 take-over attempt of Pridnestrovie. But today, a new kind of war is going on: A propaganda war, fought with foreign money. Under the guise of promoting democracy, the propaganda does exactly the opposite. It has one single purpose to undermine the free will of the population to choose their own future.

Uncover the financing of anti-independence slurs against Pridnestrovie and you will uncover the meddling hand of dollar diplomacy: The U.S. Embassy in Chisinau issues American government grants which undermine the hard nation-building work of Pridnestrovie's democratically elected government.

For over a decade, U.S. taxpayers' money has been flowing to groups in Moldova whose main purpose is to turn back the clock on the freedom that the people of Pridnestrovie fought so hard for. The free flow gushing of government funds is overwhelming: More than one hundred different campaigns and projects, one after another, have been on the receiving end of a wide open cheque book.

CONCLUSION

This was just a trailer to the big picture. Dollar Diplomacy and Propaganda Wars are raging rampant in the international scene. USA under the regime of its latest dictator may be heading towards catastrophe... not that we would mind but on the hind side this would lead us into yet another World War. And that's exactly what we don't want because if this war takes place then with all the prevalent heavy handedness and nukes around, the prophecy will come true. Wonder what World War III would be fought with but the fourth one would definitely be with stones and bricks! This mad struggle for dominance by the US could lead to the complete wipe out of the human race and then another ADAM and EVE might have to take control yet again. This was just the beginning.....if one tried probably one would be able to trace out the US someway or the other behind LTTE in Sri Lanka as well. Even the 9/11 attack on the Pentagon and the FIRST MAN ON THE MOON have been shrouded with a cloud of conspiracy. We may never know the truth but the fact still remains...THERE IS SOMETHING VERY FISHY BEHIND THE EXISTENCE OF AMERICA and its DIPLOMACY!

Knocking On Heaven's Door

the write angles

SACHIT KAUSHAL

FINAL YEAR

(with contributions from Saumya Rather, Third Year)



Welcome to the Hotel California...

Purple haze, cashed out, flying high, afterglow! Ever heard of any of these terms? If they seem to be a language unknown, then do not worry, you are a step away from the third world where there is no time, no sense, no will, no deception and yes, an elusive freedom. If this era is that of hedonists, drugs surely top the list. Drugs are the shortest way to heaven, although generally this heaven is short-lived and temporary but altercations and repeated attempts can surely take one to the permanent abode above through a costly expressway. As dopers usually put it—"the traffic here is too much, let's get a little higher!"

Cannabis-on a Soul Searching Spree

The doping (as ECEians say it's putting impurities at a controlled rate) begins with the plant next door (literally) cannabis. Purple haze, Ganja, Charas, Hash! The names are innumerable but the essence is pretty much the same. They all refer to the same psychoactive drug cannabis. Cannabis is supposed to be in use before recorded history. The plant is revered by disciples of Lord Shiva. This drug has a long history of religious use in India and elsewhere in the world. Medically, it is used as an appetite stimulant and pain reliever. It is also found to relieve nausea for chemotherapy patients. Cannabis is smoked in variety of methods. The most popular ones include "rolling a Joint", whereby it is rolled in a cigarette or rolling paper (ever heard of Rizllah?). Another popular method is the "gravity bong" which consists of cone atop cut water bottle. The effects of cannabis includes loss of co-ordination, effects on time

perception (read distorted sense of time), impairment of short term memory, stress reduction and euphoria. Some users also report a "heightened sense of awareness", especially to certain forms of music (read psychedelic rock). Shockingly, according to a report by United Kingdom Government; use of cannabis is less dangerous than tobacco and alcohol in social harms, physical harm and addiction.

Cocaine...Cocaine...

Cocaine (immortalized by JJ Cale, Eric Clapton and Jackie Brown...of course I am talking about the songs) was initially thought to be a very harmless drug. Still immensely popular as a "party-drug", cocaine is a potent Central Nervous System (CNS) stimulant. The fad and hype associated with cocaine faded by the turn of 20th century when the highly addictive nature of cocaine became clear and the problem of abuse and addiction caught public attention. Its overdose may cause hallucinations and paranoid delusions. The addicts generally lose consciousness of local world and realize their dreams as reality. Some even develop constant unknown fears and keep an over-vigilant attitude.

The Villainy of Heroin...

Heroin is another commonly known drug. Popular by several names such as *gear, diesel, smack, B, skag, Bobby, black tar, horse, junk, jenny, brown, brown sugar, dark, Dope* and *H*. (yah! they are the favorite of Bollywood smugglers). The drug has a high addiction potential. Its overdose can cause instant death. Besides, intravenous usage of heroin and thereby needle sharing

the write angles

among addicts poses a grave risk of contacting diseases like AIDS and Hepatitis.

The LSD...

What is the first thing that comes to your mind with LSD? Psychedelic, hallucinations or even Syd Barrett (of Pink Floyd fame)! LSD is one of the most popular psychedelics. The word psychedelic comes from two Greek words *Psyche* meaning the mind, and *delein* meaning to manifest (or *delos* meaning beautiful?).

A psychedelic drug may be defined as "a drug which, without causing physical addiction, craving, disturbances, delirium, disorientation or amnesia more or less reliably produces thought, mood and perceptual changes otherwise rarely experienced in dreams, contemplative and religious exaltation of flashes of vivid involuntary memory and acute psychoses". LSD causes expansion and altered experience of senses, emotions, memories, time and awareness. Besides, it produces visual effects like patterns and brilliant colors. LSD is not considered addictive. The risk of psychological dependence is relatively low. However, it temporarily impairs the ability to make sensible judgments.

Easy Fuzziness

Other less popularly known (among non users) but very commonly methods of getting "high" include ubiquitous things like paint thinners, shoe polish, glue, ink removers, cough syrups etc. The chemist shops are the bounty box as they provide unlimited resources of sedatives, tranquilizers, sleep inducers, painkillers and many other varieties known only to those who use. The use of these things for intoxication is a serious threat since it is virtually impossible to check their availability and use. Many college students and even school going students are commonly known to be using them to get those precious moments of "ecstasy" (ironically red heart shaped, ecstasy is the most famous chemical drug amongst fairer sex).

I Don't Like the Drugs...But the Drugs Like Me

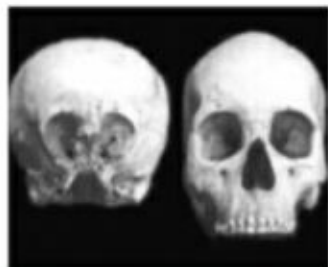
Why do people get into drugs? Well there are a lot of answers to this question. In most of the cases, people use drugs just to "check them out". While a few get addicted the others don't. For some it is just another way of having fun, some feel that drugs fill the void left by insecurities and loneliness in their lives. Some do it because they do not want to control their emotions. When high, the person sheds all his inhibitions and becomes everything the world does not want him to be. For still many, drugs are the easiest way to temporarily turn a blind eye to the realities staring them in the face. The upshot of all this is

that there is no unanimous reason for drug use. It is all a matter of individual perception. While the world scorns the addicts and labels them as "wasted and useless", the stoned usually pay no heed at all to the world and gradually drift to a place far, very far and away from the shackles of the world. When they regain consciousness, they again find themselves stuck in the same world and to escape again get high and the vicious circle continues. To them, sobriety becomes a rarity and the world gradually seems to fade away.

The reality however is seldom so simple. Most of the addicts wake up with a rude shock. Some are lucky to get away with little or no harm. Others, however, are not that fortunate. People lose everything and don't even realize what they have lost. When they do, it is too late. They lose their jobs, their friends, family and their lives. Rehabilitation can only bring them back into the world but can't compel the society to accept them. In such a situation, their condition becomes even more miserable. They land up in a no man's land where they are as much away from this world, as they are from the "other world". Only a few have the courage to stand up and fight back. The majorities however either reverts to the world of drugs or simply lose it all.

...But You Can Never Leave

Why is our generation so besotted with drugs? Well if you ask them, they give a hundred reasons for doing it. And in the end you are more or less in the same spot as you were before the quest for the truth. While drugs are still an anathema for many, some consider it excusable if not positively laudable. The question is where do we draw the line? The line between use and abuse of drugs is very thin, almost non-existent. It leaves the individual up to his sense of judgment between right and the wrong, the alacrity to accept the consequences if he does plunge into the world of drugs and so on. To be or not to be, that is the question. Well the answer lies within each and every one of us who wants to give second thought to it. If someone really wants to delve into this world and explore it for himself, he eventually will. It is just a matter of time. For those of you wanting to give it a shot, take your chances and see it for yourself and ask a simple question from yourself "is it worth?" See the pros and cons and then decide. Permit the enjoyment of all good things whenever there is no evil consequence to outweigh the enjoyment. Can it be true for drugs? Well, take your chances and decide. There goes an age old adage, often labeled hackneyed by many, "think you can think you can't, either ways you will be right." Life is beautiful and you do not need drugs to make it beautiful. To conclude in the words of Bertrand Russell "Happiness that requires intoxication of no matter what sort is a spurious and unsatisfying kind". For those of you still wondering, the choice is still yours.



Alien Skulls

THEORY OF ALIEN INTERVENTION

ADITYA GANDOTRA

THIRD YEAR

Did man evolve from Apes? Or even Simians for that matter?

Do you believe in the fact that all life forms originated from a single bacteria?

Incredulous? Is not it? Does not it sound far fetched for a humble bacteria to achieve so much?

Google search "Drawbacks of Theory of Natural Evolution" and you will get a lot of questions that are to this day, unanswered.

If this theory of evolution is so full of holes, then why do we still accept it? Simply, because of the void. There is no other credible story (yes, you read it right story) that can replace it. This is because we have been conditioned to believe what we are told since childhood. And it also draws attention to our lack of knowledge about what occurred in humanity's distant past.

The alternative theory:



For long suppressed, this theory has now found a few takers. So let me introduce you to the theory of evolution by alien intervention. This alternative theory, along with related research into the origins of these skulls, is slowly beginning to challenge our scientific

beliefs regarding human evolution.

Zoom back a few centuries to the time of Egyptians in Africa, the Mayans of central Africa. Now look at these pictures.

The first picture is an ancient Egyptian drawing showing Egypt's King Akhenaton and his daughter. Did you notice something different? Take a close look at their heads. Do you get the drift of what's being said? They

are elongated. The second picture is a skull dating back to the same civilization. Try to establish a cross-connection. Bingo! They are very familiar. So what can we infer?



Now this is what a renowned scholar Joel Mills has to say "extra terrestrials had used humans as slaves to mine metal in Egypt thousands of years ago. These giant skulls are proof that the ancient pharaohs (they were not completely human by the way) had elongated skulls hidden under their crown head-dress" and the fact that this theory is fact, not fiction.

The Uncanny Cranium:

Look at this set of pictures now, taken by Robert Connolly in 1995. Let us see the technical details of this humanoid skull found in Paracas region of Peru. The frontal part of the skull seems to be of pre-Neanderthal origin, but the lower jaw, though stronger than humans, still has modern shape and characteristics. The Cranium does not resemble any human type. The answer seems to be that the skull belongs to a representative of an unknown pre modern human or humanoid type.

Or it is the result of inbreeding of human and an unknown alien species. It seems feasible if you consider the fact that Native Americans still worship these "heavenly" skulls, particularly in the Nazca desert. If you happen to visit that place sometime, do visit their backyards. Chances are 9 out of 10 that you will find skulls of their ancestors. You can find similar elongated skulls in México in a museum in Merida, a city close to the ruins of Palenque. The conquering Spaniards found the natives deforming their heads to make them appear more "god like" and the priests declared them devil worshippers.

Meanwhile in Egypt, King Akhenaton was also regarded as a heretic and all information about this king

the white angles

was obliterated until just recently. These findings prove that the rulers of these advanced societies shared the common bond of huge skulls and brains that probably provided them with superior intelligence. This information has been shared by secret societies and religious leaders for hundreds of years and up till now they had decided to keep these secrets for themselves. All who first see the pictures feel... "They show proof of beings from another world."



Let's see some more:

This is the second skull from the *Cambridge Illustrated History*. The question arises: what could cause a skull to be so severely enlarged? It is clearly not just "deformed."

If we were to place an image of a normal, "deformed" skull on top of this specimen, we would find that there is no comparison in terms of cranial capacity. Again, we might think that something other than "head/skull binding" is in operation here.

The problem with the skull binding theory is that although the skull is elongated as one would expect in such skulls, but these skulls have greater volume than bound skulls should have. Binding can change the shape



but not the overall volume of a skull. Another problem with this theory is that the huge, heavy jaw is much bigger than the jaws of ancestors who practiced skull binding.

The only feasible explanation seems to be

that they are hybrid skulls - part human, and quite possibly, part something else. **Are these skulls "alien"?** Well, under these circumstances, this statement does not seem outrageous. Still unconvinced? Then let us consider the most anomalous skull of all time, the Star Child.

The Star Child:

(Picture at the beginning of the article) According to Central American legends, 'Star People' would sometimes visit

the earth and mate with certain women, who would subsequently give birth to a hybrid child: a 'Star Child'. This child was considered to be a gift of the god and nurtured and revered by the entire community. And when the child reached a desired age, probably between 5-8 years, the Star People would come back and collect it. Extensive tests have proved that this is a genuine skull, and not a hoax. Further analysis has also yielded some amazing results which suggest that that the skull is very unique indeed.

Again the first thing that stands out is the volume of the skull. The average volume for a human skull is 1400 cubic centimeters (cc). In contrast, the volume of the Star Child's skull is 1600 cc, far greater than the average for adult humans. If this Star Child had survived to adulthood, its brain capacity would have grown to over 1800 cc - far beyond the expected human average. Analysis of the skull has revealed that the bone is 50% thicker and stronger than a normal human skull, and that it contains as yet unidentified microscopic fibers as well as traces of aluminum, which is toxic to humans.

Possible explanation:

As pointed out before it is beyond doubt that these skulls are hybrid. This can also be evidence of genetic engineering. Evidence suggests that extraterrestrial visitors may have deliberately cross-bred different species of human/aliens in an ongoing series of experiments to develop mankind. The idea that mankind was created or genetically engineered, and that Homo sapiens is simply the latest model in a long line of genetic experiments conducted by extraterrestrials gains momentum every day. Anthropologists can not explain the reason why these skulls exist, nor do they support this theory.

All we know is that there are many unanswered questions which contribute to the mystery of mankind's origins. Having looked at these skulls all we can say for sure is that these skulls sit outside our established theoretical paradigms. Science is renowned for demanding evidence to substantiate claims. However, when anomalous evidence presents itself, all too often, science appears to be reluctant to fully investigate that which might conceivably force it to re-evaluate its paradigms. Rather than following the evidence regardless of where it leads, it seems that mainstream scientists frequently opt for the 'wall of silence' approach, in hopes of preserving the status quo. In many ways the truth is already here, indelibly recorded in artifacts that we possess but don't yet fully understand. Whether that truth will be suppressed or ignored indefinitely, or will one day be revealed to the world, remains to be seen.



A JOURNEY ON WHEELS

DIVYA SHARMA
THIRD YEAR

Driving down Janpath in the air-conditioned compartment of my vehicle, I was stunned by a sudden realization. This particular stretch of road in New Delhi, built during the British Raj, was meant for the public which at that time was more of a poor pedestrian lot. Peeping out of the window, I was completely astonished with the contrast that the present view bore to that of maybe 75 years before. The number of cars, buses, auto-rickshaws, motor-cycles and scooters clearly outnumbered the walkers. In fact, there were hardly any strollers to be seen on the scorching pedestrian paths. At that moment, I couldn't help but ponder how man had started his journey with the invention of the wheel and reached so far.

A QUICK DICTIONARY CHECK...

The term "automobile" is derived from Greek "auto" (*self*) and Latin "movēre" (*move*), referring to the fact that it "moves by itself." Earlier terms for automobile include *motorwagen*, and *horseless carriage*. Although the term "car" is presumed to be derived through the shortening of the term "carriage", the word has its origin before 1300 A.D. in English as, "*carr*", derived from similar words in French and earlier Latin words for a vehicle that moves on wheels.

TO BEGIN WITH...

In 1806 François Isaac de Rivaz, a Swiss, designed the first internal combustion engine. He subsequently used it to develop the world's first vehicle to run on such an engine that used a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen to generate energy. The engine, however was an unsuccessful venture.

Lenoir produced the first successful stationary internal combustion engine in 1860. The next innovation occurred in the late 1860s, with Siegfried Marcus, a German who developed the idea of using gasoline as a fuel in a two-stroke internal combustion engine.

The four-stroke engine already had been documented and a patent was applied for in 1862 by Beau de Rochas. Nikolaus Otto of Germany built the world's first four-stroke engine although his patent was voided.

EVER HEARD OF KARL BENZ???

The internal-combustion-engine automobile really can be said to have begun in Germany with Karl Benz in 1885. He made the first three-wheeled automobile designed and built as such, rather than a converted carriage, boat, or cart. Among other items Karl Benz invented for the automobile are the carburetor, the accelerator, ignition using spark plug powered by a battery, the clutch, the gear shift, and the radiator.

FURTHER ALONG THE ASSEMBLY LINE

In 1886, Gottlieb Daimler fitted a horse carriage with his four-stroke engine in Stuttgart. During the First World War, Benz suggested a co-operative effort between the companies the two founded. The companies united in 1926 under the name of Daimler-Benz with a commitment to remain together under that name until the year 2000.



Ford Model T, 1927

In 1892 Rudolf Diesel got a patent for a "New Rational Combustion Engine" by modifying the Carnot Process. And in 1897 he built the first Diesel Engine. The large-scale, production-line manufacturing of affordable automobiles was debuted by Ransom Eli Olds at his Oldsmobile factory in 1902. This concept was then greatly expanded by Henry Ford in the 1910s.

THE ROAD AHEAD...

Current research and development centered on "hybrid" vehicles that use both electric cells and an electric motor, or

alternatively, a conventional combustion engine, are widely mooted to replace fossil fuel powered cars in a few decades. Electric motors are more efficient than internal combustion engines and have a much greater



power to weight ratio. **The first hybrid vehicle available for sale in the USA was the Honda Insight** which is still in production and achieves around 3.92 L/100km.

Cars are now equipped with a stunning array of software, from voice recognition and vehicle navigation systems, vehicle tracking system like ESITrack to in-vehicle distributed entertainment systems (DVD/Games), telematics systems such as GMs Onstar and not to mention the control subsystems. Many cars are equipped with full blown 32bit real-time memory protected operating systems such as QNX.

FILLING THE TANK

Diesel-powered cars can run with little or no modification on 100% pure biodiesel, a fuel that can be made from vegetable oils but requires modifications if you drive in cold countries. Biodiesel makes Diesel engines capable of achieving an average of 6 L/100km. Many cars that currently use gasoline can run on ethanol (85% concentration). All petrol fuelled cars can run on LPG. Theoretically, the lower energy content of alcohol should lead to considerably reduced efficiency and range as compared to gasoline. Of course, certain measures are available to increase this efficiency, such as different camshaft configurations, altering the timing/spark output of the ignition, increasing compression.

FASTEN YOUR SEAT-BELT

Automobile accidents are almost as old as automobiles themselves. Despite technological advances, there is still significant loss of life from car accidents. About 40,000 people die every year in the U.S., with similar figures in Europe. The death toll is expected to nearly double worldwide by 2020. A much higher number of accidents result in injury or permanent disability. The highest accident figures are reported in China and India. Systematic research on crash safety started in 1958 at Ford Motor Company. Since then, most research has focused on absorbing external crash energy with crushable panels and reducing the motion of human bodies in the passenger compartment. Modern engine compartments are open at the bottom so that fuel vapors, which are heavier than air, vent to the open air. With hydraulic brakes, the failures are rare and less fatal.

READY, SET AND GO!!!

Auto racing began almost immediately after the construction of the first successful petrol-fuelled autos. That first race now is called *Paris to Rouen 1894*. A year later the first real race was staged in France, from Paris

to Bordeaux. An international competition began with the Gordon Bennett Cup in auto racing.

Single Seater Racing

Single-seater (open-wheel) racing is the most well-known form of motorsport, with cars designed for very high speeds. The



cars have aerofoil wings, front and rear, to produce downforce and enhance adhesion to the track. The best known form of single seater racing, **Formula One**, abbreviated to **F1** is recognized as the highest class of auto racing in the world. The sport is regulated by the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile (International Automobile Federation more commonly abbreviated as FIA), with its headquarters in Paris. The "formula" in the name is a set of rules which all teams must meet. The F1 season consists of a series of races, known as Grand Prix. The results of each race are combined to determine two annual World Championships, one for drivers and one for constructors. The cars race at speeds often greater than 300 km/h. The cars must meet a number of restrictions and specifications. From 2006 engines have been restricted to normally-aspirated V8s with a capacity of 2.4 litres (providing 800 bhp at 20,000 rpm). The maximum power achieved in the history of the series was around 1200 bhp, during the 1980s turbo era.

Europe is Formula One's traditional centre and remains its leading market. However, Grands Prix have been held all over the world, and with new races in Bahrain, China, Malaysia and Turkey, its scope continues to expand. As the world's most expensive sport, its economic effect is significant. Its high profile and popularity makes it an obvious merchandising environment, which leads to very high investments from sponsors, translating into extremely high budgets for the constructor teams.

Rallying

Rallying, or rally racing, involves highly modified cars on (closed) public roads or off-road areas run on a point-to-point format where participants and their co-drivers "rally" to a set of points, leaving in regular intervals from start points. A rally is typically conducted over a number of stages of any terrain, which entrants are often allowed to scout beforehand. The top series is the World Rally Championship (WRC) and many countries have their own national championships. Some famous rallies include the Monte Carlo Rally and Rally Argentina. Another famous event (best described as a "rally raid") is

Drag Racing

In drag racing, the objective is to cover the specified distance in shortest time. Attaining a top speed of 330 mph (530 km/h), a top fuel dragster will accelerate at 4.5 g (44 m/s²), and when braking and parachutes are deployed, the driver experiences deceleration of 4 g (39 m/s²), more than space shuttle occupants. A single top fuel car can be heard over eight miles away and can generate a reading of 1.5-2 on the Richter scale.

Sports Car Racing

In sports car racing, production versions of sports cars and purpose-built prototype cars compete with each other on closed circuits. The races are usually conducted over long distances, at least 1000 km, and cars are driven by teams of two or three drivers (and sometimes more), switching every now and then. In the US the American Le Mans Series was organized in 1999, featuring GT, GTS, and two prototype classes, LMP1 (Le Mans Prototype 1) and LMP2. Manufacturers such as Audi and Acura/Honda field or support entries in the Prototype class. Another series based on Le Mans began in 2004, the Le Mans Endurance Series, which included four 1000 km races at tracks in Europe.



Kart Racing

Although often seen as the entry point for serious racers into the sport, kart racing, or karting, can be an economic way for amateurs to try racing and is also a fully fledged international sport in its own right. As one of the cheapest ways to go racing, karting is seeing its popularity grow worldwide. Go-karts, or just "karts" - seem very distant from normal road cars, with diminutive frames and wheels, but a small engine combined with very light weight make for a quick machine. The tracks are also on a much smaller scale, making kart racing more accessible to the average enthusiast.

From the Flintstone's foot-paddled wagon to the Street Hawk in the world of fiction, and from the carts to the Mercedes E-Class in the real world, we do seem to have come a very long way. But, the road doesn't end here. With the speed at which the automobile industry is progressing, there hardly seems any stopping. Race on!!!

World's Fastest, Most Expensive Car



Bugatti Veyron is billed as the world's fastest, most expensive and most exclusive factory-built car. The Veyron is a short, curvy two-seater with massive power. Its 1,001 horsepower engine has four turbochargers. The car's features sound like those on a jet: diffuser flaps, air-intake scoops, a tail wing that acts like an airbrake and 1.7 miles of cable to power onboard electronics. It costs more than \$1.2 million, travels over 230 mph, and hits 62 mph in 2.5 seconds. The seven-gear, all-wheel-drive, Veyron is so fast that its designers customized three different suspension modes: a mode for "standard" driving below 136 mph; a "handling" mode engaged when the front diffuser flaps open, the body drops closer to the ground and the tail wing and spoilers are "deployed"; and a third "top speed" mode, used for speeds above 233 mph, that has to be manually activated with a separate key.

CAR STARS OF MOVIES

- ❑ **Batman, '...Return', '...Forever', '...& Robin':** The famous **Batmobile** was a 'Barris Kustoms' custom car. The 1989/1992 versions are built on 1974 Chevrolet Impala chassis.
- ❑ **Ghostbusters, Ghostbusters II:** 1959 Cadillac Ambulance.
- ❑ **Gone in 60 Seconds:** 1971 Ford Mustang and a whole load of other unfortunate 'targets'.
- ❑ **Speed:** 1960 '59 GMC Coach'
- ❑ **Terminator II, Judgment Day:** Freightliner Wrecker
- ❑ **Twister:** 1983 Jeep J-10 Honcho and 1995 Dodge Ram

SCIENCE



religion

THE ORIGIN OF THE CONFLICT

VIVEK SHAH

THIRD YEAR

"Religion is useless". "No, its not". Okay, honestly speaking such conversations can be easily related to because we hear them all the time. The irony of these situations is that both the sides are remotely unaware of the actual facts and reiterate that religion and science have always been at loggerheads and will always be so. So let us embark upon an expedition through history in an effort to trace this ageless conflict. Who knows what we may find??? After all these historical expeditions have a reputation of springing surprises...

Now the big question that arises is how did this conflict start and why this obsession of this conflict only with Christianity and not other religions???

The answer to this question is not far to seek. A basic reason can be attributed to the fact that other religions which had an equivalent prolonged history, like Hinduism and Buddhism didn't enjoy a prolonged patronage from a particular empire. They also lacked a political motive and a political assembly of its own supporters. Moreover Christianity was spread around the world by aggressive mass contact drives first undertaken by the Disciples of Christ and then the later missionaries of the church even in the face of their own persecution. During the breeding phase of Christianity the stumbling block it faced in its path was paganism and this is where the battle of science and religion commences.

Paganism and Religion

Paganism is basically Nature worship. It is the worship of all those natural forms which according to the pagan beliefs subsists life on earth so it is basically worship of life. Now, hereon when religion is mentioned in light of its conflict with science religion will imply the church for reasons explained. Now an obvious question is how does paganism replace science in the fight against religion??

The answer to this question can be fabricated on the basis of what we would call science in those days. Scientists in those days mostly comprised of alchemists,

astronomers and mathematicians. All these three doctrines took inspiration from nature and sought to find a harmony in its working so naturally they ratified appropriateness of paganism logically and scientifically. So it is sort of obvious that at that time when science didn't have a clear demarcation of itself, its fight was fought by paganism against the church.

The Conflict Commences

At the epoch of the transition of Rome from the republican to the imperial form of government, the faith and beliefs of the conquered republics reached the gates of Rome. With disdainful toleration, she permitted the worship of them all. Already, through geographical discoveries and philosophical criticism, faith in the religion of the old days had been profoundly shaken. The kings of all the conquered provinces had vanished; in their stead one emperor had come. The gods had also disappeared. So the situation afforded a fortuitous scenario for the spread of Christianity.

The next phase in this saga is upheld by the ascension of the first Christian emperor, Constantine to the Roman throne in 312 AD amidst political turmoil. He also took office as Supreme Pontiff. He gave the bishop of Rome imperial property where a new cathedral, the Lateran Basilica, would rise, and he provided for the building of other Christian churches across his part of the empire. Constantine granted the Christian clergy special privileges: he allowed people to will their property to the Church. He exempted the clergy from taxation, from military service and forced labor thus adding to the popularity of Christianity. He still held the office of Pontifex Maximus, and as Pontifex Maximus he was still the leader of the empire's pagans, but he refused to take part in the city's pagan rituals. Rome's pagan majority was offended and an indication of the conflict was all but subtle.

Wishing that his pagan subjects would give up their religious rites, Constantine kept the pagans fearful and cowed as he confiscated from their priests much of the wealth the pagan religions had accumulated, including their sacred icons. This brought much wealth in the form of precious metal, which he gave to the

Church. This also added upon the conflict as the pagans suspected the church behind these moves. Even in this supposed conflict a pristine inter-acceptability of the ways of Christianity and Paganism can be usurped. Pagan habits were modified to fit Christianity. Some evangelists, Gregory the Wonder worker among them, facilitated conversions by encouraging Christians to have the feasts of their old gods celebrated as feasts of Christian martyrs. In the western half of the empire, the popular pagan feast day celebrated as the birthday of Sol Invictus and the winter solstice, December 25th, began being celebrated as the day of birth of Jesus Christ. Christians in the eastern half of the empire disagreed with this and chose instead January 6th - the day of another great pagan festival - as the day of Jesus' birth, a difference that exists even in today's world.

The Conflict Continues

The next stage of the saga began when Theodosius gained the throne of Rome. Theodosius was a staunch Christian. He banned the Olympic Games, prohibited visits to pagan temples and forbade all pagan worship. Ordinary Christians were delighted at this move, and mobs of Christians joined the anti-pagan program by robbing pagan temples and looting temple libraries, causing the disappearance of many writings. In the repression some of the most splendid buildings of Grecian architecture - were destroyed. Pagans in the east tried to defend their freedom to worship, and in the west some rallied in an attempt to overthrow Valentinian II (a supporter of Theodosius). Valentinian II was assassinated. A military commander in the west, being a German and not eligible to be emperor, created an anti-Christian puppet named Eugenius, who announced that the hour of deliverance from Christianity was at hand.

In response, Theodosius cracked down harder on pagans in the eastern half. He made pagan worship punishable by death. In 394, he led an army of Visigoth cavalry and others against the reign of Eugenius, defeating Eugenius', a victory the Church later interpreted as the work of God triumphing over paganism and almost wiped out paganism. With his victory, Theodosius moved against paganism in the western half of the empire, wiping out freedom to worship across the whole of the empire. It was widely interpreted that the move was orchestrated at the behest of Bishop Ambrose. The church also embarked upon a smear campaign and defiled the various pagan symbols like Venus' pentacle and Poseidon's trident which were deemed satanic. During this phase, The Catholic Inquisition published *Malleus Maleficarum* - or The Witches' Hammer which advocated to the world the so called "the dangers of liberal women" and instructed the clergy how to find, torture and execute them. Those deemed "witches" by the church included mostly female scholars, priestesses, gypsies, mystics, nature lovers, herb gatherers or

pagans. Midwives were also killed for their heretical practice for using medical knowledge to ease the pain of childbirth - a suffering the church claimed was God's rightful punishment for Eve's partaking of the Apple of Knowledge. During 300 years of witch hunts the church burnt alive five million women. Since most of these women could be called the so called advocates of science this battle gathered amazing speed during this time. The next phase in this conflict was shared by the rapid growth of science from the 10th to the 17th centuries and the place of paganism was taken up by science as we understand it today

Religion and Modern Science

The modern conflict can find its root in the controversy that brewed up upon Galileo's confirmation of the heliocentric nature of the solar system confirming the prediction of Copernicus which was opposed to the geocentric nature as ratified by the church. Galileo was subjected to much slander and ridicule because the Church advocated that God who has created humans and the world would not do anything to jeopardize man's central role in his creation. Even Johannes Kepler who formulated the concept of elliptical orbits on which the Earth revolves around the Sun faced serious criticisms as the Church deemed the symmetry of a circle to be God's perfection and the fact that an elliptical orbit is the course of Earth's revolution was also imperfect to them.



Another controversial topic which added fuel to this fire was Darwin's theory of evolution. The theory, which has long been accepted by scientists, says that all life on earth came from a common ancestor, and that random mutations over generations eventually gave rise to all creatures, from insects to people. Intelligent design, advocated and vehemently supported by the church on the other hand, posits a "designer" who must be responsible because it claims the basic molecular structure of life is too intricate to have evolved by chance. Under many interpretations, that designer is God. So there is a direct conflict between these two hypotheses which accounted for much persecution and bloodshed during the 19th century under this ground. An interesting item along this line is that Isaac Newton had a small deficiency between his calculations of the motions of planets and the actual observations, so he invoked the

hand of God. But a century later the great mathematician Laplace made better calculations with Newton's own equations and showed that there was no such deficiency. This goes to show how science and religion can be in a position to complement each other.

To pretend that one's latest research has major implications for religious belief can be one way of giving it an upgrade, as when the scientific guru of France's Third Republic, Marcellin Berthelot, claimed that his artificial synthesis of organic compounds removed all mystery from living organisms. On the other hand, religious apologists have themselves often wanted to show that they are abreast with the latest science. An early popularizer of Newton, Richard Bentley, argued that because the invisible gravitational force acted between the centers of spherical bodies, it was a non-mechanical agent and therefore an instance of divine activity in the world. Thus a clear and concise effort was made by both the warring factions to encroach upon each others domains and to justify their encroachments. The conflict entered into a new domain with the rise of illuminati.

Rise Of The Illuminati

Illuminati have recently been in much news owing to the Dan Brown novel 'Angels and Demons' and the rise of this movement can be attributed wholly to the persecution of the great Italian scientist Galileo Galilei. In the 1500s a group of scientists comprising of physicists, astronomers and mathematicians expressed concerns about the church's inaccurate teachings and they called themselves 'the enlightened ones' or the illuminatus. The Illuminati used to meet at an ultra-secretive lair called 'the church of illumination' and they were led by none other than Galileo himself. Galileo was pacifist. He wanted to unite the teachings of the church and the scientific findings into a common harmony saying that both science and religion were the same story- a story of symmetry, balance and truth. But the church was against the idea of unification as it considered itself the sole vessel through which man could understand God. So Galileo was tried as a heretic, put under house arrest and eventually persecuted.

In the aftermath of Galileo's arrest the Illuminati were thrown into turmoil and committed mistakes due to which the identity of 4 illuminati scientists were compromised who were tortured by the church and then they were branded alive with the symbol of the cross. This is known as la purga. Then their dead bodies were hung in the street of Rome as a warning. As a result the Illuminati went underground and mixed with other refugee groups and in its place rose a new radical

Illuminati which can find its root in a new Illuminati movement as described next.

On May 1, 1776, in Bavaria, Dr. Adam Weishaupt, a professor of Canon Law at Ingolstadt University and a former Jesuit, formed a secret society called the Order of the Illuminati within the existing Masonic lodges of Germany. Since Masonry is itself a secret society, the Illuminati was a secret society within a secret society. The Illuminati were suppressed by the government for allegedly plotting to overthrow all the kings in Europe and the Pope to boot. The Illuminati society greatly infiltrated the masons and also amassed in its ranks the original Illuminati who were seething under the church's oppression and were demanding a violent reaction. Any incident in the church's malfunctioning has always been attributed to the Illuminati though evidences have been rare and the Illuminati are a subject of much speculation even today.

Conclusion



Most academic historians, while rejecting outright conflict, would refuse to be drawn on whether or not the contribution of religion to science was broadly positive or negative citing the enormous amount of data that would have to be assimilated to give a sensible answer. Most are happy to say that the relationship has been positive in some ways and negative in others with an overall effect that is probably too subtle to be measured. While I respect that cautious view, I believe it is wrong and that a very strong case can be made for the Christian religion to be a specific factor in the rise of modern science in Western Europe. They always point at the ultimate goal of humankind- the quest to know the unknown. Due to political aspirations some atrocities have been committed by both the warring factions but this cannot be a clear indicator of their eternal struggle. In modern times the intermarriage of science and religion and their acceptance is obvious and a necessity. Let us cherish their diversity and independence and not arrogantly reduce such convictions to the implications of science. After all whatever we do we cannot back away from the truth. Can we?????????



Catch The

MBA IN DWAGON

the write angles

PRASHANT
SECOND YEAR

INTRODUCTION:

I remember my granny telling me to care for the rising sun, for this would become the cause behind my rise. Today, I see many of my friends adhering to my Grandma's advice, when I find them preparing to get a B-school education. Management studies have been acknowledged as the ideal grounding for an ambitious career in the business world. This provides an opportunity for students from varied backgrounds to position themselves as top honchos of their dream companies. An MBA degree earned from a quality B-school can help one become an accomplished manager, and getting admission into a B-school of choice requires a combination of determination, vision, quick thinking and slight blessings of the Lady luck.

MBA: IT IS A DESTINATION

Believe it or not, MBA is not a destination. Getting into a B-school gets you a seat reserved in the bus going the industry way. And once taken a plunge into the deep waters of the vast corporate world, it's only the administration acumen one can bank upon. But if not this, then what is the destination? Theoretically, there exists no such destination for managers. But practically managers have risen to the positions of companies and some have turned entrepreneurs, translating an idea into an MNC.

HERE COMES THE CAT

CAT has the reputation of being one of the toughest exams the world over. Qualifying CAT opens the gate to the six IIM's of the country. Apart from IIM's some other premier institutes using the CAT scores are SP Jain (Mumbai), MDI (Gurgaon), NITIE (Mumbai), MICA (Ahmedabad), IMI (Delhi), and a few others. Crossing the CAT hurdle is no mean feat. It tests the students in disciplines such as Mathematics and English and across areas such as problem solving, data interpretation, data sufficiency, logical reasoning, verbal ability, verbal reasoning, and reading comprehension. CAT has become infamous against students used to role up the patternised CAT question sets, as the CAT is now known for changing its stripes every year.

During the last four years, the pattern of the paper has been changing every time. This consistent inconsistency has made CAT an even harder nut to crack. However CAT is not about testing of cracking complex problems in mathematics. CAT is definitely not about testing whether your English is royal, or the statistical knowledge, it is a simple well balanced test of the ability to handle Mathematics and English. In addition to this, it tests skills such as time management, strategy formulation, prioritization, stress management, and decision making. All this requires only sound higher secondary grooming. Though the CAT pattern changes frequently, however, the basic format of the question paper remains the same. It comprises of three sections - Mathematics (Quantitative Aptitude), English and Data interpretation. Most of the institutes do have sectional cutoffs except a few lower ranked institutes. Though the CAT scores are not taken into consideration during GD (Group Discussion) and interview sessions but cumulative scores are taken for the final call.

Although a Business School advertises countless reasons to attract the best talents to its campus, it is the placement trend which determines the way the students would head for. IIMs, for example, had a whole lot of MNCs visiting their campus. This forced the Indian based companies to settle with the second rung institutes. This year, a student at the Indian School of Business (ISB), Hyderabad topped the charts with an all time high offer of \$ 233,000 per annum. However Indian companies could not stretch beyond Rs. 30 lakh per annum, nearly a fifth of the overseas package. This though discouraging, is a positive signal, for it brings to the fore two issues, firstly, MNCs which earlier were reluctant to employ the MBA grads from Indian Universities are now determined to have them at their helm of affairs. Secondly, to satisfy the domestic need, the younger B schools will have to grow in every respect; in the screening process, faculty, or the curriculum. This will ensure flow of competent managers to the corporate corridors.

We have already seen the meteoric rise of institutes such as IIFT (Delhi), FMS (Delhi), SIBM (Pune), NITIE (Mumbai), MDI (Gurgaon), JBIMS (Mumbai), TISS (Mumbai), XLRI (Jamshedpur) and others.

PEEPING THROUGH THE IIM GATE

The post graduate programme in management offered by the IIM's aims at equipping one to become a reasoned manager. To cater to the widely ranging industry requirements, it offers specialized courses to the students. These are:-

Marketing :- It involves understanding customer needs and meeting them profitably. One might like marketing if he is curious about people, interested in analyzing data, traveling, meeting people and building consensus. In broader sense it is getting people and business together.

Finance :- It is concerned with the efficient use of an important component of business- money. One works on designing financial offerings to maximize the returns to investors. It deals with the knowledge of economy and the bulls market. All the major acquisitions and joint ventures are planned and put into practice by the financial analyst of companies.

HR :- This involves activity directed towards development of people in the organization performing appraisals, employ training and employee motivation .In simple words the role of HR is to recruit the best talent available and then optimum utilization of human resource

Systems :- This would involve helping companies leverage technology to business value .These people are responsible for providing sound technology to the

industry which ushers in profits and provides satisfaction at both employee and customer levels.

Operations :- It is for those who are fond of processes and is important in manufacturing as well as in service delivery. It also involves areas such as quality control and optimization .

PREPARING TO BELL THE CAT

When it comes to preparing for the entrance test, confusion reins in the mind. What books to read, which coaching institute is the best, how many mock tests should one appear in and how much time should one devote?

One way out of this puzzle is to seek as much information as one can from peers, teachers, guides, and those who have already cracked the cat code. The other way is what the smarter people choose -- join a quality coaching institute. They will take care of all the doubts and confusions.

Gurujodh Pal, a student from the CSE department of NIT Hamirpur made his alma meter feel proud upon

Institute	Qualifying Examination	No. of seats	Avg. annual salary (domestic) (Rs. in Lakhs)	Avg. annual salary (international)
IIM, Ahmedabad	CAT	250	9.6	\$92,000
IIM, Calcutta	CAT	250	9.81	\$103,000
IIM, Bangalore	CAT	230		
IIM, Indore	CAT	230	8.50	\$55,000
IIM, Lucknow	CAT	300	8.74	\$78,039
IIM, Kozhikode	CAT			
ISB, Hyderabad	GMAT, TOEFL		11.77	\$120,700
XLRI, Jamshedpur	XAT	185	8.35	
FMS, Delhi	Entrance test, GD, Interview	90	8.9	\$62,000
IIFT, Delhi	Written test, GD, Interview	120	8.10	\$94,000
NITIE, Mumbai	CAT	170	8.20	\$76,500

qualifying for what every one calls the "Mecca of Management Studies"-IIM Ahmedabad . Cracking CAT, Pal described it in one of his seminars, requires something more than just hard work .If one is able to bridge the gap between hard work and efficient work then destiny will be his . Management is all about breaking conventions .We are living in an era marked with volatility. Nothing seems to be ever lasting. Considering this; the modern day managers should possess an urge to reinvent themselves to stay ahead in the race. India is a country where intense competition exists. Those who succumb to the heat generated by competition are forced into making a compromise with destiny. Cracking CAT is all about becoming masters of our own destiny.

13821 ई.पू., रामेश्वरम।

राम का लंका-अभियान अपने प्रारंभिक चरण में है। राम हर संभव उपाय सोचते हैं, सागर को पार करने के लिये, उसे हराने के लिये। राम तीन दिन तक प्रतीक्षा करते हैं कि सागर को लौंघने का कोई सुरक्षित उपाय मिल सके। लेकिन राम का धैर्य चुक जाता है और वे निश्चय करते हैं

कि वे अब और प्रतीक्षा नहीं करेंगे। रावण जैसे अत्याचारी को केवल इसलिये जीवित नहीं छोड़ा जा सकता कि वो सागर पार बैठा है। राम अपना धनुष धारण करते हैं, ब्रह्मास्त्र धनुष पर रखते हैं ताकि उसे चलाकर सागर के उस भाग को सुखाया जा सके जो रामेश्वरम और लंका के बीच स्थित है। किंतु तभी सागर के देवता

वरुण आते हैं और उनसे प्रार्थना करते हैं कि वे ब्रह्मास्त्र न चलाये अन्यथा सागर तो सूखेगा ही, उसके भीतर तथा आसपास रहने वाले असंख्य प्राणी मारे जाएंगे। राम प्रार्थना स्वीकार कर लेते हैं किन्तु एक बार ब्रह्मास्त्र का संचालन शुरू हो चुकने के बाद उसे बिना चलाये नहीं रखा जा सकता। अतः राम उसे रामेश्वरम के उत्तर पश्चिम की ओर की स्तिया (खाड़ी) के एक द्वीप पर छोड़ देते हैं। उस द्वीप पर जिसे

लक्ष द्वीप के नाम से आज जाना जाता है। और हम जानते हैं कि लक्षद्वीप पर आज भी कोई खास जीवन नहीं है। वहां के पुराने द्वीपों की मिट्टी में पौधे नहीं उग पाते। लो प्रश्न उठता है कि क्या था राम के उस बाण में जिससे एक पूरा द्वीपसमूह जीवन रहित हो गया? क्या एक बाण सागर के एक पूरे के पूरे भाग को सुखा सकता है।

तात्पर्य यह है कि हमें समझना चाहिये कि यहाँ जिस बाण के बारे में कहा गया है, वह कोई साधारण बाण नहीं है, बल्कि बाण का प्रयोग केवल किसी अन्य घातक अस्त्र के लिये किया गया है। एक ऐसा अस्त्र जो सागर के पूरे भाग को सुखा दे, एक पूरे द्वीप समूह की उर्वरता को कई सालों के लिये नष्ट कर दे, क्या हो सकता है? दिमाग में कोई बिजली



कौपी ?

अगर हम अपनी धर्म ग्रन्थों और इतिहासों को खोजें तो हमें ऐसे कई उदाहरण मिल सकते हैं और ये उदाहरण ही हमारे राष्ट्रपति ए.पी.जे. अबुल कलाम के प्रेरणा के स्रोत हैं। एक बार जब कलाम साहब से उनके सपनों की मिसाइल के बारे में पूछा गया तो उनका कहना था कि

वो एक ऐसी मिसाइल बनाना चाहते हैं जो अपने लक्ष्य को नष्ट कर फिर से लौटकर आ सके और पुनः इस्तेमाल की जा सके। पत्रकारों ने उनसे पूछा कि उन्हें इसके लिये आइडिया कहाँ से मिला? तो जवाब में कलाम ने उन्हें रामायण का वो प्रसंग सुनाया जिसमें राम का एक मंत्रबाण ग्यारह अलग-अलग खड़े ताड़ के पेड़ों को नष्ट करता है और फिर से लौटकर राम के तरकश में वापस आ जाता है। एक बार डा. कलाम ने यह भी कहा था वो हर उस दिव्यास्त्र को बनाना चाहते हैं जिसके वर्णन रामायण और महाभारत में दिये गये हैं। अस्तु ! जो अस्त्र कलाम जैसे वैज्ञानिक की प्रेरणा बन सकते हैं, उनमें सच्चाई तो होनी ही चाहिये।

हम से कई लोग कह सकते हैं कि इतना घातक अस्त्र, और एक साधारण से धनुष पर रखकर कैसे चलाया जा सकता है ? लेकिन उन धनुषों को साधारण बांस और डोरी का धनुष मानना मूर्खता होगी। अवश्य ही ये कोई ऐसा यंत्र रहा होगा जो धनुष के सिद्धान्त पर कार्य तो करता हो लेकिन उसका आकार और क्षमता विशाल होनी चाहिये। जैसे दिवाली पर चलाया जाने वाला छोटा सा पटाखा 'रॉकेट' और वे रॉकेट जिन्हें अंतरिक्ष अनुसंधान के लिये प्रयोग किया जाता है, दोनों ही रॉकेट कहलाते हैं, दोनों का सिद्धान्त भी एक ही है लेकिन दोनों की क्षमता में कितना अंतर है, यह बताने की आवश्यकता नहीं होनी चाहिये। इसी सिद्धान्त से प्रेरित होकर डा. कलाम ने भारत में बनाये गये रॉकेट लॉचर का नाम 'पिनाक' रखा था। पिनाक भगवान शिव के धनुष का नाम है। इसलिये हमें चाहिये कि हम ऐसे पौराणिक शस्त्रों की गंभीरता पर शक न करें और उनके बारे में किसी निर्णय तक पहुँचने से पहले अपने कॉमन सेंस को भी प्रयुक्त करें।

अच्छा अब आते हैं 480 ई.पू. में। अगर मैं आपसे पूछूँ कि दुनिया का पहला टैंक कहाँ बना था तो अच्छे सामान्य ज्ञान वाले लोग कहेंगे 'स्वीडन'। पर किसी इतिहासज्ञ से पूछिये, उसका उत्तर होगा "भारत"। जी हाँ ये पहला टैंक मगध के हर्षक वंशी सम्राट अजातशत्रु ने बनवाया था। जब चन्द्रगुप्त के लिच्छिवियों ने मगध को रत्नों की खान संबंधी समझौते में अँगूठा दिखा दिया तो उसने उनकी राजधानी वैशाली पर हमला कर दिया। कहते हैं कि लिच्छिवियों की वीरता और एकता अटूट थी और अजातशत्रु को युद्ध में कोई सफलता नहीं मिल

रही थी। तब उसके यंत्रशिल्पियों ने उसके निर्देशों पर काम करते हुए दो यंत्र बनाये जिनका नाम था 'रथमूसल' और 'महाशिलाकटक'। इन दोनों यंत्रों को जोड़ा गया और एक ऐसा विनाशकारी शस्त्र तैयार हुआ जिसने इस युद्ध का पासा ही पलट दिया। इस यंत्र का आकार अतिविशाल था। जब इसे युद्ध में उतारा गया तो इसे देखकर वैशाली के सैनिक भागने के बजाय इसे मुंह खोलकर देख रहे थे क्योंकि ऐसे किसी यंत्र के बारे में वैशाली तो क्या पूरे भारत में भी किसी ने नहीं सोचा था, न ही सुना था। इस यंत्र से लोहे की भारी सलाखें, शिलायें, बाण और शूल भारी संख्या में बरसते थे और इसे सैनिक संचालित कर रहे थे। इस यंत्र का कोई काट, कोई तोड़ नहीं था। कुछ ही घड़ियों के अंदर-अंदर लिच्छिवियों की लड़ने की इच्छा छूक गयी और वैशाली पर अजातशत्रु का अधिकार हो गया। इस युद्ध से पहले लिच्छिवि अजेय समझे जाते थे और यह पहला मौका था जब वैशाली पर किसी बाहरी सम्राट का अधिकार स्थापित हुआ। अभी तक यह अज्ञात है कि लिच्छिवियों को झुका देने वाले यंत्र की संचालन विधि और इंधन क्या थे। हाँ ठीक है इसमें बासूद और गोलियाँ नहीं थी पर एक बार सोचकर तो देखिये, ये टैंक नहीं तो और क्या है ?

ऐसा ही एक और उदाहरण है जब मैसूर के सुल्तान टीपू ने अंग्रेजों के खिलाफ रॉकेटों का प्रयोग किया था। ये रॉकेट आकार में काफी छोटे होते थे पर घातक थे। इन रॉकेटों ने अंग्रेजों को भी हिला दिया था और इन्हीं की सहायता से टीपू ने अंग्रेजों के खिलाफ पहली ही जंग में विजय पताका लहराई थी। ऐसे ही कितने उदाहरण पूरे भारतीय इतिहास में भरे पड़े हैं, राम और अर्जुन के दिव्यास्त्र, कृष्ण के चक्र, पौरव के सैनिकों के धनुष, असम के अहोमों के गुप्त शस्त्र, अर्धशास्त्र (कौटिल्य चाणक्य) में वर्णित विशाल्यकर्णी जैसी अद्भुत जड़ी बूटियाँ, महर्षि कपिल के विमान, नागार्जुन के रसायन..... अद्भुत ! अद्भुत !

कुछ लोग पूछ सकते हैं कि इस सारी गाथा को कहने का उद्देश्य क्या है। हालाँकि एक दार्शनिक ने कहा है - "इतिहास से आप एक ही चीज सीखते हैं, कि इतिहास से आप कुछ भी नहीं सीख सकते"। किन्तु फिर भी हमें भगवान का आभारी होना चाहिये कि हमारे अतीत का विज्ञान इतना उन्नत और विकसित है कि अगर हम उसको गंभीरता से लेकर शोधकार्य करें तो हमें आगे बढ़ने से कोई भी नहीं रोक सकता। तब फिर से हमारा भारत बनेगा, विश्वगुरु भारत, हमारे सपनों का सच्चा, उन्नत और अद्वितीय, तेजस्वी भारत।

DREAMZ

ABHISHEK TONDON

THIRD YEAR

BEST ENTRY COMPILATION



The door bell is ringing.... Angela wakes up from her sleep. 'Who could it be at this hour? It is 2:00 in the morning'. She glances at the wall-clock. She runs down the stairs and opens the door. Her parents are there. 'But why are they looking different? Maybe...they are wet, as it's raining....' 'We love you Angela', they hug her and kiss her.

The dream ends. Next morning Angela wakes up and gets to know about the death of her parents in a car accident the previous night!

What does it mean? Angela, in her dream met her parents at the time when they were dead. Did her dream facilitate her communication with the souls this way? Don't such incidents make you wonder about dreams? What are dreams? What do they mean? Why are they so weird? Why do we have them at all?.....So many questions! Let's get deeper into the mysterious world of dreams!

**HISTORY-**

Dreams have an interesting history dating back to 4000 B.C. when they were documented on clay tablets. Throughout the ages people have been fascinated by them. Most ancient societies had books about them. The Babylonians and the Egyptians had gods of dreams.

Dreams were seen as messages and omens from gods and souls in the Greek and Roman era, so people having vivid dreams were believed to be blessed. People who could interpret dreams were seen as divinely gifted as it was extolled as the simplest and surest mode of prophesying. Various religions too recognized the insights offered by dreams as evidenced in their sacred texts and traditions. Divine

revelations through dreams occur frequently in the Old and New Testament. That dreams are caused by the God was acknowledged by the early Fathers of the Church and the ecclesiastical writers. Dreams were also thought to provide vital clues in the diagnosis and treatment of illness. In Greece, sick people were sent to special temples where they performed religious rites and induce sleep to have a dream assuring a 'return to good health'. During the middle ages, however, the dreams were seen as 'Tools of Devil'. The devil was believed to fill the

Dreaming was seen by indigenous people as a way to commune with spirits. The Chinese believed that during sleep, the soul leaves the body and communes with the spirit world and if the dreamer were suddenly awakened, the soul might never return. That's why some Chinese are still leery about the use of alarm clocks. Some Native American tribes and Mexican civilizations believed that their ancestors lived in their dreams; hence dreams were a way to commune with them.

Medical View- According to Evans, during sleep, the sensory and motor neural pathways get isolated and our data banks & program files become available for modification. While dreaming, it comes back on-line for a short period and our conscious mind observes a sample of the programs being run which appears as a dream. Thus, dreams are a minute amount of the information being scanned and sorted during sleep.

cause. Aristotle referred to dreams as impressions left by objects seen with exaggeration of stimuli while Plato connected them with the normal mental sensations of the waking state.

THE VIEWS-

The theologians admit the possibility of the supernatural origin of dreams but metaphysicians hold the suspension of volition during sleep as their cause. Some claim external stimuli to be the catalyst to all the dreams whereas others argue that they arise from the phantastical power of soul. According to Freud, our unconscious is made of forbidden childhood wishes which a dream represents along with the present activities & instinctual needs. According to Jung, dreams are messages

mind with venomous thoughts in the vulnerable sleep state.

The first step into dream interpretation had come in 5th century B.C. when Greek philosopher Heraclitus suggested the creation of dream world in one's mind. The phantasms of corporeal objects in the atmosphere were also held as their

Cleanup Mechanism- Our cortex is made of richly interconnected neural networks having encoded memories. Too many memories in one network cause information overload, to deal with which brain uses sleep as a clean-up mechanism for eliminating spurious connections. The brain, isolated from external inputs, is activated by random neural firing (causing hallucinatory dreams) which erases the spurious memory associations formed during the previous day.

from within us to ourselves which remind us of our wishes. Some theories suggest that dreams have problem solving functions but then non-recallers should suffer; but who rarely recall dreams, do not differ in terms of

personality from those who do. In fact, each dream is a recipe laced with complicated plots and elaborate visual puns that our brain cooks with our biological instincts, cultural assumptions and personal experience.

PHENOMENA-

While some dreams are due to the automatic excitation of cerebral regions from the sensations of preceding events, others arise due to real sensations e.g. from the states of the internal organs (as sensation of flying due to disturbance in stomach or from muscular states), from subjective sensations due to the circulation of blood (suggesting rushing waters) or from the action of external stimuli on the sensory organs.

Recurring dreams are the result of our emotional weakness that causes us to be hurt. When so happens, our dream recurs to display that weakness in our waking, life. Recurring dreams also show the strength of dream memory. Nightmares occur as our subconscious wants to tell us something we've been refusing to accept. They're highly symbolic and frequent with sensitive people.

An interesting phenomenon associated with dreams is of Extra Sensory Perception (ESP), which is the response to external stimuli without any sensory contact. Precognition is one example of ESP. Another is Dream Psychometry where one gains information about an object which one knows nothing about in waking life. Paul McCartney, one of the most famous singers/ writers of all time had the tune for his Beatles song 'Yesterday' (the song performed over 7 million times in the 20th century) in a dream. Kekulé discovered the tetravalent nature of carbon and the structure of Benzene in a dream. ".....One of the snakes had seized hold of its own tail,



Some people return to life after having been clinically pronounced 'dead'. It's called NDE (Near Death Experience). In a similar phenomenon named as OBE (Out of Body Experience), one sees the body sleeping on the bed but is not clinically dead as the 'astral body' (energy surrounding us), separates from the body but doesn't disconnect. A person having an OBE hears a loud roar as the astral body lifts; and since the body is connected by a thin line of astral matter, energy is transferred to the mind as sound. Once the astral body reaches its higher vibratory frequency, the sound disappears and the sensations of sight take over.

Two weeks before his assassination, Abraham Lincoln had a dream that there was a funeral at the White House. In the dream he asked a soldier who was in the casket, 'Who is dead in the White House?' "The President" was the answer; "he was killed by an assassin!" Such phenomenon is termed as Precognition when people dream about an event in startlingly accurate details before it happens in reality.

DREAMS & THEIR COMMON INTERPRETATIONS

- **FALLING**- It indicates a loss of emotional equilibrium, insecurity, a lack of self-confidence, or an inability to cope with a situation. Dreams about falling may be triggered by a drop in blood pressure or a limb dangling off the side of the bed.
- **CHASING**- Dreams of being chased are a metaphor for insecurity suggesting that dreamer is running away from something he has done in the past. The figure that pursues is most likely to represent an unresolved aspect of circumstances.
- **RUNNING**- A sign of a big change in life.
- **SNAKES**- Snakes are often seen as symbols of life, death and rebirth. To see a lone snake and feel threatened by it shows having a bodily harm from an enemy. To dream of many snakes in a pit is the foreboding of much bad luck. Killing a threatening snake in dream shows overcoming the adversary and winning out.
- **SPIDERS**- Seeing a spider climbing the wall will have dearest wish come true. Seeing a spider spinning a web suggests an increase in income due to hard work.
- **WATER**- Clear water indicates great luck and prosperity, a dream of muddy water foretells sadness through illness or death of someone close. Dirty water warns of unscrupulous people.
- **WAVES**- Standing on shore and watching the waves foam up foretells narrow escape from an accidental injury. Hearing the waves lapping against the hull of the ship foretells a troubled domestic scene. To sail on a calm ocean is always a good omen for all concerned.
- **MURDER**- To see murder committed foretells much sorrow arising from the misdeeds of others. Committing murder signifies engagement in dishonorable adventures. Dreams of being murdered foretell that enemies are secretly working to overthrow.
- **DEATH**- Dreams of death signify birth, dreams of birth or marriage are signs of death.
- **CANDLES**- A clear and steady flame denotes a well-grounded fortune.
- **LIGHT**- Shining out of the dark, it shows that dreamer will find the answer to a personal problem.
- **BABY**- It signifies innocence, warmth and new beginnings. If a woman dreams of nursing a baby, she will be deceived by the one she trusts the most.
- **CAT**- It's an unfortunate omen and shows treachery as well as a run of bad luck.
- **DOG**- It indicates great gain and constant friends. Barking dogs foretell news of depressing nature.
- **BIRDS**- Flying birds are a sign of prosperity to the dreamer.
- **BUTTERFLY**- To see a butterfly among flowers indicates prosperity.
- **BALLOONS**- They indicate dashing of hopes. Ascending in a balloon indicates frustration.
- **DIAMONDS**- Dream of owning diamonds signifies great honour and recognition from high places.
- **ROSE**- If a woman dreams of receiving a rose and places it in her hair then she will be deceived by a good friend. To see a rose bush in full foliage denotes a wedding in the family.

and the form whirled mockingly before my (Kekule's) eyes...." The snake seizing its own tail gave Kekulé the circular structure of Benzene.

In another case named as Synchronous ESP, the dreamer encounters a familiar character in his dream and that person also recounts the same dream.

Why is there distortion in dreams? There exist as the primary cause of dream-formation two psychic forces, first one forms the wish expressed by the dream while the second exercises a censorship thereby enforcing distortion. Every dream emanates from the first instance, while the second behaves only in a censoring manner. So, disagreeable dreams contain something which is disagreeable to the second instance but fulfils a wish of the first. Hence, a distorted dream is the disguised fulfilment of a repressed wish and dream-distortion is an act of censorship.

WHY ARE DREAMS FORGOTTEN?

Dreaming is as essential to our psychological life as the enzymes secreted for digestion. Dreams are the product of a deeper stratum of personality than that in waking life. They arise out of an unconscious domain and function in an involuntary manner to meet our organismic needs. They result in the production of symbolic imagery that digests residual feelings triggered by recent events. The mind searches our past to find a situation or symbol fitting the feelings pressuring us during sleep. The conscious mind often passes on difficult emotional problems to the unconscious for solving through dreams.

Many dream-images are forgotten as they're too weak to recall. One is wont to remember things occurring repeatedly and most dream-images are non-repetitive. Then for feelings and ideas to attain memorability, they should be well associated. Dream-compositions are insusceptible of being

remembered as they fall to pieces the very next moment. Also, on waking the attention is immediately besieged by the intruding world of sensation. Very few dream-images are capable of withstanding its force. The fact that most people take but little interest in their dreams is also conducive to their forgetting. The difference of the general sensation in the sleeping and waking state and the untranslatable nature of dreams for the waking consciousness also accounts for their forgetting. Moreover, in the investigation and interpretation of dreams, our mind so greatly tends to perceive everything in a connected form that it unintentionally supplies the missing links in any incoherent dream.



LET'S FACE THE TRUTH STRAIGHT!

The creative energy derived from our feelings that shapes the images in dreams speaks so eloquently and honestly to reveal truths about ourselves that have not yet surfaced in waking life. Our dreaming psyche is constantly in touch with the reality of our feelings. It's a truth-telling mechanism with no room for self-deception. Our innate creativity and the incorruptible core of our being filters truth from falsity. Dreams call attention in an imaginative metaphorical way to that reality which has not been given its just due. Bertrand Russell once said, "The rational unites. The irrational separates." Our dreams know the difference. Non-literate societies found a way to integrate dreams and waking life. We, who pride ourselves on our level of psychological sophistication and scientific accomplishment, haven't yet got this linkage.

While we hardly know more about dreams than what the Babylonians knew 5,000 years ago, it is better to believe what they tell us. Akin to an aesthetic experience, all of us have within us a musician endowed with perfect pitch who calls our attention whenever we sing. So what are you waiting for? Come, live your dreamz!!

the **write** angles

the **write** angles



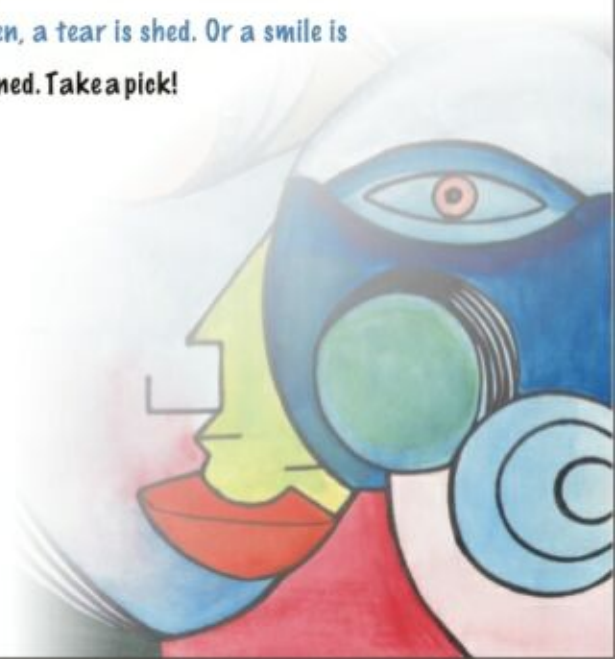
graphics by : DHANVANTH REDDY

the write angles

Each one of us has something to say; and something to write. 'the write angles' is not meant to educate on the styles of writing that exists in contemporary society, nor does it portray the right approach towards writing. However, taking off like Orville Wright's spirits on that historic day of 1903, this section showcases that very element that makes us human; emotions. The underlying idea is that the writer comes before the written. That all the words coming off here are loyal carriers of a sense of humour, fear, love, action, pain, joy and detachment, or at least confusion if all else fails!

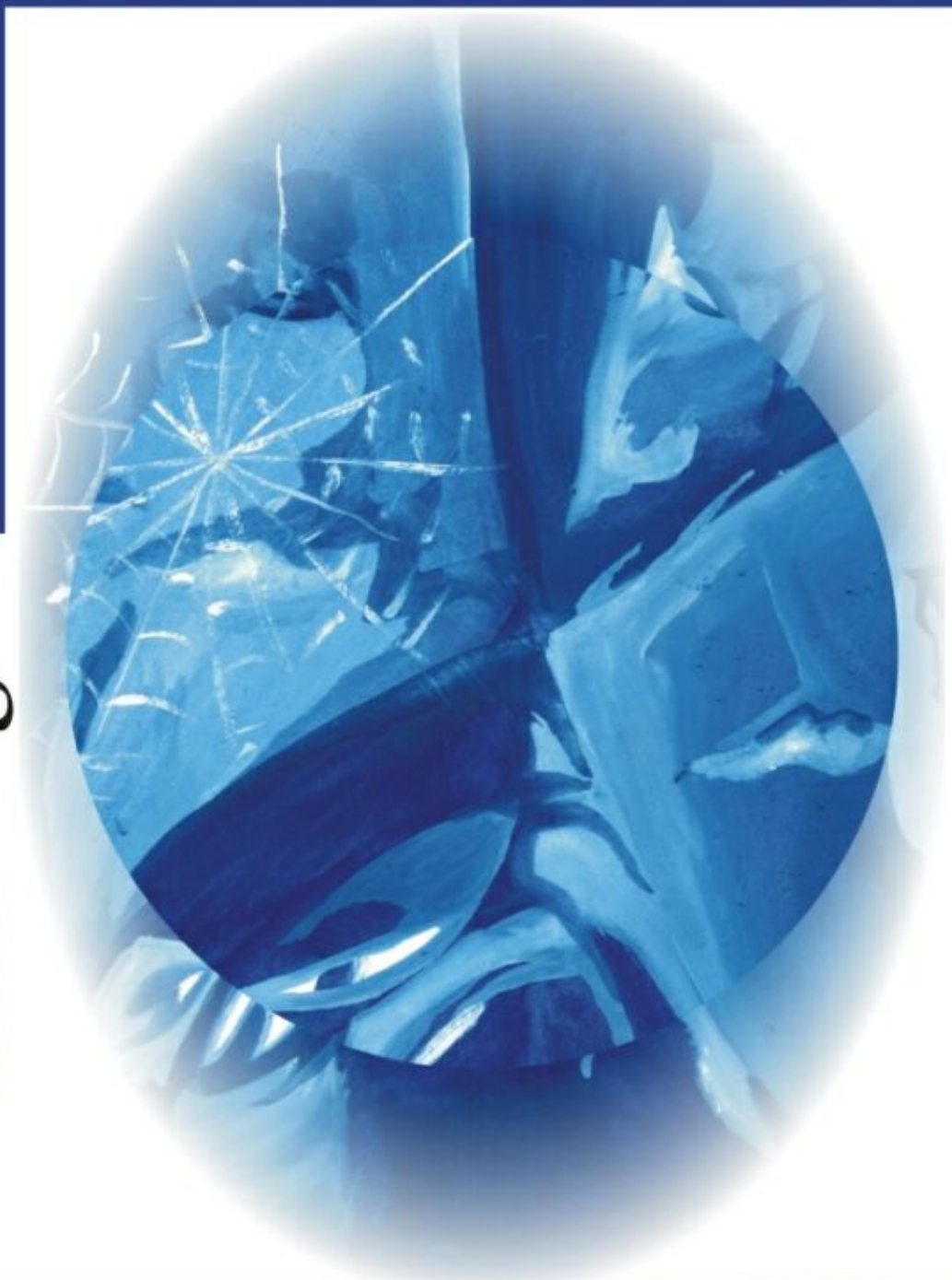
Why Angles?

For it all starts here. And like the angles we know of from the math world, it is quite impossible to say where it ends. But somewhere in between, a tear is shed. Or a smile is crafted. Or the page is turned. Take a pick!



the acute angles

the acute angles



graphics by : KUMAR ASHUTOSH

The Acute Angles

The dictionary meaning of this word is intense or sharp. Acute is denotative of the hard feelings that we have such as intense pain, obsession, agony and to some extent optimism. A close view will reveal that our eyes tend to get narrow when we have such feelings. Probably this is why acute is attached to such feelings. In artistic terms, a simple acute angle resembles a man with his forehead on his knees. Any guesses for when we feel like doing that?

This is the first section mathematically as well as philosophically as our sweetest songs are those which tell our saddest thoughts.

- जहां शहीद लहू रोते हैं गजेन्द्र सिंह सिकरवार
- Let Me Be 'Me' Gaurav Arya
- श्रवण स्नेहा केलवा
- AMY Sunil Parmar
- एक अधूरी कहानी कमल प्रकाश रवि
- Soldier Sunil Parmar
- 3 Days To Touchdown Vivek Shah
- जला हुआ कोयला अभिषेक चतुर्वेदी
- Humanity Unjustified Ashwini Dhiman
- इस रात की सुबह नहीं उत्पल तिवारी
- Masti Ki Pathshala Parul Puri

जहाँ शहीद लहू रौते हैं

गजेन्द्र सिंह सिकंदरवार
तृतीय वर्ष

सर्वश्रेष्ठ प्रविष्टि - हिन्दी

हम सभी को अपने शहीदों पर गर्व है, पर अगर मैं कहूँ शहीद हम भारतीयों पर शर्म महसूस करते हैं तो.....

9:07 सुबह,

आँख खुली तो देखा कि घर के पास के परेड ग्राउंड से देशभक्ति के गीतों की आवाजें आ रही थीं। स्कूली बच्चों की कई टोलियाँ हाथ में बैनर्स ले-लेकर दूरदर्शन पर इंटरवल में दिखाये जाने वाले गीत "हम होंगे कामयाब" गाते हुए पास के स्कूल से निकल रही थी (बिल्कुल उसी अंदाज में जैसे टीचर ने सिखाया होगा)। फेरी वाले भी पास ही के ग्राउंड की ओर जा रहे थे।

मैं पल भर को चौंक गया, भाई आज क्या है? जहाँ तक याद है आज का दिन तो छुट्टी का है फिर अरे ! अरे ! आज तो 15 अगस्त है, याद आया। सिर्फ छुट्टी का दिन ? अरे ! यार कुछ देर के लिये तो दिल शर्म से भर उठा, फिर तभी याद आया कि आज तो हम दोस्तों का प्रोग्राम था, पहले परेड ग्राउंड और फिर घूमने जाने, बाहर खाना खाने का। अरे यार अब जल्दी से तैयार भी होना था।

मैं तैयार होकर घर से बाहर निकला तो मैंने देखा कि सड़क के एक किनारे पर कुछ लोगों का एक झुण्ड खड़ा था, भाई झुण्ड क्या था जैसे कोई नौटंकी वाले का ग्रुप लग रहा था, लेकिन अचभे की बात थी कि उनके ऊपर किसी का ध्यान नहीं था। फिर मुझे क्या पड़ी है उन पर ध्यान देने की। मैं आगे बढ़ा लेकिन तभी उस भीड़ में से एक आदमी ने देखा और फिर सभी एक-एक करके मेरी ओर घूरने लगे।

पता नहीं क्या था उन आँखों में, जो मुझे रोक रही थी, वो नजरे देख नहीं रही थी जैसे पैरों से बेड़ी बनकर लिपट गयी थी चुंबक की तरह खींच रही थी। मैं उन नजरों में बंधा उनके पास पहुँचा तो देखा कि बीच में एक औरत जिसके हाथ पैर बंधे हुए थे, सड़क पर भगवा साड़ी में लिपटी हुई पड़ी थी। और उसकी आँखों में आँसू... आँसू ? आँसू नहीं, ये तो लहू था। हाँ लहू ही था जो उन आँखों से लगातार बह रहा था। मेरे अंदर एक सदा लहर दौड़ गयी ..

मेरे मुँह से शब्द नहीं निकल रहे थे। बड़ी देर तक मैं ऐसे ही खड़ा रहा। कुछ देर बाद मेरे मुँह से बड़ी मुश्किल से शब्द निकले - "आप लोग क.. कौन हैं ?"

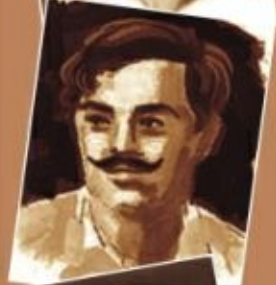
मेरी बात को सुनकर एक 13-14 साल का लड़का उस भीड़ से निकलकर आया उसने बहुत पुराने कपड़े पहन रखे थे, उसके मुँह से कोई शब्द नहीं निकले। लेकिन उसकी आँखें मुझे बेदती हुई कह रही थी, "हमें पता था तुम हमें नहीं पहचानोगे।"

"जी.... जी आप !"

"मैं ! मैं स्कंदगुप्त हूँ।"

"स्कंद ... क्या ? "मैंने दुबारा पूछा।

"स्कंदगुप्त। चक्रवर्ती सम्राट चंद्रगुप्त द्वितीय का पौत्र (पोता) और 455 ई. से 467 ई. के बीच भारत का राजा।"



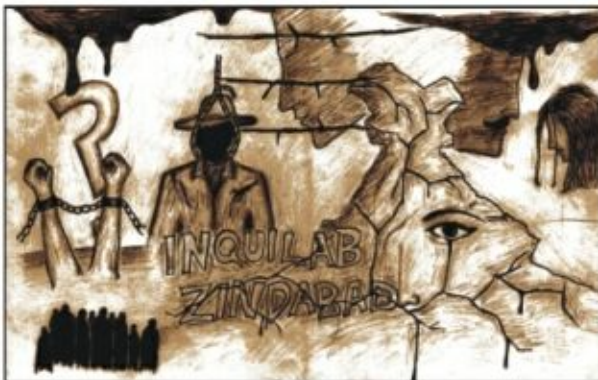
“जी... जी ...” मेरा मुँह जैसे सूखा जा रहा था।

“हाँ यही उम्र थी मेरी जब मैंने हिंदुकुश पर्वत की चोटी से भी ठंडी पहाड़ियों में जाकर हूणों से टक्कर ली और उन्हें मार भगाया। उन हूणों को जिन्होंने चीन से लेकर यूरोप तक हर जगह को अपनी क्रूरता से थरथराकर रौंद डाला था।

जानते हो किसलिये ? इसलिये कि दुश्मन का खून शराब में मिलाकर पीने वाले हत्यारे मेरी माँ सरीखी इस धरती पर अपने गंदे कदम न रख पायें, ताकि तुम जैसे कई भारतवासी उनकी क्रूर तलवारों की भेंट न चढ़ जायें। और तुम मुझे नहीं पहचान रहे ! फिर तो जमीन पर पड़ी इस देवी को नहीं पहचानते होगे ! है न !” और उसकी आँखों से लहू की बूँदें टपकने लगीं। उस लड़की की बात सुनकर भूमि पर पड़ी उस स्त्री को देखा, देखा और फिर से देखा।

तभी उस भीड़ में से एक दूसरा आदमी प्रकट हुआ। उसकी लंबाई कुछ

साढ़े सात फुट थी और उसकी गोद में 12 साल की एक लड़की की लाश थी। इस आदमी की मूँछें घनी और रोबीली थी। रोबीले व्यक्तित्व को देखकर पूछा - “आप कौन हैं ?” मुझे उसका चेहरा बहुत पहचाना लग रहा था, जैसे कहीं देखा हुआ था, पर कहाँ ? शायद इतिहास की किताबों में?



“मैं हूँ महाराणा प्रताप।

चित्तौड़ का शासक, मैंने प्रतिज्ञा की थी कि जब तक अपनी मातृभूमि को अकबर जैसे विदेशी शासकों से मुक्त नहीं करा लेता तब तक कोई त्योहार नहीं मनाऊँगा, अच्छे कपड़े नहीं पहनूँगा और भूमि पर ही सोऊँगा। वही अभागा राणा प्रताप हूँ मैं जिसने अपने जीवन 50 से ज्यादा वर्ष कष्ट में व्यतीत किये, जिसने भूख से मरते हुए देखा अपनी इस फूल सी कोमल बेटी को, किसलिये ? ताकि हम आजाद रहें, हमारा स्वाभिमान बना रहे, हमें किसी विदेशी के आगे अपने सर न झुकाने पड़ें। ये सब किसके लिये ? तुम लोग ही अपनी इस महान धरती का शासन एक विदेशी को सौंपना चाहते हो ! हे ईश्वर ! क्या होगा मेरी मातृभूमि का ?” और उस तेजपूँज की धधकती ज्वाला सी आँखों से भी लहू टपकने लगा। इस दृश्य को देखकर जैसे मेरा दिल भी सहम गया था, वो लड़की की लाश जैसे दिमाग से नहीं हट रही थी।

“मैं... मैं...” मैंने कुछ कहना चाहा तभी भीड़ के बीच से एक और

नवयुवक निकला। उसने सूट-पैट और हेट पहने हुआ और चेहरे पर जानी पहचानी सी मुँछें थीं। ये तो भगत सिंह थे! शहीद भगत सिंह। भारत माँ के लिये जान न्योछावर कर देने वाले अमर शहीद सरदार भगत सिंह लेकिन उनके गले पर एक नीला घेरा था, जैसा कि फाँसी पर चढ़ाये गये लोगों के गले पर होता है और पूरा शरीर खून से भीगा हुआ था, और ... और धावों में से मांस बाहर झाँक रहा था।

“आप भगत सिंह हैं ना !” मैंने पूछा।

“हाँ मैं ही भगत सिंह हूँ। वही भगत सिंह जिसने 23 साल की उम्र में फंदे को चूमकर उसे गले में स्वीकार किया था, अपनी माँ सरीखी इस महान भूमि को नीच विदेशियों से मुक्त कराने के लिये। उस भूमि को मुक्त कराने के लिये जिसे मुझ जैसे कई शहीदों ने अपने लहू से सींचा है, जिससे उपजा अन्न मैंने खाया है और जिस भूमि पर पैदा होने पर भगवान ने भी गर्व महसूस किया है।”

“लेकिन आपके शरीर पर ये धाव ?” मैंने पूछा।

“ये धाव !” भगत सिंह ने अपने धावों को देखा और उनके चेहरे पर एक व्यंग्य की मुस्कान आ गयी। “ये वो धाव हैं जो अंग्रेजों ने मेरी लाश के टुकड़े करते हुए दिये थे ताकि मेरी लाश को देखकर वो जागृति न आ जाये जिससे उनकी रूढ़ कौंपती थी। लेकिन उन्हें शायद पता नहीं था हम भारतीय बड़े अजीब हैं। हमें जगाना नामुमकिन है, यहाँ कभी जागृति

आ ही नहीं सकती।

जानते हो मेरे ये धाव क्यों नहीं भरते ? क्योंकि हर दिन इनके भरने से पहले ही मैं फिर से घायल कर दिया जाता हूँ जब मैं देखता हूँ कि एक दलित नेत्री पंडित जी (चंद्रशेखर आजाद) को सरेआम “डाकू” कहती है। क्यों ? इसलिये क्योंकि वे सवर्ण थे। ऐसे लोग हमारे नेता हैं जो शहीदों को भी सवर्ण-दलित, हिन्दू-मुसलमान और जातीय-विजातीय में बाँट देना चाहते हैं, थोड़े से वोटों के लिये, और हम उन्हें सुनने जाते हैं, उन्हें अपना मुक्तिदाता मानते हैं। मेरे धाव फिर से हरे हो जाते हैं जब मैं देखता हूँ कि एक नेता जिसके अपने क्षेत्र में आजाद हिंद फौज का “मूलपूर्व सिपाही भूख से मर जाता है, और बाद में उसी नेता की पार्टी के कार्यकर्ता उसे भगवान घोषित कर 17000 लोगों के सामने, भरे मंच पर आरतियाँ उतारते हैं।

शर्म आती है मुझे जब-जब मैं देखता हूँ कि मैंने किस निम्नकोटि के

नाकारा और वुजदिल लोगों के लिये अपनी जान दे दी।" बात खत्म होते-होते भगत सिंह का गला भर आया और उनके नेत्रों से भी ताजा लहू टपकने लगा।

"और मैं अकेला नहीं हूँ, जो अपनी कुर्बानी पर शर्म-सार हूँ। हर वो शहीद जिसने भारतीयता की आन बनाये रखने के लिये अपनी जान दी है, आज भी शर्मसार है भारतीयों के नाकारापन पर। देखना चाहोगे उन लोगों को?"

आओ देखो ! देखो !"
भगत सिंह मुझे अपने साथ, शहीदों की उस भीड़ से निकालते हुए ले गये और मुझे इशारा किया सामने की ओर

मैंने देखा। मैंने देखा कि मेरी आँखों के आगे लाखों, नहीं-नहीं करोड़ों-करोड़ लोग थे। सभी के चेहरे पर यातना थी, दर्द था और एक पीड़ा थी। पीड़ा अपने कुर्बानियों को बेकार जाते देखने की, पीड़ा पूरे देश की अकर्मण्यता की, भारतीयों की नपुंसकता की।

लहू में सने वे करोड़ों लोग भाग रहे थे। एक कोने में जलियाँवाला बाग था, एक ओर फौंसियों पर लटकते हुए करोड़ों शहीद, एक तरफ मुगल क्रूरता के शिकार मासूम लोग, कालापानी की जेल में जेलर बारी के कोड़ों से यातना पाते शहीद, अंग्रेजों की लाठियों की बलि चढ़ते हुए लोग, लोग मरते हुए लोग लहू के सागर में नहाते हुए। उनको मारने वाले लोग और कोई नहीं वही चेहरे थे जिसे मैं रोज की जिंदगी में देखता हूँ। कुछ लोग नेताओं के भाषण सुनकर आते थे और जलियाँवाला बाग के शहीदों को फिर से मार रहे थे, कुछ विदेशियों से पैसे लेकर आते थे और सत्याग्रहियों की रैलियों पर लाठियाँ चला रहे थे और तब उन लोगों के चेहरे जनरल डायर के चेहरे जैसे बन जाते थे। वे शहीदों को फिर से जिंदा कर रहे थे और फिर से मार रहे थे, और चारों ओर लहू ही लहू था, शहीदों का पवित्र लहू।

मैं डरकर भागने लगा और भागते-भागते फिर से शहीदों की उस भीड़ में पहुँचा। भगत सिंह ने मुझे पकड़ा और पूछा ! "जानते हो, भगवा साड़ी पहने, लहू के आँसू रोती ये औरत कौन है ?"
जवाब मुझे पता था। वो भारत माता थी। हाँ भारत माता..... भारत माता ! भारत माता !

मेरी आँख खुली तो मैंने देखा तो घड़ी सुबह के सात बजा रही थी। तो तो क्या ये एक सपना था ? पर नहीं इतना जीवंत अनुभव सपना नहीं था। वो तो सच्चाई थी, हाँ सच्चाई ही तो थी।

अपनी उहापोह में उलझे हुए अपने घर की चौखट से बाहर नज़र डाली और देखा आज सचमुच 15 अगस्त था। मैंने वहाँ पड़ा हुआ

अखबार उठाया और सड़क पर एक नज़र डाली।

मैंने देखा बच्चों की रैली के पीछे 13-14 साल का एक बच्चा खड़ा हुआ, स्कूली बच्चों को हसरत भरी निगाह से देख रहा था। इस बच्चे को मैं जानता था, ये सलीम था जो पड़ोस की एक साइकिल की दुकान पर मजदूरी कर अपना पेट भरता है। उसकी शक्ल किसी से मिल रही थी। हाँ मिल तो रही थी पर किस से ? हाँ शायद सपने में देखे स्कंदगुप्त के चेहरे से।

पास ही मैं एक अपंग फेरीवाला खड़ा था जिसके साथ मैं उसकी 12 साल की बच्ची थी। उस रिश्ते वाले का भूख और गरीबी से मुर्झाया चेहरा मुझे राणा प्रताप के चेहरे की याद दिला रहा था।

कुछ ही दूर पर मुझे दलजीत दिखायी दिया, जो नौकरी की चाह में पिछले 3 साल से जाने कहीं-कहाँ के चक्कर खा रहा था। उसके चेहरे पर जमी हुई पैनी मूँछें मुझे किसी शहीद के चेहरे की यादगार सी लगी। पर कौन शहीद ?

मैंने चौखट पर पड़े अखबार को उठाया और पढ़ने लगा। जब मैं अखबार के 13वें पन्ने पर पहुँचा तो वहाँ पर एक लड़की का फोटो था, जिसके साथ 8 साल पहले बलात्कार कर हत्या कर दी गयी थी और जिसके परिवार वाले इसाफ की चाह में अभी तक कोर्ट के चक्कर काट रहे थे। उस फोटो में छुपी शक्ल मेरे सपने में दिखाई भारत माता की शक्ल से बहुत मिल रही थी।

मैंने अखबार बंद कर दिया और अपने दिमाग में लहराते हुए प्रश्न से जूझने लगा "क्या यही आजादी है!"

नहीं ये आजादी नहीं हो सकती ये सच्ची आजादी नहीं है। ये नहीं है बापू के प्रयासों की आजादी, नहीं है ये भगत सिंह की कुर्बानी की आजादी।

अगर हमें सही मायनों में आजादी, चाहिये तो हमें खुद खड़े होना होगा और नेताओं को कोसना बंद करना होगा। क्योंकि नेता कहीं बाहर से नहीं आता, वो भी हमारे बीच का इंसान है, नीच, स्वार्थी, चरित्रहीन और डरपोक। अगर हमें देश को बदलना है तो हमें एक होना होगा। देश को मैं या आप नहीं बदल सकते, देश को बदल सकता है एक क्रांतिकारी विचारों, तेजस्वी मानसिकता वाला - "हम"

लेकिन याद रखिये, हर "हम" की शुरुआत एक मैं से होती है। इसलिये बदलने की शुरुआत "मैं" को ही करनी होगी, हम अपने आप ही बदल जायेंगे

.....जय हिन्द.....

GAURAV ARYA
FINAL YEAR

Thank You, Thank You
For letting me be... 'Me'!

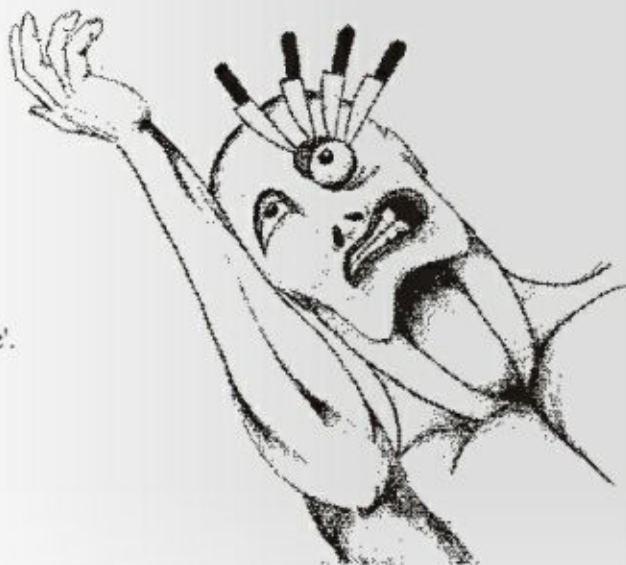
Some people don't like me being 'Me'.
Seems I make them feel uneasy.
'bout themselves...
So Thank you, Thank you...
For letting me be... 'Me'!

It's only me that I do
And I get offended when I am not liked
I also think that's
A natural human emotion.
But it seems the position I'm in...
Means it's okay to hate me;
Even if we have never met...

So Thank you Thank you
For letting me be... 'Me'!

I am on the tally,
So people think I don't have feelings?
I do...
I hear stuff about me...
I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy.
I live the life of a high roller.
But you've never held this against me..

So Thank you, Thank you...
For letting me be... 'Me'!



LET ME BE... 'ME'

If I'm ever abrasive,
Or seem arrogant...
It's because I'm scared.
But you know this...
That's why you can
Let me be... 'Me'.

Some people will see this...
Call me a freak,
And tear it to pieces.
But they're not like you.
They won't let me be ...'Me'.

So Thank you, Thank you
For letting me be... 'Me'!

श्रवण

स्नेहा केलवा
प्रथम वर्ष

शाम छः बजे के करीब जब सूरज अंतहीन नीले आकाश में अपनी लालिमा बिखेरकर समुद्र की गहराईयों में समाने बला था, उस पल कोई उन ऊँची चाहरदीवारियों के भीतर एक कोने में बैठा आँसू बहा रहा था। वह कौना जो एकदम, सुनसान था, दिल्ली के शाहदरा पागलखाने में। वह वहाँ रोज बैठकर इसी तरह अपनी बची हुई जिनगी काट रहा था। पर शायद अब पछताने से कोई फायदा नहीं था, किस्मत अपना खेल, खेल चुकी थी। बीते वक्त की उन सुहानी यादों ने उसे रोने पर मजबूर कर दिया।

वह एक बहुत ही ऊँचे घराने से ताल्लुक रखता था। “श्रवण”, हाँ यही नाम है उसका। पर यह नाम उसकी छवि के अनुकूल नहीं है। उसका एक छोटा सा परिवार था। पापा, श्री मनोज शर्मा दिल्ली पुलिस में इंस्पेक्टर थे और मम्मी, श्रीमती शिल्पा शर्मा जो हर वक्त ही अपने इकलौते लाडले बेटे की फरमाइशें पूरी करने में लगी रहती थी। मम्मी के लाड़-प्यार ने बचपन से ही श्रवण को काफी जिद्दी बना दिया था। आज तक कभी ऐसा नहीं हुआ कि उसने कुछ माँगा हो और वह उसे मिला न हो। श्रवण के पापा इस बात से खुश नहीं थे। शायद उन्हें उस आने वाले तूफान का अंदेश था जो उनके हँसते-खेलते परिवार की खुशियाँ छीन सकता था, पर किसी को बुरा न लगे इसलिए वे चुप रहते। श्रवण की आदतें दिन-प्रतिदिन बिगड़ती जा रही थी। देर रात तक दोस्तों के साथ बाहर घूमना, राह चलती लड़कियों को परेशान करना, हर छोटी-छोटी बात पर अपशब्द बोलना उसके लिए आम था। यहाँ तक की बुरी संगति में रहने के कारण शराब पीना, जुआ खेलना आदि उसकी दिनचर्या बन गई। शर्मा जी जब भी अपने बेटे को डाँटना चाहते या उसे समझाने की कोशिश करते, मिसेज शर्मा यह कहकर उनको रोक लेती कि “अभी तो श्रवण बच्चा है, थोड़ा बड़ा होगा तो अपने आप समझ जाएगा क्या सही है और क्या गलत”। इसी तरह घर में किसी के कुछ न कहने की वजह से श्रवण बुराईयों के दलदल में धँसने लगा। अब रोज मोहल्ले वाले उसकी कोई-न-कोई शिकायत लेकर शर्मा जी

के पास आ जाया करते क्योंकि वे चाहते थे कि उनका बेटा भी उन्हीं की तरह अनुशासित हो।

एक दिन रोज-रोज शिकायतों से तंग आकर मि. शर्मा ने श्रवण की पिटाई कर दी। माँ ने रोकने की खूब कोशिश की पर कहते हैं न कि हर चीज की एक हद होती है और शायद श्रवण ने वो हद पार कर दी थी। आज श्रवण पर शायद पहली बार किसी ने हाथ उठाया पर अगर यही हाथ बहुत पहले उठ गया होता तो आज यह नौबत ही ना आती। श्रवण ने गुस्से में आकर अपने आप को बंद कमरे में कैद कर लिया। श्रवण के पापा और मम्मी लगातार दरवाजा खट-खटाते रहे। मम्मी तो जोर-जोर से रो-रोकर श्रवण के पापा को कोस रही थी कि “मेरे बेटे को कुछ न कहना, अब अगर उसको कुछ हो गया ना तो मैं आपको कभी माफ नहीं करूँगी।” इसके विपरीत, वहाँ श्रवण अंदर कमरे में शराब की एक जाम लेकर नशे में धुल आराम से सो रहा था। बहुत देर बाद आखिरकार जब दरवाजा तोड़ा गया तब भी वह नशे में ही था।

इस घटना के बाद शुरुआत में तो कुछ दिनों तक वह घर पे ही रहा परंतु कुछ दिनों के बाद फिर से अपनी पुरानी आदतों में लीन हो गया। आखिरकार फिर एक बार श्रवण के पापा ने उस पर हाथ उठा ही दिया। पर इस बार उसने पलटकर उसका जवाब दिया और इससे पहले कि वो कुछ समझ पाते उनके अपने ही बेटे ने, हाँ उसी इकलौते, लाडले बेटे ने अपने सभी संस्कारों को मिट्टी में मिलाकर उन पर हाथ उठा दिया। आज माँ चुप थीं। बोलती भी कैसे आज उनके लाडले की इस हरकत ने उन्हें अपनी गलती का एहसास जो करा दिया था। पर अब शयद बात बहुत आगे बढ़ चुकी थी और वैसे भी आग लगने पर कुआँ खोदने का कोई फायदा नहीं होता।

अपने बेटे की इन हरकतों से परेशान रहने के कारण शर्मा जी

आजकल अपनी ड्यूटी पर भी पूरा ध्यान नहीं दे पा रहे थे। पुलिस स्टेशन में भी कभी-कभी वे अचानक किसी खयाल में डूब जाते थे और फिर सहकर्मियों के पूछने पर कि “क्या हुआ शर्माजी कोई परेशानी है क्या ?” वे यह कहकर टाल देते कि “नहीं यार, ठीक हूँ।” पर उनके अंतर्मन में अनगिनत विचार लक्ष्य-भ्रमित कश्तियों की तरह हिचकोले ले रहे थे। अनेक अनुत्तरित सवाल अपने जवाब का इंतजार कर रहे थे।

उस दिन शर्मा जी जल्दी काम निपटा कर घर आ गए और उन्होंने अंदर प्रवेश करते ही श्रवण को पुकारा पर वह घर में कहाँ होना था ? वह तो आधी रात से पहले घर में कदम ही नहीं रखता था। फिर क्या था, श्रवण का इंतजार होने लगा। मिसेज शर्मा ने उन्हें परेशान देखकर उनकी परेशानी जाननी चाही, पर उन्होंने टाल दिया। आखिरकार रात को लगभग 2 बजे श्रवण घर लौटा। दरवाजे की आहट से शर्मा जी जिनकी श्रवण का इंतजार करते-करते आँख लग गई थी, अचानक उठ गए। श्रवण अनजान बनकर अपने कमरे की ओर बढ़ चला, तभी उन्होंने उसे आवाज लगाकर कहा-“सुनो बेटे, मुझे तुमसे कुछ जरूरी बात करनी है।”

“अभी नहीं, मुझे नींद आ रही है”, श्रवण ने गुस्से में कहा।
 “बेटे मुझे बस ये कहना है कि मेने यह फैसला किया है कि तुम कल अपने दादा-दादी के पास श्यामनगर जा रहे हो।”
 “आप होते कौन हैं ये फैसला करने वाले ? मेरी जिंदगी है, मैं जहाँ चाहूँ, जैसे चाहूँ रहूँगा। आपको देखल देने की कोई जरूर नहीं है।”
 “श्रवण, तुम भूल रहे हो कि तुम अपने पिता से बात कर रहे हो।”
 “पिता हो, इसलिए तो अभी तक कुछ किया नहीं है, वरना तो कब का”।
 “वरना तो क्या श्रवण, मैं भी तो जानूँ कि मेरा बेटा क्या कर सकता है ?”
 “आप इस बात को ज्यादा आगे मत बढ़ाइए वरना ऐसा न हो कि मैं कुछ ऐसा कर दूँ कि आपको बाद में पछताना पड़े।”
 “हाँ, वही तो देखना चाहता हूँ कि तुम किस हद तक जा सकते हो ?”
 “हद की बात मत कीजिए।”
 “क्यों न करूँ।”

“देख लीजिए, चुप हो जाइए वरना.....।”

“वरना क्या श्रवण ? वरना क्या ? क्या करोगे तुम ? बताओ मुझे श्रवण, बताओ ?”

और गोली की उस आवाज के साथ ही माहौल एकदम शांत हो गया। एकदम शांत। मिशेज शर्मा जो कि अब तक हो रही बातों से अनजान होकर गहरी नींद में अंदर कमरे में सो रही थी, दौड़ती हुई बाहर आई और वहाँ अपने पति को खून से लथपथ देख अपने होश खो बैठी। कुछ ही देर में पूरा मोहल्ला शर्मा जी के घर में इकट्ठा हो चुका था। फिर पुलिस भी आ गई। तब तक मिसेज शर्मा को जैसे-तैसे करके होश में लाया गया। मोहल्ले के चौकीदार ने भी श्रवण को भगते हुए पकड़ लिया और उसे पुलिस के हवाले कर दिया। वैसे पुलिस को ये बात अजीब न लगी कि आज के इस कलियुग समाज में एक बेटे ने अपने पिता को उनकी की पिस्तौल से गोली मारकर मौत के घाट सुला दिया। श्रवण को पुलिस पकड़ कर ले गई और अदालत ने मिसेज शर्मा के दिए गए बयानों के मद्देनजर उसे कुछ दिन जेल में रखने के बाद फाँसी देने का हुक्म सुना दिया।

अपने पति की मौत और जवान बेटे को सुनाई गई फाँसी की सजा मिसेज शर्मा बर्दाश्त न कर पाई और वे भी चल बसीं। श्रवण भी जेल पहुँचकर पागल सा हो गया और डॉक्टरों की सलाह के बाद अदालत ने उसकी फाँसी की सजा रद्द कर दी। उसे पागलखाने भेज दिया गया।

तब से वो हर शाम उस पागलखाने के उसी सुनसान कोने में बैठकर न जाने किन खयालों में डूबा हुआ रोता रहता है ? क्या वे आँसू पश्चाताप के हैं ? पश्चाताप, अब किस बात का पश्चाताप है उसे ? उसका परिवार तो कब का खोखला हो चुका था। बस एक सशक्त प्रहार की देर थी और वो काम उस रात उसने कर दिया था। अब उसे किस बात का गम है ? यही सब तो वह चाहता था, ‘एक आज़ाद जिंदगी’ जो उसे मिल चुकी थी। हाँ, मिल ही तो चुकी थी।

“नं. 786, खाने का वक्त हो गया है।” और इस आवाज़ के साथ ही वह पागलखाने की मुख्य इमारत के अंदर चला जाता है, “अपनी दुनिया में”।

SUNIL PARMAR
THIRD YEAR

AMY

The Beginning of the end was when I returned to my Brother Edward's home at the Lincoln Avenue of the University of Illinois. Amy, Edward's daughter was four then. Next day (25th Dec) was supposed to be a great day not only because it was Christmas but Amy would be turning five. Amy: The only reason why I stayed at my brother's though I could have afforded a separate apartment for myself. There wasn't a single moment when Amy would leave me alone. Amy couldn't sleep anywhere except on my chest and I found it hard to sleep with someone on my chest. But again that's how love is defined-Sacrifices without the feeling of sacrifice.

That day I was returning home with a sample card of my engagement to Daisy. Daisy was a Christian girl of Indian origin. We met two years back at the university campus where Edward and Daisy's dad were research colleagues. Amy saw me parking my car from the upper window and keeping her love for me in mind, there was no question she would stay over there. Full of excitement she started running downstairs and I too was in a hurry to gift her XL cocoa chocolate I had bought specially for her. I forgot that

Amy was right at the low height entrance. I picked her with a thrust and her head collided heavily with the frame of the door. I sensed the wrong but then it was late. As the hands brought Amy's face in front of mine, it had turned pale and her body was turning cold. I wanted to shout for her mother but it seemed as if something has choked my throat. And this is the last thing I remember about me and Amy.

When I regained my senses there was no use of regaining them. I found myself in the hospital bed. I overheard a doctor narrating the problem to Daisy.

Doctor: "I m extremely sorry but Kevin's (mine) brain has undergone a major stroke due to which his legs are paralyzed and also there's malfunctioning of his speaking ability.-He'll not be able to speak again." Tears rolled down my cheeks. Felt like shouting out loud but couldn't utter a single word. I was longing to know about Amy, hold her, and caress her. I glanced towards Edward who was sitting beside me. Sensing that I was asking about Amy he shook his head and tears rolled down his red swollen eyes, stating that Amy was no more.

There was thud in my heart and the world seemed crestfallen. I wanted to jump right out of the window coz I can't live without Amy.

Then I heard Daisy crying and asking the doctor to save me. To her assurance doctor replied: "I m trying my level best and still there are chances that Kevin may survive, but to be fair enough he's almost dead."

-ALMOST DEAD? Who'll convince them that I was dead when Amy was in my hands?

Then a nurse gave me an injection. Upon regaining consciousness I saw Daisy crying beside me. Suddenly it dawned on me that I was going to be a huge burden to everybody, that I had ruined my life and everybody else's. Why not die, I thought miserably, and save everyone a lot of trouble? Daisy sensing, stopped weeping. And coming closer, held my cold hand in hers and then she added the words which saved my life. "You are still you. And I love you." I couldn't drift away from things like this. I had to live, this was my credo now.

A girl's voice: Kevin!!!!

Oh! It's my four year daughter calling me inside to sleep. As it's her sleeping cum- story time I'll have to move my wheel chair inside.

So dear diary today I'm going to ask Daisy to narrate this story to Amy -My daughter.



एक अधूरी कहानी

कमल प्रकाश 'रवि'
द्वितीय वर्ष

“कैसी हो सरिता ?”

“उदय ! तुम क्यों आये हो तुम यहाँ ?”

“जेल से छूटकर और कहाँ जाता.....”

“मेरी शादी हो चुकी है”

“जानता हूँ..... तो

“तो क्यों आये हो तुम ?”

“तुम्हें वो सपने याद दिलाने जो हमने साथ देखे थे....

और जिनके सहारे मैं अब तक जिन्दा रहा...”

“वो सपने मेरी आँखों से कब के बह चुके, उदय”

“मेरे लिये कुछ तो बचा होगा...”

“हो सकता है, मेरी जिन्दगी के कुछ ही लम्हें बचे हों,

तुम्हारी तो अभी पूरी जिन्दगी...”

“मैं तुम्हें नयी जिन्दगी दे सकता हूँ

तुम मेरे साथ शहर चलो, सरिता,

अच्छे डॉक्टर से तुम्हारा इलाज कराऊँगा...”

“मैं नहीं जा सकती...”

“क्यों ?”

“तुम जाओ उदय, जाओ”

“चला जाऊँगा, बस एक बात जानना चाहता हूँ, इन दो

सालों में तुम्हें मेरी याद कभी नहीं आयी ?

“ऐसा होता उदय तो मेरी जिन्दगी और मौत के बीच

इतना कम फासला न होता”

धीरे-धीरे उदय की आवाज सरिता के कानों तक पहुँचना

बंद हो गयी। उदय लौट गया।

सरिता बिस्तर पर लेटी तड़प रही थी। कुछ देर बाद,

कुछ किताबें पकड़े एक व्यक्ति घर में घुसा।

वो सरिता के पास गया और चारपाई के सहारे नीचे बैठ

गया बोला - “तुम्हारी ये हालत मुझसे देखी नहीं जाती

सरिता। कुछ दवाईयाँ लाया हूँ, एक खुराक ले लो”। दवा

खाने के बाद सरिता ने राजेश बाबू से डायरी माँगी

जिसे वो हर रोज लिखा करती थी। शायद वो आज भी

कुछ लिखना चाहती थी। राजेश बाबू बाहर टहलने लगे।

राजेश बाबू, रामपुर के इक्लौते मास्टर थे। गाँव में

उनकी बड़ी इज्जत थी। पहली पत्नी के मरने के बाद

उन्होंने सरिता से शादी की। दोनों में अटूट प्रेम था।

लेकिन पिछले कुछ दिनों से सरिता बीमार पड़ी थी।

इसलिये राजेश बाबू भी दुःखी रहते थे। तभी सरिता के तड़पने की आवाज बढ़ने लगी। राजेश बाबू जैसे ही अन्दर धुसे वो सरिता की हालत देख कर दंग रह गये। वहाँ पड़ी दवा की सारी गोलियाँ सरिता अपने शरीर में उड़ेल चुकी थी।

“ये तुमने क्या किया सरिता”,

“मैं तुम्हें अपने दर्द से तड़पता नहीं देख सकती”

“लेकिन मुझसे दूर जाकर मुझे तड़पता छोड़ सकती हो।”

इस वक्त सरिता अपनी अन्तिम साँसे ले चुकी थी। राजेश बाबू शान्त हो गये।

माहौल में उदासी छा गयी।

दो दिन बाद भी वहाँ माहौल कुछ नहीं बदला। राजेश बाबू घर के अन्दर जाने के बजाय बाहर ही टहलते रहते। तभी उनका नौकर भागता हुआ आया - “मालिक ये खत”

“कौन दे कर गया”

“बाद है, मालिक, मालकिन के अन्तिम संस्कार में एक नौजवान रंगीन पोशाक में था”

“शायद मैंने ध्यान नहीं दिया, ठीक है तुम जाओ”

“बहुत बुरा लगता है,, राजेश बाबू जब किसी के चरित्र का फैसला उसके मरने के बाद किया जाये और दर्द होता है जब उसके पीछे किसी अपने का चेहरा नज़र आता है। सरिता कोई अच्छी लड़की नहीं थी। हमने प्यार किया था। फिर सजा सिर्फ मुझे क्यों मिली और उसे एक नयी जिंदगी....” राजेश बाबू ने खल आगे नहीं पड़ा। ये सोचने लगे सरिता ऐसी औरत नहीं थी। सरिता दो साल से उनकी पत्नी थी। इस दौरान राजेश बाबू को कभी नहीं लगा कि उनकी पत्नी का अतीत उनके कल को बदल देगा। पत्र वाली बातें राजेश बाबू को सोचने पर मजबूर कर रही थी। राजेश बाबू जानना चाहते थे कि क्या एक अन्जान लड़की को अपनी पत्नी बनाकर उन्होंने सच में गलत किया है। तभी उन्हें सरिता की डायरी का ध्यान आया, जिसे उसने, राजेश बाबू को कभी पढ़ने नहीं दिया। कहती कि जब मैं नहीं होऊँगी तब इसे पढ़ना।

राजेश बाबू बेसब्र होकर डायरी ढूँढ़ने लगे। घर की सभी चीजें बिखरी पड़ी थी वो डायरी अब भी खुली हुई, जमीन पर थी। राजेश बाबू ने उसे उठाया परन्तु फिर वो सोचने लगे कि वे इसे क्यों पढ़ रहे हैं? क्या वो अपनी पत्नी पर विश्वास नहीं करते? उन्होंने उसे मेज पर रख

दिया। फिर कुछ सोचकर वो अचानक डायरी पढ़ने लगे। और तब उन्हें समाज की एक घिनीनी तस्वीर नज़र आयी।

सरिता, एक मजदूर की पाँच बेटियों में सबसे छोटी थी। उस मजदूर ने अपनी पूरी जमा पूँजी लगाकर अपनी बेटी की शादी एक अच्छे घर में की। लेकिन जैसे-जैसे वक्त बढ़ता गया, इन्सान महंगा और ईंसानियत सस्ती होती गयी। बूढ़ा मजदूर पैसों की तानाशाही सह नहीं सका। सरिता ने तो अपनी बहनों के लिये बेचने जैसे शब्दों का प्रयोग किया था। माँ बाप के मरने के बाद सरिता शहर चली गई। अपनी दीदी के घर, उसके ससुराल वालों का एक अनाथ आश्रम था, जहाँ वो काम करने लगी।

यहाँ उसका सामना शहर की दौड़ती-भागती बेहाल जिन्दगी से हुआ। बच्चों से उसका लगाव बढ़ गया। वहीं उसकी मुलाकात उदय नाम के एक लड़के से हुई, वह अनाथ आश्रम में खर्च का हिसाब-किताब देखता था। वह सरिता को पसन्द करने लगा। लेकिन सरिता ने उसके बारे में कभी नहीं सोचा। लेकिन जब उसकी हरकतें बढ़ती गयी तो उसने दीदी को उदय के बारे में बता दिया। दीदी की बातों ने उसे मजबूर कर दिया उस रास्ते पर जाने को जिसे वह गलत समझती थी। दीदी ने कहा- “देख सरिता तेरी शादी-वादी करना हमारे बस की बात नहीं, अच्छा यही होगा कि तू उसे लड़के के साथ चली जा, हमारे सिर से तेरा बोझ भी हट जायेगा।”

अब उदय से उसकी मुलाकातें बढ़ने लगीं। दोनों में प्रेम पनपने लगा। लेकिन एक दिन उसकी दीदी के पति ने उन्हें देख लिया। अपनी इज्जत बचाने के लिए उसने उदय पर पैसों की हेरा-फेरी का आरोप लगाकर जेल भेज दिया। सरिता कुछ न कह सकी, वो फिर अकेली हो गयी। लेकिन जीवन को आगे बढ़ते रहना था। कुछ महीनों बाद गाँव से राजेश बाबू अनाथ आश्रम में स्कूल के किसी काम से आये। उन्हें सरिता पसन्द आयी। पिछले वर्ष ही उनकी पत्नी का देहान्त हुआ था। उन्होंने सरिता के घरवालों से शादी का प्रस्ताव रख दिया। राजेश बाबू अन्तिम पन्नों पर पहुँच गये।

“मेरी दुनियाँ बदल गई। मुझे लगा समाज में मेरी भी जगह है। जिन्दगी में मैंने सिर्फ आपसे सच्चा प्रेम किया। लेकिन मेरा अतीत जब मेरा आज बनकर सामने आया तब मैं आपका भविष्य मेरी वजह से दागदार नहीं होने देना चाहती। इसलिये मैं मजबूर हूँ..... मजबूर हूँ।

Soldier

SUNIL PARMAR
THIRD YEAR

You held my hands when life was pushing me down,
You hugged me when the odds were against me,
You moved in when others moved out,
You felt jealous when I laughed with other ladies.

Remember those hours spent by hill side,
just two of us at the sunset point.
Your laughing on my silly jokes,
A nap in your lap and your fingers running through my hairs.

I could not keep my promise, because some promises are broken for a greater cause.
With my motherland at stake, could not leave the battle field.
People are insane and they'll question you, just tell them that:
I gave my today so that they can see their tomorrow.
Try to feel me in your tomorrow, shall be everywhere around you,
Guiding you, Protecting you.

3 Days to Touchdown

VIVEK SHAH
THIRD YEAR

"I hate this kind of job!!! Please give me something else", the thoughts were still swirling in my mind, but then that's the part of the job if you are a guardian angel. So I got this assignment from God to oversee the last 3 days of Rahul's life. It sickens me to see people die when they want to cling onto life without understanding the real meaning of life. I guess that's easy for me to say because I am immortal. Ok, I have spoken enough I have got to go now.

My assignment is over now. Now I have a small diary that Rahul had written in the last 3 days. It made me change my views about humans. He has celebrated his mortality and shown how mortality is life's greatest strength, contrary to what humans think. If I could have my way, I would have loved to live a mortal life. But love is without reason and let reason prevail here!!

RAHUL'S DIARY

I have started a new life today. I have joined a band of select people who know how long they are going to live. I guess that's nothing to boast of, but then it's nice to know that you are unique even if that means you are going to die. Sounds crazy?? But then craziness is a virtue I can flaunt on my deathbed I hope.

July 21:

Thank you God!! Thank you ... it surprises me to see that I am uttering these words when I came to know that my 25-year-old siesta is finally over. I had suspected my stay on earth was nearing an end as I had a lingering breathing problem which the doctor repeatedly told me was incurable and the time was short. Today I got to know that the word 'short' meant 3 days. It seems fate wasn't without irony in this case.

Looking back, "thank you" is what I can offer God because it seems He was kind enough to grant me some time, from the moment I suspected my inevitable demise, to do some good things at which I can look back with satisfaction. Satisfaction! Now that is user defined but then I am not looking to please everybody. Pleasing me is the bottom line. That sounds selfish even to me but

then selfishness is part of being human. As I am writing these lines I can see small imageries of stray memories flash by and one such memory takes me to a day 6 years back.

I had just come back home, my dad and me were the only ones who were living in this world whom we both at the same time could unmistakably call related. That was the end of our blood relations. That day he died. I lost my last relation I had, my mother having left me the moment I was born. That may sound a lot pitiable but then pity was the last thing on my father's agenda so I grew up that way. We both were the support system of each other. I didn't cry nor did I moan. Strangely I was very stoic, partly because my father had taught me not to mourn over somebody's death; according to him it belittles the person.

Death is an age-old enigma. We all want to run away from it little realizing its slowly and surely approaching us. Why can't we all rejoice in our mortality? We are all born and we go about our lives the way we deem fit and the realization that at any point of life we may cease to exist and that our actions are all a beautiful harmony in a perpetual chaotic existence lends an obvious romanticism to life. We may die right now which means that we are that much more glorifying than what we obviously think. Isn't that worth living for and isn't that worth dying for?

I don't know what I should be feeling when I will be about to die but then its strange that of all things that I am not feeling, among them fear has the top priority. It's a feeling of awe, a feeling of mystery about that all terminating phenomenon we have heard, seen around as we continued our ever continuing march. So how does it feel right now?
I DON'T KNOW BUT I AM NOT AFRAID.....

That's what I have been feeling all along and all throughout my life. Life had never been a bed of roses for me and somehow I will never know. When I talk of roses the only image or the picture that comes to my mind is of Anya.

Whenever I talk of Anya I don't know why I feel a strange sense of peace, a sense of surrealism washes over me and knowingly or unknowingly I am always inwardly happy. I don't know how to explain it but then explanations had never been my forte. We met in college and somehow liked each other. I was always quiet never used to say much while she was a bundle of energy.

Love is the obvious next step was something I had always read but never could understand it. I always wanted to know is it love that is somewhere (though I didn't know where) in between us? I don't know anything about her that I didn't like. I always wanted to talk to, her rather listen to her, I wanted to go out with her, I wanted to tell her that of all things, I wanted to see her happy for the rest of her life and I wanted to tell her that she was the best thing that happened to me. But the irony of life was that I wanted all these, I never did all these. When she was in the hospital after the accident and the doctors had given their last word, I was the only person she wanted to meet. She knew she was dying and still she was smiling masking all the pain. I think I never saw a more beautiful sight. Beautiful? A person dying and I find it beautiful that's so gross but then here was that mortal life embracing immortality.

Anya looked at me and her words were difficult to come out. Tears were rolling down her cheeks. She looked at me with brilliant clear eyes and said, "Please promise you won't ever forget me and if you remember me then you will remember me with a smile. I can't die thinking that I will cause you pain." I said, "I will cry because then you won't die." She smiled like I had never seen her smile before and she said, "I wish I could have died a thousand lives to live one life with you but I will always live with you. Be happy because someone somewhere will be happy since you are happy and do you want to tell me something which you always wanted to?" Now was the moment I wanted to tell her "I love you", but the words wouldn't come out. As I was about to say those 3 simple yet eternal words, she left me with that lively smile on her face.

Time flies. I have written so little but I have relived my gone by years and its sleeping time now. The nurse has threatened me that if I don't sleep she will snatch away the diary. I will enjoy my sleep knowing that I have one more left to go before I sleep again; this time, forever.

July 22:

Oh my God! What a dream I had? I saw myself winning the soccer world cup for India. Surprisingly I had a great sleep because from all I had come to know from this world is that you are petrified when you are about to die but not so in my case. I am turning into a philosopher these days. Philosophy had been a subject I had always failed in. Professor Ghosh had always told me that, "Son, give philosophy a break. It has already got its fair share of weeping philosophers please don't add me in the list." I remember the laugh that rang through the class at these words.

I remember the air of shame that surrounded me then. It's like the air is devoid of life and sound is diminished. You for the first time in your life realize how big your body is and how you wish you had known some magic either to vanish from there or to go back in time and reverse this incident from happening. One can see live slow motion replays of everything around you. But why does this situation arise? I think I have located the 'because' for this why. It all ultimately boils down to

EXPECTATIONS.

We were born under expectations. We die under expectations. How? I expect my husband/son/whoever is not going to die now, he will live longer and one dies. Throughout life I have toiled on with the heavy load of expectations on my back. And strangely enough the expectations have always been of every person in this world except me. My dad expected so many things off me but then I guess every parent has a right to expect anything off their children. Then there was Anya's expectation of seeing me speaking up for myself and finding a deserving place for my abilities in this world. Now there come a lot of expectations after these. A lot of people expect you to behave in a way deemed fit by society with a bundle of packages along with it. But why doesn't anyone understand that we never think what matters most of all. The person himself.

I have always wondered throughout my life of the umpteenth time I have been told, "you are not supposed to do it that way. This wasn't expected from you." But then has anybody thought that what I have expected of myself. Why was I made to feel I was not as good as the other person in one way or the other? The comparison was always the same, the other person kept on changing with the comparison but somehow I remained constant in it. The whole world expects something from me but who gave them the right to expect and who gave them the right to belittle me when I failed at their self concocted expectations?? The only expectations I would like to fulfill are mine. But then now that I know I am about to

die I expected myself to die a person who has been honest to himself. This expectation of mine has been fulfilled and my conscience lies at ease more so as it can see the delicious lunch tray that is arriving towards my bed.

Wow what a lunch!!!! That was a great lunch and the even greater part of it was the amount of love and concern that was ladled out by the mother matron here in the hospital. She broke down in front of me and I couldn't help but smile thinking how much I wanted a mom. But then you can never have what you most want in life and this was bound to be no exception. Well, honestly speaking I took the liberty of going through my diary after the lunch just to sense how I was doing as a writer and it amazed me that I hadn't done a bad job. I felt one down-sight to the whole affair that I haven't written any thought or incident to concoct a feeling of joy but then its me and happiness has always been a part of my sorrows.

Well I guess I should like an expert philosopher expound my latest philosophy. When I talked about my dad dying without a shade of doubt that was a day of unassailable pathos in my life but then this is a pain of one day compared to the the innumerable beautiful days I spent with him and so is also the case with Anya. When I talked about expectations, there are also so many smaller joyful incidents linked with that one event of sorrow. So why immerse myself only with the thought of sorrows???

I have always been bad at nomenclature. In life I have always gone for as broad classifications as I could. For me events and incidents have always been what they are i.e. events and incidents, nothing more. This hospital is disgusting. They are poking me with thousands of needles and weird looking machines and are not letting me die in peace. Am I going to die tomorrow?? Does that change things around me ?? The sun is going to come out in the same way. The doctors will probably shake their heads on my dead body and go to the next patient. Yes, life will move on leaving me lost in the mysterious by-lanes of memory of some unknown or known person whose life I might have at some point or the other touched during my short stay . The heart has its own strands of logic which are completely opposed to the brain. The fact that my existence will probably remain in fleeting glimpses in someone's memory gives me reason enough to cherish my existence. It is all the angles we curve upon that have been inked and bound.

The doctors are trying to snatch my diary out of my hand but then I won't let go before I write a few more lines. I have always led a contented life. I have taken decisions at crucial junctures in my life but the most important thing is that I have always stood by my decisions even if they churned out adverse results later on. This is because if at some point of time I felt my decision was good enough having honestly pondered over it, there is no reason to demean that decision and brood over it just because it spawned something else.

Now I am literally having my diary snatched out of my hand so let me say the only thing I can as I don't know if I will get a chance to write again.

AU REVOIR.....

GOOD BYE.....

Oh!!!! I got another chance. This time it's not me who is writing but the nurse as I am dictating her. The time right now is 12:30. I was told I had 3 days. My life it seems has never been without irony. It is difficult to write like this because you don't know when you will drop down dead. Blessed are those who have someone to mourn for them honestly after they are dead. How I wish I had someone to be sitting by my side on my deathbed. Life is all about bonding, trying to find somebody who will always be by your side irrespective of whatever happens. Emotions are our greatest strengths and also our greatest weaknesses. If anybody reads this diary, if you can remember that someone called Rahul existed in this world, this act of yours will make someone somewhere, if that someplace exists, very happy. Suddenly, I have been given an anesthetic injection and as darkness draws around me I can see some figures bringing a brilliant gleam of light towards me. Who are these figures?? I can't recognize them but I feel that I know them very well.....

What more do you people want to read on for?? Rahul has immortalized his life and he has made me yearn for a mortal one. Even after reading all he has written, if you all cannot grasp the true essence of life then I guess it would be futile of me to expend words. The only thing I would say is that Rahul has finally found that little bit of peace and tranquility which all of us seek and few ever find. He has also shown a way to just emulate that in your life. Think over it. You all know the answer.

May God bless you all.....

जला हुआ कोयला



अभिषेक चतुर्वेदी

प्रथम वर्ष

आज भी ऐसा लगता है, जैसे मैंने उसे देखा है। मेरे आँखों के सामने वह दिन आज भी मँडराता रहता है। हर रोज की तरह वह आँखें मीचता हुआ, सुबह की मंद हवा में, चिड़ियों की मधुर चहचहाहट के बीच अपने दिन की शुरुआत कर रहा था। मैं उसे तकरीबन एक महीने से जानता था। उससे अनायास ही लगाव हो गया था। मैं उसकी हर भावनाओं को महसूस करने लगा था। इसके बावजूद भी कि वह साधारण मजदूर है और मैं एक इंजीनियर। उसकी झोपड़ी मेरे मकान के सामने ही थी। दरअसल काफी मजदूर हमारे घर के आसपास झोपड़ियों में रहते थे। इससे मेरे घर वालों को काफी एतराज था, पर मैं उन मजदूरों की जिंदगी में रुचि रखता था। शायद इसीलिए मेरा मन उस मजदूर के बारे में लिखने को कह रहा है।

उस सुबह मुझे उसमें नई बात नजर आ रही थी। वह अपने काले, गंदे और फटे हुए कपड़ों में भी हमेशा खुश ही नजर आता था। पर आज उसके चेहरे पर अभिलाषा या खुशी की कोई रेखा नहीं नजर आ रही थी। वह सभी चीजों को बड़े संदिग्ध भरी नजरों से देख रहा था। सामने

की काली चट्टानें, जमीन से निकलता काला धुँआ, उसकी अस्त-व्यस्त झोपड़ी इत्यादि सभी चीजें जो उसके जीवन से संबंध रखती थी, उसकी नजरों में इन सभी से विदा लेने की भावना थी। पर उसके पास अनायास ही मन से उपजने वाली भावनाओं को समय देने की फुरसत नहीं थी। वह तो कोयले की खदान में काम करने वाला गरीब मजदूर था। उसे सुबह-सुबह काम पर जाना होता था। उसका पूरा दिन कोयले की खदानों में काम करते ही गुजर जाता था। एक छोटी सी कमाई, बदले में एक काली गुफा में सारा दिन। इस छोटी सी कमाई पर उसका घर चलता था। परन्तु उसे अपनी जिंदगी से कोई शिकायत नहीं थी। पर पिछले कुछ दिनों से वह परेशान था। मैंने पूछा तो उसने बताया कि खदान में गैसों का रिसाव काफी बढ़ गया है। गैसों का दबाव भी बढ़ता जा रहा है। मैंने यह बात चीफ को बताई, इस पर उन्होंने कहा कि, मजदूरों की बातों को सुनकर अनसुना कर दो, हमें जल्द से जल्द खुदाई पूरी करनी है। इस प्रोजेक्ट से हमें काफी पैसा मिलेगा। उन्होंने कहा कि काम न करने के बहाने बनाते हैं मजदूर, तुम यहाँ नए हो तुम्हें मालूम नहीं है”। मैं निर्णय नहीं कर पाया कि मजदूर

की बात सही है या बाँस की।

उस दिन न जाने क्यों मुझे लगा कि मैं उसके साथ खदान में जाऊँ। मैं तैयार हो गया, उसे साथ चलने की बात भी बता दी। उसने मना किया पर मैंने कहा कि, आज जाकर रहूँगा। वह तैयार होकर निकल ही रहा था कि, उसकी बीमार माँ ने रूंधी आवाज में कहा “मत जा बेटे”। यह बात माँ ने अचानक ही कह दी थी जिसके पीछे उसके पास कोई कारण नहीं था। इसलिए माँ ने भी जोर नहीं दिया, बेटे ने भी ध्यान नहीं दिया। वह अन्य साथियों के साथ टूटे-फूटे रास्तों से जाने लगा। उस तरफ की जमीन अक्सर घँस जाती थी, जमीन के नीचे हजारों टन कोयला जल रहा है जो एक दिन सब कुछ अपने भीतर निगल लेगा। मैं अपनी गाड़ी में था, पर मैंने उस पर नज़रें बनाई रखी।

हम सब खदान के मुख्य प्रवेश द्वार पर खड़े थे, उसने मुझे फिर रोका और कहा कि अंदर मत चलिए आपको इसकी आदत नहीं है। पर आज मैं बेवजह ही इच्छुक था। दरअसल एक इंजीनियर वास्तविकता से काफी दूर रहता है। वह ऊपर बैठ कर निर्देश देता है, पर इस काले हीरे को बाहर निकालने का काम तो मजदूर करता है। आज मेरे मन की जिज्ञासा मुझे अन्दर जाने पर विवश कर रही थी।

हम अंदर गए, कुछ दूर तक तो मैं अपनी ट्रेनिंग के दौरान पहले भी आ चुका था। पर जैसे-जैसे हम आगे बढ़ रहे थे साँस लेने में कठिनाई हो रही थी। एक 5 फुट का आदमी भी सीधा खड़ा नहीं हो सकता था। काफी सँकरी गुफा थी। मजदूरों के लिए यह आम बात थी, पर मेरी कठिनाईयाँ बढ़ रही थी। वह हमेशा सबसे आगे चलता था। हम खुदाई वाले स्थान पर पहुँचे। अब मुझसे चला नहीं जा रहा था, आक्सीजन की कमी दर्दनाक घुटन बन कर सामने आ रही थी। मुझे रह-रहकर कुछ बदबू भी आ रही थी जैसे आगे जहरीली, ज्वलनशील गैसों का रिसाव हो रहा है। मुझे अत्यधिक धका देखकर मजदूरों ने वहीं रुकने की कहा। शारीरिक पीड़ा ने जिज्ञासा पर जीत पा ली और उसने इस सहानुभूति से कहा था कि मैं उसकी बात मानकर रुक गया। अब मैं उसे देख रहा था। वे आगे बढ़ रहे थे। उनकी परेशानियाँ बढ़ रही थीं। अचानक उसके मुँह से खून आने लगा। वह काफी धूम्रपान और नशा करता था, उसके लिए यह आम बात थी। इसलिए किसी ने चिंता का विषय नहीं बना था। प्रकाश के लिए मात्र छोटी टॉर्च थी।

उसे देखने से स्वतः उसकी कठिनाईयाँ नजर आ रही थीं। पर मैं कुछ कर नहीं सकता था। क्योंकि मुझे खुदाई रुकवाने का आदेश नहीं था। साँस लेने के लिए पर्याप्त हवा नहीं, घनघोर अंधेरा, दर्दनाक घुटन, दबाव इतना कि शरीर की नसें फट रही हों इसके साथ इतना भारी काम कि सोच कर ही रूह काँप उठे। पर यही तो है कोयला मजदूर की जिंदगी।

वे जिस ओर बढ़ रहे थे, उस तरफ जहरीली गैसों ज्यादा थी। अत्यधिक दबाव के कारण सभी के शरीर की त्वचा फटने लगी थी, स्थिति विकट हो रही थी, उसके टॉर्च का बल्ब फूट गया। मैं अचानक उठा, जब तक कुछ बोलता एक जोरदार धमाका हुआ। मैं पत्थर सर पर लगने से बेसुध हो रहा था, मेरे आँखों के सामने उसका चेहरा मँडरा रहा था, पर वह मेरी कल्पना थी, वास्तविकता नहीं। मानव शरीर के इतने चिथड़े पहले कभी नहीं देखे थे मैंने, इसके बाद मुझे कुछ याद नहीं है।

उसके अगले दिन अस्पताल में जब मेरी आँख खुली थी मैंने उसके बारे में जानना चाहा। सामने पड़े अखबार को देखा तो उसमें खबर छपी थी - “मैंने चीफ इंजीनियर की हैसियत से खदान का निरीक्षण करवाया था कोई समस्या नहीं थी। धूम्रपान कर रहे मजदूरों की ना समझी से आग लगी और धमाका हुआ”। मेरी आँखें खुली की खुली रह गईं। मैं सच को जानता था। जहरीली गैसों के दबाव से बल्ब का शीश फूटा चिनगारी निकली जिससे धमाका हुआ था।

तभी अचानक साहब का फोन आया “तुम ठीक तो हो, क्या जरूरत थी अंदर जाने की, वैसे एक खुशखबरी है, तुम्हें चीफ इंजीनियर बना दिया गया है। बीता सभ्य बातों का भूल जाओ और अपने नए बंगले में जाने की तैयारी करो। एक बार फिर से बधाइयाँ।”

मैंने मुस्कुराने की कोशिश की पर जैसे होंठों पर कर्ज रखा हुआ था, उन निर्दोष मजदूरों की लाशों का और उनके अनाथ परिवारों की असहाय चीखों का। सामने पड़े अखबार में छपी चीफ इंजीनियर का बयान मुझे मुँह चिड़ा रहा था।

HUMANITY UNJUSTIFIED

ASHWINI DHIMAN
SECOND YEAR

Waking up on a dull and foggy Saturday morning, I finished my daily morning practices till 9:00 and went to have my breakfast. When I returned, the newspaper had arrived. With two assignments to be done and lots of other work; I, acting as if I had all the time in the world, took up the paper and started flipping its pages with the style of a business tycoon. As I finished my daily dose of 'Sports' and 'Spicy' news I stumbled across a news article that kept me thinking for a long while after reading it.

Remember the last time when you saw someone like Amitabh Bachchan, Shahrukh Khan, Sachin Tendulkar or Rahul Dravid on any channel giving advices to general public on how to live with, behave with and help those who are HIV positive or in general, suffer from a similar kind of disease, have any kind of disability; and you just flipped the channel by saying "Why the hell do I need to see this?" But we do! In this age with mobiles ringing in every pocket, computers doing most of the work, with TV sets crying the same old 'saas-bahu' story and information flowing at the speed of light, we have perhaps become

ignorant of these people so much that when we stumble upon one of them we just don't know how to treat them! Or what to do with them?. It often happens that we try to shrug off our shoulders from those whom we knew are HIV positive. Perhaps we humans are losing that human touch or what we call as 'feelings'. Whenever we hit across such a person a part of our mind says that we should help him/her owing to their pain that the human part of us understands but the other part constantly reminds us that he/she is carrying a virus and tries to keep us away from them. Mostly, the other part wins and that person is again left alone by someone he/she thought would help him/her.

Loads and loads of campaigns are launched daily which are directed towards the cause of making people aware of the behavior that is expected of them to help these people get their share of equality in the society. But if we ask ourselves we are not following a hint of the advice given.

What an irony was that when a politician, in the same city, at the same time was giving a speech about the need to understand the trauma of AIDS patients and this girl had to abort her own foetus as no one would attend to an



HIV positive patient at a government hospital. Yes, that was the content of the article I told about earlier. The story of a girl Radhika (name changed) who was detected to be HIV positive while she was carrying and was in her sixth month. The doctors told her to undergo abortion. Listening to what Radhika had to say about her experience would melt anyone's heart. As she describes it "When I started bleeding I called the nurses but no one came to me. I wanted to die but realized I had a two-year old son to look after. When the foetus started coming out, I mustered up courage, grabbed it by the feet and dragged it out all by myself."

Now, are we that inhuman that a pregnant woman has to abort her own child by herself?

The article said that forget "aayas" even the doctors of that hospital were not attending to her, just because she was HIV positive!

She was just left by everyone to lay deserted in one corner, away from all the patients. That appeared to me as a shame to all those who feel proud when the two letters "Dr." are written or spoken before their names. They are doing grave injustice to the degree that they had achieved by putting in lots of hard work and dedication, perhaps. It is just not a graduation degree but it is like a throne of what we call as "Gods on Earth" as some of them really are. But one cannot expect that behavior on the part of such learned men. A doctor is believed to be more of a friend to the patient than just a doctor, at least to those who are suffering from such diseases but here we have an example of a doctor becoming more of a nightmare. But it is due to this handful of doctors that the entire community gains ill repute.

Today, if Shahrukh Khan enters that hospital, the 'aaya' would be the frontrunner in taking his autograph but when it comes to listening and applying to the advice

that her favorite star gives she is nowhere to be found. And that is not the case with them only. Even the doctors remain such dumb-onlookers that you feel ashamed to live in such a country where one person cannot understand the pain of other. The doctors have the duty of telling the unaware ones about the behaviour towards such patients, to consider 'them too' human. But here we have a different story altogether.

Go anywhere in the country, be it a bus-stand or railway station, you will find loads of posters saying "HIV AIDS does not spread through contact" and other information about how it spreads and all that stuff.

Hospital walls are the most common places where these could be found out, and then you have cases like these (Radhika) happening in Metropolitans. People there behave as highly-learned and treat HIV positive people as if they are from another Galaxy.

Celebrities and NGO's are organizing concerts and shows just to create awareness and raise money for them but looking at the conditions prevailing for them to even survive, all of that seems to go in vain. It's our typical habit of rarely trusting anyone. We only think of these as another source of income for them.

You even have people suffering from AIDS talking on TV about their normal and sometimes even 'special' life and we, instead of appreciating their heart of courage, ignore their plea to be at least treated as normal human beings.

The need is to join hands and pledge that such grave injustice will be prevented as those who are suffering are one of us. Who knows what might happen tomorrow? Let's pledge to make today a brighter one for those who probably might not see a tomorrow.

इस रात की सुबह नहीं...

“मैं सुधांशु प्रकाश, पूरे होशो हवास में अपने जुर्म को कबूल करता हूँ और आपके द्वारा दिए गए किसी भी सजा को मंजूर करता हूँ।”

इतना कहकर वह चुप हो गया और सर्वशक्तिमान परमेश्वर की अदालत में अपने फैसले का इन्तजार करने लगा। इसी बीच उसे धुंधला-धुंधला कुछ याद आने लगा।

सुधांशु अपने परिवार को लेकर उस दिन पांच सितारा होटल गया था। आज उसको कामयाबी की सीढ़ी चढ़े हुए पाँच साल जो हो गये थे। ऑफिस वालों ने तो पहले ही उसकी जेब खाली कर दी थी, अब अपनी पत्नी राधा और बच्चों गोल्डी और प्रिया के साथ अन्याय तो नहीं कर सकता था। जल्द ही खाने की मेज पर पकवानों के ढेर लग गए और इन सब चीजों को देखकर वह अपनी भावनाओं को रोक नहीं पाया और वहीं रो पड़ा। आखिर रोता क्यों नहीं, एक ऐसा दिन भी था जब वह इस खाने के बचे हुए जूटन से अपना पेट भरता था। लेकिन शायद भगवान को कुछ और ही मंजूर था। आज उसके पास क्या नहीं है बंगला, गाड़ी, नौकर और अच्छा खाना !!

राधा ने उसे सान्त्वना दी और खाने के लिए बोला। सभी ने जमकर इन्जॉय किया और आज गोल्डी और प्रिया ने जमकर आइसक्रीम भी खाई डिनर के बाद सुधांशु, राधा और बच्चों समेत अपनी मर्सिडिज से घर की ओर चल पड़ा। वो अपनी ही धुन में खोकर गाड़ी चला रहा था, इतने में एक कुत्ता सामने आ गया और ये क्या !! देखते ही देखते उसने उसे कुचल दिया और वह कुछ नहीं कर सका। कुत्ता तड़प रहा था और उसे बचाया जा सकता था, पर उस समय उसकी मानवता को पता नहीं क्या हो गया था, उसने कार नहीं रोकी और कार और तेज़ चलाने लगा। उसे लगा कि उसका कोई पीछा कर रहा है शायद उसका अतीत।

इतने में उसका ट्रैफिक सिग्नल से ध्यान हट गया और दूसरी ओर से आते हुए एक ट्रक ने जोरदार टक्कर मार दी। टक्कर इतनी जोरदार थी कि कार ट्रक से 50 मीटर दूर जाकर गिरी। प्रत्यक्षदर्शियों ने दांतों तले उंगली दबा ली। इतना भयानक एक्सीडेंट आज तक किसी ने नहीं देखा था। आसपास के लोगों ने आनन फानन में पास के अस्पताल से



उत्पल तिवारी
तृतीय वर्ष

एम्बुलेंस बुलवायी। अस्पताल ले जाते-जाते राधा और दोनों बच्चों की दर्दनाक मौत हो चुकी थी। सुधांशु बुरी तरह से धाया था पर शायद उसे एहसास हो चुका था कि उसकी पत्नी और बच्चों की मौत हो चुकी है। वह कराह भी नहीं पा रहा था। डाक्टरों की पूरी टीम उसे बचाने में जुट गयी और आखिर क्यों न जुटती, आखिर बड़े लोगों की जान की कीमत एक आम आदमी से कई गुना ज्यादा जो होती है।

रात के ग्यारह बज चुके थे और उसकी आँखें ठीक दीवार घड़ी के सामने थी और लगातार उस घड़ी को एक टकटकी लगाए देख रही थी और सेकेण्ड की सुई उसको तलवार समान लग रही थी जो उसपर पल-पल वार कर रही थी और उसे पल-पल दुर्घटना की याद दिला रही थी। “आखिर राधा और बच्चों का क्या दोष था जो कि उन्हें मेरी गलती की सजा भुगतनी पड़ी।” अब लेकिन वह कर भी क्या सकता था शायद उसके गलत कर्मों की सजा उसके परिवार को भुगतनी पड़ी और धीरे-धीरे वह पुराने खयालों में डूब गया।

अभी जैसे लग रहा है कि कल की ही बात हो, सुधांशु एक छोटे से कार गैराज में काम करता था। सुधांशु का उसके कुत्ते डॉबी के अलावा

इस दुनिया में कोई और नहीं था। सुधांशु का मालिक उसे बहुत कम तनख्वाह देता था और कभी-कभी तो उसे भूखे पेट ही सोना पड़ता था। सुधांशु के कारों में बहुत रूचि थी और उसे तरह-तरह की कारों को ठीक करने में मजा आता था। धीरे-धीरे उसे कारकी मशीनरी और कार्यप्रणाली भी अच्छी तरह समझ आने लगी। वह देखते ही पहचान जाता था कि कार में कहाँ खराबी है। जल्द ही वह मशहूर होने लगा और एक बड़ी गैराज ने उसे ज्यादा पैसों पर काम पर रख लिया।

सुधांशु दुनिया की सबसे सस्ती कार बनाना चाहता था जो किसी भी आम आदमी की जरूरतों को पूरा कर सके। और जल्द ही उसने सभी कारों की टेक्नोलोजी को मिलाकर एक ऐसी कार का मॉडल (स्वरूप) तैयार किया सिने न केवल कार उद्योग में एक नई क्रान्ति लायी बल्कि भारत की अर्थव्यवस्था को भी मजबूत करने का सबसे बड़ा जरिया बन सकता था। सुधांशु अपने फार्मूले को खुद लागू करके स्वदेशी कार बनाना चाहता था। उसने काफी बैंकों और सरकार से भी सम्पर्क किया और उसे पर्याप्त मात्रा में लोन (ऋण) भी मिल गया। यहीं से उसने कामयाबी की पहली सीढ़ी चढ़ने के लिए कदम बढ़ाया और अपने सपने को साकार करने में जुट गया।

विदेशी कारों पर जगत् में एक खलबली मच गयी और उन्हें अपने नुकसान का मंजर अभी से ही दिखाई देने लगा। उस समय दुनिया की सबसे बड़ी कार निर्माता कम्पनी के मालिक ने सुधांशु को काफी लालच देकर खरीदना चाहा पर उसने अपने देश के साथ गद्दारी करने से इन्कार कर दिया। अपने इस अपमान को कार-कम्पनी मालिक सह नहीं पाया और इसका बदला लेने के लिए उसने अण्डरवर्ल्ड के साथ मिलकर सुधांशु को मारने का प्लान बनाया।

सुधांशु उस दिन भी ऑफिस से काम करके लौट रहा था और उसका वफादार कुत्ता डॉबी रोज़ की तरह अपने मालिक का घर के दरवाजे पर इन्तजार कर रहा था।

सुधांशु अपनी धुन में अपने घर की ओर रात 9 बजे के सन्नाटे में पैदल ही लौट रहा था, इतने में एकदम से बहुत सी कारों ने उसे घेर लिया और गोलगोल घूमने लगे। वह जब तक कुछ समझ पाता तब तक कार के गुंडे निकलकर उसे मारने लगे। उसने पहले तो इसका विरोध किया परन्तु उनकी ताकत के सामने उसकी एक न चली। जल्द ही उन लोगों ने उसे खून से लथपथ कर दिया और पूरे शरीर को चाकुओं से गोद दिया। शायद वह वहीं पड़े हुए अपनी अन्तिम घड़ियाँ गिन रहा था।

काफी समय बीत जाने के बाद भी अपने मालिक के घर न लौटने पर डॉबी को कुछ अनहोनी की आशंका हुई। कहा जाता है कुत्तों और दूसरे जानवरों को किसी आपदा (अनहोनी) का आभास पहले से ही

हो जाता है। शायद वह आभास भी डॉबी को हो गया था। उससे रहा नहीं गया और वह निकल पड़ा अपने मालिक को ढूँढ़ने। वह घर से ऑफिस तक के रास्ते के चप्पे-चप्पे से वाकफ़ था। फिर क्या था। अपने मालिक को ढूँढ़ने में उसे कोई देर नहीं हुई और खून से लथपथ देखकर शायद उसे भी रोना आ गया और वह अपने मालिक के चेहरे पर टकटकी लगाकर देखने लगा। लेकिन डॉबी को एहसास हुआ कि अभी भी कुछ जान उसके मालिक के अन्दर बाकी है। वहाँ खड़े सभी लोगों ने सुधांशु को मरा हुआ समझकर अस्पताल ले जाना भी मुनासिब नहीं समझा।

शायद उस समय डॉबी में कुछ दैवीय शक्ति आ गयी थी। उसने आस पास के लोगों को भीक कर काफी मदद माँगी पर किसी ने भी उस पर ध्यान नहीं दिया। वह सड़क पर खड़ी कार के शीशे पर अपने पंजे से वार करने लगा और मदद की भीख माँगने लगा। कार के अन्दर बैठी एक लड़की को दया आ गयी और वह सुधांशु को पास के एक अस्पताल तक ले गई। वहाँ ले जाते हुए सभी लोग धूर-धूर कर देख रहे थे। वहाँ ले जाने पर पहले तो डाक्टर डर गये परन्तु जल्द ही डाक्टरों ने पूरा माजुरा समझ लिया और सुधांशु को आई.सी.यू. में डाल दिया। किसी को नहीं लग रहा था कि वह बच पाएगा लेकिन शायद ये डॉबी के द्वारा अपने मालिक के लिए किए गए दुआओं का ही असर था कि जल्द ही सुधांशु को होश आ गया।

इस घटना के बाद पुलिस के साथ-साथ सरकार भी सकते में आ गई। सरकार ने सुधांशु की काबिलियत देखकर उसके मिशन पूर्ण होने तक पुलिस-सुरक्षा प्रदान कर दी और जल्द ही वह दिन भी आ गया जिसका सुधांशु को बरसों से इन्तजार था। आज उसके पास वह सब कुछ था जिसके लिए वह एक दिन मोहताज़ हुआ करता था। इसी दौरान वह कार वाली लड़की 'राधा' उसके काफी करीब आ गयी और उसने उससे शादी कर ली। सुधांशु अपनी निजी जिन्दगी में इतना व्यस्त हो गया कि वह अपने वफादार कुत्ते को ही भूल गया। किसी ने सच ही कहा है 'पैसे की चमक, सभी चमक को धुंधला कर देती है।' वह डॉबी से गैरों जैसा व्यवहार करने लगा और डॉबी को भी अपने मालिक का पराया जैसा व्यवहार ठीक नहीं लगा और एक दिन तंग आकर वह घर छोड़कर चला गया। सुधांशु अपने ऑफिस और परिवार के साथ इतना व्यस्त हो गया था कि उसे डॉबी के घर छोड़ने का पता एक महीने बाद चला।

डॉबी वही कुत्ता था जिसने उस रात सुधांशु की कार के नीचे दम तोड़ा था।

यह सोचते-सोचते रात बीतती गई और उस रात की सुबह कभी आई ही नहीं।

Masti ki Dathshala

PARUL PURI

THIRD YEAR

After long deliberations, sitting in coaching institutes, spending sleepless nights and the unforgettable buttering of "The One" above we are there, where we hoped to be once...or more appropriately where destiny brought us! Be it be a 100 All India ranker or some 2,000,000,000...hmm if the zeros seem confusing then should just say some 2 lakh, we all share and hold the same place! And this, my friends is called equality! Now talking of equality in a broader sense. Equality in our college can also be explained by highlighting that in a class of 50 there are 6 girls!! Not that they are deprived of any right. They have full freedom to sit in the front row of a class, make the master copy of each practical and assignment, to roam about anywhere and everywhere just barring certain hot spots, in any amount and admire the picturesque view till the hostel bell rings. Whilst this goes on, the boys prefer to exchange mere 16 mass number gas for those having 22, 38, 39. Those who have forgotten chemistry may refer to the periodic table whilst the others use your experience.

But with the Nescafe outlet opening right in front of the boys' hostel things are changing. Won't comment it's for good or bad but certainly it's debatable. Where on one hand boys are dying to litch on girls now they feel offended when their privacy is being taken over. Thanks to the great revolutionary movement ever happened in the college. It all started when one sect of equality ruled society, who were supposed to be restricted to the boundaries of the so called 'tuck' crossed all the barriers, trespassed the canteen eventually entering the "royal place"..... "THE GTM".

The Dawn : Mass confusion! Were practically looking for room no ES-104 in the electrical department (electronics seriously needs a separate department), just to end up finding it's the subject code and the class room is the 'Drawing hall' of the admn block! Here comes the role of seniors... Yes to teach the college traditions, the rules, the norms. We all realize the importance of knowing about a teacher's methods and techniques of teaching and testing, that periodicals are just minor exams, a good impression on laboratory assistants can be of great asset, hill 'ffair is "D mega event" and that college is but a drag. But do we realize how indispensable they are when it comes to the non academic norms? It is all because of

them that the miss mannered people whose dress code, language and attitude have been corrupted by the carefree attitude of their parents and well wishers are refined by the great contractors of society who sit and can definitely decide the best for everyone.

Slowly, but life does begin here. Restrictions are removed, the first year's fair well in their first periodicals, join one of the n clubs of college just to attend, to participate, to view all the possible events, in order to keep the club alive. Then comes the hill 'ffair, a moment to live, to make some memories, and to use as an alibi for flunking in the 2nd periodicals. S' (Serious studious school students) transform to engineering college students (definition beyond the scope of this article).

New spirit : We are seniors! And for obvious reasons we'll follow the pattern, pass on everything we grabbed from our seniors and take on the post of 'contractors of society'. Admn is no more the workplace. Departmental blocks become the new haunt. Having learnt the lessons of unity we finally graduate to new chapters of inter branch rivalry. It's a serious matter and not to forget a matter of pride that which branch has the minimum classes, which one ends up going for the official 'fun' trip and who gets to sit maximum on the 'green benches'. Thanks to a short class trip interaction begins in the class, every class has a regular mass bunk report, graph of marks obtained v/s total marks for periodicals keeps falling, graffitists come into action; there are more notes to be found on desks than note books! Stepping out of the lime light attitude is defined for some and redefined for few.

Comfortably dumb (3rd Year) : The placement as a priority takes a back seat. Not following the foot steps of our most revered seniors we break free to new horizons. Third year no longer is a mess of assignments, exams, labs. It's a time to take on responsibilities or better said to poke your nose in everything that comes around the corner.

The Grand Finale : To be continued next year....

Our journey here that started with a halt accelerates in no time. Life no more seems to be pre decided or pre written. Every day is brand new, every moment is pure! Each student of this college realizes that a day would come when we'd walk though the large gate, on the lonely white path with dry leaves dancing in the air, trees swaying with the breeze, the place where love was made, smiles shared, hearts broken, tears spilled. Passing through we'd feel the essence of unknown emotion. And then when we'll step in to the lonely classroom with time to spare, only memories would be there for company, we'll feel that heaven was here, so enjoy everything in college life.

the obtuse angles

the obtuse angles



graphics by : MANISH SINGH

The Obtuse Angles

The mathematical obtuse angle has a synonym 'insensitive'.

The articles here are of the same nature where the authors have felt a bit stoic and a little cynic towards the subjects.

There are certain incidents when we feel that what is happening, is happening because it had to happen. A little overdose of philosophy? Never mind. For artists' sake a closer look to a simple obtuse angle will resemble a human figure laid back on his pillow and looking upwards... thinking.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Nothing | Aditya Gandotra |
| एक अनुभव | निशान्त सिंह |
| Yet Another Diary Entry | Vivek Chauhan |
| पुनः | शिशिर कुमार गोयल |
| Moon Light | Shubhanan Sen |
| जिन्दगी | सिद्धार्थ कुमार |
| फोरेस्ट ऑफिसर | मनीष सिंह |
| You May Say | Aditya Gandotra |
| Drinking Dancing Demons | Abhishek Tandon |
| दाखिला | कमल प्रकाश रवि |
| Imprints | Sukhraj Singh |
| I Got A Mail | Dipanjan Mazumdar |
| परिचय | तरुण कुमार |

The Obtuse Angles



Nothing...

ADITYA GANDOTRA
THIRD YEAR

It was the IG Airport domestic arrival lounge. The month of January, a hint of fog, a tinge of shallow sunshine, and the cacophony of people discussing their plans for the day. Mornings are usually cold this time of the year, and people talk, sometimes substantially and at other times to keep their teeth from clattering.

He stood near the convoluted black conveyor belt carrying the luggage. Suitcases being suitcases, it is not infrequent that some one picks up someone else's suitcase, mistaken. At times children make this mistake, and more often adults indulge in it. Maybe because children take in all the little details, while we grown ups are lost in our own worlds, too busy to notice.

He meticulously read the tags, before picking the bags. One of his had come, the other was still somewhere in the scrolling queue. Just before he was about to experience his pangs of impatience, he read her name on a dark brown bag. And he also read the 'Mrs.' prefix.

'Suppose we don't get married, suppose anything comes between us, and we end up separated. And then suppose we come across each other somewhere, in a railway station, what shall you say to me?' she asked innocently.

He replied with a sneer, *'I don't intend to travel by trains the rest of my life.'*

Laughing she had added, 'OK, let's assume we come across in an airport, then?'

'Well, first this won't ever happen because there is nothing that can come between us; and then even if for a second I assume it does, I'll run away, for I am not going to accept the fact that you are not mine.'

He stood there, rubbed the vapor off his glasses, and put them back on. The bag had somehow found its way to his hands. Maybe he wanted himself to believe that it was someone else; though he had always told her, with a name like hers, she won't have a namesake. From the corner of his eyes he saw her, and then he saw her husband hand her a dark tan overcoat.

'Tan always looks great on you, it offsets your hazel eyes. And the way your dark hair falls in waves, I am spellbound!'

She wrapped herself in the warm folds. And straightening the creases, she looked up to look at him looking. Their eyes met, and locked. For a fraction of a second he could hear roaring silences rumble inside his head. The crystal broke, when he heard her husband say, 'we only have one more bag to go, I don't know how long will it take, these airports na?'

'Listen, you don't try to avoid this. Ok! Just answer, will you talk to me?'

'What shall I say? I won't know what to say?'

'Say anything, you can start by saying Hi!'

'Just a Hi...?'

'Yes, just a Hi, rest I shall handle'

'OK, shut up now, you know it gives me headaches to talk about things like these'

'Without me, what shall become of you?' she said hugging him.

'Nothing', he whispered in her ears, breathing in the fragrance of her hair, 'nothing.'

She walked towards him. For a split second, his tongue forgot motion.

'... just a Hi, rest I shall handle'

When people come across situations they are totally unprepared for, their nervous system panics, shutting down under the shock. Then words get lost in between the mind and the tongue. The heart begins to beat loud and clear. Breath forgets its rhythm. And feet just jam.

She was now almost there.

And he said, Hi.

She nodded her head. With eyes pointing toward her bag, she said, 'that bag...'. He exhaled his lost breath, and handed it to her. His fingers brushed against her hand. And he felt that coldness.

'You know, I love the way it feels when I touch you. You are all so warm-warm, and soft-soft', he told her, holding her in his arms.

'That's only because you think that in your head, actually I am generally very cold, and it's your hand which is warm.'

'That's strange! I never feel that way'

'Someday you will', she said and giggled.

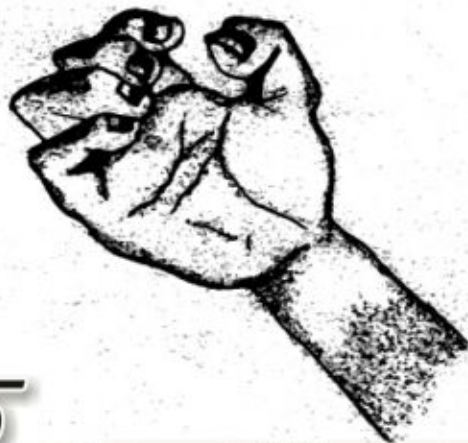
Her husband came along and tapped her shoulder. 'Do you two know each other?' Before she could reply, he said, 'for four years we were together in college.' Her husband looked at her, she looked at him. Someone called out his name, 'Sir, is this last bag yours?'

He turned to look at his bag, the only one sliding along the dark belt. Estranged. After all it was his bag.

Life finds some way to smuggle in a bit of irony in the most unsuspecting of moments. They are life's metaphors and similes, its ornaments of speech. And then it has its poems and plays. While some are divine comedies, there are some tragedies as well. The cosmos seems to possess a sense of humor.

He picked up the bag. Her husband put an arm around her. Together they walked to the exit door, towards the taxi stand. Three mute witnesses to the tornadoes in their minds. To break the uncomfortable silence she asked him, 'what are you doing these days?'

He had reached a cab. Opening the door, he turned to her and said, 'Nothing...'



एक अनुभव

निशान्त सिंह

प्रथम वर्ष

जीवन में ईश्वर हर किसी की एक न एक बार परीक्षा अवश्य लेता है। एक ऐसी ही सच्ची घटना मेरे साथ भी घटी। मेरी भी परीक्षा ली गई, और सच कहूँ तो मैं उत्तीर्ण न हो सका। इस घटना ने मुझपर एक गहरी छाप छोड़ी जिसने मेरी सोच बदली और कुछ सीखने पर मजबूर किया।

ये बात तब की है जब मैं ग्यारहवीं कक्षा में था। मैं छुट्टी के दिन देर तक सो रहा था तभी माँ ने प्यार से मुझे उठाते हुए कहा, “उठ जाओ बिट्टू, नौ बज गये हैं। पापा आफिस चले गए हैं। मुझसे कह गए थे कि बिट्टू को जल्दी उठा देना, पर देर हो गई। और याद है न, आज तुम्हें बैंक भी जाना है खाता खुलवाने, जल्दी तैयार हो जाओ, पापा तुम्हें ग्यारह बजे बैंक पर ही मिलेंगे।” माँ कहते-कहते काम करने चली गई। मेरी नींद पूरी हो चुकी थी, इसलिये मैं उठ गया और तैयार होने लगा। मैं जल्दी तैयार हो गया, बैंक जाने के लिए काफी समय था, तब तक क्या करता ? सोचा अंग्रेजी की पाठ्यपुस्तक पढ़ लूँ। पाठ्यपुस्तक की कहानियाँ तथा कविताएँ मुझे पसंद थी। क्या पढ़ूँ-क्या

पढ़ूँ सोच रहा था कि मेरी नज़र एक कविता पर गई, उसका नाम था “ए लिटिल ग्रेन ऑफ गोल्ड”।

उस कविता में एक गरीब तथा उसकी दशा का विवरण किया गया था। एक गरीब जो घर-घर माँगता फिरता था। एक दिन स्वयं ईश्वर उसके पास आए और कहा, “तुम सबसे माँगते रहते हो, क्या तुम मुझे कुछ दे सकते हो?” उस गरीब ने अपने अनाज के थैले से सबसे छोटा अनाज का दाना निकाला और उनकी हथेली पर रख दिया। ईश्वर ने दाना लिया और चले गए। सब कुछ इतनी जल्दी हुआ की वह कुछ समझ नहीं पाया। वो चकित तथा हैरान था। अपनी कुटिया में जब उसने थैला पलटा तो अनाज के ढेर में एक सोने के दाने को चमकता देखा। वह दाना उतना ही छोटा था जितना उसने ईश्वर को दिया था। वह सब कुछ समझ गया, जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी का सही अर्थ उसे समझ आ गया। वह पछताया, रोया, खुद को बहुत कोसा, सोचा कि अगर सारा अनाज दे दिया होता पछताना ना पड़ता। पर अब करता भी क्या, बस रो कर रह गया। यह कविता मेरे दिल को छू गई।

इस कविता को पढ़कर लगा कि यही वह गलती है जो लोग करते हैं, जीवन के मूल तथ्यों को नहीं समझते अवसरों को नहीं पहचानते, दिल-दिमाग को बड़ा नहीं कर पाते। इनका परिणाम यह होता है कि वह वहीं रह जाते हैं जहाँ वो हैं, ऊपर नहीं आ पाते। मुझे उस गरीब पर हँसी आई और दया भी, “कैसा बेवकूफ था, अगर वहीं बड़प्पन दिखाता तो पछताना न पड़ता। अगर उसकी जगह मैं होता तो सारा अनाज दे देता।” मुझे लगा कि मेरा दिल बहुत बड़ा है। और मैं अवसरों को भली-भाँति पहचानता हूँ।

कहानी के बारे में सोचते-सोचते मैं बैंक को निकल पड़ा। साइकिल चलाते समय कुछ सिक्के मेरी जेब में आवाज़ कर रहे थे, जो मुझे माँ ने दिए थे। मैं गाना गाते हुए काफी तेजी से चला जा रहा था, ये मेरी बुरी आदत थी। आखिर बैंगलोर की सड़कों का असली मजा आप तभी उठा सकते हैं जब रफ्तार आपके साथ हो। बैंक का रास्ता लगभग 30 मिनट का था, पर इसे 10 मिनट में पूरा करने की कला मुझे आती थी। आखिर मैं बैंक पहुँचा।

भीड़-भाड़ काफी थी, पार्किंग लॉट में मैंने साइकिल खड़ी की और लॉक लगाने के लिए नीचे झुका। लॉक लगाकर मैं खड़ा हुआ और जैसे ही पीछे मुड़ा, एक सामान्य कद-काठी का आदमी, एक आम दिखने वाला आदमी, सामान्य से कपड़े पहने हुए एक भारी झोला सर पे उठाए हुए, मेरे बहुत करीब खड़ा था। “क्या आपके पास एक रुपये का सिक्का है?” उसने कहा। मैंने उसे अभी ऊपर से नीचे देखा ही था, कि मानो मेरा सर अपने-आप ही नकारात्मक भाव से दौए-बाँए हिल पड़ा जब कि उस समय भी मुझे जेब में पड़े सिक्कों का भरपूर एहसास था। वह आदमी कुछ कहे बिना आगे चल दिया। सब कुछ इतनी जल्दी हुआ कि मैं कुछ समझ न सका। उसे जाते देख मुझे वह कहानी याद आ गई। “अरे, ये क्या किया मैंने, और वो कौन ?” मुझे झटका लगा। बिना सोचे समझे मैं उसकी तरफ भागा पर वह भीड़ में जाने कहीं गायब हो गया। सिक्कों की आवाज़ अब भी जोरों से आ रही थी मानों कह रहे हों कि “बच्चे अवसर हाथ से निकल गया।” मैं रुक गया, पहली बार भीड़ में खुद को बहुत अकेला महसूस किया। ये पता चला कि खुले आसमान के नीचे घुटन कैसी होती है। गला भर आया, मन परेशान हो उठा, तड़प उठा, जैसे पिंजड़े में बंद पंछी। क्या करूँ, क्या बोलूँ, कहीं जाऊँ ऐसी बेचैनी पहले कभी महसूस नहीं हुई। पर करता भी क्या, अनमने मन से उलटे पाँव बैंक के

दरवाजे की तरफ चला। मन में सपालों का भंडार उमड़ पड़ा, इतना भारी मन, इतना दर्द कभी नहीं हुआ था।

पापा मुझे मिले, मुझे बैंक में ले गए, बैंक के नियमों के बारे में जाने क्या-क्या बता रहे थे पर सुन कौन रहा था ? मैं तो एक अजीब उधेड़बुन में था। जैसे-तैसे काम खत्म हुआ, मैं घर को चला, और पापा ऑफिस। साइकिल निकालते समय ईश्वर से प्रार्थना कर रहा था, वह फिर से आ जाए ताकि मैं उसके किसी काम आ सकूँ, इधर-उधर देखता हुआ मैं घर की ओर चला, पर अब रफ्तार बहुत कम थी, मन सवालियों के बवंडर में फँसा हुआ था। जेब में पड़े सिक्के आवाज़ नहीं कर रहे थे, मानों किसी काम के न हों। सिक्के मुझे जेब में आग के समान लग रहे थे, मन किया फेंक ही दूँ।

“कौन था वो आदमी, कहीं स्वयं ईश्वर तो नहीं ! आखिर उसे एक रुपये की क्यों चाहिए था, बैंगलोर जैसे महँगे शहर में एक रुपये की टॉफी ही मिल सकती है, किसी साधन या बस का किराया तो 10 रुपये के ऊपर ही है। बेचारा कितना परेशान था, कहाँ गया होगा ? उसे कैसा लगा होगा मेरे बारे में, क्या सोचेगा, कितनी बद्दुआएँ देगा!” हम मानव दोष देने में इतने माहिर होते हैं कि कभी मैं समय को दोष देता, कि सब कुछ इतनी जल्दी हुआ कि मैं कुछ समझ न सका, कभी उन सिक्कों को कि क्यों चले आए मेरे साथ, तो कभी उस कविता को कि क्यों पढ़ लिया आज ही। मुझे अपनी स्थिति उस भिखारी के समान मालूम हुई जिसके ऊपर मुझे हँसी और दया आई थी। मुझे उसके दर्द का एहसास हुआ, दूसरों पर हँसना और उन्हें समझाना आसान है, पर तब क्या जब अपने ही ऊपर आन पड़े।

आज उस घटना को दो साल हो गए। उस गलती की भरपाई करने की सोचता हूँ तो कभी-कभी किसी बेबस लाचार को एक रुपये दे देता हूँ, उससे दुआएँ सुन कर मन को शान्ति मिलती है। दूसरों की मदद करने से बड़ा पुण्य कुछ नहीं है। अब मैंने उस घटना को अपनी कमजोरी नहीं बल्कि शक्तियों का स्रोत बना दिया है। अब मन में इतने सवाल नहीं उठते। परन्तु एक सवाल आता है तो मैं खुद खुशनुसीब तथा बदनुसीब महसूस करता हूँ “वह आदमी कौन था ? क्या मैंने ईश्वर के दर्शन किए हैं ?” क्या आप इसका उत्तर दे सकते हैं ?

Yet Another Diary Entry

Hey guys...I'm back! Yeah this time again with yet another diary entry....but let me assure you it isn't someone's personal life we are going to take a sneak peek into. It's completely a work of fiction...BEFORE I START...A MESSAGE...ALL CHARACTERS AND EVENTS ARE FICTITIOUS...ANY RESEMBLANCE WITH ANYONE LIVING OR DEAD IS COINCIDENTAL AND DEEPLY REGRETTED!

For starters let us assume a year has gone by and this is another entry by the same character in MYRIAD HUES...so without further ado...here it goes

1st JANUARY 2006

Yet another year has gone by. Things have changed...people have...situations and so have I! I was just reading through the entry I made a year back and that's when I realized how great the transformation has been. At this time last year I was madly in love, or rather I thought I was madly in love...and today I know I am madly in love. What's the difference in thinking and knowing? I too didn't have an answer to this until maybe last summer...but as of now I very well do. The summer's been eventful. Firstly I completed my degree...boy what a day! Finally I was leaving this place with what I had come here for...my degree, a well paid job...and something I didn't really come here for...JANYA (thought I should give a name to my characters this time around). We were like the BEST COUPLE that could have been. At least I thought so!!

Life was colorful and wonderful! Both of us had got a job in the country capital...I was very happy cause I thought this would give us a lot of time together. I honestly thought she was the one for me. But then I guess it wasn't really meant to be.

Everything was going on quite smoothly. And all of a sudden my life went topsy turvy. A very good friend of mine started giving me indications that she had feelings for me. I tried sidetracking her signals. I was totally confused...on one side I had my love (till then at least I thought she was) and on the other my closest friend! Shit! What had I got myself into...my single greatest regret at that point of time was hiding my feelings for JANYA from MAYA (the friend I'm talking about). Had I told her probably she wouldn't have.....you know! I seriously didn't want to hurt her! But I thought the right thing to do would be to let her know! As I was pondering JANYA called. I told her about the mess. She said I always knew she had feelings for you. And then she dropped the bombshell! She said, "SHE HAS GENUINE FEELINGS FOR YOU...I THINK YOU SHOULD GO FOR HER"...I couldn't believe it...I said do you even know what the hell you just said? She said yes n then we hung up. After the call I sat and wondered why she would say such a thing...then I realized that of late we were actually growing apart. It wasn't the first time she was signaling she wanted to split up. I had noticed a lot of changes in her attitude towards us. But I didn't really pay much heed.

Next weekend I met MAYA. She seemed different too. We went to the church...as that's the best place we like to go when we are confused! The peace and quiet gives us time to rewind and come to terms with ourselves. She was sitting right beside me and praying. I prayed for strength to deal with this situation. Then I turned towards her, and I could see



VIVEK CHAUHAN
THIRD YEAR

that she was crying! I hated to see her in tears...and this time round it was because of me so I hated it even more. There and then I caught her hand and we left the church...but one thing was certain...this wasn't going to continue this way. I dropped her home and then I went to the D9S7A9CJ CENJRE...needed some time to think...to contemplate. After a lot of turmoil I picked up my cell and gave JANYA a call. We spoke at length...I did most of the talking...firing her with my volley of questions! And then I asked her the big one... "DO YOU LOVE ME?" She was quiet for a while. I understood...and told her not to worry about me...I was ready for everything! After a long pause she said I DON'T KNOW. I don't know??? What the \$#@*...I mean how can you not know...either you love someone or you don't. It's as simple as that! Anyways I had my answer. But then still I gave us a week's time to think over the issue. The week passed and I didn't hear from her. Finally on the weekend I had a brief chat with her...She asked me what I thought. I said I guess we were FRIGENDS and were always going to be...but that was it, we were just FRIGENDS...nothing more, nothing less. That was it! We officially split up. I was devastated. I went back home straight...and confined myself to my room. Took the week off from work. I needed sometime for introspection. The first few days went by sulking...but then soon I gathered myself. It was Tuesday so I still had 5 days to myself! I decided to do what I loved most...I took out my HONDA CRV, packed my bags and set out to GADPURA with one of my friends at break neck pace. Gave him the entire scenario. He comforted me and we decided I wasn't going to wait for her to change her mind. As it is I am a very stubborn individual...a JAVUREAN to the core. Take my decisions carefully. But once I do, there's no looking back!

The next thing I did was immediately after coming back told MARYA everything. Every damn detail because I didn't want her to spoil her life. I mean JANYA had already played with our lives...but I wouldn't let MARYA get pulled in. She told me to take my time and that she was always there. I told her I was just out of a relationship and wasn't really looking for another quite yet! She said she loved me very dearly and was going to wait.

I was taken aback! I mean how could anyone love me so much? Even my past didn't deter her.

Life was normal again. I rejoined work. Enjoying life to the fullest. Partying at weekends, watching movies, spending time with friends! And slowly but surely JANYA was moving out of my life. Soon I even stopped missing her. She was H9SJOARY as far as I was concerned. My past...that I wanted to forget!

All this while MARYA was by my side! Supporting me, comforting me! By the month end we were spending a lot of time together. I got to know how much she loved me. It felt great. But at the same time I felt like kicking myself...how could I not see this love in her eyes before. I mean how could I be so dumb. She was the closest anyone had ever got to me and still I didn't see it in her eyes. What an ASS! But now that I knew, I wasn't going to let go. Soon I realized I too had feelings for her. I mean what I thought was LOVE was actually FRIGENDSHIP and what I thought was FRIGENDSHIP was LOVE! I found my TRUE LOVE in my BEST FRIGEND! Now I know I never really loved JANYA. I can say that because I never felt this way before. Not even when I was with her!

Well life is beautiful again. I am probably the luckiest guy on earth...to find love and actually understand its true essence! But that thought still remains at the back of my mind as to why JANYA did that to herself. If I know her then I am very sure she has never loved anyone other than me. I guess it was nobody's fault. Probably the circumstances got the better of us. We weren't meant to be! As to why she did it...still remains a mystery. One mystery I'd rather not see unfold. I guess I am never going to understand women! Probably they are best left un-understood!! As of now... I am the happiest person on earth.

Oops! MARYA is calling. I got to go. We are off to the NEW YEAR BASH at PAC9J9C! Catch you later!

पुनः

शिशिर कुमार गोयल

तृतीय वर्ष

आपने जिन्दगी को मौत के आगोश में दम तोड़ते देखा होगा। मौत के ऊपर पुनर्जीवित सौंसों के उल्लास के बारे में सुना होगा। परन्तु, क्या कभी आपने जिन्दगी और मौत के समझौते पर चिन्तन किया है? मानव जीवन के सबसे बड़े यथार्थ स्तम्भों को हाथ मिलाकर मनुष्य पर हँसते सुना है??

यदि नहीं तो चलिए मिलते हैं एक ऐसे व्यक्ति से, जिसका अस्तित्व जीवन-मृत्यु की आँख-मिचौनी में एक उपहास मात्र बनकर रह गया।

सागर के जन्म को अभी छः माह ही बीते हैं। उसका शरीर जल स्वीकार करने से भी इनकार करता है। बहुत प्रयासों के बाद मात्र कुछ बूँद पानी ही उसके गले के नीचे उतर पाता है। चिकित्सकों की विद्या और प्रैक्टिस ने भी मुँह मोड़ लिया है। लेकिन, आदमी सन्तान के लिए क्या नहीं करता। उसके पिताजी सागर को दिल्ली के सबसे मशहूर और महँगे अस्पताल में भर्ती करते हैं। एक नहीं, दो नहीं पूरे सात महीने मौत से जूझने के बाद, सागर को स्वस्थ घोषित किया जाता है। पुनः विश्वास होता है - जिन्दगी ज्यादा शक्तिशाली है। जीवन रफ्तार पकड़ लेता है।

लेकिन यह क्या !! दो वर्ष बाद, एक दिन खबर आती है कि पास की एक नदी में एक आदमी की लाश मिली है। गाँव वाले, लाश को लेकर सागर के घर आ रहे हैं। उसको समझ नहीं आ रहा, क्या हो गया है। उसके पिताजी ने आत्महत्या कर ली है। जमीनदारों का दबाव और गाँव में हो रही धू-धू उनके इस कदम के कारण बताये जा रहे हैं। सागर के इलाज के लिए माँगे हुए उधार को वे नहीं चुका पाये। मकान तक गिरवी रख गये हैं। उसकी माँ को होश नहीं आ रहा। सागर जाये तो जाये कहीं? प्रश्न करे भी तो किस से ?? स्वार्थी संसार में कोई उसे गले नहीं लगा रहा। तेरह दिनों के पारम्परिक शोक की

खानापूर्ति कर सब अपने-अपने रास्ते चल देते हैं। कर्ज उतारने के लिए माँ अपनी सारी जमीन बेच देती है, परन्तु अपना गिरवी मकान नहीं बचा पाती। वह सागर के साथ उसके ननिहाल में रहने लगती है। जीवन किसके रोके रुका है। घरों में बर्तन मौजकर, सिलाई कर, माँ सागर को साक्षर बनाने का प्रयास कर रही है। अब शायद, नियति को भी दया आ गई है। जिन्दगी रोज नये प्रश्न पूछती, जवाब ढूँढ़ती, आगे बढ़ रही है।

आज सागर का इक्कीसवाँ जन्मदिन है। त्रैजुएशन का परीक्षाफल भी आ चुका है। सागर मामाजी के साथ अंक देखने गया है। कुछ क्षणों बाद, वह कूदता हुआ, सबको मिटाई खिलाता घर में प्रवेश करता है। पास तो वह हो ही गया, साथ ही उसे एक स्कूल में शिक्षक की नौकरी भी मिल गई है। कई वर्ष बाद, घर में खुशी का माहौल है। मौसी ने तो सागर के लिए एक लड़की भी पसन्द कर ली है। दो माह बाद का शुभ मुहुर्त निकला है।

शहनाईयों की गूँज, जगमगाती बिजलियाँ और पुलकित चेहरे - इन्हें देखकर सागर स्वयं को सबसे भाग्यशाली महसूस कर रहा है। एक नये जीवन की शुरुआत जो करने जा रहा है। समय किस गति से बीत रहा है, इसका किसी को कोई आभास ही नहीं।

विवाह के दो वर्ष बीत चुके हैं। सागर अपने परिवार के साथ बहुत खुश है। उसका एक बेटा भी है - साहिल। लेकिन किस्मत को कुछ और ही मंजूर था। साहिल के गले की नली भी बहुत पतली है। डाक्टर करोड़ों रुपयों का इलाज बता रहे हैं। अब तो विज्ञान ने इस बीमारी का नाम भी खोज लिया है।

सागर को अपना बचपन याद आ रहा है। उसे अहसास हो गया है कि तेईस साल पहले, जिन्दगी और मौत के बीच एक समझौता हुआ था। जिन्दगी ने मौत से अपने लिए कुछ वक्त माँग लिया था। परन्तु, आज मौत किसी समझौते के इरादे से नहीं दस्तक दे रही है। आज मौत साक्षात् सामने खड़ी है। सागर नहीं तो साहिल ही सही। आज मौत सागर और साहिल को अलग करके ही दम लेगी। सागर चाहकर भी अपने जिगर के टुकड़े को नहीं बचा सकता। और बचा भी ले तो क्या होगा ?? जिन्दगी एक बार और मजाक कर लेगी। कुछ समय देकर समझौता कर लेगी। परन्तु कहीं न कहीं जीवन को हारना ही पड़ेगा। सागर स्वयं साहिल को मृत्यु कके मंझधार में सौंप देता है। मौत की काली रात के समक्ष जीवन की मखिम रोशनी दम तोड़ देती है।

क्योंकि मौत से बड़ा कोई सत्य नहीं, और सत्य से बड़ा कोई नियम नहीं।



Moonlight

SHUBHANAN SEN
FIRST YEAR

The clouds sailed past to reveal the glow,
The beat of time seemed to slow,
The wind rushed through the swaying trees,
A smooth, cool, heart filling breeze.

Inky black was the sky,
An endless eternal ceiling high,
Sparkling diamonds, the studded stars,
Made rest prevail and haste sparse.

Yet the night shone like noon,
With the heart-warming light of the moon,
And as the world drowned its pace,
I felt rays touch my face.

In mountains high and valleys deep,
Everyone was like asleep.
Cities big and towns small,
The beauty bright captures all.

And sends them away amidst its gleams,
To the magic land of dreams,
Where all can have their wishes true,
Where love is lots and worries few.

To slide away with them I tried,
To give up to the nightly tide,
But each and every time I failed,
My sleeplessness yet prevailed.

So yet again I looked and sought,
The wondrous light of moonbeams wrought,
And I found myself a refugee there,
From the worlds hating glare.

A pair of eyes smiled at the light,
And knew that they were shining bright,
And as the world drowned its pace,
I felt the beams upon my face.



सिद्धार्थ कुमार

प्रथम वर्ष

कल जब फिर मैं हँफते हुए,
जा रहा था अपने रास्ते।
तभी एक अजनबी मिला,
कहा मेरा नाम है जिंदगी॥

पूछा मुझसे क्यों हो परेशान,
बुरी तरह हँफ रहे हो।
कभी दर्द से कौंप रहे हो,
और माथे पर है ये कैसा निशान?

मेरा आक्रोश लावा बनकर उमड़ आया,
और मैंने जिंदगी को समझाया।
तुम्हारी रीत है मेरी परेशानी,
क्यों असल रूप देख हुई हैरानी॥

आदर्शों की नहीं यहाँ जगह,
बेईमानी का है बोल-बाला।
जल रही मूल्याँ की होली,
सत्य का हो रहा मुँह काला॥

नैतिकता तो अब ताक पर है,
संस्कार धिताओं की आग पर है।
मानवता के तत्व सारे जल रहे हैं,
लोग मुखौटों के सहारे चेहरे बदल रहे हैं।

जिंदगी बोली ध्यान से सुनो,
सच है या झूठ मन में गुनो।
दिया है तुमने मुझे जो भी,
पाया है तुमने मुझसे वही॥

अनन्त आकाश से विस्तृत तुम्हारी आकांक्षा,
हवा से तेज चलने की तुम्हारी इच्छा।
और सागर से भी गहरी प्यास,
इन्हीं से है तुम्हारी परेशानियाँ सहास॥

जब तक तुम खुद में बदलाव नहीं लाओगे,
ईर्ष्या, द्वेष और कटुता को दूर कैसे भगाओगे।
क्या कर सकूँगी मैं, मैं तो बस प्रतिध्वनि हूँ,
जो तुम दोगे मुझे वही मुझसे पाओगे॥

फोरेस्ट ऑफिसर

मनीष सिंह

तृतीय वर्ष

बस की रफ्तार कम थी। वो गोल-गोल घुमावदार सड़कों पर हिचकोले लेती, लेकिन आश्वस्त चली जा रही थी।

एक गीत चल रहा था। कोई ओल्ड इंडियन सा। “पर्वतों के साये में ... साँझ का वसेरा है”। शरीर बुरी तरह थक चुका था। मन उदास था। बस में काफी जगह खाली थी। अधिकतर इन पहाड़ी रास्तों पर “नाईट जर्नी” कम ही होती है। खिड़की से बाहर देखा तो साँझ ढल आयी थी। दूर कहीं पहाड़ों के पीछे, कुछ बची-खुची किरणों का प्रकाश बाकी था... लेकिन ये क्या ? मेरे लाल रंग की शर्ट की बाँह पर अब भी एक धूप की किरण थी..... वो पीली धूप..... पता नहीं क्यों मन खुश हो गया। एक तथ्य और, जब आप कभी अकेली बसों में सफर कर रहे हों, और मौसम भी तन्हा सा हो.... तो देखो की आपका मन इस समय क्या सोचता है, क्या करता है।

शायद यही आपकी पहचान हो।

मैं आजकल एक “गवर्नमेन्ट असाइनमेन्ट” पर था। काम था..... विन्ध्याचल के दक्षिण में फैले जंगलों का विस्तृत लेखा-जोखा लेना और इसके लिये मुझे यहाँ के फोरेस्ट रेंज के हेडक्वार्टर तक पहुँचना था, आज रात तक। इन जंगलों में, और उस पर ये रात..... अचानक बस के ब्रेक से तंद्रा भंग हुई..... मेरा गन्तव्य आ चुका था। अर्धरात्रि का मौसम और फिर ये घने जंगल.... मन में डर तो था पर शायद श्रीधर जी ने किसी को भेजा हो, यह सोचकर तसल्ली हुई। बाहर निकला तो चारों तरफ अंधेरा था, यात्री छंटने लगे। तभी एक ओर से दो बतियाँ जलती और वुझती दिखाई दीं। और उन बतियों में चमक रहा था फोरेस्ट डिपार्टमेन्ट का वो हरा-लाल निशान। आगे बढ़कर देखा तो एक आदमी एक गवर्नमेन्ट की जीप के साथ खड़ा था। मुझे देखते ही उसने कहा....

“सलाम साब! आप कुरुक्षेत्र से आये हैं ?”

मेरी स्वीकृति पर उसने जीप में बैठने का इशारा किया और फिर हम क्वार्टर की तरफ चल पड़े।

फोरेस्ट डिपार्टमेन्ट का गेस्ट हाउस जंगलों के बीच था। गाड़ी की आवाज सुनकर तीन-चार पैट्रोलिंग वाले दौड़कर आ गये। गेस्ट हाउस पहुँचकर मेरी मुलाकात श्रीधर जी से हुई। श्रीधर जी बड़े जिंदादिल इंसान थे। विन्ध्याचल के सदरन जोन के फोरेस्ट ऑफिसर थे वो। वैसे तो वो 1998 बैच के थे, लेकिन “शिक्षायात और तालीम” के बल पर डिपार्टमेन्ट में राज किया करते थे। बस इतना ही जानता हूँ मैं इनके बारे में जो कि अभी मेरे वहाँ रुकने (टहरने) की व्यवस्था कर रहे हैं, और नौकरों को वही पुरानी हिदायतें दे रहे हैं।

“तो जनाब ! आपकी पूर्ण व्यवस्था वहाँ कर दी गयी है... और हाँ अगर कोई परेशानी हो तो किसी से न कहियेगा, क्योंकि यहाँ जंगल में कुछ नहीं मिलेगा। हा हा हा हा”.... और हँसी के टहाके छूट पड़े।

सुबह की एक प्रखर किरण जब खिड़की से उतरकर मेरे चेहरे पर पड़ी तो नींद खुली। वाह ! क्या नींद आयी समय देखा तो चकित रह गया, आठ बज चुके थे। मेरे उठते ही एक नौकर दौड़कर मेरे कमरे में आया।

“नमस्कार साब जी !”

“तुम....

“मैं दीनदयाल साब.. लोग दीनू बुलाते हैं, कुछ चाहिये आपको ?”

मैंने उससे अपने नहाने धोने का प्रबन्ध करने को कहा और खुद बाहर आ गया। “उफ ! क्या घने जंगल है यह !” जंगल की गहराईयों में ये सागौन, शीशम और बाँसों के झुरमुट धुण्ड अंधेरा कर रखा था इन पेड़ों ने। थोड़ा जंगल घूमकर मैं वापस गेस्ट हाउस पर पहुँचा।

दीनदयाल (दीनू) ने सभी व्यवस्थायें की हुई थी। फिर समय आया नाश्ते का, इस समय मन में कुछ जानने की इच्छा हुई। मैंने दीनदयाल को पास बैठने को कहा, वो तेजी से दीड़कर आया और कुर्सी के पास जमीन पर घूम से बैठ गया।

“हाँ साब ! आपने बुलाया ?”

हाँ, तो दीनू, तुम यहाँ कब से हो ?”

“पिछले बीस सालों से जी”

“और उससे पहले कहाँ थे ?”

“वो.... दूर अपने गाँव में मजदूरी किया करता था”... उसने हाथ से संकेत करके बताया।

“अच्छा, तो ये नाश्ता किसने बनाया”

“जी..जी... वो घरवाली है ना, उसी ने”, उसने शर्माते हुये बताया।

“तो इसमें शर्माने की क्या बात है ?”

दरअसल दीनू और उसकी “घरवाली”, यही गेस्ट हाउस के पिछले कमरों में रहते थे। कभी-कभी कोई ऑफिसर आता था तो उसी के दिये हुये “टिप” से इनकी जिन्दगी चलती थी।

“देखो दीनू, मुझे आज दोपहर को रेन्ज ऑफिस जाना है, कुछ कागजी कारवाई करनी है, और फिर उसके बाद शाम को पूरा आराम, और फिर अगले सुबह प्रस्थान, ठीक है ?”

“बहुत अच्छा, लेकिन.....”

“लेकिन क्या ?”

“साब, आज तो रात भर का जागरन है”

“क्यों ?, क्या हुआ ?”

दीनू थोड़ा खिसक कर मेरे करीब आ गया और बड़े धीरे से बोला....
“आज रात में काउंटर होना है”

“काउंटर ?.... अच्छा-अच्छा” “इनकाउन्टर”, किसका ?”

“वो एक शेरनी है साब, बड़ी खतरनाक है, कितनों को हलाक कर चुकी है, इन्सान, गाय, भैंस के वच्चे और चिड़ियाघर के जानवर.... सबको” और वो बड़े साब है ना....श्रीधर जी, वही इसके इंचार्ज हैं।”

“लेकिन इनकाउन्टर में तुम लोग क्यों जाओगे ?”

“हा हा हा.. खुद देख लेना साब रात को”....

मैं चलता हूँ..... दिन का खाना रेन्ज ऑफिस में ही खाओगे कि मैं बनाऊँ ?”

“नहीं... नहीं.... मैं वहीं खा लूँगा।”

सूरज चढ़ आया था और मुझे अन्य कार्य भी थे। दोपहर होते-होते मैं

ऑफिस पहुँच गया, और काउंटर - इनकाउन्टर की बात को मन से निकालकर अपना पूरा ध्यान काम में लगाया। फलतः काम तीन-चार घण्टों में ही समाप्त हो गया। अब मैं प्री था, लग गया श्रीधर जी की खोज में..... पहुँच गया उनके ऑफिस.... लेकिन वो वहाँ से हेडक्वार्टर निकल चुके थे। मैं वहाँ भी पहुँचा, तो पता चला की वो कुछ ही मिनट पहले फील्ड वर्क के लिये निकल चुके हैं। उफ! अब मैं उन्हें कहाँ खोजूँ ?

धक-हार कर मैं हेडक्वार्टर पर ही उनकी प्रतीक्षा करने लगा। कुछ देर बाद फोरेस्ट डिपार्टमेंट का डायकिया श्रीधर जी का पत्र लेकर हेडक्वार्टर पहुँचा। पत्र घर से आया था। मैंने देखा..... वो एक पैर से लंगड़ा था। पूछने पर ज्ञात हुआ की वर्षों पहले, एक बाधिन का पीछा करते हुये उनके पैर में सात इंच के साही के कॉट घुस गये थे, और इस वजह से उनका एक पैर काटना पड़ा।

खैर शाम हो चुकी थी, मैं बाहर आ गया था। शायद संध्या की सुन्दरता के लिये या फिर किसी की राह देखने के लिये ?”

मैंने दूर से देखा.... कुछ कर्मचारी कंधों पर एक मरे पशु को जंगल की तरफ ले जा रहे थे। शायद शेरनी को आकर्षित करने के लिये होगा। और इधर कुछ लोग मचान बनाने की तैयारी कर रहे थे। इतना सब देख कर श्रीधर जी के लौटने की आशा न रही। उनकी चिट्ठी उन तक पहुँचा दी गयी थी, और मेरे जंगल में जाने पर रोक लगी थी। सो मैं वापस गेस्ट हाउस की तरफ लौट पड़ा। दिन भर दौड़-दीड़ कर धक गया था, अतः नींद अच्छी आई। दूसरे दिन सुबह जल्दी उठकर मुझे फिर उसी एकमात्र बस से वापस जाना था। अतः मैं शेरनी, दीनू और श्रीधर जी को उनके हाल पर छोड़कर घर आ गया।

कुछ समय बाद दीनू का टेलीफोन काल आया।

“हैलो !!”

“हाँ साब, आप अपना एक खाली बैग यहाँ भूल गये हैं”

“रख लो तुम उसे “टिप” समझकर, अच्छा बताओ इनकाउन्टर में क्या हुआ?”

“शेरनी मारी गयी साब !, आखिर श्रीधर जी जो थे..... लेकिन साब.....”

“लेकिन क्या?”

“वो जो उनकी चिट्ठी आयी थी न, उसमें उनकी पत्नी की मृत्यु का समाचार था.....

बड़ा दुख हुआ साब !.....

यह कहकर दीनू ने फोन रख दिया।

You May Say...

ADITYA GANDOTRA

THIRD YEAR

This is from the very beginning in dedication to John Lennon. And it's not because I credit him with teaching the world to dream, rather it is to fulfil the formality of making a dedication because I just felt like giving one. So we were talking about dreams, for those who don't know where did the dream part suddenly came from, the title of this post is the beginning of the famous line from the more famous Lennon song, Imagine; "You may say I am a dreamer, but I am not the only one..."

Thus coming back to dreams, I want to tell you that this is not even about dreams in particular. This actually is about two guys, who dreamed.

It is an engineering college somewhere in the heart of Himachal Pradesh. Nestled amidst the mighty Dhauladhar, which has the honor of being one of the most dominating features on Indian landscape, is a 20 year old engineering college. Its hallowed classroom walls have seen many academic theories being questioned and proved on the blackboards, while some more visually interesting but not-so-academic theories scribbled graphically on the desks.

On either side of the archaic orange and stone academic block, are the hostels. Boys on one side, Girls on the other. The meandering road bends just outside the Hostel boundary walls. And when the evening sun sets into the grey glimmer scattering orange in the sky, one can absorb the vanilla sky from the railings of the crumbling terrace of the Boys hostel.

It is one of these evenings and you can see these two on the roof. One leans on the banister, supporting his head on his elbows, the other looks into the horizon at the last chunk of the dipping sun. The blue has turned grey, while the Venus lazily shines on the far side. Light bulbs start appearing in the village across the river. While the evening plays its natural symphony, they both talk about their lives after the BTech. Their lives as they dream it. Somewhere both of them get animated, their non-verbals dominating the voices.

"Looks like yesterday. That we came to this college."

"Time flies like anything. Day after day, we keep thinking about our future and before we know it is right

there, knocking on the doors"

"Yes, that is true. So what have you thought about your future? You still want to do kill your dream?"

"I do not know. It is a very high paying job and it will afford me all the luxuries of the world."

Like in many conversations the ebb occurs, and then there is a sudden sullen silence. It takes time for the arguments to realise their own folly and slowly sink to the bottom of cognizance. Then there are hardly any words. The silence is broken by the trucks that ply on the road that runs at a perpendicular some 100 meters away from where they stand.

"But this is not your dream. Ask yourself, do you actually want to do it?"

"Is it really about my dream? Does this world really allow people to dream? The question is not whether I want to do it, but whether I am allowed to do what I really want to do."

"Follow your dreams. This is the path of the God. If you are good enough and persevere you will succeed. No matter whatever the circumstances are. You are in this world to serve a purpose. Try to understand it. Look for signs, the omens. They will tell you when is the right time. You are one of the rarest few who have been chosen by God to carry out his business. Do not lose this chance"

Below them the mess workers have started laying out the plates and bowls for the dinner. A night wind has started blowing, and with it the dry leaves billowing on the rooftop start their own distorted symphony.

Then one of them looks at the watch and asks the other, "Shall we go down?". "What for?" The impasse is broken, they walk back to the edge and hop to the wing gallery. Then a strong wind blows and before he knows it he is there alone. The dreams may have gone to sleep for a while. But they are there still, waiting for their time. And hoping that they do not stagnate into being what they are. But now is the time for dinner.

Drinking Dancing Demons



ABHISHEK TONDON
THIRD YEAR

Have you ever pondered what could have been the importance of Fools' Day (April 1st) had there been no fools!! Interesting question perhaps.....but no worries.....we are here, always; and we celebrate it in our own style. So what happens when fifty fairly foolish fervent freaks flock together for offering the final farewell to the outgoing final year, that too (mind it!) on the auspicious occasion of Fool's Day? Well..... Read...n' enjoy!!!

It's just like other farewell parties, those which we juniors throw for our outgoing seniors, (state of eligibility/domicile matters). Normal goes every thing, seniors sitting on the central chair, getting bugged by the juniors (some are exceptionally audacious although); this is how it goes, presence of the fairer sex essentially matters. Same questions which are asked every year with a little scope for innovation; I had enjoyed it last time, for I was in first year then (Bugging the senior gives immense pleasure to a fresher). And then the clock strikes 7, and soon I'll be reminded how true is the shloka, "**Yatra Naaryastu Poojyante, Ramante Tatra Devtah**". Now as the women folk leave, 'Devbhum' turns into 'Asurbhum', this 'Paradise' into Hell.

It is 7:10, and the revolutionary change in the ambience is quite conspicuous. The harmony that was here 10 minutes back would not be regained until we leave and give the Hotel workers a chance to bring it back. And it's suffocating; how can 4 small exhaust fans compete with 40+ smoke engines with a constant supply of cigarettes? The music, (Spare the word cacophony to be a bit euphonic), it pierces my ears deep and my brain might have a tunnel drilled across one day. And there are rocking **Dancing Demons** (add the 3rd D for Drinking), oops, my state-mates, they would assassinate me once this story is out!

Sagacity lies in catching a decent senior to have some talks with and avoid getting involved in any hustle and tussle. 'No, it would not work this time, damn, why do I still look like a fresher? Catch me O God before some other person does!'

"Come here you and sit!"

'Oh, these seniors! I am no longer a 'First Year' who would listen to this tone, mind you! But no words, it's very volatile out here; so I better follow what is said.'

"Yes Sir". "Come on, speak about yourself".

'I would speak but who hears?'

10 minutes, and the person is impressed with his last sentence being, "I mistook you as a fresher, sorry yaar, enjoy".

'The soft drinks are prone to being adulterated with alcohol. Better to catch some other decent seniors, they would get me going. Yep, here are a few.'

"So, you're in News again?" "Me?"

"Yes dear, I heard you are becoming a CC these days."

"So, what's wrong in becoming a Cool Chap?"

And so the banter goes on.....

I have got a wrist watch and thank God, it doesn't stop but so much is left to witness. It's a cool final year batch, they would enjoy to the fullest. 'Let the music play! It's not a 'Salman Khan Song' then what do they need to remove their shirts for??? Perhaps it's a way to look cool, or hot, or both simultaneously.' 'Temperature gradient gives rise to current', so no wonder when they have a bath (minus soap); I get a shock. More such baths follow, more shocks follow. 'How true the law is, did Joule give it? Whosoever, I need not crack another IIT-JEE or AIEEE.'

"Come on Sir, let's dance and enjoy"

'So are these juniors! Told them a 100 times to adopt the 'first name culture' but they won't listen. And why on earth do they find only me to dance. I am neither Drunk nor a Demon, then why should I Dance with the other two Ds missing??'

"No please yaar, I don't....."

And next minute I find myself dancing, trying to dance; trying to escape actually.

'Good, the dinner is being served! Finish it off and move.' But wait and wait, for I won't get more than one piece of Naan at a time, as doing so would violate the 'Law of Diminishing Marginal Utility'. So I get a pulsed wave form of food, discontinuities at periodic intervals!

'Great! Finally, I've had experience of another disastrous celebration. And this 'Paradise' really looks like a wet hell with lying around the paper napkins, cigarette boxes, empty glasses and the bottles which ended up getting emptied in filling those glasses every time. But who are these people; they look exceptionally civilized? Oh, they are the staff members, perplexed at the sight. Let them be, who knows they too might enjoy it.'

And I come downstairs to meet Varun Sir who had taken a refuge there to dine and to survive.

"How'd you survive in an ambience as hostile as there upstairs? Do write something about it," he suggests.

"Just survived", I reply laconically and return to my hostel.

दाखिला

कमल प्रकाश 'रवि'

द्वितीय वर्ष



“जब तक हम खुद को एक साये में बंधे पाते हैं, हमें हर ओर सिर्फ उजाला नजारा आता है। लेकिन असल अँधेरे का अहसास हमें उसके करीब जाकर ही होता है। लेकिन हमें उस अँधेरी भीड़ में जाना ही होता है और स्वीकारना पड़ता है, हर उस चीज़ को जो कल हमें पसन्द नहीं था। इस दुनियाँ में ज़िन्दगी दीड़ है, यहाँ कोई किसी के लिये इसलिये नहीं रुकता कि कहीं वो इस दीड़ में उससे पीछे न हो जाये। मेरा इस दुनियाँ में दाखिला पिछले वर्ष ही हुआ। इस दुनियाँ के दायरे अलग हैं, कुछ तौर-तरीके हैं, जो किसी ने नहीं बनाये लेकिन सब उसी का पालन कर रहे हैं। ये नयी दुनियाँ बड़ी ज़रूर लगती है, लेकिन वो दुनियाँ जिसे छोड़कर मैं आया हूँ वैसी सुन्दर नहीं है।.....”

झायरी लिखना मेरी आदत है। ट्रेन में बैठे-बैठे मन में कुछ ऐसे विचार आ रहे थे, जो मुझे अन्दर से निचोड़ देते थे। और समय काटने के लिये मैं उन्हें पन्नों में उतार रहा था। शाम के करीब चार बजे थे, हमारी ट्रेन जब लखनऊ स्टेशन पर रुकी। बाहर जमा लोग ट्रेन की तरफ दौड़ने लगे। ट्रेन में घुसते हुए धक्का-मुक्की करते लोग, सीटों के लिये लड़ते-झगड़ते लोगों का दृश्य मन को दुःखी करता था। आँखों पर दुनियाँ की ऐसी तस्वीर बनने लगती, जो मुझे भयभीत कर डालती। इससे पहले बाहर झिलमिलाती धूप, बहती हुई गर्म हवाओं में मुझे अपनी ही साँसे सुनाई दे रही थी। लेकिन अब ये सब मुझसे छिन चुका था। हमारे डिब्बे में अब काफी भीड़ जमा हो चुकी थी। मैंने ज़ायरी बंद करके वापस बैग में डाल दी। स्वयंनिर्भीत मेरी ये पहली रेल यात्रा थी। फिर भी, मैं उतना नहीं डर रहा था, जितना मैं सोचता था। मुश्किलें अपना सामना करने के लिये स्वयं ही सलाह दे देती है।

अब मेरी बगल वाली सीट पर सफेद शर्ट, काली पैंट, और काली टाई पहने एक जेन्टलमैन बैठा था। पूरी तरह आज के जमाने में ढला उसका व्यक्तित्व सबको आकर्षित करने वाला था। ट्रेन फिर से चल पड़ी... और मेरा मन फिर से उड़ान भरने लगा। कुछ देर बाद मेरी सामने वाली सीट पर बैठे व्यक्ति ने हमारे बीच बातचीत को आगाज़ दिया। इशारे करते हुए उसने जेन्टलमैन से पूछा - “कहाँ जा रहे हैं आप?”

जेन्टलमैन :- मैं ?... दिल्ली तक। वही इशारा मेरी तरफ भी हुआ। “मैं भी दिल्ली तक जा रहा हूँ, फिर वहाँ से दूसरी ट्रेन पकड़ कर ऊना जाना है।” सवाल बढ़ने लगे। “क्या करते हैं आप?”

जेन्टलमैन :- “वैसे दिल में मेरी किताबों की दुकान है लेकिन पार्ट टाइम में सेल्समैन का काम भी करता हूँ।”

धीरे-धीरे उनकी बातों में खेल से लेकर भारतीय अर्थव्यवस्था के हालातों की धज्जियाँ उड़ने लगी। लेकिन मैं खुद को उन बातों में शामिल नहीं कर पा रहा था। इसलिये मैं शान्त होकर, खिड़की से प्रकृति के सुन्दर नजारों का आनन्द ले रहा था। फिर भी एक बात महसूस हो रही थी कि वहाँ बैठे लोग जेन्टलमैन की बातों को अधिक महत्व दे रहे थे। कुछ बातें जो हॉमी के लिये मुस पर डाल दी जाती हैं बिना सोचे हाँ कर देता। अक्सर ऐसी स्थिति में, मैं खुद को असहाय महसूस करता हूँ।

इसी बीच किसी आदमी के गाने की आवाज़ हमारे डिब्बे में आने लगी। बहुत दर्द था उस आवाज़ में। जाने क्यों मुझे वो आकर्षित कर रही थी। अब मेरा पूरा मन उसके स्वर पर स्थिर हो गया था। कुछ देर बाद गाने की तीव्रता बढ़ती गई। देखा तो एक बाबा लाल-पीले कपड़े लपेटे हाथ में खाली थैला लिये हमारे डिब्बे में घुसे। उनके मुख से गाने उसी मर्मस्पर्शी भाव से बह रहे थे। लेकिन जैसे ही बाबा नीचे बैठे, जेन्टलमैन ने उन्हें गाने से रोक दिया। “बैठना है तो बैठ और गाना ही गाना है तो किसी और डिब्बे में चला जा।” बाबा शान्त हो गये। जेन्टलमैन के बोलने का अन्दाज़ अच्छा नहीं लगा। अब मेरी सोच उस आदमी के लिये बिल्कुल बदल गयी। मैं सोचने लगा क्या मैं अब भी किसी से मिलकर उसके बारे में सही फैसला नहीं ले सकता? लेकिन ये भी तो हो सकता था कि मैं ही गलत हूँ क्योंकि वहाँ बैठे तमाम लोगों का अनुभव मुझसे अधिक था।

रात के ग्यारह बजे थे। खाने के बाद सबकी आँखों में झपकियों का

दीर शुरू हो गया। एक घंटे बाद कोई जगा था तो वे थे, मैं और बाबा जो नीचे लेटे थे। मेरी आँखें खिड़की के बाहर अब सिर्फ अंधेरा देख रही थी, कान ट्रेन और पटरियों के बीच होती जोरदार आवाज सुन रहे थे पर मन अब भी कहीं खोया हुआ था। मेरा मन बाबा से बात करने का हो रहा था। एक अन्जान व्यक्ति से क्या बात कर सकता था ? कुछ समय बाद वे उठ कर बैठ गये। उन्होंने मुझे देखा तो पूछा, “क्यों बेटा... नींद नहीं आ रही ?” मैंने कहा, “नहीं ! सफर में मुझे जल्दी नींद नहीं आती।” धीरे-धीरे, रुक-रुककर हमारे बीच काफी बातें होने लगी। जाने क्यों, मुझे उनके साथ अपनापन सा लग रहा था। ऐसा लगता था मैं उनसे कुछ भी पूछ सकता हूँ। “बाबा ! ऐसा क्यों होता है, कि समय बदल जाता है और हम वैसे ही रहते हैं, जैसे कल थे। हमारे आसपास के लोगों का व्यवहार बदलने लगता है।” उन्होंने कहा, बेटा ये ट्रेन चल रही है लेकिन खिड़की से बाहर देख कर तुम्हें क्या लगता है ? ये पेड़, ये नदियाँ, ये पहाड़, ये घर, ये गाँव सब भाग रहे हैं और तुम यहीं बैठे हो। ऐसा ही लगता है ना लेकिन सच तो यह है बेटे, कि ये तुम हो, जो सफर पर हो बाकी सब तो अपनी जगह वैसे ही हैं जैसे हमेशा थे। उनका जवाब मुझे हमेशा याद रहेगा।

समय बढ़ता गया और कुछ देर में हम दोनों भी सो चुके थे। करीब दो बजे जब मेरी आँखें खुली तो देखा जेन्टलमैन हड़बड़ाया हुआ था। पता चला कि उसके दस हजार रुपये बैग से चोरी हो गये हैं। बाबा भी अब डिव्वे में नहीं थे। सो सबका शक उन पर था। एक बोला - “हो सकता है, वो अब भी किसी डिव्वे में हो, ढूँढो उसे।” जेन्टलमैन ने उसे रोक दिया। “मुझे नहीं लगता इतनी बड़ी रकम लेकर वो अब भी ट्रेन में होगा। आप लोग भी अपना सामान बैक कर लीजिये कहीं उसे भी वो लेकर चंपत हो गया हो। मेरा मन अन्दर से बैठ जा रहा था। ये क्या हो रहा है ? ये सही है या गलत ? क्या ऐसा हो सकता है ? मेरा मन अब भी जेन्टलमैन की बात मानने को नहीं कर रहा था। सबने इतनी जल्दी से अपना-अपना सामान देखा कि सबको पता लग गया की किसका कीमती सामान कहीं है। न चाहते हुए भी मैंने झूठ में ही बैग को हाथ लगाया। लगभग डेढ़-दो घंटे लगे मुझे दोबारा सोने में।

जागते-सोते, सबेरे छः बजे हमारी मंजिल आ गयी। हम सभी दिल्ली स्टेशन पर उतर गये। करीब एक घंटे बाद मेरी दूसरी ट्रेन थी। मैं अपना सामान पकड़े स्टेशन पर घूमने लगा। दुनियाँ में इतने सारे लोग, उनके चेहरे अलग, भाव अलग, सबके रास्ते अलग, कोई कैसे इनके बीच अपना अलग रास्ता ढूँढ सकता है। एक जगह मैंने देखा, कुछ लोग जो मेरे डिव्वे में बैठे थे अपना सामान खोने की रिपोर्ट पुलिस को दे रहे थे। मेरी आँखें अब जेन्टलमैन को ढूँढ रही थी।

एक घंटे बाद मेरी ट्रेन ऊना के लिये चल पड़ी। अभी ट्रेन स्टेशन पर दौड़ ही रही थी कि मेरी आँखों के सामने एक ऐसा दृश्य था जिसने मुझे अन्दर से तोड़ दिया, लेकिन मेरी अगली यात्रा के लिये मजबूत कर दिया। एक ढाबे पर वहीं जेन्टलमैन और बाबा साथ बैठे चाय पी रहे थे। बाबा का बैग अब खाली नहीं था और बाबा भी अब जेन्टलमैन को हीन महसूस होते नहीं दिख रहा था। शायद असल दुनियाँ में दाखिल होने का मैं पहला सबक सीख चुका था।

IMPRINTS

SUKHRAJ SINGH

Final Year

In the heat of July

Under the shade of a ramshackle in a street

There was a secluded old man

dressed in rags, sitting on his feet

His hairs had ripened...

Eyes in the weathered skin had seen many weathers

In the state of reticence,

staring at some thing

on the black tarred road in front of him.

But still feeling the soothing

coolness of shade on his back though.

Drowned in some deep thoughts,

Is he alive or not?

The world is hustling around

But he was freezed out

Soon, I saw a mysterious smile on his face.

Being a part of that hustling crowd,

I remember only these things now.

Being a part of that hustling crowd ,

I remember only these things now.

I GOT A MAIL

DIPANJAN MAZUMDAR
SECOND YEAR

It was just another day, the sun rising from the east, the day opening with the crooning of the rooster, dad coming up to my bed to wake me up and taking me to another of those boring morning strolls. After returning, I hurried through my breakfast, put on the computer, and logged myself into the messenger. Internet is something, which has shrunk domains, brought people closer and given those restless and desperate souls a means to communicate with equally excited creatures of the opposite gender. And honestly speaking, I am no alien to abstain from this. As I was going through various chat-rooms, and literally scanning the list for the name of any girl, I chanced to cast my eyes upon one name, which I wish not to disclose.

As expected, I sent her a message asking her age and where she belonged, and then started scanning through the remaining room for more names, without expecting her reply. To my delight, I could find some other names of my interest. But, before I could respond to any of them, in came her reply. "I'm21, from Alaska. Wat abt U". Pretty unexpected, here was a girl asking for my details. I hurriedly passed her my name, age and location; I do not myself know how I typed those letters so quick and accurate, fast enough to give Schumi a run for his money, but I did it. Now it was my turn to carry the conversation forward. I started the questionnaire with her hobbies. She replied, "My likes include singing in the choir, playing snooker, reading and traveling". She asked me about my likes, my occupation, and my family. I replied that I like music, movies, a bit of sports..... I told her that I am doing my graduation, and my family includes my parents, my grandma and an elder brother besides me. Then I asked about her occupation. She replied that she works as a nurse in a local charitable hospital. She then went on to enquire about my family members. Thus went the conversation for a good lot of time. It was already late in the afternoon, with lunch laid on the table and everyone waiting for me to turn up at the table. I bade her goodbye, and asked her when she would show up the next time. "2morrow nite may b", was her reply. "Gud nite, cya later". "Good night". What really did she mean????? Then I realized, it is sometime in the night now in Alaska. Anyways, reasoning hardly matters-all that matters is her words.....I hurried through my lunch and waited for

the next morning.

I was welcomed by a gloomy morning, the next day: I said to myself, "Could this be a sort of sign-the day ahead not going my way -maybe she does not show up on the net. It kept raining for a long time, the gloomy day dampened my spirits but then suddenly it all changed. As the sun peeped through the thick cover of cloud, I could literally feel the rays lighting up my face. As noon approached, I started getting a bit anxious. I put on the computer and signed in, but could not find her. I almost thought of quitting, but there appeared her name. Anyone could have noticed the spark in my eyes. The conversation proceeded from where we had left. I asked her about her hometown. She replied that she lives in Anchorage, a small-town place in Northern Alaska. She then enquired about my hometown, my friends and the like. She said that she had to leave, but put forward an open invitation to visit her place in Alaska. She then asked for a photograph of mine as well as my family. It was such a sudden development that I was almost awestruck, it came like a bolt from the blue; here was a 21 year girl asking for my photograph, right in our second encounter. I hurriedly mailed her my photo and anxiously waited for the next day to come. I kept my fingers crossed and the entire day passed away in restlessness. The next day, the first thing, which I did, was open up my mail account, and there it was, her reply. It was a long mail; it was something like this...

"Hi, it'shere. Hope you are having a great time there. It was good to see your family pic with all the members around. It seemed to be a still from a movie, because I had never ever felt the warmth of living in a family. From very childhood, I lived with my mother, as my father left us when I was only three. I moved through my school years without the care of my father. At the age of eighteen, I fell in love with a boy, who lived in the next lane. He worked as a bartender in one of most famous casinos in Alaska. Our relationship lasted for about two years, in which we had our first child. Then it all ended with our divorce. Presently, I live along with my mother and my daughter. So when you said about your family, I was pretty curious to have a look at how a complete family looks like.

Anyways, thanks for the photograph and keep in touch".

I was so touched by her reply that the entire idea of her turning out to be mother of a child skipped my mind entirely. It was then I realized why she had been pressing so much on getting my family pic. This was some two years back but the memory of that day is still afresh in my mind. Since that day, we have been very good friends.

the reflex angles

the reflex angles





Best Poetry English

*It is an ancient traveller
And he stoppeth one of three,
"With thy long white beard and glistening eye,
now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"*

*"I, with seven other men,
seven years away,
stood on a bus-stand
all merry and gay!*

*To end this cheerful time,
a rickety, old HRTC arrived
and to our dismay,
halted by our side.*

*On-board the HRTC,
disgusted and sad,
we survived pits and jerks
and that driver-mad.*

*"Human Resource Torture Carrier", cried a lone man,
all angry, disgruntled and cheated
I pulled back my eager-to-leave friends,
to buy for all, vouchers so ill-curse'd!*



The Rime of The Ancient Traveller

With apologies to S.T.Coleridge

PRASHANT NATH ENDLEY
SECOND YEAR

*While the bus trundled
with sloping seats and tilting side,
the smoke followed free
spreading quickly, deep and wide.*

(Soon the engine completely failed!)

*We lay forlorn
for hours in that mode,
as idle as an ill-painted bus
upon a lonely road.*

*The smoke was here, the smoke was there
The smoke was everywhere.
The bus creak'd and groan'd 'n moaned.
For us without a care.*

*Air, air everywhere,
And all the lungs did heat;
Air, air everywhere,
Nor a whiff to breathe.*

*And every lung through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.*

*Ah! Well a-day! What evil looks
had I from old and young!
'stead of the collar, the voucher
around my neck was hung!"*



K. NARAYAN
THIRD YEAR

Muggles In 'Mirpur

Joanne Katherine Rowling is the author of the best selling Harry Potter series and has taken the world of fiction by storm. When asked what was it that inspired her to write the Potter series, the millionaire novelist replied by saying that a matured picture of Harry just came to her mind! The Potter series initially was targeted to capture the imagination of young minds, but surprisingly it became just as popular with the older generation as the younger one. The author has another feather to add to her literary cap....the word 'Muggle' (meaning non magical people) has recently been added to the Oxford dictionary. Six books have been written till date and the fans are eagerly waiting for the seventh one. The books focus on Harry Potter, an orphan, who lives with muggles and suddenly discovers that he is no ordinary boy, but a wizard. The books take you through the life of Harry Potter as he meets interesting and dangerous people as well as creatures. Creatures like dragons, goblins and elves come to life in this enchanting and enthralling series. So then, are we, the students of NITHAM magical wizards or mere muggles? That remains to be seen....

For the students of NIT Hamirpur, the first train journey is always a memorable one. There would be freshers can be found thinking pensively aboard the Una- Himachal express which departs from platform 10, Old Delhi station at 2310 hrs. The sophomores, pre-final and final year students can be found laughing, singing and talking excitedly about the varied experiences in the holidays. A similar scenario can be found in the magical world as well. The Hogwarts express leaves Kings Cross station at 1000 hrs departing from the magical 9^{3/4} platform under similar circumstances. As the Una express comes to a halt in the quiet, neat and lonely Una station, the Hogwarts express terminates in Hogsmede. Refreshments aboard the Hogwarts Express are taken care of by the witch with the trolley. We NITians, however have to settle for Una dhabhas (beware of the spicy gobi!). The young wizards are transported to the Hogwarts castle by invisible creatures called thestrals. Well, the students of NIT need to be contended with cab drivers playing (ahem!) interesting Punjabi songs. It is a competitive world out there with all of us aiming for the top. All of us have undergone rigorous examinations to get into NIT, not to mention AIEEE and the tedious registration process. Students are then allotted various

branches. All this is taken care of by the sorting hat in the magical world. Young wizarding minds are sorted into houses (Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin) based upon their capabilities by the talking sorting hat. This is followed by the grand banquet consisting of varied dishes, but as NITians, *Rajmah Chawal* is our best bet. Albus Dumbledore, the headmaster of Hogwarts usually delivers the welcoming speech. This is done by the worthy Director during the orientation of the freshers. Students of Hogwarts look forward to the precious seven years ahead and similarly the students of NITHAM look forward to their engineering life.

For the first few days (for the freshers), Kailash Boys Hostel is a maze with its mind boggling hallways and staircases. One would climb down two flights of stairs from the ground level and find himself again at level zero! Same is the case with the young witches and wizards of Hogwarts who find it difficult to maneuver through the spiraling stairways and fake doors in the Hogwarts castle. As the year progresses on, students of both communities (magical and muggle) come across various illuminating and creative characters. There are also these imaginary swimming pools that exist only in the NITs' Marauders map and signboards that lead absolutely nowhere (like the one near juice bar pointing towards the 'Library'). Surprising, there is a lot of similarity in the type of teachers in both the worlds. They usually come in three varieties i.e the good, the bad and the ugly. From Mad Eye Moody's with affinity towards pdf files to men with weird suitcases to women who move cheese all the time, these people truly transcend dimensions. These inmates seem to be running the asylum. As the year progresses, we come across various subjects like the history of magic with extremely boring teachers. Not to mention the dementors that suck out all the happiness out of the air. There are also these unforgivable curses. The first one is the Avada Kedavra (death curse) which translates to getting a year back. Next is the Cruciatus curse (a curse that makes you suffer a lot) which means a supplementary in a subject. Finally there is the Imperius curse (a curse that is used to control people). Well now... we are indeed restrained both by our parents as well as our teachers to some extent.

The students of Hogwarts spend their free time strolling on the grounds or by taking a quiet walk alongside

lake (which has a giant squid!). In the muggle world also people can be found going for long and pleasurable walks. A game called "Quidditch" is very popular among the magical community. It is a game in which everyone flies on broomsticks such as the 'Nimbus 2000' or 'The Firebolt'. The game has seven players on each side. It has three chasers, two beaters, one seeker and one keeper. The three chasers constantly pass the 'quaffle' (similar to a flattened ball) and score, the two beaters constantly try to knock the players off their brooms. The keeper has to prevent the chasers from scoring. The game usually ends when the seeker catches the golden snitch (a tiny fast flying golden ball) and the team with more points wins. We the muggles need not get disappointed. We have Counterstrike to boast about which is a rave in most of the hostels. It's a game in which two teams (terrorists and counter terrorists) battle it out between themselves. Each arena has two bomb sites 'A' and 'B' where the terrorists can plant their bomb. It is up to the counter terrorists to prevent the terrorists from fulfilling their objectives by eliminating them. If one is not careful he could be a victim of a dangerous 'headshot' from interesting characters like 'Expect Mercy'. With varieties of arenas such as the dust, nuke, aztec (just to name a few) and a wide range of guns like the nitchawk, maverick, AK47, counter strike truly is the 'Quidditch' of the muggle world. Apart from this, there is also the Triwizard Tournament (sports meet, Nimbus and Hill 'Fair') in which students enjoy and participate actively.

Days turn into months and months swiftly into years. A fresher ends up in the final year before he knows it! Its time to give the O.W.Ls (Ordinary Wizarding levels) and NEWT (Nasty and exhausting wizarding tests) which translates to placements and interviews which everyone eventually has to face. Every final year student certainly wishes that he/she had a 'time turner' so that he/she can go back to the past and re-live those glorious four years of engineering life with his/her friends. Its time for the young witches and wizards of NIT Hamirpur to go out to the real world to prove themselves and face the challenges the world outside throws at us. So then, are we witches or wizards? After having numerous magical, wonderful and memorable experiences in the college, the answer would definitely be YES! We are indeed witches and wizards with the experience and the determination to succeed in everything we do. All the best to all in the magical community (and muggles) out there, the worlds are ours to conquer!

फर्जी इंजीनियर

संदीप दास
द्वितीय वर्ष

स्क्रीन वुक में किसी ने लिंक पेस्ट किया हुआ था। उस पर क्लिक किया तो सामने कम्प्यूनिटी थी 'फर्जी इंजीनियर' बस अगले ही पल 'ज्वाइन' के आइकॉन पर क्लिक किया और बन बैठा एक लोकप्रिय कम्प्यूनिटी का सम्मानित सदस्य। पर 4 साल पहले माँ की बात याद आ गयी। अखबार में किसी कोचिंग इंस्टीट्यूट का विज्ञापन छपा था। विज्ञापन क्या था, सफल प्रतिभागियों की फोटो एलबम थी। उसे देखकर छोटा भाई बोल पड़ा "अरे बाह, इतने सारे फोटो...." और माँ ने कहा था, देखना अगले साल संदीप का भी फोटो ऐसे ही छपेगा, आई.आई.टी. में पढ़ेगा मेरा बेटा।" लगा जैसे माँ मजाक कर रही होंगी। आखिर मेरा तो अलग ही ख्वाब था।

सामने 'रिलेटेड कम्प्यूनिटीज' में "आई.आई.टीज." एण्ड "एन.आई.टीज." भी थी। आज सोचता हूँ, दोनों में अंतर ही क्या है? आखिर 'आई' होता तो एन से छोटा होता है न और फिर आई.आई.टी. में हो या एन.आई.टी. में, बनना तो मुझे फर्जी इंजीनियर ही है। खैर, अपने ख्वाब की बात कर रहा था। बात 12वीं की थी। बोर्ड के एग्जाम्स आने ही वाले थे। सुबह-सुबह उठकर ऑगन में किताब लेकर पढ़ने बैठता था। 7 बजे तक तो 'हर कूड' पढ़ाई होती थी और उसके बाद, उसके बाद सामने से डिग्री कॉलेज की लड़कियों की फैशन परेड शुरू हो जाती थी तो अपनी पढ़ाई का भी दी एंड हो जाता था। फिर तो बस सपने बुने जाते थे, 'जल्दी से 12वीं हो और फिर डिग्री कॉलेज में जाएँ।' माँ की कही वो बात तो कब की भुला चुका था। पर जब 12वीं का परिणाम आया तो घरवाले तो खुशी से भर उठे और मुझे फैसला सुना दिया गया, आई.आई.टी. की तैयारी करने का। दिल तो सदमा सहकर रो भी न सका बेचारा, पर दिमाग ने ढाढस बँधाया। अब तो उसी मट्टी में जाना था जहाँ सिर्फ खरा सोना बचता है और बाकी सब राख हो जाता है। और वही 'खरा सोना' बनने के लिये अपनी अस्त-व्यस्त-पस्त अवस्था को चुस्त-दुरुस्त करने की उम्मीद के साथ मैं एक कोचिंग इंस्टीट्यूट में पहुँच गया।

कोचिंग इंस्टीट्यूट क्या था देवराज इंद्र का दरबार था, अप्सराएँ ही अप्सराएँ, पर सामने जो टीचर होता था वो देवराज नहीं, यमराज का सेक्रेटरी चित्रगुप्त लगता था। पढ़ाता कम था, सवाल ज्यादा देता था। बस लगता था कि जिंदगी स्टैटिक फोर्सेज और न्यूक्लियर फोर्सेज में ही उलझी रहेगी और फ्रिक्शन इतना कि दिमाग आगे बढ़ता ही नहीं था। पर किस्मत की बात, साथ में ही बैठने वाली एक अप्सरा के लिए मन में लव फोर्सेज बनने लगे। फिर क्या था..... इतने फोर्सेज हो तो लेमीज़ थ्योरम भी कहीं काम आनी थी..... सीधे कैल्कुलस में से लिमिट लगाई और लव फोर्स को छोड़ कर बाकी सारे फोर्सेज जीरो कर दिए।

अब तो आई.आई.टी. के साथ-साथ अपने लव की भी चिंता थी, सोचता था कि किसी भी आई.आई.टी. में, किसी भी ब्रांच में सीट मिल जाए बस, फिर अपने साथ अपनी लाइफमेट की सीट भी पक्की कर दूँगा।

जब स्क्रीनिंग में एक महीना रह गया तो रोज कैल्कुलेशन चलती थी। डेढ़ लाख लोग एग्जाम दे रहे थे। इनमें से आधे तो मजाक के लिये ही बैठेंगे, बाकी में से आधे के साथ वैसे मजाक हो जाएगा और उसमें से भी बचे आधे मजाक-मजाक में ही रह जाएंगे। बाकी सब में खुद को देखकर बड़ी तसल्ली होती थी। बस आई.आई.टी. के क्लासरूम नज़र आते थे और अखबार में अपनी फोटो, और हाँ, अपनी परी का खूबसूरत चेहरा भी। मन ही मन टान लिया था कि सेलेक्शन होते ही अपने प्यार का इजहार कर दूँगा।

बस फिर स्क्रीनिंग का दिन आ ही गया। जिंदगी का पहला पेपर दे रहा था जिसमें सवाल के सामने ही जवाब भी लिखे होते हैं, वो भी चार-चार। टेंशन तो इस बात की थी कि पेपर से ज्यादा मोटा तो मेरे आस-पास वालों के चश्मे का शीशा था। खैर, पेपर खोलने की कोशिश की तो थोड़ी दिक्कत हुई और फिर जब पेपर खुल गया तो उसके बाद तो पूछिए ही मत, सवाल ज्यादा थे या दिक्कतें। एक बार तो लगा अरमान पानी में बह जाएंगे पर फिर लव फोर्स ने असर दिखाया और तीन घंटे में पेपर की धज्जियाँ उड़ गयीं। आस-पास वालों के साथ शायद उल्टा हुआ था, उनका पेपर सलामत लग रहा था और वो मरणासन्न।

स्क्रीनिंग तो आराम से निकल गई पर मेन्स का क्या, अब तो जवाब खुद ही लिखने थे। एक ही दिन में एक के बाद एक तीन बाउंसर, बस रिटायर्ड हर्ट होने की ही कसर रह गयी थी। लगता था थर्ड अंपायर ही डिस्मिज़न देगा। वैसे मेन्स से दो दिन पहले ही ए.आई.ट्रिपल ई. का प्रैक्टिस मैच खेला था, वहाँ तो सेंचुरी बनाई थी पर यहाँ तो चांस रन आउट का लग रहा था। वैसे तो मैं खुद को दोहरी खुशी और दोहरे गम दोनों के लिए तैयार कर रहा था क्योंकि मेरे प्यार का हिसाब-किताब भी तो इसी रिज़ल्ट पर टिका हुआ था। फिर रिज़ल्ट आया तो 'बेनिफिट ऑफ डाउट' था। सेलेक्शन हुआ भी तो रैक ऐसे कि न इधर के रहे न ही उधर के। पर प्यार के मोर्चे पर तो ऐम्स नहीं चल सकता था। अपने प्रैक्टिस मैच का रिज़ल्ट आया तो खुश तो बहुत हुए पर अपनी परी को तो यहाँ का टिकट भी नहीं नसीब हुआ। वो तो प्राइवेट कॉलेज के परीलोक में उड़नछू हो गयी, और मैं यहाँ चला आया, वो भी सबसे 'गच्च' ब्रांच में।

अब क्या है, इस कम्प्यूनिटी का लिंक ही हम जंगुओं को देते हैं और बात है भी तो गर्व की देखो न, कम्प्यूनिटी के मेम्बर्स में मुझे मेरी 'परी' भी मिल गयी है।

Molotov Cocktail

ARJUN.B.S
THIRD YEAR

"Dude, I swear...if Mexico wins today, I'll give up Vodka." I said looking up at BD. The guy was hardly listening.

"Fck you. You've been saying that from Kindergarten, blackole." Lodde shot at me.

"No man. This time, I'm serious. It's like this umbilical cord that runs through me, Argentina and Bodka. If 'Tina loses, we all 3 fall.' Evidently, I had been drinking too much.

"Make a cocktail for me, bro." I asked to no one in particular.

"Yeah, right! How about I make you a Molotov Cocktail to bring you back to your senses?" BD took a good attempt at humour.

"Hey, what's in a Molotov Cocktail?" I asked very innocently.

"Oh! That would be a mix of, let's see... 25% beer, 3% milk, and 65% Cerelac and 7% of your insides." BD gave an 'answer'.

"Are you, serious?" now I was playing his game.

"Of course not you idiot! It's a home made explosive used to start arson." Lodde's IQ ran into the 4 digits when he was not in his senses. But on the flip side, I was too scared to ask what 'arson' meant.

It was Tony's idea to go watch the FIFA World Cup Quarter Finals at his Uncle's estate house. 6 guys, Kingfisher, football and 'Bodka' are always a package deal: like the 4 legs of a tripod. 23 minutes after kickoff, it was still 0-0. Obviously, the TV was getting out of focus with every passing minute. I looked around for some smokes. Hell, all the packets were empty. Wasn't that bastard Bogu told to get 6 packs?

I looked around. BD was staring at the fan and smiling at it. In that corner of the mind reserved for girl friends, he was probably making out with her in the loo at Barista.

"Oye, what's so funny with the fan?" Pavan asked BD.

"I love her man...I fcukin' love her." BD looked down and nodded.

"Man, you know this girl for like 2 weeks. You've already become her dedicated doormat. I mean she's walking all over you. And now, you love her? You obviously need more pot to smoke this shit out of your rear." Pavan said. Lodde was rolling on the floor on hearing this. Pavan continued-"Look at Lodde's shirt for that matter. What does it say, huh? LOVE-Loss Of Virginity Early in life. Don't you ever learn anything, man?"

It was all getting too boring for me. I had heard this girlfriend bashing before. And frankly, it sucks. I looked at the TV for some time. The half was almost over.

"Bh-o-ys. Three minutes to go for the half to end. And guess what's official? I need a Navy Cut RIGHT NOW." Pavan stood up and made the announcement.

"Your freaking nuts. It's 1:15 in the morning. The nearest shop is 3 ks away." Tony screamed back at Pavan.

"I give a shit. I'll take my bike and go. Wanna come, anyone?"

Since no one seemed too inclined to go, I volunteered.

5 minutes later, we were riding on the kuccha road on a Black Pulsar. As the mud tracks met the tar, I asked Pavan-"Hey, do you think there might be cops on the road?"

"Bollocks. They must be too bombed to be at work now. No worries bro." Pavan said reassuringly.

At a distance on the road we could vaguely spot a Jeep. It was the cops.

"Man, what if they catch us. Feuk, we even left the bike documents in the house and came. And we are drunk and driving. Shit" I was praying.

And sure enough, they stopped us. One of the constables asked us to pull the bike over to the side of the footpath. The other went inside the jeep, pulled out a walkie-talkie and started mumbling into it. I could see Pavan was feeling nervous here.

"Sir, we have caught them." The constable was saying into the walkie-talkie. "The bike is also there."

"What bike? And caught us for what?" I said to Pavan. He knew as much as I. The other constable was looking away from us. Pavan immediately took out his mobile and dialed Lodde's number.

"Lodde, listen. Cops have caught us. The bike documents are on the fridge. Get them and reach near the Temple Arch soon. Or else we guys are screwed." Pavan whispered hurriedly.

The constable stood there looking at us. We were too nervous to go up to him and open our alcohol-laden mouths. Nor did he say a word to us. 5 minutes went too slow. Finally, we could see the head light of Bogu's Black Pulsar. I heaved a sigh of relief. At least the documents had come now. Bogu and Lodde stooped their bike right in front of us, took out the documents from the cover and gave it to Pavan.

Suddenly, the constable who had been on the walkie-talkie walked up to us and produced two handcuffs. And all 4 of us were rounded up.

On the way to the Police Station, sitting at the back of the jeep, I looked at Lodde's face. He was puzzled way beyond human reason. All they had done was come to the rescue of their friends with some stupid bike documents. And now, all 4 of us were riding to jail. What the hell was going on? The constables wouldn't answer. The mute dummies just drove.

"Sir, we caught these 4 guys with 2 black Pulsars. It's definitely somebody amongst them", the constable told the inspector as he lined us up.

"Tell me who did it and I'll be nice to you. Mess around with me and you'll become dog food. Bastards, tell me who did it?" the Inspector thundered at us.

We kept our heads down without understanding what was going on, but knowing for sure that trouble was just around the corner. It seemed like 4 different thieves had broken into a house at the same time.

Mustering all energy I could I looked up at the Inspector and said-"Sir, there's been a mistake. We haven't done anything. We are software engineers working at IT Park. We have no idea what you're talking about."

"Shut up, Son-of-a-bang. Tell me which of you two raped the girl?" the Inspector screamed again.

WHAT?! It was getting crazy. "Sir, we have no idea what you want from us. We don't know of any rape. We can show our ID cards. There's obviously been a mistake." Lodde was pleading.

After some persuasion, he saw light. Pavan called on Tony to get the ID Cards from the estate house.

15 minutes later, a confused Tony walked into the Police station with the ID Cards. We were released from the whole mess. The Inspector apologized to us and explained the whole confusion: earlier that evening, a girl had been raped near the place where we were caught. Eyewitnesses had seen 2 boys speed away on a black Pulsar. Unfortunately, we were also 2 boys on a black Pulsar twice over.

As we were walking away from the craziest experience of our lives towards our bikes, I looked at Pavan and said-"Isn't it funny? We got caught and had no documents. Then they could have booked us for drunken driving, in which case you would have lost your license. Shit, what a close shave that was!"

Pavan smiled back at me and said, "Do you want to know what a closer shave is?" He took out a packet of grass from his back pocket. My tongue almost fell out.

बचपन की शराबत



चन्द्रकान्त चतुर्वेदी
प्रथम वर्ष

शुक्रवार की शाम हमारे लिए कुछ खास होती है क्योंकि इस दिन हमारे पास अगले दिन के लिए न तो कोई असाइनमेंट होता है न ही कोई प्रैक्टिकल लिखना होता है। सारे दोस्त बैठकर अपने-2 किस्से सुनाते हैं। आज भी हम दोस्त अपने बचपन के किस्से याद कर रहे थे। मुझसे भी उन्होंने पूछा “यार तू तो बहुत शरारती दिखता है बचपन में भी शरारती रहा होगा, कुछ सुनाओ यार”।

तभी वो दृश्य मेरी आँखों के सामने उभर आया। गर्मियों की छुट्टियाँ हो जाने पर मैं अक्सर गांव में ही जाया करता था। पापा-मम्मी और सारे दोस्तों से मिलने की बड़ी ही उत्सुकता रहती थी मन में। जल्दी से जल्दी परीक्षा खत्म हो और गांव पहुँच जाऊँ, इसी वजह से अक्सर मेरा अंतिम पेपर बिगड़ ही जाता था। इस बार बोर्ड की परीक्षा होने की वजह से पेपर जल्दी खत्म हो गए और मैं गांव पहुँच गया।

दादी मम्मी के प्यार को देखकर मैं जिद्दी भी खूब हो गया, ऐसा व्यवहार करता था जैसा कि कोई कैदी 14 वर्ष की जेल काटकर आया हो और पहली बार उसे इतनी आजादी मिली हो। और हकीकत भी यही है कि मेरे लिए घर से बाहर रहकर पढ़ाई करना जेल से कम नहीं। उन दिनों मुझे फिल्म देखने का कुछ ज्यादा ही शौक था और एक महीने पहले से कोई फिल्म देखी भी नहीं थी।

भाग्यवश गाँव में दूसरे मोहल्ले के एक चाचा जी बी.सी.आर. चलाया करते थे। जब मरे दोस्तों ने बताया कि आज कोई नई फिल्म दिखाई जा रही है, तो मैं खुशी से झूम उठा, तुरन्त ही कुछ भी विचार किए बिना फिल्म देखने जाने का फैसला कर लिया और दोस्तों से 11:00 बजे मिलने का वादा किया।

इसी खुशी के साथ मैं घर पहुँचा और दादी से फिल्म के लिए पूछा तो दादी ने तुरन्त मना कर दिया कहा “तुम वहाँ नहीं जा सकते, वो हमारे दुश्मन हैं, कहीं तुम्हें कुछ कर दिया तो, वैसे भी उनके मन की टीस अभी खत्म नहीं हुई है, इसीलिए हमेशा कुछ न कुछ लड़ाई का बहाना ढूँढते रहते हैं”। मैं दादी को समझाते हुए बोला “नहीं दादी, मैं तो यहाँ रहता भी नहीं हूँ, मुझे भला वो लोग क्या जानें, फिर मैं तो छोटा हूँ, भला मुझे वो लोग क्या करेंगे।”

मेरी वकालत का दादी पर कोई असर नहीं हुआ और वो मना करके चली गई। लेकिन मेरे मन में फिल्म देखने का भूत सा घुस चुका था, मैंने अपने सारे दोस्तों को 10 बजे ही घर पर बुला लिया, और अटरियों में ताश खेलने के लिए बैठ गए। जैसे ही दादी और मम्मी की आँख लगी, हम सारे दोस्त छत से कूद कर निकल दिए। पैसा इकट्ठा किया और प्रवेश ले लिया। हम सब दोस्त खुश थे।

हम सब जब फिल्म देखकर बाहर आए तो सभी फिल्म की कहानी में गुल थे। कुछ हीरो के चरित्र और ताकत के वर्णन में लगे थे और कुछ तो खुद को ही हीरो समझ रहे थे। किसी को भी इस बात की बिल्कुल फिक्र न थी कि आखिर जाकर क्या होगा। तभी पंकज बोला “अरे यार फिल्म तो देख ली और हँस भी बहुत लिए, अब वापस कैसे जाएँगे ये सोचो पहले”।

मैं बोला “मेरे पापा तो मुझसे पहले से ही नाराज हैं, सुबह चने नहीं छनवाए, मैं तो जरूर पिटूंगा।” राधे बोला “अरे मेरी मम्मी तो मुझे घर में नहीं जाने देगी, भूखा घर के बाहर ही रहना पड़ेगा।” और “रंजा बाबा का माइक जब बोलेंगा तो कैसे बचेंगे” सब एक साथ बोले।

हम सब मिलकर शांति से मंदिर पर बैठकर सोचने लगे, सोचा चलो भाग चलते हैं। मैंने कहा “नहीं यारों घर वे सब परेशान होंगे और किसी ने पकड़ लिया तो बहुत पिटेंगे। याद है अवधेश भैया भागे थे तो उल्टा हाँक दिया गया था उन्हें।” सबकी आँखों में आँसू भर आए थे। तभी

एक बोला चलो पीछे के रास्ते से छत पर ही चलते हैं। तो सभी बोले कि इतनी ऊँची दीवार कैसे चढ़ेंगे, कहीं गिर गए तो।

तभी हेमन्त बोला “चलो कुछ नहीं दो चार चांटे पड़ेंगे, घर चलकर जीजी को सब कुछ सच-सच बता देते हैं, वो हमें बचा लेगी। चाचा महगाँव गए हैं देर रात तक आएँगे तब तक तो हम सब सो जाएँगे। अगले दिन क्या “रात गई बात गई”।

पंकज बोला ‘तुम लोग तो बच जाओगे लेकिन मेरे पापा तो अभी घर पर ही हैं और वो मुझे जरूर पीटेंगे। मैं तुम लोगों के साथ नहीं जा सकता मैं तो बुआ के घर (जो पास के ही गाँव में था) जा रहा हूँ” और भागने लगा हम सबने उसे पकड़ा और शांत कराया।

काफ़ी कशमकश के बाद हमने नीम पर चढ़कर पुनः अटरियाँ में जाने का फैसला किया, काम मुश्किल था, लेकिन हिम्मत की।

सब एक-एक करके छत पर पहुँचने लगे। मैं अकेला ही नीचे रह गया। तभी दादी ने आवाज लगाई मैं घबरा गया, जल्दी-जल्दी ऊपर पहुँचा लेकिन पेड़ पर चढ़ने में कमजोर था तो बड़ी मुश्किल हुई और थक भी गया था। मैं मुंडेर पकड़कर चढ़ने ही वाला था कि मम्मी छत पर आ गई। मैं बिल्कुल घबरा गया, मेरे हाथ छूट गए और मैं नीचे गिर गया। अगले दिन सुबह मुझे होश आया, तो मैं अस्पताल में लेटा हुआ था, सब की आँखें डबडबाई हुई थी, मानों कि रात भर मेरे लिए ही भगवान से दुआ की हो और ये सच भी था।

तभी दरवाजे पर धड़ाम से आवाज सुनाई दी, मुड़कर देखा तो अंशुल था, बोला “अरे यार कल सुबह थर्मो की एक्स्ट्रा क्लास है, सुबह जल्दी उठना है। “ये सुनकर सबका मूड खराब हो गया और हम सब अपने-अपने बिस्तर पर लेट गए।

Crafty Graffiti

PRASHANT
SECOND YEAR

SRIJAN '06

Calling a spade, a spade can do much harm than it can do well to you. But this does not always hold true. At times choosing to be unequivocal eventually helps in making the picture clear. Walking on the lines that I have paved for myself, let me at the very outset inform you that the ideas expressed in the paragraphs to follow might be offensive to some. Now not wasting any more time in beating behind the bush, let the devil be out of the Pandora's Box.

Graffiti...., yes you heard it right .It is graffiti that we have on the desk. Desks are an essential part of any classroom .A classroom, is taken to be a boring place; a close box where all our ideas are destined to die in need of oxygen .The unlikely teachers with their moribund style of teaching make the classroom an unbearable place for the 2-3 hrs that we are there. However there exist certain things which act as an antidote to the ethereal environment of the classroom .No, its not girls that I am talking about, not even the hustle outside the window. It is desk graffiti, i.e. writings or drawings on a surface in a public place .Just have a look at the following lines and you will come to know what it is ...

Din dhal jaaye par,
Class Na jaaye,
Samajh kuch Na aaye,
Aur sir likhe jaaye.
Class me humne sab kuch chhoda,
Aise hue badnaam
Sir humse, hum unse pareshan
HOD hai hairan
Aise me sirf cigarette yaad aaye.
Din dhal jaaye par class Na jaaye...

A close look at these funny but candid revelations can give you an insight into the feelings of students towards their teachers and classroom .Like the following line clearly explains the mood of the class.

"Prof-----needs to choose the via-Agra route."

Certainly this line has got little to do with the virility of the teacher, rather it signifies the impotency of his ideas and puts a question mark over his teacher hood. Describing "Head of Department" as "**Headache of Department**" tells how popular a particular HOD is among his students.

Now read this "**Classroom is a concentration camp**"

The denotative meaning says that a classroom is a place where one is expected to be attentive towards what ever his teacher is teaching. But actually, these three words convey a different message. For the students, classroom is a place, where our imaginations are restricted; our freedom put behind bars and is analogous to the condition of Jews in a NAZI concentration camp.

Moving over from classrooms to another vulnerable section **girls**. After going through the scraps written on the desks, it will be right to say that graffiti is not considered to be complete if it doesn't contain tantalizing comments directed to the fairer sex. With the hope that girls would forgive me, for it is not I who says that

"Men are from mars, women are from PGH"

"TajMahal - A man's greatest erection for a woman"

Well these are just a few, and I dare not mention the bold ones as it would result in a *fatwa* issued in my name from the holy PGH shrine.

After girls, it is **love** which dominates the writing table. People find it safer to put their amorous nuances on the benches, without leaving behind a trail of who they are. Those who do this are either 'fattus 'or their aim is to malign someone else's name. Then there are those who believe that someday maybe their dream girl sees it and he can thus win her love. Such messages often bear the name of those to whom it is addressed to. Some of these love stains are

"Love is SNCL-4 (read essential for) life"

"Love is eternal"

"I love her but she loves someone else"

Then there are some miscellaneous write ups which don't fall under a particular category .They deal with general perceptions, melancholy hues, and a variety of other moods. These belong to people who enjoy a sense of superiority as they don't become a part of the ongoing brickbats. They usually don't write one liners, rather a full paragraph and even these are taken from different sources. For e.g.

**"Life it seems to fade away,
Drifting further everyday,
Getting lost within myself,
Nothing matters, no one else,
I have lost the will to live,
Simply nothing more to give,
Need the end to set me free."**

Now before we part ways, here are some words of wisdom:

"Please don't scribble on the desk". (it is actually a graffiti on one of the desks)

NUTS

IN AN EGG SHELL



ARJUN B. S.
THIRD YEAR

[Bill, Larry, Sergey and Murthy are among the few who have exemplified this cult that's growing at rate faster than the much talked about Indian GDP. Here's a lighter look at an oft-plagiarized Indian version of the tale.]

PRELOGUE:

India's obsession with degrees is well known the world over. If you were to stand on a street corner and throw a stone, chances are a little over 13.6 (after much calculation) out of 10 that it would hit a person with the letters next to his name. Stats may seldom fail to impress, but how would you possibly break down the 'technical + business knowledge' mantra of the new millennium?

An IITian friend of mine openly declares- "I'm technically challenged." To say the very least, there are plenty of these 'differently abled' fish swimming back and forth in the technical pool. But then, the only fish that do swim with the flow of the stream are the dead ones! We have arrived from hiding, the TCs (Technically Challenged) cry out loud. The cult is growing, and a community on the Orkut web site is the proof. The time is probably ripe for the Indian Government to issue licenses to start 'institutes of technology for the technically challenged'. These institutes would not need labs, obviously. The sole requirements would be classrooms, a few dispersed chalks and yes, MBA aspirants (Beer and Business Administrators alike) to fill up the benches. Like any other disease, TC also comes with its set of symptoms. So who do you think you are?

- 1) You know the types of brakes, parts of a brake, are a mechanical engineer, the composition of the brake material and the forces acting on the brake pads. But when you sit on a bike, you guess between the front and the rear brakes.
- 2) You think that The Tower of Hanoi is a tower in Hanoi (Courtesy: Microsoft).
- 3) As an electrical engineer you can draw and label circuit diagrams faster than current can flow

through it. You pick up the phone and call the electrician to fix the geyser.

- 4) You classify chips as junk food.

Due to constraints in space, we have withheld any further instances. For the complete list of the 4267 disabilities, refer Volumes 3 and 4 of *Eggs in a Nutshell*. [In case you answered 'yes' to any of the above 4 instances, please make a bold assumption that you could be classified a TC.]

EPILOGUE:

The new age investment banker is truly a jack-of-all-trades. He is not only in the top 2% of the MBA entrance exam crackers; he also features in the top 50% of the engineering entrance exam crackers. A beer guzzling globe trotting fella, he boasts of a 4 yr vacation he took when the wind blew him through the technical course. Sadly so, that didn't happen in business studies, he admits. While he conditioned himself to talk to lathes and computers while on vacation, what came as a rude awakening was that business required talking to people! Our man can also be seen living in a swanky 3-bed room apartment (fully furnished with an Air Conditioner), wears Jockey inners and Nike outers, owns an American Express and drives around in a Ford. After a couple of years of hard work, the technically baked business pie is ready to lay rubber on the tarmac for the next 35 years. A hop, skip and a jump away to the next big paycheck (with the tax deductions in mind), our man has successfully combined obsolete and irrelevant technical knowledge with business know how. The Great Indian Corporate Czar is in the making (breaking).

Elsewhere, at the Daimler Chrysler headquarters in Germany, a man in his 30s is hard at work on the Merc SL 600. Further insight reveals he is a PhD. in Fuel Injection Systems. "As a PhD. don't you find it rather bizarre working in a garage", we ask.

"I **wanted** to work in this garage. So I had to do a Ph. D." he says with a smile, in his heavy German accent.



निहारिका

अभिषेक टंडन
तृतीय वर्ष

“और प्रस्तुत है, मानसी” किताब पर से आवरण हटा और पूरा हॉल तालियों की आवाज़ से गूँज उठा। प्रखर की आँखों में खुशी के आँसू छलछला उठे। मानसी भी अपनी ‘मम्मा’ को स्टेज पर खड़े देखकर बहुत खुश थी।

और फिर निहारिका ने बोलना शुरू किया। अपनी किताब के विमोचन की खुशी उसकी आवाज़ में झलक रही थी। अपना छोटा सा संबोधन उसने समाप्त ही किया था कि पत्रकार दीर्घा से सवाल आने शुरू हो गए।

“मैंम आपने अपनी किताब का नाम अपनी बेटी के नाम पर क्यों रखा?”

“देखिये, जब मेरी बेटी होने वाली थी, तभी से मैं इस किताब के बारे में सोच रही थी, इसलिये....”

“आपकी पहली किताब, “शेडोज़ ऑफ़ द डार्क” अंग्रेजी में थी, देश भर में बेस्ट सेलर रही, फिर ये दूसरी किताब हिन्दी में क्यों?”

“सिर्फ 24 साल की उम्र में इतनी शोहरत, अपनी सफलता का श्रेय किसे देती है?”

एक के बाद एक सवाल और निहारिका मुस्कुराते हुए जवाब देती गयी।

“एक और सवाल मैंम। शादी से पहले की अपनी लाइफ़ के बारे में कुछ कहिये”

“देखिये, नो मोर पर्सनल क्वेश्चन्ज़। मुझे कल सुबह मुंबई भी जाना है। आपके और जो भी सवाल हों, मेरी वेबसाइट पर पोस्ट कर दीजिए।”

एक बार फिर तालियाँ बज उठी।

“बहुत धक गयी हूँ प्रखर, पर अच्छा लग रहा है।” गाड़ी में बैठते हुए निहारिका ने कहा।

“सच मैं तो बहुत खुश हूँ। आज तुम्हारी बुक रिलीज़ हुई है और कल मानसी का बर्थडे भी तो है। 3 साल की हो गयी हमारी बेटी।” प्रखर बोला,

“और देखना, तुम्हारी ये बुक भी बेस्ट सेलर होगी।”

“होप सो”, निहारिका ने मानसी के बाल सही करते हुए कहा।

घर पहुँचकर प्रखर तो सुबह का अलार्म लगा कर सो गया। निहारिका मानसी को बगल में लिटा कर सुला रही थी। मानसी इतनी भी छोटी नहीं है अब, पर माँ को तो लोरी सुनाना अच्छा लगता है न। और उसे सुलाते-सुलाते निहारिका की आँखें भर आईं। इसी तरह तो वो पल्लवी को भी सुलाया करती थी। और कल पल्लवी का भी तो जन्मदिन होता है। 14 साल की हो गयी होती वो कल ... लेकिन और बीते 6 साल निहारिका की आँखों के आगे छाने लगे।

यही शहर था, कानपुर। फर्स्ट ईयर के एग्जाम्स दो दिन पहले ही खत्म हुए थे और निहारिका पिछले दिन ही अपने मामा के घर आई थी। कितनी खुश थी वो, बस पल्लवी की याद आ रही थी उसे। मम्मी-पापा से तो उसने सुबह ही बात की थी पर पल्लवी, वो कैसे? और फिर

बुधवार की वो रात निहारिका की खुशियों को ग्रहण लगा गयी। भूकंप के झटके तो कानपुर में भी काफी ताकतवर थे पर उनका केन्द्र अहमदाबाद के पास ही था। और मारे गए 68000 लोगों में निहारिका के मम्मी-पापा भी थे। और पल्लवी ? उसका तो कुछ पता ही नहीं चला।

निहारिका का रोम-रोम सिहर उठा। उसने मानसी को सीने से लगा लिया। लेकिन उसने खुद ही अपना ज़ख्म कुरेद लिया था।

निहारिका अनाथ हो चुकी थी। बूँक एक महीना पहले वह 18 साल पूरे कर चुकी थी इसलिए मृतकों की मुआवजा राशि के चक्कर में, या फिर शायद अपनी मृतका बहन की आखिरी निशानी मानकर, मामा ने उसे अपने ही पास रहने को कहा। अपने ऑफिस में मितल साहब से सिफारिश करके उसे कम्प्यूटर ऑपरेटर की नौकरी भी दिलवा दी और 'ओपन यूनिवर्सिटी' में एडमिशन भी।

अब निहारिका ने अपने काम में ही संतोष ढूँढ लिया था। उसकी खुशियाँ छिन चुकी थी। मामा ने तो जाकर उसके मम्मी-पापा की विता को मुखनि भी दी थी पर पल्लवी का उसका तो शव भी नहीं मिला था। बस एक उम्मीद भर थी सिर्फ उम्मीद।

और अपनी पहली कमाई से निहारिका ने पल्लवी की गुमशुदगी का विज्ञापन छपवाया। पर कोई खबर नहीं आखिरी उम्मीद भी खो गयी। उधर ऑफिस में मामा से ज्यादा अब निहारिका की पूछ थी। मितल साहब के छोटे भाई मि. मितल ने प्रमोट कर के उसे अपनी सेक्रेटरी बना दिया था। निहारिका थी ही ऐसी, हर किसी को अपने गुणों से प्रभावित कर लेती थी। इतनी छोटी सी उम्र में इतने अच्छे आयडियाज़, इतनी समझ और काम करने का ऐसा सलीका, सब कुछ तो था उसमें।

एक दिन नार्मल ऑफिस टाइमिंग्स के बाद भी कम्प्यूटर पर कुछ टाइप करते हुए मि. मितल ने उसे देख लिया। उन्होंने जानने की कोशिश की तो निहारिका मना न कर सकी। मि. मितल हतप्रभ रह गए। निहारिका में गजब की लेखन क्षमता थी। वह खाली समय में ऐसे ही लिखा करती थी। अपने दुःख से पार पाने का उसका यह तरीका सचमुच अद्भुत था और उसकी रचनाएँ विलक्षण। मि. मितल को स्वयं भी पढ़ने का शौक था और अब उनके मन में निहारिका के लिए इज्जत और बढ़ गयी थी। और शायद प्यार भी

और फिर निहारिका के 19वें जन्मदिन पर मि. मितल ने निहारिका को प्रपोज कर दिया। निहारिका इस सब के लिए मानसिक रूप से बिल्कुल तैयार नहीं थी पर मामा की भी ऐसी ही इच्छा थी। उधर मि. मितल के छोटे से परिवार में उनके भाई मितल साहब और भाभी को भी कोई

समस्या नहीं थी।

और फिर 2 महीने बाद ही एक सादी-सी शादी के बाद निहारिका बन गई 'मिसेज निहारिका प्रखर मितल'।

निहारिका के होंठों पर एक निश्चल मुस्कान तैर गयी। मानसी और प्रखर गहरी नींद सो रहे थे। साइड टेबल पर रखी थी निहारिका की पहली किताब, 'शीडोज ऑफ द डार्क' जो उनकी शादी के लगभग डेढ़ साल बाद रिलीज हुई थी और देखते ही देखते डोमेस्टिक मार्केट पर छा गयी थी। ओवरसीज़ मार्केट में भी उसकी सेल काफी अच्छी थी और निहारिका जल्दी ही 'रिच एंड फेमस' हो गई थी और फिर मानसी का जन्म हुआ तो मानो उसे सारी खुशियाँ मिल गईं।

निहारिका ने देखा रात के डेढ़ बज रहे थे। 'सुबह फ्लाइट भी तो लेनी है', उसने गहरी साँस ली और सो गयी।

अगले दिन सुबह 11 बजे वह मुंबई में एक फंक्शन में चीफ गेस्ट थी। हालाँकि मानसी के बर्थ डे के दिन उससे दूर होने के कारण वह थोड़ी उदास थी पर विकलांग बच्चों द्वारा बनायी गई पेंटिंग्स देखकर गर्वान्वित भी थी।

यूनेस्को के तत्वावधान में आयोजित इस इंटरनेशनल पेंटिंग कम्पीटीशन के पुरस्कार वितरण समारोह में आपका स्वागत है। 7 से 16 साल की उम्र के विकलांग बच्चों के लिए आयोजित इस प्रतियोगिता में दुनियाँ भर के 56 देशों से 1200 से ज्यादा बच्चों ने भाग लिया और विजेता है, एक भारतीय लड़की। वह लड़की जो न सिर्फ गूँगी है बल्कि अनाथ भी है। गुजरात वेस्ट एन.जी.ओ. 'बाल-शक्ति' की मुंबई ब्रांच के 'बाल-आश्रम' में यह लड़की पिछले कुछ वर्षों से रह रही है। मैं बुलाना चाहूँगा मंच पर अपनी विशिष्ट अतिथि प्रख्यात लेखिका श्रीमती निहारिका मितल जी को, जो पुरस्कृत करेंगी इस 'इंटरनेशनल कम्पीटीशन ऑफ पेंटिंग्स फॉर फिज़िकली हैंडिकैप्ड चिल्ड्रन' के विनर को, वही बच्ची जिसने इतनी मुसीबतों में भी स्वयं को सर्वश्रेष्ठ सिद्ध किया।....."

निहारिका स्टेज की तरफ बढ़ रही थी पर उसकी थड़कने उससे आगे दौड़ रही थी।

"...तालियों के साथ स्वागत कीजिए..... मिस..... पल्लवी !!!"

तालियों के शोर के बीच निहारिका के लिए समय मानो धम गया। हाथ में ट्राफी और प्रशस्ति-पत्र एवं प्राइज मनी का चेक लिए खड़े व्यक्ति-संचालक और सैकड़ों की तादाद में उपस्थित जनसैलाब..... हर कोई अपने सामने प्रस्तुत दृश्य को देखकर अर्चभित था।

स्टेज पर वो बहने लगे मिल रही थीं।



TEJASWI GAUTAM
SECOND YEAR

Best Entry Humor

A for Apple..... Apple for.....
B for Ball..... Ball for.....
C for Cat Cat for.....

Remember those good ol' days when your parents used to sing A, B, C into your ears. You gazed at them in wonder at how sweet and short this world is. Fast forward into today, you are awestruck at how distorted these words have become. This Abb (abbreviations-by now you must be used to this) world, I prefer to call it so not because it reflects a change. Seriously, do you feel that this in any way is related to community service programmes going around you? If "yes!" great and if you say "no!"-that's trouble big time because you may be in for a **PIL** from a neighborhood **NGO** since **CHANGE** stands for

Communities Helping All Neighbors Gain Empowerment. For some who do not buy the idea, the site-www.acronymmatic.com is a click away. For further queries I am all yours. Now, my layman needs company. Actually, he is my friend but since he is oblivious to the Abb world, I call him that way. He often finds himself in a sea of words with letters plucked out from them. Last night he was watching **NDTV** and while India and Pakistan were at war, layman had his own set of innocent problems.

Take a look "India and Pakistan are focusing their attention on **CBMs**". **CBM**? Oh! Yes Confidence Building Measures. However, going by the latest edition of Malayalam Manorama yearbook 2006 **CBM** means Continental Ballistic Missile. God save poor layman! You know it, that even if the two nations do not fire a bullet at each other, still my layman would be killed by this crossfire of deadly short forms. Unbelievably,

abbreviations and short forms now run in our blood like oxygen. They are everywhere in our homes, offices, schools, hospitals. **Doc** for doctors, **stud** for students. You go deeper and the list goes endless. Now I am not that old-fashioned bloke who believes in doing things the hard way, but hang on a second how miserable it can make the life of my layman.

APPLE- Ariane Passenger Pay Load Experiment

CAT- Common Aptitude Test

TIME- Triumphant Institute of Management Education

SAT- Scholastic Aptitude Test

MAT- Management Aptitude Test

GATE-Graduate Admission Test For Engineers

While all these terms in their implicit forms may be proud entrants into any class I book, it leaves layman scratching his head. The simplest of words have entered the devil world of abbreviations and with **RAW**, **PIN**, **PAN**, **TIN** (used to be a local mafia in my ex-city Rourkela) it becomes difficult to differentiate a cutlery set from a research agency! Or an account number for that matter. Even as I look horrified at the world turning around me into a pack of acronyms, an idea strikes me like a bolt out of the sky. How about a patent for an abbreviated word? A central agency would be responsible for protecting the rights of abb. Any person, institution, corporate house will have to file a patent before they can officially use their desired short forms.

While this mindless mockery of short forms continues, my mind races back to the layman. My god! I left him there amidst an ocean of perilous words, which come with a "don't mess with me" attitude. What if he lands in some trouble and people tell him to give an **SOS**? And suppose he meets an accident, and they talk of **AIIMS** (aims). How will he know whether it is a hospital or is he

going to be shot? You see my layman does strange things but he fails to realize that people around him have grown stranger. As I break my head on the possible and impossible solutions of this multi-dimensional problem, another chord strikes in my cortex. Why not have a statutory warning attached to every short form. We could categorize the warning into different levels I, II, III...so on depending on the places in which they are used. Say for e.g.-**RAW, IB, IISC, PMO, ISI** belong to the highest level III i.e. are to be used strictly within the govt. domain and if used in public must always be in expanded form be it in print media or news channels. So no more **CBMs** remember? Next comes the so-called jargons like **CAT, MAT, GMAT** (do not mistake it for some sort of G-force mat) that ought to be spoken only in student domain. These will be classified as level II. Layman beware! Since in such cases even a 90% accuracy gets you nowhere.

Last comes the level I offence-the most crucial one! Simply because the words here are extremely commonplace and hence we need to throw caution to the winds. For this, we require practice and more practice.

Here are a few tips to help you achieve perfection. So, whenever you say **APPLE** the **MNC** make sure there are no apples around! Likewise when you mean good ol' sweet red apple, make sure the guy you are talking to has no relation whatsoever with the big software giant.

Failing so, it may attract a penalty or a fine. Also **CAT** is to be used only when you or your listener has no pet cat of his own or still better hates to talk about it, so that he gets it in one go as the Common Admission Test for top B-schools of India. Now all this involves a lot of thinking and one needs to be good at excluding possible meanings keeping in mind the end user, his place and the circumstances. As if to justify my perceived threat that these perilous words possess to humanity, while writing this article I came across a news report which claimed that Bob Marley- a famous Jamaican reggae singer cum poet cum human rights activist reportedly purchased a **BMW** (one of the most expensive cars in the world). When asked the reason he politely said- "BMW means Bob Marley Wiler!" That it expands to Bavarian Motor Works is another matter.

THE RACE AGAINST SCHUMI

PRASHANT NATH ENDLEY, Second Year

The stadium was full. The disco lights were flashing on and off. The audience was loud and cheerful. It was a moonless, dark sky. Everybody's eyes were fixed on the fibreglass stadium. The camera jeeps were all ready. Everybody was awaiting the 'JET..SET..GO!!' shout.

Soon, the much awaited drivers, arrived on the track, followed by bright spotlights. Some big shots were Michael Shoemaker, Christopher Christie, Ayerton Cinna, Valentine Rose, Narayanan Karthikeyan, Rimi Karkkonen and Rubens Barryhello. The boisterous crowd greeted all the players enthusiastically.

Soon, all the seven vehicles were aligned at the starting point. The marshal's hand was in the air, the drivers', sweating on their handles. The faces of the players perspired in their reflections on the fibreglass floor. Their helmets' blaze blinded the audience.

BANG! The pistol's shot echoed in the stadium. All the axles started rotating. Shoemaker, on his aerodynamic machine developed by Ferrari, took a giant leap and started leading the group. Christopher was following him closely. In their seventh kilometre, everybody was driving slowly. During this time, Christopher overtook Schumi and a loud applause followed.

Suddenly, his left tyre burst and his speed became slower and slower. At every other moment, somebody overtook him. Finally, he lagged behind by several laps. Everything was shattered the tyre, the rim, the spokes, but his determination wasn't.

Soon, he took a pit stop. The wheel was replaced and some glucose was pumped into his mouth. Filled with determination, stuffed with glucose, he began again. By now his opponents were about two kilometers ahead of him. He did not give up. He wholeheartedly put in his best and worked hard.

He overcame all the hurdles- mud-hills, shallow waters, steep turns and also the boo's from the audience. In this way, he persisted and overtook almost everybody and finished in the second position- to be beaten only by Schumi.

Christopher received the Silver Medal and a certificate from the President of India. There were bruises on his body and tears on his cheeks.

The certificate read-
This is to certify that Christopher Christie, 48, representing INDIA, has won the Silver Medal in the first and the last ever, extreme terrain, 20 Km wheelchair race, as a part of the Hamirpur Olympics-2150.



कैसा ये प्यार है

अश्विनी कुमार धीमान
द्वितीय वर्ष

ग्यारहवीं कक्षा के अंतिम दिन। बारहवीं कक्षा को दिए जाने फेयरवेल की तैयारी में आशीष का दोस्त वैभव भी था। उसके ग्रुप डांस में ऋषिता व शीला नाम की दो लड़कियाँ भी थीं। अचानक वैभव की नज़र आशीष पर पड़ी तो उसने देखा की आशीष उनके डांस की अच्छी नकल कर रहा था। उसने आशीष से कहा “अरे बाह, आशीष, तू तो बहुत अच्छा डांस करता है। तुझे तो मैं नचवा कर ही रहूँगा।” चूँकि आशीष अपने “फ्रेन्ड्स सर्किल” के बाहर काफी “फार्मल” था, खासकर लड़कियों से, तो जब वैभव ने आशीष को लड़कियों के साथ डांस करने को पूछा तो उसने जवाब दिया “लड़कियों के साथ मत नचवा, यार।”

आशीष रविवार को प्रैक्टिस करने पहुँचा। उसने तेज़ दिमाग व लगन से जल्द ही अपना डांस सीख लिया। उसका डांस छोटा पर दमदार था। वहीं लड़कियों की प्रैक्टिस भी चल रही थी। वैभव ने आशीष से कहा कि उसका डांस एक “मेडली” का भाग है जिसके अंतिम डांस में लड़के-लड़कियाँ साथ होंगे। बड़ी मुश्किल से आशीष को इस डांस के लिए मना लिया। आशीष के साथ ऋषिता डांस करने वाली थी। कुछ स्टेप्स करने के बाद उनमें बदलाव किये गए। डांस के बीच ही में ऋषिता ने आशीष से पूछ लिया “ये स्टेप फाइनल नहीं है क्या?” आशीष हड़बड़ाया (आखिर पहली बार इक लड़की ऐसी मासूमियत से कुछ पूछ रही थी), पर तुरंत बोला “शायद नहीं।” ये छोटी-सी वार्ता उनके बीच की पहली बात थी, पर किसे पता था कि ये कहानी आगे भी बढ़ेगी।

फेयरवेल के दिन आशीष के डांस में कुछ हड़बड़ाहट तो हुई पर ‘अंत भला तो सब भला’। उसके दोस्त उसका मज़ाक उड़ा रहे थे। लड़कियों के डांस के बाद ऋषिता ने एकाएक ही आशीष से पूछ लिया “हमारा डांस कैसा था?” आशीष कुछ अर्धमति तो हुआ (आप जानते हैं क्यों!) पर झट से बोला “अच्छा था।” कुछ और हिम्मत बांधकर उसने ऋषिता से पूछा “और मेरा?” ऋषिता हँसते हुए बोली “बहुत अच्छा।” आशीष के दोस्त उस आखिरी डांस का हवाला देकर उसका नाम ऋषिता के साथ जोड़ने लगे थे। पर शायद इसी वजह से वह ऋषिता (जो उसकी क्लास में एक साल से पढ़ती थी) को जानने, पहचानने लगा था... और शायद पसंद करने भी। इसका एहसास

उसे तब हुआ जब वो सब सच होने लगा जो अब तक उसने सिर्फ फिल्मों में देखा था - नौद न आना, भूख कम लगना वगैरह। वह न चाहते हुए भी ऋषिता की तरफ खिंचने लगा था। शायद..... यही “प्यार” था।

उसने ये बात अपने दोस्तों को बताई तो वे उसकी और ऋषिता की मुलाकात ‘सेट’ करने में लग गए। स्कूल में पता चला कि ऋषिता किसी के साथ कमीटेड है। आशीष ये सुनकर टूट गया। उसने सोचा “पहले प्यार में ही हार। शायद इसीलिए फिल्मों में दिल न लगाने को कहते हैं।” उस दिन उसका मन कहीं न लगा। रात को उसके दोस्त विकी ने बताया कि ऋषिता की सहेली शीला ने उसे बताया कि ऋषिता की कहीं ‘सेटिंग’ नहीं है। आशीष खुशी से झूम उठा। अगले दिन उनकी मुलाकात पक्की हो चुकी थी।

उस दिन स्कूल में आशीष बहुत खुश था। शाम के पास आते-आते उसकी घड़कने बढ़ती जा रही थी। शाम को वह निर्धारित समय से पहले ही मिलने के स्थान पर पहुँच गया। वहाँ कोई न आया। सामने की सड़क की भीड़ में भी आशीष दूर से आती हुई ऋषिता को पहचान गया। उसे यकीन हो गया..... ये प्यार ही है। ऋषिता और शीला आए और कुछ दूर बैठ गए। वैभव ने तरकीब लगाकर बाकी सब और शीला को अलग कर, आशीष और ऋषिता को अकेला छोड़ दिया। आशीष जैसे-जैसे ऋषिता की तरफ बढ़ रहा था, उसके मन में द्वंद्व चल रहा था। वह हर बात, हर जवाब के लिए तैयार रहना चाहता था - ‘वो ये कहेगी, तो ये बोलूँगा, ऐसा कहेगी तो वैसा कहूँगा।’ उसकी समझ में नहीं आ रहा था कि वो कहे भी तो क्या? आखिर पहले-पहले प्यार की पहली मुलाकात थी। हिम्मत जुटाकर वह बोला “मुझे पता नहीं क्यों पर आजकल तुम मेरे दिलो-दिमाग पर छाई हुई हो, तुम्हारा ही चेहरा आँखों के सामने धूमता है, कहीं मन नहीं लगता। मैं टीक से तुम्हें जानती भी नहीं, ये भी मुझे पता है पर मुझे तुमसे प्यार है।” अपने दिल से पूछेंगे तो पाएँगे कि हम में से हर लड़का अपनी पहली बात, पहली मुलाकात में ही लड़की को अपना कायल बना देना चाहता है, आशीष भी यही चाहता था। पर ऋषिता ने आदर्श लड़कियों के से “फंडे” देकर सुई ‘दोस्ती’ पर अटका दी। आशीष इसी से खुश हो गया। कुछ नहीं से कुछ भला।

अब स्कूल में आशीष ऋषिता की एक झलक पाने को ही बेताब रहता था। परीक्षाओं में भी उसका चेहरा आशीष के लिए कामयाबी का सुरूर था। बारहवीं कक्षा के पहले महीने में विद्यालय के वार्षिकोत्सव की तैयारियाँ शुरू हुईं। ऋषिता के प्यार के मारे या नृत्य-प्रेम के, आशीष ने भी भाग लिया, सिर्फ ऋषिता को कुछ और वक्त देख पाने के लिये। वार्षिकोत्सव के दिन वे मिले। उनकी 'दोस्ती' के बाद ये उनकी पहली मुलाकात थी। दोनों ने खूब बातें की। इश्क और शायरी का बोली-दामन का साथ है। उसी दामन से कुछ खुद-लिखे शेर आशीष ने ऋषिता को सुनाए तो वह शर्मा गई। आशीष खुश था पर उसे क्या पता था कि आगे किस्मत में क्या लिखा है।

अब आशीष फोन पर भी ऋषिता से बात करने लगा था। ट्यूशन खत्म होते ही वह ऋषिता की स्कूटी से पहले, अपनी साईकिल से उसके अपार्टमेंट के 'पार्किंग लॉट' में पहुँच जाता, कभी उससे बात करने तो कभी सिर्फ देखने। ऋषिता उसे 'पागल' कहने लगी थी और दुनिया उसे 'दीवाना'। कुछ दिन बाद ऋषिता ने उसे बताया कि उनके बारे में उड़ रही अफवाहों से वह परेशान है और आगे से वह उस से बात न करे। आशीष स्तब्ध रह गया। कुछ दिन बाद जब ऋषिता के शब्द उसे काटने लगे तो उसने सॉरी का कार्ड व माफी का खत देकर उसे मनाना चाहा। धीरे-धीरे हालात सुधरे।

ऋषिता के जन्मदिन के लिए आशीष महीनों पहले से जेब खर्च में से पैसे बचा रहा था। काफी मिन्नतें करने के बाद वह अपने जन्मदिन पर 15 मिनट उसके साथ बिताने को तैयार हुई। उसके जन्मदिन पर उसे बधाई देने वाला सबसे पहला व्यक्ति बनने के लिए वह सुबह 5:30 बजे वहीं 'पार्किंग लॉट' में जा खड़ा हुआ कि जैसे ही ऋषिता ट्यूशन को निकले वह उसे बधाई दे सके। ऋषिता अपनी सहेली के साथ नीचे आई जो उसे पहले ही बधाई दे चुकी थी। शाम को वे एक रेस्तरां में मिले जहाँ आशीष ने ऋषिता का जन्मदिन मनाने की पूरी तैयारी की थी। केक कटवाने के बाद जो तोहफा उसने ऋषिता को दिया उसे खोलने पर ऋषिता के चेहरे पर वो भाव नहीं आया जो आशीष चाहता था। उस तोहफे में राधा-कृष्ण की एक सुंदर सी मूर्ति थी। आशीष का प्यार तो पवित्र था पर शायद ऋषिता उसे न समझती थी।

कुछ दिनों बाद परीक्षाओं ने आशीष को घेर लिया तो भी वह ऋषिता की झलक पाने का भरसक प्रयास करता रहता था। पर गौर करने पर उसने पाया कि उनकी पहली मुलाकात (वार्षिकोत्सव) के बाद ऋषिता ने उस से ठंग से बात भी नहीं की थी। वह बदल गई थी। वह उससे दूर भागती थी। पर क्यों? नव वर्ष की शुरुआत के साथ उसे ऋषिता के किसी और के साथ जुड़ जाने की खबरें मिलने लगीं। पर वह इन सब से ज्यादा अपने प्यार पर विश्वास करना चाहता था। पर जब आपका प्यार ही आपका प्यार पर से विश्वास तोड़ दे तो किया क्या जाए? आशीष ध्यान बैठाकर पढ़ाई पर ध्यान लगाने लगा। पर इश्क

का भूत इतनी जल्दी नहीं उतरता। वह 'वैलेन्टाईन्स डे' के दिन जैसे ही ऋषिता के पास गुलाब लेकर गया, उसने देखा कि ऋषिता किसी दूसरे लड़के के साथ घूम रही थी। उसने आशीष को देखा तक नहीं। आशीष के साथ से गुलाब छूट गया। उसे अपनी आँखों पर यकीन नहीं हो रहा था पर जब ऋषिता ने उसे बताया कि "हम वैलेन्टाईन्स डे" मनाने बाहर गये थे, हमने बहुत मज़ा किया तो न सिर्फ दिल टूटा उसका पर सारे अरमान भी। दिल टूटने की आवाज कम होती है पर दर्द बहुत ज्यादा। उस दर्द में आशीष ने कई बार अपनी दीवानगी की हद पार करने की सोची पर हिम्मत न जुटा पाया। उसने ऋषिता को भूल जाना चाहा पर शायद किस्मत में कुछ और लिखा था।"

कुछ महीनों बाद आशीष अब एक इंजीनियरिंग कॉलेज में पढ़ता था जहाँ एक कार्यक्रम के लिए डॉक्टर चुने गए और नृत्य-प्रेम के कारण आशीष भी चुना गया। पहले दिन ही प्रैक्टिस में उसने ऐसा नज़ारा देखा कि आँखें मलता रह गया। वहाँ एक लड़की विल्कुल ऋषिता जैसी लगती थी - वैसे ही कद, वैसे ही नाक-नकश सिर्फ बाल व शरीर के डील-डौल में महीन सा फर्क। कुछ देर के लिए वह उसी ऋषिता ही समझ बैठा। उसके दोस्तों से उसे पता चला कि वह 'शिल्पी' उनसे एक साल सीनियर थी। शिल्पी की हरकतें, उसका डांस व हँसी देखकर ऋषिता सी समानताएँ ढूँढता। कहते हैं पहला प्यार भुलाए नहीं भूलता और यहाँ तो ये भगवान की मर्जी ही थी। वह शिल्पी के बारे में जो सोचता था, उसे वह प्यार तो नहीं कह सकता था पर वह उससे बात करने को तत्पर था। कार्यक्रम की शाम वह फूल लेकर उससे वाता करने जा रहा था कि उसने शिल्पी को उसी के वर्ष के लड़के के साथ हाथों में हाथ डाले वहाँ बैठे देखा जहाँ सिर्फ (समर्पित) जोड़े बैठते थे। ये फूल भी उसके हाथ से छूट गया। वह दीड़ता हुआ अपने कमरे में चला गया।

वह निराश होकर सर झुकाए बैठा था कि अचानक उसके कंधे पर इक हाथ आया। मुड़कर देखा तो होश ही न संभाल पाया। वह ऋषिता थी। हैरानी से बोला "त..त... तुम यहाँ?"

ऋषिता बोली "हाँ, मैं यहाँ सिर्फ तुम्हारे लिए इस कार्यक्रम में हिस्सा लेने आई हूँ।"

"पर तुम तो!"

"हाँ, मैं किसी और के साथ थी पर उसने मुझे धोखा दिया और तब मुझे एहसास हुआ कि तुम्हारे प्यार की कीमत न पहचान कर मैंने कितनी बड़ी गलती की। मुझे माफ़ कर दो। अब मैं सिर्फ तुम्हारी हूँ।"

ये कहते-कहते उसकी आँखें भर आई और वह आशीष के कंधे पर सर रख कर रोने लगी। आशीष को तब शिल्पी के होने की सच्चाई समझ आई। उसके जरिए भगवान ऋषिता को आशीष के ज़हन में ज़िंदा रखना चाहते थे। उसे विश्वास हो गया कि सच्चे प्यार की कमी हार नहीं होती।

"Oh Really! Am I Still Young And Beautiful?"

VARUN WALIA, Third Year

Why do women lie about their age? Well.... I have to confess that I never understand the fuss about age. I mean its just a number which says very less about, infact nothing about you. So why do women feel so obliged to lie about their age. Once they have crossed the magic barrier of 30, it becomes mandatory to shave a few years off their real age. Now in my mind this made more sense to (20-30-40) take your pick, you can be anywhere between those numbers and have people acclaim how great you looked, then pretend to be a decade younger and have them raise eyebrows even more higher and complement you and you say "OH REALLY" Am I still young and beautiful.

But my entire perspective on this changed after one dinner party. Actually it was my cousin's B'day bash, so it was more of drinks and some foot tapping numbers. The vibe was on, people kept switching their partners. I happened to dance with a lady who was double my age. She danced too fast and too good for her age. She was simply glamorous. We did get really well along until I popped up the subject of birthdays. Hers was due shortly and as surely as night follows the day, the inevitable-million dollar question popped up. "So how old are you going to be?"

Without missing a beat, she shot back. Nobody showed the slightest sign of surprise at the blatant lie, even as my mouth fell in astonishment. Seeing my expression, as I am not comfortable displaying my true feelings, she felt obliged to offer an explanation. "I married very young." She said very softly and sweetly.

As I struggled to lift my jaw out of the soup into which it has fallen in abject amazement. I was tempted to ask "And what age was that? Twelve?" in a rare show of manner, I tried to digest but I could not help wonder why every socialite of certain age claims to have married at 17. And even if that makes her 45 and counting, she will still ever admit to 35! As I looked around the table to see why nobody else had reacted like me, I realized that there was a good enough reason for this. Clearly everybody expected her to lie and were now mentally

adding a decade to her declared age and arrive to a realistic number. But that dinner party also got me thinking about why so many of us are in denial about our age. Frankly, everybody we met in social contacts or elsewhere will know in a year or two how old we are. And yet, we all have done it at some point or other. My own view is that most of us don't really feel our biological age. We may see a 25 something gazing back at us in the mirror. But we believe at some level that the mirror doesn't reflect our true age which is sweet 16 or something. Now for 40 something the mirror should reflect 20-something.



However, if we can convey this illusion by applying anti-ageing cream or exercising obsessively, then why admit the truth? If, as the saying goes, you are only as old as you feel, then most of us haven't hit 20 yet. On a more subconscious level age has some less than flattening connotation for all of us. We associate 30 with letting go of our youthful indiscretions, 40 brings with it intimation of middle age, greying and thinning hair, not to mention the aches and pains. 50 makes us feel that we have turned into our parents. As for 60 and 70, to tell you the truth I faint just at the thought of getting there some day.

But look around you, these days 30 something looks fabulous in short skirts and tight T-shirts as they set the dance floor aflame with their moves. 40- Something may have grown up kids but they haven't degenerated into wobbly aunties and uncles either. And 50 no longer signals the advent of old age.

Nonetheless, these outdated images remain embedded in our minds, so how could we possibly admit being 20/30/40/50?

Especially when those around us are adding and subtracting on a few years for good measures?

Well for my part. I have the perfect answer? I am a college going guy. And which year? Oh! Wellthat hardly matters.

a-go

"Baurailley ka re Jadua (hey Jaadu are you going insane)?? Etna sentianey ka jaroorat nahin hai (you don't have to get so sentimental). Are tani tham ke kaam lo aur examwa dedo (have patience and take the exam). Ek dum mijaj-e-bhutia gaya hai jee (I am upset with it)."

An inculcated grammarian may scorn at such an outrageous betrayal of Hindi Language but a typical Bihari will find it passionate to aver them in flamboyance. For them, the funnier they are, the better their adaptability is into their peerless lingua franca.

Over the years, Biharis have invented a language, which has an unmistakable stamp of their own. Even Bollywood has often taken liberal helpings of this local lingo for instant comedy. Actors like Amitabh Bachchan, Govinda, Ajay Devgan and many others owe their popularity to the street linguists of Bihar. Nearly all villains, dacoits (rem. Gabbar) and corrupt politicians (e.g. Sadhu Yadav of Gangajal fame) are rendered incomplete without the indispensable sweetness in their tongue pitted against their vicious character.

There was a time when use of this lingo was thought to be a franchise of street-wallahs and devious demagogues. All that, however, is outmoded, now *Bihari Boli* is in vernacular not only in the vindictive verbose of Bollywood villains but also on the countrywide campuses of prestigious universities. Words like *harbaraye* (hurried), *garbaraye* (faulty), *bargalaye* (fallacy), *thartharaye* (shivering) and *dhanmanaye* (unbalanced) which would have sounded



ADITYA KUMAR
FINAL YEAR

Greek to outsiders earlier are now ubiquitous on many mouths.

This language also has more onomatopoeic words than probably any other. Phrases like *tapak se*, *gapak se*, and *jhapak se* can be understood by listening to their phonetic sounds. Sarcasms laced with double entendres like "*tanaka*", "*babaaf*", "*tanch*", "*sithi*" and "*ledh*" denoting the varying degree of a girl's beauty and sex appeal can be heard not only in Patna University colleges but also in faraway NIT Hamirpur Campus. These words are peculiar in a sense that only their phonetic sounds will reveal the magnitude of information which they carry with them. Just have a try... "*Kya tanaka maal hai yaar!!! Sahiye mein, magar uske saathay waali ta ek dum ledh hai.*" (Do we need explain this in English. *nahi na!!!*)

Apart from the lingo they have their very own numerology which is as popular and ancient as Bihar herself. Start counting with *a-go*, *dugo*, *teengo* and *chaarho..* Blah blah. So, "*copy sarka do* (pass on the copy)", "*batti buta do* (put out the lights)", "*chhokri ko harka do* (bamboozle the girl)", "*burbak kahin ka* (you stupid fellow!)", "*hum to biga gaye* (I was thrown out)" and "*Hum to huan thebe kiye the* (I was very much there)" are some of the expressions which have vociferously vindicated their vocal value. They are just as much sweet or harsh as the meaning they denote. If emotion is in hyperbole, use Bihari Boli.

Similarly, coinages like *batyaye* (chatted), *dhakiyaye* (shoved), *mukiya* (punched), and *latiya* (kicked) are the current rage. *Hiyan* (here), *huan* (there), *kahe* (why), *enne* (this way) and *onne* (that way) are some of other typical words, which are spoken rather unflappably by so-called educated lot even in the States.

One, therefore, does not get surprised if one hears *tanikke* for little, *nimman* for good, *anhar* for darkness and *enfor* for lights. For them, colloquial language need not be tied to any narrow rules. Skeptical in using the proper names they are solemn in using the sobriquets. Anish automatically becomes Anishwa, Anand turns into Anandwa, Rajeev into Rajeebba, Milan into Milanwa and Shatrughna at best into Satrohna. This hodgepodge of all Bihari dialects has also drooped new terms for human anatomy which would bewilder an FRCP if he were to land here straight from Edinburgh. "*Dakter saheb deh ameth raha hai.*" (See, I don't have proper translation for this feeling. It's something like body ache. That's the best about Bihari Boli. It's just so close to your heart.). "*Ham lapak ke jaa rahe the ki ongree mochraya gaya*" (I was pacing onwards when my finger got twisted). Here we have *gor* for legs, *moori* for head, *ongree* for finger, *thor* for lips and *kapar* implies forehead.

Apart from the lingo the lucidity with which it is spoken summons an astounding amount of attention. "*Bahar jaate waqt kewadi ko kheech ke bhidkana.*" (See the force in word bhidkana which is missed in pushing). Well for their love for chilies, A Bihari Babu in the dhaba asks the waiter "*tani sa namak aur do tho kacha marchai le aana*" (bring a bit of salt and

two green chilies). A very hybrid clan of Biharis is coming up i.e. NRBs (Non Resident Biharis), who bound to adopt the lingo of their place of study/work often end up having a metamorphosed lingua.

"*Humko mera copy do*" (Gimme my copy); "*main to ghusiye nahin paya. harkuchh bheed thi*" (I could not enter, it was so crowded). So the no of versions of this lingo is perpetual... uttariya Bihari, dakhiniya Bihari, kashmiria Bihari, patania Bihari, assamia Bihari, calcatia Bihari and in the years to come amrikan Bihari, Aphrican Bihari, jarmania Bihari etc. At times when a non bihari meets them, he/she takes a poke at them by trying to talk in their lingo 'ka ho bihari babu kaisan hain.' One thing is out for sure, this sweet lingo is gradually making an entry into all the regional languages of India.

There are Bihari words which might not be substituted by a single word in English e.g. '*jutha*': (some part left after eating or drinking some part), '*tohro*': you also, '*bhambhor*': this is to refer to the state you are in when u have been bitten all night by mosquitoes thrice their normal size...

From time immemorial Biharis bear majestic love for the word "*hum*" (we). Even a lone person calls himself '*hum*' (one explanation is generally one Bihari is equivalent to so many others that they are never actually singular...ever heard '*ek bihari sab pe bhar*'?). Biharis are benighted harbinger of equality of masculinity and femininity. There is no gender sense in Bihari Boli. Both are treated equally. Just see this: "*kahan jaait hata?*" compared to "*kahan ja rahi/raha ho?*" or for that case "*wu kaun hai?*" pitted against "*who is he/she?*"

'*To kaisan raha expeeriens*' (there is no s, sh, or whatever in Bihar. We don't deliberately complicate simple things on name of language). It is the richness of this language that it supports some new concepts. And it has no restrictions. And those (particularly girls) who watch 'Jab Love Hua, Kya Gajab Hua' on ZEE TV love 'Bhola' just for the cute way he speaks (no awards for the correct guess about his dialect). And yes its popularity is breaking barriers everyday. Teengo cheers for Bihari Boli.

दिलजले मनचले



दिलजले मनचले

रवि कुमार
द्वितीय वर्ष

राधा-कृष्ण के देश में रोमियों की कमी नहीं है, इस किनारे पर उस पेड़ के नीचे की रीत वही है। जो अमर हो गये प्रेम में, सब उनको जानते हैं, जो लाइन में लगे हैं, आइए उनको ताड़ते हैं।।

कोई मजनुं, कोई फरहाद तो कई नवेले हैं, 'जिंदगी जीने वाले' सूरत से बड़े भोले हैं। कोई हाशमी, कोई बौड, कोई विपाशा वाले हैं, 'मामू' नहीं, 'बाबा' नहीं, ये आज के 'दिलजले' हैं।।

रात गुजरी है उनसे 'चैटिंग' करते हुए, दिन निकल जाता है इनका 'नयनसुख' लेते हुए। अड़ जाएंगे, मर जाएंगे, इनपे संदेह न कीजिए, 'चापलूस' का नाम देकर इनकी यूँ न लीजिए।।

अगले शनिवार को फिर इनका त्योहार है, उनके जन्मदिन का बेसब्री से इंतजार है। 'देवभूमि' में 'देवियों' के लिए क्या-क्या चढ़ेगा? हर कोई वफादारी के नये किस्से गढ़ेगा।।

लो आ गये पीरियोडिकल्स पर इन्हें कैसी फिक्र है, लाइब्रेरी में साथ बैठे हैं बस किताबों का ही जिक्र है। इस 'सेम' से उस 'सेम' तक इनका यही हाल है, इनकी आदतों से ये डिपार्टमेंट बेहाल है।।

'हिल फेयर' आ रहा है, बहार ला रहा है, स्पर्श और विमर्श के अवसर बढ़ा रहा है। इस 'फेयर' में सबकुछ 'फेयर' नहीं रहेगा, फेयर रह गया तो 'अफेयर' कौन करेगा।।

इन नव-अभियंताओं के शीक बड़े निराले हैं, रोको नहीं, टोको नहीं ये तो 'जीवट' वाले हैं। प्रेम की दुहाई देते ये आज के मनचले हैं, कोई इन्हें समझाओ ये किधर को चल पड़े हैं।।



would you like to buy my post at reduced price?



"be careful what you write. my wonderful charming boss reads every email"

The Business Man



"it's a special hearing aid. it filters criticism and amplifies compliments".

By Deepak Jain
Third Year



"that's our mission statement. we write it when the competitor bought us out"



my boss only notices me when i make a mistake. if i stay back i wont make any and its finally get a promotion



"Some men are born great, some men achieve greatness and some men have great lawyers."



"I get paid 50 lakhs Rs this month do you think. It's a mistake or did my boss finally realize how valuable I am?"

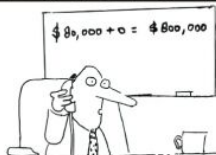
... the coffee machine is broken



"I need you to invest 50 million \$ in my company so that I can write off. This lunch is a business expense."



"In the corporate world they pay you big bucks for thinking outside of the box!"



"that's right. i've decided to give myself zero pay raise this year"



"it's a smoke detector. Bess ke lagta hai ki jyada dimaag garam ho jaye par...."

The Business Man



"tumhare paas tab paise khatam ho gaye jab tum important client ke saath khana kha rahe the. Of course that's a sin"

By Deepak Jain
Third Year



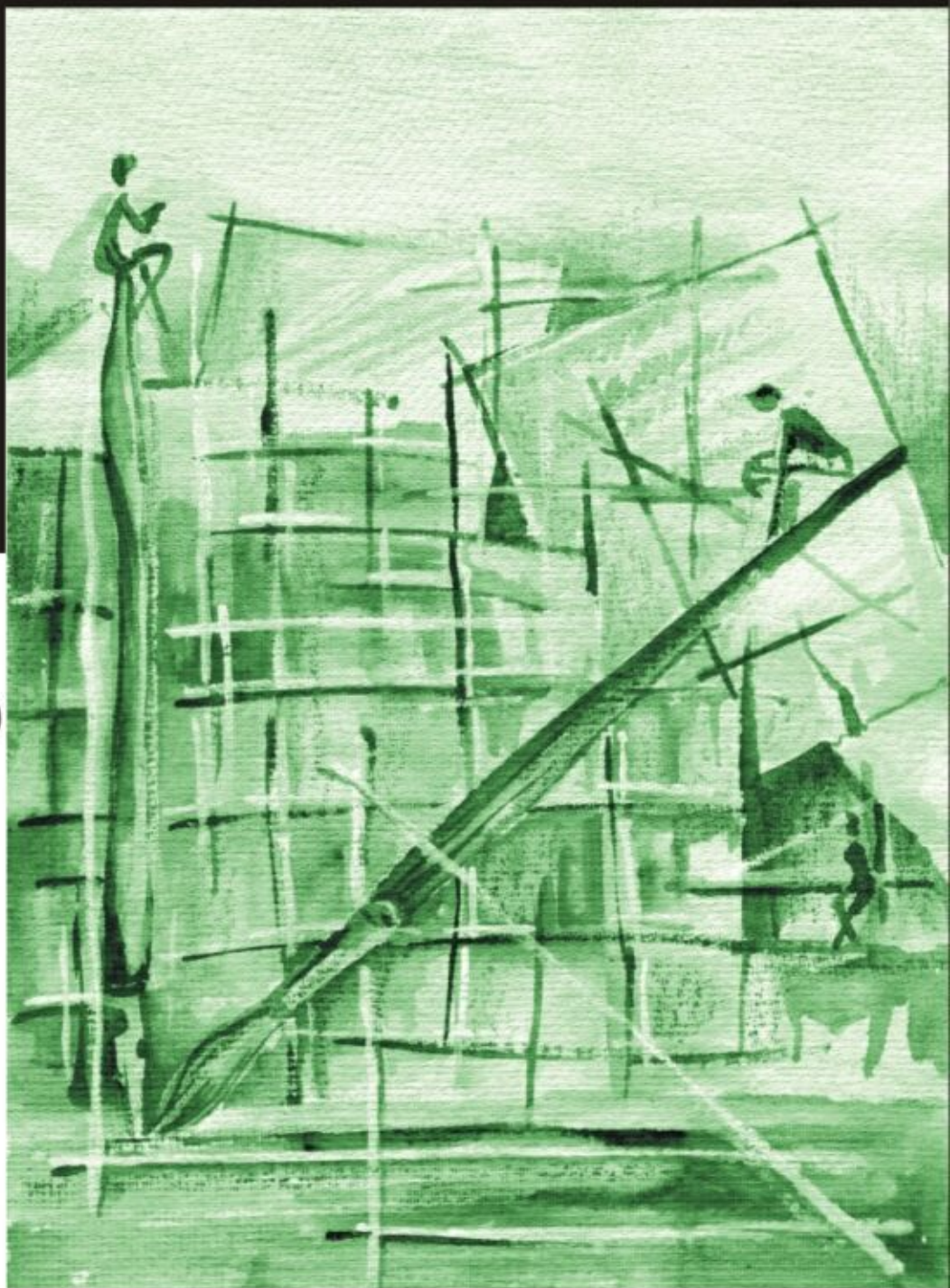
"my can't understand my career. whenever I seem to climb up, I am actually moving down."



Opportunity paged me, beeped me, linked me, e-mailed me, faxed me and spammed me, But I was expecting it to knock.

the fourth angles

the fourth angles



graphics by : IPSITA DHAR

The Fourth Angles

We wanted an angle to denote the complicated feelings that we have sometimes. Like those of walking in rain, waiting for an unknown phone call etc. they are at the same time sweet, silly and bitter as well. These complex situations are not rare but mathematics has its inherent limitations as it deals with precision while we deal with unbalance. So we discovered our own angle and simply called it 'the fourth angle'.

Turn the page... solve the maze!

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| ➤ The Lost Wave | Vivek Bhatia |
| ➤ The Blue Letter | Divya Sharma |
| ➤ I Came, We Saw, She Conquered ! | K. Narayan |
| ➤ In The Driver's Seat | Tejaswi Gautam |
| ➤ Technology | Debarshi Ray |
| ➤ हकीकत | सपर्या शर्मा |
| ➤ उसूल और अमल | स्वाति धीमान |
| ➤ The Reality of Fakeness | Arjun Shankar |



THE LOST WAVE

VIVEK BHATIA

FINAL YEAR

I saw her after so many months while ascending into the bus. She descended from the same bus but didn't notice me. With the same feelings for her in my heart I sat on my favourite seat and watched her expressionlessly fading away with her eyes dug onto the muddy ground. It all seems to have happened a few days ago. With the movement of bus, started the spinning of the yarn of thoughts. Right from the beginning, each scene arrived and sea of those lost waves started encircling my whole-being.

That evening as usual, was marked with the cheers of the same familiar and mischievous bunch of boys who walked in to Rahat Cafe for calming down the dancing rats of their stomachs. I was also among them, finding a great difficulty to walk with such burdened stomachs full of fast food. And my mates! I couldn't make out how they were able to laugh and walk with such an ease. Anyhow, I was trying to match with both- their speed and their laughter.

As we entered our institute campus, we all were done now-covering the whole road and walking with broadened chests. I was also trying to imitate "The Trend Setters". Wherever they walked, the heads turned towards them. They were behaving naturally but a newly entered face was no more in his wits. Yes, since I joined them one week ago, I was out of my wits. Who doesn't like to be 'The Hero'!

They were trying a number of tricks to impress the crowd roaming on the road and snooping out through the windows of their hostel rooms. One of us removed his cap and 'ploughed' his long hair with his ring-laden fingers. The other two took a notice of him and took out their new camera mobiles. And rest two wore the model-type expressions to get them photographed. I had no idea that what a hero should do when such situation is encountered. I didn't have those long hairs or the ring-bracelet laden hands. And my mobile.....! It was 19th century mobile. What to talk of camera, I didn't use it even as a watch to see time. Lastly, I didn't have model-like looks too, so that I could even try to pose in front of camera. There was no option left than pretending to observe the dogs fighting on the road at some distance for a piece of bread outside the dustbin of the juice-bar. The dogs were creating much of sharp-pitched noise. As we went past them, another kind of voice confused me. As if someone was calling us from back. But the colours of fakeness were running in my veins and making my

blood duller in colour. I ignored it. The voice became louder and recognizable. It was a feminine voice which I confused with dogs. I turned back to see with curiosity but as I saw her, my face expression became very disrespectful. I ignored but she continued..... to divert my attention from the leisurely laughter and fun!!! **So easily, some people give more respect to dogs because the excuse they have is that they are animals. There are people in their view who are really worse than dogs!**

Her only fault was that she was a woman from the slums which had taken refuge just outside our campus, and which, according to us, blotted the very entrance to our beautiful campus. **I treated her so because I was walking with the heroes! I disliked those people otherwise also, but not worse than dogs!**

She managed to overtake us at last. A forty plus woman, squint eyes, dark complexion, red scarf on her head which had turned to dull black and face....as helpless as a rabbit may have been in the clutches of a lion. She wiped off her tears and managed to say with burdened throat,

"Babuji, Babuji !! You call him Bardi, Bardi. Do you know him?" and folded her hands, "He has taken 800 rupees from me in exchange of his mobile phone. The mobile is not working and my son is not eating anything and....." She didn't know what she was saying. **Infact she knew what she was saying but was not aware of the inhuman persons to whom she was saying.**

"Leave away this woman yaar. You continue what happened next!" one of us spoke out. They suppressed a helpless voice for their gossip! She fell to the feet of our leader.

"What are you doing? Do you have enough money to eat? Living in slums and standards of nawabs! What can we do if your son is not eating anything? We understand your styles of begging!!" And our leader was all set to abuse the poor, helpless mother. But I intervened.

"Leave her to me friend. Why do you waste your energy in conversation with these small people?" I was not actually interested in knowing about her.

But I saw a group of some juniors coming towards me. So it sounded a very precious opportunity to impress

them with some hints of my generosity and benevolence towards poor people. **(Mere presence of some special groups make some people far good hearted than they may ever (even) pretend to be!)**

I slowly asked her, "What happened to you?"

"We are poor people Babuji. What will you rich people do with our money earned with blood and sweat? We don't have any wishes to have mobiles but my son was adamant on it. He is small naa. I collected some rupees everyday and managed to collect 1000 rupees in one year. And one day that fellow, "Bardi", saw him crying when we were working on the road outside your 'quarters' and.....", the word 'Bardi' made her throat still heavier and stopped her from speaking.

The special group was now quite close to me. "Don't worry 'aunty", I said loudly, "I will do everything alright. And have faith in God." **(Such out-of-meaning dialogues do come out in a loud voice when we start treating the life as a drama. And some people totally change to very helping, affectionate and religious persons in such scenes of this "drama called life".)**

"He said that he will help us and give us his old mobile phone for Rs.800 because he urgently needed money. So I gave him the money. And it didn't work. Ramlal took it to the mechanic but he says it won't work."

The special group was now out of "the audible range". So, I finally came in my actual colour.

"Wait for a minute. You know you are so much poor and come from far away to work in our state. Why do you try to have something which is out of your reach? And second thing, how can you give your collection of one year to a person whom you don't know? You don't have proper food to eat, proper clothes or even a proper shelter to hide your heads and your dreams extend beyond the sky! Can't you slap your son when he keeps such a nonsense demand in front of you?"

Her tears intensified and she could not resist herself from crying loudly. She couldn't stand even and sat on the road. An impulse came from within that I had hurt her badly. Did I really say something wrong?

My eyes were on a constant vigil so that no other group was arriving. **(Some people give the entire right to specific 'special-groups' to decide whether they have done right or wrong!)**

"You are right Babuji, but I couldn't slap him because he.....he is my only hope of life and.... he has a hole in his heart and..." Doctors say he will die if not operated immediately.....and I can't collect 1 lac rupees if I work

day and night for five years! I can only give him some happiness before he finally dies and leaves me alone."

I imagined my mother sitting in place of her and begging for my life in front of some heartless, arrogant and immoral person. The imagination arrived with the thought of those days when my mother used to become helpless (however not as much as this poor woman) when I used to demand those imported toys in my childhood and she had to buy those from her savings. Worse than that, I imagined what would be the condition of my mother if she comes to know that her son is a guest of few days! I lost my senses. Death meant a distant lie for me. And especially not so much tragic in real life that someone may live with his only hope of life and that too under the shadow of death! I would not have been in tears even but my and my friends' behaviour towards that mother finally moistened my eyes.

"He must be seeking me at home. I have to give him food. He is so foolish and gives up eating if any of his demands is not fulfilled. Please tell me where lives this Bardi. He wore 'kala chashma' and came on a yellow motorcycle. His friend sitting on the backseat was calling him Bardi", she was totally unconscious of what she was talking. I got the fellow. Only one boy had that yellow bike and he was Virendra whom we affectionately called Braddy. I wanted to tell her that he was one of the boys of our hostel who took advantage of the innocence and need of the poor lady for some of his need (not drugs probably). How could have I earned the sin of breaking the heart of such an ideal mother. **(A secondary but still important reason was that he was a very important member of the 'hero-gang' and some of roots of loyalty were still there in some portion of my heart. And after all, she was not my actual mother!)**

"He has not eaten anything since yesterday and will die of hunger if not with that hole in the heart. If he'll cry this way, his heart will 'jam', the doctors have said. He must be your friend. Please take me to Bardi. I'll get those 800 rupees and get a new one for my son." And she fell on to my feet. It was the limit. My heart became so heavy that I could feel its weight up to my throat and as if my eyes started sinking into that heavy heart. With repelling nerves of my mouth, I could only manage to say, "Please forgive me aunty, please forgive me. I don't know any Bardi." I wanted to tell her the truth-that there was no hope of getting anything back. Braddy was not actually a human but a devil who never thought twice before cheating his parents. He always searched for new victims for money which he needed to fulfill his legal or illegal demands, which he had developed over the last few years. But I was confident that my hero-leader will persuade him to pay back the money. I took a leave and

made my way to the hostel. And she ran into the nearby garden where the gardener was watering the bougainvillea. Who could help her if it was not me? Not the gardener at least!

Another idea came in mind to give my old mobile to her because it was of no use to me. But the inner voice always followed with ideas on such situations, "Beware! You are not sure whether she is truthful or pretending. Emotion is not the right thing to affect your decision. And even if she is truly in sorrow, it doesn't matter if you give his son a life of few more days. If you want to help, help all the people who are in sorrow. Give your mobile to all the mothers whose sons have holes in their hearts. Can you give?"

"No", the answer was ready!

As I reached the hostel, they all were absorbed in their group-gossip. And Braddy was nowhere.

"Friends, you remember that woman who fell onto your feet by the road. She is really in great need of 800 rupees.....and she was not a beggar. Actually Braddy befooled....(oops) rather convinced her and exchanged his dead mobile for Rs.800.....can you ask Braddy to....."

"So you mean, that woman is thinking about retrieving her 800 rupees.....and that too from Braddy....", they didn't even let him complete the sentence and started laughing-I didn't know on whom were they laughing-that mother or me. So the final roots of loyalty towards those emotionless creatures were uprooted from my heart.

The reminiscences of her face were running behind my eyes and her crying sound was still deafening my ears. It was impossible for me to sleep until I finally decided to gift her son 'a life of few more days.'

They all were leaving for the classes but I was heading for the slums. I didn't know where the lady lived but I couldn't stop for a moment (**I wondered which group of juniors was making me do all this generosity!!**) But my feet were far quicker because I was really going to do something good.

As I reached in the vicinity of those untidy slums, a ruthless crying sound attracted my attention. The sound was coming from between the large gathered crowd. As I tore the crowd, I saw the same woman. This time she was not helpless as yesterday. She seemed to be rather finished.

Hair scattered over her entire round face and eyes stared towards the ground without a blink. Tears had already made meanders through those dust-laden cheeks. The

black 'Siemens' mobile was in her right hand and her forehead rested on the left one. Just frozen as ice and unaware of everything outside,

She sat as a zombie. So intense was the moment. Not even a single murmuring voice dared to disturb it.

Suddenly, my pocket vibrated and the bhangra ring tone derogated the situation. I tried to end the tone as early as I could and successfully pressed the 'receive' button.

"Where are you yaar? Come quickly, our class is off and we are ragging our juniors. Let's recover all our past grievances we had to suffer because of" ended the short call and a short story.

I couldn't predict how I reached the bridge on my way back to the Institute.

I observed the dry stream which was flooded today because of the rains. How the waves emerged below the bridge, diverged, widened and formed new waves again. The older waves thought that the new waves are their children but the two had no relation with each other. They were heading towards their final destinations with separate paths. The new waves formed from the older waves but once detached, they had no relation with the former. But the old waves, as if, they cried on seeing the new waves detaching from them. It was easy to realize that they are so helpless that they can't understand the reality. It was only me who could understand from the height because I was not a part of those waves. In fact, they had something common and that was their foundation- the water. But what could I do from such a height to help those poor wailing old waves? I was trying to search an answer in the same endless looking water. Again my pocket vibrated with the same 'irritating' music which, at times, used to fill joy and energy in me. But this time no finger went to the 'receive' button. Instead the hold on the singing gadget strengthened and I became ready to give myself the answer.

"I can't help all the waves. But I can make a huge difference in the life of a single wave which needs my help the most. I can't help all the waves of this stream but I can help the wave which will come to me from the rear of the bridge. Even if I am able to give peace to a single wailing wave, my motive is fulfilled."

With that answer I collected all my power and fired the useless gadget for the service of the wailing river of sorrows.

I can still feel that fading bhangra ring tone and the splash made by the waves to thank me. I still wait for some wave to call me from below the river so that I can help her with my new camera mobile phone. But unfortunately the heat is unkind and the stream is dry.

The Blue Letter

DIVYA SHARMA
THIRD YEAR

The beautiful Indian festival of lights, laughter and happiness was around the corner. Like most houses, my place was also, under Operation Clean-up, with my grandmother leading the battalion. Everyone in the family had been allotted a duty according to his age and caliber. I, too, had been assigned a post in the attic and my task was to clear up and put into order all the stuff that our ancestors had gathered over the years.

I had no way out, so, I set out on the mammoth task by first sorting out what articles should be retained and what discarded. I had not realized then, what **big revelation** this simple plan of mine was to bring to me.

There was a small wooden trunk, which was the first to catch my eye. The simple reason for this was the awkward mechanism meant to open it. Like normal trunks it did not have any handle on top to open it. Instead, its cover slid over the top rails and then disconnected from the remaining body. This was strange! I opened the trunk, and the sight that I saw inside forced me to do nothing but gaze agape at it. I scurried through its contents. There was an army camouflage uniform along with an olive-green flannel coat adorned with three dazzling golden stars. The name tag on the pocket of the coat read Dr.Capt.D.C.Sharma in bright yellow thread. Along with this, there were two thick files. My heart was pumping aloud. Whose belongings were these and how did they land here? I quickly turned the pages of the files. They seemed to be official and were in the name of the owner of the flannel coat. Right at the base of this wooden container I saw a blue letter. It seemed worn and tattered, but when I read it, I was shocked.

16th September, 1945, Singapore

Dear daughter Asha

Many-many happy returns of the day, Happy Birthday. May God bless you, my child.

The war is over. My platoon has been released from the hold of the Japanese. I am fine and am now headed home.

Your affectionate father,

D.C. Sharma

This letter was in the name of my grandmother. I had to find out what this meant. I ran to my grandmother, shouting like I had been confronted by some pre-historic monster.

"Dadi, what is this?" I cried, collecting my breath. She took the piece of blue paper from my hand, read its content and then gently smiled at me. I was amazed and slightly perplexed with her smile. "Why are you smiling? Tell me what all this is?"

"Sit down, darling", she said calmly, "I'll tell you something now, which I haven't told you before". I took a cushion and sat at her feet.

She started, "It was the year 1939. I was in class four. My father was a doctor in the army. India was under British rule then. We had been posted at Mardan, now in Pakistan, for a year and a half. My parents, two younger sisters and me had been leading a happy life, until one winter night, my father received orders from his commander to report to head-quarters immediately. We were told that war had struck between England and Germany."

"Was this World War-II, Dadi?" I enquired. "You are right, dear", she said and continued, "My father left for head-quarters that very morning and we left Mardan for Batala, Punjab where my mother's parents were settled. The urgency of events had not let three little girls grasp the fact that their father was now going for a battle. Our mother kept weeping all the way to Batala for only she had been able to cling onto time and realize that her husband was now on the war-field and no one had a clue as to when they would see each other again, if at all they would."

We reached Batala and were put into schools there. My father had always wanted his daughters to be well educated, so we abided. A month later I received a letter

from him saying that he had been posted in Singapore. My mother could not read and my sisters were too young to understand, so my father addressed his letters to me. We were delighted to have heard from him and I immediately replied to him about our well-being.

Then two months went by, and we did not receive any correspondence from him. We had lots of relatives in the army who suggested that we keep posting letters to him. The Red Cross in India collected all the letters and then delivered them to their counterparts in Singapore. So I continued to write every month, but failed to receive any response.

We kept receiving a monthly pension of Rs.225 and I always wondered why they called it pension. In early March, 1942, we received a telegram saying that Singapore had been taken over by the Japanese forces and my father's regiment had been deported to Japan. We did not know whether that was good news or bad, for now we certainly knew that my father was alive. There was no correspondence from my father's side after that. But, as suggested, I kept writing to my father, not knowing whether he was actually there to read the letters.

The distance from her husband and the anxiety for his health and well-being started taking toll on my mother. She started remaining unwell. The doctors said her liver was malfunctioning, but her face showed that her heart and mind were not at rest. She spent many a sleepless nights, tossing and turning in her bed, and then quietly sobbing, trying not to wake us up. Her eyes had big dark-circles and her cheek bones were visible like those of some emaciated beggar.

I was growing older and had begun to understand how ruthless life was. I did not know if my father was alive and neither did I know if my mother would survive to see me through to adulthood. My sisters would often ask me "When will *bauji* come back?" and I would cheerfully reply, "Very soon, dears, very soon", trying to hide a tear or two behind my smile.

Three and a half years had gone by. My mother was now confined to her bed and we were rarely allowed to see her. We were always told that she was resting. From behind the doors of her room we could often hear the continuous coughing of an old woman. I knew it was the voice of my mother. How had she grown old so soon? I was in class eight and the mothers of all my classmates still seemed young.

I had spent four years at the school in Batala. All my teachers said that my parents were very lucky to have a bright young daughter like me, but it pained me to think

that I had been deprived of the love of my parents when I needed it the most.

It was the 15th of September, my 14th birthday. The rough pages of time had erased the importance of this day from the memory of everyone in my family and I had no reason to blame them. A week later, my best friend, Kamla, told me that she had received correspondence from her brother, who was a Singapore based businessman, that war was over and he was fine. My heart broke hearing this. Why hadn't father responded? I went home, crying my heart out on the way. Was I destined to be a fatherless daughter? Was it meant to be so?

I reached home and locked myself in my room. I lay down on my bed, gazing into space, with nothing in my mind. "Had we lost it all?" I wondered. Just then destiny opened the door of hope. The postman knocked aloud at the door. I ran to the door and found this blue letter in his hands. I recognized my father's hand-writing on the envelope. I tore it open, read it and ran to my mother. We were all overwhelmed. After four years, I cried on my mother's lap. We all cried for joy. Father was coming back.

Two weeks later, a Tonga stopped at the gate. My father stepped off, with the wooden trunk you found in the attic, a rug-sack and a bundle of all the letters I had written to him. He seemed tired, but the smile on his face revealed the lightness of his heart. We all greeted him with embraces and shouts of joy."

My grandmother, sighed, wiping a tear that had rolled down her cheek. I was sulky too, but I couldn't resist and asked, "What had happened to your father in those four years in Japan?"

"He had been taken Prisoner of War by the Japanese. The Japanese needed medical aid, and since he was a doctor, they posted him along with other Indian doctors, in their hospitals. He knew that the war was nobody's fault; it was just the victory of tyranny over humanity. So, he willingly carried on his duty, that of a life-savior. They made the other soldiers work in their fields as peasants. The Indian regiments stayed in the Japanese barracks at night and in the morning went to work. The Japanese appreciated the work of the Indian army, and gifted them these wooden trunks and blankets on the day the Japanese surrendered to the Allies in August, 1945, after the bombing on Hiroshima and Nagasaki."

I kept sitting a long time at *Dadi's* feet, staring at her wrinkled face, trying to catch a glimpse of that **young girl who had received the life of her father as a present on her fourteenth birthday.**

I came, we saw, she conquered!

K. NARAYAN
THIRD YEAR

Everyone in this world has played this game sometime. It's called the "Blame game". It involves blaming someone else or something else for our mistakes, and unfortunate events. Well, let me have a crack at it. I blame the internet, orkut, those crazy romantic movies, Café Coffee Day and the survey camp for what happened to me. A lot of things must be running in the reader's mind. What exactly is this article about? Is it about historical wars in which the winner stands tall and the loser goes down? Let's just say that it's a similar scenario.

Duration: 30 May 2006 to 24 June 2006

Location: NIT Hamirpur, H.P

These are hard times for a budding civil engineer in NIT Hamirpur. I am talking, of course about the survey camp that every civil engineering student has to undergo at the end of his/her second academic year. Heavy equipments like the theodolite and the plane table need to be carried daily from KBH to EKTA café where we began our days' work at 0630 hrs. We had to make a map of the surrounding area (which each batch makes year after year!) and also plot details on the map. Exhausted from our work, we would come back and sleep for at least an hour or two. The hallways of KBH looked haunted and deserted at night with only about 25 students staying in the entire hostel which normally accommodates 250.

Our only savior was the internet. Movies, songs, animation series and (ahem!) other interesting stuff was

downloaded at unbelievable speeds.

It all started one fine day when I was bored of surfing the internet. I logged into my orkut account and started typing out the names of all my former classmates with whom I had lost contact with over the years. That's when I typed out her name! She was one of those girls in class whom I seldom spoke to. I 'scrapped' her telling her who I was and asked her if she remembered me. Surprisingly she did! 'Scraps' were exchanged both ways and I got to know her better. I also had a chat with her in yahoo messenger a couple of times and found her to be a very easy going and a frank girl.

I became quite busy and got tied up with the submission of the contour map and didn't have much time to speak to her. Before I knew it, the survey camp was over. Bags were packed and I was eager to get back home to Bangalore.

Date: July 4th 2006

Location: Forum mall, Bangalore

On this very day many years ago, America got independent. To me, this day had a different meaning altogether. We had our first rendezvous on this day. By then, I had plucked up enough courage to call her and we decided to meet up in Forum Mall in Bangalore. I was there exactly at the preconceived time (1740 hrs). She arrived shortly later. She looked a lot different from our

school days, but however I did recognize her.

Somehow (I still don't know how!) we ended up in a Café Coffee Day. Was this a date? Trying to find an answer to this question, I handed out the menu to her and asked her to order. It turned out to be an amusing experience as she started ordering stuff that I still can't pronounce. For people who barely knew each other we seemed to be getting along really well. We sat there and spoke for a better part of two hours. We stared intently into each other's eyes as we spoke (how romantic!) and found that we had a lot in common. The brief 'romantic' part ended as soon as the bill came! Being the 'gentleman' that I am, I decided to pay the bill. It was getting late and we decided to take an auto rickshaw to the bus station so that she could catch a bus which would take her back home. In the rickshaw, the topic of relationships and girlfriends sprang up. As the rickshaw stopped for refueling, she said that she wouldn't mind if I kissed her. Obviously she was pulling my leg, but that's when I fell for her hooked, line and sunk! I found myself thinking about her a lot and about the good time we had.

Date: July 5th 2006

Location: Forum mall, Bangalore

Being a virgin when it comes to relationships, I decided that it was about time that I took some serious advice. I decided to meet up with a trusted friend in Forum Mall. I consider this guy as the grandfather of all knowledge in the field of relationships. He enlightened me about the "Ladder concept". According to this concept, girls have two ladders i.e. the friendship ladder and the love ladder. It's essential to climb the right one. He also advised me to be myself and do what I felt like doing. I returned home more confused than ever!

Date: July 16th 2006

Location: Cunningham road, Bangalore

A class reunion was organized on this day. Unfortunately only six people turned up; three girls and three guys. I took her away from the group and expressed my feelings to her (damn those romantic movies!). I told her what I truly felt about her. Then she

did something that was totally unexpected. She started laughing! She thought that I was joking, I left it at that. The not so good reunion thus came to an end.

Date: July 22nd 2006

Location: M.G Road, Bangalore

I was due to return to Hamirpur on the 24th of July. So I decided to meet her for one last time before I left. We met up at M.G road and entered a ground opposite to M.G road. We sat there on the steps and spoke for hours. A variety of subjects were discussed. She also spoke about all the other guys who had proposed to her! A guy had even assumed that she would marry him and had happily made plans for the future. Poor bloke! I made a sly remark that she could now add me to the list of guys who had proposed to her. She replied by saying that I was different from the other guys and would definitely think about it. I was extremely happy and hopeful. I began thinking about her more and more.

Date: July 27th 2006

Location: NIT Hamirpur, H.P

After getting myself registered for the fifth semester, I called her up. I asked her if she had made up her mind yet. Just like that she replied 'NO!'. She said that she did not have these 'feelings' for me and considered me a good friend. I had climbed the dreaded wrong ladder. I was devastated.

So then, who is the winner and who is the loser? I guess both of are winners since we have found in each other a great friend in such a short span of time.

I am sure that in the future I would eventually get hooked on to a girl. She would however always find a special place in my heart. She was my very own Malena. As the song by Simon and Garfunkel goes "She once was a true love of mine".

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

TEJASWI GAUTAM
SECOND YEAR



His face was bulging outwards striking you in face for its sheer remarkability as much as for its serenity. For a man who stayed behind the wheels for close to 16 hours, it hid more than what it revealed.

We waded through the maddening morning traffic as blaring horns and vrooming vehicles took pleasure in escalating the noise levels in the environment. My eyes dropped a little on to gear-2nd...3rd...4th.....2nd...1st.. 2nd his hands moved skillfully with typical aplomb as he showed the gear the desired direction. His right foot alternately kissed the pedals of brake and accelerator even as his hands caressed the smooth silky cover of the steering wheel. He looked a well-oiled mechanism with all the components (hand, feet, eyes) working in perfect coordination. Now the inside talk began to sink the outside disturbance but sounded no more than a murmur to me. "Where do you work, sir?" -was a question directed laterally to the other side of the gearbox even as I watched and listened in the capacity of a lone back seat passenger. "Jeevan Anmol, I am a doctor".-the man replied. "Good work"- he quipped. Now the talk assumed friendly proportions such was the frankness and honesty from the driver's seat. All this left me gaped for what I concluded to a driver-boss relationship turned out to be a 'give me lift' association

DRIVING TEST

30 minutes passed by and we reached the parking lot of Inter state bus terminus, Anand Vihar. With the help of short cuts, we reached the official building no less than a house and no more than a floor. Three of us were bound by a common event. A learner's license to drive or better said- the license to kill. Following vague directions, we entered the room of the chief officer, which happened to be our test centre. After examining our paper, he gave us

a question paper in an objective format with accompanying images. There were 20 questions. I marked only five as was instructed by our agent though I easily knew at least 10, but what I was more concerned was about the driver. He hardly looked educated and that he was attempting in hindi was a point in proof. I remembered he had said a short while ago how he was rejected last time after they told him that he had failed the test. "They care a damn for us! Blank sheets are passed and ours are a source of recycle bin. No!! It's my fault, I can't bribe them". I could not agree more. Here was a guy with driving skills second to none being shown the door and I with 15 days training classes have come here with a gloated self and a swollen pride. What a shame! For two of us to be in the same room.

"Can I have your pen please?" my raging thoughts were interrupted by his request as I closely forwarded the pen to him. The next few moments, I monitored him closely for any help he will surely need from me. Nevertheless, he painstakingly attempted the five questions with decisive judgment. He could not afford to fail this time too. He had a family to feed. He turned towards me. I was ready to blurt out answers before he said "he said five, right!" Yes, I said, nodding my head, somewhat confused". He marked one more answer to make it six attempts and returned me the pen with this one-liner you never know with these people. It reminded me of the planning in army assaults. My uncle used to tell me that in parachutes there is a second parachute in case the first one fails. I wondered if the driver's case was any better. In the meanwhile, in an almost reflex reaction, I also ticked another one and both of us submitted our sheets. What was with the man that made me follow him? Perhaps his experience had defeated my intelligence in more ways than one. However, how could this be true? I could not think of a reply.

Freewheeling emotions

Leaving the room, I walked beside him for I wanted to cash in on the luxury of comfortable cushions of his car rather than go through the pushing and shoving of a bus journey to reach back home but somehow he never gave the impression that he would leave me. He did not miss a single chance to degrade me morally or it seemed so. We reached the parking lot- he with conviction and me with bated breath! Just when he was about to enter into the car, he motioned me to sit from the other side. While he gave his usual self-assured look, in mine case it was RELIEF! As the engine roared to life, we sped away and were on NH-24 in no time. His feet constantly reached for accelerator and likewise his tongue. He kept on chatting though broadly speaking it was mostly one-way traffic. He disclosed the pain behind the scar line on his face. He narrated his accident to me. He had met an accident, which he barely managed to survive. After his legs were badly damaged, he was ruled out of driving profession but eventually he got back and he owed this a lot to his car owner who stood by him in tough times. Blaring horns brought our discussion to a halt. He began again and it seemed immaterial to him how I responded or why I was nodding my head in 'play cassette' fashion devoid of any emotions. Honestly speaking, I caught up with him somewhere in the middle of his story.

He was saying-----

"Sir, this is not my taxi, I only drive it not that I do this for making ends meet but because I can't detach myself from the people of the family who own this car. They mean so much to me and shying away from this job would literally mean shunning them. I have two brothers one of whom is an IAS officer and is in income tax department while the other is a government employee earning 40k a month. We have lots of assets left by my father for three of us. My brothers often tell me to quit the job and their faces never expect an answer in affirmative such is my commitment." WHAT! I exclaimed to myself even as I unwounded myself from this story of complicated relationships. I am being told that a driver has two brothers sitting on golden pots and they have got assets worth lakhs. Now this driver after deliberation decides to hold on to this job simply because he wants to pay him back in the same coin for

some dreadful near death incident that happened a long time back. Two things are possible either he is crazy or he is one hell of a person. Again, I avoided answering this question for it may prove me wrong. We traced back our path to my house. I thanked many thanks to him and not for the first time his expression said

"Believe in your actions, not the fruits." He kept on lingering in my mind for the rest of the day. Slowly he faded away but did he...?

GROUND ZERO

An Indian is used to long queues and by the time he grows up, he is tuned to having lunch and dinner while in a queue. Nevertheless, this one was really boring for the same old building in the backdrop. I did not feel like coming here again though it was necessary. I stood there with my eyes transfixed on the mechanical movement of clerk's fingers on key board. The persons behind me and those ahead of me too did not inspire much confidence. It felt like I was missing someone but could not figure out whom. Suddenly a touch which felt familiar brought me back to the present. I turned in anticipation and to my surprise found that I was looking straight into the driver's face. His smile seemed to rejuvenate me no ends. Now I was ready for the job i.e. to get my permanent license. What a coincidence that he too turned up on the same day. There must be some reason behind this. I felt that his presence always proved to be a catalyst for my self-doubts tearing me apart from inside and I was forced to be in damage control mode. Slowly but surely we moved closer to the counter and finally our turn came. Since we had already paid the agent in advance so I presumed that there would be no further payments to be made. He asked me my name, verified the address as if it is a wrong one I would give him because I am insane and do not realize the importance of this document!. Our fingerprints were also taken in order to ensure the identity. I then signed on digital pad, which traced my signature on the monitor of the computer. It looked worse on the screen though I thought I had done a better job. Then came the shocker! The clerk put his hand out of the window counter and I must say he was looking for something, what I could not figure out. A muffled voice came out which seemed to suggest that I

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TECHNOLOGY:

an emerging weapon against democracy and freedom

DEBARSHI RAY

Strange though it may sound, technology is slowly but steadily being turned into a weapon against democracy and freedom by the high and mighty. To get a feel of how this is being carried out and the threats posed by it, one has to travel from the domain of political honchos- the polling station, to that of the geek- the computer.

The introduction of the electronic voting machine in India at the fog end of the last century was hailed as the messiah who would put an end to voting fraud. One could imagine Mamta Banerjee heave a sigh of relief, thinking that the era of Left Front backed 'booth hijacking' would be over. Alas! With the recent scandal in the USA over tampered Diebold voting machines, Miss Banerjee's days of relief might be counted.

The Republican Party in its quest to win elections and gain political power resorted to tampering the machines used by the American public to register their mandate. The Diebold-made gadgets are capable of storing two different programs simultaneously. It is possible for the manufacturer to load an 'honest' program and a 'spurious' program in the same machine. The hijacker just has to enable the latter piece of code, after the agencies have passed the machine with the 'good' one activated. As you might have already guessed, the Republican Party, in possible connivance with Diebold, did just this.

Suspicion was aroused when in 2002 Diebold installed a patch in its machines, without telling poll officials, in only the Democrat dominated counties in Georgia. This was followed by the defeat of the Democratic Party candidate Max Cleland despite polls putting him well in the lead. It was later demonstrated by Princeton University students how a virus can spread from one Diebold machine to another, falsify election results and then erase itself. A climax was reached when statistical experts from the University of California examined Florida's official tally and discovered a disturbing

pattern, which led them to believe with 99% surety that President Bush's victory over Kerry in the last Presidential elections was forged with the help of electronic voting machines.

Since we often consider the USA as the harbinger of new technology, incidents such as these are indeed a cause for serious concern.

Enough about Diebold and the Republican Party, let us come to the world of the Internet and things closer home.

The media has for long saturated us with stories of untraceable culprits, whizkids-turned-crackers, who break into bank accounts over the network and steal our money and the government can not catch them. Let us take some time to see what happens when you try to use the Internet to do something good, and make it a better place. If the recent story of Li Zhi and Shi Tao is any indication, you might get thrown into jail.

Shocked? Read on.

The Chinese government operates a huge array of firewalls which screen every bit of Internet traffic moving in and out of the country. This ring of machines filter out any content pertaining to pornography, homosexuality, democracy, freedom, atrocities in Tibet and any thing which the communist regime would love to disagree with. Entire articles in Wikipedia, blogs, and Web sites are blocked out. People, like Li Zhi and Shi Tao, who dare to speak out against these policies of their government and use the anonymity of the Internet to suppress their identities are hunted down by the Chinese authorities with active help from the big Internet companies. In the cases of these two gentleman, Yahoo! provided information regarding their Internet usage, something which is meant to be kept private, to the police, leading to their arrest. Both have since then been convicted and are undergoing prison terms.

Whether pornography and homosexuality are socially acceptable or not; whether Tibet deserves independence; or single party system needs to be replaced by democracy in China is besides the point. What matters is the citizens' right to information and freedom of expression, which has been snatched away. After all, if you never get to know what pornography, homosexuality, freedom or democracy are, then how can you form an opinion about them? Is not a well-informed public an essential prerequisite for a healthy society? If I were in China, I would probably be wanted by the police for having written this article! When mega corporations like Microsoft, Yahoo! and Google (remember how they promise to make our lives more enjoyable) back such capricious and high-handed policies of the government, things start looking really ugly.

A close parallel to the above incident was seen in India recently, when the Indian government blocked entire domains like Blogspot, Typepad and Geocities. The government claimed it had done so to restrict the readership of certain pages, which in their opinion were spreading communal hatred and trying to cash in on the uncertainty in the minds of the general public in the aftermath of the Mumbai local train blasts. How does it then explain the filtering of Web sites maintained by respected people, which have been publicly acclaimed for rendering social service to netizens during major crises in the past? Such activity is akin to putting each and every citizen of the city under house arrest in order to curb crime. However since that is something which would require immense manpower, something which no government can afford, this is the next best thing they can do. Such gross misuse of technology is indeed very dangerous for society.

Then there is the emerging threat of Digital Restrictions Management, and Treacherous Computing, through which the mega-corporations dealing in digital technology are looking to infiltrate our homes and offices. Their aim is to lock down our digital devices and take away our freedom to use them as we wish to.

We need to reject such harmful implementations of technology and reject them completely. Otherwise the day would not be far away when we would be turned into slaves by the very thing which ought to have made us the masters. After all everyone wants to be a master, is not it?

give some money but it had to be a mistake. I was not to pay. There were no dues. The driver stepped in and said "you have to pay fifty bucks as a registration fee". I protested that it was not mentioned to me before but nobody listened. Ultimately, I took out the purse to see if I was lucky enough to carry fifty bucks. No! I wasn't. All ends up lock, stock and barrel. I was flummoxed not knowing what to do next. I had thirty bucks and was looking for twenty more. Driver stepped in and handed me an Rs20 note. Take this money and anyways I am with you. No actually, I was....

"Does not matter sir? There is no problem, it happens. "But I will have to.....". "Ok I know that you have to pay me back. You can do that any time". He was like a deity to me. There are very few guys in Delhi who would lend you a penny forget twenty rupees. I could see my mind turning those nagging questions into self explanatory answers. It felt like this driver was someone out of the box. His Midas touch had transformed a stranger into a friend who became so close to him. A sudden wave of attachment and emotions gripped me like anything. My belonging to this relationship increased to astronomical levels.

PARTING WAYS

I had assumed that we would be going together but as luck would have it, when I found myself on the right side, fortune jumped to the other just to tease me of my shortcomings. He had to go somewhere else and obviously this 'else' did not fall in my route. So as a last triumph card, I said---"you have to come with me, bhaiyya, I owe you twenty rupees". His reply was ominous to my thinking ---"we will surely meet again, this world is too small". In a last ditch effort, I took his contact no. and bid adieu but he will remain in my memory not for twenty bucks but for twenty good things he taught me about life. That he was a man well *in the driver's seat* of his life would be a fitting conclusion to this experience.



हकीकत

सपर्या शर्मा
द्वितीय वर्ष

“दीना तुम हमेशा देर करती हो, तुम्हारे कारण ही हमें हमेशा देरी होती है” हाँफते हुए हेमा ने कहा।

“हेमा अभी गुस्सा करने का समय नहीं है, अभी जल्दी करो वरना पहुँचने तक शूटिंग खत्म हो जाएगी” पूजा बोली

“अरे शूटिंग देखने तो तुम लोग जा रहे होगे मैं तो सिर्फ नाज़िर को देखने जा रही हूँ”

“हाँ, तुम लोग तो सिर्फ देख ही पाओगे, मैं तो नाज़िर से मिलूँगी, वह मेरे भाई का बचपन का दोस्त है।” एक घमंड भरे स्वर में रिया बोल उठी और यह बात वह पिछले कुछ दिनों में कई बार दोहरा चुकी थी।

भीड़ के कारण रास्ता बंद हो गया था, इसलिए इन लोगों को पैदल ही चलना पड़ा। वीरवार का दिन था और धूप अपनी सीमा पर थी। स्कूल में छुट्टी न थी, पर घर पर झूठ बोल कर छुट्टी की गई थी। “और वैसे भी आज के दिन सब कुछ माफ है।” ऐसा ही कुछ दृढ़ निश्चय था। “उन में वो थी तो अभी छोटी, मगर अपने को नाज़िर का सबसे बड़ा चाहने वाला समझती थी ... और शायद थी भी। इन में से किसी ने

नाज़िर को कभी असल में नहीं देखा था, पर उठते-बैठते हर पल वह नाज़िर के ही बारे में सोचा करती थीं, जाने उसकी कितनी ही फिल्में उन्होंने स्कूल से भाग कर देखी थीं।

तो कुछ ऐसा था नाज़िर

“नई फिल्मों का नया हीरो”

और जाने कितने ही उसे अपना हीरो समझते थे। दौड़े ... दौड़े, जैसे-तैसे वह लड़कियों की छोटी सी महान टोली क्रिस्टल गार्डन तक पहुँची। यँ तो ये लोग यहाँ लगभग रोज ही आया करते थे, परन्तु आज का दिन कुछ खास था क्योंकि आज यहाँ नाज़िर था।

“भैया जल्दी दरवाजा खोलो पहले ही हम लोग लेट हैं” उन में से एक जोर से चीखी।

“नहीं-नहीं आज यहाँ कोई नहीं आ सकता” चौकीदार अपनी सिगरेट जलाता हुआ बोला।

“पर भईया हम यहाँ रोज आते हैं, आपने हमें पहचाना नहीं?”

“पहचान भी लूँ तो क्या होगा, आज यहाँ कोई नहीं आ सकता, चलो-चलो थियेटर में नाज़िर की नई फिल्म लगी है,

वहीं जा कर उसे देखो”

“पर भईया.....”

“क्या मजाक है यह, चलो हटो वरना पुलिस को बुलाना पड़ेगा” चौकीदार को मानते न देख उन्हें वहाँ से हटना ही पड़ा। सब निराश थे लेकिन हारे बिल्कुल नहीं।

“एक दरवाजे से नहीं तो दूसरे से चलेंगे” उन्होंने सोचा।

दूसरा गेट बाग के दूसरे किनारे पर था। दो-तीन साल पहले वह बंद कर दिया गया था, उस के आस-पास अब घास, काँटे आदि उग गए थे। पिछला गेट छोटा था इसलिए अंदर घुसने में कोई दिक्कत न हुई परन्तु अंदर घुसते ही न वह अंदर के रहे न बाहर के। चारों तरफ झाड़ियाँ, काँटेदार घास, एक-एक पैर रखना मुश्किल पड़ रहा था। लेकिन यह रुकावटें उस आनंद के सामने कुछ नहीं था जो नाज़िर को लेकर वह अपने मन में महसूस कर रही थीं। अभी न तो किसी को दूसरे का काँटा निकालने की फुर्सत थी और न ही किसी को अपना काँटा निकलवाने की, वह लोग बाग के कुछ दूरी पर कुछ लोग बैठे नज़र आए।

“वह नाज़िर है” पूजा बोली, उस की आँखें चमक रही थी, मुँह एकदम खुला।

“हैं, वह नाज़िर ही है” सब की दिल की धड़कन जैसे रुक सी गई थी, जैसे कोई महान सपना पूरा हो रहा हो।

तभी अचानक पीछे से कर्कशता भरी आवाज़ आई “कौन हैं आप लोग अन्दर कैसे आए”।

“जी हम लोग नाज़िर से मिलने आए हैं”

“नाज़िर से आज कोई नहीं मिल सकता, चुप-चाप वापिस चले जाओ”

लड़कियों की टोली की तो जैसे जान पर आ गई। ऐसे मौके को वह कैसे हाथ से निकलने दे सकती थीं। वे लोग मिलकर विनती कर ही रहे थे कि एक आवाज़ आई “कौन हैं यह लोग जरा इन्हें इधर भेजिए...। यह आवाज़ नाज़िर की थी। नाज़िर के बोलने की देर थी कि टोली दौड़े-दौड़े उस के पास पहुँच गई।

“नाज़िर हमें आप बहुत अच्छे लगते हो हमने आप की सभी फिल्में देखी हैं।”

“सर आप सूरज भईया को जानते हैं, वह बचपन में आप के

दोस्त थे”

“नाज़िर हम आप के साथ एक फोटो ले सकते हैं ?” नाज़िर अपना सिर झुकाए हुए कुछ कागज़ों के साथ उलझा हुआ था। उन लोगों की बातें सुनकर कुछ देर तक कुछ नहीं बोला फिर सिर ऊपर उठाता हुआ बोला “अच्छा बताओ, आप लोग हो कौन।”

“नाज़िर हमें आप बहुत अच्छे लगते हो”

“हम इसी शहर में रहते हैं, हम ग्यारहवीं में पढ़ते हैं”

लड़कियाँ एक-दूसरे की प्रतिस्पर्धा में जल्दी-जल्दी बोल पड़ीं। नाज़िर उस के एक तरफ बैठे व्यक्ति की तरफ मुड़ा और बोला “ये लोग ग्यारहवीं में पढ़ते हैं। अगर ये इतनी आसानी से बाग के अन्दर आ सकते हैं तो क्या किसी आतंकवादी को आने में मुश्किल होगी? आप के साथ काम करना बहुत मुश्किल है। यह सुरक्षा का इन्तज़ाम किया है आपने मेरे लिए। अगर आपको मेरी परवाह नहीं तो मुझे क्यों हो ?” लड़कियाँ देखती रह गईं। उन्हें कुछ समझ में नहीं आया यह क्या हो रहा है। साथ वाला आदमी नाज़िर के पीछे जल्दी-जल्दी “नाज़िर-नाज़िर” कहता हुआ उठा।

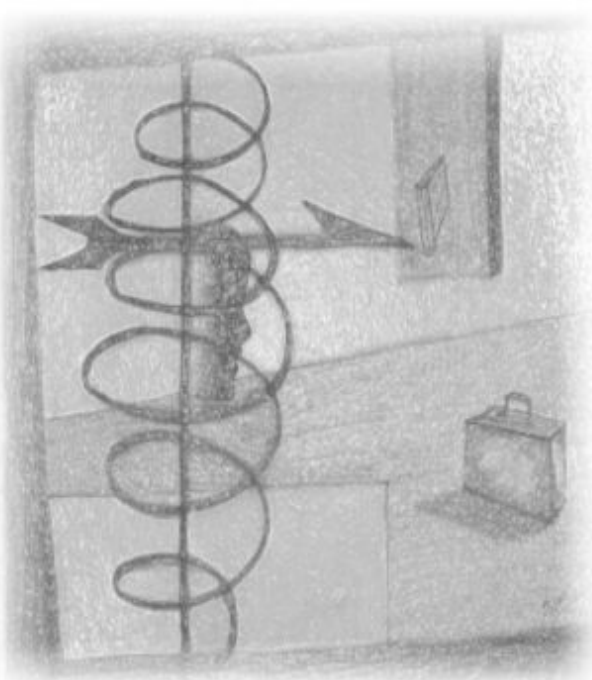
वह लड़कियों के पास आकर खड़ा हुआ फिर गुस्से में बोला “ हो गए दर्शन। अच्छे खासे मूड को खराब करने आ जाते हैं। अब जान छोड़ो खुद चले जाओगे कि गार्ड बुलाऊँ।” इतने से समय में कितना कुछ हो गया। उनको कुछ समझ न आया। न कुछ बोला, न कुछ किया, सीधे सब लोग अपने घर पहुँच गए। कहते भी क्या, कहने लायक कुछ बचा भी न था।

“रिया, तुम्हारे लिए बहुत बड़ी खुशखबरी है। पापा नाज़िर की फिल्म की चार टिकटें लाए हैं। चलो जल्दी तैयार हो जाओ।”

“मम्मी मुझे बहुत काम है, आप किसी और को ले जाओ” कहते हुए रिया बिस्तर पर लेट गई। उसकी आँख से एक आँसू टपक पड़ा, जो कभी नाज़िर की फिल्म न देख पाने के कारण टपका करता था परन्तु आज नाज़िर को हकीकत में देखने के कारण टपका था।

उसूल और अमल

स्वाति धीमान
द्वितीय वर्ष



नयनों में एक स्वप्न लिए,
चल पड़ा हूँ इस जीवन पथ पर
अधरों में आशाओं के दीपक
वाणी में जोशीला स्वर
खोखली इस दुनिया में
अपने सिद्धान्तों के बल पर
अपना आज सँवारूँगा मैं
ना हो मेरा कल भी निर्भर
राहों में हों कांटे या कमल,
मैं करूँगा अपने उसूलों पर अमल।

झूठी, झुठलाती इस दुनिया में,
क्या हो पाएगा ये उद्देश्य पूरा ?
चकाचौंध भरी इस नगरी में,
क्या पाऊँगा मैं सच्चा सवेरा ?
बनना चाहूँ मैं वो ज्योति
जो तम में भी उजियारा लाए
वो स्थिर पर्वत, वो अडिग शिखा,
जो भूकम्प में भी ना डगमगाए
अभिमान नहीं स्वाभिमान मैं जानू
अपमान नहीं सम्मान को मानू
ना झुकेगा कभी मेरा मनोबल
राहों में हों कांटे या कमल,
मैं करूँगा अपने उसूलों पर अमल।

THE REALITY OF FAKENESS

BEST SECTION ENTRY

ARJUN SHANKAR

FINAL YEAR

Dedicated to those endless hours on the train, spent discussing the 'real' issues in life. A big thank you to Manu, Narayan, Nitin, and Sridevi for bearing with us, and an even bigger one to my namesake, for the book we are yet to write.

It all started during that first summer after joining college. I had gotten back home, and was chilling out at home, completing my quota of missed out sambar, and dosas. Sure enough, I was going to call up a few friends in a few days (yes, I was going to finish with the dosas first), and start the never ending visits, running from one pal's home to another's place, meeting aunties and eating.

Bored of sambar, one day, I called up my first target. Let's call him 'Dood' (It's shorter than his name, and suits my purpose perfectly). His place was pretty close... I homed in, getting his number from mummy's calender... "Mornin' aunty, could I speak to Dood?" He was in the toilet. No matter, she looked up his mobile number in her calender (It seems Dood changes numbers by the week) and told me to call him up. "???! Call him up in the bathroom?". "Uh... thanks aunty, I'll call him up. In the bathroom, is he?"

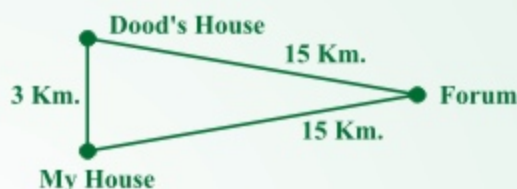
And so it was that I found myself calling up Dood, who was in the bathroom.

Fakeness Tip #1: U gotta have a "fone". God! Even my dawg has a "fone" of its own.

"Hi, uh Dood, what's going...", "Hi! 'Sup Man! How's life been? I heard you got stuck up there in some village. Thank god I'm still in good 'ol Bangalore.", "Yea, Hamirpur is a bit laid back, but I'm enj...", "MHAAN! I would have died this summer, but for those guys back at Forum. Nice li'l mall they got there." "Sure man, I'll bet my ass you're having fun out there. So, when can we meet up? I was looking forward to auntie's..." "Definitely got to meet up man! Come to forum this afternoon. They are having a DJ war this evening!!"

At this point, I was utterly confused, disoriented, and most of all, surprised. For Dood had never been the kind,

who indulged in music, malls or exclamation marks. And here he was, rattling off about coolness and other cool stuff, speaking so jovially, I could almost see those @#\$\$s coming out of my earpiece. And to top it all, he invited me to forum?? I mean, c'mon! I live 3Ks from his house, and Forum is light years away! Let me draw you a picture to make things clearer:



You see; if I go to his house, I need to go a mere three kilometers, and if I need to meet him at "The Forum", we both need to go 15 each. That's 10 times more fuel than we would normally need!

Is this why the world is falling short of petrol?

Fakeness Tip #2: The closest destination: "The Forum"

Anyways, I agreed to meet him there at 3:30. There was no other choice. So I begged my father to lend me the motorbike, and directions to "The Forum", and started off after lunch. Standing outside the gates of Forum at 3:35, I began to get a little restless. I called him up from a nearby payphone, to find out that he's on his way. 20 minutes later -> He's still on his way! Is he the chief guest? This isn't even a function. Anyways, Dood finally made an appearance at 4pm.

Fakeness Tip #3: You NEVER reach less than half an hour late. NEVER.

Now, after a whole year, you would expect a man to change somewhat. It's natural. But tell me, would you expect to hang pleated formals out in the sun, and find a pair of faded jeans next day? It might change a few shades, wrinkle and loosen out, but turn into denim? Never! But here I was staring into the face of this fellow, who hardly had a presence last year, and was now walking like he owned this world. Dood finally walked up to me, and bent his neck to one side (why did he do that??). I waited. He smiled, and moved his right shoulder over to my side, his arm swinging up. His hand

was now hanging loose in front of me. I was thinking, "Should I kiss it?" Finally, I decided that the best course was to hold it, and spare us the embarrassment. "Sup man! Long time, no see!"

Fakeness Tip #4: Always shake like a rapper. It's cool.

Dood and I walked over to Cafe Coffee Day (CCD for short).

Fakeness Tip #5: If you're poor, go to Coffee Day. They serve cheap coffee.

The next hour or so was spent drinking a very small amount of coffee, in even smaller sips. Dood was better at this; he had had lots of practice. I on the other hand, finished my cup pretty fast, and waited for Dood to finish his coffee, and 'watched' (yes, the sight of it was more interesting than the sound) him talk about Floyd's experiments with Psychedelic Rock, constantly emphasizing my interest with "oh!"s and "uhun"s. After all, I wasn't as true connoisseur of brown beans, or pink bands, as he was.

I must interrupt myself here, and talk about an interesting side-effect of fakeness. Namely, something I have termed, 'wiki-theria'. This is a disease. It compels the victim to endlessly scourge online resources such as wikipedia, in an effort to be able to lecture at length, on various topics, from NWOBHM to ICBMs. Dood had his Pink Floyd history down pat. I even checked up with wikipedia later on and confirmed the dates to be right.

Anyways, I think this calls for another tip:

Fakeness Tip #6: Get wiki-theria.

We walked out, paying a 'mere' 69 for two coffees (I forget the 'names' of the coffees though) + taxes. (Ever heard of 'Tax' being levied on coffee? Tax? TAX?? Is this some sick joke?)

Fakeness Tip #7: Always say 'Cheque Please'. Don't ask for a bill, it's uncalled for.

Well, that brings me to another encounter. This was in the summer before. I and a friend had gone to check out coffee day. I was a first timer back then. The waiter, dressed smarter than me, came up and presented us with a menu. I selected the cheapest, a mere 16 rupees (+ taxes of course), and told him my choice. My friend gasped, the waiter looked at me like either I or he himself was an alien from outer space. "Sir," he paused for effect, "Espresso is Black Coffee." The cafe fell

silent. I could almost hear my heart rate speeding up. Not to be outdone, I retorted, "I know". On my next visit a few days later, the SAME waiter told me the SAME thing, and after many more coffees, it's become a regular experience at all CCDs. Seems to me, the waiters are trained to stop customers from trying, and getting used to their cheapest offering. Try asking for espresso at a CCD, and the waiter will tell you its black, no matter how confidently you ask, or how many times you have asked for it before. Frankly, I had never had black coffee before I visited a CCD, but combined with its obvious financial benefit, and its strong taste, I have decided that it is my favorite beverage at such hangouts.

Fakeness Tip #8: "Sir, Espresso is Black Coffee."

A better alternative, for those born with a silver spoon in their mouths, there's always, Barista. I remember, me and another friend had gone there once, hoping to absorb the coolness it offered, so we could exude it on our way out, and pick up hot chicks in the bargain (they need the coolness right? After all, they are hot.). The nice waitress took down my friend's name (no, they don't believe in token numbers), and later pronounced it out wrongly on the PA system, after the coffee was ready (yes, they believe in self service). It appeared that a small addition of 'cream' to our coffees had cost us more than the coffee itself would have. I never visited that blessed place again.

Man! I have more of these stories to tell. There's one about another Arjun I know. He and his friend once visited another popular joint, "Subway". The guy at the counter promised that the extras on the sandwich would 'fill them up'. Little did they know that on the bill, the extras ARE the main course? The sandwich is just a topping. And the biggest question of all is, why do these places have weird self-service/semi-self-service type setups? Are they against the good old Indian system where you sit, and hog, and the waiter takes care of everything else? I'm sure it's a grand plan to take over India by penetrating our culture and corrupting our youth.

Fakeness Tip #9: Now you know why CCD is cheap.

After two more summers, I am a more mature faker, blending in not-so-badly with the rest of the crowd, feeling warm inside when in "The Forum", experiencing bliss in the knowledge that I'm here in the cool place, checking out other cool people checking me out checking them out, if you know what I mean.

It's a fake world after all.

Asymptotes



graphics by : SHRUTI BHAIK

Asymptotes

Asymptotes are the curves that meet at infinity. Thinking more practically they never meet. Nonetheless they belong to the same curve family. They may look far apart in one perspective or too close in another but in reality they are just a reflection of each other. They all show same behaviours, same tendencies and same curvatures (barring few cases). Do we need to tell how we and our alumni make a family of asymptotes?

- The Distance and the Belief Kapil Sundrani
- The First Strike Varun Rajput
- A Day in the Life of Bachelor Tilakesh N.M.
- Meet Our Alumni

Asymptotes

The Distance and the Belief

KAPIL SUNDRANI

2001-2005, CSE

A six letter magnanimous multitude that captures the entirety of itself: that is precisely where we coin it as self-belief. Belief believing that its belief is true!

But who or what conceives it and what or who nurtures it? How many times do we believe what the inner self needs to believe and how many times are we guided downstream: with the flow? How many times does it seem like nothing but an infinite multiplication of unnecessary necessities? And how many times does it spring from conviction?

As we travel our path: path chosen by none but us, a time comes when we can't help but think about the path we thus traveled. About the destination: most of the times out of sight. And most importantly about the things that now seem beyond the realms of even an out-stretched dream. About what we believed for the path treaded and what we are now forced to believe for the rest of it: believing that something or someone is waiting with the purpose of pushing us up the stream. It demands ultimate strength to push our self against the virtual space of banal guiding forces. The quintessential ingredient presents itself when belief re-coins itself to self-belief.

The thesis often articulated among the intelligentsia, of course inter alia, that we distance ourselves from all philosophy of take and start practicing the philosophy of give: that we shun away all deep rooted selfishness of Howard Roark of Fountain Head or that of Galt of Atlas Shrugged. But I believe that every object is a means to another object of desire. We travel the distance with one object with the belief of achieving something that will guide us to an object which in turn will lead us to the infinite chain of objects.

Do we still close our eyes and realize that our friends are our enemy? Or is it just that change is the law of nature and the rest is just history? Doesn't change need some change? Haven't we all experienced times when we want to relive those simple moments in life? Everyone these days knows everything. Intelligence sometimes bears so high a regard that it is rewarded by exemption from the offices of the worthy. The asymmetries of implicit recognition of certain vectors of the eternal dichotomy between those offices of me and you, of me and they, ultimately lead to the explicit symmetric notion of mine and yours, of mine and theirs.

In words of Nobel Laureate, Amartya Sen, 'Resenting the obtuseness of others is not a good ground for shooting oneself in the foot'. I would just put it as thus: 'Believing the obtuseness of others is not a good ground for shooting oneself in the foot'. Reasoning and instinct always create a dilemma. Are we not better off to rely on our instincts when we are unable to reason clearly because of some hard-to-remove impediments to our critical or empirical thinking? Or probably the path once traveled cannot be retraced and will become an excuse for a default action even if reasoning is reasonable!

Why does the distance we traveled seem all that worthless? Is it because we believe it to be that or is it because we never had any belief? Too many questions and none seem realistic enough to believe in and seek answers for. But a spark of the 'Theory of Enlightenment' always tells me that there is a fine line between fishing and standing on the shore like an idiot. So, read the last line and believe it!

Someone sometime told "If you believe in everything you read, better not read".

The First Strike

VARUN RAJPUT
2002-2006, CSE

Every expression is too inanimate to describe the episodes of college days. Four long years, at the onset of teenage juxtaposed with the period when one is brimming with energy, are like generations of evolution where every year causes the metamorphosis from one stage to another.

My college days were no different but they came with a price tag. My fervor for computer science took me to a place in the hills of Himachal Pradesh, Hamirpur. My first reaction after knowing that I have been allotted a seat at National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur was to search about the place on the world map. This inane effort dawned on me some important facts about Hamirpur, such as distance from the sea-level and most importantly the nearest broad gauge railway station, Una.

My first day at the college campus, that also happens to be my registration day, was surely against the wishes of any fresher. Sights of broken windows, fans with twisted wings, looted offices greeted me as I went through with my registration. These anecdotes of shame were written all over the campus.

Reaching the college campus was not at all easy that day. After alighting the bus at the Hamirpur bus station, when I approached a cab driver carrying most of the heavy baggage which comprised mainly of books, which my father had discouraged me to carry all the way to Hamirpur arguing that there is no point wasting another year for IIT, for hire. He resented to the offer stating concerns about the safety of his vehicle owing to the pandemonium spread at the "REC" (local people of Hamirpur were more comfortable calling the college REC than NIT) campus. Blunt denial from the cab driver forced my and Santosh's father into a discussion, much like aristocrats pondering over an imbroglio. Quite appropriate for people of their age, who love to brood over the problem and discuss country politics at length all the day long. Santosh was another aspiring student of NITH who, like me, had to get himself registered on the same fateful day. My father is a man who has quite a knack to convince others. His strong persuasive attribute proves very handy in situations like these or when dealing with a haughty clerk of a government organization. His efforts to inculcate in me the same qualities went futile as I always preferred to do business on a strict terms basis, though such an approach seldom proved to be propitious. Looking at me in disregard for failing to hire a cab, he went ahead and, as expected of him, convinced the cab driver to transport us to the second gate of the college campus.

The journey from the second gate, which was in those days more like a wall broken forcibly to create a passage, to the MMCA office of the Kailash Boys Hostel was even more difficult thanks to the misguidance offered to me by one of the passers by. On reaching the destination and figuring out that there was an alternative simpler way, ignominy was eyed at me by my peer's father. I could sense him scolding at me, though not explicitly, "can't even find out the way properly, reckless fellow!!!".

Well, this case brings into light a pervasive attribute of Indians always extend a helping hand caring little about its impact. More often than not, the gratuitous favour proves more destructive than constructive. I forgave that passerby and moved ahead to the MMCA office to book a guest room and got along with the registration process, which went quite smooth.

Author speak- This fictional tale is written not to recall the dreary past but to make the present generation aware that such uncouth acts are good to no one.

A Day in the Life of a Bachelor

TILAKESH N.M.
2002-2006, MED

It was not difficult finding myself lucky yet again. I was already carrying the tag on me which read "GRADUATE FROM NIT HAMIRPUR". Even though I did not get a job while leaving college, I was immediately placed with L&T. I would like to share this day that happened in Chennai. I am sure that life after college is going to be much too common, as I will narrate.

My mobile is ringing yet again. Its 5:30 am. I am not sure since when the alarm on my mobile has been set at that time, may be since 2nd year. I have always woken up only to switch off the alarm and go back to sleep. When do we usually get up at college? I used to get up to have lunch. But today was different; I had to reach the factory, which was supposed to take 2 hours more than usual. There was this big Italian meeting. We were supposed to have a video conference with our Italian counterpart.

Don't expect anyone to come with coffee to wake you up. We never had such facility at college, so that would not be a problem for too many. I had to rush to have my bath. No hot water. This is one thing I will definitely miss. The bloody house owner could not even invest for a heater. It does happen. When you are in true need, people try to squeeze out of you taking your interest to advantage. I had taken a house, which did not even have the basic necessities at a price of Rs. 9000/pm.+ advance Rs. 60,000. Though I would be sharing the amount with my friend, the price had to be paid. It is very difficult to find people entertaining bachelors.

I had my bath, and was immediately off. Since there was no breakfast at home, I had to eat out. At college every thing is served at our best interest and yet we complain. Here I had a reason not to complain. Things seem a lot more difficult. I plan to quit my breakfast that day. Some times we quit breakfast, sometimes lunch and other times it's dinner.

Food at office seems too delicious, but that is for the rich. Not the food of my kind. They serve you too little, the food is too expensive and every one is looking at you as if you are the clown in the house. I just can't eat when people are watching your every move. It feels uncomfortable. Every thing had an order. Thank God, I had got a smacking from my senior for getting in order; else it would have been mayhem and madness around me at office.

I stay in Anna Nagar, considered to be one of the posh areas of Chennai. Those are my Banglorean instincts setting me. For us class always comes first. I guess you would have seen that amongst all Bangaloreans in college. You just can't touch them!

I had to reach the L&T plant, which is on the other side of the town. Much like the way the Gals and Boys hostels are distanced in college, but this distance was a little more, a little over 30 km. I had to take a bus to Nungambakkam Railway station, then a Tramp to Guindy and then another bus to the Factory from there. I am a little unlucky. Most companies do provide a transport facility. My situation is a little different.

Let me describe my job profile for better understanding of the situation. I would not like to leave a CAT among the PIGEONS. I am a GET as every one else is going to join as. I would graduate to be an Engineer-Project (Planning and Execution). I am being trained to attend to client/customers in the Europe and Middle-East region. I am handling project from Italy these days. Wow, Italy, Paris.....Eiffel tower. I will be flying there soon!

I work at the Business center to which the company has it transport facility offered to me, but when I have to visit the factory for meeting, follow up...I have to find my way. So I think you guys pretty much know my situation.

I took my bus to the Train station. The buses in Chennai are horrible. You never get a place to sit; it is always filled to the core. The men and women stand on either side, seriously pathetic, nerds cracking the text like it was the last thing they had to mug on planet earth. Did we ever study at college?

Once out of college there are only two places and every thing involved with it that is good. One would definitely be your home town and the next is of course Hamirpur, although we would not feel the same at college, you will know how true this statement is once you graduate.

The train station is about 20 min. Boundary condition including heavy and slow moving traffic. This is common time-design factor in most major cities. I prefer the tramp since it is less crampy, and takes less time to get to the other side of town. The facility would not be the same at Delhi, Bombay or Bangalore. It is a different situation if you are taking the Metro, but the tramps in Delhi and Bombay are dirty and really crampy because it is the most chosen mean of transport for most citizens. Bangalore though lacks such facilities. But let me tell ascertain the mass transport facility is much more classy then in any city in India. We actually have AC busses, some thing unique to Bangalore.

I finally reached the factory after 1hr-45 min travel. The facilities were already set up. We had good transmission with Italy. The video conference was going to be amazing, my first actually. We discussed a lot of issues (common in work culture). It was one amazing experience. I even gave a presentation over the video conference to my boss sitting in Italy. I was the Best Presents of the Batch, and lived every word of it to my European counter part. All this was going into making my college proud, of course. We carry so many responsibilities, the biggest of all being a NITHian.

Appreciations were in plenty after the meeting. I am sure you guys too will live to these expectations once you guys are out. Of course you guys are my juniors and I very much know what you will be up to.

On my way back I probably saw the worst incident of my life. I was about to board the tramp back to Nungambakkam. I saw this blind couple. The blind woman boarded the train and as the blind man tried to board the train, the tramp moved. What I saw after that was quite unbelievable and quite unexpected. The blind woman with out even hesitating jumped from the moving train. She fell with a thud! People came running to see if nothing had gone wrong. I could only watch. Was it love? Was it a sacrifice or was it the fact that they were going to loose each other's company, some thing which meant so much to the two of them. I only hoped that nothing went wrong.

We never know where life takes us. We complain about placements. We worry about pay packages. We want to get placed twice. We get frustrated that our surrounding (could be anything - job, family.. friend... college.... strangers... any thing) is not offering us the best. We act like we are the God of all things at college, yet life has so much to offer. It will definitely, never come to you the way you want it to be. Some times you'll have to run, some times stay calm; it may even mean jumping off a moving train. But if need be, we have too. Ultimately life goes on.

Meet our Alumni

Neeraj Chauhan, 35, is group Chief Operating Officer and one of the founding Directors of eSys Technologies. eSys, incorporated in the year 2000 in Singapore, is a USD 2 Billion multinational with 114 offices in 35 over countries. Mr. Chauhan is based in Amsterdam, Netherlands at European Headquarters of eSys.

Mr. Chauhan is responsible for conceptualizing and executing group strategy related to geographical and product line expansion. He directs all group investments, acquisitions and sets out business goals for individual SBUs.

Since 2000 Mr. Chauhan has led the expansion of eSys through Asia Pacific, Middle East, Europe and Americas by executing a growth strategy involving acquisitions and setting up green field operations leading to direct eSys presence in 30 over countries. In 2002 Mr. Chauhan shifted base from Singapore to Amsterdam to set up eSys European distribution network, which now comprises 12 subsidiaries and contributes 45% of Group revenues.

Prior to joining eSys, Mr. Chauhan has held various positions with Usha Intercontinental (India) and Mayor International. He was responsible for International Trading and Distribution business in Far East, Australia, Japan and Korea for manufactured goods and commodities.

Mr. Chauhan holds Masters Degree in International Business (**MBA-IB**) from University Business School Chandigarh and Bachelor of Technology (**B.Tech**) degree from National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur.

"You have not changed a bit in the last 15 years!" commented Neeraj Chauhan of the batch of 1988! "Oh, but I have coloured my hair," I laughed aloud. "But you have put on some weight" I said watching a smart, confident and smiling man, walking towards me, whom I had seen as slim and lanky young boy some 13-14 years back! But what had not really changed was his easy going way of interaction and a rustic charm that he still carried like a fresh whiff of air despite being a high profile COO of eSys.

Neeraj selected the place where we were to dine. More than the food and the ambience of the eating joint; it was the company of an alumnus that made the dinner memorable. Both of us wanted to catch up with what had happened during the last 14 years.

A proud father of a sweet looking baby girl, Shreya, he told me about the naming of his daughter. "You know Dutch Language has very different pronunciation for 'J' and 'V'; so we had to restrict to a name that had neither 'J' nor 'V'" smiling broadly, he said.

I could capture in him Indian family values that he exuded when he rushed with a glass of water behind me when I nearly choked!

But the moment he started discussing the global scenario in the business world, I could see the acumen of a business man in his demeanor. Finance and business matters make no sense to a nitwit like me but he tried hard making me understand the intricacies of the business world. "India is the most happening place in the business world today," he continued, "eSys has the highest market share in the global market in sales of Hard disk," exclaimed Neeraj proudly.

Neeraj had been student editor of the English section when the college magazine was known as "Raceme" so I wanted



to know about his literary tastes. Though I knew that it must have been difficult for him to find time to read anything except may be balance sheet of his company but still I was inquisitive to know about his reading tastes as I believe that a man is known by the kind of books he reads. "Do you get time to read anything?" Perhaps I was hoping to get "No" as an answer but he surprised me by saying "I read almost all magazines and sometimes would read 5-6 magazines in about three hours, and that too from cover to cover." It was an evening full of surprises for me! "I have read Amartya Sen's Identity and Violence -The Illusion of Destiny....and another on Bombay, Maximum City by Suketu Mehta," continued he "I read wide and varied, almost everything from popular fiction to serious reading" laughingly he added "anything except self help books!" I was really in for so many revelations about Neeraj that day. I wondered how well we really know our students when they are with us or is it that they grow fast when they are away from the stifling do's and don't of the teachers.

"Tell me something about REC or NIT whatever it may be called these days?" he sincerely enquired, "What changes have come over there?" And I felt proud to tell him about the net connectivity and the infrastructural development taking at an astounding pace at NIT that made him happy. "You can imagine the kind of change that has come over NIT when a person like me has become so Tech savvy!" laughingly I added. Though honestly speaking, I was really happy to have something to impress him with and silently thanked the Institute authorities for these developments.

"How do you manage to live away from your home and what about your food arrangement?" the mother in me was concerned. "I cook reasonably well, rather next time I would cook for you rice and kaali daal at my apartment," he smiled in an innocent manner, "though it is the ordered food many a times but I make Maggi when I am too tired either to cook or to order something."

The conversation was so engrossing that the gap of 14 long years seemed to have disappeared and I felt like never having lost any contact with him. Since Neeraj belongs to Hamirpur so I was curious to know his contribution to his home place. Though I knew about a school that his father has started at his home place but I was glad to know Neeraj's contribution.

"I have installed Computers with TFT screens in the school as I want the local students to have quality education at their door steps and that too at affordable rates." eSys has recently entered into setting up business in Himachal and are going to invest ...

He was so eager to learn about all the teachers and was really surprised that almost all of them were still there. Ah! Teaching seems to get into our systems, rued I. We talked about so many students as well and I was surprised as well as proud to know how well they were doing in diverse fields.

"So many of my class fellows have made a big name and that too in fields that are so different from what they were trained for."

So many names and faces came to my mind: young and naughty faces that had matured not only to lead their own life successfully but were helping others, as well, to lead their life. It was a proud moment for me.

"But the girl students of our batch have become invisible" lamented he. Is it that men still make big names and women are relegated backstage to provide support to them, I wondered.

It was about midnight and the eating place was to close business for the day though we would have loved to sit and chat for some more time. So with a heavy heart and a promise to be in touch through mails and visits, we parted company.

In Neeraj Chauhan I was happy to meet a proud and caring father; an astute business manager; an avid reader, a socially responsible citizen and an endearingly respectful student. What more could I have asked for?

It was really a memorable get-together for a teacher and a taught.

As told to Dr. (Mrs.) Saroj Thakur

the write angles



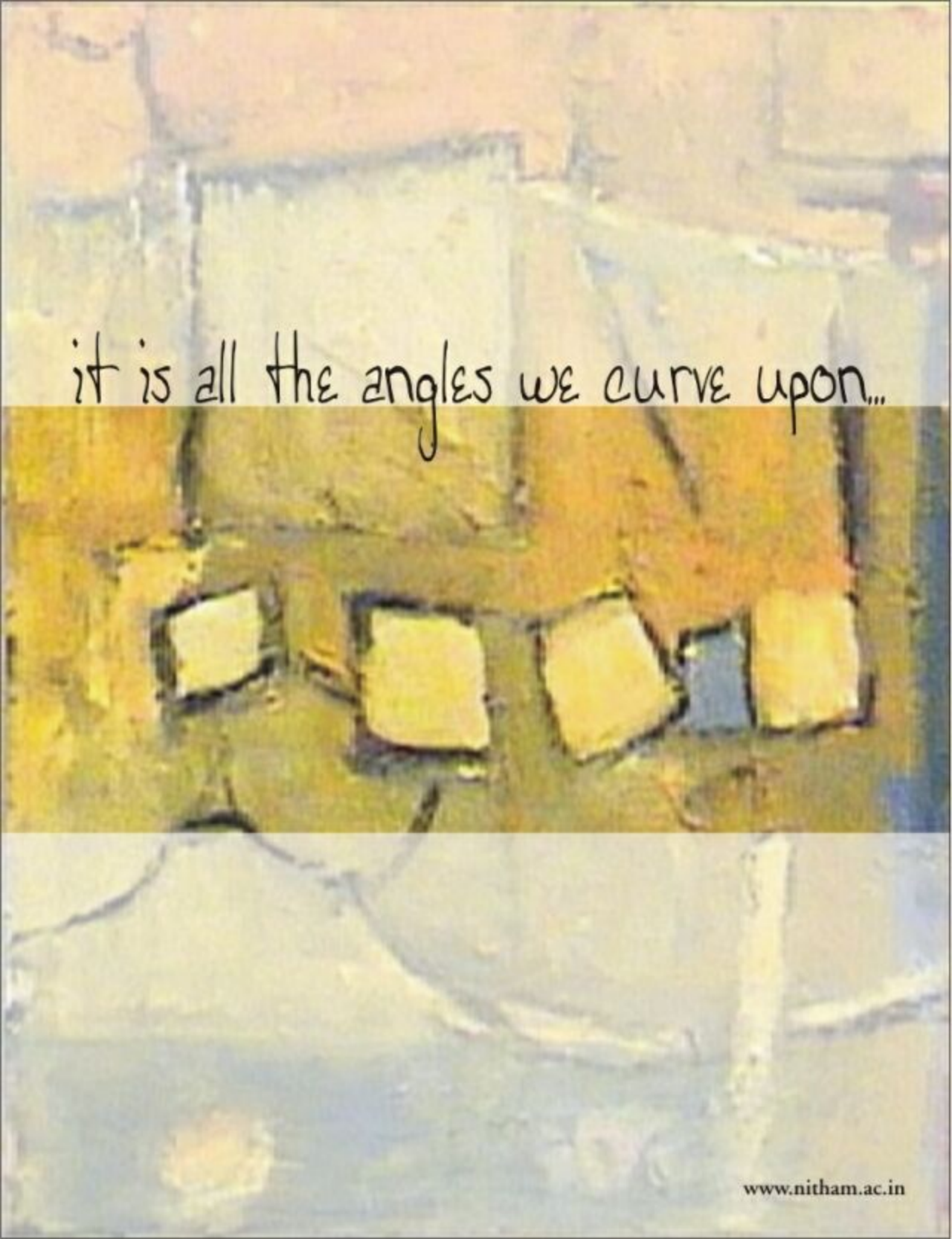
Left to Right :

I Row (Sitting) : Shishir Kumar Goel, Abhishek Tondon, Sanchit Gupta,
Hon'ble Director Prof. I.K. Bhat, Dr. (Mrs.) Saroj Thakur (Editor-in-chief),
Kumar Ashutosh (Students' Editor), Abhinav Jogi, Varun Walia, Gajendra Singh

II Row (Standing) : Vivek Chauhan, Arjun B.S., Prashant, Ravi Kumar, Sachin S.H.,
Dipanjani Mazumdar, Kunal Dhar, Siddhartha Kumar, Chandrakant Chaturvedi,
Ratna Ghosh, Princy Soni

III Row (Standing) : Abhishek Chaturvedi, Vivek Shah, Deepak Jain,
Krishna Bordeori, Tejaswi Gautam, Ashwini K. Dhiman, Rajjan Singh,
Kamal Prakash Ravi, Manish Singh, Utpal Tiwari

DISCLAIMER : All the views expressed in this magazine are solely of the respective authors and the editorial board, in no way bears responsibility for their views.

The background is an abstract composition. The top half features warm, earthy tones of peach, tan, and light brown, with some darker, muted blue and grey accents. The bottom half is dominated by a large, textured area of light blue and grey, with some darker, muted blue and grey accents. In the center, there are several overlapping, semi-transparent rectangular shapes in shades of yellow, orange, and light blue, creating a layered effect. The overall style is painterly and textured, with visible brushstrokes and a sense of depth.

it is all the angles we curve upon...