



Echoes



Undertones



Call-age



Reminiscence



chuckles



Euphonies



VIVID VOICES

विविध गुंजन



VIVID VOICES | SRIJAN 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)

इरौजान  
08-09

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, HAMIRPUR, H.P.

# “RETROSPECT”

‘Pen is mightier than the sword’

These thoughts resonating in my mind I accepted the PEN, a symbolic baton for carrying ahead the legacy of creativity ‘Srijan’.

Our first assignment was to get a review of the present edition of the magazine from students, teachers, alumni and the publishing houses. A visit was planned to Delhi for collecting views of some professional publishing houses like India Today, Indian Express, Business World and Navbharat Times. Suggestions were noted down. With a determination to work hard on the weak areas we returned to college.



Placements came as the first hurdle in our way, as all the final year got busy with their preparation. August went by. But amidst all chaos we interviewed the to be executives and their associates. The interview was very eventful, at least for me as I got to know many people one on one, both in professional and personal ways.

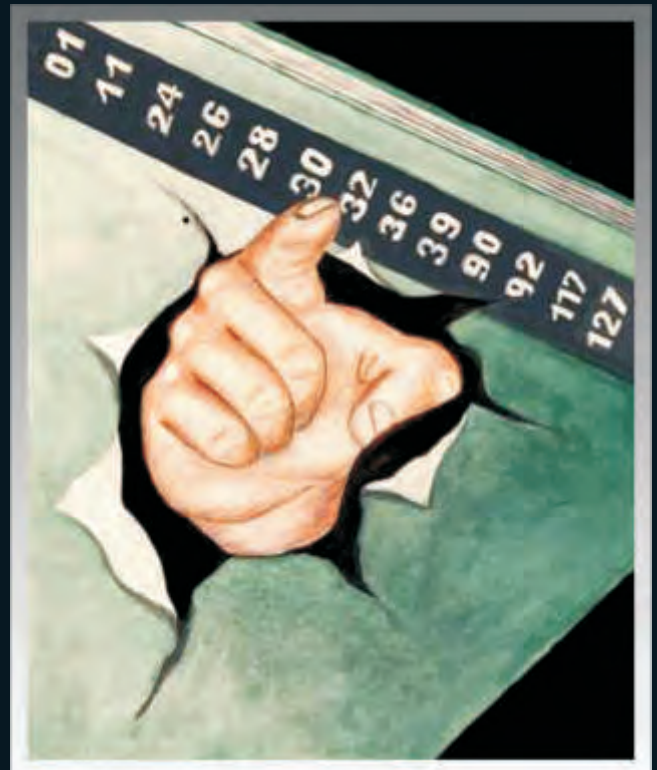
Winds of appreciation and criticism blew from over the previous editions and brought changes in the present format of the magazine. Fine arts which was fined with absence in the previous issue made a come back. Brushes; a section exclusively for paintings, is a canvas to the budding Picassos and Hussain's of our college.

In order to introduce Srijan to the freshers we conducted a writing competition. It received overwhelming participation and also helped us in piling up our kitty with entries. Hill ffair and isach did put a momentary break in our work but the dedicated members ensured that their commitment to the magazine remained intact.

Once the articles were compiled the fine arts team got into action, giving every thought a suitable colour and sketching every idea. Next was the turn of desktop editing. Unlike every year we decided to do the graphic designing of the magazine in college itself. Though many worried souls argued against this idea, still keeping in mind the basic purpose of having a college magazine which is to develop creativity, we gave the Photoshop enthusiasts an opportunity to participate in this creative process.

Sometimes following democracy and sometimes dictating the terms. Applying diplomacy, emotional blackmails, back foot, admonishments and everything that was there in my prowess to the making of the magazine, I now hand it over to you. Read it, enjoy it and most importantly preserve it for it carries the emotions of our friends who would not always be there with us. Their faces in the magazine, articles and paintings would remind us of these most happening days of our life in times to come

Cover painting description: Diverse jigsaw puzzles come together to create a new life. Similarly when youth belonging to diverse background, colors, creed, forms, ideology, voices and perception join hands they create a new beginning.







# AVONAL

*Hi readers, my self Srijan.*

*It is a privilege to be in your hands. But before you dive into the vastness of this creative master piece I would like to acknowledge the well timed and selfless contribution of students in the form of either physical or moral support to give me a shape which you all could admire.*

*From final year: Mahendra, Rakesh, Nagmani, Ravish, Manish, Ranjeet, Shyam Vipeen, Ravi Kumar, Sanjeev Kumar, Sumit Rao, Karn Kher, Sandeep Taterway, Nikanji Mundhra, Ahillesh Agarwal, Diwakar Jha, A Vignesh, Sourav Joshi, Shourav Agrawal, Rohit Bhushan, Parul Pandey, Shweta Gautam Ruchika, Vaishally, Yogesh Sood, Abhishek Kulde, Atif, Anish Madhav, Pranjal Bajpai, Nikhil Sharma, Akash Anand Verma, Shabri Shailly, Sparya, Mansi, Prerna, Ruchira, Vimal Preet,*

*Third year: Karan Vasdev, Shubhnan Sen, Ajay Pratap Rana, Akshay Milap, Vishal Srivastav, Nipun Behl, Princy Soni.*

*Second year: Srijana, Harjot Singh, Rashir, Vishal Lakkabathini, Saurav Agarwala, Jai Dhawan, Kirti Mahajan.*

*These are just few of the several names who made the journey enriching. I sincerely thank all those hands who lent their support in the making of me.*

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## Echoes



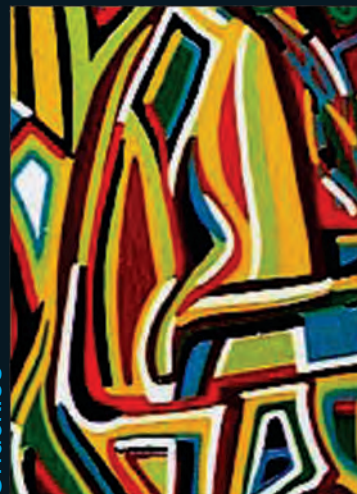
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# MESSAGE

It gives me immense pleasure to know that the National Institute of Technology, is bringing out its institutional magazine "Srijan" for the year 2008-09.

Institutional publications provide its students appropriate platform to express their creativities through contributing articles, write-ups etc and polish their talent, which is in the best interest of their overall development, and needs to be encouraged.

Students are future citizens of the country who would be shouldering the responsibility contributing towards the constructions and speedy development of the country. NIT hamirpur is the premier vocation institution imparting globally recognized education to young citizens with cent percent placement facilities with bright career progression and the state is proud to have such an institution, which keeps pace with the global vocational educational trends. I hope the magazine would carry adequate material which could guide them through all odds in their future accomplishments.

I send my best wishes for the successful publication of the magazine.



Prof. Prem Kumar Dhumal  
Chief Minister  
Himachal Pradesh



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

I am highly pleased to witness the glow of another issue of "SRIJAN". The annual college magazine is a window to the literary and the artistic creativity of the students, and an insight for me into the extra-curricular activities of the students. Apart from the glimpses of NIT community's writing dexterity the magazine portrays the experience of observation, learning and fabrication.

The vibrant enthusiasm rippling through the pages of the magazine reflect a well established multilingual and multicultural environment. The diverse communities each with its distinct traditions and values is the sparkling hologram of this institute. I am proud that this institute has been successful in producing worthy engineers and above all good human beings.

I extend my sincerest praise to all the contributors, and heartiest congratulations to the editorial board for shelving their valuable time, without whose efforts the magazine wouldn't have made it to our hands. I wish the readers a delightful reading.

# MESSAGE

I am greatly ecstatic to know that the latest edition of the institute magazine SRIJAN is in the hand of the readers. Srijan is a fresh blend of a new work ethic, which combines vigour with creativity, passion with respect.

Every success story begins with a name and anything that tags along has to be priceless. Srijan, the very name reflects the blueprints of notions of mind of students which cites our development helping in realizing the pedagogic process of exploration and dialogue, and the education goals of independence of ideas; which forms an integral part of our education process.

The pursuit of excellence is part and parcel of national entity. As our institution is heading towards excellence and; while celebrating the intrinsic nature of our institution, Srijan truly reflects the history of vision of our institution and extending our voyage to future. The magazine has expanded with continuous focus on the quality with providing a platform to celebrate the unsung achievements that are found plenty in our college.

I sincerely appreciate the dedicated hard work of the editorial board of Srijan and praise the contribution of all those who were associated directly or indirectly with bringing out of the present magazine; and I hope to see all the future editions with same flying spectrum.



Prof. I.K.Bhat  
Director  
NIT Hamirpur



Sh. Amit Kaul  
Editor In Chief  
SRIJAN  
NIT Hamirpur

True it is that creativity cannot be limited by the forms in which it can be exhibited. Still literature, art, poetry and photography are highly pronounced ways of exposing ones thoughts and perceptions. SRIJAN, a cradle for all such thoughtful, creative musings provides the students with the much needed podium for their intense, lively and strong voices.

College nourishes our mind with moral values and academics. The greater society expects us to bloom & serve all with our fragrance. The efforts of the administration to meet these expectations are visible in the changes that has come in the past one year on a number of fronts, be it infrastructure, academic activities, campus placements and other developments. Contributions of the alumni to the magazine help us have a comparative perspective from one who is still in college and those who have nostalgic attachments with their alma mater. I sincerely thank the alumni, for finding out time from their packed schedules to pen down their experiences for the benefit of our readers.

I take this opportunity to thank the Director NIT Hamirpur, for his constant encouragement and support in making this magazine a reality. I also thank Deans, Heads of Departments, other faculty members' coordinators for their support and guidance.

On behalf of the editorial team I thank the entire NITH family for their help all through the making of this magazine.



# FROM THE EDITORS DESK



## THE THEME

Technical education does not prohibit the students from thinking illogically. It simply imparts in them the ability to squeeze logic out of absurdity. The logic behind VIVID VOICES goes like this; it circumscribes the strong, intense and lively expressions of its readers. At the same time it signifies the need of a platform for anchoring the ideas of the students, their concerns and rumblings. If you wish to know more about these two words, turn through the pages and the meaning would become evident.

## NITH BUZZ

From green pines to the green roof, from green library cards to smart cards, from local isolation to global connectivity, from 12x7 to 24x7, and other small big transformations, we have embraced them all. Put it simply; History, civics and geography of NIT Hamirpur have changed in the last three years. Still, there is need for more.

Sitting above this heap of infrastructural growth, I can look down upon the things which were left behind or more aptly, slipped away from our grip as they were old and burden for the brave new world. These were academic values, life principles, belief in ourselves, faith in our elders/guardians/teachers and care for the next generation.

Here, allow me to press the rewind button. As a +2 student, we all had cursed our system, the age old technology, social backwardness and a missing leadership. Many times we had fantasized of being a great scientist some day, inventing the time machine and several such fragile dreams were preserved in our innocent but ambitious mind. Fast forward into the present times. While ensuring a berth in our choicest discipline and college, we somewhere lost our dreams. 'Success is elusive and on several occasions it has betrayed people'. If this is a perception we are a befitting example. Our appetite for fun has led us to a famine of ideas. Readers are requested to go through the articles of Kr. Vijay Mishra, Arjun B.S. and Abhishek Tondon to learn more about the things missing at NITH and also those things not to be missed at NITH.

## NITH CHRONICLE

Time flies by leaving behind a trail of memories, some sweet and some sweeter. Overall I would sum it up as an eventful session. ISACH 08, the annual student convention of ISTE, saw huge participation from within college and outside colleges. The efforts of the students and the organizing body ensured that NITH stands taller amongst its siblings after the successful culmination of the convention. Hill fair a constant feature in the fixture of the institute was a feast of fun, culture, art and drama. The even semester witnessed the presence of the missile man of India, Dr. A P J Abdul Kalam. Addressing the convocation gathering he said "Creative leadership means exercising the vision to change the traditional role from the commander to the coach, manager to mentor, from director to delegator and from one who demands respect to one who facilitates self – respect. I am sure; NIT Hamirpur will generate such leaders in Engineering and Technology for participating in our national development mission."

## CREATIVITY

Bring your mid finger and the ring finger together and then touch your thumb with them. Now take a look at what you have created; a hare. Creativity comes with the power to imagine things. Srijan is a compendium of several such wild or genuine imaginations. Though all works of literature are not fiction, still creativity and imagination must coexist. Otherwise the work fails to impress.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks to the team of 25 students who toiled day and night with constant support from Mr. Amit Kaul (E in C) to give the magazine its present shape. Also special thanks to Prof. I K Bhat, Director of NIT Hamirpur and chief patron of the magazine, who was a continuous source of inspiration to the team. Not to forget the several hands who worked from behind the scene and contributed to this literary and artistic masterpiece.

**Prashant**  
Students' Editor

# SRIJAN 08-09



## The Annual Magazine

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To build a vibrant multicultural learning environment founded on value based academic principles, wherein all involved shall contribute effectively, efficiently and responsibly to the nation and global community.

# Civil Engineering Department



“Civil Engineers have an ethical responsibility to “hold paramount the safety, health and welfare of the public”. We recognize and respect the part of other engineering disciplines too in the direction of sustainable development of country. The “young engineers” & “future of country” should strive to learn soft skills, intensive team work and time management, so that future of country could be in safe and efficient hands.”



**Dr. Raman Parti**  
Prof. & H.O.D

Fait Ce Que Voudras means doing what your heart tells you..and that's what we do ..almost literally ( wink wink ) ..On a serious note we followed our heart and our instinct when we started on the construction of the World's First Fink Truss Paper Bridge and well as the cliché says rest is history.

Best departmental award was not something of a cake walk when you see the intense competitions and preparations that go down in our technical fests but sometimes what we need most is a winning combination ,a good plan and an even better execution .Civil Engineers by instinct are definitely good planners ( Read Designing) and even better executers . The massive turnout in the events organized by the department was not just plans on papers or running hither titer for publicity or coverage but just sheer hard work and the correct execution of the plans laid down.

When we got over with the hangover of the win at the prestigious NIMBUS a National conference on “Infrastructure development in civil engineering” was organized in May 2008 in this contrast. Professor S.K.Kaushik(ENAE)and Professor S.L. dhingra from IIT-Bombay were the guest of honor.

Technology and community are anagrams if you consider the meanings of these words and the department leaves no stone unturned to organize events which directly help our community. A week long training program on “Water Harvesting” under TEQUIP Community service was another of its numerous efforts.

Our Labs are going places latest addition being the Remote Sensing Lab. Now students are equipped with latest Total stations and worlds renowned GIS software's like ArcGIS 9.2 and ERDAS Imagine 9.0. Remote sensing satellite data from ISRO is being acquired for Himachal Pradesh for further mapping and research work. In future a GPS network with separate station at NITH and a weather station network with base at NITH is being planned for real time monitoring of climate change/activities and seismic activities...sounds good.







# Electrical & Electronics Engineering Department



“Success to engineers is not all about winning over your competitors, but in bringing difference to the way of thinking and doing things. For this, academic brilliance is necessary but not sufficient. The learned and the learners must work hands in hand for holistic growth.”



**Dr. R. N. Sharma**  
H.O.D.

The Electrical Engineering Department is the most strategically located one in the college campus. Spend some time in front of the department and you will come to know, what is going on where. Roads to all the prime locations diverge from here. Be it the library, Audi, hostels, administrative block and the most important of them all Nescafe. Moving inside the dept. you will be greeted by the faculty rooms. Here if you stop, you will get to see how the gurus, devotedly carry out the task of empowering young minds with their knowledge. Some of them are devoted to their learning work. Some can be found looking for company to the canteen while some are busy preparing for their lectures. Here it's worth mentioning that the electrical department takes pride in having a team of accomplished faculty for whom churning out bright engineers seems to be the only goal.

Laboratories in electrical department have been subjected to a continuous upgradation process. The latest equipments installed have hyped the curiosity level amongst students. Whether or not these will succeed in restricting the students from bunking their lab sessions, time will tell but those who strive for learning will be benefited by the efforts of our technical guardians. Also it would mean extra work for the lab assistants trying to get used to the new technology and equipments.

The department this year got a green roof adding to its beauty. Also the newly constructed second floor has provided it with the much needed space to accommodate the ever increasing number of students; thanks to the MHRD and their quota decisions. But none of these developments were able to capture the attention of the mass as was done by the gigantic transformer, stepping up the potential of the department, installed by its side. It is hoped that in addition to enhancing the training facilities, this test purpose transformer will add to the learning trajectory of the students.

The department again went through a change of guard this year with Dr. R N Sharma taking the baton of progress from Dr. Sushil Chauhan. His quick and timely steps of upgradation of the labs and augmenting the list of qualified faculty, exhibit his determination to take the department to new heights.

As every year many short term courses were organized by the department. Most of these courses were sponsored by AICTE/MHRD. Some of them are;

- A two week short term course titled “Signal Processing and Artificial Intelligence with applications in Biomedical Engineering”.
- Two weeks Summer School on “Application of MATLAB, Or CAD/ SPICE Simulation tools in Engineering (MOS-2008)”
- An AICTE/MHRD sponsored STC on “Sustainable Energy Generation and Environmental Management”

The electrical engineering department of NIT Hamirpur believes in its responsibility towards the community and in this regard many community development programs were conducted where the students from local polytechnic colleges and other artisans and workmen got trained by the department.

Placements touched a new high this season, with over 90% of the eligible students getting placed in various MNC's and PSU's and other reputed government and private organizations within the first month itself.

The students can be found walking up and down the knowledge corridors. Some eager minds waiting for the next lecture session while other lazy ones thinking of bunking them. Extra classes continue to be a constant feature on the department routine. After the introduction of the relative grading scheme, students have become more serious about their studies. But whether this system will help in true learning or just create more bookworms, this time will only tell.

A mind runs faster than circuits.







# Mechanical Engineering Department



“we must understand that technology evolved to improve the life of people across all sections. In India, the major issue is not quality of technology alone but also whether it benefits the masses. Let us pledge to work towards developing technologies that shall help majority of our population.”

and somewhere there are engineers, helping them fly faster than sound but where are the engineers, who shall help those, who must live on the ground!



**Dr. Anoop Kumar**  
H.O.D.



Once upon a time the king of Babylon decided to build a tower- A tower so tall that it could reach the Gods. He gathered loads of people and made them work day and night to complete this great creation. He would have succeeded too had he not angered the Gods who decided to bring great calamity upon the kingdom. The tower of Babylon might have remained a legend but the royalty of our mechanical department helped us truly achieve the goal of touching the skies! Not just by being the best department

here. But also by constructing a second floor to our department building literally making it a sky-scraper!

The students live like royals inside- with the high tech projection screens and all the cool gizmos and motors running throughout the day (truly a meddy's paradise). A new definition in practicals has been established with some cool new labs opening up. The teachers and students both have been kept busy with loads of activities...

Starting with a couple of national conferences on “Quality, Reliability and Maintainability Aspects in Engineering Systems”, “Mechanism Science:

Theory to Application (NCMSTA-08)” and also other short term courses on “CAD/CAM and Robotics” etc in January. Apparently we don't sleep even during the holidays! And somehow manage to hold summer classes on “CAD/CAM/Optimization Techniques” from 2 June – 13 and “Mechatronics and Robotics” from 12th to 21st July 2008 sponsored by AICTE/MHRD.

Students make a department! And this was proved by our final year students Mr. Balgopal Singh, Mr. Sharwan Joshi, Mr. Dipanjan Mazumdar and Mr. David L Buongpui who managed to bag a solar innovation Programme under the supervision of CIIE - IIM, Ahmedabad also earning a fellowship of Rs. 8000/- pm. Adding another feather to his hat Mr. Balgopal Singh had been selected for the internship as project trainee at Mercedes Benz research and Development, India- Earning a whopping Rs. 12000/- pm fellowship. Hope you guys gave ample treat to your batch mates?!

No rose is without thorns. The department is often flooded with the sun's glare thereby making it impossible to copy notes from the board. But then some people might call this a boon rather? Another problem is the flooding of the shortcut to the department making 'going to classes' a major pain. But this problem is being corrected by constructing a cement walkway. We are also getting two neighbors in the form of a new Architecture department and the new modern computer centre. Hope they block some of the sun for us and help us when we try to escape from our angry lectures for incomplete work! But no matter what the defects, going upto the terrace and staring hard at the Dauladhar Mountains during winter snows makes one almost attain inner peace!

The final year students too are geared up for the final rounds of their placements but then with a 91.84 percent already there are hardly any worries. But mostly they are counting down the days till the crown of being a royal meddy will be snatched away from them and they will head on to being a royal (maybe) corporate employee. But as people move on, they often look back on all the things they have learned academic and otherwise, and when they do, I am sure; our Mech department will have provided them with vast amounts of wisdom making them stronger and braver individuals who can face any storm in life head on!

ALL HAIL THE MEDDY'S

Jumping over mountains was never that simple.







# Electronics & Communication Engineering Department



“Engineering makes life comfortable and worth living. However, in today's era students ought to excel academically, groom their technical & soft skills and develop their personalities to complete globally. These virtues shall make them always accepted and their presence shall be felt by all. This in turn shall bring laurels to their Alma Mater-NITH.”



**Dr. Rajeevan Chandel**  
H.O.D.

in the administrative block! Technical and HR departments are blended together, to the envy of many corporations. It makes a complete corporate package. With electron clouds hovering over them, it's natural that the babus are always charged up!

The department is reached by the 'most famous helical staircase'. Inside, at one end is the departmental computer centre. This is the most frequented 'lab' of the students. Each PC here flaunts a long download queue for the day, everyday. Walking further down the ECE lane, there are 'once-a-week-labs', followed by the lecture halls. Then comes the multipurpose lab (Read TV lab). This lab has found itself to be the host of any activity which is not able to get space elsewhere in the campus. In the mornings, it is occupied by MTechs. During the afternoon it serves as whichever lab is under renovation (the latest being Optical Fibre Lab). Sometimes it also serves as a Project Lab. In the evenings, it serves as the venue for many educational events organized by SPEC. Next in the lane is the newborn lab. It is the VLSI lab aka 'the-temple-of-research'. Besides some of the best software tools, this lab also contains extensive VLSI related educational hardware. Walking further on the ECE lane, one will find a gaping hole. It looks as if a meteor fell through the roof! One would not be surprised if one fine day, a mortar mixing machine starts roaring right inside the department. Well, the department is being remodeled. And this has taken quite a while!

The department was bustling with activity throughout the year. A National Workshop on "VLSI & Communication Systems" was organized in June 2008. It included lectures on DFT & SOC Design by Er. Ramesh and other experts from TI, Bangalore. Our teachers too delivered lectures at their home turf. The course was highly beneficial to over 50 participants of various Technical Institutes & other organizations from Punjab, Haryana and Himachal Pradesh. Prof. AK Saxena IIT Roorkee delivered expert lectures on MOS fundamentals and III-V MOS structures in Summer School DTV-08. Another lecture was delivered on "Wireless Communication Technology" by Er. Rajesh Sharma, GM T-Mobile USA, an alumnus of our college.

Our department's location couldn't have been better. All other departments, food stalls, auditorium, library are at a stones' throw from it. ECED falls on the liveliest road of the campus. The small park on the dept's side is the hub of all the evening action. The new food stalls there are raking in huge profits- thanks to the 'chips n bread (board) people' (read ECE students). Don't be surprised if someone opens up an extension counter right in our department! Kudos to those extra doses of coffee for pushing us back to the active region when we get saturated or cut-off.

The placements have shown a sluggish response this time, due to the economic downslide and recession in the software industry. Still, about 85% people had been placed by end of their 7th Semester. Many companies are yet to come. So everybody will be atleast singly placed by the time they pass out.

On the whole, life at ECE department rocks. We have been hard wired to believe that classes are meant to be bunked, and the green benches are meant to be occupied! Did someone say Extra Cool Engineering?

A mind runs faster than circuits.







# Computer Science & Engineering Department



"As Computing becomes pervasive in today's world, so grows the importance of value based education. The ability to think critically is no longer enough, rather the students of today need to be able to think creatively, they will need to learn on their own, adapt to new challenges and innovative on-the-fly."



**Dr. Narottam Chand**  
H.O.D.

"First we thought the PC was a calculator. Then we found out how to turn numbers into letters with ASCII — and we thought it was a typewriter. Then we discovered graphics, and we thought it was a television. With the World Wide Web, we've realized it's a brochure."-Douglas Adams.

INCREMENTATION proved to be the key feature in this year. One more floor has been added to the department to meet the growing need of increased no. of students. New workstations of dell with 64 bits operating system have been introduced. IMAGE PROCESSING LAB, GRAPHICS LAB, and DBMS LABS got fully renovated. Now we are providing 45 Mbps bandwidth in the college, highest in the North India.

While standing near the Administrative block, now it has become very difficult to find the sight of a Department known as MED because a new building has been raised in front of it. This building is our new computer centre having three floors and excellent infrastructure. It is inaugurated by the Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam, Former president of the country. Here he have more than 2200 voice & data nodes over the fibre backbone with above 100 active devices, wifi, Voice over IP (VoIP), videoconferencing, a fleet of servers from SUN, IBM, HP, Dell, heterogeneous intranet over various flavours of Microsoft Windows and UNIX, Internet connectivity from multiple service providers, Web server, email servers, etc. Presently, 185 computing nodes including 15 servers, 50 workstations, 30 thin clients, 70 desktops and 20 mobile terminals are installed in various labs of the Centre building. Now we have the best systems in the Northern India. Separate cabin for each pc ensures more privacy.

A one day workshop on "Specification, Simulation and Synthesis with System C" was organized on 14 March 2008. Mr. Kumar Sambhav Pandey was resource person for the Workshop. Under Professor Vijay Kumar, Missouri City, USA, a one-credit course on "Mobile Database" for CSE M.Tech and B.Tech Final Year students was organized on 3rd and 4th January 2008. Our faculty imparted training on C-sharp, Advanced Java, VB.Net, ASP .Net to faculties of Punjab Technical in summer vacations, 2008.

A National Conference on "Emerging Trends in Computing and Communication, ETCC 2008" was organized on Dec 30-31. Keynote talks was delivered by the Sh S L Singh(GM, BSNL Hamirpur), Dr. Sanjeev K Singh(US Patent agent), Prof. Ajay Sharma(HOD, cse, NIT Jalandhar). Main focus was on mobile computing, multimedia on mobile, video on demand, Digital image processing, wireless sensor networks, VLSI etc.

TEQIP Sponsored STTP Course on "Computer Fundamentals MS Office and Internet, COMOI 8" was organised in January 2009 along with the literacy mission to teach the computer basics to prayas group(literacy children). Valedictory ceremony was conducted under APJ Abdul kalam, Former president of India.

Students are getting more aware towards the open source Developments. Mr Varun patial from the final year become the first person to be the Fedora Ambassador from our college. A bad period of IT market was seen in the Final year placements but at last a good percentage of them are placed in big companies. A fast and vast development of the department signs its shining positions in the coming years.

Wanna increase your drive space. Please delete your windows.







# Architecture Department



"To excel in the various fields of life one must be well aware with the traits to lead it. To achieve your goals you have to strive. Strive with the upcoming difficulties of the future and over come the failures of the past. Stop being prisoner of past be the architect of future and success will be yours."



**Ar. I.P. Singh**  
H.O.D.

Well! The very 'creative and artistic', "Department of Architecture" was, as always, the talk of the town (college! I must say). The reason this time was the 'griha pravesh' i.e. at last we got to enter our own department building. This building, being the only one that incorporates a different style of architecture using curvilinear shapes, breaks the monotony of construction. The number of floors is still a matter of great confusion to the B. Tech Students!

The specialty of this building is that every floor has an escape route leading outside (you could call each floor a "ground floor!") which makes it very convenient to disappear from class just after the attendance. On such ventures, we discovered certain new terms associated with the building- the most interesting being "WATER TAFFRI". Every time one is thirsty, we choose upon departments to go to, to quench our thirst. The Mechanical Engineering Department, being the nearest, is most pleased by our frequent visits. "Gobi ke khet mein tamatar" as they say, conveys their gratitude towards us.

Talking about the academics, the budding architects of the first year were packed with great energy and enthusiasm. They were like wet clay, ready to be moulded into great revelations of the future. Coming to this stream has always been an all new experience for the students, as architecture is something we see all around us but never study in our school academics.

The second year was also pepped up with great zeal (for they were seniors now!); busy trying out their newly acquired skills by helping their seniors in submissions, models etc. The third year took charge of the various responsibilities handed over by their seniors. Hard work, numerous submissions, assignments and presentations, coupled with a whole lot of fun, made their year this time.

The Final year could be seen trying to adapt and incorporate the professional attitude of the "corporate world", they just had a glimpse of, during their 45 day training schedule. Although there was some boasting about experiences, they did come up with great designs. VISSA to Yuva Ratna, to Transparency- all had the final year ruling. Bunks, bunks and even more bunks, followed by a series of holidays and fests, left us with few working days and a whole lot of extra classes! Students also went on a survey trip to Chandigarh from February 29th to 2nd March, 2008 to understand the current trends in interior design.

The "Superfinal Year", as we call the fifth year, the senior most batch of the college, experienced the most crucial time of their lives. "The Thesis", on which depends their degree, led to a lot of hard work and sleepless nights! The workaholics were always seen running with their synopsis, reports and sheets in a constant battle against time.

A common endeavour of the department this year was the "National Conference on Hill Architecture", a remarkable event which was attended by great architects from all over the country, as they shared their valuable knowledge. A student delegation of 40 students also went to MNIT, Bhopal to attend the annual NASA (National Association of Students of Architecture) convention 2008 held from 28th December to 31st December, 2007. The students participated in around 40 events and did us proud by winning prizes in 9 of them. Finally, one may say that our department was once again successful in adding a refreshingly colourful stroke on NIT Hamirpur's vibrant canvas!

Geometry is the best gift of nature, and structure is the best gift of architecture.





# nimbus'08

*"Men are only as good as their technical development allows them to be" – George Orwell*

13th to 16th March- the three days our students felt like engineers the most, witnessed NIMBUS 2008, NIT Hamirpur's proud answer to technical festivals going on around the country. Careful and meticulous planning, days (and nights!) of preparation and hard work, and we were able to pull off a near flawless mega event, complimented by the scenery of our beautiful campus. We were joined by participants from Lovely Professional University Phagwara, Hooghly Engg & Technology College, Kolkata, IESIPS Indore, JNGEC Sundernagar among many others.

Each department chipped in with its own blend of well prepared and interesting events. The Electrical Engineering Department organized events of both "inquisitive" and informative nature like e-quest, transformer stripping and a MATLAB seminar on sound distortions. There were also contests for circuit designing and micro-controller based traffic control. However the success story was surely "Wind Riders", the contest based on building your own vertical axis windmill, which received overwhelming response. Events were concluded with a lecture on Beam Robotics delivered by an expert from Appin Solutions.

The "mech-merising" Mechanical Engineering Department continued the good work in "Mindz and Machines", the sensational event from last year still had a firm grip on the student's interests this time. This was accompanied by Skyatch-the glider designing contest, Mechquiz and Joule Effect, an insulation design contest. "Contraptions", the art of making a simple process as complex as possible, evoked interest from students of almost all the branches. There was also an impressive auto show, the stars of which being a Maruti SX4, and Hyundai's Getz and i10, with a huge fan following.

The Computer Science and Engineering Department had their own series of events like a workshop on System C and a microprocessor programming competition. There were of course good old debugging and programming contests. And of course it would be quite incomplete without a dose of virtual gaming in Counter Strike and Need for Speed (a blockbuster every time!)

The Electronics and Communication Department was right up there in the organization and attendance for events like TV stripping, the online quiz and Design Contest. There were also the interesting "three-storey circuit house" and the paper presentation contest. We also had the privilege of having with us Professor P.K. Bora, HOD (ECE) at IIT Guwahati and Assistant Professor Dr. Y.N. Singh from IIT Kanpur who were present for the DSP workshop and the lecture on Optical Communication respectively.

The Architecture Department added fuel to the already charged up atmosphere with events like Paparazzo, 3 Rupees in 3 hours, and Wild Goose Chase- treasure hunt. Everyone who was present for the kite flying event will have permanently etched in their minds, the vision of numerous colourful kites filling the sky in front of the Administrative Block. On the business end, there were design competitions, an expert lecture by Dr. P.K. Jain from SLIET, documentary on Extreme Engineering and visit by Mr Vijay Uppal, Chief Architect, H.P.

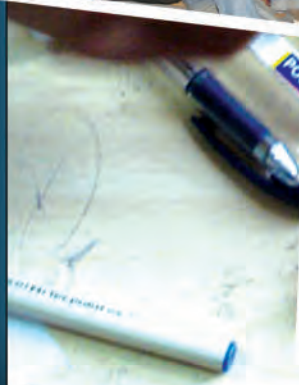
The Best Department Award went to the Civil Engineering Department, who brought to the table their own concepts of events and ideas. They excelled in organizing hugely popular events like Sanrakshan- filter design contest and Saastraarth -the quiz. Who could forget the whopping response in SURVEYKSHAN- the treasure hunt based on surveying skills. Besides this, there was an expert lecture by Mr R.Koundal, SWE Dharamshala. SAMBHAV- a bridge made of only newspapers and strings paved the way for this department's path of success as our Director Professor I.K. Bhatt walked across it.

NIMBUS wasn't confined only to technical events. We also had a science and math Olympiad, an Entrepreneurship workshop, Bizwiz and guest lectures on various fields by Prof Moin Uddin, Director, NIT Jalandhar, Dr Pawan Kapur, Director, CSIO and Prof Mukul Gupta of MDI Gurgaon. We also had the pleasure of the company of Dr M.N Bandhopadhyay, Director, NIT Kurukshetra, Dr V.N Vaidya, Head, Fuel Chemistry Division, BARC, Mr Daleep Parimoo, Expert, HRM, Mr B.N Kashyap, MD Dateline Publications and our very own Dr R.L Chauhan Chairman BOG, NIT Hamirpur who enlightened us with their words.

The sheer quality of events, the esteemed guests and massive participation of NIT Hamirpur's NIMBUS 2008 spread the message loud and clear throughout India- Watch out! We mean business..

Black holes are where God divided by zero.









# Hill'ffair

The most blazingly and artistically organised event of our institute has always been the hill 'ffair. From time immemorial we have seen breakthroughs in culture like dancing, singing, art and so on happening on the highly lighted hill 'ffair podium. Our students never fail to mesmerize the crowds with their talent in extravagant ways.

The spirit of the youth – 'juvencence' was not only captured but embellished and published in technicolor lights and 20000 watt speakers!

This year we had organised an array of events both for the eyes and the ears... and of course – the mind!

The first day saw the organizers wearing their heels for a night eagerly awaited every year after hours of preparation. "Saraswati Vandana"- the seeking of propitious blessings of the almighty, marked the breaking of the ice- HILL F'FAIR- 08. The bhangra troupe ensured that the whole college was dancing to their tunes. The later lights of the night saw the stage smeared in various types of dances ranging from Rajnikant's flicks to folk dances, of which the astounding bamboo dance, Kashmiri dance and Gondhal dance were worth commemorating.

The play presented by the Dramatics Club, showing the eternal battle and eventual conquest of "Good over Evil" surely moved a lot of hearts. The "kavi sammelan" of Hindi club proved that Dr. Kumar Vishwas and alike can be born in engineering colleges as well! The musical night was the next to walk, after a few more breathtaking dances, and it not only walked but rather "galloped" to zenith. The singers did an excellent task of making more than two thousand feet tap to their numbers.

After a few more twists and turns at bollywood numbers, "crescendo"- the music band played some superfluous music, which marked the end of day 1.

Day two was enjoyable and heartwarming. The day events were rather lethargic but the night turned the OAT into a fun battle ground! After some colourful dances and a couple of good plays, the crowd reached a state of harmony with the medley performed by the music club. The RJ gave a night to remember and no one's mood was ruined by a rather abrupt ending.

The third and last night saw a flurry of events and enthusiastic participants at both the auditorium and the OAT, despite predictions that the masses were too tired to do anything!

A dance competition, a singing competition, a flurry of debates, quizzes, and reporting events kept students of various colleges and the auditorium thoroughly occupied.

And staying in tune to tradition: the night events were simply fantabulous!

The dances performed by the literacy children not only touched a few hearts but also added to the already vibrant mood. The fast dances were to follow suit. The grand hit "satrangi re" would take at least another few hill 'ffairs to be sent to oblivion, if at all. The next events namely the spoof by English club and the dramatics comedy left more than one of us with broken ribs and clenched stomachs!

The dance by final years and "natti" took craze to a new platform. And later at night was the ever challenging event "Adam and Eve"- the search for the most talented guy and gal treading our campus. As always the proceedings drew large amounts of cheers, hoots and clapping... and thankfully no tomatoes. After the crowning of the Adam and the Eve, there was the felicitation ceremony and a series of speeches from the very mouths that made these nights and days of enjoyment possible.

And finally the band Metal Force 1 rocked the night and marked the spectacular grand finale of HILL F'FAIR-08.



# JOHN FORD

celebrating youth



2008





# SPORT

WWW.SRIJAN



## DEEM US CHAMPIONS OF NITs' Page 8

The inter-year matches are currently going on, there by renewing the sportsman spirit this semester. So far the football tournament has concluded with a surprise victory of the first year over the final year in a blood-rushing sudden death penalty shootout! The match was well fought. As for the other sports the results are still awaited. The chilly weather does not seem to hamper the spirit of the players! Also the dimensions NPL is about to begin and the stands are filling up with cheery supporters.

Last semester saw a flurry of inter-branch matches, truly showcasing the talent of the Maradona's and Sachin's of our institute.

In football Civilians managed a 2-0 against the EEE and made it to the top of pool A. the CSE guys from pool B managed to reach the finals and the showdown was spectacular. The match saw the (widely agreed) best goal in NITH history and the civilians managed an early start. The computer guys managed to follow up with a goal of their own leading the match into extra time. The civilians snatched victory with a beautiful free-kick in the last few minutes!

Cricket finals were a piece of cake for the computer guys who avenged the football loss. The civilians were not only bowled out pretty soon but the otherwise strong bowling side failed to perform leading to an easy victory.



- \* Football : Finalist - CED v/s
- \* Cricket : Finalist - CED v/s C
- \* Basketball : Finalist - ECE v
- \* Volleyball : Finalist - MED v
- \* Basketball(girls): Finalist - E
- \* Badminton : Finalist - CSE
- \* Table Tennis : Finalist - ECE



# SLINE

N-NITH.ORG

**ALL SET TO CHANGE THE 'RUNNERS' TAG TO 'WINNERS' FOR NEXT IEDUCT Page 10**



The electrical and electronics guys showed a clash of titans in the completely adrenaline-filled, action-packed finals of the basketball tournament which resulted in the final victory of the ECE with just 1 point more, Defining a real close game!

Meddys needed to clinch something! They desperately struggled and finally managed a win over the CSE in the volleyball finals.

The CSE guys came up with another win in the badminton tournament. Here a mention of the 'one man army' Saurabh Makta is well deserved- who also won the mixed doubles with Swati Ghusain.



Moving over to the girl's – in basketball matches, the electrical girls owned the court! The star player was Sneha Thakur of second year and despite the civil girls putting up a good fight the finals was an easy win.

Badminton singles was captured by Parul Singh 3rd year.

The second year girls proved that they can give the guys a run for the money by winning the finals of the girls cricket match.

We cannot stop from mentioning the controversial Inter Deemed University Football Tournament which was held here in our NITH grounds! We saw teams from NIT kurukshetra, PEC Chandigarh, Sant Longewala institute of technology and T.I.E.T Patiala. The matches were colourful and interesting. The finalists were NITH and TIET.

CSE. Winner-CED.  
CSE. Winner - CED.  
v/s EEE. Winner - ECE.  
s CSE. Winner - MED.  
EE v/s CED. Winner - EEE.  
v/s ECE. Winner - CSE.  
E v/s CSE. Winner - ECE.



# hostel diary



KBH

A part of this labyrinth is a law abiding sector, the M-Tech block, and the other is a party venue. The common room year around remains occupied with events. If the reason is not festive or visitors then it is vengeance shed on shuttles. Its verdant lawn, an envious factor for many hostels, is full heartedly used for midnight football or richening the cellular companies. But nothing can vie with its magnanimous mess committee. They provide "four-sacred" biscuits every evening. The evenings and nights are filled up to the "ear" with ricocheting bullets which missed the terrorists (read it as "teachers"). Nowhere the internet facility is better used than this place for viewing latest flicks. The non functioning geysers are hardly rued as they are put to use once in a fortnight; and not to forget the flushes are the costliest antiques of this hostel, as all of them are treasured for future use."

VBH



The hostel continues to be an enigma. Recent constructional features with the high walls surrounding on all its sides has led to its description as a 'bunker' and is even termed as a 'Fortress'. The security personals here are always on 'High Alert' than at any other place in the campus. Residents here adjust themselves in a room, the size of a football goal post with two goalies sharing the same room. In spite of all these, as recently constructed, the facilities provided here are very much incomparable and people hardly have any complaints like 'the fan not working' or 'no switches on the switchboards' or cases like 'geysers pouring out chilled water'. With a taste of 'Tilak' in their daily mess services and the efforts being made to make life comfortable for the new entrants in our college, it may have the dwellers here feel at home but has created an envious mood for the people in the other hostels.



DBH

Dhauladhar- the hostel with 'arguably' and 'edibly' the best location- Nescafe up front and gate no. 2 with the welcoming Ekta Café just a little further up. Even the lawns laid out make for a great 'chat spot' after midnight. Agreed, it's had its share of problems- an almost daily water crisis, overcrowding (the term 'hostel quadruplets' came into existence this year). The ganging up of hunks in the gym all evening has been gotten used to. And the dish TV never fails to amuse bored inmates. Probably the biggest problem- the VAST distance between the hostel and the departments tempt the students to miss out on their 'educational' experiences. But nothing is perfect, besides every problem has its solution- be it the 'laundry chachu' waking us up at the crack of dawn or our 'methods' of ensuring attendance. Enter the hostel and you meet people of every kind- some just beginning to relax, some thinking that it's high time to do something useful, while the rest deciding to continue exactly what they've done for the past few years- rock on!!



PGH



जब आसमाँ काली चादर ओढ़ लेता है और पंछी अपने घरों को वापिस लौटने लगते हैं, उसी वक्त के करीब इस होस्टल में रहने वाली कॉलेज की 'माइनोरिटी' प्रजाति का बाह्य-विचरण का समय भी खत्म हो जाता है। बदलते मौसमों और वार्डनों की कृपाओं के साथ यह वक्त भी बदलता रहता है। कभी 6:30 तो कभी 8। माल-रोड की अंतिम छोर पर इस वक्त बिछड़ते हुए न जाने कितने लैला-मज्नु भी देखे जा सकते हैं। रही बात होस्टल की तो ओवरलॉडिंग इतनी हो चुकी है कि कॉमन रूम सरकारी अस्पताल के जनरल वार्ड में तब्दील हो चुका है। सिंगलेट में रहने वालों को कमरे के साथ-साथ एक रूममेट भी फ्री मिल रहा है। इस मेगा ऑफर की कृपा से पी.जी.एच. वासियों के आपसी तालमेल और बेहतर हो गए हैं। मेस के खाने की तारीफ तो क्या ही करें, हर होस्टल की तरह यहाँ भी तेल और न्यूट्रीशन भरपूर ही होता है। अब तक तो आप इस मंदिर के बारे में काफी कुछ जान ही गए होंगे और अधिक जानकारी के लिए यहाँ प्रवेश करके देवी-दर्शन करें।

SDH



कहते हैं कोई देश तभी विकास कर सकता है, जब वहाँ रहने वाले लोग विकास करें। शिवालिक छात्रावास के विशेष तकनीक से बने हुए कमरों को देखकर लगता है कि हम प्रगति कर रहे हैं। कमरे भी यहाँ रहने वाले बन्दों के दिलों की प्रसिद्धि तरह ही हैं — बड़े — बड़े। वैसे तो संस्थान के एक कोने में विराजमान है शिवालिक पर यहाँ रहने वाले छात्रों की प्रसिद्धि चारों तरफ है फिर चाहे वो पढ़ाई हो या हिल-फेयर या फिर खेल-कूद। तीन तरफ पहाड़ों से घिरा होस्टल किसी रेजार्ट से कम नहीं लगता, तभी तो संस्थान में गेस्ट आने पर गेस्ट हाऊस से पहले शिवालिक की बुकिंग होती है। डिनर के वक्त छात्रावास में पार्टी जैसा माहौल होता है और लड़कों की मेस अटैन्डेंस छात्रावास की कुल क्षमता को पार कर जाती है। हो भी क्यों न, खाना होता ही इतना लजीज है कि हमारी पूज्यनीय फैकल्टी भी खिंची चली आती है। ऐसे गरमागरम स्वादिष्ट खाने के बाद भी माना जाता है कि यहां के बन्दे 'कूल' हैं, यकीन नहीं होता तो जाकर कमरे में लगे चार-चार पंखों को देख लो। बस शाम के वक्त छात्रावास थोड़ा सुनसान सा हो जाता है। इस वक्त कोई अपनी भूख मिटाने गेट-2 पर जाता है और कोई अपनी प्यास बुझाते-बुझाते गेट-1 तक हो आता है।

MMH



A lifestyle channel recently came out with its list of fab party venues, and pity on them that they missed out the most happening party locale, MONEY MAHESH HOSTEL (Did I say money?). With placements being talk of the town, parties just flowed (literally) all around, lining the pockets of HHH, Devbhumi and the like. But the past year was not all about parties alone. Right from Hill 'Fair to Nimbus to sports, the final year people were just about vying anywhere and everywhere, reveling the final stretch of the four-year holiday package called 'ENGINEERING'. Of late, the corridors have been turned into playgrounds, often drawing crowds large enough to put MCG into shadows. However, life is not all candy floss here...with slowest ever LAN connections, inter-block connectivity is crying for mercy. Very few bathrooms are functional at any given point of time. The food courts around the campus are buzzing with final year students, thanks largely to the highly inedible mess food. Needless to say, our pocket-money evaporates by the mid of month. However, run out of money we may be, but we're still living the best days of our lives. Indeed, Bryan Adams had composed his ballad 'summer of 69' for us.





ANTIM PAGH



HONoured BY THY PRESENCE



HONoured BY THY PRESENCE



DEEKSHANT YATRA-1



DEEKSHANT YATRA-2



DEEKSHANT BHASHAN



NATIONAL ANTHEM



THE ENGINEERS



QUEUE UP GRADUATES



AND THE GOLD MEDAL GOES TO ...



# सपनों की उड़ान – लिटरेसी मिशन, रा. प्रौ. सं. हमीरपुर

सिद्धार्थ कुमार, महेन्द्र पंवार

Srijan 08-09 | www.srijannith.org

“सारे बच्चों, मेरे साथ बोलो, say – Dream ! dream !! dream !!! बच्चों ने जैसे ही भारत के पूर्व राष्ट्रपति एवं मिसाईल मैन के नाम से विख्यात डा. ए.पी.जे. अब्दुल कलाम के साथ-साथ ये वाक्य दोहराया, राष्ट्रीय प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान, हमीरपुर गुंजायमान हो उठा। अवसर था, डा. कलाम के साथ रा.प्रौ. संस्थान “लिटरेसी मिशन” के बच्चों की भेंट का। इन नन्हें-नन्हें बच्चों की चमकती आँखों में सपनों की उड़ान साफ-साफ झलक रही थी।

क्या है लिटरेसी मिशन?

इन बच्चों की आँखों में सपनों के रंग भरने की शुरुआत हुई थी – 2005 में “लिटरेसी मिशन” के अन्तर्गत। तब, तीन उत्साही छात्रों द्वारा मुट्ठी भर बच्चों के साथ यह प्रयास शुरू हुआ था। जो अब संस्थान में संगठित रूप से गरीब और अवसरविहीन बच्चों के सर्वांगीण विकास के लिए विभिन्न गतिविधियाँ संचालित करता है।

उद्देश्य :

“लिटरेसी मिशन” संस्थान के कुछ उत्साही छात्रों द्वारा चलाई जा रही उस गतिविधि का नाम है, जिसका उद्देश्य संस्थान में काम कर रहे मजदूरों के बच्चों को शिक्षा का अवसर प्रदान करना। साथ-ही-साथ आस-पास के गाँवों में रहने वाले बच्चों को पढ़ने-लिखने का उचित अवसर उचित एवं स्तरीय शिक्षा का अवसर प्रदान करना। स्कूली शिक्षा के साथ ही इन बच्चों के व्यक्तित्व के सर्वांगीण विकास के लिए भी प्रयास किए जाते हैं, ताकि ये बच्चे भी आत्मविश्वास के साथ भावी चुनौतियों का सामना कर सकें।

गतिविधियाँ :

संस्थान के अन्दर रहने वाले मजदूरों के बच्चों एवं आस-पास के गाँवों के गरीब बच्चों के लिए प्रतिदिन शाम को

कक्षाएं आयोजित करना। अन्य गतिविधियों जैसे – नृत्य, चित्रकला, गायन आदि का आयोजन करना। गरीब बच्चों की स्कूल फीस भरना एवं उन्हें किताब, कलम, कॉपियाँ आदि उपलब्ध कराना।

उल्लेखनीय सफलताएं :

लिटरेसी मिशन के महती प्रयासों से बच्चों का शैक्षणिक स्तर काफी ऊपर उठा है। जो उनके परीक्षाफल से स्पष्ट परिलक्षित होता है। बच्चों को समय-समय पर कम्प्यूटर की शिक्षा भी प्रदान की जाती है।

इनके अलावा लिटरेसी मिशन ने आरती एवं अर्पिता (3 वर्ष) नाम की बच्चियों की गंभीर बिमारियों के इलाज का भी जिम्मा उठाया है। PGI MER चंडीगढ़ में सफलतापूर्वक किडनी के आपरेशन के बाद अर्पिता पूर्ण रूप से स्वस्थ है, और आरती की चिकित्सा जारी है।

प्रयास हम सभी का : वित्तीय आवश्यकताओं की पूर्ति हेतु एवं बच्चों की सांस्कृतिक प्रतिभा के प्रदर्शन के लिए लिटरेसी मिशन प्रतिवर्ष वार्षिकोत्सव “प्रयास” का आयोजन करता है। “प्रयास” के सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रमों में शिक्षकों एवं लिटरेसी मिशन के बच्चों के अलावा रा.प्रौ. संस्थान के छात्र भी बढ़-चढ़ कर भाग लेते हैं।

हर मासूम दिल में है एक धड़कन,  
है इनके मन में भी कुछ पाने की हसरत।  
न बुझने पाए इन नन्हें – मुन्हों की आस,  
इनकी आशाओं का दीप जलाती, हमारा ये  
छोटा सा “प्रयास”।

इन्हें भी है सपने देखने का हक,  
आँखों में है सुनहरे कल की चमक,  
कल के भारत के ये नन्हें पौधे हैं खास,  
इन पौधों को सींचता, हमारा ये छोटा सा  
“प्रयास”।

प्रतिभा धन की नहीं है गुलाम,  
इनमें भी कुछ हो सकते हैं, कल के  
“अब्दुल-कलाम”।  
गरीबी न कर दे इन प्रतिभाओं का विनाश,  
इस विनाश का सर्वनाश करता, हमारा ये  
छोटा सा “प्रयास”।

हर दिल में हो राम और रहीम का निवास,  
यह पैगाम सुनाता, हमारा ये छोटा सा “  
प्रयास”।।

रंजीत

Dreams ! सपने!! इन नन्हें बच्चों की आँखों में बड़े सपने हैं। और इनमें अपने सपनों को छू लेने के हौसले की कोई कमी नहीं है। आवश्यकता है, बस थोड़े से अवसर प्रदान करने की जो लिटरेसी मिशन – रा.प्रौ. सं. हमीरपुर बखूबी कर रहा है। “2020 तक विकसित भारत” पूर्व राष्ट्रपति डा. कलाम के सपने को अगर साकार करना है तो ऐसे बच्चों का सर्वांगीण विकास पहली जरूरत है। आइए, फिर देर किस बात की है ..... हम भी इनकी आँखों में सपनों की उड़ान भरें।

# The Shakespearean Story

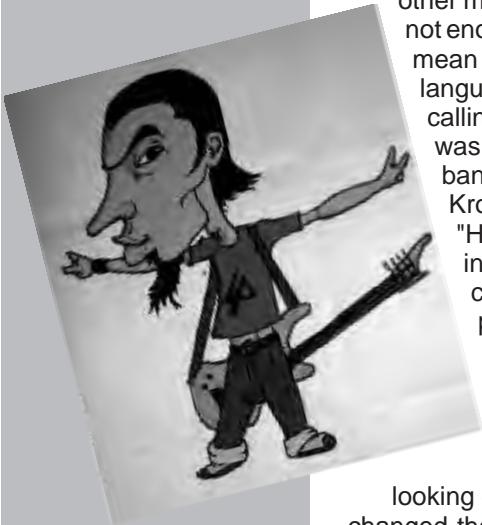
Dipanjana Mazumdar

Srijan 08-09 | www.srijannith.org

It was 11:30 in the evening and I was stranded on an isolated bus-terminus, waiting for my coach to take me to my next destination. The past few weeks had made me restless; after all two months of vacations can be real unbearable. Time came to a standstill, with nothing much to lay my hands on. But the ageless hour for which I had been waiting there was even more dreadful. This was the time when I picked up this magazine\* from a clumsy-looking store at the corner of the terminus. As I was flipping through the pages, I came across a very interesting story, about how band names are derived. And the example quoted was that of a Bangalore based band which named themselves Bhoomi, after the drummer saw a sticker on the back of a white Ambassador car with these six letters on it- isn't that interesting. And that is what inspired me to trace the etymological history of band names. After all, somebody needs to answer Shakespeare's used and overused question "What's in a name?"

The bands are named after almost anything under the sun, be it family names, places, even area codes (the band 702 got its name from 702, the area code of the band's hometown of Las Vegas, Nevada), inspirations and characters from novels, brain storming sessions or any other momentary inspiration. Many even have their names spelt out by Ouija boards. If that's not enough, many acts are named just like that (after all, Love And Peace Dude-LAPD doesn't mean anything to me). They have names derived from almost any language on earth. And if language falls short, words are 'engineered' to do the christening. So you have Iron Maiden calling themselves so after an eighteenth century torture device of the same name which was an iron chamber used to execute prisoners by piercing through them. The grunge band Nickelback finds its name from the 'nickel' in change that band member Mike Kroeger gave customers at his job at Starbucks coffee shop—he would frequently say, "Here's your nickel back". The American alternative rock band Dream Theater had initially settled on the name Majesty when one of the members, while in queue for a concert found the song playing on his stereo majestic; but later changed it to the present name after a movie theater of the same name in California. The very successful American rock-n-roll band Aerosmith got their name when one of the members suggested this word which he used to scribble all over his notebooks. The hard rock band Guns N' Roses was named after the former bands, the members had been part of, Hollywood Rose and L.A.Guns. The American heavy metal band Mötley Crüe is called so after one of the members remarked the group "a motley

looking crew", as all the members were a haphazard assortment of different kinds; later they changed the spelling to 'Mötley Crüe' and added two sets of umlauts to indicate a change in sound. The band Creed wo sets of umlauts to indicate a change in sound. The band Creed got its name on suggestion from the bassist whose previous band was called Mattox Creed. The grunge rock band Foo Fighters called themselves after the World War II term "foo fighter", used to refer to unidentified flying objects. The Gods of heavy metal, Black Sabbath were named after bassist Geezer Butler noted people lining up to watch a horror movie of the same name. This inspired him to write a song named Black Sabbath after seeing a black-hooded figure standing at the foot of his bed.... and eventually they named their band the same, suggesting a holy day of witchcraft. The English hard rock band UFO was named in honour of the London club where they were spotted by their manager. The thrash metal band Flotsam and Jetsam zeroed in on the name after many possibilities including Paradox, Dreadlox, Dogz, after writing a song inspired from a chapter of J. R. R. Tolkien's The Two Towers. The band 3 Doors Down while on a trip to Alabama came across a building where some letters had fallen off of its sign, and it read "Doors Down". They named their band adding a 3 as it comprised of three people at that point of time. The nu-metal exponents Linkin Park named themselves after Lincoln Park, the studio where .....The Irish band U2 after considering Feedback (as it was one of the few technical terms they knew) and The Hype settled on the name U2 from suggestions made by a friend because of its ambiguity and open-ended interpretations, and because it was the name that they disliked the least. The band Goo Goo Dolls picked up their name from an advertisement for a toy called goo goo doll. The Gods of metal, Judas Priest were named after a Bob Dylan song "The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest. The California based nu-metal group Ko\$ n named themselves





after the vocalist suddenly spelt the word Corn as one of the options...and everyone else liked it. So he got a crayon and wrote the name in child-like handwriting with a 'K' replacing the 'C' and an upper-case 'R' written backwards. The London based heavy-metal band Motörhead derived its name from a slang used for an amphetamine user, the drug being the subject of the song. The post-grunge band Hoobastank was christened just like that...the vocalist pointed out that the name had no particular meaning, it doesn't mean anything. It's really cool; it's one of those old high school inside-joke words that didn't really mean anything. The highly popular and influential British band Beatles called themselves so as a tribute to the band, The Crickets. Later, one of the members suggested the name, The Beatles, like the 'beat of the drum' and so the name stuck. Curt Cobain heard the word 'nirvana' while watching a late night special on Buddhism and decided to name his grunge act Nirvana. Green Day (which by the way, is a slang term for spending a day smoking marijuana) vocalist wrote a song called "Green Day" about his first experience with the drug, and it soon term for one million dead. The Indian band Euphoria which has 'dhoomed' Indians to its tunes got its name from a feeling of great elation while composing music. The British band Pink Floyd used various names, including "The Meggadeaths", "the T-Set" and "the Screaming Abdabs", before settling on "The Pink Floyd Sound", inspired by American blues artists, Pink Anderson and Floyd Council. The name was later shortened to the present form. Pantera are named after band's home town of Pantego, Texas. An interesting name for a band is The Replacements, legend has it that they were given a gig after another band failed to show and when asked who they were, they replied "We're the Replacements". Savage Garden derives its name from a phrase from Anne Rice novel "Interview with the Vampire". The act Third Eye Blind was named as the members felt the third eye is the imagined one that gives us a kind of sixth and that most of us are blind in that sense. The English rock band Queen has its name as described by the vocalist, "It's just a name, but it's very regal obviously, and it sounds splendid", and they have really 'rocked' generations. The Delhi based rock act Menwhopause get their name from the guitarist's quiz team in college that went by the same name. According to the band members of Them Clones, the name is an humorous and ironic interpretation of themselves. The band a-ha got their name because it means the same thing in multiple languages. British guitarist Mick Jones started a band in New York, and since he was a foreigner, he chose the name Foreigner for his group. Our very own college based band The Second Gate was christened so as it meant something informal, something out ..... There are numerous bands, even more stories, still greater number of legends about how these bands got their names. And this humble magazine could very well fall short of pages. So I better wrap up now. By the way, I am in search of a name for my band; how about 'Psychic Psaints'? Sounds interesting?

\* Rock Street Journal, May 2007 edition.

# हम इंजीनियर हैं !

कमल प्रकाश 'रवि

Srijan 08-09 | www.srijannith.org

कक्षा -5 में एक बार डांस किया तो टीचर ने खुश होकर पूछा था, “ बेटा बड़े होकर क्या बनना चाहते हो ?मैंने गर्व से कहा था— “जी ! इंजीनियर ।” तब शायद इंजीनियर का मतलब भी नहीं जानता था । सौ करोड़ की आबादी वाले अपने इस देश में हर वर्ष लगभग चार लाख इंजीनियर पैदा होते हैं । उनमें से कुछ ऐसे भी हैं, जो आगे करियर बनाने के लिए अपने शौक और हुनर को तबज्जो देते हैं । ‘सृजन’ के इस अंक में हम सलाम करते हैं उन लोगों को जो इंजीनियर भी हैं और कला, खेल, साहित्य आदि जगत में हमारे आदर्श भी । शिव खेड़ा कहते हैं कि, “जीतने वाले लोग कोई अलग काम नहीं करते, वे हर काम को अलग ढंग से करते हैं ।”

एन. आर. नारायणमूर्ति

नागावारा रामाराव नारायणमूर्ति जैसी मशहूर शख्सियत किसी परिचय का मोहताज नहीं है । ‘इन्फोसिस’ के संस्थापक तथा एक बड़े भारतीय उद्योगपति होने के साथ-साथ ये इलैक्ट्रिकल इंजीनियर भी हैं । पर सॉफ्टवेयर जगत में इनकी उपलब्धि अतुलनीय है । पद्मश्री तथा पद्मविभूषण से सम्मानित नारायणमूर्ति का जीवन युवाओं के लिए प्रेरणा स्रोत है ।

ये बताते हैं कि जिन्दगी के शुरूआती दौर में जब वे अपने करियर के लिए संघर्ष कर रहे थे तो उन्हें कुछ ऐसी घटनाओं का सामना करना पड़ा जो उनका भविष्य बनाने में सफल साबित हुई ।

“पहली ऐसी घटना थी जब मैं आई. आई. टी. कानपुर से कन्ट्रोल थ्योरी में एम. टेक. कर रहा था । एक रविवार की सुबह नाश्ते पर मेरी मुलाकात अमेरिका से आये एक बड़े कम्प्यूटर वैज्ञानिक से हुई उन्होंने कम्प्यूटर क्षेत्र में हो रही प्रगति के बारे में हमें बताया । मैं उनकी इस चर्चा से इतना प्रभावित हुआ कि नाश्ते के बाद सीधे मैं लाईब्रेरी चला गया और उनके बताए रिसर्च पेपर्स पढ़ने लगा । संगणक विज्ञान की तरफ वो मेरा पहला मोड़ था । इस घटना ने मुझे सिखाया कि किस तरह एक कीमती सीख, नये स्रोत से मिलती है, जो हमारे भविष्य के लिए नये दरवाजे खोल सकती है ।

दूसरी ऐसी घटना थी 1974 में जिस रेलवे स्टेशन पर हुई जो बुल्गारिया और सर्बिया के किनारे हैं । ट्रेन के जिस डिब्बे में मैं सफर कर रहा था, उसमें मात्र एक लड़का और एक लड़की थे । मैंने फ्रैंच में उस लड़की से वार्तालाप शुरू की । हम फ्रांस के उस शहर में हो रही कठिनाईयों के बारे में चर्चा करने लगे । तभी कुछ पुलिस वालों ने मुझे पकड़ लिया, क्योंकि साथ में बैठा लड़का, बुल्गारिया गर्वनमेंट का सदस्य था ।

मेरा सारा सामान छीन लिया और मुझे एक छोटे से कमरे में बन्द कर दिया गया, जो बहुत ज्यादा ठण्डा था । वहाँ 72 घंटे बिना खाये पीये रहना पड़ा । बाद में एक गार्ड आया और उसने बताया कि 20 घंटे के बाद इस्तानबुल पहुंचने पर मुझे छोड़ दिया जाएगा । उस गार्ड के अन्तिम शब्द मुझे हमेशा याद रहेंगे, उसने कहा था क्योंकि तुम हमारे मित्र देश भारत के हो, इसलिए हम तुम्हें छोड़ रहे हैं । इस्तानबुल तक की यात्रा भूखी और दर्दमयी थी । इस घटना ने मुझे मजबूत बना दिया ।

मैंने सोचा कि इन्टरप्रन्योरशिप ही ऐसा क्षेत्र है जो ज्यादा रोजगार पैदा कर सकता है और समाज से गरीबी दूर कर सकता है । ऐसी ही घटनाओं ने मुझे प्रेरित किया और 1981 में इन्फोसिस के गठन की वजह साबित हुई । वे कहते हैं कि एक जहाज सबसे सुरक्षित अपने छोर पर ही होता है पर वो इसलिए नहीं बना है, उसे समुद्र में जाना ही होता है, और कई तूफान झेल कर ही वो अन्तिम पड़ाव तक पहुँचता है ।

अनिल कुम्बले

जम्बो कहे जाने वाले हमारे ये महान क्रिकेटर एक मैकेनिकल इंजीनियर भी हैं । भारत की तरफ से वन-डे और टेस्ट में सबसे अधिक विकेट लेने वाले गेंदबाज हैं । टेस्ट में अपनी स्पीन गेंद के जादू से बल्लेबाजों को छक्के छुड़ा देने वाले कुम्बले ने 600 से अधिक टेस्ट विकेट लिए हैं । क्रिकेट जगत में अपनी प्रभावशाली पहचान बनाने का श्रेय पूरी तरह उन्हें स्वयं को जाता है । बचपन से ही ये मेहनती और दृढ़ निश्चयी थे । बेंगलुरु की गलियों में क्रिकेट की शुरूआत करने वाले कुम्बले 13 वर्ष की आयु में यंग क्रिकेटर क्लब से जुड़ गए थे । साथ ही ये मेधावी छात्र भी थे । बी-टैक अव्वल नम्बरों से पास किया ।



यान्त्रिकी विषय पढ़ने वाले कुम्बले ने गेंदबाजी के गुण भी बहुत बारीकी और तकनीकी से सीखे हैं। मैदान में इनका व्यक्तित्व उभरते हुए खिलाड़ियों के लिए एक उदाहरण है। शांत स्वभाव वाले कुम्बले अपनी गेंदबाजी में गजब का मिश्रण करते हैं।

18 वर्षों का इंटरनेशनल करियर रखने वाले कुम्बले ने अंडर 19 क्रिकेट में इंग्लैण्ड के खिलाफ 1990 में आगाज किया था। दो वर्ष बाद ही दक्षिण अफ्रीका के खिलाफ अपना शानदार प्रदर्शन (6-53) देकर विश्व क्रिकेट में प्रवेश कर लिया। 1993 में वेस्टइंडीज के खिलाफ बारह रन देकर 6 विकेट झटकने का इनका रिकार्ड अब तक किसी भी भारतीय का सबसे बेहतर प्रदर्शन है। और 1999 में फिरोजशाह कोटला मैदान में एक ही पारी में पाकिस्तान के सभी दस विकेट लेकर सनसनी फैला दी। भारतीय टेस्ट कप्तान बनने के बाद इन्होंने अपनी पहली श्रृंखला पाकिस्तान के खिलाफ 1-0 से जीती।

पद्मश्री से सम्मानित कुम्बले ने अपना आखिरी मैच आस्ट्रेलिया के खिलाफ फिरोजशाह कोटला में 2 नवम्बर 2008 को खेला था। कुम्बले का व्यक्तित्व और इनकी पहचान आज के युवाओं के लिए आदर्श और प्रेरणा स्रोत है।

#### राम गोपाल वर्मा

रंगीला, सत्या, जंगल, कम्पनी, सरकार, आदि जैसी हिट फिल्में देने वाले निर्देशक राम गोपाल वर्मा एक सिविल इंजीनियर भी हैं।

इनका जीवन विपरीत परिस्थितियों में सही राह पाने का अनमोल उदाहरण है। इनका जन्म हैदराबाद में हुआ था। ये पढ़ने में बिल्कुल अच्छे नहीं थे। यही वजह थी कि इनके सम्बन्ध इनके पिता से खराब हो गये थे। स्वयं में अलग ढंग से देखने वाले राम गोपाल वर्मा का फिल्म निर्देशक बनने का सपना बचपन में ही पनपने लगा लगा था। वे बताते हैं कि मैं अपने माँ-बाप के लिए फालतू चीज था और ये सत्य भी था। क्योंकि उस समय मेरी जिन्दगी का कोई उद्देश्य नहीं था। मैं दूसरे लोगों से मिलता तो उनके बोलने-काम करने का ढंग मुझे याद रहता। स्कूल में वो लोग जो खुराफाती दिमाग के होते और हमेशा लड़ाई झगड़ों में फंसे रहते, मुझे सबसे ज्यादा आकर्षित करता। मैं वैसा नहीं था पर वैसे दोस्त जरूर चाहता था। शायद यही असमाजिक तत्वों से मेरा पहला सम्पर्क था। इन्होंने अंडरवल्ड विषय पर ढेरों फिल्में बनाई हैं। समय के साथ-साथ मेरा दृष्टिकोण समाज के लिए बदलता रहा। मैं बिल्कुल अकेला था इसलिए नहीं कि मैं खुश नहीं था बल्कि मैं खुद से बहुत दूर था। मैं खुद को पढ़ता था। मेरा स्वयं और समाज की तरफ इसी नजरिए ने निर्देशक बनने को प्रेरित किया।

बी-टेक के दौरान वे क्लास से भाग कर हफ्ते में 8-10 फिल्में देखते। फिल्म का कोई भाग यदि बहुत पसन्द आ जाता तो उस फिल्म को देखने बार बार जाते। आज वे एक सफल फिल्म निर्देशक और लेखक भी हैं। पर फिल्म क्षेत्र में जगह पाने का सफर इतना आसान नहीं था कई बार विफल होने के बाद पैसे कमाने के लिए नाईजीरिया भी जाना पड़ा। फिर भारत आकर वीडियो रेन्टल लाइब्रेरी भी खोली। सबसे पहले इन्होंने तेलगु फिल्मों में पैर जमाए फिर बाद में रंगीला से शुरुआत कर एक सफल हिन्दी फिल्म निर्देशक भी बन गये। पद्म श्री से सम्मानित राम गोपाल वर्मा अपने संघर्ष को नहीं भूले वे आज भी नये नये लोगों को फिल्म इन्डस्ट्री में मौका देते हैं।

#### शंकर महादेवन

शंकर-एहसान-लोय तिकड़ी के शंकर महादेवन एक इलैक्ट्रॉनिक्स इंजीनियर हैं और ओरेकल में साफ्टवेयर इंजीनियर भी रह चुके हैं। ब्रीथलैस एलबम से अपनी पहचान बनाने वाले शंकर महादेवन का जन्म चेन्नई में हुआ। कहते हैं संगीत इन्हें ईश्वर से वरदान के रूप में मिला। 3 वर्ष की आयु में ही हारमोनियम पहली बार पकड़ते ही बजा दिया। कारनाटिक और हिन्दुस्तानी क्लासिकल संगीत में महारत हासिल कर चुके शंकर पिक फ्लोइड, स्टीव वंडर और बॉबी मैकफीरीन सुनकर बड़े हुए।

### चेतन भगत

भारत में अंग्रेजी साहित्य को नई दिशा देने वाले चेतन भगत एक मेकेनिकल इंजीनियर भी हैं। अब तक इनकी तीन पुस्तकें आ चुकी हैं और तीनों ही बहुचर्चित रही। हांगकांग में 11 सालों तक काम करने के बाद 2008 में ये वापस बुम्बई आ गये और इन्वेस्टमेंट बैंकर का काम शुरू किया।

इनके उपन्यासों से भारत में अंग्रेजी पाठकों की संख्या बढ़ी है। इस पर इनका कहना है कि हिन्दी पाठकों तक पहुँचना जरूरी है यदि मैं उन तक नहीं पहुँच पाता तो मैं भारतीय लेखक नहीं हूँ।

2004 में आई इनकी पहली पुस्तक फाईव प्वाइंट समवन तीन दोस्तों की कहानी है किस तरह वे आई आई टी के माहौल में दिन गुजारते हैं। दोस्ती, प्यार और अनुशासन की यह एक बेहतरीन कहानी है। यह पुस्तक चेतन भगत के लिए कई अवार्ड भी लेकर आई। 2005 में आई वन नाइट एट काल सेंटर छः लोगों की कहानी है जो समाज में विभिन्न परिवेशों में होते हैं और एक काल सेंटर में काम करते हैं। सभी की अपनी समस्याएं हैं जिनका हल उन्हें एक रात मिल जाता है। जब उन्हें भगवान का फोन आता है। इस उपन्यास पर बनी फिल्म हैलो की पटकथा भी चेतन भगत ने लिखी।

2008 में आई थ्री मिस्टेक्स ऑफ माई लाइफ गुजरात के एक लडके की कहानी है जो बिजनेस मैन बनना चाहता है और किस तरह समकालीन परिस्थितियाँ और उसकी खुद की गलतियाँ उसके इस सपने पर भारी पड़ती हैं। चेतन भगत की सभी कहानियाँ दर्शाती हैं कि किस तरह एक लेखक समाज के विभिन्न अच्छे और बुरे रंगों को पाठकों के सामने प्रस्तुत कर सकता है।

चेतन भगत और उनकी रचनाएं हमें दर्शाती हैं कि किस तरह एक लेखक अपनी कलम से लोगों की सोच पर गहरा प्रभाव छोड़ सकता है। आज के नवयुवक लेखक भी यदि अपनी कलम का प्रयोग क्रान्ति लाने के लिए करें तो दुनिया के बड़े हिस्से को हम एक ही सूत्र में पिरो सकते हैं।

### मल्ली मस्तान बाबू

आंध्र प्रदेश में जन्मे मल्ली मस्तान बाबू विश्व के पहले इंसान हैं जिन्होंने सबसे कम समय (172 दिन) में सातों महाद्वीपों की सबसे ऊँची चोटियों का सफर तय किया है। इन्होंने इलैक्ट्रीकल से बी-टेक किया और इलैक्ट्रॉनिक्स से एम-टेक। सत्यम में सॉफ्टवेयर इंजीनियरिंग का काम किया। फिर आई आई एम से मेनेजमेंट भी किया। पर मंजिल चुनी ऊँचे-ऊँचे पर्वतों को अपने नीचे झुकाने की। विभिन्न महाद्वीपों को अलग-अलग तापमान, वातावरण परिवर्तन, ऑक्सीजन की कमी जैसी मुश्किल परेशानियों को अपनी शारीरिक तथा मानसिक मजबूती और अपने अनुभव से हराने के बाद उन्होंने ये काम सन् 2006 में केवल 172 दिनों में कर दिखाया। इससे पहले यह रिकार्ड 200 दिनों का है। पर ये काम मल्ली मस्तान बाबू ने अनोखे ढंग से किया। इन्होंने सातों चोटियाँ हफ्ते के सातों अलग अलग दिन तय की और अलग अलग महीने भी। इन्होंने तैराकी, दौड़, वाटर पोलो, बालीवॉल आदी कई खेलों में पदक जीते हैं।

मल्ली मस्तान बाबू का जीवन सपनों और वास्तविकता के बीच की जंग के एक अनमोल संघर्ष को दर्शाती है। चाहें तो हम वर्तमान में रह कर खुद से लड़ते रहें या फिर सपनों तक पहुँचने का सफर खुद ही तय करें।

नीतिश कुमार (राजनेता) श्रीनाथ (क्रिकेटर) जैसे और भी कई उदाहरण हैं जिन्होंने अपने सपनों की राह पकड़ी। आज हमारे पास कई इंजीनियर हैं जो जिन्दगी की जद्दोजहद में लगे हैं। इंजीनियरिंग स्वयं को बांध कर रखना नहीं बल्कि स्वयं को उन्मुक्त गगन में छोड़ देना है। दरअसल एक इंजीनियर का असल मतलब सिर्फ तकनीकी परिपूर्णता या डिग्री लेना नहीं है। बल्कि इंजीनियर वही है जो खुद को जिन्दगी के विभिन्न पहलुओं में अनुभव अनुशासन और सलीकेदार तरीकों से सजाकर रखे। यदि हम सब भी ऐसा कर पाए तभी गर्व से कह सकेंगे—हम इंजीनियर हैं।



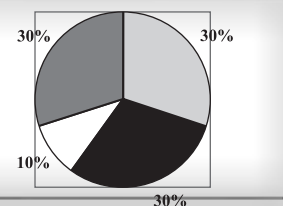


The past one year has been eventful, as many new things came up and many old things went down. Some of these occurrences and decisions helped us leapfrog into the new era while some dampened our enthusiasm. What were these events and how exactly did they influence us. To find this out team srijan conducted a survey amongst the students and teachers. The response was revealing and at many places very different from the common perceptions. Lets find out how the NITIANS feel about their surrounding.

Conducted in: November '08.

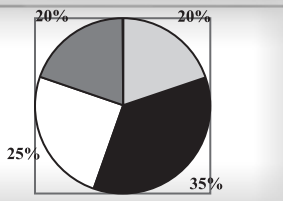
1. What use did you put the page no. 90 provided in the previous edition of Srijan (which was, by the way, meant for you to fill up) into?

- a. Filled it with my wildest imagination.
- b. Made it into the best paper plane ever.
- c. It was a waste of paper anyways.
- d. Never bothered.



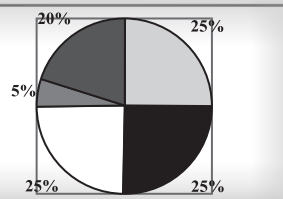
2. What is the single most important effect of the increasing number of food-courts in the campus?

- a. The variety and quality of food served is better.
- b. My pocket money evaporates by the mid of month.
- c. The radius of my friend's circle has increased manifold.
- d. The classrooms wear a deserted look.



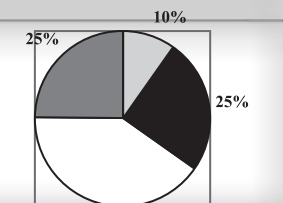
3. What is your take on the new centrally air-conditioned library?

- a. Studying was never this much fun.
- b. The best place to take a nap between classes.
- c. I wish the hostel rooms were given this treatment.
- d. Library? Does our institute have one?
- e. Is a hit amongst the students both in the main as well as off seasons!



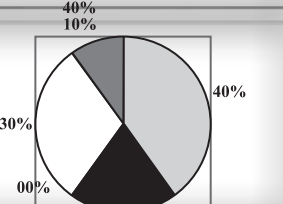
4. Why are dust-bins around the campus placed in pairs?

- a. They make the hottest couple.
- b. One is for bio-degradable and the second for any other waste.
- c. Smart way of spending institute fund.
- d. We are amongst the dirtiest crowds in the world.



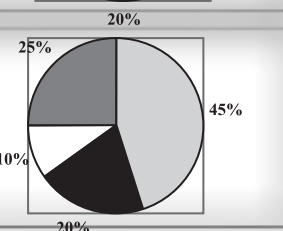
5. The auditorium is best suited for which purpose?

- a. Holding the inaugural ceremony of various events.
- b. Screening movies.
- c. Campus interviews.
- d. The A/C hall rocks anytime .



6. What do you feel about the relative grading system?

- a. Ban it, I've been hit badly!
- b. It's bringing about a sense of competition among the students.
- c. Makes no difference to me, I still can't figure out how it works!
- d. Gives me insomnia the night before the results!

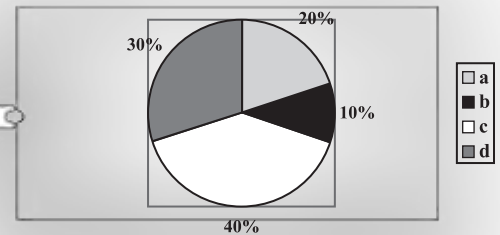


The government shall never a fool, unless statistics showed it.

# Survey

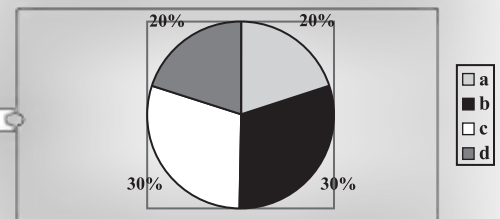
7. What do you think about the new computer centre?

- a. It's cozy.
- b. The side screens let me do what I please.
- c. Wow! One of the first swanky complexes of our campus.
- d. It would be useless if they maintain it the same old way like the previous computer centre.



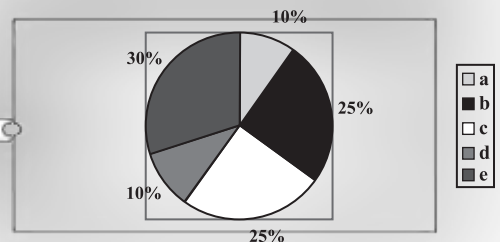
8. How do we deal with the constant problem of not being able to see what's written on the blackboard?

- a. Tell the department to import special chalks.
- b. Curtains would stop the reflections and make the room look a little nicer!
- c. Make the Herculean effort of shifting to the first bench.
- d. I never copy it anyway, so it makes no difference!



9. The duration of night life has increased by leaps and bounds. What could be the possible reasons for this?

- a. The number of counter-strike matches has increased.
- b. The cell operators are providing the best-ever call-plans.
- c. More movies are downloaded these days.
- d. Teachers keep us busy with loads of assignments.
- e. Our generation has developed insomniac syndrome.





# iSACH08

NIT Hamirpur witnessed talent on an unprecedented scale which left everyone spellbound. The 11th National ISTE Student's Annual Convention jointly hosted by NIT Hamirpur and ISTE during 11th and 12th of October 2008 brought laurels to our institute.

## CONCEPT

The convention was a fusion of technical, soft skill and cultural events. iSACH'08 was a three day techno cultural fiesta which enabled participants to hone their skills. The theme of the convention was "Skill Sets development and employability of students in technical education". The convention witnessed an overwhelming participation by students from all over the country., Periyar Maniyammai University( Tanjore), Nalanda institute of Engineering and Technology (Guntur Andhra Pradesh), ABIT Orissa, BVCOE, Pune Rayat Institute of Engineering and Technology, , Punjab are a few to name. 60 delegates of reputed fame honoured the fest with their presence. Over the three days 250 students of different colleges were housed in our own campus.

## TECHNICAL ACTIVITIES

The Mechanical department came up with "How Stuff Work" and "Mechnovation" . Both events witnessed an overwhelming participation. The Civil Department's "Hashiwokakero", a bridge designing competition and "Defeat the Quake" -a design competition was praised by all and sundry. The Architecture Department came up with a photosop contest "Pictophelia". Their "Attire Matters", an event wherein students were to dress

up their teammates with basic raw materials like newspapers, ropes, etc was highly applauded.

The Computer Science conducted a programming contest for the techno geeks. They also came up with the fastest searcher over the net in their "Quest the Search".



The ECE Department came up with FM Mania—an event to block the FM signals; teams which could block the signal of the maximum wavelength won. The other was Logica, an event involving a task to convert analog to digital and vice versa. The paper presentation conducted by all the six departments was a highlight of the convention.

To break away from the mind boggling technical events, informal events were also organised. These found a massive audience which included a sack race, egg catching and a Rangoli competition. Cultural events such as dance competition and singing competition were also organized. iSACH 08' was truly awesome . It not only added laurels to the college but also gave the various participants a time worth preserving.



Common things done in an uncommon way, will command the attention of the world.

# "euphories"



"Don't worry, be happy"- it's a golden motto which many travelers on the journey of life have kept close to their heart. That IS what counts in the end, isn't it? Picture-perfect moments, fighting things out and winning, realizing life's truths, or simply dreaming out the way we want things to be; these little instances are like the notes of a beautiful song by which we remember our lives when looking back. The euphonies captured in this section immortalize these moments into pleasant memories.

Trivid Voices



# A South-Indian's Tribute To The People Of Himachal

Euphonies | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Saroj Thakur  
Assisat Professor,  
Applied Sciences

She is fond of writing and clicking pictures. For her students, she is both a friend and a philosopher. She believes that the role of the teacher is to show the right path to the students.

An eighteen year old boy, coming all the way from a remote place in Tamilnadu, stands at the Chandigarh Bus stand waiting for a bus that will take him to Hamirpur, his destination. What is the problem? A common scene at any bus stand where passengers wait for buses, you might say. The problem was that he didn't know Hindi, it was his first visit to any part of North India, the next available bus would bring him to Hamirpur at 2-30 AM, and he was carrying a big amount of money as well. Now don't tell me that an 18 year old boy should be capable of handling all such problems.

This was how one of the students of my class, many years back, related about his first experience about the people of Himachal. It was an answer to an assignment that I had given to the class. He wrote, "I felt lost" and "All the courage that I seemed to have, vanished in thin air" and reflecting upon how and where he would spend the night at Hamirpur made him look like a venerable young boy instead of a confident young man that he was hitherto had been posing as.

"The worst was the language problem" admitted he very honestly. "I could speak neither Hindi nor, for that matter English, properly". He stood bewildered at the Chandigarh Bus stand unable to decide whether to board the bus or not. Then he decided to buy the ticket and start his journey for the destination, Hamirpur. "Throughout the journey, I kept on thinking about where would I spend the night?" Those were the days when mobiles were not at all heard of. He could not contact any other boy from Tami Nadu till he reached the college!

The bus reached Hamirpur at 2:30 AM and everyone got down, He, too, got down but thad no clue, whatsoever, that where could he stay for the night. NIT campus was at a distance of 3-4 Kms. from the Bus stand and the road was lonely and dark and moreover he didn't know the way to the campus. "You can come and stay with our family" a voice from behind made him look back and he found a woman, his co-passenger in the bus, standing behind him. This woman had traveled from Chandigarh to Hamirpur and had heard the young boy ask about the whereabouts of NIT campus. "Come with me and tomorrow morning I would send someone to escort you to the campus" said she.

"I was in a dilemma" acknowledged the boy later n in my class. "I was taught all the while not to trust any stranger" He confessed. But here he had to take a decision between staying in a hotel or this woman's home and the fact that he carried a big amount with him made him all the more worried. "I decided to go with the woman". He could not sleep for the rest of the night as he still could not trust the people and waited for the morning. In the morning he was asked to have a bath and a hearty breakfast was served to him by the affable family. The father of the lady escorted the boy to the campus and saw to it that the state seniors of this boy could be contacted and left the campus only when the boy was in the safe hands of his state seniors.

Relating the incident this boy from South India felt genuine gratitude for the people of Himachal as he learnt to have faith in the basic goodness of human nature. Whole of the class sat silently when this boy gave an account of his experience, though in smattering of English, and applauded. It was the genuine gratefulness in his account that held us all in awe. "This is my tribute to the people of Himachal" he finished this account with a choked voice.

# A Note Of Affection

*"All the art of living lies in a fine mingling of letting go and holding on"*

Euphonies | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Abhishek Nanda  
Third year,  
MED

"If you walk down a DBH corridor and hear guitar tunes coming from a room, you can make an educated guess that Abhishek is in there strumming his heart out. Not only that, this Meddy's pretty good in the vocal department too! He also enjoys computer gaming and watching movies with happy endings."



Fine Arts :  
Rajat Mahajan

"Don't let this title fool you. This is no love story. Well, maybe in a way it is. My love was slim, precious, and always by my side. Then again, it was made of paper and I carried it in my wallet! Let's make things clearer. I had this ten rupee note, which was with me since heaven knows when. It had become like this personal treasure, my very own valuable whose protection and safekeeping became sort of an obsession! In my free time, I used to sit and study every detailed aspect of it- the number on it, the lions, the designs and all. Heck, I even wrote my name on it! If you find all this weird, suit yourself, but this is what I do when I like something- find out everything about it. When my Dad gifted me a wallet in my third standard, I gave my object of affection a home and there it stayed for the next few months till that fateful day when my love and I were parted. It started when I met Nikhil near the bus stop. Nikhil had been my best friend and we used to go to these cricket coaching classes in the next town but in different batches. That day he came up to me, looking very smart in his tracksuit with his cricket apparel all fitted neatly in a duffel bag. Unfortunately, as the lad pointed out by himself, he had quite forgotten to collect the bus fare his mother had kept for him on the dressing table. As it was quite late to walk all the way home and then come again to the bus stop to catch the afternoon bus, he asked for a small "financial favour" from me, with a promise to repay it soon in cash or kind.

I don't know whether it was the urgency in his voice as the bus was coming round the corner or my momentary un-mindfulness as I reached inside my wallet, but I ended up giving my treasure away. The problem was, I realized it around 30 seconds after the bus had left the stop! After a few moments of shock and disbelief, I found myself involuntarily running down the bus route, though I knew in my heart I would never be able to catch it. As expected, by the time I reached the next stop, wheezing and puffing, the bus had left a long time ago. Nikhil was in sight though, and he called out to me asking what the matter was. He kept on apologizing when he heard about my misfortune, while I kept on convincing him it wasn't his fault. After that I made the long walk home. I tried not to be miserable the following day, telling myself repeatedly that it was, after all, just a note, and that too, a ten rupee one. But deep down, I felt really angry at the world for being so unfair- one lapse in concentration, one false move, and the thing you love is gone forever. It made me feel depressed, mad, and helpless at the same time.

There is a saying that love can create miracles, and I don't know if you'll believe me, but this is what happened. It was a few months after the incident I spoke of previously. I just happened to get on a bus for my swimming classes, and as the conductor gave me back my change, I stared at the ten rupee note I received. "Abhishek Nanda", it read in my sprawling handwriting all along the top edge. It's hard to describe what went through me just then as I spread out my precious note on my palm and gazed at it in all fondness. I do know, however that the person sitting next to me thought his co-passenger was a complete lunatic, staring at an old ten rupee note and smiling ear to ear.

Like any love affair, this series of events was also, not without a final twist. There used to be an old beggar who used to sit besides the steps of our army cantonment, though I have no idea where he is now. On my trips to the mall with Dad, I used to observe how Dad checked his pockets and gave the poor fellow some loose change every time we passed by him. I guess I picked up the habit from my father and had ready in my fist, some spare change, whenever I came near the market. The old man used to smile as I dropped the coins into his bowl, and I used to like that a lot. One fine day as I was passing by the market to go to Nikhil's house, the familiar wrinkled face came into view, his hunched up body trying to get into a comfortable position in front of the milk booth. As our eyes met, he smiled his toothless smile, and tinkled his steel bowl. Fate had played its games once again, as I checked my wallet to find that the only cash I had with me was my precious ten rupee note!

It didn't really take long to decide what to do. The smile he gave me as I dropped the note into his bowl made me sure I had done the right thing. Letting go was also a part of love wasn't it? Okay, so I couldn't keep my cherished possession with me forever, even after getting it back by some miracle. But looking back, there's no doubt that the old man needed it more than I did. So I guess you could call it a happy ending...

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.



# The Pitch Called Life

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Vinay Nath Endley  
First year,  
CED

This guy is always “busy” hanging out with friends and enjoying himself. His bee-hive-like hair and easy-go-lucky personality are his signature traits. He was a volunteer of Srijan this year.

Life is a pitch where God leads  
His team for a game of cricket  
It is at first a fast pitch  
Changing slowly into a rough wicket

Youth's a bumpy pitch in which  
One has to play every ball;  
With the same courage and vigor  
To face every rise and fall

Man shields the ball at the crease  
As he does to trouble and toil;  
Swings his bat to take a run  
Keeping calm amidst turmoil

Whether to hit a six or four  
Or even a run or two;  
Life has its share of sufferings  
But fun times and good times too

He has to defend the fast ball  
And smack the wily spin;  
Its upto him to plan his play  
Achieving success, failure or a win

A man gets ill but recovers  
Like a catch almost taken  
When its time, There's no mistake  
He's bowled out, never to awaken.

# वो बेवफा

# सागर की तरफ

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रोहित भूषण  
अन्तिम वर्ष,  
सी.ई.डी.

हम चले थे उस रास्ते पर, जिस पर  
दिल करता है नाज़,  
पर बदनसीबी तो देखो इसकी, ये  
दिया उसे, दिल ही नहीं जिसके  
पास।

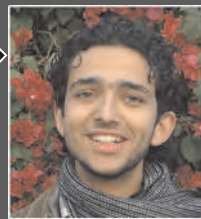
मैंने सोचा ये दुनिया मुझ जैसी है,  
जिसे सच्चे प्यार की हसरत है,  
मेरे मासूम दिल को ये खबर न थी,  
बेवफाई करना उनकी फितरत है।

हम करते रहे उनसे वफा, सारी  
दुनिया से हो कर खफा,  
और वो बन गये बेवफा, देके हमें  
धोखे का हसीन तोहफा।

गम हुआ मुझको, और एक खुशी भी  
हुयी  
जिसे मेरे प्यार की कदर न भी, वो  
मुझसे दूर हो गयी।

सितम इतने दिये दिल पर, अब न  
कोई उस पर गुमान करेगा,  
भले ही लाख बहाने बनाये वो, ये  
दिल अब न उसे माफ करेगा।

जब सपना टूटा ये मेरा, एक अँधेरा  
छा गया था सामने,  
पर जब ये धुँध छटी समय के हाथ  
से, एक नयी सुबह आई हमें थामने।



निखिल खुल्लर  
द्वितीय वर्ष,  
सी.एस.ई.

अंधेरे कमरे में आईना लेकर तुझे  
ढूँढना चाहता हूँ,  
कुछ इस तरह अपना वजूद तलाश  
रहा हूँ मैं।

अब रास्ते के सिवा कोई हमसफर  
नहीं रह गया मेरा,  
ना-जाने क्यों कारवाँ से इतना दूर  
जा रहा हूँ मैं।

तिशनी बुझाने का भी मुंताज़िर अब  
नहीं रहा ये मन,  
इस कदर प्यास को बे-आस पा  
रहा हूँ मैं।

दर्द की आदत ने मुझे दर्द का  
एहसास ही भुला दिया,  
बस इस तरह दर्द से बचा जा रहा  
हूँ मैं।

रोने की हसरतें हैं, पर आँसू नहीं  
रहे तो फिर,  
अपने ही हाल पर खुद हँसे जा रहा  
हूँ मैं।

खुदा को पाने का अरमाँ दिल में  
लिये,  
खुद को खुद से परे लिये जा रहा  
हूँ मैं।

लापता हो गया हूँ, तेरा पता तलाश  
करते हुए,  
हाँ, मगर अभी जिंदा हूँ कि साँस  
लिये जा रहा हूँ मैं।

बे रंग से इस मंजर को बदलने की  
तमन्ना लिये,  
अब सागर होने सागर की तरफ जा  
रहा हूँ मैं।

\*\*vtr'k=q dk  
vFkZ l e>rs g  
vki \ ; fn gkw  
rks fQj jkfgr  
ds fy, bruk  
l k fo'ksk.k  
i ; klr g  
nklrka ds  
vtht LoHkko  
ds jkfgr  
dkWyst ea gj  
cM; dk; Øe  
dh jh<+gkrs  
gA\*\*

Fine Arts :  
Sparya Sharma





# In The Line Of Fire

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Dipanjan Mazumdar  
Final year,  
MED

*I am standing on the edge of a 1500 mt cliff; the sheer precipice of the cliff is killing me and the thought of getting back safely seems a distant mirage. I could now savvy how fighter pilots feel at the sight of approaching missiles, the feeling is horrible.*

It happens only few times in life that you come face to face with death, and it is not something everyone looks up to. It is said your entire life passes right before your eyes; at least as in my case, the last twenty-four hours. It all started on the morning of February, twenty-third. Bigfoot, my functionally-challenged room-mate (freak would be an understatement for him), eccentric as always, came with the idea to make a trip to Parasher Lake, some 180 kilometres of travel by road, and then the invincible six hour trek upwards. Roundabout this time every semester, we are run out of cash and severely broke and hell knows how we survive the remaining days; some even take to anti-social acts of cheating their parents; afterall purchasing books can be the easiest excuse possible to elicit money (I hope dad's not reading this). But, considering the kind of monotony we were facing, there could not have been a respite more welcome than this. Some fifteen of us consented, but the number of people making the trip was still unclear, for the journey was not easy, and one which required Herculean prowess; afterall, it involved getting up early in the morning, a practice which almost all of us had given up in the twentieth century. Somehow, nine of us managed to get over our quietus, and boarded the cab with angry faces, still swearing at Bigfoot for making us wake up early. The cab was unusually big with loads of room, seemed like it was outsourced from the Dutch military to accommodate their 'fully-grown' personnel. The journey was very 'smooth' and 'happening' with six of us barfing our stomachs out. I was squeezed in between two heavyweights, Mr. Photogenic on my right and Chick Chaser occupying the window seat and to make matters worse, both of them were masters at the art of snoring. I woke one of them and asked if he could trade his window-seat for mine. He shrugged a big 'no'. I said that was fine, but I couldn't be held responsible for barfing on his jumper suit. The next moment, I was leaning out of the window. In between, our cab broke down, and we had to continue our journey by bus. At last, with empty stomachs, we arrived at the foothills in the peak of noon. Time was one luxury we could not afford, and we were running out of it. Light drizzle and (a hint of) rainbow ignited our faces, for many had seen the seven-hued arch only in pictures. We hoarded our stomachs and our bags with as much food as we could, and set out for the near-impossible venture. The first few stretches of the journey was 'awesome' in the good sense of the word, as most of us were enjoying our first experience of mountain-trekking. Small streams and rivulets crossed our way every second minute, literally, but as always, Mr. Photogenic was just too busy with his camera-works, trying to get the perfect shot every time; had we not brought the humble camera with us, we could have very easily gone a couple of paces quicker. As we continued our ascent, the number of human faces was getting thinner and thinner; it seemed Man was an endangered species over there. The serene calm of the place, however, captivated our imagination right from the start, and we made innumerable 'pit-stops' to glorify the beauty of the snow-clad rooftops. In between, we loaded ourselves with chocolates and other eatables. The pine trees around were more majestic than anything I had ever seen, deafening our ears with their 'sonic-boom'. However, there was one glitch, although. The day-light was fading, and it brought tensity to the faces of almost everyone. But, Bigfoot, at his very composed best, was looking at ways to lead us through the woods. The situation became even worse, with the fact that there was neither any milestone nor footmarks. 'Were we even following the right path?' was the question which crossed all our minds. After about three hours of tiring trek, we came face-to-face with the first glimpses of snow. That gave us a bit of reprieve. And delight as well, for

Only when we are no longer afraid do we begin to live.

Fine Arts :  
Aviral Sharma

one hardly gets to see waist-high snow cover every now and then. But our destination was still out of sight and we were beginning to get restless. However, the ones who had their first encounter with snow could not stop their euphoric bliss. After a little pause, we set out again in search of the summit. We kept walking, but to no avail. Some of us were apprehensive at the thought of being held captive by the neighbouring army. The day light was gone, and only the moon was our hope. Then all of a sudden, like an angel in the night sky, we saw the silhouette of a house; that was possibly our rest-house. But it seemed a good half-an-hour's walk away, and involved crossing a cliff. With renewed zest, we set about our destination. But little had I known the most difficult part was yet to come. We moved about in a formation, and I was the last one in the train. After everyone had gone past the cliff, it was my turn to take the final frontier. But the thought of lying on all fours after reaching the rest-house completely took my eyes off the path. THUD. A long silence followed, and then I screamed out, HELLLPPPP!!!! Never before in my life had I felt such a notion of insecurity. Never before had I missed home so dearly. Never before had I prayed to the Almighty so earnestly. Never before had I wanted to kick someone's rear as badly as Bigfoot's for bringing me along. If I could go back in time and change the past, the one thing I would do is eliminate Bigfoot from the face of earth and make sure he does not grow up among humans, or else he'll put all his acquaintances in danger with his ever-eccentric ideas. But life is no science-fiction, a bit of science though, with the force of gravity pulling me earthwards and my noesis (whatever little) of science telling me that the force of buoyancy is not just enough to save my falling soul.....OH.....what's that.....its fathomless, as if this humble ravine has no conclusion at all. So here I am, holding whatever bits and pieces of twig I can lay my hands on; the view from top is horrendous.....I can hear adrenaline rushing through my network; the sheer precipice of the cliff is killing me and the thought of getting back safely seems a distant mirage. I could now imagine how fighter pilots feel at the sight of approaching missiles; the feeling is horrible.





कमल प्रकाश रवि  
अंतिम वर्ष  
सी.एस.ई.

प्रेम में विश्वास और आस्था की नींव आज अचानक ही कमजोर हो गयी। अखबार के अन्तिम पृष्ठ तक पहुँचते-पहुँचते मन में प्रेम को लेकर कई प्रश्न खड़े हो उठे। प्रेम की आज परिभाषा क्या है? आज की पीढ़ी किस प्रेम की तलाश में है?

## कश्मीर

कल शाम के एक मुठभेड़ में भारतीय जवानों ने चार आतंकवादियों को मार गिराया। बताया जा रहा है कि उनमें एक भारतीय नागरिक भी था। आतंक की राह पर चलने वाला या बीस वर्षीय जवान दो साल पहले अपने घर से भाग गया था। देशभक्ति ... देश प्रेम ... आज ये शब्द सुनकर भले ही हमें भारत की आजादी की लड़ाई याद आती है। लेकिन आज भी इन शब्दों का अर्थ उतना ही महत्वपूर्ण है जितना उस समय था। अपने देश को हमने अपनी पहली माँ कहा है। परन्तु यह देवी आज दुर्योधनों की सभा में खड़ी उस द्रौपदी की भाँति है, जिसका आतंकवाद, भ्रष्टाचार, जैसे दुःशासन चीरहरण को तैयार हैं। परन्तु अफसोस यह है कि इसे बचाने के लिए आज उसका कोई कृष्ण नहीं है। कौरव आज सिर्फ सौ नहीं है, सो कृष्ण भी एक नहीं हो सकता। प्रत्येक भारतीय को अपने देश का कृष्ण बनना होगा। नेताओं या किसी और पर दोष मढ़ने से कुछ नहीं होगा, यह जिम्मेदारी आज प्रत्येक भारतीय को स्वयं लेनी होगी।

हम सभी कहते हैं कि हमें अपने देश से बहुत प्रेम है, परन्तु यह साबित कैसे हो? आज यदि हम अपना कार्य पूरी जिम्मेदारी और निष्ठा से करते हैं, और कुछ भी ऐसा नहीं करते जिससे देश की मर्यादा का हनन हो तो यही सच्चा देश प्रेम है।

## वाराणसी

गाजीपुर के एक छोटे से गांव में आपसी मतभेद के चलते आपसी झड़प में एक बेटे ने अपने पिता को कुल्हाड़ी से घायल कर दिया। हिंसा की वजह तीन बेटों के बीच आपसी लड़ाई बतायी जा रही है, जिसको पिता ने रोकना चाहा, तो उन्हें अस्पताल पहुँचकर इसकी कीमत चुकानी पड़ी।

कहते हैं, हम जितना प्रेम अपने मित्र से करते हैं, उतना अपने सगे भाई से नहीं कर पाते। वजह कुछ भी हो, पर यदि हम अपने परिवार में प्रेम नहीं संजो सकते तो बाहर किसी को इसकी उम्मीद कैसे दे सकते हैं? झगड़ा वहीं होता है जहाँ प्रेम हो। हमें उन्हीं की बातें बुरी लगती हैं, जिन्हें हम अपना समझते हैं। कुछ अपशब्द सुनकर उसके साथ बिताये पुराने पलों को भूलकर रिश्ता खत्म कर देना तो पूर्णतः बेवकूफी है।

चाहे मित्रों से हो या अपने सगे सम्बन्धियों से, रिश्ते तभी तक मजबूत धागों में बंधे होते हैं, जब तक वह विश्वास और प्रेम की डोर से बंधे होते हैं। हमारे माता-पिता जो हमारे लिये करते हैं, उतना तो हम कर भी नहीं सकते। जिन्दगी हम चाहे कितनी सफलता पा लें, पर यदि हमारी वो सफलता हमारे माता-पिता को सुख न रख पायी तो वह हमारी सबसे बड़ी विफलता होगी। जरूरत तो यह है कि हमें इतना कमजोर नहीं होना है कि अपने झूठे सम्मान को बचाने के लिए, अपना का प्रेम खो दें।

## नागपुर

कल रात एक नौजवान फिर प्रेम की बलि चढ़ गया, जब उसकी प्रेमिका के नये आशिक ने

गोली मार कर उसकी हत्या कर दी। घरवालों का मानना है कि कातिल उनके बेटे का बचपन का साथी है।

यों तो प्रेम में जान खोने वाली ऐसी घटनाएं आज आम हो गयी हैं, पर सच तो यह है कि हमारी आज की पीढ़ी असल प्रेम को समझ ही नहीं पायी हैं या तो इसे सिनेमा का असर कहिये या फिर पश्चिमीकरण का बुरा प्रभाव, आज के युवा मानते हैं कि मित्रों पर रौब जमाने के लिए उनका प्रेमी या प्रेमिका होना आवश्यक है। हम जबरन ही प्रेम को दूँढने में लग जाते हैं। यही वजह है कि नये रिश्ते कुछ ही दिनों में समाप्त भी हो जाते हैं। पर प्रेम की परिभाषा यह नहीं है। प्रेम सीखा भी नहीं जाता। प्रेम का कोई अन्त नहीं है, कोई सीमा नहीं है। जिसका अन्त हो जाये वह तो शरीर से संबंधित है, वासना है।

यदि हम किसी से प्रेम करते हैं तो इसे जताने की आवश्यकता भी नहीं होती। ये तो निःस्वार्थ भाव से किया जाता है। किसी परिणाम की अपेक्षा के आधार पर प्रेम का पुलिंदा नहीं बनाया जाता। क्योंकि फिर बदले में अपेक्षित प्रेम न मिलने से ये टूट भी जाता है।

#### हैदराबाद

कल फिर एक नौजवान ने जिम्मेवारियों और आर्थिक तंगी की वजह से खुदखुशी करने की कोशिश की। आसपास वालों ने बताया कि नौकरी चले जाने की वजह से वह कई दिनों से परेशान सा रहता था।

हमारी सबसे बड़ी बीमारी यही है कि हमें रोज भूख लगती है। पर इसका उपचार यह नहीं है कि इससे लड़ने की बजाय हम मौत का सहारा लें।

हमारे प्रेम की सबसे ज्यादा जरूरत हमें खुद को ही होती है। जिन्दगी में हमें इतना स्वार्थी तो होना ही चाहिए कि हम खुद से प्रेम कर सकें और जीवन को कोई अर्थ दे सकें।

अन्तिम दिनों में मेरी दादी बीमारी के बावजूद भी खुश रहा करती थी। सुबह उठकर नहाती, आस-पड़ोस का चक्कर लगाती, गायों को देखती और पेड़ के नीचे बैठ जाती। कामकाज की वजह से हम लोग उन्हें ज्यादा समय नहीं दे पाते। बावजूद इसके रोज का वही काम वह हर दिन पूरे उत्साह और खुशी से करती। मेरे पूछने पर कहती, “बेटे आज मैं खुद को अकेली नहीं मानती हूँ। यदि हम खुश रहते हैं, तो जिन्दगी भी हमें सुन्दर ही लगती है। फिर सिर्फ नकारात्मक दृष्टिकोण से जिन्दगी को क्यों देखना?” इतना कहकर उनकी आवाज भीग जाती। सच है यदि हम स्वयं से प्रेम करने लगे तो हम अपने सभी काम पूर्ण लगन और उत्साह से कर पायेंगे। जो हमें भी खुशी देगा और हम से प्रेम करने वालों को भी।

#### कबीर कहते हैं

‘पोथी पढ़ पढ़ जग मुआ, पंडित हुआ न कोय। ढाई आखर प्रेम का, पढ़े सो पंडित होय।’

पर ढाई अक्षर ही क्यों? एक —हम। दूसरा — जिसे हम प्रेम करते हैं। आधा — ये प्रेम। प्रेम हमेशा अधूरा ही रहेगा। हम इसे कितना भी बढ़ाते जायें ये अतृप्त ही होता है। प्रेम में सीखे गये यही ढाई अक्षर हमें एक दूसरे से भिन्न बनाते हैं।



# Dream Come True

Euphonies | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Prashant Nath Endley  
Final year,  
ECE

It was a perfect date. They just looked at one another. No words were passed between them. Her blue, deep eyes were constantly fixed on his large, black ones. The whole world moved before them, but all they would see were the other's eyes! After all, it was a dream come true moment!

She had got into Christopher's dreams about a year ago. In deep sleep, he could see some part of her. The picture was always clear but never full. It seemed to be a TV show- somewhat like to be continued every time. Once he saw her hands. They appeared to be right in front of his eyes! It was such a close up shot that the fingerprinting lines looked like long ridges in deep valleys! After a lot of effort to zoom out, he could see all of her fingers together. The underside of her long nails looked like caves made of ivory. The lines on her palm made a unique design. It was as if they were line drawings of human figures. All these figures appeared to be in a merry mood- dancing on the whole palm. The whole night he kept staring at her palm. On waking up, he quickly grabbed a pencil and drew it on the nearest wall. Even though he used to paint horribly, but at that time, the original picture of his dreams was so great that even the replica drawn by him didn't look as bad as his previous attempts at painting.

Precisely at the same time, hundreds of thousands of miles apart, in a similar world, Christina admired him in her dreams. All she could see was the back of his head. His long black, well-gelled locks were evenly spread out on the big square head. It looked like an army school drillmaster's field with long lines of children equally spaced. Christina wanted to take a full look at his face. But, after a lot of effort, all she could get was a view of the top of his head. From top, the head was almost a circle. Here too, his black hair rested peacefully on his large scalp. She tried again, but could not shift the camera's view to some other feature. She got up and scanned through her collection of fashion magazines, but could not find that hair. The owner of that hair was not to be found out before time!

The 'second episode' of the romantic picture appeared after a few days. Infact, it came in as a special programme- cutting in on his previous dream. This special telecast was so special that Christopher forgot about the earlier one in an instant. This time, her back appeared before his eyes. The light brown, smooth skin was as flat as an airport runway. Her backbone looked like the guiding line at the centre of the road. He tried to move the camera's view down or even rotate it a bit, but the camera seemed to be firmly fixed. Moreover, it zoomed in. Her skin looked very lively. It looked so tangible that he actually extended his hand to touch it. Instead, the picture disappeared, waking him up instantly. Again, he drew out his dream on the wall.

Then for a long period of six months, no further portion of the portrait came to Christopher's dreams. Then one night, the rosy picture appeared again. The picture was crystal clear this time too, but the 'camera' was at such a unique angle that for some time, he could not make head or tail out of it. In view were both her legs, intertwined in each other in a very complicated manner. The knee of one of the legs formed the major part of the picture. The rest of the legs- knee down occupied the background of the photo. The flesh seemed to follow a complex equation. Those curves had such high eccentricity that they made Christopher mad about them! On getting up, Christopher finished sketching the portrait of his dreams.

Now too, a picture appeared in front of Christina's eyes. She saw his right foot. It looked as if the snap had been taken while he was running. His foot was in mid air. The picture seemed to have captured all the action. Many veins protruded out of his foot. All those large veins seemed to pumping a lot of blood in his foot. He must have been running fast, she concluded. She tried to shift the focus to the background to guess its location, but couldn't do so. All she could see was a frozen frame of his big athletic foot. She remembered to have read somewhere that people with big feet are generally more interesting to talk to. She got up and wondered when she would meet such a person.



Fine Arts :  
AJAY PRATAP RANA

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

“It was a moment,  
but they held on to  
it like an age.”

One fine afternoon, Christopher got asleep in a class. In his dream, he saw a busy street. It was afternoon but the sun was partially shielded by the clouds as a lampshade shields the bulb. The thin clouds gave a yellowish tinge to the atmosphere. It was afternoon, but it looked like an evening. Then on the street, he saw a bench quite far away. Someone was sitting on it. At that instant, that figure dropped something. Then it bent down to pick it up. The camera zoomed in a bit. Christopher immediately recognized the hand which had been extended to pick it up. It was the same hand which had come in his dreams earlier. Now, even the colour of the sky looked familiar. Then it struck him that the weather in his dream was exactly like the one outside at that time. Now he realized that it was the view of the street just outside his classroom. He got up with a jerk and without saying anything to the puzzled teacher, he went out. Something inside him told him that she was there. The girl who had captured the prime time of his dreams was there.

She was sitting on a bench. It was a bench at the heart of the campus. She sat there, completing her practical file. Just then, a pencil slipped from her hand. As she bent down to pick it up, she felt as if someone was watching her. She felt as if someone was coming for her. She looked through the corners of her eyes, but nobody seemed to have even noticed her. But, she had a hunch that he who had been coming in her dreams would physically come there now. She picked up the pencil and glanced up. There she was, looking at the eyes of the boy!

Now they just sat opposite each other. He could not take his eyes off hers. They were big. They were blue. They were beautiful. Those deep sapphire-like eyes seemed to penetrate his soul. They were so close to him. Their tranquility affected his senses too. All this while, she looked at his black eyes to her heart's content. Slowly, the situation became hotter. Nobody blinked for the next couple of minutes. They stared at each other as if they had never seen each other earlier. Actually, both of them were in parallel universes. This was a rare point of intersection of space-time. So, no words could be transmitted from one universe to another. But they didn't care about words. Their eyes seemed to know that already. It was a moment, but they held on to it like an age. Soon the moment became memory. Both of them found themselves suddenly staring at empty spaces before them! Their universes had now diverged- never to meet again...



# The Me I See...Is The Me I'LL Be!!

Euphonies | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Shabari Shaily  
Fourth Year,  
Architecture

At first glance she might appear confused, and her jokes might make you ponder at any given situation, but deep down she has great strength, creativity and a lot of endurance. She claims to be a good singer, but that remains to be proved.

It was just another bright crack of dawn of summer. Vani woke up , and swayed her eyes through the room and smiled. Her room was full of posters of famous sportsperson. In front of her bed was a big shelf adorned with all the medals and trophies she had earned in school. On the right side was a wheel chair by which were kept crutches.

Vani caught a hold of them and slowly moved towards the bathroom, as she looked upon the calendar kept on the side table. She smirked, it was her birthday today. As she inched inside the bathroom, she caught the look of her face in the mirror and went into a deep thought of her past.

She was a seventeen year old teenager with ginger hair and flashing blue eyes having the depth of an ocean. Vani had a vast world of dreams and hopes which were hidden somewhere in the jigsaw of her mind. She was quite popular in her school as an excellent basketball player and runner. Her passion and dedication for sport was clearly visible in her movements on the field. Her father was a writer who had always taught his daughter to be tough enough to overthrow every boulder which comes by her way of life. She did follow his words with fortitude.

Then one day Vani left for school driving her bike as usual. But she wasn't aware that her destiny would change her destination. At a traffic signal, while crossing the road, a fast driving truck suddenly hit her bike from behind. Vani lost the control of bike and "crash". She was lying on road unconscious, bruised and disfigured. Fortunately, she missed any head injury but she lost one of her precious bequests by God. Her left leg was completely dismantled by a tyre of the truck. She was hospitalized for six months. The only way out was to fix an artificial limb.

Within those turquoise colored curtains and white walls, Vani lay in her bed, assembling the castle of hope to be normal again. Relying on intravenous feedings, she was setting an example for those who are dismayed just like her. The positive attitude gave her the courage to fight infection. While everyone showed pity on her, Vani kept her strength unperturbed. She remembered her father's word "God uses life's bruises. When you can't eliminate the problem, sublimate it. Turn the stumbling block into a stepping stone."

It was her third month in the hospital and the orange rays of setting sun were clearing their way out through the big windows of Vani's ward. Her father stepped inside the room and found his place near the bed side. He was struggling to find words to console her, when Vani helped him by speaking first, "I know dad, why it happened. God wants to use me to help others who have been hurt." It was this strong determination of her that helped Vani, make transition from a patient to a handicapped member of the family and school. It helped her feel normal again. Although, she always regretted her disappearance from the fields. She wanted to pursue active life in school that she always cherished including basket ball. She was the athlete of family.

One Sunday when Vani's father was lost in thoughts of her daughters memorable past, she came beside him and said "Dad, I am going to sign up for basket ball again this year." He was taken aback but didn't wanted her daughter to be discouraged so agreed with her and said "That's great!"

Vani was immensely delighted. That time her leg was fixed just below the knee which could barely bend at thirty degree angle. She walked very stiffly so running was just out of question. Still her father took her up to the place where all parents were lined up with their daughters to register for the game. Vani registered too and went to check for her uniform. After one hour she came back to car, slithered her artificial leg inside and put the uniform on her lap. Suddenly, her father turned to her and asked "dear, how do you expect to play when you can't even run?" Vani winked and with flashing eyes snapped back to him "Dad, I have already got all that figured out. I will be playing on the defensive side and do the baskets. In that way I won't have to run a lot. Else I will practice to make my running recovered with fake leg. I will sincerely attend all the practice sessions and the running practices." Vani's father was really surprised and happy at the same time. In front of him was a tough lady with a strong determination to defeat all the barriers of her life.

Courage is the first of human qualities, as it is the quality which guarantees all others.

It has been one month practicing in the school court. Every time the ball came towards the home side, a metal frame would slide swiftly and a hand would rise up in air to catch the ball and do the basket. Every weekend she would practice till she was bushed. Everybody pitied on Vani and used to look at her peculiarly whenever she entered the practice sessions. She had to prove herself and so she did. Her team was able to score a number of baskets with her vigorous play skills. Still she was the matter of wonder for all those people who had seen her playing or doing anything just like a normal human being walking with their original limbs. However, Vani was composed and aimed. She knew that she would attain her goals. She had achieved her active life again.

It was summer's end. Vani's family was invited to travel on a cruise to Goa. The cruise was absolutely beautiful and so was the scenic panorama. There were around three hundred people boarded on the cruise. It was a celebration moment and all the passengers were gathered in the lounge where a customary talent show was being organized. Vani's parents were sitting on the very front table with two more other families. Suddenly a soft voice came in through the crowd and said, "Dad, I am going to perform tonight." Vani's parents were awestruck. They very well knew that Vani was no good in dance or singing then what kind of talent was she going to perform. They waited through the show to have a look of their daughter on the stage.

It was a sparkling starry night .It was a candlelit place, full of waitresses and drinks.drinks Then, with a smooth rolling sound of wheels Vani arrived on the stage. She appeared in a long blue silk dress and her blue eyes were sparkling with the reflection of candle lights. She took the microphone, and voiced:

"I really don't know what my talent is. But I thought this would be a good chance for me to give what I think I owe you all, and that is an explanation. I know you have been looking at me all week wondering about my fake leg. I thought I should tell you what happened. I was in a bike accident and I almost died. But they kept giving me blood and my pulse came back. They amputated my leg through the knee and I spent four months in hospital with antibiotics and injections to fight the infection." She paused for a moment, cleared her throat and continued: "If I have one talent it's this. I can tell you how my faith turned into a real one to me." Suddenly, silence swept in the lounge and every eye was fixed on this tall, eighteen year old girl proudly standing on her courage. She said "I look at you girls who walk without artificial limbs and I wish I could walk that way. I can't but this is what I have learned, and I want to leave it with you. It's not how you walk that counts but, who walks with you and who you walk with. I would like to sing a song about my friend, my lord" and she sang:

"And he walks with me,  
And he talks with me,  
And he tells me I am his own,  
And the joy we share, in our time of prayers,  
None other has ever known."

When she ended, there wasn't a dry eye, not a single life that wasn't touched that night. "Tough times never last but tough people do", Vani learned the lesson. She accomplished what she always wanted to, victory over life. She still walks with artificial limb and draws curious looks from strangers but her positive attitude helps her with that. Truly said: "When you've exhausted all the possibilities, remember this, YOU haven't."



# "echoes"



The whole point of a magazine is letting people know about your ideas and opinions about anything. The views of the authors in this section have reverberated in all manners- outcries against the system, honest confessions about what they feel, or simple presentations of facts unnoticed. Love them or hate them, you can't ignore them. A perfect demonstration of voices no longer afraid or subdued, impatient to come out in the open and resound in the minds of the readers...

Frivid Voices

# Let Other Games Have A Chance

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Dr. Anoop Kumar  
Head of the Department,  
Mechanical

Known throughout the institute as one of the friendliest of professors, this head of the mechanical department always has time and ears for the student's troubles. a versatile personality involved in all activities like traveling, listening to music, reading novels and also with a huge fondness for sports, he shares his view on how we can make a mark in the sports map of the world.

India is crazy about only one sport that is Cricket. We may be critical of our team performance sometimes, viz. when our team was eliminated early in the world cup; but the love endures. With win in 20-20 world Championship, back to back series win against Australia and England, the entire country is euphoric. At the time of writing this the Indian team is at third position in the ICC test and one day ranking. Our cricketers are acclaimed heroes and MSD has an iconic status.

However, there is another ranking that deserves our attention, and it reflects our status as a leading sporting nation, the Olympic Medal Tally. Out of more than 150 nations, big and small, rich and poor, participating in Beijing Olympics, we stood at 50th position with 1 gold and two bronze medals. After a span of 30 years, Indian national Anthem was played in Summer Olympics 2008. And this was the best performance by us in Olympics since the games begun more than 100 years ago.

<u>Position</u>	<u>Nation</u>	<u>Gold</u>	<u>Silver</u>	<u>Bronze</u>	<u>Total</u>
1	China	51	21	28	100
50	India	1	0	2	3

In the medal tally, countries that are economically weak are way ahead of us. The list includes countries such as, Jamaica at 13th position (6 golds, total 11 medals), Kenya at 15th position (5 golds, total 14 medals). And these countries have been doing well since last so many Olympics. We are always compared with China and both the countries are tipped to be super powers in near future. But the table speaks volume about the difference.

Let us know that in last more than 100 years how many individual Olympic medallists we have produced:

Khashaba Dadasaheb Jadhav was the first Indian to win Bronze medal in wrestling at the 1952 Helsinki Games. Leander Paes won bronze medal in Mens single competition at 1996 Atlanta Olympics in USA. Karnam Malleshwari a sportswoman from Andhra Pradesh was the first Indian woman to win a medal in Olympics. She bagged a bronze medal in Sydney Olympics, 2000 in the 69 kg weightlifting category. Rajyavardhan Singh Rathore, an army officer, was the first Indian shooter to win a silver medal in Men's Double Trap event at the summer Olympics of 2004 in Athens. Abhinav Bindra is the man who raised the pride of India. He won gold in 10 m Air rifle at Beijing ending a century long hunger of an individual gold.

Some of our sportsperson came dramatically very close to winning medals. Who can forget the flying sikh, Milkha Singh, who broke the world record in 400 m race in Rome, 1960 and P.T.Usha, the queen of track who came 4th at 1984 Los angels Olympics in 400m distance race. Both of these glorious offspring of the country came 4th in their track events. It is pertinent to note that India is yet to win a medal in athletics in Olympic Games. Over and above them many of sportsperson from our country have done extremely well and won medals in Asian and commonwealth games.

The question remains why we are not doing well in sports in general. Some of the factors that are holding us back are:

**Lack of sporting culture:** It is deeply ingrained in our minds that participation in sports spoils a child and it is study only that can bring glory and prosperity. Parents always discourage their children from taking sports as career. The same people who go nuts about a solitary gold in the Olympics – are totally indifferent towards providing its children with adequate athletic facilities, instruction and opportunities. This discouragement continues in the schools. Very few cities in India organize regular inter-school athletic competitions.

**Lack of infrastructure** There is hardly any infrastructure in schools, cities or in the states to provide opportunity to play and groom the talent. Availability and access to quality facilities is



dream to most of us. A small country like Netherlands has more than six hundred astro turfs for hockey whereas in our country it might be counted on fingers. Most of our players play on natural surfaces and their skills are never honed in their formative days. The boxing academy of Bhiwani in Haryana that produced so many Olympic talents in Beijing runs virtually in a tin shade with no facility to boast of. Same is the condition for most of the sports in the country.

**Professional club structure and financial security:** Except football in none of the games we have professional clubs that can train players for big competitions through regular match practice. Our players mostly undergo conditioning camps of limited time before any major sporting tournament. There are very few quality sports academy that can groom quality players over a long period of time. The MRF Pace Foundation, Britannia Tennis Academy and Tata Football Academy are few exceptions. Moreover, our players suffer from financial insecurity. In most of the countries sportspersons can support themselves through clubs. In absence of this, the players have to devote their prime time and energy in eking out a living for them and family. It is noteworthy that Bindra's success was the result of aptitude and application supported by family wealth. His rich parents could afford to build him an air-conditioned shooting range to practise in, send him to Germany for an extended spell of treatment, and employ a private Hungarian coach. Not to mention pay for his equipment and keep.

**Limited funding for sports by the governments.** Investment in sports is the last priority for the government. Only those who can support themselves from family or can arrange personal sponsorship survive. This excludes vast majority of people from contributing to sports.

**Corruption in sports bodies:** Most of the sports bodies are headed by politicians and bureaucrats whose interests are basically to avail five star facilities for them and go on foreign visits. So whatever limited funds are allocated is appropriated by them. The treatment met to sports persons are worth not mentioning.

**Shabby Treatment:** Jadhav, the fist medal winner never received any honour for his performance. The legend died in a miserable road accident at 1984. Shri Limba Ram Arjuna Awardee and Khel Ratna award winner who equalled the world record in 30 m (archery) category and won gold in 1992 Beijing Asian Games was forced to vacate his temporary residence in MLA flats in Jaipur and is putting up in garage of a flat allotted to an MLA in Jaipur. (The Tribune, 12th January, 2009). Dhanraj Pillay, a real star of hockey, was more than once humiliated and pushed out of the national team due to whims and fancies of sports authorities.

Despite all these handicaps, our sportsperson have fared reasonably. Let us have a look.

**Chess:** We can take pride in Vishwanathan Anand who is the current world champion and been at the top of chess world for last decade or so. There are many other grand masters of chess though their international performance is not as spectacular as V. Anand.

**Boxing:** In recent years our boxers have been doing quite well. India fetched four bronze medals in the world cup in Moscow through Akhil Kumar, Jitendra Kumar, Anthresh Kumar Lakra and Dinesh Kumar. Woman boxer, M.C.Marycom is current world champion in 48 Kg category. During this Olympics, Akhil Kumar, Jitendra Kumar and Vijendra singh entered the quarter final round. Though, we could get only one medal through Vijendra singh, it proves beyond doubt the great potential of our boxers.

**Wrestling:** We have been a great wrestling nation since ancient times. Even today our wrestlers have been doing reasonably well at various international competitions. The first medal by Shri Jadhav came in this event and in the Beijing Olympics, Susheel Kumar won a bronze medal.

**Hockey:** The game has given great prestige to the country and today if we are lagging it is because we have not given anything back to the game. Despite all this, we won Azlan Shah tournament and Asia cup recently and these achievements should not be taken lightly. Even today, our performance in Hockey is comparable if not better than Cricket. Out of ten test playing nations only four or five countries, Britain, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, West Indies can be treated as serious contenders. Even in these countries, the main sporting passions are other than cricket; soccer, rugby, swimming, athletics etc. Still, we have won the

World cup once, were runners up once and most of the time ranked at the middle of the table. So out of ten test playing countries, we are mostly ranked from 3rd to 6th, i.e. near the bottom 50%. The Indian hockey team is at 11th spot in the latest revision by the International Hockey Federation on September 8 (<http://www.justhockey.com.au/index.php?newsID=5250>), out of more than about 50 hockey playing countries that includes all the major sporting countries, i.e. in top 20%.

**Soccer:** India figured at top of the Asian countries in soccer till 1950s. Though presently low at international ranking, but if any game can match fan following of Cricket in India, it is soccer. Moreover, we have reasonably developed club structure to support professional football players. And it is a game that can be played with limited resources. Hence we stand a good

chance to improve.

**Badminton:** Prakash Padukone and Pullela Gopichand have won All England title and performed creditably at International level. In present times, Saina Nehwal has made us proud by reaching quarter final in Beijing Olympics.

**Tennis:** In tennis also we had reasonable performers in Ramanathan Krishnann, Anand Amritraj, Ramesh Krishnan showing great potentials. In recent times, Leander Paes and Mahesh Bhupathi did extremely well in doubles and won many Grand Slam events. Today, Sania Mirja has kept the Indian flag flying high.

**Shooting:** We have a large number of shooters who have brought laurels to our country at international level. This includes Jaspal rana, Gagan Narang, Anjali Bhagwat etc. And not to forget Rajyawardhan Singh Rathore and Abhinav Bindra who won medals in Olympics.

**Athletics:** Though we have not won any medals at the Olympics but Milkha Singh, PT Usha came very close to doing so. We have been performing very creditably at the Asian games and common wealth games.

Over and above, we have done reasonably well in Billiards, snooker, women's weightlifting etc.

What needs to be done in this regard? We should make all efforts to promote games over and above cricket. Though most of us are fond of Cricket, this includes me as well, let us develop, love, respect and interest in few more games. Let us stop being a single sport, Cricket, loving people. It may be useful if we focus on some games in which we have good potential and that are less resource intensive, viz. Athletics, hockey, football, archery, wrestling, boxing, tennis, badminton etc.

We have observed that Russia and Eastern Europe countries have come up in big way in tennis in last five to ten years. With efforts, we can also do so in some sports. The efforts of Bindra, Saina, Vijendra, Susheel Kumar should convince the doubters that there's plenty of talent just waiting to be tapped. Forget the gimmicks; forget the formula one track at a cost of \$150m. Focus instead on the boys and girls swimming in the country's many rivers, on those running barefoot to and from school on baking-hot roads. Keep your eyes peeled for the boy who dribbles like a little Ronaldinho on wet sand, and for the one who controls a ball made of rags with an improvised hockey stick.

There is no reason why every child should not be compelled to play in the school. Marks obtained in sport must be given the same weight-age that is given to regular subjects such as science and social-studies. Only then the slogan catch them young would carry meaning. The sporting culture thus inculcated would have its spin offs and go a long way in stemming the rot.

Some of these issues need attention by the government and sporting bodies on which we have limited control. However, even we can contribute at our individual level to make India a sporting nation.

First and foremost, we must start playing games; whatever be our age, profession and status. Also we must motivate our parents, brothers, sisters, friends, classmates, batch mates, sons, daughters, relatives to play some game, preferably other than cricket.

Support sports by all means. This may mean watching even small level games being played at locality, school, and city and district level. I am surprised and pained to see that in inter year or inter branch tournaments or during sports meet at NITH very few spectators are present. If we are not playing at least encourage by our presence.

Let us shower our praise to sportsperson of areas other than cricket as well. Appreciate the efforts put in by sportspersons at the grass root level. Let us not be fond of only Tendulkars, Bindras, Vijendras. Let us be as crazy about the player next door. If you have some expertise, find time to share with young players. Support games with whatever finances you can afford. Financing may even mean treating your class team on a good performance, purchasing a kit for your local team, supporting some tournament.

Campaign aggressively for issues related to sports. Express your affection for games; get into conversation/discussion with anyone for promoting the same. Write actively in newspapers or other media about the issues. Let us read about other sports in the newspaper. The sports coverage in print and electronic media in India basically means cricket. Why? The media goes by what sells. If we start reading and demanding news of other sports, this will come forth. With media attention, the corporate attention shall follow suit. If you attain a position in life and are able to influence the policy of a corporate house, PSU, Government body, Media, do that for promoting many sports.

Let us start playing with the ideas and enjoy.



# My Encounter With Someone

Echoes | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Sanat Thomas  
3rd year  
EEE

Sanat's studying Electrical Engineering. He enjoys watching movies (especially if a particular someone's acting in it!), listening to soft numbers on his lappy, spending quality time with his friends and is a self-confessed day-dreamer. Never a dull moment can pass with this fellow who keeps you hung on to his theories of life and outrageous pranks!

It was a rainy morning of July 2008. I reached the New Delhi Domestic Airport at 7am. My flight to Bangalore was scheduled at 9.30am. So, had a lot of time to kill. I went and sat in the lounge.

Every minute seemed like a year! I borrowed a newspaper from a random passenger, read it for around 5 minutes and got bored after reading the same old stuffs- riots, politics, bomb-blasts, N-Deal, etc, etc. I looked around for a food stall and found one. But the prices here weren't too nominal. So after much thinking I bought a cup of coffee worth 35 bucks. The lounge was gradually filling up so I went back again. "God! How long will I have to sit here in boredom?" I thought. Sleeping, reading or chatting are always the best ways to pass time in such circumstances. Sleeping, being a convenient option, I succumbed to it.

After sometime, I suddenly woke up as I felt something hard had fallen on my foot. I opened my eyes and saw a rolling suitcase on my left foot. A very sweet female voice said "I'm so sorry". I was too frustrated to look up so I just said "It's ok".

The lady who woke me up like this sat beside me and while doing so her hair swept over my left cheek. I was too drowsy to open my eyes. Suddenly my cell phone rang. I woke up again and saw that it was a random number and rejected the call. I looked around and to my surprise saw passengers in front of me turning their heads back at regular intervals of time and some quite far away gazing at the same thing. I looked in the same direction and discovered that they were staring at the lady sitting next to me. "Why, is she so beautiful?" I wanted to ask them. I could just see her side profile as I was sitting next to her. But whatever I saw of her, she looked familiar. She had nice curly hair. I wanted to see her face but for that I had to say something to her or turn my head by 180 degrees. "What do I say?" I thought. Finally I decided what to say.

"Excuse me!" I said to her. She turned her face towards me. Immediately after that both my eyes and mouth were wide open. "Yes", she said with a blissful smile on her face. No response from my side. "What is it?" she asked a little louder, this time without a smile. "Oh-uh, ya, I'm keeping my laptop on my seat, could you please look after it while I go to the washroom?" I said with great courage. "Oh sure" she replied with a smile again. "Thanks" I said and hurried off. I still couldn't believe it was actually her...

I washed my eyes, and looked into the mirror. "All fine" I said to myself and smiled. "My God! A big shot girl like Genelia D'Souza ended up sitting next to an ordinary guy like me. Can't believe it!" I immediately went back to the lounge after spending 2 minutes talking to the mirror. "Thanks" I said to her. She gave me that smile she is famous for on screens. She had become my favourite after watching two of her south Indian Blockbusters. Her outstanding performance and appearance in both the movies prompted me to watch them almost as many times as the number of other movies I've watched in my life!

She was reading the latest edition of the Filmfare magazine and simultaneously nibbling a chocolate. Beside her was a middle-aged gentleman in a suit, who was busy hitting the keys on his laptop, uninterested on what was happening around. The passengers around gave me an envious look and it felt really good. I wanted to start a conversation with her, coz this was like a life-time opportunity! I thought for some time and then stretched out my left hand in front of her and said, "Excuse me Ms. Genelia, could I have an autograph?" She smilingly gave a rapid response, "Sure", and then held my hand gently and signed on it. Along with the sign, she drew a smiley next to it. "Thanks" I said. "You're welcome, what's your name?"

"Sanat... Sanat Thomas" I replied

"Oh, I'm an ardent fan of Sanath Jayasuriya". I had learnt a lot about Genelia's life through Google, yet I thought of interviewing her. "So where are you from?" I asked. "I was born and brought up in Bandra, Mumbai but I basically hail from Goa.. Hey, Sanat and Thomas don't really go well together. You're a Christian, right? So how come you have a Hindu name?"

"Ask my parents" I said with a giggle. There was a brief silence after that. Time was flying and I wished it would slow down. I then thought of talking about films. "Yesterday was the premiere of your movie 'Jaane Tu Ya Jaane Na'. So how's it all turning up?"

"I can't say, today it will be screened all over, it depends all on the public, but I feel it's going to work out well. The concept, story, plot, songs, climax have all been made perfectly."

A shot glass of desire is greater than a pitcher of talent.

"So what's the story of your movie?"

"I won't tell you, you better watch it" She gave me a sarcastic stern look and then smiled away.

"Oh sure I will, by the way, I've watched 2 of your south Indian films: 'Boys' and 'Bomarillu'"

"Oh good, both were big hits. Did you like them?"

"I most certainly did! You were great in them. You made ample fans nationwide, me being one of them".

"Well I'm glad to hear that. I still have a long way to go. I've done many south Indian films, few were hits. I'm experimenting with Hindi movies now. I need to improve my accent in Hindi, rest is not a problem for me. So, you tell me, what are you doing now?"

"I'm doing my B-Tech in Electrical Engineering., 3rd year, from N.I.T. Hamirpur, Himachal. I must say that many in my college are huge fans of yours"

"Are you kidding me? I've done very few Hindi movies and they haven't fared well in the Box Office."

"My friends in college don't just watch Hindi and English movies"

"Don't tell me that they've watched my south Indian films."

"Yes Ma'am, your 'Boys' and 'Bomarillu' have become grand hits in my college and now they are all looking forward to watching 'Jaane Tu Ya Jaane Na'. Now downloading south Indian movies has become a craze in my college, of course, with English subtitles on."

"Is that so? Well I'm ecstatic to know that I'm popular in the north too." She looked happier now.

"So tell me something about yourself. Do you have a girlfriend back in college?"

"No, because I've just loved one girl in my entire life."

"Really? What's her name? You could tell me if you want, maybe I could give you a few tips about the whole situation", she winked, "Does she love you?"

"She doesn't even know me. I've just met her once in my life. Oh, let's not talk about it. You tell me, do you love someone?"

"Well... I'm dating a Tamil actor, Bharath, maybe you know about him. We're getting married next month and I'm really excited about it."

"Oh, Congratulations! Ya I've heard about Bharath. I'm really happy for you." I wasn't really happy when I said that.

She looked up at the schedule chart and said, "Five minutes left. My flight to Mumbai is scheduled for 10.50. Could you keep an eye on my suitcase till I'm back from a shop?"

"Ya sure, go ahead." I saw her entering a florist's shop.

"She must be buying flowers for Bharath." I thought.

She returned after 2 minutes. "It's time for me to go". As she started to roll her suitcase she said, "Sanat, it was really nice meeting you. All the best for your future. This is my card, keep it" she said as she handed me her visiting card. After that she took out a very beautiful rose from her handbag and said, "This is for you".

"Wow, Thank You, it's beautiful. But before you leave I want to tell you something".

"What?" she asked.

"The girl I was talking about.. I was in love with.. it's you..." After a brief pause I continued, "If it's ever possible, will you leave Bharath and marry me?"

She was too bewildered to say anything. After another pause she gave a forced smile and said, "I'll think about it, Bye." And she left. I saw her walking towards the exit gate and then finally she disappeared like the wind.

My cell phone alarm woke me up 15 minutes before boarding time. As I turned off the alarm, I saw a message in my inbox and it said "My physical presence with you may be short-timed, but my spiritual self will shine in your heart forever." I didn't understand this. I looked for the visiting card but couldn't trace it. Then I felt something in my pocket. It was a beautiful rose...





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“भाई साहब आपके लिए बिना चीनी वाली चाय?”

अपने स्टाल पर मुझे देखते ही उसने पूछा। मैंने “हाँ” में अपना सर हिलाया और होठों पर एक झूठी—सी मुस्कान ओढ़ ली। अनजबी शहरों में ऐसी झूठी मुस्कान ओढ़े ‘लोग’ ही आसानी से जी पाते हैं। वरना अन्दर का एकाकीपन काट—काट कर खोखला कर देता है ...शरीर को।

अभी गए इतवार की ही तो बात है ...इस अजनबी से शहर में बनावटी मुस्कान ओढ़े लोगों के बीच में फिर अकेला महसूस कर रहा था। “यहां तो पेड़—पौधे भी तन्हा—तन्हा से खड़े हैं ...किससे बातें करूँ?”

“मनीषा” ... एकाएक मेरे जेहन में एक नाम कौंधा। हाँ, इस शहर में वही तो एक है जो मुझे जानती है ...या शायद मैं जिसे जानता हूँ। मैंने बिना कोई समय गंवाए सीलन भरे कमरे को ताला लगाया और ऑटो रिक्शा से कहा “सिटी ...गुरुद्वारा रोड चलोगे?” तीन पहियों ने तेजी से घूमना शुरू किया और मैं 3 साल पहले वाली सॉझ के धुंधलके में खो गया।

झरने के किनारे एक पत्थर पर मेरे सर को अपनी गोद में सम्भाले वो चुप थी...नाराज थी शायद। “तुम वहाँ अनजाने शहर में अकेले कैसे रहोगे? कौन ख्याल रखेगा तुम्हारा। ...उफ ये गोल्ड—फलेक की डिब्बी... कौन रोकेगा तुम्हें!”

मैंने मनीषा की प्यार भरी आँखों में झाँकते हुए कहा था —

“मेरे पास है ही क्या... जिंदगी जहाँ भी ले जाए। पर मेरे कारण तुम अपनी जिंदगी खराब मत करना। मेरा इंतजार मत करना ...प्लीज।”

उसकी आँखों में प्यार और गहरे उतर आया था “मैं तुम्हारी हूँ ...तुम्हारे साथ हर हाल में खुश रहूँगी।” फिर हम दोनों साथ—साथ चल दिए ...मंगल की चाय की दुकान की ओर।

“मंगल चाचा, इसकी चाय बिना चीनी वाली ...गला खराब हो जाता है इसका।” उसने हँसकर कहा था। उसे मेरी सारी आदतें पता हैं ...वो मुझे “जानती” है। फिर काफी देर टाट के बने उस चाय की दुकान पर हम बातें करते रहे थे ...आखिरी बार।

लगभग तीन साल हुए मनीषा से बिछड़े। बीच में एक बार उसकी शादी की खबर मिली थी। “ठीक किया मनीषा ने ...मैं उसे क्या दे पाता भला?” मैंने मन ही मन कहा था। सुना था पति यहीं पटना में ही किसी बैंक में काम करता है।

“हाँ, इस बिना जान पहचान वाली नगरी में एक वही मुझे जानती है।” मेरा मन मनीषा से मिलने को बैचन हो उठा।

“गुरुद्वारा रोड ” ...ऑटोरिक्शा वाले की आवाज से मेरी तन्द्रा भंग हुई। मैंने 3 रूपए उसके हाथ पर रखे और तेजी से चल पड़ा। ...मकान न0 444। कॉल बेल बजाते ही दरवाजा खुला “मनीषा” ...मेरे मुँह से अचानक एक शब्द गिरा। वह भी सालों बाद मुझे इस तरह अचानक देखकर अवाक् रह हो गई। हँसते हुए सोफे पर उसने बैठाया मुझे। मैंने पूछा — “चंदर कहा है?”

“पता नहीं, हर रोज तो 4 बजे वापस आ जाते हैं। साढ़े पाँच होने को है, आज लौटे नहीं अबतक?” चिन्ता की कुछ रेखाएँ उसके पेशानी पर उभर आयीं थीं। “आज मेरे घर का रास्ता कैसे भूल बैठे जनाब? उसने उसी चिर—परिचित चंचलता भरे लहजे में पूछा। मैंने मन में दबी अंजानेपन से दूर भागने की बेचैनी को छुपाते हुए कहा, “बस ऐसे ही, अपनों से मिलने को जी चाहा।”

“अच्छा किया ...आखिर मैं ही तो यहाँ तुम्हारी पहचान की हूँ” मुझे राहत महसूस हुई ...मनीषा अब भी मुझे अपना मानती है।

“मैं तुम्हारे लिए चाय बनाकर लाती हूँ” ...और मनीषा पास ही किचन में चाय बनाने चली लगी। मैं उसकी बाहों, चेहरे और हाथों को देखता रहा ...सबकुछ चिर—परिचित।

पाँच मिनट में चाय का प्याला सामने था। मेरे हाथ अचानक से पाकेट की ओर बढ़े ...गोल्ड फलेक, फिर ठिठक गए। नहीं, मनीषा बुरा मान जाएगी... मेरी इस आदत से नफरत है उसे।

“चीनी कितनी डालूँ ...एक चम्मच?”

मनीषा ने पूछा था।



Fine Arts :  
Neelam

...और एक झटके में सबकुछ बिखर गया। मैंने कहा — “थोड़ी सी ” और लगा अभी-अभी मनीषा को सब याद आ जाएगा। पर उसने एक चम्मच चीनी डालकर चाय का प्याला मेरी और बढ़ा दिया। जहर के घूंटों की तरह वह “एक प्याला चाय” मेरे हलक के नीचे उतरता रहा। मनीषा इधर-उधर की ढेर सारी बातें करती जा रही थी...पर मुझे कुछ सुनाई न दिया। उसकी बातों में अजनबीपन की बू आ रही थी ...वही अजनबीपन जिससे भागकर मैं यहां आया था।

जैसे-तैसे पसीना पोंछकर मैं बाहर आया और फेफड़ों में एक गहरी साँस भरी थी। बेगानेपन की उस शाम के बाद मैं चाय पीने यहीं आने लगा “नेशनल तैराक टी स्टाल” — गोपाल प्रसाद नाम था उसका एक हार्डवेयर की दुकान के आगे रोड़ के किनारे उसकी छोटी सी स्टाल थी। हालांकि मैं उसके यहां ज्यादा समय से नहीं आ रहा था पर वो मुझे जान गया था ...मुझे चाय में चीनी नहीं चाहिए। गोपाल प्रसाद से आत्मीय रिश्ता बन गया था। उसे भी मेरी आदतें याद हैं ... बिना चीनी के चाय के साथ एक गोल्ड फ्लेक।

दो लकड़ी के पट्टों के सहारे टिका पट्टा जिस पर लिखा है “नेशनल तैराक टी स्टाल”।

गोपाल प्रसाद बिहार का प्रतिनिधित्व कर चुका है ...राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर। एक ही साँस में वह अपने कई रोमांचक कारनामों बताता है। कैसे उसने फ्री स्टाइल तैराकी में नेशनल चैम्पियन को हराया था। वह अपने बचपन के किस्से भी सुनाता है, किस तरह पढ़ाई छोड़कर, माँ-बाप से झगड़कर उसने तैराकी शुरू की। अखबार के ढेर सारे कटिंग सामने शीशे की अलमारी के ऊपर चिपके हैं “गोपाल प्रसाद ने प्रदेश का नाम ऊँचा किया। स्वर्ण पदक विजेता ...बिहार के गोपाल प्रसाद”।

दो दिन हुए व्यस्तता की वजह से मैं बाहर न जा सका ...शाम को नियमित चाय के लिए भी नहीं। फुर्सत के क्षण पल मिलते ही मेरे कदम उसी दिशा में आज फिर से चल पड़े ...“नेशनल तैराक टी स्टाल”। पर आज साँस भारी हो रही थी। ठीक 2 महीने पहले जैसी ....जब मैं मनीषा के यहां पहली और आखिरी बार गया था। आज भी गली से गुजरता हर आदमी झूठी मुस्कान की चादर ओढ़े लग रहा था। मैं ठीक 7:30 पर स्टाल पर पहुंचा ...हर रोज की तरह। मैंने देखा भट्ठी बुझी हुई है ...बिस्किट की डब्बियां, केतली सब नदारद। सामने गोपाल प्रसाद बड़े से झोले में सबको सम्भाले चुपचाप खड़ा है।

“यह सब क्या है ...दुकान क्यों हटा दी?” मैंने पूछा।

गोपाल प्रसाद के लटके हुए चेहरे के पीछे से झांकती दो आँखों में आक्रोश का प्रतिबिम्ब झलक रहा था—

“सरकार ने सड़क के किनारे की सभी अस्थाई दुकानों को हटाने का निर्णय लिया है।” मैं अवाक् था। जिस सरकार को अपने प्रदेश के चैम्पियन तैराक के दो वक्त की रोटी की सुध नहीं रही, उसे एक “चायवाले” से उसकी रोजी छीनने का कोई हक नहीं। उस पर भी वह कितना निरुपाय और असहाय है कि प्रतिवाद नहीं कर सकता। नेशनल तैराकी चैम्पियन की सुध लेने वाला कोई नहीं। वह मजबूर ही नहीं..अभिषप्त भी है ...ऐसे ही भटकने और ठोकें खाने को।

“साहब अब आप आए हैं तो खाली नहीं जाने दूंगा।” ऐं छोटू, सामने वाली दुकान से एक चाय ले आ...।

दूसरे ही पल मेरी हाथों में चाय का प्याला था। मैंने पहला घूंट पीया — “अरे ये क्या इसमें चीनी है!!!”

“माफ कीजिए, उसे नहीं पता है ....आप चीनी नहीं लेते।” कोई फिर मुझसे बिछड़ रहा था ...मेरा अपना।

“नहीं ठीक है ... कोई बात नहीं।” मैंने इतना ही कहा।

गोपाल प्रसाद चला गया ...न जाने कहाँ।

“नेशनल तैराक टी स्टाल” ...तख्ती अब भी वहीं लटक रही थी। और जहर की घूंट के समान चाय के उस प्याले को मैं अपनी हलक के नीचे उतारता जा रहा था।





Lugk dyok  
rnt; o'kl  
l h-, l -bz

हर रोज शाम के 5 बजते ही, मैं दुगुनी गति से ऑफिस के बचे हुए काम निपटाने में लग जाती थी। वहाँ से बाहर निकलते ही चंद पलों में, मेरी कार भी अपनी मंजिल की ओर अंधाधुंध भागती हुई अन्य गाड़ियों की कतार में शामिल हो जाती। हम सभी अपनी मंजिल की ओर भागने लगते जिसे पाने के लिए कई बार न जाने कितने रिश्तों की बलि चढ़ाई जाती हैं। पर जैसे मेरी मंजिल तो वो ट्रैफिक सिग्नल था जहाँ एक बेनाम रिश्ता मुझसे जुड़ने लगा था। उस रिश्ते के दूसरे सिरे पर एक 9 साल की नन्ही सी जान थी जो अपना और अपनी माँ का पेट पालने के लिए लड़ रही थी। मुस्कान नाम था उसका और यह नाम ही उसकी पहचान थी। उन गुलाब की पंखुड़ियों के समान नाजुक होठों पर जब हल्की-सी मुस्कान आती, मैं एक पल के लिए दिन-भर की अपनी सारी थकान भूल जाती। परंतु उस बेमन मुस्कान के पीछे जितना दर्द छुपा था वो उसकी मासूम आँखें साफ बयान कर देती थी। कभी-कभी मुझे ऐसा महसूस होता कि उसकी इस मुस्कान के पीछे वह बुरी तरह से कराह रही हैं उसे इस दुनिया से बाहर निकालने के लिए। पर ऐसा कोई नहीं, जो उसके इस दर्द की गहराई को समझ पाए।

ट्रैफिक सिग्नल पर लाल बत्ती के जलते ही मंजिल की ओर जल्दी-जल्दी पहुँचने की वो दौड़ कुछ पल के लिए थम जाती। तब मुस्कान अपनी दौड़ का आगाज़ करती। अपनी माँ के साथ वो रोड पर अपना 'ऑरकेस्ट्रा' लेकर पहुंचा जाती। उसकी माँ गाने-बजाने का काम संभालती और वह बाकी बचा सब कुछ। उन चंद मिनटों में जबकि लोग व्यस्त न होते हुए भी अति-व्यस्त होने का दिखावा कर रहे होते हैं, मुस्कान को उनका ध्यान अपनी और खींचना होता। वह अपने नन्हे से लचकदार शरीर को कई बार लोहे की रिंग से निकालने के बाद फुटपाथ पर लुढ़क-लुढ़क कर कई करतब दिखाती। उसकी माँ को तब गाना-बजाना इतनी ऊँची आवाज़ में करना होता जो कि वहाँ हो रहे वाहनों के बीच में भी सुनाई दे जाए। इतनी मेहनत करने के बाद अगर मुश्किल से 10-20 रुपये भी इकट्ठे हो जाते तो मुस्कान की आँखों में एक अलग ही चमक आ जाती और फिर वो अगली बार लाल-बत्ती जलने का बेसब्री से इंतजार करने लगती।

मैंने भी मुस्कान को कुछ दिनों पहले इसी ट्रैफिक सिग्नल पर देखा था। और तभी से उसका वो मासूम चेहरा और जिंदादिल मुस्कान, मेरी आँखों के सामने छाई रहती। मैं उसे इस ट्रैफिक-सिग्नल के शोरगुल और तकलीफ भरी जिदंगी से दूर ले जाकर, एक अच्छे स्कूल में दाखिल करवाना चाहती थी। जैसे-जैसे प्रमोशन के लिए होने वाले इंटरव्यू का दिन नज़दीक आ रहा था तो काम अधिक होने की वजह से, मेरे लिए वक्त निकाल पाना भी मुश्किल होता जा रहा था। पर मुस्कान की आँखों की इस जिन्दगी से बाहर निकलने की वह आतुरता, मुझे अंदर-ही-अंदर झकझोर रही थी। मैं जल्द-से-जल्द उसकी मदद करना चाहती थी। और शायद वह दिन भी करीब आता जा रहा था।

आज ऑफिस से घर पहुँचने के बाद, मैं कल होने वाले इंटरव्यू की तैयारी में लग गई। देर रात तक जागने के कारण, सुबह ऑफिस के लिए निकलते हुए मुझे काफी देर हो गई जब मेरी गाड़ी ट्रैफिक-सिग्नल पर पहुंची तो वहाँ काफी भीड़ थी। मैं पहले ही काफी लेट हो चुकी थी इसलिए मैंने रूकना ठीक नहीं समझा। पर हूँ, मैंने एक नज़र मुस्कान को देखने के लिए दौड़ाई पर वो मुझे कहीं दिखी नहीं तो मैं वहाँ से जल्दी ही निकल गई। ऑफिस पहुंचकर पता चला कि मेरे इंटरव्यू में अभी आधा घंटा है, तो उतनी देर वही इंतजार करने लगी। आधे घंटे बाद मेरा कॉल भी आ गया।

इंटरव्यू देने के बाद, मैं वापिस घर की ओर निकल पड़ी। उस ट्रैफिक सिग्नल पर पहुंचकर

मेरी आँखें मुस्कान को तलाशने लगीं। मैं उसे जल्दी-से-जल्दी उसके उज्ज्वल भविष्य की ओर ले जाना चाहती थी। तभी किसी को सुबह हुई भीड़ के बारे में कहते सुना तो पता चला कि किसी मंत्री की हालत गंभीर थी तो उन्हें तेज गति से ले जा रहे वाहन की चपेट में इस ट्रैफिक सिग्नल पर तमाशा दिखाने वाली वह लड़की आ गई। एक पल के लिए मैं अपनी सुध-बुध खो बैठी। मुस्कान की मुस्कान मेरी आँखों में चुभने लगी और उसका दर्द मुझे साफ-साफ नज़र आने लगा।

जिस जगह को पुलिस ने घेरे में लिया था, वहां मुस्कान का खून फैला हुआ था। बाकी बची हुई सड़क पर गाड़ियाँ उसी रफतार से दौड़ रही थी, जिस दौड़ में सुबह मैं भी शामिल थी। मेरे कदम उस घेरे की तरफ चल पड़े वहां उसकी माँ को बुरी तरह बिलखता देख, मुझसे ज्यादा देर रुका नहीं गया, और मैं नम आँखों से घर वापिस लौट आई।

घर पहुंचकर देखा तो फोन बज रहा था। मैंने रिसीवर उठाया तो दूसरी तरफ से आवाज़ आई “बधाई हो! तुम्हारा प्रमोशन हो गया है”। मैं कुछ भी कहने लायक नहीं थी। आज एक और बेनाम रिश्ता बलि चढ़ चुका था।



# Nice Knowing You, Dada

Echoes | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Kaustubh  
Ranjan Sinha  
Third Year, EEE

Kaustubh of the EED is best known for his infectious laughter which breaks the ice at unexpected moments! A very popular fellow among his pals (and a prankster who strikes at large!), he may be found sitting in the common room of his hostel cheering for India, in the library revising his electro mechanics concepts, or in the field bowling his in-swingers!

I was sitting alone in the Shivalik common room on a quiet Sunday morning, an eye on the clock, my nerves tingling a bit as I waited in anticipation for the fourth day's play in Nagpur to begin (INDIA VS AUSTRALIA '08). I was relishing the wait; the hours leading up to the first ball. Thank heavens for Test cricket – again. As a matter of fact I am fonder of test cricket than its shorter versions (of course most of you would strongly disagree). Play got underway at sharp 9.30am. It was a big day in a big game in a big series. But hang on... there was something else too!! Yes, Sourav Ganguly was likely to come out to bat for the last time in his international career.

I had just returned from Kolkata, my and Ganguly's hometown, and the public discourse over there in clubs, paras and street corners was dominated by the former captain and his decision to quit. Was he pushed? Should he have quit? Couldn't he have played for a little while longer? Just the other day, my mother told me that the largest-selling Bengali daily had put Ganguly in as part of the headline the day Sachin Tendulkar got his 40th Test hundred. (Ganguly was 27 not out at stumps.)

My friends, back home, are die hard fans and resort to intense arguments over this issue. I never have been of this kind. I have always been an admirer of Ganguly. And I insist that my admiration has nothing to do with being parochial. Nor do I think I need to go against the odds in this respect to exhibit my distinctiveness from the masses. I am a big fan of Roger Federer and John McEnroe and Diego Maradona, but with cricket, a sport in which we are actually good at, isn't it different?

Well, Bengal's fanaticism about Ganguly IS to do with parochialism. I am not sure if this is something to be apologetic about. There were many great players before. But the trouble was, there was no one to follow. We didn't have the players. I mean, okay, Pankaj Roy was from Bengal, but not many remember him (in fact my grandpa had told me about him too!!). But with Ganguly it was different. Ganguly fired Bengal's imagination because he was the talisman Bengal had been looking for for decades; he gave us someone to specifically root for. Every state had its players in the national team. Where were Bengal's?

Here was a state that had historically produced nearly no Test players of any stature. In Ganguly came a hometown boy who had made it to the great Indian team. But that's not quite why I admire Ganguly. All this I have figured out, in the early-morning, Sunday, waiting for play to begin.

I think I am a huge Ganguly fan because of the way he has changed Indian cricket. Becoming captain in November 2000, he inculcated an attitude of his spectacular, 'stare-you-in-the-eye-and-not-blink'. His tough, provocative leadership transformed a side from being crumbling-pitch bullies in India to the team that has beaten the (still) world champions, Australia, on more occasions than any other side in this century. Under him the side has won all around the world and has played with audacity, courage, guts and beauty. Indian players were supposed to be polite, stoic, and decent. Ganguly changed all that. He was the fulcrum around which the game's most exciting duels, India versus Australia, were built. This has been a thrilling decade for Indian cricket and really is difficult to neglect the extent of Ganguly's contribution.

It is probably true that his record as India's most successful captain ever has somewhat obscured and taken the attention away from his achievements as a batsman. His Test average has never fallen below 40. He is India's fourth-highest Test run-scorer and fourth-highest century-maker (tests +ODIs). He has played more than a hundred Tests, and offered us numerous beautiful, gutsy, unforgettable performances.

But the fact remains that more than Ganguly the batsman; it is Ganguly the captain - "THE PRINCE OF KOLKATA", as the Geoffrey Boycott would like to call him. I shall always remember him. And I shall miss him when he is there no more to remind me of what he did and how he did it. Wish you luck, Sourav. And thanks for what you gave us. Whatever he does in future, he will infuse his "KORBO LORBO JEET BO RE" spirit in it!!

You may share the labors of the great, but you may not share the spoil

Graphics :  
Akshay Milap



शशांक गोयल  
प्रथम वर्ष,  
सी.ई.डी.

## और कर भी क्या सकता हूँ...??

बस चन्द कदमों का साथ रह गया,  
यह बचपन पानी-सा बह गया,  
मुश्किल से रोका था जो मैने,  
गम का बाँध वह आज ढह गया।

आगे है एक पुलकित जीवन,  
पर यह आनंद छूट गया,  
तुम सबसे दूर जाने को सोचा,  
तो टूट गया, मैं टूट गया।

टीचर की चाहे हो डॉटें,  
या प्रिंसीपल के वो चॉटें,  
हर पल वो पल याद आएंगे,  
जो हमने हैं साथ में बॉटे।

करना चाहूँ जिनका वर्णन,  
अपना मेरी वो यादें हैं,  
पर हालात के आगे हूँ बेबस,  
पूरे करने कुछ वादे हैं।

दिखता हैं एक हँसमुख चेहरा,  
बस ऊपर से खुश होता हूँ  
जुदाई का मुझको गम हैं इतना  
छुप-छुप कर मैं रोता हूँ।

आगे बढ़ते जाएँगे हम  
पर कसके कहीं रह जाएगी  
कल को अपने गुजरे कल की  
एक झलक भी न मिल पाएगी।

जी चाहता है समय रोक दूँ  
संसार की सारी घड़ियों का,  
यारों संग निर्माण करूँ,  
यादों की जगमग लड़ियों का।

इन सब सुखद यादों को लेकर,  
चौखट के बाहर कदम मैं रखता हूँ,  
समय-समुंदर का एक कतरा  
मैं .....  
और कर भी क्या सकता हूँ ?



सागरिका नायक  
तृतीय वर्ष  
वास्तुकला विभाग

## द्वन्द

कैसा है ये द्वन्द?  
ये कर्तव्य का बंधन,  
ये हृदय का स्पंदन,  
इन होठों की कंपकंपी,  
इन भावनाओं के वेग में,  
डूब जाने की आसक्ति,  
इस शरीर का टूट कर चूर हो  
जाना,  
जी करता है प्रियतम की बाहों में  
जीवन भर सो जाना

एसे में पड़ जाता है  
इस झूठे समाज के लिए मुस्कुराना,  
एसे में दुनिया वालों का  
हँसकर मजाक उड़ाना,

कभी-कभी .....  
इसी द्वन्द में मनुष्य  
खो देता है अपनी पहचान,  
क्या ढूँढ़ पाएगा वह खुदको?  
क्या होगा उसको खुद पर  
अभिमान?

एसे उलझे प्रश्नों से ही  
जीवन की गाँठ खुलती है  
जीवन के इस द्वन्द में ही  
खुद की पहचान मिलती है।



# A Graph Of People's Perspective

Echoes | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Kirti Mahajan.  
Second Year,  
CED

Definitely a workaholic but manages to find out time to pursue her hobbies. The courage to defend her views and put forth her opinions is the most visible feature of her persona.

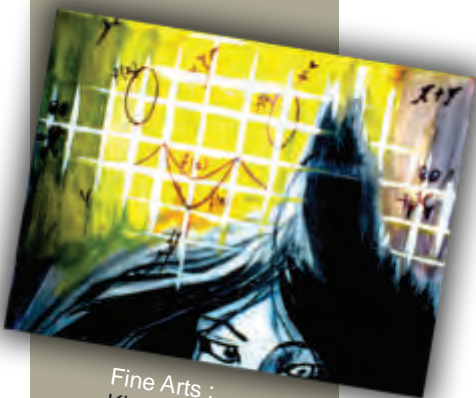
Are you single?

"What rubbish question is this?" If you chose to respond to this question in this way, believe me, you aren't in a state to read this article. But if it evokes some waving, swirling thoughts in your mind, then read this story of an ordinary girl about the most significant period of her life.

"Are you single?" This girl got confronted with this question when she was at about our age; a young girl with innocence written in capital letters on her face and with uncountable untold dreams in her eyes, steeped into college. She came as a straight and simple girl just like a straight line plotted parallel to x-axis or rather coinciding with it. 'She was happy in her small world of thoughts'. As time passed by people started entering into her life as friends, as ideals, and the most important of those whom she admired for their work. For her and for me these people can be plotted on the y-axis. By now, readers must be expecting a line, or curve, or some other figure appearing on the graph due to intersection of these people with her life. Cheers to all such people. But wait a minute, tell me if the curve you obtained, and that obtained by your friend analyzing the same girl are same. Points on the y axis corresponding to that on x axis depend totally on the observer. These different curves put a question mark over our individuality and thence we are not single beings but multiple personalities.

Its sometimes you on the positive side of yourself quarreling with your negative self and neither the less, the person trying to settle or provoke this battle is also you. A general perception is that a person carries many faces in the world, but faces drastic dilemma at times when most of their life goes in understanding the faces and personalities they own to themselves.

Its time for one more question- 'did your curve lie in the first quadrant?' Affirmation indicates an optimistic plot of the girl's personality, but those in other quadrants, plotted a pessimistic personality of the girl! Doesn't that show, how you take people to be, is completely dependent on your personal approach towards them? But still, some claim to be critical analyzers and call others as frustrated and pessimist. You know, the world is a mere reflection of our thoughts. It is something what we see it as, because that's what affects us more and hence matters more! There are no set functions relating x to y, so one was free to relate them and plot them the way they liked. It simply needs the narrow opinion of a single function to be dropped when an undefined function can take multiple relations into account.



Fine Arts :  
Kirti Mahajan

An expert is someone who takes a subject you understand and makes it sound confusing.

# What's The Big Deal, Anyway?

Echoes | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Hangzo Albert  
Tuanlunmang  
Final Year, CSE

This guy is either busy playing football or listening to music; he is well known for a very vast taste of music and tries his hand at the guitar occasionally too.

10th Sept'2008

3:00PM: I had just arrived at the IGI Airport after a short trip to Bangalore and was to stay with my good friend, Abhineet Singh, in Delhi for a few days before my holidays end and I head back to Hamirpur.

As I went over to him at the airport, I couldn't help but display a broad smile on my face. "Dude, you're late. Do you know how long I had to wait? And what's with that silly smile?" he ran his palm all over his face to check if there was anything stuck to it.

"Nothing" I simply replied with a tone that proclaimed that it surely wasn't nothing.

"I know something happened. I can tell by the look on your face. Did you meet 'someone' on the plane?"

"Wish it was something like that..." I sighed. "No such luck. It was one incident that you, my friend, unluckily will never be entitled to experience". "I was caught up in a little 'security measure' at the airport and it would not have taken that long had I been named a simple Abhineet like you or some Ajay or Vijay." I joked.

As we headed towards his car, I built up the suspense more and more. He became all the more interested to hear my story. And it was a good way to pass the time during the long drive from the airport to his home.

## The Incident:

As the plane ran the final few meters before coming to a halt, the voice on the announcement machine informed us something more in addition to the regular irrelevant information about the outside temperature and stuff. It asked us to cooperate with the airport security staff for a slight security drill, consoling us repeatedly that this was routine work and there was no need to panic. Inside the airport beside the luggage conveyer belt, there was a policeman who asked everyone his name and id proof before letting them through. As my turn arrived, the pot-bellied policeman asked me, "Name?"

"Albert".

He cross-checked the list he had for my name unsuccessfully several times. Then I spoke up, "Sir, please check it as Hangzo Albert".

I could see a look of surprise on his face as he checked the list again.

"Can you tell me your full name?" he asked.

"Hangzo Albert Tuanlunmang".

He went over to another policeman who had more badges on his chest than himself. They discussed something, came back to me and asked me to follow him.

That was my moment of 'glory'. All heads inside the airport were turned towards me as I followed the two officers to their office. With all the attention strictly focused on me, it sure was a peculiar feeling indeed. I bet none of you had the privilege to have the same experience celebrities get at public places. Even though it wasn't quite the same, I can say I have an idea how it feels now.

I was made to sit on a chair on one end of the table; on whose other end was the police officer sitting. He started off the question hour with a simple, "How was Bangalore?"

No problems there. I calmly replied it and all the subsequent questions until the dreaded question appeared. "What's your name?" It led me into my thoughts and I was drifting off till I was brought back to reality with a poke in my forehead. The policeman enquired "Are you still with me? Does it take a whole minute to tell me your name?"

At this point of my narration, my friend interrupted me. "Dude, don't exaggerate. One full minute to answer your name?"

The truth is, it has always happened like this. In due time, I had developed a reflex of my own with which I decide which name I should tell on what occasion. It usually responded pretty fast, but maybe due to the mixed emotions at that moment, it wasn't responding that day. For an irrelevant introduction, a simple "Hi, I'm Albert" would suffice. But if it was of some formal importance, then I had to spell out the whole set of 23 alphabets (excluding the white-spaces in between!). Hangzo Albert Tuanlunmang. And over the years, I have gathered various names like Albert, Hangzo, Mang (last syllable from Tuanlunmang); and other various nicknames like Albo (derived from Albert), Tennis Albo (a hybrid of Albo and the injury 'Tennis Elbow'), Honzo (my friend's best effort to call me Hangzo), Munky (my alias on the LAN), Chote (for obvious reasons) and of course, as always 'Chinka', and a handful of other nicknames that I prefer not to disclose. Sometimes, I am amazed how I always remember to respond to all of these names. And this



“It was one incident that you, my friend, unluckily will never be entitled to experience.”

works out fine for me because the name by which a person calls me helps remember the point of time I made friends with him. Like, if someone calls me Albert, then he is usually an old schooldays friend. If someone calls me Hangzo, he is one of my branch-mates here in NITH. If someone calls me Mang, then he is surely a person of my tribe.

It was these chain of thoughts that made me drift away for a whole minute before I blurted out, “Sir, Hangzo Albert”, totally taken by surprise at being disturbed in the middle of my thoughts.

“That was not the name you told at the gate. Tell me your full name...and spell it out”. He asked me with a stern voice

“H-A-N-G-Z-O A-L-B-E-R-T T-U-A-N-L-U-N-M-A-N-G, sir and it’s pronounced as Hang-zo Albert Tuan-loon-mang”.

He looked at his junior and joked ‘Be cautious of them and think carefully before making friends with these people, because if you do so then you will have to call him by names like these’.

‘Yes sir, one would have to go back to school to learn names like these’.

After a few more formalities, I was told that I was free to leave. I simply felt the urge to, so, as I neared the door I said out loud, ‘Sir, I wish you a good day’. I held myself back at the last minute and thought I’d be a bit more polite. What I actually intended to say was something like “Sir, I sincerely hope that you get better things to do than this”. But it still did the trick.

The satisfaction I got as I saw their embarrassed faces eased away the tension that was in my mind. That was the sole reason for my smile as I walked out of the airport.

As we pulled over and were taking my luggage inside, Abhineet was really furious.

“How can you take this lightly, dude?? He embarrassed you in front of all those people in the airport and you are laughing about it?”

I thanked God at that moment that my dear Abhineet was not born a ‘Chinka’. After all the ‘preparatory courses’ you get as you introduce yourself to people of different regions over the years and listen to the variety of reactions they produce, you can somewhat anticipate the reaction you’d get and accept them.

“Hey, it’s not a big deal. It made an uneventful day interesting for me and the officers as well.”

I tried my best to console my friend. But he was determined to do something about it. So I said to him, “We’ll surely do something about it next time it happens. Let this one go. And promise me that you will not tell this incident to anyone, it’s not an incident I’m really proud of”

He eventually agreed and promised to keep it with him.

14th Sept’2008

7:50PM: I rushed inside the Semi-Deluxe Bus to Hamirpur just moments before it started moving. As I made way to my seat #20 that the passenger #21 was a ‘not-so-bad’ looking tourist lady.

“Hi, I am Albert Hangzo” I felt obliged to give her more than just an informal introduction (thus, the addition of Hangzo in this intro). But I also didn’t give out my full name because I thought, why should I burden her with the rest of the seemingly random combination of letters, she’s out here to enjoy the place.

I couldn’t come up with much interesting topics, so we didn’t talk much. I took out my newspaper and read through a few sports columns and the cartoons. Then I slid it in the fishnet basket in front and was just closing my eyes when she asked me, “Do you mind if I read your newspaper?”

“No, not at all”

A few minutes later, she tapped me in the shoulder and said

“Sorry, but you said your name was Albert, right? Does your full name, by any chance, happen to be Hangzo Albert Tuan...” She fumbled with the last part of my name.

“Yes, how did you know? By the way, it’s pronounced Tuan-loon-mang”

She didn’t explain it any further, but just handed over the newspaper which was folded at the editorial page with a smile and pointed to a letter to the editor. To my surprise, I found that it was a letter narrating all my incidents at the airport the previous week which was signed with my name!

It didn’t take me long to figure out the culprit. As soon as we arrived at Hamirpur, I reached out for my mobile and pressed speed dial #3.

“Hey Abhi, why the hell did you do that?”

Back came a calm reply, “Dude, when I promised to keep the incident to myself....I had kept my fingers crossed”.

# And Then We Say, "We Are Independent" !

Echoes | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Saurav Agarwala  
Second Year,  
ECE

"He comes from the most populous city of India, possesses loads of talents, be it his designing prowess or (comic) acting abilities. This meticulous student keeps himself busy with a novel in spare times."



Fine Arts :  
Nipun Behl

"... I dream of the generations following us to breath free, live free and eat free... I want them to live in a BHARAT which sends out her aura of freedom and nurtures the whole world with her visionary fragrance..." At this the young lad started loosing his senses and broke down to slumber as he was chatting with his friend. The lad was all clad in white with black stripes. His shirt had grown yellow testifying the toll the environment had taken over him. His legs were ravaged by the loads of the cruel fetters that were tethered to them. Bruises, patches and dirt were all that one could make out of the pallor of his face. His skin had elongated and wrinkled as if it were exhausted of all the carbohydrates once his mother had nurtured him with. And suddenly there was a startling thud of some iron hitting against the bars when someone called out in an arrogant tone, "... Bhagat Singh and Sukdev..."

Sixty years have galloped since then. The vibration of my cell wakes me up on a rainy morning in some room of Kailash Boys hostel, fully exhausted on account of the merrymaking of the previous night, with a heavy hangover of the gallons of vodka that I had drained. It's a message from my father wishing. "Hello son, Happy Independence Day!" Still in slumber, I chuck my phone off and push my room mate aside to reach up to my slippers. My feet lands on a stack of bottles which rattle as my feet touch them. Someone, I don't remember who, on the other bed blesses me with a litany of curses; I had created a hindrance in his slumber!

Bhagat Singh and Sukdev had dreamt of a country where there are no barriers. They dreamed of a country where children could think freely, where rationality dwells, where people love and care for each other. The other part of their dream has completely faded out or to put it in an informal way compelled to fade with the passing time. No doubt India is independent, but the question to be asked is, "are people really free?" A dicey question I believe. Free to drink maybe or free to call someone's name, free to forget what those martyrs gave us and free to be enslaved again. They say that the English developed some of the best political policies and the one they employed in India was par-excellence, "The Divide and Rule policy." But the worst part is that the smell of the same policy is still hovering in the society and you can sense it if you keep your nose is sharp enough. Sixty years ago the English ruled us and now it's some illiterate politicians bent upon minting money and acquiring clout. "Divide and Rule- divide the society into Hindus and Muslims and rule!" The English killed us in Jallianwalla and the other day our leaders got us killed in the Godhra riots. The English butchered us openly in trains. On the other hand those sycophants blasted away the life line of Bombay. The only difference is that the English did it openly and our leaders get it done by someone, someone they call "TERRORISTS." And then we proudly proclaim, "India is an independent country." Isn't it worth sarcasm than pride?.

On the other hand, something has actually become free, something has become different and it's worth mentioning here lest I may forget. Sixty years ago the youth of India fought a revolutionary war for a national cause and laid down their lives. But today the youth has become completely free of any national concern. The youth has become free of its responsibilities, morals, values, and of course its duties. And who is to be blamed? If you ask any individual, there will be one common answer-"The System". But did anyone ever ponder which or what this system is. It seems as if someone found this word out of a dictionary and used it as a shield. The more amusing and startling part is if someone, for a moment at least, thinks differently and tries to share the blame he is referred as an outcast to the youth society.

But this is only a small con of the much bigger plot that is employed by our leaders (the ones whom, I think, we refer to as the System). The English, A.O.Hume, to be more precise had founded the Indian National Congress as a Safety Valve to ventilate the grievances of the Indians. On the same lines our cunning political leaders have created SFI and many other such associations to ventilate the frustration of the youth. And the sarcastic part is that this safety valve is not devoid of flaws. So the obvious ventilators are the last resorts-alcohol, drugs, tobacco. A common event is that if you a breakup with your girlfriend or you find her cheating on you, all you do is boozed up.



There is one more kind of youth population our leaders have succeeded in creating and I have a special nomenclature for them -The "Don't Care" population. These people are least concerned with anything happening around them. All they are concerned with is merrymaking and alcohol. And where the shoe pinches is most of the student society is falling into this category. But the engineering students of our country are a strange hybrid. They aren't the victims of the system for sure and still they do not care about the happenings around them. All their concern is they, themselves and their secured jobs. And again we say, "We are free!"

Even today as I manage to reach the washroom of my hostel, all I care about is who will pay for my vodka tonight. At the back of my head I have the assignments that I have to submit the next day, and not to forget the junior I have to catch hold of to get my assignments done. As I splash the cold chilling water on my face I summon a few curses at the hostel authorities for the malfunctioning geysers and then straighten my hair. After reaching the room, I check my wallet to count the number of bills I can afford. My girlfriend would breakup with me if I do not feed her at some good and expensive food harbor. Once again my cell vibrates signaling me of my girlfriend's message, "Hey honey; I am at juice bar... You?" Feeding the phone to my left pocket I trod towards the hostel exit without sparing a thought to my father's message. Recalling the lines that Bhagat Singh was exchanging with his friend Sukdev, I feel ashamed of what I have become. I feel allergic to myself as I smell the inner soul of mine. At the same time I am frightened to change as that would be a matter of fun making amongst my friends. And with all this frustration I prefer to resort to a few gulps of vodka, get high and forget everything. And if you ask who is responsible, I have the same common answer, "The System."

#### **NITH trivia:**

- ☛ You don't have to cover your textbooks anymore... for that matter you don't need books anymore ;)
- ☛ You become a juggler with the balance between college, friends, girls, activities, work, and parties.
- ☛ People that were geeks in high school seem okay now.
- ☛ You begin to realize that college is about the idol (ideal) lifestyle [four year holiday package], except for those pesky classes.
- ☛ You get good at rationalizing on whether to do homework or not...basically NOT.
- ☛ Jeans may be worn as many times as the wearer desires. [FOREVER..DAY IN ,DAY OUT ]
- ☛ With all the wealth of knowledge around you, you start to feel like you're on intellectual welfare.
- ☛ Classes: the later the better.
- ☛ The longer you're there, the less you talk about home.
- ☛ People who never talked to you in high school are now your best friends when you come home.
- ☛ You are NEVER alone.
- ☛ It's amazing how late you can stay up doing absolutely nothing, yet falling asleep in class or in the library takes an average of two seconds.
- ☛ Your life will never be the same again...

# Be The Change!

Power corrupts Power, Absolute Power corrupts Absolutely"

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Sandeep Tatarway  
Final Year,  
CED

He is a talented writer with an eye out for current issues. he is a good critic of the social situation in and around him and finds time to indulge in all activities when he's not busy hitting sixes and fours.

"Papa are you okay"?? I buzzed him as a heart skipped a beat as soon as I heard of bombs go off in CP. Life is so tricky at times if that's the correct word to use. Someone sitting in some far distant shady corner of this world suddenly becomes a life changer. I promised today that I will not miss on telling my loved ones day in and day out that how much I love and respect them. Who knows when you lose the chance. Some very unfortunate people lost that chance today I hope that all those who died a martyr to the dastardly act did not lose out on too many things to say to their loved ones.

Who could have imagined that a stroll in the park would turn out to be a walk up to heaven? When will we wake up... What are we actually waiting for..What is happening in this country? Are we not becoming another Palestine? Do you know what are we waiting for ..We are waiting for a daughter or son of a famous personality (Read Politicians) to die in these acts of terrorism . All they know is to send condolences messages from AC rooms and go back to their very same mud slinging manners.

Nobody absolutely nobody cares for the man that lives on the streets..The ones who crowd your market..Who travel in metros you make..Who fills your vote bank..Nobody gives a damn to the common masses. You die in a bomb blast or you die in saving corrupt ministers (Read 13th December).All your family gets are few condolence messages and maybe a medal or two. But think about that son who lost his father, their only earning member..think about that woman who at 75 years lost her son... think about that widow who after just 2 years of marriage lost her doting husband. Tell me my dear fellow Indians..I must add "So called fellow Indians"..Who the hell of a bureaucrat is wiping tears of these people. Who is giving a shoulder for them to cry..

What has our country come to ..Some bloody terrorist enters the heart of your country , explodes bombs and walks off. And all we hear are some messages of faith and trust on the news from those corrupt politicians .Tell me my dear minister whom should I trust ..someone who brandishes bundles of notes in the assembly. Kashmir is like a game for all of you, you like to use it as trump card in times of need. How many of my dear readers think that India is actually planning to sort this problem of Kashmir in the near future. I must disappoint you at this stage if you think so. All that the famous political gurus of this country are in no mood to solve it at all...Why would be an obvious question ..Simple when there is no problem in Kashmir what would give the so called secular forces in this country something to debate and comment upon to fill in their vote banks.60 years have passed by thousands of soldiers from both sides have lost their life to a cause that is something like a black hole..Something that we have entered into but there is no way out. As a youth of this country I should find the way out.

I may have been lucky to have escaped the direct impact of these blasts in the heart of not just the nation but also in the hearts and minds of the 116 crores of population living in this country . But all of us have to be lucky each and every time. Some of them were not so lucky today .I pay my homage to them..I too am a culprit doing nothing but just few words. How hard am I trying to "Be the change"



Fine Arts :  
Aviral Sharma

If you want to see the change then be the change.



# "call-age"



Believe it or not, our college has a voice. But you can only hear it if you listen carefully. If you ever do, here's what you're most likely to hear: "Seize the moments. Hold on to them. Because my friends, these are days going by, never to return again. So experience every little detail." The articles in this section capture the very essence of our college and readers should be able to relate with them at ease. Bryan Adams couldn't have chosen better words when he said: "Those were the best days of my life "

ivivdVoices



vflkthr jat  
f}rh; o"kl  
l h-, l -bz

एक दिन मैं ध्यान मग्न होकर बड़े आदमियों की तरह कुख्यात होने के स्वप्न देख रहा था। तभी मुझे बाहर गुजरते हुए प्रचार प्रसार कर रहे ऑटो वाले की कृपा से भयानक ज्ञान की प्राप्ति हुई। ऐसा लगा मानो ऑटो साक्षात पाताल से आकर आकाशवाणी कर रहा हो “वत्स तुम पुराने मोहल्ले की अंधेरी गली के पीछे प्रस्थान करो। वहाँ राहु प्रसाद ज्योतिषी के दरबार में उनके कुख्यात चेले शनि कुमार से मिलो। वह तुम्हारा संपूर्ण अनुचित मार्गदर्शन करेंगे।”

यह सुनते ही मैं मुंगेरी लाल के हसीन सपनों का पीछा करते उनसे मिलने निकल पड़ा। वहाँ पहुँचकर मैंने अपनी ही तरह कई कर्मठ उम्मीदवारों को कतार में पंक्तिबद्ध पाया। यह सोच कि मेरा नंबर शायद ही आये, मैं व्याकुल हो, अपने नसीब को कोसते निकल पड़ा। ऐसा लगा चापाकल में डूबकर आत्महत्या कर लूँ।

मैं चापाकल की खोज में भटक रहा था कि मेरी मुलाकात बाबा भटकेश्वर नाथ ‘भटकने वाले’ से हुई। जब मैंने भविष्यवक्ता एवं हस्तरखा विशेषज्ञ बाबा भटकेश्वर नाथ जी को नगद देकर अपना हाथ उनकी तरफ बढ़ाया तो वे गदगद मुद्रा में हाथ सहलाते हुए अचानक ही बोले, “भाग्यवान, तू तो अखण्ड सौभाग्यशाली है।” चूंकि मैं पहले ही उन्हें 101 दे चुका था इसलिये मेरे हाथ में भाग्य रेखाओं का उदय तेजी से होना स्वाभाविक था।

उन्होंने अपने मैले कुचैले झोले से एक अतिसूक्ष्मदर्शी यंत्र निकाल हाथ की एक-एक लकीर का अपनी बड़ी-बड़ी विशिष्ट आँखों से निरीक्षण किया। पंडितजी मेरे हाथ का हर प्रकार से अध्ययन करना चाहते थे। सो उन्होंने और भी कई तरह के औजारों का प्रयोग किया और मेरी भाग्य रेखा को देख भाग्य को काफी प्रबल बताया। यहाँ तक की कार-बंगला, पद-प्रतिष्ठा और बार-बार सरकारी खर्च पर विदेश यात्रा मेरी हथेली में हड़कंप मचा रहे थे।

इस तरह ज्योतिषी जी के सराहने पर मैं फूल कर कुप्पा हो गया और अपनी ही जेब का शत्रु बन बाबा को तत्काल ही 100 का एक नोट पकड़ा दिया। अब वे मेरी “बुद्धिमानी” और अपनी बुद्धि बनाने की कला की सफलता से गर्वित हो, छुरीनुमा अंदाज में बोले, “बालक, तुम बेकार की चिंता छोड़ दो। तुम बिना वजह अपने को बेरोजगार कहकर अपने महान व्यक्तित्व को गालियाँ देते रहे हो।”

“तुम्हारा ‘सूर्य’ पर्वत के उभार सा प्रबल है। अतः तुम कुशल कूटनीतिज्ञ बनोगे। तुम्हारे द्वारा भविष्य में कई ‘नॉनवेज’ कार्य लिखे हैं। तू कई प्रकार की नॉनवेज पार्टियाँ विजित करेगा।” मैंने पूछा, “नॉनवेज खाना तो सुना था पर पार्टी?” वे हँसे और बोले “अरे भाई! वहाँ नॉनवेज खाना, नॉनवेज गाना, विदेशी मदिरा, विलायती सिगरेट आदि मिलेंगी।” इतना कहने के साथ ही उन्होंने अपने दाँतों से अपना होंठ काटा और अपनी जीभ से इसे गीला करते हुए बोले, “डांस भी नॉनवेज होगा।”

अब उनकी आँखें चमक उठी और चेहरे पर कुटिलता भरी मुस्कान के साथ वे बोले, “तुम पर शनि प्रबल है अतः तुम जितने भी घोटालेबाज़ बनोगे, तेलगी, शोभराज आदि भी तुम्हारे शरणार्थी बन जायेंगे। तुम ऐसे गधे बनोगे जिसे इंडिया गेट की मखमली घास खाने को नसीब होगी। तुम्हें ‘समर स्पेशल’ ट्रेन पर चढ़े टी.टी. के ‘चोर-पाँकेट’ की भाँति कभी रूपयों का अभाव न होगा। गहनों के मामले में तो बप्पी लहरी भी तुमसे शरमा जायेगा। तुम रेल यात्रा में हल्के होकर चलना पसंद करोगे। यहाँ तक कि तुम्हें टिकट रखना भी भारी महसूस होने लगेगा।”

वह मंद-मंद मुस्कराते हुए कहने लगे, “तुम्हारे हाथ में विराजमान दूरदर्शन रेखा से स्पष्ट हो रहा है



कि तुम टी.वी. के चौखटे से सारे देश को अपने “सैड माउथ” से प्रभावित करते हुए राष्ट्र के नाम संदेश प्रसारित करोगे। जिस प्रकार रिक्शे पर लदे हुए स्कूटर के लाल बत्ती पार कर जाने पर जुर्माना नहीं लगता, उसी प्रकार तुम कभी किसी घोटाले में नहीं फसोगे।”

“मैं मानता हूँ कि अभी तुम्हारी त्याग रेखा प्रबल होने के कारण तुम फोकट, चवन्नीछाप, फुटपाथी भोपाली हो। लेकिन बच्चा, यह चिंतनीय नहीं है — क्योंकि अब तुम्हारा स्वार्थी पर्वत धीरे-धीरे प्रबल हो रहा है और तुम दुनियादारी को तेजी से समझ रहे हो। जैसे ही तुम्हारी ‘हबसी रेखा’ ‘स्वार्थ पर्वत’ से टकरायेगी वैसे ही तुम देश के गरीब बेसहारों को रौंदते हुए अतिक्रमण, जाली पट्टे और अनेक तरीकों से भारतभूमि का आबंटन करवाओगे।

तुम कुकर्म रेखा सशक्त होने के कारण तुम कई झुग्गी-बस्तियों का अंतिम संस्कार कर, पीड़ित-बेसहारों को कंबल दान करते हुए समाज के सच्चे सेवक कहलाओगे।

“कभी-कभी तुम्हारी चिरकुट रेखा प्रबल हो जायेगी जिससे तुम्हें थोड़ी दिक्कत आयेगी। उसके लिये तुम मक्खनबाजी का अनुष्ठान करो और “चापलूसी-पनि” धारण करो।” इतना कहने के साथ ही उन्होंने एक चमकता हुआ पत्थर झोले से निकाल मेरी हथेली पर रख दिया। फिर कहा कि “कहीं और से लेते तो पाँच सौ से कम में न मिलता क्योंकि तु काफी भाग्यशाली हो इसलिये तुम्हें दो सौ में दे रहा हूँ। यह बाबा का भक्तों के लिये स्पेशल डिस्काउंट ऑफर है।” न चाहते हुए भी मुझे एक बार फिर अपनी जेब ढीली करनी पड़ी।

अंत में ज्योतिषी जी बोले “बेटा ध्यान रखना, घबराना नहीं। राजनीति में कभी अपने बाप का भी विश्वास मत करना। तुम अवश्य सफल होगे। मगर बेटा तुम्हारे अभूतपूर्व विकास में केवल एक ही रेखा अड़ंगे डाल रही है। वह है ‘संस्कार रेखा’।” यह तुम्हें घोटाला, भ्रष्टाचार, बलात्कार, लूट आदि महान कार्यों से रोक खानदानी और पढ़े लिखे होने का कोरा ढोंग दिखाती है। बेटे अगर हो सके तो यमराज नगर के ‘चीर-फाड़ प्रसाद’ से अपनी उस रेखा की सर्जरी करवा लो, ताकि तुम्हारे सुनहरे भविष्य में यह संस्कार रेखा अड़ंगा न बने।” इतना कहकर बाबा प्रस्थान कर गये और मैं ‘चीर-फाड़ प्रसाद’ की तलाश में निकल पड़ा। तलाश अभी भी जारी है...



मनीष गौरव  
अंतिम वर्ष,  
सी.ई.डी.

हंसमुख, हर फन में  
माहिर और हर जगह  
उपलब्ध मनीष गौरव के  
लिए कोई भी ऊँचाई  
कम है। उनके इस  
प्रेम-पत्र में एक मंझे  
हुए आशिक की साधना  
और प्रेरणा परिलक्षित  
हो रही है।

हे प्रियतम,

तुम्हारे मुख मण्डल के मनोरम दर्शन मात्र से ही मेरे अंतर्मन में एक उत्साह की वेग मानों समंदर की लहरों की भाँति अंगड़ाई—सी लेने लग जाती है। रश्मी को देखकर भी मुझे ऐसी ही अनुभूति होती थी, पर प्राण प्रिये तुम्हारे वाले तरंग की “फ्रीक्वेंसी”, “रेसोनेन्ट फ्रीक्वेंसी” के अत्यंत करीब होती हैं। तभी तो रश्मी तुम्हारे प्यार के ‘एम्पलीट्यूड’ के आस-पास भी कभी नहीं पहुँच पाई। मैं उस रश्मी को ही “रश्मीरथी” समझ बैठा था, पर तुम्हें देखकर यह पता चला कि मुझे तो कविता पढ़नी ही नहीं आती थी।

हे प्रेमप्रज्ञायिनी, तुमने मेरे शिथिल जीवन को अपने प्रेम के फव्वारे से बिल्कुल वैसे ही अलंकृत कर दिया है जैसे अपने कॉलेज के प्रेमी युगलों को ‘नेस्कैफै’ ने। जब मैं अपने डिपार्टमेंट में आया, तो सर ने कहा, छात्रों अगर अच्छा ‘सिविल इंजीनियर’ बनना हैं तो “अनालिसिस” व ‘डिजाइन’ अच्छी होनी चाहिए, लेकिन मैं मूर्ख यह न समझ पाया कि “अनालिसिस” किसका? मैंने तो तुम्हारे चेहरे की हर शिकन को ही अपना “शियर फोर्स डाइग्राम” माना हैं और तुम्हारे जुल्फों की हर बनावट को अपनी “बेंडिंग मोमेंट डाइग्राम”। अब ‘डिजाइन’ करना क्या रह गया था, बस तुम्हारे चेहरे की मुस्कराहट। तुम्हारे चेहरे की मुस्कान ही मेरी “रिनफोर्समेंट” थी, जो सर ने कहा था तब देते हैं, जब ‘स्ट्रकचर, टेंशन’ में हो, यानि मेरे लिए पूरे कायनात में सबसे ‘स्टेबल स्ट्रकचर’ बस तुम्हारा था प्रिये।

पहले तो मैं प्यार को मैस की काली दाल और लड़कियों को उसमें पड़ी मक्खी समझता था। लेकिन तुम्हारा प्यार तो नेस्कैफै के बादाम मिल्क से भी मीठा है, तुम मक्खी नहीं, मक्खन और खीर हो .... वेरका की। तुम्हारा प्यार अगर मासबंक की मस्ती है, तो रश्मी का प्यार वेरका की लस्सी की तरह सस्ती है। तुम्हारा प्यार अगर दस पवाइंटर होने का सुखद एहसास हैं, तो रश्मी का प्यार मानो “स्ट्रकचर डिजाइन” की क्लास हैं।

अब वो पीरियोडिकल्स और सेमेस्टर परीक्षा बेगानी सी लगती है। मुझे तो बस तुम्हारे प्रेम—परीक्षा की कसौटी पर खरा उतरना है। कक्षा में हर विषय मुझे तुम्हारी ओर ही ले जाता है। जब ‘ट्रान्सपोरटेशन इंजीनियरिंग’ पढ़ता हूँ तो मेरे प्यार की गड़ड़ी स्वतः ही तुम्हारे दिल की ओर चल पड़ती है। एस्टीमेशन और कॉस्टिंग तो मैंने बस तुम्हारे तोहफे के एस्टीमेट और उसमें लगाने वाले कॉस्ट का ही अध्ययन किया है, और प्रिये बिल में क्रेडिट अमाउंट हमेशा ही डेबिट से ज्यादा रहता है। और सर जब “इरिगेशन इंजीनियरिंग में फल्ट—हाइड्रोग्राफ बना रहे होते हैं, तब मैं भी बना रहा होता हूँ, अपना “लव—हाइड्रोग्राफ।

मेरे जीवन की नईया अब तुम्हारे हाथ में है सुन्दरी। या तो अपने प्यार के “बोइंट फोर्स” के सहारे इसे उस पार पहुँचा दो, या फिर छोड़ देना इस माझी को अपने प्यार के बोझ तले डूबने के लिए।

लोग कहते हैं कि इश्क इन्सान को निकम्मा बना देता है। पर मुझे यकीन है कि मुझे कम से कम सज्जनपुर का महादेव जरूर बना देगा। और अपने कॉलेज के अगले सफल प्रेमी—युगल की चिट्ठी लिखने का सौभाग्य मुझे ही मिलेगा। और ये क्या, मुझे तो इश्क ने हिन्दी क्लब द्वारा आयोजित प्रेम—पत्र लेखन प्रतियोगिता में.....स्थान भी दिला दिया।

न किसी और का और न रश्मी का,  
बस तुम्हारा  
मनीष।

Fine Arts :  
Aviral Sharma



# Juvenescence Backstage

Call-age | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Amit Singh  
ThirdYear,  
MED

He is a cheery gentle ever-smiling guy who has a flair and passion for cricket and dancing. He is also actively involved in both on-stage and "off" stage dancing as can be understood by his article.

I don't know how many of you have noticed me during this hill'ffair, but I had my moments on stage when I was dancing my heart out under the rhythmic lights and on happy beats. But I am not here to share with you my on stage experiences but that unique rush of emotions that not only me but anyone who was present backstage during those 3 nights of hill'ffair would have felt.

This hill'ffair has been more than special to me, in a lot of ways. Not only did I manage to give 'not bad' (read 'good', please!) performances, but I also got a few unique compliments like, "you really dance well, but it's tough to recognize you on stage. All my friends were enjoying your dance but I just could not tell them your name, as it was not coming to me", and it was from my senior with whom I interact quite often in the hostel. The most strange one was from the girl who was my dance partner in one of the songs, who told me that she thought my name was 'Nishant' till a few days back, because it suits my personality! Anyways thanks to both of you for that. But the most special thing was that I didn't see any performance from the front, as I was backstage during all those 3 nights, so what I saw was what goes in prior to a performance on stage and what comes out of it later.

A performance actually starts half an hour before its scheduled time, and it begins with the gathering of members. Everyone appears oblivious to what is going on around them. They will all be busy in making sure that each person is present there, and if someone happens to be late, he will be contacted on phone by almost everyone and will be awaited like he is the most important member of the group, and believe me, at that moment of time, he IS!

Then starts stage 2 of the drama: the dressing up. The scene inside the dressing room is all messed up. The dresses are scattered everywhere, be it of the dramatics or dance club, and the music club peeps in with its instruments. It is a saying in our hostels that once you give any of your items to the dance club, you will be the luckiest person on earth if you manage to get it back. But the truth is, those who are about to perform don't care about what they are taking off, where they are keeping their clothes, whether the door is closed or not. What they are worried about is that they have to get properly dressed for the performance, so friends, we misplace nothing intentionally.

Then comes the most emotional stage. Everyone is dressed up, revising the steps, rehearsing the lines, matching the scales. You can find anxious seniors trying to calm the freshers, telling them that everything will be fine once the curtains open, and the freshers worrying about that the most! There will be people praying with folded hands, and there will be some who are just trying hard not to think of anything, and be blank for a while, just then the comparer comes and says, "You are next!"

And now it's the time, when everyone enters the stage. They all take their positions, and close their eyes again. This is when they feel their chest is not strong enough to contain their thumping hearts! You can see a guy dressed like Ravana, praying to Lord Rama for everything to go fine, a guy who is to propose a girl in the dance, murmuring hanuman chalisa. And then with the words, "open the curtains", everything changes. And this is when magic starts my friends, the transition begins. Here anxiety changes into joy, murmuring lips start singing, prayers change into dialogues, and shaking legs start tapping to the beats. I have not only seen that, I have felt it. This not just a transformation of emotions, it's a transition of a simple person, who would normally get nervous on the big stage, into a performer, who cares about nothing but giving the best he/she has got, to have a moment on stage to remember the months of practice by. In those 5 minutes of fame, all the hard work of the last 2 months, all the anxiety and prayers of the last 20 minutes, change into sweet memories.

And when they all come out of stage, the curtain closes up, but these performers now open up. You can see them hugging each other, cheering each other up. Then and there only I saw and felt, the real 'juvenescence', the celebration of youth. Just like the performances are not just about those 5 minutes on stage, the hill'ffair is not just those 3 nights. It's a mood, a mood which gets into us months before and takes us through a journey of high-end emotions, excitement, tensions, creativity and ultimately manifesting itself into the 'JUVENESCENCE'

Every effect has a cause and every cause is due to an effect of another cause.



Fine Arts :  
Aprajit Kar

# One Night Stands

Call-age | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Aditya Bahl  
Third Year,  
CSE

If you don't find him in his "clean" room, there's always a chance that this guy is playing football! Be it on the real field or in his virtual fifa field. He still gets time to astound you with his amazing views on life, love, politics... what not!

Here I am talking about the one night stands with the books, of course . . . If it had to do with anything else, you'd have probably been looking at a caution message, similar to the ones you keep getting at your hostel computers. Now let's do some 'flashback'-ing . . . let's say 5 to 6 years back. A night or two before an exam and you're probably glued to that study table assiduously mugging up the last remains of your vast syllabus. You had begun the preparations almost a month ago. Those were tough nights, with our rear ends permanently fixed to the chairs. And we all did it the hard way. Or let's say that was the ONLY way we had back then. Those were the perpetual commitment days. But times do change and so do people. And so did our methods of tackling exams. The approach changed over the years in most of our cases, more of it after entering college. But there are some who still slug it out in the old stereotype way... Or the hard way should I say (no offense dudes!!).

Our perspective on exams has changed considerably in the last few years. The days when we're busy as beavers have slowly faded away and the one night stand is now the "in" thing. The exams do leave you with tons of memories. The night outs .. hanging out at Tilak (and now after its Draconian shutdown, at Nescafe), early mornings and those bon appétit sessions.. the last night fights for survival.. you'll remember them all. But there is a whole lot to that last night apart from these happy-go-lucky memories. There are hours of self-flagellation, searching for the books in the wee hours when half the hostel's dead, and the other half's asleep, and searching for someone who could engraft the epitome of the whole syllabus into our brains with startling results. There would be times when you'll find someone watching movies all in the name of getting some inspiration or praying for a long night and an even longer answer sheet. So much for desperation! The periodicals are a bit different. Two of them on a single day. It's like a 2 on 1 handicap match, a helpless NIT-ian against 2 gruesome "Departmental" opponents...

Many of us take our stand the same way .. learning a night before. But sitting and staring down at the question paper the next day is not that much fun. We're oblivious to far too many questions. And in fact, deliberately equivocating on such questions has become an integral part of the answer sheets over the years. We don't know a thing about the question, still everyone uses the right to express emotions perfectly .. I guess. Doodling up absolutely obscure diagrams and making up answers in their genius minds. The answer sheets, full of doodles, sometimes do look like a message from the aliens with a decode-it-before-we-getcha feeling written all over it!! The results are, then, even lesser fun. They vary like anything. Maybe due to sudden caprices in teachers' minds. Or maybe because they prefer good handwriting. Because many of us do it the same way. But most of us never get the same results!!

Still the one night stands have their own charm. The sudden rushes of emotions they bring with them are unexplainable. And moreover, they at least gave me something to write about.

P.S.: This piece itself was written during a one night stand.



Fine Arts :  
Aman Pundir



# धर्मशाला में

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मनीश भट्ट  
द्वितीय वर्ष  
ई.सी.ई.

धौलाधार की गोद में बसे धर्मशाला के सौन्दर्य को अपनी आँखों में कैद करने में और अजय सुबह-सुबह जनवरी की ठंड से ठिठुरते हिमाचल पथ परिवहन निगम की बस में बैठ गये थे, अजय के चेहरे पर मुझे सुबह का नाश्ता छूटने की शिकन साफ दिखायी दे रही थी, हॉ पर उसकी सांसें में धर्मशाला की ठंड में सड़कों पर भटकने का उत्साह खूब भरा हुआ था। और झटके के साथ बस हॉन बजाते हुए चल पड़ी तो अजय मुझसे बोला— 11 बजे तक पहुंच जायें शायद, पर मुझे तो चाय की तलब लगी है” “सही है, उसने कहा, “नाश्ते के लिए तो कही रोकेगा ही ज़ाईवर, वहीं पी लेंगे। खिड़की पर बाहर की ओर कुहरे के कारण इतनी बूंदें हो गयी थी कि पार का वातावरण मुझे कुछ भी नहीं दिखायी दे रहा था। जब मैं पिछले शाम की कुछ मूंगफलियां पड़ी थी पर ठंड से ठिठुरे हुए हाथों में इतना दम नहीं था कि उन्हें छीलकर पेट की भूख शान्त कर सकूँ, अजय अपना फोन निकाल कर मैसेज-मैसेज खेलने लग गया था। मैं मुस्कराते हुए उससे बोला— “मेरे लिए मूंगफलियां छील दो। “बाद में, “उसने कहा “गर्लफ्रेंड को मैसेज के लिए तो हाथों में ठंड नहीं लग रही तुझे,” मैंने उसे छेड़ा था, धीरे-धीरे सूरज की किरणों ने जब शबनम की बूंदों को पोंछ दिया और बस रुकी तो मैंने खिड़की से बाहर झौका — हम नादौन पहुंच गये थे, “चाय-नाश्ता कर लो, ज़ाईवर ने आवाज दी और यात्री एक-एक कर बस से उतरने लगे। “दो चाय और एक गोल्डफ्लेक, “मैंने दुकान वाले से कहा और अजय की ओर देखकर बोला, “शेयरिंग में पी लेंगे, प्रत्युत्तर में अजय मुस्करा दिया। और जब चाय की गर्मी हमारी हलक से नीचे उतर गयी तो बस फिर चल उठी। कितने गांवों को छोड़ती हुई, कितने नगरों पर रुकती हुई, ... नादौन, ज्वालाजी, कांगड़ा और फिर धर्मशाला। मेरी घड़ी उस वक्त 11 वजकर 20 मिनट बता रही थी जब हम धर्मशाला के बस अड्डे पर उतरे।

पूरब की ओर दूर तक कुहरे के साथ पहाड़ लुका छिपी खेलते नजर आ रहे थे, आकाश में बादल छाये हुए थे और सूरज की किरने धरती तक पहुंचने को बेचैन हो रही थी, मैं प्रकृति के इस अद्भुत सौन्दर्य में खो ही रहा था कि तभी अजय पानी ले कर आया और बोला— “दुकानदार बता रहा था कि पास ही वॉर मेमोरियल है, चल वहाफ चलते हैं। वहां कैफे भी है, खाने के लिए कुछ फास्टफूड मिल जाएगा।” और मैं उसके साथ हो लिया, लोगों की थोड़ी सी मदद और कुछ कदम पैदल चलने के बाद हम वॉर मेमोरियल पहुंच गये। संग्राहलय में रखी एक-एक चीज बेहतरीन थी, कैफे पर हमने चाय का आर्डर दिया और बतियाने लगे, इधर उधर की, बेकार की बातें, हमारे ठीक सामने लगा बोर्ड हमें बता रहा था कि इसी क पास यहां की जीपीजी कॉलेज भी स्थित है जो कि ब्रिटिश काल के दौरान बना था। देवदार और चीड़ के जंगलों में सम्पन्न धर्मशाला, तिब्बतियों के यहां आकर बस जाने के कारण अन्तराष्ट्रीय अहसास दिला रहा था। कोतवाली बाजार से हम सीधी वॉक पर चलते गये, लगभग तीन किमी. चल चुकने के बाद हम कुनाल पत्थरी पहुंच गये। चाय के बगीचों के पास स्थित स्थानीय देवी के इस मन्दिर में पत्थर की प्राकृतिक मूर्ति स्थापित थे, देवी माँ का आशीर्वाद लेने के पश्चात हम दोनों वापस नगर की ओर आ गये। काफी देर नगर में घूमने के बाद शाम को हमने रात को ठहराव के लिए गुरुद्वारे में रहने का निश्चय किया। वहां सामान रख लेने के बाद हमने एक रेस्तरा में भोजन किया और तब कुछ खरीददारी के उद्देश्य से हम फिर से घूमने निकल पड़े, धर्मशाला में इतनी ठंड थी कि पहली बार ए टी एम केबिन के अन्दर घुसने के बाद मुझे गर्मी का अहसास हो रहा था, पैसे निकाल लेने के बाद अजय ने एक हिमाचली शॉल खरीदी तो मैंने अपना हैडबैग कुछ बौद्ध मूर्तियों से भर लिया। दिन भर की थकान मिटाने के लिए हम जल्दी सो गये, अगले दिन सुबह ही हमारी मैकलोडगंज जाने की योजना थी।

नगर में मैकलोडगंज तक जाने के लिए टैक्सी सबसे सरल साधन थी, हमारे साथ टैक्सी में कुछ बौद्ध अनुयायी थी थे। उनसे हमें पता चला कि बौद्ध धर्मगुरु दलाई लामा इस वक्त यहा आये हुए हैं। उनके दर्शन के लिए मैकलोडगंज पहुंचकर हम भी बौद्ध मन्दिर की ओर चल दिए, बौद्ध मन्दिर में पहुंचकर पहली बार मैंने इतने सारे विदेशियों को एक साथ एक जगह देखा था। कड़ी सुरक्षा के बीच दलाई लामा शिक्षाएं दे रहे थे। मन्दिर की परिक्रमा करते वक्त एक बौद्ध भिक्षु ने हमें बताया कि मन्दिर की दीवारों के साथ बने डमरूओं को घुमाने से पुण्य की प्राप्ति होती है। इस शान्त और आध्यात्मिक वातावरण में कुछ देर बैठने के बाद हम वहां से लौट गये। मैकलोडगंज में घूमते वक्त मैंने पाया कि सभी छोटे बड़े दुकानदार (जो कि अपनी दुकान छोड़कर बौद्ध मन्दिर नहीं जा सके) रेडियों पर दलाई लामा को लाईव सुन रहे थे। इतनी भक्ति, इतनी आस्था का अनुभव मैं पहली बार कर रहा था। मैकलोडगंज को मैकलोड नाम अंग्रेज ने बसाया था। सन् 1959 में तिब्बती आध्यात्मगुरु दलाईलामा और उनके साथ हजारों शरणार्थियों के यहां आकर बस जाने से ये जगह और अधिक जीवन्त हो गयी। मुझे यहां तिब्बतियों को हिन्दी सिखाने के लिए कई संस्थान दिखे, इटैलियन और तिब्बती खाने के शौकीनों के लिए यहां रेस्तरां भी मौजूद थे। मैकलोडगंज से सिर्फ एक किमी. की दूरी पर ‘तिब्बती इंस्टीट्यूट ऑफ परफॉर्मिंग आर्ट्स’ था। ये तिब्बत के संगीत, नृत्य और नाट्य कला को भारत में संरक्षित रखे हुए हैं। भागसू नाग। प्राचीन मन्दिर, ताजे पानी के झरने और चट्टानी पत्थरों से घिरा ये कितना सुन्दर दिखायी दे रहा था, ये झरना पानी की एक पतली धारा बना रहा था। बर्फ से भी अधिक ठण्डे इस पानी में मैंने कुछ देर अपने हाथ रखे तो लगा जैसे हथेलियों में रक्त वहीं जम गया है। भागसू नाग से लौटते वक्त एक पत्थर पर तिब्बती लिपि में कुछ लिखा देख अजय ने अचानक हमारे बीच की खामोशी को तोड़ा “ये क्या लिखा हुआ है, मनीश! मैं पत्थर के पास और पास झुका और बोला— “ओम मणि पद्मे हु।” “इसका क्या मतलब है?, उसने पूछा! “अभी बताऊंगा

थोड़ी देर में, "मैंने कह तो दिया पर वो थोड़ी देर फिर नहीं आयी। रात को हमने होटल स्नो रिट्रीट में रुकने का फैसला किया। मैकलोडगंज के पास स्थित, समुद्र तल से लगभग साढ़े पांच हजार फुट की ऊँचाई पर निर्मित यह रिट्रीट महान हिमालय की ऊँची चोटियों का अद्भुत सौन्दर्य दिखा रहा था। मानो किसी यज्ञ के बाद देवताओं ने चरणामृत के रूप में बर्फ के छींटे इन पहाड़ों पर छिड़क दिये हो। निश्चय ही ये जगह देव भूमि रही होगी। सुबह जब हम उठे तो बाहर थोड़ा सा अंधेरा और थोड़ा सा प्रकाश छितरा हुआ था। पैदल चलते चलते ही हम डल लेक तक आ गये। लेक का एक पूरा चक्कर घूमने के बाद हमने चाय ली और पास के मन्दिर की बेंच पर बैठ गये। ...झील का मटमैला पानी और उसके ऊपर उड़ता कुहरा।.... किनारे पर खड़ा कोई जोड़ा ब्रेड के टुकड़े फेंककर मछलियों को खिला रहा था।....चाय से ऊपर उठता धुआँ कुहरे के बीच पता नहीं कहा गुम हो गया। कुछ देर बैठकर अजय के कहने पर टैक्सी लेकर हम नगर के बस स्टेशन पहुंच गये, बस की कतारें देख मेरा मन कुछ दार्शनिक सा हो गया। ...ऐसे की कतारों में मनुष्य इंतजार करते रहता है, धरती पर आने के लिए, धरती से जाने के लिए, जब वो धरती पर पहुंच जाता है तो भटकते रहता है, ईश्वर से दूर भागता रहता है, ईश्वर ही को पाने के लिए और ईश्वर तो हमारे ही शरीर से निकलकर विलीन हो जाता है, परमात्मा में कहीं। ठीक सुबह की चाय के ऊपर उठते धुएं की तरह जो कुहरे के बीच पता नहीं कहा गुम हो गया था। और हम तब भी कतारों में कहीं लगे रहते हैं ...धरती से जाने के लिए। के उद्देश्य से हम फिर से घूमने निकल पड़े, धर्मशाला में इतनी ठंड थी कि पहली बार ए टी एम केबिन के अन्दर घुसने के बाद मुझे गर्मी का अहसास हो रहा था, पैसे निकाल लेने के बाद अजय ने एक हिमाचली शॉल खरीदी तो मैंने अपना हैडबैग कुछ बौद्ध मूर्तियों से भर लिया। दिन भर की थकान मिटाने के लिए हम जल्दी सो गये, अगले दिन सुबह ही हमारी मैकलोडगंज जाने की योजना थी। नगर में मैकलोडगंज तक जाने के लिए टैक्सी सबसे सरल साधन थी, हमारे साथ टैक्सी में कुछ बौद्ध अनुयायी थी थे। उनसे हमें पता चला कि बौद्ध धर्मगुरु दलाई लामा इस वक्त यहा आये हुए हैं। उनके दर्शन के लिए मैकलोडगंज पहुंचकर हम भी बौद्ध मन्दिर की ओर चल दिए, बौद्ध मन्दिर में पहुंचकर पहली बार मैंने इतने सारे विदेशियों को एक साथ एक जगह देखा था। कड़ी सुरक्षा के बीच दलाई लामा शिक्षाएं दे रहे थे। मन्दिर की परिक्रमा करते वक्त एक बौद्ध भिक्षु ने हमें बताया कि मन्दिर की दीवारों के साथ बने डमरूओं को घुमाने से पुण्य की प्राप्ति होती है। इस शान्त और आध्यात्मिक वातावरण में कुछ देर बैठने के बाद हम वहां से लौट गये। मैकलोडगंज में घूमते वक्त मैंने पाया कि सभी छोटे बड़े दुकानदार (जो कि अपनी दुकान छोड़कर बौद्ध मन्दिर नहीं जा सके) रेडियों पर दलाई लामा को लाईव सुन रहे थे। इतनी भक्ति, इतनी आस्था का अनुभव मैं पहली बार कर रहा था।

मैकलोडगंज को मैकलोड नाम अंग्रेज ने बसाया था। सन् 1959 में तिब्बती आध्यात्मगुरु दलाईलामा और उनके साथ हजारों शरणार्थियों के यहां आकर बस जाने से ये जगह और अधिक जीवन्त हो गयी। मुझे यहां तिब्बतियों को हिन्दी सिखाने के लिए कई संस्थान दिखे, इटैलियन और तिब्बती खाने के शौकीनों के लिए यहां रेस्तरां भी मौजूद थे। मैकलोडगंज से सिर्फ एक किमी. की दूरी पर 'तिब्बती इंस्टीट्यूट ऑफ परफॉर्मिंग आर्ट्स' था। ये तिब्बत के संगीत, नृत्य और नाट्य कला को भारत में संरक्षित रखे हुए हैं। भागसूं नाग। प्राचीन मन्दिर, ताजे पानी के झरने और चट्टानी पथरों से घिरा ये कितना सुन्दर दिखायी दे रहा था, ये झरना पानी की एक पतली धारा बना रहा था। बर्फ से भी अधिक ठण्डे इस पानी में मैंने कुछ देर अपने हाथ रखे तो लगा जैसे हथेलियों में रक्त वहीं जम गया है। भागसूं नाग से लौटते वक्त एक पत्थर पर तिब्बती लिपि में कुछ लिखा देख अजय ने अचानक हमारे बीच की खामोशी को तोड़ा "ये क्या लिखा हुआ है, मनीश! मैं पत्थर के पास और पास झुका और बोला— "ओम मणि पद्मे हु।" "इसका क्या मतलब है?, उसने पूछा! "अभी बताऊंगा थोड़ी देर में, "मैंने कह तो दिया पर वो थोड़ी देर फिर नहीं आयी। रात को हमने होटल स्नो रिट्रीट में रुकने का फैसला किया। मैकलोडगंज के पास स्थित, समुद्र तल से लगभग साढ़े पांच हजार फुट की ऊँचाई पर निर्मित यह रिट्रीट महान हिमालय की ऊँची चोटियों का अद्भुत सौन्दर्य दिखा रहा था। मानो किसी यज्ञ के बाद देवताओं ने चरणामृत के रूप में बर्फ के छींटे इन पहाड़ों पर छिड़क दिये हो। निश्चय ही ये जगह देव भूमि रही होगी। सुबह जब हम उठे तो बाहर थोड़ा सा अंधेरा और थोड़ा सा प्रकाश छितरा हुआ था। पैदल चलते चलते ही हम डल लेक तक आ गये। लेक का एक पूरा चक्कर घूमने के बाद हमने चाय ली और पास के मन्दिर की बेंच पर बैठ गये। ...झील का मटमैला पानी और उसके ऊपर उड़ता कुहरा।...किनारे पर खड़ा कोई जोड़ा ब्रेड के टुकड़े फेंककर मछलियों को खिला रहा था। ...चाय से ऊपर उठता धुआँ कुहरे के बीच पता नहीं कहा गुम हो गया। कुछ देर बैठकर अजय के कहने पर टैक्सी लेकर हम नगर के बस स्टेशन पहुंच गये, बस की कतारें देख मेरा मन कुछ दार्शनिक सा हो गया। ...ऐसे की कतारों में मनुष्य इंतजार करते रहता है, धरती पर आने के लिए, धरती से जाने के लिए, जब वो धरती पर पहुंच जाता है तो भटकते रहता है, ईश्वर से दूर भागता रहता है, ईश्वर ही को पाने के लिए और ईश्वर तो हमारे ही शरीर से निकलकर विलीन हो जाता है, परमात्मा में कहीं। ठीक सुबह की चाय के ऊपर उठते धुएं की तरह जो कुहरे के बीच पता नहीं कहा गुम हो गया था। और हम तब भी कतारों में कहीं लगे रहते हैं ...धरती से जाने के लिए।





रंजीत कुमार  
अंतिम वर्ष,  
ई.सी.ई.

शान्त और गम्भीर चेहरे के पीछे छिपे रंजीत एक अच्छे लेखक और कवि के अलावा एक बेहतरीन गायक और एथलीट भी हैं।

अरे दोस्तों ! कहां चल दिये ? पन्ना ही पलटे जा रहे हैं, थोड़ा ठहरो भी ।

“ बहुत हो गयी घुस्सी,

साड़ दिया धड़ी ।

तो किस बात का है इन्तजार,

जब घोर खप्प मसाला है तैयार,

जंगुओं / जंगिओं, हो जाओ, ठस्स,

आओ साथ मिलकर होते हैं गच्च ।

अरे ओ **CC** ओं / बाबाओ, आप भी

कहां जाते हैं ...

आइए आज इधर ही गेड़ी मारते हैं । ”

हम सभी इस कर्णप्रिय भाषा से भली-भांति परिचित हैं । अन्य भाषाओं की तरह यह भी अभिव्यक्ति का एक माध्यम मात्र है । पर, इसमें प्रयुक्त विशेषण इसे विशेष बनाते हैं, म्-म्-म् मेरा मतलब है, इनसे थोड़ी जान-पहचान बढ़ाते हैं । आइए शुरू करते हैं —

1 जंगु-प्रथम वर्ष की शुरुआत इन्हीं से होती है । जंगु अर्थात् जूनियर ।

“सीनियर — जंगुओ, आज रात तक ये एसाइमेंट हो जानी चाहिए । ”

जंगु-बट् सर ...

सीनियर- ओय ! थर्ड बटन ।

जंगु — अ-अ-अ ... यस सर । ”

2 ठस्स / ठस-फस / गच्च- काफी वर्सटाइल हैं ये । वैसे तो तीनों लगभग समानार्थी हैं, पर परिस्थितियों के अनुसार इन्हें अपना रंग बदलने में उतना ही कम समय लगता है जितना यहां किसी मनचले को पार्टनर बदलने में । अब जरा इन्हें ही देख लीजिए ।

ओय ए-ए—, गच्च रह यारा ! (सलाह)

क्यों ! ठस-फस है ना ? (हाल-चाल)

ओय / ठस्स ! नहीं तो .... (फटकार)

3 हर कुछ- इनका प्रयोग मुख्यतः किसी वस्तु विशेष की विशेषता बताने के लिए करते हैं, पर कभी-कभी बुराईयों पर भी जोर देने का काम करती हैं ।

“सीनियर- फर्स्ट इयर में क्या हर कुछ माल आयी है यार !!

4 घोर / धड़ी- दोनों किसी चीज़ की बहुलता दिखाते हैं । “ आज का डिनर तो धड़ी था-काली माह की दाल और चावल ! “बाप रे ! घोर साड़ा ! ” । ये बिल्कुल वैसे ही हैं जैसे थोड़े बदलाव के साथ ओरकुट की नयी थीम ।

5 साडू-आज के समय का एक बहुत ही प्रचलित विशेषण जो अंग्रेजी के “बोरिंग” के समतुल्य हैं । सुन के “नाक-मुंह क्यों सिकोड़ रहे हैं ” आप भी हो सकते हैं । वैसे इसका प्रयोग तब होता है जब कोई बात समझ में न आए तो बस कह देते हैं- क्या घोर साड़ रहा है यार ! बेहतर है थोड़ा समझने की कोशिश की जाए । हो सकता है, कोई पढ़ते हुए कह दे- क्या साडू लिखा है । ”

6 बब / बाबा :- हां अ-अ-अ..... । चेहरे की रंगत थोड़ी बदल गई ना । शायद ही कोई अन्जान है इनसे । हर पल हर जगह, लड़के यहां तक की लड़कियों की जुबां से भी इन्हें आसानी से सुना जा सकता है । कुछ को ये विशेष मेल खाते हैं और सुनकर गौरवान्वित महसूस करते हैं तो कुछ झिझक जाते हैं । वैसे शायद ही इनका सही अर्थ कोई जानता है । इन्हें बनाने वालों ने न जाने किस निराशा की घड़ी में इन्हें खोजा । खैर ! पूरा कॉलेज आज दो किस्सों में बंटा है —**CC** और बाबा हर कोई यही कहता है — “तू **CC** पर मैं तो बाबा हूँ ।” पर **CC** कहला कर जो मन में



लड्डू फूटते हैं उसकी लालिमा चेहरे पर साफ दिखती है । वैसे आप क्या है, खुद समझदार हैं ।

7 खप्प:- मतलब रंग में भंग डालना । हर बैच में एक दो बड़े खप्पी गुप होते ही हैं जो हर जगह चाहे **nimbus** हो या **hill'fair** खप्प करने पहुंच जाते हैं । जरूरी भी तो है —**hill'fair** में खप्प डांस की जितनी डिमांड होती है उतनी तो शायद डांस क्लब की भी नहीं होती है ।

8 घुस्सी:- सुनने से ही लगता है जैसे किसी फंकू का चरित्र है । सही अर्थ— अफवाह । यहां घुस्सी क्लास वर्क की खबर की तरह फैलती है । जैसे 'अरे ! आज उसे उसके साथ देखा था । ' कभी-कभी किसी चीज की अनुपयोगिता दिखाने के लिए भी इसे प्रयोग करते हैं । जैसे "BHEL की घुस्सी ट्रेनिंग ।"

9 गेड़ी मारना:- यह मुख्यतः लड़कों पर इस्तेमाल होता है । खासकर उन पर जो संध्या के सुहाने मौसम में माल रोड़ पर नयनसुख लेते पाये जाते हैं । संध्या की इस कार्यकलाप को विशेष रूप से गेड़ी मारना कहते हैं । "अरे यार, कहां ? वहीं ! गेड़ी मारने ? "

10 कंटीला:-ये उनके लिए प्रयोग किया जाते हैं जो दूसरों की काटने या मारने में विशेष रूप से आनंद उठाते हैं । उन्हें कुछ इस तरह सम्बोधित करते हैं — "अरे वो ! क्या कंटीला बंदा है यार ! "

अब आइए इसी भाषा में वार्ता की एक झलक भी देख लें । हुआ यूं कि ई. सी. ई. की लैब, टीचर की अनुपस्थिति में एक एम. टेक. के पास थी । चूंकि एम. टेक. एवं बी. टेक. का हॉस्टल एक ही है तो वे भी इस भाषा से परिचित हैं तो लैब शुरू होती है —

"सर — सभी रोल नं0 से फाइल चैक कराएंगे, बाकी लोग अगला प्रयोग करेंगे और कोई खप्प नहीं मचाएगा । रोल नं0 401 !!

401— यस सर !

सर—कैसे हो ?

401—ठस—फस सर !

सर—फाइल धड़ी सजा रखी है, जंगुओं से लिखवाया क्या?

401—नहीं सर ! मैं तो .....

सर—घुस्सी मत मारो । रोज शाम को गेड़ी मारते रहते हो ।

401—सर ! मतलब आप भी उधर गेड़ी मारने आते हैं ।

सर—(डांटते हुए) —ओय ! ठस्स रहो । अच्छा, तुम डायोड के दो घोर अप्लिकेशन बताओ । (और भी...)

सर—रोल नं0 426

426—(एक लड़की फाईल बढ़ाते हुए ) यस सर ।

सर—(उसकी ओर मुस्कराकर देखते हुए) हर कुछ !!

426 —(आश्चर्य से ) क्या सर ???

सर—(नजरें नीची करते हुए) हर कुछ... हर कुछ फाईल है ।

अच्छा, तुम **A.C.** को **C.C.** म् म् मेरा मतलब **D.C.** में कैसे परिवर्तित करोगी ।"

कुछ इसी तरह लैब खत्म होती है ... ।

इन सारे शब्दों के इस्तेमाल से जो एक अलग भाषा बनती है उसका सभी के द्वारा बोलना एक उदाहरण है । घोर विविधता में धड़ी एकता का । सबसे एक भाषा सुनकर प्रतीत होता है — जैसे एन. आई. टी. रूपी संगम पर देश के सुदूर प्रांतों से आयी विविध नदियां एक हो रही हैं और एक नयी भाषा धारा का प्रवाह हो रहा है । मैं भी इसी धारा में बहते हुए मंजिल के करीब आ पहुंचा हूँ और उम्मीद है इस हर कुछ एकता का संचार करने वाली भाषा की—धारा बहती रहेगी । नये जंगुओं के रूप में नयी संस्कृतियों और भाषाओं का संगम हर वर्ष होता रहेगा तथा ये घोर धारा उन्हें गच्च करते हुए उनकी मंजिल तक पहुंचाती रहेगी ।



# The Sem Ends

Call-age | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Abhra Basu Ray  
Chaudhuri  
Third Year, EEE

The Una Himachal Express droned into the night as it made its short yet long journey from Una to Delhi. This night, mostly NIT students were on it. Students of this great institute would have guessed what part of the academic year it was.

The semester had ended. For some, it had come as a refreshing cool breeze, after 4 months of growing frustration in a place which had its obvious connectivity problems. For some it signified the end of a 4 month holiday spent with friends, and only a temporary farewell to them in hopes of reuniting soon. For me it was a combination of both. I thought after completing 2 years, living here would be easier but for some reason, the latest sem had been the hardest..

Our group of friends had booked our tickets together. By 10 p.m. everyone in our coop had settled into their beds and the lights were off. Seven nights of concept building and partial mugging up before the exam had taken its toll on me. As I closed my eyes, I thought I'd fall asleep immediately. But surprisingly, even after trying for around 20 minutes, I couldn't seem to fall asleep. Something was bothering me..

So I just lay there, awake, feeling the rhythmic motion of the train, feeling the moment...

After some time, Arjun in the berth above me started his daily (rather nightly) routine of muttering in his sleep. After being his roommate for 2 sems, his midnight gibberish was nothing new to me. I aimed at where I thought his behind might be and gave 2 kicks to the berth above me, the second one for good measure. Thud! Thud! The muttering above me stopped, followed by a grunt of displeasure at being rudely interrupted.

Thomas in the berth opposite me grinned through the darkness. I could see his teeth gleaming even in the pale light which came through the window. I grinned back and hoped he could see mine. Thomas was sleeping within seconds. I stared for some time and started thinking.. Good old Thomas. Always cheerful, always entertaining.. and always there for me. I had lost my temper with him many times during the sem, and said a lot of things I shouldn't have. But he had never lost his cool, he always calmly made me understand where the problem was.

And who could forget Rahul, turning in his sleep in the berth above him. My pillar of strength. I couldn't help but smile thinking about the jokes we'd cracked, the pranks we'd played. The smile faded away thinking about the quarrel we had, which lasted half the sem, how we took so much time to realize what stubborn idiots we were being.

And nothing needed to be said about Arjun. He was a legend in the college already, a part of every amusing college incident, whether it be because of his forgetfulness or his sheer ability to fall asleep at any given time or place.

Promises are meant to be broken.

“I couldn’t  
seem to fall  
asleep.  
Something was  
bothering  
me...”

“These guys are like my brothers” I thought to myself as I lay there staring at the berth above me. We had been through everything in the past 4 months together, through all the ups and downs, and made it.. And tomorrow, when we’ll reach Delhi and I’ll leave for the airport, I’d suddenly stop seeing those faces, the faces I’d become used to seeing for 4 months, everyday. Those faces when I got up in the morning, when I came back from class, when I had my meals in the mess, before I went to sleep at night.. just gone..

And that’d be totally weird. ‘Cause once you get used to something, change is something you don’t really like or want..

I sighed and closed my eyes. Still no sleep. So I started to think about her.. Hell, I thought about her everyday, why should today be any different? She wasn’t one of those people I started as friends with, and then started seeing differently. She was always special, and still was.. probably because of the way she made me feel. She could steal the sun out of the setting sky, just to make my day brighter!

I wondered if she ever lay awake and thought about things when she wasn’t getting sleep... just like me. I wondered if she ever felt lonely then, if she ever thought what a big world it is, and how each of us was a small part of it. Did she think about me then? Nah, she didn’t need to... 10 or 20 guys would probably keep her busy sending her goodnight messages!

“Positive. Think positive, Abhra. You’re going home” I told myself firmly. What was bothering me? Then I realized – I was missing college, already.. They say, ‘You never know what you have until it’s gone’. It sounds clichéd, but I guess cliché statements are nothing but universal truths. NIT Hamirpur was like our haven, our own little kingdom in the valley. It’s a beautiful place; no one can ever deny that. It was far from the complications and corruption of city life. And the best part is- you have nothing to worry about. ‘Cause when your folks call you, they’re never going to tell you about the troubles back home. “Just enjoy yourself, son. And take care of yourself”. And if, after a day of frustration, you ever sit down with a cup of coffee (or your preferred beverage!) on your college terrace, stare into the distance at the pine trees shimmering in the moonlight, hear the faint blaring of familiar music playing in a neighbouring hostel, and reflect on how quickly times have passed you by, you can’t help but fall in love in love with your college all over again...

“I’m coming back stronger” I said to myself, “and then I’m going to enjoy every moment of what God has gifted me- 4 years in this great institute”.

# "remihiscehce"



Vivid Voices



# Fond Disclosures – III

“The Elusive (But Possible) Ten”

Top 10 Student Welfare Reforms That NITH Urgently Needs

Reminiscence | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Kumar Vijay Mishra  
Batch: 1999-2003

Kumar Vijay Mishra graduated summa cum laude ECE, NITH in 2003. During 2003-2007, he worked at LRDE, Bangalore - a DRDO radar research lab where he was awarded Scientist of the Year award in 2006. Currently he is pursuing graduate studies and research at Colorado State University, USA. When not thinking on radars, he enjoys creative writing, blogging, quizzing, exploring nature, reading comics and swimming.

**PROLOGUE** Year 2007: One fine morning that year, I received an overly enthusiastic email from one of the current NITHians. The kid screamed from the subject line: “NITH makes it to top 20”. Before I could even analyze the related news item, it was all over the web: former and current NITHians had already flaunted the newly acquired top-20 tag on all web-forums with the prediction of NITH joining the top-10 league by next year. Not to talk about the snapshot of the ranking table which adorned the photo albums of several NITHians on social networking sites.

Year 2008: The same nondescript magazine releases its rankings again and surprise, surprise, surprise: NITH is completely obliterated from the list for the sake of even more nondescript and obscure institutes. So, what happened to all the predictions? Where are the supporters of the idea that we are truly the top-league institute? And most importantly, is there anyone who has actually analyzed and discussed the causes of total annihilation of our institute from the list? Perhaps not! I have not seen any statement to that effect on our websites, newsletters and forums. By now, several of us will be wondering why I am making an issue out of this development. After all, several such rankings are published every year and further, this particular ranking is not so well known. But then, why did we celebrate our inclusion in this ranking in the first place (the news was even flashed on the official NITH website) and why our exclusion the following year remained unexplained (did we opt out or was it a rude shock?). In any case, we never make it to the other rankings as well. Whether we make it to these supposedly high-profile rankings or not, is really immaterial. But it remains crystal clear we are certainly not counted as a leading tech-school in our country. It is time we kick off a discussion within NITH community and like our former president's Vision 2020 of making India a developed country by 2020, chart out our own NITH Vision 2012 to make it to top 10 colleges of the country in tech-education within next five years. In this series of articles that I will be contributing to SRIJAN in years to come, I would like to raise issues and problems that hamper our progress in realizing such a vision and need immediate attention.

I would like to begin with student welfare reforms.

Even though academic excellence and research potential forms the core of any leading engineering institute, there are several other factors which propel the same institute to become a “first among equals”. These X-factors are the same reasons why we have better-IITs-within-IITs or even better-NITs-within-NITs. Student welfare measures are one of the significant factors which decide which institute is the real boss.

A quick analysis of NITH on several student welfare norms gives a gloomy outlook of how much unsatisfactory state they are in currently. I have compiled following list (though not at all an exhaustive one) of top ten student welfare reforms that need to be urgently implemented. Many will argue that already there are suitable channels available to address these concerns. But to those, my apologies – these elements are so important that they cannot be mixed up in the usual day-to-day work in the offices dominated by babudom-ish callousness. Yes, we do need separate cells to ensure implementation of these student welfare policies.

The Possible Ten

**1. Student Health Care Cell:** To start with, we need some radical reforms the way NITH Health Center/Dispensary and Sports Cell work. The purpose of the college Health Center is extremely important as its prospective patients are not mature adults but the adolescents and young adults. An active college health center forms the backbone of healthy student population. However, NITH doesn't have any such thing. The health of the students is left to local hospitals and sometimes, students are left to their own tools should they fall sick. This is dangerous. Local hospitals don't provide customizable treatment to students and this is where the role of college dispensary/health center creeps in. I am not asking a dispensary to play the role of a hospital. What is really needed is an active and concerned dispensary. Let's analyze what role our dispensary can and should play:- Prepare a report about common ailments NITH students are inflicted with and organize awareness campaigns to warn them about possible reasons and preventive measures. Jaundice, for example, is a common disease among hostellers. Every year we have cases of jaundice and little do NITH students know as to how they can avoid it. An active jaundice-awareness campaign from the Health Center will be of great help here.- Provide options for free/low-cost tests and

A great man is one who masters none and is mastered by none.

vaccines. For instance, the dispensary can easily provide low-cost shots for flu, another malaise that ails NITHians. Given the wide-spread prevalence of AIDS in India and the young student population of NITH, the dispensary should also take up this national duty and organize awareness campaigns for such diseases which affect young population and provide free HIV tests as well.- It is really surprising that we have a Sports Cell at NITH but not a single full-time physiotherapist. How do we then cater for common sports injuries among students or even cold-sprains that people living in cold areas are commonly affected with? The physiotherapy cell in the dispensary should provide treatment for such and also facilities for massages and sports exercises. It should also organize awareness campaigns on desk stretches which students working for long hours before computers can adopt for their well-being.- Additional measures : Given the climate of Himachal, the health center should also be in the process of issuing advisories and forecast about bad weather. It should also issue warnings to students about unhygienic eateries around campus. It should prepare detailed nutrition charts on the items cooked in all hostel-messes and keep a check if students are fed essential ingredients of a balanced diet in hostel-messes. This will be the best way to avoid common student ailments like food-poisoning. It should provide free laboratory tests for the hostel food samples and should accept such samples for test when brought to the center by any student from NITH.

**2. Student Stress Counseling Cell:** We have completely neglected the study of psychological behavior of NITH students. It is surprising that there is no full-time psychologist at an institution which has such a large resident student population. I suggest establishment of a Student Stress-Counseling Cell which should employ full-time psychologists and counselors and provide all kinds of psychological support to students. This cell should organize programmes and cater for common stress problems that students and young adults suffer from. For example, counseling should be available to deal with a range of problems students are subjected to: examination stress, bullying by senior/fellow students, abuses of all kinds, home-sickness (another common and unattended problem at NITH given that most of the students are miles away from their homes), stress resulting from break-up with girlfriend/boyfriend, ragging and even untimely death of close friend or batch-mate in NITH. I remember, in my second year, when one of my batch-mates died while falling from the first floor of Kailash Boys Hostel, several of his friends were shaken and even resorted to drinking for an ephemeral comfort. At such a time, a simple counseling from a professional psychologist would have helped them a lot. This counseling cell should also organize campaigns and programmes to help volunteering students counter addictions they pick up at a young age like alcohol, smoking and drugs.

**3. Student Dignity And Privacy Cell:** Let's accept it and it is real: most of the students at NITH are legally adult (18+) citizens of India and should be treated as such. There is a need to make a differentiation between adult students vis-a-vis high school students. This is where the role and need of a Student Dignity and Privacy Cell arises. Presently student privacy at NITH is in a horrible state. In fact several NITHians I have spoken to, including faculty, students and alumni, don't even consider this as an important issue. However, it is the inalienable right of any student to protect his/her privacy and dignity. The right to privacy is granted by nobody else but our own constitution and should be implemented in letter and spirit even in NITH. Some of the common measures would include the following:- All records of the student including his/her mark-sheets, roll numbers, examination IDs, health records etc. are his/her own property and nobody (barring parents, if the student is 18-) should be able to access them. We must evolve a system where every student should possess a barcode-based student ID card and a personal NITH email-id so that he can be identified and contacted with utmost privacy. For example, student roll nos should be kept strictly secret (even an attendance call by roll no in the class is not appropriate) as any revelation of such ids pose a risk of unauthorized access to student's personal records.- Similarly marks and grades of examination should not be publicly announced in the class or even displayed on noticeboards. This undermines student's privacy and his/her right to keep his/her marks/grade secret. It also hugely affects his/her dignity should s/he score lower grades in the class. Instead, graded examination sheets should be quietly and privately distributed to students by the faculty himself/herself. This can also be conveyed privately over NITH email ids of the students.- Some additional measures could be as keeping the names of ragging-abused a secret. Also, students should never be asked to explain their relationships or name their boyfriends/girlfriends. Since they are all adult citizens, they should also not be panned before the class no matter whatever the issue is. Rather any such grievances on the part of the faculty should be privately conveyed to students.- Student Privacy and Dignity Cell would ensure the implementation of several measures as above and would also entertain student grievances on violations of their dignity and privacy.

**4. Student Referendum Cell:** This cell is aimed for a wider student participation in the college decisions. True, we have student representatives in Senate and Academic Council. But, this is not sufficient. There are several important decisions which directly affect the students and merely asking student representatives for suggestions on such topics is not enough. The Student Referendum cell would organize student polls and surveys to grasp opinions of students on major issues affecting them and to help in shaping up major policy decisions. For example, before contracts for the college canteen are awarded to a particular hotelier, it would be a worthwhile exercise to get a quick Internet-poll done on which hotelier the students would actually prefer to dine with. Similar referendums should be done on other issues as well: contracts awarded to other vendors opening shops in the campus, suggestions for buying as well as decommissioning library books, syllabus and curriculum, furniture for the classes and hostels, mess menus etc.

**5. Student Conflict Resolution Cell:** We are also in need of a cell which addresses conflicts between students and offers help in resolving them for cases where both the parties are willing to accept the help. For example, for many students, living in hostels is a first-time experience. It is very natural that in the process of adjusting to hostel-life they get involved in conflicts with their room-mates. The conflict-resolution cell should organize awareness programmes on tips to adjust and coexist with room-mates. It should offer help to all conflicting students be they are room-mates or fellow batch-mates or even to those conflicting students who are in the same project-group/club/student-organization.

**6. Student Diversity Cell:** There has never been a woman Hill 'Ffair Secretary, a woman president of ISTE or even a woman chief-editor of SRIJAN in the entire 23-year history of NITH. On the other hand, the very idea of NITH as an institution encouraging national integration is in a serious jeopardy if we don't have a Diversity Cell which encourages and preserves the regional diversity at NITH. The very idea of establishing NITs is to promote regional diversity and national unity. But this particular NIT characteristic vanishes once we all leave our states and join NITH. There is no cell which facilitates celebration of this distinguishing trait in NITH.- Student Diversity Cell should organize simple celebrations and awareness programmes pertaining to each region of the country. Celebrations of festivals such as Vasant Panchmi, Ganesh Chaturthi, Onam, Pongal etc. should come under the purview of this cell. The Diversity Cell should also sanction limited funds for celebration of such regional festivals rather than completely leaving it to the self-raised finance by the interested students.- Formations of regional groupings should be made semi-formal, registered and monitored by the Diversity Cell, encouraged and be proud of. This removes home-sickness out of the students who get detached from their own homes and regions.- The Diversity Cell should also organize special awareness programmes for those student communities which are not adequately represented in engineering like women students and physically disabled students.

**7. Student Safety Cell:** Though we have a NITH Security Department, we don't have much say of students in that cell. Student Safety Cell, with student participation, would prepare extensive student safety programmes to save them from rogue elements in the city, keeping campus safe in the event of crisis like fire, terror attack, wild animals, landslides etc. by organizing mock evacuation exercises in the hostels, departments etc., checking measures to prevent theft in the hostels, secure parking facilities for student vehicles, providing company of security staff to students walking in the unlighted portions of the campus during night etc.

**8. Student Media Cell:** Student Media plays an ultra-important role in community development and also shaping up the ideas for academic improvement. But we have only one college magazine and that's all we have for student media in a college which aspires to be a leading tech-institution. Student Media Cell would facilitate more and other forms of student publications – student newspapers, newsletters of different student societies, departments and hostels - all under only one umbrella. It will also facilitate grant of more website space to these publications on NITH official website. The Student Media will also have access to major press releases by the college administration, right to interview important office-holders in NITH on student issues and access to minutes of important meetings like that of the Academic Council. Student Media would also highlight mainstream news related to NITH by re-publishing them on NITH website. It will also act as a news-media itself and an informal spokesperson on NITH developments related to the students.

**9. Student Legal-Aid Cell:** If we can have a doctor, a psychologist and a nutritionist in the campus, why not also a lawyer? In fact, we do need a full-time lawyer for student issues. In cases like bike accidents around the town, students need legal-aid to protect their rights and dignity. For an additional fee, such legal-aid should be available within the campus itself. The student legal-aid cell would also help students in suing the college administration should they feel violated in their rights by any administrative measure.

**10. Cell For Non-Traditional And Off-campus Students:** Now that NITH has begun post-graduate and doctoral programmes on a larger scale, NITH would soon have a slightly different and non-traditional, though smaller, student population. There is a possibility of more married, over-age, part-time and distance-education students pursuing higher education programmes in NITH. There should be a cell to address needs of such students. This cell would organize programmes for the integration of nontraditional students with the mainstream undergraduate students. Non-Traditional students would also cater for international students and day-scholars. It may also facilitate housing for off-campus students and can have programmes to celebrate festivals of international students.

### **SAY BYE TO RANKING-STRESS!**

The purpose of these suggestions is, in no way, criticism of existing college administration nor is it an advocacy of carte blanche to illegal and immoral student activities. It is a manifesto for better and capable NITH and which I humbly submit to all the readers of this article. Even if we are able to implement 50% of the measures suggested above, we can realistically dream of NITH as a national leader in education and establish it as a premier college which really cares for its student population democratically and creatively. And yes – say bye to rankings! We won't have to look for rankings in nondescript magazines if we create a vision 2012 for NITH. The national media would talk about us anyways.

Knowing is not enough, we must apply. Willing is not enough, we must do.





Aditya Gandotra  
Batch of 2004-2008

Aditya Gandotra belongs to the ECE class of 2008. He is an energetic person and was involved in a lot of extra-curricular activities like NIMBUS 2008, E-Cell and SRIJAN. He loves photography and owns an SLR camera! He is currently doing MBA from XLRI Jamshedpur.

His eyes caught her as she walked nimbly like a stray cat through the crowded main market street of McLeodganj. In the land of the lamas, amongst the saffron and maroon robes and the five color prayer flags that dispersed the silent chants of *Om Mani Padme Hum* into the breeze, her dirty black sweatshirt with muddy canvas shoes provided a natural contrast. So much so that her feline gait, her messy tousled hair, and the serpent of bluish white smoke that crawled about her into the clear mountain air were all reduced to accessories of attention. Remove all of them and even then she'd catch your eye. She, the odd one out.

He was on his way to the café that overlooked the valley, from where you can sit in the clear Christmas air with a steaming cup of cinnamon sprinkled cappuccino and gaze below at the small town of *Dharamshala*, and the *Bhakra* Reservoir in the distance. Having finished his orange-rind muffin and 2 cups of coffee, he moved to the bottlegreen benches that lined the road to the Monastery where the Lama stayed. Sitting there in idle abandon he watched the people in flux. It was only when the sun had decided to scatter itself on the snowy rocks of the *Dhauladhar* that he saw her again. Sipping the steaming soup of Goats Hoof that they suffuse with generous dollops of green coriander and black pepper along with a dying cigarette in her left hand, she was a picture of irony. A group of monks in their sandal incensed robes and their hands rotating the small prayer wheels passed, when he looked again she was not there.

He walked back to his room in the hotel. After the altercation with the hotel manager when he refused to provide a heater in the room, his ego resigned himself to make do with the blankets. To fight the cold night till sleep took over he huddled himself and ran through the day within his mind. And every time his thoughts came back to the girl in the dirty black sweatshirt emblazoned with the initials of his school. He was thinking of what she would be doing at that very moment, perhaps sitting out in the night staring at the three quarters of moon with another cigarette in her smokey fingers, but then sleep took over.

The next day he set off on a 20km trek to *Triund*; a place above the timberline, still covered with pristine white snow. He had a bus to catch that same evening to return to attend classes the next morning, and so he didn't want to delay. Once on an earlier trip he was forced to return after having been almost there. This time he decided to reach the top. After 3 hours of walking through the crawling trail that made its way across stone, mud, slush and melting snow; he saw her again.

Just outside the en route cafe MidWay, she sat on the grass at the slope of this mountain that fell straight into a valley below. Her back resting against a rock, a thick glass tumbler of extra sweet milky *chai* to her right, blowing smoke rings at the landscape ahead that made McLeodganj a piece of elaborate miniature

painting, she looked at him looking at her. He smiled and waved his hand, she raised her eyebrows in a symbol of recognition. He walked up to her and recognised the sweet smoky smell of grass that surrounded her like the mists covered these rocky hills. Bending down he asked if he could have a drag.

Two plates of noodles, 6 cups of *chai*, and 3 joints later he realised that it was time to return and he did not even know her name, or what she did, or where did she come from. But he had told her about how he had to run away every few months to come here, just to be with himself. And she had looked at him with empathetic eyes, and a smile that let out little clouds of smoke while the dry twigs of grass danced with the breeze in her dishevelled hair. He wanted to find out about her. He wanted to know her story. About what brought her here? About why she wanders alone in these streets, with her head filled with the numbness of a sweet smelling smoke? Yet, he knew he would not ask, and that she would not tell.

It was time to leave. He got up and looked at the peak which was still left behind. Untouched. She sat at the same place, letting the sun bathe her as it started its descent from the skies. He thanked her for her company, to which she didn't pay any attention. And so he asked when did she graduate from the school. She turned around and looked at him, her wide dark and tired eyes questioning his question. He pointed at the sweatshirt, she looked at the once white letters and let out a dismissive laughter. 'Got it for 50 bucks off the footpath from the mall road'.

He shrugged his shoulders as an amused chuckle slipped out of his mouth and rolled down without a sound into the valley below. He started to walk back to the bus-stand in McLeodganj. There was a long journey ahead.

The last that he remembers of her, is not her face or her voice, but the sun streaming down on her sallow cheeks as she rolled another joint.

Note: This is a real life incident I never had the guts to tell anyone when I was in college. Now that NIT Hamirpur is a whiff of history, I can put my demons to rest and move on. Life is a puppeteer; we are all its puppets.

@ Prashant and his team: Thanks for giving me this opportunity. You guys will do a great job, I am pretty sure.



Kumar Digvijay Mishra  
Batch: 1999-2003

This mechanical engineer's likings range from shakespears hamlet to gopichand's smash. He has recently developed a liking for swimming. A charming personality on his way to achieve higher glory.

Structures speak and they did so when I visited NIT Hamirpur during 27-29th November 2006. The older ones stood firm holding the responsibility of bygone years and the younger ones are coming up to nurture the family of NITians. Evidently, transmutation is an important feature of perennial change, any academic institution nurtures, while it grows and meets the demand of nation and global community. My first glance to a normal looking display board when I entered the academic block this time was the Vision Statement of the college. I took special note of the two words "multicultural" and "global". With the diversity of people coming from different parts of the country and getting shaped in the short span of four years into different fields of engineering, I feel the word 'multicultural' is an apposite and just addition to the vision statement. While our seniors struggled to get inside the industry, academic institutions and corporate world, the increasing placements of our alumni into these domains will gradually enhance our global outreach.

"Creativity matures in isolation." – Isolation galore was our most controversial topic during the undergraduate discussions in the closed corridors of Applied Sciences to bedraggled alleys of Hostel Messes and sometimes even reaching the reserved time zones when faculty delivers lecture. But we enjoyed as not being alone, but awarded the time to plunge into creative discussions in numerous areas of interest. I remember those four years not only learning the basics of mechanical engineering but more of learning about the skills and dimensions each one of us were developing at the same time. Mostly we used to be puzzled how we did even some of the smallest tasks like getting the first reserved ticket from Hamirpur Railway Reservation Counter, finally passing a dreadful subject, and able to tolerate kicks during birthdays (when personalities whom we had slightest of acquaintances will take innumerable pains to travel inter-hostel distances with lightning speed to deliver the final blow). I feel that these experiences truly made us see the world as a gateway to discoveries and multifaceted individuals.

With an ever pervading air of nostalgia any alumni will sense when he/she enters the college, I was influenced with the transformation, the college has undergone. The Auditorium and Internet Connectivity to hostels are the two most basic requirements that have been very well addressed since I passed in 2003. The Auditorium can further be used for weekly or monthly technical and managerial presentations from industrialists, researchers, software professionals, patent writers, entrepreneurs and even from fields of economics, biology, music and others. Sometimes lack of facility can be supplemented by the optimum use of available facilities. When I joined DRDO one of my fellow workers commented that we lack certain facilities and design softwares required for our work. Although the reservations were addressed afterwards, the Director of our program answered that we should first make optimum use of the present facilities. I extend this notion to the students of all the disciplines that they must utilize the available resources in colleges. Invest the time in extending your knowledge to different fields of interest and forecast your career eight years from now. To answer what you want from yourself can only be answered when you know what is available to you.

A professional is someone who can do his best work when he doesn't feel like it. We often prove this when we pull the chair in canteen just in time when our friend is confidently going to sit on it. We deliver our best even when we doesn't feel like it. The result is always achieved (person finally grounded) if we are confident and dedicated. The continuous urge to know more and to accomplish beyond what is already achieved must bring dynamism to our character. No doubt Rotaract Club, ISTE Student Chapter and Hill 'ffair suffices the gap of cultural lacuna. What remains is to explore the unexplored minds and to increase the participation of students in such communities.

Further I expect gradual yet marked changes to come when finally through our MTech programs we will open up the challenges in research.

At the end, I extend my wishes to the NITH community and vibrant students for their commitment to excel and make me feel that we thrive to become the best in coming years.

"I never knew the I inside others until I explored the I inside me."



# That Is Why I.M.MORAL

Reminiscence | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Kumar Ashutosh  
Batch: 2003-2007

He is a master of many trades, a good painter, writer, learner, cricket player and well known as a king of PJs. This enigmatic leader adds his special touch to all his works which are clearly apparent in a in-apparent way.

Our brain is a learning based system. It assimilates inputs from situations, incidences, lessons and conversations around, generates a pattern output, analyses the output implements it and generates feedbacks to itself based on results. 'We' are 'what we are' not because it's on our socio-economic profile or because of the way 'we' are perceived by others or even because we think something about us. Our being is reflected mostly through our reactions, reflex actions and our general outlook towards things. They are so because we have been gradually conditioned over our lives and over generations to respond to any stimulus in the most rational (read comfortable) way. This behavioral trend is persistent. Before even our thought process comes into action the brain generates responses based on knowledge from previous such instances. These are the foundations of our rationality and civilization. These may be attributed for the higher human survival rate as considered to other species on the planet. For example we do not play with fire, we take precautionary measures, we do not intake certain things without even much thought and that is why we are less endangered. Through this continuous mental evolution we define our limits, our standards and our morals. Since the biggest input set is society, our morals are the thoughts and habits that result into most comfortable social life. Actually we are gradually trained not to resist but persist and evade. Similar arguments hold true for professional mannerisms, marital vows and other predefined rules that constitutes our basic nature.

This evolutionary conditioning is designed on nature's basic axiom of "survival of the fittest". However on a shorter scale (of a human being's life) it can be divided into two parts: "escape from bigger problems" and "practice facing smaller problems". This is how each of us grows different capacities within ourselves apart from those which have come through genes. Some of them are reflexes (like phobias), conscience (judgments on nature of action) and orientations (political, social or sexual). With these major influences some by-products which are non-generic and extremely relative like intuition (predicting next on basis of the last), presumption (opinionated outlook towards people or things) and calibration (having parameters set for everything) are also introduced into a person. This whole continuously evolving package (like a neural network system) is what we call morals.

This implies that though morals are supposedly personal, they have such an encompassing intersection set that they become a part of the society. And they change with social changes. A famous example is homosexuality. Although it is a very personal orientation, still society debates about it and people have opinions about it. In most of the cases, almost without any first-hand experience people have things for it or against it and they attribute it to their moral values. Initially it was a just an abnormality, then it was a sin and then it was a crime. Now it is a subject of debate. Soon one opinion will overpower another and that will become the moral of society and most of the individuals in it.

The hostile part of these morals is their inertia and the resistance attached to it. These are so much a part of us in our habits, actions and doctrines that we resist every possible change. And the precarious part is that they have their epicenter is almost always away from their point of emergence. Morals of a terrorist are direct outcome of the civil war he is a child of. The moral margins between Hindus and Muslims in India can be traced back to Islamic Conquerors and are now being fed by Islamic militia, Hindu right wing and recurrent riots in last 60 years. Another illustrative example is the dietary habit which is majorly influenced by morals. Assuming that initially everyone ate everything edible, these habits have emerged based on two things-religion and availability of food. Vegetarians despise all kind of meat eaters. Hindus hate Muslims for eating beef. Muslims abhor Christians as they eat pork. Westerners mock south East Asians as they eat dog meat. Everyone calls cannibals uncivilized. What can be picked from this illustration? Our food habits are not only socially constructed but they also reflect the relationship between two communities. Despise, hatred, abhorrence, mockery and pity are all different feelings between differently interacting communities and they are actually not rooted in our food or our morals but somewhere else. I have rarely found a Hindu who has criticized Christians or south East Asians or even cannibals who eat beef. Or I have rarely read one story

Nature is the effect, whose cause is god.

where imperialist west had regard for the local food habits. The implication is that we express our sentiment through our habits and the weird part is our opinions are rarely what we chose to have. They are already there. We just present them when asked for (or sometimes without being asked for).

This persistence, calibration of standards and pre-existence of answers not only creates social roadblocks but also hazards personal growth. If observed, one finds out most of the successful people were once termed 'over-smart', 'weirdo', 'nerd' etc. by their peers before they struck gold. Peer jealousy is not the only answer to this intermittent tagging. Another look at them will tell that they were just a misfit within the calibrated range of values, way-of-life, attitude and outlook of the majority around them. A person grows up adjusting himself to suit his necessities and develops a unique course of approach towards his state of affairs. Automatically his way is best according to him. So if somebody out of reason or chance is on a different course of action he does not find him normal or even smart. And since outputs are mostly in contrary as that somebody performs well where he was expected to fail, in a call of self-justification he is thought to be 'over smart' and is suspected to fall soon. Worse still, since both of these people are doing the best they think so it's much unexpected that one would agree to the other. Hence the tag-'arrogant'. Some of these anomalies and over-smarts do fail in long run but most of their critics are caught in the unchanging web of mental stagnation and cease to grow, refusing to accept the failure of their rational judgments. And unfortunately they are always in mode of self justification and can never realize that there may be something wrong with what they honestly think. In one perspective they are not wrong, they are just not-right. Gradually they end of being a part of crowd whose morals and opinions are just the reflection of society and nothing of their own.

A virulent cocktail is concocted when the dynamic agents of social changes like politics and religion modulate the morals of society (as they have always been doing). They just not modulate but virtually thrive on modulating the sentiments of people. Patriotism, one of the most celebrated and pious of virtues is just an example of direct interference of these agents. (Chauvinism is just an infamous younger brother). Patriotism is loving one's land within borders. And due to aforesaid reasons it's very convoluting to fathom that patriotism and regionalism (read separatism) are two faces of same coin. Patriotism is as vulnerable as any land's borders. It's almost normal that in England-Pakistan match majority of Indians support England and majority of Irish support Pakistan. While historically British have exploited us while Pakistan is just a meddling neighbor. This is how politics and morals create a paradox: while manipulating love they actually sponsor hatred and obsession.

Religion is even bitter soup with which morals are dished out with. Invariably religion has been the authority over morals. For a common man thus most of his values and practices are decided even before he can start thinking. How Taliban toys with morals is a prominent example. Annals of history are full of church's atrocities while upholding the imposed morals and combating heresy. Indians are still proud of sati tradition while a moment of free thinking can make it look like stimulated suicide (except in few cases). As politics and religion go together, their illicit relationship produces moral policing, minority segregation or appeasement and unjust legislations e.g. no women ballot before the onset of this century, curbs over artistic expression, talaks in Muslim law etc. A recent example is the Mangalore attacks on pub going women. Although behind the scenes there are a few who get their megalomania or covetousness satisfied, a substantial mass supports this and actively participate in it conscientiously. While they always think they are rational and their steps are logical, they are actually a figment in the hands of eccentric modulators who are tuning their inbuilt moral frequencies for personal profits. A curious look tells us that we have problems at even nuclear level due to such persistent morals induced by contemporary society and religion. One flagrant example of such moral policing at family level is what we know as "generation gap".

A humanitarian consequence of this social evolution of mental reactions is charity. Charity is fed by the desire to become the person who actually practices what we believe in. One can call it

spiritual ambition. The values set as ideals by the society, get into veins of people and gradually they become the ultimate ethereal purpose of our existence. Nothing wrong about all this, but most of the charitable people or institutions are offshoots of an aspiration for self-glorification or fear infiltrated through religion. It sounds controversial but almost every charity is selfish. Nonetheless, it still serves the humanity well.

As we resist our moral amendment, we also can't digest the same in others. It's in our habit to assassinate characters of people who don't accord to our standards (a small fish chasing a smaller one). If a person known to be immoral and wrong doing surprises the self-christened judges with his sudden conscientious act, we don't accept it fearing the loss of an easy bully and sometimes due to sheer distrust. In a reflex retaliation we tag him/her "hypocrite" while what he was doing was a deed of accepting the morals we preach. This is one of the reasons why criminals have a bad acceptance ratio and path of wrong seems like a labyrinth where the entrance door has been shut. It is this double standard morality that creates dissatisfaction and erosion in faith, which ultimately creates more anti socials.

The intention of the arguments here is not to murder the moral, stab values, spread agnosticism or justify anti-socials. Morals infuse social responsibility and they are the emblems of civilization. Having confused morals is certainly far better than having none. The intention is as to reiterate an old saying in a new way. All that glitters is not gold and all that repulses is not always vitriolic. Leaders and litterateurs should always doubt their opinions as they are the harbingers of future. The answer to every moral question should not come through preliminary impulses and opinionated verdicts; they should be analyzed from a detached view. Does not it create a paradox like Russell's (If a barber shaves all in the city who don't know how to shave, then who shaves the barber)? Who will question our brain as brain does all the thinking and when we will know it is time to ask a question. Moreover it sounds like a recipe of self doubt and low confidence. I don't know the fool-proof solution but I know a practice which may enable us evade the predestined answers. It has two prerequisites: one readiness for change and promptness to act for it. For sometime we need to put ourselves in a situation we were born in...without any recognition of country, religion, family, ambitions, hopes and desire (idea lifted from The Bhagwad Gita). After creating this simulation we need to try to find out the standalone morals which we think totally pure and not vitiated due to any of the agents mentioned. For me they were tolerance, liberty and equality (in order). For others they may be different. Try to qualify the thoughts on these parameters. After a period revisit the parameters and judge them. Change the things if needed. All these steps seem virtually abstract. But if you have just asked the question you have already got more than half of the answer.





Abhishek Tondon  
Batch: 2004-2008

This spiritual person spends his time amidst hindi literature and Indian history. A talented writer who has stood strong amidst many a challenges; his never-say-die attitude is commendable.

This reminds me of those 20 year jumps in some archaic TV soaps which had reigned the Television for quite many years in those times, with but at least one significant difference – this is real.

This 2½ hour drive from Una to Hamirpur had enticed me no little when I had come to NIT Hamirpur for the first time, on July 23rd, 2004 (I was aptly nicknamed as ‘Calendar’ in my B. Tech Final Year by a close friend!); and with source and destination swapped, more had it saddened me when I had parted off, on May 15th, 2008. But today, this was a drive through the mountain ranges of memories and the valleys of nostalgia. The roads are now wider, the drive smoother. The state of Himachal Pradesh has indeed developed quite a lot over this period of two decades; and as those sophomores, who came with me in the cab, told me, so has the institution. Talking with them, I did get a fairly good opportunity to compare and contrast the two images of NITH, one of which belonged to my student life and the other, to the present. (Kind of calculating the autocorrelation of a signal sequence, well, here’s a practical application!)

Sitting in the cab, as I was flipping the pages of our yearbook, a two-decade-old-document, I happened to read ‘A Walk to Remember’. Unlike when I had read it two weeks before leaving the college, this time it brought a smile, and a sense of curiosity, how the campus would now be. Overwhelmed by the thrust of feelings, I decided to alight off the cab on the first gate itself and take a walk there on. Standing there I could distinctly recall the unfading image of my departure. Sitting in the bus that evening with few other batchmates, we had left from the second gate, and my palms were joined in reverence when we passed by the first gate – an adieu to the alma-mater with a blurred feeling of coming back someday, not as a guest, but to begin another innings here. And it was the day today!

It’s almost always a wet July here at Hamirpur, and today was no exception. Walking slowly on this road while it was drizzling, I was reminded of the lyrics of a song which I had happened to write in my Orkut Profile before leaving the college. The song was about two mates who were parting off to realize their dreams but with a promise to meet again. A mind full of memories with the symphony of a silent song that played somewhere within and the cool breeze carrying along the scent of a wet soil constituted truly an unforgettable homecoming.

The institute has changed quite significantly. In fact, all the buildings which were there have not changed much but it’s the new structures that caught my attention. The area near shops 1-2-3 has been groomed to be a cool cafeteria. Since the session is yet to begin, not many people were there when I passed by. New buildings have been built for faculty residences. There is another girls’ hostel in the proximity of PGH – the fortress got something to be envious of! The Juice bar is still that small but more equipped now. As I moved on, an all new structure all made of glass was in front of eyes, reading “Nano-Technology Research Centre”! Two international patents were registered in the name of this very centre a couple of years back, I recalled. Down right, I could not locate the (in)famous GTM. May be it was uprooted sometime back. But the Nescafe lawn stays, still greener, groomed into another cafeteria. And our admin-block dome, pristine! The memories of our last night at the college came back in a flash. How the secret of that first year’s fake love letter was revealed to me while we were sitting on this dome, inebriated! The admin block is as grand as it always has been, and so high

stands my department. I had thought we would have it in some new building, but that's no bad either! Those Green Benches in front of the Admin Block are no longer there. The land behind those benches is now all levelled – a place to accommodate a standing crowd of 2500. It's where the Independence Day and Republic Day gatherings take place, my co-passenger students had told me.

NIT Hamirpur was counted as the institutes with the best infrastructure even in our times. Over this period, this has enhanced manifolds. With 2 extension centres fully operational in Himachal where UG and PG programmes for various streams are run, NITH had always been in the news for all good reasons. Though I had been in touch with few of my teachers, I was not aware of many of the developments in the institute. The students are now provided with E-cards instead of those conventional photo-id cards which we had to submit at the time of course completion. These E-cards carry all the information of the student including his bank account number. So the library transactions, as well as the mess bill depositions, all are done with this one card only. The fully automated digitized library in the new (though some 16 years old now) building is simply awesome. Most of the library books, those without copyright restrictions, are available in soft format on Intranet for access in the hostels. The institution has registered commendable progress in the field of free software. The departments have all grown to become centres of research in related fields. Over these two decades, NITH signed MoUs with numerous national and foreign institutions. The student exchange programmes have been operating in all branches. Every year many students go abroad for summer internships. The summer training workshops organized by various departments of NITH have constantly been attracting numerous bright students from NITs across India and some of foreign students also. The opening AIEEE AIRs have been in two digits for many years. The classroom teaching has also undergone significant changes. The virtual classroom project was incorporated in the institution almost a decade back. The NITH website hosts the lecture notes of all the courses which are taught here, an emulation of the MIT-OCW. The MBA program run by the institute has been an emphatic success for long. No longer do Paradise and HHH house the state freshers and farewells. It's all done at the departmental and institutional level now. The sweet Hill'ffair is no longer a 'local' event but one that gets coverage on news channels – result, the Mr. and Ms. Hill'ffair are featured as celebrities, even getting professional modelling offers sometimes. The Annual Athletics Meet, earlier known as 'Lalkar', has now become a benchmark event in the Sports activities at this level. The Technical Festival is now a weeklong affair which attracts participation from many of premier South Asian technical institutions. Some of the best technical events, in fact, are webcast on the NITH website. No wonder, NITH has been rated currently among top 20 technical institutions in Asia and among the top 50 in the world with more than 50 Alumni chapters having been thrown open across the globe over last 20 years.

In our times, the Workshop and the Computer Centre were two central facilities of the institution which were considered to be the possessions of the MED and CSED respectively. Proudly, NITH does now have a Video Conferencing Module which despite being a Central Facility, is developed and maintained by the ECED. This facilitates the NITH professors deliver select lectures to the students of those institutions which are tied in MoU with NITH, and our students too attend the lectures delivered from abroad. My appointment as a faculty here, in fact, has been a result of a

series of interviews conducted through this Video Conferencing Facility only. The magnificent lecture theatre complex of the institution has always been a matter of envy for the neighbouring NITs. Half a dozen of hostels which have been built during this period, each better than the previously built ones, have all contributed to the growth of the institution. There have been many reasons for this exponential progress. Apart from the outstanding infrastructure and dynamic guidance of the top administration, the credit goes to a few learned professors from various departments and more prominently to some of the brilliant alumni who have made news at the international level waving the brand NITH in flying colours in the corridors of academia across the globe.

A car was blowing its horn. I noticed, I was standing in the middle of the road in front of the Administrative Block. The drizzle had gradually turned into moderate rain. I was already too drenched, more with the iridescent memories of the unforgettable years I had spent here; and with a temptation of the ones which I have to stay here for. The best thing appeared to walk to my temporary abode, the newly constructed guest house, opposite to the older one.

Perhaps I will be visiting the hostels later this evening, and the departments tomorrow. The hostels would be vacant right now, but will be all packed in a couple of days, as the students arrive. The faces living in those rooms will be all unfamiliar. I will rather see them in the classrooms. Possibly, the colours of the interior walls will have changed as well. I remain more interested and impatient to meet the few teachers of my student tenure who are still here, with greyer hair though.

As I pen down this account, the seconds' digits on the table clock are changing. The calendars on the walls have changed too, somewhat more slowly though. Glimmers in the mind somewhere the memories of such writing for the NITH magazine; resurfaces the desire to flip through the pages of Srijan, once again. Each evanescent moment takes the ascendancy of present into a receding past, but the past never breaks off. The present constantly emerges into future; still the future always lies ahead. On the horizon of oblivion, reality often fades; yet in the lanes of memories, there is no escape. The rain has stopped, and a beautiful rainbow is gazing at me through the window. The colours are all true, the doors open. I still have a lot to explore, in and with NIT Hamirpur. The journey still goes on, and this continuing story still awaits a title, apparently looking at the future for the reasons behind remaining – untitled.

**NITH trivia:**

- ☛ Asleep by 2:30 AM is an early night.
- ☛ You make sure your alarm clocks' on snooze for half an hour before you actually wake up.
- ☛ Showers become less important...Sleep becomes more important.
- ☛ 10 minutes is more than enough time to get ready for your first class.
- ☛ SMS becomes your second language. (Thanks to IDEA! IT HAS INDEED CHANGE OUR LIVES)
- ☛ You never realized so many people are smarter than you
- ☛ You never realized so many people are dumber than you.



# A Matter Of Fact

Reminiscence | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Arjun B. S.  
Batch: 2004-2008

A true gentleman, a great leader, a very prolific writer, even prolific speaker; in fact prolific in everything he does. Has innumerable shades in his persona, leading the Srijan team and giving us the impeccable edition of Srijan '08 just being one of them.

When I walked into NIT Hamirpur in August of 2004, I wore a purple T-shirt and green shorts. In case you don't realise this, purple and green were never in fashion even then. I was a nerdy looking dumb kid that wore specs and had never known more than 3 swear words in all. I was a complete social retard and all I knew was resolving forces and programming in C language. I spoke English fairly well when I entered college. I had tasted beer only once before and had said to myself- "How can someone possibly get addicted to THIS?" I had suffered from a horrible inferiority complex and felt like a I was a miserable failure. That is, without an exaggeration, how I entered college.

Thanks to all the crap that was put in my head in my teenage years, one of my earliest desires was to get out of home as soon as I turned 18. And since this ain't no US of A, it took work to get out of home; and I'm sure we have all done our fair share of work at some stage in life and we all know what we are really capable of if we want something bad enough.

I sincerely believe that not everybody is going to find this article useful. In my time as a member of various student bodies at NIT H, I recollect that we always chose to go for popularity and publicity over substance in most of the activities that we did. I always thought it was more important to be liked than to be respected. Contrary to this school of thought, this text is going to benefit only a handful of people. In almost any area of our society, it is always a small minority that determines how the vast majority lives. So, even for those who are going like - "Who is this guy?", I have a few odd balls to toss at you. And I am going to do this by taking you back and showing you approximately exactly what happened in a few incidents in my four years that literally changed the course of my ship.

First up: It's my 2nd day in college. A guy 2 years senior takes me out for lunch. This was a really nice guy who had helped me settle in the previous day. And over lunch he tells me, "We call our seniors as 'Sir'". I was shocked.

Writer Speak: Sir/Maam is passe. It is over with the 90's. Ten or twenty years ago, it was necessary to address seniors in a workplace as Sir. But the truth is that in the first decade of the twenty first century, the sir culture is outdated. I remember one senior telling me "You must respect your seniors by calling them Sir". My years in NIT-H taught me that one earns respect by deeds and not by titles. As a fresher, I noticed that some of the big seniors that I really respected did not really mind being called by their first name.

Next stop: In my first month in college, a batch mate of mine came to my room one night and told me that he had just been in Manimahesh Hostel with his Final Year Direct. This final year guy was a robotics enthusiast. Along the course of the discussion, he had told my friend "This place may not give you everything you want. In fact it may give you very little of what your are looking for. But it will give one thing to everyone - time."

Writer Speak: Write that quote on an A4 sheet and put it up in a place where you can see it. Read it every night and every morning till it soaks in. Those couple of lines early on in my college life became detrimental to a lot of things that came later on.

Third base: The night before August 15th, 2004, I was called to the common room because "some senior was looking for Arjun". I had met this guy before and knew that he was really talented. I learnt that he was organising the Independance day programme the following day, He asked if I could speak (on some topic, I forget) at the next day's function.

Writer Speak: Now, if you are anything like I was, I could never speak in front of a crowd. I would much rather die than go on stage to speak. I had had a stammering problem all through high school. So, the way I said 'no' to this guy was, I said "Of course! I'd love to do it!"

The next morning, standing backstage, my legs were shivering. But for some reason, I put my brains on hold and stopped thinking. I went on stage, blurted out some story about a Chicken Seller and linked it up to Independence and walked away from stage. But as I walked away, I thought, "That wasn't too bad! In fact, it felt good when they all clapped."

So, I went on stage again another day. And again. And again; till I got addicted to it. And that's exactly how everyone can get on stage: by doing it once, and doing it over and over again. Action cures fear.

Last Call: If I made a trip or ran an errand on Institute work, I was always careful to collect the bills and get the reimbursement. There were times when many bills would be turned down by the teacher who was approving it. I would feel – "Gosh, how cheap! I do all this running around and the college can't even compensate me for this?"

Write Speak: It was Hill'ffair time in my third year, and late one night I was at the OAT. I happened to over hear the Students' Secretary telling one of the club conveners – "Compensation ki kya baat kar rahe ho? Karcha hua tho hua. College ke liya hua he na? Think of it as your contribution to the Institute. Won't you give money to your college as an alumni? Then, why can't you give to it as a student?" [Please do a check on my Hindi here.]

From that day on, I really didn't care if I "had all the bills or not"!

I congratulate you if you took the trouble of reaching until this sentence. But all these pointers will only make sense to the one who puts it into action. And I wish you are one of them.

Cheers.

A passing thought (for Hostelites only): Ever noticed how you seem to meet one person in particular in the washroom very often? It happens all the time!

#### **NITH trivia:**

- ☛ Professors are like celebrities: you see them, but they never see you...OR THE OTHER WAY ROUND??? (THAT'S BETTER)
- ☛ MAGGIE never constituted a complete meal before.
- ☛ New additions to the food groups: town –momos, GTM paranthas, tilak samosa, ekta fried rice n Nescafe Maggie
- ☛ Printers (Gautum) only breaks down when you desperately need them.
- ☛ You never thought you would share so much about yourself with people you have known for such a short time.
- ☛ Computer games (CS) go in and out faster than the latest fashions... or they last all seasons
- ☛ You will hear more stupid nicknames than you ever thought possible... dead, frusty, gola,...
- ☛ ATMs are the devil's advocate.
- ☛ You almost forget how to drive.

# आरोही प्रस्थान करो

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अभिषेक टंडन  
वैच: 2004–2008

सुन्दर था युग वह, बीत गया,  
छोड़ो, मत उसका ध्यान करो,  
आया है जो युग अभिनूतन,  
उसके महत्व का मान करो ।

आसान नहीं इसको जानो,  
हर मुश्किल का समाधान करो,  
संकल्प हृदय में कर लो तुम,  
और लक्ष्य का संधान करो ।

हाँ तुम में भी एक योद्धा है,  
स्व-शक्ति का आह्वान करो,  
पहचानो पराक्रम को अपने,  
निज सद्गुण का सम्मान करो ।

परिवर्तन की इस सृष्टि में,  
कालजयी अनुसंधान करो,  
यह राज है नव निर्माणों का,  
आहुति दो, अनुष्ठान करो ।

एक राम चाहिए इस युग में भी,  
तुम खाली वह स्थान भरो,  
सुरम्य से अगम्य की ओर  
आरोही प्रस्थान करो ।



# "undertones"



*Things don't always work out the way we expect them to. But then that's a part of the whole scheme of things. Words never spoken, feelings never shown, deeds never done- they remain tucked away in little corners of our mind. The articles in this section bring a whole new flavour, a taste of underlying feelings concealed below the surface. Dig deep, and they will whisper to you of days gone by, of what could have been if things had gone just a bit differently...*

ivrid voices

# A Day In The Life Of A Street Sweeper

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Lalremtluanga  
Second Year,  
EEE

This vocalist is simply fabulous. His voice quality is just to be amazed at and dreamed of. He loves listening to music and is a keen observer of the realities of life.

Fine Arts :  
AMBICA SUD



"I love you", said the woman with whom I wanted to spend the rest of my life. I could see the sincerity in her piercing blue eyes at which I could not help but look. I thought of all the wonderful things we could do and share together- our laughter, our pain. She is the only one who can make my heart beat faster and slower at the same time. I have always known that she would be the "ONE", so I looked at her ocean colored eyes and whispered back, "I love you too". I pulled her closer and we both hugged each other with all the love we could muster. I positioned myself to kiss her. She closed her eyes and so did I.

Then the alarm clock rang. I realized it was yet another dream no doubt it surely made me feel good. The clock right beside my bed showed quarter past eight. It was time for me to get up and start my usual routine. My day usually starts with a light breakfast after which I go out to do my rounds. I work as a street sweeper in the suburbs of our nation's capital. I know sweeping the streets every morning is regarded to be a poor man's job. However to me, it gives a sense of priceless significance. Above everything else it is the only mean for me of keeping this weak body alive. I believe that the happiest man in the world is the one who can get the most satisfaction with the least. My satisfaction comes from the food my hard work fetches me, and the opportunity to be living in this great big world.

Once I heard someone say, "The world is a big dustbin!" At that moment I failed to understand what he meant, but now I have some idea about it. Being a sweeper, and even that a street sweeper, I have clearly understood what that man wanted to convey. The 'USE ME' signs on the dustbins seem to mean 'Throw the wastes around me'. I am not grudging about my work but I hope that the majority of the people, being multiple times educated and wiser than I am, would realize that the simple act of throwing things in dustbin would greatly lighten up the work of the lesser thought creatures as I. In this way you would be of great help to others without anyone even realizing it. You will soon find out how your small simple acts can change the whole outlook of the nation.

"The world is a man's toilet!" exclaimed another man. The above line might be hard to digest. Nevertheless, it is true. There are times when I see people emptying their bladders right beside a sign that reads 'KEEP CLEAN'. If an ignorant person like myself can understand that, than the majority of people, claiming to be wiser and intelligent than a street sweeper, would surely be able to talk for hours on the topic. Why do they fail to obey it? Obviously there are times when it becomes too inevitable, like while travelling on the road where houses are still too far away or you are too shy to ask for someone's toilet. Apart from these, I hope that you would help keeping the streets clean and fresh. It is these little acts that would make the world a better place to live in.

I could see the sun coming up from the east and ascending upwards. Cars and trucks come out to the streets after a long night of rest. They somehow remind me of birds coming out after a long night to search for food. I look at my watch and see that it is thirty minutes past nine- time for me to go home and prepare my lunch so that I would have the strength to do my evening shift.

Would the situation ever change? Of course it would, but not without the help and cooperation of you, the people. We should work together to create a cleaner and healthier environment for us- the present generation and generations to come.

Love your job, not your company; the company might stop loving you anytime.

# Wanna Dance

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Raj Walia  
second Year,  
MED

He is highly imaginative which can be seen by the thoughts he imprints on paper. He is always full of energy.



Fine Arts :  
Swati Dhiman

I stood across the dance floor staring at her. All my friends had found girls and deserted me to the slow poison called liquor. She stared back. She too, I had noticed, had come with friends but there was something about the way she stared...it wasn't right. She was smiling though, enjoying the music silently and humming the tune. I myself had my offers to dance for the day but I guess my heart wasn't in for just another dance. My friends waved mockingly behind their dates' backs. The whisky was doing its trick; I couldn't stop, I drunk till I couldn't drink anymore. Then in the trance of alcohol hypnotized by the music I walked up to her.

For a while I didn't know what to say. Her smile was fading. Without a thought I said:

"Wanna dance?"

Now the smile was completely gone, she wasn't even looking at me. To say the least she was confused.

"I don't know."

"Come on what can possibly go wrong?"

I could see she was thinking about it.

"You sure? You seem drunk!"

"Yup I am!"

Precisely at that instant on public request (as I gathered later) pop was given a rest and a slow romantic tune started playing.

"Come on!"

Vaguely pleased she got up. That was all I needed.

Holding her hand I guided her to the dance floor. With her hands on my shoulders, mine on her hips we started dancing.

Slow and steady.

She started talking but I guess I was too intoxicated to listen. I could hear her voice. It was sweet and melancholy but I couldn't understand a word she was saying.

"I am sorry, I can't hear you. Can we talk later?"

My eyes were on the verge of closing so I couldn't read her face but she kept dancing so I presumed she didn't mind.

For a while we swayed on the spot like the trees sway in the wind. I could feel her breath on my shoulder, eyes closed, mind at peace, brain-dead- it was one of the best moments of my solitary life. The pace of the music was raised just a little. Lazily I opened one eye just to look at her. God she was beautiful. Nice bread brown eyes, pouted lips, chubby cheeks ....cutie pie. She was a head shorter than me but I guess the heels made up for that. For the first time I noticed, we were alone on the dance floor. Everyone was watching mesmerized. By now my eyes were wide open and I looked at everybody, reading their minds. I am a master at that. Reading those momentary expressions normal people miss. So I had sensed what was happening, me dancing with a girl- everyone barring my envious cursing friends surprised, and her friends shock stricken. Yet I wasn't unnerved, the happiness of the being in front of me was too great. Matching the pace of the rhythm we started moving. She was a little wrong footed initially but as she got as caught up in the flow as I was our bodies moved like one single being, gracefully and magnificently. In the glow of the night I whispered,

"You dance quite well."

For a tiny instant she met my eyes and I knew she was as taken by me as I was by her. Somehow she muttered thanks. Her name was Alice. When it finally ended I can't explain how unhappy I was. As if something inside me had died. As she started walking away, the only thing that came up from my heart to my mouth was

"Will you come again tomorrow?"

She turned for a moment, obviously delighted, and then stood there. The blissful aroma surrounding her was lost and out of the blue she was on the verge of tears. Her friends came rushing around her, hugging her and consoling her. I was flabbergasted. What was going on?

In my pitiable drunken state I still hadn't realized that the girl I had shared the finest moments of my existence with was blind.



# Adieu

Undertones | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Aayush Bhardwaj  
Third Year,  
ECE

This fellow, hailing from the picturesque town of Kullu, is rarely seen at any social gathering, limiting himself to his circle. But behind his lanky frame hides a dedicated soul who sets out to complete every task to perfection.

He sat on his table, stunned. For a full minute he could not believe what he had just heard was true. It felt as if someone had sucked the air out of the room. Bit by bit, he recovered, and replaced the receiver of the telephone. He knew it was coming, he had known it for the better part of the past decade, yet had never imagined that the news would have such an enormous effect on him. He leaned back on the chair in despair, and let out a sigh of pain and anguish. He had just lost the first love of his life.

His thoughts raced back fourteen years, back to the day when he had first seen her, the day when he'd talked to her for the first time. It was in class eleven, a couple of days after their class ten board examinations result were announced, wherein he had reaffirmed his reputation by finishing as the topper of the state. It had been 2 weeks since the session had begun. Then, she'd entered the classroom. She was a new student, new to the school, new to the city. She was introduced as Ms. Aarushi Goel, daughter of an Army Colonel. All the boys of the class had been staring intently at her, the girls were too, conscious of her beauty and the attention she was getting from the guys. The only vacant seat had been next to him. So she came and sat down there. He, being the topper of the batch, was asked by the teacher to help her in the portions of the course already covered. She smiled at him, and placing down her carry bag next to him and settled down. He responded with a half-hearted smile amid winks and whispers from his friends on how lucky he was to have her sitting beside him.

He helped her in the classes the rest of the day, and learnt that she had studied for the past three years in another state, and that she also possessed a keen intellect like him. The next day, disregarding the vacant places in the class, she again came and sat beside him. Soon, they had become good friends. Classmates never got tired of gossips regarding them, and they, well they both had never cared for what people had to speak about them. She had become the closest friend he had ever had, the person he was the closest to in the world, second only to his sister. The intercom had been ringing for the past 5 minutes now, but he had not bothered to pick it up. Rather, he was so lost in his chain of thoughts that he had not even been aware of its existence. Concerned, his secretary entered the room. The sight stunned her; she just stood at the doorway for few moments before she recovered. Her boss of three months, the liveliest person she had ever seen, a person whom she had always seen sharing all his joys and sorrows with his colleagues, was crying. Tears ran down his face, while new ones emerged almost instantaneously. He seemed to be in a state of trance; his eyes had that faraway look of a person deeply engrossed in thought, yet showcased a pain and throbbing that she had never witnessed before.

She hastily went to him and shook him, fearing the worst. He just looked blankly at her for a moment or two before managing to say "I'm all right, don't worry. Just leave me alone." "But Sir, you ..." "I said leave me alone. And cancel all my appointments for today." "Sir, are you sure you are all right? Maybe you should go home..." "Don't you tell me what to do! I said I'm all right. Now please just leave me alone for the love of God!" She just stood up, shaking at the way he talked to her, her eyes brimming with tears. As she was walking out the door, she heard him say "I'm sorry. Just lost a close friend of mine." What else could he say to her? Would she understand? For that matter, would anyone ever understand the place Aarushi had held in his heart?

His thoughts drifted back to her. Since the school picnic, when she had declared in front of all their friends that he was her dearest friend, he had been in love with her. He felt that she liked him too. But did she? Or did she just consider him as just another friend? But how could he find out? It was his sister who had solved the problem. He acted as per her instructions. He invited Aarushi to meet him in a restaurant. It was the 7th of November, with a cool breeze blowing outside, bringing in the sweet scent of the approaching winter. She looked amazing in the blue suit. How vividly he still remembered that day, he smirked at himself and lamented at his photographic memory. They had not ordered much. He was not hungry, and in any case, he would not have been able to eat even if he were dying of hunger at that moment.

A friend is one who knows you and loves you just the same.

She had immediately sensed something was amiss. He had slowly told her that he liked her. She had listened intently, with the expression on her face changing from one of interest to one of despondency and finally, by the time he had managed to finish, she wore an expression that screamed "I knew you would get down to this one day!" Seeing that, he knew all was lost, but hung on to the hope that it was not true. She sat silent for a full minute, a minute that seemed like ages to him. Then she spoke "I knew one day you were going to do this. I'm glad that you chose to speak to me, but I have always looked at you as a friend, nothing else... Never..." And she was out of there in an instant. He sat there, as if frozen in his seat, feeling just the way he felt this day. But something did not feel right. A fleeting expression on her face while she spoke had filled him with doubts as to whether she had been speaking the truth or not. He decided to confront her the next day. But she did not come to school the next day, or the rest of the week. He could not muster the courage to call her, and learnt from others that she was sick.

The next day, for the first time, she did not sit beside him. During a free class, he found her sitting alone and confronted her.

"I know what you said that day was not true. Why did you do it?"

"Look, whatever I said that day was entirely true." She shot back, but her looks betrayed her, so did the tears in the eyes.

"I know it. Just because you are the daughter of a colonel, while I am the son of a middle class shopkeeper. Isn't it?"

"That's not the truth."

"Then what is the truth? Tell me"

"Believe me, you do not want to know the truth. You are better off without it. Please go now."

"I am not going anywhere until I know the truth, and you know I mean it."

"Fine, Listen then. I feel the same way about you as you do about me. You are the closest person to me. But I have not told you one thing. It was two years ago. I had gone to my uncle's house for the summer vacations. One day, I fell from the roof of the house. I had lost quite a lot of blood, and the doctors had to transfuse blood to keep me alive. The blood had not been tested properly. It was HIV positive. And so am I now." He looked at her, but his eyes penetrated through and looked at something beyond her. He immediately understood why she often seemed to be lost in another world, why sometimes she would cry at no reason at all, while at other times would laugh out loudly at even the smallest of jokes.

"I feel the same way as you do, Snehil", she continued among sobs "but I just cannot. It would be wrong of me to know all this and yet ask you to spend your life with me. I hope you understand, and also that we can still be good friends." She went away. That evening, he visited her home, and had a long conversation with her parents. Later, he went to her room. She was crying on her bed. He had simply told her that he was sorry for having said all that he had, for having hurt her and that he loved her. For the first time, she had hugged him, weeping and entreating him not to let out secret of hers. He had promised to keep it a secret, and he had. It was she who had broken the silence, telling all their classmates about her impending death 7 years later during a reunion.

Their friendship had grown even stronger since then. Although he had sensed something bothering her, she had not revealed it to him despite his having inquired a number of times. The day after their exams finished, she had unexpectedly called him to meet in the same restaurant; they sat at the same table as they had on that fateful day 4 months ago. She had then revealed the news to him. Her father had been promoted. He congratulated her, but could not understand the reason behind the sadness. Then, she told him the full news. Her father had been promoted, and transferred. They were to leave the following weekend. She would not be coming to school from the next day. He was devastated. Finally, she and her family had left.

But, she had not exited his life. They were still in touch through phone calls and letters. It was she who had really motivated him to go for the most prestigious college in the country. He had not let her down. He had not let his parents, teachers, friends and well-wishers down. He had been selected into the IIT in the first attempt. Being then closer to her home, he used to go to her house every month, and share the weekend with her family.

During the end of his first year there, he had helped a classmate being troubled by some ruffians, and they became friends. They used to go out, and her roommate Genelia would accompany them sometimes. They discovered similar tastes, and soon felt a mutual attraction. A faint smile came upon his lips on remembering the expression on Aarushi's face when he had told her who he was in love with. She had even attended their marriage despite being unwell after the latest infection.

That had been a year ago. Not the last time they had met, that would be almost 3 months ago, when he and Genelia had visited India in order to look for a suitable house to buy after his long anticipated transfer to Pune had been announced. The three of them had spent such great time together. The two weeks had passed like a breeze of fresh air. By now his eyes were red, but tears continued to flow. It seemed there was nothing that could stop them, nothing could dry the tears. At that very moment, Genelia walked in through the door, followed by Stacy, his secretary. Genelia hugged him. For a moment or two, he was unable to speak. Then he spoke "She's no more! Aarushi! She's gone." He was unable to say anything else. She understood everything, even what he did not say, and consoled him, asking Stacy to get them two tickets to the next flight to Chennai.

His mind wandered back to the time he had asked Aarushi if he would ever find anyone, and she had replied in her usual mocking manner "Yes you will, and that girl will be the best you will have ever met." Second best, he thought to himself, and got up and walked out of his cabin, helped by his wife.

# The Unemployed

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Ajay Kumar  
Second Year,  
ECE

In a slovenly and depressingly lit room Ravi and Priyabarata occupied a chair each and sat gossiping about their next day's appointments. The room's only window gave view to a pristine sea beach and rolling sea waves. The scintillating redness at the top of the water waves looked alike an army of crowned horses. The urchins were trying their best to sell their articles to eke out their living. The families on the beach were enjoying the idyllic view. Another day had passed and Ravi and Priyabarata were still jobless.

Ravi was a commerce graduate born of a peasant family; and Priyabarata an arts degree holder born of a sweeper family. Meticulous, as just shown, they left the village for a future in the town. Those were the days when unemployment had grappled the nation in its murky tentacles. Ironically, to get a job one required a good mark sheet; however the thing that the interviewers looked for was a well known connection or the world-over acknowledged god-- money. Consequently both of them flirted with their lucks as they had neither.

"The Simply Elektroniks at 10, Axis Fabrications at 5", blurted Ravi.

"The Pillai Constructions at 10, and ..."

"Wow! The same as you at 5", replied Priyabarata.

"It's fabulous news. Only two candidates were supposed to qualify for the second round of Axis Fabrication, and both of them are presently sitting under the same roof!", spoke Ravi with an enthusiastic tone.

The sun was by now somewhere hidden and the sky tethered to the last rays of light. The eerie wash of sodium lamps was sweeping the city in whooping strides. The fishermen had started returning back from their daily job. The breeze was calm and the leaves swayed in rhythm to the tunes played by this calmness. Both of them after consuming a lot of silence partially filled their empty stomachs with leftover food. Consumed excessive water and filled their beds.

As the sun pushed through the morning haze it brought forth a day serene, with sanguinity kissing the shores of the extravagant seas. Rays of sun signifying new rays of hope woke Priyabarata and Ravi from their temporary relief. They started the day with their daily chores and later left for job-hunt. Neither of them arrived for the lunch; in all probability they had given it a miss, none of their pockets could afford an outside meal.

By now the sun was somewhere above the west. The land was as parched as a summer afternoon could render it. Despite the torturous heat the urbanite children had started gathering for their evening game. After long contemplation Priyabarata decided to bunk his evening interview.

Over the past few weeks during which he has stayed with Ravi he has had grown an inexplicable feeling towards him. The feeling was a mixture of palpable respect and incessant liking. Under these circumstances when he heard of Ravi's interview at five, he decided to bunk his own interview.

"After all it would have been a shame to vie with your best friend." He muttered to himself, in another of his attempt to explain it to himself that he was right. He saw an empty bench in the park and slowly trudged towards it with a heavy heart.

Half an hour later Ravi arrived at the same park and on sighting Priyabarata briskly walked up to him and sat beside him.

"Why the hell you didn't go for the Axis interview?" queried Ravi.

Till now, Priyabarata had failed to see Ravi approaching and taking seat next to him. On suddenly being drawn out of his reverie he gave a jolt and after regaining his senses and comprehending the question he replied, "I had hoped you did succeed. What in the name of Jove happened to you?"

"The same", replied Ravi with a heavy, sunken tone.

It was a dreadful maelstrom of emotions, creeping feeling of loss and gain made worse by the scintillating gem in every eye. Human bonds are unfathomable chasms. Their development and breakage are extremely subtle; and whence they have been developed a minute boast of affection is enough to shatter the otherwise impregnable barrier of emotions.

The children had started packing their cricket kits; the cymbal sound emanating from the nearby temples drowned the cries of both friends, and the approaching darkness hid their hugs and tearful faces from the unsentimental and the brutal world.



# So Long... And Thanks For All The Fish!

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Geo Paul Antony  
Third Year,  
M.E.D.

Luke was not new to the phenomenon of death. He had lost his parents when he was a lad, to the racing spirit of two drunk under age teens. He had lost his elder sister to an aero plane which somehow decided to land inside a building making the building collapse, all 111 floors of it! He had lost his best friend in college to the whims of the sun, which decided to shine a bit more brightly exactly on the day they went skiing. Luke, infact, considered himself above and beyond such things as pain caused by losing someone! He never would have thought that another death would affect him this much...

Working as a project manager in INDI Corp had its own merits and privileges. He had lower hours than his contemporaries. He had a decent pay, mostly spent on video games and increasing the width of his bike-wheel and waist. But most importantly, (or rather most conveniently), the ability to sneak out of office with his very own executive elevator service. His motto being, "staying in one place for more than 3 hours means you're either a nerd or a psycho," we can safely assume that he used this last privilege generously.

A few months of sneaking out had its own shares of up's and down's. Agreed, he pretty much learned all the back-alleys and shortcuts of the entire Bangalore city. But, then again he did lack a wingman in his rather more adventurous (girl chasing) feats. After considerable thought, he decided to tell his newly joined colleague/friend Guru about his secret escape route.

\* Guruswamy Rajaraman was a prodigy. He was born and brought up in Bangalore. He did his BE in IITD, and then he did a MBA in IIM Ahemdabad. Topper of the batch, merit holder, gold medalist, geek! But when the time came for placements, he burned all the invitation letters he received from pretty much all the universities in the States and joined INDI Corp as a project manager, Reasons unknown. \*

Coming back to the tale, Luke invited Guru to join him on his scout missions into the REAL world. Guru seemed extremely excited about something on their first day out.

As they walked out of the back gate he said, "You go ahead mate. I've got some work."

Luke exclaimed, "WHAT THE! We do this together bro... 'I go where you go, I do what you do!' That's the deal!"

"Alright, come along" saying thus Guru led Luke into the nearby alley. For some reason he had a huge 'ear-to-ear' grin on his face.

"This, my dear friend is the greatest food stall in Bangalore!"

A surprised yet excited Luke turned around to see –

A simple wheel-cart shop bearing the legend 'Freid Fish - Rs 10', a group of elderly geezers trying to eat the fish with their toothless mandibles, an annoyed looking rickshaw driver swallowing whole a large piece but most noticeably an ageing old lady behind the cart frying fish. The place had the feeling of mediocrity and to be honest appeared run-down.

The old lady beckoned with a big smile, "Aao Beiton, very good fried fish, on the house for nice young people like you".

This was a place where Luke, on a normal day, would not have looked at twice. But being unable to wipe the joy out of his friend's face, and also having said 'I go where you go' already, he decided to have a go at it. The fish was, for the lack of better words, "AWESOME"! It was crispy yet juicy, hot yet tender, spicy yet sweet and most importantly IT TASTED LIKE FISH! (Which was so rare these days)

From that day on, they made it a point to visit here everyday. They found close companionship in each other. Their day officially began only after they devoured this awesome god given gift of

Our lives are like a candle in the wind.

nature garnished by the angel in disguise, Sita Bhai. They sat there munching various types of fish and listening to Sita Bhai's amazing lore's. She led them into a world of 60's Bangalore, when she was a beautiful maiden and the world was a far better place. How she used to sell fish in front of the vidhan sabha. How new government laws forced her into the streets. How much she struggled to raise her child alone and all the difficulties she faced. It was a new world in itself. She never, not even once, charged them for the fish they were eating despite her seeming poverty, vehemently resisting their umpteen offers and insistences. Luke once again felt like he was part of a happy family.

On the first of December, like any other, the two walked out of the gate and were headed for their favourite haunt. Guru had a glittering golden bangle in his palm probably bought with his first salary, and seemed more jumpy and cheerful than usual. They were rounding the corner and were almost in sight of the beautiful stall. The fact that Luke's shoe lace got undone only irritated him as to the delay. He grudgingly bent down to redo it.

The next few minutes were so fast paced and animated, yet for Luke time stood still. He did not miss a single thing that happened- A boy on a cycle zoomed his way across the street. A cow mooed from somewhere far away. A car screeched, rubber burning, trying to stop before it hit the boy. A dragonfly sat on the tip of his Rolex. A man dived with all his might and somehow managed to push the boy out of harm's way but that did not stop the car's bumper ramming hard into his skull. A couple of ladies screamed. Then he found his own body involuntarily running like the wind, trying to reach the falling body of his friend before it hit the ground.

Luke lifted Guru into his arms. His face was covered in blood. He was stuttering amidst all the gathering noise and crowding footsteps of those who wanted to see what had happened. Luke bent closer,

"Ishh... fi... fish... lay... Si... ma"

Luke whispered soothingly, "Its going to be alright Guru, I'll call the ambulance, you hang in there. You did great. The boy is fine. You are a hero you idiot. Just keep still."

"Take me to fish... I need... fish.... Her..." he mumbled.

"Don't worry. You stay still. You can have all the fish in the world when you get better. Don't move now."

Suddenly Luke spotted Sita Bhai in the crowd, her eyes brimming with tears. Apparently Guru saw her too... he smiled and spoke his last words, "So long... And thanks for all the fish, mom!"

After a long yet dreadful pause, she wiped her eyes and turning resolutely towards Luke, spoke "Aao Beiton, very good fried fish, on the house for nice young people like you..."

# The Last Wish

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Shashank Singh  
Second Year,  
E.C.E.

A great orator and here he proves that he is equally good with words and putting down emotions. a travelling freak, he remains active in the college activities.

As the first rays of sunlight pierce their way through the mighty Dhauladhar, Palampur is coming to life again. Here at the Agricultural University Stadium, some 3 Kilometres away from the town, life is a bit different. The monotony of a chilly wintery morning has been overwhelmingly defeated by a group of young boys. These are the same boys who have been selected to represent Palampur in the State Football Championships. As the boys start their routine physical drills, I notice something vague. Tyangsen Wangchup, one of our key players was missing from action. Curiosity and angst took the better of me. Quite surprisingly, his fellow players were clueless. From the little interaction that I had with Tyangsen, I knew that he came from a place called Tashijong, some 10 kilometres from Palampur. He belonged to a poor Tibetan family and was the eldest of his two brothers and four sisters. His father no longer stayed with his mother, who used to work as a daily wage earner to make both ends meet. So these young shoulders were burdened with a huge responsibility at such a tender age. So young and tender, yet so many onuses on his shoulders, Tyangsen's appearance belied his age.

When I got the job of coaching the Palampur team for the championships, the original squad handed over to me didn't have Tyangsen's name. I spotted him at our first training session, standing alone at the corner, carefully watching the proceedings. The trend continued. Everyday he was there at the ground watching us play. Once when he passed the ball from outside, the elegance of that pass struck me. I called him and made him play with the team. The enormous intensity that he used to put in while playing was worth watching. More than his skills, it was his die-hard enthusiasm, and commitment to the game which made him stand apart. For his teammates he was a source of constant advice and motivation. So his absence was quite obvious to be felt.

We closed the session half an hour early that day. Driving through the streets of Palampur that day, his absence was playing on my mind. I was eagerly waiting for the next morning. But he didn't turn up again. This time we had our regular session. Only three weeks were left for the championships and Tyangsen's irresponsibility had now started to get on my nerves. We drafted in a substitute for Tyangsen. The team was doing very well but it would have been an entirely different composition had he been there. Nevertheless, I didn't let the motivational level of the boys drop.

Finally the championship began. The team by now had gelled together well and was a firm favourite to lift the title in front of their home crowd. With a bit of hitch and twitch here and there, we sailed into the finals. We were slated to take Una in the finals. And to my utter disdain, my team seemed to have lost all their rhythm in the final game- one-two-three, we were 3-0 down. All the hard work that we had done over the past month seemed futile. As I was watching all this dejected, somebody placed his hand on my shoulder. I instantly turned back. Almost in reflex, I planted a hard slap across his face. It was Tyangsen. As thick tears trickled down his worn-out cheeks, I substituted him in. And there he was, bringing in a thunderous energy into our camp. He scored goals at bay making a mockery of the opposition's defence. We not only equalled but wrested the game from them. And as the final whistle ended the proceedings, the entire crowd erupted. We completed the game with a 4-3 lead.

The jubilation and cheer visible on the team's face was missing from Tyangsen's. The joy of winning was unparalleled but my anger had not yet subsided. "Where the hell have you been all these days? Such utter disrespect of the game; can't you even turn up on time?"

I reprimanded him with an anger welled voice. The boy stood there motionless. His deep seated eyes were moist. His tongue wanted to shout but failed to utter anything. He wanted to run away from the world. Run till his innards were bereft of the dank gloominess that was enveloping him. "From where are you coming now?"

The answer which his trembling lips uttered made me stumble to a different world.

"From my mother's funeral. I just came to fulfill her last wish", he said as he left.



Fine Arts :  
Ambica Sud

Our decisions make us the man the world remembers.



# Hopeless Romantic Fool

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Karan Kher  
Final year,,  
E.E.D.

In case you want to start a new book, you better get a book review from karan kher! This computer game freak with a sense of humour can be found browsing through his calvin and hobbes pages.

The wind blew hard along with its close friend; dust. It had been almost two hours waiting at the junction. Sunday afternoon ensure the absence of crowd on these roads. He re-read the letters with a vague hope that some hidden code or password lay somewhere but the words hadn't changed, they never did. No matter how many times he read the letter the stood intact, after all they were the sole guardians of the letters intent. If only they knew what difference they made to the poor boys life, the beauty they were capable of bringing to him, they might have relented.

He suddenly heard the noise of an upcoming vehicle. Stooping from his position he peered through the corner of the shop to view the vehicle on which rode his love. At that instant he realized, he had no idea of what he would speak to the angel. He felt dazed. Trying desperately to think of a line worthy of the beauty, the charm was an arduous task & the blazing afternoon sun was no help either. He staggered for a while. Then another thought crept into his mind, what if he became speechless as he had on previous occasions? The mere presence of such a probability gave him shivers in the sweltering heat. 'What would she be dressed like? A million possibilities roamed freely in his head, fighting for attention when their owner had none. The coach was fast approaching. This had to be her. To pass by at this time in this place. He thought he detected the sweet smell of her perfume blowing in the wind. All thoughts vanished from his mind and a picture reigned supreme.

The letter in which he proposed this meeting had been a difficult one to write. Written late at night, when the town slept and the wine house woke up, written under a tree in the backyard of his house with the moon for his only companion. It looked upon as the little boy undertook a perilous journey across the 40 pages he tore before he finalized a small and concise letter, not lacking the intent but devoid of profuse poetry. The coach had almost arrived He straightened his bow tie, brushed off dust from his coat, tried to undo the blemishes of the 2 hour vigil. The coach arrived in front of him. He stepped forward, was at a hands distance from the coach when he realized the coach hadn't stopped. He stepped back waiting for the coach driver to stop the vehicle. All he wanted at this moment was to be worthy of the love that waited inside this magnificent vehicle. Not wanting to rush into the matters, a trait he inherited from his father along with the coat, he waited. The coach kept moving. 'Stupid, coach driver couldn't he stop at this spot itself.' Now he would have to walk to the coach. But the coach did not falter in its path & kept marching ahead. 'Of course, the coach driver must be taking her to the next junction.' He thought of running along with it but did not do so. Remembering a short-cut to the junction, he ran as fast as he could. Almost out of breath as he reached the new destination, he stooped with his hands on his thighs, his hair falling all over his face. A vehicle had just passed the road, it wasn't the coach he was sure. The road was dusty; the wind seemed to be a futile sweeper destined to clean the roads all its life. The sun was setting, spreading the paleness of summer dusk all around. A young boy sat nears the road, waiting. Childish passions, alas, know no limits. That night the moon sighed, wished it could speak and not just be spectator to these spectacles, for few kilometers away a girl lay sick on her bed, begging to her parents to let her go out. Strange are the ways of life and the pawns don't decide the moves.

# मैं भारत हूँ

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रवि कुमार  
अंतिम वर्ष  
सी.ई.डी.

‘रवि’ में तपिश तो  
सहज है पर अगर  
उसमें शशि की  
शीतलता भी हो तो  
शायद आप इसे कवि  
की कोरी कल्पना ही  
कहेंगे। पर कुछ ऐसा  
ही है, अपने इस बेहद  
दिलचस्प और बेबाक  
कवि के साथ। ये  
अपनी कविताओं में  
जीवन-दर्शन को  
बखूबी प्रस्तुत करते हैं।



Fine Arts :  
Mayank Prakash

मैं भारत हूँ, मैं भारत हूँ  
हाँ, मैं आज का भारत हूँ।  
मैं राज ठाकरे की अमानत  
अफजल गुरु की अदावत हूँ।  
मैं असम का आक्रोश,  
मैं सिम्मी की शरारत हूँ।  
मैं आतंकवाद की आग  
मैं कश्मीर का आंच हूँ।  
नेहरू-गांधी का घंमड नहीं,  
मैं नेताओं का पाखंड हूँ।

मैं बिहार की पीड़ा  
मैं कोसी का अभिशाप हूँ।  
मैं शिवाजी का महाराष्ट्र नहीं  
सौ करोड़ों का धृतराष्ट्र हूँ।

मैं उड़ीसा का उत्पात  
अमरनाथ का उन्माद हूँ।  
मैं अपरिचित और अन्जान नहीं  
तेरे पापों का प्रसाद हूँ।

तुम सोच रहे होगे,  
मैं असभ्य भी हूँ।  
मुझे बोलना नहीं आता।  
पर वो क्यों चुप हैं  
जिनको आती है भाषा  
क्यों हैं उनकी नसों में  
यह कायरों वाली निराशा?

मैं तो वही हूँ  
जो तुम हो!  
मैं तेरा ही प्रतिबिम्ब हूँ।  
मैं ‘भरत’ का वो भारत नहीं  
बुज़दिलों की कोई जमात हूँ।  
तेरे अभिमान पर आघात हूँ  
मैं भारत हूँ, मैं भारत हूँ।

# माँ की गोद



राजीव रंजन  
तृतीय वर्ष  
सी.ई.डी.

उर्जावान और जिन्दगी को जिंदादिली से जीने वाले राजीव की नृत्य और खेलों में विशेष अभिरुचि है। धूमना और दोस्तों के साथ समय व्यतीत करना इनका षगल है।

मेरे प्रिय पुत्र सदा खुश रहना और घर में बच्चों का ख्याल रखना। आज तुम्हारा जन्मदिन है। कुछ भेज तो नहीं सकती लेकिन पत्र भेजकर अपने आपको दिलासा दे रही हूँ। मुझे मालूम है तू बहुत बड़ा हो गया है और मुझे बोलेगा कि इतनी मेहनत करने की क्या जरूरत थी। परंतु शायद मेरे मोह को इससे शांति मिल जाये।

मैंने तुम लोगों के फोटो देखे। वो बड़ी-बड़ी इमारतें और उनके सामने तुम लोग। मुझे तो यह आश्चर्य लगता है कि इन ऊँचाइयों पर तुम लोग रहते कैसे हो। यहाँ खाली घर में जो भी है ठीक है। वैसे बहुत थोड़ी मोटी हो गई है परंतु अच्छी है। पता नहीं ये डाकिया तुझे मेरा पत्र कब तक पहुंचाये तब तक तो मैं शायद...। कभी-कभी लिखते-लिखते सर चक्कर खाने लगता है इसलिये एक दिन में थोड़ा ही लिख पाती हूँ। अब तो आइने भी बोल उठते हैं कि मेरे पास कम समय है, लेकिन मैं अनसुना कर देती हूँ। जब सोने लगती हूँ तो ऐसा लगता है कि बादलों के पीछे से तेरी आवाज आ रही है। आसपास का शोर तो सुनाई नहीं देता लेकिन तेरे आने की आहट का इंतजार करती हूँ। जब भी पानी भरने के लिये 'वो' मटका उठाती हूँ, तुम्हारी याद आती है। पानी भरते समय तुम्हारा इधर-उधर भागना लेकिन मेरे छुपने से तुम्हारा रो पड़ना अब भी मुझे रुला जाता है। कभी-कभी सोचती हूँ कि कहीं उसी दो पल छुपने के कारण ही तो नहीं आज मेरे चाँद ने नाराज होकर बादल ओढ़ लिया है। बेटा अब ये नैन सिर्फ तरस ही नहीं रहे बल्कि हर पल बरस रहे हैं। इन पलकों की भीगी ख्वाहिश तुझे देखना भर है। पहले अपने जिंदगी के सारे पलों को बिखेर देती हूँ, लेकिन जब अपनी हँसी अपने ही कानों में पड़ती है तो अकेलापन सा प्रतीत होता है और रो पड़ती हूँ। जब तक ममता में जोश था लगता था तू कुछ दिनों के लिये ही सही मगर आ जायेगा पर अब तो जोश ने भी ममता का साथ छोड़ दिया, तभी मैं पत्र लिख रही हूँ। जब ज्यादा काम कर लेती हूँ तब एहसास होता है कि सांसें चल रही हैं लेकिन उस पल भी सांसों की महक कहीं गुम ही जान पड़ती है। मैंने अपनी सारी अर्जी भगवान के दर पर भेज दी हैं, लेकिन तुम्हारे पिताजी ने सपने में बताया कि वहाँ भी इंतजार करना होगा। पिता जी तुम्हारी शिकायत भी कर रहे थे लेकिन मैंने उन्हें हर बार की तरह इस बार भी बना लिया। अब मेरी सांसों की लहरों के सामने बड़े-बड़े पत्थर दिखाई पड़ रहे हैं। पता नहीं किस पत्थर से कब टकरा कर अपने जिंदगी के साहिल पर गिर पड़ूँ। पेड़ की शाखाओं पर लगी पत्तियों के भाग्य को भी देखो! जब तक वो हरी रहती है, सभी उसकी छाँव में पड़ाव लेते हैं। लेकिन जब वो सूख जाती है तो वो हवाएँ जिन्हें कभी उसने जन्म दिया था उसे जमीन पर ला पटकती हैं और कोई राह चलता कुचल कर मिट्टी में मिला जाता है। वैसे इसमें तुम्हारी कोई गलती नहीं है, ये तो शायद विधि का विधान है।

इस कदर मैं डर चुकी हूँ कि अपनी आरजू को भी धीरे-धीरे सहलाती हूँ कहीं ये भी मुझे छोड़ न दें। आंसू तो आकर लौटना शुरू कर चुकी है। बस बेटा एक बात इस डरते दिल को जरूर बता देना। "इंतजार कितना करूँ? लिखना तो बहुत कुछ चाहती हूँ लेकिन..." 18 अक्टूबर 2008 को ये पत्र, मेरी माँ के साथ पड़ा था और आज 19 अक्टूबर जिस दिन मैंने जन्म लिया था मेरे हाथों में है। मेरी आँखें दवात के उन निशानों को ढूँढ़ रही हैं जो इस लेकिन के बाद होतीं। ये पत्र और सामने धुँएँ में लिपटती सिमटती मेरी माँ मुझसे पूछ रही हैं कि उसकी क्या गलती है जो दीप को प्रज्वलित करने के बाद भी अंधकार उसके नसीब में है। हर जगह शोर है लेकिन उसके बेटे की आवाज़ गुमशुदा क्यों और अंत में माँ पूछती है कि ... मैं कौन हूँ?





श्याम विपीन  
अंतिम वर्ष  
ई.ई.डी.

## इस पार या उस पार

देख कहीं भगदड़ मची है, कोहराम सा हो रहा।  
हजारों लाशें बिछ चुकी, बेहोश जग है सो रहा।  
भयावह मंजर यहां है, सर्वत्र व्याप्त एक रोष है।

जो दूर है खामोश है, जो पास है मदहोश है।  
सुन सन्नाटे की सरगोशी, जग तज दे अब तू बेहोशी।  
तुझसे है आहुति मांगती, माँ भारती चीत्कार कर।  
तू वार कर बस वार कर, इस पार या उस पार कर।

दहशतों की मौज पर है, है दुर्दांत कोई जी रहा।  
लिए चला वो जोश मुर्दा, मदिरा लहु के पी रहा।

न कोई वो हिन्दु है, न वो मुसल्लम इमान है।

न कोई गीता है उसकी, और न ही कुरान है।

फिर मौत का तांडव वो, है खेल रहा क्यों कौम तले।  
रंग मज़हबी घोल फिर तो, बढ़ा रहा क्यों फासले।  
इससे पहले कि तोहमत लगे खुदा पर, या वो दे कौम  
बदनाम कर।

तू वार कर बस वार कर, इस पार या उस पार कर।

तुम क्यों हो चुपचाप सहते, कुछ न कहते कुछ न करते।  
आस क्यों उनसे है बाँधी, जो कर्म का बस स्वांग भरते।

डर कर विस्फोट की गूँज से क्यों रोक रखे हैं कदम।

क्यों लाल बहते धार भी, आँखे तेरी करते न नम।

देख तेरी ये भीरुता, धिक्कारती पुरुषार्थ को।

निष्ठुरता तू जान ले, स्वीकारती है स्वार्थ को।

खुद पर कोई इल्जाम न ले अब, और न इंतजार कर।

तू वार कर बस वार कर, इस पार या उस पार कर।



सिद्धार्थ कुमार  
तृतीय वर्ष  
ई.सी.ई.

## स्वप्न और यथार्थ

अधमुंदी आँख और स्याही  
में सने मेरे हाथ  
कागज पे बैठे रहे  
जैसे हों लड़ते आपस में  
सत् असत् के अस्तित्व पर  
श्शब् भर भिड़ते रहे!!!

कांच के ख्वाब हैं बिखरे हुए तन्हाई  
में

टूट जायेंगे गर आँखें खुली  
अधमुंदी ही रहने दो इन्हें  
धूप न छिड़को इनपर

आदर्श मूर्त हैं इन आँखो तले  
हर संज्ञा है व्यवहृत  
पलकों को न उतरने दो सांझ की  
तरह  
ख्वाब कर रखे हैं इनमें अपहृत

हठात् और निर्मम सच  
स्याही दिखाती सच्चाई हरदम  
उफ् ...इतनी सच्चाई ...!  
सच सुने सदियाँ गुजर गयी...डर  
लगता है अब !!!

हर इक लम्हा क्षत-विक्षत  
कैद दर्द की आगोश में  
ज्यूँ नासूर का रिसता खून ही  
रंगा हो स्याही के रंग में

पर मैंने किसी की न मानी  
“अधमुंदी आँखों” से जब ख्वाब  
बहने लगे  
“स्याही सने हाथों” को नहला दिया  
जब हाथ काँप उठे दर्द से  
आँखें बंद कर ली  
और ख्वाब सजा लिया!!!

सचमुच “श्याम”  
! क्रिकेट के  
शौकिनों में  
शामिल, श्याम  
अपने कार्य के  
प्रति पूर्णतः  
समर्पित हैं।  
हिन्दी में मजबूत  
पकड़ रखने  
वाले श्याम की  
कविताओं में  
विद्युतीय शक्ति  
है।

# tête-à-tête



Name : Wishwas Julka

Batch : 1998

Branch: Electrical Engineering

After NIT:

Worked at DCM from 98 to 2004.

Did his MBA through correspondence from IGNOU

Joined Niel soft As Business developer in 2004

Shifted to INCAT a TATA group enterprise as the North and East India Head

Currently he is the Business Head Asia Pacific at INCAT

What he used to be:

Favorite Teacher Mrs. Veena Sharma

Favourite Pastime: Gossiping

Favourite sport: Cricket

Memorable Hostel: Kailash Boys Hostel

Participated in events:

Elsoc(Served as President)

NSUI (Served as state President)

Awards and achievements:

Won the Carom and Chess tournament

SAREGAMA winner in north zone

What he has become:

A traveler: a man on the move

An entrepreneur

Astute manager

Believes in “Never say die”

About college:

He still dreams of college days.

Suggests alumni meet should be conducted in meteors for people who can't afford time.

Family:

Married to a gorgeous lady from Karnal

Wife: An MBA and involved in teaching in Management Schools

Son: Aryan (5 yrs)

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Message to college students:

Move beyond books and learn things through practical experience.

# "chuckles"



The last section of articles is guaranteed to bring a smile on your face, if not make you laugh out loud. The articles bear testimony to the fact that humour is usually derived from everyday life. Memorable experiences and keen observations tickle your sides and provide comic relief. Read on and enjoy!

ivridVoices



# From GTalk To GF

Chuckles | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Aashish Nag  
Final Year  
ECE

The wiz kid and football fan can be seen always smiling and spreading it amongst his friends. Here he has attempted to show the importance of Gtalk as a medium of interaction between the boys and girls of college.

Fine Arts :  
Neelam



Application open – Mozilla firefox.  
TIME – 7:59.  
Heart Beat – 130 beats per second

The 21 “TFT reads – “proxy server refusing connection”

A hand continuously pressing the mouse button.. Refreshing the screen. Eagerly awaiting the time to reach 8.00. Finally the moment arrives. A nervous sweating anticipating face turns red by sudden rush of blood. Gtalk is connecting.. heart beat 140.. signing in. heart beat 150. Aashish.nag is finally online. Heart beat 160. Sakshi\_nith is online,, meena.punk is online,, riya4u is online. Heart beat 75. The smile is back and it is soon followed by that cunning devilish grin.

Aashish : HI

And thus begins the very famous process called “saaat din ladki in”. Replies follow soon. Chatting at the speed of knots, I, completely unaware of the surroundings, start knitting the web of captivating words and some SRK dialogues. (They seriously work). The chat starts with a usual “wats up” n the famous st. JOEY sayin “how u doin?”. Irresistible idioms, these are. She has to reply, no matter what. With every popping line, the excitement is shooting up to a level reached never before. The time is right. With all strength, I write- “wat u doin tomorrow?” “Nthin mch”, the usual answer. Finally the question is thrown--“I was hopin if u wud like to go out fr a coffee wid me?” NO reply. A buzz from my end, still nothing. A call on gtalk n then comes the moment of truth. NOOOOOOoooooooooooo.... The never ending 2 alphabets break my innocent kid like heart. Its all over. A “tc” follows the “bubyee”.

Now I scroll down the list n look for the next “COFFEE with AASHISH” candidate. There she is. And the above process repeats itself in an infinite loop. And as expected, NO is always the output. Its not the process of 1 night. Night after night. The repetition of the same process has become mundane. But its not always the case. Sometimes the sun rises from the west. Some good girls, mostly seniors, do agree for the magical coffee. But what the heck. Do I have what it takes to go to Nescafe n sit in front of all those piercing eyes. To walk on the love lane of NITH in front of juice bar with bunches of girls giggling and leaving no chance to make fun of me, and finally my own friends, who will leave no stone unturned to exploit my very delicate feelings. Life's a bed of thorns. And a guy like me can never take the cupid lane.

So what next?  
Gtalk to Gf.  
Mission aborted.  
Bubyee.  
Tc. C ya. :)

## NITH trivia:

- ☛ You'll drink anything if it's free.
- ☛ You get really good with excuses for skipping class. (Sickness still tops all)...cold weather is climbing the charts.
- ☛ Eating food at 1 AM is a common occurrence(thanks to Nescafe )
- ☛ You never realized how cool you can be...or what a jerk you are ;)
- ☛ Keys have never been so important, yet you seem to lose them more than ever before.
- ☛ You meet the type of people you only thought existed in the movies.
- ☛ You learn to sleep with light, noise, extreme temperatures, roommates snoring, and jarring rock music from across the corridor.

You can do more with a kind word and a gun than with just a kind word.



Nishant Singh  
Third Year  
ECE

Nishant's a great writer AND designer with strong likes and dislikes in music and movies. With many talents to his name, he's always ready to help other people and takes great delight in playing Counter Strike!

Everyone in the village knew Manna as a 7 year old loquacious boy wearing a loose half pant which could have come down merrily under the force of gravity, if once he let go. He could be found anywhere in the village except his home, running around holding his loose half pant with one hand and the other dangling sideways. But suddenly his rebellious and capricious disposition had turned sober. However this sudden transition wasn't as unexpected to his family members or even to the whole village. Dussehra was overhead, and this was when all the young children would coax their elders into lending them some money for Dussehra fair. It'd been a year since Manna had tasted jalebei; he loved it more than his life. Last time he managed to wangle his way out with three paisa from his endorsing mother, out of which he did nothing but eat jalebei during all three days of the fair. But this time all his efforts and endearing had culminated to nothing. His father was a poor farmer and worked like a dog to scrape a few paise together; his mother, a tight-fisted woman, had been scouring ration pots for months to keep her family surviving. His affectionate Dada & Dadi were helpless towards his plea, and mother plainly refused to lend him any money.

But Manna's fortitude couldn't be punctured and he kept trying and trying till finally the fair day came. But all the same, no-one favoured him. So at last he decided to go and watch the Ramlila with friends, as the other members of his family didn't seem very interested. On the way to the fair his friends were discussing about their hard earned money and how they managed to collect it. They cajoled Manna to open up but he shrunk in revulsion. Amid friends he felt desolated. Walking fast they reached the venue, the whole place was energized by incoherent speakers blowing off at full volume. There were people wearing masks, people eating at tuck shops, people busy purchasing amulets, clothes and all sorts of things. Some people were converging inside the main temple in the middle of the open field submitting their offerings, performing rituals and chanting Ramayana in chorus. Everybody in the rest of the field seemed to be yelling and running here, there, everywhere.

"Let's go and check out Ram-Sita" one of Manna's friends said. "Ya, I heard this time they have hired a new drama group. I hope Sita won't be as ugly as she was last time. Her face was like a cow dung cake!"

The other said:"Exactly, in the sari she looked like she was wrapped in a piece of cloth abruptly and forced to sit on the throne.. with zero facial expressions!"

"I wonder why these dramatics people don't hire some beautiful girl who could exemplify Sita's unmatched beauty at least to some extent" said another.

Manna just stood there cursing his fortune silently without paying any attention to his friends.

One of them shouted "First things first, I'm feeling hungry- let's eat something and then we'll do what we want".

With this announcement the discussion dropped and they scattered into the crowd. But Manna stood there with both hands in his empty pockets cogitating what he was doing, and none of his friends even bothered about him.

He was allured by toy shops, cloth shops, sweets shops and especially by the jalebei shops, but the poor fellow could do nothing but swallow his own saliva mixed with resentment. He kept ogling at the jalebei shop for hours and hours. At evening he went home only with his bitter-sweet memories. Everybody in home knew the reason for his dismal appearance but dared not talk to him as they were helpless themselves.

The third was the last day of the function. Manna went to the fair early in the evening. While he was entering the gate, he overheard someone shouting in rage. The sound appeared to be coming from the dramatics pavilion. "What did you feed her last night, how come all of a sudden our Sita got sick?" The Drama Supervisor shouted at his assistant. "I...I don't know sir, when I entered her room she was vomiting all over, her eyes were pale. I had no other option, she needed to see a doctor" said the assistant frowningly.

"And so you took her to that idiot Dhanpat, who would petrify his patients to get themselves admitted even at the bite of a mosquito!"

If you can't convince them, confuse them.

"I am sorry sir, I don't have any medical background" said the assistant sheepishly.

"So is the case with Dhanpat, but throughout his therapeutic studies he's figured out how to make a fool out of people, that's how he maneuvers his business" the Supervisor said "Well whatever, I want my Sita back. What did he say the problem was?"

"Sir, he says symptoms of jaundice are discernible and she needs to remain admitted for at least 10 days, or else she may not survive" recalled the assistant.

"AARGGH!" said the Supervisor feeling disgusted "Pundit Gangadhar would gladly slice through me if I don't get Ram-Sita installed upon the throne by six in the evening. He told me it's a very auspicious moment, we only have half-an-hour left! Go find a replacement, someone, anyone... ". As Manna stood eavesdropping an idea struck him like an electric shock. Holding his loose half pant with a grin on his face he dashed headlong into the pavilion straight up to the Supervisor. Taking a deep sigh he blurted out in monotone: "Sir may I offer myself as Sita". There was a short pause, while everyone there stood agape as if the earth had cracked open or the sky has shattered. "Sir, I don't want anything else but enough jalebei to eat, that's all I expect" Manna said.

Recovering his open jaw the assistant approached Manna "What do you think are you up to? Do you even know who Sita was? Get lost, you urchin!" he shouted on Manna.

Manna got scared, but the Supervisor suddenly rose from his chair and held him by both hands. He was amused by Manna's audacity. "Ok fine, it shall be you!" announced the Supervisor, assuming a more benign composure.

"But sir.. he's a boy! And how are you going to answer to Pundit Gangadhar and the onlookers?" exclaimed the assistant.

"They would be indifferent; all they want is a Ram and Sita seated upon the throne, whosoever it may be. And after Ramlila is over he would just have to sit there in Sita's makeup" said the Supervisor with a smile. With his orders jalebei was brought, Manna pounced on it as a thirsty man goes for water. He ate and ate; his tray was replenished twice till his belly almost burst. After this ochre was applied all over his body, two people dressed him a brocaded sari, and loaded him with fake jewels and all sorts of makeup cosmetics. He actually looked quite nice! "Just make sure nobody discovers my true identity, otherwise I wouldn't be able to show my face anywhere" demanded Manna.

"Don't you worry about that, not even the world's keenest eyes can penetrate our camouflage. Even Lord Ram himself would get deceived" said the assistant laughing. Finally both Ram-Sita were seated onto the thrones. Manna was feeling shy and was frightened, he covered his head with the pallu of the sari and fixed his gaze undeviatingly into his lap. Pundits took arti and performed their ritual, offered their prayer for the welfare of the village. After this people came one by one, touched Ram-Sita's feet and dropped coins in the Dan-peti which was later supposed to be collected by the pundits. No one could find out the secret about Sita, not even his own friends, they figured out that Sita had been changed, but stood at a distance in the affirmation that she definitely looked better than the previous one.

Here at home, Manna's Dada had a sudden desire to visit the fair. He asked Manna's father, who was reluctant. "After all, your son has been going there for three days without any money; let's go see how he's putting up. Or if nothing else we could just offer out praying to lord Ram and Sita for a sooner monsoon this year so that we could make some wealth" protested Dada. Convinced, they reached there and went straight to the temple. Both of them went onto the platform and touched Ram-Sita's feet and stood there praying- both hands glued together and eyes closed in reverence. At the very sight of this Manna's eyes popped out, his heart started pounding and he believed he could afflict an earthquake in the rhythm of those beatings. His Dada opened his eyes, took a clear look at Sita and started smiling. When father asked what the matter was he replied "Sita's face looks familiar!! Doesn't it?" His father started inspecting with piercing, wide opened eyes, and after a moment his mouth opened as well in stupefaction.

Manna understood that his cover was blown. Springing out of the throne, he leapt the whole mandap and platform in one go and galloped into the crowd. He ran amok, like never before, as if Ravana himself had been let lose to kidnap him! Behind him ran the Supervisor and behind



him the assistant shouting and abusing "Hey... Give back the sari and ornaments... where are you running... you had the jalebei after all... you betrayed us you rascal!!" But Manna's speed was quite incredible. Soon they lost track of him and returned grumbling. Manna reached home and quickly removed his makeup and explained the whole matter to his mother. He was shivering with fear of his father; his mother understood his condition and had pity on him.

After sometime father arrived and demanded, "Where is that effeminate boy? I want to see his face, bring him forth!". Slowly Manna came out escorted by his mother. His father slapped him hard on the face, tears cascaded down his red cheeks and he started crying at the top of his voice. His mother came up to his defence and rescued him from any further attacks. "Already we belong to the lower caste, we are poor, and don't have any good status in society, and now your son has deserted me with all my little dignity left by sacrificing it just for a handful of jalebei!" said his father scowling at his mother. He then sat there with both his hands on his head, reflecting over the situation.

"Oh... Why do you uphold so much expectation from the little child? Whatever he did, he did at his own risk, and after all we weren't able to lend him any money" said Manna's mother helplessly. By that time Manna's weeping seized and he was only sobbing slowly with a contented look on his face. He started smiling and soon was chuckling.

"Just look at him, does he seem to be guilty of what he did? He has the nerve to smile at me." His father remarked noticing him.

Manna's face lighted up with a bright grin and he looked at his father as if he knew something that his father didn't. Maybe it was inner happiness and joy that he had discovered, virtues towards which his father had grown oblivious. Manna picked up the sari & ornaments and ran towards the fair shouting "Sorry father but I have to keep my words, and perhaps you should taste those jalebeis, they are worth sacrificing anything!"

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# Cuts Like A Knife, But Feels So Right

Chuckles | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Sparya Sharma  
Final Year,  
Architecture

A simple gentle girl yet complex in her own way. Loves acting even if there's no audience and is otherwise busy studying. Her distinct sense of humour is visible in her works.

My grandpa can not tolerate reckless drivers, careless masons or anybody lacking commonsense in general. Sharmaji, as everyone addresses him, is an engineer not by education but by practice. A hardworking man with strong ethics, he taught the same to his children, though none could overtake him at this.

Let me relate an interesting incident. One day one of my uncles who is an insurance agent, complained "these days government employees ask for more and more bribe, I feel helpless in front of them." My grandpa listened very intently.

"Did u ever bribe them" he said in a rage.  
"No." My uncle replied.

Then grandpa slightly moved from his place, clutched uncle's hand very tightly and said "If he ever dare to ask for bribe again, clutch his hand like this, take him out of the office saying it's not safe to pay here, come with me I'll pay you outside." He held my uncles' hand so tightly that his mouth became wide open. Grandpa continued-

"Then throw him down from the multistorey building!"

He took a little break and said "don't be afraid, your father is still alive, dekha jayega (we will see)."

He never said so but I think...his motto of life is "To do good and make others do good, with their sweet will or as a bitter pill! Rest – "dekha jayega".

One day grandpa returned home from work. As soon as he took the first bite of the chapatti, he shouted- "Hey, what is wrong with this chapatti, there is sand in it."

"I don't know" grandma said "it's the same flour you brought yesterday."

"What, oh these Lalas, I will see him, the nonsense mixed sand in flour, today he will die, I will burn his shop."

My grandma was a very sensible lady she calmed him down and said "no, no fighting today. It doesn't look good. You just go and return this flour, but don't fight". Grandpa wasn't happy by this but he loved my grandma dearly. So he got up took the flour and went out. He saw a heap of sand in the way and smile returned on his face. He mixed a few handfuls of sand in that flour and returned it back to the shopkeeper. "The flour is really awful." grandpa said just this and returned it silently. Grandpa came home and went to sleep. In the morning, the shopkeeper was the first person to arrive at the door. He had learnt a tough lesson. The poor fellow had sold it to someone else and people had gathered at his shop, vowing to close the shop down.

So, there he was, at our door, with a bag of flour, requesting grandpa, to tell them the truth.

"What truth" grandpa asked innocently.

"I agree that there was sand in flour, but sir ji, not this much"

"Grandpa laughed "ok then you tell me what is the right quantity of sand in flour?"

The shopkeeper immediately apologized.

After listening to this story of my grandpa's boldness, I asked him "You used to take so bold steps, weren't u ever afraid of other people?"

"All the good ones were my friends and I did not care about the rest!", pat came the reply.

I asked "But, Mom told me that you sometimes went to the court too."

My grandpa laughed aloud on this and wittingly replied "Court was not so bad a place. Rather a good place to interact with some really intelligent people." He smiled a bit and then kept his hand on my aunts' head lovingly and said "That's way the judges' lovely daughter is now my beloved daughter in law!"



Fine Arts :  
Ambica Sud

# A Study On The Finances Of A Treat

Chuckles | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Rajat Diwan  
Second Year  
MED

A great singer, an athlete and a very responsible person. It is said that he has more energy in himself than what he seems to possess.

‘Aaj to teri party banti hai yaar!’ insisted one of my friends. “Kis baat ki?”, I politely inquired. “Teri economics mein 5th highest marks hain yaar” came the instant reply. A bit baffled at first, I quickly realized that this was a trivial trick to extract some money so that the daily trip to NESCAFE or VERKA could be sponsored. I replied saying that this wasn’t a big feat and I haven’t secured the highest marks, so I shouldn’t be giving any treats. A somewhat expected reply was shot back by one of my friends saying “Oye foo faa dekho zara, aukat mein raho, highest to tere aayenge nahi na, 5th highest mein hi treat de-de.” Well my face understandably turned as red as a ripe tomato.

Well I myself have invented a number of such accomplishment- based demands of a treat and so would have all of you I’m sure. Everyday one person or the other from every friend circle could be seen giving a treat to his friends for reasons unsure to him. I overheard one such group asking for a treat saying, “Oye shayad parso tera birthday tha na , treat banti hai. ” “ Par mera birthday to 6 mahine pehle ho gaya hai yaar,” came the instant reply. “ Acha to tab ki treat de de. Tab summer break thi, who treat due hai.” The poor fellow had to oblige again for reasons not absolutely clear to him.

The system of one person giving a treat doesn’t seem beneficial for those who are innocent enough to be willing to pay money for their friends or who do not care much about their expenses on eatables. More often than not you will find two or three such people from a group shedding the maximum moolah while some others would enjoy every treat on the simple logic that they had given a treat 10 days ago when only a few members of the gang were present (it is important to note that these few give the treat under such special circumstances only). These people, found in every friend circle are the kinds that according to me would live on a 100 rupee note for a month if not less. As the treat system proves a costly affair to any one of the unlucky donor, it quickly gets replaced by a so called contri( read contribution) system every now and then.

The contri system is adopted when the willing stupid donors wake from their sleeps and realize that their monthly expenses are almost double than their other friends for reasons now known to them. On a perfect first day of this system, everybody pays a fixed amount and everything goes just fine but now the Rs.100/ month members quickly calculate that this system would de-stabilize their internal economies. The next day as a result proves to be a little troublesome. These very people cleverly enough forget to bring their wallets or annoyingly announce that they are out of cash and then request in the most humble of voices and with the most honest faces that someone should pay for them swearing by the almighty that they would return the money in the hostels. Well the same stupid gang obliges again and the day’s treat is done and dusted. I don’t think I need to tell you why the money is never returned. The people traveling the middle path sometimes get influenced by the Rs.100/ month members and play the same old tricks again meaning that the obligors are the sufferers. This imbalance created again causes the contri system to be shut down.

For some days after this, you would notice that the group members start going all alone or in twos to the CANTEEN, EKTA and other food stores to minimize their losses. The same friends find different excuses to move out of the hostels and self financing methods are adopted. This stage continues for some time till the friends regroup again when the friendship overcomes financial worries and the whole cycle repeats itself.

Well at the end of the day we realize that all this was part of our beautiful college life and these parties and treats are some of the most cherished moments. The Rs.100/ month friends are the most fondly recalled ones( with some inappropriate yet affectionate name attachments ), the system has and will remain the same and these treats will carry on despite of everything... Jai ho VERKA, Jai ho NESCAFE, Jai ho aur sabhi eatables ki dukaans

HAPPY COLLEGE LIFE



# HAIR FALL DEFENSE

Chuckles | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



Tejaswi Gautam  
Final year,  
MED

Right at the outset, I would request the editorial board to put this anecdote in the tragedy section since everyone except me might find this article a bit funny. That this article is meant to be humorous is more a matter of compulsion than choice and if I were to say that, only those persons on earth who would be grave on reading this belong to a genre like mine, you would be getting a very fair idea as to how this piece of personal ordeal would proceed. Oxford dictionary proudly claims the word hair to mean a fiber formed due to the accumulation of dead cells but over the years this meaning has worn (much to dismay of people like me) off partly due to the cacophony regarding aesthetics and the so called style statement of Gen-X, Y, Z.....so on.

So why is the population so obsessed with such rudimentary aspects of our biological existence when there are better features to look for in a man? A toned body, drop dead looks, husky voice and so on and so forth. After all, we do have Shabana Azmi shaving her head off for a movie character, boys growing long hair adding to the gender confusion in the back view. Is it such a big deal that we need to have our top face all in black or white just to be in the good books of the fair sex? Or to survive a societal tirade against those who don't fall in line?

It's not that this is THE only thing on my mind all the time but, I hate to admit when my brother's matrimonial issues were being discussed, I was left wondering how much of an impact a hairless head might have on a prospective bride. I see that numerous research is going on in various fields of medical sciences and one can't blame it if I think, work on this part of human body be expedited a bit keeping in mind the agony and pain of a few luckless souls like me. It with this aim that I have started an Orkut community named Thin Hair guys whose count has gone up to 5763 in two weeks and I must admit, I have read some heart wrenching and soul stirring experiences. People select their holiday destinations by weather, food, natural beauty; I for an exception do so on the iron content of water after thorough research of the topology of the area.

With each passing day, the teeth of my comb feel so much more pronounced on my scalp signaling a gradual reduction in the density. I have nightmares about a shiny scalp far too often to ignore its possibility. The murmurs of a hair transplant for me are growing by the day in the family circles and while I do gaze admirably at the Himesh Reshamiya, I am left assessing the potential damage such a treatment might cause to my youth image. "No!!.....it will take a beating" a whisper keeps oscillating back and forth between the two ears.

There was a time when there was a shortage of pet names in college but with this fiber fall issue refusing to die down, names have come thick and fast as I helplessly look on in the mirror thrice a day groping for answers and taking solace in the high mineral content water, too tough shampoos, high stress levels. No wonder one day, I sleepily picked up the newspaper in the morning, there was a sachet stuck on the back page. "Free trial for feedback. Not for sale" claimed a reputed FMCG brand. Wasting no time I took a shower early, much to the delight and dismay of my parents. Eager to find results of my experiment, my first brush of comb from the front to back dashed my hopes of a revival of my fate. My expectations had come crashing down even as I cursed the brand, its useless product for I caught cold that day and ended up with 102 degrees Celsius! People say you pay for your deeds in the same life itself but there must be better ways to realize one's fate.

At times, that periodic sway on the scalp is too tempting to resist, just warding off my inhibitions that the vegetation I saw last night is still intact. A very weird but true reason for not going home in the recent past is that family photo frame in the drawing room which hits you in face. Why can't I get that cover back again on my scalp? When was the last time I visited a salon in a hurry, fed up of the profuseness of my hair which at times obscured my senses (namely eyes and ears)? These questions keep haunting me and shall do so for the rest of my life because no matter what Dr. Batra (renowned dermatologist) proudly claims in his TOI advertisement day in day out, the fact remains that my life will never be at its hair raising best again.

Boycott shampoo! Demand the REAL pool!

# भाई साहब, आपका फिर...



Mahendra Kumar  
Final year,  
CED

Mahendra is a talented poet, with a good hold on hindi literature. this 10 pointer, IAS aspirant with a funny outlook towards life, adds comedy to little incidents as can be seen in his writings.

Statutory warning- *"The following presentation contains some materials that are considered inappropriate for certain readers. Therefore reading discretion is recommended."*

A question to begin with...Did you ever come across an English article with a hindi title? or vice versa? Sounds interesting. May be...but this is what I prefer calling '**cutting**'. It is a *desi* way to befool others. I don't know how I picked this trait but I swear I was a self proclaimed maestro of this profession, A fine cutting-champion (CC? No acronym plz!)..until I landed at this beautiful place called NIT Hamirpur. I was dwarfed simply because if cutting is an art, NITHians have it flowing through their veins.

Morning shows the day. You wake up in the morning and are greeted with water shortage. Though this problem is not regular but it somehow manages to occur consistently on two days- Working days and Holidays. The aqua-less scenario forces you to *manage somehow* and while you are in the process of *managing somehow* you realize hitherto unknown-'**Each drop is precious**'. Every day is a dry day and for the want of regular water, students turn hydrophobic. But still they don't have a single reason to complain because all through this **students' interests** are properly looked after. This interest is the compound interest accumulating every month on the base amount consisting of exorbitant hostel fees paid in advance.

भाई साहब, आपका फिर...(Gentleman ,You have been befooled.)

9:00 AM ..The ticking clock reminds you to rush to the mess. Fresh mood, good atmosphere..What else does one need to begin his day with? But you occupy your seat to see freshness evaporating as soon as you interact with something that resembles food. Everyone keeps eating. No body complains. In fact they cannot. Not for nothing, page x, para y and clause z of the college rule book states, "A boarder is bound to eat only in the hostel-mess". Exacerbating the situation are a few healthy chachus with well maintained six pack abs, staring at you every now and then. A close look at their physique and one is bound to develop serious inferiority complexes. Eating the same food, how could they maintain such a polished figure remains an enigmatic riddle of NITH.

भाई साहब, आपका फिर...

Hungry stomachs seek refuge in Nescafe, *the poor man's Mc-D*. It has been blossoming quite well after poor Tilak's dismantling. In fact Tilak's loss has been Nescafe's gain. To an inquisitive student of Marxism, it presents a wonderful instance of how indigenous industries get ruined soon after the arrival of multinational franchisee. In the name of consumer satisfaction Nescafe stores everything except one that you need. In the name of business, everything sells and sells quite well. Even ordinary hot water bears a handsome price of Rs. 6 each cup (First timers mistake it for a coffee).The same sandwich is consumed thrice. At first by the fungus...followed by the brainless guy who pays and lastly by the helpless little pup that cant differentiate between a shit and a sweet. At times when the temperature of the machine is low (which is most of the times); we are content with an amount less than designated. After all we are technical enough to understand that at equal pressure, volume is directly proportional to temperature (Remember Charle's **law?**).

भाई साहब, आपका फिर...

After consuming the embellished filth of Nescafe you whisk off to dustbin to find something horribly unusual. Recently big closed dustbins have replaced the previous smaller side opening garbage boxes. Well, this is what we call '*Intelligent decision making*'. It is a smart endeavour to



Fine Arts :  
Sourabh Aggarwal

make NITH campus greener owing to the dark green complexion of the new dustbins unlike the older that were occasionally yellow. Students, not an inch less smart evade opening the cap by littering garbage around and in the process saving their precious energy in an era of global energy crisis.

भाई साहब, आपका फिर...

To clean the strewn garbage, a few dedicated youths of NITH embarked upon a campus cleaning drive. They were en route to clean the campus, ban smoking and alcoholism. Strict orders were promulgated-“Those found inebriated would be expelled.” Though strict but the message was not clear. What is a crime? Getting drunk or getting caught? In fact alcoholism is not the apt connotation as most of the drugs specified by NITH dispensary contains considerable amount of alcohol in it. On the other hand are the pioneers of ethanol consumption who need only one drink to get drunk. It's another matter that they don't remember its 13<sup>th</sup> or 14<sup>th</sup>. A handful of dedicated youth on duty to clean alcoholism versus plenty of motivated guys on a mission to clean alcohol makes an interesting competition. Any guess.. who'll finish first?

Making campus smoke-free is next on the agenda. Hummm...its a global issue and the whole world is making efforts in this direction. A bit of an achievement here and I dare say the next Nobel peace prize would be bagged by NITH (remember Rajendra Pachuri doing it with IPCC).At the moment smoking goes on as usual and non smokers are left with a hobtion's choice. Either embrace death actively else perish passively. Budding engineers bound to be rational prefer choosing the former.

भाई साहब, आपका फिर...

Cutting as a profession transcends beyond boundaries. We Indians are damn good at it. Otherwise how does one account for survival of Tusshar kapur and Himesh Reshamiya in bollywood for all these years. Inside the campus, I\*TE(\* S) cuts quite well. It ignores the masses while satiating the classes. Recently it has started doing to girls what literacy mission does to children- uplifting them. An extension of the PGH timings is in the grapevine while there is no denying the fact that the news will elate boys more than the girls. It will also offer jobs at the time of economic meltdown. Apart from working staffs at Verka and Nescafe, there are many *berozgaar* persons in the campus whose only job is to verbally appreciate their beauty in the evening. These *road side Romeos* will have their working hours extended.

भाई साहब, आपका फिर...

Cutting as an art is also gender-specific. Girls are comparatively better at it. Guys happen to be their most prized catch, where they are capable of cutting many, all at once. The cutting goes on and on and finally *what begins with a sip of coffee at Nescafe ends with a bottle of Vodka at HHH*.

By now you must have realized how rampant this profession is. So allow me to quickly finish off with its three important characteristics.

The first, it needs a surgeon's precision. An ounce of extra word and you may end up counting the number of bones dislocated.

Second, though it involves cutting, nothing is bifurcated and no blood is spilled. In fact it is generally followed by laughter.

The third and the most important, the guy who becomes a *bakra* (one who is cut) never realizes.. Did you realize while reading?

भाई साहब, आपका फिर...?



# Dreamz Unlimited

Chuckles | Srijan 08-09 | [www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org)



N . Shasank  
Second year,  
MED

Truly an automobile enthusiast. This person defines himself as cars, bikes, engines, Technology and racing. He believes in showing his talent in work more than words.

I woke up and found myself on the purple- pink linen bed .Around me the room was in deep blue lounge mood lighting and the curtains were drawn down. Getting up I drew them back and suddenly realized that I was in my deluxe suite at The Marriot, Monaco.

Calling up my assistant, I got myself informed that I was there to attend the Formula 1 Monaco Grand Prix as a special guest invitee by Scuderia Ferrari, to support their telemetry data for the weekend. I was also informed that my ride which I had engaged for that evening, a crimson red 599 GTB, was waiting for me at the parking lot.

I should cut down on that over time serious working at the Ferrari paddock. I get extremely exhausted and sleep so outright heavily in the afternoon that I don't even remember anything once I wake up!

Getting dressed up in Giorgio Armani's special Ferrari collection, I hurried to the parking lot to grab the keys for the Ferrari which I had never driven before. It was waiting for me, just like a .....hmmm... no time for comparisons.

I grabbed the keys and got inside the car, admired the car's handmade leather interior, pushed the key into the slot and brought that amazing V12 to life. Hmmm, this is the best sounding engine on the planet....slotted first using those delectable paddles and let the car move.

WOW! , this is a beauty! ..err..not the girl on the pavement, I was referring to the car. It could be termed as the best ever front engine rear wheel driven car. It's got perfect weight distribution, perfect balance and handling, and the ride isn't bad either! That engine's producing the crispiest sounds, the car making all the right moves, the pace of the acceleration, the adrenaline rush.....oh!, It was an amazing experience.

This was further enhanced by the beauty of Monaco- the fast and flowing curvy roads, the calm of the night and the charm of the people around, all was indeed enjoyable.

Once the traffic started diluting I started testing the car's race worthiness, put in a couple of zero to 100kmph runs and tried to hit the car's top speed, looked for a decent stretch of road and put the pedal to the metal. Suddenly to my surprise and utter astonishment a cop car started chasing me as I was scaring the public with my engine note and speeds. That was troublesome. If I were caught, I would end up behind bars that night.

The alarm started screaming in my ear that it was 8:15 a.m., and so did my room mate.

I woke up and found myself in my room at K.B.H., and the time was running out for me to hurry to the classes..oh!..it was a dream ...had it been true.

These dreams always keep coming but I hopefully wait for that day when I would really get behind the steering wheel of a Ferrari or a Lamborghini. For the time being, let's continue dreaming, and hope that they become real.

Wishing everyone one more rocking year at NIT Hamirpur.



BRUSHES..



## *CUP OF LIFE*

Painted by: Kirti Mahajan

## *LET ME FLY*

Painted by: Rashiv Gupta





BRUSHES..



*FEELS LIKE HEAVEN*

Painted by: Ambica Sud



*THE OTHER SIDE*

Painted by: Aprajit Kar







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Second Row : Santanu Debnath, Rohit Bhushan, Akhil sharma, Chittaranjan Muna, Vidyasagar Boddh, Ridhin Sharma, Manish Gaurav, Arvind Kumar, Karri Vinod Kumar, Raghuvir Singh, Ravi Kumar Yadav

Third Row : Simaranjeet Singh, Sanjay Kumar, Sushil Kumar, Sumit Sood, Surjeet Kumar, Anuj Dubey, Nishant Sharma, Ravish Kumar Jaiswal,

Fourth Row : Chandan Kumar, Vinay Guleria, Arun Soni, Sanjeev Sharma





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- First row : Praveen Sharma, Ruchika Nayar, Vandana Bhardwaj, Vaishally Bhardwaj, Neha Kumari, Parul Pandey, Richa Sharma, Poonam Bhatia
- Second row : Kam Kher, Ankit Sood, Nikunj Sharma, Sumeet Sopori, Varun Moon, Shyam Vipeen, Naseemuddin Shah, Shrish Gupta, Nitin Thakur, Vyom Prakash, Vijenra Kumar, Mithilesh
- Third row : Prashant, Asheesh Pal, Aseem Bajpai, Sumit Saha, Ankush Goyal, Amit Kaushik, Akash Pathania, Pravesh Kaundal, Mahinder Verma, Abhimanyu Kaushal
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Third Row : Ashok Gopal B., Harendra Kumar, Sanket Puranik, Nikunj Mundhra, Gaurav Pundir, Chandra Shekhar, Ashish Thakur, David L. Buongpui, Kshitij Vishwakarma, Deep Thakur, Vikram Budhtraja

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Fifth Row : Vinod Kumar, Hemant Shukla, Tejaswi Gautam, Keshav Thakur, Sushant Bhatia, Raghav Bhagra, Atul Guleria, Atul Garg, Sarthak Bahuguna, Sudhir Tripathi, Chandan Joshi





## ELECTRONICS AND COMMUNICATION ENGINEERING, CLASS OF 2009

Seated (L to R): Mr. Surender Soni, Mr. Philemon Daniel, Mr. Gagnesh Kumar, Mrs. Pushpa, Mrs. Meenakshi Sood, Mrs. Gargi Khanna, Dr. (Mrs.) Rajeevan Chandel, Prof I K Bhat, Dr. Vinod Kapoor, Mr. Ashok Kumar, Mr. Krishan Kumar, Mr. Vinod Kumar, Mr. Ashwani Kumar, Mr. Manoranjan Rai Bharti

Row 1 : Akash Pal, Ashish Kumar, T Rajiv, Ambuj Agarwal, Dhruv Tiwari, Ankur Thakur, Ashish Nag, Shashi Kumar, Ashok Ranjan, Robin Agarwal, Meenal Jindal, Kanika Puri, Bidisha Chintey, Nupur Sood, Astha Gupta, Koshika Sood, Sumit Sood, Anshul Mahajan, Shammi Kapoor, Mayank Arya, Amit Khurana, Sanyukt Sharma

Row 2 : Rakesh Ranjan Sahu, Sumit Rao, Suryabhan Banyal, Veeresh Singh, Achiranshu Garg, Varun Gupta, Navdeep Naryal, Varun Kumar, Abhinab Pradhan, Sandeep Kumar Sharma, Divay Kapoor, Manoj Kumar, Naresh Kumar, Harish Kumar

Row 3 : Ashutosh Nadda, Sourabh Kumar Mittal, Bipin T, Ranjeet Kumar Sinha, Sachin Sharma, Amit Malhotra, Prashant Nath Endley, Prateek Agarwal, G Sridhar

Row 4 : Pawan Kumar, Manoj Gupta, Ronak Rana, Kunal Dhar, Saurabh Sharma, Vishal Gupta, Pankaj Vashisht, Puneet Rana, Rohit Mathur, Jitender Kumar, Bhanu Prasad Sharma, T.Avinash





## COMPUTER SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING, CLASS OF 2009

Seating (L to R) : Mr. Kumar Shambhav Pandey, Ms. Kusum Lata, Mrs. Meenakshi Nayyer, Mrs. Kamlesh Dutta, Dr. Lalit Awasthi, Pros. I K Bhat, Dr Narottam Chand, Mr. Siddharth Chauhan, Mr. Naveen Chauhan, Mr. Rajiv, Mr. Pradeep kumar, Mr. Nitin Gupta, Mr. Avtaar Singh, Mr. Sunit Gupta

First row : Sarvendra Kumar, Ankit Chugh, Pranjali Pandit, Vishal Thakur, Amit Gupta, Priyanka bansal, Yama Kamboj, Mandeep Kharbanda, Nidhi Negi, Pankaj Sharma, Albert Hangzo, Naveen Panta, Rishi Rana

Second row : Kamal Prakash Ravi, Vineet Sharma, Pavan Kanna, Abhishake Bansal, Sandesh Shrivastava, Gaurav Thakur, Ashwini Dhimman, Varun Patial, Akhilesh Agarwal, Nalin Chaman, Ashish Thakur

Third row : Akhil gupta, Robin Nogia, Manoj Thakur, Sandeep, Pankaj Thakur, Divakar Jha, Abhas Rohatagi

Fourth row : Sahil Kumar, Pankaj Nagar, Vishal Nischal, Vivek Kumar Tyagi, Dheeraj Gupta, Kavinder Negi, Anurag Pathak, Vignesh, Ashish Kango





## ARCHITECTURE, CLASS OF 2009

Seated (L to R) : Sh. Sukh Dev Singh, Sh. Ajay Gupta, Ar. Amanjeet Kaur, Ar. Sandeep Sharma, Ar. Amitava Sarkar, Ar. I.P. Singh, Pros. I.K. Bhat, Ar. Minakshi Jain, Ar. Vandna Sharma, Ar. Sarita Sood, Ar. Neetu Kapoor, Ar. Reeta Singh.

Second Row : Jaskirat Sangra, Mitali Saikia, Shweta Raghaw, Isha Iahori, Mithila Mattoo, Prachi Chauhan, Swati Sharma, Shubhra Pandey, Richa Bansal, Vanita Verma, Sugandha Bharti.

Third Row : Anant Maria, Naveen Kiran, Ashwani, Nishant Rai, Chandan Singh, Udaideep Jadli, Anil Yadav, Pankaj Sunkara, Pravesh Chauhan, Varun Goel.



# sports.....

football



table-tennis



cricket



volley-ball



sports committee



basket-ball



badminton



# college societies



DIMENSION



CSOC



SPEC



ISTE



MEDIA



ROTRACT



LITERACY

# Kalam's Visit



Seldom in history have the Himalayas been reduced to the second most fascinating site of Himachal Pradesh. The moment 'The Missile Man of India' set his foot here was one of them. Elegance and magnificence of NIT, Hamirpur multiplied manifolds when Dr. Kalam arrived in our beautiful campus to grace the occasion of our 3rd convocation.

Dr. Kalam arrived at Hamirpur on 2nd January, 2009 and was to interact with the students and faculty of NIT, Hamirpur on the same evening 700 odd people turned up to attend the session. A jam packed auditorium stood for one very clear message-“Enthusiasm had triumphed over biting chill”. As Dr. Kalam entered the auditorium, the crowd stood up, much in disbelief, while their hands thumped continuous claps to greet 'The man'. The applause was refusing to subside as Dr. Kalam took his seat on the stage.

“Dear friends, I am very happy to interact with the students and faculty members of NIT, Hamirpur, in this beautiful environment of Himachal Pradesh. Beautiful environment ignites the creativity of minds. Creative minds lead to innovation. When I am with you I would like to talk on the topic 'ignited minds'.”

Another round of thunderous applause followed.

In his speech that followed, Dr. Kalam described threadbare the distinctive profile of India by 2020- making India prosperous, peaceful, happy, healthy, secure, devoid of terrorism, and a continuous innovative nation, making it the best place to live in.

Dr. Kalam mentioned an example of place called Twang in Arunachal Pradesh, where prosperity and happiness ruled just because people there had shed the virtues of 'I and me'. The former president also administered an enlightening oath to graduating students, where he asked us to repeat the following words with him.

“I would always be righteous in heart, have beauty in character, bring the harmony at home, and thus peace in the world.” Thus demonstrating how righteousness in hearts can ultimately lead to peace across the globe. Dr. Kalam outlined four basic traits to achieve great things in life- aim in life, acquisition of knowledge, hard work and perseverance.

He shared with us the uniqueness of four great minds- Sir C.V. Raman, Chandrasekhar Subramaniam, Mario Capecchi, and Prof. Norman E. Borlaug thus inspiring our thinking and actions. All of them apart from being Nobel Laureates nurtured unique traits such as cherishing the value of science, science as a lifetime mission, birth of creativity in a difficult situation and scientific magnanimity.

Dr. Kalam concluded his speech by urging graduating students to bring about professional proficiency in their practical life, contribute significantly towards the nation with their technological skills and also to resolve all crises coming in their way with confidence and positive attitude.

The speech led to an interactive session. Here he answered many a question, ranging from terror scourge to engineering curriculum, fielded by students of NITH.

As the session came to conclusion, the following beautiful lines told by Dr. Kalam were vibrating in everyone's mind.

“When you wish upon a star  
Makes no difference who you are”





Cartoons by:  
Ajay Pratap Rana



“.....yet another day in the life of NIT Hamirpur”





वर्ष 2008 बहुत अवशवर्ती/अंशात रहा। आम आदमी ने महंगाई घट जाने से ज्यादा अगर कोई प्रार्थना की तो वह थी अमन और शांति की। इस वर्ष आतंकवाद रूपी दानव ने अपना भयावह रूप सबके समक्ष ला दिखाया। यह एक ऐसा दीमक है जो कई वर्षों से अंदर-ही-अंदर हमारे देश को घर बनाकर उसे खोखला करता जा रहा था। पर इस वर्ष देश में अनेकों भंयकर आतंकवादी हमलों ने पूरे देश का दिल दहला कर रख दिया।

आतंकवाद रूपी त्रासदी भारत के लिए नई नहीं है। पिछले एक दशक में कई हजार लोग इस बर्बरता का शिकार हो चुके हैं। आज तक ये लोग हम में से अधिकांश के लिए बेशकल और बेनाम हुआ करते थे। परन्तु देश में एक के बाद एक हुए आतंकी हमलों में मध्यम व उच्च वर्ग को भी मार झेलनी पड़ी है। इससे जो रक्तस्त्राव आज तक भारत के शरीर के भीतर हो रहा था, वह अब बाहर बहने लगा है और दृष्टिगोचर हो गया है। एक जगह खून जमता न था कि किसी दूसरी हिस्से पर वार हो जाता था।

हम उन सभी लोगों को श्रद्धांजलि अर्पित करना चाहेंगे जो अकारण ही इस बर्बरतापूर्ण कृत्य का शिकार हुए। साथ ही हम सलाम करना चाहेंगे उन सब वीर जवानों, सैनिकों और अफसरों को जिन्होंने अपनी जान पर खेल कर इन असमाजिक तत्वों को अपने इरादों में कामयाब होने से रोका। उन सभी वीरों को हमारा शत्-शत् नमन।

पर इन शहीदों की कुर्बानी को हम व्यर्थ नहीं जाने दे सकते। इसे हम भुला नहीं सकते। हमें इसे अपने जेहन में ताजा रखना होगा, तब तक जब तक इस पर कोई ठोस कदम न उठाया जाए। हमारे लोकतंत्र की परंपरा कुछ ऐसे ढल गई है जिसमें जिम्मेदार हर कोई है, पर जवाबदेह कोई नहीं। इस परंपरा को हमें बदलना होगा। जिन्हें हमने अपना प्रतिनिधि चुना है, उनपर दबाव डालना होगा, अन्यथा उन्हें बदलना होगा। हमें चाहिए कि हर भारतवासी 2009 में होने वाले आम चुनावों में अपने वोट को गंभीरता से ले। इस बार हर एक का वोट अत्यंत महत्वपूर्ण है।

आतंकवाद के खिलाफ हमें जंग लड़नी होगी और सिर्फ लड़नी ही नहीं, जीतनी भी होगी। क्योंकि हम ऐसा कर सकते हैं, क्योंकि हमें ऐसा करना ही होगा।

**AN ODE TO RAVAGED SOULS**

Graphics by:  
Shubhayan Sen

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**AN ODE TO RAVAGED SOULS**

Graphics by:  
Shubhaman Sen

134



**K** ♠ *Prashant*



'Here, there, everywhere' best describes this man. A great orator, a greater motivator, if its time management you seek to learn, you got your man. Possesses a nonpareil taste of literature and art, you could literally feel his presence in every single page of the mag.

♥ Y


**J** ♥ *Tejaswi Gautam*



He's the man who has put your say on the magazine and made it heard. He has revived the way survey is done. A big team-player, he is always ready with pocketful of ideas. A great author in making.

♥ J


**A** ♣ *Dipanjana Mazumdar*



An avid traveller, enthusiast quizzier, big time movie aficionado, ardent devotee of music; he writes simply for fun. But his writing ain't funny; though you could use the word funtastic. He conveys the serious messages in a frivolous and candid language, combined with the best of puns.

♣ A


**9** ♦ *Prashant Nath Endley*



The thoughtful poet, he has borne the all too heavy weight every time a piece of poesy has come to us for consideration. His contribution to the magazine, be it in the form of editing or college stories or his worthwhile suggestions, is a gleaming testimony of his writing prowess and finesse.

♦ 6

**A** ♠ *Kunal Dhar*



The man with the master stroke, be it smashing the cricket ball or subtle strokes on the canvas. He has been more than instrumental in giving the mag its look and grandeur. With his exceptional connotation of art, he has made each page come to life.

♥ A


**JOKER** *Ashwini Dhiman*



Seems just a kid on the block and is a delight to be with; witty sense of humour and loads of talent makes for an ideal recipe known by pyaara guju in the circles. He is the creative force of Hindi section for Srijan.

♥ K

**8** ♣ *Kamal Prakash Ravi*



A good human being and a great friend, is what he is. Shy sometimes, sometimes childish, he is greatly fond of food, movies and poetry. Very hard-working and dedicated, to whatever task he may take up, this well-sorted-out guy is a gem that only needs a bit of polishing.

♣ 8


**Q** ♥ *Swati Dhiman*



She is a perfect blend of intellect, creativity and off course BEAUTY. She is an accomplished dancer and nowadays can be seen clicking pictures. Her four year long association with srijan was effective in giving the magazine its shape.

♥ Q

**8** ♣ *T. Avinash*



If you find your face on any page of the magazine, thank him in person. 'The Polaroid Man', he has been on the other side of the camera every single time a pic has been clicked before making it to the pages of the mag.

♣ 8



Special thanks to:

**ABHISHEK KUKDE:** This stylish young man does everything with passion and devotion. A photoshop expert, he has been with the team in every srijan night out. Besides he is a choreographer and excellent dancer too. Srijan is grateful to him for his perfect strokes and expert touches.







10 *Aprajit*  
♠ *Kar*



At times he sounds utopian but his paintings are no less than real. When you flip through the pages and come across some impeccable designs do appreciate his aesthetic sense and efforts to give his best to the magazine.

♥ 01

10 *Abhira Basu*  
♥ *Ray*  
*Chaudhuri*



He is an ace of all trades... not only talented in music, studies, dancing (when alone) humour and of course putting words together... but mainly known for his huge power reservoir which keeps him going like a well oiled machine despite all odds.

♥ 01

9 *Geo Paul*  
♠ *Antony*



He is a human light bulb; he'll always light up the room with his laughter and jokes! He's fond of online gaming, reading books and watching movies. His unconventional ideas have had a major role behind Srijan's progress this year.

♥ 6

10 *Siddharth*  
♣ *kumar*



Simplicity was never so vivacious if you know him. Owner of the most sought-after collection of Ghazals. He can mesmerize you to the roots with his flamboyant depiction of emotions. His sincerity and creative writing has made him inevitable for the team in past three years.

♣ 01

8 *Sneha*  
♥ *Kelwa*



Her smile is the most visible feature of her persona. she is a talented author and has an expertise in story telling. she never lets her voice die and is authoritative when it comes to projecting her ideas.

♥ 8

9 *Anupam*  
♠ *Shah*



Always cheerful and smiling. Anupam's witty comments and near-perfect "Bollywood" impressions are bound to lighten up your day. He's a seasoned stage performer and decided to bring the dramatic element to his writing this year!

♥ 6

8 *Ajay*  
♣ *Katnari*



A new entry he came up with some strong ideas for the betterment of the magazine. His concepts which he implemented on articles shall be appreciated by all the readers.

♣ 8

9 *Aviral*  
♦ *Sharma*



This archi guy is sturdy and loves food. When he is not sleeping, he brings out marvelous works of art. His contributions have supported the magazine in many ways.

♦ 6



10 *Rajeev*  
♠ *Nandan*



A very talented cartoon artist. He is a perfect example of how "Slow and steady wins the race". He is proficient in photo shop design and was the hand behind giving shape to the



10 *Manish*  
♦ *Bhatt*



Nature rarely spins a fibre like Manish Bhatt. Manish, second year ECE student, is amazing at poetry and critic reading. He satirises better than anyone in the college. A true writer, reader, naturalist and poet.



10 *Ajay*  
♣ *Kumar*



This second year ECE student is a born writer. He loves reading probably more than living! At most of the times he keeps himself busy by admiring the works of nature.



9 *Abhijeet*  
♣ *Ranjan*



Abhijeet of hindi section is a figure of speech. His creativity, his hold on our maternal tongue is too good to be described in words. In his free time he enjoys reading about the lyricists of hindi songs.



9 *Ambika*  
♥ *Sud*



She blends her ideas with perfect colors. The finest of the fine arts members she acted as the srijan mouthpiece amongst her fellow girls. She sings well and does many other things, all of which cant fit in this space.



8 *Neiseituo*  
♠ *sharma*



Drenched from head to toe in literature and music. He can not only pull the strings of a guitar; but also puts thoughts beautifully on paper. His contribution to the magazine is unparalleled.



9 *Davesh*  
♦ *Shingari*



This boy from Solan in ECE second year is a born debater and grand in academics. He enjoys travelling, and burning his calories by walking.



8 *Sameer*  
♣ *Sharma*



A complete creative package, he can paint, draw cartoons click perfect pictures and can act. His paintings bear higher meanings and are seldom understood by observers but once the idea is clarified it impresses.







## Team Srijan

SEATED (L TO R)

: T. AVINASH, PRASHANT NATHENDLEY, KUNAL DHAR, TEJASWI GAUTAM, MR. AMIT KAUL, PRASHANT, DIPANJAN MAZUMDAR, KAMAL PRAKASH RAVI, ASHWINI DHIMAN, SWATI DHIMAN.

SECOND ROW (L TO R):

AJAY KUMAR, SAMEER SHARMA, DAVESH SHINGARI, NEISEITUO SHARMA, SHASHANK GOYAL, VINAY NATHENDLEY, PRIYANKAATRI, AMBICA SUD, SNEHAKELWA, AKANKSHA RASTOGI.

THIRD ROW (L TO R)

: MANISH BHATT, ABHIJEET RANJAN, APRAJIT KAR, GEO PAUL ANTONY, SIDDHARTH KUMAR, ANUPAM SHAH, ABHRABASU RAY CHAUDHARY, RAJEEV NANDAN, GAURAV KUMAR.



