

SRIJAN  
2009-10

CAMPUS CANVAS



NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, HAMIRPUR, H.P.

## *Epochal Tranquilities .....*

*Situated in the lush foothills of the Himalayas, surrounded by the snow capped peaks of the Dhauladhars, we here at NITTH can freely boast to be the crown jewel as far as beauty is concerned. Take a stroll amidst our lonely roads on a cold rainy day and I guarantee that your heart too shall melt. We have been blessed to spend a few wonderful years in harmony with nature within this wonderful campus of ours.*

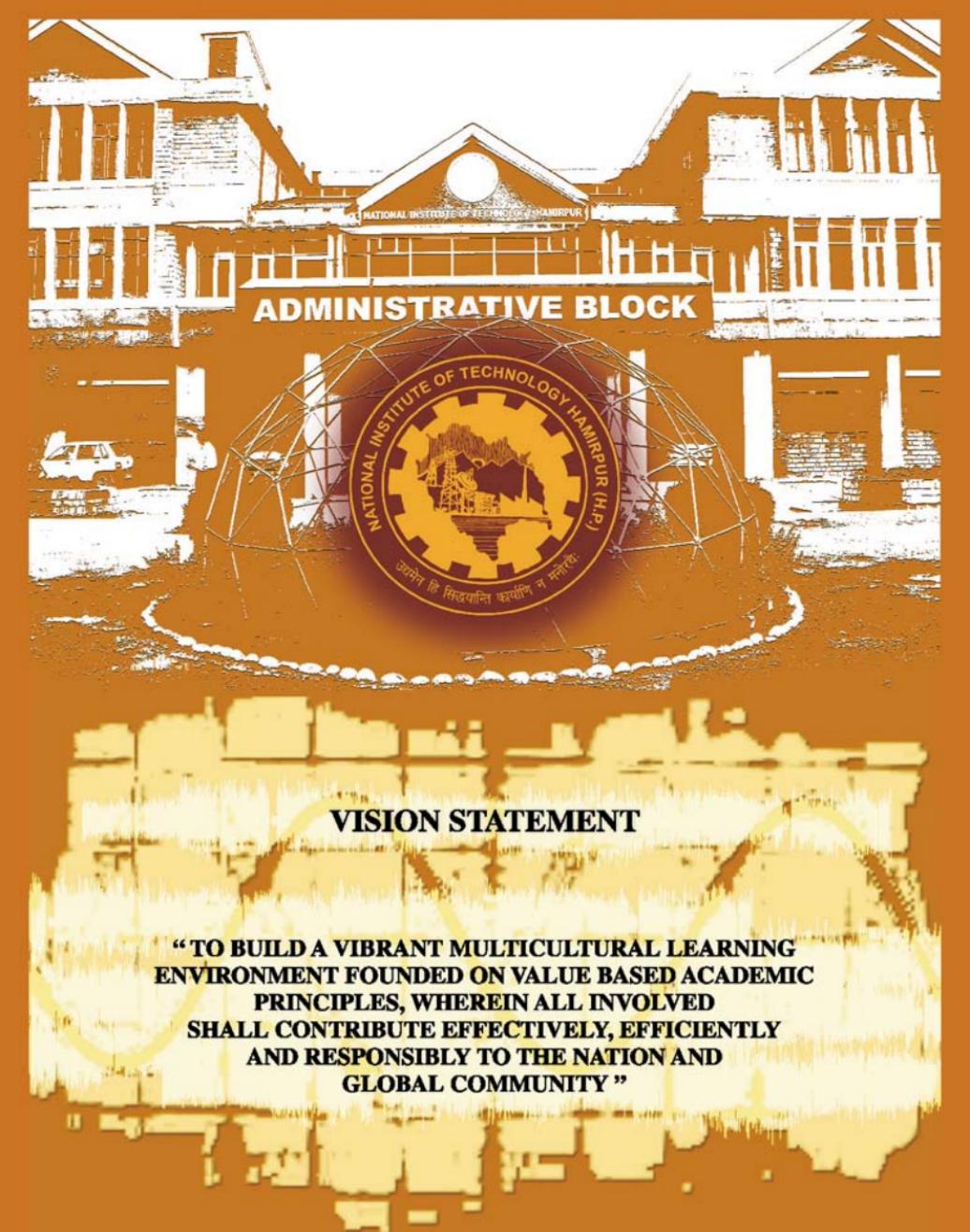


*Our college magazine 'SRJIAN' has always been a work of thought; a collage of our spirit, our youth, our freshness, our vibrancy, our lives! It is an open canvas, which is worked upon by you, me, anyone and everyone who belongs to our NITTH family... and that is our theme for the year 2009-10. As you flip through our pages, we hope to take you on a wonderful ride filled with love, pain, thought, joy and laughter and enlighten you with the amazing experiences which our beloved institute has*

*provided us- a first person view into our world!*

*HERE'S TO THE BEST DAYS OF OUR LIVES.....*





**ADMINISTRATIVE BLOCK**

**VISION STATEMENT**

**“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 ”**



Einstein once said: "Imagination is more important than knowledge. Logic can take you from A to B. Imagination will take you everywhere." \

I'm going to agree with the genius on this one. And I'd add: what better platform to let your imagination play in than a magazine? SRIJAN, NIT Hamirpur's annual magazine has grown in leaps and bounds over the years, such that it's made people in professional editing houses sit up and take notice when they were shown copies of it. Maybe it's because we've become a bit professional ourselves, having dedicated designers, photographers and financial co-ordinators besides editors and artists. This literary experience now holds something for every reader (and everything for some readers).

the editorial

His holiness the Dalai Lama graced our institute during NISF last March. You can read more about it in the report. This year's edition also features an all new photography section called "in focus" for the passionate camera wielding clickers...And hostel diaries? Well, you wouldn't want to miss that..

The theme "Campus Canvas" was a long time coming. I think it was underlined in all editions, just waiting to come out and express the emotions we have during these four precious years of our lives. Our campus: our last home before we're sent out into the "big bad world" provides us with fond memories that keep us going during the trying times later on. So whether you're chatting with your mates over a cup of coffee, taking a walk through the long winding campus roads, or just enjoying the morning sunshine on your shoulders, remember you're capturing moments that you'll look back upon and smile.

In fact I've always felt we're a part of the great scheme of things. These are our benches in the class, our food in the mess, and our books in the library. This role that lasts four years certainly changes our perspective about almost everything. Plans are made, these plans get modified over time, but something always works out in the end.

While talking about college it's safe to say that friends are the fuel that keeps our engines running. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank a few. Shashi, Arun and Karan were our unofficial "stylists" and gave the magazine their invaluable time and designs. Pranay, Diponjit, Vishal and Anshul helped out with the photography. Harjot, Rupam, Sameer, Sandeep, Indira, Pradeep, Maulshri, Sukriti and Sagar also deserve special mention for their wonderful paintings.

Prof. I.K. Bhat, Director, NIT Hamirpur and Mr. Amit Kaul, Editor-in-Chief always provided their complete support and guidance whenever required. I'd also like to thank the entire SRIJAN team for working tirelessly to produce something beautiful. A lot of effort goes into the making of each page of the magazine and the readers would make all this worthwhile by just reading and observing every one of them. Lastly let us remember that we're all meant for great things. Keep the faith.

Abhra Basu Ray Chaudhuri  
Students' Editor  
SRIJAN 2009-10

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## MESSAGE

**URMILA SINGH**  
Governor

Himachal Pradesh  
Raj Bhavan, Shimla-171 002

I am glad to know that National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is bringing out an issue of Srijan (2009-10), the annual institute magazine.

While the institute is a symbol of excellence in the state, I hope the magazine would capture all the events, achievements, and accolades, and also give a voice to the talented students in the areas of literature and arts.

I extend my good wishes for the successful publication of the magazine.

  
(Urmila Singh)



## MESSAGE

**Prof. I. K. Bhat**  
Director

NIT, Hamirpur

I am immensely pleased to know that National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is bringing out its institutional magazine "SRIJAN" for the year 2009-2010.

National Institute of Technology has emerged as a Centre of Par Excellence Learning in vocational disciplines and ranks amongst the top such institutions in the country. The institute is constantly striving in the all round development of the students through its endless efforts, and SRIJAN is one such endeavour, providing the wide spectrum of literary and artistic talents of the students that culminate into the ambrosia of life and philosophy. SRIJAN provides a platform to voice concerns irrespective of all distinctions and discriminations.

I extend my heartiest congratulations to the editorial board and all those who have shelved their valuable time to elevate this magazine to unprecedented heights. I wish the readers a delightful reading.



## MESSAGE

**V.K. SHARDA**

**Dean P & D**

NIT, Hamirpur

NIT Hamirpur has progressed in leaps and bounds over the past few years.

SRIJAN has always been something the whole institute looks forward to- a banner of excellence in the various fields of literature, fine arts, sketches and other areas.

While on the one hand it provides a clear, interesting picture of the various departments of the institute, it also helps to voice the opinions of our students regarding the many issues affecting our society today. It upholds the message that this institute not only develops engineers and architects, but also gifted individuals who are determined to contribute towards the nation's progress.

My sincerest wishes to the SRIJAN team in bringing out an excellent magazine this year as well.



## MESSAGE

**AMIT KAUL**  
**Editor-in-Chief**

NIT, Hamirpur

SRIJAN, having risen from the intellectual horizons of NIT HAMIRPUR, has reached its zenith. Year after year its splendor is enhanced through the uninhibited expressions of literary, poetic and artistic skills seasoned with wit, wisdom and humour of the budding engineers of NITH. Multifaceted subjects have been touched objectively and the topics have been framed so as to make them easily palatable.

The contemplative ambience of NITH provides an ideal milieu for the inculcation of philanthropic energy and philosophical calm to develop compassion, concern for people's well being and an eye for beauty and elegance. The contributions of the alumni to the magazine have given a comparative perspective from the ones' who are still in college to those who have nostalgic attachments with their alma mater. This makes Srijan a perfect blend or an epitome of exuberance and vitality with passion and vision.

I would humbly like to take this opportunity to thank the Director of NIT HAMIRPUR who has been a source of constant inspiration and has left no stone unturned to make this magazine a reality. I would also like to extend my gratitude to the Deans, the Head of Departments and the other faculty members on whose support the edifice of Srijan is resting.

On behalf of the editorial team I express my gratitude to the entire NITH family for their unwavering support in bringing out this edition of our college magazine.

*"Devotion towards your work is not a sacrifice,  
it's the sole reason for your existence in this world"*

# CIVIL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT



Text By : Vinay Nath Endley

The Civil Engineering Department is a nestled flower in the heart of the campus with gardens on all sides. It holds a royal place in the college. The princes of this royal place are sometimes found taking a stroll in their parks.

The CED has a highly able and energetic faculty who motivate the students to aim for the stars every passing semester. The department has well equipped labs for budding engineers to polish their minds with new techniques in the "shiksha mandir".

However the irony of the civil engineering department is that the newly constructed second floor drips water from the roofs in the monsoons! With the shifting of classes to the Vivekananda lecture hall, the corridors bear a deserted look with inter branch friends catching up on latest updates at Nescafe and Verka! The second year students on this account are at an all time low. They are confined to the cold and damp basement of the VLH. The worst part being the lack of cell-phone network and GPRS connectivity which leaves all of them at the professor's mercy!

In order to make the budding engineers competent in all fields, various seminars and educational tours are a common affair. Civil engineers are always outside the 4 walls; this keeps them fresh and ready for adventure! A Civil Engineering Conference-Innovation without limits (CEC-09) was organized which saw engineers and professors from far and wide converge into the college auditorium. It was a grand success. A short term course on "transportation system planning and GIS application in engineering" had been held to enlighten all about the recent developments of this technique. The department is going green with the conduction of Training Course on Water harvesting for I&PH Engineers. On the lines of "Service to man is service to mankind" a Community Development programme on "Awareness on Environment and its protection" was also held in the department.

A four day trip was organized for the Civil Engineering 2nd year students to Survey of India (SOI) and Tehri Dam. At SOI the procedure of printing of topographic, 2D and 3D geographic maps using colored scales and references were demonstrated. It made the future technocrats aware and better equipped to fight the neck deep competition in the outside world.

Housing and infrastructure are basic necessities of citizens and hence we, the 'civil' engineers of NIT Ham, armed with our staffs are up to the challenge.



# ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT



Text By : Abhra Basu Ray Chaudhuri

If ever you take a walk through NIT Hamirpur, you would definitely reach an area where you can view the administrative block, the auditorium, the computer centre and plenty of other sights at the same time. And bang in the middle of it all, you would find a neat building with a very unique design structure. If you took this walk in the afternoon you would probably find a large congregation of supervising seniors and nervous looking freshers lining up for a meeting there, learned professors going out for a tea break, or a couple of research scholars discussing how an additional toolbox in the MATLAB simulink would have made their work a lot easier. Welcome to our workplace – the Department of Electrical Engineering!

Our department, led by Prof. R.N.Sharma at the helm, was bolstered in the faculty area by welcoming two lecturers, as well as the return of Mr. Bharat Bhushan. We have an additional post graduate course this year, taking the total to three. The new impressive looking second floor also now houses two new labs- one for Signal Processing and Biomedical Instrumentation and the other for Power System Simulation. Like every year, the EEE department had its share of seminars and short term courses. An AICTE/MHRD sponsored Short term course of one week titled "Advanced Signal Processing with Applications in MATLAB" was organized 13th July-17th July 2009. The month of December witnessed a line-up of events with an MHRD/AICTE winter school on "Applications of MATLAB in engineering" from the 18th to the 22nd. There was also a TEQIP sponsored short term course on Electrical Measuring Instruments from the 21st to 25th. A National Conference on "Recent Advances in Electrical and Electronics Engineering" conducted from Dec 23-24th was a gala way to end the year.

While recession hit the global markets hard, our department put up a brave front. Companies-both PSUs and MNCs visited and recruited from the final year, half of the batch getting placed before the eighth semester began.

The EEE-ians proved that there's talent in the extra-curricular field as well, with the department emerging champions in the inter-branch football tournament. The huge transformer outside the building bears witness to the continuous making and breaking of rooms and sections inside, these upgradations promising an even brighter future. Through all this the department continues its tradition of boasting of a qualified faculty, maintaining continuously developing laboratories, and keeping its students as busy as possible!



# MECHANICAL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT



Text By : Vinay Nath Endley & Geo Paul Antony

The word "mechanical" might be misleading, since for the knights of this department, life does revolve around machines, but their way of thinking is anything but mechanical. From making safety pins to designing mean machines, the meddys do it all. Theirs is a fascinating tribe.

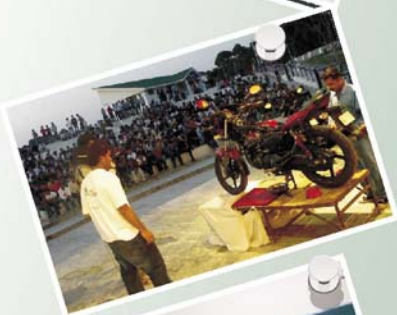
Go to the labs and you will find royal machines pumping iron and emitting steam. Seated at the pinnacle of the campus, the mechanical engineering department updates its record books very frequently as most of the sincere workforce of the institute put up here!

With the construction of the architecture department, the mirages of beauty have become real! Then again, the royalty is vanishing with every new batch (no complaints there!). With placements almost unaffected by current trends, the mechanical engineering students lead a relaxed life with their spirits high. For some, campus ends at the Adam block but for the meddys socialising outside the tribe is child's play. No wonder there's a steadfast rule in pgh – never date a final year or a meddy. Apart from designing engines, gaming keeps their schedule tightly packed. Counterstrike and Age of Empires never fade away from their minds.

The meds are always ready to venture into uncharted territories be it bunking classes or trying out the latest hot spots in campus.

Coming to the business end, Prof. Sunand Kumar and Dr. Somesh Sharma held a community development programme on Advanced Motor vehicle Maintenance and Repairs. The MED Workshop also contributed to the community cause by organizing a training on Repair & Maintenance of Wooden & Steel Furniture from 14th to 18th December 2009. To hone their engineering skills, SOME (Society of Mechanical Engineering) conducted a Technical Quiz Contest on October 23, 2009. The Energy department currently rests within their halls therefore promising higher levels of excellence.

Hats off to the highly motivated faculty dedicated to convert all dreams into reality. It's their guidance and affection that instils even students of other departments to find paternal figures in the meddy gurus.





Text By : Daves Shingari & Ajay Kumar

**"Sliced Silicon; Slicing lives Smartly!"**

Welcome to the miniaturized world of electronics and communication. It is a world where an avalanche of problems boggles your mind every nanosecond.

Now let us acquaint you with the scale of integration our department has acquired. We, the electronics engineers boast a department which has itself remained fortified amidst the huge heaps of sand and cement for the past few months. In all probability, Matrix 4 is going to be shot here! A flight of steps leads its way to our department which has now pushed into oblivion as a consequence of the grandeur of the modern lecture halls. The huge un-tread path of the corridor gives a semblance of a cricket pitch. Our department located at the heart of our campus manufactures a complete market entity which has over the years been nurtured by investment and has capitalized over the deft brains of the technical maniacs.

We ECE students set a new trend in the history of NIT Hamirpur. Much to the envy of other departments, besides our monopoly of mass bunks, we encouraged legal cheating viz an open book test was being conducted at the helm of our department. A young brigade of enthusiasts leads us. Further we flaunt a highly efficient computer centre which is generally swarmed by students. Our buildings most apt sobriquet shall be '3D'; three departments in one building viz management, ECE and the administrative office.

The department throughout the year bustled with a series of academic events. MHRD-AICTE sponsored a Winter School on Advances in Optical and Wireless Communications (18th -22 Dec 2009). The program was inaugurated by Prof R.K Sharma, Dean IRDC and the event was coordinated by Dr. Vinod Kapoor and Er Ashok Kumar . Fifty participants from various engineering institutes enrolled and benefitted from this course.

Deptt of E&CE, NIT Hamirpur organized AICTE/ MHRD sponsored Summer School on VLSI Design & Optimization Techniques (VDOT-09) from 6-10 July, 2009. The main purpose to conduct this course was to make the faculty of various technical Institutes aware about the recent trends and design techniques in VLSI. Participants were exposed to TANNER Tools, Or CAD and Soft MEMS. Participants were demonstrated and given hands-on-training in using SPICE. 41 participants from UP, Noida, Kanpur, Haryana, Punjab and HP benefitted from the course. The coordinators were Dr. Rajeevan Chandel, Dr. Ashwani Kumar Chandel and Er. Gargi Khanna.

As the days passed by, we became more and more confident that the Boeing which we had boarded was led astray. Despite all our fears we fought against the winds of recession and now we have managed to create a decent placement scenario.

Moore had stated, "the number of transistors that can be placed inexpensively on an integrated circuit doubles approximately every two years"; We ECE engineers, strive hard to live up to his expectations.





Text By : Dheeraj Gupta

```
/*PROG.CSEdepldiary */
#include <stdio.h>
main() {
    scanf("take 1 & 0");    Take a few more - 100100111000;
    Put a million more; Print("now you are speaking our language"); ;}
```

The Department of Computer Science and Engineering at NIT Hamirpur was established in the year 1989. The Department offers B.Tech (accredited by NBA), M.Tech & Ph.D. degrees. The students graduate with good placement through campus. The department has experienced & dedicated faculty members with different specializations.

CSE is all about apprentices chanting "CSE ROCKS" after paying their daily reverence to lectures and professors in the form of 'Bunks'. They have accredited a reputation of most frequent bunkers who've ambled the dreary Lands of NIT H.

A 100 node state of the art facility the Computer Centre is a marvel in itself but most of its bandwidth is disbursed in Social Networking. There are a few coding away their paths to glory, but those rare ones are like drops of dew in the desert. A home to high end PCs and divine internet speeds sits next to the CSE department building. The outdoors of the department premises has undergone a fine alteration. You can sporadically see a bunch of active members of team FORCE, the departmental society which has had a kick start in '09, squatting in the greens outside the "CC" and weaving the forum's future.

CSED is well equipped with high performance computers, latest software & state-of-the-art IT infrastructure and all these computing resources are inter-connected with high speed intranet having 47Mbps Internet connectivity to the outside world. Students are exposed to up-to-date curriculum, technology and techniques. Laboratories are armed with state-of-the-art facilities like servers, workstations, thin clients, mobile terminals, desktops and networking devices catering to the needs of not only the CSE students but also students from other departments.

CSED @ NIT Hamirpur has recently developed Gurmukhi/ Punjabi support over rihspati and we are working on other features such as tracking of students' learning and need based training of the faculty.

Department of Computer Science and Engineering organized several workshops during the year 2009, including a Course in JAVA (PROJA-09) during March which was sponsored by TEQIP and supported by Open Source University Meet Up (OUSM) of Sun. The participants were also briefed about the Sun Campus Ambassador Program running at NIT Hamirpur in collaboration with the Sun Microsystems.

A TEQIP Sponsored community development course on Computer Programming (CP-09) was also organized during last week of Feb 2009. The participants were giving extensive theory and programming training on C++.

The growth in the field of Internet and information technology has created challenges and more opportunities for information professionals. CSED systematized a course on Internet technologies which deliberated on emerging technologies related to computing and communication.



# ARCHITECTURE DEPARTMENT



Text By : Vinay Nath Endley

They say beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder but here at NITH beauty lies in the department of Architecture! Most of the creative minds of the college converge at this department from Peter Keating to Howard Roarks, the department has them all. The youngest department of

NITH, the Architecture department, has boundless energy and architects eager to try their hands at giving shape to different moulds. Submissions and night outs are the most frequently heard words from their quarters.

The first year can be spotted enjoying the commencement of their life at the institute and the second year can be seen trying hard to keep up with submissions. The students in the department have diverse interests! The final year cannot be spotted in the campus in the odd semester, on account of their internships with firms. The super-final year is busy thinking of their thesis and projects and adding to their woe is the feeling of being lonely after their B.Tech batch mates have left. The department has thinkers of all kinds. Needless to say most of the introspection is done on the roof of the newly constructed building the interiors of which are still a mystery to non archians.

"Architecture is a social act and the material theater of human activity". With various educational trips (read semi-government funded holiday packages) becoming part of the curriculum 'learning' was never so much fun! A close knit community, the archians believe that only partying hard can relax the soul after a week of working hard. As it's rightly said, "A doctor can bury his mistakes but an architect can only advise his client to plant vines." Many guest lectures, community development programmes and short term courses organized by the department helped the architects polish their skills and prepared them for real life challenges. Some of these are;

- \* A five day course on, "Design and planning considerations for hill areas" organized by Ar. I.P. Singh, Ar. Amitava Sarkar & Dr. Minakshi Jain.
- \* A five day course on, "Rendering skills in architecture" organized by Ar. Amnanjeet Kaur & Ar. Neetu Singh.
- \* A five day course on, "Design, planning and construction considerations for residences" organized by Ar. Vandana Sharma, Ar. Sandeep Sharma & Ar. Aniket Sharma.

This was only possible with the help of an ever encouraging faculty and keenly interested students motivated to touch limitless heights. The passing down of knowledge from one 'generation' of architects to their successors enables the students to set higher goals every single time.





# HILL FAIR REVERB

ENCORE  
aloud



By : Saurav, Daves



For three days the sun did not set in NIT Hamirpur. 30th, 31st October and 1st November were the three days of this autumn that entertainment was it at its helm- "Hill fair 09" took place! Apart from the shimmering dances, foot tapping (at times leg breaking) and soothing songs, art, dramas and various talked about events this hill fair would also be remembered for the "paint ball".



"Reverb" encored aloud, clearly and distinctly to leave an indelible impression on the 3k spectators and gave them a time they can never ever forget.



The first part of day one saw the people involved in making these three days possible, running pillar to post with a palpitating heart; and when the curtains opened for the welcome speech half of them heaved a sigh of relief. It was the moment Hill fair 09 had officially begun! "Ganesha Vandana" -seeking the auspicious blessings of the almighty broke the ice of Hill fair 09.



The fervor of folk dances was the next to follow. "Bihu", "natti" and "bhanga" left one and sundry amazed. The star event of night one was Mr. Surendra Sharma, the accoladed Hindi comic poet. His jokes left teachers and students alike with aching ribs. A series of dances to the tunes of celluloid flicks, and dramas fired the stage after that. The night ended with a musical night.



The second day belonged to competitions-literary, musical, dance and treasure hunts. The auditorium bears testimony to the glamour and novelty. The night was for revelers. "Fash P" which presented divas and models firing the ramp amassed an even praise from all the guest colleges. The temperature of the night was further soared up by the famous metal band 'The Third Sovereign'. The performance by the quartet from Aizwal was like a bolt from the sky-thunderous, superb and having a long lasting effect.



The third day was set into motion by the 'paint ball'; the game on the lines of Laser Tag. The event was for the first time held in this college and it proved to be a great entertainer for the participants and the audience. The final autumn night of the three days zany belonged to the final years. The star event of the night was 'Adam and Eve', tantamount to Mr. and Miss Hill 'fair, where the participants fought it out to prove their worth. A musical night performance gave way to the prize distribution and the vote of thanks.




The avalanche of entertainment which lasts three days is an outcome of time put in by the participants. Nothing describes the hard work put in better than modified Rocky's dialogue "For a three days event you have got to train for 45 day, with 10 hours each day; that is 450 hours; that is 27000 minutes; that is 27000 circles of the time instrument by the second hand."



# A WALK I CAN'T REMEMBER

by **Geo Paul Antony**



(Nursery in-between VBH and MMH) – The night was calm, the breeze was relaxing, an owl was hooting and I was standing in front of the Warden. He asked, “What are you doing here at this time of the night?” It was a very reasonable question. But then again- **WHAT WAS I DOING HERE?**

**1930hrs:** (MANIMAHESH) – 39 friends got placed in Infosys today. It was the largest mass placement till date. The cheer was high and the happiness was literally overflowing. The party was turning out to be a grand success. Many of the lucky job-hunters were resting their backsides on the cool cement wondering if they could ever sit properly again, a couple of broken mobile phones and watches littered the floors and the noise pollution level would have put my environmental teacher on high alert. A realization hit me - I was extremely hungry! The karkure weren't sufficient and tonight's mess grub was gonna be terrible. I decided to head off to the hostel with the best food...

**2000hrs:** (SHIVALIK) – After accidentally entering someone's wooden first-floor shack looking for food, I apologized my way out and found my way back to the mess. The chachus were busy handing out plates full of delicious cheese-chili. I went and sat at a table aware that I wasn't supposed to be here. The chachu with the clipboard came up to me, “aap ka roll number kya hai?” “Guest”, I said. “Kiska?” he enquired. My mind was racking for a name- someone, anyone “Mani!” I exclaimed remembering one of my state junior. “Who toh wahan bhaita hai” he said. Busted! Picking up the last shreds of my self-respect I waved “Hi Mani!” and walked over to their table. Thankfully those guys, pitying my condition, allowed me to join them in a wonderful meal. I was suddenly reminded by a SMS that I had a meet scheduled with a guy in second year...

**2030hrs:** (DHIAULADHAR) – I had just entered the gate, having miraculously navigated my way through someone's treat which was going on in the Nescafe, when I saw Saurav shouting across the courtyard from his singlet balcony to Ajay who was sitting on the other side “Articles share kar de yaar!”. “Hello Geo!” they both waved, when they spotted me walking tipsily through the middle. After smiling back, I continued my way down C-block Archi wing, which was jarring with heavy metal music, to the newly constructed hostel which in-my-opinion was as inaccessible as the Amazons...

**2035hrs:** (NEELKANTH) – The menacing and the only 4-floored hostel loomed in front of me. It was my first visit here and I was felt like Luke Skywalker as he first walked into the Deathstar. I had to meet Shashwat in his room B-325. But which floor had 315? 2nd or 3rd? Confused and pondering I started climbing the stairs till I finally found myself surrounded by an array of solar panels. Dazzling though it was and the view equally magnificent, it struck me that I was in the roof and hence walked down. The corridors were extremely confusing! It looked the same in all directions. Was I in some sort of a labyrinth? My patience was waning and my fear psychosis was waxing. I heard some gunshots and walked into a room which looked like a computer centre, “Sahi head shot!”, “yaar cheating! Mera wi-fi kaam nahi kar raha tha!” I walked out and stumbled into another room where 10 guys were sitting in 1 bed watching Shah Rukh Khan yelling out his name. I had to get out! I was feeling alone, I needed company; I needed to meet my girlfriend...

**2100hrs:** (wilderness in between GATE 2 and 1) – I had found a shortcut out of NBH which led me to the temple outside gate 2. After descending the stairs I started walking towards gate 1. Most students spend 4 long years in this institute and still never risk walking through this lightless, eerie road at night. Many a rumour surrounds this path. But I was too relaxed to worry about the ghost of the white-lady or the cemetery ghouls. Except for the occasional cab headlights and the stray fox running amok this part of my story was rather uneventful.

**2125hrs:** (GATE 1) – As I entered the small open gate in the right, a security guard stopped me “No entry after 9:30!” I checked my watch, “But it’s only 9:25...” he looked around uncertainly not sure what he had to do. “How can I know you are from this college? You could be an outsider!” he asked shrewdly. “I have studied here for 4 years!” I said angrily. “Show me your ID card! How am I supposed to know that?” and then it struck me, “Cause I am wearing the hill affair sweatshirt!” His smug expression vanished and he silently let me pass.

**2145hrs:** (PARVATI) – I was standing on the road in front of the hostel. I had just texted my girlfriend to come meet me in the A-block corridor. I could see some girls playing badminton in the courtyard. I could see some shadowy figures moving on the roof, cell phones in hand, chatting away to glory. And then she came, looking bewildered yet curious, and looking so beautiful against the warm light of the winter air. We stood there staring into each other’s eyes across the wall, and I felt the urge to shout something cool, something interesting, something like... “HI! TSUP?” (Well I tried). I was greeted back with a rather strange word though – “RUN!” Looking to my left out of instinct, I spotted a PGH chachu (aka Bhajji) waddling towards me, balancing a stick and his tummy equally and I, heeding her, ran! Despite my condition I easily avoided capture and flew past the juice bar, tri-junction, the health centre, the ground, the Vivekananda lecture hall, and finally turning right near the workshop panted my way to a halt in front of KBH...

**2200hrs:** (KAILASH) – I saw my friend Abhra, Aprajit and Siddharth walking into the hostel and it hit me – SRIJAN general house meeting! I tried following them in but the security guard was asking for my permission letter. I walked out disappointed. I was planning to head back to my room when I saw the side gate of KBH. It was locked but when did that ever pose a problem? I vaulted over it and peered through the common room window. A big group of first years were sitting there listening to Abhra talk about the merits of being a part of the college magazine. It brought back memories of my first year. It made me smile. I wanted to go back now...

**2230hrs:** (VINDHYACHAL) – I walked into my hostel. The familiar stairs greeted me. I went into my best friend Avinash’s room. He had just gotten back from the party too and so we both headed out to C-Block where the after-party was going on. The music was loud, the guys were boisterous and it was fun like never before. A couple of M.Techs were asking someone to turn down the volume as it disturbed their studies (did I mention that the periodicals started the next day?). I was feeling calm, soothed and... sleepy. I checked my pockets and with a shock realized that I had left my keys back in MMH! I started heading off...

This brings us back to:

**0000hrs:** (nursery in-between VBH and MMH) – The night was calm, the breeze was relaxing, an owl was hooting and I was standing in front of the Warden. He asked, “What are you doing here at this time of the night?”

“I think... I think I am LOST!” We exchanged a silent look, lost for words, both he and I. A few moments passed and I felt it would be a good idea to just walk away. And so I did...



The sports session of the year started with the interaction matches of freshers, the newcomers of NITH. These Inter Branch matches were organized in football, volleyball, basketball, cricket and badminton. The newly proclaimed NITHamians were full of zeal and showed their excellence in the sports ground. Surely the August sun found the upcoming talent of NITH sports domain during these matches. The official startup of the sports fiesta of NITH kicked off with Inter Branch tournaments in all games in the odd semester.

The heroes of CSE showed their dominance by winning the trophies of Basketball, Cricket and Badminton. They also captured the runner up trophy in volleyball. ECEians also stamped their authority, winning the cup of football. They were also the runner ups in basketball and cricket. Mechanical guys continued their domination in the volleyball court and won the final trophy against CSEians. The Badminton court and Football field also witnessed the Meddies becoming the runners up of the games. The Inter engineering deemed university basketball tournament IEDUSA was organized during 13th and 14th November. Seven institutes including Punjab Engineering College, NIT Kurukshetra and NIT Jalandhar participated in it. The NITH tigers roared in the badminton court and won third prize for the institute.

At the end of the semester NIT Hamirpur organized an 'All India Inter NIT Football Tournament. Students from eight NITs across the country played football in the cruel winter on December 12th, 13th and 14th.

Sports activities in the even semester began with the inter year tournaments. The third year team won the football finals this year too, and proved that last year was no fluke. Third year's also won the finals of badminton. M.Tech guys were the runners up.

Saurab Makta, apart from singles of badminton showed his prowess in the mixed double badminton too with Shilpa Dahiya. Students of NITH also visited MNIT Jaipur for Malviya Sports Tournament during 19th to 21st February. NIT Hamirpur boys made it into the semifinals of basketball and football there, a commendable performance. NITH once again proved this year there lies a sportsman in the heart of every engineer.



sportslines



sportslines

Beauty is only beautiful, when it reflects on to others themselves; it is reflecting and which consequently the person is no quality in their own beauty. The greatest virtue, but the parent of all other virtues.

# Your Say

1. Lack of full participation in events in the campus is due to

- a. Plain laziness
- b. Lack of technical interests who's interested anyways?
- c. My girlfriend keeps me busy!
- d. They always occur when either I am playing or sleeping.



2. What do you look for on notice boards?

- a. Date Sheets
- b. Campus Events
- c. Any attractive eye catching notice
- d. Fine for bunking
- e. Do we even have notice boards?



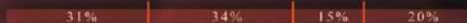
3. Totally banned ragging has resulted in

- a. Ragging is still going on!
- b. No interaction between seniors and juniors
- c. First year is "gaech"
- d. Ragging is actually not happening.



4. Why do you prefer to catch bus from Anu bus stop instead of gate 2?

- a. More chances of getting a bus.
- b. PGH comes in way
- c. I'm a girl, what else do you expect.
- d. I love walking.



5. How do you see the numerous construction sites in the campus?

- a. Great-a step ahead to classic infrastructure.
- b. Terrible-its destroying the beauty of our green campus.

- c. Funds could have been invested in a much better way.
- d. A bonus for budding civil engineers.



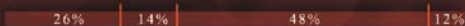
6. What is your reaction after you have eaten at any food court?

- a. Do u have change for 500?
- b. ATM machine is not working.
- c. Was that food that I just had?
- d. What's my boyfriend for.



7. Point 75% attendance is attributed to

- a. Sleeping and or plain laziness
- b. Distance
- c. Yeah, classes are boring
- d. I was sick!(medical prescription will prove it)



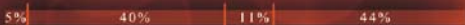
8. Favorite pass time spot @ NITH?

- a. Computer Centre
- b. Food Court
- c. Administrative block vicinity
- d. Oat and ground
- e. Wherever girls roam.



9. Strength of first year has increased tremendously hence

- a. There are greater opportunities for ragging.
- b. Greater expenditure in fresher's.
- c. More number of people working in clubs.
- d. With increase in population, college seems smaller.



10. Studies have become more interesting since lecture hall has been constructed. Due to this

- a. Use of department has been reduced.
- b. There is problem in bunking the class from back door.
- c. If getting bored, look at class infrastructure.
- d. Sleeping in class has become more enjoyable and less noticeable.



Beauty is only beautiful, when it reflects on to others.  
 No person is as beautiful as they are, merely in the mind which contemplates them.





## N I S F

### National Indian Students Forum

Slowly and steadily, a change was born. This change, as it took a life of its own, brought in a new revolution, a revolution to redefine the standards of engineering education for the better. It never intend to stay within the four walls of NIT, Hamirpur, its birthplace, instead it wished to travel, to benefit and to top it all, to produce more such changes. NIT, Hamirpur is bathing in this change.

The National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur and Local Students Chapter, Indian Society for Technical Education (ISTE) played host to the first ever National Indian Students Forum (NISF) from 30th march to 3rd April, 2009. With a central theme of "Nurturing Leadership", the congregation aimed at empowering the engineering student community by creating awareness, cultivating leadership and organizational skills among student leaders from all across the country thereby enabling them to have an appropriate impact on the current engineering education system in India.

The gathering saw an extensive participation from across the length and breadth of the country with 90 students representing 19 different colleges who engaged in fruitful discussions to ponder upon the problems which stare at the engineering education and to work out formidable solutions.

To conduct the workshop four European trainers- Agnieszka Strycharz, Kristina Cernousovaite, Julia Ivanova, and Rok Mihevc, representing different European Student organisations were present. The penultimate day of the forum saw representatives of the industries (Microsoft, MGRM, Dessault Systems, Infosys, Reliance Communication, Altair Communications) engaged in long discussion with the students on how does the industry see the future engineers shaping up to fit in a cruelly competitive corporate world. The session also saw the participants being immensely benefitted by the immense experience and expertise of some revered academicians like Prof. R. Natarajan (ex-chairman AICTE), Prof. M U Deshpande (member secretary AICTE), Prof. K S Sayaan (Chairman, ISTE North Section).

The various sessions conducted by the trainers helped participants to understand the importance of team dynamics. The participants during one such session identified four problems of common concern which needs immediate attention- Rural and Social problems, Lack of motivation and sustainability, Non Availability of resources and absence of a concrete network. To converge their energies to get over these problems, a student body called STRIVE was born which aims to create and bring together the most proactive student leaders from across the country, who through a sustained and an infallible network can help create a resource pool to work towards a common goal. STRIVE aims to empower the students to critically analyse the engineering scenario and to instill in a new passion and vigor for engineering.

### Dalai Lama's Visit

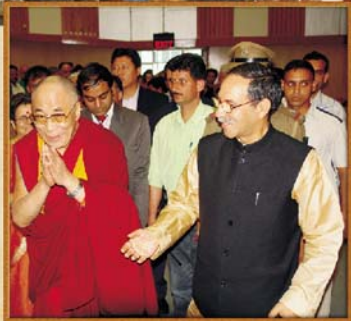
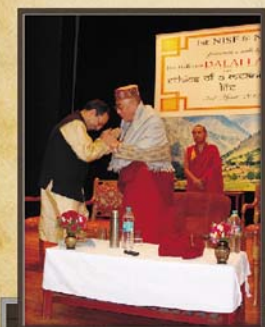


The concluding day of NISF was graced by an inspiring presence of His Holiness Dalai lama who gave an enlightening talk on "Ethics of a meaningful life". The spiritual leader urged the Indian students to play an active role in propagating ancient Indian thought and concept of ahimsa (non-violence), tolerance and being compassionate to the world. Traveling back in time, his holiness remembered the affection with which his mother raised him. In his

philosophical concepts like potentials of human beings to lead a happy life, importance of controlling emotions, what should be done to create happy human society, importance of logic and philosophy, role of mental level and being compassionate, ahimsa, secular way of life, concept of love and non-creation and belief in cause and effect.

The curtains on the first NISF were brought down with a concrete action plan for the next NISF at Nirma University, Ahmedabad and a training program developed for the student leaders of India this summers at Chitkara University, Chandigarh and ensuring a sustained involvement of all the participants to work together for a common vision. As the participants bid adieu to one another, a new change had already appeared. They go back with a vision, a commitment and most importantly a goal, to bring about a new change, no matter how small it is.

**Long live student enthusiasm!!!**



**By : Shashank Singh**

# प्रयास ..... एक उद्घोष

हमारा भारत देश, जो आज एक विकसित देश की पंक्ति में खड़ा है, जिसके विकसित होने का सपना हर भारतवासी अपनी आंखों में संजोए रखता है। जिसके विकसित होने का अर्थ सामाजिक, आर्थिक एवं आध्यात्मिक दृष्टि से पुष्ट भारत।

किसी देश के विकास को उस देश में निवास कर रहे जन समुदाय की जीवन-शैली से आँका जा सकता है। एक ओर तो हम चौंद पा जाने की बात करें। विज्ञान, तकनीक एवं उद्योगों में बढ़ी-बढ़ी उँचाइयों को छुएँ: वहीं दूसरी ओर देश की 42% आबादी गरीबी रेखा से नीचे ऐसा जीवन जो कि फँसे चौथड़ों में दो समय के भोजन के लिए मोहताज हो, जिए तो हमारा एकतरफा विकास सार्थकता की खबर नहीं देता।

जिस देश के वैज्ञानिक, डाक्टर, इंजीनियर एवं उद्योगी आज अपनी योग्यता का डंका संपूर्ण विश्व में पीट चुके हैं। उस देश को आज आतंकवाद और भ्रष्टाचार से उतना खतरा नहीं जितना कि युवा पीढ़ी की निष्क्रीयता से है। देश की युवा पीढ़ी अगर ठान ले तो सकारात्मक परिवर्तन की क्रांति ला सकती है।

इसी तालकम में NITH के प्रांगण में लिटरेसी मिशन की शुरुआत हुई जिसका प्रारंभिक उद्देश्य था। आसपास के गरीब बच्चों को मुफ्त शिक्षा प्रदान करना। समय के साथ साथ इसकी गतिविधियों में खेलकूद, नृत्य गान, कम्प्यूटर शिक्षा आदि का समावेश हुआ। गरीब बच्चों की फीस भरना, चिकित्सीय सहायता प्रदान करना, समस्त NIT परिवार से वस्त्र एकत्रित करके बच्चों एवं उनके परिवार में वितरित करना। बच्चों के अलावा उनके माता-पिता को भी साक्षर बनाना, जैसे कई प्रयास आज जारी है।



हाल ही में संस्थान की गरीब बस्ती के 3 वर्ष के प्रिंस का एस्काट हास्पिटल दिल्ली में सफलापूर्वक आपरेशन कराया गया, जिसमें मुख्य रूप में लिटरेसी सदस्य, शिक्षक डा० वाई० डी० शर्मा डा० अनूप कुमार एवं रोटरी क्लब हमीरपुर का सहयोग रहा। प्रिंस हृदय की गंभीर विमारी से ग्रसित था। अपने रजत जयंति समारोह के अवसर पर रोटरी क्लब हमीरपुर ने "प्रयास" की इस उपलब्धि का सराह एवं सम्मानित किया।

वहीं इसी गरीब बस्ती के एक परिवार से जोशी सुरीन ने AIEEE-09 में बाजी मारकर NIT भोपाल में अपना सीनि बना लिया। जोशी बिगत 5 वर्षों से "प्रयास" कोई सरकारी संस्था या NGO नहीं है वरन संस्थान के ही कुछ उत्साही एवं समर्पित छात्रों का समूह है, जिसकी वित्तीय आवश्यकता की पूर्ति के लिए मुख्यतः NIT परिवार का ही सहयोग प्राप्त है।

इसी दिशा में भारत के अन्य महत्वपूर्ण संस्थानों के युवा भी कदम आगे बढ़ा दे तो बाल मजदूरी से ग्रसित फुटपाथ पर मविथ तलाशता बचपन और भूख से पीड़ित अमावों से जूझता हुआ जीवन आज भी सँवर सकता है। ये छोटी सी शुरुआत देश के विकास के लिए बढ़ी-बढ़ी योजनाओं की अपेक्षा ज्यादा महत्वपूर्ण एवं प्रभावकारी सिद्ध हो सकती है। सिर्फ अपनों के सुख-दुख के लिए तो हर कोई हँस-रो लेता है, आइये अपनी दृष्टि के खुले आकाश में फेलाकर परस्पर भावयन्तु का संकल्प लेकर ओरों के लिए भी मददरूप हा जाएं। इन्ही भावों से अपने देश को विकास की ओर अग्रसर करते हुए दिव्य भारतीय संस्कृति के संदेश सर्वे भवन्तु: सुखिनः को सार्थक करें।

*Over a cup of coffee*



*sandeep sandeep*

painting by : Sandeep

## My Girl

**Karan Vasdev**  
EEE, Final Year



Anubhuti Mishra



My dream had come true. My left hand clutched an airline ticket to Bangalore. My right held the letter of appointment from TechPro. "Dear Mr. Arjun Verma," it read, "We are pleased to inform you about your selection in our...". TechPro was my dream company. Not my childhood dream, but something that had attracted me ever since I started studying engineering at NIT Hamirpur. Problem was, they didn't have an office in India back then. When they opened operations in Bangalore last year, I knew I had to get in. Everything about the organization, starting from the nature of their work, up to their mascot stallion carrying the slogan "Uncovering the future. Faster" made me sit up and notice.

"No Ma, it's been delayed. Seems I'll be reaching Pune in the evening only", a female voice seemed despondent behind me.

The familiar word Pune brought back fond memories. That was where Pooja's home was. She used to talk a lot about the city. In fact, the voice seemed familiar as well. Just to make sure, I turned around to look and...

It was her! Pooja Mathur. My girl! At least that's what I used to jokingly call her in college. But in all seriousness, we were very good friends. Best friends. There are some moments in life which pass you by like a dream. You can't get them back, or ever feel the same way you did in those instants, but you can never forget them either. As our eyes met, it felt something like that. This was followed by loads of shouting from both ends; we were so excited to see each other we weren't even listening to what the other was saying.

My exclamations of excitement soon took an inquisitive tone. Where had she been for so long? Why hadn't she been in touch? She offered a few unsatisfactory excuses which I readily accepted. I was just so happy to see her.

"Hey Pooja, there's a Nescafe stall in the lounge. You wanna grab a coffee? For old times' sake?" I asked.

She gave me her mischievous grin, her dimple falling in place exactly where I remembered. "Sure." Memories of college days showered on us as we sat at the table, sipping our coffees, looking at each other over the cup rims. "You remember the time we asked our project guide to let us off cause we needed to go over some readings? And then he caught us at Nescafe. You tried to hide your face with the plate of Maggi you were having and dropped it all over yourself. Gosh, you were a sight!" her laughter automatically brought a smile to my face.

We talked a lot. Her flight had been delayed and I was in no hurry either. I asked her something I'd been meaning to for quite some time. "So... do you have anyone in your life right now?" "I had a boyfriend a couple of months back. No, no one now."

I felt a sudden pang of jealousy. My mind raced back to the summer of 2008. I had taken Pooja to a nice restaurant (no mean feat in a place like Hamirpur!) and told her what I had started feeling for her. College was ending soon and I was afraid of losing her, I guess. She had politely refused, and had been really sweet about the whole thing.

"We're so comfortable with each other Arjun. Why change that? A relationship would only complicate things." She had said.

"No it wouldn't Pooja. This is you and me, right? We know each other too well. Look if you need time I can wait."

"Really? What if I start liking someone else, then what?"

"Then I'd put on a big fake smile and say I'm happy for you."

I had tried convincing her for a while before my own ego kicked in. If she didn't want to be with me, well then, that was her own loss. My mind came back to the present, back to the amazing girl having coffee with me. How wrong I had been. I had let her go once. I wasn't going to again.

"This is great isn't it? Having coffee, chatting our hearts out? Too bad we're not a couple." I tried to joke.

"C'mon Arjun, let's not go there. We've talked about this before. Let's just enjoy the coffee, hmm?"

"Why not Pooja? Things have changed now."

"I know they have, but we're such good friends and-"

"Oh God there you go again with your love vs friend theory! What, am I still not good enough for you? They're taking me at TechPro, look!" I dangled the appointment letter in front of her as if it were a weapon.

"That's amazing Arjun. But I.. I can't be with you-"

"Why not?" I was almost shouting like a baby throwing tantrums.

"Because I can't be with anyone..."

I was horribly confused. But something about the look on her face told me all was not well.

"I have cancer, Arjun. Leukemia. And I don't have much time left."

Something inside me shattered into a million pieces.

"How... how much time?" I managed to whisper.

"4...5 months max. I found out during our last semester in college, but I didn't tell anyone. All of us were so depressed with college ending anyway, especially you. Now you know why I said no... I planned to slowly break contact with every friend I had, even you. I quit my job yesterday to spend the last few months with my family. That's why I'm going to Pune."

My throat was almost choked up but I guess my anger forced out the words: "You had NO RIGHT to leave me and just... just go away without letting me know."

"Please don't be mad. I knew you'd be worried sick about me and what use would that be to any of us? There have been times when I have longed.. madly.. to call you up and tell you everything. I thought I was doing the right thing, that's all. Life after college was very lonely, specially without you around, that's when I started seeing someone from work."

"So you guys decided to break up after you told him about the cancer?"

"Actually, he broke up with me."

"What an... what an idiot." I meant to say a lot more.

"Anyway, now you know everything. Though this was never part of the plan. I never meant to meet you at an airport. And when you asked I guess I couldn't lie to you anymore. But you've got such a great life waiting for you Arjun. You've become a great engineer, with a great career ahead. Please let me go. Please be happy."

"See, that's the problem. I'm happy when I'm with you." I finally found my voice back. Pooja was silent.

Tears streamed down my face and I knew how much she hated that, so to make up for it I forced myself to smile and say: "And if I'm such a great engineer then TechPro wouldn't mind waiting for me a little while longer."

I could barely make out her face through my teary eyes. Were those the beginnings of a smile on the corners of her lips?

I wiped my face and continued: "So excuse me for a while Miss Mathur, cause I need to make a slight change of my flight plans. This may not sit well with the airport authorities."

She was definitely smiling now...

My dream had come true. My left hand clutched an airline ticket to Pune. My right rested on Pooja's shoulder as we walked down the boarding aisle together. My girl and I.

## कसक सी उठी है .....

शैलजा शर्मा

डी. ए. सी., द्वितीय वर्ष



इन बीगी पलकों से आज कुछ लिखती हूँ मैं,  
तुम हो दूर ये दर्द अब नहीं सह सकती हूँ मैं।  
तुम सात समंदर दूर नहीं, पर हिम्मत नहीं है आने की,  
न जाने क्यों आज एक कसक सी उठी है तुम्हें पाने की॥

चमक उठती हैं मेरी आंखें जब नाम कोई तेरा लेता है यहां,  
पास होते तो पढ़ लेते ये आंखें, पर मैं हूँ यहां, तुम हो वहां।  
कोई हसरत नहीं है मेरी दुनिया वालों को हंसाने की,  
न जाने क्यों आज एक कसक सी उठी है तुम्हें पाने की॥

कहने को तो ये सारा जग है मेरा,  
पर लगता है कहीं दिल में है तनहाइयों का डेरा।  
रूठ न जाना तुम, पर आस भी है तुम्हें मनाने की,  
न जाने क्यों आज एक कसक सी उठी है तुम्हें पाने की॥

अब मझाधार में फंसी नाव को किनारा चाहिए,  
दिल कहता है बहुत हुआ अब तुम्हारा सहारा चाहिए।  
उमंग है इस नदिया को सागर में मिल जाने की,  
न जाने क्यों आज एक कसक सी उठी है तुम्हें पाने की॥

शब्द नहीं मिल रहे, हाथ भी थक गया है,  
आ जाओ लौटकर तुम ये दिल कह रहा है।  
तुम सात समंदर दूर नहीं, पर हिम्मत नहीं है आने की,  
न जाने क्यों आज एक कसक सी उठी है तुम्हें पाने की॥

## एक अधूरी कहानी

सिद्धार्थ कुमार

ई. सी. ई. अंतिम वर्ष



Anubhuti Mishra

बात बहुत पुरानी नहीं है, और बहुत नई भी नहीं। एक काले रंग का शहर था जो रात को जल्दी सो जाता था और सुबह मुंह अंधेरे उठ आता था। इसी शहर में एक लड़का रहता था और एक लड़की थी। दोनों साथ पढ़ते थे.....छटी कक्षा में। लड़की बहुत चंचल थी और बातूनी भी... वैसे इस उम्र में सभी चंचल होते हैं। पर लड़का बहुत गंभीर रहता था और अपनी उम्र से ज्यादा सुलझी बातें करता था।

बात छटी कक्षा की ही है जब लड़का उस लड़की को चाहने लगा था। वह हर रोज उस लड़की की पीठ पर टंगे बैग पर चॉक से कुछ आड़ी तिरछी रेखाएँ खींच दिया करता था....क्यों..... पता नहीं। यूँ तो 200 बच्चों की मीड़ में यह पहचानना मुश्किल था कि ये हरकत कौन करता है, पर लड़की जानती थी। वह भी लड़के को उतना ही पसन्द करती थी। स्कूल से लौटकर वह सीधे छत पर जाती थी और बैग पर खिंची उन मधुर आकृतियों को तबतक देखती थी जबतक माँ आवाज न लगाये। एक दिन लड़की ने लड़के को अपनी टिफिन से आधा खाना खिलाया.....जिस दिन लड़का अपनी टिफिन घर पर भूल आया था। लड़के को अच्छा लगा और आत्मग्लानि भी हुई।

"चॉक से बैग पर मैं ही लिखा करता था।" लड़के ने बैग की ओर इशारा किया लड़की मुस्कुराकर बोली "मुझे हमेशा से पता था" और मुस्कुराते हुए उसने नजरें घुमा लीं। लड़का अवाक रह गया यह सोचकर कि फिर लड़की ने कभी उसे डाँटा क्यों नहीं। वह लड़की के मन की बात समझ गया।

अब साथ टिफिन खाने का सिलसिला आम हो गया। दोनों आधी-छुट्टी में टिफिन साथ खाते और डेरों बातें करते। लड़की ने गौर किया...लड़का उतना गंभीर नहीं है जितना दिखता है। वह लड़के की हर बात पर जोर-जोर से हँसती रहती। लड़के ने देखा...हँसते समय लड़की की आँखें सामान्य से बड़ी हो जाती हैं और चमकने लगती हैं। लड़की को तीखा और लड़के को मीठा खाना पसन्द था। पर साथ-साथ खाने में उन्हें कुछ भी पता नहीं चलता...स्वाद जैसे अपनी महत्ता भूल जाया करता था...उन क्षणों में।

"कल मैंने सपने में फिर तुम्हें देखा" लड़के ने कहा।

लड़की ने चंचलता से पूछा "पूरी बात बताना क्या देखा।"

"हम दोनों चलते रहते हैं...बड़ी दूर तक...तेरा हाथ मैंने पकड़ रखा है। फिर अचानक से चारों ओर अंधेरा हो जाता है। सिर्फ दो चेहरे दिखाई देते हैं फिल्में जैसे...एक तेरा और एक मेरा।"

"फिर?"

"फिर.....और फिर मैं तुम्हें चूम लेता हूँ....ऐसे।" और लड़के ने अप्रत्याशित ढंग से लड़की का गाल चूम लिया। लड़का यन्त्रवत खड़ा था जैसे अभी भी सपने में हो। यह बिल्कुल बालसुलभ चुम्बन था जो सिर्फ बच्चों के भावदोश में हो सकता है...बिल्कुल निर्मल और निरपाप। हलाकि लड़की को ज्यादा बुरा नहीं लगा, पर भावद आसपास और बच्चों को होने के कारण वह अस्वभाविक हो उठी।

“तुम बहुत बुरे हो। लड़की ने कहा था और मुस्कुराती हुई चली गई। लड़का दिन भर लड़की की आखिरी बात का मतलब निकालता रहा। नाबक़ोश की माने तो इस वाक्य के बाद मुस्कुराया नहीं जा सकता। घर पहुँचते ही माँ से उसने पहला सवाल यही किया था...

“माँ बुरे लोगों से सब खुश होते हैं?”

“बेटा, अच्छे लोगों से सब खुश होते हैं, और बुरे लोग अच्छे नहीं हो सकते”, लड़का चुप हो गया। उस साल काले भाहर पर बादल छाए और बहुत बारिश हुई...हलांकि सर्दियाँ भी ठिठुरती रहीं और जेट की दोपहरी तपती रही। वक्त ने लम्बी करवट ली और ऐसे कई साल गुजर गए।

लड़की विज्ञान और लड़का कला से स्नातक करने लगा। ऐसा नहीं था कि पिता की अचानक मौत के बाद पैसों की कमी के कारण उसने कला का चुनाव किया था। लड़की के प्यार में नज्में लिखते-लिखते कब साहित्य की ओर मुड़ गया लड़का खुद नहीं जानता था। पहली बार दोनों अलग हुए थे। अब दिनभर की बातें पार्कों और रेस्टोरेन्ट के चन्द घंटों की मुलाकातों में सिमट आई थी। इतने सालों में बहुत कुछ बदल गया था। लड़का बदहवास सा रहने लगा था। पढ़ाई के साथ-साथ घर की आर्थिक जिम्मेदारी सम्भालना उसे भारी पड़ रहा था। उपर से आँखों में साहित्यकार बनने के सपने...इस अल्पसंसाधन वाले काले भाहर में वह असहाय सा महसूस करने लगा था। यूँ पत्र-पत्रिकाओं में कहानियाँ-कविताएँ आदि लिखता था और कुछ पैसे मिल जाते थे, पर यह काफी नहीं था। लेकिन कला से स्नातक कर रहा लड़का इससे ज्यादा कुछ कर भी नहीं सकता था। पेरशानियों और अपने बेतुके सपने के बोझ तले दबा लड़का अब दार्शनिक बातें ज्यादा करने लगा था ....अपनी उम्र से ज्यादा दार्शनिक।

हलांकि बदली लड़की भी थी पर इतनी नहीं। चंचलता का स्थान सुख और मधुर स्वप्नों ने ले लिया था। पर लड़के के विपरीत उसके स्वप्न दार्शनिक नहीं, सांसारिक थे...जैसा कि उसके साथ की तमाम लड़कियों के थे। वह लड़के से हमेशा 10 साल आगे के सपने की बातें किया करती थी... जिसमें नीली नदी के किनारे बने आलीशान घर, ढेर सारे फूलों की क्यारियों और ऐसी ही बहुत सारी सुख-सुविधाओं का जिक्र हुआ करता था।

लड़की खुली आँखों से सपने बुनने लगी थी।

लड़का सोयी आँखों से हकीकत चुनता था।

लड़की कहती “कल रात मैंने सपना देखा”

लड़का कहता “कल सारा दिन मैं सड़कों पर भटका हूँ”

लड़की कहती “सपने में तुम थे और हमारे स्कूल के दिनों वाला मीटिंग प्वाइंट बेर का पेड़।

वह कहता “नुकड़ के पास खड़ा बरगद सूखने लगा है। जल्दी ही उसे भी” नगर निगम वाले काट देंगे।

लड़की कहती “तुम आजकल मेरी बात नहीं सुनते हो”

लड़का कहता “आजकल मुझे दायीं आँख से कम दिखाई देता है।”

लड़की उससे परेशान रहने लगी.... लड़का खुद से परेशान था। वह कहानीकार या कवि या दोनों बनना चाहता था, हलांकि कभी-2 वह खुद भी यह निर्णय नहीं ले पता था कि वह क्या बनना चाहता है हाँ वह इतना जानता था, कागज-कलम-कविता ही उसकी जिंदगी के अर्थ हैं। वह जानता था कि साहित्य को छोड़कर और कोई दूसरा रास्ता उसकी खुशियों की मंजिल तक नहीं जाता। वह इस काले भाहर से निकलना चाहता था। पर लड़की से दूर जाने की सोचकर ही वह कांप उठता। माँ उसके सपने नहीं समझ पायेगी “जब प्रेमचन्द जैसा उपन्यासकार इलाज के आभाव में खून की छिटियाँ करते मरे तो तुम कहाँ तक जाओगे बेटे। यह तुम्हें बरबाद कर देगा। मैं अब भी कहती हूँ, पापा की नौकरी पर मर्ती हो जा।” जब- भी माँ समझाती लड़का निरुत्तर हो जाता। वह अपने अन्दर ही जैसे कोई लड़ाई लड़ रहा था। वह जानता था लड़की उसे जरूर समझेगी। वह जब भी लड़की से मिलता उसे अपनी कविताएँ सुनाता। मशहूर साहित्यकारों की रचनाएँ सुनाता।

“मैं इस जमीं पे भटकता रहा हूँ सदियों तक  
गिरा है वक्त से कटकर जो लम्हा उसकी तरह  
वतन मिला तो गली के लिए भटकता रहा  
गली में घर का निशां तलाश करता रहा बरसों

तुम्हारी रूह में अब जिसमें भटकता हूँ।” गुलजार नाम के एक भाखस का दीवाना है लड़का....  
लड़की यह जानती थी। लड़का कहता, “तुमने कैफी आजमी को नहीं पढ़ा होगा सुनो—

“आज सोचा तो आंख मर आए,

मुद्दतें हो गई मुस्कराए।

दिल की नाजुक रंगें टूटती हैं,

याद इतना भी कोई न आए।” सोचो उस भाखस ने क्या—क्या महसूस किया होगा जिसने ये  
लाइनें लिखीं।”

लड़की भ्रूण में देखती रहती और चुपचाप सुनती रहती। न वह कोई प्रसंशक थी और न ही  
क्रिटिक्स...पर बुत बनी सुनती रहती। कभी—कभी जब ज्यादा हो जाता तो झिड़कती थी “तुम हमेशा  
गुलजार और दिनकर के पीछे लट्ट लेकर क्यों पड़े रहते हो” जिस बेरुखी से वह इनका नाम लेती  
लड़के को बुरा लगता। वह कहती “क्या तुम कुछ और नहीं सोच सकते, कोई और बात नहीं कर सकते।  
लेखक बनना है तुम्हें वह भी हिन्दी साहित्य का।” लड़के की दुनिया यहीं पर आकर सिमट जाती थी। वह  
नदी के एक किनारे पर था और दूसरे किनारे पर लड़की जिन्हें कभी मिलाया नहीं जा सकता। लेकिन वह  
अपना रास्ता चुन चुका था।

वह सदियों की धुंधली सुबह थी, जब लड़के ने सदियों पुराने काले बाहर को छोड़ दिया...मां के  
साथ। कहा गया...कैसे गया यह उसने लड़की को भी नहीं बताया। हां उस आखिरी खत में जो उसने  
लड़की के उसी “बचपन के बैग” में रख दिया था, कुछ यूँ लिखा था— “सोचो तो आजतक मैंने कोई ऐसा  
काम नहीं किया जिससे मुझे आत्मसंतुष्टि का अहसास हो, कोई ऐसा निर्णय नहीं लिया जिस पर मुझे  
फंख हो। जब मैं खुद अपनी जिंदगी की खुशियां नहीं चुन सकता। तो तुम्हें कैसे समझ पाऊंगा...कैसे  
खुश रख पाऊंगा। मजबूरी के आगे घुटने टेककर मैं अपने सपने को मरता नहीं देख सकता। अपने अन्दर  
की आवाज को दबाकर मैं आत्माहीन हो गया हूँ। और ये मैं कतई बर्दाश्त नहीं कर सकता।”

“तुम बहुत बुरे हो अंकल” दस साल का पड़ोस का बच्चा मुझसे कहता है।

“क्यों?”

“पूरी कहानी कभी नहीं सुनाते। ये भी नहीं बताया कि लड़के—लड़की का नाम क्या था?” मेरे पास  
कोई उत्तर नहीं होता है। मैं मुस्कराने की कोशिश करता हूँ और डायरी बन्द कर देता हूँ।

तुम बहुत बुरे हो....मेरे अन्दर गूँजता रहता है।

## I belong to You!

**Abhishek Tondon**  
ECE, 2004-2008



Those hours of silence, dark, deep n' dense,  
That road to seclusion, illimitable, intense,  
Delusive curses a few, blessings innumerable,  
In suspicions n' fears, that belief insuperable.

Spellbound by the glory, of my own dreams,  
Enchanted by the enigma, of Your reign.  
Cornered in the middle, often so all alone,  
Tranquillized perhaps, in the mysterious unknown.

That quantum of hope, that faith profound,  
Blended within the reflections, unbound,  
The ephemeral evil, the omnichronous good,  
My moments of decision, the triumph of truth.

The oneness of all, this soul's timeless being,  
The entirety of existence, 'thout a loss of meaning,  
This flux of life, You've carried me through,  
Is my signature of destiny, 'I belong to You'!

## Almost lovers

**Raj Walla**

MED, 3rd Year



As he stared out of the window into the many abysmally small windings of the road he wondered what life would have been in a city. In the depths of boredom that he inhabited an echo caught his ear.

"We are here."

"Where?"

"The lighthouse"

"This is where you wanted to come right."

"Oh yes of course."

"How much will it be?"

"Seventeen dollars. Looking at how you are dressed I have to ask, do you belong here?"

"No I actually live here."

"In the lighthouse?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Why should I not?"

"I don't know. Um...maybe because it's weird."

"I don't like large crowds and ever since I was a boy I have been here so I don't see the point in moving."

"Have you never been to the real world?"

"I have in fact for a daffily long period of time. I just didn't see what was real about it."

"Aah..." he said as if he understood, yet clearly he was missing the point. "I should be going now."

He took his fare and left.

He took a step back and watched with utmost focus at his painting trying to find out what was missing. There was a woman in red stockings, a black coat and black boots scratching her head walking on the pavement. In a long car was a bald man with a beard laughing at his own hairless fate. He was accompanied by two women, one too old to be with him and the other too young. They seemed to be lost in their chit chat while the driver was an empty crevasse of grey. He shook his head, defeated. The picture was perfect just a little too



Dayanand Singh

blank on the upper right side. And he had no idea what to draw. He looked at his other pieces and chuckled at his own failure, the empty spaces. Then there was one with the hills, the hills where he had fought a battle against himself resulting in killing himself. Whatever he had felt there, he had not felt while drawing, that was definitive. He sat down onto his grandfather chair and started rocking to and fro. Elvis sat in a corner near the window to the ocean enjoying his late night nap. He summoned him and with a wagging tail he settled onto the carper right in front of him ready for his massage. As he tingled and tickled his only friend, the retriever Labrador yawned lazily; his black velvet soothing him evermore.

Hours passed as they lay motionless both lost in their own world, Elvis counting sheep and he merely just existing.

Later in the night he put out the light and lay down on his bed wondering what deadly sin his god had in store for him and his precious paintings.

The next morning he headed out towards the beach. Elvis felt his friends solitude and went off on his own leaving himself to his thoughts. As he sat on the sand, and watched the waves breaking up and caressing his feet he pictured a butterfly. It was the typical orange black that you see everywhere. He woke up to a cold leg and a wet face. Apparently Elvis had decided to leave. At heel the dog followed. It was mid afternoon and the sun was blaring down from the overhead canvas. Normally at this time of the day, he wouldn't have had the beach to himself but the winter seemed to have befriended him and had appeared a little too early. As he walked up to his dear old lighthouse, he saw a bike parked in front. The owner was nowhere to

be seen. It was a ruddy black assassin of a vehicle he thought.

"Hey"

"Hello"

"You the guy who my brother drove around yesterday?"

"If your brother had long golden hair, a very irritating cologne and freckles then yes."

"Yeah that sounds just like him."

"He told me you live here."

"Yes I do."

"Smooth."

"What smooth?"

She arched her eyebrows and feasted on his innocence.

"Can I help you in any way?"

"I wanted to see this place."

"Go ahead. I won't be bothering you."

She smirked in response and for some reason was amused.

He turned to leave and almost did.

"You don't wanna show me around?"

"Should I?"

"You could."

"There is nothing much here of your interest I am afraid."

"It's just doves, sea and sand."

"And this red and white lighthouse"

"Yes and this red and white lighthouse."

"I am Emily."

"Good"

There was a slight pause in which he considered his options.

"Um... I am Jake."

"You haven't been around people for a long time have you?"

He smiled abashedly.

"Guess so."

"So Jake, what do you do here all day?"

"I don't know. I walk, I massage my dog, I eat."

"That's a lot to do."

"I know."

"You didn't get the joke."

"What joke?"

"No nothing"

"No tell me, what joke?"

She burst out laughing.

"Damn you are cute."

"Am I?"

"Yes"

"And dumb"

"Good"

"When you go around that tree be careful, I saw a snake there once."

"When?"

"A long time ago"

"I should leave."

"Go ahead."

As he opened the lock and then the door, he heard running behind him.

"What?"

"Could you show me around?"

"Uh..."

"Show me around."

"Ok."

They walked around the tower and then to the beach and settled there.

She waited for nothing and ran into the water. Alone once again he sat down.

Seeing him like this something scarred her. She shouted "Jake".

"Yeah"

"Come here into the water."

"No I am fine here."

"You have been fine all your life. Now's time to be better, come on!"

"I think I will just watch from here."

"God you are such a jerk."

She ran up to him all wet and started dragging him leg in hand.

"Stop it! What are you doing?"

"What needs to be done!"

He tried to resist and ended up getting sand in his eyes.

She pulled him into the water and left him there.

He came out coughing and groaning.

"What are you?"

"I am your enchantress."

"I am all wet now."

"So am I. and I don't have a spare set of clothes either. But do I care?"

"You chose this. I didn't."

"I don't care what you choose. You better stay here and try to be happy."

"I was happy till now."

"Bullshit! Tell me, close your eyes and tell me how you feel."

"No way"

"If you don't I will hurt you."

"You already did."

She sighed.

"Do it."

"No"

"If you don't do it I will do this to you every day."

"Why?"

"Just close your eyes."

He did. As he felt the cold water against his skin he kind of felt good.

Now tell me how you feel.

"Good"

"Liar! How good?"

"Cold and wet good"

She laughed.

"Now open your eyes."

He stood there transfixed on the spot dumbfounded.

"Without a word he started walking out of the water."

She ran to him and held his elbow.

"Wait. Don't leave just yet."

Let's sit here for a while.

They looked out into the sea sharing the same thoughts, how cold they were.

"Jake. Let's go now."

He got up instantly and offered his hand.

"Now you are being a gentleman."

They walked towards the lighthouse shoes in hand Emily joking and Jake enjoying the company. They were like water and fire. One was a zesty extrovert and the other a mislaid shy introvert. They went in clinging to their wet clothes holding the soft fabric against their cold skin.

As they climbed the steps to his room she slipped.

Luckily he was behind her and caught her.

Without her asking, he offered her a clean and dry set of clothes and a towel. Then he went into the balcony and changed himself.

"Jake, I hate to interrupt you but, have you thought about dinner?"

"There are cans in the kitchen. But I am not hungry now, you take what you want."

"You eat canned food every day?"

"Yes, but sometimes Jenny gets me home made food. I love it."

"Why don't you live with her?"

"I don't wanna be a pain. She is married."

"God Jake you got lots to tell me. How do you know her?"

"We went to the same school. And she kissed me once."

"Did anyone kiss you after that?"

"Yes but I don't remember who it was."

"I should be going Jake."

"It is late. You sleep on the bed I will sleep on the chair."

"It's a double bed."

"I can't tell Elvis to stay of it."

"Who is Elvis? Your roommate?"

"No him."

He pointed at the dog wagging his tail.

"Jake. He is a dog."

"So?"

"So he won't mind sharing his spot with me for a day."

"It's all right. You sleep. I have to paint today."

"You paint?"

"Yes I paint in the other room on the right."

I am gonna have to see it someday, just not today. Now I am hungry. She found teabags in the cupboard along with a loaf of bread and opened a couple of cans marked potatoes and peas.

She laid it on the table and sat down to eat.

"Jake you should come here and eat with me."

"I am not hungry."

"Well I am. So do."

He obliged like an old servant and joined her.

They ate peacefully while she did most of the talking.

In between she moved close to him.

He listened to every word intent on being not useless for some reason he couldn't quite place.

She stopped talking after a while.

"Say something. I like your voice."

"Jake that's a compliment?"

She smiled. "Damn you seem to be getting better every minute."

He smiled and for a moment of indiscreetness brought his lips close to hers and made contact.

He broke up almost immediately and apologized. "I am sorry I don't know what I was thinking."

"I do."

Saying this she kissed him again and this time it was longer and much much better now that their hearts were into it.

## My Sacrifice

**Sayantana Nath**  
CED, Final Year



I was very happy when I went there,  
But had no idea what was going to happen,  
Whom shall I blame, me, her or fate?  
As my sorrows were deepened.

I left my friends, just to be with her,  
And this is how I get paid!!!  
I can never forget in my life,  
Today what she just said.....

My dreams were shattering right from the start,  
And I tried collecting the pieces in vain;  
She too has her own problems,  
She would never know my pain.

I travelled the whole country to meet her,  
I went to south from north;  
But she couldn't spare an hour a day for me,  
Why didn't she feel the worth?

She said she had her priorities,  
That she meets me against her will;  
She said that I am selfish...  
And about myself only I feel.  
Who will tell her what the fact is,  
About the sacrifices I made;  
My whole world fell apart,  
By the words she just said.

She said that her love was true  
And she was not wrong a bit,  
But she could live without seeing me  
She had made the habit of it.



I was stunned and frustrated,  
But still I was steady,  
I told her, you can meet me  
Whenever you are ready.

She was very happy with me  
And she was filled with pride,  
She never, and will never, know  
What I was feeling inside.

I really could not get the reason  
Behind her baseless fears;  
Silently I turned around,  
And secretly wiped my tears.

No, my love has not lessened a bit,  
As I make this sacrifice with a deep breath;  
As long as I'm alive I will be there for her,  
And will love her always, till my death.

## परिणीता

मनीष भट्ट  
ई. सी. ई., तृतीय वर्ष



Rajeev Mandan

परमजीत के दरवाजे के बाहर खड़ा मैं हॉफ रहा था। “खट-खट-खट” मैंने दस्तक दी, और ठंड में सिहरी हुई वो दरवाजे पर आकर रुक गई थी, लाहौर का सबसे खूबसूरत मौसम, बाहर एक आंधी कितने पत्तों को साथ उड़ा कर ले आयी थी, पीपल के उन पत्तों के साथ मैं उसको भी उड़ा ले जाना चाहता था। जाड़े की उस शाम जब भागते-भागते अंधेरा हो गया था, मैं उसके हाथों से बनी एक गरम चाय पीना चाहता था।

“इतना हॉफ रहे हो कहाँ से दौड़ कर आये?”

“अखबार में एक लेख देना था, वहीं से आ रहा हूँ।”

“अभी घर कैसे जाओगे? इतनी बारिश में?”

“चाय पीने का मजा बारिश में कुछ अधिक ही होता है” मैंने बात पलट दी, कुछ देर के लिए ही सही मैं बरसात की ये सौझ उसे देखते हुए गुजारना चाहता था।

“परमजीत, तेरे घर वालों को कोई अच्छा नाम नहीं मिला, लड़कों जैसा नाम रख दिया तेरा, इससे बढ़िया तो पारो ही रख देते।”

मैंने कहा तो छोटे से कमरे के कोने में वो चाय तैयार करते वक्त पता नहीं कहाँ खो गया, मैंने उसे ध्यान दिलाया—“चाय खील रही है, पारो!”

चाय उतार कर उसने मुझे दे दी, स्टील की गिलास से घुआँ उठ रहा था। वो साथ में गुड़ ले आयी थी, फीकी चाय में मिठास अलग से लाने की कोशिश। जिस कागज के ऊपर चाय का गिलास रखा था, वो गीला हो गया था, गिलास के चारों ओर जम गयी भाप की बूँदों में मैंने आड़ी-तिरछी रेखाएँ खींचने की कोशिश की।

“आज यहीं रुक जाओ, बारिश नहीं रुकेगी शायद”, उसने कहा, “यहीं?”

“हाँ, यहीं रुक जाओ।”

“.....?”

कुछ देर तक मैं और वो दोनों चुप रहे, मानो जैसे सहमति हो, पर एक छोटे से कमरे में दो लोगों के साथ रहने की सहमति बिना कुछ बोले कैसे हो सकती थी। “तुम ऊपर बिस्तर पर सो जाना मैं नीचे चटाई बिछा लूँगा।” उसके बिना कुछ कहे पूछे मैंने कहा।

“.....”

“अजीब बात करते हो, इमरान! कम्युनिस्ट होकर भी खुद से ही डरते हो? इतनी ठंड में नीचे क्यों सोओगे, यहीं बिस्तर में ही सो जाओ, एक कम्युनिस्ट को खुद पर ही विश्वास नहीं क्या?”

मैं ऊपर से नीचे तक सिहर गया, जैसे मैंने खुद ही अपने उसूलों पर चोट कर दी हो, और परो की बात काटने के लिए कोई तर्क भी तो नहीं था।

वक्त सिर्फ साजिशें ही रचता है। पूछ की बरसाती ठंड में सिर्फ एक कम चाय शरीर को ऊष्मा नहीं दे सकती, मैंने रेडियो ऑन किया.....गीला मन शायद बिस्तर के पास पड़ा हो, वो भिजवा दो मेरा वो सामान लौटा दो.....। हिन्दुस्तानी ‘इजाजत’ का नसीर अपनी प्रेमिका का खत पढ़ रहा था।

..... मैं पता नहीं किन भावनाओं में गीम गया, बाहर ठंड में पत्ते सर-सर काँप रहे थे, टीन की छत पर पानी की बूँदों की टप-टप का संगीत लय से भाग चुका था। ....मुझे लगा जैसे एक कम्युनिस्ट हार गया हो, और भायद लाहौर की अरलील हवा मार्क्स के शिश्य की हार में विजयी नाच कर रही हो, बादल गरज-गरज कर कहकहा रहे हों।

मेरे सूखे अधरों ने पारो के तप्त अधरों को छू लिया, जैसे मिट्टी के दो चलते-फिरते पुतले पसीने में गल रहे हों, जैसे प्रेम की तपिश में शरीर में कांटे निकल आये हों और पारो के उठे हाथों का अहसास उन्हें और नुकीला किए जा रहा हो।

न जाने कब नींद अपना कम्बल ओढ़ा गई। सुबह जब सूरज की दीप्त रश्मियों ने मेरी आँखों में धुमक मूझे उठाया तो पारो नहा-धो कर पीले-सुनहरे सलवार सूट में चाय लिए खड़ी थी।

पिछली निशा का नशा मेरे मस्तिष्क को अभी तक मारी किए हुए था, पारो के हाथ से मैंने प्याला ले लिया। रात इन्हीं लम्बी हथेली की तर्जनी से उसने मेरे हाथों पर प्यार की दो बातें लिखी थीं, मेरा रोम-रोम उत्तेजना और भय से सिहर उठा, मैंने पारो को पास बैठने को कहा।

.....

"पारो, कल तुम खुद हार के मुझे हरा गयी, मैं हार गया पारो, ....."

"ना, इमरान ऐसा क्यों कहते हो!"

"मैं कम्युनिस्ट हूँ, परमजीत, मुझे माफ कर दो,"

..... पारो जैसे बुत बन गई हो, वो बिल्कुल चुप्प हो गयी, कमरे में निपट शान्ति परस गयी।

मैंने बिना कुछ बोले अपना लाल कुर्ता डाला और चप्पल पहन कर बाहर निकल आया, मेरे कदम खुद-ब-खुद अपने डेरे की तरफ नप लिए।

दिन भर मैं सोया रहा, कुछ खाये पिये बिना, आलस्य का घेरा ना होते हुए भी मैं खुद को बिस्तर से नहीं उठा पाया, जिन्दगी जैसे रुक गयी हो और मेरे पास करने को कुछ भी न हो।

शाम को उठा तो कुर्ता पसीने से भीगा हुआ था, हृदय बहुत तेज धड़क रहा था, प्यास से गला सूखा हुआ। ..... एक ही बार में पानी की पूरी गिलास गटक गया।

परमजीत के डेरे तक अब जाने का मुझमें साहस नहीं आ पा रहा था। रह-रह कर उसकी बातें याद आ रही थी, "आजादी के चालीस बर्षों बाद तुम लाहौर में अपनी कलम से क्रान्ति लाओगे?" वो कहा करती थी और फिर बाद में खुद ही इस संघर्ष में मेरे साथ अखबारों में लिखने लग गयी।

मैं कमरे से बाहर निकल आया, लाहौर की घनी इमारतों और मस्जिदों के बीच जैसे मेरा दम घुट रहा हो, ..... बाबूजी बताते थे कि उन्होंने सुना था कि अविभाजित भारत का लाहौर बहुत खुराहाल है पर जब बारह बर्ष की छत्र में विभाजन के वक्त वो अमृतसर से मागकर यहाँ आए तो तब से खुराहाली जाती रही, शहर के बीचों बीच ककरी के जंगल उग आये।

परमजीत के लाहौर में शर्म के मारे अब सांसे लेना आसान नहीं लग रहा था इसीलिए दो-तीन दिन मैं मैंने भारत जाने के लिए वीजा की औपचारिकताएं पूरी की, पत्रकार होने के वजह से सब जल्दी हो गया, मेरे बाबूजी की पुश्तैनी जमीन थी अमृतसर में, उसे देखने या शायद उसमें कोई स्टोरी खोजने मैं अमृतसर चला गया।

अमृतसर हेडक्वार्टर से 18 किमी० दूर झमेड़ी गाँव। अपने गाँव पहुँचा तो उस जमीन पर कोई सिख परिवार रह रहा था, मैंने उनसे पूछताछ की तो पता चला—

"बाद, ओ जमीन किसे मुसलमान दी सी, 47 व काफिरां देश विच भाज गया। ओहने ए वी न सोचा कि धरती माँ होदी है, इस दा की होएगा। मलेच्छ आदमी, साले दी थोड़ा जेहा खून खराबा देख के फट गयी, हुण मैं एस जमीन दी देखभाल करदा हौँ।"

अमृतसर में ऐसे और भी सिख परिवार थे जो पलायन कर गये मुसलमानों की जमीन पर बस चुके थे। सरकारी तौर भी। मुझे पता चल गया था कि अब भारत में मेरा कुछ नहीं रहा, पर ये नहीं पता कर पाया कि मुसलमान होना या पाकिस्तान भाग जाना कौन सी इसकी वजह रही?

मैं दिल्ली आ गया,

25 करोड़ की मुस्लिम आबादी वाले भारत देश में मुझे मुसलमान होना भारी पड़ गया, दिल्ली में रहने के लिए किराए पर कमरा देने से पूर्व लोग मेरा धर्म सुनकर ठिठक जाते, दो हफ्ते मटकने के बाद एक मले हिन्दुस्तानी मुसलमान के घर रहने को जगह मिली।

दिल्ली से ही मैं भारत देश की खबरें और स्टोरी पाकिस्तानी मीडिया को बेचने लगा, धीरे-धीरे शहर में पहचान हो गयी, दोस्त बनने लगे, पर कभी पाकिस्तान-भारत के बीच राजनीतिक तनाव होता तो दोस्त भी अजीब नजरों से देखते, साल-दर साल वीजा की अवधि बढ़ाते-बढ़ाते 16 वर्ष गुजर गये।

उस दिन शाम को दिल्ली में बिजली नहीं थी, मैं छत पर बैठा था, गाड़ियों, ऑटों और रिक्शा

सड़क पर दोनों दिशाओं में भाग रहे थे, धूल का गुबार, दुकानों में कई अनजान चेहरे। मैंने रेडियो पर विविध भारतीय द्यून करने की कोशिश की तो आज फिर उसमें 'इजाजत' का नसीर अपनी प्रेमिका का खत पढ़ रहा था—

".....मेरा कुछ सामान तुम्हारे पास पड़ा है.....सावन के कुछ भीगे-भीगे दिन रक्खे हैं.....और मेरे खत में लिपटी एक रात पड़ी है....."

ये संयोग था या कुछ और? मैंने रेडियो बन्द कर दिया। पर बार-बार ये शब्द मेरे कानों में गूँज रहे थे। मैंने आखें बन्द कर ली और लाहौर की याद में खो गया। शायद परमजीत के पास मैं भी अपना कुछ छोड़ अया था।..... दिल में अपने देश जाने की कसक जाग उठी।

लाहौर

एयरपोर्ट पर उतरा तो सबसे पहले एक टैक्सी को पकड़कर बोला, "पुराना शहर"। आधे घण्टे बाद उसने एक मस्जिद के पास उतार दिया। हवा में तम्बाकू की खुशबू फैली हुई, छोटी टोपी और बड़ी हुई दाढ़ी वाले लोगों का शहर। कहीं किसी दुकान में रफ़ी के गीत चल रहे हैं।

.....उसका पता न मालूम होते हुए भी उस जानी पहचानी मकान के दूसरे माले पर चढ़ गया। दरवाजा एक सिख लड़के ने खोला। सर पर स्कार्फ और बहुत सी मूँछे आयी हुई, अम्मी कोई साहब आये हैं। सिखी पहनावा होते हुए भी उसकी जुबान सुनकर एकबारगी कहीं दिल में मुझे ऐसा लगा कि ये सिख का बेटा नहीं हो सकता, लगा जैसे उस पर मेरा स्नेह उमड़ रहा हो, जाने क्यों।

अन्दर के कमरे का पर्दा हटाकर जो औरत बाहर आयी उसे देखकर मैं तितक गया।

"पासे! तू अब भी यहाँ रहती है?" उसकी माँ को देखकर मेरे मुँह से ये शब्द निकल पड़े।

"तेरे ही इन्तजार में, मुए।"

और आँखों में नमी छलकाती वो ऐसा कहकर मेरे सीने से चिपट पड़ी।

## Geek da Luv di kahaani!!!

**N. Shashank**  
MED, 3rd Year



Diporjit Saikia



So here goes...the love story of a geek!!!

When your ECU is programmed into following the "Be righteous" protocol and to manage only the eat-work-sleep mechanism, when all you think of is BHP, bits, signals, stresses and fluxes, you are generally named by a few four letter words, commonly known as 'nerd' or 'geek'.

This was my definition way back 4 years down the time line. On June 1 2005, a new Trojan entered into my ECU. It was my first day of classes during Class 11 and seated in the last bench as I was, and in a diagonally opposite Cartesian position in precisely the other quadrant was seated this particular homosapien of the fairer sex. This sapien, visually, is classifiable into the quite exclusive genus 'eccentric, simple, yet gorgeous and beautiful'. There it goes, this Trojan, i.e. specifically my receiving the optic rays reflected by her, ran a loop very extensively programmed to eat up the protocols in my ECU. Somewhere down in the ECU, one circuit broke loose. Not slightly could I feel that I was being gradually submitted to a 'maintenance and repair' mode. On came a supercharger onto my engine to sap it of all its power. All it provided was a humongous curve of 'cloud 9' torque which would eventually leave me groping for traction later on at the redline. However, momentum carried me over quite manageably for [(365+60).24.3600] seconds despite the broken circuitry in the ECU.

Then came September 2006. It happened that in my tuning house, reshuffling of batches took place for programmed training and this particular homosapien happened to be positioned on the same grid line as I was. Of course gravity started working!

I lost traction, lost some more circuitry and finally the plug on the rigidity protocol was finally pulled off without any alarm. Of course there was a final boot sector virus that aggravated this. On the day I'd finished 16 laps, confetti had to follow and while engines all at my workshop were celebrating, this sapien ended up looking straight at my eyes and wishing me a better 17th lap. With that look straight into my visor, with that cheerful note straight into my aural sensors, and with all that magnetic flux, my ECU was put in the "standby-in temporary maintenance" mode.

.....the usual symptoms of 'temporary attention, focus, concentration, discipline and performance disorder' (tafcdp disorder as I'd abbreviate it or in more humane words 'first love/crush') followed for 6 long months.....

Future planning ensued and finding tracks and grand prix to run on the future led us into working on for days on end. Fighting it out with the tafcdp disorder and yet tuning myself was the roughest terrain I'd ever faced in all the 19 laps I did in my race on earth (a.k.a a life). Dynamometer tests (AIEEEE) led us into altogether different GPS instructions (AJR rankings) to follow and put us in tuning houses (colleges) at geographically challenging positions. Lost with all the optical and aural proximity as it was, I kept on chugging along with the tafcdp disorder working at full bitrate.

In June 2009, "self proclaimed geek a.k.a me" went off road. I went looking for the sapien. The flux never gave up and I'd to give in to the taqdp disorder. Several GPS and satellite positioning signals

worked and I found her. I even found the frequency of the communication channel (a.k.a. the phone number). I made a few structural arrangements for a congregational ceremony commonly known to be as a 'get2gether' between all the engines from our tuning house. That was the last when I was in aural and optical proximity again with the sapien.

In the solar (sunny a.k.a happy) time line to follow, I sent out communication signals to her again which were successfully received without any sonic disturbance. A rendezvous was to be setup where I was to put forward a proposal for eternal gravitational flux to be realised.

However, very soon, it all went wrong. Communication channels were blocked and the signals were totally reflected, no matter whatever be their nature, written, aired or wired. Timeline rolled and I had to get back to racing with a broken circuitry not at work. Though the engine pulled along, ECU demanded rigorous circuitry tuning.

Out of frantic helplessness, with lost traction and revved up and burnt engine, I waited for an injection of a 'yes' fuel through one indirect channel I managed to fabricate. Apparently there was no Common Rail Direct Communication due to certain orthodox and connectivity issues but indirect channels (mpfi a.k.a close acquaintance) injected a 'no' or a negative pulse into the ECU. Phew, explosions ensued.

Hmm.....

A while into the non nerdy aam zindagi wordz....I always had a pragmatic, sensible & rational approach to love though I suffered personally in oceans of emotions and feelings. Her "not being interested in me" is entirely her personal opinion which humanely speaking is entirely respectable and acceptable. The basic essence of love is to embrace, understand, deliver happiness and ensure goodwill. I truly understand this and stand by this definition. Neither was I successful in the quest for my first love nor did I fail spectacularly. However, I learnt a thing or two. I shall do better next time I fall in love... (hopefully the last time.....too much for a geek, you know!!!).

....back to being nerdy, some timely maintenance re-turbocharged my engine and am coming decently better now with better "throttle and brake" lines. Of course if you find a better supercharger Trojan (alias girl) for my engine to run the finale grand prix (a.k.a life) with, do let me know.

So long..to nerds, NIT Hamirpur, goodwill, happiness and to the amazing virus that love is, I bow!!!

## गजल

अतुल कुमार  
डी. एल. ई., अंतिम वर्ष



कुछ पाना चाहता हूँ,  
मगर कुछ खोने से डरता हूँ,

एहसास कुछ ऐसा है,  
इस एहसास के होने से डरता हूँ,

कहना तो चाहता हूँ बहुत कुछ तुमसे  
तेरे लबों की खामोशीयों से डरता हूँ,

चाहता हूँ नजरों से नजरें मिलाना,  
तेरी आँखों की मदहोशियों से डरता हूँ,

दूँ जमाने भर की मुस्काराहटें तुझे,  
अश्क तेरी आँखों के बहाने से डरता हूँ,

कर दूँ इजहार—ए—मुहब्बतें तुझसे,  
तेरी बेरुखी तेरे इन्कार से डरता हूँ,

चाहता हूँ जिक्र ऐ मुहब्बतें तुझसे,  
मगर तेरी मासूमियत की बदनामी से डरता हूँ,

चाहूँ तुझे सभ्र भर के लिये पाना,  
मगर तेरी किसी और के होने से डरता हूँ,

कुछ पाना चाहता हूँ,  
मगर कुछ खोने से डरता हूँ,

एहसास कुछ ऐसा है,  
इस एहसास के होने से डरता हूँ।

## प्रेम

जय धवन  
ई. ली. ई., तृतीय वर्ष



समय उस नवम्बर का है,  
बात उन हसीन पलों की है।

जब से मुलाकात उस से है हुई,  
नींद मुझे ना है आई।

मैंने तो चाहा था करनी दोस्ती उनसे,  
पर मुझे हो गयी मुहब्बत उससे।

जब मिलते हैं उसके नैनो से नैन,  
तो मचल उठता है मेरा चंचल मन।

उसके होंठ हैं कि मदिरा का नशा,  
हंसी जैसे मोतियों की वर्षा।

सहता हूँ मैं उसके नखरे हर एक,  
न मिलने के उसके पास बहाने अनेक।

अगर वो साथ चलती रहे,  
प्रार्थना मेरी रब से ये कलम चलती रहे।

अगर वो मिल ना पायी,  
तो कहीं जटा बिखर ना जाए।

# *A walk through the woods*



*Ambica Sud*

painting by : Ambica Sud

## The Confession

**Karan Sharma**  
ECE, 3rd Year



It was a cold winter evening in the city of St. Petersburg, Russia, in the year 1944. The city streets which echoed with the din of cries a few days back, were now trying to revive its lost passion of life on the eve of Christmas. 872 days of the German siege had destroyed the great city and claimed more than a million lives. The dust of war had just settled, having taken its own toll of death and devastation. Thousands of people had gathered in the church to offer their prayers and thank the god for having ended years of pain and suffering.

The church of St. James, a middle-sized Gothic structure, belonging to the 18<sup>th</sup> century, stood with all its grandeur in the heart of the city. The church had served as an abode for the homeless at the times of war. The priest of the church, Father Alexei, was a middle aged widower. Since his childhood he had great faith in Christ. The sudden demise of his wife at the time of birth of his son, made him retire from the service of an army personnel. Since then he treaded on the heavenly path serving the God.

On the Christmas Eve, the church was decorated brightly and it reverberated with the chanting of hymns. The burning candles and incense sticks filled the air inside the church with pious ambience. It thronged with people who had come there for offering the prayers. Father Alexei was conducting the holy ceremonies and through his sermon he urged the people to follow the path of Christ. Meanwhile, a tall bearded man stood quietly at the gate of the church, dressed in a black overcoat, watching all the proceedings from a distance. He had a scarred face and in his moist brown eyes a tempest roared depicting his inner turmoil.

After the end of the ceremony people started moving out of the place. When all the people had left the church, the man entered into it. Father Alexei was the only person left inside. He was preparing to depart for his apartment in the main city. He was quite surprised to see the man all alone in the church.

He asked kindly, "What are you doing here son? The prayers have ended. You should be celebrating outside."

The man replied uncomfortably, "Father, I have come here for the confession of my sins." Father Alexei said calmly, "Come with me to the confession box".

It was not the first time that Alexei was going to perform the Sacrament of Penance. Everyday many people came to the church to confess their sins before God, to seek mercy so that they may be saved from the befalling curse. Especially during the War time, the priest had been very busy with confessions. Many people turned to the church to acknowledge the sins transgressed by them, not knowing whether they would live to see the next dawn.

Alexei led the man to the wooden confession box and seated him inside it. He himself sat on a

wooden chair outside the box. A perforated wooden wall separated the priest from the sinner.

Father Alexei said to the man, "Son, You are in the house of God. Be true and confess all your sins before God. Pray and ask for his mercy; be remorseful in your heart and he will listen to you."

The man replied in a hushed troubled voice, "Father I have committed many sins in my life. I was a captain in the Russian army. My name is Leonid. I had fought in the war. About six months back my company was stationed in the town of Gorbachev. We were fighting the Germans. My Company had suffered a great setback as many Russians worked as spies for the enemies and supplied them with our plans."

He paused for a moment solemnly and continued, "One day my soldiers caught an 18 year old Russian boy working as a spy for the Germans. What a lovely innocent boy he seemed at first!!"

Leonid started weeping. He continued in sobs, "His name was Nestor Fedorov. God only knows which devil reigned upon me when I had the boy brutally tortured and cut into pieces, just to set an example! God only Knows! Three days later I came to know that he was innocent. He was serving in the local hospital as an attendant to help the victims of war." Leonid broke down completely, "Father, the burden of my guilt is driving me mad. My hand is soiled with the blood of an innocent. I am not able to sleep at nights. Every time I close my eyes, I see the boy's face. I am in deep regret for committing this mortal sin. I have no more desire to live. I can't bear this burden anymore."

On hearing the confession, Alexei's face became solemn. He said after a long pause, in a controlled heavy voice, "Indeed, you have committed a great sin. But you cannot repent for it by putting your life to an end. God alone gives life and he alone has the right to take it." He looked down at Leonid, who was crying, and said, "Son, you seem to be truly regretful about your deeds. I will pray to God that he may forgive you. You have to hold yourself together and move forward. Your true penance will be in adopting a child who has been orphaned by the war and upbringing him as your own son. God will surely show his mercy to you and bestow you with strength."

Father Alexei made Leonid pay obeisance to God. Then he performed the Sacrament of Penance. Leonid went back; feeling relieved and with a new resolution to atone for his sins by following what Alexei had asked him to do. Alexei escorted him to the gates of the church and watched him go out of the church premises with moist eyes.

He then turned towards the altar, knelt down and said a final prayer for the boy Nestor Fedorov. He had been doing this for the past 10 months. **After all, the boy was his only son** and he too fell a prey to the deadly fangs of war.

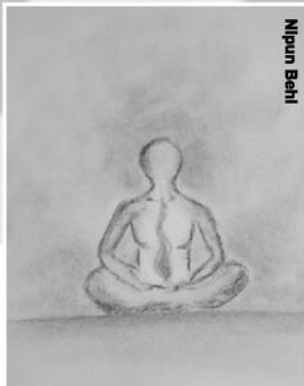
## तर्पण

मनीष भट्ट

ई. सी. ई., तृतीय वर्ष



Nipun Behl



चाय की दो घूँट के साथ सवेरे के सूरज की किरणों को समेटने के लिये आंगन में बैठकर सुबह का अखबार जब पढ़ने को उठाया तो उसमें से कागज का एक टुकड़ा सरक कर गोद में गिर पड़ा।

“इलाहाबाद के फलों आश्रम से स्वामी जी हरिद्वार आए हैं। 17 तारीख से स्टेशियम में प्रवचन होंगे.....।

मेरे मस्तिष्क में 28 साल पहले के माई जी याद आ गये।

यही कोई सन् 1980 की बात होगी। गर्मियों के दिन थे। तब मैं बहुत छोटा था, 12-13 साल का। माई जी की उम्र 19-20 के करीब थी। माई जी की आदतें पिता जी को पसन्द नहीं आती थीं। सुबह देर से उठना, हफ्तों तक नहीं नहाना, लम्बे बिखरे बाल एवं बड़ी हुई दाढ़ी और इन सब चीजों की उन्हें कोई सुघ नहीं, कोई परवाह नहीं।

उस दिन रविवार था। माई जी अपनी आदत से बंधे हुए सुबह 9 बजे नींद से जागे थे। तब तक पिता जी धूप सेंकते हुए अखबार पढ़ रहे थे। माई जी चुपचाप आंगन में आये और दीवार का सहारा लेकर जमीन पर बैठ गये। पिता जी ने कुर्सी में बैठे-बैठे अपनी गर्दन पीछे घुमाई और उनकी ओर देखने लगे। मुंह नहीं धोया हुआ, बाल गन्दे बिखरे हुए, अव्यवस्थित कपड़े, दायाँ हाथ पर अपना गाल टिकाए हुए, बिना कुछ जमीन पर बिछाये बैसे ही मिट्टी पर बैठे हुए, एकाएक पिता जी उन पर बरस पड़े थे -

“ऐसे असभ्य, राक्षस के बच्चे! दिन निकल आया है और अब उठे हैं जनाब नींद से! न मुंह धोया, न दाँत मांझे और यहाँ आकर मिट्टी में बैठ गये। इतने आलसी, अलीद, न कोई काम न कोई पढ़ाई, बस सोना और खाना आता है इन्हें, काम के न काज के दुरमन अनाज के।”

और गुस्से में वे अपना अखबार वहीं पटक कर भीतर चले गये थे। माई जी के भीतर क्या चल रहा था उस वक्त मेरी समझ के बाहर था। वे बस उठे और चल दिये खेतों की ओर, और उसके बाद शाम तक नहीं लौटे।

पूछताछ पर पता चला कि किसी ने उन्हें सुबह नदी में नहाते देखा था और उसके बाद वे आगे चले गये थे। पता नहीं उनके कदमों ने आगे क्या-क्या नापा था, नदी-मैदान-पहाड़, धूप-दोपहर-शाम, क्रोध-दुःख-वैराग्य, और शायद शहर भी।

वक्त के थपेड़ों से लड़ते-झगड़ते मार्गशीर्ष की ठिठुरती ठंड में एक पत्र पहुँचा था जो माई जी ने सावन में पोस्ट किया था, मतलब तीन महीने पहले। तब तक डाक के धीमे कदम उनके कदमों को पता नहीं कहाँ ले जा चुके थे। लिखा था -

“कुमारू मण्डल की बस बरेली से दूर मुझे नहीं ले जा पायी, ..... सोने के लिये बरेली स्टेशन की बेंच और खाने के लिये मन्दिरों का प्रसाद.....। यहाँ सब हैं जिनके सहारे मैं यहाँ रुका हूँ।..... आपकी माफ़ी के इन्तजार में .....।

संजय।”

तीन महीने पुराना पत्र पढ़कर पिता जी सिर्फ उन्हें याद ही कर सकते थे। इतने वक्त बाद बरेली जाने का तो कोई अर्थ ही नहीं था। भाई जी तब तक तो वहाँ नहीं रुके होते! शायद मन्दिरों का प्रसाद लेते लेते उन्होंने वैराग्य का प्रसाद भी ले लिया। बाद में एक उड़ती-उड़ती खबर आयी थी कि वे इलाहाबाद में हैं और सन्यासी हो गये हैं। गेरूए वस्त्र पहन कर घूमते हैं। शायद किसी ने संगम पर देखा था।

समय को कौन रोक सकता है, उसे तो गुजरना ही था, उसके साथ-साथ पिता जी भी गुजर चले, माँ बूढ़ी हो गयीं। मैंने भी भागते दौड़ते हरिद्वार में एक अखबार में नौकरी दूँद ली, छोटे-मोटे पत्रकार के तौर पर।

और आज सुबह चाय की दो घूंट के साथ सवेरे के सूरज की किरणों के समेटने के लिये ऑगन में बैठकर सुबह का अखबार जब पढ़ने को उठाया तो उसमें से एक कागज का टुकड़ा सरक कर गोद में गिर पड़ा। “इलाहाबाद के फलों आश्रम में स्वामीजी हरिद्वार आये हैं। 17 तारीख से स्टेडियम में प्रवचन होंगे.....।”

टुकड़े के पिछले भाग में स्वामी जी की फोटो में बायें माथे पर निशान देखकर कुछ-कुछ भाई जी की याद आने लगी। वही सौंवाला रंग, वही छोटी-छोटी नेपाली आँखें और उनका नाम स्वामी सूर्यप्रकाश जी। यानि कुम्भ राशि। भाई जी का नाम भी तो इसी राशि का था - संजय, कहीं भाई जी ही ..... ! मेरे कदम मुझे वहाँ ले जाने के लिये तत्पर हो चले।

तीन दिन बाद मैं और माँ प्रवचन में पहुँचे तो स्वामी जी के शब्द हवा से तैरते हुए मेरे कानों में पहुँचने लगे “.....जीवन बुद्धि के बिना अपूर्ण है, जो बुद्धि संवेदनाओं को जन्म नहीं देती है वो अर्थहीन है, जो संवेदनायें कर्म को आकृति नहीं देती वो अर्थहीन हैं, जिन कर्मों से सम्पूर्णता नहीं आती वे कर्म अर्थहीन हैं और सम्पूर्णता के लिये आवश्यक है - स्व की ओर लौटना।”

मैं बार बार इन शब्दों को मन में दोहरा रहा था और जब संतसंग खत्म हुआ तो आशीर्वाद लेने में माँ को लेकर स्वामीजी के पास चला गया, वक्त ने माँ की आँखों को तो कमजोर बना दिया था पर स्वामी जी की आँखें मुझे कुछ दृढ़ती सी लगीं। लगातार वे मुझे और माँ को गौर से देख रहे थे। फिर अचानक मुझसे बोले, “तुम शशि!”

“हाँ!”

“और ये माँ?”

“जी।”

और जैसे उनके अंदर वर्षों से थमा हुआ तूफान उमड़ पड़ा हो, वो जोर-जोर से विल्ला-विल्ला कर रोने लगे। आँखों से अश्रुधारा बह निकली और माँ को उन्होंने गले से लगा लिया। वे लगातार चीख रहे थे। उनके शिष्य उनके आस-पास इकट्ठे हो गये थे।

मैं हैरान! मन में विचारों की बाढ़ आ गयी थी। ये कैसा वैराग्य? गेरूए वस्त्रों और रुद्राक्ष का क्या कोई अर्थ नहीं? माँ के लिये इन्हें इतना प्रेम था तो ये हमें छोड़ कर क्यों चले गये? और आज इतने सालों बाद ये हरिद्वार किसलिये आये हैं? माँ से मिलने? गंगा तट पर पवित्र होने के लिये.....? या माँ की गोद में तर्पण हो जाने के लिये.....?

और तब मेरे कानों ने सुना कि उनके शब्द अटक गये हैं और मेरी आँखें ने देखा कि उनका शरीर अकड़ गया है।

अब आकाश में माँ और मेरी रूदालियाँ लगातार फैल रही थीं।

## अभिज्ञाप

अभिज्ञित रंजन  
जी. एच. ई., तृतीय वर्ष



Nipun Behl

क्या जरूरत थी झगड़ा करने की, हैं ? आरती बौखलाकर बोली। उसके मन में दबी हुई चिंगारी अचानक मड़क उठी। उसका जी किया कि वह किसना को मार-मार कर अधमरा कर दे। उसके मन ने उससे कहा कि इस मुए ने ऐसा लांछन लगवाया कि पिछली ज़िंदगी के सारे बहीखाते एक बार फिर से खोल के रख दिये जाएंगे। आरती का मन खराब हो चला था और इसका जिम्मेदार उसका अपना बेटा था। आरती ने ब्याह के बाद जिस दिन, जिस घड़ी इस घर में पांव रखा था, उसी दिन से बल्कि उससे भी पहले से उसके साथ कई ताने जुड़ गए थे। ब्याह पक्का होने के साथ ही यह जता दिया गया था कि आरती जैसी लड़की को अपने घर की बहू बनाने जा रहे उसके सास सुसर देवतुल्य उदार हैं, वरना कोई भी उसे अपने घर की बहू बनाना स्वीकार न करेगा। सारे गांव-समाज के साथ-साथ आरती की मां और मामा भी आरती के ससुराल पक्ष के प्रति कृतज्ञ थे जिन्होंने उनके कलंकित घर की बेटा को बहू के रूप में स्वीकार किया था।

“सम्ल कर रहियो लल्ली, कहीं ये भी अपने बाप जैसी निकली तो समझो हो गया कल्याण तुम्हारे कुल-खानदान का।” आरती का मुंह दिखाई की रस्म के समय किसी औरत ने लल्ली यानी आरती की सास से कहा था। इस कटाक्ष का स्वर इतना ऊंचा था कि आरती साफ-साफ सुन ले। कलेजा कट कर रह गया था आरती का। लेकिन वह कर ही क्या सकती थी ? ये तो उसके पिता ने लिख दिया था उसके भाग्य में।

वह सिर झुकाकर अपने पैरों के मेंहदी रचे अंगूठों को इस प्रकार देखती रही थी जैसे अपने दोनों अंगूठों में कोई अंतर ढूँढ रही हो।

“नहीं री रामू की मां! ये सब घर के माहौल की बात होती है। हमारे यहां सब ठीक रहेगा।” आरती की सास ने उस औरत से कहा था।

“बुरा न मानियो लल्ली मगर वो कहते हैं न कि ऐसी चीजें इंसान के खून में रहती हैं। जैसा बाप, वैसे बच्चे।” रामू की मां आरती से जाने किस जन्म का बैर भुनाने पर तुली थी।

मुंह दिखाई का एक-एक पल एक-एक युग के समान बीता था। उसी समय से आरती के मन में एक अनजान भय बैठ गया था कि जाने अब उसका क्या होगा ? इस भय ने उसे अपने ससुराल में कभी सिर उठाकर जीने नहीं दिया।

आरती सिर उठाती भी तो किसके भरोसे ? विवाह के बाद पहली रात को ही उसके पति ने

उससे पहले बोल यही बोले थे, “तुम हमारा सिर तो नहीं फोड़ोगी न ?”

अपने पति के मुंह से यह बात सुनकर  
आरती फुट कर रो पड़ी थी।

“अरे, हम तो मजाक कर रहे थे, तुम तो रोने लगी।” उसके पति ने उसे बहलाते हुए कहा था लेकिन आरती के मन में उस समय चुभी फांस चुभी ही रह गई थी। आरती भरसक प्रयास करती कि उसे किसी भी बात पर क्रोध न आए किन्तु वह थी तो मानुषी ही, उसे भी क्रोध आ ही जाता था। ऐसे ही उसे एक बार अपने देवर पर क्रोध आ गया। क्रोध में आकर उसने अपने देवर की बांह पकड़कर झकझोर दी। उसका देवर यही कोई दस बरस का था। देवर ने बुक्का फाड़ कर रोते हुए चिल्लाना शुरू कर दिया, “अम्मा बचाओ! मौजी हमें मारे डालेगी।”

“हाय रे क्या हुआ ? रे, छुटके?” सास बदहवास सी दौड़ी चली आई। मानो आरती सचमुच छुटके को मार डालेगी। बात ज़रा सी थी लेकिन देखते ही देखते तिल का ताड़ बन गई।

“मेरी ही मत मारी गई थी जो मैं एक हत्यारे की बेटी को बहू बना लाई।” आरती की सास ने विलापना शुरू कर दिया। “कहीं किसी रोज हमें न निपटा दे।”

आरती अपनी सास की बात सुनकर रोती रही, बस रोती रही। वह भला कर भी क्या सकती थी। उसके भीतर का लावा आंसू बनकर ही निकलता था, खारा-खारा जो लावे से कहीं ठंडा था और किसी को भी जला-गला नहीं सकता था। भीतर से खौलती और बाहर से रोती आरती अपने दुर्भाग्य के साथ ही जी रही थी कि आज उसके बेटे किसना ने उसके घावों को बहुत गहरे तक कुरेद डाला है।

“तूने ऐसा क्यों किया रे, किसना ?” आरती ने अपने बेटे को झकझोरते हुए पूछा।

“तो क्या करता मैं, उसने मुन्नी को छेड़ा था।” किसना ने भिन्ना कर जवाब दिया, “कोई मेरी बहन को छेड़े और मैं मुंह बार देखता रहूँ, मुझसे न होगा ये।”

किसना का जवाब सुन, सन्न रह गई। क्या किसना अपने नाना पर गया है ? क्या उसके पिता का खून उसके शरीर से होता हुआ किसना तक पहुंचा ? आरती की पकड़ ढीली होते ही किसना उसके हाथों से छूटकर बाहर चला गया। आरती की आत्मा त्राहि-त्राहि कर उठी।

यदि सब कुछ सामान्य होता तो आरती को अपने बेटे की इस भावना और कृत्य पर गर्व होता लेकिन सब कुछ असामान्य ही असामान्य था। किसना ने किसी और के कोख से जन्म लिया है और उस पिता की बेटी है जिसे हत्या के अपराध में आजीवन कारावास की सजा मिली थी। वह तो सरकार ने अच्छे चाल चलन के कारण उसे बारह वर्ष में जेल से बाहर कर दिया वरना अभी भी जेल में ही रह रहा होता। आरती की इच्छा हुई कि वह तत्काल अपने पिता के पास जाए और उससे पूछे कि उसने ऐसा क्यों किया था ? क्या उसे एक पल भी अपने बच्चों का ध्यान नहीं आया था ? वैसे को सब पता है। उसे पता है कि उसके पिता ने फुगन को क्यों मारा। उसे पता है कि फुगन ने उसकी माँ की अस्मत् पर हमला किया था। माँ तो उसकी कुदृष्टि से बच गई लेकिन फुगन के इस कृत्य पर क्रोधित हो उसके पिता ने फुगन के सर पर कुल्हाड़ी दे मारी थी। आरती को शोम है अपने पिता के इस कृत्य पर। इसलिए नहीं कि उसके पिता ने एक अपराध किया अपितु इसलिए कि उसके पिता के अपराध की सजा उसे भी भुगतनी पड़ रही है। पिता की ओर से ध्यान

बंटते ही आरती का मन माँ पर अटक गया। उसके मन में अपनी माँ के प्रति भी क्रोध न था। अपने भाई के विवाह के समय पिता के प्रति माँ के सहानुभूतिपूर्ण वचन सुनकर के तन बदन में आग लग गई थी।

“ऐसा ही लगाव था बापू से तो उसे हत्या करने से क्यों नहीं रोका?” आरती ने चिंहुक कर कहा था। “मैंने तो खूब रोका था पर वे रुके कहाँ? उनके सिर पर तो खून सवार था।” सुबकते हुए अम्मा ने कहा था।

इस पर आरती ने अपनी अम्मा को ताना मारते हुए कहा था, “वे सब तो ठीक है, अम्मा! हमें तो ये समझ नहीं आता कि हमारे पीछे तो कभी कोई न आया फिर तुम्हारे पीछे फुगन क्यों .....?”

अपनी सच्चरित्रता सीपित करते हुए आरती ने अपनी माँ पर कीचड़ उछाल दिया था।

अब क्या यही बात वह अपनी बेटा मुन्नी के लिए कह सकती है? तत्क्षण आरती को अपनी माँ की परिस्थिति, अपने पिता के क्रोध की सीमा और उसके द्वारा किए गए अपराध का औचित्य खुलकर सामने आ गया। दोष उसके बापू का न था, वह बात आज उसे समझ में आ गई।

लेकिन अब इस समझ का कोई अर्थ नहीं रह गया था सिवाय इसके कि आरती अपनी माँ और बापू के प्रति सहानुभूति रख सके। उसके मन में यह बात घर कर गई थी कि “किसना भी अपने नाना की तरह किसी दिन किसी की हत्या न कर दे?”

“हे भगवान! किसना से ऐसी गलती मत कराना। जीवनभर हर महीने पाँच रुपये का प्रसाद चढ़ाऊंगी, देवी मैया! तुम किसना की रक्षा करना।”

आरती अपनी बांहों में सिर देकर सुबकने लगी। वह जानती थी कि उसके बेटे पर भी कोई भरोसा नहीं करेगा। कौन जानता था कि एक व्यक्ति द्वारा भावावेश में उठाया गया एक कदम उसकी तीसरी पीढ़ी को भी संदेह की सजा भुगतने को विवश कर देगा। आरती का मन चीत्कार कर उठा कि एक अभिशप्त की तरह और कब तक जीना होगा?

बहुत दूर है।

निखिल खुल्लर  
सी. एस. ई., तृतीय वर्ष



दुआएं बे-असर हो कर जब लौट आई;  
तब समझा जमीं से फलक बहुत दूर है।  
तेरी तस्वीर भी जब धुंधली नज़र आई;  
तब समझा जमीं से फलक बहुत दूर है।

याद दर्द दिलाता कि अभी जिंदा हूँ;  
भायद मंजिल अभी बहुत दूर है।  
तलाश अभी मंजिल की कहाँ कर सकता हूँ;  
जब रास्ते-भर का निशां बहुत दूर है।

करवटों के सेहरे में भटकती रात को कह दो;  
कि नींद का आशियां अभी बहुत दूर है।  
मैं कशती-ए-हसरत लिए जितना चले जा रहा हूँ;  
बस लगता है साहिल उतना ही दूर है।

हक का राज जान लेने की बात नहीं, ऐ दोस्त।  
हम को राज जान लेना ही बहुत दूर है।  
जुबां-ए-यार की धुन में खो कर रह गया हूँ;  
रूह-ए-यार से गुफ्तगू तो अभी बहुत दूर है।

## The Last Tale

**Rajat Diwan**  
MED, 3rd Year



Lieutenant Russell Brunt had been serving in the investigation wing of the crime branch for some 15 years. He was a dreaded officer in his early days in the police. An eye of an eagle, diligent and meticulous service and a unique sixth sense made him notice the unnoticeable, find the minutest of evidence and clues and made him solve complicated murder mysteries almost effortlessly. All these talents saw him rise to a high post quite early in his career and build a reputation as one of the very best detectives in the country for himself.

Mr. Brunt was headed towards the house of Mr. Brendon Simpson; the celebrated author of many a best-selling horror story books. Mr. Brendon had died two days ago while writing another book. A septuagenarian, Mr. Brendon was found dead in his bedroom on a chair. The autopsy report suggested that Brendon died of a sudden seizure of the heart, the cause of which could be varied. Everything was in place, there was no evidence suggesting foul play. The report also said that there were no amounts of undue drugs or medicines found in the body at the time of death that could have stopped the heart suddenly.

He had come today to the Simpson household to investigate a little more. He came alone, something he would prefer when he would be a little over-anxious. Lt. Brunt sat recalling how exactly everything looked like at the time of Brendon's death. The curtains were drawn that day. It was raining the whole day and a pale yellow lamp lit the room. There were a couple of paintings on the wall on the left. One of them had a ship struggling in a tempest and the other had a young girl gazing or rather staring at something in the distance. Another painting hung by the side had only a graveyard on it. Right below the window on a table was placed something that caught the eye. An inverted cross, the Satan's symbol. The ambience of the room was extraordinarily scary but given the profession of Mr. Brendon, it seemed that the room was made like this on purpose.

Mr. Brendon was writing a book for sometime which he couldn't complete because of his sudden death. Making himself comfortable on the sofa he began reading the story Brendon left unfinished.

"The tiny village of Bardsley is infamous in the entire Old Ham county of England. No one really likes to visit this small village despite the pristine environment and breathtaking beauty on offer. Only a few brave prefer to put up for the night in inns. The legend says that the village is haunted by the spirit of a young woman who was mercilessly killed by her own mother some 200 years ago. Many unnatural deaths have occurred since. The dead people have largely been visitors who have dared to put up at an inn or a hotel. A majority of those who died had a similarity in the manner in which they died which made the belief all the more rigid."

Lt. Brunt stopped to take out his cell phone and made a quick search on the internet for the name of the village. There was indeed a village with the exact name and moreover it was indeed infamous for the reason mentioned. Lt. Brunt closed the search page. He continued reading.

"Two young college boys from the city of London decided to pay a visit to this village for they bet some 800 Euros for staying or rather surviving a single night at any inn or hotel in Bardsley. Brought up in the city, away from the fears and superstitions of the typical English countryside, these boys knew no fear of ghosts, witches or the supernatural. For them it was just an all expense paid vacation to the picturesque countryside."

Jason and Antony started early from London and reached Bardsley at about 5 pm. As customary on a typical English summer day, it was cloudy and the air was cool and pleasant. The intermittent showers made the countryside look pure and fresh. Jason and Antony stopped by an inn. A middle aged man at the reception gave them the keys to their room. Entering the room, they felt an eerie aura straightaway. The walls were a little damp presumably due to the rains. The ceiling made of wood had swollen due to the humidity. The curtains were drawn. Jason peeped outside the window to find the view substantially blocked by a huge tree that grew outside. They were too tired to notice much about the room. They both lay down to take a nap.

A little more than half an hour had elapsed when the door to the bathroom closed down with a bang and made both inmates spring up off the bed. "I am sure I saw this door closed when we entered", exclaimed Antony. Jason could hear the tree sway with strong winds and guessed that the window in the bathroom may be open causing the wind to come in and shut the door. Maybe the door Antony claimed to be closed wasn't locked. Jason went towards the door and opened it. The window in the bathroom was bolted and couldn't have opened even though gusty wind blew outside. "It couldn't have been the wind, said Antony." There was a silence in the room for a couple of minutes. It had started to get dark. Jason sat down on the bed facing away from Antony. "It is creepy in here." I do not believe in ghosts but (turning towards Antony) these things are not.....

Ahh... hh.....No, no, it can't be true," mumbled Jason till he screamed "Aaahhhhh....."

Jason screamed his throat out as Antony stood there looking at his friend in horror. "What happened Jason?" asked Antony while shaking him up. "What did you see?" Jason was in total shock. He was staring right behind where Antony was standing. His eyes were full of fright. "What did you see Jason?" reiterated Antony. "I saw this girl, this girl" stammered Jason. "She was bleeding and was staring at me, I saw her right behind you." Jason was panting. "Relax Jason, there's nothing, absolutely nothing. Your mind is playing tricks, it is seeing things Jason. There is nothing in there." "No Antony, I saw her, I sure did. I think we should get out of here." Antony then stood up to switch on the lights as it had got appreciably dark in the room. He looked at Jason's face. His mouth was open and he was still panting. Antony recalled the faces of the people he saw on the internet known to have died mysteriously in Bardsley. They all died of shock, their hearts just stopped. He looked around in disbelief. All of a sudden he started to notice how the room looked like. An inverted cross was kept on the table, some paintings hanging on the wall, a graveyard, a ship about to capsized, a young girl staring. Both of them looked in utmost terror at the paintings. They were scared now, scared to even look at each other. They turned their eyes at the place Jason said he saw something and.....

The book dropped of the hands of Lt. Brunt. The story ended there. He was shaking. He recalled Mr. Brendon's eyes were wide open, so was the mouth and his heart had stopped. It seemed like Mr. Brendon had been possessed while writing this, possessed by the same unknown something that he probably saw the day before yesterday. The weather, the room, the paintings, the curtains, the tree, the window, everything coincided. Lt. Brunt for the first time in his life was clueless, baffled and scared. None of his six senses could comprehend what had transpired that day. A few minutes later a realization suddenly overcame his being. He sat on the sofa and saw elsewhere. It was raining outside, a strong breeze had picked up. Lightning struck at intervals and made the room scarier. Something was wrong in the setting. Another bolt of lightning lit up a figure in the corner of the room for a minute second and.....

"Lt. Brunt would you like some coffee?" asked Martha, Mr. Brendon's wife as she walked inside the room. It was too late. Lt. Brunt had died. His mouth and eyes wide open, his face pale and a look of horror in those lifeless eyes.

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## He was just one of us

**L. Vishal**

Architecture, 3rd Year



He was just one of us,  
He donned a Kevlar on his head and an Ak-56 in his hand.  
He moved undeterred, unfrightened.  
He looked around to see the head of his fellowmen explode,  
But he heard the whispers of a billion prayers...  
Just into his twenties he carried hopes of a thousand men.  
Right now was his time to bathe in fountain of life,  
To cherish the freedom gifted by his ancestors.  
But destiny had something else for him,  
He moved in to answer those billion prayers.  
He fell, he crumbled but he kept his promise,  
He was a soldier, he fought back  
He engulfed the approaching bullet for a last time.  
He was crying not because of pain,  
But because he failed to serve his motherland  
For the last time  
He remembered the blessings of his mother  
The feet of his Father,  
That ring on his finger,  
He remembered the touch of his daughter,  
As his father awaits for someone to light his pyre,  
As his daughter awaits for a finger to walk her first.  
As his brave wife pretends not to cry,  
It is her turn now to keep the promise...  
Because catastrophes happen  
And Lives are lost,  
Martyrs die struggling to ensure a better tomorrow.  
But what the world forgets is-  
Life's devastated, never to be the same  
For all those they leave behind.  
We move on,  
We forget him, and that..  
....He was just one of us.

## साया

**सुधीर वर्मा**

सी. एच. ई., तृतीय वर्ष



ये साया भी अजीब चीज है,  
कभी हमें छोटा करता है तो  
कभी हमें बड़ा बना देता है,  
कभी ये गुमराह करता है तो  
कभी नजर नहीं आता है।

सोचता हूँ क्या ज़िन्दगी भी ऐसे ही है?

कभी खुशियों के साये में डूबी,  
तो कभी अपने आप को भूली।  
तलाशता हूँ एक साया सहारे का  
पर बना पड़ता हूँ कई साये।

दर्द में भी जब मुस्कराता हूँ,  
उसमें भी एक सुन्दर सपने की छाया देखता हूँ।  
तुम्हारे मेरे बीच के  
कुछ साये काले-हरे रंग को पहचानते हैं,  
हंसी के नवरंगी मोतियों से  
मेरे पलों को संवारते  
कुछ तुम्हारे मटमैले साये।

पर तुम भी बन गयी एक ख्वाब  
क्या मेरे साये ने तुम्हें खयाया?

काले साये से समझौता  
अब मेरी आदत बन गई हो,  
न जाने कितने साये  
आकर चले गए जीवन से  
खुशी के गम के और  
तुम्हारा भी...  
तन्हाई के अंधेरे में  
साया परखना मुश्किल है,  
तलाश है तो बस  
मौत के उस अनदेखे साये की।

**"IT"**

**Debanjan Chaudhary**  
ECE, 3rd Year



Sukriti Dogra



Cowering beneath the bed, terrified of making a sound, she shuddered as the bed above her began creaking rhythmically. The carpets under the bed hadn't been cleaned for a very long time and all the dust and dirt was taking its toll on her. Desperately trying not to sneeze or make any noise whatsoever, she tried diverting her mind to something else...her crush? No, depressing in these testing times...makeup and dolls, yes just the two things that made her stronger and divert her attention, but she knew it was only a matter of time that it would enter the room as she could hear the footsteps drawing nearer and louder.

IT had heard a noise from this room and so opening the door slowly so as to make no noise; it entered, surveying the room carefully. This had to be the master bedroom of this awfully huge house. Something told it that there just had to be someone in this room. Shutting the door slowly, it wondered where to start the search...the bathroom? The cupboards? The storeroom or the balcony? It decided upon the cupboards as it was closest. Slowly and cautiously it proceeded forward trying its best not to make a noise.

Her eyes followed its feet making a move towards the cupboards. She felt like running out and getting it over with. She thought to herself; it's only a matter of time before this misery ends.

It reached for the two cupboard knobs, taking a deep breath it pulled the doors open and moved back a couple of steps. To its utter dismay there was nobody inside. Its next target was the bathroom right beside the bed. Moving forward, its eyes were fixed upon the bed and almost instantly it dropped to its knees and looked under the bed. Her innocent eyes were looking back and with a smirk he whispered, "TAG, YOUR IT".

Springing to his feet he started shouting "New Seeker, New Seeker" and slowly the other kids poured into the room, ecstatic that they weren't caught. She slowly appeared from under the bed, only to be welcomed by her friends laughing at her. Visibly upset, she knew that their laughs would be short lived as it was now her turn to instill fear upon her them, after all she was now "IT".

## The Last Class Of College

**Kaustubh R. Sinha**  
EEE, Final Year



I walked with my good pals across the campus towards my classroom... my final year engineering class. The hour hand at the watch said it was twenty minutes past 5 and there was not even a single trace of any life in the college except for us three.... Abhra, Teetash and me.

Another ten steps and there was our class with the doors shut! We were in the ground floor of the Electrical Engineering Department and the sun was setting down in the valley with its orange rays creating a majestic scene. I wished that I could stop the time at that very moment... but it never happens and the seconds hand ticked heavily. We opened the doors of our final year class room for last time...

I wished that I could ask my teacher "May I come in maam/sir" and wanted to hear her shout "You late again... no attendance!" But there was no one there. Just empty desks and we three looking at the walls and the desks scribbled with quotes we wrote ... "so and so loves so and so" or "so and so sucks". The raised platform where the torturous classes were incessantly held ... and of course the last benches where we had a lot of fun.... laughing, smirking and irking at the girls and their followers, getting kicked out....

Then I drifted to our places where we sat ... the side seats. It did not feel like the last day.... I don't even remember how we had met.... How we had come to such a stage. I felt that I had known them for ages. I felt as if I was born in this college, like I was always here... and then suddenly to leave all of a sudden was hard to digest!

It felt like the entire class was still there alive.... the last benchers sleeping..... the girls chatting amongst themselves and the teacher in his/her own world. Ishan sitting besides me and cribbing about something ... Ramu sitting on first bench taking down notes.... and Gajju smiling at the babes.... Mankotia trying talking to the gals...

Ahh... And then there was Arnab asking me to look outside... for some junior babe passing by in the corridor and I without any further queries look outside. It was more often than not an unsaid communication that we had shared.... Sonu ping me and then with the same enthusiasm ogling outside yearning to plunge outside and talk to them.... But today there was nobody there, just the dark deserted corridor and I could see the power system laboratory at the far corner but no one there...

Then looking back there was Ajaz in his own dream world.... not scribbling anything in his notebook... neither laughing nor saying anything but just sitting there. And there was Karan right next to him... and there was me....

"Roll number 16....."

"Roll number 16..... Karan.... U are sleeping again"

"Ok fine... roll number 16"

"Err ... present madam....."

"You sleep dear....!! No attendance for you....."

All these memories showered upon us as we sat there all alone closing our eyes to the entire world outside the walls of the campus that was calling us. We wanted to attend one last lecture but this time there was no one to take that last lecture. And there was that door... open... as we had wished all the time to run away to bunk but this time it was the other way.... One last time.... One last class... we wanted to attend... but there was no one... Just we three...

## A 'Vagabond'...

**Priyanka Attri**  
ECE, 2nd Year



Aviral Sharma



There are those who never have a home,  
Aimlessly here and there do they roam.  
Abandoned from their land,  
Ransacked with the sand,  
Roams a vagabond.....  
He has no caste, he has no name  
Nor does he have any aim.  
Devoid of the tears are his eyes,  
The holploi have turned a deaf ear to his cries.  
He knows the truth that life is full of strife,  
It's an ocean of sorrows in which he has to dive.  
He has lost all his hope and his strength is no more,  
But still in his heart does a tempest roar...  
Sitting besides the sea she saw him one day,  
Amidst the roaring waves his yearns did say,  
'I am a vagabond meant to be despised at'....  
Over his pathetic plight a tear rolled down her ruddy cheeks'  
Since then their acquaintance has been of few weeks.  
Every day they met by the sea shore,  
Besides them the puissant sea did roar.  
She gave him a yellow rose  
Little about it though she knows.  
She knows not his caste, nor his name,  
Everything to her meant just the same.  
She was eight, he was thirty five,  
Unstrung melodies of love in his heart she did strike.  
She meant the whole world to him,  
But he forgot this relationship was just a whim...  
He was a traitor the people did monger,  
Over her friendship this rumour proved stronger.  
She left him forever,  
He tarried and tarried but no one turned ever.  
His dreams were short lived,  
His wounds were again rived.  
He missed the beautiful fay,  
Who always did blossom his day...  
The next day I saw a babbling crowd,  
Anguished and heart wrecked did they sound.  
There in the bench a dead man did lay,  
The dry yellow rose by his heart everything did say,  
He was a vagabond meant to be despised at,  
The callous world which had forsaken him besides his corpse now sat.....

## Night God Cried

**Davesh Shingari**  
ECE, 2nd Year



As Divyang walked down the endless road, his mind was searching for the moments which were suddenly lost in the ashes of time. His world was a different one. He didn't notice the friends passing by, birds flying over and not even the barking of dogs. His body was frozen. He couldn't even feel the splashes of the winds filtering his clothes and paralyzing his bones. The world stood still for him. As he stood still thinking about the journey of his life till that very moment and the road which lay ahead of him, Ajay called his name and they walked silently to the hostel.

That night Divyang's friend Ajay took him for a walk to the ground. The road which was once filled with the vibrancy of discussion about their everyday new crushes, pranks about their mischief in today's class, teasing of girls was now soaked in the atmosphere filled with agony, pain and hatred. As they approached the ground, Ajay lit his smoke. Then they both sat down near the ground. Ajay was the one who saw Divyang through all his mood swings, there were many; Sad, for he had lost his batch mates, his friends, and the people he loved; agitated, asking why he was the one, he didn't do anything wrong throughout his life; ashamed, as he had let his parents down; worthless, because he was letting himself down.

The memories Divyang acquired during the two year course of his college life just passed within the time of a flickering of candle flame. He could recollect the memories of how he celebrated his birthday with his he and she friends, late night discussions about the global issues just before the exam, the first dates with more than eight girls, early morning ragging sessions, social gatherings on burning topics like which girl or girls suit you and how to get them in 7 days and many more. Divyang asked Ajay to leave as these memories which formed the part of so called memorable group were now causing him the pain of lifetime. Ajay was also in a lot of pain, one could easily see the tears which trickled down his face and fell on the cigarette. Ajay stopped Divyang and took out another, to relieve himself from his pain. As soon Ajay finished his second, he grabbed Divyang's hand and hugged him tightly.

The human heart is a complex thing. However brave a front we put up, a small happening is enough to vent our emotions. Their cheeks were warm with a blend of heaven's tears and theirs. The maelstrom that was flooding Divyang's brain seemed lost somewhere in their embrace. The cruelness of the insensitive world; the world that runs only on papers and orders seemed a trivial thing! Amidst the cold air, the warmth of the friendship was palpable. Torrents of rain suddenly broke the stillness. It was the night God cried.

# *Thought theory*



*campus canvas*

painting by : Maulshri

## वो लड़की...

सिद्धार्थ कुमार

ई. सी. ई., अंतिम वर्ष



वो लड़की...बिल्कुल अपने माँ जैसी है

लटें उसकी रूखी सूखी  
चलझी चलझी सी रहती हैं  
इक बेनहाई देह की गंध  
उसके खुले बालों से महकती है

खाली खाली तपती दोपहरों में मुझे  
वो कचरे के पास हर रोज़ दिखती है  
चलट पुलट कर बड़े जतन से वह  
उस ढेर में अपनी किस्मत ढूँढती है

इच्छाएं नहीं अनंत उसकी  
न कोई राजकुमार भाया है  
मुख से लिपटी रातों तले उसे  
चौद "रोटी" ही नज़र आया है

एक खँडहर सी बस की सीट पर  
ठीक उसके पीछे बैठा... मैं सोचता हूँ  
इसकी किस्मत भी...  
बिल्कुल अपने माँ जैसी होगी

हर सुबह एक बासी सा आंगन  
दूटी चूड़ी...दूटा कंगन  
समेटेगी रात की बातें  
नत नयन लिए कर्मतर मन

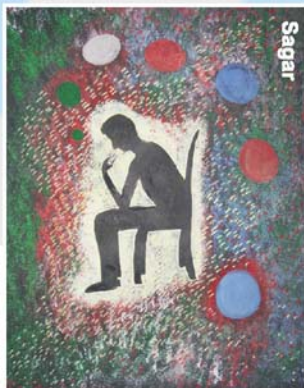
और चीखती हुई कल रात की तरह  
...फिर आत्मसमर्पण कर देगी

ऐसी कितनी ही मरोड़ी रातें लिए  
सारा दिन तड़पती रहेगी और एक दिन...  
सो जायेगी हमेशा के लिए  
एक और कचरा चुनने वाली जनकर

वो लड़की...जो कचरा चुनती है  
बिल्कुल अपने माँ जैसी है

## INDIA of our DREAMS???

Saurabh Baghel  
CED, 2004-2008



Did Lord Macaulay succeed? Undoubtedly, it's the time to analyze the question whether Macaulay succeeded in his aim or not? Before doing that first, let us review his plan. Macaulay, while delivering his speech in British Parliament on Feb.2, 1835, said "I have travelled across the length and breadth of India and I have not seen a person who is a beggar, or a thief. Such wealth I have seen in this country, such high moral values, people of such calibres that I do not think we would ever conquer this country, unless we break the very backbone of this nation, which is her spiritual and cultural heritage and therefore I propose that we replace her old and ancient education system..."

In India, the present education system has increased the strength of only degree holders who are lacking in practical knowledge. They have been adopting the system of cramming and vomiting of information. That's why the prestigious corporate are also facing this problem and not able to employ the brilliant, intelligent and dedicated persons. Actual essence of education like moral values and culture of India has become obsolete subject for them. The demand of introduction of morals and ethics in educational system is not new. The present education system is under serious concern and the pattern we are following is unsuitable to develop the skills of students. Instead of developing the skills of students, it is collapsing the confidence of our youths. Yes, from the primary to graduation level our educational institutions are following a worst method to value the proficiency of the students in that subject (i.e. a written examination of 3 hours). How can an educational institution assess the real skill of the student from the written performance in just 3 hours (by means of GRADING). One may be physically or mentally disturbed on that particular day and time of examinations. Few may be experts in theory & others in practical. How do we really question the qualification of those not qualified towards the Higher Studies or in some other area.

In ancient days when Gurukul system was there, there was no such method of written exams. The education, be it on literature or martial arts, was evaluated only on the basis of the technical skills. In today's scenario, general evaluations have become a regular practice everywhere. Teachers are issued a key for valuation and a certain time limit is given to them. With their performance at stake and the time limit being insufficient, they value the papers not on the concepts mentioned in that key rather only the words of the key that are reproduced in the answer paper. Thus, there are no marks for your own ideas & creativity from the boyhood to the college level.

"Gross National Happiness (GNH) has now been included in the Constitution of the Kingdom of Bhutan, where it states, —The State shall strive to promote those conditions that will enable the pursuit of Gross National Happiness. Its pursuit is not optional, apparently, but constitutional in legal parlance."

Indeed, our youngsters have been demoralized, dollar-oriented and self-esteemed. It is a matter of pity

that they don't have time for their parents. So, how can one think that they would be committed to the society? Most of them either get busy earning dollars through MNCs or plan to settle abroad. You will be surprised to know that Indian Government invests a huge amount to produce one doctor or an engineer with a hope that they would serve the nation. Unfortunately, all such hopes come to an end when these selfish people settle in developed countries just for the sake of their financial upliftment. Does this scenario not depict the one part of Macaulay's dream?

In 1948, the University Education Commission had said, "The possibilities of including religious and moral studies in the academic syllabi of the universities be explored." It is essentially indispensable that the students are told through education that the key to genuine development is the self-assertion. We can't achieve the goal unless we impart the moral and ethical values, through an important system of education among all the section of society. In fact, we need such an education by which character is formed, strength of mind is increased, the intellect is expanded and by which one can stand on one's feet. "Education is the manifestation of the perfection already in man." Swami Vivekananda.

Conventional education is largely focused on structured, school-based processing measures such as pass percentages, dropout rate, school infrastructure, pupil-instructor ratios and enrolment rates. As a result, the education indicators cannot assess educational attainments in a holistic way. Any education system should be able to assess both competence and values. This is well recognized, but only if they are taught in educational institutions. However, knowledge and skills and values are also transmitted outside the school, in communities through indigenous mechanisms. They are all useful for life, whether or not they are transmitted in schools and included in the values and practices in the education domain. In education, creativity, openness, diligence, insight, perseverance, and patience are the values to be advocated in textbooks. Patience is something which is not taught. In prajna paramitas, patience, and by extension of self-restraint, is one key quality among many. In literacy, students have to focus on various kinds of which Civics – the learning of institutional rules and regulations - should only be a minor part, unlike in the present curriculum where Civics occupies major lesson time in classes 9 and 10. Students come to know such rules quickly in a small country. I would like to suggest a reduction of time devoted to Civics and divert it to fundamental topics concerning food, nutrition, hygiene, culture, health, and ecology. These all deserve more time allocation in schools.

If these conditions prevail, how can we expect our younger generations to compete in the international competitions? The only one way to develop our students' skill and to avoid suicides of students is by avoiding the written exams in the end of academic years. To assess their individual skills & proficiency in that subject some practical tasks may be assigned at regular/irregular intervals. It will help the youths to grow faster & in a healthy way to compete in this critical complex world.

#### LORD MACAULAY'S ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, 2 FEBRUARY, 1835

I have travelled across the length and breadth of India and I have not seen one person who is a beggar, who is a thief. Such wealth I have seen in this country, such high moral values, people of such calibres, that I do not think we would ever conquer this country, unless we break the very backbone of this nation, which is her spiritual and cultural heritage, and, therefore, I propose that we replace her old and ancient education system, her culture, for if the Indians think that all that is foreign and English is good and greater than their own, they will lose their self-esteem, their native culture and they will become what we want them, a truly dominated nation.

## Reality Bytes

**Rachita Bansal**  
EEE, 2nd Year



Imagine Neeta Lulla sitting next to you and discussing about latest fashion trends or Sanjeev Kapoor telling you the recipe of his favorite dish. These are just few instances which seemed impossible few years ago. Welcome the era of reality Television where fiction meets reality.

The advent of reality shows can be traced back to the shows like MTV Bakra or Chuppa Rustam that captured candid reactions of people to humorous tricks and pranks. TV shows without stringent story-lines, have soon become increasingly popular with the audience. Ordinary people captured in real-life situations seem to amuse the audience, who otherwise were hitherto bombarded with ultra-dramatic soaps and movies.

Reality television broke the monotony to create interesting scripts and out of the box ideas that made them stand out from the run-of-the-mill shows. Although drama-lovers are still glued to their idiot boxes at prime time, reality shows are hogging the limelight big time.

Some of the reality shows are talent hunts, game shows, celebrity shows, documentary-style shows, makeover shows, or some of them are just plain voyeurism personified. However different their concepts might be, all the reality shows intrinsically run on the same path. They put ordinary people or celebrities in real-life situations and allow peeping toms to enjoy the thrill of watching them!

Besides giving the audience the thrill and excitement of live un-edited action, reality television allows the audience to be a part of the show. Take for example The Indian Idol, or the favorite reality show- Nach Baliye, these shows allow the audience to choose the winner through a voting system. Albeit the credibility of these voting systems is debated, the interactivity factor definitely fetches the show a lot of TRP and money.

From the Ekta Kapoor's saas bahu saga the Television world took a big turn when the sehensha of Bollywood Mr Amitabh Bachchan was aired on Star Plus under the banner Kaun Banega Crorepati. It not only minted money for Mr. Bachchan and the producer it was the first show ever to garner humungous audience response.

Love it or hate it, reality shows are definitely a new epoch and if not forever they are going to spread their aura for some more years.



## इति श्री सप्तमो अध्यायः समाप्तः

पुष्कट गांधी

एम. ई. टी. अंतिम वर्ष



इति श्री सप्तमो अध्यायः समाप्तः। आज रामकथा यज्ञ का समापन था। सभी लोग आपस में रामकथा की चर्चा में मशगूल थे बच्चों की खिलखिलाहट एवं चिलियों की चहक से सुबह का वातावरण संगीतमय था। वातावरण की पवित्रता सतयुग में होने का अहसास करा रही थी।

“अरे जल्दी-जल्दी अपना स्थान ग्रहण करो, पंडितजी आ गए”। किसी ने आवाज लगायी। लोग भक्ति भाव से कथा सुनने में तल्लीन हो गए। पण्डित बीच-बीच में इस घोर कलियुग में राम-राज्य लाने की बात कर रहे थे।

इति श्री सप्तमो अध्यायः समाप्तः ...” पंडितजी बोले और शंख की आवाज से पूरा वातावरण गुंजायमान हो उठा। सभी लोग प्रसाद लेने के लिए कतारबद्ध होने लगे। पता नहीं क्यों पंडितजी की आखिरी पंक्ति “इति श्री सप्तमो अध्यायः समाप्तः” मुझे उद्देलित किए जा रही थी। शंख की आवाज मुझे रणभेरी सी प्रतीत हो रही थी।

खैर, मैंने मन के उन्मुक्त पंछी के संयमित किया और घर वापस आ गया। आज रात हम जल्दी सो गए। सुबह-सुबह मोहन की आवाज से हड़बड़ाकर उठा...

“मालिक ...मालिक !” “क्या हुआ इतने हड़बड़ाए हुए से क्यों हो?” मैंने चौककर पूछा। “मालिक ! उन्होंने लाल झंडा गाड़ दिया है खेतों में। बोल रहे हैं कि अब सारी फसल उनकी है।” “इन नक्सलियों की तो ... कुछ गरीब, मजदूरों को लोभ देकर, गुमराह कर सामंतवाद की परिभाषा पढ़ाते हैं।” मैं बिफर पड़ा। देखते ही देखते लोग इकट्ठे हो गए। बाबूजी जो गांव के मुखिया थे, के पीछे-पीछे सभी गांव वाले लाठी लेकर खेतों की ओर निकल पड़े। वहां हमारे सामने नक्सलियों को हथियारबन्द सेना खड़ी थी। बाबूजी आगे बढ़े “तुम अपने नेता को बात करने के लिए आगे भेजो।”

लाल झंडों के बीच से उनका नेता बाहर आया। अचानक बाबूजी के मुंह से आवाज आई “यमुआ तू...! तू इनका नेता है?” “ओह मुखिया नाम जरा तमीज से ले। तेरी जमींदारी गयी, अब ये सारी फसल हमारी है। तुम लोगों ने हमें हरिजन बोलकर सच में हमें भगवान के मरौसे पर ही छोड़ दिया है।”

बाबूजी बोले “अरे तुम लोगों को अचानक ये हो क्या गया है? राम तूम्हारी मैंने कितनी मदद की है और आज ...”

“मदद !!” तुम लोगों ने हमारा खून चूस कर बदले में दो रोटी कया दे दी ... खुद को जैसे भगवान समझ लिया। रामू बोला।

सभी इस वार्तालाप को मूल बने चुपचाप सुन रहे थे। मुझे ये सारी घटना राम और रावण के आखिरी युद्ध से पहले के वार्तालाप जैसी लग रही थी। मैं भी किर्कतव्यविमूढ़ था। जो हो रहा था जो होने वाला था उस पर मेरा वश न था। तभी “धीय” की आवाज हुई और पूरा माहौल सन्न रह गया। दूसरे ही पल मेरी आँखों के आगे बाबूजी तड़प रहे थे। मैं उनकी ओर दौड़ा उन तक पहुंचते-पहुंचते बाबूजी निस्तेज हो चुके थे। इधर गांव वालों और नक्सलियों में लड़ाई शुरू हो चुकी थी। वो हथियारों से लैस थे, गांववालों को भागना पड़ा। जाते-जाते उन्होंने खेतों में खड़ी फसल को आग लगा दी।

बन्दूकों की आवाज रावण के अट्टहास की तरह हँसती रही। उनके जाने के बाद बाबूजी की लाश लाने हम वापस खेतों की ओर गए। उन्होंने लाश को जलती आग में फेंक दिया था। बाबूजी की अपजली लाश को इस हालत में देख मैं जड़वत हो गया। बिल्कुल ही असहाय— लगा जैसे मुझपर इन्द्र का वज्र गिरा हो।

सारा गांव बदले भी भावना से बेकाबू हो रहा था। मैं चुपचाप खड़ा था। मेरा आक्रोश अन्दर ही अन्दर लावा बन रहा था जो कभी भी फूट सकता था। गांव के 5 और मरे लोगों के शवों को भी शमशान ले जाया गया। विताओं की लपटें चढ़-चढ़ का चिह्नकर कर मानो मुझे तांडव नृत्य के लिए बोल रही थीं। गुस्से से सारा गांव जल रहा था। सभी लोग एक साथ बोल उठे—

“सिद्धेश्वर, अब तुम ही हमारे मुखिया हो। हम इसका बदला लेंगे।” हमने दो दिनों बाद हमले की योजना बनाई हमले वाले दिन मैं गुस्से में जल रहा था। विताओं की लपटों की चिह्नकर मुझे बैवेन कर रही थी। पूरा गांव सारी रात जागता रहा। छोटे से उनके गांव में हमने किसी को न छोड़ा। बच्चे, बूढ़े, जवान सबको खत्म करके ही हमें चैन मिला।

सुबह सारा देश इस खबर से सन्न था — .....जहानाबाद जिला में 100 निम्नवर्गीय मजदूरों का नरसंहार।" पूरा जिला जातीय संघर्ष में जल रहा था। उनकी ओर से कमी भी हमला हो सकता था। अपनी जातिवालों के बचाव के लिए मुझे एक ताकतवर समूह की आवश्यकता थी। हम लोगों ने उनके जवाब में "वीर-सेना" का निर्माण किया। इसी बीच खबर मिली कि नक्सलियों ने पास के ही एक गांव की अगड़ी जातियों को मारने की योजना बनाई है। वीर सेना के सदस्यों को बचाव के लिए दूसरे गांव जाना पड़ा। पर ये सब उनकी सोची समझी चाल थी, उन्होंने रात को हमारे गांव पर हमला कर दिया।

मैं धवल चांदनी में घर की छत पर अकेला टहल रहा था कि कुत्ते के भौंकने की आवाज से चौकन्ना हो गया। तभी अचानक किसी ने मेरे सर पर वार किया। होश आने पर मैंने अपने आप को खम्भे से बंधा पाया। मैंने देखा, सारे गांववालों को नंगा कर एक कतार में खंभों से बांध रखा है। मेरे शरीर में काटो तो खून नहीं बाल, और उस पर चांद की रोशनी जैसे उनकी नग्नता पर अट्टहास कर रही थी। तभी कोई चिल्लाया—

"अरे इसे होश आ गया।"

"ओ ..... सिद्धेश्वर मुखिया!

नंगा देख आज अपने बहु-बेटियों और गांववालों को।"रामू बोला "मैं इन्हें तेरी तरह कायरता से सोते समय नहीं मारूंगा। तेरी तरह छः इंच छोटा भी नहीं। ऐसा मारूंगा कि तेरी अगड़ी जातियों की आने वाली पीढ़ी पैदा होने से पहले दस बार सोचेगी। और तू यह मंजर अपनी आँखों से देखेगा।"

"इन सबके गुप्तांगों को काट डालो .....कोई रहम नहीं। बच्चा हो या बूढ़ा। रामू ने आदेश दिया।" गांववालों के आर्तनाद और नक्सलियों के मुख से "राम नाम सत्य है" की आवाज से पूरा वातावरण दहल रहा था।आखिर मैं मुनिया की आवाज "पापा !!! बच्चाओ!" से मैं बुरी तरह हिल उठा। उसका निस्तेज शरीर मानो मुझसे सवाल पूछ रहा था — "हो गयी आप लोगों के बदले की लड़ाई?मेरी वेदी पर सिद्धेश्वर मुखिया की जय! कैसी लग रही है?

इस खूनी संघर्ष का ये अंजाम भी होगा मैंने नहीं सोचा था। मेरी आत्मा तक संवेदनहीन हो चुकी थी।"बाड़ा नरसंहार ..... दो सौ लोगों के गुप्तांग काट कर मार डाला गया।"आज जेल में मुझे उस राम-कथा की बात बरबस ही याद आ गयी — "इति श्री सप्तमो अध्यायः समाप्तः।" सही में हमारी कथा समाप्त हो गयी। नेताओं की राजनीति शुरू हो गयी है। मैं यहां जेल में पड़ा हूँ। अगड़ी जाति वाले कुछ नेता मेरे नाम का फायदा लेने में लग गए हैं। मतलब एक और सिद्धेश्वर मुखिया बनाने की तैयारी ...

.....और एक बार फिर से इति श्री सप्तमो अध्यायः समाप्तः।

"अरे इसे होश आ गया।"

"ओ ..... सिद्धेश्वर मुखिया! नंगा देख आज अपने बहु-बेटियों और गांववालों को।"रामू बोला "मैं इन्हें तेरी तरह कायरता से सोते समय नहीं मारूंगा। तेरी तरह छः इंच छोटा भी नहीं। ऐसा मारूंगा कि तेरी अगड़ी जातियों की आने वाली पीढ़ी पैदा होने से पहले दस बार सोचेगी। और तू यह मंजर अपनी आँखों से देखेगा।" "इन सबके गुप्तांगों को काट डालो .....कोई रहम नहीं। बच्चा हो या बूढ़ा। रामू ने आदेश दिया।" गांववालों के आर्तनाद और नक्सलियों के मुख से "राम नाम सत्य है" की आवाज से पूरा वातावरण दहल रहा था।आखिर मैं मुनिया की आवाज "पापा !!! बच्चाओ!" से मैं बुरी तरह हिल उठा। उसका निस्तेज शरीर मानो मुझसे सवाल पूछ रहा था — "हो गयी आप लोगों के बदले की लड़ाई?मेरी वेदी पर सिद्धेश्वर मुखिया की जय! कैसी लग रही है?

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## A vivid introspection

**Aseem Bajpal**  
EEE, 2005-2009



They say that 'every man leads his life on his own, and no matter how many of his acquaintances can help him through troubled times, no one actually does'. But the quote is telegraphed, really, conveying no moral of note, unless put to test in the real world's scheme of things. This statement is not plain black and white; there are many different shades of grey, waiting to be explored. It is one thing to say that you're independent and can suffice your needs and/or wants, but, it's quite another, to actually do so. For instance, we need the guidance and wisdom of our parents to learn the ways of the world, the support of our friends, to help us through torrid times, etc. So we're all acquainted with the fact that we need various people to help us at various junctures of our lives; that we keep on denying this all throughout our lives, is a different matter.

Having said this, the problems often arise when we start depending on others a tad too much, and they start becoming an indispensable requisite for the fulfillment of our wants and desires. Now, here I'll also like to include the want for the acclaim of our pals, colleagues etc. in our achievements. All of us, to an extent, desire to be lauded for our achievements, by others. Not for nothing, 'success of a person is often owed more to the ones who praise his achievement'. But, then, it's also true that a failure finds itself alone, with no one to stand by. 'So, those who can pump you up to the ninth cloud in happier times won't break a sweat digging you a rut, when you screw up'. Now, does that sort of a situation deter one's commitment towards life, and work? Well, it's only human to feel disgusted when you fail, but, the sooner you realize a defeat has too insignificant an effect, when considering your entire life, the better it is. From each defeat you learn, and from each success, you learn, that you must always remember.

It's an old cliché, but it often holds true "A rich man has a thousand friends, while a poor man dies alone". Even the most intimate of people turn their backs on you, when the chips are down. Therefore, that I must say without an iota of doubt, among all our character traits, its self reliance, that separates, the best from the rest, or the men from the boys, so to speak. Its one thing to fulfill your social obligations or to help others, if need be, but, quite another to expect the same from them. The truth of the matter, my friend is that 'what goes around doesn't always come around'.

Though, emotional fools may argue all their lives, over this, but as a rationalist, I believe that we should consider our acquaintances or friends as phases in our lives, which keep on chopping and changing to suit our interest and needs, and only one guy, in say, a thousand has somebody to actually stand by him, in troubled times. So, if you ever feel downcast and lonely, and want to look up for help, look up to yourself. "Let them plan and let them conspire against you, let them play the game of chess. After all, once the game is over, the king and the pawns go back into the same box."

## Ire inside amplified

**Dheeraj Gupta**  
CSE, 2nd Year



Another one of our kind got victimized today, suffering the tantrum of prejudiced decree. It always makes the front page. "Teenager Apprehended in Cyber Felony", "Hacker Arrested After Breaking into Company's Mainframe". We have acquired a pejorative connotation. They call us geeks, nerds, dweebs and what not. Damn kids. They're all alike.

But did you, in your assiduous exertion of decrying. Ever bothered to peer into the eyes of the hacker? Did you ever conjecture what made him tick? What forces engraved him, What circumstances may have molded him? I am a hacker, welcome to my world. I live in a realm that begins with school. I outsmart most of my fellow pupil, 'Freaking smarty trying to shoot his mouth off', I find the bull they teach us awfully primitive. Damn underachiever. They're all alike.

I'm in school or college. I've listened to teachers explain for the seventh time how to integrate. I understand it. Get over with it. "No, Professor, I didn't write my work. I did it in my head" Damn liar, probably copied it. They're all alike.

I made a breakthrough today. I found a computer. Wait a moment, this is way cool. It does what I want it to. If it makes a mistake, it's because I screwed it up. Not because it doesn't like me, Or feels jeopardized by me... Or thinks I'm a smarty. Or doesn't like teaching and shouldn't be here. Damn kid. All he does is play games. They're all alike.

I find my asylum in a gloomy 10x10 feet room.



I now belong to a breed of uber-warriors, fighting against avaricious multi-billionaire cyber fiends. Incessantly operating for the altruistic creed, "The Free Software Drive" Damn kid, promotes piracy. They're all alike.

You bet your life we're all alike. We've been mollycoddled at school when we craved for challenges... The gen that you did provide was naive and crude. We've been dominated by sadists, or ignored by the apathetic. There were few that had something to teach and found us willing pupils. But those few rare ones were like drops of water in the desert. This is our world now, the world of the electron and the switch, The beauty of the baud. We make use of a service already existing without paying for, What could be dirt-cheap if it wasn't run by profiteering gluttons, And you call us criminals. We explore... and you call us criminals. You build atomic bombs, you wage wars, you murder, cheat, And lie to us and try to make us believe it's for our own good, Yet we're the criminals.

Yes, I am a criminal. My crime is that of curiosity. My crime is that of judging people by what they say and think, not what they look like. My crime is that of outsmarting you, something that you will never forgive me for. I am a hacker, and this is my world. You may stop this one inquisitive individual, but you can't stop us all. After all, we're all alike. Dam Kids...

**"Be an achiever"**

**Shrutika Priyadarshini**  
EEE, 1st Year



A goal has been set for you,  
To dream, chase and fulfil,  
To follow it with determination,  
A strong and steadfast will.

To never give up mid-way,  
No matter how difficult it be,  
To thrive on your inner strength,  
On the face of adversity.

A goal has been set for you,  
By your future riding strong,  
By the unknown supreme power,  
That shall not let anything go wrong.

For when he gives you a dream,  
He knows you deserve it best,  
He knows you have the ability,  
To withstand every test.

It's you who has to take the message,  
And follow the instincts always,  
Victory then shall be yours,  
In all the coming days...



## Solution is inside us

**Mukul Tyagi**  
EEE, 3rd Year



Life seems very dull, frustrating and boring if u have nothing to do or if you are doing something which you don't like. So it is very clear at the very outset that what matters the most in our life is our likings and our preferences. But what happens when our expectations are not met, not fulfilled? Frustration comes in instantaneously.

I was feeling the same way once upon a time not too long back, yes I was frustrated for I felt like I have done nothing in my life. I have simply wasted it. A feeling of envy for those so called "successful" people, a feeling of worthlessness about me and my life, a feeling of being a loser, a feeling of not being, as I should have been. Needless to say I was depressed and in the search of some sort of solution to this problem. Next day I went out and talked with my learned friends on this issue, they gave me some good suggestions but I never worked on them, soon I was frustrated again and hence I returned to them, they gave some better solutions this time but I again failed to work on them. This kept repeating for a while but I remained stuck like before, my ship didn't move an inch.

The seeking of a solution from outside didn't work and SO I SOON REALIZED THE NEED TO LOOK BEYOND THIS APPROACH, to try something different for no solution can help a frustrated mind like me; the only possible solution is that I understand my problem and come up with a solution on my own.

So next day I changed the approach entirely, the new approach was of self enquiry.

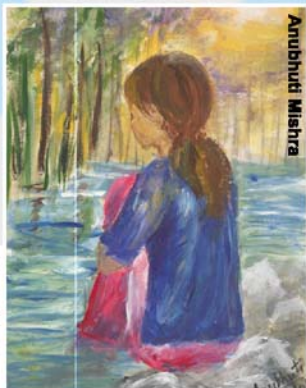
Under this new approach of self enquiry, I searched for the source of the frustration, the source of dullness, the source of worthlessness, why this was happening and the Reasons behind it?

I found the answer: my unfulfilled expectations i.e. I had hoped and wanted different things to happen with my life but I was living an entirely different scenario. Next thing I did was

I wrote my expectations and dreams on a paper and analysed them I wanted fame money and power basically and as the next step I questioned the very desire of fame, The very desire of power and the very desire of money. Why did I want these things, why can't I do without it?? And this time the answer was HAPPINESS; fame will give me happiness, money will give me happiness and all I realized that my preferences are based on gaining happiness i.e. All I was trying to find was happiness in disguise of fame money and power

Here some sort of misunderstanding may creep in the readers mind, you may think that I am against money fame and power, but I want to admit very clearly that I am not, what I am trying to do is just lifting the veil so as to reach the roots of this problem to avoid Further discrepancy in future. So I employed a strict analysis of everything with a frame of reference which has not been tainted with any previous beliefs or what society or great people say about it.

So before analysis I gave up all my previous beliefs, about life, success, peace, happiness, god,



freedom ,relationships and I started my search from zero. I was confident enough that I can crack this particular dilemma and I had the courage to do that and as the things were getting naked and clearer the whole game was becoming interesting too. I reached at the point that behind all our actions, what we are seeking is happiness and most people don't even realise it is missing.

Happiness is the main criterion .everybody is in search of happiness, the whole skeleton of life, society, business, industries, relationships, social service, spirituality almost everything as far as my small mind can see is based on it.

But do we find happiness inspite of all our efforts. Do we get lasting permanent happiness or is there some simple formula for it?

In search of happiness people run after money, fame and power and they get some temporary happiness, then they try drugs, alcohol and many other things, and each time they get some happiness but with happiness comes the fear of losing it , so they run and run, blindly ,endlessly never bothering to change the approach .

If we take the example of Michael Jackson the great pop singer

Money, fame and power were unable to give Michael Jackson the permanent happiness otherwise he would never have switched to drugs and sedatives,  
So again I felt the importance of changing the approach...

The real path to permanent happiness goes through love and compassion, that is what His Holiness Dalai Lama keeps on repeating every time, everywhere, the same old thing for there is nothing else to be done , for within these two words all happiness that no amount of money can buy is hidden. But humans have tainted the love itself. For example if I love a girl I will become crazy until I get her and in case I don't get her I will curse my life. Humans have made love a give and take relationship; modern love is possessive and unstable. It can't survive for long. Sorry if I am hurting people who are in true love but I believe true love is a myth these days.

What is wrong with us? Why is it that humans corrupt anything they handle be it love, religion or anything.

From all my thoughts over these subtle issues I finally reached to a conclusion.

It seems that the problem is not out there but it is within each one of us. All our actions are misguided and we search for the source of joy from anywhere but ourselves. But true happiness lies within our hearts. Just open your eyes and look at life as it is – beautiful!

## तनखाह

अंकुर कुमार  
ई. सी. ई., तृतीय वर्ष



फेज -1 से फेज - 6 की तरफ जाने वाली सड़क बड़ी करमावाली है। सड़क से सटा गुरुद्वारा है और उससे सटा है गायत्री पीठ, उसमें चलता है नशा मुक्ति केन्द्र। सड़क पार करते ही कतार से पहले जैन सीनिक, फिर शनिदेव का मन्दिर और पास ही सुबह-सुबह अजान देती मस्जिद है। साथ ही आर्य समाज का मंदिर और फिर काली माता का मन्दिर है। इस नगर की जब प्लानिंग चल रही थी तो लगता था कि कोई करमा वाला अफसर राष्ट्रीय एकता की बाबत सोचता जमीन के प्लॉट एक के बाद एक धार्मिक खाते में डाले जा रहा था।

इधर पीपल का घना छायादार पेड़ भी है। शनिदेव के सामने जिस पर तेल चढ़ता रहता है, दिया जलता रहता है और लाल डोरे घूमते रहते हैं। मंदिर की दीवार में माचिस की डिब्बिया सा काटकर पान-बीड़ी-गुटखे का खोखा बना हुआ है। शनिवार वाले दिन रेशमी धोती कुर्ते में इसके पंडित जी बहुत आकर्षक लगते हैं, मानो राहु-केतु को दंड देकर स्वयं शनिदेव शांत खड़े हो, पीपल तले। इस लाइन में कुछ नकलची पेड़ भी हैं - चौड़े-चौड़े साल दरख्तों जैसे पत्तों वाले।

यह एक इतवार था जब शनिदेव के मंदिर के बाहर झाड़ू लेकर एक सरदार पूरी तमन्ना से सफाई कर रहा था। शनिदेव का कोई सच्चा भक्त लगता था पर सिख का शनिदेव का कोई सच्चा भक्त लगता था पर सिख का शनिदेव से क्या लेना-देना। फिर ऊपर से यह केश-दाढ़ी वाला पूरा गुरसिख अमृतधारी कोई तनखैया लगता है जिसे कोई गुर मर्यादा भंग करने पर अतिरिक्त सेवा का दंड लगा है, पर उसे तो गुरुद्वारे के आगे झाड़ू-पोंछा-सफाई कर तनखाह कटानी थी, यहां क्यों मर्यादा मार रहा है। बढ़कर गुटखे वाले से कुछ खरीद फरोख्त करने के बाद पूछ ही लिया, "इसे कहाँ से पकड़ लाए?" व के मंदिर के बाहर झाड़ू लेकर एक सरदार पूरी तमन्ना से सफाई कर रहा था। शनिदेव का कोई सच्चा भक्त लगता था पर सिख का शनिदेव का कोई सच्चा भक्त लगता था पर सिख का शनिदेव से क्या लेना-देना। फिर ऊपर से यह केश-दाढ़ी वाला पूरा गुरसिख अमृतधारी कोई तनखैया लगता है जिसे कोई गुर मर्यादा भंग करने पर अतिरिक्त सेवा का दंड लगा है, पर उसे तो गुरुद्वारे के आगे झाड़ू-पोंछा-सफाई कर तनखाह कटानी थी, यहां क्यों मर्यादा मार रहा है। बढ़कर गुटखे वाले से कुछ खरीद फरोख्त करने के बाद पूछ ही लिया, "इसे कहाँ से पकड़ लाए?"

'पंडित जी ने यही फँसला सुनाया है, पुलिस में देने लगे तो पैरों पर गिर पड़ा। अच्छी धुलाई की, साला पी के मंदिर में रात घुस आया था।'

खोखे वाले ने वृत्तांत जारी रखा, "सुबह-सुबह जैन स्थानक में नहीं है गोरी सी दुबली लड़की, उसके पीछे पड़ गया, भला पंडित जी कैसे बर्दाश्त करते? वे अपना रेशमी कुर्ता उतार लगे धुनने।"

"इसका कोई रिश्तेदार नहीं या और कोई जान-पहचान यहाँ?"

यह गुरुद्वारे का सेवादार था पहले। भाईजी ने बताया कि वहां गोलक में तुसे रूपयों को तील से बाहर करता पकड़ा गया तो निकाल दिया गया था, किसी पिंड से आया था यहां। मोहाली में कोई रिश्तेदार नहीं।

पता नहीं कहाँ से पीकर आया और घुस गया मंदिर में, रात सोता रहा बेंच पर।

“लड़की कुछ बोली चिल्लाई नहीं जब छेड़खानी कर रहा था।”

“उसी ने तो बुलाया था इशारे से, वह क्या कहती उसी की बेबसी थी, कमरे का दरवाजा बाहर से कई दिन से बंद किया हुआ था, खुद वह पिंजरे का प्राणी कई दिनों से फड़फड़ा रहा था पर पंडितजी बिना तन खाए जाने देते।” खोखे वाले ने भीतर की बात चूसी खैनी सी थूक दी, “पुलिस को देते तो पोल नहीं खुल जाती, मार पीट कर तनखाह लगा दी।

“पर ऐसी तनखाह यहाँ कितने दिन काटेगा रोजाना”

“ना-ना। बाकी तो पंडितजी ने नशा मुक्ति केन्द्र में लगा दी है”, छुटके अगले ग्राहक के लिए गुटखा-थैली फाड़ने को झुक गया।

*I will never forget...*

*The Janmashtami “Matki-fod” contest*



Humanizing Engineering' couldn't be better described than what went down in the ground on 14th August, 2009. Suspend a pot full of buttermilk thirty feet above the ground, gather a bunch of eager fellows hell-bent on retrieving it, (place a few mattresses around for safety) and you get Matki-fod- the fun traditional contest as a tribute to Lord Krishna on his birthday.

The participants had a lot to cope with- ranging from the weight of their teammates on their shoulders, to the screaming crowd and the pressures of winning a huge cash prize.

Though teams from all the years tried their luck, it was the second years who came away as the winners capturing the 10 grand and the pride of being the matki fod champions. The final years missed out by just a few seconds! All in all, it was a great outing for everyone.

## Another India

**Shashank Singh**  
ECE, 3rd Year



We are no longer a proverbial third world idealist with a closed mind. Instead, we are one of the most spirited democracies at work. Our marketplace is ever expanding. At international high tables, we are a voice hard to subdue. In Bangalore, we have our own version of Silicon Valley. We are a nation that amazes all with its vibrancies and volumes, flexibility and diversity, elasticity and eclecticism. We are India.

Growing up in a small hilly town on one sleepy corner of the globe, I have always had an eye of fantasy for this India. The future seemed fabulous. (Or at least it did from the big speaking newspaper columns, quite often comparing the ascent of India in the corridors of power with a pre Stalin era Soviet Union or Britain of Winston Churchill). The great tomorrow looked nearer.

That one day shook my outlook, stirring me from one world to another, from a world of glitz to a world of barrenness of a dark remote street. Barely less than a fifth of kilometer away from my hostel (which can respectably boast of the best of living conditions) near the college ground, I met two young kids- Satyanarayan and Radha (I got to know their names later), sitting under streetlights revising a lesson, unmindful of the countless mosquitoes surrounding them, ready to pounce upon the barest uncovered flesh of theirs. Unable to resist the temptation of walking up to them (I love young kids anyway) to tell them how much I appreciated their spirit of courage, I walked across and said a very polite hello. They both turned towards me, their attention shifting from the lesson they were revising. They looked at me, straight into my eyes, as if asking something.

Day in and Day out, you raise the buried ghosts of reservation on the pretext of social inequality and injustice. But when millions of people go to bed without an ounce of grain in our stomach, you make no noise. Which injustice deserves more attention—Injustice of Talent or Injustice of Hunger?

For a deadly virus that appears to be very contagious between people, you press the panic button thick and fast. The debates run uninterrupted; the facts remain hazy, unanswered questions fly high. You question the fragility of our healthcare system, reduced spending on healthcare, premature privatization of health sector and a laxity on the part of health officials. But what about tens and thousands of us, who lie down, unattended, uncured, dying a million deaths every single day from countless flues and viruses? The woes of the stock market, a deteriorating rupee, the recapitalization of every falling enterprise and the misery of going bankrupt in an economic downturn have crowded out any boring discussion on why millions of us still languish in the most awful conditions. A steady deterioration in the Gini Coefficient (that measures growing disparities in the economy) is being overshadowed by a stunning double digit growth, even when the bulls of the Wall Street are on a long trip to wilderness. Yet here we are, toiling hard under a merciless Sun, never receiving in part the slightest element of that growth. Is growth achieved just for the sake of the growth?

The pride of a nationalist heart swells when our neighbors to the north-east and west make slightest provocations for aggression by challenging our territorial integrity. The stream of emotions run

abated, calls for war given out aloud. Where are the same voices when our mothers and sisters fight against gender inequality and maternal undernourishment? Which victory is more critical? You celebrate the vibrancy of world's largest democracy where leadership is inherited not earned, where leaders are selected not elected, where representatives of 'people' are protected from 'people' by hard colling AK-47's, where the focus lies on building the relics of the past rather than making roads, colleges, bridges and power plants, where people get expelled from parties for writing books but never for non-performance. You worry too much about this subject called The History. Why not create a new subject called The Future?

You read for us the story of a young boy, who studied under the street lights and eventually went on to become the President of United States of America. Is it about asking millions of us to continue studying under the same lights, so that one of us can emulate Abraham Lincoln one day? Isn't making efforts to put lights in our houses a better option?

We last heard that engineers like you are good at logic. For you and for all those who swear by the ethos of political justice and social equality, here's a poser- For all that we have suffered up till now, name a single fault of ours?

I turned back, never to look at them again and walked into the darkness of the road that lied ahead. That night, stirred only by my breath, silent moonlight washes over everything, I had known another India.

## CAT TOPPER

*Once Again from Bulls Eye*



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## GOD!!

**Aayush Bhardwaj**  
ECE, Final Year



Abhishek Kurde

It was a small town, moving into the 21st century, around 10 year after it had started for the rest of the world. Everywhere there were signs of change. Landlords were selling their land to property developers; construction firms taking up projects to build offices and residential complexes for the IT City which was to come up near this sleepy town. It was as if the residents of the town had suddenly woken up from a decades' long slumber.

Both of them were residents of the same town, one born here, the family of the other had moved in when he was 5, and they had been best buddies ever since. Belonging to two different communities had not hampered this friendship. The ground near their houses, where they had played cricket, football, and what not with the other kids, where they went whenever they felt low had just been sold by the landlord to a construction company for construction of a residential complex cum shopping mall. The sound of bulldozers, earth movers and the chatter of the labourers was a constant pain in their ears.

It had been the recipe for a sociological project as part of their Doctorate- Pit neighbours of different religious bearings against each other, enjoy their bickering for some time, then step in and admit that it had been your deed all the way. The plan had been simple. They would go to the ground in the dead of the night and plant them there. The first item would be a figurine of the Hindu deity covered with some red powder. Nearby, a cloth that is offered at shrines was buried, although in a dilapidated condition, so as to bestow it a degree of authenticity as the remnants of an Islamic house of worship.

As they expected, both items were discovered the next day, and the news spread like wild fire in the town. People of both sects began to assemble at the site, wishing to offer prayers. The construction work had to be stopped; police had to be called to control the zealous public. The next day, the city council, unwilling to forgo the revenues from the project; announced that the construction work would continue, and people of both sects could move the items to any location they desired. This was just what the local leaders needed before the approaching elections, especially when the hugely popular and undefeated sitting representative had announced that he would not be contesting the next elections owing to his old age and failing health. Leaders from both the parties saw this as an opportunity to stake claim to the party ticket, and then a victory in the elections.

One party leader expressed his shock at the fact that the company and government were so callous in their outlook towards places of worship and the religious sentiments of the majority of the public, adding that to him the items looked like the remains of a centuries old temple there, which might have been destroyed by invaders, or to a lesser extent, by time. The leader of the opposition camp declared that a shrine had existed there, and in fact, his grandfather used to tell him that their family used to offer

prayers at the shrine. Both the sides staked claim to construction of a place of worship there, and obtained court orders prohibiting the company from continuing the construction work. Both the parties started to ask for support of the public to build the temple or shrine, and staked claim that it should be the sanctuary of their religion that ought to be built. The government was quick to interfere, primarily because it was afraid that any unwanted occurrences in an election year would severely hamper its chances of getting into office again. It proposed that both the communities divide the land into two equal parts, and construct the temple and shrine, hoping to please all. But, the parties did not agree. Both claimed that they should be given the full land for construction; each began to mobilize their cadre for strikes, hartals, and shows of strength, each declaring that the community it represented had a greater claim over the land and that the land should be transferred to it.

The meeting of one party was attacked by the followers of the other, and this incident got blown up into full scale riots, with both sides asking people to fight for their faith. The police were unable to control the riots, so army had to be called. The media found a good opportunity to boost their TRPs and sent journalists. Within a week, 14 people were dead, and over 42 injured in an orgy of murder and bloodletting by both the sides.

Both the friends were shocked at this development, never having expected the consequences to be such even in their wildest nightmares. They immediately organised a press conference and admitted that it had been their action, explaining how they had planted the items, and had never imagine the outcome would be this. They apologised for their actions and pleaded for both sides to stop the hostilities.

Contrary to their expectations, their claims were not accepted by anyone. Both the warring sides pronounced them as liars and cheaters who were just trying to sell out the interests of the community to the other side. The enmity continued. Visits by the top leaders of both communities further fuelled the fire, and mercenaries were brought in to help the cause of both the sides. Each week saw death toll rise in double figures, with property destruction on the rise.

Seven years have passed since this incident. Both the boys move out of town, unable to watch the outcome. One of them committed suicide two years later, unable to cope up with depression; the other became old before time, and suffered a stroke while in asylum. Both parties are still busy reaping the benefits of communal tension. The town still is locked in the 20th century. The IT City project has been allotted to another city. Even today, each year many die due to the riots. The location is still surrounded by wires and guarded by the army, while the rival Gods look down from their heavenly abode and snigger at man.

*Sun shine on my shoulders*



*campus canvas*

painting by : Pradeep

## In the line of fire

**Ajay Kumar**  
ECE, 3rd Year



Truth is stranger than fiction and the least we humans can do, not to be surprised and tormented by it, is accept it. The relationship between India and Pakistan which used to be worth a masala film prior to the 70's is presently a story fit to be a Balaji production. However, the situation had had never been so- let's say not friendly, to be modest. There were days when Ashfaqullah Khan followed Gandhi with greater spirit than he ever followed Jinnah.

I, along with my grandfather, am sitting at the Wagah border. Thanks to my brother, who is in BSF we managed to get the VIP seats. He is going to be a part of the retreat ceremony today, so indeed I am excited. The atmosphere and delivery of slogans at Wagah border is something you can only know by experience. The heat of the situation is palpable to be said the least.

My grandfather is an old man. He was a freedom fighter who lost his left leg in one of the fights against the Britishers. In our childhood days, we often asked him to tell us the stories of his and Mohammad Nabi's adventures. Mohammad Nabi was his fellow comrade who lost his life in Quit India Movement. My grandfather always speaks highly of him. He was a brave man born to parents of a Lahore based family. His family still resides in Lahore now. Once after independence, my grandfather went to Lahore to meet his old friends and from there he brought a photo of Nabi's family. He was survived by two sons, about whom he learned later on the elder died of some contagious disease. The elder is survived by his only son, who would be of nearly my age.

Both the sides are shouting patriotic slogans to the most their parched throats can afford. Whenever any side bursts into forceful shouts, the other side replies with a shout even more forceful. The stands are full up to the brim on the Indian side, or rather overflowing. People are standing on iron fences and railings surrounding the stands. The Pakistani stands are pretty full, however a fine number can still be spaced in. Both sides are playing patriotic songs making their respective people dance on the roads. Though girls are common to be seen dancing on the Indian side, and the reverse is true for across the gate. People are still pouring in on both sides, a good number of foreigners can be seen pouring in from Indian side.

The ceremony has begun, a comrade of my brother is shouting in the mike, held by the anchor of the evening, with a vigour and enthusiasm that seems unending. He said the first word 'squad', with what seemed to be an infinite stretching. The later words were incomprehensible.

Two of the Indian BSF men marched up to the gates. The marching with legs rising higher than their

heads received applause from the spectators, however with time passing they became a common feat. The same events were occurring on the other side. A Pakistani Ranger came marching forward with equal vigour, with anger and flared noses as if he was going to overrun the gates. Both the soldiers turned coming in front of each other at the gate, and started forming a line at the edges of the their own roads. A similar feat was repeated by two other soldiers.

My brother was of the last two to march. My bristles were standing, and I was getting virtual jolts as he passed in front of me and my grandfather. There was a glaze in my grandfather's eyes which we rarely used to see, and the rare moments were when he used to describe his fight against the Britishers. I could see that shine in my brother's eyes now! The glaze which could even send tremors through the Gods of War. Two bearded Pakistani Rangers marched towards the gate.

My brother was the one from India's side who was supposed to bring back the National Flag, and a bearded Ranger from the Pakistan's side was supposed to do the same. Both competed with full gusto to see who shall be the fastest with proper respect.

Both sides folded their respective flags and rolled back to their own buildings. The Retreat Ceremony was over.

I met my brother later, he was sweating and his glaze was fading yet it showed its existence. He came and touched my grandfather's feet and asked him, 'Did you see the Pakistani Ranger who was removing the flag?'

My grandfather calmly replied, 'Wasn't he Nabi's grandson!'

I was left aghast. My brother knew it the very moment he saw him approaching, yet his ferocity did not dampen at all, and my grandfather to whom he was alike his own grandson did not flinch at all. My grandfather would have done the same if he had been in my brother's place, and if in a fight my grandfather wouldn't have a hesitated a bit to slaughter him.

That is what duty is, and that is what truth is!

## Maa.....I can be your Boy

**Manish Raut**  
EEE-Final Year



At the stroke of midnight, she woke up. Actually she had never felt sleepy since the last three days (or nights). The mental trauma had made Meera a near insomniac. Her eyes were wide open as that of a watchman in a robbery-struck bank. She looked to the left side of her bed. Her husband Rajesh was fast asleep. Snoring. Snoring like a Polar bear! The sound more ignorant than oblivious. Meera looked at him for a little while and soon realized that he had forgotten all the promises. The kind of promises every man makes to a lady before marriage i.e. to love her, to protect her, to honour her and to decipher all her sibylline feelings to live a contented married life till eternity (or in his case, may be till circumstances permit). The eerie stillness of her bedroom rendered a sinking feeling to her already broken heart. With all the strength left after a crush of psychosomatic instances, she moved towards the balcony.

It was the end of June and it had been raining continually since a week. The sky was always cloudy, and the chattering of budding insects and familiar frogs made no comfort or enkindled no enchantment which Meera used to enjoy since she learned what seasons and weather really meant. Actually her problem appeared a month before when Pavitra, her mother-in-law showed rancorous signs of not listening to her any more. Her perfectly perfect father-in-law, being retired, had no say in important family matters and was just a lamb with his unbroken silence. Meera was a three month pregnant mother with already 2 children. The elder was Suman (six years old) and the second was Reena, who was a mere four. Pavitra had always wanted a grandson as the first baby of Rajesh's but had no resentment if it would be a baby girl. But somehow, she was overconfident about her clairvoyance that Meera would give birth to a bright grandson. Her hopes shattered when Meera delivered a girl. Pavitra welcomed her first grandchild with open arms (though not with an open heart), and loved her enough (perhaps a little less than if it would have been a boy which she anticipated). All was well up to two years. After a gap Pavitra asked Meera for a grandson, one she always wanted. Meera thought about it and told Rajesh. Soon, after a year, (after pregnancy time and enhanced boy anticipations), Meera gave birth to another girl. Again, all hopes shattered for Pavitra. She started hating Meera for it. The other granddaughter Reema, hence received a meager quota of granny's love. At times, Reema, after a scold or sometimes a slap from Pavitra, would run down to her mother and ask "why does Dadi hate me Maa?" and Meera would kiss her girl and just say, "Dadi doesn't hate you darling, she hates me. And you don't have to run to Dadi for anything. Aren't Dada, daddy and I sufficient?"

When Reema became three and a half, Pavitra started craving for a grandson again. She never spoke to Meera about this but had a melodramatic speech in front of Rajesh. It dissolved Rajesh and hence Rajesh asked Meera for a third try. When Rajesh asked Meera this question she shouted angrily, "Are you out of your mind? Do you realize how difficult it would be to raise a third child? And if this time also, if it's a girl, then what? What will your mother do? Kill me or herself?" But after long episodes of persuasion and mock-flattery, Rajesh was able to convince Meera. So after a span, once again she had a life in her womb. The last try for a boy (a 'sun').

Meera thought of all these things standing in the balcony and watching those irritating drops of water running down from the sky. 'SKY', which people say, holds all the galaxies, stars, planets that determine all the happenings in one's life. Thinking all this made her sick. She felt her throat choking and went inside the kitchen to quench her thirst. She went inside the kitchen and found the reports lying on the refrigerator. Her sonography reports, reports which shook her life and had written over them that it was a girl. Again! Pavitra had had this time forcibly made her do the sonography test to confirm who's coming next. Reports reached Pavitra first and she had a near heart attack. She went mad. She immediately asked Rajesh to make Meera 'abort' that cursed fetus. All this a month before. Family tensions aroused like tsunamis. Meera got no support either from her father-in-law or her so called husband. She protested a million times but all of it fell on deaf ears. It was three days back; she put all her arms down and gave a tacit 'yes' to Rajesh to end it once and for all. But inside her mind waves of emotions rambled and intensified.

She went to the water cooler, picking up a glass from the table. As soon as she went to fill the glass a voice conquered all her attention.

—"Maa...." Meera got frightened. It was 2 am. She looked here and there. Found no one. She went to the room where Suman and Reena were but both of them were deep down in their dreams. She returned to the kitchen and picked up the glass.

—"Maa..." once again. This time she panicked. In a brisk voice Meera asked "Who are you? Who's there?"

—"Maa...don't be afraid, here I am, inside you.....it's your girl Maa.....". Meera's heart started pounding. She touched her stomach. She felt a light kicking inside. She whispered, "Is it really you?"

—"yes Maa...its me..." Meera went to the other room, in front of the mirror. Standing. Looking at her own body. Meera said to herself, "It's just me...I'm going mad!"

The life inside her now in a thick voice exclaimed, "Wait Maa! Please listen to me...please...I want to talk to you. Tell you something. Say something Maa....reply to me....." Meera felt its genuineness. She softened and said, "I'm listening girl....I'm listening ...."

—"Maa....I tried to speak with you many times but failed. I want to tell how much I like you....I love you Maa...you are my life....I hoped I was the same for you...I felt it many times inside you....But now Maa....I am really scared...Maa...Are you really going to kill me?" Meera's heart stopped for a while. She tried to mumble "Girl...hey...." The voice continued "Maa....I know you are a good woman and you love my sisters and whole family a lot...Maa...but that day when Papa told you to get me out....to 'abort' me....Maa...I was scared to death...of dying..I know Maa you cried a lot that whole day...for your 'yes'...Maa...I thought your womb is the safest place for me till I come out....to meet my family...Maa....but now I am feeling like here is a death trap...I wish I had been born in any other womb."

"Don't say this girl..I don't know..I....I..." Meera said. A tear rolled out from her left eye and ended on her stomach. Right one soon followed.

—"Maa...I hear things through your ears. When you see the roses in our garden, smell them ...Maa...U say it's very beautiful. It makes me want to smell it, to touch it. When I hear how blue the sky is ...I want to see it...Maa...when I hear how wonderful the world is....I want to be in it. People admire your beauty Maa...I hear them saying you are beautiful, my sisters are beautiful. It made me feel very elated that I'll also be beautiful ...Maa... I want to see you ..my sisters, my family." Meera couldn't help herself but weep. She argued, "But you are my third girl. Nobody in this family will love you. Your grandmother wanted a boy...She'll kill herself over it or you my darling, as soon as you come in this world..." Tears never stopped when she said these words.

--"Maa...I care for nobody but you. You're my mother. Maa....I can live happily if you love me a

little bit. I am a part of you, won't u love me?...I remember Maa....when Reena didi won a prize in school, she ran to you ..you picked her up and kissed her and bought her a new frock.., but didi didn't like the color of it ....Maa..I know the shopkeeper never took the frock back. That frock is still with you...Maa...I'll wear it ..I know its not just a frock ..It's your love. I'll have it Maa....please don't abort me.."

Meera wiped her wet face. She replied, " But you're a girl ..How can we afford to raise you, to get you married, dowry for it...We aren't the richest of families." The baby replied. "Maa....Don't say such things. I beg you to treat me like a son. To take care of me like a son. Educate me Maa..I can be an engineer or doctor or anything a boy can become. I promise this. I'll study hard..I'll be your good kid. I don't want to get married if you fear that's the problem. Maa...but I'll be there with you till you get very old and till your passing. Maa...I promise I'll never leave you....I'll make a lot of money for you and will never pose a problem for you...Maa.....Please...give me a chance.....Maa....I can be your boy...."

Meera said nothing. The girl uttered, " Say something Maa...I've said what I wanted to. But I still don't want to be a curse in your life or to our family. If it's that difficult for you adults to listen to an unborn so be it Maa....Go on...Kill me....I'll always love you Maa....but still if it's that necessary...Kill me..MAA...

A sudden zephyr of enlightenment struck Meera. A sense of individuality. She realized that she couldn't kill a part of herself. She stood up and said., " Hey...Darling...Nobody's killing you my child. You'll be my girl. You'll be in this world. You'll be the most loved one, my child.....I'll fight the whole world for you...No one's taking my girl away from me." And the two tears rolled out again, reincarnated in two happy drops of self righteousness. Meera continued, "I am waiting for you my girl and I have also thought of a name for you". Meera could now feel the smile of satisfaction of the life inside her.

--"Maa.....thanks a lot..I love you a lot...I'll be your good kid ..Maa...but what name will you give me. Meera replied, "Kiran" Array of light.Array of life. Array of hope. Array of love." Baby said, " ...Thanks Maa....thanks..but ...Maa you haven't been sleeping lately. I am worried. Please go to sleep Maa...GOOD NIGHT"

Meera felt as if she had a new life. She went to her bedroom. Now she knew what she had to do. She was ready for any battle coming. Be it physical or legal. She woke up the next day, told Rajesh about her decision of not having abortion. This outraged the outrageous Pavitra to much a greater extent than Rajesh. She told her daughters, Suman and Pavitra that they'll have a sister named Kiran in a few months. Both felt happy for it. But for the dismay of the rest, she cared for nobody, NOBODY. She was now blessed with a new sense of enlightenment, a new sense of 'LIFE'.

## प्रतिभा

स्नेहा केलवा  
डी. एल. ई., अंतिम वर्ष



Afral Sharma

कम्प्यूनिटी हॉल दर्शकों से खचाखच भरा हुआ था। वहाँ 'राज्य स्तरीय नृत्य प्रतियोगिता' आयोजित की जा रही थी। सुमन भी अपनी बेटा तारा के साथ वहाँ मौजूद थी। तारा एवं अन्य सभी प्रतिभागी अपनी प्रस्तुति दे चुके थे। निर्णायक दल परिणाम निकालने में जुटे थे। पूरा हॉल लोगों की आवाजों से गूँज रहा था। मुख्यमंत्री जी, जो कि मूल्य-अतिथि की तरह वहाँ मौजूद थे, माइक हाथ में लेते ही, सब जगह शांति व्याप्त हो गई। सुमन की घड़कनें तेज होने लगी और उसने तारा का हाथ थाम लिया। तारा अपनी मम्मी की बैचेनी महसूस कर रही थी परंतु वह शांत हृदय से उनका हाथ थामे बैठी रही। मुख्यमंत्री जी ने बोलना शुरू किया, 'मैं सबसे पहले सभी प्रतिभागियों को उनकी उत्तम प्रस्तुतियों के लिए बधाई देना चाहता हूँ। उनकी कड़ी मेहनत और लगन उन सभी को जीत का हकदार बनाती है।.....'

अतीत की स्मृतियाँ सुमन के मस्तिष्क में अवतरित हो रही थीं। सुमन के कानों में शब्द पड़ तो रहे थे पर जैसे उसे सब कुछ अर्थहीन व अस्पष्ट सुनाई दे रहा था। वह एक अलग ही दुनिया में समय को लौघती हुई पहुँच गई थी। लगभग 10 वर्ष पहले जब तारा का जन्म हुआ था तो सुमन और उसके पति अनिल की खुशी मानो थामे नहीं धम रही थी। पूरे मोहल्ले में मिठाईयाँ बाँटी गई थी। परंतु उनकी यह खुशियाँ चंद दिनों की ही थी। जन्म के एक सप्ताह बाद अनिल और सुमन को डॉक्टरों ने बताया था कि उनकी बेटा ताउम्र न ही बोल सकती है और न सुन सकती है। सुमन तो ये सुनते ही बेहोश हो गई थी और होश में आने के बाद भी उसके आँसू नहीं धम रहे थे। अनिल बड़ी मुश्किल से पहले खुद को और फिर सुमन को सँभालने की कोशिश कर रहे थे। सुमन के आँचल में सोयी उस मासूम जान को यह पता भी नहीं था कि ऊपरवाले ने उसकी लकीरों में कितनी कठोर जिंदगी उसके लिए लिख दी है। पर जैसे कभी न घुटने टेकने वाली सुमन ने अगले ही दिन से इस हकीकत को हँसते हुए गले लगा लिया। अन्य बच्चे तो एक साल की उम्र में शब्द बनाना सिखते हैं, टूटा-फूटा बोलते हैं पर सुमन के लिए तो तारा की आँखों ने उसके छह महीने के होते ही बोलना शुरू कर दिया। वो भी एकदम स्पष्ट, छोटे-छोटे, आधे-अधूरे शब्द नहीं अपितु भावनाओं से भरपूर पूर्ण वाक्य। सुमन को फिर कभी महसूस नहीं हुआ कि उसकी तारा बोल-सुन नहीं सकती है।

तारा जब पाँच वर्ष की हुई तो उसका दाखिला स्कूल में करवा दिया गया। सुमन ने तारा के साथ स्कूल जाकर उसकी पढ़ाई में पूरी मदद की। तारा भी चीजों को काफी जल्दी समझ जाती थी। सुमन एक कुशल शास्त्रीय नृत्यांगना होने के कारण अपनी आँखों एवं शारीरिक हाव-भाव से तारा को बहुत अच्छी तरह से चीजें स्पष्ट कर देती थी। जब तारा का दाखिला स्पेशल स्कूल में करवा दिया गया तो सुमन ने पहले की तरह घर पर बच्चों को शास्त्रीय नृत्य सिखाना फिर से शुरू कर दिया। एक दिन स्कूल की छुट्टी होने के कारण तारा घर पर अपनी मम्मी को नृत्य सिखाते हुए देख रही थी। बच्चों के चले जान के बाद उसने मम्मी को वो सभी नृत्य मुद्राएँ हुबहु करके दिखाई। यही नहीं उसकी आँखों ने प्रत्येक भाव को पूरी दक्षता से पश किया। सुमन की खुशी का तो उस दिन कोई ठिकाना न रहा। उसने तारा को अपनी बाँहों में भरकर उसके माथे को चूम लिया। तारा की आँखों में उसे नृत्य सीखने की एक ललक-सी दिखी, उसने उसी क्षण उसे नृत्य सिखाने का निश्चय किया। यद्यपि तारा की श्रवण शक्ति न होने के कारण उसे नृत्य सिखाना और संगीत की समझ देना बहुत ही कठिन कार्य था परंतु सुमन ने तो ये करने की ठान ली थी।

अब रोज शाम सुमन तारा को नृत्य सिखाने लगी। सबसे पहले सुमन ने तारा को सभी तालों को इशारों

के माध्यम से समझाया और फिर प्रतिदिन उसे नयी-नयी मुद्राएं, भावों के साथ सिखाने लगी। तारा की कुशाग्र बुद्धि ने उसे कुछ ही महीनों में नृत्य कला में पारंगत दिला दी। जब भी तारा नृत्य करती तो सुमन उसके साथ रहकर उसे संगीत के ताल समझाती। सुमन के इशारों से तारा संगीत को समझकर नृत्य का अभ्यास करती। तीन-चार सालों में ही तारा बहुत अच्छी नृत्यांगना बन गई पर न सुन और बोल सकने के कारण वह कभी किसी प्रतियोगिता में भाग नहीं ले पाई।

अनिल ने जब राज्य स्तरीय नृत्य प्रतियोगिता के बारे में सुना तो उसने सुमन को तारा का नाम इसमें दाखिल करवाने को कहा। अनिल के बहुत कहने पर सुमन अंततः मान गई। स्टेज पर तारा की प्रस्तुति के वक्त सुमन ने पर्दे के पीछे से अपने इशारों द्वारा उसके लिए संगीत पेश किया। इतने सालों के लगातार अभ्यास से तारा अब इतनी कुशल हो गई थी कि उसने सुमन की तरफ सिर्फ एक दो बार ही देखा और बहुत ही अच्छी तरह से अपने नृत्य की प्रस्तुति दी। नृत्य की समाप्ति पर पूरा हॉल तालियों से गूंज पड़ा था। सुमन को लगा जैसे उन तालियों की गड़गड़ाहट उसे अभी भी सुनाई दे रही हैं परंतु ध्वनि के कुछ अधिक होने पर उसने महसूस किया कि ये वर्तमान में ही हो रहा है।

मुख्यमंत्री जी ने परिणाम घोषित कर दिया था और तारा विजेता थी। सुमन की आँखों से अश्रु बहने लगे। तारा सुमन को देखकर कुछ समझने की कोशिश कर रही थी। जैसे ही सुमन ने उसे गले लगाया तो तारा को सब कुछ समझते देर न लगी। उसके श्यामल होठों की खामोशी मुस्कान में तब्दील हो गई। सुमन के मुँह से शब्द नहीं निकल रहे थे और न ही अब उसे कुछ सुनाई दे रहा था, वह खुद को आज मूक-बधिर महसूस कर रही थी और उसकी आँखें अब अपनी प्यारी बिटिया से बतिया कर अपनी खुरशी बाँट रही थी।

## Back to home

**Apoorva Dwivedi**  
ECE, Final Year



Long has been the journey;  
Long has been the waiting.  
So much time has elapsed,  
Yet it all appears a dream.  
I have had everything,  
Yet I'm so unsatisfied.  
See the joys, all the charms,  
All the glories of the world  
No longer excite me!  
Ah! The day I first met YOU.  
But I have known YOU forever.  
The depth of the old  
And the freshness of the new,  
YOU make me experience both.  
Gratitude overwhelming like the ocean  
And emptiness that of the sky,  
Make my whole world being resonate.  
Restless and peace  
Intimacy and separation.  
So near to me, yet so far.  
I have lost myself  
Only to remember YOU.  
Let the waiting be over now.  
Let the misery be over now.  
Let the sleep be over now.  
Let the dream be over now.  
My only wish is to wake up.  
My only wish is to rise up.  
Home! Home sweet Home.  
My only wish is now  
To come back Home.  
Open the door,  
Open your arms.  
And let my soul  
Come back HOME.

## A Brave Journey

**Nupur Katoch**  
EEE, Second year



A rivulet begins its journey  
From that part of the lofty Mountain  
That has absorbed the Sun's Radiance;  
The vivified Snow trails its way  
With entranced bravura,  
Through the rocky terrains, the hard Granites  
With a Spirit, though not imperturbable,  
As the Storm and Lull bear upon its soul,  
Yet, unyielding and indefatigable,  
It moves on, propels its flow,  
Till it grows into a dark, deep Ocean!  
Unveil its depth; it hides in its bosom  
The sharp careens that pierced,  
Its soul on its course.  
It fought, it crusaded, and it Survived...!  
Yet, the wounds do bleed,  
Even so, superfluously...  
But..., as an Ocean of Abysmal Wisdom!

## विघाता की आवाज

छद्मांक गोयल  
सी. ई. टी., दिल्ली सर्व



नित गुमसुम इस अन्तर्मन में,  
सहसा उठा सवाल।  
भूत और भविष्य में से  
कौन श्रेष्ठ काल?

नित विचलित इस अन्तर्मन से  
बोला भूतकाल  
मैंने दी धरती, मैंने दिया नीर।  
दी कितनी गाथाएं, दिए कितने वीर।  
मानव मन की गहराई में,  
छाया हुआ विचार हूँ।  
मैं असीम हूँ, मैं अपार हूँ।  
कितना भी प्रयत्न करो,  
मैं निर्विकार हूँ।  
मुझ बिन कोई अस्तित्व नहीं,  
मैं.....इतिहास हूँ।

नित व्याकुल इस अन्तर्मन से  
फिर बोला भविष्यत्काल  
जिसपर विजय पाने के लिए  
बस अज्ञानी लड़ रहे,  
अपना आज तुकराकर  
मेरी ओर बढ़ रहे,  
मैं शक्ति हूँ, मैं विकास हूँ।  
सर्वशक्तिशाली समय से,  
तुम्हारी एकमात्र आस हूँ।  
मैं चमत्कार हूँ, मैं अविष्कार हूँ।  
चान्द और तारों पर फतेह का,  
सपना साकर हूँ।  
छुपाए हुए अनगिनत रहस्य  
मैं.....नसीब हूँ।

इस परिचर्चा के बाद भी,  
जब न निकला कोई निदान,  
नित चिंतित इस अन्तर्मन से  
बोला एक अनजान—  
कल और कल के असमंजस में  
घुट घुट मरता जाता।  
भूत की सीख, भविष्य का निर्माता,  
ठीक से चिंतन करो, मैं ही हूँ फलदाता।  
संपूर्ण सृष्टि की बुनियाद हूँ।  
न समझो तो बर्बाद हूँ, समझो तो आशीर्वाद हूँ।  
भूत मृत है, भविष्य अजन्मा,  
मैं ही तो जीवन का स्वाद हूँ।  
स्वावलंबी, विद्वान और कर्मठ के  
मस्तक का मैं ताज हूँ।  
मेरा तुम उपयोग करो,  
विघाता की प्रबल आवाज हूँ।  
मैं आज हूँ! मैं आज हूँ!

## The magic ball

**Sanat Thomas**  
EEE-Final Year



*"Before I start, let me notify that this article is an inspiration from a true incident of my life, the memories of which are crystal clear to me till date"*

This happened a decade and two years back from now, in Gangtok, Sikkim when I was in the 4<sup>th</sup> grade. I then studied in a school called 'Tashi Namgyal Academy (TNA)'. Arnab Chakraborty and Saunak Bhandari were my best buddies and they lived 5 minutes away from my house. Which means we went to school together, returned home together and, yes, bunked class together.

It was a chilled afternoon, and we were on our way back to school. We, generally, preferred the 'kaccha pedestrian path' rather than the normal motor-vehicle road, to head back home. The pedestrian path was actually a longer way, as it was more of a twist-turn path through the dense forest. We took this path because we enjoyed the jungle walk. That day we walked on and on and deeper into the jungle, catching a whiff of the forest air, munching apricots which Saunak plucked in profusion from the trees. The sound made by our feet on the dry leaves, scattered on the ground, was rhythmic until we reached a tiny pond and came to an abrupt halt. We spotted a boy, somewhat of our age, sitting by the pond, his back facing us.

I was eager to know who this lonely boy was, so I shouted, "Hello!" He turned his head towards us and suddenly stood up from his sitting place and sauntered towards us. He was a boy of good build, shorter than me and barely any hair on his head. When he approached us, he was expressionless and motionless. "What's your name?" Arnab asked.

"Buddhay" he said. Then we introduced ourselves and shook hands with him.

The four of us then sat beside the pond and chatted for hours. In such a short time Buddhay became a good friend of ours. We used to meet him regularly after school and offer him our home-made delicacies which we carried in our tiffin boxes. He used to tell us about his sad and lonely life. Buddhay came from a poor family, his father was a Government employee in the telephone department and his salary was meager. Buddhay lived with his father and step-mother. His mother, with whom he had spent most of his time, had passed away a few months back, which explains why he used to be lonely. His father was a very cruel man who used to thrash and whip him all the time, mostly in an inebriated state. So, to avoid this he spent most of the time by the pond. His step-mother was ignorant and never cared for him. Now that he found three good friends in us, he felt delighted and we mostly saw him in jovial spirits. On one of these discussions by the pond, Buddhay mentioned that his father used to occasionally steal money from houses in the nearby colony. He said that he had recently eavesdropped on a brief conversation between his father and step-mother about him having hidden the loot which he recently stole, under the ground beside an apricot tree in the forest. He had marked a cross on the branch of the tree so that he could identify it later. We went all around the forest for days looking for that tree but all in vain. Soon we had to give up.

Yuhina, our neighbour, was bedridden for days from a fractured foot which happened because she fell down the stair-case as she was chasing me for pulling her hair. A million apologies weren't enough so I went to her place with Arnab and Saunak and we played board games with her. During that time we saw the sub-inspector of the town, Mr. Pramod Tamang, walk up to the house. Yuhina's dad answered the

door and both of them had a brief conversation.

We lived in an area where most of the trees of the forest were cut and there were mostly houses. So there was a small patch of flat land where Saunak, Arnab, Buddhay and I, often, played cricket. Cricket is one game which I was and am still very bad at. Buddhay was the best player of the four of us and I was the worst. Buddhay was an expert in sixer shots and due to this we lost plenty of cricket balls in the jungle and the searches for them were always failures. Soon we ran out of cricket balls and we weren't given any more money from home. So, Buddhay crafted a ball using plastics, newspapers, a couple of pebbles and large rubber bands. It was an excellent piece of handicraft work as the ball wasn't so different from a normal cricket ball and we could play normal cricket with it. The train of sixers never stopped, but surprisingly, this ball would always be traced even if it flew into the deepest part of the woods, unlike the other ones which disappeared in a day. So we called this ball "THE MAGIC BALL".

On that day, we were having the usual cricket match we had on holidays. I was the last to bat. Arnab was bowling and the other two were fielding. When Arnab started to bowl, he said, "Guys, get closer to him" and they did so and he threw a yorker and I, out of the blue, hit a huge six which went much beyond the boundary into the thick forests.

Chances of finding the ball looked totally bleak. Still we rummaged through the dry leaves and this went on for hours. Suddenly, Buddhay discovered a small path leading down and we presumed that the ball must have rolled down through this. As we went down this path, we discovered that it was leading into a tiny cave which was pitch dark inside. We generated fire from dry stones and lit up two huge chunks of wood. We then silently crouched into the cave and walked on and on in tip-toes holding each other's hand, as the cave was getting more and more spooky as we got deeper into it. I could feel the adrenaline chills down my spine so I suggested that we should get out of here. Arnab and Saunak agreed, but Buddhay was insistent on exploring further. He asked us not to leave and confronted us by saying that only cowards believe in ghosts. After about fifteen minutes of walking, I happened to notice something which didn't look like weeds and shrubs, but looked more like a bag. As we got closer, we saw that it was a bag. When we unzipped it, we saw something which left us dumbstruck for the next five minutes.

It was a bag full of money, rupee notes in the count of 50s and 100s and some jewellery too. We were totally spellbound by this discovery and the feeling that we were going to be owners of this great fortune. After a while Buddhay discovered something else. There was a lid-like opening on the roof right above us. He slid it open and soon after that we could feel some fresh air. Buddhay climbed up and looked out. In front of him stood something that explained it all - the apricot tree with a cross mark on the branch...

The next thing we did was get Buddhay's father arrested, and it turned out that the money and the jewellery belonged to Yuhina's family.

Our school closed down for the long winter vacation and before leaving for our hometowns we bade goodbye to Buddhay, who made us promise him that when we returned we would go to meet him at his house.

After 3 months when we returned to Sikkim, the first thing we did after we arrived was that we walked to his house. To our astonishment, the house was now being occupied by some other people.

After days of getting over Buddhay's disappearance, Saunak, Arnab and I took a stroll to the cave. As we walked in I made a dazzling discovery. It was the magic ball.

## Blitzkrieg

**Rajat Mahajan**  
MED, 3rd Year



The arsenal doors shook open,  
with the virgin step, the general shone.  
Amidst the dust of decades,  
that rustled after years of slumber.  
Beyond the arachnoid rest,  
a stream of blood waited to wake and flow.  
The fireball rested as dead,  
watching flames, in the days to come.  
The rifle's muzzle and trigger got,  
what they had longed for - a hand.  
That held them, let them free,  
to a land destined, to be red.  
The caravans loaded their backs,  
with mortar and food, a little.  
Bravery hummed the chest of men,  
hiding all fear to death.  
The valley seemed spectacular, as a feast,  
the feast though the devil's.  
He put on the kevlar and loaded,  
his head and gun, with victory bullets.  
Fire here and fire around,  
bullets flew as birds.  
Birds over the autumn lake - so dense,  
the lungs seemed to hold.  
Pounding heart, bursting spirits,  
he overcame the slope to wind-  
over the majestic mountain, smelling,  
not fine, but metal warm.  
And there came a bullet; kissed  
him, at his heart.  
Time witnessed dejavu, eyes widened,  
gun dropped, sound dimmed.  
The night rested there; the sun  
shone the heights to glory.  
His men, searching; found him lay  
smiling - a picture in hand,  
a baby smile, a woman's content  
Move Up in Life!  
Sometimes, life is so dull,  
That you remain slack;  
No task seems worthwhile,

## Move up

**Prashant Nath Endley**  
ECE, 2005-2009



You wish to be far far away...  
All happy memories now cause pain  
You wish you could live them again.  
From all the burnt feelings,  
You must rise like a flame  
Always moving up, leaving all ash beneath...  
Play with the fire within you  
Let it make enough smoke,  
To find for itself-  
The way out, the way up...  
Move Up, You Must!

## Frangipani Mo(u)rnings

**Princy Soni**

Architecture, Final Year



An ordinary day. A day like any other. Manoj laced up his shoes with determination, patted Sparky, his little terrier and went out of the house to the promenade on the Nariman Point, for his usual brisk morning walk. There was a bracing nip in the air, as usual familiar groups—a largish crowd of people were also walking around, taking in the air. He moved to the narrow tongue of the parapet extending almost into the blue sea and absently watched the white migratory birds and the grey herons, and smiled at the happy chug of an impetuous fishing boat, which interrupted his stream of thought.

His glance took in the wide sweep of the sea. Finding the promenade crowded he cut across to the NCPA apartments, braced himself and felt the powerful rush of adrenaline course through the blood as he began to run and race back towards the Bank's flats along the Trident Hotel. He felt warmed by the sun gleaming on the shining facade of the plane-glass windows of the proud Oberoi Hotel, which rises as a monument to the new India, the rich India, beside the bay. He breathed in the heady fragrance of the frangipani flowers from the masses of the frangipani trees outside the Trident Hotel's restaurant of the same name and thought of Shelley's "Lines to Indian Air"—

The wandering airs, they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream,  
The champak odors fail,  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.

The peace of the morning slipped over him like a comfortable cloak. In the sun warmed morning, leaving the clear blue of the sea behind, as he ran back homeward to Bank House he thought how beautiful the city by the sea is and how very fortunate he is to be living in Mumbai, the financial capital of the new India. Again he turned swiftly past the familiar red and yellow hoarding of the Air India building, back home to the tumultuous, joyous greeting of Sparky who goes overboard to have him back as if he had gone away for a very long time and she wasn't sure that he would return! In sum, a normal ordinary day.

Finally today after six nightmarish days Manoj pulled on his socks, tied his shoelaces to go for his run, the lidless, gaping eyes of shattered glass panes of the Hotel facade, served as a grim reminder that the innocence of the days has gone forever, the core of stillness and peace of the lost day will never again return.....Now every other runner seems suspect and every chugging fishing boat sinister. Today he prayed for peace and for the souls departed and for God to give their families the courage to bear their loss.

People are moving together. There are protests and candle light vigils. People seethe, cry and rail against the system. They say perhaps the terrorists struck against the Trident and Oberoi as the proud skyscrapers rising to the sky were a symbol of capitalism and of India's new found wealth and opulence. I cannot say. The frangipani flowers still litter the ground, as in the story by the Mozambican writer (Mia Couto-A Varando do frangipani) the shedding of the tree's flowers serves to mark the passage of time and the conclusion sees the protagonist submerging into the tree roots as the ultimate solution to fix their shattered world. The city by sea weeps, its wounds will heal and it will rise again.

## अवरोध

सुरभि सदावत

ई. सी. ई. प्रथम वर्ष



खामोश की भी जुबान होती है, ये उसने आज ही जाना था। जिस डाइनिंग टेबल पर सबकी किलकारियां गुंजती थी आज उस हंसी की जगह कांटे-घूरियों की कर्कश आवाज़ ने ले ली थी। "कोयल, कल घर पर ही रहना!" पसरे हुए सन्नाटे को तोड़ती हुई जब माँ की आवाज़ उसके कानों में पड़ी तो उसने तुरंत पहचान लिया कि इस खामोशी में क्या मूकिका बन रही थी।

आज उसकी आँखों से नौद कोसों दूर थी, नौद आती भी कैसे, आज की रात फँसले की रात जो थी। अपने ख्वाब और माँ-बाबा की खुरी में से एक चीज़ चुननी थी। घर की चार बेटियों में से सबसे बड़ी थी- 'कोयल' शायद बाबा ने ये नाम उसके रंग को देखकर ही रखा था पर कोयल के रंग के साथ उसने कोयल सी आवाज़ भी पायी थी। और इस आवाज़ को नाम देना ही उसका ख्वाब था। कितने दफ्तरो के चक्कर उसने इसी उम्मीद में काटे थे कि कहीं तो उसकी आवाज़ को पहचान मिलेगी पर सभी से उसे वही जबाब मिला जो उन लड़कों के घरवालों से मिलता था जब उसे देखने आते थे।

उसे आज तक समझ नहीं आया कि रंग का प्रतिभा से क्या रिश्ता होता है? कल फिर कोई उसे देखने आने वाला है, माँ-बाबा को यही चिंता है कि किसी तरह रिश्ता तय हो जाए क्योंकि उसका यह रंग उससे छोटी मीनल और स्वाति के लिए भी अवरोध बना हुआ था। माँ ने कभी उसे यह महसूस नहीं होने दिया कि वह उनके लिए बोझ है, पर उनकी आँखों में छुपी चिंता को वह अकसर पढ़ लेती थी।

कल उसका साक्षात्कार भी है, बड़ी मुश्किल से उसे उस 'म्यूजिक कम्पनी' की चीफ सेक्रेटरी से समय मिला था, जहाँ के निष्पक्ष चयन के बारे में उसने बहुत सुना था। और अपने आप को साबित करने की ये उसकी आखिरी कोशिश थी।

"क्या करें?" यह तय नहीं कर पा रही थी वो, तभी बाबा के कदमों की आहट हुई, उसने आँखें बंद कर ली, शायद माँ भी साथ थी। उसने सुना जब माँ ने स्नेह से भरे हाथ को उसके सिर पर फेरते हुए कहा "कितनी थक गई है मेरी कोयल!" "हाँ! और इसकी कूह को सुने हुए भी कितना समय हो गया है। याद है, कैसे पूरे घर को भर देती थी। काश, इसका ख्वाब पूरा हो पाता!" बाबा ने बत्ती बंद करते हुए कहा।

उसने महसूस किया कि जिन अवरोधों के अंधकार में वो जी रही थी एकाएक बाबा के कहे शब्दों ने रोशनी की कोई खिड़की खोल दी थी और सारे अवरोध उस रोशनी की किरणों से धुंधलाते जा रहे थे।

रात गहराती जा रही और नौद अब भी उसकी आँखों से कोसों दूर थी। अपने ख्वाब और माँ-बाबा की खुरी को जोड़ने वाले नए सवरे का इंतजार जो था उसे।

## Think Again!!!!!!!!!!!!

**Dipanjana Mazumdar**  
MED, 2005-2009



Dipanjana Sarker

He is born in the grotty maternity ward of a state-run dispensary at a small village whose name is as elusive as its emplacement on the face of earth. The first speck of light meeting his eyes permeates through the sullied curtains overhanging the window. He begins his life in a cramped mud house with a thatched roof, sharing a shabby cot with three other siblings; villas and apartments he has never seen. He is fed on barley and oats and never comes to know the taste of powdered baby food. He shivers in cold, blazes in the sun; climate controllers and conditioners are still technology of the future. He is narrated stories of *Panchatantra* at bedtime; *Aesop's Fables* are unknown to him. He goes to an aided primary school with a plank of wood to sit upon and branches of trees to shade; Playschools and Kindergarten he has never heard of. He has two shirts and a pair of trousers to boast of; doesn't get to choose between *Puma* or *Nike*. He grows up on stories of *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*; *Alice in Wonderland* or *Peter Pan* is more myth than reality to him. He has under his feet a pair of slippers which has seen many a turn of seasons. He works very hard in the fields, growing cotton by the day and looks after cattle at night, but still has to see his father commit suicide under debts, while some fashion model at a show, not very far away, flaunts a saree made out of the same humble material and gets filthy rich overnight. His workplace is hazardous, his life literally hanging by a piece of rope as he paints the walls of an invincible sky-scraper. As water drops make their way through the numerous openings of his ratty-tatty 'mansion', he cannot but enjoy the rain. He puts up life-size posters of movies at a multiplex but hardly knows the colour of the interior. He slips through a cup of tea from the *chaiwala*, Barista or CCD could easily wipe out his week's earning. Pepsi or Gatorade, he has never tried; *nimboo-paani* just seems to be perfect. He takes a puff of *beedi* every now and then; a cigarette, he could very easily trade for a pack of *beedis*. He coughs profusely and gets to the hospital, only to be attended by a doctor a day later. He is admitted to the general ward and diagnosed with tuberculosis and advised to take medication, but cannot afford to buy himself the cure. As he lies in his grimy bed all alone with no one to care, he sees the last ray of light through the curtains. With no one to claim his body, he is sent to the mortuary, later only to be studied by medical students.

If you cannot still think of someone who suits the protagonist, just take a look around. He is the character who can fit into almost any face you see on road. He is your average Indian who finds it difficult living hand to mouth. India is not the urban upper class living in Mumbai or B'lore or Chennai or any other metropolis, but as Gandhiji had said decades ago and still holds true, lives in villages. So next time you go on a spending spree, drinking by the dollars and expending by the pounds, think about those who are a little unfortunate than you. If you have food in your refrigerator, clothes to wear, a roof over your head and a place to sleep, you are richer than 456 million Indians. If you can see the beauty around you, you are fortunate than 23 million Indians without eyes. If you are reading this, you are luckier than 451 million illiterate Indians. Perhaps, life is not as kind to everyone; perhaps no road leads to *utopia*. Think again!!!!!!!!

## Escape to NITH

**Prashant Pandey**  
EEE, 2005-2009



We all at some time or other leave one place to shift to new lands for moving on in life. While leaving college some months back the pain was unbearable. The man's ego held back the tears, still my eyes revealed the state of heart. Friends held my hand firmly as if wanting to avert this separation. The cab driver honked anxiously telling it was time we said good bye. For long I kept looking back till I could no more see them. The roads where I had roamed with friends, the benches outside admin where many afternoons were spent waiting for lectures to begin, a lot happening over a cup of coffee at Nescafe and every thing about my college called me back. But it was not possible. The cab sped out of hills and in few hours I came too far from that heaven called NIT Hamirpur.

Back at home the appointment letter of POWERGRID was waiting for me. Jubilation and celebration followed and soon it was time I again packed my bags to attend the call of career. Faridabad NCR, our first stoppage in a year long training, was hot and humid. This further made me miss the cool and cozy college campus. I started talking to juniors thinking that would help make the transformation from campus to company easy. But this backfired and now the desire to escape to the Alma mater grew strong like a tsunami. We got our first salary by the end of august. It was by every means more than what our pockets could manage. The very next weekend I decided to run back to the green pines where uncountable memories were waiting for my return. The sight of ISBT bus stand filled me with nostalgia. It was a moonlit night. Thus, allowing me a bluish grey view outside. Somewhat like the black and white movie of yesteryear. I could not sleep. As the bus crossed Una, familiar clay hills injected into me a sense of belongingness to this land. The rising sun seemed to welcome me back home. As the bus stopped finally at 'Mirpur bus stand', I waited for some bus/cab driver to come to me and say "kutti jani". "REC", I replied with energy and smile.

Next couple of days amidst greenery and juniors I cupped life with both hands and replenished my soul with it. Though there was a change in the air about college still it possessed the same aroma which made us forget all our worries and gave us strength to keep moving higher in life. In the 36 hours I stayed there I slept just for 3 hours. This itself tells how much life is there at NITH.

It was time to say good bye again. I walked with heavy steps towards gate 1. Accompanied by few friends who had come to see me off... I wished to stay longer and spend some more time with juniors and the campus. When they put their hands forward for the final shake I was reluctant but then this is what life is all about; moving on, leaving behind memories and people. As I walked out of college gates I recalled words of a close friend from my batch :

"I want to go back to the time when our ELE deptt. was our fav timepass, when love was waiting at nescafe just to see them pass by, when frnds shoulder was the highest place on earth, when your worst enemies were your teachers, when the only thing that could hurt was misunderstanding amongst friends and when good byes only meant till tomorrow"

## A walk to remember

**Allisha Chauhan**  
CSE, 1st Year



I gross out with panic by the grave gravity of a graveyard. The eerie silence speaks volumes of the unfulfilled dreams, wishes and grievances of the dead. Innumerable lives, untold mysteries all lay there; hidden, buried.

I couldn't believe I was there with my sister making way to the cemetery. "Lureen, do not embrace my hand so hard, you are hurting me", I snapped. I had four more years of life experience to my credit. My little sister Lureen was almost in tears out of fear. "Ghosts don't exist," I stated, my voice loud and clear. Though deep inside, I felt a strange sensation in the pit of my stomach. Lureen shuddered as soon as the word 'ghosts' escaped my lips.

Hi, I am Tracy. I'd describe myself as someone who is closely interwoven with the realities of life, who would never trust anything unless certain of experiencing it. Our parents died two years back. The intensity of the pain was still the same; I had somehow learnt to live with it.

My little sister was always haunted by something, rendering her sleepless nights. She claimed to hear voices, unknown creepy voices. I shot a glance at her, my expressions conveying I won't buy those kind of baseless stories. It was all very simple, we would take the stony path near the waterfall, cross the forest, and then walk through the cemetery and stay there as long as it takes to prove to her THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS...I

The cemetery gate creaked open. I hate to admit it but the graves washed over by the moonlight did send my heart pounding against my chest. I could feel sweat beads trickling down my neck. The cold silence threatened us to go back. The only noise was that of the maple leaves crunching under our footsteps. Images of all the horror movies which I had watched floated past my mind. Lureen shivered besides me. "Can we go back", she pleaded. It was then that I saw them, mom and dad. Something stirred inside me. I found myself gasping for breath. My legs refused to move. I wanted to scream, but my throat choked. They were certainly mom and dad. A cloud of intense grief hovered above them. They looked older, tired, weighed down with depression. They somehow remained indifferent to our presence.

Lureen let out a shriek, but I stood frozen. A deep sense of melancholy gripped me, a feeling of nothingness... stillness....I can't define. I tried to fight back my tears, but in vain, my heart sank. I felt a lump lodged in my throat. Every muscle of my body thudded savagely.

I followed my parents' lifeless gaze at a tomb, swathed by white carnation. It read:

TRACY AND LUREEN, YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED FOREVER.

It was us who were dead, not they....

Tears welled up in their eyes, which subsequently streamed down....

*Legions of laughter*



*campus canvas*

painting by : Rupam

## The never happened breakup

**Nikhilesh Jha**  
EEE, 3rd Year



Surabhi

India has been influenced greatly by western civilization. Indian youth, especially, has a great affinity for the West. However, everyone is not influenced equally by it. When a boy and a girl interact and the boy has accepted the dating scenario (while the girl has not) amusing incidents occur. I like to call one such scenario "The never happened breakup".

It is an interesting phenomenon observed in almost all parts of South Asia. It begins with phone numbers and ends in a lot of confusion. For the sake of convenience let's divide it into five stages:

### Stage I: The Introduction

Some cosmic event leads to a conversation between a girl and a boy. The conversation breeds familiarity. After some accidental meetings they become acquaintances. Of course the boy wastes hundreds of hours for hundreds of reasons, except the obvious one of wanting to meet the girl, for these accidents to occur. Many people would even say that the two become friends. But a careful inspection would reveal that is not so, it is just a temporary stage leading to...

### Stage II: The Exchange

After the two have become acquaintances for some reason the two are forced to exchange phone numbers. The exchange could happen to inform the other of exam schedule, to get some studying tips or to forward a message that he or she found really interesting. Such compulsions make the exchange of numbers necessary. However at times one is required to take the drastic step of asking the phone number directly. In such cases either the offer is turned down or it leads to...

### Stage III: The Beginning

I seriously believe that mobile phones are the most ingenious devices invented after... well, the telephone. It puts the whole evolution thing into perspective. Anyway, let's not digress any further and get back to the budding relationship. In this stage men usually take the back seat. They are in uncharted territories so they tend to play safe and text simple messages, vegetarian jokes and thoughts for the day. There is a sudden need for messages and people who are going through this stage tend to forward messages to their mobile from their friends mobiles with a sly smile. Friends of people who are going through such a stage are therefore advised either to keep their balance zero or to get a message pack. Women on the other hand seem to get bolder and bolder with every text, encouraging the boy to take greater risks as well. It is recommended that guys enjoy this stage to the fullest as girls control all other stages and decide when things are to be taken to next level. However, in this stage the boy gets to control when the relationship goes to...

**Stage IV: The Bold Texts**

By now the relationship has been given some solid ground foundations (according to the boy at least). So the guys now sends texts which are deleted immediately after sending or cause lots of embarrassment if read by classmates. The girl reciprocates with similar messages. This stage could in fact be considered an extension of Stage III. By the end of this stage all friends are aware of the 'khichdi' being cooked. And the rest find out through those friends. Under the encouragement and tutelage friends the boy is unfortunately forced to...

**Stage V: The Break Up**

The boy sufficiently emboldened by friends takes things out of the tentative friend zone and does one of these:

- a) Tells the girl he likes her.
- b) Tells the girl he loves her.
- c) Tells the girl he has feelings for her.

To a person who is not under the hangover of Stage IV, these statements may appear to be the same but a person under the effect of Stage IV understands the finer difference and his choice depends on the degree of his affliction (of stage IV).

The girl then responds in one or all of these statements:

- a) I am not that kind of girl. (Leaving the guy to wonder whether he should blame law 377.)
- b) I never thought of you that way. (Well it's not too late you know!)
- c) You are just my friend. (I still have a hundred free messages left what am I going to do with those?)

The boy is left wondering what the messages were about then. He is informed that they were just forwards or they were sent to a friend with no other meaning to it.

People who have just experienced the "Never Happened Breakup" either try to pretend to not have been hurt or vow revenge. But it is suggested that they try again. Three is the magical number in these cases. However if the magic number does not work, the subject is advised to visit gyms (or if the subject happens to be too lazy Paradise (change if found offensive)). There is good news for the broken hearted though, studies have shown that heart break can at times lead to spending greater time in library and improved grades.

Similar symptoms and stages can be observed among Orkut/talk users. The facts may vary but the underlying principle remains the same.

To contain the spreading of this phenomenon and to save hundreds of victims it is suggested that viewing of soap "FRIENDS" for one hour be made compulsory for girls on week days and of "How I met your mother" on weekends. It has been found that watching these instructive videos results in a new found respect for the dating system.

## पुलिसिया जीवन के दंग

धीर वीर विक्रम सिंह  
एम. ई. टी., तृतीय वर्ष



Tanmay Mishra

मेरे पिताजी का सपना था कि मैं पद लिखकर पुलिस की नौकरी करूँगा। यद्यपि पुलिस की नौकरी के लिए किसी विदेश योग्यता की ज़रूरत नहीं होती, और दौड़भाग, पुलअप जैसे जिन पराक्रमों की ज़रूरत होती है, वह तो अपने में नहीं। सो बापू के आरम्भ आँसुओं में बह गए। हमारे पिताश्री मुफ्त की सन्जियाँ, हफ्ते की कमाई, जुगाड़ के पास से सर्कस देखने का लुत्फ उठा ही नहीं सके। मेरा बेटा भी अपनी बाइक पे “पुलिस” लिखाकर बाहर को दिल कन्याओं के निर्भय दर्शन को निकल ना सका। मुझे अत्यंत अफसोस है कि मैं अपने पिता के इस नितांत औसत स्वप्न को पूरा ना कर सका। परंतु इसमें अधिक आश्चर्य की बात नहीं है। ऐसे मलाईदार विभागों में नियुक्ति पूर्व जन्म के पुण्यों से ही प्राप्त होती है।

लगता है पिछले जन्मों में भी अपना ट्रैक रिकार्ड कुछ ऐसा ही रहा होगा। परंतु पुलिस के प्रति एक विशेष श्रद्धा जनित कोतूहल भाव सदैव मेरे मन में रहा। यह उन भावों के अतिरिक्त था जो कि सामान्य भारतीय नागरिक के मन में पुलिसिया वर्दी देखते ही उभरते हैं, जैसे— भय विस्मय, भाोक, हास्य, जुगुप्सा, घृणा आदि। पुलिस सदा ही हमारे अनुसंधान का विषय रही है। मेरी इस प्रवृत्ति को देख, मेरे कई मित्रों ने तो क्राइम रिपोर्टर बनने की सलाह दे डाली। परंतु ना तो अपना रोबदार दाढ़ी वाला चेहरा था, ना नाटकीय संवाद शैली और ना ही खतरों उठाने का साहस। साथ ही मुझे पुलिस और मीडिया के अत्यंत संवेदनशील संबंधों की जानकारी थी। इसे आप पीपल-भूत या चोली दामन का साथ कह सकते हैं।

यू तो पुलिस के विशय में रोज इतनी सूचनाएं प्राप्त होती रहती हैं कि किसी और मनोरंजन की ज़रूरत ही नहीं। परंतु पुलिसिया सत्य जो मुझे सबसे ज्यादा प्रभावित करता है, वह है उनका अखिल भारतीय चरित्र। सर्वत्र एक सा आचरण, कर्म के प्रति एकाग्रता, एक सी निष्पक्षता एवं एक समान निस्संग दृष्टि। पाचक एवं पातक दोनों के प्रति समभाव। गीता के सच्चे अनुशीलक यही तो है। सबका उदय हैं चौमुखी उदय। घर, परिवार, काया, अधिकारी, अपराधी एवं अपराध का चहुंमुखी उदय। इसमें ही कल्याण का भाव निहित है।

यों तो पुलिस और श्लोक वाचन परंपरा का संबंध वेदकालीन है। ये ठहरे वृत्ति परंपरा के लोग। वाचिक परंपरा ही हमें एकवचन, बहुवचन से दुर्वचन एवं निर्वचन तक ले जाती है। एक बार हमने पार्क में एक पुलिस वाले को अपनी मंगेतर से प्रेम निवेदन करते सुना— “ए.....इधर आप ससुरी। वहां का कू...कू...कर रही है।” श्रृंगार का ऐसा सघन रूप देख मेरा मन रोमांचित हो उठा लगता है ये शिशुपाल के वंशज है। उसमें सौ गालियों मात्र का रिकार्ड बनाया था। परंतु अब उनके इन वंशजों को किसी चक्र से भय नहीं। अब तो सुदर्शन से लेकर गदा तक इन्हीं के हाथ में है और दुर्योधन से दुःशासन तक सब इन्हीं के तले हैं। भला हुआ कृष्ण का जो द्वार में ही निकल लिए, अन्यथा कलियुग में जाने किन—2 धाराओं से उलझते रहते।

श्रष्टाचार को लेकर विभाग पर कई आरोप लगते रहे हैं। मैंने एक दिन उच्च पुलिस अधिकारी से पूछा तो वे बोल— “कौन सा विभाग बचा है, श्रष्टाचार संभला। इनकमटैक्स वाले के यहां करोड़ों, कस्टम अधिकारी

के पास किलो में सोना पकड़ा जाए तो ठीक, परंतु बेचारे किसी कास्टेबल की जेब से पचास रूपए मिलने पर ही हल्ला।”

हमने कहा— “फिर समाज और कानून की रक्षा कौन करेगा? उनका जवाब हाजिर था— “घष्टाचार प्रत्येक सरकारी कर्मचारी का नैतिक अधिकार है.....और फिर तुम प्रश्न पूछने के भी पैसे लो, जन कल्याण की आड़ में आत्मकल्याण करते रहो और हम समाज की कालिमा को मिटाने का मेहनताना भी न लें। मैं भी एक कर्तव्यनिष्ठ अधिकारी रहा हूँ और अच्छी तरह जानता हूँ कि हत्या के सबूत मिटाना, गवाहों को बराबर तोड़ना, पोस्ट मार्टम रिपोर्ट बदलने जैसे काम सहज नहीं हैं।” इसके लिए विदेश साहस की जरूरत होती है, जो कि वर्दी पहनने के बाद ही आता है वस्तुतः वर्दी का नषा ही ऐसा होता है कि वर्दी वाला पुलिस कब वर्दी वाला गुंडा बन जाता है पता ही नहीं चलता।”

मैं अधिकारी जी की बातें सुनकर दंग रहा गया। मानवाधिकार का ब्रह्म राक्षस भी वैसे तो पुलिस का पीछा न हीं छोड़ता। मेरे एक थानेदार मित्र ने मुझसे गंभीर मुद्रा में आकर कहा— “यार कहीं इस मानवाधिकार के जनक का अता-पता मिल जाए तो साले को एक बार में ही ऐसा फिट करूँ कि आगा-पीछा सब भुला जाएगा। अधिकारों की देखरेख हमारी जिम्मेदारी है या जनता की।” वैसे तो बिहार, यू० पी०, राजस्थान, हरियाणा की पुलिस की अंतर्राष्ट्रीय ख्याति है। इन राज्यों के पुलिसकर्मियों का अंदाज कुछ ज्यादा ही निराला है। बात करते-2 ही हाथ छोड़ देना, हाथ लगाते-लगाते क्रिया-कर्म कर डालना इनके बाएँ हाथ का काम है। गुड़गोंव हो या मेरठ, जयपुर हो या दिल्ली पुलिस का एक्शन, सब थ्रिलर फिल्म सा आनंद देता है।

स्त्रियों के विषय में इनके समांती संस्कार तो भला कहीं छूट पाए हैं।। “जेही की बिटिया सुंदर देखी, तेह जाया घेर हथियार” वाला अंदाज बरकरार है। इन खबरों को पढ़कर मेरा मन पुलिस के प्रति अपार श्रद्धा एवं भक्ति से भर जाता है। परंतु वर्दी देखते ही धिगधी बंध जाती है, और डंडा देखते ही कॉपने लग जाता हूँ। पर करूँ क्या, पुलिस के प्रति ऐसा व्यवहार का संस्कार तो विरासत में मिला है? सोचता हूँ, मेरे पिताजी मुझे लेकर कितनी खुराफतमी में जी रहे हैं। मैं जो कभी अपने बच्चों को दंग से गाली ना दे सका, इस सिस्टम को गाली ना दे सका, वह भला पुलिस में क्या खाक भर्ती होता?? क्योंकि न्यूनतम योग्यता के बिना काम कैसे चलता। आप भी वर्दी पहनने की सोच रहे हैं क्या??? यदि हाँ तो गरियाना शुरू कर दें, आज से ही।

### Three tragedies in three minutes

**Ajeet Upadhyay**  
EEE, 3rd Year



My counselling was on 10th July 2007 in NIT Allahabad and I got Electrical Engineering in NIT Hamirpur. I visited the website of NIT Hamirpur, and I was very happy to see 'NIT Hamirpur 20th rank'. I informed this to all of my friends, some of them congratulated me while some lowered my morale, but after all I was happy. I got the fair idea of Hamirpur's location from the website and I started my journey to NIT Hamirpur on 12th July, 2007 along with my elder brother and his

friend.

We took the general tickets for Kalka mail and waited for the train at the station. At 4:00 in the evening the train came, we approached the TTE and asked for three berths in the sleeper coach upto Kalka (the last stoppage of the train). He took 600 rupees (300 for ticket conversion and 300 as a bribe) and given us three berths. Now, we were ready for a very long journey.

At around 8:00 pm, we reached old Delhi Railway station and got to know that the train stopped there for more than 20 minutes, so we had our dinner there only. After my meal, I went out of the coach and started walking on the platform. An army personnel who was sitting with us, called me from the window and handed me an empty bottle and asked, "There is a water-tap, will you please get this bottle filled for me?". I said, "Why not?" I took the bottle from him and reached the water-tap. There were four to five persons with bottles at the tap, so I had to wait in the queue for my turn. At the same time, I saw sitting on the front bench of the platform, a very beautiful girl. She was wearing a white T-shirt and blue jeans and was looking so nice that I was not able to see anything else than her on the platform. I was staring at her and I was lost in her beauty, then someone interrupted me, "Sir, please fill your bottle". I put the bottle below the tap and got lost in her again. After sometime, the same person again interrupted me, "Your bottle has already been filled", then I left the place for him and continued watching her. I think after two or three minutes, a small child rushed towards her and said, "Mummy, I am hungry". "Oh no, what is this, murder without a weapon", these were my expressions. The beautiful girl episode was over, now I thought, I must get back to my train.

I turned towards the train, what was that, another tragedy within 10 seconds; I could see only the last coach of the moving train in front of my eyes. Now, without any thought, I threw away the bottle from my hand and started running to catch my train with full potential. But what could be done, it was a super fast train with hundreds of wheels and a powerful engine while I was a human-being with just two legs and a small blood-pumping heart. How could I compete with the train? After running for 40-45 seconds and covering 250-300 meters of distance, I gave up. When your train has left, then many thoughts come to your mind, especially when your brother is inside the train and you are outside. The same thing was happening with me, my heart was beating, faster than ever. If another tragedy would have happened to me this time, I was only left with the option of a heart-attack.

In between, I heard a voice, someone was calling me. Actually, it was not a single voice but a resultant of two-three noise signals. I turned to attend the voices and I was almost dead to see that three cops were sitting on the bench and they were calling me like they've caught me red handed for stealing or something like that. But two tragedies in only the last one minute made my heart much stronger than ever and so, this time- no heart-attack. I reached the cops and stood in front of them like an innocent person

who has been alleged for a big crime. Now, I faced a rain of questions. One of them asked me, 'Who are you?', the first question was still unfinished when the other person asked me, 'Why were you running behind the train?', 'Why have you thrown away that bottle?', 'Was that a bomb', 'What place do you belong to?', 'Where do you want to go?', 'Show your I-card!', 'Don't you know, you must not chase a moving train?' It was like a mountain of questions that I had to answer. Answering so many questions in front of such rude cops was really difficult for me, but somehow I managed to answer them in a smarter way. I made them believe that I was innocent. And when I said, 'I am going to take admission in NIT Hamirpur', their behaviour changed like anything. Now they started talking to me respectfully. Perhaps, they might have known what an NIT is? At that time, I realised that NIT is not only something which is among the best in Engineering colleges but it has a brand value that can be expressed as, "NIT ka to naam hi kaafi hai".

After all this they told me that the train had gone to the workshop and would be coming to the same platform after 15 minutes. This statement made me so happy that I said nine times 'thanks' to three persons only for the same statement and at the same time. My happiness couldn't be expressed in words and one can feel it only if he considers himself in my place, where his train has left, and then someone says to him, 'It will come back'.

After 15 minutes the train came back, I boarded it and reached NIT Hamirpur. And right now, I am a student of NITH with that unforgettable experience of 'three big tragedies and two big recoveries within just three minutes'.

## We want free copies

**Arjun Shankar**  
ECE, 2003-2007  
**Arjun B. S.**  
MED, 2004-2008



### *Please send us free copies of this magazine!*

We were told that a contribution to the magazine helps one get a couple of free copies. To add to it, as the alumni, this is our golden chance to write whatever comes to mind first and still not be rejected. Unless of course, it's actually rejected and becomes a national embarrassment for both of us. Here is what we've been up to in the recent (and not-so-recent) past...

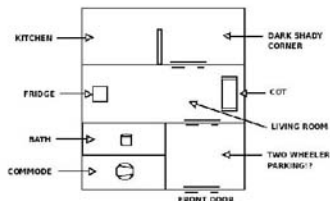
### ***Buying the first bike***

To purchase a bike, one's bank account needs to reach a certain level of health. Unfortunately, mine never did. I had the brilliant idea of tackling this at its root. I dug up the last few months' bank statements to find out why, and realized that each month, I make a bunch of withdrawals and a credit card payment (I make it a point never to pay interest). Certainly not much to go on. I ditched the idea, and decided instead to concentrate on my current problem: buying a bike. Given my situation, the only solution I saw was to buy a bike minus the engine. Yes, that would do just fine. I chose the all-aluminum Hero Thunder after a lot of research. I'll call it 'research' because I wouldn't be surprised if a Google search helps find the cure to cancer one day. I know I shouldn't be advertising in a college magazine article, but the Thunder is a fine cycle. Its light, the 'Thunder MTB' doesn't have the cheap, heavy and unnecessary 'full-suspension' that most Indian MTBs have these days. If you live in a city with good roads, you'd do better with the 'Thunder Racer' with drop handlebars. Advice for the cash strapped looking to draw some attention while also saving the world: A cycle, helmet and riding gloves will draw more double-takes than a Royal Enfield these days.

### ***Renting the first store room***

I got my first real job in The Big City as a petrol pump attendant, and I came with little more than a dream and 10 rupees in my pocket. I slept on the sidewalks by the shelter of the bus stands at night. Today, a year later, I'm a multi millionaire many times over. Alright, that's not my story. But I did come to The Big City, well fed and with a fabulous job-offer in hand with the company that I always dreamt to work for. My first week was spent living at a relative's place. But I realized that sooner or later, I'd have to find my own place and move in there. Thus began the house hunt. I'll tell you three stories with illustrations here.

**Story #1:** I respond to an ad for a one-bedroom house in Central Big City (close to my work place). When I end up at the location, I find the house to be well located, and the approach road being tidy. The courteous owner shows me around this house, the whole area being roughly the size a triplet in KBH:



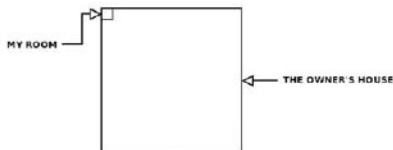
Here's why I didn't take this house: Firstly the rent was high. But that was nothing compared to what came out of the post mortem.

a) The house didn't have a single window

b) It wasn't actually a house. It was a car garage in the ground floor that was converted to a house that I was considering living in.

**Story #2:** I respond to another ad, for a single room this time. When I land up there, I find the place to be poorly located, with a miserable approach road. The excited owner shows me around this room which is inside a house, the whole area of the room being roughly the size of a singlet in DBH.

Here's why I didn't take this house: After spending 5 minutes seeing the room, I came out of there wondering if the person who showed me around was male or female.



**Story #3:** I respond to yet another ad, this time for a paying guest (PG) accommodation. I show up at the place to find it poorly located, with the approach road being rather messy. The house keeper shows me this room which is inside this house.

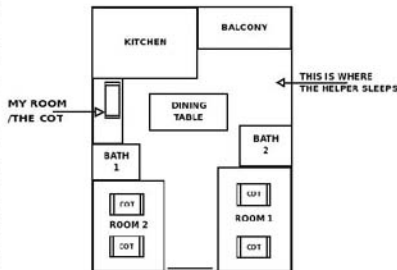
**For your information:** The room labelled "MY ROOM" was the one offered to me. The place was about three fourths the size of an DBH singlet. It was so small that I had to go out to change my mind. Our mess food was five star when compared to what was served here at this PG.

Here's why I finally took this room:

a) My room had a window. On second thought, it wasn't actually a room I was given. It was the store-room of the house (why did it have a window??).

b) I figured it was better to live in a store-room with a window rather than in a car garage with none or with people who sent out mixed signals about their sexual disposition Cracking the first dumb joke. The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. No doubt there were girls in college both pretty and smart, but the greener grass rule somehow meant that I didn't try mixing with them much. In fact, I hardly ever talked to my female classmates owing to this rule (I guess the rule applies more strongly as you come into closer contact). Plus, wouldn't put myself in the category of attractive guys, so the feeling was probably mutual. And then one day, I got into a train from Bangalore to Delhi. One of my friends had offered to buy tickets for all of us. There were a lot of guys from NITH in our compartment, along with his ex-classmate from school days who studied in another NIT close to ours. I won't say it was love at first sight, but I found this girl to be what one would call 'cute as a button!' She was smart, mysterious (at one point I thought she had a boyfriend back in her college, at another I felt there was something going on between her and her ex-classmate), and a lot of other things. Here's the interesting thing about girls and guys: Sometimes, dumb guys make dumb jokes in an attempt to impress girls. The girls laugh at the dumb joke even though its not really funny. I'd like to believe they do it because they don't want to embarrass the guy by not laughing.

Either that, or the girl is dumb as well. Anyway, when other guys (like me) see this happening, they



Either that, or the girl is dumb as well. Anyway, when other guys (like me) see this happening, they either correctly or wrongly label the girl 'dumb' (because she's laughing at a dumb joke). I saw this a lot in college (leading to several girls being handed out the freely available label in my mind). Yes, that was unfair on my part. But here's the irony of it all: I have no idea if my jokes on that train were stupid or not, but she joined in the laughter. I promptly labeled her as 'smart' for laughing at my rather intelligent jokes, and put her into my growing list of possible-girlfriends-whom-I'll-never-get-to-meet-again. After getting off at Delhi, the entire gang went around in the Metro to pass time, until finally we went our separate ways (she to her NIT, and we to ours). A stop before she got off the metro, I found myself looking at her. You could say I was staring. She looked back, smiled warmly at me, and got off the train.

***Note to the editorial board: Please find attached, our postal address. Speed Post would suit us just fine.***

## गुरुजी का चाँटा

अनिल हार्म  
सी. एच. ई. द्वितीय वर्ष



Aman Pundir

गुरुजी भूभाट मार कर रो पड़े। आखों से आसुओं की प्रबल धारा बह निकली। एक बार तो लगा कि अश्रुजल से बाढ़ आ जायेगी। हमने कहा— गुरुवर अब ज्यादा आसू न बहाए वरना शहर की सड़क बह जायेगी। आपका तो कुछ नहीं जायेगा, लेकिन सड़क बहने के बाद आम जनता को तकलीफ हो जायेगी। हमारी बात सुन गुरुजी ने आसुओं पर ब्रेक लगाया। हमने पूछा गुरुदेव! उस तरह रौने का सबब। वे बोले— सचिन तेंदुलकर। हमने बेतरह चौंक कर कहा— तेंदुलकर और आपके आसुओं का रिश्ता समझ नहीं आया। गुरुजी बोले तुम समझे नहीं। मैं सचिन की गुरु भक्ति से दंग हूँ। सचिन ने अपने गुरु सम्मान समारोह में कहा था कि मैं आज जो कुछ भी हूँ, वह अपने गुरु के चाँटे की वजह से हूँ। आज कल के शिष्यों को चाँटा तो क्या चुटकी काट के तो देखो। अपने माँ बाप के संग छाती पर चढ़ने आ जाते हैं।

हमने भी गुरुजी की 'हाँ' में 'हाँ' मिला दी। आखिरकार हम आदत से मजबूर जो उहरे तो किसी को 'ना' कैसे कह सकते हैं। अब कल शाम की ही बात ले लीजिए, हम फुरसत से बैठे थे कि सामने वाले अफसर जी का बेटा आया जिसकी मम्मी एक अंग्रेजी स्कूल में कॅरियर काउन्सलर है। बच्चा बोला—अंकल—अंकल! हमारे लिए 'गधे की ईमानदारी' विषय पर एक निबन्ध लिख दीजिए। हमने कहा, बेटा! यह काम आप अपनी मम्मी से क्यों नहीं कराते? बच्चे ने मासूमियत से कहा— अंकल! मैंने सुबह मम्मी से कहा तो बोली— मैं और तुम्हारे पापा तो 'अजब प्रेम की गजब कहानी' फिल्म देखने जा रहे हैं। तुम यह काम सामने वाले निटल्ले अंकल से करवा लो। वे किसी को ना नहीं कहते।

कसम किताब—कलम की। उस वक्त हमारा मन हुआ कि अपनी जूती उतारकर खुद के कपाल पर ही मार लें। हमने गुरुजी की बात काट दी। हमारे अकाद्वय तर्क से गुरुजी घूल—घूसरित हो गये। अब उनके मिमियाने की बारी थी। गुरुजी आँटो इंजन की तरफ लम्बी—लम्बी साँसे छोड़ रहे तो हम मुस्करा दिये। अब गुरुजी कसाई के छुरे के सामने खड़े बकरे की तरह मिमियाकर बोले—

'सचिन ने सही कहा था। उसका गुरु चाँटा न मारता तो सचिन भी आज अरबपति न होता। आज किसे पढ़ी है जो गुरु का चाँटा खाये। आजकल के चले तो गुरु के ही चाँटा लगाने की फिराक में रहते हैं। जिसके चाँटा पड़ा वही महान बना। इतना कह कर वे अपनी हथेलियाँ मलने लगे। यह देख कर हम 'सतर्क' हो गये और गुरुजी से एक सुरक्षित दूरी बना कर बैठ गये तकि हमें 'करोड़पति—अरबपति' बनाने की उतेजना में हमारे चाँटा लगाये तो हम अपनी सुरक्षा कर सके। गुरुजी ने हमारी तरफ हिकारत से देखते—हुए कहा— मेरी समझ में आजाद भारत में सचिन तेंदुलकर आखिरी चला था, जिसने अपने गुरु का चाँटा खाया। इसके बाद के चले तो नकली सिक्के निकले।

इतना कह कर गुरुजी ने एक बार फिर अपनी हथेलियाँ रगड़ी। हम समझ गये कि गुरुजी को हमारे चाँटा लगाने की मचमची छूट रही है। अब हमें भी किंचित क्रोध आ गया। हमने कहा माफ करें गुरुजी। इस चाँटा—पुराण को सुनते—सुनते चार घण्टे बीत गये। सचिन का गुरु सच्चा गुरु था। और सच्चे गुरु का चाँटा खाना प्रसाद के पाने के बराबर है। कबीर ने तो कहा भी है— 'गुरु कुम्हार शिष्य कुम्ह है।' आज के जमाने में

गुरु बचे कहाँ हैं? अब तो गुरु—घंटाल ही बचे हैं। विश्व विद्यालय में चले जाइये। वहाँ के गुरु आज भी पचास साल पुरानी धारणाएं पढ़ा रहे हैं। उन्हें आज के जमाने में क्या हुआ इसका पता ही नहीं। ज्यादातर गुरु शिक्षा—मंत्री सचिव या कुलपति की चमचागिरी में मग्न हैं। कक्षाओं में घुसते उन्हें नानी याद आती है। गुरुओं का काम परस्पर लड़ना और शिष्यों को लड़ाना भर रह गया है। पचासों हजार की पगार पाकर भी उनका पेट नहीं भरता। ऐसे अज्ञानी गुरुओं से कौन शिष्य चाँटा खाना पसन्द करेगा। सधिन के गुरु ने सधिन को उस वक्त सिखया था, जब सधिन के पास गुरु को देने के लिये धेला भी नहीं था। अब ये ज्यादा चाँटा—पुराण हमें ना सिखाओ। हम जानते हैं कि आपके हाथ हमें तमाचा धरने को फड़फड़ा रहे हैं। आप हमें तो माफ करें, क्योंकि आप गुरु नहीं गुरुघंटाल हैं।

हमारी बात सुनकर गुरुजी हंस पड़े। बोले— तुम भी अजब चेले हो। देखो मौसम बन रहा है आज 'पिलाओगे' नहीं।

## *I will never forget...*

*26 November 2009, Adam Block,*

26/11. The day came and NITH remembered. One year ago we faced the deadliest terrorist attack in Mumbai. A year on, our country still hasn't recovered from the shock which that day brought forth. All over our lands, patriots mourn the lives lost during those tragic three days. We here at NITH also came together to pay homage to our nation's martyrs. Our institute's NBYS wing organized this remembrance vigil.



It was started off with a candle lighting ceremony where all the students joined hands and united as one. Patriotic music gave life to the silent air and each one of us was moved. Videos about the brave officers who sacrificed their lives for our safety were played instilling a sense of oneness. The wounds inflicted upon us were great, but as they say: what cannot defeat us only makes us stronger.

*JAISHIND*

## Futile attempts !

**Aditya Tiwari**  
CED, Final Year



1year,40 crushes...  
100%failure...

Still no regrets, as they are all happy without me. I am a true philanthropist. I call it life but they called it attitude...I have read atleast 4 annual magazines of our college and this observation of mine has shown that when we look at % contribution of articles from girls, it's not more than 20% but articles dedicated to girls are more than 50%. People who had been ditched, wrote the darker side of fairer sex, their counterparts focussed on fairer side of fairer sex. Sometimes I think, why doesn't this fairer sex write about us... I call it life but they called it pride!!!



A friend of mine is a very keen observer of things, a bit loose from his heart, every odd semester he falls in love and every even semester he pays the bills for his odd semester love. This odd semester or I would say this last odd semester of ours was unlucky for him as no girl this time accepted his proposal, so this soul friend of mine was busy with other stuffs but frustration came out on Friday night. One Friday night, he came to my room and after a few sentimental hick-ups, fired a question at me which was quiet complicated to answer...Even after 4 years, many teachers who taught him don't know his name but this was not the question...The problem was why even the lab assistants know the name of his fellow fairer classmates...I call it life but they call it prejudice!!! This question or the fact was very true as I had no answer to him, still I tried but everybody knows it's pretty hard for a sour soul to console a drunken soul.

Friday nights reveal many facts especially in last year of your degree. This friend of mine on another Friday night came in with another question...Why were they brothers and sisters for first 2 years and lovers for the next 2. Again I had no answer, so I called it life but they called it compromise!!! Next Friday he came in with firing slangs, I was confused but before I could have asked, he fired the question...why do people who failed to attract a girl turn into preachers of Hanuman and show frustration on every girl of college. I had no answer so I called it life but they called it \_\_\_\_\_!!!

I had thought that this semester also the question would be coming but I haven't met my friend from past few weeks. The reason is he attempted to the best of his skills this time and finally succeeded so I had no more questions on Friday's as now he is busy on phone or out for a weekend trip. I am now happy because of two reasons, firstly I don't have to answer his silly questions and secondly his lungs and liver are safe until the break-up...

I call it life but they call it commitment!!! Whatever it be, there are a few good aspects of their bad commitment...

## Five things I hate about my college life.

**Shobhna Paramweshwaran**  
Architecture, 1st Year



### 1. *Weird people*

People are crazy about Gtalk in this college. They chat the whole night and then pass each other the next morning as total strangers. Why? Reason unknown. Not even a cursory hello, instead we try and change our route to avoid the person we chatted for four hours the previous night. Every senior I come across talks how she/he hates being called ma'am/sir, but I am still called arrogant when I call anyone by their names. Weird?

### 2. *No Domino's*

How can someone live without a pizza for months is quite difficult to understand. The nearest eating joint which provides you with pizza is a dingy little rectangular room, having absolutely no idea the difference between cheese and paneer, its motto being "older the paneer, the better." A trip to the district hospital follows after this. A statutory warning should be given with the menu card "eat at your own risk". Hamirpur has a large youth population which can easily help Domino's earn a quick buck, then why wouldn't anyone want to come here remains a mystery. Of course there is always one in Shimla, but I don't think "30 minutes nahi toh free" will be applicable to it.

### 3. *Mess timings*

This college has given me exactly fifty five minutes, so I can have my delicious lunch. I run with my bag, sheets, parallel bar, drafter and god knows what else, panting I reach PGH, dump everything on my friend's bed, fighting for the spoon (of course losing badly); I rush to take a seat. All that done, my next step you would think is to sit and enjoy my meal, but no you are wrong. I practically inhale my food. The dal tastes the same, rajma devoid of any beans and dahi has all kinds of masala added. It's better to inhale it. This takes approximately five minutes. Then picking up my bag and all the things I might need in the second half, I start my trekking back to the class. Half way through I pause for a breath and realize that I am already ten minutes late. After all this no wonder I am speechless when my mom asks me what I had for lunch.

### 4. *Guys-*

Why all of them have either spiked hair, goatees, sleeveless jackets or red canvas shoes, I will never understand. The other typical type are the rarely shaven, spectacled, trying hard to look like a geek (doesn't work). Basically all of them look like a whole bunch of freshly manufactured humans' batch; if you look further you might actually be able to find a tag hanging. All said and done, have to admit some of them are super cute.

### 5. *Last but not the least,*

I hate this place because no matter how much I try to hate it, detach myself from it, I fall in love with it again and again. All these reasons mentioned above do not matter, because I know they are like an added advantage to my life. Where else in the world will you be able to wake up at three in the morning and still find a dozen people wide awake online? Another two dozen watching movies right next to your bed. Of course there is always a dozen working on their sheets, time no bar, place no bar (awesome archiz). Bhaijis always provide you with food, at the middle of the night, break of the dawn, anytime you want. Call them by their names or call them ma'ams, but seniors are the ones who help you get out of the mess you land yourself in. Of course then there are friends, icing on the cake. Combine them all, I get a life beyond anyone's imagination, I always will be thankful for.

## The Idiot Degree

**Amlt Singh**  
MED, Final Year



This has nothing to do with this article, just something I read on a wall in an engineering college, (not ours)

"Please don't forget,  
Studying is also a part of engineering."

Well, I am sure most of you have seen 3 idiots. Though highly motivating and entertaining movie. It did not need an engineering college to convey its message, I thought. But one scene which essentially

needs engineering background of its characters to define its logic is one where R.Madhavan leaves his plane and Sharman Joshi goes to shimla from Delhi without pants, just to meet their friend, whom they have not seen for ten years. Perhaps, the director knew that such level of friendship can only exist in an engineering college and hence the need of ICE in the movie, I am sure you all would agree.

Have you wondered why it is so? The answer to this question lies in a simple trait of human behaviour. When a group of people face a life threatening and emotionally exhaustive situation, they tend to develop a highly cordial relationship and great respect for each other. That's what happens here.

Now, come on, close your eyes for a moment and go back to the day when we were about to enter NIT-H's campus for the first time. All alone, with the memories at school and coaching life brush in your mind, a dream of setting out of this institute as an outstanding engineer. Think of those sleepless nights in the beginning not because you were in love, well some of you might be, but mostly because of fear of ragging. Think of your first week, for some of you, your first month, for some of you, your first semester and for some weird ones, your first year, when you were still unchanged, same as you were in school or in home. Now close your eyes and fast forward your life to the present day, thinking of all the memorable moments you had in college, and open your eyes. I am sure you would find the same faces that appeared in your thought, now sitting around you, and most probably, would be laughing at you for seriously following instructions written in an article of a college magazine and closing and opening your eyes. Now you would also laugh at yourself with them. They are your friends.

Have you wondered why you care for them? After all, they are people who kick your butt the most on your birthdays and still ask for a party. They won't take permission to use your ATM, cell phone, clothes or your PC, no matter how badly you need them. They would sleep in your bed if they want and where you sleep is not their problem. They would not miss a single opportunity to make fun of you, anytime, anyplace. The answer is simple because they would allow you to do the same with them, and most interestingly, they would feel bad if you don't.

Now we are on the verge of completion of our degree and leave this campus. I unlike you would miss my dance club, playing in NCT, writing for srijan, and few other things which define me in this college.

But I, like you, would miss my friends most. Like you, I would miss enjoying hill'fair with them, playing sports and games with them, would miss reading srijan with them, would miss laughing, crying or even sitting quietly with them, I would miss their appreciating me, humiliating me.

I, like all of you, would miss the way my friends completed me because they define me in my life.

"Please keep in mind; studying is just a part of engineering.

Rest, is friendship."

It has everything to do with this article. Just something I experienced in an engineering college (ours).

periodical marks and avoiding your teachers."

"....."

"Hahahaha....look at Eno, he's got no way! Now that's a reason why I prefer not getting into relations; no questions, no blank answers!"

"May be, or may be girls are all pretty scared about you! I can't go bird-watching with you; the risks are just too many! Let's turn back."

"Fine, lets see how much you are scared-one on one, aztecworld!"

"Your friends are going back, you wanna go back too?"

"No, why, now, no, I mean, they are cool, I am cool with you...hehe! Cappuccino?"

"Yupp, so last night I was watching this movie New Moon, slept late, ok and forgot to meet our teacher this morning, but guess what she is late and didn't come yet. But I couldn't sleep thinking about Edward, wow he looks so dead handsome, oh my God!"

"What's up with this Ed guy? The movie's not that great, but he's dumber than before."

"He's a vampire, so cool!"

"Yeah, he sucks!" (BEWARE: death wish!)

"So do you..."

"I wish!"

"...at studies!"

"Aaow! Don't kill me in public, please!"

"You are grounded, study harder or no more love-shove!"

"You mean no evening walk through the woods? No warm cappu & cuppa? I was planning to try the hookah with you this evening, Maa-kasam-its-Cozy!"

"O...k....a...y, fine. But you better get serious soon. Gotta go now, see you at 6. Mmuaaah!"

"..."

"Snap out now bro, she's long gone! Got good news, we're getting high tonight! Freak out!"

"Wow...but, I...umm... promised her..."

"Enough chit-chat, I got some business and I really don't mean it but I need some help from you."

"Expert tips? Whoa! Who's on the list?"

"No personalized walkthroughs just want something generally..."

"Fine go give your humor a test drive out there, she might just fall for it!"

"FYI, she's always the last person to laugh at my jokes."

"Dude, that's the basic girl-thing! The girl who holds back half of her laughter for your jokes sure got enough space for you deep down inside of her!"

"Ok, fine, I'll take that. Now help me out with some cash."

"You just needed my money...?"

"...and not your religion."

"Whatever, loser, take this and go make a dupe out of yourself, atfb!"

"Hellow again! How come you called sweetheart?"

"What on earth could possibly forbid me from calling up my boyfriend to ask him if he's gonna booze today or not?"

"Wo! Wo! Woow! Who told you that?"

"Does it matter anymore than the fact he told me just because he's your best friend & cares for you, just like I do?"

"Hey, but he's in the party as well..."

"...with you?...bye...don't talk to me!"

"Hey...hello...sorry...don't hang up on me...please listen...no...damn!"

(Grrr...)

"Best friend or not, you die like a dog tonight by my hands Krish...."

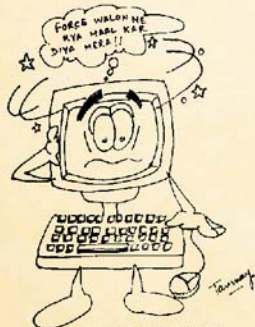
(Later Tonight!)

"Krish...at the...end of the.....day...or night...may be, my friend...you are my...best friend and I wanted to kill you with cold blood...but night came and I forgot...now I can't find you in so such love...smoke...in the air...tuck you...#\$@<!"

Bee tee dubloo.....have you ever felt the future looking down upon....."

# ENGINE- IUSES

By : Tanmay Mishra



A TRIBUTE TO TEAM FORCE BY SKITAN



## ..... **THANK YOU ALUMNI !**

*Team SRIJAN wishes to thank its alumni to help the SRIJAN dream come true..*



**Raghvender Rao**  
Class of 2007  
Mechanical Engineer



**Vivek Chauhan**  
Class of 2008  
Elec. & Electronics Engineer



**Shruti Bhalk**  
Class of 2008  
Elec. & Comm. Engineer



**Vivek Shah**  
Class of 2008  
Comp. Science Engineer



**Shishir Kumar Goel**  
Class of 2008  
Computer Science Engineer



**Saurabh Baghel**  
Class of 2008  
Civil Engineer



**Abhishek Tondon**  
Class of 2008  
Elec. & Comm. Engineer



**Prashant Pandey**  
Class of 2009  
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**Rupesh Kumar Choudhary**  
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**Kunal Dhar**  
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**Parul Pandey**  
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**Valsahally Bhardwaj**  
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**Aseem Bajpal**  
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**Karn Kher**  
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**Amit Kaushik**  
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**T. Avinash**  
Class of 2009  
Elec. & Communication Engineer

# BRUSHES

Created by: **Indira Srivastav**



Created by: **Sagar**

# BRUSHES

Created by: **Indira Srivastav**



Created by: **Kirti Mahajan**

# BRUSHES

Created by: **Dayananda Singh**



Created by : **Sameer Sharma**



# BRUSHES

Created by: **Rupam Saha**



Created by : **Kirti Mahajan**

# *In focus...*



Two of a Kind

Captured By:  
L. Vishal



Innocent Minds

Captured By:  
Rajeev Nandan



Nature's Blend...  
Captured By: Yogesh Kumar Chauhan

The Beginning...  
Captured By: L. Vishal





## CIVIL ENGINEERING

- Sitting L-R:** Dr. Rajesh Roshan Dash, Dr. Umesh Kumar Pandey, Mr. Sunil Kumar, Dr. R.S. Banerjee, Dr. V.K. Sharda, Prof. I.K. Bhat, Dr. Raman Perdi, Dr. R.K. Sharma, Dr. V.S. Dogra, Dr. Pardeep Kumar, Dr. Dharmendra.
- Row 1 L-R:** Abhineshwar Jena, Saurabh Soni, Lokesh Kumar, Arun Sajwan, Sayantan Nath, Kumar Gaurav, Pallavi Negi, Priti Thakur, Solanki Chakraborty, Nidhi Jaiswal, Mansi Dulloo.
- Row 2 L-R:** Anil Kumar, Vishal Bhuria, Lanusenen Longchari, Devesh Kumar, Neeraj Sethi, Narendrajit Laurembem, Aditya Bhushan, Rahul Khendre, Dev Raj, Nikhil Singh, Abhishek Jain, Chandresh Kumar, Chandan Gupta.
- Row 3 L-R:** Mukesh Sharma, Sahil Rana, Adarsh Chauhan, Puneet Sharma, Vaibhav Dixit, Anupam Sharma, Aditya Tiwari, Ajay Kumar, Vikas Lather, Abhishek Soni, Saurabh Sharma, Ashok Sharma.

**CLASS OF 2010**



## ELECTRICAL & ELECTRONICS ENGINEERING

- Sitting L-R:** Miss Bharti Baisahi, Mr. Himesh Hande, Mr. O.P. Rahl, Dr. R.K. Jaisil, Dr. Sushil Chauhan, Dr. Zakir Hussain, Prof. I.K. Bhat, Dr. R.N. Sharma, Dr. Y.R. Sood, Dr. Ravinder Nath, Dr. Veena Sharma, Mr. Amit Kaul, Mr. Rajesh Kumar.
- Row 1 L-R:** Ruchika Chauhan, Parul Singh, Shilpa Goyal, Shalika Shankhyan, Neha Mahejan, Namrata Garhpale, Nidhi Sharma, Preeti Rani, Swati Sood, Prema Gupta, Neha Dogra, Kusumilata, Ridhi Gujral, Geetika Aggarwal, Unvi Bansal, Aruna Singh, Varneeta Thakur.
- Row 2 L-R:** Debasisa Behra, Karen Vasdev, Kaustubh Ranjan Sinha, Penkal Mankotia, Ankush Sharma, Gajendra Manchar, Kartik Aggarwal, Munish Chaudhary, Anahut Thakur, Dilish Rana, Sumil Dhlman, Rovit Singh Negi, Amardeep Daroch, Abhis Basu Ray Chaudhuri.
- Row 3 L-R:** Anish Roy, Penkal Jha, Anil Kumar, Nakul Dogra, Pranay Dogra, Rohit Verma, Rambhieri, Mr. R. Anish, Gurur Prakash Pandey, Ashok Rupta.
- Row 4 L-R:** Nifin Singh, Tenzin Chetan, Aman Sharma, Puneet Sharma, Sanat Thomas, Ishaan Mohan, Rajjan Singh, Aditya Sood, Suraj Pandey, Aditya Jha, Teetash Roy, Sonu Kumar.

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## MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

- Sitting L-R:** Dr. Amar Pattnaik, Sh. Debasish Das, Dr. Rajiv Kumar Sharma, Dr. R. Sehgal, Dr. Anoop Kumar, Prof. I. K. Bhat, Dr. Sunand Kumar, Dr. Rajesh Sharma, Dr. Suresh Sharma, Dr. Suresh Dhimian.
- Row 1 L-R:** Rohin Bhan, Sumit Thakur, Ajay Pratap Rana, Aman Chandel, Shyam Kishore, Ankur Katiyar, Ajay Yadav, Ajeet Singh, Rohit Sharma.
- Row 2 L-R:** Rahul Pandey, Ajay Kumar, Sachin Chaitra, Naman Agarwal, Mahendra Panwar, Amit Sipalya, Ankush Banyal, Rohit Sharma, Chandrskant Chaturvedi, Anupam Shah.
- Row 3 L-R:** Ashwin Kumar, Gaurev Rana, Avinash Dogra, Saurabh Gupta, Vipul Bhardwaj, Avinash Kumar, Geo Paul Antony, Neelohit Bhardwaj, Alul Sonkhia, Gaurev Arora.
- Row 4 L-R:** Abhishek Nanda, Ngaminial Hanghal, Ankush Kumar, Adhiraj Seth, Dheeraj Verma, Digvijay Singh, Ankit Sharma.

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## ELECTRONICS & COMMUNICATION ENGINEERING

- Sitting L-R:** Sh. Philemon Daniel, Mr. Rakesh Sharma, Sh. Vinod Kumar, Mrs. Gargi Khanna, Dr. Rajeevan Chandel, Sh. Ashok Kumar, Prof. I.K. Bhat, Dr. Vinod Kapoor, Sh. Surender Soni, Sh. Manoranjan Rai Bharti, Sh. Gagneesh Kumar, Sh. Krishan Kumar.
- Row 1 L-R:** Ishan Killoch, Aleet Gupta, Santosh Kumar, Apoorva Dwivedi, Vikash Sharma, Vivek Dhiman, Ishika Sharma, Seroj Sharma, Sonika Garg, Uparna Negi, Aditi Sharma, Anant Mittal, Siddharth Kumar, Saurabh Sharma.
- Row 2 L-R:** Pratyush Vaid, Nilahant Singh, Himat Ghimire, Aprajit Kar, Atul Thwari, Arun Batra, Mohit Gupta, Swati Ahluwalia, Shilvani, Mithinga Basumatary, Manish Pathania, Rishabh Gauram.
- Row 4 L-R:** Sanjosh Rahul Srivastav, Aashish Sharma, Anshul Bhardwaj, Tarun Verma, Mansuwer Hussain, Abhinav Gandhi, D. Sandeep, Sahil Kalia, Aayush Bhardwaj, Sudhanshu Shekhar Mishra, Aashish Sharma, Biren Bihari Hota, Saurabh Shyam, N.D. Ramesh.

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## COMPUTER SCIENCE & ENGINEERING

- Sitting L-R:** Mr. Kumar Sambhav Pandey, Mr. Pradeep Kumar, Mr. Naveen Chauhan, Mrs. Kamlesh Dutta, Dr. Lalit Awasthi, Prof. I K Bhat, Dr. Narottam Chand, Mr. T P Sharma, Mr. Siddharth Chauhan, Mr. Nitin Gupta, Mr. Rajiv.
- Row 1 L-R:** Ashok Negi, Nitin Sharma, D Siva Kishore, Vikas Chaudhary, Vishal Patel, Hameet Sodhi, Akanksha Gupta, Sneha Kalwa, Shilpa Dhiman, Nisha Kumari, Ankit Soni.
- Row 2 L-R:** Pradeep Yadav, Arun Baghel, Prashmanmeet Singh, Rajkam Singh, Ishan Sabharwal, Abul Kumar, Shubhanan Sen, Jaameet Singh, Vipul Sharma, Sangeet Ashana, Kalyan Gogoi.
- Row 3 L-R:** Habibullah Ansari, Aman Sachan, Divpreet Singh, Jitendra Baghel, Navdeep Dharwal, Ebenezer Chhantje, Aditya Bahl, Mayank Prakash, Abhinandan Kalla, Anupam Rana, Shirej Sood.
- Row 4 L-R:** Subhav Jain, Nishant Varun, Shobhit Gupta, Raghav Sharma, Sagar Zalevadiya, Rushil Gupta, Mayank Gupta, Kanishk Patel, Vibhor Sharma, Arun Shyam, Praveen Bala, Nishant Verma, Anshul Jain.

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## ARCHITECTURE

- Sitting L-R:** Mr. Sandeep Sharma, Mr. Bharu Marwaha, Ar. Neetu Kapoor, Ms. Amanjeet Kaur, Mr. I. P. Singh, Prof. I.K.Bhat, Dr. Minakshi Jain, Mr. Amitava Sarkar, Ar. Puneet Sharma, Ar. Aniket Sharma, Ms. Vandna Sharma
- Row 1 L-R:** Shashi Kant Singh, Ajay Katnauri, Kahana Dwivedi, Shilpa Khanwal, Anikta Sood, Heena Hussain, Nipun Behl, Ratna Ghosh, Sagarika Nayak, Princy Soni.
- Row 2 L-R:** Aashish Dharela, Nishant Bodi, Yogender Pal Singh, Ashwani Kumar, Neelesh Tripathi, Shakank Dhimani, Kuldeep Rabha, Prabhat Shankar Rai, Kuldeep Singh, Aviral Sharma, Jai Shankar Prasad Pandey, Aditya Rahul, Harender Sharma.

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# NITW



LITERACY  
MISSION

DIMENSIONS



I.S.T.E.

ENTERTAINMENT CLUB



# SOCIETIES



C-SOC



FORCE



ROTRACT



SPEC

# SPORTS TEAMS



FOOTBALL



SPORTS COMMITTEE



BADMINTON BOYS

BADMINTON GIRLS





BASKETBALL  
GIRLS



BASKETBALL  
BOYS

VOLLEYBALL  
T



## Behind The Canvas



**Abhra Bose Ray Chaudhuri**

Favourite quote: There is no greater happiness than loving what you do and doing what you love.



**Aprajit Kar**

Favourite quote: I've never believed in God, but I believe in Picasso!



**Gao Paul Antony**

Favourite quote: I think internet is such a waste of time! Which is precisely the reason I love it.



**Karan Vasdev**

Favourite quote: We realize the true value of something only when we say goodbye.



**Siddharth Kumar**

Favourite quote: The human brain must continue to frame the problems for the electronic machines to solve.



**Sneha Kelwa**

Favourite quote: Kuch khwab itne khubsurat hote hain ki unhe todne ka dil nahi karta... Aur kabhi kabhi sachai bhi itni khubsurat ho jati hai ki lagta hai maano koi khwab dekh rahe hai.

## Special Thanks



**Arun Batra**



**Karan Gupta**



**Neiseltuo Sharma**



**Vishal L.**



**Shashi Kant Singh**



**Abhijeet Ranjan**

He is passionate about whatever he involves himself in. For him there is nothing beyond and above dedication to his work. An avid reader and a great admirer of Indian literature. In leisure time you might catch him bulking cities in AGE or riding cars in NPS.



**Ajay Kumar**

A look at him and your first reaction will be "Is he a writer?" His knowledge of forgotten songs and their "blabbering" from his mouth is a constant source of irritation for his friends. Nevertheless, his observation ability and closeness to nature has given his writings a novelty that fetches him a good number of readers!



**Ambika Sud**

She is one of the brushes that paint SRIJAN. Her contribution to this Institute is not merely restricted through SRIJAN; she has been an active member of lot many institutional events and teams. She has been a constant source of inspiration and a guide to the whole team.



**Devash Shingari**

If optimism and charm would come in a dual package it would be this guy. A diehard fan of wandering in the campus and opining about the beauty that surrounds us. Recently he has developed a likeliness for photography. A multipurpose member in short!



**Jal Dhawan**

He is a wonder in a nutshell. Websites designed by him can be seen on almost every computer screen in this campus. His credits include the Institute's site, the site of SRIJAN and apart from this many other for the government of Punjab. The magazine is proud to have him in the team.



**Kirti Mahajan**

It is said painters belong to a world of their own, a look at her and she makes this saying a fact. Her eyes carry in them a dream of their own. She exuberates confidence with a fine mix of Innocence. Her mere presence has been a source of strength for the whole team.



**Manish Bhatt**

It is hard to notice him without a cheerful smile on his face. New ideas sprout out of his mere presence. In our team he is the spearhead of our national language; and above all it is his humility that keeps him logical and bound to his mother earth.



**Rajeev Nandan**

Seems like the words simplicity, soberness and serenity were built for this guy. One look at his designs the only term that comes to one's mind is "elegant". How is he able to blend the three's and come with superb designs is still an enigma his admirer world.



**Saurav Agarwal**

Attitude and style - that is what defines Saurav Agarwal. His designs reflect aristocracy and wilderness. His ability to critically analyze paintings and designs makes him an ace in the team.



**Amit Sharma**

Poems and Hindi have an awesome combination, and none personifies it better than this boy from Haryana. His eloquence in narrating is never worth missing. His contribution to this magazine has been in varied forms ranging from editing to convincing people of their hidden talent of writing.



**Arti Phugot**

Known for simplicity and sincerity she is straight forward by nature and never lets her work down. Her devotion is really appreciable. That completely goes with her unique persona. She is one of the pillars of SRUAN.



**Dheeraj Gupta**

An extremely amiable person by nature. He loves to live his life "ten" seconds a moment. Apart from his strong hands on graphic designing he has some good skills in rifle shooting too. He loves console gaming and is a remarkable programmer as well. He is extremely fond of traveling and an avid tourist.



**Priyanka Attar**

Sophistication hardly needs any description; it is in itself self-explanatory and complete. Her vocabulary and expertise in English can be attributed to her fondness of reading. Her flawless and exuberant writing and editing style has made the whole team a big fan of hers. She enjoys listening to music to relax her mind!



**Shashank Goel**

His acting skills have made him a big college star. He enacts emotions beautifully on the stage and pens them down beautifully as well. He is witty and charming and never fails to strike everyone with the magnetic funny bone he carries.



**Vinay Nath Endley**

His rib tickling ability and never ending die spirit is surely going to win your heart. His English has been a benchmark for both the seniors and juniors. With him on your side it can be stated without doubt that the standard of magazine is going to be a class apart.

## Volunteers



**Shobhna**



**Rajeev**



**Dayananda**



**Sonali**



**Sukriti**



**Tanmay**



**Shrutika**



**Team SRIJAN 2009-2010**

**Seated (L to R)**

: Apurjit Kar, Gao Paul Antony, Karan Vasdev, Mr. Amit Kaul (Editor-in-Chief),  
 Abhira Basu Ray Chaudhuri (Students' Editor), Sneha Kelwa, Siddharth Kumar,  
 : Shashank Goel, Dayanande Singh, Ambica Sud, Kirti Mahajan, Arli Phugat,  
 Priyadarshini Shrutika, Sukriti Dogra, Sonali Kashyap, Shobina Parameswaran,  
 Tanmay Mishra, Rajeev Bharadwaj,

**2nd Row (L to R)**

**3rd Row (L to R)**

: Dhruv Gupta, Manish Bhatt, Jai Dhawan, Abhijeet Ranjan, Amit Sharma, Saurav  
 Agarwala, Ajay Kumar, Davesh Shingari, Rajeev Nandan, Vinay Nath Endley.



Fine Arts : Harjot Singh

[www.srijannith.org](http://www.srijannith.org) | [www.nith.ac.in](http://www.nith.ac.in)