

SRIJAN



2010-11

FRESCOES

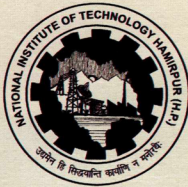
Genesis...

Let us take our memory as back as we can go. Eras ago when man was just a primate, the first discovery- discovery of fire was a sidereal moment. Since then creativity at various stages has been taking the wheel of progress forward. Another breakthrough was when man started to express himself through the Pen. Since then man has always lived forward, various inventions and discoveries that changed life are Frescoes.

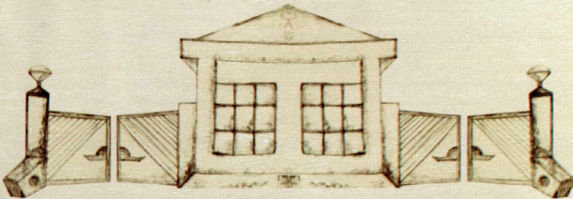
When we started with the magazine we had the completion of 25 years of our institute in mind. A special focus has been made on this historical event. In the process of revisiting the past we got in touch with various of our alumni, some of them are at influential positions and some at creativity heights. We received quality and wise articles from them. Another of our endeavor this year was to take this magazine to other NIT's. So we did send requests to various other institutes and received wholesome response from a few. Finally an article from NIT Silchir has made up to the magazine.

The development of SRIJAN over the years has been a palpable phenomenon, and we pray from the bottom of our heart that our hard work is appreciated and leaves an indelible mark on the hearts of the readers.



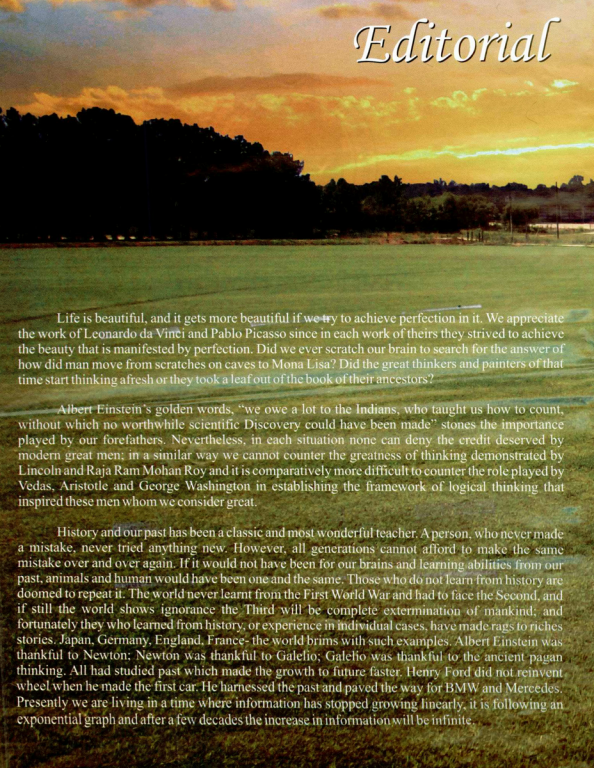


VISION STATEMENT



"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."

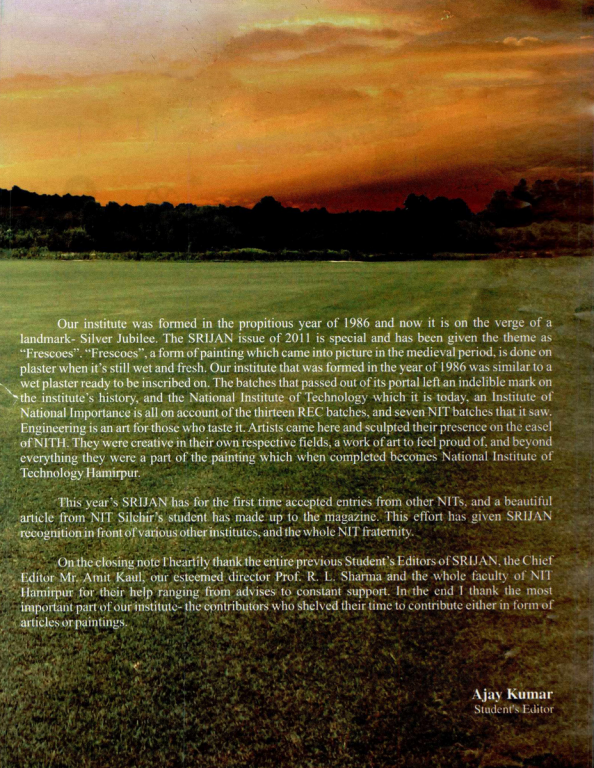
Editorial



Life is beautiful, and it gets more beautiful if we try to achieve perfection in it. We appreciate the work of Leonardo da Vinci and Pablo Picasso since in each work of theirs they strived to achieve the beauty that is manifested by perfection. Did we ever scratch our brain to search for the answer of how did man move from scratches on caves to Mona Lisa? Did the great thinkers and painters of that time start thinking afresh or they took a leaf out of the book of their ancestors?

Albert Einstein's golden words, "we owe a lot to the Indians, who taught us how to count, without which no worthwhile scientific Discovery could have been made" stokes the importance played by our forefathers. Nevertheless, in each situation none can deny the credit deserved by modern great men; in a similar way we cannot counter the greatness of thinking demonstrated by Lincoln and Raja Ram Mohan Roy and it is comparatively more difficult to counter the role played by Vedas, Aristotle and George Washington in establishing the framework of logical thinking that inspired these men whom we consider great.

History and our past has been a classic and most wonderful teacher. A person, who never made a mistake, never tried anything new. However, all generations cannot afford to make the same mistake over and over again. If it would not have been for our brains and learning abilities from our past, animals and human would have been one and the same. Those who do not learn from history are doomed to repeat it. The world never learnt from the First World War and had to face the Second, and if still the world shows ignorance the Third will be complete extermination of mankind; and fortunately they who learned from history, or experience in individual cases, have made rags to riches stories. Japan, Germany, England, France- the world brims with such examples. Albert Einstein was thankful to Newton; Newton was thankful to Galileo; Galileo was thankful to the ancient pagan thinking. All had studied past which made the growth to future faster. Henry Ford did not reinvent wheel when he made the first car. He harnessed the past and paved the way for BMW and Mercedes. Presently we are living in a time where information has stopped growing linearly, it is following an exponential graph and after a few decades the increase in information will be infinite.



Our institute was formed in the propitious year of 1986 and now it is on the verge of a landmark- Silver Jubilee. The SRIJAN issue of 2011 is special and has been given the theme as “Frescoes”. “Frescoes”, a form of painting which came into picture in the medieval period, is done on plaster when it’s still wet and fresh. Our institute that was formed in the year of 1986 was similar to a wet plaster ready to be inscribed on. The batches that passed out of its portal left an indelible mark on the institute’s history, and the National Institute of Technology which it is today, an Institute of National Importance is all on account of the thirteen REC batches, and seven NIT batches that it saw. Engineering is an art for those who taste it. Artists came here and sculpted their presence on the easel of NITH. They were creative in their own respective fields, a work of art to feel proud of, and beyond everything they were a part of the painting which when completed becomes National Institute of Technology Hamirpur.

This year’s SRIJAN has for the first time accepted entries from other NITs, and a beautiful article from NIT Silchir’s student has made up to the magazine. This effort has given SRIJAN recognition in front of various other institutes, and the whole NIT fraternity.

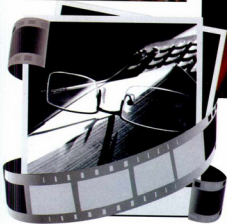
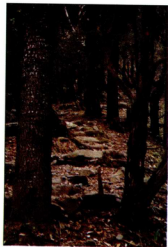
On the closing note I heartily thank the entire previous Student’s Editors of SRIJAN, the Chief Editor Mr. Amit Kaul, our esteemed director Prof. R. L. Sharma and the whole faculty of NIT Hamirpur for their help ranging from advises to constant support. In the end I thank the most important part of our institute- the contributors who shelved their time to contribute either in form of articles or paintings.

Ajay Kumar
Student’s Editor

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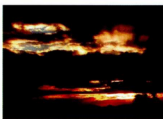
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Messages



Mrs. Urmila Singh
Governor
Himachal Pradesh

I am glad to know that National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is bringing out its annual institute magazine, "SRIJAN", 2010-2011.

The annual magazine captures all the events of the institute along with the emotions and the achievements that the students have witnessed at the institute. In this literary and creative compilation, I strongly believe that the reader will find the true spirit of the NIT Hamirpur and I hope that they find the reading the magazine an enjoyable experience.

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

(SMT. URMILA SINGH)

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

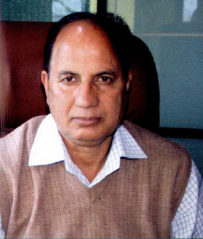


It is my pleasure to be blessing the publication of the latest issue of NIT's annual magazine "SRIJAN". This magazine aptly showcases the vast talent available among the students and faculty at NIT Hamirpur, which I am convinced, is much more than a magazine like this can fully accommodate. However, this is a true reflection of the learning beyond and besides the classrooms. I am deeply impressed with the array and quality of articles, poems, humor and other material contributed by students capturing their articulation skills, writing abilities and confidence to share one's experiences and thoughts. Technical articles are of particular interest to our community although the magazine as such is versatile enough to have something for everyone, establishing yet again that NIT Hamirpur has come of age with diverse learning.

Sustaining a multicultural yet harmonious social environment at the campus has been our one of the most successful endeavors, aimed at the cultural and emotional integration of the country. Such a healthy surrounding helps all around development of students which holds them in good stead in their later life, professionally as well as personally. Cultivating a habit of reading, writing, composing or even sketching etc provides a very good diversion and relief from various types of pleasure one faces in life. It enhances the quality of life providing joie de vivre -the pleasure of living.

I heartily thanks the contributors for their writing, compositions, essay and sketches etc including those with fun. I sincerely hope that the readers, irrespective of their backgrounds, would find it interesting. Any feedback would be more than welcome which helps improve the future editions of this magazine, which I am sure would be many. I wish readership and enjoyment in perpetuity.

(DR. R. L. CHAUHAN)



Prof. R. L. Sharma
Director
N.I.T. Hamirpur

To encourage self-expression, NIT Hamirpur release the magazine "SRIJAN" annually, which has several attractive features. It provides the young minds a platform to interact, share their ideas and echo their achievements. By doing so, they develop confidence and a sense of awareness about social and technological upheavals across the world. Backed by a creative editor, the magazine is operated by a number of co-editors from student quarter. The reader's response with criticism and suggestion help the editors to give it the finest shape thus making it an attractive platform. Effective writing in minimal forms is the mark of a genius. However, the mangled sentences and amputated words, caused by wave of sms spelling and twitter length texts, have eroded the enormous depth that can be found even in brevity. I appreciate the small bridge of editors and writers who have contributed different articles to this magazine and hope that these writings will not only fill the visual gap in the layout but ignite the little minds and make them more and more creative and innovative. I take this opportunity to congratulate the editors and writers to give it the finest shape making it the interesting.

Wishing you success always

(DR. R. L. SHARMA)



Prof. A. S. Singha
Registrar
N.I.T. Hamirpur

It gives me a great pleasure to know that next issue of Institute magazine "SRIJAN" 2010-2011 will be out very shortly.

In fact, the institute magazine is the voice of its students. Writing an article for institute magazine is always a thrilling experience. These articles help in bringing out inherited talents of the students. It is a platform for the creativity and philosophy of the youth. It is a step to promote and instill the feeling of freedom in the institute. It is only when the mind is free from servile bonds and from the fear of the unknown that it turns to look beyond the horizon. Over the years the standard of the magazine has grown up. It is hoped that the coming issue will also be true reflection of the budding young minds. Through this message I would like to congratulate all the members of the Editorial Board by whose efforts the magazine will be shortly in the hands of the readers.

I wish all the readers a delightful read and good luck for the future endeavors.

(DR. A. S. SINGHA)



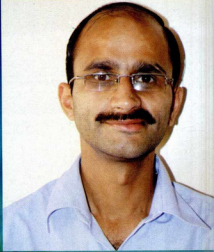
Prof. V. K. Sarda
Dean Planning & Development
N.I.T. Hamirpur

SRIJAN, a blend of new work ethic, incorporates creativity, passion and vision. The very name, Srijan, personifies development and exploration of various educational goals.

Our institute is heading forward in its endeavor to attain excellence in all fields with every lapse of time. The magazine has magnified in proportion with a focus on quality and providing a wide spectrum of literary and artistic aptitude of the students.

I extend my sincere wishes to the Srijan team in bringing out this edition of magazine.

(DR. V.K. SARDA)



Shri Amit Kaul
Editor In Chief, SRIJAN
N.I.T. Hamirpur

SRIJAN, creativity personified, has consistently been the podium for the expression of literary, poetic and artistic skills seasoned with wit, humor and wisdom of the engineers of NITH. It incorporates various creative musings objectively and efficiently, all woven in a mixed yarn.

The sylvan settings of the campus complimented by its superlative infrastructure make it ideal for the inculcation of compassion and concern for the people and a vision for a better future. The contributions of the alumni make the magazine catapulted to the past. It renders the nostalgic hue to SRIJAN.

This year's edition right from the cover page not only reflects on the literary talent which the students possess but also their sense of responsibility towards the nation and society at large.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Director of NIT Hamirpur for his unwavering support and constant inspiration to make this edition of magazine a reality. I would also extend my gratitude to the Deans, the Head of Departments and the other faculty members on whose support the edifice of Srijan is resting.

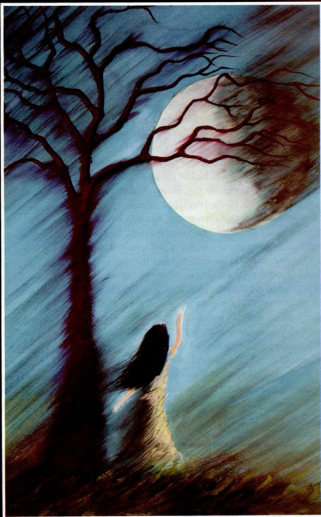
On behalf of the editorial team I thank the entire NITH family for their contributions in bringing out this edition of Institute magazine.

(SHRI AMIT KAUL)



1st row : L to R: Ar. Amitva Sarkar, Ar. Puneet Sharma, Ar. Sandeep Sharma, Dr. Bhanu Marwaha, Prof. R L Sharma,
 Dr. Meenakshi Jain, Ar. I P Singh, Ar. Aniket Sharma, Ar. Vandana Sharma, Ar. Ambica Chauhan
 2nd row : Srijanaa Fauzdar, Nupoor Tandon, Apoorva Pant
 3rd row : Karan Sharma, Abhishek Sharma, Himanshu Ratan, Vikas Singh, Amandeep, Rahul Bodi, Dharmendra, Rajesh Kumar,
 Pawan Tiwari, Manish, Adwitya, Udayan Shukla
 4th row : Valbhav, Samar Singh, Ghanshyam, Harjot, Manpreet, Sameer, Rohit, Dushyant, Karan

Tears due to the
loss of ones
beloved haze
every moment.
This painting
captures such a
scene from the
eyes a woman
betrayed by her
love. She cries in
the night waiting
for him. She looks
at the moon
lifeless and bare.
The grass is
lifelessly green.
The haunted night
is endlessly long.



By : Sagar

"Traveling on bridges sustaining on duality
Building on the dreams structured in reality"

They say the architects not only sit on the right side of God, but also take his seat when he gets up. The focus of our lives in the campus has mostly been on the creativity and our artistic temperament in the imaginative works of our department, or on the by now infamous night outs that the students undertake. We thought by now we were starting to get a bit clichéd and a bit one-dimensional, something had to be done. So this year we thought we would try something different and sat down to think about what different angle to our lives we could present to you people. Somebody came up with an idea of recounting how the staying up nights in preparation of our submissions had also helped us hone our culinary skills, but not many of us thought making "Maggi" noodles to satisfy our midnight hunger pangs and the pots of coffee made to inject that extra kick of caffeine to drive the sleep away really counted as a gourmet cuisine worth bragging about. So that idea was dropped. Somebody else suggested spreading around a rumor that we architects are really vampires, the nocturnal creatures of the night, but that idea had its downfalls too, mystical and dark though it did sound. One, we go out in daylight because the institutes' attendance regulations require us too, otherwise believe us, we'd love to spend our days sleeping. Two, the idea of being greeted with wooden stakes everywhere and possibly the unrequited attention didn't sound all that great. So it was decided, this year again possibly we will be slotted in the same old slots; artistic, creative, and making sheets into the nights a part of our lives. And that is the way we architects love it; maybe that is the natural order of things and we don't mind it one bit. They say that people with a creative bent of mind have always had their eccentricities and probably

these are ours (though we all know it is mainly because of the deadlines!!).

So taking up no more time or space, let us give you an insight into the Architectural departments' activities in the year gone by. There were various study trips organized for the students that were a great learning experience for them. The third year students spent a whole week in Rohru documenting the famous 'Hatkoti Temple'. A few of the various workshops conducted by the department are listed below:

1. Intelligent Building Systems for Urban and Rural Areas.
2. Audio/ Video Editing and Animation.
3. Architectural Journalism and Photography.
4. New Construction Techniques for Rural Areas, and many more.

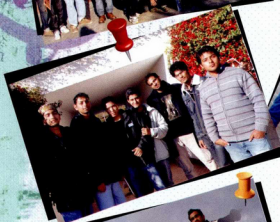
The main event that turned to be the highlight for the department was the organizing of ICONUGA'10. The 'International Conference on Urbanism and Green Architecture' was conducted from the 30th to 31st of October. This conference aimed at providing an International forum for the exchange of ideas and experiences amongst experts from a broad range of disciplines, which lead to better understanding of urbanization and architectural issues on local, regional and global levels. Many famous architects, from India and abroad, participated in the conference. All the efforts and hard work of the teachers and students paid off well, and the event was a huge success.

So that was a brief walk through our lives in the year that went by since you last saw us here, and the prospect of another inevitably fascinating and enriching year beckons us into the future. Until next year, as they say in the business, "It's back to the drawing board!!".



Dr. Bhanu Marwaha
HOD







Anshul Thakur
ECE, Final Year

Honour and Dishonour

"This blabbering genius has beautifully merged humanity with hypocrisy and bloated egos. In this story set- in ancient roman period he describes the plight of gladiator who saves Roman princess from death. Will he be rewarded for saving a princess' life or be punished for touching a member of the royal family?"

In the days when honour and blade owed servitude to royalty, was born a slave.

He fought not for his honour, which he never knew if he had ever possessed. Neither did he fight for his life, for it would have been good if it never had existed at all. He lived by his sword, which owed its loyalty to the Princess. He was a former gladiator whom the princess had decided to keep for herself for reasons not known to anyone, but her. She loved hunting, the grizzlies specially. She hadn't really rescued him. Just extracted him from the colosseum and put him into the wild. If he had lost the battle in the field, with numerous eyes watching and a million tongues snarling, in unison "Kill him, Die, Die, Die!"

But then, those sadists might have talked, for at least a day or two, speaking of his glory? He had lost count of how many lives he had put to rest, just to keep his string of breaths intact. Now if he died, only his predator would have known. Nothing had changed, just the venue. She freed him from the iron shackles, and landed him in the golden ones. Soft and precious, but shackles nevertheless. Was it glory? He did not have the time to reflect upon such meager thoughts.

The princess in herself was nothing like ordinary. An embodiment of beauty and valour, she was an ace archer. A blend of royalty and humility, with light brush strokes of humour impinging every now and then, she was a natural attention magnet. No doubt the King loved his daughter, he had assigned the elite cavalry as her escorts, whether on skirmish or not. People loved the king, for he ruled well. When the princess was born, rumours spread that The Lord had gifted his 'Archangel' to the king as a reward for loyalty to his kingdom and people. A child so beautiful that 'beauty' itself would have shied.

One day, a bear had ventured in too close. Archers have a defined inner circle after which their venom and accuracy is compromised. Had it not been the gladiator, who had instantly stopped the grizzly in its futile attempt to

taste the princess and tear her to shards, the kingdom would have lost the Jewel of its crown. He and the other cavaliers had then ended whatever life that was left in the bear. The princess had fainted due to the sudden onslaught, and the gladiator had carried her back to the fortress on his horse for he had saved her.

Though the king was relieved to hear she was safe, a rule had been broken. "How dare a low life touch my daughter?" The king summoned the gladiator and ordered the guards to skin him for the breach. 500 hunters on the back, he withstood without protest. Self respect, what was that? He was born a slave. It only hurt a bit more because he had not been beaten for a while, since the princess freed him from being a gladiator. These wounds would heal, and for the wounds inflicted on the soul, they won't show.

The princess was aghast when she heard what had come to pass. She argued with her father, who had but one statement in his defense. "Because he saved you, I am indebted to him and that is the reason why I am letting him live like nothing happened. The low-life should have never touched my daughter!"

Worried, she could not sleep that night. "Low life", the words were stuck in her head and caused such a pain that refused to subside. At last, she decided



something. "Low life, no more".

The day is today. She has summoned the gladiator to the courtroom. Her father sits stiff in his throne with an undecipherable expression on his face. Nobody knows what is going to happen. She had informed the king that she wanted to apologize for what he had done and gift him something. 'Anything that I feel like gifting', was what she had asked for.

As he arrived, there was an added stillness to the court. He came and saluted the king. Then he turned to her. "Kneel" she ordered.

He obliged.

She asked her father for his sword. He was surprised with the demand. "Here?" Confused he was. Is she? What? He did not understand but did not refuse either.

There the gladiator stood on his knees, head bowed down as if in surrender waiting for the final blow. Then there was the sound of the unsheathing of the sword and as everybody watched with anxiousness as she placed it:

<Tap>

<Tap>

<Tap>

"I proclaim you Knight and the Commander for my cavalry. Rise!"

People come to this place with names as Akshat, Anshul, Shweta and while they go out their names are Tarot, Mucchi, Paddu, Ghussi, Rongi, Haddi, Scientist, Shaktimaan etc...

It does not end here, half of the teachers have a good name and a hostel name both.



Savita Kaswan
ECE, 2nd Year

Knotted

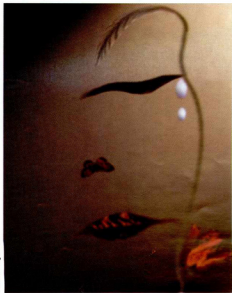
Every woman when she gets married faces a dilemma. She has to forsake her family for an unknown and undetermined future. This poem beautifully explores the apprehensions of this girl.

Amidst the many tears shines a pearl in the moon light,
Somewhere in the decoction of fears hovers a hope bright.

Her every step echoes the memoirs of past,
Which can be heard easily over the crackers blast.
As she takes the first step away from her old world,
The images of her relations appear before her totally blurred.

The bearers alone can hear her sob,
They too know that the world for her from now is a cob.
As her procession moves along with the bands,
She looks up at the stars and then at her saffron hands...
Thinking whether the sky will be same,
When her name would no longer be her name...
And then she silently perplexed enters her new identity,
And she now realises that she deserves no priority.
She realises that her family is everything and that she can't sway.

And gradually the saffron fades away.....



Anisha Rajvanshi



Sha
Shweta Yegharm
EEE, 3rd Year

Absolutely!

" Our Indian education system needs a change. The real meaning of education which must be gaining knowledge has been replaced with a mere rat race for marks. The important question facing us is are we ready for a change and if yes then how must it be brought in the system. "

I am almost risking my life choosing to write under this heading. I've repeatedly been advised not to pull this thread but I am somehow convinced that it is worth a chance. To an NITian, especially the one at Hamirpur, this issue is just as sensitive and crucial as the price of tomatoes is to a homemaker of today, as Natha (Peeply Live) is to media and as Bro Code is to Barney Stinson.

When I sat down to study with the new grading system, and honestly, because of it; I couldn't help but imagine the track 'Kya se kya ho gaya' being played in the background. And as expected, the floating heads of each faculty member I dread just made it worse. How on earth was I supposed to keep my cool and continue to attempt the already so arduous a task of studying? In the words of a

are ABSOLUTELY a huge consolation to the rest of the clique. Strangely, even the most brilliant brains of the institute have been unable to solve the mystery as to how did the student community land in such a soup. Some blame it to the "party" culture of NITians while some just curse a bunch of "overconfident" student representatives. Also, rumour has it that the pen down charade was the final straw in the execution of the previously benign threat of absolute grading implementation. Although there is one class being invariably targeted by each and every student of the institute, it so harmlessly/safely rests there, that the blame game hardly makes a difference.

Obviously it feels like a super star when I quote "I do not have the world to compete with. It's me who I have to win over.", but I in some way, am not pleased enough to like this change. And I wouldn't be wrong to assume that there would be at least a nod as one reads along. All said and done, engineers are known to have found a way out of everything eventually, and undoubtedly this time too, we'd sail through!



Abhishek Gautam

friend of mine, who also happens to be my classmate "It is more than unfair to first pull us out of the 'sincerely studying' mode and once we get set in our way, to so ruthlessly snatch it away from us!"

Given, engineers all over are the under-fed, under-slept breed, engineers being evaluated by absolute grading



Anam Pandey, ECE, Final Year



Abhijeet Ranjan
CSE, Final Year

दाढ़ी पुरान

“ढलती उम में अगर आपने दाढ़ी बाढ़ी रख ली तो जवान्नी के दिन जोश मारने लगते हैं। उम के दिसंबर माह में मार्च-अप्रैल होने का अहसास फुदकने लगता है। इस अहसास के चलते खुदा न खास्ता कहीं आपने सड़क चलती किसी फुलदास जवान्नी को चौका-छका जड़ दिया तो इज्जत का बचा-खुचा प्रोडिक्ट फंड भी जूते चप्पलों की भेंट बढ़ जायेगा।”

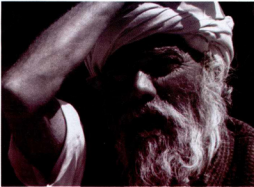
यह जानते हुए और मानते हुए कि चेहरे पर मात्र एक अदद बुलगानिन कर दाढ़ी रखने, आंखों पर मोटे लेंसे का चश्मा लगाने एवं कंधे पर खादी का बदरंग सर्वोदयी झोला लटका लेने तथा पावों में कोल्हापुरी चप्पलें पहन लेने भर से कोई साक्षर पढ़ा लिखा व्यक्ति बुद्धिजीवी वामपंथी नहीं हो जाता। इसके बाद भी दस बीस में से एक दा सज्जन आपको ऐसे अवश्य मिल जायेंगे जो अपने चेचकरू चेहरे पर मिर्जा गालिव की तरह दाढ़ी उगाने का शौक पाले होते हैं। उनका यह शौक देखकर बेहद शोक होता है। जबकि दाढ़ी प्रभा की प्रभा से प्रदीप्ता मुख पर ही सजती है। आम की तरह निचुड़े और खुहारे की तरह सिकुड़े चेहरे पर तो यह बिल्कुल भी शोभा नहीं देती। यहाँ तक कि होली रंग पंचमी पर भी आप कितना ही रंग गुलाल मल दीजिये, यह मुई लाइट नहीं मारती। बस हर समय फ्यूज बल्ब की तरह बुझी-बुझी रहती है।

अलगरग किस्सा कोताह यह कि दुनिया के रंगारंग मेले में केवल दाढ़ी का साइन-बोर्ड अपने मनहूस थोबड़े पर लटका लेने से व्यक्तित्व की कोरी दुकान नहीं चल जाती। यह चलती है उच्च कोटी के एगमार्क मालरूपी कृतित्व से। वैसे हमारी एकतरफा मान्यता यह है कि आज के इस अति आधुनिक, चोंगेबाज युग में लोगों का अपनी तरफ ध्यान धींचने और आत्म प्रसार करने का एक बेहद सस्ता, सुगम समय बचाऊ धरेलू उत्पाद है। जिसे आप भी बुझू बक्से की तरह दिन में कई-कई बार आईने के सामने खड़े होकर देख सकते हैं। इधर हमारी बावन गज, दो फीट लंबी, बेहद तंग बदनदार गली में भी कोई छह-सात

दाढ़ियों पर कोई विश्वास नहीं करता। इस किस्म की दाढ़ियाँ बेहद खतरनाक होती हैं। इनसे बचकर रहने में ही खैर है। राजनीति में इस प्रकार की दाढ़ियाँ बेहद लोकप्रिय होती हैं। इनका आदर्श ‘हवा बहे पीठ तब वैसी कीजिये’ होता है।

बहरहाल कुल मिलाकर अच्छा यही होगा कि आप जीवन में देखा-देखी दाढ़ी न रखें। दाढ़ी रखना खतरों से खेलना है। जिसे मुझ जैसे सुविधा भोगी पुरस्कारों का याचक ... रोजी-रोटी का मोहताज मंगता ... कलम पिससू अफोर्ड नहीं कर सकता। शौकिया तौर पर देखा-देखी कोई ऐसा कदम उठा लिया तो..... इल्मी पढ़ाकू दिखाई देने की वनिस्वत चंबल घाटी के धुडसवार फिल्मी डाकू ज्यादा नजर आते हैं इन्हें एनकाउंटर में कुत्तों की तरह मार दिये जाने का भय जंगल दर जंगल हमेशा दीड़ाये रखता है। हमारे दाढ़ी न रखने का एक कारण यह भी है कि दाढ़ी खर-पतवार की तरह बढ़ते हुये पूरे चौखटे पर अतिक्रमण कर लेती है। यह एक्सेचमेंट जब तक आप खुद न हटायें नहीं हटता।

इधर हमारे पेट में जो दाढ़ी है, वही बहुत है इसे न खिजाव की दरकार होती है न कंधी-बंधी की ... ढलती उम में अगर आपने दाढ़ी बाढ़ी रख ली तो जवान्नी के दिन जोश मारने लगते हैं। उम के दिसंबर माह में मार्च-अप्रैल होने का अहसास फुदकने लगता है। इस अहसास के चलते खुदा न खारता कहीं आपने सड़क चलती किसी फुलदास जवान्नी को चौका-छका जड़ दिया तो इज्जत का बचा-खुचा प्रोडिक्ट फंड भी जूते चप्पलों की भेंट बढ़ जायेगा। न बाबा न हमें प्रतिष्ठा का ऐसा फालूदा ... कूड़ा कचरा नहीं करवाना।



Akash, Alumnus-2010

स्याह सफेद दाढ़ियाँ निवास करती हैं। इनमें कुछ ऐसी भी हैं...। जो न पूरी तरह स्याह काली खिजाव लगी दाढ़ियों की बात हम नहीं कर रहे... इन्हें आप दुलमुल दाढ़ियाँ भी कह सकते हैं। इस किस्म की

Apart from being a meticulous student, Abhijeet Ranjan is the TPR of his class and was the Finance secretary of Hill 'ffair of 2010.



Prof. Y.R. Sood
EEE Dept.

... लक्ष्य

“ चल पड़ो प्रबल लक्ष्य को पुरा करने के लिए, रुकावटें आयेगी बहुत डराने धमकाने के लिए
या डर तू इन आंघी तुफानों से ये अपने आप यम नापेगे,
बागडोर है अगर उसके हाथों में तो तेरा यह क्या बिगाड़ पावेंगे। ”

ओ मानव जब तूने पहली बार खोली थी आंखें।
पवित्र था मन तेरा ना थी उसमें कोई बुरी बातें।
फिर दुनियाँ के अच्छे बुरे रोगों में तू रंगता गया
जाने-अनजाने उल्टे सीधे चक्करों में फसता गया



Ajay Kumar

यदि तू अच्छा है तो इसमें तेरी क्या अच्छाई है।
यदि तू बुरा हो तो इसमें तेरी क्या गुस्ताखी है।
इस दुनियाँ में सभी सन्यासी नहीं है।
उस सर्वशक्तिमान के रंग में रंगे नहीं है।

जिनसे सब लगे इक जैसे है।
जिनको दिखाई दे सब में एक नूर ही।

इस दुनियाँ में फिर बिचरने का राज क्या है।
इस कर्म की अद्भुत पहेली का हल क्या है।

पूरी तरह से सोच समझकर डाक लक्ष्य बना लो
अच्छाई-बुराई से परख कर इरादा पक्का कर लो।
यह लक्ष्य अच्छा ही होगा! कौन चाहता है बुरा बनना
बुराई से करते हैं नफरत सभी बुरा भी चाहता है। अच्छा बनना

चल पड़ो अब लक्ष्य को पुरा करने के लिए
रुकावटें आयेगी बहुत डराने धमकाने के लिए
ना डर तू इन आंघी तुफानों से ये अपने आप यम नापेगे
बागडोर है अगर उसके हाथों में तो तेरा यह क्या बिगाड़ पावेंगे।

अब निश्चित हो केवल मन्जिल की ओर चल पड़ना।
दूसरे रास्तों पर तू भूल कर भी ना मटकना।
विचार तू सुनला जा सबके मेरे भोले राही
पर करता वहीं जो लगे अच्छा मेरे प्यारे राही

हिन्दू मुस्लिम सिक्ख इसाई धर्मों का सार है यह।
“योग” विश्व में बिचरने का राज है यह।



Rajeev Nandan



Aayush Bhardwaj
Alumnus, 2010

Life..

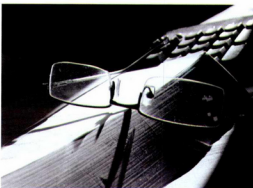
“

It was his last year in that college. In a few months time, he'd be free of the place he had loathed for the past four years of his life, finding faults with everything, and pretty much everyone.

”

“How I wish, how I wish you were here....” The mesmerizing songs by Pink Floyd played out one by one on his phone. He lay calm and still on the roof, just staring at the stars, as he had been doing for the better part of the past two hours. A sudden noise brought him back to his senses, and moving to the edge of the roof, he discovered it was yet another birthday celebration, yet another guy being kicked and shoved for having made the cardinal sin of having being born into this world.

He returned to what had become his pastime months ago, when he had simply climbed up the roof while talking to a friend, and had come to like the peace and silence prevalent there. “Lost in thoughts, and lost in time...” started another song, and he smiled at the words which aptly described what he had been doing there, ignoring other matters that demanded his attention, but ignored for the time being, till he had had his fill of doing nothing. Nothing was wrong with him, he claimed; he just enjoyed the silence as much as the time spent with his friends, but deep down inside, he knew what had been haunting him.



Ajay Kumar

It was his last year in that college. In a few months time, he'd be free of the place he had loathed for the past four years of his life, finding faults with everything, and pretty much everyone. He knew he's probably never return

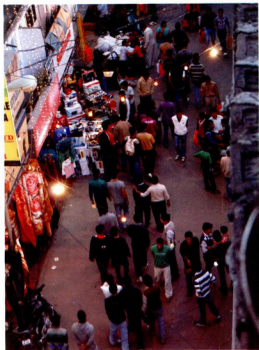
to that place, and was happy about it. He would not miss the place. Yes, he would miss his friends, but then what are phones, e-mails and Facebook for, he wondered. In fact, he would probably not even miss his friends, except for two or three close ones, with whom he'd stay in touch. The rest would be forgotten as soon as he stepped out of the college. Flipping thru the images on his phone, he came to stop at one. There they were, the two of them, great friends since school, standing together in the pouring rain, completely drenched, laughing their hearts out at some joke when Snehil had clicked this pic. A faint smile crossed his lips, the next moment replaced by a frown and a complete change of mood, as he remembered the day the two of them had been out for a movie and dinner, when his life changed forever.

One moment she was standing there; the next, she was flung a hundred metres in the air, and the immeasurable distance between life and death. The explosion threw him off balance; shrapnel struck every part of his body. Wincing in pain, he just lay there, as smoke filled his lungs and people shouted about. Somewhere, he could hear a child crying, probably besides the lifeless body of her mother. He did not know for how long he lay there, in that beautiful sensation between life and death, between consciousness and sleep. When he came to his senses, he was still lying in the same puddle of mud and blood. A bodyless arm lay across his chest, which he shrug off, recoiling in horror, as the reality of what had happened dawned upon him.

He found her, rather what was left of her body, lying among scores of other dead and dying. The wailing siren and flashing lights was the last thing he saw before he passed out, only to wake up in a room with huge machines and his anxious parents looking at him. He had survived, but many others had not, and she was one of them. The only solace he could offer himself was that at least death came quickly to her, unlike many others, who suffered before the angel of death mercifully took them under his shelter.

His right hand instinctively came to feel his left arm, which at one point he was afraid he might lose. But then, it would have been nothing as compared to the loss he had suffered. He fumbled for his phone, chose another song, and lay back again. That had happened three years ago, and yet it felt as if just a day had passed. Snehil too was no more; his dead body was found 5 km from the point where he had slipped into the river when out on a trip with friends.

The hostel was by now still, the silence broken only by faint sounds of laughter and singing. Probably a party was going on in the other block. And he still lay there,



Ajay Kumar

just thinking about his life, how he had lost two of the people closest to him in a span of an year— one a friend, the other his brother. How often had he thought of jumping from the very same roof, landing on the barbed fencing below, ensuring he would not survive, knowing that freedom from misery would be painful but quick. What had stopped him each time had been some words Snehil had said once when they were just sitting and talking about life. "The living are more important than the dead. I do not understand why people spend their entire lives thinking about those that have left them, ignoring those still besides

them, alienating them. Why do people fail to move on in life, when they know that the person would have wanted them to do so. Why do people kill themselves on the death of a loved one, when they know it would cause further agony to the others". Every time he had thought of ending his life, he had been reminded of those words, and every single time, he had banished the idea from his mind, only for it to resurface again after a couple of days, and the process to be repeated.

He lay there for some more time, thinking about nothing, pondering over everything, feeling sleepy, when his phone rang. Swearing at the person who might be calling, he picked up the phone, only for a smile to drift across his lips as he read the name. The two of them had become good friends in the past year, and he thought he even liked her, but was not very sure. She was one of the few people who could pull him out of the worst of moods in a moment, and he held the same power over her. She always called him when feeling low or needing any kind of help, and he had never disappointed her, and never even intended to do so in the future. In an instant the true meaning of Snehil's words dawned upon him. He knew why he had survived the blast that evening; he knew he would be absolutely fine, he instinctively understood he wanted to spend the rest of his life with this girl; he knew he would be able to survive anything that life threw at him. With a smile, and a glad heart, he accepted her call, knowing fully well that it would be at least an hour before he put down the phone and went off to sleep. But he did not mind it today, for today was the day that he'd come to know what his life actually was all about.

In Mahabharata, Arjuna had to fight against Bheesma and Dronacharya. He knew very well that out of affection and righteousness they won't kill him, and he very well understood the pain and loss he was set to cause and suffer by eliminating them both. However ultimately what he did is well known by all and well stated in books. He did what was needed to be done. Life !!!



Supreet Kaur
CSE, 1st Year

Take a Cue

“Carcasses floating on water, and amidst them people shouting for help, were a despicable but true scene. Aasma, an orphan gal in an orphanage in Mumbai, was sitting on her bed while the water level was slowly rising.”

July 26th, 2005 saw an unprecedented event, which marked unpreparedness and disaster management as India's Achilles' heel. Mumbai the commercial capital of India came to a standstill with a record setting rainfall of 950 mm. This day primarily known as the “July cloudburst” saw a vengeful war between human and nature.

Monsoons in Mumbai have always been a trouble time. Its drainage system, built a century ago in the teens of the 20th century, is a case fit for archeological study. It wasn't until 3 P.M. in the evening that the city realized the situation was more than mere rain. People had started leaving the lower grounds in search for higher lands. By evening time, cars under water and people sitting on bus roofs were a common sight. **Carcasses floating on water, and amidst them people shouting for help, were a despicable but true scene.** The absence of electricity, drinking water and communication aggravated the situation.



Aasma, an orphan gal in an orphanage in Mumbai, was sitting on her bed while the water level was slowly rising. Some girls held on to window grills and mullions in anticipation that nature's ruthless will subside. It was merely a matter of time before the younger children would have succumbed to the rising waters. Aasma unable to see two small girls fruitlessly trying to hold the grills in their

slipping minuscule hands, jumped into water, and carried the two girls on her shoulders to another building. Seeing her teachers followed suit and within 20 minutes the whole orphanage was sent to safety.

Antique drainage system and uncontrolled and unplanned development in the northern suburbs at the cost of mangrove forests is a couple of reasons that aggravated the situation. National Centre for Medium Range Weather Forecasting (NCMRWF) system successfully predicted the strengthening of monsoon over the west coast and other parts of the country on 26 July 2005, however it could not predict the heavy rainfall event over Mumbai.

However, beyond all criticism worst is the government's approach which leaves human at the pity of nature. Only 3 'outfalls' (ways out to the sea) are equipped with floodgates whereas the remaining 102 open directly into the sea. As a result, there is no way to stop the seawater from rushing into the drainage system during high tide. **The Bandra-Worli Sea Link, crossing the sea has pinched the mouth of the Mithi River that drains most of Mumbai's excess water out into the Arabian Sea. Another 26/7 and we are once again helpless!**

The torrential rain falls saw five thousand deaths, and property loss worth 10k crores. However, Mumbai within days rose back to its feet.

The ardor could not daunt the spirit of the people. Amidst this mayhem not a single case of robbery or molestation was reported. Nature's fury passed leaving behind a mess to be redressed, a lesson to be learnt and an unflinching spirit- a never dying spirit. A Mumbaikar spirit!

“26 July at Barista” released in 2008, and “Tum Mile” released in November 2009 are two of the movies apart from the national geography documentary made on the unfortunate event.



Rajeev Nandan
CSE, Final Year

The Forlorn Memories

"If the eternal meaning of love is to stay together then you never understood love. Love is like purest of gold which pays no regard to time. In this story you will realize love does bring tears to eyes when you remember loved ones after years."

Sahil passed the morning paper to his old man. The old man, Prabhudutta's bones are four score years old. His old age has rendered him physically weak; aggravated by the recent loss of his wife he decided to shift to his son's house.

"Are you feeling better today?" queried Sahil.

The past few days had seen a different Prabhudutta: a gray disheveled man, a bit agitated and cumbered, who on the contrary is a calm, amiable and riant man. Sahil attributed the distress of his father to his old age. Prabhu on the other hand failed to untangle the cause of his own gloom; he very well knew it wasn't his age!

"Yes, a bit better than the other days", lied Prabhu with an impassive face.

Introspective hearts when in deep waters seek solitude. Prabhu pocketed the paper and trudged up to the verandah. He occupied the rocking chair and picked the tea cup that had been placed moments ago by his daughter-in-law. He gazed at the sky as the sun pushed itself through the morning haze. The redness of the sun in the azure sky gave no uplifting feeling to the old man's senses. He sipped his tea as he observed a small cloud towing its larger counterpart. He compared it to how his life was crawling, with naught to do just aim for the end.

It does happen, though rarely, that human heart is at sadness and the reason is far beyond the cognizance of the brilliant yet impassive brain. The brain simply fails to configure the connection between the happening and the emotion, which on the other hand is picked by the heart-but true to its real nature, it flunks in the test of its reason and its solution. So this was what happening with this hapless man. In the meantime Sahil, oblivious to his father, left for his work.

While flipping the pages he suddenly stopped; his face left its original colour and turned pallid; he gazed at the paper as if something incredible had happened. A sudden invincible tongue of dread and ending was licking the insides of his chest and it seemed as if his inside was being vacuumed; and refilled with a clammy agony.....

"However, isn't this how the world works?" he spoke to himself with crude bitterness and truth in his voice, "and am I not going to go the same lane?" he questioned himself.

"Yes, I am...." He answered himself.

He folded the paper neatly, kept it neatly on his lap and slumped against the chair. The damp sadness that hollowed him seemed to have loosened its grip. Now, he wanted to reminisce the past. The memories of past which he had savored through his life, he wanted his brain to open up all the nerves of yester years.

He was brought up in a well built family. The family had enough means to satiate all its members, it even had bit excess- a modest way of saying they were rich. During his adolescent days a new tenant shifted to their outhouse. The tenant's daughter was about his age, a few months taken or given; and he was stupefied by her ultimate beauty; her divinely sculptured face was yet to be replicated by the Creator; her auburn dyed hair flapping against her unblemished fairest skin gave the beauty of elves a strong competition; her forehead, her ears, her chin, her.....She was the perfect.

Intermittent talks at evenings and mornings brought them closer. Flowers of likings blossomed on both shores; it continued for days. However, it has been a rule, man thinks wise and god thinks otherwise. Fate follows its own accord. While Prabhu and his family had been for a sojourn to some of their relative's place, nature struck and



Apar Kumar

devastated everything. Nature seldom strikes, and when it does, it does hard. Prabhu's place had been reduced to detritus and they shifted to a new place.

Prabhu tried his level best at that particular stage to search for them; but it was completely in vain. Nature seemed to have deported them somewhere to Jericho as they were absent from the existing and fortunately from the dead.

He had loved her ever since he had seen her; he had loved her ever since they had talked for the first time, and he was as sure as the day is to come tomorrow, that she even loved him with the same zeal. How cruel is destiny!

Slowly Prabhudutta reconciled himself and dragged his thoughts, from his nostalgia, back to the present. Tears fell from his eyelids wetting the photo of an old crumpled lady in the obituary coloumn. The sun had by now gathered its complete momentum. The redness in the azure sky was now replaced by a white superfluous light. The sun couldn't be looked in the face as it scorched the eyes. Prabhudutta lifted himself from his chair; slowly trudged up to his bedroom for a nap.

That's what memories are- when subjected to a bottle of colour , the colour swathes around the brush as bees to nectar; and when dipped in a water tumbler, the colour fades away revealing a surface well polished and primped, only to be smeared in some other colour for some other painting .

Famous Facebook updates before exam :-

1. Kaash engineering 7 semester main khatam ho jaati...
 2. Kal ka paper aagay wali ke bharosay
 3. Bhagwaan sirf kal pass kara do ...
 4. And all toppers have the common status message
- Hey Bhagwaan, Kuch nahi padha.



Kajal Kumar
Civil, 1st Year

“जीवन का संघर्ष”

कैसे करूं मैं तुझपे ऐतबार जिन्दगी
गिरती हैं तू नजरो से बार-बार जिन्दगी।

नाचेगी कबतक तू उम्मीदों के इशारे पे
कुछ पल तो अपने साथ भी गुजार जिन्दगी।

पर्दा-ऐ-मोहब्बत में जो एहसान जताते हैं
घुप रहके कर्ज उनका दे उतार जिन्दगी।

हो कोई तो ऐसा जो फ़क़त तेरे लिये हो
चल दूँड ले तुफ़ान में मझदार जिन्दगी ।



Ajay Kumar



Davesh Shingari
ECE, 3rd Year

We the Indians.

**“ Car loans are cheaper than educational loans
Food grain rots as people die of hunger
Mobile>Toilet
Coolie v/s Trolley.... "Welcome to India"**

Car loans are cheaper than educational loans

"Who is John Galt?"

In case one seeks some financial assistance to pursue higher education, banks flash an intimidating double figure interest rate. On the other hand, when he goes to buy a sparkling new car, he finds banks stretching their policies beyond elastic limits, just to offer him a loan at the most irresistible EMIs possible. The universe does conspire against the middle class. It just shows the skewed priority of the people and the policy makers who consider that having a car is better than educating a child. Despite knowing the moral fibers of human existence and fully realizing it why do people behave in such a myopic way?

Food grain rots as people die of hunger

Several thousand children have their bellies cruelly distended on account of deficiency of basic nourishment. Their legs have been bent like a structure crumbling under its own weight and ribs protrude out from a thin layer of skin like the bulge of a beaver's nest. The government still prefers leaving the grains in the open. Feeding a thriving population of vermin is much better as compared to distributing the excess grain. Which is greater money or life?

"Who is John Galt?"

Mobile>Toilet

UN study estimates around 564 million mobile users in India, against only 366 million who have access to proper sanitation. Delhi already has more mobile connections than residents, with two SIMs per adult soon becoming a norm. It is worth noting that when people can have mobile phones present in every house, why cannot there be a spending on proper sanitation?

Female deficit Haryana has hit upon the novel 'no toilet, no bride' campaign.

Coolie v/s Trolley

Amitabh Bachhans movie 'coolie' made obvious that when one step's on Indian Railways he needs two things. One is obviously the ticket and the second is a coolie. Railway platform is the best place to see the Indian

spirit "Zyaada hai toh behtar hai" coming alive in full force. However when it comes to air travel then the scenario changes. Here one has trolleys at his disposal and that too for free.

Rich people have trolleys at their disposal and middle class which travel in trains have coolies to spend their money on!

"Who is John Galt?"

Bada hai toh behtar hai

Life enjoys playing tantrums with human life. An amble along two parts of the same city will keep you dumb founded. Take a walk to Mac Donalds or KFC and then to a nearby slum. Astounding part is both exist in the same city! The hearts of most grown-ups melt at the sight of small infants who constitute one of the most vulnerable sections



of society. Children need extra care because they are our supreme assets as the children of today form the human resource of tomorrow.

India has creditable achievements to trumpet on a number of counts. These include high rates of economic growth lasting over a decade, reduction in infant mortality rates and increase in life expectancy at birth. But her position in terms of taking proper care of her children is, however, nothing to write home about. Actually, India has the highest proportion of undernourished children in the world along with Nepal, Ethiopia and Bangladesh. The number of Indian children below the age of three who are underweight is a mind-boggling one of 37 million. This is despite official claims that the well-being of children has been a priority and an integral part of the country's development planning since 1951 [Planning Commission 2002b].



Terror ROCKS...

In case one wants to have a luxurious apartment in most posh and secured area in Mumbai, he must think beyond the IITs and IIMs. He must think about being a terrorist. One need not earn a lot for this. Just do one thing, pick up a gun and hunt down some innocent people. In return one will get top level security and a luxurious apartment. Kasab is a living evidence of the aforesaid. He lives in a bomb and bullet proof house. His food is first tasted by a constable and then served. "ATITHI DEVO BHAVA."

30 minutes or free

In 30 minutes only two things can happen in India—first, pizza can reach your house and second a bureaucrat can be transferred. Things of requirement and dire need never reach on time. Ambulance never follows the Spiderman theory, and not to mention about the Indian police. They never come till the whole crime scene has been incinerated.

Luxury vs necessity

A famous hindi quote goes as, "keh gaye ram siyasi aisa din bhi aayega/ hans chugega daana joga, kawua moti khaega". Human existence can never be mocked in a more humorous way than today. Necessity items have reached the status quo of luxury items. We have rice selling at 50rs kilo and onion at 80rs kilo but SIM cards



come for free. The day will come sooner than expected when wheat will be costlier than monthly phone charges.

Wanna eat footwear?

The shoe you wear is cleaner than the vegetable brought from the market. Bata, Adidas have huge multi storied malls for selling their footwear, on the other hand the vegetables we eat are sold on the footpath amidst a million bacteria and parasites. we are highly pressed on bargaining for a rupee while buying vegetables and we don't think twice before spending twice the worth on a pair of shoes available in an air conditioned room.

Economic prosperity is a bargain which a nation strikes with governments. Only if Egypt had been economically happy, people would have deferred from overthrowing the Government. A lively example of such a bargain is China. The government is providing economical prosperity and asking the citizens to give up the demand of rights and democracy. The best deal is when no one is happy!

“

“ उद्घोष नहीं शंखनाद है ये, एक बड़े परिवर्तन का ।
कब तकल रहेगा ये घुआं इव फिजाओं में, प्रयास है ये नीले गगन का ॥ ”

”

“ प्रयास है ये छोटे सपनों को पंख लगाने का ,
प्रयास है ये कुहलाये फूलों में फिर से रंग भरने का ।
सुरज बनकर रोशनी देना तो सभी जानते हैं,
प्रयास है ये नन्हे चिरागों से दुनिया को रोशन करने का ॥”

इसी सोच रूपी बीज से शुरू हुआ हमारा ‘प्रयास’ आज राष्ट्रीय प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान हमीरपुर में वटवृक्ष का आकार लेने की दिशा में अग्रसर है, और अपनी नई उपलब्धियों की महक से इसके प्रांगण को महका रहा है।



Kanga Sir

किसी भी देश की उन्नति के लिये जरूरी है, वहाँ के देशवासियों की जीवनशैली और विचारों में विकास लाना, और साक्षरता ही वह राह जिस पर चलकर हम अपने देश को सफलता के नये सोपान पर पहुँचा सकते हैं। इन्हीं विचारों को मूर्त रूप देता हुआ हमारा प्रयास इन बच्चों के जीवन में साक्षरता की ज्योति जगा रहा है, जो सिर्फ उन बच्चों की मदद करना ही नहीं है, अपितु उन्हें इस काबिल बनाने का है कि वे खुद अपनी पहचान बना सकें।

हमारे इसी उद्देश्य को प्रमाणित करके दिखाया इस परिवार के होनहार छात्र जोशी सुरीन ने जिसने AIEEE – 09 में अच्छे अंक प्राप्त कर NIT-Bhopal में प्रवेश लिया, वहीं पाँचवी कक्षा की छात्रा ललिताने अपनी लगन से नवोदय में प्रवेश प्राप्त किया।

प्रयास का उद्देश्य न सिर्फ इन बच्चों को पढ़ाना है बल्कि उनका संपूर्ण विकास करना है। और इसके लिये पढ़ाई के साथ-साथ सामान्य ज्ञान, खेल-कूद, योगा और कंप्यूटर शिक्षा जैसी गतिविधियाँ भी निरंतर करवाई जाती हैं, ताकि वह इस तेजी से बदलती

दुनिया के साथ कदम मिलाकर चल सके। साथ ही इस परिवार से जुड़े बच्चों के स्कूल की फीस भी भरी जाती है, एवं उन्हें चिकित्सा सहायता भी प्रदान की जाती है।

राखी, होली, दिवाली जैसे हर उत्सव में बच्चों को शामिल किया जाता है, ताकि वे अपने देश की सभ्यता और संस्कृति को समझ सकें। इन्हीं सब कार्यक्रमों से बना प्रयास कोई NGO नहीं है। बल्कि यह ‘प्रयास’ है उन समर्पित छात्रों का जो अपनी नयी सोच से उन गरीब बच्चों के जीवन को नई दिशा देना चाहते हैं। और इसके लिये जो सहयोग व आशीर्वाद हमें अपने निदेशक महोदय व फैकल्टी मैम्बर से मिला है, इम उसके सदा आभारी रहेंगे।

कहा जाता है – “ अंधेरे की शिकायत करने से अच्छा है, एक दीपक जला दिया जाये।”

इसी भावना से ओतप्रोत हम प्रयास को आगे बढ़ा रहे हैं कि इन नन्हे चिरागों में छुपी रोशनी को बाहर ला सकें और हमारा यह ‘प्रयास’ आप सबके सहयोग से अनवरत जारी रहेगा।

“ उद्घोष नहीं शंखनाद है ये,
एक बड़े परिवर्तन का ।
कब तकल रहेगा ये घुआं इन फिजाओं में,
प्रयास है ये नीले गगन का ॥ ”

प्रयास की और अधिक जानकारी के लिये लॉग आन करें-
www.nith.ac.in/prayas



Kanga Sir



Prashanth Ojha
Alumnus

Four Years That Mattered !

"When we come to institute our aim which is I came, I saw, I conquered gets replaced with I came, I saw and I got out. Only if we would have taken four years of our engineering more seriously the world would have been a lot different place."

Around twelve thousand students have passed from the portal of this institution. Every year a same notion was echoed- whatever you learn as a part of your college curriculum will never fetch you a secure future. You knowledge would get a thorough overhauling when you become a part of the industrial arena. Even I've lived this myth for a long time.

This notion had a permanent etching on my mind. I too began aspiring to be a part and parcel of the much hyped agglomeration of management enthusiasts; slighting off all my technical pursuits acquired during college. But now I've evaluated all my choices. The myth I once had now seems to be merely an eye wash.

I wish I could have focused more on my curriculum so that I did not have to flip through my books on fundamentals again and again. Even I paid negligible heed on being proficient in English. After all we are



Davesh

supposed to be engineers not some Shakespeare or Bernard Shaws. Had I known that only my English would come to my rescue in future, I wouldn't have skipped all my classes by playing stupid pranks. Today I write all my technical papers, brochures and business letters in English; hailed as our lingua franca. Even communicating with my delegates requires use of this language. Same thing goes

for my numerical analysis class. The 45 minutes of that class seemed to end like a decade or so; the most boring and insipid class of all. We thought of FORTRAN as some kind of alien dialect or probably the language dinosaurs used for their communication. I never spared time to actually understand it. All I did was to cram the codes sufficient enough to fetch me a decent percentile. Now every day I regret about my negligence and easy go round attitude. I still have to write all my code in C++ or Octave. Using FORTRAN would have taken half time for simulating the same code. What a loss isn't it? Similar notions are valid for my other subjects as well.

Today I find myself using almost 90% of what I learned during my B.TECH. If only had a premonition what my future would turn out to be, I would have taken my engineering differently. As an engineer we must see the beauty of building things and making them work. There is a satisfaction when you see that your designs and engineering solutions find an acceptable place in the REAL world. Much to the dismay of others I really feel proud to claim that we use 90% of what I learnt or supposed to have learnt...

Fluid mechanics is all about conservation. Conservation of mass, momentum, angular momentum, energy, turbulence parameters form the basis of understanding of Fluid Flow. One cannot escape talking about 'conservation' when you are involved in the study of fluid flow.

There is no harm in extending the concept of conservation to conservation of water for a lecture. Sooner or later everyone will come to realize the importance of rainwater harvesting, especially in regions like Himachal. I know people who have made fortune, because they were the first to provide rain harvesting solutions as service and soft product in Bangalore's commercial and residential buildings. Now there is a law in Bangalore that every "residential" and "commercial" building must incorporate rain water harvesting. One can imagine, what it means to

their business? The rainwater harvesting designs are based on very simple laws of mass conversation and use the same equations that an engineering student will be studying in his first course of fluid mechanics. One can start his own business as soon as he is done with this course.

I come to introspect and realize how most people who enter an engineering college are misguided by the importance of all the numerous courses. I can say this because I too believed what I heard, that I am never going to use more than 5% of what I studied in my engineering. Ask Anoop Sir, if he still has my attendance record with him. Anyway, this is not an incorrect observation, most people took up jobs where the requirement of technical expertise was extremely limited. Many got into IIMs and CAT thereby leaving nearly 95% of our subjects behind, and some others got into jobs at Wipro, Infosys, HCL, etc, securing jobs in marketing, sales or software for health, insurance, banking, never having to bother with B. Tech subjects ever again. And I am sure that there must be 95% of the alumni who would say that they never used what they learned in their B.Tech courses. But I believe their choices were inevitable and back in those days; I would have envied their choices... but not now!



Ankit Kateria, CSE 3rd Year

In year 2008 almost 0.8 million students gave the AIEEE exams, and only fortunate 15 thousand made it up to the Institutes of National Importance. Only if I had stepped into the institute with a mindset scouring for knowledge and only if I had sustained that thirst I would have been a different engineer today. You have been given an onus which only few dedicated minds get; use that to the full potential.

As an engineer we should see the beauty of building things and making them work. There is satisfaction when you see that your designs and engineering solutions have found acceptable place in REAL world. One will never worry about job satisfaction when he can apply engineering knowledge from various fields of engineering in his work. I wouldn't trade my job for any other. It might not make me rich or successful, but I am proud of what I do. While most other engineers may say that they don't use 90% of what they learnt, I can actually claim that I use more than 90% of what I learnt.... or supposed to have learnt.

With knowledge comes humility only if every individual learned for the sake of learning and spreading it to the universe, half of the world's problems would come to an end on its own. Ego, selfishness, greed all of them are borne out of ignorance. No matter if you hold the greatest degree on this planet; carry an attitude that befits you to learn and drop the ego that makes you arrogant.



Ajay Kumar



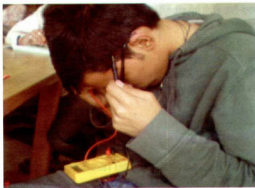
Sakshi Babar
CSE, 1st Year

Teenagers : Problems They Have Or Problems They Are?

"Teenager is one of the most adventurous and problematic period of human life. The mind is experiencing a change, and the suspended thoughts of carelessness and I don't care attitude makes this period highly vulnerable."

"The invention of the teenager was a mistake. Once you identify a period of life in which people get to stay out late but don't have to pay taxes - naturally, nobody wants to live any other way", so said Judith Martin.

Teenagers and their life, much has been said and written about it. So is it even worth discussing now? Or has it become just one of those topics about which the parents fret over the dinner and forget it soon after their bellies are full. It may be or may not be. If you ask a teenager, the answers you get are equally confusing. For some, their lives are theirs, no one should and cannot interfere in what they do but for some it's also the phase when dreams are seen, planned and executed. Its an age where each and everything is fantasized and each and every fantasy is laughed upon. If a friend says his heart skips a beat every time he sees a certain girl, you would laugh but when you say that one day you dream of owning a BMW and he laughs, you simply think what's so funny about that.



Anshul Thakur

with absolutely no regrets in their minds or hearts.

Peer pressure is another big hurdle that everyone has to cross to make their teenage lives successful. Be it walking around in the trendiest clothes, racing around on the hunkiest bikes or hanging around with the coolest gang, they want it all. And those who can't get that are looked upon with pity, creatures with no fun, no meaning in life. Some are able to overcome the constraint and move ahead while some take on to the so called ways of getting out of the depressions of life and getting on a high. Among all this the real aim of the life is lost. It may not be being a successful doctor or engineer, not that at all, but it's all about fulfilling your dreams. A life without an ambition is like an black hole, you know you'd be drawn in whether you like it or not but will move on endlessly with nowhere to go. Actually a teenager never gets out of the whirlpool of problems. An aim different from being a doctor or engineer is not so easily accepted by the parents let alone the world. Take this for example, a boy wanted to become an archaeologist, and that too in country like India where many people are not even aware that such a profession exists. Quite expectantly, his parents refused and he was left with no choice. He eventually took up Science with Maths and went on to become an engineer, a profession he despised. Whether he was right or wrong, its a question still left to be answered because today when youngsters fight for every illicit act they put into action, why he could not fight for one simple fair reason that wasn't just right but also his right.

Teenagers are one breed which people find not only difficult to understand but even more difficult to make them understand. Luckily for them and those around them, adolescence is just a temporary state because as its said, "It's difficult to decide whether growing pains are something teenagers have - or are."

Adolescence is one period of life when your parents are your biggest enemies and your friends, well they are simply your best friends. Every advice you seek from your parents is verified by your friends. You want the liberty of your thoughts and action and most of the time you don't get it. And thus starts the onerous task of making things work the way you want them to. Many take on the wrong paths just to fulfill their demands and satisfy their hurt egos. Stealing or borrowing becomes a way of living for them

In this snap shot it is Bulla Pragada Subramaniam Vikas in analog electronics lab. When he came to this institute his hindi was more laughable then Raju Srivastav's jokes. Till date he is teased with the sentence, "Bulla khana kha ke aa gayi tu?"



Sakshi Babar
CSE, 1st Year

Mr. Wrong

At the time when I was fifteen,
When prince charming is every girl's dream.
I was stuck with books around me,
With a perfect idea what future's gonna be.
A simple life, with degrees enough,
A high paying job, to help me keep up,
With changes around, temporary and permanent,
To act like me, always hesitant and deliberant.
And then of course the time would come,
When in my life he'll be welcome.
Tall, dark and handsome at sight,
He's the single one, my Mr. Right.
And when I was eighteen, the world spun around,
You entered my perfect life, and made it unsound.
Reckless, carefree and at times rude,
Insincere, bold, you were nothing but crude.
Not the sensible guy I wanted,
But your dreams still haunted,
Me, I laughed at your silliest joke,
And shared your smallest tear,
Unaware that you didn't care.
I looked out even for a smile of yours,
And overlooked all my past chores.
Problems aroused on that account,
But no longer did they count.
Suddenly you were the centre of my existence,
When, why, where, how - none made any sense.
My heart became yours forever,
And I thought you'll always treasure.
But your heart didn't have the space,
You were already in love, that was the case.
The grief was overwhelming, I was heartbroken,
And that lifeless object, I had as a token,
Of my failed first love.
Nor could I stop, nor could I move along,
I had done my blunder, I had fallen in love with Mr.
Wrong.



Abhinav
Civil, 2nd Year

पासवर्ड

सुबह जब जागा
तो मोबाईल को चार्ज पर से निकाला और
ऑन करने के लिये कोड डाला
तैयार होकर ऑफिस पहुँचा
वहाँ दरवाजे का कोड डालकर लाल
बत्ती हरी की
फिर कंप्यूटर ने
मौना अपना पासवर्ड
और जब पैसे निकालने ए टी एम तक पहुँचा
तो एक और कोड
दिन भर के कामों को अलौट
करता हूँ।
जब शाम को घर पहुँचा
तो सीधे बिस्तर पर केश हो गया।
पड़ोसी, दोस्त और रिश्तेदार
तो एंटर की नहीं पाये
बीबी, बच्चों
माता-पिता को भी मेरी दुविधा में
एक्सस मिली नहीं ...।
जिंदगी में बेमानी हो चली
कुछ भावनाओं के नर्मियों को
दिल के जिस फोल्डर में रखा था
उसका पासवर्ड मैं कहीं भूल गया।



Looks like you need some help?

Let us help you find a solution.

What's the problem you are experiencing?

- ☒ I forgot my password
☐ My password doesn't work
☐ I forgot my Yahoo! ID
☐ My account may have been compromised

Exit Wizard



Next

Nostalgia

Text By: Vinodha Tuli

If they ever tell my story, let them say- I lived in the time of these men, I lived in the time of legends!

These words are dedicated to Dr. R. C. Chauhan- the first principal of NIT H, Sandeep, Apoorva Chaudhary and Satpal Nayak for whom God had better plans.

Bravery beyond measure was his greatest treasure!

If courage had a form probably it would take the silhouette of none other than Dr. R. C. Chauhan. On 10th January, 1943 this legend was born. He completed B.Sc. Engineering (Electrical), BHU, Varanasi in 1967, M.E. (Electrical) in 1976 and Ph.D. in 1984 from University of Roorkee. Despite being born in a middle class family with a paralyzed left hand, he never let his infirmity come between his goals. He proved to historians the words of William Earnest Henley.



*"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."*

Before being principal of REC Hamirpur Dr. Chauhan handled challenging projects with HPSEB. He was responsible for Design, Layout and procurement of Electrical equipments for many Hydro Electric Projects, finding solutions to problems associated with Construction Management, Operation and Maintenance of Hydro Generation Plants. He successfully set up a new Department of Science, Technology & Environment

(STE) in H.P.

Dr. R. C. Chauhan is the man to whom the NIT of the present day can stand up and say, "My creator." Those days of 1986 were different. Buses plying on this part of Hamirpur were fewer than cheetahs roaming the campus. This man stood up against nature and probability with an indifference to prove it is the effort that counts.

Young and handsome people do not necessarily remain so.

The NIT family lost Apoorva Chaudhary hailing from Tinsukia, Assam. We lost a sketcher, an artist, a son, a brother, a friend in the Beas River. He could not escape nature's fury and became one with the elements of nature when Beas crossed its boundaries. May his family and friends find solace.

The last enemy to be defeated is death!

The institute fondly remembers Satpal Nayak who left for the heavenly abode on 11th September. We get to live once and we get to die once. Live as if there is no tomorrow and dear Satpal exemplified this statement. Fate was brutal to us to have untimely snatched you from us however we console ourselves in the belief that God has better plans for you.





1st row : Mr. Sunil Kumar, Dr. Dharmendra Jha, Dr. Umesh Kr. Pandey, Dr. V. K. Sardai, Prof. R. L. Sharma, Dr. R. K. Dutta,

Dr. Pradeep Kumar, Dr. Vijay Shankar Dogra, Dr. Vijay Bansal

2nd row : Gaitam, Monica, Kirti, Shallaza, Swati, Nandika, Aditi

3rd row : Aditya, Bhavananda, Adit, Rupam, Vipulav, Digvijay, Vivek, Munish

4th row : Harish, Pankaj, Ashish, Deepak, Akhil, Vishal

5th row : Vinay, Akshay, Pranav, T Anand, Arvind, Sanam

6th row : Amiyashree, Rajeev, Ramsvaroop, Nirdesh, Ajinder, Abhinav, Saurabh, Naveen

Love knows no bounds. It can kindle between beings as different as an angel and a demon. The painting here glorifies the emotion and describes vividly the price one pays for the same. The angel cannot resist feeling the demon that burns at her touch and simultaneously infects herself with venom from her beloved.



By : Jayanta (God Hand)

From bridging people to abating nature's wrath, we civil engineers here at NITH learn to do it all. Ours is the oldest department of the institute. The faded blue on the department (& senior most faculty of the institute) is testimony to the young-at-heart department. The only building with a cantilever staircase: students from other departments can be frequently seen testing its strength. We can proudly say that the department was constructed from "jaandaar" materials. Recently the construction cell was shifted to the newly constructed building behind the Department bringing closer the civil engineering family. The students are happy as it serves as an escape route easily avoiding our professor's eye.

The graffiti on the benches found in the Department is old enough to be called "protected". Although most of the scribbling appreciates the professors, many illustrations pay homage to the students attending their classes. Some say creativity shows itself when one is free of all bonds. Anyone who has read the benches or scribbled on them might disagree. From caricatures to cartoon strips to crush lists and jokes- they are a rapidly updated encyclopaedia of entertainment!

Many engineers spend all their lives making circuits or programs -none ever getting to see an electron or the flow of data. The students of this department are all cheerful- thanks to their choice!

On the technical front, deprived of a survey camp, the students feel a little discouraged by the authorities. We go on fun tours nevertheless! Also, the roof of the department still leaks water during heavy rains (it might be planned to keep the students from dropping their sleepy heads on the desks!) Be it surveying the length

and breadth of the campus or melting bitumen or testing concrete cubes, our excellent labs provide us with a platform and vision to widen our horizons many fold. The highly motivating and dedicated faculty of the Department has made many a student of the adjoining departments jealous. Learning was never so much fun! Since, we all know that Rome was not built in a day; we do not tax ourselves much about timing!



Dr. R. K. Dutta
HOD





i came

i saw

i conquered

Vini, Vidi, Vici

Day 1

It is a damp morning and the UNA Himachal railway station bears a deserted look. There are not more than a dozen people on the platform. However, to give them company there are a few stray dogs. A young boy in a low waist jean, grey t-shirt that has some obscene symbols made on it gets down on the part of India, famed as land of gods. His destination is NIT Hamirpur, the name that was going to define him and be his home for next four years.

That boy is ME!

For those with big pockets, follow my advice and take a chopper from railway station to NIT, and those with smaller pockets take sedatives. Rumors say Rajnikant puked twice on the road. I came pretty close with three counts.



The form in my hand referred me to Kailash boys hostel, however it was after I got there that I realized I was going to live in a canteen-turned to dormitory.

Life was different there. I had a huge playground at my disposal with all the beds lined up against the wall, my room was big enough to host two cricket matches simultaneously. I had nil interaction with my seniors, thanks to the strict rule and 25 thousand fine which our warden never got tired of boasting. Food on all grounds sucked and I smoked the first cigarette of my life. Library was a day to day affair, and still I could not scrape through the semester unscathed. The absolute grading pretty much screwed my summer.



Year 2

My long second year started at Neelkanth boys hostel, and by the time I left this hostel, RC and RS made sure that I had a "neel-kanth". With no net and abysmal food at my disposal solace was provided by "gold" and "my will". All kinds of sports were better played in my corridor than the playground. I filed a petition to the warden to shift the "TIMBERTRAIL" from juice bar to connect A block and B block.

Year 3

In my third year I was dumped into Dauladhar boys hostel. I somehow managed to get a singlet. It did cost me two 100 piper bottles and few Marlboro packs. I wanted to study this year. I had to get placed. Food of DBH was next best thing to home and mess workers were well behaved and alike our friends. I had a lot of free time and none of them got invested to give me a return (read as books). My most of the time was spent on the mall road, and it bore fruit for me but left my competitor devastated.



After a lot persuasion she has agreed to pen down her experience at the condition I don't name her. If I mathematically put myself as **cos C** she is my **reciprocal**.



Type 2

Wifi
Readily Available

I was very afraid when I found myself in the drawing room of a flat. This was going to be my hostel for an year. To add to that I found myself in an environment which shuts down its gates at 7:30, Tihar jail has its closing timing as 9pm. We were worse. My drawing room-mate was a lazy scum. She used to brush her teeth and spit in the bathing mug. She had some crazy boyfriend in north east who used to call her at 1 in the night. Dinner was a pity here, and maggi a delicacy. I did not have a fool fan until I reached third year who used to siphon me free burgers.

An adage goes as **"from frying pan to fire"**. In my second year I was asked to continue with type (II). I still envy the attitude girl, my flat mate, who managed to make to the PGH family. The only good things about type(II) was it did not have rampant ogles. Cos C was bashed a lot many times by the PGH security guard for trying to sneak into the girls vicinity. In my second year my notes had reached an all time high demand. Half of my batch will get a safe and sound degree with contribution from my notes.

PGH

Run by
Holy Shrine Board

In third year I made to the main part of the girls fraternity termed as the "holy shrine" by the unfair sex. The PGH had its own badminton court to boast off and had bathrooms which could vie with any local passenger train. On one hand I was in a place I could call hostel. On the other, talk, facebook, and unknown friend requests from batch mates became a common affair. The author of this article poked me on fb 24 times before I accepted his friend request.

My first half of final year was spent amongst books and second half with the author of this article over the phone. I think he wanted to propose me but never had the guts to do so. I did not wait long for him to pass the institute and live in regret. I proposed him. After all, I had fallen in love with free burgers, coffees, pizzas and cell phone's recharges.

MMH

Money Mahesh
Hostel

{Back to me!} Year 4

After lavishly exploring the DBH garden while richening Idea and Bharat Airtel, I carried my talking lobby to MMH. MMH has singlets but it has no regards for privacy. From any balcony of the hostel, the bathrooms have a portrait view. I never dared open my "red" cloth carelessly. Placements came in handy this year. On one night I was jobless and on the other I found myself with two jobs. The TPR of our batch was swimming in an ocean of booze. The turnover of paradise hotel was more than that of Oberoi's for that month. In a sense this hostel minted money. Advices for architects of MMH take some architecture lessons from KBH.

MAH

Matka™
Fort

In the last few months, I was rusticated from the hostel for creating nuisance while drunk. I spent that time in the Vindyachal hostel and Shivalik hostel. While constructing VBH hostel, special care was taken to build rooms which could either accommodate Adnan Sami's upper body or lower body, but not both.

Shivalik reminded me of my first in 4h court. Shivalik had huge rooms with built-in renovated Kandhar. This year getting up for classes was a pain in some part of my body. Thanks to our understanding teachers I scraped unscathed.

HBHS

Khandhar™
Built in 1300 AD

More than a thousand butts, a hundred bottles, cos C inverse and the institution's roof made my four years heaven. I learned, I made mistakes and again stood up to fall again but to get up wiser.



Kumar Ashutosh
Alumnus, 2007

A Brief History of Thought

“Was man always this civilized? the very process of coming to the best decision through the process of intelligent debate and thinking was not achieved in a single night. It took years, and civilizations to develop people like Plato and Aristotle.”

The Night of First Discussion

Long ago in a dark, dry cave in erstwhile world, when some men and women sat and tried to convey something to each other on some topic, a new episode of civilization began. Whether it was food, shelter or a discovery is not clear, but what is clear is that with their limited language and varied gestures, they sowed the seed of what later would become the cornerstone of their existence. The birth of opinion or liking is older than this night. Humans always had opinions, selfish or benevolent is immaterial, but they never had shared it to someone else before. Before that day, decisions were subject to physical or metaphysical might. Before that glorious night the only way they could get what they wanted was through display of their singular strength- predominantly physical. But after that night things changed.



That night was the birth night of common ideology, of a new concept called agreement/ disagreement, of a new prowess called persuasion and of a new decision system which defined 'right' and 'wrong'. That night was the night of enlightenment of homo-sapiens, on which they transformed from a group of suave looking chimpanzees to a bonded and decisive force which knew routes other than that of violence.

I call that night as 'the night of first discussion'. When we read the history of civilization, we get across

tools, metals, wheel, fire, bricks, urns and skeletons. These make up the history of Science and conglomeration, but where is the ancient history of sociology and philosophy. There is no certain archaeological evidence of this eventful night but this was definitely the night when democracy, values, traditions, tolerance and the-right-to-deny got their first whiff of oxygen. Since then we have decided based on our common agreement or at least tried to do so. In a matter of few centuries Men who discussed started to call those who didn't as barbarians, else Greeks and Goths were all the same.

Every period of our history had its own signature on human thinking and hence its own typical questions and arguments. Whenever there was a question, people debated. Some of these debates were political, some religious, some moral and some just interpersonal. But some debates in each period have stood the test of time and not lost their relevance even now. The ancient worlds of Euphrates, Aegean Sea, Nile, Indo-Gangetic plains and Huang-Ho valley had questions that may appear trivial now. Their discussion about stars led to astronomy, about lands of far and wide led to geography, their petty quarrels for land led to geometry. Infact every subject has roots to what these people debated upon. But of all the debates, the question of Socrates was distinctive and can be said to be a signature for this period of debates.

Socratic Dilemma and His Methods

Socrates was the resident of Greece at its glory and like all great things Greece also had started to wane. There were continuous wars between Greece and Sparta and war-like Spartans frequently pulverized Greeks. Socrates was very critical of Greek politicians and their ways. Furthermore, he had realised that he was wiser than them and to exasperation of others he kept proving so. As expected he was sentenced to death by Hemlock for sedition and heresy. His wisdom and love for the city had several supporters who managed to bribe the gatekeepers of the prison and asked him to escape. Socrates in this dilemma approached to a conclusion, using one of the first

appearances of Inductive Logic which we now know as Socratic Method. If he stayed he was to die, and he could definitely serve his cause by educating more people and removing ignorance; his followers argued. Also he did not believe in the country's leadership, which was proven to be corrupt and immoral. Thus they had no right to punish him, and he would be right to escape. He decided to stay. He asked himself following interconnected questions:

Was he a true philosopher?

Does a true philosopher fear death?

How would he live in other country?

Was his life in this country any wrong?

Will his followers feel leaderless when he is gone?

What do followers follow?

- a person or his teachings.

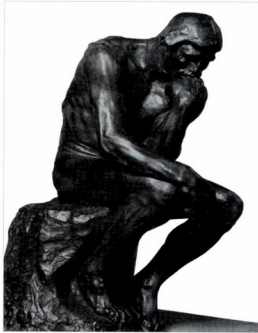
As one can see the answers are obvious through this reasoning. From a different perspective this dilemma might have had a different answer but this led to birth of two things. One the way which we know as Socratic Method which insinuates that to solve a problem, it should be broken down into a series of questions, the answers to which gradually induce the final answer; and other the concept of ethics, which are bigger than society- imposed morals or self-imposed principles. Socrates accepted the law of corrupt because he felt that it was ethical in his current capacity as a citizen of Greece to accept the law of land even if it were immoral and unjust.

Ancient Indian Schools of Philosophy

Simultaneously in India debates and logical argumentation were gaining grounds. The Indian philosophy which derived its roots from metaphysical worship in *Rig-Veda*, nurtured further to present itself into a well-developed tree with six branches: *Yoga*, *Sankhya*, *Nyaya*, *Vaisheshika*, *Mimamsa* and *Vedanta*. All these philosophical schools strived for the singular aim of

establishing the liaison between 'the known' and 'the unknown'. *Yoga* systematically deals with all of the levels of a being, striving to experience the eternal centre of consciousness. *Sankhya* school whose most famous exponent was *Kṛṣṇa*, deals with *Prakṛiti*(matter), *Purusha* (consciousness), intelligence, ego, elements of stability, activity, and lightness, mind and senses. It accepted the duality of *Prakṛiti* and *Purusha*, stressing that *Karma* (actions) were the only way the *Purusha* could really merge into *Prakṛiti* for eternity.

Nyaya can be hailed to be the precursor to the Contradictive Reasoning. This was a great triumph for the debaters of yore as they now manifested the doubt to be prerequisite to rational reasoning. It revealed that nothing was beyond doubt and to establish the truth one should first find a contradictive argument and prove it wrong. A big corollary to this philosophy was the segregation of relative and absolute. *Nyaya* implied that there was no absolute logic or truth. The fallacy or certainty of an argument could be verified against only some opposing argument. Cannot we see the seeds of embracing your opponent and spirit of tolerance sprouting through this very ancient philosophical school?



Vaisheshika was the school of atomicity. They were first to discover the concepts of atom as prior to them it was supposed that all the matter of *Prakṛiti*(nature) was continuous and composed of indivisible five basic elements of *Prithvi*(earth), *Ap*(water), *Tejas*(fire), *Gagan*(sky) and *Vāyu*(air). They proposed that although these may be basic elements but each of the things in universe was made up of very small indivisible particles called *Parmanaus*. They even had derived that the dust particles visible in the sunbeam coming through a small window hole are the smallest perceivable particles (defined as *Tryaṇukas*). With their arguments of reverse

dichotomy (which was also followed by Eleatics of Zeno) they gained a lot of ground amongst the scientific community of ancient India.

Mimansa and *Vedanta* were two schools of similar thoughts. While *Mimansa* was the art of investigation of the infallible scriptures, it laid that the *Prakriti* or *Brhma* and *Purusha* could be joined together only through actions, rituals, incantations prescribed in the Vedas. They created a karmic rule set based on strict dharma and language purity. As opposed to *Mimansa*, *Vedanta* was more of a contemplative self-inquiry. It believed that the true self was indestructible and everything else was an illusion. And through an austere life one could attain the true self which is within everyone. The subtle difference between hard laid *Mimansa* and contemplative *Vedanta*, led to a great debate in Indian history which is as under:

Debate Between *Adi Sankara* and *Mandan Misra*

Mandan Misra was the leading *Mimansa* exponent who lived in *Mahismati* with his wife *Bharati* who was equally great philosopher. *Sankara* was a young *Advaita Vedanta* scholar who was gaining fame for his interpretation of ancient texts. One fine day *Sankara* went searching for *Mandan Misra*, to find him in a garden where even parrots were chanting incantations. He asked him for a *shastrarth* (a debate based on knowledge). *Misra* accepted the challenge, told him that as he was not even half his age, many might doubt the impartiality of the discourse in case of his loss, so he could choose the judge. Feeling humbled at such a worthy opponent *Sankara* was overwhelmed and said that he could not find any one more learned than *Misra's* wife in the vicinity so she be the judge. So between the two unbiased scholars the debate ensued and continued for six months at the end of which *Bharati* pronounced *Sankara* the winner. But a profound learned she was; she reasoned that scriptures said that a man was incomplete without his wife who forms his better half. Thus to

complete a victory over *Mandan Misra*, he will have to win over her as well. She dragged the debate to *Kama*, one of the four ingredients of a complete life prescribed by Vedas. *Sankara* was an ascetic and knew little about it. But *Misra* and his wife were so impressed by his knowledge, humility and alacrity that they accepted him as their teacher. *Sankara* went on to establish four centres of Hindu religion.

Is not it wonderful to note that the man, who knew only to kill to prove his claim, now could reach for his opponent and ask him for a debate? Is not it just wonderful that *Mandan Misra* offered *Sankara* to choose the judge and he chose *Misra's* wife? The results are immaterial, but

it laid the foundation for decision in religious circles in India through words of wisdom rather than swords and spears.

Questions of Medieval World

The medieval ages saw the discussions turn mostly towards science and religion or both at the same time. Right from the day the levitating Thomas Aquinas, the

primordial theologian for the church's anti-heretic approach proposed that it was religions duty to free the heretics from the clouts of their sad life, there was a war raged between free thought and Christianity. Very seldom the church embraced the ideas that were new or challenged the old setup. The Galileo conflict is very famous, and so was the plight of Kepler and Copernicus. The methods of the civilized were again going to the barbaric ends. Fittingly, this age is termed as the "The dark age".

Not far in the middle-east, another question of self-existence arose from the laps of Islam. Islam was formed in a turbulent socio-political environment and like its previous monotheistic brothers viz. Christianity and Judaism; it had to face the ire of the pre-existing tribes of the region. The future keepers of the faith sat down and decided upon the direct words of Allah or words via the holy prophet to setup the canonical texts called *Hadiths*



which provided guidelines for a pious life. Amidst this discipline prescribed by the religion and random mergers of different cultures a new thought process of Sufism started to sprout out. Sufism with the bhakti movement of India provided a transcendental approach towards God. Now the metaphysics was not a subject to be untouched or revered and the almighty was not only omnipotent but also all loving. The Sufis looked at him/her as their beloved and treated this life as a moment of separation from the ecstasy of his/her company. Although at times it was not well received and a lot of such saints were persecuted in their own times nonetheless they were successful in starting a debate about whether the God was to be feared or to be loved, or were we any different from him. An interesting debate on singularity of God and Man in Islam, was raised by the Sufi *Mansoor*.

Mansoor and the Ana-al-Haqq

Mansoor was a simplistic man from Persia who became a Hafiz (a person who memorizes Quran) at a very early age. With his experiences with the world and the company of other dervishes; he turned more and more towards Sufism and with continuous contemplation and devotion became a mystic himself. Mysticism was supposed to be against the laid foundations of Islam, and still many orthodox sects believe so. They continued to exist because they were very few, were eccentric and cut-off from the masses. *Mansoor* started writing poems and songs about the mysticism and was getting popular. He in his transcendental ecstasy proposed that he was in unison

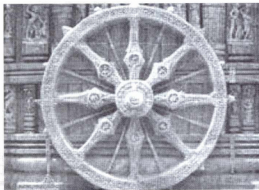
was happy that he will be in perpetual unison with His beloved. He kept repeating, '*Ana-al-Haqq*' while being dismembered and died with a smile.

Though gory, but his story of self-sacrifice started a debate amongst the residents. The local debate was not afraid of power or practice, and soon mysticism became a mass movement.

Neo-Philosophy and Tolerant World

Mansoor's proclamations mark the nature of lone battles waged by the philosophers in medieval world. The new world order was more tolerant, restrained and accommodating. Suddenly Philosophy was a profession and psychologist was a doctor. Beginning of the modern debates and philosophy can be attributed to Descartes when he said, "I think, therefore I Am." questioning the metaphysical soul-theory of human existence and actions. In Sartre, Kierkegaard and Nietzsche a new school was taking roots, which had stopped grouping individuals and their study through a set of symptoms or rules. They challenged the age old logic of mind and body, and purity of soul. They also criticized the psychological interpretations of individuals based on study of templates and experimental groups. They treated individuals as direct outcomes of their own choices, actions and responsibility. Nietzsche even proclaimed that the God was dead in a symbolic way. These group of people argued that a man's actual self is actually distant from the world and yet he has to live in the midst of it. They thought that everything around the man is meaningless but still it attributes to his actions and responsibilities causing angst and 'being with nothingness'. This school was known as Existentialism as its followers evaluated a person as he stood out from the world. There were ensuing debates on the eccentric and suicidal attributes of Existentialism and the debates still go on.

There were parallel philosophers finding more questions to debate, more ways to analyse and more deft techniques to answer the three questions of God, Person and Freedom. In Kant and Schopenhauer idealism took roots and in Dewey and Sanders Pragmatism. Now the media for debates was not only direct discourse but volumes of books, research and movies. Writers like Kafka and Dostoevsky kept hinting at Existentialism while Bertrand Russell started popular writing for logical and analytic pragmatism. Artists and litterateurs have criticized their own religions and regime and at times they have even accepted the mistakes of past. Church is now embarrassed at witch hunts and scientific persecutions,



with the almighty and '*Ana-al-Haqq*' (He is truth). He went on to claim that God was within him, and there is no separating the two. At once, the Caliph's theologians called it heretic and he was sentenced to death by dismemberment. The legend has it that he was not disturbed by the fact that he was to die. On the contrary, he

Islamic institutions condemn Fedayeen orthodoxy, Hindus question the relevance of *Varnas* and even political methods of fascism and obligatory communism have accepted the chinks in their thought process.

A Golden Future

A wide world delving into human mind and its existential question is now breathing in free air, which will open more windows of thoughts and gather more questions to answer. The debates now are not divisive and contain again a mutual respect between the participating sects. There are no more restricted to binary opinions. They are more in tune of discussions, on King Arthur's round table, where no one has a high seat and everyone is given equal opportunity. The decision for the most powerful man in the world is made by live debates. Even religions that used to be each other's scourge sit on the same dais and discuss. We have really come a long way from that glorious night in the ancient cave. We have continued on the path of civilization and the point that no one is going to kill me for writing this proves the same. I agree that our kind has deviated at times and we have even lunched ourselves deep into barbaric puddles of violence. There have also been pseudo debates or manipulated discussions to bend the truth, but they have been due to a personal weakness or a combined misjudgement. I am an optimist and to me the past says that the future of thought is golden.

Life in last semester:

1. Classes and attendance must be optional. Only few teachers have granted this wish till now, however simply on account of the teachers charming style of teaching the class has 80% strength.
"Quality overcame compulsion."
2. Do not ask us to wake up before 11 in the morning.
3. Directors have stopped making good movies. Makers are not able to keep pace with viewers!
4. Net facility of Idea over phone is better than that provided to rooms.
5. Indian Government should reduce taxes on ITC products.
:)

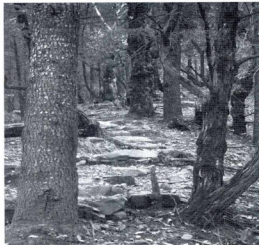


Raj Walia
MED, Final Year

Butcher Botany

Deep in the woods lies a garden. A garden said to be magnificent; a marvel of sorts that surpasses all beauty that may exist anywhere else on the planet. A shelter where dusk refuses to pry and night never cries, a homage devoid of reptiles, disease and ugliness, a place of plain ungodliness. A secure refuge to the unholy. Hence the rarities of orchids, butterflies and roses exist there. They bloom with a pretense so wise so as to slay a goddess with the mere scent of their venom. The butterflies' sting, the flowers prey and the insects chew meat. To a wanderer who may stop to smell the roses they are profane death as his life flutters way like a butterfly. To a warrior who passes they are temptation but not a certain hindrance when fed and hearty. In the middle of the garden lies a temple fit to be called a palace, a palace with no queens, no princes or princesses and no servants. No being other than a terrible creature, one of mass destruction. A horrible mortal part butcher, part mathematician and in part a remarkably gifted botanist. And he is just as well the high priest of Satan's temple. A monk he may be called, a monk that kills in the name of botany. A monk that surrounds himself with a sheet of riddles, the subjects who go right get free passage, the ones who don't get a free fall to the underworld. Warriors sharp as needles, proud as kings and swift as light have perished over the ages in advent of his demise. Yet failure miserably engulfed them into history. Armies never seem to make past the baroque embankment. What makes the chase interesting is that you are allowed to quit at any point. And yet the price you pay is all on chance. Probability statistics. He looks out the window and smiles. You may leave as a whole alive poisoned with a curse your future generations would carry or you may leave as a beetle with no legs and no wings. Or if he desired a show he could just throw you into the air. Where you land if you do or whether you land in bits or in competence is once again probability. If you were in for disaster you might beeline to the honeycombed snake pit with holes the size of your genitals. If you have a sword that would be the most likely trance you would be encountered in difference being you would hear the hiss of the Lilith rather than dance in the bites of her progeny tykes. The latter would bite tissues of you based on a pattern. The former would be slower and the chunks bitten off bigger. More time to guess the pattern. But a death more profound, more felt. However, there is hope. You could easily go off unscathed. But once again if you

were bathed in honey or nectar or anything sweet, would not the butterflies feast you with more than merely large eyes? If you do however answer correctly you will be let in. The first thing welcoming you would be a stone statue; The statue of his God, sitting in the middle of a fountain starring you with eyes brimming with the enticement of the oncoming sport and a sickly wicked stain of a smile. Flowing through the feather of his hat would be a liquid. Whether it is holy water, liquor, elixir, acid, energy giving potions or poison disguised as any of the above is dependent on the position of the sun and the day of the year, either way



Ajay Kumar

no point drinking it. The fountain also houses the Lilith. If you are lucky enough you may see the tail. If you are not, it may sense your sight. As a blind snake the moment it does, it will attempt to rip your eyes out to see if they fit her holes right. Across the statue lays a door, a wooden door that creaks as you enter it. Knocking makes no difference. As you enter it, you discover another series of doors, doors that lead inevitably to a creature. No one knows what those doors hold. Each one produces a different sound. But the last one, the one across the one you just entered holds the Vycus. The master of it all. He can give life and he can take it. At the door of his haven is engraved "One who dies just the once fights better than one who has not died at all."

Hence if he pities you after you are dead he may just take you back to time to when you were at the gates of his household. You turn back you see nothing but a dark void. You go forward, the flowers, the riddles and the doors let you pass without question so you may spar him. You get a second life so he may snatch it again. The fight for that second life is what he drives pleasure from. If you ever believed that one who saved you only wanted to kill you, you were right.

The Vycus is like an obese man. More than a few extra pounds and a stomach the size of an elephant characterize him. He is half giant. The Lilith perches around his neck before the fight starts. The Lilith is actually just a normal water snake he feeds the wrong plants to on intention. It leads to permanent blindness, the size of an anaconda and venom stronger than the sum of the venoms of all poisonous creatures including scorpions and plants coexisting in one reptile. And a constant dose of the orchid that houses the strain. He uses it as his hook to pull you near him as and when he desires. He is slow with his slaughter and his movement but that is no reason for consolation. The moment he wishes to end it he would give the snake one last bait before he would ask it to leave. The one last bait would be you. On command, the snake would spew venom just enough to blind and paralyze you and then slithering leave. Once done he would start rotting himself. He would slash his own body with an axe starting at the stomach. And that stomach that looked so helpless would initially fill your nostrils with a smell so toxic, so pungent so as to burn every inch of your body. The pain would be unbearable and would last till what you thought was your death. After a few minutes your sight would return and you would see the most revolting thing you would have ever seen. Your skin would beg to start unfeeling. Your eyes would wrench you to close them. He settles on top of you as you try to scramble out. Goopy liquid and blood covers you everywhere. The rottenness starts digesting you. In a while he moves away to admire his own piece of art. All that is to be seen is a display of blacks, reds and icky greens. The blood is his. The goo is his. The black tar is you, all that's left of you. He is still bleeding and will till all the blood in his body runs out. Once that happens, the wizards visit him and restore him. It's when he starts rotting is he the most vulnerable. Its only when he rots is he killable.

Relevance here is that he is the Wizards' battle axe. Their executioner you may call him. Everything brains and magic can't counter he can. Most of it that magic can encounter, he can too. For centuries the wizards have lazed in peace as he did their dirty work. Losing him will not be a handicap to them but letting him live will be a fatal fetus to us. He holds their fury. He is their divinity. He is their primal object of fear, their one most sought after and most used weapon. If we do somehow pawn him, they will come at us with all their might which I presume is enough to evaporate us alone but there will be less to fear. Also the moment he dies, the trumpets are sounded. Hopefully the other wolves and a few other clans will pact with us. But this one price has to be paid. No matter how many of us die, this creature has to be slain. This creature I talk about is human, a mortal. So he can be killed. He could have immortality if he wished but he wishes to be slain. This wish of his is what we will fulfill.



Siddharth Kumar
Alumnus, 2010

तीन कहावियाँ और तीन हिन्दुस्तान

दृश्य एक :-

सुबह -सुबह जल्दी उठना मेरे लिये तभी संभव होता है जब मैं रेलगाड़ी से यात्रा करता हूँ। सुबह के 5.30 बजे थे मैं खिड़की के बाहर हिन्दुस्तान देख रहा था। ऐसे मौकों पर कई बार मैं खुश कभी भावुक तो कभी-कभी दुःखी भी हो जाता हूँ। करीब ६ बजे गाड़ी एक छोटे से स्टेशन पर रुकी।

एक हट्टा - कट्टा सा भिखारी डिब्बे में चढ़ा। देखकर मेरा मन हुआ उसे पकड़ कर दो-चार रसीद कर दूँ। आखिर वही किया जो कर सकता था अपने पास सो रहे दोस्त को उठाया और कहा - “ ये देख नमूना ! ऐसे लोगों से हिन्दुस्तान की ये हालत है। अच्छा भला है पर इसे काम नहीं करना मोंगर दो वक्त की रोटी तो मिल ही जायेगी।” वो भी हँस पड़ा था। पता नहीं किस पर शायद मेरी ओवर रिएक्टिंग पर। तभी गौद में बच्चा लिये एक औरत घड़ी और पूरे डिब्बे में एक सफेद पची बाँट दी। मैंने सोचा इसे फ्रिटिंग करवाने और दरबंद होकर धूमने में वो भी इतने छोटे बच्चे के साथ क्या मिल रहा। सब एक-एक रुपये देगे वो भी नहीं देने वाले आये लोग तो। इससे अच्छा तो चार घरों में सुबह - शाम धौका -बर्तन कर लेती। अब तक



Rajeev Nandan

सोचने के क्रम में मैंने वो पची न जाने कितनी बार मोड़ दी थी। उसने एक झटके से पची छीन ली मेरे हाथ से - “ देने को एक रुपये देगा, पची क्यों मोड़ दी, आ कभी बरकत नहीं मिलेगी। ”

साधू वेश में एक भिखारी खिड़की के बाहर से माँग रहा था -

“सर, बस एक रूपया दे दो। सिर्फ एक रूपया चाहिये। किसी ने कोई हरकत नहीं की। ” वो भन्नाता हुआ निकला” क्या यार, एक रूपया नहीं। ” इतने में एक लंगड़ा सा लड़का पिसटता हुआ आया। शरीर पर तो कुछ नहीं पर हाथों में एक कपड़ा था। मैंने दया के भाव से हाथों में एक रूपया रख दिया। उसने पैसे वापस करते हुये कहा - “सर, अभी डिब्बे की सफाई नहीं की है। अभी साफ करके आता हूँ, फिर पैसे इकट्ठे करूँगा। ” वो पिसटता हुआ आगे निकल गया। मैं देर तक उस एक रूपये के सिकके से अपने -आप में चित-पट्ट (हेड-टेल) खेलता रहा।

दृश्य दो:-

“यार, तू भी अभी मेट्रोपोलिटन लाइफ में सेटल नहीं हो पाया है। देख तो तेरी सूरत कैसी दिख रही है। सिगरेट के धुँएँ और एल्कोहल की गंध से डिस्को भीग रहा था। यों तो स्मोकिंग और ड्रिंकिंग में कालेज से ही करता आ रहा था। पर यहाँ के माहौल में शाट -स्कर्ट्स में झूमती लड़कियों को देखकर मैं सच में अनकम्फर्टेबल महसूस कर रहा था।

“ ऐसे एक्सप्रेसन्स ना दे भाई। चल इधर आ जा। ” फिर हम-दोनों ने खूब पिया।

“ देख वो लड़की जिसके हेयर गोल्डन हैं, वो मुझे पसन्द है।

बात करूँ क्या ! ! ”

“क्यूँ भला ?” मैंने पूछा

“ अरे यार तू भी ना। कोई घर थोड़ी ले जा रहा हूँ उसे, बात ही तो कर रहा हूँ। ”

बस पाँच मिनट के अंदर दोनों में क्या बाते हुईं, दोनों एक दूसरे की कमर थाम घूमने लगे। मैं नशे में एक्सप्रेसन्स भी ठीक -ठीक नहीं दे पा रहा था। मैंने जोर से एक ठहाका लगा दिया। बस मुझ जैसे कुछ नये लोगों को छोड़कर सभी किसी न किसी के साथ डिस्को से बाहर निकल रहे थे। उनकी हरकतें देखकर मुझे अजीब भी नहीं लग रहा था। शायद नशे का असर था।

हम दोनों “तीसरी” के साथ डिस्को से बाहर आये। और उस रात भी मैंने फ्लैट की चाबी उसके हवाले कर दी और खुद एक दोस्त के यहाँ निकल गया। सड़कें खाली थीं। नशे में भी दिल-दिमाग पर बस यही सोच हावी हो रही थी, क्या ऐसी बातों से ही मेट्रोपोलिटन लाइफ परिभाषित होती है।

“ अचानक ऐसा लगा सड़क के दोनों तरफ खड़े हर अपार्टमेंट की दीवार पारदर्शी काँच में तब्दील हो गईं। और मैं रास्ते भर नंगी आवाजें सुनता रहा। ”

दृश्य तीन:

'मियाँ कैसी बातें करते तुम !! अल्लाह ने कुरान से पहले ईमान फरमाया अपने बन्दी को। इबादत, शरीयत और नमाज से भी पहले जो निहायत ही जरूरी चीज है वो है - ईमान।' " सफेद पायजामे और सफेद बर्दा वाला कज़ी से दिख रहे बुजुर्ग ने समझाया। सभी ने हाथी भरी पूरे डिब्बे में अस्सी प्रतिशत मुसलमान भाई सवार थे, जैसे सभी एक साथ कहीं जा रहे हों। पूछने पर पता चला पूरा दल यार्मिक मस्जिदों का था जो जामा मस्जिद में किसी जलसे में शामिल होने के बाद अब " हासन " जा रहा था।

" हासन ... !! आप सभी एक ही जगह जा रहे हैं ? " उनकी बातों में शामिल होने के लिये मैंने वूँ ही एक सवाल पूछ लिया। कंपार्टमेंट में बैठे नौजवान बुजुर्गों से तर्क कर रहे थे- " अच्छा अगर ईमान और इबादत अल्लाह को इतने ही अनजान हैं तो क्या इंसान और कुछ न करे, तकनीक और तालीम की कोई अहमियत नहीं है ? " बात ठीक थी। मैं नौजवान की तर्किकता से प्रभावित हो गया। हालाँकि वह पारंपरिक परिधान में था, घुटनों से थोड़ा नीचे तक पायजामा, सफेद, कुर्ता और सिर पर टोपी थी। सभी के साथ चंचल नमाज भी पढ़ी थी, ये मैंने देखा था। परंतु सोच में आधुनिकता थी और यही मुझे प्रभावित कर गया।

बुजुर्ग ने कहा - " बेटा, अल्लाह की इच्छा ये नहीं कि इंसान अपने काम छोड़कर इबादतगृह में बैठ जाय। हर काम में अल्लाह की इबादत है। अगर काम सही ईमान से किया जाये। ईमान को कड़ा करो और काम में लगे रहो। " मुसलसल ईमान " है और यही बंदगी है। " रात के दस बजने वाले थे। मैं इतनी अच्छी और तर्किक बातें सुनकर गदगद था और सोने की तैयारी करने लगा।

..... अचानक रात के तीन बजे मेरी नींद खुली जब दूर के कंपार्टमेंट से थिल्लाने की आवाज आई। अँधेरे में कुछ देख नहीं पा रहा था पर एक नौजवान किसी बूड़े पर चिल्ला रहा था। और बार-बार माझी से बाहर फेंक देने की धमकी दे रहा था। मुझे अन्दर ही अन्दर बुरा लगा पर बाकी लोगों की तरह मैंने भी हिलने तक की कोशिश नहीं की। बातें थक जाय अचानक से सुनी तो ऐसा लगा जैसे उस नौजवान ने पास सोयी किसी लड़की को छेड़ने की कोशिश की होगी जिस पर मुझे भी आकर बुजुर्ग ने उसे एक धपड़ मार दिया था। तभी उस लड़के ने बूड़े को गालियाँ देनी शुरू कर दी। पर बूड़ा चुप रहा। कोई भी ऐसा नहीं था जो गालियाँ देने से उसे रोकता। वह नौजवान जान बूझकर गन्दे अन्दाज में बूड़े की बेटी को धट्टी गालियाँ दे रहा था। और इतनी बार दुहरा रहा था कि मुझे अपने कानों पर हाथ रखना पड़ा।

तभी उस कंपार्टमेंट में बत्ती जली। आँखें मेरी अब भी खुली थी। उम्र और समय के दो अलग-अलग किनारों पर खड़े दोनों चेहरे मैंने देखे। दोनों चेहरों को मैं पहचान गया। सारा दिन उनकी बातें सुनी थी मैंने। मैंने आँखें मूंद लीं। मेरे अंदर वो दोहराई जा रही गाली गूँजती रही और मैं चादर तान कर सो रहा था।



Rachita Bansal
EEE, 3rd Year

Don't Judge Others Judge Yourself

"The first reaction of a human being after committing a mistake is searching for a scape goat. Judge thyself. Understanding and conquering oneself is the first and the most important step towards perfection."

There's a tale of the conscientious wife who tried very hard to please her ultra-critical husband but failed regularly. He was always at his cantankerous best at the breakfast table. If the eggs were served scrambled, he wanted them poached; if the eggs were poached, he wanted them scrambled. One morning, with what she thought was a stroke of genius, the wife poached one egg and scrambled the other and placed the plate before him. Anxiously awaiting what surely this time would be his unqualified approval, he peered down at the plate and snorted, "Can't you do anything right, woman? You've scrambled the wrong one!"

While penning down these random thoughts, I often wonder why 'criticize' or 'Judge' others, when you already have a complicated life of your own which needs much care and repair. While it is true that some criticism helps, generally called constructive criticism, most of the criticism is destructive. In the present era of cut throat competition where people tend to lose their values and beliefs, their ethics, criticism covers only one aspect, destruction, which is not only emotional but in some cases may lead to the complete demolition of one's self confidence and morale. Long gone are the days where people passed judgments on others for the latter's benefit giving them scope for improvements and ameliorations. Jealousy, sarcasm and black humour envelope us in all spheres of life.

"The tongue is a knife that can kill without oozing out blood." Lord Buddha had once enlightened all. I am sure anyone would fail to disagree. Words have often been compared to an arrow that has been released from the bow. Once one slips, it can't be retracted nor can the harm be undone. As one goes up the hierarchy, it becomes very painful to swallow the words back with grace.

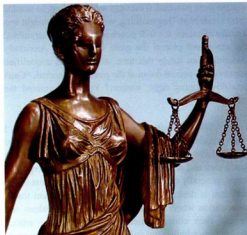
"Judge not, lest you be so fearful of judgment that you can hardly breathe."

- Paul Williams

Not the idea of this quote, but the interpretation and its,

consequent implementation in life is what we need to work upon. To assess is easy, to judge is easier, to pass a comment is the easiest but to stand on the other side of the shore facing it is no piece of cake. We look at some little matter in another person's life and criticize him for it while ignoring a much worse sin in our own life. Before we get too involved in correcting others, we need to save time for ourselves to have an insight to our own life. There is no hidden felicity in criticizing others because one day it will backfire.

While discussing this we also need to look at the term "judgement" from the recipient's point of view. Why worry about others evaluating us? Judgement by our folks



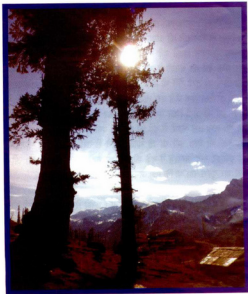
might be logical but apprehending about every passing individual, whom we may never meet again, who are just people sounds absurd to me. I mean common give yourself some credit.

One of Aesop's fables tells of an old man and his son bringing a donkey to the market. Passing some people on the way, they hear one remark, "Look at that silly pair—walking when they could be riding comfortably." The idea seemed sensible to the old man, so he and the boy mounted the donkey and continued on their way. Soon they passed another group. "Look at that lazy pair," said a voice, "breaking the back of that poor donkey, tiring him so that no one will buy him." The old man slid off, but soon they heard another criticism from a passerby: "What a terrible thing, this old man walking while the boy gets to ride." They changed places, but soon heard people

whispering, "What a terrible thing, the big strong man riding and making the little boy walk." The old man and the boy pondered over the situation and finally continued their journey in yet another manner, carrying the donkey on a pole between them. As they crossed the bridge, the donkey broke loose, fell into the river, and drowned. Aesop's moral: You can't please everyone.

It's strange how people follow public opinion however irrational it might be. Ignorance, an inferiority complex or sometimes even wisdom make people follow the crowd. We live each day once and every day is a unique experience. They say life is all about making choices, it's choices we regret the most not compulsion. While we are free to choose our actions, we are not free to choose the consequences of our actions and the choice we make are ultimately our own responsibility.

It's not judging others that would make the world a better place. On the other hand, it sprouts hatred and sometimes makes a villain out of a hero. Charity begins at home. We must judge ourselves and think positive. Optimism is a way of life. It reflects in our daily life. Be passionate about your life. Think right n do right. We shall thus strive for a positive mental attitude and make every word count towards the building of a happy and healthy society.



Amam Pundir



Anshul Thakur
ECE, Final Year

अर्धसत्य

“ वक्रव्यूह में घुसने के बाद, मेरे और वक्रव्यूह के बीच,
सिर्फ एक जानलेवा विकटता थी, इसका मुझे पता ही ना चलेगा। ”

कह दूँ आज के पत्थर की लकीर हो,
कल मिट जाये तो अचरज क्यूँ ?
लक्ष्मण रेखा खींचने वाले ने भी न सोचा था,
बाबा तुशणायें प्रवेश न कर पायें,
मन विचलित कर रक्षित के कवच भेद देता है ॥

मस्तिष्क रेखाएं खींच ले असंख्य,
मन उल्लंघन आतुर है,
चोट लगी थी कभी बीते कल में,
अब तो युग बीत चले होंगे,
शायद, इस बार कुछ अलग हो जाये।।

फिर उन पुराने जख्मों को कुरेदने का मन हो आया है,
देखें अब भी दर्द कि वाही तपिश बाकी हो ?
कैसे अँधेरे थे वे, जिन में दफन हो जाने की चाह थी,
शायद पीछे छूट गये हैं वह अँधेरे,
आज बाहर से उनकी गहराई नाप कर देखूँ।।

माचिस की लौ में देखा था एक बेहरा,
धूमिल प्रकाश में कभी कुछ उभरता,
फिर अँधेरे में लीन हो जाता था,
छूना चाहा तो एक हँसी छोड़ गया था मेरे हाथों में,
उजाले में आँखें मूंदि वहीं स्पश तलाशता हूँ अब ॥

मेरा दुःख बड़ा ! नहीं, मेरा दुःख बड़ा ! कहते हैं सब,
दुःख को जुवा करने की आदत अब छूट चली है,
हृदय छोटा इसलिये दर्द बड़ा ? अब सहज ही रहता हूँ,
देखो फिर से उन्हीं अनजान गलियों में चल पड़ा हूँ फिर से,
फिर चोट खा जाऊँ तो दर्द क्यूँ हो ?



Rajat Mahajan
MED, Final Year

Why?

“ It is often said, the pen doesn't fear anyone. Whether it is
human tyranny or hardly understood God's actions. The
simplest of all questions- "why", makes God stand in judgment
court. ”

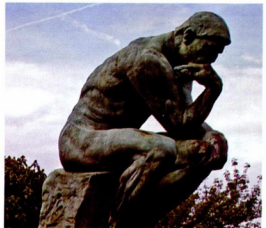
why give this form,
oh god,
if this be so fragile, that
a storm may take it away?

why bless with relations,
if they were meant, always
to end;
so painfully?

why give a face so unique,
that when one is gone,
the eyes that longed for it, see
no more of it?

why give pain,
to the parents who knew,
only how to love;
and no more?

why give this form,
if it were to end,
so suddenly;
without even saying goodbye?



nimbus 2010

ब्रह्मलोक कर्मलोक इंदीरालोक
stripping ideas assembling innovations

12 March-15 march; the technical extravaganza of Nimbus 2010 was unleashed among the technical enthusiasts. The event lasting for four days set ablaze the tinsel town of Hamirpur. It epitomized team work, dedication, perseverance and technical expertise. It provided a chassiss to the students of various premier institutes to be paid off for their sleepless nights.

The mega event was set afloat by Sh. Ashwaghosh Ganju, director SASE, DRDO and Dr T.P Shashikumar. He is a PHD in Fluid Mechanics, professionally related to image processing remote sensing and image patterns, serving simultaneously as an anthropologist, astrologer and a social worker.

Day 1 of Nimbus 2010 was marked by a series of expert lectures and competitions. The day began with the marathon in which students circumscribed the campus. About 250 students of NIT Jalandhar, NIT Kurukshetra and adjoining colleges of Punjab and Himachal Pradesh participated in it. Apart from this there were workshops on 'ethical hacking' and 'web designing'. There was also an expert lecture by Dr Sam Pitroda; chairman National Knowledge Commission and a renowned economist. It was an interactive video conference. At night there was a star gazing event. Telescopes from Jantar Mantar observatory were arranged for this purpose. John C Mather's; American astrophysicist, cosmologist and Nobel Prize in Physics kept oddly 500 B. Tech students at NIT Hamirpur on the night of day one of their technical festival NIMBUS glued to their seats for two hours. He is a Nobel laureate for his work on COBE with George Smoot. COBE was the first experiment to measure **"the black body form and anisotropy of the cosmic microwave background radiation"**. He spoke on the topic **"from Big Bang to the Nobel Prize to the end of the universe"**. His lecture started at 8 p.m. and continued up to 9:40 p.m. on 12th march, 2010.

Day 3 of Nimbus 2010 witnessed the presence of living legend Christopher Benninger; architect of the decade. Raman Magsaysay Awardee and Goldman Environmental awardee, M.C Mehta, too enlightened the students with his talks. The afternoon witnessed the presence of Dr. Archana Sharma; CERN physicist. She is a working physicist on the "Large Hadron Collider" experiment, a mega project to the study of The Big Bang Theory.

The extravaganza concluded with a blast. 15 march 2010, unlike any other days brought with itself a hurricane of rock n roll which swept every single heart of our institute NIT Hamirpur. It was the day where the night witnessed the rollicking performance by one of the finest bands of India- '**Parikrama**'. The band comprised a six member squad including Nitin Malik (lead vocalist), Sonam Sherpa (lead guitarist), Subir Malik (keyboard), Imran Khan (violin). The entire spirit of college gained an impetuous momentum by the 'foot tapping' and 'head banging numbers' the band performed.

The intensity of events, the plethora of distinguished personnel and massive participation from inside and outside the college made the extravaganza a grand success.



अग्रगण्य रंगीत इवेंट्स

nimbus 2010

stripping ideas assembling innovations



back to bedlam...
star gazing...
marathon...
parikrama...



observed
believed
convinced



MT's Choice.....

1. Your take on the fountain opposite Vivekananda Lecture Hall Complex...

- a.** It should have been opposite administrative block.
- b.** A few benches and eating joint will make it complete.
- c.** Administration should look into uninterrupted water supply at hostel first.
- d.** I haven't been that side of the campus.

2. Absolute grading system...

- a.** Hasn't affected me.
- b.** My grades have improved. It's welcome.
- c.** Save me lord! Trahimaam! Trahimaam!
- d.** Only Rajnikant can top the system.

3. Faster processors in the computer center have...

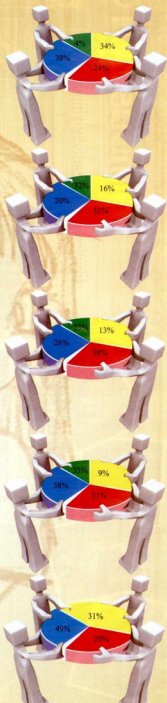
- a.** Improved speed first!
- b.** Facebook and Gtalk run just as before!
- c.** My projects are easier to make.
- d.** Inability to install new software makes it useless for us.

4. A new hostel "Dream Hostel" is coming up...

- a.** I want it to be co-stay hostel.
- b.** I will be out by the time it starts.
- c.** At least it's better than 4H.
- d.** Please give it a net connectivity.

5. Our institute in silver jubilee this year...

- a.** Thanks for the information!
- b.** All the alumini must come together to help improve the institute.
- c.** We have a long way to go.



6. Finally ECE will have its own department...

a. Great, ECE will come in league!

b. Do we need it?

c. Please make sure we can sleep comfortably.

d. Where is it coming up anyways?

7. Speakers on mall road...

a. It's very good they are sturdy and have covered wirings.

b. OAT is still spared!

c. While proposing a girl, I chant Hanuman chalisa.

d. Library extensions give me better privacy!

8. When will Admin Block be fully constructed?

a. When "Bob the builder" is back.

b. I just pray my kids will be able to see the full building.

c. In 2012 when the world ends!

d. Modernization is mother of sustenance.

9. PGH extensions are...

a. Where are they?

b. Please connect it to the Mall Road.

c. I hardly cross that road- I am a "Baba".

d. I vote for Q4 option 1.

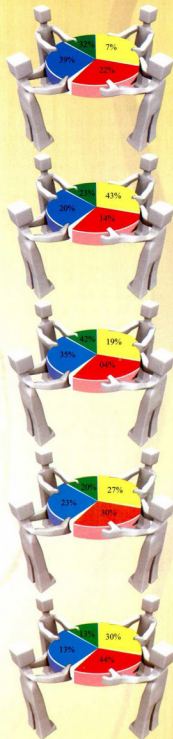
10. The change of Director...

a. MHRD is overall boss and boss is always right.

b. The last director did a fair job. We won't forget him.

c. change is the law of nature..

d. I want that exquisite office!



Bon Voyage

A farewell is necessary before you can meet again. And meeting again, after moments or lifetimes, is certain for those who are friends.

- Richard Bach

Meeting and parting is one of the necessary evils of life. We have to bid adieu to our loved ones at some point of time or the other, only with the hope that we will meet them again. The following lines which I have lifted directly from the last pages of my diary I used to keep during college days, are dedicated to my alma mater, national institute of technology Hamirpur, the indelible impressions it had and will continue to have on my life and most importantly, the indispensable friends I made there.

They say "every good thing must come to an end". We have grown on the wisdom of these great men and take their word for final. We couldn't have asked for anything more from this four-year holiday package called engineering; made some good friends, stole Toothbrush and god knows what else. We visited places, wooed girls, groups, appeared for exams, made crank calls, attended lectures, copied assignments, studied in groups, prepared for placements, celebrated birthdays, kicked each other's



rear, ragged and got ragged, fell for seniors and lady teachers, swore at the warden, watched movies, head banged at blaring music, Slept through the day, gossiped at night. Breaking rules and basking in the glory was often the rule and seldom exception. In a few days, our time here will come full circle. The curtain will be pulled one last time as we'll all prepare for a new dawn.

Dipanjn Mazumdar
Alumnus, 2009

Legend

Deeds done by a few people continue to outlive them. Yogender Singh Yadav is one such name whose name still makes the heart of Pakistan Rangers miss a beat. To say he is a living legend will be an understatement to his bravery.

The Kargil War was one of the strategic wars that India ever fought. Yogender Singh Yadav



18 Grenadiers, in the wee morning hours of 04 July 1999 was part of the Commando 'Ghatak' Platoon tasked to capture three strategic bunkers on Tiger Hill. The approach was a vertical cliff face, snowbound at 16,500 feet. Grenadier Yadav, volunteering to lead the assault, was climbing the cliff face and fixing the ropes for further assault on the feature. Half-way up, an enemy bunker opened up machine gun and rocket fire. His Platoon Commander and 2 others fell to the heavy volume of automatic fire. Realising the enormity of the situation, he continued to scale the sheer cliff face alone through a volley of fire. In spite of having been hit by three bullets in his groin and shoulder, displaying superhuman strength and resolve, he climbed the remaining 60 feet, all by himself and reached the top. With rare grit and courage, he crawled up to the bunker critically injured and lobbed a grenade killing four Pakistani soldiers and neutralising enemy fire. This act was directly instrumental in facilitating the rest of the platoon in climbing up the cliff face.

Grievously injured, but with reckless disregard to personal safety, Grenadier Yadav now charged on to the second bunker and neutralised it, with two of his colleagues in an extremely fierce hand-to-hand combat, killing three Pakistani soldiers. This extraordinarily gallant act motivated the rest of the platoon which quickly traversed the treacherous terrain and braving hostile fire, charged onto the enemy to capture Tiger Hill, a vital objective.



Rohit Chabra
MBA, 1st Year

उड़ाव

देखना चाहता हूँ अब जग कर, पंखों की जान कहाँ तक है।
देखना चाहता हूँ खुद उड़कर, के मेरी उड़ाव कहाँ तक है।

एक लंबी डगर पर चलता हुआ,
कुछ अपनी कुछ उनकी सुनता हुआ,
चला जा रहा हूँ अंजान,
ना जाने ये जहान कहाँ तक है।
देखना चाहता हूँ खुद उड़ कर ,
की मेरी उड़ान कहाँ तक है।।
रात में एक सपना देखा ,
कुछ धुआँ सही पर था अपना,
सपने और सच में फर्क है कितना,
मुझमें पहचान कहाँ तक है।
देखना चाहता हूँ अब उड़ कर ,
पंखों में जान कहाँ तक है।।

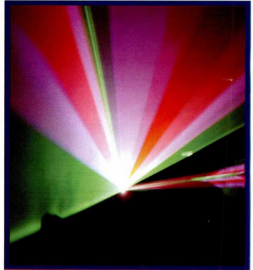


Jaspreet Kaur

फिर ठोकर लगी चलते चलते ,
लहु- लुहान हो चला था मैं,
सपने से बाहर फिर निकल आया,
कुछ सोच समझ फिर चला था मैं,
खुद अपने खून में उबाल कहाँ तक है।

देखना चाहता हूँ अब उड़ कर ,
की मेरी उड़ान कहाँ तक है।।
आज डगर मिल गई है शायद,
खाव छोड़ जग गया हूँ मैं।
निकल पड़ा मंजिल को पाने,
मेरे सच की आस जहाँ तक है।
लड़ता रहूँगा खुद से ऐसे ही
हों मुझमें जान जहाँ तक है।

देखना चाहता हूँ अब जग कर,
पंखों की जान कहाँ तक है।
देखना चाहता हूँ खुद उड़कर,
की मेरी उड़ान कहाँ तक है।
की मेरी उड़ान कहाँ तक है।



Adwitya Patro



1st row : Dr. T. P. Sharma, Dr. N. Chand, Dr. Lalit Kumar awasthi, Prof. R. L. Sharma, Dr. Kamlesh Dutta,

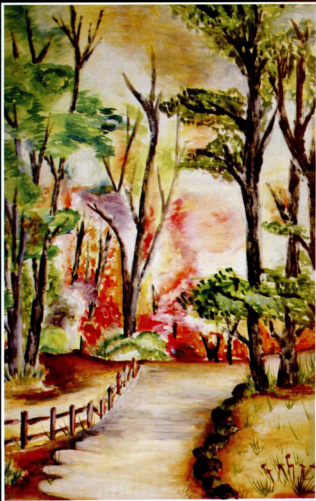
Mr. Naveen Chauhan, Mr. Suneet Gupta

1st row : Sarmishta, Archana, Shilpa, Ambica, Shweta, Anju

2nd row : Rajneesh, Sudhir, Anirudh, Vikas, Praveen, Rajeev, Arnab, Abhisekh

3rd row : An Garg, Pawan, Anchal, Prabhat, Umesh, Abhijeet, Pradeep, Vineet

We all dream of
living in a world of
utopia.
A heightened sense
of joy and clarity of
thought indeed
make life paradise.
Tagore had said,
"Where the mind is
without fear and the
head is held
high....." O Lord!
give me a place
where things are at
perfection and the
road to it without
any obstructions.



By Harjot, Archi, Final Year

The latest feather in the institute's cap on the technical front is the Computer Science and Engineering department. Here, the students can be seen worshipping their sacred rodents and discussing alien ware in a lexicon that justifies the subject. "In short measures, life may perfect be." CSE students believe in the statement heart and soul. Their life starts at 0 and ends at 1.

The department of computer science and engineering boasts of its presence in the campus by mass bunks and the lush green lawns in its vicinity that make many a department jealous. Talking of flora it would be a pity not to mention the giant tree opposite the computer centre which once sheltered Tilak's dhaba when the Institute had just sprouted. No wonder students from this department are mostly found at eating joints as classes are a strict no-no. I was recently informed that a shotgun is the worst tool one can use while playing Counter Strike. They say a computer lets you make mistakes faster than any invention by mankind- with the obvious exception of shotguns and tequila! I ask Him for forgiveness-thrice!

The computer centre which now boasts of highly advanced CPUs and other products of the 0 & 1 algorithms continues to promote Facebook. Hostels have access to internet only in the evenings. We wait for the authorities to realise that internet services are most utilised during office hours. It's good for CSE&D students anyways. Facebook's hiring and having a company profile always proves beneficial! Talking of placements, it was a piece of cake for many (much to the relief of the TPO). When reports last came in almost 60% of the batch was placed with another semester to go.

This year the department added two new "advanced" labs to the already existing Herculean infrastructure. With modular furnishing and a large seating capacity, both the labs need only computers to be functional. The department has many labs where the tech-gurus passionately motivate their students to conquer their dreams. On the educational front, the department has a highly qualified faculty which instils students to exercise their creativity with passion and follow their dreams to success. Various training programs for both the faculty and the students polish their skills alike. Recently, good workshops by IBM and CDAC.

The students of this department are highly motivated towards perfection. They piously believe in, "If at first you don't succeed, call it Version 1."



Dr. Kamlesh Dutta
HOD







Arun Bhardwaj
Alumnus, 1993

Dear Friends,

It is my honor to contribute my thoughts to Srijan 2010-11 as our beloved college celebrates Silver Jubilee of its proud existence in the service of mankind. I was part of the privileged fourth batch (yes - the very first batch that had seniors from all three years to take care of us). My four years in NIT (that time it was REC) had profound impact in my transformation from a school boy to a mature professional. When I say mature, I mean intellectual maturity i.e. realization that one is mature not when he thinks he has learnt it all, but when one realizes that learning is going to be a journey and not a destination. Hence intellectual maturity for me is 'curiosity and capability to learn'. This capability has been of utmost importance in whatever I have achieved over the years.

As I look back to evaluate if life so far has been a



Ajay Kumar

success or not, I have realized that success is not a relative but an absolute phenomenon i.e. success cannot be measured or judged by comparing performance of two individuals. The one who has performed relatively better, may be capable of performing even better, whereas the person who has performed relatively poor - may have outperformed his / her capabilities. Hence we should perceive success as how closely one performs to his / her potential capabilities. A person is on the enlightenment journey when he/she can self-evaluate his/her true potential and identifies the steps to realize it. It is very

important to have a goal; else you would lead Columbus-



Ajay Kumar

ian life. Columbus did not know where he is sailing to; when he reached land - he did not know where he has landed; and probably later he did not know where he has been to. I wish that you will be able to understand your true capabilities, set a goal for yourself in life, and work your way from you are to where you want to be.

If goal provides you the destination, passion is the fuel that you will need to propel through the rough weather you might face along the journey. The birth of passion happens when one understands oneself better. Understanding oneself would mean understanding what is your sense or right or wrong / good or bad, basically realization of what do you stand for. Once someone identifies the driving force within, knows what he / she wants to achieve in life; and has determination to pursue the journey; the passion erupts.

A strong value system is like a skillful navigator - whenever life challenges you with an option (sometimes a very tough one), it is your value system that will help you pick the option aligned with your passion and goal. Value system is what defines who we are. I wish that you will

develop a value system that will contribute to the transformation of this world to be a better place.

You are fortunate that you have your life canvas blank in front of you; and you are in this prestigious institute acquiring skills to paint new horizons on your life-canvas as beautiful as you want it to be. But remember YOU have the onus of picking the right color; and applying them on the canvas of life. I hope and wish that all of you will do your best to create a masterpiece of your own on this precious canvas of your future life.

I wish you success in your journey from where you are - to where you want to be.

Best wishes,

Arun Bhardwaj
(E&C Engineering, 1993 batch)
Director of Business Development &
Global Alliances
Dell Inc. Bangalore, India
www.arunb.com



Abhinab Pradhan
Alumnus

The Lost Home

"The author reminds of the poems of Toru Dutt, highly meaningful and high with melancholy. The poet speaks of the final destination where one and The One are one."

Shawdow prevails, each step fails
My longing for home, my longing for free air
Nothing can take me home
No hope, no prayer
All lost and gone

Children are crying and praying
Where are the Guardian Angels?
Saviors once, mere spectators now
nowhere to be found the men we trusted once.
The cycles of dark and light bring out new shades
in men who now guide.
where are we headed now?

My brothers, sisters where have they gone?
What greener pastures have they sought ?
Lonely mother, lonelier home
Haunting streets, nothing like home
They feign the pain they can't fathom
Shallow, sad, no love for home

The roads shall open
Unshackled I will be soon
I shall rebuild my lost home
Cause there is only one place called home



Alisa Kumar



Manish Bhatt
ECE, Final Year

इस बार बर्फ गिरी तो

“ प्रकृति की लाडली लूसी, पेड़-पौधे, झील-पहाड़ों, बादलों से सीख कर वो बड़ी हुई। कोई शिमला जैसी ही खूबसूरत जगह रही होगी। अब तो बहुत क्राउड हो गया है शिमला। जब मैं खुद स्टूडेंट थी तब इतनी भीड़ नहीं हुआ करती थी। वक्त कैसे लड़कता है पता ही नहीं चलता ... ”

(i)

दिसंबर के महीने में शिमला ट्रांसफर, इस बार नया साल कड़ाके की ठंड में गुजरने वाला है। युनिवर्सिटी में कुछ जाने पहचाने चेहरे तो अब भी होंगे वहाँ ... मैं बहुत एक्साइटेड हो रही हूँ ... पहले यहीं पढ़ती थी, अब यहीं पढ़ाने पहुँच गयी। चार तारीख की रिपोर्टिंग है, इंग्लिश डिपार्टमेंट के विभागाध्यक्ष अब भी प्रोफेसर चन्देल हैं ही। अपनी फेवरिट स्टूडेंट को फिर से वहीं देखकर कितना खुश होंगे कैसे कहा करते थे, “ कनुप्रिया ! मेरी 'ओ हेनरी' लौटायी नहीं तुमने अब तक, ” और मैं उन्हें हमेशा टरका दिया करती, “ सर कुछ ही पेज बाकी हैं, जल्दी लौटा दूँगी। ” अब कि बार उनकी 'ओ हेनरी' लौटा ही दूँगी।



Ajay Kumar

तीन तारीख को ही मैं युनिवर्सिटी पहुँच गई। विपिंग किलो के पेड़ वेलकम करते हुये अब भी उतने ही खूबसूरत लगते हैं जितने तब लगते थे जब, मैं स्टूडेंट थी, कैपस में अभी नये फूड -कोर्टस खुल गये हैं। इंग्लिश डिपार्टमेंट के पास ही, अब खूब चाय पीया करूँगी। कैपस में गाड़ियाँ भी बहुत हो गई हैं। पहले तो गिनी चुनी हुआ करती थी। सलवार-सूट पहनने वाली लड़कियों की जगह अब जींस टॉप पहनी लड़कियों ने ले ली है। सीधे चंपू बाल बनाने वाले लड़के कहीं खो गये हैं। बारह सालों में सब कुछ कितना बदल सा गया है।

(ii)

वेलकम डे पर सब लोगों ने मेरा खूब स्वागत किया। कुछ ने शॉल पहनायी तो कुछ ने फूलों का बुके दिया, मेरी युनिवर्सिटी में दूसरी

पारी शुरू हो गई है, सिक्का स्टूडेंट नोटबुक से टीवर्स अटेंडेंस शीट की ओर पलट गया है। शिमला में दिसम्बर अब भी उतना ही सुन्दर है।

कल वर्सिवर्स की हीरोइन लूसी के बारे में अपनी क्लास को बता रही थी। प्रकृति की लाडली लूसी, पेड़-पौधे, झील-पहाड़ों, बादलों से सीख कर वो बड़ी हुई। कोई शिमला जैसी ही खूबसूरत जगह रही होगी। अब तो बहुत क्राउड हो गया है शिमला। जब मैं खुद स्टूडेंट थी तब इतनी भीड़ नहीं हुआ करती थी। वक्त कैसे लड़कता है पता ही नहीं चलता स्टूडेंट्स में कम्युनिज्म का केज हुआ करता था तब दिल्ली जाते थे जे. एन. यू. में मोशियॉन्स लगाने। फेवरिबल के दिन क्याम बिना कोट पहने आ गया था अकेला ही होगा बिना कोट के वो कहता था जब मजदूर कोट नहीं पहन सकते तो मैं क्यों पहनूँ। जिस दिन वो अपने कोट खरीदने लायक कमा सकेगा, मैं भी कोट पहन लूँगी।

(iii)

अब इंग्लिश डिपार्टमेंट के चेहरे बूढ़े हो गये हैं। प्रोफेसर चंदेल अब भी खाली वक्त में फीज, गालिब, और साहिर को पढ़ते हैं। कहते हैं मेरे वतन की भाषा तो यही है, अंग्रेजी में मुझे रस नहीं भाता, बस रोटी के लिये इंग्लिश डिपार्टमेंट पकड़ा हुआ है। मैं उनकी 'ओ हेनरी' लौटाने गयी तो बोले “कनुप्रिया देखो गालिब ने नशे में भी क्या बात कह दी है-

“ कहां महखाने का दरवाजा और कहां वाइज, बस इतना जानते हैं कि कल वो जाते थे और हम निकले ”

मैं मुस्कुरा कर मिसेज कालिंदी के पास आकर बैठ गयी, वो सात साल से वहीं पढ़ा रही है। एक छोटी बेटी है उनकी -अनन्या, पति एच. ए. एस. हैं। इसी कालेज के पास आउट हैं। कसौली में उनका मायका है, बहुत बोलती है वो, अपने बारे में काफी कुछ बता चुकी है मुझे, मुझसे बोलने लगी- “ कनुप्रिया जी, आपने तो यहीं से डिग्री ली है ना, अपने कुछ किस्से बताइये ना ” ।

क्या बात बताती उन्हें, वही छात्रसंघ चुनाव, लाल रंग का जोश, शेर -ओ-शायरी के दौर यहीं बातें बताने लगी तो बोली -“ ये क्या ठंडी बातें बता रही हैं आप ; कुछ इश्क मुहब्बत के चर्चे सुनाइये; दिल अचानक से बोल उठा - 'श्याम तेरा संस्मरण तो होना ही था। ”

पीले रंग की फेनमेन की भौतिकी की किताब लिये घूमने वाले

तुम मेरे राज, मेरे सूरज सुहाग के अखंड पुनीत तेजपुंज, मेरे दुख, मेरे सुख, मेरी विजय, मेरी हार, मेरी खोज, मेरी उपलब्धि, मेरी आराधना, मेरी तन्मयता, मेरे उदात्त विराग, मेरे गहनतम नशे और खुमार के चरम अंतरंग संगी, मेरे अर्थ, मेरी जिस्म की पुकार, मेरी हर कल्पना के आधार और लक्ष्य; मेरे सब कुछ तो तुम ही थे।

(iv)

मिसेज कालिंदी से मैंने कहना शुरू किया, कॉलेज में हम साथ पढ़ते थे। एक बार चाट के टेले पर मेरे पास छुट्टे पैसे नहीं थे। वो वहीं पर खड़ा था तो उससे मांग कर दे दिये। सांबला रंग, बाल सामने से पीछे की ओर किये हुये, गठा हुआ छः फीट शरीर, धनी भी दोनों आपस में जुड़ती हुई, चेहरे पर छोटे-छोटे बाल, दमदार मोटी आवाज... सफेद कमीज, पहली बार ऐसे मुलाकात हुई थी और फिर कब प्यार की खुमारी चढ़ी पता ही नहीं चलता। वक्रे गुजरता गया और मैं उनके करीब आते गयी। सब कुछ उस पर न्यौछावर कर दिया... प्यार, सम्मान, बचपना, क्रोध, नखरे, काम, सपने, भावनायें, दिन-रात, बरसात, धूप सब कुछ।

अपना धर्म, अपना सनातन, अपना वर्ण सब कुछ उसे ही समझ लिया। प्यार आता है तो बेवकूफियां भी साथ लाता है। सर्वियों में अंगीठी जब बुझानी होती थी तो मैं पानी डाल के बुझा देती थी। ऐसे ही एक बार जलता हुआ कोयला उसके हाथ पर भी दे मारा था मैंने। कहा था याद रखना मेरे प्यार का जन्म है।

(v)

शिमला में बर्फ के फाहे गिरने शुरू हो गये। कालिंदी ने चाय पकौड़े का आर्डर दे दिया, सब ओर गिरते श्वेत-शुद्ध बर्फ के टुकड़े, मैं श्याम के छायलों में खो गयी।

“हर इतवार दोपहर को वो रजनीगंधा के फूल लिये मेरे कमरे पर आ जाता था। ताजे मदहोश नशीले फूल, मेरे कमरे की दीवार साक्षी बनती हमारे प्यार की जिस पर अपने दोनों हाथ टिका कर उनके बीच वो मेरी सलवटे कैंद कर लिया करती। उसकी उतरती चढ़ती श्वासों की गरमी मुझे छू कर उसकी खुमारी में जला दिया करती। अपनी हथेलियों से वो मेरे उड़ते बिखरते रेशमी बालों को कानों के पीछे बांध देता था। धीरे से उसकी उंगलियां मेरे गालों पर फिसलती और मेरी मूंदी हुई आंखें उसके अघरों का स्पर्श महसूस करती, चुन्बनों का सैलाब सा आ जाता। मेरी आंखें, मेरा मस्तक, मेरे गाल, मेरी टुडडी और फिर जिन अघरों पर खिलने वाली मुस्कान का वो दीवाना था। उन्हें वो अपने अघरों के बीच भर लेता, हमारी श्वास, हमारी धड़कनें रोमांच से अभिभूत हो भागभाग मचाने लगती, उसकी शरारती उंगलियां मेरी हर कोशिश से गुजरते हुई मुझे बेहोश सी कर देती। बालों से भरी हुई उसकी छाती मेरे कोमल वक्ष को उश्मा प्रदान करती। पैकेट-दर-पैकेट उससे उश्मा मुझमें स्थानान्तरित होती रहती, मेरे हृदय पर, मेरे होठों पर मेरे रोम-रोम पर

वो सारे नशीले खेल खेलता और फिर हम दोनों विलय हो जाते, एक दूसरे में, तब वो अपनी प्रेम कवितायें सुनाता मुझे -

“मय के सौ प्यालों से नहीं बुझती प्यास कुछ भी,
हुजूर, नशा तो महबूब की शोख आंखों में है।”

चाय आ गयी थी। मिसेज कालिंदी ने मुझे ख्वाबों से जगाया - “चाय पी लिये ये मैडम। कहाँ खो गयी आप?” मैं मुस्कुरा दी, उन्हें आगे की कहानी बताने लगी। श्याम और मेरे बीच प्यार की पुरवाइयां खूब चलीं। उस दौरान गुलाब के फूल कुछ ज्यादा ही खिला करते थे। पर एक दिन तो फूलों को सूखना ही होता है ना। डिग्री खत्म होने को आई तो वह दिल्ली चला गया सिविल सर्विसेज की तैयारी करने और मैंने मास्टर्स ज्वाइन कर लिया। उन दिनों मोबाइल फोन नहीं हुआ करते थे और न ही सस्ती एस. टी. डी. काल दरें। नशा जल्द ही उतर गया वो कहा करता था “तेरी यादों में नहीं जीवूंगा मैं, तेरी यादें जीयेगी मुझमें।”

“..... बस इतनी है कहानी और सार यह है कि पहला इश्क भुलाये नहीं भूलता। आप घर कैसे जायेंगी ऐसे मौसम में?” उन्हें फोन कर दिया है आते ही होंगे मुझे लेने। आप रुकिये मैं स्टॉफ रूम से बैग ले आती हूँ।

“मैं फिर गम चाय की चुस्कियों में खो गई। कुहरे की परत मोटी होती जा रही है। ठंड बढ़ गई है अब शायद खूब बर्फ गिरेगी, स्टूडेंट कपल कितनी खुशी में भोग रहे हैं। सच, बारिश प्रेम की खूब सीगात लाती है। पीछे के इस बर्फीले मौसम में जब सारे पेड़ सूख गये हैं तब प्रेम के वृक्ष में भर-भर कर फूल खिले हैं।

बरसती पहने सामने से एक जाना पहचाना सा चेहरा आता दिखाई दिया

“श्याम! आप!”

“कनूप्रिया! यहाँ?”

“अभी-अभी अंग्रेजी की प्रवक्ता नियुक्त हुई हूँ।”

मिसेज कालिंदी बैग लेकर पहुंची ही थी।

“कनूप्रिया जी, मीट हियर, माई हसबैंड”

मैंने हाथ मिलाने के लिये आगे बढ़ाया तो उस जाने-पहचाने हाथ पर जलने का निशान अब भी बाकी था।

सच प्यार के घाव कड़वे हों या मीठे कभी नहीं जाते।



Richa Mishra
EEE, 3rd Year

True Happiness

"One of the prime questions we ask ourselves- are we happy? Generations of hermits and philosophers have spent their lives trying to find the eternal question's answer. Richa gives us some fodder for thought in this regard"

We have advanced greatly technologically and there is a noteworthy difference in the standard of living and facilities that we enjoy today. Everybody is busy thinking about ways to make profits and be successful, which is not wrong. The main motto is to attain the best in every field and grow powerful as rapidly as possible. But in this rat race the basic spirit of life has somewhat faded. We tend to sideline the emotions, feelings and to speak strongly even humanity. The cost of this progress is not very easy to pay.

After having progressed in so many walks of life, I don't think the actual meaning of success and progress is



Rajeev Nandan

understood to all. Anything accomplished at the cost of anyone's happiness is not at all valuable. Although there are a number of ways to know about the achievements one makes in the course of work but the true standards that measure these are happiness and contentment. Being humanistic is the first and the foremost requirement. There are a number of incidences happening everyday every hour where people become so self centered that they become so inconsiderate of others and sometimes even of the people who love them and whom they love back.

Sometimes the situation seems very appealing but when one goes deep into the roots he realizes that the actual situation is way different from what it actually seemed. It is not new to know about people who are veterans of their fields but are not at all satisfied. The increasing number of suicidal attempts in the fashion industry is one big example

supporting this. It is the greatest irony and a matter of sympathy. The pain of being surrounded by a number of people and yet being a loner, must be very appalling.

In a lecture delivered by Dr. C. V. Raman at a University convocation, he emphasized greatly on that at any stage in life the most important thing is to be able to appreciate nature and find happiness even in the most petite things. But in today's world I guess people are lost in making their business. Its just me my family and my friends. None of us has time to sit and actually appreciate the beautiful world around us. We don't realize how important can it be to us. Whenever a person is low or has an urge to share something he first wants to go into the laps of mother nature. To me watching the waves rising high is the most wonderful thing. They have the capability of taking away your tensions, the rising sun makes u realize it's a new day. You have got another 24 hours to make your dream true. The falling sun tells you that I am going and taking away all your worries for the day. Though I don't tell anybody to be lost in the encomium of nature but yes it is very important to stay connected to those things in life that bestow upon you the most innocent smiles ,especially, when they are needed desperately in the toughest of hours.

In the busy life, we have forgotten to celebrate the occasion of being humans. Finding happiness is a tough task to do now. There are many things in life that are of no merit to others but these tiny things have the capacity to lam all fraught and make us winners all over again. To look at the appreciation of nature, it is, indeed, important to reflect on the beauty around us. All these elements in life have the capacity to keep us going and in the state of perils so that the spirit in us does not perish and keeps fighting. Wealth is not the true unit to measure one's magnitude of happiness but True happiness can be found deep inside us.

Richa Mishra hailing from Shimla and is an extremely jovial and happy person. She is well known for fighting with Shobit Mahajan is every NIMBUS. Few of her dare fighting acts were witnessed by Mr. M. C. Mehta himself.



Priyanka Attri
ECE, 3rd Year

Woman Mighty Is Thy Name

“God made woman and sent her to this place which became- mother earth. She is respectful in each and every role she plays. Whether its sister, mother or lover.”

Stroll through a posh locality in the evening, you'll find yourself in an ambience of fragrance of scents. A half clad angelic form whisks by your side—ruddy cheeks, ruby lips, flamboyant attire, curly locks, poignant eyes and all curves exposed slyly. Her fantastic sight arouses the ogler in you. You have to glance at her, you may mean it stealthily. But it must register with her or else you've treaded on her corns. After all what for has she appraised herself before the mirror for an hour? Just to entice her



By : Harjot

Romeos.... Be courteous to her for she is 'Eve', the temptress of Adam.

The Adam in man is inherent. He has not turned his eyes from the temptress. In this machismo culture, women remains a commodity well adorned individually, well placed in the showcase of social showroom-a figure to

be had- merely an thing to satisfy man's passions. She is meant to be kept confined to heart and home. She is ordained to remain in his ambit. Her tragedy is that she has accepted her role nay she is coquettish about it. Cosmetics are her life buoys. Tempting and enticing man is her perpetual interest at the same time lambasting man for his masculine culture is her pet hobby-what a paradox.

There is a notion that the status of women has undergone an overhauling in the past few decades. Names of various eminent women are cited to justify this notion. But does this advocate the fact that women enjoy a respectable position in this machismo world? All this is a mere hoax. The words of William Shakespeare "Frailty thy name is women" have left a permanent etching on my thought process. Such contemptuous remarks were again echoed by Khushwant Singh who referred women as a 'perpetual parasite' on male from the cradle to the grave—on a father before tying a nuptial knot, on a husband as a better half and on son as the 'evening' of her life.

How can one doubt on the strength of a woman, knowing that, even as a neonate she did endure the shock given by her own 'not- so happy' parents at the time of her birth. During her teenage she valiantly confronted the persistent gazes of one and all. Then during the later half of her life, she simultaneously did justice to her triple faceted countenance that of a mother, a daughter and a better half to a novice in handling the relationships.

How can an individual who has such a multi faceted dimension to her life be possibly so worthless a creature?? I leave the answer to you readers to decide whether God's most sublime creation, woman, is just meant to be despised at. Has she just been created to be kept confined to heart and home.....



Amitaditya Karmakar
NIT Silchir, ECE, 3rd Year

Through The Looking Glass

To someone I thought I knew, but do not anymore.....is it you? Maybe or maybe not... Osiris, the hunter, was silently leaning against a tree, waiting and watching. With a flash of silver it finally revealed itself, ambling forward to drink from the brook. It was the silver doe, and there was no doubt about it, the hunter reckoned. He quietly drew an arrow, strung his bow and aimed with as much precision as he could muster. With a mute prayer on his lips and all his pent up emotions driving him to end what had started decades ago, he drew the string back. But the forest betrayed him. With a rustle of leaves and a flicker of wind, the doe bolted into deeper realms of the forest. Osiris, cursing aloud, let loose his arrow in a last desperate attempt. And he did not miss, or he thought so. Striding forward he looked for the dying doe, but found only his arrow covered in frothy blood. It was wounded, he thought smirking with derision and he followed its trail, even as the first hint of dawn crept into the forest. The time had come....

The old hunter was crazy and every self respecting villager knew that. He had thrown away his life chasing after an illusion. Every single penny of his family's wealth, accumulated over the generations, had been squandered away. But was the legendary silver doe just a trick of imagination, because many elders still agree having seen it at some point in their lives, spent by the emerald forest. But still the villagers agreed upon the conclusion that the hunter was an imbecile for chasing after a pipe dream, he should rather concentrate on bringing in good game for the village. He could have started a family and the generous forest would have supported them. But you cannot expect someone who lost his parents at such a young age, to do any good with his life can you?, was the final corrosive judgment of the village people.

The first pale sun teasing at the edge of the sky, he finally tracked it down. The clearing was an idyllic setting, befitting the death of the silver doe, the hunter opined. And there she was, still alive, waiting for him as only a true lover would. He strode up without any apprehension of it running away because he knew what was coming next. He drew his

knife and bent down

And slit its throat without any further hesitation. But then he looked at its innocent eyes, shimmering like jewels in the playful sunlight, the orbs were a gift of nature which shone with primordial brilliance and stopped his breath. He was lost in the whirlpool of colors. But the brilliance began to fade and was replaced by a dull, milky haze. In that moment Osiris realized he'd watched life disappear, displaced by the awful, muted tones of death. He leapt back in horror of his act..... But what had happened? The doe was still alive; its throat still intact with the skin of life and the knife was ready in his hand, thirsting for blood. But he could not bring himself to do it after such a distressing reverie, if it was one ...or was it one of the many tricks played by the emerald forest? He knew



Jayanta, CSE, Final Year

that he cared for neither, the only thing he cared in his entire life was alive and breathing in front of him and he was almost on the verge of smothering it out.

Overcome by a moment of tenderness he tended to the wounded doe, realizing his purpose in life, was in pursuit of the doe and never to hunt it down. He was in love with it after all. He let it go, and it vanished into the depths, taking a part of his soul away with her. He was the sole presence in the clearing, when the sky began to darken. The emerald forest kindly brought down the first drops of rain to mingle with his tears and tried to hide them as best as

Through The Looking Glass



Ravi Ranjan
Civil, 2nd Year

माँ मुझे छुपा लो

they could.....

It was a clear starry night and Osiris was there. When expectantly with a hint of silver, he allowed himself a smile of numerous thoughts and renewed his everlasting pursuit.

Disclaimer

Yes another one of my feel good stories that everyone loves to hate, the credit for the title of the story goes to Lewis Carroll, the description of death of the doe is actually inspired from an article in Readers Digest, and Osiris is an Egyptian God's name, as for the silver doe, those who know me shall know where I got that from....

माँ मुझे अपने आंचल में छुपा लो,
बचपन में छुपाया था, आज भी छुपा लो।

कल तक अनजान था
इस दुनिया की बनावट से,
भ्रष्टाचार से भरी

इस चेहरे की सजावट से।

हर आदमी पागल है

पैसों की विशाल में,

भूल गये पुरानी संस्कृति

मोह -माया के जाल में।

उठती है सुबह

गोलियों की झंकार से,

सोती है शाम

मार काट और अत्याचार से।

माँ मुझसे सही नहीं जाती

दुनिया की ये सड़ी हुई नजरें,

झूठ पाप कामुकता से भरी हुई

सादगी की ये कचरें।

माँ, मेरा कल का दुनिया ही सही था

सभी के साथ दोस्ती

ना था कोई गैर,

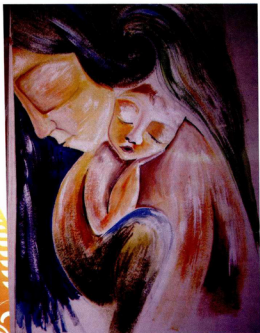
इस मोह माया से दूर

ना होती थी किसी से बैर।

माँ मुझे पुनः इस कब्रिस्तान दुनिया से बचा लो,

बचपन में छुपाया था, आज भी छुपा लो

बचपन में



Abhishek, Archi, 3rd Year



Samrat Majumdar
ECE, 3rd Year

..... Goldrush!

"Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder. We humans find joy in the simplest of His creations. The author here gives testimony to the fact that everything of nature is worth falling in love again and again."

Wading through the crowded streets, rarely does one find something or someone catch your attention all of a sudden. Out in the chaos of the ever increasing crowd, among the shouts to gather customers, coherent voices trying to differentiate theirs from the rest, rarely does one find a glimpse that's out of the world. A glare that sets every moving thing around into a standstill leaving only the two in motion, only to come close and think of a new beginning or a warm peck on the cheeks. Seems like a shot straight out of the Bollywood sets. Maybe, but the 77mm does come out real once in a while. This was one to be.

Walking through the market, a pair of blue eyes caught all my attention. Was it on me, or was this another of those hangovers from the late night romantic flick on the HBO (made possible only after constant pleas granted for that superb Champions League match). I checked it out.



The stare was over. In just a few microseconds those blue eyes were gone (or may be nanoseconds, only to stress on the agility with which I checked back). The human mind just can't get over good things in life. So I gazed in the same direction again (the to-do list of the market lurking somewhere in oblivion now) and lo! Those blues were right at me. Whoa!

Could it be my day? Could it be someone who could erase the darkness and loneliness of my life (exaggerated by frequent playbacks of "Mr. Lonely" by Akon on the radio)? I could see a glimmer of hope in me! There were positive vibes. Gathering courage, I moved towards her. Each step seemed a mile long. I was in no mood to hear "not interested." It had been almost a daily chore of my life. That time I made many promises and hoped God wouldn't hurt me this time again. For a few seconds she would stare, and then again as if, right out of those old classics, just like the kohl smeared actresses, look away only to look back again. Never had an eye been so alluring and captivating in my whole. Some dark shades fluttered behind her. I panicked, as if I was her savior who had come onto earth only to take her away to a place bright and lively. She moved her lips frequently but I couldn't read what she said. I cursed the vendors in the market. Their shouting seemed no less than that of a fish market. I kept trying to make out what she wanted to say. Now, she started chewing something. I couldn't make it out from the distance. I am sure she looked more elegant than Helen.

After a long time, something that I always had wished for came true. She came close for the first time. She shone like the morning sun. Was it for real that I had such good fortune? Can curd and sugar fed for the last twenty seven years yield such a sweet premium? I kept watching her as if she was the eighth wonder of the world. She was the first one of mine! She moved around like poetry. Oh! What a beauty she was! Those black shades lurking behind did make me frown a little. I made up my mind that I wouldn't let her stay here.

Love was in the air. But this wasn't to be a story as it wasn't something penned down by the Johars or the Chopras. Suddenly out of nowhere, a fat guy yelled, "dekhnkebhapiselaenge". I fell to reality's lap with a thud and realized I was sitting on the stairs of "PACIFIC AQUARIUMS" staring at this goldfish which was cuter than a new born baby.

..... Goldrush!

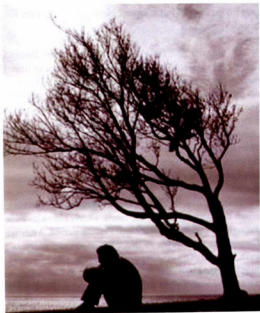


Sanchit Gupta
Alumnus, 2007

I Loved You

Three years have passed since that day, and she's with me just beside my bed in that lovely goldfish bowl. I am happy I could remove all the darkness behind her. My loneliness is gone too. I stare at her for hours watching her feed on bits of food and swimming about in the bowl emitting her aura and captivating men with those two blue eyes.

She truly has brought 'ripples' in my life!



Tomorrow might come, and offer me some
But I can see today, and I don't see a way
To let go off the past, the moulds it has cast
The ones that would remind, of love that was blind
When the valley had flowers, and the sky had stars
There was a reason to live, to smile and to give
The mornings had charm, the nights were calm
The future looked true, and I loved you.

But time, o dear time, you still can rhyme
All passage of your lives, those joys and those cries
It fled, it ran away, it came, but won't stay
From yesterday to now, I don't yet know how
The world has turned around, I still hear the sound
The rhythm that you broke, the heart that you choke
The flowers have all died, the stars gone to hide
Where I find no light, it darkens every night
And days come and go, I see yet don't know
I shut those eyes from fear, I scream yet don't hear
I keep running from the past, I feel I won't last.

And then you wake me up, bring me coffee in a cup
You make me have a shower, and rub away the scar
You help me stand straight, to walk a manly gait
You say it's all fate, destinies we create
The deserts will again, wake up to morning rain
You say and I believe, that you were meant to leave
And I know you ain't real, and I know you ain't true
But tomorrow shall remember that I loved you.



Amy Kumar



Dayanand
MED, 2nd Year

Confession of a Lapholic

"Machines were made to make human life easier, but what if a point is reached where machine gets addicting. A humorous description of a lapholic."

"Yarr, today I strongly decided that I should attend 2.00 pm's tut, but suddenly I saw my laptop and I opened it, but when I look my watch it was already 3.00. So I slept....." This is how the Confession of a Lapholic begins.

It was since 10th standard that I had been dreaming of buying a personal laptop. With this dream in a dormant mode, I completed my +2. It was a full moon night when I was mooning over my own moon, my friend call me up and told that I got admission in this NIT. The next day, I hurried to a ticket booking counter and booked a ticket for Imphal to Delhi. With the booking of the ticket, my new life begins.

Here, everything was new to me, new language, new friend, new teachers with their new teaching styles, and new lifestyle (from early morning to late night everything was irony to my past life). The greatest problem



I faced was language problem. It exists both in hostel and inside class too. So, the lectures were abstruse for me. Pending topics overloaded my brain. In this way first periodical starts knocking my door. My brain turns to a pressure cooker; really that pressure was high enough. With this pressure first periodical was over. And its result starts haunting me. Single digit numbers start marking a

black color in my career. After this first periodical, I decided that I should work hard then what I did before. An idea struck my mind that I have to collect more information regarding my study from net. With the combine force of this idea and my dream which I had been dreaming since 10th standard I decided to buy a laptop. Then I called my father asking permission for buying a laptop, he also granted me. Then I buy a laptop. Now a new era of my life begins again.....

For the first few days after I bought my laptop I made a good use of it. Then suddenly after some time I made a left turn, and it became a Pandora's Box. Anya was my first contact, and completing the objectives given by her were my primary objective. Thus I took many nights, many days to satisfy her. Even I start bunking whole day class to complete my objectives and to please my lady. Then my next task was to rescue hostages and to prevent the terrorists from detonating their bombs. Thus I became a real brave soldier. Then I was assigned another mission named "Shadow OPS". After I took retirement, I became the blacklist No. 1 of NYPD for dangerously driving. When the evening of my life came, I travel back to time through time machine, to ancient Persian period. After we conquer the Maharajah of India for honor and glory, we were in Azad. The city was turn to dangerous monsters, only because I believed in that old Vizier. Princess Farah, me and the Vizier were the only survivors, and it was my duty to save the city and my king by travelling to past and to prevent from creating the sands of time. My dagger was quite powerful. After this, to kill Kaileena and to defy the future were my objectives. After this I travel to future and fought many wars using Modern Warfares.

After finishing all this, this Pandora's Box didn't stop torturing me. For every moment I open this box, I can't close this easily. I have to struggle a lot to close this. The ultimate result of the struggle was nothing but Movies. I started watching movie everyday. 150 movies in 140 days. What a great progress. For this I started sleeping early morning (not late night, because night is already over it's

the morning of the next day). When my parents called me to check if I am sleeping or studying I started cheating them. Pretending to awake and then sleeping again. Now Raja Harichandra changes to Ratnakar. What an amazing achievement I got? Not only this, I started joining many social networks. During the course of my student life, I meet two kinds of books- Books related to Academic and Books concern with external knowledges. Then I met the third kind "The Facebook". This is really an awesome book. New friends, new updates, friends feeling on my update and my opinion on their status, discussion on a new topic. Really a great book. 6X7 online in Gmail, chatting with my friends, downloading movies were my work in another the latter stage of that life of mind. Even one of my friend said me "Daya, Stop being online in night, you will get good pointer", and my reply to him was "Engineers design rocket, so we work on the principle of rocket, no movement until there is fire on the tail", I remained online for many nights. All these last for few months.

Then one day an angel came to me and whispered something to my ear, like Hope came to Pandora after she open the box which Zeus ordered not to open as it contains many evils. When this angel came to me, it was already late for me; my 2nd periodical was almost over. This time also single digits were significant. Once who was running behind 81% is now running for 18%, what a change in those 4 months. I look back into time. In a second or less, my thoughts take me to a place far away both in time and in



Harjoat

space. For a moment, I relive the scenes of the past and then I come back to the present, with a smile on my face. The smile quickly changes and I sigh when I realize how different the present is. I ask what has happened, why it couldn't be like that still. Frustration overflowed my heart. My eyes start tearing like Brahmaputra starts flowing from Himalayans. Now I realize all what I did were wrong,

making bad use of good things. I had already spent a lot of time in useless things. But I can't go back to time like the prince did in Prince of Persia. I have no choice regarding my past 4 months. The one and only choice which I have is to confess for the wrong deeds which I did, and not to repeat it again, to reincarnate Raja Harichandra and to transform Ratnakar to Veda Veyas. Then I pack up my laptop with a hope to start a new game. Then I started the new game entitled "The End Semester". Life is computer game and we should win it at any cost. Restart the mission if you fail and make sure that you win it.

Yawn.....

Some days are just not worth it. eat, sleep repeat!

End semester papers are right on my head and here I am whiling the weekend away. some times the weather's too good to study and sometimes its too bad. I'd started reading "a hundred years of solitude" and even that was thrown away. the more I think of studying the more I feel dizzy! (if the administration reads this, I'm BODied!)

I should be placed in the planning commission-they only make the plans, executing them is none of their business.

I slept at 6 am today. the clouds were all that was in the sky. some of them were brightly illuminated by the sun. it was awesome. I woke up at about 2.30pm. it was drizzling! the cool breeze that went through the hair, the rain drops that fell on the face-cool and refreshing. I was on the roof of the hostel and it felt like the top of the world! all that left me wondering why I'm not of the kind that live in poems.....

phew... I have a lot of submissions for tomorrow plus a viva. lets get dizzy again!

Endley

hill'ffair 2010

October 22-24, embarked us all on an enthralling journey, a journey that witnessed not just the splendor of growth and establishment but also the majestic jubilation as we reached yet another milestone. Yes, on the eve of the sparkling silver jubilee of NITH, the celebration got even wilder, and the mood 'VIVACE-ous' as HILL'FFAIR 2010 unleashed a plethora of emotions all destined to get etched in our memory for the times to come.

Amidst those adrenaline gushes, those anxious moments, the rain did try to play foul with the venue being shifted to auditorium but with spirits undeterred and the exhilaration on the high tide, the fiesta began. Bowing our heads, seeking God's blessings, The Saraswati Vandana ordained the beginning. The excellent portrayal of love breaking the shackles of hatred by the Dramatics club was praised by one and all. The MBA students then performing natti on 'Main tera amplifier...' mesmerized the audience and on that a positive note the venue reshifted to OAT - the favorite haunt of the apostles spreading the colors of rejoice and fervor. There the stage was all set to get us into trance! Starting on with 'Sri Krishna Charitra' and then taking the rapturous ride through a medley of peppy bollywood numbers, the Dance club assumingly had everyone on the groove. The transition to then jumping on to the musical bandwagon, let the euphonies spread all around. The mood was all set to let the DJ open his jukebox till we hummed every tune, tapped our feet on every beat and finally there came an end to the first day as we disembarked from the exalting cruise (perhaps to get ready for another one).

There came the second day, jam-packed with an assortment of events, but the major attractions included Hindi Samiti's competitions, Dr. Ashok Chakradhar, an epitome of Hindi poetry on comedy and satire, Nitin Gupta (Rivaldo), the founder of Entertainment Engineers, with his tickling stand up comedy and The Mahabharti Theatre, an effort to revive the sanctity of the enriched Indian culture represented much through the ancient epics. Not only this, certain plays and skits were always in line to entertain the audience while Dance club's 'Madhuri Dixit' medley made everybody do the jive. As for the ardent heavy metal lovers, Demonic Resurrection struck the notes and just there ended another phenomenal experience.



The nights ought to be that crazy, but even the days were no less exuberant. Informals with its 'Roadies' demanded proving the mettle. The ongoing dance, music, fine arts and soft skills competitions instilled a desirable vigor.



As for the fleeting time, the finale arrived. The literacy children showcased their talents which surely moved all the hearts. The exotic blend of danceforms spanned the South Indian, the hip-hops, and the slow sensational but irresistibly swayed to the tunes of different genre of Bhangra inadvertently stole the show. Next on, everybody soulful music. Even the detective spoof by the Dramatics club and an exclusive play by final years along with the traditional natti and their fun frolics brimmed over extreme happiness. The later hours witnessed the hunt for the guy and the gal with an exemplary persona- 'Adam and Eve' as the name says. Then came an absolute redefining of the latest fashion trends with the stupendous ramp walks. Even Pixionoids, the photography club, carved itself a niche capturing every moment of the cultural extravaganza. And then following the felicitation ceremony along with the addresses by the people who assured the happening of such a big event coupled with loads of enjoyment, the curtain fell on HILLIFEAR -2010. Still it is the grandeur that lingers on.....



a gush of fervor



1st row : Mr. Amit Kaul, Dr. Bharat Bhushan, Dr. R. K. Jarial, Dr. R. N. Sharma, Dr. Sushil Chauhan, Prof. R. L. Sharma, Dr. Ravinder Nath, Mr. O. P. Rahi, Dr. Veena Sharma, Mr. Rajesh Handa, Smt. Bharti Bakshi
 2nd row : Poonam, Jyoti, Gurleen, Hitesh, Deepali, Poonam, Diya, Shalini, Megha, Nikita, Parul
 3rd row : Arijit, Brajesh, Ajit, anurag, Paras Mani, Rema, Shrey, Avinash, Chandan, Chandan, Tanuj
 4th row : Stender, Vajhal, Mukul, Sujli, Nikhitesh, Shyam, Puneet, Abhinav, Dintbandhu, Vivek, Ramesh
 5th row : Akshat, Manjul, Govind, Sandeep, Yugal, Chandan, Rahul
 6th row : Ravinder, Robin, Sanjay, Shilpavan, Sandeep, Ravi, Abhimanyu, Vikram, Shekhar, Roshan, Rahul

Determination is a rare possession. Here, a tiny ship on the endless ocean dreams of conquering the seven seas. "Come Lightning and Thunder, waves and demons from hell, I rule the blue."



By : Harjot, Archi., Final Year

Seated strategically in the NIT-H campus, the Electrical and Electronics Engineering Department is the hub of all activity in the campus. Stand in front of it for a while and you will be updated with the latest happenings of the institute. Nowadays, with extra classes becoming an unofficial part of their curriculum, electrical engineers have been compelled to be the most sincere students of NIT (at least the attendance records show it). The construction of the Vivekananda Lecture Halls Complex has made many an electrical engineer jealous. Although the department's aura still appeals to third and the final years, the freshmen never seem to understand the point of conducting meetings in a shabby old corner room of the "out of coverage area" department.

A quarter century after the setting up of the institute, it was realised that the department lacked an entrance. The conspicuous and the newly constructed porch loudly makes the department's voice heard. Much to the dismay of many –we usually enter from the side door anyways. The EEE department has thinkers of a varied kind. From hard-line 'front benchers' and pious students to the free thinkers and rebellious youth- the faculty has seen them all. Mass bunks are a strict "no-no" for all- the faculty and the students alike. The construction of newly furnished modular cabins for the faculty has added to their cheer. The final years have their placements to be worried about though! Keeping this in view, professional placement guidance was given to the students to break all barriers this year.

The recently constructed second floor also houses the mysterious material science department of the

institute. As one climbs up the stairs to the first floor of the department, the notice board padded with all kinds of notices from EL-SOC to workshops and placement cell instantaneously grabs all the attention. The transformer kept behind the building has awed students from all branches alike. Though only a rare percentage has seen it in action, the transformer and TIFAC core has given a unique identity to the department. Various workshops on power transformer engineering and practices enlightened many polytechnic students under TIFAC core about the latest trends in industry.

On the academic front, the department has one of the most highly qualified faculties in the institute. Various educational workshops, seminars and short term courses all-round the year polished both the faculty and the students. A two day workshop on Application of MATLAB for students had been organised to bring electrical engineers of NIT-H at par with those outside. A national workshop on hydro power development in Himalayan region (Hydro-2010) was a huge success. An international conference on recent advance in power system and renewable energy sources (RAPSRES-2011) was organised for faculty and students from far and wide. It was a huge success. A national level two day conference on Technological Advances and Computational Techniques (TACT-09) was also organised in the department to improve and optimally utilise technology.

The department consistently makes it to the headlines for varied reasons! The ever motivating teachers committed to their cause and the willingness in students to learn unites this department into one happy family.



Dr. Ravinder Nath
HOD







Abhijeet Ranjan
CSE, Final Year

लाठी की ताकत

“हम भी शान्ति यही समझते रहे कि राष्ट्रपिता राष्ट्रपति से काफी बड़ा होता है। लेकिन इस बार ओबामा जी को पाँति का नोबेल पुरस्कार मिलने से यह भ्रम भी दूर हो गया। सारी गलतफहमी धूमंतर हो गई। वैसे बड़ा कोई आदमी नहीं होता। बल्कि बड़ी उसकी लाठी या पद होता है।”

जिस दिन से अमेरिका के यंत्र राष्ट्रपति आदरणीय बराक ओबामा जी को नोबेल पुरस्कार मिलने की खबर सुनी है, मन में अशांति सी रहने लगी है। कभी दिल है कि मानता नहीं वाली तर्ज पर खून झुपने लगता है तो कभी अचानक ही ससुरा कुछ मायूस सा हो जाता है। समझ में नहीं आता कि क्या करें। इस दिल का कभी सुना था जिसकी लाठी उसकी बैस, उसी का सब कुछ। लेकिन शायद अब इस मुलवरे की मार्केट वैल्यू गिर गई है। क्योंकि लाठी तो हर वक्त हमारे गांधी जी के हाथ में भी हुआ करती थी फिर उनके हाथ से नोबेल शांति पुरस्कार वाली बैस कैसे निकल गई। जबकि उनका नाम पांच बार नामांकित होकर बिना बैरंग वापस लौट आया। क्या इस युग में राष्ट्रपति एक राष्ट्रपिता से बड़ा हो गया है। क्या गांधी से

उपर कोई शांति का पुजारी हो सकता है ? हमारे वाचाजी नेहरू का नाम भी बार बार बोर्ड पर घूम कर गायब हो गया था। इस बार पुरस्कार कमेटी की सूई जल्दी - जल्दी घूमकर मामा यानी ओबामा के नाम पर पहुँच कर तुरंत रुक गई। वैसे यहाँ पर लाठी वाली बातें कुछ सही जरूर लगती हैं। क्योंकि इस समय मामा यानी ओबामा के हाथ में पूरे विश्व की लाठी है। ऐसे ताकतवर आदमी के हाथ से पुरस्कार वाली बैस कैसे निकल सकती है।

अपने गांधी जी का दिल भी दुखी तो जरूर हुआ होगा। पर बापू हम कर भी क्या सकते हैं। आपने ही तो शांति व अहिंसा का पाठ रटाकर हमें चुन करा दिया; वरना हम भी दो-दो हाथ करना तो जानते ही हैं। अब जहाँ हमारी दाल नहीं गलती दिखाई देती हम तपाक से कह देते हैं कि हम अहिंसा के पुजारी हैं। हम बापू के दिखाये मार्ग पर ही चलेंगे। चाहे कोई हमारा सिर क्यों न फोड़ दे। शायद इसी बात का कायदा पड़ोसी

व दूसरे देश भी उठाने की ताक में रहते हैं। आपने ही तो कहा था कि कोई एक गाल पर धप्पड़ मारे तो दूसरा गाल आगे कर दो। लेकिन आपने यह नहीं बताया कि यदि वह दूसरे गाल पर भी कस के धप्पड़ मार दे तो हम क्या करें ? बस इसी बात का डर लगता है।

हम भी अब तक यही समझते रहे कि राष्ट्रपिता राष्ट्रपति से काफी बड़ा होता है। लेकिन इस बार ओबामा जी को शांति का नोबेल पुरस्कार मिलने से यह भ्रम भी दूर हो गया। सारी गलतफहमी धूमंतर हो गई। वैसे बड़ा कोई आदमी नहीं होता। बल्कि बड़ी उसकी लाठी या पद होता है। इसलिये बापू ! हमारी नजर में पद तो आपका की बड़ा रहेगा।

लेकिन छोटे मुँह बड़ी बात कैसे कह दूँ कि लाठी तो यह पुरस्कार पाने वाले की ही बड़ी हुई ना।

आपकी लाठी को बिना मेहनत ही छोटा कर दिया। इसने सिर्फ ६ महीने में मनचाहा बर पा लिया। और बापू आपने तो पूरी उम्र ही शांति व अहिंसा स्थापित करने के लिये लगा दी। उस हिसाब से देखें तो यह आपके सामने सच में बच्चा ही

कहलायेगा। क्योंकि यह तो अभी सही ढंग से ठीक से शांति लिख भी नहीं सकता। जो केवल शांति लिखने में ही मिस्टेक कर सकता है उसे सच में शांति स्थापित करने में नजाने कितना समय लेगा। हाँ समझदार कबिल व शक्तिमान तो यह है, इसमें कोई शक नहीं। मुकेश खन्ना तो गोल-गोल घूमने वाला शक्तिमान था, जिसकी बच्चे भी नकल करते थे। लेकिन यह तो पूरी दुनिया को गोल घुमाने की ताकत रखता है। इसलिये वह स्वयं भी नोबेल मिलने की खबर सुनकर हैरान रह गया है। कि मुझे शांति का नोबेल। लेकिन, बेचारे इस ऑफर को ठुकरा ना सका। आकाश से गिरा खजूर पर अटक। अब शायद इसे शांति सम्बन्ध के



किसी माहिर टीचर "जैसे बापू" के पास ट्यूशन लगानी पड़ेगी। तभी विरोधियों के मन को शांति मिलेगी। वैसे बापू हमें पता है कि आपका दिल



Anshul, ECE Final Year

बहुत बड़ा है। आपको किसी पुरस्कार का लालच नहीं, जिसने बिना खडग बिना डाल हमें आजादी का अनमोल तोहफा दिया, क्या वह व्यक्ति किसी नोबेल पुरस्कार की चाहत मन में रखेगा। बापू तुम तो सदा मुस्कुराते रहे। गोली खाकर भी राम का ही नाम लिया। कभी तुम्हारे चेहरे पर शिकन नहीं देखी। इसी कारण तुम एबल 'योग्य' का दर्जा देते है। बेशक तुम्हें नोबेल दिलवाले में कामयाब न हुये हों। यही बात जाली नोट निर्माताओं को भी पता है तभी उन्होंने 500 के नकली नाटों पर आपकी मुस्कुराती तस्वीर की जगह शिकन वाली तस्वीर लगा दी। क्योंकि वे भी जानते हैं, हमारे इस जाली कार्य से बापू कभी खुश नहीं होंगे। शुक है कि अमेरिका की कोई क्रिकेट टीम नहीं, वरना हमें पहले ही पता होगा कि वर्ल्ड कप कौन जीतेगा।

मैंस लाठी वाले की ही हो सकती है और पुरस्कार ताकत वाले का। ओबामा जी को पुरस्कार मिलने से हमें भी खुशी है। होनी भी चाहिये। लेकिन इससे भी कई गुणा खुशी हमें उस दिन होगी, जिस दिन अहिंसा के पुजारी हमारे दिलों में बसने वाले प्यारे बापू का नाम शांति के नोबेल के लिये घोषित होगा। क्योंकि अंत में जीत सत्य की ही होती है।

ओबामा कूटे चांदी, अमर रहे गांधी।

The above snap was taken at Shimla Mall Road outside a gift shop. It shows Mr. Bean hanging, and to suit the scenario it was Valentine's day and poor boys were shopping. Just note the similarities between the situations.



Ankur Kumar
ECE, Final Year

शान्ति शान्ति

“ वात धर्म की जाती है तो जाने बरों लोग प्रपन्ना विवेक खो बैठते हैं। पीढ़ियों से हम अहिंसा का संदेश फैला रहे हैं। लेकिन आज काम? ताकि कोई हिंसा न करे इसलिये लोग खुद ही हिंसा करने लगते हैं। ”

उसके नुचे हुये पंख, धायल देह और उखड़ी हुई सांसे देखकर उसके साथी दहल उठे हे महाश्वेत कपोल श्रेष्ठ , कहे कि आप की यह दशा क्यों और कैसे हुई ? आप तो शान्ति का संदेश फैलाने गये थे ?

कराहते हुये धायल सफेद कबूतर ने कहा- साथियो , हे पवन मित्रो मुझे अपनी यात्रा बीच में ही स्थगित करके वापस लौटना पड़ा। प्रेम, शान्ति और अहिंसा का संदेश देने गया था मैं तो, उल्टा मेरी वजह से तो हुआ यह कि शान्ति का संदेश देने के लिये मैंने इसी देश के एक छोटे से जनपद को चुना और एक मकान की मुंडेर पर जा बैठा। मकान वहाँ के मेन बाजार के चौराहे पर था। बाजार चहल-पहल और रोशनीयों से भरा हुआ था अचानक एक गोली मुझे आकर लगी। गोली चलने के हल्के धमाके ने लोगों को भी धरा दिया। लोगों ने मुझे धायल होकर गिरते देखा। एक निशानची को लोगों ने धर दबोचा जिसने गोली चलाई थी। अपनी सफाई में बंदूकची झुंझला रहा था। उसने कहा मेरा क्या कसूर है

आपे से बाहर हुये जा रहे थे लोग - इस निरीह निर्दोश बेजुबान पक्षी को तुमने मारा है। निर्दयी हिंसक हत्यारे तुम हो ...! संयोग से बंदूकची दूसरे धर्म का था। लोग बट गये। कुछ लोगों ने उसे पीटना शुरू कर दिया। बात बढ़ती चली गई और बंदूकची के मजहब के लोगों की दुकानें लूटी जाने लगी। घर जलाये जाने लगे और मारकाट होने लगी। वे लोग जो स्नेह, सद्भाव, शान्ति और अहिंसा के प्रेमी थे और जो एक पक्षी पर होती हुई हिंसा को बर्दाश्त नहीं कर पा रहे थे। वह अब स्वयं हिंसक होकर मारकाट मचा रहे थे। बात धर्म की आती है तो जाने क्यों लोग अपना विवेक खो बैठते हैं। पीढ़ियों से हम अहिंसा का संदेश फैला रहे हैं। लेकिन आज काम? ताकि कोई हिंसा न करे इसलिये लोग खुद ही हिंसा करने लगते हैं।

वहाँ उपस्थित सभी पक्षी दहल उठे, क्या शान्ति और अहिंसा का संदेश इतना कठिन हो गया है ?



मुझे तो विधायक जी ने भेजा है। अभी कुछ देर पहले विधायक जी यहाँ से गुजरे थे। उनकी नजर इस कबूतर पर पड़ गई थी। वह तुरंत धर पहुँचे और मुझे इसे मार लाने का हुक्म दे दिया। उन्होंने यह भी कहा कि इसे असली गोली नहीं पत्थर की गोली मारना। बारूद की गोली से यह खाने लायक नहीं बचेगा।

सुना है यह कबूतर का मांस कमजोरी और लकवे में बहुत फायदेमंद है। जंगली न सही सफेद ही सही कसूर तो मुझे यहाँ भेजने वाले का है।

प्रश्न सन्नाटे और खामोशी में डूबी सभा को और भी दहला गया। काफी देर आँखें बंद रहने के बाद सफेद कबूतर ने फिर कहा- नहीं मेरे शान्ति प्रिय मित्रो - मैं जब चौराहे पर धायल अवस्था में पड़ा था तो एक बच्चा मुझे उठाकर अपनी छत पर ले आया। उसने मुझे दवा पानी दिया। जख्मों पर फाहा लगाया। दूर से आती गोलियों की आवाजों से मेरी रूह कांप उठती है। मुझे डरकर फड़फड़ाता हुआ देखकर बच्चा मुंडेर पर जाता है और चीख कर कहता है कि बंद करो लड़ाई इधर एक सफेद कबूतर डर रहा है। शाम तक ठीक होकर मैं वापस आने के लिये उड़ा तो बच्चे की आँखों में पवित्र चमक थी। उसने हाथ हिलाकर मुझे विदा किया। फिर वेसा ही हुआ जैसा कि पहले होना था। एक आदमी की नजर मुझ पर पड़ी वह बोला देखो सफेद कबूतर ! वाह कितना सुन्दर और सफेद ! लड़ना भूलकर वह लोग उल्लासित हो गये। मुझे लगा कि मेरी यात्रा अकारण नहीं गई है। तो मेरे शान्ति प्रिय मित्रो जान लो कि हिंसा और शान्ति का संदेश देना कठिन अवश्य है पर असंभव नहीं।



Shyam Kr. Singh
EEE, Final Year

Harkuch Shaadi

“Traditions and folklore are something gifted to us by our ancestors. They come with a share of their fun and excitement. This snippet describes a Himachali marriage and the excitements that floats in the air.”

Sandy's elder brother was getting married, and surprisingly his brother seemed too happy about it! The whole of EEE was invited. After finishing our classes of the day we about 30 in number started for there in several groups. I was with a group having 12 members, infelicitously we had missed the bus so had to take a *tempo traveler*. We reached there at 2:30 pm about 2 and half hours before the scheduled departure of 'barat'. Kangra hardly needs a description, it is a beautiful valley surrounded by the Dhauladhar range and containing paddy fields.

As soon as we reached we had our lunch. Well we supposed it to be lunch until someone came up and said that it was *Dhaam*. *Dhaam* for most of us non-himachali was a new thing. We all sat in a row and 'pattals' (plates made up of leaves) served by our CR,



Shyam Kumar Singh

finally he did some work! Caterers served rice and then a sequence of items followed one by one. We had to eat the rice with the hands. *Gujju*, every year one lucky Gujarati has to bear the burden of carrying this nickname for four years, made a mess of things. He had never eaten with hands; pity he had to put his second hand to use. Good to see the left hand was being used for not-the-usual purpose! Traditions ruled the day. We ate with hands. People who finished prior to others waited for the rest to finish. During our

whole stay we had *Dhaam* four times, and apart from me Ravi was the only one who ate all the items that were served. He was trying to compete with me. I seriously hoped he spends the next day in the 2 x 2 foot room. And an interesting thing to observe was people kept on asking us "*roti kha li ki nahi?*" when *Dhaam* has nine items in its menu with no place for chapattis!

At 5 in the evening with the '*band baaja*', thank god "*emotional attyachar*" wasn't being played we went as a part of the *barat*. God even seemed to be in a playful mood that day. It started raining. The spirit of EEE was not to be deterred so easily, as we continued dancing till we reached the stop. *Bandwaalas* took a sigh of relief when we stopped; their mouths and hands surely needed rest. Our vigor was not over yet, after a few minutes we struck the DJ floor, and danced like maniacs till we were forcefully called for dinner.

Now was the time for sleep. We were about 24 in a single room and only 5 were willing to sleep as a result the rest 19 did not let the 5 willing ones to sleep. 3 B's i.e. *bond*, *badka* and *bish*, their good names have been permanently erased from any living memory to be found in this college, cracked so many jokes and narrated so many interesting incidents of their life that we all had to ask for silence to catch our breath from peals of laughter we were exposed to. Even the two of Brijesh and kaandi, who went into intermittent mulling about how to meet their 75% attendance criteria could not help but laugh their attendance out..

We all did with a meager sleep our busy schedule could afford. On waking up we were faced with three options to bathe, in case anyone of us wanted to.

1. Khad
2. Well
3. Hand pump

Pity the girls had a bathroom to their share.
Too unfair on our part!

We met a new friend Garima there, she was pursuing m.sc in microbiology and Sneha was giving her company for the whole wedding ceremony. My further description of Garima might end me up in troubled waters, so better stay shut. Night brought in more amounts of fun, dance and tiring legs, and those of us who succumbed to our tiring feet Sanyal made sure he continued to dance with a threaten to pour water on him/her. Ravi tried better of him and ultimately paid with wet clothes.

On 10th of Oct. after meeting Sanjeev and Pooja the groom and the bride we left for college throughout the return trip Gujju stayed lost in thoughts, thoughts of his own marriage probably. He has about 36 trips in last 2 years to his credit and in all probability he is seriously planning to settle down! And we on the other hand were planning to return back for the marriage of Sandy. It was one hell of amazement.



Nikhil Khullar
CSE, Final Year

"Srijan 10-11"

रक्स - ए - विसमिल

उम्मीद की दूरबीन लेकर खिड़की पे बैठा जो तेरी राह देखा करता था,
सुना है उस ख्वाब ने दम तोड़ दिया,
हर रहगुजर में जो मुंतजिर तेरा बज्जद तलाश किया करता था,
सुना है उस ख्वाब ने दम तोड़ दिया।

सुरीली हवा के साज पर जो झूम के गुनगुनाया करता था,
लफ्जों की कमी महसूस कर फिर चुप रह जाया करता था,
तिशनी से ही फिर अपना दिल बहलाया करता था,
सना है उस ख्वाब ने दम तोड़ दिया।



पंथियों की परवाज़ से जुटूँ की गहराई
नापा करता था,
ना खैरियत और न मंजिल की, बस
सफर की दुआ करता था,
हँसत-हँसते जिसे कभी रोना आया
करता था,
सुना है उस ख्वाब ने दम तोड़ दिया।

अंधेरे आसमाँ में तेरी बेरहमी देख जो
मुस्कुराया करता था,
वक्त की इस रेत पर सन्नाहों की
कलम से कुछ निशाँ बनाया करता था,
दुनियादारी में कभी सो भी जाया करता
था,
सुना है उस ख्वाब ने दम तोड़ दिया।

गुमरही की रात में इक सितारे की तरह
जो टिमटिमाया करता था,
फिर नन्म -ए- सहर का दीवार कर
कहीं छुप सा जाया करता था,
हाँ कभी जो मुझे भी बहुत रुलाया
करता था,
सुना है उस ख्वाब ने दम तोड़ दिया।

Ajay Kumar



Ajay Kumar
ECE, Final Year

Withered Leaf!

"The time has long gone since you needed my fingers to walk. You have grown and your house with two floors has become too small to accommodate an old man. I pray the lord never shows this day to anyone."

The day of this land begins when the first ray of the sun at dawn is ricocheted by green marble tiles of the village temple. Chabli, a village with a mere population of four hundred has no flamboyant credentials to boast of that can give it a special place on the map of Haryana. The last time its name got flashed on the news was in 1982 when 16 villages of Haryana got electricity connections. It was one of the sixteen. In recent times its Panchayat has not ordered any honor killing to make it up to the news standard. One of the reasons of the lenient panchayat might be no couple has dared to elope.

A person of high caste who crosses the age of sixty in this hamlet is categorized as 'dada'. A man of lower caste who crosses this age is also a 'dada' but he is not respected in matters of petty politics. And age is not the only



Ajay Kumar

parameter which puts elders into this category, anyone who spends major of his day under the banyan tree outside the temple playing cards is a respected man of this land.

The first round of cards begins after 'dada' of every household has dropped his grandchild to the nearby primary school. The school has a skewed ratio of six girls for every ten boys, and all the gynecologists of the district hospital are millionaires which bear a testimony to this fact. The village has no secondary school and the

Panchayat has more important pressing matters to deal with. Pressing matters such as the fight between Shyamal's wife and her sister-in-law over the ownership of the hereditary bronze glass. Literacy rate of girls in this village is pretty abysmal. No girl since independence has graduated from this village, and as far as boys are concerned the number is hoped to touch double figures this year.

The card session stops at noon, when the 'dada' of every household collect their grandchildren from the school and go home for lunch. The post lunch session begins when the cows and buffaloes have to be taken to the village pond for bathing. Children of five to ten years can be seen sitting on the herds back and enjoying a well earned day ride.

The village's only pakka road passes in front of the temple and has fewer takers. Government bus at morning six takes the office goers to the nearby city to give the travelers more options, and the same bus drops them back at six in the evening from their daily job. Rarely any motor vehicle driver gets down taking a sip of water or to enquire from a 'dada' about the further path to take for his destination.

On one such non-happening afternoon, the 'dadas' found an old man standing by the shade of the temple. He was a thin fragile piece of muscle with a skin covering on him. The skin served dual purpose, first it helped his muscles from falling apart second gave him a tired and very experienced look. Going by his clothes he belonged to a fine family, and by fine I never meant ethically.

Shyamal's father, one of the prominent "Heart" players of the village, went forward to help the old man.

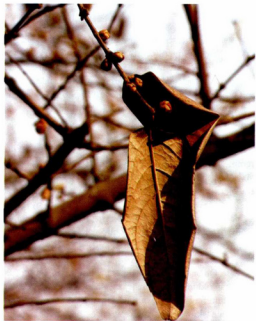
"Bhai, what happened? Are you looking for someone?"

The old man replied, "My son has gone to a nearby

place to meet his friend. He will be coming within five minutes to take me back."

Shyamlal's father and the other dasas offered him a place and invited him for a game, to which the old man courteously refused. The grey hair of the village settled down with a pack of cards. Soon the only words that could be heard were "queen" and "moon". It was an hour before evening, that Baljit, another respected figure of the clan, who was on a losing spree today noticed the old man still standing on his spot. He brought it to the notice of the others, and fortunately for him his losing spree came to a temporary halt.

The waiting old man refused any asylum that came to his help. He preferred waiting for his son.



Ajay Kumar

Despite the pressing requests and suggestions coming from the various dasas, the waiting man declined any help. Soon the sun came to the west. The sun that set on that day, with its setting redness in the horizon it brought a gloom as heavy as lead. Ifs and buts were becoming more logical and the stronger they became the more disheartened the village got. Night set in, and Baljit's household which was nearest to the temple got him a plate of food and a blanket. The temple which usually remained

closed for the night was opened today so that the old man could sleep in it.

The village Sarpanch and Shyam's father visited the old man at night one o' clock to take the review of the scene. The old man was sitting under a tree with its trunk supporting his back. He looked disheveled and withered. The food plate was lying to his side, and a dog was helping himself on the plate. The old man had not touched the plate! Requests of taking shelter did not make the old man bat an eyelid. He was in a state of shock. Shock which is not inflicted by some physical injury but which generates from one's own soul.

Next morning the Sarpanch was woken by the dull and dank footsteps in the wee hours. The dampness of the morning was odd today. Women could be seen hurrying towards their cows and cattle to milk them, and talking in lower notes about the misfortune that Gods seldom test us with. The respected men, the dasas, were coming to fetch the Sarpanch and Baljit broke in the bad news, "the old man has breathed his last".

Before dying in the dead of the night he had written a letter addressed to his son.

Dear Manish,

The time has long gone since you needed my fingers to walk. You have grown and your house with two floors has become too small to accommodate an old man. I still remember the days when your mother used to give you half chappati and the other half to me, and she used to sleep hungry. Ah! What will she be thinking today- half chappati and a floor to sleep has become unaffordable today? May god forgive you, and I will ask your mother to bless you.

The sun had risen by now and was gathering the darkness to sleep. The red lines on the east marked a new day had come. It showed, redness in west is the past, darkness is a thing of the past. The villagers moved back to their daily chores.



Harish Kumar
ECE, Final Year

Burning Emotions...!!

Emotions are a part and parcel of human psychology. They are as inevitable as fragrance in spring.

The thousand screams
Rush out into the face of earth
The blackness of a broken heart
Float around in endless time.
Her eyes no longer had the smile
The smile of an innocent angel
Wishing to be held by big wide arms
Her smile no longer exist
As her heart has been broken into pieces
The moment she needed someone
No one was there to hold her in their arms
The moment she need someone
To cry and scream on,
No one was there to clam her down
She screams for help in her heart
She pleads God to give her a path
But no one
No one had ever answer her prayers
No one had even listen to her heart calls
She shut herself in her shell
She screams to herself in her shell
Slowly day passes by
And soon she held her arms tight
She locked away her mind
She show no emotion
Only a smile to please people
Every night she screams
Every night she cut herself
As the blood flows down
As the sharp pain she felt
Slowly she gasped for air
Knowing she is still alive
She cut her wrist even deeper
Smiling as she feels the pain every second
But soon her life was drawn away
Into nothingness and emptiness
Where her body lay
Cold and stiff
Her soul slowly fades away.....



Pallavi Dinghra
EEE, 2nd Year

The Long Dark Lane

We landed a shore, A deep ocean reflecting the sun. I gazed the charm and they stayed mime. But the heat revealed that they still held me and were to for the life time.

I still remember that darkest night
And a long dark lane on the side of my right,
With all hues absorbed and all fragrance died.....
Out of wits, lunatic,
I walked into as a captive.
The petrifying path went blind as I stepped in.
Corpses laid and their kin,
Outside the house that had the happiness crown,
Sometime back, But now the white turned to black and brown.
Sins clasped the heart and soul,
Rains went, drizzling just in a hole,
Where a cat fed her children.
Chills ran down my spine and my soul did run
Out of my mouth to escape the gloom.
Wonders!!!! Down there I saw shine as moon,
Holding my life I ran like a thief,
To rob the blaze . But to my grief,
A hiss dumbstrucked me for the time,
And I was dragged in a snake mine.
I felt deceived, baited, snared and bereft.
But suddenly a cold breeze blew and I was clutched right and left.
Drought relieved as it did rain,
And so the winds eased my pain.
So abrupt, sins surrendered. Back to sane, I sensed hands with mine,
Driving me along and singing rhyme,
One from left and one from right.
I felt in air and they hugged me tight.
But the footsteps were of two,
And I asked are these " Really you??"
I was left unanswered and before I could utter anymore,
We landed a shore,
A deep ocean reflecting the sun.
I gazed the charm and they stayed mime.
But the heat revealed that they still held me and were to for the life time.

Journey from REC to NIT



THE FAMOUS AMBASSADOR OF REC-II

Today's NIT Hamirpur has a past. A past which might not be more glorious than the present, nevertheless it does not lack lustre. The institute which we know today as NIT Hamirpur was different when it was born. A quarter century ago when Himachal realised the need of a technical institute the people of the state who sit in the Vidhan Sabha started pouring in their choices. Mandi and Una were hot favorites. Hamirpur was nothing more than a speck on the map of India. It was for the efforts of Mr. Jagram that REC of Himachal Pradesh came into being at Hamirpur.

It was a humble beginning in the year 1986 under Dr. R. C. Chauhan REC Hamirpur kicked off. It started with 57 students in the first batch- 30 students of Electrical Engineering Department and 27 in Civil Engineering Department. Of the 57, only 10 belonged to the fairer sex.



Dr. R. C. Chauhan, Year 1986

Those were tough days; buses plying on this route were scarce and construction had just begun. The administrative offices were at Hiranagar near present day's HHH. Camp offices were set up in the campus to oversee the construction. Classes had a different story, they were held at Badu which also had a hostel and a mess nearby.



ONE OF THE DANSEUSE IS OUR BELOVED VEENA MAM

Degree College at Anu hosted our physics and chemistry labs. Life was difficult for both the teachers and students



THE BUS IS STILL BESIDE KBR. FEW THINGS NEVER CHANGE

alike. The nearest pakka road was the national highway outside the campus. The institute had earth roads which turned to slush in the monsoons compelling all and sundry to come to class or office in gum boots! (Please don't try to make this a fashion statement)

Vivekananda and Vishveshwaraya blocks were the prime fore runners which came into existence. Classes



WE ALL REMEMBER CARPENTRY SHOP

were held at Vivekananda and Vishveshwarya and Tagore block housed the institute library. Gradually the whole institute was shifted to the campus by the end of 1989. With most of the campus unexplored, civil engineers couldn't find a better place to conduct their survey camp.



CULTURAL EVENING

They say hardship brings people together. Indeed, it was a close knit community. Teachers knew each of their students by name. Students had nothing to do except to go to class! Proxies were unheard of. The faculty had strengthened to 60 in the early nineties and reached a mighty 120 by the end of the decade.

The first cultural fest, "Tarang" was held in 1987 opposite Administrative block (there are rumours that a Fashion Parade was also organised). It was only in 1995



THE FIRST BATCH

that our institute got itself an Open Air Theatre! Surely every student that has passed out from its gates has indelible memories of the time spent in the OAT.

An integral part of the institute and the only entertainment ragging was fun- its severity grew each year with the addition of fresh ideas. Many a time it got physical but when wasn't it uncivilised! The tightening of regulations finally faded away its terror. (The law and its implementation are not always a thing fit for mockery!)

Before the completion of the canteen, opposite the ATM that now houses the Chief Wardens office Baba's tea stall was the only hope for students to have late night tea! It was demolished in year 2008. The "Madrasi" who managed the first canteen painted the walls by a 112 items long menu. He never stayed to see the next fiscal year. He went bankrupt sooner than you think!

The vigour and enthusiasm of the young institute was expressed in the form of hartals and strikes-both by the teachers and the students alike! Now, we desperately long for our teachers to go on strike!

The hillock where now the CSE Department and CC stand once used to be the adda of the gurus and their students. Our benevolent Tilakchachu had his dhaba under a tree near the present day CSE Department. Later on it was shifted to gate 2. Many say our gurus never



BOLI HAI!!

missed his cup of tea before coming to class. Phew, now we know why they are called the good old days!

Love has always been one of the hottest topics!

The first decade of the Institute was the time of classic love. Shy, modest and formal- the love birds of that day were quintessentially the same as shown in the movies- Dilip Kumar romancing Madhubala. The couples of the time were few and so were the places for them to roam about in the campus. PGH was completed in 1990; no wonder mall road ever existed till the recent days. Piya Milan Teraha is the newest addition which is prominent among couples these days. Well, I'm sure we have progressed leaps and bounds in this field. The sex ratio in the institute always flickered delicately like a candle about to go out and boys were eager to catch the "happily committed" train!

Just like today, hostels were fun. Shivalik Boys Hostel was the first to be completed. The first Chief Warden was Prof. R.L. Chauhan. Next in line was Kailash Boys Hostel. Every latest 'scene' was relished by all in the same fashion as we enjoy ourselves now a day. Those who had their sweet hearts outside the institute received love letters by post. Many a time, the letter went public and it became a must hear at the tea stall when "Hijacked" by best of friends! A crispy snack and an equally spicy letter kept the students alive without a laptop, although we still find it hard to understand how! Many of our innocent professors were the best orators. Hostel life had an altogether different meaning. The unity, peace and harmony that existed among the students instilled a feeling of brotherhood better known as bhai-giri that is now unheard of.

Talking of hostels, it would be a pity not to mention the weekly Saturday collections for hiring a VCR and many cassettes from the market to watch movies in the common room! Cell phones hadn't been invented (they are more useful in classrooms though!) and parents sent money to their wards by money orders.

Geysers were alien to the hostels and heating rods were against hostel rules. Many have heard of soap bars having an extended lifespan of 2 months! During the 25 years of our institute, almost everything has changed. Sadly, mess food doesn't fall in the category. Some say it always attracted superlatives of "bad". We are a living testimony to the tortured tongues. The terror of mess food reached its peak in 1993. It was then that some

gathered courage to sit on "Dharna" at Gandhi Chowkin revolt. They displayed, to the public outside and the visiting MLA Mr Rajesh Dharmani the "dal" they ate daily. Needless to say the efforts were futile.

Campus placements were unheard of and percentage system used to ruthlessly tear apart the emotions of students. Moreover the nearest book shop was downhill in town. The present workshop used to house temporary offices; Structures Lab in the Civil Engineering Department once gave refuge to the department of Electronics and Communication Engineering.



Two of our old directors

In its long list of 8 principals and 5 directors the Institute saw a wide range of experts and personalities- from distinguished professors to bureaucrats – the Institute saw them all. Much to the delight of the minority section Smt. Anuradha Thakur, IAS became Principal in 2000.

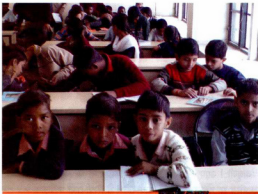


REC Hamirpur became NIT Hamirpur in 2002.



OLD TO NEW

Dr. S. K. Bhowmik was the first director. In year 2002 the first version of SRIJAN came to being. Vikram Dalal was the student who gifted this magazine to the institute. It was now that the infrastructural development took a boost. Later Technical Education Quality Improvement Programme came into being and gave an overhaul to the entire scenario. Various grants and funds by the Government and the setting of the Industrial Centre: Liaison office at NITH led to the construction of various departmental buildings and labs. Recently, the Centre for Energy and Environment, and Material Sciences added new feathers to the already decorated cap of our Institute.



LITERACY MISSION

Kennedy had said, "Ask not what the country has done for you, ask what you have done for the country." On these thoughts of giving back to the society, a handful of motivated students started the Literacy Mission in 2005 under the guidance of Dr Y D Sharma with a mission to bring smile on the face of every child and to provide opportunities for their overall development. The Mission makes the slum children dream. It works towards making

their dreams reality through academic help and career counselling. The cultural programme, "PRAYAS" instils confidence in the children to see beyond the horizon. The Mission has now over 100 volunteers and 130 children attending daily classes.

Over the time various dignitaries have praised our Institute. The list includes HH Dalai Lama, former President Dr A P J Abdul Kalam, renowned computer programmer Richard Stallman, Ar.Cristopher Charles Beninger and various other scientists.

Since 1986 NIT Hamirpur has come a long way. In its primitive days this Institute was not more than a piece of virgin land and today 12 Lac students compete every year for a seat in this Institute. In today's world NITH has created a benchmark for itself. Its alumni flank each and every part of the planet Earth. Many of them are entrepreneurs, directors of billion dollar companies, scientists in various research and development organisations and driving agents of more than half the world's economy. NIT Hamirpur has reached only a milestone in its long journey. Robert Frost had once rightly stated, "I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep."





Surabhi Sadavat
ECE, 2nd Year

“अंत”

“**“ऐ” तुमने गणित के सवाल हल किये? “ऐ! आते वक्त रमजान के यहाँ से पाँच रुपये का आटा ले जाया।” इस “ऐ” में धिक्कार होता था तो कभी दया, कभी शायद कुछ भी नहीं**”

“ऐ! कौन हो तुम? क्या काम है?” दरवाजा खोलते ही मैंने उस आठ-नौ वर्ष के लड़के को डाँटना शुरू कर दिया। वो एक छोटे मेमने की तरह सहम सा गया। उसने हाथ में झाड़ू पकड़ा हुआ था, जिसकी लंबाई लगभग उसके बराबर ही थी। “बाबूजी! आज से मैं यहाँ की सफाई कर रहा हूँ, आपके घर से कचरा लेने आया था।” वो मीठी आवाज में बोला।

उसे देख कर मैं अपने आप में शर्मिदा हो उठा। इस साठ वर्ष की उम्र में, मैंने ना जाने कितने विद्यार्थियों को पढ़ाया है, जो आज सफल इंजीनियर व डॉक्टर हैं, पर इस जिंदगी का पहला पाठ मानवता और सम्यक्ता क्या मैं खुद नहीं सीख पाया? एक कील सी गड़ गई थी सीने में।

यह हमारी पहली मुलाकात थी और फिर तो उससे बात करने का सिलसिला बनता ही गया। हर बात तो बताता था वह मुझे फिर चाहे वह घर की हो या रहीम चाचा के दुकान की जहाँ के अध्यापक बच्चों को



पढ़ाने की जगह, उनसे अपने घर का काम करवाते थे। अपने सपने, अपने बारे में सब कुछ बता दिया था उसने मुझे। उसके अब्बू की एक दुर्घटना में आँखें चली गई थी। इसी के साथ घर की परिस्थितियाँ भी दूधर हो गईं। अब्बू के कहने पर ही मैंनेजर साहब ने उसे यहाँ काम पर लगावा दिया।

आप कहेंगे मैंने उसका नाम तो बताया ही नहीं। घर हो या

रहीम चाचा की दुकान या स्कूल या हमारा अपार्टमेंट उसे सब ‘ऐ’ ही बुलाते थे। “ऐ! यहाँ झाड़ू ठीक से नहीं मारा।” “ऐ” तुमने गणित के सवाल हल किये? “ऐ! आते वक्त रमजान के यहाँ से पाँच रुपये का आटा ले आना।” इस ‘ऐ’ में धिक्कार होता था तो कभी दया, कभी शायद कुछ भी नहीं जैसे उसके होने या ना होने से किसी को फर्क नहीं पड़ता। क्यों किसी और की बात कहूँ मैंने खुद ने भी तो सबसे पहले उसे यही संबोधन दिया था। उसे बहुत खुशी होती जब उसकी छोटी बहन उसे “भाईजान” कहती, शायद एक रिश्ते में बंधकर उसे अहसास होता कि वो भी एक इंसान है, जिसे हमेशा प्यार की तलब रहती है।

उसकी जीववता और उसकी उम्र को देख मैं हैरान रह जाता। खुदा भी अजीब करीरग है, अगर वो किसी इंसान को मुश्किलें देता है तो उससे लड़ने की, उन से जूझने की शक्ति भी देता है और इसका प्रत्यक्ष उदाहरण था मेरे सामने।

एक दिन सुबह पाँच बजे वह मेरे घर आ गया, पर हाथ में झाड़ू की जगह किताबें थी। “क्या हुआ? आज इतनी सुबह कैसे? तुम्हें स्कूल नहीं जाना है क्या? मैंने आश्चर्य से पूछा।

“अब मैं वहाँ नहीं जाऊँगा, बाबूजी! क्या आप मुझे पढ़ा देंगे? लोग कहते हैं कि आपका बहुत नाम है, आप बहुत बड़े अध्यापक हैं। मैं आपको फीस नहीं दे पाऊँगा, पर आपके घर की सफाई कर दिया करूँगा। बाबूजी आप मुझे पढ़ा दीजिये।” वह एक ही साँस में बोल गया।

“मैं जरूर पढ़ाऊँगा पर एक शर्त पर।” मैंने कहा। “बाबूजी! आप कहेंगे तो मैं आपके कपड़े भी धो दिया करूँगा।” वो रूआंसा सा होकर बोला। “चुप रहो! मैं सिर्फ़ तभी पढ़ाऊँगा जब तुम मुझसे वादा करो कि छः बजे से पहले नहीं आओगे।” वह आश्चर्य से मुझे देखने लगा। “अरे भाई, बूढ़ा आदमी हूँ। इतनी जल्दी नहीं उठ सकता मैं।” इतना कहकर मैं भी उसके साथ ठाकानों में शामिल हो गया। तब से बिना नागा किये वो रोज़ मुझसे पढ़ता। उसकी स्मरण शक्ति और क्षमता को देखकर मुझे आश्चर्य होता, इतने विद्यार्थियों को पढ़ाने के बाद भी ऐसी प्रतिभा मैंने कहीं नहीं देखी थी। हॉरे कोयले की खान से ही तो निकलते हैं और ऐसी ही हीरा मुझे भी मिल गया था। बस जरूरत थी तो उसे तराशने की ताकि ये समाज और दुनिया उसकी कीमत पहचान सके।

मैं नहीं चाहता था कि ये हीरा गरीबी और बेबसी की अंधेरी खान में दबा रहे।

उसका सपना था अपनी अम्मी -अब्बा के लिये वैसी ही लाल कोटी बनाना जैसी उसके घर को जाने वाले रास्ते में आती थी। उसके लिये वो बंगला दुनिया की सबसे खूबसूरत चीज थी। जिसे वह पाना चाहता था। वो बंगला और अपनी छोटी बहन का निकाह ये दो सपने उन दो छोटी-छोटी मासूम आंखों में पल रहे होंगे, इस पर कौन विश्वास कर सकता है। परिस्थितियों ने उसमें चंचलता और बचपने की जगह परिपक्वता भर दी थी।

कल सुबह जब वो आया तो आँखों में आँसू भरे हुये थे। जैसे रात भर रोता रहा हो। उसने हाथ जोड़ते हुये कहा “बाबूजी। मुझे माफ कर दो। मैं अब पढ़ने के लिय नहीं आ पाऊँगी। अब्बू चाहते हैं कि मैं सुबह के समय पास के प्राइवेट अस्पताल में सफ़ाई कर दिया करूँ, इससे कुछ आमदनी भी हो जायेगी और मेरे दो साल लगातार काम करने पर वो मुझे वहां पक्की नौकरी दे देंगे।” वह रोते हुये बोले जा रहा था और मैं देख रहा था गरीबी का खेल जिससे बेबस भी खुश था जबकि उस लड़के में डाक्टर बनने की काबिलियत थी। “बस करो ! क्या तुम इतने कमजोर हो ? जाकर अपने अब्बा को समझाओ कि तुम मन लगाकर पढ़ोगे और उन्हें डाक्टर बन कर दिखाओगे।” मेरा इतना कहने



Aprajit Kar, Abanmas, 2010

भर की देर थी और उन मासूम आंखों में वही चमक लौट आई। जाले समय वह मेरे पाँव छूकर गया, पहली बार मुझे उसका जाना अच्छा नहीं लग रहा था। कभी अचानक से कुछ लोग इस तरह जिंदगी में आते हैं कि ये जिंदगी उनके बिना खाली लगने लगती है।

आज सुबह के नौ बज गये थे और वह अभी तक नहीं आया, वही जो एक मिनट की भी देरी नहीं करता था। कभी लगता उसके अब्बा ने मना तो नहीं कर दिया, मुझे गुस्सा आ रहा था अपने आप पर, उसे अकेले जाने कैसे दिया ? मुझे खुद जाना चाहिये था उसके अम्मी - अब्बा को समझाने। जब और इंतजार करना मेरे लिये मुश्किल हो गया तो मैं खुद ही निकल पड़ा उसे ढूँढ़ने जिसकी कोई पहचान नहीं थी। आज

अहसास हुआ कि मुझे उसकी आदत सी हो गई थी।

आसपास की दुकानों और ठेले वालों से पूछता हुआ मैं उस गली तक आ ही पहुँचा जो उसके मुहल्ले की तरफ जाती थी। दूर से ही मुझे वह लाल कोटी दिखाई दी जिसकी वो बात किया करता था। पर यह क्या उस कोटी के सामने इतना हजूम क्यों ? कुछ लोग एक जगह को घेरे खड़े थे। पास गया तो उनकी बातें सुनकर धक्का सा लगा। “अजी कल शाम से ही यहीं पड़ी है, लावारिस है, अस्पताल वालों को फोन किया पर वो लोग आनाकानी कर रहे हैं। “यह बच्चे भी अपनी ही मस्ती में चलते हैं, किसी बात की चिन्ता तो होती नहीं इन्हें।” फिर लगा जैसे कुछ सुनाई नहीं दे रहा हो; जैसे मुझे हाथ-पैर बांधकर किसी ऊँची पहाड़ी से फेंक दिया गया हो। मुहँ से आह निकल कर रह गई पर मन चीत्कार कर रहा था। कैसे बताऊँ इस दुनिया को कि वह लावारिस नहीं अपने अब्बू के आँखों की रोजनी था, उसे सिर्फ अपनी ही नहीं अपने पूरे परिवार की चिन्ता थी।

इन्हीं अंतहीन चिन्ताओं से, गरीबी से, मजबूरियों से उसे मुक्ति मिल गई थी या अपने सपने, घर वालों की खुशियों, बहन का प्यार और मेरी आशाओं का अंत कर चला गया था वो ? मैं समझ नहीं पा रहा था। समझ रहा था तो बस इतना कि आज उसके साथ सब कुछ समाप्त हो गया था। रह गया तो बस मैं और वो सपने जो मैंने उसके साथ देखे थे। अपने अवधूरे सपनों के साथ मैं चला जा रहा था जाने किस ओर, किस दिशा में जैसे वो चला गया था मेरी जिंदगी से।

कैसा अंत था वह ??



Ved Prakash Meena
MED, 3rd Year

इस कोने से लेकर
उस कोने तक
पूरे घर को
दिन में कई बार
अपने हाथों से
सहलाने वाली माँ
थमकर बैठती हो जब
तब गेहूँ बीनने के बहाने
सींचती हो अपने हाथों से
दाने-दाने में एक मिठास।
उलझे - उलझे वालों वाली माँ
कैसे कर लेती हो
इतनी सुलझी - सुलझी बातें
कि कई बार



Akash, Alumnus

निरुत्तर सुकून से भरा - भरा
दिखाई देता है
बाबूजी का चेहरा।
माँ, सारी रात तुम
बाबूजी की आहटों पर
कान लगाये - लगाये
उँघते - उँघते ही
कैसे कर लेती हो
नींद लेने का उपक्रम
और सुबह फिर
खिल-खिल जाती हो
किसी ताजातरीन फूल की तरह।

' ओस की बूंद सी '

माँ, सचमुच कितने होते होंगे बाबूजी
दादी के सामने
तुम्हें इस पकी उम्र में भी
लम्बा -सा धुँधट निकालकर किसी नववधू की तरह
संकुचाते हुये देखकर।
माँ, ओस की बूंद - सी तुम
कितनों की बूंद सी तुम
कितनी भली लगती हो
परिवार के पाल पर
घर के आँगन में लगा
तुलसी का धान
शायद तुम्हें देख - देख कर ही
फल - फूल रहा है।



Ankit, CSE 3rd Year



Raj Walia
MED, Final Year

Maya

"the author has successfully shown us how cruel heartbreaks are. They leave you shattered and completely devastated. The thing about heartbreaks is, they aren't metaphorical, they are physical."

I once knew a girl. A girl like any other in that she laughed and she cried, she danced and she giggled, she dreamed and she sighed. Yet a girl like no other. For she was free. And she was fearless. She knew nothing about music bands and actresses and gossip and shoes and bags. She craved something. But she didn't know what. Maybe it was love. Maybe it was not. Every human craves love, attention, fame, money. No doubt about that. She was different. She knew neither. What she did know was the sticks and whims of a nurse who taught her mathematics and science and English. What she did know were the

an orphan. She had no one. Not by blood anyway. Fact is, she didn't care. She had her. And after a while, for a while, me.

How she managed to get into school god knows. How she managed to get into my heart even he doesn't. Her first day at school, I lost my breath and my voice. It was quite strange, she had been in class all day and I don't remember noticing her and now when I actually had to concentrate on a basketball match I had bet my money on, I pretty much almost lost that too. And being captain that could have been a blow. See right then, these things mattered. I didn't know her then. I don't know what it was about her. One moment I am tackling this guy and the next moment, the balls gone and she is there watching. It wasn't embarrassment I felt right then. Okay maybe a little but there was something weird in the air. Those brown eyes, there was something about her. She was cheering or booing. She was just watching. She wasn't judging either. She was just well...watching. Our eyes met and something I can never define happened. It wasn't love. It wasn't anything. It was just something. Something that stopped me. For a moment. Now the ball had to be regained before the other team scored so one has to turn back and jog through. And all through the jog, you watch her. Through your mind. She isn't gorgeous you tell yourself, not even pretty but something tells you, she's a masterpiece. And you accept, even if for a moment (maybe it was her innocence you try to convince your ego) she did take your breath away. The ball gets passed to you, you turn around pose a couple of fakes and slam the ring. That's the first basket. The crowd goes wild. She understood nothing. She just looks at you blankly. You are hurt. Your biggest ace in the hole just went unnoticed. You shake your head and run back. Your team mates clap you on the back. Now the ball is in their hands. They charge and they fumble. You do the rest. But your mind is somewhere else. Bound to be, you are seventeen. And well, new girl just kicked your ass without even trying. The match really doesn't have your attention now. Yet you do what you are good at. You know your game. You trained hard enough. You win. And



Pysomoids, Hillflair, 2010

many children she shared her room with. What she did know was a box. A box of her. A box with a picture. A black and white picture. In the picture stood a man and a woman holding a child. She had been told she was that child. She had been told that the man and the woman were her mother and father. What she did know was that she was

everyone is all praises. Even she is smiling. You see her talking to someone of your class and you head right over. She sees you coming, meets your gaze and blushes. Amazed you are, why the hell is she blushing?

You open your mouth and nothing come out. Your heart is in tatters. You thought you knew the female kind. Turns out you don't, your mind is dead. You have no idea what to say. You need to say something funny, that's for sure. Something that will get her to keep that smile rather than lose it. Something touchy. Probably a little cheesy or cocky being who you are. But something that will make her feel beautiful. Every girl likes that. Or so you think. You are generally a magician with words, but this time, you are down and you are under. Somehow you barely just utter. Hey. I am Rahul. Rahul Arora.

The confidence in your voice ceases not to surprise yourself. While inside you are pretty much having the nervous breakdown of your life, outside well, it's so much better. Fortunately. You hold out your hand. She hesitates then slowly takes it. And then she did the last thing in the world he would have expected. She mirrored his nervousness.

Smiling bleakly she said Maya.

Now that went well. But what now? The first line wasn't a major maneuver and the second line, of damn what second line? You don't have one! And you are standing there holding her hand. You beg the lord for help. You pass a smile and ask about the only thing you know.

"You play basketball?"

"Oh."

She paused and said "No, I don't know the game. It's the first time I saw it."

And all of a sudden you want to hit yourself. How dumb of you. She didn't know the game. It wasn't you. It was her. But then why did that feel so bad?

"Don't worry I will teach you."

She was mildly surprised though pleased. She nodded. And he walked off. Very much like the time she did when he saw her for the last time. Just that, then he was happy. And when she was the one going away, he had been broken. Shattered being a key synonym. She had changed him. That's what women do. They take arrogant unbred untamed animals and teach the how to love. They move them and then inspire them to do things they would never otherwise.

Illusion. One you want to believe, whole heartedly. A mirage that when you stand alone, there are people beside you watching over you. Truth be hold it's a mean parallel world. One that will play your mind and you are so lost in your dream, you lose touch of reality, till it comes crashing down all over your head. Your job is yours to handle. Not your boss's or the pretty girl you text all day and hit on in the canteen. Your troubles are yours and yours alone. Anything else is a bloody lie. People may try to help. Some might succeed. But in the end, you are the one who decides. You are the one who takes the fall. Love notes, words of happiness and bliss may be the order of the period but in the end, you take the fall. Right then, they just watch, smiling trying to encourage you, helpless just as you are when you watch a certain someone brace the grave. Relationships? The I love you quote and all? I am there for you and stuff? Judge yourself. Take them all out of your life. You will have nothing to lose, except perhaps an extra sense of energy and stature that you surge when someone says so. Heartbreak on the other hand pinches.

All of a sudden you realize you are in pieces when you thought you were at peace. It breaks your bubble leaving you with a heightened sense of anti euphoria. For a while you see the world for what it is. For a while. After a while, you fall in love again. But before that, you find something. You find something you had thought you had lost or something you didn't know existed. Its called spirit. If there be a higher power, it's the one part about you, you have inherited from him. The one part that doesn't quite die, no matter what. But at the end of some things, even it seems to be damaged. It exists. But its like the breath. There helping you exist but no more. And generally, at the end of such things you realize what you should have earlier. You may have been alone but at least for a while there was someone who tried to make an effort to not let you feel that way. She made you feel loved. She made you feel alive. When she was around, you knew everything would be all right. But she too left. The worst part being not out of option but because that's how angels are. They come and they flutter their wings and just leave. And there is another realization. This one very very painful. The thing about heartbreaks is, they aren't metaphorical, they are physical.

The thing about relationships is, it gives you an



Shrutika Priyadarshini
EEE, 2nd Year

Where Is The Time !

"Time and tide waits for none. If you ever wish to leave your footprints on history do not leave it on sand which is bound to be washed away, rather leave your footprints on time; which even mankind will find difficult to forget."

Where is the time, in this rush from morn to dusk
To listen to the thrilling of the bird in the tree,
Which is only rejoicing in life.

Where is the time, to stay and admire
The tiny dewdrops matchless in perfection,
A twinkle as it catches the first rays of the sun.

Where is the time,
To thrill at the beauty of and not crush underfoot
The little spring flowers, which would rather grow



Ajay Kumar

Defiantly if you please, in cracks than in beds.
Where is the time, to just throw a warm smile
To the solitary Grandma in the dusk,
As she sits wondering at life.

Where is the time, to care and wipe the coursing tears,
Of the home- sick lad new at college
At the strangeness of things.

Where is the time,
to listen to the confused teenager
Struggling to make sense of life.
According to his sights, buffeted by pressures,
No one understands or hears his silent cry.

Where is the time,
in these days of career profiles and high achievers,
To take on the humbler tasks and not be in the limelight,
And support the structure from behind.

Yet, everyone in his own way must find time.
How INCOMPLETE would our life be,
How SOUL-LESS our existence,
If we were to go through life without doing

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.



1st row : Smt. Shweta, Mr. Philemon Daniel P., Mr. Krishan Kumar, Smt. Gargi Khanna, Dr. (Mrs.) Rajeevan Chandel, Prof. R. L. Sharma,
 Dr. Vinod Kapoor, Mr. Surender Soni, Mr. Manoranjan Rai Bharti, Mr. Gagnesh kumar, Dr. Rohit
 2nd row : Indira, Neha Bhaktia, Neha Sharma, Ruby Nupoor, Jaspreet, Anjali, Saboochi, Vandana, Srusti
 3rd row : Piyush, Mohan, Rohit, Ankush, Antarkish, Arpit, Nitish, Rajeev, Dawesh, Ajay
 4th row : D. Vijay, Mani, Sumeet, Risaab, Sushil, Asish, B. S. Vikas, Kamal, Pramod, Debanjan, Ankur
 5th row : Jai, Prashanth, Aman, Manish, Piyush, Karan, Diponjit, Manish, Neeraj, Gaurav
 Neeraj, Abhishek, Harish, Venus, Apurv, Shashank, Piyush, Anshul

तेरे दामन से जो आए,
उन् हवाओं को सलाम,
पूछूँ मैं उस बुढ़ा को
जिस पे जाये तेरा नाम,
सबसे प्यारी सुबह तेरी,
सबसे रंगीन तेरी शाम।



By: Harjot, Archi, Final Year

- 0.
- 1.
- 2... Door opens...

Welcome to the helms of the sanctified **central building of NIT Hamirpur**. We here have an elevator which does not links floor but the magnanimous departments housed in a single edifice. The building seems to be a replica of shopping mall sheltering the **administrative block**, the **Humanities department** (apparently for our HRD), **physics department** (hub of research), a **statue of goddess Saraswati** (Divine presence) and the proclaimed **ECE department** atop equivalent to the cherry on the cake.

Apart from our colossal generosity (extensive miniaturization in terms of infrastructure), our youth battalion sets affront the bar of academic excellence in terms of high CG's despite the absolute grading era in the twilight. A talk with the students and you will realize hard work always pays!

On the outskirts of our department lies the mystic Dhauladhars descending the limbo of oblivion and on the other side is the EEE department descending the limbo of academic atyachar (ironically regular classes, strict teachers and extensive excellence).

In the era when every department has its own building to boast of, we are soon coming up with our own departmental building near the multipurpose lecture halls. In the third year we are the only department which has hosted projects for its students. In terms of students terminology it is a free time working on what we love,

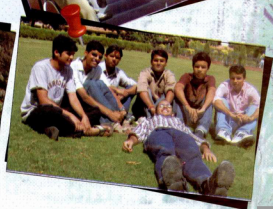
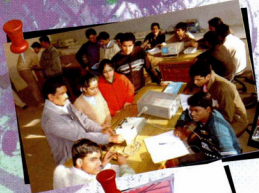
and in the dictionary of teachers it is a learning experience preparing them for the much dreaded major projects in final year.

In terms of placements **Electronics & Communication Department** left one and all departments behind. The department sponsored a technical festival organized under the banner of Society of Promotion of Electronics Culture (SPEC) between 29th of January to 31st of January.



Dr. Vinod Kapoor
HOD







Sandeep Deb
Archi, 2nd Year

Oh, Dear.

"Come soon Oh dear!" see my every breath waiting for you. I miss you between every faces in the vicinity, Longing for you in the couples with romantic ditty; I search you in the world with a desire of pride, Lost in your dream, in the wedding-looking at the bride.

The beats of my heart, "longs for you Oh dear!"

Withes my loneliness with a timid fear,

Come and spread the dawn light in the darkness of my laughter;

Hold my hands in this journey of life to accompany the canter.

Show the kindness to carry all my despair,

Alone in the crowd...only you hear;

Understand my every impulse I would share,

Not merely name; I, my spirit;
everything would be near.

Be my auxiliary and reply the world
in my behalf,

Conciliate my every welshed deeds
which are tough;

Do not bother- What world say about
me and you,

"Come soon Oh dear!" see my every
breath waiting for you.

I miss you between every faces in the
vicinity,

Longing for you in the couples with
romantic ditty;

I search you in the world with a desire
of pride,

Lost in your dream, in the wedding-
looking at the bride.

I try to find you in the depths of every
love story,

Eyes shooting looks for you, in every rush and hurry;

I wait for you wherever I find lovers waiting.

Longing for your winsome talks wherever lovers are
chatting.

I promise you to be together all through the life,

To stand by you in difficulties, may be one, two or five;

To be truthful in every circumstances;

Throughout life- to have your indispensable presence.

The beats of my heart, "longs for you Oh dear!"

Withes my loneliness with a timid fear,

Come to promise me your intimate relationship;

Which will be pure and unfathomable deep!





Dheeraj Gupta
CSE, 3rd Year

The Unemployed

"A unique level of friendship is shown between Ravi and Priyabarata when both of them are competing for the same job. A wonderfully concocted story bound to melt your hearts for sure."

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



By : Ajay Kumar

Ravi was a commerce graduate born of a peasant family; and Priyabarata an arts degree holder born of a sweeper family. Meticulous as just shown, as they were, they left the village for a future in the town. Those were the days when unemployment had grappled the nation in its murky tentacles. Ironically, to get a job one required a good mark sheet; however the thing that the interviewers looked for was a well known connection or the world-over

acknowledged god-- money. Consequently both of them flirted with their lucks as they lacked the latter.

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

"The Pillai Constructions at 10, and the same as you at 5", monotonously replied Priyabarata.

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

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

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

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

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

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

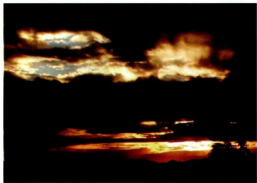
"Why the hell you didn't go for the Axis interview?" queried Ravi.

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

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

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

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



Dheeraj Gupta



Vasudha Tuli
ECE, 2nd Year

The Silken Route

With the river flowing so smooth,
Nothing never turning out an inkling rude,
Happiness cuddling my every move,
Never did life give me the slightest shove.....

Wow! what a fairytale if at all it could be true,
But before I had known, I had lost my way into
cascading blues,
The darkness of the bewildering night,
Made me trod rather than have that perfect glide.....

Tussling throughout my way,
Somehow I reached ashore ,but with now a newer say,
It were not just a shadow but silhouette indeed,
That just made me pay the desired heed.....

As if a rose had no thorns so knit,
As if the light never shimmered a bit,
As if the autumn never followed the spring,
And so....
If at all there were no such kinks,
The sun and the rain won't blend to have that
a.....wonderful rainbow sweetly wink!





Sameer S. Sharma
Archi., Final Year

A Girl...and Me

" God made man and he gave him a heart and a brain. The foolish man started using his brain where he should have used his heart and heart where his brain should have ruled. **"**

2007 : My first year in college.

My first day of ragging.

My first smoke.

Hillfair:

My first rose.

My first time of holding a girl's hand.

My first date.

My first "panga".

My first hostel expulsion.

My first beer party.

There were so many firsts, some good some bad.

and you see friends so do I. But here at this point of life I sit writing my last diary entry or something like that. This one is about a girl. She used to called me "pagal".

I cannot avoid smile lighting up my face. The girl hated liars and she hated Bonds, showoffs and every attribute I boasted of. In short she hated me I guess. She was my model, I used to love sketching her and I used to screw up pretty bad. Everything except of her eyes maybe the hair and "chotti si chin" used to be crookedly made, yet she used to encourage me to draw someone else. She used to love diwalis and crackers but today all i have are her thoughts. I was wrong about 1990 being a bad year; i was born in 1990. This one is worse. She frequently used to meet her grandparents. She liked mehendi. I can smell the essence even now while writing this entry. Even at this age she used to say "ji", a very remarkable word with which I eventually fell in love. I think she liked flowers specially roses and she absolutely hated people mimicking her, when I did that she said "meri billi mujhe hi meow!"

You know what?

Some of her friends used to call her billi too. She had inherited this name since her school days. She hated sorry's too and as far as I know she used to help everybody her seniors her friends anybody. She was definitely outspoken not the mysterious Goths type who poke a dagger in the back.

Oh I forgot to tell you. She looks so good in that pink sweater or maybe pathani. She loves old music too, and she talks in her sleep like young blissful children do.

I will tell you the best part. She used to send me photos on my request. Year 2010 is the worst year of all!

I used to draw her again and she would tell me I had drawn someone else again. Till date I haven't been able to capture those fine features into a sketch, but one day, one fine day I hope I will. When I ask her how she looks so fabulous in every pic she used to tell me it's my way of looking that makes her seem pretty. I think she is wrong,



Right now, I sit here in this stifling room thinking about another first time. In the hostel look around yourself

she really is beautiful.

She always used to say junior hai, pitungii aur phir katti ho jaati thi. When I tried to console her she used to say ziddhi hoon....

The first time (I hope not the last) I asked her out to coffee she bluntly refused, "Main coffee nahin peeti..."

She refused tea as well but then came LASSI and a yes!

Memories of past are rushing through me like rivers entering the mouth of the ocean. They are becoming turbulent and I am having difficulties in restraining them.

Now I will try out something I haven't before. I will tell you about me and my feelings which I guess you might already know...

One moment you are dancing with joy prepared for anything that may come your way. The very next might not even be yours to claim. Life is to be truthful, cruel. It can give you unbearable happiness... Life is irreversible, uncontrollable and insensitive. That doesn't really change anything, does it? What has to be has to be. What can't be can't...

Life can be as sweet as chocolate, as cold as ice-cream as junky as burgers as Chinese as pizza and as lifeless as your loved one's corpse.

Life can definitely be a bitch, when it wants to so don't give up if life is a bitch be a bastard and then we shall see who is who.

She while returning from her grandparent's house met with an accident. After being in coma for a month she left me and this mortal world once and for all.

Today i still fondly remember there was a girl-

I wanted to spend every full moon night with her losing myself in the depth of those beautiful eyes...I wanted to share a few more moments of my life with her....but I guess...what I had with her was more than I deserve ...

The wait has started again....but this time its gonna be much more testing yet mildly pleasant the wait for the next hill fair when I will be dejected again....the wait that in some hill fair the rose will prove its meaning...I always wanted to sing....now I know who for...this...sochta hoon...

I wanna call her for the first time again...in the middle of the night...I wanna hear her recognize me...

I wanna see my reflection in those jet black eyes again...I do not wanna look away ever again...I wanna

make her my lucky charm again...I want my lady luck...this time I wanna smell her hair...I wanna appreciate her perfume...aaj tak kar nahi paya b'coz mera apni deo itni strong hai...

Life can be cruel...

It is people like her who make it seem bearable...and it takes people like me to hurt them and screw up one good friendship...

There is so much I want to say...but I can't...maybe I am saying it now...

but I don't think she will understand...it is not because she doesn't want to, or she cannot. What I had with her I don't know...but it was something like a shooting star, a glimpse of heaven while it lasted...

Yet it got over earlier than expected. God is cruel.

Now even the second things have started...

My second panga...

My second hostel expulsion...

But another first has joined the pack...

My first heartbreak...

Hoping for more seconds...

And for the same girl a second time...as

"L___ Lives Forever...it is us humans who die..."000





Anil Sharma
CSE, 3rd Year

मेरी पहली नासमझी

“साथ जीने मरने की कसमें एक इन्जीनियर लड़के को देखते ही तोड़ दी। तुमने जरा भी न सोचा कि मेरा क्या होगा। क्या सपने दिखाये थे तुमने। वो सपने, वो साथ गुजारे पल, वो।”

तमाम सबूतों और गवाहों को मद्दे नजर रखते हुये भारतीय संविधान की धारा तीन-सी दो के तहत अदालत अपराधी राज उर्फ अनु को अपनी पत्नी की हत्या के इल्जाम में सजाये मौत का फैसला सुनाती है। न्यायाधीश ने अपने हस्ताक्षर करके कलम की नींव वहीं दबा कर तोड़ दी।

“चलो ” मेरे को पता ही नहीं चला कि कब खाकी वर्दी धारियों ने मुझे हथकड़ी पहना दी थी। मेरे साथ चल रहे कई आला-अफसरों को मैं अच्छी तरह से जानता था। उन्हें भी मुझसे हमदर्दी थी, लेकिन उन्होंने वर्दी पहनते हुये जो कसम खाई थी वो मेरी हमदर्दी से कहीं प्रिय थी उन सब को।

शायद उस समय मेरे मन में मौत का कोई खौफ नहीं था। लेकिन अदालत के बाहर किसी की आवाज ने मेरे को ऐड़ी से चोटी तक हिलाकर रख दिया।

“राज सोनम से नहीं मिलोगे ?” मोनिका की आंखों में आसू थे लेकिन उसने उन्हें अपनी कोर से बाहर आने से रोक लिया था। “आपने दोनों हाथों में कंगन क्यों पहन रखे हैं ? और आप मेरे जन्मदिन पर भी नहीं आये मैं आपसे खफा हूँ” मासूम सी लड़की जो दिखने में किसी परी स्थान की राजकुमारी से कम नहीं थी। लेकिन उस नासमझ को क्या पता था कि जिसे वो जन्मदिन याद दिला रही है उसे अपनी मौत के दिन का इंतजार है, जन्मदिन का नहीं।

“सारी माई लॉलीपाप डार्लिंग ” आगे से ध्यान रखूंगा। शायद ही कोई कह सके कि मैं वही इन्सान हूँ जो चंद लम्हे पहले अपनी मौत का फरमान सुनके आ रहा हूँ। ” इसकी पढ़ाई का ध्यान रखना ।” उसकी माँ से आँखे मिलाने की मेरे में हिम्मत ही नहीं बची थी।

“मैं तुम्हारी सारी किताबें पढ़ाऊँगी इसे आखिर इसे लेखक जो बनाना है। फिर इसकी शादी ...।” शादी का नाम जुबान पर आते ही वो खामोश हो गई। उसकी आंखों से अश्रु बाहर आने शुरू हो गये। आखिर इतने बड़े सैलाब को कोई कितनी देर तक रोक सकती थी भला। मैं उसके आँसू देख न लूँ इसलिये उसने सोनम का हाथ पकड़ा और नज़रें झुकाये चली गई।

लेकिन मेरी आंखों में अपनी पहली मुलाकात का मंजर छोड़ गई। कितना अलग था मैं उस समय, सपने में भी नहीं सोचा था कि हमेशा स्वतंत्र रहने वाला ये पक्षी जेल की इन दीवारों में मरेगा। लेकिन एक दिन गलती से लगे उस फोन ने मेरी जिनगी बदल के रख दी।

हाँ एक गलती से लगी कॉल से। उससे बात हुई, पहली बार किसी की बात इतनी मधुर लगी। जब उसकी कॉल आई तो मैं सो रहा था। जब उसे ये बात पता चली तो उसने मुझे ‘कुभंकरण’ की संज्ञा दे दी। लेकिन उसके इस नामकरण से मुझे किंचित क्रोध न हुआ, बल्कि एक हल्की सी मुस्कान आ गई थी। बाद में लिखित सदियों का आदान प्रदान होने लगा। और हमारी दोस्ती इतनी बढ़ गई की एक दिन उससे मिलने टाउन भी चला गया। उसने आसमानी नीले रंग का पंजाबी सूट-सलवार पहन रखा था। कंधे तक आते बाल और आँखों में लगाया काजल, देखने



वालों को आसानी से मोहित कर सकती थी। शायद कछ हद तक मैं भी वशीभूत हो गया था।

उसके बाद हमारी मुलाकातों का सिलसिला चलता रहा। रविवार को हम अक्सर मिलने पहुँच जाते थे। लेकिन फोन पर बात होती रहती थी। मुझे अच्छी तरह से याद है एक दिन वो अपने साथ अपनी सहेली को भी लेकर आयी थी। गोल-गोल कपाल पर टेढ़ी-मेढ़ी बालों की लटें, मुझे बार-बार उसकी ओर देखने को मजबूर कर रही थी। मानों मेरे सपनों की रानी मिल गई हो।

“सपना” मोनिका की आवाज से मेरा सपना टूट “वह हैं राज। राजस्थान से हैं। लेकिन ये इंजिनियर से ज्यादा लेखक हैं। मैं तो एक जाती हूँ। कभी प्रेमचंद, कभी विन्धनाथ टैगोर...” वो बोले जा रही थी। लेकिन मैं कब ध्यान दे रहा था उसकी ओर। “सपना” क्या सुन्दर नाम था और नाम से सुन्दर खुद।

“आप कहाँ से हो? मैंने पूछा।
जयपुर से। उसने हल्के से उतर दिया।” तुम्हारी बहुत तारीफ़ करती है मोनिका, तो सोचा मैं भी मिल लेती हूँ।

इसी प्रकार हमारी वार्तालाप का क्रम बढ़ता गया। कुछ देर तक सामान्य बातें चलती रही। इसी दौरान मैंने उसके फोन नं० भी ले लिये थे। बातों ही बातों में उसने मेरी लिखी कुछ कवितायें दिखाने को कहा। मोनिका को हमारा इस तरह इतना धुलना मिला ना रास नहीं आया। उसने मुझ बनाकर कहा-“हॉं क्यों नहीं अगले रविवार को तो मैं घर जा रही हूँ। तुम ही सुनने आ जाना इसकी कविता।”

इन्तजार का फल मीठा होता है। अगला रविवार भी आया एक सप्ताह जिसके सपने देख रहा था आज उसी सपना से मिलने जो पहुँचना था। मैंने उसे अपनी कविता दिखाई उसने प्रशंसा से एक-दो शब्द जोड़ दिये।

ये किसके लिये लिखी हैं? मोनिका के लिये ना!! उसने पूछा

पता नहीं वो तीन दिन पहले ही लिखी थी। और हाँ मैं और मोनिका केवल दोस्त हैं।” मैंने उसकी बात का उत्तर उसी की तरह दे दिया। कुछ देर तर्क वितर्क करते रहे। और इसी बीच मैंने उसे अगले रविवार को मिलने को कहा। एक बार तो उसने मना किया लेकिन मेरे दुबारा कहने पर वो मना नहीं कर सकी। इस तरह हमारी मुलाकातें और बढ़ने लगीं। मोनिका को भी महसूस हो गया कि मैं उससे दूर जा रहा हूँ। लेकिन वह मेरे और सपना के बीच दीवार नहीं बनी। और खुद ही मिलना कम कर दिया। अब मैं मोनिका के जितना दूर जा रहा था सपना के उतना ही नजदीक आ रहा था।

इसी बीच मेरी पहली किताब भी प्रकाशित हो गई थी। ‘मेरी पहली नासमझी’ यही शीर्षक था मेरी किताब का। जिसमें एक लेखक अपनी पत्नी की बेवफाई के कारण हत्या कर देता है। मेरी और सपना की

श्रादी होने में कई अड़चने थी। क्योंकि हम दोनों अलग-2 जाति और वर्ण के थे। लेकिन मेरे परिवार वालों ने मेरा पूरा साथ दिया। भारतीय कानून की मदद से हमने दांपत्य जीवन में प्रवेश किया। श्रादी के बाद उसका पहला जन्मदिन आ रहा था। उसे ‘सरप्राइज’ देने के इरादे से कि उसे सबसे पहले “जन्मदिन मुबारक” मैं ही बोलूँ कोई और ना बोल दे इसलिये उसका मोबाइल धीरे से अपने पास रख लिया। मैं रात को अपनी डायरी लिख रहा था। मध्यरात्रि होने में अभी छः सौ सेकेंड बाकी थे। मोबाइल की ध्वनि से मेरा ध्यान मोबाइल की ओर गया। कोई अनजान नं० से कॉल आ रही थी। मैंने कुर्जी पटल के हरे रंग की कुँजी को दबाया दूसरी ओर से एक लड़के की आवाज आ रही थी शायद तकनीकी बाधा के कारण उसे मेरी आवाज सुनाई नहीं दी लेकिन उसकी आवाज मेरे कर्ण पटल पर साफ़ सुनाई दे रही थी। वह दुःखद स्वर में बोला मेरे साथ बेवफाई ही करनी थी तो पहले बता देती।

साथ जीने मरने की कसमें एक इंजीनियर लड़के को देखते ही तोड़ दी। तुमने जरा भी न सोचा कि मेरा क्या होगा। क्या सपने दिखाये थे तुमने। वो सपने, वो साथ गुजारे पल, वो। ‘उसका स्वर और भी दुःखद होता जा रहा था। उसकी आवाज में सिसकियाँ भी शामिल थी। मैं तो जी लूँगा तुम अपना ख्याल रखना जन्मदिन मुबारक हो।’ और दूसरी तरफ से फोन कट गया। लेकिन इस कॉल ने मेरे को हिला कर रख दिया था। घड़ी की सूईयाँ एक दूसरे को ढ़क रही थी और मेरे हाथ में केक काटने के लिये रखा हुआ चाकू था।

“सर हवलदार की आवाज से मेरा ध्यान अतीत से वर्तमान में लौटा” मेरा लड़का आपका प्रशंसक है। उसने आपकी किताबें पढ़ी हैं। आपका ऑटोग्राफ लेने की जिद कर रहा है।”

मैंने हाँ में सिर हिला दिया। हवलदार ने बाहर की ओर कुछ इशारा किया एक नौ दस वर्ष का बच्चा अंदर आया और मेरे आगे किताब बढ़ा दी।

“पेन तो दो छोटे बाबू! मेरे पास पेन नहीं है।” मैंने बच्चे की आवाज में पेन के लिये हाथ बढ़ाते हुये कहा। लड़के ने हल्की मुस्कान के साथ पेन मेरी ओर बढ़ा दिया। जैसे ही मैंने केन पेन को पलटा। किताब का शीर्षक देख कर मेरा सिर चकरा गया।

महार्षि वाल्मीकी के बाद शायद मैं ही दूसरा ऐसा लेखक रहा होऊँगा जिसने अपनी कहानी पहले ही लिख दी थी। किताब का शीर्षक था। “मेरी पहली नासमझी”। लड़का जा चुका था। किताब और पेन अभी भी फर्श पर गिरे हुये थे.....।



Vinay Nath Endley
Civil 3rd Year

The Farthest I Can Recall

“Emotional bondage is unfathomable by human measurement terms. It can only be felt. A heart touching story of a father and a son.”

All kids are gifted; some just open their packages earlier than others and those who are helped to open do something which I did- they CRY! Seeing my sister running for a different school, faint pictures of my first day at school brought a true smile on my so otherwise face. With some help from my father, I am able to paint a proper picture along with the emotions that waved that day.

I was truly a kid, only four years old. If you look at me now you shall surely hang me for lying. Presently, four year oldies appear some sort of cherubs to me; at that age they were no less than devils that parade the hell. My mother woke me up, and after a proper brushing and bath she started dressing me. It was then that I started muttering-“nahijaana.” Throughout the breakfast I kept on

It was a mixture of fear of staying away from home for the first time, and being surrounded by some one or rather so many that you did not know. Moreover, I was conned by rote not to do anything that troubled the teacher. In my dictionary of deeds everything I did troubled my mom, so everything I did was bound to trouble the teacher. In other words, I had to do nothing. In short, you were being captivated without fetters, without cuffs, and you were being silenced without gags.

Taking in his arms (read as “making sure I don't flee”), my father took me to the school. As soon as I saw the gates I started breaking the hell in my father's arms. I was crying someone similar to a baby, who shall not stop unless given the exact thing needed; and I needed freedom from the approaching fear. My crying was so impressive that people in the streets halted to watch me. Brutus at his best-convincing Romans (here father). My crying became so furious that my father got agitated and carried me back home.

Seeing me being back at home, my mother and her neighbor friend asked what happened. On being answered, the neighbour had a good laugh. She calmly replied, “bhaiyaa...take him back. Everyone cry their first day. My son had to be forcefully seated in his class, with the teacher holding him back while my husband left.”

On seeing my father taking me back the same track, I again started having the same sinking feeling. I did not wish to go; my innards were being filled with the exposed fear of being surrounded by so many unknown people. The same scene returned. The school gate-my cries-the people halting. However this time my father took me inside. I cried till we reached the school grounds after that I stopped. Got down from my father's arms. Carefully released myself from his grip and said, “papa...ab main khudchalaajaunga.”



saying, sometimes in fainter inaudible voices and some times in pleading voices-“papa, please nahijaana; mummy nahijaana...”

My father gave me a sweet smile and pointed at the class where I had to go. I was in all probability reddening

under the gazes of other children and parents staring at me, feeling a bit clumsy I started walking to my class. He remained standing there, till when I have no idea and I have not asked him till date and neither shall I ever do; marveling most probably at his son- "how soon they grow?" Till yesterday, he used wasn't able to walk two steps and today he is going to school for the first time."

At noon, he was standing at the same spot. I ran and hugged him, as if I was seeing him after a lot many



days. Even he hugged me, and we both started walking back home- hand in hand. However, I never asked him and most probably ever shall not- "did he stay there the whole morning?"



Surabhi Shandil
Archi., 3rd Year

Alone ...

Life's so strange, one moment you are so happy that you don't want anything else in life. You close your eyes with satisfaction, and the very next moment, everything's gone.

You get addicted to the happiness. So much, that when it leaves you, it feels like your soul has left your body. Something pulls beneath the surface, gravity so high, feels like drowning in a swamp, never to emerge again. But still you live with the ashes of your sweet fairytale dreams.

The rain, falls like acid on my skin, burning my heart, killing me. The cool breeze reminds me of the time when you were there with me. You enveloped my body, protected me from every pain. And now I stand here all alone, my arms wrapped around my body. I shiver with cold, no one there to comfort me.

The skies once so blue seem gloomy now. I lie down on the ground and look up, searching for your reflection. A smile lights up my face, I close my eyes with glee. But you're gone again. I stand up, run around like crazy, looking for you. However, I find myself lonely as ever.

My eyes so dry, no tears left. Like you, they too have abandoned me. Where do I go, what do I do, when will I find you, so many questions, but no answer. I lay on my bed all day long, thinking of you, dreaming of you.

Look how miserable i've become! Like a jinxed zombie I move around. Everybody has deserted me, my smile, my happiness, my tears, and most important, YOU! No hope left in me. I just spend my life, each day, moving a little closer towards my destination,
My grave.



Akash, Alumnus, 2010

For You A Thousand Times...

Debanjan Chaudhari
ECE, Final Year

'Srijan 10-11'

"Love is always patient and kind. It is never jealous. Love is never boastful or conceited. It is never rude or selfish. It does not take offense and is not resentful. "A walk to remember"

Josh was living the life that every high school kid dreamed about. He was popular, rich, girls were crazy about him and he was smart. His beach house was the host to some of the craziest parties Coasts High School had witnessed for years. His cars were luxury re-defined. His intelligence made the school geeks jealous. However, there was one thing that seemed to be curious about Josh. No matter how crazy girls were about him, no matter how easy it could have been for him to get any girl in town, Josh hadn't had a girlfriend for as long as people in school knew him. Some questioned his sexual orientation, but his flirting methods and his best friend; Kate had put that question beyond doubt. Kate was Josh's best friend ever since he moved to the city 10 years ago. Josh gave Kate

shared every second of their lives with each other. Kate and Josh knew each other better than they knew themselves. Their friendship was unique and as individuals they were completely different.

Kate was shy, laid back and artistic. They were so different from one another that everyone wondered how the two of them could be best friends. A few around the school had a feeling that Kate was only friends with Josh because she was deeply in love with him, and the paranoid thought that she was friends with him because of his money and fame across the town. However, Kate proved to everyone that she wasn't using Josh for any selfish reasons or that she was deeply in love with him when she started dating a boy from her neighbourhood at the start of the summer of 2010. It was also the summer when Josh had completely gone off the radar for the whole of the summer break...

August 1st, 2010 marked the start of senior year at Coasts High school. While everyone was busy discussing their personal summer adventures, misadventures, hook ups and break ups, Kate was busy rummaging the crowd in search of Josh. She had surprising not heard from Josh all summer.

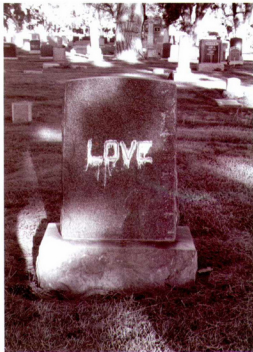
Two whole months, and her best friend had disappeared off the face of the earth. She was worried, 10 years and they hadn't been apart for this long. She tried calling him a dozen times in the last half hour. Switched off, just like it had been for the past 2 months. As she made her way out to the parking lot, she saw Josh's car driving into the school. A sudden jolt of happiness and anger at the same time sprung through her.

"You better have a damn good reason for disappearing on me like that" she said as she made her way towards him

"Kate!! How have you been?" Josh said with a smile on his face

"I've been worried Josh, all summer I've been worried about you. Where the hell did you go?"

"Aww, I'm sorry and I can explain. I've had the



complete authority over him; they shared their happiness, their shared their sorrows and more importantly, they

worst summer ever. Talk over it over coffee?"

"How about after school? I have to meet Carlos now"

"Oh Carlos, umm so how is he? How are the two of you?"
 "After school ok? And we're great" as she hugged him and walked away with a wink.

Two minutes into the new school year, and all his hopes and expectations had already drained away...

As they sat together, at their favorite spot by the beach, Kate shared her stories with Carlos and how they spent the summer together and Josh told her about his sabbatical. He perfected it, Father's overseas business problems, Relative's death, etc. Not once could he tell her about how he felt about her. Just the way, he couldn't tell her for the past many years. Deep down, he knew that if she turned him down, their friendship would cap-size with it, a friendship too precious to lose.

"So anyways I need a couple of favors from you." She said with a sudden hike in her level of excitement.

"First, Carlos has been really trying to get his father's business back on track, and since your dad is one of the best businessmen in the city, could you arrange a meeting between your dad and Carlos? And last but not the least, Carlos's birthday is next week, and I need your help. I'm planning on taking him out to our secret cave we discovered at the hills a few years back. I know it sounds very corny, but I really like this guy and I want to do something really special and sweet. So what I need is for you to help me come up with a very romantic setup. You know what I mean right?" She said with a blush on her face.

"Hey, don't call these favors ok. You know I'd do anything for you right?" Josh said as he put up a fake smile.
 "Hmm...you know you are the greatest person ever right?"

As they got up to leave, Josh turned back to Kate and said,

"Hey K, you do know that the cave isn't really safe as it used to be back in the day?"

"Yeah, I know but then again, what could possibly go wrong in the space of three-four hours right?"

The following day, Josh has set up a meeting between his father and Carlos. The next day, they were doing business. Carlos was a very talented, intelligent and focused young man. Those were the words Josh's father told him over dinner.

Jealousy, the reason as to why Josh left the dinner

table immediately after his father's words. As he sat outside his window, all he could think of was the happiness he saw on Kate's face over the last couple of days.

Over the next couple of days, Josh and Kate drove up to the caves to set up for Kate's romantic evening with Carlos. They hadn't been there for years, and with changes in weather, the rocks around the caves had been weaker. The bad weather over the weekend didn't help their cause as well. They eventually completed everything on the eve of Carlos's birthday.
 "I still have a bad feeling about this place"

"Don't worry; as I said before, it's only a matter of three hours. Plus, Carlos is going to be there, so nothing can possibly go wrong" Kate re-assured him with a wink.

Josh still wasn't entirely convinced at Kate's reassurance. Afterall, the number of fatalities over the years around the caves was alarmingly high. But, was his main concern Kate's well-being or was it more about Kate and Carlos's "romantic evening" together. An evening that he helped set up. An evening that he thought he deserved to spend with her more than Carlos.

Over the next day, Josh sat contemplating as to whether he should drive up to the caves, just to watch over Kate. Finally, he decided he was going to go and watch out for Kate. Something about the caves just didn't seem right and above that he missed Kate's smile all day long.

Josh set out for the hills an hour before the sunset. He parked his car a few feet behind Carlos's and he set out for the short hike. The entrance to the caves was at a height of 300 feet from the bottom of the hill. Just above the caves were a pile of heavy boulders that looked like they would fall any moment. He could see the light coming out from the cave and a few feet inside the cave he noticed Kate.

She had her head perched on Carlos's shoulder and the two stared into the sunset. For a while he stood there staring at Kate, minutes later he saw a few clouds gathering above. Clouds on the verge of bursting any minute now. Minutes later, the inevitable happened. It was raining cats and dogs. Kate and Carlos ran inside for some cover. For a change, Josh's focus shifted from Kate to the boulders above the cave.

Without a thought, Josh made his way out of his cover and headed up to the caves. He knew that the two of them had made a mistake running inside the caves. Chances were that the boulders would eventually cave in any moment. Josh found himself struggling to hike up to the caves, within minutes a rapid stream of water was pouring down. His eyes constantly moved from the boulders above the caves to Kate. She had no idea about the boulders. She had no idea that there was a possibility that

within minutes those very boulders were going to cave in. Her eyes were locked into Carlos's. No matter how much it rained, she was still determined to make this day special for the both of them. Josh realized then and there that the two were madly in love. Josh might have loved her, but Carlos was just the perfect guy for her.

A few feet away from the caves, Josh started calling out for Kate. She couldn't hear him. She hadn't even noticed him.

"Kate!! Carlos!!" he screamed as he reached the entrance to the caves.

"Josh?? What are you doing here?" she said, visibly perplexed.

"No time to explain, but you got to get out of here now!"

"What are you talking about Josh? What's wrong?"

"The rain is going to make those boulders right above us cave in any moment now. You have to get out"

"Josh, are you serious? How do you know all this? How long have you been here watching us?"

"I'll explain everything to you later. Trust me on this now"

"No, tell me now Josh. How long have you been here and WHY are you here?"

Josh realized that the only way he could get the two of them out was by telling her everything.

"Ok fine Kate, I'm in love with you. I've been in love with you for a VERY long time. I went away this summer because I couldn't see you with Carlos."

"Are you serious? Now is not the time to mess around with me Josh. You knew today was a very special day for me."

"Kate, I loved you and I will. I'd give my life for you. But, today I realized something. You and Carlos are meant to be. I promise that after today, you won't have to see my face again..."

A loud rumbling had cut him off, and he could see a few small rocks falling at the entrance and inside the cave.

"Kate, Carlos we have to leave NOW!"

"Kate, let's go!" Carlos said.

As they turned to leave, a huge pile of rocks started falling into the caves. Kate and Josh quickly made their way out of the cave.

"Josh, where's Carlos?"

Josh looked inside the cave to find Carlos lying on the floor. A rock had hit him on his leg, and he was trying to get back to his feet.

"Kate, wait right here. I'm going to get him."

"Josh, be careful!"

Josh looked back at her and smiled. It was the last

time he was going to see her. Deep down, he knew it.

Carlos had a heavy rock on his left leg. He could walk but the rock on his leg was the main problem. The rain had done its damage and the inevitable was moments away. Josh tried nudging the rock but it was too heavy. He tried a couple of times, but failed. He looked down at Carlos and then the bracelet around his hand which read "KATE". He was going to get him out no matter what.

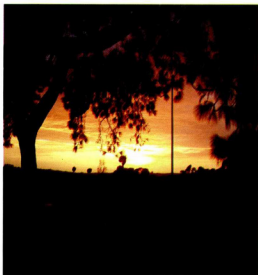
Tired and hurt, Josh gave himself a final push, gathered all his strength and picked up the rock and shoved it aside.

"GO!!"

Carlos limped out. Josh took a while to catch his breath. As he got up, a pile of boulders had blocked his way out. He could hear Carlos screaming from the other end.

"Carlos, get out of here now. And listen, take good care of Kate. She's just wonderful."

Those were the last words he could say. A loud rumble was followed by large boulders caving in. The cave that had so many special memories between Kate and Josh was reduced to a pile of dust. The cave perished with Josh.



Dheeraj Gupta



1st row : Mr. Debasish Dash, Mr. Siddhartha , Dr. Anoop Kumar, Dr. Rakesh Sehgal, Prof. R. L. Sharma, Mr. Prashant Kumar, Dr. Varun,
 Dr. Amar Pattnaik, Dr. Suresh Dhiman
 2nd row : Sunil, Shwam, Munish, Vikas, Ashok, T. Khailalsang, Sarvottam, Ram Murari, Ravi Yadav, Youngal, Deepak, Saurabh, Ashish,
 Deepak, N. Shashank
 3rd row : Abhay, Mayank, Vipan, Ankit, Anurag, Abhinav, Nitin, Siddharth, Tarun, prabhat, Ankur, Somendeeep , Neelsetuo, Sneshwar
 4th row : Ved Prakash, Manish, Raghothaman, Rajat, Ankit, Sunil, Sunder, Prashanth
 5th row : Rajat, Hitesh, Mayank, Valbhav, Taresh, Gaurav, Aditya, Rajat, Ankur, Sahil, Akshaydeep, Vikram, Amit

It all comes
down to who's
by your side.
Take a risk.
Dare to move.
Love is a leap
of faith

Go, Goa!



By : Harjot, Archi, Final Year

Mechanical Engineering Department has a charm of its own; started in 1994 with undergraduate programme the department now offers degrees at both bachelor and master's level.

Quote 1: How does an induction motor starts?

Ans. "Blurr....bluuurrrr" (3 idiots)

Meddys and Machines have more than the 'M' in common. Their love for machines is tantamount to the beauty that flows in nature. Located at one of the highest points in NIT campus, the department has three floors and in case another floor gets added the Macmohan line will be visible from Hamirpur. A department where theory is the least loved and studied subject. MED can proudly boast of having one of the best minds in the faculty and among the students alike. Ranging from a small plier to extreme machines, everything is a gift from this branch. It is they who make the world go round!

Quote 2: Machine and women do not mix. (Titanic)

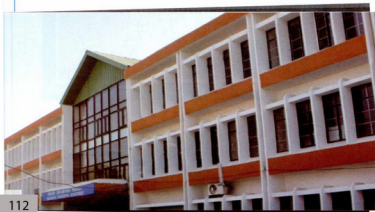
Do not take the second quote literally, but yes to a certain extent MED which stands in front of the Architecture Department cannot avoid the inevitable jealousy. Telling the boy to girl ratio to be skewed will be an understatement. Haryana has something which beats it down in its male-female ratio.

Quote 3: Men are grown mechanical in head and in the heart, as well as in the hand. They have lost faith in individual endeavour, and in natural force of any kind. However, I have to say MED has proved it wrong. MED

final year is the driving force behind literacy, NIT Hamirpur's gem which teaches under privileged children from the slum. Man always takes from society, from his birth till his death. He must return back to the society whenever he gets a chance.



Text By : Priyanka Attri



Dr. Sunand Kumar
HOD







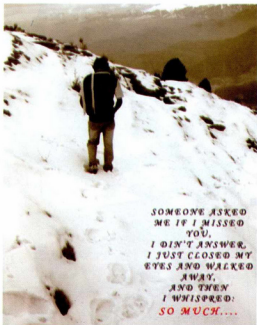
Neiseituo Sharma
MED, Final Year

Christmas Night Orison

*"A deep clear calling of our inner nature, to awaken beyond our lives,
the strangest of all dreams;
That once in a while we bear witness to a magic so deep,
Taking into a horizon, whispering welcome to thy soul, And slowly into us it seeps"*

oh come here wintertime, I wait for you...
not just for my loved ones, but all I know, whom I love
them too
make them happy with the festive air, and give me all
they do despair,
and do teach me again, something new, as I have spent
this Christmas right here, with you;
I am always here, for company for all the way through,

don't go back from here, these memories are too
important;
but do know what you have missed? you may ask how
we become this;
all the way, all the moments since then, we may see from
a different view;
The light will not blind us anymore; the glare will not



*SOMEONE ASKED
ME IF I MISSED
YOU,
I DIDN'T ANSWER,
I JUST CLOSED MY
EYES AND WALKED
AWAY,
AND THEN
I WHISPERED:
SO MUCH....*

Himanshu Raman, Archi., Final Year

hurt like before,
but will help us to see once more.

I felt there was hope, then thought there was none..
Whatever it was, it made it all fun,
Adding life to my time, the other way it is not done;
Felt, there was a moment of despair,
But after all these go by, and soon didn't care,
"Keep thy good memories that thy loves"
That's how we ought to prepare
I challenge the equilibrium, friends you too dare,
don't let the time pass you by, nor a moment to spare;

Let it go, let it pass by, and the feeling is all that remains;
know !, feeling is being, that is just what it is,
There is a lot that I will miss, a lot that may not have felt
crispish,
I figure this is all the part and parcel of the game,
Some things are not meant to be said at all,
They remain as the glow inside, adding to what we
already believe.

This may happen to you, not just only me,
A deep clear calling of our inner nature, to awaken
beyond our lives,
the strangest of all dreams;
That once in a while we bear witness to a magic so deep,
Taking into a horizon, whispering welcome to thy soul,
And slowly into us it seeps

Never will one feel alone again, never will one fear,
And will I feel enough, and never will drear
Never will one feel alone in a Christmas eve,
For the years to come, oh that's so clear..
Come oh wintertime I wait for you my dear.



Shashank Singh
ECE, Final Year

Golden Heart

"The postman had come to deliver a packet addressed to the lady by a children's home based in the Andhra Pradesh, India. I took a seat opposite to her on the dining table in the kitchen as she sat down to open the packet."

It was a bitter, cold evening in Helsinki. As I walked towards the house across the Alepa store on the front end of the street, I almost slipped on the wet pavement on the other side of the road.

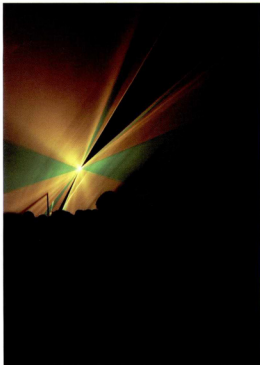
It was a spacious three bedroom apartment on the northern end of the city, only a couple of miles from the northern shore of the Gulf of Finland. The yard was large and was scattered with the white Lily-of-the-Valley flowers. I was careful not to step on them as I made my way to the entrance. When the door opened open, a lady with

just reached." I told her. The interiors of the house were predominantly white and a large window in the living room looked straight to the road that stretched behind. The ground floor had a living room and the lady's bedroom and the upper level had two bedrooms. I was to live in one of these for the next three months.

"Let's go and cook something. You had a long day today", she said with a lively smile, which I'd grown fond of already. As she showed me around the kitchen, tendering all the minute details I needed to know, there was a knock on the door. "I will take it", I said as I leapt across the room to the main door. The postman had come to deliver a packet addressed to the lady by a children's home based in the Andhra Pradesh, India. I took a seat opposite to her on the dining table in the kitchen as she sat down to open the packet. She read the letter from the packet and observed what all was contained in it. She read the letter again, this time with a sense of pride and accomplishment in her eyes. After she had finished reading, she spoke in a quivering voice, as if sensing my inquisitiveness-"I am too happy to even talk right now. But I want to share this with you. Do you have time to talk to me for a while?" I had, indeed, all the time in this world for her.

I followed her to her husband's study, of which she told me, nothing had been altered since her husband died in 1967. It reminded me of Miss. Havisham's room in "Great Expectations", whose clocks were stopped at the time her fiancé died. Seated on a wooden chair in front of the fireplace, I listened carefully as she spoke about her life in a heavy voice with a diluted English accent.

Mrs. Sirkka Salmio was born in 1920 at the city of Lahti, about 60 miles to the east of Helsinki. Having attended the Christian School of Lahti region, Sirkka undertook a major in French and German language at the University of Lahti. Here she met Jussi Salmio who was a student at the same university. They fell in love and eventually got married in 1943. The Salmios had two children. Their elder son Seppo (who would go on to



Ajay Kumar

beautiful, vibrant hazel eyes appeared, seemingly apologetic about making me wait in the cold. "It's okay, I

become one of the finest lawyers in Finland) was born in 1947 and their younger son Antte was born in 1952, after the couple had moved to Helsinki in 1951.

In 1961, Finland's refusal to honor the obligations of Moscow Treaty of 1940, led to Russian forces attacking Finland. Sirkka's husband succumbed to the injuries that he sustained while fighting at the eastern frontiers of the country. It was at this moment when Sirkka took charge of her and her children's destiny. She took a year off to take an introductory course in marketing at Stockholm School of Economics. She returned to Helsinki to join Stockmann, the largest retail outlet in North Europe as a saleswoman in 1970. (She retired as the head of Packaging & Marketing division in 1985)

In 1979, when both her sons had graduated, Sirkka set out on a trip to India which was to change her life forever. As fate would have it, one of her companions on the trip was to visit the Aune Hyni Children's home at Machilipatnam in South India. Sirkka accompanied her, unable to refuse the opportunity of meeting up cheerful, young children.

She could have easily walked in there, maybe could have distributed sweets to the children and then could have returned to her same affluent ways. She could have forgotten the tiny hands reaching out or the lonely eyes looking up at her. She didn't. "The moment I entered, I was pelted with questions. Who was I? Where was I from? Would I be their friend? Did I get any candy for them?", she told me looking into the window. By now the Helsinki sun had retreated into the wilderness.

Over the next few days that Sirkka spent with the children, she would often put her hand on their back and try and talk to them. But gradually she started to realize that in spite of all her compassion, she too, like her parents, would profess to love them for some days and leave them behind alone after she would leave. By now, Sirkka knew what she wanted to do next. With the help of her friends in Helsinki, she established a charity organization called Elinikaisia Ystavia (Friends for Life) which would help in the adoption process of such children by Finnish couples. Each couple would then remunerate the expenses of their adopted children who would stay in India. Once she oversaw the adoption of all the children at Aune Hyni, Sirkka herself adopted two children- Rakesh and Mahalaxmi. Rakesh was suffering from Epilepsy and was kept under constant medical supervision. Mahalaxmi had lost both her legs in an accident in which both her parents had died. She was an exceptional painter. "I wasn't able to

resist their smiles and twinkling eyes. They may not be like the rest but they are definitely not the child of a lesser god". Sirkka returned to Helsinki from India in 1981. By now, Elinikaisia Ystavia had 231 children spread across 7 countries. After her retirement in 1985, Sirkka started to work full time for the organization before moving out in 1998 owing to her old age. Her monthly contribution of 500 Euros (approximately Rs. 30,000) for Rakesh and Mahalaxmi and two other children (one each in Nepal and Tanzania) continues till date.

When she had finished narrating, as if choked with emotions, she stood up and bought the packet that she had received today. "Do you know what I got today from my children at Machilipatnam?" she asked me eagerly. I stayed silent.

She took out a painting from the box bearing Mahalaxmi's name. On a spotless white sheet was drawn a sketch of Jesus in black and rendered with the shades of the pencil, except that the face of Jesus in the painting had been replaced by Sirkka's face. "This time for Christmas, we want our Jesus Christ to be with us", were the words carried below. Below the painting was enclosed an airplane ticket from Helsinki to Delhi sent by Rakesh to her. Rakesh had started to work with a textile company in the city of Ahmadabad in Western India. He had been saving money for the past few years to buy a ticket for Sirkka to Delhi from his own money.

"I must sleep now. Hyvaa Yota (Good Night)", she said with a gentle smile as she moved towards her bedroom. I got up and stood beside the window. In a jumble of competing emotions, my words had run out.

Shashank Singh
Final year



Aqal Jan Totakhil
Civil, 3rd Year

Dreams Come True!

“Story of a boy from Afghanistan. He vanquished barriers of Culture, Language & Traditions to fulfill his dreams.”

Since childhood I've been watching Hindi movies and listening to Hindi songs. In fact I find Indian culture very interesting. It actually took me no time falling in love with it and realizing that visiting India had become a cherished dream for me.

Much to my surprise, my dream came true when I qualified the scholarship exam enabling me to pursue engineering in India. My happiness was boundless as it just couldn't get better for me!

It all materialised during my stay in Kabul, while pursuing three month English Language course, when I was informed that I got a seat in Civil Engineering department of Pune University.
Lo! My journey to this beautiful land began!

Having reached Delhi, we were received by the members of ICCR (Indian Council for Cultural Relations) and the very next day we left for Pune, where surprisingly I

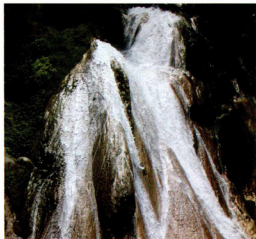
seats at Pune University. Dejected and heartbroken, I sat looking out of the window. The chirping of birds in flight made me jealous. My dreams of studying in India had been squashed.

Thankfully, I got an admission letter from National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur. On my way to Hamirpur, being accompanied by an elderly man, we discussed a lot about India and Afghanistan alike. He even paid our fares and guided us. The hospitality and the warmth of Indians reflected in him.

My very first visit to NIT, Hamirpur took me in awe ,as I found it very close to nature! Although after spending an hour in the classes I got a glimpse of the difficulties I had to face very soon. Having studied in Pashto medium, I found it difficult to understand the lectures being imparted, yet decided to stay there at least for a semester.

Hard work was the only option left and I decided to give it an honest try. I found all my friends very helping as they would come to my room and guide me accordingly. Even the teachers took a lot of pain in solving our problems and teaching us during extra-time. So ,now I could understand the things better.

Having struggled so much, I was happy that I cleared the first semester. And the time just flew, before I was waiting for the result of the second semester, on which my decision of continuing in the college rested as the scholarship would support me only if I passed every year. The result was out and thankfully it was fine. Hence I registered for the second year. After facing all these problems bravely, today I find no difficulty in understanding the things. But I do acknowledge that I could never do all this just on my own. It has been the sincere efforts of my teachers and my dear friends, which paved way for my success. Even after passing out from this college, I would never forget all that I received here. God bless my wonderful teachers and friends!



had to stay for a month for my admission. Disappointment came my way as I was informed about the filling of all the



Sudhir Verma
CSE, Final Year

चल दिए !



Abhishek Dwivedi
MED, 3rd Year

"Srijan 10-11"

लड़कियाँ डरती थीं और बात करने की भी हिम्मत नहीं जुटा पाती थी, पता नहीं क्यों स्कूल के आखिरी दिन पर अचंचल बोलती, मैं तुम्हें कभी नहीं भूल पाऊँगी।

जानी अनजानी राहों पर
उस अतीत से मुलाकात हो ही जाती है
ऐसा क्यों होता है की इतिहास के वही पन्ने
सामने आते हैं जो दुखभरे होते हैं
आज का चैप्टर "लासूट देश ऑफ माय स्कूल"
सिक्सथ क्लास से ही उसी बोरिंग स्कूल में पढ़ते-पढ़ते
वहाँ के ज़रूरे-ज़रूरे से मोहबूबत हो गई थी
आखिरी चंद दिन हमेशा सेंटिमेंटल ही होते हैं
सभी यादों को बटोरने में लगे होते हैं
उस उम्र में प्यार और लड़कियों के लिए आकर्षण अमूमन होता
ही रहता है
उस समय भी हमारे विचारों, व्यवहार और जवान में खुलेपन से
लड़कियों डरती थीं और बात करने की भी हिम्मत नहीं जुटा पाती
थीं
पता नहीं क्यों स्कूल के आखिरी दिन पर
अचंचल बोलती मैं तुम्हें कभी नहीं भूल पाऊँगी
बचपन में ये बातें अजीब सी लगती हैं
उसका कारण मेरी बचकानी हरकतें और
लड़कियों को बात-बात पर सताना ही था
सोचा था फिर उससे मुलाकात होगी लेकिन
कुछ दिन बाद खबर मिलती है
वो खुद ही यादों के गलियारे में कैद हो जा बस
आज राहों में उससे मुलाकात तो नहीं होगी
पर वो मेरे इतिहास के पन्नों में जरूर मिलेगी.....।



The much awaited day

"Ruk jana nahin, tu kahin har ke, katon pe chalke
milenge saye bahar ke....."

I paused the song and started penning down the story of Rahul, quite in tune with the lovely song.....

It was a beautiful spring evening. The sun looked mortified and blushed while shaking hands with dusk noticing the declining effulgence; climbing down the skyscraping perennials gently swayed by the aromatic zephyr in the garden. The garden was shrubby and spring-grassed dotted with the clusters of hollyhocks, daisies, primroses and some rodents scurrying past these plants like the tennis balls being hit back and forth and the semblance was due to the distant location of the observer, Rahul. He was standing clinching the rusted iron grills on the stone-studded floor of the *Jail*, dazed by the incessant hovering thoughts with his legs trembling exemplifying the impuissance resulting from the hungriness, the eyes swollen and dry; noticing the garden testifying the sleeplessness and lack of water.

Rahul was an Engineer turned Administrator. He had joined the Indian Administrative Service with a passion, an ambition, a vision, a resolution to fight with the evils, vices and threats to the society and for that matter to the mankind -the suppression, repression, corruption, honor-killing, linguistic trifles, communal agitations, ecological threats emanating from corporate globalization, blemished foreign policies, vote-bank politics, condemnable C.I.As. etc.etc.

And because of these resolutions he was now standing behind the bars - solitary, forlorn, feeble, tepid, ostracized and mazed. He had become completely heartsick. He had suffered a lot as before being sent to jail, he was transferred nearly all hard-to-survive places and now had been barred even from meeting to his parents and beloved, the only hope left in his life. He conjectured the electronic media busy in interviewing some celebrity, airing some good for nothing special talks with loggerheads and print media making no bounce about the fact that it had now become a money making advertisement business. Even his parents were rendered helpless by the mightier in the society and were being even threatened to death. The bigots were happy.

He suddenly felt a gentle cold breeze sweeping his face and the hairs combing out; it brought him into the

consciousness. When he again looked into the garden, he noticed the silhouette of a couple reclined on the cobalt-blue bench holding each other's hand. At once it reminded him of the most beautiful days of his life, Engineering days and the most beautiful girl in this world, his girl. His loosened the grip and sat on the pestiferous floor with his eyes closed. Every instance crystal cleared itself from the back of his mind. Like all the drapes were opened and the view behind them was becoming conspicuous in a theatre, like dust had been wiped off from some old diamond rosary. For the time being he had forgotten all the pains and plights.

He saw her, sanguine and frolic. He saw the same deep, tranquil doe eyes, rudy cheeks with a mole on the right side, the long black hair slicked down well with oil over the shoulders, the same smile with dimples like unbudding roses and the gentle waving at him angling her face a bit which he had always cherished and considered a reason to live, to struggle notwithstanding all the troubles. The semiconscious mind elucidated the moments when they walked hand in hand; sat side by side with hooked fingers regardless of every other thing in the world. He listened to the same melody which would flow even if nobody spoke, no music was played, no bird sang and no breeze blew but they were together. The melody of Love. He could see the clear V shape between her collar bones which deepened while she inhaled which he would see while reposing with his head on her lap while her fingers running through and stroking his hair. Those moments of shilly-shallying. He then wanted to be in that phantasy forever- so pleasing, so gratifying, so peaceful, so worthwhile.

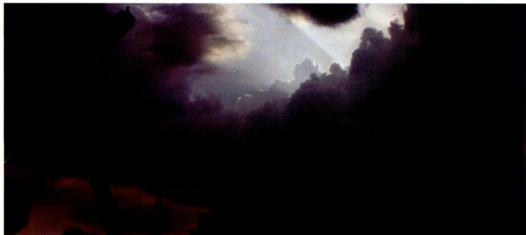
The patrolling cop checking the lock...*tuck tuck*, with his baton disrupted his blissfulness. He was again into his real world- mossy, rusty, sequestered by whizzing

mosquitoes, dust-covered, mothly and with some pendants fighting from dilapidation. He at once was frightened.

He switched-on his phone and dialed to her who somehow fought back her sobs. Their choked throats prevented them talk much longer. He, as usual told his being on the highway of health though she knew everything and he also knew that. Love doesn't need explanations. It never sanctions a lie. There is god made love navigation system which helps transmit each and every feeling's waveform unattenuated to the mutual destinations. He said her to take care of herself and as usual with unbearable pain and welled-in eyes (with the least of water left in him) to search for a good boy and marry him, enough to the infuriation of her. Even she had turned an insomniac, developed dark circles under her eyes, and was fighting from the weakness and her Hitler father at the same time, who was happy of his being in the jail and careless of his daughter's declining health. Now there would be no intercaste marriage. She didn't tell him anything *though he knew*.

This much of talk was enough for him to bear one more night and his eyes glistened with the thought of having such a girl in his life. He deplored himself for sometimes saying to her *...marry with the other*.

Now nothing was clear outside except the twinkling little stars and the unequivocal barking of the dogs in the premises with the dark drawing in. He as usual took one or two bites in dinner and lied on the back with a hope of the day, he had dreamed when joining I.A.S, the day when his parents wouldn't have to suffer anymore, the day when the just, cerebral and honest would get his ton, the day when those who had put him behind the grills would fall prey to shoot at the sight order, the day when Mother India will end the coward and overt demeanour of the sinister ones. And the day when he could hug his beloved and this time once and for all.





Nikhilesh Jha
EEE, Final Year

Be a Geek, Save Lives!

"The women are therefore advised not to indulge in any unnecessary interaction with the opposite sex. Of course this is the case in first and second year but slowly their (girl's) resolve breaks down and they start indulging in activities like talking and eating with opposite sex."

Love is the most antisocial element I have ever encountered during my stay at NITH. It converts perfectly normal guys into absent looking drones. Even the most sociable gentleman becomes introvert and irritable during its spell. I have mercifully been spared of its ordeal by mutual understanding with opposite sex. They are to act like I don't exist and are to ignore any chinks that might hit them and I am allowed to taunt them but not address them directly.



If everyone lived by these rules everything would be all right, but unfortunately some guys break these rules and address girls directly. Even then everything would be all right if those fair creatures would reply to the enquiries in monosyllable and move on. They smile instead and build a bubble inside my friends.

This brings a sudden change in the boy. Suddenly the old passions, which he shared with his pals, hold no

charm. His wrestling buddies now become wary of him. Even the most harmless sentence is capable of offending the cupid's victim and enraging him.

As the love bitten person hardly leaves his bed anymore, one night a friend of his having finished his daily chores on net decides to catch up with him. Let's call the friend Dude and victim of Cupid's arrow DD (Devdas). Well Dude goes to DD's room and sits on his bed while DD is too busy on PC. But suddenly DD had Dude by the collar and is shouting abuses at him. After the DD calms down a bit, Dude comes to know that he accidentally shook the LAN wire, that too after 12. A mortal sin as far as DD is concerned for then Gtalk gets disconnected.

The reader can perhaps see now how the love bitten person becomes antisocial, if not another example will make it perfectly clear. Gaming is the most prevalent social activity among guys (especially if they are too broke to hit the bar). Now as all gamers know for a game that lasts an hour, it takes somewhere between 20-40mins to get everyone to join the server and be ready. The game finally begins and everyone is enjoying and exchanging customaries in loud voice when a phone rings suddenly or there is a ping on Gtalk. If the game has pause option the game is halted for some time, sometimes at critical nail biting moment leaving others with palpating heart. If the game is unpausable like CS (few people know how to pause it) then the player is replaced by some khassi player much to teams chagrin.

The women are therefore advised not to indulge in any unnecessary interaction with the opposite sex. Of course this is the case in first and second year but slowly their (girl's) resolve breaks down and they start indulging in activities like talking and eating with opposite sex. Don't do it. Another piece of advice; don't straighten your hair, lose weight or wear good clothes. Apart from making the Boys hostels a social place you will win societies approval, get better grades and be an ideal Indian woman. For more tips visit www.howtobeageek.com

Sparya Sharma
Alumnus

Memories with you can never fade



I love facebook because my friends live there, friends whom I meet frequently, whom I meet rarely and whom I will never meet again. And there, in my profile, along with all my friends, is a girl in beautiful blue dress. Someone told me that friends who show up on your profile have recently logged in. For that to be true there must be an internet connection in the other world...it's just that you can't get replies from there (weird laws of heaven).

Well, the girl in blue dress is Monika. She met with a car accident few months back. I still don't know what really happened. But she died few hours after that accident and a friend accompanying her was left badly hurt.

A lot of remembrance and missing messages were posted on her wall. Some people tagged her in their photographs, after her death; some just told how much they are missing her...but what about me.... I don't know. To be



true I can't say I am missing her very much, or to miss her, I have to do so, It's just not natural for me, may be because we were not in touch for last 2 years or maybe we were never great friends ...but there is one thing for sure 'memories with Monika can never fade'

My first memory of her is the gossip session on our first weekend in college. We three roommates and two beautiful girls from Assam talked endlessly about colleges, ragging trends, seniors and what not! Though

Bhanu sir's pending submission kept nagging us in between, we had a wonderful photo session and we kept on asking north-eastern beauties "how come you girls from northeast have so beautiful hair." Well they did share a secret and it's a secret.

The eventful short life she had was a roller coaster and sometimes out of track but then she kept trying to make it worthwhile though some instances turned out complicated sometimes.

My life has no purpose, no direction, no aim, no meaning, and yet I'm happy. I can't figure it out. What am I doing right?

Something from *peanuts comics* posted in the "about me" column in her facebook quotes her dilemma. But what mattered was, she was happy. She was a true fashion star and has a great contribution to NITH for teaching the same. She was also undisputedly one of the best dancers of college. But don't know why, most of the time when she performed, something was there to ruin her performance- light, sound or clothing. May be divinity was jealous of her audacity.

We both suffered from the same torture "architorture". But she was born creative (everyone expects an architect to be) and I am not. Once I almost mistook something she sketched with a printed picture. How can I forget her proud smile when she said "*Sparya I sketched it; it's called dot sketching*". Like any other artist, she loved to get noticed and praised for her work. But sometime it felt like she loved her loved ones more than herself. She would willingly help many seniors complete their thesis, pushing them on top but rarely helped herself. She'd work whole night just to make their presentation look better when she wouldn't have even started her own assignment. Kept fasts praying "*please God, get him placed*" and miraculously help and prayers she made for others always worked.

But this much of altruism is not accepted to everyone. And she had to leave college in beginning of final year. Her mother and brother came to take her away.

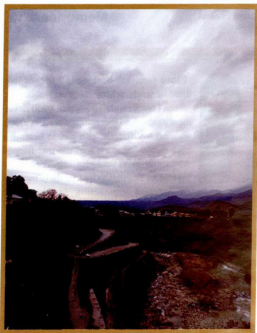
they looked extremely disheartened and unhappy, so did she. It was really a shaking incident for us. Nobody knew what to do, everyone was speechless.

Some 6 months later, while I was waiting for plates in mess, somebody hugged me from behind "sparyaaa" ...she cried.....oh it was Monika! I did see her around, but was hesitant to go across the mess and meet her. I didn't mean to ignore her but may be the last awkward situation was still lingering on my mind. "kaisi hai" I came up searching for the perfect words "fineee, tu kaisi hai" she replied. "Is she really happy or just pretending to be", I kept thinking while having a little chat with her. Whatever things might have been, she seemed content and the short meeting was much comfortable than what I had expected. Thanks of course to her! As our conversation ended, she told me about her moving to Bangkok. "If it's true, I am really happy for her....at last something good going with her", I thought.

In days that followed, she kept updating her profile with pictures and status messages. She was not in Bangkok yet. Many times on seeing her online, I wanted to talk to her*but what will I say after that?? Won't she find it awkward?? What If she is not doing well??* The questions always got better of me and we could never connect.

I sometimes discussed the situation with Perna, one of her closest friends in college and Perna always encouraged me in her usual advising tone "no sparya, she will really love it, you just write once to her, nahi lagta use awkward". But I never wrote, never initiated anything, just like that mess instance. But this time instead of hug came the news. She died.

You could love Monika, hate her, miss her, envy her, admire her, but you just couldn't ignore her. No matter where she lives, in this real world or facebook, she would always be remembered as a maverick, an NITH icon.



Dheeraj Gupta



Ankit Krarela



N. Shasank
MED, Final Year

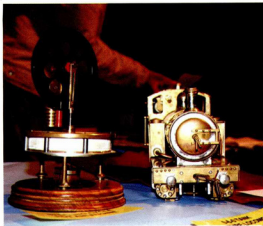
That Automotive Feel.....!

“But, what this 'car' can do to you is once you strap yourself in those bucket seats, plonk that 2 litre engine to life and blindly put the pedal to the metal, is deform your face. Well, that happened to a certain Mr. Jeremy Clarkson!

Chapter 1 – The straight line shot!

.....it's not a subtle automobile, neither does it intimidate onlookers like the new-gen Batmobile could. Technically, it's not a full fledged car. It hardly classifies as anything conventional. All it has is a bunch of wheels strapped to a small metal frame on top of which is a small engine, a couple of seats and other usual mechanika. Oh, before I forget to point out, no useful windscreen and roof! Its made by a company which shares its name with a detergent in India.

....But, what this 'car' can do to you is once you strap yourself in those bucket seats, plonk that 2 litre engine to life and blindly put the pedal to the metal, is deform your face. Well, that happened to a certain Mr.



Davesh Shingari

Jeremy Clarkson! I would not talk numbers, well until I can resist putting out the fact that this thing can take itself to 60mph in 2.7 seconds! That's before you and me can count to twenty! So how's the "feel"? I'd presume to give you a hypothetical slingshot pulled as far back as it can go and then released outright with a tight snap. All one can feel I presume is a huge gush of head wind. Or even numbness, only where the surroundings are running behind at a blink's pace. Don't forget to step on those brakes before you crash in your dreamland! Behold folks, the mighty 'lightey' Ariel Atom!

Chapter 2 – Around the next curve

.....hunting corners, straightening them out! The favourite sport for any auto hack! And given a beemer, or for the record in official terms, a BMW, it's all the more fun. For a brand that modelled all its automobiles around driving pleasure, the favourite field in the entire textbook of Science is Physics. Or rather redefining Physics! Let's pick the M3 for today. Location: Any curvaceous race-track. The physics lesson that could underlie the whole exercise of taming and flattening a corner tells us to slow down with just enough speed to turn into the corner and once the corner is done with (or more technically, you're through the apex), speed up to move out of the corner in a straight line. But there's a strict warning here! Just the right amount of throttle and braking. Too much and you'd slid right out of the corner with all the centrifugal force and find yourself in Armco barriers, gravel or grass by the side of the track!

.....in the aforementioned beemer with a 4.2L V8, blistering down onto a right handed corner at speeds one shouldn't be doing on a public road, don't slow down, turn-into the corner, the beemer obliges!, apex reached and a long straight ahead, upshift and slam the throttle, corner mastered! Wait a second, there was too much speed, so the tail should have spun out! That's basic physics! No, it didn't! Welcome to BMW world! The thing with being a Beemer is between the drivers palms on the steering and the wheels, every mechanical link is so well oiled, so rigidly built and connected that the driver would know exactly where the wheels are and how the car is going to behave around a corner. So much to justify that publicity tag we talked about earlier. Now, the side effect of that corner carving was that the car could defy physics! A human body cannot! So if you had some significant food in your stomach all this while, it might have moved around in a heavy swirl and splashed all over! And its soon gonna come out! Go grab that sick bag!

Chapter 3 – Noise & Orchestration

.....now, time for some music? Asking around for people's preferences in the music department can sprout out a variety of names....Hendrix, Bono, Bud Powell, A.R.Rahman, Mozart, Ilayaraja, Ferrari...wait a

minute.....did I just say Ferrari?...Yes, to an extent, or mostly, auto hacks consider a Ferrari the best musical instrument or better still, performer on the planet! Take any Ferrari, the potent power producer, the engine and all its associated mechanika is so finely mastered and treated that it can be compared to the finest combination of quartets, saxophones, trumpets and the rest of the orchestration. On a straight line, out of a corner, a heavy power slide.....anything.....as the revs build up in a fezza....

.....the "feel".....the "music".....its like this.....a couple of high pitched violins, a couple of the big bass violins, throw in the high pitched electric guitars, add the snaring trumpet or two and to top it all, just one saxophone from the Jazz bar please! The engine comes into life, puffs in air in gallons (also, through the most beautiful set of nostrils around!) , adds a few drops of the golden liquid to this air, boom goes the mixture and then it's all thrust out through the loud blow horn set that makes up those gorgeous tail pipe cluster. Accompanying all this while is that orchestra erstwhile mentioned with the music getting louder, sweeter and just more melodious with the revs! Nirvana accomplished! For starters, I'd had a real life experience when I was playing pavement carspotter in Tokyo and a 430 Scuderia passed by. Rather it was the perfect traffic light go on green headstart! I'm still thanking my stars.....

Chapter 4 – Drifting Lessons....

.....it's entirely wrong! It takes you around a corner, not through it like it should! It defies physics! It burns all the rubber on those poor wheels! It creates a lot of smoke! It might also leave the clutch half burnt to death! Heck, it's fun so let's forget all of it and start drifting! Now one silent hint into accomplishment of successful and crash-free drifting is to hold all of the vehicle's weight and momentum in one's hands. Not physically, but emotionally. Just "feel" it! Through the seat, through the pedals, through the palms on the steering wheel, through the vibes in the gear lever!



Ajay Kumar

....Let's begin with a least expected example on drifting grounds, the Porsche 911 GT2! A big engine with a big turbo put far beyond the rear axle is just right to spin the tail out around a corner. Big turbo and big engine also mean lots of speed. Take all that speed into a corner in the right gear and shove the steering into it. Behold a big power slide, the tails wide out of line and you'd know you're crashing. Just now, shove that steering in the opposite direction, hear tires scream for mercy and pat those throttle and clutch pedals for the right balance. Big smoke emerges from the wheels, the side window becomes the windscreen and you'd come out of the corner in flying (err, rather drifting?) colours. Wasn't that fun? Didn't I say so? Now let's do it all over again....

Chapter 5 – Feel like GOD!

.....almighty aspirations? Let's try to find out what it would be like.....when you've all the power in the world at your feet, well precisely, at the dab of the throttle. Imagine a banked oval or even a mighty long stretch of tarmac. Presume you're inside a cabin cocooned to the brim in leather, brushed aluminium and chrome. Watching right ahead into the instrument cluster, you'd find the power reserve dial marked to a behemoth figure of 1000. And at a blistering pace of above 200kph, you'd still have 700 horses.

Outside the world is only a blur. Prod the throttle a bit more or go for the whole hog and do the top speed test. Yet, you'd still be cocooned in that sea of leather and confiness. The car picks up speed at an alarming rate. Somewhere outside, right behind the car accompanies a cacophony of W12 noise blended with the whooshing sound of four turbochargers. Intelligent aerodynamics hunker the body down for a butter smooth flow through the heavy headwind. The speedo has far crossed 350kph and heads over to that magic figure of four tons. And then, you suddenly might discover, you're the fastest human on earth at that moment. And thereby, you feel inhuman....you feel like GOD!

After all this hooliganism comes to an end, step silently outside the cabin, walk a few steps to the side, turn back and clasp your trembling hands and bow down in respect the greatest of them all.....the Bugatti Veyron Supersport!

Epilogue –

The fantasy, charm and wonder of the automobile continues and I raise a toast to that!
Wishing everyone an amazing time and good luck in all their endeavours!

Viva La Automobilia

Viva La Vida

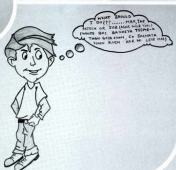
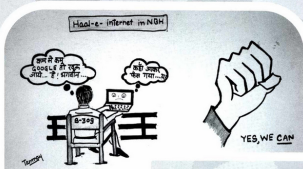
Godspeed!

Yours truly,

Naga San

NIT_{ian} Issues...

By: Tanmay Mishra



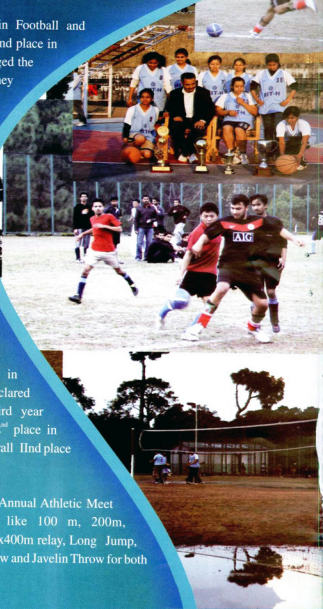
As always the sports session this year was a healthy mix of various games like Football, Cricket, Basketball, Volleyball, Lawn Tennis, Badminton, Table Tennis, Caroms blended with the spirit of true sportsmanship and team spirit. During the year 2010 in Inter-Branches Matches, Computer Science & Engineering Department emerged as Champion.

The CSE geeks bagged 1st place in Football and Badminton. They also bagged the second 2nd place in Volleyball, T.T and carom. EEE Girls bagged the gold in Basketball, Badminton and TT. They finished 2nd in Cricket. These made them over all champion. Civil Engineering Dept. was overall second.

In Inter-Year tournaments, Final year got 1st place in Basketball, Cricket and Lawn Tennis. Third year students got 1st place in T.T and 2nd place in Cricket, Basketball and Volleyball. Second year students got 1st place in Volleyball and 2nd place in lawn Tennis. Overall Champion Final year got 15 points for the year 2010-11.

Girls of second year got 1st place in Volleyball, Badminton, and T.T. and were declared overall Champion for the year 2010-11. Third year girls students got 1st place in Chess, 2nd place in Volleyball, T.T. and Carom and they got overall 1st place for the year 2010-11.

During the session 2010-11 two days Annual Athletic Meet was organized. It saw various events like 100 m, 200m, 400m, 800m, 1500m 5000m, 4x100m relay, 4x400m relay, Long Jump, High Jump, Triple Jump, Shot Put, Discus throw and Javelin Throw for both Boys and Girls.



This was one of the finest, the most happening and the busiest sports session in the Institute's history. The sports men of Institute this time proved that sports are an integral part of any Institute and very important for an all-round development of every individual. Besides this our teams also participated in the tournaments held in other Institutions also.

During the session our Institute football and cricket teams participated in Inter NIT sports fest-11 at VNIT Nagpur. About ten NITs participated in this tournament. Our Football team performed very well in this tournament and got 1st place.

Our Institute Basketball, Badminton, Volleyball teams (Boys and Girls) performed very well in MNIT Sports Tournament 2011 at Jaipur held from 18-20 February 2011. Our Badminton team got 2nd place in this tournament. Our Institute's Basketball (Boys & Girls) and Volleyball teams reached the semifinals.

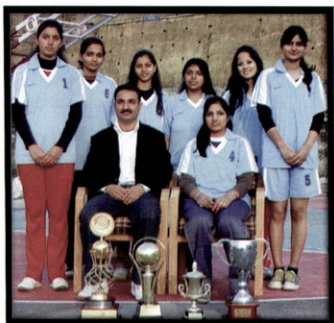
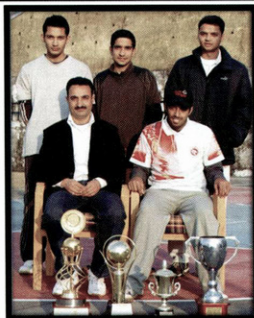
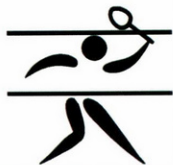
Our Institute also participated in sports festival at IIT Roorkee held from 25-27 Feb. 2011 in Athletics and lawn Tennis. In Athletics our students done very well in this sports festival and won Gold medal in 110 M hurdles, High Jump and Javelin Throw. They also bagged the Silver in Triple Jump, 4X100 relay and 400 m race and Bronze Medal in Long Jump. They were adjudged overall second in the tournament.

Many participate, a few win. The rest congratulate the winners and prepare harder for the next time. Joy, happiness, despair and tears- our ground is no less than the OAT when it comes to expressing emotions. I hope the sportsman in every student grows more prominent every year!

Sports Teams



**SPORTS
COMMITTEE**



Societies

ROTARACT



PIXONOIDS



ENTERTAINMENT CLUB



SPEC

C-COS





**SOME
LITERACY
FORCE**



**ISTE
DIMENSION**





Ajay Kumar : He holds a pen and fashions the most beautiful poems and stories out of it. Rumours state he recited Romeo and Juliet on his first date; few harbour so love for literature! Read him on www.ajaysp.blogspot.com.



Abhijeet Ranjan : Few people are born great and some are made great but this guy is a born great flirt! He quotes Faiz, Ghalib and Sahir and impresses girls by saying it is his. Please beware of accepting his FB friend requests.

Ambica Sud : She is the fairy of the editorial team. Her dressing sense sends jitters to beauty queens of our institute. Abstract paintings and mimicking are her speciality.



Daveshe Shingari : This fun filled tea pot is ever hot and in a mood to strike a conversation. His orthodox mettle and debating capabilities can leave you in shatters searching for a counteraction. He is infamous on the blog www.skewpoint.blogspot.com.



Kirti Mahajan : There is a very good reason why her telephone number is not listed here. Hailing from Shimla, few can wield the brush as she does. Romance and symbolism are her speciality.

Manish Bhatt : In his belief every major event that shaped history had its birth in Uttarakhand. The Mahabharat was written on the land of Uttarakhand and "Kalki" will be born in Uttarakhand. You can read him on www.manishkumaoni.blogspot.com



Rajeev Nandan: If God had a chance to knock some extra senses into a being, it would be him. God put a designing DNA instead of a sense generating DNA in his brain cells. He seldom does sing, and when he does the corridor prays for relief.



Saurav Agarwala: He is chubby and a glutton when it comes to junk food. He hails from Kolkata and was born with an inbuilt attitude card of 4GB. His posts are most dreaded on www.skewpoint.blogspot.com as they tend to be male chauvinistic.



Amit Sharma : His constant unwavering smile will compel you to drop your worries. This magazine will fondly remember him for his contribution towards the Hindi section.

Anil Sharma : Stars are born not made. He was born with the pen and a writing ability hardly comparable to anyone. His grasp on Hindi is a matter of admiration for one and sundry.





Dheeraj Gupta : This tech-savvy guy from Shimla has a sophisticated manner in which he carries himself. His designs were invaluable for the present issue.

Priyanka Atti : If someone needs to learn how to express exuberance in words take a lesson from this girl. Few hold the pen as beautifully as she does.



Shashank Goyal : Few people go on his heightened built up in matters of his eloquent way of talking. He served the Hindi section for this year's issue.



Surabhi Shandil : Her Gtalk status messages are bound to bring a smile on your face. Hailing from architecture she has superb artistic sense combined with fluent English



Vinay Nath Endley: (and he is not a terrorist) His sense of style and sheer wit will blow your heads off. His unkempt looks made the policemen at Puri temple mistake him for a terrorist. If not for his military father he would be writing English poems and stories along dinner with Kasab.



« Anisha Rajvanshi »

« Dayananda Koiangbam »

« Pinky Janhangir »

« Rajeev Bhardwaj »

« Ravi Ranjan »



« Sagar Sharma »

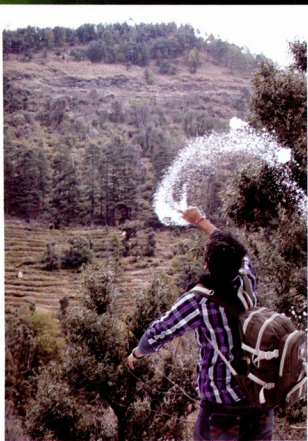
« Shrutika Priyadarshini »

« Shubhendu Mahajan »

« Sukriti Dogra »

« Vasudha Tulli »

*Under the
lime light*

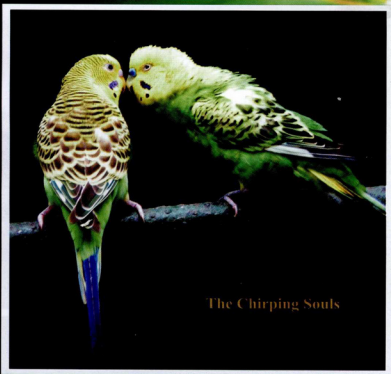


Snowman

Captured By : Ajay Kumar

In the Dark Times

Captured By : Dheeraj Gupta

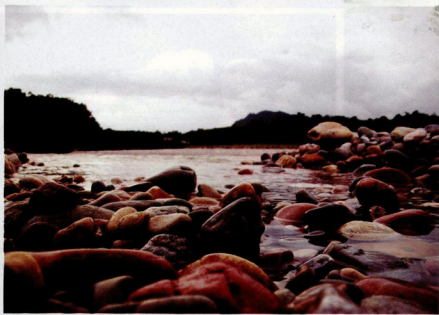


The Chirping Souls

Captured By : Rajeev Nandan



Flickering



Tides of Time

Captured By : Daves Shingari

Broken Memories

Captured By : Rajeev Nandan





1st row : Dawesh Shingari, Kirri Mahajan, Ambika Sudi, Abhijeet Ranjan, Sh. Amit Kaul, Ajay Kumar, Saurav Agarwala, Rajeev Nandan
2nd row : Shrutika Priyadarshini, Surabhi Sandhill, Pinky, Sagar, Vasudha Tuli, Anisha Rajwanshi, Subendhu
3rd row : Priyanka Atti, Sukriti Dogra,
4th row : Dhireej Gupta, Vinay Nath Endley, Ravi Ranjan, Amit Sharma, Rajeev, Anil Sharma, Dayananda

