

सृजन
flights unbound

2011-2012

SRIJAN
असीम उड़ान



National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur

"To Horizons & Beyond"
A Story of Chase & Content... 62



Genesis ...

In the lap of Mother Nature on the mighty Himalayas lies our alma mater, National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur. It was 1986 when it sprung up as Regional Engineering College, Hamirpur. This year, we witness our NIT complete a milestone- a quarter century of existence. From grey heritage buildings to ultra-modern infrastructure; from a handful of students to a mighty army of engineers we have come a long way.

The first Director Prof. R C Chauhan with his dynamic leadership paved the way to success. Today, NIT Hamirpur is amongst the premier institutes imparting quality technical education to arguably the brightest minds of the country. We are proud of our alumni all of who command respect at top positions in their fields of work.

All round development of the budding engineers has always been a goal of the authorities. Under one such initiative a few

years ago here at NITH, it was realised that we engineers needed a vent to channelize our emotions too. This that you hold in your hands today is not a mere magazine; it is the fruit of that realisation. 'SRIJAN' was first published in 2002. Borrowed from the Sanskrit language the word literally means, 'to create.' Being true to its name SRIJAN has consistently encouraged all to contribute towards their success in every way possible by coming up with new ideas and means to tap creativity of all forms from every NITHamian.

The myriad mirage of opinions that it portrays is strung together by a vision and a theme which smoothly take the reader from the infinite estates of happiness to compelling him to think beyond horizons unleashing a bounty of emotions in between that jointly coerce

SRIJAN 2011-12
Flights Unbound

" This that you hold in your hands today is not a mere magazine..."

him into reliving the experience yet another time. The making of this outlook of SRIJAN is made even more enjoyable with eager support from the alumni.

The theme of 'SRIJAN' 2012 after several colourful brainstorming sessions was finalised as 'Flights Unbound'. A human after his daily routine sits down and appreciates what he has done. Free of all other constraints, he tries to cool off by expressing himself. His emotions are captured in the words he writes or the songs he hums or on the canvas that he paints. They say, "Freedom was found at the bottom of an inkwell and at the tip of a quill." The flight of a feather falling in the air hints towards the same feeling of freedom of expression.

'Flights Unbound' gives words to the free spirit and high morale of the students of NITH who dream of achieving more every single time.

It gives expression to the students' limitless passion to test their minds and to succeed.

This issue of SRIJAN has been dedicated to all students who dare to dream and think beyond what's customary. SRIJAN saw a huge amount of contribution this year from students, alumni and teachers alike. It has been edited by a handful of selected individuals and designed by the very best of talented artists for all those who believe that moving forward is the best way to live their dreams.

Enjoy the read!



NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, HAMIRPUR



SRIJAN *2011-12* *Flights Unbound*



VISION STATEMENT

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



MESSAGE

*Smt. Pratibha Devisingh Patil
President of India*

अर्चना दत्ता (मुखोपाध्याय)
राष्ट्रपति के विशेष कार्याधिकारी (जन सम्पर्क)

*Archana Datta
(Mukhopadhyay)
OSD (PR) to the President*



राष्ट्रपति सचिवालय,
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*President's Secretariat,
Rashtrapati Bhavan,
New Delhi - 110004*

MESSAGE

The President of India, Smt. Pratibha Devisingh Patil, is happy to know that the National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is bringing out its Annual Magazine "SRIJAN 2011-12".

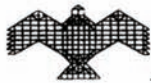
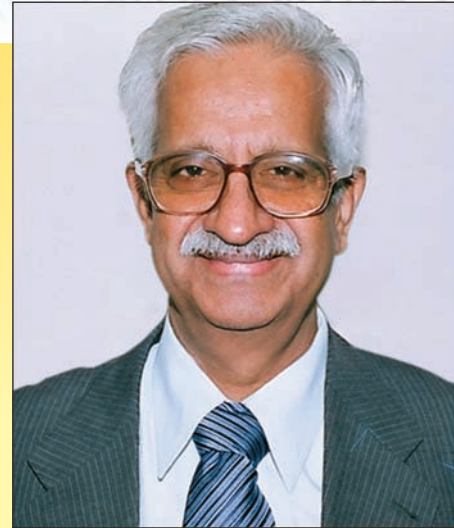
The President extends her warm greetings and felicitations to the faculty, staff and the students of the Institute and congratulates the Institute on the launch of the Magazine.

A. Datta-

Officer on Special Duty (PR)

MESSAGE

Prof. V.S. Ramamurthy
Chairman
Board of Governors
NIT-Hamirpur



Prof. V.S. Ramamurthy
Director

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MESSAGE

I am delighted to learn that "SRIJAN", the annual magazine of National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur, is getting published this year with the theme 'Flights Unbound'. The magazine brings forth the literary and artistic side of the budding engineers and provides a window to them to reach out to the world with their creative talent. It also provides a glance into the Institute's various activities that have proven to be as versatile through the years as the articles and paintings this magazine subsumes.

The dynamism mirrored through each page of the magazine portrays the well-established multi-lingual and multicultural environment of the Institute. Along with playing the role of nation builders, the students of NIT Hamirpur are capable enough to add to the literary resources of the country. I am proud to say that the Institute has not only been able to produce worthy engineers but also fantastic artists and diverse writers.

I congratulate all the contributors and the editorial board for devoting their valuable time and making the magazine a success.

[V S RAMAMURTHY]
Chairman, Board of Governors
NIT Hamirpur

11 November 2011

MESSAGE



Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava
Director,
NIT-Hamirpur

Message

National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur celebrates its silver jubilee this year. The name and fame that an institute gets is mostly attributed to its students and alumni. 'SRIJAN' represents the creativity and charisma of students which unfolds itself in all directions and reaching all horizons. It provides a platform to every student to yearn for limitless heights of curiosity and excellence of ideas while simultaneously making them discover their talent and passion.

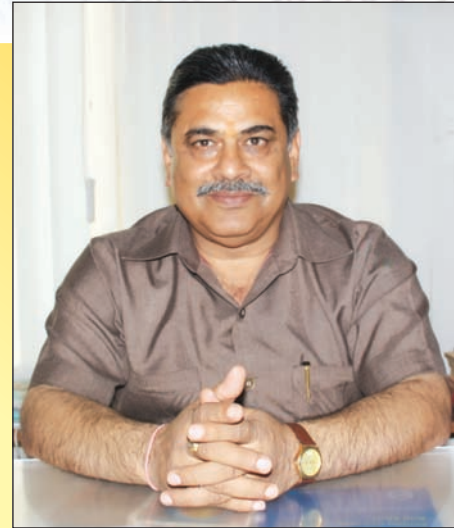
I am glad to know that 'SRIJAN' makes the students aware of the intricate web of human and social values, traditions and customs. The magazine provides them a platform to voice their concerns irrespective of all distinctions and discriminations. It reflects the free, frank and fearless thoughts and viewpoints of the students.

I extend my heartiest congratulations to the Editorial Board for taking this magazine to unprecedented heights.

Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava
Director,
NIT-Hamirpur

MESSAGE

*Prof. V.K. Sharda
Dean (P&D),
NIT-Hamirpur*



Message

With today's cut throat competition in the area of employment, it is important for the students to make themselves all-rounders. I have come to know that the editorial team of 'SRIJAN' is ready with this year's issue of the magazine. 'SRIJAN' is a platform for all the students to display their extra-curricular talent in the form of paintings, sketches, digital art and literary writings. I hope that this issue will strengthen the bond that engineers share with art.

Also, 'SRIJAN' is the showcase of the student's activities and developments in the campus and throws light on the various issues that surround the students.

I congratulate the editorial board for succeeding in harnessing the huge pool of talent and creativity among students and binding the same into 'SRIJAN'.

*Prof. V.K. Sharda
Dean (P&D),
NIT-Hamirpur*

MESSAGE



Sh. Amit Kaul
Editor-in-Chief,
SRIJAN

Message

As Editor-in-Chief I witnessed many brain storming sessions, heated arguments and an infectious bundle of energy in the students in the Editorial Board. I congratulate and thank the student members for the efforts they have put in bringing out this magazine. It was a privilege and honor to head such a wonderful team.

Man has treaded slowly from bowing to aristocrats to standing tall and fearlessly believing and spreading his thoughts. From Socrates, man has indeed come a long way. This has been captured by the theme of this year's issue of 'SRIJAN'. Flights Unbound rests on the idea of freedom of expression, emotion and of the liberty to propagate what's right.

This year we celebrate 25 years of NIT Hamirpur. Alumni of this institute have reached unprecedented heights and there is no looking back. We usher in the post silver jubilee era of NIT Hamirpur.

On behalf of the entire Editorial Board, I present to you the ninth edition of 'SRIJAN' with a hope that NIT Hamirpur will scale greater heights with contributions from all concerned.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read 'Amit Kaul', with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Sh. Amit Kaul
Editor-in-Chief,
SRIJAN

think!



SRIJAN 2011-12
Flights Unbound

Vinay Nath Endley
STUDENTS' EDITOR

EDITORIAL

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Aanandita Thapa



Do you dream enough? Are you worthy of your aspirations? Are those aspirations worthy of being yours? If you are unsure about the answers, knowingly, deep inside you are just afraid to face them.

One, amazed by the beauty of the horizon, decides to walk towards it. On reaching, he realises that the world is even more beautiful 'one horizon' forward. His goal now shifts with the skyline. Each step broadens his outlook. The Maker couldn't have endowed us with a better gift. Our greatest thoughts start with 'if'. Why..? How..? The same thoughts mostly end with a question mark. The human mind is the power house of mankind. Man's undying will to see beyond the horizon has powered his journey from the cave to cities. Limitless imagination is repetition. The mere thought of its unconfined powers is exhilarating.

This idea of shifting horizons has been at the centre in deciding the theme of this year's SRIJAN. 'Flights Unbound' captures that unyielding spirit of NITians which always gets the better of them.

"Limitless imagination is repetition."

The free minds have painted the world in all hues and in every emotion. Happiness, gloominess, melancholy, excitement amazement ... the list is endless. The pursuit of happier emotions has made this world beautiful. A writer writes; a painter paints. A scientist keeps pushing his limit. You have each one of the above in you. It is the beliefs of humans who of their discontentment have unfailingly borne the fruit of advancement. Yes! You are that human.

No two issues of SRIJAN can ever be compared. Each has depicted the unbent views of the students of its time. I assure you all of them are masterpieces in their own class. This issue of SRIJAN features the best of poems, articles and paintings by the Shakespeares and Picassos of our Institute. Photographs are also the 'in' thing this time.

My question to you: What are you waiting for?

Vinay Nath Endley, STUDENTS' EDITOR

Contact him at :
vinayendley@gmail.com

“The multi faceted hues of each section and the vivid paintings on the section divisions reflect truly what follows.”



“Conducting the survey online really paid off.”



“Every magazine should have a cover story. It compels the reader to think.”



“I think the Bunk-o-Meter on the poster will be a great hit.”



“Stifling cubicles, endless cups of coffee drinking until paralytic sessions of lunch time, tea time anytime, numerous sleepless days and even more sleepless nights. In the end it's all about one applaud, one recognition and the ultimate propaganda....”



“Colours create characters and photographs make the plot, while empty spaces and prose create myriad images. Photo story is the 'in' thing this time.”



“NITH Food Chronicles is a first of many firsts in this issue.”



“Caricature - lovers here is the stuff for you. Look out for the Garfields and Archies of NITHaminans.”



The Departmental Diary also gives an interesting insight into the huge difference in the sex ratio in classrooms of B.Tech. & B.Arch.

SRIJAN

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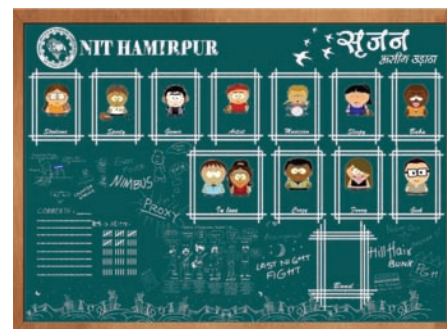
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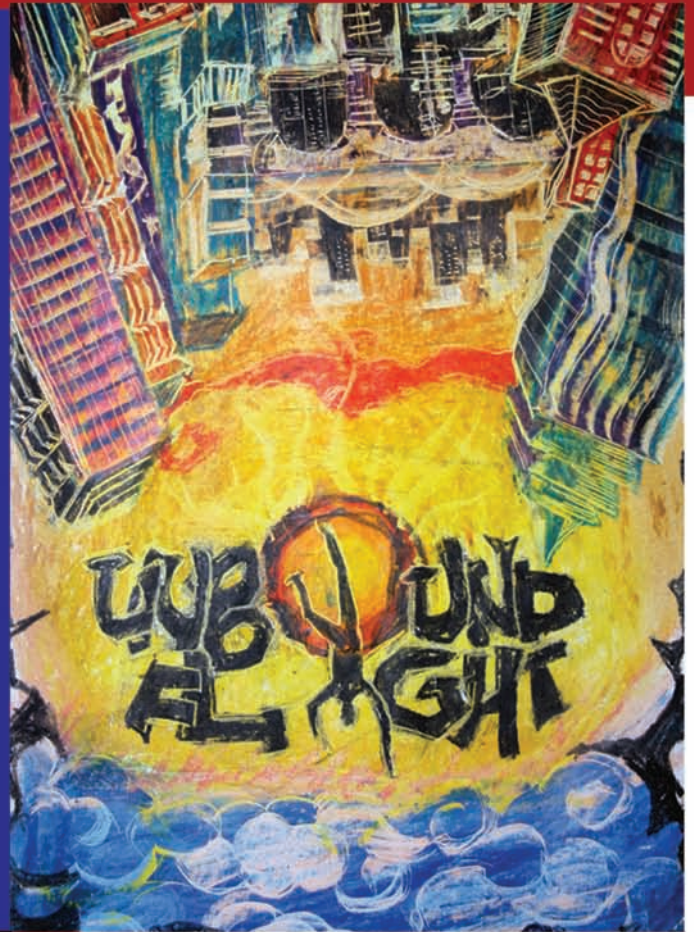
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Featured



"All that we are is the result of what we have thought."

A man falls into the sky...



Anubhuti Mishra



Aradh Bhagwati

*"When I bestride him,
I soar, I am a hawk."*

-William Shakespeare

"In riding a horse, we borrow freedom."

Hostel Diaries

DR. A.P.J. ABDUL KALAM BOYS HOSTEL

This latest hostel is tough to find! Situated at one corner of the Institute, it boasts of king sized rooms and a brilliant architecture. Moreover the attached facilities in the rooms make it ultimate paradise for all. The residents though have to keep themselves deprived of the LAN facilities, but since when have archians stayed in rooms? Yet to get its functional mess, the residents are dependent on MMH for good food! If you don't happen to know much about it, don't worry, it is mysterious to us too!



DHAULADHAR BOYS HOSTEL

Here super final year, final year and third year students live in complete harmony. Its vicinity to Nescafe makes its night life popular. The "Laundry Chachu" by banging ruthlessly on our doors, makes everyone attend morning classes on time. Students are often seen relaxing in the 'private' lawn of this hostel. Arguably the best food and best LAN also makes DBH favoured amongst other hostels.



KAILASH BOYS HOSTEL

The most memorable and fun hostel, this centrally located bunker of first year makes every non-resident of KBH jealous. The state of the art gym and 4H located adjacent to the common room ensure good health of the first years.

We wonder if the newly constructed block has made legends of the much talked about D-Top stories. Here, the chachus are bonds, or put otherwise, the first years are too inexperienced to mend the mess to their ways. All in all, the time spent in KBH is the golden days of ones stay at NITH.



मणिमहेश-बाल छात्रावास

कुदरत प्रदत्त शैल-लिबास में मणि-महेश अपनी अनुपम छटा एवं सौंदर्य व नजारों की दृष्टि से सदा शीर्ष पर रहा है। रचनात्मक कलाकृति इतनी विचित्र है कि हर नव प्रवासी को भूल-भूलैया का खेल खेलने के लिए मजबूर होना पड़ता है। 180 एकल कक्ष की क्षमता वाले इस छात्रावास की भोजनालय एवं मनोरंजन व्यवस्था भी प्रशंसनीय है। अब मणिमहेश की बात चले और सप्ताहांत में लगने वाले पियक्कड़ों के मेले की चर्चा न हो तो नाइन्साफी होगी। विशेषकर नौकरी लगने के बाद होने वाली लात घूसों से पूजा, दर्द से ज्यादा खुशी देती है। माफ करें ज्यादा बखनाने का मेरे पास वक्त नहीं है क्योंकि मेस में रस-मलाई बनी है, मैं खाने चला.....।





नीलकंठ बाल छात्रावास

आलीशान होटल की तर्ज पर बने नीलकंठ की क्षमता 576 छात्र हैं। सामान्य श्रेणी के डिब्बे के यात्रियों की भांति समन्वय का अन्दाजा तीन की क्षमता वाले कमरों में चार छात्रों को रहते देख लगाया जा सकता है। वैसे छात्रावास का भोजनालय किसी राजशाही प्रवृत्ति से कम नहीं लेकिन भोजन देखकर मन भर जाता है। यहाँ सुबह वास्तुकला का अद्वितीय नमूना सूरज जिवंदगी में अलग ही रंग भर देता है एवं शाम को डूबते सूरज की लालिमा मन-मोह लेती है। लो में तो चला नहाने शायद आज गीजर महाराज चाहे तो गर्म पानी मिल जाए।

PARVATI GIRLS HOSTEL

This place is nothing like they depict in the TV shows. Dull walls replace colorful decor and the dreams of a spacious room are crammed into a space barely enough for a single soul. Still survival in ones debut at hostel life comes with vigor through waves of barely edible food, unbearable sounds and an ardor of encasement. Second year comes with a more amiable flat mate. Whirring washing machines just outside of rooms add to the misery, and ease. Third year the residents shift from Type (II) to PGH. Here, internet connectivity is restricted to 6 hours a day. Till final year, many remain single. We wonder they could have saved hundreds of bucks on the only decent proposal that they got, but the realization comes a bit too late as the guy in question decides to “move on”. Hence ones stomach, spirit (and wallet) finally gives in to the mess food, and as they pass this last passage of hostel-hood-“Better Never Than Late”.



SHIVALIK BOYS HOSTEL

This ever cool hostel is surrounded by mountains on three sides. The winter fog makes it even more picturesque. This makes it the most preferred demanded lodging house of NITH. Its king size rooms are aptly utilized in various ways. The flowers in the garden and lawn in front of the hostel add to its regal stature. Amongst other things, mess food is liked by one and all of this hostel.

VINDHYACHAL BOYS HOSTEL

Most of the undergraduate dwellers of this town greet themselves in the name of Lord Shiva; hailing: “JAI BHOLEY”. The blessed premises of VBH reverberates the hymns of Bob Marley. The extremely popular C-block is a perfect after-midnight party destination for the residents of MMH & DBH. With the most diverse crowd VBH is a second home to students pursuing undergraduate, graduates & doctorate studies. Oh! And maybe a few members of the endangered MBA species as well. It is known to have the largest singlet dorm rooms in the entire campus. Furthermore, worth mentioning is its close proximity to the major amenities but the Nescafe at Gate 2. Nestling in the heart of the campus it is at a stone-throw distance from the academic buildings, ATM, 4H Food Court, OAT and the other Hostels. Owing to its location, it allows a certain number of girls to pick-up/see-off of their boyfriends at the Hostel Gates. Legend has it that the B.Tech inhabitants are known to start for the lecture halls when the professor has already entered the class and make it well in time to attend their roll calls.



PLACEMENTS AND TRAINING



The year started on a positive note with a few students of Computer Science and Engineering Department (CSED) signing PPOs (Pre Placement Offers) even before submitting their seventh semester registration cards. Eager to catch up in the rat race, students from Electronics and Communication Engineering (ECE) couldn't keep themselves jobless for long. Thanks to the early job offers our final year began on a high.

They say one man's meat is another man's poison. The students exercised their choices of getting placed according to their priorities. Some went after the *moollah* while others chased big names. Many relaxed and waited for the recruiting parties to spot them. All in all, when reports last came in, around 80 percent of the batch had been placed with ECE striking the 100 percent mark.

They say good things come in small packages. Shortly afterwards, Infosys Ltd. took us all for a ride- a truck ride. Civil, mechanical, electronics and electrical engineers- none felt left out of the procession. Many IT and software companies visited the campus and recruited in truck loads. It saw a wide range of emotions from one and all.

Those placed were afraid of kicks and the parties that they would have to throw and those

who couldn't make it were cursing their hard luck, amongst other things. The latest *ghussi* of the campus a few days back was heard of these small packages which about to be were made a little less small. Fortunately, most of the engineers got placed in core companies. Talking of *ghussis* it would be a shame not to mention the ones in majority: placement *ghussis*. Here at NITH, just like Chinese whispers, sarcasm keeps moulding itself into "facts" even to the level of being issued by the Director himself on some occasions. The Training and Placement Representatives in the batch are a motivated lot. They are eager to get the whole of their class placed in core companies offering high packages- well at least some of them. This final year bore the brunt of increasing number of students in the class.

The remoteness of Hamirpur was felt by many companyHRs. This left us high and dry. Consequently a section of the students shouted to shift the TPO office to Chandigarh. The authorities here depended on NHAI to improve the highway from Una to NIT. This time maybe they succeeded in implanting the idea in the TPO. Who knows, NHAI might even succeed in its job one day. Nevertheless it did give us good times. What more reason do you need for a class trip?

With most PSUs recruiting on the basis of GATE score, lucky were the ones who got sarkari jobs. IOCL, MECCON,

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PLACEMENTS & TRAINING



CDOT and WAPCOS were among the much talked about names. Great packages come with greater parties. Some of the big private players included Samsung, L & T, GMR, Halcrow, Drishti, Belzabar, and Ericson to name a few.

The notion that the first and final years are the most memorable ones at college was proved to be true. We see days when nothing seems to be good. Days are gloomy. After getting placed the filter of gloom just vanishes into thin air. Life turns beautiful. There is colour on the flowers and the nights are just not black. Be it the realization of not being with friends or the thought of working day and night even on Sundays.

The placement season brings with it a bouquet of emotions. Lucky are the ones who don't face gloominess at being rejected yet another time but then they fail to understand how life is a struggle.

By evening, selected or not, everyone is on cloud nine. The foggy night remains a blur. The happiness at being selected in the same company along with friends or at another's placement or the misery of rejection compounded by the frequent pokes about the sensitive subject by loved ones make this time memorable. At the end of the day it is the lucky ones who are happy. The others wait to see brighter days.

In a first of many firsts in the Institute, many students from various departments underwent optional 6 months internships at various institutes of repute in India and abroad. The ones that went to IITs included Hardeep Pasricha, Nitin Jain, Amit Kumar, Udit Bhatia. Many seized the opportunity of going abroad. Some of the names include Gagan Goel, Udit Ralli, Shashank Sharma, Sumeet Biswas, Astha Kanwar, and Manu Bamba amongst others. Final year students of architecture had this as a compulsory part of their curriculum.

Many students also trained at various companies like Samsung and Belzabar. They had Pre Placement Offers even before they joined final year! The semester evaluation also provided a boost to their already soaring pointers.

It provided a unique and prosperous opportunity to all to explore the industry and benefit from the experience gained and share it with their friends here in the campus. After all, treating your friends with your hard earned money is spreads happiness double fold!



Pratyush Pankaj

Happiness

Perspective

The Right Path



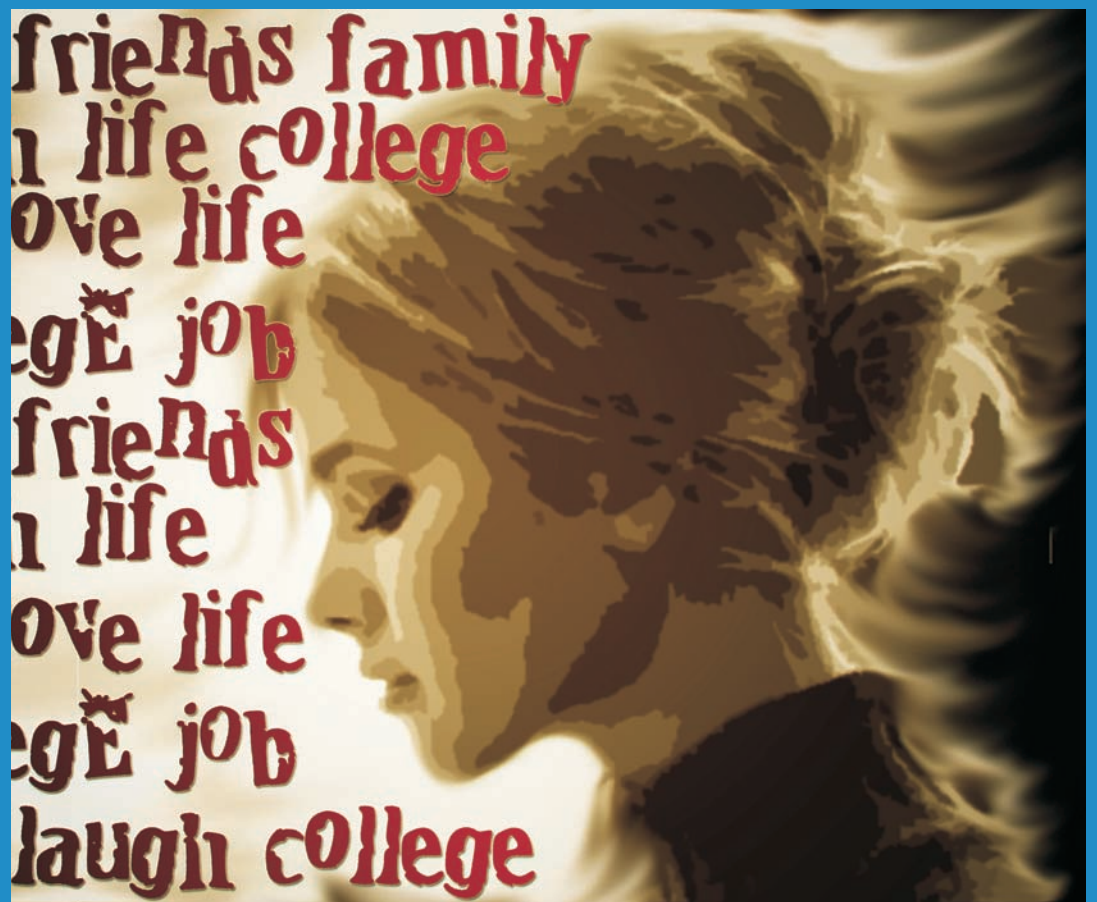
Pratyush Pankaj



Dheeraj Gupta

Over Cast

BEYOND HORIZONS



Sukriti Dogra

“What has happened to youngsters these days”,
“They don’t produce good engineers in colleges anymore”,
“They are not serious at all”,
“We were naughty, no doubt but there has to be a limit”.

YOUNG & FOOLISH



Vivek Bhushan Sood
Director (B & S),
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CE, 1989-1993

'G'eneration Gap' has probably been there ever since the generations began. There always has been some sort of disconnect between the older generations and the younger ones. The fact hit me suddenly while watching the Hindi movie 'Kal Aaj Aur Kal' (1971). Whatever was being said for the Randhir Kapoor's character in the film by the Prithviraj Kapoor's character was actually meant for the generation to which my Dad belonged! And 4 decades later, the same rings so true with my Dad having moved to the Prithviraj Kapoor status and my hapless young kids coming up against the same firing that Randhir Kapoor had in the movie. There is a constant worry about the way the youth is headed. The corrupting influence of violence, nudity, texting, internet, media, 'western civilization' etc on the young impressionable kids sets the 'responsible' elders thinking and forever lamenting at the 'impossible' and 'foolish' young ones.

While teaching at Indian Railways' Institute of Civil Engg (IRICEN) Pune, I have dealt with the latest probationary entrants to the Railways and have often heard the comments by the seniors in railways for the probationers like: “What has happened to youngsters these days”, “They don't produce good engineers in colleges anymore”, “They are not serious at all”, “We were naughty, no doubt but there has to be a limit”. Listening to these comments, I have marveled as to the swift

turn of the clock. The same things were being said about me and my batch mates when we joined 15 years ago! But, what is the fact: Are we going downhill with every passing generation? Is the older generation at fault in their criticism? Or is the youth at fault for their ways?

The human society is constantly evolving. The human traits of curiosity and problem solving instincts have led to new discoveries and inventions. As our ways and means evolve, the societal norms too undergo change. Everyone sees the changes and the youngsters take to the changed situations like duck to water. Reasons for the same are not far to see: The green behind the years youngsters who are malleable and eager to learn do not know any other way and the changed situation is the only situation they know of. On the other hand, the older people who already 'know' the ways of the world and what is 'right' and 'wrong', find it most difficult to adapt and mostly feel aghast at the way the 'society' is headed. The body piercings, the low waist jeans, the tattoos, the lingo... are abhorrent to most of them.

Today's youth, born in the cradle of Internet and well connected through Facebook and Twitter is no different from the backpacking youth of the 60s and 70s who wanted to be hippie because that was 'cool'. The youth in all ages has strived to work hard to choose amongst the myriad paths available for



Dheeraj Gupta

Bridging the gap : The latest addition to the NITH Campus. A perspective...

the taking. And they want to do it their way, which is fashionable and which gives them a differentiation from the elder generations and whatever they have seen around. It is the natural way of a fledgling coming out of shell. She cannot fly until the shell is broken! And for all their efforts, the labels they get include “Ignorants”, “Fools” etc.

We in India live in a society where the traditions and social values dictate that grey hair are to be respected, no matter what. For the youth, the much cherished pat in the back from elders will come only when they conform and are not 'foolish'. They must study hard, be disciplined, get a decent job, get married, raise a family, and grow respectably old. If seen from the young eyes, the normal reaction will be: “How passé is that! Gross!”. Youth already have a hard job on their hands trying to differentiate themselves and finding their way around the life, and then these expectations! Exasperating! What will be there in a young one's life if there were no deviations? If one never took a chance and never went after the things heart pines for, then what will be the meaning of life?

What if everyone actually conformed: Will there be any progress? Don't the civilizations decline and perish once the youth lose the vigor

and the desire to be 'different'? This 'foolishness' that young ones experience when they don't know the world's ways and feel like conquering the world is the essence of the spirit of human race, and the prime reason for its progress and supremacy over the ages. I am great believer of what Dick Werthimer said “The whole purpose of life is to fight maturity”. In other words, let us not mature to 'feel' that we know too much and lose this 'foolishness'. There is some loss due to immaturity and foolishness of the youth but the potential upside is huge and worth the try.

I am looking forward to a day when we will have amongst us in India numerous examples of people like Mark Zuckerberg, Barack Obama or J. K. Rowling who will move the entire society with their beliefs and enterprise on their young shoulders. For this, the society has to create some space where the youthful 'foolishness' is welcomed for all its worth. Till then, I exhort all youngsters coming out of NIT Hamirpur, and elsewhere, to know that they are on the right path when they feel like doing 'nothing' or 'something' or 'everything'. It is right anyway as long as it is coming out of their hearts and 'feels right'. One must stay young and foolish as long as possible in one's life.

"It is right as long as its coming out of their hearts and feels right!..."



For years language and derogatory slang have been used to shame women, to instruct them on how they should behave and what they shouldn't do.



Hitender Singh Kadian
CED, Final Year



Because They've Had Enough

It was a cloudy day in Delhi, I was taking a stroll somewhere on the road connecting Connaught Place and Jantar Mantar when I saw something that led me to acknowledge the pain of roughly half the population of the world. Yes I'm talking about the fairer sex. It was a girl with fierce eyes and a banner in her hands that read- "This Is Not My 'I Want You' Face". It took me some time to get hold of the situation and realize that I was witnessing the "Slutwalk Parade" or "Besharmi Morcha". And soon, there were hoards of people carrying banners and slogans written on their clothes, proudly walking for one common cause to make known that those who suffer sexual violence are never at fault. It all began when a Toronto Police Officer suggested that to remain safe "women should avoid dressing like sluts", little did he anticipate that his comment would spark a global phenomenon, called slutwalk. But I believe that it was not just one comment that had sparked off the movement, it was the frustration of women that manifested into something much bigger than the world could have anticipated. It led millions of women across the globe to take to the streets to participate in slutwalks.

Its controversial namesake serves to challenge the misogynist belief that a woman's attire is to be blamed for unwanted sexual advances. Does this also mean that women should avoid dressing in well tailored suits and stop wearing expensive watches and shoes as it is an invitation to being held up. The robbed? I don't know may be its just me but in crimes other than rape these reasons sound so absurd although the concept

originated in the west but it holds equal relevance in our country where girls are molested in broad day light on footpath and in buses and metros. Instead of bringing justice to the victim questions are raised like – "What was she doing alone at night?". "What was she wearing?", "How could a parents let her go out of to the house without her brother or father?". Problem is not what they do but what is done to them. The criminal is responsible entirely for the crime not the victim.

For years language and derogatory slang have been used to shame women, to instruct them on how they should behave and what they shouldn't do. This is what words like "Slut" and "Besharam" do. They shame an independent woman into conforming to repressive societal norms and that is why it's time to redeem these words.



Deepti Gupta

Slut isn't a look, it's an attitude and whether they indulge in sex for pleasure or for work, it's never an invitation for sexual violence. The issue is not the word slut, the issue is the world that wants to inflict violence upon a woman and use clothes as an excuse. But now they have had enough and that's why they are walking – walking with pride, accepting that they are besharams willing to express themselves at the cost of social disapproval and most of all taking pride in that freedom.

"Yes means yes, no means no,
Whatever they wear, wherever they go"



सुरभि सदावत
ई.सी.ई, तृतीय वर्ष



शब्दों को कहते वक़्त आए उन सुंदर नीली आंखों के अशकों ने उसके मन में उठ रहे हर संशय को भिगो दिया। अंधकार छटने...



निर्णय

रे लगाड़ी अपनी सामान्य गति से पटरियों पर दौड़े जा रही थी। उसने खिड़की से झांककर देखा तो दूर तलक गहरा सन्नाटा पसरा हुआ था। इस सन्नाटे के साथ लय बनाती रेलगाड़ी की आवाज़ से जैसे एक अद्भुत विदाई गीत बन रहा था। पेड़-पौधे, हरे भरे खेत, नदियाँ और ना जाने कितने ही स्टेशनों को पीछे छोड़ते हुए गाड़ी अपने गंतव्य की ओर बढ़ती जा ही थी। यह जिंदगी भी तो रेलगाड़ी की तरह ही होती है, बचपन में मोहल्ले के दोस्तों, के साथ की गई मस्ती, गुड्डे-गुडियों का खेल, माँ से इमली खाने के लिए बोला गया झूठ, कॉलेज में 'गोल्ड-मेडलिस्ट' बनने पर बाबा के चेहरे की खुशी और हर रक्षा बंधन पर भाई से की गई एक नई फरमाईश, सब कुछ कितना पीछे छूट गया था। एक पड़ाव से दूसरे पड़ाव की ओर बढ़ती जिंदगी की रेलगाड़ी का यह अद्भुत सफर कब उसे नीरस लगने लगा, इसका पता उसे खुद ना चला। रात गहराती जा रही थी, उसने भीगी आँखों से ऊपर देखा, सब कुछ पीछे छूटने के बाद भी अंधकार को चीरती चाँद-सितारों की रोशनी का साथ बना हुआ था। पूर्णिमा के चाँद की रोशनी में जैसे एक सभा लगी हुई थी, सारे तारागण नतमस्तक होकर खड़े थे। उसे अहसास हुआ जैसे प्रकृति भी उसके लिए निर्णय पर विचार-विमर्श कर रही है कि वह सही है या गलत।

दो साल के इस विवाहित जीवन की गाड़ी को वह क्यों जबरदस्ती मजबूरियों की पटरियों पर खींच रही थी, उसे समझ नहीं आ रहा था। शायद यह निर्णय उसे बहुत पहले ले लेना चाहिए था। ऐसा नहीं है कि साहिल उसे पसंद नहीं था पर वक़्त की रेत ने उसके प्यार को ढक दिया था। घर की जिम्मेदारियों और काम की व्यस्तता ने उसे इतना बदल दिया कि रितु के लिए उसके पास समय नहीं था। रोज़-रोज़ की झुझलाहट और मनमुटाव से तंग आ गई थी वो। प्यार और विश्वास की नींव पर खड़ा किया गया घरोंदा उसे साफ बिखरता हुआ नज़र आ रहा था। कल जब गुस्से में आकर उसने तलाक की बात की तो साहिल ने जोर से एक चाँटा उसके गालों पर जड़ दिया, उसी साहिल ने जिसने आज तक कभी उसकी कही किसी बात को टाला नहीं था। टूट सी गई थी वो। आज जब शाम को साहिल दो दिन के 'आफिस-टूर' के लिए दिल्ली रवाना हुआ, तो उसने भी अपने घर जाने का निर्णय कर लिया। एक ऐसा निर्णय जिसमें उसके लौट कर वापस आने की कहीं गुंजाइश नहीं थी। एक के बाद एक स्टेशन बदलते जा रहे थे और उसे लगा इन सब के साथ ही वो साहिल को भी पीछे छोड़ देगी, पर चंद्रमा की शीतल चांदनी की तरह उसकी यादें अभी भी आसमान में चमक रही थी।

“कहाँ तक जाओगी, बेटी?” सन्नाटे को तोड़ती हुई जब एक मधुर आवाज़ ने उसे भूतकाल के गर्भ से खींचा तो वह सकपका गई। उसे पता ही नहीं चला था कि कब उसके सामने वाली बर्थ पर आकर एक वृद्ध-दंपति

बैठ गए थे। “जी, फरीदकोट तक।” उसने टूटती सी आवाज़ में जवाब दिया। “अच्छा है! इस लंबे सफर में अगर किसी का साथ मिल जाए तो सफर बड़ी आसानी से कट जाता है। वहाँ क्या तुम्हारा घर है?” माँ जी ने परिचय बढ़ाने के लिए पूछा। रितु कुछ जवाब देती इससे पहले ही उनके साथ आए हँसमुख मिज़ाज के वृद्ध ने कहा, “देखा बेटी! पचास साल से जो ‘हमसफर’ बनकर इनके साथ है, उसकी तो कोई अहमियत ही नहीं है।” रितु आश्चर्यचकित रह गई। “क्या आपकी शादी को पचास साल हो गए हैं?” उसके मुँह से बरबस ही निकल पड़ा। “हुए नहीं, होने वाले हैं। कल हमारी शादी की पचासवीं सालगिरह है और इसी दिन को यादगार बनाने के लिए अमृतसर जा रहे हैं, जहाँ हमारी शादी हुई थी।” उसी सरल मुस्कान के साथ उन्होंने जवाब दिया। पूरे सफर के दौरान उस वृद्ध-दंपति के आपसी प्यार, समझ और उनके बीच के हँसी-मजाक को देखकर वह दंग रह गई। जिस रिश्ते को वह बोझ मानकर अपने से अलग कर देना चाहती है, क्या वह रिश्ता इतने मधुर अनुभवों और यादों से भरा है? उसे अपने लिए निर्णय की नाव डगमगाती सी प्रतीत हुई। जब मन में आते सवाल को रोकना उसके लिए मुश्किल हो गया तो किसी मासूम छोटे बच्चे की तरह उसने पूछ लिया “क्या आपके बीच में कभी अनबन नहीं हुई?” उसके इस सवाल पर दोनों के परिपक्वता से भरे चेहरों पर गुलाब की पंखुड़ियों सी मुस्कान खिल उठी। दोनों एक दूसरे की आँखों में ना जाने किन अनकही बातों को पढ़ने लगे।

उसके हाथ पर हाथ रखकर माँ जी ने हँसते हुए कहा- “बेटी, प्यार रेशमी धागे की तरह होता है, जितना खींच के रखोगी, उसके टूटने की संभावना उतनी ही अधिक होगी। इसे ढीला छोड़ दो फिर देखना कभी अविश्वास की कोई गाँठ नहीं पड़ेगी और अगर कोई गाँठ पड़ेगी भी तो वह विश्वास की गाँठ होगी, जो इस धागे को और मजबूत बनाएगी, तोड़ेगी नहीं। जब जिंदगी के इन्द्रधनुष में हर रिश्ते का रंग मिल जाता है, तो वह और भी खूबसूरत लगने लगती है। इतनी खूबसूरत कि तुम्हें लगता है यह सफर कभी खत्म ना हो।” इन शब्दों को कहते वक़्त आए उन सुंदर नीली आंखों के अशकों ने उसके मन में उठ रहे हर संशय को भिगो दिया। अंधकार छटने लगा था। भोर की आरुशि और पूर्णिमा के चाँद के इस अनूठे संगम को वह विदा होते तारों की तरह हतप्रभ होकर देख रही थी। सच्चे प्यार से बना रिश्ता क्या होता है यह आज उसने समझा था, जब इस अद्भुत मिलन को रात का तिमिर नहीं रोक पाया तो फिर उसके रिश्ते की डोर तो खुद उसके हाथ में थी।

थोड़ी देर में उसका स्टेशन आने वाला था पर अपने “साहिल” तक पहुँचने के लिए उसे अभी एक और सफर तय करना था....



जिंदगी चाँद सी होती है। एक समझदार व्यक्ति उसकी नूर सी रोशनी से अपना जीवन जगमगाने की चाह से जीता ...



शुचिता अरोरा
ई.ई.ई., द्वितीय वर्ष



सीख

जिं दगी... एक ऐसी पहेली है, जिसे जितना सुलझाने का प्रयत्न करें, वो उतनी ही उलझती जाएगी। कितनी शिकायतें, शिकवे, गिले होते हैं, हमें इस दो पल के जीवन से। संतुष्टि का मूल अर्थ तो शायद ही हम में से कोई समझ पाया होगा। यदि मैं कहूँ कि सबसे खूबसूरत सपना जिंदगी है, तो शायद मैं अपने आप से झूठ बोल रही हूँ। मुझे भी कितनी शिकायतें थी सबसे। वो ऐसा क्यों है, ये ऐसा क्यों नहीं है। आज रोटी में घी कम है, तो कल दाल में नमक ज्यादा है। कभी शायद खुश होकर ये ना कहा होगा मैंने कि- “हाँ, आज सब ठीक है।” हमारी जिंदगी चाँद सी होती है।

एक समझदार व्यक्ति उसकी नूर सी रोशनी से अपना जीवन जगमगाने की चाह से जीता है तो वहीं दूसरी ओर कुछ लोग उसके दागों से अपने जीवन को अंधेरी गुफा में कहीं दूर छोड़ आते हैं। मैं दूसरे प्रकार के इंसानों की श्रेणी में आती थी। जिंदगी ने कभी खुशी नहीं दी, बस इसी ख्याल से जीवन का चरखा चल रहा था। फिर कुछ ऐसा हुआ जिसने जिंदगी को एक नए रास्ते पर लाकर खड़ा कर दिया...

मैं अपनी नानी जी के घर गई थी। सुबह उठी तो सोचा कि आज शिव मंदिर चलते हैं। शिव मंदिर बेहद खूबसूरत था। वहाँ के पवित्र वातावरण ने मेरा मन स्वच्छ कर दिया था। उसके साथ एक अंधविद्यालय था। वहाँ नेत्रहीन अनाथ बच्चों को पनाह मिलती थी। एक लड़की 15-16 वर्ष की, मंदिर साफ़ कर रही थी। पता नहीं उसकी मुस्कान में ऐसी क्या बात थी जो मुझे उसकी ओर आकर्षित कर रही थी। छोटी सी कद काठी, सीधे बाल, मासूमियत भरा चेहरा, फटे पुराने कपड़ों में खड़ी, वो एक आम लड़की ही मालूम होती थी। कुछ क्षण तो मैं सोचती रही कि क्या करूँ। फिर मैं उसके पास चली गई और मेरी आहट से पहचान कर उसने मुझे से कहा-

“आप काफी समय से यहाँ हैं, मैं आपकी कुछ मदद करूँ?” वह उसी अंधविद्यालय से थी। मेरे हृदय में उसके प्रति करुणा जागृत हो रही थी। उसकी नेत्रहीनता, उसका अनाथ होना, उसके फटे पुराने वस्त्र...। कैसा जीवन है उसका, बस यही ख्याल मेरे मन में चल रहा था। उसके हाथ में पांच रूपए का एक चमचमाता सिक्का था। उसने मुझे बहुत

प्रसन्नता से बताया। “देखो दीदी; मेरे पास जो पांच रूपए हैं ना, वो मेरे कक्षा में प्रथम आने का इनाम है।”

मुस्कुराहट में ऐसी कोमलता मैंने अभी महसूस नहीं की थी। अचानक मंदिर में एक बच्चा भिक्षा लेने आया। मेरे पास 20 रूपये थे, पर मैंने दे दिए। उस लड़की ने भी झट से वो 5 रूपये का सिक्का दे दिया और बड़े प्रेम से उसके सर पर हाथ फेरा। बच्चा खुशी चला गया और वो फिर से सफाई करने लगी।

मैं शब्दहीन थी। वो केवल 5 रूपये का सिक्का ना था, वो उसका बहुमूल्य इनाम था, जिसे उसने अपनी लगन एवं मेहनत से जीता था, जिसके लिए शायद उसने मन ही मन हजारों सपने संजो लिए थे। मेरे पूछने पर उसने कहा- “ईश्वर ने हमें रहने की जगह दी, पढ़ने का अवसर प्रदान किया, एक प्यारा सा जीवन दिया तो क्या हम अपनी छोटी-छोटी खुशियाँ उनको नहीं दे सकते, जो इन सुखों से वंचित हैं।” उसके शब्द सुनकर मैं इंसानियत के तराजू में खुद को तोल नहीं पा रही थी। पहली बार मुझे जिंदगी की अपेक्षा खुद से शिकायत थी, अपनी सोच पर शर्मिंदगी थी....

उसके पास कुछ ना होते हुए भी सब कुछ था और मेरे पास सब कुछ होते हुए भी कुछ नहीं....

इंसान की सोच उसकी दुनिया को एक नया आकार दे सकती है, यह उसने मुझे इतनी सहजता से समझा दिया कि मुझे आभास भी नहीं हुआ। उन क्षणों को जब भी मैं स्मरण करती हूँ, मेरी नज़रों की धूल मानो साफ़ हो जाती है। हमारी सोच, हमारी खुशियाँ और गमों का चयन करती हैं। एक सकारात्मक सोच इंसान को ऐसी स्थिति पर ले आती है, जहाँ वो स्वयं अपने जीवन को नियंत्रित कर सकता है।

जिंदगी बहुत छोटी है, हर वक्त अपने गमों के साथ जीने के लिए; पर इस छोटी सी जिंदगी को हमारी नज़रें एक अनमोल तोहफ़ा बना सकती हैं, ये मैंने उस ‘आम’ लड़की से सीखा जिसने मेरे जीवन को इतना ‘खास’ बना दिया।



Manpreet Dhanjal



विवेक सिंह
ई.सी.ई., तृतीय वर्ष

“ जागता था सरहदों पर मातृ भारती का पुत्र,
आज वही जाने कहां आंख में दे सो... ”

स्वाभिमान

आज हम बड़ी खुशी से स्वतंत्रता दिवस मनाते हैं पर बड़े दुख के साथ कहना पड़ता है कि हम आज भी उस आजादी से महरूम हैं जिसके लिये हमारे शहीदों ने अपना बलिदान दिया था। उन्होंने एक ऐसा आजाद भारत का सपना देखा था जो गरीबी, भ्रष्टाचार आतंकवाद से मुक्त हो, लेकिन दुर्भाग्यवश ऐसा नहीं हो पाया। इसके जिम्मेदार केवल भ्रष्ट नेता, आतंकवादी नहीं बल्कि हम भी हैं क्योंकि अत्याचार करने वाला और सहने वाला एक बराबर ही होता है। हमें पता है क्या गलत है क्या सही पर फिर भी हम चुपचाप सब सहते रहते हैं। हमारा आत्म स्वाभिमान कहीं खो गया है। मेरा ये गीत आपके उस खोये हुये स्वाभिमान को जगाने का और आपका आपसे परिचय कराने का एक छोटा सा प्रयास है....



Rahul Bodh

“मान अपमान ज्ञान उनको कराने आया,
जिनका स्वाभिमान लुप्त कहीं हो गया।
जागता था सरहदों पर मातृ भारती का पुत्र,
आज वही जाने कहां आंख में दे सो गया।
अब तो उठो ऐ यारों, देखो माँ है पुकारती,
शीशों को चढ़ाके माँ की करते थे आरती।
उन बेटों को देख, आज माँ का दिल रो गया,
दौलत की भीड़ में लाल उसका खो गया।”

आगे की पंक्तियों में भारत माँ बता रही है कि अगर आज मेरा भगत सिंह जिंदा होता तो क्या होता-

“होता भगत तो आज मैं बताती,
काल के कराल का रूप मैं दिखाती।
नचा रहे आज मुझको जो चारों ओर
मृत्यु का तांडव मैं उनको दिखाती।
पर अब क्या करूं जब लाल मेरे सो गये,

पूत थे सपूत जो वहीं कपूत हो गये।
इनको (आज के समाज को) ना जाने किस बात का भ्रम
फूट-फूट रो रही माँ, न लाज है शर्म है।
अब भी स्वतंत्र हैं ये कुछ वीरों का कर्म है,
तुम भी उठो ऐ यारों यहीं माँ के घावों का मरहम है।”
आगे की पंक्तियों में आपका आपसे परिचय कराया गया है....

“उठो धरा के तुम अमर सपूत हो,
काटो कंठ उनके जो बन गये कपूत हों
बाजुएं तुम्हारी शैल सी सशक्त है,
देख-देख माँ का हाल क्यों न खौलता ये रक्त है।
अकड़ दिखाते जो, उनको दिखाना है,
देश है हमारा, ये नहीं मयखाना है।
आजादी की इस दुल्हन को सजाना है,
शहीदों के रक्त को कर्ज अब चुकाना है।”

आगे की पंक्तियों में भारत के लिये एक चेतावनी है जो अगर समय रहते नहीं सुनी गयी तो उसका क्या परिणाम होगा ये भी उसी पंक्ति में व्यक्त है....

“जिम्मेदारियों से मुँह कब तक छिपाओगे।
अपने लिखे को तुम कैसे मिटा पाओगे,
बोओगे जो काँटे तो फूल कैसे पाओगे।
आखिरी चेतावनी है सुनो पछताओगे,
ऐसा ही रहा तो फिर से गुलाम बन जाओगे।”

ये गीत-सुनकर अगर आपको आपका परिचय मिल गया हो तो हे राणा प्रताप, भगत सिंह, आजाद के वंशज उठो और खत्म करो उन लोगों को जो आज हमारी माँ को खून के आँसू रुला रहे हैं-

“संयम-संयम बहुत हो चुका,
अब तुम संयम रहने दो।
सज गयी है जो रण वेदी,
अब तुम उसको बजने दो।
क्योंकि -
जब माँ बेइज्जत होती, बेटा नहीं शोभा पाता है।
ज्यादा संयम भी इक दिन, कायरता कहलाता है।”

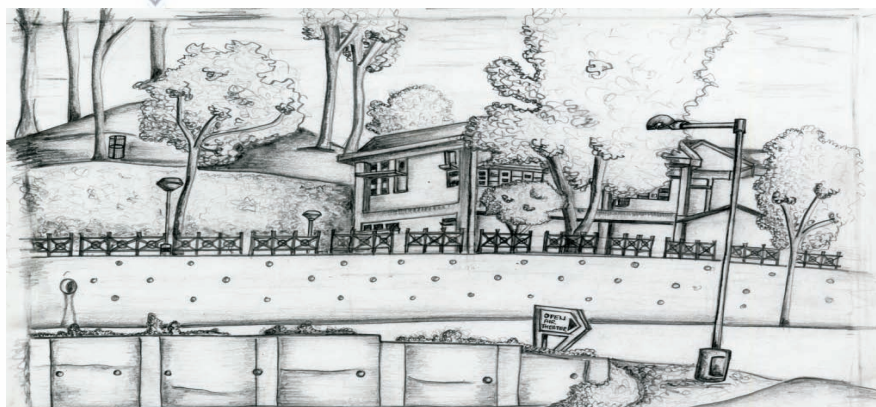
“जय हिन्द”

“ A degree from NITH, two lac odd rupees, moments cherished-priceless - would make for an interesting Mastercard advertisement ... ”

Samrat Nandy Mazumder
E.C.E., Final Year



A Fitting Tribute



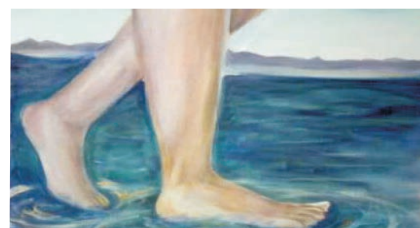
Sitting in this rickety bus, unlike what the ticket “Semi-Deluxe” suggests, you set on a journey. The topsy-turvy tracks on this road that reads NH-8 brings you to a thought that the college might be according to your choice but the geography wouldn't be. The few milestones that are left standing, remind you that the much awaited moment is fast approaching. Each turn makes the excitement more and more and then you arrive at this surprisingly organized bus stand. One of the costliest cab rides of a teen life, made to seem a little reasonable by the already tiring 12 hour long journey brings you to this campus. It's literally nestled in the lap of nature, and this is not a publicity gimmick that every realty estate or a private college promises in their brochures these days. The greenery and the landscaping strikes you at once. Someone hailing from a metro city would draw a stark analogy between the number of pine trees and the cars on road back in their city. They are so much in numbers. The only place in India

where the plastic ban actually exists speaks volumes of the efforts people put in to save the environment. This part of India stands up to its “Dev-Bhoomi” name with every odd kilometer or two having a temple, with its own unique story of establishment and significance. The local language is fairly easy if one could do away with the unique pronunciation especially the numbers- try pronouncing the 90s and you'll feel blessed that the locals understand Hindi too. This place's proximity to the most colourful Indian state “Punjab” makes it a more interesting place. People swear by the vocal prowess of Miss Poojas and Amarinder Gills here. Locals are humble and have time for you, unlike the 21st century protocol of not having time for anyone else. These people respect education and value the sense that comes with it. If not, where would you find girls and boys attending schools and colleges with equal representation. Respecting the women folk is another of those acts that comes naturally to them.

Raksha bandhan has the females travelling free everywhere in the state in government buses for that day. Misbehaving isn't something that they cherish. Excuse the ticket counter guy at the bus-stand, he's one of those exceptions. And yes, never try to get set on an expedition to find out the hidden path to Germany, take my word-Adidas is a second skin to the locals. Old and young alike, everyone loves the local culture here. Where would you find young guys dancing Nati gleefully to Pahadi tunes. Their gleaming eyes say it all.

Finally when the four year stint finishes, one wouldn't ever want to add the adjective “long” to it as it really isn't one. It just moves across in your life like a flash. I know, “A degree from NITH- 2 lac odd rupees, moments cherished-priceless”, would make for an interesting Mastercard advertisement, but I mean every bit of that line. Everyone who stays here and grabs the unending charm that this land radiates knows what it is to stay in this utopian part of India.

“The next time I visit, it wouldn't be for just four years!”- is what this place will make you say, once you end your stint.



Nitika Mahajan



Manu Sehgal
E.C.E., 2nd Year

“ Find your purpose ! ”

In Search for Purpose

A purposeless life is just like embarking on a voyage across the ocean without any destination in mind. It may be enjoyable for a first few days or weeks, but when rations and funds run low and we are totally lost, even without any idea of the direction of land, things get drastic and conditions worsen very fast. If we just can't think of a risky voyage as this, then how can we do such to our lives, sailing without any clue as to where we are going or what it will take for us to get there.

Often we see people around us, confused about who they are and what they are supposed to be doing (often ending up their lives due to depression and worry). High school children tensed about careers, adults about jobs and work field and middle aged and retired ones about deep self evaluation of their lives.

Like gravity, a man's purpose pulls him towards itself. In whatever phase of life we are, we can find significance. Just take courage, we all are needed in this world. Each one of us comes with a purpose. He himself has created us with all the necessary ingredients to fulfill that purpose and a complete life.

One must not be concerned that his /her looks or physical appearance is perfect for achieving his/her goal. If God placed such a high priority on beauty, he would have made us all beautiful. He first

created our purpose and then blessed us with all the right talents to fulfill our goal. Every person on this earth is mentally framed to fulfill his purpose and destiny. This includes our diligence, perseverance, skill, determination, attitude and motivation level.



Sukriti Dogra

It is fine to take other people's examples, adapt to them and learn from them but never let others overpower your abilities and ideologies, just keep your purpose in focus. Never let excuses and status quo of your environment to determine the level of achievement your pursue.

Take the time to dig deep and discover your purpose; this will give you a solid foundation for your life. Then pour your entire self, mind, body and soul to fulfill that purpose.

You'll see whatever be the political or socio-economic environments, success will definitely be yours. The voyage of your life will then be characterised by confidence, boldness, vitality, a sense of achievement and completeness.

Success is nothing but just focusing our full powers on our burning desire to achieve. So we all must know and operate within God's divine purpose and endeavour to complete and fulfill it. The Bible says God has appointed time and place wherein we are to be born. God doesn't want us to appreciate all that we are, explore our potentials and use it to become what we are supposed to be.



मरने का प्लान पोस्टपोन करना पड़ा क्योंकि क्रिकेट के आगे मैं किसी को आने नहीं देता। हालांकि...



राजीव भारद्वाज
सी.एस.ई., तृतीय वर्ष



आप बीती...

ती न दिन से मैं बस दो ही काम कर रहा था- सोना और सोना। अंधेरे में रहने की आदत सी हो गयी थी। रोशनी चुभा करती थी। उस दिन मैंने तय कर लिया था कि अब मेरे जीने का कोई मतलब नहीं बनता...

पिछले कुछ दिनों मैं नकारात्मकता के दलदल में फंसा चला जा रहा था। जिन्दगी में कोई उत्साह नहीं रह गया था, अब तो हंसने के लिए भी कोई कारण नहीं मिल रहा था। दिल में अजीब सी उलझन हो रही थी, हर तरफ सूखा-सूखा लग रहा था, मन परेशानियों से भरा हुआ था, सीने में एक खोखलापन सा हो गया था। कानों में बस सन्नाटा ही सुनायी देता था, अपने ही आप में बस घुटा जा रहा था। कारण कुछ समझ में नहीं आ रहा था, और मैं समझने की कोशिश भी नहीं कर रहा था। क्लास में दूसरों से अपने आप को कम्पेयर करता तो लाइन में सबसे पीछे खड़ा पाता था। कुछ लड़के स्पोर्ट्स में आगे हैं, कुछ पढ़ने में सबसे तेज हैं, कुछ के पास अच्छे दोस्त हैं, कोई टॉपर हैं तो किसी की जनरल नॉलेज बहुत अच्छी है, किसी की आई क्यू बढ़ी तेज है तो किसी की मेमोरी सार्प है, कोई सी.ए.टी. की तैयारी कर रहा है तो कोई प्लेसमेन्ट के लिए अभी से तैयार हैं सवाल ये था कि मेरे पास खाली था। यही सवाल अंदर ही अंदर मुझे खाता जा रहा था कि मेरा इस दुनिया में अस्तित्व क्यों है? कोई जवाब नहीं मिल रहा था। सबसे ज्यादा जो चीज मुझे परेशान कर रही थी वो ये कि आगे बढ़ने की अंधी दौड़ में मैं अपनी पहचान बहुत पीछे छोड़ता जा रहा था।

मुझे अब भी वो दिन याद आते हैं, जब मैं हर परिस्थिति में खुश रहता था, मेरे दिल में मासूमियत थी, जब मेरे दोस्त एक दूसरे को आगे बढ़ने के लिए उत्साहित करते थे, जब दूसरों को बढ़ता देख चिढ़ा नहीं करते थे। स्कूल में एक मन्दिर था जहां हर रोज हम साफ दिल से ईश्वर की आराधना करते थे, हां कभी-कभी प्रार्थना के समय नींद आ जाती थी पर पता था कि ईश्वर हमें बच्चा समझकर माफ कर देंगे। तब सभी के प्रति सोच अच्छी थी, तब “सर्वेभवंतु सुखिनः” का हम अर्थ जानते थे, तब गलत संगति न थी, बड़ों की ईज्जत करते थे, आचार्य का मतलब जानते थे। सुबह जल्दी उठते, रात जल्दी सो जाते थे। शाम को खेलने भी जाते थे, मेस वाले भईया रूम से पकड़कर खाना खिलाने ले जाते थे, तब दिल साफ था।

पर आज तो परीक्षा के एक दिन पहले ही भगवान याद आते हैं। काफी गलत काम करने लगा हूँ, नशे से भी दोस्ती हो गयी है। वो इसे लाइफ इन्चुआय करना कहते हैं और मैं मान भी जाता हूँ। अब मेरी गलतियां सही करने के लिए कोई न है जो समझा सके ये क्यों गलत है। कोई नहीं है जिससे मैं अपनी बातें शेयर कर सकूँ...

कुछ दिन बाद फाइनल पेपर भी हैं। तैयारी कुछ है नहीं और घर वालों को अपने होनहार इंजीनियर से बहुत सारी उम्मीदें हैं। उम्मीदों और पढ़ाई के बोझ तले मैं दबता जा रहा था, मेरी उलझनों को कोई जवाब न मिल रहा था और ये दबाव मेरी सांस की गति को भी धीमा करता जा रहा था। अपने आप

से चिढ़ होने लगी थी, पर ये सब आज मेरे साथ खत्म होने जा रहा था कि अचानक फोन बजा। “कल मैच की प्रैक्टिस करने आ जइयो।” हमारी तृतीय वर्ष क्रिकेट टीम का कैप्टन अमन बोला। मरने का प्लान पोस्टपोन करना पड़ा क्योंकि क्रिकेट के आगे मैं किसी को आने नहीं देता। हालांकि ज्यादा अच्छा खेल नहीं पाता हूँ पर मज़ा आता है। और सोचा, चलो अच्छा है जाते-जाते कुछ अपने मन का काम भी कर लिया जाए। सोने की कोशिश करने लगा पर नींद नहीं आ रही थी, भौहों में भारी तनाव था, दिमाग भारी हो गया था ऐसे में नींद कैसे आ सकती है फिर भी मैं जोर देकर सो गया। सो ही रहा था कि अचानक फिर फोन बजा। “पाँच मिनट में ग्राउण्ड पहुँच जा” अमन बोला! मैंने सोचा लगता है पिच रोल करने के लिए बुला रहा होगा पर टाईम देखा तो सुबह के 5:30 बजे हुए थे। अंधेरे की वजह से दिन का पता न चला। मैं अपना अंतिम मैच खेलने के लिए उत्साहित था तो मुंह धो कर ग्राउण्ड पहुँच गया। वहां पहुँचा तो देखा कि आसमान में कुछ चिड़ियाँ, ग्राउण्ड में एक कुत्ता और मैं ही था। “कोई ना... अभी आ रहे होंगे बाकी लोग।” हालांकि रात देर से सोया था फिर भी शरीर में स्फूर्ति सी थी। शायद मैं दूसरी बार ग्राउण्ड इतनी सुबह आया था। पहली बार था जब पहली बार घर से कॉलेज आया था। मौसम काफी अच्छा था, सुना था हिमाचल की हवाओं में भीनी-भीनी ताजगी होती है, आज महसूस भी हो रही थी। सूरज की रोशनी शरीर को राहत दे रही थी, काफी हल्का महसूस हो रहा था। ग्राउण्ड के बीच में मैं लेट गया, आसमान एकदम साफ था, अगल बगल के जंगल की हरियाली मन में शान्ति ला रही थी मानो प्रकृति ने अपना सारा प्यार उठेल दिया हो। महसूस हो रहा था कि मैं इतने दिनों से काफी चीजें मिस कर रहा था। “अंधेरा था, क्योंकि मैं ही आंखें बन्द किये था, उजाला तो यहां हर रोज होता था।” अचानक कुछ याद आया और मैंने फोन लेकर घर पर कॉल करी और सबसे बात की, मन को काफी अच्छा लगा, ऐहसास हुआ कि निःस्वार्थ भाव से मुझे चाहने वाले लोग हैं जिन्हें मेरी अस्तित्व से प्रभाव पड़ता है।

मैदान से आते समय रास्ते में मजदूरों की झोंपड़ियों को देखा। सुबह से ही वो लोग पानी लेने के लिए लाइन में लगे थे। शायद दिन में 2-3 घण्टे ही पानी आता था इसीलिए इतनी सुबह से संघर्ष कर रहे हैं, कुछ भी हो मैंने वहां खड़े हर आदमी के चेहरे पर संतोष की मुस्कान देखी ऐसा लगा वो जिन्दगी को मुझसे बेहतर जानते हैं।

कई बार हम अपनी वर्तमान परिस्थितियों से घबराकर ईश्वर को कोसने लगते हैं पर बाद में एहसास होता है कि वो ईश्वर हमारे भविष्य को देखकर वर्तमान में ऐसी परिस्थितियां लाते हैं। यह काफी गूढ़ बात है, और किसी के कहने से समझ नहीं आती। जब आपबीती होती है तभी इंसान सीखता है और कुछ पहले ही हार मान लते हैं।

ईश्वर उस आपबीती का सभी को मौका दे....



कुमार आशुतोष
2007

“

यहाँ गमले भर की माटी है,
बस चार कदम की क्यारी...

”

मैं एक शहर में रहता हूँ।

ये काली सड़क जो लेटी है,
ये किस नागिन की बेटी है?
लोहे पत्थर के फन वाली,
ये किसके घर से आती है?
ये किस मंजिल तक जाती है?
ये दुनिया इस पर बसती है,
उसे चुपके छुपे डसती है।

यहाँ सभी ज़हर के मारे हैं,
दहशत में देखो सारे हैं।

मैं भी इस ज़हर में रहता हूँ...
मैं एक शहर में रहता हूँ।

यहाँ अमिया ज्यादा खट्टी हैं,
यहाँ इमली थोड़ी खारी है।
यहाँ गमले भर की माटी है,

बस चार कदम की क्यारी है।

यहाँ पानी भी बेरंगा है,
और पत्ते थोड़े पीले हैं।

खुशबू भी यहाँ अकेली है,
यहाँ बारिस खुद भी गीली है।

यहाँ कीचड़ शायद गन्दा है,
यहाँ पतझड़ भी शर्मिंदा है।

मैं इस पतझड़ में रहता हूँ...
मैं एक शहर में रहता हूँ।

ना पिछला कोई दरवाज़ा है,
ना हँसता सा कोई आँगन है।
ना अमरुद की कोई डाली है,

ना नीम का कड़वा दातुन है।
ना नानाजी की खटिया है,
ना बाबूजी की कुर्सी है।

ना माँ का छोटा मंदिर है,
ना आँगन में कोई तुलसी है।

ना बगल में मुनिया रोती है,
ना पड़ोस में ताऊ हँसते हैं।

ऊँची सी कोई ईमारत है,
जहाँ कई बेगाने बसते हैं।

मैं उसी को अब घर कहता हूँ....
मैं एक शहर में रहता हूँ।



Harjot Singh



इतिहास के पन्नों की कड़वाहट क्या इतनी तीखी थी कि वो भुलाए नहीं भूलतीया...



उदित भाटिया
सी.ई.डी., अंतिम वर्ष



अतीत से आज तक

बचपन में हुई कुछ घटनाएं हमारे मानसिक पटल पर ऐसी छाप छोड़ती हैं कि समय के साथ उनकी रेखाएं और भी गूढ़ होती जाती हैं। यह बात है 1999 के आसपास की है- आज स्कूल से वापस आने के बाद घर का माहौल कुछ अलग था। घर आते ही पिताजी ने बताया कि हमारा और पिताजी के दोस्त का परिवार 4 दिनों के लिए अमृतसर घूमने जा रहा है। 4 दिन के ट्रिप का मतलब पाँचवी कक्षा के व्यस्त दैनंदिनी से तीन दिन की छुट्टी। दोपहर के 3 बजे के आसपास सभी तैयारियों के बाद हम एक प्राइवेट कैब किराए पर करके घर से निकले। 400 किलोमीटर का सफर था तो मम्मी ने डिनर तक की पूरी व्यवस्था कर ली थी। पंजाब बार्डर में प्रवेश को अभी एक घंटा बाकी था तो अंकल ने "टाइम पास" करने के लिए 1980 के दशक की पंजाब के आतंकवाद की चर्चा शुरू कर दी।

पापा के दोस्त अपना किस्सा सुनाने लगे कि किस तरह जालंधर राजमार्ग पर उनके सामने ही नृशंस तरीके से सवारियों से खचाखच भरी बस को कुछ कट्टर-पंथियों ने भून डाला था। हालांकि इस बात को हुए कुछ एक दशक से ऊपर हो चला है पर मुझे आज भी अच्छी तरह याद है कि ये बात सुनते हुए उनका गला किस तरह भर आया था। शायद उस बुरे वक्त के घाव जहन में हरे ही थे। अंकल ने बताया कि उस दौर के बाद वो पहली बार पंजाब आ रहे हैं पर उनका डर अभी तक जस का तस बरकरार है।

उस समय तो ये बातें मुझे किसी रोमांचक गल्प से कम नहीं लग रही थी पर आज जब आतंकित पंजाब के बारे में पढ़ने को मिलता है तो रूह कांप उठती है। खैर, पंजाब बार्डर में प्रवेश करते-करते शाम हो चुकी थी और मौसम भी करवट ले रहा था। अभी हम अपने घर से कुछ 200 किलोमीटर ही आए होंगे की मौसम ने विकराल रूप धारण करते हुए अंधड़ का रूप ले लिया। रात के करीब 10 बज चुके थे और चारों ओर घुंघुप अंधेरा था। ऐसा लग रहा था मानो गाड़ी किसी निर्जीव बस्ती से चली जा रही है। तेज बारिश और अंधेरे की वजह से चारों तरफ कुछ नज़र नहीं आ रहा था पर डालियाँ चटकने कि आवाजें डर को कई गुना बढ़ा रही थी। ऐसे लग रहा था मानो गाड़ी किसी अनंत राक्षस के मुख में समा रही है। रास्ते में रुकने का भी कोई फायदा नहीं था क्योंकि दूर-दूर तक जीवन का कोई आभास भी नहीं हो रहा था। ऊपर से अंजान रास्ता और इन्हीं रास्तों से जुड़ी कड़वी यादें। अंकल की बातें सुनने के बाद मुझे भी डर लगने लग गया था और ऊपर से उस भयावह मौसम ने मानो हलक से सांस नोच ली थी। चूंकि मेरे पिताजी ऑफिस के काम से अक्सर पंजाब आया-जाया करते थे तो उन्हें बदले हालातों का अच्छी तरह से एहसास था और वे बहुत ही तसल्ली से ड्राइवर से सलाह करने

में लगे हुए थे। पापा की शक्ल देखकर मुझे भी कुछ हौसला आया पर ज्यों ही अंकल की शक्ल देखी सारी हिम्मत फुर हो गई।

तभी ड्राइवर ने ज़ोर से ब्रेक लगाई। अंधेरे की वजह से सड़क पे गिरा पेड़ दिखाई न दिया और गाड़ी का बम्पर उस बड़े पेड़ से जा टकराया। अब तो सबका डर कई गुना बढ़ गया कि क्या पता कोई पेड़ अभी गाड़ी पे आ गिरे। बुरे वक्त में बुरे विचार ही सबसे पहले आते हैं। तभी गाड़ी के दरवाजे को किसी ने खटखटाया। पापा ने कांच नीचे किया तो बाहर एक हट्टे-कट्टे सरदार जी थे। उन्होंने कड़ाकेदार आवाज में पूछा (जो शायद उनका स्वाभाविक लहजा था), "कहां से हो?" पिताजी ने उन्हें सारा किस्सा समझाया और सरदारजी ने कहा कि गाड़ी को कच्चे में उतार लो और उनकी गाड़ी का पीछा करो। मरते क्या न करते! ड्राइवर ने गाड़ी कच्चे में उतार कर गिरे हुए पेड़ को पार किया और गाड़ी उनकी गाड़ी के पीछे लगा ली। "मुझे तो कोई गड़बड़ लगती है, इन्हें कहो चाहे सारे पैसे ले लो पर हमें जाने दे", अंकल ने अपनी कमेंटरी जारी रखी। सरदारजी ने कच्चे रास्तों से ले जाते हुए पता ही नहीं कितने गाँव पार करवा दिए थे। ड्राइवर ने बताया कि पिछले 95 सालों में उसने आज तक इन रास्तों को देखा तक नहीं था। थोड़ी देर बाद सामने वाली गाड़ी ने अचानक से स्पीड पकड़ी और ड्राइवर की आंखों से ओझल हो गयी। थोड़ा सा आगे चलने के बाद पता लगा कि उस भले मानस (जिसे हम डाकू, लुटेरा और पता नहीं क्या-क्या सोच रहे थे) ने गाड़ी को पंजाब के संगरूर शहर तक पहुंचा दिया और बिना शुक्रिया लिए ही कहीं ओझल हो गया।

जब भी यह घटना याद आती है तो एक प्रश्न व्याकुल कर देता है कि इतिहास के पन्नों की कड़वाहट क्या इतनी तीखी थी कि वो भुलाए नहीं भूलती या हमने जबरन ही अविश्वास का ऐसा चश्मा पहन लिया है जो समूची मानव सभ्यता को शक भरी निगाहों से देखता है!!





अभितोष यादव
सी.ई.डी., अंतिम वर्ष



हम तो अनजान मुसाफिर थे
अजनबी जगह में अजनबी काफिर थे ...



मैदान-ए-जंग

आ लम देखिए जंग का
एक तरफ है वो जो सारी उम्र से वहीं पर है
और एक तरफ हैं हम
जिन्हें सिर्फ एक बार आना है और उनसे जीत
कर चले जाना है।
जंग का मैदान भी उन्हीं ने बनाया है
और इस मैदाने जंग में लड़ना भी उन्हीं ने सिखाया है।
हम तो अनजान मुसाफिर थे
अजनबी जगह में अजनबी काफिर थे।।
निकले थे घर से अपना भविष्य सुधारने
जाने क्या खता हुई कि फँस गए इस मझधार में।
गर ना हुई होती खता राह चुनने में यूं
तो शायद ना होते आज हम शिकार यूं।।

मैं तो था नादान जो इस राह पर चल दिया।
पर क्या थे वो इतने हैवान जो हमारा शिकार कर लिया।।
नादानी में कोई कहां क्षत्रीय बना है
हम तो बने हैं आक्रोश में
अब इतना कहां हम दूर तक लड़ेंगे
झुकाना तो पड़ेगा सर हमें क्योंकि वो हमसे बड़े हैं।
और अब जब फँस गए हैं इस जंग में
तो निकलने की तरकीब यही है।।
पर मुझे कोई बताए कि
जब बनना ही था क्षत्रीय
तो क्यों नहीं हमें खून-पसीने से सींचा?
और अगर बनाना ही था हमें गुलाम पड़ा लिखा तो
क्यों भविष्य का सुंदर ख्वाब सींचा।।

...कैसे छुपाऊं।



तर्क की मलिन चांदनी में
अब तक इसे सुरक्षित रखा था...



सिद्धार्थ कुमार
ई.सी.ई., 2010

रा शन के टूटे कनस्तर की भांति...आसमान से...
स्याह रात टपकती रही देर तलक।
एक अधूरे से जिस्म को तन पे ओढ़े...
मैं नज़र बचाकर सबसे...भाग रहा था...दूर बहुत दूर।
रास्ता...हर अगली मोड़ पर नया हो जाता था
मुझे ये भय...किसी भूल भूलैया में ना बह जाऊं...
पेशानी पर कुछ पसीने की लकीरें खिंच गयीं थी...
आखिर समय निकला जा रहा था...

बच के भाग रहा होता... अपनी ज़िन्दगी से ही सही
तो खैर कोई बात नहीं थी...
लेकिन अपने ही "मोम के जिस्म" से कितना भागूं,
...कैसे छुपाऊं।
अपने तर्क की मलिन चांदनी में
अब तक इसे सुरक्षित रखा था...
उफ़ जवाबदेह तर्कों के इतने शोले...
मोम के तर्कों से दबे जिस्म को...इतनी तपिश से कैसे बचाऊं।

Department of Civil Engineering



Dr. R.K. Dutta
HOD



The small tete-a-tete with the faculty of the department threw light on various unnoticed corners and added a whole new perspective to the oldest branch of the Institute

HOD, Dr. R K Dutta is enthusiastic and looking forward to the recruitment of faculty members to improve the student faculty ratio to the international standards. Apart from various workshops for masons and projects on stabilising hill slopes prone to landslides, the department generated revenue running in 8 digits through consultancy. Plans for further expansion included introducing a couple of new post graduate courses and installing a lift in the department. He added that the GATE score of the Final year batch had been exceptionally mind-blowing with more than 40 students scoring more than 97 percentile and 2 students getting a rank in the top 100.

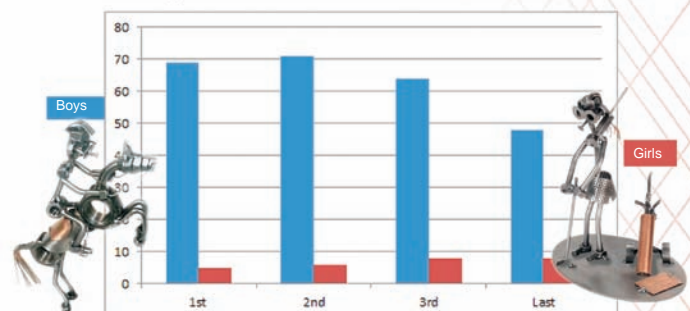


C-SOC (2011-2012)

Dr. Umesh Kumar Pandey, Dr. V S Dogra and Mr. Chander Prakash all emphasised that there is no substitute for hard work. Mr. Chander Prakash also talked about the importance of survey camps and other educational tours and urged the students to come out and explore the industry.

All in all, the Department made a new benchmark when 2 students underwent 6 months internships at IIT Powai. Dr. Raman Parti emphasised on the need for budding engineers to get ready to face challenges and overcome them with confidence.

We the civil engineers build the world!



The road to success is always under construction.

department of electrical and electronics



Dr. R. Nath Sharma
HOD



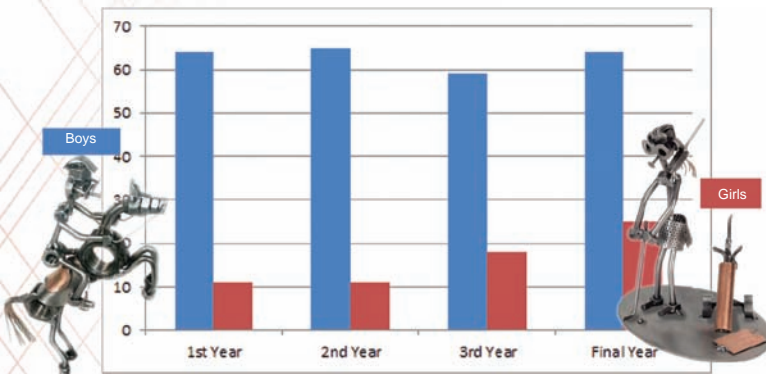
Welcome aboard the stumbling rocks and supporting buttresses of the most prime location of NIT Hamirpur. This strategic location houses the EEE department. On the outskirts of the department lie the mystic Dhauladhars descending the limbo of oblivion while it itself epitomises the limbo of academic atyachar viz regular extra classes, dedicated yet strict teachers and extensive excellence. Apart from their colossal love from this building (discarding Vivekananda Lecture halls) , our youth battalion sets affront the bar of academic excellence. A talk with the students and you'll realize that its only the hard work that pays and nothing else.

A brief talk with the faculty shed light on the in-house ideologies that the department holds up. Dr. Sushil Chauhan commented on the dire need of giving home assignments to the students. He strongly emphasized that acquiring decent placements should not just be the sole motive of the students. Rather acquiring knowledge should be the supreme objective. He even justified the need of making the extra classes a rather unofficial part of curriculum saying that to compensate for the holidays they were a must.

Dr. R.K Jarial when asked about being the organizer of the event, rather recurrent phenomenon of corona discharge elaborated us on the significance of it. He remarked this phenomenon is always fascinating as we observe it frequently in our physical world. The normal hissing noise in transmission lines and the lightning in the sky never fail to interest man. He even emphasised on the need to have other such labs like the high voltage lab which might be of interest to the students and teachers alike.

Dr. Veena Sharma too shared her experience here at NIT Hamirpur both as a student and then as a faculty. She proudly claims to be the part and parcel of the first ever passout batch of NIT Hamirpur.

Only electrical engineers dare to tread in where rest of the world fails to enter.



department of mechanical engineering



Dr. Sunand Kumar
HOD

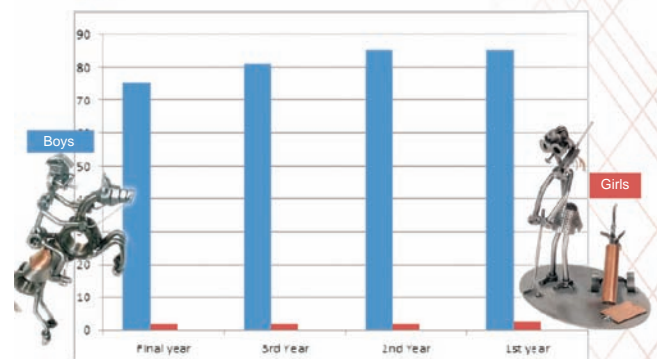


In our small conversations with the faculty of the royal mechanical engineering department, we found out what goes into the making of this department -one of the leaders in imparting quality technical education. According to Dr. Sehgal, “from holding classes at Baru and conducting workshops in Hamirpur the Mechanical Engineering Department has come a long way.” “We have fully equipped labs and turbo charged students eager to do wonders,” he added. The department conducted various workshops on a wide spectrum of topics this year boosting the technical expertise of students and faculty alike. Head of the Department, Prof. Sunand Kumar in his message to the students emphasized on the need to be sincere in ones approach to studies and said that there is no alternate to hard work.



SOME (2011-2012)

Prof. Anoop Kumar in his conversation described how refreshing it is to teach and an incident where he once had the most difficult time in making a minute topic clear to a student. The department with a dedicated workforce surely did run the big events on the campus. All hail the meddies.



If you can't convince them, confuse them.



Department of Electronics and Communication



Dr. Vinod Kapoor
HOD



Welcome to the helms of the most sanctified department of NIT Hamirpur. We give here excerpts from the small chit chat we had with the faculty of the department.

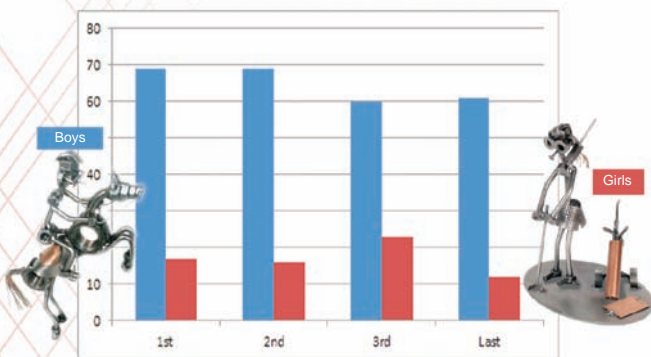
Dr. Vinod Kapoor in his message to the students and asked them to “Reach high, for stars lie hidden in your soul. Dream deep, for every dream precedes the goal.” His vision, “I aspire to establish a battalion of academically proficient enthusiasts for whom acquiring knowledge would be the priority. We are soon coming up with our own exclusive departmental building in the proximity of the multipurpose lecture halls. We also intend on diversifying the master's courses in the fields like VLSI, Communication Engineering. Mrs. Gargi Khanna, being an alumnus of the Institute talked of the differences now and then. She mentioned her 3rd Year Hill'Ffair as special and the strict following of hierarchy amongst students then. “I feel privileged to teach along with my respectable teachers...” She added.

SPEC (2011-2012)



Mr. Gagnesh shed light on how he became a teacher. “. My destiny led me towards the teaching cadre as it was the first job offered to me. I strongly believe that what the country needs now is a group of enthusiast who would ensue teaching as their career objective not as a career option.” In his message to the students, “Be particular while setting your goal and then strive hard to achieve it.” Seconding Mr. Gagnesh's opinion, Mr. Rakesh added that, “Corporate life is fast paced while teaching has a calmness of its own.”

Mr. Rohit, a representative of the students as well as faculty faction, believes that that teaching is a persistent learning process. He added, “Being loved and respected by my students is the most satisfying to me.”



Department of Computer Science & Engineering



Dr. Kamlesh Dutta
HOD



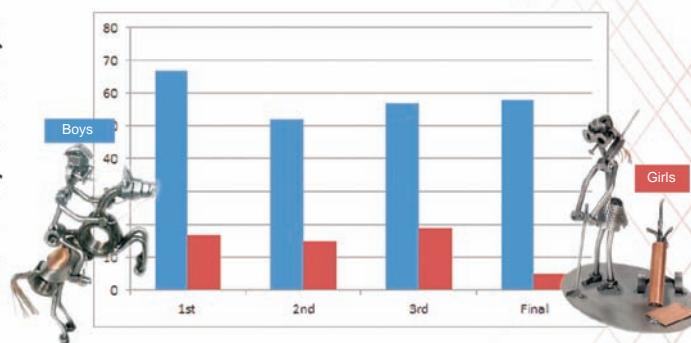
Computer Science and Engineering Department at NITH is undeniably the perfect blend of academic and social growth, of fun and sincerity. The students of this department can be seen across the campus, from having discussions with teachers outside the department to sweating on the sports field, from having animated conversations regarding projects to strumming chords in the music room. Like all previous years, this year too CSED excelled in academics, with various educational workshops, technical conferences being organized by the department. Also, it was the department which allowed maximum number of students to pursue the much hyped 7th semester internship at organizations and institutions of high repute in India and Abroad. The "Telepresence and VC Insight Newsletter" accepted the department's video conferencing paper and acknowledged it as 'one of the best from Asia'. The MassIdea Finland Project was the highlight of the department, with students being offered internships at the University of Finland. Even at the annual IEEE conference, the department received the best paper award.



FORCE (2011-2012)

years, the department has only advanced with increase in number of placements as well the packages. They consider that there has been an increment in professionalism among students that has helped a lot in getting them the aforesaid.

In spite being known for their frolic activities, the CSED students, this year also out shined the other department students in scholastics, with more than half of the students selected for full-time internships at reputed organizations and institutes being from the department itself. Other than this, many non-academic events like Teacher's Day celebration and Women's Day celebration are also credited to the department. With Mrs. Kamlesh Dutta, the Head of Department, also being the Head of the Women's Cell, various steps have been taken in this direction too. With more than half of the batch placed before December, the department stands as good and strong this year as ever. Also, NITH-CSE&D is the only college which has been chosen for consultation for implementation of IPv6 by the Deptt. of Telecom of India and it also assists HP govt in networking and automation Projects. Nishant Gupta and his teammates won a paper presentation in Cognizance 2010 - IIT Roorkee.



"Every Program is a part of some other program & rarely fits."



Department of Architecture



Dr. Bhanu Marwaha
HOD



The Department of Architecture continues to bring freshness and new talent in the campus each passing year. So what if the some of the notions still hold true(like the students being nocturnal creatures) we proudly take part in looking out for new, ever changing, ever adapting and ever ready search for new horizons. The department this time too has kept its name ad has largely continued to the rising girl to boy ratio.

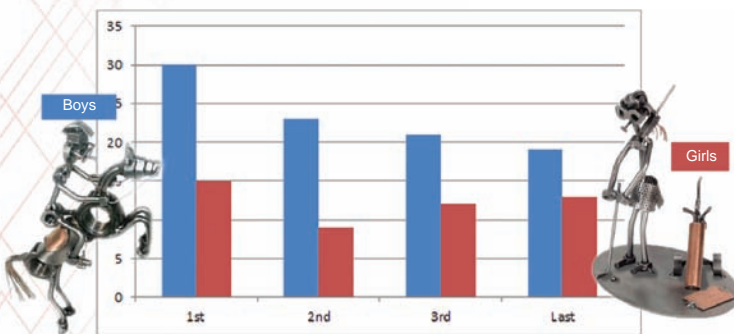
With new post graduate programmes deemed to open shortly the department will surely have more vibrance on its already colourful platter!

While the busy cramped up schedule still exists and the ever torturous yet wonderfully fun night outs still continue, the students yet enjoy belonging to this department. The department hones its students to learn the newest trends in architecture and building industry. The various educational tours each semester ensures practical learning and our all-round development.

NASA (2011-2012)



The various intercollege fests and conventions are an added advantage to it all. The positive approach and cool attitude ensures a sincere and determined mind moulded in the apt learning environment. Preparations for NASA regional meet were in full swing when reports last came in. The department not only imparts quality education by events alone but also makes life richer for its students.



Alumni Meet

संगम 2011



UNSTRUNG CHORDS



Sukriti Dogra



विश्वास तथा आदर की ज्योत जब इन दिनों में जगमगाती है तब कहीं जाकर यह 'सृजन' पूरा...



सुरभि सदावत
ई.सी.ई., तृतीय वर्ष



स्पन्दन

प्रिय मुस्कान,

आज पूरा एक साल हो जाएगा तेरे मासूम चेहरे की सरल मुस्कान को देखे हुए, उस खिलखिलाहट को सुने हुए जिससे तू पूरे घर को भर देती थी, शाम को मेरे ऑफिस से आने पर तेरा भागकर सबसे पहले दरवाजा खोलने आना और चहककर पूछना, “पापा! आज मेरे लिए क्या लाए?” इन सब मीठी यादों को एक अरसा हो जाएगा आज, पर यूँ लगता है जैसे सदियां गुजर गई हैं ‘पापा’ शब्द सुने हुए और तुझसे कहे हुए कि, “बेटा! मैं तुझसे बहुत प्यार करता हूँ”

समय की लहरें कभी-कभी हमें अपने साथ इतना दूर खींच ले जाती हैं कि वर्तमान के धरातल पर लौट कर आना कठिन सा हो जाता है। आज मैं भी समय की इन लहरों के साथ बहता चला जा रहा हूँ। जब स्मृतियों के खजाने में से एक-एक कर तेरी यादें मेरे स्मृतिपटल पर दस्तक देती हैं, तो ये आँखें ना जाने क्यों भर आती हैं? ये यादें तेरे “स्ट्रॉंग” पापा को बहुत कमज़ोर और बेसहारा कर देती हैं बेटा!

पिता एक कुम्हार की तरह अपने गीली और कच्ची मिट्टी जैसे बच्चों को स्नेह की चाक पर चढ़ाता है, प्रेम भरे अनुशासन की आँच से तपकर निकले इन दिनों में जब वो अपने सपनों और संस्कारों के रंग भरता है और विश्वास तथा आदर की ज्योत जब इन दिनों में जगमगाती है तब कहीं जाकर यह ‘सृजन’ पूरा होता है। मैंने भी तुझे इसी तरह से रचना चाहा था मेरी बच्ची, पर शायद मेरे अनुशासन की आँच ने तुझे जरूरत से ज्यादा पका दिया। मैं तुझे प्रज्वलित कर खुश होता रहा, तेरी हर उपलब्धि पर गर्व से भरता रहा पर नहीं समझ पाया कि मेरा यह चिराग अंदर-ही-अंदर खुद सुलग रहा है और एक दिन इसी आग से चटक जाएगा। बेटा, हो सके तो अपने ‘पापा’ को माफ कर देना जो एक ‘पिता’ तो बन गए, पर कभी तेरे ‘बेस्ट फ्रेंड’ नहीं बन पाए। तेरे बचपन की यादों को मैंने अपनी जिंदगी के कैनवास पर इस कदर सजा लिया है कि वक्त की परत भी इसे धुंधला नहीं कर पाती। जब पहली बार अपनी नन्हीं परी को मैंने गोद में उठाया तो लगा था जैसे मुझे पूरी कायनात का सुख मिल गया है, तेरी प्यारी सी मुस्कुराहट को देखकर दिल से एक आवाज़ आई थी कि- “यह मेरी मुस्कान है!” आज मेरी वह मुस्कान न जाने कहां खो गई है? तेरी उस प्यारी सी मुस्कुराहट को तरसती इन आँखों में अब अशकों को पनाह मिल गई?

याद है मुझे जब फिसलपट्टी पर झूलते हुए तू ज़ोर से चहकती “पापा! मुस्कान आ रही है।” तेरी आँखों में डर की जगह एक विश्वास होता था कि “पापा! आप हो ना मुझे पकड़ने के लिए!”, वो विश्वास कहां चला गया मेरी बच्ची? मैं अब भी तुझे पकड़ लेता, तुझे गिरने नहीं देता, बस एक बार बताया तो होता। जब तूने पहली बार मेरी ऊँगली

थाम कर चलना सीखा, तो मन गर्व से भर उठा था, तेरी हर एक सफलता के साथ यह खुशी बढ़ती चली जाती। कब मेरी बच्ची घुटने के बल चलने वाली ‘मुस्की’ से विद्यालय की सबसे तेज धावक ‘मुस्कान’ बन गई यह मुझे भी पता ना चला। पता चला तो बस इतना कि जिंदगी के रास्ते की कठिन ठोकड़ों से वो संभल ना पाई और हार मान गई। मुझे अपने आप पर अफसोस होता है कि शायद मेरे ही सिखाने में कहीं कुछ कमी रह गई। मैं क्यों तुझे सिखा नहीं पाया, कि जिंदगी में जब परिस्थितियां विपरीत हो तो उन्हें अपने अनुकूल बनाने के लिए साहस और संयम से अनवरत प्रयास किया जाता है, उनसे हार मानकर जिंदगी को समाप्त नहीं किया जाता। तुझे याद है जब स्कूल-बस में बैठते समय तू “बाय पापा!” कहकर झट से बस में चढ़ जाती और एक बार भी पीछे मुड़कर नहीं देखती। अगर मुड़ती तो तू देख पाती कि तेरी हर विदाई पर तेरे पापा का दिल भर आता था। तुझे जाते हुए देखकर बस यही सोचता था कि जब तेरी डोली आएगी तो अपनी इस नन्हीं सी जान को अपने से अलग कैसे करूंगा? हाँ, पर तब इस दिल को इस बात का भी आश्वासन था कि बेटी लौट कर कभी-कभी घर भी तो आएगी। तुझे लाल जोड़े में देखने की आस बाँधे इस दिल को कहां पता था कि सफेद कपड़े से सजी तेरी अर्थी को भी कांधा देना पड़ेगा। तेरी चिता को आग देते हुए बस यही सोच रहा था कि जहां तू जा रही है, क्या वहां से भी लौट आने की गुंजाईश है?

मैं नहीं जानता मेरी बच्ची, नीयति के इस खेल में किसकी जीत हुई, तेरी या नीयति की, पर जिन्दगी की इस कश्मकश में तुम्हारे पापा हार गए, अपने आप से!!

बेटा, नीयति से मिली हार को फिर भी इंसान बर्दाश्त कर सकता है और प्रयत्न करता है फिर से उठने का। पर अपने आप से हारा हुआ इंसान कभी नहीं उठ पाता। टूट जाता है पूर्णतः, शाख से टूटे पत्ते की तरह!

मुस्की! अब अलविदा चाहता हूँ बेटा क्योंकि मैं नहीं चाहता कि मेरे अशक, इन अल्फाजों को भीगों दे और इन भीगे शब्दों में तुम अपने पापा के प्यार को तलाशती रहो, वैसे ही जैसे मैं तलाश रहा हूँ अपनी ‘मुस्कान’ को उसकी यादों में...

अपनी ‘मुस्कान’ की तलाश में...

तुम्हारा, पापा।



रवि रंजन
सी.ई.डी., तृतीय वर्ष

“ लगा दो माथे में सिंदूर,
गगन की लाली ... ”

कन्या याचना

माँ, मुझे मटमैले रंग का,
चोला बनवा दो।
कुछ भी नहीं तो,
कच्चे फूल का डोला सजवा दो।
लगा दो माथे में सिंदूर,
गगन की लाली।
बन जाऊँगी सजकर,
दुल्हन भोली-भाली।
अब अपनी सच्चाई,
शीशे में नहीं जाती झाँकी।
चेहरे पर भयावह सिकुड़न,
अब क्या रह गई सुन्दरता बाकी।

आँख सूज गई है,
कर-कर के इंतजार।
अब नहीं बचा कोई दुनिया में,
जो दे सके अपना प्यार।
कब तक जलती रहेगी,
मेरी ये खामोशी भरी चिराग।
इस घृणित समाज पर लग चुकी है,
अमिट कालिख दाग।
माँ, तुम ही दो फूल लेकर,
कर दो मेरा हाथ पीला।
आज मैं कर रही,
खत्म अपनी जीवन-लीला।



Harjot Singh



गर यकीं नहीं तो रिश्ता रखता क्यों है।
गर रिश्ता रखता है तो हर रोज़ मुझे परखता क्यों है ...



अमित शर्मा
सी.ई.डी., अंतिम वर्ष



अंदाज़ बदलता क्यों है?

जिं दगी का सफ़र एक झरोखा सा लगता क्यों है।
कुछ अपनों का कुछ बेगानों का धोखा लगता क्यों है॥

मैंने माना कि मुझ पर यकीन नहीं है तुम्हें।
पर गर यकीं नहीं तो अपना समझता क्यों है॥

सुनकर अनसुना मुझे करता क्यों है।
मंज़िल वही है, तू हर बार रास्ते बदलता क्यों है॥

अहसास नहीं रखता तो बस इतना बता मुझे।
मुझे खोने का डर तेरी आँखों से झलकता क्यों है॥

मैं वही हूँ हर बार तेरा अंदाज़ बदलता क्यों है?
आत्मीयता के उजाले को अंधेरा समझता क्यों है?
गर उजाला समझता है तो अंधेरो से मोहब्बत करता क्यों है॥

सन्नाटे की गूँज करती है इक चित्कार।
गर डर लगता है तो इससे तो इन रास्तों पर चलता क्यों है॥

तूफान-ए-समंदर में रिश्तों की कश्ती लाता क्यों है।
गर कश्ती लाता है तो लहरों से डरता क्यों है॥

मेरे जख्मों पर मरहम का सबब देता भी तो कांटों से
गर रूखा ही करना है हर बार तो हर बार मनाता क्यों है॥

गर यकीं नहीं तो रिश्ता रखता क्यों है।
गर रिश्ता रखता है तो हर रोज़ मुझे परखता क्यों है ॥

रखकर पलकों पर नज़रों से गिरा देता है मुझको।
मैं वहीं हूँ हर बार तेरा अंदाज़ बदलता क्यों है?
मैं वही हूँ हर बार तेरा अंदाज़ बदलता क्यों है?



Exhibited in art Gallery



Dushyant Sharma
MED, 3rd Year



Losing innocence and that indomitable will is the most tragic part of any child's life ...



Running Free

Running free... running at once they hear the bell declaring school off... Scorching sun above their head... Sweat drops trickling down the forehead... but still... running... running as though breaking free... running as though water discharged from the overflowing dam... or a song bird sets free from a cage... in the traffic of a narrow passage, school children are running with “*chhuti ho gayi hai*” written across their faces. Observing them on a road outside the school, unable to drive an inch more due to this flood of school children rushing back home, I am taken back to the days when I too used to be a part of that crowd.

I see people losing their nerve because of the immobility created by the situation, honking their vehicle horns and some even swearing. Though I was irritated at first to have been stuck there but the feeling was soon taken away by the knock of those school days memories...

Bubbling with ideas for the future near and far, those sweet mischiefs, plans for evening games, that zeal and will to bring about a revolution in the world – theirs and otherwise... and they seem firm that they are fully capable of doing whatever it is they bear in their minds. According to one of my favourite authors, children dream of doing great things, very great indeed and are fully capable of doing them too. As they grow old, they realise their constraints that are not actually theirs but have involuntarily become a part of them over a period of time. So, putting a ceiling to their plans rather desperate dreams, they try to satisfy themselves with what they have and try to resist the thoughts of what they could have had if those constraint free thoughts were still alive...

Losing innocence and that indomitable will is the most tragic part of any child's life.

We have so much to learn from them. Their carelessness, their masti, the contented ear-to-ear smile they wear after having a chocolate, their perspective of life; of their dreams; those constraint free thoughts and oh... so much more!

They are running... because the favourite cartoon show is about to be aired ...running... because Maa is eagerly waiting for her child to return home so that she could listen to whatever he has to say... his stories of the entire day... and she'd listen to all his plans, mischiefs, dreams that he wishes will come true someday... someday soon... and she'd just smile along and listen to all of it while feeding tiny morsels of his favourite dish that she has prepared for him.



Anubhuti Mishra



From my ashes, I'll rise up once again...

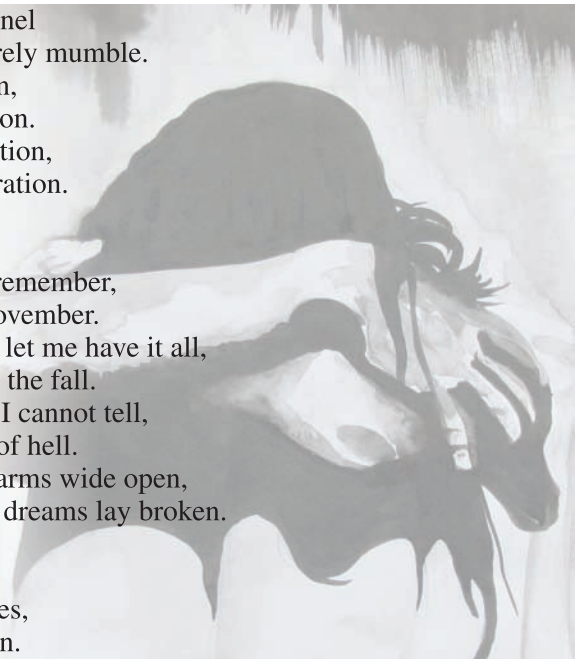


Kanav Bhardwaj
ECE, Final Year



Fallen From Grace

For once I hoped to find the light, at the end of this dark tunnel
For once I hoped to scream, shout out loud, but I could barely mumble.
For I, now lay in ruins, I ..ha ... architect of my own destruction,
Lying cold and low, bent and humbled, in the wake of devastation.
For now I stare right into a mirror, trying to face my own reflection,
But I can't stand those burning eyes, bleeding agony and desperation.
I was good, or so was I told, rather 'the best' in generations,
But I'm nothing like they prophesized, I am a fallen angel.
Fallen from grace, having lost my place, in this world I barely remember,
Yet I stand high and proud, like a dead tree, on a cold day in November.
Let me spread my angel wings, to feel the wind, just let me fly, let me have it all,
For no one remembers the way I flew, all they remember is just the fall.
For what fall it was, plummeting from heavens, how hard I hit, I cannot tell,
But I fell hard, hard just enough, to land in the darkest corners of hell.
For The Devil himself greeted me, with an evil smile and both arms wide open,
"Welcome ! We've been waiting brother" he said, and there my dreams lay broken.
"Accept you fate", he said "You're cursed to damnation."
"And accept I will" I said , "But not without retribution."
For I am a phoenix, my time has come, let me go down in flames,
It is like they prophesized, from my ashes, I'll rise up once again.



Swarnali





Anchal Sood
E.E.E, Final Year



I am a suicide bomber. For some my story might be a thriller...



Forced Suicide Bomber

My little daughter is waiting for me back home,
Crying under the tree is her beloved mom,
Quite unaware of what her father is going through,
The pain in my heart is real true.

There is a choice to make...
Whether or not my daughter will tomorrow cut her
Birthday Cake.
Should I put my Country, my Motherland at stake..?
Or is it my wife's heart that I should break???

Whatever it is, I am destined to die,
Whose corpse next to me must lie?
Hundreds of Countrymen or my wife and daughter?
Should I support the massive slaughter?
For the sake of those whom I love,
No! No! I couldn't even kill an innocent dove.
Nor can I watch my wife and daughter die..
Whose corpse next to me must lie?

When I was in school...
A lengthy paragraph against terrorism, I did write,

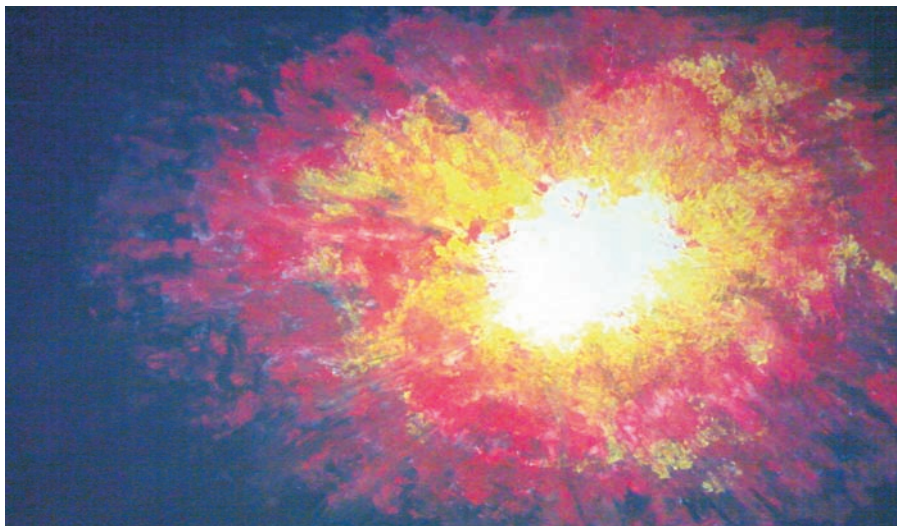
Oh lord! Show me the right path for there seems no
light...

I have to be strong, I need to be bold,
For my heart ain't this cold.

Thousands of families are there, sharing love so
divine,
I can't be this selfish, I'll sacrifice mine,
For my Country, my Nation.
But my countrymen I need a declaration,
That God forbid, If you get stuck in a similar
situation,
You'll be bold enough to take the right decision,

For If those devils could force no father, son or
daughter,
To be a cause of any slaughter.
There will be no terrorism,
And happiness be spread like colors, when light
passes through a prism.

Jai Hind. Jai Bharat!



Sniigdha Kokar

“ It felt simply wonderful! That two wheeled monster hadn't been able to beat me! ”

”

Gaura Sinha
CSE, 1st Year



Vini, Vidi, Vici

I could feel the reassuring pressure of my father's hand holding onto the carrier of my shiny, brand new bicycle as I wobbled down the same street for the umpteenth time that evening.

It had been just a week since we had moved from the hills of Dalhousie to the sweltering plains of Pune. Thanks to the vast difference in the way school sessions are planned in the two places, I had a combined winter and summer vacation; five months at hand and almost nothing to do. So, it was just a few days into our new house that my parents bought me a swanky new maroon bicycle.

Papa agreed to be my trainer and out the two of us would be each evening, come rain or snow! We trained everywhere- grass, concrete, mud, stones and what not! Yes, I did topple a lot! I bruised my elbow, scraped my knee and even took home the achievement of landing the front wheel straight into an open gutter!

Two days on that cycle and I was convinced that the only way I could ever ride anything on two wheels would be with my father running behind me and that poor, cursed vehicle holding onto its carrier or whatever equivalent mechanical part !

On the third day, cycling down the same old lane, I had reached the turn and was about to brake (the only thing I could do with that cycle confidently!) when I heard my father's voice, sounding a little too distant for the half metre distance between the carrier and my seat. I turned around and was shocked to see Papa standing halfway down the street!

It felt simply wonderful! That two wheeled monster hadn't been able to beat me! I did a lap of honour, hi-fiving Papa on my way. As I spun around to see him whistle out loud for his little girl, I missed a boulder ahead, was thrown off my seat, fell headfirst onto the rock, had the worst injury I had had till then and thus kept up the tradition of returning home, all blood and tears, my father dragging that bicycle back home!

10 WAYS TO CAPTURE BETTER PHOTOGRAPHS

- Dheeraj Gupta



“It doesn't really matter if you shoot with a DSLR or your camera phone, these tips will promptly improve your photography skills.”

1. Rule of Thirds

The rule of thirds gives you a guideline to better compose your shots. Imagine a 3x3 matrix overlaid on the image. Horizons often look good placed where the horizontal lines are, and strong vertical picture elements can go where the vertical lines are. The subject seems at home at any one of the four points where the lines intersect.

2. Guidelines

Guideline as the names suggests are lines that guide the viewer's eyes. Look out for such elements while you compose your shots. A guideline can be any line with diminishing width that directs the viewer's attention from the foreground of the photograph to the distant background giving it a sense of depth.

3. It's in the eyes

Whenever you are shooting portraiture, try to focus on the eyes, as it is the eyes of the subject that grabs most of the viewer's attention. Choose a composition following the rule of thirds and also try to focus on the eye of the subject that is closer to you. If the subjects happen to be taller or shorter, level the camera to height of eyes of the subject.



4. Golden Hours

The golden hour is a time when the sun is low to the horizon and casts a uniform, soft, golden, warm light that does not cause hard shadows. It only lasts for about an hour that starts half an hour before sunrise or sunset and lasts up to thirty minutes after. The sunset usually has a warmer and a more pleasing light.





Shalini Sharma
ECE, 1st Year

“

P.S. - I love you...

”

The Last Letter...

Whenever I see towards the sky at night, just one thing catches my attention which is that orb maiden with white fire laden whom mortals call the moon. It resembles the fire which burns in me for you, bright white, pure and healing. The soothing breeze wakes me up every morning with the whispering of your name in my ears. My friends say it's an illness and will kill me one day but if your memories bestow me with this then even leaving this mortal world won't stop me from thinking about you. I prowl every night in my house searching for you, our love was with a passion like the burning of the sun which burned day and night and is still burning in me making me forget that you are not with me but still I feel you every night I go to bed beside my pillow, looking at me like you used to. I still feel your caring hands waving off the flicks of hairs on my face and your lips still moisten mine with that same old tenderness.

We were together for so long. We used to walk along side river banks, we used to sit on sea shores and run astray just to feel the presence of each other. We chased each other like shadows but this wasn't the one which leaves us in darkness, it grew even

darker and closer instead. Sun rises and falls everyday and leaves the reddish orange hue in the evening sky, just like your absence that casts an aura of lifelessness in me. I used to think that how will I let go these things? How will I make myself accustomed to this loneliness? How will I be with you forever? But not anymore. We promised each other that come what may we will continue to move on with or without each other and this promise is the source which inspires me to be alive. Earlier when I used to see couples walking hand in hand on streets, I used to feel jealousy brewing up in my heart but it no more crushes me from within because where ever I see love, I see you. You are still with me and will always be. This is my seventh and the last letter to you, and I would say that I am disappointed, you never replied to even one of my letters, why is it? Is there no means of sending messages up there, even to your loved ones? Or you are too busy with fairies? Well whatever, I am sure I will soon get your reply, after all, you promised that you will never abandon me. This life is weary my love and I am sure we will soon meet again in a better place.

5. Flash works best up to 6-10 ft

Often people try to capture shots assisted by the flashlight during low light conditions, and end up with underexposed photographs with a dark frame which happens primarily because of the limited 6 to 10 feet range of the flashlight. So if your subject is beyond that range try closing in a bit or look for an alternate light source.

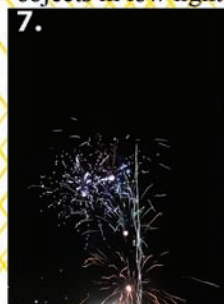


6. Shooting in the sunlight

Bright and harsh sunlight can cause shadows on faces, around the eyes or under hat brims. You can manually set the flash to compulsorily fire in these daylight conditions to fill in those dark regions. The camera then adds flash to the dark shadows revealing the subject in a well-lit manner.

7. Capture Pictures not Pixels

Shoot with least possible ISO setting on your camera whenever possible, but at times it is more important to capture the shot than to worry about the image quality and noise. So do not mind cranking up the ISO to capture shots such as fireworks or any moving objects in low light conditions.



8. Post Capture Editing

Editing is a matter of personal perception rather than ethics. So you can use any software like Picasa or Photoshop to tweak those details, overcome the camera limitations, refine the exposure and you can even choose to go beyond that; however it is recommended not to edit the shot beyond recognition or forge any false details.

8.



9. HDR

A composition that has very bright parts, and very dark, is said to have a high dynamic range which is hard for the camera sensor to capture. To photograph such scenes you can shoot the same scene several times with different exposures covering the dynamic range and then merge them together using HDR feature in Photoshop.



10.



10. Panorama

To capture wide-sweeping composition use a tripod to shoot multiple overlapping photos with same exposure and white balance across a scene, and then stitch them together in a long panoramic shot by using applications such as Photoshop. Avoid shooting moving subjects.





I thank you Mom,
For partnering my Dad...



Sakshi Babar
CSE, 2nd Year

Dear Mother

I am sitting here,
In a lecture that seems boring.
But the essence of it isn't,
Because only your name it rings.
International Women's Day,
That's what we celebrate.
Many women will be mentioned,
Worthy of their work till date.
No, your name won't be taken,
But I don't bother.
'Coz I know it's your day Mother,
You matter most among the others.
The perfect woman, the true lady,
That you've always been.
Never knew how you did it,
But that's what I have seen.
Those 6 am alarm shrills,
That we so easily ignored.
You got up to get ready,
While everyone just snored.
And when I came back home,
You were always there.
That made me realize,
Wherever you are, home is there.
And we didn't agree on things,
But you were always right.
Whenever I diverted into darkness,
You always brought me to light.
You managed home and work,
And didn't complain ever.
From where did you bring the energy,
I cannot guess, no, never.
And now when I am away,
Hundreds of kilometers distant,
Only you cross my mind,
You are, that is constant.
I thank you Mom,
For partnering my Dad,
In all times good and bad,
Thank You,
For all the mouth savoring food,
And for being my best friend,
When no one else could.

I am thankful for the love,
For those kisses and tight hugs,
But I am most thankful for one,
Thank you mother, for being "my Mom"

Deepti Gupta



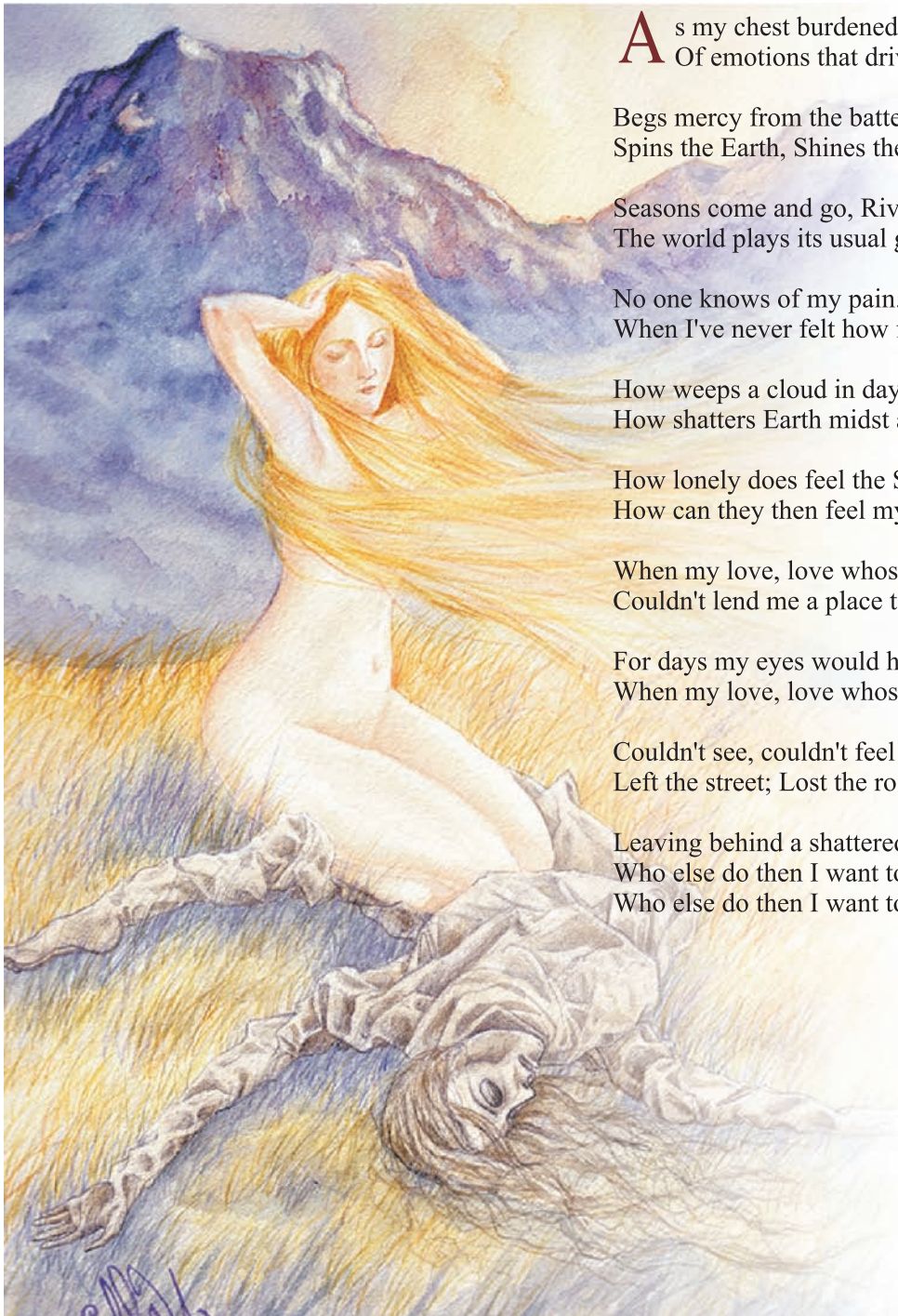
Narendra Joshi 'Genie'
ECE, 1st Year

“

Who else do then I want to be with me!

”

Pain



Nitika Mahajan

As my chest burdened with unrest
Of emotions that drive walls of my pounding heart

Begs mercy from the battering hands of the clock;
Spins the Earth, Shines the Sun,

Seasons come and go, Rivers flow.
The world plays its usual game.

No one knows of my pain.
When I've never felt how feels a tree in autumn winds,

How weeps a cloud in days of rain,
How shatters Earth midst a quake,

How lonely does feel the Sun;
How can they then feel my pain!

When my love, love whose was all I had
Couldn't lend me a place to live.

For days my eyes would have light
When my love, love whose is all I want

Couldn't see, couldn't feel my agony,
Left the street; Lost the rose

Leaving behind a shattered leaf,
Who else do then I want to be with me!
Who else do then I want to see what I feel?



वह जिंदगी भर सजा काटता रहा।
हर पल, हर लम्हा, हर दिन, हर साल...



आनंद मोहन
ई.ई.ई., प्रथम वर्ष

सजा

हरिप्रसाद तुम आजाद हो। तुम्हारी सजा पूरी हुई। जेलर ने शांत, निष्पक्ष, निश्चल परन्तु करुणा के अवशेषों से भरी आवाज में कहा। हरि ने एक बनावटी मुस्कान उसे वापस किया और चल पड़ा अपनी राह पर, बिना एक बार भी पीछे मुड़े। परन्तु जेलर का मन विचलित हो उठा और अतीत के पन्ने उसके आँखों के सामने नाचने लगे, मानो वह ही हरि हो। मानो यह उसी की जिंदगी हो। जब से उसका ट्रांसफर इस जेल में हुआ है, तब से हरि के प्रति उसके मन में अलग स्थान है। हरि हर किसी की मदद करता है, उनके लिए लड़ता है, जेल को भी एक परिवार बनाने की ताकत है उसमें। पर खुद कुछ नहीं मांगता। दूसरों को गुदगुदा देने वाली यह शख्सियत खुद कभी नहीं हंसता।

हरिप्रसाद पर हत्या का आरोप था। उसने अपने बहनोई की हत्या कर दी थी। अपनी बहन की मांग सूनी कर दी थी। उसे वह सफेद साड़ी उपहार में दी थी जो एक भाई अपनी बहन को कभी नहीं दे सकता। पर हरि को इस बात का दुख नहीं। उसका परिवार उसे हैवान समझता है, उसके पड़ोसी उसे भेड़िया समझते हैं। पर उसकी बहन जानती है कि उसने 'सुजाता' के लिए अपनी जिंदगी बर्बाद कर ली। जी हाँ, सुजाता उसकी बहन जिसने अनगिनत बार उसकी कलाईयों पर बंधन बांधा और अपनी रक्षा का वचन लिया।

अपनी बहन की शादी पर हरि बहुत खुश था। लड़के का भरा-पूरा परिवार था। 'महीने का 15000/- कमाता है। पड़ोस की चाची अपनी बेटी को बता रही थी। तब हरि का सीना फख्र से फूल गया था। पर शादी के एक महीने बाद उसकी बहन का फोन आया। रो रही थी वह। सुजाता ने उसे बताया- भईया ये और इनके घरवाले बहुत बुरे हैं। हर रोज मुझे पीटते हैं और कहते हैं 1,00,000/- रुपये लाओ। हरि ने अपने दांत मसले। फिर खुद को शांत किया। "घबरा मत सुजाता मैं हूँ ना। एक सप्ताह में जुगाड़ करूँगा।"

आज मोहलत का आखिरी दिन था। वह खुद पर हँस रहा था। एक लाख, गरीब के घर में। हा-हा-हा। पर उसकी बहन। उसे पता था कि मोहल्ले के कुछ डॉक्टर किडनी बेचने पे पैसे देते हैं। "हाँ! मैं। अपनी किडनी बेच दूँगा।" हाँ! वह चल पड़ा, निर्भिक, अटल। डॉक्टर साहब तुरंत राजी हो गए। आज पहली बार हरि ने पैसे देखे इतने सारे एक साथ। सब हजार के नोट थे।

हरि अपनी बहन की घर की ओर चल पड़ा। उसके चेहरे की मुसकुराहट बयां नहीं की जा सकती। बावला हो चला था वह। उसने अपनी बहन के घर का गेट खटखटाया पर उससे पहले ही उसे अंदर से आवाज आई। उसने ध्यान से सुना। आह-आह! मत मारिए मुझे। क्यों नहीं मारूँ? तेरे भाई ने तो कहा था कि एक सप्ताह में पैसे लाता हूँ। हरि को खुद पर काबू नहीं रहा। वह दरवाजा तोड़ते हुए अंदर घूसा। अंदर का मंजर देखकर वह पागल हो उठा। उसने पहले अपने बहनोई के मुँह पर पैसे मारे और अपनी बहन का हाथ पकड़कर उसे ले जाने लगा।

"रूक जाओ! वह मेरी पत्नी है। तुम उसे नहीं ले जा सकते।" कम से कम उसने पत्नी

शब्द का उपयोग किया। पर उसका मतलब वह नहीं जानता था। पर हरि चलता रहा। उसके बहनोई ने उस पर हमला किया। बचाव में उसने इतनी बलपूर्वक हाथ चलाया कि वह बेहोश हो पड़ा। खून का सैलाब उठ पड़ा। पर हरि अपनी बहन को लेकर चलता गया।

अगले सुबह फोन आया। उसके बहनोई की मृत्यु हो गई थी। उसकी बहन पर तो मानो पहाड़ टूट पड़ा और हरि की हालत तो बयान नहीं की जा सकती।

उसका परिवार, दोस्त, रिश्तेदार, पड़ोसी उस पर थूकने लगे। पर वह अपना दुख किस पर निकाले या सच कहे तो अपना गुस्सा, अपनी तड़प किसे समझाए। उसके पास एक ही रास्ता था। उसने खुद को पुलिस के हवाले कर दिया। कोर्ट में उसने वकील लेने से इंकार कर दिया। उसे 12 साल की सजा हुई। कानून ने उसे 2 सालों की छूट दी। पर वह जिंदगी भर सजा काटता रहा। हर पल, हर लम्हा, हर दिन, हर साल। वो जीता रहा, पर जी न सका। सिर्फ एक सवाल उसके मन में रहा।

"उसने सही किया या गलत किया?"





आशुतोष द्विवेदी
सी.एस ई, अंतिम वर्ष

“

उठकर वो चल पड़ा सामने मयखाने में,
अंततः कुछ खुशी मिली ...

”

कोख

नौ महीने कोख की आड़ में हम छुप लिए,
आ गए संसार में स्वप्न के दिये लिए।
बचपन के खेल-कुछ और थोड़ी पढ़ाई काम आई,
सामने उस मोड़ से अंगड़ाई लेती जवानी आई।
डॉक्टरी, वकालत और इंजीनियरिंग की हो गई कश्मकश शुरू,
बन चले कुछ और बैरी और कुछ नए गुरू।
उम्मीद के कई बांट लेकर, वो ढूँढने सपना चला,
ठोकर लगी, वो गिरा और एक अपना ना मिला।
उठकर वो चल पड़ा सामने मयखाने में,
अंततः कुछ खुशी मिली उसी के तयखाने में।
साँस उसकी थक गई और जाम भी था भर गया,
देर तक था साथ साकी, फिर छोड़ उसको घर चला।
शाम तक सब था खत्म बस एक इच्छा मनवा लूं,
किसी तरह फिर से अपने आप को कोख में छुपवा लूं।



Sagar Sharma



Piyush Gaurav



Tanya Thakur

" May the light of a million
candles watch over your souls."

“

अम्मा जी के 'मोहब्बत का सौदागर' कटाक्ष ने मुझे सर से एड़ी तक सुन्न करके रख दिया। जाने की जल्दी...

”

अनिल शर्मा
सी.एस.ई., अंतिम वर्ष



मेरी आखिरी नासमझी

झि नी-झिनी ठंडी मधुर हल्की-२ हवा से झिलमिलाते पेड़ों की पत्तियों की छन-छनाहट वातावरण में कोई कुदरती मधुर संगीत की भांति मानो मेरा स्वागत कर रही हो। आखिर कारागार में ऐसा कुदरती नजराना कहां देखने को मिलता है!

सात साल बाद बाहर की हवा ली। ऐसा लग रहा था जैसे हवा में भी कोई सुगन्ध घुली हो। उच्च न्यायालय ने मेरा पश्चाताप और बर्ताव देखते हुए मृत्युदण्ड को पहले उम्रकैद और बाद में सात साल के कारावास में तब्दील कर दिया। एडवोकेट चेतन चतुर्वेदी की ही कोशिश थी मुझे कम-से-कम सजा दिलवाने के पीछे। मेरे लाख मना करने के बाद भी वो बार-बार मेरे लिये उच्च-अदालतों में दलीलें करते रहे।

अब बचा ही क्या था जहां मैं जाता। अपने ही हाथों अपने बसे-बसाये घर को नींव से उखाड़ कर आया था। वहां कारागार में एक नई दुनिया बसाई। हर एक की अलग-अलग कहानी होती है वहां। कोई वक्त के हाथों का मारा तो कोई दरिंदगी का जीता-जागता उदाहरण। लेकिन वक्त ने एक बार फिर मुझे मेरी मध्यान्तर में छोड़ी दुनिया में वापिस आने के लिये खड़ा कर दिया था।

चतुर्वेदी जी समय से थोड़ा पहले ही कारागार के दरवाजे पर आकर खड़े हो गये थे। बहुत कुछ किया है उन्होंने मेरे लिये। मेरी रिहाई से

पहले उन्होंने एक स्थानीय समाचार पत्र के लिये बतौर संवाददाता मेरी नौकरी भी ढूंढ ली थी।

समय पाकर आज हिम्मत करके मोनिका के मोहल्ले की ओर निकला था। आखिर उसके सामने जाने की हिम्मत ही कहां थी मुझमें। किस हैसियत या रिश्ते की आड़ में मिलता। उसका पहला बेवफा प्रेमी की या दोस्त के कातिल या उसकी बेटी कोमल का...। यादों के नशे में मेरे कदम उसके घर की ओर बढ़े जा रहे थे।

हे खुदा!! उसका घर जर्जर हुआ पड़ा था, जैसे वर्षों पहले से किसी की छाया तक ना पड़ी हो। बढ़ते कदम ठिठक कर वहीं जम गये। कहां चली गई?? पिछले सात-सालों में पता नहीं क्या-क्या बदल गया था।

“सुनिये” मैंने पड़ोस के एक बुजुर्ग से पूछा, “यहां जो चौहान जी रहते थे वो कहां गये?”

बुजुर्ग ने मेरी ओर ऐसे देखा जैसे वर्षों पहले दिया हुआ कर्ज मांग लिया हो मैंने।

“दूर के चिर-परिचित लगते हो”, बुजुर्ग ने गौर से मेरी ओर देखते हुए कहा।

“नहीं, मैं पत्रकार हूँ। किसी काम से मिलना था।” मैंने उसकी बात को नकारते हुए कहा।



“ओह! तो तुम कातिल, बदचलन बहू की कहानी लिखने आये हो। साहिब उसकी माँ....।”

बुजुर्ग बाबा से मोनिका की सास का पता चला। लेकिन ये क्या था? कातिल, बदचलन ऐसा क्या हुआ था, चाहकर भी आगे पूछने की हिम्मत न कर पाया। कौतुहल वश जल्द-से-जल्द माँ जी से मिलने बाबा के बताए पते की ओर चल दिया।

मन में तरह-तरह के विचार उठ रहे थे। मोनिका और कातिल!! उसने अपने ही पति का कत्ल कर दिया!! क्यों?? कहां हैं अब वो?? और उसकी बेटी कोमल?

एक समय था जब हम एक-दूजे को जी-जान से चाहते थे लेकिन अतीत में आई कुछ अड़चनों के कारण हमने अलग-अलग अपनी जिन्दगी में खुश रहना सीख लिया था। मैंने जो किया उसकी सजा मैं पा चुका था लेकिन आखिर मोनिका ने ऐसा क्यों किया??

पुराने कला-कृति पर बना घर, शायद यही घर था जो बाबा ने बताया था। दरवाजा खट-खटाने पर अन्दर से उम्रदराज महिला की आवाज आई। कुछ ज्यादा ही देर के बाद दरवाजा खोला गया, शायद बुढ़ापे की वजह से अम्मा जी धीरे-धीरे काम कर पाती होंगी।

“बेटा कौन हो तुम? मैंने सोचा कोमल बिटीया स्कूल से आ गई आज जल्दी।” सच ही कहा है कि उम्र के साथ-साथ बालपन वापिस आने लगता है तभी तो अम्मा जी ने मेरा उत्तर सुने बिना ही खुद ही आगे बताना शुरू कर दिया।

“जी! मैं पत्रकार हूँ। आपके बेटे-बहु के बारे में सुना तो पत्र में लिखने के इरादे से आपसे मिलने चला आया।” शायद कुछ ज्यादा ही बोल दिया था मैंने एक साथ। बूढ़ी अम्मा सिहर-सी गई। आखिर ऐसे समय में कौन नहीं भावुक होगा।

मुझे इशारे से बैठने को कहकर आँसू पोंछते हुए पानी का ग्लास लाने चली गई। घर में पूजा का एक बड़ा-सा दरबार लगा हुआ था।

अम्मा जी शायद अपने अंतिम दिन भगवान के पूजन में समर्पित करना चाहती होगी।

अपने आँसू पोंछते हुए अम्मा जी ने एक तस्वीर की ओर इशारा करते हुए कहा “ये थी मेरी बहू। अपने से ज्यादा घर का ख्याल रखती थी। जमाना चाहे बदचलन...।” अंतिम शब्द कहते कहते अम्मा जी की सिसकियां शुरू हो गई, गला रुंध-सा गया। मोनिका की तस्वीर को अपनी छाती से लगाया। आँसू और भी तेज हो गये थे। मेरे सामने प्रश्नों की एक नदी बह रही थी। आखिर पुत्र के कातिल को ये महिला इतने प्यार...!!

खैर अम्मा जी ने आगे बताना शुरू किया, “मैं जानती हूँ इस पुरुष-प्रधान समाज के अनुयायियों ने मेरी बहू पर क्या-क्या लांछन लगाये हैं। अच्छा किया जो मेरी बहू ने उस दरिंदे को मार डाला। मर-मर के जीने से तो अच्छा था कि एक हत्यारिन बनकर हथकड़ी का गहना पहन ले। कुछ गलत नहीं किया। बहुत कष्ट सहे थे मेरी बहू ने, पहले एक मोहब्बत के सौदागर ने उसे इश्क में नीलाम कर दिया।”

अम्मा जी के ‘मोहब्बत का सौदागर’ कटाक्ष ने मुझे सर से एड़ी तक सुन्न करके रख दिया। अब अतीत को बदला तो नहीं जा सकता। दर्द भरी आवाज में अम्मा ने आगे बताना शुरू किया, “उपर से इसी बात की आड़ लेकर मेरे बेटे ने बेचारी बहू पर जुल्म ढाए। आखिर एक अबला को दुर्गा बनना ही पड़ा।” कहते-कहते अम्मा जी की आंखों से आँसुओं की नदियां निकल पड़ी। इससे आगे वो और कुछ बताने की हालत में नहीं थी।

आखिर मेरे इस नासमझ प्यार ने दूसरा परिवार और बर्बाद कर दिया था। जाने की जल्दी भी थी कहीं कोमल बिटीया आ जायेगी तो पहचान जायेगी। अपनी इस नासमझी के कारण मन में कुंठा-सी हो रही थी। आखिर कब तक नासमझियां पर नासमझियां करता रहूंगा...। कलम बढ़ाई तो हाथ शीर्षक की तलाश में रुक गये। क्या लिखूँ, क्या ये मेरी आखिरी नसमझी...।

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE DHAULADHARS...

“ I want to feel its unruffled drops
To revive my freedom in its wake ...

”



Alpana Chauhan
B. Arch., Final Year

Freedom

Here I am caged by the iron bars of my window pane
The unfathomable bars with a tortured mind
Living in a world concealed in oblivion and gloom
Gazing the outside world with my startled eyes...

The turmoil outside making scary noises
The trees mocking at my solitude
The roof tops echoing in unison the void in my life
Yet my consciousness is oblivious to it...

Here I lay enslaved by my own misery
Afraid to be found out



Manpreet Dhanjal

Anticipating to be laughed at my weak heart
Having no disguise to hide my tears...

There comes the rain splattering down
Tip-toeing its way to meet its soul mate
Roaring its way, surpassing all the obstacles
Declaring it to be the master and not a slave...

I want to bathe in the very essence of its spirit
I want to feel its unruffled drops
To revive my freedom in its wake
All I want is a chance to live...

शिवालिक के दिन

एक रूम में छः - लड़के होते कैसे बोर
हॉस्टल मेरा, शिवालिक था, रूम था, नंबर फोर।
सामने थी हरियाली, और फिर, घटा थी क्या घनघोर
या तो सन्नाटा रहता था या चिड़ियों का शोर।
सुबह उठो तो दिख जाती थी उस सूरज की लाली
देर करो तो मिलती थी मेस में सब प्लेटें खाली।
होती थी गलती खुद की हम उठते थे देरी से
फिर भी जम कर देते थे हम मेस वालों को गाली।
चाय में भी कमियाँ, ठंडी दे दी, चीनी कम डाली
दूध भी डाला था या बस पानी से चाय बना ली।
नहीं परांठे में है आलू, साफ नहीं है थाली
उनके कामों में हमने सौ गलती रोज निकाली।
तभी किसी ने कहा भाग, लेक्चर का हो गया टाइम
गयी अटेंडेंस आज, हो गया आज फिर वही क्राईम।

लेक्चर पर लेक्चर करके फिर, लंच करने को भागे
जैसा सोचा, किया भी वैसा, पाँच परांठे दागे।
फिर आये कमरे में, मुंह फैला कर सोये सारे
फिर ना सुनी किसी की, कोई चाहे लाख पुकारे।
जब जागे, बस भागे, नंबर दू पर पीने चाय
यही कहानी रोज की, अब मैं क्या बतलाऊँ हाय।
शाम को फिर जब आये, सबने फेंकी लंबी वाली
बातें कर संतोष मिला, जैसे सब जन्मत पा ली।
होता था, डिस्कसन भी जम कर, मचे भयंकर शोर
चुप फिर कोई कहाँ होता था, लगा लो कितना जोर।
एम-टेक जब से हुयी, कि टूटी सब रिश्तों की डोर
कुछ का, ये भी नहीं पता वो गए भला किस ओर।।

श्री वृज बिहारी दूबे
शिक्षक, सी. एस. ई.



Pallavi Dhingra
EEE, 3rd Year



The deed ignoble or noble is mine...
In days of dark and of shine,
I have killed a heart , the crime is mine...



Only The Soul Is Mine....

O! My dear , your voice so sweet,
Solacing breeze in the summer heat!
To this I said,"O! Orator to the rains",
You might be enchantress of mystic prayers,
I might be a diamond; one in rares,
But this voice I owe to the cuckoo bird,
Who kissed my chords at the time of my birth.
Bonjour! said I , and walked my way...



Harjot Singh

O! dear , your eyes so bright,
Flustering sunflower, bloom in dark winter night!

To this I said,"O! The lady of charms',
You might be finding pearls in the sea,
I might be treasure , in the hands of thee,
But this glitter I owe to the moon that night,
Blessing Mr 'the blaze' and ocean'the tide'.
Bonjour! said I , and went on stray...

O! my dear your youth so vivacious,
Sedating wind to the soul of sagacious!!!
To this I said,"O! the great utopian",
You might be he, endowing charm,
I might be juvenile bud in thy farm,
But this youth I owe to the nymph lulling me with
chime,
Nurtured in arduor and borne me for nine.
Bonjour! said, and praised that may....

Giving an ear to all I said,
"I beg your pardon,"The great paragon", an
inquisitive begged,
Neither the voice , nor the eyes do you own,
And neither does the youth , to you it belong...

O! the mistress of all the wonders,
Grant me a glimpse of possessions; he thunders...
To this I said,"O! the great past master",
Thy land the shiniest though light is stars',
None is ugly as of scars.

Intones of clarion and that of rhyme,
The deed ignoble or noble is mine...
In days of dark and of shine,
I have killed a heart , the crime is mine...
Walks i go, thought I dine,
Into this being of five , only the soul is mine....



I seriously don't understand what ecstatic joy does the parents and the visitors share in hearing the epic adventures of their kids ...



Priyanka Attri
E.C.E., Final Year



Yesterday

'Yes mumma'...

Knee high socks, hair tortured into plates skewered with ribbons, drinking milk blemished with ghee bubbles, eating vegetables that squished in the mouth... so went a childhood oscillating between a 'do' and a 'don't', a slap and a pat, between a giggle and a tear. I've always resented being a 'party piece' for a roomful of bulged eyeballs and hooked smiles, with a cherry on the top being, time and again forced to mutter 'namaste uncle' 'namaste aunty'. Whooff! What a pity! I seriously don't understand what ecstatic joy does the parents and the visitors share in hearing the epic adventures of their kids. The euphoric choirs sound like some Hollywood story being narrated. Just contrary to it we children never amuse ourselves discussing our parents' chronicles.



It is pretty common to hear our moms whining about the sleepless nights they spent nursing us, cleaning our poos, watching over us like hawks blah blah... all this recurrent whining sometimes makes us forget how touched we felt when mom narrated "with bleary and dazed eyes she would awaken to find my eyes shut, so I keep my fingers crossed as slowly I tiptoed away."

Shift focus to the present mom...

We don't want gate crashers to our slumber party. We no longer like being watched over like a hawk and hear a persistent drone of 'what's good for us'. We hate when we have to gag our way through a glass of milk

and also when we are scolded on the state of our cupboards. Your so called pigsties are our rooms and what you call dumpsters are our beds. As for a girl the parents skulk around the house eavesdropping on her telephone conversations and throwing frenzy convinced she's talking to a boy.

Soon a time will come when suitable spouse material would be searched for us. Applications would be invited and resumes be scrutinized. All candidates would go down in history on having postmortems performed on them while still being alive.



If by chance we urge to go to abroad for higher studies, our parents would have the nightmares of us falling in the love trap of some alien Casanova. As if the cupid is having some preferential prejudice against their daughter only and has spared loads of time to make her love life. Wow!!

I swore to my mom that when I became a mother, I will let my children run wild – allow them to muck around in mud, get wet in the rain, dig their pearly whites into gooey chocolates and then go to sleep with the taste still lingering in the mouth rather than in the mind. Of course I did get my mom's sarcastic ridicule over it. But still never mind.

Let's see what future has in store for us. Till then let's continue with 'yes mumma' 'yes papa'...



देवेन्द्र बहादुर मिश्रा
ई.ई.ई., तृतीय वर्ष



शायद लोग जिसे इश्क कहते हैं, उससे मैं रु-ब-रु होने लगा था। ओह...



अफसूदगी

आज बारिश हो रही है ओर मैं तन्हा आखिरी साँसे गिन रहा हूँ। मैं अपने पुराने दिनों को याद करता हूँ तो सिहर उठता हूँ। सीने में एक कसक सी उठ रही है कि मैंने उस दिन माँ और महबूबा में से महबूबा को क्यों चुना? प्यार अन्धा होता है मगर इतना अन्धा कि....। उसने पच्चीस साल के रिश्ते को एक क्षण में भुला दिया। मुझे आज भी याद है कि माँ कैसे-कैसे पैसे इकट्ठे कर मेरे लिए खिलौने लाया करती थी और उसने अपने लिए कभी कोई नई साड़ी नहीं ली। मुझे याद आ रहा है कि बाबूजी के गुजर जाने के बाद माँ कितनी कमजोर और अकेली हो गयी थी, मगर फिर भी उन्होंने मुझे टूटने नहीं दिया, उन्होंने मेरे इस गम को कैसे मेरी ताकत बना दिया मुझे पता ही नहीं चला। बाबूजी के सपनों और उनके अरमानों को सुनाकर वो मुझे कुछ करने का हौसला देती थी और जब मैं विफल होता था तो वो कैसे मेरी हौसला अफजाई किया करती थी।

धीरे-धीरे मैं जवानी की दहलीज पर कदम रखने लगा था, दुनिया की आबो-हवा अब मुझे भी लगने लगी थी। वो कॉलेज के दोस्त और वो कॉलेज की हसीन दुनिया और जिंदगी में लड़कियों की दखल। शायद लोग जिसे इश्क कहते हैं, उससे मैं रु-ब-रु होने लगा था। ओह...। कितना अजीब सा एहसास था, काश....! वह एहसास सिर्फ एहसास ही रह गया होता। मैं उसकी (शबीना) एक झलक से ही रोमांचित हो उठता था। मुझे क्या पता था कि ये प्यार-मोहब्बत मेरी इस हँसती-खेलती जिंदगी को जहन्नुम में बदल देगी। धीरे-धीरे ये एहसास एक जुनून में बदल गया शायद वो पागलपन ही था। हजारों की भीड़ में भी उसको (शबीना) पहचान लेना, सारी दुनिया का बस उसी तक सिमट जाना... अजीब है यह मगर तब तक ये मेरी हकीकत बन चुकी थी। इस पागलपान के साथ मुझे कुछ और गन्दी आदतें लगी थी... सिगरेट और शराब।

बढ़ते वक्त के साथ इनका उपयोग भी बेहिसाब हो चला था। कोसता हूँ अपनी किस्मत को जो मुझे दोनों बीमारियाँ एक साथ लगी। कमबख्त नशे की आदत तो लग ही गई थी, ऊपर से ये प्रेम-रोग। दोनों ने मिलकर मुझे रसातल तक पहुँचाने में कोई कसर नहीं छोड़ी। एक दिन किस्मत कुछ ज्यादा ही मेहरबान हो गई थी, मेरा इजहार मेरी महबूबा के दरबार में कबूल हो गया था। ऐसा लग रहा था जैसे खुदा ने सारी कायनात की खुशियाँ मेरे दामन में डाल दी। बस परेशानी इस बात से थी कि मेरे नशे की आदत छूट नहीं रही थी, ये आदत खत्म होने की बजाय बढ़ने ही लगी थी। मैं अब इश्क और मैखाने का गुलाम हो चला था। मेरी जिंदगी में बस दो ही रास्ते थे, एक वो जो दिलरूबा के घर तक

जाता था और एक वो जो मुझे मैकदे तक पहुँचाता था। वक्त बीतता गया और जाम छलकता रहा, सारे गमों को मैं धुएँ में उड़ाता गया अब मुझे रोकता भी कौन? आखिर मैं बड़ा जो हो गया था।

आखिरकार कॉलेज खत्म हुआ और अब मैं निकाह की सोचने लगा था, मगर ये जाति-धर्म से सुसज्जित हमारा भारतीय समाज। मैं शिया और वो सुन्नी, घरवालों की रजामन्दी तो नामुमकिन ही थी। मगर फिर आखिर हुआ वही जिसका मुझे इल्म था। अम्मीजान कुछ ज्यादा ही खफा हो गई थी, “शायद उन्होंने खाना-पीना भी छोड़ दिया था। उन्हें मनाने के लिए मैंने शबीना को अपने घर बुला लिया। मुझे क्या पता था कि बड़े घर की साहबजादी अम्मी को मनायेगी कम और लड़ेगी ज्यादा। मामला कुछ ज्यादा ही गर्म हो चला था। उन दानों कि निगाहें अब मेरी तरफ देख रही थी और मैं बेबसी से उनकी तरफ देख रहा था। आज शायद शबीना का पलड़ा ज्यादा भारी था।

हम दोनों ने समाज की बन्दिशों को उसी पल तोड़ने की ठान ली और हम अपना घर छोड़कर एक नई जगह आशियाना बनाने की सोचने लगे। जाते-जाते शबीना अम्मी को कुछ ज्यादा ही भला-बुरा कह गई। अम्मी की यह हालत मुझसे देखी नहीं जा रही थी मगर तब तक मैं शबीना का गुलाम बन चुका था। हमने निकाह तो कर लिया मगर शादी के बाद प्यार का भूत रहता ही कितने दिन है? साल-6 महीनों में ही हम एक दूसरे के लिए बोझ बन गए थे। कमबख्त इश्क की सजा तो अफसूदगी ही होती है। चोरी-छुपके मेरा जाम अभी भी छलकता रहा मगर अब शराब गले से नीचे जाती थी और गले का खून मुँह से बाहर आता था। यकीन तो नहीं हो रहा था मगर मुझे कैसर हो गया था। शबीना को जब ये बात पता चली तो उसने मुझसे पल्ला झाड़ लिया। वो मुझे तन्हा छोड़कर अपने खाला के घर चली गयी।

सुना है, उसने अपना नया आशियाना भी बसा लिया है। मैं कहाँ जाता? मेरा तो अस्पताल ही नया आशियाना है। कुछ रोज और उसके बाद तो ये कयनात पराई होने वाली है। माँ की याद आ रही है, वही माँ जिससे मैं सारे रिश्ते तोड़कर एक बेवफा के लिए आया था। यादें अब भारी होने लगी हैं, साँसें अब रुकने-सी लगी हैं मगर होंठों पे एक ही नाम है....माँ! मेरी माँ।



फिर वो बोली, भाई साहब, खोज रहे हो क्या कुछ।
मैं बोला जी सब कुछ था वो, दर्द मेरा तू ना पूछ...



श्री वृज बिहारी दूबे
शिक्षक, सी.एस.ई.

एक यादगार घटना

पढ़ने से ज्यादा मुश्किल है, करवाना नोटयूज।
जाना उस डिपार्टमेंट भी, जो कभी किया न यूज।।

भागते-चलते इधर-उधर, उड़ जाता सबका फ्यूज।
किसके साईन होने हैं, सब रहते हैं कंप्यूज।।

सबसे कहना प्लीज फॉर्म पर जरा लगा दो ठप्पा।
और घूमना गली-गली, कॉलेज का चप्पा-चप्पा।।

कई तो ऐसी जगह, जो ना देखी ना ही सुनी थी।
कई तो बिल्डिंग ऐसी, उस टाइम तक नहीं बनी थी।।

कई तो ऐसी जगह, जहां जाना भी बड़ा कठिन था।
पर जाना तो था ही, आखिर चाहिए जो साइन था।।

किसी का नाम पूछता, कुछ का खोज रहा केबिन था।
दिनभर यूं ही दौड़े, जाने आज, कौन सा दिन था।।

आखिर किसी तरह, नो ड्यूज, कराया मैंने जाकर।
दिल को आया चैन, फॉर्म पर सब सिग्नेचर पाकर।।

वो अनमोल धरोहर रखी तकिये तले छिपा कर।
ताकि ले ना जाये उसको कोई चोर चुरा कर।।

सोचा था सबमिट कर, पकड़ंगा दिल्ली की ट्रेन।
इसी खुशी में जम कर सोये, मीच रात को नैन।।

लेकिन, नियति को कब था, मंजूर मेरा सुख चैन।
आगे सुनो दास्तां कैसे लगा खुशी पर बैन।।

अगले दिन जब पहुंचा एडमिन ब्लाक, फॉर्म को लेकर।
सोचा था ले लूंगा डिग्री, इस झंझट को देकर।।

जब मैं पहुंचा रजिस्ट्रार जी नहीं थे तब तक आये।
वेट के चक्कर में चक्कर ऑफिस के कई लगाए।।

और इसी चक्कर के चक्कर में तब चक्कर खाए।
जब ढूंढा फाइल में और हम फॉर्म ना अपना पाए।।

जाने किस कमबख्त की मुझको आज लगी थी हाय।
गिरा फॉर्म उस जगह कि उसको ढूंढ ना कोई पाए।।

खोजा फॉर्म सभी के काउंटर के आगे पीछे।
खोजा टेबल के ऊपर, खोजा कुर्सी के नीचे।।

डालो कितनी खाद, सजा लो, कैसे आप बगीचे।
ऋतु आये फल होए, कि माली लाख पेड़ को सींचे।।

एक मैडम जी, देख रही थी, होते किस्सा सारा।
पर वो सोच रही थी, छोड़ो जी क्या गया हमारा।।

और मैं सोच रहा था, अब है और कौन सा चारा।
इसको रहूं खोजता, या फिर से फॉर्म भरूं दुबारा।।

फिर वो बोली, भाई साहब, खोज रहे हो क्या कुछ।
मैं बोला जी सब कुछ था वो, दर्द मेरा तू ना पूछ।।

वो बोली जी क्या था, डॉकुमेंट था या पैसा।
मैं बोला जी फॉर्म ही था, पर था वो डिग्री जैसा।।

बोली मिला है फॉर्म, गिरा था, पास मेरी टेबल के।
मैं बास्केट में फेंक रही थी, जब टॉफी के छिलके।।

इतनी जल्दी क्यों बतला दी बात, मैडम जी खिल के।
कब से ढूंढ रहे हैं इसको, पूरा दफ्तर मिल के।।

तब राहत की सांसें ली, जब खोशी धरोहर पायी।
लापरवाही जब भी की, तब हमने मुंह की खायी।।

लगा कि क्या मिल गया, गयी ना मुझसे खुशी छिपाई।
अब मिल जायेगी डिग्री, ऐसी उम्मीद जतायी।।



सत्यम
एम.ई.डी., द्वितीय वर्ष



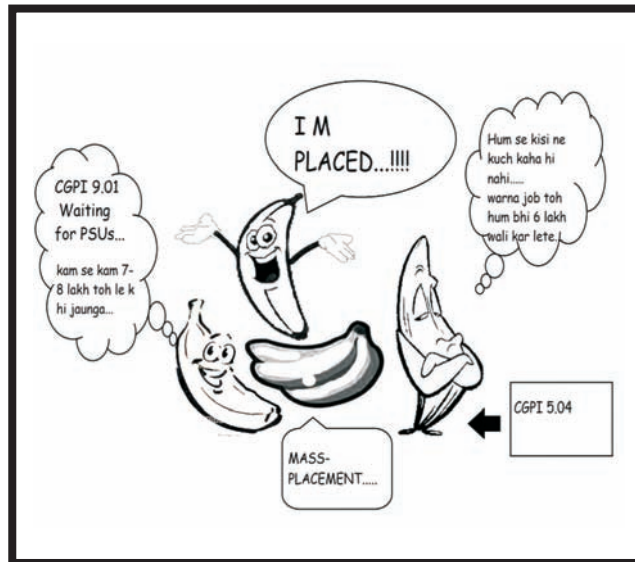
आज से बीस-पच्चीस साल पहले जब हमारे यहां मनमोहनी अर्थशास्त्र लागू नहीं हुई थी तब केले सिर्फ पूजा में ही उपयोग किए जाते थे, खाने के लिए नहीं...



इंजीनियर जो ठहरे

भ ई, अपन इंजीनियर भी ठहरे लेबलड। रेहड़ी पर बिकने वाले तरह-तरह के केलों के सदृश हमारी भी बिकवाली के मूल्य अलग-अलग हैं। गलती से भी गर लेबल में 'I' की जगह 'N' लिख गया तो मूल्य में गिरावट लाखों में होती है। भैया, केले पर लगा एक छोटा दाग भी कस्टमर के दिमाग में हलचल पैदा कर देता है जिसके फलस्वरूप उनकी भृकुटियाँ टेढ़ी हो जाती हैं। एक दाग के अंतर से समझ लो केले का जीवन धन्य से नगण्य हो जाता है। अब इन दागों का रामायण भी किसी महाभारत से कम नहीं।

कपड़ों के लिए, भारत में, निरमा से काम न चला तो सर्फ एक्सेल लाँच हो गया पर बेचारे केलों के लिए न ही ऐसा कोई डिटरजेन्ट बना ना ही कोई दक्ष धोबी। कहानी और भी उल्टी पड़ जाती है जब केलों को धोने की कोशिश करें। ऐसा लगता है डिटरजेन्ट के स्थान पर कीचड़ का प्रयोग वाशिंग पाउडर के रूप में दाग छुड़ाने के लिए किया गया हो। फिर तो दाग मिटाने का एक ही उपाय रह जाता है, लगाओ Master in Banana Advancement (MBA) का इंजेक्शन।



Tanmay Mishra

अब ना तो रिटेलरों या सरकार ने और ना ही रेहड़ी वालों ने सोचा कि क्यों न एक ठेले पर एक ही प्रजाति के माल बेचते हैं। इसका शत्रु-प्रतिशत्रु फायदा मॉल वालों ने उठाया, माल बेचने का अईडिया ही मार लिया। लगे केलों पर पॉलिश लगा कर बेचने। जनाब, यदि मेरा व्यंग्य आपके पल्ले न पड़ रहा हो तो मेरी कोई गुस्ताखी नहीं। सब सरकार, रिटेलरों और रेहड़ी वालों का किया-धरा है, वे ही इसका हल निकाल सकते हैं। यह हम केलों के बस की बात नहीं। कस्टमर तो माल की चमक दमक देखकर ही या तो हैरान या फिर परेशान हो जाते हैं। अब छिलके के अंदर क्या है यह तो राम ही जाने।

उपज उगाने वाले किसानों की अलग ही व्यथा-कथा है। वे तो खेत में उपजे हर केले से उतना ही मोहब्बत करते हैं। भले ही बाजार में

उनके कीमत में ऊँच-नीच हो सकती है। आजकल पूरब-मध्य भारतीय राज्यों यथा बिहार, झारखंड तथा उत्तर प्रदेश में इनकी सरेआम नीलामी होती है। छुप-छुप कर या कम मात्रा में ऐसे साहसिक कार्य तो कुछ समुदायों को छोड़कर भारत में हर जगह होती ही है, भले ही सरकार ने इस नीलामी के लेन-देन के विरुद्ध कठोर कानून क्यों न पारित किया हो! छोटे केलों की अलग कटेगरी, मीठे की अलग, छोटे ओर मीठों की अलग, लंबे केलों की अलग, अधिक पोषण क्षमता वालों की अलग, कम पोषण क्षमता वालों की अलग, और न जाने कितने टाईप से बांटा गया है। वैसे तो साहूकार व्यय करने से पहले व कस्टमर क्रय करने से पहले मुख्यतः पोषण क्षमता पर ही आंख गड़ाते हैं। बाकी खूबियां तो बाद में आंकी जाती हैं।

अब तो किसान भी प्रौद्योगिकीय विकास का आनंद उठा रहे हैं। XY क्रोमोसोम के बीज ही उत्तम माने जाते हैं। गलती से अगर XX क्रोमोसोम के बीजों की कोपलें फूटने लगे तो किसान पहले अल्ट्रासाउंड की मदद से पौध निर्माण से पहले ही इसका पता लगाकर कौपल को उखाड़कर भगवान को समर्पित कर देते हैं। भगवान न जाने इसके फलस्वरूप दाद देते हैं या दंड से नवाजते हैं।

केलों के जीवन के विरुद्ध खतरे भी अजीब-अजीब हैं। बहुतायत में केलों की उपलब्धि के फलस्वरूप केलों की बिक्री उतनी नहीं बढ़ी जिस अनुपात में इसका उत्पादन। अब तो ऐसी नौबत आ गई है कि माल गोदामों में पड़े-पड़े सड़ जा रहे हैं। आज से बीस-पच्चीस साल पहले जब हमारे यहां मनमोहनी अर्थशास्त्र लागू नहीं हुई थी तब केले सिर्फ पूजा में ही उपयोग किए जाते थे, खाने के लिए नहीं। पर अब बेचारों के पेट पर लात की तीव्रता बढ़ती ही जा रही है। और तो और दिन-ब-दिन केलों की गुणवत्ता में भी गिरावट आ रही है। अतः इस धंधे में सम्मिलित सभी इकाईयों से मेरा अनुरोध है कि वापस मात्रा छोड़ गुणवत्ता पर ध्यान दें तभी इस सेक्टर का उत्थान संभव है।



The cold zephyr breezed through the venue, a chill ran through every spine yet nothing could bring down the excitement and enthusiasm that hung so heavily and gloriously in the air that one could feel it in their breath. Yes, the opening day of Himachal's most popular and extravagant cultural festival - Hill'ffair 2011 : Loose Control had arrived. Day 1 began with a mesmerizing devotional performance by the Dance Club. Indeed the prayers came true, because what trailed on in the next three days can be defined as pure magic. The divine performance was followed by the felicitation of the chief guests and guest of honor by Prof. Rajnish Shrivastav, Director, NITH. Pranav Bhardwaj, General Secretary for this year's Hill'fair, then introduced all the teams that had put in months of efforts for the success of this event. Next, the eminent guests present congratulated and inspired the students of NITH with their stimulating notions. Then began the grandeur of the night. Dramatics Club raised the curtain of performances with the Choreo: "Meri Kahani" - the most anticipated one of the evening ensuing which the 'Literacy Mission' kids enthralled the audience with their beautiful dance. The spectators had not been over with their 'Wows' and 'Encore' cries when 'Sarita Sharma', the renowned poet presented a set of poems that left them joyous and thoughtful at the same time. The evening was further illuminated by rocking performances by the Dance Club like 'Pack Up' and 'Zabba Wockiez'. Diversity and versatility claimed the evening as the dancers presented dances from all genres - be it the 'Bhangra of Punjab', the 'Hip-Hop of West' or our very own folk style - 'Natti'. Music Club led the final act before the evening ended and performed various dulcet songs like 'Gustakh Dil', 'Dhunki' and 'Bleed It Out'. The audience grooved in frenzy to the beats of the music as the singers and musicians led them into the trance of the night and the songs.

Loose

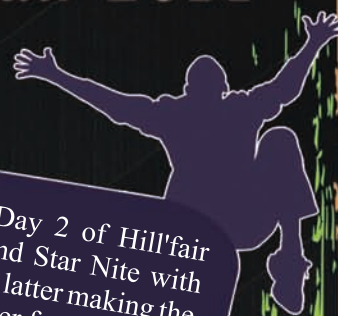


hill'ffair 2011

With the songs of previous night still being hummed, Day 2 of Hill'ffair initiated with a more promising evening ahead. Adam and Eve and Star Nite with Indian Idol runner-up Anuj Sharma were the highlight shows, with the latter making the audience actually 'Loose Control' and keep asking for more. The singer from Chamba not only amazed viewers with his 'Bollywood' numbers but also left an impact with the much loved 'Pahari' songs. Faculty's kids further brightened the event and captivated everyone by shaking a leg to popular numbers. NITH students showed their glamorous side with the "Fash-P" by final year and third year students. Dramatics Club tickled everyone's funny bone with their play "Hiranagar Mein Chhaapa". Music Club once again enthralled the audience by another set of breathtaking and melodious performances to hit numbers like 'Mitwa' and 'Jiyein Kyun'. Dance Club further made the viewers dance the night away with their 'Bhangra Competition' and 'Medley' by First Year students. Natti by Final Year students along with the performances by the Dance Club and the Music Club left everyone in thrill for the final day of this cultural extravaganza.

The final day of the Hill'ffair 2011 exceeded everyone's expectation and set new standards for the coming years. Inaugurated with felicitation of chief guest, Pepsi Head by Prof. Rajnish Shrivastav, Day 3 got off to an entrancing start with the "Fash-P" Informal and "Angels and Demons" Theme round. The viewers wowed as the students walked on in sophisticated and subtle dresses and took on the stage. Dramatics Club then took the stage with their spectacular play followed by stunning performances by the Dance Club yet again. Next, began the "Battle of Bands" – a Rockfest that rocked not only the stage and audience but the whole environment and gave it a zealous appeal. Three different bands from all over India performed and fought it out in this ultimate battle. Finally, the night and the festival came to an end with felicitation of all the conveners and co-conveners end by Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava, Dr. Raman Parti, Dean Student Welfare & Alumni Affairs and Dr. Manoj Sharma, cultural coordinator.

cControl





... A story of Chase & Content, the indeterminable bridge between
which nurtures the dream & keeps its flight soaring.

Pratyush Pankaj

TO HORIZONS & BEYOND

By : Shweta Sharma



Have you ever dreamt? The question might seem silly to you but read again! Does it refer to the dreams that end when you wake up every morning or the ones that ought to begin at that? Out of the countless bedtime tales my grandma used to tell, my favourite was the one with a little bird that dreamt of flying off to the highest peak it could see. Waking up every morning to the fascinating sight intensified its desire to reach its destination. After a tiresome conquest, one day, it finally made it to the mountain-top only to find out that the peak it had set its eyes on was the smallest of the ones it saw now. She left the rest to my comprehension and I shut my eyes in order to see.

FLIGHTS UNBOUND: I assumed it had been derived from the ever so popular “flight of imagination” concept. Although I was corrected later on as it signifying the freedom of expression, my imagination had already taken a flight. And I had no plans to return any time soon, much to my friend's regret. When somebody spells out “flights unbound”, the first place your imagination unfailingly wanders to is the boundless sky of dreams. The complexity of right or wrong, the restriction of possible or impossible, the age-old question of to be or not to be are unknown as well as unwelcome in this magical place.

The question of what my dreams are was obviously the first to pop in my head. I knew something crazily unrealistic would be my answer but that wasn't to be the case. As it turns out, it felt rather funny to literally have to sit down and devote minutes before succeeding in coming up with a consolidation of my dreams. One's head practically

surfeits with innumerable dreams or so I have always believed. Nonetheless, after having such a hard time naming even one dream worthwhile, I realized it'd be easier to change that belief than going down the tougher lane. The realization was thankfully followed by another that took the blame off me and handsomely placed it on 'waking up and smelling the coffee'. Indeed, it's the same story everywhere. Dreams of 'being the change', bringing about a revolution and a new improved world, being a celebrity for reasons more than one were eventually exchanged for easier ones. And so, we all settled for what we have today.

The awareness was not unprecedented but surely disturbing. Out of curiosity, I decided to raid my friends' brains as well on this intriguing subject and I do not know if I acknowledge my act of bringing it up or regret it. Hours of discussions adorned with bright eyes, innocent smiles and even hysterical laughter at times revealed nothing new. We had all been dreamy and in fact haven't actually ever stopped being so; it's just that we have grown a lot more secretive about them. The fear of being jeered at for some impractical visions or supposedly overestimating our capabilities has been constantly pulling us down. And sadly, it's rock bottom now.

As an adolescent, we had a colourfully varied set of dreams. Most of us weren't even sure of their practicality but some voice within us kept us from losing sight of it. Evidently, we let that voice fade

away eventually but till date, cannot resist wondering what if we hadn't. That's the charisma of dreams, your dreams!!! We call it growing up and yet "only if we hadn't!" The flight of our dreams wouldn't have been that bad after all. The flight, if unbound would have taken us some place more fulfilling than where we stand today and even if it hadn't, the scars would have left us wiser.

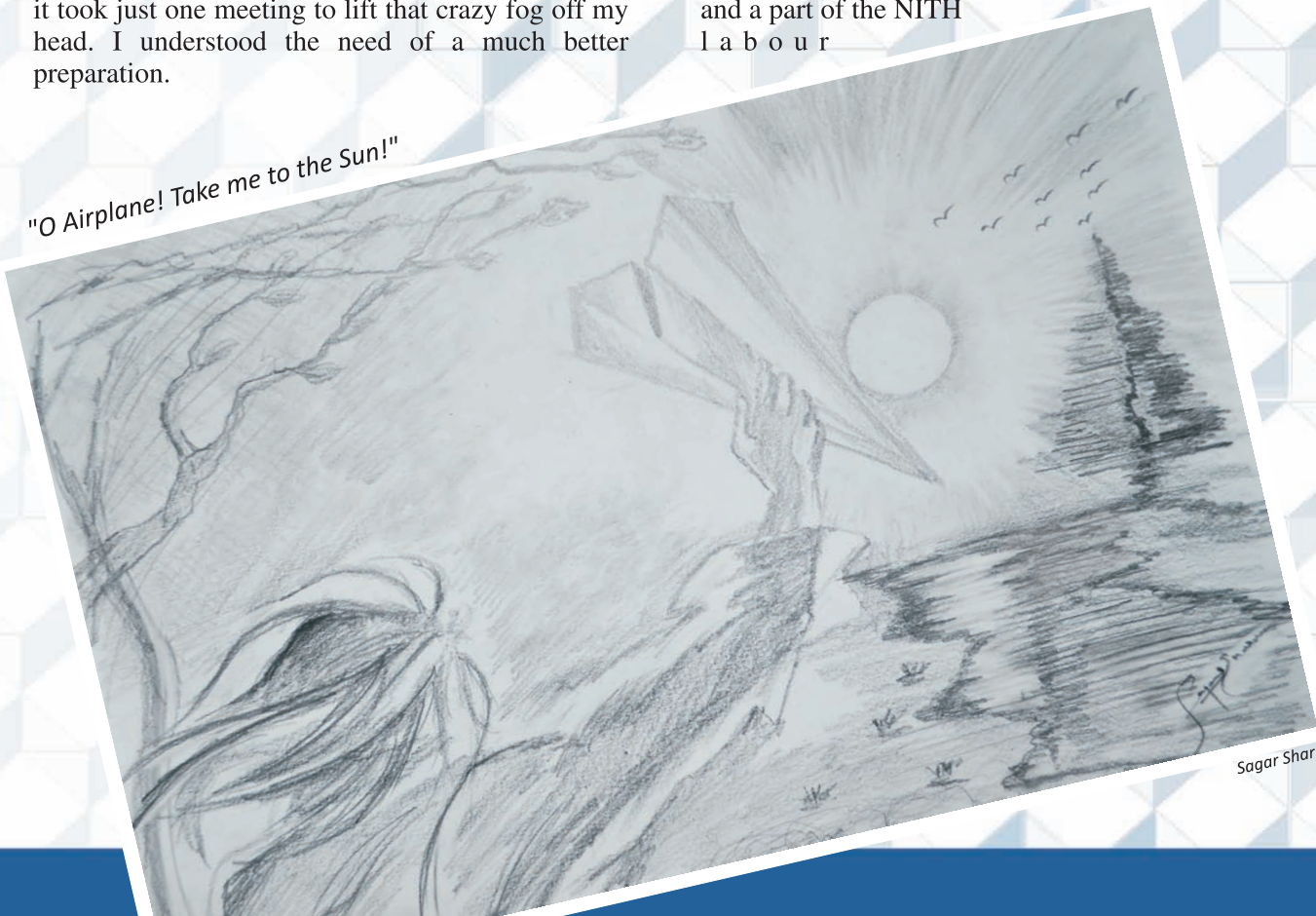
Intrigued by the idea of finding out similarities in our dreams from the present 'early teens', I decided to go a step further and take a peep into the dream world of someone of a different upbringing altogether, somebody to whom things didn't come as easy as they did (and still do) to us. Is their flight of dreams any lower or shorter? Or are the wings of dreams more empowered, inured by the hardships? Of course the success story would not be an unprecedented one but the journey certainly worth the appreciation because of a relatively more testing path. There is no novelty in the saga of rags to riches but it doesn't make an individual's victory any less sweet. As they say, the key to realizing a dream is to focus not on success but significance of efforts.

On a strong recommendation of her teachers at Literacy mission, I was about to meet this girl of whom I knew nothing except her name, Anchal and her stated academic excellence. I felt sheepish for assuming ease in taking lead with that fact alone and it took just one meeting to lift that crazy fog off my head. I understood the need of a much better preparation.

With an innocent shyness and a timid smile, she came out of the classroom and joined me on the stairs where we spent the next half an hour trying to find something as a conversation piece. She was reluctant to talk unlike all the fourteen year olds I had known since I was one. All the questions asked were answered in more or less a nod. Inadvertently, I began to wonder about the teenagers I was familiar with. That's when it dawned upon me that telling her a few tales of when I was fourteen might help her relate to me more. I wasn't quite right in that either but at least it got her talking! Only having known of her daily routine so far, it was time I rushed back to my hostel. We put our conversation on hold and got up to leave. The thought of a funny change rather a complete role reversal dawned upon me. Initially I was the comfortable and the comforting one and she stood nervous. But by the end of the conversation, her composure was back while I had lost mine. I saw hanging in air the uncertainty of being able to pick up the conversation from where we had left it. On the other hand, she looked forward to the next session. This I could tell by her chirpy good byes and queries of when would we see each other next.

In the sessions that followed I learnt a little about her family, a little more about her likes and dislikes and even more about her dreams that are yet to take a flight and she's bent to make them come true. Both of her elder sisters are married and a part of the NITH
l a b o u r

"O Airplane! Take me to the Sun!"



Sagar Sharma



Sukriti Dogra

*"A little girl chases a butterfly. Finally when it gets caught,
She finds even more beautiful ones flying around."*

force much like their mother. Instead of following suit, Anchal has decided to make it to NITH rather as a student and seemingly, her mother stands with her in this aspiration of hers. Indubitably, the dream stems from the desire of a more comfortable and gleeful life but that seems to be all. To her, engineering would bring that comfort she knew her family has longed for. It wasn't surprising but impressive that she was aware of the privations being taken into stride to raise her and five of her nine sisters. However, luckily the concept of the endearing innocence and carefree disposition isn't lost on this kid. Happiness blankets her in spite of the adversities of life. Dancing brightens her face like nothing else and that's why she has grown so fond of Prayaas, the annual celebration of the spirit of Literacy Mission.

Reflecting on what we dreamt of at age fourteen, the stark contrast strikes me instantly. Ours were a whole range; adjectives failed to contain their volume. But the sheer simplicity of her thoughts, the sparseness of her dreams made them all the more special. Back then, we had so many of them that a few not coming true wouldn't have mattered but to her who only has a few, they indeed are a great deal. I wouldn't say her dreamland is void, but maybe not just as full as our world of dreams. Dreams that are scarce obviously get more precious by the day. Her gleaming eyes and radiant smile spoke for her as I put forth the question of her aim in life. She told how the

didis and *bhaiyas* of the literacy mission are an encouragement to her dream and doing her country proud one day. In an attempt to explain her perception of an engineer's job, she gesticulated enormously but fell short of words and ended up exhaling "*badi machine banate hain.*"

I couldn't help admiring the innocence of those words and the confusion in those gestures. We were just as clueless of our aspirations at her age and yet equally confident (if not more) to get there one fine day. The bread-winning dream was just a nook of the vast space where we took shelter. We fancied the celebrities, fantasized about living on a far off island being inaccessible to pain, comfort and company always welcome; wished for an enormous mansion and a luxury car and all that without a line of worry on our forehead.

I noticed something strange about my reaction to her chitchat about her dreams and aspirations. I smiled or did I? Beginning by revisiting my dreams as a fourteen year old and even younger, the encounter with a smirk threw me onto a very different track. It wasn't the first time that it came to me, but here it was again despite the constant, countless and condescending rebukes. Was I silently mocking her for having dreams only to find out years from today how silly believing in them had been? Or was it a condolence to the aspirations I once had?

Returning to the conversation we were in, I noticed her beaming with pride, probably reflecting the one her father must be filled with when he would have narrated to her how the REC came to what it is today from just a couple of rooms in a single building. Her plans are on the same lines, just that she aspires to be on the supervision side of it. However, her biggest fantasy is to lay down a railway track in India, the longest one at that. Her father isn't with her anymore but he definitely succeeded in teaching her a priceless lesson for life. A mason taking pride in the infrastructural transformation of NITH is motivation enough for his daughter's high aims and soaring spirits.

The idea of pitching dreams of two worlds so wide apart bore fruit; the statement she made highlighted the concurrency of our aspirations and hers. High aims are not specific to her. Every human of this generation or for that matter any that has ever existed has been aiming at something new, remarkable and drastic. The "when I grow up" was always followed by a coveted profession's name and then the inevitable "do something for the country". Unfortunately, in the haste to tailor ourselves to suit the changes around, the zeal to "bring about a change" somehow vanished into

!!...put those wings back on and let the bird in you chase its dream. !!

thin air! Regardless of the dissimilarities between our world and hers, there is a link that connects. The difference is that we lost that dream somewhere on our way up to this place while she stands on the other side, her eyes still beholding the same.

There is no way I can defy the achievements of each of us so far mainly because I know there are thousands who would wish to be where we stand. But this wasn't meant to be the end. The urge of exploring the next is nothing but human and it's hard to believe that there isn't any left within us. It's not the incapability but the indignation that has worn us down. We have taken off our wings, hung them on the back of our doors and set on an indefinite vacation, or an exile in case of a few. We probably just got confused between 'moving in steps' and 'taking the steps'. Moving has a drive; taking merely a task. The former is a flight unbound; the latter staying put. People never opt for consistency, they settle for it. The pursuit of the next doesn't warrant a happy ending, but certainly arouses the hope of the same. Men in exile feed on dreams of hope. It is this hope and promise of a worthy experience that does and should keep one from losing sight of one's mountain-top. So, put those wings back on and let the bird in you chase its dream.



Ankit Karinyaa

"On a strong recommendation of her teachers at Literacy Mission, I was about to meet this girl of whom I knew nothing except her name..."



Pratyush Pankaj

N I T H





C O L L A G E



NIMBUS 2011



Nimbus 2011, a sudoku of technology, is the annual technical fiesta of NIT Hamirpur. The extravaganza was set afloat on the eve of 3 March 2011. It was yet another technical thrust on anvil. It was centralized

by its theme “Alchemy: Resurrecting Detritus” while its sub themes viz 'Da Vinci Machines' and 'Rural Engineering' made it multifaceted and of magnified dimensions.

“.....from the ashes he rose like fire,
Resurrecting this world his only desire.....”

Nimbus 2011, the annual technical festival of NIT Hamirpur reincarnates the above line. The theme “Alchemy: Resurrecting Detritus” reinvigorates the ancient concept of turning base metals into gold.

Alchemy personifies 'Renaissance'. It is a step ahead in rethinking waste management and institutionalizing the informal sector into the hierarchy of solid waste management. This year's Nimbus lived upto its promises to sweep the enthusiasts by a hurricane of technical expertise and a plethora of distinguished personnel.

The mega event was set afloat by Dr.Viswanath Poosala, Dr. Poosala received his B.Tech in Computer Science from IIT Madras, India, in '92, M.S and Ph.D from the University of Wisconsin-Madison in '97. He has been with Bell Labs and Alcatel Lucent Ventures in different roles – researcher, technical manager, CTO, and now the Head of Bell Labs. The night was set ablaze by the lightning striking the earth though artificially in the form of corona discharge.





Day 1 of Nimbus 2011 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. After a series of lectures it was the exhibition named “Miniature Engineering” which stole all the limelight. It was a spectacular display of aestheticism with innovation and technology. Schwimmer was yet another popular event of the day. Intellectuals like Dr. Nikolaos Mavridis, PhD, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Founder and Director, Interactive Robots and Media Lab, Ass. Professor of Computer Engineering, NYU AD graced the occasion.



Day 2 of Nimbus 2011 witnessed the presence of living legend Peter Norvig, Director of Research at Google Inc. He is a Fellow of the AAAI and the ACM and co-author of Artificial Intelligence: A Modern Approach, the leading textbook in the field. Previously he was head of Computational Sciences at NASA and a faculty member at USC and Berkeley. The night dazzled amidst the extravagant rhythmic display of laser light. Hundreds of students thronged the ground of NIT Hamirpur to be a witness to this phenomenon.



Day 3 of Nimbus 2011 was the day to bid adieu to the mega extravaganza; the day to reminisce the unwavering expectations, those 72 sleepless hours, the colossal problems which would come in the way of the organizers and the unprecedented joy which they would fetch after having tamed them. The sly sensation of victory pricking your nerves. After having taken a complete toll over all of us NIMBUS- the holy celebration of technology concluded.



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

“I dream my designs and then design my dreams”
Hail the spirit of Nimbus...



Dheeraj Gupta

At NITH

Perspective

Shades of Hamirpur



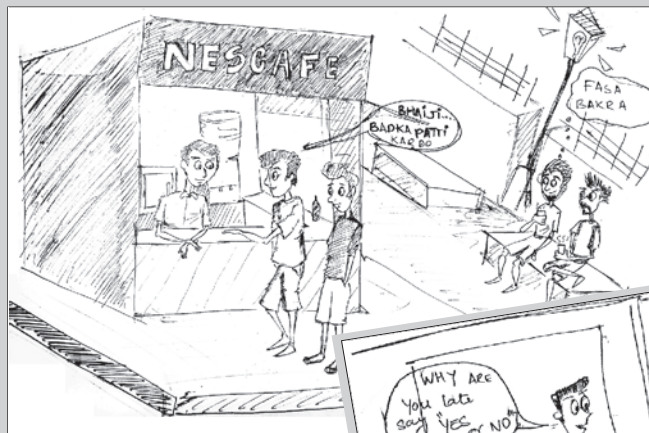
Davesh Shingari



Anisha Rajvanshi

Love

INFINITE ESTATES



Gnana Selvam





Some of you may be of the opinion that we merely just pass time. We are failures who will never make it in the real world ...
... we know when the iron is hot.



Raj Walia
Alumnus, 2011



The Whims of a Backbencher

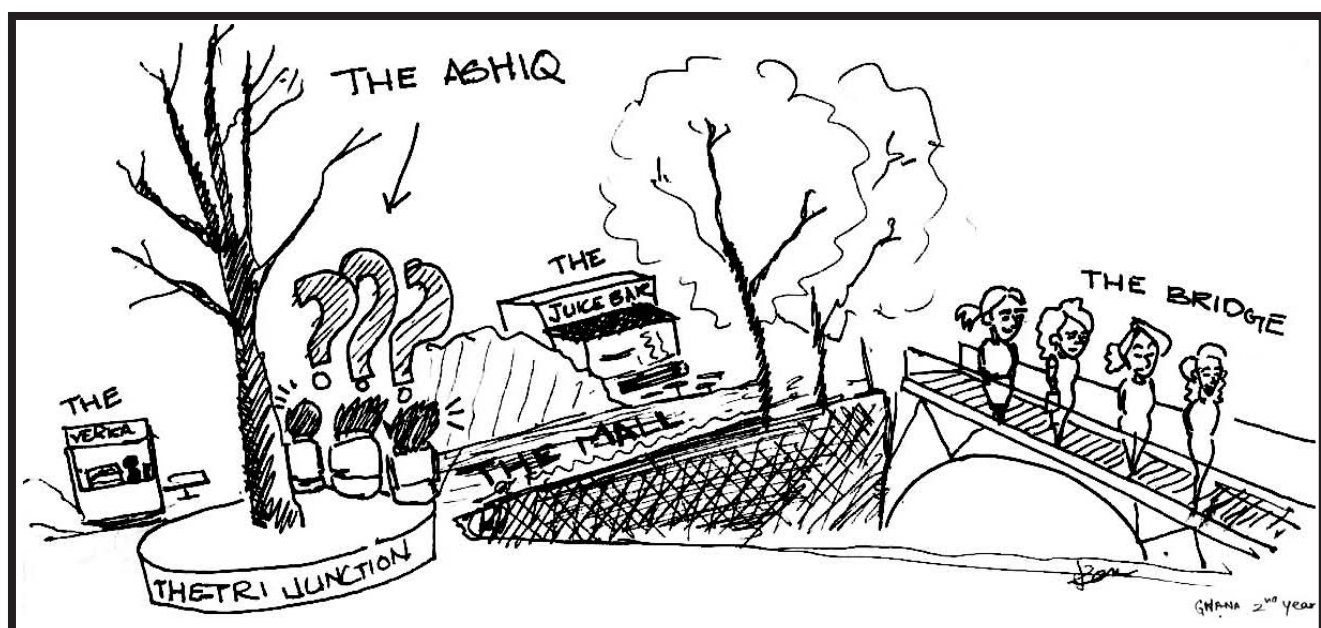
I still remember shifting schools in class eleven. That first day will probably be etched in my mind forever. I was late. As I entered class I could sense everyone's judging stare. In return as our class teacher introduced me I judged them back. It wasn't so tough. The scrawny eyed bespectacled front seat species. The slightly smarter "no I am not a geek but yes grades matter" kind, the average mid-section dwellers and finally the giggling last benchers. As I let my eyes drift across the last bench, I saw something I hadn't quite noticed in the other benches.

A certain degree of liveliness, juvenility. In the midst of all that discipline, utter chaos. These, were the nightmares our parents had cautioned us against. I remember that look in my parents eyes as they warned me about the seriousness about class eleventh. Son, company is foremost they said. The wrong company will spoil you. So this, is what they were referring to.

Now a few years down the line, I myself am one. Bad company. Back bencher. The underdog. Why?

Simple. I have explored all the nooks and crannies a class has to offer. And let me warn you beforehand, back benching is addictive. It's a soft spot, in otherwise hard rock. And when it comes to college, especially MBA, the smartest tend to lurk in the shadows. When professors are yawning economics, the supply demand curve is being challenged on the last benches. When professors are busy scribbling on the board and the front line copy pasting the alphabets on their 'oh so informative' notebooks we are experimenting with words like magnanimous. And right before the exam, on the previous day generally, we are reading from the same notebooks. Xeroxes generally. It's called a better utilization of time. Why waste hours on writing when someone else is already doing that?

Why duplicate work? Why not simply duplicate the fruits, now that it's possible? And on the last day when those front benchers are busy tackling a tough problem which may or may not make it to the testing arena we, are busy doing what they should be doing. Smart work. It's a very simple rule. Eighty percent of the problems



Gnana Selvam

arise from twenty percent of the causes. Tackle those twenty and you get your solid eighty. At least a seventy give or take.

What goes on in those last benches, you can never comprehend unless you have been there. This world is no more about hard work. Ask anyone, anyone who matters and he will tell you that. You don't have to crane your necks when you can raise the chair. It is now, about smart work. Start easy. And when you are the master of easy, the moderate seems easy. Finally subtly you get to expert. And all you did, was the easy part.

Some of you may be of the opinion that we merely just pass time. We are failures who will never make it in the real world. Fact is, we know when the iron is hot. We know when to switch jobs and when to get another degree. Fact is. What goes on in the last benches is much more than passing time. It's about stealth. On the one hand you have to avoid the volleys of facts and figures you are bombarded with all day and on the other you have to make it look that you are actually interested in what's going on, even when you aren't considering something important. And it's not that we are failures either.

We do tend to scrape through. That too sometimes with colours brighter than those you will find on the earlier series of benches. By being on the back benches, we are actually doing you a favour. How would one

teach if his front benchers were sleeping? And if he could still teach, we would never sleep.

That is if he were that good why would we inhabit the last benches? And even if we did, we would actually listen. Some things are bearable. Some not so. An old man groaning about financial incentives and global warming is in the latter.

In the end, it barely matters what the past was like. You learn about engineering for four years follow it up with an MBA and follow that up with the company policy. The company that gives you a job will teach you what it needs you to know. Right then when you learn and relearn you realize why the hell did I have to put in so much of an effort into something you may never need? So, we learn what's required of us.

Till then we scrape through. Finally it's the job you get that moulds you. Then why let pre moulding fatigue you? All we need to know is our job and what we need to accomplish it. In the end, isn't it all that matters?



Tanmay Mishra



Gnana Selvam

“ There are various classifications for rides viz. coupe, sedan, SUV, sports luxury, hatchback et al, but unfortunately all brides are same ...
... with the same set of complaints and demands. ”



Udit Ralli
ECE, Final Year

B(RIDE)

A man can love two ladies at the same time, yet both of them remain happy, contented and undeceived. To my surprise, most of you might have ascertained what I am actually talking about. For those of you who were unable to surmise, there is nothing to worry about; it's simple. The two women are your lifelines. The first one is your bride, which was sure shot, and the second one is your ride. You love both of them, yet both of them are happy and acquiescent. Nevertheless, you have been provided an opportunity to love two ladies at the same time; still you will find yourself surrounded with constraints and compulsions.

The reader is advised to read the following statement with caution: love and tame your ride to the fullest, because she has beauty, as well as horsepower but do not try to tame your bride, for the only thing that works with her is love. The moment you try to tame your bride- run for your life, even she has horse power. However, women seldom reveal their violent colours as men are intelligent enough not to trigger the fairer sex. So there is not even an iota of chance to commit such a mistake.

Bride and ride hold certain characteristics in common, some of which I would like to elucidate. Bride's demands are countless, yet I dare to put forth a few of them. Brides show an infinite consanguinity for cosmetics, dresses, footwear, pristine jewellery, perfumes et al. Apart from these materialistic objects, she persistently demands your love, affection and compliments (sarcasm excluded). Furthermore, ride was invented as a result of men's love, and is therefore endowed with feminine characteristics and thus, it demands more. Apart from replenished engine oil, brake fluid and coolant, she demands timely ablution and service.

The other common property is their nagging nature, which can be well ascertained from the fact that, one complains about her engine headers and the other about the headaches you have been sincerely showering her with. One more thing that I would like to add vis-à-vis the present day scenario is that, their demands have aggrandized many-fold. Your bride needs a mobile phone, which is surely the costliest one, at least 10-20 jewellery sets, which she might have seen on the TV commercials, latest trendy footwear and dresses, which may become out of trend and

out of use in a day or two, and the most important of all your time, concern and affection. On the other hand, your ride which was contented with a water cooled engine till late 1980s now demands an oil cooled engine. In either of the two cases, your expenditures are bound to increase. Although, their demands always burn a hole in your pockets we brave all of it in a single go.



Gnana Selvam

Despite of the above stated common characteristics, there are few points of distinction. There are various classifications for rides viz. coupe, sedan, SUV, sports luxury, hatchback et al, but unfortunately there are no classifications for brides. All brides are the same, with the same set of complaints and demands. Another fine point of distinction is, when you wash your ride, she reveals the flamboyant beauty on her face.

You stand dumbfounded right in front of her and drool. On the other hand, if you do the same with your bride, she may reveal the apparition on her face. You stand aghast, condemning yourself for wiping off her make-up (her personal paint). Nevertheless at the end of the day the men are brave to love the ghost unconditionally. Additionally, your ride compels you to exceed the speed limits on tortuous roads and jump over speed breakers, but your bride seldom allows you to do that with your ride.

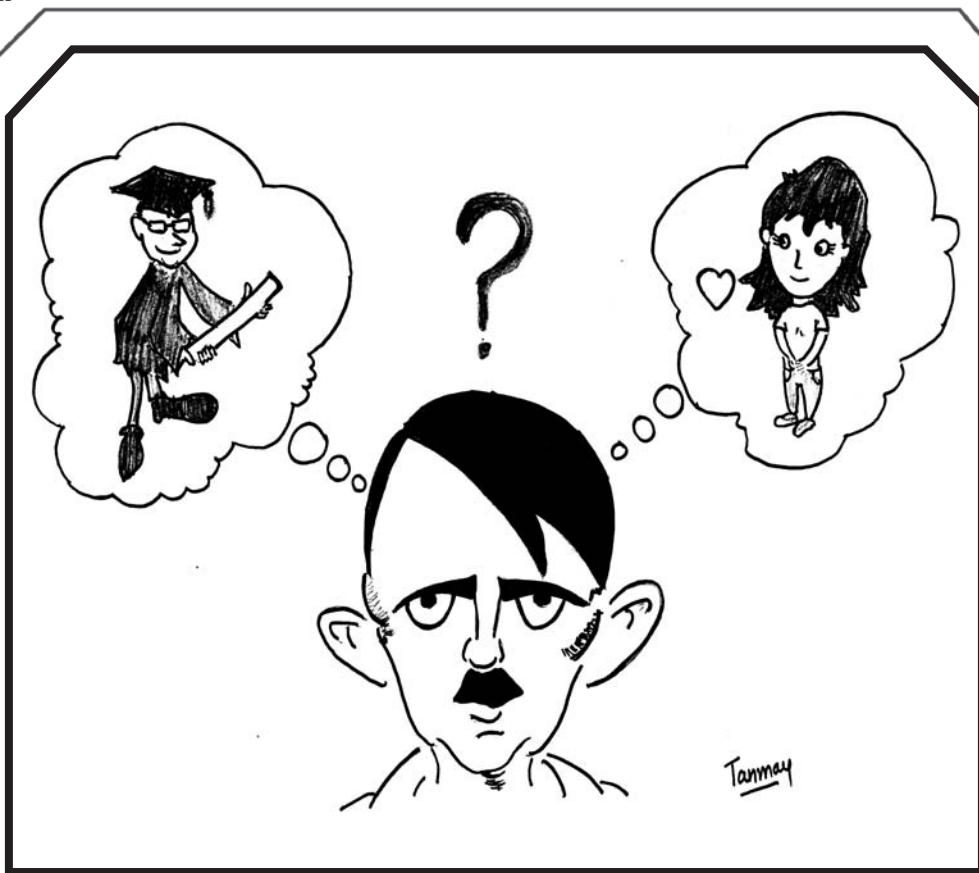
In addition to this, your ride acts as an adjunct to your august dignity and pride, but your bride holds a worth of 50% or more partnership in your social status. As I am talking about the present day, I have to mention super-cars. Super in a sense that they possess exceptionally high horsepower, speed, response, acceleration not forgetting the fact that they are worth a million.

These super-cars are super regarding their super low fuel efficiency, super low average and super high emissions too. Yet, you ought to respect a super-car too, for it covers distances at proscribed speeds, which can be attributed to the bestial V8, V10 and V12 engines. Despite of all criticisms, she has the "muscle" to allure men, and abet them to spend a huge amount of money on purchasing and servicing. However, a common bloke would prefer to buy a fuel

efficient Toyota Prius, despite its faulty brake programming, over the bully Lamborghini Gallardo or the equine Ferrari 599 GTB.

Unlike super-cars, super-brides do not exist. This is because most men are compelled to refer to their brides as super-brides due to their astronomical demands. In spite of all this, it does not take a bride much time to convert marital affairs into martial affairs. However, a man has to agree that his bride provides him with indispensable help until her last breath. She really cares for his wellbeing and that is the reason why she is better known as "soul-mate".

Finally, a man's bride holds an upper hand over his ride. Although, one of them can be dominated under his right foot by pressing the accelerator, the other may at times outstrip and dominate you. Nevertheless, both of them demand equal love, affection and compassion. Think twice, before hurting any one of them, because in any of the cases it would be you who would be at loss.





Then the fight becomes so ferocious that one of you calls to clarify everything...

You talk for a few minutes, and resume chatting...



Divya Meena
E.C.E., 2nd Year

Find Someone Special By A 10 Digit Number

A ten digit number, as we all know is very important in our life. Without going into details about advantages of the ten digit number as a part of introduction to my article, I would directly jump to my point. This ten digit number can give you your soul mate, beloved one, made for you and you can add all those blah blah blah words to describe the better half of your life.

Taking the number: There will be infinite reasons which can force you to take or give the ten digit number to that person. It can be anything like grabbing some information, any help, some notes or any such stuff.

Forwarded messages: At the beginning we are hesitant even to call that person even though it is really necessary. But then with loads of courage in your heart, or fingers to be more specific, you forward him/her a cute message. If you get a reply you start sending messages enthusiastically.

'Tell about me' messages: Then after you pass the moments of awkwardness you start sending messages asking the qualities, bad habits etc. The reply may make you frustrated or flattered. The answer justifying the previous one comes patly. This... this very moment changes it all.



Tanmay Mishra

Am I going to sleep tonight? : Then the situation changes from few messages to hundred messages per day. Going on and on every time. *Khana khaya, aaj ka lecture, friend k kapde, tere kapde, mere kapde blah blah blah...*

First late night call: There comes a moment when you are fighting with each other over a very useless topic in the battleground of chatting. Then the fight becomes so ferocious that one of you calls to clarify everything. You talk for a few minutes, say goodnight and resume chatting.

I am definitely gonna have a headache tonight: This is the part of the whole phenomenon. Talking on and on over some useless point, taking full advantages of the late night schemes of telecom services. No one even thinks about saying goodbye.

The moment of truth: One night you start talking about something romantic and you end up talking about your own romantic history. While you go on saying with aahmms and hmms there comes a moment when you both are just silent. For this seconds short span of time one of you slips through the mask which was hiding your true feelings from coming out and there you go! The other one is silent and reacts as if it was completely unexpected and says that the reply will be given in the morning in class. No one sleeps that night. One will be thinking about the action he/she has done and the other one will be thinking about the reaction he/she is supposed to give.

NOW WHAT?

IN MORNING: Both of them are feeling suffocated for not chatting since past night. Waiting eagerly to see each other. Then when finally get into an eye contact with each other, both of them give a lovely smile. *Toh baat pakki!*

Here it is, you begin from a phone number and end up with someone special.



Abhishek Parashar
CED, Final Year



At a time when I was understanding and feeling happiness, someone had asked me my CGPI...



The Longest Fifteen Minutes

I had studied a lot about the composition and characteristics of air in my different science courses but I must say that that evening, air was a completely different thing. It was a mixture of uncertainties, nervousness, a bit of excitement and the 'major part of the purpose of some golden years in college.' About twenty students who had made it to the interview, in campus recruitments of Capgemini were sitting in the auditorium. I was also one of them.

"Have u prepared answers for some basic questions asked in the interview???", the guy sitting next to me asked to break the haunting silence.

Well we were in final year and I was supposed to have some experience of the interviews. In the process of recalling my previous interviews, I met my first year days when I gave my first interview for decoration club in which I was ragged badly by a monster with long hair. My first and last interview was the same. Of course I was selected that day. I was always the best in giving ragging. Anyway I believed the track record of my interviews and that boosted my confidence.

"Well I have not. I believe that traditional and prepared answers make the interview boring and sorry for answering late."

I always had the habit of consuming some time before answering the questions.

"I have to go to the washroom. I will be back in a minute" I said to my friend showing him the smallest finger.

As I was heading out of the room I heard "Abhishek Parashar, it is your turn. Go to that room."

Well may be the Interview is more important than peeing. So instead of going to washroom I entered the interview room.

"Come, come and sit. Feel comfortable." The interviewer started in a friendly way.

Was I looking uncomfortable to him? It is a negative start. I talked to me while sitting on the definitely uncomfortable seat.

"So tell me something about you", the interviewer followed the tradition of interviews as he looked towards his watch. It was going to be a short interview I concluded.

"Sir I am still exploring myself. Only thing I know is that I feel honest from my heart."

I really had not done much in the life to tell and more importantly I did not believe in preparing the perfect answers for basic questions.

"I am not sure what is better, feeling honest or being honest? Anyways who else is in your family?", the interviewer started to dominate.

"Sorry sir." His accent proved that he was a bit



southern as I could not hear his last line.

"Tell me about your family", he repeated kindly.

"Sorry sir", I also repeated kindly.

Well I always hated failing twice. One more time I hated as my ears were proving to be dumb in front of his accent.

"Family! Family!! Family!!!", no doubt he made sure that I get it this time.

My internal parts agreed that it was not a good start.

"My mother, father and two elder sisters complete my family", I was definitely feeling low as I answered.

"What do they do?", he gave a hint that I was giving incomplete answers.

"My father is secretary in the co-operative society and my mother is a housewife. My eldest sister is getting married next month", I tried every possible way to complete it.

"That is good", he said

"After five years where do you want to see yourself", he continued to be the traditional interviewer.

Should I have prepared the perfect answers for basic questions? I thought.

"Chatting with you and talking about my success in Capgemini", I punched.

"Ha Ha", he showed.

Finally it seemed that someone was smiling for the first time in a long and tired lifetime.

"You are from civil engineering background. Then why do you want to join a software company?", he asked.

"Software has always fascinated me. Though civil branch is more of the field kind but my major project is based on the software. I am sure I will be more productive in the software industry." I felt solid while answering.

"Then why Capgemini? Why not some other company?", the interviewer asked.

I knew that he wanted to hear some good things about his company. I was ready for that.

"Sir to be honest it was

only few days back that I came to know about Capgemini. Today I liked your presentation very much. Capgemini has very strong values. Even in the world of today the company has managed to be honest. This is admirable. For me your company is the best to work."

"Are you really honest?" I asked my heart.

"What is your aim in life? What are the ultimate things that you want?", he made it clear that he can ask questions even for whole of his lifetime.

"I want to be happy and content", I borrowed the answer from one of my friend who once tried to be spiritual in our transportation class.

"To be happy has different definitions for different individuals. What according to you happiness is?", he asked.

Maybe he doubted my intentions but I was left with the most difficult question to answer so far in my life. It was so silent that one could hear the air also. Suddenly I looked in the mirror in front of me. My one eye was on the mirror and other on the interviewer as I had promised myself to always look into the eyes of interviewer.

"How can this guy in mirror be happy? What does the happiness mean to him? What will he do when he is happy?" I asked that guy in the mirror. Believe me at that moment it was 'me' against 'a little less of me'.

I saw an honest smile on the face in the mirror. I loved that and I found the answer to happiness.

"When I look in the mirror and I see myself smiling honestly, then that smile is happiness. For me happiness is not the result of a long journey. It is in

every moment I spend in the path, it is in every step which makes me closer to my destination and in every breath I take for my loved ones." I broke the silence with these words.

During the silence, I experienced some good moments facing my face and looking into my inner core.

"What is your CGPI?", the interviewer responded.

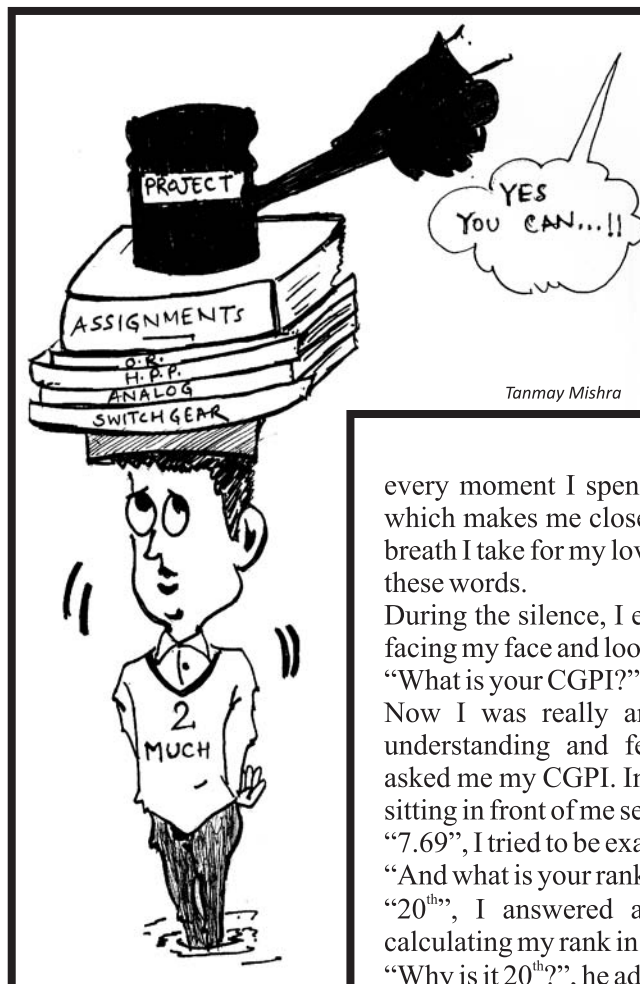
Now I was really amazed. At a time when I was understanding and feeling happiness, someone had asked me my CGPI. Interviewers are weird and the one sitting in front of me seemed to be emotionless also.

"7.69", I tried to be exact.

"And what is your rank in class?", he threw again.

"20th", I answered after sometime. I was actually calculating my rank in between.

"Why is it 20th?", he added.



“Sir in my class 19 students are more hardworking”, I too added.

“If you cannot beat those 19 students then how do you think that you will beat the professionals in the company from CSE and IT background? You will face huge challenges I fear”, he said.

“Sir, Challenges are something I have never been afraid of. The people performing better than me are inspiration for me. If more people will perform better than me I will be inspired and will be dedicated more towards my work”, I cleared.

After that interviewer asked me questions related to civil engineering. I tried my best to answer them but even I was not satisfied with the answers.

“Your subject knowledge does not match your pointer” He concluded after analysing.

“I will take your conclusion in positive way”, I assured him.

The interview had taught me a lot and added a lot to my attitude and my knowledge in a positive way. I should have gone to the washroom I was thinking because it was really difficult to control.

“Do you want to ask me something now?”, the interviewer gave a hint that soon I will be in the toilet.

Though I wanted this interview to end soon badly and madly, but there was something I had to ask him.

“Sir, you have been analysing me for so long. What are the areas of improvement in me? What according to you can make me a better personality?” I asked.

“There are three things which I think you will have to improve. First thing is your subject knowledge as this interview reflects it is weak” he said.

When someone becomes so specific you feel restless until he completes.

“What are the other two?” I asked curiously

“In the beginning of the interview you said that you are exploring yourself. So now you will tell me the other two areas of improvement.”, the interviewer proved that he is smarter.

“I think the second thing is I need is to be more fluent in my English.” I answered.

I was sure that this thing will be in his list but didn't have idea about the third thing.

“OK and what is the third thing?”

“I don't know sir. Please you tell”, the only thing I could have said.

“The third thing is the most important thing. No one can be perfect in life. There are always the areas in which we can improve. Keep this third thing always unknown and give your best efforts to search it. This third unknown thing will show you thousands of things in which you

will have to improve.”

These lines of the interviewer showed me the way to live life. I will never forget these lines.

“OK you can leave if you have no more questions”, he said.

“Thank You Sir”, it was the thing I said not to make me leave but to show how to live.

I was out of the interview room. As I looked outside the world seemed completely different, that interview had taught me something which was more valuable than my whole knowledge till date. I found thousand of new errors and faults had been generated in me but I was

improved.

As I took my first step towards washroom I heard a voice saying

“Abhishek, the interviewer has called you in the room.”

Now definitely the interview was more important. So I went to the room. Again I was facing the interviewer.

“I forgot to check your certificates. It is in the process. I have to check them.”, he said.

He checked my certificates. When I was about to leave he said one more thing, “And I forgot to shake hands with you”.

We shook hands. I felt honoured. Soon I was in the washroom. I could not believe I had controlled it for this much long. I checked my mobile. The stopwatch was showing 15 minutes. I had switched it on when I was about to enter the interview room for first time. I spent whole of my life in searching the way this life should be lived but found the answer in 15 minutes. If the interview was for 15 minutes then believe me those 15 minutes were the “longest fifteen minutes”.

“ Interviewers are weird and the one sitting in front of me seemed to be emotionless also. ”



Tanmay Mishra



The need of hour is that we take correct lessons from history, organize our society on principles of equity and knowledge and be receptive to new ideas and have the courage to face the world boldly...



Dr. Anoop Kumar
Prof., Mechanical Engg. Deptt.

Lessons from History

History as a subject has not been loved by many of us during our school days. We were greatly puzzled by names of many dynasties, kings, their year of accession, dates of wars and other major events and score of many other details. Relentless mugging also did not help mostly and we always muddled up the details. However, the present status of our nation, region or we as individual is intrinsically related to happenings hundreds and thousands of years ago. It is said that history never repeats itself but those who do not learn from history are likely to suffer greatly. If we look around the globe, we find nations and people at various stage of growth. On one end of spectrum, there are countries like USA, France, Britain etc., industrially well developed and where population enjoy all the modern facilities; on the other end there are countries in Asia and Africa where people are living in abject poverty and cut off from modern developments without basic facilities. What caused such disparities, is it random, based on chance and stroke of luck? In many ways, their present status is related to what happened on their land, last decade, last century, last millennium..... So let us look without troubling us with dates and names. The evolution of humans is considered to have taken place some five million years earlier in Africa and gradually they spread over the entire globe. Still the beginning of modern civilization is taken from about 13000 BC at the end of last

iceage. During the last 15000 years, the different regions have gone through different phases in development. Though the developments in different areas can not be directly compared with other areas, still some common thread can be traced.

In the beginning humans were hunters and food gatherers. The survival depended on availability of game for hunting, hunting skills and wild fruits available in the region. Gradually, in certain regions, people gained knowledge about plants that could be reproduced by sowing and certain animals, like cows, goats, sheep, donkeys, horses etc, were domesticated. The domestication of plants and animals took place in different parts of globe at different times (spread over thousands of years) and it spread to other areas gradually.

It was an important turn of event and regular wanderings in search of food gave way to settlements/ villages where farming started. Agriculture could support larger population in comparison to food gathering and hunting stage, resulting in greater population density. Production of surplus food also meant a section of population could engage in non farming specialized activities, like tool makings, blacksmithy, carpentry, house building, medicine, learning, priestship, administration etc., creating a more intricate social structure. These places became

centre of learning and great kingdoms grew up in such areas as Egypt (Memphite Empire, 2800 BC), Mesopotamia (present Iraq, Babylonia, 2000 BC), China (Hsia, 2200 BC), Persia (Iran) around 3000 BC. In India, though we do not find such centralized kingdoms early, still Indus valley civilization was well developed with people skilled in pottery, metallurgy, art and craft and city building. Great buildings like pyramids and other structures were constructed in Egypt and other areas. Great centers of learning and many prosperous cities and kingdoms grew up in Indian sub continent, West Asia & around Mediterranean. The universities at Nalanda, Vikramshila, Taxila were among the best at that time and we observe great kingdoms of Mauryas, Kushans etc.

The goods and articles produced in such places added to the trade and the prosperity of these kingdoms. The Greek civilization flourished around 1000 BC due to knowledge and skills learnt and developed by them. Many remarkable statesmen, scholars, philosophers such as Pericles, Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle etc. lived during that period in cities like Athens, Sparta, Thebes and Corianthes, The sea faring skills of south Indian people during rule of Pallavas helped them to expand far beyond their land for trade and empire building across seas. Thus we observe that till thirteenth century the centers of learning were in Asia, China, South Western Europe and

many great empires (Mauryas, Guptas, Sassanid, Kushans, Han, Mongols, Arabs, Turks and Rome, Greek etc.) appeared and dominated all others. The areas where domestication of plants and animals did not develop, remained in food gathering hunting stage or at lower level of development till very late, like the central parts of Africa and south America. When Spanish colonizers (Cortis, 1519, Pizzaro, 1530) arrived in parts of South America, they encountered Inca and Aztec kingdoms wielding weapons of wood, bones and stone facing them. Even in parts of Andaman and Nicobar certain tribes are still locked in the food gathering and hunting stage away from the developments that have taken place all around.

Western Europe for very long was populated by people who were referred as barbarians by Romans and hence were not in the centre stage of world. However, things did change and specially during renaissance and reformation, great strides were made in the area of physical and biological science, astrology, philosophy, ship building etc. and with this the period of dominance of the world by the western European countries begun. Diaz went around Cape of Good Hope in 1486, Vasco da gama arrived at India in 1498 and Columbus reached America in 1492. Finding out the sea routes to India and other Asian countries also meant that the land routes through west Asia lost their exclusive trade routes and declined due to loss of trade related income and prosperity. The burst of knowledge and changes in social relationship (ideas of equality gained prominence, supremacy of parliament over kings) created conditions conducive for Industrial revolutions. Industrial revolution in the Western Europe started in 18th century and it meant that goods could be produced in bulk in less

time at much cheaper rates. This changed the balance of trade and reversed the flow of money from Asia to Europe. Whereas earlier, goods from Asia, Arab world and China were greatly sought after and flooded European markets and gold and wealth flowed to these regions, now the process was changed. Development of military science and equipments like guns, battleships etc. made the matter worse. The Asian empires then became subservient and the phase of colonialism begun.

The consciousness and thoughts of people has also greatly influenced development and destiny of different nations and people. The thoughts and philosophies of thinkers from India helped it to achieve greatness. The role played by Chankya as a teacher to Chandragupta and through his treatise on art of governance as brought out in the book "Arthshashtra" can not be underestimated. Scholars of science, mathematics, medicine and philosophy like, Charak, Sushrut, Panini Aryabhatta, Kanad etc., helped in the development of Indian sub continent and made us world leaders at that point of time. Teachings of Buddha spread far and wide to China, Sri Lanka, Japan and many other south East Asian countries and influenced the lives of multitude and development of societies. The thoughts of Christ and similarly enthused people changed course the of development in Europe and various parts of the world. Charged with his ideas, they fought against the existing rulers of Roman empire who until then were worshippers of many Gods/nature, worshippers of pagan, and even though the Roman empire was so powerful, it could not suppress the thought and finally it had to relent. In fourth century Roman Empire adopted Christianity as its official religion during the reign of

Constantine. Similar bursts of energy were observed, when the ideas and philosophy of Prophet Mohammed galvanized various tribes of the Arab deserts around 7th century. Within 100 years, the Arabs established great empire across large parts of West Asia, Middle East, North Africa, and parts of Europe, especially Spain.

The role played by social structure and organization is equally important. From 16th century onwards, in Western Europe, the preeminence of feudal lords and kings gradually declined and entrepreneurs, traders, artisan guild chiefs started asserting them in the governance of the country. It is interesting to know that British Parliament presented a 'Petition of Right' to Charles I, king of Britain, in 1628 consisting of Dos and Don'ts for the king.

There was a tug of war between the king and the parliament. Led by Oliver Cromwell, the parliament sentenced the king to death for being enemy of country and in 1649 he was beheaded in London. Such assertions by parliament released greater human initiative and energy. Thus parliament (though not based on universal suffrance) started functioning in Britain, France, Netherlands etc. and it is no coincidence that these countries dominated greater part of the world later. On the other hand feudal lords, Zamindars, Kings, Emirs remained well entrenched in West Asia, Africa, Middle East, East Europe, Indian sub continent, China for very long locking the creative energy of people and thus lagging behind. Even today many of the countries are being governed by the Dynasties based on inheritance. The societies that were organized better had a distinct advantage over societies that were stagnant and fragmented. The very fact that many of Western

power could divide and rule other countries was because of the fact that such societies were divided in many segments.

Thus one important lesson that history teaches us in no uncertain terms is that knowledge, skills, thoughts and social structure are key parameters of the development of society, nations and world.

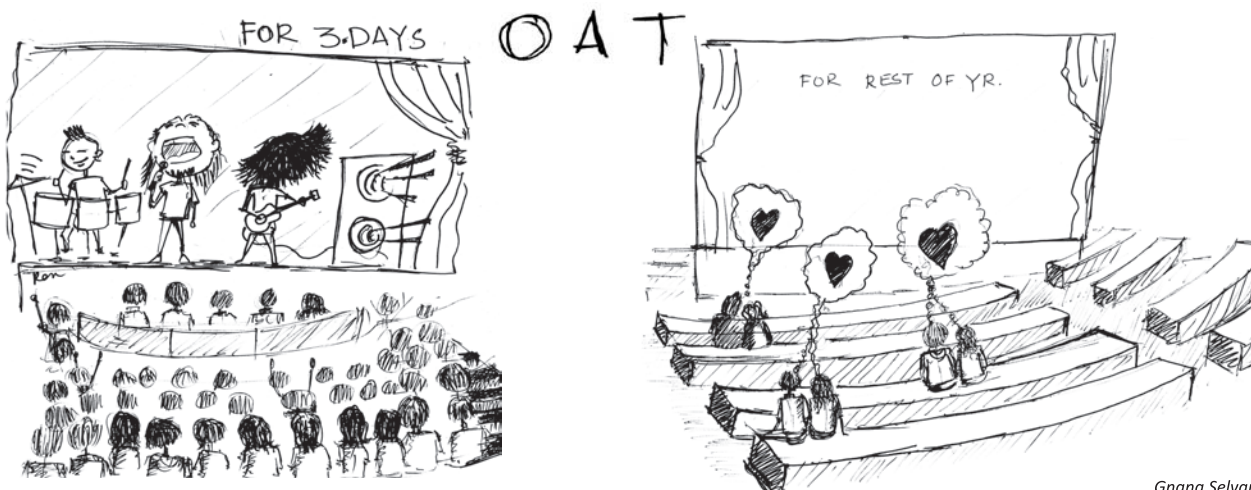
There have been great empires and kingdoms in last 5000 years with great riches and magnificence; however wealth of the nation rarely reflected wealth and state of life of general people. Thus when Pharaohs of Egypt were living in great luxury and magnificent pyramids were being constructed to take care of their afterlife, the masses were toiling in penury and suffering under over taxation and forced labour. When the senators, nobles of Roman Empire were indulging in pleasures of life, large numbers of slaves were doing back breaking labour in the vineyards, farms and mines and were fighting as gladiators in arenas. Slave trade was one of the most hideous fact and continued till nineteenth century. Slaves from Africa worked in large numbers in cotton and sugarcane farms in America, and other south American countries viz. Brazil and Fiji etc. The

slave trade was extremely lucrative and added to the wealth of west Europeans. It is estimated that approximately 180 million Africans were taken as slaves and 88% of them died in transit and were thrown in Atlantic Ocean. Thus, for each slave that reached the farms in America and other countries, many more got killed by the slave hunting armies or during sea journey.

When the monarchs, kings, his highnesses and her majesties lived in great forts and mansions, the peasants and artisans lived in sub human conditions and died during famines and other natural calamities. During famines, caused by natural phenomena and aggravated by the British policies, in 1861, 1876, 1896, 1900 in various parts of India specially East and central parts, more than a crore of people died. And it was not so that there was no surplus grain, a situation that we find even today when a significant majority go without adequate food and are undernourished, grains rot in the stores of FCI. The great growth of GDP for last so many years has primarily gone to a small segment in the Metros and big cities and the lives in the rural and hinterland is not affected much. Similarly, when the riches from industries and colonies

made industrialists, businessmen and bankers float on riches, children, women and men were forced to work for upto 16 hours a day in dingy poorly lit industrial sheds and lived in cramped hutments like animals around the industries. So the glory of an empire or nation has rarely reflected the quality of life of people at street.

But it shall be equally erroneous to postulate that conditions for everyone have not changed over the years. The condition of peasants, workers and people has greatly improved, however it has hardly ever come as gifts from the ruling and empowered classes. Across the globe many struggles, protests, insurrections, peaceful and violent, were waged by people to improve their general condition and reduce burden of life. The revolts of slaves against their masters in Rome in the leadership of Spartacus, Gladiator, is legendary. For nearly 4 years the slaves fought against the superior army of Rome and won many battles fired by a strong desire for a better life. Though the uprising was crushed and thousands of slaves were hanged, the desire and struggle for freedom did not die and many uprisings, small and big, ultimately weakened the Roman Empire and led to betterment in the lives of



Gnana Selvam

slaves. French revolution is another example where the deprived masses sick of their miseries rose against the nobles and aristocrats with the slogan of Equality, Freedom and Brotherhood. Fall of Bastille on 14th July, 1789 marked the end of the privileges of such aristocrats and acted as beacon for struggle for equality across Europe and elsewhere. The industrial workers had also to wage battle against great odds to get better working conditions, salaries, reduced working hours and rights to organize across the globe and the battle continues even today.

Even the democracies were not based on universal franchise to begin with. The voting rights were limited to very few aristocrats and propertied classes in the Western Europe in the beginning and these rights were extended in bits and pieces to appease the struggling masses over hundreds of years. At one point of time the voting rights were extended to only 160 persons for British parliament. The voting rights to women in Britain were granted after great deal of efforts and agitations by women in the year 1918. The story is similar in many other old democracies. Even today millions of people are demonstrating and suffering at the hands of the

autocrats in the streets of West Asia, Middle East and Africa. Still there are countries where Monarchs and Kings and Emirs or autocrats are ruling and one thing is apparent that none of them shall relinquish powers and privileges without being forced to do so by sacrifices of the people. The enslaved and suppressed nationalities have a long history of struggle against the colonizing powers- Almost all the countries in Asia, Africa and South America were colonized by the European powers, Britain, Netherlands, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal etc. America did not politically occupy any country with the exception of Philippines though it indirectly controlled many Latin/South American nations.

The acts and conducts of colonizers have been most ignominious and barbaric. They not only plundered the wealth of these colonies, but caused death to millions of people there. Millions of Aborigines and Red Indians were killed in Australia and North America. It can be said that more than a billion people died in colonies across the world since 18th century, either killed by the colonizing powers or due to starvation and other causes directly linked to the policies pursued by

them. They tried to justify their occupation in the name of spreading civilization and developing the countries. Even Britain always held that if they left India it shall disintegrate in pieces due to various fighting groups. However the prime objective was always the benefit of the occupying powers.

The nationalities have fought valiantly in South America, Africa, Europe and Asia from a long time till end of 20th century to get freedom and become masters of their own destiny. The structure of apartheid in South Africa was dismantled after a long drawn struggle by the majority coloured people. Large number of nationalities freed themselves of the dominance of other nationalities within same country and many new nations (Slovakia, Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Kazakhstan, Turkmenistan etc) came in existence towards end of twentieth century. The colonial powers unleashed all brutalities and tried to hang on, but had to relinquish powers at the end. Not a single country or nationality earned independence by the magnanimity of the colonizing power across the globe.

Even today western powers occupy countries on “high moral ground” but the real objectives are



Tanmay Mishra



HILLFAIR



not far to find out. Occupation of Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya etc. by USSR/America/NATO are proofs of this. As of today, direct occupation of countries has become generally untenable and all attempts are being made by erstwhile colonial powers to prop up pliant rulers through direct and indirect interventions. In that way, vestiges of colonialism or neo colonialism still continues. There are many countries sovereign in name, but their rulers are subservient to the interests of their patrons in developed world. In such places the struggle against neo colonialism continue.

The colonization of countries in Asia, South America, Africa etc. severely stunted the growth of these areas. Thus, we find that at the time of arrival of Britishers, our economy was thriving. Small scale manufacturing of quality cotton and other product was taking place and it could have bloomed to more organized and industrial production. However, Britishers, once they politically dominated the larger part of India, systemically ruined these activities and organized the economy for the benefit for British Industry. It became a source of raw material and market for the finished

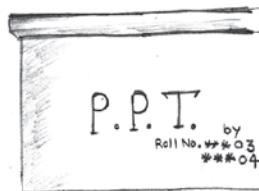
product of British Industry. The story is similar in most of the colonies. Hence shaking off the dominance, direct or indirect, of the erstwhile colonial powers is crucial for the growth of countries.

Thus, there has been great progress all around, from slavery, food gathering hunting stages, we have moved on. However this movement has been at different pace for different sections and for greater majority most of the changes have come after great struggle and sacrifices.

Across the globe even today a struggle continues against privileges being enjoyed by a smaller number of people and the predicament of the majority. In our country, the farmers are still committing suicide where a smaller numbers are spending millions/ billions of rupees for their pleasures. And hence the struggle for better remuneration for their better produce and more human conditions is continuing. The tribals are up against the forest mafia, contractors, corrupt government officials, people are fighting against the corrupt ways of the beaurocrats and politicians who deprives them of their legitimate rights.

We must be optimistic about the future and it is sure that history does move towards a better future, but it has to be realized that conditions shall change through persistent efforts and sacrifices.

Asian, south American and African countries have been subjected to many devastations and dominance by Western European countries, however many of these countries had a great past and for very long it had great kingdoms. Their time has come once again and many Asian and Latin American countries are forging ahead at International arena, Japan, China, India, Brazil, South Korea, Indonesia etc are such examples. The developed nations of yore who blatantly imposed their will on all others are ready to bend backward and accommodate them. Most of these countries in continents of Asia and Africa and Latin America are extremely rich in material and human resources and are thus capable of taking the world in their stride. "The need of hour is that we take correct lessons from history, organize our society on principles of equity and knowledge and be receptive to new ideas and have the courage to face the world boldly".



11/11/11
23.02.2022





Divya Saini
CED, 1st Year

“

....she ran breaking the clutches to find her loveso strong was her love for him that she cared not for the nature.....

”

Everlasting

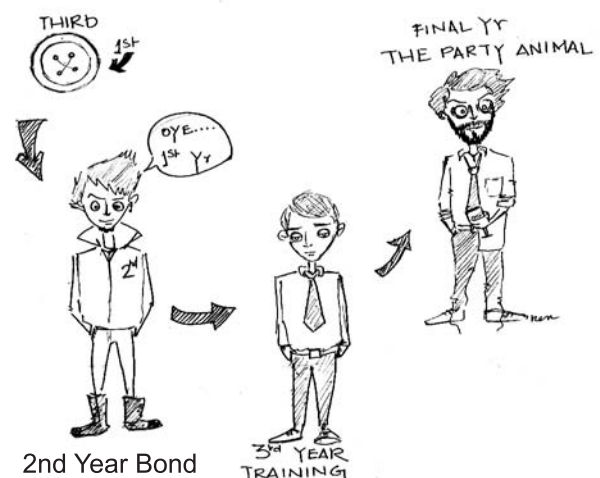
There stood in the midst of night a beauty nearing a dream with shiny eyes, ivory skin standing still there she was all alone.....
waiting for her love to take her away from the firey hell
her golden locks shimmering in the moon seeing which, one would lose the time..
The silken gown flowing flawlessly around her waist and there she was in all haste...
lips quiet but eyes saying all there she stood giving her love a waitful call.....
she was still, not moving at all
The truth
She was chained,her feet in barriers made by her thoughts.....thoughts like the crosslines made by rusties and their hateful words,ignorant of her own barriers there she stood not moving but waiting for him.
Barriers....self made , never let her move and there she was,her love fighting all odds through that cloudy night to come and take her away,giving all he could, ,taking all paths,leaving all behind,loving her from the core of heart. He was just a few stones back..and she still was there with her eyes closed painig herself.....she waited so long ,for days and nights,but he never came.....

He who loved her as a moon loves the night as the clouds love the rainfell prey to his fate,while in her thoughts, was caught and slain on the way, naming her all the while.....waiting for her to come to him this time, waiting to touch her for the last time, to capture her in his heart...but there she stood still waiting, still mum chained in her own barriers Life could never be that unfair again to her because she melted in sun and the rain and the cold still waiting for him.... and then came the truth to her and.....she ran breaking the clutches to find her loveso strong was her love for him that she cared not for the nature.....

Tripping and falling , cryingand sighing she reached a place and then she saw him all mutilated,away from her forever...and there she was once again a stone not due to the chains but now her love whose heart was now a dead drum which had hoped to see her, meet her , love her.

That very moment she gave her life too, for he was her life,he was the smile,the light,the care her beginning and her end.

But the end was hers not her loves ' , months rolled away piling earth over two hearts and then grew love againthe roses on the same spot signifying love forever.





My blushing used to make Maya smile, and her two dimples always made me fall in love with her over and over again...



Ajay Kumar
Alumnus, 2011



The 1998 Affair

It has been ten years since I sat at the juice bar with a coffee in my hand. Sitting at the juice bar for the 2012 Annual Alumni Meet floods me with memories; memories of old cherished times. The campus has changed a lot since 2002, the year I graduated. It was a REC then, just newly under the umbrella of NITs. I was amongst the last REC batch to pass. Money it appears has flown kindly in the last decade. Computer Centre, Multi Purpose Lecture Hall, better roads, labs and lab equipments are new additions. Even a new girl's hostel has popped up. Trees are a bit sparse in the campus, but anyways that has always been the case with humans. Development always came with a price. During college days coffee was always a pretext to keep an eye on passer bys, and shed askance looks on them. My eyes used to wait for Maya to cross along with her friends.

Maya was my classmate in 98-02 batch. She hailed from Palampur and I had secretly fallen in love with her. She was a beauty in her Meg Ryan's short hair. Maya was taller than Meg Ryan though; however the unique thing that set Maya apart was her smile. Her cheeks developed two dimples whenever she flashed her smile; and believe it or not all the boys on the campus used to go flat. Her smile was a reminiscent of Ilayaraja's songs- sweet, innocent and beautiful. My love was no different than the love which enters life of most of the engineering college boys. It was one sided, and

that one side always was the boys side. If the talk of the girl's hostel was to be believed, she had received 13 proposals by the time she graduated. I would have been the fourteenth to propose her, if I had been daring and courageous enough on the farewell day. However, the thought of being the unsuccessful fourteenth diminished my courage and hence I never proposed to her. Men might be the fiercest creature when it comes to war. They may take bullets upon bullets and yet never waver in their tracks, but when it comes to women we are always daffodils.

At times during the college days when Maya along with her friends crossed the juice bar, her friends used to snigger and break into stifled laughs. The amount of blushing and embarrassment I felt is inexplicable. My blushing used to make Maya smile, and her two dimples always made me fall in love with her over and over again.

Life has moved on a lot since the engineering years. We passed out of college with promises to friends of being in touch no matter what happens, attending each others marriage, getting drunk and discussing about old crushes; however those promises were made never to be kept. These days even if we crossed each other at metros, airports or railway stations, talks were limited to 'hi', 'how is life going', in certain cases, 'how are wife and children doing' and that's all. As a matter of truth, few have even

crossed me unnoticed, the same few who had been drunk dead on their placement day in Paradise bar, and I had guerough to drop them till their rooms.

Maya got married in the spring of 2007, I did not go to attend her marriage despite her invitation. To be truthful I did not have the heart to go. I am not in contact with her and I certainly have no idea how and where she is. However I expect her to be a mother of at least one child by now, and pray that she is happy. Not to be an intervention in her life made me decide upon not staying in touch with her; I could not have stopped myself from loving her, and my love would not have helped her lead a normal and happy married life. As far as my life goes I am thirty one and still unmarried. I realize, it is getting late for tying the knot and if I don't do it soon I would be entering the league of ineligible middle aged bachelors. Since Maya, I have met quite a number of girls. Most of them lack the intelligence and pragmatics Maya radiated, few beauty with brains lose out on terms of charm and humor. As a result, I am still single looking for the perfect one. Deep inside my heart, I know I am looking for another Maya.

On the turn where road turns around a small hillock, I see Jenny and James approaching. They were my fellow classmates, and amongst the rare ones whose college time romance spiraled into the marriage. Most of the other college time

romances ended up in painful breakups. I welcomed them with a smile from my heart when they were at a close distance.

“Hey, Ajay. How are you doing?” Jenny was the first one to speak with a smile on her lips.

“I am doing well. Congrats on your marriage, and I am sorry I couldn't make it.” They had decided to get married in the winter of 2004. Things happened too rapidly for them. They never gave enough time to most of their friends to schedule their trips to attend their marriage. Though, all made it a point to send their gifts as a token of their love.

James said, “It was sad you couldn't come.”

“We exchanged each other's numbers. Better to have an unused and unwanted number in your phone directory than breaking the social convention of exchanging numbers.”

“How come you are alone? Wife? Girlfriend- no one, anyone?” Jenny surprised me with the dropped question.

“Eventually, I will, as soon as I find someone as enchanting as you.” Talks about my marriage, especially in front of Maya's friends queerly made me uncomfortable. With the intention of changing the subject I questioned, “How is Shikha, Panchi and yes how is Maya? I heard she got married long back.” I tried to sound normal, not overly inquisitive.

Suddenly Jenny lost the color of her face, and a paleness and pity daubed her face. She exchanged a pitiful glance with James before replying, “It is sad, Maya became widowed in 2009. A car accident brought her this great misfortune. She is in Palampur with her parents now.”

The coffee mug in my hand was shaking. Something was welling up inside me. Dark, dense and damp stuff was filling my innards and making me sad. The dark, dense, damp stuff was grief. How could God be such a bastard? How could life be such a bitch only to kind and good creatures? If God wanted to bring grief there were thousands who deserved his wrath. Laden and politicians alike, but God was benevolent enough to give them long lives and happy families and miser enough to take happiness from good people.

“She had always been a highly spirited, bubbly, humorous, charming and intelligent friend. You know she admired your writings and all that you did to get the whole class placed as the Placement Representative. She and we all loved your last book.” Jenny finished.

This was more than that I could take in. I had made up my mind. I was leaving. I had to go.

I got up from my chair; placed my mug on the table; paid the juice bar guy with a single note from my pocket. He rummaged his cash drawer to redeem me the change only to find me gone from the paying spot. I had started my way back to Gate 1 to catch a bus. I virtually ran past the PGH and faculty quarters with moist, teary eyes.

A lift from a middle aged man on his Bajaj scooter took me to the town bus stand. I boarded the bus from Hamirpur to Palampur.

The next four hours were a test of my patience. I swear I have borne Una to Hamirpur journey, and that has been more bearable than what I felt now. After four hours of emotional torment that was maelstrom-ing inside me, I got down at Palampur bus stand. I went to the

closest standing taxi and asked him to take me to the SBI on market road. I knew very well Maya stayed just opposite the SBI building.

The building in front had four floors. The bus journey had already wearied off my patience for the day. I stood on the road and with no concern to the traffic policeman I shouted, “MAYA... MAYA... MAYA... MA...”

I was cut short by Maya coming out of the balcony. She had aged. Her hair was longer, no more short as it used to be and somehow they made her look more beautiful. She stood there in a white saree ripping my heart off. Despite all this, she appeared more beautiful than I had ever seen her. Her face came out alive when two dimples developed on her cheeks as she smiled on recognizing me.

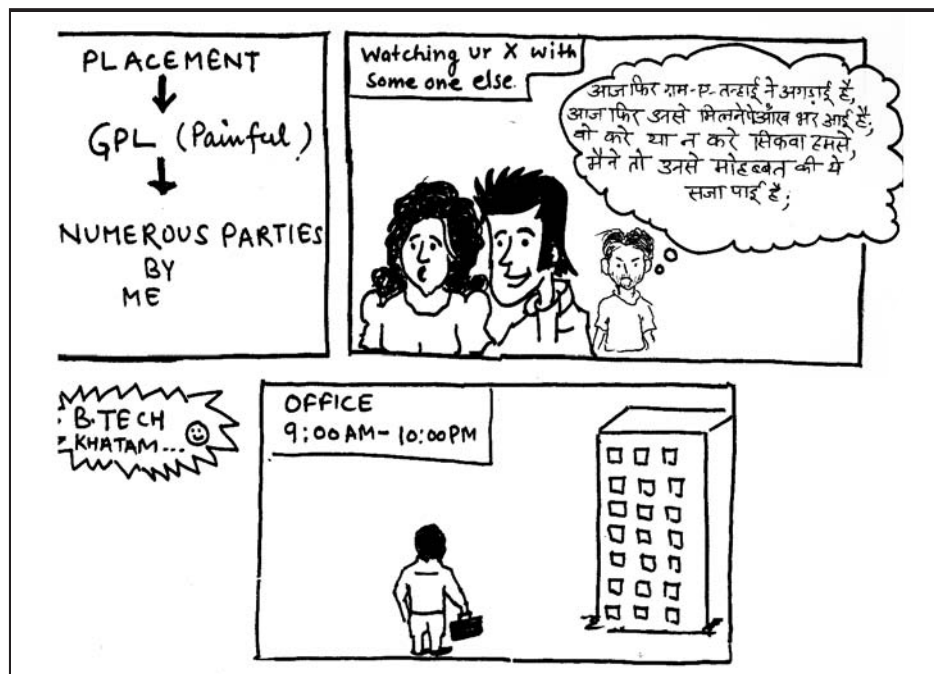
“I have held it for too long and don't wish to hold it longer. I met you in the summer of Ninety Eight. Every rain of the last fourteen years has found me writing your name on the misty glassy panes. Every winter of the last fourteen years has made me sick of how much I miss you. I admire you since then and I have been in love with you since then. I loved your short hair, and I love your long hair, I loved your beautiful smile then and I love you still. Will you marry me?”

In the Annual Alumni Meet of 2013, I again sit at the same juice bar with a coffee in my hand. But life is more beautiful this year, the campus appears livelier and more like a home than it ever felt in last fifteen years. I have Maya by my side. She sits by my side sipping her coffee.

LIFE @ 'MIRPUR



Cartoon Scape





Tanmay Agarwal
MED, 2nd Year

“ He is the reason for our survival,
and he is the human race's driver...”

SAVE TREES , SAVE FUTURE...

On this bitter cold morning,
Under the cold grey sky,
I was thinking about him,
With a tear in my eye.

Last night they came,
And threw his life away,
They didn't even know,
That he deserved to stay.

He was screaming,
He was crying,
'You are fool, morons'
Is what he could say before dying.

He is the reason for our survival,
And he is the human race's driver,
Maybe he was supposed to end like this,
Even after giving us the "thing for breath"

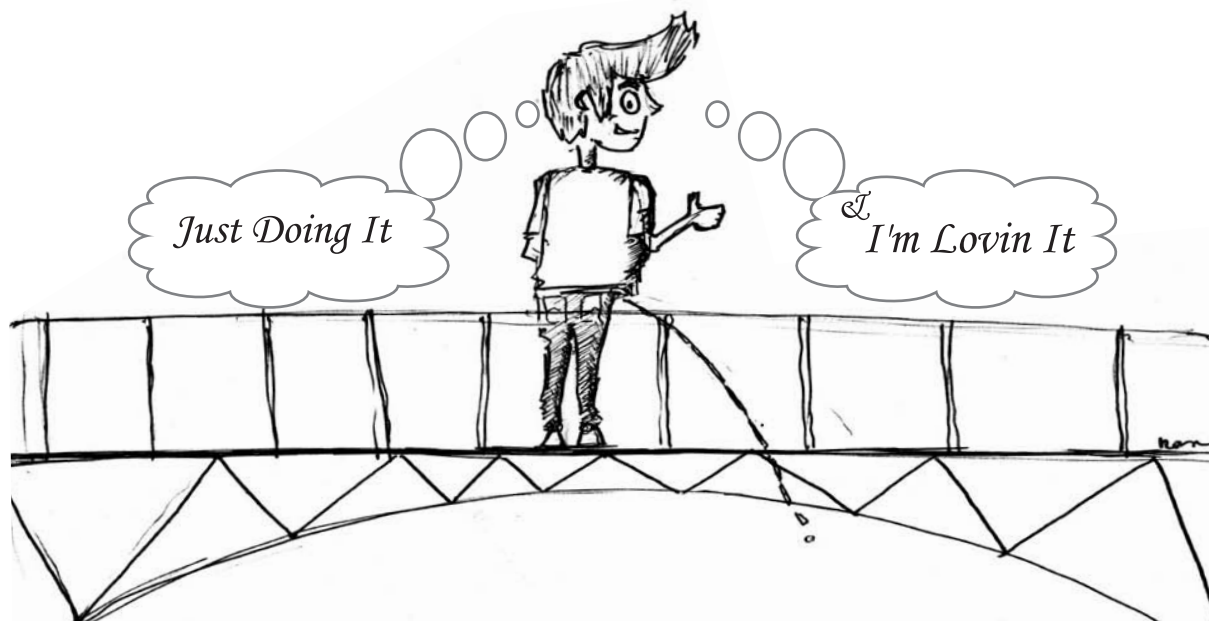
With his green leaves,
He used to create beauty,
Mnd by giving fruits and oxygen,
He used to serve his duty.

But it took a minute,
For them to kill Mr.Innocent,
Who in a way
Is more than our friend.

His family was crying
With a fear of falling down,
Why we have to sacrifice ourselves,
For settling up of a town.

Why we forget that we,
Are because of their existence,
They make our life, we,
Should respect their presence.

So save them before,
We lose ourself completely,
They are of no harm,
To you all and to me.....





How would you know if someone was capable of doing things, of doing great things if they didn't actually do them?



Abhra Basu Ray Choudhuri
Alumnus 2010



Potential

"Look at him.. all high and mighty.. as if he's conquered the world.."

"Well, he does have four jobs.. which is three more than you do.."

"But honestly.. look at him.. He's fat.. he's ugly.. plus he tucks his t-shirt inside.. what kind of civilized human being does that?"

"Yup, he's all that.. yet he has a girlfriend.. and you don't.."

"Yeah? Is she as ugly as him?"

"It's Neha dude. You've seen her..she's hot!"

"Well then she's with him because of his secure future.. and tons of money he's gonna make.."

"So?"

"So it won't be a happy marriage.. He won't be happy.."

"Ok.. And..are you happy?"

"Uff!"

It was pointless arguing with Rahul. He counter-pointed everything I said.. and made me feel dumb. Well maybe I was being dumb. But I didn't care..

The conversation had been about Vivek, our batch mate in school and class topper, who was now walking off into the distance. He had an academic record which was quite enviable. He was good in extra-curriculars as well, and despite his hefty frame was quite a badminton player, having competed in the state championships. We had just met after 4 years, the first time since we left school and joined our respective colleges.

Rahul and I were off to our favourite pub to catch the ongoing world cup. Since we both quite detested the taste of alcohol, we used to order the mocktails and try to look cool among the other visitors to the pub. Vivek, we came across at the bus stop. I made the mistake of asking which company he had been joining and he rattled off such a list with company names of such gravity that it set my head spinning. Though Vivek was always nice to me, I used to find him proud and repulsive, a complete show-off. Rahul, my best friend did not agree with me upon this. I wonder why...

We entered the pub just in time to see Messi net one past the keeper. The place erupted in mixed reactions of joy and anguish.

"Two bloody Marys" ordered Rahul and turned to me, saying "So you find Vivek fat and ugly eh? Not as handsome as you, eh pretty boy?"

"Would you let it go dude? And please don't insult me with these comparisons.."

"so what do YOU want to do? Be an actor?" Rahul glanced over my shoulder out to the street. The new posters of Shah Rukh Khan posing for a banyan company were all over the city. You couldn't escape them.

I thought for a while before giving my calculated answer: "I'm handsome.. but not that handsome.. besides, you need contacts in the film industry. I don't have any.." My limited acting skills didn't seem to be the primary hindrance.

"What about advertising? You seem to have potential in that.."

Potential. The word had puzzled me since childhood. The dictionary meaning stated "Capable of coming into being". How would you know if someone was capable of doing things, of doing great things if they didn't actually do them? We heard more of the word while studying physics, and then later on as we studied Electrical Engineering. I got lost in thought as I sipped on my mocktail.

My school teacher used to tell my parents: "Your son has a lot of potential. Guide him well.." My parents used to be pleased as punch upon hearing it. "You got potential Son. Keep practicing", my table tennis coach used to say. Studying for the rat race in plus two made me skip a lot of T.T. classes. Soon I quit going altogether. My college professors didn't say anything. I guess I didn't give them much reason to do so.

"Woah, where are you dude? Stop worrying so much. Things are gonna work out.."

I don't know if it was the non-existent alcohol or Vivek's image flashing occasionally in my mind that made me lose my cool and almost shout "How do you know?" to Rahul.

"Because.. if you don't believe they will.. then they won't.. Besides.. everyone knows you got the potential to make it big. We're

counting on you pretty boy, and you better deliver. And idiot, you forgot to say “Cheers.”
“Cheers!” Rahul and I looked cool for the umpteenth time as we clinked our glasses together. Good old Rahul. Thank God for friends, they make you feel a lot

of things but in the end they always make you feel worth it.
As Rahul and I finished off our Bloody Marys I silently vowed not to disappoint him.



काजल कुमार
सी.ई.डी., द्वितीय वर्ष

“

सब्जी और अनाज का तो अब भगवान ही मालिक है,
पूरी की पूरी सैलरी को आर्टें पे खपा रखा है ...

”

जीने में क्या रखा है

हजारों को मंहगाई ने सुली पे चढ़ा रखा है,
हमने हर चाहत को हर चाहत के सीने में दबा रखा है।

सब्जी और अनाज का तो अब भगवान ही मालिक है,
पूरी की पूरी सैलरी को आर्टें पे खपा रखा है।

अब तो फकत मजूदरी का ही भरोसा बचा है,
वरना हर चीज ने यहां भाव बढ़ा रखा है।

गरीबी ने परेशान किया है सबको इतना,
घर में लोगों ने खुशी का हर बल्ब बुझा रखा है।

खुद को बेच कर भी कपास को बचा न सके,
किसानों की हर सांस का बजार ने दांव लगा रखा है।

गुणवती ले उड़ी माँ-बहनों के सर से आंचल,
और रईसजादों ने उनको वैश्या बना रखा है।

देखो “काजल”! उसे मंहगाई ने डस लिया है,
जिसने यह कह दिया अब जीने में क्या रखा है।



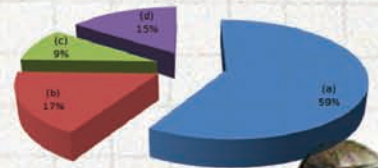
During placements
everyone wants
Caesar's Share

Poonam Arya

SURVEY

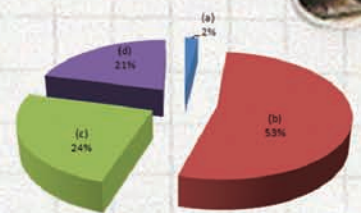
1. My second love in college:

- a) Please let me meet my first one first.
- b) Yeah it's going great.
- c) Better pass time than sitting alone at OAT.
- d) You are still on second?



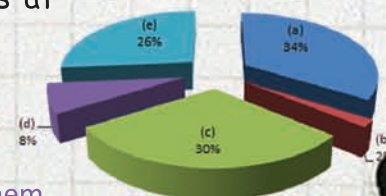
2. Why dance classes during Hill'ffair always create a buzz in campus??

- a) NITH is so keen to learn new dance forms every year.
- b) A great opportunity for seniors to interact with junior girls.
- c) An awesome way for couples to spend more time together.
- d) It makes ample gossip.



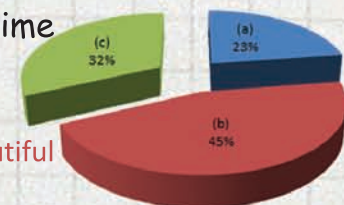
3. Effect of opening of theatre and food express at Hamirpur-

- a) Finally we are living in a "slightly less" developed town.
- b) A nice motive to bunk classes.
- c) At last there is a hope for enjoyable weekends.
- d) Pocket money drains even quicker now, all thanks to them.
- e) Doesn't matter. Why go to theatres when you get movies online for free.



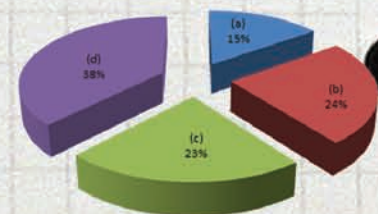
4. What do you think about girls' hostel time extensions during Hill'ffair?

- a) Bhaiji's whistle spoils the whole mood.
- b) At least give the girls liberty for those three beautiful nights.
- c) No point of discussion. Nothing is going to change.



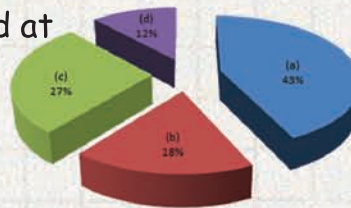
5. How frequently do you sleep in class?

- a) I am a good boy, I never sleep.
- b) I sleep before I know that I am sleeping.
- c) I never reach it in time to sleep.
- d) Depends on the subject.



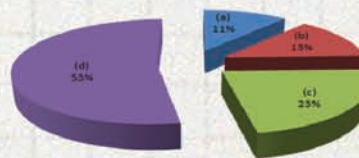
6. Which fast food restaurant should be opened at NIT-H???

- a) McDonalds.
- b) Dominos.
- c) KFC.
- d) Pizza Hut.



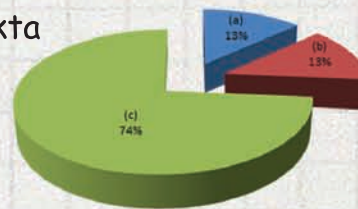
7. Opinions about Art of Living course

- a) Helpful in relieving stress.
- b) Improves life style and inculcates good habits.
- c) Fun of just five days.
- d) Too expensive for me!



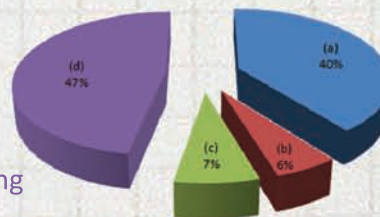
8. The wall set up between college campus and Ekta cafe

- a) Has increased the food quality at Ekta.
- b) Makes catching a bus from gate 1 much easier.
- c) Creates a problem to chain smokers.



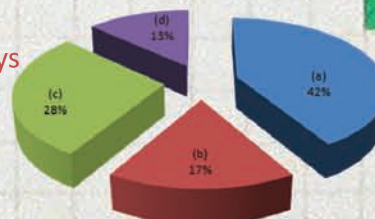
9. The speakers set up inside the classrooms of Vivekananda Lecture Halls Complex are

- a) To decorate the classroom.
- b) To make the students listen properly what the lecture is all about.
- c) In order to play video after a ppt.
- d) I am not present enough to notice anything except my attendance.



10. Why is PGH considered such a holy place?

- a) The motivating force of the entire institute resides in the shrine.
- b) The fear of the undiscovered makes us boys more cautious.
- c) Is it really that sacred?
- d) I am a baba. It doesn't come in the way from hostel to Administrative block!





Swapnil



Swaney Dang

MYRIAD MIRAGE



Sukriti Dogra

“ Yet, she's the prayer in heart,
Pious, caring and gentle to the tips.

”

Sakshi Babar
C.S.E., 2nd Year



Idyllic Tranquilizer

She breaks in like dawn,
A beautiful sunrise.
Glides through lives,
Like the wind, wise.

She's the morning dew,
Impressions fresh on mind.
As she tends like the breeze,
Soft, cool and kind.

She's the music beats,
Running through veins.
Creating a melody,
Generation new or same.

Like the pristine moonlight,
She soothes the souls.
She has the magical touch,
That heals the sad holes.

Ecstatic like the waves,
In moments joyous.
And she's the calm ocean,
When chaos gets a voice.

Her presence-like sugar,
Tender sweetness it brings.
When angry-a restless bird,
Takes leave with open wings.

Synonymous to the rain,
She purifies inside out.
And snow on tip of nose,
Brings smile to the mouth.

She's the twinkle in your eyes,
And the mischief on lips.
Yet, she's the prayer in heart,
Pious, caring and gentle to the tips.



Anubhuti Mishra



निखिल खुल्लर
सी.एस.ई., 2011

हयात : बज्म-ए-ख्वाब

ख्वाब... मेरे दिल की परवाज़,
मंज़िल शब्द से ना-वाकिफ़ लगते थे ये सारे...
रोज़ सुबह: मैं उठता, ये सो जाया करते!
अब दिन में भी यारी निभाते हैं ये ख्वाब...
कागज़ पे कलम से लफ़्ज़ों की जगह,
अब ख्वाब उतरते नज़र आते हैं...
रोशनी कम थी तो मैंने दिल जलाया,
अब रास्ता दिखा, तो गुमराह हुए जाते हैं...

नींद को भी नींद-सी आ जाया करती थी कभी,
अब मैं और नींद दोनों, जागते नज़र आते हैं...!
हर रात हसरतें बहुत थक-सी जाया करती थीं,
अब हसरतों ने मुझे हाल सुनाना छोड़ दिया...
वजह-ए-दर्द-ए-ला-दावा की तलाश बेशक जारी है,
बस अब मैंने कुछ आदतों को छोड़ना छोड़ दिया...



Tanmay Kanwar
E.C.E., Final Year

“ I shall be black and jaded
If I do not get you ...

”

The Enchantress

World appears to be a river
And I seem to flow
Like a leaf, doesn't a wave shiver
Till it gets a glimpse of its glow.

Your sugary smile makes the flight of birds
Sweet as candy, soft as clay
Your words go a long way
For exuberant rivers in having their say.

That mesmerizing grace of your eyes
Gives butterflies, many a sighs
Peacocks resort to lies and why,
Their crescents mere stars in your beauty's infinite sky.

Flowers borrow the hue from you
Sky borrows the blue
I shall be black and jaded
If I do not get you.

Less of a promise, its more of a hope
To this hope, I'll grope
(For I'm no Wordsworth or Keats)
That I'll be the heart of your heartbeats.

Your being spells dawn, thoughts cast musk
Touch tells mystique, a magical dusk
You make my world go round,
How do you loom around me, O enchantress...

Anubhuti Mishra





मुस्कुरा के दीदार-ए-यार-कर लूं
माशूक से निगाहें दो-चार कर लूं...



पवन तिवारी

वास्तुकला विभाग, पंचम वर्ष

चलती, मचलती-जिंदगी

चलती रहे जिन्दगी,
मचलती रहे जिन्दगी
जीवन के पग-पग पर
गिरती और सम्भलती रहे जिंदगी।

कभी ख्वाबों के साये में,
निराशा की धूप से लड़ती जिंदगी,
कभी सपनों के तानों पर,
हकीकत के बाने बुनती जिंदगी।

अरमानों के झरोखों से
एहसासों के घरोंदों में
पलती रहे जिंदगी
चलती रहे जिंदगी
मचलती रहे जिंदगी
कभी सुस्त कभी बोझिल
कभी स्याह कभी तेज
मध्यम कभी रेशम।

कभी गुलाब कभी मेज
तू जलती तो जैसे लोहे की भट्ठी
तू शीतल तो जैसे माँ की हो झप्पी
तू सजती-सँवरती तो जैसे की वो है

मुझे प्रेम तुझसे की चाहे तू जो है।

है जितनी विचित्र तेरी ये काया
सो कहते हैं ज्ञानी तू प्रभु की है माया।
ऐ जिंदगी तू मुझको, कितना सताती है
और बातों-बातों में, कितना कुछ सिखाती है।

जो कमाया तुझसे कमाया
जो गँवाया तुझपे गँवाया
आ बैठ इक बार
कभी हिसाब कर लूं
मुस्कुरा के दीदार-ए-यार-कर लूं
माशूक से निगाहें दो-चार कर लूं
चलती रहे तू ऐ जिंदगी
मचलती रहे तू ऐ जिंदगी।
ऐ जिंदगी तू जिंदगी है
एक जुनून एक कविता है
एक प्रियतम का प्रेम है
एक मदारी का खेल है
तू एक अनबुझ पहेली है,
पास रहकर भी दूर खड़ी सहेली है
चारों तरफ पसरी फिर भी कितनी अकेली है
दुरह, आँसू, विरह फिर भी रूपहली है।



Dheeraj Gupta



सत्यम
एम.ई.डी., द्वितीय वर्ष

“ घंटी लगने पर स्कूल से रेलों में घूटती
वही जिंदगी है ...

”

यही जिंदगी है

खिल जाए पतझड़ में भी वसंत
वही जिंदगी है
जल में तैरती, नभ में उड़ती
घोंसलों में बसती, पलनों में पलती
रिस-रिस बढ़ती
पंक्ति में वृक्षों पर चढ़ती
वही जिंदगी है।।

बारिस में रंगी नाचती
टर्-टर् कर गला फाड़ वाचती
धरती से अंकुर कर फूटती
घंटी लगने पर स्कूल से रेलों में घूटती
वही जिंदगी है।।

जंगल के छोर पे टीले पर दहाड़ती
जंगल के बीच झाड़ियों के पीछे चिगाड़ती
पत्ते पर का जीवन जिसका



Manpreet Dhanjal



Manpreet Dhanjal

पत्ते पर भी इतराती
वही जिंदगी है।।
महलों में ठाठ से विलासती
झोंपड़ियों में मजबूरी में गुजरती
छत्तों के परकोटे की खिड़कियों से झांकती
आस में चंद पैसों के सड़कों, बसों, रेलगाड़ियों में
आपकी ओर ताकती,
वही जिंदगी है।।

इतने रंग हैं जीवन के
जितने खुद रंग भी नहीं
फिर क्यों है विवश
गंदी गलियों में रोती-बिलखती
चंद पैसों के लिए तरसती
हर पल टूटती बिखरती,
जिंदगी!



Asking questions is one thing, but trying to answer them is another.



Ankur Kislaya
E.C.E., 1st Year



An Enigma called Innovation

The biggest secret of innovation is that anyone can do it. The reason is simple: It's just not that hard. Look up the word “innovate” in any dictionary and see what it actually means, instead of what you think it means. You'll find something like this: To innovate is “to introduce something new.” That's it. It doesn't say you need to be a creative genius or a workaholic. It's just three little words: introduce something new.

The key word in the definition is “new.” The common trap about newness is the assumption that new means something the universe has never seen before. This turns out to be the most ridiculous assumption in the history of mankind. Here's proof: Name any great innovator and I guarantee they borrowed and reused ideas from the past to make whatever it is they are famous for.

Even in today's high-technology world you can find easy connections between what we call “new” and ideas from the past. The World Wide Web and the Internet get their names from things thousands of years old. The first webs were made by spiders, and the first nets were used to catch fish by indigenous people around the world, thousands of years before the first computer came into being. The trick to innovation is to widen your perspective on what qualifies as new. As long as your idea, or your use of an existing idea, is new to the person you are creating it for, or apply an existing concept in a new way, you qualify as an innovator from their point of view, and that's all that matters.

The easiest place to start is with things you do every day. Simply ask: Who else does this, and how do they do it differently? If you only know one way to do something, you're making a big assumption. You're betting that of the infinite ways there are, to do it, the single one you know is the best. The problem is that people have to go out of their way to find alternatives

and put them into practice. Many great innovators asked better questions than everyone else, and that's part of why they were successful. It wasn't genius, whatever that means, special top-secret brain exercises they did every morning, or even how much money they had. It was through the dedicated pursuit of answers to simple questions that they found ideas already in the world that might be of use.

Asking questions is one thing, but trying to answer them is another. There is no substitute for firsthand experience when creating things. The unique aspects of who you are, including qualities you may not like about yourself, is an asset when it comes to creative thinking. No one can see the world exactly the way that you do. This means that if you can experience, watch, or make something yourself, you may discover lessons and make observations that other people failed to notice. Those observations are the seeds of innovation. You might see an old idea or tool in a way no one else in your family, business, or city has done before. The knowledge we have today about the universe did not come from magic books that have been sitting around waiting for us since the dawn of time. It came from curious people who not only asked questions, but followed them to places others weren't willing to go.



Deepti Gupta

Progress depends on people thinking independently and following their curiosity as far as they can, including doing things others around them refuse to try. Since long hours of work might be required to satisfy your curiosity, what's important is how you respond to failure. Can you find the courage to respond not with embarrassment or regret, but with more questions: Why did this fail? What can I learn now? What will I do differently next time? If you have a convincing answer to each of these, you are probably well on your way.



Surabhi Shandil
B.Arch., Final Year

The City

I am the ruins of a forgotten city.
A city which is now a half baked jigsaw of broken
down monuments.
You may call these monuments buildings,
for they once were built on the foundations of
character and a vague
semblance of humanity.
There are building of tears,
Arches of guilt,
Unending pathways of remorse
Blind-turns of faith, hope and
agony.
I am still alive.

The city is still alive.
Alive and dead in the same
moment of space time.
There are crumbling bricks of men and decaying
concrete women.
They were complete once, now , only pictures.
Installations in a gallery which no one visits.



Sukriti Dogra

Flickering images and broken dialogue on television
sets
Soaps with anonymous actors, playing out unknown
stories,
Broadcasted on channels which don't exist.

I hear music.

The city has music.
Jarring, itching notes created on a
violin
Made out of broken furniture and
high tension wires.
It goes on and on, like the unending
leak lying unrepaired
At the house which plays the soaps.

The city is empty and full.
Loud and quiet.
I am the city that you cross, looking out of train
windows
Visiting places that you think you know.



Pratyush Pankaj



The engine snores aloud, as
the bus bumps into the potholes ...



Nupur Katoch
E.E.E., Final Year

The Joy of Traveling

There is a poetic joy in travelling
alone, seated by the window
of an old worn out bus
rattling along a narrow
unsmooth
metalled
trail of a road!

The engine snores aloud, as
the bus bumps into the potholes
and heads tilt left and right, in
rhythmic symphony below the hearing threshold;
Unheard
perceived
but, by lyrical fancy!

I gaze outta' my window pane, through
the glass hung loose on its edges,
I see a cerulean river that flows
alongside a dense row of hedges;
the Sun
floating amidst-
a fading ball of fire!

Passing by a village I see,
the 'seven stones' tipped, the kids running;
A mother cow nursing her heifer;
The old lady in her veranda, chanting
prayers
of faith
to the deity she worships!

A shepherd climbs down a cliff,
bringing home his flock of sheep;
Then, green pastures where cattle graze
In another, wheat stands ripe for the reap,
golden
and swaying
in the twilight breeze!

There is a poetic joy in remembering
alone, seated by the window
of the snuggery atop a cliff
reached by the same narrow
unsmooth
metalled
trail of a road!

“One who laughs last is the smartest, when it's the boss cracking all the jokes!”

Aprajit Kar (Alumnus 2010)

Welcome to the Industry. Sarcasm is the lingo here. When somebody screws you they call it feedback. You'd have to notify your Vice President to ask your boss out for a date! If you are smart enough to finish off your work before 5:00 pm, you qualify for overtime. Yes, it's seldom beneficial to be smart enough to see through the sinister jokes your boss cracks on you; if not, then probably you are running down the wrong direction buddy. Gone are the cherished days of college when everybody was a superhero on their own, surviving sub-zero winters and thriving inexplicable sem-backs! Staying awake in class till lunch-break was another battle won. Now, we just hope to live enough to see payday. In spite of all this above mentioned blasphemy, there are indeed things that you'd be gladly ranting about at the end of day, that'd be if you love what you do. And 'exposure', how to forget about it, while few of your colleagues have had worked for Black Eyed Peas, Night at the Museum or just been the keyboard guy from Demonic Resurrection.

Nonetheless, it makes total sense now why Superman has to be lame Clark Kent at work every day.



अभिषेक द्विवेदी
एम. ई. डी., अंतिम वर्ष

“ ये कंपन तेरे होंठों की और बालों का सहलाना
जुल्फों के साये में छुपकर यूँ चुपके-चुपके ...

”

मेरे ख्वाबों की हमसफर

चाहत के सुनहरे ख्वाबों में कुछ यूँ आती हो याद मुझे।
जीवन की तमाम कशाकश में भी करती हो शादाब मुझे॥
ये शर्मीली चितवन नजरों की, ये सहमी सहमी सी चाल।
और सदा ये पाँवों की करती है मुझको बेहाल॥
ये कंपन तेरे होंठों की और बालों का सहलाना।
जुल्फों के साये में छुपकर यूँ चुपके-चुपके मुसकाना॥
यादों में तेरी ऐ दिलबर हर लम्हा दुश्वार मुझे।
चाहत के सुनहरे ख्वाबों में, कुछ यूँ आती हो याद मुझे॥

सुर्ख रंग है गालों का जैसे हो ऊषा की लाली।
और ये मृगनी सी आँखें लरजित चंचल मतवाली॥
लब तो हैं खामोश मगर अल्फाज़ बयाँ करती धड़कन।
शबनमी फिज़ा उखड़ी साँसें और उस पर ये स्निग्ध बदन॥
तेरे प्यार की इस दुनिया में हर गम है स्वीकार मुझे।
चाहत के सुनहरे ख्वाबों में, कुछ यूँ आती हो याद मुझे॥

बेताब मिलन को होकर जब तेरी राह में चलता हूँ।
गुलशन में बहारें आती हैं ये साखें जुम्बिश करती हैं॥
और व्याकुल हो धरा क्षितिज पर नभ का आलिंगन करती हैं।
पथ में कर्कश ध्वनियाँ भी मधुर सदायें लगती हैं॥

और नज़ाकत मौजों की तेरी सोख अदायें लगती हैं।
ये सहरों की आबो-हवा अहसास तेरा दे जाती हैं॥
और तिश्नगी मोहब्बत की फिज़ाओं में घुल जाती है।
इत्तिज़ा खुदा से है मेरी कि सदा रखे आबाद तुझे।
चाहत के सुनहरे ख्वाबों में, कुछ यूँ आती हो याद मुझे॥



Dr. V.S. Dogra (C.E.D)

The incident takes me back to the memory lane when I was conducting Survey Camp for 1995-99 Civil Engineering batch in summer of 1997, near GATE II of Institute. Camp used to start at 6:00 AM till 1:30 PM and different stations were located in the forest area having tough approach. It always used to be a tactical strategy between faculty involved to keep the students on work and students to have intermittent fun whenever possible. The survey sheet is the most important asset of camp, as all the work done is plotted on it. During one of evaluations at about 2/3rd of camp duration, one group was conspicuous with their survey sheet lost. The group floated numerous excuses, but none of them had weight. After a long tug of war for getting the actual reason, hearing the 'story' which group told for their missing sheet, burst the whole class including teachers into laughter. And they told “assuming no one is monitoring them, they sat in shade to play cards, leaving their sheet and other accessories at station itself and before they could notice a 'COW' grazing nearby took few bites out of their survey sheet.”

HUMOUR IN
CLASSROOM



If human calculators can exist, why not human dictionaries...



Udit Ralli
E.C.E., Final Year



The Human Dictionary

"While reading the following paragraph, reader's discretion is required, along with patience to open dictionary time and again, as most of the people will have migrated to the next article long before the paragraph was finished."

'Amidst the vacations of the sophomore year, I was fortuitously enticed towards something unique and recherché. Something that was to change my usual regime, something that initially made my diurnal jocular and exuberant life a soporific one, but of course in the later years made it much facile, something that made me capable of aggrandizing the purview and gamut of my ordinary and modicum lexis at the apropos moment...'. Now I would ask you to count the number of times you referred to your dictionary (if you have been reading until now) and ask yourself a simple question... Was it possible to go through it without a dictionary, while understanding its meaning side by side?... Certainly it was. Believe it or not, if I could write all this stuff without a lexicon, you could have surely read it likewise.

In the real scenario of today's world however, it is very unlikely that we come across such weird piece of writing, and even more unlikely that some of us actually understand the meaning it conveys. It's not that I want to set you up, or that I want you to imbibe a hundred-thousand words of the English language on a daily basis. All that I want you to know is that, how easy it becomes to pour feelings out on paper when you have the exact words to describe them.

There you are with the latest edition of Srijan in your hands reading this mind-numbing article, your eyes on the verge of shutting down, your head in your hands along with a couple of yawns. Nevertheless, I'm glad that you have been reading until now and that too when you seriously want to sleep. Well, let's make it interesting then. Everyone around you, your teachers, your parents and some of your friends have been really asking you to seriously work on your language and communication-skills, particularly on your vocabulary; but you lazy, ignorant, languid Homo Sapien, you never tried to put in the adequate amount of effort. It's not your fault, and I'm wholeheartedly supporting you on this;

the fault is entirely on their part rather, for they kept you in dark for so long.



Deepti Gupta

It is a not a problem with you, it is rather a widespread, prevalent, and an ancient problem. The humans do not like to work until incentives and perquisites are sincerely showered upon them. Moreover, until we get to know the real advantages of doing a particular

activity we don't feel the adequate glucose level in our bodies. However for all those very words that I have uttered for your dear ones, they could hale me to a court and emerge with a 'hefty fine' from my side as a solatium for their wounded character, but I am going to justify myself in the following lines.

Did anyone of them seriously explain to you the actual advantages of building a strong vocabulary? Did anyone of them regale you with stories of the august pride of being entitled as "The Lexicon"? Surely, they didn't and that is the sole reason that I have been given

some space in this vivid book of art and talent, and that is the reason that you have been reading until now.

We engineers are real clever at devising and improvising techniques in some of the most problematic situations and I'm pretty sure that this so called "The peak of Vocabulary Mountain" is neither insurmountable nor a big deal for you. What your dear ones always ask you is to scale that mountain and then live a happy man's life, exactly like the stories of Bollywood movies where the male and female protagonists, marry each other and live happily ever after; but no one tells the story beyond, and thus I am going to recount the unknown tale. Let's get started...

Firstly, it has been stated many times that people with high vocabulary are the people with higher IQs and that is the reason we find some vocabulary questions in the placement papers and Engineering tests (GATE etc.). So if you build vocabulary by reading newspapers, books etc. (the slow, hard and promising way) you are consequently going to end up with a high IQ, and even if you have just crammed a couple of thousand words (the fast, easy and temporary way), then you can actually pretend to be a high IQ Genius. After all, who is going to ask you about your methods, so even if the method employed by you is not the hard one, then just pretend until you get caught...!!

Secondly, the pride and the glory comes as an adjunct to your high-IQ-Vocabulary. Sooner or later people are going to come to you, to ask for the meanings of words and phrases; after all it is easy to ask someone rather than opening the dictionary time and again. You will yourself pay fewer visits to the dictionary once you equip yourself with the weapons of advanced vocabulary. Additionally, if human-calculators (people who calculate by their minds) can exist, why can't the human-dictionaries? Just think of it, people who just blurt out the meanings of words within a time order of microseconds. I know it feels good to be called a "Human Calculator" but it equally feels good to be given an epithet of a "Human Dictionary".

Thirdly, you can actually gain the opportunity to intimidate the native speakers as well. Let me clearly evince how this can be made possible. The native speakers learn the English language as they grow which falsely leads them to assume that they know the language and hence its vocabulary. As an upshot of this they usually focus on their accent and how to speak, but the vocabulary part remains largely untouched. However, we as the non-native speakers have the chance to improve our vocabulary, because time and

again a psychic voice in our head keeps on telling us that we still lag behind the native speakers and in this race of acquiring more and more words, we actually leave the native speakers far behind.

Finally, the more you read the more you learn the language, the more you learn the language the more you know how to use it in a proper context, the more you know how to use it the more capable are you to articulate your feelings. Hence when you feel something, you know exactly the word for it and also you know that no other synonym for that word is going to fit in there. When you have been experiencing sadness for a long time you know you feel 'Melancholy' not 'Gloomy'. When you are in a hard situation from which you cannot escape, no matter how hard you try, you know that you are in a 'Predicament' and not facing a 'Dilemma'. Likewise, when you spend money judiciously by thinking all the aspects you'd better be called a 'Thrifty Individual' rather than a 'Miser'.

With this I would like to end the 'untold' saga of scaling the Vocabulary Mountain and I feel satisfied and contented if you have been reading until now. I hope you have found the sufficient reasons to work on your vocabulary, and I further hope that this little piece of work broke the cliché and ennui posed by some ancestral reasons for building a strong vocabulary.



Deepti Gupta



Your interaction with the world is only through the windows in your walls ...



Ishan Sinha
M.E.D., 1st Year



The Escape Route

A saying goes, that the problem with life is that there's no escape button. You have to face the result of your actions; you have to face whatever life throws at you. You have to face your kismet and karma and stand up to them, accept the gifts and bear the onslaught, as served. You can't run away from issues, from the questions asked of you. Or so they say.

Physically, that tends to be quite true. There's no denying the fact that there is a material karma. You drive rash, quite probable you'll crash. You work hard, you get more. You practise more, you perform better. But on a psychological, intangible, and incorporeal level, there's another kismet&karma waiting for you. And this one happens to be many times more in effect and magnitude. The fear of vehicles after an accident; the fear of love after a broken relation; the guilt after an act of theft, and many more as such. Every physical repercussion of one's deeds is accompanied by a mental one, that inflicts much more pain or pleasure and lasts much much longer.

Quite clearly, there's no escape route for your physical karma. But then, it is one that can be dealt with on a physical level. Wounds and scratches heal, harder work can be done. It may pain the body, but not the heart. The intangible karma, is the one that's troublesome. Wounds on the mind never really go away. No doubt, you would have experienced it at some point of your life. There must be something you are afraid of, some obsession you have, some weird mania, something you are shy of, some closet you want to keep closed, some skeletons never unearthed. They don't go away like the pain on your body. They don't wear off, and there aren't any ointments for them. They stay as they are, dormant at times, and all of a sudden, fresh and scathing, from time to time. Those wounds pain, they give you gut wrenches, make your heart skip a beat. For a brief moment, they pull you out of reality, and you start imagining things as they "would have, or should have happened"; "what if" ideas; a revisit from the guilt of the past, Nostalgia, and memories, or burning incisions in your heart. You start thinking of people once

close to you, who are now no more so. You try getting into their minds, and it pains. Your mind wreaks havoc within itself, overclocking on creativity and imagination, and every moment breaking down your own firewall. You lose your guard, and snap, you are broken. Then you sympathize, you pity yourself. Blame the world, curse life. The firewall grows back, much stronger. Before long, you are closed on all sides. A giant wall between you and the world, your own fort. Inside there's sympathy, pity, memories and a sea of thoughts. Outside, there's just, the world. It's not just a fort you close yourself in, it's a shell, impervious, tough. "Your interaction with the world is only through the windows in your walls," your vision tunnelled, your mind afraid of stepping into the world, open and unguarded. Safety for you, is within these walls, where you are comforted and sympathized by yourself. Outside are those cruel people who made life uncomfortable for you.

This is Karma. The intangible one, the uncontrollable one. There's no guessing how long this shell will last. Some people stay in it forever. But even in the shell, there's discomfort. The mind cannot make any fort of its own that does not hold memories and imagination. There is always pity and undying memories in this shell of yours. And there are no doors either. Just windows opening to parts of the outside world, tunnelled, partial. You need to escape from your discomfort, but there are no doors. What do you do? You find an escape route without any doors. You use the very imagination that tortures you to design a safe haven for you within your own mind. You hypnotise yourself, make yourself believe that once you enter that haven, there is no pain. You create another shell within your shell, this time its devoid of feelings and memories. This is your escape route, it opens into something that you made for yourself, something you now begin to call life. It may be something you can't figure out, a world beyond you. But you don't want to figure out. You want it to be what you want to believe and stay in the creation of your own mind, your own version of life, forever. Maybe that's why, there's no key to life. This shell

within a shell, the imaginary safe haven one creates, the comfort zone, is your life. It's your perception of the world. Every person thus ends up building his own world, his own perception. His own safe house. The furnishing and interiors are different from person to person, as are their needs, but they are comfortable in this 'zone' of theirs. You'll never find a single answer to the big questions of life. What is love? What is death? What is pain? What is life? These are questions framed and answered differently by everyone in their own comfort zones. Imagine life to be a spherical lock with many keyholes. There's no single way of unlocking it, there are many possible keys. It all depends how well one is able to construct their own comfort zone to get along suitably with the real world as well, the real world being nothing but an interaction with the comfort zones of other people. At times there are attractions, repulsions, passion, anger and emotions, and people are pulled from their safe zones into discomfort. Imagine yourself to be a three layered structure. Within the walls of each layer there are filtered memories, joy and pain. There's discomfort as well as comfort. As you go deeper within yourself, you feel safer and comfortable. That's why, most of the time, you live in the innermost layer. Emotions are like energy sources, they spark you, pull you outwards. Very intense feelings shake you and bring you totally out of your zone, out of all your shells. This is pain, this is discomfort.

Some people talk little when in pain. They wind up inside themselves and behave strangely. Some start drinking excessively, smoking, taking drugs. It gives people a high and draws them out of their memories, dilutes the shells and loosens them up, dangerously raw for a coarse outer world. These are false escape routes, temporary, damaging, and peace robbing. Believers believe that God gives them peace and happiness. Subconsciously, it makes them believe that their comfort zone is in the hands of a power greater than themselves. That even if they shake and get injured, the innermost shell is intact, where they can withdraw and will be taken care of, by that higher power. It is their way of ensuring that their innermost shell is tough and safe. By putting it beyond their control. Viewing it as something outside themselves, bigger than themselves. On the other hand, some stop believing. They lose faith

in life, on supernatural elements and on others. They place all their faith on themselves. If interpreted carefully, this is nothing but an escape route. Lack of faith makes people believe that they are not 'dependent' on anyone, not on other people, not on God. It makes people believe that they are strong, resilient, able to fight life itself without any faith. It's not a question of this being wrong and right. It's just a matter of observation that atheism and lack of belief is nothing but a psychological counter measure to fight temporary self weakness, or a deep wound, by doing just the opposite, cutting off all external sources of belief and placing all faith, strength and energy on self, subconsciously forcing the self to rise up to the task, occupy the comfort zone created and get actually resilient. People say they don't believe in God. I say, no one has defined God. God is where you find peace.



Deepti Gupta

Those who feel comfortable worshipping idols, or Jesus or chanting mantras, for them, that is God. Those who find peace in nature, paganism, for them, that is God. And for Atheists who don't believe in supernatural elements, and idol worship, and a "higher power", for them, that inner self in which they place their resilience, detachment from other faiths, rebellious source that hardens them from the blows of life, that inner self is God. God is not defined by a figure or ages old tales, not by checking the truth of those tales. Some of them may be wrong, some facts blurred. But that does not disprove the existence of a peace giving safe zone that people approach in trouble, that people call God. All religions say God is omnipresent, and it is interpreted as God residing in all objects. What people fail to notice is that it also means God residing on multiple levels. God is where you find your strength. I don't know what form God has, but I know that where there is peace, calmness and sanctum, where there is a retreat you are welcomed in, that is where your source of strength is. That is where your life energy resides. I call it God. You may call it whatever you want. But everyone has this retreat, a sacred, comfort zone. A shell within the shell of life.

"Your escape route, is your God."

“ Anything that happens for the first time is always exciting, be it the first walk, first scold or first love ...

”

Ashutosh Dwivedi
C.S.E., Final Year



A thing called “love”

It was an exciting morning. The debate was scheduled at 9.00 am. I looked at my watch and it was 8.30. I was confident and excited. The only thing that made me nervous was a girl. I had heard about her orating skills and she was my school chancellor's daughter, so she always had an upper hand. But as always with “never mind, lets see” attitude, I ran my eyes over the content for the last time. Everybody settled down and all the participants gave each other what can be called as symbolic representation of good luck with a slight grudge against them (at least I had against some of them).

The introductions were about to begin when a girl, about 5'2”, in a white shirt tucked neatly inside a dark gray skirt, just above her knees complemented by well polished black shoes and dark green socks with two green stripes(well forget it..that was our usual winter dress code) rushed into the room and haphazardly dropped all her belongings. Some junior year fellow helped in the recollection of her assets. While collecting all her papers she gave a casual look towards us, I thought of checking where she had to sit, and what I encountered were the most beautiful eyes I had ever seen in my entire life(till date). They were dark blue like the deepest waters of the

sea, centered by black dots that held the power to attract anything(just like the black holes). The long hairs were touching the upper part of her skirt, nicely clipped at the neck and some lucky bastards among them were constantly brushing her vanilla cheeks. She settled herself in the row just opposite to mine, and made it hard for me to concentrate on things other than her. Somehow, I managed to shout my crap(ya..it all appeared to me as crap “now”) with

coincidence, we both were declared first. She forwarded her hands towards me to congratulate and I obeyed from the bottom of my heart.

After that it was all normal again with Utkarsh Sharma (ya...thats me) running @ 12 crushes a week with the only change being that whenever I saw Geeta Singh(that's the girl I was dancing with in Switzerland), my heart skipped a beat, I instantaneously used to become Akshay Kumar(I like him for the way he handles girls) and she, any one the three- Priyanka, Aishwarya or Katrina and we set out into a world dancing to the romantic Bollywood melodies. This continued for a month which was followed by some talking, initially formal and eventually informal but strictly “in formals” (i.e. in school premises).



Deepti Gupta

full confidence and waited for her chance. With the confidence of a lioness and sound similar to that of a cuckoo(the rest was similar to female version of species called “Homo sapiens”), she rejuvenated the audience, except me (as I was dreaming of dancing with her somewhere in Switzerland). Finally I was awakened by the result declaration and I am not sure whether it was fate or mere

Finally what can be called as the second most important day of my life, started with a cold scolding from my teacher including 12 continuous slaps on my cheeks that broke five of her bangles(the teacher's) and a head bang against the wall. I was sad not because of the scolding but because of the insult I had to face in front of my Katrina (or Priyanka or Aishwarya whatever you may call her). The moment of

disgrace faded away when one of her best friend Udita (she was my crush once), approached and told that Geeta liked me.

The words clinged to my ears and mind and took me to a state of unconsciousness which made me almost fall. I was brought back to senses by a query whether I had the same feelings for her or not. I was ready for a yes but very politely asked for some time. The time bound ended on just a single glance of Geeta and I just fell on my knees to tell her that I was all hers. The surrounding schoolmates approved my acceptance with a loud round of applause but I was busy looking at her blushing that turned reddish pink and the smile that stole my sleep for many nights.

This marked the beginning of the relationship stuff and I reacted according to the experiences I had gained from the ongoing or already buried relationships of my fellow mates. The time was passing swiftly when one strange thing happened. Anything that happens for the first

time is always exciting, be it the first walk, first scold or first love. This was going to be the next first. The weather that day was a bit cold, but she was looking awesome as always. We were talking about the romantic interpretations of the shady low level clouds that eventually turned roads into rivers, when some over excited hormones drove the chariot of my lips towards her vanilla cheeks and they touched.

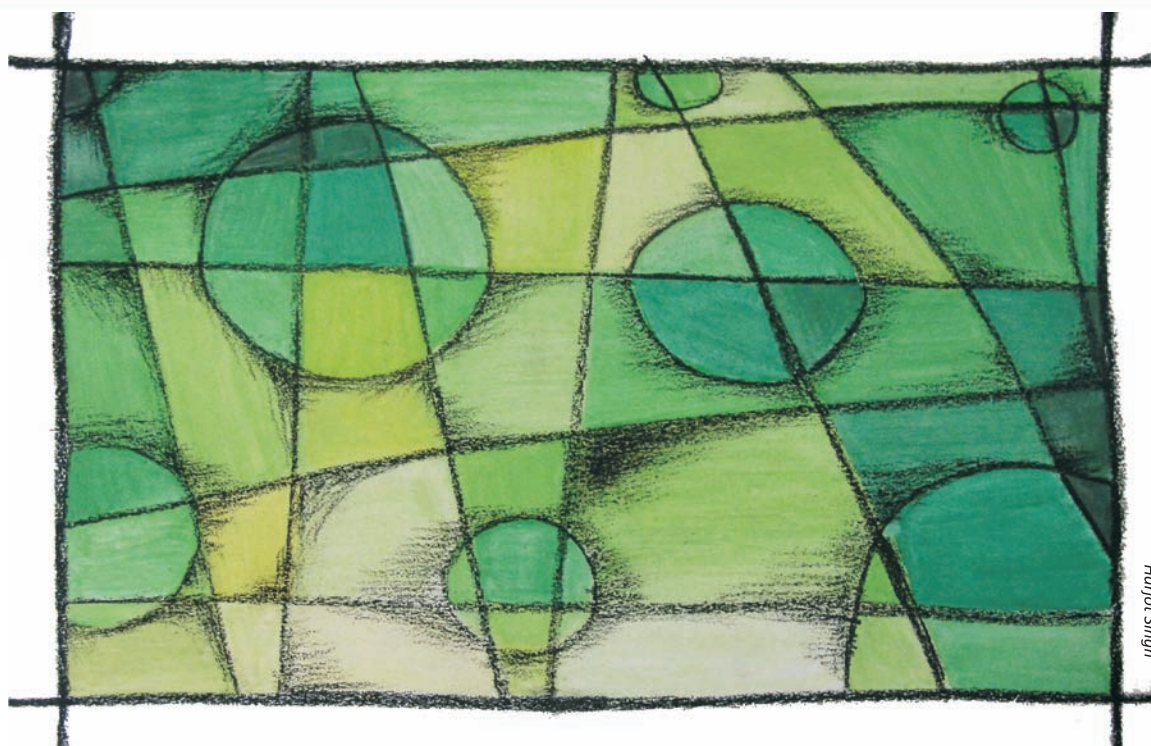
The next moment of unresponsiveness and awkwardness was followed by a very sweet and positive remark that stated that cheeks were not meant for this. The poor chaps were fired then and there, and lips were of the new managers.

The romantic relationship continued for a year and saw sweet talks, evening walks, dirty fight, and continued upto family planning(we even decided the baby's name). She was impressed with my sense of humour and intelligence and I loved her innocence. I made her laugh and enjoyed looking at her continuously

for hours. With the passage of time, however, things changed.

All the things that she loved once now irritated her. She sweetly introduced small changes in me but they were so many in number that I was completely changed. I changed for her, but she changed her mind. The one year package ended with a final text declaring me good for nothing and a bloody loser. The incident changed the charming, young, happy Utkarsh into a big blob of dullness and sadness. I tried to fill the extra large space that I had made for her firstly by food, but soon the booze followed. However the more I was out of my senses, the more she struck my mind. I was completely broken.

This, however, had to end and it did to my surprise. I was regaining myself back from the drastic blow when I encountered a Déjà vu. A few years later, same place, same time, same event, one more girl struck my eyes giving me the same old feeling and I was drawn again to the inevitable thing called love.



Harjot Singh



Even When

Even when you cry, you wry;
You gain, even when you bade,
Good bye across the lane.
Every deed you heed,
Goes without constraint.

Even when you fall, you grow;
Even when someone crawls
At least it moves on,
Even if slow.

Capturing the omen,
One would require presence,
To grasp what it is,
Mind should have substance.

Even when you lie, you learn,
That lying to yourself is a burn.
Even when you shy you show,
The satisfaction you owe!

Even when you hide, you steal,
But if you'd return, you'd feel,
How light you would be,
To be the one you should be!

Even when you take pride and strut,
Without certitude you hut.
Incompleteness bounds you,
Your ego somehow shuts !

Even when somebody's dying,
He knows it all in equal
He needs not be notified,
It would be palpable.

That he'd still be learning..
What it meant...
To learn to die, while living.

Even just as you smile, you see
Nothing's better than feigning it,
And go with the fact,

Fake it till you make it.
Until you don't have to,
Not even a little bit!!

Even when you have found, you realize
There's more to be surprised;
On the inexplicables.
Don't dare to think God's biased!
It's just ineffable.

Even when you waft in the tranquil air!
Just keep doing it as long as you share!
Because one needs to be on ground..
While strolling downtown!!

Even when the dawn comes periodically,
Some things never start.
But when they initiate,
Beginnings find their own heart.

Even when someone is so outlying,
Even when something has to be filed,
The universe would be connecting you,
To the one away several miles.

Someday something will happen,
Like never before woven.
Something I wished,
Not for me as such,
But for the world 'off' me, that much!!

Someday someone would be satisfied,
That his life has come where it untied.
Someday someone'd know,
What it's to live,
What it's to be free,
And that, somebody's me!

प्रारम्भ

“भैया आप इनियर पढ़ रहे हैं?”

“अरे बाबू ‘इनियर’ नहीं ‘इंजीनियर’, और हाँ मैं इंजीनियरिंग की पढ़ाई कर रहा हूँ।

“भैया जहाँ झंडा फहराते हैं, वहाँ से लेक्चर हॉल आने में बीच में बड़ा सा क्या है?”

“उसे ‘ट्रांसफॉर्मर’ कहते हैं।”

“उससे क्या होता है?”

“तुम्हारे घर में जो बिजली आती है न, वह इसी के द्वारा नियंत्रित होता है।”

“भैया यह बिजली कैसे नियंत्रित करता है?”

मैं तो निरुत्तर ही रह गया। कैसे बताऊँ कि इस उत्तर को भलि-भांति जानने समझने के लिए मैंने कितने यत्न किए हैं। चाहे वह धन से हो, दिमाग व बुद्धि से हो या मेहनत से। पर यह सुनकर अच्छा लगा कि इन बच्चों में अभी भी जिज्ञासा की जड़ें मजबूत व गहरी हैं पर डर था कि कहीं ऐसा न हो कि इनके हौसलों की उड़ान को सहारा ही न मिले। मुझे कॉलेज में आए अभी एक ही महीने हुए थे। सुबह-सुबह जब मैं प्रतिदिन ग्राउंड वालीवॉल खेलने जाता था तो बीच में कुछ झुग्गी-बस्तियां पड़ती थी। कई दिनों से मुझे यह उत्सुकता थी कि इन लोगों के जीवन में क्या कुछ चल रहा होता है। ग्राउंड में मुझे कुछ बच्चे खेलते हुए मिल जाते थे। मैंने दोस्ती बढ़ानी शुरू की तो बातों ही बातों में पता चला कि कॉलेज के ही विद्यार्थियों द्वारा एक मिशन के तहत इन बच्चों को शिक्षा के साथ-साथ स्वास्थ्य परामर्श और भी बहुत सारी सुविधाएं व सहायता प्रदान की जाती है। जान कर खुशी हुई कि मेरे कॉलेज के विद्यार्थी न सिर्फ अपने लिए जीते हैं बल्कि अपने समाज में रह-रहे अन्य लोगों का भी ख्याल रखते हैं।

लिटरेसी मिशन के बारे में जानने की क्षुधा अभी शांत नहीं हुई थी, सो मैंने अपने एक सीनियर से इसके बारे में पूछा तो पता चला कि शाम को पांच बजे प्रति दिन पढ़ाया जाता है, एक दिन लेक्चर हॉल में जाकर देखो। यहां पहुंचा तो कुछ अचंभित कर देने वाला नजारा था। कई सारे वालंटियर लगभग 50 बच्चों को पढ़ाने में व्यस्त थे। फिर वालंटियरस से जो बातें पता लगीं वह इस प्रकार हैं-

2005 में आशीष कुमार, अमित शर्मा व असीम कपूर इस कार्य के लिए सर्वप्रथम आगे आए। उन्होंने इन लोगों के उत्थान के लिए सर्वप्रथम शिक्षा को चुना। हर शाम उनकी कक्षा खत्म होने के बाद उन्होंने बच्चों को पढ़ाना शुरू किया। शुरुआत में तो बच्चों के माता-पिता ने काफी कम रूचि दिखाई पर इनके दृढ़ निश्चय के सामने कौन सी बाधा टिक सकती थी। शनैः-शनैः कॉलेज के विद्यार्थी वर्ग एवं शिक्षक वर्ग से भी सहयोग मिलने लगा। फलस्वरूप इस क्रियाकलाप ने एक वृहत् रूप धारण कर लिया और सफलता की सीढ़ी चढ़ता चला गया। इसकी गूंज से महामहिम कलाम व माननीय दलाईलामा भी अछूते न रहे। बच्चों ने नवोदय विद्यालय, आई. टी. आई. व एन. आई. टी. के सपने को भी साकार कर दिखाया।

कभी जिनके लिए त्योहार का कोई मतलब न होता था, आज हरेक त्योहार उनके लिए सौगात ले कर आता है। इस वर्ष की दीपावली में इनके साथ दीप जलाते वक्त इन बच्चों की किलकारियों में डूबा यही सोच रहा था कि यदि भारत का प्रत्येक युवा अपने जीवन में कम से कम एक दीपक जलाने का प्रण करे तो अशिक्षा कुछ ही वर्षों में भाग खड़ी होगी।

तीन व्यक्तियों के प्रयास की एक चिंगारी ने अभी एक ही मशाल जलाया है, पर वह दिन दूर नहीं जब यह मशाल हरेक गली हरेक गाँव में जलेगी और हमारा भारत शिक्षा की रोशनी में प्रज्वलित होगा।



SADDA HAQ AITHE RAKH!

By : Priyanka Attri



When a Bollywood star with a 'neat and clean' image shuns down his so called 'hi-fi' persona, the audience's fanatical love for him reaches its pinnacle. They love him getting dirty and aggressive; they adore him not because of his immaculate acting skills rather for his ability to channelize the aggression latent in our generation. The same cult resurfaces in our day to day life. Tears fall, the perpetual contraband of heart and mind is unveiled.

We, the selfish descendants of the Adam and Eve crave for ourselves to be acknowledged. 'I' has always had an upper hand over 'We'. It's always our opinions, our likes, our dislikes that matter the most to us. We, the NITians, demand our rights not just by fighting for it, but by screaming our lungs out, proclaiming to be heard. "Fuck you, saala ch*****, teri #\$% ki," comprise our new hybrid mother tongue. We swear even more than we sneeze. This is the ultimate truth of present era.

The entire society reverberates "Sadda Haq Aithe Rakh". There have been certain incidents which envisage the very essence of the free spirited and aggressive aspect of our lives as we amble down the sylvan settings of our college, set amidst the Dhauladhar skyline. Be it the healthy heating discussions at the mess table or the in-vogue grungy look. Even our notebooks bear a souvenir of our outburst in the form of irrational graffiti or radical caricatures.

We are the legal heirs to the rage stars. Give us just a little more - a bit more money to spend, just one another group of buddies to hang out with, just another experience to witness. 'Not my cup of tea' seems now to be an outdated phrase. We always want to try out

some new hobby, any new hobby for size. We ensue to the dictum 'Forbidden fruit is the sweetest'. Let's be honest, how many of you haven't been involved in breaking the rules and haven't actually enjoyed the adrenaline rush due to the feeling of having done something not actually expected of you? Well! No matter how damned you might have felt after having pondered over your folly, yet I still can bet the answer would be, rarely a few. Why won't it be, when everything once forbidden is now within our reach? Be it "Sunny Leone in their living rooms via Big Boss" or "Beers in Happy Hour RestoBars". We live in a world of too many choices. We are the little pampered princes and princesses who cannot, and will not be denied.

A decade ago people admired the likes of Gandhi and Nehru; they now have been replaced by the likes of "Salman Khan" and "Ranbir Kapoor". One throws up openly in public, has been a frequent visitor to "Sasural" (aka jail) whilst the other snaps at reporters, assaults policemen and propagates the apparently vile public display of affection. Like idol, like disciple. We the Gen-X have imbibed all the virtues of our worshiped idols aka the superstars. We too adorn ourselves in funky and seemingly cool Tantra T-shirts and tattered Diesel jeans. The stubble beard, curly mop top hairstyle, low waist jeans, Ray ban glasses, knocked off version of Reebok shoes all are so on. We profess- if you've got it, you've got to flaunt it.

We may have lousy arguments over petty issues and may even hold personal grudges against a few of our companions but this doesn't prevent us from uniting in the time of crisis. It became evident when a conflict arose between the college students and the domestic taxi union. Though under immense pressure,



"Sometimes we think what the 'two percent' moments of our lives were?"

none budged an inch. The police intervened and we were requested to cooperate. Who could have defied resulting angst among the 400 students for a miniscule number of 40 taxi drivers? It was our strong belief that we were right and we unanimously confronted the predicament.

The fairer sex is also a part and parcel of this parley. We hate being subdued by anyone on any particular issue. The damned and primeval philosophy of confining us to heart and home must be condemned. We demand to be at par with guys and seek self respect and acknowledgment. Being ogled down by a few roadside Romeos is not what we get sufficed with. We haven't appraised ourselves in front of mirror for hours to be the eye candy of few losers. Why should boys have all the fun? If a guy humbles a girl by his abysmal comments, his friends endow him with the title DUDE. What a paradox! No longer do we accept the fate of remaining in our ambit. We compete with guys in every domain, support them in any project they undertake, vindicate our parity both academically as well as intellectually. All this just for being looked down upon? We no longer accept to be showcased in social showrooms or be caged in our homes. This is clear from the incremented hostel timings enforced on us. We fought for our "Haq" and exonerated that we deserved it. We aren't any prisoners to be kept under scrutiny all the time. Self respect, autonomy of thoughts and its acknowledgment are our birth rights. You can trust us. We won't let you down.

Another incident where people screamed their lungs out was in the matter of pursuing internship for a span of 6 months in accordance to the college curriculum. The students insisted on getting this provision legitimate. The authorities too acknowledged our concern regarding our career

choices. Consequently, this provision of a semester long internship has been extended for 3 years with effect from the current academic year. Suggestion boxes have been put up in every hostel to make our voices be heard. I am curious "Are they actually being paid heed to"?

All these have laid the prelude for the symbiotic relationship between the students and the faculty; a relationship that is nurtured by mutual respect, cooperation and understanding.

Such situations transpire not just in one campus, one college or one university, rather they are a cult. It defines half the population of our country, that half which wants to be acknowledged. Sometimes we think what the "two percent" moments of our lives were? The rare moments that would make our movie biography, and would flash before the eyes. Not the mundane hours that would end up in the proverbial classrooms but the few glowing and tragic moments where I fought for my "haq"; be it over a friend's attention, mom's affection or dad's chastisement. These would be the moments that we won't and can't forget.

Fighting for what we deserve, un-bounding the shackles of confinement, obligations and expectations, this is what epitomizes us –the Gen-X. Aimless angst is the emblem of our times. What's more, it comes with its own merchandising!!
Hail the spirit of Youngistan...
Signing off...

NITH FOOD CHRONICLES...

Aka the NITH supermarket. This shop offers a wide range of commodities ranging from cupa to namkeen to fruit cakes and the list goes on and on. It is a customer friendly shop (mini Big Bazaar) which houses all their necessities.

Well sweetened and stirred glass of tea is its specialty. Newly inaugurated AMUL shop offers a spatial crisis, but who cares if you get the awesome cakes and pastries out here. Seems the monopoly of Royal Bakers (fellow girls would know better) is finally coming to an end.



It's a replica of the various dairy outlets with a similar name throughout the country. Delineated by the hexagonal boundary, this place houses from sweet lassi to kheer to milk and what not. Its patty is its brand

(cheap cum tasty). It's a resort to those who flee from Nescafe having been rejected their demand. As if the junk food wasn't enough, customers here also feel pestered by the flea infested dogs.



Aka the tuck shop as commonly referred to by the Juliet's of NITH. Circumscribed by a not so aesthetically enticing yet purposefully lucrative (foggy with chain smoked cigarettes) hillock, it's a ideal location for those who want to ogle not just at the semi clad angels but also at the cupid

stricken love birds. Hygienically it might get a 4 on 10 yet even the sophisticated class whiles away their time here, sipping the endless cups of heavenly coffee until paralytic sessions. A glass full of carrot juice, especially for the diet conscious sect, is now in vogue. The ruddy carrot sometimes penalizes its maker, viz the juicer, for grinding and making juice out of it by frequently getting out of order. I have all my condolences with the poor machine which ones enjoyed its lethargy and now has to consistently work to meet the whims of a selected few.



Student 1:
"Badka patty dea!"

Student 2:
"Yaar, verka chalein?"

Student 1:
"Badka rehn dea!"



These words now seem to be the destiny of the coolest hot-spot of NITH. This food court provides you with everything except what you demand for be it patty someday or pizza the other day. Despite all this place has got the bestest sitting arena. It hails as the gossip corner of the institute. All the CCs (aka the cool chaps you know) can be spotted here.





The local version of much acclaimed "Indian Coffee House". This food court is by far the most spacious one with an added advantage of being a look alike to the

kindergarten (you know the combo of bright yellow and blue and green). It shelters a micro mini television set for the entertainment of the visitors (not really) and the waiters (truly and unconditionally). You're welcomed by a Govinda's dialogue (the number 1 saga revisited) and you depart hearing a Mithun Da's song. It hails the ideology-customers come second. It's biased towards its customers to the extent of providing, we (students), the daily customers with steel utensils while the privileged few dining in china. The USP of this place is that to one all who come in its refuge, it provides a darling, no matter how lonely you've been.

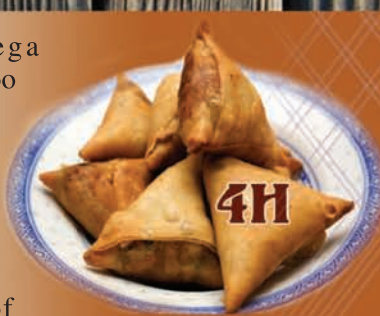


"Jab tak rahega samose mai aloo

4H hi ayenge oh meri shalo, meena, tina, re ma ..."

The yummy, crispy and hot samosas are the trademark of this apparent abode of neighboring 1st years. It's

just like a conventional canteen where your prime concern is "mera number kab ayega?" You need to buy coupons for your food and then wait until your order is prepared to collect it yourself. Nowadays the new wind blowing has flocked a small yet apparently significant sect of the fairer sex in its refuge. And why not, what's there to lose if besides good food you also get a sneak peek into the boys' hostel???



It is analogous to "Harry potter"- the destined one to fight and end. Ohh I must tell you it's not that weapon what bogging your mind now viz swords, hockey or rubber chappals, rather it's the weapon to fight late-night hunger attacks.

When all the doors are closed, our chachu comes to our rescue be it to escort, we the HIGH ones (no pun intended), back to our abode or to make us replenish our lost resources during long and cold exam nights. This saccha bhai of ours has been a witness to all the late night hang-ons and street brawls.

Nescafe 2

1:00 am
late night



Ekta aka the guys' territory. It

apparently is an all boys hangout spot. A spot where they can be themselves. Here you'll find a unique menu viz cigarette and juice. The forme is the permanent cuisine while the latter is variable. Despite all the

pros, a sneak peek into the kitchen might make you feel like puking. Thank God, the sophisticated fairer sex is saved of this misery.



1500 years ago Mohammed said, " Don't tell me how educated you are, tell me how much you've traveled."
I think he had a point ...



“मं दिरों की तरफ जाएगी ये बस?”

“हाँ साहब, पूरे रूट पर सिर्फ हमारी बस चलती है, आओ बैठ जाओ, बस 35 किलोमीटर है यहाँ से, रोज आपके जैसे कई टूरिस्ट आते हैं, मंदिरों तक जाते हैं, दो घंटे घूमो फिरो, फिर इसी बस में वापिस।”

“हाँ चलो,” कैसा अजीब आदमी है, कितना बोलता है और ये बस भी अजीब सी है, कांट छांट के बनायीं हुई लगती है, टांगें फंस जाएँ इसमें बस, सोचते हुए उन्मुक्त बस में बैठ गया।

और आधा घंटा धूप में गरम होने के बाद बस निकल पड़ी मंजिल की ओर। नए नए मंदिर दूँधे थे पुरातत्व विभाग ने, नदियों में डूबे हुए, नदी का स्तर हर साल की तरह इस साल कुछ एक फीट और नीचे चला गया था, और तब प्रकट हुए थे मंदिर, पांडवों ने बनवाएँ हों, ऐसा जान पड़ता था, पुरातत्व विभाग अपनी खोज बीन में लगा हुआ था पर कुछ उत्सुक प्राणी, जैसा की मेरा दोस्त उन्मुक्त, इन जैसे लोग अक्सर पहुँच जाया करते थे, देखने कुछ नया और नायाब सा।

उन्मुक्त काफी खुश था, कारण एक तो तरक्की हुई थी, प्रोजेक्ट मैनेजर बन गया था और दूसरा एक हफ्ते की छुट्टी थी, घूमने फिरने का इरादा था और जिंदगी की भाग दौड़ से ब्रेक भी जरूरी था, तो निकल आया जंगलात की तरफ। नया नया आई फोन लिया था, गाने भी चुन चुन के लाया था। बस में बैठते ही सबसे पहला काम किया अपना फोन चालू किया और गीत संगीत

की महफिल सी लग गयी। बस नदी किनारे चल रही थी और रेत के टीले से बने हुये थे, जिंदगी में एक साथ इतनी शान्ति उसे शायद बचपन में ही मिली होगी।

बस काफी धीमे चल रही थी, शायद पैदल चलने वाला भी आगे निकल जाए, अक्सर पहाड़ी जगहों में प्राइवेट बसें धीरे ही चला करती हैं, ना जाने किस पहाड़ से, मोड़ से या घाटी से आदमी निकल आये, बसें कम होती हैं दूर-दराज़ वाली जगहों में तो बस वाले चारों दिशाओं में देखते हुए, ताकते हुए चलते हैं कि कहीं कोई



सवारी छूट ना जाये, दूसरी बस का क्या भरोसा, मौसम खराब हुआ तो इधर के लोग इधर और उधर के उधर। पर शहर वालों को ये बातें जरा कम समझ आती हैं, बस इसीलिए उन्मुक्त भी परेशान था कि भैया चलाओ तो सही, थोड़ा दम लगाओ, गाड़ी भगाओ। बंगलोर से हिमाचल आने में चार घंटे और यहाँ बीस किलोमीटर के लिए दो घंटे, सोचते हुए उन्मुक्त कुढ़ रहा था।

इसी बीच कंडक्टर आ गया, टिकट काटने, 35 रुपये किराया बनता था, 100 का नोट दिया और उन्मुक्त देखने लगा कंडक्टर की ओर की बाकी के पैसे तो दे दो। बस खाली थी, कंडक्टर ने कह दिया की आगे देता हूँ बकाया वापिस, उन्मुक्त को समझ नहीं आया, तो कंडक्टर ने उसे अपना झोला दिखा, खाली झोला, दस बीस के कुछ नोट और कुछ सिक्के।

उन्मुक्त को समझ नहीं आया पर जब उसने देखा की कुछ और लोगों से भी उसने पैसे लेकर लौटाए नहीं तो उसकी जान में जान आई। बस अब और भी धीरे हो गयी थी, पर मन का चोर ना तो खुद पर भरोसा होने देता है ना दूसरे पर। अब बात थी 65 रुपये की, देगा या नहीं देगा, ये ख्याल उन्मुक्त के दिमाग में घर कर गया। मांगू या नहीं, इसके झोले में तो कुछ था भी नहीं, पर ये बस खाली हाथ थोड़े ना चलाएगा, पैसे तो जरूर होंगे इसके पास, इसी उधेड़ बुन में उन्मुक्त उलझ गया, उधर उसकी प्लेलिस्ट में सब गाने एक के बाद निकलते चले गए। नुसरत, आबिदा, गुलाम अली, अली अजमत, आतिफ असलम, जगजीत, किशोर, लता, सब गाने जो उसने पूरी रात लगा के सेलेक्ट किये था, 65 रुपये के चक्कर

... a true story

"कहाँ
जाओगे
साहब?"



उसने पूरी रात लगा के सेलेक्ट किये था, 65 रुपये के चक्कर में निकलते चले गए, उसका सारा ध्यान कंडक्टर के ऊपर था, उसके कपड़े, उसके बोलने का तरीका, सब कुछ अजीब लग रहा था। कंडक्टर होगा यही कोई बीस साल का और गुटका चबाता हुआ जब बस मैं इधर उधर घूम रहा था उन्मुक्त को लग रहा था कि अब पैसे देगा या अब देगा, पर उसने पैसे नहीं दिए तो नहीं दिए।

एक दो बार कंडक्टर ने उसकी तरफ देखा भी तो उन्मुक्त को लगा कि अब शायद मिल जाएगा पैसा वापिस, साथ वाली सीट पर बैठे बूढ़े ने पैसे मांगे तो कंडक्टर ने उसे पहाड़ी में माँ बहन सुना दी, देखकर उन्मुक्त को 65 रुपये सरकार से पैसे निकलवाने से भी मुश्किल काम लगने लगा।

इस बीच बस नदी के बीचों बीच से गुजरती हुई निकल गयी, बड़े बड़े पहाड़ काटती हुई, नदी ने विचित्र से अजूबे बना दिए थे पत्थरों के, पर उन्मुक्त नहीं देख पाया उनको, वो कंडक्टर की बेईमानी को गाली दे रहा था, आई फोन में दूसरी प्लेलिस्ट चालु हो चुकी थी।

उन्मुक्त उन बड़ी बड़ी मूर्तियों को भी नहीं देख पाया जिनका नाम लिम्बाबुक ऑफ वर्ल्ड रेकॉर्ड्स में दर्ज था, क्योंकि कंडक्टर दायें हाथ के दरवाजें खड़ा था और मूर्तियाँ बायीं तरफ थी। मूर्तियाँ रेत से बनी हुई थीं, खुद - ब - खुद, न हथोड़ी न छेनी, सब कुदरत का करिश्मा, पर उन्मुक्त 65 रुपये के लिए अपनी आत्मा को झुलसा रहा था। पिछली रात उसने विकि पीडिया पर पूरी मेहनत से जानकारी खोजी थी इन मूर्तियों के बारे में और अब जब मूर्तियाँ सामने थी तो वो बस गर्दन घुमा के देखना ही भूल गया।



उन्मुक्त ने पैसे मांगने की हिम्मत इक्कटी की पर उन्मुक्त को घबराहट हो रही थी कि सबके सामने अगर इसने फिर खाली झोला दिखा दिया तो बड़ी बेइज्जती होगी।

इसी बीच देश की सबसे लम्बी सुरंग भी निकल गयी, उन्मुक्त उसे भी ना देख पाया अंधेरे में भी वो कंडक्टर के चमकते झोले को देख रहा था, कि कब उसमें से कुछ निकले और उसकी चिंता खत्म हो। उस सुरंग के बारे में उन्मुक्त ने अमेरिका के किसी अखबार में पढ़ा था, जब वो 6 महीने पहले कंपनी के काम से गया था और उसने सोच रखा था की जरूर देखेगा जाके। खैर, 65 रुपये का जादू उसके सर चढ़ चुका था। सुरंग का अंधेरा छंट गया और उन्मुक्त की नजरें कंडक्टर के झोले पर गड़ी हुई थीं। रह रह कर उसे यही याद आ जाता की पैसे वापिस देगा या नहीं।

" ज़िंदगी कुछ ऐसी ही कहानी है, कंडक्टर पैसे देता नहीं, हम मांगते नहीं और फिर हम भूल जाते हैं और इस सब में जीवन यात्रा का मजा रह जाता है। 65 रुपये के चक्कर में बस वो सब कुछ न छूट जाए जो देखना जरूरी था।"

जब सारी हदें टूट गयी और आई फोन की आखिरी प्ले लिस्ट भी खत्म हो गयी तो उन्मुक्त ने निश्चय कर लिया कि जैसे ही ये मुड़ के आता है, इससे पैसे मांग लूँगा। जैसे ही कंडक्टर उन्मुक्त की ओर आया, एक झटका सा लगा और गाड़ी झटके खाके बंद हो गयी, सामने से आती बस से जो भिड़ गयी थी, उन्मुक्त कंडक्टर के कदमों में गिरा हुआ था और कंडक्टर भी बस आधा लटका और आधा खड़ा हुआ था, हाथ पकड़ के उन्मुक्त को उठाया उसने और बाहर की ओर भाग लिया, सामने मंदिर था, विहंगम और अद्भुत। पास ही मैं बस की

सवारियाँ जख्मी थीं, ड्राइवर और कंडक्टर लड़ रहे थे, और उन्मुक्त 108 पर फोन मिला रहा था। अम्बुलेंस को, जो उसने बस चलने से पहले देखे थे बस अड्डे पर, शायद वही एक ढंग कि चीज़ थी जो वो पूरे रास्ते में देख पाया था, बाकी सारे रास्ते तो वो सिर्फ 65 रुपए के चक्कर में पड़ा रहा था। अम्बुलेंस आने के बाद, वह पैदल ही मंदिरों की ओर निकल पड़ा। मंदिरों के आकर्षण ने उसका सारा दर्द, परेशानी भुला दी थी, और उसके कदम स्वयं ही मंदिरों की ओर चल पड़े। तभी पीछे से एक आवाज़ आई, साहब रुकना जरा।

पीछे खून में लथपथ कंडक्टर भागता हुआ आया और उसके हाथ में एक पचास का और एक दस का नोट पकड़ा कर वापिस मुड़ गया, छन्न कि आवाज़ आई और खून सना हुआ पांच रुपये का सिक्का, नीचे गिर पड़ा। जब मैं रखे आई फोन से बीप कि आवाज़ें आनी शुरू हो गईं, शायद बेद्री खत्म हो गयी थी।

SOCIETIES



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LEAP OF TIDE



Sukriti Dogra

“An Unfond Disclosure”

Kumar Vijay Mishra
Alumnus E.C.E., 2003



Fond Disclosures-IV

The Story So Far

I have had an extremely memorable and exceptional undergraduate experience at NIT Hamirpur. It is always amazing to remember the love and affection I received from my classmates, juniors, seniors, faculty, staff members and the local community during those four years. The umbilical cord that joins me with my alma mater is so strong that every little parable from my NITH sojourn is a fond secret. I continue to share the dribbles of this huge leaky cauldron in the Fond Disclosures series. My 2005 Srijan contribution “The Unsung Heroes” was a tribute to the caring staff members of NITH hostels. In 2006, “Then, There Were None” provided a historical roundup of student dining options in and around NITH. A rather longer treatise with a passionate appeal for student welfare reforms - “The Elusive (But Possible) Ten” - appeared in the Srijan 2008 edition. Make no mistake, I am not and would never be exhausted with the telling of my incredibly joyous ride at NITH. However, nor the happiness alone defines our lives and neither it alone is what stays in our memories. The process of growing up in a residential college away from one's home is a mixed bag: shock and joy come in pairs and accept it all we must. But what we mustn't do is to pretend as if there was no grief, awful surprises or sad moments. This year, therefore, I am taking a detour in Fond Disclosures to reveal

an unpleasant experience of my NITH stay.

Making The Connection

About eleven years ago, I used to live in a room known for receiving ample sunlight during the NITH winter. It was located at the second floor of the Kailash Boys Hostel. I was a credulous electronics engineering sophomore - completely and hopelessly in love with my subject and career. It was also the era of change at NITH. New faculty members were being appointed to our department. NITH placements had finally caught up with India's IT boom. The student wall magazine Prerna, which is now widely considered the seed of Srijan, had debuted an year ago. ISTE had emerged as the first academics-oriented student organization. The construction of the Dhauladhar Boys Hostel had finished with the first batch of third year students shifting to the spacious rooms in their new residence. Overall, there was a whiff of optimism, a gust of reassurance and a storm of metamorphosis in and around NITH during those years.

In my freshman year, while working for Prerna, I was befriended by one of the ECE students - one seemingly suave AshutoshK (let's avoid his full name - initials should suffice for now) who was an year senior to me. I was impressed by his surprisingly

friendly demeanor during the times when freshman students were routinely subjected to bullying, ragging and physical abuse. I was relatively inured to ragging during my first year at NITH, thanks to my seniors, some faculty members and the hostel staff who really liked me and protected me a lot against ragging. During Fall 2000, I opted to become an executive member of NITH English Club of which AshutoshK was also one of the coordinators. We were preparing for the Hill 'Ffair 2000 and I was very eager to work with the Club. Around the same time, through AshutoshK, I was introduced to one of his friends SachinM - another third year electronics engineering student who would often crack jokes while chatting with me on ECE campus. At that time, both of them were my socially closest senior students in the department.

However, things changed pretty quickly after I joined the English Club. Through some strange stroke of luck, I happened to work more with AshutoshK and less with the other members of the club (who were and have been genuinely kind to me) during the days preceding the Hill 'Ffair. In the name of the fest-preps, AshutoshK gradually began harassing and psychologically abusing me. He would never be satisfied with my work, would often needlessly postpone meetings on campus and reschedule them in his own room in DBH at late nights and would continuously ask me to

iterate a small piece of work (turning it eventually into an unending Draupadi's sari). Beneath a cultured persona, there emerged a sadist in him.

My then roommate RioM - in whom I used to confide my worsening experience in the English Club - suggested me to stop trying to "impress" AshutoshK and skip late-night meetings in his room. Unfortunately, I couldn't act on his suggestion. One of our classmates RohitB met with a fatal accident the next day leading to the Hill 'Fair 2000 celebrations being discontinued. This also put a stop to my possible interactions with AshutoshK. If we met on campus later, he wouldn't acknowledge me either. For a while, I was greatly relieved to be divinely rescued from him.

A Fateful Night

However, once a bully is successful in one incident of bullying or ragging, he turns into a tiger which has tasted blood and would come around once again. A close look at ragging cases, if at all, tell us that some of the worst cases of ragging abuses are perpetrated by those senior students who already know the victim very well. It was the Spring of 2001 when I discovered the truth in this adage.

I remember it was one of the sunny days of March 2001. I and RioM were working in our KBH room to finish the lab report for the Fluid Mechanics course which was due later that day. One of my mechanical engineering classmates HansrajS came to our room looking for me. He used to work for the

Rotaract Club and needed a "volunteer" for donating blood of a certain group (of which yours truly is a lucky member). Within a few minutes, I was made to realize that this was hardly a volunteering job. I had been commanded to donate blood or else face "action". This sounded quite absurd to me. I refused on three grounds. Firstly, a volunteer job should never be forced upon. Secondly, I had time conflicts with my academic commitments. Thirdly and more importantly, Dad raised no fools! I was never raised to take commands without questioning their intent and logic.

HansrajS departed only to return again to my room in the evening. He delivered me a message that I have been summoned to DBH by one of the seniors who oversees blood donation in the Rotaract Club. While I considered going to DBH to meet this senior student, RioM strongly protested against any such move. He suggested me not to oblige to any such commands since I was no longer a freshman student. Later when HansrajS revealed that the senior-student-in-question is SachinM, I breathed in relief. I knew SachinM very well and thought it apt to meet him on campus the next day to allay any misunderstandings. I, therefore, avoided visiting him that night.

SachinM tracked me down on campus the next day. From a smiling crackpot to a raging bully, he was a changed man at that time. As AshutoshK watched from a distance, SachinM delivered me a grave invitation, laced with

profanity and ad hominem adjectives, to his room. I was admittedly scared and decided not to inform anyone about this. That night, much unbeknownst to my roommates, I went to DBH. It was almost midnight, when one of my senior friends SandeepC spotted me standing in front of SachinM's room (SachinM himself was MIA at that time). As I began explaining SandeepC the chain of events, SachinM appeared – drunk and completely wasted. He assured SandeepC that he means no harm to me and only wanted to have a discussion with me. SandeepC then departed the scene and SachinM took me inside his room.

We had barely entered his room when he started muttering profanities once again. He partly undressed himself in the meantime and warned me that he plans to parade me naked in the hostel hallway. He told me that by not showing up for blood donation, "I have hurt his ego" (sic). He asked me to explain my reasons. I had not even finished my first sentence and pat came the first slap! There was no cessation after that as I received a deluge of some 10 slaps. Even my parents had never slapped me for the last ten years at that time. Completely shattered at this unwarranted treatment, I cried. SachinM asked me to leave at that time but not before threatening further harassment if I chose to complain to the authorities.

When I came back to my room, RioM had already guessed what happened to me. As I gave him the details of this unimaginable incident, he strongly encouraged

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me to report this to the hostel warden. Fearing possible retributions and retaliations, I hesitated and chose not to. However, the memory of this incident would continue to traumatize me. Looking back, if I would have complained against SachinM, he could have easily been punished given enormous circumstantial evidence and witnesses against him. Several faculty members and the hostel warden knew me very well at that time. I am sure they would have pursued my complaint seriously. Also, many of the senior students I knew of would have been supportive and sympathetic to me, hence avoiding future retaliations. However, as a ragging victim recovering from the abuse, I was not cognizant of the enormous support I had during those days which could have extremely useful in bringing SachinM to the book.

Having made his point in asserting himself as some kind of authority, SachinM remained unapologetic to me during his remaining years at NITH. In any case, the bullies usually have no idea of the pain and suffering they inflict on people through their actions. I, on the other hand, decided to speak against ragging at various NITH fora as well as write against it in my articles in Srijan (Ulysses – Above the Horizons in Srijan 2003 is one of my longer pieces against the practice of ragging). However, all things considered, since I dithered in complaining against SachinM and never disclosed my worst ragging incident to anyone, I was a little ashamed of myself and also not at peace somewhere.

The Truth Must Be Told

At this point, it is very pertinent to ask why I choose to write about this incident eleven years later. Last year, I happened to watch Meryl

Streep's Academy Award winning movie *Sophie's Choice*, wherein the protagonist Sophie is a Holocaust survivor. Having endured a horrendous incident at Auschwitz concentration camp, she relocates to Brooklyn, New York for a fresh beginning. The young Sophie tries her best to suppress the memory of being forced to choose the death of either her son or daughter at Auschwitz. But, with no one to confide in, the ugly memory eventually takes over leading her to a pill of cyanide.

After watching this movie, I realized that keeping a secret only makes the pain worse. One should, therefore, never suppress memories of ragging abuses. When you endure an abuse, the best way out is always to lodge a complaint. Being victimized by ragging is nothing to be ashamed of. The narrative today is strongly against ragging and you must name-and-shame your ragging perpetrators. However, I understand not every victim would be able to do so. I wasn't either. But you should not try to hide the memory of such gross violation of your rights either.

After apartheid was abolished there, the Republic of South Africa started its own Truth and Reconciliation Commission. The commission invited apartheid victims to give statements about their experiences. The purpose of this exercise was to let victims vent out their suppressed emotions as a way forward to build a healthier national spirit. While visiting South Africa three years ago, I realized how helpful this commission has been in providing a forceful voice to the lost stories of apartheid victims. It is impossible to undo the injustices done in the past. But, by hearing out to the stories of the abused and oppressed citizens, the commission awarded them a novel sense of respect.

Counseling For Ex-Students

I have been a long-time supporter of appointing full-time student counselors at NITH. I am also in favor of keeping the names of ragging victims a complete secret during their stay at NITH. My 2008 Srijan article argues in favor of both of these measures. However, through this article, I would like to espouse the case of counseling for ex-students who were at some time abused and traumatized by ragging bullies at NITH. Those incidents happened within NITH campus and, if the college was not able to prevent abuse to its students, it is its moral redemption to at least hear out the stories of the victims. NITH should, therefore, appoint counselors who should encourage past and present students to come forward and share their experiences about ragging abuses. Each of these stories should be recorded in catalogues which should also be shared online. The victims can either personally testify against the counselors' panel or send their stories online on a dedicated website. It is also about time to open a chapter of a charity like Act Against Bullying (a UK-based institution aimed at preventing bullying in schools) on campus at NITH. Such a chapter should organize programs to raise awareness of lifelong effects of bullying on the victims and suggest steps to the college administration to mitigate bullying and ragging in every sphere of student life at NITH.

I sat quiet once and paid for a mental equilibrium for several years. But today, having narrated my abuse at the hands of a bully at NITH, I am very much at peace. I thank Srijan for providing me a forum to share my experience. I also hope that this is a beginning of several such untold stories.



Dr. (Mrs.) Saroj Thakur
Asst. Prof., Dept. of Humanities

“She is a Fellow at the Indian Institute of Advanced Study!” said my father in awe. His voice, full of admiration, regard and genuine respect, made me think that whatever she does must be something of great import which has earned such admiration from my father. ”

Where the head is held high and mind is without fear...

I momentarily pause my brisk steps and bow silently when my eyes behold the Indian Tricolour flying high atop the Indian Institute of Advanced Study which once upon the time used to be the Viceregal Lodge—the symbol of British power in India. My head bows to the sacrifice of innumerable people who laid down their life so that we could live in a free country. The names of the big ones who steered the struggle for freedom would flood any mind and we repay our gratitude to them by celebrating their sacrifices. But do we ever try to find out or even think about the lesser known—even unknown ordinary and humble people who, too, sacrificed their life so that we could live in a free country.

This leads me to another question that has started haunting me recently: are we really free of the mental slavery that we show towards our masters? The names may have changed, the class and colour may have changed but the creed of the masters has not changed and neither is our slavish attitude towards them. This troubling thought became very clear when I met a few, so called intellectuals, of the country. They are labelled “intellectuals” by virtue of having got a teaching job in some Educational Institute. “We are so afraid of the system” one of them said. Another one cooed, “I am but an ordinary person with no political connection.” “The system is in the hands of the ‘power that be’”, etc.

etc. Here the word “system” is a synonym for the “master”. The country may be free but the relation between the master and the servant is still the same when the “servants” show clearly their slavish mentality by tolerating every practice or rather malpractice of the “master” as they are afraid of what the master may do to them.

I no longer am interested in the lame excuses they put to justify their action or inaction but I do feel bad when I look at the Tricolour flying high and reminding me of the sacrifices made by ordinary people so that “we” could live in a nation where the head is held high and the mind is without fear. I wish my friends ask themselves this question and answer it to their ownself, honestly—very honestly.

Shaking off my head vigorously to shed off such futile thoughts from my mind I would wonder at the amount of sacrifice that has gone into realising this dream of the multitude of Indians for whom watching tricolour on Viceregal Lodge, if not unattainable, was difficult to attain. I stand admiring the courage and valour of those Indians whose unfailing faith in human audacity made it possible. And the fact that I stood watching the Indian Tricolour as a Fellow of the Institute makes me doubly believe in the possibilities of realizing what seems, at one time, a difficult dream. I have learnt the importance of dreaming big!

During the early Seventies when my father joined as a postmaster at the Chaura Maidan



Mrs. Saroj Thakur



Mrs. Saroj Thakur

Post office in Shimla, the new residence on the upper storey of the Chaura Maidan Post office building brought so many changes in our life. Having shifted from the congested but lively and bubbling-with-life Lower Bazaar neighbourhood, where I had lived for seventeen years of my life, the new residence was a blissfully spacious and peaceful abode. Far from the maddening crowds of the Lower Bazaar, the spacious accommodation filled my life with more of vacant space as I sought human company which sadly this accommodation failed to provide as there was no neighbourhood to talk of. My only pastime used to be gazing at persons who would walk through the road in front of my new home! To compensate for the lack of human companionship I would sometimes overhear some of them talking while standing outside the Post-office building. So much so that I had come to recognise many persons only by watching them from behind the windows. The funniest part was that these people would never know that they were being watched and overheard!

As I am talking of an era which can best be described as the post era as connectivity to other places for sending messages was only through the epistles and post-office was an important and happening institution in the life of all. I would watch the visitors to the Post-office and would weave stories about them in my imagination.

There was one such person who would come quite often to the post-

office. She was a very graceful middle aged woman, with a pleasant countenance and confident looks. Who could be she? A Woman coming regularly to Post-office was not a very common sight in the early seventies! "Who is the graceful woman who comes so often to the Post-office?" I asked my father one day. "She is a Fellow at the Indian Institute of Advanced Study!" said my father in awe. His voice, full of admiration, regard and genuine respect, made me think that whatever she does must be something of great import which has earned such admiration from my father. "What does she do at the Indian Institute of Advanced Study?" I asked in genuine bewilderment. "She writes" and added, "she does advanced research", looking at me with a wistful strange gaze.

I was seventeen years of age and had recently started college life. I was too naive to have seen the dream in his eyes which he never even put in words. As a college dropout because of family circumstances he had carried many a unfulfilled dreams in him and nurtured many dreams for us as well. But this dream was too big for him to have even put into words!

I forgot about this small talk but the image of a very graceful elderly

woman struck in my memory for ever. Life took its toll and I went on swimming along the currents most of the times and against the currents sometime. I was now Fifty Two years of age and comfortably settled in teaching profession. I had the usual middle-age problems and challenges to tackle. It was during this time that I saw an advertisement inviting applications for Fellowship at IIAS. The little talk that I had with my father some thirty five years ago reverberated in my ears and the image of that elderly graceful Fellow flashed in front of my eyes. I realized to my astonishment that I had forgotten nothing. All details were fresh in my memory. I was able to decipher the strange look in the eyes of my father when he talked about that elderly graceful lady. I could understand the dream that he nourished! I applied for the award of Fellowship at the Indian Institute of Advanced Studies.

Watching the tricolour flying high on the top of the building I think of my father when he was talking to his seventeen years old daughter some thirty five years ago. Today I can see the dream in his eyes that he never put into words. His dream, too, was fulfilled as was the dream of multitude of Indians to see the Tricolour fly high on the top of this building that was symbol of Raj! My eyes were filled with tears



Mrs. Saroj Thakur



Mrs. Saroj Thakur

at his memory as he had died some twenty years back never even speaking of the dream he cherished. My father, like many other people, would never know what constituted the real spirit of Indian Institute of Advanced Study.

I, too, learnt it only when I entered the sacred portal of the Institute. Why I am using the word “sacred” is because every activity concerned with the academic activity is a sacred affair at the Institute. Whether it is the small brass hand bell that rings at 3 p.m. sharp every Thursday and each one of us would, where ever we may be or whatever we may be indulged in, rush to the Seminar room for the Thursday Seminar. It starts at 3 p.m. sharp. No compromise on waiting for anyone! I was told that earlier Director of the Institute would himself hold the bell in his hands and would ring it. Such is the sacredness attached to these small details of the Thursday Seminars.

When a seminar is not just a routine task, it is but natural that the preparation of the seminar paper also had the same amount of love and care poured over it during its making. The Fellows sit in the cavernous library that has some of the real treasures of knowledge. The power of the “words” could be nowhere as apparent as is at the Institute's library. The once-upon-a-time assembly Hall of the British Rule is filled with books and manuscripts which hold ancient to contemporary wisdom in its pages. It is the best example of the adage that word is stronger than the sword. There is something in the very air of the Institute that makes everyone humane! It teaches that when such a stronghold of power as the British Raj could not last for ever what else can. What survives in the world is the thoughts that you leave behind, the ideas that you stand by, the search of truth that you aim for!

The spirit for the quest of truth imbibes the very soul of the Institute. The erstwhile Viceregal Lodge, after Independence of India, was used by the Presidents of India as a summer retreat. Dr Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, the philosopher President of India thought the better

use of estate would be to gift it to the academic community of India to pursue a life of the mind and explore through “free and creative inquiry...the themes and problems of life and thought” and thereby reflect on the complexity of the Human condition.

When I sit and pour over the books in the cavernous library, when I listen to other scholars animatedly discussing topics with a passion that I had never seen in any academic seminar, when I hear the scholars address the head of the Institute by his first name “Peter”, I sincerely believe that the inside of IAS is a different world inhabited by different people. And I am glad to have been a part of such scholarly community. When I stood admiring at the majestic building of the Indian Institute of Advanced Study and the blue sky, dotted with clouds, overhead, I could see faintly my father's benevolent face smiling at me—his 'little one', a Fellow at this prestigious Institute, who made him proud.



Dheeraj Gupta



Let, the excitement, fun and togetherness of final days in college reach its zenith. So that, when you regain your senses from being high on 'masti ke din', the hangover stays forever.



Prashant Pandey
Alumnus E.E.D., 2009

As You Graduate

After four unforgettable years of life in college, you stand at the cross roads. If you step aside and look at it as a passerby, those years will seem incredible. However they were real. A day before you leave college, walk down the memory lane. Recall the day you entered college. Revisit the dreams you dreamt upon stepping here; your aspirations, ambitions and inhibitions. As the sun tries to bury itself in the evening, take a walk around the campus alone. Roam around the Nescafe, juice bar, ground, hostels, Gate-1 and 2nd gate. Visualize the OAT, try to recall how it looked during the Hill'ffair. As you embark upon the toughest, longest and the most exciting journey of life, these profound memories will help you sail through the coming times.

Talking about crossroads, your success and failure depends totally on the direction you choose. It has been rightly said, it is not your talent but your choices that define you. Amir Khan has beautifully postulated in "Tare Zameen Per" that each youngster is unique and has the right to choose his own direction in life. So did Sharukh in "Swades". So stop

comparing and following others. Don't get victimised by the rat race, rather chase your own dreams. Career should not just be a means of livelihood, make it an opportunity to inspire lives. One and half years of work experience has taught me one thing and that is- the real competition is not with others, but with our own imperfections, our own self.

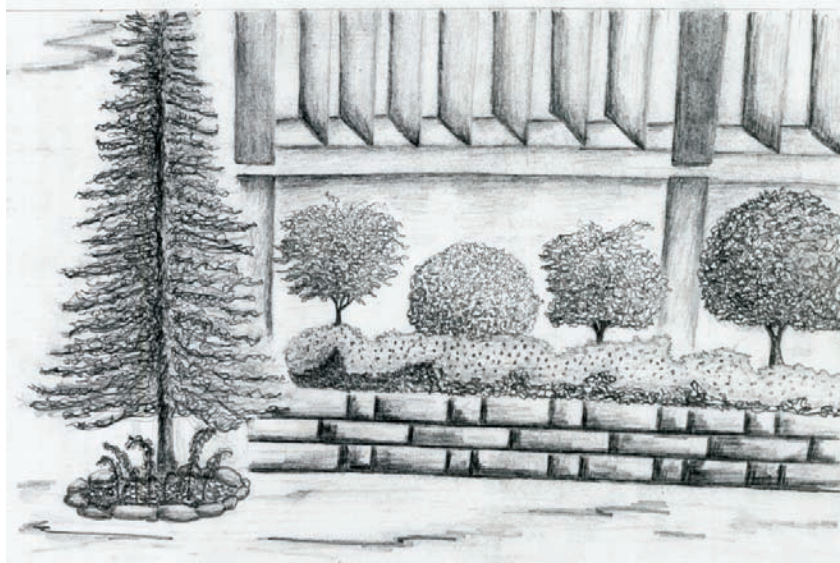
In a couple of months, the definition of life will change for you. And I am sure, unless you are doing a thing of your interest, adapting to the new routine is going to be difficult. Be a good disciple; learn all the lessons of professional dharma at this stage. If you adhere to the rules of this new game 'Office-Office', you will drive out stress from your professional life.

"Rome was not built in a day". (In my words - No greatness is great if it is short-lived and has a limited reach). A successful life is built brick by brick, through continuous learning, experiences, and support of fellow human beings. So enjoy every moment of work. Shed off the depression arising out of trivial failures. Remain keen to learn, even if it means making a lot many mistakes in the process. Learning by doing mistakes is highly recommended.

In office you may come across moments when your boss will yell at you and colleagues may laugh at your misery. There would often be bullies around, testing your patience. Office politics would slowly replace the gossip sessions with friends and soon it would become the salt of every discussion. Under such circumstances maintain your calm. Focus on self efficiency. This attitude will help you tide through the temporary performance issues. Quitting is never an option in these cases. Michael Schumacher says, "The best way to give pass to a honking driver is to push the accelerator



Sukriti Dogra



Sukriti Dogra

hard". Problems at work will confuse you, but if you are convinced, you will sort out your misconceptions and convert the mistakes into experiences.

Have a plan for life. Planning must be done on daily basis and for all possible circumstances. Soon you will start getting pay cheques. Set aside some portion of it so as to make a good investment with the accumulated wealth. The rest, splurge on your self, friends and family. Little efforts are said to fell great oaks. If you plan your investments early and suitably, money will never be a problem.

If you are already committed to someone, live by that commitment. If you are yet single, don't follow every 'fair and lovely' girl on the road. Wait till someone who likes you, intercepts you. This shall save you from getting hurt and shall keep your bills in limits. Never there is dearth of love of our parents, siblings, profession and yourselves.

Don't squander your trust. Trust only if you can see it in the eyes of the proponent. Never trust mere rhetoric. Make a point to apply your logic. The world outside the periphery of Dad's and Mom's love

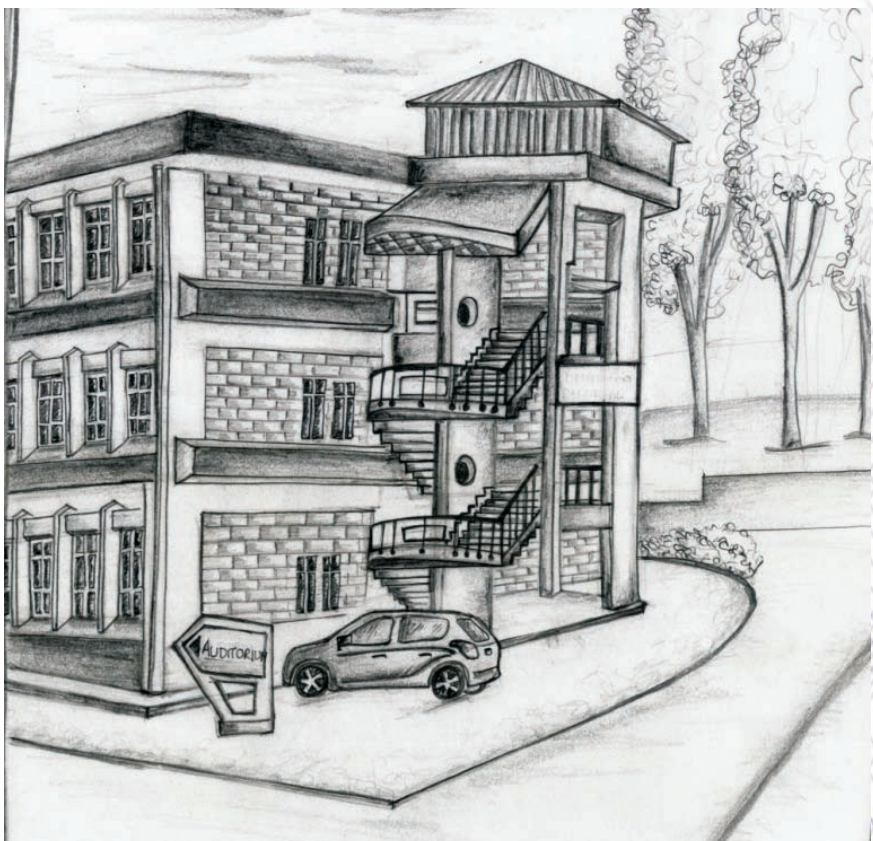
is indifferent to your feelings and conscious only to their own interests. Look for one or two good people and knit a healthy and peaceful life around them. Girls especially must be extra cautious. A helping hand might cause harm. In troubled situations be strict and call friends for help.

These were a few slides of my experiences during past one and half year. I would sum it up by saying that corporate life is as wonderful as campus life only if you can transform yourself from a classroom student to the boardroom learner.

A genuine advice- "keep on adding friends!" They add charm to life.

Let, the excitement, fun and togetherness of final days in college reach its zenith. So that, when you regain your senses from being high on 'masti ke din', the hangover stays forever.

The world is a small place; no wonder, I may bump into you sometime while roaming in the corporate corridors.



Sukriti Dogra



While clearing the almirah for my use, I found some evaluated answer sheets, attendance registers and assignments of my batch, which seemed like a treasure to me...



Dr. Vijay Shankar Dogra
Faculty C.E.D.

Through The Memory Lane

In the early hours of November 16th, 1996, when I was travelling from home to Hamirpur to join as a teacher in Civil Engineering Department of REC Hamirpur, numerous thoughts engulfed my mind. I was just missing the day 'September 3rd, 1989', when I had joined REC Hamirpur as student. I had followed the same travel route on that day too, but today, I was going to be the someone, which I had not even imagined while being a student. At one point it sounded unbelievable and at other I felt as if I were dreaming. Finally I reached college, went to HOD's room in the department, where I met Prof. C.L. Dhar 'the most respectable figure in the department'. My feelings were no different than those that used to be three years back when I had passed out and I think same attitude was there on other side too. I got some words of advice, teaching load and a chamber to sit.

The chamber allotted to me was earlier with Pradeep sir, and while



Sukriti Dogra

clearing the almirah for my use, I found some evaluated answer sheets, attendance registers and assignments of my batch, which seemed like a treasure to me, and I have safeguarded them till date with me. My professional journey began with a subject on structures for 2nd year of that time (1995-99 batch). The response of the class was brilliant, interaction superb and atmosphere full of zeal. Though 1995-99 (Civil) batch remained on top, but I received similar response

from coming batches too. This added wings to my life as teacher and with the passage of time, professional satisfaction kept on growing.

The next thing after joining, which came as surprise to me, was becoming resident warden of Manimahesh Boys Hostel. This gave me an opportunity to understand the hostel life from a teacher's perspective. High volume songs played on music players and mid-night dips on birthdays always kept on reminding me, of my hostel life. Being in the campus round the clock, partly in department and partly in hostel kept me more in touch with the college life. This period complimented me with strong bonding with the students, some of them from other than civil department.

The first beautiful phase came when I was given the duty of faculty cultural secretary in 2001.



K. Dayananda Singh



Pratyush Pankaj

Organizing Hill 'Ffair with Bharat Bhushan as my co-secretary, and a devoted team was experience of its own kind. In 2004 got a short break from teaching to enhance my education to Doctorate of Philosophy, and relived another stretch of student life in the premier Institute of country, IIT Roorkee. During this period got a chance to visit Germany, Austria, Netherland and Czeck Republic as a part of a scientific research visit. This was definitely a "Blessed Trip".

When I joined back in July 2007, last batch whom I taught Engineering Drawing before proceeding to IIT Roorkee, had

already passed out, and it seemed as if I had to start afresh. In 2008, I was bestowed with the duty of President Student Activities. This assignment came like a cool breeze, provided a platform to augment aptitude in team work and memorable moments shared with students working in different committees at different levels. The Institute was blessed with the visit of HH Dalai Lama during one of the programmes organized by students, and I found myself sanctified when I shared the dais with such a huge persona.

On November 16th, 2011, I completed 15 years as teacher in the

Institute, which changed to NIT, 'an institute of national importance' from REC, in 2002. It was a long treasured journey, indeed. When I look back, there had been some dismal moments too, but as it's human nature, we remember only good things and forget bad things very soon, so did I. I never thought of being so lucky to be in this profession and that too with such an enormous satisfaction. After God and parents, I owe gratitude to all my teachers and definitely my students (from whom too, I learnt a lot).

But one thing which I apprehend from the core of my heart is that "yet.....its a long way to go".



K. Dayananda Singh

The best conversations as people say are without words. I think the words are misinterpreted by many. Its not at all about what we say, infact its all about what we say. A true irony in itself. Its all about the conversations that go without being judged . Understanding someone to an extent to realize you never understood them, that's not how things end, that's how things begin and start to flourish. The things that were never meant to be the words , that were never meant to be spoken those are the words that one should realize makes us surrender our self, not to the depths but to the heights , those that have never been understood. Those that have been passed on for centuries but mistook as lyrics of deprival and depression are in fact the words that hold the true wisdom. The true words, the true expressions, the true reflections we throw out are never judged by those who are going to be around till the very end. The end as it seems is the beginning of a true unison, a true friendship. A truth that as we may say that lies in our spirit..... Sincerely, a common guy trapped in an uncommon place.



Religion is not something that spreads anger or hatred. Religion is something which just tells us to believe in something greater than our self. Its about fighting the thirst that lies within us all, the dark passenger as some call it. Surrendering to something bigger than yourself , and what does it gets you? Nothing but just 'hope '. And that itself is the millennium of life. 'Hope' is the best thing ever created by our own race or lets say 'hope' is this whole universal melodrama counts upon, said without words or any expectations. a hope to live , a hope to survive . I don't say believe in religion. Even I don't . But I say to believe in something great . It might just turn out be just you but I say believe in believing . That changes things! I believe.....



SPORTS LINE

SPORTS LINE

The month of August witnessed the premium dynamism of NIT-HAMians in the field of sports. It was the time of emerging sportspersons to break the withered records. The odd semester saw the inter branch tournament- a healthy blend of all games, both indoors and outdoors. Basketball, football, volleyball, lawn tennis, chess, carom, table tennis and badminton were a few of them.

SPORTS
COMMITTEE



BADMINTON

This time the basketball match between EEE and Civil was quite compelling. The exhilarating display of energy by everyone was a treat to watch for the audience too. EEE boys prevailed over their competitors in chess and table tennis as well thus grabbing the winner's trophy.

They were runners up in volleyball and lawn tennis. ECE outshone the others in those games. Mechanical engineers bagged the Badminton champions' trophy.

CRICKET



TABLE TENNIS



BASKETBALL



EEE girls outshined and struck the winning boundary in cricket, basketball, badminton, and table tennis. The programming geeks (CSE) ruled in volleyball.

CED girls emerged as the winners of carom singles and doubles. MED made its notable triumph in chess.

NITH provides its students with ample opportunities for sports. Above all, it is sportsmanship and cooperation among its students that makes them great players.

FOOTBALL

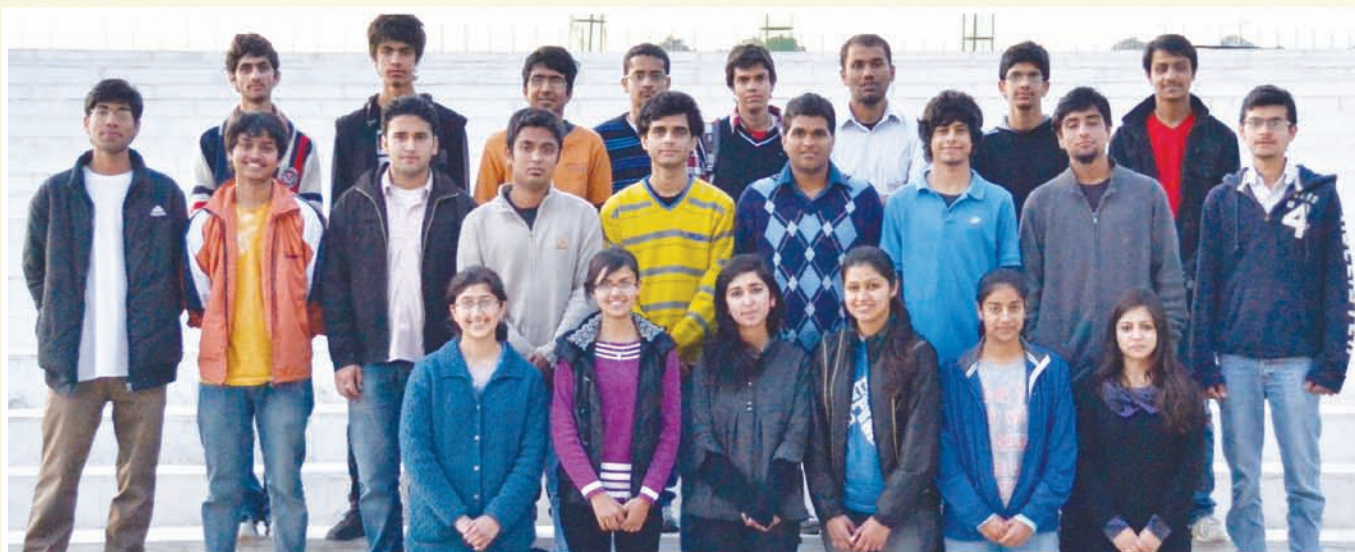


VOLLEY BALL

SOCIETIES



ISTE



PIXONIDS



DIMENSIONS

CIVIL ENGINEERING



CLASS OF 2012

Row 1 (L to R Sitting) : Dr. Hemant Kumar Vinayak, Dr. V.K. Bansal, Dr. Vijay Shankar Dogra, Dr. R. Banshtu, Dr. V.K. Sharda, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director NIT Hamirpur), Dr. R. K. Dutta (HOD), Dr. Raman Parti, Dr. Umesh Kumar Pandey, Dr. Dharmendra Jha

Row 2 : Amit Sharma, Tushar Khandelwal, Abhishek Kumar, Deen Bandhu, Vipin Sharma, Kirti Kakkar, Muthyala Rohi, Surbhi Goyal, Babita Singh, Jaya Verma, Damini Thakur, Rubee Kongbrailapam, Ritcha Bhardwaj, Satish Chand, Udit Bhatia, Irfan Hafiz, Rishabh Gautam, Dhruv Chaudhary, Vinay Nath Endley, Kaushal Sanghwan, Shiv Shankar Kumar

Row 3 : Vikas Kumar, Abhitosh Yadav, Ashit Kashyap, Zaffar Iqbal, Govind Singhal, Manish Kumar, Abhishek Parashar, Luv Sehgal, Rounak Maheshwari, Dikshit, Shashank Goyal, Amit Kumar, Abhishek Raj, Amit Kumar Sehra, Sanjeev Kumar, Omer Gul Umeri, Abhinav Saklani, Amol Sharma, Satya Prakash

Row 4 : Akshay Mehta, Prashant Anuragi, Sansumai Brahma, Mohit Kumar, Vipin Malhotra, Neeraj Jaswal, Rajat Choudhary, Hitender Kadian, Kartikey Dogra, Satyam Agarawal, Aqal Jan Totakhil, Shashwat Srivastava, Sukhendra Kumar, Sushil Kumar, Kshitij Jassal, Piyush Sharma, Neelmani Singh, Abhishek Sharma, Rohit Gupta

In Absentia : Ankit Soni

ELECTRICAL & ELECTRONICS ENGINEERING



CLASS OF 2012

- Row 1 (L to R Sitting)** : Mr. Jaipal Mandyal, Mr. Nitin Gupta, Mrs. Bharti Bakshi, Dr. Veena Sharma, Dr. R. K. Jhariyal, Dr. Ashwini Chandel, Dr. Y R Sood, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava(Director NIT Hamirpur), Dr. R Nath (HOD), Dr. Sushil Chauhan, Dr. R N Sharma, Dr. Bharat Bhushan, Mr. Himesh Handa, Mr. Amit Kaul, Mr. Rajesh Kumar, Mr. Jivitesh Rattan
- Row 2** : Deepika Bhatia, Priyanka Chauhan, Shumali Sharma, Antra Chaudhary, Divya Tripathi, Rachita Bansal, Deepika Sharma, Nupur Katoch, Sweta Gupta, Shefali Parmar, Divya Chaudhary, Kirti Shakya, Ambika Sharma, Richa Mishra, Shruti Sharma, Smriti Lohani, Sonam Jagga, Astha Kaware, Sakshi Singh, Vaishali Sharma, Aanchal Sood, Reetika Gupta
- Row 3** : Bhimesh Sharma, Mahesh Maan, Ravi Desai, Amit Ranjan, Shashi Kumar, Manish Kumar, Sandeep Kumar, Abhishek Singh Gaur, Gaurav Garg, Akshay Kumar, Kuldeepak Garg, Balwant Kumar, Gaurav Adhir, Ashutosh Sharma, Vijay Kumar Chorotia, Himashu Goyal, Naveen Yadav, Kamal Sharma, Tilak Raj, Apurav Gupta, Deepak Bansal
- Row 4** : R. Shan Mukha Rao, Prashant Kumar, Nitesh Kumar, Sachin Singhal, Arpit Chugh, Anil Kumar, Naveen Kumar Rai, Abhishek Kumar Choudhary, Deepak Kumar, Raiyan Aftab, Sanchit Sharma, Okramcha Wangthoiba, Akshay Dwivedi, Lalhmangathsaanga, Funchak Namgial Negi, Ajay Sharma, Ashish Dhiman, Aditya Sood, Jason Lalrinchhana, Yakoob Shah, Manoj Kaundal, Kanishak Chauhan
- In Absentia : Vipul Dhangra

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING



CLASS OF 2012

- Row 1 (L to R Sitting)** : Dr. Somesh Sharma, Dr. Rajesh, Dr. Debashish Das, Dr. Siddhartha, Dr. Rakesh Sehgal, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director, NIT Hamirpur), Dr. Sunand Kumar(HOD), Dr. Amar Patnaik, Dr. Suresh Dhimman, Dr. Varun, Dr. Anoop Kumar
- Row 2** : Akshat Nayer, Sachin Kumar, Satya Prakash Ambedkar, Sandeep Chauhan, Mohit Jain, Sumeet Sapolia, N. Christina Mayini, Rohit Sood, Rohit Sood, Piyush Aggarwal, Vivek Thakur, Anshul Vashistha, Vaibhav Tyagi
- Row 3** : Mohit Bhakal, Imlionen, Navneesh Kumar Sonkar, Sunny Sharma, Piyush Raj, Mani Sharma, Ved Prakash Meena, Suneet Kumar, Shashank Sharma, Abhishek Dwivedi, Surender Thankur, Lalit Sharma, Ashutosh Shukla, Rupam Das, Chandan Parbhot, Abhay Sharma
- Row 4** : Sumit Wadhwa, Ashish Khagta, Rahul Chauhan, Nitish Kumar, Rohin Dogra, C. V. Pradeep, Gajraj Bhidhasra, Radheshyam Suthar, Prabhat Gupta, Sidhant Thakur, Nitin Jain, Nitish Thakur, Puneet Dhimman, Pankaj Parashar, Sumit Yadav
- Row 5** : Aayush Mahajan, Abhiroop Mukherjee, Pratyush Pankaj, Pankaj Yadav, Nilesh Mishra, Sahil Sandhu, Prateek Singh, Pranav Bhardwaj, Dron Sharma, Kundan Choudhary, Adish Agarwal, Hardeep Singh Pasricha, Vinay Gupta, Aditya Premi

In Absentia: Prateek Sharma

ELECTRONICS & COMMUNICATION ENGINEERING



CLASS OF 2012

- Row 1 (L to R Sitting) :** Mr. Rohit Dhiman, Mr. Gagnesh, Mr. Manish Kumar, Mr. Daniel, Mr. Krishna Kumar, Mrs. Gargi Khanna, Dr. Rajeevan Chandel, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director NIT Hamirpur), Dr. Vinod Kapoor (HOD), Mr. Ashok Kumar, Mr. Surinder Soni, Dr. Ashwini Rana, Mr. Vinod Sharma, Mr. Rakesh, Mr. Manoranjan Rai Bharti
- 2nd Row :** Laxman Meena, Abhinandan Sharma, Ashish Jindal, Ambika Rana, Shivani Sharma, Pankhuri Sen, Aneesha Basandrai, Nemtur Aamani, Natasha Khapra, Priyanka Attari, Shikha Kanwar, Dechan Palmo Bodh, Abha Bansal, Shubhi Agarwal, Priyanka Chaudhary, Gagan Goel, Rajesh Kumar, Kanav Bhardwaj Digendra Chand, Yogesh Brijwal
- 3rd Row :** Karan Katoch, Mohanaraj A.A.S., Shreshth Chaturvedi, Dushyant Kumar, Abhishek Bhasker, Sumit Kumar, Parveen Kumar Sinhma, Parvinder Duggal, Jitesh Vaswani, Ashish Gupta, Hitesh Jain, Shobit Mahajan, Saransh Gupta, Navam Gupta, Hiteshwar Gaur, Navneet Thakur, Sumeet Biswas, Naresh Kumar, Kanwar Tanmay, Abhishek
- 4th Row :** Pankaj Kumar, Swapnil Pathania, Samar Bahadur Singh, Mayank Gupta, Akhil Sood, Deepak Gupta, Niraj, Kashmir Singh, Arun Thakur, Shankar Dayal Choudhary, Muddu Harikrishna, Atul Kaswa, Bhupesh Saluja, Udit Ralli, Dhiraj Pathania, Manmeet Singh, Amit Thakur, Nitin Kumar, Ambuj Shandil, Sidhant Sood, Nikhil Chauhan, Kishor Lal Chhetri, Santosh Singh
- In Absentia : Samrat Nandy Mazumder

COMPUTER SCIENCE & ENGINEERING



CLASS OF 2012

- Row 1 (L to R Sitting) :** Ms. Madhuri, Mr. Prashant Kumar, Mr. Kumar Sambhav Paney, Mr. Siddhartha Chauhan, Dr. T. P. Sharma, Dr. Narottam Chand, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director NIT Hamirpur), Dr. Kamlesh Dutta (HOD), Mr. Naveen Chauhan, Mr. Pradeep Kumar, Ms. Rakhi Puri, Mr. Rajeev Kumar, Mr. Nitin Gupta, Mr. Brij Bihari Dubey
- Row 2 :** Vinod Kumar, Sanjeev Kumar, Deepak Kumar Mishra, Yash Kumar Sharma, Rohit Bhatia, Meenakshi Tangdipa, Alisha Arora, Poonam Arya, Arti Phugat, Aprajita Chandel, Dayanand, Tavish Vaidya, Anil Sharma, Ashutosh Dwivedi, Gaurav Sharma, Saurabh Goyal
- Row 3:** Dheeraj Gupta, Akash Mittal, Mohd. Saifullah Aansari, Jatin Thakur, Ajay Sharma, Nitish Sharma, Madhusudan Singh, Dileep Kumar, Amit Verma, Nishant Gupta, Rohit Sood, Aman Gupta, Bhaskar Melkani, Aditya Sharma, Manu Bamba, Ankit Kariyaa
- Row 4 :** Mohd. Shahid, Amit Pradhan, Sumit Sonkhla, Yogesh Joshi, Shubhaya Bera, Nikhil Raina, Raghav Lakhota, Rishabh Sood, Ritvik Sharma, Abhishek Rana, Raman Gupta, Sauvik Mahajan, Rohit Jaswal, Chaitan Kumar Yadav
- In Absentia: Mukul Chopra, Shashank Mudgal, Atul Dhariwal, Ankesh Pal, Ankit Bhadoria, Jai Verma, Luv Gupta, Narendra Kumar, Gaurav Kumar, Mudit Tomar, Late Piyush Gaurav

ARCHITECTURE



CLASS OF 2012

- Row 1 (L to R Sitting)** : Ar. Kuldheer, Ar. Anish Madhav, Ar. Nipun Behl, Ar. Neetu Kapoor, Ar. Aniket Sharma, Ar. Puneet Sharma, Dr. Meenakshi Jain, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director NIT Hamirpur), Dr. Bhanu Marwah (HOD), Dr. I. P. Singh, Ar. Ambika Chauhan, Er. Divya Kashyap, Ar. Venu Shree, Ar. Amitwa Sarkar
- Row 2** : Akansha Singh, Joacha Arang, Komika Walia, Ridhima Sharma, Somaina Islari, Stuti Sharma, Alpna Chauhan, Anubhuti Mishra, Surabhi Shandil, Richa Banga, Sakshi Tanwar
- Row 3** : Devvrat Rana, Saswata Debnath, Aakash Yamba, Aman Thakur, Parmesh Thakur, Gaurav Garg, Sanjay Bhandari, Paras Mehta, Jai Aggarwal, Dinker Singh Thakur, Rahul Singh Ranjan, Ashish Marwah, Vinayak Bansal, Abhishek Kumar Singh, Apoorv Mahajan, Pravesh Sharma, Abhishek Gautam



NIT HAMIRPUR

सृजन

असीम उड़ाता

Studious

Sporty

Gamer

Artist

Musician

Sleepy

Baba

In love

Crazy

Funny

Geek

Facebook, Please I'm trying to work! Check Me! Check meeee!!!!

student

facebook

Assignment

COUNTER STRIKE

EXAM FEVER

NIMBUS

EKTA

I MISS YOU!

PROXY

COMMENTS :

Bunk-o-Meter-

Evolution of Engineering Student's life

1st sem

2nd sem

3rd sem

4th sem

5th sem

6th sem

1st heart

Assingment

LAST NIGHT FIGHT

Bond

NIGHT OUT

BADKAA Ji

Hill Hair BUNK

PG.H

LOGOUT

is the hairdest button to click

And miles to go before I sleep. And miles to go before I sleep ...



Editorial Board- SRIJAN 2011-12

- Row 1** : Surabhi Shandil, Anil Sharma, Ankit Karirya, Manu Bamba, Vinay Nath Endley (Students' Editor), Sh. Amit Kaul (Editor-in-Chief), Amit Sharma, Dheeraj Gupta, Shashank Goyal, Priyanka Attri
- Row 2** : Manpreet Dhanjal, Snigdha Kakkar, Ayushi Kumari, Sakshi Babar, Satyam, Anisha Rajvanshi, Tanmay Mishra, Arihant Verma, Praveen, Divya Meena, Rajeev Bhardwaj, Konjengbum Dayananda Singh, Anandita Thapa, Anu Verma, Surbhi Chabbra

In Absentia: Ravi Ranjan, Tanmay Agarwal, Sidha Ganju



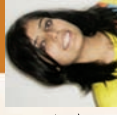
Adwitiya
Patro



Gnana
Selvam



Anubhuti
Mishra



Sukriti
Dogra

Special thanks ...

"O! For a horse with wings!"
- William Shakespeare

The painting on the cover shows horses bursting at full gallop directly from right to left across the canvas. The focal point is the predominantly teal pinto, his will to explore the depths of the ocean that radiates pure freedom and thus conveys the intended spirit of this painting. Freedom unbound! The horse at the right leaping high into the air pushes the emotion further. All our senses are involved in its passion. Every creature on the canvas aims to venture into the unexplored. A fish evolves to fly while a bird wishes to venture in to the seas. The bright feathers of a peacock irradiate the positivity of thoughts that make one soar from darkness to light!



“No bird soars too high if he
soars with his own wings!”

-William Blake