



SRIJAN₂₀₁₂₋₁₃

"Of Phases and Phrases"

HARMONIC
OSCILLATIONS



TWIN PARADOX

DARK MATTER



GRAVITY

4th DIMENSION





What is it that is incomparable about NIT-H?

Its picturesque natural beauty, world class infrastructure, thriving placements, faculty, hostel life, sports facilities and what not.

Now, let us land inside this bounty of talent and wisdom and get a sneak peak, let us see what is going on inside the little brains on which the status of this college stands, how are their four years of college life spent?

Is it always the popping pulses of harmonic oscillation for them? Or do they get overwhelming exposure of the dark side of life? Are there some paradox in their life which come out as shock and awe? Or have their thoughts got affected by the gravity of situations? Do they often visit back and forth in the 4th dimension the realm of reveries and a completely different set of worlds?

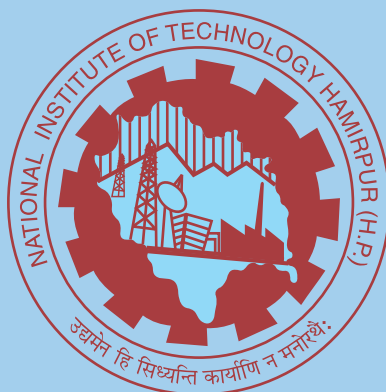
Ever since its starting, SRIJAN has always provided a platform for students to gush into themselves, dive deep into the pool of their insides and pop out with eloquent ways to present their feelings, emotions and perceptions. Every new SRIJAN represents the next generation of engineers and automatically variations in their lifestyles and perceptions. This year we have attempted to get the fullest out of them. Out of the originality constraints are bound to be, albeit you may not find some articles to be of high literary standard but they, along with the ones challenging the best writers of today, embody the precious creativity and the mingled thinking of a student's mind.

With great pleasure we present before you our budding talents with their thought provoking articles, soul stirring compositions and inspiring poems.

Hence, presenting to you a **Journey to the center of NITH** '



**NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY HAMIRPUR
HIMACHAL PRADESH (INDIA)**



SRIJAN 2012-13

of Phases and Phrases



VISION STATEMENT

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

The Creative Coterie



Nivedita Dogra

The “Queen Of Hearts”, truly the most interesting one of us all. One can easily get lost in the magnanimity of her thoughts. The way she translates her thoughts into writing is just amazing. She is the Head of the English Section. She has the authorship of several



K. Dayananda Singh

An expert in making the most creative designs and one of the best photographers this college has ever seen. He is, well, the most famous one of us all because he has given competition to Psy , that’s right, the guy who gave the world “Gangnam Style” .



Rajeev Bhardwaj

He is the Optimus Prime of our team. Optimus Prime (Rajeev) is the leader of the Autobots (our team) a faction of transforming robots (and we definitely work like robots) from the planet Cybertron (NIT). He continues the legacy of the magazine, and makes an effort to save the planet “SRIJAN”, making sure all work is done before the approaching deadlines.



Tanmay Mishra

You can narrate any scene to him and in a matter of seconds have its cartoon created. He is the MEGAMIND behind all the creative cartoons displayed in the magazine. He is the head of Fine Arts Division of ‘SRIJAN’. He believes in making the change happen and getting the job done.



Ravi Ranjan

He is the Dabang ‘Fazlu Bhai’ of our team . Just like him he has a very optimistic personality with an easy solution to every problem. One of the promoters of Hindi language in our Institute, he is not only very good at Hindi literature but also feels proud in propagating the use of our Mother-tongue.



Anisha Rajvanshi

Designs are the strength of this “Wonder Woman” . The embodiment of girl power, she possesses superman strength and speed and runs on atomic power much like the wonder woman. She belongs to the design team.

सम्पादक की कलम से....



अक्सर हम जीवन के झुलसे हुए पहलुओं एवं वास्तविकता का आविर्भाव करने हेतु किसी महान व्यक्तित्व को उदाहरण के रूप में देखते हैं। परन्तु मैंने गत वर्षों में यह अनुभव किया है कि प्रत्येक व्यक्ति का जीवन अपने आप में इन महान रहस्यों से ओतप्रोत होता है। अपने विद्यार्थी जीवन में ही मैं ऐसे लोगों से रुबरु हुआ हूँ जिन्होंने जाने अनजाने में अपने अन्तःकरण में महानतम व्यक्ति के पहलुओं को छिपा रखा है। न सिर्फ एक अभीष्ट चरित्र वरन एक विद्यार्थी धर्म का भी सहजता से पालन किया है।

हमारा विद्यार्थी जीवन ऐसे अनेक अनसुलझे पहलुओं एवं रहस्यों से भरा होता है, आप किसी एक के भी जीवन को उठा कर देख लीजिए उसमें आप को प्रेम, करुणा, दया, वात्सल्य, गंभीरता, उदारता, आनंद सभी रसों का समावेश मिल जाएगा।

इन्हीं विचारों से प्रेरित होकर हमने सृजन का यह अंक छात्र जीवन के पहलुओं, उनकी मनःस्थिति एवं अंतर्द्वंद को समर्पित किया है।

मैं सभी प्रतीभागी छात्रों, पूर्व छात्रों एवं आचार्यों को पूरे संपादकीय परिवार की ओर से धन्यवाद देना चाहूंगा जिन्होंने अपने अमूल्य योगदान से इस कार्य को सफल बनाने में हमारी तत्परतापूर्वक सहायता की। आशा है हमारा यह प्रयास संस्थान की एक झलक एवं आने वाले कल के ऊर्जावान छात्रों की एक छवि देने में कामयाब होगा।

राजीव भरद्वाज, संपादक सृजन
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SRIJAN 2012-13

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MESSAGE

डॉ. शशि थरूर
Dr. SHASHI THAROOR
ഭരത. ശാശി തരൂർ



राज्य मंत्री
मानव संसाधन विकास
भारत सरकार
**MINISTER OF STATE FOR
HUMAN RESOURCE DEVELOPMENT
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA**

MESSAGE

It is my pleasure to send my best wishes to the National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur, for the annual magazine "Srijan". I am delighted to see the students of National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur taking the effort to express their thoughts in the form of the written word.

With the theme of this year's issue being "SRIJAN: Of Phases and Phrases", the students have brought out in a most artistic fashion various issues affecting our society as a whole. This magazine provides a platform for young minds to hone their skills, understand the power of words and unleash the very best of their talents.

I congratulate the editorial team for their hard work, and also all who have contributed directly or indirectly to the present issue of the magazine. I wish the students, staff and management of NIT (Hamirpur) the best in all their future endeavours.


Shashi Tharoor

Smt. Urmila Singh
Governor
Himachal Pradesh



MESSAGE

URMILA SINGH
Governor
Himachal Pradesh



RAJ BHAVAN,
SHIMLA-171 002.

MESSAGE

I am delighted to learn that NIT Hamirpur is bringing out its annual magazine "Srijan" for the academic session 2012-13.

Such magazines bring forth the literary and artistic side of budding engineers by providing a window for them to reach out to the world with their creative talent.

I hope that the magazine shall provide a peep into the institute's activities throughout the year by amalgamating the thoughts and beliefs of the rich diversity that characterizes the institute.

I wish the endeavour great success.


(Urmila Singh)

MESSAGE



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



Prof. V.S. Ramamurthy
Director

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MESSAGE

I am happy to know that NIT-H's annual college magazine "SRIJAN" is coming out with their next issue. This magazine highlights the artistic and literary talents of students, faculty and the alumni in addition to the Institutes achievements and other extra-curricular activities.

I am deeply impressed by the diversity of the sections like humour, poems, prose and paintings.

"SRIJAN", has maintained a multicultural and harmonious spirit by its editorial efforts. I'm proud to know that through this means, NIT has not only been able to produce worthy engineers diligently, but also talented artists and writers.

I congratulate all the contributors and the editorial board for making this magazine worth the time and value.

V.S. RAMAMURTHY
Chairman – Board of Governors
NIT Hamirpur

I am extremely glad to know that National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is publishing its annual magazine. Our institute is the pioneer of vocational education of supreme excellence in the state and has been recognised as an Institute of National importance by Govt. of India, MHRD for imparting quality education to all its students.

'SRIJAN', the annual Institute magazine, has been a useful medium for expression of thoughts, ideas and writing skills to all the members of the NIT fraternity and is a treat to all its readers.

It is a healthy tradition which the institute maintains and I am proud to be a part of it. Last year's magazine "Flights Unbound" opened up a new world of imagination. I had never thought that a technical university's magazine could be so supremely laudable.

The quality of the articles in the magazine showcases the Institute's talent emanating from the inherent desire to express and share the joy of writing. It enables the students to develop a versatile personality as they steps out of the Institute by making them aware of the intricate web of human social values, traditions and customs.

The multi-cultural, multilingual facet of the Institute, which is deeply etched in our ethos, provides a unique opportunity for national integration and assimilation of wider cultural values of various regions of the country. It is duly reflected in this magazine.

(Rajnish Shrivastava)



Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava
Director
NIT, Hamirpur

MESSAGE

With another year comes our new issue of the college magazine "SRIJAN". For many years it has been a dynamic platform for the students of National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur to present their views in the form of art and literature. The annual magazine of the college applauds the efforts of the students to participate in the college activities all year around. Apart from the technical advancement, as the college continues to grow in each aspect, our magazine undoubtedly presents it with panache.

The credit for the publication of the magazine purely goes to the unending efforts of the editorial board and of the contributors to the magazine.

I congratulate them to have come up with a new issue of the magazine of SRIJAN for the session 2012-2013 and I am hoping that the current issue will be well received by the readers.



Dr. Raman Parti
Dean(SW&AA)
NIT Hamirpur

Dr. Raman Parti

Dean (Student Welfare and Alumni Affairs)

NIT Hamirpur



Dr. Siddhartha
Faculty Coordinator
SRIJAN 2012-13

अत्यंत हर्ष है कि इस वर्ष मुझे संस्थान की वार्षिक पत्रिका का एक अभिन्न अंग बनने का अवसर मिला है। "सृजन" हमेशा से ही नव वर्ष संस्थान में हुई गतिविधियों, हमारे छात्रों एवं आचार्यों के विचारों एवं भावनाओं को उभरने का एक अभूतपूर्व माध्यम रहा है। न केवल तकनीकी क्षेत्र में छात्रों के दो रूढ़ प्रभारिणीय विभाग वरुन सामाजिक एवं कारुणिक विषयों में हमारे छात्रों की अभिरुचि एवं दूरदर्शिता इनके लेखों में सादृशता पूर्वक झलकती है। हमारा प्रयास रहता है कि अधिपत्रक छात्र एवं आचार्यों अपने विचारों एवं अनुभवों की अभिव्यक्ति इस पत्रिका के माध्यम से करें, जिससे आगे वाले विद्यार्थियों को एक मार्गदर्शन मिले। इसी परंपरा का सम्यक निरंतरण करते हुए हमने सृजन के इस अंक "Of phases and phrases" में छात्र जीवन के ज्यादातर पदचुओं, उनकी मनः स्थिति का समालोचन, और उनके जीवन का एक चारुवर्तिक विभाग को प्रस्तुत करने का प्रयास किया है।

सभी सृजन परिवार के सदस्यों ने इस नए अंक के साथ पत्रिका को एक नया आयाम देने का प्रयास किया है, और यह हमें का विषय है कि उनके इस प्रयास ने संभवतः सकारात्मक साहित्य-लेखन के क्षेत्र में नवीन मापदंड प्रस्तुत किया है। हमारा सभी पाठकों से शक्तिशाली निवेदन है कि पत्रिका का गूढ़ता पूर्वक विम्लेषण एवं समीक्षा करें ताकि आगामी अंक को हम उत्कृष्टता की ओर एक कदम और अग्रसरित कर सकें।

में आदर्शपूर्ण निदेशक महोदय, प्राध्यापक वर्ग, सभी छात्र एवं संपूर्ण संपादकीय परिवार का दार्ढ्य धन्यवाद करना चाहूँगा जिनोंने इस पत्रिका को एक सार्वभौम में परिवर्तित करने में अपना अमूल्य सहयोग प्रदान किया है।

डॉ. सिद्धार्थ

समन्वयक, सृजन

रा.जी.स. , हमीरपुर, हि. प्र.

दिनांक: 31/08/2013

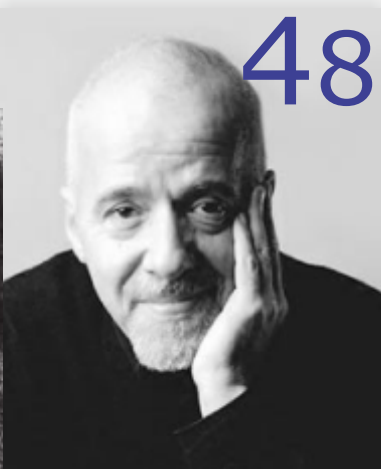


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Civil Engineering Department



Dr. Rakesh Kumar Dutta

The Civil Engineering Department is a part of the institute since its inception. Being one of the primary Engineering Departments of the Institute, the Department of Civil Engineering offers B. Tech., M. Tech. and Ph.D. degree programs, accredited by National Board of Accreditation for five years since January 2008 and has been imparting quality education to its students. The students of this department have been constantly proving themselves over the years with several of them ranking amongst the top 1000 in prestigious examinations like GATE. Recently the department added a new infrastructural feat with the inclusion of the second elevator in the college.

Team SRIJAN: What is your opinion about the new rule regarding the conducting of a single periodical in the institute?

Asst. Prof. Chandarprakash: It is better than the earlier system. The two reasons are: two exams in a day divert the attention and students are not focused on a single subject and can't study it thoroughly. With a strength of about ninety students in a class, faculty members too considered these as a burden, as most of the time is wasted in paper setting and answer sheet evaluation. As a consequence, the quality of question paper and evaluation is degraded.



Team SRIJAN: Express your views about the latest 'No yearback system'?

Asst. Prof. Chandarprakash: It is good in my opinion. Sitting at home and answering so many questions from kins and others frustrate and demoralise the student. There was unnecessary wastage of time in the earlier system. Students not able to take all the exams now have a choice and can manage their potential and capability accordingly.



Team SRIJAN: How has your opinion about teaching changed from student life to being a teacher?

Asst. Prof. Vijay Shankar Dogra: A student usually has a lot of expectations from their teachers. They have the picture of an ideal teacher in their mind who favours them in all ways. If a teacher is not able to fulfill what the students expect from him, students feel that he has disappointed them. But as one becomes a teacher himself then he understands the situations in which teachers work. The reasons why teachers take some decisions and don't take others can be understood only after one becomes a teacher.



Team SRIJAN: The way students perform in their practicals, do you think they actually add to their skills?

Asst. Prof. Vijay Shankar Dogra: Yes they do, but the instructor has a very important role to play in this. If students learn to perform a practical with the correct technique, it is really beneficial to them. Also correct equipment should be there so that the students can get accurate results.

Electrical Engineering Department



Dr R.N. Sharma



Electrical department is one of the oldest standing rocks in monument of NIT Hamirpur. It has a sum total of fifteen regular and five contractual members of faculty, who expertise in their specific field areas. Dr Ravindra Nath Sharma is the Head of Electrical Department, who leaves no stone unturned for the overall development of this department. Further ELSOC is the departmental team formed by the students of Electrical Department, which, by various cultural activities and workshops, contribute to overall personality development of the students and thus forms an integral part of Electrical Department.

Team SRIJAN: What is your opinion on the prevalent view that the EED students have to put in the most efforts as a student at NITH?

Asst. Prof. Ravindra Nath Sharma: Teachers in our department are serious about teaching. I teach as if there is no tomorrow. Electrical department teachers don't want to skip their responsibilities. They try to put their best efforts for the sake of fulfilment of their responsibilities.

Team SRIJAN: Should there be a compulsion of tutorials for final year students?

Asst. Prof. Ravindra Nath Sharma : Students have already appeared in the GATE Examination by the time they are in final year. So their conceptual knowledge about the subjects is quite brushed up. Hence the final year tutorial sessions can be skipped. Instead, this time can be utilised for improving their management and learning skills which they would be requiring once they complete their studies and join various companies and face the outside world.

Team SRIJAN: How do you think that students can be a part of the projects sanctioned under different professors in electrical department?

Assoc. Prof. Ashwani Chandel: For this purpose the students need to first arise beyond their usual curriculum syllabi and recognize different fields of interest, then interact with required faculty members and request them for getting them involved in the possible projects.

Team SRIJAN: What do you think is the role of ELSOC for the Electrical Department?

Asst. Prof. OP Rahi: ELSOC provides a platform for students of electrical department for extracurricular activities and learn many other extra skills which are not part of usual class syllabus .It organizes fresher's party and many such interaction programs for students of electrical department, in a nutshell it plays a major role in overall personality development of electrical students.

Team SRIJAN: How can the students avail IEEE (INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS),USA programs and other such facilities?

Asst. Prof. OP Rahi: Students can do so by first getting a paid membership of IEEE after which they can avail all major programs involved in the student chapter of IEEE.It is usually very much recommended to become a member as its facilities are marvellous for students who wish to pursue higher studies or research in this field, though the initial fee is quite high but the facilities that it provides are worth it.



Mechanical Engineering Department



Dr. Rajesh Sharma



Mechanical Engineering being the root that gives engineering its well branched tree, popularly coined as 'the mother of all branches', has unreservedly been a part of this institute right from its inception. With time, it has grown to house over ten laboratories, faculty offices, lecture rooms and the most recent addition of a floor with excellent seminar rooms. A central workshop near its vicinity aids the department in all its manufacturing based works with shops and machines/ tools required for various operations, accessible to both the students and staff alike. The departmental team SOME is run by student enthusiasts and key faculty members. One thing that separates this department from the others is the candid student faculty relation.

Team SRIJAN: How do you think the teacher-student relation should be?

Assoc. Prof. Rajesh Sharma: The passion of teaching is lost now-a-days. Students are in favour of liberal teachers. I expect from students more sincerity towards their studies.

Team SRIJAN: How much do you think the practicals that the students perform adds to their skills?

Asst. Prof. Divya Pandey: Most of the practicals being performed in the department presently need updation. The department should collaborate with the industry to know the need of the day in terms of practical work. Not only practicals, but the students should also be involved in some projects from the industry to expose them to the working environment a mechanical engineer has to actually face.

Team SRIJAN: Do you think more girls should opt for mechanical stream? If yes, then why?

Assoc. Prof. Rajesh Sharma: Yes, now-a-days the number of girls is increasing in our department. Due to its hardcore nature, it was thought of to be only for boys and also due to security reasons for women in a male dominant working environment girls used to be hesitant to opt for this branch. But day by day situations are changing and now it is tending towards a female friendly environment as well.

Asst. Prof. Divya Pandey: It was a psychological fear in the old days but scenario has changed. Now, generally mechanical engineers have to deal with designs mostly. But still sectors like productions do not have satisfactory environment for females. Other factors are health issues and societal influence which creates obstacles for female students to opt for this branch.

Team SRIJAN: Comment on "More focus should be on software based subjects".

Assoc. Prof. Rajesh Sharma: Physical work is needed for satisfaction in these subjects. When you touch materials and design by them you feel and learn better.

Asst. Prof. Divya Pandey: Curriculum should be updated. Bench marking should be done. Faculty should be hired globally. Work should be improved by faculty members.



Electronics & Communication Engineering Department



Dr. Rajeevan Chandel

The Electronics & Communication Engineering (E&CE) Department NIT was established in 1988. Under the guidance of Dr. (Mrs.) Rajeevan Chandel as the Head of Department, the department showcases astounding display of excellence in teaching, research and service. Waiting for the opening of the new departmental building, E&CED presently crowns over the Administrative Block with the snow clad Dhauladhar Range in the background. The department already flourished with well equipped labs having the latest technologies and is expecting addition of new labs with the new building. Society for Promotion of Electronics Culture(SPEC) is the departmental society which organizes events regularly for creating awareness among students about the latest developments in the field of electronics.

Team SRIJAN: What changes do you expect in the quality and quantity of the laboratory instruments and laboratories when the department shifts to the new building?

Assoc. Prof. Rajeevan Chandel : Wonderful first question! You see, space is definitely a problem right now, a few labs have been proposed that includes nanotechnology and fabrication laboratories, so, it depends on the portion of the new building that we will be given. Full building will be beneficial. Since the fabrication lab will be needing certain chemicals to operate, it is essential to place it on top or bottom floor for safety purposes, so that it could be kept isolated from other rooms and labs in the building.

Team SRIJAN: What would be the effect of reshuffling of subjects?

Asst. Prof. Philemon Daniel: The Department lacks architecture based subjects like Computer Architecture, Fuzzy Logic Design, Artificial Neural Networks and many more, same can be included. Shuffling the subjects provides the space to try new subjects with the old ones.

Team SRIJAN: What do you think is the reason for the decline in academic performance with every next fresh batch coming to this institute?

Asst. Prof. Philemon Daniel: I think it is due to the lack of direct teacher to student communication, classroom communication. Small classes are more effective, making a teacher pin point the students, which eventually does them some good.

Team SRIJAN: What is the Department's stand on 7th semester industrial training for students?

Assoc. Prof. Rajeevan Chandel : There has been some disparity over whether all subjects in 7th semester should be open electives or not, but as far as I know, and my personal views holds, sending students out on internships doesn't add to value addition of department in any way, except pure technical advance institutes like ISRO, IIT's or IISC. Point is there has never been a consensus between faculty and the students. So according to me, a common policy by the institute should be passed regarding this issue.



Computer Science & Engineering Department



Dr. Kamlesh Dutta

Computer Science and Engineering Department is a perfect blend of academic, research, industrial and social commitments. The Department is equipped with computers, software and latest IT infrastructure, and the students are exposed to up-to-date equipment, technology and techniques. Department promotes the philosophy of open source technology and extensively utilizes, promotes and participates in the development of various open sources projects. GLUG and C-SEC societies of the department are actively engaged in creating awareness among students about the open source technologies. The department also works in close liaison with the Central Government in the monitoring and implementation of government of India's various ICT related projects. The department has the distinction of being an approved agency for the implementation of IPV6 in various government organizations across India.

Team SRIJAN: Why do you think that there is a shortage of faculty in the department?

Asst. Prof. Nitin Gupta: As can be seen these days, more students are opting for jobs rather than going for higher education. The trend has been going on for a while, so there has been a lack of teachers. Also, in case of our college the location is a great disadvantage. Plus, there's a lack of post graduates and scholars in Himachal Pradesh itself, while other institutes don't face these problems.

Team SRIJAN: Should there be a programming language based subject in every year's course?

Assoc. Prof. T.P Sharma: Well, previously it was accountable for students to learn various languages as per their requirement of the practicals. But since there has been changes in the way students perceive labs, my opinion has changed too. There can be such a change in the course plan to aid students' personal studies.

Team SRIJAN: Since C.S.E.D has professional workshops Conducted by the likes of IBM, to what extent do you think these workshops actually help the students?

Assoc. Prof. Kamlesh Dutta: See, there are certain topics that our courses are unable to cover. There are new technologies coming up that the students might not be aware of. These workshops help them keep up. The students are lucky to have companies like IBM organize such workshops that give them an upper hand over the other students.

Team SRIJAN: There are students who take up projects on an individual level for competitions and such. Will the presence of a faculty coordinator be more helpful?

Assoc. Prof. Kamlesh Dutta: I think that such a thing will make students feel more guided. They can also ask for assistance in case they encounter any hitches. The department is always ready for such endeavours. If students need help, they must definitely ask the teachers and department authorities.



Architecture Department



Dr. Bhanu Marwaha

The department of Architecture is the youngest department at the National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur being established in 2000. The Department has been imparting quality education to B. Arch students by reviewing its curriculum from time to time, modernizing its laboratories with state of the art equipments and latest software. The department witnessed a great milestone last year as the proud host of North zonal N.A.S.A. (National Association of students of Architecture), the annual meet of architecture students where students from various colleges participated and a great show was put up by architecture students. The department has a very cognitive work environment where innovation is encouraged.

Team SRIJAN: Do you think architecture students should be involved in the constructions taking place in campus?

Dr. Bhanu Marwaha: Not only students from architecture stream but from all the streams should be involved during the planning stages of construction. Architecture students are already busy and overworking during their final and super final year, but their perception must be taken in view.

Team SRIJAN: How was your experience of hosting ZONASA in our college? Do you think such activities should be encouraged?

Dr. Meenakshi Jain: Activities like Zonal Nasa and Annual Nasa should take place. First time in history, so many colleges were invited. It was a good talent show and was highly appreciated. There were shortcomings but students learn from them only. Many outside students were fascinated by the department and the work we had put in.

Team SRIJAN: As we all know the level of exposure for architecture students is not up to the mark. What would you suggest to improve it?

Dr. Meenakshi Jain: I agree that the level of exposure is less but we have sufficient days in vacations, we have internet and well equipped labs. In Hamirpur, the good point is we have less distractions as not a great amount of recreational activities are present, hence the students can concentrate more towards their work.

Team SRIJAN: If you were asked, which one subject would you like to add for architecture students?

Ar. Puneet Sharma: Interior Designing, not as theory but as a complete design subject. As Le Corbusier said, "Architecture lives in details."



TRAINING AND PLACEMENT



We had barely made it out of the grim monsters of the companies that had introduced us to the world of the real engineers during our summer training, than we were geared up to be a part of another megajob for a longer duration. It was the much awaited and dreaded placement season. The anticipated rush of emotions was met by the expectations and more. Samsung SISC was the season opener with it recruiting fifteen students in all. The CSE and ECE students had their hands full with companies knocking at the college gates almost every week. Meanwhile, the other branches were sighing and fretting when Maruti Suzuki India Ltd. raised the hopes of the mechanical folks by recruiting twelve students. ACC Ltd. blessed the EEE branch with its sole starting placement.

CSE undoubtedly was the champion of the 'recruited' with sixty six students being placed in firms like Winshuttle, Belzabar, Sapient, Amdocs, GreyB, Rancore, etc. ECE had pretty much the same firms recruiting, with forty one students being placed. Mechanical worked at its slow and steady 'winning tortoise' pace, with some of the biggest firms to ever visit the campus though it was the students mostly ending up on class trips (but of course memorable ones for whatever reasons!) to visit the companies' recruiting locations, the firms including Hero MotoCorp Ltd., Hyundai Motors, Honda Cars India Ltd., Larsen and Toubro, Ashok Leyland, etc and over sixty two students being placed. EEE shared a limited part of the placement drive too with about forty students being recruited and half of them by Infosys. Infosys was the only mass recruiter that graced us with its benevolence this time with fifty one students being employed by it, the real grace being on the civil department with an opening placement of nine students. Civil branch saw a fairly less rush of recruiters with the other recruiters for civil being JSPL and Ambuja cements only. It was difficult for the rest of the batch to revel in their own joy when their brothers in arms were devoid of the same opportunities but all hope is not lost yet as we know that the harshest seas makes the best sailors.

(Note: The figures and facts regarding placements are as noted till January 2013)

This year, seeing what we have seen, we decided to leave our dear 'jungoos' with some words of advice. So, here are a few words of wisdom from the wise.

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Well as far as training part is concerned, don't run for companies because in the end maximum of you are going for jobs only, rather try to find some professor of a good university in India or abroad. It will help you in your higher studies. Try to publish atleast one research paper during your college tenure. And placements, I observed in my college life that every one selects company on the basis of CTC (pay package) they are offering (which will not matter at all, ten years down the line) and are least bothered about the work profile and environment. My sincere advice to all my juniors, before taking placements check out your skills and interests because that will provide you work satisfaction at the end of the day.

*Dheeraj gupta
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1. Keep on checking websites: 20 nineteen, Campus France, studentcompetitions.
2. The company reviews from pass-outs must be sought out (Consider it like NIT-H's personal equivalent glass- door). Combined ratings (carry out a survey (survey monkey). Invite the pass-outs to participate).
Say, I give 4 stars to SEL Noida , and to answer the Y, ask for a brief summary.
3. Explore the off campus options as well.(Eg: for CSE : CSC)
4. Consider inputs from the pass-outs from the batches of the 90s. They must have been through a lot.

*Raghav Bhagra
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Never make a good CGPI the sole criteria of getting into a good company. By my experience I have never seen any company coming into recruitment looking for branch toppers barring a few exceptions. So focus on your communication skills and do things in college that would showcase your management and talent. All recruiters want good managers not geeks. And hey enjoy these 4 years to the max. Trust me when I say that coz this time never comes back. Placement time does get very tense but try to be calm that's the best one can do. All the best!!!

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First of all I congratulate every member for taking lot of calculative steps for various developments of students as well as departments. These days, NIT-H products are found almost everywhere in cream positions. I hope SRIJAN would help the aspiring students to foresee career as a whole.

I will be happy to extend my support in form of suggestions if needed by the students (specially architecture) who are intending to start career in architect firms, real estate companies as well as self establishments.

HOSTEL DIARIES

night o



KBH

The new home for freshers, KBH has the advantage of being placed at one of the most convenient locations in the campus. The well equipped common room

with an added gym just makes it the perfect place to start your college life. Though the maze like structure along with the newly added building can make you lose your way more often.

X: Bawe aaj to maza aa gaya. It was a rare sight watching the girls playing in our court.

Y: Haan, kuch to fayda hai KBH me rehne ka.

X: Chal ab so jaate hain, I need to attend the 8:30 class.

Y: Not to worry, just wake up at 8:20 and you'll still make it on time. In any case, skipping breakfast is the best option.

X: Really yaar, I badly miss my maa's cooking.

Y: Thank God, we live near 4H. It is the closest place where food is at least cooked properly.



nBH

This hostel can more be aptly described as the heavenly abode of second and third years because of its imposing and modern infrastructure. The common room is one of a kind with a great music system and an attached snooker zone.

A (at dinner table): Ladke idhar aa, roti todni hai. It's stretching like rubber.

B: I'd suggest using a hammer; it's more of a stone.

A: Where the hell have we landed? We were better off in 1st year, kam se kam 4H to paas tha.

C: Oye khane ki chor, the net's still not working.

B: Isme naya kya hai, ye bata?

SBH



This hostel is so far away from the main campus that some might not even

consider it a part of NIT-H. The distance gap can be judged by the fact that there have been frequent sightings of leopard in this part of the college.

X (at 3 a.m.): Oye 3 baj gaye, chal halla machaate hain

Y: Na yaar, now everyone knows the truth. It's stale news dude.

A: No, no, I have heard that some new guys have shifted to our hostel. Chal unko daraate hain.

(Howling voices and rattling of railings echo across the hostel!)
(the new guys)

X: What the hell is that sound?

N: (who has heard the story) Haven't you heard about the haunted stories of SBH?

M: (making weird faces) WTF, pehle kyun ni bataya?



VBH

The residents of this hostel are blessed with the best internet facility in the campus next only to the Computer Centre.

Mango trees adorn the exteriors and the food and location are also one of the more favorable ones.

P: Bahar niklo sab k sab. Ab toh saans bhi nahi aa rahi hai.

S: Seriously yaar, we were better off in triplets. Kahan jail jese singlets mein fas gaye.

R: C'mon man! It's not really that bad. At times you need some time alone to concentrate on the studies.

S: "Typical nerdy statement". Shuru hogya yeh padhaku saada daalne.

P: The only benefit of living in VBH is that just like KBH, we are closer to the lecture hall aur 4H mein khane ko mil jata hai.

bir



MMH

In this hostel the final year students get the freedom that a fresher can only dream of. In contradiction to other hostels, this one has no timing restrictions. The residents here also enjoy one of the best sports facilities.

X: Sir, your placement party is still due, aaj MMH me hi khila do please.

Y: Okay, come to my room tonight.

X: But Sir MMH to bhool bhulaiya hai, I'll see you straight in mess.

Y: Chal theek hai. Then after dinner, we'll go to my room together. I'll give you the real treat there.

X: Great Sir! Aaj toh maze lag gaye



DBH

You will never hear a NIT-H guy talk about DBH without mentioning its food. The nearby locations of Ekta and Nescafe are additional perks. People of DBH faithfully follow the Lecture Hall - Reading Room - Hostel - Lecture Hall schedule during exams.

A (during exams): Yaar I'm so bored, chal chai peekar aate hain.

B: Yup everything is getting transmitted overhead, let's chill out in the garden.

A: Dude the garden is bygone. Though state of art speaker zaroor install ho gaye hain common room mein. And the mic is still in BD-316.

B (somewhere in mess): Hey, tu yahan kya kar ra hai? Thrown out of hostel or what?

C: Dude the food is better than the torturous NBFH.

B: Ok, but I've heard that MMH's food is even better. Next time let's have dinner there.



PGH

The abode of the smart sirens of the campus, it houses over four hundred girls. With a recently attached new hostel named 'Ambika Girls Hostel', the capacity has more than doubled.

7 A.M.

Q: Come on, it's 7 and you're still sleeping. You know the class starts at 8:30!

P: OMG... I'll be late again today.. Guess I will have to miss the breakfast. Wish they had 'rikshas' here or the timber trail should have linked PGH to the lecture hall.

In a hurry to the college

Q: Monkeys! One snatched my sandwich...

P: We better hurry up or the rest will follow them too..

7:30 in the evening

Q: Have your dinner and then we will go the reading room in AGH.

P: Yeah, a better place to study at last.. There's nothing like the library, but it's a small concession to the girls..

APJH

The youngest of all, this one can be considered as a new milestone in the history of NIT-H hostels considering the attached bathroom with every room scheme making it more of a hotel than a hostel. Still, the number of hostlers is scarce, giving it the image of an abandoned shack.



A: Oye, itna saara saaman chak k kahan ja raha hai?

B: Baawey... After a long time I feel like bathing, toh APJ ke "5 star" bathrooms me nahaaney ja raha hun.

A: Oh teri! Sahi scene hai badke. Hum vahan nahaane jatey hain aur wo yahan khaane aate hai. Putting aside its abandonment, APJ is more of a luxurious hostel.

B: Hmm... Getting attached bathrooms is surely a luxurious feeling, even more than having singlets!

COVER STORY ▶ BLANK VERSES

“When life throws you around like a wave, a sight of those waves crashing by, lets you see like getting hit hard.”



Nivedita Dogra
MED, Final Year

How wonderful it is to think that when in school, at the adolescent age, we learn about all these different assumptions that need to be taken to prove certain scientific theorems or mathematical postulations, assumptions start transferring from the science books to life as well. Naturalness starts to take a back seat, we start assuming and asserting without speaking or listening properly. The phrases start dying out and the phases begin, the real phases of life. With time, we tend to forget the importance of words, of communicating, phrasing out our emotions to the right person.

Before you begin reading these few awry lines, let me warn you, this is not a story. It is a concoction of a few of those emotions brewed up over the period known as ‘growing up’, prised by our tendencies to go against our innate nature for the sake of playing pretense. It is one woman’s journey through the vicissitudes of these emotions, within a period of twenty four hours. I wish that you will relish it slowly and most importantly soulfully, with the calculative mind taking a rest for the next few minutes.

THE NOCTURNAL ASYLUM

The amber glow, a satin nightgown and the usual night rituals abetted in inducing sleep. Just as she slipped into the soft cushions of her bed, she froze. She heard a cry pierce through the sanctity of the night. Only hell itself could have witnessed such a wail. A cry so soulful, that it struck at her inner chords. She could not move for a moment after the cry ended, even though she knew what the origin of the cry was. Rodriguez had lost all that he loved and hence he had lost his mind. A mad man to many, but she thought of him differently. She opened the diary kept next to her bed and read,

*Do you ever feel like you are on the edge of sanity
At the border of fragility
At the precipice of what you are
You feel like your one step could make you tumble
down that deep gorge of madness
What makes a sane person different from an insane
one
A vagabond different from a revered one
I am a vagabond and I am revered
It'll just take a moment to slip away
As I looked at the silent road melting in the hazy
dew light
I saw it somehow
The degradation to the land unknown*

She had written these lines a long time ago, but still, often she found herself wandering at the gates of sanity. Whispering these lines to herself, she fell into the void they call sleep.

DAWN OF DREAMS

At the crack of dawn, she realized that sleep could not wash away all that was stormed up by Rodriguez's cry. She walked around her house wearing the fragments of her last night's thoughts. Soon, she was flipping through the T.V. channels when a picturesque view of a hazy sunset over the Grand Canyons caught her eye. The sun was not visible but its rays illuminated the canyons' mighty berms with a mellowness so gentle that it seemed like a lullaby to the sight. A boy in his twenties sat on a jeep, looking at the horizon with the serenest of countenances. He had been living in the canyons for some time now and had given up his social life to live there. He spoke, “When my girlfriend asks me why I prefer to live away from society just for a few rocks, I cannot help but adamantly reply that I feel closer to God here.”

She had felt the same once. It was a long time ago, in a time frame when she dreamt of dwarfs and daisies. She used to feel it sometimes in a moment as plain as water, but equally necessary. For instance, when, once she set out for a small hike with a bunch of her friends on a nearby trail, they happened to come across an old dilapidated shrine. They sat there a while and it was in that moment of respite that she felt it. Her friends were engaged in their puerile banter, but for some reason she could not concentrate on them. She felt at peace with everything, inside and around her. She sat there staring at the shrine, almost till someone shook her and said. “Hey! Let's move!”

This charismatic boy was living her dream of being a ‘Free-bird’. The dream was the offspring of a ‘Hippie’ family that she had met once, on her twelfth birthday. They had charmed her with their stories, music, love and opinions regarding everything.

They had travelled the entire country with no money, but just a trailer serving both as their home and car. They believed in the philosophy of finding a home wherever one set foot upon and indeed, they did. From then on, on every birthday of hers, she would pledge to grow up into a woman who would travel far, would not be bounded by the materialistic needs of the world, to be a 'Free-bird'.

The first birthday that she celebrated after she started working in the law firm was the one when she forgot to pledge, when she caged the 'Free-bird'.

MORNING AND MOURNING

All those that she loved in her life were losing their lives, one by one, to time's fatal blows, floating away like feathers that once helped the bird in her flight. She felt the repercussions of the blows strongly today, as she did often on gloomy days when such realizations came easy. She wished she could cry like Rodriguez for she knew this was the same pain that he bore. Also, she felt no less than a prisoner as the 'Free-bird' was entrapped.

Mourning ensued for the departed souls and for her dead soul. Rob kept her company. They sat at the edge of grief.

How do you do that?

You sit with a bottle of tonic by your side, with your feet dangling over those crashing waves and your gaze staring at uncharted horizons. You talk in that hushed heavy voice or sometimes you just laugh at all the other things, but talk about what's bothering you.

When life throws you around like a wave, a sight of those waves crashing by, lets you see life getting hit hard. You sombrely wallow in your own emotions, yet you just sit there and stare.

He asked, "What are you doing today?"

"Ummm, I guess, I'm going to read to Mrs. Kelly at the shelter"

"Can you come with me for an hour or so after that?"

"Okay"



SOLOMON'S NOON

She went to the old age shelter, sat down beside Mrs. Kelly and opened 'Little Women'. Mrs. Kelly loved the Marches' sisters, the timid Beth, the boisterous Jo, the diligent Meg and the ever so charming Amy.

Whilst she was on the third sentence, unusually, Mrs. Kelly spoke, "You know that famous actress Anne Dumfry?"

"Yes of course, who doesn't, Mrs. Kelly?"

"That is me, or atleast, was me"

"Hah! Mrs. Kelly, you mean to say that the triple time Oscar winner, one of the greatest beauties the world has ever seen, the great Charlie Dumfry's wife, is sitting in a patient's robe on this wicker chair, in this old age shelter in front of me right now!"

"Yes, that is precisely what I'm saying, my dear."

Mrs. Kelly took out an old picture from her pocket. The wedding photograph left no doubt of her identity. The Dumfry's wedding had been one of the most secretive celebrity wedding of all times, with not even a single photograph ever coming into the media's hands. After her husband's demise, Anne Dumfry's supposed relinquishment of everything she

owned and her self-effacement from the media's eye left everyone nonplussed.

"If you do not know how to embrace it, then, age is cruel my child. I lived a full life, I travelled far, earned money and fame, found love and lost love, I embraced whatever life threw at me. Through it all, I laughed and loved. Do not think that just because I am here in these rags, I am not happy. I am as happy as I can be under these circumstances. I gave up everything of my own will and I lost nothing. Do you know why I am telling you this today?"

She was so in awe that words did not seem to find a grip in the crevice of her mouth.

"My child, it's because in the past year that you have been my reader, never before have I seen such a look in your eye, the look of a lost soul. I do not know the reason, but I hope that you will learn from my tale, to embrace whatever comes your way."

Only time could soften her mind's membrane well enough to absorb all this, so she gently kissed Mrs. Kelly's hand and left in silence.

ALMOST 'TWILIGHT'

"Where are we going?"

"You'll see"

Through the city din, they walked a mile in silence. They paused for an ice - cream and then they treaded on. They walked through the dim light sieving in through the forest.

The sun glazed like polished gold. Its rays felt mildly on the skin, embellished by the gentle wind.

"How have you been?"

No sooner had he uttered these four words than she started baring all that she had been feeling since the past night. She spoke, all along while looking at the sun. When she finished narrating her tale of woe, she turned to look at him. She saw tears welling up and rolling down from his eyes and, even though, he had never said it, she knew that he loved her. At the border of the forest

he confessed his love for her and she said,

"Why do you say this again when you said it already with your tears for my agony?"

She was sure of his love for her. He had always listened to her earnestly, not out of patience alone, but almost as a participant in the tales that she told him. He understood her and made her laugh. He was no prince charming like Mrs. Kelly's love Charlie, but he cared for her, shown by those subtle gestures of his, of which probably he wasn't aware of either when he made them. He was not the love that she had imagined for herself and all these gestures of his could have been merely the traits of a good friend, but his confession and her recent self realization that with time, almost on tip toes, love had crept up on her, assured her that she too, was in love. She smiled, took his hand into hers and kept on smiling for the rest of the walk with him.



They parted ways at the edge of the forest. She said a meek goodbye and strode on the path to the horizon when she saw a mottled old piece of wood standing out in the lush green of that nature's abode. It read, *"This is a Knight's first teaching: you will erase everything you wrote up to now on your life's notebook: turmoil, insecurities, lies.*

And in place of all that, you will write the word courage.

Beginning the journey with this word and going on with faith in God, you will arrive where you need to arrive."^[1]

Her journey had started with her musing on her own sanity, took her through the boulevards of sorrow, thoughtfulness and love and now it seemed to conclude with the right exit. She knew that this was going to be the new and everlasting phase in her life, the quality that would get her smiling through every phase that the moon of her life would go through, be it the harsh blows of loss, the vagaries of life or the risk that every new promise of love comes with.

[1] *The Breviary of Medieval Knights*

Harmonic Oscillations

"Happiness can be found, even in the darkest of times, if one only remembers to turn on the light"

---J. K. Rowling



Rahul Ganguly

Harmonic Oscillations exudes thoughts that carry life experiences and lessons that turn into joyous memories.....



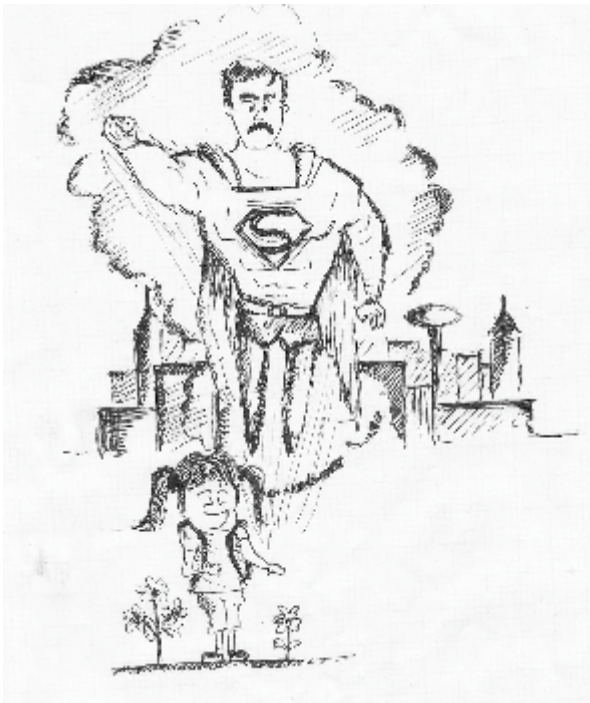
Legacy of Superman



NIHARIKA MATHUR
ARCHI, 1ST YEAR

You know how when you were a kid, you believed that everything that happened in the world was not your concern? You believed that nothing bad could ever happen to you because your parents are the best in the world. And when you were a little girl, you believed that your dad was the strongest of all. You handed him your school bag which seemed so heavy at that time, but you gave it to him anyway because you knew he was strong. At Diwali you held out the oh - so - heavy lights in your tiny arms, so that he could put them up in the balcony. At the airport, you would run to your dad while bags arrived pompously on the conveyer belt and he gave you the smallest one, and picked the heaviest for himself. You believed he was invincible and that he could beat superman in his own game too.

But there comes a time when you see him trip, you notice his frail arms, when you see him coughing uncomfortably, you see all those piles of pills lying somewhere inside his cupboard, and you wince as you see him taking dozens of them everyday.



Rahul Ganguly

“The roles are reversed, you're no longer daddy's special little girl, but another ordinary woman who has to take care of her ailing father.”



There comes a time when you hold his hand to realise just how thin he has become, he no longer can climb up that tree or dig up a hole just for your silly little child games that you had once enjoyed. At the airport, you are the one who holds the heaviest bag, and still take him by the hand, and guide him to the arrival lounge.

The roles are reversed, you're no longer daddy's special little girl, but another ordinary woman who has to take care of her ailing father.

But then, comes a striking realisation. Maybe he's no longer got those muscles that awed you, maybe his feats no longer amaze you, maybe you have seen too much to be surprised by his little tricks that are carried out to impress you.

But he was, is and always will be your special superman. And maybe you're no longer daddy's special little girl, but now your father has passed on his legacy to you and made you his super woman, and this cycle is to continue with your own child. Life is tough, give it your all.

New Horizon



*“Morning awaits with a new ray,
Gets up with a smile to unravel the way”*

DIXIT SAINI
GOVT. POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE
KANGRA (HP)

Bent down in the form of a frog
Looking at the upmost branch, sitting on a leg
Glowing face, with skinned knees
Truly, life's an additional lease

Runs with the little feet bare
Looks at the flies with a special glare
Smile unravels two little pearls
Cheeks so dimpled, like a flower whole

Laughter bells ring with the rising sun
Night ends, before the day's chore is done
Rests while asleep, dances while awake
All on the face and nothing to fake

Scorching sun resembles the cool rain
All day plays, doesn't let a second go in vain
Mud smeared hands and so are the feet
In pool all noon to beat the heat

With a pup in lap and little friends along
Hops all around the place with a mouth full of songs
Some about the stars and some about rivers
But a special one for the life giver

Evening calls from home
A step inside feels like a step on foam
Eyes on plate and tummy full of mice
On seeing it, forgets to be nice

Slowly the little body feels tired
But the mind already has so many plans fired
Eyes shut and heart beats slow
In the slumber dreams come and go

Morning awaits with a new ray
Gets up with a smile to unravel the way
Warm hugs welcome the days mystery
Yesterdays go somewhere deep in history

Little mouth forms an “O”
Legs not ready yet, mind says go
Up from the bed, arms pushing the door
Every corner goes rising with a laughing roar

Don't quit

*“When care is pressing you
down a bit, Rest if you must
but don't you quit”*

SHIVALI SHARMA
EEE, 2ND YEAR



When things go wrong
As sometimes they will
When the road you're trudging on seems all uphill
When the funds are low and the debts high
And you want to smile but you have to sigh
When care is pressing you down a bit
Rest if you must but don't you quit!

Life is queer with its twists and turns
As every one of us sometimes learns
And many a failure turn about
When he might have won, had he stuck it out
Don't give up though the pace seems slow
Because you may succeed with another blow

Success is a failure turned inside out
The silver tint of clouds of doubt
And you never can tell how close you are
It may be near when it seems so far
So stick to it when you are hardest hit
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit!



Annu Verma

Autobiography of a **graduate** Engineer



NISHIL GUPTA
CSE, FINAL YEAR

“I bet that was the only day when all of us woke up early and wasted maximum water in bathing,”

Life is hard when you decide to graduate but it is harder when you decide for engineering as a career. This is not a mere saying but it took me four years to reach this conclusion. I guess all falling under this “Unique” category agree to it. Bunking classes, ogling at girls, ragging, assignments of seniors, last night fight for papers was really tough for an academically focused guy like me, but I made it to the end. I will be graduating within a few months and at this critical juncture of my life, I have flashbacks of engineering memories to share and cherish.

Thanks to the recession, and to being a Himachali student, that even after getting an AIEEE rank in five digits, I got admission in NIT Meerpur (it is Hamirpur on the google map). Before joining this institute, college was like the one shown in movies and TV series –lots of new friends, pretty girls, fun-n-frolic with a pinch of studies, but the reality was totally different.



For a new admit, NIT-H is just like a heaven. Same was the case with me, the view from the entry gate (known as GATE-1), the Verka and the front of the 'Admin' block(which I think is the largest plane area in Hamirpur) heartened the freshers and their parents. I entered my hostel KBH, the 'Bhool Bhuliya' hostel, that needs atleast a week to get familiar with. After the suspense and excitement of 'CCB' round, the next are your roomies. Well, I got the best ones. From a bit formal talk, 'Hello aap kahan se ho?', it took only a few hours to 'Abe chal chalte ladkiyan dekhne (which later changed to bandiyan tadne)'. The next day was the first day of class for which everyone was excited and I bet that was the only day when all of us woke up early and wasted maximum water in bathing (yes the definition of bathing is a process of wastage of water and more importantly time). First year was spent in making ED sheets, workshop diagrams and various other practical files and it was the only year when a student spent lots of money on the Hiteshi shop (general store of NIT-H) buying pens, notebooks, books(some nerds only).

Exams in NIT-H are the most electrifying days. Photostat is the most busy and important machine that time, which takes out lots of Xerox copies of notes, books and online solutions. On a survey it was found that the expense that really hurt a student is the one wasted on Photostat and since there is nothing that engineers can't do so they found a money saving and eco-friendly idea. Some students are assigned a duty to take the pics of notes and convert them into a pdf which everyone can read with their laptops on their stomach laying in weird positions, with sometimes legs on the walls.

As the years passed, life style changed a bit. During the morning I used to get on time only to ask the questions 'Yaar, first lecture kiska hai?'. No matter what the reply is, the next sentence blurted out is, 'Choro yaar koi farak nai padta' and the bed starts floating before my eyes. But then something happened that I had never dreamt of in my life and that changed my life a lot. I fell short of attendance. I too got a chance to stand in front of

the most dangerous and scary gang of people a.k.a. *Board Of Directors*. With no rigid reasons in favour of me there was no way out except for pleading in front of professors (the highest degree holders to be approached) for mercy. Roaming day and night around faculty quarters lastly paid off and fortunately after dripping litres of tears and making lots of pleas, I had a narrow escape. Felt pride in being a part of BOD and a sense of eccentric feeling ripped through my veins that- YES I AM A COMPLETE ENGINEER...

Every engineering college is incomplete without the love birds. So is ours. Mall road is an exciting place to watch in the evenings with love birds walking hand in hand. It was all a matter of fun for me to watch and hear all these love stories when all of a sudden the fever of love struck me and I was carried away by a fairy. I was numb for a month with my entire dreams occupied by my lady love. The romance I fancied in my dreams was at its peak and I realised how false they portray to be, who speak to spend their entire engineering life without a single crush. If an academically geek guy like me can fall prey to this bloody fever, then there is escape for none.

NIT-H taught me how to make 'Proxies', how to sit in the class such that for the teacher I am the most attentive student, how to type a text message without looking towards the cell phone and most importantly, the use of various smileys and expressions on Facebook and Gtalk chat.

Days spurred by and today as I stand at the crossroads, embarking on a new journey, memories of the past four years flood the crevices of my mind. Looking back, the years spent here were a full-fledged parcel of highs and lows, success and setbacks, moments of ecstasy and days of gloom. But every episode shaped and moulded me into the person that I am today. Ready to face anything that comes my way, head on!

No matter how many thresholds I cross, I will always harbour a closeness with NIT-H that only I can comprehend. And as I count my blessings, yes NIT-H being one of them, I venture out to discover myself, into a world of indefinite surprises! Bring it on!!

इसका जवाब रखा है...



नीरज कुमार
सी.एस.ई., तृतीय वर्ष

तमाम सपने काफूर नहीं हुये अब तलक,
हमने अभी भी जन्नत का ख्वाब रखा है,
हमने तो सीना चीर कर दिखा दिया तुझे,
तुमने ही हर राज पर, नकाब लगा रखा है।

क्या कहती हो, बदनाम करता है मेरा नाम तुम्हें,
अरे हमने तो सीने में तेरी बेवफाई का तेजाब रखा है।

घटा—ए—गम भले ही छाई हो पल दो पल के लिये,
जिंदगी की शाम को रोशन करने के लिये,
मैंने एक आफताब रखा है।

जितनी भी तेज चले विवशताओं की आंधी,
न बुझ सके जो,
हमने तमन्नों का वो चिराग रखा है।

भुला दो हमारी हर वफा को शौक से मगर,
हमने तुम्हारी हर मेहरबानी का हिसाब रखा है।

रंज क्या गर टपक गये तेरी पलकों से दो आंसू,
हमने तो पलकों में अपनी,
अशकों का सैलाब रखा है।

वादा है मेरा फिर भी, न रुशवा होने दंगे तुम्हें
पूछ लेना खुदा को,
हमने तेरे लिये दुवाओं को बेहिसाब रखा है।

खाक नहीं हो सकते हम, पा ना लें तेरी मोहब्बत जब तक,
तेरे दिल की ही हर धड़कन में तो इसका हिसाब रखा है।

The Road Was Not Easy...



RISHU BAINS
CSE, FINAL YEAR

“My only work was to gain knowledge about the world,”

I was born on the 7th of June 1988, in District Kangra. When I was born, I was nearly dead. I was suffering from polio. I was bedridden for seven years. I didn't believe that I would be able to ever stand on my feet, but God, inconspicuous as 'He' may be, gave me energy to walk for the rest of my life. My parents were very happy to see their child on his feet. They distributed sweets to whole of the village.

At the age of seven, I joined school, from class Nursery in Army School near my home. My dad used to drop and pick me up from the school on his scooter because I was not able to stand well at that time and my hands didn't work properly so the classwork and homework was also done by my Dad. My only work was to gain knowledge about the world. Then I got admitted to K.V.Nangal Bhur, CBSE board, in which it was not possible to get admission in those days but when I gave my interview, I easily got in Standard I and that was the turning point of my life. My Dad helped me in the same way as he had done before.

I passed Class IX with good results but when I was to appear in X Class, a problem occurred. It is a board class and paper evaluation is done at the CBSE Board Office in New Delhi and I was unable to write clearly in the examinations. Then my Dad tried to talk to the principal of the school asking to resolve this problem. But my principal misguided him by saying that I was non-eligible to study in this kind of school and there are no special provisions in CBSE board for such children. It felt like the end of life for me but my Dad decided to talk face to face with the CBSE authorities. So my Dad took me with him to the CBSE Board Office, Panchkula, with my disability certificate and talked to the Officer of the Board and explained to him the whole problem. The Officer was very nice and he said that there are three special provisions for such children - Extra time, Writer Privileges and Objective paper. He said that we simply have to write one letter to the board

applying for these provisions. After reaching home my Dad wrote the letter to the board asking them to provide a writer to me in the exams with one hour extra time. He gave the letter to the principal and when he saw the letter he was very shocked and asked how it could be possible. My Dad said that everything is possible in the world, you only need to put some efforts and do that work with heart.

After that I cleared the exams with good marks and moved on for further studies. My dad decided to send me to a handicapped boarding school in Dharamshala for further studies. We reached the school ready to fill admission forms but my family did not like the hostels and came back home. Then I got admission in a Government School in the arts stream. It was very difficult for me to move from CBSE to HPBSE as I had very less time to adjust. I found the classes did not match my interests.

One day I was working with my father in his shop selling vegetables. A customer came and asked my father what I was doing nowadays. My father told him that I was studying in Class XI with arts stream. The customer was shocked and told my father that this was the wrong path for me. So my father asked him to suggest the right path and he said that I should drop out and take admission next year in the Non-medical stream. I dropped the arts stream and took admission next year with Non-Medical subjects. Then I felt satisfied with my path. Sometime later I participated in state level speech competition and won the first prize in state. After two years I cleared Class XII with 70% marks. After that I have gave the PAT entrance exam and got admission in Govt. Polytechnic College, Kangra in CSE branch. One day I decided that I can do better than the diploma study as I found it quite easy. I started self study for AIEEE along with my current education. I appeared in AIEEE and got selected. Finally I was treading along my destined path.



A Modest Memory Trace From 1996 Onwards At NITH



Dr.T.P.SHARMA
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR
CSE DEPARTMENT

“If you are prepared to work hard on your lecture material, those nicely hinged projectors and screens in new lecture halls can make life better.”

With every wink of fresh air that passes by I feel blessed and cannot resist glaring at those beautiful snow clad mountains, clear skies, green grass and pine trees queued like soldiers to protect the inmates from the dusty winds. Building tops now match with the surroundings, the wind mill and solar panels on some building tops further strengthen the impression which few call environment friendly and others a myth. Today, basic amenities are so easily available and fresh breath is in abundance in the campus. When I am tired of being so comfortable, I have plenty of options to investigate. I can instantly choose to quench my thirst or pacify my hunger at an outlet of my choice. Coming out of the lecture hall after having delivered a satisfying lecture, I feel privileged to pretend to be glutton and try tea along with 'Samosas' or burger at a food corner of my choice. Thumb rule is to keep your consent in your pocket if someone needs your company to an outlet, instead, swallow some anti-acidic pills and display eagerness for a cup of tea.

A common tweet in the discussions “Students then and now!”, gives us a way to ease out our deep concerns about the behavioural and social changes triggered by enormous power of the internet and communicating gadgets. Common notions like that of the students not being the way they used to be in the olden days may not be necessarily correct. Those who never saw a typewriter or punch cards can never be expected to appreciate them in the same way as those who have used them. After all, what we see is how we behave, which in turn moulds our habits and then becomes our character, which ultimately defines our destiny. Generally, students are the same and only

their numbers have changed and not the percentage due to increased intake. It is like a phenomenon pretty common in highly populated countries like India where worship places mesmerize us with the perception that entire nation has turned religious, hospitals depress us conveying that everyone is sick here and busy supermarkets showcase the shopping frenzy of the nation. Thus, it lies on us to understand and fine tune the notion of changed relation and attitude.



Today, I feel hindered if the Internet is slow, laptop battery is drained or even if I spot dust on my table top. I immediately call someone to do the job. Little displacement of furniture and few books not spotted in the nice book rack make me angry. In the past I did not have such privilege,

and cabins shared on the ground floor of the Electrical department could hardly accommodate a small table and a couple of chairs. But it was big enough for anyone to step in and return with a big smile. Today, with big cabins I feel suffocated. Computer systems with a few mega hertz speed, big floppies and forty mega bytes hard disks with vibrating characters on green CRTs were hallmarks of the department. Still, I never felt computational deficit the way I feel today.

If you are prepared to work hard on your lecture material, those nicely hinged projectors and screens in new lecture halls can make life better. It has really made my teaching innovative and delivery effective. Also, if you are a bit tech-savvy and well versed with your mobile's features you need not to carry even a laptop to get connected to the projectors, your window based mobile loaded with lecture presentations will connect wirelessly. But, if you really make presentations non-interactive and use

them unnecessarily, you may loose on account of being a good teacher to yourself and also to the audience. Only chalk board use makes a few proud and wise advocates, as it is a traditional method. Sometimes self fears and non-adaptation makes us advisors instead of being wiser. Honestly, the subject you teach decides the usage percentage between the two. Don't get into a dilemma, do what you feel but always take feedback, because students are the best judges. Thanks to the good old 'Vivekanand' block, this during the olden days had never put me in such a situation as overhead projectors were fiction then. But, teaching was very effective because with an initial intake of fifteen students, it was almost one to one monitoring.

As a teacher, there are certain things that make us rightfully striving towards the next step. People portray us as faculty of an institute of national importance, faculty of a leading technical institute in the region, amongst peers and above all, a part of that faculty that ignites envy. Thanks to all the fellow teachers who made me toil hard relentlessly to achieve the same as they have, after all we live in a relative world. Further, the academic barriers imposed by the policy makers for my promotion saved me from turning stale and despite my personal compulsions, I could cross over certain trenches dug by a few amongst us or existing naturally. I am deeply thankful to all those who made my journey audacious and resultant very timid.

Thanks to the City Hamirpur too! In the past, it never drew flakes for movie lovers as its theatre-less character branded it deserted. Cable connection in the campus! It took years to persuade local cable operator to extend a broken line to the NIT gates. The day was worth celebrating when we saw first images of cable television. No mention of the first dish tv (not DTH) we installed fifteen years back on old type III block which branded us highly technocrats and enthusiastic new comers. Lack of screen entertainment thankfully forced us towards playground which was almost one fifth of the size that appears today. But, it was too big for many sports lovers like me.



Come summer vacations! It was a long span without hostel messes, eating outlets and sometimes without a vehicle. We felt stranded in a dry Iceland. Only small 'pandit dhaba' near Anu temple, full of domestic flies, was a place for lunch where we used to share dice with many senior teachers of NIT. I still feel nostalgic when I think of 'Channa-rice' and 'Rajmah-rice' with 'Imli-ki-chatni' served. Today, I suffer from the problem of plenty and my stomach gets upset if I spot a single fly humming around. Small 'Chachu ka khokha' in the campus provided the best of tea time leisure. It also served for long time as snacks provider during exam duties and thanks to my consciousness that once I could figure out a piece of broken glass in a 'Samosa' before swallowing it.

CSE department was housed in the ground floor of admin block and finally our personal efforts to shift to the present building enabled us to boast of our own departmental building. Although, for long we were not having personal accommodation, still we enjoyed our bachelor stay at Kailash Boys Hostel as resident warden along with many others. Another spell of new hostel life was well augmented with common bachelor traits. Sometimes water and plumbing problems in the bathrooms forced us to queue and compete with students who were also in a hurry for breakfast and 8.30 am class. Evening time at the indoor badminton court was fun.

Also, I just cannot put proper words to express the moment and feelings when for the first time we saw 'Yahoo' page flashing on the screen, though it took a few minutes to download. The Internet on 56kbps line was no less than a new wonder of the world. For a mail to come through, just in five minutes, was a miracle and now five seconds delay is pathetic. Not to mention the telephone facilities and thanks to Anu PCO's, they would open a little longer on our request. Still we were much better connected within campus and to the outside world, than what we are today with Samsung and Apple devices in our hands with gigabits connectivity.

Above snapshot is just an instant traversal down the memory lane and hoping to share some more interesting stories during the times to come.

Annabel Lee



“I long to be, I die to live”

ABHISHEK PANDIYAR
CSE, 2ND YEAR

Let this love of us, last beyond the dusk
When the dawn comes, let her see
Your beauty warring the sea
For your face is as serene, but so elegant she could never be
Let this love of us last beyond lies
Let me be a support in your cries
Hand in hand, eyes in eyes
Let me be with you in lows and highs
Let the world see, what could never be
Let it admire what it never will be
Not so appealing as you are to be
Not as pious as you always will be
'Coz you are and forever shall be
My beautiful, my sweet Annabel Lee
These stars so bright, that sparkle the night
Can't hold the candle to your might
They whisper they wail, yet they fail
To shine beyond your shine
To reach beyond your reach
For you have and forever shall be
My beautiful sweet Annabel Lee
Let the world see, what it could never be
The beauty privileged only to me
What they quench but can't breathe
What they long but can't conceive
What you have and forever shall be
My beautiful, my sweet Annabel Lee
I long to see what none could see
I long to be what none could be
The sparkle of your smile
The tear of your eyes
The blush of your cheeks
The lush of your lips
I long to be, I die to live
The love of your life, the morn of your night
Forever I hold dear to me
Forever shall I ask
Am I asking much for me?
Coz to be or not to be
Is the question left in me
You have, and forever shall be
My beautiful, my sweet Annabel Lee

Friends Within

*“I've taken pictures
And framed them in my mind”*



ABHINAV SINHA
ECE, FINAL YEAR

On this stormy night
Yet so starry
I sit in my chair
Remembering my old travelled ferry
Past has been simple
Yet so sheer
I tried living gently
Thoughtful and peer
Today I remember my old torn message
Appearing like a haze
Remembering the past
Those good old days
I've taken pictures
And framed them in my mind
Protected from the wind and quakes
It couldn't have been good times
I thank thy all
For having me in your life
I feel so blessed by God
To have you by my side
Sometimes I am so lonely
Then suddenly I'm geared
I'm desperate to hear the voices
From which I am always cheered
You shared my soul
You shared my sin
I'm proud to call you
My friends within
You made my heart pure
Clean and crystal clear
You are gifts to me
As the Lord's heralds here
You bind my heart
Like strings around
Even when I'm lonely
I'm always sound
You're the sweetest thing
I've ever had
Always cling to me
I'm not so bad
I walked several miles
In the lonely shoe
Met many paddlers
But travelled with few
In journey till now
Many turns were new
I walked along a friend
And am glad it was you
Never forget me please
I pray and cry
Let's make our separation a question
To which even heavens can't reply
You make me happy
You make me sing
I'm proud to call you
My friend within



अनुज राजपूत
सी.एस.सी., अंतिम वर्ष

(ये कहानी सच्ची घटनाओं पर आधारित है)

इंजीनियरिंग के द्वितीय वर्ष की बात है, एक दिन मैं और मेरे कुछ दोस्तों ने सोचा कि आज कुछ तूफानी करते हैं, और हम कुछ बन्दे रात को ही निकल पड़े बारोट की यात्रा करने। हमें न तो बारोट जाने का रास्ता पता था और न ही बारोट शहर के बारे में कुछ पता था पर कुछ तूफानी करने के चक्कर में हम रात ही को सरकाघाट की बस में बैठ कर निकल पड़े। रात को जब 1 बजे हम सरकाघाट पहुंचे तब हमें पता चला कि रात को यहां से कोई बस नहीं चलती। अब हमें सुबह तक बस पड़ाव में ही रुकना था। हम वहां सो ही रहे थे कि, दो बन्दे शराब पी कर शोर मचाने लगे और तोड़फोड़ करने लगे। तभी दो पुलिस वाले हमारे पास आकर उन बन्दों के बारे में पूछने लगे। पुलिस के जाने के बाद वो बंदा खाली बोतल लेकर मेरे पास आया और कुछ पहाड़ी में बोलने लगा; मेरे कुछ समझ में नहीं आ रहा था और मैं बस हां-हां कहता जा रहा था। फिर मेरे दोस्त सचिन ने आ कर उससे बात की और वो चला गया। मेरे पूछने पर सचिन ने बताया कि वो पूछ रहा था, 'पुलिस को तुमने बुलाया, जल्दी बोल! वरना तेरे सर पे ये बोतल मारुंगा' और तुमने उसे हां कर दी, इतना सुनते ही मैं बोला ऊप्स (ये **object oriented programing** का **opps** नहीं है) आज बाल-बाल बच गए। फिर रात भर बस अड्डे पे आराम करने के बाद हम निकल पड़े बारोट। वहां की सुन्दरता को देखकर मैं एक पल के लिए तो अपनी बंदी (वन साइडेड लव वाली) को भी भूल गया।

हरी-भरी खाइयां ऊपर आसमान, होले-होले बारिश की बूंदें पड़ रही थी, मानो प्रकृति ने अपना पूरा प्यार हम पर न्योछावर कर दिया हो, मन कर रहा था बस यहीं बैठ कर इस सुन्दरता को जीवन भर यूं ही निहारता रहूं।

फिर एक दिन वहां रुकने के बाद हम 12 किमी. की चढ़ाई पर पानी और खाने का कुछ सामान लेकर निकल पड़े। 6 किमी. जाने के बाद हमें एक महापुरुष ने बताया कि बारिश के कारण पीछे वापस जाने का रास्ता बंद हो गया है, और अब हमें 40 किमी. पैदल चलना पड़ेगा, ये सुनकर मैं चिल्लाया- 'हो गया अब तूफानी'।

बारिश हो रही थी और शाम भी हो गई थी, और हम अभी सिर्फ 11 कि.मी. ही चले थे, हम थक चुके थे, गीले होने के कारण ठण्ड भी लग रही थी, फिर हमें पता चला अब हमें एक बड़ा सा पहाड़ चढ़ना है, वो भी रात के अंधेरे में। अब 89 डिग्री के पहाड़ पर हम चढ़ने लगे और कुछ तूफानी करने के लिए हमारे पास कुछ भी न था। कुछ ऊपर चढ़ने के बाद मैंने नीचे की तरफ देखा, गीली मिट्टी की वजह से मेरे पैर भी फिसल रहे थे, नीचे छूट चुकी चढ़ाई को देख कर मुझे

“वहां की सुन्दरता को देखकर मैं एक पल के लिए तो अपनी बंदी (वन साइडेड लव वाली) को भी भूल गया....”

साक्षात यमराज जी के दर्शन हो गए (वैसे मैं भगवान में विश्वास नहीं करता लेकिन उस समय भगवान यमराज के विराट रूप को देख कर मुझे विश्वास होने लगा)। फिर पहाड़ में चढ़ते वक्त किसी ने मुझे आवाज लगाई हेडीज! मैंने पीछे देखा तो अंकित मीना का सिर्फ चेहरा दिख रहा था और वो दोनों हाथों से घास को पकड़े हुए था, जो धीरे-2 उखड़ रही थी, उसने मुझसे बोला, भाई यार बचा ले मुझे मम्मी के पास जाना है। तो गंभीर हालत को देखकर मैंने अपने ऊपर जा रहे अमित को आवाज लगाई, कि बचा ले यार अंकित को, तो उसने बोला यार मजाक मत कर मेरे पैर हवा में हैं, और घास उखड़ते ही मैं भी तुम लोगों को लेकर नीचे खाई की सैर करने निकल पड़ूंगा। वक्त की नाजुकता को समझते हुए मैंने थोड़ी हिम्मत जुटाई और हीरो की स्टाइल में जाकर उसे बचा लिया (हीरो वाला पार्ट थोड़ा फूफा है), फिर जब रात को 1 बज गए और चारों तरफ अंधेरा ही अंधेरा छा गया तो मैं चिल्लाने लगा, अब हम मर जाएंगे, अब हम नहीं बचेंगे।

तभी अचानक से मुझे एक रास्ता दिख गया और मैंने स्वदेश के शाहरूख खान की तरह मिट्टी को अपने माथे पे लगाया और आगे बढ़ चला, उस टाइम मुझे थोड़ी-2 चक दे इंडिया वाले शाहरूख खान की तरह फील आ रही थी, मैं सब का नेतृत्व करने लगा। रात को घनघोर अंधेरा था, हाथ हो हाथ नहीं दिख रहा था पर हम सब एक-दूसरे के हाथ पकड़ कर आगे बढ़ रहे थे, बीच-2 में मेरे मॉटिवेटिंग लेक्चर और गाने भी चल रहे थे, हालांकि कुछ लोग चिल्लाने लगे कि भाई बंद कर अपने साड़े नहीं तो डर से नहीं तेरे साड़े से मर जाएंगे, लेकिन मुझे कहीं न कहीं पता था कि अपने डर को छिपाने के लिए मुझे ये करना ही पड़ेगा, तभी अचानक एक जानवर हमें अपनी तरफ आता हुआ दिखा, उसकी आंखें चमक रही थी, और मालूम पड़ता था काफी हट्टा-खट्टा शेर है। हमारी पेंट ढीली हो चुकी थी और डर के मारे हम इधर-उधर भागने लगे, थोड़ी देर बाद जब हम भागते-2 थक गए और जानवर की तरफ से कोई रिएक्शन नहीं आया तो हमें थोड़ा शक हुआ, पास जाकर देखा तो वो एक 'गधा' निकला। फिर क्या था, पहले तो मन ही मन मैंने गधे को खूब गरियाया, फिर सलमान खान की तरह ओवर एक्टिंग करते हुए बोला, "क्या यार तुम लोग गधे से डर गए?" चलो किसी तरह कुछ ऐसी ही मुसीबतों का सामना करते हुए सुबह 5:30 तक हम लोगों ने अपनी 50 किमी. की यात्रा पूरी की और अपने हॉस्टल वापस पहुंचे। हॉस्टल पहुंच कर राहत की सांस ली और मन ही मन एक बात बोली, कि भैया, "अब नहीं करना कुछ तूफानी।"

My Friends



*“When I started to fear
They were the ones who were near,”*

SHIVAM GUPTA
CSE, 2ND YEAR

When my world was upside down
They were the only ones around

When my life was about to sway
They were the ones who helped me
To cross the hurdles and find a way

When I thought that the hand
I needed on my shoulder was fake
They were the one who helped me to learn
How to cut my birthday cake

When I thought that
The facts were as false as fiction
They were the ones who
Helped me in my jurisdiction

When problems arrived
And I started to fight
They were the ones who
Didn't let me out of their sight

When I started to fear
They were the ones who were near

When tears started to roll down
They were the only ones who heard my sound

At the end I can just say
No matter how much I write to define my friends
They cannot be described within a few sentences.

हम बड़े हैं?

*“बदल गए तुम, सब की
यही कहानी है,”*

अभिषेक ठाकुर
ई.सी.ई., अंतिम वर्ष



वो दिन जब रूठना और मनाना था,
चाहते थी, न कोई बहाना था,
दोस्ती ही थी, प्यार का न जमाना था,
डर था तो बस झूठ पकड़े जाने का,

मन करता था दोस्तों को बुला कर कारनामे बताने का,
अपने मार्क्स बता कर दूसरों को जलाने का,
और उनके कम जानकर खुश हो जाने का।
स्कूल तो था बहाना,

इंतजार होता था रेसस में लंच का और
छुट्टी होते ही भाग कर बाहर आ जाना।
आज वो सब नहीं है,
बस झूठ हैं, बहाने हैं,

रूठते तो अब भी हैं हम,
पर अब कोई मानाने न आता।
आज कोई डर नहीं है झूठ पकड़े जाने का,
छिपाते हैं कारनामे अपने,

पर्सनल है भाई! मजाक की जगह नहीं है अब,
फीलिंग हर्ट्स हो जाती हैं,
बदल गए तुम, सब की यही कहानी है,
घड़ी के 24 घंटे कम हैं आज,

पहले फोन न था और बैलेंस कम है आज,
वो वक्त और था जब हम छोटे थे
आज सब कहते हैं, हम बड़े हैं,
हम बड़े हैं?



Vikrant

कभी मैं कभी तुम



“निःशब्द सी मैं; कैसे बताती तुम्हें?
कि बांधे रखा है कर्तव्यों के केंद्र
से मैंने खुद को॥”

सुरभि सदावत
ई.सी.ई., अंतिम वर्ष

जीवन के वृत्त की परिभाषाओं में उलझे रहे,
कभी मैं कभी तुम।

कहना चाहा बहुत कुछ पर खामोश रहे,
कभी मैं कभी तुम।

वृत्त की परिधि या केंद्र में से क्या अधिक महत्वपूर्ण है?
बस इसी बात को समझ न पाये, कभी मैं कभी तुम।

परिधि की व्यापकता की जहां तुम्हें हसरत थी,
तो अपने लक्ष्य की धुरी पर मैं केंद्रित थी।

तुम्हारी 'परिधि' और मेरे इस केंद्र के बिना,
जीवन का यह वृत्त अधूरा है,
न जाने अपनी चाहतों को एक ना कर पाये,
कभी मैं कभी तुम।

अपने प्रेम की परिधि में समेट लेना चाहा तुमने मुझे, मेरे सपनों को,
निःशब्द सी मैं; कैसे बताती तुम्हें?
कि बांधे रखा है कर्तव्यों के केंद्र से मैंने खुदको।

तुम मेरी इस 'स्थिरता' को मेरा आत्मकेंद्रित होना समझते रहे,
और मैं तुम्हारी 'तटस्थता' को तुम्हारी महत्वाकांक्षा।

बस इसी तरह एक दूसरे को परिभाषित करते रहे,
कभी मैं कभी तुम।

वक्त रूपी वृत्त के बदलने से बदल जायेगा केंद्र,
बदल जाएंगी परिधियां,
पर नहीं बदलेगी तुम्हारी परिधि से मेरे केंद्र को जोड़ती,
हमारी दोस्ती की यह त्रिज्या,
चाहत के इस अधूरे वृत्त को पूरा करने के लिए,
परिधि और केंद्र के इस द्वन्द को परे रखकर।

विश्वास रूपी इस त्रिज्या पर चल पड़ेंगे,
कभी मैं कभी तुम।

पंजाब की हवा...

“खुद को शव
मुझे सवेरा कहती है॥”

दीपक भारद्वाज
वास्तुकला विभाग, द्वितीय वर्ष



पंजाब में बहती है,
मुझे दोस्त कहती है,

मेरा विश्वास करती है,
वक्त बेवक्त मुझसे बात करती है,

सपनों में मिलेगी हर रात कहती है,
पास आने से डरती है,

मुझसे मिलने को मरती है,
अगर कहूं मेरी हो जा,

तो खुद को शव मुझे सवेरा कहती है,
हर धड़कन धुन नई कहती है,

महक उसकी सपनों में रहती है,
आज मुझसे दूर वह हवा,
पंजाब में बहती है.....



Annu Verma

Personality Development @ Extra- curricular Activities

“In a professional institute various types of extra-curricular activities can be opted for participation ”



Dr. V. S. DOGRA
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, CED

Through all these years, spent at REC/NIT Hamirpur either as amstudent during 1989-1993, and then as a faculty member from 1996 onwards, I have observed the impact of various extra-curricular activities on the overall personality development of students. Experiences make me believe that excellence in life calls for numerous skills, of which, academic performance is just one. Besides a formal education to arts, science, mathematics, and engineering, students need to learn various other skills such as critical and creative thinking, problem solving, decision making, team work, team building, inter-personal relationships and communication skills. Students can attain all these objectives, by participating in extra-curricular activities, and inculcation of these skills paves the way for academic accomplish and mentssuccessful career.

In a professional institute various types of extra-curricular activities can be opted for participation i.e., cultural clubs (cultural festival, SPICMACY, PRAYAS), Sports (indoor, outdoor, athletics), academic clubs (various departmental

societies), hobby clubs (Pixonoids), social/community clubs(Literacy, Rotaract), Technical (Techfest, ISTE), literary clubs (SRIJAN, Departmental Magazines), constitutional responsibilities (class representative, TPRs, hostel secretaries, mess secretaries etc.) and many more. Participation in these activities teaches student various skills outside of the academic disciplines they are pursuing. Learning to play an instrument, sing, play a sport or compete in technical event help students not just to explore and polish their talent, but also to develop other related skills.

From my experience, while my association with Coordinating various student activities, major skills inculcated in student's personality are: *Management skills* – as the team work requires both fact and ability to get the best out of fellow team members, to maximize the chances of success, e.g. in football, strikers must be aware of strong & weak points of midfielders & vice versa, or excellent event management needed during cultural & technical festivals or editor making authors agree to submit



Tushar Gupta

articles timely and literacy volunteers convincing people to donate wholeheartedly; *Negotiation skills* – as being part of a team requires ensuring that everyone feels equally valued. Also one needs to ensure administrative support and sufficient funds for his team e.g. vying for permissions & sponsorships during Hill'ffair or Nimbus and dealing with difficult referees during sports or TPR's discussions with various company representatives during placements; *Communication skills* – as part of team everybody must learn to effectively communicate & maintain strong relation with his fellow members & peers to maximize the potential of team e.g., TPRs convincing the companies to visit the Institute on priority or spreading the winning strategy message to fellow players during match or keeping a regular touch by hostel/mess secretary with warden; *Conflict management* – Although competitive rivalry not only leads to an enhance performance but also brings in strong inter-team ties. But in case of a conflict or disagreement, one can easily resolve tense situations if he is aware of his team & actual reasons behind the conflict e.g. managing primetime slots during festivals and instant arguments during inter year, inter branch or inter institute matches; *Confidence* – A good captain/leader or a team member need to have confidence to make decisions in tough situations e.g., bold decisions regarding quality of performances in festivals & decisions of captain during game.

Students have a greater opportunity to develop their personality & character building by being part of various extracurricular activities. Sticking to a routine, follow the decorum in groups, practice sessions which may sometimes be early morning or late night, accepting the guidelines of captain or team leader, keeping good relations with administration, following the institute rules, all calls for discipline. Students who volunteer for cultural, technical, sports, literary, community or social clubs, learn to shoulder responsibility, communicate with administration as well as stakeholders, and put their effort as a team during organization of various events. Accomplishment of goals set in any activity develops

self confidence and improves self esteem. Extracurricular activities channelize the immense energy contained in young students in the right direction on one hand and prevent them from indulging in destructive activities.

The subject is so wide that it's difficult to bind it into words or pages. So I close it for the time being because I know, those who are reading this article have experienced all these things and may be, in a better way than me. The article is an outcome of some literature on impact of extracurricular activities on personality of students, my experiences and interactions with students participating in various activities and discussions with some students who are the exemplary performers in the activity associated. My experiences forced me to relate everything with the various extra-curricular activities prevailing at NIT Hamirpur, as a slide show was continuously running in my mind while penning these words down. The performers of the slide show were definitely my students.

My task would be incomplete if I do not make a call to the young students of the Institute who are the “Engineers in making”, particularly the first & second year students, to be part of any of the extracurricular activities/duties. Present times do call for a multifaceted personality, instead of a mere academic performer. There is no doubt that the primary purpose of being in the Institute is to perform well in studies, but the immense energy and enormous time available with the students, at this stage necessitates them to explore their hidden talents. The Institute will feel pride if its alumnus are distinctive professionals, building the brand image of their alma mater i.e., National Institute of Technology Hamirpur.

Palette Of Time

*“My dress chooses its own colours
As I cross the lines of eighteen ”*

SURBHI CHANANA
EEE, 2ND YEAR



Drifting into the crowd , with its long trail
I step forth with a dress so pale
As I step into the world unknown
For the colors that wait to be worn

Walking into the steps of infancy
I see, a tender place
Of soft colors, pure and warm
Owing my existence to a motherly grace

I lay in comfort , in the innocence of the world
Of stars and cheers and colorful plight
Till I wake up soon to childhood
To wear the colors utmost bright

In bliss we live, with mischief's ablaze
Learn to see the world through sunny days
Wearing crimson, turquoise and glitter
Sparkling to welcome a happier place

I shed the brightness of the rainbow
As adolescence unknowingly strikes the door
Teaching me, my heart ever questioned
But crashing the fantasies all along

I live in glee, peers and addiction
The heart wears red to be longed for love
Dreams built and broken in seconds
Keeping my attire colourless all above

Tear filled eyes hope to see sunshine
Whims and fancies of new life
But blurred vision fails to see
The truth behind mystical lies

My dress chooses its own colours
As I cross the lines of eighteen
Where I get to wear the true self
The vibrance of my own personality

Colours as black as professionalism
White to reflect purity of mind
Blue for my thoughts as free as the wind
Pink to let me in the feminism subside.

Grey for a little bit of irony
Green for envy against one
Orange for a peaceful sunset of the day
Sour lemon for a hint of fun

Bubbling heart for a bow of crimson red
To celebrate the one day of lifetime
When souls meet to share a bond (doubtful)
Of marriage that is utmost sublime

Carrying the weight of life
With sunny days of fun and glee
We wear an attire of endless colors
Reminding us of many responsibilities

We trudge on paths unknown
Come across warm colors of the day
Emotions blend and so do colours
Over the palette of time's ballet

Life's a journey, not just a road
A long way through glory and distress
Through the blues and through the greys
To suit best to our heavenly dress

Drifting out of the crowd , with its long trail
I step forth with a dress so pale
As I step into heaven, my home
To rest after life's colorful stroll

Those Million Dollar Memories



VASUDHA TULLI
ECE, FINAL YEAR

“And you never know, at what strike of the clock, the moment is just for you and you begin your journey of the lifetime ”

Though how tired you might be after all those lectures and labs you have attended throughout the day or just starved yourself with the mess' food, or even if you might be thinking of having an evening stroll in the campus, more beautiful as it then looks, with people so like you, give me just a moment. That's all I need to put up a smile on your face. A smile, hiding in itself the innocence and naughtiness of the times surreal, of the times you have spent in college, of the times you will always cherish!

So for all the girls, the perennially decked up creatures and the boys, the ones always fevered by something, either metal or CS or even girls, you are sure to find a part of you, just as you begin reading! Discover and enjoy...

But first, I don't think you might be knowing me, so here is a piece of introduction. I am best known among my friends for using highly voluminous and heavy English words, helping me practice incomprehensibility, indecipherability and all the disorders starting with 'in-'. And maybe those are just the harmful effects of not changing your 'date' frequently! Haha, and that's my first advice for you. CHANGE! Don't you think that word is just meant for all of us, the best examples of a 'before' and 'after'

photograph? I still remember having a first look at the campus through my black rimmed, age old glasses with so lot of scratches that I couldn't see anything clearly and an attire that I seemed a journalist trying hard to earn a living in the era when India was busy fighting for Independence! Now that's real kiddo, the sweet first years', a bunch of funny memories or maybe something to laugh at when grow old(do get yourself that fortun, it's worth). And that's how it all begins!



Now you will get up “early”, kicked and punched, “early” enough maybe just half an hour before a class, even if it is at 11, fight a war with your clothes and then fight for a “parantha” and then with just a notebook and a pen, of course those oily hands, sliding yourself in slippers, you set out to fight the battle of the day!, Slow and steady, some

5- 6 lectures and 1-2 labs, if I am not wrong. And the place where you finally reside after all the day's affairs, “your hostel”, whatever be its name, is the most interesting thing that can happen to anyone! A multi- storey building, with a room for you, sharing with people like you, unlike you and as assorted a collection of toffees as you can buy! It's here that you first get 'facebooked' and develop a strange friendship with 'Amelie Rose', for 2-3 am is the busiest hour of



the day and night alike! Nonetheless you are also thumped by seasons of “Big Bang Theory” and “FRIENDS” and so on, and so do you become appreciative of every form of music, inclusive of every culture and of every country!

Then suddenly, an interval and exams pop up, and then comes the toughest battle, single man army and just a night to make all preparations! No, don't resort to guerrilla warfare!

And the sinusoidal waves seem so busy, you tending to jump again on the trampoline, as your life gets a nitrous boost, when fests come around! Hillfair and Nimbus, cultural and technical, with sparks of entertainment and fun, music and dance, competitions and displays, and not forgetting the bands and the head-banging they bring along, that Rotaract might need to distribute collars some day! And 'dedication-corners', do you think I need to mention that?? Nonetheless, the show-stoppers, the Final Years. Everybody shakes a leg, what a sincerity, what a talent! And finally, Natti time, slow and enchanting, where mechanical people seem to enjoy the most!

It's a journey in itself, a journey with people you come to know slowly and some of whom are going to be there around you for the times to come! Friends, the crackpots, who let you discover just too much about yourself, are the ones who make it mosaic and alive. Hovering memories of completing assignments and having meetings at Nescafe and the pyalas of chai that keep pouring at Gate No 1, coffee at Juice Bar, the never-ending walks in the campus, with everyone, I mean everyone, praying together forth in timings of girls to get extended, make a chunk of those million memories you are slowly weaving, moment by moment.

And really, believe me, you don't even have the time to wonder, where time flies and kickstarts “The Final Year Bash”, the bash in terms of the efforts going in to get placed, then the actual 'bash' with belts and buckets of cold water as you get placed, then a 'bash' as you look at your pockets after the party, and the 'bash' that the emotional outbursts at the year end bring along! You just are a complete washout by now! As for me, I just can't forget the way I was bashed, or instead mashed with a handful of twenty eggs, rotten tomatoes, mango juice, milk, cold water and everything that people could lay their hands on, only that later the same people kept running kilometres away from me, as I stunk worse than a skunk!

Thus it keeps going on and on, the colours splashing on every canvas, the colours of this fun filled life, until suddenly it dawns on you on a fine moment that deep within, these impressions will remain forever, impressions of what you have gained, what you have lost and what you have become in the entire process. No, we all aren't the same, neither our abilities nor our thoughts, nor should they be. So don't photoshop yourself, original you are, discover and appreciate, and work for it. And you never know, at what strike of the clock, the moment is just for you and you begin your journey of the lifetime. And all that you need to do is to make that moment count and surely that's one amongst those beautiful reasons you are here!

For then, someday looking back, you are sure to cherish, trying to relive all that it has been, just the way I am, at the present moment, when I have been busy writing this article in the bus, with a borrowed pen, that too from the conductor!





ABHIMANYU GURUNG
EEE, FIRST YEAR

*“Of the noble, now, you seek shelter!
Why, that charming chivalry, seems fell in your line,”*

Of some lonely roads, that lead to nowhere,
There are a couple of eyes, that wait on'em with a certain glare,
Be it daylight, or the brutal dim,
Uncertain treads are, an undoubted surety,
Doth state the visions, amidst the dark obscurity.

Hush sailors, for the silence doth speak,
Of a graver silence, calling upon the heath,
Like they bid the wind to halt,
For that clad not in tuxedo, but in robe of wilderness,
Shows up in a blue moon, in all her likeness.

The fading white fences, and the curious abode,
And a certain wanderer, who smells of eternal youth,
Innocent senses, why, you seek shelter!
A restless heart, angry tramps; a hundred and one whips, on the rusty door,
Of some caution and heed, a mum parley on the forest floor.

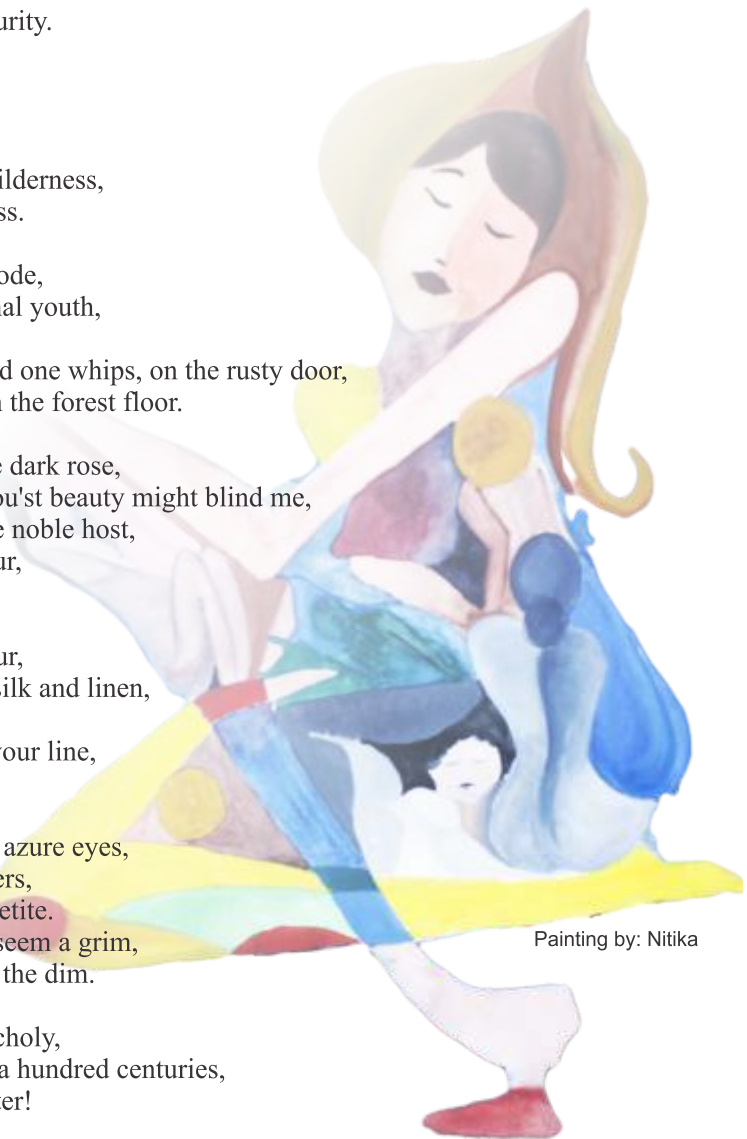
Air with steaks of humility, and pinch of the dark rose,
Oh glimmers help me keep my sight, for thou'st beauty might blind me,
Yet one did play the grateful, and former the noble host,
Kind to ask if the need is morsels or a devour,
And a sound slumber, for now and forever.

So that one on the stallion, in all the grandeur,
Reaches the threshold, in his extensions of silk and linen,
Of the noble, now, you seek shelter!
Why, that charming chivalry, seems fell in your line,
And a royal taste in whisky and brine.

Those empty glimmers, never did ignite the azure eyes,
For all the alchemy, and diamonds and glitters,
Won't make it up, for her fatal, insatiate appetite.
And the smiles that cause the trance, never seem a grim,
And almost like an incense, live all through the dim.

Here comes who's heard, the tales of melancholy,
Of a damsel who has lived, for almost over a hundred centuries,
O berserk curiosity, you shouldn't seek shelter!
Only to be the wick on her next lit lantern,
And the raven on the Van Guard, making way for someone's return.

Temptress, never proud, never basking in your glory,
No brutal blows, just silent treats,
Where did you shop for patience and a mammoth appetite?
How always you keep time in shackles, and keep calm like a brooding dove?
Funny how you always but never shift your love.



Painting by: Nitika

The Unprepared Exam

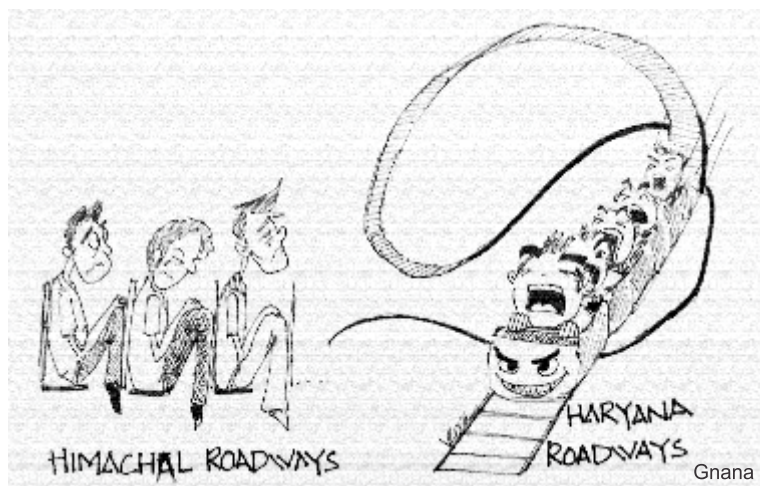
“Even to those who take examination as an experiment, one day it will become an “everything” situation. So, one needs to prepare for this “everything””

K. DAYANANDA SINGH
MED, FINAL YEAR



Ah!!! Such a horrible journey. The so called CDS exam was the sole reason for me to suffered this. I don't know with what intention I decided to give the exam. Just wait a second, oh yes, when I was a child I had a feeling of seeing myself in defense service. But the question is, is the feeling with me anymore? I don't know, of course, Yes a bit.

It was when I saw a post in our final year Mechanical Facebook group that the forms of CDS II are available online, the feeling of my childhood sprung again. By then I was in my home enjoying summer holidays where there was a very slow internet connection and an irregular electricity supply from the government. Just the moment I saw the post from my phone, I decided to fill form up and give the exam.



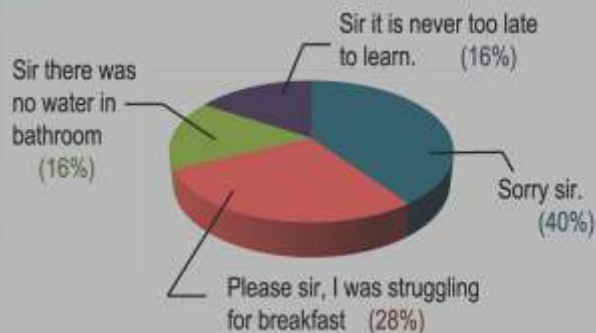
Then I went to a cyber café with all my related documents and a pen-drive which had a scan copy of my photo and signature. During form fill up procedure there were options for centers. It had Shimla, Chandigarh, and Ludhiana etc. in the option list of the preferred examination centers. After filling up all the necessary parts it was time for me to choose a center. Without thinking for a second I clicked Shimla as my first preference with Chandigarh and Ludhiana as second and third preferences. But why Shimla as first

preference? I didn't exactly know it. Oh! Yes, Shimla, the summer capital of the then India, is it the fog, or the mall road crowd or the scenic beauty or just Shimla cheeks? But it was during summer that the exam was supposed to be and none can expect a foggy or a snowy evening. Let this question remain unanswered and I leave this for the readers. Think whatever you think it was.

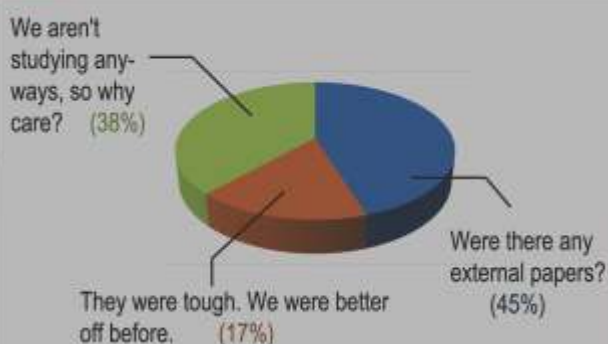
After a few months when I was in the college, I had the soft copy of the admit card with Government Girls Senior Secondary School, Portmore, Shimla with date of exam on it as 16th September 2012. September was a crucial time for 7th semester final year student for their preliminary major project presentation. I was also busy enough that time. With clock ticking 14th September approached but I had a heavy load of major submission upon me and my group friends. The probability for me going to Shimla tended to zero, but still a fraction favored me. It was only on 4.30 O'clock in the evening that all my major works were completed and I had a chance to go to Shimla for the exam. I felt like going to Shimla. Then I called a friend who had the same exam center with me and asked him if he was going or not with an idea that if I had someone to accompany me, then I will go, else it I won't. This was because Shimla was a new place for me to go alone and I had none known there as all of my Shimla friends were in the college. He answered the call and told me that he already left the place with another friend. “Daya tu aaja, bus stand me hum appke intajar karunga aur sat hotel me rahenge.” These words were like a catalyst to me.

SURVEY

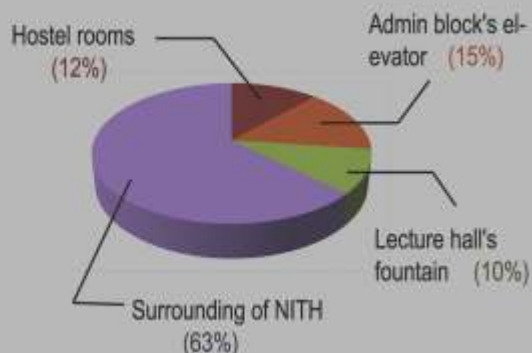
Q.1 What will be your answer, if your teacher gives you a chance to speak before throwing you out of class as you enter 15 min late?



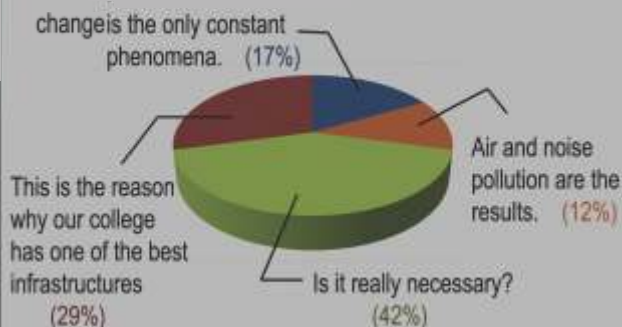
Q.2 How did you get by the external papers this year?



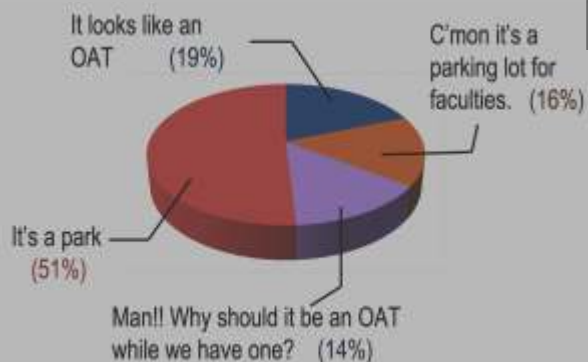
Q.3 What do you want to show your parents on their first visit to our college?



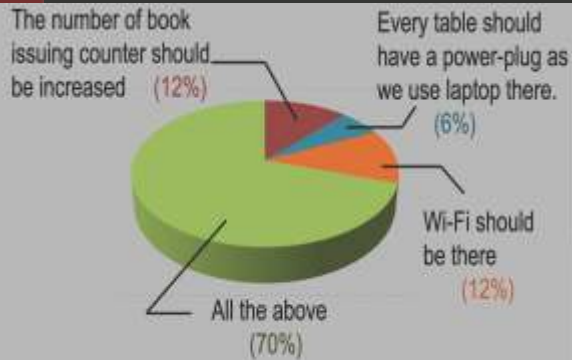
Q.4 What do you think about the constantly going on constructions inside NIT campus?



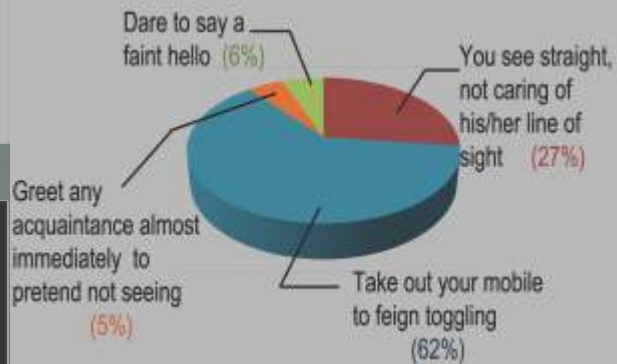
Q.5 Hey, do you have any idea about the new construction going on near Tri-Junction?



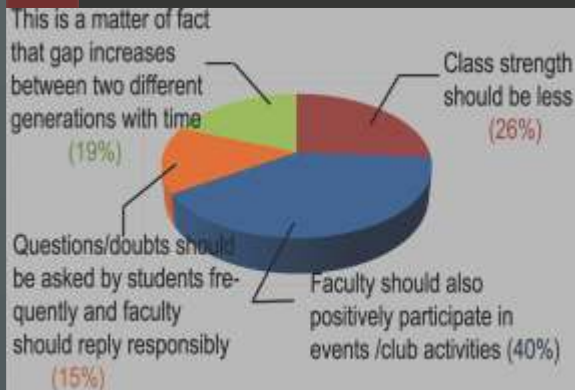
Q.6 Do you want any improvement to be made in concern to our library's facility?



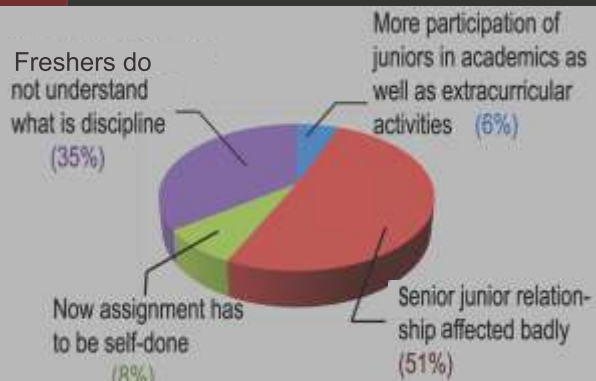
Q.7 What do you do when you pass by a senior whom you didn't want to see at all?



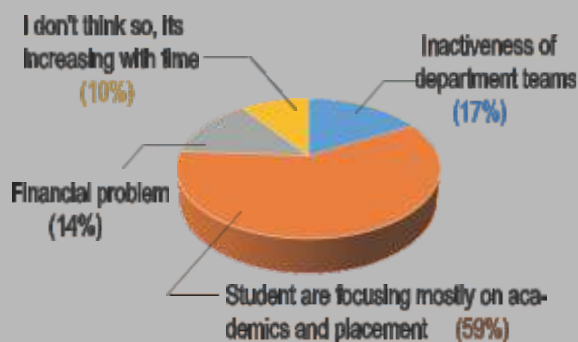
Q.8 What may be the best way to enhance the student-faculty relationship?



Q.9 Impact of Strict Anti-raging rules you observe ?



Q.10 Extracurricular activities are reduced as compared to last couple of years because :



Perspectives



Twin Paradox

*"What is important is to spread
confusion, not to eliminate it"*

---Salvador Dali



AnnuVerma

Confusion is one of the most confounding emotions of all as it is a state of bliss and curse at the same time. In Twin Paradox we have articles that bring out the dilemma with focus on one of its most experienced state - Love..



COVER STORY ▶ WRITERS OF TIME

*"Two men walked down the same lane, different phases in time.
Salutations to the philosopher, the revolutionary treated as slime.
Misery the friend of one, his muse became his death.
Freedom the cause of the other, inspiration in every breath."*



DIVYA MEENA
ECE, 3RD YEAR



SAKSHI BABAR
CSE, 3RD YEAR

The above lines portray the journey of two men, two world famous writers who in different phases of time conveyed the same thinking through their phrases. Two men, who are so divided by their behavior and approach, yet, so connected by their line of thought. Percy Bysshe Shelley and Paulo Coelho were not only born in different eras but also different societies. While the former struggled all through his life at personal and professional fronts due to his peculiar beliefs, the latter enjoyed appreciation and success for the same.

Shelley, one of the most famous English romantic poets was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father was a Member of Parliament and his mother was a Sussex landowner. He had four younger sisters and a younger brother. He was home schooled and had a happy and contented childhood spent largely in country in pursuits such as fishing and hunting. On the other hand, Coelho, a Brazilian lyricist and novelist, dreamt of becoming a writer since his early teenage years. But he was admitted to a mental institution by his own parents as a result of his introversion and opposition to following the traditional path set up by his family. After being released, at the age of 20, he gave in to his parents' wishes and enrolled in law school abandoning his dream of writing. Ironically, around the same age, Shelley eloped and being expelled from Oxford due to his early profession of atheism.



At the beginning of 1812 attacks'. He also started to feel or stressful. As luck would have it, his marriage was indeed making his life stressful. He accused Harriet of having married him for his money. Craving for more intellectual

spending more time away from home. In a different period, Paulo dropped out of law school after a year, lived life as a hippie. Upon his return to Brazil, he worked as a songwriter, composing lyrics. He was arrested for "subversive" activities by the ruling military government who viewed his lyrics as left-wing and dangerous. Coelho had already started turning his life around bit by bit, but Shelley at the same age, was still hung over love. Disputes in his marriage had already drawn him away from Harriet and he sought solace from Mary Godwin, the daughter of his mentor. He had fallen so miserably in love with her that he even threatened to commit suicide if she didn't return his affections. He ran away with Mary, then 16, to Switzerland after Harriet abandoned him but returned back after feeling homesick and destitute. In late 1815, while living close to London with Mary and avoiding creditors, Shelley wrote *'Alastor, or The Spirit of Solitude'*, which was later to be recognized as his first major achievement.

female companionship, he began

Meanwhile, in the 20th century, Paulo Coelho walked the 500-plus mile 'Road of Santiago de Compostela' in northwestern Spain, a turning point in his life. On the path, Coelho had a spiritual awakening, which he described autobiographically in *'The Pilgrimage'*. As a result, he left his lucrative career as a songwriter and pursued writing full-time. Somewhere in mid 1816 Shelley had met his own tryst with destiny when he took a second trip to Switzerland with Mary lured into a scheme of Mary's sister Claire. There he met Lord Byron, who had an invigorating effect on Shelley's poetry. The impact was mutual as Shelley also encouraged Byron to begin an epic poem on a contemporary subject, an advice that resulted in Byron's composition of *'Don Juan'*. Few months later, Shelley's first wife Harriet was found drowned in London. To secure the custody of his children, Shelley and Mary got married but it was in vain as the children were adopted by foster parents. Later, they moved to the village of Marlow, Buckinghamshire where he met John Keats. Shelley's major production during this time was *Laon and Cythna; or, The Revolution of the Golden*

City, a long narrative poem in which he attacked religion and featured a pair of incestuous lovers. It was hastily withdrawn after only a few copies were published. It was later edited and reissued as *The Revolt of Islam* in 1818.

Tragedy struck again in late 1810s when Shelley's son Will died of fever in Rome, and his infant daughter Clara Everina died during yet another household move. Later his third child, Elena died while in care of her foster parents. Grief-stricken and childless, Shelleys moved across various cities in Italy. It was during this period that Shelley wrote his most famous tragedies and well known political poems - *The Masque of Anarchy* and *Men of England* to name a few. But it was not the end of miseries for him, as his close friend Keats died the following year. In present era, Paulo Coelho tasted the success and fame which many craved for but few enjoyed with the publishing of bestsellers like '*The Alchemist*', '*The Valkyries*' and '*Aleph*'. Among these, *The Alchemist* has been translated into 67 distinct different languages.

This gave Coelho the position as the world's most translated living author, according to the 2009 Guinness World Records. The book described by many as a life-changing novel went on to become the fifth most read book in the world.

On 8 July 1822, less than a month before his 30th birthday, Shelley drowned in a sudden storm while sailing back from Leghorn (Livorno) to Lerici. There were those who believed his death was not accidental. Some said that Shelley was depressed in those days and that he wanted to die; others say that he did not know how to navigate; others believed that some pirates mistook the boat for Byron's and attacked him, and others have even more fantastical stories. The most bizarre of them being that he was murdered for political reasons. The day after the news of his death reached England, the Tory newspaper *The Courier* gloated: "*Shelley, the writer of some infidel poetry, has been drowned, now he knows whether there is God or not*". An account of the recovery of Shelley's body, records that "*the face and hands, the dress, were fleshless, and by the beach for the cremation, the body was* Controversy didn't leave Shelley even that his friend Edward Trelawny had them himself; some more dramatic snatched the whole heart from the that the remains now lie in the vault in Bournemouth.



and parts of the body not protected by time that the party returned to the even further decomposed." in death as a rumor circulated around taken the ashes of his heart and kept accounts suggest that Trelawny pyre. All accounts agree, however, the churchyard of St Peter's Church,

Shelley and Coelho were no different from one another. They both viewed universe and society through different mindsets. They presented the world with a different point of view during different phases of time, with the help of their phrases. The difference just didn't lie in their thoughts; it also was viewed in how the society received their creations and notions in their respective phase of time. The conservative community during Shelley's lifetime treated him with criticism defaming him for his strong atheistic beliefs. However those same people, just in a different realm, accepted Coelho in spite of his unique outlook, even imbibing his teachings in their lives. Yet it is true that the two men, who walked the same path in two different phases, changed the world around them with their phrases making an impact on history that will inspire others walking down the same lane for times to come.

*"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;*

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

— Percy Bysshe Shelley, "To A Skylark"

"And, when you want something, all the universe conspires in helping you to achieve it."

— Paulo Coelho, *The Alchemist*

MAYUKH SAHA
SRI AUROBINDO VIDYAMANDIR, KOLKATA

“Life is a dress rehearsal for a show that will never Happen”

Life changed in a split second, as a blink
The bright glow of the brilliant sun faded away into darkness
The plane below me turned upside down
I was shattered like glass and ready to drown

The bliss seemed to blur
Like a polar bear not covered with fur
I haven't seen someone so gullible like you
So stubborn and stern, unlike the sunny hue

Being ignorant and unworthy of realizations that have set me
aback
One that cannot be concealed anymore but just a set back

The wound doesn't hurt me anymore
Broken promises are what, that cut me to the core
With all the remnants, obnoxiously strange yet stunning
I bleed out inconsolably from within, with this whining

Hope is what, that turned out to be my best friend
It gave me the strength to breathe and smile again
Beneath this smile fake and faint
I have hidden a thousand feelings
Feelings that were, are and would be true
Emotions for which there's nothing to argue

I never realized that one can count time in hours, minutes and days
It was you who thought eternity meant a few days

This burning desire is so overwhelming
A desire locked deep in my heart
I don't want you now but want my trust back
That I have lost

Time will flow and seasons would fall
But hope will always be there to sew this broken heart
The heart that stopped beating since you left
That of the one silly dolt you used to call, 'idiot'!

'Life is a dress rehearsal for a show that will never Happen!'



Rohit Sarmeli

Parted

*“Every night the Earth's children see the tear Earth shed
for its beloved and call it the beautiful Moon”*

AJAY KUMAR
ALUMNI, 2011



Long ago, when the span of Universe could be measured in terms of kilometers rather than light years the Earth and the Sun existed close by. They were not what you see them today. They could touch each other. Sun was not as hot, and parching as it is now. It was milder, warmer and comfortable and Earth was more beautiful than as you see her now. Both were young and just fresh out of the Creator's hands. Immortal time is the sole observer and detail keeper of the magnanimity of the love that sparked between them. It keeps track of all activities since the birth of events till the death. It narrates:

*“Ever thy, in future you feel,
The touch of ice on hot steel,
The smell of first rain,
The dangling of heart in pure pain;
When you feel the pangs of heart,
Hitting alike multiple poisoned dart,
Always recall the Sun's love
The cringe of pain of its beloved
dove!”*



Sun had deeply fallen in love with Earth, and Earth felt no different for the Sun. All other gods and demi-gods used to say, “Who is more beautiful than the lovely Earth and who is more charming than the bright Sun?” They were the perfect match God could have ever created, or would ever create in future. Together the Earth and Sun dreamt. They dreamt of spending time till eternity in each other's arms.

*“No day and no night existed,
All that existed was love!
All that existed were dreams,
All that existed were undefined realms”*

In the upper realm of existence Gods existed before Earth and Sun were created. In fact Gods are the ones who created the Earth and the Sun. They are the ones who are more powerful and more ambitious than the love-struck birds. The poor Earth and Sun had

dreams of just lying in each other's presence till eternity. In Gods' eyes, existence of Earth and Sun was just a tool- a tool to fulfill their so called “bigger dream”. The Gods counseled and dreamt of a “bigger dream”, they dreamt human, dreamt to see million species falling in love, dreamt of million species praying, dreamt of million people struggling with life, struggling with emotions and riches.

Future is the prerogative of the Gods, and Gods are the ones who wield power to create, destroy, and annihilate, who asks the opinions of mere tools?

The news of higher powers troubled Earth dearly. One fine moment, when Earth was basking in the warmth of Sun, and Sun was cheerfully enjoying the Earth, she said, “What will happen now, my love? Will you leave me all alone? The mighty darkness of

the Universe is expanding and it will succumb me into its oblivion.”

The tensed Sun replied in a distressed voice, “If my words carry any weight in your life then stay assured; never has the Sun loved anyone as dearly as the Earth and none in future it shall ever fall in love. I won't let you fall into darkness, even if I have to burn every nook and corner of the Universe to cipher.”

The Sun went to the Gods, and was asked to be the centre of the Solar System. Hearts in love desire no power, and no glory. The Sun was the first heart to be broken in the events of mankind.

The Earth cried and huge tears dropped from her eyes. Over the span of time, many tears went aloft, many got consumed by the vastness of the ever expanding Universe; however one tear still remains

clear in the sky. Every night the Earth's children see the tear Earth shed for its beloved and call it the beautiful Moon; it is derived from Earth's 'Moan'.

There are moments when the Earth loses control and bursts to release the pain welling up inside it; and such is man that it even terms pain as beautiful... That even volcanoes are termed beautiful.

The Sun ever since burns in agony and burns to keep the Earth alight and to prevent it from falling into oblivion. The jewel that dropped from Earth's eyes finds itself beautiful just by receiving the minimum share of agony possible. The closer bodies of Mercury and Venus scathe in the agony of the ever burning, ever crying, ever cringing Sun.



Eternal Love



“A love is there, an infrangible
bond A feeling of being forever
and is called Eternal love”

GAURAV SHARMA
MED, FINAL YEAR

The day I came to know,
The earth is not only flat, but round too
Began my quest, for the existence of love
In every book, every soul and in the universe

Love was never so rigid, nor so complex
But the so-called intellectuals made it harsh
Next came the Ekta Kapoor
Adding some twist into the story that never lasts

Youngsters are doped with it
Seeking an end to their bottomless desires
Some might have found the destiny but
Most of them had their senses lost and their own identity

My crazy fellows
It is neither a game of money, nor a cause to despair .
Not merely a physical relation or a worldly behaviour
But is a source of union, a reason to celebrate

A love is there, an invincible power of the supernatural
A love is there, an infrangible bond
A feeling of being forever and is called Eternal love

मशगूल जो खुद में रहते

“उजाले हमेशा अँधेरा ही दिया करते हैं”

यजन चौधरी
प्रथम वर्ष



दर्द—ए—गम न दस्तक देता
मशगूल जो खुद में रहते

तिश्नगी थी महफ़िल में जीने की
चाहत—ए—गुलमोहर में गुज़ारी थी रातें

मेहफ़िल में भी रहकर जुदा, हुए वाकिफ़
नूर—ए—गुलमोहर कितना फ़ीका है

अफ़सोस शबे—गम का नहीं
रज़ा थी मेरी बेवफ़ाई, राहों की नहीं

ताबुक है उनका, रोशनी है सवेरों से
उजाले हमेशा अँधेरा ही दिया करते हैं।



K. Dayananda Singh



ANUJ MAHAJAN
MED, FINAL YEAR

*“I realized that everything in life
Don't come easy”*

Four years ago, I entered the portals of this institute with high hopes, with the belief that I would not leave this college without a good placement. I aspired to secure a good rank in my branch and managed to score a respectable pointer. I had a glorious streak during the first three years in NIT-H. I made friends who will last a lifetime, boozed, smoked, travelled new places and fell for a couple of girls. I even broke rules to the extent of getting expelled from the hostel in the very first month of my college life. Nonetheless, I never went astray from the path of the purpose I came here with. I never was the bookish and sincere types. So sleepless nights and last minute preparations were all I relied upon during exams. Though I was content with what I had achieved till the end of 6th semester.

After my 6th semester, I looked forward to placement epoch and dreamt of the moment when I would hear my name amongst the selected candidates. I imagined myself being congratulated by everyone and enjoying my minute of glory. P.S.: It was all supposed to remain a dream. Realization dawned upon me when I couldn't even clear the written test of ACC, let alone face the interview panel. Before the clouds of grief hovered upon me, I was assured by my friend Nayyan, “Mate, you deserve better”. Little did the fact encourage me that I had cleared the next Maruti test since more than half my class had done the same. I brushed up my technical knowledge and took my brother's advice for the HR preparation. After the interview, I stepped out with the satisfaction, that it was only short lived- just a minute or so affair against the 30 minutes. A grilling session. To my disbelief, I learnt that I hadn't made it through and this marked the beginning of a series of rejections to come. I regretted the loss of this golden opportunity, their requirement being more and with no hassles of GD.

The second blow came when I was ruled out of the GD of the Hero Moto Corp LTD. I couldn't help

but shed a tear at this dismal news and crawled up under the quilt on my bed. It had a lasting impact on my self confidence that could seriously sabotage my chances for Hyundai recruitment at Chandigarh. Thankfully, the interview results put a balm on the pangs of my previous results, as I made it to the waiting list along with my crony Naval. Hopes rekindled a bit, though it was not a confirmed offer and hence I geared up afresh for the challenges to come. But my bad fortune followed me everywhere like a shadow, when I couldn't even clear the written of Ashok Leyland at NIT J. Little did I cherish the placement of my dear friend Sagar, I was so overwhelmed by my own grief. The next company on the list was ABB and out of the top shortlisted candidates, only two including myself could clear it. The company had its subsequent rounds in Faridabad. Their selection procedure comprised of four hectic rounds (Technical PI, HR, PI, Presentation and GD round) lasting from 9 in the morning to 11 at night. Much exhausted, I undertook a 12 hour back journey to Hamirpur so as to not miss ITC, which was scheduled for the very next day. I was the only Meddy to get through to their last round of interview, which was to be held at Baddi. My friends started taunting me as the 'Triple core Placement guy' (Hyundai waiting, ABB expected, and ITC only mechanical). But the festival of lights brought much darkness on me as I failed myself and my friends yet again in ABB. By this time I had started wondering, as to what was wrong with me. My lackluster performance, coupled with unsuccessful attempts, followed by my frustration, earned me the title “New frusty BAWA” of the class. I'm not the one to rest upon my laurels, nor do I claim myself to be an over promising intellectual, though I failed to understand why a CGPI of 8.53 and good communication skills didn't support the results. I was forced to blame my lean physique as a con which stood heavy upon all my pros. My run of misfortune continued at NIT-J with HONDA eliminating me in the GD round. I was devastated but I banked all my

hopes on the ITC result -"Beta tera to ho hi jaaega" were the words that popped in my head every now and then on my way to Baddi. My exasperation was limitless when I was rejected for the 5th time. While others were basking in the glory of their success, I curled up in my bed and let the grief consume me. This time I was inconsolable, disgraced, feeling damned by the Gods. Everyone's sympathetic words and reassurances failed to cheer me up. I despised people around me who had been placed unfair on my behalf, though natural.

The 7th semester was about to reach its end and I was beginning to convince myself that 2012 was another failure. Another day, another company, another interview and yet another rejection. I cried my eyes out as I watched my dream crumble right in front of me with each passing company. I had realized it requires 30% effort and 70% luck and I was devoid of the latter. I had hit the bottom of the ocean when I faced the last company of the semester (L&T). After the written, I went to Chandigarh for the 3rd time. I erased all thoughts and discarded all tension regarding the result of the interview. Deep within, I wished not to get selected thereafter, so that I could commit myself to GATE preparations. But this cause was lost on 24th December when my TPR friend called me to confirm

my selection. I was numb with the news; I couldn't believe it at first. Finally I had made it after GDs and 7 interviews. My family heaved a sigh of relief, and as for myself, I didn't know what to feel or how I felt.

However my difficulties had overshadowed my success. My offer at L&T stood only if I met the company's medical standards. My destiny could have turned against me again considering the past, because I feared being declared underweight and thereby medically unfit. It was once again Chandigarh for the medical. I waited nervously for another two weeks facing questions like -"kya lagta hai ho jaaega tera?", but God had decided to put an end to my struggle and my medical was confirmed on 18th Jan 2013.

This phase of my life has influenced me the most. I had always achieved what I had desired with much less effort. I realized that everything in life doesn't come easy. I had emerged a better, confident individual than before, ready to face future challenges with a strengthened mind. But what the Joker had said in THE DARK NIGHT had proved to be true for me -"Something that doesn't kill you only makes you stronger (or crazy?)".



चाहत



“सच्चा प्यार उसका नहीं,
सच्चा प्यार तो सिर्फ तेरा था....”

राहुल रंजन
सी.ई.डी., द्वितीय वर्ष

मंजिलें भी तेरी थीं
और रास्ता भी तेरा था
एक प्यार पा लूँ तेरा
बस यही सपना मेरा था
मेरी साथ रहने की कसम भी तेरी थी
फिर अकेला छोड़ जाने का खयाल भी तेरा था

हाथों में हाथ लेकर मुझे हंसने की सोच भी तेरी थी
मेरी आँखों में आँसू देने का
सिलसिला भी तेरा था

मैं क्यूँ यहाँ तन्हा रह गया
मेरा दिल सवाल करता है
किस्मत तो तेरी थी
पर क्या खुदा भी तेरा था?

खुदा बोला :
उसे यार बनाने की गलती भी तेरी थी
उस पर यकीन करने का खयाल भी तेरा था
उसे क्यों गम होगा तेरे जाने का?
सच्चा प्यार उसका नहीं,
सच्चा प्यार तो सिर्फ तेरा था.....



Shivam Gupta

प्रेम पत्र



“भाग विरह कब तक लिखा,
तू जाने या राम, मेरा काम
प्रतीक्षा, बाकी उसका काम”

अनुपम सिंह
एम.ई.डी., अंतिम वर्ष

जानता हूँ तेरे रुबरू, कुछ न कह पाऊँगा,
हमेशा की तरह खामोश चला जाऊँगा।
इसी लिए अन्तर्मन ने जब तुझको पुकारा,
कागज़-कलम का लिया है सहारा।

तेरी शख्सियत के जो रंग इन आँखों में समाए हैं,
वही दिल से निकल कर आज कागज़ पर उतर आये हैं।

तुम्हें इस दिल ने चाहा जितना
गर देना चाहूँ उसे कोई उपमा,
मेरे लिए ये मुश्किल है, इतना,
आँखों को जैसे याद रह जाए
बीती रात का अधूरा सा सपना।

सुना है जिनसे हम नहीं हैं मिल पाते
कभी कभी ख्वाब में वो आकर है जगाते
पर यह भी तो मेरे नसीब में नहीं
इसी लिए इन पलकों में नमी है
लगता है अभी मेरी चाहत में ही कमी है।

पर स्वाभाविक है भविष्य के प्रति आशा
इसी में ही तो छुपी है जीवन की परिभाषा,
सच्चा मेरा प्रेम जो, तुम होगे मजबूर,
आओगे चल खुद यहाँ, कब तक रहोगे दूर।

भाग विरह कब तक लिखा, तू जाने या राम,
मेरा काम प्रतीक्षा, बाकी उसका काम।।

अन्त में मुझे यही कहना है—
कितना चाहा है तुझे, कैसे करूँ बयान।
गूँगे का गुड मान ले, मन से तू पहचान।।

Religion of love

“Aaina! I never wanted our friendship to end but this is the only way round, as far as I can conceive”

I wish... I could... I could bring those days back!!!

Absorbing all the pains of past, Aaina had been humming the song as she cleaned the shelves as a part of her household curriculum. Suddenly dropped a key ring holding beads with alphabets 'FRIENDS' sewed together. The vanished memoirs once again shadowed on the canvas of her heart. Her eyes were full of tears as she travelled back to the day when she, Ibi (her name was Ibadat) and Krist were together, eating pizza and had been promised to stay in contact no matter what. And now it had been 4 years since they all were unaware of each other's well-being.

Aaina could clearly hear her own words shouting from the past; the promises they had made. That was the last day they had been happy together. “Ibi!! Pizza is jam packed with fats”. Aaina would tease a figure conscious Ibadat. And for Krist – He just enjoyed the girlish pranks. That was the day “The three musketeers” were to move to their journey ahead, to their college lives. Stealing eyes from everybody at Aaina's place, Krist had gone out and had brought the key rings as a remembrance of their diverse friendship. The three shared a friendship which was above their beliefs and faiths. Aaina, though agnostic, was born hindu; Krist Christian and Ibi muslim. None except for Ibi sometimes, were stringent about religious beliefs. Though aware about the universal truth, Ibi sometimes classified God. But Aaina and Krist made intense fun of the issue and everything just got diluted in their jokes.

Never had anyone of them forgot to miss the other, not even in the busiest days of their lives. Days passed as happy as in fairy tales and they shared every pain and fun of their lives, with each other through phone conferences.

One day suddenly, Krist called up Aaina at 4 in the morning. Aaina had an exam the same day. Krist was abrupt and appeared different as he informed Aaina about his first love. Aaina, though had been very happy at the news could feel some distress in

PALLAVI DHINGRA
EEE, FINAL YEAR



Krist's voice. “Aaina!! She was the last love of my life, I cannot live without her. But she.... She left me all alone”; Krist could say only this much and broke into tears. If Aaina hated anything about love then it was the pain of broken relationships. Aaina supported every love but not the setbacks which occurred thereafter.

Just hoping that her insights were not right, Aaina asked Krist “Who is the girl?” Broken Krist controlled his sobs and said “Our Ibi”. Aaina was lost in hubbub of all she had been thinking time and again but always tried to prove it wrong. Aaina always feared it not because she had trusted love less but because she had known that the flames of religious indifferences neither spared God nor humans and the love.

Aaina recalled all those intimations Ibi tried to give to her. Ibi would always ask Aaina, “What if I would love a boy of some other religion?” Aaina would lovingly hold Ibadat's hands and would always say “I will fight the world for you, but would you be able to tell it to your family and stand alone if they leave you?” Ibi never replied the same.

Aaina left her-self behind and asked Krist of when that had happened. Two years back, Krist replied.

“And we had been hiding it from you; we feared if you wouldn't accept, we feared that you would tell this to Ibi's mom.” Aaina lost her calm and started sobbing. Aaina had been very close to Ibi's mom but undoubtedly considered truth first. Wrong was wrong for her, no matter who so ever had been the subject. Those words thrashed the bounds of understanding Aaina thought had developed into their friendship. But she could well get it that, that was not the time to prove her fidelity. Krist came back to his senses and told everything to Aaina. Aaina was unable to understand what had been going on in her life. On one hand, she had lost faith in her friendship she had been boasting of from the past 7 years, for she never expected Krist and Ibadat to hide their liking for

each other from her just because of the fear that Aaina wouldn't support them and on the other hand she had Krist who had fresh wounds of the lost love. Aaina somehow managed to calm Krist but he was still sobbing. She hanged up the phone as she herself couldn't handle her heart anymore.

Aaina went to college with a heavy heart. As she returned, she immediately called Ibadat. "Ibi! did you ever love Krist?", Aaina asked at once without even enquiring about well-being of Ibadat. There was a dead silence between the two for a while. As Ibi understood what had been happening she replied

coarsely, "No. It was on his constant urges that we had been together". Aaina moved by Krist's tears was against Ibi and outpoured her anger "So it was his begging that forced you to say that you loved him and it was his care that forced you to befool him all those days. You have spoiled a life Ibi. It would had been different if it had been to someone else but it's our Krist, our best friend, Ibi". Both were crying and weren't able either to listen to each other or to explain anything. Ibi just said, "Aaina, I cannot explain what I am undergoing with no one around. I

thought you would be there with me. But..."Days passed and the three heard nothing except for each other's words, they felt nothing except for the pain of broken relationship. Aaina being less devastated, gathered courage not to suffer the same as Krist and Ibadat had been suffering, for she wanted the two to recover as early as possible. Confused about whom to call first, Aaina called Ibadat first, "Ibi!! How's everything dear? How are you?" Ibadat broke into tears. "Nothing is left to remain fine Aaina, I am sorry for I had loved Krist. I am sorry for I cannot defend myself this time because neither you nor would Krist ever understand that I cannot carry it anymore and

have no reasons to give. The destiny wanted to take up my life, my love and it did. I am sorry Aaina." Ibi cut the phone and switched it off. Before Aaina could blink her eyes to help the tiny droplet get rid of the bounds, she understood everything. She understood that the love that always has been above God was divided the same way as is God. Aaina cursed herself for considering Ibi wrong. She always wanted to say sorry but could never. Aaina still in tears called Krist who had been out of his senses from the day Ibi left him without any reasons. "Krist! She loves you more than her life but cannot stand against her family" said

Aaina as if answering all of Krist's questions. Krist, whose heart had been filled with pain and hatred cried till his eyes became exhausted. "Aaina, how can she leave me for a reason like that? We promised to bear every pain and laughter together. I loved her to limits of love. I had been a beast but became good just because of her and for her. For me there is no second love and I would never let the same happen to her too. I would tell everything to her family and would beg them to let her marry me. Rosary is not my life Aaina, Ibi is. No religion ever supports death of love- its supreme message. Bring her back to me, please Aaina. I'll die without her." Listening to mixed emotions of innocence

of Krist's love and his anger to take revenge, Aaina was unable to convince him about the pain Ibi had been undergoing.

Aaina surrendered before the pain Ibi and Krist had been undergoing and for the next fortnight she did not talk to any of the two. Aaina recovered herself, summing all her immunity and called up Ibi the next day. "Aaina! I never wanted our friendship to end but this is the only way round, as far as I can conceive. I made a mistake to fall in love with Krist, a boy of a different religion. I have received the punishment but now nothing more should happen to you and to Krist, and neither should our families



suffer. I know Aaina you were always there for me and had I told you this earlier you would have tried to convince mom but I know she wouldn't have agreed, she cannot Aaina. May be she would have agreed but others, they are a harder believer of God. Ammi has suffered a lot just because of me. I love you both more than my life but my good Lord never wants this. We would never talk again. Please don't try and enquire about my whereabouts. Take care of Krist. Tell him to marry a nice Christian girl and stay happy. If love never dies, it would not die this time too and hope in next birth we would be together and Aaina dear I would love to have you as our daughter. Please take care of Krist. Love you now and always. Bye!!” Ibi spoke all that had been annoying her and had made her decision. That was the last time they had talked.

Immediately after that Aaina had called Krist. “Krist! She loves you a lot but doesn't want you both and your families suffer the brunt of the casteism . She doesn't want your love to be the reason of anyone's pain. She doesn't want to sacrifice the relations she had cherished since her birth, for her love. She doesn't want to see you unhappy. She will stay happy with anyone to whom her family marries her and wants you to do the same. She doesn't want her pious love to be blamed for any wrong. She doesn't want our friendship to be proved contemptible. She took a promise from me not to look for her. And she never wants to contact either you or me. She has bejeweled her life with our friendship but does not want the shadows of her past to overcast her future. Please Krist don't take her wrong. She loves you a lot but cannot pursue it.” Aaina for the first time lost her calm and cried like a little child who had lost all her toys. “Whatever she says Aaina. I shall do as she will say. I am happy Aaina. I am always there for you but need to seek refuge from all this. I shall be leaving for U.K. on 21st may, her birthday. Don't worry I'll be back soon. Love you a lot dear. Take care.” Aaina accepted all the decisions made by Ibi, Krist and also God. She

kept mum, conveyed good wishes to Krist for his journey and hung up the phone. Days passed, their lives moved on. They too tried. An all new Krist came back from U.K. 6 months later. Aaina and Krist met few times and no time had they missed talking about what would have been happening in Ibi's life. They had never enquired about her from anyone except for the news they got from the common friends. They got to know about Ibi's engagement a month before. Aaina knew it earlier but never told Krist.

Time had separated Ibi from the two and slowly even Krist and Aaina were lost. All three were alone missing each other every day and thinking if others would be doing the same. Aaina lost in the flashback was sitting on the bed ignorant of the tears that had dried over her cheeks. Suddenly the doorbell rang. It was the boy from the shop to which Aaina had ordered her own birthday gift. The frame had the photo of their last get together, the three charming faces, with “I still miss the same” written over it. Relations were made and destroyed. In fight between love and religion, religion won the battle. But Ibi never let her love go down. Her sacrifice had been the epitome of piousness and courage of love. But God lost.

One who invented God would have been genius probably, but one who divided God was surely not.



Minal

बीते पल



“न जाने किन अंधेरों में उस बचपन को छुपा दिया,
आज जिंदगी की राहों ने हमें कुछ ऐसा बना दिया,”

सौरभ बंसल
सी. ई. डी., द्वितीय वर्ष

आज जिंदगी की राहों ने हमें कुछ ऐसा बना दिया,
जिन कशितयों से बारिश में खेला करते थे,
आज उन ख्वाबों में ही डुबा दिया।

बैठते थे सड़क के किनारे पर दोस्तों के साथ,
क्यों हो गई ऐसी राहें, न थाम सकें अपनों का हाथ।
किसी की याद आए तो आँसुओं को बहा दिया,
आज जिंदगी की राहों ने हमें कुछ ऐसा बना दिया।

बेफ़िक्र दौड़ते थे मैदानों और गलियारों में,
इतना भी क्या हासिल किया जो चैन नहीं ऊँची मीनारों में।
चाहा किसी से मिलना तो बस उसका नंबर घुमा दिया,
आज जिंदगी की राहों ने हमें कुछ ऐसा बना दिया।

हर मौसम का लुत्फ उठाना जानते थे,
दोस्तों पर जान न्योछावर करना बंदगी मानते थे।
किसने हमें अकेला जीना सीखा दिया,
आज जिंदगी की राहों ने हमें कुछ ऐसा बना दिया।

बनते थे पायलट, पुलिसवाला और चोर भी कभी-कभी,
पर आज जो बन गए उससे भी न जाने क्यों खुशी न मिली।
न जाने किन अंधेरों में उस बचपन को छुपा दिया,
आज जिंदगी की राहों ने हमें कुछ ऐसा बना दिया।

जीना चाहते हैं उन लम्हों को हम सब फिर से कभी,
मिल जाये दोस्तों का वो साथ तो लुटा देंगे दौलत सभी।
फिर से आज किसी ने ऐसा एहसास करा दिया,
आज जिंदगी की राहों ने हमें कुछ ऐसा बना दिया।

तलाश अभी बाकी है



“पर कौन हूँ मैं, खुद की
तलाश अभी बाकी है,”

प्रभात
ई. ई. ई., तृतीय वर्ष

साँझ ढली, अन्धेरा हुआ
पर राशनी की,
तलाश अभी बाकी है।

पल-पल हर पल में चलता रहा,
कभी ठोकर लगी कभी सम्हलता रहा,
पर मंजिल की
तलाश अभी बाकी है।

जीवन की इन राहों पर,
हुस्न के इन पैमानों पर,
यूँ तो कई चेहरे मिले,
पर हमसफ़र की,
तलाश अभी बाकी है।

यूँ तो मैंने बहुत कुछ है पाया,
हर शिखर को अपना है बनाया,
पर कौन हूँ मैं, खुद की
तलाश अभी बाकी है।



K. Dayananda

Of some first and last impressions...
...that shall never fade with time

Life is a journey, or simply a process, varied people, and varied opinions. It's a composition of sojourns; of phases that we come across, which in turn make way for greater things in life. And the most amazing part of it is the mix and match of the flavours we've never tasted before, the first times or maybe a pleasantly unusual façade of things we've already known. The fact remains; we're constantly pinning images in the grand collage of life, as we go down the memory lanes, a sudden smile flashes speaking of the experiences that we'll forever cherish.

In this constant process, SANAT MISHRA (09359) has his story to share how his journey has been:

“The day my college life began, I was excited like everyone else, was expecting many unexpected things to come in life. Neither scared nor had the nerves, I was ready to face anything. Uncertain of the outcomes of the events I was just playing my part, just doing the things which I felt were right in the situations never faced before.

Just by chance, one day I met some seniors. My mind, preoccupied with various views on the senior junior relationship was unable to put forward a new perspective on this matter. Understanding the situation and acting accordingly helped me get through the first few interactions easily and as time passed I got the opportunity to meet many more seniors.

I started visiting some of them every few days, mainly because they always had stories to tell about what interesting things they and their seniors did. Their carefree attitude definitely caught my attention and whenever I did something wrong I was immediately pointed out and corrected. This, I think was the first step towards personal improvement. They were the first glimpse of chaos in our ordered life as first years.

After spending some time with them I noticed that they were always doing something. This didn't seem important initially but later I realized that just because of their 'always doing something' approach they were able to do so much with nearly the same resources and time as I had. Motivated by them, not aware of the long term gain, I also started doing things. It was after a few months I realized that I was learning many new things just by 'always doing something'. With time, I was learning from everything I did and everything that was happening around me. This habit of learning was may be the first step of development.

When with seniors, there were times when we were caught in some trouble, many times just because of their carefree attitude and sometimes just because of bad luck. It was interesting to watch how beautifully they handled the situations and solved the problems in hand. They never got tensed and never worried about the problems, it was like that they laughed at the problems and even the toughest of the problems seemed small. Learning this skill was I think the second step of development.

Watching my seniors assigning work to juniors was also a wonderful sight. On observing them closely during these times I learned two things mainly. First thing that I observed was their skill to convince someone to do something, and this skill proved to be very useful at times. Second thing which I observed, in later stages, was not as obvious as the first one but definitely much important than that. It was the attitude of doing only the things that I loved to do. This attitude developed slowly but strongly and it was the most important step of development in my life. When I do the things I love to do, the quality of work improves, work becomes fun and life seems so much simpler and full of joy.”

Well the best part of life is that, we aren't the only ones travelling. We frequently tend to cross paths with others and come across individuals who we many a times happen to have as a companion for long. Now exploring isn't that bad. ABHINAV SINHA (09415) has his story to share about a companion he says he'll remember all through:

“When I came to college I had a vague impression about many things in my mind....some were meant to change and some were meant to remain same in the due course of time. There were many reasons for the change, some incident, accident or by a person. I will like to share one of them that changed.

In college, I made a friend. Very humble and jolly, he always remained happy and rarely complained. I belong to a family of decent income; I have always had my way. I have partied a lot and gone places for vacation. Fought my parents in order to get from them what I wanted.

But this friend of mine was not so fortunate. In due time I realized that he was from a very poor family and he had worked really hard against all odds to come to this college. His family had gone to a great deal of trouble to provide not only for his tuition fees and hostel fees but also his day to day requirement. I salute his parents for going through so much trouble to get him educated and provide him with a good life.

I realized that no matter how much we disagree with our parents, no matter how we fight or doubt their intention, they always have been with us, always wanted best for us and they go to a great deal to make sure we succeed. “

As the pages of the epic unfold, we might just have a hundred experiences, followed by a million moments we might want to hold on to. In this learning process, the best part is that the only job we're supposed to do is to effortlessly play our roles and life as it comes. We always need something to hold on to, and its reason enough hoping to make great memories in times to come; so, Bon Voyage!



MINAL

BRUSHES



NEETIKA MAHAJAN



MANPREET DHANJAL

Dark Matter

*"Our sweetest songs are those that tell
of our saddest thoughts"*

P.B Shelley



Ashna

*Indelible part of the universe,
enigmatic, yet necessary, weighing
more than matter itself, signifies the
pain that is inevitable.....*



Yes, I Am Scared



SAKSHI BABAR
CSE, 3RD YEAR

*“I am no longer the fearless girl I was months back
No longer do I feel protected, even around the place which I call home,”*

Sometime back, the capital city, Delhi, saw one of the heinous crimes of the year happen in its boundaries. A girl was sexually assaulted by a group of men while her friend was almost beaten to death. Later they both were thrown out of the moving bus and left to die. The victim succumbed to that later in the hospital. I won't go into more details of the case and the happenings next as I am sure no educated Indian citizen would be unaware of what happened. Protests were held; people reacted like they were expected to – with rage and fury. The case shook the whole country, yet united it like never before. Stricter laws in favor of women, death penalty for criminals and what not were demanded. In short, people wanted justice, or to put it in more appropriate words, they wanted vengeance. So the government gave them that (or might still be in the process of giving, considering our legal history). End of story. What I am going to write about is a spinoff of the same story. It's called What Next?

According to an independent study, nearly 26.6 % of Indian women above the age 25 are literate and 32.8% are employed. No doubt within the past few years, there has been development in the area of women empowerment. We have had more females not only heading families and MNCs but in many cases states and countries as well. A woman who takes care of an organization with thousands of employees is definitely capable of managing herself. She is, to put it shortly – educated, confident, and independent. I am just a student. I am not managing any family, company or country. Yet, till last December I thought myself to be all the above. I believed since I was fairly educated and had been brought up in a well to do family, nothing could stop me. Men were definitely one of the last things on my be-scared-of-the-things list. I can assure you half the girls in our country feel this way. They are conscious of the danger that might linger around but are never aware unless it is shoved in their faces. Sadly, when that happens, it's already too late. Like them, I wasn't scared of any men, until reality hit me. Just like that. The victim this time, like every other time, was a girl. But the criminals, they were average people. They weren't sons of some minister, IPS or IAS officer. To put it crudely, they were nothing as far as a place in this country is concerned, just a part of the ever growing poor class population. No one would have stepped up to save them, fight for them. How did they become so proud to perform this act knowing that they won't be forgiven? Where did they get the courage to perform such an act?

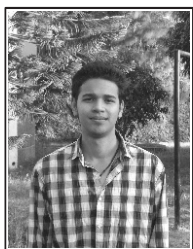


Wherever it might be, that is straight where I saw my bravery go. I am no longer the fearless girl I was months back. In fact I lost it two days after the case. The said evening, the moment I stepped out of my house, which is in one of the safest areas of the country (small town, and all), I was scared. I considered every male to be a suspect, and couldn't meet anyone's eyes like I was the one who had committed a crime. Even more I was concerned about my sister who's just 13. I was scared. I am scared. No longer do I feel protected, even around the place which I call home. Previously, if I ever said I feel unsafe, it was just for someone else, to raise my voice for someone in need. To put a show that women need protection though my ego always made me believe I wasn't one of them. Whether it was my surroundings that felt safe or my attitude that I was different, I wasn't a part of those weak women. But this time, I mean what I speak. This country is not safe.

All those under the illusion that the part where they live is haven should wake up and face reality. Just because you have stayed there all your life, just because you have your father or an elder brother to save you, just because it is a small town, just because some survey says it is doesn't mean it is safe. Wake up! The only areas where women are safe in this country are where there are no men. That cuts it down – it's nowhere. If men of that level can commit such crime, than anyone can. It doesn't matter what happens next. They are hanged? They themselves asked for it. How many of them actually felt remorse for what they did? And if they sincerely do, can it be reversed back? What's done is done. A life was humiliated and lost. And God knows how many have been before and since then.

India – it is a nation where people kneel down in front of goddesses. From food to forgiveness, prosperity to paycheck, all which is needed for a life is prayed from her. Don't be deluded, this is also the country where many women are raped in their houses by their own relatives. What's more regretful is not the assault but the fact that each time she endures it and buries it and every time the skeletons are pulled out again. This is the nation where even a toddler can be treated as an object of sex. And the rapist is let out instead of being punished because the innocent victim cannot speak for herself. This is the nation that defines paradox. In the morning, a woman is worshipped, the very same evening; the same woman in a different form is abused and molested. There are two ways to awaken a sleeping person. Either you nudge them for a while, reciting all the cons of sleeping longer than necessary, the other not so often used is a simple one – douse them with cold water. This, right here is the cold water. Time and again, such incidents have happened and similar promises have been made. Whether it was these promises or your sense of self confidence and self assurance that made you do so, but you believed that you are safe. It's time to end the fantasy and face the reality that me, you, we, none of us are secure no matter what the leaders say or do. No man is afraid to beat the shit out of us from whichever class he might belong to. We are bearers of our own torches, our own security. No police, no politician can guarantee us the safety we deserve as citizens of a democracy. It is our life, our freedom and our body and we only can protect it.





HIMANSHU GUPTA
ECE, FINAL YEAR

*“I was walking and you stepped in
Into my heart and into my soul,”*

An year passed right in front of my eyes
All the innocence blew away with time
The lights, all of them, have turned so dark now
And all I am left with is my voice drowned in the cries

So, I now try to recall whichever voice is yours
But it's all so hazy and fading away
Maybe it is real or maybe I am faking
But nothing you say can ever justify these wars

All of those times I sat alone
Without some indistinct doubts and blurry fears
I was walking and you stepped in
Into my heart and into my soul

I never said I loved you
Though you said it a million times
Your apathy and nonchalance never bothered me
As there were the opposites in me who dragged me through

Time passed like it always does
Stones withered and foundations weakened
You know now that I love you
But why do you take it not as a blessing, but a curse

So why now when I look at you, you turn away
Have I suddenly turned uncanny
The very simulacrum of love is fading
You are the only one who can make it stay

So, as I sit alone in my room
I write these verses
With a hope you will read and understand them some day
And we will be one, one day, soon



K. Dayananda

“इस कलियुग में ऐसा क्यों नहीं हुआ? ये धरती क्यों नहीं फटी?”

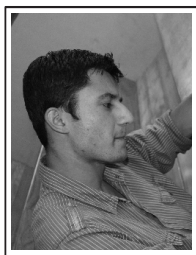


कपिल कुमार
सी.ई.डी., द्वितीय वर्ष

महाभारत में भीष्म, दुर्योधन और युधिष्ठिर समेत सभी कौरव और पांडवों की उपस्थिति में कर्ण द्रौपदी के ऊपर हंस रहा था और उसे दासी बता रहा था। दुःशासन जब द्रौपदी का चीर-हरण कर रहा था तब पूरी राजसभा बेबस थी या फिर हंस रही थी। यदि उस वक्त कृष्ण की सहायता नहीं मिली होती तो, क्या होता? यही सवाल मेरे और महाभारत से अवगत हर व्यक्ति को होगा। पर 16 दिसम्बर 2012 की काली रात में देश की राजधानी में जो कुकृत्य हुआ उसके बाद मुझे मेरे सवालों का जवाब मिल गया। त्रेतायुग में जनक दुलारी वैदेही की पीड़ा को देख धरती फट गयी थी। मर्यादा पुरुषोत्तम राम और रामराज्य की प्रजा को देखते-देखते पृथ्वी माता ने अपने आगोश में छुपा लिया था। इस कलियुग में ऐसा क्यों नहीं हुआ? ये धरती क्यों नहीं फटी? कैसे फटती, धरती का सीना जो वज्र हो गया है, दिन-रात पाप होते रहते हैं।

राजधानी की सड़क पर दो लोग जख्मी हालत में मदद मांग रहे थे, लोग रुक तो रहे थे, पर मदद के लिये नहीं, देख कर आगे जाने के लिये। हमारे इस देश की यही तो दुविधा है कि रात को जब कोई देखने वाला नहीं था तो क्यों रुकें? क्यों मदद के लिये हाथ बढ़ाएँ? जब कोई शाबासी देने वाला नहीं था तो क्यों वक्त बर्बाद करते? जब हंगामा हुआ, टीवी कैमरे सड़कों पर आये तो हम जोर-जोर से नारे लगाने, मोमबत्ती जलाने बाहर आ गये। हमने टीवी चैनलों पर जमकर बहस की, प्रशासन को दोषी ठहराया, बस उस वक्त नहीं रुके जब हमारी जरूरत थी। हमारे इस समाज की विडम्बना ही है कि कुछ लोगों ने खुद को भारतीय संस्कृति का ठेकेदार मान लिया है, जो दावा करते हैं कि ऐसे जघन्य अपराध किसी क्षेत्र या धर्म विशेष के लोग करते हैं।





SACHIN SHARMA
ECE, FINAL YEAR

The curtains were high. The wounds deep. Sunshine tried to tickle me as though 'I' was a baby. But this time no giggle came out. My breath was slow just like a silent river, just trying to follow the course. 'I' just pointed out and the whole world around me changed. The curtains were put up, and the ticking ended.

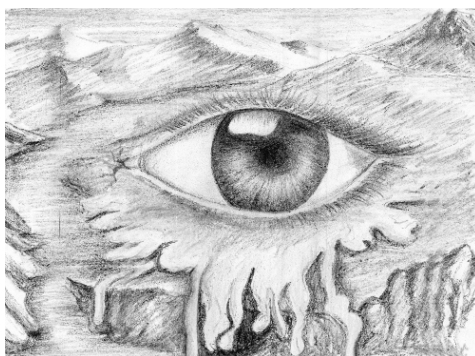
It all started from Sivakasi, the fireworks factory, where 'I' was working. 'I', a word pointing out to each and every individual trying to do his job. Earning respect for his family, far away from the chit-chat of city life. It was daily routine for me. A protocol, you could say. Going to the factory, working there, making crackers. Some small, some big, some beautiful, some dull. 'I' was a part of each and every individual ... either small or big, either beautiful or dull. I was a 'fuljhadi' in an old man's hand, making him realize his time is in the hands of a child, the more the sound, the more the elation. I was the part of each and every individual's expectation. Young men touched the sky with 'rocket' and planned for their futures, which just like a rocket, wanted to touch new spheres. The day was 4th September. The work was going as usual, my tethered hands touching 'hope and elation' when a giant shock came. Our factory's license was cancelled. Everyone was touched by a silence for which even the democratic Indian government did not have the answer. Do you know how it feels when your 'everything' is snatched from you? Do you feel your blob unable to walk down your gut, when your throat throttles, when your breathing becomes heavy. Have you lost anything, anything at all? Yes I 'm asking 'you'....

The world if full of misery, everybody is in pain. Girlfriends cry for their boyfriends. Husbands cry for their wives. Mothers cry for their sons, Now 'I'

“Do 'you' have a family like 'I' which depends on 'you'? Totally? Do 'you' take one meal a day to feed your family two meals a day? Do your reason to smile ends at a healthy dinner? ”

want to know your reason, why are 'you' crying? Do 'you' have a family like 'I' which depends on 'you'? Totally? Do 'you' take one meal a day to feed your family two meals a day? Does your reason to smile end at a healthy dinner? Yes 'you' have got to answer now.

On 5th September, morning at 12 30 a.m., the factory was set on fire. Do 'you' know we hit the front page? See 'I' became famous by being 'two legs', 'one arm' and 'one eye'. Oh sorry... my fault. It was 'I' who lost



Jitendra

many body parts. This time 'I' became 'somebody'. Do you know that 'somebody' will be rich now? Rs. 25000 richer. See 'somebody' is rich now. 'I' also got the same amount. Oh again sorry, 'I' died in that fire. My family got Rs. 200000. They are happy now, after my death. See I live in the part of the country where deaths are more celebrated than births. At least my family will start a small business.

Do 'you' care for further details? See 'I' am richer than 'you'. But 'you' still cry. 'You' cry for your failures. For your agony. For your pains. For your sorrows.

Whenever 'you' are in doubts see 'I'. 'You' will get a new hope, a new life. 'I' will give you strength, and you will gain it. All because 'you' are in a far more better position than 'I'. 'You' are not poor like me. 'You' all are having better choices for future than 'I'.

'I' was in my bed when the minister came. The hospital was full with people just like 'I'. 'I' saw him approach towards me. 'I' think he had a business plan, or he just wanted to discuss his vote bank. Am 'I' capable of discussing about such topics? No, 'I' am not. 'I' just folded my hands. 'He gave me a bundle of fair 100 Rs. notes. 'I' just looked at his face. He was just smiling, and said- "There are many more like 'you', just take care.", and then he went away.

Then a thought came in my mind - "AM 'I' A PART OF 'YOU'?"

The Final Fall



*“You look up one last time before you faint,
Hoping to see a light”*

RICHA BANGA
ARCHI, SUPER FINAL YEAR

थम जरा

“रुक के चल तू..”



संदीप देब
वास्तुकला विभाग, अंतिम वर्ष

No more dreams and no more hope,
I was free, living in a land of what you call dreams,
Love everywhere,
Everything filled with pride.
Lands of endless joys,
Harmony and peace.
Do you know how it feels when you fly?
The swift breeze flowing softly,
Touching you as if hugging you and saying “How are you? I missed you so much”.
Then something happens,
Something tragic.
You drop like a stone.
A great fall.
Like someone has shattered a dream,
You wake up.
Wake up in a state of shock,
Wake up to find that world has changed,
It's dark, with dense mist,
Nothing clear, everything and everyone is so blurred,
And you wonder whether it's a dream,
Just another of those terrible dreams.
You're alone, with the moon,
Standing there, waiting for someone to take you home.
A hand that would hold your hand to say 'I care',
And you stay standing there,
Until you realize that you have been standing here for long enough
And now your knees can't take it anymore.
You still try.
But fail.
You fall.
Your face kissing the ground,
You look up one last time before you faint,
Hoping to see a light,
But it's still damn dark.
As it's always been since after that.
And you have been searching for that happiness and that light,
That something which you believe is out there,
And you have that never lasting hope of going back to dreams.

काश मैं रोक पाता,
उस बहती हुई लहर को,
कभी कह पाता उससे
कि थम जरा, रुक के चल तू
बाहें थाम कर मेरे
साथ निकल तू
दास्तान कुछ और भी है
दिल में मेरे, कहने को तुझ से
कुछ और भी है खामोशी
जो होनी थी बयान
जीना कुछ और दफा
था संग तेरे
कुछ और लम्हे संग
जो होती मेहरबान
काश थाम लेता मैं
हर पल को बांध कर
कभी कह पाता उससे
कि थम जरा, रुक के चल तू
बाहें थाम कर मेरी
साथ निकल तू।।



Ashna



PRAVEEN DANGAS
CSE, FINAL YEAR

“ Her lips didn't move but her eyes had all to say ”

The night went on to become more dark. Like any other night he preferred to be alone again but this time not in his room. He moved towards the forest which he used to stare at for hours from his window. Sounds of a buzzy city traffic, rush, crowd came from a far end but didn't bothered him . He sat against a fallen tree as if trying to hide from someone. The Darkness inside his heart cackled at the cold winter night's darkness. He folded his legs up and dumped in his face .there was silence again.

“ He smiled again and then again. He never knew why he felt so complete when she was around. Her eyes deep like a sea, would sink all his sadness in them. They talked for hours every possible thing in the world, words would seem to be finished but their heart always had something to say. Together they seem to find the every happiness of this brutal world. For him his world revolved around her and she would lighten his life like a lamp in a dark lonely room. For them the purpose of life was a smile on each other's lips. He would fight the strongest problem for her and she always stood in between pain and him. Their life looked to be better than any fairytale . Together they moved through the hurdles of hard life holding their hands. But they had a fear, deep in their mind & hearts, they could sense a storm coming towards them which would uproot their dreamland . They were helpless .

Just like every other wave has to vanish on reaching the shore , they headed towards their. And when they reached the end , there was a silence , as if the air around them vanished. Her lips didn't moved but her eyes had all to say. ”

She had gone. He preferred to be alone away from people. They scared him now. His eyes had a story waiting to be finished , waiting for someone , waiting for something to happen. The things of life which were fun seemed to be non existing for him. As if someone had pressed the PAUSE key. Slowly and slowly he went on, to be lost.

This wasn't a different night for him, but there was something unusual. The night was more dark as if someone has sprayed black ink on canvas. Still, like silence before thunder. Breaking in through the darkness of the woods & his memories came a voice . The same which used to cherish him day and night .

“ Life is lived once and we had it to our fullest. No matter, the materialistic purposes of life gave a scar on your soul . But somewhere I ll always be there trying to build our dreamland again . These hard times are the on way towards it . The only difference is that right now I m not with you . We both are looking our way out. Someday or the other our path will again be the same. And even if then we don't come cross then we'll wait for the time to end , because my love for you will always be there till the end and even after that. ”

He stood up and moved from where the voice came. As if someone pulled the rope and he went dragged towards it. He couldn't see anyone. The night has passed. For miles he could see light now. Yellowish light coming from the far away sun enlightend his face. He left away behind the darkness walked impatiently towards the city on other end, somewhere waiting for the time to end.



Vaibhav Sharma

सही फैसला

“मां का यह त्याग शायद ही किसी और में हो...”



आनंद कुमार
एम.ई.डी. द्वितीय वर्ष

घर में बस तीन लोग थे, बूढ़ी मां, उसका बेटा मुकेश और बेटी ममता। मुकेश 23 साल का था और ममता उससे दो साल छोटी। मुकेश के पिता का देहान्त 2 साल पहले हो चुका था, इसलिए आर्थिक हालत अच्छी नहीं थी, माँ सब्जी बेचकर कुछ पैसे कमा लेती थी और बहन घर के काम काज देखती थी। मुकेश दिहाड़ी मजदूरी करता था, मुकेश पढ़ने के साथ अपनी जिम्मेदारी समझता था पर पिता के देहांत के बाद उसने पढ़ना छोड़ दिया था।

एक दिन मुकेश को पता चला कि पड़ोसी गांव के मुखिया पैसों को शेयर बाजार में लगाते हैं और उसे दुगना कर देते हैं। रोज-रोज की दिहाड़ी से वह अब तंग आ चुका था; पूरे दिन में मुश्किल से 200 रूपए कमा पाता था, इस बारे में सुनते ही उसे लालच आ गया और उसने मुखिया के पास जाने की ठान ली। कहते हैं लालच बुरी बला है इसमें इंसान की इंसानियत कब खो जाती है किसी को पता नहीं चलता। पैसों को दुगना करवाने के लिये पैसे तो चाहिये थे, और वो तो थे नहीं, उसके पास सिर्फ अनाज था जो साल भर चल पाए; वो करे तो क्या करे? उसकी गरीबी देखकर तो उसे कोई उधार भी ना दे, इसलिए उसके पास एक ही तरीका बचा था। उसने अपने कुछ दोस्तों के साथ मिलकर बिजली के तार चुराने की योजना बनाई, गाँव में बिजली तो थी नहीं और शायद कभी होगी भी नहीं, इसलिए किसी को भी इससे नुकसान नहीं होने वाला था। उस रात सबने बिजली के तार काट लिये और लुहार को बेच दिये।

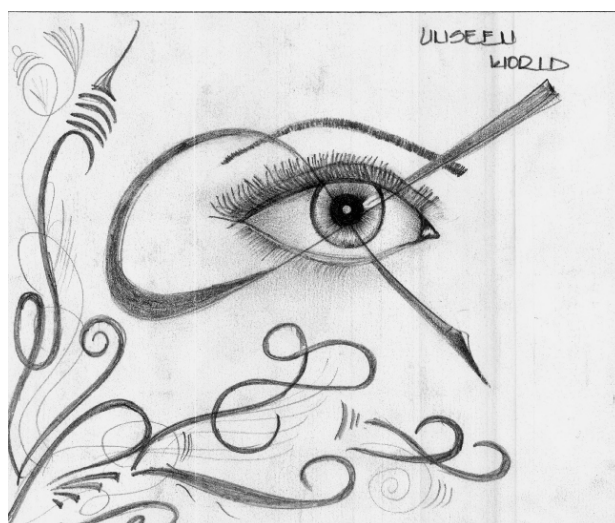
बदले में जो पैसे मिले वह उसे लेकर मुखिया के पास चल दिया। मुखिया ने उसे दुगने पैसे दे दिये; पैसे मिलते ही उसकी खुशी का ठिकाना ना रहा। उसकी आवाज में खुशी साफ झलक रही थी। उसने इतने पैसे पूरी जिन्दगी में नहीं कमाए थे, अब उसे लग रहा था कि वो सारे कर्ज चुका कर छोटी-मोटी दुकान खोल कर आराम से जिन्दगी गुजारेगा। पैसे लेकर वह घर लौट ही रहा था, कदमताल तेज थी पर रास्ते में कुछ लोगों ने उसे रोक लिया और सारे पैसे छीन लिए। उसे बुरी तरह पीटा और मरा समझ कर धान के खेतों में फेंक दिया। यह तो उसी मुखिया का धंधा था पहले खुद पैसे देता फिर अपने ही आदमी भेज कर उसे लूट भी लेता और मार डालता ताकि किसी को शक ना हो। भोले-भाले और अनपढ़ किसानों को फसाने के लिये उसने खुद पैसे दुगुने करने वाली अफवाह फैलायी थी।

सुबह जब किसानों ने उसे खून से लथपथ देखा तो उसे उसके घर पहुंचा दिया। इस घटना ने उसे हिला कर रख दिया। उसके सारे सपने टूट चुके थे और अब वो हमेशा कहीं न कहीं खोया रहता था, उसके हृदय में उस मुखिया से बदला लेने की आग भड़क रही थी। पर उसे मारना तो दूर

वह कब कहां होता था ये किसी को पता नहीं होता था। उसने कोशिश तो की पर सफल नहीं हो सका।

दोस्तों ने उसे इस गम से बाहर आने का आसान सा रास्ता बताया शराब.....उसे शायद यह रास आ गया; अब वह दोस्तों के साथ मिल कर छोटी-मोटी चोरियां करता था और सूरज ढलते ही सारे शराब के नशे में डूब जाते। समय और शराब के साथ से उसने कुछ हद तक अपने गम को भुला दिया, पर कहते हैं ना शराब, शबाब और कबाब की लत अच्छी नहीं होती। कुछ ही दिनों में उसे शराब की ऐसी लत पड़ गई कि जैसे उसकी आंखों पर पट्टी ही बंध गई थी और उसने जीने के लिये सही रास्ता छोड़ कर गलत रास्ता चुन लिया था। उसकी शराब की वजह से उसकी घर की आर्थिक हालत बद से बदतर होने लगी थी। माँ ने जो गहने संदूक में छिपा रखे थे उसने उन्हें भी बेच कर शराब पी डाली, अब वह रोज शराब पी कर घर लौटता और झगड़े करता; उसकी हरकतें अब बर्दाश्त के बाहर होने लगीं, पर मां कर भी क्या सकती थी? बस सहती थी और रोती रहती। धीरे-धीरे दिन जैसे-तैसे काट रही थी।

एक दिन तो हद हो गयी, रात के दस बज रहे थे, मां और उसकी बहन रसोईघर में रोटी पका रही थी। रोज की तरह वह आज भी पीकर आया और मां से जमीन के कागज मांगने लगा; उसकी बहन इस हरकत को बर्दाश्त नहीं कर सकी और उसे एक जोर का थप्पड़ जड़ दिया। इस थप्पड़ से वो तिलमिला गया और उसने आंगन में रखी कुल्हाड़ी उठाई और अपनी बहन पर चला दी, कुल्हाड़ी उसकी गर्दन में धंस गई थी, पूरा फर्श लहलुहान हो गया, कुछ ही पलों में उसकी सांसें रुक गई। ममता ने सपने में भी नहीं सोचा होगा कि



Nisha kumar

चलते ही जाना है



प्रवीण शर्मा
सी.एस.सी., तृतीय वर्ष

जिस हाथ में वो राखी बांधती थी, वही हाथ उसकी जान ले लेगा; उसका खून उन्हीं हाथों से बहा जिसे वो अपना रक्षक मानती थी। वह भूल गया था कि उसकी बहन रोज उसका इंतजार करती रहती थी, वह दरवाजा खोलती और उसे खाना देती थी, उसे प्यार करती थी और उसकी हर मुश्किल में धिलासा दिलाती थी।

माँ ने जब ये देखा तो वो अकड़ सी गई, शून्य सी टकटकी नजर से देखे जा रही थी, उसका चेहरा मूर्ति की तरह खामोश था, सांसें तेज चल रही थी। वो करती भी तो क्या? उसकी आंखों के सामने उसके खून का कत्ल हुआ था। माँ ने जिन्दगी में बहुत बुरा वक्त देखा था पर वो इसके सामने कुछ भी नहीं था।

वह अब रोज के इस झंझट से दुखी हो चुकी थी, उसमें अब इतनी हिम्मत नहीं बची थी कि अपनी बेटी की यादों के साथ जी सके, मां ने अपनी बेटी की मौत की बात किसी को नहीं बताई, उसने लाश को अपने कमरे में रख दिया, अगली सुबह जमीन के सारे कागज लेकर वकील के पास पहुंच गई और पूरी जमीन गांव के मन्दिर के नाम कर दी। दोपहर में जब उसका बेटा सो कर उठा तो उसे खाना दे आई और दरवाजा बाहर से बंद कर दिया, एक घंटे बाद उसने देखा कि खाने में डाला जहर अपना काम कर चुका था।

अब बस उसे अखिरी काम पूरा करना था, उसने आंगन में चटाई बिछाई और अपने बेटे और बेटी की लाश गोद में लेकर कैरोसीन डालकर आग लगा दी, कुछ ही पल में सारा परिवार खत्म हो गया। मां का यह त्याग शायद ही किसी और में हो, वह शायद यह जानती थी कि उसके बेटे ने आज अपनी बहन को मारा है कल किसी और को मार डालेगा, उन सब की जान बचाने के लिये उसने अपनी जान से भी ज्यादा प्यारे बेटे की मौत को खुशी-खुशी स्वीकार कर लिया।

कुछ ख्वाब थे मेरे, जो तेरी आंखों में बसा करते थे,
कुछ जज्बात थे मेरे, जो तेरे होंठों से हंसा करते थे।

तब जिंदगी, जिंदगी थी मेरी, अब तो एक अफसाना है,
मुझे तो बस चलते जाना है।

तन्हा इन राहों में, मैं चल न सकूंगा,
जो लडखड़ाए कदम मेरे, फिर संभल न सकूंगा।

सफर ये मेरा, मुझे तन्हा ही निभाना है,
मुझे तो बस चलते जाना है।

दो पल के ख्वाब में, मैं जिंदगी जीने चला था,
जाम बोतलों से नहीं, निगाहों से पीने चला था।

सपना जो टूटा मेरा, तो अब मैंने जाना है,
मुझे तो बस चलते जाना है।

एक लम्हा जो रुक जाता तू तो कुछ बात हो जाती,
सब संभल जाता शायद, अगर एक मुलाकात हो पाती।

अन्दर से ही टूट गया हूं मैं, ये जमाने से छुपाना हैं,
मुझे तो बस चलते जाना है।

अब मैं हूं बस तन्हा, खुद से भागता हूं मैं,
एक पल सोचता हूं तुझ को, फिर सपने से जागता हूं मैं।

ये है मेरी कहानी, एक मुझ सा भी दीवाना है,
मुझे तो बस चलते जाना है।



“कितने दिन हो गए सुबह आए,
चाह की परवाज भी थमी सी हैं,”

निखिल खुल्लर
पूर्व छात्र, 2011

शाम से आंख में नमी सी है,
आज फिर आपकी कमी सी है,
आईना देख के यूँ लगता है,
कुछ तो बाकी ये जिंदगी सी है,
सोचता हूँ ये बार बार अब भी,
मेरे किरदार में कमी सी है,
तरंगी में भी बढ़ता जाता हूँ,
तेरी यादों की रोशनी सी है,
कितने दिन हो गए सुबह आए,
चाह की परवाज भी थमी सी हैं
मुस्कुराहट पे अपनी हंसता हूँ,
दिल से मेरी ये बेरहमी सी है,
दाग-ए-दिल चांद सा ही है 'खुल्लर',
उनकी तस्वीर चांदनी सी है।



“To the hardest of pain
I'll drink all the poison
Like nectar ”

ANUPAM VASHIST
MED, FINAL YEAR

Come to my arms
Just slide in
Lock me in embrace
Pour in some life to my grave
Hold me so hard
Pump up my heart
Curse of this solitude
My blood has been blocked in my veins
Hovering over
The conscience, the dreams
Diluting my sanity
Retrieving the golden days
Your memories alone
Can rip me apart
And make me beg to lose you
Forget you again
As I'm trapped in the abyss
Facing the gale
Surrounded in bleakness
Bidding adieu to the carcass of happiness
Like cold and decembered
Night crawling moon
Struggling its way
Through the twinkling tears of the sky
Your memories alone
Compel me to surrender
To the hardest of pain
I'll drink all the poison
Like nectar
I taste from your lips
Longed for your essence
Craved for your kiss
I'll sail seven seas for
One touch of your face
It's my bliss
Just come to my arms
Come flying in
Make me your every thing
Pour me some drops of divine
As cold and decembered
Night crawling moon
Cruises the sky
It smiles down that someone is alive



Shivam Gupta



सृष्टि सारिका
सी.ई.डी., प्रथम वर्ष

“काट ली पूरी जिन्दगी खुद कटती हुई लड़की,,
फिर भी आशीर्वाद लुटा अमर हुई, मरती हुई लड़की ”

जीवन जिसका अजीब फलसफा

वही नायाब है, लड़की

पुत्रमोह में अंधी कोखों में

अनचाहे ही आ गयी

बिन मांगी हुई लड़की

मौत की साजिशों से बेखबर

एक लड़की के ही पेट में

सोई हुई लड़की

और फिर जन्म से पहले

ही मारी गयी लड़की।

आ गयी गर चूक से भी तो

कुलच्छीनी और अभागी ही हुई लड़की,

मर-मर के जीती हुई, त्यागी हुई लड़की,

बराबरी के हक को तरसी हुई लड़की,

कुछ बड़ी हुई तो दुनिया से छुपती हुई लड़की,

तन को सिर से पांव तक ढकती हुई लड़की,

जीना चाहा अपनी मर्जी से तो,

बेहया हुई लड़की।

नफरतों की जंग को लड़ती हुई लड़की,

पिता-भाई की सेवा तले झुकती हुई लड़की,

हम कहते फिर भी बोझिल हुई लड़की।

यौवना, तो नजरों से ही तपती हुई लड़की,

मुस्कुरा दी अगर किसी बात पर

तब तो है बिगड़ी हुई लड़की।

खुले आकाश में उड़ने को तड़पी हुई लड़की,

बिन ब्याही हुई तो निगाहों में चुभती हुई लड़की,

बस यहीं अनचाहे डोर में बंधती हुई लड़की,

जोड़ा जिस घर को वहीं से बहिष्कृत हुई लड़की।

ब्याह के, पति की टोह में ही घुटती हुई लड़की।

सेवा की तपिश में मोम सी घुलती हुई लड़की,

लड़के की अगर चाह न पूरी तो अधूरी हुई लड़की,

देकर फिर जन्म उन्हीं के लिये फिर से जीती हुई लड़की,

उकेर औरों को है, खुद मिटती हुई लड़की,

प्यार को तरसी पर ममता की मूर्ति हुई लड़की,

समेटती है दिल और घर कई,

जो है खुद बिखरी हुई लड़की,

फिर जिगर के टुकड़े से ही तिरष्कृत हुई लड़की,

क्योंकि बाप से 'पेशन' नहीं देती है लड़की,

बूढ़ी हुई बेकाम, फिर तो है चुभती हुई लड़की,

काट ली पूरी जिन्दगी खुद कटती हुई लड़की,,

फिर भी आशीर्वाद लुटा अमर हुई, मरती हुई लड़की,

खुला हर पृष्ठ जिसका वक्त के तूफान में,

फिर भी अनपढ़ी जो रह गयी,

वो सरल-सहज किताब है लड़की।



Ashna

A Letter From Damini

“*I urge you to think where the crux of this fault lies, government, Police force, or at our homes?*”

She might have been thinking this before her death. A letter to everyone...

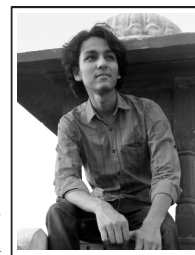
Hey everyone. Myself _____. I am not very much proud to spare my name. I am that stripped, raped girl. Never mind. No, no. This is not where my story begins. This is not everything about my life. Besides this rape, I have my very own good-time personal life. Actually, my story begins with that entire 'I-am-born-a-girl' thing. I know, so unlucky of me. Also, I love my parents, miss my siblings, go to movies with my friends, and have a lot of other valuable things in my actual story. But this is not how this country will remember me. Unfortunately, this country is going to commemorate me for a couple of years only because I got gang-raped, and not for my real accomplishments. That sucks. Lying on the ventilator after I underwent rape, I was wondering the other evening, how people will recall me, and got this mind numbing, weird thought. After a few months,



Adeeba

people will talk, “You remember buddy, this is the same street where this girl was lying naked for hours, in the cold December, right after when she was raped.....oops, gang-raped by six men in a moving bus.” And this thought really hurt me. Anyways. It was just a thought. Phew! Oh, well, you know once it was me fighting against poverty, then just me who dared to dream of myself as a doctor despite being so

VINAYAK KHARE
EEE, FINAL YEAR



poor, and then I made it to AIIMS. I still remember, my parents were so proud of me that evening. And yeah, my dad sold his ancestral land to fund my college fees, just FYI. But who cares. Come on! You are so not gonna remember me for all this good, struggling stuff, are you? It amuses me. Never mind. Ah, then after this weird thought, right there on the ventilator, I was thinking about my parents who, of course, are not going to remember me by this rape incident but by how brave, doughty their daughter was. How they've dreamt of my future, how I've pictured myself in future, but how everything's in vain now, and how I am counting upon my few left breaths. Never actually thought of this hell. I was then wondering what makes guys commit a rape. I mean, there are other ways for sexual gratification. Only if you are intelligent enough to understand what I mean to say. Why don't they simply learn that? Standard issues, I guess, maybe. Anyways, I heard you people are on some sort of protests against Govt. and Delhi-police across the India Gate and Ram-Lila Maidan. Why? Because I was raped by six men. Oh please. you have got to be kidding. For heaven's sake, please stop. I am just another of those 20,000 girls who get raped on an yearly basis in India. No. I really urge you people to stop. You already know it's not going to make any difference. Well. I know what this fuss is all about. Now you will say that it's not just about me but those 20,000 girls per year, and so I've no right to stop you from protesting. You might wish to have rational reasons for you to stop. Just in case. Remember when you were a kid, and you were taught the difference between a girl and a boy. No, not just the sexual difference. You were actually taught to stay apart from the opposite sex, weren't you? Maybe indirectly. And if, in any case, your thinking has been improved, then definitely your parents' hasn't yet. Because in India, they teach and follow 'sex-discrimination' a lot. Be it Uttar Pradesh, be it Rajasthan, be it Bihar, or Madhya Pradesh, or Maharashtra, be it anywhere else. Everywhere. India is sexist and discriminatory, and we all know that. And don't lie, but right from that day, you've started feeling something different about

girls, isn't it? Like how they physically and sexually escape from you. We've been sexist in India since centuries. And, the discrimination between girl and boy was finally fed in your mind. And so was fed in several minds. And out of those several minds, few learned to carry through the desire of sexual gratification by those other means. But not everyone. People who raped me must have had some standard-issues. Complex world to understand, huh? I can apparently see this scenario. At one end, we keep preparing the rapists by promoting 'sex-discrimination', right from our homes to societies to states to countries, and then we allege government. and police for not providing the security against them. Just out of curiosity, do you mind telling how has the government failed here? Because we are producing more numbers of rapists than they can stop. Ironic, isn't it? I see. Government hasn't failed. Actually we have won over it. We finally are able to defeat the number of cops, and per year, out of all the sexist minds, 20,000 successfully commit rape, at the least.

Oh, few murder the girls. Never mind. Now, I have only a couple of hours left. But you are not on the ventilator, lucky you. So you might consider thinking timelessly about this - "Has our society ever agreed to the fact that girls are as equal as boys? Or ever treated

them equally? Indifferently?" Several of you will find that even at your homes, people don't agree to the girl-boy equality concept, even though they may be educated. Government or police is just to be blamed. Believe me. When a girl is being raped, she does not think about the lameness of government but the brutality of the rapists, not the pathetic coverage by media but the negligence of nearby public. The day this society will learn to admit that there is nothing worth discrimination between the two sexes, the country shall improve. I urge you to think where the crux of this fault lies, government, Police force, or at our homes? Do think at least once. And if you really think this is the wake-up moment for our country, then actually wake up because these protests are not going to work here.

And please, stop these protests. Better utilize your time to improve the thinking and beliefs of this society. Come on. Don't rape the democracy now.





NIT-H COLLAGE



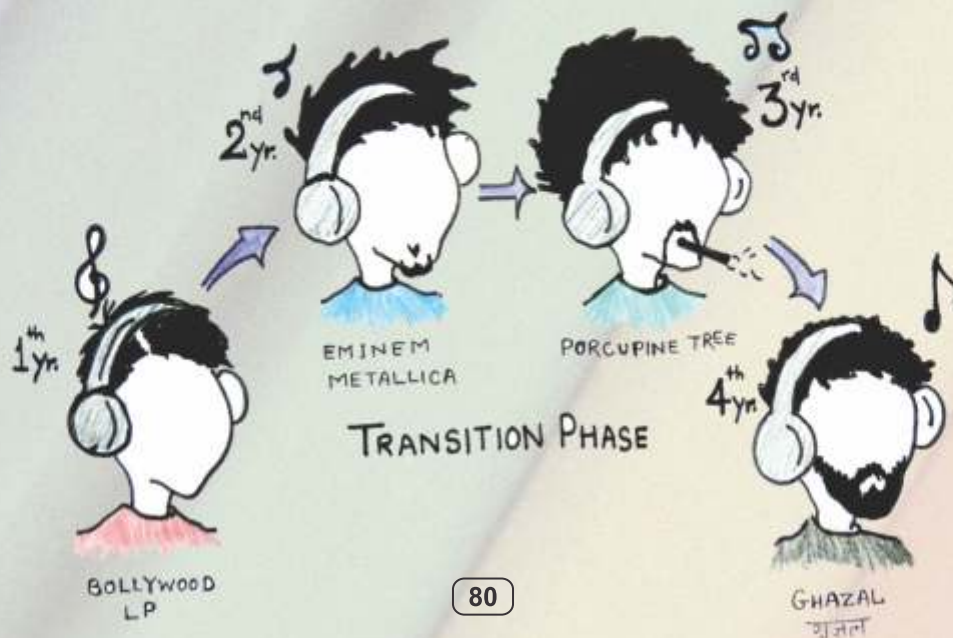


MARMIC

BY - TANMAY MISHRA



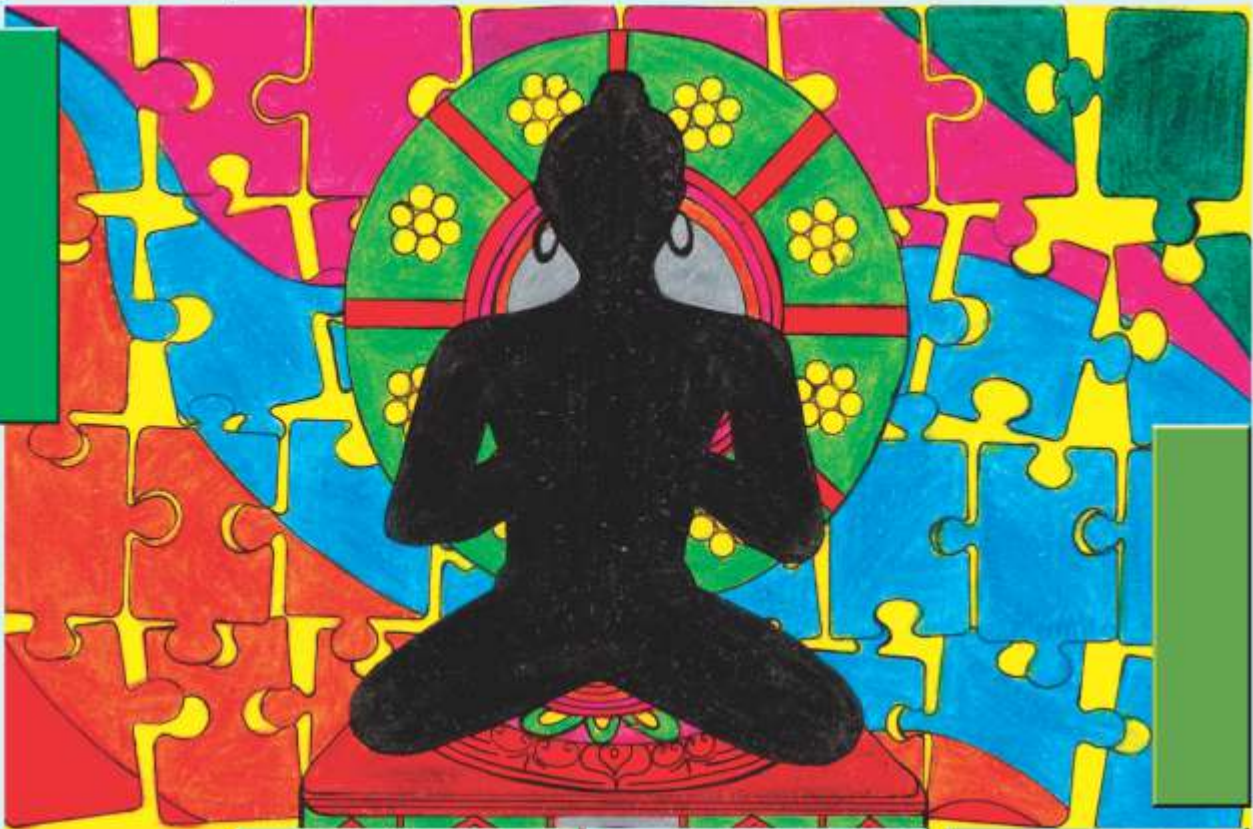
A RARE SCENARIO
@
BOY'S MESS



Gravity

*"Change your thoughts and you can
change the world"*

---N. V Peale



Sandeep Deb

*It is the gravity of thoughts that
binds the society in dire times, grav-
itations are the pulses of thoughts
ripping in the concious mind that
fill every phase and phrase*





SANAT MISHRA
MED, FINAL YEAR

“Knowledge is knowing,”

From the moment life sparks, we start receiving worldly things. We get the basic amenities like air, water and other things vital for life. We are born, we grow and we die; but between this birth and demise, we follow through gobs of activities, many of which are the basic necessities of life and some outline the life in a better way. In this era of cut throat competition people strive just to make their world a better place to live in. While carrying out these activities we interact with our surrounding comprising humans, animals, plants etc or whole nature. Most of us use nature as a tool for carrying out our activities but, very few feel aroused by natural phenomenology. These concomitant of incidents arouse many questions in human mind- How the nature works? What is life? What is reality? And why it is the way it is? What is the source of their existence? Because without knowing its source, one's life does not have any intelligible meaning. So those few started exploring the answers, and got some understanding. This understanding is what we have gained in form of knowledge from our elders in form of traditions, culture etc. We assimilate this by our experiences as we mature. We acquire knowledge at every step of our life.

But what is knowledge actually? Let's try to understand. Knowledge is knowing; knowing both the cause and the effect. And this knowledge should be strongly based. There are various grades of knowledge. First and the lowest is that which comes through discrimination, another is that which results from concentration, and the last but the highest and most eminent is that which comes from revelation. That knowledge which purifies the intellect is the true knowledge; everything else other than this is falsehood. As our basic question was regarding ourselves only, so it is clear that self knowledge is the highest knowledge.

But who attains it? Only two kinds of people can attain self-knowledge: those who are not overcrowded with thoughts borrowed from others; and those who after studying all the scriptures and sciences have come to realize that they know nothing. Now let's explore how exactly we can attain knowledge? Three sorts of instruments of knowledge are found in all beings. The first is instinct, which is found in highly

developed animals; this is the lowest instrument of knowledge. why? Because this knowledge is baseless. What is the second instrument of knowledge? reasoning. We find this in highly formulated humans. Let's understand this. In the first place, instinct is an inadequate instrument; to animals, the sphere of action is very limited, and within these limits instinct acts. In humans, we find it developed in form of reasons. The sphere of action is also enlarged. Yet even reason is still very insufficient. Reason can go only a little way and then it stops, it cannot go any further; and if we try to push it, the result is helpless confusion, reason itself becomes unreasonable. Logic becomes argument in a circle. Take for instance, the very basis of our perception, matter and force. What is matter? That which is acted upon by force. What is force? That which acts upon matter. Here we see the complication what the logicians call see-saw; one idea depending on other and this again depending on previous one. We find a mighty barrier before reason, beyond which reasoning cannot go; yet it always feels impatient to get into the region of the infinite beyond. This world, this universe which our senses feel or our mind thinks, is a projection on the plane of consciousness; and within that narrow limit, defined by the network of consciousness, our reason works. However, it stops working beyond this area.

So, there is another instrument called inspiration which take us beyond these limits. The same inspiration which Newton got from a falling apple, which architects grasped from the marvellous engineering of nature, the very same inspiration which makes us capable of touching the limits of sky. In all humans, the germs of all these three instruments of knowledge are found in more or less developed condition. To evolve the mental instruments, these germs must be there. And this must also be remembered, that one instrument is the meliorated result of another one. Hence, the three instruments complement each other. It is the reason that develops into inspiration and therefore reason complements it. Things which reason cannot get are brought to light by inspiration; hence, it is complemented by the inspiration.

End of the World



DIVYA MEENA
ECE, 3RD YEAR

Nostradamus was a Frenchman who made a large number of predictions that bluntly indicated most of the major events that were going to happen in future. He wrote them in form of four lined rhyming quatrains. His book *Les Propheties* consists of an estimated 6338 prophecies and predictions. One of the most famous among them is about 2012: the end of world. He wrote

*Twenty years of the reign of the moon having passed
Seven thousand years another shall hold this
monarchy When the sun shall resume his days past
Then is fulfilled and ends my prophecy*

This vaguely predicted the end of world, that the sun will expand and consume whole of the earth.

This prophecy was backed by the official announcement made by NASA. According to the solar experts the energy released by the sun is a cyclic process. Solar storms of minute magnitude keep knocking at the surface of the Earth sometimes causing harm to our satellites. But in the recent past the magnitude of these solar storms is increasing. It was predicted that the worst of it would affect us in 2012. If this was true Earth would have been approaching another ICE AGE. Global Warming can be considered a very small problem in front of what we were going to face.

Last year was a year when what I heard was all about the worse that happened in the world around us. There was news about economic crisis, poverty, worldwide recession, epidemics, and a long list of natural calamities that ruined lives of so many people. Wars and destructions causing tension all over the

world. People dying and bleeding everywhere. The reasons that evoked these wars and gruesome situations were numerous. It seems like the whole world was a big bad mess at that point of time. Some of us were so sure about the end this world. It seemed like everyone was simply waiting for this world to end. People were beginning to think that it is time that they must undo all the sins they have done in their lives. But the opposite kinds of people were there as well. There were people who thought that it was all a big stupid joke. No one was going anywhere. All the stuff was simply rubbish and we would have to dwell



along with the fact that we are going to live in this mundane world for a considerable amount of time and the end would be natural death.

A big really big catalyst that really kicked up the chemistry of these destructive thoughts in my brain was the movie **2012** with tag line: **We were warned**. It actually was a kind of an eye opener. It was like I was given an opportunity to see my future beforehand. For me it was literally more horrifying than a horror movie. It made me think that there was no point of my past, present and my future. Neither am I the president's daughter, Nor I am the lucky one

who would fight till the end for the sake of my survival. So I am definitely not going over the big ship which is getting built secretly somewhere in China. I am for sure dying either by a gigantic tsunami wave or by falling into molten lava after a big earthquake.

But I got my guardian angel in Dan Brown. I don't know what inspired me to read the never ending *The Lost Symbol*. It really swept out all my fears and my infinite visions I manifested in my mind about *how am I gonna die on December 21, 2012*. It gave me a hope and a sad feeling at the same time. I was sort of happy by the thought of world ending. It meant no more struggle for survival, no more troubles and worries. It's not that our lives are pathetic. But still every human being has a natural feeling of finding an end to all the troubles. And death is the ultimate end to all such worries. But there are good parts at the same time as well. I would be missing the happy part of my life. So when my guardian angel delivered his secret message via the book I was more than happy. I made a new theory. We are not dying. *It was the end of world as we know it*. It was just going to change. I was positive and expected that the change would be a positive one. I started imagining that we would find new policies. I manifested it as the creation of a better society, an idealistic one. A society where no one would go to bed with an empty stomach, where every child would go to school, where every girl would be secure and confident enough to walk out of her home without the sense of fear of someone following her, where no child would end up becoming a terrorist who would be forced to end up his own life in suicidal bomb attack. I was not sure about how this change

would come all of a sudden. Maybe a great leader or a revolution would occur slowly step by step that would eventually change the whole world.

And eventually the day came! I woke up expecting a change. But it was a usual one. Yet I was hopeful, expecting that December 21, 2012 would be the beginning of changes. Then I switched on television and turned on to news channel. And my imaginations of better society were quite impressively ruined by the ongoing protests and chaos in the capital. The way a silent protest transformed into the chaotic situation was shameful. The crime was heinous. This incidence was not even close to the change I expected.

Hence both my theories failed. But from the ashes of my past theories raised a new theory. We live in a world that changes every day. With every rape, riot, chaos, revolt, injustice, terrorism, a world ends. With every Mother Teresa, revolution against injustice, great leader, renaissance, Copernicus theory, a new world is born. No society is perfect. For every corrupt leader, Anna Hazare and Arvind Kejriwal are born. For every country struggling for freedom, Bhagat Singh and Nelson Mandela are born. For every rape case, Indian youths fighting for justice is born. For every Ajmal Kasab, a soldier ready to give up his life for security of his fellow countrymen is born. Evolution is the key of survival. We are evolving as a society. The world was never going to get destroyed. Instead, it is the beginning of a new era. An era with its own merits and demerits. Every day a world ends. And a new world is born every day as well.



K.Dayananda

राम भरोसे हिन्दुस्तान

“भगवान राम की सौगंध खाकर कहता हूँ
कि आजकल इन मेनकाओं को देख कर
अपने ब्रह्मचारी होने पर मलाल होता है।”



गौरव कुमार
सी.ई.डी., द्वितीय वर्ष

पिछले दिनों मेरी मुलाकात राम भक्त हनुमान से हो गयी। बेचारे एक बबूल के वृक्ष की छाया में, दुःखी उदास ऐसे बैठे थे, मानो अशोक वाटिका में राम वियोग में दुःखी सीता!

मैंने उनको प्रणाम कर जो उनका कुशल-मंगल पूछा तो आंखों में आंसू भरकर बाले— “विपक्ष से लेकर आम इसान सरकार पर यह आरोप लगा रहे हैं, कि हिन्दुस्तान राम भरोसे चल रहा है”, पर जिन सत्ता के गलियारों में घोटालेबाज, ब्याभिचारी, स्वार्थी और महाघमंडी लोग बैठे हों वहां मेरे भक्तवत्सल भगवान राम नहीं सिर्फ आस्तीन के शेषनाग राज करते हैं। इन कलयुगी लोगों ने मेरे प्रभु राम को उनके घर आयोध्या से निकाल दिया और फिर भी कह रहे हैं कि हिन्दुस्तान राम भरोसे चल रहा है।

अब कुछ आम जनता की दास्तान सुनते हैं। कल ही बूढ़ी मां कह रही थी कि पता नहीं नालायक राम कहाँ मर गया, उससे “श्याम बीड़ी” मंगवाई थी अब तक लौटा क्यों नहीं? आप ही बताइये हमारे समय में राम और श्याम भगवान



श्री हरी विष्णु के नाम होते थे, आजकल धुम्रवाहक पदार्थों के नाम होते हैं।

कल की बात है, हरी राम की पत्नी लक्ष्मीबाई आत्महत्या कर रही थी, वो भी फांसी लगाकर। यद्यपि दोनों किवाड़ पूर्णरूपेण खुले थे, पर हरिराम खिड़की से झांक कर चिल्ला रहा था— ‘अरे कोई मेरी अर्धांगिनी, मेरी जीवन-संजीवनी को बचाओ।’ अंत में हार कर बोला— “हे राम! मैं। तुमको पांच रूपये का प्रसाद चढ़ाऊंगा, मेरी बीवी को बचाओ।”

जब मैंने जाकर उसको बचा लिया तो कहने लगा सत्यानाश हो इस राम और उसके चमचे का (हनुमान), इनसे मेरी खुशी देखी नहीं जाती है। अब आप बताइये मैं क्या करूं ? अर्धांगिनी बच गई तो भी मेरे राम जी का दोष, न बचती तो भी राम जी का दोष।

हमारे समय में तो श्रवण कुमार और भगवान श्रीराम

जैसे आज्ञाकारी पुत्र होते थे, जो अपने अंधे माता-पिता को तीर्थ यात्रा पर ले जाते थे और आजकल के राम अपने माता पिता को वृद्धाश्रम ले जाते हैं।

मारुतिनन्दन ने आगे बताया कि यह राज सिर्फ उन्हें मालूम है कि जब भगवान राम दशानन रावण का वध कर सभी राक्षसों का उद्धार कर आयोध्या वापस लौटने वाले थे, तभी वहां सूर्पनखा आ पहुंची और हमारे प्रभु श्री राम के चरणों में गिर कर कहने लगी— हे नाथ! अपने तरकश से वाण निकाल मेरा भी उद्धार कर दीजिये, हमारे भक्तवत्सल भगवान ने कहा ‘हम आपसे प्रसन्न हैं। तुम्हें क्या चाहिए, मांग लो!’ तब उस सूर्पनखा ने रावण का अनुसरण करते हुए (जैसे रावण ने भगवान शिव से दान में सोने की लंका मांग ली थी) भगवान राम से अयोध्या मांग ली। भगवान राम ने कहा— जाओ कलियुग में तुम आयोध्या पर राज करोगी, और मेरे आशीर्वाद के फलस्वरूप तुम मेरे भक्तों (हरिजन) में विशेष पूज्यनीय होगी पर तुम्हारा विवाह तब भी नहीं होगा। मेरे इस राज को आप राज ही रखना।

पवनसुत ने आगे बताया— हमारे समय में माता सीता और हरिप्रिया लक्ष्मी का स्वयंवर होता था, आजकल तो राखी (सूर्पनखाओं) का भी स्वयंवर होने लगा है। वैसे राखी तो भाइयों को पहनाई जाती है पर ये राखी लोगों को वरमाला पहनाती है। आजकल सिनेमा की क्या बात करूं, शर्म आती है। पर्दे पर कलियुग की सीता रावण के साथ कूद-2 कर नृत्य करती दिखाई जाती है, और हमारे निर्मल हृदय राम खाली हाथ अयोध्या लौट आते हैं।

उस युग में लक्ष्मण जैसे भाई होते थे जिन्होंने अपनी भाभी सीता को सदा मातातुल्य माना पर आजकल तो भाई की होने वाली दुल्हन के साथ इश्क फरमाया जा रहा है, दोनों मिलकर गाना गाते हैं —‘कैसा ये इश्क है, अजब ये इश्क है, नहीं कोई रिस्क है, अजब ये इश्क है।’

उस युग में केवल एक शूर्पनखा थी, आज तो यहां शूर्पनखाओं की तूती बोलती है। बेचारे हमारे निर्मल —हृदय राम और लक्ष्मण इस मेले में अपनी सीता को खोज रहे हैं।

भगवान राम की सौगंध खाकर कहता हूँ कि आजकल इन मेनकाओं को देखकर अपने ब्रह्मचारी होने पर मलाल होता है। कभी इस पर्वत तो कभी इस गुफा में छुपकर अपना धर्म निभा रहा हूँ।

तभी अचानक उस ओर से चार-पांच पाश्चात्य सभ्यता में नहाई हुई कुछ बालाएं आती हुई दिखाई पड़ी। मैंने तो किसी तरह अपने आप को रोक लिया पर ब्रह्मचारी हनुमान फिर किसी गुफा या कंदरा में जाकर छुप गए।



PRATIK AWASTHI
ECE, FINAL YEAR

Abandoned Sacrament

(from losing hope to enlightenment)

“Believe in yourself”

Love is something I am unable to find
Nothing I feel questions arising controlling my mind

Eyes are engulfed in tears of sorrow
The path ahead is dark and narrow

Lost in the quest for the non-existent
My grief and pain is still persistent

Loneliness is tightening its knots; my dreams are burdened by your thoughts
Life has lost its meaning; my heart is numb and isn't feeling

Holding hope in the crave for light, darkness pulling me down under
Desperate to break out, left as a prisoner inside my own thunder

But don't lose hope for light in this endless dark night

It's just some moments which are difficult to cope, have faith
In the one inside you embracing the hope

Abandon the faith in the “above all”, which left you helpless and oblivion
If he is the one who made the deceive, its inside you in whom you shall have to believe

Believe in yourself!



Rahul Bhushan

टी-सुनामी

“दो पंक्तियों ने मुझे अभिमान के अर्श से वास्तविकता के फर्श पर लाकर खड़ा कर दिया”



अमित शर्मा
पूर्व छात्र, 2012

सुनसान रास्तों पर गाड़ी ऐसे दौड़ रही थी मानो आज बिना मंजिल के ही रास्तों पर जाना हो। दूर-दूर तक खाली जमीन और चम्बल के बीहड़ के अलावा कुछ नहीं था। तेज धूप और गर्म हवाओं से अनजान मैं आराम से ए.सी. के मजे ले रहा था। हमेशा की तरह मैं खुद में ही खोया था कि अचानक ड्राइवर की आवाज सुनाई दी साहब! हम थोड़ी देर में पहुँचने वाले हैं। कॉलेज से निकल कर नया- नया साहब सुनने में बड़ा मजा आ रहा था। थोड़ी देर में हम लोग अपनी मंजिल पर पहुँच गए। बड़े रौब से मैं गाड़ी से उतरा और बिना जरूरत के घड़ी देखी। मेरे साथ उस क्षेत्र के दो और अधिकारी थे। गांव की गलियाँ कच्ची थी इसलिए हम गाड़ियों का बाहर खड़ी करने के बाद पैदल ही चौपाल की तरफ चल दिए। गांव की औरतें और बच्चे अपने-अपने घरों की खिड़कियों से हमें अजीब सी निगाहों से देख रहे थे। चौपाल में पहुँच कर देखा तकरीबन सारा गांव ही वहाँ था। बुजुर्ग, बच्चे नौजवान सभी तो थे वहाँ पर। मैं कुर्सी पर बैठा और बाकी लोग हमारे सामने जमीन पर बैठ गए। नई- नई अफसरशाही का मजा लेकर अगर ये कहूँ कि मुझे थोड़ा अभिमान आ गया, तो गलत नहीं होगा। सभी ने हाथ जोड़

कर हमें नमस्ते किया और मैंने भी हाथ उठा कर सभी का धन्यवाद कर दिया।

असली भारत क्या है? यह बात सिर्फ ऊँची इमारतों और बड़े शहरों से पता नहीं चलती। असलियत की परछाई से मिलने के लिए गांव-कूचों तक जाना पड़ता है, और मैं यही कर रहा था। हालांकि मेरे दोस्त यह भी बोलते हैं कि, ‘कमीना सरकारी पैसे पर भ्रमण कर रहा है’ यह गांव एक बंद परियोजना के डूब क्षेत्र के अंतर्गत आ रहा था। मैं वहाँ के मुखिया से बात कर ही रहा था कि बड़ी ही मर्मता से कही गई दो पंक्तियों ने मुझे अभिमान के अर्श से वास्तविकता के फर्श पर लाकर खड़ा कर दिया। मेरे सामने जमीन पर बैठी बुजुर्ग महिला की आवाज ने जैसे मुझे झकझोर कर रख दिया हो। उसने कहा- ‘ऐ साहब थाम हमें डुबो तो नहीं दयोगे। हम इसी मट्टी मा पैदा होए, यंही ब्याह आए, और इन यहीं तै चार कांधों पर जाना चाहवेंगे।’ उसके बड़े- बड़े चश्मों में से दिखाई दे रही पानी की उन दो बूंदों में मानो मैं सैकड़ों फुट डूब गया था। मैं सच्चाई जानता था पर कुछ बोल नहीं सकता था। गरीबी, सर-जमीनी से प्यार और जिंदगी की जद्दोजहत को मैं अब उन लोगों में महसूस कर रहा था। उन चंद लम्हों में मैं खुद से सैकड़ों सवाल पूछ बैठा, और मैं स्वयं ही उनका जवाब ढूँढ़ रहा हूँ.....



Sarabh

The Battle



“Pens adorn their hands,
Nay, not swords”

ARUN MURALEEDHARAN
EEE, 1ST YEAR

'Tis late at night
The hounds have slept too.
Just a few lights in the battleground,
For the warriors preparing,
For battle in the morn.

Pens adorn their hands,
Nay, not swords.
Tomes cover the light, not shields.

They fight a battle;
One initiated by,
A demented batch of creatures,
Repulsive, and socially ignored too.

Brave, courageous warriors ruined,
Ruined just by a falling fruit.
A knight endangers lives,
The knight kills his own kith and kin.

Science, scientists,
Turns, bends and twists;
Exiled to long days, and even longer nights.
Warriors continue toiling for victory,
Wasting their precious lives away.

जागा हूँ मैं

“इंसानियत की जब राख बनकर
धज्जियां उड़ गयीं तो जागा हूँ मैं!”

तुषार गुप्ता
ई.ई.ई., अंतिम वर्ष



देश का वर्णन जब उन्नति की बजाय
तौहीन से शुरू हुआ
तो जागा हूँ मैं!

हर काम के लिए
जब रिश्तों का कंबल ओढ़ना पड़ा
तो जागा हूँ मैं!
गरीबी ने जब पेट पर लात मार कर
मजबूर कर दिया
तो जागा हूँ मैं!
इंसानियत की जब राख बनकर
धज्जियां उड़ गयीं
तो जागा हूँ मैं!
आम आदमी की उम्मीदें
जब आश्वासनों में उड़ गयीं
तो जागा हूँ मैं!
रात के अंधेरों में जब
अपना ही देश सुरक्षित न बचा
तो जागा हूँ मैं!

इस कलियुग से जब
पूरी तरह वाकिफ हो गया
तो जागा हूँ मैं!
ऐसा लगता है अब तो, कि कहीं देर तो नहीं हो गयी
पर कम से कम एक आशा की किरण बनकर
जागा तो हूँ मैं!



Being a Fool

“*We're ALL cool this fall*”



JITESH VASWANI
ALUMNI, 2012

Well, it has been a while since I opened my machine to type something which is not on MATLAB or Twitter or Facebook for that matter. And, like all good things that happen on the planet (this being one of them), the inspiration was from inside. I just needed a little push by the turn of events around to write this post.

Being in a place where you don't know many people has its own benefits. It surely set me into my thinking mode. “Why are we doing all that we are doing?” Every morning as I dress up for my university, I am struck by this thought, “Is it really necessary to sport that Levi's jacket or that Axe Deo just because some people would form an opinion about me?” “Is it always necessary to be just the way people expect you to be?” Fortunately, my mind being healthy, said NO. Immediately it gushed to a post I had written a while back titled – “Coolness Quotient”, which went something like this- “The biggest disease for a mind is to keep on hankering about what others might be thinking about oneself. Let's just realize that we are cool the way we are. We don't need a tag from somebody to define our coolness quotient. The problem is that in order to impress others we actually turn the boat upside down. In order to gain love we show a side of us which is not true. When we are natural, when we are not in this constant nag to prove

ourselves, the realization dawns that the whole creation loves us so madly and deeply. And, as far as people are concerned, they are left with no other option but to love you. So much for just being natural. Let's all be cool this fall. Be Natural. Meditate, for it helps maintain the truly awesome you. And screw you Louis Vuitton and Armani, Benetton and the rest of you fools, if you think you can define what's cool, this fall. We're ALL cool this fall. And every fall.”

And, lo behold! There it was a quantum leap. A big smile came to my face. I had agreed to “Be a Fool”. There was freedom in the moment. A whole new dimension of thought struck my mind. After all, life was all funny. The leaves would fall off in autumn and would come up again during spring. So many babies are born each day just to die some other day. God would have definitely been in fun mode, while he was designing this world. And, when the creator himself was in fun mood, why should we all get serious? “Be sincere and not serious”. Anytime you forget this, remind yourself of “The Joker” from “The Dark Knight” and ask yourself, “Why so serious!(in his accent :p)” or better still, go hit that yoga mat, and meditate, because happiness lies within.

P.S.: Remember, “Being a fool”, was the wisest choice I made. I am sure it would do wonders to you too.



Harshit

तू ही तो बस एक है

“धर्म की ही बस पूजा कर...”



पल्लवी ढींगरा
ई.ई.ई., अंतिम वर्ष

मैं ही तो बस एक हूँ।
जब तेरे दर से निकली थी,
न हिन्दू थी, न मुस्लिम थी,
पर जिस गोद में खेली थी उसने मुझे एक नाम दिया,
पैरों में मेरी बेड़ी कस, उसको जाति का नाम दिया।
तूने तो सिखलाया था कुछ और,
पर यहां भाषा मेरी बदल गयी,
धर्म की ही बस पूजा कर,
कर्म तो मैं अपना भूल ही गयी।
घर तो सब तेरे ही थे मेरे ख्वाजा,
क्यों कुछ दर से महरूम रही,
बस एक ही गिरजाघर दिखलाया मुझको,
मंदिर में झुकना भूल गयी।
कुछ अपनों से ही बेबस हूँ,
क्यों धूल है सबकी आंखों में,
दिखलाना चाहती हूँ इनको सूरज,
क्यों बंद हैं सब सलाखों में?
केसरिया साफा ओढ़े,
क्या बस वही मेरे परिजन हैं?
या फिर मेरे वाहेगुरु,
क्या वे सब मेरे दुश्मन हैं?
या फिर बतला दे मुझको यीशु,
क्या गीता क्या कुरान कहे,
कि रंग, ढंग, भाषा बदली तो,
हम एक ही रब की संतान ना रहे?
भेष बदल के रह-रह कर,
क्या सच है मेरा भूल गयी,
दोस्ती और प्यार भी धर्म देख कर करती हूँ,
दिल क्या चाहता है, ये तो पूछना ही भूल गयी।
अब जब लगन लगे किसी से,
पहले सोचती हूँ 'कहीं ये पाप तो नहीं?'
फिर अंतर्मन ये कहता है,
अपने हैं सब, कोई गैर नहीं।
पर कृष्णा तू बतला दे मुझको,
कैसे मैं समझाऊं सबको,
कि बैर नहीं सौहार्द्र रखो,
धर्म कोई न प्रेम से बढ़ कर,
अमन ही सब बहाल करो।
राम, वाहेगुरु, यीशु, अल्लाह सब,
एक ही रूप बतलाते हैं,
कि पानी है वो, सबके लिए,
हर रूप में वह ढल जाता है,

प्यास सबकी बुझाता है,
पर बंटवारे की आग में जलकर,
तरसता छोड़, उड़ जाता है।
जो दर्शन चाहते हैं अभिलाषी,
मीरा, नानक से प्रीत करो,
न चाहे वो चढ़ावे, न ही कोई जयकारा,
दिल में एक छोटा घर बना,
बस प्रेम अमन की रीत करो।



An Encounter With a Scavenger

“We, people of India, Shining India, Nuclear equipped India, India with a mission to Mars cannot arrange food for our countrymen.”

SHIVAM SUNDARAM
MED, FINAL YEAR



“I’ll take care”, I told my father and after fifteen minutes the auto rickshaw left me at the railway station. I was on my journey to college. I saw the crowd at the station and compared it with the population of Hamirpur city. I went on to sit at the platform overcrowded with people and luggage. Many other friends of mine were also taking the same train, it had been almost seventy days since I had seen them. I was lost in my thoughts when suddenly a voice came, asking “Do you have Pen?” No, I don’t have it, was the reply. The man taunted “Being a student, bears no pen”. I stared at him. He felt uneasy and continued his search. Next thought that rushed to my mind was of the two girls always ready to offer me a pen whenever I didn’t have one. “No Problem, we have two.” Lost in my thoughts of those girls, I almost forgot where I was. A smile came on my face: Railway Station, that too my beautiful Varanasi and the focus shifted suddenly from the dream to immediate reality when I saw a scavenger.

He did not look like an ordinary scavenger. He had a good physique which I say, was comparable to an athlete’s. Six feet tall, eyes typically red, arms with ripped, defined muscles, legs too with well-defined and developed muscles. This physique reminded me of the Great Jesse Owen, an Afro American athlete who won four Gold medals in Berlin Olympics. He suddenly bent down to pick up a thrown biscuit packet from the space between rails. I was fine with it, then suddenly my eyes remained wide open when he ate the left over pieces of biscuit from it to silence his hunger. The place from where he picked it up was full of excreta and water from toilets of train. I felt embarrassed as well as guilty, as citizen of the world’s largest democracy, being a part of such a situation where a person has to curb his hunger from materials which are deemed waste for society. My figment of imagination containing both him and Jesse Owen simultaneously leaves me with arduous questions in my frontal lobe. Jesse Owens, won four Gold medals in 1936 in Berlin in the reign of Adolf Hitler, falsing his belief of superiority of the Aryans.

We, people of India, Shining India, Nuclear equipped India, India with a mission to Mars cannot arrange food for our countrymen. I continued to watch the scavenger’s moves, he slowly picked up a filthy cup

partially filled with tea and he gulped it down his throat, trying to quench his thirst. These circumstances generated anger and sudden outburst of thoughts, which conflicted the preset thought that I was an asset to the society. A feeling of sympathy for the scavenger concurred my thoughts. I felt like giving him a hug and offering food. Suddenly, out of commotion, emerged my friends. We hugged each other and the pain and emotions melted away. Soon we were indulged in general gossip. On the same rails, the train arrived and within a jiffy we occupied our seats.

Station came and went, but my mind was fluttering with the thoughts of the scavenger. Suddenly, at a stop I realized a thirteen year man selling guavas contained in a wooden basket. He was really a man because a child of such an age was always seen carrying a hefty bag on his shoulder, but he neither went to school nor played, instead earned money to support his family and most important of all, he was no more innocent as he was making fool of a customer to sell his guavas. One of my friends thought of a mischievous act. I was absent in the communication. Suddenly I realized that somebody was running outside the window on the platform trying to keep up with the train. My friend offered a hundred rupee note. The man was so honest that leaving his fear aside he risked his life for that meagre amount and returned the change. This short run and his pace reminded me again of the situation where Jesse Owens ran in the Olympics for a gold medal and lead his country’s honour in the reign of the enemy.

As night approached, my mind impounded with such thoughts, that if our country had enough chance to grow then that scavenger and the thirteen year old man living and running at platform to secure his bread, could lead our country to glory. These thoughts accompanied me through the rest of my journey and forced me to think that the entire life of these people should not be judged to be a complete failure, by observing them for just ten seconds. Rather the man and the scavenger should be made to work hard and prepare for those ten seconds of sprint in the Olympics for which they are judged and given an opportunity to lead their country. However, it has become difficult for an athlete to be judged for the ten seconds of the sprint for which he had to work for years.

जिन्दगी



“कितनी हसीन है जिन्दगी, जरा
ख्वाबों के अम्बर में उड़के तो देख”

गौरव कुमार
सी. ई. डी., द्वितीय वर्ष

कई खूबसूरत रंग हैं इस गुलशन में,
अभी अपनी नजर फेर के तो देख।
गिर जायेगा ये फलक तेरे कदमों में,
हिम्मत से जरा इसे पत्थर मार के तो देख।
पतझड़ में बहारों जैसी हंसी खिलने लगे,
मंझधार भी साहिल जैसी लगने लगे।
जर्-जर् से मोहब्बत और मोहब्बत होने लगे,
किसी के चाहत के सागर में,
कभी अपनी कश्ती उतार के तो देख।
किधर मन्जिल है और हैं ये कैसे रास्ते,
जिन्दगी को यूँ ही जिये जा रहे हो किसके वास्ते ?
खुश तो है मेरा दिल, कभी पूछ अपने आप से,
गर जवाब की है तलब, तो फुर्सत के कुछ पल कभी
अपने साथ गुजार के देख।
जिन्दगी हर वक्त नये तराने गायेगी,
हंसाएगी तो कभी रुलायेगी।
तू जिन्दगी की कश्मकश से बाहर तो निकल,
कितनी हसीन जिन्दगी है,
जरा ख्वाबों के अम्बर में उड़के तो देख।
गर मुश्किल न आये राहों में,
तो जीने में मजा क्या है?
जो चाहतें ही पूरी हो जायें, वो रजा क्या है?
कुछ पाने के लिये तू कभी अपने आप में खोकर तो देख।
कोई हसरत, कोई तमन्ना, आरजू बाकी न हो,
प्यास दिल में ऐसी जगाओ,
कोई भी जाम साकी काफी न हो।
तो दुनिया को मयखाना समझ खुशियों का,
हर वक्त खुशियों का जाम पीकर और पिलाकर तो देख।
तू अपनी राहें अपनी मंजिल खुद चुन,
तू औरों की नहीं, सिर्फ अपने दिल की सुन।
मत सोच क्या खोया क्या पाया, ये व्यापार औरों का है,
दुनिया से हटकर जरा अपना मुकाम बनाकर तो देख।

Silence



“Silence spread on a
child's face Expression
whose beauty itself envies.”

Narendra Joshi
ECE, 2nd Year

Silence- worn a lover's face
Smiling, tinged with love and care ;
How different it is from that of days
When silence shouts for freedom's taste
But hearts, foolish, keep it locked
Knowing not where it would lead.

Silence spread on a child's face
Expression whose beauty itself envies;
Silence that breathes in smiling flowers
And that dwells in dreamy walks of sleepy hours;
Oh how different it is from silence
A shameful heart with regret holds;
That on departure of a holy soul
Shrouds with sadness face all;

Silence that fills a warrior's soul
Friends who have left him
Valourously amid a war;
Silence he faces a thousand are.
Silence thy songs each emotion plays,
As I stand looking at those distant stars
And nostalgia soothes my mind to sleep,
Leaving my soul bereft of wars.



Vinod Kumar

माँ



“सिर पर मेरे हाथ फिरा
अपनी गोद में सुला ले”

शुभम गर्ग
एम.ई.डी., तृतीय वर्ष

माँ मुझे एक बार अपने पास बुला ले,
बहुत डर लगता है मुझे,
तू अपने आंचल में छुपा ले,
तरस गया हूँ मैं, तेरी ममता के लिए,
मुझे बस एक बार गले से लगा ले।

एक बार प्यार से मेरे माथे को सहला दे,
सहमा सा रहता हूँ मैं हरदम,
बस एक बार मुझे बहला दे।

माँ, यहां बहुत कुछ है मेरे लिए,
लेकिन मुझे हर वक्त कुछ कम सा लगता है।

पर कैसे मैं बताऊँ कि मेरी आंखों में हमेशा नमी हैं,
हो न हो पर मुझे लगता है कि ये तेरी ही कमी है।

एक बार मेरी आंखों से ये आंसू साफ कर दे,
न चाहकर भी मैं तुझसे दूर हूँ,
हो सकता है तो मुझे माफ कर दे।

लगता है जैसे कि तू तो कभी मेरा जिक्र ही नहीं करती होगी,
पर मुझे पता है कभी न कभी तो तू मेरी फिक्र करती होगी।

मेरे कान तरस गए हैं तेरे मुख से 'बेटा' सुनने को,
मेरा बस जी करता है एक बार तेरी गोद में सोने को।

पर माँ मुझे अब डर नहीं है कैसा भी,
मेरे पास बचा ही नहीं है अब कुछ खोने को।

तू मेरे पास होते हुए भी मुझसे दूर रहती है,
सारी दुख परेशानियाँ चुप-2 सहती हैं
बस माँ मैं इतना कहना चाहता हूँ,
एक बार मुझे अपने पास बुला ले,
और सिर पर मेरे हाथ फिरा अपनी गोद में सुला ले।

टूटे सपनों की छनक

“क्या माँगा था मैंने जो तुम डर गए,
खता तुमने की और मुझसे लड़ गए”



काजल कुमार
सी.ई.डी. तृतीय वर्ष

अंशकों से धुल गए मुस्कुराहटों के रंग,
रास्तों में थक कर सो गए मासूमों के उमंग।
फिर भी पत्थर पर गुल खिलाने का शौक है,
दिल में एक ख्वाब सजाने का शौक है।
यूँ ही हालात से लड़ता रहूँगा उम्र भर,
छेड़ दी है हर सू जंग ही जंग।
क्या माँगा था मैंने जो तुम डर गए,
खता तुमने की और मुझसे लड़ गए।
वैसे तुमने दिया ही क्या इन पैंसठ सालों में,
देश को बेइज्जत किया घोटालों में।
कभी छब्बीस, कभी बत्तीस रूपए का खेल दिखाया
तुमने,
कागज पर गरीबों को अमीर बनाया तुमने,
मासूमों को झूठी तरक्की का सपना दिखाया तुमने।
और कर भी क्या सकते हो इस ठगी के सिवा,
नापाक इरादों वाली करतूतों के सिवा।
इस खेल में हमारा तो सब कुछ लुट गया,
बाप की पगड़ी और मां का आंचल बिक गया,
बहन की सगाई और भाई का ख्वाब टूट गया।
हूक उठती है यह सब देख कर,
फिर खींच लाएँगे तुमको जंतर-मंतर पर।
यह एक मुफलिस की ललकार है,
टूटे हुए सपनों की झंकार है।
सुनने का हौसला है तो सुनो,
यह आदमी की यलगार है।





मनीष कुमार
ई.ई.ई., अंतिम वर्ष

“मेरी प्यास बुझ चुकी थी, मन तृप्त हो चुका था
और मेरे चेहरे पर एक अनायास मुस्कान थी”

वैलास खत्म होते ही मैं तेज कदमों से घर की ओर निकल पड़ा। कालेज से घर तक करीब एक घन्टे का रास्ता था। थोड़ी देर में ही कदम साथ छोड़ने लगे। उस तपिमा ने बुरा हाल कर रखा था। सारा शरीर पसीने से लथपथ था।

ऐसा लग रहा था मानो सूर्यदेव किसी पूर्व जन्म का बदला ले रहे हों। गर्मी के दिनों, दिल्ली में सड़क किनारे छोटे-छोटे स्टाल लगाकर पानी बेचते हुए आपको बहुतेरे लोग मिल जायेंगे। इन्हें देखकर प्रबल इच्छा हुई कि जलपान कर लूँ, पर तभी ख्याल आया कि आज खर्च करने को कुछ भी नहीं है। दुःखी मन से मैंने जेब में हाथ डाला, पर भगवान की बड़ी कृपा थी कि जो जेब में दो का सिक्का पड़ा मिल गया।

मैंने सोचा, आधा सफर तय कर लूँ फिर प्यास बुझाऊंगा। मन ही मन खुद को कोसते हुए मैं चला जा रहा था। भगवान ने कैसी जिन्दगी दी है, अगर मैं भी अच्छे घर से होता तो मैं भी अपनी कार से आता जाता।

आगे एक छोटे स्टाल पर एक बच्चा पानी बेच रहा था। मैं उधर ही मुड़ गया। मैंने कहा बच्चे जल्दी से एक गिलास पानी दो, प्यास के मारे मेरी जान निकली जा रही है। मेरी इस बात पर वो हल्के से मुस्कुराया और फिर पानी निकालने लगा। एक तो गर्मी से परे पान, ऊपर से उसका मुस्कुराना देखकर मन झुंझला उठा। मन में कई प्रश्न उठ खड़े हुए। अपनी इस दुविधा को शांत करने के लिए मैं पूछ ही बैठा — इसमें हंसने जैसी कौन सी बात है? वो बोला — “बाबू जी, थोड़ी देर की प्यास ने आपका ये हाल कर रखा है, मैंने

सुबह से कुछ नहीं खाया है।” अपनी इस बात को वह बड़ी सहजता से बोल गया।

मेरा मस्तिष्क एक पल को ठिठका, मन उद्वेलित हो उठा कि कैसे हम छोटी-छोटी समस्याओं में भी जिंदगी को कोसने लगते हैं। थोड़ी देर तक मैं स्तब्ध खड़ा एकटक उसे देखता रहा, मेरा मन उसकी मुस्कान के पीछे छिपे असीम दर्द को पहचान रहा था। थोड़ी देर बाद मेरे कानों में एक आवाज़ पड़ी, “बाबूजी आपका पानी।” लड़के की आवाज़ कानों में पड़ते ही मेरी तंद्रा टूटी। देखा तो सामने पानी का गिलास पकड़े वो मुस्कुरा रहा था। मैंने उसके बारे में पूछा तो शुरू में वो कुछ बताने से मना करता रहा, पर मेरे जिद करने पर थोड़ी देर बाद खुद ही बताने लगा, कि वो कहीं और का रहने वाला था। मां-बाप के गुजरने के बाद पड़ोस के चाचा उसे दिल्ली ले आये थे, पर चाची उससे बेरुखा व्यवहार करती थी।

मैंने पूछा, “दिन भर तो तुम पानी के पास रहते हो, जब प्यास लगे तो पी लो।” ऐसा सुनते ही उसकी आँखें डबडबा गईं, वो उदास होकर बोला, “नहीं पी सकता, घर जाकर चाची को पूरा हिसाब देना होता है, अगर पैसे कम पड़ें तो मार पड़ती है।”

स्तब्ध खड़ा थोड़ी देर तक मैं कुछ सोचता रहा फिर अपना गिलास उसकी तरफ बढ़ाते हुए कहा, “इसे तुम पी लेना।” अब घर जाते हुए पेट तो खाली ही था पर मेरी प्यास बुझ चुकी थी, मन तृप्त हो चुका था और मेरे चेहरे पर एक अनायास मुस्कान थी।



Swaney Dang

“THINGS I LEARNT (learned) FROM COLLEGE LIFE”

College life... when we are about to come to college don't we get heeds from our parents to study hard and make the best out of the time that we have. Well everybody gets it, but how many of us actually listen to it. There are some of those who do everything by the book and then there are those who tear those books page by page and live by the rules of life. Here is an on hand narrative of two such would be engineers of our college. One, a player by rules, another a game changer.

Shiv Raj Pushp (09365)

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.....ever since I was a little kid people have stuck to saying this; but I could never really get the hang of it. All through my college life I just learnt one thing, how to devise new methods to put off, for apparently a better time for myself.

College is a place where we transform into a mature human being. College is just like a book which includes the important lessons of friendship, self-dependence, courage to face world and many more. Just like every other book, this book can be read in two ways. One way is to simply read it and memorize it and the other way is to read it and then experience it by implementing. Fortunately (I think) I fall in the second category. I proudly admit that I fulfilled all my desires in my college life. I can say that a child who used to wander in the galleries of K.B.H. in first year has now become a good human being as well as a good engineer who knows almost every aspect of life and is ready to face the world in any situation. Indeed college is a place where you can learn everything as well as nothing at the same time. It is up-to you that how you take it.

“The night before one of the periodicals, all the teachers must collectively decide to load us with tons of page of assignments, with a special reminder of its direct relation with the grades.”

Whenever the teachers said this some students would become extreme versions of themselves whereas my group would still chill. Those who are limited to academics, no doubt are going to be world class engineer. I followed my ideals tried new things, and made my own mistakes. But all through the while there were still people who toiled away studying day after night. I would always wonder what they would tell their kids what mischief they planned in college. How they made the time memorable, by staring at the weird symbols on the books. I know what I will tell them, how each day came with a new plan, and was the best in its own way.

Those who study little, booze a little more, hang out with friends, explore new places and live every moment of college life to its full can face all challenges in their life as they actually do know 'how things(not only machines) work'. They have faced the reality of life. So interact with seniors (all-rounder types) and make friends, as happiness is real, only when it is shared.

With friends like these, four years will pass in a happy glimpse, and without them college life would probably suck.

Now its time to go and all those four years are still fresh in my memory and I rejuvenate them by expressing those moments here.

Chandan Bharti (09218)

'College' – as someone gets enrolled in this social enterprise, the most common perception is that 'the life is now settled'. It's true in many aspects as we hear from our very childhood that once you get into some college, other things will simply follow. So, after getting here, most of us just start going on with the flow, whereas a few of us retain the consistency of school days and stand out to be the 'Toppers'.

Now, once someone has got this title, no matter what he does, no matter what he says, everyone will just treat him as if he doesn't belong here. Being one of the title holders, I have experienced these throughout my college life, or should I say 'school life', because the others proudly say – 'Are yaar ! isne to college ko school bana rakha hai ...'

I personally am used to live two lives, one on non-exam days and the other during exams. I believe everyone is familiar with the kind of life we have during the exams but no one is actually bothered to see us during the days when we are no different than the rest. People write 'Psycho, Padhaku etc.' on our walls and doors but what goes inside those walls, behind those doors, is much more normal than pulling each other's legs and pretending to be the so called studs.

I watch movies up until three in the morning, listen to songs, play games, design audio and videos and all other sort of stuffs that a normal person does. Along with these, I can proudly admit that I study. But if you ask others if they have read some chapter, even if they have read, they would simply say 'tujhe lagta hai main padhunga....' There is nothing shameful in admitting that you study, after all, this is why you are here.

So, pretending to be someone else through every act of every day, I think you don't get to judge me. I have a life and unlike yours its far more balanced. I enjoy the sense of accomplishment, the thrill of doing things before everyone else and the pride of standing out from the rest of the crowd. It's not that I am some genius or anything as such, the only thing different about me is that I am a bit more sincere and organized.

The reason behind being a topper is not study but the ability to adapt and change the priorities every once in a while as per requirement. I can bet if all of us are equally sincere, then I wouldn't stand single chance to be the topper, at least not always.

अभ्युदय 2012

एनआईटी की कुछ बेहतरीन व यादगार शामों की फेहरिस्त में हर बार की तरह इस बार भी 14 सितम्बर की शाम के रूप में एक और कड़ी जुड़ गयी। और हो भी क्यों न मौका था अपनी मातृभाषा हिन्दी के सम्मान में हिन्दी दिवस के अवसर पर मनाये जाने वाले सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रम "अभ्युदय-12" के आयोजन का।

जैसे-जैसे घड़ी की सूइयाँ शाम 5 बजे की तरफ बढ़ती चली जा रही थी वैसे-वैसे आडोटेरियम में खाली सीटों की संख्या भी कम होती जा रही थी। हर कोई इस शानदार शाम का गवाह बनने के लिये आडोटेरियम में अपनी जगह सुरक्षित करना चाहता था। लोगों का इंतजार खत्म हुआ... और कार्यक्रम की शुरुआत माँ शारदा की वंदना और दीप प्रज्ज्वलन से हुई। मुख्य अतिथि प्रो. वाई. आर. सूद व हिन्दी भाषा अधिकारी मा. विधिचंद भारद्वाज के उद्बोधन के बाद संगीत संध्या का आगाज हुआ प्रतिभागी बुद्धिप्रकाश द्वारा प्रस्तुत गीत 'नैना उग लेंगे' से। इस आवाज ने आडोटेरियम में ऐसी समा बाँधी की हर एक अपनी जगह से उठ ताली बजाने को मजबूर हो उठा। नैना उगे न उगे पर इस आवाज ने वहाँ मौजूद सभी लोगों को उग जरूर लिया था। इस शानदार आवाज के साथ ही इस खूबसूरत शाम की शुरुआत हो चुकी थी। फिर इसके बाद तो 'यारा सिली-सिली' 'अभी न जाओ छोड़ के' जैसे कई नगमों ने श्रोताओं को मंत्रमुग्ध सा कर दिया। नाट्य-प्रस्तुति प्रतियोगिता में ड्रामेटिक्स क्लब द्वारा समाज में फैली दहेज प्रथा जैसी कुरीति प्रस्तुत किया गया नाटक दिल को छु लेने वाला था। दहेज प्रथा पर बड़ी ही चतुर्ताई से किए गए कटाक्ष व नाटक के संवादों ने जमकर तालियाँ बटोरी। वहीं काव्य-पाठ प्रतियोगिता में जहाँ एक तरफ प्रतिभागियों ने एक से बढ़कर एक भावपूर्ण कविताएं प्रस्तुत की वहीं दूसरी तरफ 'काश! मैं लड़की होता' 'बाई आंख चल गयी' जैसी कविताओं ने लोगों को हँसी से लोट-पोट कर दिया। 'भारत हमको जान से प्यारा है..' पर डांस क्लब द्वारा प्रस्तुत किए गये नृत्य ने लोगों को देशभक्ति के रंग में रंग दिया। लोगों ने भी जोदार तालियों से उनकी इस शानदार प्रस्तुति के लिये धन्यवाद दिया।

अब अवसर था हिन्दी दिवस के अवसर पर हिन्दी समिति द्वारा आयोजित कराई गयी विभिन्न प्रतियोगिताओं जैसे निबंध-लेखन द्वाद (वाद-विवाद) काव्य-पाठसंगीत-संध्याचक्रव्यूह (प्रश्नोत्तरी-प्रतियोगिता) आदि के विजेताओं को पुरस्कृत करने का। विजेताओं को पुरस्कृत करने के बाद हिन्दी भाषा अधिकारी महोदय ने 'अभ्युदय-12' के सफल आयोजन के लिए हिन्दी समिति के सदस्यों को धन्यवाद दिया। वास्तव में जहाँ देशवासियों को मातृभूमि व मातृभाषा के गौरव को गरिमामय बनाये रखते हैं। सच पूछिये तो हिन्दी हिन्द का पर्याय है। इसका सम्मान बढ़ेगा तो देश का सम्मान बढ़ेगा। वह गिरेगी तो देश गिरेगा। अगर हमारी राष्ट्रभाषा उपेक्षित होगी तो देश की वाणी दबकर रह जायेगी।



4th Dimension

"That's what the 4th dimension is about, there are no words, no symbols, no images, its all pure real energy and vibrations"

--- John Frusciante

Rohit Sharmely

Ideas, thoughts and notions that can boggle minds, mesmerize the readers and have a twist comprises 4th dimension. It is a form seperate from the three dimensional world that we are aware of, things that are mystifying, that need to be 'live rather than known'.....



COVER STORY ▶ OUT OF THE BOOMBOX

“
It is said that pictures are worth a thousand words.
I say presence could be worth an infinite set of words”



ARIHANT VERMA
ECE, 2ND YEAR

Of phase? What is of phase? Heard out of phase and in phase many times, but of phase? Is there a printing problem of 'Of' instead of 'Off'. Nope, my dear pals, you are on the correct page of the intended phrase of 'Of Phrases and Phases'. You see, there is an invariable tendency to drift towards time, when we say 'Phase'. Like a habitable blend of your living space and the time that complements. People find 'phase' as a transitional conversion between past and the present—“oh! That phase of my life” or “this phase of career”. It's kind of a typical language usage for us to link a connection—“Oh! Right, that phase”. As engineers, and physicists or mathematicians, we've got an extra thing to look up to – of course the measure of correlation of two signals or any other entity, called as phase. Or it may be in the problems, where we use 'phasors' to simplify the problem, like in simple harmonic motion or in quantum computations. But is that all that is, that we can relate to 'phase'. I have been given the responsibility to show you it is not. Bear with me with the technicalities, I'll make them as simple as I can.

Take a break here, and think of as many ambiguities as you can, when you hear the word 'phase'. I'm being discrete here, so that I could be continuous later. Let's go with the flow then people. The perpetuity of a phase is an interesting deal to dive in. You hear some rhythms, out of the boom box (feels cool to pronounce, ain't it?), some nice and slow, soothing, music, abating whatever your worries are, for a while, may be. Or you happen to grudge upon something, and you hear fast beats out of the boom box (can't stop saying it over again!). Now what has happened, after you

have underwent this, is that you were able to distinguish between 'fast' and 'slow'. Sure, we are evolved enough to tell the difference, but with respect to what? Turns out it is the heartbeat! Instant corollary – same beats can seem to change their repeating time. Simply put, you'd find those same booms beat at different speeds. This has been experimented extensively. A person was thrown from a 200ft height, and had a gadget attached to his arm. What gadget did was that, it displayed a four digit number, on seven segment display, with very fast, almost flickering speeds. Person wasn't able to figure out the number, standing on the ground. But when he was thrown, he showed fairly even stochastic answers, repeated several times (God knows what became of that volunteer and his washroom, subsequently). The perception of time, the phase that passes, changes with that of speed. Falling speed, yes and with the heart beat's speed too. When you are in fright, goose bumped or in any other situation where heart pumps at a faster rate, time appears to slow down. Why? No one knows for sure as yet. But this fact alone is self-sufficient to be wowed upon! Ain't it?



Another repercussion – what's surprising is that, the discernibility of 'fast' and 'slow' is outputted by our breath! You are happy, scintillating surroundings around, your heart beat slows, and your breath? Calm, regular rhythms, and how do you feel? Contented. So the movie scenes that slows down the frames per second in happy times that comes from here. Other way around too, exams are close, you are tensed, time seems to ride a little slower than usual, heart beat? Fast, belly? Making eerie voices (not related here, never mind), breath? Either completely halted, or at peak at times, fast as anything, albeit comprehensible. Is the reverse true? We ask here, inspired by Faraday, Oersted, and Maxwell. Yes it is! You control your breath, you concoct your perception of time! Seems very valuable, especially to slow down the 'Dhak Dhak' during interviews or exams. More on this some other time.

We could relate 'phase' with 'sight', in the sense, I'm going to explain, when we go off virtually with the speed of light! Waaaa..., off we go. Close your eyes, what do you see? Tell yourself-“I see this happening”. Is 'this' a picture where everything seems to go past you as soon as you cite them? Very well, you got one obvious part. Now consider light year travelling, close your eyes, what do you see? Pretty much the same? If you do, you went wrong somewhere. What would you find, is that, your field of view expands, as did of the protagonist in the movie 'Limitless'. That would happen because your field of view, would expand, way more than 180 degrees. That would be so, because, the objects emitting or reflecting light behind you would actually be coming to you. You could almost see things behind you! It would initially feel like you are actually receding, but in actuality, you won't be. See the paradox, going forward, you'd find yourself going backwards! Opposite sense of time and phase passing!

But what are the factors that made 'phase of time' a thing to comprehend? In abstract, it can be argued that there are very many. One such contender (actually, not actually, because every 'contender' tends to assist each other here) is our body clock. Down, right at the centre of our brain, behind the connection point of our nose and forehead, sits a cluster of approximately twenty thousand cells (known as super chiasmatic nucleus), that govern what 'chronobiologists' refer to as our 'Internal Time'. Now what these cells do is, they help us 'track' the flow of time independent of the 24 hour clock system nature has provided us. Its effect is seen least in us because, its evolution has been dominated by the 24 hour system, not letting it do the 'guesswork', and so forth. Internal time is most helpful in deep sea animals, where no sunlight reaches, helping them manage their phases of time, and hence their life cycles in bits. Between did you know there was another type of receptor known as the melanopsin, besides the cones and rod cells in the retina of our eye? Melatonin behaves as an all-rounder, doing many things, primarily not very important to us (such as it makes us sleepy and cold). But blind people happen to sense the shifts of light and darkness from melanopsin. As if they have receptors on skin, like some animals does. Isn't that amazing! The grand design of nature as the grandeur to get dumbfounded from?

Talking about the phase, it depicts a change (don't know why it is always allied with time!) let's now explore to what I've dubbed 'Phase of space'. Enter, the fourth dimension. Now we all have been introduced to the notion of 'time' as the fourth dimension, and that (thanks to Einstein), time and space are fabricated together. But let me detour from that here and introduce the notion of the fourth 'spatial' dimension. So one dimension, like a line, alright, then two dimensions, a sheet, ok, three dimension everything including us, commendable. But fourth spatial dimension? That seems awry! How anything could have four spatial dimensions? It's absurd to talk about it. Right? Wrong! Yes we are such creatures, that can't savvy the fourth special dimension physically, but mathematically we can do it! One thing is true for sure. As we go up in higher dimensions 'Room' increases, space expands, more volume is needed to stuff things. So 4th spatial dimension would be more 'roomy' than 3rd dimension. Here's an example to illustrate. Suppose a two dimensional world, where people live (2 dimensional creatures on a sheet of paper say). They have no idea that higher dimensions could exist too. One day a human (3 dimensional creature) picks up a 2-D creature up from the paper. What others see? Out of nowhere he disappears completely from there world. Now this new 'kidnapped' 2D person sees things he had never seen. Let me tell you what he sees. Imagine a sphere, a basketball say, and he sees it falling (he wouldn't know if it is falling at all, because he can't know what the 'height' is). What he'll see is the circumference of the circle (projection of the ball) on the plane on which he exists. So when the ball would fall he'd see concentric circles, first increasing in size, then decreasing, finally vanishing!! Now the human decides to play around with that 2D person. Human flips it (180 degrees from the position he was abducted from), and puts it back to the paper world. Everybody's happy of the return. But when

his medical check-up happens (ha-ha!) 2D doctor finds that this organs have flipped 180 degrees!

Now imagine the same case with humans and a creature from 4th dimension. Exactly the same case. What will that creature look like in our 3rd dimensional world? Like fluttering. Meaning, now you'd see some part of his body, the next moment you'd not. Like an invisible-visible monster! Well that was the 'phase of space', I'd appreciate a mental applause, if you please to (ha-ha!).

Enough of a phase, ain't it? Let's digress to phrases! As a literary magazine SRIJAN is pretty much into phrases (who isn't provided they are a staunch language admirer). But here typical phrases? No way, I'm not here to bore you. Let's try something interesting, jump on to the semantics of phrases. What say? Sometimes a word worth a phrase can create sabotaging catch-22's.

Case study – Most unknown fact about the abominable 9/11 is related with meaning of phrases. It goes like this. The leaseholder of the world trade centre Larry Silverstein was going to get a total of \$3.5 billion from the insurance company. If it was proved that only single event happened that day, and \$7 billion, if two events had been there. Larry's barristers were giving this argument- “Two events happened. North and south towers were distinct collections of glass and steel separated by vast spaces. They were hit at different time periods and were put to ground at different times”. On the other hand, insurance lawyers were arguing- “The attacks on the buildings were a part of a single plan, conceived in the mind of one man in service of a single agenda. Aftermath caused a single chain of military and political events.” Can you see it? Each arguments had complemented each other. But still they 'had' to prove somebody right and the other, wrong! It's like forcing a mother to choose between her two children! And on what grounds? Definition of a word namely – “Event”!

Now let me talk something about hearing phenomenon that relates to passage of time and phrases of day today life. Our brain is capable of contemplating 500-600 words a minute. So when a slow downtown professor is not executing even 150 words per minute, and that too in a sporadic fashion, we can expect nothing but a vignette like following. Students either out of class already, before the lecture, or sudden jerks of heads in die hard half sleep combos, or better yet, like in 1985 classic 'Real Genius', audio or video recorders in the class itself.

Another swerve? Let's link phrases of different languages. The latest TED Director's talk by behavioural economist Keith Chen's video showed us how language can be classified on the basis of how they perceive phases. For example I can say these three phrases-“it rained yesterday, it is raining now, and it will rain tomorrow” but a mandarin speaker will say –“it rain yesterday, now it rain, tomorrow it rain”. Sounds really bizarre to an English speaker. But remember it is just a translation. It isn't grammatically wrong in their language. What effect does that have? Well it gives an advantage to the languages like mandarin. Where there is less distinguishability of the sense of tense in the language itself, turns out those speakers are less likely to procrastinate and linger on in their lives. Just a language's identity can incur such drastic differences!

So where do we head now? Wait a second, I have to tell you one more thing. This journey of 'Of Phases and Phrases' doesn't halt here, not yet. I also watched a TED talk of Amanda Palmer, an artist and a musician. I found out, from her experience and mine that presence makes a more subtle mark than the boldest and most profound words can ever do. Yes this world of phases and phrases needs both presence and words. They complement each other after all. But if somebody asked me if presence came first or words, I'd say, definitely presence! When a person stands, when he is 'being' there, stage has already been set up there alone. Words processes the presence. Much like the booting system, when an operating system is already there. It is said that pictures are worth a thousand words. I say presence could be worth an infinite set of words(provided the basis of mathematics, the number theory is not overthrown by a mathematician, who's name I forget, who wrote four papers recently, and open sourced them, he's Japanese by the way ;)). We live the lives Of Phases and Phrases. It is obligatory that we deal with it. The humungous ways it garners in the



Ashana Aggarwal

A Call To The “HIDDEN LEADERS” Of NITH

“Its an urge to all those for whom the warmth of cuisine and quilt holds them back and has nailed them to series of "Dexter" and "Game of Thrones ...”



ANSHU KUMAR
EEE, FINAL YEAR

“It is all rubbish happening.....kuch nahi ho sakta is college ka!! Chal room par chalkar sote hain.....”

These words have always haunted me and I have been at war with myself since my sophomore year of the so called “Engineering Career” (Couldn't notice though what I engineered). Ah, what though, the current focus is, every time I open the same “worthy” topic of engineering achievements, the question is obviously unanswerable. The “FIRST” year remains fascinating for us and the idea of “Chal room par sote hain” attracts us from the second year.

I guess NIT Hamirpur is lavished with well established infrastructure and buildings but there are none to be nurtured by their graces. It's not a satire on the “Real Leaders” (you've done a stupendous job in erecting such tall structures), but this lampoon is a call to the “Hidden Leaders” of NIT-H those who are chained to cozy beds of their hostels, those who are bathing in showers of vodka, those whose rooms breathe mere puffs of smoke and to those who project them as leaders on “Facebook” and “Gtalk” - a virtual world. But when it comes to being practical “SAB DHUAN DHUAN HO JATE HAI”.

Are we granted admission to this premiere institute through such low quality entrance gates that we cannot even carry the legacy left behind by our reverend seniors? Definitely, NO. Or do we have some other interests bothering us which seem of higher importance than on campus activities? Probably and sadly YES. I say sadly but I won't comment on those interests, not because I can't, but because they make me feel ashamed and dejected. Deteriorations have begun. I Can't even predict how they will impact us.

Beginning with all the creamy layers of

academics (sadly it covers you all, but you don't realize it), it's an urge to all those who may have been the leaders and flag bearers of highly educated society but ah.....sorry lad....I'm not convinced with the quality which you all bear. It really needs to be polished. I can understand that the glistening glitters of Hill'ffair (our cultural-fest) do not attract you much, but “SIR/MA'AM” can I know why can't I feel your presence on technical benches? I fail to understand why don't areas of their “interest” interest them much or why has CGPI overpowered their character. Sorry, if I am aggressive. I want you to introspect, to answer for your morale reaching its lowest ebb.



It's an urge to all those for whom warmth of cuisine and quilt holds them back and has nailed them to series of “Dexter” and “Game of Thrones”. You might feel kingly while updating your facebook status with all the banalities of your life but I feel your glories are so vain that they can be easily compared to the empty vessels that sound much. You are good for ‘everything’ but it's you who has transformed it to ‘nothing’.

Undoubtedly anti-ragging measures have brought with it drawbacks for many on and off campus ethics. There lies no demarcation but a wide communication gap between seniors and “JANGUS” and hence the experiences of the former go in vain. It's a call to all the juniors who feel that beholding the snow covered Dhauladhar ranges and appreciating their beauty is what you have been exiled here for or mixing chemicals in chemistry lab from one flask to other, using computer labs' mouse and LAN wires as your own or loitering on ‘The Mall Road’ is what you have been assigned; I bet you all are still living in your own whimsical world.

GEAR UP GUYS!!! LIVEN UP YOUR SPIRIT. Your college, that too of ‘national importance’, awaits your participation. It has kept its eyes wide open for the days when it will be celebrating each day of entire session, enthralled with its students and their activities. It has much to offer, extract and sharpen your talents. Believe me, you are the hidden jewels of NIT-H that will gather accolades for your qualities in the near future. The world will see upon you as a resource of knowledge and wisdom, but why to wait for the days to come, why not now?

Rise beyond the wall of politics existing in the campus. They will be, forever, strong enough to pull down your efforts but never let your spirit die off. Ethics and culture of campus together build a brand value of institution. Strive to take it to zenith. “LET THEM BLOOM, NOT VANISH.” Rekindle the fire within you, fill your campus with all the happenings you will cherish forever. Do not follow others, let them follow you. Stage is already set. You need to impersonate.

Risking my career and degree, I'd end it with an urge to the mighty faculties (excuse me for soaring out of limits). Your few words of praise that acclaim, impulse and impetus, affinity and association may stir up these hidden talents to come out of their own cocktail parties. Live with us, impart character within us, and furnish a space for passion, not politics. A few, so called ‘uncompromising rituals’, have disheartened many. We anticipate full-fledged support to continue, boosting the bowed heads and their vision.

Excuse me for this satirical approach to reach you. My agony will subside only when the spark kindled by me grows to an inextinguishable fire.



Tushar Gupta

I Wanna Go.....

“We walk the same road everyday to the lectures, but never take time to admire and to appreciate the nature, God's creativity ... ”



SIDDHA GANJU
CSE, 2ND YEAR

When we are young our dreams and imagination are limitless. In a dream we can scale the sky and be back in a jiffy! Imagination – isn't it completely awesome how one can imagine animals out of the most absurd shaped clouds. Yeah that is definitely imagination, but that's not all! Consider this.

I remember always wanting to go to Neptune... why? Because it's the only planet that rolls sideways and I always thought how terribly difficult it would be to stand there. That time I did not know that it would have taken me several light years to get there nor did I know that there wasn't any habitation there. Finally I learnt that nobody would actually go to a planet just to see how to stand. Man, I must have been barking mad! I read somewhere in a book, one of its characters, as soon as he would come to his room, he would abruptly throw the door open, why? Because he expected the characters on his wallpaper to be playing around and he wanted to catch them red handed. I was so influenced by this idea that I would keep on trying it!

Childhood, a time just for the most mischievous activities. It's like one of those things that come with the “exclusive” tag . What happens when we get caught “She's just a kid, it's fine, let her go ”, and I ran away with a million more ideas and a sweet, innocent smile. I always wished that everything that I could imagine would be real. That would be the best idea that I had ever had.

I started reading a lot of magazines at that time and that when I would think that a huge piece of the moon should fall down and I would have a lifetime supply of cheese (This was when I used to think that the moon is made of cheese, and I was pretty young and ignorant obviously). Garfield was my hero, when he would go berserk after lasania and say “Imagination is the most active thing that I do”, “Imagination.....hmmmmm a new word ”, I actually gave imagination a shot!!

Then I grew up a little but had the same container for a brain so this is what I thought next, I got to movies and the whole range of Star Wars. I read

some news about meteors and asteroids and shooting stars. When I would walk under the night sky seeing all the stars would make me scared, I would think what if these stars would fall on me ...then what?

We used to have the spirit week in school, having each day of the week trying out something new and mad!! Dress up day, crazy hair day, twin day, colour day, and what not. Each one of us would go to school with every possible piece of stationery sticking out of our hair, on crazy hair day. Even if it wasn't imagination, I guess we weren't just afraid to make a fool of ourselves.

Life would have definitely been busy if I could do all that I can imagine, but some things are really out of our reach. That's when I guess I really grew up; I learnt the distinction between imagination and reality. But it's up to us to really differentiate between them.

Imagination rules the world and we rule the roost with them. So choose your era wisely!! Then Harry Potter arrived with a bang (on a broom) and filled the world with its magic. There wasn't a single day when I didn't hope for a dementor sighting or seeing Sirius Black wagging his tail in its ambiguous form. It was a time of virtual magic.

There are times when I hope that there should be a key on the keyboard “Imagination”. So that even the computer, just a mere machine could think beyond the algorithms kept for it . I mean they are missing out on so much, pity if they just had the power to imagine the infinite. Life would not be just life anymore there would be a million more dimensions to it. What is a person without his imagination nothing that is what I believe. Because that brings spice and happiness and a sense of new in everything. We walk the same road everyday to the lectures, but never take time to admire and to appreciate the nature, God's creativity, and so much more kudos to IMAGINATION!!!

I learnt that there is not really a lot more to life than just a little pinch of salt and pepper. Make sure you sprinkle it every time, and you will see the greatest magic ever.



PIYUSH SHARMA
CSE, 1ST YEAR

Without music, the world would have been too isolated a place to live in. Music adds a unique flavor to our lives and a remarkable definition to the society we live in. It gives a view of how things were once in the past, how they are at present and probably how they will be in the future. It has been one of the oldest blends of science and technology jammed with an intricate tinge of art known to mankind for centuries. It has always been considered as not only a dynamic source of entertainment but also as one of the most effective modes to propagate one's feelings, thoughts and views.

Music has descended over thousands of years through various cultures depending upon the acceptance and denials of the society. Creative music composition techniques have been a symbol of brilliance and expertise over the bygone past. Commissions from royal courts or highly regarded churches were awarded to the most advanced and innovative composers, who would strive to create music for its magnificence, stupefaction, and vitality. Though restricted by various cultural boundaries, the main goal of the most accomplished composers has always been to search within their musical compositions for a sense of musical mastery and understanding, acting centrally as scientists studying music as natural sciences.

As industrialization began in the beginning of the twentieth century, musical instruments, scores, and transcripts became increasingly accessible to the common man thus feeding the indulgences of amateur musicians and industrialists who paved the way for the eventual creation of the "music industry. More individuals began creating music and writing songs than ever before. Revolutionary recording technologies were being developed. The use of electricity and electronic components in recording technology and instrument design, construction, and implementation fundamentally changed the evolution of music indefinitely.

Folk music, now dubbed "popular music", began its own evolution. Pulling largely from classic compositional techniques, simple and easy, this evolution was viewed as a continuation of compositional evolution. Blues, Jazz, Country, Soul,

Music-a journey from past to present

“Creative music composition techniques have been a symbol of brilliance and expertise over the bygone past.”

Rock, Metal...new forms of music? These genres cannot be regarded as new; all of these styles are derived from compositional techniques that have existed for hundreds of years.

Blues was formed as a style of music that was almost instantly playable by any amateur musician, its basis being a system of dominant and secondary dominant chords. Jazz was a sloppy combination of blues and poorly executed classical techniques (i.e. German augmented sixth chords in new inversions labeled as flat sixth chords, random modal substitution, consistently different improvisation highlighting the specific musicians' technicality, rather than compositional creativity, etc.).

Rock and Roll was glorified beyond reasonable extents as a revolution in music, when it was really just a childish and simplified take on the blues, using electronic instruments as toys to display childhood angst during the self-indulgent social shift of the 1960s and 1970s. This genre provoked a more severe and even simpler rebellion labeled "punk rock," that seemed to almost embrace the pure hatred of conventional music and selfishly ravage musical composition in the name of trite and impatient childhood angst. These shifts spawned two related genres in the 1980s: electronic rock, a take on rock and roll, however, embracing simple melodies and the excessive use of electronic instruments, and "metal," embracing a mixture of punk rock and traditional rock, yet lacking in lyrical content consistent with the growing trends in most genres.

The scene since then has had a huge transition. Bands can now become de facto record companies: not only creating art but then distributing and publicizing it through websites and e-mails. And fans are no longer a faceless marketing demographic to which products are sold; they have become more like co-conspirators with the artists. They're not only viral advocates for bands; they're collaborators -- participating in remixes and videos, and by extension helping shape careers. They're invested in music personally in a way that wasn't possible a decade ago.

Footloose

“Dance is the language of the soul
Martha Graham ”



DIVYA SAINI
CED, 2ND YEAR

True, if the mouth falls short of the words dance is a way out for the feelings. Expressions with grace , fluid movement of the body , the beats of the feet and the rumble of the heart is what all it takes to dance . It is not just an outlet to the feelings but also an ecstatic way to be healthy and fit . Here in the land of Gods dance is considered to be a way of direct communication with that heavenly power. Let's try to know some characteristic features of the dance forms which are basically Indian.

Kollattam : Grab a stick and start dancing along with a partner in two concentric circles. Well ... that's how it's performed... This is the most popular dance of Andhra Pradesh

BardoChamm : Good always wins ... Heard it since childhood but now dance as if you are fighting evil and there's no one to stop you from winning . This the theme of this dance form of Arunachal Pradesh

Bihu and Jhumar : Assam has more than just the tea gardens . and if you feel awkward to dance alone then clasp another's waist and start with the dance. And if you want to calm down let this dance form do it with its small and brisk dance steps

Munda : I am not talking about any guy but a dance form which can bring you loads of good luck . And the best part you can shout with all your might at the end... that how it's performed..... With tumult. This is the dance form of Jharkhand.

Panthi: Interested in poetry of Kabir , Ramdas and rest like them ?? Well then this dance form is for you . Keeping in mind the health this dance form includes acrobatics too... this is the dance form of Chhattisgarh

Tarangamel: Dancing with waves in the scenic beauty of Goa with all the youthfulness is what is included in Tarangamel. “Ho Ho” is the word to be shouted in this. Cool... ryt???

Garba: Movie Dance.... During Navratri. This is it. Claps , feet movement in circles is what it takes to perform Garba.

KinnauriNati and Namgen : The slow and steady steps in the mountaneous beauty of Himachal Pradesh is such a relaxation to the body . Arms spread and small steps and the Paharisongs : Perfect blend

MatkiDance : As the name suggests it is a dance form wherein a woman balances a matki on her head and then gracefully dances not letting it slip anyhow.

BaaghNaach or Tiger Dance : Paint yourself like a tiger and attach a suitable tail and go house to house to gather crowd and go making hissing sounds and dance the ' Tiger Dance ' . Easy right... ???

Dalkhai : Lover ?? Never tired of addressing your girlfriend ... then this is for you . In the beginning and end of each stanza there is a mention of girlfriend . It is the most popular dance form of Odisha.

Ghumra: Like handling social issues??? Then here you go...Social issue like literacy, saving girls, forestation, encouragement to the soldiers of the war can be talked about by dance. This is the theme of this dance form. Saraswati 'Goddess of Knowledge' is also praised in the dance form.

Kalbelia: Dance movements and robes resemble those of the serpents and the dancers dance to the tunes of the 'Been'. This is a dance form of Rajasthan.

Kathak: The dancers are called the story tellers and the main story lines are mythological. Footwork is one of the important part of this dance form.

Road Dance: This one is not a very famous known name but yes the dance form is the most famous. If you don't know any of the perfect dance forms then this one's for you. Step left and right, one hand in the air and somewhere the other one....

All of you must have gathered what I am talking about..... Birthday parties, discotheques and Lohri celebrations of our college are the famous occasions to perform this dance. So why worry if you don't know any of the other dance forms... this one's just for you...

‘दिया’ मैंने चौखट पे रखा तो लेकिन



बृज बिहारी दूबे
अध्यापक, सी.एस.सी

“ उजाले से सब, चौंक जाते हैं अक्सर,
यही तो है सच्चाई, इस जिंदगी की ”

बताता हूँ मैं, आज एक बात तुमको, किसी से नहीं जो, अभी तक बताई,
मिटा दूँगा मैं, इस जहाँ से अंधेरा, कसम मैंने एक, आज ऐसी भी खाई,
भरोसे की, कुछ मैंने मिट्टी बटोरी, ‘दिया’ नाम की, एक कटोरी बनाई,
भरा तेल, दिये में मेहनत का मैंने, स्वप्नों की, फिर इसमें बाती डुबाई,

लगा डूबने, आज फिर से ये सूरज, हुई शाम फिर, रात होने को आई।
‘दिया’, मैंने चौखट पे रखा तो लेकिन, जलायी नहीं, मैंने दियासलाई।।

जलाने से पहले, मैं रुककर ये सोचूँ, मैं क्या चाहता, और क्या कर रहा हूँ,
बुरा काम करते, नहीं लोग डरते, भला काम करते, मैं क्यों डर रहा हूँ,
उजाले का तो, लुप्त लेगा ज़माना, तो क्यों मैं भला, ये ‘दिया’ धर रहा हूँ,
तलाशी तो मंजिल कई मैंने अब तक, मगर राह में ही, मैं अक्सर रहा हूँ

अब तो, अंधेरे की आदत है मुझको, अंधेरे में देता है, सब कुछ दिखाई।
‘दिया’, मैंने चौखट पे, रखा तो लेकिन, जलायी नहीं, मैंने दियासलाई।।

उजाले से ही, नहीं होती है पूरी, तुम्हारे शहर में जरूरत सभी की,
उजाले से सब, चौंक जाते हैं अक्सर, यही तो है सच्चाई, इस जिंदगी की,
उजाले से, खुल जाएंगे राज सारे, समझ जाओ, अब दास्ताँ हर किसी की,
नकाबों में, रहने का है शौक जिनको, उन्हें तो, जरूरत नहीं रौनी की,

तो दीपक जलाने का, फिर फायदा क्या, भलाई का अंजाम, होगा बुराई।
‘दिया’, मैंने चौखट पे रखा तो लेकिन, जलायी नहीं, मैंने दियासलाई।।

उजाला तो, वैसे भी दिन भर जगा है, उसे भी जरा, रात आराम चाहिए,
मगर ये, दिया भी तो ऊबा है दिन भर, इसे भी भला, कोई तो काम चाहिए,
न सूरज है दीपक, सुबह कर सके जो, इसे सब्र का, फिर भी ईनाम चाहिए,
हुनर को सलामी, ज़माना न दे पर, है जीना अगर तो, जरा नाम चाहिए,

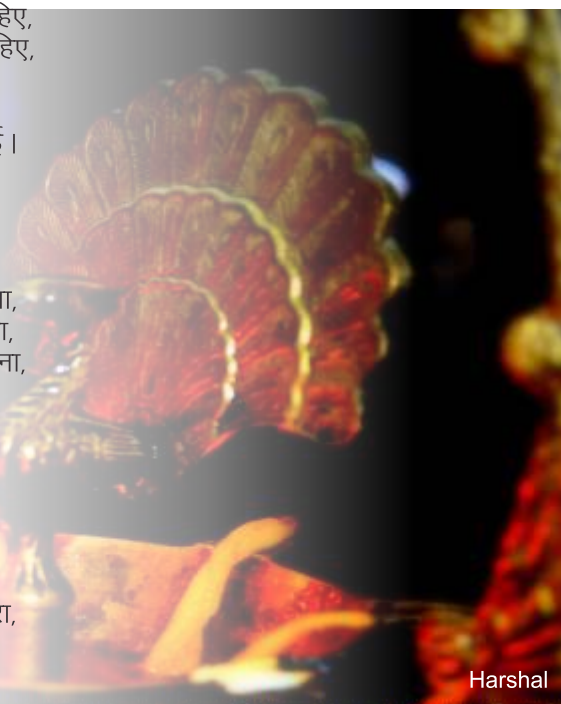
है दीपक बना, सिर्फ जलने के खातिर, नहीं मैंने की, इसकी यूँ ही बड़ाई।
‘दिया’, मैंने चौखट पे रखा तो लेकिन, जलायी नहीं, मैंने दियासलाई।।

जलाने-बुझाने में, रखा ही क्या है, है बेकार अब, इस तरह से तड़पना,
जरा कुछ तो सीखो, ये बहती हवा से, है अब कैसे जीना, है कैसे पनपना,
हवा बहती रहती है, हर मौसमों में, हवा राह भी, खुद ही चुनती है अपना,
अगर बन सकें, हम हवाओं कि तरह, तभी कर सकेंगे, सच हर एक सपना,

हवा को, जरूरत कहाँ रौशनी की, न उसने, अंधेरे में ठोकर ही खायी।
‘दिया’, मैंने चौखट पे रखा तो लेकिन, जलायी नहीं, मैंने दियासलाई।।

मुझे तो, ये लगता है कि इस जहाँ से, अलग सोचने का, तरीका है मेरा,
असल में उजाला, उजाला नहीं हैं, और न ही अंधेरा है, कोई अंधेरा,
किसी के लिए, रौशनी ही अंधेरा, किसी के लिए, रात ही है सवेरा,
नहीं चाहता, हर कोई इस जहाँ में, कि छट जाये, जो भी है बादल घनेरा,

अंधेरे-उजाले का, रिश्ता अज़ब है, ‘बृज’ की समझ में, यही बात आई।
‘दिया’, मैंने चौखट पे रखा तो लेकिन, जलायी नहीं, मैंने दियासलाई।।



Harshal

THE POLTERGEIST

*“Mom ran right past me and took the boy's corpse into her hands.
I thought it was strange of her, but I saw that it wasn't a boy's body.
It was mine. I was dead.”*

SONALI KASHYAP
EEE- FINAL YEAR



"Alright kids, we have nearly finished unpacking", exclaimed my mother happily, brushing her deep brown hair off her face. "Some tea, anyone?" she asked. I refused, however my elder sister Anna accompanied mom to the kitchen. "Cheer up Sophie, this place will grow on you" she assured as she strolled off to the kitchen. "Yeah. Well, I don't think so", I replied curtly. My mom and sister had got accustomed to my sour mood. I hated moving, especially from my previous house on the beach. I remembered collecting shells and making sand castles with my friends from school, feeling nostalgic and angry at the same time. My mother had to switch to a new higher-paying job in the city. She however had no regrets leaving behind the lovely people from the neighborhood. She had learnt to keep distant and distrusted people, ever since Dad had left us. One fine morning he went away and never came back. Her daughters were the only thing that mattered to her now.

"Where's my toothbrush, mom?" I inquired. May be cleaning up and bathing would help shrug away the musings. Besides, it had been a grimy unpacking session. "Sweetie, go downstairs to the basement, all the toiletries are in a blue box." yelled mom from the kitchen. The basement, I reflected. The damp place where ghouls reside. Cobwebs and spiders and every unimaginable evil that walked the surface of the earth, stayed there. Shivers ran down my spine and I had the urge to ask Anna to come along but decided against it. My skin crawled as I descended the narrow staircase. My hands trembled trying to find the switch to light up this eerie place. I let out a sigh of relief and found the blue box amidst the old furniture and used cartons.

"What are you doing in my house?" a tall pale boy with jet black hair queried. The boy had appeared out of thin air; I numbly observed his sharp features and white skin that was creepily in contrast with his dark hair. He seemed to be around 13, the same age as me. I jumped back three paces from where he stood, too frightened to shout and clinging onto the box in my hands for dear life. "Wh-who a-are you?" I mustered up the courage to answer him, as I held the box closer



to my chest. "This is my house and I don't like intruders." was his sinister reply as he vanished back into the thin air.

I shouted and ran up the stairs, dropping the box up my way, my legs shaking with all their might. My mom and sister came and caught hold of me as I nearly fainted halfway up. Probably they had heard me scream and escorted me to the living room.

I forced some water which felt like ice down my throat that helped calm down the hysterics. I explained what I had gone through in the cursed basement and fell asleep in my mother's lap. I woke up, hours later, to the terrified faces of Anna and mom. I could make out wrinkles of worry across mom's forehead. She is growing old too, I thought to myself, just as we are growing up. "How do you feel now, Soph?" I discerned the agony in her soft, motherly voice. "Better mum, I think I just hallucinated. You know how afraid I am of the dark." I fibbed, getting out of the bed. Her lips quivered as she protested me to lie down but I promised I would be okay. Anna put an arm around mom's shoulder and reassured that she would look after me.

I decided I too would make a fresh start in this new place. Mom had made her choice just to give us a better living. Anna was looking forward to her new high school in the city. I wished to emulate my popular elder sister. Maybe I could join a clique, hang out with pretty girls and become the It-girl like her someday. And no teenage boy who claims to own this house can sabotage my family's dreams. Cold sweat drops streaked my forehead and my legs trembled at the very thought of the ghost in the basement. I got hold of myself and went to the bathroom for a hot shower. I wore my bath robe and gave a quick glance at my face in the mirror, wiping the mist away. For a moment I saw "his" face in the mirror too and ran out before I could holler again.

That night I had nightmares of a boy who compelled me to abandon the house or risk my life at its expense. I woke up the next Sunday morning and confided my fears in my sister. She said I had lost it and rebuked me from telling mother anything. "But Ann", I complained, "He threatened to kill me if we don't move out of the house soon." Anna was unmoved and mentioned something about how she would like to see someone dare hurt her little sister.

Mom went out for purchasing groceries in the evening while Anna and I were glued to the TV for a new episode of our favorite 'Gossip Girl'. Just half an hour had lapsed since Mom went out that we heard her cries. "Help me", her voice beckoned from the backyard. Anna dashed out the front porch in frenzy. I followed suit but was intercepted by the tall pale boy. "What did you do to my mother!?" I asked indignantly. A cruel crooked smile spread across his evil face. "I warned you to either risk life or empty my house", he replied coldly. "You traitor, you said you would kill me but you had the nerve to hurt my mom. Now face this", I thundered. Overcome with fury I fetched the knife in the fruit basket and attacked him. Hatred for that phantom in my heart had taken place of all trepidation. He fetched the butter knife from the table, prepared for the combat. With a killer instinct I thrust the knife into the wicked semblance of the boy but missed. He answered this with a sharp dig of his knife in at my heart. It felt like a thousand pins had punctured my ribs and hot blood gushed out of my body. I pounced back gathering all strength that was left in me and hit him repeatedly till his God-forbidden body crumbled down on the floor. I fell alongside him near-paralyzed in pain. I felt blood filling up my cast. It was a weird feeling.

Mom and Anna entered the door just at the finish of this lethal episode and to my surprise, mother was unscathed. I crawled over, got up, hugged her and pronounced, "It is okay mum, now we have this house to ourselves. I have taken care of that monster." However, neither of them replied and Mom didn't even hug me back. I noticed a deadly pall over Anna's face whilst tears rolled down Mom's eyes. I turned to look at the mess that I had created during the encounter. Blood all over the carpet and the gore smeared knife. Mom ran right past me and took the boy's corpse into her hands. I thought it was strange of her, but I saw that it wasn't a boy's body. It was mine. I was dead.

ओये! इट्स फ्राइडे

“कमरा भौतिकी की भाषा में काफी सघन या डेन्स था।
लेकिन साहब हम भी यूपी वाले हैं जगह ना हो तो भी ‘भाई सहब! थोड़ा एडजस्ट कर लीजिये बोलकर जगह बना ही लेते हैं।”



तन्मय मिश्रा
ई.ई.ई., अन्तिम वर्ष

आह! एक और मुश्किल भरा सप्ताह खत्म हुआ। हर बार की भांति इस शुक्रवार भी फेसबुक के जरिये दोस्तों से तरह-तरह के मुद्दों, खास कर नौकरी और लड़कियों पर विस्तार से चर्चाये हुई। यूं तो आजकल फेसबुक पर लाइक, कमेंट और शेयर की बन्दर बांट चली हुई है जहां हर कोई उपदेश देता हुआ प्रतीत होता है, मानो वो शख्स हर विषय के हर एक पहलू से पूर्णतया वाकिफ है।

कुछ शब्दों जैसे क्यूट, थैन्क्यू, आई लव यू, इत्यादि की वैल्यू रिलायन्स पावर के शेयर की भांति दिन प्रतिदिन गिरती ही जा रही है। बीच-बीच में यू-ट्यूब पर कुछ वीडियो के सहारे अच्छा खासा मनोरंजन हो जाता है। इन वीडियो को देखते हुये जावेद करीम का धन्यवाद दे रहा था, कि अगर आप ना होते तो हम जैसे इंजीनियरों का क्या होता?

वैसे फाइनल ईयर की एक मजेदार बात है ‘सिन्गलेट’। यूं तो इसमें एक इन्सान भी बड़ी मुश्किल से रह पाता है पर रात के खाने के बाद अक्सर एक कमरे में 7 या 8 लोगों का पाया जाना कोई आश्चर्य की बात नहीं। सो रात के खाने और फेसबुक से बोर होने के बाद मैं सी एफ-5 कमरे की तरफ बढ़ा।

ये कमरा फोर्स के अध्यक्ष हर्षित बाबू का है। कमरा भौतिकी की भाषा में काफी सघन या डेन्स था। लेकिन साहब हम भी यूपी वाले हैं जगह ना हो तो भी ‘भाई सहब! थोड़ा एडजस्ट कर लीजिये बोलकर जगह बना ही लेते हैं। यहां माहौल थोड़ा भावुक था, सबकी अपनी-अपनी समस्यायें थी। कोई अपने घर को याद करके आंसुओं में समा जाता, तो कोई प्लेसमेंट न होने के गम में डूबा था। कुछ अपने अकेलेपन (रिलेशनसिप स्टेटस सिन्गल) के नाम मात्र से इतने भावुक एवं आक्रोशित हो जाते मानो अभी-अभी उनसे प्रधानमंत्री की कुर्सी छीन ली गई हो। यहां कुछ दूसरी प्रजाति के लोग भी मौजूद थे जिनका ध्यान हमारी बातों पर कम और मोबाइल पर आने वाले एस.एम.एस. पर ज्यादा रहता और उनके मोबाइल के बार-बार वाइब्रेट करने से हमारी भावुकता भी एक्सपोनेन्शियली बढ़ती जाती।

वैसे हमारे देश की बहुत अनुठी बात है ‘अनेकता में एकता’। हमारे देश में फ्राइडे भी 3 तरह के होते हैं; पहला, बलीवुड प्रेमियों के लिये जो हर सप्ताह इसका इन्तजार करते हैं।

दूसरा – पवित्र ‘जुम्मा’ और तीसरा हम जैसे बदनसीबों का जो आज के दिन मधुशाला में बैठकर अपनी भड़ास निकालते हैं। ये अलग बात है कि हर एक जाम के बाद आवाज की फ्रीक्वेन्सी बढ़ती जाती है।

‘गेट’ की परीक्षा सही मयनों में हमारे इंजीनियरिंग जीवन की

सबसे बड़ी परीक्षा है, जो बस चंद घंटों दूर है, हालांकि कुछ लोग अभी भी इस मनः स्थिति में हैं कि अगर 1200 रु. की जगह 700 रु. भी मिल जायें तो परीक्षा में बैठने का कष्ट ना करना पड़े और अपने बहुमूल्य समय में एक-दो मूवी ही देख डालें, पर मेरे सरीखे इलेक्ट्रिकल इंजीनियर के पास कोई और विकल्प नहीं। आज फिर से उस दिन को कोस रहा हूं जब किसी ने कहा था कि, ‘इलेक्ट्रिकल इस कालेज की सबसे अच्छी ब्रांच है, प्लेसमेंट के हिसाब से’। पर शायद आज हम बस एक जॉबलेस मजदूर बन चुके हैं।

‘आंसू छलक आये आंखों से
बेराजगारी के उस एहसास पर,
जब मम्मी ने कहा—

बेटा! खाली ही तो बैठा है
मटर ही छील दे।’

खैर, अगर इन चार सालों में ‘क्या खोया, क्या पाया’ का विश्लेषण करने बैठा तो शायद एक पूरी पुस्तक ही लिख दूं। मैं अभी अपने अन्तः कलह से जूझ ही रहा कि एक दोस्त ने भावुकता के सारे बन्धन तोड़ते हुए बोल ही दिया कि ‘यार कुछ चीजें बहुत याद आयेंगी, खास तौर से हिलफेयर पर फूल देकर वापस मांग लेना, अनलिमिटेड डाउनलोडिंग और जूस बार की कॉफी और हम सभी अपना-अपना मुंह अलग-अलग दिशा में कर के उन सुनहरी यादों में खो गए। कुछ देर बाद ध्यान टूटा तो देखा कि सुबह होने को है, हम सभी ने मिलकर निश्चय किया कि आज तो ब्रेकफास्ट करके ही सोना है। पर अन्ततोगत्वा हम में से कोई भी नहीं कर सका और एक बार फिर वीकेन्ड पे ब्रेकफास्ट का सपना माननीय लालकृष्ण आडवाणी के प्रधानमंत्री बनने के सपने जैसे खण्डित हो गया।

दोपहर में उठने के बाद बस यही कह सका कि—
‘इतना रोये कि वो बात गुजर जाये
अन्धेरे में ढकी हुई रात गुजर जाये
कोई सुनकर भी क्या तुम्हारी खामोश आंखें



Gnana Selvam

“The Unprepared Exam”

Continued...(From Page 43)

Now, I decided to go to that Girls Senior Secondary and to taste the paper which I never prepared for. By then it was almost 5.30 pm but the bus that I had to catch was at 6.00 pm. Then I went to room to get the soft copy of the admit card and get it printed from Gautam. On my way back to hostel when I checked my cell phone the battery was almost dead. What should I do now?? On my way back to hostel, I met a friend who had the same battery size of nokia with that of mine. I detailed him the situation and we swapped the battery. It was almost 5.45pm. Packing my things with my back pack on my back I went to gate 2 to catch anything that can take me Hamirpur bus stand. You know for how long you have to struggle to catch a bus from college to Hamirpur and I hope I don't need to tell you how I felt in that moment. My heart rate increased and I couldn't rest. Then I called a few of my friends who has bike and asked me to drop me down there. But none were free or the bike was not with them or some other reasons. And I couldn't get a lift from them. Now it was 5.55pm and only 5 min for the bus to Shimla to leave Hamirpur. I was hopeless and decided to go back to hostel. Just the moment i heard a bus coming towards town. A light came to my darkness but could that light give me enough light as it was only 5 min for me to catch the next bus. “Daya let's see”. When I reached bus stand, the bus to Shimla started leaving and it was at the gate of the bus stand. I jumped inside it and occupied myself in a seat.

I was relaxed. But another started. You know that it is like you are on a roller coaster and a marry-go-round simultaneously to travel in an HRTC bus and enjoying the roads of Himachal. I took out the strip of Avomin tablet from my bag and took one on an empty stomach with the water which I bought from Ekta when I was awaiting the bus. There were very few travellers in the bus. Taking the advantage I was enjoying the full three seater alone doing whatever I wanted to do. I lay down on the seat using my bag as pillow. Then suddenly the bus stopped. I woke up and stared through the window shops, fruit vendors and *chai walas* were all around. Actually the bus stopped at **Bhota** bus stop. I stepped down the bus and bought one packet of uncle

chips and started eating it. The bus started everybody went up the bus, so did I. When I went to my seat I was not all alone, I had two guys to share my seat with. A big fat one nearly in mid 30s, and another slim one in nearly mid-50s. The fat guy looked like a middle class man and going for some important work while the slim one looks like a commoner who fights for a living and might have been going for some family business or to a new place for work. I was sitting in their middle. The bus started and I thought of sleeping again. It was not even 5 min when I could smell the perfumes from the fat guy. It was like he was applying some insect killer that it was so hard for me to bear with. I suffered for a few minutes with my handkerchief on my nose hoping that I could sleep before anything happened to me. Then the slim guy on me left took out something from his pocket, a small packet, I saw KUBER written on its cover. He tore it and poured on his hand. It was some white powder may be some sort of pan-nicotine product. Its smell was horrible. Then he threw inside his mouth. After a few minutes he asked me “Beta kaha se ho?, kaha ja rahe ho??” For every time he talked to me I had to eat the same thing he ate. Now a strong perfume on my right and a KUBER on my left. I started suffocating, my head started spinning. I asked the guy on my right to allow me to sit on the window seat telling him that I was about to puke. Then I sat on the window seat with the window panes opening. After a few seconds all the uncle chips that I ate came out from my stomach and found a way outside through my mouth, I puked. Washed my mouth, put my head outside the bus through the panes. The fresh air that struck my face made me relaxed a bit. Then after a few minutes I slept.

It was about 9.30pm that the bus stopped for a second time for dinner. I didn't felt like eating anything. I went off the bus and enjoyed the fresh air outside. Suddenly my phone rang, I answered, it was a friend from Shimla, she said, “Daya could you please bring something from my mamma, she will give it to you at the bus stand”, I said yes. It was only after her call I knew that I have two more hours to travel. She told me “You will reach the old bus stand in about two hours”. The bus started riding again. As the bus gained altitude the cold air outside became colder. When I came, to Hamirpur it was mid-September which means it was too hot enough to wear a hood or a shawl. So I didn't carry anything except a pair of jeans and a shirt. But there it was getting colder. The glass pane which I used to lean against became colder and colder. I didn't have any choice except to face the cold. After two hours I reached my destination the beautiful Shimla. The street

lights in that new moon night were awesome. The houses there have a similar design, a pointy top. They have a western effect in building a house. The fat guy on my left told me, “Bhai Shimla Pahunch gaya”, with a smile I said yes. Then I bade good bye to them and went off the bus.

It was a bitterly cold night, and at the far end of the bus the east wind that raved along the street cut like a knife. Then I started searching for my friends on the bus stand. I saw none familiar. With a sigh I took my phone and started typing his name and made a call. I got no response from the other end. Tried again but another failure. I was all alone. Then I looked around and went to the counter like room. I rushed there to ask for any cheap hotel nearby, it was not a counter but a sub police station. I showed the officer my CDS admit card and ask him for any cheap hotel nearby the venue. Then he made a few calls and told me that there is Dharamshala type if you want to stay and there are also a few rooms of about 300-400. I nodded my head, 300-400 is fine. He asked me to stay for a few minutes. A few minutes later a man came into the room. The police man talked to him and asked to arrange a room for me. The guy gave positive response to the police and took me along with him. We talked about my visit to Shimla and the reason. After a few minutes' walk, he took me to a room. He told me it was his own. A small one, so small that I had to bend down to get into the room. There were two beds and a single window of about 1sq.ft. Before he left he showed me where bathroom and washroom were. After he left, I went to freshen up myself and came back to the room. It looked like the room had not had any customers in the past few months. It smelled fungus and the floors had high moisture content. I slept pulling up the quilt only hoping that the night would passed fast.

The next morning I woke up at 5.00 O'clock. My phone battery was almost dead. I dialed papa's number, after a few rings the battery died. That was the last contact that I made to my family for the day. I took out the charger from my bag and put the plug in the socket. When I inserted the other end of the charger to the phone a “tong” sound came and on the screen it displayed “Charger Not Supported”, Oh man! What to do now. Now I was completely separated from any communication from anyone know. I sat for a while on the bed, quiet, and then went to the bathroom to do

morning duty. The water was cold like that of January in Hamirpur. I asked the house wife the way to Portmore Senior Secondary School, she gave me the direct direction. The phone was still in my pocket. It was nothing but a log of wood to me. Upon reaching the school I started searching for my friend. He was not there except 3-4 boys who were on the venue before I reached there. Monkeys were all around. I sat on a bench laid down there for the passersby. When I sat there I smelled something unusual, it was like a smell of gobber. I looked around but nothing was there. But the smell continue coming. I looked down, it was on my shoe. “Oh God! What is happening to me”, then I cleaned it rubbing on a bush of grass nearby but the stain on my jeans remained, so did its smell. My friend didn't pop up till I was about to go inside the examination hall. I went inside, and sat on my seat. The invigilator distributed the question paper and I did whatever I knew. The general knowledge paper was awesome. I completed it in 30 minutes after the paper started because I didn't know anything more than 25 %. Like that the examination was over after three shifts. I came back to college with no contacts from anyone. I didn't bring the package from my friends mother as I had no means to contact her. On my way to Hamirpur I met a guy from **Bhota** who came to give the paper. He had an accident before 3-4 days, his blood was all over the bandages on his leg. On the way back I had to take care of him as he came alone. We parted when we reached Bhota, there he had someone waiting for him. I came alone upto Hamirpur on that roller coaster cum marry-go-round. When I reached hostel I was almost dead.

Examination, as they say is a way to evaluate an individual in a particular field. But for someone it is a way to evaluate in how much depth of the field he is capable of. For many it is everything, and for a few it is just simply an experiment for which he needs a result for conclusions to be drawn from and steps to be taken for. That result is a paving stone for his strategies to achieve a goal. Even to those who take examination as an experiment, one day it will become an “everything” situation. One needs to get ready for this everything. But it is not true that one should always stay in “just experiment” mode, they should draw a good result from those experiments and form a super rigid, a non-flexible foundation for the “everything.”



सुरभि सदावत
ई. सी. ई., अंतिम वर्ष

“सूर्योदय की इस बेला पर तिमिर के साथ— साथ मेरे मन का अधिकार भी दूर हो गया था। मैं नहीं चाहता था कि जो रिश्ते मेरे पास अभी हैं उन्हें भी अपने अभिमान के कारण खो दूं।”

वक्त की भी एक अजीब फितरत है। हमें किसी और चीज के लिये वक्त मिले ना मिले पर अफसोस जताने के लिये वक्त हमेशा मिल जाता है। वक्त की और मेरी शायद कोई पुरानी दुश्मनी है कि हम कभी साथ-साथ नहीं चल सकते। कभी वो मुझे पीछे छोड़ते हुए आगे निकल जाता है तो मैं ही कभी उस वक्त को गुजरा हुआ समझकर आगे बढ़ जाता हूं। पर आज फिर वक्त ने मुझे वक्त दिया था अफसोस जताने का.....

आज सुबह-सुबह विनीत भैया का फोन आया, 'विशाल, जल्दी आ जाओ! अम्मा की हालत खराब होती जा रही है वो तुमसे मिलना चाहती हैं।' इससे आगे ना ही भैया कह पाये ना ही मैं सुन पाया। अम्मा से मिले हुए मुझे ज्यादा वक्त नहीं हुआ था, साल में एक बार तो मैं घर जाता ही था पर वो जाना भी कोई जाना होता था? कभी-कभी ऐसा लगता कि अरसा गुजर गया है अम्मा से बात किये हुए, उसकी गोद में सिर रखकर जब मैं आंखें बन्द कर लेटता था और वो धीरे-धीरे मेरे बालों को सहलाती तो हर संशय मिट जाता। जब छोटा था तो सोचता था कि अम्मा को कोई जादू आता है, पर अब समझ पाया हूं कि वो उसके ममत्व और प्यार का सागर होता था, जिसमे डूबकर मैं अपने सारे दुख दर्द भूल जाता हूं। वो मुझे अहसास कराती कि मैं उसके लिये कितना खास हूं पर क्यों मैं उसे कभी यह अहसास नहीं करा पाया कि वो भी मेरे लिये उतनी ही खास है।

बम्बई से लुधियाना पूरे एक दिन का सफर था, इससे पहले भी मैं इसी ट्रेन से कई बार घर जा चुका हूं। पर आज यह सफर पहली बार मुझे बहुत लम्बा लगा, मन इतना चंचल था कि बार-बार वक्त को चुनौती देता हुआ अम्मा के कमरे तक पहुंच जाता, मैं उससे अपनी हर गलती की माफी मांगना चाहता था। उससे कहना चाहता था कि मैं तुमसे बहुत प्यार करता हूं, हो सके तो मुझे माफ कर दो अम्मा। नेपथ्य से आती आवाजों को सुनता हूं तो यह सोचकर हैरान रह जाता हूं कि क्या वो आवाजें मेरे साथ ना चल सकीं या मैं ही उन आवाजों को पीछे छोड़ बहुत आगे निकल आया। इतना आगे कि मैं इस दौड़ में उन आवाजों को ही नहीं उन रिश्तों को भी छोड़ता चला गया जो मेरी पहचान थे। लुधियाना में पिता जी की छोटी सी कपड़ों की दुकान थी, कर्तव्यपरायणता और ईमानदारी पिताजी के ऐसे गुण थे जिसके लिये पूरे व्यापारी संघ में उन्हें देवता की तरह सम्मान दिया जाता था। घर में भी पिता जी हमारे लिये एक आदर्श की तरह थे। विनीत भैया और पूर्वी दीदी तो पिता जी के

सामने कुछ बोलने की भी हिम्मत नहीं करते थे।

पर मैं सबसे छोटा एवं सबका लाडला होने की वजह से अपनी हर हठ उनसे मनवाता और वो भी मेरी छोटी-छोटी खुशी को पूरा करना अपना दायित्व समझते थे। अम्मा पिताजी को टोकती कि इस तरह वो मुझे बिगाड़ रहे हैं, पर वो अम्मा को समझाते हुए कहते कि 'देखना मेरा विशू एक दिन बहुत आगे जायेगा, मुझसे भी बड़ा आदमी बनेगा, मुझे पूर्ण विश्वास है।' उनकी आंखों में उठते इस विश्वास को देखकर अम्मा की आंखें खुशी से भर आती। मुझे माफ कर देना पिताजी मैं आगे तो बढ़ा पर उन सब चीजों को, रिश्तों को पीछे छोड़ आया जो मेरा संबल थी।

समय की गति की थाह किसे लगी है आज तक! मुझे भी अम्मा-पिता जी, भैया और दीदी के प्यार ने घर के सबसे लाडले विशू से अपने निर्णय खुद लेले वाला विशाल बना दिया।

मध्यम-वर्गीय परिवार का होकर भी मेरी महत्वाकांक्षाएं बहुत ऊंची थी। मुझे अपना परिवार, अपना घर, अपना शहर, अपने आदर्श छोटे नजर आने लगे। मुझे लगता कि महानगरों की जिन्दगी ही असली जिन्दगी है। इस तरह छोटे शहरों में रहना तो जैसे कीड़े-मकोड़े की तरह जीवन यापन करना है। विनीत भैया ने मुझे कई बार समझाने की कोशिश की पर मेरी आंखों

पर तो जैसे शोहरत और ऐशो-आराम का भूत सवार था। मैंने अपनी हठ के आगे सबका विरोध किया और आगे पढ़ने के लिये बम्बई चला गया। बम्बई में दूर तक फैली समुद्र की लहरों ने जिस गर्मजोशी से मेरा स्वागत किया उतने लगाव के साथ यहां फैले लोगों के समुद्र ने नहीं किया। यहां लोगों को जीने के लिये वक्त नहीं मिलता, तो अपनी भागती हुई जिंदगी में मेरे लिये किसी को वक्त कहां से मिलता? और मुझे भी धीरे-धीरे आदत हो गयी थी मशीनी जिन्दगी जीने की।

मेरी पढ़ाई में कभी कोई रुकावट नहीं आई या यूं कह लीजिये पिताजी ने कभी आने नहीं दी, हर महीने कुछ रुपये मेरे बैंक अकाउंट में आ जाते और मैंने यह जानने की कभी कोशिश नहीं की कि पिताजी उस छोटे से शहर से मेरे पढ़ाई की इतनी बड़ी रकम कहां से भेजते हैं। मैंने शायद यह मान लिया था कि वो अपना कर्तव्य निभा रहे हैं, और यह तो उनको मेरे पिता होने के नाते करना ही चाहिये पर मैं अपना फर्ज क्यों भूल गया था?

कालेज के अन्तिम वर्ष में मुझे अहसास हुआ कि किसी अपने को खोने का दर्द क्या होता है। पिता जी का किसी अज्ञात बीमारी की वजह से देहांत हो गया था, हममें से किसी को उन्होंने पता भी नहीं चलने दिया कि हमारे परिवार



का वटवृक्ष अंदर ही अंदर से टूटता जा रहा है। पिताजी के जाने के बाद भैया ने अपनी एम.कॉम. की पढ़ाई बीच में ही छोड़कर पिताजी की दुकान सम्भाली, पर उन्होंने मेरी पढ़ाई पर कोई आंच नहीं आने दी। उन्हें उम्मीद थी कि मेरी पढ़ाई पूरी होते ही मैं उनका हाथ बटाने आऊंगा, पर मेरी महत्वाकांक्षाओं ने मेरे परिवार के प्रति मेरे प्यार और कर्तव्यों को ढक दिया था। पढ़ाई पूरी कर के मैंने बम्बई में ही एक प्राइवेट फर्म में काम करना शुरू कर दिया। मेरी अच्छी खासी तनख्वाह होने के बावजूद मेरी जरूरतें पूरी करने के लिए भैया भी पिताजी की तरह हर महीने रुपये भेजते और मैंने फिर जानने की कोशिश नहीं की कि कैसे? मैं बम्बई में अपने सपने को जीने की कोशिश कर रहा था और वहां भैया घर की जिम्मेदारियों को निभाने की। पूर्वी दीदी की शादी, घर के लिए और मेरी पढ़ाई के लिए लिया गया कर्ज हर जिम्मेदारी को एक एक कर भैया ने पूरा कर दिया और मुझे भनक भी नहीं पड़ी। इन सबके बीच बड़े शहर से आया हुआ मैं खुद को बहुत बड़ा समझता था और भैया को एक छोटे शहर का छोटा सा व्यापारी पर वो सच में बहुत बड़े थे मुझसे, उम्र में ही नहीं विचारों में भी।

मेरी हर गलती को माफ किया था उन्होंने तब भी जब अपने गुरु के चलते मैंने उनसे पिताजी की जायदाद में अपना हिस्सा मांगा था, तब भी जब उन्होंने चाहा कि मैं अपने शहर आकर अम्मा के पास रहूं और दुकान संभालू, तब मेरी ओर से की गयी उनकी अवमानना को भी माफ कर दिया उन्होंने। पर आज इन्हीं गलतियों की वजह से मैं अपने आप को माफ नहीं कर पा रहा था। अचानक ट्रेन की आवाज ने मुझे भूतकाल के गर्भ से खींचा, सामने देखा तो मेरा स्टेशन आ गया था। आज पहली बार मुझे यह शहर अपना सा लग रहा था। भारी मन से जैसे-जैसे अपने घर की ओर जाने वाली गली में बढ़ता जा रहा था, वैसे-वैसे मां से हुई आखिरी अनबन स्मृति-पटल पर बार-बार दस्तक दिये जा रही थी। उन कहे शब्दों पर आज मुझे पछतावा हो रहा था। उनके प्रेम पर शक करने का मैं क्या अधिकार रखता था, जब कि उन्हें जब भी मेरी जरूरत पड़ी, मैं कभी उनके पास नहीं होता। अब तक मैंने अपनी मर्जी से अनाथों की तरह जिंदगी व्यतीत की थी और आज जब मुझे अपनों की जरूरत थी तो ईश्वर ने मुझे अनाथ कर दिया था। सही में हमें किसी भी चीज की अहमियत तब पता चलती है जब हमसे वह चीज छीन ली जाती है। पास रहते तो हम लोगों की कद्र नहीं करते, उनके दूर चले जाने पर बस अफसोस करते रह जाते हैं आज अपने ही घर के सन्नाटे से मुझे अजीब सा डर लग रहा था। पूर्वी दीदी की आंखों में छुपे अपने लिये आक्रोश को मैंने अपने घर में घुसते ही पढ़ लिया था और सही में मैं उस घृणा का अधिकारी था। अम्मा के अंतिम संस्कार की रस्में पूरी करने के बाद एक दिन भैया मेरे कमरे में आए। उनकी आंखें इतनी नम थी कि उनमें अपने प्रतिविम्ब को मैं देख भी नहीं पा रहा था, बस अपराधी सा उनके सामने खड़ा था। भैया मुझे अपने पास बैठा कर, मां की तरह मेरा सिर अपनी गोद में रखकर, बालों को सहलाते हुये बोले, 'विशाल, मैं तुमसे बहुत कुछ कहना चाहता था पर कभी कह नहीं पाया, शायद आज भी न कह पाऊं, इसलिये यह खत यहां से मेरे जाने के बाद पढ़ लेना।' इतना कहकर वे भारी आंखों से बाहर चले गए। उनके जाने के बाद मैं निःशब्द सा बैठा उस खत को ताक रहा था जिसमें

उन्होंने अपना दिल निकाल कर रख दिया था।

प्रिय विशु,

मैं जानता हूं कि तू बहुत बड़ा हो गया है, अब तू मेरा छोटा विशु नहीं रहा जिसे अपने कंधों पर बैठा कर मैं पूरे घर में घूमता रहता था। पर एक बात याद रखना कि जब भी तुझे मेरी जरूरत पड़े तो मुझे बता देना, मैं जानता हूं कि अम्मा पिताजी की कमी पूरी नहीं कर पाऊंगा, पर तेरा बड़ा भाई अपनी पूरी कोशिश करेगा कि तू कभी अकेला न महसूस करे। विशु, इंसान चाहे कितनी ही दौलत क्यों न कमा ले पर रिश्ते नहीं कमा सकता, यह तो ईश्वर की नेमत होते हैं। गरीबी की चुभन को फिर भी इंसान सहन कर सकता है पर रिश्तों के टूटने को नहीं, इसलिये मेरे भाई, मैं नहीं चाहता कि कुछ गलतफहमियों और नासमझी की वजह से मैं तुझ जैसा प्यारा भाई खो दूं। मैंने हमेशा चाहा कि तू हम सब के साथ रहे पर मैं तुझे अब और नहीं रोकूंगा। मैं बस यही चाहता हूं कि तू खूब तरक्की करे और खुश रहे। इसलिये जब भी तू जाना चाहे, तू जा सकता है; यह घर और इसकी हर चीज उतनी ही तेरी है जितनी मेरी, तो यहां आने के लिए कभी झिझकना मत। कभी-कभी मन करता है कि तुझे सामने बैठाकर मन की हर बात बता दूं पर जानता हूं यह मुमकिन नहीं है। अपनी बातों को अब यहीं विराम देते हुये मैं तुझसे अपनी हर गलती की क्षमा चाहता हूं।

तुम्हारा,

विनीत भैया

पत्र को पढ़ते हुए मुझे इस बात का एहसास ही नहीं रहा कि मेरे आंसुओं से वह खत पूरा भीग चुका था। उनके इस पहले और आखिरी खत ने मेरी आत्मा को भीगो दिया था। साथ ही मेरी अकड़, मेरा घमंड सब इन आंसुओं के साथ बह चुका था।

बाहर का दरवाजा खुलने की आहट से मुझे एहसास हुआ कि सुबह के पांच बज रहे थे और भैया नियमानुसार सुबह की सैर करने जा रहे थे। जब भी घर में होता था तो इतनी सुबह या तो मैं उठता ही नहीं पर यदि भैया किसी तरह से मुझे जबरदस्ती अपने साथ ले जाते तो मैं उनसे आगे दौड़ता, मेरा मन हमेशा उनसे आगे रहने की बात ही सोचता था। भैया ने बाहर निकलकर वापस दरवाजा बंद कर दिया। घर में चारों ओर शांति फैली हुई थी पर आज जैसे यह शांति भी मौन शब्दों में मुझसे कह रही थी कि अपनी मिट्टी से, अपनी जड़ों से अलग हुआ पौधा कभी नहीं फलता-फूलता। मां के द्वारा आंगन में लगाया हुआ तुलसी का पौधा आज जैसे मुझे चिढ़ा रहा था कि देख कौन ज्यादा बड़ा हो गया है। तू या मैं? अपने आप से मैं अब और झूठ नहीं बोल सकता था, मुझे पश्चाताप करना ही था, आज नहीं कह पाया तो कभी नहीं कह पाऊंगा। मैंने दरवाजा खोला और उस रास्ते की ओर कदम बढ़ा दिया जिस तरफ भैया जाते थे। कुछ दूरी तय करते ही भैया नजर आ गए। सूर्योदय की इस बेला पर तिमिर के साथ-साथ मेरे मन का अधकार भी दूर हो गया था। मैं नहीं चाहता था कि जो रिश्ते मेरे पास अभी हैं उन्हें भी अपने अभिमान के कारण खो दूं। मैंने आगे जाकर भैया का हाथ पकड़ लिया। भैया के चेहरे पर सुबह की निर्मल किरणों की तरह मुस्कान बिखर आई। आज मैं भैया से आगे नहीं दौड़ रहा था, पहली बार मैं उनके साथ चल रहा था, उनका भाई, अचानक दोस्त बनकर, उनसे कदम से कदम मिलाकर.....

Well yeah, everybody knows but no one remembers. Here is a recap of it all.

THE MOST IMPORTANT NEWS OF THE PAST SESSION

NIT-H girls made us all proud by winning an inter-college basketball championship held at NIT Jalandhar. Awesome, ain't it!

ISTE- NIT- H chapter got the best ISTE team award at the Minerva fest held at Rayat Bahra Institute, Ropar, equally awesome!

For all of my dear friends in civil there's good news -A lift is being constructed in the Civil Engineering, Department's building. That means no more running when late for a class, but only waiting for the lift to come.

Since we are talking about renovation, how can we forget to mention Nescafe going to the nook of that roadside where it used to be, besides the unknown arena being constructed outside the admin block. Now I don't know when again we could just swing by there and EAT! Everyday, I cross by wishing that its shutter was open, and the sight of some senior or even friend, and say "Sir/ Ma'am, party!!!". The roads have expanded, trees have been cut down for construction work which has led to obscurity of the view of the sunset from the same location.

For those who enjoy hoops, the basketball court is also being renovated, already six or so patches have been overhauled. PITY for you all (not really!)

NOW SOME REAL GOOD NEWS FOR ALL

It's hopeful that finally students won't face trouble regarding internet access since a proposal has been made to install Wi-Fi networks in all the hostels. Legen..... wait for it.....dary !!

I know right!!(I mean it will be, once its functioning)

NOW, ON A SERIOUS NOTE

The exams were made tougher to crack by the intense strictness of the flying squad. So much pressure around and we all have to do so well. And what's more we had just one periodical, so read real hard all semester long.

However, the 'No year back' policy really came as a relief.

But hey if you think that it's time for relaxing, 'STOP', because the third year subjects shifted to second year and we have a lot of serious studying to do .

FOR THE PEOPLE WHO AFTER READING THIS WON'T REMAIN THE JUNIOR MOST, THE FIRST YEAR "KIDDOS"

I often hear people saying "first year mast ho ke ghumta hai, pure college me, sai hai yar, jab hum first year me the toh himmat ni hoti thi nescafe tak ke aas paas batake ki bhi...". With that we can say that our dear first year has shown participation in sports and clubs alike, more than what we saw last year atleast.

'Ab jab activities ki baat aa hi gayi hai toh clubs kahan se peeche rahenge', there were immense activities and work from college teams in the fests and otherwise as well.

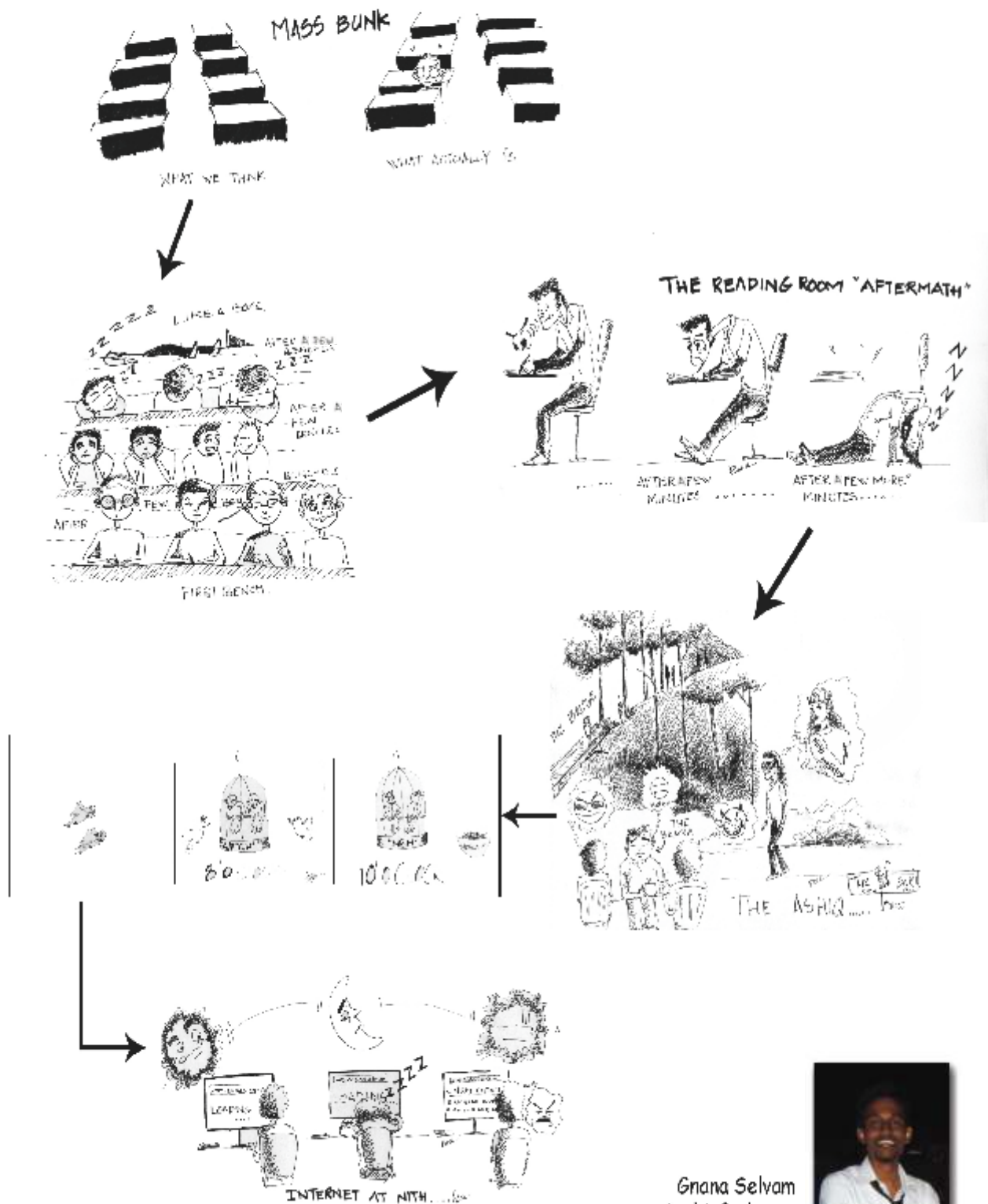
NOW FINALLY ENDING ON A GOOD NOTE WITH SOME GOODWILL

Rotaract Club's blood donation saw the participation of around sixty people. The statistics say that maximum donations were of B+, while minimum of A-. Expectations of the organization were defied when more people came than were anticipated.

Donators relished milk and fruits after donation, more , pretty much because of a sense of accomplishment than the inundation of taste. Thank you all for being part of such a good deed.

IN THE END, I BID ADIOS, AND WISH TO SEE YOU FOLKS NEXT YEAR WITH A NEW CHAPTER OF BUZZ. TILL THEN, KEEP ON DOING SOMETHING NEW! KEEP ROCKIN!

TO On - o - Engineer...



Gnana Selvam
Archi, 3rd year





Every one of us fights his own war. No matter who he is, where he is from and what he does. There is a bit of fighter in everyone. The life teaches us to fight our fears, our enemies, our mental shackles and we fight.

The conspiracy of the TEMPLARS had spread its vices all over the world. They want the subjugation of an entire civilization. Now only ASSASSINS can save this world from the clutches of this darkness and help restore the free will of the people. My name is Ezio Auditore de Firenze and I am an "Assassin".

This is my journey of learning about my knowledge of first civilization and protecting that knowledge from falling in the wrong hands. I rebuilt Rome and after killing Caesar, I embarked on a new journey to Constantinople in search of the keys to the Library of Knowledge. Browsing through Marco Polo's hidden books, I revisit and explore the historical cities and unravel the threads of mysteries associated with them. The ultimate quest of the hidden truth, the ever enlightening knowledge is what I seek and I wouldn't rest till I find out the vital truths of our existence.

THE REVOLUTION GAMING



Then, in a mythical land called SKYRIM, I become an explorer-hungry, quest-driven Nord who is going to fulfill the age old prophecy of DRAGONBORN. Like a wandering traveler, I keep on moving from one place to another braving harsh weather and bitter cold, killing hordes of non-humans and moving adeptly in a ceaseless battle for survival. [Yeah! the same battle that we encounter when we step out of our comfort zone (read college)].

As the story proceeds, it's not only my war now. Rather, it is a war of civilizations. War remains the most unpalatable act since the advent of civilizations. The imperialist powers shaped the face of this earth atrociously. Countries plundered, bounties explored and natives subjugated, the colonial powers spared no pains in dividing countries and tearing up EMPIRES.

It is coming of an Age. The Empires are mobilizing, and it's just a GAME OF THRONES, a game which will lead to genocide of millions of fervent nationalists, who are willing to die and stand till the last drop of their blood. I am commander of my army and for me it is true BLOOD and HONOUR scenario, in which I will happily go down protecting the Honour of my civilization at the cost of my blood. The moment I set out with my allies, I remember my nation, the people for whom I fight and I see every day as challenge, a challenge to rise up against the odds and have the courage to kiss death when I see it.

Not only in distant lands with my army but, I have spent incessant hours fighting along my teammates too, against a fanatical group called "TERRORISTS". I have seen my comrades die, some of precise headshots and some in anticipation of ominous calls of "Fire in the hole". This doesn't mean that we made it easy for them. The "TERRORISTS" are hounded by us. Our only aim is to stop them from planting their evil "Packages" and if they plant it, we either defuse or die with it. It's no heaven for the TERROS, I have seen them sniped, stabbed and 'fragged' by grenades.

I won't budge up, not even a bit. This war will continue as long as there are even a handful of "Knight Riders" who sacrifice comforts of their sleep and delve deep into this personal combat between CT's and Terrorists.

After giving my best shot against the TERROS, it is time for my CALL OF DUTY. The clock is ticking and my homeland counts on me. The power axis of the world is getting tipped and there are some anti social psychopaths hell bent on destroying world peace. Hudson came to my Alaska retreat, my son reminds me of my promise to not join the army again, but for me my country comes first and how can I turn my back on Sgt. Woods who backed me up in every situation. Bang!! I am in a rainforest in Vietnam, hijacking a barge to rescue my old buddy. If plan A is lost then you can always switch to plan B but sometimes when all is lost, and the doom seems inevitable, your faith is tested by the magnitude of your insanity; the terrific devotion which compels you to sustain hours of gruesome struggle, to finally get a clear shot on your target. After that it is just a LEAP OF FAITH.

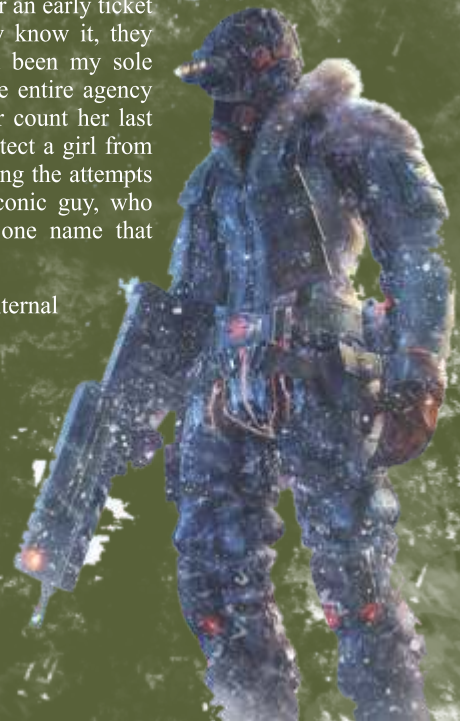


FEVER



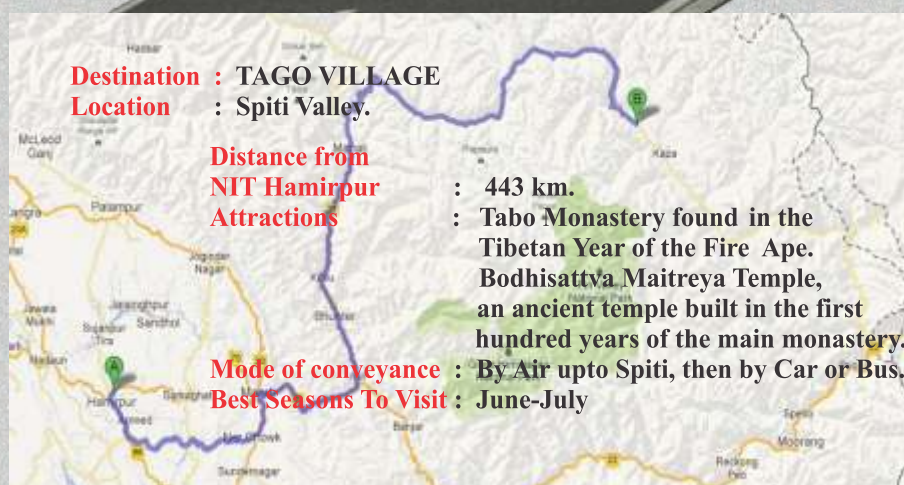
The streets of this world are filled with characters, a lot of them. Each one of us has a part to play. It is the GOD alone who decides their arrival to this stage. But it is me who hand them over an early ticket TO HELL. I am watching everyone. I stalk my prey, hound them and before they know it, they become victim of my 0.45 SILVERBALLERS. For years and years, DIANA had been my sole handler, my only link to the agency. But now she has turned rouge and exposed the entire agency and she had been given a contract to kill me. I followed my orders but seeing her count her last breaths, I felt something which I haven't felt since ages, Guilt. Diana told me to protect a girl from turning into someone like me and now I am wandering in search of that girl and foiling the attempts of the agency to turn her into a deadly ASSASSIN. You may call me a lanky-laconic guy, who loves black suits, yet my fans may refer to me as HITMAN, but I have only one name that identifies me, AGENT 47 and I kill (bad) people for money.

No matter who you are, no matter what you do, you always go through an inner or external turmoil, the situation which forces you to FIGHT ON!



By: Rishabh Sehgal

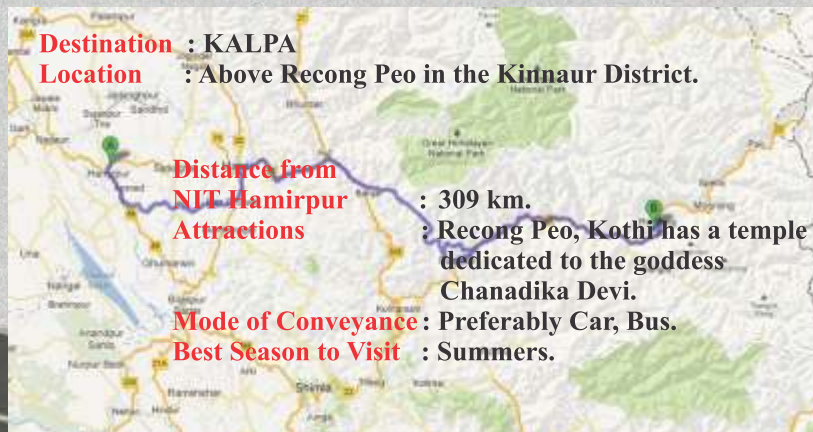
TRAVEL LOG





Destination : KUNZUM LA, LOSAR
Location : Entrance pass to the Spiti Valley from Lahaul.

Distance from NIT Hamirpur : 321 km.
Attractions : Buddhist monasteries, such as Ki, Dhankar, Shashur, Guru Ghantal, Khungri Monastery Chandrataal Lake.
Adventure sports : Treks, Skiing, Yak Safari.
Mode of conveyance : Bus, Car.
Best Seasons To Visit : June-July.



Destination : KALPA
Location : Above Recong Peo in the Kinnaur District.

Distance from NIT Hamirpur : 309 km.
Attractions : Recong Peo, Kothi has a temple dedicated to the goddess Chanadika Devi.
Mode of Conveyance : Preferably Car, Bus.
Best Season to Visit : Summers.



Destination : CHINDI
Location : Located in the Karsog valley.

Distance from NIT Hamirpur : 191 km.
Attractions : Mahunag Temple Mamleshwar Mahadev Temple, famous for its 2.5 kg wheat grain, Kamakshi Devi Temple, Shikari Devi Temple.
Mode of Conveyance : Bus, Car.
Best Season to Visit : All year round



Destination : KHAJJAR, CHAMBA
Location : It is situated in Chamba district approximately 24 km from Dalhousie.

Distance from NIT Hamirpur : 201 km.
Attractions : Khajjiar Lake is a small lake, surrounded by a saucer-shaped lush green meadow and a floating island, Khajjinag temple, belonging to the 12th century.
Mode of Conveyance : Bus, Car.
Best Season to Visit : All year round.



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HARISH BIJOOR

PRAYAS ABHINAV

ARUNRAJ SUBBARAJ

SAMJUKTA BASU

WOLFGANG LEHMACHER

DEVENDRA K SHARMA

PROF. PREM K DHUMAL



NIMBUS, the annual technical festival of NIT Hamirpur, as a reference to its name, is an aura. An aura of knowledge, technology, an aura that is set ablaze with creative ideas nurtured with dedication and sheer hard work, and brought to climax by the passion of the students. NIMBUS, in all its spirit, is a concoction of the aforesaid qualities. During the NIMBUS period, a new fragrance rules the air, a hushed murmur is widespread in the whole state and the atmosphere acquires a magnificent feel. Sprawled across a time span of four days, this fest comprises of events that go a far way in honing the technical and managerial skills of students. These are the four days of knowledge, exuberance, growth, fun and an end which always leaves students in anticipation for the upcoming NIMBUS.

NIMBUS unfolded in its 7th edition this year on the 15th of March. Working on the theme of Sansriti-Utkarsh-Anveshan, this year's NIMBUS paid homage to the genius of intellects who have always contributed to the cause of knowledge, science, arts, creativity and innovation. The four day event, set spirits high and let imagination soar, as once again students of NIT-H came up with one of the best NIMBUS that the college has witnessed. The bar was set higher and the level of planning and execution proved that no bar, small or high, is too great for the students of this institution. The spirit of the fest was fuelled further by Mr. Vic Hayes – Father of Wi-Fi.



Day 1 witnessed series of guest lectures by Mr. Harish Bijoor, CEO, Harish Bijoor Consults Ltd. and Mr. Arunraj Subburaj, founder –Head of Steering Committee, Ashwa Racing. They talked passionately about their respective fields, Marketing and Race Driving and left the audience in awe. Later in the day, Mrs. Bharathi Prasad put up an inspiring and amazing Ham Radio demonstration for the participants. Mini Planetarium, a portable model of the original one and Star Gazing provided the students an opportunity to explore the secrets of the stars and planets. Rewind Film Festival attracted short film entries from various colleges across North India and ended up being one of the most popular events of the fest. Day 2 was initiated by an inspiring lecture on art by Mr. Prayas Abhinav, Srishti School of Art, Design and Technology. As the day progressed, Zorbing charged the tired minds of the students and gave them a never before experience at NIT-H. Aeroshow, another of the major attractions scored a high with the mini planes and their flights being a spectacular treat for the viewers.

The departmental teams exhibited an even higher level of spirit and competition, with events like Rope-A-Way, Trapster, Quizzotica, Robo-en-Con. This year's NIMBUS wasn't just high on the technical side but also the cultural side. Dancing Jodi, Musical Night and Beats of Fire proved to be the perfect rebound from the tiredness of the day, where students sat back and enjoyed. Zero Gravity was the highlight of the cultural shows. An evening in NITH wouldn't be the wrong term to describe what students experienced on Day 3. After the long schedule of a day filled with competitions, adventure sports and lectures, it was time to unwind. Fun events led the evening as Beauty and the Geek became the one to lead the parade. Papyrus, a paper presentation event by Team NIMBUS, gave the students a chance to experience how research papers were written and exhibited. Students from as far as Mumbai participated in this event. At the Closing Ceremony, guest of honor, German economist Mr. Wolfgang Lehmacher shared his domain of expertise and talked about entrepreneurship and leadership qualities in his lecture.

As NIMBUS came to its finale, the hard work and days of labor of the students were clearly visible in its execution. Days were busy and so were the nights and then came 18th of March where it had to stop and indeed it did, but "It's not the end". It is a passive volcano now, waiting to erupt again with the same fervour.



Special Attractions

AUTO EXPO
PLANETARIUM
ZORBING
ADVENTURE GAMES
CULTURAL NIGHT
BACK TO BADLAM
CAR STRIPPING



सरस्वती
पूर्व छात्रा, लिटरेसी मिशन
बी.ए. प्रथम वर्ष



हमारा जीवन एक ऐसे माहौल में बीता जहाँ पढ़ना लिखना ज्यादा जरूरी नहीं समझा जाता और हमें यह भी लगता था कि अब हमें ऐसे ही बिना पढ़े-लिखे रहना है। यही हमारा जीवन है लेकिन लिटरेसी मिशन ने हमारी सोच को बदल दिया। हमें बताया कि पढ़ाई हमारे जीवन को जो अस्ता है जिसके बिना उन आँखों में पढ़ाई ही हमारे लिए दो सपना है जिससे अपने आप को इस माहौल से बाहर निकाल सकते हैं। हमें उन छोटी छोटी बातों से उत्पन्न करवा जितकी हमें जरूरत है। वो बातें जो शायद हमें अपने घर में ही नहीं सीखने के मिलें जब भी कोई लिटरेसी मिशन के मैदा या दीदी हमारे साथ होते हैं और हमें समझाते हैं तो हमें बहुत बड़ी हेमल मिलती है। इनकी दो हिमल से हमें लगत है कि अब हमारे जो जो लिखनी हम जियेंगे वो बहुत अच्छे जियेंगी होगी। हमने जो सपना देखे उसे पूरा करने की हेमल भी हमें इसी मिशन से मिलती है। लिटरेसी मिशन ने हमें इसका ब्यार दिया कि शायद हमारे जैसे माहौल में रह रहे बच्चों को अपने घर में मिलना बहुत ज़रूरी हो। लिटरेसी मिशन के मैदा, दीदी अपना ज्ञान जोगती समय निकल कर हमें पढ़ाते हैं। हमारी सभी जरूरतों को पूरा करते हैं। हमारे साथ एक परिवार की तरह हर त्यौहार मनाते हैं।

जब तो मैं लिटरेसी मिशन के मैदा दीदी के साथ होती हूँ तो मुझे लगता है कि मैं अपने परिवार के साथ हूँ। हमें कभी भी किसी तरह का परभाव महसूस नहीं होता। अगर हमें कोई भी तकलीफ़ हो तो एक परिहार की तरह मिलकर हम उस तकलीफ़ को हल निकालते हैं। हमें कभी भी यह महसूस नहीं होने देते कि हमारे ऊपर कभी कोई मुश्किल पड़ी थी।

लिटरेसी मिशन से पहले अपनी जिन्दगी को देखकर बहुत दुःख होता था। अपने गविष्य को लेकर बहुत चिन्ता होती थी, सोचता था कि भगवान तो दे दिया लेकिन ऐसा जीवन जिसे महसूस की वो वह जीना पड़ता था क्योंकि हमारी सोच ही कुछ ऐसी बन गई थी कि हम अपने आपको बदलना नहीं चाहते थे पर अब लिटरेसी मिशन के आने से मैंने अपने आपको बहुत बदला है और अब मैं यह सोचती हूँ कि मैं इस दुनिया की सबसे खुशमनशील लड़की हूँ। बिना इनके सारे और अच्छे मैदा दीदी का प्यार मिला।

जब जब हम किसी कठिनाई से यह सोचने लगते हैं कि अब शायद हम नहीं पढ़ पाएंगे या हमारा आने बढना अब मुश्किल है, तब तब लिटरेसी मिशन ने हमें हर मुश्किल से बाहर निकाल कर आगे बढना सिखाया। लिटरेसी मिशन में पढ़ना अच्छा लगता है यहाँ सिखाई गई बातों पर अमल करना अच्छा लगता है, यहाँ के मैदा दीदी के साथ समय बिताना अच्छा लगता है। अपना साथ मत बँटने से और खुशी के साथ बिताने के बाद एक समय ऐसा भी आता है जब लिटरेसी मिशन के मैदा दीदी को हमें छोड़ कर जाना पड़ता है। उस समय ऐसा महसूस होता है नागों हमारा खुद का परिवार हमसे दूर हो गया।

मन तो लगता है कि इन्हें कभी भी अपने से दूर न जाने दें पर क्या करें चाहते हूँ भी हूँ। इनके शोक नहीं रकने। पर मैदा दीदी आप जहाँ भी जाओ हमेशा खुश रहो, भगवान आपकी हर इच्छा पूरी करे। अपना जीवन इस खुशियों से भरपूर हो।

आप से मिलना ब्यार और आगे बढने का हौसला हमेशा मुझे यह देखा मिलता रहता है। यह लिखनी जरूर ईश्वर ने दी है। इससे जो लोग बगना हमारे कथ में बढ़ता है और मैंने अपने सपनों को पूरा करने की राह लिया है, मैंने हर मुश्किल को चुनौती देते हुए जीना सीख लिया है।

सरस्वती
पूर्व छात्रा, लिटरेसी मिशन
बी.ए. प्रथम वर्ष

"Never worry about numbers.
Help one person at a time,
and always start with the
person near you." ~Mother Teresa



LITERACY MISSION

Literacy Mission is an initiative by the students of NIT-H wherein the sole objective is to provide as much assistance as possible to those who strive to meet even the basic amenities of life and are dwelling in the slums within the campus. It was established in December of 2004 by a set of NIT-H alumni who were deeply moved by the pitiable scenario back then, wherein the children of the labourers indulged in construction work loitered around famished in poverty, hunger and a vague longing of getting educated. The journey for 'LITERACY MISSION' wasn't a simple one though. In the beginning, the volunteers faced an acute shortage of proper spaces to teach the children and get fundings for financing their needs. But as they kept refusing to give up, the ways started opening up automatically. With the support of some faculty members they got a place to dwell and propagate. The financial needs were fulfilled by the idea of a cultural cum charity festival-'PRAYAS-CONCERT FOR A CAUSE' which slowly started generating funds for this noble purpose.

TOTAL NUMBER OF STUDENTS ENROLLED (Studying and Teaching)

- At present, the classes are held at the Lecture Hall after the regular college schedule.
- More than 150 children from the on-campus slums and outside come to learn regularly.
- There are about 100 volunteers enrolled with an absolute purpose of imparting education.

ACTIVITIES

- Daily Evening Classes (4:50p.m-6:15p.m).
- Extra time preparation to the senior students preparing for competitive exams.
- Computer courses and soft skills developments.
- Financial aid in the form of school fees, stationary, health treatment and medicines.
- Their indulgence in extra-curricular activities like singing, dancing, etc and the active participation of these children in college's cultural events like Hill 'ffair etc.
- Providing them medical camps and health awareness campaigns and distribution of items of daily needs and seasonal clothes.
- Distribution of refreshment on weekly basis.



ACHIEVEMENTS

The sincere efforts put in by Team Literacy over the past few years have propagated several milestones for them in form of many remarkable achievements by their students:

- A total of 6 students are presently studying at JNV.
- Ms. Madhu got 84% and Mr. Chandan got 86.4% in their 10th boards exams(H.P Board).
- Mr. Joshi Sureen qualified AIEEE-2009 and is currently persuing B. Tech from Maulana Abul Kalam Azad National Institute of Technology, Bhopal.
- Ms. Lalita, a 5th grade student has topped the regional board comprising of 8 schools, with a percentage of 95.8%, in the year 2010 and is presently studying at JNV, Dungari.
- Mr. Bhupendra has cleared the Air Force exam.
- Prince, whose parents are daily wage workers, had a hole in his heart. He was successfully operated in ESCORT Hospital, DELHI, with timely effort and support of Literacy Mission's volunteers and assistance from Dr. Y.D. Sharma , Dr. Anoop Kumar(Faculty Coordinators) and ROTARY CLUB, Hamirpur.
- In a special visit to NIT Hamirpur for the Annual Convocation, 3rd January 2009, the former President Dr. A.P.J Abdul Kalam showed great interest in various activities of NIT-H Literacy Mission.

The Indian Constitution, in its written documents, provides the rights to equality and education to each of it's citizens. However, the real world scenario is that, though everyone is talking about lack of growth in our country, but nobody's taking an initiative on an individual basis, without which a major change is just not possible. The ever-increasing gap between the rich and the poor has created a huge imbalance in our society. However, here at NIT-H, we are trying to bridge this gap by putting in our hearts and souls to uplift the living standards of the poor by enriching them with the eternal wealth of knowledge and supporting them financially by means of donations.



HILL'FFAIR 2012



“Hill'ffair” is undoubtedly the most anticipated festival at NIT-H. Though a three day event, the fever gets only higher as the days pass by. The Hill'ffair this year's was a sure shot treat; incredible enough to fade the memories of the past year event. The theme this year was “INFERNO - The Heat Within”. With a dragon logo, it turned out to be a total trendsetter. The frolic event this year, in its own grandeur, was a perfect display of hard work the entire NIT-H team had put in, be it on the on stage or the offstage events.

This three day fest serves as a whopping relief to the students from the rigorous academic activities of their odd semesters. Even though it commenced on 2nd November, 2012, amidst the chilly winds, the participants as well as the audience had their spirits ignited with passion and thrill.

The music club raised the curtain with the Saraswati Vandana., followed by the devotional dance by NIT-H's dance club, 'The Rhythemics'. The magical performance left everybody in awe. Felicitation of the chief guests was done by Prof. Rajneesh Srivastava, Director NIT-H. The guest of honour Dr Samir Kumar Das took a moment to congratulate the students and enlivened the atmosphere. Mr. Sachin Sharma, the Student Secretary of 'Hill'ffair' for 2012 gave a brief introduction of the 'Hill'ffair' organising teams. The dramatics club then started the night's events with their mime act “Aadat se majboor” and created a joyous atmosphere. A magnificent song “Madari” was the highlight of the music club's performance of the day. During the day, Informals club had arranged a series of events ranging from archery to body zorbing and paintball fight.

Everyone was energised from the first day, and yet for the next day everyone wanted more.





Hill'ffair



The next evening began with the kids of the literacy mission dancing away to the tunes of recent Bollywood numbers. It was followed by a charismatic fashion show, displaying the fashion designing skills of various participating colleges from North India with some like the School of Aeronautics from as far as Alwar, Rajasthan. Inter college cultural dance competitions had the audience move to the 'desi' beats of 'Naati', 'Bhangra' and several other regional dance performances. The dance club put up a racy dance performance on the song Buttons . Then the dramatics club celebrated humour with their enthralling performance 'Dard- E- NIT-H'. The crowd's emotions drifted along with the varying moods setup by the music club with their performances - "Hawa Hawaii ", "yeh mera dil pyar ka diwana", and the best of all "Sadda Haq" left us all tranced . The night ended with a medley presented by the dance club.

The final day saw a series of never ending fun starting with the theme round of Fash which was "Bollywood". The event opened with the divas of 'Fashion' and ended with the showstoppers 'Gabbar', 'Basanti' and 'Thakur' from the blockbuster 'Sholay'. With the audience mesmerised, the dance club enchanted us all with performances like "Phir Milenge" and a befitting tribute to the King of Pop - Michael Jackson .The highlight of the evening was the much anticipated dance performances by the final year batch, which brought even the lousiest ones to shake a leg on stage, for the first time in their lives. Everyone held their breath as the dramatics club followed up with a choreo entitled "Kya Kasoor tha mera" . It was a truly subtle and moving performance . After the grand act , came Adam n Eve. The event was a conglomeration of several rounds testing the beauty and brains of the contestants to choose the Mr. and Ms. Hill'ffair. The night concluded with the tunes of the band "DNPB ", though the musicians of the college's music club were no less than them in entertaining the crowd. We soon found ourselves swaying to the euphony.

'Hill'ffair' came to a stupendous end with the felicitation of all the conveners and co-conveners of various clubs. The director Prof Rajneesh Srivastava praised all the effort that had gone into making this year's 'Hill'ffair' a success . True to the theme, all performers set the stage on fire .



SPORTS LINE



SPORTS COMMITTEE

Sports fervour at NIT-H, this season, started with bang on inter branch matches. Every month of August, sees, freshmen taking on the sports they like, with high zeal and avidity. Odd semester pumped up with a vigorous mix of all games. Football, Basketball, volleyball, chess, carrom, table tennis, lawn tennis to name a few.

The boys' basketball legacy continued with Electrical again matching up its expectations to continue the streak of winning, civil again ending runner up. Boys Electrical's feat prevailed in table tennis, finishing runners in cricket and volleyball. Girls' basketball concluded with ECE, MED merged team as winners and Archi as runner up.

MED bagged winning champion titles in football and cricket. Programming gurus gave an output in volleyball, ECE grabbing runners trophy in lawn tennis, surpassed by Civil.



CRICKET TEAM

ECE girls nailed CSE in volleyball finals, giving spectators electrifying stances. Archi girls dominated in badminton, carrom singles and chess (Malti). EEE came second in badminton, carrom singles (Mamta Verma), and chess (Jyoti Verma). Carrom doubles masters arose from EEE (Toni Zhimomi, Pallavi Dhingra). ECE girls beamed yet again in table tennis (Shalini Sharma, Vashu Sharma). Even semester has, heretofore, seen only two inter year tournaments. 3rd year triumphed in cricket, final year boys and second year girls in volleyball



FOOTBALL TEAM

SPORTS LINE



VOLLEYBALL (BOYS)



VOLLEYBALL (GIRLS)



LAWN TENNIS



TABLE TENNIS

IEDUSA (Inter Engineer Deamed University Sports Association) tournaments throughout the year saw very many teams as warriors of light. Girls' basketball team darted hard to win at IEDUSA NIT Jalandhar, in the odd semester. In even semester too, they surprised everyone, displaying their constant potential, coming 2nd at MNIT Jaipur, losing just by one point.

So did badminton team boys, who came second. At DECRUX College Murthal, boys football team emanated third. Volleyball boys team were runner up at SVNIT Surat Lately. On same time gamut, Lawn tennis team came third at Thapar University Patiala. NIT-H saw a metastasizing burst in the sports activities this summer and fall alike. And no doubt in it, that the life skills they inculcate in themselves from playing, glistens in their academic life as well.



BASKET BALL (BOYS)



BASKET BALL (GIRLS)





N.A.S.A.

SOCIETIES



ISTE



GLUG



C SOC



CSEC

SOCIETIES



SPEC



ROTRACT



SPIC MACAY

LITERACY
MISSION

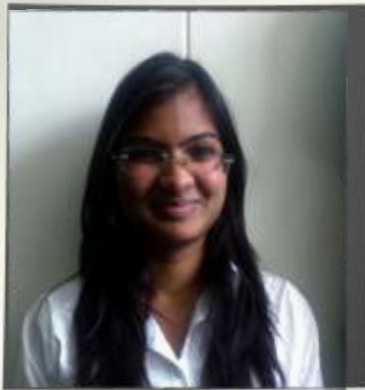


PIXONIDS

SRIJAN ENTOURAGE



SAKSHI



DIVYA



VARUN



MANPREET



RISHABH



MOHIT



TANMAY



ARPIT



SATYAM

SRIJAN ENTOURAGE



PRAVEEN



SURAJ



AYUSHI



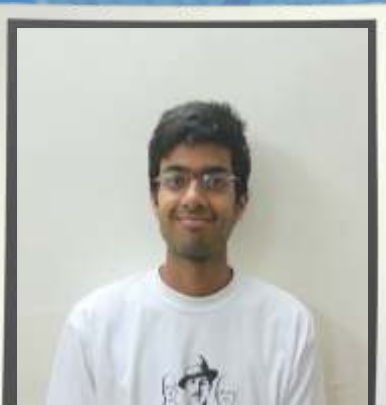
DIVYA



SIDDHA



SHIVAM



ARIJANT



SHIVAZI



DEEPAK

SRIJAN ENTOURAGE



ASHISH



SAURABH



SAISTI



SURBHI



ANNU



ABHIMANYU



PIYUSH



ADEEBA

WE EXTEND OUR SPECIAL THANKS TO



HARSHIT YADAV



RAHUL GANGULY



ANUBHUTI MISHRA



GNANA SELVAM

THANKS TO INFORMATICS CENTRE NIT-HAMIRPUR FOR BATCH PHOTOGRAPHS

Civil Engineering Department Batch 2009-2013



Row 1 (L-R): Dr. Ankit Gupta, Dr. Hemant Kumar Vinayak, Dr. V. K. Bansal, Mr. Sunil Sharma, Dr. Umesh Kumar Pandey, Dr. Pardeep Kumar, Dr. R.K. Dutta (HOD), Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Dr. V. K. Sharda, Dr. Raman Parti, Dr. V.N. Khatri, Sh. Chander Prakash, Dr. R.S. Bansitu, Dr. Dharmendra, Mr. Aditya Agrawal, Mr. Tinesh Pathania.

Row 2 (L-R): Ajay Kumar, Suman Kumar, Abhinav Kumar, Ankit Arya, Mayank Suman, Yogendra Singh Bais, Priyanka, Shanya Sambyal, Smarika Kulshreshtha, Nisha Kashyap, Garima Sood, Kavita Dhiman, Akriti Kothiala, Chandni, Mohit Shukla, Ashish Rana, Dinesh Kumar, Negin Gurung, Prinsul Kumar Niranjana.

Row 3 (L-R): Ravi Ranjan, Praveen Kumar Singh, Ishan Sharma, Himanshu Dixit, Rishi Kumar, Shiva Barwal, Mukesh Kumar, Nawang Chhonze Negi, Kamal Verma, Nikhil Srivastava, Hari Kishan Meena, Vivek Sharma, Avinash Thakur, Kuldeep Sharma, Bipin Kumar.

Row 4 (L-R): Divyesh Rohit, Siddhartha Khurajiam, K Someshwar Reddy, Anjan Mahajan, Pankaj Syal, Sahil Sharma, Nitish Thakur, Mayank Saxena, Ankush Kumar, Ankit Sharma, Ashutosh Upadhyay, Prakash Lenka, Vipul Parkash, Sachin Sharma.

Row 5 (L-R): Nikhil Kumar, Parvesh Rathore, Pramod, Chand Kamal, Amit Meena, Pulkit Goel, Manish Vashishth, Manik Bali, Raman Hardeep Singh, Prateek Choudhary, Ravi Ranjan, Udit Singh Gour, Vijay Pratap Singh, Saagar Sharma, Bhaira Ram Godara, Aman Gupta, Sharabh Singh, Munish Sadhu.

Electrical & Electronics Engineering Department Batch 2009-2013



Row 1 (L-R): Mr. Abhishek, Mr. Deepak Kumar, Mrs. Bharti Bakshi, Mr. Himesh Handa, Dr. Bharat Bhushan Sharma, Dr. Ashwani Kumar Chandel, Dr. R Nath (HOD), Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Prof. Sushil Chauhan, Dr. R.K. Jarial, Mr. Amit Kaul, Mr. Rajesh Kumar.

Row 2 (L-R): Gaurav Garg, Anshu Kumar, Deepika Joshi, Avinika Sood, Jyoti Verma, Swati Sharma, Pallavi Dhingra, Indu Devi, Swaney Dang, Priti Pundir, Gunjan Roy, Sonali Kashyap, Priyadarshini Shrutika, Jayela Wahengbam, Jagriti Sharma, Bhanu Priya, Kavita kashyap, P.Renuka Sarmishta, Toni Z.Zhimomi, Puneeta Thakur, Tanmay Mishra, Saket Saurabh.

Row 3 (L-R): Gaurav Mukherjee, Ega Vandith, Dasari Gautam, D.Shiva krishna, Arjun, Ekant Priya Verma, Ankit Tomar, Devendra Sisodiya, Saransh Gupta, Shivankit Jaswal, Rahul Puri, Himanshu Shekhar, Ankit Sharma, Akhilesh Kumar, Manish Kumar, Ankush Sharma, Abhishek Puri, Ravinder Kumar, Akrit Soni, Anshul Agrawal, Mayank Agrawal, Vivek Kumar Ruhil.

Row 4 (L-R): Ashutosh Gautam, Abhishek Sumit, Chandan Bharti, Prashant Rai, Lalit Kumar, Amandeep Singh Baman, Sudhanshu Batta, Nikhil Thakur, Rohit Kumar, Saurabh Rai, Vipin Chander Negi, Tushar Gupta, Vikram Parashar, Vivek Kumar, Shivam Gupta, Nitesh Sharma, Prashant Tiwari, Vaibhav Kumar Singh, Manpreet Singh, Sumit Rawat, Sachin Sharma, vinayak Khare.

Mechanical Engineering Department Batch 2009-2013



Row 1 (L-R) : Mr. Sachin, Dr. Varun, Dr. Siddhartha, Dr. Prashant Kumar, Dr. Sant Ram Chauhan, Prof. Sunand Kumar, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Dr. Rajesh Kumar (HOD), Dr. Rajiv Kumar Sharma, Dr. P. K. Sood, Dr. Suresh Sharma, Dr. Suresh Dhiman, Dr. Mukund, Dr. Mohit Pant, Mr. Ashwani Dayal.

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Electronics & Communication Engineering Department

Batch 2009-2013



Row 1(L-R): Ms. Jaspreet Kaur, Mr. Amita Nanda, Mr. Gagnesh Kumar, Mr. Krishan Kumar Rathod, Mr. Surender Soni, Dr. Gargi Khanna, Dr. Rajeevan Chandel (HOD), Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Prof. Vinod Kumar Kapoor, Mr. Ashok Kumar, Dr. Ashwani Rana, Mr. Vinod Kumar, Mr. Manoranjan Rai Bharti, Mr. Rakesh Sharma, Mr. Philemon Daniel P., Mr. Rohit Dhiman, Prateek Awasthi.

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Computer Science & Engineering Department Batch 2009-2013



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Row5(L-R): Kuldeep Singh, Vikas Rawat, Kapil Sharma, Kartikey Sood, Aman Chauhan, Prashant Kumar Singh, Ankit Sharma, Ankur Singh, Arvind Kumar, Pardeep Naik, Varun Suryawanshi, Harkirat Singh, Ravi Negi, Abhishek Sharma, Sandeep Rasgotra, Akhilesh Verma, Dev Sharma.

Architecture Department Batch 2009-2014



Row 1 (L-R): Ar. Anshu Dadwal, Ar. Vandna Sharma, Ar. Aniket Sharma, Ar. Amitava Sarkar, Dr. Minakshi Jain, Prof. Rajnish Srivastava(Director), Dr. Bhanu Marwaha(HOD), Dr. I.P. Singh, Ar. Puneet Sharma, Ar. Bhaskar De, Er. Divya Kashyap.

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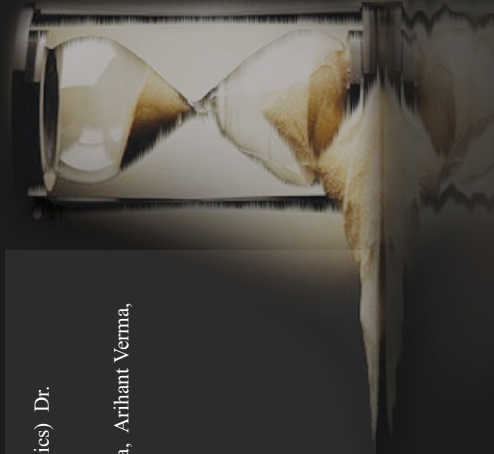
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*O marvellous travellers! what glorious stories
We read in your eyes as deep as the seas:
Show us the caskets of your rich memories
Those wonderful jewels of stars and stratosphere.*

*We would travel without wind or sail!
And so, to gladden the cares of our jails,
Pass over our spirits, stretched out like canvas,
Your memories with their frames of horizons.*

Tell us, what have you seen?

*We have seen the stars
And the waves, and we have seen the sands also,
And, despite shocks and unforeshadowed disasters,
We have often, as here, grown weary.*

*The glory of sunlight on the violet sea,
The glory of cities in the setting sun,
Lit in our hearts an uneasy desire
To sink in a sky of enticing reflections.*

*Never did the richest cities, the grandest countryside,
Hold such mysterious charms
As those chance made amongst the clouds,
And ever passion made us anxious!"*

*—The Journey
Charles Baudelaire*

