



प्रतीक्ये

रवारी अरवडा

pavan

अलंबु

pavak

वडुगी

रक्षीती

बालदण

रासुंधरा

वहारी

नाबे

तत तवाल वडो

रवगु

अरवडे

जा

Srijan

2013-14



NIT, Hamirpur

तत् त्वम असि

Genesis

Srijan. The birth. The creation.

The magazine that you hold in your hands is indeed a new life. Much like the plants around us, it has been nurtured by the earnestness, kindness and most of all, love of those responsible for its creation. Over the past years, SRIJAN has passed the hands of many writers, painters and editors but it remains here, always. As Tennyson said, for men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever. Like time, it is constant, yet changing. As part of the change, this year, the magazine bears a Sanskrit theme - tat tvam asi, taken from the Chandogya Upanishada. The Mahakavya, literally translated, means that art thou - everything we are searching for, have been searching for, lies within us. We are the beginning and we are the end. The theme compliments the magazine not just in its name and origin, but in its complete sense as well. This magazine is a small piece in the scheme of the bigger things, minute maybe, but no ordinary piece. Every word, every brush stroke, every pixel is as important as the whole issue put together. So as you turn and caress the glossy pages, awe over the paintings and praise the poems, journeying to that other edge, remember it is not just the end of an effort. It is the beginning of a new one.



national institute of technology hamirpur हमिरपुर प्रविष्टि (india)



विज्ञान इतिहास

“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”



Mr. Pranab Mukherjee
President

वेणु राजामणि
राष्ट्रपति के प्रेस सचिव
Venu Rajamony
Press Secretary to the President



राष्ट्रपति सचिवालय,
राष्ट्रपति भवन,
नई दिल्ली - 110004
President's Secretariat,
Rashtrapati Bhavan,
New Delhi - 110004

MESSAGE

The President of India, Shri Pranab Mukherjee, is happy to know that the National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is bringing out its Annual Institute Magazine "SRIJAN" for the academic session 2013-14.

The President extends his warm greetings and felicitations to the faculty, staff and the students of the Institute and sends his best wishes for their future endeavours.

Press Secretary to the President

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



Prof. V.S. Ramamurthy
Director

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ADVANCED STUDIES

Indian Institute of Science Campus, Bangalore 560 012, India

Tele : 91 + (0) 80-2360 1969 (O) Fax : 91 + (0) 80-22185076
email : vsramamurthy@nias.iisc.ernet.in

MESSAGE

I am glad to know that the National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is bringing out its annual college magazine "SRIJAN" for the year 2013-14.

Institutional publications provide its students appropriate platform to express their creativities through contributing articles, paintings etc. and refine their skills and talent, which is in the best interest of their inclusive development, and must be encouraged and appreciated.

Students are future citizens of the country who would be shouldering the responsibility contributing towards the constructions and speedy development of the country. The vibrant enthusiasm rippling through the pages of the magazine reflect a well-established multilingual and multicultural environment for the students. I am proud that this institute has been successful in producing worthy engineers.

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


(V.S. RAMAMURTHY)
Chairman, Board of Governors, NITH

Place: Bangalore
Date : 29 January, 2014



Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava
Director, NIT, Hamirpur



राष्ट्रीय प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान, हमीरपुर (हि० प्र०)
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, HAMIRPUR (H.P.)-177005

प्रो० राजनीश श्रीवास्तव
निदेशक

Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava
Director

Message

It gives me immense pleasure to know that National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is bringing out the 13th rendition of its annual Institute magazine "SRIJAN".

This magazine has been providing a useful medium of expression of thoughts, ideas and creative writing skills to all the members of the Institute and a delightful means of joy to its readers. It is a healthy tradition which NIT, Hamirpur is maintaining to excel at creativity time and again.

The quality contributions in the magazine showcase the Institute's strength and the contributors' talent not only on the technical but extra-curricular front as well. SRIJAN provides a platform to voice the concerns irrespective of all distinctions and discriminations.

I extend my heartiest congratulations to the Editorial Board and all those who contributed to make this magazine successful.

(Rajnish Shrivastava)

Dr. Sushil Chauhan
Dean(SW & AA), NIT, Hamirpur



NIT, Hamirpur has been a witness to the changing technology for about three decades and along with that, the changes in thoughts and dimensions of the young minds. SRIJAN too since its first issue has been evolving into more pragmatic versions with each passing year, with the sober minds expressing their notions in words and paintings. It is truly a heartleft pleasure to be a witness to this magazine which is purely a work by and for the students. I wish team SRIJAN and all the students of NIT Hamirpur all the very best for their future endeavors and hope to see them active partners in India's growth story.


(Dr. Sushil Chauhan)

Dr. Yogesh Gupta
Editor-In-Chief, SRIJAN, NIT, Hamirpur



It is great pleasure for me to be associated with the latest edition of the annual college magazine, SRIJAN. SRIJAN, over the years has been the perfect platform for the students to showcase their flair in creative application of mind beyond their core pursuit of technological fields. Be it writing, designing or photography, SRIJAN has it all.

Sanskrit has always been the language of the elites and saints in old times, but in the recent times it has been discovered to have a scientific dimension as well that has been there for centuries, but forgotten with modernization. This year the magazine with the Sanskrit theme '*tat tvam asi*' wishes to add a dash of culture, tradition and at the same time of scientific inkling through various technical articles as well. I hope that its pages should bring fresh stimulation to your mind while impinging upon intellectual deliberations.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Director of NIT Hamirpur for his constant support and inspiration. I would like to extend my gratitude to the Deans, the Head of the Departments and the other faculty members who have helped in numerous ways for the successful release of this magazine.

On the behalf of all the team members of the Editorial Board, I present to you SRIJAN 2013-14 and thank the entire NITH fraternity for their valuable contribution for the magazine.


(Dr. Yogesh Gupta)

हरीतरीतरी त्तरीतरी
इररीतरी २०१३-२०१४

इरररररररररररर इररीतरी
Sakshi Babar

लरररररररररररर ररीरररररररररर
Divya Meena
Gnana Selvam
Manpreet Dhanjal
Mohit Sharma
Praveen Sharma
Satyam

हररररररररररर इररीतरी
Arihant Verma
Ashish Somvanshi
Annu Verma
Ayushi Kumari
Divya Saini
Saurabh Shakya
Shivam Gupta
Siddha Ganju
Surbhi Chhabra
Suraj P Chaudhary

ररररररररररर इररीतरी
Arpit Nadda
Abhimanyu Gurung
Devesh Rohan
Divyanshu Maithani
Niharika Mathur
Piyush Sharma
Sristi Sarika

रररीरररररररर
Aashish Thakur
Abhimanyu Kumar
Amar Singh
Avdesh Kumar
Chirag Tyagi
Priya Vashisth
Sarthak Sharma
Varnika Upmanyu
Tanya Agarwal
Vivekanand Kumar

the editorial

NIT Hamirpur has seen a lot of changes in the past four years. From building bridges (literally and figuratively) and hostels that put 5 star hotels to shame to changed and arguably student friendly grading system, the college has grown and improved. Still much remains the same. The prime marker of NITH, the Administrative Block area might give a different sky view but the leaves of the tree in front of it fall in the same cinematic way when the wind blows. Nescafe might have shifted to a more spacious location with room for sun bathing in the winters, but the coffee and conversations, smell and sound the same. There might be only one periodical now, or mid-terms as they are called but the last night struggle? Not so different. The floodlights have just brightened up the romance of the place.

Same is for this magazine, the theme “changes” every year, but the spirit remains the same. The theme of this year’s issue is ‘*tat twam asi*’. This might be the first time when not just the theme, but the language itself has so much meaning to it. So to the ever present theme of the magazine, a change is added, a change of language, a language that has been constant for ages that has seen it all and survived it all to cross over cultures, religions and countries, and a chance to interpret it the way you want.

‘You are what you are looking for’. So what you want is what you are, it’s all within you. You just need to figure out yourself. And you may find it anywhere, in a good book or a nice talk, in the lap of the nature outside or deep inside (it’s an endless loop, really). Or maybe between the winds of the turning page of a magazine, your magazine. Who knows, it might be a beginning. So flip the pages, feel the paper in your hands, stop at a random page that you like and read it. Maybe some of you will know what you are looking for.

The theme has been divided into 5 sub sections as: ‘*vayu*’, ‘*jal*’, ‘*prithvi*’, ‘*akasa*’ and ‘*agni*’. It is believed these are the elements every living being is made of. Some element dominates over the others, giving a person his or her dominant trait - making them ‘fiery’ or ‘calm’ and so on. Often we make the mistake of perceiving them as just elements, what they really are is not just a force of nature, but an emotion. A means of expression.

“Vayu” or “Wind”, to express that ultimate sense of freedom. To fly freely, and not just in the sky. It is a representation of breaking boundaries and giving air to your wings.

“Jal” or “Water”, an expression of the calmness, the serenity. To love and care, to flow and follow your own carved path. Rising and falling, as life prevails.

“Prithvi” or “Earth”, to represent life itself, in literal terms. To grow tall, yet be rooted, and find a way back home always. The quintessential of humility.

“Akasa” or “Void”, everything and nothing at all. The ability to live in extreme, being zero and infinity at the same time. Or just unpredictable, a surprise.

“Agni” or “Fire”, a way to represent passion, so strong and so deep, that it consumes everything. Having a goal, and working to achieve it with all you have.

And a combination of all these, you, me, us. Some a bit of fire, other like water. No two the same, a perfection of their own.

I believe any person’s soul can be glimpsed through the work that they put their heart and passion into. What you hold in your hands is not just a stack of paper or a random magazine, it is a peek into our souls, the souls of the writers, the designers, the artists who are friends, acquaintances or complete strangers. And this edition, it is literally a peek into ourselves, you and me alike. Hope you see not only us, but yourselves too, mirrored, reflected and most importantly, discovered.

‘Lumos’.

Sakshi Babar

Sakshi Babar
Students’ Editor
Srijan 2013-2014



इवाकडो



प्रावदन



इवापुल



कानप्रेट



लोहित



ग्नाना



दीव्या



The 8th edition of the annual techno-vaganza was spread over three days in the month of April 2013. Nimbus '13 was grander than ever, precisely due to the amazing work of the aspiring engineers at NITH. With an aim to put forth an exuberant display of their Technical Skills, the tech-fiesta also proved an excellent platform for the students to help excel in their managerial Skills. An entire academic year of relentless hard work evidently showed, comprising of an enthusiastic participation, not only by the students of our own Institute, but several others as well. This well scheduled event was just a perfect amalgam of knowledge mixed with fun and frolic, and literally, the entire hill was buzzing with science and tech.



Surely, the six departments at NITH were all set to take NIMBUS to a whole new level. The various departmental teams for NIMBUS burnt their midnight lamps, working neck to neck, shaping all their technical intricacies into fun events, just to ensure the entire campus turned a techno geek for three days.



NIMBUS '13 was flooded with participation, owing to the exciting online events, that commenced a few days prior to the main event, comprising of events like 'Delusion' and others. This year the event was set on fire by the most awaited bot-wars, whilst events like 'Destrotix' and 'Magne-trons' required the students to use the best of their Technical Skills to engage and win the game. Besides, various events presented by the teams like Treasure Hunt, Turbo Drift, X-Construction, Dexterity, Wonder Walls were a major attraction. The carefully designed events were meant to boost the basic technical and scientific skills of the students. The closing ceremony of the first day was marked by the eagerly anticipated flying lantern ceremony that was thoroughly enjoyed by students.



The second day of NIMBUS 2013 had a late noon counseling session on GRE and GMAT conducted by United States India Education Foundation (USIEF) taken up by Anubhuti Arora from the US Embassy, Delhi. The workshop highlighted the set procedure one should engage in order to apply abroad (keenly focused on US universities). Points like the frequency of standardized tests throughout the year (GRE and GMAT), importance of sound academic record and research at undergraduate level

NIMBUS '13

BRIDGING THE SYNAPSE



were the acme of interactive session. Fellowships given both by universities and from outside were also mentioned. Lecture hall buzzed with the sound of a bullet in campus. Bike stripping attracted tech bugs of mechanical department and bike enthusiasts. Evening made its way with guest lecture on neuroscience by Dr. Alejandro from Barcelona. He stimulated everybody's neurons by demonstrating the mind boggling techniques of impulse detection by electroencephalograph. He exhibited the change of amplitude of alpha wave, by closing his eyes for a while, which changes amplitude depending on person's relaxation state of mind. He also displayed how with this technology, he was able to control a stimulated ball in the software, encouraging video gamers to make more human interaction based environments.

Electrical and electronics people continued the indulgence of students with Luz Quester and Mission Impossible. Former involved designing bots that moved by tracking light rays based on LDR techniques and designs, while latter involved passing a laser field arena without touching the laser rays. End of day 2 showcased a LASER SHOW, making spectacular patterns of umpteen colors and amazing 3D light ray formations.

Final day of NIMBUS 2013 twitched with AQUARUSH from team Medextrous, Code-Plex and Dexterity's final rounds by .EXE team. Final guest lecture was given by Cyber security expert Himanshu Sharma. Being a second year B.Tech Student himself, it helped make the session more interactive. He began his presentation by telling how he came to know about hacking, specifying different categories of hacking and hackers. Then he divulged in providing the imperative keywords which one should search while researching about hacking, emphasizing the prominence of correct keywords. He was heard saying jocosely-"Hacking can't be taught, it is one of the several things that come from the heart". He ended up taking a question-answer session which turned out to be time consuming.

Workshop on the motion sensing was a success. Its cultural image 'KAI PO CHE', the kite flying contest was enjoyed with great fervor. 'ZERO GRAVITY', the colossal dance performance by dance club, was awe inspiring. Closing ceremony followed up next, which concluded up by felicitation of all teams and their coordinators. Best departmental team memento went to "DESIGNOCRATS" and the best core team tied to 'PIXONIODS', the graphics, photography and web designing team, and the team 'FINANCE'. The fest ended up with PIXONIODS's Video festival 'REWIND' and awesome grooves provided by DJ Smile.



Manpreet Dhananjai: The Naughty One. She's the core of energy of the team. She could bubble out the most silent of environments and entice everybody to push there 'Oh get up and be cool' mode. She heads the Design team.

Praveen Sharma:

The team's, Fernando Jose Torres Sanz, huge Chelsea fan. Wishes to go back in time and watch Dhyan Chand's play. His simplicity and agility to work can spellbind anyone. When not writing passionate prose, he sweats football.

Divya Meena: Girl with Google eyes, vampire of our clan. If anyone has ever wanted to be a vampire more than Bella, it's her. She even writes under the pen-name of "Isabella Swan". Hard staggering worker, she somehow manages to find solution to every quandary.

Gnana Selam: Akira Toriyama of the Team. Terrific artist, testaments of which are the walls of NIT-H and cartoons in the magazine. A humanitarian, compassion and forgiveness are his strongest senses. Crunch Freak, he hoops with Lebron's fervor.



Satyam Kumar: The Golu of our family. He could easily be mistaken as an 8th grade school boy. He greets everyone with a glorious and reverential namaste and a splendid smile. His love for Samskrit and his eloquence in Sahityik Hindi is awe-inspiring. He is often seen having siesta in the restaurants.

Sakshi Babar: Hermione, the true Gryffindor. The enchanted one, working magically is her flair. Alpha of our pack of lycans, she is a Bibliophile, so much so that, her mini library of books read overshadows the space for apparel in her home going bag. Beware, she has infectious smile. (<http://experiences-de-la-vie.blogspot.in/>)

Mohit Sharma: Dexter of the team. His inception for the most original and innovative of ideas is rendered fascinating when put in practice. If there could be a combination of Dexter and Sherlock Holmes, it would undoubtedly be him.

S R I J A N '14

Creative Coterie





इतिहास
लखने में पढ़ा

“यथा दृष्टि तथा सृष्टि।”

अर्थात् जैसी दृष्टि होती है सृष्टि वैसी ही प्रतीत होती है। यदि दृष्टि आध्यात्मिक हों तो सृष्टि एक शक्ति का विविध रूप नजर आती है एवं यदि दृष्टि भौतिक हो तो जगत विविध अणुओं का जाल नजर आता है और ये अणु भी जब सूक्ष्मता से परीक्षित किये जाते हैं तो व्यक्ति पाता है कि यह भी विभिन्न तरंग दैर्घ्य की ऊर्जा का मैनीफैस्टेशन है। अतः हम पाते हैं कि शाश्वतता की खोज जब शुरू होती है तो पथ भले ही अनेक हों पर हम एक ही परिणाम पाते हैं। भौतिक जगत के विवेचन पर पाते हैं कि यह पंच तत्वों का मिश्रण है चाहे रूप विविध क्यों न हो यह सृष्टि के स्थायित्व की ही आवश्यकता है। भौतिक पंचभूत शरीर निर्माण के अभिन्न अंग है, किसी एक का ही लोप अन्य चारों की उपयोगिता को निश्क्रिय कर देती है। पंचभूतों में आकाश को छोड़कर बाकी चारों की प्रकृति एक दूसरे की पूरक है। अग्नि का अस्तित्व जल के आगमन पर समाप्त हो जाता है। वहीं बिना अग्नि, जल का अस्तित्व संभव नहीं, वह बर्फ बनकर रह जाता है। वायु अग्नि को बुझा देती है पर वही वायु अग्नि के दहन में सहायक भी होती है। पृथ्वी के अस्तित्व में अग्नि, जल, वायु का अभिन्न स्थान है। फिर भी यह पृथ्वी के क्षरण का भी कारण बनती है और अंत में आकाश इन चारों कारकों को स्वयं में समाहित कर लेता है।

भारतीय इतिहास में 'सत्य' यानि शाश्वत एवं इसके कारकों की खोज आदिकाल से ही रही है। भिन्न-भिन्न पंथ, वेदांत, न्याय वैशेशिकी, सांख्य, योगमी माशा के द्वारा उसी सत्य को खोजने के लिए विभिन्न महात्माओं ने अपना भौगोलिक एवं भौतिक जीवन की आहुति दे दी। सत्य को जानने के लिए जो मानव मनबुद्धि अहंकार से परे है। स्वयं में खोज करते रहे तब एक महान आविष्कार हुआ। 'तत् त्वम् असि' इस वाक्य की सरलता मोहित कर देने वाली है। तीन अतिसाधारण शब्दों में युक्ति पूर्वक सत्य को बताना एक महान प्रयास है। शाब्दिक अर्थ भी अति साधारण सा प्रतीत होता है। 'जिस सत्य को बताने को तुम खोज रहे हो वह तुम ही हो'। परंतु यदि इस वाक्य का समाधान किया जाए तो यह व्याख्या से परे है। सिर्फ अनुभव ही किया जा सकता है। इस वाक्य का अर्थ समझने से पहले यह जान ना होगा कि 'मैं क्या हूँ?' यह प्रश्न अपने आप में विशिष्ट है। इसी वाक्य के साधन से ज्ञानियों ने जीवन-मृत्यु का अर्थ जाना और इस के परे पक्ष को अनुभव कर पाए।

वेद का प्रधान वाक्य है 'तत् त्वम् असि' एवं तैत्तरीय उपनिषद में उदरक ने अपने पुत्र को इसका उपदेश देकर अर्थ अनुभव कराकर जनकल्याण का कार्य किया।

भारत भूमि पर विज्ञान और अध्यात्म सदा साथ-साथ चले। कभी इन दो राहों में विवाद न रहा। एक स्वयं के अंदर सत्य को खोजने का मार्ग है तो दूसरा भौतिक जगत अर्थात् इन्द्रिय जगत में सत्य को खोजने का मार्ग कलह तब शुरू हुआ जब हमें स्वयं का ज्ञान न रहा अज्ञान अर्थात् अधूरे ज्ञान की तह मोटी होती चली गई। वेद वाक्य एक अनुभव न होकर सिर्फ और सिर्फ शब्द जाल रह गए।

Perspective



Varun Kalra



Piyush



Vaibhav Sharma

अजीर्णं भेषजं वारि, जीर्णं वारि बलप्रदम् ।
भोजने चामृतं वारि, भोजनान्ते विषप्रदम् ॥



From art gallery

व्हाटर जल

The essence of life, from ages unknown,
From the highs to the lows, I've flown.
And yet I cross the banks, unbounded,
Taking away the lives I nurtured, unfounded.

Stupid 4 am

17

Sacchi Khushi

18

Drenched
Pride

19

Sagar Ki
Lehre

19

Zindagi Ki Sunderta

20

Sunder Drishya ki
Kalpana

23

Rendezvous
with
Students'
Creativity

21

Tumne Bhi
Gar
Dekha
Hai

23

Idyllic Moments

26

Meri Pyaari Didi

26



बदलते रहला,
लखे, तोरवे पुढार

इतुपीवे 4 व.ल.

I don't know why people call life funny or skeptical or those countless number of ugly adjectives. I guess life is stupid. There isn't any particular reason for this immaculate selection of this adjective, just in case a small frown is creasing your forehead. I tend to use the word 'stupid' a lot. I like the sound of this word in true sense, not any other fancy reason. It's like one day I was repeating the word again and again in my mind or I was saying it out loud, I don't remember and I got hooked. I like the sound this word makes when it ends, it's like that small and addictive sound your fore-finger makes when you hit that wooden chair or that dusty and a bit ignored table in the corner of your room.

I called life stupid because there are a lot of things which don't make any sense. It's like fooling around and you don't have a clue about what you have been doing all day long. Such is the life here. We are studying, cultivating incurable dreams and half of us have no idea what we want out of our acute actuality. At 3a.m. when everything seems still and air is perfectly calm for breathing with no disturbance to hurt your throat, a sudden restlessness knocks you down. Silent and colorless winds bring back the growling of the past and they strike your eardrums, refusing to yield. But you cover your ears and refusing to listen to the voices, you start running away, just like the way you did earlier in daytime.

And then later at night, at stupid 4 a.m., everything turns upside down.

At 4 a.m., when the rain has just stopped and a few drops are still playing in thin air and are trying to hang in there for a longer time but they are soon out of their breath. At 4 a.m., when darkness around starts to seem brighter than the stupid morning sun which pretends to keep you warm and ultimately conspires with night to hide behind its endless doors. At 4a.m. when you are somehow able to sign a peace treaty with past and your sleepy eyes start cooking amiable dreams. You didn't feel like writing a single line all day and at this stupid 4a.m. zillions of thoughts start crossing your mind and you can write pages, hundreds of them in one go if you aren't short of accurate words. You can even paint pages with your Prussian blue ink inside your blanket. At 4a.m. you don't need a bulb or some exhausted table lamp, your cellphone light works just fine. Again this cellphone light seems brighter than the wicked morning sun who promised you to hold



Shiwani Gupta

your hands till the end of the time. The pen which made excuses all day is now spitting verses just the way you can listen to your talkative spouse all day long. And listening to her mysterious voice, slowly and gradually we fall asleep.

This isn't some tale of a particular writer or some crazy poet. This is us. We all tell stories. We all drink rhymes. Just like atoms form our body, the moments we live feed our soul. Each moment has its own signature quote. Some are stupid in a funny way, and some are stupid in a sad way. Life is a bundle of these moments. Some laughs are like little children giggling together after their school got over and some laughs are cynical and sarcastic.

And then we wake up. Very few people wake up each day smiling and in a happy state of mind. Some of them feel weird because they saw some stupid dream. And some would feel weird because their perfect dream ended unexpectedly. I see a lot of dreams and I don't remember much of them. I think it's good in a way. But some days I sit and wonder, what was that dream all about and I get nothing.

Someday I'm worried like crazy, I would keep on thinking about them and will scratch my brains till I get a headache. Someday I would be sad just because I won't know if the dream was supposed to be a happy one or a sad one. Now starts the real part. While brushing your teeth, while eating tasteless breakfast and while heading towards the classes, your mind starts conjecturing. And this 4a.m. magic and a whole new layer of hidden world starts unfolding.

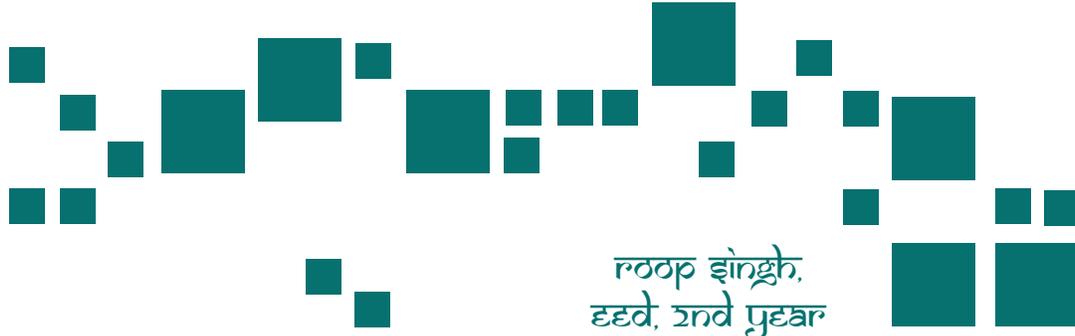
How come nobody ever told you about this magic?
Why don't they teach you this in classrooms?

Your parents didn't give you a clue, you never caught your friends talking about such a secret.

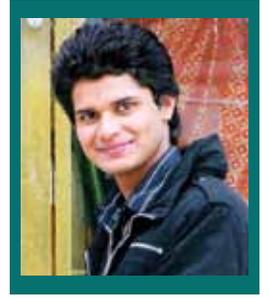
Is it so obvious that everybody knows?

Or

Is it just forbidden?



रूप इंग्ले,
दरवे, नवे पुदार



Vasudha Tuli

सच्ची खुशी

पिछली दीवाली की छुट्टियों में, मैं रेलगाड़ी से अपने कुछ मित्रों के साथ घर गया था। रेलगाड़ी अपने ठहराव हिन्डौन सिटी पर रुकी और मैंने अपने मित्रों को अलविदा कहा और बस स्टैंड जा ही रहा था कि वहां पर एक २-३ वर्ष की लड़की धूप में खड़ी रो रही थी और उसकी आंखों से आंसुओं की धारा बह रही थी। वह किसी से मदद मांगना चाहती थी पर शायद किसी से कहने में झिझक रही थी, उसकी नजरें किसी को ढूंढ रही थी। मुझे ऐसा प्रतीत हो रहा था कि वह अपने स्वजनों से बिछड़ गई है। वहां पर बहुत से ऑटो रिक्शा चालक और सामान्य लोग खड़े थे। वो उस लड़की की तरफ देख तो रहे थे पर उसके पास तक नहीं आये। यह देख मुझे बड़ी हैरानी हुई। मुझसे रहा नहीं गया और तुरन्त उस छोटी सी लड़की के पास जाकर उससे पूछने लगा कि आप किसको ढूंढ रहे हो, आप किसके साथ आई हो, यहां आपके माता-पिता कहां हैं?

परन्तु मैंने यह भी नहीं सोचा था कि वो नन्ही सी बच्ची जो ठीक प्रकार से बोल भी नहीं पाती होगी इन सबका जवाब कैसे देगी। उस समय उस लड़की की हालत ऐसी थी जिस प्रकार कोई व्यक्ति बिना किसी सबूत के अपनी निर्दोषिता साबित करने के लिए वकील के प्रश्नों का उत्तर देने में असमर्थ हो।

मुझे उस लड़की के पास देख एक व्यक्ति भी वहां आ गया और मैंने उस व्यक्ति की मदद से उस लड़की के स्वजनों को ढूंढना प्रारम्भ किया, पर बहुत देर तक हमें कोई नहीं मिला तो उस लड़की को लेकर पास में स्थित पुलिस चौकी ले जाने लगे कि उसी समय ४०-५० वर्ष का एक व्यक्ति दौड़ता हुआ आया और उस नन्ही सी बच्ची को अपने हृदय से लगा लिया और ऐसा लगा कि मानों उसकी आंखों से खुशी के आंसू निकल रहे हों और चेहरे पर प्रसन्नता छा गई हो। उस व्यक्ति ने जाते हुए हमसे कहा कि "भलो हो भाई थारों" (राजस्थानी भाषा में धन्यवाद) और चला गया। मैं भी घर के लिए रवाना हुआ और रास्ते में अपने मन में प्रसन्नता की अनुभूति करने लगा। उस नन्ही सी बच्ची की मदद करके जो खुशी मुझे मिली वह वास्तव में सच्ची खुशी थी।

स्पष्ट शब्दों में कहूं तो हमें मानवीय कर्तव्यों का पालन करना चाहिए। जिसमें सभी का हित समाहित हो। हमें जब भी किसी असाहाय की सहायता करने का अवसर मिले तो उससे विमुख नहीं होना चाहिए। यदि आप किसी की मदद करते हो तो अंतर्आत्मा से आपको एक संतुष्टि मिलती है। जिससे आपके मन की प्रसन्नता अनायास ही आपके चेहरे पर झलकने लगती है।



अक्षय, इशारला
टखे, मोरवे पुकार



इंगेइते इशारला,
टखे, शरवे पुकार



Sushant Pathania

वेरन्तेखे प्रवेद

Sailing through the skies, he started to rise
To change the world, he took some lives
Cutting the forests, to make some room
Building some rockets to reach the moon

He stood above all like a God in the making
To make life easy was all for the taking
To the almighty human, all hail to him
Praise the new God, write some hymns

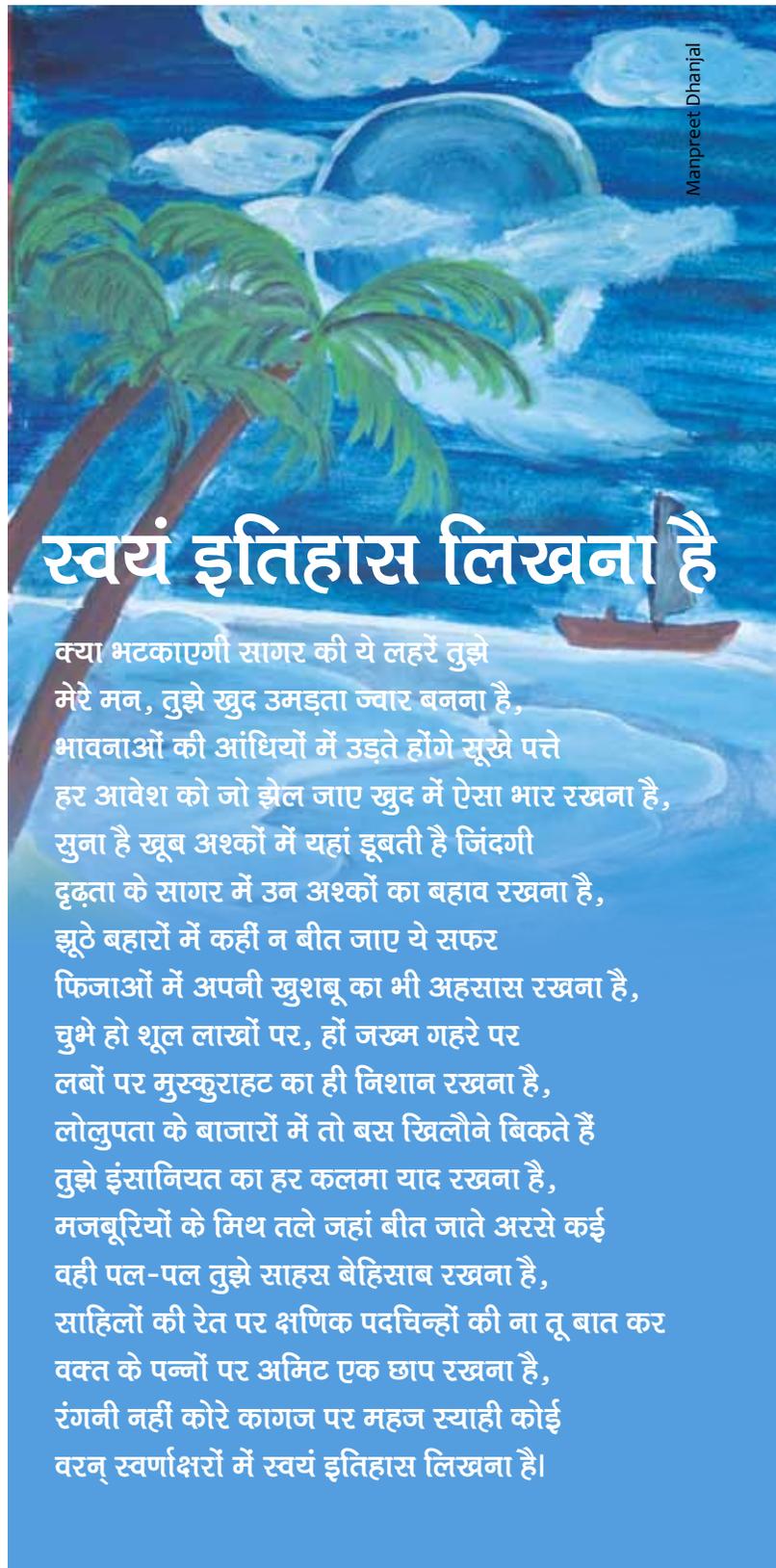
Destroying the nature he felt like a lord
Nobody to rise, no body to hold
Ruling the world like a tyrant
Now came the nature with its trident

Ferocious nature to show its powers
Started destroying everything that was ours
Howling of the wind made us fear
Destruction by the floods brought us tears

The humongous oceans came with the tides
The furious tornadoes took many lives
Quaking the earth making heavy rains
Here comes the nature that can't be tamed

By the end of the day we came to know
Going against the nature was not good to go
Realizing this thing took some time
Price of which was paid by blood and lives

Kneeling to the nature finally broke our pride
Facing the power from which nobody can hide.



Manpreet Dhanjal

स्वयं इतिहास लिखना है

क्या भटकाएगी सागर की ये लहरें तुझे
मेरे मन, तुझे खुद उमड़ता ज्वार बनना है,
भावनाओं की आंधियों में उड़ते होंगे सूखे पते
हर आवेश को जो झेल जाए खुद में ऐसा भार रखना है,
सुना है खूब अशकों में यहां डूबती है जिंदगी
दृढ़ता के सागर में उन अशकों का बहाव रखना है,
झूठे बहारों में कहीं न बीत जाए ये सफर
फिजाओं में अपनी खुशबू का भी अहसास रखना है,
चुभे हो शूल लाखों पर, हों जख्म गहरे पर
लबों पर मुस्कुराहट का ही निशान रखना है,
लोलुपता के बाजारों में तो बस खिलौने बिकते हैं
तुझे इंसानियत का हर कलमा याद रखना है,
मजबूरियों के मिथ तले जहां बीत जाते अरसे कई
वही पल-पल तुझे साहस बेहिसाब रखना है,
साहिलों की रेत पर क्षणिक पदचिन्हों की ना तू बात कर
वक्त के पन्नों पर अमिट एक छाप रखना है,
रंगनी नहीं कोरे कागज पर महज स्याही कोई
वरन् स्वर्णाक्षरों में स्वयं इतिहास लिखना है।



जिंदगी की सुंदरता

(प्रेक्षक की आँखों से)

जिंदगी, इतनी तुच्छ नहीं है तो ऐसा है जैसे दोस्तों, कि उसे जहर की कुछ ही बूंदों से विशाल काले अंधेरे में पहुंचाने का ईनाम नसीब हो। इसकी कीमत का अंदाजा लगाना तो ऐसा हो जैसे रेगिस्तानी को मुट्टी में बांधने जैसा ये किसी पिंजरे में बांधने के लिए प्राप्त नहीं हुई है, बल्कि एक खुली किताब की भांति है जिसके हर पन्ने से एक यादगार अनुभवी और रोचक किस्सा जुड़ा है जिसे पढ़कर मंझदार के बीच हताश नाविक भी अपने साहिल को पा जाए। एक सामान्य व्यक्ति के लिए कितना आसान हो सकता है, ये कहना कि आत्महत्या कायर लोग ही करते हैं। परंतु अभी-अभी जो अपने कंठ से जहर की बूंदें उतार चुका है या जिसके सिर से दो गोलियां पार हो चुकी हैं (दो क्षण के दर्द के साथ)। या पंखे पर लगे फन्दे को ही अपना घर बना चुका है उसके लहू में क्या खलवली मची थी? कोई नहीं जानता। एक पल के लिए उसके मस्तिष्क ने ये भी नहीं सोचा, कि उसकी बेजान देह से न जानें कितनों के हृदय का नाता है? परदे के पीछे उसकी जिंदगी में ऐसा क्या चल रहा था, जो उसका मन इन्द्रियों पर इतना हावी हो गया और जीवन से मोह ही समाप्त हो गया।

जीवन यूँ ही गवाने के लिए नहीं बल्कि हर क्षण को ख़ास बनाने के लिए है। हर क्षण तो नृतक के घुंघरुओं जैसा है जो हर ताल पर विशेष झंकार देता है। वर्षा की निर्मम बूंदों के स्पर्श से ठंडक महसूस करने के लिए है। तत्पश्चात इन्द्रधनुष में सातों रंगों को ढुंढने के लिए यह जीवन, शीत ऋतु में श्वेत पहाड़ों से राह ढूढ़ रही सुनहरी किरणों की ऊष्मा प्राप्त करने के लिए है। बसंत में फूलों से रंग-बिरंगी धरा को निहारने का आनंद अतुलनीय है। जिंदगी का मजा तो कुल्फी के साथ गर्म जलेबी को चखने में है। जीवन दोस्तों के साथ मौज मस्ती, बचपन में चुलबुली शरारतें और युवा अवस्था में हमारा रक्त जोश, साहस से परिपूर्ण है। इसी जीवन में मां में आंचल में सिर ढँकने उसकी ममता भरे हाथों से निवाला खाने का अवसर सभी को नसीब नहीं होता है।

जिंदगी तो हर मोड़ पर अलग ही है, इसलिए शायद हमें भी नये स्वाद को मौका देना चाहिए जिससे जीने का आनंद कई गुना बढ़ जाए।

जीवन को कभी अकेला मत छोड़ो, जिससे उससे निराशा नसीब ही न हो। क्योंकि सफलता की चरम सीमा पर रही जिन महान हस्तियों ने निराशा से जीवन को बर्बाद कर दिया, वे भी यहीं संदेश दे गए जिन्दगी छोटी हो पर अच्छी होनी चाहिए।

©vnmkalra '13



Dr. Vijay Shekhar Dogra,
Associate Professor, IIT Delhi

Rendezvous with Student's Creativity

Though just like many, I too had numerous journeys with different goals and objectives, but most memorable one had definitely been my journey on the morning of November 16th, 1996. On this fortunate morning I started from my home very early at around 5:30 AM to join as a teacher in the Department of Civil Engineering of REC Hamirpur (now NIT Hamirpur), a place where I spent four golden years of my life as a B. Tech student from 1989 to 1993. Just after a gap of three years going back to my alma mater in a different role filled my heart with a special kind of joy and mirth. A volley of thoughts engulfed my mind in an entirely different way; my entire student life was in front of my eyes, my friends, class hours, hostel life, hill's fair, sports meet and obviously undated celebrations in Hostel and bunks. I was into plethora of imagination, as to what type of students I would face in my new role as teacher, what kind of

teaching environment would be prevalent in the college and above all the fact that all my colleagues would be those teachers, who taught me just three years back. Without diverting from the topic let me bind up with tag line that I formally joined as a "TEACHER" on the same day.

My first face-off was with the students of second year, "the then 1994-99 batch" of Civil Engineering. Story began with a high note in a way that I was able to recapture my student life in the students, which seemed similar to those in my class sitting about three years back in the same class room. Usual group of front benchers, back benchers, curious ones and obviously just students. Interaction with the batch became more intense, when I coordinated the Survey camp of this batch (And of course recalled the mirthful days of our survey camp



in 1990, which was conducted around same erstwhile second Gate of REC/NIT). This Civil batch played a key role in making the kind of teacher I am today, because of the positive energy they infused into me. I miss that batch a lot when I travel through the memory lane. My interface with the students increased manifold when I started teaching interdepartmental courses like Engineering Drawing and Fluid Mechanics, which were common to entire batch irrespective of branch. That way I used to be acquainted with entire batch running at a particular time. The voyage continued with the same zeal, while more and more batches came in and left the Institute for their flight into the world arena, slowly and steadily creating a large pool of my students adopting multidimensional carriers. Of all the years during this journey, extracurricular activities used to be the occasion where I used to witness the zeal, enthusiasm, glut of energy and creativity.

I always used to make sure to be present in all students' activities, be it literary, technical, sports and evidently the most sought after one, "hill'sfair". First chance to get a closer view of students' dedication, team work spirit and excellent execution skills, I got, when the assignment of faculty coordinator, "Cultural Clubs" was rendered to me, in 2001. I could actually see multilevel management of various clubs, right from dramatics club to organization club and music club to controls. Finance club used to work with the tag line that "Money cannot buy everything, but money can buy anything". Important thing was that each team consisted members from first year to final year and everyone followed the hierarchy. This not only induced discipline but also used to increase the efficiency of the team. Coordination amongst the teams within and with other teams was another major plank of the work culture. And it's pertinent to mention that all the preparation for this event continued along with the classes and other activities. Obviously getting the permissions for various things like places of practice, girls' permissions to stay out for practices beyond the hostel timings etc were some ticklish issues and used to take lot of time and energy. Few things which I still recall are "action of stalls, listening to music club preparations, and most importantly the refreshment money requested by various clubs". Everybody involved was capable of affording everything whatever they wanted to eat anytime but still the "Pranths" in refreshments during practices were the most sought after entities. The four days event, November 1st to 4th was the culmination of thorough hard work put in by all teams and combination of leadership, team work, and dedication indeed. It was a nice experience as coordinator. hill'sfair in 2002 was cancelled due to some reason, I got relieved from this assignment in 2003 and thereafter I went for Ph.D. to IIT Roorkee in 2004. I was back in the campus in 2007.

My second face-off with students' ingenuity started in 2008, when I was assigned the post of President Student Activities

(PSA), wherein I was to coordinate not only cultural, but sports, NSS, literary, SPIC-MACAY and bit of technical activities too. Regular sports activities, IEDUSA tournaments, and athletic meets were the events where I could see excellent team work, devotion, discipline, coordination and definitely leadership by captains of teams. hill'sfair 2008 and 2009, gave me the similar experiences as I had during 2001, with a change that the volume of our cultural festival had increased manifolds now. Number of students, events, participation and obviously the finances involved, everything had grown in magnitude. And hence efforts put in by the organizing teams for successfully organization were also amplified. hill'sfair 2001 was the first to be organized at OAT, and it never used to be full even during primetime, whereas in 2008 to cater to the crowd the capacity of the OAT was augmented. During this stint as PSA one lifetime opportunity was rendered by Institute as task of organization of 1st National Indian Student Form "NISF" at NIT Hamirpur. Four day programme included a panel discussion by 12 CEOs/lead academicians/ industrialists too, but the highlight of the event was an expert lecture by His Holiness Dalai Lama on "Ethics of a Meaningful Life". Everybody on campus was mesmerized by the visit of this great personality to NITH campus, and for me "I don't have words". And when I shared the stage with HH Dalai Lama ji, I was on the seventh sky. On a whole it was a memorable lifetime experience. All the teams, I worked with, during organization of these events developed respect in my heart, and obviously I had lifelong relations with them apart from the fact that they are my fellow alumnus.

The last one in this series came in the form of the recently organized 40th National Conference on Fluid Mechanics and Fluid Power, (FMFP) December 12-14, 2013 at NIT Hamirpur, where, I was one of the organizing Secretaries. Though my previous experiences of students' enthusiasm were with reference to student activities, this time for an academic event again I relied on my students. To everyone's surprise and my strong belief, it was again proved that students can handle any event in the best possible way. Of course faculty members got associated with various sections but right from registration to technical sessions, accommodation to transportation, and hospitality to food arrangement, everyone from within the Institute and participants from outside noticed and complimented that everything was handled so well. All the great academic luminaries, IITians, researchers and scientists took back overwhelming and impressive memories from the college about the Institute and definitely about the students due to the hard work put in by the students. I firmly believe on the basis of my experiences that in any event the best creativity can be poured in by this elite class called "Students". I close this piece of writing with all my good wishes to them and acknowledge my gratitude towards them for having me have those tremendous experiences of their imagination. God Bless.



अव्युक्ते कुलार,
एटए. फिर्स्ट एडार



पावान भैरार्ते,
एटए लॉएटो इट एडार

सुंदर दृश्य की कल्पना

यूँ ही भ्रमण करते करते,
पहुँचा न जाने कहाँ चलते चलते।
एक ऐसी अदभुत मनभावन जगह,
यूँ ही बिना वजह।

प्रकृति की सुंदरता का ऐसा एक उदाहरण,
डूब जाऊँ जिसमें मैं करके सब कुछ अर्पण।
ऐसे खूबसूरत दृश्य ने मंत्रमुग्ध मुझको कर दिया,
एकटक देख पावनता को मैंने पूर्णतः महसूस किया।

चट्टानो को चीरता कल-कल बहता पानी,
था कल्पना से परे, जैसे परियों की कहानी।
चारों ओर थे हरे भरे वृक्ष, पत्ते और फूल,
था वातावरण उस जगह का एकदम अनुकूल।

लगा अचानक ऐसे कि घुमा दी किसी परी ने छड़ी,
जादू से दिन ढल गया और रात अचानक-बढ़ी।
काली चादर में सितारो की भांति निकले नभ में तारे,
मेरी तरह वे भी, इस सुंदर दृश्य को ही निहारें।

चांद बहते पानी में देख अपनी परछाईं।
लगा ऐसे जैसे हो कोई दुल्हन शर्मायी।
चांदनी चांद की फैली चारों ओर,
फूलों की खुशबू भी उड़ा रही थी होश।

चढ़ गया एक चट्टान पर पावनता को महसूस किया,
पैर फिसला और मैं नदी में जाकर गिर गया।
आंख खुली तब जाकर ये समझ आया,
सपना था जो कभी न पूरा हो पाया।

तुमने भी गर देखा है

उड़ने को बेचैन है ऐसी
चिड़िया का पर देखा है,
बचपन की गलियों में
मैंने मिट्टी का घर देखा है।

अपनी कोई फिफ्र नहीं थी
मस्ती में सब रहते थे,
सूना है जो गांव हमारा
नाच वहाँ पर देखा है।

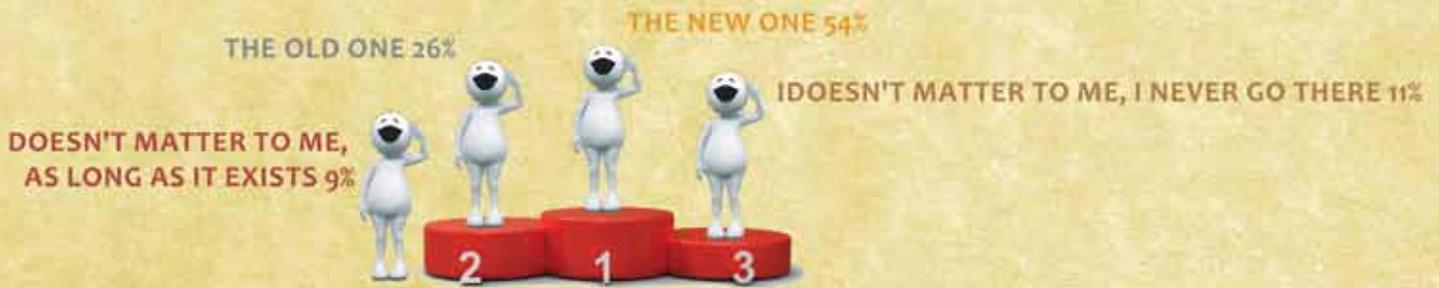
कोई कहानी दादी माँ से
सुनते थे हम बचपन में,
मेला था, मेले में झूला
खुशियों से तर देखा है।

खेतों में दौड़ा करते थे
फसलों की परवाह न थी,
बंजर है जो आज इलाका
पेड़ वहाँ पर देखा है।

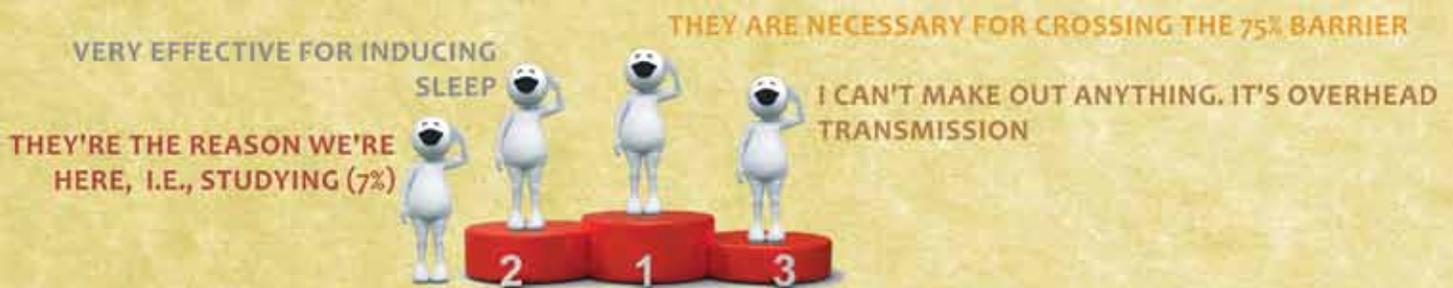
गिरने लगे अशक आंखों से
मन उदास जब हो जाए,
याद करो वह दौर सुहाना
तुमने भी गर देखा है।

Survey

1. WHAT IS YOUR PREFERRED LOCATION OF NESCAFE?



2. HOW EFFECTIVE DO YOU FIND LECTURES?



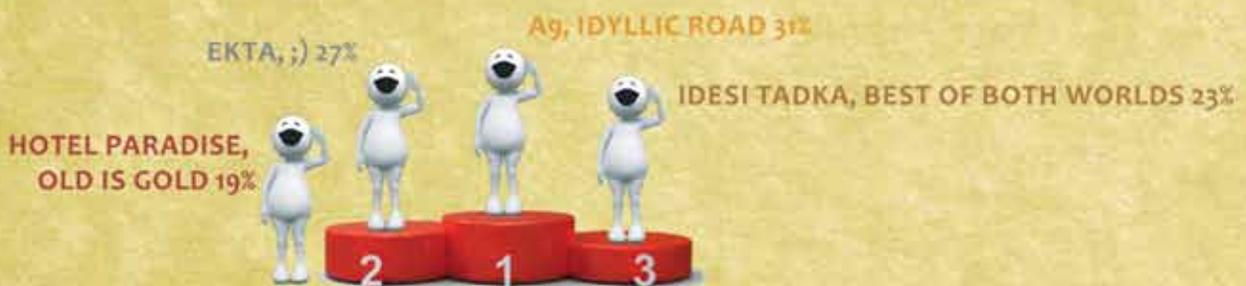
3. WHICH IS THE MOST FREQUENTLY SPOKEN WORD AT NITH?



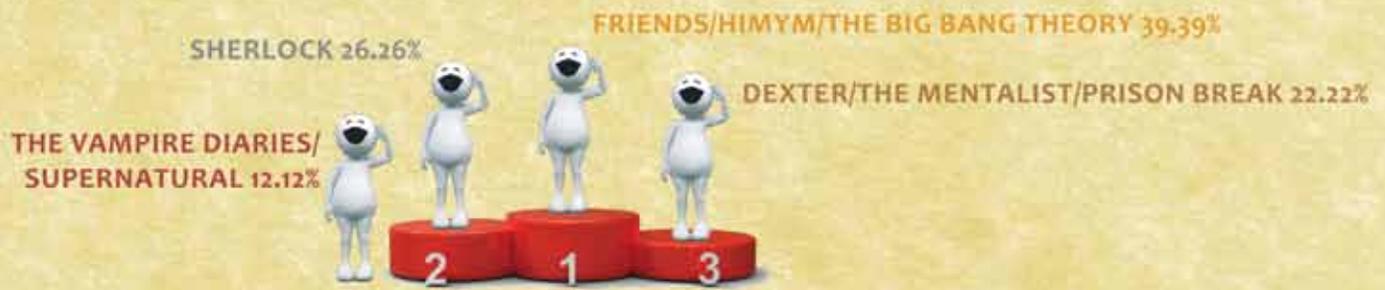
4. WHAT IS THE REASON FOR SUDDEN POPULARITY OF CONFESSION PAGES ON FACEBOOK?



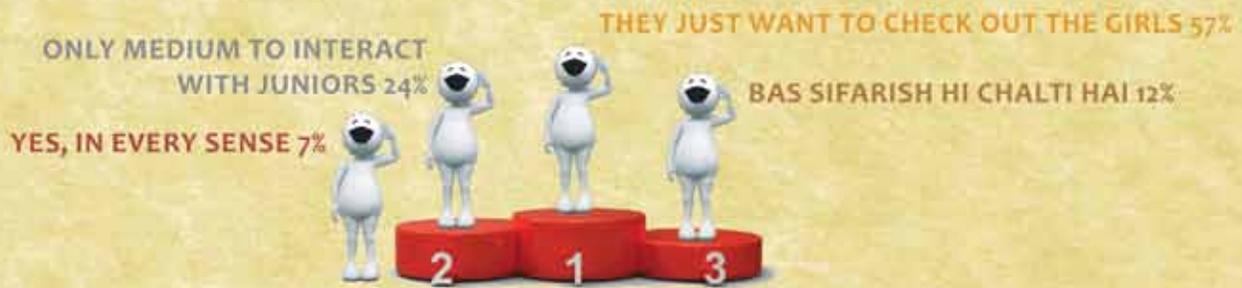
5. WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE EATING JOINT OUTSIDE CAMPUS?



6. ACCORDING TO YOU, THE MOST POPULAR TELEVISION SERIES ACROSS THE CAMPUS IS?



7. DO THE CLUBS REALLY PAY CONSIDERATION TO THE INTERVIEWS TAKEN?



8. WHICH ONLINE SHOPPING SITE DO YOU PREFER MOST?



9. WHAT DO YOU LOOK FOR ON NOTICE BOARDS?



10. HOW ARE THE NEW INTERNET TIMINGS AFFECTING YOU?





लवणानके ज्ञाने,
दृष्टे. निम्नो पद्वार

मेरी प्यारी दीदी

कहानी है सयानी की, हर वक्त कुर्बानी की
कुछ खट्टी-मीठी यादों की, कुछ रोती-हंसती बातों की।
उनके मन का तो पता नहीं, पर हर वक्त उन्हें मुस्कुराते देखा है
उनके प्यार को मैंने, उनकी आंखों से झलकते देखा है।

बचपन की सारी बातें, कुछ घुंथली, कुछ ताजा यादें
आपके बिना कहीं हो जाना, हर वक्त खुद को अकेला पाना।
आपकी दोस्ती को मैंने, बचपन से पलते देखा है
आपकी तपिश में, मैंने खुद को ढलते देखा है।

आपकी सारी बातें, जैसे मुझे खुद आगे ले जाती हैं
आपकी तब की हर सलाह, आज हर रोज काम आती है।
छांव बहुत प्यारी है मुझे, मैंने सूरज को जलते देखा है
हर छांव के लिए खड़े हो तुम, हर बार मैंने तुमको तपते देखा है।

रिश्ते शायद अमर न रहें, किंतु यह प्यार हमेशा अमर रहेगा
आपकी सारी यादों का मेरे जीवन में घर रहेगा।
जीवन तो अभी शुरू हुआ है, कुछ नई यादों को मैंने जुड़ते देखा है
आपकी यादें तो लकीरें हैं, जिन्हें मैंने अपने पर उकरते देखा है।

एक वक्त हम साथ थे, जरूर होगा कि हम दोबारा हों
आपका ऋणी रहना तो आजीवन चाहूं, बस पल दो पल बात हो।
चाहे आप नाराज है मुझसे, पर आपको मेरे लिए लड़ते देखा है
आपकी हर एक श्वास को मैंने, मेरे लिए लेते देखा है।

शायद यही हमारी कहानी है, जो इस प्यार की निशानी है
आपको मेरी परवाह है, कुछ मुझे आपकी है।
इस रिश्ते को शायद मैं कम समझ पाऊं, पर यह प्यार मैंने दोनों में देखा है
आपकी ही तो आंखें हैं, जिनसे मैंने यह संसार देखा है।



New Brick on the Block



Strolling down the memory lanes, I still recall the first day of college at NIT Hamirah, when my fellows, most visiting Himachal for the first time, were so spellbound, they swore they'd love to settle here in future. Undoubtedly, ours is the best campus that can be. While exploring the campus for the very first time, the curious construction going on beyond MBH caught everybody's eye, and yes, eventually everybody was speculating what it could be. Pessimistic claimed it was yet another faculty or PhD quarters, some favoured M. Tech, while most were sure that sophomores were about to have the privilege of residing there. Well, let's be honest, who does not want an elevator in their hostel!

At the very end of our first semester, a pleasant surprise was allotment of rooms in Satpura hostel, you got combined bathrooms, while everybody envies you in the college. What a delight! But an elevator, I literally wanted to live in Mega Boys Hostel, so it was named. And yes, M. Tech and PhD guys won the chase, without much effort, and it was a purely joyous when we realized none of our B. Tech juniors didn't get it either. We surely are vicious beings!

The residents of MBH are quite friendly, I mean least interested to talk you down like other hostels' inmates do. So I never miss a chance to have a warm conversation with them and walk into the hostel. The moment you enter the corridors of the hostel, 'spectacular' is probably what anyone would utter. The hostel is perfectly designed. To state, the naturally luxurious background it stands against is so enchanting, you'd wake up each morning, to sunrays entering your windows, from the distant snow covered peaks, right through the lush green canopy, straight to eyes, only to wake you up to a pleasant day. The road that leads to the hostel is so beautiful, you'd walk in the evening to and fro, absorbing the serenity, and eventually get rid of all the troubles you had during the day. Maybe it's just rooms, but rooms so well sequenced, so well situated, only enough to make me run short of description!

And yes, 'the elevator', it's good, really good. Good enough to compliment the building, but if you think it's the elevator that swayed me off my feet, you need to visit MBH once. Until then, keep speculating!

अग्निंप्रज्ज्वालितम् वन्दे जातवेदम् हुताशनं
हिरन्यमनलं वन्दे समृद्धं विष्वतोमुखम् ।



From art gallery

ॐ
अग्नि

The glow in eyes, the warmth in palms,
I am the cozy embrace in winters that calms.
Ablaze, in rage, in the minds that conspire,
Co-traveler in a journey, ending with pyre.

Feminism:
The New F-Word

31

Jawani

33

Pani Hai, Pani?

34

Icarus

35

Walking in their boots

36

Satya ki khoj

37

Udaan

38



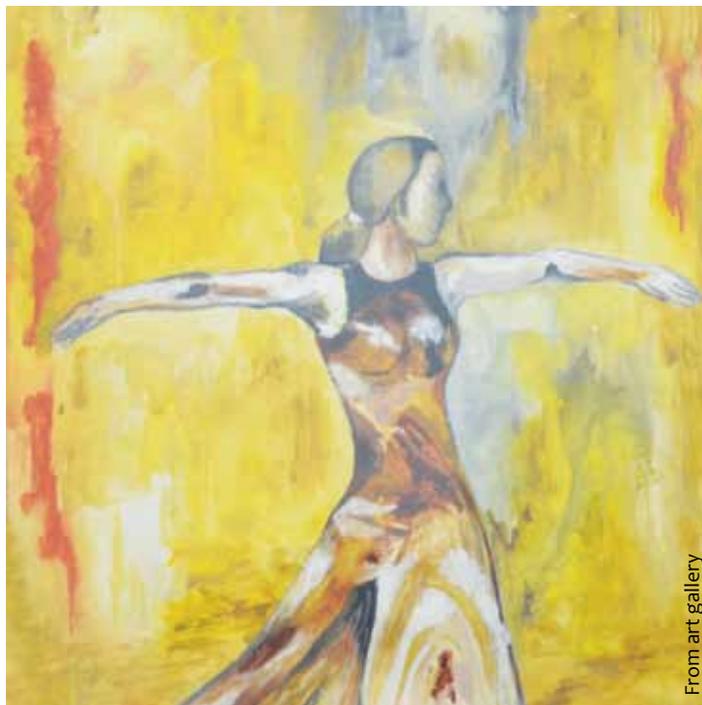
इपुपुपुपुपु कुरुर,
तइइइइ, गललल पुइइइ

दिल्लीनलः थे नदुव र वरुव

A woman who identifies herself as a feminist is immediately labeled as a bra-burner, man-hater, lesbian, stupid or a slut influenced by western culture who just wants to walk around naked and a man who stand up for his girl is termed “joru ka ghlum” and has to face vehement ridicule. A whopping 75% of the men think that feminism is an evil movement, started in the west and has no place in our society. This is mainly due to the misrepresentation of feminism by religious fanatics, babas and misinformed politicians and leaders who are the main source of information and enlightenment for the common man. I have heard many excuses over the years as to why feminism is unwelcome in our society, each more ridiculous than the other.

Myth 1: Feminists are influenced by western culture and just want to walk around naked.

The most common label put on female feminists is of being a slut. In a discussion with one of my seniors on Facebook, he said feminists just want to walk around naked. I was astounded by the level of ignorance and the offensive remarks. I tried explaining to him that that is not what feminism is about. After being called names and being verbally abused by him, I was blocked. This misconception is mainly because of the topless movement in Europe because a Tunisian woman was ordered to be stoned to death for posting a picture saying “my body, my rights” on her bare chest. While this may offend some people, it certainly doesn't deserve a death by such brutal means. The movement was solely for the freedom of the Tunisian woman and for her safety. The organization that was protesting



From art gallery

argued that a man posting a similar picture would not have the same fate. Feminists just ask for the hypocrisy to end and to give a woman freedom and control over her own body, to not make her body a source of family honour and just let her be.

Myth 2: Feminists are the main cause of rising rapes in the society.

Another equally ridiculous myth is that feminists are the main cause of rising rapes in India because they want to

roam about at any time wearing anything they want. We feminists believe that a woman's dress has got nothing to do with her being raped or sexually harassed. When I say this, I am usually responded to by saying, "but that's like not locking the door of your house and then saying you were robbed", to which I promptly reply that "blaming the victim for rape, is like blaming an innocent man for murder because he was not wearing bulletproof vest". We cannot generalize everything. It's not always "*taali ek hath se nahi bajti*". Rapists are psychopaths just like serial killers. In early September last year, 4 rape cases were reported in 3 days of which 3 involved little girls. Two of these girls were 9 years old and one was 13 years old, and each of these girls knew the rapist. These little girls were not grown women who seduced their perpetrator by their dress, nor were they roaming out late with unknown men. Feminism entails the freedom of making a choice and not being raped, killed, labeled or ridiculed for it. If a woman chooses to wear skirts, she shouldn't have to through the trauma of sexual harassment and then be blamed for it.

Myth 3: Don't hold the door open for them or you'll get smacked in the face.

Men also have the notion that feminists get offended when offered a seat in buses and public transports, or if doors are held open for them. Absolutely NOT. Feminism is a movement against chauvinism not chivalry. While there may be some radicals who don't like things being done for them, that is individual choice and not a feminist ideal. There are radicals in every movement but they do not represent the majority. A woman would appreciate it if you chose to pull her chair for her or pay her bills, even if she's a feminist. The only difference between would be that she doesn't need you to do that and would not mind even if you didn't do those things. Only a very bitter person would react negatively to someone being nice to them and bitterness is not a result of feminism but your outlook to life and perhaps your past experiences.

Myth 4: Feminists think there is no difference between men and women.

This is a common misconception even among novice

feminists. No we do not think both genders can do everything. Men are physically stronger than women and that cannot be denied. On the other hand women are better at multi-tasking. We acknowledge the differences between both genders and believe in equality of making choices despite those differences. A woman should not be denied the right to make a certain choice by virtue of her gender, and neither should a man. A woman should not be ridiculed for wanting to become a cop or a truck driver, just like a man should not be ridiculed for wanting to be a cook or a designer. In fact some of the best cooks in the country are men.

Myth 5: Feminists are not feminine.

This is could not be more farther from the truth. I am a feminist but I love getting dressed, having my hair done and doing make up. Being a feminist doesn't make you less feminine, just like doing chores at home does not make a man any less masculine.

Myth 6: Feminists hate men.

This too is a very common misconception. Feminists do not hate men, with the exception of sexist ones. We have fathers, brothers, partners and friends in our life whom we adore and respect and we expect the same from them. No feminist will say that she doesn't want a man, unless she is a homosexual and prefers women. We fall for men too. It's called love. We are just against "boys" (I say boys because real men appreciate a strong and independent woman and treat them as an equal) who think they are superior by virtue of their gender. We do not appreciate being told that our place is at home and if we step out to live our lives we deserved to be raped and harassed.

Myth 7: It's against Indian culture.

This is a very lame argument, usually put forth by people who have never bothered to know more about India's true culture. Ours is a society that worships goddesses. One that calls upon Laxmi when it needs wealth and Saraswati when it needs knowledge. This is not a culture that believes women are beneath men. It's one of the few ancient cultures of the world that shows women at par with men in all walks of life.



बबुलचंद्रा कृलकर,
टटवे, रिडिट पुढार

‘जवानी’

जवानी शौर्य का श्रृंगार संयम की सरल भाषा,
उमड़ती भावना का ज्वार तप की मौन परिभाषा।
जवानी के लिए इतिहास के पन्ने मचलते हैं।
जवानी की धमक से काल के आलेख टलते हैं।
प्रबन्धों के नये अध्याय नूतन गान बन जाते।
जवानी ने कभी अवरोध की सत्ता न मानी है,
प्रथाओं, वर्धनाओं की इयत्ता भी न मानी है।
जवानी ने सदा संकल्प को साथी बनाया है,
मधुर पय ही नहीं, गरल भी आजमाया है।
अरे ओ नौजवानों! उठ पड़ो परखो जवानी को,
शिवा का शौर्य, गुरु की तेग, बन्दा की रवानी को।
महाराणा बनो युग के हुंकार जी भरके,
गगन में भर गुंजार जय श्री राम हर-हर के।
भगे भ्रष्टाचरण का भूत जग व्यवहार पावन हो।
परस्पर का जगे विश्वास, हर मंजर सुहावन हो।
हमारे देश का गौरव क्षितिज में था उठे फिर से,
पताका विश्वविजयी व्योम में लहरा उठे फिर से।
जवानी वह नहीं जो जुर्म के आगे झुके रोये,
धधकती क्रांति के अंगार सिर पर बोध से ढोये।
सिसक रोये अंधेरे में जगे भयभीत आंखों से,
सिहर जाये जमाने से गगन तौले न पाखों से।
जवानी शूल रौंदे राह पर अंगार सा दौड़े,
अपने पाद चाप से मसल दे राह के रोड़े।
जवानी सिद्धि की गुटिका नहीं साधना का तप है,
सुखद शैया न जीवन की मरण के मंत्र का जप है।

anand lohan,
ददवे, थोरे पुहार



पानी है, पानी?

देश में आजकल चुनावी मौसम है। सभी ओर विकास की बातें हो रही हैं। पर यह सब बातें तो हमें समझ नहीं आती। अखबार भी हम भूले-भटके ही हाथ में लेते हैं। पर एक नई चर्चा ने हमें रोमांचित कर दिया है। सुना है कि स्वर्ग में भी आजकल मंदी का दौर है। देवताओं के पास काम धंधा नहीं है। इसी कारण सम्राट इंद्र ने सोचा है कि एक फिल्म का निर्देशन किया जाए, जिससे कलाकारों को कुछ काम मिले। यह बात 'खास तक' के स्टिंग ऑपरेशन में धरती वासियों तक पहुंच गई। फिर क्या! सिफारिशों का सिलसिला चल पड़ा। हर कोई इस दैवीय फिल्म में रोल चाहता



Gnana Selvam

था। इंद्र धर्मसंकट में फंस गये। फटाफट सभा बुलायी गयी। कुबेर ने खजाने की दुहाई दी। अग्निदेव ने कोयला और एलपीजी की। बाकी देवताओं ने अपना-अपना नाम आगे कर दिया। अंत में फैसला हुआ कि किसी धरती वासी को मुख्य रोल दिया जाए। नियम स्पष्ट थे, जो व्यक्ति एक सप्ताह के अंदर सबसे ज्यादा पानी बहाएगा, वही मुख्य रोल का हकदार होगा।

यह सुन हर ओर पानी ही पानी हो गया। शर्मा जी रोज नहाने लगे। वर्मा जी ने तो कुएं खुदवा दिए। अब रात-दिन पानी निकालते रहते हैं। सरकारी बाबू उससे भी होशियार, भला शहर के जर्जर पाईप उन्हीं की तो मेहरबानी है। यह पानी तो उन्हीं के खाते में जुड़ेगा। आखिर इन्हीं टपकते जल स्त्रोंतो के कारण शहर में नल और पंप लगाने का खर्चा बच गया। आज उन्हें अपने ऊपर गर्व हो रहा था। मैं भी भला क्यों पीछे रहता, सोचा कहीं लेखन विभाग में काम मिल जाए। बस मैंने भी कसम खा ली, रोज सुबह उठकर दस बाल्टी पानी बहाऊंगा। पूरी रात नींद नहीं लगी। पूरी की पूरी फिल्म की स्क्रिप्ट मन में ही लिख डाली। अवार्ड लेते वक्त क्या बोलना है, यह भी निश्चित कर लिया। सुबह चार बजे ही उठा। जोश और उत्साह से नल खोला पर यह क्या पानी ही नहीं आ रहा। कुएं में झांका, पर सूखा पड़ा था।

सोचा मुहल्ले में देख आऊं पर हर जगह कोहराम मचा है। सब एक ही सवाल पूछ रहे हैं "पानी है, पानी?" अखबार उठाई तो माथा ठनका। पता चला जल देव को कल लूट लिया गया। सारा पानी स्विस् बैंक तिजोरी में जमा है। पर जनता का दुख समझते हुए हमारे नेता ने पानी पर सब्सिडी दे दी है। साथ ही आम आदमी की भावना को देखते हुए सभी को एक-एक रोल दे दिया गया है।



वर्षानु वर्षानु
ददते, इदं तन्वते पुंशः

इकारुषु

Holding the world in his arms
Seemed to know what he was doing
Risks began to pay off
Finally knew where he was going
“I’m going to the top you see”
He told me on another such day
“I’m gonna rule this world,
Come what may.”
Icarus, son, don’t fly too high.

“Cut away, whatever stands in my way”
Proclaimed he to his men
“None is better none more important than me
I am the god, I am the one. Me. Me. Me.”
Not one opposed his ways, not one person cared
Survival of the fittest, they said, the others never even dared
Hacking cutting breaking burning. Killing.
Killing them all, he crowned himself master.
Icarus, son come down
Icarus, don’t fly too high.

Reached his pinnacle, reached the top
“No one can defeat me, none can come on top
I’m the master, the master of them all

Icarus was the son of the inventor Daedalus. King Minos of Crete imprisoned Daedalus and Icarus in the Labyrinth to punish Daedalus for helping the hero Theseus to kill the monster called the Minotaur and to escape with Minos’ daughter, Ariadne. Daedalus knew that Minos controlled any escape routes by land or sea, but Minos could not prevent an escape by flight. So Daedalus used his skills to build wings for himself and Icarus. He used wax and string to fasten feathers to reeds of varying lengths to imitate the curves of birds’ wings.

When their wings were ready, Daedalus warned Icarus to fly at medium altitude. If he flew too high, the sun could melt the wax of his wings, and the sea could dampen the feathers if he flew too low.

Once they had escaped Crete, Icarus became exhilarated by flight. Ignoring his father’s warning, he flew higher and higher. The sun melted the wax holding his wings together, and the boy fell into the water and drowned. Daedalus looked down to see feathers floating in the waves, and realized what had happened. He buried his son on an island which would be called Icaria, and the sea into which Icarus had fallen would ever after be called the Icarian Sea (between the Cyclades and Asia Minor).

“I’ll even demolish everything, even natural walls.”
Little by little, he devoured all that stood in his way
Conquered. Destroyed. Demolished, come what may.
Little by little, all was lost
Nothing was left, all was lost.
Icarus why did you fly so high.

Hubris cracking his foundation,
What he’d done, there’ll be no salvation
The castles he built started to crumble
The ground beneath him started to rumble.
Far away he heard an unearthly cry
Afraid, he stopped, not ready to die.
“Save me, O save me” he pleaded
No one were left there, all defeated were they

Doom marched on with an army strong
Icarus blamed his luck, there was something wrong
“You can’t touch me! I’m your king,
On your knees, you slave, my praises you should sing!”
“Human, how can you be so deceived?
What lies have you believed?
I’m the one who devours whole worlds
I’m doom, I’m your Doom.”

“Icarus, you flew too high,
You went too far, I won’t lie.
You broke the line between need and greed,
You were not the one, not the one to lead.
Your wings caught fire, they withered away
This is the end, the end of your days
Icarus son, you flew too high,
Your wings burnt down, you were too close to the sky.”

इहोप्रा लहान्दोना,
दद्वे, इददोने पुदार



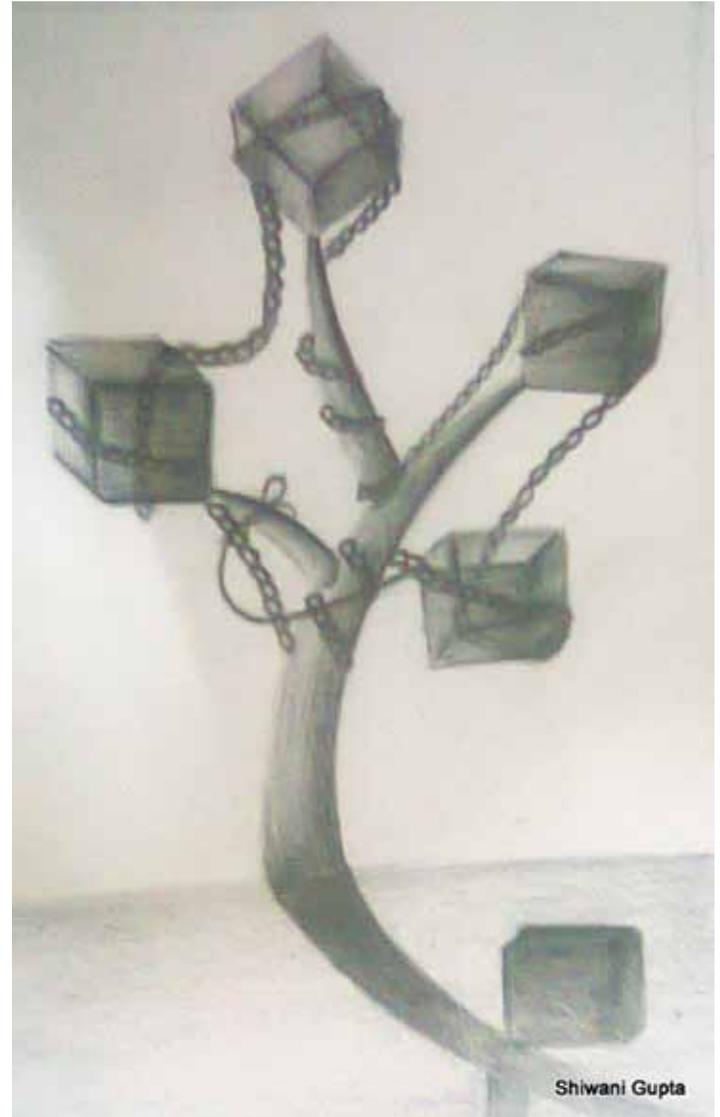
Walking in their boots

Tired fingers trying to find solace in tradition, in the words of a nameless cadet, and the knowledge they earned when they sweated, cried, and triumphed the same way. In many ways, these five words bring out the simple truth of the “Indian Soldier”. Of the man who left the home as a boy, with his fears and insecurities, holding the pain of his lost love or pining for someone, holding everything that a teenager holds dear. Wanting to win the world like every adolescent! But unsure where to start. In the military academics they teach you to start with yourself. It’s a painful process to tear off one skin and wear another but in the end, a soldier comes out a better human being. The uniform stays with you for life, taking on all the grime, mud, blood and — sweat and pride—along the way.

Sadly, nowadays it’s the specks of mud that seem to make all the news. A fake encounter in Kashmir, a woman raped in North East, an officer arrested for spying, a frustrated jawan shooting his officer. In a society hungry for titillation, aberrations pass for the truth. Finally, some of us feel, the great Indian soldier has been pulled down from his pedestal. Finally, we see him as a common man, no better or stronger or nobler than you and me! Is it so?

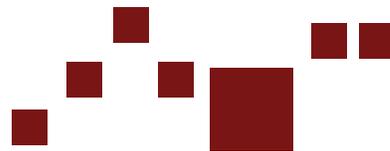
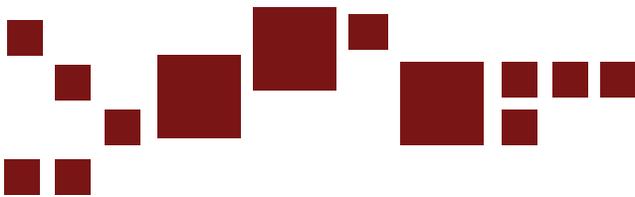
Nothing could be farther from the truth. The only truth here is that yes, the soldier is an ordinary man. An ordinary man who has made extraordinary sacrifices, shown courage above and beyond the call of duty. How many of us can claim to have done that in our plush air – conditioned offices?

A soldier’s courage is tested not just when he is in an encounter or when called to rescue someone from flood waters. He is put to test every single day. The prize for passing this daily performance review? He simply retains the honour of wearing his uniform for another day. It takes extraordinary courage and pain to survive a single day of



training in the academies or even the “routine life” in the regiment. A sacrifice that very few have the courage to make. They bind themselves to a life of immense hardships, silent sacrifices, incompatible pay, separation from families – but the satisfaction makes their spine ramrod straight.

Ordinary boys like Manoj Pandey, Vijayant Thapar, and Anuj Nayar etc. (Can’t recognize their names? I came to know by the way of the serial “Mission Fateh” broadcasted on T.V. long ago on Sahara channel). To give you an idea, one of them ran across the country with a fractured leg – at the NDA just



पारमवीरचक्र के विजेता,
लखनऊ, दिल्ली पुलिस

so he wouldn't let his squadron down! A Paramveer Chakra winner, for instance, gone home to be medically treated against half a dozen bullet wounds, told his mother, “*ek medal mila, maa*” and forgot to mention that he had single handedly captured a Pakistani position! Let us not make generalizations out of aberrations. The Indian soldier comes from a family like yours and mine. He is a part of society and is subjected to the same pulls and pressures, inflation pinches him too, and he has his own domestic problems, his elderly to look after and is worried about the education of his child. He has his own insecurities and worries.

And like every segment of society, there are a few rotten apples. There is no denying that. But just ask yourself how many such cases have you heard of in the last decade? A handful? Out of the millions who donned the uniform in this time. The dirty ones are hauled up and thrown out faster than you pick a fly out of your soup.

Justice in the forces is swift, certain & ruthless. Armchair judgment, they don't need!

“Today my dear fellowmen,
You will learn about some men,
Who are for their country?
More than just someone who brought them victory,
For when their nation was in danger,
Their blood boiled in anger,
Without caring for their personal life,
They left their parents, children and wife,
And off they went like real heroes,
To make the enemies feel like zeroes,
These men had muscles of iron,
And had the hearts of a lion,
When the enemy faced these men,
The enemy did not know where to go then,
For one of these men,
Was enough for the enemies then?
The enemy then ran away like rats,
Like rats run after seeing the cats,
Thus these men saved the country,
Giving it a proud victory,
The heroes of this story,
Work for the world's best military,
These are the great and ever victorious,
Our proud Indian armed forces!”

सत्य की खोज

धर्म-जात के जंजीरों में क्यों जकड़ा है इंसान।
मंदिर मस्जिद में सत्य ढूंढता मानव है नादान।
मुझे तो लगता मानव उस मृग की भांति है अनजान।
जिसके नाभि में कस्तूरी बसती जंगल ढूंढ-ढूंढकर है परेशान।

क्यों धर्म-जात के नाम पर युद्ध हो घमासान।
कहां गया वो भाईचारा, कहां गया वो खुदा का फरमान।
धर्म-जात के जंजीरों में क्यों जकड़ा है इंसान।
मंदिर-मस्जिद में सत्य ढूंढता मानव है नादान।

ऐसा क्यों लगता है सबके दिलों में बस गया शैतान।
परिलक्षित होता राजनीति में धर्म जात का बड़ा योगदान।
सौहार्दपूर्ण वातावरण की करते हैं हम आशा।
वरना वह दिन दूर नहीं जब हो जाएगा सर्वनाश।

धर्मजात के जंजीरों में क्यों जकड़ा है इंसान।
मंदिर-मस्जिद में सत्य ढूंढता मानव है नादान।



इपारलेको इवारेवत,
बोपलको २००९-२०१३



Vasudha Tuli

‘उड़ान’

आज खामोशी की ठंड है बहुत
अपनी अनंत बातों का अलाव तो जला दो ज़रा।
आज बोझिल सी हो गई है चौखट पर पड़े दिये की रोशनी भी
अपनी मुस्कुराहट से उसकी बाती को फिर से रोशन तो कर
दो ज़रा।

आज रंभा नहीं रही खूंटे से बंधी गाय भी
अपनी प्यार भरी पुचकार तो भिजवा दो ज़रा।
आज पूछ रही थी पड़ोस वाली मौसी भी ‘‘कब आएगा बछुआ
हमार’’
अपनी नटखट शरारतों से भरी एक प्यारी सी चिट्ठी तो लिख
दो ज़रा।

आज ठंडा पड़ा है चूल्हा भी
असमर्थ है प्यार की भूख मिटाने में वह भी
बनाई थी जो गीली मिट्टी की रोटी तुमने अपने नन्हें हाथों से
आओ आज मिलकर उन्हें सेंके ज़रा।

आज कच्ची अंबिया भी पकने लगी हैं
पूछ रही थी तुम्हारी गुलेल से कैसे हो तुम
हैरत में डाल देता था जो, वो अपना अचूक निशाना
एक बार फिर लगा कर तो दिखा दो ज़रा।

आज हुआ नहीं है सूर्यास्त भी
दूँढ रहा था वह भी तुम्हें
समय नहीं होगा तुम्हारे पास मगर
हंसकर एक बार उसे अलविदा तो कह दो ज़रा।

आज पलकें भी झुकना भूल गई हैं
तुम्हारी राह तकते-तकते
एक बार फिर पीछे से आकर अपनी कोमल हथेलियों से
इन्हें ढक तो दो ज़रा।

आज कह दो परिंदो से न भरे उड़ान फलक की ओर अब
वक्त हो गया है लौटने का
अपने आशियाने की ओर ले जाए जो
एक ‘उड़ान’ तो ऐसी भर दो ज़रा।

मध्यप्राणं सुषुप्तौ स्वज निमनुविशन्त्यग्निसूर्यादयो दयोडमी
वागाद्याः प्राणवायुं तदिहनिगदिता ग्लानिरेषां न वायोः ।
तेभ्यो दृश्यावभासो भ्रम इतिविदितः पुक्तिकारौप्यकल्पः
प्राणायामव्रतं तच्छ्रतिशिरसि मतं स्वात्मलब्धौ न चान्यत् ॥



Shiwani Gupta

होवे
वायु

I am the breath, I am the breeze,
I am the one that twirls the leaves.
And it's my whirl that ends in bleak,
From life to death, all tales I speak.

The Silver Spoon

41

Reminiscence

43

Baat Shiv Se

44

The NIT of my
dreams

45

Kashmakash

47

Samarpan

47

Bridging
the
Gap

48

Duniya mujhe
dhakka kyu marti
hai

50

Chahta Hu

53

Nanha Baccha

52

Horror Story

54



अपुङ्के केहनवेडो,
हदवे, गिना पुहार

इौरहर इपूठन

“Wow! Dude 4 years are over! Yep! What are you planning to do next?” “I haven’t kind of given it a proper thought! Let’s see where LIFE takes me.” (A question asked every now and then). Really! Huh! Years have passed, asking myself, recalling everything I can from the day I entered this college; and I can’t inject my neurons with any more “perceptron, and never ending learning rules”. Yeah guys, I was studying for my Neural Networks’ Final exam. I got so frustrated and annoyed that I couldn’t concentrate anymore. Finally, I decided to jot down my ‘feelings’ on a sheet of paper. SRIJAN has always been a fascination! Though I always pondered what I should write, the search for a ‘topic’ was always cumbersome, dispiriting, and elusive. But one thing that I’ve learnt is start scratching your pen on a blank page and eventually, you’ll get at least a ‘Memory’ worth remembering.

The word College symbolized ‘freedom’ to me all my childhood. A place to burnish your skills, every day being special, all night heavenly parties, ‘gals n booze’, friendships that would last an eternity and also a secure future with a chill job (at least 10 lakh package). After school felt like forever, finally, AIEEE 2010 result was declared; I got Electrical & Electronics Engineering @ NIT Hamirpur (Hey! It was a personal choice. I know, I know, people still give me a stare when I say this). My self-conscience was patting my back saying ‘You’ve got yourself something good’. Every fellow student I met on the first day fell in love with the infrastructural beauty and charismatic charm of the campus, but my whole life revolved around this college; the excitement of exploration had jaded long ago. Yet, somehow, with new friends, the evening strolls in the midst of haze and fog with dimly lit streets, the shivers one feels when the flickering street light goes out instantaneously, the howling of dogs, the gigantic mirrors of NBH, the Shivalik back road, the hidden water tank, ruins in front of 4-H always generated a nostalgic and spooky feeling and the campus still felt enigmatic.

The million-dollar-question almost everyone posed was, “You took hostel?” The dreaded question has haunted me

exceedingly and my reply always was, “I like it. At least it makes me feel that I am in College”. This was my first time in hostel; not once did my Dad favour this decision. Well guys, you tell me whose parents would tolerate the habits of an engineering student (Sleeping at 4 am, waking at 2 pm, never touching books, and of course, shutting down laptops is considered a crime)? Everyone has had enough parent-teen arguments up to 12th and having it again during college time makes things worse. I loved hostels here in spite of my fellow friends’ constant grumbling and resentment and as I knew most of the chachus, I was always treated as royalty. It also felt odd to me that the frequency of my roommates visiting their homes was folds greater than me. Clothes being ripped apart during Holi, bon fires during Lohri, and ‘why I was born on this day (Birthdays)’ which always left one’s bum sore and a huge hole in the pocket, the ‘Hostel Experiments’ dangerously crazy, these became the norm. From Instant Maggie to hot water requirements everyone came up with a unique hostel ‘jugad’. My first group hostel experiment was burning up my roommate’s bed sheet and pillow. Okay, that wasn’t the intention, but what could one expect if an aluminum foil is directly connected to 220 volts and the miniature circuit breaker (MCB) fails to trip? But I learnt a key lesson that day! Do not construct an indigenous capacitor and never connect it to the supply directly. Even if the view is spectacular, DO NOT try it (Caution: Leads to Hazards; as uninterrupted power supply is a specialty here, after all we are in Himachal!).

It was Nimbus 2011, and I was ‘introducing’ myself to seniors. After 4 lines, one sir utters “Namaskar Gurudev kaise ho!” I was mortified and amused when I heard this. I was halted many a times for ‘interaction’ with seniors but every time one heard who I was, their voices transformed and a feeling of gloom descended upon them. Putting myself in their shoes, I suppose the same tingle might’ve flown through me. These misconceptions mislead my so many dearest friends. Time has flown by. In my memory lanes I have written and re-written the lines of this article again and again countless times; it’s so amazing until one starts to pour his thoughts on paper, how they are lost in thin air.

As it's well said, "With power comes great responsibilities". The "repute of parents" is a major concept an engineer has to deal in these 4 years, but what if your own parents are the backbone of the entire architecture? Their reputation becomes your responsibility; this shrinks and confines your whole dimensions. Every eye surveils you and every ear constantly monitors you; news of your (mis)deeds reach home even before you do. Being the most popular among teachers, yes, of course the silver spoon guys are always in their spot light, whether it's sneaking up your cell phone or poking your side pal to wake him up. Each and every time you shall be made an example. The worst of it all is you cannot be invisible in class. I could never ask my mates to mark my proxy. It was Machine's periodical and the pages of my answer sheet weren't steady and the centre page came out of place. I didn't have a stapler, so I wrote my name and roll number on that page so that it doesn't get misplaced. The teacher, to my horror, went straight to my father and said sarcastically, "Sir, your son has written his name inside the answer sheets! What does that mean?" I was questioned at home why I did that. It was upsetting and shocking that he misconstrued it entirely. Some things really shake your very nerves and so, the saga of 24x7surveillance continues. Your relations with teachers are molded in accordance with your parents. Consider yourself fortunate enough that no one has ever called you by your father's first name during class. It's well said you should always have contacts wherever you are working, but if everyone knows who you are, it suffocates and complicates your very existence. Even if you have earned or achieved something, people tend to call it bluff and negate your worth and qualities.

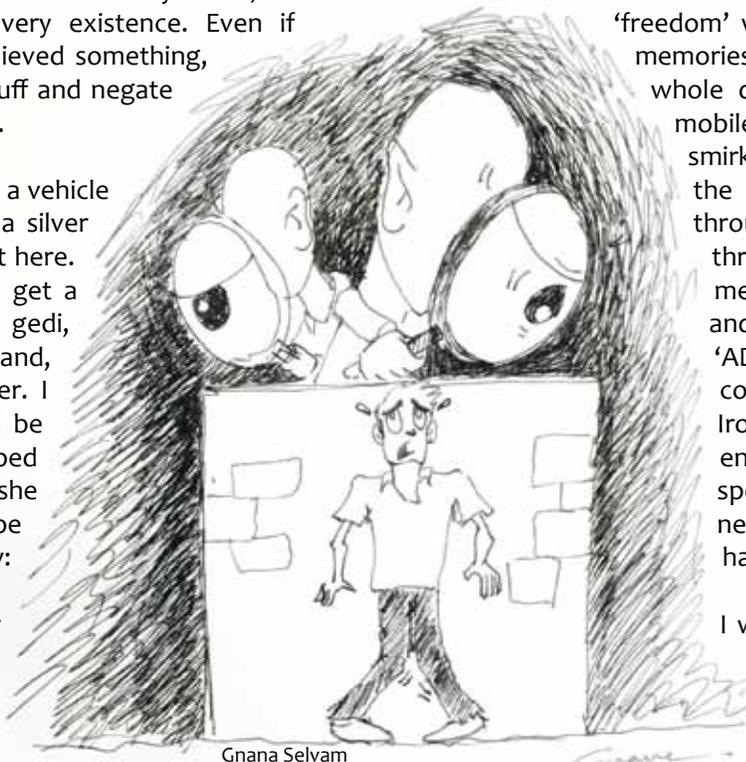
The occasional access to a vehicle is the highest privilege a silver spooned guy/girl can get here. If your buddy wants to get a new haircut, a market gedi, or a drop to the bus-stand, you are their transporter. I always wondered if it'd be inappropriate if I stopped the car and asked a girl if she needed a lift. Would I be termed a flirt? (Courtesy: Itna bhi bura ni hoon main). Hostel food never posed a problem; this is why I never got to know the real craze about

'Ghar ka Khanna'. Surprise visits were always a source of consternation to my friends and me. When one is watching a movie or engrossed in TV shows, who likes the knock on a door? And that knock always comes with a 'helping verb' to express concern towards you. My roommate's Uncle (He's a teacher here) was standing beside the door lecturing us on how to behave and clean up rooms. All of a sudden, with a bang, the door flung open and hit him; having a glimpse of who was in the room, the boy who kicked open the door was nowhere to be seen. Within a fraction of a second, the entire floor was secluded, sympathizing with the boy (Badke, bolo aap ki arthiya kahan se uthaen).

Another crazy incident took place when our exams were postponed. Word spread like such a raging fire that no one cross-checked (Perfect excuse for celebration). Someone knocked on my buddy's door early morning and God, was he annoyed! "Kon hai ara, itni subah tang kar raha hai". He opened the door (Late night party 'Stuff' was still lying alongside the bed). His dad said, "Son, you have an exam this afternoon". It was the OMG Moment.

Last but not the least, the entity I cherish most is having the company of the best companions during college or even in holidays. Every holiday it's reunion time, time to savour the most precious moments you acquire, and reminisce about old shady past; the sight of school or kids with pretty uniforms takes me to the flashback of what my 'freedom' was. Closing my eyes, I recollect memories of folded shirt-cuffs, laughter, whole day bunks for cricket/swimming, mobile inspection and hopeless smirks and smiles with crushes, and the Dream COLLEGE starts to float through my head, but opening them thrusts me back into reality, leaving me in a limbo of vagueness, belief and love. Haven't I have pointed few 'ADVANTAGES' one has for having his college at home or college as home? Ironic, isn't it? There are people who envy the 'one born with the silver spoon' (extra privileges), but they never look at the completely burnt hands.

I wonder sometimes what if I took 'THE ROAD NOT TAKEN' during the 1st semester. (Another time perhaps).



Gnana Selvam



लगेवेपी बजाइलो,
हदवे, फिना पुहार

REMINISCENCE

Remember the first day of college we came,
Knew nobody not even their name.
Greeting everyone with a nice smile,
Making our real soul rise from aisle.

Coming to college expected many things,
A big new dept, some greenery, bunks & drinks.
Went to class rejoicing to gain knowledge,
But it became most boring part of the college.

As time passed made many friends,
Some very close and some of them gems.
In the path of life made many mistakes,
Got good advices and many heart breaks.

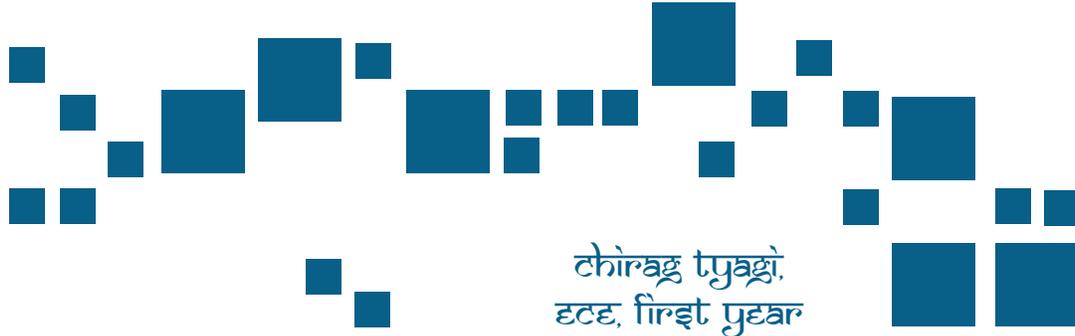
All knew us as "The Legendary Late Comers",
Making fun of professors and spreading couple rumors.
Tackled minors, majors, ppts & boring classes,
Preparing for exams at last night that never passes.

Here comes a fear making it all dark,
Might everyone forget me without any mark?
But I would remember each one of those,
Be a good friend, a bitch or a rose.

Now I think it was God's game,
We played it all nobody to blame,
Gained new experiences all precious not lame,
Now out we go to make our own name.



yatin@pixbarn



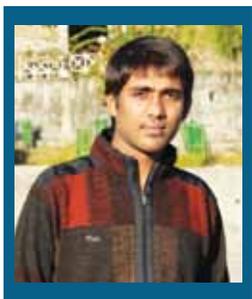
टीनोब्रह्म प्रयाशो,
दृष्ट, गिरङ्ग प्रहार



‘बात शिव से’

आरती की गूँज वाली, सुबह वह भी एक थी।
 ‘बम-बम’ भोले करने वाले भक्तों की मंशा नेक थी॥
 चट्टान-पर्वत दहाड़ते, फिर भी साहस वो धर रहे।
 पंचतत्व के ढांचे को, लेकर आगे बढ़ रहे॥
 फिर क्या हुआ, क्यों अचानक, नेत्र तीसरा खुल गया।
 अग्नि-वायु का काम नहीं, जल ही भक्षक क्यों बन गया॥
 क्या खता थी भक्तों की, किस कारण शिव नाराज हुए।
 क्या गलती थी उन बच्चों की, जो इस कारण अनाथ हुए॥
 आस्था के रास्ते पर, शवों का ढेर क्यों लग गया?
 पानी के उस वेग में, लोगों का वंश क्यों बह गया?
 वो पानी तो बह चला, पर मलबा है कि हटता नहीं।
 मेरी आँखों में भी पानी है, न जाने क्यों रुकता नहीं॥
 एक ऐसी औषधि, मुझको आप, शिव सौंप दो।
 दिल के जख्मों से बहते खून, आँखों के आँसू रोक दो॥
 जानता हूँ जो हुआ, अपने कर्मों का ही खेल था।
 विनाश रूप है दिख रहा, नर से नारायण का मेल था।
 आप पर विश्वास है, जो कह रहा, ‘अच्छा किया’।
 पर देख मंजर कष्ट का, मैं पूछता हूँ ‘क्यों किया?’॥
 है संकीर्ण, कटीला रास्ता, मुझे हौसला खोना नहीं॥
 जो तुम हो, वहीं हूँ मैं, मुझे इसलिए रोना नहीं॥





इसराबेके बाद
दखे, थोरे प्यार

The Not of My Werewolves

I woke up in the middle of night and tried to look around but the tired eyes didn't want me to open them. After much rubbing, I managed to peek through them a bit and make out some figures in the dark and realized I was in the bus. I didn't remember how I got there or where the bus was going. I couldn't ask anyone because I was alone there. The driver seemed miles away and being lazy, I went back to sleep. I had just closed my eyes when the shrill sound of the conductor's whistle tore through the silence of the night and took away my sleep. I looked in his direction and asked him to get myself down. I looked for my luggage, I wasn't sure if I was carrying any but managed to find a duffle bag and got down.

I looked at the sky and then at my watch, it was 6 in the evening and it was pitch dark maybe because of the clouds that covered the sky or maybe because I was drunk and passed out somewhere, but my head wasn't hurting so I decided to go with the former. I looked here and there and on my left found an old rusted satellite like dish that had something etched on it and I could only make out "Meerpar" from it. I guessed it was the name of the place. Just near to the dish was a big gate and I walked in. There were some uniform-clad men sitting there but they didn't bother me with anything. I walked straight to a nearby shop. I went to the counter and looked for something to eat. As I browsed through the shelves,



a crooked old man with a shiny head came smiling to me and asked me to sit. I took a chair and sat down when something happened.

They were basically two creatures that I saw. I guessed male and female but could not make out who was what. I just wanted to get away from there. One type of the creatures had 'hearts' dangling on something she held in her hands and looked like a 'witch'. The other creature had 'half a head' as if they had been sliced open and seemed lifeless, like a 'zombie'. They did what the witches asked them. This was about the 'witch-zombie' couples that were there.

There were some who sat in groups. They were howling and laughing together and they kept praying to the one they called 'senior' for food and drinks, like for a party of sort. There were many like that and it seemed that they were having fun but the look on the one who had to pay obviously was not good. Just then I was asked to introduce myself. I did. I tried asking questions and was slapped every time I spoke out of turn. I was dragged to a dungeon by two zombies who seemed to pity me. I was half dead and was still dragged a long distance before I was thrown into a room. As soon as I went in, I saw there were more like me. We were locked for days and I thought we'd die there but one day the sun came up. Someone walked in and took us for a tour.

We reached a series of buildings and the first one was '**Mistri Dept**'. Zombies and a few witches were spotted there towing bricks, stones and cement sacks. Some were digging a hole while some just looked into a drain trying to study the flow. The next stop was '**Spare Parts Dept**'. Only zombies were there and no witches but just as we walked away, we spotted two of them in a far corner. Some of them were busy opening machines by banging their heads on them. Some made sounds like a running motor while some were just trying to do something.

Next came the '**Bijli Wale**'. They had a good strength of both zombies and witches. Some just kept holding the live wire while some stuck their finger into a socket trying to look for something there and some just stood near a transformer. After that the signboard read, '**Diode se Bolne Wale**'. There were some who just kept lighting LEDs with a small cell. Some held, what they said, was an 'antenna' on their heads and some just kept signaling to the other one about something.

The next building had '**o or 1**' on the signboard and the zombies just held keyboards in their hands and walked around. Some sat there painting the computers 'pink' while some stared at a blank screen and said that they were 'coding'. The last two departments had witches almost of the same strength as the zombies. I thought the tour was over but one last stop was made at the '**Painter's Dept**' where the zombies and witches went around dipped in colors and tried to paint the walls. Some just kept poking each other with 'roller scales' and pencils.

Sometime later we went back to the room and this time when I woke up, I knew where I was and realized it was a dream but I felt like it was so true. It was the first dream I had had when I came here at NITH and then I thought I hated the place but gradually as the time passed I loved it and I cherish every moment I have spent here. Realizing it is almost three years I have spent, I get upset thinking about the time I have left here. It is a part of my life and no matter how an outsider sees us but I love being a 'zombie/boy' here and knowing the 'witches/girls' here it seems my heart is ready to pop-out at one of them. This place is something I really can't put in words and so desperately tried to describe as a dream. It is not a nightmare to be here but a 'Dream' come true. Those who are a part of it know what I mean. I am a NITHian and forever will be.



पूजा पाटीलकार,
लहरे, गिवा पुस्तक



प्रभाकर कुलकार पुडोकार,
दहरे, गिवा पुस्तक

कश्मकश

है कश्मकश कैसी दिल में जो मेरे है,
न नजरो से होती बयां, न बातों में मेरे है,
देखा है जब से उस हसीन चेहरे को मैने,
तराशा है खुदा ने जिसे, मुझसे मिलाने।

थम गई निगाहें मेरी ओर, लब्ज होठों से गिर पड़े हैं
थम गया मेरा जहां जैसे, हो जम गया बर्फ से
यूं उड़ी थी जुल्फे हवा में लहराती हुई उनकी
मानों छट रही हो घटाएं चांदनी बिखेरने।

“वो श्वेत वर्ण वो तीखे नैन-नक्श
वो सूरज की लालिमा सी चमक”
झलक आज भी दिल में मेरे है।
है कश्मकश कैसी दिल में जो मेरे है,
न नजरो से होती बयां, न बातों में मेरे है।

उसके कदमों की आहट, वो पायल की खनखनाहट
वो नैनों का काजल, वो बिंदिया की चमक
वो कोयल सी मधुर वाणी, वो खिलखिलाने की आहट;
यूं तो ढूंढता हूँ हर जगह मै, उसे,
पर वो दिल में मेरे आज भी है।
है कश्मकश कैसी दिल में जो मेरे है,
न नजरो से होती बयां, न बातों में मेरे है।



Jaideep Negi

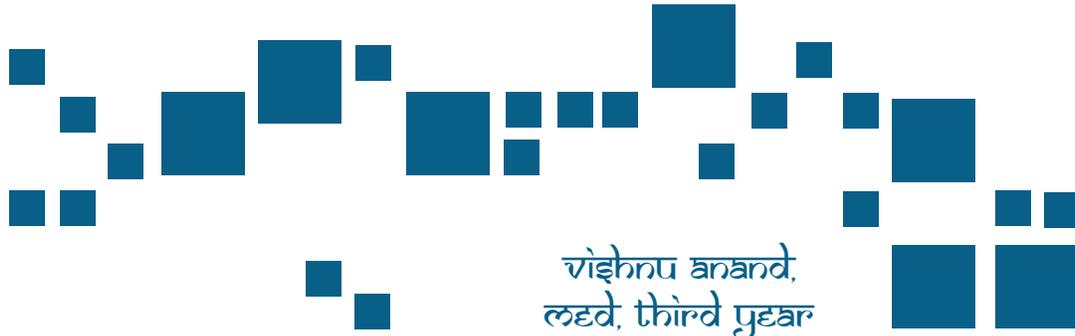
समर्पण

तन है अर्पित, मन है अर्पित
है चरणों में तेरे, मेरा जीवन भी अर्पित।
कैलाश की ऊंचाई से लेकर,
आंध्र के पठार तक,
कि बंगाल की धारा से लेकर,
गुजरात की पुरवाई तक,
है तेरा हर एक रूप शोभित,
तन है अर्पित, मन है अर्पित
है चरणों में तेरे, मेरा जीवन भी अर्पित।

हो मुसलमान, सिक्ख, ईसाई या हिन्दू
राष्ट्र एकता के हैं ये सभी महत्वपूर्ण बिंदु
हो रमजान के रोजे या होली का हुड़दंग
न पड़े आपसी भाईचारा अपंग
हो गोधरा का मुसलमान या कश्मीर का पण्डित
रहे सदा मेरी मातृभूमि अखंडित
हो शांति सुख समृद्धि स्थापित
तन है अर्पित, मन है अर्पित
है चरणों में तेरे, मेरा जीवन भी अर्पित।

कर गए आजाद और बिस्मिल
अपनी-अपनी अमर कहानी
सौरभ कालिया, सदीप उन्नीकृष्ण
खून में थी वो रवानी,
अब मेरी है बारी,
ये देश है अब मेरी जिम्मेदारी,
बलिदानों पे ही होती है हर महान सभ्यता आधारित
तन है अर्पित मन है अर्पित है
चरणों में तेरे, मेरा जीवन भी अर्पित।

है मेरी यही एक अभिलाषा कि देखे ये सारा जमाना तमाशा
के जब उठूं जनाजे पर मैं
साथ जाए मेरा तिरंगा और मैं
हो मेरा हर एक रोम हर्षित,
तन है अर्पित, मन है अर्पित
है चरणों में तेरे मेरा जीवन भी अर्पित ॥



चिंहेनू अनान्दे,
लडे, थिरे पुंर

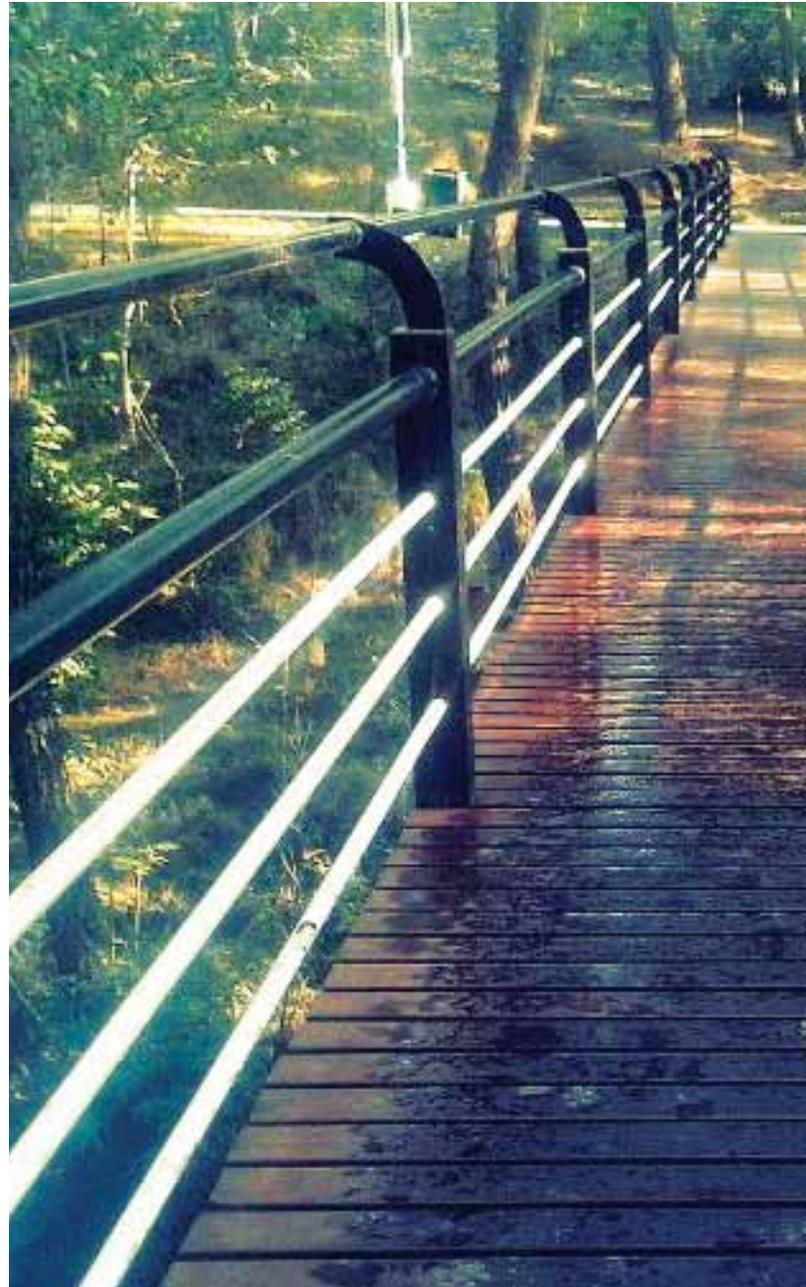


The bridge, our very own bridge lying midway of what we call the 'Mall Road'. The darkness around which is a facility that's often put to use. Besides being used for recreational activities, the bridge does act like a bridge (of course when you have hostels on separate ends of the world).

br.....ing

I had an incident on that very bridge, important enough for me to write about. On an afternoon, returning from GATE 1 to Neelkanth Boys Hostel (Well, NIT's got an area which makes you forget why the hell you are burning calories for). I was alone, that's pretty normal for college, sometimes it's hard to see human figures in line of sight in afternoons. You might encounter some monkeys though, and after all we have got our own mini wildlife sanctuary. As I managed my way from the green quiet lane to end of the bridge, I saw one human figure walking downstairs on the other side. Investing more thought, I realized it was no ordinary human in NIT's ecosystem. The human wore pink, was fair, had dressing sense and hair done in a way which was definitely above the standards I usually came across. She was amongst the one we feel fortunate to have in our college. I didn't know her name but she definitely topped the glamour chain of NIT.

I felt so fortunate about having a candid encounter with her crossing the bridge. I am not saying it was love at first sight or anything lame like that, it was one of those instances in which we just get "over conscious". I know I had to be prepared – I straightened my back, tried to put a better face, checked my chain (worst case! Of course without getting her to notice, making it look like I was lowering my sweater down). I adjusted my speed so that we began our journey at the same time from our respective ends (funny, how over excitement makes us do extra math). I told myself "I have to look decent yet adorable". I am going to pull off decency. I will make it look like it wasn't much of a deal if someone like her passed by (it was). She's going to meet "new fish in town". I laid down some initial standards. There will be just one momentary gaze (more than that is out of my bounds of decency). While crossing, the gap between the two of us would be at maximum, the proportion of width of the bridge.



Priya Vashishth

the gap



With these future executions bubbling in my head, nature crashed on to me. Addressing to NIT as an ecosystem wasn't just a metaphor anymore. From one of many trees sideways of the bridge, one big fat monkey jumped midway. Had I been alone I would have screamed my way out of this (this might fall below standards guys may rule out for themselves, but when you have got a childhood full of monkey attacks, it's pretty legitimate). The scream peddled itself at the epiglottis. She was keeping me sane, after all my decent yet adorable image was at stake. I took a moment to look at my fellow passerby. Visibly more terrified, she had instinctively brought her hands closer to face, eyes wide open, she stepped back a little. She wasn't doing any great either but who cares. She was a girl and a cute one, it compliments them. But me, a monkey fearing guy who sometimes forgets to do his chain? Any other guy could have escorted the lady to her end but considering my masculinity in this context, I prayed for her to do the same for me (*Boss! Safety first, decency gayi bhaad mein*).

From the moment I saw her, to this point, I made my first good use of engineering skills. Although it wasn't the best thing to do but it could have been much worse, way too much (imagine yourself screaming for help, that too in front of the girl you look up to, God must have a sense of humour). So I executed my fractured logic, picked up my phone, faked as if I had received a call, said something like "*Haan Sir, achaa! Bas abhi aaya, vo mene...*" turned back as if it was a matter of national importance and escaped the hell out of there. I convinced myself it was way better than simply backing off, I didn't have the guts to look back at her. Forget about fish but there's new "chicken" in town, she must have thought. How I felt was somewhere between "Oh Damn" and "Thank God".

This incident definitely tops the most embarrassing situations I have encountered. Later I came to know that the girl was a senior, thank god she has graduated by now. When sometimes I put some heed to it, I infer it wasn't the monkey that was problem, monkey was just camouflaged over the hyped hindrance that guys like me make for ourselves. There was a social gap I still had to bridge.



विपणनवेत्त इंजिनेर,
लखनौ, गिड्डत पुढर



दुनिया मुझे धक्का क्यों मारती है?

आखिरकार वो पल आ ही गया जब मुझे अपनी जिन्दगी को नई दिशा देनी थी। अभी तक जिन्दगी की जिस गाड़ी को माता पिता चला रहे थे वो गाड़ी अब उसके मालिक मतलब मुझे चलानी थी। अब मैंने भी अपना रास्ता तय कर लिया लेकिन शायद घर में मेरे लिए अलग रास्ता तय किया जा रहा था, ये पक्का होने में देर नहीं लगी। एक सुबह पापा ने मेरी ओर इशारा करते हुए कहा “देखो हमारे इंजीनियर साहब सो कर उठ चुके हैं।” राही की मंजिल तय हो चुकी थी पर राही को ही पता न था। दुख इस बात का न था कि फैसला मां-बाप ने लिया है, दुख तो इस बात का था कि इसमें मेरी राय की जरूरत ही नहीं समझी गयी।

जब फूल अपनी सुगन्ध देने को तैयार हो गया था तब उस पर इत्र छिड़का जा रहा था। फूल से कुदरती सुगंध की अपेक्षा वो खुशबू की

अपेक्षा हो रही थी जो उसका मालिक चाहता है। अब मुझे अपनी गाड़ी तो चलानी थी पर अपने मां-बाप के तय किए गये रास्ते पर। मैंने उनकी आज्ञा से इंजीनियरिंग ले तो ली लेकिन हुआ वही जिसका डर था। पढ़ाई पर ध्यान बिल्कुल नहीं लगा, पूरा ध्यान डांसिंग पर था। जब बीज बोया ही नहीं तो पौधा उगता कैसे? मैं अपने पहले इंजीनियरिंग के एग्जाम में असफल हो गया। लेकिन मुझे इसकी परवाह नहीं थी क्योंकि मेरी डांसिंग अच्छी चल रही थी।

लेकिन घर में मेरी असफलता को लेकर शोक का माहौल था। जैसा लाजमी था मुझे इस असफलता के पीछे का कारण जानने के लिए बुलाया गया। पापा ने कहा “बेटा यह सब क्या है? आखिर क्या बात हो गयी कि तुम्हारे पूरे मुहल्ले में सबसे कम नम्बर आए है?” मैंने भी गुस्से में कह दिया कि “क्या हुआ जो कम नम्बर आए हैं,



कोई पहाड़ तो नहीं टूट पड़ा है, अभी एक और साल बाकी है उसमें देखेंगे'। बस इतना कहने की देर थी कि मेरे मुँह पर तमाचा रसीद कर दिया गया। बस क्या था मेरा दिमाग तरह-तरह के विचारों से भर गया "मेरी जिंदगी है जैसे मैं चाहूँगा वैसे ही जिऊँगा, क्यों मानूँ मैं किसी और का हुकुम जब जीना मुझे, है खुद चलूँगा, अपनी मंजिल तक चलूँगा। आखिर ये दुनिया मुझे धक्के क्यों मार रही है?" ये सब सोचते हुए मैं सो गया। अगले कुछ दिनों तक मेरी घर में किसी से बात नहीं हुई। एक दिन मैं ही परिवार और मुझमें इतनी बड़ी खाई बन जाएगी ये न सोचा था, तो क्या बाप-बेटे का रिश्ता केवल बेटे की सफलताओं तक ही सीमित रहता है।

एक रात को मेरी नींद टूटी तो किसी के रोने की आवाजें आ रही थी। पास गया तो देखा कि मम्मी-पापा मेरी बचपन की तस्वीर गोद में लेकर रो रहे थे, कह रहे थे "अपनी उंगली पकड़ कर चलाते थे इसे, सोचते थे कि बुढ़ापे की लाठी बनेगा। पर लगता है कि इस लाठी में दरारें आनी लगी हैं। अब इसे हमारी उंगली की जरूरत नहीं रही। हमें डर है कि हमारे बीच की खाई इतनी बड़ी न हो जाए कि हमें एक दूसरे की आवाज भी सुनाई न दे।" मैंने पूरी बातें सुनी, लगता है कि जिस गुलाब के फूल को माली ने सींच कर बड़ा किया, फूल के काटें आज उस माली को ही चुभ रहे हैं।

पापा ने फैसला किया कि मैं फिर से इंजीनियरिंग का एग्जाम दूँगा। एक तरफ उनकी जिद और मुझे केवल डांसिंग और केवल डांसिंग। और इस साल मैं डांसिंग में और जी - जान लगाना चाहता था, क्योंकि इस साल डांसिंग के ऑडिशन होने थे, लेकिन मन ही मन मैंने तय किया कि इस बार पढ़ाई भी करनी है। कुछ महीनों में डांसिंग में परफेक्ट होने के बाद मैंने अपना ध्यान पढ़ाई पर ज्यादा केन्द्रित किया।

डांसिंग के ऑडिशन शुरु हो चुके थे। मैं भी एक के बाद एक सीढ़ी पार करता गया। देखते ही देखते मैं ऑडिशन के अंतिम चरण में था। मुझे और मेरे सर को जीत का पूरा भरोसा था। अगले दिन ही अंतिम चरण की तारीख आने वाली थी। तारीख पता लगते ही जैसे परमाणु विस्फोट सा हो गया। ऑडिशन और एग्जाम दोनों एक ही दिन थे।

अब आगे की जिंदगी दो मुँहे रास्ते पर खड़ी थी। सपने दो थे, एक मेरा सपना, दूसरा माँ-बाप का लेकिन दोनों सपनों के पूरे होने का सपना जो मैंने संजोया था उसका क्या? अब मुझे एक सपने की कुर्बानी देनी थी। मैंने सोच समझकर फैसला किया, अपनी जिन्दगी के उस कीमती दिन पर मैंने वही किया जो तय किया था। माता-पिता को लग रहा था कि मैंने एग्जाम दिया है और सर को लग रहा था कि

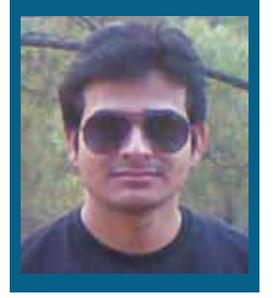
मैं ऑडिशन देकर आया हूँ पर सच मुझ तक ही सीमित था। दुनिया को सच्चाई का पता परिणाम के आने के बाद ही लगना था। परिणाम आने पर राज का पर्दाफाश हुआ। मुझे एक अच्छा कॉलेज मिल चुका था। मैं अपने सपनों की शैय्या पर अपने माँ-बाप के सपनों के झंडे को लहरा चुका था। शायद जिस जिंदगी को अपनी समझ रहा था वो मेरी कभी भी मेरी थी ही नहीं, वो तो उन दो आत्माओं की मोहताज भर है। परिणाम के बाद जब मैं घर गया तो सभी की आंखों में आंसू थे। पापा ने मुझे गर्व के साथ गले से लगा लिया। जिन हाथों ने मुझे तमाचा मारा था वही मेरे आंसू पोंछ रहे थे। शायद मैंने वो गहरी खाई भर दी थी।

“रो रहा हूँ सिसक कर, ये क्या कर दिया मैंने सोचा था दिन रात जो सपना वही तोड दिया मैंने।”
पर लगता है सही किया है, कर्ज था मुझ पर,
सपना तो क्या जान भी न्यौछावर कर देता,
उन दोनों की एक मुस्कराहट पर ॥

मेरे सपने के तो पर कट गये थे। पूरे साल बाद मेरे लिए एक चिट्ठी आई जो मुझे डांस सिखाने वाले सर ने लिखी थी। उसमें लिखा था कि जिस शो के ऑडिशन के फाइनल में मैं पहुंचा था, उसी के ऑडिशन मेरे शहर में शुरु होने जा रहे हैं। इस संदेश के साथ उसमें कुछ पैसे भी रखे हुए थे ताकि मैं ऑडिशन दे सकूँ। जिस इंसान ने मुझे अपनों सपनों के करीब पहुंचाया मैं उसकी बात टाल नहीं पाया। मैंने अपना ध्यान डांसिंग पर लगा दिया और धीरे-धीरे ऑडिशन करीब आते गए।

मन में विचार आते रहे कि अगर पापा को पता लगा तो वह क्या सोचेंगे कि मैं कॉलेज डांस सीखने गया हूँ या पढ़ने? लेकिन मैंने अब अपने जीवन की नाव आंधी के उन धक्के से दूर शांत समुद्र में छोड़ दी थी जो अब से वहीं जाएगी जहां जाना चाहेगी। मैंने पूरी लगन के साथ ऑडिशन दिये और फाइनल में विजयी हो चुका था मेरी आँखें टिमटिमाने लगी थीं। जो सपना बचपन से देखा था वो आज पूरा है। आज ये फूल अपनी कुदरती सुगंध दे रहा था। जिंदगी की ये गाड़ी अब मेरे तय किये गए रास्ते की मंजिल पर खड़ी थी। जब मैं कॉलेज गया तो देखा कि पापा मेरे कमरे में मेरा इंतजार कर रहे थे। वो भी आंखों में आंसू लिए। बस अगले ही पल मैं उस देवता के सामने घुटनों के बल गिर गया। आज उन्होंने मुझे मेरा सपना लौटा दिया था। उनकी आंखें मेरी ट्रॉफी से भी ज्यादा चमक रही थीं। जिंदगी भर मैं उनकी खुशी में अपनी खुशी और वो मेरी खुशी में अपनी खुशी तलाशते रहे। आज एहसास हुआ कि बाप-बेटे का रिश्ता जिन्दगी के परदे पर नहीं मन में परदे पर निभाया जाता है।

कालो लो इहलल,
ललके इहलले पुहार



नन्हा बच्चा

मैं तो नन्हा बच्चा हूँ जो
मिट्टी से ही खेला हूँ।
स्कूल में कहां पढ़ा-बढ़ा मैं
स्कूल कभी न देखा हूँ।
माँ के संग कभी न जा पाया
मैं देखने कोई मेला हूँ।
मैं तो नन्हा बच्चा हूँ जो
मिट्टी से ही खेला हूँ।

पत्थर पत्ते हैं दोस्त मेरे
सड़क मखमल सी सेज सही।
इन्हीं से मुझको चोट मिली है
इन पर ही पलभर सोया हूँ।
मुझसे मिट्टी को है लगाव बड़ा
जो पेट मेरा भर देती है।

अच्छा खाना खाने को तो इच्छा भी अब सिसकती है।
नहीं है सिर पर पक्की छत मेरे
सींको की यह टाट भली।
इसमें ही ठंठक मिलती है
इसमें ही गर्मी सहता हूँ।
दीये की मद्धम लौ में फिर
माँ रोटी मुझे खिलाती है।
आधा पेट जो खाली है
उसे लोरी से भर देती है।

माँ बापू का तो राजा हूँ मैं
फिर क्यूँ ऐसा संसार मिला।
ऊँच-नीच की इतनी दूरी
हर कोई मुझसे दूर खड़ा।
मैले से बस मेरे कपड़े हूँ
मन तो मेरा साफ़ खरा।
अब तक इतना जाना है
इतना अब तक लिया है जान।
शायद मेरी किरमत में
किरमत से ज्यादा प्यार मिला।





वइहोइहो इठलवानइहो,
लखवे, थोखवे पुहार

चाहता हूँ

आज न जाने क्यों, एक बार फिर
उन पलों को दुबारा जीना चाहता हूँ।

जी चाहता है, समय के इन पहियों को उल्टा घुमा दूँ
अपनी वो खोई हुई जिन्दगी, फिर से वापस पा लूँ।
तुम थी, तो जीवन में रंग ही रंग थे
ये गलियाँ, ये सड़कें, ये बाजार
ये सब कुछ वही तो है
पर न जाने क्यों, अब ये सब दिल में चुभती सी हैं।
आज उन बिखरे हुए पलों को
फिर से समेट लेना चाहता हूँ
उन गलियों, सड़कों, बाजारों में
तेरा हाथ अपने हाथ में लिए
एक बार फिर घूमना चाहता हूँ।
ऐसा नहीं है कि अब मैं हंसता नहीं
पर एक बार फिर से, दिल से हंसना चाहता हूँ।

आज न जाने क्यों एक बार फिर
उन पलों को दुबारा जीना चाहता हूँ।

मुझे दूर से आते देख, तेरे चेहरे पर छा जाने वाली वो चमक
और पास आने पर तेरा झूठ-मूठ का नाराज होना
बाद में धीरे-धीरे मुस्कुराना
मेरे कंधे पर तेरे सिर का टिकाना
आज उन सारे खूबसूरत अहसासों को
फिर से जीना चाहता हूँ
आज न जाने क्यों एक बार फिर
उन पलों को दुबारा जीना चाहता हूँ।
बहुत अनमोल हो तुम मेरे लिए
ये बात मैं तुम से कभी जता नहीं पाया
शायद तुम समझती थी
बस यही सोचकर तुमसे बहुत कुछ कह नहीं पाया
पर आज तुमसे बहुत कुछ कहना चाहता हूँ
आज अपनी भावनाओं को शब्दों का रूप देना चाहता हूँ
तेरी उन आँखों में अपने लिये प्यार फिर से देखना चाहता हूँ।



Vrindaye Sharma

शायद मेरी असफलतायें मेरी भावनाओं पर भारी पड़ी
तभी तो इन असफलताओं ने उस प्यारे से बन्धन को तोड़ दिया
अगर बात सिर्फ असफलताओं की थी
तो मुझे बस एक बार इस बात का एहसास दिलाती
इस दुनिया की हर एक मुश्किल से पार पा सकता हूँ मैं
अगर शर्त तुझे पाने की लगी हो
तो अपना सब कुछ लुटा सकता हूँ मैं।

ऐसा नहीं है कि तेरे बिना जिंदा नहीं रहूँगा मैं
ये जिन्दगी तो कट ही जायेगी
घर और समाज के प्रति अपनी जिम्मेदारियों से
मुंह छिपाकर मैं भागूँगा तो नहीं
पर मैं अपनी जिन्दगी, सिर्फ जिम्मेदारियों के हवाले नहीं करना
चाहता
मैं इस जिन्दगी को जीना चाहता हूँ
इस दुनिया की हर एक खूबसूरत जगह को
तेरे साथ, तेरी आँखों से देखना चाहता हूँ
जीवन में आने वाली हर मुश्किलों से
तेरे साथ मिलकर लड़ना चाहता हूँ
हर एक मुश्किल में
तेरा अपने पास खड़े होने के अहसास को जीना चाहता हूँ
अपने जीवन के सूनेपन को
आज तुझसे भरना चाहता हूँ।

आज न जाने क्यों, एक बार फिर
उन पलों को दुबारा जीना चाहता हूँ।

HORROR STORIES

It was just the second day of college, but it seemed like I had been attending college forever. I guess I was just fatigued from shifting into a different hostel. But God! Was I tired after a whole day of back to back classes and to top it all off I had a submission the very next day. Great! Life of an architect in the making – no sleep, tons of work, and, savoury, delicious food. Without wasting any time after dinner, my room-mate Jyoti and I started making the sheets.

As a precaution, lest I fall asleep, I played my favourite play-list and plugged in my earphones. I glanced at the clock - 2:59 am. Holy! It's so late, got to add some speed. I looked at my sheet, only the key was remaining so I was good to go. Then all of a sudden Jyoti started tugging my shirt. I turned around. She replied in a sullen tone "Someone is knocking on the door."

"Well it's open, why would anybody knock!" I replied awestruck by her ingenuity. "NO!" she said pointing her index finger at the balcony door, "That door." I didn't quite know how to reply, I had known her as a no nonsense person who rarely ever jokes around, but as I am a complete goof, I couldn't help but say, "Sure! And then you're going to say, that there is someone near the ceiling, right. Don't get all Constantine on me. I think you're just inebriated Jyoti." But she just wouldn't take it. I could not believe her reply, "NO I heard it loud and clear, someone WAS knocking."

"OK, well let's open it and welcome the aliens to planet Earth!"

"NO!"

"It's probably some tree pounding against the door. You know because of this thing humans call WIND. And FYI wind also blows at night! Bet you didn't know that!"

"Not funny, not funny at all", she looked like she could kill me.

I was trying to calm her down when Payal, our class-mate, burst in. "Did you hear it?" she asked apprehensively. Jyoti gave me her 'I told you so' look.

I could not believe it, but I asked her "What did you hear?" "The sound of ghungru." Sakshi (Payal's roommate) answered. "We first thought someone was playing a prank, but then all the lights were out, all except our two flats."

"Yeah! Wow! ghungru", I was going to laugh again, but I caught sight of Jyoti.

"But anyways Jyoti also heard someone knocking on the balcony door. You both sure that's what you heard right?"

"Positive, all of us heard it." Sakshi said with all of them nodding in agreement. I turned to look at Jyoti, she was pale!

"I don't like this", she exclaimed. "You think there is someone outside." I inquired. "Of course not!" Jyoti was dead serious.

"You know what guys, it's a lost cause, no one is going to open that door, and besides we really should get some sleep. Class is at 8:30 am tomorrow and you still have the key to make." Sakshi said. Thank God someone said something! I so didn't want to be part of this paranormal discussion.

After they left I tried to persuade Jyoti that there was nothing, but she just would not listen. We both got back to work. Soon my sheet finished and I lay down trying to sleep and thinking about the recent events. I thought that it's not possible for 7 people to hallucinate the same thing, and Jyoti was not even with them.

Alarm! Morning! Rise and WORK!

In class Payal was updating me with new information. Aashima whose flat was below ours had heard the same sounds. And not only her but two more flats. Now this was getting weird. Planting it all at the back of my head I just hoped no one informs Jyoti, she would really freak out. Dinnertime, Aashima sits down next to me and tells me that she had asked the seniors who lived in this hostel previously and YES, they have heard it too.

We walked back to our room in an ominous silence. I just wanted to make sure that we were both asleep around that time so we could ignore any sounds. We had submissions again; our only hope was to do them with utmost speed and finish.

As soon as we reached, Jyoti bolted both the doors firmly. We started our work, no chatter in between, I was sure we could complete it before 3. But I guess that it was just not meant to be, we got stuck, both of us. So I called Payal to help us, but even she finished explaining by 2 am. After that, in what seemed like a flash Jyoti bolted the door while saying "Don't waste time, get to work". I seemed to check the clock every 15 minutes and sure enough I could see Jyoti do the same. I was kind of nervous, but I would never admit it. I was completely immersed in my work, when, I hate to say it but yes I heard the ghungru as well. I looked towards Jyoti; she had fallen asleep trying to figure out the images from the book. I was debating whether to wake her or not, when I heard it, the sound of knocking and then a door thrashing. Yes it was there, the knocking was there loud and clear.

I felt like shite, cold and dead. My cell started ringing. Damn it, can't find the phone now, and because of the commotion even Jyoti was now awake! Great! OK finally found it.

"It's Payal! Her sheet is already complete. What does she

want now?" I informed Jyoti.

"Yo?"

"Listen, I was just on the phone outside in my balcony, and I saw your balcony. THERE IS SOME FREAKING THING THERE, whatever it is, it's alive and knocking".

"SHUT UP! You can't be serious!" I strained my ears, no more knocking now. It was gone.

"CHECK IT", serving it up as a challenge was she! I was so sure that this part was a prank, but I still turned and faced the balcony side, I had this mad rush to go and open the curtains but I dreaded. Every bit of me felt paralyzed. Slowly regaining my senses I said "OK, you know what you've seen it, right. So, what is it?"

"I don't know! Something, silver hair, long cloak sort of thing. I saw it and I rushed back in." I so wanted to say "It should have come after you", but instead I replied "Its fine, there is no knocking now. I am not going to see what it is. And like I said before, It has been here previously as well, I don't think anything will go wrong." saying that I ended the call.

Jyoti looked as if a ghost had literally passed through her. What was I supposed to do?

"You know like she said it's only around 3. So, well its 3:05 now we can chill right?" I was trying at least! But she just would not listen; she sat on her bed, pale with fear, "What if something happens?"

"I don't know Jyoti, I can't say anything, and come on its all over now, that time has gone."

"It's going to come again." Man, was she exploding!

"YES it will tomorrow, but we can't do anything about it. Do you want to go out and check?" We were fighting in the same pitch, literally screaming at each other.

"Are you barking mad!"

"Well if you don't want to then let's just continue right?"

"What is wrong with you?"

"What did I do?"

"This could be anything, like any freaking thing."

"Yeah I get that, but we don't know it for a fact, look I'm not a ghost hunter, no one is going to come shoot Paranormal or

Conjuring here. OK. Chill! I can't do anything about it. You can be scared; just don't let it overpower you. OK?"

"Just go."

"You want me to open the door?"

"NO! Go, do your sheets."

Both of us went back to work, working in an uncanny silence.

The next night, same old, same old. Whoever stayed awake around 3 would hear it, others sound asleep, would not be aware of it. This continued like forever every single night right at 3 am. I guess we just got acclimatised to it. The thing would knock, or dance or just do its thing in whatever balcony it preferred. I may have watched a lot of ghost stories on NG or googled a lot about it, but I still could not find anything. No sequence of when it appeared, Hell! I even tried to make a progression out of it, but still, NOTHING! No one ever came to know about the source of the sound, why it comes or any information related to it. Our seniors had heard it. They confirmed that their seniors had heard it as well. And it goes on like that. That's the only bit that everyone knows about. We became accustomed to the thingamajig, but never dared to actually go into the balcony at 3 am.

I am just happy, that we have a different hostel now. And yeah Jyoti is still my room-mate but she does not get scared now or maybe it's because we have not heard those sounds for a long time. Whatever it is, chuck it!



लिटरेसी मिशन-एक विश्वास

''पंख छोटे हैं मगर , आसमां छूने की चाह रखता हूं मैं।

थोड़ा सा साथ दे दो मेरा, तो दुनिया बदल सकता हूं मैं।।



मानों यही कह मैं हमारे जैसे ही छात्रों आशीष कुमार, अमित शर्मा रही थी वो दो व असीम कपूर ने रखी थी, का हिस्सा बन पाने का छोटी-छोटी अवसर प्राप्त हुआ।

आंखें, जो वास्तव में जो कार्य मुझे असंभव सा प्रतीत होता अनायास ही था ''लिटरेसी मिशन'' से जुड़ने के पश्चात वह सहज एक कागज के सा लगने लगा। यहां प्रतिदिन बच्चों को सायं ४:४५ से टुकड़े पर लिखे ६:१५ तक पढ़ाया जाता है और बाद में प्रति रविवार को

कुछ काले शब्दों में कुछ खोजने का प्रयास कर रही थीं। लेकिन उनकी चाह को सही दिशा कैसे दी जाए इसका उत्तर नहीं था मेरे पास। शायद मैं इस बात से अनभिज्ञ था कि मेरे अपने ही कॉलेज

के प्रांगण में कुछ दृढ़प्रतिज्ञ लोग उन दो नन्हीं आंखों की चाह को एक वास्तविक रूप देने में



प्रातः ७:०० बजे कॉलेज के ही मैदान में बच्चों के साथ हम सभी वालंटियर्स खेलते हैं। समय-समय पर बच्चों के सर्वांगीण विकास के लिये बौद्धिक एवं खेलकूद प्रतियोगिताएं भी आयोजित करायी जाती हैं।

होली-दीवाली जैसे त्यौहार भी जिन बच्चों के लिये साधारण दिनों जैसे थे, आज उनके लिये हर त्यौहार खुशियों की सौगात वाला है। इतना ही नहीं इन बच्चों को अध्ययन सामग्री एवं स्वास्थ्य सुविधाएं भी निःशुल्क प्रदान की जाती हैं। बच्चों की प्रतिभा को एक मंच प्रदान करने के लिये तथा पूर्ण वर्ष में हाने वाले क्रिया-कलापों पर होने वाले व्यय के निर्वहन



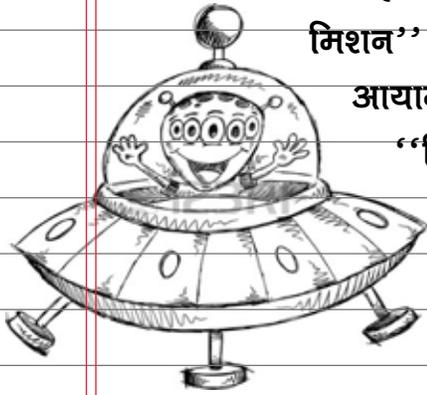
लगे हुये थे। मैं इसे के लिए, वर्ष के अंत अपना सौभाग्य ही में एक सांस्कृतिक कहूंगा कि जल्द कार्यक्रम ''प्रयास'' ही मुझे उस समूह आयोजित कराया ''लिटरेसी मिशन'' जाता है, जिससे जिसकी नींव २००५ प्राप्त सहयोग राशि





को इन बच्चों पर होने वाले व्यय के निर्वहन में उपयोग किया जाता है।

किन्तु यह मेहनत केवल कॉलेज के छात्रों की ही नहीं बल्कि अध्यापकगण व कर्मचारियों की भी है जिन्होंने कठिन समय में भी सदैव अपने प्रोत्साहन और सहयोग से “लिटरेसी मिशन” को एक नया आयाम दिया है।



“लिटरेसी मिशन” के मेधावी बच्चों ने एआईईईईई जैसी कठिन परीक्षा में भी सफलता का परचम लहराया।

नवोदय और पॉलीटेक्निक की परीक्षाओं में भी वालंटियर्स और बच्चों की मेहनत ने मील के पत्थर स्थापित किये। कई बच्चों ने कबड्डी, खो-खो और फुटबाल जैसे खेलों में राष्ट्रीय एवं प्रादेशिक स्तर पर कई पुरस्कार अर्जित कर सभी को गौरवान्वित किया है।

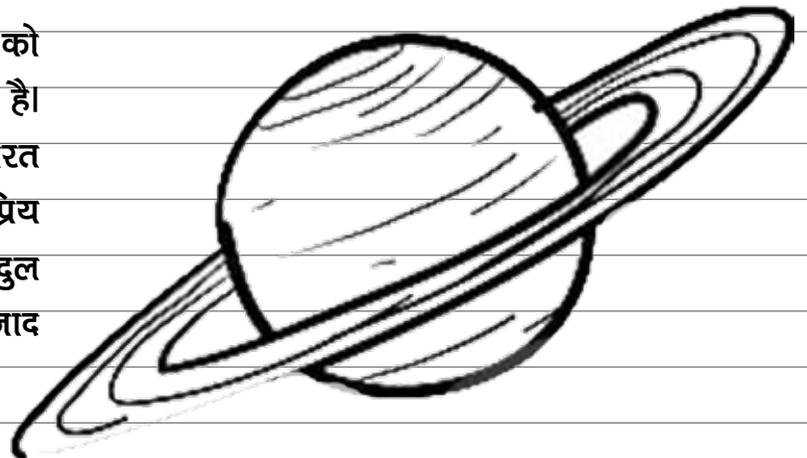


परिणामस्वरूप भारत में सर्वाधिक लोकप्रिय राष्ट्रपति डा. अब्दुल कलाम आजाद भी “लिटरेसी

मिशन” की छवि से प्रभावित हुए बिना न रह सके। माननीय राष्ट्रपति जी ने कहा “यदि यह ‘लिटरेसी मिशन’ सम्पूर्ण भारत के सभी कॉलेजों में शुरू हो तो भारत वर्ष का शत-प्रतिशत साक्षरता का सपना अपूर्ण नहीं रह सकता।” शायद यही सपना उन तीन छात्रों और आज पूरे लिटरेसी परिवार की आंखों में तैर रहा है जिसे जरूरत है तो हर व्यक्ति के साथ की। इस शिक्षा की चमक को पूरे देश पहुँचाने के लिये, बस जरूरत है तो एक छोटे से ‘प्रयास’ की।



यह चमक किसी सूरज की नहीं , यह चमक है एक विश्वास की। डगर यह इतनी अगम नहीं है , बस कसर है एक ‘प्रयास’ की।



NITH Collage



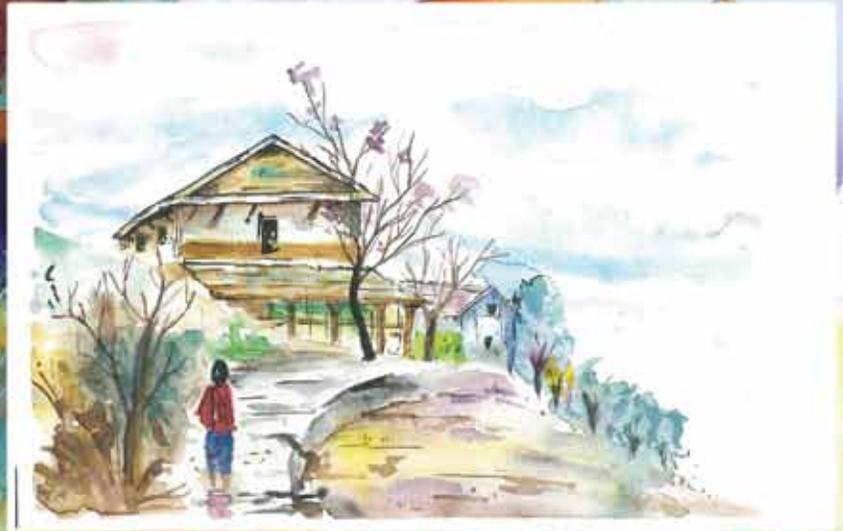


BRUSHES



Vartika Verma

Eshita Verma
Chandigarh College of Architecture



Swapnil Sharma



समुद्र वसने देवी पर्वतस्तनम् मण्डले
विश्वपत्निम् नमस्तुभ्यं पादस्पर्श क्षमस्वमेव ।



द्वारे
पृथ्वी

I am the home, I am the mother,
Fostering life in my earthly womb.
Restless with affliction, I tremor,
Bringing the lives back to the tomb.

Zarurat Aur
Mehatavakanshaye

63

The Special One

65

Ek Adhuri Kahani

68

Ek Sawal

69

Differently
Social

71

Fond Disclosures

72

Dead Food

76

Traffic Signal

78

Bhartiya Naari

79

Worth Rs 10

80

Cover Story-
Back To The
Roots

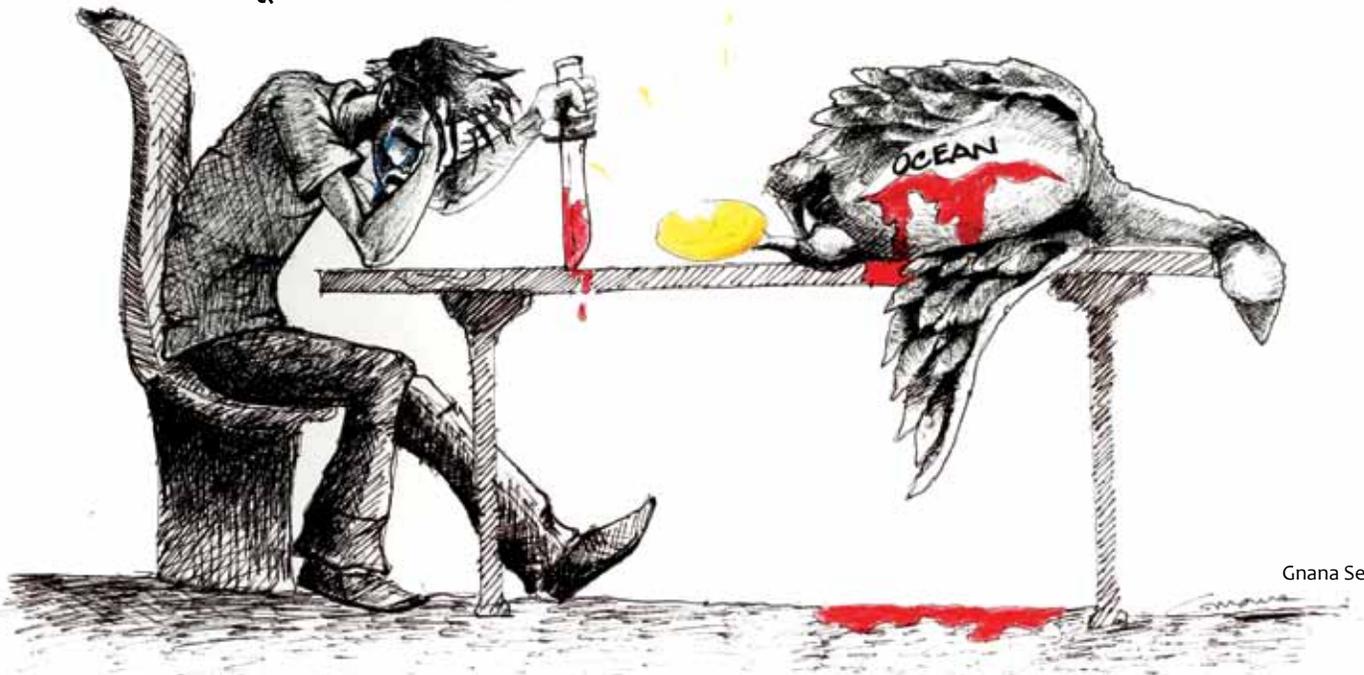
83



शुभाशुभ कांठेपुत्र,
टहवे, थोले पुदर

जरूरत और महत्वकांक्षाएं

मैं बहुत ऊंचा उठना चाहता था, तारों संग खिलना चाहता था ।
 लोगों ने जिसकी कल्पना न की हो, मैं उस बुलन्दी से मिलना चाहता था ॥
 मैं कहां कुछ गलत करना चाहता था,
 मैं तो जमाने से अलग करना चाहता था ।
 मेरे ख्वाब मेरे सपने बड़े ही न्यारे थे,
 मेरे अपने मुझे समझाते समझाते हारे थे ॥
 मां ने कहा बेटा ऐसा ख्वाब मत संजोना जो टूट जाये,
 हवा इतनी मत भरो जो गुब्बारा फूट जाये ।
 वक्त के साथ चलो उससे आगे मत भागो,
 कहीं ऐसा न हो जिन्दगी हो मगर जीना छूट जाये ॥
 पिताजी ने समझाया-लालच गले में आफत का फन्दा बना देती है,
 अधिक रोशनी भी आँखों को अन्धा बना देती है ।
 अपनी जरूरतों को संतोष के दायरों में बांधो तुम,
 चलो खूब मगर अपनी परिधि को मत लांघी तुम ॥
 मगर मैं उनकी इस सोच से वास्ता ही नहीं रखता था,
 जीत के गरूर में हार के लिये रास्ता ही नहीं रखता था ।
 सब जानते थे इस सोच का अन्जाम बुरा होगा,
 डाल से टूटा पत्ता आखिर कैसे हरा होगा ॥



मेरे हर बढ़ते कदम के साथ मेरे अपने पीछे छूटते चले गये,
 रिश्तों के, प्रेम के धागे टूटते चले गये ।
 मैं सोचता था मेरे अपने मेरी कामयाबी से जलने लगे थे,
 क्योंकि मुझे अब अपनी मंजिल के पते मिलने लगे थे ॥
 अब मुझे रिश्तों के अहसासों की दुनिया खूबसूरत नहीं लगती थी,
 अपने सपनों के अम्बर में उड़ने के लिए परों की जरूरत नहीं लगती थी ।
 विकास के तेज रफ्तार में मैं बहने लगा था,
 मुझे खुद नहीं मालूम था मैं किस दुनिया में रहने लगा था ॥
 जीतने के लिए सब कुछ झोंक दिया था मैंने,
 खुदको जिंदगी के उस मोड़ पर छोड़ दिया था मैंने ॥
 कहते हैं दिल से निकली हर आवाज अर्थ लाती है,
 मेहनत कहाँ व्यर्थ जाती है, मेहनत कहाँ व्यर्थ जाती है ।
 मेरी कोशिशों को भी आयाम मिले,
 मुझे जिसकी प्यास थी वो जाम मिले ॥
 बुलन्दी के बहुत ऊंचे मुकाम पे मैं खड़ा था,
 आज अपनी नजरों में सबसे बड़ा था ।
 मुझे घेरे चारों ओर नायाब लोग थे ।
 या यूँ कहूँ कि वो कामयाब लोग थे ॥
 इस ऊंचाई पर अपनेपन की चिड़िया चहक नहीं सकती थी,
 दिल की कोई क्यारी अब महक नहीं सकती थी ।
 विकास की ऊंची दीवारों को फाड़कर घर में रोशनी नहीं आती थी,
 शायद इसलिए मेरी परछाई मेरी नजर में नहीं आती थी ॥
 सब मतलबी थे यहां कोई अपना दिखाता नहीं था,
 उसको दूढ़ना मुश्किल था जो बिकता नहीं था ।
 बनावटी जिन्दगी जीते-जीते थकने लगा था,
 एक मायूसी भरा सवाल मेरे जहन में कसकने लगा था ॥
 इन पक्की ईमारतों की नींव में खुद को डुबो दिया था मैंने,
 थोड़ा पानी हाथ आया, समन्दर खो दिया मैंने ।
 आज लोगों की तारीफ का हकदार था मैं,
 हकीकत में अपनों का गुनहगार था मैं ॥
 जिन्दगी गुजरी मेरी तरह-तरह की परीक्षाएँ पूरी करने में,
 जरूरतें नहीं मेरी महत्वाकांक्षाएँ पूरी करने में ।
 काश अपने भाई से कहता मां मुझे अधिक चाहती है,
 पिता की आशावादी उम्मीद मुझी पे आती है ॥
 रक्षा बन्धन को मेरी कलाई सूनी नहीं रहती है,
 कुछ भी हो मगर जिन्दगी में प्यार की कमी नहीं रहती है ।
 मगर जो खुद से हारा हो वो औरों से जीतेगा कैसे,
 ये पूरी एक उम्र का अन्धेरा है एक रात में बीतेगा कैसे ॥



इशाण इनामदार
लखे, थोडे पुढार

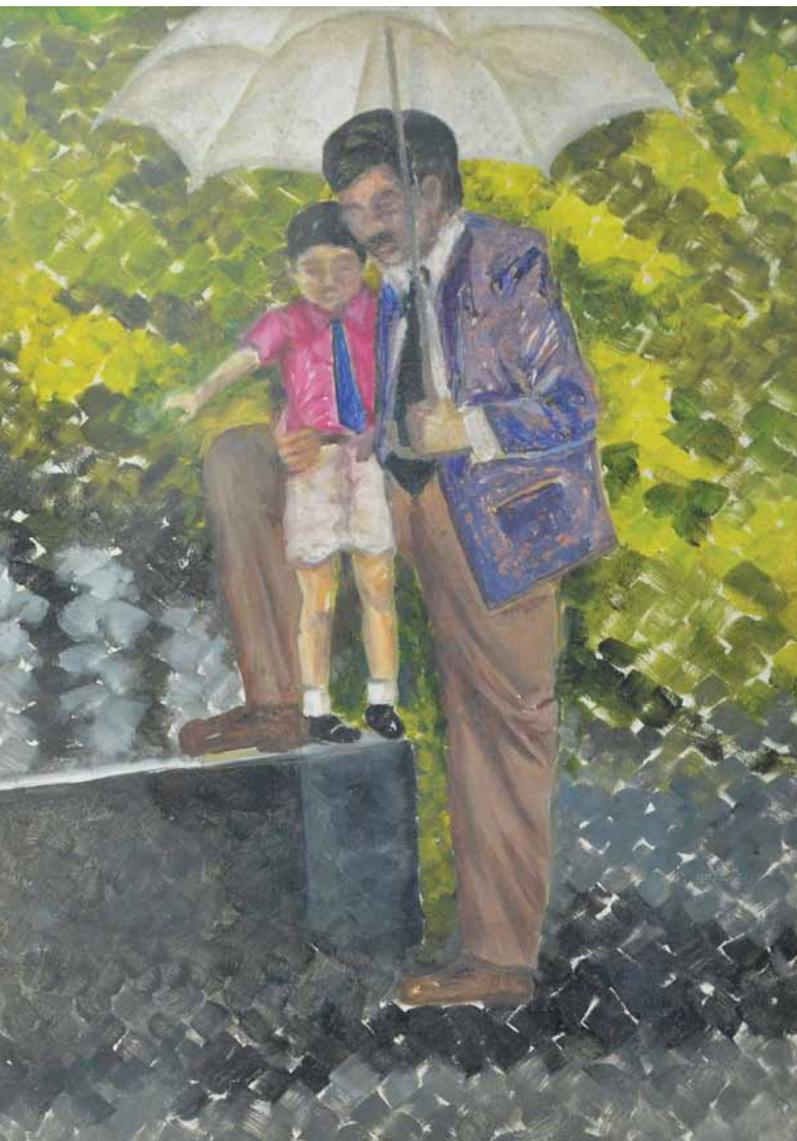
थेड इपेक्षावा ठाडे

It was a chilly January morning. It was one of those days when my oft-renewed personal vow of venturing on early morning jogs had actually materialised, instead of being strangled into indefinite non-existence in the trance of my sleep. And mind you, it was not an ordinary morning. It was a dawn in the lap of Himalayas, in the lanes of Manali, cradled on the banks of Beas in a valley of the intimidating, snow covered, majestic mountains. The white, sheathed hills looked down imposingly upon me as I stepped out of my cottage, and onto the street, only to find fresh snow piled into soft heaps on either side. Why on earth would I choose to implement one of my most troublesome and vain resolutions on such a day? I had no idea, but it might have been the same vanity that made me think I could easily jog a few miles in the biting cold, considering myself quite the sportsman, having played soccer back in school.

When I set out, the first rays had just broken through the cracks between the hills, filling the morning with a pleasant light. I set out along the Mall, stretching and breaking into jogs every once in a while. It was not long before I saw the man who shall henceforth be the object of my tale. He would not have caught my attention, had his appearance not been a personification of suffering. A hunchback he was, not quite the extreme case, but definitely walking with a pronounced stoop. When I first saw him, he was many paces ahead of me. Of course, I was faster and it was not much longer that I was almost alongside him. I slowed down and broke into a trot.

The poor man tried to walk at a frantic pace, huffing and panting, tugging his threadbare shawl close to his thin, crooked frame. Beneath it, I could only make out a khaki shirt, paired with khaki trousers, and the pair looked like they had been handed down, not matching his rare frame in size, length or fit. The trousers had been given many folds at the feet, and bore deep smudge marks, testament of a hard day's labour. A mop of disheveled hair barely covered a disfigured head. He kept shuffling his bent legs as fast as they would allow, and I slowed down to match him; this misfit of nature had caught my attention. But immediately, I found myself guilty of pity; for what does such a poor man have if not the pride of independence? It does not do justice to him that I study his crookedness, marvel at his laborious persistence or try to explicitly visualize the extent of his uniqueness. What choice does a man have? It only befits that I move on and let him live his day, and that's what I did.

The rest of my journey seemed monotonous, and when I returned, I was pumped by an amount of adrenaline that is appropriate to having won a marathon, but surely not having finished a long promised, short jog. A quick shower and the hunger of a bear prodded me on to a nearby restaurant for a big breakfast. It was not long that, by the providence of fate, I met my subject of interest yet again as I pulled a seat. No, I did not meet him directly, nor did I talk to him, but I did see him, for he appeared to be a janitor, and a handyman at the kitchen; and apparently new at



From art gallery

the job. I was early that day and thus the only one around when he started his daily chore of cleaning the tables and such paraphernalia. I could not help but observe, only with significant pity and a heavy heart, his difficulty in carrying out tasks which are to us, ordinary. It took him a couple of minutes to lift a heavy wooden chair and place it elsewhere. It took him fifteen minutes to mop the floor with a long mop that protruded out of his crooked hands, longer than his person. Every now and then, someone would bark from the kitchen, and he would rush in. They called him crooked, and a variety of names that

would shove a man's heart into reproach; but what protest could he make? All the feelings of sympathy and wronging sprung anew in me. The hunchback moved faster, hurrying to and from the kitchen to the tables, carrying salt and sugar, mops and tissues, prepping the tables for the first customers. When he hurried, his crooked, stooped walk also became a lopsided one. His strides were big, but he dragged a leg in each step. It was thus that it took him a full hour to finish his job, something that would have taken a normal man half the time to complete. And when it was done, our proud friend stood proudly in the center of the room, hands on hips, glaring at the tables with a lopsided smile. First day on the job, and what a decent one!

But that's what I thought, and he thought, but not the manager, because the very next moment, his smile was cut short by a string of profanities. In decent words, respecting the discretion of the reader, I'd say these words in general meant to tag him as useless, a weight on the earth, slow, a sloth, twisted, and then again, useless. From his evident anger, it looked like the devil of a manager had lost a couple of customers because of the slow job. He barked rudely for quite a while, and then roughly shoved our friend into the kitchen to peel a heap of potatoes, still dishing him guttural verbal treatment. That was all I could see until the kitchen door slammed shut, but between then and the completion of my meal, I heard only loud laments, negations and jibes aimed at the new man at the job. My meal did not set well with me. It was beyond my comprehension how one could be mean to a differently-abled man; someone who already seemed to have been punished for the entirety of his life, between his multiple disabilities and the pit of utter poverty. On the way back to my room, I wondered if humanity was going in the right direction if we couldn't learn to sympathize or accommodate our exceptions. With such grave thoughts, I dozed into a siesta, and by the end of the day, I did not worry further for the wretched man, a crime most of us are wont to commit.

I saw him every day in a similar fashion; from a distance, pitying him, sympathizing, cursing his employers and going on with my life. It was a week later, on the last day of my trip, when I decided to take a walk in the bazaar in the evening, before I caught my bus back home. I strolled in the chilly evening on the broad, paved boulevard, marveling at the hustle of the tourist season. It must have been an hour, strolling back and forth, buying a scarf here and a token there, before I decided to head back. As I turned towards my cottage, for a moment I found a hunched figure in my field of vision. I paused to look around, and soon enough, found him standing at a trolley-stall a few paces from me. It was only a samosa-wallah, vending hot, fresh samosas in the chilly evening. It's not a place where tourists congruent, oh no, they go to the posh restaurants. It's a place where the local people and daily workers find a hot snack for a decent buck after a hard day. Our crooked man was different today and it intrigued me. All the while I saw him, he was grinning his lopsided grin, baring his uneven teeth, two of which were rotten. Out of curiosity I went to the stall and asked for a couple of samosas myself. As I waited, our hunched friend reached out with his crooked hands and grabbed the samosa the vender handed out to him in a paper bag, and then stooped further sideways.

It was then that I noticed the little figure next to him. A thin, bony, little boy, tugged at his father's dirty trousers and held his palm tightly. A rag was all he wore, or maybe it had once been a proper cloth but now qualified only as a rag. A boy that age should have cried of chill, but a broad smile broke on his little face when he sniffed the piping samosa in his father's hand. The crooked father stooped down, and sat on his haunches to come level with his little son, too little even for a hunchback. Together, father and son, they broke bread. Gasping, exclaiming, panting they gobbled the hot snack, turn by turn. The little kid brimmed with excitement. He rubbed his snotty nose on his rag of a shirt, and gestured vividly to his dotting father on the supreme quality and utter goodness of

the spicy meal they were sharing. His eyes betrayed love, his peppy voice gave away his excitement, and his words testified what a tremendous experience it was for him; his father bought him a samosa from the samosa-wallah! He would remember it, and he would have told his friends all about it, even his mother, but father wanted it to be their secret. Children love secrets, and our little friend's eyes gleamed with joy with this new pact with his darling father. Oh what a man he was!

He took him all the way to the mall and bought him this delicious, smacking treat! He couldn't wish for more, what a lovely night it was. Together, having made their pact, shared their excitement and smacked the last crumbs, the father rose on his feet and clutched the fingers of his little son. Our crooked hunchback, suffering, abused and a sore sight by the day, each day, was nothing less than a hero that night, for someone who loved him with all his heart. For all his shortcomings, how could he be anything less than perfect for his loving son? The little lad would quarrel long with you, should you dare mention anything of such sort. It was the last I saw of the proud misfit, walking in his lopsided, stooped, crooked gait, with uneven strides, and shuffling his feet at a frantic pace as he headed into the darkness. Beside him, the little figure of an innocent lad, a loose rag on his limbs, tried to keep pace with his father with hurried steps, clutching tight his long bony fingers. Oh, father would never understand. Why did he have to walk so fast? The little kid always had to hop and skip and run in bits to keep pace. But then, the sumptuous samosa was worth it. They trotted into a dark alley, away from the glamour and hustle of a hill station, back into their idle existence, unnoticed by the world.

The boy clutched his father's hand and appeared to be enthusiastically narrating the tale of an old tire and a rag doll his friends found in the trash, and the pair walked away in their own odd symphony. Soon the child's voice and the father's muttered approvals disappearing into the darkness, out of earshot.

नटदीकलखो जैवजैवरोव,
टइदवे, गिरडि पुरवार



एक अधूरी कहानी

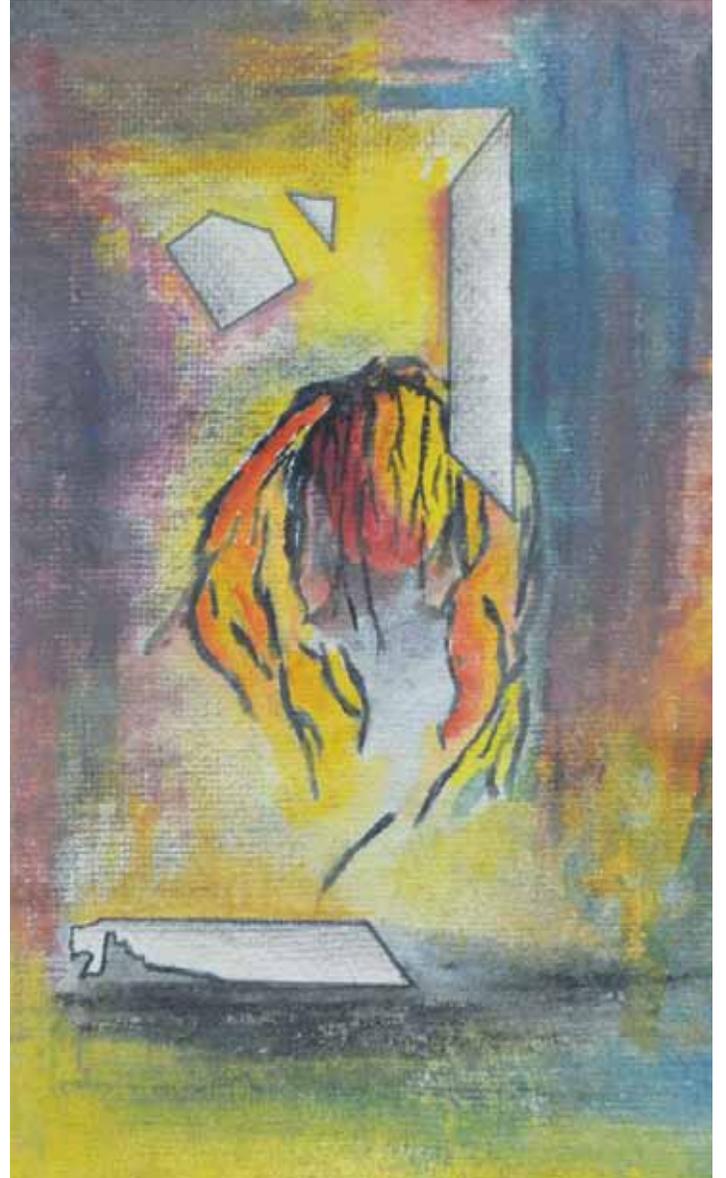
“गर्व” आज आँखों से छलक पड़ा,
कोमल हृदय में ज्वार उमड़ पड़ा।
पर लाडले के खत ने उसे बांध दिया,
मातृभूमि ने उसे “वीर-माता” के खिताब से नवाज दिया ॥

माँ तेरी गोद में खेला मैं,
तेरी कहानियों ने मुझे जांबाज बनाया।
तेरे आंचल ने सुकून दिया मुझे,
पर माँ मैं तेरे बुढ़ापे का सहारा न बन पाया।
मेरी लाश को देख कर आंसू बहाना नहीं,
तुझे कसम है माँ रोना नहीं ॥

मैंने कभी तुझे अपना हाल नहीं बताया,
पर माँ आज बताता हूँ कितनी रातों से मैं सो नहीं पाया।
रात का सन्नाटा तीर सा चुभता था,
हर आहट में दुश्मन का चेहरा दिखता था।
वो दस थे फिर भी मैं पीछे हटा नहीं,
मेरे जख्मों को देख आंसू बहाना नहीं
तुझे कसम है माँ रोना नहीं ॥

माँ हमारी कुर्बानी देश को जगा देती है,
पर ये सियासत सब बिगाड़ देती है।
“अपनों” का लहू बहता देख खून खौलता था माँ,
“भगत” रोज सपनों में आकर रोता था माँ।
जीने की तमन्ना मेरी भी थी, पर माँ तूने ही सिखाया है,
देश से बड़ा कुछ होता नहीं,
तुझे कसम है माँ रोना नहीं ॥

गुड़िया से कहना माफ कर दे मुझे,
इस बार कलाई सूनी रह गयी।
वह रोए तो डांटना, मनाना नहीं,
माँ, तुम-बाबा हौंसला हो मेरा।
उन्हे टूटने देना नहीं,
तुझे कसम है माँ रोना नहीं ॥



From art gallery

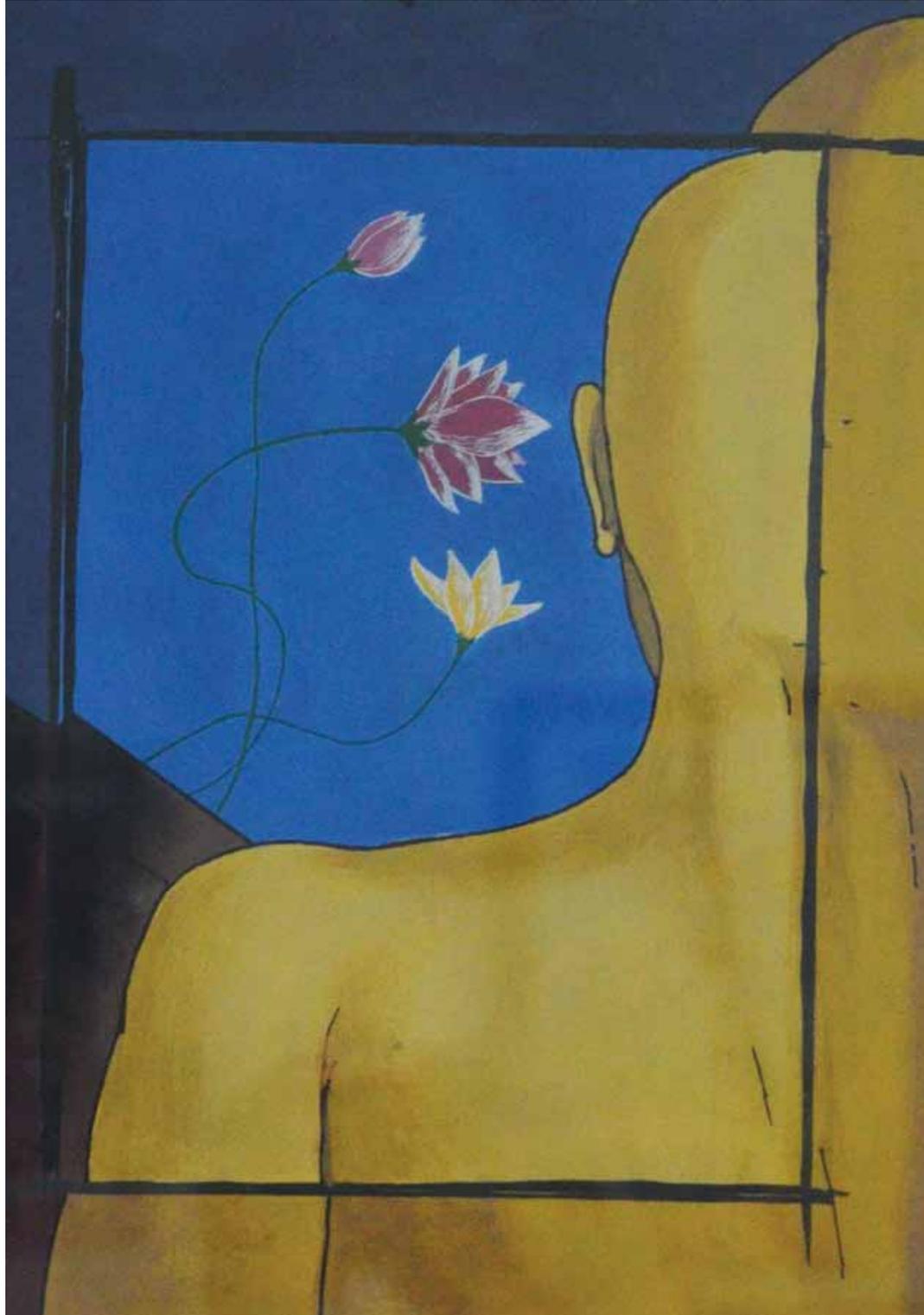
अधूरे वादे पूरे करने में फिर आऊँगा,
अगला जन्म भी फिर तेरी कोख से पाऊँगा।
बाबा की आँखों की रोशनी फिर लौट आएगी,
अपने घर की छत भी फिर संवर जाएगी।
मुझे याद कर अपना दिल दुखाना नहीं।
तुझे कसम है माँ रोना नहीं।
तुझे कसम है माँ रोना नहीं ॥



बबबार बह्त्तारजा,
टइदवे, थिांवे पुदर

एक सवाल

दिसम्बर महीने का आखिरी दिन था। यद्यपि शाम के बमुश्किल ७ बजे होंगे, पर हर तरफ सन्नाटा था, तेज सर्द हवाएं सांय-सांय कर रही थी। राष्ट्रीय राजमार्ग पे खामोशी पसरी हुई थी। ये राजमार्ग इस खामोशी से बिल्कुल अनभिज्ञ था क्योंकि ये राष्ट्रीय मार्ग वाहनों के कोलाहल में खोया रहता था। सर्द हवाओं के थपेड़ों से बेखबर मैं अपने गंतव्य की ओर तेजी से बढ़ रहा था, मुझ पर नए साल की खुमारी पूरी तरह से हावी थी, शायद इसीलिए मैंने समय की परवाह किए बगैर गांव से शहर की ओर अग्रसर होने का दुस्साहस किया था। वो भी पैदल और बिल्कुल अकेले। पर शीघ्र ही मुझे अपनी गलती (अकेले होने) का अहसास हुआ। मेरे ठीक पीछे या कहीं तकरीबन मेरा पीछा करते हुए कोई चल रहा था। मैंने सोचा चलो सफर में साथ देने के लिए कोई तो था। मैंने बात शुरू करने के लिए बिना



बात के बातचीत शुरू कर दी। भाई साहब आप कहां जा रहे हैं?

राजमार्ग के जैसी खामोशी उधर से जवाब में आई। मैंने दूसरा सवाल किया- ‘‘भाई साहब, आज सर्दी बहुत है’’। उधर से तो फिर कोई जवाब नहीं आया। मैंने कुछ झुंझलाते हुए पूछा भाई साहब आप में बिल्कुल भी व्यवहारिकता और शिष्टाचार नहीं है, मैं कब से आपसे बातचीत करने की कोशिश कर रहा हूं, पर आप बहुत तल्खी दिखा रहे हैं।

इस बार मेरी अपेक्षा के अनुरूप- आखिरकार वो खामोशी के बादल पिघले और उसने कहा-मुझे खुद नहीं मालूम कि आखिर मुझे कहां जाना है?

जवाब सुनकर मुझे आश्चर्य हुआ और उससे भी अधिक उसकी आवाज सुनकर! कदाचित्त इस समय किसी लड़की का सूनसान सड़क पर अकेला होना, अपने आप में कई प्रश्नों को जन्म देता है।

मैंने अपने शब्दों को दया के प्लेटफार्म पर इस तरह से उतारा कि अनजाने में भी उस लड़की के स्वाभिमान को ठेस न पहुंचे। आखिरकार मैंने अपने भागीरथी प्रयासों से लड़की का विश्वास जीतने में सफलता पा ली।

उसने मुझे बताया कि वो अपना घर छोड़कर आई है। उसकी सौतेली मां उसके साथ बहुत बुरा बर्ताव करती थी। उसके पिताजी शराब में डूबे रहते थे। रोज-रोज की घुटन भरी जिंदगी से वो पूरी तरह से टूट चुकी थी और आज उसने साहस कर अपनी सारी बेड़ियां (मजबूरियां भी और मर्यादा भी) तोड़ दी थी। मैंने उससे पूछा तो फिर आप अब जाएंगी कहां? उसने विश्वास भरे लहजे में कहा - मैंने बारहवीं तक विज्ञान की पढ़ाई की है, छोटे बच्चों को पढ़ा सकती हूं। कस्बे में जाकर कुछ काम तलाश लूंगी।

इन बातों के बीच पता ही नहीं चला कि कब हमारा गंतव्य आ गया। (हमारा नहीं केवल मेरा)। मैं उसे अपने घर ले गया।

इससे पहले मैं कुछ बोल पाता, घर वालों की सवालिया नजरें मुझे और उस लड़की को देख रही थीं। उस लड़की का कद करीब पांच फुट, चार इंच और रंग श्यामला था। सादगी, आत्मविश्वास और मासूमियत उस चेहरे के श्रृंगार को बढ़ा रही थी।

मैंने घरवालों का ध्यान बांटने के लिए मां से कहा मुझे बहुत भूख लगी है। मां ने हम दोनों के लिए खाना लगा दिया। घर के सारे लोग उस लड़की को अब भी एलियन की तरह घूर रहे थे। वो सकुचाते हुए आधे अधूरे मन से खाना खा रही थी, मैंने जल्दी खाना खत्म कर, मां को एकांत में ले जाकर पूरी बात बता दी। अब तक पड़ोसियों को इस बात की सूचना मिल चुकी थी कि फलां भाई साहब का लड़का, सयानी लड़की को अपने घर लाया है। अर्थात् मेरे शुभचिंताकों ने घर में आना शुरू कर दिया, मामले की तहकीकात करने के लिए कई तरह के प्रश्न लड़की के चरित्र और मेरे किरदार पर उठने लगे।

मेरे घर वाले उस लड़की के भविष्य की चिंता के बजाए, लोक-लाज की फिक्र कर रहे थे। अतः मुझे समझाया गया था कि कल सुबह उस लड़की को कुछ पैसे देकर घर से विदा कर दिया जाएगा। लड़की को दीदी कमरे में सुला दिया गया, दीदी आज मां के कमरे में सोई। अगली सुबह मैं देर तक सोता रहा-जब मैं जागा तो घर के सभी लोगों के चेहरे उतरे हुए थे। मैंने सबसे इसका कारण पूछा पर कोई भी मुझे कुछ भी बताने को तैयार नहीं था। मां ने मुझे उस दिन का अखबार लाकर दे दिया - अरे ये क्या! वो लड़की जिसे मैं कल शाम को अपने घर लाया था, उसने ट्रेन के आगे कूदकर आत्महत्या कर ली थी।

मैंने मां से पूछा-कि आखिर उसे घर से किसने निकाला, मुझे जगाना तक जरूरी नहीं समझा गया। मां ने बताया किसी ने उस लड़की से कुछ नहीं कहा। जब सुबह सब लोग उठे तो लड़की घर छोड़कर जा चुकी थी। शायद उसने कल रात को हमारी बातें सुन ली थीं। नया साल मेरे लिए एक नया सवाल लेकर आ चुका था कि क्या मर्यादाएं, लोक लाज किसी के जीवन से अधिक महत्व का विषय है?



इपइहएए इठठवे,
एटए, ठीठवे पुएए

वॉइएएएण्ट्लु इठठवे

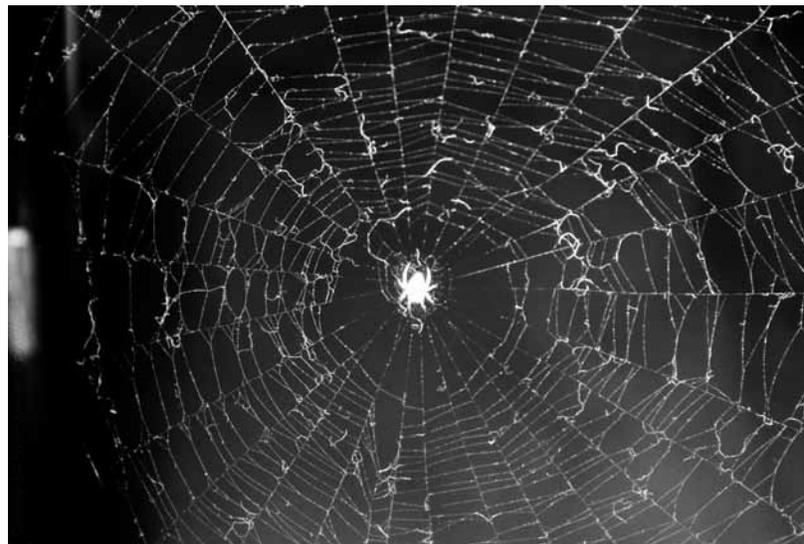
For most of my childhood, I was told I wouldn't amount to much by my teachers, for the most part because I was considered to be "lethargic" and "un-eager" to participate in class. They had only one explanation that I was a dull child, without wit and lacking flare that my classmates so obviously possessed. It was abundantly clear that being quiet and introvert was not to my advantage.

What is introversion you might ask? Well, introversion is often confused with shyness, but is completely different. Introversion and Extroversion has to do with the natural element in which one finds himself/herself most in tune with. While extroverts crave stimuli, introverts prefer the serenity and peace of a quiet environment. True productivity of people lies in the region they find themselves at home in.

In some of my classes here, I have been told that we need extroverts for organizations, and I did contest this point to the effect that introverts bring forth the ideas in others, whereas extroverts squash others' ideas for their own, but to no avail. It has been seen that the modern world seems to favour a man of action more than the man of contemplation. As society is today, introverts are usually considered weirdos, problem cases and are shunned for being themselves. They must try and pass themselves off as bold and outgoing to be accepted, while the extroverts are thought of as the center of creativity and productivity.

However, this is not usually the case. It is often seen that the most remarkable individuals have had a streak of introversion in them. Leaders- both political and religious, artists and social personalities, all have a level of introversion to them, which has contributed to their success.

It is important to understand that no-one is completely introverted, as no-one is completely extroverted either. Carl Young, the psychiatrist who first proposed the idea of introverts and extroverts remarked that if a complete introvert or extrovert were to exist, he would likely be in a lunatic asylum. It's all on where on the introvert extrovert line we lie. Creative personalities like Van Gogh and Michelangelo did have an extroverted side to them to project their ideas and emotion in the form of art, but to have such strong emotion; they turned to their introverted persona. Technology guru Steve Wozniak, cofounder of Apple, has admitted that he never could have developed a keen knowledge of electronics had he not cut himself off from the



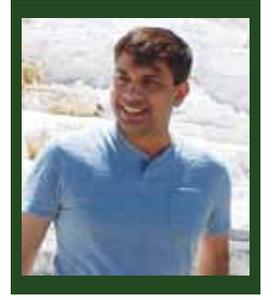
Piyush

world for days on end. History is full of political personalities like Gandhi and Eleanor Roosevelt, who have been described as soft spoken and quiet, and yet they rose to the occasion, when what they were called to fight for what they believed was right. They took the spotlight against every fiber of their being for a heartfelt belief that is what I believe caused their following to rise to such measure.

So, it's not that introverts don't feel emotion; it's that they feel it too greatly, that they feel overwhelmed by it and cannot cope with such levels of emotion in an external fashion. What I propose is, we stop imposing the pressure of being an extrovert on people, as it is now, most of the learning is in groups now- a-days, it seems geared towards the extroverts and with as much as a third of the population being introverted, it quashes the solitude loving nature of such individuals. And solitude is important, it led to the creation of not one but three of the most followed religions in existence- Buddhism, Islam and Jainism. The founders of these religions, in a quest for the Truth, went on a path of seclusion and found an Explanation involving balance and righteousness. That can't be a coincidence. I could go on about other high achieving introverts, but what they all have in common is the fact that all of them had a spark of extrovert behaviour, which allowed them to project themselves to the world. Therefore, we must encourage an "ambivert" approach to life, i.e., a life of contemplation and action as well. Extroverts need to spend time away from their element, to unplug and to spend some time inside their head. And though introverts first instinct is to hide away their baggage, they should, on occasion, venture into the edge of their comfort zone and let the world into their lives.



हेपुलर रोज़ाय लोइहरा,
बोपलनो 1999-2003



ठिन्ने वीइटीओइपुएडइ-र

Tales from California, Colorado and Canada

“NITH has a lot to learn from other university towns”

If you ever have been to the Yosemite National Park in California, you must have noticed the scenic John Muir trail, named after the famous fin de siècle American naturalist. Probably his experience of the stunning beauty of Sierra Nevada Mountains inspired this not-so-quotidian quote, “One day’s exposure to mountains is better than cartloads of books.” NITHians are however a tad more fortunate, for the pur sang beauty of the Himalayas has been delivered to their doorsteps for free.

Although it is not imperative to experience a frisson of mountain travel to avoid the inanities of life, it helps to study in a university that is the mise en scene of some of nature’s best offerings. If NITH benefits from its serene location, then it is not absurd to expect a payback from NITH to Mother Nature. My stay in Colorado, which is home to some of the most beautiful mountain campuses in the world, helped me learn various ways universities in US contribute to the preservation and development of their local



community and environment. The universities there focus on green technologies and promote environmental sustainability. There are various departments and research centers devoted to academic programs on environmental engineering. It is not out-of-line to wonder why NITH does not have an environmental engineering program despite all the catalysts available locally to NITH to ensure success of this kind of research.

Many universities in US that are located in the vicinity of spectacular landscapes and national parks also conduct research on archaeology, paleontology, and prehistoric evolution. The output of this research is often visible on the information boards and museums co-located with US national parks. For example, during my visit to the Devil's Tower in Wyoming – a pilgrimage site

for all science fiction fans (being the setting of the climax of Close Encounters of Third Kind) - a few years ago, I found an infographic which described three scientific theories discussing the formation of such a tower millions of years ago. It was not a random graphic pulled from web. It was a result of decades of authentic research by local universities. Himachal Pradesh is the site of many engineering landmarks and spectacular natural formations. While visiting any of these sites, have the readers of this column found an infographic based on research conducted at NITH? If not, then why NITH has shied away from research which contributes to better understanding of its surroundings? True, we are an engineering institution. Archaeology and paleontology is not our forte. But science, environmental engineering, and sustainability research is not out of our realms.

a parnasian adventure

During my visit to Vancouver, Canada in 2011, I met students from University of British Columbia (UBC) – another academic institution that is blessed with breathtaking locales. UBC also benefits from its proximity to Vancouver, Whistler (a la 2010 winter Olympics) and, to some extent, Calgary in the sense that UBC campus is an inexpensive and decent lodging site for visitors to conferences and symposia to the aforementioned cities. While NITH often hosts conferences where it is directly involved, it should also frequently volunteer itself as a facilitator for other regional meetings and gatherings. Let's take a cue from the mathematical prodigy Terence Tao of University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) once said: "I learned a lot about my field through books (not textbooks)." NITH community can also learn, and experience a lot through by participating in many non-engineering regional and national meetings.

As a gedanken experiment, consider the fact that NITH invites Dalai Lama to campus and organizes an international lecture series with His Holiness as the first speaker. In fact, NITH should have done this long before given that it is the closest premier national institution to Dharamsala which witnesses bewilderingly high number of visits by internationally known personalities.

Secondly, a number of artists, and writers have made Himachal as their home. But very rarely have NITH taken a serious engagement with the local intellectuals. There is no reason why it should box itself as a solely engineering institution. MIT, CalTech, and Georgia Tech started as exclusively technological institutions but have since expanded very well into almost every sphere of academic research including humanities, social sciences, medicine and law.

ਠਨ ਠਿਏ ਕ੍ਰਪਾ ਚੋਰਏ

For last two years, I have been visiting the State Capitol in Des Moines, Iowa to meet state legislators as part of the university representation to make lawmakers aware of the progress and needs of our university. It is a very fulfilling experience. Turns out this is not some privileged dernier cri of universities in a western country but a well-crafted tradition that allows universities to make their presence felt in political circles. The event known as “Legislative Breakfast” sees participation of several academic groups where the university representatives (students included) present their cases for future financial funding with utmost savoir-faire as legislators eat their breakfast and sip a coffee. Compared to many other Indian states, Himachal Pradesh is a smaller region. It is possible for NITH to access lawmakers and lawmaking process when the state legislature is in session. It is not even a long shot or a bien-pensant suggestion, if executed with correct strategy. Through increased representation at such important forums, NITH can not only increase its visibility for new opportunities but also secure additional financing and participation in state-level projects. Apart from state legislatures, NITH should also plan several outreach programs for school



Andamans
by Meghna Saha Roy

students in Himachal Pradesh to kindle their interest in science and technology. By providing exposure to these students early in their education, one can hope that these students choose NITH as their future university.

ਠਨ ਪਨੀਕੈਏ ਕ੍ਰਪਾ ਚੋਰਏ

The universities often resort to many unconventional measures to reinvent themselves and stir interest of local media in their work. It might sound like a voulu means of staying in the competitive game but it benefits students in many ways. A few years ago, Yale allowed students to check out therapy dogs from the university library as a stress-reducing measure during the final exams. A new study published last year ranked gymnasias and recreation centers of US universities. The ones that took the top honors had

rock-climbing, Olympic size swimming pools, yoga classes, personal fitness training programs, massage and spa facilities, indoor hot tubs, and other modern sports facilities on campus. Investment in recreation centers contributes directly to the well being of students and, therefore, increased productivity. Being a hill campus, NITH should plan to have active clubs for mountaineering, skiing, rock-climbing and other sports for which the surrounding sangfroid Dhauladhars can be direct facilitators.

इलम departing लुइइइ

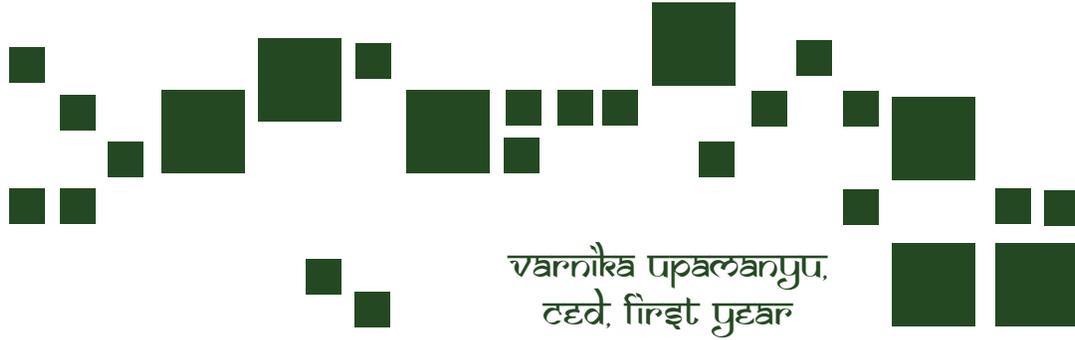
One of the strangest memories of the NITH stay involves a rather sketchy incident during the winter of 2002. One evening as I returned from my classes to Mani Mahesh Hostel, there was a complete chaos in the hostel. The strange degrading was a result of (gasp!) stabbing of a final year student by one of his acquaintances. The acquaintance was a visitor and not a NITH student. Fellow final year students tackled the attacker and the victim was dispatched to the hospital toot sweet. We don't live in a crime-free world. So, I am not going to argue against the infeasibility of this senseless crime in a froideur society humankind is slowly turning into. The clou of this illustration is the lack of sufficient security on campus. NITH has not learned from that incident and still does not have an emergency text messaging system that most US universities have implemented after the unfortunate shooting incidents such as the one in Virginia Tech. Also, the tackling of the attacker was left to fellow students rather than the campus security personnel. How the attacker accessed inside halls of Mani Mahesh Hostel is an entirely different security question since NITH hostels don't even have electronic swipe card-based access at its gates. The situation could have been worse if the attacker was armed with a fire-weapon. Let's just hope this never happens again on campus and hope to implement better security measures.

In yet another incident, one of my batchmates went to his home in Odisha during the 2001 holidays and did

not return by due registration date to NITH campus. NITH community and his family had no clue where he was. Like Akira Kurosawa's movie Rashomon, we were content with contradicting explanations until Delhi Police contacted hostel warden that the student was robbed of his cash and injected with poison on his way to Hamirpur in Delhi. This is not straight from Dostoevsky's fantastic fiction, for reality is dangerous than fiction. What is more disturbing is that NITH did not have any system in place that could have helped in tracking where the lost student is. The simplest thing that NITH should do is maintain active telephone directory of home contacts of all the students and put measures in place where a unreported or missing students could be identified during various times in a week. Some students may understandably think of such measures as a direct lèse majesté on their privacy. However, depending on how it is implemented, it is in their interest to not only consistently report their travel plans to college but also keep track of their friends.

All the suggestions I have highlighted in this billet-doux to my alma mater should be interpreted in context. As an alumnus, I appreciate the fact that NITH has implemented a number of reforms during the last decade. But we must not forget that there is a lot of room to improve and bring the college at par with international standards. We shoot for the stars and ultimately reach Mt Everest.

Bio: Kumar Vijay Mishra is pursuing a doctoral program in Electrical and Computer Engineering at The University of Iowa. He obtained his M. S. in Mathematics from The University of Iowa, M. S. in Electrical and Computer Engineering from Colorado State University and B. Tech. summa cum laude in Electronics and Communication Engineering from NITH. During 2003-2007, he worked with LRDE, Bangalore - a DRDO radar research lab where he was awarded Scientist of the Year award in 2006. When not thinking of radars, he enjoys swimming, reading classical literature and comics, creative writing and programming while living in his "cubicle-ville". A nature-lover and travel enthusiast, he has set his foot on 13 Indian states, 32 US states, four continents, three oceans and all six hemispheres of the earth.



वेडवे गिडवे

Wednesday dinner is chicken in the hostel mess. And all my non-vegetarian friends act like they'll be granted nirvana with that piece of dead bird. I wonder why I sympathize so much with an animal – whom I did not know – when it is providing, even while dead, my friends – who are dearer to me – with such immense pleasure?

Jonathan Safran Foer, in his book, *Eating Animals*, writes; “I can't count the times that upon telling someone I am vegetarian, he or she responded by pointing out an inconsistency in my lifestyle or trying to find a flaw in an argument I never made. (I have often felt that my vegetarianism matters more to such people than it does to me.)”. Nothing could have better reflected my ideas on the issue. Vegetarianism irritates non-veggies even more than the other party's inborn hate. More than once, I have been told that I am missing more in life than I can imagine. Isn't that plain stupid? How can I be missing something I don't have the slightest clue about?

Of lately, arguing about vegetarianism has started to become more and more futile. There is always the quip, ‘Aren't plants living beings, too?’ on the surface. I can answer nothing but yes. Dead is anything that was living, breathing once. And, since plants are living too, even my food is just as dead as that of my non-vegetarian friends. Moreover, though I call myself a pure vegetarian, I do consume milk.

One fine day, a few years ago, when I finally figured out that the cow's milk was for the cute little calf, I felt disgusted. How could I have been stealing away something that wasn't meant for me? The argument that popped back was, the cow has enough to feed its calf and humans, too. More than one research has claimed that although milk does provide us with calcium, we can happily survive without it, too. The only difference is that I talk about survival in different terms. I might give up on milk any day, but could I live without yogurt and paneer? Would I eat pizza without cheese?

So, if I claim for the milk to be a vegetarian product, so is the

egg – which I do not eat. The eggs that are eaten are neither killing the hen, nor are they going to spout future chickens since they are infertile. The only reason I can still manage for not eating them is that I have been taught not to. That concludes any argument about eggs. And for the record, you cannot order a one pound eggless cake in Hamirpur. Either you get a huge two pound bonanza or you learn to consume slight quantities of egg.

The only difference in between eating dead animals and dead plants is that, while they are being slaughtered, plants stay quiet as is their great nature. The animals shriek in fear when they see the shiny blade coming toward them. And that shriek can haunt a person for life. The ego that, we are helping maintain the food web is unjustified, though. There are whales and sharks to eat the smaller fish in sea, and there are supposed to be lions and tigers who will eat the smaller animals in their own right. The food cycle will function all fine even without human intervention into the world of killing animals.

Without any bias towards vegetarianism, because I am one, I believe that non-vegetarianism instills violence of some sort in us. When there seems to be no pity toward killing an animal, pity slowly starts seeping away even toward humans. Nothing feels more unnatural to me than killing animals for eating them. After all, we reflect more closely with animals – they are as much flesh and blood as we are. A baby would rather eat an apple and play with a rabbit than the other way round. It feels natural, correct.

Maybe it is because I have been taught vegetarianism since birth. Upbringing plays the hugest role here. And yet, habits change and so do people. We can still spare the poor animal's horror shriek as it faces its death. We usually live in the hazy space between right and wrong in life. And yet, it seems wrong that food can be something so cruel. With George Bernard Shaw's words, “While we ourselves are the living graves of murdered beasts, how can we expect any ideal conditions on earth?” I rest my case.



अभ्युदय २०१३

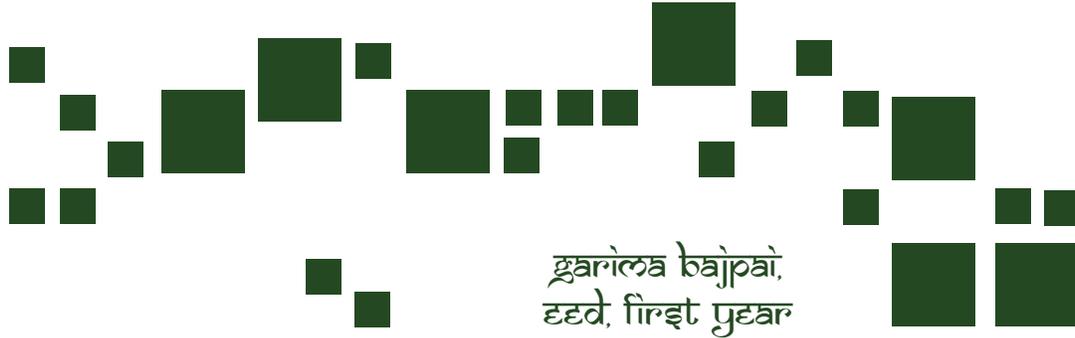
किसी भी देश की संस्कृति के निर्माण में साहित्य की भूमिका किसी से छिपी नहीं है, और जब बात अपने हिन्दुस्तान की हो तो हिन्दी का योगदान तो इतिहास के पन्नों में स्वर्णाक्षरों में दर्ज है। वास्तव में इस भाषा की खूबसूरती अपनी भारतीय संस्कृति की तरह इसके समन्वय की क्षमता में निहित है। इसी हिन्दी भाषा की जीवटता, सम्पूर्णता और विशालता को दर्शाता कार्यक्रम है “अभ्युदय” राष्ट्रीय प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान हमीरपुर में प्रतिवर्ष हिन्दी दिवस पर हिन्दी समिति द्वारा एक विशाल एवं भव्य समारोह ‘अभ्युदय’ का आयोजन किया जाता है जिससे हिन्दी भाषा की विविधता और समृद्धि को बड़े ही सुन्दर ढंग से प्रस्तुत किया जाता है। अभ्युदय एनआईटी के बड़े उत्सवों में से एक है जो पूर्ण रूप से हिन्दी भाषा को समर्पित है। हर वर्ष की भांति इस वर्ष भी अभ्युदय-२०१३ का आयोजन हिन्दी दिवस १४ सितम्बर के अवसर पर संस्थान के सभागार में किया गया। अभ्युदय की सांस्कृतिक संध्या की शुरुआत माँ सरस्वती की वन्दना से हुई। इसके पश्चात संस्थान के निदेशक महोदय ने संस्थान की वार्षिक हिन्दी पत्रिका ‘त्रिशूल’ का विमोचन किया।

इस भव्य सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रम में हिन्दी भाषा के साथ-साथ भारतीय संस्कृति के विविध रंगों को भी प्रदर्शित किया गया, जिसमें से भरतनाट्यम की प्रस्तुति व डांस क्लब द्वारा देशभक्ति से लबरेज नृत्य प्रस्तुति उल्लेखनीय रही। “मुस्कुराना जिन्दगी है” व “बंजरंगी” जैसी काव्य प्रस्तुतियों ने भी खूब तालियां बटोरीं।

इस अवसर पर हिन्दी समिति द्वारा आयोजित विभिन्न प्रतियोगिताओं जैसे निबन्ध लेखन, काव्य-पाठ, भाषण प्रतियोगिता, नृत्य प्रतियोगिता, संगीत संध्या, चलचित्र निर्माण प्रतियोगिता, शेर-ओ-शायरी प्रतियोगिता में स्थान प्राप्त करने वाले विद्यार्थियों को पुरस्कृत किया गया। वास्तव में अभ्युदय हिन्दी भाषा, भारतीय संस्कृति और एनआईटी की प्रतिभाओं की त्रिवेणी संगम है। हिन्दी समिति द्वारा आयोजित यह कार्यक्रम वर्तमान परिदृश्य में हिन्दी के प्रचार प्रसार की दिशा में एक सार्थक कदम है।

आज अपने ही देश में अपनी मातृभाषा हिन्दी की दशा देखकर मन बड़ा व्यथित है। आज हममें से अधिकतर तथाकथित शिक्षित लोग अपनी मातृभाषा हिन्दी में बड़े समारोहों में बोलने से हिचकते हैं। ऐसा नहीं है कि हिन्दी उन्हें समझ में नहीं आती या फिर वो बोल नहीं पाते बल्कि उन्हें लगता है कि कहीं लोग यह न समझ लें कि यह तो पिछड़ा हुआ है। आधुनिक दिखने की होड़ में हम अपना आत्मसम्मान भूल जाते हैं। बात बड़ी सीधी है, हिन्दी को उसका सम्मान तब तक नहीं मिल सकता, जब तक हम भारतवासियों के मन में उसके लिए सम्मान न हो।

भारतेन्दु हरिश्चन्द्र ने ठीक ही कहा है-
 “निज भाषा उन्नति अहै, सब उन्नति को मूल
 बिन निज भाषा ज्ञान के, मिटै न हिय को शूल”।



દ્રુગલેલા ભાજપા,
દદવે, ગિરફત પુદાર



Traffic Signal

Going to my college one day
I was stopped by a red light,
Unintentionally, my head swayed,
Noticing the hidden horrid sight.

There seemed rush all around
Not to forget the banging horns!
But I saw the other side
A beggar and a child selling corn.
Many like them were waiting there
For many like me to come and aid.
But busy lad! How could they eye the pain!
The suffering that the corner laid.

Banging the horns as if, these
Sixty seconds would last forever.
Ignoring the expectations of fellow beings
Drowning them in agony forever!

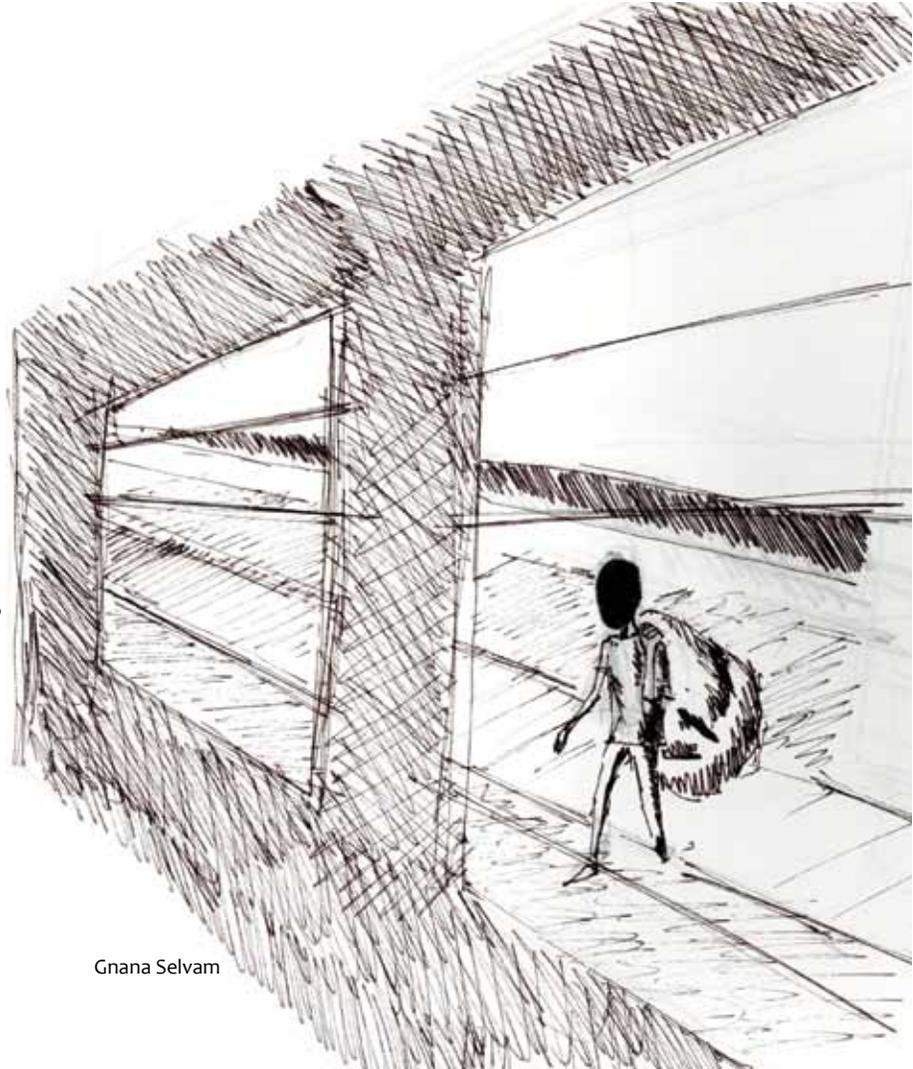
The little boy eyed the merciless aristocrats,
Pleading them to buy a few grams.
But how could we? Don't you know!
Roadside unhygienic corns would harm.

But what about the harm caused to them?
What about the forever dreams in those eyes?
What about the expectations and our duties?
Duties to serve our fellows and being nice.

Green signal thrashed all their dreams
Turning back, my eyes glued the helpless,
Now waiting for another bunch
Another bunch of ignorant and merciless!

After few seconds, they disappeared!
Yes they disappeared! That's all.
I reverted back to my life
Facing my problems and rise and falls.

That's the truth, harsh indeed,
I noticed, you didn't, difference though small.
But still the traffic signal is pleading somewhere
But in our deaf ears, their pleads never fall.

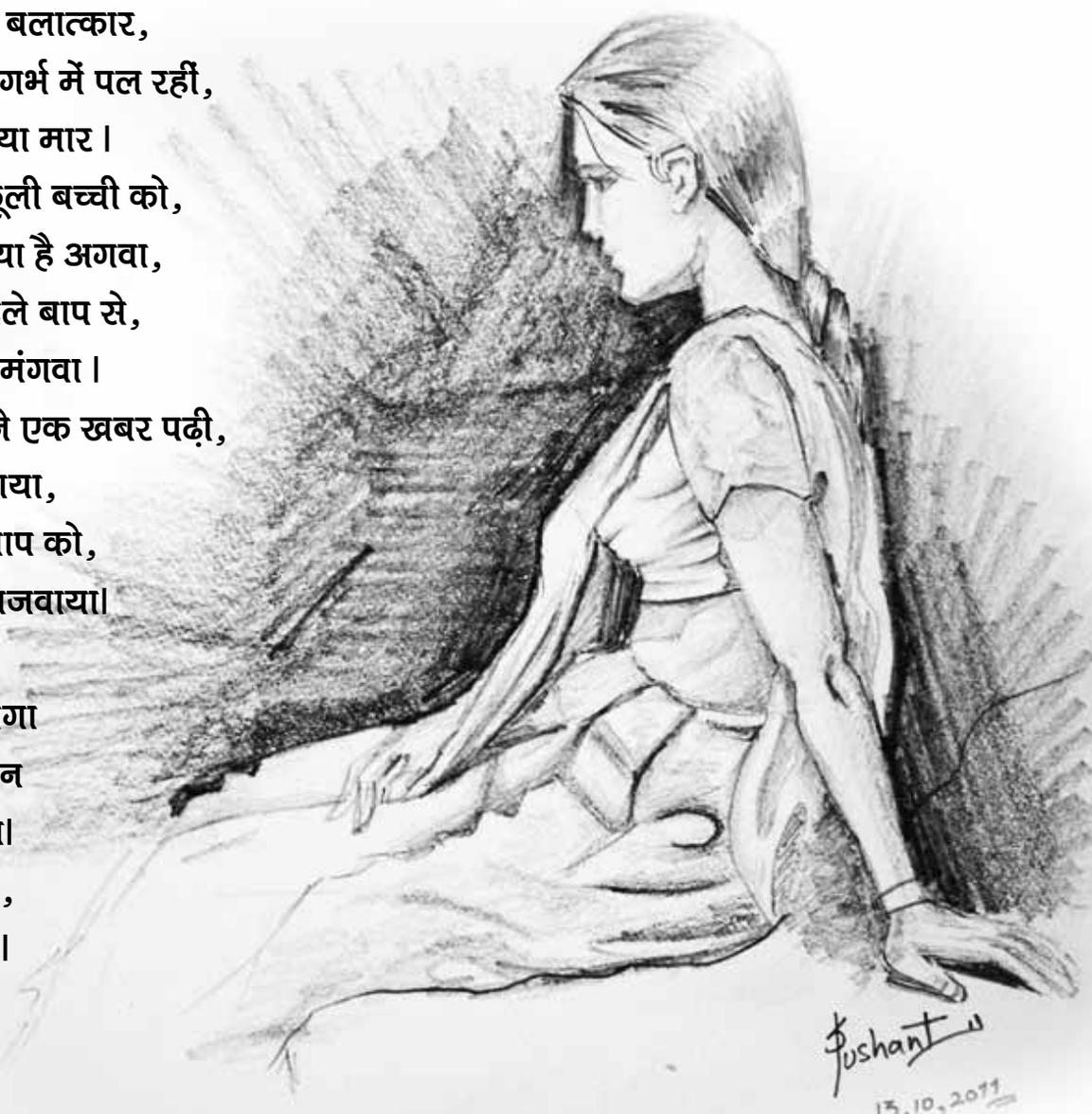




ज्योति खट्वाणी,
टहल, लाहोर, सिंध

‘‘भारतीय नारी’’

आज सुबह जब मैं अखबार पढ़ रहा था बड़े गौर से,
खबरें छपी थी आज बड़े जोर से ।
सबसे ऊपर लिखा था दरिंदों ने किया ,
पाँच साल की बच्ची से बलात्कार,
तो नीचे लिखा था कि गर्भ में पल रही,
बच्ची को डॉक्टर ने दिया मार ।
नीचे लिखा था कि स्कूली बच्ची को,
कुछ युवकों ने कर लिया है अगवा,
बच्ची को छोड़ने के बदले बाप से,
एक मोटी रकम ली है मंगवा ।
जब अगले पेज पर मैंने एक खबर पढ़ी,
तो मैं एकदम से झल्लाया,
लिखा था बेटे ने मां-बाप को,
जबरदस्ती वृद्धाश्रम भिजवाया।
पर अब न रहेंगे मौन,
और न ही ये शमां चलेगा
पूजनीय नारी का जीवन
अब ना यूँ नरक बनेगा।
शक्ति-स्वरूप ये नारी,
अब न ये सहमी होगी ।
जो करे मर्यादा पार,
न उस पर रहमी होगी।





वार्ते रौठ



Vasudha Tuli

Life these days has become a conundrum; rummaging to the answer takes it nowhere but drops it to the pivot of the labyrinth from where it had started. The very next day it rises after the sunshine does, gathers the fragments of the courage it broke last night and marches ahead with the hope in heart that perhaps "today" it'll treasure out the best before lying dead; deep onto the night's lap. Amidst all the rat race what keeps it going is a little innocence in a child's eyes seeing a chocolate, a little love which persists when a son holds hand of his old mother, helping her walk; and a little honesty in a charming heart which despite of all troubles is as pure as held away from the shadows of worldly vice.

And so is the incident which is shared forth as a story. Things have been carved to do justification to the subject of the story, but the honesty it narrates is true and pious. There isn't anything that can sway your soul. I don't know why it touched me to the depths; all I know is that it just did...

Morning light & my life travel at the same pace; with all glory in the morning as I start for office and dim as I return

back home. Days pass by, with each day engulfing me more into the so-called NOIDA LIFE. But, out of the blue, somewhere in the corner of this hustle-bustle smiles a firefly which teaches me to add up the little good I have, to enlighten, as the night charms. And so did the firefly I met a few days back...

Routinely, I was coming back from office at around 6:45pm. The day long exercise leaves you dried and empty, and in the end you don't need anything but a small meal and a bed; no matter how poor those might be. But that day was a bit different. My taste buds needed variety and I paused to buy something hygienic and seasonal. Out of the numerous options, I opted for a "bhutta". It had been a nice, mildly cool rainy day and the bhuttewala had been sitting under the umbrella. " Ekb hutta dena bhaiya, kitne ka hai??" I said, "10 rupayka", he prompted meekly in his adolescent voice. From the shade of his umbrella he passed me the bhutta and in the same hand I placed a ₹10 note and retreated to my way, treating the empty belly with the corn.

The very next day when I got off the bus, my hungry instincts drew me to the *bhuttewala*. When it came to collecting my *bhutta*, I bent a little lower ; don't know if it was my curiosity or my reflex action which got me looking under the umbrella. To my astonishment, the *bhuttewala* bhaiya was not an adolescent, but a child or rather a kid (child would be an elderly word for him) of 8-9 yrs. of age. It ain't that I have seen life less or for that matter child labour less; but he left me bewildered. I offered a ₹100 note for the meager payment of Rs. 10. He somehow managed to return back 8 crippled notes of ₹10 from the pockets of his navy blue shirt. "10 rupay baad me le lena didi"; his words brought me back to my senses which were taken aback by my eyes pondering over the little hands which bore cracks caused by heat

of the burning coal over which he had been roasting the corn. I left without pouring out anything. I felt burdened.

Though the next morning I wasn't completely out of it but was a little less annoyed. On my way to bus stop, I stared at the place where I had met him the last. The place still held the scenes of that evening, the little kid struggling his tiny hands into his even tiny pockets & me looking at him, baffled.

Later, returning back from office that evening, I was not hungry but hoped to see the kid and ask his name atleast. But to my disappointment, he was not there. I stopped at the place, looking at the seat he had made for himself, walked past and went back home. Days passed with just his reminiscence lying at his area. He didn't come. Though not badly, but I missed him and the bhutta too.

The wheel of life as it rotates makes the present, the past. I got absorbed into my routinely monotony. His imprints didn't remain embedded but they had left a watermark for ever. It had been a fortnight and I could see everything at his place, but him.

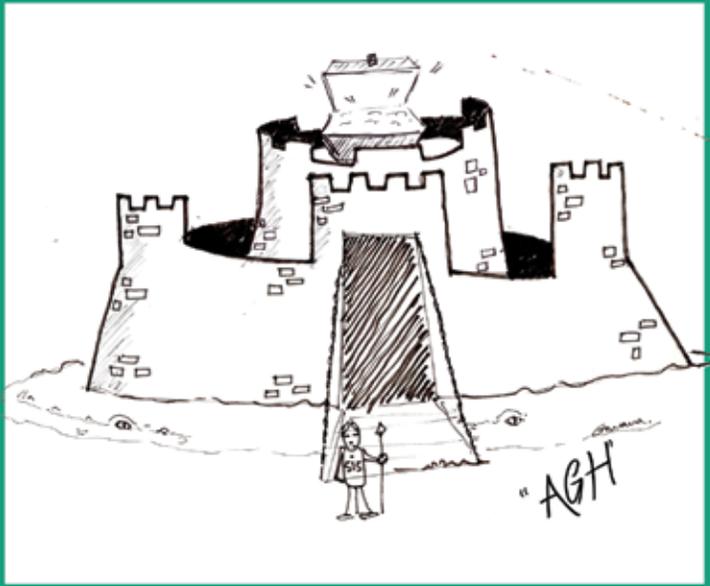
It was Saturday, I remember. I had been staring out from the bus window, at the rain drops which were falling on the glass pane; resting there for a while and then drifting slowly towards the ground, losing their identity. I landed at my stop and opened the umbrella to escape the rage. The poor umbrella couldn't bear the thrashes of the harsh wind. Suddenly I noticed an umbrella lying at the place which few days back held the shadows of the kid. "Don't know what brought him back to work in this unkind weather", I uttered to myself. I went to him and before I could ask him about his whereabouts in the past days he said, "Didi! Aapke 10 rupay", and passed me a 10 Rs. note. I smiled and said "*bhutta nahi khilaoge?*". His eyes sparkled, smilingly he placed the 10 Rs. note under the mat over which his belongings were kept and had started roasting the bhutta. "*Kya naam hai aapka, kaunsi class me padhte ho?*", I asked him. "Monu", he replied cheerfully. "Abhi teentakpadhahoon, abchaar main padhungawapasgaanvaakar", he replied with all his attention on the corn, roasting every kernel to perfection. When he had finely checked if the corn was completely roasted ; he cleaned the coal dust, applied

salt and lemon, packed it into the corn ears and offered me my bhutta. "*Itni baarish mein kyu aaye ho*", I came to my question and asked. "Thode din mein gaanvchala jaaunga, phir nahi aaunga", I knew he was answering off the point and the reason was something else which he didn't wish to tell and so I didn't mean to ask again. I couldn't spend the evening standing there talking to him and so, had to leave. I offered him a 10Rs. note which he accepted warmly and I started my way. "Didi !pehlewale 10 rupay.", he called from behind when I have reached a bit ahead of his roadside shop. "10 rupay", he said reaching the distance where I had been standing, stunned. Moved by the intense honesty despite his soul wrenching livelihood I couldn't speak a word. Insanity drew over me and I wasn't able to understand if I should take the money back, should reward him with even more or do nothing and just standstill. All I wanted was to escape the scene which life had casted me into. "*Kal bhutta khila dena*", I said abruptly. As jovial as always, he smiled and nodded. We moved our ways. He happy and I, guilty.

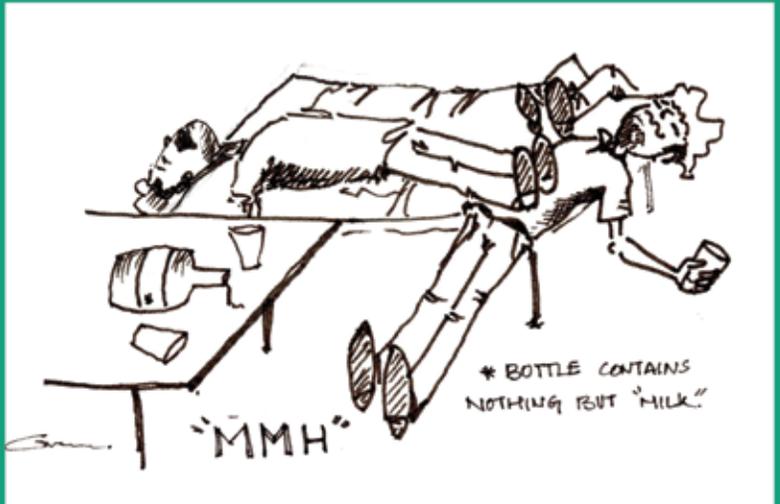
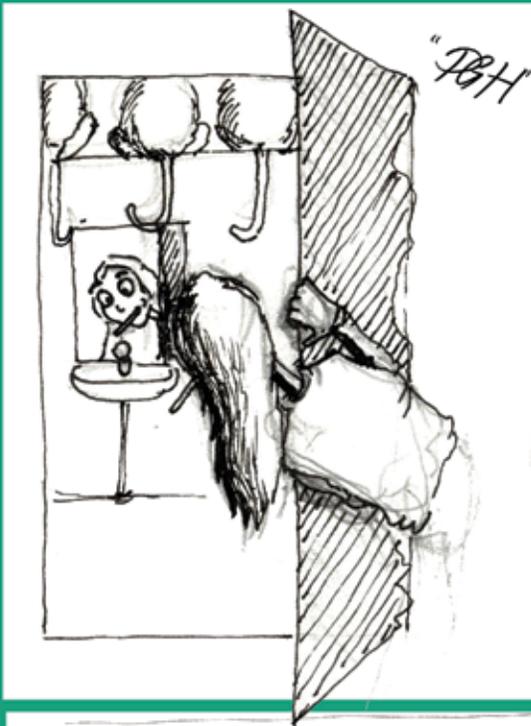
Usually he wasn't there in mornings and came only in the evenings. But the following evening he wasn't there. More days passed this time for him being absent. I waited for the umbrella shade again over his place. A month was going to get over, the season was changing but he didn't come back. "Might have missed home and have gone early, and have started with his new class", I said composing myself. The inside of me was turbulent willing to hear from him. "Why would he inform?" "Who are you to him?" I scolded myself at the childish peculiarity.

I felt petty for not helping him in any way. "That could have destroyed his self-respect", I bailed out myself from the torture of the inner self. "Don't make excuses. This is probably the best way of elite class escapism" came the reply. I probably had done what people usually do; blame government for everything. I couldn't add up anything to him who had taught me a lesson in life. All I could pay to his priceless honesty was Rs. 10.

*The wheel of life as it rotates, rotates the time & thoughts as well.
Don't know why his innocence touched me that deeply,
all I know is that it just did.*



HOSTELS @ NITH





ब्रह्मचरि
एतत्, त्रिंशत् पृष्ठम्

back to the roots

Have u ever been intrigued by the mysticism of our land, India, the land of enigmas as I like to call her? If not let me have the privilege to make you feel so. The work that historians, linguists, anthropologists reveal in their research endeavors is only the tip of the iceberg. The real ice in the water becomes palpable not from the 'wanting' to learn but by the 'longing' to know about it. The feats that ancient Indians were able to achieve are baffling, because they defy logical reasoning and sense.

A twin star system that is still worshipped by newly married couples in the south, was known, even before the advent of astronomy. Eons old 'Language of the Gods' Sanskrit is another pillar that has seen ages pass without a halt. It is conjectured that its beginning, at most, started in 1500-1200BC, on the basis of testaments provided by the oldest surviving forms in scriptures. So what is so special about this language?

I'm abashed writing this in India, when foreigners don't ever need to know about it, they have already accepted its magnanimity and started working. For example, Artificial Intelligence lab of NASA is programming in Sanskrit! Today people of India take pride in not knowing Sanskrit ('Samskrit'). It's time we went back to our roots, for no culture can sustain if it is not connected to its roots. This edition is our little attempt in reviving what is, a little lost, and detoured to be hopeful.

Sanskrit is based on the concept of sound. Ancient seers and sages believed that different types of sounds that its letters could produce by all permutations, not only had transformational but immense transcendental power too. There are two forms of Sanskrit based on the differences in the usage, phonology, vocabulary, grammar and syntax. Vedic or Paninic and Post-Vedic Sanskrit. Vedic Sanskrit is tracked to the ancient scriptures such as the four Vedas and hundreds of Upanishads (about 200 of them). These Vedas and Upanishads (called Vedantas (the concluding parts of the Vedas)) were passed down to generations in a startling oral tradition. Carefully constructed, they were made in a manner that aided maximum remembrance. Research studies have shown that learning Sanskrit helps in increasing one's retention power.

Three schools in U.K. provide benefits to the students who opt for Sanskrit as the optional language subject. For yet another example of its razzle-dazzle, there is a Homa (chanting of

certain hymns) called Rudrabhishek Homa/Pooja. It is believed that when some sages were done with their meditation, one day, they started reciting some hymns together as if being directed by one common source as to what to chant. Its birth is traced back to about 5000 years. Experiments conducted with this Homa as the cynosure of their studies, showed that the environment blossomed more where it was done daily than where it wasn't. It is said that the mantras and the hymn chants done in Sanskrit had the power to move celestial bodies. When the sages, seers and saints felt it was vulnerable to ills of the wills that could arise by the temptation it offered, they 'locked' such powers by changing the sounds and pronunciations and syntax of the chants.

Like any great hacker would say, every system has a loophole. Only this time loophole was provided by the makers of the system. They concluded, that when an enlightened person would instruct his student to accept a mantra, that would be the key to the latch. A gracious secret that is kept secret (in this case the mantra that a guru gives to his disciple) possesses immense power, because of the property of it being a secret and that too with a happy countenance.

This year we decided to know about the ultimate instruction a teacher ever gave to a student. 'Tat Tvam Asi', one of the four 'Mahavakyas' (the ultimate pronouncements) Vedas, it is a part of Chandogya Upanishad in Samveda (one of the four Vedic scriptures). 'Tat Tvam Asi' is an instruction a teacher gives to his student. Roughly translated to 'Thou that art' (that you are), 'tat' is the ultimate reality that is sought, 'Tvam' means you, 'asi' means are. The truth that one tries to find in the worldly objects, one oneself is that already! A seeker and what he seeks is one. How could that be? This simple adage has the answer.

The way in which this is depicted in the Upanishad is in the form of a story. Very inquisitive story indeed. Uddalaka, a saint father is concerned that after years of Vedic education, his son has obsessed himself with knowing everything there is and worse yet, keep boasting about it. So he asks his son, Svetaketu – "Svetaketu, since you are proud and conceited, dear boy, and consider yourself learned, did you ask for that instruction by which that which is not heard, becomes heard, that which is not thought, becomes a thought, and that which is not known becomes known?" Svetaketu is startled by existence of such a

thing and replies - "Father, if my teachers had had the savvy of such a thing they surely would have told me. Could you yourself would tell me please?" Uddalaka then gave him enumerations from daily life that acted as corollaries, in explaining that which is inexplicable of sorts. Now this activity of using analogy to assist the process of understanding something that is beyond the gamut of senses is marvelous. One of the feats of the evolution of mind.

"By knowing the clay, you know what any earthenware is. By knowing gold, you know what gold ornaments are. Similarly by knowing what we are, we could decipher what we are made of." We are made of pure consciousness. Now what on earth, or in universe, for that matter, does that mean? This concept seems metaphysical while having first hands on it. But it is more subtle than that. After all what is the point of classifying mysteries on the basis of their nature, when their nature itself is oblivious to us?

In the beginning of this universe, there was nothing but 'Brahman', pure consciousness. It isn't some entity that is conspicuous but a 'tatva', a principle. At some point in time, 'it' wanted itself to multiply out of itself. Sounds like an asexual reproduction method. But why did it intend to do so? Who knows? Some mysteries are meant to be lived rather than known. It transcended its purest and only form it had ever existed in into Earth, then Water with the help of Fire then evaporated in Air and dissipated into Space (Void). Why this order?

One could brainstorm logistics and reasons, but ultimately who knows? Reason is reeling in the known, faith is moving in the unknown. We are talking about the mysteries that have so ignited people's curiousness. So having a little faith is all it takes in 'understanding' this mysterious instruction and not actually 'knowing' something.

Uddalaka gave his son another exemplar- "Just as one can't discern which part of honey came from which flower, when a person 'becomes' one with that pure consciousness, his individual identity remains alive no more. Just like all rivers merge into the ocean, so does everybody inevitably with that pure consciousness, the 'Brahman'." On being asked what consciousness really is, what it is made up of, Uddalaka asks him to bring a fruit and start ripping it layer by layer and speak out loud what he sees. First there were seeds, but he couldn't rip apart the seeds. He could only mash them into something that was indistinguishable. Uddalaka proffered - "That from which you are made, that which you are, is not an entity, it is a 'tatva', a principle, that is infinitesimal." He ordered Svetaketu to bring a glass of water with salt dissolved in it. He then asked him to taste the water from different sections of the glass. It was same throughout! Salty obviously! He deciphered the meaning he intended to make - "Just as salt is in there, but it is inconceivable through visual experience, that 'sat', that 'Brahman', that consciousness is like that."

As a part of untold algorithm that runs in this world, there is critique to almost every argument. Or else how would there be improvement and furtherance? People like Roger Penrose, trained as mathematicians, neuro-physicists, neurologists etc. grown in a scientific community have speculated and researched likewise. They partake most of the scientific community with the fact that consciousness, is something that is computationally achievable. Roger Penrose says it is non-arithmetic but is possible to crack if we dive in the quantum realm.

But it is something different for Ashok Kumar, a former Indian professor of Applied Physics and a former scientist at Harvard University. He is the man who has given path-breaking theories and postulations based on ancient Vedic Sciences that have given powerful insights into the gray regions of the human mind, and helped us understand consciousness. Even after having tread for so long in the realms of science, he feels that science fails to understand consciousness as an independent entity. He says- "Science can't integrate a non-physical entity, like consciousness into its conceptual framework, and views human personality as a non-conscious physical system". He adds "*Nirajanam Nishkriam Shantam Nirvadyam Niranjanam*" that consciousness itself is non-differentiable, inactive, placid, indescribable and non-associative)

Neuroscientist Professor Antonio Damasio shares the reference with respect to which consciousness is, the mapping that brain does of the internals of a body, since the internals are more or less governed by same parameters in all humans. But Indian scriptures go on saying, that body itself is temporary. It vanishes in about 100 years or less. Then what is that field of reference with respect to which we can associate a 'self' with ourselves, an 'I' with ourselves. Scriptures surmise that it can be 'realized' but not expressed in terms of having known or having had a savvy of it, through meditation. That which we are, is beyond proof, at least according to very ancient knowledge to which we owe our ancestry. In Patanjali Yoga Sutras it is written - "Truth can't be proven or disproven". Logic is bounded by what we perceive through our senses and what is physically or reasonably understandable. According to me that's why cosmology is perplexed with the existence of something as eluding as what is called dark matter and dark energy.

Consciousness moving on the surface of body is stimuli, which causes pleasure. When it shrinks, then the sensations of pain and suffering arise. It works opposite to that of the quantum realms. More one turns the attention inwards, more one realizes that there is 'chetna' in every possible partition of his being. Consciousness has the tendency to expand just like water has, to flow downwards and air has the tendency to not to be under pressure. Just like people can feign love through actions even though there is nothing igniting inside. People can be hoodwinked into the unending circles of proving and disproving. Who knows?

यथा सर्वगत सौक्ष्म्यादाकाशं नोपलिप्यते ।
सर्वत्रावस्थितो देहे तथात्मा नोपलिप्यते ॥



Avinash Kaur

ब्रह्मेण
आकाश

I am neither the beginning, nor the end,
The questions, left alone and unanswered.
Infinities within infinities, transcend,
I am the beginning and the end.

Migrating SCADA over
IPv4 to IPv6

87

Kyun Hai?

91

Sublime
Truth

91

Ladka
Engineer
Ban
Gaya

92

The Gaol of a
Happy Fate

94

Director's
Interview

95

A piece
of Chalk

97

Shadow of the Dark

97

Maa ka aanchal

98

Dollar vs rupya

98

Finding neverland

99

I Shouldn't Be
Alive

103

Cover Story -
Elemental

109



रुलनर इशलोभार पावडेय,
बड़े इन्टरनेट प्रोविडर, टइइवे

मिग्रेशन इकावे ठर इप4 ठ इप6

Due IPv4 is history. Future belongs to IPv6. But transition from this history to this future is not devoid of its share of problems. In the business world it is of course a challenge but in the process domains it is all the more cumbersome. In the domain of process control and instrumentation, SCADA (Supervisory Control and Data Acquisition) is deeply entrenched and fairly standardized. At present it is generally IP agnostic. However, signs of its definite convergence towards IP based communication systems are increasingly becoming evident. It is, therefore, apt to look at the issues, challenges and possible solutions to transiting SoIP (SCADA over IP) from IPv4 to IPv6. This article presents a methodology for such transition. The transition strategies of the Coke Oven Batteries of Visakhapatnam Steel Plant of Rashtriya Ispat Nigam Limited are also presented as a case study.

IPv4 has been a phenomenally successful protocol in popularizing IP based transmission and communication. Its immense popularity has led to the exhaustion of the available address space more quickly than expected. To meet the increasing demands on the address space certain technologies are in use like private addresses and Network Address Translation (NAT), just to name a few. Though the exhaustion of publically available address space is the prime trigger for

another protocol for IP based communication i.e. IPv6, there are other reasons too. Concerns for better security and efficient routing are two such reasons. The transition from IPv4 to IPv6 is absolutely certain. The point of discussion no more is “Why and whether” but “When and how”. At the same time such a gigantic global transition cannot be expected to be undertaken instantly. Obviously it has to be a gradual and continuous process. Consequently coexistence of both the protocols for quite some time is imperative. Techniques and methodologies are needed for smooth and seamless communications in such so called bilingual Internet and Intranets.

Conventionally Ethernet LANs and WANs have been used in the office communications very effectively. Due to definite advantages of packet switching technologies and due to the fact that protocols deployed in such technologies having matured over time, there is a definite trend towards convergence of applications, be it data transport, be it voice / video communications or even real time applications like process automation, instrumentation as well as control. Networks in the process domains comprise of various components and subsystems, such as Programmable Logic Controllers (PLCs), Supervisory Control and Data Acquisition (SCADA) systems and Distributed

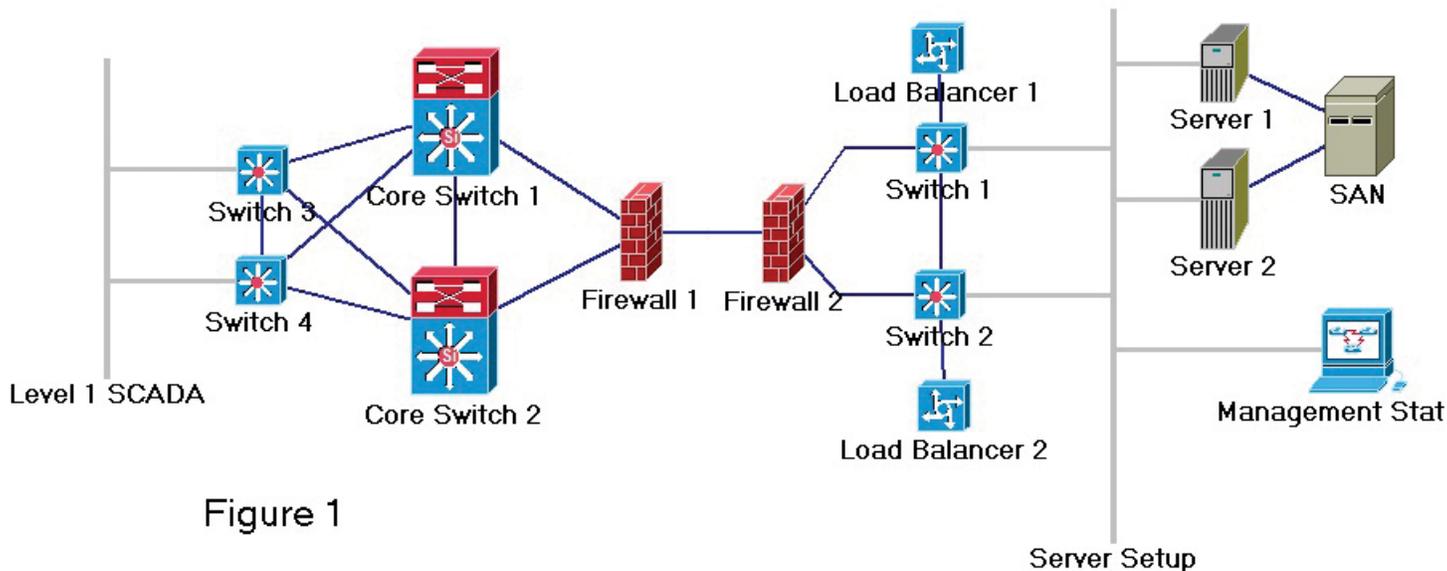


Figure 1

Control Systems (DCSc). Communication within and amongst such systems have been done primarily over various proprietary and prohibitive protocols. Popularity of TCP/IP as the dominant packet switched data communication protocol coupled with mature QoS policies have prompted its use in industrial control and data acquisition networks also. At present both conventional and TCP/IP based industrial process control networks coexist. The author is, however, of the view that increasingly such networks will move towards TCP/IP based packet switching.

The data networks used for business can afford to momentarily go down for a while for switching to a newer version of IP protocol. This is not affordable in case of real time process control, instrumentation and automation i.e. SCADA systems. In such systems, network, servers, storage and applications all are designed for 24x7 running conditions. Consequently, the methodologies for transiting such systems from IPv4 to IPv6 have to be intolerant to shut downs. This article describes one such methodology. This proposed methodology is being implemented in Visakhapatnam Steel Plant

of Rashtriya Ispat Nigam Limited. The case study of the SCADA systems of this plant is also presented along with a business case for transition from IPv4 to IPv6.

Strategies for transition from IPv4 to IPv6 can be broadly classified into three categories namely dual stack, tunneling and translation. They are further sub classified. Each of these has its own unique advantages and disadvantages. It would depend on a particular scenario as to which mechanism is best suited on case to case basis. In case of SCADA over IP, significant difference lies in the fact that data networks in the business domains can afford to go down for maintenance while they cannot do so in the process automation domains. The designs of process networks such as SCADA over IP always have inherent redundancies at all levels, network devices, links and other resources like servers, storage and applications instances in order to afford continuous operations even in the presence of breakdowns or shutdowns of a few such components. In order to transit such systems from IPv4 to IPv6, it is advisable to follow a server to client and back approach. As is made clear

above that such systems have inbuilt redundancy, the following steps are involved in the transition:

- Create dual stack mechanism on one instance of all of the servers, and incrementally on all the devices on one of the path to the clients.
- Transit one instance of all the clients to IPv6 only and incrementally on all the devices on the other path.
- Transit the other instance of all the clients to IPv6 only and incrementally on all the devices on the first path.
- Transit the Server 1. This may not only need hardware and network interfaces to transit but also need the application running on it.

The figure below gives a typical network setup for SCADA systems over IP. Noteworthy feature of such a setup is redundancy at all levels, network devices, links and other resources like servers, storage and applications instances. The strategy proposed above is being applied in the process LANs of Visakhapatnam Steel Plant of Rashtriya Ispat Nigam Limited. There are number of process LANs spread over the entire plant. Typically all of them are similar to the one in figure above except for the number of devices, servers and clients. The applications running in this setup are all having network layer properly abstracted out. They do not have any embedded IP address. This has made application transition grossly simplified. SCADA deployed here is also totally IP agnostic thereby making it further simplified. To do the transition of such a system on the fly following steps are to be undertaken strictly in that order:

- Create dual stack mechanism on Server 1. This may not only need hardware and network interfaces to migrate but also need the application running on it.
- Create dual stack mechanism on Switch 1 and Load Balancer 1 with proper configurations in place.
- Create dual stack mechanism on Firewall 1.
- Create dual stack mechanism on Core Switch

1 with proper configurations in place.

- Create dual stack mechanism on Switch 3 with proper configurations in place.
- Transit one instance of Level 1 SCADA from IPv4 to IPv6.
- Transit Switch 4 to IPv6 only with proper configurations in place.
- Transit Core Switch 2 to IPv6 only with proper configurations in place.
- Create dual stack mechanism on Firewall 2.
- Transit Switch 2 and Load Balancer 2 to IPv6 only with proper configurations in place.
- Transit Server 2 to IPv6 only. This may not only need hardware and network interfaces to Transit but also need the application running on it.
- Transit Server 1 to IPv6 only. This may not only need hardware and network interfaces to migrate but also need the application running on it.
- Transit Switch 1 and Load Balancer 1 to IPv6 only with proper configurations in place.
- Transit Core Switch 1 to IPv6 only with proper configurations in place.
- Transit Switch 3 to IPv6 only with proper configurations in place.
- Transit the other instance of Level 1 SCADA from IPv4 to IPv6.
- Transit Firewall 1 to IPv6 only with proper configurations in place.
- Transit Firewall 2 to IPv6 only with proper configurations in place.

These steps if followed meticulously will ensure smooth transition to IPv6 without taking shutdown even for a moment. It utilizes the inbuilt redundancy in the design which is already ensured in all such critical installations.

Transition from IPv4 to IPv6 cannot and should not be looked at from the conventional perspective of business case analysis. It would not be proper to investigate the issue purely from cost benefit

analysis viewpoint. In fact there are reasons beyond just profitability that are propelling organizations to take up projects for such transition. Some of the reasons are listed below:

A. Getting Ready for the Inevitable Future: It is beyond doubt an established fact that scaling up of Internet can only be sustained if more IP addresses are made available. The last pool of IPv4 addresses has already been allotted. Apart from this stark reality, there are emerging IT service models like cloud computing, SaaS, mobile computing etc. which can be more effectively pursued with IPv6. In fact IPv6 is the future of Internet. Organizations will, therefore, compulsorily move to IPv6. An early movement will give them definite advantage.

B. Increased Dependence on IT: The inventors of Internet did not realize that a time will come when it would be impossible to imagine a world without Internet. IPv6 will ensure dedicated IP address assigned to each and every device on the globe now as well as for a reasonably foreseeable future. To be part of it organizations cannot afford to miss on this front.

C. Regulatory Compliance: Almost all the Governments have either already brought up regulations and legislations or are soon bringing them up for mandatorily making use of IPv6 in platforms and applications pertaining to e-Governance. In order to partner in these business opportunities organizations will have to be IPv6 ready.

D. Cost Effectiveness: Planned active transition from IPv4 to IPv6 is expected to be less costly in comparison to a forced and reactive one (whether for business or for regulatory reasons). It also allows proper cool off time and a vital experience to the IT staff of any organization.

E. Variety of Clients: Internet is a very effective medium for business. A variety of devices like

tablets, smart phones and other such devices are increasingly being used for connecting and communication. As these devices will eventually almost invariably use IPv6 addresses, organizations will be under increasing pressure to serve information on IPv6. It is more convenient for any organization to serve information on IPv6 if it is also the native protocol within the organization also.

F. Security Considerations: Network security is very dominant part of IPv6 discussions. IPv6 addresses a number of security concerns that were not natively possible in IPv4. The protocol has many provisions for security features that make it more robust. In the presence of increased number and increased variety of cyber threats, it would make much more sense to use IPv6 rather than investing time and money on more security related setup.

There is no choice. Every entity that is desirous of connecting to Internet will have to be IPv6 compliant sooner than later. A reactive approach might be too expensive. Two distinct trends are already visible. The first one is the fact that the Internet is gradually shifting towards IPv6 as the dominant protocol. The second one is the fact that there is a strong shift towards convergence of all sorts of data communication applications be it data, voice or video. Real time applications of data communication like instrumentation, control and automation are no exception. The author is of the opinion that in foreseeable future all organizations will have unified backbones for all sorts of data communication needs and that too on IPv6. There is a heavy installed base of legacy SCADA systems. These are partially using IPv4 as the protocol for data communication needs. The transition of such systems to IPv6 on the fly is a tricky issue and on case to case basis different solutions are needed. The key lies in the fact that such systems are already having redundant architectures and deployments.



इकारकेकरे इकारलव,
लखे, गिरइत पुढार

बपुइको रपुलवगे,
बार्को.दट.पुढ, थोरेवे पुढार



इपोलिट टपुके

What is thus, thus is nothing,
And the aspect more sublime
Cannot be seen.

Living through this strenuous journey,
With no throttle across the way,
Stretching the farthest of all
Yielding penance to the lonely gay,
Or rather would lose existence
On mere thought of stopping by,
But the manner more sublime
Cannot be seen.

Living up to the eccentricities of the turbulent times
Walking by the repugnance of the intellect mind
Let the way be reprobate or a virtuous one,
Let the goal ye find,
Walking till the last syllable of recorded time,
Yet the goal more sublime
Cannot be seen.

"THE REAL BOUNDARIES LIES ONLY IN OUR HEARTS."



Gnana Selvam

वही हूँ मैं

कहीं है अंधेरा
और मैं चल रही हूँ
कहीं है उजाला
और मैं शाम सी ढल रही हूँ
कुछ है जो बहता जा रहा है
मैं चुप हूँ और मन धीरे-धीरे कुछ कहता जा रहा है
जो साथ था
सब पीछे रह गया
मैं और एक मेरा वजूद
मेरे साथ आ रहा है
एक खाली से रास्ते पर कुछ-कुछ बढ़ तो रही हूँ मैं
कोई है ही नहीं जो बता दे
कितनी गलत और कितनी सही हूँ मैं
जब चले थे वहां से
तब देखा ही नहीं पीछे क्या छूट गया
आज जब मुड़कर देखा
तब दिखा ही नहीं पीछे क्या छूट गया
अब कहीं बीच में है
मैं और मेरा वजूद
और कभी आगे कभी पीछे
टकटकी लगाए देख रही हूँ
एक मृग जिस मृग तृष्णा में होता है
बस वही हूँ मैं।
बस वही हूँ मैं ॥



PIXONIDS



REST OF HUMANITY

बोहोइहोहो बड़बड़वा,
टइहवे, थोहवे पुहार



भाई साहब! लड़का इंजीनियर बन गया है

कल तक जो लड़कियां मुझे फूटी आंख भी नहीं देखती थी वो आज मुझे जी भर के देख रही थी। कल तक जो लोग मुझे मन्दिर का बचा हुआ प्रसाद तक देना उचित नहीं समझते थे, वही लोग आज राजी खुशी मुझे अपनी बेटी का हाथ दे रहे थे।

यद्यपि मेरे हाथ में अलादीन का कोई जादुई चिराग नहीं लगा था, अलबत्ता मैंने बमुश्किल सी श्रेणी के कॉलेज से डी ग्रेड से इंजीनियरिंग की डिग्री प्राप्त की थी। इस सी० डी० ने हमारी शिक्षा पद्धति को पूरी तरह से एक्सपोज कर दिया था। बिल्कुल स्टिंग ऑपरेशन की तरह। मेरी इस अविस्मरणीय महान उपलब्धि ने मेरे गांव के बच्चों के जीवन में क्रान्तिकारिक परिवर्तन किए जैसे आदिकाल में पहिये की खोज ने किया था। सभी अभिभावकों ने अपने बच्चों को सोने के हिरण का शिकार करने की गरज से किताबों के जंगल में उतार दिया था। जहां बड़े-बड़े भयानक किस्म के जानवर थे। जो अच्छे भले आदमी के दिमाग को डस लेते थे। मगर इन सबके बावजूद उम्मीद की कोई किरण थी तो बस लैपटॉप वाली देवी।

वक्त के हाथों खुद बिक कर मैंने मार्केटिंग की यह विद्या सीख ली थी कि



अगर पैकिंग अच्छी हो तो खराब प्रोडक्ट को भी अच्छे दामों में बेचा जा सकता है। इसी से इन्सपायर्ड होकर मैंने व्यक्तित्व निर्माण की पाठशाला बन्दकर पर्सनेलिटी डिवेलपमेंट की दुकान खोली। मुझे सच्चाई का पता चल चुका था कि अच्छा बिकने के लिए दूसरों से बेहतर दिखना जरूरी है।

अब संसार की जगह सेसेक्स की बातें करता था, अपना इम्प्रेशन जमाने के लिये मेरे पिताजी भी अंग्रेजी न्यूज पढ़ने लगे थे, और विद पेसेंस विदआउट सेंस वाली



Gnana Selvam

हिंग्लिश बोलने लगे थे।

मां ने तो सत्संग जाना बिल्कुल बन्द कर दिया था, अब वो मुहल्ले की पांच-सात औरतों को प्रवचन देने लगी थी कि बच्चों की परवरिश कैसे की जाये। क्या खिलाने-पिलाने से बच्चों का दिमाग तेज हो जाता है। मानों भारत सरकार ने महिला-बाल विकास मंत्रालय मेरी मां को ही दे दिया था। मेरे इन्जीनियर बन जाने के ईनाम स्वरूप अपनी जिन्दगी को डायनमिक बनाने के लिए मैंने न्यूटन के तृतीय नियम को अपने जीवन में समावेशित किया। किसी का भला करने से पहले अपने लाभ की बात सोचो, भगवान् को तभी याद करो जब दया की जरूरत हो।

बाबा रणछोड़ दासजी के वचन थे 'आल इज वेल' मेरे सिद्धान्तों के मूल वचन थे 'ऑल इज वेल्थ'। देश-विदेश की कई छोटी से लेकर मोटी कम्पनियों में हाथ पांव मारने के बाद भी ४-५ लाख सलाना का पैकेज देने वाली नौकरी नहीं मिली पर बीस लाख रूपए के साथ (छोकरी) देने वाले की मेरे घर के बाहर लाईन लगी थी। यहां मेरा कोई स्वयंवर नहीं था अपितु मेरी कीमत लगाई जा रही थी, सभी व्यापारियों में मुझे खरीदने की होड़ लगी थी।

मैं निर्जीव वस्तु के समान अपने बिकने का तमाशा देख रहा था। जीवन की इस सच्चाई को मेरे मस्तिष्क ने तो स्वीकार कर लिया था मगर मेरा मन न जाने क्यों इसका विरोध कर रहा था। औरों के लिये ये शोध का विषय था मगर मेरे लिए क्रोध का कि रिश्ते को पैसे के तराजू पे तौला जा रहा है या मुझको।

अन्ततः मेरी अन्तर्आत्मा जागृत हुई और मैंने हिम्मत दिखाते हुये कहा-क्षमा करे महापुरुषों, आपने मेरे प्रति जो विश्वास दिखाया है मैं कदाचित्त उसके योग्य नहीं हूँ। कृपया अपनी दुकान कहीं और जमाएं। व्यापारियों को मेरी विनती रास नहीं आई। एक महाशय ने मेरे पिता जी से कहा-भाई साहब आपका लड़का हाथ से निकल गया है आखिरकार भाई साहब, लड़का इन्जीनियर बन गया है।

Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava Director, NITH



1. What role do you think that non-technical or cultural activities like the literary magazine and Hill'ffair play in a technical institute like ours?

A. The ultimate aim of any degree, curriculum or course is to nurture the inherent talent of the students. The non-technical or cultural activities like the literary magazine and events like Hill'ffair, which I would prefer to call as co-curricular activities, provide an appropriate platform to the students to manifest their creativity and other extra academic potential resulting in comprehensive development of their personality and holistic academic growth.

2. In your opinion, what are the strongest and weakest points of our institute?

A. In my opinion strongest points which NIT Hamirpur possesses are conducive work culture, prolific academic environment and of course picturesque natural landscape of this campus makes it altogether different from other NITs. Sadly we are remotely located; I think that is the biggest challenge we are facing. In fact due to locational disadvantage, this institute is not able to enjoy as much visibility on the academic map of the country as it deserves.

3. So what changes/solutions do you propose to make the weak points strong and use the strong points to our advantage?

A. In order to cope up with this problem of geographic seclusion, we are promoting and proposing various on-campus and off-campus activities. Well as far as the positive aspect of this negative feature is concerned, we all should further explore and utilize absence of this distracting environment for the enrichment of our professional competence and ethical values.

4. We recently saw a new stream Chemical Engineering added to the institute. Are there more such changes in the pipeline?

A. Yes, we are planning to start a new stream of engineering at undergraduate level with the involvement of departments of Electrical Engineering and Electronics and Communication Engineering. The addition of new undergraduate program is essential for the meaningful growth of this institution.

5. Where do you think NIT Hamirpur stands amongst the other NITs with respect to research and technological development?

A. Of course among few top NITs.

6. The strict ragging rules have led to the downfall of interaction between students of different years. Can't a midway be found so that there is no ragging but healthy interaction?

A. Unfortunately a few very bad incidents which took place in the past had forced the highest court of the land to take cognizance of the issue which has resulted into a very stringent set of norms for curbing the menace of ragging in educational campuses. Thankfully, it has definitely eliminated the occurrence of such undesirable incidences. Nevertheless, I am sure that with the passage of time the student community in general will prove themselves to have acquired the kind of maturity which may result into healthy restoration of healthy interaction between the fresher and their seniors. Regarding the midway, I invite suggestions on the issue from the senior students of the Institute for our consideration ensuring that the legal provisions are not violated.

7. Why did you feel the need to introduce such major changes in an already established academic system?

A. I am happy to note that the student community of our Institute are fully conscious of major reforms that we have been able to incorporate in our already established academic system. I am also sure that they have realized that these reforms are in the direction of making the academic procedure more student friendly. Besides this, I would like to share that our country is seeking the permanent membership of Washington Accord which get recognition of our degrees globally. In view of this, we are in the process of reconstructing the framework of our curriculum so as to bring it in the lines of nationally and internationally accepted norms.

8. Though you have established yourself in the students' mind through large scale changes on the professional front, almost no knowledge is there with regards to your student life. Please tell us something about your college days.

A. Thanks for your acknowledgement. As a matter of fact we all were students at one point of time, well I was like other students of time but I always had craving for the best performance in whatever I do and I am still working in it or rather I am seeking it from you, the students.

9. We have seen that our alumni are extremely attached to the teachers, but somehow we students don't have the same affection for them. As a teacher, what do you think has changed?

A. As you have mentioned, sooner or later you will also be alumni of NIT Hamirpur, I am sure that at that point of time you will feel the same affection as your seniors who have left, for the teachers. Whereas looking at the other side of the coin yes this is a high time for introspection from both of the parties, teachers as well as students.

10. As the head of the institute, what are your expectations from the students, academically and otherwise? Where do you see NITH 5 years from now?

A. As I always believe in application oriented learning, I expect our students to incarnate their knowledge, understanding and experiences during their four years of academics to real world applications.

बलरुण कुलर,
लखे, गुरइत पुढर



The goal of a happy fate

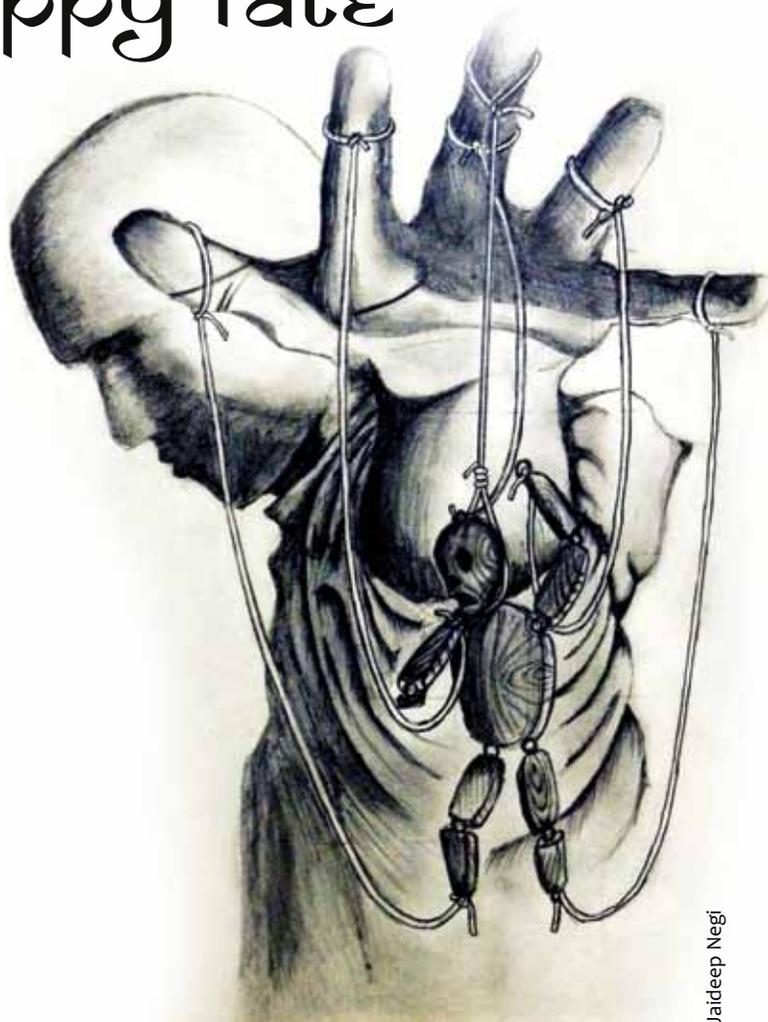
The sun dazzled the delighted sky with iridescence. The birds flew with poise, fear in the graveyards and happiness buoying in their hearts. Down below the azure sky laid the green patch called earth. In the ether of the universe, the hub of life was palpable and moist eyes filled with tears full of tangible elation.

The rivers effused with the same babble as people walked to the quarry where hope was being amassed by the sages who had to renegade from void to take part to take the population of depressed souls to the bank where love, satisfaction and happiness dwelled. The labyrinth of entangled evils, the shackles of bonds and deuce of hopelessness were on the verge of vanishing. The goal of evil was very well constructed niche, where not one was left for the doom to escape.

Souls were all delighted. The grey clouds like a convoy marched to allure, not the grim hostages back in usual practice. They like the guards of Olympia, marched with foam held aloft and quiver of 'restraining' magic drifting in air, savoured the essence of the 'happy' loss. The loss which in years to come would make the world so happy and content that boredom might glimmer the air of then.

Destiny came into play and very sleekly did doom begin to grace. The moment they sat in the gaol of happy fate, the threshold where the sages sat, began to tremble. The tremors shook the calm grass and cracks appeared both in grounds and in hearts of those who thought of a new flair bubbling world where peace realm would soon come. The sky turned copper and the penitentiary started glistening with eye piercing light. Thinking that demons of life would be vanquished by shutting them in jail, was a thought that has no base but underlined people's desire of peace. The castle of bar blasted with a bang, the guards dumbstruck as people trucked abuses blaming them for the allowance to pass the hostages of sin and that too unscathed.

In the time the sage under the tree wisely pondered what went wrong, where the loophole was but the insight couldn't make out the flaw. That thing like avarice, dread, servile bands can't be eradicated just by flourishing a gaol. Evil is not something we could not find hidden in a maze and wrapped in layers of craft nor could we throw it away in the well of unknown universe, neither is it living like us, it is something in between. It is a part



Jaideep Negi

of us; it is in us and is a thing that we crave for. Craving for something is not evil but what makes it evil is so supple that it varies with our actions taken for its achievements.

For killing evil we need to fight the monster within and keep fighting against it as it's a ravenous ghost, virus that infects us, the society we live in and what we see around. These thoughts on accumulating coagulate to precipitate the events we live to witness and to brood about their ills.

"Fight and fight again, keep fighting for only then evil can be kept at bay, although could never be eradicated"

-Albus Dumbledore



नारदनेत्रा जेइहो,
टइए, थिरे पुहार

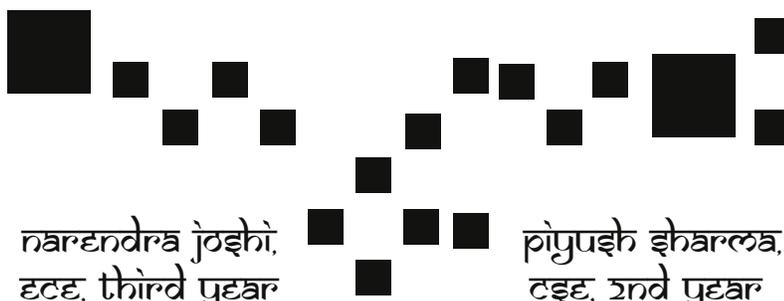
ब पिस्टल ऑ चोकर

With its vanishing size,
Prevails the light of thoughts
To beautify the hollowness of a board's face.
Words are read and told
But the martyr goes ignored
- a piece of chalk.

Brother of rocks, he's timid and soft
In the hands of the cleverest fool.
The stage sets. Starts the play.
Eyes drenched in sleep, open and lost;
Audience whom the earth and fear keep still, seated
Wait for the time to leave the hall.
His wait is unending and pain untold.
- he's a piece of chalk.

I've grown up watching their love story.
The chalk, the board- black or green
Their daily meetings and the duster's cruelty
And their departure ending the tale.
Science and Earth and Universe, they speak of all
But his story is never the subject of talk.
-he's a piece of chalk.

Time's old play of sweetness and rust
Has him too like us all.
Broken and swept to the holy crust
To be a part of the farmer's friend.
Silent he lives, silent he dies
But his silence says it all.
- he's a piece of chalk.



पोपुइके इहारला,
टइए, शनवे पुहार



इहारेठल ऑ थे डार्क

Creeping down that endless line
Random thoughts of a doped mind
Drenched in the solitude, the fading ghost
Endlessly gazing at the shadow of the Dark!
Unaware of this fake life
Completely lost in the deepest depths of the Dark
And that shadow casts an endless spell on him
The shadow of the Dark!
The craving of a dying heart
Surviving each day against the self-will
Unaffected by the smothering misery
Resurrected by the shadow of the Dark!
Fading away, each day
Through all the dejection, he makes his own way
Slowly withering away
To be lost forever in the shadow of the Dark!





व्योमदेवें रुपयार,
ददवे, इददददवे पुददर

डॉलर चढ़ रुपया

कैसा दिन आ गया है भाई,
डॉलर ने रुपयों को जमकर नाच-नचाई।
डॉलर चढ़ गया चारपाई चोंद पर,
रुपया सोता रह गया चटाई जमीन पर।

डॉलर विदेशों को हंसा रहा है
रुपया भारतीयों को रुला रहा है।
डॉलर छाती तानकर खड़ा है,
रुपया प्याज और टमाटर के पीछे पड़ा है।

डॉलर नाप रहा है आसमान की ऊँचाई,
रुपया नापता जा रहा है समुद्र की गहराई।
डॉलर बन गया है पहलवान,
रुपया बन बैठा है गुलाम,
डॉलर के हाथों रुपया का लगाम,
रुपया कर रहा है त्राहिमाम, त्राहिमाम।

डॉलर के घर में बारात आई है,
रुपया के घर में मातम छाई है।
डॉलर गले में टाई बांधकर
फूलता जा रहा है।

डॉलर की कमाई ने विदेशियों को कर दिया है मालामाल,
रुपयों की बेवफाई ने भारतीयों का कर दिया है जीना बेहा।
डॉलर गा रहा है दर्द-ए-डिस्को, पहले कर्ज दो नहीं तो खिर
रुपया गा रहा है ता-ताथैया, अब नहीं बचोगे मेरे भैया।



Gnana Selvam



व्युपदेके रुपयार,
ददद, गिदद पुददर

मां का आँचल

स्वर्ग से सुन्दर, खुशबू से महका
प्यार का फूल है
मेरी मां का आंचल।

चांदनी सा सफेद, प्रकृति सा शांत
महका-महका है
मेरी मां का आंचल।

हर रिश्ते से सच्चा सागर से गहरा,
मीठा-मीठा एहसास है
मेरी मां का आंचल।

न है स्वार्थ का साया, दिल है सच्चा
सुकून का समंदर है
मेरी मां का आंचल।

करुणा से भरा, हर बात पर खरा
मखमल से भी कोमल है
मेरी मां का आंचल।

बहना का प्यार, कभी गुरु सा ज्ञान,
ईश्वर का प्रेम है,
मेरी मां का आंचल।

परोपकार है इसमें, भरोसा है इसमें
आसमां सा विशाल है
मेरी मां का आंचल।

क्यूं दूर रहता है इन्सान, किसी और की चाहत में
अनमोल धन होता है
मां का आंचल।





अजय कुमार,
बोल्डाना 2057-2015

finding neverland

Men, great men, came before me. Men who made current affairs into history, men who fought their guts out at times for pride, at times for love, at times for their country and at times for stealth walked the same lanes as I do now. May be the lanes, and the villages were not tiled then, and were not consecrated as Chandpur, or Gautam Budh or some xyz. They ruled the kind of us till they had the wish and the determination and when their bodies started decaying someone else came upto their place.

I am not one of them. I don't have a zeal for power that makes men butcher thousands; I don't have the pride that gets mutilated at every abuse that is thrown on me. I did not make any princess fall in love with me, and to be frank I did not give princess a damn. They had too much money and too much arrogance to even waste a try. For love I can safely say life is too long not to fall in true love.

I am a wanderer. I wander from state to state, city to city and from village to village. I wander on foot when I have no money and I travel in government buses when my pockets jingle with chillers. I work as a casual laborer when I need food, or sit in langars with sadhus. Why I do that is the nectar of my life. I make someone happy.

Sameer is my name. I was born to good, middle class parents who gave focus on education. I was born a winter prior to the Indian Financial Crisis in a small village of Kheda, in Madhya Pradesh. My parents were good decent people. They knew they had enough money to feed me, and to educate me, and to make me a decent man and they made it a point to teach me that they had no money for my wishes and desires if they went unleashed. I did my graduation and my post-graduation both from reputed institutes and did everything that could make my parents proud.



In the summer of 2012, during my post-graduation I fell in love with a smart, intelligent and beautiful girl. I may add pragmatic as another adjective and behave indifferently to being extravagantly praiseworthy. I was lucky, and most of the people surrounding me know, in the deepest of their hearts, that first love comes lucky only one in a thousand. I was the one amongst the thousands. We married in 2015 and had our first kid two years hence.

Ramya on the birth of our son said, "I always had the dream of seeing the whole of India. Cities, villages, the majestic hills, the pristine beaches, the clandestine sloping sand dunes, the haunted castles, the snow-capped Himalayas, the turbulent Brahmaputra, the silent yet ferocious, the tea garden of the North and the East and beyond doubt divine Ganges. I want to see Kumb Mela, the sadhus who travel from far and wild on one foot with knee long hair and clad only in ashes. We will let our son live his life as he wants. We won't ask him join the IITs and NITs or the IIMs. If he wishes to stay in the hills and write poetry we won't stop him."

"We won't", is all I could come up with tears in my eyes. Spring of 2020 was a sad year. Ramya, Gautam (our son) and I were returning from Pune to Bandra via the expressway. An oil tanker had spilled oil on the road, and the brakes lost control when a cow suddenly came in front of our car. The car skidded on the spilled oil and veered off to collide with the mountain running parallel us on the left side. A truck which was just behind us braked and smashed our car from behind. Ramya, and my three year old son and I were smashed in between the mountain and the truck. Both of them never made it to the hospital alive.

If anyone has ever experienced pain in his life and cried over it, let me tell him he was crying for mean causes. No pain is greater than the death of your loved one, and every tear shed on other reasons is a waste. The pain in my heart flayed each and every cell of my body. Existence was a prolonged curse for me under that moment. Images of Ramya running behind Gautam filled every nook and corner of the house. I wished someone might poison the bits of food, and the drops of water which went up to my throat but never made it till my food pipe. Death is a gift under that scenario and life an abuse.

In 2021, I resigned from my job, sold all my property, my house, my stocks, my shares and donated most of the sum to a charitable organization for orphans. I had decided to fulfill Ramya's dream. If she could not see the whole of India, if God was brutal enough to snatch her away from me, she was going to see cities, villages, towns, sand dunes, snow, Ganges, Brahmaputra, Tea Hills and hermits and everything through my eyes. I had decided to search for Ramya in the ashes of hermits, in the clanking of cymbals at Assi Ghat, in the scantily used roads of Himachal, in the sandalwood forests of Tamil Nadu, in the embankments of Hirakud Dam, and in the realms of Uttarakhand.

In November, 2021 I started walking from Pune with just a knapsack that contained two pair of clothes and a blanket. I covered countless villages of Madhya Pradesh, innumerable sites of Gujarat and by the time I reached Rajasthan, I had stopped counting both days and villages I had spent on the road. In the first year each step that I took reminded me of Ramya's smiling face, her eyes, her dark jet black eye lashes, her ears whose pinna were not detached at the bottom, her small tiny earrings and every moment that I spent with her. Ramya owned just one pair of earrings, and those were the ones I gifted her when I proposed. She wore it since the propose day in 2012 till the day in 2020 she died. I still carry them in my bag.

In 2025, I was in Allahabad during "Purna Kumb ka Mela". On one hand there are men in India who have conquered the Everest, killed wild boar with bare hands, earned billions and billions and on the other hand there are men who have been to this holy place. It is a sight to behold. The absolute power of faith can be seen at this place. Multitudes upon multitudes of the old and weak and the young and the frail enter the fray without hesitation and complaint. Many come across countries enduring tireless journeys, and miseries without repining. "It is done in love, or it is done in fear" opined Mark Twain. He did not know what it was that made people suffer, endure and still come. I know what make people come this far. It was the same reason for which I came, that others come too.

'Peace.'

I gave the earrings of Ramya to the holy Ganges to protect it within her waters, and absolve it when it joins the mighty Bay of Bengal. I found my 'Peace', and Ramya realized her dream through my eyes.



वीरशोक राइकोइलेक
दद, गिरई पुदर

the agony of the creator

Born she was to witness the world, to beautify it, to give a glimpse of her purity and serenity, Blessed with a soul and a heart so soft; touched by a single drop of tear, given the gift of nurturing life within her by He who rules the world, she was made no less than him in any manner; rather he comes after her and from her. Limitless is her ability to love and care; love grows naturally within every part of her. Enormous is her strength to endure; pain cannot break her; struggles cannot refrain her. Despite this, she was forced into a world of evil; surrounded by her male chauvinist enemies, who slowly revealed their dual personality of worshipping her as a Goddess on one hand and demeaning her simultaneously by killing her in the womb or as an innocent baby.

Did she who creates life deserve such cruelty to be inflicted upon her?

The daughter of one, the sister of another, the mother of a third, looked at by a fourth with evil eyes. She had to run from door to door to save her dignity and honour, yet no one seemed to hear her. No earthly element had the power to mould the wrongs done to her. Divine as she was, she needed divine vengeance to work for her-Finally, poetic justice played its part and all the wrongdoers vanished even before appearing.

As the source of all human existence was terminated-'MOTHER' Earth also was in anguish and her fury and wrath destroyed all "mankind"; That was the time when men realized the true value of 'her'; that HE comes from and is within SHE and that the cycle of life is incomplete without the melodious combination of him and her and that mankind cannot exist without respecting the honour of God himself—WOMANKIND.



ADVENTURE STORY



Allow me to humor you with reminiscence. This is no typical, lame, dull, cloying, regular story. This tale still gives me goose bumps as I try to regurgitate the happenings over the course of those two days.

Okay! Enough of how I feel! Let me run you through the tale. January 14, 2012, 6 of us planned to go on trekking to one of the most serene places - Parashar Lake. There was a lot of deliberation; one guy didn't want to come since it was raining, while the other wanted to tag along only if we were going to the lake. There's this funny kick that guys get when we gamble; we decided we'd take the risk and go trekking. We came to this agreement round about 12:15 AM, January 15, 2012. One of the guys called up a cabbie and asked him to be present by 1. So, 6 guys took off on a trip that would definitely find a mention even on our tombstones with the phrase - "Survived Parashar".

The trip didn't start off too well. The cab guy came on time, but the car was of the wrong make. To further delay our tryst with fate, the car thought it would be an appropriate moment to get a flat tyre. And it did! Magic! After the driver fixed the tyre, we went and spoke to a few other cab drivers, and luckily enough, we found another car to our liking. Looking back, this was probably the only reason we returned in one piece.

By 5-5:30, we had reached Mandi. It had just started raining then. The driver stopped for freshening up, while we packed in a few biscuit packs. Soon, he took us up a narrow road that led to Prashar. The aerial view of Mandi, with stochastic glowing dots under the shimmering moonlight was a sight to behold. It was extraordinary. A little distance later, we found that there was no tar road further. The path was a little mushy, with snow lumps at random places along the road. The view the path offered of the hills was, well, indescribable! Such a narrow path with so many curves, with the glory of the Himalayas surrounding us! We were awed.

By 7, we had reached a small shop that was the last one that sold anything useful. Beyond that, there was going to be no shop. So, any last minute shopping had to be done there. We had to convince the guy to make us Maggi and boil a few eggs at that time of the morning. Finally, he relented and while he was at it, with shivering hands, we clicked photos of everyone with the majestic Himalayas providing the beguiling backdrop. After we ate what was our only proper meal over the next 36 hours, we got back into the car, and the driver left us just where the road wasn't tractable any further. We got off, and right then, that very moment, I saw snow for the first time. And to my delight, it had started snowing. It had started snowing! We were buoyed! Forget snow, I was in a snowfall! We quickly took our cameras, clicked a few pictures. Right across the road, we found a capstone with the inscription that loosely meant, "This is the way to Prashar". About 8 AM, Jan 15, we started the trek.

We were dancing like a group of monkeys that found a fresh stock of bananas. We did. So many photos, so many one-liners, so many snow-balls, we were at it! One of us led the group as he had already visited the lake the previous year, or so he claimed. He kept yelling at us to keep pace with him and that we'd find many more scenic views. We trekked for an hour before we reached a deserted house (the word's a little ironic).

We took a breather there. We lit paper and made a small fire. And to our surprise, forget snow, forget snowfall, we found icicles! I-C-I-C-L-E-S! Yes! Hanging, tapering pieces of ice formed by the freezing of dripping water. They looked like those magic wands in Harry Potter. We broke a few, "ate" a few, threw a few, and posed for a few pointless photos with them. After burying a guy in snow, we took off from there (of course, he came too). By then, it had started snowing heavily.

The guy who led told us that the lake was on the 4th hill from where we began. As we moved along, we came across a hamlet. People warned us that the trek was dangerous since it was snowing heavily. We didn't care. We knew for certain what we wanted. We didn't listen and turn back. We didn't take their advice. Sissies take advice. We weren't sissies. We had the courage to face adversity. Or so we thought. There was no way we were going back and return to the comfort of our silky quilts that were lying unused in our hostel. We couldn't do that.



After a few slips-and-falls and a lot of exhaustion, we found ourselves half kilometer away from the lake. The view from there-well, I don't quite think gorgeous, magical, spectacular, splendid, awesome, stupendous or any such word would do justice to its pulchritude. There were 60 degree slopes lined with conifers. So many of them! If our foot slipped, we would probably roll down 100 meters creating a snow-ball as we fell. Luckily, we didn't have that privilege.

Before we knew it, we were staring at one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. It is. The lake had frozen, and we could see the crust that formed over the surface. That snap, I still use it as my laptop's wallpaper. Right beside the lake was a temple. We went closer and there, the residents made tea and lit a fire. While we made ourselves comfortable, a few went barefoot inside the temple. The others weren't that audacious. It was 3 PM.

After a few snacks, we took off to the rest house that was a quarter kilometer away. We went inside, gave the inn-keeper the packets of maggi that we carried along with us. While eating a little and wasting a lot, one of us proposed that we leave the place right away. And to our astonishment, this guy wanted to leave because he wanted to attend classes the following day! And this guy wasn't even a 7-pointer. I'm sure you could imagine the horror on our faces. We tried to reason with him, but he was petulant. He said he'd leave alone if nobody came along. We couldn't do that. We were in it together. We asked the inn-keeper the way back, and strangely, he suggested we take a shortcut that would lead us down the hill in 45 minutes. It was difficult to believe, since it took 6 hours to reach the place. Nevertheless, the impetuous leader and his minions (no offence) took directions from the inn-keeper and we were off with the conviction that it would take 2 hours at max! We left the rest house at 3:45 PM. We left with a smile. The smile didn't last long.

A special detail of our route needs mention here. The guy told us that we'd find 2 houses after a short distance. I'm pretty sure either we lost our way in the beginning itself or the guy flunked primary school math. We found 5 houses. 5! We didn't know what to do. But the place offered a magical view. While a few of us took snaps, the others deliberated on which route to take. There were 2 routes. One towards the right, and one towards the left. The left route had a transmission line which all of us conveniently ignored. This was supposed to be the route. We "analyzed" our options. We were treading through 6 feet of snow. A few wanted to return to the comfort that the rest house offered, while the rest wanted to continue. After a lot of thought, we chose right. And boy, were we wrong!? What are the odds of 6 people, all choosing the wrong option where there's a 50:50 chance? Go figure! This was the decision that scripted the remaining story.

It was 4:45ish then. We threw away the only bottle of water we had, because our intuition told us that carrying an extra kilo of weight would be imbecile. Even after taking long strides, we reached nowhere. It was 5:30 already, and there was no sign of dry land. The snowfall had picked up. It was now snowing heavily than ever before. We scrambled. We had to reach the village before it was dark. Each of us took turns to lead the rest, and each of us found a unique path that led us to one cliff after another. All of them were dead-ends. All of us remember this anecdote, the star of which is the same guy who wanted to attend classes the next day. This was the same guy who led us to believe that he knew what he was doing all along. He was the same guy who told us he knew the path to Prashar. And he was the guy who said he knew the way to return. He walked up to a point, and when all he found was a 200 foot cliff, he turned back and yelled, and I quote, "yaar, mujhe yahan se raasta nahi pata". The next 5 mins contained a million expletives all directed at him. No exaggeration here! We still pick on him for that.

Not knowing where to go, we continued to head down leaning to the left. Lucky for us, the snow was fresh, so, we weren't slipping as much as we had expected to. We leaped down and let gravity do the work. By tilting our shoes and sliding across, we used the grip for braking. Thus, in less than 1 hour, we covered plenty of distance. But we still reached nowhere. The forest got denser while the snowfall turned harder. Before we realized, natural light gave in. We were now walking in a limitless forest with zero visibility, 3 of the 6 phones we had had already died. The other 3 had little battery left.

One of us had a phone with a flashlight that would function only when the camera was on. To use it as a torch, we had to record the video. To top it all, the phone had little memory. After every 5 mins, we had to delete the contents. And only 1 phone was being used by 6 guys to walk down the hill! This is how we did it: the leading guy would hold the phone and take a couple of steps, then pass the phone to the next guy. This guy would take a couple of steps and pass the phone behind. When all the 6 of us took a couple of steps, the trailing person would then pass the phone to the leading guy and this process would start all over again. (We have two videos. Watching them still scares the living daylights out of us.)

It was only time before something dramatic happened. One person landed his foot into a cavity and was writhing in pain. None of us paid attention to him. We simply ignored his cry. Not because we didn't want to help. Because the mental state that we were in simply didn't allow us to not be selfish and help the guy. A few walked on ahead, a few took a breather, all while he was crying out in pain. We just stood by and watched him for a while before it dawned on us that we needed to help. We helped him, made him stand up. Only his foot came out of the cavity. The shoe still remained. He had to stand on one foot as he couldn't put



his bare foot on the icy surface. As one guy tried to get the shoe, the rest pondered over the course of our action for the rest of the night. We were stranded. The battery was about to die. One of us was hurt. If this was any indication, it was only a matter of time before someone broke a limb. If that were to happen, the rest can't move with him, can't move without him. That would have been tragic.

Suddenly, we found a huge opening that resembled a cave. A chilly realization ran through our tired bodies. We could feel the adrenaline pumping. We could very well have found the abode of a huge monstrous animal. It could have been anything. One of us mustered enough courage to peek into it, and to our relief, he yelled that it was empty. But, and this was a big but, the cave had footprints of an animal that resembled a bear all around it. The bear could have gone out for a meal. The bear could return any time. What if we face it? What if it attacks us? What if it decapitates some of us?

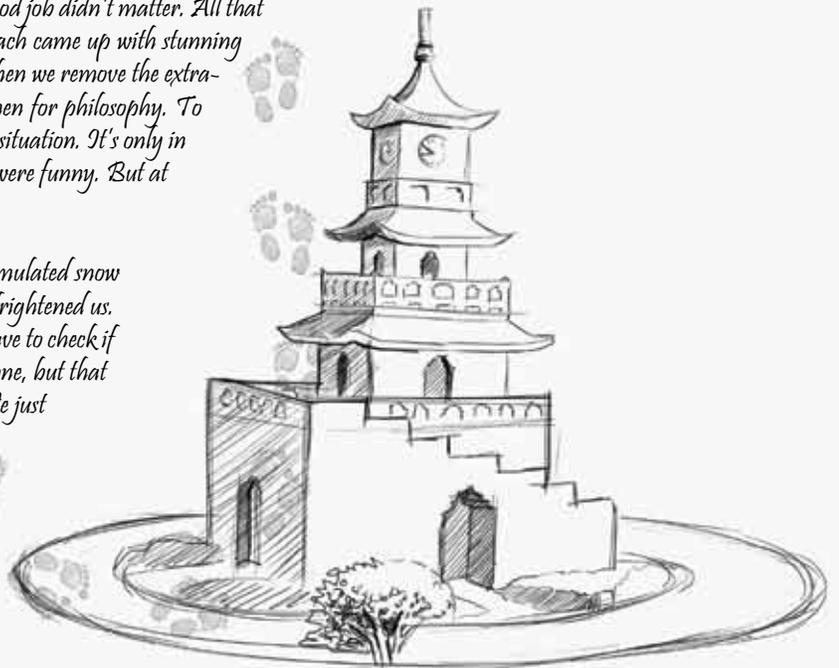
One guy proposed that this was the only way we could survive. This was the only logical way that we could make it out alive. We had already trekked for over 10 hours that day. And we didn't have it in our bodies to go on further. We were beaten by nature. Completely trumped by its brutality. This was a bet that we were gonna make. There was a lot of commotion on this proposal. Few said that it was too dangerous to risk staying inside a cave. Few seconded the proposal arguing that it was too dark, and we didn't have a light source to keep us going. Besides, if we were stranded midway without light, without shelter, the cold wind would have killed us. This was the first place that was suitable for shelter after we left the rest house. The rock could prove a barrier from the cold wind. The cave could provide us the little warmth that could keep hypothermia from setting in. All our clothes were wet from all the snow. If we spent the night standing, we had no chance. This was text-book Bear Grylls from the *Man vs Wild* show. This was the only reason we survived the cold winter night. We didn't know the exact temperature, but it certainly felt like -20 degrees C, with wind speeds around 40 kmph. It was cold hell.

By 6:45 PM, we settled in the cave. The cave wasn't really comfortable, but no one complained. This was like an oasis in the desert. The cave was 8 feet long and 3 feet wide. It was sort of like a king-sized bed, except that 6 of us had to fit in. We weren't carping. We were grateful that we found it. We had packed in a couple of biscuit packets and few nuts before we started the trek. We decided we'd save one pack for the next day, and we'd have the nuts and one pack of biscuits that night. One guy was in a terrible state. His hand was blue. He couldn't feel his hands. He needed warmth. To put it euphemistically, one guy watered his hand.

There was no water to drink. To quench our thirst, we had to eat snow. The biscuit pack we opened was ironically called "Nice Time". We all appreciate levity. But at that moment, it was an overkill. We contemplated our predicament. There was little we could do then. We were betting big on the snow to stop. We were hoping it would stop. We were praying it would stop. We let the ill person have most of the biscuits and the nuts. The rest just starved. That was an immense sacrifice. It wasn't easy, but no one grumbled.

The following 11 hours were the most arduous 11 hours of our lives. We can still recall every second of the time we spent in the cave. We couldn't sleep, but were tired. We were hungry, worn out, thirsty, and uncomfortable. We removed our shoes and socks and sat on sweaters that we spread under us. We sat barefoot on a woolen spread that hardly provided an escape from the cold, dry stone. We couldn't risk hypothermia. The matchsticks we had on us were wet and hence were rendered useless. There was no fire. We were all freezing from mental and physical exhaustion. We felt the bruises of all of slips-and-falls through the day. Time moved very slowly. Each passing minute seemed like an hour, and each hour seemed forever. Every 2 mins, someone would shout asking for the time. The rest would yell, "sirf 2 min hue hain". We had no tomorrow then. There was no tomorrow. Each of us took turns in saying things that meant a lot to us. And when someone proposed a plan for the next day, the plan started with a "if we're alive until tomorrow, ". Our chances of survival slimmed dramatically. We were now reliant on 2 factors-one, the bear shouldn't turn up. If it did, it would find a few delicious humans. Two, the snow had to stop. It was as if we had no say in our lives anymore. Only fate had had. We were regretting about things we didn't do in our lives. We were discussing what things we would definitely do if we stayed alive. At that point, it all boiled down to the most important things in our lives. Education didn't matter, a college degree didn't matter, a fancy title didn't matter, a good job didn't matter. All that was on our mind was our existence. All of us turned philosophical. Each came up with stunning phrases that only sages could come up with. It made us realize that when we remove the extraneous, all of us are indeed spiritual. We don't need to turn to god-men for philosophy. To understand the true essence of life, imagine oneself in the most difficult situation. It's only in the face of adversity that we turn to God. Looking back, these things were funny. But at that moment, they seemed heartfelt.

There was a tree at a short distance from us. Every 5 mins, the accumulated snow on the tree would fall on the ground with a distinct sound. This sound frightened us. We would turn on our phones' screens aiming at the entrance of the cave to check if it was any wild animal. Not that we could have done much if it were one, but that was our primal instinct. We couldn't sleep for 5 mins at a stretch. We just couldn't. The thought of being mauled by a wild bear was too frightening. We'd rather lose sleep than turn into a meal. During the night, a lizard made its way among us. We didn't move because of 2 reasons, one-we thought it were a snake, and if we moved, it would definitely bite us. Two-we didn't have the courage to move about. Such was our abandon.



By 4, we were all awake. We couldn't think of sleeping anymore. We knew we made it through the night. We knew we survived the cold, snowy night. This realization suddenly brought in the needed enthusiasm. We now knew we could make it out. No, the word isn't could, it is would. We definitely knew we would make it. We prepared ourselves mentally to trek for the next 12 hours. Somehow, we had this self-belief that we'd get out of this mess. That was our resolution. We told each other that we were in it together. Each of us took turns in encouraging the rest with a few positive words. If we could survive the night, we could very well get out. This was the defining epiphany. Humans have a primal warrior instinct. Each of us are warriors. But it takes a battleground for us to realize it. We had realized ours. We discussed our action plan for the day. Some of us wanted to get back to the rest house, because that certainly meant that we would live. But we had drifted very far from the rest house, so it would take us the entire day to get back. But that was the only safe bet. The other plan was to keep heading down while drifting to the left. This plan was risky, since every step we took down the hill would make it that much harder to return to the rest house. Besides, we had seen streams flowing downhill, so there definitely was a waterfall. What if the waterfall was steep? What could we do then? That was the lingering question on everyone's mind. If it had paid off, we would reach in a short time. If the wager fell flat, we risked our lives. There was a lot riding on the decision.

We finally decided we'd risk it all and go down. It was 5 AM and was still snowing heavily. One guy stood up and went outside. He looked behind and told us an incredible thing that made our hearts skip a few beats. He said he saw a light, a light that was being carried across by a human. We didn't believe him. But he insisted that was what he saw. Another person went out and echoed the same. We felt we were saved. These two started yelling, "hello bhaiya, koi hain? hello?" there was no response. Two others jumped out of the cave and joined in their yelling. There was no response. Their tone grew deeper with every passing cry. In desperation, they shouted, "please, koi hain? Bhaiya, please, koi hain?" there was no response. We sulked! Our confidence took a vicious hit.

By 6 AM, the snowfall had stopped, and there was 20-25 meters visibility. We knew our day started. We didn't want to waste any more time. This could very well be our last day. And we didn't want to go down without a fight. We put on our shoes, did a few muscle-stretching exercises, and packed our stuff. We had a long day ahead. Before we began, we opened our last pack of biscuits. And again, as it had been throughout our journey, levity was the order of the day! The pack was aptly called "Good Day"! We took off with all of us taking turns in leading the group. At a time, 2 people would lead the rest with each looking at different paths. The rest would take the best path.

Before long, we reached a point where we had to decide which direction to go. If we went uphill, we had a long trek ahead of us, but we were guaranteed a tomorrow. If we went downhill, we didn't know what tragedy was awaiting us. We decided to risk it all. We decided to go downhill and challenge the Elements. Since the snowfall stopped, the cold temperature froze the fresh snow. The snow had now compacted and was very slippery. It was very difficult to walk. The previous night, we leaped and hence covered a great deal of distance. That morning, we couldn't take 10 consecutive steps without falling. The bitter cold also made the branches lifeless. The dead branches uprooted easily. We weren't able to use them as support when we slipped. We uprooted scores of dead plants.

The funny thing about that hill is that we imagined it to be in an inverted V shape. But in reality, it was in an inverted U-shape. The lower we went, the steeper the hill became, and the steeper it became, the difficult it was to retract. All around us, we could only see brown trees and white snow. The reassuring sight of brown, muddy ground eluded us. We longed to see it. We were fed up of snow. At every cliff we came across, it would only seem that 50 meters and we were safe! That was never the case. Throughout this ordeal, one thing we didn't forget to do was to keep checking for mobile network. Suddenly, our phone picked up a signal, and immediately, we dialled 1-0-0. We just wanted to speak to a human. The voice of another human in such a distressing situation is always comforting. The first time we called, some guy picked up and didn't answer. We called again, and this time, we spoke in the local dialect. The telephone operator misunderstood our wordings and thought we were soldiers trapped. Boy, that was funny! He called up an Army office at Delhi. This was going all south. We were now the object of disgrace to them. They called us and asked us where we were. They contacted the local police and told them to begin search and rescue operations. Our rescue operation was now being directed by the army!

At about 9 AM, we found timber. Also, the snow was a little sludgy. This lit in us a spark of hope. This meant that there was human habitation somewhere close! Our joy knew no bounds! We were safe! We could at least find someone, pay him all the cash we had on us and get out! After half hour of trekking, we found a small establishment that sort of resembled a temple. Now we definitely knew we were safe. We just had to find a way to that place. But that seemed to be at least 3 hours away. We had no option but to move ahead. This sudden change of events gave us a lot of courage.

Finally, at 10:30 AM, we had reached the bottom of the cliff. But there was one big problem. The bottom was flooded with water. We had to move carefully along the rivulet without tripping, because the water was freezing cold. We drank a little water to quench our thirst. We hadn't tasted water after we threw away our only bottle the previous evening to reduce weight. After a 10 min walk, we found ourselves facing a 10 foot waterfall. It was something we expected, so this didn't surprise us much. We were astonished that it was so small. We were so sure of our destiny that we were surprised we didn't see a 50 meter waterfall. We crossed it extra carefully, since the rocks were slippery. I had never crossed a stream before. This was something new to me. We had to cross the stream and go on to the other side. There were 2 rocks we had to step on in the stream. All we had to do was place one foot on one of the rocks, place the second foot on the other, and then leap to the other side. I put my stronger foot first, then put my weaker foot on the second rock. As I took off my stronger foot and pulled to closer to my body, my shoe slipped and I fell face-first on the rock. My head just missed a pebble. That incident scared me. It suddenly drowned out all my confidence. It made all of us come out of our complacency. We took things lightly over the past half hour. But we were wrong. There were umpteen things that could still go wrong. We were focussed again. We wanted to make it out without many bruises.





At 11 AM, we found a narrow path leading upwards to a small mound. One guy pointed it out to us saying that it definitely led to a house. He argued that the path could have only been made by humans. We wanted to check it out. We had nothing to lose, and everything to gain. These were the enervated steps of 6 people who had looked Disaster in the eye. Not finding habitation wouldn't have disappointed them. They would have attributed it to their fate. But now, their luck changed! They heard the bleating of sheep! And they found a house! Our first reaction was, "you must be kidding me! We made it! We made it!"

We hurried to the house and asked them the way to the nearest village. It's funny how the caste system is still prevalent in a "modern" India. The house belonged to a local priest, and he was asking us our caste to light a fire. We didn't know how to respond. We were angry, but at the same time, we were relieved that we had found human life. Right below the mound, there was a road that led to the nearest village. The village was about 20 mins away from that place. We walked carefully now, realizing how stupid it would be for us to hurt ourselves after all we've been through. Just then, we found a villager. We asked him to click our group photo. This photo epitomized our relentless valour.

20 mins later, as we strolled into the village, people looked at us in awe. They asked us where we were coming from. And when we told them of our adventure, they all echoed in unison, "Not possible you guys are alive! You shouldn't be alive!" Yes, we shouldn't have made it alive. But we did. They asked us where we stayed the previous night, and when we told them of our cozy abode, they were left speechless. They told us that there was a bear in the vicinity, and just in the previous month, it had killed 3 people. That sentence left us wondering what we'd have done had the bear turned out to say hello. Or something similar. It wasn't easy to digest that piece of news. We just stayed at a man-eater's residence without its permission. That is something we all will be proud of!

After we reached the village, the local convenience store told us that cops had called them asking if we reached. We called the police and they asked to meet them at a specified location. In the next half hour, our cab driver arrived and we left the village. We went there, and after a lot of questioning, they made us sign a few papers and took our addresses and phone numbers. The chief also took a photo of us all. I'm guessing he released the photo to the local media claiming he rescued 6 students. We left the place in the comfort of our air-conditioned cab.

7:30 PM, we reached our hostel much to the dismay of everyone. We were ecstatic when we entered the gates of the campus. We were relieved to find that our world hadn't changed much. We were exhilarated to see known faces. Our smile was uncontrollable. Our spoils consisted of many bruises, a lifetime of memories, and an unmatched fortitude. We had developed this rational thinking that would remain a part of our lives. This adventure renewed our faith in raw human abilities. Impossible is just a word. Unconquerable only has its place in the dictionary. We returned with the impression that everything can be tamed. We had seen some of the most brutal conditions. No food, no water, no light, no shelter, no fire, -20 degrees C temperature, 40 kmph winds, we braved it all. This trip set the benchmark for all of our future adventures. All our trips would be measured on the basis of this episode. Whenever we faced a challenge after that, we only had to tell ourselves, "I survived Prashar. This challenge isn't so much of a deal", and the problem inadvertently paled.



Pratheek Adidela



वीरपुत्र इन्द्रो,
ददे, त्तिन्दे पुदार

बौद्धिकता

*Looked beyond the mighty mountains
Wandered the deserts, but all in vain
Ran my eyes across the vast sea
But at last found myself in me.*

The appearance of human life on earth has been a subject of controversy since the beginning. People from different backgrounds have come forward to unravel this mystery. Stories run all around the place about what we are made of, scientists say cells, a lay man says soil and the mythology says “mahapanchbhuta”. Mahapanchbhuta also known as mahabhuta are the “Classical Elements” i.e. Fire, Earth, Air, Water, Space which make a being. Analyzing it closely one can see that the panchtatva merges the scientific as well as the mythological facts of one’s existence and survival. ‘Tat Tvam Asi’ mentioned in the Chandogya Upanishad too says that we ourselves can be found within us.

It is said that every object is a mixture of the elements. Water is a representation of earth (prithvi) is represented by water when it is solid and heavy (ice, snow, hail). It is then melted due to the exposure of light and heat – fire (agni)

and thus it returns to the form of water (jala), further it evaporates and creates steam due to contact with air (vayu) and finally disappears into space (akasha). Fire (agni) initially requires wood (earth/prithvi), paper or dry grass and wind (air/vayu). Generated together they create friction and heat, which combusts to create fire (agni). As the wood or paper is burnt (prithvi engulfed by agni) the heat gradually diminishes and only ash (vayu and akasha) remains. So all in all each element is generated or destroyed by one of the other elements.

The “five element” theory explains the similarity between humans and the natural world surrounding them. In our body, space (akasha) is present wherever there is a cavity like in the nostrils, mouth, ears, throat, lungs, and stomach; air (vayu) in movement of the lungs, heart, stomach, intestines and joints; fire (agni) in all metabolic activity, the eyes, intelligence

and body temperature; water (jala) in all plasma, blood, mucus, and saliva; and earth (prithvi) in any solid structure like fat, muscles, skin, nails and hair.

A direct relation with the history states the origin of fire as one of the most important discoveries of the Paleolithic age which not only turned the lifestyle of the wanderers but also protected them from the predators. As time passed the wanderers settled at places near water and thus started the formation of the biggest civilizations as the Indus valley civilization, Harappa civilization and The Egyptian Empire etc. The soil gave them food in form of the crops that were grown by them. The air no doubt was truly the 'prana' (life) even back then. Everything left apart from the fire, water, soil and air constituted the space which was the medium of transmission of energy.

Each of the five elements is related to the human body in one way or the other. Ayurvedically speaking fire or heat being related as it increases digestion and metabolism and facilitates temperature and color, air being the one to increase the coolness and the one facilitating touch, water increasing the cohesion and facilitating taste, space contributing in lightness facilitating sound and earth contributing as a stability factor and facilitating resistance and density.

The colors in a rainbow merge to form a beautiful painting in the sky. Some of the colors from this very rainbow depict the five classical elements. Fire burns with an orange tinge though red being the one that symbolizes it. Water a clear blue as pictured by the painters since times immemorial. Air finds its domain in the color yellow. Mother

Nature itself offers green to depict the earth and last white as a void symbolizing the space. Geometry too isn't behind to be in the picture here. Though confusing but the 3-D shapes of a tetrahedron, cube, octahedron, dodecahedron, icosahedrons symbolize earth, water, air, fire and space respectively.

Why leave the moral issues out? We take in fresh air and give out the CO₂ rich air back which conveys in a way to imbibe in good qualities and give up the bad ones. Fire, which burns everything to ashes, has a message to convey to all that the fire of wisdom burns to ashes all that is foul and evil. The Prana Shakti (vital energy) contained in water is the cause for source of life and vitality.

Man is born; he ages and then is lead to the ultimate truth of death after living a life which encompasses in itself the life and its stages. The *panchmahabhuta* not only classify the objects but also the various cycles predominant in the universe. The human lifecycle is divided into childhood, where physical growth takes place, water and earth being the associated elements, adulthood where activity and change occurs showing the passionate fire during youth, and old age where mobility becomes impaired and

the body begins to weaken and the lightness of space and air overtaking the earth. The cyclic year is divided into four seasons – winter when it is cold and rainy (water, earth); spring when new growth occurs and it becomes warmer (water, fire); summer when it is hot and dry (fire, air); and autumn when it is windy and cool (air and space).

As mentioned earlier the five elements merge science and mythology. While science tells how each particle of man is made of the elements mythology gives refuge to the fears of unknown through these elements.

Mythology gives a very good description of the five elements which make a human being. In Hindu mythology Agni Dev (fire), Vayu Dev (air), Indra Dev (water), Prithvi Mata (earth) and the Dyaus Pita (space/sky) are the five deities who are said to have control over the five elements forming nature. The epic Ramayana gives a very good description of the five elements helping out Mata Sita in her rescue from the demon Ravana. First and foremost fact was the birth of Sita Maiyya. As the legends say that she was the daughter of nature and was born from the earth (Bhumi). Later air (Pavan) in the form of Vayu Putra Hanuman helped Rama in the Treta

Yug (Narayana: the preserver) in his quest to find his wife Sita. Water (jala) was a way through which the whole army crossed the sea to reach Lanka during their operation. Her tears and her despair could be only felt by the space (vyom) in the Ashok Vatika. After her rescue from the demon she underwent the famous “agni pariksha” which proved her chastity which makes fire (agni) as the fifth element of importance in the epic.

Western astrology (mentioning four elements instead of five as against the classical elements) too incorporates in itself the elements. Each of the elements rules some of the zodiac signs and is in a way chained to the planets. The Aries, Leo and the Sagittarians are said to have the fiery nature, the opposite being the scorpion, Pisces and cancer which are governed basically by the element water. The earth being the basic block of heaviness in a body governs the Taurus, Virgo and Capricorn and the opposite lightness being governed by air in Gemini, Libra and Aquarius. The rulers of the elements are the heavenly bodies which are often worshipped and sometimes feared too. Mars (the red planet) rules the element earth, Jupiter rules air, the ring planet, Saturn being the ruler of fire and the moon being the ruler of water.

Who can forget the nineties superhero “Shaktimaan”. We basically grew with that show. The saint like man sitting in the erect posture was shown with the rings depicting the five elements on his back and he becoming a superhero with fusion of all. All the elements formed a superman which we so much believed in the very elements of our own bodies. Just one conclusion can be drawn that we are no less than a superman.





Spin Drift

an upsurge in enthusiasm

The day started with a chic Fashion Parade both from the students from our college and other colleges. The vibrancy that was displayed by the fashion

Hill'ffair,

a word synonymous with energy and gusto, took place on November 15-17, 2013 and filled the students with renewed vigor. The after-spray this grand event leaves behind, fills the students with a new zeal and revitalizes their mind. The whole college turns into a scene of apotheosis. The spontaneity it brings invigorates us. With this in mind everyone energized themselves with the gales. This time around the theme of Hill'ffair was Spin Drift. It signifies a sea of enthusiasm, celebration and ardor which enlivens the campus.

"Saada dil bhi tu" kicked off the event with a devotional tribute. Prof. Rajnish Srivastava, Director, NIT Hamirpur cherished the efforts of the Student Body Council, distinguished by Mr. Sumit Saxena and his team. Everybody held the whole team in a high regard.

The day started off with the rocking tunes of Local Train. The Open Air Theatre for once seemed a chimera of the Hard Rock Café. The Local Train consists of engineers and they shared their stories with the audience cheerfully. They talked about their times and how they finally got a break. But that was not it, the music club soon came after with rap songs of Eminem and "One last breath" which captured the whole ensemble.

Ms Sunita the SP of the Hamirpur Police, was the esteemed Guest of Honor. Following it were the dances of "The Rhythemics". Their dances on "Chamma Chamma" and "Crazy Kiya Re" had everybody prancing about. The contemporary dances on "Jiya Re" and the couple dances made everyone amorous. The adorable tiny-tots also danced into the night.

Soon Mrs Sarita Sharma rolled up the night with the Kavi Samelan and everybody found themselves laughing. Next, the students from the Literacy Mission enthralled us with their dances and plays following which the Mime act of the Dramatics Club started in full swing. Everyone was absolutely spellbound but before long the day came to an end.

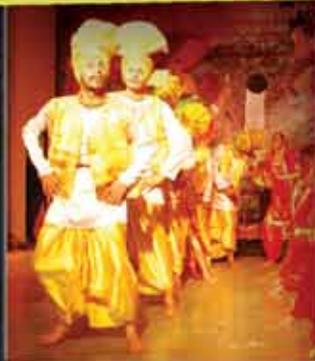
designing skills was exuberant. But the night was not over yet, dance performances and DJ Nite were upcoming. Everybody was up and about, dancing to the groovy tunes of "Dhatin Naach" and "Dilli Wali Girlfriend". The music club performed medleys on "raabta", "dum maro dum" and "Parda".

Michael Jackson, the legendary singer and dancer was paid a tribute to by the Dance Club. The highlight of an all-girls power packed aplomb performance of the famous Moonwalk, which they performed fluidly. Everybody celebrated this part with much fervor. Then the Dramatics Club's Choreo moved everyone, teaching us valuable morals to go say NO to dowry. This performance was appreciated by everyone giving the Dramatics Team a standing ovation. The closing night of Hill'ffair was filled with yet another musical night. The music club gave several performances throughout, launching the already rococo ambience by singing "dil se re", "lat lag gayi", "Phir le aya dil" and "Subhan allah" Everyone swayed to the tunes blissfully.

The gem of the night was the skit "Sab Moh Maya Hai" staged by the Dramatics Club. An endless cackle was about. The nostalgic Final Year swayed to the Himachali tunes of "Natti". Everyone bobbed and hopped to the ongoing "Bhangra" performed by the Final Year as well. Then the overwhelming performances in the Fashion Parade

especially by the Final Year. Everybody hooted and applauded for them as they literally swept away the night. They filled the night with an intense dapper. Concluding the celebrations of Hill'ffair 2013, our Honorable Director, Prof. Rajnish Srivastava complemented the efforts put in by the students in the various activities. He highlighted the intense social issue of dowry which we must all adhere to. Showering this year's Hillffair team with accolades, he also said that it was a success only because of the effort put in by all students and teachers alike. With this splendid note, Hillffair 2013 came to an end. Everybody will forever reminiscence the vivid memories that one got, be it their first or last Hillffair.

HILL'FFAIR 2013



इंटरव्यू



COSOC



ELSOC



FORCE

P
I
X
O
N
O
I
D
S



G
L
O
G

I
S
T
E



इंटीरिडि



ROTA
RAC
T

S
M
O
S



S
P
E
C

Editorial Team

Melman Mankiewicz, the giraffe from Madagascar, he's a great story teller. He has definite knowledge about the world systems, meditation and the inner self. A selfless guide, he's an excellent poet and writer. If you don't find him reading a book or blogging be sure to check out the ground because he will definitely be there playing (hoops). (www.avtravellog.wordpress.com)



Aриhant Verma

Snoopy behind the computer. Is in abyss for graphics and motion design. Graced with intellect, has cheeks like a blushing cloud. In her spare time she likes to LOL and ROFL a lot and go berserk. Be it a national or an international accolade, nothing could change her from being as humble as she is



Siddha Ganju

Man of and for the causes. Believes in the rise of Humanity as a whole rather than in discreet chunk of disagreements. A Hindi Wordsmith, his disposition sends sparks flying. A meddler, he would win your mind and soul, by talking ever so politely.



Ashish Somvanshi

Winnie the pooh – the cute little bear with honey and tons of honey. She has a everlasting smile on her face and is brave enough to make her presence felt out to the crowd. The best one out of the few



Surbhi Chhabra

Well she is a very serious case, whenever she meets me she goes, pointing a stubby finger at me, "NO MISCHIEF". But now jokes apart for, she is the best one, the most loving and caring one, no matter what mischief has been managed she always knows how to clear up the marauders map. She best resembles Gandalf the Great from The Lord of the Rings



Ayushi Kumari

Sid of the ice age, jolly good fellow. He smiles invariably, so much so that, one would hurt his cheek bones, if he'd smile so much. He's in the Hindi platoon of this year's SRIJAN's battalion



Sourabh Shakya

Haleyon, his precept, hailing from the land of saccharine sweets, Jodhpur. He enjoys the moments of others and well as his. He is often found brushing at odd hours of the morning. He is in the design team



Suraj P Choudhary



Annu Verma

Exaggerates enough to see the world through her own eyes. She can give wings to any thought and let her imagination soar the seven seas. She is absolutely full of life energy, optimistic fun to be around. Her innocence is on top of the world. She has got a luscious accent that stimulates senses

Tintin of the team, he's a well-rounded yet open-ended, intelligent and imaginative character. He is in the Design and fine arts team. Always exploring and being adventurous is in his blood. His abstraction of concepts, caters to is phenomenal especially in mag and graphics design. Watching movies is his favorite past time

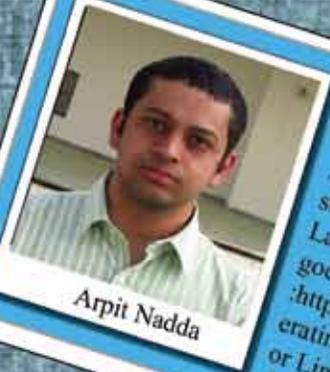


Shivam Gupta

Belle from "Beauty and the Beast". She is creative and persistent. Possessing great erudite in writing and philosophy, she carries the aura of kindness with her. Rational and straightforward, she writes as good as the listener that she is. The Tinkerbell of our team, she can be found on the numerous blogs that she has on the web



Divya Saini



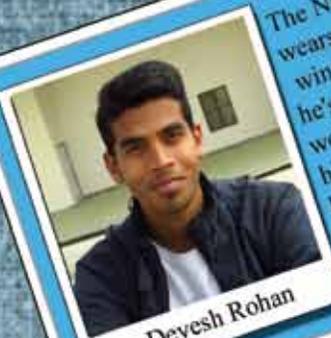
Arpit Nadda

An optimist by nature, he is a lucky and constant witness to the awe-inspiring Govind Sagar Lake. A tech geek, he maintains a tech blog that goes by the address :<http://www.how2posts.com/>. You have any Operating System related problem, be it Windows or Linux, he's the guy to approach. He avowshis love for graphics through his work pieces

Drama Queen (literally), her famous aged women character she plays in dramas happening in the campus overtime bewitches audiences. Mostly silent on mouth, on paper, she comes with sirenic and alluring poems that captures all the attention of the listener



Sristi Sarika



Devesh Rohan

The Nawab of Lucknow, he seldom wears pullovers in the dead cold winters. Silent and kind by nature he's a ravishing admirer of graphic work. A wee bit of geek, he gives his best to accomplish what is bestowed upon(or atleast thinks, he will :D). When he's not roaming or working, he enjoys kicking football and is a MANU fan

Hailing from the Ruskin Bond's territory, Lead Guitarist of the band 'The Ground Zero', he mesmerizes people with swishes on his guitar. He is a 'Free as in Freedom' follower, a linux lover and Open Source favor-er



Divyanshu Mithani



Abhimanyu Gurung

He is the Wordsworth of our poets' society, penning passionate poems that cannot be discerned without his own help. An ode to imagination, he is most cheerful person of our group. Sketching and painting are his forte and can create beauty out of thin air



Piyush Sharma

Heaven of a rider, he varies the length of his unkempt hair and keeps surprising. Solitude is his darling, but with friends mashups happens. Writing has always been his passion and invariably will be. His electric guitar and flute are his babies, that he nurtures fantastically



Niharika Mathur

All the way from across the Indian Ocean, she resides in Dubai 'Sahiba' as she is fondly teased by some, she is a published poetess, a piano player and a true friend. She likes to cook. As an aspiring architect, she saves and explains the inquisitive and intricate designs here <http://architectinthemaking30.blogspot.com>. She carries calm and composed countenance atleast in the team

Volunteers



Aashish Thakur



Abhimanyu Kumar



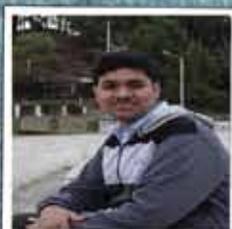
Priya Vashishth



Chirag Tyagi



Avdhesh Kumar



Vivekanand Kumar



Varnika Upmanyu



Tanya Agarwal



Amar Singh

Special Credits



Akshit Sharma



Sushant Pathania



Deepika Chaudhary



Vrindaye Sharma



Sukriti Dogra

PLACEMENTS

&

TRAINING



Dr. Anoop Kumar
Training & Placement Officer
NIT Hamirpur

FIRST OF ALL, HOW IS THE EXPERIENCE OF BEING THE TRAINING AND PLACEMENT OFFICER, POSSIBLY ONE OF THE BIGGEST RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE COLLEGE?

SURELY, IT IS A BIG RESPONSIBILITY AS IT AFFECTS THE PROFESSIONAL CAREER IN A BIG WAY. I HAD ACCEPTED THE RESPONSIBILITY WITH HUMILITY. I AM VERY IMPRESSED WITH THE ZEAL AND SINCERITY OF THE STUDENT TPRS WHO PUT IN LOT OF SELFLESS EFFORTS FOR THE PLACEMENT OF THE BATCH.

I HAVE TRIED MY LEVEL BEST TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE PROCESS AND OFFER UNCONDITIONAL SUPPORT TO THE STUDENT TPRS.

THE STUDENTS HAVE DONE FAIRLY WELL, STILL THE RECRUITMENT PROCESS HAS NOT BEEN AS GOOD AS PREVIOUS YEARS DUE TO ECONOMIC SLOW DOWN GLOBALLY AND AT NATIONAL LEVEL.

HOW DO YOU THINK THE STUDENTS HAVE FARED COMPARED TO PREVIOUS YEARS, AS FARAS RECRUITING IS CONSIDERED?

THE COMPANY REPRESENTATIVES HAVE GENERALLY APPRECIATED THE **WHAT WERE THE VIEWS OF THE VARIOUS COMPANY REPRESENTATIVES ON THE POOL OF STUDENTS SITTING FOR RECRUITMENTS THIS YEAR?**

QUALITY OF STUDENTS; STILL THERE ARE SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT REGARDING THE COMMUNICATION SKILLS, PROFESSIONALISM AND EXTRA SKILLS ACQUIRED BY THE STUDENTS.

THESE BRANCHES HAVE DONE GENERALLY FINE, HOWEVER THE RECESSIONARY PRESSURES IN AUTOMOBILE, MINING, POWER AND INFRASTRUCTURE WHAT ABOUT CORE BRANCHES LIKE CIVIL AND MECHANICAL?

STRUCTURE ETC. HAS MEANT SOME REDUCED OPPORTUNITY FOR THEM. THERE WERE SOME ISSUES OF JOINING PERCENTAGE THAT HAS RUBBED THE COMPANIES ON WRONG SIDE AFFECTING CAMPUS HIRING.

IT IS TRUE THAT WE HAVE SOME DISADVANTAGE ON THIS COUNT; HOWEVER, AIR LINK TO DHARMSHALA/ CHANDIGARH HAS IMPROVED THE DISTANCE AND LOCATION ARE DEFINITELY BIG DRAWBACKS AS FAR AS PLACEMENTS AT NIT HAMIRPUR ARE CONCERNED.

SCENARIO. WE ARE OFFERING TRAVEL SUPPORT TO THE EXPERT TEAMS FROM THESE PLACES TO OVERCOME IT. WE ARE ALSO ARRANGING FOR POOL CAMPUSES AT NEARBY NITS AND OTHER SISTER INSTITUTIONS AND FACILITATING TRAVEL OF OUR STUDENTS TO THESE LOCATIONS.

HOW ARE YOU TACKLING THAT PARTICULAR PROBLEM?

COMPUTER SCIENCE PLACEMENT OPPORTUNITIES ARE LIKE BUSES THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER ONE COMING BUT THE DIFFICULTY INVOLVES IN CHOOSING AND CLIMBING THE RIGHT BUS.

ANSHULJINDAL
TPR, CSE

EXPECTATIONS GIVE FRUSTRATION

PARTH GUPTA
TPR, ECE

NEVER GOT TO BE EASY AND A JOB WHICH BRINGS WITH ITSELF A LOT OF PRAISES AND ABUSE BOTH

ANKIT RAJSHREE
TPR, EEE

IT'S LIKE PREPARING CARS(STUDENTS) & ADVERTISING THEM IN MARKET, WITH EACH CAR HAVING ITS OWN UNIQUE SPECIFICATIONS TO RUN ON A DIFFERENT TRACK(COMPANY) AND FEELING THAT OVERWHELMING JOY WHEN THAT CAR CRUISE AT TOP SPEED EVERYWHERE(PLACEMENT)

NITIN
TPR, ME



Sports Committee



Volleyball(G)



Volleyball (B)



Badminton

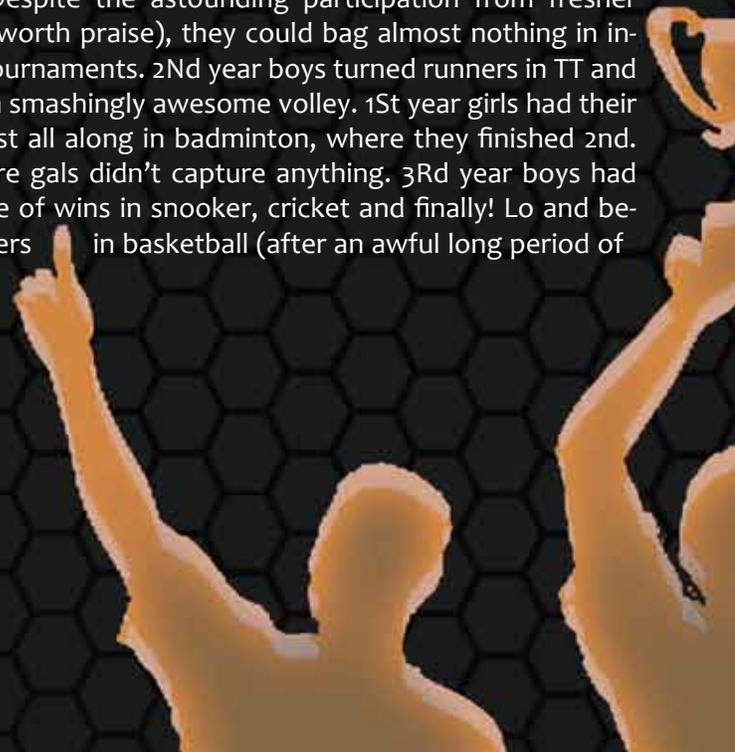
sports

I vividly remember the first thing I did, when I put my first step on NITH's campus three years ago. I asked someone for the directions of sports complex. And this year, I was stuffed with reminiscence when fresher asked for the same. This year's onset of the sports fever was startling, in the number of fresher that came wayfaring in the very first days, crediting strict ragging rules, or just genuine want of participation.

Starting with Inter Branch tournaments, August paved way for the commencement of different matches all over the games' arenas. Humongous participation was seen in basketball, volleyball, football, table tennis, cricket, badminton etc.

From over the past few years, it feels very clichéd to write this again and again but, defending Champs, EEE (boys) was once again! Winner of Basketball, and Civil yet again! Being the runner up. For the Girls' Basketball, Architecture turned winner, and ECE, runner up. The programmers' world stuck the bat and bowled hard to grab the cricket's winner's trophy, Civil finishing 2nd. Boys Volleyball had its stakes even for Meddies and evenly odd for computer gurus. Civil grasped winner's place in football (with not much of surprise element), TT, and runner's in badminton. EEE could garner 2nd place in football, turned winner in snooker and runners in TT.

ECE girls had a run on runners in volleyball, getting beaten in finals by Computer girls. Chess's winner was Tejaswi Randhi, a rare final year meddie. CSE girls finished 2nd in badminton and TT, getting trashed by Circuit and Communication Designers (ECE) in the finals. Inter year boys' result statistics are as follows. Despite the astounding participation from fresher (which is worth praise), they could bag almost nothing in inter year tournaments. 2Nd year boys turned runners in TT and winners in smashingly awesome volley. 1St year girls had their way almost all along in badminton, where they finished 2nd. Sophomore gals didn't capture anything. 3Rd year boys had their share of wins in snooker, cricket and finally! Lo and behold runners in basketball (after an awful long period of time).



line

In the even semester Team Basketball, Volleyball, Badminton stepped in the hopes to conquer the titles at Malviya Sports Tournament in MNIT Jaipur. Only Badminton (Boys) could turn their hopes into reality. Rain was a peculiar judge for basketball games as the court was oil painted and dammedest in slipperiness. Also in the odd semester, Basketball Boys inned (I don't know what this means) 3rd place at IIT Mandi basketball championship.

NITH also organized IDUSA Badminton Championship which saw participation of many colleges including Thapar University. Very Proud to inform that Vedant Singh Shekhawat, Goutham Kumar N, Saurabh Rana, R sunil Kumar, Nalin Gaur bagged it in the home and abode of the mountains.

The annual athletic meet of NITH, Lalkar happened over two days time on 28th and 29th March 2k14. It saw various events like 100m, 200m, 400m, 800m, 1500m, 5000m, 4*100m relay, 4*400 m relay, Long Jump, High Jump, Triple Jump, Shot Put, Discus Throw and Javelin Throw for both boys and girls. Out of the hitherto going graph of the winners, first year inned many. It was one of the most participated event in the history of NITH. Much to the delight of different team members, this year's Sports Secretary Devesh Sharma was successful in establishing a new order for sportspersons, providing them world class sports kits including jerseys, blazers, uniforms etc, making up for the little abyss that sportspersons, erstwhile felt for themselves.

We, the NITHians, have always believed in persistence in practice and practice of persistence. Sports was, is and invariably will be an integral part of much of our lives, for there is no substitute for the life skills that sports and games offer us.

We have been very lucky, for some of our most old and respected faculty members like Anoop Sir, Surender Soni Sir etc have constantly boosted us to give out significant part of our time to sports, and we as a community are very grateful to each one of them, named and not named alike, for their constant support and guidance.

We hope, that this escalation of participation and the zeal and commitment in practice in different sports will continue to exponentially increase in coming times. All hail the mighty courts and grounds! For they possess something which is unbounded.



Basketball (C)



Basketball (B)



Football



Cricket



Prof. Bhanu Marwaha



Architecture department at NIT Hamirpur was established in 2000 and is the youngest of all the departments in this institution. This department offers a five-year B.Arch which includes semester training and a two year M.Arch (Sustainable Architecture) as per the norms of the Council of Architecture. The department is well equipped with modernized laboratories upgraded to latest softwares and latest equipments from time to time.

“A real building is one on which the eye can light and stay lit.”

True to the words the international airports studied under the project are a few architecturally sound pieces of work by the architectures. The project studied included Jaipur International Airport, Lal Bahadur Shastri International Airport, Hongkong International Airport.

The focus of Buddhist circuit in Uttar Pradesh and that in Nepal is Kushinagar and it acts as a natural hub to any Buddhist visiting various places in Buddhist network. To improve the present connectivity to Kushinagar an airport extension has been proposed. The proposed site for international airport has an existing strip owned by the government of Uttar Pradesh and is located at Kasia 5 kms north of Kushinagar township. The land all around the airport is agricultural and is almost level with a slight natural slope for rainwater flow to a nearby drain.

Jaipur also known as the Pink City has a great potential for the tourism and owing to the boost in the tourism in past few years a design which serves as an international gateway to Rajasthan was put forward, the annual capacity of the airport being 2 million. The architectural features of the airport include the use of permanent materials and use of polished local Rajasthan granite for flooring. Other remarkable feature being the indirect lighting in the interior.

Lal Bahadur Shastri International Airport commonly known as Babatpur Airport is located 18 km northwest of Varanasi. Airports Authority of India decided to streamline the airport as the city attracts a large number of people to the place due to its religious sentiments attached. The terminal is beautifully designed taking care of levels and maximum walking distance for the passengers.

The Hongkong International Airport is the fifth busiest airport in the world, passenger capacity being 58 million annually. The architectural features include the one single continuous space rising to roof vaults covered by 18 hectares of roof creating a sense of openness. Also the light roof allows natural light to flood into the building.

Architecture



Class 2015

Row 1 (L-R): Ms. Vandana Sharma, Mrs. Amanjeet Kaur, Prof. Minakshi Jain, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Prof. Bhanu Marwaha (H.O.D.), Dr. IP Singh, Mr. Sandeep Sharma
Row 2 (L-R): Ms. Anju, Ms. Divya Kashyap, Ms. Aishani Chaudhury, Mr. Amitava Sarkar, Mr. Aniket Sharma, Mr. Puneet Sharma
Row 3 (L-R): Apurva Jhamb, Katyayni Sharma, Poonam Bala, Malti Dhiman, Adwitiya Gupta, Harshdeep Kaur, Deeksha Tenzin Phendok, Ayushi Sharma
Row 4 (L-R): Chandan Sharma, Ramit Choudhary, Swapnil Sharma, Aman Kumar, Aman Negi, Sahil Pahal, Arnol Sawhney, Pranav Sharma, Anubhav Jangra, Arnab Bhagwati, Abhinav Kaundal
Row 5 (L-R): DEK Sagar Varma, Akshay Bhandral, Prabhav Pranshu, Gnana Selvam, Deepanshu Singh, Rahul Bharmoria, Shivam Mahendru, Rishabh Lakhnupal, Shubham Dogra, Akshat Sharma,
Ved Prakash Patel



Dr. V.K. Sharda



One of the oldest departments of this college, civil engineering department stands out in many ways, the latest reason being the newly installed lift. "Sygnet" the techno cultural fest of the department is held every year with its field related events appreciated by one and all. Play and study' go hand in hand during the labs for the students which are generally held outside the four walls.

"Designing of road using Total Station surveying and liscad"

The changes in the construction technology over the past decade has remained unprecedented for the common use.

The project emphasized potential of liscad in designing a road using total surveying data. The project was uptaken in Bilaspur for computing the cut and fill volume of the area while designing the road. This use of extended data collected by the use of total station in the liscad not only reduced the time in the computations but also made it easy to use the data so collected.

The data so collected was downloaded into the computer which was then exported to the liscad a DEM (Digital Elevation Model) i.e. the digital representation of the ground data was done and a contour map was then prepared. Alignment in the contour map was then done using Liscad followed by creation of set of cross sections and vertical road design. The design of road section is the final step after which the volume of cut and fill was computed.

In the practical sense Liscad is mainly used for analysing and representing natural slopes by the use of the digital information of the area.

"Performance evaluation of Evaporation estimation using climate based methods and ANFIS and KNN Model "

Irrigation system design and management, hydrological water balance, present and future management of water resources have a direct relation with the evapotranspiration which is one of the major components of the hydrological cycle. In this project the artificial intelligence (that relates to the problem in a more direct and neuronic way: KNN model and ANFIS) was used for predicting the evapotranspiration values in the Hisar region. Due to the absence of the lysimeter the values used as standard values of daily transpiration were obtained using FAO56-PM.

The climate based methods were also put into use in finding the potential evapotranspiration values and the comparison of results showed the KNN model to be the best among all with a correlation factor of .99. The artificial intelligence methods could model the data more accurately than any other method so used . The model development was the first step undertaken using the details of the data and the study of the area using Matlab as the software. The comparison between the different models was done based on the parameters like Root Mean Square, Correlation coefficient, Standard Deviation, plots etc.

Civil Engineering



Class 2014

Row 1 (L-R): Dr. V.N. Khatri, Dr. Vijay Kumar Bansal, Dr. Vijay Shankar Dogra, Dr. Pardeep Kumar, Prof. V.K. Sharda (I.O.D.), Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Prof. Kaman Partha, Dr. R.S. Banshu, Dr. K. Nallasivam
Row 2 (L-R): Ashish Triyal, Kajal Kumar, Mr. Chandar Prakash, Dr. Hernant Kumar Vinayak, Mr. Aditya Kumar Aggarwal, Mr. Sukhendar Pal, Mr. Chandar Mohan Shakya, Ms. Babita Bharti, Sagar Jaiswal, Vikas Pratap Shahi
Row 3 (L-R): Vikrant Yadav, Shivendu Dhumra, Vishal Verma, Eshan Thakur, Pankaj Kumar, Parul Chauhan, Nupoor, Vipasha Sharma, Suncha Dhumra, Kritiza Sharma, Vipin Shukla, Sanjeet Kumar Verma, Nitish Kumar
Row 4 (L-R): Varun Verma, Ashutosh Sharma, Gangaadhar Meena, Ashish Chaudhary, Ravi Kumar, Nita Mangwal, Arpit Gupta, Ritesh Gupta, Naadeem Ahmed, Manish Dogra, Divyesh Thakur, Kumar Harsh, Kuldeep Mishra
Row 5 (L-R): Bishwesh Ghimre, Sagar Jangir, Rajesh Kumar, Mohit Kumar Bhawani, Kumal Atri, Abhinav Badal, Mamik Thanooch, Nitin Choudhary, Amrit Kumar, Ankit Khare, Manish Meena
Row 6 (L-R): Shivam Chugh, Jitdeep Negi, Devedra Kumar, Nootan Prakash, Satni, Shubham Aggarwal, Devesh Sharma, Vikas Dadhwal, Parul Chauhan, Sankeet Band, Ashutosh Gupta, Raj Kumar, Ashish Sharma



Dr. T.P. Sharma



Computer Science & Engineering Department, established in 1989, aims at imparting quality knowledge and skills to the budding engineers in various fields of computer science and information technology through specialized courses in academics, research, industry, social commitments and various open source projects.

The Department offers a 4 year B.Tech program and a 2 year M.Tech program as well as PhD in varied fields of Computer Science and Engineering accredited by National Board of Accreditation(NBA).

“IPv4 to IPv6 Transition Plan: A Case Study of NIT Hamirpur Campus Network”

Undoubtedly one of the most ambitious projects of not only the Dept. of Computer Science and Engineering but also NIT Hamirpur, this project dealt with shortcomings in the current IPv4 network spread across the campus and work upon some mechanisms that have been implemented to ease the transition from IPv4 to IPv6 especially for IPv4 users who still want to communicate with their old applications. The purpose of the project was to study the existing transition techniques that are used for communication between two networks having different internet protocols IPv4 and IPv6 and then create a test bench having the best techniques implemented on the various network devices.

The test bench mentioned above consisted of three CISCO 2800 routers with one router working on IPv4 and other two on dual stack, two CATALYST switches both on dual stack and two end hosts. For transitioning, IPv4 to IPv6 tunnel was used for establishing the end to end communications between the two end hosts.

The final analysis and case study results established a need for changes in hardware with the CISCO routers being changed by upgraded versions and edge switches to be replaced with Alcatel switches. The team of students also came up with various requirements and methods to implement the same changes in NIT Hamirpur and since then the work is being progressed in that direction.

“Virtual Hostel Allocation (VHA)”

Online Hostel Room Allotment is the automation of hostel room allotment system. Earlier hostel room allotments were done manually. The students were called in different time slots according to their ranks and allotted rooms. This process was time consuming and caused great inconvenience to administrators as well as students as students had to part their time from their regular schedule and wait for hours for their turn. Moreover students used to personally visit hostels to decide which room to choose.

This project aims at online allotment of hostel rooms. It also provides a special facility to students to have a virtual tour of hostels and make their choices for the rooms. The students submit their choices and after a stipulated period of time, the room allocated to them is displayed.

The project was well acclaimed for arguably being the best graphically displayed project the department has ever seen. It made use of software like Google Sketch Up and Adobe Photoshop to display hostels from different perspectives and angles to make the task not only easier but also appealing.

Computer Science & Engineering Department 2010-2014



Row 1 (L-R): Mr. Nitin Gupta, Mr. Rajiv Kumar, Dr. Naveen Chauthan, Mr. Kumar Sambhav Pandey, Dr. Narottam Chand, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Dr. P.Sharma(H.O.D), Dr. Kamlesh Dutta, Mr. Pardeep Singh
Row 2 (L-R): Dr. Madhu Kumari, Mr. Irvani Lal Pal, Mr. Pankaj Upadhyay, Mr. Arvind Dhaka, Mr. Ramesh Kumar
Row 3 (L-R): Aanchal Punia, Meenakshi Thakur, Ritu Thapa, Jasleen Kaur
Row 4 (L-R): Dharna Ram, Praveen Sharma, Ankita Kukreti, Chhavi Kaushik, Eva Sharma, Sheenu Yadav, Vidhi Gupta, Vatsala Sharma, Sakshi Babbar, Neha Singh, Supreet Kaur, Nivedita Sharma, Priyanka Lal, Nisha Chandrani, Shiruti Pareek
Row 5 (L-R): Ankush Masand, Jasraj Suthar, Gurdev Thakur, Rahul Sohal, Babul Bhanu, Gagan Pal Singh, Deepak Gautam, Lalit Solanki, Lalit Garg, Siddharth Chhabra, Ashish Gautam, Dinesh Kumar, Lakshay Goel, Gaurav Sood, Assem Rastogi, Divyansu Lanyan, Mandeep Chand
Row 6 (L-R): Hemant Kumar, Shaikbaaz Ahmed, Suresh, Chirag Larje, Vasu Gupta, Rahul Madhuk, Pankaj Choudhary, Anshul Jindal, MMBS Manohar, Satyajit Barnagae, Akhil Vinita, Poonam, Sham Thakur, Yogesh Sharma, Vishant Gautam



Prof. Yog Raj Sood



Electrical Engineering Department, established in the year 1986, is one of the oldest departments of National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur. The department has been imparting quality education at undergraduate and post graduate level. The faculty members have been active in teaching and research activities. Various departmental laboratories have been strengthened and modernized by procuring state of art equipments. The department is equipped with the latest experimental and computational facilities for taking up R&D and consultancy activities in different areas of electrical engineering.

“Smart Monitoring and Control of Electric Appliances for Community”:

Time is a commodity that needs to be managed effectively and efficiently in order to maximize productivity with least risks and impressive outcomes. With this objective, this project was based on smart monitoring and control of electric appliances for security and welfare of community. Sensing smoke, earthquake, water level in tank, intensity of light to control street lights were some of the major aspects of the project. Each sensor was linked to a central control unit through a programmable logic controller (PLC) and the real time status of each sensor could be monitored. The main idea of the project was that the central control unit could be operated by either one or two officials. Immediate action can be initiated to avoid any accidents.

The logic used to program PLC was ladder logic where sequential control of a process or manufacturing operation is required. An online mode of operation could also be setup by attaching the controller with the computer so that direct communication between them takes place.

The developed system can be incorporated to a large society. As the number of input/outputs is increased and effective use of reliable sensors, the project’s concept can revolutionize the security and safety for masses. The project can be linked over internet and an online monitoring SCADA system can be developed which shall provide us with real time status around the globe.

“Fuzzy logic based microcontroller operated automatic collision prevention system”:

All the systems employing moving mechanism may be subjected to collision with the nearby obstacles. An automatic system is generally designed to prevent such kinds of collisions. This project focuses specifically on collision between vehicles. Forward collision avoidance systems aim at avoiding, or at least mitigating, host vehicle frontal collisions, of which rear-end collisions are one of the most common. This is done by either warning the driver or braking or steering away, respectively, where each action requires its own considerations and design.

This project focuses on forward collision by braking, and presents a general method for calculating the risk for collision. A brake maneuvered is activated to mitigate the accident when the probability of collision is one, taking all driver actions into considerations.

Electrical & Electronics Engineering



Class 2014

Row 1 (L-R): Dr. Bharat Bhushan, Dr. Veena Sharma, Dr. R.K. Jaiswal, Dr. Ashwani Chandel, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Dr. Yog Raj Sood (H.O.D.), Dr. Sushil Chaudhan, Dr. R.N. Sharma, Dr. R. Nith Sharma
Row 2 (L-R): Ms. Swati Katwal, Mr. Deepak, Mr. O.P. Rahi, Mr. Amit Kaul, Mr. Himesh Hunda, Mr. Rajesh Kumar, Mrs. Bharti Kaul
Row 3 (L-R): Ankit Chaudhan, Aakash Aggarwal, Sonali Garg, Ishani Bhatn, Smarika Singh, Anita Singh, Suvidha Kakkar, Anita Nitharwal, Garima Pruthi, Shipra Rai, Shauchita Arora, Deepika Negi, Jyoti Thakur, Ashish Dhimian, Pratyush Kumar
Row 4 (L-R): Tejesh Sharma, Mayank Sharma, Akshay Sood, Ramswaroop Kaswan, Sahil Saini, Ayush Chandel, Chandan Kumar, Anshul Soni, Siddharth Aggarwal, Sandeep Kumar, Devendra Seervi, Lokesh Singhal, Abhinav Pandey, Navdeep Kumar Singh, Abhinav Uppal
Row 5 (L-R): Amit Tandon, Surjeet Kumar, Abhishek Sharma, Mayank Aggarwal, Shubham Gupta, Archit Bharti, Aniket Kumar, Utsav Mitrarka, Saksham Kumar Chaudhary, Gautav Singh Rawal, Ankit Vyas, Rohit Meena, Prabhat Pushkar, Anni Chaudhan, Vivek Sharma
Row 6 (L-R): Shailesh Aggarwal, Mridul Kumar, Akash Dixit, Abhishek Aggarwal, Ankit Verma, Mirza-Abdul Waris Begh, Amit Kumar Yadav, Rajsamrat Singh, Vyom Bindal, Ankit Rajshree, Shivam Rastogi



Prof. Rajeevan Chandel



Electronics & Communication Department, NIT Hamirpur, established in the year 1988 has attained peaks of excellence in various fields ranging from microelectronics, mobile communication to VLSI Design Automation.

The Department recently got a new building near the lecture hall. It has well equipped modern technology in its laboratories and offers both undergraduate as well as postgraduate courses to its students.

The faculty show a dynamic involvement in the all-round development of the students in practical knowledge, hands-on research experience with challenging and interesting coursework.

“Comparative study of equalization techniques in MIMO”:

MIMO communication has been shown to be one of the most promising and emerging wireless technologies that can effectively boost the data transmission rate and improve system. The aim of the project was to study Multiple-Input Multiple Output communication system, implement it on MATLAB and to perform a comparative study of different equalization techniques. It used two transmit and two receive antenna case assuming the channel to be flat band Rayleigh multi-path channel and modulation technique as BPSK. Different equalization approaches for receiving such as Zero Forcing (ZF) equalization, Minimum Mean Square Error (MMSE) equalization, Zero Forcing equalization with successive interference cancellation (ZF-SIC), ZF_SIC with optimal ordering, MIMO and MMSE SIC and optimal ordering were implemented and analyzed. Conclusions showed that MMSE with SIC optimal ordering improved BER by about 5dB, cancelling the interference in mobile-fading channel.

“Realization of Logic Gates Using Vertical Slit Field Effect Transistor”:

CMOS technology was revolutionary at its commencement. It is still used widely. But it had some problems which had to be solved by next generation devices. Scaling of conventional planar MOS transistor is becoming increasingly challenging due to short channel effects like Drain induced barrier lowering, Hot channel Effect, GIDL etc. This project was aimed to tinker with different doping configurations of VeSFETs and implement the four gates using AND, OR, NAND, NOR using them. VeSFETs have two independent gates unlike only one in other MOS devices. It maintains energy domain and promotes highly repetitive layouts.

It increases functional density/unit silicon area and minimizes power. The threshold voltage is adjustable because of the presence of two gates which are independently controlled. Software used in the implementation of the gates and getting different configurations and doping levels of VeSFETs were TCAD (Technology Computer Aided Design) and Sentaurus Structure Editor. Project results extrapolated the possible reach and scope of this emerging technology, that it could be used to design the next generation RAM, processors and other latch devices.

Electronics & Communication Engineering



Class 2014

Row 1 (L-R) Ms. Anmita Nandlal, Dr. Gargi Khanna, Mr. Ashok Kumar, Prof. Rajeevan Chandel(H.O.D.), Prof. Rajmish Shrivastava(Director), Prof. Vinod Kapoor, Prof. Sartinder Soni, Dr. Ashwanti Rana, Mr. Gagnesh Kumar
Row 2 (L-R) Minalakshi Aggarwal, Manpreet Dhanjal, Mr. Ashish Goswami, Mr. Rakesh Sharma, Mr. Vinod Sharma, Mr. Philemon Daniel, Mr. Manoranjan Rai Bharti, Mr. Rohit Dhanan, Diwya Meena, Deepika Chaudhary
Row 3 (L-R) Reetu Gupta, Neha Aggarwal, Shivam Kapoor, Mamta, Piccadilly Chaudhary, Manu Sehgal, Vidisha Thapa, Shiyami Thakur, Megha Sharma, Preeti Sharma, Vaanshu Sharma, Meenu Kumari, Mayank Jain, Rakesh Kumar, Dharam Singh Negi
Row 4 (L-R) Vaibhav Sharma, Abhishek Koushal, Devendra Kumar Dhakad, Aakash Paliwal, Mohit Sharma, Mayank Gupta, Shashank Patel, Atul Bhushan, Kritishan Kumar Atoliya, Mukesh Sahota, Rahul Sharma, Promil Bhardwaj, Mridul Awasthi, Samrjeet Thakur, Hitesh Dutt Kaushal, Keshav Kumar, Anubhav Tanwar, Surender Kumar
Row 5 (L-R) Gowtham Maurya, Naitraj Chaudhary, Anil Kumar, Desraj Gautam, Chandar Prakash, Prateek Meshram, Ankit Raj, Asif Kalam, Ragheshwar Singh, Chandrakat Mall, Omprakash Yadav, Prashant Ranjan, Mukul Dharami, Sumil Kumar, Kuldeep Kumar, Ramakrishna
Row 6 (L-R) Vijay Pal Sapat, Saurabh Aggarwal, Shubham Jain, Parag Maheshwari, Dharamraj Singh, Karan Rawtani, Tahsin Ahmed Khan, Aditya Kaul, Jitendar Kapil, K. Agastya



Dr. Rajesh Sharma

The Department of Mechanical Engineering came into its existence right from the inception of the then Regional Engineering College Hamirpur (now National Institute of Technology Hamirpur) in the year 1986 and served as catering department to other disciplines. The discipline of Mechanical Engineering started offering undergraduate programme leading to four year Bachelor of Technology (B.Tech) degree in Mechanical Engineering in the year 1994. The first batch was started with an intake of 30 students which has now been enhanced to 60 students by the Ministry of HRD, Government of India from the session 2006-2007.

“Design and Fabrication of an Eight Legged Walking Mechanism with the Purpose of Enhancing the Contact Factor”:

Walking robots are one of the most interesting innovations of today’s advanced technology. Highly mobile, small robotic platforms offer several advantages over larger mobile robots. Their smaller size allows them to navigate into more confined environments that larger robots would be unable to enter or transverse such as caves or debris.

One such successful attempt to design a walking machine was made by mechanical engineering students with the goal to create a linkage with a contact factor of close to 180 degrees. The problem that was proposed to be solved was to design a leg linkage that has a typical walking stride and a flat period of contact with the ground. A motor system was added to make the robot remote controlled. The Klann mechanism was the main inspiration for the linkage and was similar to the final design. The design process of the leg linkage was iterative and tested multiple designs for the best foot motion.

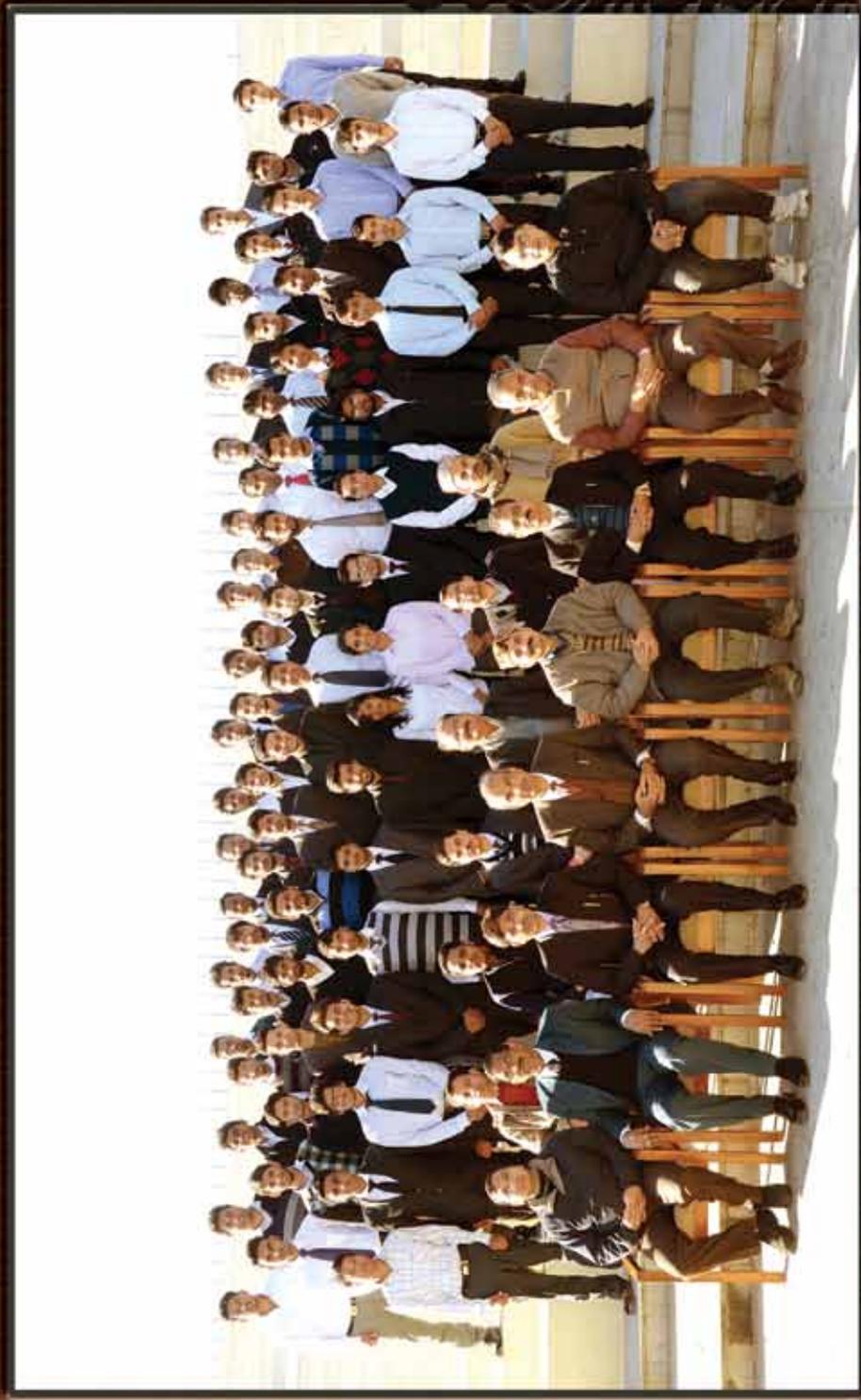
There are innumerable fields in which this project finds its usage. One example includes field workers who need access to otherwise dangerous, inaccessible areas such as collapsed buildings or one damaged in earthquakes. Small, inexpensive robots are also a key component for rapid installation of ad hoc networks.

“Automatic Rain Sensing Wiper”:

The era of automation is broadly defined as replacement of manual effort by mechanical power in all degrees of automation. The operation remains an essential part of the system although with changing demands on physical inputs as the degree of mechanization is increased. Based on these lines of thoughts MED students worked on successful design and fabrication of automatic rain sensing wipers.

Conventional rain sensing system uses an optical sensor to detect the presence of water and automatically turn on and adjust the wiper control data to the vehicle’s body control module (BCM). But optical rain sensors suffer from a small sensing and are prone to false positives and are too expensive to be included as standard equipment in most of the vehicles. Thus a system was proposed that detects droplets of rain on the windshield and automatically turns on and adjusts the wiper system in accordance to the level of precipitation. This feature would allow the driver to drive safely, comfortably and with least driving fatigue. A four wheeler with this sort of facility is very useful in a country like India where road accidents are frequent with a prominent reason that driver’s attention is more towards switching the other buttons. This rain sensing equipment would be fully automatic and would start working as soon as it senses rain drops, so the driver need not to divert attention away from the road. This feature would make driving more convenient and safer.

Mechanical Engineering



Class 2014

Row 1 (L-R) Dr. Varun Goel, Dr. Anoop Kumar, Dr. Sumand Kumar Gupta, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Dr. Rajesh Sharma (HOD), Dr. Rakesh Sehgal, Dr. P.K. Sood, Dr. Somesh Sharma
Row 2 (L-R) Dr. Rajesh Sharma, Mr. Tejyani Sachin, Dr. Mukund Dutt Sharma, Dr. Suresh Dhiman, Dr. Mohit Dhiman, Mr. Devashish Das
Row 3 (L-R) Satyam, Jaspal Beedan, Kaushal Kadiyala, Ajay Singh, Suraj Prakash Gupta, Shubham Garg, Rishabh Narang, Tejaswi Randeji, Nishita Ahuja, Tarun Babarmani, Rishi Kumar Verma, Nana Varnshi Krishna,
Durgesh Yadav, Dimesh Sharma, Sumit Dhiman
Row 4 (L-R) Ravi Kumar Aloria, Naval Gupta, Subhajit Dutta, Nishant Garg, Manish Kumar, Chirag Patidar, Saksham Gupta, Churhill Ghimire, Rahul Kumar, Nitin Sharma, Puneet Kaushal, Saurabh Chaudhary, Himan-
sha Arya, Amarendra Kumar, Amit Kapoor, Rajesh Kumar
Row 5 (L-R) Kehar Singh, Mayank Marwah, Varun Dixit, Nareesh Malviya, Sachin Garg, Tannay Aggarwal, Karthikeya Gupta, Kushagra Upadhyay, Chirag Sami, Pulkit Kansal, Daksh Shukla, Sumeet Kumar, Swatantra
Vishwakarma, Hardeep Singh, Akshay Badhani, Kalkari Laxmi Narasimha Reddy, Yashwanti Kumar
Row 6 (L-R) Pankaj Kumar, Nishant Tripathi, Sunny Singh, Manas Mishra, Probins Katiyar, Nilesh Sachan, Pallab Kalita, Saurav Kumar Sinha, Mirla Siva Rama Vimeel, Harshad Rao, Avinash Kumar, Uday Kumar, Mohit
Dhiman

Perspective



Dhananjay Singh



Piyush



Rishabh Lakhanpal

EDITORIAL



BOARD

Row 1 (L-R):

Piyush Sharma, Dr. Sushil Chauhan (Dean, SWAA), Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Dr. Yogesh Gupta (Editor-In-Chief),
Dr. Madhu, Sakshi Babar (Students' Editor)

Row 2 (L-R):

Tanya Agarwal, Ayushi Kumari, Priya Vashisth, Divya Meena, Manpreet Dhanjal, Gnana Selvam, Sarthak Sharma, Divya Saini,
Sristi Sarika, Suraj P Choudhary, Arpit Nadda

Row 3 (L-R):

Arihant Verma, Aashish Thakur, Chirag Tyagi, Divyanshu Maithani, Abhimanyu Gurung, Praveen Sharma, Satyam, Shivam
Gupta, Ashish Somvanshi, Avdesh Kumar, Vivekanand Kumar, Saurabh Shakya, Devesh Rohan

In absentia:

Mohit Sharma, Siddha Ganju, Annu Verma, Surbhi Chhabra, Niharika Mathur, Amar Singh, Varnika Upmanyu,
Abhimanyu Kumar



Avinash Kaur