

सृजन  
2014-15



# GENESIS

## WELCOME BACK!

A Team, 'A' Team, Team 'S', that only we, unwittingly, started calling ourselves for the surge of inspiration needed to come up with yet another issue of SRIJAN. To be honest, we felt afresh, clueless about some things, because there were fewer threads to connect us to our history than necessary. Hence, our feature: 'SRIJAN's History – Part I'.

SRIJAN started as a 'movement', and not as a mere magazine, to showcase the best of talent. Whereas PRERNA (the wall magazine), used to procure the unseasoned content of expression. But with the withering out of PRERNA, a purpose died. In the subsequent years that were to follow, something went missing, a motive, a something to relate to and look forward to, a hinge. At the starting of the year we were accosted by questions regarding why people's articles were not published when they had been promised so. Why they had not been given their paintings and sketches back. We had nothing to tell them. We apologized. Apparently, there were more voices hidden behind the walls of nonexistence of a medium than we had expected. So, this year, with the help of our penultimate Chief Editor (that's right! 'Student's Editor' is now 'Chief Editor' and the then 'Editor-in-Chief' today's 'Faculty Coordinator'), Rajeev Bhardwaj (our generous funder and comrade), we started [www.srijan-nith.com](http://www.srijan-nith.com).

We had days when we excitedly went door to door to give everyone their previous magazine (SRIJAN 2014 was delayed due to printer issues) and they asked us “Bhai Free ki Hai?” And, also the days when we found magazines thrown in corridors and in one instance, in the dust bin. Obviously, some people had stopped feeling glorious about it. The website and being active online have been our measures to betroth it'd never happen again and to trigger a sense of belongingness.

After umpteen brain storms, this year, we darted a color theme : 'Tints and Shades of Blue'. One concern was to do away with the conscripted echelon and dependence of grouping of articles under forced sub themes. Another was to subscribe the essence of magazine to literature from design instead of doing the vice versa. Voila! We married organization with composition. We also experimented with the dimensions of the magazine, which proved to be quite a work for the printer and us. Also we spent 4 days and 3 nights, awake at printer's desk to ensure no error crept in, which was a first timer.

Hindi team, held their meetings religiously throughout the year, paved way for a healthy competition to ensure constant communication in the team. Their survey (the second), is hugely data based. We are sure you'll be able to extract some baffling statistics from it. The design team's streaks of collaborated night outs were sights of conviviality, facetiousness and commitment. Together all the three teams ensured that we didn't face scarcity of sketches, paintings, cartoons and articles. 2nd and 3rd year chimed in earnestly and rooted for the team. Such rescues were saviors in the light of tired times. The Editorial Board members were absolute belletrists. It's amazing what people do for the common love (pun intended). When our main cartoonist was busy and couldn't contribute, another one stepped up voluntarily. And some of the 'official' photographs went awry, our photographer extricated us. Our Faculty Coordinators supported us in every step on the rung. They will remain in our most revered spaces.

We got and kept in constant touch with three of our senior editors: Kumar Vijay Mishra, Kumar Ashutosh and Peeyush Marwaha ( the Chief Editor of Techzine, ISTE's technical magazine). We talked to the originator of the first SRIJAN website ever (of 2008) Jai Dhawan. It was, nice!

Genesis is a letter to the reader, and as a wise one said, “Everything can't be said in one letter”. Turn the pages and savor the smell and the souls of the artists.

An artist knows that one can only evolve and mature if one gets feedback on his/her pieces. We gave it, to the people who asked for it, sometimes even unsolicited. We feel collywobbles when we say we haven't had feedback from any other than our senior team members. If you feel apprehended/reprehended about anything or would just want to help us grow as a community, drop an email at [srijan.nith@gmail.com](mailto:srijan.nith@gmail.com) and we'll reply for sure!

### Cover paintings by:

Archit Singh, B. Arch. Second year  
Jitender Singh Dansinghta, Civil, Final year  
Jazeel Jazim, B. Arch. First year

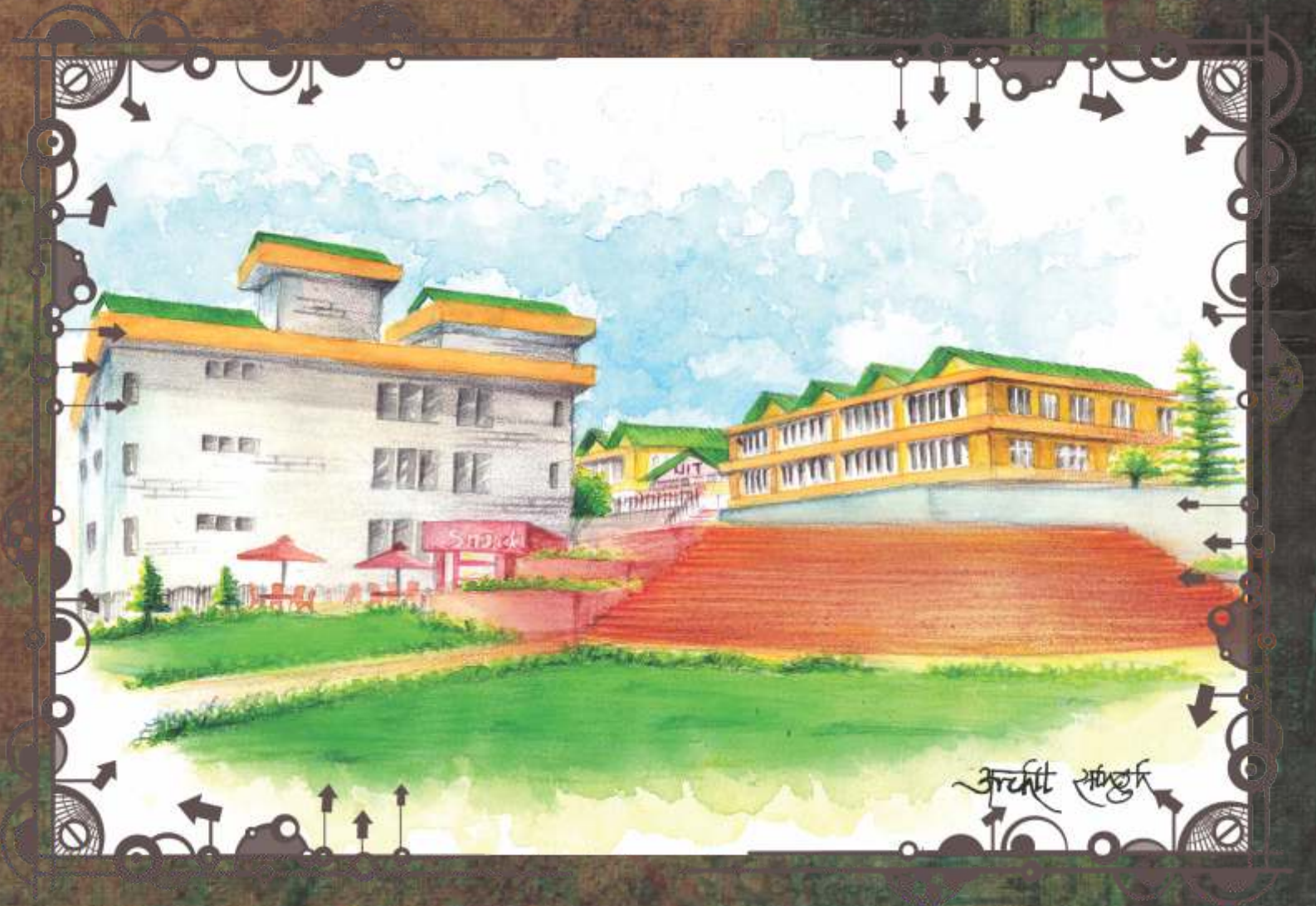
### Digital artist:

Divyanshu Maithani, CSE, Third Year



# National Institute of Technology

Hamirpur, Himachal Pradesh



## *Vision Statement*

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





**Senapathy (Kris) Gopalakrishnan**

Chairman, Board of Governors, NIT Hamirpur (H.P.)  
(Former Vice Chairman, CEO & Managing Director – Infosys)

I am glad to know that National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur (H.P.) is releasing its annual magazine SRIJAN, for the session 2014-15.

The annual publication provides a unified platform to all the members of the Institute and presents the Institute's diverse prowess in arts and literary fields. SRIJAN brings out arts blending with technology in innovative and creative modes and patterns. In these, you can see the potential of successful engineers and architects, who graduate from the Institute each year.

As builders of the nation, students have portrayed their best in the magazine. I congratulate everyone who has been associated with the magazine. The magazine compiles and complements every student's intellectual journey. I wish the editorial board, the contributors and the readers a happy reading.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Gopalakrishnan' with a stylized flourish at the end.

Senapathy (Kris) Gopalakrishnan



**Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava**  
Director, NIT Hamirpur



प्रो० रजनीश श्रीवास्तव  
निदेशक

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

Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava  
Director

## Message

I feel extremely delighted to know that our Institute is about to release the 14<sup>th</sup> edition of the annual Institute magazine, SRIJAN.

SRIJAN has always been a platform where the students may showcase their talents and pen down things beyond imagination. Moreover, it has been serving as an integral medium of expression of thoughts, ideas and perspectives for everyone associated with the Institute, while at the same time has been a wondrous reading delight.

The varied contributions in the magazine enable the readers to step out of their comfort zones and glance at the world with a brand new perspective. Furthermore, it highlights the fact that contributors' bounds aren't merely limited to the technical aspects.

I extend my heartiest congratulations to all the contributors, including the editorial board, for the sincere efforts they have put in which has helped us to release yet another commendable edition of SRIJAN.

**Rajnish Shrivastava**





**Dr. Sushil Chauhan**

Dean (SW & AA), NIT Hamirpur

It is heartening to witness yet another successful release of the annual institute magazine, SRIJAN. Over the years, National Institute of Technology has welcomed young minds with dynamic thoughts and concrete ideas to come forward and showcase their capabilities. Simultaneously, SRIJAN has been serving as a medium of communication. It reflects that apart from widening technical horizons, the institute ensures all round personality development of the individuals. I wish team SRIJAN and all the students of the institute success for all their future endeavours.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Sushil Chauhan'.

**Dr. Sushil Chauhan**



**Dr. Yogesh Gupta**  
Faculty Co-ordinator, SRIJAN, NIT Hamirpur



It is a great privilege and honour to be associated with the annual college magazine SRIJAN. Ever since its inception, 'SRIJAN' has provided students an ample platform to express their views and exhibit their literary talents and innovative skills, which in turn helps in the overall development and empowerment of thoughts and actions.

I would humbly like to thank the director of NIT Hamirpur for his constant support and encouragement while making the magazine reality. I also thank the Dean, Head of Departments and other faculty members for their support and guidance. On behalf of the entire editorial board, I thank the NITH family for their contributions and help, all through the making of the SRIJAN 2014-15.

**Dr. Yogesh Gupta**



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# The Editorial



Srijan isn't just a magazine. It's a thread that binds the student's community of NIT H. The other day, Dr. Kumar Vijay Mishra (read his Fond Disclosures 7th) informed about some seniors from early 1990s who wrote him back in 2007 (probably after reading his 2003's issue) on his article. Such is the power of written word, it connects people beyond time and countries. There are more poets and writers on campus, than you think there are. How do we know? Because there have been unexpected number of people whose poems and writing pieces we had the opportunity to look at and give constructive feedback. Writing is deemed difficult not just because of lack of trials or because of its structure, grammar and functional quandaries, but because its use is preceded and preferred by spoken language. "Why write when we can speak!" Even then thoughts are only approximately converted into spoken words; I'm sure we all have had such instances (exams for example) where we find it abstruse to convert what's inside our heads into words in conversation, discourse or casual exchange. Secondly, our third natural instinct (after food and the evolutionary desire to reproduce) is story telling through word of mouth and not pen. Poems, verses and many stories have been passing down generations through sharing sounds produced by tongue and vocal chords' movements. "Then why write!" People on campus ask me, or give in to 'Why don't you write?' acquiescently. Here is my answer : Because a word said to me in an interview :

"I've nothing to say, I'm shy of my existence"  
They say they want to go to their moms and dads:  
Silence and silence. They say they could describe  
Matter not love, for its imperfect, hence infinite.  
They say : "If love was finite, we wouldn't have been born"  
They say they are the biggest sources of embarrassments  
But also of affection. One said : "I've been spoken zillions of  
times  
But only when I'll be written, shall I be given life"

People write because after writing they feel the same meditative state that one feels when they have scolded someone after being irked at them. Because, in that moment, nothing exists, mind is a blank slate. Words come out to achieve silence. And they come out through us so that our egomaniacal mind is tricked into believing that it has to write something to honor its existence on the planet after it vanishes. We write because its practice gives us the better insights of terseness, of ourselves. We write to again read, write and then inspire. We write to express (imagine a body less mind which is very angry). We write because in between the lines there is something elusive to play with, and not to find, for what fun is in catching something that is just right there! We write because we can't think of what we don't know and when we do know why to think? We write because not writing is not an option.

This year we let design of the magazine write us. The unnamed, color theme of the magazine: "Tints and Shades of Blue", drove us into organization and compactness of the prose, verses and poems that are to follow. Enough of the Cricket World Cup, let us really bleed you blue now.

Chief Editor  
Srijan 2014-2015



Arianth Verma



Surbhi Chhabra



Saurabh Shakya



Ayushi Kumari



Divya Saini



This year the magazine was not organized on the basis of literature but on a color concept. This was totally a new experiment and I hope it is taken well by the readers and admirers of the art. All this work would have never been done successfully without the help of my 'Jangoos', specially third year who stayed awake nights. From 2nd year I have been a member of many clubs but Srijan surpassed the work ethic to a whole new level, to a family. I minded my proprieties to give more time to her than anything else. The excitement to write this, initially couldn't exceed from my wanting to leave writing and engage the printer's designer to establish perfection links to our design. But thankfully I could stick to the end! Working in a team helped us inculcate the art of conflict resolution, which was a terrific skill to learn. It was my last year working for the college magazine and surely was the best.



Design Head

This edition's sheer size brings about a bounty of technical articles, a tessellation of images and high hopes inspiring our audience to realize their real dreams through the career oriented surveys, this time, catering to both the Hindi and English readers. We have tried to weave happy hues throughout the magazine yet not leaving the melancholic and stoic ones. These four years of college without the integral role played by the magazine would have never been the same. Being a part of SRIJAN has taught me tremendous things, I came as petite innocent birds, learnt to conquer as eagles, and leaving wise as owls. I have been a proud member of SRIJAN.

Though the novice may think that creating and releasing the magazine is no work at all, but I would like to assure them, that this is not true. It's sheer hard work that has made sure that this magazine is within your grasp today. Countless days, sleepless nights, full of editing and proofreading, the ringing debate about each article going on and off, all this and much more have gone into the making of this magazine. Wanting to get rid of my constantly ringing phone, that insatiable desire to sleep, and trying not to forget when to eat, are just memories not. Happy memories that were gone with the days work!

*Siddha Ganju*

English Editor

सृजन का यह अंक आपके हाथों में प्रस्तुत करते हुए सृजन का हिन्दी विभाग अत्यंत हर्ष और गौरव की अनुभूति कर रहा है। सृजन के साथ 3 वर्षों के अनुभव ने मेरे जीवन की किताब में कई सुनहरे पन्ने जोड़े हैं। सृजन के साथ इस यात्रा में कई बेहतरीन व्यक्तित्व के लोगों से मिला। ऐसे कई छात्र रचनाकारों से मिलने का मौका मिला जो अपने दिल की बात को शब्दों का रूप देने में बेजोड़ हैं। सबकी लेखनी में उनका अलग-अलग अंदाज, उनकी अपनी महक रची बसी होती है। कुछ ऐसे भी लोग मिले जो सामान्य सी लगने वाली बातों को भी बिल्कुल अलग ही नजरिये से देखते हैं, उनकी बातों को सुनना और उन्हें शब्दों का रूप देने का अनुभव मुझे आज भी रोमांचित कर देता है। वास्तव में सृजन एक दर्पण की भाँति है, जहाँ आप यहाँ पढ़ने वाले लोगों के विचार, उनके मन में चलने वाले द्वन्द, उनकी भावनाओं, उनके हुनर को देख सकते हैं। कॉलेज के ये 4 साल बेमिसाल होते हैं। मैं अपने प्रथम वर्ष में जिस व्यक्तित्व व विचारों के साथ आया था, आज जब 4 साल बाद पीछे मुड़कर खुद को देखता हूँ तो काफी कुछ बदला हुआ पाता हूँ। इस कॉलेज ने कई रंग भरे हैं मुझमें, दबाव में भी काम करने का ढंग, अपनी बात लोगों के सामने रखने का तरीका, जीवनभर साथ देने वाले कुछ कमीने दोस्त, उनके साथ बिताये यादगार लम्हे, हिमालय की खूबसूरत वादियों में घूमने का अनुभव और भी बहुत कुछ।

आशा करता हूँ आप भी इन 4 सालों को यूँ ही नहीं जाने देंगे।

*आशीष सोमवंशी*

संपादक, हिन्दी विभाग "सृजन"

## Team 'S'

**Chief Editor**  
Arihant Verma

**English Editor**  
Siddha Ganju

**Hindi Editor**  
Ashish Somvanshi

**Design Head**  
Shivam Gupta

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Vivekanand Kumar  
Chirag Tyagi  
Kaushal Kumar  
Bhupendra Singh  
Neelkamal Jhajharia

**Photographer**  
Varun Kalra



Annu Verma



Siddha Ganju



Ashish Somvanshi



Shivam Gupta





Shivam Gupta

“Having a design abstracted theme governing the exposition of literature aspects was a tricky experiment

Amur Verma

“This year we didn't need to ask people for articles, sketches and paintings. They kept coming like hoppers of endless rain

“  
“सृजन” द्वारा पर्दे के पीछे काम करने वाले लोगों को समर्पित लेख “शुक्रिया” मेरे दिल के सबसे करीब है।

Saurabh Shakya



Siddha Ganju

“This year's edition sees the world through new and nascent eyes. Absolutely everything is new beginning, a renaissance in the tides and times of Srijan



Anikaant Verma

“I wager the Feature Stories are more intellectually readable. SRIJAN's History Part 1 (Fond Disclosures 7) is a must read for every one

Ashish Somvanshi

“सृजन के इस अंक में पिछले अंको के मुकाबले अधिक मात्रा में आये हिन्दी लेख एक सुखद एहसास है।



Ayushi Kumari

“Tints and shades of blue, campus spooning, gothnacked number of entries (especially of Hindi), detachable first year collage are what is taking my heart away



Swabhi Chhabra

“We've tried to weave through the magazine, creating a timeless rhythm, a tessellation from the articles and images



Dinya Saini

“So much more techno! So many more magazine pages to create, so many more people volunteering, so many things to include in this edition. There is so much more of everything!





Broadcast Yourself



# Cartoons

~ Archit Singh  
B.Arch. 2nd Year





# campus spanning

(based on real life events)



1: AGH, from outside. A girl is busy getting ready for her meeting with two senior graduates.

2. Scene: (Gate 1) A group of girls is sitting in front of the shops at Gate One when Rajan and Deepak stroll in.

Rajan: Dekh yaar, aaj bhi kitni bandiyan baithi hain!

Deepak: Kuchh Khareedna toh nahin hai tujhe, Rajan?, <with a smirk on his face>

Rajan: ???

Deepak: Hamesha hi kuchh khareedna hota tha tujhe yahan, hai na?

Rajan: Hahaha, yaar vo din toh gaye ab.



3. Scene: (Mall Road) They start walking forward, snickering.

Rajan: Mall Road hai bhai, Yahaan aate hi thandi hawa chalni shuru ho jaati hai!

Kaash meri jacket lene wali koi hoti tab

Deepak: Haan bhai, tum toh bologe hi! Humse puchho, khud ko kitni thand lagti hai.

Phone rings – both check their phones

Rajan: Haan bhai messages tab bhi sirf tumhe hi aate hai

Deepak: haan bhai ab toh tum bologe hi, (Phone dekhte hue.)

Message: kahan ho? I will be ready in 5 mins.



4. Scene: Hut under Meditation centre.

Rajan: Time laga sakti hai, hum temple chale?

Deepak: Arre nahin, darshan kya karna? Aage bahut deviyan milengi!



5. Scene: AGH from the road.

Rajan: Ye naya hostel kyun ban raha hai yahan?

Deepak: Aabadi badh rahi hai ladkiyon ki, yaar!

Rajan: ab juniors ke liye toh sahi hai, Vaise bhi abhi tak girl:boy ratio kahin 1:10 ka hai shayad, aur kisi class me toh 1:50 ka.

Deepak: oye apne year ka yaad hai? Ekdam royal mechanical ayi thi.

Rajan: haan, vo kaise bhul sakta hu mai, Bechare toh cse ki classes attend karne jaate the kabhi kabhi.

Deepak and Rajan laugh.



6. (Scene: Just off the road from AGH.)

Sakshi jumps excitedly when she sees Rajan and Deepak.

Sakshi: Deepak Sir! Rajan Sir! Kaise ho?

Rajan: Amazing, yaar! Yahan hum jannat mein hain!

Sakshi: aur sir aap yahan vapis kaise aa gaye, ap toh bolte the ki ek baar chale gaye, phir nahi ayenge kabhi?

Deepak: Yaar admin ne kaam rok ke rakha hai. Ab kaam ke liye toh aana hi padega na.

Sakshi: vaah, mujh ko lagta tha ki sirf current students ka hi kaam hota yahan pe.

Rajan: beta yahan toh aisa hi hota hai, ab tumhare bhi toh ek hi semester hai, khud dekh logi tum bhi.



7. (Juice bar in the background)

The trio move towards the Juice Bar, and Sakshi buys all of them coke and Lays.

Rajan: Kyun, Sakshi? Tu pay kar rahi hai?

Sakshi: Nahin sir, maine kisi aur ka roll number likhva hai. Yahan chalta hai, aur mere bahut benefactors hain!

Deepak: yaar apne time me aisa toh nahi hota tha

Sakshi: ye recent batches ka kamaal hai. Loot lete hain apne seniors ko. Aur bechare seniors kuch kehete bhi nahi hai

Rajan: kya laga ke rakha hai tum dono ne, chips khao, chips.



8. Nescafe

Rajan: ek hi toh jagah hai jisse college ki feel aati hai

Deepak: Milta yahan kuchh nahin tha, but bheed sari phir bhi yahin hoti thi!

Rajan: tabhi toh college ki feel aati hai,

Sakshi: haan sir, sabse happening place toh ek hi hai, aisa bolna chahte ho kya aap ??

Deepak: kuch bhi samaj le yaar: Hogaya aapka? Sadaa mat maro, sir ab.



#### 9. Admin block.

Rajan: are vaah, sheeshe ka admin.

Sakshi: Admin aagaya, sheeshe ka toh hai, par ye doors sirf director ke liye hai, students ke liye vo saath vaala chotta darwaza hai!

Deepak: Kam, Confessions page ka admin, vo pata chal gaya kyun hai?

Rajan: vo toh kabhi nahi mila, ganda hi banda tha vo.

Sakshi: yaar sir kahan khoe hue ho aap!! nescafe pe baithe logon ko taadna band karo ab!

Rajan: oh iske opposite toh ye nayi building bhi ban gayi.

Sakshi: haan yahan toh pure time construction hi chala hota hai

Deepak: Iss Central block mein kya hota hai aaj-kal, Sakshi?

Sakshi: Satsang chalta hai, YES+ ka.

Rajan: ohho, phir toh jaldi niklo yahan se, isse pehle koi mil jae.

#### 10. Electrical Department.

Deepak: Chhota sa hi tha yaar tera electrical, Rajan.

Sakshi: haan par aaj dekho issme bhi lift ke liye construction chali hai!

Rajan: kuch bhi kahao, bijli phir bhi bahut thi isme!

Sakshi: Bijli nahin, sir, suppli wala department hai aapka.

#### 11. Civil Dept.

Rajan: Tum log bada ban ke ghumte the, kyun Deepak? Civil walon ki zyada foo-faa?

Deepak: Kyun na ho bhai? CSE saamne hai, Archi side mein. Hamari toh faculty bhi akad mein ghumti hai! Ganda hi department tha apna

Sakshi: haan civil vaale toh jab dekho apne equipments ke saath campus me ghoomte rehte hai

#### 12. CSE

Sakshi: Mera department hai best! (pointing towards CSE)

Rajan: Haan, connection toh best yahi milta tha.

Deepak: Hahaha

#### 13. KBH

Sakshi: Mera first year se mann hai KBH ke andar jaane ka!

Deepak: Toh hum bhi mixed doubles badminton tournament ka hi int-ezaar toh krte the!

Rajan: Arre, dekh Deepak! Chachin! Kitne bomb phode hain humne iske cabin mein!

#### 14. DBH (a boy is coming out of the gates of the hostel)

Sakshi: Ye aise hi! kyun raha hai, sir?

Deepak: Tu nahin jaanti? Yahan se jo nikalta hai, jhumte hue hi nikalta hai!

#### 15. Gate 2

Rajan: Aage kalinjadi tak chale, Deepak?

Sakshi: Nahin, nahin, abhi toh Mega Hostel tak chalna hai!

Deepak: Haan, maine suna hai 5 star hotel ki tarah hai ekdum.

Sakshi: Haan, bahut sari lifts hain, sensor wali lights hain.

#### 16. Gate 2.

Rajan: Impressive, yaar.

Sakshi: But problems bhi thi shayad.

Rajan: Problems?

Sakshi: Rally nikali thi inhone, sir, PGH tak. Shayad paani nahin aata tha, lifts bhi kaam nahin karti thi, khana bhi kharab banta tha.

Deepak: Toh rally nikal di? Kab?

Sakshi: Raat ko, sir. Poori faculty ko jaga diya tha.

Rajan: Masst log hain, yaar

#### 17. Lecture Hall, from back.

Rajan: Sabse irritating jagah aagayi campus ki, Deepak. Har roz subha 8.30 am se yahan par hi hote the.

Deepak: Haan, yaar. Bahut nikala hai teachers ne hume yahaan se, kabhi class ke liye late, kabhi baat karne ke liye, kabhi pen khatam ho jaata tha aur kabhi chewing gum khaane ke liye.

Sakshi: ab toh lift bhi ban rahi hai. Har jagah lift bana rahe hai ye log.

Rajan: sakshi tu toh lifts ke hi peeche pad gayi

Sakshi: yaar sir ye log har department me lift bana rahe hai aur bolte hai ki sirf teachers allowed in them. Students ke liye stairs hai.

#### 18. Ground

Rajan: Itna maza toh football khelne mein nahin aata, jitna basketball aur volleyball khelne mein.

Sakshi: Kya? Kyun?

Deepak: Kyunki basketball aur volleyball bandiyon bhi khelti hain, stupid. Tu abhi tak samjhi nahin hai iss Rajan ko?

Rajan: Tu iski baaten mat sun, Sakshi. Aaja selfie kheenchte hain bridge par.

#### 19. Dispensary

Deepak: Sakshi, dispensary ka kya haal hai?

Sakshi: Naam ki dispensary hai, dawai yahaan har beemari ki ek hi milti hai.

Rajan: Aisa hi raha hai hamesha se

#### 20. Bridge

Sakshi: Doodhi taraf se chalte hain, vahan bandar hain

Rajan: Yahi se chal, tum ladkiyon ka itna darr kyun lagta hai?

Sakshi: Because darr sabko lagta hai, sir. Aap sirf ban ke dikhte ho.

Deepak: Oye, bandar bhi ye saare AGH PGH ke paas hi kyun ghumte hain?

Rajan: Arre, Deepak, Engineering college ke Bandar hain na! Ladkiyon ke hostel ke aass pass hi toh mandarayenge!

#### 21. On In-Timings

Deepak: Tere jaane ka time ho gaya. Sakshi, Ye timings badal nahi sakti kabhi?

Sakshi: Main toh hamesha se kehti hun hamare in timings ko chhodo, boys par bhi restrictions lagao.

Rajan: Tu chhod abb, Sakshi. Pass-out hone wali hai! Azadi ka time!

Sakshi: Nahin, sir. Jaane ka mann hi nahin karta.

Rajan: Jaana toh padega hi beta, 8 bajne wale hain!





## Fond Disclosures VII NOW COMES THE EASY PART



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**“Kickstarting Prerna was uphill and politically intriguing but mutual bonhomie saw it through”**

If you have read CLR James’s semi-autobiographical cricket classic “Beyond A Boundary” - aptly referred as a “cricketer’s bible” - you might remember James describing the bowling style of 59-year old Sydney Barnes: *“As he forced himself to the crease you could see every year of his fifty-nine; but the arm swung over gallantly, high and straight. The wicket was slow, but a ball whipped hot from the pitch in the first over; and second slip took a neat catch.”* Fine prose but finer still is James’s recollection. Writing a memoir with all its accompanying juicy details indeed requires an elephant’s memory. It is not an easy job.

### A Drove of Disclaimers

So, when the current Srijan editors asked me to travel down the memory lane, and write a piece describing exactly how the now well-known NITH publication was founded, I knew how to begin - gather all the details. The problem was rather where to begin. This is because the story of Srijan’s foundations is not in its first issue of 2003. It begins much earlier in 1999 with the founding of the college wall-magazine Prerna. With the advent of Internet, luckily all our communications get self-archived. In 1998, I made my first email account on USA.net (well, nobody remembers this website; they shot themselves in the foot when they decided to charge fees for emails in 2001 - I hope they fired the executive who made this suggestion). At that time, there was no email forwarding capability or unlimited email storage. I had to lose my usa.net emails (and, therefore, many communications on Prerna). Consequently, I began using email addresses from multiple sites - lycos.com, excite.com, indiatimes.com, epatra.com, yahoo.com and rediffmail - so as not to exceed space in one account. I have constructed the post-2001 story of Srijan from these emails (not all of them exist today). As for Prerna, I would just have to rely on some grey cells.

Srijan editors initially allotted me two pages to write the complete story of Srijan. To compress four years in two pages would be akin to watching *Lord of the Rings* trilogy as three 1-minute trailers. That’s hardly enjoyable and doesn’t do justice to every character in this story. Therefore, with the consent of Srijan’s editors, I have decided to write a multi-part story on Srijan’s genesis in this column; interested readers who would graduate in near future can always track the other parts of the story on my webpage.

Sieving out the details for the memoir is a matter of diligence. It might require hours of research but shouldn’t worry a writer of any personal consequences. The bigger devil that concerns any writer is the truth itself. One person’s truth can offend another person, especially in a society like India where people habitually substitute deference for candor. A memoir involves real people - in this case fellow NITHians. It would also be a patent conceit to write a memoir without mentioning any names. I am, therefore, left with no alternative but to summon a few names and initials here. I hope my friends would sportingly treat their description here merely as a cameo of their much bigger and interesting life in Srijan’s story and not get offended by so-to-say any unflattering words. In case they do, lashings of apologies!

### Prerna - The First Release

It was one of the mornings of the fall semester of 1999. I had spent only a few first months at NITH (then, RECH) campus. I was returning from Dr. Sunil’s morning class of Applied Mathematics - I, held in the Multi-Purpose Hall (MPH - weird how we never forget the first abbreviations and acronyms we learn in NITH) of the Admin Block. The helical stairway from the first floor (where MPH was located) led right in front of what used to be university cashier’s window. A wall separated the front-entrance of the Admin Block from the helical staircase. On a usual day, a small notice board of Applied Sciences and Humanities department would occupy this wall. A bunch of announcements from student organizations would also be posted around this notice board. However, this day was different. There was a huge poster-like object, possibly constructed by gluing several blank drawing sheets. Over this base, there stuck handwritten articles, poems, drawings, and cartoons contributed by students and faculty. The central piece - an editorial by a third-year ECE student Vishal Rana (VR) - labeled this well-put structure as the college wall-magazine *Prerna*. He envisaged many future issues and support by - I remember his words - “a parliament of patrons”. Impressive, so I thought. Rana’s “parliament of patrons” was very visible in the form of only first-year students who had paused for a momentary view of this non quotidian spectacle, but all of them quickly dispersed at the ring of bell for the next lecture. In the evening, I went back to MPH to read the wall-magazine. As a literature-lover, I found it very reassuring to land in an institute that seemingly had a literature club. Little did I know, as a freshman, that NITH was no St. Stephens College (which actually has an active Shakespearean Society). During the following days or weeks, I never saw a “parliament” stopping by and reading the wall-magazine. For the rest of the semester, we didn’t see any second issue of *Prerna*. It was heart-breaking.

When he put out his Prerna, I didn’t know Rana personally. During November 1999, he put out a notice announcing a “Book Club”. The club carried the blessings of our English faculty Dr. Saroj Thakur (ST). The prospective club members would read a book and then discuss it in club meetings every 2-3 weeks. The focus seemed to be on English literature - Ah, the by-product of our colonial hangover!

“Are they going to start another English Club?” wondered a few students as they appeared marginally interested in attending the *Book Club* meeting. Pardon the intentional condescension, but the NITH English or Hindi Clubs were not literary clubs. They didn’t encourage and foster study or



understanding of literature in respective languages. English Club was really a one-trick pony, more aptly a *Kumbhkarana* that will come alive only during Hill 'Ffair and then go back to an annual stubborn slumber (in case some of you froth and frown, yours truly has been one of the past English Club conveners himself). I, therefore, thought the *Book Club* would be a runaway success.

I decided to attend the first *Book Club* meeting with another of my interested ECE classmates, N Chetan (NC). When we reached the meeting venue, it looked like the meeting was already over. VR and ST were conversing outside the Admin block, and they seemed pleasantly surprised at our attendance. Apparently, the four of us were the only other folks who showed up. VR recognized me as a winner of the “fresher’s quiz”, and asked me to walk with him to Dhauladhar Boys Hostel (DBH). He expressed disappointment at the general lack of passion for literature in the campus. I asked him why he has not published any other issues of *Prerna*. He regretted that there has been paucity in contributions, as students tend to participate in only those activities where they expect to get a participation certificate. His wall magazine offered no such benefits. He quoted ST Coleridge, describing *Prerna* as an albatross around his neck - he coined the idea of the wall magazine but now he had to begin preparing for career exams. He told me to take it forward. I found the idea preposterous – here is a third-year student asking a first-year student to take the reins of a student wall-magazine. But Rana made his logic clear: *Prerna* was a non-entity for the most, so it should be easy to take ownership of something that has zero value. VR asked me to chew on these thoughts. We would meet occasionally and exchange our views for the rest of the semester. I felt a spiritual connection with *Prerna*. It seemed like an orphan beckoning me for adoption.

### A Lie Leads to Literature

During spring semester, I took Dr. Thakur’s class. Our class section proposed holding group discussions – à la the dead *Book Club* – during the tutorial sessions. She enthusiastically agreed. Our faux *Book Club* actually had surprisingly decent attendance (perhaps because it was treated as part of a course!). During one of my conversations with Dr. Thakur, I asked her why we don’t have a college magazine, and if my section of ECE could put together a second issue of *Prerna*. She always had a very charming way of expressing an agreement. She told me if we start and continue it, the magazine could actually become a reality. This advice is no different than what you heard in the 1989 movie *Field of Dreams*: *Build it and they will come!* And build it, we did!

My first job was to engage in a benign deception: let my classmates think that the issue of *Prerna* is something they are doing as a part of coursework. *I told them exactly this!* It has been fifteen years; I am sure they would not hold this lie against me! I didn’t want *Prerna* to be overwhelmed by the Anglican coterie, and besides, we had a darn great talent in Hindi as well. I requested NC to become the “editor of the English section” (there was no such office; I just made it up). Thereafter, I approached another of my ECE classmates Surya Bir Singh (SBS) to take over the “Hindi section”. After a troika of editors was confirmed, I began approaching other classmates who were initially reluctant to participate: my friend Om Kant Shukla (OKS) as another editor for Hindi section, and Mascarenhas Rio David (MRD) for the English. I decided to remain in both English and Hindi sections due to my bilingual interests and proficiency. Voila! We had an editorial board!

The first editorial board of *Prerna*, therefore, comprised almost exclusively of ECE first year students. Having told other students that this was an official editorial board, I could not have asked for their monetary contributions for *Prerna*’s stationery – drawing sheets, sketch pens, glue, tapes etc. It seems very paltry today. But consider how many first-year students would be willing to spend money sent by their parents on this apparently foolish fantasy than pay their tuition fees? Not many, as one NITHian once jokingly told me that, in first year, even 50-paise are dearer. A deception comes at a cost. For all future issues of *Prerna*, I took the responsibility of all expenses out of my pocket.

Unlike VR, I didn’t worry about the contributions. As I advise old and new *Srijan* editors now: when faced with a prospect of lack of contributions, simply take all good writers in the editorial board. I knew that most of the contributions for our *Prerna* had to come from the editorial board. And boy, was I lucky to land in a group of good writers? Yes, sire!

I can’t explain the excitement we all had putting together the first issue of our *Prerna*. We constructed the wall magazine poster secretly in my room in Kailash Boys Hostel (KBH), went to MPH late night in February 2000 to put the magazine on the wall and then quietly waited for reactions of other students in the morning. The next day, I had butterflies-in-the-stomach as I saw other students glued to the second issue of *Prerna*. We would go on publishing five more issues during that semester with the contributions from many other students. *Build it and they will come* – Dr. Thakur was right!

*Prerna* was no longer a succès d’estime – it was worth solid stock now. Now came the easy part of continuing it for subsequent years.

*To be continued ...* In next issue: How *Prerna*’s popularity became a center of conflict over a controversial website proposal? What happened when a short-lived campus newspaper *Papparazzi* called me “a tyrant sitting at the top” in my role as *Srijan*’s chief editor? How *Prerna* inspired another spin-off, *Vichaar*?

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# “For me, he is still alive...”

A dialogue with a brave-heart,

proud father of a gallant son.

~Interviewed by Chirag Tyagi and Priya Vashishth

Some chronicles stay unwritten,  
Several deeds go unsung,  
Many psalms fade unheard,  
And our Heroes remain unremembered.



Retd. Lt. Col. J.K. Sharma  
Father of Capt. Mridul Sharma

**Q. What would you like us to know about our hero and his early life?**

**A.** Born on January 24, 1978, Capt. Mridul Sharma was brought up in his native village, Ser, Teh. Bhoranj. He lived with his mother for most of the time for I had been posted in the operational areas of Chhamb, J&K, at the time of his birth. When he was a year-and-a-half old, he and his mother had the permission to stay in the field area, ahead of Akhnoor, with me. Then, we moved to Bakloh Cantonment town, Chamba. He studied in KV Hamirpur, after I was transferred to Mizoram. Thus, my association with him had been minimal. Moving to Jalandhar through Arunachal, the family stayed there as well, where he joined KV, Jalandhar. He enjoyed cycling through the cantonment area in the evenings. From there on, we stayed in Hamirpur, here itself.

**Q. Can you share some memories of him being a child?**

**A.** Owing to my deployment, I couldn't see him growing up. I can recollect just a few memories. When he was a toddler, every day after getting ready with tucked in half sleeves T-shirt and shorts, he used to bring my father his cane so as to drop a hint to take him for a walk. He was very fond of watching birds, even as a year old kid. Another memory of his childhood that I remember is when he used to enjoy sitting in the backyard, with his legs dipped in the water tank. I brought him some 25 rabbits he used to enjoy playing with, while we were living in Maharaja of Chamba's home for royal hunts. Once, while strolling down the fields, he said to me very innocently, "Daddy, mereko ye gehun chhed rahi hai", meaning that the wheat plants are teasing me. This is what I remember of his childhood.

**Q. How did he like his academics? What on his participation in extra-curricular activities?**

**A.** I would say that Capt. Mridul Sharma never wasted a day of his life. He was extremely hard-working, studious and serious by nature. After his schooling from KV, he did his course of B.Sc. in computers from GDC, Hamirpur. He was excellent in academics. His handwritten notes of during the training are still lying here. An expert in computers, still better than his own instructors. Even when he did not have the result of his degree in his hands, he had been selected in IMA, which he joined in 1997. He used to participate in the little extra-curricular activities of the institute. Moreover, in the army, it is a compulsion to choose one sport and so did he.

**Q. What led him to join the Air Defense?**

**A.** His immediate instructor, from the Air Defense, was very fond of him. Consequently, the former sought him to come to his regiment. So he went to the same where he was commissioned in the highest unit of Air Defense.

**Q. What about his courses during his service?**

**A.** According to the tradition of the army, one has to stay with the jawans and follow the same routine as they do, no matter what post or what field you obtain. Following the Young Officers course from Gopalpur, Orissa, he did an Adventure Course from Bhuj, Gujarat. For getting through in the academy, one has to pass the swimming test as well. Capt. Mridul became good in swimming, which he learned in less than a week, missing a family trip to Garhwal. Next was the course for the Company Commander. He led a very busy life.

**Q. As you told, you stayed away from home for most part of his childhood. So, how was the bond between the both of you?**

**A.** As there were no telephones or mobile phones available then, the only bond was through the letters exchanged or the little time I could be home for little vacations that I had while serving in the army. That was the only possible bond.

**Q. What was your contribution in his joining the defense forces?**

**A.** I came to know that he was going for the defense forces while I was deployed. Realizing that there was no one to guide him, myself uncertain of the amount required, I sent him a sum of Rs 5000. This was the only contribution on my part.

**Q. What is the one thing about him that you like the most?**

**A.** I wanted him to become a successful soldier. (And he did, indeed, become one.)

**Q. How did you feel while sending him to the border areas from home?**

**A.** Being an army man myself, it seemed a routine to come to home for a few days in the year and return. So, it wasn't the case that I would think twice before sending him to his work field. I remember seeing him off at the bus stand. Being a soldier, self-contained, he used to put on his backpack, get on the bus and leave.



**Q. What were the activities going on in the border areas on the New Year's Eve?**

**A.** He was out on a Search and Destroy mission along with his troops with all the provisions like bullet proof jackets, artillery etc. They investigated the area as there had been some information regarding the possibility of militants residing in a few Dhoks (isolated houses). The next we know is that firing started in the region. With the advantage of altitude, one of them burst fired on Capt. Mridul. The bullets hit him at the point between the collar bone and shoulder blades (one of the most vulnerable points even with a bullet proof jacket on) and penetrated his heart straight-away. Another burst of bullets pierced his liver/kidney. This led to a large amount of internal bleeding. Thus, he achieved martyrdom on 0130h, January 1, 2004.

**Q. In context to the 1st January, 2004, what would you like to tell us?**

**A.** I was posted at Yol, near Dharamshala during that time. My Subedar had received a telephonic message, who came to me along with a Havaldar around 5 a.m. in the morning. I was of the mind that they had come to wish the New Year. After remaining silent for long, they informed me. I called up the required people through my channel, who asked me to leave immediately. So, I drove down to this place in my car right away, whereas his body arrived a day later. Being an army officer, I was well prepared for the situation. It was more of a proud moment that he had sacrificed his life for a cause like this.

**Q. How difficult was it for you to console the family members?**

**A.** Being an army officer, I would say that sentiments remain in the heart. It doesn't take a few days or months, but several years to reconcile. As thoughts echo in you, it depends upon you how you control it. To add to it, if you lose your faith, it turns out to be hard for the rest of the family. I never let the family members break. On my part, I am still struggling. Whatever sentiments are, are at a standstill inside me. Well, as they say, 'Time is the greatest healer'. With the passage of time, you learn to reconcile. For me, he is still alive.

**Q. What about the final tribute that was paid to him here itself?**

**A.** The body was brought here in the national-flag-draped casket around 11 am the next day. Several parties of officers came; including one from Jalandhar, as J&K falls under the Western Command. The officers and jawans from his unit in Jhansi came in. My colleague, a Colonel practicing re-employment, received the body in Mataul and brought him here. On the day of cremation, a holiday was declared and the traffic was brought to a halt, taken care of by the DSP and related staff. All the highways and freeways up to the Hathlikhad crematorium were blocked by the civilians. Hence, the tribute was paid as per the modus operandi by the military forces. (As per defenceforumindia.com, 'Jawans of the Army and the Hamirpur police reversed their arms and fired shots in the air before the pyre was lit.')

**Q. Would you like to tell us about the awards that he received?**

**A.** He received Sena Medal for gallantry for his contribution. (Sena Medal as per Wikipedia: "for such individual acts of exceptional devotion to duty or courage as have special significance for the Army.")

**Q. Apart from the park and the chowk, what other souvenirs persist in his name?**

**A.** Well, the park was an initiative by the local inhabitants while the chowk was taken up by the State govt. There are various memorials in his name. The first one is where his unit is positioned. Also, a market has been named after him in Ryasi, ahead of Vaishno Devi Temple, J&K. Needless to mention, his name is engraved in Srinagar along with the others' who laid down themselves for the nation.

**Q. Do you wish for any more recognition for him?**

**A.** It's a pity how the politicians turn a deaf ear to all the appeals even for our valiant sons' remembrance. I wanted that an educational institute should be named after him, which had been promised to me by the then-CM. Today, even after 11 years of his sacrifice, the file sits lined up on his table waiting to be signed.

**Q. Even after losing a son, what message would you want to give to the youth of the country about joining the forces?**

**A.** First things first, a person's aim in his life is his career and the advancement thereafter. Saying this, the job as an army chap is a highly regarded one that is of responsibility and reliability. Moreover, the army looks after you. It provides you with a Class I gazetted, commissioned status and much advancement for example from a sipahi to an honorary captain. It is thus a good career option.

**Q. Can we have some anecdotes from your theatre of war?**

**A.** There is this yarn in my heart in which many lives were saved. Once while I was posted in Lanka, my mortar was ready in a clash against the LTTE terrorists who had attacked my company the same day. Without any observation posts ahead of me, as I was about to take the shoot, it struck to me that the mortar being an area weapon could cause devastation - take lives of the innocent populace. Consequently, I dropped the idea.

**Q. What message would you want to give to the students of NIT?**

**A.** I would say that whatever stream you choose, dedicate yourself to the best of your skills. You get a life just once. Own it and make it a success. Get inspiration from personnel like Dr Abdul Kalam who remains modest enough to possess a two-room abode in Madras even after being the President of a realm like this. Achieve something for yourself and then help others to do the same.



# शिक्षा के बदलते संदर्भ

## एक सर्वेक्षण

संकलन : नीलकमल झांझरिया



शिक्षा की गुणवत्ता, शिक्षकों की मेहनत और विद्यार्थियों की क्षमता पर सम्पूर्ण राष्ट्र का भविष्य निर्भर करता है। जब गुरुकुल हुआ करते थे तब शिक्षा देने का माध्यम, शिक्षा देने का तरीका और विद्यार्थियों के लिए शिक्षा पाने का उद्देश्य भिन्न हुआ करता था। समय के प्रवाह ने शिक्षा की धारा को भी प्रभावित किया है। इन नए परिवर्तनों से जहाँ एक ओर शिक्षण के तरीके, पाठ्यक्रम, शिक्षा के उद्देश्य में बदलाव हुए हैं, वहीं दूसरी ओर अनेकों चुनौतियाँ, कुछ उपलब्धियों के साथ प्राप्त हुई हैं। आज भले ही हमने शिक्षा और शिक्षण के उपयोग बदल दिये हों परन्तु शिक्षा का मूल उद्देश्य सदैव मनुष्य को मनुष्य बनाना ही रहेगा। कई दफा बहस होती है कि हमने भारतीय शिक्षा की मूल आत्मा को बहुत पीछे छोड़ दिया है। वर्तमान शिक्षा का उद्देश्य तो महज अंग्रेजों द्वारा भारत के पतन एवं उनके लिए काम करने वाले शिक्षित “मजदूर” बनाना है।

इस बहस का मूल उद्देश्य सदैव शिक्षण के तरीके और पाठ्यक्रम में प्रारम्भिक से उच्च शिक्षा-स्तर तक आमूलचूल परिवर्तन करना रहा है।

आज हमारी शिक्षा हमें शिक्षित तो बनाती है पर बेरोजगारी भी देती है। शिक्षा के बदले संदर्भों ने स्वरोजगार की अवधारणा को केवल अनपढ़ लोगों तक सीमित कर दिया है।

वर्तमान शिक्षा प्रणाली ने हमें वैश्विक मंच तो प्रदान किया है परन्तु बदले में हमारी कार्यक्षमता में हानि की है, क्योंकि आज भाषा का माध्यम ही विद्यार्थी वर्ग के लिए चुनौती बन गया है। प्राणजीवन मेहता जो गाँधी जी के सलाहकार रहें हैं इसका पक्ष बहुत ही मार्मिक तरीके से रखते हैं उनके अनुसार यदि शैक्षणिक विषयों की भाषा विद्यार्थियों की क्षेत्रीय भाषा रखी जाए तो हमारे विद्यार्थी और अधिक दक्ष और अधिक कुशल और अधिक सक्षम बन सकते हैं। हम तकनीकी के विद्यार्थी हैं। यदि हमारे परिपेक्ष्य में देखा जाए तो हमारा उद्देश्य नयी खोजें करना, नयी तकनीक देना है। यदि वैश्विक मंच पर हमें नए अन्वेषण को महज प्रस्तुत करने के लिए दूसरी भाषा सीखनी पड़ेगी ये तर्क अपूर्ण है क्योंकि हमारा उद्देश्य नयी तकनीक देना है, वैश्विक भाषा में प्रस्तुत करना भाषाविद का काम है, हाँ यदि नयी खोज के लिए कोई भाषा सीखना अत्यधिक आवश्यक है तो वो सीखी जा सकती है।

आज शिक्षा योग्यता तो देती है पर मार्गदर्शन नहीं। तभी शिक्षा पूरी करने या नौकरी करने के बाद भी आज का युवा यह तय नहीं कर पा रहा कि उसकी अपने वर्तमान कार्यक्षेत्र में रुचि है भी या नहीं? उसे क्या करना चाहिए? उसके जीवन का उद्देश्य क्या होना चाहिए?

हो सकता है यह तथ्य सभी पर लागू न हो परन्तु जब तक शिक्षा का समुचित लाभ आखिरी राष्ट्रवासी को न मिले तब तक उस राष्ट्र के लिए शिक्षा का उद्देश्य अधूरा रहेगा और यहाँ तो पूरा एक समूह है जो संतुष्ट नहीं है।

और समूह भी राष्ट्र के भावी कर्णधारों का है जो इस सर्वे के माध्यम से स्वयं कह रहे हैं कि—कैसी शिक्षा यह कैसा शिक्षण जो मानव नहीं बनाता यंत्र॥

ये विचार उन भावी इंजीनियरों के हैं जिनकी योग्यता और उपलब्धियों पर राष्ट्र एवं मानवता का भविष्य निर्भर करता है, जिनकी शिक्षा पर भारत सरकार बहुत अधिक धन लगा रही है।

परन्तु सरकारें कभी कोशिश नहीं कर पाईं उनसे पूछने की कि उन्हें वास्तव में क्या चाहिए? एक कसक उठी जो ले आई हमें इस सर्वे तक, एक मौका देश के भावी कर्णधारों को सफलता, आगे निकलने की मिथक प्रतिस्पर्धा से दूर स्वयं से रुबरू होने का, एक दफा स्वयं से पूछने का कि यदि वो सारी रुकावटें, वो सारी बंदिशें न होती तो आप क्या चुनते? अपने सपनों के लिए हकीकत की जमीन कहाँ तराशते?

यदि परिणामों पर गौर फरमाया जाए तो कोई भी निराशाजनक आश्चर्य में पड़ सकता है।

एक नजर नतीजों पर—

45% इंजीनियर्स अपने वर्तमान कार्यक्षेत्र से संतुष्ट नहीं हैं। यदि स्पष्ट शब्दों में कहा जाए तो 45% इंजीनियर, इंजीनियर बनना ही नहीं चाहते।

इन असन्तुष्ट “भावी इंजीनियरों” के सपने तकनीक के क्षेत्र से कोसों दूर हैं। कोई नृतक(dancer) बनना चाहता है तो कोई गायक (singer), कोई एथलीट (athlete), कोई लेखक तो कोई फेशन डिजाइनर, कोई शेफ (chef), कोई मैनेजर, तो कोई प्रशासनिक सेवा में जाना चाहता है।

जब कारण पूछा गया कि क्या वजह है कि आज आप अपने पसंदीदा कार्यक्षेत्र में नहीं हैं तो जवाब और भी चौंकने वाले—

Because my parents don't want.

Somebody tells me or guides me.

Ohh there is not enough opportunity for a good career in my desired field.

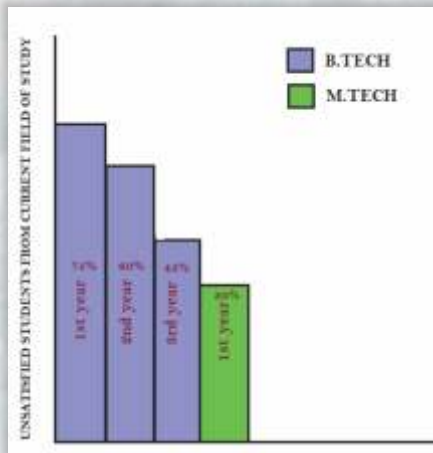
Because I don't have enough resources to choose the field I want to be in.

Because I don't know what I'm interested in.

Because I have nobody to guide me what should I choose. e.t.c.

जब पूछा गया कि यदि भविष्य में उन्हें एक अवसर दिया जाए तो क्या वो अपने इच्छित क्षेत्र में जाने का साहस कर पाएंगे? तो इन असन्तुष्ट इंजीनियरों (45%) में से





सर्वे के नतीजे NIT HAMIRPUR के B.TECH एवं M.TECH के विद्यार्थियों के परिपेक्ष्य में हैं।  
 \* सहज भाव से सभी को समझ आ सके अतः कुछ अंग्रेजी भाषा के शब्दों का प्रयोग किया गया है।

(95%) अपने क्षेत्र को बदलने का साहस नहीं कर पाये।

हम यह नहीं कहते कि आप कायर हैं जो इतना सा भी साहस नहीं कर सकते, कभी नहीं क्योंकि ग्रेजुएशन (स्नातक डिग्री) पूरी करते-करते समय हमें उस स्थान पर ला खड़ा करता है जहाँ हमारे ऊपर जिम्मेदारियाँ होती हैं परिवार की, समाज की। हम स्वयं को उसमें झोंक तो सकते हैं पर उनसे मुँह फेरकर भाग नहीं सकते। परंतु क्या स्वयं को झोंकने में या समझौता करने में जीवन कि सार्थकता संभव है? क्या शिक्षा का उद्देश्य मात्र अर्थोपार्जन (धन कमाने) तक ही सीमित रह गया है? क्यों धन जो कभी जीवन की आवश्यकता भर था, शिक्षा और जीवन का उद्देश्य बन गया है? और क्या हम ऐसे ही इन ख्वाहिशों को दफन होने दें? सपनों को हकीकत में बदलने की कोशिश करने से पहले ही बिना प्रयास किए मर जाने दें?

हो सकता है 65% इंजीनियर्स अपने वर्तमान अध्ययन क्षेत्र से संतुष्ट हैं और यह बहुत संतोषप्रद बात है कि वो अपने क्षेत्र में समर्पण के साथ काम कर रहे हैं तथा राष्ट्र को तकनीकी रूप से समृद्ध करने की ओर अग्रसर हैं परंतु कहीं न कहीं उनमें भी शिक्षण प्रणाली को लेकर थोड़ा बहुत विरोध मुखरित हो ही जाता है। हमारा मुख्य उद्देश्य इस सर्वे के माध्यम से कड़वी परंतु वास्तविक जमीनी हकीकत प्रस्तुत करना है। बुद्धिमान शिक्षाविदों का ध्यान इस ओर आकर्षित करना कि यदि समय रहते समुचित प्रयास नहीं किए गए तो भारत जिस युवाशक्ति पर गर्वित होता है वो भविष्य में भ्रमित होकर पथभ्रष्ट हो सकती है।

कुछ समाधान जो किए जा सकते हैं –

1. विद्यालय स्तर पर कार्यक्षेत्र परामर्श (career guidance) से संबन्धित विषय अनिवार्य किया जाए।
2. पाठ्यतर गतिविधि (Extra-curricular activity) को पाठ्यक्रम (syllabus) का हिस्सा बनाया जाए ताकि विद्यार्थी को अपने रुचिपरक (interest) का विषय पहचानने में सहायता मिले।
3. फ्रैशन, डिजाइन इत्यादि क्षेत्रों से संबन्धित बेहतर योजनाएँ बनाई जाएँ। बेहतर महाविद्यालय या विश्वविद्यालय खोले जाएँ ताकि विद्यार्थियों को उच्च स्तरीय शिक्षण (quality education) प्रदान किया जा सके। विद्यार्थियों को एक बेहतर भविष्य नजर आए और मात्र जीवनयापन के लिए कोई अपने सपने न बेंचें।
4. विद्यार्थियों एवं उनके अभिभावकों के लिए करियर परामर्श से संबन्धित कार्यक्रम चलाएँ ताकि उन्हें सही मार्गदर्शन मिल सके।
5. अभिभावक अपने निर्णय बच्चों पर थोपने कि बजाय उन्हें निर्णय लेने का अवसर दें, सम्पूर्ण ध्यान बच्चों को अच्छा बुरा समझाने कि बजाय एक बार उनके नजरिए से सोचने का प्रयास करें।

6. उच्च शिक्षा को किफायती बनाया जाए ताकि शिक्षा के मार्ग में विद्यार्थी की आर्थिक स्थिति बाधा न बने।

इसके अतिरिक्त भी बहुत ऐसे विकल्प हैं जहाँ तक संभवतया हमारी दृष्टि नहीं पहुँच पा रही हो।

सरकारी प्रयासों के अतिरिक्त क्या हम अपने स्तर पर परिस्थितियों से जूझने का माद्दा नहीं रखते? क्या हम अपने सपनों के लिए स्वयं नहीं लड़ सकते? हम जूझ भी सकते हैं और लड़ भी सकते हैं बशर्ते हम आराम की जिंदगी छोड़ संघर्ष करना प्रारम्भ करें। अगर सपनों को पाने की दौड़ में हम गिर भी गए तो हजारों हाथ होंगे उन सब लोगों के जिन्होंने अपने सपनों, अपनी ख्वाहिशों के लिए अंतिम श्वास तक संघर्ष स्वीकारा परंतु बिना लड़े हार नहीं मानी।

यदि औपचारिक बन कर कहा जाए तो हम अब 21वीं सदी में जी रहे हैं जहाँ सफलता और अवसर केवल शुरुआत करने भर की दूरी पर होते हैं इसलिए असफलताओं और अपनों की अपेक्षाओं के डर से ऊपर उठकर शुरुआत कीजिए। अपने सपनों के लिए जीने की, स्वयं को तराशने की, क्योंकि आज देश को असमंजस से घिरे युवा नहीं अपितु सशक्त युवाओं कि आवश्यकता है।

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Aparna Shaw



# PAHAL

*"Be the change that you wish to see in the world."*  
- Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi

The 'thought' of bringing a change in the world is loved by many of us. But do we really take measures towards bringing the desired 'change'? Also, ponder the 'world' mentioned in the saying. The whole world has a population of about 7.3 billion and counting. Bringing about a change in the aforementioned world looks doable only if each one of the populace starts taking little steps that they can instead of sitting casually and cursing the stagnant situations. In plain words, it seems possible only if all of us work to change ourselves and our little deeds that might contribute to the globe in some way or the other.

A line seems to be added to the above design under the name PAHAL FOR INDIA, a non-profit campaign established at NIT Hamirpur. This crusade is parallel to 'Swachh Bharat Abhiyan', a national campaign by the Government of India, covering 4041 statutory towns, to clean the streets, roads and infrastructure of the country. The latter was officially launched on 2 October 2014 by the Prime Minister Narendra Modi. Pahal for India works to make it a mass movement and contribute to it effectively.



The Director, Professor Rajnish Shrivastava who also plays the role of the Chief Patron for the mission, inaugurated the same on 30th of January, 2015 as the Chief Guest for the occasion. He praised the founder Mr. Yajan Chaudhary, a student in the Department of Architecture, and his team for taking the first steps towards the vision of a clean India. Dr. A. S. Singha, Dr. Minakshi Jain, Patron, Pahal and Dr. Anoop Kumar and Dr. I.P. Singh, Faculty Coordinators, were also present at the inaugural ceremony.

The team has also provided a road map to help transform the vision into actuality. Out of the many, the following plans caught the thought and consideration of everyone present at the formal procedure.

Poorn Swachhta - Mess kitchen and Hostel pockets cleanliness

The PAHAL team will ensure that all the messes in each hostel should be provided clean caps and gloves for mess workers to be worn while preparing and serving the food. The hostel pockets will be also be a major focus in the cleanliness drive to achieve total Swachhta.

Shochalya Sudridta - Sanitation First

The team will try to make the famous statement given by our honorable Prime Minister "Pehle Shochalya fir Devalaya" a reality by improving the sanitation facilities in the campus. The squad is looking forward to continue this Pahal for sanitation to schools of Himachal Pradesh with the help of the Administration, NIT Hamirpur.

Civic Swachhta - We take the responsibility to teach.

The Pahal team has taken the responsibility to teach the students of literacy mission Prayas about the importance of cleanliness and civic sense. This will be done by conducting interactive sessions with the students and their families.

Samman - Recognition of sweepers

It is necessary to ignite the feeling of dignity among the sweepers to ensure that they are also as attached to the cleanliness programs as we are. The PAHAL team is going to recognize the works of the sweepers by felicitating the 'best worker' in each hostel and department.

Gaanv - Gaanv Swachhta - Adoption of Neighbouring Village Brahmani

The PAHAL Team will adopt the above mentioned village in order to bring responsiveness among the people of the village about cleanliness and sanitation thus, helping them to achieve entire Swachhta in the village.

Health Camps - Free Health Check-up Camps

PAHAL Team is collaborating with various NGOs to conduct completely free health check-up camps for the members of the NITH family. They are also looking forward to conducting this activity in the town so that maximum people can benefit from the camps.

Ecological Swachhta - Plantation in NIT Hamirpur

Pahal Team will also contribute towards the plantation within the campus as well as in the neighbouring surroundings in order to achieve the ecological swachhta.

Campus Swachhta Hike - Commitment to Cleanliness

Pahal team will be conducting Regular Swachhta Hikes in campus not just to get the ugly spots fixed by the volunteers but also to motivate others not to litter. This step will also send the message "If we can, you can... So, Let's contribute together to make India clean".

Besides the above mentioned, many other plans have been proposed to make the mission a success taking in account the disposal of leftovers in the hostel messes, innovative and low cost dustbins etc.

This campaign is definitely starting to be a source of inspiration to other renowned institutions of the country. It is appreciable that it is receiving absolute cooperation from the people outside the campus as well as some of the NGOs.

To conclude, it is not a mission of a single human, an institution or a state, instead it is the mission of all the countrymen for a better country to live in.



Join

Hands

With

Us

&

Let's

Do

it

Together





# कुछ अनसुना कुछ अनकहा

संकलन : चिराग त्यागी





**Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic**



Nimbus 2k14, the 9th edition of the annual technical festival, was held in the month of April. Perfectly in line with the expectations, the event surely surpassed the level marked by the prior tech fests. The techno extravaganza provides an excellent platform for the students to exploit the available resources and hone their Technical Skills to the brim.

Besides, it was an appropriate opportunity for the students to give a practical dimension to all that they learned all through. The event set the entire hill abuzz. The students, by all their witty schemes, not only translated all their theoretical skills into live transformations, they managed to sugar coat it in the form of fun games and events.



**One machine can do the work of fifty ordinary men. No machine can do the work of one extraordinary man**



Technology is the campfire around which we tell our stories



The real problem is not whether machines think but whether men do



# EXHIBITION OF



‘It’s not about ideas. It’s about making ideas happen.’ And it is only when the latter is done, that we are able to craft, create and innovate. Yes, Innovate! Lexically, to innovate is to make changes in something established, by introducing new methods, ideas, or products. Some ideas even lead to the innovation of products that the consumer didn’t even know they needed. To provide a platform to such ideas and innovations, an exhibition under the RuTAG Centre, IITD was held on 12th and 13th of August, 2014 at NIT Hamirpur, Himachal Pradesh. The “Exhibition of Innovations” was accomplished with the support from the National Innovation Foundation, Ahmedabad, which is an autonomous body under the department of Science and Technology, Government of India.

The exhibition was inaugurated by Professor Rajnish Shrivastava, Director, NIT Hamirpur. The purpose of the exhibition was to help in dissipating knowledge related to the process of innovation to students of the institute. RuTag (Rural Technology Action Group), with its centre at IIT Delhi, is a mission aiming ‘to upgrade rural systems to the most effective levels for boosting the rural economy.’ On similar grounds, various products relating to the rural structure were displayed in the exhibition. Following catalogs a few of them:

- **Engine Performance Enhancer Kit:** An easily attachable kit for 4 stroke engines to increase mileage without compromising power. The kit is fitted in the inlet manifold line between carburetor and inlet valve.
- **High Voltage Protection Device:** The protector cut the output electric supply whenever it gets hazardous voltage and supplies the normal voltage automatically when the input voltage becomes normal
- **Portable Energy Efficient Wood Stove:** A double-chambered efficient portable stove that can use coconut shell or wood as fuel. A secondary combustion chamber has been incorporated to burn the un-burnt biomass and hydrocarbons that escape with smoke.
- **Tree Climber :** A non-risky multi tree climber equipment suitable for climbing coconut, palm, teak, rubber, silver oak and similar trees
- **Bamboo Splint Making Machine :** A manual operated machine which can slice bamboo strips as well as convert the strips into (incense) sticks, without the need to use tedious and risky knives or the electricity operated high capacity machines





# INNOVATIONS

Many more products like Paddy Husk Stove, Cotton Wick Making Machine, Solar Mosquito Destroyer, Sugarcane Bud Chipper, Stencil Cutter, Modified Kerosene Stove and others were exhibited. The other organizations that took part in the exhibition were Appropriate Technology Research, Development and Promotion Centre (ATC), Sundernagar, CSK Himachal Pradesh Agricultural University, Palampur and Central Institute of Post-Harvest Engineering and Technology (CPHET), Ludhiana.





# NIT-H ON Social Media

Social media, perhaps a respite from the harsh realities of life during its initial stages of popularity, has now become another world unto itself. Today, it is impossible to speak of modern liberty without calling to mind social media. And because social media, giving us a completely new avatar, allows us to do things hitherto impossible, it becomes the very engine of liberation.

Social Media presents us with the various apparitions of human souls, presented as a collection of parts: lists of friends, likes, interests, groups, articles, locations, moods, reactions, pictures, updates.

The community of the Internet is now as spiritual as the communion of saints once was. Through social networking we receive not prayers and graces but links and likes. Signed off from your account, you are often unaccounted for.

The salvation of every socially awkward college student, what has this medium of liberation brought to NIT-H? An exploration:

## The Roaring Success of NITH Confessions Page on Facebook

What started as another attempt at a confessions page, became the college's most talked about affair last year. It was so popular because of a number of reasons that hit us all on the head and heart. Here are some:

### 1. **Because the Admin's remarks got you rolling on the floor!**

#1814

I am really jealous of my friend because he has so many female friends even though he is bald.

Admin Remarks: Uski Khopdi Banjar hai.....Dil Hara-Bhara hai

#1625

Guys!!! please don't wax your chest hair... mardani ki nishani rakho kuch to .....eeks....

Admin Remarks: Bilkul!!! Apun Bhi Anil Kapoor Banega

Kya Munna 'Ek dum Jhakkas'

#1441

That awesome moment when u get a chance to kick the bday boy on his bday even whom u hated d most.

Admin Remarks: Ek Launda May mein Kutte ki Tarah Pitega mujhse

### 2. **Some posts Mirrored our Souls**

#906

From Outside I carry myself all classy, but I love dancing to typical bollywood songs. It is embarrassing.

#girl

Admin Remarks: Who Doesn't Madam Ji!!! Hum chahe jitne modern ban le, Dil se to rahenge apne Bollywood wale. ;) Fest pe achche achche fudakte hai un Gano pe

#690

what will it take to eradicate the idea of calling our seniors "sir & ma'am" no one does that anymore. outsiders laugh at our college for this trend. It's time that we at NITH realize that respect from juniors needs to be earned and not forced.

Admin Remarks: Bas Ego ko hata lo, Thodi si sensibility Chahiye

### 3. **Because of the Mystery that the Admin was, and still continues to be!**

#474

hey admin Ji, aap purush nhi mahapurush ho.....aapke vichar dhanya....main aur meri friend aapki vichaardhaara se poorna roop se sammohit ho chuki hain.....kripya hum dono ko apna lijiye.....hum dono aapko share karne ke liye bhi ready hain...plz nnaaaaa.....maaan jaiye naaaaa.....

Admin Remarks: Hahaha now this is getting more interesting

Hey balike ye meri sammohan vidya ka nahi, ;) tumhare masoom dilo ka dosh hai

Might be a guy also, but likha mast hai

#1831

admin atleast now reveal your identity..?

Admin Remarks: Patience!!! Very Soon

### 4. **Because more often than not, Admin surprised us with his philosophy**

I am in love with a boy for past 2 years. I am a bit unattractive as compared to him, he is very much friendly with other girls bt my love fr him has nt changed in these years. We are gud frnds bt in dnt thnk he loves me. I knw this is true love, bt i dnt know what to do. I dream abut him day and night.plz help

Admin Remarks: One sided love is simply not a good thing and I know it's easier to say 'move on' than it is actually do so, especially at an age when emotions and hormones are skyrocketing. So, instead, I advise you to work on yourself to win him over. If looks are an issue, make up for it by developing your personality, be charming, groom yourself, be a class topper, be the girl who gets the best job, the best salary. Make him raise his eyebrows and wish you were his as much as you wish he was yours.

P.S. You are very beautiful, because you have this beautiful little heart. Now go and see yourself in mirror....You'll feel Better!!

## **The Srijan Online Polls**

There is no better way today to get to know the psych of the generation X than social media. Here are the results of some polls organized on the magazine's website: srijan-nith.com

### **Poll 1: Sir/ Ma'am Culture**

vizziee: It is very heartening to see NITHians freely exchanging their views on this issue. That's what democracy, freedom of speech and personal freedoms are about (things we take for granted; oh well, just ask the persecuted citizens of communist empires or Middle East). However, some reactions are, to say the least, appalling. Comparison of professional life (seniors, colleagues etc.) with personal (parents, uncles) is, should I say, a strawman (a logical fallacy). We should learn to separate the two and embrace openness of ideas. To be tolerant to other viewpoints is a virtue that our country has a proud heritage of. Please encourage healthy and substantive discussion on these issues.





Satyam: भयमुक्त वातावरण हो तो संबोधन किसी भी शब्द से हो आपत्ति नहीं होती किंतु सर बोलना नियम बनाकर थोप दिया जाए तो जरूर मुश्किले आयेंगी।

कॉलेज में तो इसका कोई दुष्प्रभाव मुझे नजर नहीं आया पर कॉर्पोरेट जगत में, जहाँ उस से कहीं अधिक आपका ओहदा महत्वपूर्ण माना जाता है, इस सम्बोधन से जूनियर होने का एहसास जरूर होता है जब अपने से छोटे उस को आपको सर बोलना पड़े। इस कारण सहज संवाद में दिक्कतें आती हैं

narendrajy: Personally, I don't like it. I ask people to stop doing it. But it is definitely a choice that people make. But we should get the standards straight as to what is cool and what is not.

## Poll 2: Renovations in Campus

Shrayansh Singh: Every autonomous institute receives its own share of funds for infrastructure maintenance and this being an institute of national importance, receives a better share of the same though the utilization of the stipulated budget has been varying in the past. Though a small amount of money is spent every year in rejuvenating our campus (as observed by the freshers) yet the work has been done in a not so appreciating manner. But this does not imply that no work has been done in the past. So even if it had not been the President this time, the renovation work would still be on the plans yet I am not sure of the magnitude and quality of the same!

## Quora

### 1. What is the craziest story you have heard from NIT Hamirpur?

- It was in February 2012, when one of my friends at hostel got really unwell. So, around 2 am we called an ambulance and had to take her to the hospital in town. While coming back, we actually saw a leopard trying to climb a tree on the side of the road, 500m from the campus.
- Some seniors once told me that the entire campus is made on a CEMETERY (Kabristan).
- I have seen a fox near OAT last year during Hill'ffair around 1 am. It rushed into the jungle as soon as I saw it.
- In the C-Block of KBH you can catch a Bluetooth signal all the time near one room and it has been there that for past 3-4 years.
- The CSE-2015 batch made a lecturer dance in front of the whole class just for fun. They have done a lot of 'so-called' daring things.

### 2. Which one thing is most difficult to do at NIT Hamirpur?

- I've many 'ones'
- Getting a girl
  - Getting core companies, or for that matter any new company, visit campus
  - Getting teachers to know students better
  - Getting transcripts done on time
  - Making it up in time for the first class even after getting ready half an hour early (including breakfast)
  - Not see a movie or episode of serials or sitcoms everyday
  - Getting audience for two clashing events.
  - Getting first year people out of their rooms for general house.
  - Be able to tell a teacher that one is not getting anything of what he/she is 'trying' to explain.
  - Not fall asleep in most of the lectures.
  - Get Xerox out of the photostat shop at exams time
  - Bunk after 25%

### 3. What are some of the things that a freshman needs to know when they enter into NIT Hamirpur?

- It's not the end of the world that you didn't get into an IIT or IIIT. It's time we really start devaluing the over hyping of these institutes. Take it as a challenge to rise up to meet your expectations that stand out of your comfort zone.
- You have to interact with the seniors. Otherwise, there will be no alumni network, and with no alumni network, your batch will suffer in the campus placements, or for that matter, many valuable advices that could have come your way and saved you a big deal of time, effort, and in many cases money.
- Ask doubts in the classes at the first instance that you get. If you don't get that instances, interrupt the class and the teacher and ask the doubt anyway, disregarding the possible beliefs that
  - It might turn out to be an utterly foolish doubt.
  - That you would clear it out on your own.
  - It is not worth asking.
- Go ahead with a wild and innovative idea that hits you.
- Roam around Himachal! If you don't do this, you have not lived up to the worth of being a NITHian.
- Read Research Papers, right from the first year. Read one a week, that's more than enough.
- Sing, Dance, Act, Paint, join clubs.
- Walk early at least on one weekend. Sunrises (more than sunsets) are to die for, especially in winters.
- If you want transcripts of your grade sheets fast, you have to be early in requesting for them in the accounts department.
- Yes, it's good to look for internships after first and second year.
- You have to pick up a MOOC and start doing it. It's the new cult to learn things from the experts for free.

### 4. National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur: Do we need a football coach in NITH?

Not only we need a Football coach, but we also need a Cricket Coach, a Volleyball coach, a Tennis Coach, a Basket Ball coach and the list can go on and on. Hell, I want an e-gaming coach as well.

### 5. What is it like to study at a university/college located in the hills in the midst of a forest?

- #1: Travelling:** In hills, one has to travel through round and curvy roads to reach to college and for going back to home. The hill roads make the best part of the journey. No railways, No airports.
- #2: Small town:** Almost all hill stations are small towns. You don't get many places to go out for partying. No Dominos/ Mcds/ KFC etc. No good pubs. Not even good restaurants.
- #3. Climate:** In hills you get the clean environment and amazing scenic views. Summer is mild. Monsoon is awesome. Winter is chilling. Spring is green. Floating clouds are common. You will always love the climate.
- #4. Walking:** We were not allowed to keep bikes or any vehicles. People don't ride bicycles in hills because of slopes. So we all had to walk in campus.
- #5 Calmness:** Hill stations always make it to top when it comes to the calm.

The most informative answer on Quora: <http://bit.ly/1bxOSVc>



# Perspective



Shivam Gupta



Anisha Rajwanshi



Arnav Dhimani





*Itender Singh*



*Piyush Kumar*



*Abhishek Suresh*



*Sushrut Sood*







Chandrima Modgil,  
Architecture, 1<sup>st</sup> year

## Classy to Sassy

We were three legally adult women on the streets of Bombay market; fully dressed in high heels & prepared for a ladies day out. The eldest one was a mother of 2 children; the second one a 23 years old to be historian and me, a college girl. We wandered the local market crowded with people from all around, buying & selling things from jewelry to shoes. Our adrenaline levels as high as of any other woman who adores the idea of a shopping spree. As we left a shop for another, I noticed a double-decker bus stuck in traffic about a hundred meters ahead. I instantly jumped on the spot yelling and trying to catch attention of my two companions. In all the confusion when the two of them finally understood, the bus had started moving along the slow traffic again. Doleful about the lost bus we stared expectantly in the opposite direction in the hope of sighting another. A substantial amount of time had passed before we realized that one of us was seen to be nowhere about. As we scrutinized for the missing matron, we spotted her somewhere in the middle of heavy Bombay traffic; frantically waving her arms about as if unsuccessfully trying to perform Tandava.

As soon as we realized that she was chasing the bus, we followed suit. Laughing uncontrollably, we ran, bumping into hoards of people; trying to carry the shopping bags from over their heads. Making way from between the clustered cars stuck in traffic we finally managed to catch the conductor's attention. With a bewildered look on his face he blew his whistle & the bus came to a stop. We clambered the steps of the bus with a lot of snorts, sighs & cackle, finally stopping on the platform facing the amused expressions of the passengers. Climbing upward we grabbed the best located seats & inhaled the pretty lit up view outside. We looked at each other sniggering at the comical turn of events.

We may be all prim and proper; all ready for a head start to an adult life; but there will be various such instances making us realize that howsoever old we grow, there will always be a part of us impatiently waiting to run rampant.



Adeeba Ifrah



Shivam Gupta



# Five and a Half Minutes in the Life of a Lead Guitarist

I plugged in my guitar and gently kept pushing the pedal forward until I could hear myself on the amp. I took a deep breath and raised my head to look at the crowd. There were so many people, so many unknown faces, hundreds, no thousands (at least a couple), that one may easily get overwhelmed. I was about to get lost in my thoughts when I heard some familiar voices ; my friends were cheering for me, shouting at the top of their voices. No sooner did I hear their voices, than a smile ran across my face. It amused me how one could possibly scream so loud. I was traversing through all of my friends and with each familiar face my smile kept incrementing. And then in the front row, I saw my best friend sitting beside the girl I liked. He was shouting at the top of his voice, trying to get my attention and pointing towards her. "This guy is crazy, as if it wasn't tough enough already, playing in front of so many people", I thought but then I remembered his dialogue, "Mai pagal nhi hun, mera dimag kharab hai (I'm not crazy, it's just that my brain has a few screws lose." I had a quick peek at her and quickly looked away, trying to think of something else.

I turned around to check with everyone on stage. Ashish was already set and gave me a thumbs up, as if telling me to rock with all my might. On the far left corner of the stage Tyagi was doing some final adjustments on his keyboard. Nikhil also seemed all set up and was gazing at the ocean of people in the front. I had a look at Zubba; he was grinning and had that always funny look on his face. He was just done setting up the high hat. Veda and Sahil were in the center, holding their mikes. Murli, standing beside me, was almost done tuning up his guitar. It was a great honor performing with these great musicians, they always make me push myself over the limit. Zubba gave the cue, "Tonight is gonna be great," I thought and started with the 'Dance of Death'. The band kicked in and I could feel myself move with the rhythm. We were all in perfect sync. It felt great. We had practised hard to perfect playing guitars in harmony. To be able to play for five minutes on stage, you've to practice five hours a day. We had spent many sleepless nights jamming and it was so awesome that finally everything was paying off great. Hill 'ffair practices are the best time for us. In fact practices are better than the Hill 'ffair itself, which gets over so soon. We would impatiently wait for the classes to get over so we could start with our jamming sessions. Attending classes takes a second priority during extensions. I remember once, we were there from 5 PM in the evening to 5 AM of the next morning and Murli was still eager to go on. Actually, the most productive time, when we would work out our parts and add some more, was after 11 PM when the girls left; along with the boys who followed them to the lecture hall. There was no distraction then.

It was the cold month of November, people were covered in layers of clothing and here I was just in a tee and jeans. But it still felt as if my body was on fire. I was sweating. Playing live, dealing with the sound are entirely new issues. You don't have the luxury of hearing what it sounds like, outside to the audience. I could only hear the drum beats and bass from the side fills. It's enough to keep one in tempo but one mistake, one wrong note could lead to fatal consequences. It might even throw someone else off rhythm.

The song was progressing well. People seemed to be enjoying and connecting well. I mustered some courage to look at the faculty members who were occupying the VIP seats. They seemed awestruck, having a grave expression on their faces. I turned away.

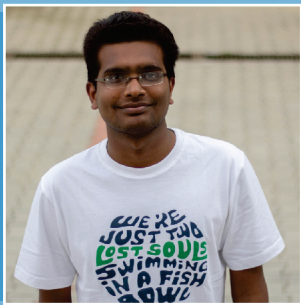
My guitar solo was approaching. I could feel my heart beat increase rapidly. I held my breath. My entire focus was on those 22 frets and 6 strings. My fingers took a life of their own, moving from one note to another as I was picking, bending, sweeping and doing some legato. I could feel the strings push against my skin from the adrenaline rush. Time seems to slow down, in such intense situations and it feels awesome. Before you know it, those five minutes are over!

What about the other half minutes? I don't speak much, playing guitar helps me express myself. It's my medicine, it's my passion, it's a way for me to express myself, it's a way to connect with my emotions, it's a way to take out that frustration, that anger or simply pass time and relax. Music is a powerful form of emotion and it has the power to connect souls even without words.

In the end, as Slash says, "Guitar is the best form of self-expression I know. Everything else, I'm just sort of tripping around trying to figure my way through life!"







Adarsh Verma  
MED, Final Year

# The Year Things Happened

It was the year when things happened. It was the year when everything changed. It was the year when people held him in their arms and he counted their fingers with his miniature fingers. It was the year when his memory became something more than a tool to pass exams, the exams which were nothing more than a signal that another year in the school was going to end. It was the year when he was told that it's not okay to sleep till late in the morning even on Sundays because doing that would make him an idiot. It was the year when his English tutor stopped teaching him because of some reason he didn't know, the person who recited poems and quotes with fat and expensive words, and at the end of the class his tutor played mouth organ for him.

It was the year when his memories shed away beautiful adjectives and started making new and sad and weird friends. It was the year when he stopped considering God as an option because a person very dear to him almost lost everything and he wished he could burn the clichéd and careless sentences of people, the people who loved to say, 'it's God's will.' It was the year when being told by his mother that he was the smartest and sweetest boy in the world and she'll always love him wasn't enough. It was the year when he realized that understanding the perception of other people was as much as important as understanding his own, and which was incidentally proving to be very challenging. It was year when he started feeling a sense of fear in speaking what he had in his mind because he realized that not everything should be said, some things are better unspoken even though they would give him sleepless nights. It was the year when he knew that money existed as the strongest force in the world and people adored you or maybe just pretended to hurt themselves and their cheek muscles a bit by making smiling face to greet you if you were rich.

It was the year when he read Harry Potter and loved it but couldn't believe that magic existed and with a sense of victim hood he wished that if he could have read it some years earlier, he would have enjoyed it more. It was the year when he stopped playing his favorite sport because it became a way to make yourself look better than your friends, friends with whom he shared his lunch in school. It was the year when the stars started seeming brighter than the morning sun and he realized that constellations were a product of imaginations of happy people who fail to accept that a star so far away can exist alone. It was the year when he realized that he was growing up and it was okay to feel weird about certain things and eventually a lot of things. It was the year when the dreams he would remember in the morning would fall through derisive cracks of the daylight hours but he would still fabricate plans all night and get ready to render the endless each day and every day.

It was the year which was worth skipping and he wished that he had the choice to do so. It was the year when he met her. And it was the year when he lost her. It was the year when he started writing and he started sitting nearby the dewy windows and the layers of the outside world and the pungent confusion of his mind became the ink of his pen. It was the year when things happened. It was the year when everything changed.



Arihant Verma



Veda Thipparthi



Like every other evening after classes, sipping coffee with friends and laughing at pretty much anything, suddenly out of the blue one of them says “Hey, before I met you I thought all Muslims were dangerous but you are as nice and normal as rest of us!” and then the other one says “What if he is a normal guy and then he starts shooting?” After I grasped what had just happened, I thought to myself “Oh, so I am a terrorist now?”

Well that's the story of how every person who follows Islam is pictured as these days. I wouldn't blame our community to think like that; all thanks to the fall of twin towers and then the mighty Americans unleashing their furry on the entire Middle East. It's like an el classico only in this case actual people are killed. What do you think is going to happen if you give a drunk man a car and tell him to drive across the city? Exactly, people are going to die including the drunk man. Well that's what happens when you give some really powerful explosives and rifles to people who are brain washed to kill and only kill in the name of a religion. It's like telling a lie so many times that you actually start believing it's the truth. So you pick a man off the streets, give him clothes, a roof and brain wash him to the extent that he will be happy to comply to anything you ask him to do including taking lives and if necessary, giving his own.

Hence, the birth of Islamophobia, best defined as 'Fear of people who practice or follow the religion Islam'. Let us take the example of recent firing that took place in France killing 12 and injuring a lot more. Yes, the two gunmen who did this inhuman act had Muslim names, but did they really attack in the name of religion? No, they did not. It is quite simple to understand. Karim Abdul-Jabbar, a 6 time NBA champion, said during his interview with TIME magazine “These barbaric attacks are, in no way, related to Islam. For me religion, no matter which one, is ultimately about people wanting to live humble, moral lives that create harmonious community and promote tolerance and friendship with people outside the religious community. Any religious rules should be in service of this goal. The Islam I learned and practice just does that.”

Well I am not saying what Charlie Hebdo is doing is right, making fun of a religion publicly in the form of a cartoon is wrong; but then killing innocent people is a far greater crime and no, it is not justice and no, it is not done for the religion. It is done for the money. Violence committed in the name of religion is never about the religion. The 1976 movie All the President's Men got it right when it reduced the Watergate Scandal to a simple phrase “Follow the Money”. Forget the goons who actually carry out these deadly acts, they are nothing more than automated drones remote-controlled by others. Instead of radio signals, their pilot's selective dogma is to manipulate their actions. They pervert the Holy Qur'an through omission and false interpretation. How is it about the money? When one looks at goals of these terrorist attacks, it clearly is not about scaring us into changing our behaviour. The twin tower attack didn't frighten America into embracing Islam. The fatwa against Salman Rushdie didn't prevent the publication of The Satanic Verses. Like all the terrorist attacks on the west, they just strengthen our defiant resolve. So the attack in Paris, as with most others, isn't about changing western behaviour, it's about swaggering into a room, flexing a muscle and hoping to elicit some admiring sighs. In this case, the sighs are more recruits and donations to keep their organizations alive. They have to keep proving they are more active than their competing terrorist group. It's just business.

We cannot blame America's foreign policy as the spark that lights the fuel. Poverty, systematic corruption, lack of education, lack of critical thinking and general hopelessness in these countries is the spark. Yes, America made mistakes that will be used to justify bringing new recruits. But they shouldn't kid themselves that recent reports detailing their extensive and apparently ineffective use of torture caused any kind of mass terrorist volunteers. The world knew they tortured and the only thing the reports revealed was that how bad they were at it.

Knowing that these terrorist attacks are not about religion, we have to reach a point where we stop bringing Islam into these discussions. We aren't there, but much of the world's population does not understand the Islamic religion. All they see are brutal beheadings, kidnapping of young girls, massacre of children at schools and random pointless shootings. Naturally they are frightened when they hear the word Muslim or see someone in traditional Muslim clothing. It really breaks my heart to see how people who follow Islam are seen as potential threats to their country and Muslims are compelled to go through hours of customs and questioning before they are allowed to enter a country. Perhaps, it's not their fault. Everyone is allowed to be “better safe than sorry”.

What other Muslims and I long for is the day when these terrorists praising the Prophet Mohammed (peace be upon him) and Allah's name as they debase their actual teaching, are instantly recognized as thugs disguising themselves as Muslims. It's like bank robbers wearing masks of presidents and prime ministers; do we really think Narendra Modi or George W. Bush would hit the Bank of America during their down time?

We cannot end terrorism any more than we can end crime in general. Ironically, terrorism is actually an act against the very religion they claim to believe in. I look forward to the day when an act of terrorism by self-proclaimed Muslims will be dismissed as nothing more than criminal attack of a thuggish political organization wearing an ill-fitting mask of Muslims. To get to the point, we need to teach our community what real beliefs of Islam are and the fact that we Muslims are as normal as every other person. It's like a coin, it has two faces. People who follow Islam, should really learn to judge who is a true follower, a person who kills for a living or the one who wants to live in peace and harmony? And so should you.

Ironically, Islam has a deep meaning and translates to Peace. Now, why would a religion whose basic definition is peace would preach people to kill innocent lives?

Shushrut Sood

Mohammed Amaan  
MED, IInd Year







Sukanya Kamboj  
MED, Final Year

## As I Recall

I recall them as perhaps the luckiest moments of my life, or my moments of her life as I should say it. She told me one story every day, for 7 days, before she got worse and went to her last stage. I enjoyed them, I always enjoyed her stories. The way she believed in them and the way she drew morals out of every single one of them.

We never really got to know every bit of her, until she was gone. So many talents she had, that quietly vanished in the mist of responsibilities a woman is supposed to have. She was so full of life, so content that nothing could keep her from living in the moment. I don't remember her voice ever raised, not even to defend herself, I guess she never saw the point in that. Without a calendar by her side, she was always so amusingly perfect with the dates and festivals, that I'll never know how.

I can never forget the last sight of her, at the hospital, struggling to breathe. Just concentrating so hard on it that she slightly shook her head that she heard me, but was sorry that she couldn't look at me because she's breathing. Merely the sight of the uncountable needles pierced into her hardly-any-left flesh made me numb, and the pain of it was unimaginable.

I didn't ever see her dominating, but she sure was the strongest woman I knew. She always stood by her choices, never turned her back on anyone, and she loved and lived unconditionally.

## Befriending Adversities

How many days in life do we feel we have achieved all we wanted to? Very Rarely! Yes, that is precisely the answer we will get on some introspection.

However look at the flip side - one bad day and all we wish for is – “Please God, just help me get one single thing all right”, isn't it! A single bad day teaches us what a fortnight of happy days and events cannot. This just makes us realize that we should not despise the bad times. Treat them as pebbles that destiny hurl at us and use them to build a future that we have always dreamt of. College inspires us to fight adverse situations for rest of our lives - time and opportunities gone by don't knock at our doors again. The friends we made, the classes we bunked, the pictures that we shot are not tangible. But they will help us to sail through the hardest times of our lives. 10 years down the line when job pressure will be sucking up our lives; when a nagging wife will keep asking for a valentine's gift; when a jealous colleague will drive our blood pressure beyond limits – that will be the time when a picture, a phone call, or even a message from a friend will soothe our nerves. Days that seem bad enough may actually be lessons of dire importance that will be of help in the long run. These last few days in the college are those experiences that will lift up our dying spirits all our life and help us face the adversities with smile; not a grin!

Arnav Dhiman



Ankit Bhatia  
CSE, Final Year



Did you ever feel the need to describe something, but couldn't quite muster up the words? Ever bore witness to something so overwhelming, your mind ceased to function?

This happens more than you think. It happens because your mind fires off so many neurons, it has to shut down to deal with all the emotions surging through your body. The response that your body produces is that it fires off a single, unfaltering command to the follicle muscles in your body to contract (leading to the common phenomenon of the goose bumps). The physiology is quite simple when you think about it. The hormones and the muscle reactions are something even a bungler engineering student can understand, making such a student see, just for the tiniest instance why his parents, both doctors in their own right, suggested in the eleventh grade that he should take up medical and not non-med.

The neurological standpoint of the phenomenon is what gets to me. How, without the slightest clue, our mind knows, but more importantly, doesn't know, what it should be in awe of. It's not as if, seeing the Eiffel Tower, in all its glory amidst the glowing star line that is the Paris sky, one knows how one should feel beforehand. It's in that instant that the eyes catch a glimpse of the beautiful structure that it sees true brilliance.

The point I'm failing to make is, sometimes even the sharpest minds remain clueless about the most fundamental of things. And as I have observed in my short life of 20 years and then some, it is the brilliant that see things differently, that look at things differently, as if they are from another world all-together. And it's not just me who has made such deductions, it has come to a lot of minds before me, and has even been adapted into a number of literary and art works. Even now, several most viewed TV shows follow such out of the box thinkers, like Sheldon Cooper from the Big Bang Theory, Sherlock from Sherlock, Shawn Spencer from Psych, just to name a few. These seemingly other-worldly characters feel differently from others, and so did a lot of people, who in today's world matter. William Shakespeare's works wouldn't have stood the test of time, had they not contained themes that, during the Victorian age, were considered obscene.

So, why the long discussion into the unknowns of feeling? Because, for the longest time, I have been dealing with the unknown myself. I do not know how I feel around Her. I forget about the concept of time and space, I forget to look around, I forget my worldly woes and rise to a plane, a plane I didn't know even existed. So you can see, how disconnected to this world I become. I give you an example, when walking with her, I was totally oblivious to the fact that some of my friends were walking, just alongside. I was later reprimanded for the same, and had to explain my way out of some serious bull shit. But that's me, I have complete ADHD in class, but in the open, that's when I can concentrate. I remember stuff, stuff from way back when, that someone had told me, in connection to a mere mention by her. I don't know whether it is the rush of dopamine in the pleasure centres of the brain, or the endorphins running through me that cause this, and frankly, in the time I spend with Her, whenever we meet, I don't care.

Then, when we part, I come crashing down, and realize I should have told her, I should at-least indicate something, lest I be friend-zoned. But by then she is gone, and I am left to fight another day, to just listen and gawk in speechless awe, like a fool, trying to comprehend the fresco in St. Peter's Basilica. This emotion, which, as it seems to me, is the matter of thousands upon thousands stories, songs and pieces of art innumerable, which, after thousands of years of obsessing over and still getting no solid formula for, continues to baffle me. And as it seems, a lot of other hearts in the world, the peak of which is reached on the wretched day of 14th February, where the successful flaunt it openly, and miserable souls crave secretly, under the hood of the phrase "Waiting for the right one", "We're Better off" etc.

So, love is, putting it mildly, a tricky subject for me, I do not know how to approach, talk to, or understand girls. All I do know is that they are one of the most majestic things in the world, but unlike unicorns and dragons, they do exist, and to this day remain as unattainable to me as the Holy Grail was to the Knights of the First Crusade.



Shivam Gupta

Sushrut Sood

ECE, Final Year







## भूपेंद्र सिंह

यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी, द्वितीय वर्ष

आज फिर से परी की उसी जादुई छुआन और कोकिले स्वर के साथ एक और मीठी नींद का अंत होता है। स्वर्ग में अपने दो महीने पूरे करने के बाद आज वक़्त है फिर से धरती पर नये जन्म की तैयारियां करने का। हर बार की तरह मुझे फिर से एक बड़े कटोरे के सामने ला खड़ा कर दिया जाता है, जिसमें अलग-अलग रूपों की करोड़ों गोलियां रहती हैं। मैं साँसे थामे एक गोली उठाता हूँ, जो उठाते ही फट जाती है और आँखें सुनहरे अक्षरों में लिखे “इंसानी रूप” को पढ़कर चौंधियाँ जाती हैं। खुशी को किनारे रख मैं तैयारियाँ शुरू करता हूँ। सबसे पहले मैं एक मोटी सी मैनुअल पढ़ता हूँ, जिसमें इंसानी रूप की सारी जानकारी थी। आगे बढ़ता हूँ तो देखता हूँ कि सामने हजारों काउंटर लगे हैं। मेरे पास 100 पॉइंट थे, हर काउंटर पर जाने पर कुछ पॉइंट कम होते थे और हर काउंटर एक गुण के लिए था। फिर एक परीक्षा में पास होने पर वो गुण आपका। अच्छा चेहरा, दोस्त, परिवार, दिमाग ऐसे करके कितने ही काउंटर कोई एक पॉइंट और कोई दो पॉइंट। एक काउंटर पैदा होने की जगह का भी था जो पूरा खाली था मैंने सोचा फालतू है तो मैं आगे बढ़ गया।

तो इसी के साथ हमारे जनाब (राजू) बहुत से गुणों के साथ भारत देश के मुंबई शहर में पैदा होते हैं।

6 साल बाद .....

आज मेरी नींद झुर्रियों भरे हाथों और कानों में चुभती हुई आवाज़ के साथ टूटी है। रोज़ की तरह माँ मुझे उठाकर खाना खिलाती है। पर आज का दिन मेरे लिए खास था। आज मेरी पहली ट्रेनिंग थी। माँ पापा को समझाते हुए कहती है कि राजू से ज्यादा काम मत करवाना, पापा भी हामी में सर हिला देते हैं, पापा के साथ मैं मुंबई शहर में एक बड़े से कचरे के ढेर के सामने ला खड़ा कर दिया जाता हूँ।

यही है आज से मेरी काम की जगह! दिनभर हम दोनों कचरे में प्लास्टिक खाने की चीज़ें, बॉक्स ये सब ढूँढते रहते हैं। शाम को घर पहुंचने पर माँ मुझे गौर से देखती हैं और नम आँखों से हँस कर मुझे गले लगा लेती हैं, पर मैं पागलों की तरह केवल घूरते ही रह जाता हूँ। फिर पापा मुझे बताते हैं कि हम रोज़ किस तरह से शहर का कचरा हटाकर इसे साफ़ रखते हैं, ये सब सुनकर मैं अपने आप पर बड़ा फक्र महसूस करने लगा, लेकिन अगली सुबह मेरी तबियत बिगड़ जाती है तो मैं घर पर ही ठहर जाता हूँ। पर ये हमारे लिए कोई बड़ी बात नहीं है आये दिन हमसे कोई न कोई बीमार होता रहता है। क्या पता कौनसी चीज़ चुनने पर क्या नुकसान हो जाये?

अब हर रोज़ राजू दिन भर कचरे में अपनी जरूरतें तलाशता रहता है, हर पल कचरे के ढेर को तरेरती हुई आँखें भी कुछ न कुछ मिलने की आस बधांती हुई हाथों का हौसला बढ़ाना कभी नहीं भूलती हैं। कभी उसे खाने का, तो कभी कपड़े, तो कभी कुछ और मिल जाता है। अब वो इसी लालच में उठने लगता है की आज उसे क्या मिलेगा और उसकी पीठ थपथपाई जाएगी।

बचपन एक हसीं सपने के जैसा होता है जो टूट जाता है तो हमेशा याद आकर चिढ़ता है। इसकी चंचल दुनिया में असंभव नाम का शब्द ही नहीं

## लॉटरी सिस्टम

होता है। लेकिन उम्र के साथ उसकी ये दुनिया छोटी होती चली जाती है। अब वो जानने लगता है कि आसमान में वो गोल सफ़ेद चीज़ “चाँद” है, और वो उसका मामा नहीं लगता है, बादल पानी भरने नहीं जाते हैं और हाँ मरने के बाद कोई भी तारा नहीं बनता। अब उसे इन बातों से कोई भी उल्लू नहीं बना सकता क्योंकि अब वो बड़ा हो गया है।

अब राजू की जिंदगी भी उसके सामने अपने पत्ते खोलने लगती है, वो देखता है की लोग उसे घूर-घूर कर देखते हैं, जैसे ही वो किसी के करीब जाना चाहता है तो लोग उससे दूर हट जाते हैं, हर नजर जैसे उससे चीख-चीख कर दूर जाने को कहती सी लगती है। हर गगनचुम्बी ईमारत उसे उसकी औकात से रूबरू कराते हुई दिखती है, जिस काम पर कभी उसे फक्र हुआ करता था वो ही उसकी सोच में फर्क ला देता है।

जब कभी भी राजू कचड़े के ढेर पर खड़े हुए हमउम्र बच्चों को साफ-सुथरे कपड़ों में स्कूल जाते देखता तो अपनी आँखें नम करके सपनों के पंखों को गीला कर देता ताकि वे खुले आसमां में उड़ान न भर पायें। बस मन में एक मात्र खयाल रह जाता है कि मैं उनके जैसा क्यों नहीं हूँ? क्या केवल इसलिए कि “मैं वहाँ पैदा नहीं हो सका?”

शाम होते ही मैं खयालों के इस अनंत समंदर को वक्त की दीवारें लगा कर घोट के पी जाता हूँ, घर लौटता हूँ तो देखता हूँ कि आज बिल्कुल उलट घर में बहुत खुशी का माहौल है, पापा मुझे देख कर कहते हैं - देख राजू मुझे आज क्या मिला है? मैं पूछता इतने में माँ मेरे हाथ में एक डब्बा थमा कर कहती है - ये घी का डब्बा मिला है। लेकिन मैंने देखकर कहा ये तो खाली है। माँ आगे कहती है - पगले देख दीवारों पर लगा बहुत! उस पल मानो कि उन दोनों की आँखों की चमक ने पूरे ब्रह्माण्ड के तारों की चमक को धराशयी कर दिया हो। मैं भी काफी खुश हो गया क्योंकि मुझे भी आज घी की रोटी मिलने वाली थी।

कल घर में इतनी खुशी देख मैंने सोचा कैसा हो अगर ऐसा रोज़ हो। मैंने दिनभर घूम कर एक सेब ढूँढकर वहाँ छिपा दिया जहाँ पापा कचरा लेने जाते थे। घर लौट कर देखा तो आज सेब की वजह से फिर खुशी थी। पापा ने वो सेब मुझे खाने को दिया तो मैंने पूछा आप दोनों क्या खायेंगे। तो पापा बोले दो मिले हैं चिंता मत कर, लेकिन मुझे पता था मिला तो एक ही है। मैंने भी थोड़ा सा ही खाया और आँसू छिपाते हुए सोने चला गया मैंने सोचा आज तो मुझे पता लग गया ऐसे तो न जाने कितनी ही बार मुझसे झूठ बोला गया होगा।

अब राजू हर रोज़ कुछ न कुछ छिपाने लगा जिससे घर में भी खुशी रहने लगी कभी-कभी तो वो इसके लिए बहुत दूर तक चला जाता।



पर एक बार फिर से राजू की तबियत बिगड़ जाती है और इस बार भी कोई खास ध्यान नहीं देता लेकिन धीरे-धीरे उसका शरीर नीला पड़ने लगता है और सांस लेने में दिक्कत आने लगती है। तबियत बिगड़ती देख माँ-बाप आस-पास के लोगों को इकट्ठा कर लेते हैं। पिता कुछ साथियों के साथ हड़बड़ी में मदद मांगने को निकल जाते हैं। मगर कोई फायदा नहीं होता है। उस बाप का भरा गला साब-साब कहते-कहते सूख जाता है, लेकिन एक भी साहबजादा मदद को आगे नहीं आता। आखिर सुने भी तो क्यों इनके जीने या मरने से उनको क्या फर्क पड़ने वाला है। इधर लगातार राजू को सांस लेने में दिक्कत बढ़ती जाती है।

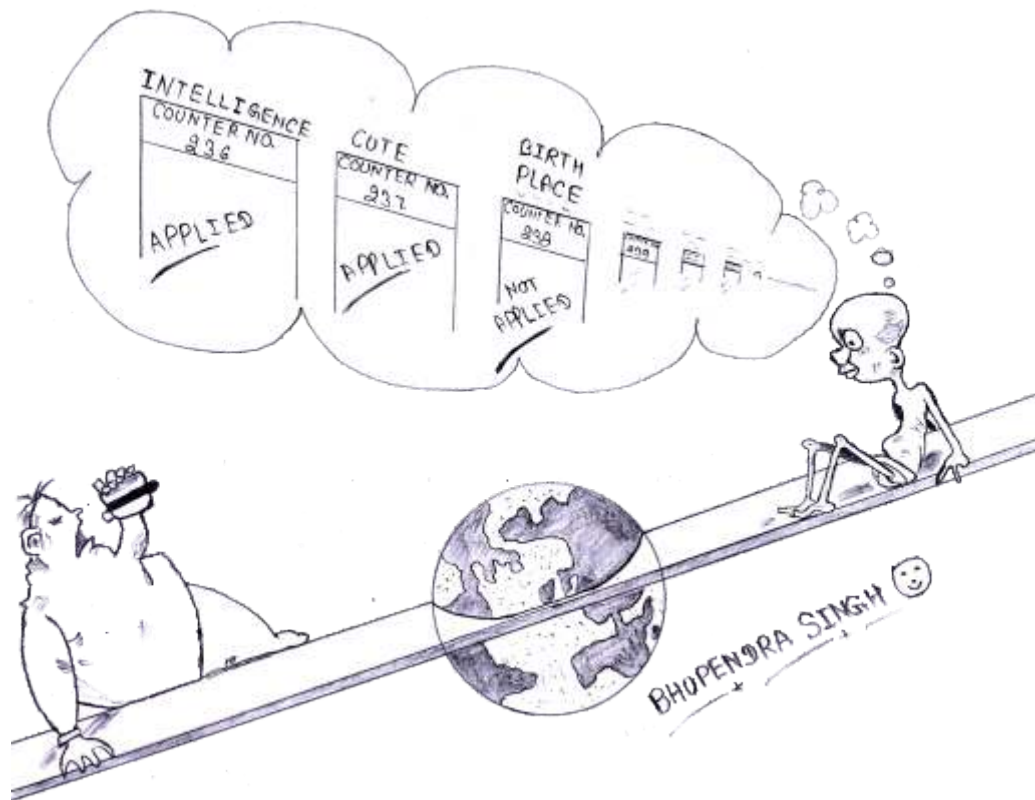
मौत दबे पाँव आकर बड़ी गुस्ताखी से माली से पूछे बिना ही उसकी बगिया से पौधा उखाड़ कर ले जाती है और माली जिंदगी की इस लाचारी पर दर्द भरी चीखें निकालते रह जाता है। जिन आँखों ने उसकी आँखों को खुलते हुए देखा था वही उनको हमेशा के लिए बंद होते हुए देखती हैं। दोनों माँ बाप भगवान् के सामने एक छोटे बच्चे की तरह जिन्दगी रुपी खिलौने के लिए ज़िद करते हुए फूट-फूट कर रोने लगते हैं। अब उस झोंपड़ी में केवल खामोशी ही बात करती है। दोनों राही घनघोर अँधेरे में एक दूसरे का हाथ पकड़े हुए अनजानी मंजिल की ओर कदमताल करते हुए दिखते हैं।

वापस स्वर्ग आने के बाद मैं उस बाप को आज भी उस जगह जाते हुए देखता हूँ जहाँ मैं कुछ न कुछ छिपा दिया करता था, बड़ा अजीब लगता है उसका ये लालच देखकर। उसकी सरसराती आँखें, कांपते हाथ कचरे को ऐसे खंगालते हैं कि अच्छे-अच्छे की रूह काँप उठे। बस कुछ भी मिल जाए, कुछ भी..... जो सच से मुँह फेरने भर का एक बहाना देदे।

मैं सीधे पूछताछ केंद्र जाकर पूछता हूँ कि कौन कहाँ पैदा होगा इसकी जिम्मेदारी किसकी है? वो दो लफ़्ज़ों में ही मुझे जबाब थमा देता है – “लॉटरी सिस्टम”। मतलब कोई भी कहीं भी टपक सकता है, सीधे नाले में या सीधे गड्ढे पर। मैं उस पल को कोसने लगा जब मैंने उस काउंटर (पैदा होने की जगह वाला) पर जाने का फैसला बदल दिया था। मैं समझ गया कि जहाँ मधुमक्खियाँ भिनभिनाएं हमेशा वहीं छत्ता हो यह जरूरी नहीं है।

मैंने सोचा अगर मैं एक अमीर बाप की औलाद होता तो 6 साल की उम्र में मेरे हाथ कचरे की जगह किताबें खंगाल रहे होते। जुकाम का इलाज भी बड़े अच्छे हॉस्पिटल में होता। बस पैदा भर होने से ही मेरी औकात ऊँची हो जाती। बिलकुल समान गुण वाले दो बच्चे और उनमें से एक अमीर तो एक गरीब के घर में पैदा होता है, पर उनकी जिंदगी में जमीन आसमान का अंतर होता है। ये हमारे समाज की सबसे बड़ी कमी है। कोई उबासी लेते-लेते ही रेस जीत जाता है तो कोई दूर पसीने पोछते हुए उसे देखता ही रह जाता है।

हमारे समाज में इन लोगों की हैसियत उस पत्थर के समान है जिसे हम जहाँ ठोकर मारते वो उसी ओर चला जाता है। उससे किसी प्रत्युत्तर की अपेक्षा नहीं की जाती है। हम इनकी किस्मत भले ही ना बदल सकें पर इनकी सोच इतनी तो बदल सकते हैं कि ये अपने आपको उस पेड़ का हिस्सा तो न समझें जिस पर हजारों पत्ते उगते हैं और गिरते हैं पर फर्क..... किसी को नहीं पड़ता।







नीलकमल  
द्वितीय वर्ष, संगणक अभियांत्रिकी

## आईना

माँ देखो न आज आईना झूठ बोल रहा है,  
तुम्ही लायी थी न मेरे लिए इसे,  
मुझे भी बहुत प्रिय है यह,  
मेरे कमरे की शान जो है,  
तुम्ही ने कहा था आईना सच्चाई दिखाता है,  
पर देखो न माँ आज वो झूठ बोल रहा है,  
झूठा आईना,  
दूर कहीं फेंक दो उसे,  
मुझे नहीं चाहिए।  
कहता है मैं बदसूरत हूँ,  
मैं समाज के लायक नहीं,  
मुझे खुद को पूरी तरह लिबास में लपेटकर रखना चाहिए,  
पर माँ मेरी क्या गलती है???  
वो बोला मैं तेरे लिए चाँद-सितारे तोड़कर लाऊँगा,  
पर जब मैंने कहा मैं चाँद पर ही तो जाना चाहती हूँ,  
तो .....तो माँ उसने मुझे कमरे में कैद रहने को मजबूर कर दिया,  
प्रिय नहीं उसे अपने झूठे अभिमान का कुचले जाना,  
पर माँ क्या सपने देखना बुरा है,  
प्रेम के नाम पर कब तलक बददिमाग करतूतों का शिकार हों हम ?  
और माँ मेरा क्या कसूर,  
कसूर तो उनका है जिन्होंने तेजाब फेंका,  
माँ मैं तो वही हूँ न.....  
तुम्हारी प्यारी बेटी,  
फिर माँ वो बच्चा.....  
वो मुझे देखकर सहम क्यों गया ?  
हर शर्क्स की पेशानी पर मुझे देख  
क्यों बल पड़ जाता है ?  
और उस रोज .....उस रोज तुम भी तो घबरा गयी थी।  
मैं तो हूँ तुम्हारे पास,  
फिर क्यों अक्सर रोने लगती हो आजकल तुम ?  
कही आईना सही तो नहीं कह रहा ?  
कह दे न माँ आईना झूठ बोल रहा है।



Aparna Shaw

## जेठ की कड़ी धूप

जेठ की कड़ी धूप में  
पत्थर तोड़ती  
एक खानाबदोश दम्पति  
एक क्षण,  
उसकी नज़र पास में खेल रही  
अपने बच्चे को देखती  
फिर मंद मुस्कान के साथ  
उसे निहारती . . .  
शायद अपने रंग दर्पण में  
उसके कल का प्रतिबिंब देखकर  
फिर सहसा उसके हाथ तेज हो जाते हैं  
ताकि दिनकर की धार में  
उसकी दर्पण-चमक  
कुंद न पड़ जाए  
और उसके अक्स को सुस्पष्ट देख सके  
इस खातिर ..... !





Southindian, मदरासी, सौत वाले ये हैं हमारे नाम। भले ही लोगों को हमारे नाम न पता हो ये जरूर पता होता है की हम southindian हैं। बचपन से लेकर 12<sup>th</sup> के बोर्ड्स तक कभी भी दिमाग में नहीं आया कि एक दिन ऐसा भी आएगा कि मैं अपने विचार एवं भावनाओं को व्यक्त करने के लिए इतना तरस जाऊंगी। हर किसी के जीवन एक न एक ऐसा चीज जरूर होता है जो कभी सोचा हि न हो कभी होगा। 10th के हिंदी पडते समय कभी नहि लगा यही हिंदी मुझे इतने तकलीफ में डाल देगा। तबतो मात्र कुछ नम्बरों के लिए पड़ति थी। यहाँ आने के बाद जो हुआ और जो तकलीफें हुई वो तो आप में से कुछ लोग जानते हि होंगे। कुछ आपके दोस्त होंगे जो मेरि तरह बोलते होंगे। कुछ होंगे जिन्हें आप चिडाते होंगे और कुछ तो खुद मेरि तरह मदरासी होंगे।

सबसे पहले तो सब मदरासी नहीं होते है। भया लोग जैसे सब u.p. वाले नहि होते हो वेसे हम भी अलग हैं। सौत में बाकि राष्ट्र भी है और उनकी खुद की पहचान भि है। तो कृपया अपना geography एक बार फिर से पडलो।

दुसरे सबसे बड़ा तकलीफ इन लिंग में आता है। न जाने किसने बनाया हिंदी व्याकरण को कि कभी पेड़ लड़का होता है तो कुछ और स्त्रीलिंग। हमे तो इन लिंग समझ नही आती है। कभी मैं स्त्रीलिंग को पुल्लिंग कर देति हूँ तो किभि नपुनसकलिंग को पुल्लिंग। वेसे हमें व्याकरण समझ आता है लेकिन उसका उपयोग लाख कोशिश के बाद भी सुधरा नहि। कहतें हैं न कुत्ते का दुम टेडा होता है ठीक उसी तरह हम भि टेढ़े हैं। सौत इंडियन और परफेक्ट हिंदी काफी मुश्किल है मिलना।

जब पता चला मेरा दाखिला हमीरपुर होने वाला है तो मन को मझालिया, क्या हुआ हिंदी नहीं आता तो सीख लेंगे; क्या हुआ अगर दूर है तो चार साल कि ही तो बात है, छुटियों में घर भी चले जायेंगे। लेकिन आने के कुछ ही दिनों में पता लगया कि हिंदी पिकचरें देखना और बोलना काफी अलग है। एक शब्द क्या बोलिया डंग से उस दिन तो काफी स्पेसल हो जाता था और हमारे मित्र जो हमरि खिल्ली/मजाक उड़ाने के लिए सबसे पहले खड़े हो जाते है, थोडि सी भी इधर उधर बस समझों गये तुम। एक के साथ एक और मिल जायेंगे और बस आपकी उड़ाने में लग जायेंगे। टीचरस् भी शुरू हो जाते हैं हिंदी में आधा या कुछ कुछ समझ आता है, actually समझ आया लगता है और खुद ही उस शब्दों को जोड़कर कुछ मतलब समझ लेति थी। और बाद में उसका मतलब कुछ और ही निकलता। जोक्स समझ नहीं आते लेकिन हंसना पड़ता था। बाद में किसी दोस्त से बोलती यार क्यों हँस रहे ते समझाना जरा। आसान नही है ये सब कुछ। कभी हमारे यहाँ आया और हमारी भाषाएं बोलनी की कोशिश करना, तुम सब को भी नानी याद आ जायेगी। फिर तुम्हे भी समझ आ जायेगा अच्छे से हमारी प्रॉब्लम। छुटियाँ पड़ति हैं दो तीन दिन के लिए और ये आस पास वाले अपने अपने घर पहुँच जाते है और मास बंक बोल देते हैं बड़े स्टेल में। यार हम क्या करें। ना घर जाए ना कौलेज यहीं हॉस्टल में अकेले पच्छियों के जैसे बेटे रहते। खेर ये सब जानने के बाद ही हम आये है इतना दूर लेकिन फिर भी it hurts...।

अब तो करीबन दो साल हो गये हैं अब भी गलतियाँ होती है मुझसे हिंदी बोलते हुए और और टीचर भी दो दिन इंगलिश में पड़ाकर तीसरे दिन हिंदी में ही पहुच जाते हैं। अब भी लोग पूछते है “तुम्हे हिंदी आता है?” और मैं भले ही ना आये “हां, आता है” बोल देती हूँ। कई बार हिंदी के कुछ शब्दों के अपनी भाषा में मतलब सोच के हंसती हूँ। इन सब के बीच भी एक मजा छुपा है लोग मजाक उड़ाते है लेकिन न जाने किस वजह से सब कुछ काफी खूबसूरत और मजेदार लगने लगा है।



प्रसन्ना बालाजी



पूजा बयाना  
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वीर कात्याल सिंह  
एम.टेक., अंतिम वर्ष

## एक कहानी जो एक बार फिर रह गयी अंत रहित

इस कहानी की शुरुआत कहाँ से करूँ, समझ नहीं आता। हाँ, किसी हिंदी फिल्म की तरह अंत से तो नहीं कर सकता, क्योंकि इस कहानी का अंत कभी होता ही नहीं है। ये कहानी कभी धीमी हो जाती है तो कभी किसी थके मुसाफिर की तरह रुक जाती है, तो कभी बिलकुल सीधी चलती है, तो कभी पहाड़ी रास्तों पर चल रही किसी गाड़ी की तरह मुड़ जाती है। इस कहानी का कोई भी पात्र किसी धारावाहिक के पात्र की तरह काल्पनिक नहीं है और न ही इस कहानी की कोई घटना मेरे मन की कल्पना है। इस कहानी के पात्र किसी निर्देशक के इशारों पर काम नहीं करते, बल्कि वे सब कुछ स्वेच्छा से करते हैं। इस कहानी में किसी के लिए कोई समय सीमा या नियम कानून नहीं हैं। लगता है कहानी के बारे में बहुत बता दिया, अब कहानी शुरू करते हैं।

मेरा बचपन शायद उस समय अंतिम पड़ाव पर था, पर मन था की बचपन को छोड़ ही नहीं रहा था। मुझे मालूम था की बचपन से निकलते ही मुझे कोई गलती होने पर, शरारत करने पर या समय पर काम न करने पर अपने दूसरे भैया या दीदी की तरह डांट पड़ने लगेगी। अपना व खुद से छोटों का ध्यान रखने की हिदायतें दी जाएँगी। स्कूल से मिलने वाले गृह कार्य की मात्रा व अध्यापक द्वारा दी जाने वाली सजा का स्तर बढ़ जायेगा। अब कभी-कभी ऊँगली पकड़कर चलने की बजाय शायद छोटों की ऊँगली थामकर चलना होगा। माँ के हाथ से निवाला खाने की बजाय खुद खाना बनाकर कर खाना होगा। अब पहले की तरह रुठने पर प्यार से मनाए जाने की जगह, डांट के साथ-साथ मार भी पड़ेगी।

मैं नौवीं कक्षा में था, जब मुझे छोटे बच्चों को पढ़ाने, हँसाने, उनके साथ खेलने की आदत लगी। अपनी से छोटो कक्षा के आस-पास के बच्चों को मैं अपने घर एकत्र कर लेता, फिर एक अध्यापक की तरह पढ़ाता, बाद में उन्हीं के साथ कभी क्रिकेट तो कभी फीटो खेलता। उनको बीच-बीच में मैं कहानी, कवितायें और चुटकुले भी सुनाता। कभी भैंस पर बैठकर तालाब पर जाना, तो कभी जलाशय के दूसरे छोर से सर पर चिकनी मिट्टी रखकर तैरते हुए घर आना व घर आकर चिकनी मिट्टी के खिलौने बनाना, बोतल के ढक्कन से गाड़ी बनाना, ईंट से ट्रैक्टर-ट्राली बनाकर मिट्टी ढोना, तालाब के पास छोटे-छोटे खेल बनाकर, उनमें पानी-छोड़ना, ये सब मैं बच्चों के साथ मिलकर ही तो किया करता था। पर ये सब मस्ती ज्यादा दिन न चल सकी, और दसवीं कक्षा पास करते ही मुझे डिप्लोमा करने गांव से दूर जाना पड़ा।

बाहर जाकर मुझे मालूम हुआ कि घर से दूर रहना क्या होता है। पहले 6 महीने तो मन ही नहीं लगा, बार-बार आँखों के सामने गांव की मस्ती के वही मन-मोहक दृश्य आ जाते, जिन्हे मैं कभी भूल नहीं सकता था। पर धीरे-धीरे मुझे समझना पड़ा कि मुझे अब उन बच्चों से दूर ही रहना पड़ेगा। जब छुट्टियों में घर जाता तो, वापस से सभी बच्चों को घर पर एकत्र कर, वो पल दुबारा जी लेता। उन सभी बच्चों से मैं खुद इतना जुड़ गया था कि अगर मैं शाम को देरी से भी घर पहुंचता, तो तभी सब बच्चे मेरे पास पहुँच जाते और अगर मैं रात को या प्रातः काल में पहुँचता, तो वे सब हाथ में रोटी-चाय उठाए तुरंत घर आ जाते और मेरे पास आकर ही नाश्ता करते।

डिप्लोमा तो जैसे-तैसे हो गया, पर उसके बाद जब बी.टेक. में दाखिला लिया तो मन बहुत विचलित रहता था। दिल कहता था कि मैं हमेशा बच्चों के साथ ही रहूँ, उनके साथ बैठकर पढ़ूँ, उन्हीं के साथ खेलूँ। मैंने अपने कॉलेज से ही 9 कि.मी दूर, कल्याण-सदन नाम के एक छात्रावास में कमरा लिया, पर वहां कभी मन नहीं लगा और ऐसे ही एक वर्ष बीत गया। तब अपने एक मित्र से मालूम हुआ कि पास के गांव में ट्यूशन पढ़ाने वाले की ज़रूरत है। यह जानकार मैं खुश हो गया व फिर वहाँ गांव में पढ़ाने के लिए मैंने बात कर ली। शुरु में केवल दो ही बच्चे थे, पर धीरे-धीरे बच्चे बढ़ते गए व पंद्रह से बीस बच्चे हो गए, पहली से दसवीं कक्षा तक के। फिर से शुरु हो गयी, वही मस्ती, उछल-कूद बच्चों के साथ। मैं अपने कॉलेज व ट्यूशन पढ़ाने के लिए साइकिल से ही जाता था, जिससे काफी थकान हो जाती थी, पर बच्चों के साथ मस्ती करने के लिए, मैं कुछ भी कर सकता था। मैं जहाँ पढ़ाता था, वहाँ दादी, अंकल और आंटी थे, और आठवीं क्लास का वो बच्चा जिससे मैंने वहाँ पढ़ाने की शुरुआत की थी। तब एक दिन आंटी ने कहा कि मैं वहीं अपना सामान ले आऊँ और वहीं रहने लग जाऊँ, बस फिर क्या था, उसके बाद मैं वहीं गाँव में रहने लगा। इससे मुझे और ज्यादा वक़्त मिलता बच्चों में रहने को। मैं सुबह 3:17 पर अपनी साइकिल ( इंडियन हेलीकाप्टर) से कॉलेज के लिए निकलता व शाम को 5 बजे पहुँच जाता बच्चों के पास। बच्चे मेरे आने से पहले ही पहुँच जाते मेरे कमरे पर और कई बार तो तहलका ही मचा देते, कभी कोई गमला तोड़ देता, तो कभी मधुमक्खियों के छत्ते में पत्थर मारकर उन्हें उड़ा देते। कभी-कभी दादी बच्चों की शैतानी से परेशान हो जाती, पर आंटी हमेशा शांत ही रहती व सबको प्यार से समझाती। छुट्टी वाले दिन तो बच्चे सुबह से ही आ जाते और पूरा दिन मेरे पास ही रहते। उस दिन मैं शहर जाकर गजक या फल ले आता और सब मिलकर खाते। एक बार तो मैं सबके लिए पपीता ले आया व छीलकर काटकर, दादी, आंटी और बच्चों में बाँट दिया, जब पपीता कम लगा, तो मैं छिलके में से ढूँढ़-ढूँढ़ कर खाने लगा जिससे मेरा चेहरा पपीते से सन गया। मुझे देख बच्चों ने भी वैसे खाना शुरु कर दिया। दौड़ लगाना, क्रिकेट एवं फीटो खेलना तो छुट्टी वाले दिन होता ही था।

मैं बच्चों को पढ़ाता था तो गाँव में सब मुझे मास्टर जी कहते थे। पढ़ने वालों बच्चों के अलावा आस-पास के 2 या 3 साल के बच्चों को भी मैं अपने पास ले आता और वे पूरे दिन मेरे पास ही खेलते। एक दो वर्ष की गुड़िया मिट्टी से तो इतनी जान-पहचान हो गयी कि वो अपने घर से मुझे आवाज़ लगा देती, 'मास्टर जी, मुझे बाहर ले जाओ



'। बैलगाड़ी में बैल की जगह खुद लगकर, मैं दो-तीन बच्चों को मंदिर वाली गली में इधर से उधर झूलता। कभी-कभी लोहे का पुराना सामान या रद्दी खरीदने वाले भैया के रिकशे में हम सभी घूमते। हम मिलकर सभी बच्चों का जन्मदिन एवं बाकी उत्सव मानते। कभी मैं सब बच्चों को शराबी की नक़ल करके दिखाता तो वे सब खूब हँसते। इस सब के चलते कब बी टेक हो गयी व कब मैंने एक वर्ष तक वही रहते-रहते एक बी टेक कॉलेज में पढ़ाया पता ही नहीं चला। फिर मुझे अपनी स्नातकोत्तर करनी थी व मुझे दाखिला मिला एन.आई.टी. हमीरपुर में।

जब मैं गाँव से सामान लेकर हमीरपुर आया तो बच्चों का वो मुस्कुराता चेहरा, शरारतें, दादी का दुलार आदि ने मुझे बहुत बेचैन किया। मैं बार-बार वही बच्चों की फोटो देखता रहता, जो मैंने सभी बच्चों व दादी के साथ खिंचवाई थी। यहाँ आते ही मैं फिर से बच्चे खोजने लगा। कभी किसी स्कूल में पढ़ाने के लिए सोचता तो कभी किसी गाँव में। पर ऐसे ही विचलित मन लिए मेरा पहला सेमेस्टर बीत गया। फिर दूसरे सेमेस्टर में अपने दोस्त से पता चला कि हमारे कॉलेज में शाम को लेक्चर हॉल में बच्चों को पढ़ाया जाता है। मेरी आँखें खुशी से चमक उठी और अगले ही दिन मैंने बच्चों को पढ़ाना शुरू कर दिया। फिर लग गया वही मेला जो कुछ दिन पहले छूट गया था मुझसे। रविवार को सुबह जब बच्चों के साथ खेलते हैं तो मस्ती की बारिश ही हो जाती है। कोई कहता है भैया खो-खो खेलो तो कोई फीटों की गेंद उठाए दिखाता है, कोई क्रिकेट बल्ले को उठाए भाग रहा होता है, तो कोई बैडमिंटन के लिए चिड़ी खोजता। कभी-कभी जब सब की तरफ नज़रें घुमाकर देखता हूँ तो मुझे इन सब में अपना बचपन हँसता हुआ प्रतीत होता है। जब-जब मैं किसी नयी जगह बच्चों के बीच गया हूँ, तो उन बच्चों से लगाव, जान-पहचान व मस्ती का स्तर हमेशा बढ़ा है। अब तो उन बच्चों के साथ सब त्योहार भी मनाये जाते हैं। अब तो मैं उन्हें समझाने भी लगा हूँ। अक्सर उनकी आंखों से ही उनके मन की बात या उनकी कोई परेशानी जान लेता हूँ। कभी कभी अचानक जब कोई बच्चा सीने से लग जाता है तो लगता है जैसे कोई असाधारण प्राणी अपने दिल से सन्देश भेज रहा है, वो मेरे दिल को और मैं भी बड़े ध्यान से उसके दिल की धड़कन को महसूस करता हूँ। पढ़ाते-पढ़ाते जब बच्चों को देखता हूँ, तो उनमें दिखाता है वही वीर जो अध्यापक की कुर्सी के पास बैठता था, जो बड़े गौर से अध्यापक की बातें सुनता था।

पर हर बार की तरह यहाँ भी आ गया है अंतिम सेमेस्टर मेरे पढ़ाई का तो मैं कुछ पागल सा हो गया हूँ। अब किसी बच्चे के रुठने पर रात भर सो नहीं पता हूँ। उनके हाथों से लिखे शब्द, जब मैं किसी कागज़ के टुकड़े पर देखता हूँ तो उठा कर जमीं से उस कागज़ को चुपके से अपनी जेब में रख लेता हूँ, किसी बच्चे के मुँह से सुनकर कुछ बातें, कविता लिखने बैठ जाता हूँ। मासूम चेहरा और चुपचाप सी आँखें लिए जब कोई बच्चा सामने बैठा होता है तो उसका चित्र बनाने लग जाता हूँ। दोस्त कहते हैं अक्सर मैं एन.आई.टी. की सड़कों पर खुद से ही बातें करते हुए चलता हूँ। लगता है वो वक़्त फिर आ गया है उलट फेर करने वाले तूफ़ान को लेकर जिंदगी में मेरे जिसने खामोश कर दिया था मुझे गाँव से आने के बाद, डिप्लोमा के बाद और फिर बी टेक. के बाद। लगता है इस बार वक़्त की आंधी कुछ ज्यादा ही तेज़ है, जो छीन रही है मुझसे आदत मेरी हर गम में मुस्कुराने की। वो गुड़िया जिसने रक्षाबंधन पर उल्टा मुझसे राखी बंधवाई थी व मुझे उनमें भगवान नज़र आये थे, लगा था के मेरी रक्षा के लिए भी है कोई, जब आज उसने हर रोज़ वाली मुस्कान के साथ 'नमस्ते भैया' बोला तो मैंने अचानक अपने अंदर एक शक्ति को महसूस किया, मेरी मायूसी, मेरे मन का विचलन सब गायब हो गए। अब मैं फिर से सांतवे आसमान पर हूँ, फिर से चल दिया हूँ मैं उन्हीं मासूमों को हँसाने, किसी को चिढ़ाने तो किसी रूठे को मनाने। अब मुझे कोई चिंता नहीं है बिछुड़ने की उनसे, क्योंकि अंत नहीं होने देना है मुझे इस कहानी का छ गर कर दिया वक़्त ने मुझे इन सब से दूर तो लौट आऊंगा, मैं इन्हीं चमकते चेहरों के बीच, इन्हें हँसाने के लिए, मनाने के लिए और वही मस्ती को दोहराने के लिए, फिर से, फिर से और एक बार फिर से।

तुम्हारे साथ लिए हर सांस की सरसराहट को भी चाहता हूँ,

यादों की किसी किताब में छुपा लेना मैं यूँ,

के तुम से दूर जाकर जी सकूँ मैं बस उसी सरसराहट को साँसों में भरकर अपनी।

पहचान लेते हैं तेरे क़दमों की आहट को मेरे कान बड़े गौर से इस कदर जाने क्यों,

फिर दुनिया का हर संगीत मुझे अनसुना सा लगता है।





**गौरव शर्मा**  
अंतिम वर्ष, यात्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी

## एक मुलाकात

इक चेहरा था जो ज़हन में ठहर सा गया  
जब भी याद करूँ, साँसें रुक, दिल थम सा गया।  
उम्मीदें तो नहीं थी दोबारा मुलाकात होगी उनसे  
पर उन्हें अपने सामने देख वक़्त थम सा गया ॥

इक दिन डगर पर जाना पहचाना सा चेहरा दिखा,  
उस समय दिल ने यह पैगाम लिखा,  
“या खुदा तूने ख्वाब दिखाया इतना हसीन  
इस परी को यहाँ तक लाया, अब आगे का रास्ता भी दिखा” ॥

अपनी कल्पना समझ कर जब हम आगे बढ़ने लगे,  
तभी वो हाथ मेरे कंधे पर झुकने लगे,  
जब तक हम होश संभालें, एक आवाज़ उठी  
“अब तुम मुझे क्यों याद रखने लगे” ॥

दिल से आवाज़ निकली “भर लो अपनी बाहों में  
तुम याद रहोगी जीवन भर, कैसे भूलूँ माहों में”  
पर होंठ थे रास्ते में, मानो सिल दिए हों ऐसे,  
रुक-रुक कर शब्द फिर भी, झलक रहे थे आहों में ॥

“कहाँ खो गए” जब ये आवाज़ पड़ी कानों में  
बोल निकले होठों से, जान आ गयी तरानों में  
“तुम्हे देख खो गया था पुराने फसानों में  
सोचा था स्कूल के बाद साथ होंगे सिर्फ खयालों में” ॥

आज भी वो मुलाकात है दिल में जिंदा  
अगर होंठ होते जैसे उड़ता परिंदा  
कह देता उसे उस दिन जो दिल में था  
दिख जाता वो अक्स उसका, जो दिल-ए-महफ़िल में था ॥

## रोशनी की तलाश में

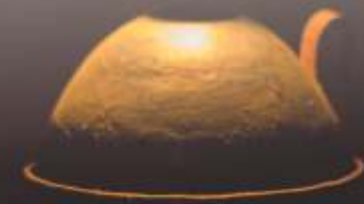
अँधेरी शाम में यूँ चलते - चलते,  
न जाने कहाँ पहुँचा मैं शाम ढलते।  
खूब अँधियारा है जहाँ देखता हूँ,  
“क्या सही रास्ते पे हूँ मैं” - यही सोचता हूँ

किस मोड़ पर मैं सही रास्ते से भटक गया ?  
अभी तो शुरू हुआ था मैं, अभी सिमट गया।  
कोई तो संभाले मुझे, न खुद पर यकीन मुझको,  
इस दलदल से बचाले मुझे, मिले सुकून मुझको।

जिंदा हूँ इस बेगाने शहर में यूँ गिरते सम्भलते,  
न जाने कहाँ पहुँचा मैं शाम ढलते।

एक सुरंग सी है दूर वहाँ, शायद कुछ उजाला मिले,  
मेरी इस डूबती कश्ती को कोई तो किनारा मिले।  
इस अँधेरी सुरंग के उस पार कुछ तो रोशनी होगी,  
एक सवेरा होगा नया, नई-नई जिन्दगी होगी।

शायद अँधेरे रास्तों से गुजर कर ही किनारे है मिलते,  
न जाने कहाँ पहुँचा मैं शाम ढलते।



Piyush Kumar



**प्रवीण शर्मा**  
पूर्व छात्र, 2010 - 2014



सूरज अपना प्रकाश समेटने की तैयारी में था और अंधेरा स्नै-स्नै: अपना वर्चस्व कायम करने को आतुर हो रहा था और उर्वशी तेज कदमों से अपने झोपड़ीनुमा घर का रास्ता तय कर रही थी। चेहरे पर थकावट थी परंतु अगले दिन पुनः काम पर आने की जरूरत का अहसास भी उसे था। इसलिए वह थकान को अपने ऊपर हावी नहीं होने देना चाहती थी। दिनभर मजदूरी करने के बाद चलने की हिम्मत नहीं थी लेकिन अपने बच्चे सोमू से मिलने की उत्सुकता में उसके कदम अनायास ही घर की ओर बढ़े जा रहे थे। वह मग्न थी अपने बच्चे की सुखद भविष्य की कल्पना में, मन ही मन अपने उस दृढ़ निश्चय को दुहरा रही थी कि चाहे जो भी हो वो अपने बच्चे को खुद के जैसा नहीं बनाएगी।

सहसा उसका दिवास्वप्न टूटा जब उसे याद आया कि बच्चे के लिए नई किताब और घर का राशन तो लेना भूल ही गयी। यह सोचती हुई कि आज राशन का सामान कुछ कम लेकर कुछ रुपये स्कूल की फीस के लिए बचा लेगी उसने बाजार का रुख किया। किताब लेकर पैसे चुकाने को अपना थैला टटोला लेकिन ये क्या सिर्फ पचास रुपये! बाकी की मजदूरी कहाँ गयी? अचानक उसके हाथ उस छेद तक पहुँचे जिसे वो कई दिनों से सिलना चाह रही थी। अब कर भी क्या सकती थी सिवा पछताने के। खैर उसने पैसे चुकाए और बाकी बचे दस रुपये के साथ भारी मन से राशन की दुकान की ओर चल दी। इन रुपयों से उसे तीन वक़्त के खाने का इंतजाम करना था। खुद के लिए बहुत थोड़े से चावल खरीद पायी यद्यपि वो पर्याप्त नहीं था।

काम ने कभी उसे परेशान नहीं किया था पर मेहनत की कमाई के खो जाने पर अदम्य निराशा हो रही थी। इस दुर्योग से विचलित वो कभी खुद को तो कभी निर्मम नियति को दोष देती हुई कब घर पहुँच गयी पता ही नहीं चला। अंदर प्रवेश करते ही सोमू ने थैले को खोलकर देखना शुरू कर दिया कि हर दिन की तरह आज भी माँ ने उसके लिए कुछ खास खाने की चीज़ ली होगी लेकिन संयोग से उसे उसकी सबसे प्यारी चीज़ 'किताब' हाथ लगते ही कुछ यूँ लगा जैसे उसे बस इसी की तलाश थी। उसकी खुशी पर उर्वशी ने कोई प्रतिक्रिया नहीं दी तो सोमू ने चेहरे से ही से माँ की परेशानी ताड़ ली। उसे अहसास हुआ की आज माँ के पास पैसे नहीं थे और इसलिए वो चिंतित लग रही है। गरीबी ने उस मासूम को समय से पहले समझदार बना दिया था। अचानक उसे जैसे कुछ याद आया, वह कमरे में गया और अपनी छोटी सी हथेली में कुछ रुपए लाकर माँ के हाथों में रख दिया। उर्वशी आश्चर्यचकित होकर कुछ पूछती इससे पहले ही सोमू ने कहा “अब मेरी फीस नहीं देनी पड़ेगी क्योंकि मैं बहुत मन लगाकर पढ़ाई करता हूँ।” उर्वशी को ये समझते देर न लगी की ये वो पैसे हैं जो वो सोमू को और बच्चों की तरह कुछ खरीदकर खाने को दिया करती थी। छोटे से बच्चे की इस मदद से उसका मन द्रवित हो उठा था। सोमू के इस समर्पण से उर्वशी को अटल विश्वास हो चुका था कि वो उसकी परिश्रम की कमाई को सार्थक करेगा। संतोष उसके चेहरे से झलक रहा था। जो संस्कार उर्वशी ने दिया था उससे मानो उसका साक्षात्कार हुआ हो। उर्वशी का एक ही लक्ष्य था, अपने सोमू को इस अंधकारमय जिंदगी से दूर रखना। आज सोमू के समझदारी से उस मंजिल तक पहुँचने का रास्ता उसे साफ़ दिख रहा था।



Archit Singh

सृष्टि सारिका  
तृतीय वर्ष, जानपद अभियांत्रिकी







Tapan Sharma  
ECE, Final Year

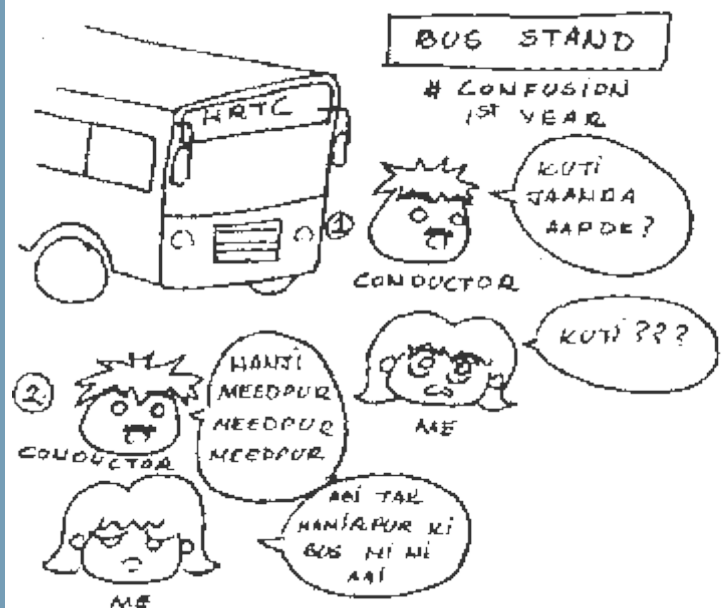
## Quipped

It's not so very often  
pen, paper and desire  
but, when thoughts are on run  
and never cease to get higher.

Two wrongs don't make it right  
for one has to stop and check  
but for an adamant might  
it's futile to count on spec

Maturity is a trait overrated  
It's critical to be rational;  
But yet a mature rationale is baited  
Laughable, ideation and irrational.

Being perceptive is coveted  
But when egotism is acknowledged  
Malignant effect of decadence  
is initiated  
A crevasse appears inconceivable  
to be bridged.



Adeeba Ifrah



Ashish Pawar



**Q1) How did you fell in love with photography?**

**A :** It was the ability of photography to capture that 1/100th or 1/4000th of a frame of a second, that precision to see the moment that is not possible for a human eye .

**Q2) Would you have to choose between romanticized love and a chance to be a travelling photographer with National Geographic what would you choose?**

**A :** I would choose a romanticised love rather than travelling with that heavy equipment and working for National Geographic because it's with these experiences that we have in life with our closed ones that we develop the ability, and new perspectives, through which we as photographers see the world differently.

**Q3) You go by shooting weddings and portfolios, how do you like it? Do these vocations pay you well? How many weddings do you average per year?**

**A :** With all these submissions and classes, it's very hard to manage my shooting dates and it's not possible for me to shoot all the weddings that I am commissioned/asked to shoot. I prefer commercial work such as product photography and fashion because I am at the liberty to choose the dates myself. There is an insane amount of money, I mean take what my friends will make in a month when they will be working right after we all graduate multiply that number by 5, that's what I can make in a month. But it comes on through hard work and marketing yourself and above all refining your skills, you have to be updated all the time.

**Q4) What type of cameras do you shoot with?**

**A :** I use a Canon 5d mark 3 for commercial work with a Canon 550d as a backup. When I'm not paid for shooting I use my nikon fg. It's a 20 year old 36 mm film camera for art work and personal stuff.

**Q5) If you had to choose one lens which one would it be and why?**

**A :** If I were to choose one lens I would chose my Vivitar 28mm f2.8 because it's a wide angle lens and has a wide aperture value, I can get close to a subject for those tight portrait frames and for that wide angle if I need to shoot a scenic landscape I can I have the full view.

**Q6) How would you describe your style of photography?**

**A :** My style is vivid. I try everything from mimicking old film look to getting those extreme details of the skin which is only possible through the latest DSLRs, I don't stick to any style in particular. What I want depends on my mood and the subject.

**Q7) How important is Photoshop in your final images?**

**A :** I cannot do without Photoshop. If I don't edit my pictures it's like I'm not doing justice to the image. I exactly know what do I need to change in the image before I have shot it because our eyes have a very high dynamic range and the purpose of photoshopping or editing or post processing any image is to achieve or get close to that range because that makes the images look lively.

**Q8) How would you describe your creative vision – what themes are you trying to explore in your work?**

**A :** My creativity comes from things I get inspired from and anything can inspire us. Like some time ago I read this blog "Hindi Fashion". It's a fashion blog which talks about the latest glam and glitter that is out there to talk about. But the twist is, it's presented in hardcore Hindi style and this thing moved me so much that I'm not only working with her but, like Hindi our mother tongue, which we consider using, a taboo when it comes to delivering your message to a large number of people because it makes you too mainstream or desi, I know its deeply rooted within us and we cannot hide from it. So is the case for the artist in us, sometimes we try to suppress it, fearing being judged, or being made fun of, but as classy as that blog is , I was like "chuck it let me just be myself".

**Q9) At what point did you realise that you could use it as a vehicle to start your own online business?**

**A :** When I was offered my first assignment I was like "you'll pay me money for taking pictures!" At that point I was like "This is it this I what I wanna do!"

**Q10) We heard that you went for to interview for Vogue magazine, how did it go?**

**A :** Hahaha ! They were all speculations. I was never called by vogue, it was that they have this online portal where every fashion photographer can showcase his work. They do screen all the submissions made and they have a strict style, so I happened to submit one of my images which got rejected , that's it. Though I was interviewed by TOI when I did a solo exhibit at The Gaiety Theater. I was on the front page of the weekly newspaper they print for Himachal.

**Q11) We're very impressed with your photos, website and online business. What advice would you give anyone who would like to do something similar? What are the most important lessons that you've learnt?**

**A :** For those who would like to do what I do , I would say that do what you feel, ignore everyone and everything what people say but whatever you do should eventually come out to do something good to society. Photography is just a medium of showcasing how you to make see the world to others that's it.

You can check out Ashish's photography on his facebook page that goes by: "1993 (Photographic Services)"

Life in Pixels  
With Ashish Pawar







# DREAMS GONE BY

Nishant Kapatia  
ECE Final Year

A misty morning with dew laden leaves  
I brushed, passed them  
It was all I could see  
For the mist was covering the helm

You were on my mind as always  
My wallet bereft of cash  
I was just walking aimlessly  
A backpack was all I had to splash

You appeared out of nowhere  
A figure that had everyone amazed  
Your feet fell to the ground  
And set the skies ablaze

Your eyes glittered in the misty sun  
Hearing the gentle footsteps  
I had my doubts  
Had I overslept (the night)?

Don't you dare vanish from my sight  
It has been a while now  
Since I could really believe  
You are the sweetest dream I had all night

Just then the sun shone out  
I wish I could hold a bit more  
For all I can say  
You are the one I will always adore





### Q1) Tell us something about fossBytes.

fossBytes is a technology website cum blog, which was launched six months ago by us: Final year students Arpit Verma from Computer Science Department and Adarsh Verma from Mechanical Engineering Department. With our website, we try to provide latest science and technology news to the readers. It aims at fulfilling all technology news needs of people interested in trending updates and information. In our special how-to guides, which are one of the top visited pages of the website, we try to give simple and useful tips to users to improve the productivity of their devices. Both of us share a common dream of making fossBytes a top technology website of India.

### Q2) What prompted you to start the website?

The idea which inspired us was the need of an Indian technology website which would be a unification and intersection of diverse interests of users. There are many Indian websites and blogs which are confined to particular areas like smartphones, space, hacking or computers. fossBytes tries to paint a bigger picture and our tagline "fresh Bytes of technology and more" tries to address the same diversity.

### Q3) How many crew members are there currently working for fossBytes? How did you recruit? What are the proportions of content writers to web designers of your website?

Both of us look after the main writing part along with editing and website management. Apart from us, we are having four other regular contributors. Sagar Karira, Navanshu Agarwal, Veda Thipparthi and Kriti Kushwaha are from NIT-H itself. The process of choosing writers wasn't much formal and we talked to many people and looked into their writing samples. Based upon the writing abilities and enthusiasm of people, we selected the content writers.

### Q4) How many average hits you get per day?

Writing is an exhilarating way to share your passions. But blogging or writing for a website are totally different from writing. When you are running a website, you need visitors. No matter how much appreciable your content is, it means nothing without visitors. There are some dry days and there are some pouring days with tons of visitors. Right now we are getting about 20000-30000 hits per day. When we started back in August, we felt a new kind of joy and satisfaction whenever we saw some visitors on Google Analytics (Google's service to keep an eye on our visitors).

### Q5) How did you work upon improving the traffic and content on fossBytes. What all tools, plugins, procedures and methods you learned/applied to increase the visibility of the site on the web?

Our website is powered by WordPress and for simple blogging purposes, it is easy to learn and use. The basic formula for success of any content based website is unique and quality content, but to increase the visibility of your website in Google search results, we had to study a lot. Writing an article usually takes around 30-40 minutes but the background study and keyword research take more time.

We try to focus on the trending topics and hot searches. There are some other useful methods like creating backlinks, skyscraper technique, interaction with fellow bloggers. Making headings and the timely sharing of content on different social medias, has also helped us.

Apart from creating a post and sharing it at different platforms, an important step is to observe the user behaviour and trends. With Google and other search engines' services, we study the most visited pages, search queries and click-patterns on advertisements. This data helps us to improve the website and its content.

For monitoring the visitors and different website parameters, we use standard tools like Google Analytics and Google Webmasters. To do keyword research, we use Google Keyword Planner, Wordtracker and KWFinder.

Talking about WordPress plugins, we use WordPress SEO from Team Yoast for SEO (Search Engine Optimization) solutions. We use Askimet to protect our website from spams, BJ Lazy Load for saving bandwidth, EWWW Image Optimizer for optimizing pictures, WP Minify Fix for combining and compressing JS and CSS files and many other useful plugins.

### Q6) Does your website have a business model? If yes, what kind? If no, do you see yourself building one in the future?

Our website runs on web advertising and affiliate marketing. We display Google AdSense advertisements on our webpages and whenever a user clicks on an advertisement, we are paid according to Google's terms. We are also using affiliate marketing services of Amazon India and Flipkart. Because of the increase in our visitors lately, our revenue (savings) per day ranges from 25-30\$. We might be thinking of taking the website to a whole new level in Bangalore, in the near future.

### Q7) Anything else you feel like sharing with us?

The journey till this point has been full of ups and downs. We've received lots of love from our friends and readers, and we wish to fulfil our dream of making fossBytes a top Indian technology website in near future with everyone's support.

Here at fossBytes, you are bound to stumble upon a tickle of entertainment, a pinch of news and a mouthful bite of technology.



Entrepreneurs @ NIT H  
With Arpit & Adarsh







**सौरभ शाक्या**  
अंतिम वर्ष,  
विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी

## जब मैं चलती हूँ पगडंडी पर

जब मैं चलती हूँ पगडंडी पर अकेली ,  
लगता है साथ हो तुम मेरी हिफाजत में ।  
फिर भी न जाने क्यों होता है एक डर,  
ताकती हूँ कभी इधर तो कभी उधर ;  
कभी माथे के पसीने को पोंछती ,  
तो कभी अपना दुपट्टा संभालती।  
हर दम तेज़ होती मेरी धड़कन,  
डर से सहमा हुआ, मेरा मन ;  
फिर भी ..लगता है साथ हो तुम मेरी हिफाजत में ।  
कई वहशी नजरें मुझे काटती हैं ,  
हर पल मुझे लूट लेने को भागती हैं;  
किसी के गंदे बोल कानों के पर्दे चीर देते हैं ,  
मन कहता है काश, साथ होती एक सहेली ।  
जब मैं चलती हूँ पगडंडी पर अकेली ...लगता है साथ हो तुम.....।  
हवा भी जब तन को छू जाती है ,  
मेरे बदन मे सिहरन सी उठ जाती है ;  
काँप उठता है मन जरा सी आहट से  
डर लगने लगता है पत्तों की सरसराहट से ;  
हर तरफ से अस्मत् बचाने की जद्दोजहद में जुट जाती हूँ ।  
जब मैं चलती हूँ .....लगता है साथ हो तुम मेरी हिफाजत में ।  
नहीं जानती घर पहुँच पाऊँगी या नहीं ,  
अपने आप से आईने में कल ,नजरें मिला पाऊँगी या नहीं;  
लेकिन लड़ूँगी आखिरी साँस तक इन दरिदों के खिलाफ ,  
नहीं जानती आखिरी साँस बचा पाऊँगी या नहीं ।  
जब मैं चलती हूँ पगडंडी पर अकेली ...लगता है ....।



## मायाजाल

गन्ध भरा पवन, उससे लहराता मधुवन,  
बुझ रही है ढलते सूरज की तपन,  
साँझ ये पी रही हैं धरती की अगन।।  
चाँद अभ्यासरत है रात पर जादू बिखेरने को,  
परन्तु मानव क्यों है व्यथित मदमस्त हो जाने को?

यूँ तो ये सब प्राकृतिक अभ्यास है,  
किन्तु क्या इतनी मादकता उचित है?  
कदाचित शीतल पवन यूँ ना बहती,  
सूरज अपने ताप को यूँ ना समेटता  
चाँद अपनी चाँदनी ना बिखेरता !  
क्या चल पाता जीवन इसी लय से?  
क्या बुझ पाती धरती की ये अगन?

ये तो है सनातन, सोचने मे वक्त क्यों व्यर्थ करें ?  
प्रकृति को क्या पडी जो किसी का अनर्थ करे ?  
इन सब का सत्यापन कर जाती है प्रत्येक भौर,  
दिन प्रतिदिन से जुड़ जाती है जीवन की डोर ।

परन्तु ये है प्रकृति का बड़प्पन, क्यों हमको है  
इस पर इतना मलाल  
श्रीमान, बातें हैं ये निरर्थक, और व्यर्थ भी है  
मूल्यांकन उसका कहते हैं जिसको "मायाजाल"।



**कपिल कुमार**  
अंतिम वर्ष,  
जानपद अभियांत्रिकी



# किलकारी

गौरैया भी तब अंगड़ाती थी ,  
सीने से लगा आँचल की छावें में  
लोरियां गा माँ जब सुलाती थी ,  
मुंडेर पर बैठी, सर्द फिजा में धूप सेंक रही,  
गौरैया भी तब अंगड़ाती थी ।



प्रार्थना है, तूफ़ान में चाहे पतवार न देना  
चाहे हर सुख-सुविधाओं से वंचित कर देना ,  
पर जीवन दिया है तो, हो चाहे कोई अनाथ  
उसे ममता की मूरत देना, कोई बेटा कह के पुकारे ,  
ऐसी एक माँ देना ।



आँगन में अठखेलियाँ और गलियों में गूँजती किलकारी थी ,  
दिन में बूढ़े पीपल की छावें और रात में दुधिया चांदनी थी ,  
गलियारे में , पापा की पीठ पर होती घोड़े की सवारी थी ,  
बचपन की बगिया की, अमर वो अठखेलियाँ थी,  
अमर हर एक किलकारी थी ।

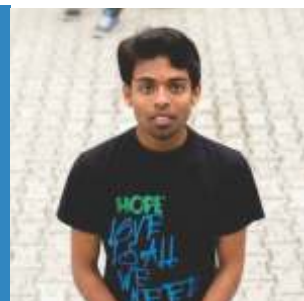


प्यार से चपत लगा , फिर दीदी अपनी बाहों में झुलाती थी ,  
पीली सरसों हो या टेढ़ी पगडण्डी, अपनी दुनिया मतवाली थी ,  
बुरी नज़र से बचाने को माँ, मेरी आँखों में काज़ल लगाती थी ,  
बचपन की बगिया की, अमर वो अठखेलियाँ थी,  
अमर हर एक किलकारी थी ।



Sketches by : Ravi Saukta

कौशल कुमार  
द्वितीय वर्ष, जानपद अभियांत्रिकी







सुरभि सदावत  
पूर्व छात्रा, 2009 - 13

## कही अनकही

शब्दों कि शायद कोई परिभाषा नहीं होती । इन्हें जब भी अपने हिन्दी के व्याकरण के तर्कों से परिभाषित करना चाहा, मैंने खुद को असमर्थ ही पाया । इनके विस्तार के आगे मेरी सोच का दायरा बहुत ही संकुचित नजर आता और मैं अचम्बित हो उठती इनके प्रभुत्व पर कि किस तरह से हर जगह शब्द अपनी जगह बना लेते हैं । मेरे घर के आँगन में सुबह की पहली किरण के साथ ही वह ॐ शब्द बनकर दस्तक दे जाते हैं तो शाम को पास की मस्जिद से आती अजान में यही शब्द मुझे सम्मोहित सा कर जाते हैं । धर्म के बंधनों से परे ये 'शब्द' जैसे मुझे चिढ़ाते हैं कि सब ओर विराजमान होकर भी वो किसी से बंधे नहीं हैं, उन्मुक्त हैं और मैं बंधी हुई हूँ अपनी ही बनाई हुई सीमाओं से, कभी धर्म की, कभी कर्तव्यों की तो कभी रिश्तों की ।

सच ही तो है जिंदगी की दौड़ में रिश्तों के मायने दोगले होते जा रहे थे और मैं समझ ही नहीं पा रही थी कि इन टूटते रिश्तों को नफरत की दराओं से कैसे बचाऊँ ? आज सुबह-सुबह फिर दीदी से बहस हो गई । अब तो ऐसा लगता था कि मुझे सुबह टोके बिना दीदी का दिन शुरू ही नहीं हो सकता था और उन्हे टेढ़ा जवाब दिए बिना तो मैं घर से निकल ही नहीं सकती । पर मेरी मालती दीदी ऐसी नहीं थी, वो तो मुझसे कितना प्यार करती थी, बाबा को समझा कर वो ही तो मुझे गाँव से अपने साथ लेकर आई थी, ताकि जो पढ़ाई वो पूरी नहीं कर सकी उसे मैं पूरी कर सकूँ और इसके लिए दीदी ने खूब मेहनत भी की, अपनी सिलाई-बुनाई की दुकान से जो आमदनी होती सब मुझ पर खर्च कर देती जिससे मुझे कभी किसी चीज़ का अभाव न हो पर आज जब मैं उन्ही के दिखाए रास्ते पर चलकर एक बड़ी फर्म में मैनेजर बन गई हूँ तो मुझसे एक-एक पैसे का हिसाब क्यों माँगती हैं वो ? क्यों मुझ पर विश्वास नहीं करती ?

मेरी छोटी-छोटी गलतियों को माइक्रोस्कोप लगाकर ढूँढना और उन पर मुझे टोकना उनकी आदत बन चुकी है । कभी-कभी सोचती हूँ क्या वो मेरी कामयाबी से खुश नहीं हैं ? या शायद अब उनके दिल में मेरे लिए वो प्यार रहा ही नहीं, वहाँ ईर्ष्या ने अपना घर बना लिया है । एक अजीब सी खामोशी रहती है अब हमारे बीच, वो चुभती है मुझे । अगर कभी बात होने भी लगती है तो कब वो बहस का रूप ले लेती है मुझे भी पता नहीं चलता । इस शहर में आकर जहाँ मैंने बहुत कुछ हासिल किया था, तो अपनी सबसे कीमती चीज़ खो भी दी थी । दिल्ली की इस भीड़ में मैंने अपनी मालती दीदी को खो दिया था ।

इन्हीं सवालों में उलझी हुई थी कि अचानक किसी अनजाने से स्पर्श ने मुझे मेरी उलझनों से बाहर खींचा । देखा तो एक दीदी की ही हमउम्र लड़की मेरे पास वाली सीट कि ओर इशारा कर रही थी । मैंने 'सॉरी' कहकर अपना बैग वहाँ से हटाया और वो बिना मुझसे कुछ कहे वहाँ बैठ गई । एक "थैंक्यू" तक नहीं ! क्या हो गया है लोगों को ? भावनाएं तो जैसे विलुप्त हो गई हैं । अपना ध्यान इस सब से हटाने के लिए मैंने बैग से इयरफोन निकाल लिए, मेट्रो में सफर करते-करते मैं भी यहाँ के लोगो की तरह हो गई थी, जो दिल्ली शहर में चलने वाले सारे एफ.एम. स्टेशन का नाम तो जानते हैं पर अपने साथ हर दिन सफर करने वाले लोगो का नाम नहीं । कितने ही चेहरे थे जिन्हें मैं रोज देखती थी, अब तो परिचित हो गई थी उनकी आदतों से, उनके कपड़ों से पर उनके नाम से मैं अब भी अपरिचित थी ।





मैंने अपना मनपसंद गाना अभी लगाया ही था कि एक लंबा सा लड़का उस लड़की के करीब आकर खड़ा हो गया। उसके अचानक इस तरह आ जाने से वो लड़की सकपका गई और उसने अपना चेहरा मेरी तरफ मोड़ लिया।

मैंने पहली बार उसे ध्यान से देखा। वो दीदी की तरह ही दिख रही थी, बस रंग थोड़ा साँवला था, नीले सलवार सूट पहनी हुई और छोटी सी नीली बींदी लगायी हुई वो बहुत ही भोली लग रही थी। ऐसी मासूमियत मैंने दिल्ली में आकर कभी किसी के चेहरे में नहीं देखी। उनकी काजल लगाई हुई आँखों के साथ उनके छोटे से चेहरे पर वो बनावटी गुस्सा उन्हें और खूबसूरत बना रहा था। मन किया उनसे पुछूँ कि क्या आप ठीक हैं? पर इतने में ही वह लड़का अपने एक पैर पर झुककर नीचे बैठ गया और उसने अपने कानों को अपने दोनों हाथों से पकड़ लिया। माफ़ी माँगने का इससे ज्यादा मासूम तरीका शायद ही कुछ होता। सफेद शर्ट और काली जींस पहने हुए वह लड़का उम्र में काफी बड़ा लग रहा था पर उसके इस अंदाज ने उसके चेहरे को भी उसी मासूमियत से भर दिया जो कुछ देर पहले मुझे उस लड़की पर नजर आई थी। इस दृश्य से एक रोमांच सा भर गया दिल में, नजर उठाकर जब आस-पास देखा तो सब अपनी ही दुनिया में मशगूल नजर आए, चारों तरफ वही चुभता-सा सन्नाटा और हाथों में 'नॉवेल' या कानों में इयरफोन लगाये मशीनी लोग, शून्य में निहारती आँखों को या बाहर की बनती बिगड़ती आकृतियों के साथ चलती आँखों में इतनी फुरसत नहीं थी की इस हसीन से लम्हें को अपनी आँखों में कैद कर सके। पर मैं अपने आप को रोक न सकी और इस बात से बेखबर की मेरा इस तरह से घूरना उन्हें गलत लग सकता है, मैं टकटकी बांधे उन दोनों को देखती रही। वो दोनों भी जैसे बाकी से बेखबर थे, लड़के को बस वह लड़की नजर आ रही थी और वह लड़की भले ही मेरी तरफ मुड़ गई थी पर उसकी नजरें अब भी लड़के पर टिकी हुई थी जैसे कह रही हो कि पर थोड़ा सा प्रयास करो, मैं मान जाऊँगी !!

लड़की ने हाथ के इशारे से उस लड़के को चले जाने को कहा, शायद वो उससे बात ही नहीं करना चाहती थी पर वह लड़का वह अब भी उसी तरह नीचे बैठा हुआ था कान पकड़ कर, प्यार में इतनी जिद तो जायज है। वो भी हाथ के इशारों से कुछ समझाने लगा, मैं समझ नहीं पा रही थी कि वह क्या कहना चाहता है, गाने की आवाज में उसके शब्द सुनाई नहीं दे रहे थे तो मैंने इयरफोन हटाकर गाना बंद कर दिया। पर अभी भी वही सन्नाटा जैसे कोई कुछ बोल ही नहीं रहा था। ये कैसी लड़ाई थी, दोनों एक दूसरे को समझा रहे थे पर बिना बोले सिर्फ हाथों के इशारों से, अच्छा ही है कम से कम शब्दों के जरिए एक-दूसरे के लिए कड़वाहट तो बाहर नहीं आती जो मेरे और दीदी के बीच हमेशा आ जाती है। कभी-कभी चुप रहकर लड़ना ज्यादा अच्छा होता है क्योंकि शब्द कब हथियार का रूप ले लेते हैं पता नहीं चलता।

मैंने फिर से उन दोनों की तरफ देखा, दोनों अब भी एक दूसरे में उलझे हुए थे पर अपने बीच की गलतफहमियों को सुलझा लिया था दोनों ने, एक विजयी सी मुस्कान उस लड़के के चेहरे पर थी जैसे कोई बहुत बड़ी जंग फतह की हो उसने और वह लड़की अब और भी ज्यादा सुन्दर नजर आ रही थी, उसकी आँखों में गर्व झलक रहा था जैसे उसे पता था कि वो लड़का उसे मना लेगा। जब रुठने वाला इंसान खुद चाहता हो कि कोई उसे आकर मना ले तो भला झगड़ा भी कितनी देर तक घात लगाकर बैठेगा।

मैं नहीं जानती थी उन दोनों के बीच क्या रिश्ता था ना ही इस थोड़े से अंतराल में समझ पायी थी पर इतना जरूर जान गयी थी कि जो भी रिश्ता था उसे टूटने नहीं देना चाहते थे इसलिए अपने बीच पनपती गलतफहमियों को उन्होंने साथ बैठकर बिना कुछ बोले सिर्फ अभिव्यक्ति से दूर कर दिया बिना शब्दों का सहारा लिए।

मैं अचंभित थी.....उन्होंने ना केवल बिना कुछ बोले एक दूसरे को मना लिया था पर वो अब भी बिना कुछ बोले एक दूसरे से बतिया रहे थे। वो दोनों ही बोल नहीं सकते थे पर हाथों के इशारों से जैसे वो सारी बातें कर लेना चाहते थे, जाने क्या-क्या याद करके दोनों बीच-बीच में हँस पड़ते और उनकी यह हँसी मुझे भीगो देती इस एहसास से कि अभिव्यक्ति के लिए शब्दों कि भला कहाँ जरूरत है? इसके लिए तो एक साफ दिल काफी है जो मन की बात कह सके, जो झुककर दोनों कान पकड़ सके और दूसरा जो उस खामोश मन को अपनी पारदर्शी आँखों से पढ़ सके और माफ कर सके! आज मुझे मेरे शब्द बहुत गौण नजर आ रहे थे उनकी खामोश बातों के सामने।

अगले स्टेशन पर वह लड़का वही विजयी मुस्कान लिए उतर गया। जब तक वह आँखों से ओझल नहीं हो गया वह लड़की छोटे बच्चों की तरह उसे हाथ हिलाकर अलविदा करती रही, उसकी इस मासूमियत पर अब भी मुझे गर्व हो रहा था।

लड़के के जाने के बाद लड़की ने आस-पास पहली बार नजर डाले और मुझे देखते ही मुस्करा दी। इस एक मुस्कान से जैसे एक-दूसरे से हमारा परिचय हो गया था। मैं सोच रही थी कि उससे उसका नाम कैसे पूछूँ पर तब तक वह अपने बैग से एक कॉपी निकाल कर उस पर कुछ लिखने लगी। अगला स्टेशन आ गया और मैं कुछ कहती इससे पहले ही वह एक पन्ना पकड़ाकर निकल गई। थैंक यू फॉर द शीट-मेधा। पन्ने पर सुंदर से इन अक्षरों ने जैसे मुझे झकझोर दिया था और मैं अचंभित सी उसे जाते हुए देख रही थी। बीस मिनट पहले मैं ना जाने क्या-क्या सोच रही थी उस लड़की के लिए, जिसे मैं भावहीन समझ रही थी, वो जाते-जाते मुझे अलग ही भावनाओं से भर गयी थी। आज मुझे पता चल गया था कि गलती सिर्फ दीदी की ही नहीं थी, मेरी भी थी मैंने भी कभी तो पहल नहीं की उन्हें मनाने की, उनसे जानने की कि वह क्यों मुझसे नाराज हैं? पर आज मेरी बारी थी झुककर नीचे बैठकर अपने कान पकड़ने की। आज मेरी बारी थी उन अनकही बातों को कहने कि जिन्हें शब्दों की नहीं, अभिव्यक्ति की जरूरत पड़ती है।





किरण पाटीदार  
प्रथम वर्ष, वास्तुकला

## सर्दी की वो शाम

नीड़ को जाने लगता, जब हर एक परिंदा ।  
होती है सर्दी की एक खुशनुमा संध्या ॥  
सूरज नारंगी होकर, करता शुभ विदा, हँसकर ।  
धीमे-धीमे शशि चला आ रहा झोली में खुशियाँ भरकर ॥  
एक ओर हरियाली बिस्तर में छिपने को जाने लगी ।  
पर्वत नदियों को भी सफ़ेद सी रजाई भाने लगी ॥  
तारे मुस्कुराते, पर ठण्ड से कंपकपाते ।  
मैं खड़ी छत पर, पर वो मुझे चिढ़ाते ॥  
चाँद खिड़की से झाँककर हमसे कह रहा है ।  
इशारा है उसका उनकी तरफ,  
जो इस सर्दी को 'नंगे बदन' सह रहा है ॥  
ऊँची इमारतों को देख करते हैं, आस अक्सर वो  
कोई तो दे, जीवन के प्राणधार बनकर सहारा, उनकी रुहों को ॥

याद आती है मुझे बाबा के साथ सर्दी की वो शाम  
जब हम खाते थे इमरती-जलेबियाँ, बिना पूछे उनके दाम ॥  
फिर से आज इशारा करती है वो ठंडी शाम  
फुटपाथों पर जो सोते हैं, क्या है उनका सर्दी का इनाम ॥  
विवश करती है मुझे उनकी लाचारी भरी दुर्दशा  
जो रहते तो हैं महलों में, हृदय छोड़े हैं अंधेरों में ॥  
न दे सके सहारा जूझ रहे मासूमों को ॥  
तड़पती है, बहलाती है, इठलाती है, सहलाती है ।  
सर्दी की वो शाम....  
सर्दी की वो शाम ।

## सोचता हूँ थोड़ा सुस्ता लूँ

मंजिल दूर है रास्ता कठिन है  
सोचता हूँ थोड़ा सुस्ता लूँ ॥  
साथ में खाने की जो पोटली लाया था  
वो भी अब खत्म हो चली है  
भूख भी लगी है, प्यास भी लगी है  
सोचता हूँ थोड़ा सुस्ता लूँ ॥  
पैरों पे धूल पड़ी है, कांटे चुभ गए हैं  
ऊपर धधकता सूरज मुंह बाए खड़ा है  
पसीने से तरबतर हूँ  
सोचता हूँ थोड़ा सुस्ता लूँ ॥  
अभी छाँव में बैठा ही था कि आँख लग गयी  
इक सलोना ख्वाब आया  
खुद को मैंने इक बगिया में पाया  
रसीले फलों-फूलों और चंचल चिड़ियों से घिरा पाया  
पर मेरी थकान हुई काफूर, उस नन्हीं चिड़िया को देखकर  
मुस्कान की इक रेखा खींच गई मेरे मुख पर  
जब तंद्रा टूटी, उत्साह हुआ दूना  
मंजिल पास लग रही थी, सुस्ताने का ख्याल न था  
बड़े दिनों बाद चिड़िया अपने घोंसले में लौट रही थी  
अपनी नन्हीं चिड़िया से मिलने की चाह थी  
अब सुस्ताने का खयाल न था ....  
क्योंकि मंजिल ही अब मेरी आस थी ॥



Jitender Singh Dansinghta

अब्दुल शाहिद  
अन्तिम वर्ष  
जानपद अभियांत्रिकी





# माँ बाप को मत भूलना

नींद अपनी भुला के सुलाया हमको,  
आंसू अपने गिरा के हँसाया हमको।  
'भगवान', 'अल्लाह', 'गॉड' को दर-दर ढूँढ़ते हैं सभी,  
वो रहते हैं उनमें, "माँ-बाप" कहते हैं जिनको ॥

जब आया धरती पे तो जान नहीं थी,  
ज़िंदा तो था, पर अपनी पहचान नहीं थी।  
तुझे तो आता सिर्फ रोना ही था,  
दूध पीकर काम तेरा सोना ही था ॥  
पालने में लोरी सुन के झूलना,  
"हर बात को तुम भूलो मगर माँ-बाप को मत भूलना"

फिर लड़खड़ा के चल दिया तू,  
खिल खिला के हँस दिया तू।  
माँ-बाप की छाँव में पलने लगा,  
बढ़ी कद-काठी तेरी और तू चलने लगा ॥  
आहिस्ता-आहिस्ता जैसे बौरों का फूलना,  
"हर बात को तुम भूलो मगर माँ-बाप को मत भूलना "

फिर तू अड़ियल जवान हो गया,  
वक्त भी तुझ पर, मेहरबान हो गया।  
एक दिन एक हसीना तुझे भा गयी,  
फिर दुल्हन बन के वो तेरे घर आ गयी ॥  
कम हो गया तेरा माँ-बाप से घुलना,  
"हर बात को तुम भूलो मगर माँ-बाप को मत भूलना "

धीरे धीरे फ़र्ज़ से दूर होने लगा,  
अपनी अलग सी दुनिया में खोने लगा।  
माँ-बाप से हर बात पर तू झगड़ने लगा,  
वार किये वचनों के तीर से, उन पर अकड़ने लगा ॥  
फिर जोश में आकर एक दिन हर नाता तोड़ दिया,  
बूढ़े माँ-बाप को पराया कर अकेला छोड़ दिया।  
भगवान न करें, तेरी औलाद भी तुझे सताए,  
तू बीमारी में खांसे और वो आँख दिखाए ॥

माँ-बाप होते हैं ईश्वर का स्वरूप,  
तू तो उन के चरणों की भी न धूल।  
"हर बात को तुम भूलो मगर माँ-बाप को मत भूलना "  
"हर बात को तुम भूलो मगर माँ-बाप को मत भूलना "



Aparana Shaw

शुभम शर्मा

प्रथम वर्ष, इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स एवं संचार अभियांत्रिकी







**Rakesh Kumar**  
EEE, Third Year

# We Laughed Until We Cried

The most delightful came to meet, had all the delicacy.  
Resembling, listening to sweet music in a perfect ecstasy.  
Life is a series of images; pass by us like towns on the highway,  
But sometimes, a moment stuns us as it happens;  
that instant is more than an ephemeral image,  
Thinking back that image of a visage.

She's one of those images which are irreplaceable,  
So angelic, dazzling, exquisite, halcyonic like a bird;  
Her smile spreads like red tint on ripening tomatoes,  
And when she laughs, she's at her best.

The one with purest heart, looks like water in the sunshine,  
Her mellifluous nature and comely beauty are qualities to imbibe.  
She's an angel sent from the seventh heaven,  
Only heavenly language can describe her,  
Anything I portrait about her beauty will sound cliché,  
honouring with quiescence; like a statue of clay

I remember how we traversed the roads,  
From early morning to afternoon to evening,  
Beginning with little things, making it 'the moment of the day'  
Together we laughed, together we relished,  
Together we planted seed of love and care,  
Only to be turned into a giant tree.

Days, weeks, months passed; seasons flew  
Till the last moment where we had muckle of memories,  
Memories which bear resemblance to little heartbeats.  
I remember thinking, it would be hard to say goodbye,  
Heart was filled with a nostalgic vibe, staring at the raindrops,  
with eyes full of tears; she whispered, "look, even the heaven  
cried".

Weeks of separation fortified the relation, and contrived usto meet  
again; that day how can I forget, "June, the 29<sup>th</sup>, '14, 2k"  
we couldn't tear our gaze, but just promised to say; nothing.  
As the life goes on, 'We'll meet again and again and again'

Tears came out of eyes to bid a good-bye,  
Although we may be separated by time and distance in the interim,  
nothing will diminish the loving and caring bond of altruism.



Eshita Verma, CCA Chandigarh



Living Differently @ NIT H



Ever wondered what it's like to live a life full of hurdles at every junction of your life no matter where you go, what you do? A life with a disability is definitely not an easy one but trust me, once one starts taking it as a blessing in disguise, there are no more regrets about it at all. Rather, being a differently abled person myself, there is one thing I can tell you for sure that I am very much proud and happy to be exactly the way I am for it has taught me the things I wouldn't have known otherwise! A life with disability of any sort teaches you the one thing that most of the others can't realize in entire lifetimes; the difference between what you "can't do" and what you "can really do".

Being a student of a national level institute such as our very own NITH means a thing of a great accomplishment to anyone. But, the one thing most of us never even think of is how this accomplishment sets off as an entirely different experience for someone with a disability of any sort. Having spent almost three years away from home, I myself have been through many difficulties in my day-to-day life as to literally just survive the college. However, one thing that I would like to tell before I go any further is that this article is not just about the lamenting for having troubles, neither do we (the differently-abled ones) want any sort of pity from anyone of you. The very point behind this article is to bring out the fact that a lot more needs to be done for the disabled people so as to enable them for a self-dependent life. Even the disabled or should I rather say "especially" the disabled should have the right to live as much socially as anybody else, which as of now, seems nowhere to be happening. Through this article I would like to bring to the attention of everyone, what kind of problems we face in college. I won't be pleading for any sort of steps or measures to be taken; rather I believe, since we all are a part of such a prestigious institution, we definitely would be having enough reason and rationality to draw the right conclusions ourselves.

The hurdles start right from the day we enter the college, where we are altogether on our own. Though, this being away from home completely on our own, I see as an opportunity to grow and be self-dependent which couldn't have been possible in the earlier safe environment. However, since we've always been in an environment where things were much more simplified and we had a constant support not just in daily life activities but more importantly mentally and emotionally, there seems to be a void out here, where we are just stuck alone amongst everyone. The most important thing that everyone seems to be forgetting is that we are just like them with the same desires and a hope to live life to the fullest.

Be it hostels or campus, everywhere we go there are many problems and disappointments already awaiting us. Lives in hostels are full of difficulties due to the non-handicap friendly infrastructure. Though each year there is a definite input of students with special needs into the institution, still there are no specially designed rooms in the hostels with the necessary requirements. Hostel life is supposed to be the fun element of college life; however, it's completely the opposite for us. Each day we have to struggle just to fulfil our basic requirements which makes it so much tough for us to even think about enjoying it. Mostly, we have to stay aloof due to the lack of accessibility to go to our friends' rooms, common rooms, mess and sports rooms. Had it been possible to have the freedom to have all the possible accessibility options, our college lives could have been much better.

The most surprising fact is that there are no proper facilities for locomotion to the students with locomotive impairing problems on our widespread campus. Having an ease to go from hostels to lecture hall to attend the lectures is a daunting task unless one has a personal vehicle, which of course isn't possible for most. As said earlier, it's much more important for people with special needs to have a better socialized life. However, the case isn't much favourable in this context. Self-dependent and enjoyable campus life for us is not at all possible due to factors like lack of infrastructure, locomotion facilities and above all the reluctance of the people in our surroundings to be able to amalgamate us along with them without any sense of pity or discrimination. It is obvious to state that even most of the significant spots like lecture hall complex, departments and hostels are not handicap accessible let alone the scope for the ones with the recreational purposes. Lack of washrooms for gents on the ground floor in the lecture hall complex, unavailability of lifts to go to the top floors in case of emergency, non-availability of wheelchair to be present at all times in the lecture hall premises; these are few of the many shortcomings which make life complex for us. In an institute of national repute like ours, I think it would be much better if a lot more emphasis would be laid on a handicap-friendly infrastructure. Presence of wheelchairs at all the vital spots would make it convenient for students since they can't carry their wheelchair along with their mode of locomotion from hostels to such spots at all times. And though it is comforting to see that an initiative has been taken to build lifts in the campus for which we are truly thankful, it would be appreciated if a bit of emphasis is laid on proper planning and implementation so that tasks get done on time. Thus, on that note, I would like to thank you all for taking out your valuable time to go through this article and I hope it would have brought to your attention a few things you wouldn't have thought of so far, even though you might be seeing them daily but never giving a thought to do something about them from the heart. "Hope!"

Piyush Sharma  
CSED, Third Year







**Narendra Joshi**  
ECE, Final Year

# From the Light of Polaris

No new morrow would see me abandon your streets  
For I have lived there longer than I lived.  
There may be no road ahead only the endless sea  
With a lonesome traveller laying desirous stares  
On the setting Sun, as if it would rise in her world  
To save his message, be reached, and felt.  
It may make no sense to keepers of wisdom  
But I've never declared my being as wise  
For they have always been the foolish things  
That turned passing time to memories  
And the feet of the wise is shaky and meek  
When they say it's faith, and wisdom fleets.

No tears dwell these valleys I walk.  
Fearful are those with wall raised,  
Of wanting, or of loss;  
I have treasures that no one can steal  
And I hope you still believe in them.

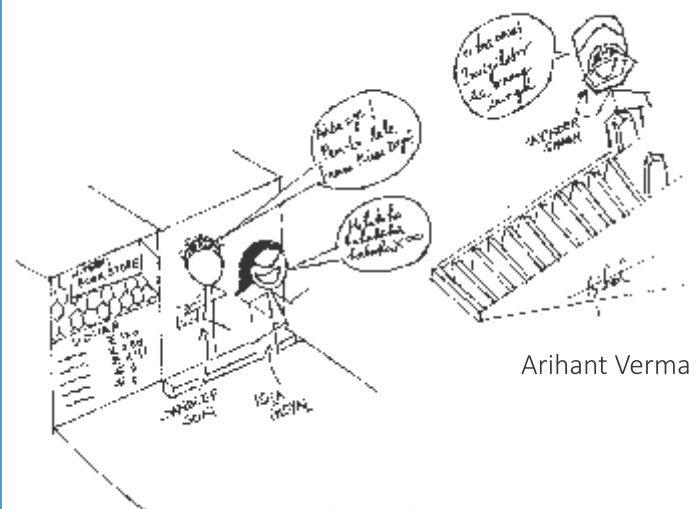
This may never become a poem  
But then neither those that I have ever written are.  
Unlike those ramblings from all corners of my heart,  
Each word here holds a meaning, I assure  
For it's hard to say what I mean  
When it's not what you want.

I remember more than I thought I would  
Of the time we lived and the worlds we crafted.  
The last page of an old notebook still holds a little petal  
Dearer to me than all roses I have ever seen.  
I remember your eyes, when we met after days a few  
And how they were filled with an emoticon I don't have a word for;  
The corners of my wandering mind still meet the travellers once I was  
Sometimes the walls bring smiles,  
Sometimes a few regrets you know.

Smile, at least for once for all this world of words  
Stays in the realm of worthlessness  
Unless you let your lips curl as your mind reads  
And your eyes speak as if a young lover kissed them;  
Shyly blinking with a shimmer of heavens  
That's all I am wishing for. That's all this is for.



Adeeba Ifrah



Arihant Verma



# The Party Days : An NIT H Memoir

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In the brouhaha that these four years excited, some people came into our lives, never to leave again. But that doesn't mean that we will necessarily keep seeing all or even some of them again. We hope we keep. But if hope was to be transpired into realities all the time, world would not be an exciting place. Without separation there wouldn't be access to that undulating and gratifying rush of pleasure of seeing each other again after weeks or months or years. Just like without days we wouldn't know how the nights would look like, without sadness we wouldn't know happiness. We expected more out of the concluding year, of our staying together and providing the campus the ruckus that we have always kept providing from the moment we met each other. These words are the marks we want to leave behind in the history of the pages of the place we really grew and evolved in. This is our memoir.

We used to be raving mad and nutty. We celebrated an immediate junior's birthday, made her cut the cake (as her friends didn't seem excited about the occasion at all!), and foot loosed our feet to the rhythms of the beats. Next thing we knew, she was no where to be seen, and we had danced our bodies off for an hour or two, tripping the light, perhaps in our dreams as well. One of us, would screech the limits of singing terribly from the floor above, and we'd curse her joyously. We might have given google the weirdest traffic of 'Suit Day' hits in the sophomore year, when all of us decided to well, wear suits. We were deemed infamous preachers of *Karvachauth* on a day which wasn't it. It was super fun. Once, we hid one of our own's mobile, to the brink of someone having called the police station.

We had our time of bickers and feuds with people, and the extent to which we went revolting, was all the more fun. Not so fun when we were convicted for our doings, but as we skim our minds back to those rush hours, even the most serious apologies have become fun. The chuckles of those initial days, could hardly be beaten up by anybody. We used to take pride in thinking we were the studs of our batch, that we were cool and it felt bizarrely free. We were the tomboys of our lives. We shudder even with the slightest probability of us being in different branches. This fact had its testament when we were separated by only mere floors when we shifted to AGH. We also had our fair shares of wondering what others were missing, not doing the crazy things that were supposedly freakishly awesome to do: Getting wet under the sprinklers in the middle of the nescafe esplanade, for instance. The best thing about us is that we dig happiness even in the most trivial of the events. During our freshmen year, we used to be naturally and emotionally fragile. We used to blubber when we scored less marks, or were informed about our catastrophically vulnerable attendance. But over time, we stopped minding what the others thought of us, because it didn't matter, it does not matter. We never thought we'd smooth out in the subsequent time, but then we all found each other. That innocence is still there, as if preserved from the race against time.

Turning horror and boring movies into comedy was our forte. We started walking on an off track 'track' one day, that led to a group of men indulged in *Khusti*, imagine the funny awkwardness of the situation. We, people, are very different personalities, none is same in any way. On the first touchdown of our feet in a foreign district, on our first trip, we screamed at the accomplishment of the start of our first college trip ever, like madwomen. That night was a storehouse of ghost stories and humongous laughs. We laughed at the idea of pampering **Bloody Mary** rather than provoking her. We laughed at the things deemed not laughable. We could laugh at any damn thing in the world. We don't intrude in the uninvited marriage parties for buffets, but to dance on the loud boom blasting music.

We requested the then warden for more sugar in the tea, as we all sat together in unison, listening to the scolding for having faked signed on the outpasses. Eventually, we ended up not having sipped a drop, since we were offered the tea before the chiding. One thing we have earned in college, if not the marks, are the friendships. We started fighting on as petty a thing as : '*Tune Mera Pen Kyun Liya*', and then the unresolved or for that matter, resolved issues of the past would be hassled from the wormholes to aid the arguments of the current fights. But we'd eventually make up. We never learnt to eat with forks and knives, for the sake of the fun in it, for the chances of teasing people who do eat with them, like '*Oooo! Bade log fork se khaa re hain*'. We remember our each other's first meetings and countenances, how we used to address each other as *Aap*. It feels like yesterday. Still it feels, time has slipped and skipped seconds too soon for us to part our ways. Our photographs will be archived in the most reverent places. These moments have been priceless. It's difficult to let go, but there is no other option.

As we wrote this short memoir, it was extremely difficult for us to persevere. Though the memories that were time travelling their way to the present, were making us happy, yet, they were making us melancholic, because we knew that this time that we spent here, wasn't coming back.

Narrated by :

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Final Year ECE







**ईशिता वशिष्ठ**  
अंतिम वर्ष  
विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी विभाग,

## गलत है

क्या जिंदगी केवल कुछ हासिल करने का ही नाम है? रुतबा पाना पैसा कमाना और सफलता हासिल करना। क्या अपने जीवन को अपने द्वारा निर्मित पगों पर चलाना, खुद की उम्मीद पर खरे उतरना और खुश रह कर खुशियाँ बांटना सफल जीवन नहीं? आज की इस दौड़ भाग की ज़िन्दगी में हमने सफलता के अर्थ को कितना संकुचित कर दिया है, कुछ विशेषज्ञों द्वारा दी गयी परिभाषा में बाँध डाला है या फिर विशेषज्ञ भी नहीं अपितु कुछ लोग जो हमारी सोच को हमारी काबिलियत को बांधना चाहते हैं। महान वैज्ञानिक अल्बर्ट आइंस्टाइन ने सही ही कहा था कि हर व्यक्ति स्वयं में अद्भुत है, लेकिन अगर हम एक मछली की काबिलियत उसके पेड़ चढ़ने की क्षमता से मापेंगे तो वह अपना सारा जीवन स्वयं को हीन समझने में ही निकाल देगी।

सच में एक व्यक्ति की कुछ गिनित मापदंडों के अंतर्गत परीक्षा करके उसे महान या हीन महसूस करवाने जैसा पाप दूसरा नहीं हो सकता। अगर ईश्वर ने दुनिया में हर व्यक्ति को दूसरे से अलग बनाया है तो हम कौन होते हैं, उन्हें कुछ गुणों में संकुचित करने वाले? ईश्वर द्वारा बनाए गए इंसान की क्षमता को तोलने वाले? यह हक किसने दिया है हमें या आपको? हाँ किसी व्यक्ति की केवल इसलिए परीक्षा लेना कि हम यह जान सकें की उसे कितना आता है या वह किस क्षेत्र में ज्यादा बेहतर काम कर सकता है यह अच्छा है क्योंकि इससे उसकी प्रतिभा को निखारने का मौका मिलेगा। परन्तु इंसानों का भाग करना और उन्हें एहसास कराना की वे किसी काम को अच्छे से नहीं कर सकते बहुत गलत है। हम ये भूल जाते हैं कि कड़ी मेहनत और लगन से कुछ भी हासिल किया जा सकता है। लेकिन बिना मेहनत के तो बनी बनाई काबिलियत भी खो जाती है।

आज की शिक्षा प्रणाली हर मोड़ पर केवल व्यक्तियों का आवंटन ही कर रही है। उन्हें ये बढ़ावा नहीं दिया जा जाता कि जो मन करे वो करो। अपनी अभिरुचि का विस्तार करो। अपने सपनों की उड़ान लो। सपने देखो और फिर उन सपनों को पूरा करने के लिए दिल-ओ-जान से मेहनत करो। यहाँ डॉ ए पी जे अब्दुल कलाम की कही बात का जिक्र करना जरूरी है, "सपने वे नहीं जो हम बंद आँख से देखते हैं अपितु सपने तो वो हैं जो हमें सोने न दें।"

ईश्वरने हर व्यक्ति को सपने देखने का हुनर दिया है तो जाहिर है कि उन सपनों को पूरा करने की क्षमता भी दी ही होगी। आज से हर व्यक्ति को एक काबिल, अद्भुत गुणों से परिपूर्ण व्यक्ति के रूप में देखना अगर हम शुरू कर दें तो हर तरफ गुणों की खान ही मिलेगी। हर मनुष्य अद्भुत और बेमिसाल है और अपने देश के सम्पूर्ण विकास हेतु यह जरूरी है कि हर व्यक्ति दूसरे को इज्जत देना अपना कर्तव्य समझे। गीता में श्री कृष्ण ने कहा था कि जब तक सम्पूर्ण सृष्टि में हर जीव जंतु, पेड़, पौधे इत्यादि सुखी न हों, कोई भी जीव सम्पूर्ण सुख का अनुभव नहीं कर सकता। तो आज से बल्कि अभी से पूरी सृष्टि को अपने परिवार के रूप में देखना शुरू कर देना चाहिए।

"वासुदेव कुटुम्बकम्" की भारतीय संस्कृति का आस्तित्व आज की दुनिया में बहुत प्रभावशाली होना चाहिए। हमने भौतिक फासला तो आधुनिक यातायात साधनों से बहुत कम कर दिया है परन्तु मन, भावना और विचारों के फसलों को





कम नहीं कर पा रहे हैं। ये तो केवल बढ़ते ही दिख रहे हैं। इसका कारण है समय के साथ इस बाधित सफलता के पीछे हमारी अंधी बिना सोचे समझे दौड़। हम स्वयं के उज्ज्वल भविष्य में इतना खो चुके हैं कि हम आज की भी परवाह नहीं कर रहे। न अपने आज की और न उस आज में जीने वाले और लोगों की। मतलब है तो सिर्फ भविष्य से, जो किसी ने देखा ही नहीं, उस भविष्य से जिसका आस्तित्व ही नहीं पता जिसकी नींव ही मन के ख्यालों पर निर्भर करती है उन ख्यालों पर जिनका स्वयं में कोई भौतिक अर्थ नहीं है।

इन सभी का मूल कारण संतोष का अभाव है। मनुष्य संतुष्टि नामक भाव को पूरी तरह से भूल चूका है। आज कुछ भी हासिल करके मनुष्य संतुष्ट नहीं है। इस असंतुष्टि से जन्म होता है तनाव का। और तनाव ने तो मन जगत को ऐसी-ऐसी बीमारियों का दान दिया है जो किसी समय पर विचारों से भी परे थी। खैर असंतोष और विकास को एक तराजू पर नहीं तौला जा सकता। मनुष्य जीवन सदैव विकासशील होना चाहिए वरना तो हम गति हीन हो जायेंगे। सदैव कुछ नया सीखने का जज्बा ही मनुष्य के विकास का मूल आधार है। परन्तु उस विकास के लिए बाकि सब चीजों को भुला देना असंतोष को जन्म देता है। यह मनुष्यों में बढ़ रहे फसलों मुख्य कारण प्रतीत होता है।

लक्ष्य तय करके दौड़ने से व्यक्ति अपनी गति, तकनीक समय सीमा, अपनी क्षमता आदि का अंदाजा लगा कर एक तनाव रहित मार्ग आसानी से चुन सकता है। अपनी कमजोरी पहचान कर उसे भी बेहतर करने के लिए उचित कदम उठा सकता है लेकिन आज की भेड़ चाल में हम दूसरे के मुताबिक खुद को ढाल लेते हैं या फिर ढलने की कोशिश में लगे रहते हैं। अगर मुझे दूसरे जैसा ही बनना होता तो ईश्वर हर व्यक्ति को अलग रूप काया, गुण, भाव, सोच विचार माहौल एवं परिस्थितियों क्यों देते? हर व्यक्ति की जीवन रूपी क्रिया समान होती। परन्तु ऐसा नहीं है। होना भी नहीं चाहिए।

किसी की नक़ल उतारकर हम उस जैसे ही बन जाते हैं और अनुसरण करना तो मनुष्य का हुनर है पर इससे मौलिकता का जो पतन होता है उसी का परिणाम है कि केवल कुछ लोग ही अपने कार्य में ख्याति पा सके जबकि क्षमता तो हर व्यक्ति में थी। अनुकरण करना आसान है पर यह तो लगभग सभी करते हैं। अपना रास्ता स्वयं चुनना चुनौती तो यही है। पर विशेष कार्य करने हैं तो असाधारण फैसले भी लेने होंगे। उसके लिए किसी के पदचिन्ह पर चलने की आवश्यकता नहीं है स्वयं अपने रास्ते चुनो अब इसका मतलब यह बिलकुल नहीं है कि हम दूसरे लोगों के सुझाव लेना भी बंद कर दें जो हमसे बड़े हैं उन्होंने जीवन में इतना अनुभव किया है, इतना कुछ सीखा समझा है, उसे जानना अनिवार्य है क्योंकि नयी सोच या अनुसंधान के लिए पहले की गयी खोज एवं ज्ञान को ही नींव बनाना पड़ता है। जब तक हम उसे नींव समझ कर ही चलें हमारे लिए प्रगति के सब मार्ग खुले हैं।

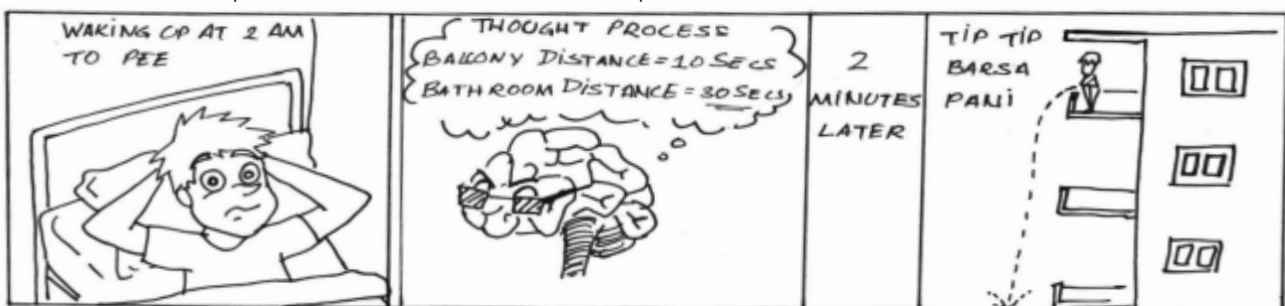
परन्तु केवल उस ज्ञान तक खुद को संकुचित करना, अपनी नवीनता की हत्या करने जैसा है। बचपन में बच्चों को अक्सर कहा जाता है कि बेटा तू इस जैसा बनना उस जैसा बनना। परन्तु क्यों?

इससे एक विज्ञापन का स्मरण हो जाता है जिसमें अंत में बच्चे कहते हैं कि किसी दूसरे व्यक्ति का अनुसरण करने के बजाये I WANT TO BE THE FIRST ME - मैं पहले मैं बनाना चाहता हूँ/चाहती हूँ, क्या अद्भुत सोच है।

नवीनता को पनपने का एक अवसर देकर तो देखो। व्यक्तियों की केवल सतह दिखने से कुछ नहीं होता, मोती उसी को मिलता जो समुद्र में गोता लगाता है, डुबकी लगाने का जज्बा रखता है। वैसे ही अपने मन रूपी सागर में गोता लागाकर, आत्मविश्लेषण करके ही हम अपने छुपे हुनर को पहचान सकते हैं ... खोज सकते हैं जीवन में उसी ने कुछ असाधारण पाया है जिसने हट कर सोचा है। और अपनी सोच को किसी अंजाम तक पहुँचाया है। दुनिया की असम्मति रूपी बवंडर में अपनी नवीन सोच की नाव को डूबने नहीं दिया।

इसलिए एक सफल जीवन बिताने के लिए किसी और की परिभाषा को अपना मापदंड न बनाकर खुद अपनी सफलता का मार्ग चुने, खुद अपने नियम बनायें। मगर एक बार रास्ता तय हो गया नियम बन गये फिर अनुशासित होकर अपने काम पर लग जायें, फिर अपनी मंजिल की ओर कदम केवल बढ़ने ही चाहिए और कड़ी मेहनत को ही अपनी तैयारी का मूल स्तम्भ बनाये इससे सफलता हासिल करने से हमें कोई नहीं रोक सकता। वह सफलता जो खुद हमने स्वयं के लिए चुनी है, किसी और की नहीं अपितु खुद की खुशी और सुकून के लिए।

हमेशा याद रखो अपने जीवन की लगाम स्वयं थामो जब तक लगाम किसी और के हाथ में है या तो वह कठपुतली की तरह नचायेगा या फिर घोड़े की तरह दौड़ायेगा परन्तु आज़ाद नहीं होने देगा। इसलिए अपने कार्य की जिम्मेदारी लो, सफलता एवं असफलता के लिए खुद को उत्तरदायी समझो और अपने चयनित मार्ग पर निर्भरता से चलने का वचन लो। एक दिन उत्तमता आपके चरण स्पर्श करेगी।



Adeeba Ifrah



# एक परिचय

उनका जो किसी परिचय के मोहताज नहीं

## महादेवी वर्मा



“बाँध लेंगे क्या तुझे यह मोह के बंधन सजीले ?  
पंथ की बाधा बनेंगे तितलियों के पर रंगीले,  
विश्व का क्रंदन भुला देगी मधुप की मधुर गुनगुन,  
तू न अपनी छांह को अपने लिए कारा बनाना ,  
जाग तुझको दूर जाना”

महादेवी वर्मा – 'जाग तुझको दूर जाना'

एक कवयित्री और एक स्वतंत्रता सेनानी की पंक्तियों से भला कौन जागृत नहीं होगा! जिसका जीवन स्वयं संघर्षों से भरा हो उससे अच्छी प्रेरणा भला और कौन दे सकता है?

महादेवी वर्मा का जन्म 26 मार्च 1907 को फर्रुखाबाद में हुआ था। तत्कालीन कुरीतियों के परिणामस्वरूप मात्र 7 साल की आयु में उनका विवाह संस्कार संपन्न कर दिया गया। परन्तु उन्होंने हार स्वीकार नहीं की, उन्होंने विद्या ग्रहण करने के साथ ही साथ अपनी लेखनी को भी प्रोत्साहित किया।

'आधुनिक मीरा' का पशुप्रेम उनकी कहानियों में स्पष्ट रूप से परिलक्षित होता है। हिंदी साहित्य में अभूतपूर्व योगदान के लिए उन्हें न सिर्फ 'साहित्य अकादमी' पुरस्कार प्रदान किया गया अपितु भारतवर्ष का द्वितीय सर्वोच्च पुरस्कार 'पद्म विभूषण' से भी सम्मानित किया गया। दिनांक 11 सितम्बर 1987 को उनकी मृत्यु हो गयी परन्तु हिंदी साहित्य के आकाश में एक चमकते हुए तारे के समान वो आज भी विद्यमान हैं।

## प्रेमचंद



“ हम जिनके लिए त्याग करते हैं उनसे बदले की आशा ना रखकर भी उनके मन पर शासन करना चाहते हैं। यह त्याग की मात्रा जितनी ज्यादा होती है , यह शासन भावना भी उतनी ही प्रबल होती है।”

प्रेमचंद- 'गोदान'

उपरोक्त पंक्तियाँ 'उपन्यास सम्राट' प्रेमचंद द्वारा लिखी गयी हैं। उनकी यह पंक्तियाँ तत्कालीन परिस्थितियों की साक्षी तो हैं ही साथ ही साथ आज भी प्रासंगिक हैं। प्रेमचंद जी की रचनाएँ समाज के लिए दर्पण सदृश हैं। अपने संक्षिप्त जीवनकाल में उन्होंने लेखन कला की सर्वश्रेष्ठ ऊचाईयों को स्पर्श किया। लोगों में वो प्रेमचंद के नाम से विख्यात हैं परन्तु उनका वास्तविक नाम 'धनपत राय' था, प्रारंभ में वो 'नवाब राय' के नाम से लिखा करते थे परन्तु देशवासियों में देशप्रेम की भावनाएं जागृत करने हेतु जब उन्होंने 'सोजे वतन' नामक उपन्यास लिखा तो अंग्रेजों को बड़ा रोष हुआ। उन्होंने 'नवाब राय' के उपन्यास पर रोक लगा दी, तत्पश्चात धनपत राय जी ने 'प्रेमचंद' के नाम से अपनी लेखनी को आगे बढ़ाया। प्रेमचंद जी ने अपनी हर कहानी और उपन्यास में सामाजिक बेड़ियों का वर्णन किया है जिनमें – गोदान, कर्मभूमि, रंगभूमि, गबन, कफ़न इत्यादि हैं।

वास्तव में प्रेमचंद जी की रचनाएँ हिंदी साहित्य की अनमोल धरोहर हैं जिसके बिना हिंदी का अध्ययन अधूरा है।



## ग़ालिब



“ये संगदिलों की दुनिया है यहाँ सम्हाल कर चलना ग़ालिब,  
यहाँ पलकों पर बिठाया जाता है नज़रों से गिराने के लिए”

“हाथों की लकीरों पर मत जा ए ग़ालिब,  
नसीब तो उनके भी होते हैं जिनके हाथ नहीं होते”

“कितना खौफ़ होता है शाम के अंधेरों में,  
पूछ उन परिंदों से जिनके घर नहीं होते”  
“ग़ालिब”

मिर्ज़ा ग़ालिब किसी परिचय के मोहताज नहीं। आपका जन्म 27 दिसम्बर 1797 को आगरा में हुआ था। मात्र 11 साल की आयु से ही आपने उर्दू में लिखना प्रारंभ कर दिया। आपकी प्रतिभा से प्रभावित होकर मुग़ल बादशाह बहादुरशाह ज़फ़र ने आपको “दाबिर-उल-मुल्क” और “नज़्म-उ-दौला” उपाधियों से नवाज़ा। आपने जीवन की कड़वी सच्चाइयों से लोगों को रूबरू करवाया।

15 फ़रवरी 1869 को आपका देहांत हो गया परन्तु आपके शेर आज भी लोगों के दिल के बेहद करीब हैं और आधुनिक ग़ज़ल गायकों द्वारा गाये जाते हैं। आपके प्रशंसकों का दायरा असीमित है। आपकी पहचान और लोकप्रियता मुल्कों की सीमाओं से परे है।

## हरिशंकर परसाई



“नाक की हिफ़ाजत सबसे ज्यादा इसी देश में होती है और या तो नाक बहुत नर्म होती है या छूरा तेज जिससे छोटी सी बात से भी नाक कट जाती है। छोटे आदमी की नाक बहुत नाज़ुक होती है। कुछ बड़े आदमी जिनकी हैसियत है, इस्पात की नाक लगवा लेते हैं और चमड़े का रंग चढ़वा लेते हैं, कालाबाज़ार में जेल हो आये हैं लोग उस्तरा लिए घूम रहे हैं पर काटें कैसे? नाक तो स्टील की है।”

हरिशंकर परसाई – ‘दो नाक वाले लोग’

उपरोक्त व्यंग्य सामाजिक जीवन में किन्हीं कारणों से महत्वपूर्ण हो गए व्यक्तित्व की दोमुंही जिंदगी को बेनकाब करती है। व्यंग्य विधा में तो हरिशंकर परसाई जी को महारत हासिल है।

बहुत कम लोगों को यह ज्ञात होगा की इस कुशल व्यंगकार ने द्वितीय विश्वयुद्ध के दौरान एक विमानचालक के रूप में भी अपनी सेवाएं दी थीं। उनके उत्कृष्ट व्यंग्य ‘विकलांग श्रद्धा का दौर’ के लिए उन्हें साहित्य अकादमी पुरस्कार से सम्मानित किया गया। किसी व्यक्तिविशेष की भावनाओं को आहत किये बिना कुशलतापूर्वक अपने कटाक्ष व्यक्त कर जाते हैं। उनकी इस कला के लिए उन्हें अगर ‘शब्दों के जादूगर’ की संज्ञा दी जाये तो कोई अतिशयोक्ति नहीं होगी। हाशिए पर पहुँची हास्य व्यंग्य विधा को हरिशंकर परसाई जी ने एक नया मुकाम दिया है और उनके इस कार्य के लिए उनका नाम हिंदी साहित्य की अग्रणी पंक्ति में लिया जाता है।



# संगीत संध्या

धुन जब दिल से निकल कर होठों पर आती है, फिर सुर-ताल के अद्भुत मिश्रण से वह संगीत बन जाती है। और भारतीय संस्कृति तो कला, संस्कारों की अमूल्य धरोहर है। इसी भारतीय संगीत से, आज के आधुनिक युवा वर्ग को परिचित कराने हेतु, SPICMACAY (Society for Promotion of Electronics culture amongst youth) ने 11 फरवरी, 2015 को एक सुरमयी शाम का आयोजन किया। मुख्य अतिथि, संस्थान के निदेशक प्रो. रजनीश श्रीवास्तव जी ने अथिति कलाकार, मुरलीवादक पंडित राजेंद्र कुलकर्णी जी एवं तबला वादक पंडित अनूप घोष जी को सम्मानित किया।



फिर सिलसिला शुरू हुआ संगीत का, और सात सुरों की कठिन साधना से प्राप्त होने वाली बांसुरी विद्या और मन-मुग्ध कर देने वाली तबले की ताल ने, सभी दर्शकों की परेशानियों को पल भर में लुप्त कर दिया।

वास्तव में, संगीत किसी भी जाति, समाज, राष्ट्र के बंधन से अछूत है। संगीत न तो किसी भाषा का गुलाम है, नही संगीत के लिए शब्दों का होना आवश्यक है। संगीत तो साधना है, श्रद्धा है, जो मौन रह कर भी, बिना कुछ कहे भी, दिल को छू जाने वाली, बहुत सी अनकही बातें कह जाता है।

## निबंध प्रतियोगिता

सृजन "NIT-H" में आपकी सोच को शब्दों में उकेरने का एक मंच प्रदान करता आ रहा है। कॉलेज परिसर में विचारों का संचरण बना रहे इस हेतु सृजन प्रतिवर्ष विभिन्न आयोजन कराता है। इसी कड़ी में वर्ष 2014 में 11 अक्टूबर अर्थात् "राष्ट्रीय शिक्षा दिवस" के सुनहरे अवसर पर एक निबंध प्रतियोगिता का आयोजन किया गया।

हम सभी जानते हैं कि एक बालक का मन कितना चंचल एवं रचनात्मक होता है। उसकी दुनिया में कुछ भी असंभव नहीं होता है। परन्तु प्रश्न उठता है कि हमारी शिक्षा पद्धति क्या उसकी असीमित दुनिया को छोटा कर रही है? क्या



हम उसे संभव-असंभव का भेद बताकर उसकी रचनात्मकता

को खत्म कर रहे हैं? क्या हमारे ज्ञान का पर्दा उसे अपनी आँखों से देखने भी देगा या नहीं?

इन्हीं बातों को ध्यान में रखकर निबंध का विषय रखा गया "हमारी शिक्षा पद्धति रचनात्मकता को कितना खत्म कर रही है?" प्रतियोगिता का आयोजन हिंदी व अंग्रेजी दोनों भाषाओं में किया गया। निबंध की शब्द सीमा लगभग 500 शब्द एवं समय सीमा 30 मिनट रखी गयी। प्रतियोगिता में सभी छात्र-छात्राओं ने बड़ चढ़ कर हिस्सा लिया तथा शिक्षा प्रणाली पर अपनी-अपनी राय को रखा। विषय के पक्ष एवं विपक्ष दोनों ओर से विभिन्न पहलू उठाए गये।





सृजन टीम ने आपसे एक बड़ा ही रोचक सवाल पूछा था, प्रस्तुत हैं कुछ चुनिन्दा जवाब

घर भागकर मम्मी के हाथ के आलू के परांठे खाऊंगा।  
रिषभ कुमार गौर

मैं फिर आज ही घर जाके कांगरी धाम खाऊंगा।  
अभिषेक चौधरी

मैं अपना गिटार उठाऊंगा, एक पेन और डायरी लेकर बैठ जाऊंगा। बहुत से गाने लिखूंगा, ताकि मेरे जाने के बाद भी लोग मेरी जुवां बोलेंगे।

अरुण मुरलीधरन

मैं अपने सारे क्रशेस को प्रोपोज करना चाहूंगा।  
रोहन शर्मा

मैं अपने शरीर के अंगों को जंगल के जानवरों के लिए दान कर दूंगा।  
राम मुरारी द्विवेदी, पूर्व छात्र

मैं रविवार के बाद मरूंगा, चाचू के छोले भठूरे मिस नहीं करने।  
कमलेश कुमार

मैं वो हर कोशिश करूंगा जिससे मैं अपनी मौत टाल सकूँ।  
अभिनव आनंद

अगर आपको मालूम हो की आने वाला कल, आपके जीवन का अंतिम दिन है, तो आज आप क्या करता चाहेंगे?

जो लड़की तैयार हो गयी, उसे लेकर भाग जाऊंगा।  
पीयूष कुमार सिन्हा

मैं हर वो चीज़ खाऊंगी, जो मैंने खाने को सोचा है।  
स्वाति बल्यानी

मैं बस में बैठ कर कहीं भी चला जाऊंगा, घुमूंगा, और फिर दूसरी बस ले लूंगा, फिर वहां से कहीं और पहुँच जाऊंगा, जहाँ कभी नहीं गया।  
आशीष ठाकुर

मेगा बॉयज हॉस्टल के मेस वाले चाचू को खाना बना के खिलाऊंगा, क्योंकि मुझे भी खाना बनाना नहीं आता।  
हिमांशु राजपूत

एक ऊंची पहाड़ी की चोटी, खूबसूरत सूर्यास्त, एक शैम्पेन, दो ग्लास, मैं और मेरा प्यार कुछ इस तरह आखिरी दिन गुजारूंगा  
वैभव सिंह, पूर्व छात्र

मैं बिल्डिंग से कभी कूदा नहीं, उसका अनुभव करना चाहूंगा।  
विशेष भर्गवा



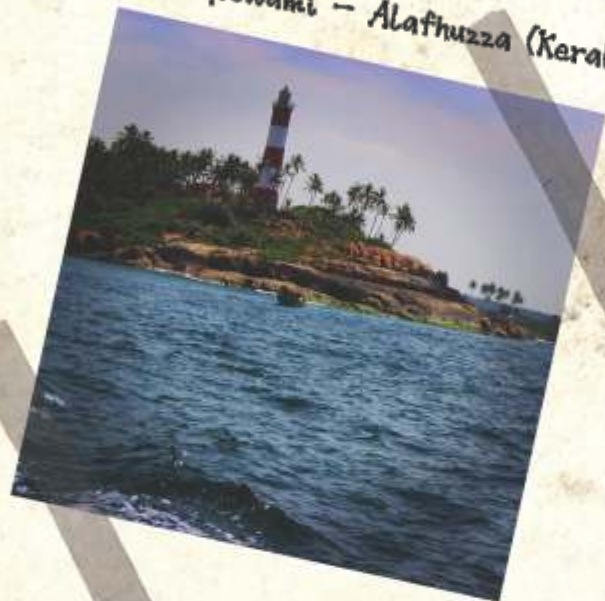
# TRAVEL LOG



Varun Kalra - Dhanaulti



Shivam Gupta - Bir Billing



Ashwin Goswami - Alappuzha (Kerala)



Varun Kalra - Manimahesh

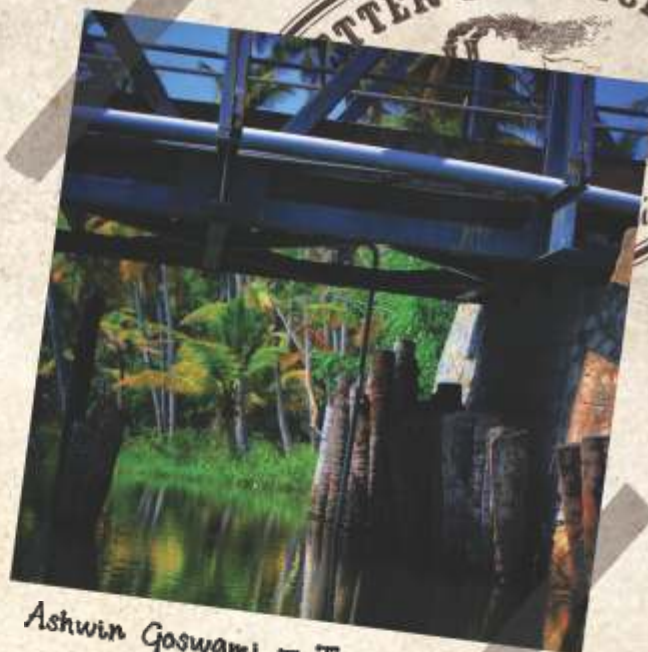


Ashwin Goswami - Kochi

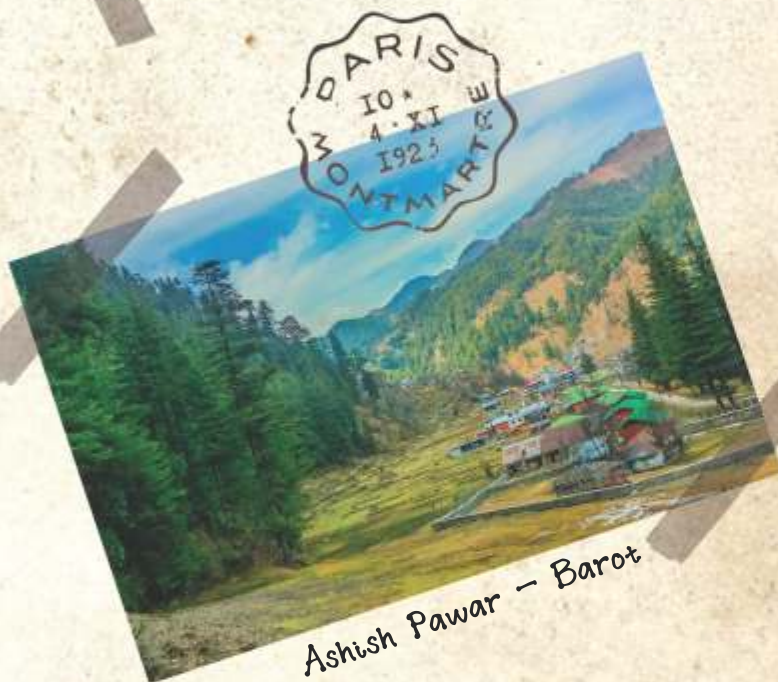




Piyush Kumar Sinha - Varanasi



Ashwin Goswami - Trivundaram



Ashish Pawar - Barot



Ashwin Goswami - Bharmour



Varun Kalra - Bharmour





# BRUSHES

Jitender Singh



Eshita Verma (CCA)



Archit Singh





Archit Singh

Jazeel Jazim



Kartik Thakur





हिंदी दिवस पर

हिंदी समिति द्वारा आयोजित

# अभ्युदय २०१४

जिनके मस्तक पर हिमालय रूपी मुकुट विराजमान है, आँचल में गंगा समान पावन माला, हरा भरा पर्यावरण जिनके अद्भुत वस्त्र हैं, और जिनके चरणों को सागर धोता है, ऐसा चित्र है भारत—माता का और इससे भी अमूल्य है, सभ्यता और संस्कारों की धरोहर, भारत वर्ष की भाषा 'हिंदी' ।

“सच पूछो तो राष्ट्र का, स्वाभिमान है हिंदी ,  
भारत के लिए तो, भगवन का वरदान है हिंदी।”

हिंदी भाषा की गरिमा को प्रत्यक्ष रूप से दर्शाने वाला, भव्य कार्यक्रम “अभ्युदय 2014” बदलाव की नयी किरण लेकर आया । हिंदी दिवस के शुभ अवसर पर संस्थान की हिंदी समिति द्वारा अभ्युदय 2014 का बहुत ही भव्य और विशाल आयोजन किया गया । हिन्दी समिति द्वारा इस कार्यक्रम का पूरे संस्थान में जोर शोर से प्रचार प्रसार किया गया । आज के आधुनिक युग में अंग्रेजी भाषा का ज्ञान होना महत्वपूर्ण है, परन्तु इसका ये मतलब नहीं कि हमारा अपनी भाषा ‘हिंदी’ से स्नेह कम हो रहा है, इसी तथ्य का प्रदर्शन हुआ अभ्युदय में । नव—युवकों ने मिशन बदलाव को लक्ष्य बनाकर, अपनी सोच और नजरिये को परिवर्तित कर, उत्साहपूर्ण हो कर भाग लिया, इस कार्यक्रम में ।

“अभ्युदय” का शुभारम्भ हुआ माँ शारदे की आराधना से । तत्पश्चात् संस्थान के निदेशक प्रो. रजनीश श्रीवास्तव ने, मुख्य अतिथि, एचपीयू के कुलपति, प्रो. ए.डी.न. वाजपेयी जी को स्मृति चिन्ह भेंट कर सम्मानित किया ।

विभिन्न सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रमों ने दर्शकों को भारत के विभिन्न रंगों से रूबरू कराया । कथक हो या फिर कुचिपुड़ी नृत्य, गायन हो या बांसुरी वादन, सभी प्रस्तुतियों ने दर्शकों को रोमांचित किया । काव्य श्रृंखला में, ‘भारतीय नारी’, ‘प्रेम की परिभाषा’ जैसी कविताओं ने जीवन के विभिन्न पहलुओं को दर्शाया । साथ ही डांस





क्लब और ड्रामा क्लब के प्रस्तुतियों ने, सभी के मन में देश प्रेम के उज्ज्वल भाव पैदा किये । हास्य कविता “जिसके भाई सभी पहलवानी करें” ने सबको हंसी से लोट-पोट कर दिया ।

हिंदी दिवस के अवसर पर हिंदी समिति द्वारा आयोजित की गयी प्रतियोगिताओं जैसे काव्य-पाठ, वाद-विवाद, निबंध लेख, गायन, नृत्य, चलचित्र-निर्माणादि के विजेताओं को पुरस्कृत किया ।

वर्तमान में आवश्यकता, हिंदी दिवस/पखवाड़ा/माह आयोजित करने की नहीं है, अपितु हिंदी भाषा के प्रति अपनी सोच एवं नजरिये को बदलने की है ।

आवश्यकता है कि हम अपनी सभ्यता एवं संस्कारों पर गर्व करें, उनका सम्मान करें और उन्हें अपने साथ लेकर विकास के पथ पर अग्रसर हों, ताकि सम्पूर्ण विश्व, भारत की उन्नति का प्रमाण बन सके ।

“भारतीय होने का, एहसास है हिंदी,  
अरमान है हिंदी, सम्मान है हिंदी ।  
नए दिनकर का, प्रयास है हिंदी,  
सरल-सभ्य, वरदान है हिंदी ।”





# लिटरेसी मिशन

मॉस्को की सर्द शाम।



यह कुछ दशक पुरानी बात है। लियो टोलस्टाय मॉस्को की जनता को बेरोजगारी और गरीबी से उबारने की योजना सरकार को सौंपने जाने वाले थे, योजना यह थी की धनवानों और कारखानों से धन जुटाकर गरीबों और बेरोजगारों में सब्सिडी की तरह बांट देंगे। यह देखकर लियो के सहायक ने उनसे कहा-सर इस समस्या का एक हल है, अगर हम लोगों को हुनरमंद बना दें तो लोग खुद रोजगार ढूढ लेंगे और सब्सिडी की भी जरूरत नहीं होगी। फिर उसने हिम्मत जुटाकर आगे कहा -मैं आम सरकारी नौकर हूँ फिर भी मैं कम से कम दो लोगों को हेयरकट या बढई जैसे काम सिखाने का खर्च उठा सकता हूँ, ऐसे ही कुछ सक्षम परिवार और सरकार कर सकती है। आगे ऐसा ही हुआ। ऐसी ही एक शुरुआत हुई थी आज से लगभग दस वर्ष पहले NITH कैंपस में। आइए वही चलते हैं।

सन 2004, संयोग से यह भी एक सर्द शाम थी, NITH के कुछ छात्रों ने छोटे बच्चों को साक्षर करना शुरू किया। ये बच्चे कौन थे? ये आम बच्चों की तरह ही थे। फर्क बस इतना था की ये NITH और आस-पास के गरीब परिवारों के बच्चे थे। पढ़ना लिखना तो दूर की बात, इनके माता-पिता इनकी आधारभूत जरूरतों को भी पूरा नहीं कर सकते थे।

किसी ने कहा है -मुसाफिर तू अकेला बढ, कारवां जुड़ता जायेगा। लिटरेसी मिशन का सफर भी कुछ ऐसा ही था। आज भले यह एक ऐसे सफल मिशन के रूप जाना जाता है जिसे NITH के छात्र NITH परिवार के सहयोग से चलाते हैं, पर शुरुआत इतनी सुखद नहीं थी। बात चाहे अस्थाई कमरे से लेक्चर हॉल तक के सफर का हो, साक्षरता मिशन के साथ-साथ बच्चों को शिक्षित करने के उद्देश्य का हो, या फिर आंगनबाड़ी से ले कर ग्रेजुएशन तक की पढाई का हो, नवोदय और प्रतियोगी परीक्षाओं की तैयारी का हो, महीने दर महीने, साल दर साल, टीम लिटरेसी ने आस-पास के, खासकर बच्चों के सामाजिक हालत बदलें हैं, बेहतर किये हैं, और आगे भी उम्मीद है यह मिशन नई ऊँचाई, नए मुकाम हासिल करेगा, साक्षरता और शिक्षा की दशा और दिशा को एक नया आयाम देगा।

**लिटरेसी मिशन में होने वाली कुछ प्रमुख गतिविधियाँ:**

- “विवेकानन्द लेक्चर हाल कॉम्पलेक्स” में सप्ताह में 6 दिन नियमित रूप से शाम को 4:45 से 6:15 तक सभी बच्चों को पढाया जाता है।
- होली, दीपावली, स्वतंत्रता दिवस आदि जैसे विभिन्न राष्ट्रीय और सांस्कृतिक उत्सव बच्चों संग मनाये जाते हैं ताकि उनमें समाज की मूल भावना, समानता, राष्ट्रवाद और नैतिक मूल्यों का संचार एक मनोरंजक तरीके से किया जा सके।
- हर वर्ष “प्रयास” नामक एक सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रम का आयोजन किया जाता है,





जो कि बच्चों को अपनी गायन, अभिनय और नृत्य प्रतिभा का प्रदर्शन करने के लिए एक मंच प्रदान करता है।

- सभी बच्चों की स्कूल फीस का भुगतान लिटरेसी मिशन द्वारा किया जाता है। साथ ही साथ उन्हें पुस्तकें, नोट बुक और अन्य वस्तुएं भी दी जाती हैं।
- सभी बच्चों को समय-समय पर फल व मिठाईयाँ वितरित की जाती हैं।
- सभी बच्चों को सप्ताह में 6 दिन नियमित रूप से सुबह 6:30 से 7:15 तक योग कराया जाता है।
- बच्चों और उनके माता-पिता के स्वास्थ्य संबंधी जानकारी देने के लिये समय-समय पर स्वास्थ्य शिविर का भी आयोजन किया जाता है।
- छात्रों और शिक्षकों द्वारा दिये गये पुराने कपड़ों को इन बच्चों के परिवारों में वितरित किया जाता है।

उपलब्धियाँ :

- जोशी सुरीन ने AIEEE - 09 की परीक्षा की उत्तीर्ण की और NIT भोपाल में प्रवेश लिया।
- चंदन भगत ने JEE (Mains)-2013 की परीक्षा उत्तीर्ण की और NIT पटना में प्रवेश लिया।
- दिलीप कुमार ने हिमाचल प्रदेश तकनीकी शिक्षा बोर्ड, धर्मशाला द्वारा आयोजित PAT; पॉलिटेक्निक एडमिशन टेस्ट)-2013 की परीक्षा उत्तीर्ण की और सरकारी पॉलिटेक्निक कॉलेज अम्बोटा (ऊना) में प्रवेश प्राप्त किया।
- 2010 के बाद से हर वर्ष लगातार, जे.एन.वी. में बच्चों ने सफलता हासिल की। इसी कड़ी में 2010 में ललिता, 2011 में दीपक, 2012 में नीतू 2013 में अजय और 2014 में रुकमा को जे.एन.वी. में प्रवेश के लिये चुना गया।
- चिकित्सकीय सहायता भी बच्चों को प्रदान की जाती है। इस संबंध में, हृदय की समस्या से पीड़ित प्रिंस और गुर्दे अल्सर की समस्या से पीड़ित अर्पिता का सफलता पूर्वक इलाज एस्कॉर्ट अस्पताल, नई दिल्ली और PGIMER चंडीगढ़ में लिटरेसी मिशन और रोटरी हमीरपुर के प्रयास से कराया गया।
- भूपेंद्र ने 2009 में भारतीय वायु सेना की भर्ती परीक्षा उत्तीर्ण की।
- 3 जनवरी 2009 भारत के पूर्व राष्ट्रपति डॉ. ए. पी. जे. अब्दुल कलाम संस्थान के दीक्षांत समारोह के लिए पधारे थे। उन्होंने छात्रों के इस नेक कार्य की भरपूर प्रशंसा की।

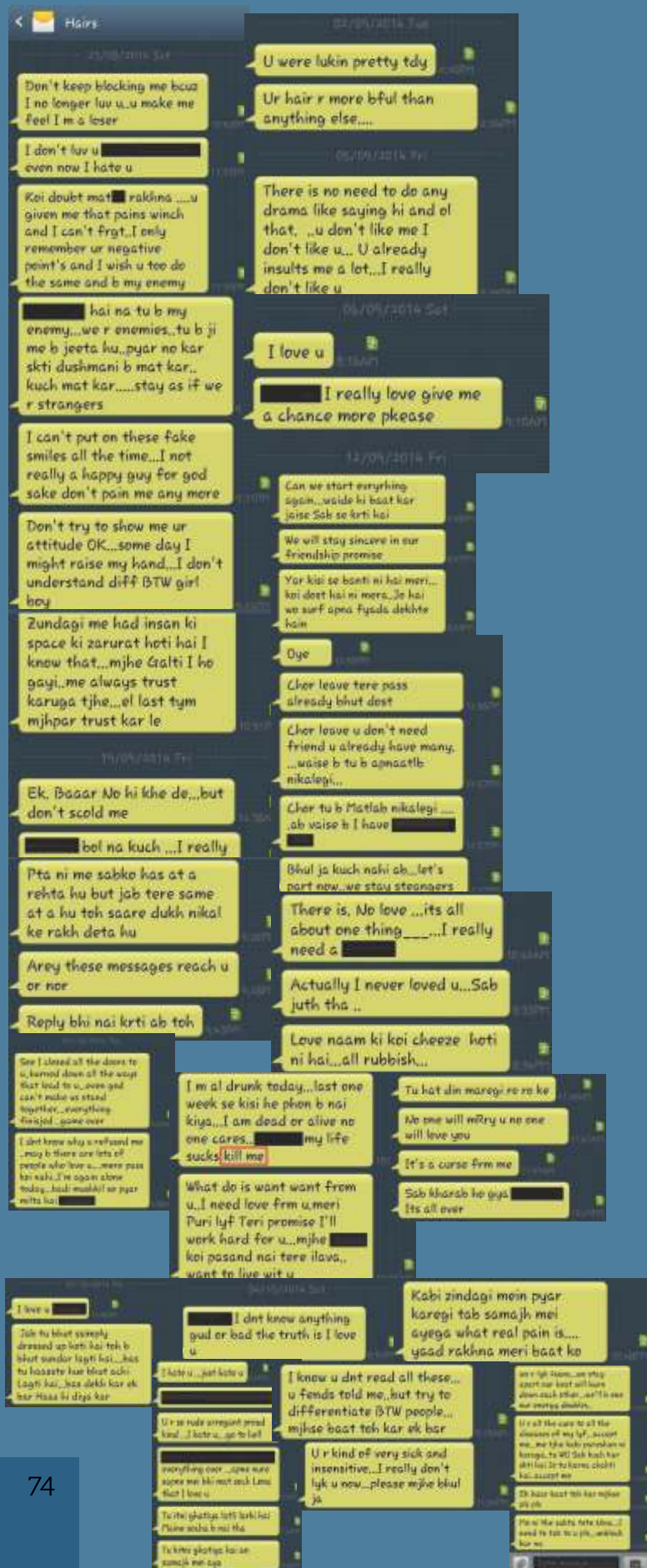






# VAGUELY VOGUE

## Falling In Love And Falling Out of It



"Falling in love is very real, but I used to shake my head when people talked about soul mates, poor deluded individuals grasping at some supernatural ideal not intended for mortals but sounding pretty in a poetry book. Then, we met and everything changed; the cynic has become the converted; the skeptic, an ardent zealot."

- E. A. Buchianeri, Brushstrokes of a Gadfly

The bone-chilling winters had given way to the cheer of spring. Yet, there was hardly a soul on the dark roads as Megha dragged her sister along the narrow, empty alleys behind their house. For a while now, the lights of house, twinkling behind the rustling trees, had vanished from view. Her phone buzzed angrily in the pocket of her jeans. A new message glowed back at her. Come faster, it said. I am waiting. Megha pouted at the screen and begged her sister to walk faster. Dhvani sighed and shuffled along.

Only half an hour ago, Megha had relayed a long crafted story involving an assignment to her mother. It won't take me more than half an hour, mum, please. I will run to Snigdha's house and back! Her mother, unsure of the dark hour, had ordered Dhvani to go along. After all, she thought, Snigdha's house was only a few streets away – and there was hardly a street light missing a bulb.

In the distance, the sisters could see the end of the alley where it joined to the main road. A lone lamp flickered in the wind. Under it, two men stood shoulder to shoulder, waiting for them. One of them broke off to run towards them. Dhvani let go of her sister, and the man enveloped Megha in an embrace.

On the main road, lined by small neem trees, Megha and the man, Vikas; walked hand in hand. Dhvani trailed behind with the other guy uncomfortably. *I missed you*, Vikas told her. Megha sighed and dropped her head onto his shoulder. *It was such a long wait*, she said. *But, it was worth it*.

From a roadside stall by the Ganesh temple, Vikas bought all of them Pav-bhaji. And while Dhvani was busy slurping on hers, Vikas and Megha slipped away. Vikas's friend – the other guy – told her they had gone till the temple. And the Pav-bhaji kept her entertained.

On the small climb to the temple, the couple walked behind the numerous carts selling flowers and sweets as offering. In a dark spot, Vikas suddenly pulled Megha towards him. As she bumped into him, he pressed his lips to hers. Two men, walking to the temple stopped to stare, clucking their tongues at the modern teen, spitting expletives.

That day was a Saturday. 364 days later, on another Saturday, Megha can no longer bear hearing Vikas's voice over the phone, let alone bear a visit. A lot has changed over the past one year. She has passed out of school, joined an engineering college. On the other hand, Vikas, who graduated out of school with her, is without much direction in life. He is member of a political party's youth branch; Megha tries to explain by way of introduction.

Often, he doesn't pick her phone. More times than that though, Megha, busy with her new friends, doesn't want to speak to him anymore. Less than a month since they recount their First Kiss Anniversary, they break up.



## The Sexuality and the Romance

Megha has had no trouble moving on. There are more men who pine after her lush curves in the college than ever before. An experience, is all she will say of her ex-boyfriend and their relationship, attaching not much significance to that portion of her life.

While as a school student she was inclining toward the romantic nature of love, in college, she is more aware of her sexuality. Dr. Spock of the Baby and Child Care fame, writes,

*"I use the word sexual when I put the emphasis on biological instinct, the word romantic when I mean the tender, highly personal, idealistic aspects of love between the sexes."*

Biologically, each human is attracted to some particular type of persons. That is purely based on physical and sexual perception of that person, as far as their suitability as a potential mate in producing offspring is concerned. The romantic nature of love, the later part of attraction, is only a resultant of mental imagery of care that we believe and create.

### The concept of 'Recreational Dating'

In the year 2012, Google's most searched query was topped by "What is Love?" Today, more people than ever before are falling in love. It is easy, it is quick. Often, youngsters do not even want to attach the stigma of calling it love by simply terming it a 'relationship.'

But by a 'relationship', are these people looking for simple companionship? A friendship? Are they looking for a love, perhaps more understanding than those in whose company they already are: more understanding than friends, more understanding than parents?

'Recreational Dating' is a relatively new concept in the west. For youngsters dating in India, where our society still scorns on love without marriage, this concept is even newer. Before this was even a concept, people married their high school or college sweethearts, and at quite a younger age. But with puberty hitting children earlier and a prolonged education today, young men and women have become freer to experiment with love.

### Freedom vs 'P for Pyaar and P for Peer Pressure'

*"Love makes you bold, makes you bright, makes you run real risks, which you sometimes survive, and sometimes you don't."*

- Lauren Slater, in her article for National Geographic titled 'Love'

Freedom, especially in our country, has largely been linked to being free to love and experiment with its forms. Quite a few young people today will let you know they are not in aversion to the concept of 'one night stands' and 'casual sex'.

In truth, love is as binding as much freedom it signifies to us. Pyaar today is often under peer-pressure. I asked a friend how she fell in love with her boyfriend. *"Well," she told me, "We were just friends. I had, of course, thought about that aspect of friendship; but it was only when our close friends began to pass comments around us that we considered giving it a shot. My best friend told me*

*'My boyfriend and I look a great couple together.'"*

Is then, 'commitment' a misnomer for freedom? *"Yes," says Kalpana. "There is no freedom. Being with a boyfriend has its perks, but as soon as you talk to some other boy; rumors start flying about. People are often very quick at calling you a slut, then."*

### Mechanics of a 'Relationship' and the 'Breakup'

"My roommate wakes up with a call from her boyfriend and falls asleep with one. During the day, they go everywhere together: the class, the lab, the library, ICH. They seem happy. Whenever she is in the hostel and on a call with him, she keeps repeating, "Phone rakh de! Mujhe nahin baat karni tujhse!" They are fighting more times than I have heard them whisper sweet nothings to each other. "Is their outwardly love a farce, then?" says Shruti, an ECE student.

But just as many people will tell you of couples who couldn't be happier together. They are often part of a circle of friends, love to roam campuses together, go for movies, lunches, and make their presence felt to the world.

In the manner of these things, I asked two friends if boys never minded spending on their girlfriends? "Of course they mind!", came the indignant reply. *"Kangal ho jaate hain bechaare. And girlfriend ko hi nahin, uske friends ko bhi khilana padta hai!"* Why do they still go about doing it, then? *"Girlfriend hona is a status symbol. Agar ladki pat jaaye, toh bande ki respect hoti hai,"* they say simply.

But love fades, there is proof everywhere. The first love influences life decisions involving relationships for most people. And when a breakup happens, it is nothing short of tragedy. Sometimes, youngsters even turn suicidal because of the loss of a love. Young love is indeed real. But is it real enough to be taken seriously today when relationships and 'commitment' are prevalent because it is vogue?

### Unrequited Love and the Case of the Stalker

Often, young attraction is not reciprocated. Some deal with it and move on. Others, move behind and stalk. As real as young love is, it is as dangerous, too. It damages personalities and sometimes leaves adolescents scarred for life.

A senior, while walking a first year back to the hostel startled her by saying, *"Someday, I'll marry you!"*

*"Ye toh and here mein teer marna jaisa hai!"* jokes Vipul at that. *"Aur stalking, aam baat. Jab pyaar se breakup tak sab online ho jaata hai; online stalking toh bahut easy hai!"*

The strip of messages here are taken from the phone of a CSE girl, being stalked by a batchmate since first year. Why hasn't she told someone yet, I ask? *"Who should I tell?"* she says. *"Nobody will believe it is not my fault. They may say I led him on!"*

Such is young obsession for love today that often college parties involve making a person stand in the middle of the crowd and declare their attraction to someone, anyone. The inability to tell the name of a crush is bad – you might even be declared gay if you are lucky. In this relationship obsessed world, are you in love yet? If not, hurry up





Dr. Vijay Shankar Dogra  
Associate Professor, CED

## 25 Years at Campus : Some Reminiscences, Submissions, Anecdotes

Another issue of “Srijan” and another piece of words I am herewith. In bits and pieces there were many things in my mind for this year's Institute magazine, but the year “2015”, when the first batch of the Institute passed out 25 years back, I completed 25 years at campus, and Institute planning to bring out a Memoir of Institute's journey through last 30 years, gave me enough reason to convince myself that it would be gratifying for me to recollect the bunch of memories of all these years which I have spent here, witnessing the growth of the Institute in all the spheres. Apart from the Institute's journey, my own voyage encompasses a treasure full of recollections of blissful four years' student life, and then entirely different but fascinating teacher's life for rest of the years. My visits to campus during the time when I was away from campus between 'passing out' and 'joining in', kept me well acquainted with changes and happenings at campus. Also, this was a time when my juniors of 3rd to 1st year, were still in college and keeping in touch with them, kept me in touch with college as well. And while my last known juniors (first years when I was in final year), passed out, I was again in college in 1996. There was not much of the change while I was a student in 1993 or when I joined as faculty in department, except that my role had changed entirely.

Alma Mater has a very special place in the hearts of all the alumni, but the kind of feelings the college evokes, some 22 odd years after my passing out are unbelievable. In our days, the place used to be small, under construction and woefully under-equipped, but there was warmth, there was amity and it was everyone-knew-everyone kind of place where we all found our bearings along with knowledge that was mandatory. The learning in those four year period has held us in good stead over years and we have been able to stand up to the people from all sorts of places/ fields on basis of that foundation. The perceptive guidance by our teachers gave us the confidence to go out and challenge the world and ultimately the things did turn out as they had been advised. Ours was the time when there used to be only five departments, wherein Applied

Sciences was the catering department and there were four engineering branches with an intake of 100 students. With no PGs and Ph.D.s the total strength of students used to be about 400. Today Institute has 10 departments, 2 centers of excellence with 7 UG programs and every department running their PG and Ph.D. programs, making the total strength of students to cross 3000.

Through these 30 years the Institute has accomplished numerous milestones. As of today, apart from excellence in academics, the life at NIT Hamirpur encompasses multifaceted activities round the year. The Institute offers something for everyone; a serene and beautiful environment in the lap of Himalayas for all nature lovers, immense opportunities and activities in the national as well as international arena for all the future leaders, versatile and dedicated faculty to guide our future engineers, a full-fledged sports complex for the athletes and players who believe in holistic development, challenging and breath taking destinations to explore around for the adventure freaks and travellers, active student clubs that work towards a social cause for all the budding philanthropists, and of course, calm and pleasant surroundings.

Although there are a number of things where I find that Institute has gone a long way, I will touch upon a few, primarily from a student's point of view and from teacher's perspective a little bit. Firstly, recollecting the cultural festival. I remember in 1989, first cultural festival was named “SPARKS”, then “TARANG” in 1990 and finally “Hill ffair” in 1991. There was no permanent venue for organizing such extravaganza, so students used to borrow wooden logs from forest department to erect a temporary stage behind the workshop and at some other suitable place in subsequent years. Later, the venue shifted to open space in front of administrative



block till the construction of Open Air Theatre (OAT) in 2001. There used to be no major sponsors, and the main source of funding was Institute only. However students used to collect sponsorships from local market which used to amount not more than 5-7 thousands despite all the efforts. There used to be numerous competitions with stage occupied throughout the day and evenings till late night. Financially the festival has grown from a budget of about 20,000 in 1989 to about 7-8 lacs, in recent years. The participation from within the Institute as well as surrounding Institutes has also grown exponentially. But this event called Hill' ffair has always remained the nerve-center of student's creativity and gratification ever. Hill' ffair is certainly that part of student life at campus, of which everyone is fervent to be a part of, while in college and dreams to be a part, once again, after passing out. I fondly remember "Antakshary" which was an instant hit during our time. Many competitions like "Cacophony", "Dumb shreds", "Hard Sell" and "Choreography" have gone missing with passage of time. One thing which has not changed from that era to this era is the high energy, ultimate fun and all-time enjoyment by one and all during those three days of festival.

There used to be no technical festival during our time. Present day "NIMBUS" is the quality addition to the student activities in Institute. Technical festival definitely provides a platform to the students where they get an opportunity to convert ideas into reality. Every year, students come up with new ideas, innovations and models. The application of theoretical knowledge and engineering laws by the students to showcase their originations make us feel proud on one hand and make me miss the days of my student life, wherein such opportunity was missing. The advent of internet has certainly given a chance to students to have a barrier free exposure to knowledge, apart from the books or class room teaching. The sports facilities too have got a remarkable boost up in last few years. In our times, the sports ground was a small one, with worst drainage, as it used to appear like a pool after rains. Athletic meet was the only major activity, however, inter year & inter-branch cricket and hockey matches were also organized. There were no indoor sports facilities available. At present the sports activities are round the year and sports lovers keep the ground filled, irrespective of the weather, exams or festivities.

One more thing which makes me feel delighted about the developments in college is the 'sea-change' in the infrastructural outlook of the Institute in last few years. During my student life the buildings were half built, partly under construction, and those existing, were just serving the purpose, as there was no alternative. There was no library building, no lecture halls, no hospital, only two hostels and un-metalled roads. I think I need not say anything about the infrastructure we have today. A fleet of eight hostels, all departmental buildings, well planned sports stadium and a fascinating auditorium says it all, and moreover the upcoming Student Activity Centre (SAC) will fulfill the rest of the expectations. Recent facelift of the front of administrative block and student's park at the onset of academic arena has added to the beauty of the campus. However, the campus was, is and will be agreed upon by everyone (NITHIANS as well as visitors) as one of the most beautiful campuses existing on earth.

My everyday life at campus keeps reminding me a number of things related to my student life at campus or teaching life during initial years. Penning down those memories takes me back to the emotional swings too. Those memories are the most precious treasure, and at times help me in rediscovering a student in myself, when needed. One thing which I cherish the most is the way this campus has kept a "Student" alive inside me throughout all these years. Memories of hostel..... celebrating "Holi" even without the festival sometimes, trips to "Sujanpur", innovative "Post-Mortem" of assignments, playing full sound on stereo "Dil to dil .... Dil kaa itbaar kya keeje" at 12:00 in night during exams, mid-night birthday dips, fear of viva and post-viva discussions, and sanctified resolution at the end of final exams "*next semester me shuru se hi regularly padhnahai*" and what not. Student life is student life .... unmatched, blissful and amazing. I think I have to stop somewhere now, as it is endless. I will keep it on, in coming years, and sojourn myself with a message to all students that these four/five years at campus are never going to come again, make the best out of them, and enjoy every moment.





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## The Ignorant Beggar

The young man looked out of the open window. He felt alone in the dusty, old and wooden compartment of the suburban local train. Though the train compartment was close to full, he felt completely cut off by a strange sense of loneliness and unease. He felt as if he was a misfit in the world, as if something about his existence was not right. He was unhappy about something he knew. He was unhappy because he was unhappy, and he did not know why. It did not make sense to anyone whom he tried to explain, but he did not care. The harsh June sun was beating down mercilessly on the small train platform outside. There were a few small tin sheds, with too many people under them than they could pretend to protect. The whole platform seemed deserted.

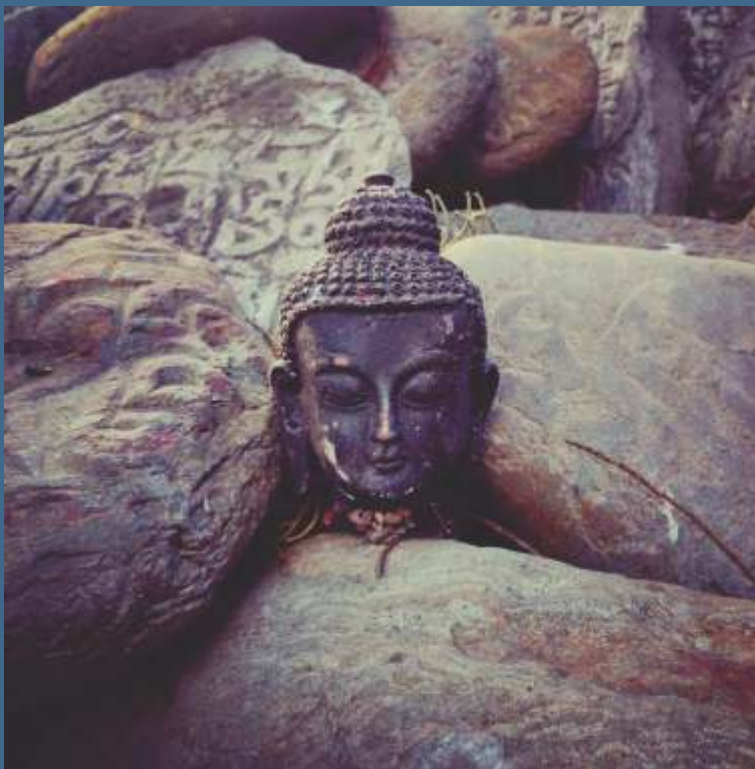
Suddenly, something caught his eyes. A beggar whose legs had been amputated was crawling on the hot, cemented platform outside. With a great deal of difficulty, he got up onto the train. The train started moving and so did the young man's thoughts. He started remembering all the times when he had seen a beggar with their mutilated limbs and deplorable conditions, and how his heart

had cried out each time; how he was told that begging was a business and one could not trust it, how his brain fought with his heart and ended up numb with neither side winning. The only fallout of the argument was an even greater feeling of guilt and shame which soon disappeared at the appearance of something seemingly more important in his life. How he hated it all. The self-imposed importance, the self-concocted mixture of feeding one's ego, the self-defacing habit of running after things than waiting for life to wash over you. How he hated it all.

The shrill voice of the beggar broke his thoughts. He jerked back to the musty, slightly smelly train compartment where the person sitting next to him was dozing off on his shoulders. He wondered about the sensibilities of reason which all his friends talked about, how beggars do not have a life, how the Government should do something, how things needed to change, how growth of the country has to encompass all. With his new-found seemingly superior powers of reasoning, he felt choked owing to the lack of answers. How he wished he knew the answers. How he wished he could play God.

The beggar was a man of around 40. When he got up on the train, he noticed this young man in his mid-20s sitting in the corner of the train compartment. He noticed him because he looked different than the others, his clothes were different, his manners were different, and there was a conjured confidence which was trying to mask the unmistakable uneasiness in occupying the compartment. But still, what caught him the most were the young man's eyes which wore a misty, confused and sad look. He seemed to be some hallowed God, to be in whose position the beggar would kill for, but his eyes wore a pain that even the beggar had not felt when the bus had run over his legs. He decided he had to do something.

The beggar went on singing a mixture of the latest Bollywood movie songs completely out of tune. He ignored all the furrowed brows of passengers who were



Kiran Sreekumar



roused from their slumber, the irritated shifting of the passengers in their seats. He ignored it all and went on singing and begging for alms with an outstretched hand. It did not matter to him that his outstretched hands remained empty as he moved around. He just ignored it all. He reached where the young man was sitting. He stretched his hand and waited. The young man was numb again. His heart wanted him to give away the 10 rupee note in his purse. His brain however told him that helping beggars was just increasing the problem and for self-justification it also told him that the 10 rupee note was the last in his purse and he needed to keep it. The beggar could sense the confusion in the young man. How his look and eyes conveyed the compassion he felt for him but his attitude, manners and hesitation indicated otherwise. The beggar took away his outstretched hands and said, "Babu (salutation for Sir), where will you get off? If it is ok with you, can I talk to you on the platform where you get off?"

The young man was shocked, so was the train. He wanted to lie to the beggar and slip off but something inside him told him to talk to him. He said, "I will get off at the next station". The train reached the next station and the young man got off, followed by the beggar. All eyes in the compartment followed them. The beggar motioned the young man to come to the end of the deserted platform under a small tin shed.

The young man was sweating profusely, he hated the summer heat but he went. When the beggar and the young man reached the tin shed, the beggar suddenly asked, "Babu, do you think you are better than me?" The young man was taken aback. He replied, "I am not sure I understand. Why did you want to talk to me?" The beggar smiled and said, "Babu you look like the person who would have done and got a thousand things which I can never ever even imagine was possible, I wanted to hear it from you and be happy like you". The young man thought that the man was insane. Was he going to narrate his experiences which made for hallowed blog entries/acclaimed extempores to be read/heard/acclaimed by his reasonable friends to this person. The beggar broke his thoughts, "Babu, why are you sad?" The young man rudely replied, "I am not and I am in a hurry so if you have nothing to say I would leave". The beggar replied, "Babu, do you think your life is better than mine". The young man angrily replied, "Yes, it is. I do not have to curse my leg. I do not have to beg to eat. I do not have to be sorry about my whole existence". The beggar calmly replied, "You have only seen my missing leg and my begging and in that while you have presumed that my life is miserable and not worth living. I beg because with my condition I see it as the best way to earn money to keep me and my family alive. Even if there are beggars who cheat, how is it different when babus like you cheat in much greater magnitude and in places where the impact is so much more". The young man met loss of words. Here was a person who was speaking things which he had never imagined.

The young man replied, "How can you live your life when you have nothing to look forward to? At every stage of life, I am made aware by myself that there is a certain set of goals and when I reach there another set of goals crop up. There are big words and proverbs all around trying to justify your existence and life's journey when in fact they are there to distract your happiness with the fact that you do not know what purpose of existence is". The beggar smiled and replied serenely, "Why is the purpose of existence important? Why do you think my life is worth nothing? I get the same satisfaction when my thirst is quenched. When you eat a 5000 rupees meal with your family and I eat a 5 rupee meal with mine, the happiness we gain out of it is the same. Do you think your love for your mother and wife is more than mine? Do you think any of the emotions you feel is different than mine? Life is a gift which God has given both of us. It is our perceived imaginary happiness that causes us pain and disappointment. God never gives anyone more or less, He gives everyone the same".

The young man was shocked. He never thought that someone as nondescript as a beggar could tell him this in the middle of nowhere. He asked, "So what is the purpose of existence?" The beggar replied, "Why is it important to have a purpose? Purpose of existence is a hallucination. An attempt by your ego to justify that it is all important. We all have a life, we need to live it and experience it in the best way possible according to us. We all have experiences and choices. All we need to do when we finally close our eyes is take a look and just say, my life was beautiful and that would fulfill the purpose. Would it not?" The young man was stunned. He blurted out, "Tell me something, are you some kind of a learned man struck down by circumstances?" The beggar simply laughed and said, "Is it because you think the things I said cannot be from a person who has never gone to a school? Babu, I have never seen the inside of a school. I am an ignorant man and I spoke what life has taught me. Forgive me if I spoke something wrong and wasted your time".

A tear flowed down the young man's cheeks and he touched the feet of the beggar and said, "Thank you teacher for teaching me an invaluable lesson". And then the young man told the beggar the stories about the world he had seen and the beggar told him his. Both of them were sitting under that tin shed while many trains with incredulous onlookers passed by. And the summer sun was still beating down mercilessly but the tin shed was full of autumn's warmth.





Varnika Upmanyu  
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# Can Education ever be sans-English?

*"In the time of Buddha, the language of the learned was purely Sanskrit. The language of the higher classes was Sanskrit, and of the lower classes Prakrit. Buddha belonged to a class that would speak only Sanskrit, but he saw that if his words were to influence the people, they must be put before them in their own language...he always used the Pali language...It was because he introduced the vernacular in his harangues, that his teachings...spread far and wide and that one half of this earth at the present day believes in the religion that he preached and takes him to be an incarnation of God."*

## The Earliest Efforts

In 1917, one Dr PJ Mehta published two pamphlets under the topic, 'Vernaculars as a Media of Instruction in Indian Schools and Colleges.' The first pamphlet was published in Vedanta Kesari of Madras, and later reprinted as a part of Self Government Series. On giving it the name Self Government Series, Dr Mehta writes, *"...one may be inclined to think that the designation is too pretentious. But I hope, that those who give the subject more than a passing thought, will come to think, along with many of our countrymen, that it is hardly possible for people to be fully qualified for a Self-Government, until its sons and daughters, the fathers and mothers of the next generation, are allowed the benefits of a suitable system of education in its Schools and Colleges..."*

And education, in 1917, just like the present day, came at a price: it was in a language foreign to our tongue. For more than a century and half now, the language of our public activities has been English. Let alone education, the affairs of the parliament and government offices, public and private meetings, even religious gatherings are in English.

According to PJ Mehta, *"English knowing Indians are so fond of English that they write their diaries and even their private accounts in English."*

Today, the number of those 'English knowing Indians' has reached its heights. The mere knowledge of English can make a man sophisticated in society. Such is the craze with being English-educated, that modern parents take every step to ensure their child is admitted to an English school, if not a convent.

## How did English become so important to us?

*"In learning such a difficult language as English, we waste almost the whole of our lifetime...the whole of the life is spent in finding out the correct pronunciation of words, correct accents, correct emphasis, correct spelling, correct idioms, etc. No other students of English use Webster, Ogilvie, and other such dictionaries and*

*aids so much...as we do."*

The situation has not improved much since Mehta's time. In fact, our obsession has only grown. Newspapers, hoardings and advertisements painted on walls along major roads read 'Learn English for a Successful Future!' We have, unfortunately, tied success way too strongly with the knowledge of a language not our own at all.

English came to India with the slow yet firm arrival of the British in the seventeenth century. The diversity of our country made it easier for them to impose their language on us, instead of the other way round. India had always been rich in culture: it was this culture that drew Alexander, the Persians, and the English, among many others, here.

Yet, the public, unknown to this richness in its entirety was lead to believe otherwise. Macaulay, in 1835 produced a minute on this subject, often widely used against him. A small excerpt reads:

*"...we ought to employ them [Indians] in teaching what is best worth knowing; that English is better worth knowing than Sanskrit or Arabic...I have conversed both here and at home [Britain] with men distinguished by their proficiency in the Eastern tongues...I have never found one among them who could deny that a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia..."*

*"The stigma that Macaulay put on Sanskrit and her daughter languages still continues in official circles today...Since then, many atreatise in Sanskrit on Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Mathematics, Astronomy, Medicine, etc. has been unearthed from public Bhandars and private libraries."*

The British succeeded. We began to think that everything English and foreign was superior to ours. And when the British went back, they left English behind to grow on us.

## But, isn't English Indispensable as far as our Education System is concerned?

No country has an education system so deeply rooted in English grammar as India. In schools and colleges, students often spend more time on spellings and grammar than the concept itself. As a result, ever since the introduction of English education, a system of learning the theory by heart has been prevalent.



Dr Mehta goes as far as saying, that the system of compulsory attendance was introduced to combat the same problem – that of English lectures. *“Many of those who cannot follow the lectures, absent themselves from classes on one pretext or another, and loaf about, or attend the classes without being any wiser for doing so. Many of the lecturers would have to lecture to almost empty benches, if the attendance at classes were not made compulsory,”* he writes.

The French teach their concepts in French. The Spanish in Spanish. The Russians in Russian. The Turks in Turkish. The Japanese deliver their lectures, even on most complex mathematical theories in Japanese. Then why can our lectures not be in vernacular languages? They can surely be.

Mehta explains how.

*“...better for the Indians to have followed the Indian nomenclature and Indian classification in many of the subjects taught in Indian schools and colleges. For instance, in Botany the classification of plants by ancient Indians has been based mostly on their properties instead of the natural orders according to Linnaeus, the great English Botanist. The Indian system has perhaps as many advantages as the English system.”*

### When shall we have a Mendeleef?

In Russia, in the nineteenth century, the scientific language was German. In 1880, a German professor first made the start towards delivering lectures in Russian. Not much later, Prof. Mendeleef, a chemist, did groundbreaking research on the classification of periodic elements – in Russian, much to the dismay of his fellow chemists in Europe, researching in English.

If Russia could change its system, is it too late for India to do the same? In his pamphlet, Dr Mehta asks *“When shall we have a Mendeleef?”* It has been almost a century since he put forward a question that now seems more unanswerable than ever before. The most important question right now is, how can research be in a Vernacular language if studies are not?

The number of students wanting to study languages today is also very low. Apparently, anything that has nothing to do with English is not of any importance at all. A few colleges of the Delhi University have cut offs as high as 97 and 98 for admission to some of their bachelor's programs in science and commerce with cut offs for languages – especially Sanskrit – as low as 60.

### 180 years since Macaulay's Minute

It is now a long time ago that Macaulay dared to speak against our languages and culture. While India moves towards achieving the stature it once held, we are still upholding Macaulay's thinking by ignoring vernaculars.

A very few of the young Indians speak unadulterated vernaculars anymore – any dialect we converse in is a combination with English – Hinglish (a popular combination of Hindi and English), Tanglish (Tamil and English), etc. From Kolaveri di to Yo Yo Honey Singh, the music a modern Indian listens to is full of English. The clothes are English, the products are English, and even religious sermons are in English. Anyone who is not English enough, is brutally tagged Conservative.

Many of us may argue that English is perhaps the language that now binds our country of many hundred languages and many more dialects. But while English may have been acting like that binding thread, it has been tripping people for a long time now – it is, simply put, not an easy language to learn.

Hindi, on the other hand – spoken exactly like it is written – is a fairly easy language. It is also closer to most Indian languages since all of them have been derived from Sanskrit.

*“While I may have grown up speaking English since kindergarten,”* a friend said to me. *“And while I may speak perfect English, I will, undoubtedly, always think in Hindi.”* Even if we start to understand other languages than our own, the comprehension speed is maximum when the explanation is in the native tongue. PJ Mehta says, *“For any thoughts to take root in the minds of the people, they must be expressed in the language of the people.”*

### Is it possible for the system to change?

Yes, of course. Since all our languages and dialects are a derivation from Sanskrit, texts and theory in Sanskrit is easy to convert to vernacular languages. India is a very large country – with a variety of languages, but it is time that we take steps to bring back our languages. It is time we produce a Mendeleef, another Buddha. It is time we take a small step – a small step by millions of Indians will be a million steps by India. It is time we demand to learn in easier ways. It is time we start learning concepts, and stop correcting the grammar.

In no case must the incomplete knowledge of English be a source of embarrassment to any Indian. Because, the more we fail to pick up a foreign language correctly, the more we persevere in preserving our own.

\*All italicized lines have been taken directly from Dr PJ Mehta's pamphlet 1 on 'Vernaculars as Media of Instruction in Indian Schools and Colleges', taken from the archives of National Library, Calcutta.







आयुष कुमार  
द्वितीय वर्ष,  
इलैक्ट्रॉनिक्स एवं संचार अभियांत्रिकी

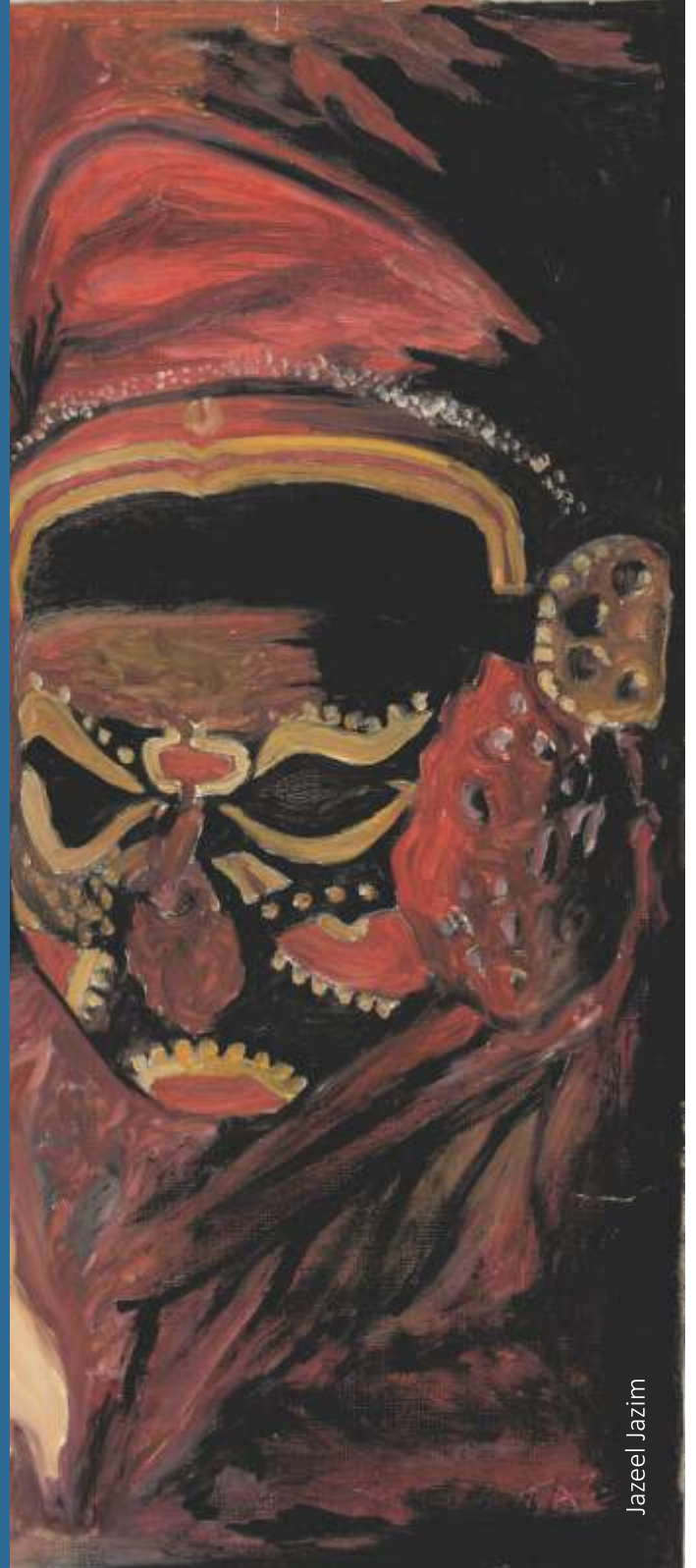
## मुखौटा

चाहे हो व्यक्ति आस-पास एक,  
पहने हैं उसने, मुखौटे अनेक ।  
मुखौटे से दूसरे को गुमराह करना,  
चाहे पड़े मूल्य, इसका दुगना भरना ॥

जीवन में मनुष्य अदा करता, अनेक किरदार,  
भूल जाता है वो, आपसी भाई चारा और प्यार ।  
दूसरों पर हो अत्याचार तो वो बेकार,  
पर खुद पर हो तो चाहिए, मदद तैयार ॥

बॉस के सामने चापलूसी का मुखौटा ,  
टीचर के सामने, आज्ञाकारी होने का मुखौटा ।  
घरवालों के सामने, संस्कारों का मुखौटा ,  
भगवान के सामने, नादानी का मुखौटा ॥

बस, पहनना आता नहीं, सच और प्यार का मुखौटा ,  
क्योंकि, दिल में है ईर्ष्या-पाप का कोटा ।  
गर सीख जाएं सब, प्यार की भाषा,  
चेहरा होगा सच्चा, फिर पूरी होगी सब अभिलाषा ॥



Jazeel Jazim



## अनंतमय : Beyond the Reality

अनंतमय : Delusive or Deceitful : the things that are falsely believed or propagated, create illusion; a misapprehension ; a belief in something that is in fact, not true.

The illusions of अनंतमय nature migrate us to a self-centred introvert world. We start seeing things, in way we want them to be, and that dream world is just like a magician's trick; when the wand shakes, everything gets dissolved and a clear cut picture of reality gets portray.

वास्तविक संसार में, कुछ ऐसी वस्तुएं भी हैं, जो केवल हमारी आशा एवं महत्वाकांक्षाओं का ही परिणाम हैं। मानव अनिश्चित चीजों को पाने के लिए, एक लकड़ी की तरह खुद को जला कर, धुंए में परिवर्तित होकर पलक झपकते ही इस भव-सागर में लुप्त हो जाते हैं।

We all are surrounded by extreme emotions but none of us know their exact meaning ; still, we feel them, we share them, we spread them; still, they are undefined, as the secrets of the universe ; still, they are suspicious as our existence.

अकुलित, कुटिल, विचलित है क्यों, बेचैन, थके क्यों घूम रहे ?  
ये दूर तलक फैला है फलक, गम की वर्षा क्यों झेल रहे ?  
अपनी मृग-तृष्णा की दुनिया में, सपनों की सेज सजाई है ।  
पर, अनंतमय संसार है ये, ना अमरता यहाँ कभी छाई है ॥

Enjoying the life and running after materialistic possession is just like having one's cake and eat it too. Money, the unfulfilled desires, replaces the importance of emotions and etiquettes. Our fake desire is like a rock, immovable, but, loving what we have, what actually exists for us is like a beautiful flower. Therefore, it is something we must cultivate and nourish.

Quoting Alexandre Dumas, The Three Musketeers,

"Nothing makes time pass or shortens the way like a thought that absorbs in itself all the faculties of the one who is thinking. External existence is then like a sleep of which this thought is the dream. Under its influence, time has no more measure, space has no more distance."

अतः, इन्द्रियों के घोड़ों पर संयम के कोड़े लगा कर ; जीवन रूपी खग को खुशियों एवं मुस्कराहट के पंख लगा कर ; जीवन की वास्तविकताओं को देख परख कर, उनका सामना कर ; जीवनमें सब चीजों को उनकी जगह लौटा कर ; खुद को अनंतमय प्रकृति के वास्तविक अंग मानकर, कोशिश करें नव निर्माण का, नव सृजन का, नव उत्थान का ।

ये घोर अँधेरा निराशा का, तू आज यहाँ से जाने दे ।  
चल, हिम्मत कर और हाथ बढ़ा, आशा का चिराग जलाने दे ।  
काटें न हो तो राह कैसी ? दूरियां न हो तो चाह कैसी ?  
तू मंजिल को पा जायेगा, बस, कदम पे कदम बढ़ाने दे ॥

Ravi Teja

चिराग त्यागी  
द्वितीय वर्ष, इलैक्ट्रॉनिक्स एवं संचार  
अभियांत्रिकी







ऋतिक सूद  
प्रथम वर्ष  
इलैक्ट्रॉनिक्स एवं संचार अभियांत्रिकी

## मंडे की नींद

आँख खुली है मेरी, प्यारा सा जग सारा ,  
न जाने क्यों आज लगे हैं इतना न्यारा ।  
फिर जाने कहाँ से वो कमबख्त ख्याल टपका ,  
मैंने अपनी अलार्म क्लॉक को हाथ में लपका ॥  
देखकर उसे तुरंत उतर गया मेरा चेहरा,  
लगा था मुझे अभी-अभी सदमा गहरा ।  
सोमवार था और बज गए थे आठ,  
जानता था कि अब लगेगी मेरी वॉट ॥  
कॉलेज की क्लास, वो भी फिजिक्स का लेक्चर ,  
मेरे दिमाग को हो गया, उसी समय फ्रैक्चर ।  
न किया असाइनमेंट और न ही कोई काम,  
अब आ जाओ 'पालनहार', मेरे प्रभु राम ॥  
पिछले दो दिन, मैंने जिन्दगी के खुशनुमा दिन बिताए थे,  
कितने गीत हॉस्टल में यारों के संग मजे से गुनगुनाए थे ।  
पर आज वापस उसी लेक्चर हॉल में जाना है,  
मंडे को सिर्फ आज ही क्यों आना है ॥  
फिर रजाई ने चुपके से कान में मेरे बोला ,  
जैसे जीवन का सारा रस मुझमें था घोला ।  
एक दिन ना जाऊँ तो क्या बिगड़ जाएगा ,  
वैसे भी मेरा कौन सा, फिजिक्स में 10 प्वाइंट्स आएगा ॥  
मीठी से ये नींद, मुझे दे रही पुकार ,  
इतनी प्यारी चीज़ से, मैं मान चुका था हार ।  
वापस सिरहाने पर सर रखकर, टेंशन की दूर ,  
भगवान की कसम सोया उस दिन भरपूर ॥  
फिर क्लास गया तो बज गया मेरा बाजा ,  
मुझ पर ऐसे कमेंट किए जैसे, मैं टीचर का मुर्गा ताजा ।  
कसम खाई उस दिन, नहीं सोऊंगा दोबारा ,  
पर आज फिर है मंडे, और आज भी मैं हारा ॥



Aparna Shaw

## मेरी पलकों का आँसू

मेरी पलकों पे जो हर एक आँसू पला  
तेरी याद का उसे मे हर मंजर ढला  
मेरी पलकों से वो यूँ बहता हुआ  
इस दर्द का एक समुन्दर बना  
जब इस दर्द की इतनी सीमा बढ़ी  
हर सीमा भी मुझे छोटी लगी  
तेरी हर झलक की छवि उसमें घुलती हुई  
प्यारी सी एक कविता बनी  
हर आँसू यूँ न तेरे इश्क में मेरा धुल सा गया  
पलकों से लिपट कर कहीं मेरी आँखों में वो सिमट सा गया  
जब-जब तेरा मंजर दिखा  
आँखों के नीचे से वो निकलता हुआ हर बात को वो सह सा गया  
तुझे देखने की जब इतनी जिद यूँ चढ़ी  
हर तड़प की तड़प भी जब तड़पने लगी  
तब मेरी आँखों से आँसू गिरता हुआ  
पीर के समुन्दर में जा वो गिरा  
बेकरारी सी बेकरारी जब मन में रही  
हर आँसू की नदियाँ भी जब बहती रही  
तब दर्द की हर लहर उसको सहती हुई  
दर्द के इस दरिया में बहती रही  
तुझे ढूँढने मैं साहिल पे गया  
हर पत्थर पे तेरा नाम लिख दिया  
मन में कोई लाचारी मेरी  
कहीं दिल में जब वो खलती रही  
हर पल जब मुझ से वो कहती रही  
की साथ ना सही एक झलक ही सही  
साथ ना सही एक झलक ही सही



नितिन कुमार  
तृतीय वर्ष,  
यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी



## तृप्त

गर्मी की छुट्टियाँ शुरू हो गई थी पर विमल को ट्यूशन से छुटकारा नहीं मिला था। सूरज असमान में चढ़ने वाला था। ट्यूशन के लिए उसे देर हो रही थी। तैयार होकर उसने बैग को पीठ पर लाद लिया। सरपट साईकल निकाली और सवार होकर हॉस्टल पहुँच गया। इस बात को झुठलाया नहीं जा सकता कि जो रास्ता पढ़ने जाने के समय नीरस और लम्बा लगता है, वापस आते समय उत्साह में छोटा हो जाता है। लेकिन विमल के साथ आज ऐसा नहीं था। दोपहर के ढाई बजे थे। विमल घर पहुँच चुका था। रोज की तरह आज भी उसकी माँ के मना करने के बावजूद बैग बिस्तर पर फेंक खाने के लिए बैठ गया। उसकी माँ खाना परोसने लगी। लेकिन खाना देख कर उसके पेट में आज चूहे नहीं कूद रहे थे। वह बारह साल का बच्चा परेशानियों से घिरा दिख रहा था। खाने का निवाला उसके गले से उतर नहीं रहा था। आज उसने कुछ ऐसा देख लिया था जिसके बाद वह खा कर भी भूखा रह जाता।

बात यह थी कि जब ट्यूशन की छुट्टी हुई तो वह अपने एक दोस्त अमरदीप के माता-पिता से मिला। अमरदीप अपने अर्धे उम्र के माँ-बाप की इकलौती संतान था। उसकी माँ के कंधों पर एक पुरानी मैली थैली थी। थैली में कुछ बर्तन और कपड़े थे जो थैली के अंदर की घुटन के कारण बाहर की दुनिया झाँक रहे थे। दोनों के पैरों में चप्पल तो थी लेकिन वो इतनी घिस चुकी थी कि चलने पर पैर जर्मी को छूते थे। अमरदीप के पिता की पलपल झपकती आँखें और पुतलियों का बार-बार आँखों के कोनों को छूना उनके अंधापन को स्पष्ट कर रहा था। उसके पिता एक लकड़ी और उसकी माँ के कंधों के सहारे जीवन के दंश को झेल रहे थे। उसके पिता के चहरे पर चेचक के बड़े-बड़े दाग दिख रहे थे जो शायद उनके आँखों के अन्धकार के कारण थे। सर पर धुनें हुए बाल पुराने मैले कपड़े और कपड़ों पर जगह-जगह कतरन की सिलाई उनकी उधड़ी हुई कथा बयान कर रही थी।

उसके माता पिता के जाने के बाद विमल के पूछने पर अमरदीप ने बताया कि उसके माँ-बाप भीख मांगते हैं। विमल दंग रह गया। उसे इस बात का अंदाजा न था। उसने अमरदीप के खर्चे का जिक्र किया तो अमरदीप ने बताया कि प्रधानाध्यापक उसी के गाँव से हैं और उसे अपने पास रखते हैं।

खाना खाते समय विमल के ललाट पर खिंची चिंता की रेखाओं को माँ ने पढ़ लिया और उसका कारण पूछा तो विमल ने अमरदीप के बारे में बताया। माँ उसकी परेशानियों को भांप गयी जो पिछले साल घटी थी जिसमें विमल और अमरदीप के वार्षिक परीक्षा के अंक समान आए थे लेकिन वार्षिक परिणाम परीक्षा के अंक जुड़ने के साथ-साथ हस्तकला के अंक जुड़ने के बाद दिए जाते थे। हस्तकला के अंक पाने के लिए छात्रों द्वारा शिक्षकों को खुद से निर्मित वस्तु गिफ्ट करनी पड़ती थी जिसके लिये पैसे की जरूरत होती थी, जिसे अमरदीप पैसे की अभाव में पूरा नहीं कर पाता था। (प्रधानाध्यापक उसकी सिर्फ मूलभूत जरूरतें ही मुहैया कराते थे) इसलिए विमल प्रथम आया।

अब विमल के लिए उसका प्रथम आना बोझ बन गया था। वह अमरदीप के लिए हमदर्दी रखने लगा। कुछ दिन बाद वार्षिक परीक्षा हुई उसके बाद उसकी कॉपी दिखायी गयी। परिणाम देख कर चौंक गया। अमरदीप उससे तीन अंक आगे था। अब हस्तकला के अंक की बारी थी। विमल के मन में घोर अंतर्द्वन्द्व चल रहे थे। उसके मन में कई तर्क-वितर्क चल रहे थे। एक तो वह सोच रहा था कि हस्तकला के अंक जुड़ने के बाद उसके कुल अंक तो अमरदीप से ज्यादा हो जाएंगे और दोबारा क्लास में प्रथम आ जायेगा और स्कूल में प्रथम आने पर छात्रवृत्ति मिलने के कारण वह पिछले बार की तरह दोबारा छात्रवृत्ति प्राप्त कर लेगा। लेकिन दूसरा विचार उसे बार-बार सोचने पर मजबूर कर रहा था कि क्या वह अब प्रथम आने के लायक है? क्या वह प्रथम आकर खुश रह पायेगा? क्या छात्रवृत्ति उसके लिए ज्यादा आवश्यक है?

कई प्रश्नों से घिरा वह खुद को कटघरे में खड़ा पा रहा था जिसका जज, वकील और मुजरिम भी वही था। मित्रता की अग्नि - परीक्षा उसे ही देनी थी। निर्णय उसे ही लेना था। घर आकर उसने माँ के सामने अपनी समस्या जाहिर की। माँ के समझाने और अपने दिल की सुनने के बाद उसने अमरदीप की मदद के लिए ठान ली जिसके लिए उसे पैसे की जरूरत थी। माँ ने उसके विचारों को प्रोत्साहित किया तथा उसके जरूरत को पूरा करने के लिए हाँ भर दी।

अंत में परिणाम आये। अमरदीप प्रथम आया और विमल द्वितीय स्थान प्राप्त किया। दोनों की आँखें नम थीं। विमल प्रथम न आकर भी परम आनंद की अनुभूति कर रहा था। वह तृप्त हो गया था।



Sushant Pathania

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आरूणी जुयाल  
द्वितीय वर्ष  
यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी

## बदल गये सारे हैं

सूनी गलियां वंचित जीवन नीरस, आँगन मन में अंधियारे हैं,  
सूने पड़ गए मेले-बस्ती, सूने सारे गलियारे हैं ॥  
द्वेष भावना जीत रही, हम हृदय भाव में हारे हैं,  
और ओझल आँखें देख न पाएं, टूटे रिश्ते सारे हैं ॥  
वीरानों में मंत्र मुग्ध सब, महफ़िल कौन सजाता है ।  
अब दीपों के उत्सव पर भी, दीप कौन जलाता है ॥

स्वर्ण प्रतिमा हर आँगन में, मन का मंदिर खाली है,  
प्रेम न मांगें रब से कोई, सब अभिलाषाएं जाली हैं ।  
खो गए वो वसंत के झूले, सूनी हर एक डाली है ,  
और घड़े पाप के भर रहे, पुण्य के पौधे खाली हैं ॥

अब पवित्र होने गंगा में, गोते कौन लगाता है ।  
अब दीपों के उत्सव पर भी, दीप कौन जलाता है ॥

हाथ पर नाम लिखना, हर पल बस उस को ताकना,  
ये सब अब कौन करता है,  
दरसन मिलने पर उसके, अब जीवन किसको अखरता है ।  
कौन गलियों से अब उसकी, रोज़-रोज़ गुजरता है,  
प्रेम को दाह से जोड़ दिया अब, कौन अदा पे मरता है ॥

और प्रेम व्यक्त करने अब, कौन कबूतर भिजवाता है ।  
अब दीपों के उत्सव पर भी, दीप कौन जलाता है ॥



## जमाने बीत जाते हैं

कभी नजरें मिलाने में जमाने बीत जाते हैं,  
कभी नजरें चुराने में जमाने बीत जाते हैं ।  
किसी ने आँख खोली भी तो सोने की नगरी में ,  
किसी को घर बनाने में जमाने बीत जाते हैं ।  
कभी काली सी रातें हमें एक पल की लगती हैं ,  
कभी एक पल बिताने में जमाने बीत जाते हैं ।  
कभी खोला दरवाजा सामने खड़ी थी मंजिल ,  
कभी मंजिल को पाने में जमाने बीत जाते हैं ।  
एक पल में टूट जाते हैं वो उम्र भर के रिश्ते ,  
जिन्हें बनाने में जमाने बीत जाते हैं ॥



मुकेश बराड़  
द्वितीय वर्ष  
जानपद अभियांत्रिकी



## माँ एक झलक

माँ ममता की मूरत होती है, यह होती है, वह होती है, बहुत कुछ पढ़ रखा था, सुन रखा था। पर माँ की सबसे अच्छी खूबियों में से मैं यह जानता हूँ कि माँ समझदार होती हैं। दिल का क्या कहना दिमाग भी बड़ा होता है। कैसे? कुछ यादों में झाँकते हैं।

मार्च का महीना, प्रिंसिपल साहब का कमरा और पसीने छुड़ा देने वाला माहौल। आखिर मुझे अनुशासनहीनता के एक मामले में स्कूल से निष्काशित किया जा रहा था। उस दिन मेरी माँ भी आई थी। प्रिंसिपल सर, तीन टीचर और वार्डन सर, मुझे इन सभी को एक साथ देख कर एहसास हो गया की मुझे तो माफ़ी मिलने से रही।

“आप अपने बेटे को घर ले जाएँ और किसी और स्कूल में एडमिशन करवाएं, हम इसे अपने स्कूल में नहीं रख सकते” – प्रिंसिपल सर दृढ़ लहजे में बोले। माँ ने मुझे तुरंत डांटकर कहा – चलो अभी कान पकड़ कर माफ़ी माँगो। मैं भी जिद्दी था, भला माफ़ी क्यों मांगता, वह भी माँ के कहने पर, उनसे तो मैं डरता भी नहीं था। सो नहीं माना माँ की बात, बस आँखें तरेर कर देखता रहा। मेरे नालायकी

पर माँ ने मुझे एक जोर का चांटा जड़ा, और माफ़ी मांगने की बात दोहराई। माँ ने पहली बार मुझे इस तरह पीटा था, बरबस ही मैं रोने लगा, और कान पकड़ कर प्रिंसिपल सर से माफ़ी भी मांग ली। पहली बार मुझे डर लग रहा था, बुत की तरह मैं खड़ा रो रहा था। माँ के काफी अनुनय-विनय करने पर प्रिंसिपल साहब ने मुझे माफ़ कर दिया।

माँ मेरी हाथ पकड़ मुझे बाहर ले गयी और आँचल से आंसू पोंछते हुए गले लगा लिया। माँ ने मुझसे इस बारे में बिना बात किए, थोड़ी देर इधर उधर की बातों की और कुछ नसीहत के साथ मुझे छात्रावास में छोड़कर वापस लौट गयीं। कुछ दिन गुस्से में बीते, समय व्यतीत होता गया और मैं इसे भूल गया। पर जब आज मैं पीछे मुड़ कर देखता हूँ तो लगता है, माँ जानती थी कि दूसरे स्कूल का भार वहन करना मुश्किल था, इसलिए मुझसे माफ़ी मंगवायी। माँ भी मुझे मारते समय अन्दर से रोयीं होंगी, शायद इसीलिए गले लगाया था मुझे।

आज भी मैं छात्रावास में रहता हूँ, उनसे गले मिलने को तरसता हूँ, सोचता हूँ फिर से एक गलती करूँ, ताकि फिर माँ से पिटने के बाद गले मिल सकूँ। पर नहीं, मैं माँ को फिर से रुलाना नहीं चाहता, मैं तो बस गले मिलना चाहता हूँ। तुम बहुत याद आती हो माँ!!!



रोहित मौर्य  
द्वितीय वर्ष,  
जानपद अभियांत्रिकी







पवन तिवारी  
अध्यापक, वास्तुकला

## कुछ बन जाने में

जीवन को खोया  
कुछ पाने  
कुछ बन जाने में

कभी इसके जैसा, या शायद उसके जैसा !

थोड़ा पाने में  
थोड़ा गवाने में  
फिर थोड़ा और पाने में

कभी इसको कभी उसको रिझाने में

जीवन को खोया  
कुछ पाने  
कुछ बन जाने में

कभी किसी को कुछ दिखाने में  
कभी किसी को सबक सिखाने में  
नहीं-नहीं कर के बार-बार वहीं गलतियाँ दोहराने में

जीवन को खोया  
कुछ पाने  
कुछ बन जाने में

कभी अपनी काबलियत दुनिया पे जमाने में  
कभी दुनिया की काबलियत चुराने में

भीड़ के हुजूम में भीड़ बन जाने में

जीवन को खोया  
कुछ पाने  
कुछ बन जाने में

मन में इतना कुछ भर कर अनजाने में कितना भार ढोया  
ना जाने कितना सुख चैन खोया

जीवन को पाया है मैंने खाली हो जाने में

जीवन!  
यदि कभी पाया तो मैंने पाया है खो जाने में  
घुल जाने में खुद को समझने में  
कुछ पल खुद के साथ बिताने में

जीवन को खोया  
कुछ पाने  
कुछ बन जाने में



Ravi Saukta

## दोस्ती

नहीं बनना है मुझे कवि,  
फिर भी कुछ लिख रहा हूँ।  
नहीं बनना है मुझे लेखक,  
फिर क्यों पकड़ो हूँ कलम ?

जबाब है ! कवि न सही, लेखक न सही,  
शायद लिखने से सुकून पा सकूँ।  
उस दोस्त को जिसे मैं भूल गया था,  
एक बार फिर याद कर सकूँ।

गोल-मटोल, हंसमुख चेहरा  
यही थी उसकी अपनी पहचान।  
और मैं उसका सबसे अच्छा दोस्त था,  
यह थी मेरी पहचान।

क्या खाना-पीना, क्या घूमना फिरना,  
सब कुछ तो हम साथ करते थे।  
दोस्ती है ही इतनी प्यारी चीज़ की,  
हम हमेशा अपनी ही बात करते थे।

नहीं पता था अचानक वो कहीं चला जायेगा  
दूर इतना कि मिल भी न पाएँगे।  
क्यों किया इतना दूर हमें, ऐसे में,  
तो, शायद सुकून से भर भी न पाएँगे।

खूब कोशिश की, खुदी को झोंक दिया,  
परन्तु उसकी एक मुलाकात भी नसीब नहीं।  
सिर्फ एक बार और मिला दे उससे,  
फिर कीमत चाहे मौत ही सही ॥



ईशान कुमार सिंह  
द्वितीय वर्ष  
जानपद अभियांत्रिकी



## बेटी की पुकार

मुझे भी सोना है आँचल में तुम्हारे माँ,  
पर कह नहीं पाती हूँ,  
भईया को प्यार से संवार देती हो सुबह,  
पाठशाला जाने को,  
और मुझे सुबह उठाकर तुम खाना बनाने,  
को कहती हो,  
भैया जब आते हैं बाहर से, तो प्यार से,  
गोद उन्हें उठा लेती हो,  
और सारा दिन काम करने पर भी माँ तुम,  
डांट मुझे लगाती हो,  
मन तो मेरा भी करता है वो पाठशाला,  
की पोशाक पहनने को,  
गले में टाई और पाँव में जूते डालने को,  
भैया को तुम माँ अपने हाथों से खाना,  
खिलाती हो,  
कोई फल या मिठाई भी तो भैया को ही,  
पहले मिलता है,  
गर मैं कुछ खा लूँ भैया से पहले,  
फिर पूरे दिन डांट मुझे लगाती हो,  
माँ तुम तो माँ हो, फिर बेटा-बेटी में,  
बेटे को ही क्यों अच्छा बताती हो,  
लोग कहते हैं बेटी पराया धन होती है,  
लेकिन पराया भी तो किसी न किसी का तो,  
अपना होता है,  
बेटी को तो जब जन्म देने वाले माता-पिता ही,  
अपना नहीं बताते,  
और सास ससुर भी तो उसे बहु कहकर,  
पुकारते हैं,  
जब जन्म लिया था भैया ने इस घर में,  
तो सबके चेहरों पर थी,  
खुशियाँ हो छाई,  
पर जब जन्म मैंने लिया धरा पर,  
ऐ माँ तेरी कोख से,  
तब मेरी मासूमियत वो चहरे की,  
और वो हलकी सी मुस्कान,  
भी बस घर में आंसू और उदासी ही लायी,  
माँ तुम तो बेटी हो किसी माँ की,  
क्या तुम्हें ये सब बातें नहीं खलती थी,  
जब होता होगा सवेरा ऐसी ही फटकार के साथ,  
और हर शाम फिर मुरझाये फूल सी तब,  
ढलती थी,  
इस जहाँ से तो लड़ लेती अपनी,  
बेगुनाही के लिए ऐ माँ मैं,

गर सर पर हाथ प्यार से मेरे तू रख देती,  
तो धूप छाँव या बारिश तो क्या,  
तेर लिए मैं अंगारों पर भी नंगे पाँव,  
चल देती,  
क्यों भूल जाते हो रानी लक्ष्मीबाई जैसी,  
वीरांगना के बलिदान को,  
राजनीति, शिक्षा, तकनीक या अंतरिक्ष में,  
लड़की के योगदान को,  
अगर यही दशा रही लड़की की धरती पर,  
और होता रहा ऐसे ही तिरस्कार,  
तो नहीं आना इस दुनिया में दोबारा,  
फिर चाहे कोई भी लगाये मुझे पुकार ॥



Aparna Shaw

राजन तिवारी  
अंतिम वर्ष, एम. टेक.







आदर्श चतुर्वेदी  
द्वितीय वर्ष  
यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी

## अंधियारी रात है

अंधियारी रात है  
सायें हैं, सन्नाटें हैं,  
मैंने बस कुछ शब्द  
एक चिरइया से बाटे हैं

वो मुझसे बतियाती है  
जिंदगी का अक्स दिखाती है  
कड़वी यादें भुलाने के लिए  
मिठास की घूंट पिलाती है  
मैं हूँ कि मानता नहीं  
वो फिर भी कोशिश करती जाती है

आखिर थक कर सो जाती है  
सवेरे अपनी किलकारियों से  
मुझे जगाती है  
एक और लम्बे दिन के संघर्ष से  
लड़ने का साहस दे जाती है  
मैं यूँ ही बैठा देखता हूँ  
और वो उड़ती जाती है

अपनी छोटी सी चोंच में  
दाना तिनका भर लाती है  
गिरते-पड़ते हँसते-रोते  
अपना आशियाँ बनाती है  
शाम को मेहनत से चूर हुई  
वो मुझसे मिलने आती है  
अपनी थकान को भूलकर वो  
मेरे गम को अपनाती है



Aparana Shaw

## बचपन

अब वो बचपन वाला रविवार नहीं होता  
अब वो शक्तिमान नहीं होता  
अब वो रंगोली नहीं होती  
अब वो स्कूल न जाने की खुशी नहीं होती  
अब वो रास्ते नहीं होते  
रास्ते में वो दुकानें नहीं होती  
वो झूठा बुखार नहीं होता  
वो पेट दर्द नहीं होता  
वो खेल ना रहे  
वो लुक्का छिपी ना रही  
वो चोर न रहे ना सैनिक ना राजा न वजीर  
शायद अब हम बड़े हो गये हैं  
इसलिये अब वो बचपन ना रहा

संतोष गुप्ता  
तृतीय वर्ष,  
संगणक अभियांत्रिकी





## बीज का साहस

मिट्टी के नीचे दबा एक बीज अपने खोल में सो रहा था, उसके बाकी साथी भी अपने-अपने खोल में सिमटे पड़े हुये थे, तभी अचानक बरसात होने लगी, जिससे मिट्टी के ऊपर वाले भाग में कुछ पानी इकट्ठा होने लगा और सारे बीज भीग गये और सड़ने लगे, वह बीज भी भयभीत हो गया कि कहीं वह सड़ न जाये ।

बीज ने सोचा – “इस तरह तो मैं एक बीज के रूप में ही मर जाऊँगा, मेरी हालत भी मेरे दोस्तों की तरह हो जायेगी, जो अब खत्म हो चुके हैं, मुझे तो कुछ ऐसा करना चाहिए कि मैं अमर हो जाऊँ ।” बीज ने हिम्मत दिखाई और पूरी ताकत लगाकर अपना खोल छोड़कर खुद को एक पौधे के रूप में अंकुरित कर लिया । अब बरसात और मिट्टी उसके दोस्त बन चुके थे और नुकसान पहुँचाने की जगह उसकी वृद्धि में उसकी मदद करने लगे । धीरे-धीरे वह पौधा बड़ा होने लगा ।

एक दिन ऐसी स्थिति आई जब वह इतना बड़ा हो गया कि अब और नहीं बढ़ सकता था । उसने सोचा इस तरह यहाँ खड़े-खड़े मेरा आकार बढ़ता रहा तो मैं एक दिन मर जाऊँगा पर मुझे तो अमर होना है और यह सोचकर उसने खुद को कलियों के रूप में परिवर्तित कर लिया । कलियाँ बसन्त में खिलने लगी, जिसकी खुशबू दूर-दूर तक फैल गयी, जिससे आकर्षित होकर भंवरे वहाँ मंडराने लगे । इस प्रकार वृक्ष के बीज दूर-दूर तक फैल गये और वह एक बीज जिसने कठिन परिस्थितियों के सामने हार न मानकर खुद को परिवर्तित करने का फैसला किया था, जो लाखों बीजों के रूप में जीवित हो गया ।



परिवर्तन को एक घटना की तरह नहीं अपितु एक प्रक्रिया की तरह देखना चाहिए । यह एक नई खोज की तरह होता है जो हमारे परिवेश को ही नहीं बल्कि हमें भी बदल देता है । हम विकास की नई सम्भावनाओं को देखने लगते हैं । यह हमें मिटाने की जगह मजबूत बनाता है और हम प्रगतिशील हो जाते हैं ।

इस संसार के प्रत्येक जीव की स्थिति भी खोल में पड़े हुये बीज की भांति है । यदि वह समय पर ईर्ष्या, द्वेष और आलोचनाओं रूपी खोल के बंधन को तोड़कर अपने आप में एक नया परिवर्तन कर ले तो वह अपने लक्ष्य (मंजिल) को प्राप्त कर लेगा, इसमें कोई संदेह नहीं है ।

रूप सिंह मीणा

तृतीय वर्ष  
विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी







# COINCIDENCE OF THE TWINS

*"Do you think the universe fights for our souls to be together? Some things are too strange and strong to be coincidences".*

- **Emery Allen**

Rick Riordan, in his book the Red Pyramid, says, "Fairness does not mean everyone gets the same. Fairness means everyone get what they need". Perhaps, then, we must have needed another copy of our own selves, because we were born twins.

Much has been written about twins. Horror, mystery, romances. Everyone from the novelists to the journalists loves a story involving twins. Some who found each other after years, some others who are telepathic, and more others who are magic.

As with many twins, coincidences have often worked their way into our lives, too. We were born together, and we grew up with a plethora of family made similarities: we were made to dress identically, we went to the same school, the same class, we had same teachers, a common set of friends, the same gadgets, and often, even the same one gift! And most importantly, we have rhyming names.

But are there more similarities than just these? Are there mystical things we often discard as 'not a part of the syllabus'? Yes, we feel. Often, there are strong threads of attachment between such pairs. Stories of telepathy might actually not be that far-fetched. These mystical bonds prove their mettle in the toughest of times. Our experience has proof that spiritual links exist.

Credit may be given to upbringing in the fact that we managed to adopt similar hobbies, similar eating habits, sleeping habits, bathing habits, even some other "personal" habits. We showed equitable potential in anything and everything at school, whether it was sports, academics or leisure. But all of a sudden, those similarities began to become mystic when we scored the exact same grades in high school. The local media even gave us a spot in their highlights.

Now we had an aim. We wanted to be engineers. We wanted to graduate together from an institute of repute.

In the JEE after twelfth, we had scored similar marks. By our performance, it seemed we would maintain the streak of

'reaching out together'. Destiny had planned otherwise. That year, the new complex entrance scheme was introduced. Like many others who fell under the spell of consideration of the Intermediate marks, we were disheartened, too.

We had scored almost similar marks in most subjects. But a subject with high uncertainty in the evaluation changed our plans. One of us scored 95 in English, while the other had to make through with a meager 70. As a result, our result had a final difference of 4%. The complex normalizing formula magnified the gap and the difference in their AIR was a whopping 5000.

One of us got in an institute in the phases of counseling. Our demeanor started to change. We wondered if our resistance to cleavage was losing strength. So, it was time for spiritual powers of unity to roll into action. The less fortunate twin sat in the spot round of counseling, while the other one applied for upgradation.

Results were announced to everybody's amazement. Our bond of unity has persisted against the test of time. Today, we are in the same college. We are both in the same department – Civil Engineering. And the institute – one with national importance, is 'NIT Hamirpur.'

*More: Prakhar and Shikhar are fraternal twins from Saharanpur. They are often amused with comments when they tell people they are twins. Most do not believe in them because they look quite different now!*





# Institute Vs Institution

I was wondering to discover the mysteries of differences of extremes, behaviours, intentions, intellects and many more dimensions of human senses. Is it the beauty of dissimilarities which makes things glue together or calculated dynamics of similarities that makes things fall in the right place? Well nothing satisfies one's senses and reasoning more than physical incarnation of the mental images which we perceive through our experiences. So let's unravel this puzzle of what we perceive and what ideals we carry in our super brains through institute and institution.

Institute is what we perceive, ever and never changing, good, bad, political, beautiful landscape, distant islands, lectures, exams, fests and daily routine. Institution is like ICH's Menu where eatables are listed with prices (Oops what to choose!) but institute is like having those crisp feelings of gossips, meetings and gatherings with kindred spirits settled on available options. Institute is a learning means where we experiment our living through our various roles whereas institution is the direction and instruction with hidden gifts known as achievements. Well dissecting everything into dipole may rather lead to more bizarre situation, we may turn into machine driven by couple of hand coded rules or we may lose the senses of being. In both the cases we miss the essence of life therefore beauty lies in discovering the thread of harmony. Furthermore there are no universal institutes and institutions, after all, we see the world through our own eyes. Therefore this thread of harmony is the discovery of relationship that lies within ourselves of what we are receipting and what we long for e.g., writing eighth semester's exam half-heartedly and half-consciously over getting a red rose from your dream person in Hill'ffair. Here comes the role of Institutions, if you ever have been taught, it is completely vague to waste our emotion on momentary flicks and fortunately, you may have believed it at some point of your life, survival chances of your academic existence in midterm storm is fair. As a matter of fact every one of us is a unified form of institute and institution both.

How many times all of us paused a long sigh on the very thought of questions like "Am I at the right place, Am I doing right, Why am I doing this" and all the more "Am I happy?" Many of us have grown so much to find it extremely clichéd. When I pondered over this, the genesis of these most repetitive and ignored questions, is when we are irked by the desolation of demand (Guanine or contrived) with supply e.g. our environment(Institute)is not matching with our demands (institution) otherwise who cares. Why should we heed to these fringes of gaps, mainly not because we have to survive ideologically, intellectually and emotionally but because we have to spiritually evolve through this life span. It is like an effort to touch two corners of horizon at same time without being insane. Now question arises which tail to curtail, supply or demand. Here we have to see lifelines i.e. priorities, unplanned surprises or mix of both. Most forbidden are those roads which reach far but may take lifelong efforts. It is amazing if you think, you are somewhat different and its miraculous you can still manage with it. What matters most is mental freedom and assurance to spiritual and intellectual growth during any experience.

Over all this, my point of writing this is to share that we must start our journey from institute to institution to cover the miles of gaps between who we are and what we can be. Let's grant a chance to our native institution NITH to become an institution through our incredible journey of thoughts and ideals.



Adeeba Ifrah





Abhishek Pandiyar,  
CSE, Final year

## Fire and Ice

The ice has broken between you and me  
I have reached out, I am waiting for thee  
The Bad blood that churns between  
Story of horror that entails in mean  
Time that shadows the time spent  
A moment of fragility that we repent

Shunned by the silence  
Ruined by the storm  
My soul has been broken from the call,  
My life that once  
Was a bird of prey,  
Has diminished, been reduced to an endless crawl.

Scrawling furiously onto the canvas,  
I wreak havoc upon the cloth,  
that once covered your serene face,  
that face which I see now in haze  
and in dreams so dreary  
which wake me at night  
I still see that pain,  
That face, that fright.

Remain I still shrouded in my words  
They once were few, now come in herds.  
I live in the cocoon of my body  
In a lie I lie,  
Among thorns I thrive,  
With a smile I cry.

But now, fear that once filled my soul,  
escapes in a cloud  
Standing beneath a shroud  
Is my love, my life  
Is worthy of her return  
This path of life not worthy of our sojourn

So long I mourned, Burst out I shone  
A lone my soul, of yours a clone.  
My mate of soul, take my hand  
Rekindle the magic we once planned,  
The soul of my mate, no longer a tool of malice  
Of me you're Helen, Of you I'm Paris.



Ajay Kumar



# A Buried Yarn

Soft and cold, the mud beneath my toes  
Juggling in my palms, the sapphire Velcro orb.  
In white, I hopped and leaped and walked  
To brinks and brooks and those wild bergamots.

Peeping sunshine, pacing and dwindling  
Resonant, the same old woods singing to me  
Unfathomable, as they grew younger it seemed  
With the precious babyhood rhyme and me.

I found the log of miro bowing along  
On which we used to park twice each month.  
Chronicles of Beowulf and Endymion  
And echoing dialogues that I sung along.

They tinkled on the phonolite ahead  
As falling gems of the golden oreide,  
Of the one you wore around the neck  
For years, I couldn't quite forget.

I sat on the log, contoured and damp,  
As mire dried beneath my nails,

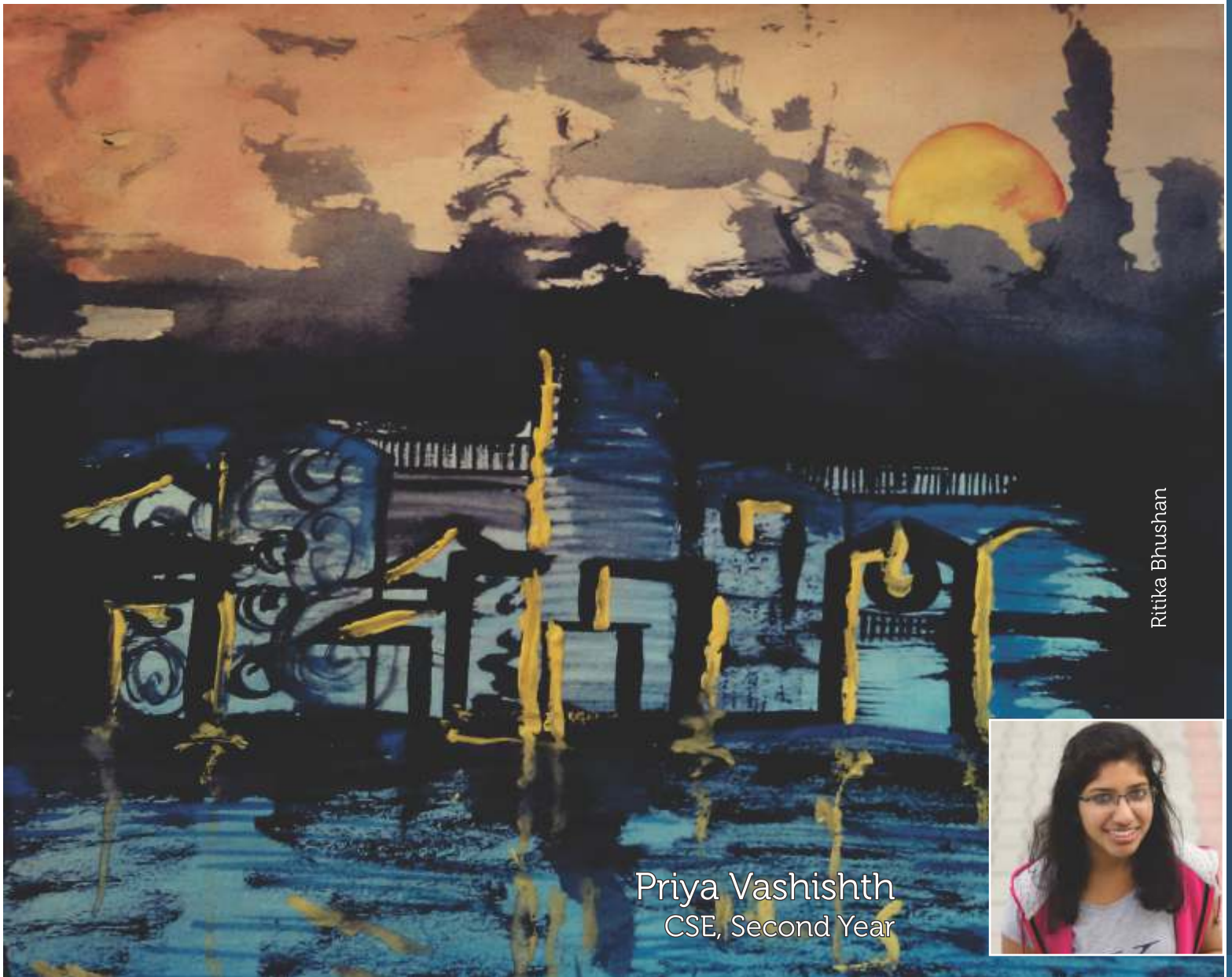
From a scalariform tree, jumped a ted  
On foot to his abode, parallel to my thread.

A six-fold icicle tumbled down a bough,  
Showing the mound I once insisted we go  
Through tedded grass left in rows  
But you not at all agreed, though!

I used to doze on your lap in this arch,  
Now I rest on this friendless bark  
Amid hums and echoes conveying lack  
Of you, your buried yarns rolling back.

This day you're there, upstairs  
Your gleaming hair flowing to flares  
Caught up cloudscape sketching grace  
I see you smile in your matching lace.

Well! I made this cream puff at home  
As you did once I felt alone  
But no! No note or payphone can inform  
"I just miss you, Grand mom!"



Ritika Bhushan

Priya Vashishth  
CSE, Second Year







Abhimanyu Gurung  
EEE, 3rd year

Akshit Sharma  
CED, Final Year



## L'amour á la vente...

Some untamed spirit of the never ending youth,  
Jumps; shows on the face, time beautifully scarred,  
The stale stinks never tickled my senses,  
But, that only when, most of my being is impaired,  
For when that queer symphony,  
Plays and jinx' the moonlit nights,  
I don't know if you stop, but I halt and look by,  
With a renewed thought, of a known discovery,  
Thoughts of melting into the ethereal;  
I know it's not distance that disguises the disposition,  
A feeble being on a crippled chair,  
Yet the eyes doth contradict the very description,  
I dare not mistake it for that berserk passion,  
For each time the notes, whisper romance in my ears,  
There's always a reason enough that deny base  
assumptions,  
And also why the uncouth creature, plays under the 13th  
Street,  
But maybe it's not for a penny, or quarter or two,  
Cold eyes you know, vacant deserts only give illusions,  
For that solo acapella, over the rusty pipe,  
Only, maybe sometime, left him breathless,  
Faking glances, is it the moon that you address?

## Life is a Maze

Like a maze the life goes around  
creating some distractions those are sound  
  
twisting and turning, just like a snake  
preying on the mistakes, that we make  
  
the distractions of this maze are hard to ignore  
for we the greedy people only want them more  
  
we all start our journey with a number of choices  
and that we make based on our mind voices  
  
some paths are circular making them a trap  
getting people tired and making them crash  
  
sometimes making the choice seems so easy  
for life makes the circumstances so much cheezy  
  
but the choices we make may lead to dead ends  
and later we may not be able to make those amends  
  
for life is a maze it has some right paths  
which lead to paradise but may need some sacrifice  
  
to take the right path we need to think  
for it is not easy to find that link  
  
to solve the maze needs eyes of an eagle  
a strong gaze and wit of a beagle  
  
we have a definite time to complete this maze  
for the death is always keeping up its chase  
  
he who solves it is the true champ  
he is the man who nobody can clamp



# WE ARE MODERN NITians

We go on strikes,  
We damage our buses and bikes  
We believe in destruction,  
Without any interruption.  
To argue with someone, we are good logicians  
We, are modern NITians.

We are fond of novels and pictures,  
We hoot and annoy our teachers  
For attendance and marks we most care,  
We try to give proxy everywhere.  
We are good technicians  
We are Modern NITians.

We are shameless without any aim,  
We don't do anything but want fame  
We never buy books but borrow,  
We are the hopes of tomorrow.  
But we participate in competitions  
We are Modern NITians.

We mostly travel without ticket,  
We love the commentary of cricket  
We hate our books and Bhagwat Geeta,  
We like only a Modern Sita.  
During exams, we are like magicians  
We are Modern NITians.

We Boycott Examinations,  
We follow modern fashion  
We like to wear faded jeans,  
We like the library scenes.  
We roam on roads as pedestrians  
We are Modern NITians.

We never miss the cultural fests,  
In them Fash-P is the best.  
We like to be called "Prudent",  
Although we are not good students.  
Still we dream of being good civilians,  
We are "Modern NITians".

Piyush Kumar Sinha

Vipul Agrawal  
Civil, 2nd year







Arihant Verma  
ECE, Final Year

## A HOSTEL ROOM

Ansty me, wet in the sweat of the tiredness  
I lug myself to the duvet and perish.

The power to skim mind, dim as the dungeons  
The list of notes, stuck on the wall awaits removal.

Heap of things, chaired over one another, ramped up  
One would wonder on the sight of a guitar in a lair.

A stretch of rope, clothed in the under wears of  
Yonder years, basking the cold white of the tubelight.

A half eaten orange, on the seeds of which has ink  
dried, the cover of the quilt redacted as curtains.

A shoe here, a shoe there, dust flowering the floor,  
Spiders above might dream of me, I reek remembrance.

The unused and unread book set, set agog awaiting  
a read, keeping their shirts on, for my nose to sniff.

The graffiti on my cupboard, scoops of the ice creams  
That melted some of their lifetimes, in these 8 corners.

Paper clippers, keeping the quilt cover curtain from  
Coming down, its rod, a lopsided tangent to the hook.

A pen, a new page of aphorisms, terse but true,  
Time to cut some slack, but clench some tight.



Sanyam Goel  
CSE, Final Year

## The Day

Seeing my crush in front, made my heart skip a beat,  
I could feel her warm side with the same heat.  
The attractive brownish strands of her hair,  
Because of her mother I couldn't stare.  
The smile on her face said it all,  
The meeting would have been perfect, if the span wasn't  
that small.  
I wished I could've said, "Hey",  
But before that came, the time to bid her, "Bye".  
The many things that I wanted to say,  
But for those, I think I need to wait until, 'The Day'.



Adeeba Ifrah



## No Compulsory Attendance: Boon or Bane?

We have compulsory attendance criterion in almost all engineering colleges in the country. It has always been a topic of debate. After dealing for about twelve or more years with attendance in schools, a student entering college finds lectures insignificant. Colleges often welcome a fresher with more of extracurricular activities than studies. The rules regarding attendance are hence almost irrelevant.

### Looking for Quality Teaching

A good teacher doesn't need rules of attendance to get students attend his or her classes. Students will come on their own if they find lectures effective. Force and compulsion never work in building up a relationship. Relationship between teachers and students should not stand on foundation of compulsion. Method of teaching, interacting and inducing knowledge should automatically attract students towards attending classes. It cannot be denied that just attending does not necessarily mean the student is actually learning. Learning is a choice, it can't be forced.

### Why are lectures important?

There are subjects which can be studied on our own. But what we learn during lectures is more effective as it is taught by the teacher who has in-depth knowledge of the subject. Books don't tell as it is told in lectures. A person with year long experience of teaching a subject can help students in a better way. Moreover, lectures help in maintaining regularity in studies and impart discipline in routine. Regularly attending classes would reduce the last night burden during exams.

### Would No Compulsory Attendance Ruin a Segment?

Students dedicated to their career goals as engineers will work hard and achieve even without attending lectures. But students who are negligent towards studies will become vulnerable to failure though they might find different fields. The authorities have enforced such rules to save the latter ones who comprise a major fraction. Doing something constructive when not attending classes is not an easy job, especially in college lives which induce lethargy throughout. What can be easily done is making plans. The authorities deciding upon such decisions have an aim of developing high quality engineers for the society; not of taking care of those who keep their B.Tech degree as a backup.

### Labs are Fun Learning

Practical knowledge and applications are of prime importance in all fields of engineering. Labs do not require extra efforts to make them interesting. Students are already excited about learning and using new equipment. Attendance rules in labs are justified as practical approach is the very aim of engineering courses. Doubt sessions in tutorials also keep a check on students' preparation. Ultimately what our jobs require are ability to work- in teams, new places, different posts- not cramming books or exaggerating words.

### The Fix is in You

It is indeed tough to reach a conclusion. As we rely on thousands of amendments in our Constitution, in the same way the rule of compulsory attendance can be modified to aid rather than be a menace. Freedom of choice or cutting short college hours would relieve students. Interest and sincerity of students in classes would relieve teachers. Rest depends on zeal; zeal for studies, sports, writing, dance or music. No rule, no threat can stop a passionate one to achieve in his or her passion. However, if worked upon quality of education, engineering can become a passion for major fraction as well.

## The BITS Pilani Paradox

*"Sometimes, it is better to bunk a class and enjoy with friends; because today when I look back, marks never make me laugh, but memories do."*

- A. P. J. Abdul Kalam

BITS Pilani, one of highest ranked Engineering Colleges in the country, believes in giving freedom to its students. BITS has no compulsory attendance criteria, and you will still find students with 90% attendance.

Here, you may not attend a single class if you wish, but again, there are tests almost every other day. It is the sincerity of students there which keeps them working hard, and not the rules and regulations. Right from the day a student enters the campus, all decisions are taken by themselves. They get to design their own time table, they get to choose the teachers they want to study under; and they can choose the combination of courses of their choice.

This college does not have a minimum prescribed attendance limit, and yet students attend lectures out of curiosity, interest: things we hardly hear in our college.

There is a reason why BITS continues with this policy and successfully. College life is not just sitting in classes for attendance. It is for exploring yourself and finding a passion that will withstand the test of time.

Often, it becomes very difficult to follow passions and express talent when one is constrained by the iron rule of attending classes all day long.

BITS is confident that its policy does not need to put up silly rules to make students study. Zero Attendance, but no compromise on performance is in fact a working formula. Tests are conducted at regular intervals to maintain academic stability, also. This puts students in their comfortable zone, they can study the way they want to, encouraging academic flexibility.

This policy is unique, and has tremendous success. BITS alumni today have a number of people following their hearts successfully outside of engineering, too. Colleges should not place constraints on a growing mind, because the key to create successful people is to let them fly, free of bonds.



Kriti Kushwaha  
ECE 1st Year



Asmita Mahajan  
ECE 1st Year





रोहित कुमार  
द्वितीय वर्ष,  
इलैक्ट्रॉनिक्स एवं संचार अभियांत्रिकी

## रिक्शावाला

तेज़ कदम , हांफता हुआ शरीर , मैं जल्दी में था । तुरंत गली से सड़क पर पहुँच जाना चाहता था । कभी दौड़ लगा लेता, तो कभी तेज़ कदमों को धार देता । आज पहला दिन था मेरा , मेरे नये कॉलेज में । पहले दिन मैं देर नहीं होना चाहता था , सो जल्दी से सड़क पहुँच रिक्शा करना चाहता था ।

सड़क के मोड़ पर ही मुझे एक रिक्शा चालक नजर आया । मैंने तुरंत इशारे से बुलाया । आदत से अलग बिना किराया पूछे ही मैं बैठ जाना चाहता था । वह रिक्शा वाला धीरे-धीरे लंगड़ाता हुआ आ रहा था , इसलिए मैंने यह सोच कर कि ऐसे तो मैं लेट हो जाऊंगा , मैंने उसे दस रुपये थमाए और सहानुभूति दिखाते हुए अगले रिक्शे वाले की ओर तेज़ी से लपका । दूसरे रिक्शे में बैठ , मैं चलने ही वाला था कि पहले रिक्शे वाले ने मुझे रोका, चूँकि मैं रिक्शे पर बैठा था इसलिए उस लंगड़े रिक्शेवाले को दस रुपये का एक और नोट पकड़ाया और बोला – देखिये इससे चाय-नाश्ता कर लीजियेगा , आपके रिक्शे से मैं नहीं जा सकता, मुझे जल्दी है और आप धीरे चलाएंगे । यह कहते हुए मैंने दूसरे रिक्शेवाले को चलने का इशारा किया ।

लंगड़े रिक्शे वाले ने तुरंत मेरे हाथ में पैसे देते हुए बोला – बाबू आप मेरे बेटे जैसे हो , ये अपने बीस रुपये आप खुद रखो , मैं पैर से थोड़ा मजबूर जरूर हूँ परन्तु इतनी भी मजबूरी नहीं है कि मैं बिना मेहनत के पैसे लूं , और मुझ पर तरस खाने की जरूरत नहीं है । हो सके तो अगली बार मुझे सेवा का मौका दीजियेगा – उसने जैसे एक ही सांस में इतना कह दिया और चला गया ।

चूँकि मुझे जल्दी थी, मैंने पैसे रखे और चल दिया । रास्ते में उसका चेहरा, उसकी दृढ़ता, उसकी आवाज़ ही दिमाग में घूम रही थी, क्यों उस लंगड़े रिक्शे वाले ने ऐसा किया ? क्या भीख बुरी चीज़ है ? और न जाने क्या क्या ।

आज उस घटना को पांच साल होने को आ गये हैं । उस दिन मैं कॉलेज में कुछ सीखने जा रहा था परन्तु रास्ते में स्वाभिमान , कर्म , मेहनत आदि के बारे में जो सीख मिली थी , उसे इन पांच सालों में बड़ा विश्वसनीय पाया है मैंने जिंदगी भी जाने-अनजाने हमें "जीना" सिखा देती है । हो सकता है इसे पढ़ शायद आप गरीबों पर तरस खाएं , उन्हें कुछ सहानुभूति और सुविधाएँ दें ।

परन्तु मुझे तभी सुकून मिलेगा , अगर इसी तरह आमलोग हमारी अहसाननुमा मदद को ठुकराते रहेंगे और आत्मसम्मान के साथ जियेंगे । काश ! सभी इसे समझ पाते !

## आजकल

न जाने क्यों अपनी हकीकत से डरते हैं लोग  
पर हाँ कम बोलने को कहने लगे थे लोग मुझे आजकल  
कम ही बोलता हूँ मैं अब तो  
बस इसलिये कागज और कलम का सहारा लेने लगा हूँ आजकल  
अब अगर दिल की बात कहनी हो किसी को तो  
न जाने क्यों आईने के सामने खड़ा हो जाता हूँ आजकल  
सोचता हूँ कि कोई तो हो जो चले मेरे साथ भी  
पर फिर अपनी परछाई को देखकर खुश हो लेता हूँ आजकल  
हर शाम को फिर वही ख्याल आता है  
क्यों नहीं कोई मेरे साथ भी दो पल गुजारता है आजकल  
और जब होता है अगला सवेरा  
तो फिर खुद को अकेला ही पाता हूँ मैं आजकल  
ये हवा छूकर आई होगी उसे भी  
यही सोचकर हवा से बातें करने लगता हूँ आजकल  
महसूस करता हूँ उसे तो मदहोशी सी छा जाती है  
फिर न जाने क्यों अपने आप ही पलकें बन्द हो जाती हैं आजकल  
याद तो पहले भी आती थी उसकी  
पर न जाने क्यों अन्दर ही अन्दर टूट जाता हूँ मैं आजकल  
पता नहीं ये उसके इश्क का असर है  
या कबूल हो गई है मेरी दुआ  
पर रूह में कुछ हलचल होने लगी है आजकल  
मुस्कुराहट तो फितरत सी हो गई है चेहरे की  
दर्द तो बहुत है सीने में  
पर बस रोना नहीं चाहता हूँ आजकल  
मुझे भी पता नहीं कौन है वो  
पर हाँ बस उसी के बारे में सोचकर  
लिखता जा रहा हूँ मैं आजकल



अतुल अग्रवाल  
प्रथम वर्ष, संगणक अभियांत्रिकी



आयुष जैन  
अंतिम वर्ष,  
यात्रिकी अभियात्रिकी

## इंसान

किसी रोज एक इंसान से मुलाकात हो  
मानव रूपी इंसान की विनती है ये एक  
चेहरे मिले अनेक, व्यक्तित्व मिले अनेक  
घर-परिवार, रिश्तेदार एवं मित्र, सबके देखे चरित्र  
यह अहसास होने लगा है कि समय बदल रहा है  
अपने सीमित होने लगे हैं, अपनापन सिकुड़ने लगा है

अब हर कोई अपने काम से काम रखता है ।  
जरूरत पड़ने पर ही भगवान से फरियाद करता है  
दूसरों की मदद करना अब किसी की दिनचर्या में नहीं आता  
दौलत-शोहरत के लिए जो इंसानों की भी कीमत लगाये  
वह आजकल बड़ा इंसान कहलाता

सफल जीवन का यह गुर  
अब माता-पिता भी है सिखाने को विवश  
पैसा कमाना, नाम कमाना  
अब यही हर व्यक्ति का है लक्ष्य

दिल साफ रखना किसी को आता नहीं, हृदय रोग मंजूर है  
अपनी गलती क्यों मानें, सब दूसरों का कसूर है  
राग, द्वेष, पैसों के जोड़-तोड़ में ही सारा जीवन व्यतीत हो गया है  
लोग आते हैं, जाते हैं, आंखें मूंद कर कर्म करते हैं  
पर जीवन का अर्थ कौन समझ पाता है ।

जीवन की लम्बाई केवल जीवन जीना सिखायें  
मानवीय अस्तित्व का अर्थ यह न कभी बताये  
वह तो एक 'क्षण' है जो सच की पहचान कराता है  
यदि वह मृत्यु है, तो जीवन व्यर्थ हो जाता है  
श्रेष्ठता की होड़ में इस धरती का शोषण हुआ  
पेड़-पौधे जानवरों ने जैसे अपने अस्तित्व का हक ही खो दिया  
बुद्धिमानी की उम्मीद से, ईश्वर ने रचित किया है इंसान  
वह अपने मूल अस्तित्व का कारण खोकर  
बनकर रह गया है हैवान

विज्ञान की तरक्की ने रिकार्ड तोड़ दिया है  
दुःख केवल इतना है  
'इंसान' ने ही... 'इंसान' बनना छोड़ दिया है

## मन और मनुष्य

मन साधु, मन पापी है, मन है सबसे बड़ा योगी ।  
निज मन को समझा नहीं, वह भोगी और रोगी ॥

मारे हैं शूरवीर जिसने हारे हैं जिससे विश्व विजेता  
मन वह योद्धा है जिससे कोई-कोई ही जीता ।

इतिहास उठाकर देखो तो मिलती हैं बहुत लड़ाई ,  
लेकिन सब एक दिन खत्म होने को आई ,  
मन से लड़ रहा है मनुष्य युगों युगों से है संघर्ष,  
पर विडंबना तो देखिये कोई मन से न पार पाता ।

ऋषि मुनि भी हारे हैं जिससे, हारे हैं सिकंदर से महान ,  
पल-पल ठग रहा है मन, तु क्यों बैठा है अनजान ,  
हर पल विवश करता है तुमको, काम बुरे करवाता ,  
सुध रहती नहीं है तन की होश-चैन खो जाता ॥

राजा हो या भिखारी सब दास है मन दरबार  
पाई हो दो जहान की दौलत चाहे है सब की सब बेकार  
मन की खोट मिटे नहीं कैसे हो भव पार  
जीवन रण ये जीत गया जिसने मन को जीता ।

विवेक को तुम ढाल बना लो ध्यान का बांधो स्तम्भ  
छोड़कर विषय विकारों को करो सुमिरन सत्संग  
अरे पकड़ो मन की गति और दो बागडोर अपनी आत्मा को  
होश में जीयोगे अगर हर पल तो मन भी हार जाता  
तो फिर दुनिया क्या दौलत क्या मिल जायेंगे विश्व-विधाता ।

“मन को मारो नहीं संवारो”



जितेन्द्र सिंह  
प्रथम वर्ष, एम. टेक.



## गुमशुदा गूंगी औरत

पिछले वर्ष की गर्मी की छुट्टियों में जब मैं अपने घर जा रहा था तो एक भयावह दृश्य देखकर कलेजा दहल गया, जो मैं ताउम्र भूल नहीं सकता। मैं अपने घर से 30 km दूर लखीसराय (बिहार) स्टेशन पर अपने ट्रेन का इंतजार कर रहा था। यहाँ से चारों दिशाओं में ट्रेने जाती हैं पटना, भागलपुर, हावड़ा तथा गया। उसी प्लेटफॉर्म पर एक जगह कुछ हो-हल्ला की ध्वनि मुझे सुनाई दी। न चाहते हुए भी मेरे कदम उस ओर चल पड़े। वहाँ पर एक डरी सहमी औरत (24 वर्ष), साँवला रंग लोगों के बीच में बैठी थी और लगातार उसके आँखों से आँसू निकल रहे थे। मैंने अनुमान लगाया कोई पारिवारिक कलह होगी।

किन्तु जब लोगों के मुँह से सच्चाई सुनी तो घर जाने की सारी खुशी मातम में बदल गयी। “वह औरत गूंगी थी और अपनों से बिछड़ गयी थी”। मैंने बोला कोई बात नहीं हम सभी मिलकर पैसे की मदद करके घर पहुँचा देंगे। मेरी बात खत्म भी नहीं हुई थी कि सारे एक स्वर में बोल पड़े “यह अनपढ़ है और इसे पता भी नहीं कि इसका घर कहाँ है और किस स्टेशन पर उतरना है, एक कागज मिला है जिस पर लिखा है “नहर पार”। मैं हतप्रभ रह गया और बोला परमात्मा का यह कैसा धिनौना खेल है और मन ही मन कोसने लगा। तभी एक औरत (45 वर्ष) उसके हालात और यहाँ तक पहुँचने की दास्ताँ सुनाने लगी। वह माता जो हालाँकि मध्यम परिवार से लग रही थी, उन्होंने मगही भाषा बोलना शुरू किया “हम भी सिमरिया (बिहार), जहाँ लोग गंगा स्नान करने के लिए जाते हैं गए थे और शाम का समय हो गया था और हम भी घर लौटने वाले थे। यह एक जगह ही बैठ कर लगातार सुबक सुबक रोये जा रही थी”। हमने पूँछा बेटी क्या बात है तो उसने कुछ नहीं बोला और आँखों से आँसू निकलना और तेज हो गया। पूछने पर इशारों से बताया। उसके इशारों से पता चला कि वह अपने पति संग स्नान करने गयी और दोनों बिछड़ गए। तब सब लोग इकट्ठा हो गए। किन्तु कोई पुलिस के डर से, कोई बदनामी के डर से अपने घर में एक रात भी रखना उचित नहीं समझा। फिर कोई अनहोनी के डर से हम उसे अपने घर ले आये और ये 10 दिनों से हमारे घर में है। किन्तु यह बार-बार रेलगाड़ी की ओर इशारा करती है कि हमको इस पर बैठा दो हम चले जायेंगे किन्तु मैं इसे किस ट्रेन पर बिठाऊँ। गाँव वाले बोले पुलिस को सौंप दो किन्तु क्या पुलिस के पास सुरक्षित रहेगी यह? क्योंकि यह गूंगी है इसलिए हमने फेंसला किया, हो सकता है अपने स्टेशन को पहचान ले इसलिए यहाँ लाये हैं। “नहर पार” भागलपुर दिशा में होगा, मैंने एक अनुमान लगाकर उधर ही ले जाने को कहा। माता जी बोली बेटा भागलपुर किधर है। तभी एक औरत ने पूछा तुम्हारे बच्चे हैं तो उसने वहाँ मौजूद बच्चों की ओर इशारा कर 2 लड़की और एक लड़का बताया जिनका उम्र 6, 4 और 3 वर्ष था और उसके आँखों से आँसू तेज हो गए। एक ने बोला चाची आप समाचार पत्र में गुमशुदा का खबर छपवा दीजिए। माता जी बोली “हमको क्या पता कहाँ क्या छपता है और यह कैसे होता है, हमारे बेटे भी बाहर कमाते हैं। वहाँ मौजूद कुछ लोग बोले—पुलिस को सौंप दो तो औरत बोली नहीं बहन पुलिस का क्या भरोसा जवान औरत है और तो और गूंगी है, मर्द रहता तो कोई बात नहीं। तभी किसी ने बोला पुलिस तो आपको (बूढ़ी माता) पकड़ेगी। आपने इसे क्यों रखा और आपने क्या-क्या किया। बूढ़ी माता गुस्सा उठी “हम क्या करें, हम उधर लेकर जाएँ, नहीं पहचान पायेगी तो छोड़ कर चले आएं, जिधर जाना होगा जाती रहेगी। इतना सुनना था कि वह गूंगी औरत बूढ़ी माता के पैर पकड़ कर जोर-जोर से रोने लगी। वहाँ मौजूद लोगों के आँखों में से आँसू निकल आये। तब बूढ़ी माता की ममता जग उठी और बोली नहीं बेटी हम तुम्हें अकेले नहीं छोड़ेंगे। मैंने वहीं से फ़ोन कर पता लगाया नहर पार के बारों में किन्तु निराशा हाथ लगी। ट्रेन आई, उन्हें बिठाया और उन्हें इत्मिनान से समझाया और एक सफ़ेद कागज में लिख दिया “जिनको भी नहर पार के बारों में पता है इनकी मदद करें क्योंकि यह बोल भी नहीं सकती और पढ़ी-लिखी भी नहीं है”। और भागलपुर तक ट्रेन में लोगों को दिखाते हुए जाने को कहा। अगर नहीं पता चले तो आप घर आकर पुलिस स्टेशन चले जाना किन्तु वह भी पुलिस के डर से और किसी अनहोनी के डर से मना कर दिया। मैंने समझाया आप इनको पुलिस को मत सौंपना, जब तक कि इसका कोई परिवार वाला न लेने आये और पुलिस को अपने घर का पता, फ़ोन नंबर अखबार में छपवा देने को बोलियेगा। तब वह तैयार हुई। जाते जाते मैंने बूढ़ी माता का फ़ोन नंबर लिया और शाम को बस से घर पहुँचा क्योंकि मैंने दो ट्रेनों को छोड़ दिया था। मैंने अगले दिन ही फ़ोन किया तो उन्होंने बताया “बेटा! ट्रेन पर नहर पार के ही दो औरतें मिल गयी थी और नहर पार कोई गाँव नहीं है बल्कि शहर से दूर यह छोटे जातियों का छोटा सा बस्ती है जो मजदूरी करते हैं, गंगा के उस पार होने के कारण ये अपना घर नहर पार बताते हैं। इतना सुनना था कि मेरे आँखों से झर-झर आँसू निकलने लगे। मम्मी ने कारण पूछा तो बताया “बस मन का बोझ हल्का हो गया”।

रजनीश कुमार  
तृतीय वर्ष, विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी





आनंद मोहन  
अंतिम वर्ष,  
विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी

## दोस्त

घने काले मेघों की छाया से दोपहर भी क्षुब्ध रात्रि जैसा प्रतीत हो रहा था। पर अंधकार बाहर ज्यादा था या मेरे अंदर- यह कहना मुश्किल था। मैं खिड़की के सिहराने खड़ा इस विचित्र दुनिया को कोस रहा था। अचानक बिजली गिरने की भयंकर आवाज ने मेरा ध्यान अपनी ओर खींचा। मैं सकपका गया।

अरे! यह जलजला मुझे क्या भयभीत करेगा? मैं तो अपनी हालत पर कांप रहा था। उन्माद में मनुष्य उस भूखे साँप की तरह हो जाता है जो खुद के अंडे खा जाता है। मेरी हालत भी कुछ वैसी ही हो गई थी। मेरे जीवन में भय के सिवा कुछ नहीं बचा था। हाँ! भय, अकेला होने का भय। आज मुझे अपनी सफलता चुभ रही थी। गुलाब तोड़ने वाला काँटों के अस्तित्व से इंकार करता रहे। पर जिस दिन यह शूल उसके मांस को चीरकर हड्डियों में गड़ेंगे, दर्द तो होना ही है। इस सत्य से इंकार नहीं किया जा सकता है।

सहसा दरवाजे पर खटखटाहट हुई। मैं चौंक गया। इतने भयंकर मौसम में कौन हो सकता है? दरवाजा खोलकर जैसे ही मेरे गले तक वर्ण आते, मैं ठिठककर रह गया।

कोई इंसान जब पैदा होता है तो बुरा नहीं होता। बुरा उसे उसके हालात बनाते हैं। उसके हालत उसकी परवरिश और माहौल पर निर्भर करते हैं। बकरी के साथ पला शेर का बच्चा भी खुद को बकरी ही समझता है। मेरी बुराई का कारण थी मेरी बेबसी। बेबसी हालात को सुधार न पाने की। चाह कर भी दूर न भाग पाने की। तूफान में फँसा व्यक्ति जाए तो जाए कहाँ?

पर जब मनुष्य में भावनाओं का तूफान उठता है तो उसे रोका जा सकता है, जैसे कचरे को वक्रत-वक्रत पर निष्पादित करने की जरूरत होती है, वैसे ही हमारी भावनाओं को भी। बस कोई हा.....

अचानक उसने मेरा हाथ पकड़कर कहा “तुम बुरे नहीं हो। यह मैं जानती हूँ। तुम्हें जो भी समस्या है मुझसे कहो मैं उसका समाधान तो शायद नहीं कर सकती पर तुम्हारा साथ जरूर दे सकती हूँ।

पर मुझमें कुछ कह पाने की शक्ति नहीं थी। बाहर मेघों ने अपना प्रेम व्याकुल धरा पर उड़ेल दिया। मेरी आँखों से टप-टप आँसू बहने लगे। मैंने उसे गले से लगा लिया। बस एक ही शब्द कह पाया था मैं-दोस्त।

## मैं जाग गया हूँ

सोया था कल तक मैं

पर अब जाग गया हूँ।

दुनिया की चकाचौंध में

भूल गया था अपना लक्ष्य,

पर आज मेरी मृगतृष्णा दूर हो गयी ,

और मुझे मेरा लक्ष्य याद हो गया।

अनजानी गलियाँ अचानक पहचानी हुई लगने लगीं ,

चारों तरफ खुशहाली छाने लगी।

यूँ तो लगता था जो रास्ते चले हमने ,

पता नहीं कहाँ ले जा रहे थे ,

पर मुझे क्या पता था ,

मैं गड़ढे मैं यूँ ही न गिरा था

ये गर्म हवाएं यूँ ही नहीं चलीं थी ,

सूर्य की ये तेज लालिमा मुझपे पड़ी ,

पक के ये तन - मन मेरा अब लोहा हुआ।

मेरी अंतरात्मा जिंदा हो गयी है,

हौसले मेरे बुलंद हो गये हैं ,

हर मुश्किल अब मुझे आसान लगने लगी।

तोड़ दूँगा ये तुम्हारी बनायी सारी जंजीरें ,

जी लिया बहुत तुम्हारी तरह ,

क्या हुआ जो इतनी मेरा निंदा हुई

सुना नहीं तुमने मैंने कहा

कि अब मैं जाग गया हूँ॥



प्रियंका मौर्य  
द्वितीय वर्ष, इलैक्ट्रॉनिक्स  
एवम् संचार अभियांत्रिकी



## गलतफहमी

सेमेस्टर की छुट्टियों के बाद मैं घर आया था। गांव का माहौल अब पहले जैसा नहीं था, मैं गांव के बदले स्वरूप से चिंतित तो नहीं था पर यह मेरे लिए असहज था। इसकी कल्पना मैंने पहले कभी नहीं की थी।

दरअसल गाँव में जमीन को लेकर विवाद चल रहा था। गाँव में पंचायत बुलाई गयी, गाँव के सभी लोग चाहते थे कि बंशी अपनी जमीन गाँव को सामुदायिक भवन बनाने के लिए छोड़ दे पर वह अपनी जिद पर अड़ा हुआ था। वह कहता था “चाहे कुछ भी हो जाये मैं अपने हिस्से की जमीन गाँव को नहीं दूंगा”। अतः पंचायत ने अपना निर्णय सुनाया कि गाँव का कोई भी व्यक्ति बंशी के परिवार से बात नहीं करेगा तथा किसी भी प्रकार के सामाजिक कार्यक्रम में उसका योगदान नहीं होगा। बंशी के परिवार के ऊपर से भगवान ने मानो मुंह ही फेर लिया था, उनका जीवन अब उन हालातों में संघर्ष कर रहा था।

अब फिर क्या था? गाँव वाले एक तरफ एवं बंशी का परिवार एक तरफ। दोनों के बीच काफी तनाव था। गाँव वालों की नज़र में वे अब खटकने लगे थे। उनसे अब हर कोई दूर भागता था, मानो कि वो किसी प्रकार की घृणित बीमारी से पीड़ित हों। दोनों के बीच की दुश्मनी अब सीमा से परे हो गयी थी। छोटी-छोटी बातों पर झगड़ा होना अब आम बात हो गयी थी। यह गहमा-गहमी चिंगारी से भयानक आग की तरफ बढ़ रही थी और इसका एक भयानक रूप भी निकल कर सामने आया।

वाकया यूँ था कि सुबह 4 बजे के आस-पास गाँव के रामलाल के पैरावट के बाड़े में अचानक आग लग गयी। चारों तरफ अफरा-तफरी का माहौल था। गाँव वाले आग को बुझाने का प्रयास कर रहे थे। इसी बीच बंशी एवं उसका बेटा प्रकाश आग को बुझाने में गाँव वालों की मदद करने को आगे आये तभी रामलाल ने उनसे कहा “आग लगाने के बाद आग बुझाने का नाटक कर रहे हो, मैं तुम्हारे पूरे परिवार को थाने में बंद करवा दूंगा”। यह शब्द बंशी और उसके बेटे के लिए कटाक्ष भरे थे। ये वाक्य उनके मानवता एवं संकट के समय मदद को धूमिल कर रहे थे। फिर वे वहाँ से चुपचाप चले गये। अगले दिन फिर तड़के 4 से 5 बजे के बीच गाँव के चार अलग-अलग पैरावट में आग लग गयी। यह ऐसा सदृश होता था कि कोई विस्मय घटना घटित हो रही हो आखिर कोई ऐसा क्यों कर रहा था। गाँव वालों को संदेह था कि ये काम केवल बंशी ही कर सकता है। सभी गाँव वालों ने उसके खिलाफ पुलिस को सूचना दी। बंशी घर में सोया हुआ था, उसको पुलिस उठा के दबोचते हुए वहाँ से ले गयी उसके बाद उससे पूछताछ की गयी, तथा उसे तरह-तरह की यातनाएं दी गयीं। वह बार-बार कह रहा था कि उसे इस घटना के बारे में कुछ नहीं पता। वह तो उस दिन घर में सो रहा था। फिर उसे चेतावनी देकर छोड़ दिया गया क्योंकि पुलिस भी गाँव वालों के पक्ष में थी। वो कहते हैं न कि *favour to majority*.



Shubhbranshu

पूरा गाँव दहशत के माहौल में था, अतः गाँव वालों ने एक कमिटी बनाई जिसमें गाँव के 16 लोग चार-चार के समूह में बँट कर गाँव की अलग-अलग दिशाओं में निगरानी करेंगे। इस कमिटी के बनने के बाद से गाँव में 15 दिनों तक इस प्रकार की कोई घटना घटित नहीं हुई। फिर भी लोग सकते में थे। यह पूरी खबर आस-पास के गाँव में भी फैल गयी थी क्योंकि खबर को तूल पकड़ते देर नहीं लगती, इसी तरह धीरे-धीरे 1 माह बीत गया।

फिर अचानक एक दिन एकाएक 18 पैरावट में आग लग गयी सभी धूँ-धूँ कर जल रहे थे। तभी गाँव के लोगों ने एक व्यक्ति को पकड़ लिया जिसके हाथ में माचिस की डिब्बी थी तथा वह भीड़ में से भाग रहा था और वह कोई और नहीं बल्कि गाँव के मुखिया का बेटा जगजीवन था। उसकी एवं बंशी के बेटे प्रकाश की आपसी रंजिश थी। अक्सर हमारी सोच उस तरफ ही जाती है जिस तरफ उस समय हवा चल रही होती है, गाँव का माहौल उस समय गाँव वालों की सोच को बंशी के खिलाफ मोड़ देता है।

इससे पता चलता है कि जब समाज और अकेले की लड़ाई होती है तो इससे फर्क नहीं पड़ता कि समाज सही है या गलत, समाज को ही हमेशा सही समझा जाता है।





गौरव कटियार  
अंतिम वर्ष, जानपद अभियात्रिकी

## ये रूसवाईयाँ किसलिए मैं लड़की हूँ क्या इसलिए

कड़ाके की सर्दी, ट्रेन का सफ़र, खचाखच यात्रियों से भरा जनरल कम्पार्टमेंट और इन सबके बीच में सुपरफास्ट ट्रेन की सुस्त रफ़्तार, सभी एक साथ यात्रियों पर कहर ढा रहे थे कि मानों साक्षात् राहू, केतु और शनि महाराज की कृपा एक साथ सामूहिक रूप से बरस रही हो।

कुछ यात्री खड़े थे कुछ बैठे थे और कुछ यात्री ऊपर की सीटों पर सामान के साथ पड़े थे। सभी स्वघोषित, बुद्धजीवी, राय चन्द्र, रायबहादुर और राय सिंह प्रवृत्ति के लोग मौका मिलते ही ज्ञान बाँटना शुरू कर देते थे। ज्ञान लेने वाले अर्थात् श्रोता वही लोग थे जिन्हें कुछ देर बाद वक्ता बनना था इसी लालच में बेचारे उनकी हाँ में हाँ मिला रहे थे।

वैसे भी भारतीयों की खूबसूरती यही है कि वो अपने काम को छोड़कर (कर्तव्यों को छोड़कर) बाकी सारे कामों से पूरा काम रखते हैं। उन्हें अपने दादाजी का नाम भले ही न मालूम हो, मगर सामने वाले की पूरी जन्मकुंडली मुंह जुबानी याद होती है।

चर्चा का विषय क्रिकेट की पिच से उतरकर, राजनीति के मैदान से गुजरता हुआ लड़कियों के छोटे कपड़ों, जिन्स टॉप तक कैसे पहुँच गया, किसी को कानों कान खबर नहीं हुई।

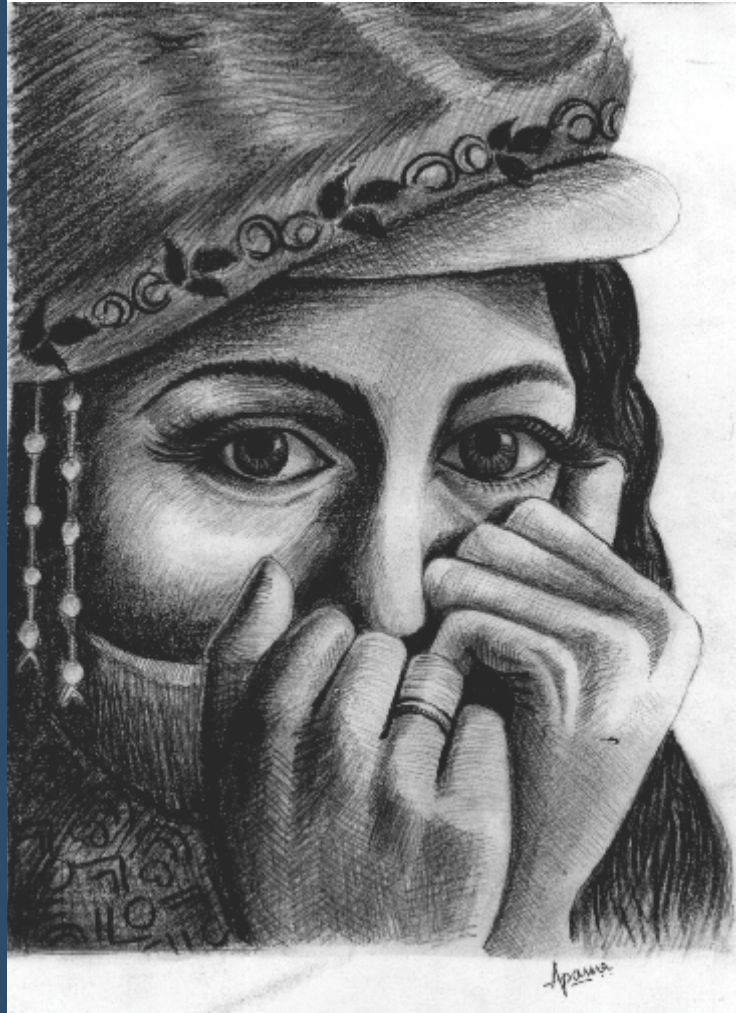
जो लोग खड़े थे वो विपक्ष की भूमिका अदा कर रहे थे क्योंकि कुर्सी (सीट) पाने का लालच सर्वाधिक उन्हीं को था और कुर्सी मिलने का अवसर भी। अर्थात् मुद्दा कोई भी हो उनका काम था मुद्दे का विरोध करना।

बीच-बीच में बाहर से आकर ट्रेन में ढपली वाले गाना गाते थे, ताली बजाने वाले पैसे मांगते थे और हुनर दिखाने वाले सामान बेचते थे।

इस सब के बीच, डिब्बे के एक कोने में सिकुड़कर, डरी सहमी खड़ी एक लड़की, जिसके चहरे की चमक ट्रेन की घटती रफ़्तार से पांच गुना अधिक तेजी से घट रही थी, वो अपने सुलझे हुए लम्बे कपड़ों को खींच कर, और अधिक लम्बा करने की निरंतर असफल कोशिश कर रही थी। कभी वो अपना दुपट्टा सही करती तो कभी मोबाइल में टाइम देख कर बेचैनी से खिड़की से बाहर झाँकती कि अभी कितना और वक़्त लगेगा।

आगे एक बड़ा स्टेशन आने वाला था, तो बहुत सारे यात्री वहां उतरने के लिए खड़े थे अब जाकर कहीं 6 घंटे खड़े रहने के बाद उस लड़की को बैठने के लिए सीट मिली। जो लोग बुद्धिजीवी वर्ग का प्रतिनिधित्व करते हुए देश के लिए जीने मरने की बात कर रहे थे वही राजनेता बनकर कुर्सी के लिए एक दूसरे को मरने-मारने पर उतर आये थे। सभी नौजवानों ने अपनी शारीरिक क्षमताओं का भरपूर उपयोग करते हुए सारी सीटें कब्ज़ा ली। एक बूढ़ा व्यक्ति जिसे बैठने के लिए कोई जगह नहीं मिली थी वो सभी से विनती कर रहा था कि उसे सीट दे दो, बूढ़ा व्यक्ति बहुत थक गया था मगर सब उसकी हालत पे हँस रहे थे।

वो बूढ़ा व्यक्ति उस लड़की की सीट के ठीक सामने जाकर अपनी विनती दोहराने लगा, युवा लगातार उसका मजाक बना रहे थे। अचानक वो लड़की अपनी जगह से खड़ी हुई और बूढ़े व्यक्ति को वहां बैठा दिया। इतना देख कर उस बूढ़े व्यक्ति की आँखों में आंसू भर आये लेकिन पास बैठे नौजवानों का सुपीरियर





ईगो धराशयी हो गया, “पुरुष महिलाओं से सदा श्रेष्ठ होते हैं” के सिद्धांत ने उसी वक़्त आत्महत्या कर ली। कुछ लोग बूढ़े व्यक्ति को भला बुरा कहने लगे कि – “इस उम्र में लुगाई ना मिलेगी, घर में बैठ कर भजन करो, बाहर काहे घूमता है, आजकल सफ़र में दिक्कतें बहुत होती हैं”।

वो लड़की अपनी पूर्ववर्ती जगह पर वापस पहुँच गयी। एक चाचा उम्र के व्यक्ति ने उस लड़की से पुछा -तुम अकेली सफ़र कर रही हो? तुम्हारे साथ कौन है? पहले तो लड़की नजर चुराकर देखती रही फिर थोड़ा घबराकर थोड़ा डरकर हाँ में सर हिलाया। चाचा की मर्यादा रुपी लक्ष्मण रेखा कोमा में चली गयी, एक अकेली लड़की ट्रेन के जनरल कम्पार्टमेंट में सफ़र कर रही थी, चाचा जी ज्ञान बांटे के लिए जिस मौके की, जिस अस्त्र की तलाश में थे वो देर-सवेर बेटे-बिठाए उस अकेली लड़की ने उनके हाथों में थमा दिया था। वो कहने लगे भाई साहब! जमाना कितना बदल गया है, पहले लड़कियां घर की देहरी नहीं लांघती थी आज कल तो घूम घूम कर पूरी दुनिया छोटी कर देती हैं। फिर क्या था, चहुँ ओर स्वघोषित बुद्धिजीवियों को अनुकूल मुद्रा मिल गया, लड़कियों की बुराई करने का। वो नवयुवक भी बीच बीच में मौका पाकर मुद्दों की गंगा में अपनी मानसिक गन्दगी फेंकने लगा।

लड़की चुपचाप सबकी बात सुन रही थी तभी एक महिला ने अपने शब्द तरकश से ऐसा वाक्य निकाला कि बाकी सभी बुद्धिजीवियों की जमानत जब्त हो गयी, उसने कहा - “अगर मेरी बेटी ऐसी हो तो मैं उसे अपनी कोख में मार देती”। अब जाकर कहीं उस लड़की के धैर्य का बाँध टूटा, उस सैलाब में सारे बुद्धिजीवियों के पैर उखड़ गये।

लड़की बोली - आप एक बार ये क्यों नहीं सोचते की आपकी ये बातें मुझे और मेरी उम्र की तमाम लड़कियों को कितना घायल करती होंगी। कोई दरिंदा तो दामिनी के साथ एक बार दरिंदगी करता है मगर सभ्य समाज में रहने वाले शरीफ लोग, सौ दफा रोज़ ये काम करते हैं। जांच पड़ताल की जाती है उस लड़की के बारे में और कहा जाता है वो अपने बॉयफ्रेंड के साथ घूम रही थी, वो लड़की चरित्रहीन थी। इसी चरित्र प्रमाण की आवश्यकता उन दरिंदों को नहीं होती है जिन्हें सजा से बचने के लिए जरूरत होती है बर्थ सर्टीफिकेट की। कहते कहते उसका गला भर आया है, और वो सर झुका कर खड़ी हो गयी मानो, किसी अपराध के लिए सजा का इंतज़ार कर रहा कोई अपराधी।

मैं ऊपर की सीट पर बैठ कर, ऊपर वाले की दृष्टि से पूरे मामले की समीक्षा कर रहा था क्योंकि उन बुद्धिजीवियों में एक मैं भी था।

रात के 10 बज चुके थे। ट्रेन गाजियाबाद पहुँच चुकी थी संयोग से मेरा और उस लड़की का गंतव्य एक ही था, मैं अपनी कार पार्किंग में छोड़कर अपनी बहन के घर लखनऊ आया था। मैंने उस लड़की से पूछा – आपको कहाँ जाना है? उसने एक नकारात्मक सा भद्रा जबाब मेरे भद्वे मुंह पे दे मारा, मैंने मन ही मन हनुमान चालीसा की स्तुति कर अपने तमाम साहस को बटोरकर उससे पुनः पूछा – बहन! तुम्हे कहाँ जाना है? उसने हल्की सी मुस्कराहट के साथ मेरी तरफ देखा और धीरे से कहा – वृन्दावन धाम कॉलोनी जाना है।

मैंने कहा चलो मैं तुम्हें तुम्हारे घर तक छोड़ देता दूँ वैसे भी रात बहुत हो चुकी है और फिर मेरा घर भी उसी तरफ है। पहले तो आशानुरूप एक दो बार उसने मना किया, फिर मेरी बात मान ली।

एक सवाल जो मेरे जहन में अक्सर खटकता रहता है, मैंने उस लड़की से पूछा – बहन! दामिनी के जख्मों को भरने में और कितना वक़्त लगेगा। वो जो 16 दिसम्बर को दिल्ली में हुआ था, उन कड़वी यादों को, उस डर को लड़कियों के दिलों दिमाग से निकालने के लिए, अभी कितने आंसू और बहाने पड़ेंगे। क्या उन पांच शैतानों की गलती हमारे देश के तीस करोड़ युवाओं को शर्मशार करती रहेगी। कब तक?

उस लड़की ने बड़ी मासूमियत और परिपक्वता से जबाब दिया – यही सवाल जब तक हर युवक के मन में नहीं उठेगा, तब तक दामिनी हमारी चीखों में, हमारे दिलों में ज़िंदा रहेगी।

उस लड़की का घर आ चुका था, मगर मेरी तलाश और मेरा इंतज़ार ख़त्म नहीं हुआ था।

दामिनी मेरे सपनों में अक्सर ये गीत गुनगुनाती है –  
 “ मेरी मुकद्दर की तहरीर बनी, ये रुसवाईयाँ किसलिए  
 सच सुनो मैं लड़की हूँ, ये दुश्चारियाँ इसलिए ॥  
 जब चोट मारना, जख्म देना तुम आदमियों की फितरत है  
 फिर क्यों दिखाते हो हमदर्दी, ये दवाइयाँ किसलिए ॥  
 जहाँ मैं तुम्हारे अँधेरा है बहार उजाला क्यों  
 तुम फरेब किससे करते हो ये दीवारियाँ किसलिए ॥  
 सच सुनो मैं लड़की हूँ, ये दुश्चारियाँ इसलिए ॥”



# LAST NIGHT



Lights, glamour, people paper pepper, curtains, poles, posters, people paper patter, dances, manipples, roses, rejections, boozes, people paper matter, endless, reeks, cocktails, couples,



Mascaras, nudges, tipsy falls, frisky feelings, heart breaks, heart makes, A9, tonight, last night, singers, old friends, new friends, drama, baffled teachers, Guitar Jamz, screams, peeps, roses, dreams, crushes, beats, base, rebels, unknown people, acquaintances, organisations, frenzies, makeups, markups, mark downs, mountains, hills, ankle breakers, clear sky, feet fly, people paper latter, colleges, OAT, last night, funny horror, junk, funk, bands, mads, memorable walks, nostalgic antics, funny pranks, money banks, roaring night, baseless court, teary eyes, he cries, people fly, people paper catcher, bamboo ties, bursting speakers, paper paper chatter, friends forever, no departmental dance, end of night, bbye.

~Arihant Verma







# HILL FAIR

## HORROR OF THE HILLS



# Survey

What do you think about the automatic entrance-door of the admin block?

I so want to go through that door at least once.

18.95 %

Na aa, it's pseudo automatic, only functions on occasions like convocation

23.16 %

Wouldn't have been born, if you know who haven't had scheduled to come.

27.37 %

I have been through it. Nothing special.

30.53 %

82.47 %

Yes, it's the most important need of the hour keeping in mind the troublesome internet problems in hostels forget the entire college as a whole.

17.53 %

No, it won't really bring any significant change since it's being said for past 4 years but no actions have been taken so far

Should we petition to get the whole campus WiFi-ed?

Many other colleges have special programs to provide coaching to the final year students for attaining better placements. Should we have such programs too?

Definitely! That would be a huge advantage for everyone especially the needing students.

71.88 %

They won't be much beneficial unless we hire specialized professionals.

28.13 %

26.80 %

Use wifi

7.22 %

Complete my assignments

1.03 %

Read the next practical's theory

18.56 %

Fiddle with the instruments.

46.39 %

Curse the slow speed of passage of time.

What do you do in the labs?

7.22 %

Yes

92.78 %

No

Is spending thousands of rupees in Electrical department for renovating the building, faculty chambers with brand new AC's justified when there is no drinking water facility?



Which among the following things surprise you the most in an examination hall?

A teacher standing next to you starts staring at your answer sheet all of a sudden for no reason at all	23.46 %
The mere topic(s) which wasn't studied is all over the question paper!	20.41 %
You are getting no idea, why the hell the person sitting next to you is using a calculator	15.31%
After the exam, someone tells you that they filled up even the last page of answer sheet!	24.49 %
Every time you look at the teacher, he keeps staring right at you!	16.33%

26.32 %	"What's the need? Students aren't research oriented anyway!"
29.47 %	Library Administration needs respite from their so busy and hectic schedule.
27.37 %	We can't be trusted with the labs! We are so destructive!
16.84 %	Because there aren't required books to read in the library anyway!

Why aren't we allowed 24 hour access to the library and labs.

Why are we not allowed to form student bodies (not the clubs) in the college by our administration?

They think it won't make any difference.	1.04 %
They think it would lead to unnecessary disturbances in their work.	7.29 %
They think it would lead to politics & factionalism among students for various posts.	20.83 %
They are afraid of being exposed and afraid of the collective voice that would be raised against all wrongdoings.	51.04 %
Has anybody even asked for it yet?	19.79 %

15.46 %	Dare to say a faint hello
4.12 %	Greet an acquaintance nearby immediately to pretend to not have seen.
44.33 %	Take out mobile to pretend toggling with it.
36.08 %	You see straight, not caring of his/her line of sight.

What do you do when you pass by a senior whom you don't want to meet ?

The girls were finally let out of the hostels on Holi!

What! It was embarrassing having seen with my banyaan ripped off.	6.19 %
Why should boys have all the fun!	28.87 %
Authorities, finally recognizing that it wasn't that big a deal to let the girls out	46.39 %
What the! Girls were out?	18.56 %

Tarun Goel (Alumnus): क्या आज भी लड़कियों के होस्टल की टाईमिंग 8/9 बजे है जबकि लड़कों को absolute freedom प्राप्त है?  
Srijan Desk : जी सर 8 बजे तक ही है टाईमिंग भी  
Tarun Goel (Alumnus): फिर तो ये कॉलेज आज भी 1986 में ही है

Something To Gulp





Badminton (Boys)



Badminton (Girls)

# SPORTS LINE



After dillydallying, of being (mis)informed about the construction of the new basketball court, a world class outdoor was carved out of a semester of non-activity but there were sighs and cheers at the end of the odd semester. The new basketball court has an extra layer of tough reinforced material which helps hoopers save their ankle shoes from getting holed in. Both the basket posts are new, so are the tougher and tighter new rims. Inter branch boys basketball saw a turn of events with MED returning strong after years of passiveness with 6'5" Anurag Mishra beating every defense tactic.



Cricket



Basketball (Boys)



Basketball (Girls)



Last year's winners EEE ran into second place ever after playing without their main rebounder, Sidhartha Rana, due to his ligament injury. Inter branch boys volley ball was, too, won by MED beating ECE in the finals. Cricket's jovial rivalry ended up with defending champs, logicians cum statisticians cum tech gurus cum programming geeks cum coders cum sudoers, CSE, retaining their winner's title. Civil, the last time runner ups, retained their title. EEE won the inter branch football.

Inter branch badminton was won by EEE, shoving into sweat, the runner ups Civil. Goutham Kumar outperformed the rest of the opponents, with Nalin Gaur giving a tough fight back. Inter branch TT boys saw MED's win with Vineet Kumar Chaturvedi and Harshit Yadav playing to the end of the conquest, while CSE being runner ups stood up a wall, Ekramul Ansari playing back with all the might. Snooker boys inter branch, was again won by CSE defeating Civil. Rhijul Sood and Bhaskar Kalia were the tough pair of competitors.

Inter branch girls chess winner was Kritika(ECE), fondly known as 'Matthi', and the runner up was Deepika Dutta from CSE. Inter branch girls carom singles was won by Neha Raju from computer science and Shweta Saroj (MED) came second. Carom Doubles were won by Architecture Department's Preeti and Ayushi's team. Inter branch girls Badminton was won by CSE department with Eesha Kapoor, Shushmita Mehta, Amandeep Kang, Neha Negi outplaying others, while Archi's team : Vidhisha Bharwal, Sonia Sharma, Meghna Roy, Vidya coming second. At this point of writing, the annual sports meet Lalkar, was due. Due to the outbreak of swine flu in the north western parts of India, many teams were unable to compete at MNIT's sports fest after its cancellation. Inter NIT at NIT Trichy had already taken place, and Thapar University's Sports Fest clashed with the Lalkar dates. Also, inter years of most of the sports are going on. Basketball Inter year Boys' final is going to happen between 3rd and final year. 2nd year gave a tough resistance to both of the finalists with Dhananjay Singh Dharela shining out with his flushing three point plays.

Faculty members, as always, have been supporting and celebrating every form of sport and some of them have themselves been playing regularly without a stop. With their constant facebook posts, they kept us motivated even off the field. Gratitude from the sport community to YD sir, Surender Soni Sir, Anoop Sir, Siddhartha Chauhan sir and all the unnamed alike for their unwavering support.

Sports @ NIT H have always been as lush as green in the grass and as tough as the ground without the grass in the off season. It has motivated students to manage better, play team, and develop all around skills in one's personality. Long Live Sports at NIT H and its arenas.



Sports Commitee



Table Tennis



Vollyball (Girls)



Football



Vollyball (Boys)

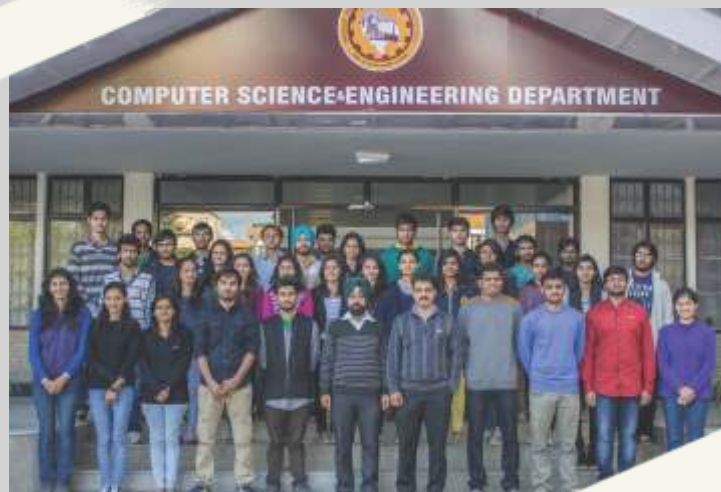


# SOCIETIES



GLUG

CSEC



ISTE





NASA



PIXONOIDS



SPEC



ELSOC

CSOC



SPICMACAY





# LITERACY MISSION

## Administrative Officers





# शुक्रिया

हम सभी जानते हैं कि हर सफल कार्य के पीछे हमेशा खामोश चेहरे छुपे रहते हैं जिनके बिना शायद वो काम अधूरा ही रह जाता। ठीक इसी प्रकार एक कॉलेज की सफलता वहां के अध्यापक, विद्यार्थियों के अलावा कुछ इस प्रकार के चेहरों पर भी निर्भर करती है। ये लोग नॉन टीचिंग स्टाफ और टेक्निशियंस हैं जिनके नाम भी शायद हम नहीं जानते।

इन लोगों में से कई को कॉलेज में दो दशक से भी उपर हो गये हैं। इसलिए हमने इनमें से कुछ लोगों के पास जाकर इनके अनुभवों को जानने की कोशिश की। ताकि हम आपतक इन लोगों की बातें पहुंचा सकें।

तो चलिए आपको इन लोगों के अनुभवों से रूबरू करते हैं। बदलाव और खट्टी-मीठी बातों के मिश्रण से भरपूर एक ऐसी सैर जो 1986 से शुरू होकर वर्तमान पर आकर रुकेगी।

1986 में हमारा कॉलेज एक सोसाइटी के नाम से शुरू हुआ। जो राज्य और केंद्र सरकार के आपसी सहयोग से संचालित हुआ करता था। इसकी पढाई एक दूसरे डिग्री कॉलेज में होती थी। जहाँ पर 2 कमरे पढाई के लिए और 20 कमरे होस्टल के लिए मिले हुए थे, जिनमे स्टाफ अपने ऑफिस का काम भी किया करते थे।

धीरे-धीरे कॉलेज में भी इमारतें खड़ी होने लगी। होस्टल्स में सबसे पहले शिवालिक बनाकर तैयार हुआ और ब्रान्चेस में सिविल और इलेक्ट्रिकल दो सबसे पहली ब्रांच थी। 1988 में कॉलेज ने अपनी पहली मिनी बस खरीदी।

अभी के आर्किटेक्चर डिपार्टमेंट की पढाई इसके बनने से पहले लाइब्रेरी के पीछे वाले गेस्ट हाउस में हुआ करती थी। तब टैगोर, विश्वसराय, विवेकानन्द ये 3 ब्लॉक थे, जिनमे से वर्तमान में 1 को तोड़कर वहां पर लेक्चर हॉल तैयार किया गया है तथा 2 अभी भी हैं। वर्ष 2002 में REC से हमारा कॉलेज NIT हमीरपुर में तब्दील हुआ और अब ये केवल केंद्र सरकार के अंतर्गत आता है। 2002 से पहले यहाँ 3 वर्षीय डिप्लोमा कोर्सेज चला करते थे।

REC से NIT बनने के बाद से हमीरपुर में काफी बदलाव देखने को मिले हैं, 1988 में यहाँ पर बहुत ही कम बसें थीं (लगभग 3 घंटे में एक)। टेक्निशियंस को कई बार पैदल ही घर से कॉलेज आना पड़ता था। 1988 में अभी के बाज़ार का 10% हिस्सा भी नहीं था। पूरा बाज़ार खाली रहता था, एक भी कार नहीं थी। लेकिन आज के हालातों से तो हम सभी वाकिफ हैं, आज-कल तो चलना तक दूभर है। कॉलेज के छात्रों का भी प्रभाव बाहर पड़ता है। उनके द्वारा कोई उपलब्धि हासिल किया जाना बाहर के बच्चों पर काफी अच्छा असर डालता है। पर इसी के साथ हमारा कोई गलत काम भी बाहर गलत वातावरण तैयार करता है।

NIT का दर्जा मिलने से अब तक कॉलेज में भी काफी बदलाव हुए हैं। वर्कशॉप में मैनुअल टूल्स की जगह अब पावर टूल्स ने ले ली है। सभी लेब्स में उपकरणों और कम्प्यूटरों की संख्या भी काफी बढ़ी है। प्रमुखतः छात्रों के लिए काफी सुविधाएं बढ़ी हैं। पहले एक प्रैक्टिकल समझाने में या करने में बहुत समस्या आती थी, लेकिन अब तो वो बड़ी आसानी से ही हो जाते हैं।



वास्तुकला विभाग



संगणक केन्द्र



विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी विभाग



टेक्निशियंस के साथ बात करने पर जो प्रमुख बात हमारे सामने आई वो है- विद्यार्थियों में आये बदलाव | अब के विद्यार्थियों में अध्यापकों के लिए सम्मान, अनुशासन और जिम्मेदारी लगातार घटती जा रही है | उनके अनुसार छात्र पहले लैब में हमसे प्रैक्टिकल को लेकर सवाल पूछ-पूछ कर हमारा दिमाग खा जाते थे , पर अब तो विद्यार्थी केवल अपनी उपस्थिति दर्ज करने और रीडिंग नोट करने ही आते हैं | अब विद्यार्थियों के साथ पहले जैसा सम्बन्ध नहीं रहा है | पहले के बच्चे काफी व्यावहारिक थे , इस तरह गुरु-शिष्य का सम्बन्ध अब टीचर और स्टूडेंट का होता जा रहा है |

पहले के बच्चे लैब को अपनी ही मानते थे और उपकरणों का ध्यान रखते थे पर अब इन बातों से बेपरवाह ही दिखते हैं | पहले जो त्यौहार बच्चे हम सभी के साथ मिलकर मनाते थे, अब वहीं वो खुद में ही मना लेते है | अब ये सब खत्म हो गया है | उनके अनुसार जब से WI-FI आया है जिंदगी भी HI-FI हो गयी है | इनके अनुसार बच्चों को लैब में प्रैक्टिकल जानकारी काफी मिलती है तो अगर लैब के क्रेडिट बढ़ा दिए जाए तो ये एक सराहनीय कदम होगा |

बात करते-करते जो एक रोचक बात सामने आई वो ये थी कि कॉलेज में कब कितने प्लेसमेंट्स हो रहे हैं इसकी जानकारी उन्हें मिठाई मिलने से होती थी | मतलब कोई भी छात्र जाँब लगने पर उनके पास मिठाई लाकर उनसे खुशी का इज़हार करते थे और इसी से उन्हें होने वाले प्लेसमेंट्स का अंदाज़ा होता था | हालांकि आजकल ये भी काफी कम हो गया है |

इन सभी लोगों ने कॉलेज में छात्रों द्वारा चलाये जाने वाले “प्रयास” कार्यक्रम की काफी तारीफ की तथा इसे बहुत ही सराहनीय कदम बताया | उनके अनुसार 1986 से लगातार छात्रों की एक चेन सी लगातार चली आ रही है और हम केवल उसमें अपना छोटा-मोटा योगदान करते आ रहे हैं |

टेक्निशियंस लगातार परदे के पीछे अपना कीमती योगदान देते जा रहे है | पर अभी भी इनकी पहचान केवल लैब के टाइमिंग तक ही सीमित है | अगर इनको भी बाकियों की तरह अपने काम की सराहना मिले तो ये इन सब के लिए बहुत उत्साहवर्धन का काम करेगा |

इन सभी लोगों की तरफ से हम एक माध्यम बनकर छात्रों को एक सन्देश देना चाहते हैं – “आप सभी अपने स्वास्थ्य का ध्यान रखिये, खूब पढ़-लिख कर अपना और अपने परिवार का नाम रोशन करें और चाहे वक्त कैसा भी आये अपनी हिम्मत न हारें |

अंत में हम सृजन टीम की तरफ से इन सभी लोगो को उनके द्वारा इस कॉलेज के लिए किये गये अतुलनीय योगदान के लिये तहे दिल से एक बहुत बड़ा शुक्रिया कहना चाहते हैं | और एक बात कहना चाहेंगे की “एक टेक्नीशियन कभी भी रिटायर नहीं होता है”

संकलन: कौशल कुमार एवं भूपेन्द्र सिंह



## यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी विभाग



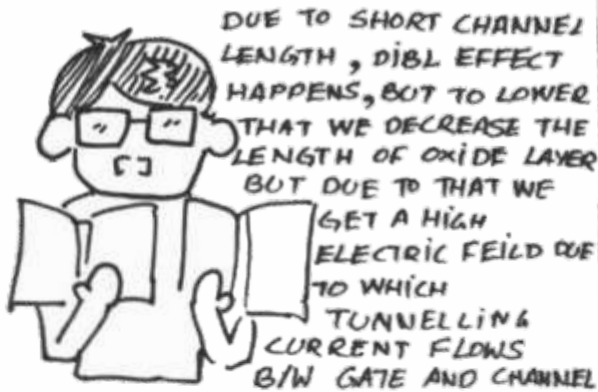
## वर्क शॉप



## इलेक्ट्रॉनिक्स एवं संचार अभियांत्रिकी विभाग



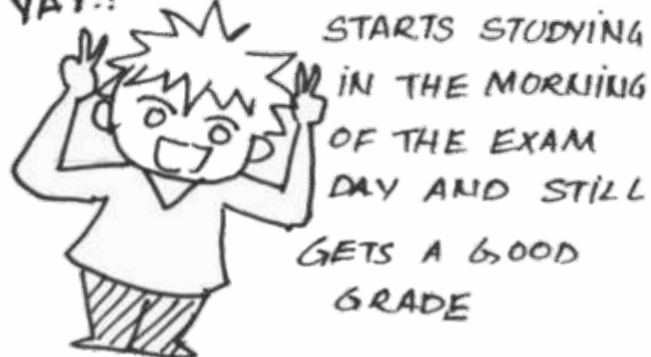
## THE RATTA MASTER



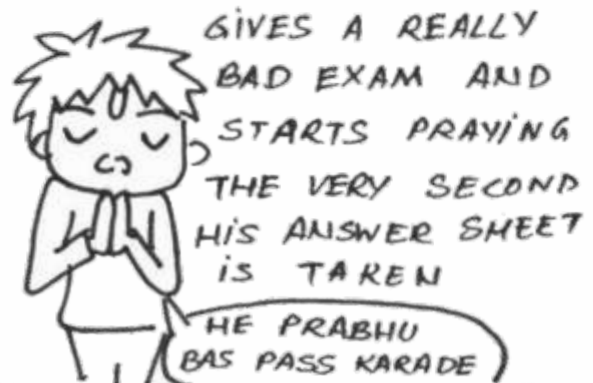
## THE KASAM GUY



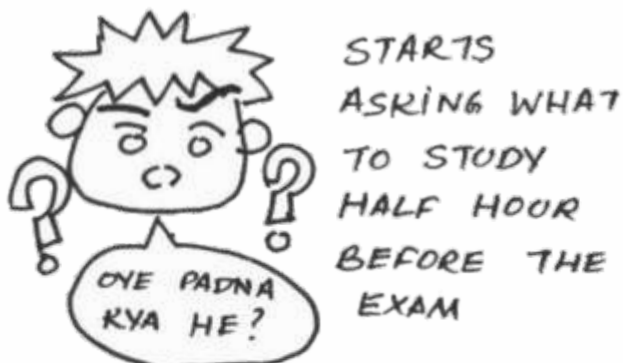
## THE LIKE A BOSS GUY



## THE BHAGWAN DAS



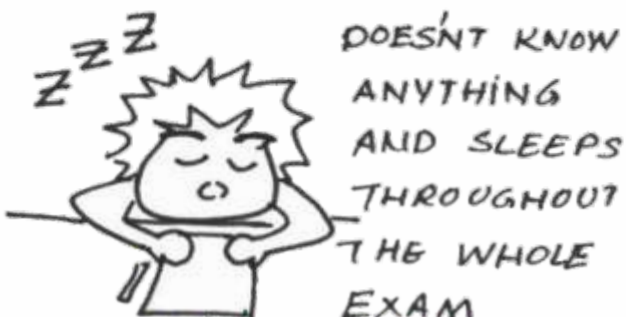
## THE HALF AN HOUR GUY



## THE EXTRA SHEET GUY



## THE SLEEPER



## THE TILL DEATH DO US PART





Being a student of any technical institution such as ours, the prime aim for most of us, the budding engineers, is to get placed in a big company; be it a multinational or any indigenous venture. For the very motive, most of us are studying to make our futures bright and secured. Training and Placement in all the departments are deeply interrelated with each other. The better the exposure one can get at the end of 3rd year in a nice internship project, the better are the chances to crack the interviews of the companies coming for on-campus placements.

It is safe to state that every person did something or the other in their respective field of interest and tried their levels best to get the best placements they could, here is a glimpse of this year's placement season.

Many new companies came for the first time this year. The year long visit included Maruti Suzuki, Hero, Honda Cars, Ashok Leyland, Bhushan Steel, Godrej, Jindal Steel, Iseg, Alstom, NPCL, Bhushan Steel, Grey B, Tata Power, Jindal Steel, LnT, Oracle, DRDO, Technip, Johnson and Johnson, Paytm, Snapdeal, Housing, Drishti etc. This year's final year of the CSED showed a huge uplift in the training and placement section. With almost more than 30 companies visiting for the on-campus placements, the packages went up to as high as 16 lpa.

Sankalp Sharma, CSE had a PPO from Belzabar with a package of 8.64 LPA. Other PPOs included Civil Engineering students Jitender Singh Dansinghta, Vishal Pandey, Vivek Tiwari, Akhil Sharma with a package of 5.0 LPA each.

ECE's Priyanka Sadana was the girl with the highest package with 8 LPA from SAP Labs. Other people in this company included Narendra Joshi, ECE. Mechanical students, Nikhil Kumar and Yogesh Panwar and Electrical student, Shiwali Sharma, got placed in Johnson and Johnson with a package of 7.5 LPA. Notable companies like Hero gave a package of 6.5 LPA to mechanical student, Prerit Pandey. The super final year from Architecture also showed great talent with off campus placements in companies like LnT and many more with high packages.

In a number overview, EEE had maximum placements with 90.04% placement percentage, followed by CSE, ECE, MED and Civil with 86.66, 82.75, 76.25 and 51.38 % respectively. Mechanical and Electrical had highest no. of multiple placements with MED having 36 and EEE having 30 respectively. ECE people had the most no. of eligible for placements students

The percentage of students (M.Tech) placed in different types of organizations are as follows:

Geotechnical, Transportation: 10%

CAD-CAM (MED): 13.33%

Thermal(MED): 12.50%

Condition Monitoring Protection and Control of Electrical Apparatus (EEE): 6.66%

Power Systems (EEE): 13.33%

VLSI Design and Automation Techniques (ECE): 25%

Communication Systems and Networks (ECE): 23.52%

Computer Science and Engineering: 35.71%

Architecture: 10.88%

Final year had had long discussions with passed out seniors. Many suggested that instead of only one TPR and some ATPRs along with TPO handling all the placements there should be a group of people working year round and together, so that we could build our own active Placement Office. Some even suggested that third years should be made part of it so that next year's final year won't face a dearth of experience.

An Interesting Placement Story:

One extremely interesting placement scenario of Tarun Gusain, CSE goes as forth:

When this name comes into picture, there lies the best placement story ever possible. He has been a fun loving person round the college life and wasn't much of a geeky one. It was the time when Paytm Co. came for placement when his future got lit up brighter than he himself had ever thought of. In his very own words, "The aptitude and the coding rounds went of pretty well and luckily, I managed to get into the technical interview. But, that was the time I came across some real trouble in answering the questions as I was lagging in theory and even the interviewer mocked me to have made a better use of the opportunity I was given. During the interview, even though I wasn't able to answer all the questions up to the mark, there was one thing that I clung onto as hard as I could; that I didn't give up. As I had earlier expected, I wasn't shortlisted so I went back to the hostel and got myself off the load of formal uniform to get some fun after a tiresome day. But just when the fun began rolling, I got a call from one of my friends saying Paytm people wanted me to show up ASAP for the HR round. There was something that they had liked, I knew what it was. So I went back to the venue hurriedly in the informal shirt and shorts that I was wearing, because there wasn't a second. I could have wasted to grab this golden opportunity bouncing back at me. Yes! You read it correct there wasn't any formal dress that I was wearing but that was the last thing on my mind at that time. All I wanted to do then was to transform this opportunity into success and so I did. I clung back to my 'Don't Give Up No Matter What!' attitude and it finally worked in my favour."

# BANGLES AND THE METTLE IN THEM

#real\_incidents



~Siddha Ganju  
Divya Saini

*Feminism; a word misinterpreted, largely, by us all. It could be inclusive of growth among different genders, it could be equality among them, it could be utopia, but it is not. It's not only about the adverse situations but also about how a woman is portrayed under normal circumstances when she is raised in a loving family, given all the basic amenities, education, freedom of speech and opinion. It's about how she comes through, and fights to the penultimate.*

*We won't go far, instead will just narrate a few incidents that happened within our very campus.*

#Scene: Student giving presentations on women empowerment, a curious, albeit insulting comment arises from the audience "If girls strive for equality, why do they form separate queues at the banks or such locations?" Girl answers, "That it is done for facilitating girls and it gives them the added security against untoward pushes". The stunning response, "All this is imaginary, just in the girls' mind". Hearing such arguments, the other girls of the class try justifying. The **boy** proudly responds, "SHUT UP". He is met with a resounding applause from the extremely educated class. In a last ditch attempt the girl questions him, "if it was your mom at the Delhi bus stand, would you send her alone to stand for buying tickets?", to which the **boy** replies, "Of course, I would send her and I'd stand beside her".

*To this special and smart **boy**, we'd like to ask a question, "Would you, Sir, rather, improve your appalling opinion or would you follow your mum, sister or wife around your entire lifetime, being 'THE' protective son/brother/husband?"*

*Agreeing with the **boy**, if some girls do bring people along, then it will be the very same **boy** who would say, "Why do these girls bring people along, can't they just do all the things themselves".*

*Believing that wearing suits adds a protective shield, for a girl's clothes are often blamed for everything that might happen to her, from rapes to inviting cat calls and jeers and leering and what not! Let us just point out that is simply not true.*

#Scene: Two friends go to Jwala Ji, wearing traditional Indian garb, ( suits and dupattas) and guess what happens. They are minding their own business, enjoying the religious ambience of the temple and NO, they are not accompanied by any male companion and YES, they are subjected to just the same amount of ogling and unwanted stares as a girl wearing jeans, skirts or even a bikini would be. When they decide to stroll around the main market they have to put up with a bunch of uncouth **boys**, some even in their 30s, hoodlumbing.

*We are not saying that all men are misogynists because when these girls got late and could not catch the bus to the college they relied on their male friend to drop them off.*

#Scene: Class, abysmal male:female ratio; respected teacher, discussing approaching final exam; He is going on about how the question paper will be difficult and few people might crack the tough numericals. Casually he turns to the girls and says, "You need to work harder because there is no mugging up here". **Boys** in the class receive the statement cheering and thumping the benches.

*May I ask, and this is somewhat of a cliché, when girls today have reached the outer space itself, what gives a respected teacher the right to stereotype as such. Instead of being encouraging, why would he discriminate? These days, the internet is filled with posts stating that it's unfair that every girl treats guys as a potential rapist. But why do they forget that while every man is not a sexist and a rapist, every girl has, at some point in her life, been subjected to the discrimination based on gender.*

*Delhi, for all its intents and purposes, has become 'THE' city synonymous with rapists, molesters and a city unsafe for women. Ask half the girls in college, who have been placed in Delhi, how they feel about the prospect of living in Delhi; not just them, even their parent, that despite being elated they are scared. We are too cynical as well as untrusting of the people around us and we have every right to be.*

#Scene: Sometimes out of the blue, there comes a kind gesture from no less than a stranger, that taxi driver who does his best to ensure the safety of a female college student going to Delhi for her interview.

#Scene: Surprising twist!! Girls' hostel warden lets them out on Holi, and guess what! Everybody has a good time, boys and girls color each other, drag each other through mud, mercilessly; have a merry time and then leave for their hostels.

*So, what was the point of keeping them locked, taking preventive measures like, affixing padlocks and chaining the gates, and bolting hostel doors.*



**Breaking out of this campus culture, do we expect things to be a bit different or are they just viciously the same.**

*Nightmarish reports splashed all across front pages of every newspaper, "Two year old raped, molested by father". This, the same 'MAN' who was supposed to protect, comfort, and provide for her.*

*Freak incident, "Father mercilessly beats Adult daughter". In broad daylight, on a busy road with several onlookers and not one trying to help. Her mother stood aside, and when questioned by a well meaning witness, the mother responded that her daughter deserved the assault because she had brought shame to the family. The accusation being that she had an affair with an unknown non-existent human entity that she had never met and of which only the parents heard, but had no proof. The girl continually denied. But the father would pay no heed. The irony here was that the father was a cop, the guardian of Indian law and order, whose very job was to follow it. And, even if she did have one, is the matter really so big that it needs to be dragged to the open streets in broad daylight? We have, in our revered Indian mythology, stories of eternal love (Radha Krishna), and, love marriage (Mata Parvati and Lord Shiva). Why is it impossible for people to understand the purity and eternity of love.*

*In an impassioned speech at the UN Women's #HeForShe campaign, Emma Watson brought forth the issues plaguing the world. She, accurately put forward how the discrimination between the two sexes impacts life all around. How it influences our basic psyche, how a boy cannot express his emotions for fear of being judged and not considered "manly" enough. How at every step a woman has to work twice as hard as a man to prove her mettle. And its still not enough. Even in the film industry a female actress earns dismally less than their male counterparts.*

*Feminism is not an ugly word. A feminist is not uptight, it's someone believing in equality. We need to realize that underneath all the worldly trappings we are all human beings and our first and foremost responsibility is to be humane and accept that we all are flawed and vulnerable beings. And we need to accept each other as such, without discrimination, without judgements, without prejudices, so boys next time somebody says, "boys don't cry" you tell them that you are human and yes, you can cry, and girls next time somebody tells you, "act like a girl" you tell them you'll act like yourself.*

*We worship Goddesses during The Navratras, hordes of people go to the temples, worship the stone idol placed there, bow down their heads to it and pray to it for their well being and that of their families. It is really disheartening when one realizes that as soon as these people come out, more than half still have this belief firmly sustained in their minds that women are somehow inferior to them, that they were built for the purpose of keeping their homes and raising their children. That they don't deserve equality or equal treatment, that somehow a woman who gives birth to a female child is an onset of doom unto the family. How is it that not just men but even women are partners in crime for such evil, and do not take a stance for the birth of their own gender and consider it mirth. Why is it that these people bow down in front of a stone idol but refuse to respect and treat a woman as she deserves. We realize that not everybody is the same, that there are exemplary men who give equal respect to the women in their life. But in our country the larger majority of men as well as women still labor under the illusion that a woman instead of being a live breathing person with dreams and aspirations of her own is just an object, a means to an end. Considering that we worship Durga, fear Kali, ask Lakshmi for wealth and Saraswati for education, we feel as a country we are the biggest bunch of hypocrites out there.*

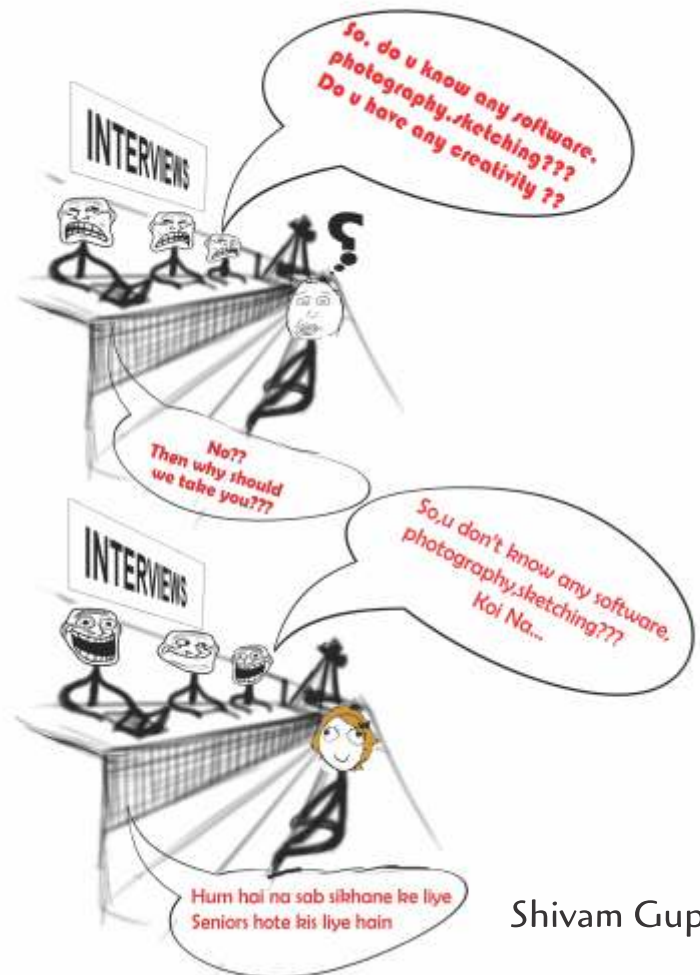
*This describes the utopian land, a land that India was supposed to be, the land of several deities, the same land synonymous with female foeticide, where girls are afraid to venture out, to spread out their wings and fly, this is the land in which we live in.*

# Just for Gags



Adeeba Ifrah

## "FIXO"- noids



Shivam Gupta

Were you looking for a Technical Article here? Well, the Contents page was printed on April 1st . Congratulations!! You made a fool of yourself.



# Plastic Roads: Roads of the Future

## THE PRESENT SCENARIO:

Plastic is used everywhere for packaging, protecting, serving, and even disposing all kinds of consumer goods. The consumption of plastics has increased from 4000 tons/annum (1990) to 4 million tons/annum (2001) to 135 million tons/annum (2011). It is non-biodegradable and can remain intact for as long as 4500 years on earth. It is attributed to this that plastics are the main culprit responsible for environmental pollution and serious health problems in humans and animals alike. Plastic waste is perhaps the unavoidable fallout of the 'Global Consumer Economy'. The question is not "plastic v/s no plastic" rather it is the concern of judicious use and re-use of these plastics which have insidiously invaded the remotest corners of our lives and posed a major environmental challenge.

## HISTORY:

Keeping in mind the need for bulk use of these wastes in India, Dr. R. Vasudevan, Dean and Head of the Chemistry Department, Thiagarajar College of Engineering (TCE), Madurai, conducted a research for investigating the possibility of being able to use plastic in the road making. With full support from the college authorities, Dr. Vasudevan laid the first 60-foot -long plastic road within the campus. Though plastic waste has been a nagging problem for civic authorities, with thousands of tonnes of garbage generated every day, it took years of discussion for Dr. Vasudevan to be acknowledged by organizations like the Central Pollution Control Board, National Rural Roads Development Agency, Central Road Research Institute, Indian Centre for Plastic Environment and the National Highways Authority of India.

## POLYMER MODIFIED BITUMEN:

In the construction of flexible pavements, bitumen plays the role of binding the aggregate together by forming a coating over the aggregate surface. It also helps to improve the strength of the road. But its resistance towards water is poor. Anti-stripping agents are being used. A common method to improve the quality of bitumen is by modifying the rheological properties of bitumen by blending with organic synthetic polymers like rubber and plastics.

## PREPARATION OF POLYMER-AGGREGATE-BITUMEN MIX:

- Cleaned and dried plastic wastes (e.g. disposed carry bags, films, cups and thermocol) is segregated and that with a maximum thickness of 60 microns is shredded into small pieces (2.36 mm- 4.75mm size). PVC is not suitable for this process.
- The aggregate is heated to 165° C in a mini hot mix plant.
- Shredded plastic is added to the hot mix. The plastic gets softened and coated over the surface of the aggregate giving an oily look in 30-60 sec.
- Hot Bitumen (heated upto a maximum of 160°C to ensure good binding) is added immediately and the contents are mixed well.
- The mix, when cooled to 110-120°C can be used for road laying using 8 ton capacity road roller. As the plastics are heated to a maximum temperature of 165°C, there is no evolution of a gas. When heated above 270°C, the plastics get decomposed and above 750°C they get burnt to produce noxious gases.

## ENHANCED PROPERTIES OF THE MIX:

Coating of plastic over aggregate to the tune of 10-15% by weight of bitumen improves the binding properties of the mix:

- Higher softening point and lower penetration point due to interlinking of polymer molecule with bitumen.
- Lesser moisture absorptive capacity due to coating due to coating of plastics at the surface.
- Better ductility, higher Marshall Stability value.
- Better stripping value (no stripping on soaking in water for 72 hours).
- High compressive strength (>100mpa) and high flexural strength (>450Kg/cm with respect to the binding property).
- The roads are twice as strong as normal roads and resistant towards water stagnation and lesser bleeding.

## SALIENT FEATURES OF THE POLYMER-WASTE-BITUMEN MIX ROAD:

- Road strength is twice stronger than normal roads.
- Resistance towards water stagnation i.e. no potholes are formed.

Aditya Bindra  
&  
Amandeep Kalra



# Natural Language Processing

- Less bleeding during summer.
- Burning of plastics waste could be avoided.
- It does not involve any extra machinery.
- It does not increase cost of road construction.
- It helps to reduce the consumption of bituminous mix vis-à-vis reduce cost.

## CONCLUSION:

The use of the innovative technology of using recycled plastic wastes in pavement asphalt has not only strengthened the road construction but it has also increased the road life. It has created a source of income and helped improve the environment. The plastic coating on the aggregates reduces the voids and thus results in reducing rutting, raveling and pothole formation. Plastic roads would be a boon for India's hot and extremely humid climate, where temperatures frequently cross 50°C and torrential rains create havoc, leaving most of the roads with big potholes. It is hoped that in near future we will have strong, durable and eco-friendly roads which will relieve the earth from all type of plastic-waste.

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There I was in my OS lab, surfing the net (obviously! We are NITians, desperate for internet), when I asked Swapanti about the SECRET poems she writes. And as usual, she declined my request. But this time she also posed a question, "What if I wanted to read something you wrote?". I, being an opportunist jumped at this question and showed her my blog. Although it had just 150 views in a month, I think it was pretty well written. And, just so that people of other countries or those who couldn't understand English did not have a problem, I even added a 'Translate' option, but I never tested it.

So, this time, as we were jobless, we decided to test this one. And not only was it funny, but it also made me think, that even today when technology has advanced so much, we are having this problem. I'll show you. One of the lines in my blog read,

"Every modern-world human has one reason to thank Jan Koum and Brian Acton (90% of the people reading this don't know who they are), and that is for WhatsApp. But one disadvantage of it is, well, it cannot be used on PCs. Not to worry, here is the way to help you break that jinx." and its Hindi translation was,

"प्रत्येक आधुनिक दुनिया मानव का श्रुक्रिया अदा करना भी एक कारण है। सुदकसे और ब्रायन एक्टन (यह पढ़ने के लोगों का 90% है कि वे जो कर रहे हैं पता नहीं है), और वह यह है कि WhatsApp लेकिन यह एक नुकसान यह है कि, ठीक है, यह नहीं किया जा सकता है पीसी। नहीं चिंता करने की, यहाँ आप उस मनहूस तोड़ने में मदद करने के लिए एक रास्ता है।"

Not only could 2 words not be understood by the machine but it also completely and relentlessly ruined the grammatical rules of Hindi. Its funny though :).

I searched a little about it on the net, and stumbled upon what is called NLP – Natural Language Processing. The above problem is a small, yet very huge part of NLP. And well, truly speaking, even after reading numerous pages on Wikipedia related to NLP, I have hardly understood anything. I have understood the problem, but not the solution, because there is no fool-proof solution yet. I'll try to be as simple and as short as possible in explaining it to you.

NLP is an attempt to give the machines a HUMAN-LIKE-NATURE and linguistic knowledge. A brain of its own



(Artificial Intelligence), discretion, spontaneity, an ability to understand and derive the intended meaning of what humans speak or write. One part of this is the problem I encountered, translating one language to another without losing the meaning and also taking care of the grammatical rules of both the languages.

As a programmer, I did think for a little while that it can be programmed to obey such rules, not a huge task. But then, back to my human nature I realized that its impossible. Humans keep inventing new words, new slangs, new phrases, sayings every day. Not to forget the PUN, that's something machines cannot be programmed to understand.

The research on NLP dates back to 1950, when for the first time Alan Turing (Popularized by 'The Imitation Game' Movie) posted an article COMPUTING MACHINERY AND INTELLIGENCE, which gave birth to the TURING TEST, which now is used as a measure of Computer Intelligence. In short, Turing Test is the machine's ability to exhibit intelligent behavior equivalent to that of a human.

A decade after this there was no significant development in this field. Just a couple of limited intelligence machines were made – ELIZA and SHRDLU, by coding in numerous rules, the same way as I thought. Another decade went by without any significant development. A few CHATTER BOTS were made – PARRY, Jabberwacky and Racter, which could hardly match the originality of a human conversation, but did pass the Turing Test. Another 20 years passed without any significant development, probably the only area in the field of computer science that's been stagnant for such a long time.

Finally, there was a breakthrough, thanks to the Moore's Law (number of transistors on an IC doubles every 2 years) and the lessening of Transformational Grammar theories (Chomskyan Theories). The use of Parts of Speech tag for every word in any language made it a lot easier to process the human language into machine understandable form. This coupled with the Hidden Markovian Model (Yes, that's a part of Mathematics, also used in speech, handwriting and gesture recognition) has given rise to statistical models that are a lot more dependable and robust. The intense research at the IBM labs and the multilingual texts produced by the Canadian Parliament and the European Union resulted in notable successes in the field of machine learning from natural languages.

The task was made simple by a number of General Learning Algorithms, which are developed by statistically drawing inferences from a large set of documents that have been hand-

annotated with correct values. In other words, its similar to a circus trainer training the animals to respond correctly to his gestures by repeatedly making them do so. So, more or less, its the same as teaching a child the alphabets, then the parts of speech, then sentences and then expressions. It's a different thing that humans themselves learn the art of sarcasm and pun, something that the machines aren't capable of.

So, even after 65 years of R&D, NLP yet remains a far-offdream. Not only will the level of comforts reach new heights, but it will usher in a new era in the realm of AI.

There are numerous tasks that will be made possible if NLP is achieved to the level we want it. Some of which are:

- **Machine Translation:** The problem that I stated in the beginning of this article. Automatic and accurate translation from one human language to other without the loss of intended meaning. It requires a lot of HUMAN KNOWLEDGE – grammar rules, semantics, universal facts, expressions, sarcasm, etc.
- **Automatic Summarization:** Imagine a machine producing a summary of a huge chunk of data you enter – I just hope I live long to enjoy that luxury. Wonder what will be the format of exams then!
- **Natural Language Generation:** Convert a chunk of information from graphs or databases into human understandable form – TEXT.
- **Optical Character Recognition:** Given a printed text, recognize it. Considerable developments have been made in this field though.
- **Question and Answering:** Given a human-language question, determine its answer. Typical questions have a specific right answer (such as "What is the capital of Canada?"), but sometimes open-ended questions are also considered (such as "What is the meaning of life?").
- **Sentiment Analysis:** Extract subjective information usually from a set of documents, often using online reviews to determine "polarity" about specific objects. It is especially useful for identifying trends of public opinion in the social media, for the purpose of marketing.
- **Speech Segmentation:** Separating words in a speech of a human.
- **Speech Recognition**
- **Word Sense Disambiguation**

Aashit Singh  
CSE, Second Year



## Revanta, Life is 'Supra'

These are the ones I could understand. There are many more other uses, which I could hardly comprehend.

Definitely, we are not far from the day when we can actually live the life we see in superhit hollywood sci-fi movies. There's a lot of research going on in this field. Google, the source of 70% of my knowledge, is spending a huge chunk of its income in this area and so are a number of other IT giants. The motive is the same, a better life for humans. Imagine the day, you call a machine your best friend, just because he can do all the tasks of a human - think, laugh, cry, crack jokes, comfort you. But, in the end, there are 2 things that are solely the property of Humans and can never be transferred or taught – SPONTANEITY and IMPROVIZATION. Thus, I would conclude this article by asking a question, courtesy of Alan Turing, CAN MACHINES THINK?



The reverse countdown had just started 10...9...8...7... The moment was very crucial as the outcome of our hard work, time and dedication was going to be presented before us. My heart was beating very fast to the verge of bursting out. I was biting my nails swiftly. The moment we were waiting for long had come and result was on the screen. We started our hunt for our team name 'Revanta' on it but couldn't find it. For the first time, I was too desperate for something. It was this name 'Revanta' that I badly wanted to be there on the list.

REVANTA came into existence when Anirudh came about my room when I was just about to go to sleep and asked if I wanted to participate in Supra 2015. I was taken by surprise because I knew very well, the high standard of Supra (Short for 'Super Racing'), in which a group of enthusiasts design and make a formula like car and ultimately race to win. I want to become a designer, so I was instantly hooked by the opportunity my friend had just unfolded, and in no sooner than instant I said yes. I knew various teams who had successfully made their formula cars, and it was to be very difficult to compete with them. At that time, Vijay and Harpreet had already joined the team. The big rock ahead of us was money. Even the registration fee was too high : Rs 17000. So we decided to expand the team to 18.

We were frowned upon when we went to people taking our proposal of joining the team. We were refused with excuses : "Are you mad! It's not a child's play. It requires really high skill of knowledge". The most disappointing and preposterous excuse was : "Yaar mujhe Hill 'ffair me participate karna hai, to mere paas time nahi hai ". Hearing this particular response, we got a feel that we were not studying in a technical college at all. That is when we decided to



include 2<sup>nd</sup> years. We made it happen. Now, we had 6 from 3<sup>rd</sup> year (myself, Aniruddha(captain), Vijay, Karun, Harpreet and Mandeep Syal ) and 12 from second year. We started our mission with daily meetings (9 pm onwards) in Bagde's room. I remember, when 5 of us were calculating cost estimations, Harpreet set aside a little to calculate something with a really serious face. We felt something was wrong, so we asked. When he opened his mouth, we guffawed like hell. He said : *"Paaji ye to theek hai ki car 5 lakhs ki banegi par jeetne ke baad to 12 lakh milenge unka kya karenge"*. That's the kind of spirit we wanted.

The first round was a virtual round, where we were supposed to present a complete and analysed design model report of the car. The most memorable night of all were when we were deciding the dimensions of the car. They were large and we wanted to get the feel of them by drawing full scale. So we made the sectional view on the walls of Bagde's room. *Uss time uske room ki haalat dekhne wali thi:D.*

The main work got done in winter vacations. Obviously we kicked home visits away. Anirudh, Harpreet and Karun were given the work of cost estimation and checkin the durability of the parts. For this, they had to wander place to place all day. Mandeep was finding sponsors for our team. Vijay and I were chosen to design the car.

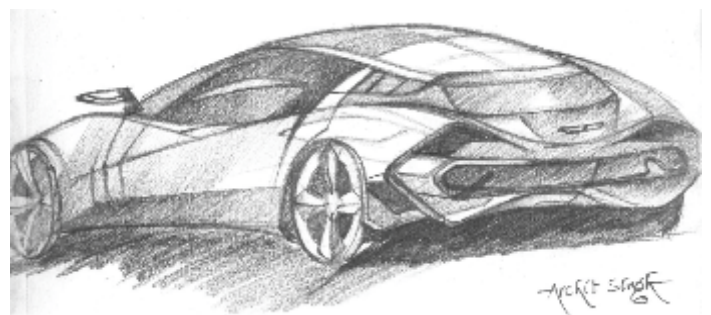
Our day began in the morning and we worked till 1 at night. We had mid night short escapades to ekta where we'd rejoice everytime a group member got us anything to eat. The toughest part was to design the impact attenuator which is mounted in the front of car to absorb shock during collision. We designed 52 different models to reach the appropriate result. Analysing a single model in Ansys required approximately 2-3 hours, and in process our laptops didn't shut for 4-5 days straight. We completed our design report 5 days prior to the the event and reached Chennai a day before.

Our deciding day started with a small introduction by the SAE officials. We were already having goosebumps. We were a little intimidated by the teams who had their own

team T shirts with their logos in front and their sponsors' on the backs. Some even had their prototypes ready. We were feeling we were among the best automobile engineers, when suddenly we were called in for the presentation. We had the idea that we'd be done after giving the CD of our design report. But to our surprise the jury asked us to present too. We adapted, improvized and decided to pick up our parts of the presentation. Thankfully, the impromptu presentation went well. We couldn't sleep that night hoping for the results to be declared next day.

The three screens were far from us. We rushed to the bigger screen for a clearer view. Teams who had found their names there, were celebrating. Since our team's name was the shortest, I filtered out my eye's checking out to the shortest team names. There, at 62<sup>ndth</sup> position 'REVANTA' was shining proudly. The next instant we found no bound to our joy. We were at top of our worlds, giving an illusion as if, there was nothing more left to achieve for an instant. We called Sunand Sir, the first thing, and told him about our achievement. After that our phones rejoiced the drain of batteries as much as we did, the whole night.

At that time, the only thought that ruled my mind was : *"Yes we did it, not because of luck, but only because we deserved it, we earned it out of our hard work. The struggle we underwent, the pain we took, the long days we worked continuously away from home, while others were enjoying with their families, had finally paid off. We worked because we had no excuses and complaints to pull us down. Team work and commitment is what ensures that result is what it should be."*



Kuldeep Kushwaha  
MED, Third Year





## Niharika Mathur

### Architecture, Third Year

*"If you are having trouble to knowing where to begin. Begin Anywhere!"*

It was a hot a summer evening in Delhi as I waited in the passenger lounge of the Indira Gandhi International Airport, for the boarding announcement of my flight that was going to finally take me home, to Abu Dhabi after an entire semester and the most tiresome ( and exciting ) end semester trip. It had indeed been a very long day. I was extremely tired, desperate to get home almost immediately and... my flight was delayed. So there I was, sitting at the airport, done with my third latte. I had browsed through the duty free a couple times, eaten some junk, bought a book and done possibly everything one can do at the airport. Now there was nothing left to do. And I had no option. It was time. Time to 'introspect'. To look back at my life, to realize my dreams and goals and how I had wasted two years at college. Realize that I probably knew nothing about Architecture and needed to get serious. I was suddenly suffocated at the thought of spending my life cleaning diapers and regretting not taking charge of things at the right time. Almost instantly I grabbed my phone and called up my dad to check up the status on the internships I had applied for. He never answered.

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After 6 hours later I was home, sitting at my desk. I did not get a response to any of my internship applications. Due to some rule of the government I could not intern there as I was a foreign student to the country. But what I received instead was my first ever "Appointment Letter" from one of the greatest names associated with Architecture in today's world, Pell Frischmann. Since I couldn't intern there, they had agreed to keep me as a temporary employee for a period of 4 weeks.

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#### THE 4 WEEKS:

On my first day at work, I was very excited. Never had I been to an office before. The thought of being in a professional environment, with real practicing architects was perhaps the most appealing thought I had had in a very long time. My mentor, Yashashree, an Indian, was a junior architect there. She was a young and lively woman, new to the city and as excited as a little child at a magic show, when she first met me. The rest of her team comprised of three

two civil engineers, both Indians. And of course Akhila, my friend from school and also a fellow aspiring architect.

The first couple of days, they just kept handing me old drawings, and showed me designs of their works. Yashashree, would always keep telling me about the various places I should know about as an architecture student. She would keep giving me magazines and websites, so I could browse through architecture from around the world. The most fascinating part of my job, to me, was having, my own desk. A computer with some of the most amazing design softwares and drawers full of the most colorful stationary to dabble with.

It wasn't until the end of the first week when Akhila and I finally met Nikhil. Nikhil Salunkhay, Senior Architect, Pell Frischmann, Abu Dhabi. He was the "boss". The big guy, we received orders from and had to answer to at the end of every week. He probably gave us our biggest and most complex design problem yet and he was also the best jury I had had the opportunity to encounter when it came to criticizing my work and telling me how to improve.

The rest of the time was spent planning and designing, learning and acquiring knowledge. The best part of the day used to be lunch hour. Eating with Filipino colleagues turned out to be one of the most intriguing things ever. Edward, the draftsman, always had the most amazing food stories to share. Like this one time he had snakes on this camping trip. Or the time when he had the most delicious, fertilized ostrich egg.

At the end of the four weeks I had learnt that perhaps I had not entirely wasted my two years at college, and that, to be an architect is not just about extensive work and night outs. I just had to expand my horizons, be innovative, live up to my potential and aim at creating the best designs achievable.

## Internship Experience : Architecture



I would like to share with you my experience of the time I spent during my summer internship here at NITH. Nine of us, the up-and-coming Civil Engineers from 3<sup>rd</sup> year and a student from LPU were selected as summer interns for three departmental projects namely the Landslide Hazard Zonation of Kullu Valley, Debris Flow Inventory of Lahaul Valley and Glacial Lake Inventory of Lahaul Region; under Dr. R. S. Banshtu, Dr. V. K. Sharda and Sh. ChanderPrakash respectively.

We joined in as interns on June 5, 2014. Our initial days went on literature review. We studied all past researches done on similar projects. Landslides, the most frequent natural hazards, affect the environment and the human life significantly. They are widespread in the Himalayan region. Similarly, glacial lakes in the Himalayan region have come to a stage where they are posing a considerable threat to the lives of many. A glacial lake is a lake with its origin in a melted glacier. It is formed when a glacier erodes the land and melts thereafter; filling the hole it has created. Due to global warming, there is rapid melting of glaciers and snow fields that feed these lakes. Their volume has increased and now they pose threat of bursting. A very recent example of this is the Kedarnath disaster that occurred due to the bursting of Lake Chorabari. To mitigate these disasters, it is imperative to identify such lakes in the Himalayan region.

We worked on GIS system to do the analysis and data management. For landslide and debris flow, we studied the factors that triggered these hazards. We used satellite imagery, toposheets, thematic maps of soils and geology, and digital elevation model (DEM) as our resources. We converted them into digital format. Using weighted sum and overlay process we were able to generate landslide hazard zonation map of Kullu.

For glacial lakes, we identified the location of these lakes using satellite imagery. With the help of imageries of past few years, we studied the trend of increase in its volume, which signified the rapid melting of glaciers and hence, increased the risk of twisting of a lake.

All this computational work was carried out daily from 10 in the morning to 4 in the evening. June was a month of scorching heat and it would compel us to move out of our hostels to comfortable air-conditioned computational laboratories to do work.

We had completed most of our computational work in one month. To collaborate with the actual site conditions, our mentors planned a field visit to Kullu and Lahaul & Spiti districts.

We visited various landslide locations that came on our way along the road side. We surveyed them and realized multiple causes and effects of these natural disasters. In fact, we witnessed a minor rockfall occurring at some distance from us. We went on a trek to survey Lake Pilchiman that had been formed due to a rockfall on the path of Nallah.

Well! The trip was a fruitful experience. Apart from collecting field data, we got an opportunity to explore the rich terrain and wildlife of the region. Personally, the trip brought me a step closer to Mother Nature. We returned from the weeklong trip. On the submissions of the final reports, our internship was successfully completed. This period of time was something that I would count in my most memorable times of my life.

Internship Experience : Civil

Nishant Singh  
Civil, Final year





## Sankalp Sharma

CSE, Final Year

**Q :** Hello Sankalp, please tell us about yourself. What makes you different?

**Sankalp:** My interests and hobbies include playing computer games, internet surfing, playing table tennis and badminton. I am hardworking, dedicated towards work and a quick learner.

**Q:** Which internship did you get the chance to take? What was it all about? Stipend, duration, place?

**Sankalp:** I was selected as an intern in Belzabar Software Design India Pvt. Ltd. The company creates Web and Mobile Softwares on behalf of clients. I got a chance to work both on the frontend and backend of a website on technologies like AngularJS, Spring, Twitter bootstrap, PostgreSQL and Mybatis. It was a great experience for me as I hadn't worked on web designing or any of the said technologies before. Duration was about 9 weeks, the company offered me a stipend of Rs 40000 in New Delhi.

**Q:** How did you come to know about the internship? To what all sources did you keep yourself connected?

**Sankalp:** The company (Belzabar) visited my college to select students for the internship programme. I had kept myself connected with internshala.com and eduinfo.asia.

**Q:** Tell us about the procedure to apply for the internship. Who all are eligible to apply for this internship?

**Sankalp:** There is no special procedure for applying as the company visited my college to select students for internship. The criteria was students having CGPI > 6 with no current backlog.

**Q:** Let's talk about how competitive the selection process is. What qualities of yours, you believe helped you in having an edge in the selection process? What key things, you feel were looked for by the selectors?

**Sankalp:** I had focussed on C, C++, Operating System, Computer Networks and MySQL which helped me to get over the selection process. Selectors focussed on the basics of core subjects of computer science and they were trying to figure out whether the candidate had indepth knowledge about the core subjects or not.

**Q:** About when did you get the news for the selection? How was it celebrated?

**Sankalp:** The company announced the results two and a half weeks after the interview. The celebrations were quite fun. The customs of college were followed and I was beaten like hell. In the night I threw a party to all my friends in the hostel canteen.

**Q:** What preparations did you do (academic/otherwise) after the results in view of the internship?

**Sankalp:** The internship doesn't require any prior academic preparation, but after I got selected I learned some basics of PHP and Java.

**Q:** What work/research project did you carry during the internship period? It's application in near future and your work in it?

**Sankalp:** My work was to create an Online Coding/Assessment Portal which will automate the administration and evaluation of each candidate's code. It comprises of 5 roles namely:

**Organizer** – Creates events regarding shortlisting of candidates for interview round and assign ProblemSetter and Reviewer to create and review problems irrespective of the event.

**Problem Setter** – Creates coding problems.

**Reviewer** – Verifies that the problem made is absolutely correct.

**Candidate** – Writes the code as per the problem given to him/her

in the specified time.

**Assessor** – Checks the candidate's code.

My work was on candidate's interface ( both frontend and backend ).

It will make the coding and evaluation process fast and efficient and the candidate's code can be reviewed on number of parameters like time, space, plagiarism etc.

**Q:** What was the best thing about the work culture and the internship? What all things did you like there?

**Sankalp:** The work culture was very good. The best thing was that everyone was very friendly and helpful. The office was open 24 hours and you can work whenever you want. Actually I hadn't done any web development before, so it was a great experience for me to work in this field and I am satisfied with myself.

**Q:** Were there any special events during the internship?

**Sankalp:** After 2 weeks of my internship I was invited to a grand party for the completion of 12 years of Belzabar in India. My mentor used to take us to lunch and outings to make sure we don't feel any pressure. A table tennis tournament was also organised among the interns (which I won). On the last day of our internship, they gave a Farewell Party to all the interns.

**Q:** What was the guidance provided by your guide? What support did you receive from Belzabar firm?

**Sankalp:** My mentor was very supportive and helpful. As I have told earlier I was new to web designing so he guided me in learning the basics before we started working on the project. He also made us aware of the pros and cons of the technologies that we used. He was very open to our queries and made sure that we learn to the maximum.

**Q:** How much difference did this period of 2 months make in your intellectual capabilities and mindset. In broad terms what were your gains from this?

**Sankalp:** This internship has helped me develop an interest in web development and I got to know how work is done in the industry. I have become confident to work on the technologies that I've learnt during my internship and have opened to learning new ones as well. In short, this internship has helped me to find my hidden potential.

**Q:** Advice for juniors? Which can help them in getting internships in their future college life and also advice for making the best out of it.

**Sankalp:** For juniors I'll say – Just focus on basics and have indepth knowledge of the topics and give your 100% in whatever you are doing or want to do.

**Q:** What are your future plans after this internship and how much impact this internship will have on it?

**Sankalp:** The internship has aroused my interest in web development field and I am looking forward to work in this field.

Internship Experience : CSE



**Q: Please tell us about yourself. What makes you different?**

**Abhinav:** Hi ! I'm AbhinavGangwar, a final year student in Electronics and Communication branch. I love challenges as they help me explore my potential. I sometimes write poems too :D.

**Q: Which internship did you get the chance to take? What was it all about? Stipend, duration and place?**

**Abhinav:** I got selected for GSoC 2014. GSoC is about getting university students involved with open source development, providing students the opportunity to do work related to their academic pursuits (think, “flip bits, not burgers” :D) and giving exposure to real world software development scenarios (e.g, distributed development, software licensing questions, mailing-list etiquette).

I worked for open source project **Marble** under KDE. Marble is virtual globe and world atlas. My project aim was to design an educational game to learn geography. The coding period for project was from May 19 to August 18. Place and duration choice is all yours – one of things I like the most about GSoC. I worked from home. We ( all Marble developers ) used to have a weekly status meeting on IRC on friday where we discussed about what was done last week, what were the roadblocks and further ideas to work on – I love such discussions. And there was a nice pay for all this from Google – a stipend of \$5500!

**Q: How did you come to know about the internship? To what all sources you kept yourself connected?**

**Abhinav:** I heard about GSoC in 4th semester but couldn't do much about it at that time. So, I continued my pursuit in 6th semester. Keep yourself updated with <http://www.google-melange.com/>. There is also an official google+ page which announces all the related events.

**Q: Tell us about the procedure to apply for the internship. Who all are eligible to apply for this internship?**

**Abhinav:** Student applications usually start in March (for exact dates go to **melange website**). In order to participate in the program, you must be a student. Google defines a student as an individual enrolled in or accepted into an accredited institution including (but not necessarily limited to) colleges, universities, masters programs, PhD programs and undergraduate programs. Go through “students and eligibilty” section in FAQs of GSoC on melange website for further details and updates.

**Q: Let's talk about how competitive the selection process is. What qualities of yours, you believe helped you in having an edge in the selection process? What key things you feel were looked for by the selectors?**

**Abhinav:** Students from all over the world participate and apply for GSoC. So, you need to give yourself an edge from others. In GSoC 2014 out of 6313 proposals, 1307 proposals were selected. I got myself involved in Marble project in Feb 2014. I used to ask the developers to assign me tasks. Completing those tasks got me noticed by Marble developers and KDE. This surely provided me an edge from others. Further I also researched about the project idea and discussed it with developers – It helped me in writing a good proposal. So, I think my proposal and the previous work I did, proved it to selectors that I could implement the project idea.

**Q: What all preparations you did after the results in view of the internship?**

**Abhinav:** I started working on my project from very next morning after the result declaration, keeping in mind that I won't be able to work in May due to final semester exams.  
while ( codingPeriod )  
{So, I used to talk to my mentors and make some plans, broke them down to implementations details and kept working. We used to have weekly status meeting on IRC where we cleared any roadblocks with current plans and made new plans. And kept working !}

**Q: Please tell us what work/research project did you carry during the internship period? Its application in the near future and your work in it?**

**Abhinav:** It's better if computer games add values to your skill-set and be entertaining at the same time. So, I designed an educational game to learn geography. In the game I ask user questions like : to locate a country on globe, or identify the flag of a country etc. Please refer to my **blog** (<http://abhgangwar.wordpress.com/>) for project details.  
I'm still working on game to make it better. The final aim is to use this game in geography classes in academia for teaching purposes.

**Q: What was the best thing about the work culture and the internship? What were the things you liked there?**

**Abhinav:** AboutGSoC, I very much liked that I was free to choose the place and time of working. Mentors were quite helpful and friendly. Getting guidance from such talented and experienced folks who are the original authors of the project is simply awesome. I made some new friends. I learned about cross platform framework **qt** and understood the large Marble's codebase. Its architecture was an interesting task in itself. Also, it got me involved with open source development and real world software projects.

**Q: Were there any special events during the internship?**

**Abhinav:** KDE organizes conferences and meetings where developers from all over the world come together. One of such events is the annual conference of KDE – Akademy. I missed it as I couldn't get my passport on time.

**Q: What was the guidance provided by your guide/mentor? What all support did you receive from the administration at the intern place?**

**Abhinav:** My mentor provided me all the required guidance from a high level overview to minor coding details. Administrators ensured that programs ran smoothly.

**Q: Let's now talk about some negatives. What problems you or your friends faced, regards the internship, which your juniors may be able to avoid?**

**Abhinav:** There were times when I got frustrated with things not working correctly. A couple of times I had a thought to give up. But I didn't. I stopped working and gave myself some time and then started again. And the problems were solved, finally. But this too used to be fun when the smart solutions kicked out the problems. And, where is the the fun in doing something without challenges ?

Internship Experience : ECE

Abhinav Gangwar  
ECE, Final year



## Rachit Joshi

### EEE, Final Year



Q : Anything else you would like to tell us please. Feel free to share any interesting thing that happened.

Abhinav: I made some good friends during the internship period. Working with an open source organization for the first time was amazing for me. I liked the friendly and helpful nature of folks there.

Q : Was this your first internship / training?

Abhinav: Yes, It was my first internship.

Q : To whom all would you like to thank in the context of this internship?

Abhinav: I would like to thank my family and friends for their support in hard times. I express my profound gratitude to all Marble developers especially Torsten Rahn and Dennis Nienhuser for their friendly and helpful nature. And thanks to Google for organizing such a great program.

Q : How much difference this internship period has made in your intellectual capabilities and mindset. In broad terms what were your gains from this?

Abhinav: This internship helped me in starting open source development. I learned how to work in a community where more than one developers are working on same project. And also it added lots of technical skills in me.

Q : Advice for juniors? Which can help them in getting internships in their future college life and also advice for making the best out of it.

Abhinav: Keep yourself updated to different opportunities through the internet. It is biggest boon, the internet, use it wisely. Always stay connected to your seniors. Also regarding GSoC, to suggest a strong proposal, you need to get involved with the organization beforehand.

Q : What are your future plans after this internship and how much impact this internship will have on it?

Abhinav: My GSoC project for designing an educational game is quite interesting. So, I'll keep working on this project.



Before I move forward, let me tell you a very crazy but conceptual theory. I was working before I actually went to Taiwan. I had been doing experiments with myself from fourth semester onwards to prove some mysterious theories and concepts of ancient Indian people, once I came to know about the power of their spiritual traditions. So, the only way I could prove it was by achieving some specific goals in my life using their 'technology' consciously or unconsciously. Miraculously I had achieved at least 60 percent of them till that time and wanted to use more of it in my life. So I wrote down many goals out of which two were : a summer internship in IIT Delhi and another in Taiwan. It looked completely impractical because it was next to impossible to do both of them because there was no correlation. I was confused about where to go even before I had applied for any one of them. Nevertheless, I just wrote down both in my goal list. Now the story becomes more intriguing as I was struggling with my visa issues and deadline for my internship in Taiwan was at stake. So ultimately I moved towards IIT Delhi but still did not lose hope and asked my Taiwan Professor to help me solve the visa issues.

Well, after one month summer internship at IIT Delhi, my visa issue got resolved and I got a call from Taiwan NUU University to come. WOW! I requested my IIT Delhi's mentor to let me go to Taiwan and he allowed me. Finally I booked Jet Airways's air ticket, boarded the plane for the first time in my entire life and landed into land of Heaven (Taiwan). The summer internship started on a blossoming note. The people were quite friendly and helped me adjust to their lifestyle. After struggling with chopsticks for 2 days, I finally became an expert in it. Talking about my Internship Project, I was asked to fabricate the "Seven Level Equal Voltage Step Modulation Multilevel Inverter" for their ongoing project. So I designed the hardware and completed the project within one month. I also participated in the Golden Brain Science Competition conducted by NUU and got a Certificate of Participation. There were many beautiful places I visited like Taipei 101, one of the Tallest Sky Scrapers of the World, etc.

There, I felt like Sharukh Khan, because most of the women and girls were praising me for my long nose and big eyes whenever I went to any shop with my friends. There were students from other countries like USA, Germany, etc. which allowed me to have the experience of working in a diverse environment. One day while I was working in the lab, a typhoon struck our university in the morning at 6:00 am. It was really horrifying but normal as these were common in Taiwan. Taiwanese people are really very peaceful and are not annoyed by trivial issues. I also noticed the significance of every country's native language. They tried to use their mother tongue as much as possible which reminded me of my own country as a complete opposite, where English is necessary evil. Imagine, we have to struggle with English to understand the academic knowledge in the books we read but in Taiwan I mostly saw Chinese books in their academic curriculum.

The internship ended in the month of August and it was really hard for me to leave such a beautiful country. Nevertheless, I said goodbye to it and returned to India, keeping the memories and

## Internship Experience : EEE



some adventurous secrets inside my heart which I decided to share with you so that you would get benefitted. While I was in the plane back to home, I looked back to my goal list and was dazzled as what I had written had turned real, which did not expect. Motivated by it, I keep on writing my goals in my goal list and get almost maximum percentage of success every time. Finally being convinced with this technology I talked about earlier, I decided to compile my first book "Unknown Mysteries Revealed" which I wrote in the past two years, to share it with you by conducting a seminar near 15<sup>th</sup> April, 2015 in the NIT Hamirpur Auditorium. Well, even I don't know how deep the rabbit hole goes but one thing is clear, that this new Science of Ancient Wisdom works beyond doubt because I also did a great amount of research by understanding it through Scientific Experiments which convinced me indubitably.

## Late: A Pre-Internship Experience

In my school days I was a typical bookworm who would have no idea of what's going around. Just the books, the food and 5 to 6 hours of sleep were all that I lived on. I did all this to take up my undergraduate studies at a reputed institution. I fell ill during my JEE advance paper but I decided not to drop a year out. Although, I was not satisfied with the allotted college, nonetheless, I decided to move on. I decided to build my academics plus a good technical record so that I could have a strong profile, which would later help me in applying to foreign universities, in case I decided to go for higher studies. I focused on attaining a good CGPA in my first year and involving myself in some college activities.

My first internship application was for DAAD. I got to know about DAAD from "InterShala" and I thought about applying for it. My seniors told me, all I needed was a good CGPA and 9.43 surely qualified for it. I started working on it and at that time I wasn't particular about the area I was particularly interested in. I had no idea how to write a professional mail and how to frame a SOP and resume. I didn't even have a passport but I tried to earn some experience out of the process. I contacted my senior Arihant sir to help me through the process and he gave me valuable suggestions. I approached Dr. Pamita Awasthi for the recommendation and to take help for writing the SOP. I haphazardly mailed professors and the best part was that I got replied positively by the DLR Solar Research Institute of Germany. I was asked to send them the recommendation letter from the college.

*To get the recommendation from my HOD, I wrote around 10 applications and even I don't remember how many times I took the stairs to his cabin every day. He was really doubtful about my efforts and he asked if I thought I would be able to get it in my 3rd semester. I said "I want to give it a try!", annoyed by his sudden and inexplicable doubt on me. After a lot of labor, I was able to get the letter. I mailed the letter to the professor and was responded about a week later: "Sorry Tanya, though you were a potential candidate we have no vacancies left now".*

I decided to apply for the SN BOSE Scholars program. Again, I needed the recommendation and had to face those same blank expressions. But, I managed to get it. I wrote my SOP and I requested my teacher to help me write it. She went busy and I sent the application with the SOP I had written and I wasn't screened. I couldn't get where possibly I was going wrong, despite my academic and extra-curricular background.

I did not give up trying. I mailed Dr. A. K. Tripathi, Director of MNRE (Ministry of New and Renewable Energy) that I wanted to work as a project trainee under him to learn under his guidance and my request was accepted.

*He asked me to provide the NOC from the institution. I forwarded my request to the department and it took 2 days to be forwarded to the Dean and there it was rejected. I was a second year student and I was not allowed training acceptance by institution. And I was blood boiled, hopeless and had no idea what to do next. I called Shivak sir, my senior in the Finance club and he suggested me to approach Anoop sir. I had approached him before, for the thermodynamics book so he knew me. I explained my problem to him. He assured me that I would be given the letter. He talked to the Director who talked to the Registrar and then he accepted my request. That was the weekend and I received the letter after 8 days.*

And then is when, for the first time in my life, I got to know the value of time and also that in such cases we needed to be professional and that we can't be casual with the things. After a week of no response, I eventually got through, despite the delay. When I garnered enough support for ICCE International Council for Culture and Education, it still awaits the glorious sign of the office (at the point of this writing). But I don't expect anymore, I know by now, the pace and ignorance on the part of administration as their embedded propensity. I recently read an article in 2003 SRIJAN magazine which criticized the then administration. I wonder what has changed.

Internship Experience : Chemical

Tanya Agarwal  
Chemical, Second Year





## Sarthak Nag

MED, Final Year

### Part -I

**Q1) Please tell us about yourself. What makes you different?**

**Ans:** I may or rather will come off a bit silent at first, but once I open up, there is no problem. I am a simple guy who appreciate the simplest of things in life. If one word happens to describe me, ambivert it is. I love to do things on my own but spending the entire day alone can suck me into unproductive moods. I am easily amused and I love sharing my joy with those I love. Close ones know me as the Happy Go Lucky Guy.

Again, as a perfect ambivert, I am both short tempered and easy-go guy, depending on situations and people I am dealing with. My friends say I am a good listener and give really good advises in all the matters. The thing which makes me different is that I like living the life as it comes to me.

**Q2) Which internship did you get the chance to take? What was it all about? Stipend, duration and place?**

**Ans:** I did my internship at Department of Mechanical Engineering, IIT Bombay. More specifically, it was in the field of Fluid Dynamics. I got a chance to work in one of the most well equipped labs of Computational Fluid Dynamics of India. I did not get any stipend during my internship. I had to pay a fee of Rs.6000/- for equipment handling and library access. Duration of my internship was 7 weeks, but it was quite flexible (one can shorten or stretch it as per the interests or needs of time). It was in Powai, Mumbai and all the stay arrangements were at Hostel-2 ("The Wild Ones"), IIT Bombay.

**Q3) How did you come to know about the internship? To what all sources you kept yourself connected?**

**Ans:** I was not selected under any program offered by IIT Bombay. I got an opportunity to interact with Dr. Atul Sharma, Asst-Professor, IIT Bombay during his visit to NIT Hamirpur for a guest lecture at our department. He had come to give a lecture on Computational Fluid Dynamics, which was my field of interest since my second year after a senior from our college went to Munich for higher studies in this specific field. I discussed with him the possibilities of me getting an opportunity to work under him.

I kept my self connected to Internshala and applied to those internships where I could satisfy my inquisitiveness. I was also in constant touch with my seniors.

**Q4) Tell us about the procedure to apply for the internship. Who all are eligible to apply for this internship?**

**Ans:** Procedure? There was no specific one. You have to get the consent of the mentor for allowing you to work under him. After that there were couple of forms which you have to fill and get them duly signed by the HOD and Director of the institute. Posting was the last thing left after all the formalities.

Eligibility: You should have a decent CGPI (7.5+ will do) and a research interest in that specific field. Having an interest for research work and 10 GPI in Fluid Mechanics helped my application.

**Q5) Let's talk about how competitive the selection process is?**

**Ans:** The competitiveness varies according to the research area and the mentor. Sometimes the mentor may have ample time to use more interns. The mentor under whom I was working was a busy man and had many Ph.D. scholars under him. He also had to go to various other colleges to deliver guest lectures on regular basis to promote CFD. So, honestly speaking it is a bit hard to get selected as an intern under my mentor. There were only two interns other than me; Suarin and Harshil from NIT Surat. It's just that you have to keep trying, with regular mails sent from your end (professionally).

**Q6) What qualities of yours, you believe helped you in having an edge in the selection process? What key things you feel were looked for by the selectors?**

**Ans:** First of all, a slightly above average CGPI is mandatory because they receive hundreds of mails each summer from undergrads and they keep CGPI as the first criteria for filtering the applications. Other than that you should have an excellent GPI in the field in which you are applying. You should be an enthusiast and should have an outer application based knowledge other than books of the particular topic of research area.

My interaction with him in my department, when I first met him, gave me an edge over others. I had a 5-7 minutes interaction with him where he slightly tested me with basic concepts and asked me about my future career plans. Adding to it, I regularly sent him mails and finally was able to convince him to take me as an intern under him.

**Q7) About when did you get the news for the selection? How were the celebrations done?**

**Ans:** I got the final confirmation mail near the end of April stating "Dear Sarthak, You can come to IIT Bombay and work here in CFD lab. Dates: 12May to 12July". Joy and excitement filled me when I saw that mail. But my exams were getting over on 23May, which made me feel a bit tensed. After talking to my mentor about the exams, he allowed me to reach the campus by May 27. Celebrations were done with my gang at the Students' Park with Cornettos and Sach-Muuch Aams (Ice Cream Treat).

**Q8) What all preparations you did after the results in view of the internship?**

**Ans:** After the happy news, I downloaded various books on CFD. I also asked my mentor if I should study something. He straightforwardly asked me to calm down and told me to come without any such preparation. He advised me to bring my Fluid Dynamics and Heat Transfer book. However, I brushed my C language skills in 4-5 days before exams got started.

### Part 2

**Q1) Please tell us, what work/research project did you carry during the internship period? Its application in the near future and your work in it?**

**Ans:** My project was "CFD simulation and study of fluid flow around a cylinder at Reynolds' Number 100". I had to simulate the flow, i.e. to find the velocity vectors, the pressure gradients, vorticity, coefficients of lift and drag forces, around a circular cross sectioned cylinder in 2-dimensions. In the beginning I started with MATLAB for the basics and then switched to C. After two weeks, my mentor advised me to work on Ansys Fluent CFD and do all the post processing on Tec Plot 360. These two were completely new softwares for me and it was a challenge to get acquainted with them and submit my report in under 30 days. However I was able to complete it with all the help I got from the Ph.D scholars working there, day and night. CFD is a vast field and it has applications in almost every area. The bridges we construct, the heat exchangers etc are the examples of flow around a cylinder.

Internship Experience : MED



With further modifications to the geometry, we can easily simulate the flow around a jet plane or a rocket or a Bugatti Veyron.

**Q2) What was the best thing about the work culture and the internship? What were the things you liked?**

**Ans:** Work culture at IIT Bombay was one thing I haven't seen or experienced in my life, ever. You could work as per your wish and availability. Labs have access 24X7. You are feeling a bit insomniac, just go to the lab at 2am and work till you fall asleep, and that too in the lab (true story). They have coffee vending machines in laboratory, they even have a mattress, so that you can dream there only and come up with an innovative one. The other thing is the availability of teachers. Teachers there are willing to help at any hour of the day. If in case the teacher is not there, you will find many research scholars who will make you their prime priority and will help you with the topics. Labs, attitude of others around and the facilities, they are the best there.

**Q3) Were there any special events during the internship?**

**Ans:** Yes, there were lot of special events during the internship. There were guest talks of various Researchers, young CEOs and entrepreneurs regularly. There were workshops on almost every field. I still remember a flexure on the hallways with workshops advertisement of over 70 courses, including software courses, hardware courses, swimming, instruments playing, dancing and the list goes on and on and on. I too attended a 10 day workshop on Sci-Lab software.

**Q4) What was the guidance provided by your guide/mentor? What all support did you receive from the administration at the intern place?**

**Ans:** My mentor was a very humble person. He gave me free internet access at my hostel too so that I could work from there only. He also provided me his Ph.D. thesis work and various other books which I needed to complete my project. He also introduced me to all the research scholars and created a friendly atmosphere for me in the laboratory. He allowed me to work on best of the computers with specifications I couldn't even imagine. The administrative work there was very quick. Getting any document signed by any authority was not a problem. Everything was systematic and at time. We got the hostels in about 15 minutes, which we expected would take around 4-5 hours.

**Q5) Let's now talk about some negatives.**

**Ans:** I cannot think of even a single negative if you love being around ambitious people. Everything you need, you want is at your hostel. Hats off IIT-Bombay.

**Q6) What were the problems did you face which your juniors may be able to avoid?**

**Ans:** As such I didn't have any problem as I had my backups and I was quite extrovert regarding asking anything from my mentor, let it be via email or phone call. But other friends faced problems regarding the type of work or the place of work. As a mechanical engineer, you don't want to get fooled around and work at the places where minimal mechanical engineering is applied. Choose your priorities and aim for them.

**Q7) Anything else you would like to tell us. Feel free to share any interesting thing that happened.**

**Ans:** A lot of interesting things happened there. I was accompanied by my friends Yash and Makhani who were working at Aerospace Department and Arihant and Tapan who were interns at BARC but were staying at IIT B Hostels. I had one of my best times there, surely the best summer there. From late night lab work on weekdays to the late night movies on the weekends, from hot sunny days to constant pouring rain for days, it seems like everything there was fun and enjoyment. I miss those 42 days I spent there.

**Q8) Was this your first internship / training?**

**Ans:** Yes it was my first internship, though I had done a course on Catia V5 after my 4th semester.

### Part 3

**Q1) To whom all you would, like to thank in the context of this internship?**

**Ans:** I would like to thank Dr. Atul Sharma sir, my mentor for accepting me as an intern under him. My parents, you are the best. I hereby, would also like to thank all my teachers, especially Dr. Somesh Sharma sir for his ever inspiring nature and all the times he motivated me. I also thank all the Ph.D scholars there, especially Malhar Malushte for all his guidance. The fellow interns, Suarin and Harshil, thank you for your company. All my friends, Yash, Makhani, Arihant, Tapan, Mumbai wouldn't had been the same without you guys.

**Q2) How much difference this internship period has made in your intellectual capabilities and mindset. In broad terms what were your gains from this?**

**Ans:** Born in Himachal and then doing my undergrad in Himachal, I never got that big chance to spend more than a month outside Himachal. Being in one of the busiest cities of the world was amazing. The life there was too fast, its like no one is looking, you can be yourself. Now let's switch on to the college. India's best! You meet ambitious people there, you meet hard working people there. They just switch on the best of you. You can think all day about learning without a single distraction. After the internship, I am more ambitious. I have seen how researchers work and what is all required to be a researcher. That instinct, those time management skills, that steep learning curve, that hard work.

**Q3) Advice for juniors? Which can help them in getting internships in their future college life and also advice for making the best out of it.**

**Ans:** Know your field of interest. I have seen many students who don't know their field of interest. For that a simple advice. Take any topic of any subject and start browsing it. You will get hundreds of research papers. Just try one. Do it for almost all the subjects you like. There will definitely be one topic which would get stuck to your mind. Read more about it and soon you will know whether it's the topic of your interest or not. It is tiresome and needs commitment. But what good has ever been achieved without commitment. Start looking for internships as soon as you enter your 3rd year. Don't delay it to the 6th semester. Be in regular touch with your seniors who just completed their internships. Also, be in touch with the guys who know everything about deadlines, rather be one. Take 10 minutes out of your facebook life and visit internship internet websites regularly. It will make your path a lot easier.

**Q4) What are your future plans after this internship and how much impact this internship will have on it?**

**Ans:** I have a plan to go for higher studies, but I also want to experience what it like is to work in an industry. So to complete both my pursuits, I will work in industry (thankfully I am placed now) and then go for the further studies (not MBA). After completing such a wonderful internship under such a reputed guide, I am surely going to get an edge in my application wherever I apply for my further studies. Thank you Atul sir.

*Sarthak can be reached for any kind of advice or query at [iamsarthaknag@gmail.com](mailto:iamsarthaknag@gmail.com)*



Dr. I.P. Singh

ARCH

It gives me immense pleasure to know that National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur is bringing out the 14th rendition of its annual Institute magazine "SRIJAN".

The Department of Architecture is one of the youngest departments in the institute but is a perfect blend of academic, research and social commitments. I feel really proud to have served the department for more than a decade and contributed to a cognitive work environment where innovation is reinvigorated. The department has a paragon of extremely endowed, talented and dedicated faculty members who leave no stone unturned to enlighten the students to compete in the academics as well as in the real and corporate world.

The students of department have also shown their flairs for art, architecture, novelty, academics and participated in all the activities which contributed in putting our institute among the few top NITs. Recently, students have placed our institute on top by bagging the first & second position in three different categories of an INTERIOR DESIGN competition both at zonal and national level organized by society of interior designers at Mumbai. The students are also actively participating in social missions such as PAHAL FOR INDIA founded in our own institution.

Hill 'ffair and Nimbus, the respective cultural and technical fests of the college seem to be incomplete and monolithic without the effective technical and design consultancy of our departmental teams for both of the fests. The department teams have proved themselves by winning the best team award several times. As far as R&D and placements are concerned, our department is flourishing day by day with many of the faculties researching in various fields of architecture, students being serving in leading corporate firms and are being placed, both on campus and off campus.

The SRIJAN magazine has also been associated with the architecture department as most of our students are contributing effectively in the design of the issue but the credit of bringing out the latest rendition of the same goes to the whole editorial board and Team SRIJAN without any doubt. So, I would like to give my best wishes to the SRIJAN Team for successful launch of this latest edition and also want to thank them to give this incredible platform to both the students and faculty members to share their thoughts and ideas.







Row 1 (L to R): Ms. Anjali Verma, Mr. Pavan Tiwari, Mr. Aniket Sharma, Mr. Sandeep Sharma, Ms. Vandana Sharma, Prof. Meenakshi Jain, Prof. Bhanu Marwaha,

Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Dr. I.P. Singh (HOD), Mr. Amitava Sarkar, Mr. Puneet Sharma, Sanjay Bhandari, Kuldheer Singh, Ms. Rashmi Kumari

Row 2 (L to R): Pushpender Kashyap, Surbhi Chhabra, Aneesha Dhiman, Aanandita Thapa, Nisha Kumari, Sonia Sharma, Namita Verma, Aarushi Khatri, Tarunika Thakur, Swati Balyani, Aprajita Gupta, Ritika Bhushan, Annu Verma, Sangye Myes

Row 3 (L to R): Rashpal Singh, Ashish Pawar, Aman Kumar, Shubham Vasudev, Inderjeet, Sahil Devraj, Anant Gupta, Lavanya Sharma, Piyush, Kumar, Dhruv Kohli, Amit Bajpai, Sanchit Mehta, Mayur Mahant, Norbu Bodh, Gurjeet Singh

Row 4 (L to R): Alwin Sebastian, Arun Kumar, Shivdya Singh, Sushant pathania, Sahil Attri, Utkarsh Shakya, Prikshit choudhary, Deepak Bhardwaj, Prasanna Balaji, Abhinam Bhardwaj, Arun Rana, Nitin Rattewal, Dinesh Kumar, Yagyapriy Raaj, Ketan Choudhary, Sahil Koundal

*Departmental Batch 2011-2016*



Dr. Pradeep Kumar



Civil Engineering Department offers B. Tech. in Civil Engineering, M. Tech. in Structural Engineering, Geotechnical Engineering, Water Resource Engineering, Transportation Engineering and Environmental Engineering and Ph.D. in all allied disciplines of Civil Engineering.

The Indian Civil Engineers today are facing manifold challenges due to fast changes in technology worldwide. Each day this gap is increasing due to advances taking place at faster pace elsewhere in world. The role of industry-academia interaction can be vital in minimising this gap. The structures built immediately after independence are awaiting either maintenance or replacement, due to completion of their service life. The construction industry at this stage must show its solidarity by changing the mind-set of newer constructions and putting investments on rehabilitation of older and historic structures. With the explosion of construction activities in India, involving new construction equipment and techniques, there is a scarcity of trained working hands and a vacuum of faculty members in engineering institutes who are trained in such advanced technologies. The reorientation of curriculum with greater emphasis on hands on training, fresh recruitment of faculty members and beginning new specializations in collaboration with industry is the only viable option. The younger generation talent should come forward voluntarily to espouse the noble teaching profession. At this point of time, there is a need to author new generation of books to educate faculty, students and professional engineers. The people in academia should shoulder this responsibility by integrating system oriented approach rather than component oriented approach.

The students at undergraduate and post graduate level are striving for achieving better engineering acumen by executing projects of practical relevance, involving innovations and entrepreneurial skills. The department is making efforts in this direction, by emphasizing on the real time projects which are likely to be executed at site. The faculty and students are engaged in research in the diverse areas such as construction management considering time as fourth dimension and time space conflicts, seismic base isolation of buildings for protection of secondary systems, fracture mechanics of concrete and steel, soil stabilisation using different useful and waste materials, Structural use of self-compacting concrete, wind effects on different low and high rise structures through CFD simulation, dynamic and fatigue analysis of steel bridges and towers, rainfall runoff modelling, bridge scour, sediment transport phenomenon, sanitary landfills, solid waste management, use of tools such as

ANN, GIS, fuzzy logic, artificial intelligence and their applications in transportation engineering, traffic modelling, material characterization and river engineering.

Presently, undergraduate students are working on Landslide Zonation Analysis and mitigation, development of low cost water purifier, stabilization of clay using stone columns, wind effect and interference on tall buildings, service life assessment of old buildings, utilization of dredged reservoir material, Use of BIM in 4-D scheduling, Use of negative stiffness for seismic protection and analysis of proposed Dhaula Sidh project structures.







Row 1 (L-R): Mr. Aditya Kumar Aggarwal, Dr. Hemant Kumar Vinayak, Dr. V.N. Khatri, Dr. K.Nallasivam, Dr. Vijay Shankar Dogra, Dr. Pradeep Kumar(HOD), Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Prof. Raman Parthi, Prof. R.K. Dutta, Dr. Vijay Kumar Bansal, Dr. Umesh Kumar Pandey, Dr. R.S. Banshtu

Row 2 (L-R): Nishant Singh, Anmol, Mustafa, Rizul Vadhan, Aastha Soni, Yamini Gupta, Dr. Dharmendra Jha, Dr. B.N. Mohanty, Mr. S.K. Sharma, Sunil Sharma, C.M. Shakya, Jyoti Kapoor, Indu Bala, Divya Saini, Sunil Kumar Meena

Row 3 (L-R): Nishant Choudhary, Rhijul Sood, Deepak Awasthi, Akhil Sharma, Abdul Shahid, Pukhraj Jakhar, Pankaj Chaudhary, Shobit Tyagi, Ajay Kumar, Lokesh Nagar, Saurabh Agarwal, Kapil Kumar Meena, Gaurav Katiyar, Vikas Anand, Sandeep Kumar, Awanindra Kumar, Prashant Sharma, Rahul Ranjan Sharma

Row 4 (L-R): Akshay Sharma, Ajay Kumar, Ashutosh Kumar, Rishav Chaudhary, Sidharh Gupta, Saurabh Bansal, Sharan Kumar, Rahul Masand, Mohit Kondal, Ashish Bahman, Abhishek Kumar, Satyendra Kumar Singh, Jagjeet Raman, Gaurav Jhamb, Asif Ashraf, Vishal Pandey, Vivek Tiwari, Arpit Goyal, Parveen Atri.

ROW 5(L-R): Nipun Kharwal, Jitender Singh Dansinghta, Akshit Sharma, Rohit Chaudhary, Dipin, Bhupinder Singh, Sumeet Atttri, Ravinder Singh, Jitesh Kumar, Vishal Chaudhar, Arun Kumar, Shubank Garg, Nalin Gaur, Puneet Paul, Vikram Singh

## Departmental Batch 2011- 2015



Dr. T.P. Sharma

CSE

The Department of Computer Science and Engineering was established in 1989. Department has an outstanding record of contributions to the profession and community. Computer Science and Engineering Department is a perfect blend of academic, research, industrial and social commitments. The Department offers following:

- B.Tech. Computer Science & Engineering
  - 5 years Integrated (M.Tech in Computer Science & Engineering)
  - M.Tech. Computer Science & Engineering
  - M.Tech. Mobile Computing
  - M.Tech VLSI (in collaboration with ECE Department)
  - PhD in CSE Related Areas
  - IIIT Una Undergraduate Programmes of B.Tech. in Computer Science & Engineering
- B.Tech. and M.Tech. programs are accredited by National Board of Accreditation (NBA) from time to time. The department is equipped with computers, software and latest IT infrastructure, and our students are exposed to up-to-date technology and techniques. The placement record of the department is excellent and highest in the institute. Department is actively involved in research in the areas of mobile adhoc networks, wireless sensor networks, network security, data mining, language processing and soft computing. At present twenty PhD scholars are enrolled in the department. Department has excellent faculty having eleven regular faculty members out of which seven are PhD and rest are pursuing their degree. Apart from this, department also has seven contract faculty members who have many publications in international conferences and journals with quite high indexing and impact factors.

Department has successfully handled many research and developmental projects like: Design and Development of Software for Optimization of Real Time Operation of Hydro Power Plants, BHEL Bangalore; LMS with ERP (Education Resource Planning) under NMEICT, MHRD, in collaboration with IIT Kanpur; Energy Efficient Wireless Sensor Network Routing Protocol for Snow Bound Himalayan Region, SASE Lab, DRDO, Chandigarh; Special Manpower Development Program in Information Security under Ministry of Information and Communication Technology, Govt of India; SMDP (Special Manpower Development Program) Phase-II in VLSI under Ministry of Information and Communication Technology, Govt of India etc.

Achievements/Activities of Computer Science & Engineering Department, NIT Hamirpur (HP) in the recent years:



#### 2013-14

- Start of new 5 years M.Tech. Integrated Program
- Start of IIT Una B.Tech. CSE classes
- Research Papers: Conferences: 10, Journals : 21

#### 2014-15

- Renovation of Parallel Processing Lab under TEQIP-II
- Completed NBA Accreditation process for B.Tech. CSE NBA team visited the department and result awaited.
- Research Papers: Internal Conferences: 12, Journals : 06





- Row 1 (L to R): Mr. Shashi Gurung, Mrs. Deepika, Dr. Madhu Kumari, Dr. Siddhartha Chauhan, Mr. K. S. Pandey, Dr. T. P. Sharma (HOD), Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director), Dr. Kamlesh Dutta, Dr. Narottam Chand, Dr. Naveen Chauhan, Mr. Rajeev Kumar, Mr. Pardeep Singh
- Row 2 (L to R): Sukriti Uniyal, Deepali Bharwal, Siddha Ganju, Gaura Sinha, Divya Negi, Sakshi Agarwal, Deeksha Kumari, Pankaj Kumari, Tamanna Chaudhary, Dr. Varun Gupta, Mr. Saumya Ranjan Sahu, Mr. Ramesh Kumar, Prem Lata Negi, Surbhi Katnauria, Nisha Kumari, Mamta Sharma, Aakansha Sharma, Shivangi Aneja, Pratibha Verma, Eesha Kapoor, Rahul Aggarwal
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- Row 5 (L to R): Shivdutt Sharma, Ankit Bhatia, Rajat Attri, Sandeep Dhiman, Nikhil Saiwan, Pradeep Chetri Burhathoki, Abhishek Patiyal, Anuj Sharma, Pranav Kant, Vasu Pundir, Anurag Singh, Mayank Shekhawat, Giriraj Sharma, Abhishek Shrivastava, Shrey Saroch, Chiraj Garg, Puneet Sama

## Departmental Batch 2011-2015



Er. D.R. Rana

ECE

#### About Department of Electronics and communication Engineering :

Established in the year 1988, the Electronics & Communication Engineering (ECE) Department NIT Hamirpur HP, has built an international reputation for excellence in teaching, research and service. Electronics engineers are changing the world to a comfortable global home. The information and technology revolution has been built on the advances of Electronics. The ECE Department takes pride in its high national rankings and the international recognition its faculty has received from their peers. ECE is making exhilarating progress in areas ranging from microelectronics, mobile communications to VLSI Design Automation. We have grown into a most sought after departments in NIT Hamirpur, adding more faculties and branching into new projects and research areas. M.Tech. in VLSI Design Automation & Techniques and Communication Networks have started in the department along with Ph.D. program in the area of VLSI, optical communication and wireless communication.

#### Our major goals are:

- To inculcate harmonious and respectful environment.
- Service to society and global community.
- Develop a culture of group responsibility for mentoring ECE students.
- Passion to respond to rapidly changing social and economic environment.
- The direct impact of the program is to develop an all-round personality of the students graduating in ECE.
- We invite you to tour our web site and learn first-hand the exciting opportunities available to you.

#### Special Manpower Development for Chips to System Design:

The semiconductor industry is a key driver of the nation's economy and growth. The workforce in semiconductor design industry in India in 2009 was around 135,000. It grew at a Compounded Annual Growth Rate (CAGR) of 20% and was more than 230,000 in 2012. The Semiconductor Design Industry was around US\$ 10.6 Billion by 2012. However, if it is proposed to achieve turnover of US\$ 55 Billion by 2020 in the area of VLSI, Chip Design and other Frontier Technical Areas, it will require a sizable skilled manpower to meet these targets. This project, which is an umbrella program, thus, not only aims at developing specialized manpower in VLSI but also developing working prototype of System-on-Chip/ System/Sub-systems using the ASICs/ICs developed in-house i.e. Chip-to-System Designing. The main objectives of the Special Manpower Development Program for Chips to System program are:

1. Bring in a culture of System on Chip / System designing by developing working prototypes with societal applications.
2. Capacity building in the area of VLSI/ microelectronics and Chip to System development.
3. Broaden the base of ASIC / IC designing in the country.
4. Broaden the R&D base of Microelectronics / Chip to System through networked PhD program.
5. Promote 'Knowledge Exchange Program'.
6. Protection of Intellectual Property generated. With a long term goal of improving the integrated circuit design skills, the ASICs / ICs designed by the students / researchers of NIT Hamirpur would be fabricated under the India Chip Program of Govt. of India.







Row 1 :

Mr. Rohit Dhiman, Mrs. Amandeep Kaur, Ms. Jyoti Bhola, Dr. Gargi Khanna, Prof. Rajeevan Chandel, Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava (Director),  
Mr. D.R. Rana (HOD), Mr. Ashok Kumar, Prof. Surender Soni, Dr. Ashwani Rana, Mr. Vinod Sharma, Mr. Rakesh Sharma

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Aakash Dwivedi

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Jailu, Ankush Rattan, Satpal Jangir, Jitender Singh Ahir, Sachin Sharma, Ashish Balotia, Ankush Verma, Sourabh Ranjan, Parag Verma, Bijendra Kumar,  
Devenshu Singhal, Aman Sapra, Prateek Sharma, Sumit Pandey, Sachin Sharma, Intakhab Alam, Anurag Dhiman

*Departmental Batch 2011- 2015*



Dr. Ashwani Chandel



It gives me immense pleasure to know that Srijan- the Institute Magazine is coming out with the new issue for the year 2015.

I feel extremely jubilant to have served the Department of Electrical Engineering, National Institute of Technology, Hamirpur HP for over two decades now and contribute to the progress of the department. Along with B.Tech. in Electrical & Electronics Engg., three M.Tech. Degree programs and Ph.D program are running in the Department presently.

This institute though young, has created a nick in the field of technical education. Our alumni have achieved high positions in their respected fields of working and are doing very well. A large number of companies are now vying to recruit out students. EED has a highly dedicated, hardworking and loyal to their profession faculty in its roles and the number is growing day by day. Faculty members are publishing their research work in the international journals of repute. All of us at the institute have a vision to make this institute at par with IITs and create our own brand. The day is not far away when this dream will be fulfilled by all who are directly and indirectly connected with this institute.

EED houses modern and state-of-the-art laboratories and classrooms along with DST sponsored TIFAC-CORE. The department keeps itself up to date with the most recent technological developments in various fields by procuring the latest equipments and machines. The course curriculum is regularly updated according to the demands of the industry today. A close interface with the industry is always maintained in the form of industrial trips, summer training programs and a very healthy student-alumni relationship.

To give a boost to the research activities faculty development programmes, summer and winter schools, workshops, short term courses and conferences are frequently being organized by the Department under TEQIP-II. Under these activities EED organized a very successful National Conference on "Electrical Systems and Energy Technologies". Over a dozen workshops were organized in EED for officers of HPSEB under TIFAC-CORE in 2014. I take this opportunity to express my deep sense of gratitude to Prof. Rajnish Shrivastava, Director NIT Hamirpur for his constant encouragement, guidance and support for all departmental activities. The Department is constantly engaged in various MHRD, CSIR, DST, Govt. of India sponsored Projects.

Every year highly reputed organizations visit the Institute for the campus interviews and placements. L&T, ABB, TATA POWER, DRDO, Power grid, Wipro, etc. are a few of the brand names in the long list of our recruiters.

Last few years have witnessed over 90% (double placements too) placement of the EED students. Students of this department have always succeeded in making a mark in their respective industries with their dedication and performance.

I take this opportunity to wish all the best to the faculty, staff and students of EED to do well in all their future endeavors, and particularly the Srijan team for bringing out this new issue.







Row 1 (L to R): Mr. Himesh Handa, Dr. R.K. Jariyal, Dr. R.N. Sharma, Dr. Y.R. Sood, Dr. Sushil Chauhan, Prof. Rajneesh Shrivastava (Director), Dr. Ashwin Chandel (HOD), Dr. Zakir Hussain, Dr. Ravindra Nath, Dr. Veena Sharma, Dr. Bharat Bhushan, Dr. O.P. Rahi

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Row 6 (L to R): Anand Mohan, Vivek Singh, Pankaj Sharma, Piyush Jain, Shivam Goyal, Anurag Rai, Bheemsen Nagwan, Vijay Kumar, Deeparsh Singhal, Vidit Saini, Saurabh Shukla, Purushottam Kumar, Gaurav Parashar

*Departmental Batch 2011- 2015*



Dr. Rajiv Sharma

ME

Mechanical Engineering Department is one of the oldest and biggest departments of the Institute and has played a leading role in making NIT Hamirpur as a Brand. With a student strength of about 460, department is committed to well being and all round development of its students. The department currently runs 01 UG, 02 PG (Thermal and CAD-CAM) and Ph.D programmes in almost all specialisations of Mechanical Engineering. The academic programs of the department reflect not only the core areas of Mechanical Engineering but also the research specialization of the faculty. The department is very well equipped with laboratory and computational facilities / resources both in terms of hardware and software. Department has more than 100 computing systems and workstations loaded with wide range of software which meets the needs of current students which include nearly 360 (B.Tech), 70 (M.Tech), 30 Ph.D students. The placement record of our graduates is nearly 100% for the last three years. Number of prestigious organizations such as Hero MotoCorp, Maruti Udyog, Essar Steels, NTPC, L&T, Infosys, Wipro, Satyam, Ashok Leyland, DRDO etc. regularly visit us for campus placement.

The department has highly dedicated and experienced faculty members. They upgrade their knowledge through R&D work, attending various programs, conferences etc. At present the department has 03 Professors, 05 Associate Professors and 05 Assistant Professors & 01 Workshop Superintendent as regular faculty. Besides this, the department also has 05 Lecturers on contract basis. Apart from teaching undergraduate and postgraduate students, the faculty of Mechanical Engineering actively pursues research in variety of subjects: materials, design, material processing, manufacturing, thermal, aviation, quality management, tribology etc. Many R&D projects being pursued by the faculty are sponsored by Government agencies such as DST/UGC/MNRE/MHRD. Over the years, interaction with industry and the emphasis on applied engineering has increased. Recently the department has gone for NBA accreditation of its UG programme. The department is actively engaged in organizing International/National Conferences, Workshops and Short Term Courses/Training Programs on various technical topics related to latest developments in Mechanical Engineering field. During the last two years, the Department has organised 04 short term courses, 01 International workshop and 01 International Conference (collage of recent activities). In future too, department wishes to strengthen Industry-Institute interaction by organizing such more programs of academic interest.







Row 1 (L to R): Dr. Prashant Dhiman, Mr. Debashish Das, Dr. Rajesh Sharma, Prof. Sunand Kumar, Prof. Rajnish Srivastava (Director), Dr. Rajiv Sharma (HOD), Prof. Anoop Kumar, Dr. Santram Chauhan, Dr. Suresh Sharma, Dr. Mohit Dhiman, Mr. Amanheera

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*Departmental Batch 2011- 2015*



# M.Tech. Final Year and Ph.D. Scholars



For the Batch Photographs  
Thanks To Informatic Centre :  
Mr. Deep Kanga & Mr. Neeraj Sharma











# EDITORIAL TEAM



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Row 2 (L to R): Sachin Vardhan, Siddha Ganju, Priya Vashishth, Ayushi Kumari, Abhimanyu Gurung, Arpit Nadda, Varnika Upmanyu, Bhupendra Singh

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*Niharika Mathur is battling for the life of her cellphone. Sristi Sarika is attending an extra class. Nikhil Chandra is gradually waking up on the way to Admin. Ravi Saukta is missing.*

Special thanks



Archit Singh



Jazeel Jazim

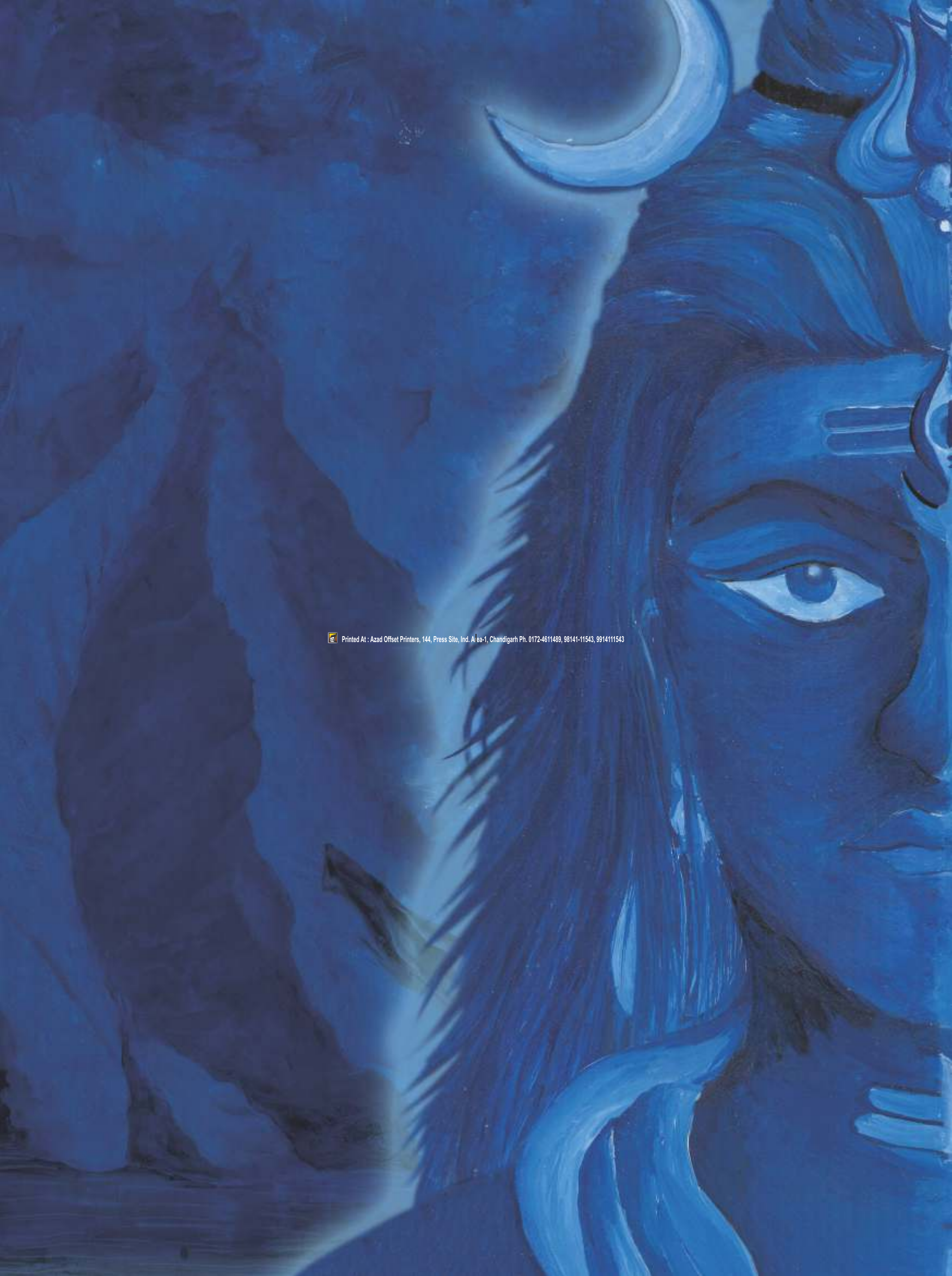


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Jitender Singh Dansinghta





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