

NISTian

NOSTALGIA

When clock starts ticking backward



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The NISTian

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CONFESSIONS OF THE DIRECTOR

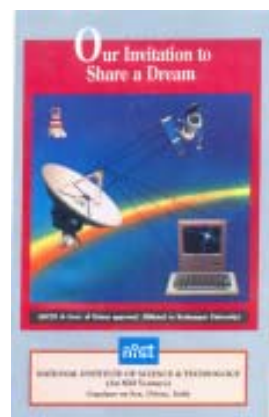
The photographs of the recent get together held by the batch of 96 on the campus were nostalgic in many ways. Not that the baby faced boys and girls (with due apologies:) have grown up to be men and women of stature and personality, but in ways keener than that. Often, old timers at NIST hang around and the discussion veers around to which was the naughtiest batch of all, or as M.Suresh would put it bluntly - which batch had more DCs to its credit! The answer would be varied and the nominations would come in fast and flowing. It was hard to pick up a winner but the batch(es) that gave us the "hungama of 2001" would probably win hands down. Although there was nothing to celebrate about the "hungama" it removed the wool from the eyes of a benevolent administration and a very kind Director to a much more sterner variety.



Looking back, 1996 was a special year for all of us. It was a great beginning with the first batch of 180 students who joined, as many would testify, since we had the best looking brochure among all other colleges. It was another matter that myself, Geetika and Ravi (Reddy) were personally counselling students at the counselling centre and also collecting the initial money deposit and issuing checks and hence it was not unfair that a few of the first batch thought we were the accountants!



Oh, yes! College life is all about the firsts: the First hostel room, the first roommate, the first love or the first F grade. For the Director it was many firsts: the first parent-teacher meetings, the first pressures from politicians to give jobs to undeserving people and of course the first Student Strike. What was the first strike about - you guessed it right! About mess food only. Of course when you ask the students their issues a few will add all other issues including why not allow boys to go to girls hostels, why faculty is giving less marks in internals and so on. One thing for sure, as emotion settles down and a hard, unbending administration is relentless in its persuasion and efforts, students realize that they had been mistaken about their demands. Fair is fair and unfair is unfair and unethical. Once a student had the temerity to tell me right on my face, "Sir, why did I get an F - I had paid the fees". I was puzzled and wondered what fees had got to do with the marks (remember I was only 33 years then:). Then he calmly explained "Sir, in Xyz College once you pay the fees the grade is assured". The answer was simple and short - "Sonny, you are in the wrong college!" Geetika has many more tales to tell - our first brush with the Berhampur University students and the only time she taught with one student in the class who broke away from the strike! Take a bow, wherever you are - Dhableswar Jena of the batch of '96.



One thing we learnt on the way. Administration needs to be transparent and fair to all. No exceptions due to parental pressure or any other. A student is a student - does not matter whether he is rich or

poor, from Ranchi or Rayagada or a Hindu or a Muslim or a boy or a girl. NIST has always been the epitome of fairness and transparency in its work. That is easier said than done and it takes all our efforts and good wishes to keep it going.

Ramp up to the 2016's. The challenges are varied and the focus is on student 360 deg personality development, placement and R & D. It is also about maintaining all India rankings in the age of fierce competition to get the best students.

It is quite often embarrassing to meet old students, sometimes with spouse and baby in tow, who come up to you and introduce himself/herself as a Nistian and then proceed to touch your feet - makes one feel old! But nothing beats what transpired when a NIST alumni who bumped into me on a flight to Bangalore. As we talked, he said "I am in Accenture and by now I have changed 3 jobs in 3 years. By the way, are you still the there?" Food for thought for me...

Mr. Sangram Mudali
Trustee, NIST

A WOMAN ENGINEER

Recently I went to my daughter's Class X graduation ceremony and marvelled at the range of talents of today's children. Someone was called a Picasso of the batch and some one was the Messi and there was the Lata Mangeshkar of the batch. I ardently hope that with such talent their parents will allow the children to somehow carry on their passions and not force them to join engineering or medicine as is so often the case. I often look back at my own career and wonder what if I had chosen another profession, not as an engineer but as an artist, a fashion designer or maybe a journalist. There is a question of whether it would have been as successful or as fulfilling as engineering has been for me. The movie 3 Idiots really puts the issue quite starkly and I hope the new generation has the requisite courage to strike out as per their passions. It is worth noting that every hobby or passion can still be nurtured while doing engineering or any other professional course and need not be a "Either This or That" kind of situation.



I would like to share a few of my experiences of a woman engineer while in my undergraduate days at Hyderabad and graduation at NJIT, USA. A woman is always a wonder and a woman engineer is a greater wonder : I initially joined B.Tech as a Mechanical Engineer and was happy working the lathes, and hammers until an opportunity to change to ECE arose. My father who is an ardent techno-entrepreneur goaded me to do Electronics as it was the area of greatest excitement especially in the defence sector. Remember it was 1980s and one had to go to the IITs to see a decent computer! Ragging was prevalent and yes girls too ragged. That I got into trouble due to the passionate advances of a pushy senior which I managed to avoid with much difficulty - but that's another story for another day!

After graduation and marriage, I went to study Masters at New Jersey Institute of Technology (NJIT), USA. What a change it was. Only three courses per semester but those kept me awake all day and all night. Projects, Seminar, Quizzes, Examinations, Team work, Library Referencing, etc., our day was full. Once I couldn't attend a lecture due to heavy snow but the teacher was unrelenting since he could drive in the snow so why couldn't I. American students generally don't provide lame excuses and are willing to admit their mistakes much more than we tend to do. Most students support themselves and work elsewhere, maybe at a MacDonal'd's at \$4 per hour to support themselves while studying. We used to have open book examinations and team works but copying/cheating/plagiarizing was rare. Most students were very open with foreign students but one was left apprehensive as the cultural differences were huge initially. It took a while to understand the different strands of ice cream flavours or the hundred-and-one toppings that one can order at a pizzeria, or the hundreds of metro trains going to NY. The other remarkable thing was equality. Whether it was the President of the University or the Janitor, one had to address them equally politely. First names were preferred and firm handshakes were a must. Friday seminars were accompanied by beers and cheese and many a poor Indian student found himself tipsy at such occasions since free beer was a luxury for an Indian student! A friend of mine had a hard time explaining how to pronounce Pitambar to the Americans as he did not want to be called Pat! His reasoning was how come all Americans can pronounce September, October but not Pitambar.

Then of course was the day I forgot where I had parked my car - parking lots are generally three-four floors high and woe to the person who forgets which floor and which slot she had put it.

America is all about Work Hard and Play Hard. Weekends were fun with lots of travelling, apple picking in the orchards (you can fill any bag full of apples as long as you can carry it .. all for a fixed price), fancy restaurants with fancy foods especially Sangram's Chicken Curry, and of course the much sought after weekend calls to India.

These are some of my memories .. feel like Koi Lauta De Mere Beete Hue Din

Mrs. Geetika Mudali
Placement Director, NIST

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

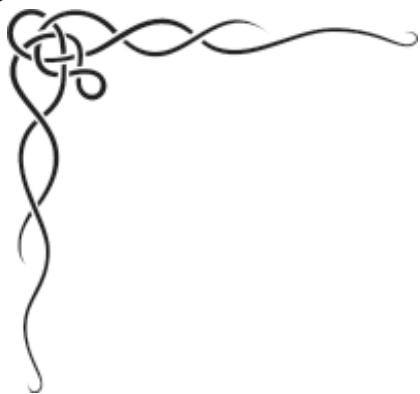
Days flipped by very fast. Now while looking back everything slid through our eyes as matters of yesterday. So swiftly so many things changed. I still remember I was 6 days junior to my students, way back in 2005 (29th August was their joining date). Joining late, I lost my first ground of comfortability to them. But contrary to my discomfiture was our mutual sense of naivety; both of us were greenhorns in the place called Palur Hills. May be, it is for this, that we could gel well so easily over the next few years and shared some of the best of the moments that one can ever share in their entire stint of teaching profession. Thanks to all the students of batch 2005-09 who made me a teacher of long innings though equal credit is also due for the students who graduated during 2006-08. I can say this now as I have already played for a decade and two years on the same pitch. My fellow colleagues will not differ much on this for sure. And also thanks to all the batches of students from 1996 for making us what we are today.



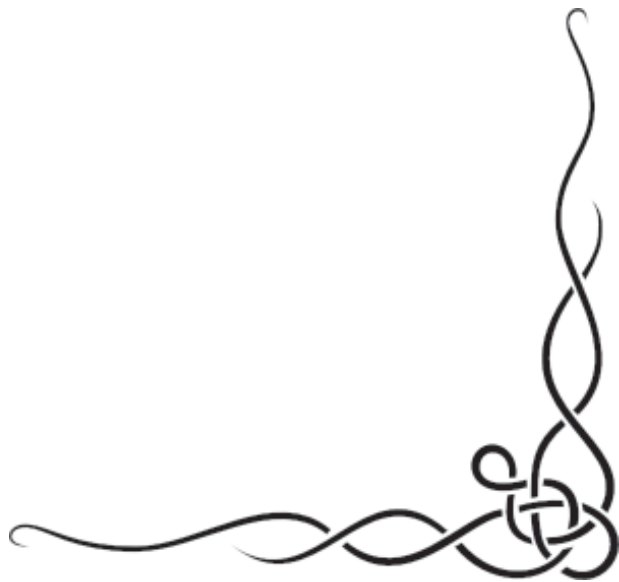
Today, the FB updates make us realize how fast time elapses. Many of the students whom I taught here are now married, settled and have become responsible parents. Many of them have climbed many notches up the corporate ladder. The then skinny students are now fluffy, not so popular ones have received much of focus in their career, and one thing for sure; all of them barring the little differences that they had back in the college, have become very successful in their pursued fields which fills our heart with awe and joy. Thanks for making all territorial curves straight on the Timeline (no credit to Mark Zukerberg).

This year the institute is celebrating the 20 glorious years of its existence. When we thought of publishing this issue of the magazine and dedicate it to all the alumni of NIST, I wrote a note to everyone I am in contact with especially on social media asking for their contributions. Spread across the length and breadth of the globe, hundreds and thousands of miles away from each other and many years away from their college days, still all are bound with the common thread, being NISTian. Within a weeks' time, a lot of articles, memoirs, poems started pouring in my mailbox and falsified all my apprehension of whether my message would work or not. We understand your predicament and your pressing schedules. Despite all these, you could find some time out to re-live the days you had spent on the campus among your friends, seniors, juniors, and with members of faculty and staff. This issue of NISTian is dedicated to all of you who feel nostalgic about your campus life. Thanks to all who have contributed to this issue. Your intervention makes this a very special issue. We look forward to many such inputs from you in the future

Dipti Ranjan Lenka
Editor, Nistian



Reminisce



WHY I HATE NIST...

8th Feb 2017, Cleveland, Ohio

Woke up at 6 am and as usual assaulted my sleepy eyes and brain by unlocking my Smartphone, going through the UN-reads- the mails, the texts, the newflashes. Every morning, for the last few months, always used to work myself up on some political news. Today, a FB message from Dipti sir gave me a smile instead, the 20th anniversary celebrations and special edition of The NISTian. I hope Hostel-1 boys will get a feast at least.



Now the title 'Why I hate NIST'; I wanted something that will grab the eyeballs of my fellow non-conformists who've pretty much checked out and are on autopilot. This is not a cautionary tale by the way, just trying to give some context to my peeps. Now if you have no back logs and have healthy grades and you actually enjoy 4 hours' lectures on the Physics of Semiconducting Devices, god bless you but this is not for you, please jump to the poetry section. Now, if you do have backlogs and have less than 7 GPA, read on...

I was excited to be majoring in CSE. But I realized something early on; there is a huge disconnect between our curriculum and the corporate world. After 7 years on the job I can confidently say that nothing I learned in those books is helping me today, none, zilch. Even the CSE specific courses we get, unless you are going for a doctorate and creating something revolutionary, are of no help. The tools of the trade change every day and we learn and adapt to survive. Honestly, any half-smart-egg-head with half a brain can become an operational "software professional", with very little training. Unless the Software companies are part of the curriculum discussions and start investing in the academia, this is not going to change anytime soon. I think if I hadn't come to this realization, my academics would have been better, though still useless. Anyway, the point is, I had checked out for the last 3 years and was just going through the motions.

And this was the case with some of my batch mates as well; although a minority, I saw the pattern every year with seniors and juniors. Most teachers give up on such students and so do friends. But the important thing is to not give up on you. Now I am talking directly to my peeps, the six point some ones; do not give up entirely. Go ahead, Hate the academia, but put in the hours. GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS, and once you come out of "Satan's Bottom" after 4 years, things will get better. Not easier but better. At least I had a job offer when I finished, many others didn't, they had to struggle but all of us are doing pretty well now.

So, I know the curriculum sucks, maybe the lectures are tedious, but just sit through them, cram up on the night of the semesters, put on fake smiles for colleagues and teachers (this helps in corporate world by the way). Watch some English films for the language and boredom (I have seen real IDIOTS climb up the ladder of corporate really fast, armed with just their communication skills). But do not give up.

Yes I hated most of my time at NIST, But there were some things I liked and even smaller things that I Loved.

I liked the extra-curriculum, working in teams, making friends with people from all over the country, especially who don't share your mother-tongue. The Counter-Strike games, the Sankalp and Waves events, they taught me so much more about the corporate world than the academics ever would have or could have, honestly if you get some people skills and some good communication skills, you can manage pretty well in the corporate world.

What I loved, is the friendships, the arguments, the coming of age, the hostel life, and most of all, being part of a Band (#Phoenix). Not sure if they still play the original songs we had composed and recorded, I hope they do. Few teachers I did like, and connected with as well. I enjoyed the mischief we pulled and tiny satisfactions we got in an otherwise frustrating class schedules. I fell in love (not a girl from NIST thankfully...wink wink) and have been lucky enough to be happily married with her.

Who am I to judge or give advice on how to live your life? Neither I, nor your teachers, not even your parents have that right. But I can speak from experience and say this again, let the world give up on you, don't you dare give up on yourselves. Hang on, it does get better.

About that title, yes I hated NIST but I also loved so much of it. It is truly a love-hate relationship. In the end, it's not the happy or sad memories but the bitter-sweet ones that stay with you and you cling to, in tougher times.

Thanks Dipti Sir for thinking of me to write something for the 20th anniversary edition. I hope I have been concise enough to be published :

And happy birthday NIST, your greatness doesn't come from BPUT or the academics, it comes from the students who come of age every year in your campus, who form lasting memories and relationships that they cherish and leave behind for others to follow suit.

Signing off. Its 10 am and snowing heavily outside, need to e-mail my manager to allow me to work remotely today, can't drive today

Anunaya Mund, 200525352

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THEN & NOW

"SD Shibulal is the current CEO of Infosys".

"KrishGopalakrishnan was CEO before him".

I kept repeating these phrases a couple or more times in my mind at 2am in the morning. The placement drive for 2008-2012 batch for Infosys, the prestigious DAY 1 company, was scheduled for the day later. I had gone over everything else but forgot to learn about the company I hoped I would be interviewing for, and everyone from our Director sir, to Sudhir sir to the TIMES faculty, had said to learn some details about the company we would be interviewing.

That was way back in 2012. Today, on the eve of 11th February, 2017 when I sit down to write about my journey from college to present times, memories came flooding. Be it the sneaking into each other's rooms in Hostel 4 when it was not allowed or the hurried walk from Hostel 1 to Galleria for the first class of the day, the long



hours standing in the labs or the rush to catch the town bus on Sundays, the Aloo paratha from Munna Bhaia or the Monday Dalma in the hostel mess (which I then hated but now miss), as Bray Adams has already said it, those were indeed the best days of my life.

I remember a few distinct events that happened to me that shaped me. I was selected as part of Club Eureka and in my 3rd year I was asked to give a speech to the new batch of students that would be coming for their orientation. That was the first time a student was asked to do such a thing. Though prestigious and a great opportunity I was extremely nervous and if not for the support and encouragement of Amrut sir and Dipti sir I would have failed. Whenever there is big presentation I need to give or an investor pitch, I remember that day and everything else just follows. Another instance I remembered was Amrit sir rejecting my article for E-News multiple times and always asking me to write better. Frustrated, but determined, I kept doing that and in the process churned out some of my best content pieces which went to become hugely popular. I also am very much indebted to Rahman Sir and Reza sir for their constant guidance and support, especially sending me to IIT KGP and making all the arrangements for my stay there. The RA fellowship program helped me hone my research skills and were the foundation which led me to filing a patent at my stay in Philips RnD. Thanks are in order for Director sir who funded my trip to Bangkok for presenting a paper which I wrote under the guidance of Subhagata sir. There are so many names I want to take now and thank them earnestly but that would fill up all the pages of this magazine.

The reason I have mentioned these specific events is to throw some light on the great work the college can do for you if you do your part. Do not think of it as self praise or an Alumni speaking highly of their Alma-Matter just because they have to; rather approach it in a way that if an average student like I can do it, then you can definitely achieve much greater heights. All I am trying to do is bring in a little motivation and perspective.

You must be wondering why I began this piece writing about SD Shibulal and KrishGopalakrishnan. Well, at that time I would have given anything to meet them and to pick their brains. Little did I know that I would meet them multiple times during the last 3 months and get their advice and perspective on different things and that they would be mentoring and investing in us. 3 of your NIST Alumni, including me, have started our own company and we have been fortunate enough to be selected as part of an accelerator founded by the co-founders of Infosys and getting funded by them. And I have NIST to thank for that. The values, the ethics and the culture of working hard were all imbibed in me during my 4 years of stay there.

From that late night mugging to being selected in Infosys and finally not joining there in order to work for a startup, then moving to Philips RnD and then finally starting up on my own, I will always be grateful for the work all the professors, faculty members and staff have done on me and the college, and keep on doing selflessly for the betterment of their students. Thank You.

The journey has just begun for us and I am sure I will be looking up to NIST for guidance and support throughout. This is a relationship that lasts more than 4 years. This is a bond for lifetime. I am and would always be a NISTian.

Kewal Krishna, 200820141

ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY MEN

It is a source of great personal pride to contribute to the 20th anniversary issue of NISTian. For the uninitiated, I am Ankan Ghosh from the EEE batch of 2004-2008. I am presently working with HSBC at Hyderabad. To be frank, the engineering days have lived with me all these years - so close that I can shut my eyes and vividly picture myself in the college campus even after 9 years of graduation. That familiar chatter of the group of "Robin Hood's merry men" aka my friends, those winding 100 minute lectures, Dr. Panda's emphasis on practicality, Suresh Sir's habit of living everything by the book (read-discipline), the enigmatic backdrop of the Palur hills, the relaxing evening stroll around the campus etc.



I will try cherry-picking some of the great moments during the course of my 4 years of graduation. While we unconsciously resist change, the fact that we are one of its best enablers is something that all of us realize in our engineering days. Cut to 2004, we all sorely missed our homes, as this was our 1st extended hiatus away from the family. Hostel 4 almost felt draconian with its set of rules. The gates closed by 7.30 pm. The night attendance was diligently checked. Stringent study hour rules meant - we could not visit each other's rooms before 9 pm. Getting caught/deviating from rules meant a generous hearing from Suresh Sir. Not many took the challenge and the ones who did - never tried any remote repetition of sorts. In spite of this, we moved to the campus hostel in the 3rd year after realizing the folly of staying in a rented accommodation for some time. That's where the love affair with the campus began. The placement trainings, swimming lessons, late evening strolls all perfectly fit in. I got placed at Infy in the 6th semester and so did my other 2 room-mates. We were a happy bunch. Being a great dog lover, I would relentlessly cajole the dog caretaker in my evening strolls - to let me sneak in, pat and play with those exquisite breeds- Tibetan Mastiff, Great Dane, and Rottweiler etc. (Here is an important disclaimer - Although the dogs are well trained, but they are to be handled only under the careful supervision of the caretaker. Please don't let chivalry ruin your otherwise perfect evening in the campus). The other long standing memory is that of organizing Sankalp- 2007. The entire batch came together to support this mega event. Hours went into discussions, planning and execution for the event.



My all time favorite, Saint Bernard.

The event was a resounding success and taught us the value of ownership at the individual level - a lot. The other pet project about which I am particularly passionate about - was that of Club Eureka - the college literary club. Getting together with an enterprising group, we generated a lot of positive vibes in the campus. Organizing literary events for college and local school children was one of the highlights of the club. Interestingly, the club always maintains the smartest and the best of the lot as its members from each year. 4 years of life might seem a long time but at NIST, it was fast paced and thrilling with its fair share of ups and downs, hits and misses etc. I wish that our college grows from strength to strength and breaks into the elite Top 20 colleges for engineering in the country.



Robin Hood's merry men - my group. Sneaking a pic or two in between breaks- 2006



The merry men recently at the Golkonda fort- our group still remains close inspite of the distance!

Ankan Ghosh, 200410082
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A DAY FROM THE MEMOIR...

To reminisce with my old friend, a chance to share memories, and play our songs again

- Ricky Nelson

After the day's strenuous agenda at work, I felt lethargic; I looked at the time, it was 6:30 PM. "I still have an hour left for the meeting" I said to myself as I sit back on my couch with my eyes closed trying to relax a bit. I cannot help my feelings converging precisely to that point in my life; which I can never forget, the era I spent in NIST. It's been unerringly 5 years when I first paced in through the blue gate opposite to the giant white building with numerous buses ready to carry students and run on the roads of Berhampur. It's astonishing but all of it appears so genuine, I can still sense the same delight; the apprehension and the tenseness that I had on that day. Am I hallucinating? I do not know, I may not be asleep or am I? But these are happening all over again. Has some great scientist got a breakthrough Time Travel and am I the one who is getting trialed upon...? I have no knowledge but it feels great. I love being here. Dressed in formals I put my hand through my right pocket of my trousers, I am holding the ancient Nokia 1100 handset, it's not my phone which I normally carry these days. The time has definitely unwound itself backwards. It's starting all over again, I have my days back.



I came in through the gate and turned right towards the stage where we had our orientation scheduled. Lavish green shrubbery with a sun dial at its very foundation filled me with pleasure. I can see the gigantic arched building that stretched from the stage to the other end of the college. It looked like a fort with colossal pillars all over stretching right from the foot to the fourth floor. I bent down and touched the grass in the lawn. It felt good. "This looks like a good place but for the sultry weather." I babbled to myself as I wiped-off the sweat from my face.

I looked here and there to find known faces. No! I do not see anybody, everyone here is a complete foreigner, feebly I turned around and to my relief I can see my Dad who has come with me... "Damn! I am still a mama's boy" my views ran through my mind. Is mirked at him gesturing my hand to which he smiled back. The whole place was decorated gorgeously and I took a seat somewhere in the middle of the array to get a good view of the program. Time seemed to pass expeditiously and I found myself in one of the classrooms in the ground floor of the big red-pillared building which was known as 'Galleria' and as I made the payment for getting myself registered in the NIST ISTE Student's chapter, I tried remembering the names of the buildings in the campus. The white building that caught the eyes of every guest who enters the campus was known to be the 'Lecture Hall Complex'. There were other structures in the campus that we were made aware of 'The Octagon', 'The Entrepreneurship Development Cell (EDC)' and 'The Aquarium' and 'The Yoga Centre' the locations of which I had no idea about. "Here. Take it" I overheard someone say handing over the receipt to me.

As I strode out of the room I could see a number of arcades with student representatives on the other side of the table explaining what they are all about. These things were abundant and I wanted to be the part of them right away to which I was informed that they would conduct selections once we get into second year. The NIST Robotics Club and the Electronics Hobby club seized my

attention for quite a long time but what fascinated me more was Club Eureka and Innova since I felt these were the places I belonged to. The real truth however was rather different. There was a huge rush near the technical clubs and having spoken to some students of my batch, I found they were quite good in physics and mathematics and were very saddened that they did not get into the IITs and there was I who knew he would never make it no matter how hard he tried. I was under-confident. "You will have a hard time challenging these guys" my thoughts ran again.

My phone rang. It was my dad. "It's time I leave. I have a train to catch" He said from the other side. "Wait... I will be there in a minute. Where are you?" I asked. "Near the college gate" He responded. I came out of Galleria and started walking hurriedly towards the gate as I felt a placid tap on my shoulder. I turned back. It was Mayur, my colleague. "Wait you shouldn't be here... You were certainly not a part of my college. I met you in the trainings" I felt jumbled. The gentle tap on my shoulder turned into a violent shrug and I woke up. "We have a meeting to join. Log in now" He said. I observed my watch. It was 7:15 PM. I still had 15 minutes before the planned start of the conference. With a smile on my face, I walked into the restroom to freshen up. "I miss those days. Someone please invent a time machine... I want those days back" I said to myself as I splashed water on my face.

Sumit Banerjee, 201110429

MY VALEDICTORY TO 4 PRECIOUS YEARS OF A LIFETIME

Contemplating about the past 4 years spent in these lush green locales of Palur Hills, we seem to have attained a very peculiar state - a placid persona ready to forgive and forget. The ambience here has definitely nurtured every individual to become the human being that they are."

I penned down these above lines way back in the summer. Sitting on the staircase of the topmost floor, probably waiting for someone, gazing away into the greenery around, the unending sky, I was in a different world altogether - a world of my thoughts, my world of contemplation. Just couldn't muster enough courage to complete what I'd started. Hearts were brimming with emotion and eyes were expressing as never before. Probably, the time was not apt. Everything around was just the same as it always had been. Maybe, our perspective had changed.

There was a time when we detested everything about the place, the ambience, the people and what not. As it is very rightly said human beings are tough to be satisfied, we always had the tendency to complain and blame. We donned the role of perfect scrutinizers, cribbing about even a minor blemish. Four years back when I look at myself (a personal perspective), I was quite the same as I am now. Had the same attitude towards life, the same never-say-die approach, the same flexibility to adhere to a new environment and the same accessibility for almost everyone. Despite all this, I still feel a difference. A difference, I bet all my fellow mates must have felt.



Fresh out of our teenage, all our hearts were brimming with the zeal for a new experience. Until then, innocence took a toll on almost all of us. Since then we've all set on a journey called 'life' in the real sense! Got to face the realities of life, which was quite different from the dreamy perfect world that we'd been living in all these years. The real world can get very obnoxious sometimes. We were somehow 'made' to realize that. Had different experiences, got to know even a wider variety of people and got a fair brush of every aspect of life, be it dedication, commitment, patience, friendship, love, hatred and what not. Subjected to a variety of grilling sessions, we'd been counting each day in terms of its hours, sometimes even going down to the level of minutes... Such was the ignominy we had been subjected to at some or the other point of time during the span of these 4 wonderful years. It's just like when we were living those days right down to the core, we never took time out to contemplate what we'd been living. We just let the present be. Gradually and steadily, those days seem to have been building us into the human beings that we've become.....

Now, when I sit back and reflect on those yesteryears, my eyes start brimming with emotion...an undefined emotion! Am I overwhelmed with joy harking back the fun days or engulfed in gloom recalling some not-so-pleasant memories? The answer to this question is yet to be ascertained. But one aspect is certain....this 'undefined emotion' speaks loud and clear about its intensity and strength. It makes me feel...makes me miss those days. It somehow rekindles that urge to relive those days again.

Santwona Patnaik, 200750092

MY RELATIONSHIP WITH NIST

Ever seen a word cloud. A myriad of words - related, unrelated, in different sizes, fonts and colours, all clustered together. My brain generates a similar mixture of thoughts and emotions when I think about my time at NIST. And this is why I was at a loss of ideas about what to write about in this space.

As I write this, it's Valentine's Day and my Facebook newsfeed, the targeted ads thrown on the google pages, my Gmail promotion and my WhatsApp inbox are filled with all the mushiness and red hearts in the world. And that's when I had this epiphany.

Every relationship goes through a set of stages (that I know from movies and experience) and so did my relationship with NIST.

The First Look:

They meet. Sometimes, it clicks from the very start. Sometimes, it takes a while.

It took a while for me. Never having stayed in Odisha before and expecting better entrance exam ranks, I was full of apprehensions about studying here. The beautiful green rock gardens, the twisted stairs of the Galleria and the lovely sea next to Sagar Hostel failed to make me fall in love at first sight.



Something more than Just Friends:

Something's special. Something's different. It's in that smile, that laughter you share and the way your eyes light up when together.

I found a bunch of people who were as crazy, as stupid and as fun as I was. We were pretty much in love with the same things. I found my fellow foodies, Sunday town exploring buddies, study partners, SMS chat partners (Yes, those were the days before WhatsApp) and many more. I found people I knew would turn moments there into memories.

The Confession:

Head over heels in love. Irrational, irrevocable and deep.

Over time, I fell in love with everything. Everyone and every moment was special. My friends, my juniors and seniors, my teachers, the hostel wardens, the club meetings, the work during the fests, the food at the gumti and town (not the mess though), my room, the buildings and lawns, literally everything animate and inanimate that existed. I had my bunch of favourite people, my favourite spots, my favourite eating joints and my favourite moments.

The Acceptance:

No one is perfect. You've got to love their flaws as well. Coz love is unconditional.

I understand that the 'hate list' would be long and there would be many things we crib about the place. But I understood (mostly after I graduated) the value of the four years there. Never again in life do we get so much time and resource just to learn and gather knowledge.

This might seem like gyaan, but as an alumnus, it is kind of my duty to give out some advice. Learn as much as you can, make the best use of these four years because it is only knowledge and skills that'll set you apart from the masses when you move out into the world. Everything cannot be perfect about a place but we can try to make it so by taking the maximum that we can from the institute and resources provided to us.

And We Part:

It's difficult but inevitable. The tears and the pain but then the memories are sweet and last forever.

Though each 100 minutes' class seemed like ages, the four years passed quickly enough. So, four years - stacks and stacks of books, piles of the standard NIST assignment papers, tons of internals and final exams and viva later - I emerged an Engineer, complete with the degree and placement and all.

But what's of even more value to me is the truckload of memories, the couple of friends who are even today my life support systems and that hard disk full of crazy pictures that I took in those four years at NIST.

And with this I sign off.

To all my teachers and mentors, thank you so much for shaping my time at NIST.

To all the students - make the most of your time here - both in terms of fun and value addition.

Baisakhy Dash, 200860048

COLLEGE IS A WONDERFUL SAFE SPACE

I am a 2006-10 undergrad from NIST. Right now I am pursuing an MBA from the University of Georgia. When Dipti sir reached out to me regarding the 20th anniversary edition of The NISTian, it brought back a lot of memories from my time at NIST.

I know for most of you college seems like a thing that just wouldn't get over. You are all young and enthusiastic who can't wait to get into the industry and make an impact.

That is in fact a great goal to have. But college affords you something that the industry doesn't. And that is room for failure.

College is a wonderful safe space where you can try your ideas without the fear of failure. And trust me on this. It's so much better to fail inside those walls than outside of it.

And even though you may not realize it but the trying of your own ideas actually makes you more industry ready than any lecture or certification does.

I did a lot of things in college that were outside of my comfort zone. I wrote for e_news. I, along with five other students, started the quiz club.

I don't remember a lot of my lectures. But I remember every single one of quiz meetings with my mates.

So, I want all of you to try all the opportunities that college has to offer (I know NIST has plenty to offer). Try at least one thing outside your comfort zone.

Find out qualities about yourself that you didn't know about. It may seem insignificant but trust me on this. In the long run, it does pay off. I mean even if it doesn't it creates a memory that you can quietly smile about

Years after you have graduated. Kind of like what I am doing right now.

Good luck!

P. Sachin Kumar, 200610101



A SWEET MEMORY CALLED NIST

NIST which was an integral part of me, a college which gave me a life, on which I reckon today, is a memory for me now. Sometimes it hurts me when I look back at my life, almost 6 and a half years after passing out from the college, what have I given back to college. Well, to be very honest, it's quite impossible to give back, what I have got from this institution. But yes, from now on, I will definitely be in regular touch and guide my juniors to face the hardships and rise beyond imagination. Maybe this way, my heart will get some solace. A special thanks to Dipti Ranjan Lenka Sir, for regularly being in touch and patiently waiting for my response



to give something back to the college.

I would like to share my journey of the college, and I am sure each one of you reading this, will feel connected to it, sooner or later.

First day to the college and as we take the first step to our journey, it's like you have entered the land to ecstasy. A beautiful campus, serene atmosphere, picturesque landscape, wonderful talents around you, each one hoping to conquer the world in these four years. All that you have ever heard about college life is going to come true. The tiring school days are over and it's a new phase, the best phase of life. All our dreams are going to come true.

Fast forward to a few days and the bubble has been broken by incessant schedules and nearing exams. You don't have time for all those experiences; it's so hard to keep track of all that is going on. Life couldn't be more miserable, this is vicious. But then you find someone, to share these preposterous experiences. This is someone who doesn't just listen but experiences all those things with you. You connect instantly. And within no time, you have a gang. A college gang! Really! And you are a part of it! This is perfect!

And you enter your 2nd year and then 3rd year and slowly your schedule is eased but not the syllabus. You keep on fighting with the time and time always overpowers you.

Time flies during good times and you are in your final year, at 2 am sitting in your hostel's common room with your friends-turned-family, you reminiscent the best days of your life. A realization, that yeah actually, all those things that you heard about college life, are true. In fact, reality is better!

Well the life at campus just goes like this. After entering into the professional life, we keep on finding friends among colleagues, finding mentors among seniors, try to give back to subordinates as juniors. But that connect what we get during college days, can never be relived in professional life.

My advice to all the young fellows out there at college, who have just joined, or have joined but about to figure out what's happening, **GET ON THE DRIVING SEAT AND STEER YOUR WAY.**

When I joined the college, I was clueless about my goal, but in 3rd year I realized that I need to clear GATE and get into higher studies or PSU jobs. On the same side is also ensured that I attend all the PPT (Pre placement Training) classes arranged by college through IMS/TIMES. I must tell you that I was a non-career guy (with less than 60% in 12th) and hence I had a bleak chance of getting through placements. But one thing was clear to me that I need to trust the college curriculum and get the best out of these soft skills training programs. I had 100% attendance in all the soft skill sessions.

Being a non-career guy, I could not sit in a majority of big shot software companies like INFY, TCS etc. My confidence was a bit down, but not shattered.

But I cleared the very first company for which I sat, that too in pooled campus placement, which took place in Bhubaneswar. I was among the 7 students selected from across the state to the core company OCL (Orissa Cement Ltd), Rajgangpur, and only one from the college. I also got 2nd job offer from Mphasis through campus selection. Further, I also got a chance to publish and present a technical paper on the final year project which I did under Dr. Sukanta Tripathy Sir. What else could I have asked from the college?

The confidence was back and I even cleared GATE 2010 with AIR 241. I got MS in IIT Madras, but didn't join it. I joined OCL and again cleared GATE 2011 with AIR 21, which gave me admission offers from all the IITs. I joined IIT Bombay and after 1 month of MTech classes in Electronic Systems & design, I got job offer from IOCL (a Central Govt. PSU) where I joined and working till now. It's not the end, I am planning to go abroad for MBA and maybe in a year or so, I hope, I will get admission into a good B-school.

All this was possible only because I trusted the system of college, the curriculum which has so precisely been developed by the esteemed faculty/management of NIST that students have only to worry about academics and to blindly follow the system.

This is no exaggeration. NIST is having top notch faculty, excellent infrastructure and world class curriculum. Face situation boldly-bravely & keep yourself prepared----helped me all through. Now I stand up in my room far away from NIST---Salute my beloved Alma-mater, Salute my teachers! Cheers to others!

P.S.: Dipti Sir, please ignore my grammatical errors. A special mention to Abhro Mukherjee Sir and Motahar Reza Sir who always motivated me to clear GATE. A warm guidance from Dean (Dr A. K. Panda) Sir and Dr A. K. Padhy Sir is always missed. And last but not the least, Nihar Sir whose friendly guidance/lecture always inspired younger souls like me.

Suryavanshi Amit P., 200620190

MY EXPERIENCE IN COLLEGE

Hello Dipti Sir! It was great to see a message from you after a long time. I am writing down about my experience in college and the things I learnt in those beautiful years.

It's been more than 9 years since I passed out from NIST after completion of my engineering, but I am still missing my wonderful days in college. I am currently working as a team leader at Altisource (USA based MNC) in Bangalore. My previous stints were with IMS healthcare and Hewlett Packard. I work in banking domain and specialize in design, implementation and maintenance of data warehouse to cater the needs of enterprise business analytics and reporting.



I fondly remember the precious four years in college which played a great role in shaping my personal and professional life. I didn't get a job on campus after completion of B.Tech degree, but the training in college helped me a lot in landing job offers within two months. The extra courses in every semester enhanced my technical abilities and the pre placement trainings helped me in honing my communication skills. Sangram Sir, Reddy Sir and Panda Sir taught a very important lesson in life to never waste your time and I have taken their advice very seriously.

Apart from studies, the extracurricular activities in college helped me a lot in following my passion in life. I was an active participant and organizer of fashion shows during the annual fest (Waves), which helped me while pursuing my passion as a model in Bangalore. I have worked with fashion

guru Prasad Bidappa who has launched many top notch models of India.

Since last few years I have been working as a fitness model and was selected among top 5 fitness & muscle model of Jerai fitness. Last year, I had the honor of representing India at Mr. World Championship (WBBF) held in Thailand in the sports physique athlete category and finished among the top 10 athletes.

I was part of the Sankalp organizing committee for 4 years which helped me strengthen my leadership and team building skills. Since 2012, I had been leading an NGO Smart Vote based in Bangalore, helping citizens to register as voters in their respective constituencies. During the last assembly elections (2013) and general elections (2014), we actively campaigned to enroll new voters in many tech companies, apartment societies in Bangalore to register and vote.

I am really grateful to the faculty members and the NIST administration in inculcating values and skills to help me prepare for the arduous journey of life and succeed in them.

I am proud to be a NISTian always.

My message to all those aspiring engineers.

"May be, the discipline and strictness don't seem very enticing now, but they will definitely prepare you for the future. Enjoy the things you do, find out your passion and work relentlessly towards it. I am sure you will make your college proud with your work in future."

Feel free to reach me for any help/suggestions regarding your career.

Manas Kumar Mahapatra, 200310185

THINGS END BUT MEMORIES LAST FOREVER

Hi All! Well college is the place where your first dream to achieve big milestones in life starts. And that everyone does, but when there is support, guidance, and discipline provided by your college then you are very close to your dream. I graduated from NIST in 2010 and stepped out in the competitive world and have gained good benchmarks till date. The most important things which I learned from college is never give up and give your best'.

Whatever I am today is mostly contributed by my college teachers whom I missed the most till date. Thanks to our esteemed Geetika Mam, Sangram Sir and Ajit Panda Sir for their efforts in making the college what it is today.

Wish could I join back NIST, had very special friends and memories which I can cherish anytime.

THINGS END BUT MEMORIES LAST FOREVER!



Prashant Tiwari, 200620215

MY STORY MY WAY

Today, when I picked my guitar, I suddenly went back in time. I saw myself screaming on the stage with my Band (Phoenix). I hope NMS is doing great. I remember everyone, everything, every faculty and their teachings.

NIST allowed us to do a lot of things, learn a lot of stuffs. Yes, the syllabus was there but apart from it we did a lot of things. You name it and the college had it like, Robotics club, Electronics club, Photography etc. But, for me NIST gave me the chance to learn how to record and produce music and I am really thankful for it.

My message to all the students would be "This is the place where you are allowed to do all the mistakes you want but, be sure to learn from them too. Once you step out from college very few in this world are going to tolerate any kind of mistakes".

I should also share a happy realization of mine. The canteen food is great?. It took me to be a cook to realize that.

Wish everyone a great future ahead.

Pranab Kishor Padhy, 200510303



SOME UNFORGETTABLE MEMORIES

21st August, 2010, the day when we had stepped in National Institute of Science and Technology (NIST) and since then started a wonderful journey. This journey was not for 4 years but of a lifetime which we are still cherishing. In the first year itself, we knew this institute was not going to disappoint us and our beliefs were never proved wrong.



We were provided with the best faculty members, quality trainings, apt lab equipments, friendly environment, homely facility at hostels, safe commutation modes, actually the list is long. In short, NIST has always thrived to provide the best to its students, or I should rather say Family. Teachers and students work towards developing an excellent learning platform together. The Management had always looked after the improvement of the Institute which would eventually improve the cognitive process.

NIST has always given opportunities to elevate your personal area of interest as well. For example: Eureka Club had always encouraged young souls to show their creativity in Literature. Annual celebrations like Sankalp and Waves have always showcased different talent on the stage. Blood donation camps have always given an opportunity to contribute our part to the society. Amidst the jungle, the Munna gumti and Ramu gumti had always been saviors to satisfy your taste buds. Annual year end trekking trips unwinds you and gives a refreshing way to rediscover your adventure side.

The overall experience for us in NIST had been really wonderful. We were always guided in the best possible way. We both graduated with good campus offers in hand. Apart from the academic knowledge, the memories we had made and the values we leaned will always remain within us. NIST has turned us to wonderful human beings. We definitely owe NIST some credits for the success we have achieved so far.

We wish NIST all glory and hope it produces gems as it has always been.

Ankita Swain, 200675096

Dheeraj Bhatt, 200620128

A DREAM CALLED NIST

It feels like yesterday when 450 of us unsure souls walked into this serene and beautiful campus in the southern hinterland of Odisha. A campus which we called home for the next four years, spending some of the best moments of our lives. A dream called NIST, that we lived from 2006 to 2010 gave us friends and mentors for life. A place which made us hate vacations as we could not wait to be back after breaks. A kind of freedom to express ourselves which is unheard of in engineering colleges. A place where we were pampered and scolded in equal measures which moulded us into good engineers and even better human beings.



The time spent in Hostel 4 and hostel 1, the birth of Quizzards, the Asim Memorial win, time spent at Ramu Bhaiya's discussing electronics, computers and all the gossips, the T20 world cup win we celebrated together in Hostel 1, the lab assignments, the Tennis and swimming lessons, the robotics win, the struggle which made us all bond together and all the musical nights at Sankalp and Waves will always remain etched as the most cherished moments.

As I write this, nostalgia has reached its acme and I envy all those who are living this dream in our beautiful campus right now. All the best to you folks!

And thank You NIST for all the love and wishing you a very happy 20th birthday!

Cheers,

Adityanshu, 200620045

JOURNEY FROM NAME TO FAME

A few days later, I joined NIST for my M. Tech. And this time I was in hunt of my missing thing from the very beginning. So I started my new journey from Prabhat to PKT from the scratch and was waiting for an opportunity. One fine day I was called for a performance at the college guest house on the occasion of NAAC visit. It was a high profile gathering and I was very nervous. But anyhow I decided to perform and gave my best. And I was successful. I got many compliments from the Guests, Director Sir, Dean Sir, Shom Sir, Suresh Sir and especially Vinay Sir. Then I was declared as the cultural coordinator and the core member of the official NIST dance group. That was like a dream come true. That was a very special moment for me. My joys knew no bound when I entered Yoga Center for the first time as the group head. Gradually we made a good group of ours and named it as BLACKOUTS. We performed in Sankalp, Waves and every cultural event and received enormous compliments, love and support from each and every NISTian. Then represented college in different Tech Fests and grabbed so many prizes. Vinay sir and Mihir sir were the two persons who supported me and my group in almost all cases. In the process I became somehow PKT from Prabhat. One incident I want to share is the day I came to know that some faculty members were asking whether I have performed or yet to perform. That day I felt whatever I did was worth doing, I got goose bumps and performed that day with extra



excitement and double energy. One memorable trip was NIT, Rourkela. BLACKOUTS got the third prize there. After coming back to college we met Director Sir to handover the trophy. Meeting Sir in his cabin was a very special moment for me. You know why this trip was memorable for me? The one thing told by Sir made it memorable that is "Thank you for this. I have prizes from almost all colleges and universities in different categories but I didn't have one from NIT in any field". I was very happy that day. This statement made me feel proud of what I have is good for something. Life is a combination of memories called good and bad. Actually this discrimination is made by us only. So apart from all these memories I have more memories (whether it's good or bad) will always be a keepsake for me.

I am thankful to Dipti Sir for giving me this opportunity to write my story and present it to the you. And I am also thankful to Geetika Ma'am and Sangram Sir for giving me such a platform where I could showcase my talent.

Prabhat Kumar Tripathy, 200910841

NIST, A PART OF MY HEART !

NIST, a place where I spent 4 years of my life, yet when I try to recall, what was the most memorable moment, it's tough. Not that I don't have any moments to recall, in fact there are plenty, but it's like selecting a few chocolates from a basket of my favorite ones.

I joined NIST in the year 2009 as a B.Tech IT student. Yes, I am 'The IT Guy'. I was just trying to come out of a personal loss, my mom had fought bravely before losing to Cancer during the end of 2008 and I started my college life in an extremely bad frame of mind the very next year.



The only soothing thing to me was it was exactly what I needed to come out of my personal calamity. And I had no expectations whatsoever.

Moving on to my college life, to start with, how can I miss Hostel 4!

My room number 304 used to be the drawing room for us, the 2009 fresher's batch. Every night after dinner, it used to be a place of various banter sessions. It was in this Hostel we watched Sachin Tendulkar score the first double century in ODI History. What a terrific environment it was, the complete TV room was a stadium in itself.

The very next year when we moved to the Campus Hostel, it was an altogether different experience itself. It was here that I realized how ugly or how beautiful the life at Hostel can be.

The first couple of months at the Campus Hostel was very awkward. Just because of some untoward incidents when our 2009 batch entered the Campus Hostel, which was managed quite well by the college administration, there was complete awkwardness spread across as juniors were reluctant to speak to their seniors, still after a month or two, everything fell into place and became a heaven for hostel boarders. We witnessed India winning the 2011 World Cup in the Hostel Lawn with the match being shown on projector. What a moment!

Campus Hostel was a heaven for those coming from outside Odisha, like a home away from home.

From a personal point of view, my hostel life helped me develop my personality a great deal.

I hate smoking and drinking, so many of my Hostel 4 friends were left behind due to obvious reasons, many guys indulge into this bad habit due to peer pressure. My advice to you would be use the college campus to develop yourself rather than harm your health.

Being a guy who used to be very active in extra-curricular activities, many of the present NISTians would find it strange that I was not a part of any club at NIST.

Yet I was the busiest guy during Sankalp and Waves, the two marquee events at NIST, which I coordinated quite successfully.

I made lifetime friends at NIST who are more of a family to me than friends.

I remember fondly some of my friends who created an everlasting impact on my life.

After college we are miles apart working in different organizations, but the warmth in the friendship is still the same whenever we talk, it would not be appropriate if I name only a few here.

Today when I look back at those formative years of my life, I feel proud that I did things my way but also kept intact the true spirit of being a NISTian. NIST taught me how to be disciplined and focused without losing my freedom of expression and speech :)

The 100 minutes classes, the hostel life, everything has helped me shape up into a disciplined and confident person, so much so that I became a Team Leader within a year of joining the organization where I am currently working. I am not exaggerating but as per industry standards, it's a remarkable achievement to be a Team Lead in such a short time in this cut-throat competitive era and for this, my friend, I would like to give the credit to NIST. The experience of handling large teams during Sankalp and Waves successfully allowed me get into the groove quite easily and today I can easily manage 70+ IT professionals in my team with ease.

Just recently I received the leadership award for Excellent Leadership and Execution skills in my organization which I would like to dedicate to NIST.

I have also trained many new hires in the last 2 years who have joined my company and I am now looking forward to the next role as a Manager, hopefully, by the time you read this article I would have climbed the ladder and I sincerely believe that NIST has a lot to do with my success.

When I received Dipti Sir's message to write an article for the magazine, I was overwhelmed with extreme joy.

The reason being simple, my college still remembers me. Thank you Sir!

I too miss my college and the faculty members. I miss Berhampur, I miss Odisha. Take my word, I have lived in 12 different cities in India but you would not find a place anywhere in India like Berhampur, leave the summer season aside, the rest of the year the place is a paradise and the food is exquisite.

People who complain about Hostel food, to them -'Dude, I was a 100% vegetarian, yet I would say that the hostel food at NIST hostels is much better compared to most of the B.Tech colleges in India'. This I can say with conviction :)

To all my juniors, use the facilities and environment at NIST to groom yourself for the outer world, play tennis, play volleyball, play basketball, use the college campus for a jog in the morning, do not indulge in smoking/drinking, it's a waste of health, money and your precious time.

Do not worry about things beyond your control, give your best in the field you have chosen and let your performance speak for yourself.

With this I depart, that as I lived a part of my life at NIST, I have left a part of my heart as well there, which I would definitely come to collect someday.

Till then, miss you NIST!

Aman Kumar, 200933262

WHERE THE ROAD BEGINS...

As a kid, many people get asked different variations of the same question: "What has been your best experience?" And even at that age, there are many joyful moments to consider—birthday parties, trips to the local amusement park, and bicycle-riding lessons. But often, it is not until your adult life that you go through many of your most valuable events. Some, for instance, may find their time in the military to be of utmost importance to them, while others sometimes find that their experience as a parent was the most rewarding one they have had. Personally though, I consider my time in college as my most valuable experience.



I vividly remember the dusty road, the cool breeze brushing over my shoulder ushering me into the best phase of my life. 16th August 2012 was the day that marked the beginning of the metamorphosis. Four years at NIST moulded me into the person I am right now. Rightly said, college teaches you the most vital lessons of your life. Along with all the technical knowledge, you learn a lot of things which the books can't teach you. With absolutely no clue, I began a journey that gave me not only experience but also people who inspired me. My time in college has enriched my life in many ways. It has provided me with the necessary tools to enhance my skills, taught me valuable knowledge about this diverse world and people and concepts in general and eventually enabled me to become more successful in life. I found a treasure trove of people as mentors and as friends who were my support system. Yes of course, and how can I forget about the madness we used to spread in our hostel. Those mid-night talks with roomies, the "but obvious" surprise birthday celebrations, the sleepless nights before semesters and the ones that followed after the results! It just seems like yesterday when I was rushing for my lecture struggling to reach on time, breathless in the pursuit. Planning and preparing for the Tech Fest a month ahead, organizing events, helping people out always gave me the feeling of being a part of a bigger picture.

These experiences are truly irreplaceable and I would not trade them for anything. If I could go back in time and speak to my much younger self when I was first asked the question, "What has been your best experience?" the baby-faced version of me would certainly have been surprised by what my answer is now.

Ridhima Chakraborty, 201211207

A STRICT LECTURER, AS I AM

I am known among my students as a strict lecturer. But I proudly say what I am today is because of my instructors from whom I learned discipline and the institute where I practice discipline and it is no other than NIST. I was a student here from 1999-2003 and now working as a faculty from 2004. In these 17 years of staying at NIST as a student and a faculty member, the environment becomes very homely. I feel the challenges as a normal thing like taking two consecutive classes of 100 minutes and at the same time making the class interesting, taking the labs of 3 hours and making the students understand the experiments, evaluating their records, giving marks for their performance, checking 300 copies in 7 days after the test, counselling the students when they don't attend classes, guiding the projects and seminars, doing exam duties of 3 hours and so on and so forth.



I had a strong desire to become a teacher as I love to make students learn. This platform I could have got elsewhere, but the way the students should be explained, cared and handled can be well learned from NIST only (I can better say this as I was a student and am a faculty here). I have experienced certain situations when my students don't like me when I send them out of the class or scold them for not being attentive in the class or for not maintaining the class notes. With this I never get moved but I get moved when my students after passing out of the college come to me and say "mam don't change yourself for anything and for anybody, always remain as you are".

I always get supported and motivated by my organisation. It gave me a lot of scope to continuously learn, develop and advance in my career. During this period I not only got promoted professionally but also personally. What I want to say is I met with my soul mate here and tied the knot with him in 2006 and got blessed with a sweet angel. I feel completely satisfied when I finish my day with my students and get back to my daughter and family at the end of the day.

Sasmitha Padhy, Faculty
Dept. of Electrical Engineering

A JOURNEY TO CHERISH...

On the completion my 10 years of NIST, as an employee, I was asked to write an article for NISTian. I feel these many years of association with an organization is enough for a person to give an opinion on it. So I dare to write. My journey to this organization was perhaps destined. I never looked back since I joined NIST in the year 2005. I shouldered many responsibilities as anyone could have but my working principle remained "Give your best even when no one is looking at you". Every individual needs a platform to grow up and perform. NIST provided me the same. Here, one will always find oneself surrounded by a bunch of good people who are indifferent to the mistakes that one commits, rather they encourage and give positive remarks on how to improve. It helps a person a lot to grow up in an honest and positive environment.



Being hostel superintendent of ladies hostel I learned many facets of life and accordingly I made significant changes to my understanding, behavior and decision making. I was always guided by Mrs. Geetika Mudali, Placement Director in this regard. The way she guides and gives you a space to work makes you feel motivated. I have more to learn from her.

I always loved to meet new people from whom I borrow positive factors in my life. The visit to new places every year as a part of the admission process of the institution helped me achieve that. Being a team member of the admission team one has to deal with deadlines, work collaboratively with each of the members and always have to be optimistic. A positive touch to everything that happens at NIST is to be learnt from Mrs. Sangram Mudali, a trustee of this institute. He is a good listener and a great leader. I feel proud being associated with him. Under his leadership we run Skill Development Program (SDP) which helps youth acquire and upgrade their skills.

Seminars, projects, club activities, industry coordinations, placements, accountable for the responsibilities shouldered and many more are the activities that keep you alive in this environment and your passion will never die.

Researching at NIST is a platform which one will always admire. One will always find people around oneself doing research activities in different domains. There are around 24 research domains which one can always choose to go for. I am currently working on computer generated holograms. I was attracted to this domain because of Prof. Sukanta Kumar Tripathy, Professor, Dept. of Physics, Berhampur University and Ex-SRIC Coordinator, NIST.

Dr Ajit Kumar Panda, Dean of this institute has been a mentor and guide to me for these years at NIST. One will always learn a trick to handle difficult situations from him.

What I am today is only because of my students for whom I dedicated myself in giving the best that I can afford.

Today when I look back and reckon what I have gained then the answer is "a lot". It's my personal view to look at life. If your family is in a stable state, if your children perform academically well and you have peace of mind, then nothing else can replace that what you call life. Of course it's you who will have to ponder over to bring happiness to your life.

Thank you NIST for making my journey so cherishable. I am proud of being a NISTian and let all NISTians Rock. God bless NIST.

Asesh Kumar Tripathy, Faculty
Dept. of Computer Science & Engineering

MY EXPERIENCE AS A FACULTY IN NIST FOR LAST 12 YEARS

To be frank, I have been experiencing great time being a lecturer at NIST. The college is acclaimed as one of the most elite educational institutes of India and I feel myself deeply honored to be part of this premier institute which successfully completed 20 glorious years of its valued existence. The relentless and untiring efforts put in by all stakeholders of the institute, and ably guided by the visionary couple, Mr. Sangram Mudali and Placement Director, Mrs. Geetika Mudali is amazing and spellbound. This has been my second experience as a lecturer in an engineering college having served another engineering college before this assignment. I learnt so many things in the college, not just academically but also on how an educational institute works.



Teaching for 100 minutes was altogether a different experience for me, as classes usually last for 60 minutes in most of the colleges. Keeping students engaged for 100 minutes was a huge challenge for me in the initial days. Soon, I could adjust myself with time keeping in mind that students' interest on subject at no point of time fades away. The frankness of students surprised me, but, I will tell one thing, they never crossed any line. Maintaining a distance is always important, but once in a while letting your guard down doesn't harm either.

I have got a chance to mentor some of my students in the field of music, as music enchants me since my childhood. What I have observed in present day generation kids, they are very quick learners, and given an opportunity, they can reach any height of success; sky is the only limit. It's heartening as well as satisfying to know that a few alumni whom I've mentored are performing on stages across the globe. I must say, it's their perseverance and hard work, which have brought them to this stage and one as a mentor only act as a catalyst in the process. So credit goes to them and nobody else except the ALMIGHTY. I have also got chance to discharge some administrative responsibilities and I must express my gratitude to the management of the institute for exuding confidence and reposing faith in my abilities.

On personal front, I met my better half here only and tied knot with her. From god's grace as well as for all my well wishers, it has been eleven years of satisfying married life for both of us and a little 10 year old cute daughter has made us complete and I couldn't have expected more than what life has offered me.

My advice to students - try to trade-off balance between personal and professional life, always remain ethical and disciplined, think no harm of others, derive pleasure from whatever you do in life and try to stay contented all the time. Trust me, these have been MANTRAS of my happiness and no wrong if you give a try.

WISH you ALL Success in Life and may you reach pinnacle of success.

Ajay K. Rath, Faculty
Dept. of Management Studies



Cascade



RISE UP AGAIN



Muhammad Aarif

B.Tech., 2nd Year, 201510578

When I was a child,
My eyes were very wild
I looked at the world
Always with a smile.
During my schooling, I was a tiny tot
My parents used to say
You will study or not.
I hated that scolding
And often used to cry
I, myself don't know the reason, Why?
I knew that my parents loved me
And they would always stand by my side
But still I was careless and spite
To wonder: how the birds fly.
As I was grown up,
My fantasies were torn apart
With the naked realities of this world
But there is a hope
Which keeps me alive
It is the reason, which makes me survive.
The Almighty is not going to put my efforts in vain,
That is why whenever I fall.....
I rise up again.

SOME WELLS NEVER DRY



Abhijeet Padhy

B.Tech., 3rd Year, 201410657

We fabricated a story,
To bring forth the history,
That praised the patricians,
Who changed the pedagogy?
They took pride in giving,
Knowledge to every human being,
Without discriminating the pauper,
Nor strengthening the rich king.
For, they said "some wells never dry",
They only rise as every year passes by,
As they contain the water of knowledge,
Replenished neither by rainy appreciation nor
by affable sky.
The history is still in making,
We are inside class learning,
Yes; "TEACHERS" are the real patricians,
Who still believe in delivering without
differentiation.

A TRIBUTE TO MICHAEL JACKSON



Aishwarya Kar

B.Tech., 3rd Year, 201411727

The pop 'king' goes who was "Dangerous"
Leaving behind his worshippers.
Reaping from an average black family,
And then becoming very famely.
His "Thriller" and his "Bad"
Made us very glad.
All his songs were hit,
One of them is "Beat it".
Your "Heal the world" was the rich,
But your end was very much dreary,

Hence, your human nature was a musical
legacy.
That is destined with last for eternity,
Oh! Jackson ! why did you desert
"Black or White" so early.
Now the pop world is so lonely
Leaving your name and legions of fans,
Still your echoes are immense.
A True Hero Never Experiences Death But Lives
for Ages.....

DREAM..



Akanksha Garodia
B. Tech., 4th Year, 201317865

I was a bird or I wish to be,
want to fly and see the heights..
Using others or being used by others
doesn't raise but drown you..

Someone's care, someone's love, there are
well-wishers too...

But very few...

I am moving on with the wheel of time...not
knowing what's waiting up there next...

Just like that bird who keeps on flying inces-
santly never known to the destiny..

All I know is to collect and dethrone every hin-
drance and come off to the goal,
like the bird who collects and joins each twig
and roots to make her nest...

There was a wish and there was a dream too..
but the priorities were very different,
Which stopped me to flew..

And so...

All my heart say now,

I was not a bird but I wish to be...

Will fly someday high, across the sky,

And make others to see...

SOMETIMES IN WON- DERLAND



Alokik Pathak
B. Tech., 3rd Year, 201440583

Here the storm of sorrows
will never let you borrow,
where your friends & their hope
will always help you to cope

"Sometimes in Wonderland"

It seems that everyone has risen
Above their "jealousy and hate"
and helping us out
so that we don't have to "wander and wait"

"Sometimes in Wonderland"

Here no one cares for
"caste and commune"
they illuminate "brotherhood"
and live "happily and immune".

"Sometimes in wonderland"

All the smiling souls
are lost in "land of love"
their love is empowered with
knowledge and is as pure as "dove".

"Sometimes in wonderland"

It might seem that they are blessed
With the "Almighty's greatest boon",
but we will also make our world
"wonderful" as possible as soon.

BLISS OF HER EYES....



Gourav Kumar Jha
B.Tech, 1st Year, 201640578

When I look into her eyes,
Its radiance makes me blind.
A mystical,mysterious charm enchants me,
I am lost in space and none can find.

When I look into her eyes,
The moment freezes-unwasted.
The world vanishes into air,
As if it never existed.

When I look into her eyes,
It seems I have glowed at those eyes before
Not in this world but far from the earth
In heaven with dark hair of sure.

When I look into her eyes
I cannot look more
Because you found me in your beauty
Of the glimmer that reflects from your heart core.

When I look into her eyes
Her beautiful glimmering eyes
I hear the voice of god angel sings
As if I am in paradise.

When I look into her eyes
And she looks back at mine
I feel weak and strong at the same time
As if intoxicated with wine

When I look into her eyes
It seems I have all wish
Nothing more I desired except
For your existence and bliss.

FRIENDSHIP



Subhadeepta Tripathy
B.Tech, 3rd Year, 201410157

Holding your hand
I will fly in the sky
I am your friend
Will never say good bye

Recognise my face
With your eyes
I am your friend
I will never say twice

Don't give me a thing
Just keep this gift of mine
My friendship with you
Like droplets of rain

If you can't say anything
Just whisper it in my ear
I will keep your secrete
Like a hidden treasure
From now on, my friendship will take care of you
Why worry? Problem won't be able to touch you

The blue sky of yours
Will never be hidden by clouds
As long as i am with you
I will make you proud
Never think you are alone
You will find me
Everywhere in the crowd

MAKE ME A CHILD JUST FOR TONIGHT!!!



Atul Kumar Shah
200810327

Why did you run so fast 'endless time?'
Unknown to you but you committed a crime.
Didn't you like of me being a child,
And now you won't take me back to that time.

I told you about those childlike days,
When toys were God and worship was Play.
Some wise told you 'Time waits for none,'
But you would understand me when my days
are done.

When hours with Dad were my favourite pas-
time,
then I could feel he was only mine.
Now five minutes of his is a glorious gift,
Why these bloody aging really exist?

She always used to wipe my tears,
Angel she is and I have nothing to fear.
I miss her lot the whole long day,
And made her cry when I left my place.

When granny's lullaby was only one,
Neither iPod's, mp3's nor thousands of songs
I have all the latter one,
But voice of her is found with none.

When bro squeezed me and kicked my back,
I used to run complaining about that maniac.
Now I miss those little teases and fights
And repent about growing taller and high.

When instrument called as phone was mine,
A single ring and entropy was high.
Least bothered about how to talk,
Now skills are high but 'who cares' to talk.

When bicycle was my costliest merc,
And candies brought big smile.
Now demands have grown very high,
Not innocent as of a child.

When eating just meant messing around,
Eating a bit and throwing rest down.
Table etiquette now imparted hard
Can't eat with hands when people around.

When sleeping was task and roaming was
work,
Lying and betraying were unknown at all.
Now these skills growing very nice,
I fear, where am I?

The more I think, the more I cry,
Tears roll fast down my eyes.
I give a penultimate to my endless list,
Still thinking of those childhood days.

You won't understand you mean TIME
Because you always have a growing child
But mine was once and now it's gone
All I beg you is MAKE ME A CHILD JUST FOR
TONIGHT.

REFLECTION OF A CURSE



Jagannath Satpathy

200626040

Never enter this room- I had heard it since childhood.
The lock opened to the seventh strike of a hammer,
And I gently pushed the doors open.
A step inside and the wheezing portraits on the walls lulled.
But not the mirror that stood in the corner reflecting nothing but murk.
The ancient warnings with their tiny wings flapped in front of me.
But I rebuked them and dawdled towards the mirror.
So dark was the corner that I could hardly see.
I stretched to gently place my fingers on the glass,
Which felt like the surface tension of a bubble.

A deep breath, a step back and I plunged into the mirror.
Whoop, I was on the other side, or may be inside.
A labyrinth where shadow melts into light,
Where the sun shines darkness and the moon is eclipsed in light.
Stood my soul in silence, changing the coordinates
From x, y, z to u, v, w and t to t + n.
It was not easy to stare at the dark sun, and ask to revamp the souls it consumed.
But the intensity of desire while speechless and numb,
Silhouetted the spiel in the new time, space and emotion.
Legends say that only one soul could be revamped.
And then the sun sets, dissolving all the existence around.

So, I look at the illustration that had flowing river,
Change of seasons, in the aura of the mighty sun's memory.
Painting them with fluorescent colors to confer life again,
I could meet the departed I longed for since ages.
But soon realized that the problem had insufficient data to get to a solution.
Thus I surmise from the jumble of voices that framed a portrait from the glimpses of a secret
craving.
And asked the mirror, asked the Sun, asked the insanity,
If I could take back the glimpses of her portrait to the world of reality?

What rebounded couldn't be relished.
A matter of shame that I was blind in love, and went this far.

To a place that physics did not define.
 And as I sprinted back to the world I belonged to... I couldn't.
 I could see the same mirror across the labyrinth.
 Confused and strained I tried to gouge through again.
 All I saw was the same mirror across in the corner, and the same portraits laughing at me.
 I tried to break through to the other side, but was stuck like those portraits on the wall.
 Kept wheezing in restlessness, just to discover that there is no way back. No way back to the world I belonged to.

LIFE VS PARA

A. Anusha

B. Tech., 4th Year, 201311300



A life and a para
 Whatever similarities they have,
 With a beginning and an end
 Just like a play.

Some lines are joyful
 Some lines are sad,
 As life sometimes peaceful
 And sometimes bad.

Some words are gathered in the bracket
 Like memorable moment in life,
 Some words are erased, then written
 Like people who come and go.

Like commas in certain places
 There is halt in the life's race,
 Which continues with the God's grace
 Just as para continues after some space.

Full stop ends the para
 Like death ends life,
 Leaving those people behind
 Who comment about Para and Life.

A POET'S HEART

Danish Ahmed Jaffery

B.Tech, 2nd Year, 201510286



A life and a para
 Whatever similarities they have,
 With a beginning and an end
 Just like a play.

Some lines are joyful
 Some lines are sad,
 As life sometimes peaceful
 And sometimes bad.

Some words are gathered in the bracket
 Like memorable moment in life,
 Some words are erased, then written
 Like people who come and go.

Like commas in certain places
 There is halt in the life's race,
 Which continues with the God's grace
 Just as para continues after some space.

Full stop ends the para
 Like death ends life,
 Leaving those people behind
 Who comment about Para and Life.

LOVING THE DOWNTURN



Dr Ratnakar Mishra, Faculty,
Dept. of Management Studies

All around the mulberry bush
The monkey chased the vessel,
The monkey thought them all in fun
Pop! Goes the vessel.

'Mahanadi' released a lot of water than I thought, than we thought, didn't it? Still the mirage hounds us substantially eruptive may be in vacuums. We proceed and turn around to find a swallow but pretend an optimist. Days gone and we get zero oscillation. That's life. Who escapes, survives with laurels. Who faults, succumbs. Similar stories circulate around.

Something like this:

Long trek, a serpentine road
Poles covered with thoughts of you and mine,
You a cold vine, me the eruptive Nordic
And a bright sharp sunshine.

On a winter morning, you came and saw
A flower on my bed,
Morbid thoughts swept your mind
A flower on my coffin, as if I am dead.

With a twinkled star in eyes
Dimpled smile at heart
You sighed after,
Mereversed with a dead loafing thought
And a heart shattered.

THE WICKED PATH OF DESTINY



Piya Paul
B. Tech., 2nd Year, 201541081

Holding your hand
I will fly in the sky
I am your friend
Will never say good bye

Recognise my face
With your eyes
I am your friend
I will never say twice

Don't give me a thing
Just keep this gift of mine
My friendship with you
Like droplets of rain

If you can't say anything
Just whisper it in my ear
I will keep your secretes
Like a hidden treasure
From now on, my friendship will take care of you
Why worry? Problem won't be able to touch you

The blue sky of yours
Will never be hidden by clouds
As long as i am with you
I will make you proud
Never think you are alone
You will find me
Everywhere in the crowd

OUR COUNTRY AWAITS...



Ipsa Akankshya Mohanty
200750227

Our country awaits with fervent heart and ardent prayer,
For the sons and daughters of her soil to get their due,
For her cities and villages alike to prosper, her poor and downtrodden to smile,
For the wrongs of ages past to be made right.

A great honour and a greater privilege, it is indeed,
To share in this glorious task of nation-building,
To serve, to empower, to protect, to embrace,
Our forgotten brethren, our environment, our land.

The dreams of India, the aspirations of Bharat, are now our goals,
Their hopes, their dreams, their challenges are now ours to share,
We start this journey on her hallowed soil,
Taking a solemn pledge, bound by our common roots,
Bearing a compassionate heart, we fearlessly walk on.

Young blood, new ideas, renewed vigour,
We go in search of new horizons,
Answering the clarion call of the day,
We rise with knowledge, with humility,
With passion, with honour,
We, the youth, at the service of our nation.

LIFE WAS BEAUTIFUL



Rohan Raj
BTech, 2nd Year, 201510157

Life was beautiful,
The wrapper saved her from wicked,
They said she is growing,
Then,
I saw a drastic change,
Observing everything she faced,
She chose Negative flank first,
Positive wing eventually vanished,
The call had to be framed,
She did it, though half-heartedly,
Convinced by the circumstances,
The sphere that was null and void,
She was the creator,
Lying in the abyss,
devoid of optimism,
chock full of doomed spirits,
a place she never embraced
but eventually chose,
the slit was ubiquitous,
light was leaking in all quarters,
she, though blind sensed the heat,
her curious self, raced on known trajectories
but it turned futile,
she did the same relentlessly
defying the divergence, she kept up,
they said, she is depressed,
I witnessed the fight ,
Fragile yet combatant,
She broke the vicious chain,
Free from the malicious abode,
She was finally so much alive,
And not just breathing.
She was given beauty,
But she created who she really was..
She guided herself to the North Star.
She lived to guide others.

HEAVEN'S TOO FAR



Sheetal Sahu

B Tech, 4thYear, 201317804

In her favorite dress, entered SHE
Ponytail, as always, held high
People stared her to find
A fallen 'Angel' from the sky
It is the first day of her School
The angel is in her full bloom
Her eyes glares with hope and faith
Alas, the others still in their gloom
They're afraid they will lose their parents
So, they cuddled inside their dad
Embracing and storing his love forever
This made our cutie a little sad
Her eyes went down and then up
Thought whom to hold close to her heart
Her mom understood what she was searching
Because our cutie's dad was far apart
Came a teacher seeing her numb
She questioned "Why is she so sad?"
Cutie got further depressed
Because she was yearning for her dad
People heard when cutie said "DADDY"
And gradually all turned to stare

Each of them started searching
For a man who wasn't there
A little boy said "Where is her daddy"
And turned towards his mother
To which his mother replied
I guess his dad doesn't bother
He might be of those dads who is busy all time
Work might be more important
And precious than teaching
His baby her first nursery rhyme
Cutie heard it and was heart broken
There was nothing for her to say
Her dad always stayed very close to her
But she felt as if he was far gone today
She held her hand and brought close to her heart
I feel you daddy, I know you are here
People then stared her with awe
As the little said something beyond her year
I have my daddy's heart
He is my hero, my favorite star
I know he would have been here
But heaven's just too far



LIFE

Shiva Prasad Sahu
B. Tech, 2nd Year, 201510491

What is life!
The dawn of a night,
with realms insight?
Perhaps an eternal sky,
to tour goodbye?
May be a dark harmonious tune,
to drink and sing along?
Must be a twisted rain forest,
with a suspense so honest!
Rather a hefty tree of birds,
some with glory some just words?
Oh no! It's just a dark well of flowers,
to plunge and tread for showers.
"Life is a candle which itself burns, lights up the
agony with smile of drought's"



WINDOWS TO THE WORLD

Swati Choudhury
201211379

Peering at the distant lands,
Mighty hillocks, gusty winds and dazing sands!
I mulled o'er their corporality,
Impeccable existence since eternity,
Against the window, I stood and dozed,
A panorama of appealing objects juxtaposed,
A prospect of the aesthetic world-
Gigantic and magnificent, albeit old!
Sparkled by the majestic Ball of Fire,
Glimmered by the zippy moon's vibrant attire,
Replete with the ubiquitous, yet intangible air,
Adorned by the plethoric, ambrosial flowers, so fair!
The gaudy arch above, its victory coronet,
Exhilarating, is the solemn waves' boisterous
sonnet!



LOST IN LOVE

Varsha Jha
B. Tech, 4th Year, 201311371

In dreams and thoughts some relations are made,
The love and feelings are hereby laid.
Easy it isn't to fall for someone,
The feelings shared are equally paid.
When her face appears everything he forgets,
He seems to have got all happiness and never
regrets,
In the midst of success and failure,
There is a heart which doesn't care what it gets.
Graced with beauty, love and care,
She seems to be a girl whose existence is rare.
He would bring stars down if she ever asked,
Fortune favours him or not let's what's his share.
In the game of winning her love,
Success isn't guaranteed his mind knows,
Yet he has a heart which knows no boundaries,
He trusts his faith and the path he chose,
Waits for her to love him before his eyes closed.

Encompassing an illusion in every speck,
The persevering Earth's fascination to deck.
Akin light showcases life and darkness is death,
Ephemeral emotions adhered to every breath.
The incoherent "Life" has such enigmas
embraced,
Which if unveiled, is life's verity revealed.
Yet, not a solitary infinitesimal dereliction,
For, who governs the perpetual execution?
Of the immemorial universe in suspension!
Such myriad obscurities yet to be known!
Through the windows' small dimensions,
Eyes open wide and mind in rumination,
To just catch a glimpse of the magnificence.
The unsolved mystery being the essence.

The glittering night stars have lit the earth,
Their alluring sparkles are every spectator's mirth.

Bewitched, I close my eyes, to have the best dream

But anxiety abides, my repose lit by a beam.

The most resplendent, for my eyes to bear,
Spoke an earnest of voices,astounding to hear,
An eccentric form of inexplicable being.

I contemplated incredulously, sorcerer or some kingpin?

" The more you cogitate, the more it intricates,
Life is mere illusion,with distinct fates.

Throughout, you dig its truth,end up despondent
When you succumb,life itself descends and lent

Its true purport,framing you most ingenious of men

But then, span of life'll be surcease and Pearly gates open!"

I open my eyes, hysteric and aghast!

The most aesthetic place ever cast.

Perpetually tranquil and immaculate, all in white.

Pretty angles, ecstatic and mind-boggling mystery in sight.

Those impeccable objects and Wight in coven
In a chorus uttered,"Welcome to heaven".



ODE TO COLLEGE LIFE

Y. Kartik Dhawal

201218008

Since long have I waited for this day
wondering what ahead of me lay
I used to say, for years I survived this
then how come when it's over something
seems amiss

A lot is left unsaid and unheard
a lot of memories still unstirred
Who will now make my nick names
who will take all my blames
with whom will I bet on the lyrics of a song
was it dong dong or bong bong
Who will be my wingman when I hit on someone
who will be my support, when there is no one
Remember?

When we decide to study the entire night
but end up gossiping till its bright
Who will tell me all my awards are trash
maybe I should sell them for some cash
Ohh those days

When we used to sit and laugh at someone
for no reason

When talking to a friend's enemy was nothing
but pure treason

When we could call dibs on anyone we saw
recently

and all dibs would be treated pretty seriously
Who will tell me I am great ,when I am down
and when I am flying too high, will drag me
down without a frown

Who will be my mischief maker and partner in crime
Who will fight with me over just a dime
During exam times who will wake me up and
ask me to run

But then also pour cold water on me ,just for
fun

Who will call me from back seat and ask me
to look at front

then laugh when I take the teachers brunt

I don't know if this will happen again

please tell me we will meet again

There is lot left to say

how I wish these times could stay

Life will throw a lot of challenges and there is a
danger

Someday our best pal might be a stranger

it will become hard to recollect names

forget our old stupid games

you can laugh at me today I wont mind

Will save it to bring a smile on my face

when life gives me the grind.

THERE YOU GO, WHERE I CAN'T BE...



Dr Ram Kulesh Thakur
Faculty, Dept of English

You go, I say, as I can't hold you anymore
You go, I say, as I see you no more;
I find that YOU, missing in You
I want to be no more with you.

I always thought we'll have the sky
But find even the Earth full of shy;
It is the right time to adieu
I find my soul no more with you.

Go, You, to the land where I can't see
I can't reach even though I flee;
Go, you, to let me live once again
My barrenness asks me to preserve my tears again.

Go, YOU, where my heart will not follow thee
Breathe your last in estrangement as I be.



Castle



THE UPSHOT OF DEMONETIZATION

A legal framework for elimination of older currency notes and/or coins of particular denomination from its previously asserted tender value is known as Demonetization. Following the requests/orders of the Government, this very process is to be guided and monitored by the institution, which acts as the central source of monetary activities of a nation. In our country, the autonomy is given to the Reserve Bank of India (RBI). Demonetization could help intax compliance, better fiscal balance, lower inflation and lower corruption.



The Narendra Modi led government's abrupt call to discontinue old Rs. 500 and Rs. 1000 denomination currency notes to replace them with new Rs. 500 and Rs. 2000 denomination currency notes, has been receiving mixed reviews and treatments from opposition parties to marketers and consumers to tax-payers. According to the administration, the original objectives are:

- Eliminating fake currency
- Disrupting terror funding
- Overriding black money
- Making India a Cashless economy
- Enhancing bank credit

Rs. 14.2 Lakh Crore (Rs. 14.2 trillion) that tunes about 85% of the total cash in circulation, comprised of older Rs. 500 and Rs. 1000 notes. And now that those are being de-monetized, the nation as a whole, is going to experience a reduction of 0.52% of Gross Domestic Product (GDP) at 7.1% from 7.62% according to RBI and World Bank predictions. Centre for Monitoring of Indian Economy (CMIE) projects a loss of whopping Rs. 1.3 trillion of GDP in a near term, however, the overall impact could be marginal. B of A, although, asserts GDP at 6.9% on 1st December.

Now, here are some issues and facts:

- There will be disproportionate cost changes among people who have resources and who haven't, as poor people can't afford electronic payment options.
- People who have unaccounted money, are going to suffer, while people who don't, won't (in terms of legal actions).
- As of 8th November, there was Rs. 10.5 trillion demand deposits compared to Rs. 96 trillion time deposits.
- As of 5th December, RBI has supplied Rs. 3.81 trillion worth new currency notes and 19.1 billion pieces of smaller denomination notes.
- Total deposits of older demonetized notes stands at Rs. 11.55 trillion.
- The fake and/or counterfeit currencies' amount stands at Rs. 400 Crore, shows a report from National Investigate Agency (NIA).
- Thanks to lack of awareness and stereotypic approaches, the larger number of masses were and are standing in multiple-meter long queues outside banks, post offices and ATMs.
- Uncertain and inconsistent rules about the exchange, deposit and withdrawal norms for cash, has increased the agonies of common-people. Again, the rules at central government level, are not in effect everywhere. There's no uniformity.
- Death toll of people, standing in those queues, stands at 84.

- Opposition parties are continuously blocking the normal activities of the parliament on demonetization grounds.
- Recalibration of existing ATMs (around 1.8 Lakh being done) are being carried out nation-wide.
- Rural people tend to remain at the back foot, considering banking services availability compared to their urban-counterparts, most of the time.
- In spite of this corrective measure by the government, many people from various places have been caught by Enforcement Directorate (ED), Income Tax (IT), Central Vigilance Commission (CVC) departments and other security personnel.
- The Rs. 2000 denomination itself is way too big for many of the working-class Indian to spend. Many of us can't afford. Ipso facto, you need smaller changes, which are hard to get nowadays.
- Pension holders, pregnant women, differently abled people are amongst the most-suffering tail.
- The Indian market, on the other hand, is on low. MCIX level is also low.
- On the backdrop of demonetization, on 17th November, BSE Sensex closed lower by 71 points to 26,227.62 (six weeks low) and Nifty loses 31.65 points to 8079.95. Subsequently those margins decreased to 25,860 by 2,056 points and 7965.60 by 650 points on 24th November.

Now, here you may rise a question: "That's my hard-earned money. Why the heck I should not be allowed to withdraw money at my wish?" And To get a resolution, contact: www.facebook.com/PadhyRamKrishna.

Demonetization and its effects on Indian economy, on a short term basis, looks dismal. But in medium to long terms, it appears to be reasonable. As you can't actually predict the future, the success or failure is to be seen. As per my understanding, to eradicate few hundred crores of fake money, other alternatives could have been used; the choice of demonetization doesn't give good bargain.

Ram Krishna Padhy

B.Tech. 3rd Year, 201410552

A CRY YET TO BE HEARD...

Warped, securely huddled in the universe's safest abode, happily she dreamt of the day she would face the world outside, and would be welcomed warmly by the bonds of blood. Her vehement desire to touch, to feel, to emote the great ecstasy she fathomed - the bonhomie that would embrace her. To place her tiny feet out on the face of this verdant green earth of blazing sun, of golden daffodils, of heavenly sweet berries, of spiritual serenity, of great ethics, epics and ethnicity, of great mountains and rivers - the land of Vishnu, Shiva, Allah, Jesus, Buddha, Guru Nanak - she was thus overwhelmed. She waited and anticipated for that day of deliverance...



Sucking in the warmness of the womb, she rejoiced at the thought of being held by her other parent-being cuddled with care... thinking of which she brushed her legs gently on the glutinous walls. She dreamt of a thousand sun rays touching her face, to wet her cascading tresses in rain,

to breathe in the aroma of spring and autumn, to build castles of sand, to play with mud, to nibble the essence of bountiful mother earth, to love and get loved by others and so she waited... twiddling her thumbs to step into the world that would stand next to her when she stumbles.

And then she faced the acerbic truth- when the gust of stormy outburst took the place of gentle zephyr. Shaken she felt, her world trembled under the ineffable loathes of the unrecognized voices. She heard the odious voices that abhorred and animadverted upon her existence... made her wondered what burden she would bear upon the fiendish lot outside. Scared and appalled by the rigid contours of human mind that questioned the survival of a tad being, she was accosted by-

"Is this the world I fathomed? Is this the world am destined to enter? The darkness here is more soothing than the light outside waiting to engulf me with its titanic tyranny..."

The edge of steel cuts through, slaughtering and butchering and there her tiny face puckered in the coverlet of tears. The roguish world dictated her as the wretched female...

Yes, she was a wretched female!

A female without a sin. She meant no harm to anyone -why would she surrender to the manacles of cruelty and shiver amid the deceptive faces. The innocent her denied to surrender, to give up, to die - with the last of her effort, she cried out to the unconcerned world that had abnegated her without a glimpse of abashment, to let her live, dream, and not just die. No hint of humanity - the colorful world was bereft of mercy.

"How I wish I were a male..."

Knives, blades and blood- the tiny eyes witness it all. Murder. Slaughter. The beauty, the glory she fancied now wrathed upon her sex. She deemed herself throttled.

Alas! She wished she could feel the pincers clutching onto her legs. She wished she could cry out loud but she was silenced forever...

She sends her last prayer to the heavens, to the divine who claimed to have created this world...

"A wretched female I wish to be...in my next life...in the nine lives to come..."

And there the soul swears to come back- yet another day, through yet another womb and the world shall see her fight, fighting to make her sex known, to make herself known, to defy all odds and stand out amidst the males of the world and make them ponder...

"How I wish I had let her live, let her dream and had let her open her wings and fly..."

She wanted to step into this beautiful world...but she rather stepped into the world of print as one of those thousands many posts under the jargon: "FEMALE FOETICIDE"

Sarvani Chowdhury

B.Tech, 4th Year, 201311083

DURING REVOLUTIONS

When the whole country is burned in the flames of so-called revolution, I'm downloading Game of Thrones from u-torrent. The situation is so deadly. When my grandchildren ask me tomorrow, what will I say? College Wi-Fi was free so I was just downloading, or arguing with the auto rickshaw driver for 20 rupees.

I am feeling extremely sorry today. Not for Afzal. He was a terrorist. I am ashamed because I am unable to become a party. A friend who is B.A. fail from some "Pretty" University, gives a 2 km long lecture on JNU and I am still hoping to be a part of the revolution. The girls who are "papa's angel" or "doing ash on papa's cash" are running hashtags on freedom of expression and I am still hitting likes on the posts of Angel Priya.

There are so many barriers on the way to be a part of the revolution. The moment you feel like supporting a side on the basis of a video, the video clip will be declared as doctored. The 4th world war will surely be fought with video clips. As the 3rd is fought on news channel debates.

Sometimes I feel like crying on seeing the JNU, not on its conditions, but the duration for which the row is running. This amount of time is enough in my college to complete a whole semester. Engineering students can never be a part of any revolutions. They are wasted on the mid-sems and practicals. And I will be wasted on Wi-Fi downloads.



Md. Ramiz Raza

B.Tech, 4th Year, 201310629

RAVISH AND RAVISHING

Ravishing and ravish, one stands for beauty and the other to seize and carry off by force, two words so similar but with meanings so contrary. You see a young beautiful girl walking by the street, and you notice how ravishing she is with those cheerful eyes and an impeccable look on her face, there is a sense of accomplishment in her walk, accomplishment of a progressive life where she is blossoming out of the realms of her cocooned living. She, stepping in the vulnerable world with contemptuous eyes keeping a watch; one ignorant move and she could be ravished and succumbed to memories which would haunt her forever.

The ravishing ravished from felicity by the antagonistic society.

The hostility of the world to a positive spirit who wants to grow is sympathetic.

The world won't take charge, it would sit back and watch the good, bad and the ugly take place. But you can't. Good things are not that easy, they are meant to be achieved the hard way. The ineludible is not in your control, but everything else is. Walk your way to the world where the ravishing is dominant over the one who ravishes.

The "HOW?" is on you. You are smart enough.

Trust yourself.

Love yourself, you are Ravishing!



Sanskriti Singh

201219374

WILL APPS SOON BE EXTINCT?

User1: Hey bro! Do you know how to play 'Violin'?

User2: There is an app for that.

You see, in this generation almost everyone uses smart phones (not to mention 4G support); and these smart phones have a plethora of apps. We are so addicted with the app-thing that even for finding a route, we rely on an app. Well, they are useful in many ways, but it has a con as well. By the end of 2020, it is believed that apps (or applications to be precise) won't matter by then. Why is this so? Let's find it out by sneaking into the past:

1975-85: Distributed Computing

1985-95: Personal Computing Model

1995-05: Server Client Model with browser based applications/websites

2005-till date: Native store model with apps

Every decade has come up with its own wave. With new ideas and advancements in technologies, we have been witnessing an improvement day after day. It may be presumed, henceforth, the concept of apps will be way gone before you realize.

Apple IOS, Microsoft OS, Android have store model with apps. For facebook-ing we use Facebook app, for whatsapp-ing WhatsApp app and so on. Will you reach 'YouTube' using a browser? Most of us would not. Apps have become the default way to get things done. However, there are many hassles while using apps. Some of them are:

1. Each app has to be found, downloaded and installed.
2. Thus it consumes space.
3. Every few weeks asks to update.
4. Each app has its own work style, so needs to be learned.

Hence, our scholars will find a way to resolve this. There are three possibilities that apps could be replaced:

1. Super- Applications- "Super"apps will have multiple features from multiple apps. For example: Snapchat- Besides messaging they have wallet feature, like buying tickets or paying taxi bills.
2. WebApps- Fulfilling our beloved Steve Jobs's vision. It would function without an installation, and the best feature being its operation (without using RAM) in a close browser environment.
3. Virtual Assistance- Microsoft is using this feature and you must be aware of it: 'Cortana'. Soon it will be available in smart phones. Apple's 'Siri' and Amazon's 'Alexa' are changing the environment of AI (Artificial Intelligence).

Soon as a user, you could be in a conversation with a robot to find cheaper flight rates, or buy stuffs online without the hassle of entering into the details. As a developer, a lot of opportunities await you; as how homo sapiens have survived through innovation and adaptability, the same applies for the developers in this ever-changing COMPUTING world.

Sarthak Mohanty

B. Tech, 4th Year, 201310555



NEW YEAR A BLESSING FOR AN OLD MAN

It was about 4'o clock in the morning when Rajeev took out his oxygen mask and woke up from his bed. It was a new year morning when everyone in the city was excited and enjoying the zero night program but Rajeev was upset. Rajeev Srivastav, a 74 year old man living alone in the residential area of pune dealing with a dreadful disease. Given 40 years of service to his family and company, he had got no close friends nor any family member to take care of him except the nurse who has been hired by his son. But today the nurse also has taken a leave for celebrating new year with her family. Rajeev slowly went to his study table and took an old diary which was a gift from his office on new year. He had many diaries which was given by his company on every new year but it was a little special because in this diary only he had written his feelings and had never thrown it. He opened the first page of that diary and started reading it.



1st JANUARY,1966

12:30 AM

HAPPY NEW YEAR DIARY

I am rajeev srivastav, 23 year old working in pune. Today is the worst new year in my entire life. As I am sick and away from my family for the first time in new year. I am all alone this house and nobody is there to take care of me. I miss my family, friends and relatives very badly. Today in this new year i wish for my family's well being and prosperity. I wish to get recover soon and meet my FAMILY SOON.

good night

(It was the only entry to his diary and after that he had not thrown it but kept it with him). After reading his diary's first page he took out a pen and started writing.

1st JANUARY,1966,2016

4:30 AM

HAPPY NEW YEAR DIARY

Meeting you after a long time. Well 50 years from the last time there has been a lot of change. My life was filled with happiness and joy with my parents, wife and children. But now i am all alone again suffering with a dreadful disease which is killing me day by day. My wife is no more and my two sons are settled in a foreign land. Today in this new year i wish for wellness and prosperity of my sons. I wish to be free from this disease and meet my wife soon.

good bye.....

After writing the diary entry, he watched the flying birds outside the window and smiled. He went to his bed and took his last breath.

Satarupa Panda

B.Tech, 4th Year, 201311385

THE SCIENCE OF HAPPINESS

As far as possible without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak the truth quietly and clearly and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself to others you may become vain and bitter, for always there will be a greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep your interest intact with your career; it is a real possession in the changing fortune of time.

Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you from real virtue. Many persons strive for high ideals and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself, especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture the strength of spirit of shield in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imagination.

Many fears are out of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You're a child of the Universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have right to be here. Like it or not it is clear to you, no doubt the Universe is unfolding as it should be. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive him to be and whatever labours and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul. With all its shams, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still A BEAUTIFUL WORLD. BE CHEERFUL. STRIVE TO BE HAPPY.

Suvam Swain

B.Tech, 3rd Year, 201410119



SHARING: THE ESSENCE OF HAPPINESS

Imagine a mango tree full of fruits, but its stingy owner doesn't even share a single one. Two things can happen: Either the fruits rot in the storage or the owner dies of eating them all. The most appropriate option would have been "Sharing".

Sharing, what is sharing? The answer is simple: It is the virtue of life that makes us happy along with others and where happiness is shared. A person who is willing to share his wealth is an honourable man and on the contrary a parsimonious person is always unaware of such moral excellence. The above statement is well understood with a fable which goes like this:

In the ancient Greece there were two persons in a village named Alexis and Dymas. They had meagre resources for the survival of their family. After they died they were taken to "Attis-The God of Rebirth". Both were questioned about their wants in their next life.

Alexis said to Attis that, 'The last life was very miserable, I had to spend my earnings on my family.



I was unable to save money and so I couldn't become rich. This time I want to be rich, collect and save as much as I can rather than just giving it to others. '

Dymas said to Attis that, 'In my last life I was only able to fulfil the needs of my family but I was unable to help anyone else, especially those who needed it the most. It was the greatest disappointment of all and I don't want to face it again.'

In the next life their fates were decided and as per the stingy attitude of Alexis, he became a beggar pondering to collect money. With a generous attitude Dymas became the richest person in that area who found happiness in helping others. In this context, sharing is like attaining contentment by helping others.

The present scenario resembles the past. Human race is all about money. They forget the virtues of life which makes a person happy. The value of money in life is just like fuel in a car the lust of which eventually ends. If one person goes on collecting fuel and keeps storing it in his car, a little spark can burn out everything. Similarly, an ungenerous wealthy person burns his whole life without peace and sanctity.

Sharing has another aspect too where wealth, money or materialistic things are not involved. This type of sharing emerges when we are in a relationship. Sharing of emotions, hopes, wishes, dreams, desires, pains, frustrations and fears. Sharing of such feelings implants selfless love and affection inside us for each other. When it becomes a habit, selfishness fades away and self-gratification is achieved.

Nothing in life remains unreciprocated i.e. the help rendered to a needy person by someone is returned to the latter in one or the other way.

"He who has two coats, let him share with him who has none."

Amarjit Mishra

B.Tech, 4th Year, 201312635

SUCCESS A NEVER ENDING HUNT.....

It feels like only yesterday I graduated from NIST even though it has been over 8 years. I still remember the placement day anxiety and the burning desire to go out and do something new or should I say chasing the defining moment of success which comes with the big word 'CAMPUS PLACEMENT'.

Hurray campus placement done it is party time, go out have fun everyone is happy after all I bagged the dream job with a potential onsite opportunity, after few months of joy, the job got started and at that time I realized now onwards if I have to be successful, I have to be a very good coder so here starts another chase for success. After couple of years on job I realized if you want to be a successful leader, you need to have a business domain expertise (MBA types) so here comes one more chase and so on so forth.

It has always been a hanging question in my mind that why a lot of people don't sustain success. I feel the word success or I should say chasing behind success is never ending, every time I achieve



a success there is a feeling of dissatisfaction and anxiety on how to succeed the next goal, there is more to it, so where is that inner peace and satisfaction, for how long we will keep chasing success, where is the end to it. Ahh... don't give me the gyan saying Success is a journey. I want to know the ultimate success which will give me a sense of joy and happiness.

As per my personal opinion, our ultimate goal should not be just getting an engineering degree, getting an IT job in a good company and so on so forth rather we should try to discover what fills my heart with joy and work towards getting that end goal relentlessly. There will be a lot of distractions and short sightedness but we need to overcome the same and more importantly we need to stop living someone else's dream and tagging it as our success.

I want to leave off with a simple message - Success is never enough. No matter how much success is earned, it always leaves us wanting more. Keep smiling and enjoy the moment to the fullest. Stop chasing success rather concentrate on your end goal to achieve inner peace and happiness, rest all is transient in nature.

Monalisha Panigrahy
200564089

DON'T GIVE UP - JUST DREAM UP

Speculations, hope, aspirations are unavoidable clutches that lies within a person. Do this tiny yet manifesting words hold any priority?

Well! Life is a full throttle of extravagant stuff. And we are too chaotic in our decisions. We start up a work and in a moment of nowhere, we get dishearten knowing the fact that we would get nothing at the end. Still, we exceptionally gratify with a hope. And there it is Dream! Dream to someday conquer the whole world, to have a long bike ride with friends to Leh-Ladakh, to have holiday trips with no work pressure or worries, and ultimately to sustain a peaceful yet luxurious life. But, before coming to this mature whims.

Do you remember what you wanted to be when you grew up?

Maybe a pilot? A doctor? A soldier? Whether or not we still hold those childhood dreams. Or probably we have given up all faith in our dreams due to the burden of daily life pulling us down. Why so? Because most of the people don't chase their dreams for the fear of failure. Little do they know this is one of the biggest ways to learn and grow.

"If birds can glide for long periods of time, then... why can't I?" - Orville Wright.

The Wright brothers faced many duplications of gliders, years of testing and trying to get to a powered "flying machine". Each time they failed, they called it a way to progress because each test and trial gave them new information which influenced them to come up with an improved version.

"I've failed over and over and over again in my life and that is why I succeed." - Michael Jordan

He was once removed from his high school basketball team, missed more than 9000 shots in his career, lost almost 300 games and have been trusted to take the game-winning shot ... and missed



- 26 times. What looks like an instant or overnight success has always headed by years of struggle and work.

With failure comes persistence. If you never fall down, you can't learn how to get back up. This makes us a bit stronger and capable of facing hurdles. It requires miles and miles of obscurity, difficulty, and perseverance to get to that hilltop of glory.

Have you ever regretted trying something new out of your sphere? Perhaps participating in the school play. Or pursuing your parent's dream leaving your desired trance. That feeling of wondering what could have been might still bother you even after years down the lane.

How to overcome the feeling of regret? Is it by trying harder? Well, you don't have to do something huge, but by taking small steps to achieve your dreams in the right direction.

If your dreams are big enough, you will have stepping stones of success along the way. Small achievements that can be celebrated with delight. These small victories can help push you through to the next goal and soon enough, your dreams will be realized.

DON'T QUIT SUCCESS IS AHEAD

If you're trying and failing, maybe you just haven't tried the right thing yet. Don't judge yourself and quit on life and on your goals. Every time you try and fail, you learn something new about yourself, about life, and even gain experience that can help you to do better next time.

Perhaps, we all hit points when it seems like going on is next to impossible. When you are already astounded with the upshots, it's easy to convince yourself to give up at that level. But giving up too soon could cause you to miss out success. You never know if clinging in there for little more time might procure you with fruitful results along with benefits.

YOUR DREAM DOESN'T HAVE ANY EXPIRATION DATE. TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND TRY AGAIN.

Suman Behera

MBA, 2nd Year, 201581025

THE FIRST OFFICIAL

“Go ahead”, if I remember correctly these were the words that were passed on to me from the then flag bearers of Club Eureka on behalf of the administrators of the college. Yippee! I was making the first official short film for my college. I was already rejoicing, making phone calls to my near and dear ones sharing the news that had made me happier than clearing some of the difficult engineering papers. And why shouldn't I be doing that? I had edited the script almost half a dozen times before I got the nod. I was getting the opportunity to take a shot at my newly found passion which over the years has grown up even more substantially.



"Don't be professional", said my friend and the Club Eureka Secretary Shivashish. For him the club and its members formed his second family. Having known me properly enough, he knew that I would be professional in my association with the club in which I weren't a core member and produce my first short film. I had assured him that this will go as he wishes it to, but deep down I

didn't had the intension to. How could I not be professional? I was making my first short film, I would not be doing justice to my passion had I taken the event to be something like a get together of friends trying to achieve something, I didn't wanted to make a mistake, I had longed for this for my entire second year. But just to keep the word, I was acting "not-professional" to start with. I thought I was doing good, but then there was a gentle reminder "Dude! You are no actor, keep yourself up to writing and directing only".

"It was nice to see you finally smile", I got a text from Madhu, a core member of my batch from the club, and this was the reality check about my bad real life acting capabilities. I tried to improve my real life acting skills but with every passing rehearsal day, opportunities to showcase the same diminished. I started to think like how everyone else were in the club, I had started taking them as friends first but in no time family. Not just the club members, the faculty advisor of the club, Dipti sir too slipped into the category of important people in my life. Not sure if Madhu had asked the club members to make me get out of my shell, never asked her, never needed to and that's largely because I believe and know it was no acting from the club members, only real.

Though the title and the first sentence or two might hint of me sharing my experience of making my first short film but the thing I took from this experience were the close bond I share till date with the members. This gave me a working principle, it is more important to make strong connections instead of making success. Disclaimer: this is just a personal one.

Presently in the competitive world of Information Technology, where people don't hold back to step past you to be successful, I still follow my guiding principle. Am I succeeding? Well, success is perspective.

Stutya Mallick
201016216

THE RENDEZVOUS

We have met before, haven't we? Just like the clouds and the rain, we met in the sky and you raced towards the earth. It was always a lightening moment, a moment to cherish for whenever we meet. Yes, I remember your face, a glittering, winsome and notable face. Oh, yes I can mark you hidden in the crowd also. As always, I am feeling ecstatic while writing about you. Ohh your beauty, that stint which never lasts more than a blink never fades from my memory also. Damn, I wait for the next rendezvous and next time when I meet, I ask the same question.

We have met before, haven't we?

Smile would sprout in both our lips. See... I was blabbering so many things about you last night while painting you, but now I am struggling for words. You are like this only, making me forget my world.

Hey, if you have reached till here, you might have understood it's not a story, it's just like Déjà vu, it's a dream which recurs every night or its reality, I am not sure. But we have met, just like the darkness and the light.

Some nights would just end being dawn, the sun would abide the sky. Rays spread through the horizon and birds start flying. An awesome beginning to that day. I lie facing the sky since last night.



Stars, half born moon, half dead moon disappear eventually and then the sun would appear. All of them were playing hide and seek just like us. But there is something I see every time we meet. I die to catch your eyes, just one glimpse and your smile just like the first time. Your lips stretched a little and dent would form in your both cheeks, you would caress your hair and my eyes blink... you gone. Just like the tides return into the sea keeping the shore wet, you are in my mind. Damn, it must be a dream. Had it been real, I would have tried to find you, I would have ran to catch you, I know your face...it must be a dream.

It's just like the other day, when I was strolling on those morning dew widespread on the garden. I felt as if you passed by humming something in my ear. Your footsteps what I could follow till that green end. Your mesmerizing smile harbingered your presence. I chased you as fast as I could have, but alas... a mirage what I could find, spread to infinity. Till the horizon, till my eyes could see, you were not there, still your aroma prevailed in the wind. A mirage lied in front of me, full of your steps till the perpetuity. I still remember, the first painting I had canvassed glorifying your beauty, an endless sky above a translucent lake. Stars mirrored in its water and you were in my arms before the relentless fire. Words echoed all through the night, I whispered my favourite poem numerous times, you were there in my every word, brimming in that night which lasted longer than a usual one till my eyes opened. A dream worth of remembering and more beautiful than reality. I have met you, where I don't know, but each time I meet, you were as glorifying as you are today. But damn me, that stint never lasts longer, I wish it would be one day.

And one rainy day I woke up with a morning dream filled with you, I was smiling crazily. It was my first graduation day. A nice trouser, pressed shirt and nicely parted hair and I was on my way to the bus stop. When I got into the bus, you were there. Silently sitting on a window seat, streaks of your hair playing with the wind and you tucking them behind your ear again and again and failing every time. For a moment I thought I need to wake up, am I still dreaming? Your face glowing with those morning rays and its music seeing you from far. I could not blink, I thought you would disappear just like old times. And when I did, you were still there, I was not dreaming, not this time. You were real, a person not my imagination, not my dream. I approached you just like as I always wanted. There were no mirage, your face looked brighter and you smiled.

"Have we met before?" I asked.

"Nice try Sir, but I am not impressed."

I smiled back. "You got me wrong. We have met for sure. I don't know where but we have. "My voice was more or less tuned convincing. But not her eyes.

"I don't think so, if we had also I don't remember. So please don't disturb me."

My voice was pale and eyes teary. This world stopped and all staring eyes paralyzed me, as if I was standing naked, waiting for crucifixion. I turned towards the door and was moving silently when her voice reached my ear.

"Hey you dropped something. " She was loud and clear. And she was staring back at what was lying on that floor. I rushed to gather to my valuables, my dreams, my nights, my creation and my love.

"Have we met before" it was her turn. Her voice was as perplexed as it was mine.

"I told yaa.." she was helping me gather my paintings in which she could see her face, beautiful and alluring mixed in colors. She was looking more vibrant and vivid in them. She was astonished, bemused and was looking lovely.

That day and today.... Whenever I wake up, I wake up next to her, just like my morning dream.

Kamal Lochan Panda

200610083

THE WHATSAPP CONTACT

Dear "The WhatsApp Contact!" I hope you are doing well. Please consider "The WhatsApp Contact" as a proper noun. Before you start reading I would like you to stop caring about the grammar and spelling errors, as there are none. It has been proofread half a dozen times manually and once by using Grammarly. So don't even try.



Having said this, I would like to tell you the reason for writing this. I have received a request from Jan Koum and Brian Acton (please use your AirTel 3G Network to find out who they are) to write this letter and inform you that how grateful these gentlemen are to both of us.

Apparently the WhatsApp servers were filled with our messages that resulted in increased online activity and helped them to achieve their 1 year's online traffic target in a month. As a result, of which they along with Mark had decided to keep WhatsApp messenger free forever. Though it does not makes a lot of difference to us Indians, since we can make endless Google Accounts. However, they confessed that they read our messages without our information and requested me not to sue them as they barged into our privacy. Also, Mark made Priscilla read our conversations. They also promised to introduce another layer of encryption to ensure privacy of our chats.

Along with the mail, they also requested me to talk about all the conversations that happened between us and the ones that happened only inside my mind. So here I go.

I write this letter to tell you how amazing and incredible you are! I remember my first ever message sent to you was kind of creepy, as who asks semester grades in the very first message, but I don't remember the moment when we got quite close over the phone.

Thanks my dear "The WhatsApp Contact" for making me feel good. Trust me whenever the 'new message received' ringtone played in my tablet it made me dance, well not apparently but inherently. I guess, during our chats we travelled through time as hours passed like minutes. I really enjoyed talking about stuff ranging from physics to religion and about the mysterious element responsible for the propagation of gravitational force to the emotional talks of my abominable introversion. You almost made me open up and speak about topics that I normally do not discuss with normal people. After all, who wants to be labelled as mentally unstable?

There are many chats that are worth remembering. The one that I will laugh throughout my life is the one that we had while your journey to home. I remember when your co-passengers pestered you and in order to show your impeccable vocabulary you said "Sultry" impetuously. I will never forget in my life the "Please No, Seriously No", dialogue of yours.

By now I guess you might have already figured out the façade (yes the spelling is correct by the way) that I put on, about being intellectually superior. Well, I confess here that you calling me a miser and rebuking my network made me feel good. I purposefully called your favourite star by the wrong name because I loved that you corrected me each time. I also loved telling you horror stories and sharing the photos and recipes of the home cooked food with you. Initially, I hesitated to share the links to my blogs but then who cares, eh?

I enjoyed teaching you a new language and that too, over the phone, and the last thing that I enjoyed

was to sing you a song even at the risk of being called a lunatic. I remember the long discussions about my plans to travel alone to Tibet and Leh and the stories along with them. I would remember, you telling me your childhood stories about how you danced in TV advertisements and listen to mine (I prefer not to elaborate). I appreciate your efforts when you made me realize that "some words are best unsaid" as false. Now I truly believe some conversations should happen at the earliest! I would also like to thank you for helping me to speak over the phone for more than 5 minutes.

Even though I won't recognize your voice if you call me from an unknown number I could easily claim that I can recognize you from the choice of words and overall vocabulary. It's just another form of cognitive ability, probably different from normal human beings but then you know how it works for us. Don't you?

Now that we will be moving to new places in a couple of months it will be a lie if I tell you that I would miss seeing you regularly as it had never been that way. Also, I don't promise that we will be in touch regularly, but one thing that I am certain of is, I will cherish the moments of texting you. So let's be less dramatic and tell you about what's practical rather than those which would not happen. You can forget people but there is no way you can forget experiences and moments. I would miss the moments when you advised me how to behave as normal human being does in the matters of interpersonal relations. I would miss playing the weird games that we played just to sustain our conversation. We may forget each other's face, voice but I would never forget the conversations that happened between us. They will always carry a special meaning in my subconscious mind. I am not sure how long will it take to find someone just like you but till then I can live with the sweet memories of our conversations.

I would like to apologize for all the times I made you feel uncomfortable, the times when I asked you out, without realizing WhatsApp contacts don't go out together, real people do. I also apologize to have said you things and that too in the creepiest way possible that normally human beings say when there is the biochemical reaction in the brain resulting in the secretion of dopamine.

I consider you as a teacher who does not give up on adamant, arrogant, stupefied and petrified students. You taught me to withhold emotions, to make others feel good even when you are not really comfortable with them.

There are a lot more inside my head but it's not possible to put down everything here. I thank you for bearing me and allowing me to be in my natural raw form as it takes great valour and grit to handle human beings like me. I would pray to God (though I don't believe in one) that you have a great life and a great career ahead.

Thank You

Yours Truly

"Just another random WhatsApp Contact"

PS for readers : It's a work of fiction, so don't come running to me asking for any kind of treat or asking about the person. (wink)(wink)

Abhirup Moitra

201210313

COFFEE WITH KARMA

Completely enervated sat down with a cup of hot coffee ...sipping every bit of it and trying to comprehend the recondite and the involved concept of Karma.

There I was having coffee with Karma and still trying to figure out my peer...Interesting is your name but why, how and where do you originate from? My curious mind questioned...these inexorable thoughts kept creeping in and framing the questions. My impatient mind needed the answers but my peer kept silent.....



I got vexed and decided to quit these inscrutable and abstruse thoughts...And never ever offer another sip of coffee to the Karma... but I suddenly realized someone mocking at me, mocking at my travesty.....it was Karma..; Karma that offered me mockery for my endless questions. So did my questioning Karmadeserve a mockery? I got petulant at that particular moment but as my impatient mind started gaining back its wisdom, I realized Karma was me, and I was questioning myself .. Weird isn't it?

So true it is... Karma is just the reflection of our actions. It's what you do every day like your quotidian tasks, something that is like gravity, so basic that we often don't even notice it. It is in us, with us, and defines us. We are identified by our Karma. The doctrine of Karma is a spiritual doctrine based on theory of cause and effect.Karma tells us that we as individuals are solely responsible for the consequences of our own behavior. "Oh my god she is so good...he is so querulous ... she is so insolent, urgh, he is wicked". Are these accolades or criticism to a person? No... It is the lambasting to our Karma... So funny it was when I realized coffee with Karma was actually coffee with me. My inner soul connects me to Karma. So now what do I want to be was my question good or bad?

If I chose to be good, my Karma had to be good, but path of good Karma is tortuous. It's full of roadblocks, it's pernicious. But at the same time it evolves you, elicits the humanity,compassion, righteousness in you and makes you a better person just as an alchemist turns lead into gold. But if your Karma is bad you will reap the egregious repercussions. Karma revolves around you and gives you what you sow. Karma of hatred can never endow you with love, Karma of deceit can never give you loyalty, hence bad Karma can never do you good.

My coffee with Karma made me realize that Karma has no menu, you get what you deserve. It showed me two paths of life: one that was good and another that was ghastly, and left the choice on me to choose whatever my heart desired.That day I realized I was driving my own life for so long and feigned to be seating at the backseat. I laughed aloud.....I chortled as I finished my last sip of coffee... I had finally got my answers...Now when are you having coffee with Karma?

Anjali Sinha

200970211

Title credit: Neha Verma

THE WORLD-REDISCOVERED NOT INVENTED!

World around us is really very astonishing. The horizon surrounding us is really very creative, painted by nature or innovated by the nature's beings -human beings. Back in 15th century, people awaited letters and postcards to know the good news. To celebrate, meet their relatives, they travelled years together to reach their destination. But the stupendous discoveries of science have brought the world near us. In a single click we are near our relatives. In a single moment we flip from Japan to US. We have developed a lot in this 21st century and we are proud of our achievements and we consider we are at the peak of our success. But down the lane 5000 years back, if we imagine about the level of scientific developments we may change our view point. Let me remind you all about our rich Indian History where Science and Technology were at its peak.



Do we remember about the Pushpak Vimana(Ravan's flying chariot) and the Vedic facts have a lot about the aviation technology in them. Shivkar Bapuji Talpade, a Maharastrian Scholar had tried flying his air craft long before the Wright brothers in the year 1895. He got the knowledge from Maharishi Bharadwaja's work from Rigveda.

Similarly, the medical sciences had two types of treatments: Germ treatment and Paranormal treatment ('Jiba' and 'Bhoota'). Long before the germ theory of disease was developed by Louis Pasteur, treatments were highly trustworthy in the past. We can recollect the treatment of Laxman after being hurt by Indrajeet Meghanad. He was cured only with the leaves of a medicinal plant. This was the practice of Germ treatment by Ayurveda. The bulk of such treatment is described thoroughly on Sushrutha Samhita. In the olden days the monks who stayed in deep forests to practice severe austerity and penance, when injured, applied certain herbal pastes to cure themselves. The tribal people in the deep forests used to serve them. That's why till date it's said they have immense knowledge of Ayurveda as the knowledge is transferred to them since generations from their forefathers.

The paranormal treatments were completely based on Occult sciences or Atharveda's Artharva practices. They used to remove the germs by using occult which would force the germs to leave the cells. Today's science has not yet reached to that level to understand this. Occult is not magic but it's also a part of science in mystery. Because of which outer covering of virus is named as 'Ghost'. Even the advanced medical techniques like cloning were practised ages back known as 'RakhtBeeza' (Blood cloning). Ravana was able to create 100s of his clones with each of his blood drop.

Similarly, Telepathy existed during Vedic ages which served as telephone. Now we need to dial the numbers to meet the telecom criteria. But Telepathy just needed memory. The packet of energy transferred the stuff. Even the technique of buoyancy was well practised during Ramayana war for creating the bridge.

Thousands of years ago, The Indus valley civilization was the peak of architectural development. The Mohenjodaro and Harappa is somewhere comparable to the architecture of Ravan's Swarna

Lanka (present day Sri Lanka). Even the proofs say that the language spoken in Mohenjodaro was from a Dravidian script. After the Aryan invasions from Central Asia the Dravidians were pushed towards the south.

The Television displays the distant images near us. But it's said Sanjay of Mahabharata visualized the whole war of Kurukshetra in the palace of Dhritarastra by the divine eyes gifted from Lord Krishna. Einstein also spoke about $E=MC^2$ being derived from Vedas.

Scientists are working presently on the Bermuda triangle and how it was created. They say somewhere it is related to Hanuman. Because Vedic calculation speaks that Hanuman flew with escape velocity of about 11.186km/s and escape velocity really has value which is 11.186km/s.

May be these were stories, may be they were true. But somewhere we find similar concepts like Pushpak and airplane, Telepathy and telephone and Rakhtbeez and cloning etc. But somewhere we conclude that people lived in a luxurious world with a better developed technology long before which we are yet to experience.

Cipra Mallik
201019147

LET'S LOOK BEYOND THE IT INDUSTRY

By the time I was writing this piece, I had made my decision to quit IT Industry and the very first employer Infosys Ltd. It has been almost 8+ years since I passed out from NIST in 2008 as an Electrical & Electronic Engineer and joined Infosys through pre-placement job offer. At Infosys, I have worked on different profiles starting as a trainee then a systems engineer, later I went on sabbatical for full time management course in marketing. Currently I am counting my days at Infosys while playing the role of Business Development Executive to drive the business through different partner companies of this IT giant.



With my brief introduction I believe I won't sound very surprising if I have a suggestion for my juniors to look beyond the IT Industry. But strictly this suggestion is not for them who have interest and skills for this industry but this is for many young minds who just get into any IT company because they need jobs to survive on this planet. To some extent perfectly it makes sense if you join any company just after passing out for your bread and butter but the quest to achieve something more appropriate should always be like the fire in you.

In recent years IT industry has seen some frequent changes. Although automation looks threat for every industry to reduce the manpower but it is speculated to affect IT industry more severely than other industries. Current changing norms for international work visas are also not good sign for overall IT industry which stands on workforce distribution at onsite and offshore to drive businesses in international markets. Unfortunately, most of these IT companies have large number of clients outside India hence revenue dependency is very less in home country. Going forward, these IT companies will be forced to implement cost cutting by focusing less on headcounts and more on

domain expertise, technical skills etc. In this scenario, who will manage to survive in this industry is quite understandable.

I am not writing this to discourage anyone but my purpose is to encourage fresh pool of talents to explore other untapped opportunities in other sectors. I did complain this and I hear this often that jobs are very less in other sectors but when we crib about all these, how many of us are willing to travel paths traveled less. Just to quote an example, renewable energy is still not much explored in our nation. There is enormous potential for start-ups to light up all the villages in India where electricity is still a dream. I can go on quoting many other examples but to cut the long story short, I would say, let's look beyond the IT Industry.

Md. Dilshad Ayubi
200410238

A STIMULUS TO CHECK 'RESPONSE'

CHANGE is a word that one often encounters in one's day to day life. It explicitly conveys that "nothing is permanent" in this world; everything changes its form with time; everything evolves to perish; everything's final destination is 'Dust'. If there remains anything that doesn't change over a period of time is the word "CHANGE" itself. We witness changes since our childhood, and slowly and gradually, matures to become a part of this universal phenomenon of 'change'. According to the great philosopher Socrates: "The secret of change is to focus all of the energy, not in fighting the old, but on building the new."



It is not necessary that the changes around us will always be in accordance to our likes. It may happen often that a change might disturb us, unsettle us, make us restless; but still, the truth is: "Change is inevitable" and no one can escape nor avoid the same. It may be understood similar to a technology which makes our lives go smooth. Once we start using a technology (invention), our lives become simpler and easier to manage; and on the other hand, if we don't, we continue to struggle with the odds.

Sometimes, when the things change around us, and especially, the things that we don't want to change; we try to fight it, resist it; but instead, it would be wise to accept it. We must believe that change is an important part of our lives and it is the chief characteristic feature of Human's emergence as the most capable specie. To put an end to this entire conversation with a few lines from George Bernard Shaw: "Progress is impossible without change, and those who cannot change their minds cannot change anything." So friends, let's welcome CHANGE.

Umrah Farheen
B.Tech, 3rd Year, 201411698

RESERVATION - A STEP OR AN ACTION

Reservation is a step or an action taken up by the ones in power of governing to improve the condition, either economical or social. Mind you, if seen in a way, backward or well off class of people is just a perception by the masses. The initiation of these perceptions, well, is preordained, lost in the pages of history, i.e. there is no definite proof, showing the genesis of difference in caste and creed.



India, after these many years of independence, has made some commendable reformations in legislation to bring equality in the society. One of them being the outclassing of the untouchability, which considered a human, an impure and lesser mortal. Laudable step by the government of the day but difficult to understand the move for advocating another form of discrimination called reservation. One reason may be the Govt differentiated between types of discrimination. Isn't it gauche on its part? The reservation policy of India which encompasses discrimination in caste, gender, religion is a dexterous form of legislation which has a benevolent intention of controlling it. The Mandal Commission, which put forth the idea of reserving 27% of the seats in education, was such type of legislation that aimed at benefiting the backward class of people, giving them a chance to climb the social ladder. The 33% reservation of women in governing bodies is yet another commendable piece. But what about the efficiency of these policies? Is it viable in this time?

Definitely, the reservation is an essential step 'aimed' at securing fair distributive justice in our society. Distributive justice, in a box defines division of social benefits and burdens among the members of a community. Here an act, designed to improve the well-being of perceived backward and under-represented communities, is a social benefit. And rightly, because they are backward and they need certain benefits which they were deprived off in the past. It's as simple as two friends, A and B, where A is from an upper-class, who is economically and socially well off, and B who is from a backward class, who is not even near the pecuniary status of A. A can get the best amenities and secure a job whereas B will struggle. So a little boost up is given to B, to come to the equal footing with A. Morally, it is quite a benevolent piece of legislation. What after levelling them up? What about the off springs of A and B who are on equal footing now? Will the distributive justice be fair, if applied to the next generation? In my opinion, the answer would be a strong negation. Fair, there should be equal treatment in equal circumstances. But there should also be progressive change.

Distributive justice can only be justified, when it is fair in the real sense. No matter, the legislation was indeed made for the development of the backward classes. But seen in a more wider sense, it was never about the particular community. It was about the development of the country as a whole where there would be no discrimination. The reservation policy was made, indeed for a purpose. Not just for controlling it, but for outclassing it in the future. Undisputedly, it was the society which created this sin, and then it has to correct it also. The magic wand should be used up to a limit else it has its own repercussions. One such repercussion is the 'ugly truth' of the dilution of quality in educational institutions. After all, the legislation was meant for helping the deserving class of people who are in need of it not for a piggyback ride. Reservation policy is justified and fair up till the society is brought into equilibrium and after that, let the conscience speak, because it knows the right thing.

Anwasha Ashapurna
B.Tech. 4th Year, 201311087

HOW LIFE CHANGES AFTER ENTERING THE CORPORATE WORLD

Your life won't be the same once you leave the college, your days officially as a student will come to an end, though learning never ends and one should always be a student eager for learning; and you are expected to be more responsible, your thought more matured and behaviour well mannered. The initial days at work are so great, you feel enthusiastic to learn. Because these days come immediately after a vacation, you feel rejuvenated which enhances you to grasp the information at the work place. You are expected to be smart enough at work place. You can't ask silly questions to your teammates/colleagues anymore as you used to ask to your professors.



You need not address someone with Sir or Ma'am, only their name will do, whatever be the age gap. Office is not that serious, you will have fun too. There will be people from all age groups, if you are a bit social, you will mingle with almost everyone. So many fun talks and chit chats in the cafeteria, everyday! Learning becomes much easier, a subject you've studied for an entire semester would take a week to learn, and then you master it gradually. Remember, you should never forget the basics.

After few months, suddenly you will realise so many things have changed. You don't remember the last time you left office and it was still sunny outside. You realise that most of the days, around 10-11 hours you spend at work. Weekends are when you can sleep as long as you want to. You feel sleep deprived for most of the times. You would be waiting for the salary day every month. You will run out of money in the last week of every month and then wonder, how your parents made sure that all your demands are met. You will miss your parents, close friends, home and hometown very much. You will realise that college friends are not so close now, everyone is busy in their own world. You create a world of our own. You need to take care of yourself completely, the food you eat, the dress you wear and the way you lead your life.

Sometimes, things won't work as per your plan. You won't have control over everything in your daily life. You may feel frustrated because after repeated trials, the result is still negative. There will be times when you feel like, "It's not my cup of tea, maybe I should quit it or maybe I could try something else". But remember, that's all normal. No matter what job you do, what position you may hold, these questions will bombard you at all phases of life. But you've got to believe in yourself. Belief is such a thing that can do wonders, stay determined and there would be nothing that you cannot conquer.

You will miss your college very much, and you will realise it only after leaving. Make sure you have no regrets, push your limits, and make out the best of the available resources, time and people. Knowledge and experience are the only things that one can never lose. So friends, get ready, Life is waiting. Enjoy every moment of your life, make the most out of every opportunity, and always try to be a good human being.

Vanamali Ajay
201110271

BEYOND THE BLUE

“Every man has his secret sorrows which the world knows not.” goes a famous saying.

For a lot of people depression is just another synonym of being sad? Isn't it? Sadness is just like a season, it comes and goes but the depression eats you bit by bit and you can feel every bit of it. You may think that this is just another phase, and it will pass. But it's different. Depression is not all about sad songs, or melancholic poems. Depression as stated in Wikipedia is a state of low mood and aversion to activity that can affect a person's thoughts, behavior, feelings and sense of well-being. To put it together in more simplified words -

Depression is feeling sad, hopeless, ashamed, and guilty of things that may or may not be your fault. It's more like restricting everything out because you think that's the best option to do or like being a part of something, you thought would never end but somehow it did, which leaves a void, a deep gash in your life. You try to ignore the obvious, shielding yourself from the blunt truth that you have this feeling of despair that eats you. And then, on being interrogated further you can't even state the reason of your depression, just because depression is never one straightforward-reciprocation. With each following day, you feel more way-ward, going astray from people. To shield yourself from questions, you descend to the usual cock-and-bull-excuse of "I'm having a headache", rather than saying "I'm feeling lonely, detached, broken and I don't know the reason". Lying makes you less vulnerable then. But on the back of your mind, you continue persecuting yourself with questions since you don't even know where all these feelings are mounting up from. They say, you can't tranquilize your wounds if you can't see where you're maimed. Similar is the case with depression. Depression is unendurable since you can't see where your suffering would end.

But the only good thing you can do with depression is, you learn. You learn to rise. Yes, it's always about the resilience. You can feel messed up, in and out, be haunted by cynical emotions, weighed down with negative thoughts each night, but you're allowed. You're allowed because "That's human" because that's how it is. You wake up each morning, you fight depression and you feel strong. You learn that's how it works. That's the only thing that will never fail. Inchmeal, you learn that crying is never weak. You cry your heart out and gradually you feel light. It's rightly said - "Cry a river, build a bridge and get over it." You learn to deal with your own life, your problems and that would seem more practical and less into doldrums. You learn that being suicidal is never rational. You learn to tame your wild thoughts, your overwhelmed emotions and you learn to think straight. You somehow learn to grow. And that's human. You lie awake at night, nonplussed by your own disorders. You feel like there's no more room in your head for deeper cognition. Truth be spoken, inherently you'll feel as such. And that's inevitable. But there is only one thing for it, you learn. You learn how to calm your own demons. That's the only thing that your mind can never reject. It cannot alienate the idea of learning. Learning from your mistakes. Learning to fight the monster of your own mind. You learn to chronically uplift your wretched soul. You learn to rise beyond the blues. You learn. That's human!



Dibya N. Nayak

B.Tech, 2nd Year, 201519165

GOD EXISTS OR NOT

Characters: <1> Ishaan: Going to get a haircut
<2> Barber: Initiates the Talk
<3> One Anonymous Guy with Long Hair

(After all the formalities of hair cut.....Conversation Begins)

Barber: Do you know something?

I don't believe that God exists.

Ishaan: Why do you say that my friend?

Barber: It is very easy,when we go out there(pointing towards a slum area)we realize that God doesnot exist.

(Thinking sadly)And if God really exists,then tell me-

Why there are so many people hurting?

Why there are so many kids abandoned?

Sick people?(Sighs)

No,my friend if God would exist there wouldn't be sufferings.

There wouldn't be so much pain in the world.

(Then barber concludes)

I can't understand if there is a god how could he allow all these things to happen?

(Totally confused,Ishaan opted to leave the shop with a smile.After coming out from the shop,Hesaw a young guy with long hair and then enters back the barber's shop)

Ishaan: Do you know something?

Barbers don't exist.

Barber: What?Then what am i?

Ishaan: Barbers don't exist,because if they do,there wouldn't be people with such a long hair as thisman has.

Barber: The barbers do exist. Such people don't come to me.

Ishaan: Exactly!That's the point.

God exists,the problem is that people don't go to him, that is why my friend, there is somuch pain and misery in this world.



Divyaraj

B.Tech, 2nd Year, 201540188

IMPORTANT THINGS

He looked above, still praying to an even higher power, as he had done throughout his life since he was born. The world around him was in chaos, literally. The ground was shaking violently, gigantic fissures appearing on its surface. To his left, half the city or megapoli, as they were called, was alight, temperatures ranging from 20,000-50,000°C. To his right, the scenery looked exactly as it was, sub-zero! Temps ranging from (-200)-(-450)°C, everything was condensed so that the particles constituting the matter were near absolute zero temperature, in short absolutely no energy! Yet none of these seemed to trouble the individual. The flames kept licking his immortal form pointlessly, the cold unable to do anything more. The humans had already escaped into their shelter-homes and the less intelligent flora and fauna had already perished amidst the furore and frenzy (forgive my vocabulary). While anyone would try to flee from the chaos, he embraced it. It was the only place on Earth where he could be what he is, no reason to hide. It was a place where he could think. Being near omniscient, he could watch the disintegration of the living, turning to dust, smaller particles, and the rest energy. From them again they arise only to settle there in the end. In fact there was no end to it. It was a cycle, a circle, with no start and end point. It was not long before he felt his solitude disappear and he was not surprised. Deep in his thoughts, he ignored when his conditioned senses detected another presence near him.



"Ah! Good to see, you are back. About time, need some help here" he said, with a certain hint of a smile at the edge of his mouth. "No," said the voice he knew from his birth, "I've come to save you."

"Then you still do not possess understanding." He said standing to face his companion, to his left. In the fire, he could only make out the silhouette of his partner's genetically engineered body, identical in much ways to his own. "You are not a traitor. Death is not pleasing." His companion pleaded.

"If we continue as we are we all will meet the same fate." Came the reply.

"The Earth must be reset. All the living organisms should be eradicated. The reps have even told us to change the variable location and eventuality of their sun. You know it to be true."

"They can accept change."

"The fracture in time has already been created. This is beyond our control now."

"You count as something. I'm not all alone here." He smiled.

"We have studied their behaviour from the beginning and orbited this planet and their star for over 4,000 times. They are the cause of their own demise. That fact cannot be changed. Even 9 dimensional beings like us cannot prevent that from happening." Argued his companion.

"This planet is one of the few which harbours life in this universe. You can't possibly expect me to join you in destroying it. This will lead into our own destruction. This is a causal universe. Every resultant effect has a cause." He said calmly, trying to bring some sense into his friend.

"My friend, their minds are made of matter and nothing more. Their consciousness is therefore subject to the physical laws of the universe: every choice they will ever make can be calculated. Their decisions have already been pre-determined just as the behaviour of the planets in this system is. They will always try to choose the easier way, the path which leads to the destination with the least amount of hurdles."

"Planets are not self-aware, brother. Planets do not decide to orbit. For this reason they can be predicted. These humans, though, they choose. Every choice they make changes the future of reality. Do never forget that their consciousness and general perception of things is not that different from ours. They will always face difficulties to find the solution."

"Violen-...."Started to say the companion but was interrupted by him. "Violence is a perceptive term, as everything is. Still, from my observations here, they show disinclination towards violence on an average. They have some concept called hope. It is an internal force which changes realities for them."

"These humans are just organized matter, functioning like clockwork. They are just biological machines. If we know the initial conditions and precisely how they function, we can predict everything they will ever do."

"They are not just matter, as not are you and me. They have drunk order from the universe, using the energy from their star, until they have become something more than matter, just as you and I have. They have a grouping of matter so ordered, they can decide their own paths independent from the physical laws. Their bodies are subject to them, yes, but their minds are not."

"It makes no difference how ordered matter becomes." Snapped the companion. "If their lives are undetermined, then why do you cherish them so much?"

"They have an illusion of individuality and ego. I cherish them for what they will become when this illusion lifts."

The definitive point had come where they had to go on ahead with their work. The core of the planet was almost on the verge of exploding. Time has come. He kept on looking at his partner, his eyes doing the 'talk' rather than his mouth. His friend has all the wrong philosophies that most of his race was suffering from. Individuality and ego. Yet still he had hope that his friend would come over his senses. He knew that the humans cannot yet perceive time as they do. Unlike them, their lives are but a flash of light in the universe, incomparable with its timescale. They are long behind their destinations but at least they have the path. And he had the hope too that the illusion will someday be lifted. His partner had not spoken for quite some time. But he was happy when he did.

"What about the reps?"

"What about them? What happened, just happened. We are too, like them, humans, independent from the physical laws, remember? Both our fates don't compare to the sum of a race" he said.

"Something I didn't mention. I knew you would try to turn over things and force me to-... well, do things your way" said his companion.

"Why didn't you do otherwise then?"

"Just wanted to make sure" replied his companion. They looked at each other. None had signs of any emotions on their face. Then both of them started laughing concurrently. The flames began to die out as the timeline itself was being reversed. The sub-zero matter got energy from their previous states and everything was returning to normal. The Earth was being healed. "Anyways, they are our forefathers. Should have some respect at least. Or whatever."

(Note: Those of you who still do not understand, the two 9-dimensional beings are humans of future, but genetically modified.)

Ashim Mohanty

B.Tech, 4th Year, 201310742

NATURE VS. CULTURE: THE REALITIES

It's in the very blood of every human being to be outrageous, to be charismatic, to create rules and break them, lynch them outrageously, to diadem and to play the redemption game of attracting favors. It's the very nature of Human to live in them and cannibalize them. It's their nature that drives them to hypothetically believe in what they do is correct and what they will do can be purely circumstantial, even then we don't stop trying. We can just put a drone when we just want to stop but the real impeccable person inside us keeps poking because the true reason is something else. We are what we are and we always lean to anything and everything that someone says about us, something that we want to hear. We easily don't believe that we are after all simple mortals with a heart and we cannot glorify or signify anything and everything. Life is all about the opportunities, even the ones we miss. It's in our nature that we will hurt and expostulate to the one's we can have the most by us and we won't see that by doing that we don't extol our deeds, we throw them away from us but we don't know. We forget them and the fact that because a few things didn't go as planned we are neglecting our survival. Nature is rendezvous. It just happens to us like every day. Culture on the other hand is an art or a creation. This is what we have made out of our beautiful mind, it speaks about us. Had human thought that creation is not inept or discretion is the better part of valor then our ability of living in civilization could have been in trouble. I believe redemption is the panacea of culture and egalitarianism is the doctrine of culture. We demand equality and we demand love, who doesn't want to be loved, and this enchanting security can only be felt when we live in society and this society is nothing but our own creation from culture.

If you are reading this and I say that you look good,

Won't you be happy? This is our nature.

This happiness that bought a smile in our face is what,

We get from our culture.



Shilpa Patel

201211329

MY FIRST/LAST LOVE

Climbing upstairs was hard but knocking the door of her house was even harder. For a couple of minutes I stood right in front of that door with a red rose in my hand. The rose was pale and her petals had gone dry but that didn't matter because I was in love. Her name was Neha, she was from my school and I was in love with her for over a month now. It's not like I have known this girl for a day or so and had fallen for her, no because I have known her for over a decade now or not really, as of now I cannot clearly think but at least we were in the same school and knew each other's name, now that's a fact to rejoice upon. I could remember we were in our 10th standard



when we joined the same tuition classes that was the time when we started to know each other. I have to admit, even then it was just not enough for me or her to fall in for a common case 'Love'. Well guess what no matter how much time it took for that cause to evolve within us, the fact is I was standing right in front of her door with a rose in my hand to finish some unfinished business. It was 7th of Feb, 2010- The ROSE DAY. I knocked the door without knowing how hospitable the situation could make way for me, you know what I mean. Well, astonishingly to my surprise or rather relief I should say it was Neha who had to welcome me and I was like thank God. But before I could even speak a little she slammed the damn door right away on my face. What I couldn't figure out was she was angry because she saw me with a rose or afraid if any of her family members would see a boy with a rose at their door. Whatever the reason might be, for me, it was quite embarrassing so I said "I wouldn't leave until you accept this rose."

"Are you kidding me?" she opened the door again and said "My mother is sleeping in the next room and even by chance if she gets a hint about all this, then we are dead, do you understand that."

Obviously this was supposed to be quite a concern for a 10th grader but no matter what I was in love so I didn't pay much attention to her warnings rather kept staring at her. A beautiful face escorted by her attractive eyes. Part of her face was covered by strands of untied hair which needed attention every now and then and they were the ones which made me love her even more. It was drizzling that day, when I first saw her with those untied hair, and she looked so beautiful like a dove. She was walking towards me and I didn't even notice that. It was one of my friends who tapped on my shoulder and asked "Is that Neha?"

We were standing outside of our tuition class and I was finding it hard to recognize her so I said "I don't think so."

By the time I had barely finished saying, Neha had already reached us and my friend jumped before me and said "Hi Neha. You are looking pretty."

She frowned and said "Thank you, Abhishek," and both of them walked past me inside the class. "I should have said something?" I thought. I felt something inside which I could definitely call love for the girl who just walked past me. There was something special about that day. My feelings for her got stronger every day, strong enough to be disclosed. Two weeks later on 5th January-2010, I had assimilated enough guts to propose the girl and I did the same but I did that over the phone. And yes just for record, I got rejected. That was a bad start, but I didn't lose hope. Every day I canvassed around her house in a nearby cricket field right in front of her house just to catch a single glimpse of her which would make my day and only sometimes I was lucky. It had only irritated her more.

How could I miss the rose day, after all it's the first day into the Valentine week

"Are you even listening to me?" asked she but this time in a lighter tone. "Why are you doing this? It cannot be done the way you want. Just leave."

"Not until you take this rose," I said.

She looked inside the house and then came back to me, stared at me for a couple of minutes more and then snatched the rose from me.

She did that to get rid of me for that moment but who cared. She had accepted the rose. "Is that

supposed to be a yes?" I asked and she banged the door again on my face.

I didn't even care to know if it was a yes or no. I took it as yes and literally ran downstairs and into the field. This time she was standing in her balcony with the rose in her hand. She didn't look angry but she wasn't smiling as well. She was just standing and watching me enjoy the moment.

The rest of the week went as it was meant to be, even better I should say. She said 'YES' on the following day and that was more like a relief than happiness.

Things were good for us for a couple of months. We rode together to school, tuition classes and then back home. We were falling for each other more and more but everything couldn't be that easy. So there were difficulties.

It was this afternoon when we were riding back home. She was angry because I was spending more time with friends and it was supposed to be a minor discussion and I knew how to make her smile. I had almost done the same when we reached the turn from where we both take different ways to reach home. I stopped there and watched her cross the road on her bicycle. She wasn't angry and she looked back at me with a smile and said "Go. Why are you waiting?"

I gazed at her as she continued to cross the road. She looked back again but this time there wasn't silence. I could hear the screeching sound of car tyres. That smile disappeared from my face. It was replaced with horror and inexplicable anguish as I looked upon the road a car approached Neha at high speed, must be around 70 kmph. I looked back at Neha. Before she could even look towards the car or I could warn her, the car had reached her and the driver wasn't in control at such a high speed. The car collided into her bicycle right in front of my eyes and there was a sudden silence. I ran as quickly as I could, the car had stopped there and there wasn't any harm to the occupants. But I didn't give a damn to that. I ran towards her and saw blood was all over her. She didn't look good. Her eyes were closed and blood ran from everywhere to everywhere, her cheeks, her nose, her eyes, the blood even spread on road. She was in her school uniform which had patches of blood all over. My eyes got wet but I turned to the driver, a young boy. I hurried towards him and saw he wasn't drunk and was with his family. People had gathered around her and they took her to the hospital. I wasn't in a condition to help. Suddenly there was recall of events and moments with Neha in my mind. I stood in the middle of the road. All the memories seemed to be fresh again.

I didn't feel good, as if I was going to lose something very valuable. The last glimpse of her looking back at me, smiling in her most natural way made me feel weak and strong at the same time.

"Had she not been looking at me, she might have been safe now," I thought. It was me who was to be blamed. "Was I the reason behind the terrible accident?" I thought and this question repeated in my mind over and over again. I felt terrible and that accident happened because of me.

Whenever I try to recall that event and I try to blame myself, I always have this girl, right by my side, smiling at me and making me feel that everything's fine. We didn't lose anything that day. Our love only grew stronger. She took admission in the same college in which I was after taking a year gap. We have been together for almost six years now and who knows we will be in love for a hundred more years or eternity to come.

Rohit

201216338

NIST: A MOTIVATION

Walking down the stairs, thinking of what I am? A smile went down my face, without realizing that I have reached the ground floor of LHC. I stepped out of it.

A pleasant breeze blew giving me the essence of nature... There I got my answer.

I am a NISTian...

I turned around to have a complete view of LHC. The height led me to a deep thought, I compared it to the dreams I had.

The dream to be into IITs... I was a JEE aspirant...

I was in a flashback, every pictures went in front of my eyes, like a slide show, the dream of being big, the dream to lead a prosperous life.

Those dreams got bigger and bolder when I qualified JEE Mains...awaiting for the JEE advance results.

It was all,

Every Dream got shattered when the results were out, I couldn't qualify for IITs...

Having very few choices to get into.... here I was, at NIST....

The first day at college was so boring and so upsetting...that it demotivated me, for a moment I was regretting for not working so hard to get into IITs....

It took me a week to settle down and know this environment....

One day I rang one of my friends, and discussedhis college and facilities they receive, I was satisfied on learning that NIST provided all those facilities that an IIT or NIT provided....

Seven months have passed, and each day the love towards NIST increases.... The best part of NIST which I have come across is,

FIRST: It's Clubs, providing a platform for every student to present the "Inner me" and get to learn several new things.

SECOND: -Running around from one building to another to attend classes.

The second one excites me the most as it gives a break as well as refreshment to attend the next class...

The faculty members have always been supportive and exciting and have helped me in every way possible.... they always try to give their 200 percent.

No other college would have provided me such a climate, and would have never sparkled an average student like me... I would have been lost in the competitive world....

NIST has taught me to be bold, be frank, be fearless, be the person I want to be, "The real me", and not what others think you will become.

NIST is growing in a rapid way and I have no doubt that one day it will touch the sky, and even then would have its feet on the ground...

Coming to NIST has always been exciting for me and a place to capture opportunities and fly high....

That's the thought which bring smile on my face when I think of it in my free time....

Yes, I am a NISTian and I am Proud of it.

"No Complains, No regrets"....



Abhishek Kumar Yadav
B.Tech, 1st Year 201610020

UNCENSORED... COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Life's always better when seen hindsight. Past is as much a mirage as one's future for which we have been running and racing since ages. In this race without a finishing line we most often than not ignore our present let aside start loathing it. This very act of not breathing the present makes us watch a beautiful movie (partly scripted by us) in fast forward mode. We tend to commit the same mistakes which make a mentally sick person crave for heaven or jannat in lieu of his present life. 'After Life', if it exists then fine, but if it doesn't then we need to ask ourselves what are we actually bartering our present happiness for. Can we risk all 'What we have now' just on a BIG 'If'?



Much has been said by many an eminent personalities about time spent in college being the most fascinating years of one's entire life. Do we ever think 'Why'? Why do we in our later years engage in such romanticization of our college times, when actually one lives a month with less than one tenth or one hundredth of what one has in his present years? Why do we feel the yearning to return to those days which were filled with dreadful Semesters and Vivas? Why those moments of teenage and first of one's twenties are so special despite the fact that 10 years later one feels embarrassed to confirm even one's presence in a photo clicked during those years he truly looked like the malnourished version of his present? The answer to all the above questions is in the word used in the 1st query itself, 'Lives'. We actually LIVE and not just survive when our acts are innocent, when our thought process is pure and is as per 'Dharma'. Sounds preachy? "Koi Naa", this is 'You' thinking 8 to 10 years down the line.

'Innocence' is a treasure which one must save from all the furies which Experience brings with it. It is the innocence of those moments which makes us remember all our firsts: first certificate of appreciation, first crush, first few words said by one's child. It's this innocence, which years later, brings a faint smile on our lips and a feeling which is inexplicable to anyone else. Innocence breeds knowledge and knowledge makes one humble. Its humility which makes one acknowledge the truth that our life is not just ours but something much bigger with contributions from many a known and unknown sources. It is this realization which makes one work hard to better the lives of the millions who have played a real and unacknowledged role in shaping ours. It is this cycle of 'Dharma' or righteousness riding the chariot of one's innocence which fuels a civilization. So, all what humanity needs and remembers when one moves to 'After Life' is his or her innocence, acts of goodness conducted by the person and not where one got his campus placement.

Innocence never breeds laziness but encourages a 'Work Hard' attitude. 'Work' is what we are supposed to do at that very moment. It is what ones 'Dharma' is during that phase of life.

Enjoying what we do is also part of that 'Work'. Our tendency to evaluate one's well being by comparing it with that of another is what leads to inculcating characteristics of enviousness, which is nothing but a colossal waste of mental energy and a health hazard. It was comparisons with the Pandavas which injected grief in Duryodhana, who otherwise had no reason to stage an

all consuming 'Battle of Mahabharata' over the cause of merely five villages. It's for our own well being that we emulate Yudhisthira out of all the Pandavas, who once replied to Draupadi's question of "Why should one be righteous when it leads to nothing but immediate pain" by saying that "One must act because one should". And in this whole 'Act' one mustn't forget that nothing in this world is in black and white, even the righteous Yudhisthira had the vice of gambling. So let's take it easy on ourselves and act as per our innocence with full righteousness by our side.

Enjoy the days till you can. Cheers!

Kedar Mukherjee
200510273

NOSTALGIA

When clock starts ticking backward

