

# The NISTian

The Bi-annual Literary Magazine of NIST

Issue : Summer 2014



# Illuminati

Towards Enlightenment



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## From the Director

In another 60 days the nation goes to the polls to elect its 16th Lok Sabha. At stake are the loaves of power and the lucre that has defined post Indian Independence politics. The politicians of yore, aka, Lal Bahadur Shastri, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, C Rajagopalachari, Dr Rajendra Prasad, Jawaharlal Nehru wore their love for the motherland as a badge of honor and truly lived and died for the ideals of "humanism and humanity". Dr Rajendra Prasad lived an austere life in Rastrapati Bhavan and Lal Bahadur Shastri resigned as Railway Minister taking moral responsibility for a railway accident. In the last two decades the politics of the country has defined a new low. Today the country is independent but people are not free, at least it is true for over 80% of the masses. The findings by the Association for Democratic Reforms have identified the extensive criminalization of the political class wherein 30% of the elected MLA's, MP's have pending criminal court cases with serious crimes of murder, rape, etc. Another notable feature is the rise of the Gen X of the political class. Heredity rather than passion for politics defines the new breed of MLA's and MP's. Examples are too comic: each state leader tries to outdo the other in promoting beta-beti-bahu-patni-bhai-behen. So angry are voters on this matter that "bachelor" CM's knowing the anger of voters are being forced to flout their status of bachelorhood as a symbol of clean image, e.g., Naveen Patnaik (CM-Odisha), Mamata Banerjee (CM-West Bengal), Jayalalitha (CM-Tamilnadu).



The words of Shaheed Bhagat Singh (1931) have come true:

"Let us declare that the state of war does exist and shall exist so long as the Indian toiling masses and the natural resources are being exploited by a handful of parasites. They may be purely British Capitalist or mixed British and Indian or even purely Indian." - Bhagat Singh

Bhagat Singh was a true compatriot, a revolutionary patriot as he lay down his life in 1931 at a tender age of 23 years.

Eighty-five billionaires control the same amount of wealth as half the world's population. That is 85 people compared with 3.5 billion (Source :OXFAM). There has never been a more unequal distribution of wealth in the country as it is now. About 40% of India's wealth is stashed away by the top 10%. Scratch the surface and we can count that most products and services belong to the estate of the families of Tatas, Birlas, Ambanis, Jindals, Adani and the like. The recent rise of the industrial-political-bureaucrat complex and the resulting scams of 2G, Mining, Natural Gas, Submarine, etc., all point to the unholy nexus of self aggrandizement of the worst kind.

In the midst of such rampant corruption, immorality, unethical behaviour, brazenness, comes what looks like a saviour at last: Arvind Kejriwal (AK) and his AAP. Their performance in the recently held elections for Delhi has proved beyond doubt their sincerity and their public acceptance. The sheer audacity of successfully leading a team of "desh bhakts" against the mighty money-bag based traditional politicians of both the mainstream parties has led to a new kind of hope and fervour among the young and the educated who identify themselves with AK. The innate simplicity and directness of AAPs representatives on TV is in stark contrast with the obfuscation being practised by every mainstream

party. Sadly the agenda all over TV is the trivialities being dished out in the form of national news rather than any hard-hitting performance analysis of the state of the country, its farmers, its development, its fight against the poverty cycle, etc. It is heartrending to remember that we are a country with 40% of our population below the poverty line which in itself is defined at low of Rs. 50 per day per capita. According to a recent news it costs the nation Rs. 3.65 for every Re 1.00 that reaches the villages. Corruption has sapped the country of all its resources. The well meaning schemes of the UPA Government such as MNREGA, BPL rice, Rs. 2 per kg scheme, Right to Education, Right to Food are revolutionary in their concepts but tardy implementation on the ground and the resistance by established vested interests have muted their impact.

I have been immensely impressed with the recent surge of student activism all across the country. Earlier students activism meant contesting student union elections, holding cultural extravaganzas, asking for examination postponements, boycotts, asking for lower pass standards in colleges .. all leading to finally joining a mainstream political party for the loaves of power and lucre. Not any more! Hundreds of students plunged headlong into door-to-door campaigning, morchas, rallies, candle light vigils, signature campaigns, etc., for good causes affecting our country in the past one year in the Nation's capital. The University is the cradle of all future poets, writers, philosophers and revolutionaries. Student activism is good as it keeps us focussed on what education is all about - an opportunity to serve our countrymen. I fervently hope that students of our Institute are passionate harbingers of change in our society rather than meek spectators on the sidelines.

(The views expressed in this article are personal and do not reflect the views of the organization).

**Mr. Sangram Mudali**  
Director, NIST

## From the Placement Director Women education - a Perspective



The recently published survey of higher education has good news in the form of increase in Gross Enrolment Ratio (GER) from a mere 12% about a decade back to about 18% now. The Gross Enrolment Ratio is the measure of how many students (in terms of percentage) in the age bracket of 20-24 are attending educational institution. This is a far cry from the GER of Western countries which are upwards of 50% and even China with more than 25%. Considering the fact that by 2020, more than 50% of our population will be under the age of 25 years, this indeed is a sad reflection that unless some drastic steps are taken, the younger generation will be bereft of higher education and will hence have limited employment opportunities. Merely talking of demographic advantage of a younger population will have no meaning unless we educate our young.

In this context I would like to address female education in higher education. The survey points out that in rural areas males have 19% enrolment whereas women have 8% and similarly in urban areas males have 33% enrolment and women only 24%. Also it is observed whereas young men opt out of education at the earliest possible level in order to start earning; young women are increasingly pursuing higher education as it helps in marriage prospects and future employment. However inspite of higher education women are still not becoming part of the workforce. This survey result confirms our worst fears that women education still holds less priority for families and furthermore employment is still a male dominated bastion.

In the field of engineering education in Orissa, the Government has reserved approximately 30% of the seats for Women. So engineering colleges in Orissa boast of a fairly large population of women in contrast to IITs and NITs where no such reservation exists. This ratio of men-women in Orissa engineering colleges is quite healthy and provides an ample training ground for professional teamwork at an early age. It is well known that often low opportunities in socializing with the opposite sex results in maladjustment and chauvinistic feelings. The repressed tendencies are frequently exhibited through crimes such as acid attacks, date rapes and other hate crimes. Students have to be exposed to a liberal culture of equality in schools and colleges in order to foster a healthy and balanced attitude. Merely following dictates of the moral guardians of our society without questioning these beliefs will lead to repression especially of the women. It is amazing to note that in this time and age, there are engineering colleges which have separate staircases for boys and girls and women teachers teach women and vice versa. Dress codes exist often only for women not for the men! To say these are prevalent in these colleges with the full consent of the parents and the teaching community is a sad commentary of the state of things in our country.

Let us look at the bright side. Many companies, most notably the IT companies, have unwritten rules to hire women graduates in larger numbers based on their merit, work ethics and sincerity. It is typical to find IT campuses in Bangalore, Hyderabad, Gurgaon, full of enthusiastic women workforce make us proud of the advances we have made in the last decade or so. Even though minuscule, women leaders have made it to the top in domains such as banking (Naina Lal Kidwai - HSBC), pharma (Kiran Mazumdar

Shaw-Biocon), public sector organizations (Nishi Vasudeva - HPCL), media (Shobhana Bhartia-Hindustan Times), politics (Kiran Bedi), fashion (Ritu Kumar) . Internationally the appointment of Marissa Ann Mayer as CEO of Yahoo Inc even when she was 6 months pregnant drew huge appreciation worldwide. Many progressive companies have programs to bring back educated women back to the workforce through work-from-home options and re-education schemes. Most often find it tough to go back to work after birth of a child and it is where the support of husband and family is needed the most.

College going women need to develop a strong belief in oneself and a passion for excelling in studies. Years of results of high school and college education have confirmed that women students have often outnumbered their male counterparts in the top rank holder lists or in the percentage pass. Single minded focus is therefore the key. At the same time, women students must take care of their health and not fall prey to fads such as zero size, fair & lovely creams, movie stars fashion, and the like. These are mere slogans of the marketers to enhance sales. They must take care to develop their communication skills, especially in English, and further leverage their sincerity and hardwork in the job market. Too many students still look at the ground when talking to the opposite sex : They must develop a positive attitude and not be stereotyped into roles made famous by our Bollywood movies. They have to develop their personalities by participating in sports and extracurricular activities. Mary Kom, Sania Mirza and Saina Nehwal and our own Anuradha Biswal and Padmini Rout are not only inspirational but the need of the hour.

Mrs. Geetika Mudali  
Placement Director, NIST

(Mrs Geetika Mudali, is the Placement Director and Founder Promoter of National Institute of Science & Technology, Berhampur, Orissa. She is a B.Tech from Osmania University and an MS from New Jersey Institute of Technology (NJIT), USA).

## From the editor

**It takes considerable knowledge just to realize the extent of your own ignorance.**

Thomas Sowell



Ignorance has a great role to play in everybody's life. It takes a lot of effort to know the things of which one is ignorant. Everything that one learns, apart from adding to one's stock of knowledge, indicates what one has been unaware of. There was a time when people believed in the dictum: "Ignorance is Bliss." Unfortunately, in this contemporary age, one would make a mockery of oneself if one announces: "I am ignorant". It is expected that you drive away your ignorance with 'Knowledge'. Even I have been trying hard, harder, and the hardest to do the same, but all efforts land up in vain. The more I stuff myself with Knowledge (of the world), the more I realize that I have been ignorant. I was assigned with the responsibility of editing the present issue of NISTian- The Literary Magazine of NIST, and with this responsibility I discovered a new vista of my ignorance.

It is always challenging to understand the 'young' minds, and especially, if the age difference is (approximately) a decade. In order to counteract the challenge, I prepared a task force comprising a few students, and just guided them to get the job done. The present issue is a display of the students' thought-process, writing skills, compiling skills, and decision-making skills altogether.

As the central subject of talk has been 'ignorance', I am reminded of a 'group' or say 'religion' or 'outfit' known as 'Illuminati'. This 'group' or 'formation' has been insisting on 'liberation of the human race' and that too, in their own 'unique' system of practice, which goes contrary to almost all the religions, but still shares a common ground with all of them (religions). They have been trying to gain or attain 'Knowledge', the 'Supreme', ultimate 'Bliss', pure 'Joy', and the state of complete 'Liberation' in their own (undefined) ways.

The lexis 'Illuminati' (on the cover page) has been used as a 'metaphor' and 'symbolic' representation for the group of emerging, or rather 'blooming', technocrats who make attempts to express their real 'selves' in an un-technical algorithm. All the sections of this issue have been further classified in the same light, i.e. the different ways to express the real 'YOU' within you. When one learns to express 'Oneself', in the process, one confronts ones' ignorance; and hence, makes attempts to come over the same; thus, moving towards 'Enlightenment'.

'Avant - Garde: The Striking Edge', the first section of the magazine, reflects the paralinguistic communication skills. The students transform their language skills into 'Verbal Art' to 'strike' hard against the 'ignorant' minds.

'The Aura- The Luminous Expression', the second section, brings forth the reality and 'hard' facts of the contemporary life in order to 'illuminate' the 'confused' minds.

'Curtain Raiser- The Awakening', the following section, jostles the 'dull' minds to bring a change in the contemporary society and one's surroundings.



'Burlesque- The Concrete Parody', the fourth section, secretes essential fluids to entertain the 'exhausted' minds and encourage one to be an active partaker of their deeds.

'Gospel- The Truth', the last section of this issue, presents enough food for the thoughts of the 'wandering' minds, thus, helping them to find their place back in this real world.

I hope that the readers would find this issue to be an 'enlightening' as well as an 'entertaining' one.

Being the editor, I would like to thank Mr. Sangram Mudali and Prof. Geetika Mudali (Placement Director, NIST) for their valuable contribution and encouragement.

I personally thank Dr Suresh Patnaik and Ms Sreeyasree Deb for contributing an article each, and I would like to extend my thanks to Mr Dipti Ranjan Lenka, Mr Rabi Chandra Singh, and Ms Sreta Patnaik for their support. I would also like to congratulate all the students whose articles/write-ups find a place in the present issue, and thank all the rest who did send their write-ups, but we couldn't publish because of the constraint of space. I will try to include these articles, if they meet certain standards, in the next issue. Lastly, I would like to request the readers to send their feedback and suggestions. I also invite write-ups from all the NISTians for the next issue. Kindly send your feedback, suggestions, and write-ups to: 'nistianmagazine@gmail.com' or 'nistian@nistcampus.edu'.

Best Wishes.

**Dr Ram Kulesh Thakur**  
Editor, NISTian

# AVANT-GARDE

*The Striking Edge*

## A BIRD'S DREAM

I have a dream to achieve,  
Of flying high,  
Up in the limitless sky.

Down comes the heavenly rain,  
Making my wings wet again,  
The dreaded sounds of lightning bolt,  
Are giving my dream a pity jolt.

I am not going to stop yet,  
I have got my dreams all set,  
Of flying high,  
Up in the limitless sky.

Storm comes to warn me,  
Clouds want me to flee,  
Winds hit my bare chest,  
Living my hopes all bereft.

I am not going to give up,  
Got my dreams to live up,  
A dream of flying high,  
Up in the limitless sky.

Never has sufferings prevailed so long,  
Away from mercy of GOD's gong,  
After every storm the clouds disappear,  
Letting the sunrays reappear.

And I am going to wait till then,  
Quitting my dreams seem insane,  
The dream of flying high,  
Up in the limitless sky.

**SK. Janesar Ahemad**  
B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## Liberation

I am, just the bird  
Who flutters its wings;  
In order to fly,  
Fly away, away, and away;  
to find a new abode,  
A terrain of its own.

I am, just the fish  
Who wags its tail and fins;  
In order to escape  
Escape the pangs of artificiality  
Which tastes sweet;  
In order to dive deep, deep, and deep  
In the fathomless sea  
Of its own.

I know  
The day would come  
May be, a few tomorrows later;  
The cage would still remain intact,  
The glass house uncracked,  
But the wings and fins free  
To take me across  
The deadly sea.

**Shreya Pratik**  
B. Tech., 2nd Sem.

## An encounter with A Professional killer

There are so many incidents that you come across in life which is very memorable and sweet where as some could be very dreadful and difficult to forget. One such encounter happened in my life which I can never forget; it was meeting a killer by chance. This person I am referring to was an official executioner or "Jhallad" called Ramu Sawant (real name changed due to legal reasons). He was invited to Berhampur for hanging a criminal (who raped a child) and was to be hanged in our Central jail, where the only working hanging facility exists and where Shaheed Laxman Nayak was hanged.

When I met him in the office of one of my friend (an officer related to the department) he appeared as normal as anyone. My friend introduced me to Ramu, when I promised not to tell anyone on earth about him. I could feel a difference in the hand shake itself with Ramu. I thought it was a life time opportunity to meet and know about the life of this person whose profession was so unique. He carried out the highest number of hanging in India and may be in the world. He informed me that he has executed 104 criminals till that time and preparing his 105th hanging. He has hanged so many important criminals including the most infamous Billa & Ranga.

He was here for some formalities before hanging and was expected to be doing some routine before the final day. I asked him "Ramu tell me something about your profession, family life, some memories about your executions."

Ramu told me that his profession of hanging the criminals is the most hated profession on earth. I asked him why he says so. He told me in rustic Hindi that he cannot tell anyone about his profession (as per jail manual). He gets a poor salary and no scope for promotion. He cannot have a public life, worst is that in his village everybody calls him Jhallad. His only son could not read in school because classmates teased him daily and daughter could not get married due to the social stigma. Thus the whole family hates him the most for his profession. He asked me, "Tell me Sir, I am helping the law to be implemented and like any profession I do my duty, but everybody hates me for none of my mistake, I lead the life of hell". That day I saw tears rolling down the cheeks of the cruellest man on earth due to the cruelty of our society. I tried to pacify him but the damage done was beyond repair. He goes to temple every day in search of peace and solace. I asked him about do hardened criminal regret before hanging, do they talk to you. What about the innocent who you know is a victim of our judiciary but you executed the orders. He told me, from the first look itself he can differentiate an innocent and a criminal. He is expected to talk to the person to be hanged for some days before hanging.

I asked him "Tell me Ramu what happens before the previous night of hanging and what happens the day of hanging". He narrated the stories of so many convicts, their last desire, and the procedure on the day of hanging etc. I could not contemplate my curiosity to ask him, "Tell me Ramu, as we have seen in movie, if one survives the time of execution due to any error, he cannot be hanged second time, is it correct". He smiled and told me "Sir, at the time of the execution the person is half dead, and some time we check with our hand", he told and touched my throat with his steel like fingers for a demo in a matter of fact manner. I still remember the feeling of his hand and thought that if he applies a little more pressure; I could have seen butterflies coming through my eyes. Ramu might have taken retirement and probably lamenting in the darkness of cruel social justice for doing his most difficult duty diligently and in return condemned to die like his own victims.

(Everything mentioned in this story is fictitious, has no resemblance with real life.)

**Dr Suresh Patnaik**  
NIST Business School

## FRINGE

I opened my dusty eyes and a light at the far end was visible to me. I was frightened and nervous and had no idea what should be my next step. I was tired and couldn't walk so I preferred taking some rest. As I laid my head on the ground and my hands spread apart, I felt something fleshy between my legs. I was charged up and regained all my senses to check out. My eyes fell on the red blood in the midst of the night's darkness. It was my mother. I felt torn apart, as if earth beneath me was suddenly been snatched away. Tears rolled down my stale cheeks but I was helpless. I took a view of the surroundings and found myself surrounded with some huge metal pieces of a plane and some human flesh.

My attention fell back on the light at the far end of the field. With no other option I started walking towards the light. My leg was badly hurt which hindered my pace. Slowly as I neared the light all I could manage to see from few meters away was a house, a very old one. A house in the middle of nowhere, it just seemed kind of weird to me. But my mind was already preoccupied with the pictures of my mother's numb body. I walked towards the door and knocked. After a few minutes the door was opened by a young boy, probably in his 20's. He was tall, with long hair and a typical but permanent look of seriousness on his face. He asked me in a surprised tone and a little harsh one "Who are you?"

"My name is Rohit", I replied. "I was travelling from New York when due to some technical failure the plane crashed. I lost my mother in the accident.. " I struggled to even finish the sentence. All I could muster to do was weep.

The boy didn't ask any further question or he found that I wasn't in a state to answer anymore. He was rather considerate and constantly sympathising with me. He called me in and made me sit on a chair. It was totally dark until he lit a lamp. I took a glimpse of the house. It was not much different from what I had expected from the outside look. Spider webs, dust covered every corner as well as everything in the room. To my surprise it looked as if the house had been empty from quite a long time. To make things even worse, a filthy and unbearable smell came from where the bathroom was. I saw a photograph of the same boy with probably his name 'Gopal' written on it. I was busy in my thoughts when Gopal kept a plate in front of me with a couple of bread slices in it.

"Have it and then you can sleep in the room upstairs" he said.

After having what was supposed to be my dinner, I went upstairs as directed. The room was no better than the rest of the house. It was untidy and dirty but my tired condition helped me to fall asleep within a few minutes. It was not very long when the pain in my leg and the smell from the bathroom awakened me. The pain in my leg was unbearable now but despite that my curiosity drove me towards the bathroom and in the dark I went downstairs. I shouted "Gopal" but no one replied. I came near the bathroom and couldn't stop myself from removing the curtains. The very instant I peeked in, I was hell shocked. There in front of me were three dead bodies lying on the floor. I already had to deal with my fair share of dead bodies, I had already lost my mother to an accident, I myself was deeply hurt and now this was too much for me.... The very next thing I know was me waking up while it was already dark outside. I don't know for how long I had passed out. But having regained my sense the first thing I did was to find Gopal, but he was nowhere to be found. The night's silence was broken by the sound of the helicopter and sirens of the police vehicle. Seeing through the window pane I knew by their actions that they hadn't come there



for the investigation of the crash. They entered the house fully armed as if they knew that something wrong was going on in the house. I was caught alone in the house with three dead bodies and to my surprise they couldn't find Gopal anywhere in the house.

I didn't know who did it, whether it was Gopal or someone else and if he didn't, then why did he run away in the first place. The only thing I knew that, I was now trapped in this mess and there was quite a less chance of me escaping it. I was handcuffed by the police and interrogated. I tried to explain them the entire situation, but they barely seemed convinced. Well then why should they even believe me? All the evidences were against me. I was then inflicted into the nearest prison. For all I knew was the sky had come trembling down on me. In just one day I had lost my mother and was arrested as the prime suspect of a triple murder. The next morning I was informed by an officer about the crash. But he told that there was no proof of me or my mother boarding the flight. And as he started to disappear through the alley, I was left all baffled, dismayed and incapacitated.

**Rohit**

B. Tech., 4th Sem.

I can't say...

**I'm a son of a demonstrative mother;**

Who gave me birth to this consecrated earth  
 Trained me to walk on the way of life  
 Skilled me to grip pen in my diminutive finger  
 Gives me her love & affection  
 Never let me texture scarcity of anything  
 Always cares for my healthier  
 Prays god for my prosperity  
 To praise about whom words may fall scarce  
 But I can't say my mother is the best.

**I'm a descendant of a compassionate father;**

Who identifies me in this anonymous civilisation  
 Accomplishes my every requisite  
 Guides me in my every footsteps  
 Rectifies me when I'm erroneous  
 Supports me to face any challenges  
 Holds my hand when the unedited world is against me  
 Dreams for my better future  
 Waiting to be proud because of me  
 But I can't say my father is the best.

**I'm a student of eminent teachers;**

Who are named as my second parents  
 Bestowed me the knowledge  
 And indication about life  
 Imparted me to discriminate between virtuous & depraved  
 Enlightened my way through darkness  
 Revealed me the way to success  
 But I can't say my teachers are the best.

**I'm proud being a student of NIST;**

Which is well established for its superiority in education  
 Affords the podium to prove myself  
 Prepares to face any comprehensive challenges  
 Always dedicated for the betterment of its students  
 Provides a lot;  
 Not to forget it anticipates a lot in return  
 But I can't say NIST is the best.  
 You may voice why can't I?  
 But don't you think  
 By saying these  
 I would be comparing them with others  
 Whereas they are "Incomparable"...

**Biswamitra Kar**

B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## IS LIFE AN IMMACULATE CHILD'S PLAY OR A PERPLEX RELAY...?

Someone somewhere finds life to be a lovely play.....  
 And other says my life is a grey long winding road to stay.  
 But still my question remains.....  
 "is life really a play or simply a relay"..!!!!

When we were born we just used to utter pence of cry...,  
 And mother fed us because she knew the reason why????.....  
 When we were in nursery, we wanted to play with the clay,  
 so father bought us a toy, by taking it in our hands  
 we used to say "rain rain go away".....

A little bigger and we were brought up with our books.,  
 We loved and enjoyed when after the homeworks  
 we had to eat what mother cooks..  
 Shall we say it as a lovely life..!!!!  
 My question still remains underlined.....

What a life!!!!.....what a life!!!!!!....

We were newly teenagers....

Every1 did say that it's time to meet new strangers!!!!!!

We had to face exams in our life....

Then after, we were asked to cradle a pipe.....!!!

We fought against our dreams, we made new choices,

And peacefully moved on with our streams.....

Some went to be doctor,

Some to be entrepreneur....

Some in navy,

Some in C.A.....

But me.....I'm an under processing engineer.....

And technically to say

"We have technical minds but....."

Have theory tank full and when it comes to moral education

than just printf("the brain is null");....."

In a picture i remember a line....

"To be born out on earth you need to compete in a manner that you are fine"....

Somewhere, somewhat I feel it's true.....

Now, we are 1000, and then ....and then....we will be in lakhs...and then in crores....

Our costing teacher says:-

"Never be 1 in the crowd, be some1 who is face of the crowd"...

Closer and closer towards the aim

"We are fighting to make ourselves a light of ray"..

We never want to be pieces of stray.....

Rather want to be the magnetic field which would run a transformer smoothly night and day...

Thoughts are many,

Views are too many.....

But we are the one to either play or run in the relay...

My thinking stops here.....

Because our life is much more to be clear.....

To struggle, to shudder, to pierce, to smear.....

But throughout all..... my question still is not clear ...

"is the mystery called life a childish play or a puzzled relay.....".

**Snigdha Patro**  
B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## IT'S SILENCE SILENCES...

It's hard to go apart,  
 Either in the white moving cart.  
 With all the colors of life fade,  
 Nothing much costly to paid.

How can my soul be so cryptic?  
 It's my heart who made it skeptic.  
 To see it moving, tears rolled,  
 With hard to sustain, every one called.

Hey, how could you go away?  
 And some silent voice said, you have to stay.  
 Life is yet to go,  
 And more phases of life to show.

Today I'm afraid of something,  
 You know life as a mystic thing.  
 I can see the clouds of fear and war,  
 And seems that everything is so far and far.

A storm which destroys the created mould,  
 A storm to wipe out the soul of the world.  
 That storm did arrive,  
 And lavished all the grief.

Though fighting a war is artistry,  
 A sea of sorrow lies beneath the victory.  
 I don't know what made it laid, but my soul gives up,  
 And its silence silences all the stuffs.

**Shant Shikha**  
 B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## Living on the edge

**W**ell life had become a hustle for me in the past few weeks with heavy schedules and bounded curriculum, I often felt that life had become a burden on me. Am I a slave to my own life? This question haunts me. The sleeps were restless; nerves used to jam up and screech as if buzzer of an old alarm. I was leading my life but still the question acted as a watch-dog in my every moment.

But on a fine evening while I was enjoying the sunset, I remembered an article which I came across in the Sunday times, the article, though short, it emphasised on living a worry free life.

In fact in each and every one's life we have tensions and worries and all those sorts of bla bla...but wiser

is the one who tackles these problems with a simple tool which everyone possess but still are ignorant of, Self Introspection .While we come across any situation in which we feel our hopes are shattered, just think of the past in which you have achieved something and which had made yourself happy. I'm sure by the thought of this you will be surely in the seventh heaven. If still not then think of the future, your career goals, the dream which you are chasing, these all things will give a shape to your struggle; will help you, redirect you back to the track and fill within you a new hope, new determination for achieving your target. Well in another such insalubrious situation, we sometimes feel as if we are mundane in our work or we are in a dilemma of choice or feel we are caught in jeopardy. We often are lost so much in it that we become helpless. In such situations we must take a deep breath and just speak freely to our dear ones. Well, this in fact acted upon me. Whenever I found myself in a hustle of thoughts I opened up myself and felt the strain evading slowly.

Well at last life is yours; it depends how you shape it and as said by Joshur L.Liman;

**"Maturity is achieved when a person accepts life full of tensions"**

**Sabhyasachi Parida**

B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## ONE MORE TIME...

Tell me how much more do I have to lose  
 Before I can ever forgive myself  
 Do you know how much more pain I must endure  
 Before I can ever see your face again  
 One more time - tell me why the seasons keep on changing  
 One more time - missing all the times that we shared as one

All those times when we used to argue back and forth  
 I always just let you have it your way  
 what kind of spell did you cast on me  
 I even loved all of your selfish ways  
 One more chance - when I find myself lost in those memories  
 One more chance - I don't know where to go or where to land

It doesn't matter where I am because  
 I can't help but look for you everywhere  
 on the station platform, in the alley windows  
 I keep fooling myself thinking I might find you there  
 Never thought I would wish upon a star  
 I just want to be there by your side  
 there's nothing that I won't do, I'd give up everything  
 just to hold you in my arms, one more time  
 If all I wanted was just not to be alone  
 I should be happy with just anyone



but tonight the stars are hanging by a thread,  
And I can't lie to myself anymore  
One more time - tell me why the seasons keep on changing  
One more time - missing all the times that we shared as one.

It doesn't matter where I am because  
I can't help but look for you everywhere  
At the intersection, even in my dreams  
Knowing there is no way you would be there  
If I could just believe in miracles  
I would do anything to show you now  
in the morning light, completely new me  
I'd tell you what I couldn't say before.  
Memories of our summers together ooh  
Our beating hearts were heard no more

It doesn't matter where I am because  
Can't help but look for you everywhere  
The morning sun rises in the city  
I keep fooling myself thinking I might find you there  
Never thought I would wish upon a star  
I just want to be there by your side  
There's nothing that I won't do, I'd give up everything  
Just to hold you in my arms, one more time.

It doesn't matter where I am because  
I can't help but look for you everywhere  
At every corner store, in the newspaper  
Knowing there is no way that you would be there  
If I could just believe in miracles, I would open my heart up once again  
In the morning light, completely new me  
I'd tell you what I couldn't say before.

It doesn't matter where I am because  
I can't help but look for your smile  
At the railway crossing, watching the trains pass by  
Even though there's no way that you'd be there  
If I could live my life all over again, I would be with you all the time  
There's nothing else in this world I want more than what I had  
There would never be anything but you that I would ask for...

**Ritwik Bitihotro**  
B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## RAIN AND LOVE

"With the falling of every drop of rain,  
 There grows a loneliness and pain.  
 Rain reminds me of the time spend together,  
 Holding your hand and promising to stay forever.  
 Today you are no way near to me,  
 My love for you is like an endless sea.  
 Gathering the memories and recollecting the time spend,  
 I really wish dear this would not have come to an end.  
 Every day my heart does cry,  
 Give me a chance I will definitely try.  
 Comeback sweetie will love you plenty,  
 Without you my life seems so EMPTY."

**Ayush Mohan Senapati**

B. Tech., 2nd Sem.

## Shattered dreams

It was so good at times, back then,  
 When spring was full, it never end,  
 When Mother Nature made you sleep  
 There in her lap you felt at peace.

The morning light was full of hope  
 And full of joy were evenings,  
 The trees were then so evergreen,  
 But now all that is only dream.

A dream that once you called a truth  
 You lost it to the hands of greed  
 To lust and to those filthy souls  
 You serve and all you do is weep.

They waged the war for selfish needs,  
 For power which they always seek  
 They wasted all of what you had  
 Then tore apart your holy belief.

On earth now here you stand alone,  
 You seem so lost, your shadow's gone,  
 To somewhere dark you cannot say,  
 To somewhere dark it went away.

Here left with sorrow memories  
 With broken heart you always bleed  
 With hands all cuffed in misery  
 You wail, in vain, no one to see.

You look above to heaven today,  
 A heaven your forefathers stay,  
 And ask them why it went this way,  
 So lost and dejected why we lay?

Have we all lost to devil beings?  
 To hell and to insanity?  
 Is there no light to come and bring  
 A chance to voice these silent screams?

Now why you cry your tears of blood  
 To lose yourself in thoughts absurd  
 It brings no good you know then why  
 Not stand up, fight for what is right..!!

What would it harm to be of help,  
 To others and to your ownself  
 Wake up and see reality  
 You are no slave to vanity.

Go break the chain of long nightmares  
And help them all who suffered here  
For you can make a difference  
So do not fear, do not fear.

The light that glows within your heart  
Though dull, you have to make it spark  
As it can set the world on fire  
And free us all from hideous desires.

Here take a step to wipe it all,  
The treacherous minds that played the world  
The adulterine life you lived till now  
Will slowly fade away and fall.

The Nature will then rise again,  
And end the realms of pity screams  
And give us all again the hope  
To recreate our shattered dreams.

**Abhinav Jena**  
B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## SUCCESS - AN EPITOME OF CALIBRE ARTICULATED

**H**OW MANY OF US WANT SUCCESS??? If this is the query I put forward then I am sure of seeing almost all hands shooting up. ISNT IT FRIENDS?? It's true that all of us want to taste success. But on the other hand it's undeniable that SUCCESS kisses those few feet which keep on drudging constantly regardless of all the adversities. In my eyes, Success is the accomplishment of a mission, which stirs in us a sense of self-pleasure. At the end of the day it's all about those hearts which are pleased with their own performance in a task. The feeling of contentment creeps into our hearts only when we perform flawlessly in our endeavors. And SUCCESS is that seven-lettered word which can turn one's personality into a paradigm for the mass.

Success has a unique meaning for every individual. This is why one who truly intends for success needs to first define it to his/her own self precisely. Many of us have an absurd tendency to weigh Success in terms of the materialistic possessions and so we often mistake a millionaire as a successful man. To prosper in life is not merely the profile, neither the bank accounts loaded with tons of money nor even the medals or certificates. Real meaning of succeeding in life is above all these worldly pleasures. I feel success in true terms is abstract, which is intangible and can only be felt or realised. Its the feeling of self-contentment one experiences after a big hit. Several times we try to possess what others have in order to seem distinguished and successful. If we fail to get them, we usually feel it's our failure. But even when people have them, they have not necessarily realized serenity. It is so because when we compare ourself to others we're likely to be left with discontentment. When our idea of success comes down to money, we often wake up and discover that there's something magical missing in our lives, which banknotes cannot afford.

Real excellence is to do our best in the areas of our interest rather than merely running after success. Quality and Capability of a person will crown him with fame. Everyone should be convinced of it at least after watching the movie-THREE IDIOTS. We can take a look at the Pinterest Company which was launched in January, 2010 and had users only in few thousands by August of the same year. By 2011, Pinterest touched over 4million users and had about 12millions by January, 2012. The dreams of the founders were possibly fulfilled for the patient HARDWORK which was executed SMARTLY.

The three inevitable P's of success are-PRACTICE, PERSEVERANCE and PATIENCE. The concept of Practice helps us grow everyday. It's through a process of constant learning one gains proficiency over a subject. Perseverance comes from the dogged determination one shows towards his dreams. It's actually

the commitment we make to NEVER GIVE-UP in spite of all the exigencies and to not let our hurts and disappointments paralyze our passion to succeed. Patience comes only when we stand up straight after encountering a failure. It's because of patience one can work hard and I strongly believe- 'HARD WORK IS THE GOLDEN KEY TO SUCCESS WHICH UNLOCKS THE DOOR OF OUR FATE'. May it be the famous Potala Palace of Tibet, The Burj Al Arab of Dubai or The Great Wall of China. None of the brilliant creations were done overnight. All of them had cost devotedness and strong will power. All men, who met success, have overcome the obstacles on their roads. In reality the downs we face in life, inject in us AN UNDYING FIGHTING SPIRIT, which never attains dormancy unless we reach the zenith. Those great men whose success stories are a source of constant inspiration for all of us are the reverent creations of Thee. Burning examples can be- APJ ABDUL KALAM, DHIRUBHAI AMBANI, YASH CHOPRA, RATAN TATA, BILL GATES, THOMAS EDISON, SACHIN TENDULKAR, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and an endless list goes on. Dhirubhai's life showed the world that even without a degree from Cambridge or Michigan, he could build up a global enterprise- RELIANCE in India itself. Just after matriculation he was self-dependent trying to make his own living. And today RELIANCE is the company employing a large mass. Several such Rags-to-Riches stories of HENRY FORD, CHARLIE CHAPLIN, JACKIE CHAN or WALT DISNEY are the outcome of immense effort backed by an unshakable faith to win. Michael Jordan, who was thrown out from his high school Basketball team, turned out to be the greatest Basketball player. All of the above-mentioned had a Flaming Enthusiasm which was the key to their success. Overnight miracles practically do not happen. Let us suppose there are two GRE aspirants A and B both being provided with a BARRON'S GUIDE. While A sincerely prepares for the test B goes careless regarding the work and opens the book just two days before the test. Due to unrest, everything B tries to learn gets messed up and volatilize out. As per the full form of GRE it is GRADUATE RECORD EXAMINATION and so it tries to trace the record of seriousness among the aspirants. And Moreover, GRE is the exam which tests our thinking, comprehension, vocabulary and reasoning power which can never be learned in a single day. So it's obvious that A's success is guaranteed. Because there's absolutely no shortcut to success without experiencing sleepless nights. Success comes wrapped along with failure. It's the reality. But we can never fail completely unless we stop moving forward or quit. Here comes into my mind an important aspect of- Being able to learn from our mistakes. One mistake should not be repeated twice because there are a lot of new mistakes waiting to teach us life's lesson. Even there's nothing to get disheartened if we fail. Many times it happens for some fail to recognize the hidden treasure in us. At such instances we need not get troubled rather think -'It's not our failure rather of those who missed some like us'. With the faith that we deserve something better we must move on to grab new opportunities. Once we get a chance we must realize the fact that opportunities are never lost, the one's we hold loosely are snatched away by someone else. Our winning largely depends on how much we trust our CALIBRE. IF WE THINK WE CAN, THEN WE SURELY CAN. We are the creators of our own future.

'SUCCESS IS PARAMOUNT WHEN OUR SIGNATURE ATTAINS THE GOAL OF AUTOGRAPH BUT STILL SEARCHING'. One keeps on Searching even after a glorious victory because Success is not a place to reach rather an unceasing journey in the pursuit of our unending dreams.

**Bhagyashree Mishra**

B. Tech., 4th Sem.

## What am I searching for ?

Life is not a bed of roses  
joy and sorrow tides upon us,  
In the midst of all feelings, thus;  
it's the happiness that I am searching for....

In the hustle-bustle of life, though;  
no one resides to hear one's cry  
loneness and solitude empowers us,  
to quench the thirst and be at ease;  
it's the peace that I am searching for...

Enveloped by the blanket of care,  
taught by everyone how to share;  
In the river of various emotions,  
felt as if being driven to its shore;  
its the love that I am searching for....

Crowned in the jewels of youth,  
have come too far from childhood;  
don't know why but.....  
it's the innocence that I am searching for.....

To ooze out from a bud,  
and shower in the glory of sunshine;  
He who beholds us from that heaven,  
to make everything all even;  
it's the pride that I am searching for.....

Stands alone in the crowd,  
visions change as do seasons, thought once;  
a new start is what I am searching for...  
It's the life that I am searching for.

**Sneha Kumari**  
B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## Why such fake promises???

Life goes by in a blink of eye,  
What remains are the broken promises.  
Those pieces which remained scattered,  
Those traces still remembered.

Why you took me into a world of fantasies,  
Though you knew all would-be-miseries.  
I thought, life is going to give me much, much more,  
The killing truth is, when it takes from you, it snatches the whole.

What you did to me as your breach,  
Was all this for some lessons to teach?  
But now, have accomplished that life is not at all to stop, but to give it a new start.  
Of course, having all those ties of strings in this heavy heart.

**Shraddha Sharma**  
B. Tech., 6th Sem.



# THE AURA

*The Luminous Expression*

## Live Life: Give it a YOLO StYLe

**D**o you believe in living your everyday as if it is your last day? Do you take risks to learn something and experience something new? Do you grab opportunities not wait for them? Do you venture out with no idea where to go just to add colour to your life? Do you say to yourself "What can be the worst if I do this?" before starting anything new may be a new career or pursue a new dream? Are you willing to make something new with every day that you are blessed with? If your answer is yes to all the questions above then you are the person with the qualities of YOLO (You Only Live Once).

In the past decade, this word; one of the contenders for the Oxford American Dictionary's 2012 word of the year has gained tremendous momentum in the youths of today. The followers of this philosophy believe that life is to enjoy, it's about enjoying every second of it; to dream big; to try something which others won't; to carve out maximum thrill and ecstasy from the life without giving a second thought.

YOLO always motivates people to try something new and have a positive attitude towards life. More precisely it gives us the strength to challenge our own fears, experiment with our weaknesses and overcome them. This new lifestyle not only makes you an impulsive decision-maker but also gets you out of your comfort zone and do things your peers would have never given a thought to.

Many of us have a never ending list of the things we want to do in our life; our passion, our ambition, our desires and our dreams and the YOLO concept gives us the inner strength to fulfil those desires. We often come across people who give up their dreams just because they can't withstand criticism or may be due to the so called "What people will think if I do this?" attitude. This modern lifestyle gives them the inner strength to overcome this and strive towards attaining their goals.

From living habits to food, YOLO has crept into many spheres of our day to day life. You may come across two kinds of people: One group follow strict diet rules and habits and the other would never give a damn on the so called diet habits. YOLO foods generally include non-healthy food items but that's where you show your YOLO habits by leaping onto such foods quite now and then. Ultimately it's your precious life which you get once.

Very often you come across people who wear clothes that are not trendy these days; may be a heavily embellished jacket and a pair of neon shoes, a dull coloured tee with a brightly coloured jeans and so on. These may seem very weird to you and you end up thinking, "Oh! Gosh! This person is such a jerk". Now you probably know why are they like that? Living carefree is what YOLO teaches us.

Remember life is short, life is precious, and it's full of surprises and is a confluence of happiness and sadness. Breathe in all the positivity and breathe out self-judgement and doubt.

Live your life: Give it a YOLO style

**Sumit Banerjee**

B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## Is that perfect ...which mirror reflects

Reflection an image....  
 Perfection a wonderful grace....  
 Shiny look of peacock when it glares,  
 Or skimpy looks of the old and ugly crane...  
 Innocent eyes of deer or the frightening eyes of a dark groaning bear...  
 Smooth and soft petals of a flower,  
 Or the hardened wire messed with a plier...  
  
 A  $y=mx$  slope,  
 Or continuous changing curve throughout the globe ...  
 In dr.kalam's wings of fire,"he dared to show the life which he has hired"..  
 Should we judge anyone by attire,  
 Or the frame of satire....  
 Glamour, fame makes someone the winner in the life's game...  
 Or simply the sweet and beautiful heart drives you to the same...  
 Thinking those, some lines comes to my mind...  
 If I am not for myself, who will be for me  
 If I am not for other what am i...?  
 And if not now then when...?  
 When does the sun will start to rain...?  
 When a star will fall and say "my dear you are not in vain"....  
 In electronics, we studied clipper cuts certain signal...  
 Is the same acquainted to the life which shapes it to a flab brinjal....?  
  
 Glad but a bit a sad...  
 Confused but blabbering too loud...  
 Do mirror really reflects....things which are perfect...

**Snigdha Patro**  
 B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## Being Human

**M**an is considered to be a social animal, considered to be a part of the civilized and advanced race, which makes them stand out of the rest of the fellow beings that coexist. The paramount question which comes to our mind now... is being human still taken into consideration when we refer to ourselves as social beings? In recent times the acts of the people take them far away from being social and sensible. To preach is easier than to follow what you say yourself and today the situation does not differ much.

A long list of obligations and rules has existed in the society since ages. Social norms have been implemented to make this world a better and safer place. But are these rules of any use if man does not pay any heed to his conscience? Decisions are taken impulsively instead of being ruled by reason. These decisions

taken impulsively have put to question the behaviour of humans in certain situations. Man has started to take advantage of the vulnerability of the weak. Overpower them. It is not just the suffering of women but also the grievances of the weak. The superior instead of reaching out to the needy and helping them out, rob them off of whatever they have.

This scenario is visible in each and every sphere of life. Any and Everywhere one goes one would certainly find these loop holes which bring down the humanity that should exist within each of us. May it be politics, educational system, the private sectors, no section of the society is left untouched by this disguised curse. Instead of looking out for each other people don't hesitate to bring people down to serve their own needs and wants. The strong suppress and the weak don't ever gather enough courage to speak up for the right. But...it is high time now. High time to fight for what is right. To speak not only for ourselves but for others who deserve the support of which they have been devoid. It's time to be what is expected of us as a part of the race we are. To act and react when we should. It's time to be human again.

**Dipti Bassi**

B. Tech., 4th Sem.

## KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

"All that glitters is not gold;  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold  
But my outside to behold:  
Gilded tombs do worms enfold..."

**W**e have always been learning the above written quotes, but just as quotes, unfortunately. But the tangibility is exactly the contrary. Have we ever questioned ourselves, the appearances we value so much, are worth really...?

Today's world makes a priority of keeping up with the Joneses. But the way people act outside and who they really are on the inner side of themselves may be two totally different things. Appearance is just like a resplendent alcazar of glass. Though magnificent, it's that delicate and short-lived. This was what exactly the case that happened in William Shakespeare's play, MacBeth. MacBeth's appearance differs from his true self. MacBeth portrays himself to be strong and wise, but inside he is truly weak.

It has become a trend now-a-days valuing people based on appearances. It may be an inclusion of governance or any other influencing factors. "The world more often rewards outward signs of merit than merit itself." But this limits the scope for the actual merit which deserves to be valued. And moreover, people spend a lot of time just thinking about the appearances, and investing on it as a high priority.

Do the dress code and physical appearance really judge a person's caliber and eligibility in any aspect of life...? The answer may differ, again depending on people's perception screens. But there stands always a contrasting cohort to every single thing existing in nature. That's nothing indeed, but the so called reality. We should not forget to live in the actuality of life as "miracles never happen...!! "

It's really embarrassing to think how easily we capitulate to rewards, names, badges and large societies.

The point here is do we really need to portray ourselves as a person who we aren't, to achieve something we desire. What's the point in impressing others when we have got the capability to excel whatever we dare to dream of...? "People do not wish to appear foolish; to avoid the appearance of foolishness, they are willing to remain actually fools." It's really important to understand the difference between being sure that our appearance helps us achieve our goals, and just portraying ourselves for an image's sake. You are at the peak of your potential when you are real you. So there's no need to change yourself and be the one you are not recognized by.

So people...Be an individual, Be yourself....!!

**Spandana Gannavarapu**

B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## JUST FOR LOVE

"Wake up Rohit", Abhishek shouted at me, shaking me so hard that I thought it to be an earthquake. I regained my senses and found him standing at the side of my bed. After making sure that everything was normal, I started staring at Abhishek but it took me a few seconds to recall the reason of his act. I looked at the clock ticking behind him. It was already 12. Just like a little child, in a sad tone he whispered "It's too late. The train will be leaving at 12:40 and she will be gone."

"It will take us at least an hour to reach the station", he continued "she has been calling me since morning but still I was unable to wake up. She is very angry. I should have kept my promise....." and as he said this, his voice weakened and just for a moment I thought I saw a tear rolling down his cheeks.

I looked at him as he sat down beside me staring at the clock. It was Adarshana, Abhishek's girlfriend who was waiting for him at the station. We were in the same college and she was leaving for home before the exams. Abhishek had promised that he would meet her at the station and had asked me to accompany him. I had agreed, but the night's quite sleep didn't allow either of us to wake. And now the poor boy was sitting beside me.

Adarshana was supposed to catch the train from Berhampur, where our college was, to Bhubaneswar, which would take almost 3 hours. From Bhubaneswar she had a connecting train at 10 p.m. I was lost in thoughts and Abhishek turned towards me with the same expression of sadness covering his face. The paleness on his face forced me to ask him to get ready. "How will we reach there?" he asked.

"We will take a lift to Bhubaneswar on the highway, probably a truck would help", I said as I hurried towards the bathroom. Listening to my idea Abhishek's face glazed up and within no time we were walking out of the campus towards the highway. As we walked, Abhishek said "Adarshana's train is late by half an hour."

I looked at my watch. It was already 12:30. "I don't think we will manage to reach the station in time and in case we don't, be prepared for a long journey and the violation of some college rules," I said.

He smiled at me as if I was joking and seemed to ignore my words. A couple of minutes and then we stopped a car. After having a couple of words with the person sitting next to the driver, we sat in the car and started with our journey. On the way we came to know that the car's occupants were travelling to

Balugaon, a station between Berhampur and Bhubaneswar. The car touched 70 km/hr regularly which helped us to reach the station at 1:15 but we knew that we have missed the train. Instead of getting out of the car, we requested the person driving to take us to Balugaon and he agreed without any hesitation.

Now the situation was that we had to reach Balugaon before the train does. Both of us were in a car with two unknown persons, travelling to an unknown place, with a total of Rs 120. We had to come back by 10:00 pm as per the hostel rules. And the most important thing was that whatever we do, we were going to break at least half a dozen of the hostel and college rules. Keeping all these thoughts aside I looked at Abhishek who was not only nervous and a bit scared but also somewhat happy about our plans and meeting Adarshana. This look on his face helped me to gain a little courage. I gazed towards the hills through the window. The highway ran in between the hills with unusual turns and twists, although it looked beautiful. I kept on calling my friends in the hostel in order to know the train's schedule. I don't know whether I was really enjoying the beautiful Nature or it was my nervousness which made me think that we had reached Balugaon a little too early. The car stopped near the station from where we could clearly see the train standing on the platform. We got out of the car and I asked Abhishek to run towards the platform. I knew the person would definitely ask for some money so I handed him a 100 Rs note and turned towards the train.

The man said "It's too less." "Thanks for the lift", I said and didn't wait for any further discussion. The train had already started moving and I saw Abhishek getting in the train. I jumped on the track running beside the train and then managed to get in. Both Abhishek and I were out of our breaths and smiled at each other. After all we were in the train. It didn't take us long to find Adarshana, sitting with her friends, who were both surprised and shocked at the very sight of us. We reached Bhubaneswar at 3:50, lucky that we didn't find any TT's in the train as we weren't carrying any tickets. Abhishek and Adarshana were busy talking while I made myself busy searching for the time of the next train to Berhampur. We missed the train at 4 o'clock and walked out of the station. I know that Abhishek didn't care for the next train which could have got us back to Berhampur in time. After all he had got some more time to spend with Adarshana.

Climbing a hill is hard, getting down is harder but if you get stuck in the middle, that's the worst situation. The next train was at 6 pm. We had no other option than to wait for the next train. Abhishek and Adarshana walked in a restaurant while I preferred a cup of tea outside.

"They look cute together," I thought. "I don't believe I am taking such a risk for my friend. It seems too filmy," and I enjoyed my tea.

At 6 we caught the train, without any tickets, and just a 20 rupee note with us. Abhishek fell asleep in the train and I stared at him. He was happy and so was I just for him. I didn't disturb him and woke him up only when we reached Berhampur at 10. Luck favoured us again as we didn't find any TT's in the train. We got out and walked along the track which enabled us to reach the highway. As it was quite late we couldn't find any vehicle on the road. After walking for 10 minutes, we managed to stop an auto which took us a few kms and then dropped us. We had to give the last note to the driver and then we kept on walking. It was 11 pm. Abhishek said to me for the first time "Will we manage to reach the hostel? And even if we do, we would be punished."

He was scared and even making me scared. Our friends in the hostel had already put our night signatures at the hostel's reception which proved that we were present at the hostel. They asked us not to return to hostel rather spend the night at the dhaba outside.

Abhishek said "I think we should not take any risks and return to the hostel tomorrow morning. It's quite late and the gates would be closed."

"There are other ways to enter the hostel", I replied. After taking another lift we reached outside the college campus. We had to walk past the girl's hostel gate. We thought it wouldn't be too difficult but a lot of lighting outside the hostel and a couple of watchmen increased our chances of being caught. But although we were quite scared we managed to pass the first obstruction. Then we walked and reached the boy's hostel which was a little separated from the main college campus. The gate was closed and it was too dark.

Abhishek asked "Are we really going to do this?"

"Yes, of course. Just stick behind me," I said.

We walked through the bushes like thieves making sure that no one spots us. The darkness of the night was making things worse. The flashlight of my mobile also couldn't help much. We reached the back of the hostel which was surrounded by tight fences. Now we had to cross the fence and after running for a 50 mts we could jump into my room's balcony. Till now everything was fine and according to the plan. But then I found that the fencing was quite tight and the gap was too less for us to pass between them. I had lost hope when Anand managed to spread the fences apart and asked me to hold it. I did the same and to my surprise he managed to get to the other side. Then he held the fences and said "Get in, quick."

"It's stuck. I will manage on my own," I said.

Abhishek stared at me for a couple of minutes. "Run towards the room, idiot," I said.

Then he forced himself to turn back and started running while I continued to try and get through the fences. Everything was looking fine but then a tragedy struck me. Suddenly the fence which was stuck in another got loose and hit my shoulder. I was stuck. Abhishek had already entered the balcony and in the fear of getting caught, I forced myself in which converted the cut to a bleeding scar. As soon I was on the other side I started running. I could listen to a dog barking. The size of the dogs kept in our college for security was no less than that of a small buffalo and every dog was equally fierce. This thought helped me to increase my pace and within a few seconds I was in the balcony.

My friends scolded me for taking such a risk but there was one who was smiling at me and said "Thanks Rohit. It wouldn't have been possible without you."

**Rohit**

B. Tech., 4th Sem.

## POWER OF THINKING BIG

**W**e've been conditioned to think small, simplify, not to be greedy and to overall expect less and demand less from life. We've been taught that we should be happy and thankful with what we have and that there are many others, less fortunate than ourselves.

Most people are afraid of thinking big; they're scared to be successful. For most people, being successful is a pleasant dream, but they're comfortable with the dream - it's nice and it makes them feel good. But truly successful people take it to the next level - they are committed to being successful, and they're prepared to keep on "Keeping On" until the dream becomes reality.

You can have anything you want - ask for it, choose it, be committed to it. Start thinking big. Ask for MORE. Life is like that - by its very nature it grows, it evolves, it seeks to be more than it is, it acquires. That's not a bad thing. The bad thing is that we've been taught to be small and to accept less. The tragedy of many people's lives is that they think there's not enough to go round and they mustn't take more than their fair share. But there is enough - enough success and enough of everything - the universe never runs out, it just keeps on making more and more. What a pity we don't ask for it! The more you get, the more you can inspire others, you more you can share, the more you can contribute to everyone around you, the more you can enrich the world.

Our worst fear is not that we are inadequate; our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. There is nothing enlightened about shrinking. It is not just in some of us, it is in everyone, and as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others. There is nothing wrong in thinking BIG. We must know every successful plan was sometimes a part of a big dream. So think BIG, let your hunger drive you through.

**Sk. Janesar Ahmed**

B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## QUEST FOR THE BEST

**P**eople spend their entire lives in the "quest of being the best" or wanting someone who is the best. Being the best is more of a social belief than a "tag". Its largely perceptual than practical. Choice and thinking changes the definition of best for varied individuals. In the competitive race where everyone is the best at some walk, it's your confidence in yourself and your skills that matter the most. Even if you have all the "necessary requirements" the eyes of 'luck' are always on you. It may or may not be your day!!! One should never lose hope. It's a driving force, if you have the correct balance. You will never remain unnoticed. Failure always makes you stronger.

The quest of the best, the superiority factor is in every field whether be professional or personal, in phase of life whether be it nature where "survival of the fittest" is the mantra.

The desire is always for the attainment of things which are far from reach which eventually ignites progress and gives the zeal and the right push to achieve and excel.

Never will the desire end and nor will the "quest for the best".

**Sanskriti Singh**

B. Tech., 4th Sem.



## A Perception of Life

There was a man with four wives. He loved his fourth wife the most and took great care and gave her the best. He also loved his third wife and always wanted to show her off to his friends. However he always had fear that she might runaway with some other man. He loved his second wife too. Whenever he faced any problem he would always turn to her and she would always help him out. He didn't love his first wife though she was very loyal to him and took great care of him.

One day the man fell ill and knew he was going to die soon. He told himself "I've four wives with me. When I die I'll take one of them along with me to keep company in my death". He asked his fourth wife on which she replied "No way". Then his third wife on being asked replied "Life is so good over here. I'm going to remarry". The second wife in the same way denied by saying "I'm sorry I can't help you this time around. At the most I can only accompany you till your grave". His heart sank and he turned pale. Then his first wife said "I will leave with you. No matter wherever you go I'll follow you". The man couldn't believe and looked up only to see his first wife so skinny and suffering from malnutrition. The man now says "I should have taken great care of you and should have made you healthy and must have given you the love you deserved".

Actually we all have four wives.

- The fourth wife is our body. No matter how good looking we make it we have to leave it when we die.
- The third wife is our possession, status and wealth. When we die they go to others.
- The second wife is your family and friends. No matter how close they had been there for us when we are alive. The farthest they can stay with us is till the grave.
- The first wife no one else but our soul. Neglected in our pursuit for a materialistic life and going after wealth, luxury and pleasure. It is actually our true companion and the thing which follows us wherever we go.

**Soumya Ranjan Nayak**

B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## THE BILLING STORY

Once while I was at home in Kolkata, my mom dragged me to a nearby departmental store because she needed someone to accompany her and perhaps I happened to be the last person on this earth. Resentfully, I went with her because in no way I could have denied. On reaching, I dutifully picked up whatever my mom asked me to, and hence, added myself onto an already long billing queue (Long queues being famous in Kolkata). As I was getting bored, I started looking here and there. My eyes hooked onto a huge mirror kept right beside the billing counter. It reflected almost the entire billing queue. There I saw people in different gestures and having different facial expressions. Some of them were standing taut, as if they were going for some sort of a battle, and their general has ordered them to be alert. A number of them were busy discussing political and social issues. Few of them were grumbling among themselves. Many of them were getting restless as the queue was moving terribly slow. These things that I saw were obvious, but apart from it, I saw something else as well.

And this is what I saw in the mirror:

Each one of us in the queue, it seemed, had handpicked our own dreams and were waiting with a hint of impatience to reach the counter of destiny hoping the self chosen dreams that we were holding onto so tightly would soon be handed over to us within the packet of reality, since making oneself a part of the billing queue, simply meant we all were ready to pay the marked price.

Isn't this true?

**Adyasha Dash**  
B. Tech., 8th Sem.

## POWER OF YOURSELF

**A**s we grow in maturity and are clear about the meaning and purpose of our lives, we feel and realize that the positive statements that people make of us is closer to the truth.

Our confidence is undoubtedly boosted and lifted by such appreciations, but we need to learn how to put ourselves down though it, it's not an easy task but it's vital for us to learn how to keep our soul in the state of peace. It is very important especially to maintain the individuality, purity and sanctity of our soul and to keep it away from several kinds of distractions.

This does not mean that we should feel bitter by absorbing the negative comments of the people. All I meant is that we should definitely listen to the appreciations and compliments given by people but should try to find out the truth in it and use it to self correct ourselves and for self introspection and not to entertain our mind with any baseless thoughts.

It is very true that appreciation heals the divisions within ourselves and acts as a motivational pill .It also bridges the gap within ourselves and adds to our strength, it helps us with self- affirmation and invokes a positive force within us.

The trouble starts when we start feeling that other people can only be judgmental and we are there only to observe them. Thus, we should try to challenge those who treat us to be inferior. We should accept the fact that each one of us is a person with their own weaknesses and strengths and we should not accept any put downs that makes us have less respect for ourselves.

**Veena Mishra**  
B. Tech., 4th Sem.

# CURTAIN-RAISER

*The Awakening*

## CORRUPTION FREE WORLD...

...a dream that can never come true?

Surprised..! But it is a bitter truth that cannot be changed. For ages we have been affected by this pandemic disease of corruption. We all know about it but we just ignore it because we know that somewhere down the line, our lives will become too difficult to live, without this highly addictive drug. It is due to this fact only that despite such revolutionary movements in our country no improvements are seen. Traffic police can still be seen taking bribes and leaving the people driving without helmets or licenses, doctors can still be spotted making fake medical reports for a small amount of money, ticket collectors still take money and offer seats to people travelling without reserved seats and there are a lot more examples we experience in our day to day life where corruption sticks to us like a leech and sucks away our morals and values. But have we ever thought why is it that no matter how hard we fight, this virus of corruption still exists?

We all have heard the proverb "Charity begins at home". Very true but one more fact is "Corruption begins at home too!" Yes, it begins right from our childhood, even when we don't start to go to school. It begins when a crying child is bribed with a chocolate or some sweet to become silent. We call such actions as consolidations but unknowingly we teach that child what real corruption is and how to bribe people to make things work in favour of us.

Then again a child is taught to be corrupt when he/she is promised some gifts or something desired by the child, after he/she performs very well in the examinations. Many call it encouragement but does it really have the same encouraging impact on the child's psychology? In a survey it was found that giving the children such temptations have negative impact in the psychology of 80% children. They start to believe that if there is something, we need others to do; we have to give them something (bribes or favours) so that they do the work quickly with more effort. The above two instances are just the beginning. Throughout our life we come across millions and billions of situations which make our belief each time stronger than before that without corruption, survival is like facing a tsunami all by oneself with no help. When we try to find the reason behind all this we find that we have made corruption so frequent and ingrained in our lives that willingly or unwillingly each and every human on this earth is responsible in spreading the disease of corruption. We give so many lectures against corruption but if we go deep within our hearts we will realise that giving lectures is worth no use because the problem is not in others, the problem is within ourselves.

It is certainly a matter of grave concern to eradicate corruption on a macro level. But here is a point that even if we somehow suppress or decrease its impact, how long we can keep this dangerous giant away from storming our lives and destroying the whole country, in the bigger picture, when it is so deep rooted within us. We get to know about how corruption can be used to benefit us long before we know what exactly it is. Therefore one cannot make the dream of a corruption free world come true as we all are so much addicted to it that without realising that we really are corrupt, we do corrupt things or support such things throughout our life.

**Saurabh Harsh**  
B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## INDIA'S YOUTH

**O**ur country (India) still in this 21st century is known all over the world for its culture, tradition, its remarkable history, discoveries, and inventions that have contributed in every era of human's life.

Unlike country's finite natural resources, India's human source is a vast pool of untapped talent and economic energy. It's rightly said that development of a country can be on the curb of a game changing innovation, and its impact can be even greater than that of steam engine or electricity if the youth of country comes forward and works together. Youth have that fire which cannot be even extinguished by chilled water. This is what the need of our country is today.

But, unfortunately, today's youth have taken a U-turn from the political and the social world. Gaming, surfing on net, intoxication, and sexual pleasure are some of the awful activities which have possessed them mentally. This is what has made their life completely miserable.

But now it's the time for us (youth) to tighten our robes and commit ourselves to improve our country's political and economic situation which seems to be in a great turmoil. For the said purpose, self-discipline, perseverance and patience must be involved in every task one performs. Mere gaining knowledge is not going to make wonders. What's going to work is the extent to which this knowledge comes into practise.

With full heart and soul we need to uproot social evils like eve-teasing, child marriage, pornography because these are some of the burning problems which have hindered the growth of today's youth and hence have undermined development of the country.

At last I want to convey the message to all the youth that

"because you're young  
you're torn between a world of hate  
and a world of dreams.  
so much to lose, so much to gain  
so much to fight for,  
so much to change"

**Puja Singh**

B. Tech., 4th Sem.

## MORALLY INCORRECT

**F**rom telephonic conversations to dinner with friends, one question continues to be asked: why isn't corruption going away? Why is a reasonable, universal and noble demand for a clean and honest society so difficult to achieve in a democratic country like India? These typical questions baffle the educated middle class, which comprises me, you, and most of us who will bring changes in this society someday, or we can say, the nation as a whole. Corruption as a word is neither new to us nor unknown but the irony is that whenever it is discussed we always come up with a new dimension of this word. However, the nuts and bolts always remain the same that is something which is morally incorrect.

As the discussion proceeds, we start finding the villains of this issue. Hence the blame game starts. Blame that guy, he caused it. Blame him or someone else? Finally, it is the slimy, wily and greedy politicians whom we love to assign the root cause of all Indian problems.

It is strange and amazing how every Indian feels that there is a problem in our society and someone else is to be blamed for that. We need someone to point fingers at for looting us, misleading us, dividing us and keeping us backward. We are always comfortable in our cocoon and we keep telling ourselves: "I am a responsible citizen who cares for India. I contribute so much for the development of the society .The rest of the population just sit and enjoy."

Is it so? If everyone feels that the problem is with the rest, then who is at fault? Perhaps the actual problem is with us?

Sure, the reader of this article isn't a criminal, or a morally incorrect person. However, we need to think and rethink on this. At one level everyone wants to remove corruption. Everyone likes a clean and honest society. However, not every one of us takes it as number one priority. For many of us, removing corruption is not as important as we say. If in some way or the other corruption is helping to make lives easier, then we quote our deeds as morally correct. Don't we? It is absolute quirk of fate that we demand for a corruption free society but we maximise our opportunities by being morally incorrect. Our morality has degraded so much that we have started dancing to the tunes of power, fame and money. Today we don't practice what we preach. We don't trust on anyone because nobody is trustworthy. We fight for silly reasons. We brawl on the name of democracy. We have divided this nation into don't know how many groups and subgroups. We have lost a lot as a nation.

Will this ever change? Yes, it will. Perhaps, this change will come with self introspection. We have to stop this blame game and start finding solutions to problems. It's high time that we win over the demons which are there in us. When the roof of the house is leaky, we need to fix the roof first rather than engaging ourselves in silly family fights.

We are number one in many fields. Let's be number one in fighting corruption even. How we achieve this, is a challenge to all the underage optimists who dream for a morally correct society.

**Adyasha Dash**

B. Tech., 8th Sem.

## STATUS OF "ODIA" IN "ODISHA" TODAY

"I am proud to be an Odia, I should always love my mother tongue and respect it, I will always try to follow my forefathers .....I should always be proud to be an Odia" I still remember these were the lines of my Odia text book of class seventh. Those beautiful lines remained imprinted in my heart forever. Yes I am proud to be an Odia, my ancestors once had a kingdom which extended from Ganga to Godavari. I stay in the pious place where Lord Jagganath resides. Odisha stands with its rich cultural heritage. Filigree work of Cuttack, Handicraft of Raghunathapur and Pipili, Horn work of paralakhemundi, The Konark, Lingaraj of BBSR.....I stated all the above examples not to state the greatness of Odisha but to remind the people of Odisha, it's the time to realize the importance of our state. Odisha was never a backward state as people often think rather it is in this position because of our mentality.

Today people of Odisha feel ashamed to address themselves as Odias. To cover up this fact they say they are from some other state. They speak Hindi very often, even with the rickshaw pullers, vendors etc....who even fear to utter a word in Hindi!!! When these kind of people are caught as Odias they try to hide the truth saying they spent their maximum time of life in some other place. Most probably people have lost their identity of being an Odia. People from other states in comparison try to keep up their identity always. Even they become surprised at times seeing the attitude of Odias...today's Odias who are trying to forget their cultural heritage. Who have forgotten their food item "badhi besara" rather are interested in chowmin!!! When the foreigners are trying to learn those items. Now the foreigners are trying to understand Odia culture, philosophy, art and architecture. They have also joined Krishna conscious society to know about Odisha. They are learning Odissi dance and making it popular in their respective countries....a reference in the Odia news paper says that a woman named Tarina(a German resident) says that Jagannath philosophy is the toughest one in the world and she is trying to gain some of it by learning a bit of Debadashi dance....about which more than 60% of today's Odia students don't know.

One of the MPs Mr Prasant Nanda(also an Odia film maker) in a program named "foresight" said," we fear to make Odia films which include true Odia philosophy because today's generation may be a villager or an urban citizen both are equally far away from Odia culture so how can we make original Odia films which would give us a loss??? So we are going for dubbing.....my film "jianta bhuto" was nominated for Oscars which was based on the tribal society of Odisha but it was a flop here.....to understand a true Odia film one has to be a proud Odia first." If we look at these situations this makes me think about the conditions of our great Odia writers in the heaven who once made a great revolution during the 18th century to establish Odia as an official language when people said, "Odia ekta bhasa nuho" which means Odia is not a proper language it's a derivative of Bengali and Assamese. The great fighters for the language were Madhusudan Das, Kabi samrat Upendra Bhanja, Kabi surya Baladeva Rath, Gangadhar Meher etc.

It's very heart touching to know that people today don't know that Odisha was the first state to become independent within India (at that time India was still under British rule). Which was possible due to the honest efforts of Maharaja Krishna Chandra Gajapati in the 1st round table conference (He represented Odisha over there). I today ask all the youngsters to come forward and fight to bring back the lost identity of our state by respecting it and contributing something for their motherland and also trying to become a proud Odia. Last but not the least I would say Odisha -"The pious place which converted Ashoka, the warrior to Ashoka, the humane".

**Cipra Mallik**  
B. Tech., 8th Sem.

## Story of A girl

When I had opened my eyes, the first time to this world  
 My innocent infant's smile was welcomed with unkind face,  
 "IT'S A GIRL!"- They had cried..  
 Their Hopeful anticipation turned to disappointed sighs,  
 The day I was born and the very day I wished to have died.  
 And then through the years My life soaked with tears,  
 At every step I was told  
 " you are a girl" -remember your character,  
 My freedom crushed... no choice, no liberty.  
 Why should I live then, with a fake smile!  
 Whenever my eyes look to the top of the world  
 someone would say-"that's a dream so far"  
 Whenever I walk on the street ,I find myself alone  
 The cruel eyes are on me always, but I still walk to chase my dream  
 In this "mens world" if I won't live my life  
 Then why should I live for other ..?  
 In every relationship and role, I am asked to compromise,  
 My wishes, my desires - always the ones to be sacrificed,  
 I awaited a miracle all my life but the fate of a girl will remain same.  
 As I look back through my eyes...  
 My insides scream with anger, agony and hate  
 A GIRL was born and a girl shall I die today....

**Tipu Anwar**

B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## THE CURRENT SCENARIO OF INDIAN ECONOMY

**T**he India of 2014 is now the India of 1991. It seems we are back in 1990s, GDP is back to 5 percent. Jagnmohan Dalmiya is back in BCCI. Narayana Murthy is back in Infosys. Madhuri Dixit is back in bollywood. Sanjay Dutt is back in jail. It looks like the Indian economy at present time is worse than the 1991 economic crisis that India faced.

Government is so conscious about the value of rupee that the value of rupee is increasing day by day in terms of dollar. In the past few years, due to persistent inflation, there is a rapid fall in the value of rupee. If we compare the growth of last 3 years, it is embarrassing. Today major OCED economics are looking much more in ward than before, and trying to fix their own domestic economic and polity. Government this time is much more complacent, and less inclined to implement drastic reforms to revive growth. A more rounded food security mechanism can help to insulate the poor from rising inflation. More over we do not require big bang reforms, rather than we need a small reformation in an efficient way that we can make India beat ever.

**Anil Kr Sarangi**

B. Tech., 2nd Sem.



## WOMEN EMPOWERMENT

**E**mpowerment is seen as the rise of dominance by the vulnerable and the marginalized communities, this is what is required by the women in India. The narrow views of the male dominating society ignores the equal capacity of cooperation and reciprocity women possess.

India has seen a rise in crime against women drastically in the last decade. Not only the incidents such as eve-teasing have increased, serious crimes like rape and kidnapping have also gone up significantly. I agree that situation varies significantly from city to city but overall the crime rate has practically increased everywhere.

Most atrocities committed against women go unreported because not only most women are ashamed to report it with the fear of social insult, but many of these criminals are powerful and violent. Even if someone reports an incident to the police, there is no guarantee that the justice will be served. Almost all judicial cases in India drag for years, unlike western countries where most cases are solved in weeks or months. People who are rich or have a political background are almost never brought to justice.

Violence is recognized as a major impediment to the rights of women to participate fully in the society. There were many rules formulated to protect the rights of women but all remain restricted to the papers. No efforts were taken to ensure its stringent implementation.

"Empowerment of Women" has been the favorite theme of the political parties in India. In the beginning, many political parties built momentum for women's rights all over the country and having secured the same at an acceptable level, started targeting violence against women. Violence is recognized as a major impediment to the rights of women to participate fully in the society. Though it has been accepted that discrimination on gender basis, includes violence, which is directed against women because she is a woman or which affects woman disproportionately. But when the question comes on actually helping the women out of this situation neither the laws nor the common people in our country are ready to help her.

Though the laws declaring about the elimination of violence against women was adopted way back in the year 1993, but its implementation has been so poor that women are still forced to suffer a lot and become victim of violence because of the male-chauvinist attitude that exists in the society.

Thus, violence against women is a manifestation of historically unequal power relations between men and women. It is an obstacle to the achievement of equality, development and peace. For this reason, States should condemn violence against women and should take serious steps to ensure that women in India are actually empowered to fight against evils like domestic violence which is a blot on our society.

**Veena Mishra**  
B. Tech., 4th Sem.

## WHERE THE PIN PINCHES

Sometimes I wonder is it only L.P.G or something else that has made my country grow (in every aspect)? Finally I traced the trajectory and here I am with the different dexterities designs of animadversion. Most of you might wonder that I am using the title itself as an animadversion. Well for now I'll suggest you to be patient and read a few more pages.

1989 breakage of Soviet Union

1992 Introduction of Liberalization, privatization and Globalization, finally

2013 This is the year where we stand.

21 years have passed and now India is the second fastest growing developing country in the world with a G.D.P growth rate of about 8%-9% p.a. Now let's look at the growth scenario. One banana, the poor man's luxury fruit, costs Rs 4; and if you are talking about an apple, forget it, it is even more than Rs 10/ piece; tomatoes are priced at Rs 65/kg and the list simply goes on without any solace for the aam admi.

This is not the end as we get into aggrandizing accreting India where setting up a fully secular and poverty free country gets a setback, as its rightly said "A country where Pizza reaches faster than police and ambulance, where we get the car loan @ 8% but education loan @ 12%, where Yuvarj Singh hits sixes to get away with a porche and money in crores, but when an Olympic shooter wins a gold (and pride for India), he is hardly rewarded.

Truly Incredible India. "A Bolt From The blue".

Even after 66 years of independence and 21years of globalization, India's strategy for ultimate development in all spheres still remains a 'Utopia'.

As we look into this democratic subcontinent, we see that the teachers are treated like parrots in a cage. Let us just consider an example - Odisha's state run government primary schools. The principal and the teachers of these schools are not a part of teaching community, but rather we may consider them as a part of so called Sarba Siksha Abhiyan community. Now the question arises what is this Sarba Siksha Abhiyan? Well according o this scheme of government, the head of the schools, i.e. the principal, would supervise the construction of the school building, provide lunch on a daily basis and in addition to that the children should also get eggs on selected days which will be provided by the government to the principal and he'll make a record of all of this each day and submit it to the government each day. After hearing all this you might wonder that where education has gone? A simple answer comes out - no education. How can primary education ameliorate and accomplish its purpose if the students come to school just for the sake of eating rice and eggs and where the head of the school is involved in external work. If these schools are so much sophisticated then why not the children of our big 'bosses' i.e. the rule makers and enforcement authorities are reading there? So is it not correct that belongingness is more important than simple oratory.

Where's the media in this situation? A million dollar question, it can waste its time in all kinds of absurd and abstract news, but it has no time for the primary problems and general awareness.

The incident that occurred on 1st Sept 2010 speaks volumes of the health segment in the country. The biggest hospital of the temple city, the capital hospital, conducted a surgery on a child under candle light

and torch as the power was shut down in the city, and surprisingly, the hospital wasn't having a generator. The child undergoing the surgery died on the spot. This is the health system in our cities and you can imagine how precarious the condition might be in villages.

Really Incredible India or India Shining.

Indian industry is gaining pace with time and the service sector has become a proud identity for the Indians globally. The economic growth is praise worthy. But is it the true indicator of growth? The G.D.P growth rate of 7-8% just reflects the epochal growth of Tata, Birla and Ambanis (Mukesh Ambani is going to be the richest person on earth by 2014-Forbes Magazine) etc. The gap between the 'haves' and 'have-nots' keeps increasing day by day.

Why can't we prosper like China? We both started with almost a similar economic status and China along with India coined the N.A.M., but where is the dragon now? It is not sharing the same economic status with us anymore, but rather it has registered herself as one of the developed countries. Then where the pin pinches?

Is it the democratic system of governance? No, as most of the first world nations follow democracy. But yes, the problem lies with the four pillars of our nation or the four flag bearers of our country - The Legislature, the Executive, the Judiciary and the Media. If these four flag bearers think of a change then Sky is the limit and India travelling in a mascot with young brains and ample human resources will be challenging the first world Countries.

**Anmol Sagar Rath**

B. Tech., 4th Sem.

# BURLESQUE

*The Concrete Parody*

## A Nucl eAr DemocrAcy

"During the Cold War, if USA launched a nuke-loaded missile, Soviet Satellites would inform the Soviet army in 5 seconds and in less than 45 seconds Soviet counter-missiles would be on their way."

When the thought of a nuclear war between India & Pakistan comes to my mind this is how I think it would go down.

The Pakistani army gets fed up with waiting around and decides to launch a nuke-missile on India. They don't need any permission from their government, and promptly order the countdowns.

Indian technology is highly advanced, and as a result, within 8 seconds the Indian army detects the Pak countdown and decides to launch a missile in retribution. But they need permission from the Government of India. They submit their request to the Indian President. The President forwards it to the Cabinet. The Prime Minister calls an emergency Lok Sabha session. The President asks for a quick decision. The Lok Sabha meets, but due to several walkouts and severe protests by the opposition, it gets adjourned indefinitely.

In the meantime, the Pak missile fails to take off due to some technical failure. Their attempts for a re-launch are still on. Just then the Indian ruling party is reduced to a minority because a party that was giving outside support withdraws its support. The President asks the PM to prove his majority within a week. As the ruling party fails to win the confidence vote, a caretaker government is installed. The (caretaker) PM decides to permit the armed forces to launch a nuclear missile.

But the Election Commission says that a caretaker government cannot take such a decision because elections are at hand. The Election Commission files Public Interest Litigation in the Supreme Court alleging misuse of power. The Supreme Court comes to the rescue of the PM, and says the acting, PM is authorized to take this decision in view of the emergency facing the nation.

Just then one of the Pak missiles successfully took off, but it fell 367 miles away from the target, on its own government building in Islamabad during working hours. Fortunately there were no casualties as no employee had reached the office on time! Even the nuclear core of the missile had detached somewhere during the flight. The Pakistani army is now trying to get better technologies from China and USA. The Indian Government, taking no chances, decides to launch a nuclear missile of its own, after convening an all-party meeting. This time all the parties agree. It has been three months now since the army had sought permission to act. But as preparations begin, "pro-humanity", "anti-nuclear" activists come out against the Government's decision. Human chains are formed and Rasta rokos organized. In California and Washington endless e-mails are sent to Indians condemning the government and mentioning "Please forward it to as many Indians as possible".

On the Pakistan side, the missiles kept malfunctioning. Some missiles deviate from target due to technical failures or high-speed wind blowing over Rajasthan. Many of them land in the Indian Ocean killing some fishes.

A missile (smuggled from USA) is brought into service. Since the Pakistani army is unable to understand its advanced software, after launch it moves to hit its original destination: Moscow. Russians successfully intercepts the missile and in retaliation launches a nuclear missile towards Islamabad. The missile hits the target and creates havoc. Pakistan cries for help.

India expresses deep regrets for what has happened and sends in a million dollars' worth of "Parle-G" biscuits.

JaiHind !!

**Anant Yash Pande**

B. Tech., 4th Sem.

## Dream

**O**n my way to Brooklyn an elderly gentleman happened to sit in front of me in the subway. I had my earphones on, when I noticed that he tried to say something. As a mark of courtesy, I removed my earphones and smiled at him gesturing him to repeat what he tried to say earlier. On knowing I am an Indian there was a sudden change in his tone of addressing. One that was rather more close than formal. He said-

"Oh, India! The land I always wished to have taken birth in. The mother of one of the earliest civilizations. A country that had taught the world science, arts, politics."

He kept on exalting and all the while I was just looking at his face with a sense of pride, with the expression on my face 'Yes, You're right'.

"Well! Politics! It is quite an interesting business in India. Isn't it, that Kejriwal fellow, he is an IITian right? And Na-Mo the one whom our government refused to give visa is a strong contender..."

I interrupted saying - Yes Sir. That's right.

He continued-

"These days, you know 1 INR is almost equal to 60 USD. My son is studying in India. He got a scholarship to join the one of the best university in the world. He is planning to settle there as soon as he completes the course. Your government has worked really hard to raise India's literacy to 100% "

I exulted some more that boasted my country's greatness, this Olympics India ranked 1 in the medal tally.

"Yeah well that's a commendable improvement."

I added, " India has become the largest exporter of defense goods in the world market".

I kept on adding feathers and he kept on listening patiently. After some time he said:

"By the way, apart from medals in the Olympics there is a class of Indians who are world champions in scams as well?"

In my reply to this I said-" the better part of this is most of them are already behind the bars and will continue for the rest of their lives. All thanks to Jan-Lokpal Bill. India also signed the UN CONVENTION AGAINST CORRUPTION which has made it possible to declare all black money India's property."

There was a brief silence for a while as we were crossing a tunnel. What happened next left me astounded and in a state of shock, if not more then, at least for 50nano-seconds! The man slapped me on my head and before I could say something I heard:

"Get up!! Get up!! We are getting late for class"

And, that was yet another dream. But I keep my fingers crossed as I saw them in the morning. Who knows may be it will be true someday.

**Abhirup Moitra**

B. Tech., 4th Sem.

## Hostel Life is full of Humour

**H**ostel life is something to be definitely experienced. It is a place which you will either love or hate. I have been staying in hostel for the last 10 years. I would like to share a few funny incidents from my hostel life.

There was a place in the middle of the hostel which was used for the growing of vegetables, and the same vegetables were provided to the students. One day a birthday party was to be organised. It was evening around 6:30 in the summer and almost all the students were busy in its preparation. Warden was talking to group of students. One student joined them later. After two minutes, suddenly a blast was heard and it came from the very seat of vegetable mansion. The student who has joined later said surprisingly, "what happened" (?), and all the students and staff-members rushed to the place. Brinjals, pumpkins and all other vegetables were ruined. Warden was shocked to see the scene. Some students couldn't control their emotions, and as a result, burst into laughter (including me); whereas some were smiling. Warden tried to find out the culprit, but it was not an easy task among 120 students. The real fun behind this particular incident was that the person who had joined late was the one to plant the bomb among the vegetable plants. Later, he joined them, and in order to project his innocence, he was the first one to react to the whole blast. Actually, the students were fed up of eating the same stuff every day. In order to have a grand dinner, which the warden never approved of, they had to resort to such a trick.

Another similar incident took place after a month. The day was Sunday and all the students were busy in their personal works. Suddenly we found two dogs running inside the campus at their full speed here and there. We got scared and went inside our rooms. We could see the dogs through window. The dogs belonged to the hostel. We could not understand anything. After sometime, the warden was informed and he controlled the situation. The fun, although cruel, behind the whole scene was that a student had put some petrol at the 'back-side' of the dogs. Thank Heaven, this news didn't reach 'Meneka Gandhi', otherwise the aftermath would have been entirely different. The warden, no less than Sherlock Holmes, identified the culprit and punished him severely.

My hostel life has been full of such incidents, but because of the constraints of time and space, I have selected only two incidents; and if anyone is interested in knowing more of such pranks, one is invited to my room,,,, but beware before you enter,,, anything may go WRONG with you.

**Amrendra Kumar**  
B. Tech., 4th Sem.

## Life and ethics.... Means soMething!

Everything's going well: you've got a reasonably secure job, you have a long-term partner and you're now the proud parent of a couple of under-ten and then it strikes you - you're 40 years old. How did this happen? Really, how did this happen? Last thing you remember you were going on single holidays, partying 'till dawn and had nothing in your fridge other than beer and a half-eaten maggi.

It was a nice peep into future, wasn't it? But if you were there, then you would have realised, and would have started to question yourself whether did you really do something significant or remotely worthwhile during your college life. This is a question which really nags me when I go into deep introspection (which is a thing I don't do frequently! Because obviously every student in NIST thinks that he/she is short of time, and I am one of them!). Something worthy does not mean something extraordinary but simply something ethical and good. We do have a lot of fun during college life but we do tend to forget the purpose for which our parents have sent us. Now that statement of mine turned out to be quite philosophical!

Let me enlighten you about some of the replies that I used to give when someone lectured me about ethics.. I am a great fan of Mark Twain, so my replies always drew inspiration from him.. When my mom used to teach me never to lie... I used to reply "Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us economize it."... And when my father used to say tales about God and his power, and nothing being impossible for God, I used to reply "Only one thing is impossible for God: To find any sense in any copyright law on the planet. And I used to be very cynical about humans and their behaviour. What I used to say I am going to quote now "The human race is a race of cowards; and I am marching in that procession, and the first of April is the day we remember what we are the other 364 days of the year." I never used to go to school in civilized clothing so my mother used to scold me... as a reply I used to say "our race cannot afford civilization.. if everyone is civilized, how is one going to differentiate a civilized person from another who is not.." and I used to laugh.... And when my chemistry mam asked us to think inventively... I used to mock her by saying.. "the greatest of all inventors is accident..." Now the question arises what changed my views about things. One of the most influential friends in my life did it, he isn't close but he is significant. He used to live life in a very ethical way, he never lied, never did something slightly harmful to anyone and probably was the best person by nature in 11th-12th. He belonged to an economically deficit family, thus all pressure was on him to support his family, But he succumbed under this pressure and had a major nervous breakdown and dropped out of school. I left school and never heard from him for years, and surprisingly 3 months ago he called me, and told me how he struggled and rose out of depression with the help of a psychiatrist, and now he has joined a hardware course, and is doing 12th again, and giving tuitions to primary students, thus supporting his family. He is an inspiration for me, and now I think about life differently. We get everything so easily, many of us don't, so it's high time for us to take life seriously and ethically, and respect what our parents do for us..(many of us already do.) Have fun in life, but don't mutilate it, enrich it with goodness and make it worthwhile. Again philosophical, I guess! I can't help myself, even I don't follow my philosophy completely, but what the hell, and everyone has the freedom of expressing his /her thoughts in democratic India!

**Bikram Kumar Swain**

B. Tech., 6th Sem.



## THE BIGGER, THE BETTER

**W**e, the Indians have a unique specialty. Small things don't suit us. Even when we are defeated (in cricket), it is large..... 4 series at a stretch. That is why a few days ago, silly cases like tearing the prints of bills and uses of slangs were highlighted in the Lok Sabha, the nation was shocked. After all we are the largest democracy of the world. There should be something large according to its stature. Thank god, that recently our leaders have come up with innovative ideas like crushing the mike and using chilly spray. Otherwise what would our status have been? However, now we are used to of doing and watching big. What a great satire that would have been that in such a highly populated country, there is nothing innovative? Again thank god that the lower houses too saved our pride, a few days ago, a few members of the UTTAM PRADESH legislative assembly went naked in the house. After all that is the same house where the members have thrown mikes on the opposition and they had to go to the hospital

We don't believe in doing anything small.... That is why Kumar Vishwas is challenging Rahul Gandhi in Amethi. Even if he loses, the defeat will be large. In fact "The bigger, the better" is a part and parcel of our life style. That is why our political dignitaries and business tycoons have tried to do almost all kinds of bigger scams. Junior leaders, small parties, small states, cannot be highlighted until and unless they do something large. It creates an intense frustration and complex of being inferior. Perhaps this was the reason which compelled Mr. Kejriwal to lodge FIR against the so called BIG GUNS. And similarly for Madhu Koda, who was the Ex-CM of a small state, caught for a large scam. The reality is that being small is like a curse, that's why our leaders are showing big dreams to the public with open eyes and being trapped in these dreams, the Janta Janardan has forgotten the small and basic problems like electricity, water, transportation, education, health and many more which are the basic needs for living.

**Shaah Ramiz Raza**

B. Tech., 2nd Sem.

# GOSPEL

*The Truth*

## A FACE TO REMEMBER

Flying high and high, all above the sky  
Hard on someone's part to find and bind  
Arriving all to the existing near end  
It's her who taught not to lie.

It's her with the strong determination  
To reach the high elevation  
Want to gain like an endless sea  
But dear it's none other than me.

A face to remember  
Because, it's the heart's member.

Living together for years, yet many to learn  
May be land we shared, not always of mine  
But can make the same of our design  
Silence did speak, still it's somewhat stern.

Rather, it's just a life to move  
Building a strong relationship with just love  
Festooning us from boulder rock, all latent  
It can only be our parents.

A face to remember  
Because, it's the heart's member.

Sometimes fighting, then missing and chasing for chips  
Can shed the blood, yet not in vein relation  
Can keep you smile forever, it's just a sensation  
Full of adventures, the bond it keeps.

It's them, with whom the life shows a value  
With lots of care and new blossom, it may look like you  
It's them, who always introduced you with latest trends  
Hey, it's my friend.

A face to remember  
Because, it's the heart's member.

**Shant Shikha**  
B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## A CANDID COMPLAIN TO THE ALMIGHTY

At times some things happen in our life, we never think of. It becomes so complicated that even we don't know, Where to Go? What Next? There is a 'Downpour' of distinct people with motives we can't read; and we know not, who has come for what? Why does God seldom keep us apart...

Hail God (?), my problem unsolved,  
Don't leave me in dilemma...  
People say you are everything, inside everyone  
Are you inside those who betray us, who cheat us???

You know better what I am  
Yes I did mistakes, because I am human  
But should I be thus penalized???  
My soul is screaming harder, where art thou Divine???

Sorry God... but one thing I will say  
I am a trash, but believe me I won't crash...

You love me I know and my mom loves me... that's enough  
Human will betray me  
But never will my GOD AND MY MOM....  
I LOVE U "MAA."

**Kumari Swati**  
B. Tech., 4th Sem.

## AFTER BEING PLACED.....

Just as a dried leaf gets invigorated when a drop of water falls on it, my life too got revitalized on 28th of September, 2013. YEAHH friends !!! On this particular day, I got placed in INFOSYS LIMITED and it made my life complete. The well known proverb " Success is 99 % perspiration and 1 % inspiration " holds true in my case. The moment I heard my name in the final list of shortlisted candidates, it was just like a WOWWWW!!!!!! Immediately I rang up my Mom and Dad and their expressions were akin to something a worthy son would long to sense. Even my voice was quivering, of course, it is because of gratification. I received many calls and messages. But, two of them were out of the ordinary for me. The first one I read was something like this "Congossss..... I feel as if I got selected. Call me when you are free. I just want to hear your voice " and the second one was " Congratssss..I am very happy for you. I knew you will surely succeed one day". It's really breathtaking to see someone in high spirits because of you. I flew home the next day just to spend some time with my family members. And after that my days are going on smoothly. I M LOVING IT....

Here is a small message for my juniors... Don't take things casually. Nothing comes for free. You need to give in your best 'shot' to be where you intend to be. One day you will be rueful for it. Just follow my mantra for success.....

*" Jab tak dil mai hai faith  
This world is a lovely place  
Dil mai rakhna tu fight  
Everything's gonna be alright "*

**Sourav Mishra**  
B. Tech., 8th Sem.

## Do you fear to start because you are afraid of the end?

The other day I along with some of my friends had a visit to China Garden, a Chinese cuisine restaurant here at Berhampur. Looking at the Shanghai Noodles, one of my friends said, "I am afraid to start, because if I fear my noodles will be over soon". In no time the whole environment echoed with laughter. Though we laughed heartily at that verdict, yet the same had a valuable message in it- "The fear of beginning because you are afraid of the end"

Many a times when we see something different, something new we immediately start pondering over it. But a fear that still lies in our minds is the fear of the ending which never allows us to start something new. Indeed every ending has a better starting in it. When you are born, you are born with the knowledge that one day you will die... your life will come to an end, when you start reading a novel or watch a movie; you know it will soon have its climax and ultimately it's ending, when you start on journey; you know it will end sometime. Indeed everything we start must end... that's what the rule of nature is.

Our life as described by many great philosophers is a cycle of good and bad times. Nothing is permanent... neither our good times nor the bad ones. It's only us who need to analyse and accept this strange cycle. Once we are done with it, our lives would be a hundred times better than the lives we live these days. It's because this assertiveness would help us withstand grieves in the bad times and give us a hope that it would end soon; and in happier ones we would be more calm and balanced.

Sometimes I ponder about the person whom I cannot have in my life, the luxurious lives that I cannot live, the Oscars that I can never win, the stardom that I cannot possess but in due course I miss the things with which I am blessed with. These thoughts make my life damn clumsy and boring. I can bet that this is not only the problem of mine but many of us face the same every day. Many a times we find that there are certain things that don't actually come to an end. In this case the thoughts I mentioned earlier, these things merely make our lives monotonous and boring, we know that if these things come to an end our lives would be very different but we wait for that time without realising that these must be ended by ourselves; they are not going to end in the same manner as other things do. The only thing that we need to do is to gather the strength and end these ourselves. These require a lot of courage and inner strength which we get only when we get know the real face of life.

And hence, if every beginning has an end then of course every ending has a new and better beginning. The end of childhood marks the beginning of teenage; the end of teenage marks the beginning of adulthood; the end of novelty in friendship marks the beginning of maturity; the end of one assignment marks the beginning of other more exciting and thrilling assignments and so on.

**Sumit Banerjee**

B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## BEST FRIENDS ARE ANGELS, THAT GOD SENT ALONG

I still remember the first day we met  
We were too shy to say much at all  
It's funny to think back to that set  
Because now we are having a ball!

They say that true friendship is rare.  
An adage that I believe to be true  
Genuine friendship is something that I cherish  
I am so lucky to have met you.

Our bond is extremely special  
It is unique in its own way  
We have something irreplaceable  
I love you more and more each day.

We have been through so much together  
In so little time we've shared  
All the moments, I will never forget  
That you have shown me how much you cared  
for.

Friends are forever  
Especially the bond that you and I possess  
I love your fun-filled personality  
Somehow you never fail to impress.

The world could use more people like you  
It would certainly be a better place  
I love everything about you  
You are someone I could never replace.

You are always there for me  
When my spirits need a little lift  
I cannot thank you enough for that  
You are truly an extraordinary gift.

You are everything to me and more  
I could never express that enough  
Life is such a treacherous journey, and  
Without you it would be even tougher.

Our story will continue to grow  
With each passing day  
Because I trust that with you by my side  
Everything will always be ok.

You are so dear to me  
You know I will love you until the end.  
I will be there for you, and  
You will always be my best friend.....

**Samikhya Mohanty**  
B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## CONFESSIONS OF A LONELY HEART

Life is a winding road...  
 Nobody knows the pain I have known...  
 Keeping alone can make me strong...  
 I don't know whether it is right or wrong...  
 Cannot infer the distinction between human beings...  
 Are we all not the creation of the same Supreme Being???  
 Days are passing by, time is running out...  
 So standing on this empty street I just think-Is this life all about???

Sometimes I look up at Him if He (God) can justify...  
 But my bad luck, I never get a reply...  
 I leave everything aside and keep thinking...  
 While every hope of life keeps sinking...

Always tried to give an effort, thinking that things might change...  
 But in today's era everything demands a cent, that's so strange...  
 The roses that smiled yesterday have faded away...  
 Stars that were shining bright now have lost their light...

Still the situation remains the same...  
 Had so many hopes but all in vain...  
 I am trying to be happy, but I am dying inside...  
 The world is withering away, so I just want to run and hide...

**Nikita Singh**  
 B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## BE YOU, BE BEAUTIFUL

**D**on't be the garden over which every one walks upon, be the sky which everyone aims to reach. In every field of life starting from college to corporate, home to crowd, we always search for someone to follow, an idol to become our inspiration. Sometimes we become so obsessed with this perception that we copy these personalities and lose our self image. We cage ourselves within a shell whose outer coat looks popular but inside is still the same. After spending years wanting to look like the super models and role models with an urge to become popular, somewhere we forget our own identity, our reality. The "Real We" is lost in the illusion of grabbing the lime light.

When we realize our need to love and accept ourselves just as we are. When we stop following to others blindly and start making our own decision, for our life. We discover our purpose in life, our passion and desire to achieve something. Then we need to set out to discover what truly makes us beautiful. We need to know our own uniqueness, identity. People are not beautiful by their appearance but by their deeds. External beauty fades but internal beauty is eternal.

We must create a vision for our life and focus on it until we have a life we love. The secret of confidence is cognizing with our own capabilities and persevere it with friends and family.

**Farhan Shahid**  
 B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## GOOD OLD MEMORIES

"Remembering the old days remembering the past,  
Remembering those old days when you used to scold me whenever I drove fast.  
The way you supported me and the way you took my care,  
How much you loved me you always made me aware.  
I always want you and you are always in my prayer,  
With you honey I can walk on thorns with foot bare.  
How wonderful those days were that I spend with you,  
Those moments are special and are fresh & new.  
You are my love and you are my angel,  
Whenever am upset you make me feel so well.  
Of course I miss you, I miss those days,  
Reasons to talk and those beautiful ways.  
You are the one near and dear to my heart,  
Whatever the situation may we won't be apart.  
Our love is a ship and we are its crew,  
We are always together because our love is TRUE."

**Ayush Mohan Senapati**

B. Tech., 2nd Sem.

## IT BOTHERS ME...

Energy can neither be created nor can be destroyed- An inevitable fact of science.  
When this fact is connected to human-Soul was neither created nor destroyed. It only changes its form.  
Well turned in the ancient epic, Srimadbhagwat Gita, soul gets transferred from one clown to the other.  
But what about emotions??? Emotion is gradually created and is immortal even after a person passes away.

Sitting on a chair on narrow corridor,  
With abominable silence prevailing all around.  
People running hastily with stretchers and saline,  
Amidst the people between living and dying.

I could see people jumping, rejoicing,  
Shouting for their new born family member  
Also people numb for the one  
Who passed away a few seconds before.  
People once seen in their best attire,  
Have now limited themselves to a single white cloth piece.



Committed suicide, some came here because  
While balancing the equation of life, they failed,  
Great irony, the ailing old man came for the kiss of life,  
So as to see his grandson play.

Dead are not only the people,  
Who are no more alive.  
But also the people,  
who are left to survive.

**Priyanka Lenka**

B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## How Has Life changed after being placed?

I had a date with destiny and an extraordinary encounter that changed my life, perceptions and outlooks. And that date reminds me of my Placement day. The time before my placement was the time when I kept recommitting myself to doing "Everything right" and doing "Everything" just to get placed. Now the previous stories of rigorous placement classes, mock tests and mock interviews and the pressure did not matter much. With identifying and rectifying all the flaws and problems and working on them changed my thoughts and made me determined to get my goal.

It's not just the willingness that will make your dream work but the determination cannot stop you from making your dream a reality. Getting placed was not just about preparation beforehand but it was about performance on that D-day and turning all my talents into skills. Turning obstacles into opportunity and getting the best out of it was the lesson that I will carry forward though out my life. The experience of the real corporate interviews instilled more confidence and assured and motivated me to achieve more because anything in this world may seem tough to get but not impossible to get. All these experiences gave me a positive successful self image of me which keeps me motivating to achieve more, for success sky is the only limit. The pain I took before placement was the best teacher that gave me the gift of learning and helped to make my dreams a reality. Amidst some failures, demotivated results in mock tests and the scolding from faculties for the mistakes; it was just all about finding another right way that worked to get me successful. The entire success story was not just about wishing and dreaming to get placed, It was all about doing it in the right way at the right time.

**Jagruti Mohanty**

B. Tech., 8th Sem.

## Life still goes on...

Why does it happen that the one you admire,  
 the one you love,  
 leaves you all alone in the mid of a curve.  
 When things go wrong, when the situations do not favour,  
 Even our shadow does not want to be the bearer.  
 Whatever, life still goes on.

When I needed them, they turned out their way.  
 When I stood for them, I was only their prey.  
 I thought of them as the only source of my joy,  
 they took me just as a tiny toy.  
 Anyways, life still goes on.

I was looking for those eyes which could read mine.  
 Though could not find one, yet its fine.  
 Those hands which silently make us feel their presence.  
 But now what, when life has completely lost its essence.  
 Hey dear, not to worry as,  
 Life still goes on and goes on...

**Shraddha Sharma**

B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## LIMELIGHT DARKNESS

**L**imelight is a beam of spotlight to receive attention and interest from public. Limelight is a platform where everybody wants to get fame, fortune and success. Limelight is a centre of attraction, a focus, a gild, an opulent, princely etc. Limelight is a universal dream for all those who wish to seek public attention. But the darkness behind the limelight shows the reality beyond this deluxe unreal cage of lighted stage, where everybody seems to be a great performer. It signifies a tricky place where we can't believe what's going on around. We stop observing, perceiving and extending our self. It means being focused with glee. It means doing everything for the sake of applause and approval from audience. It means ignoring one's own self and show the world what they want to see, doing what they want to, what they long for. It is a stage where we have to caste in an unlikely role and are ill-equipped to act. It is a great opportunity where we have to live with alienation in a fisheye lens and caught in the camera eye with fake smiling faces. We only get suppressed in this vicious circle of contrive. Thus this is a certain happiness that comes holding the hidden treasure of all the ill effects. Hence we must understand that continuous light has long being used as a method of torture. Thus the spotlight, "THE LIMEGHT" shows that Price of fame can be driven to hell. Thus limelight darkness symbolizes that there are certain shades of light which could wreck our life.

**Shilpa Patel**

B. Tech., 4th Sem.

## SCHOOL VERSUS COLLEGE

Gone...  
 The days of school life has gone-  
 The days of enjoyment and fun;  
 The days of standing in queue doing prayer;  
 The days of wearing uniform;  
 The days of attending 40 mins classes;  
 The days of sharing Tiffins;  
 The days of ringing of bells when the class is over,  
 Gone...those days are gone!!!

Life has taken a great turn.  
 Thinking of aim and future, we entered to the world of real life.  
 No enjoyment, no fun;  
 No prayer, no uniforms;  
 No lunch boxes, no ringing of bells;  
 Only tensions of doing assignment, class tests, semesters and backlogs;  
 Attending 100 mins classes;  
 Staying far away from parents;  
 The hostel life- most miserable days...  
 The days are gone,  
 Gone are those days of enjoyment and fun.  
 But this too has its own charm that would  
 Remain with me till I breathe my last.

**Jasmine Sethi**  
 B. Tech., 6th Sem.

## SMILE..... EtErnaL BEauty

It would be precise if I say that life is annex of smile and tears. A warm smile is the universal language of kindness. Thousands of language around the world cannot do but a single smile says everything, because smile is the only languages that even a child can speak. Don't weep for your past but smile for your today because what has passed is past (over) and what is alive is present (gift). We know that sometimes silence itself speaks everything. In the same way, a single smile is a curve which makes everything straight in your life, but a straight line is turned into curve when a smile comes on your lips. Don't be stingy for your smile, acclaim it in your life then the life goes facile. Life is full of pain as like a rose stem is full of thorns but always has a beautiful flower which blossoms.

" Life giggles when you are unhappy, life curdles when you smile."

Smile, a key to open the doors of happiness as it is the signature of almighty on men's face. Vacating yourself is not the only solution to problem, how much may be the life span grin always. Because life is like a candle whatever may be the size it doesn't bother but it glows and gives the same brightness. Life is a black cloud of sorrow and sufferings. We have to paint the rainbow with the rain of smiles and happiness.

Don't get annoyed by seeing a dry flower in the garden of life but cherish the other beautiful ones.

"Life is a friend, dare to make friendship with it;

Life is love, dare to love it;

Life is painful, dare to bear it;

Life is a game, dare to win it;

Life is a truth, dare to accept it;

Life is full of grief, dare to smile."

**J. Lavanya**

B. Tech., 4th Sem.

## THE GODDESS OF MY LIFE

**T**he unforgettable year, 2007, changed my life. Nothing was vivacious to me. Present never remains as present. I am only strewn with memories that stretched tight at the corners and maimed remembrances. Everything is captured in silence. My vitality and strength is shunned with my grandmother's final sleep. The zones of silence encompassed with solitary sorrow that turned the gyres of emotions and a cataract of water drops soothed my eyes. The only companion is the nostalgic thoughts that reverberate in the corridors of my mind. I then realized that dreams are shattered in life. Loneliness was my comrade and I missed my grandmother forever. Her death taught me the essence and darker truth of life. Death is the only crux of life. She always stood as an impediment of untruth and ungodliness. She boosted my morality and was a helping hand to my success. Every morning at 4 O' clock she ushered in the songs of ten incarnations of Lord Vishnu which pleased my grandfather a lot.

Since childhood I was agonized with fear of losing her but felt relaxed when saw her fit and fine. But one morning finally I was defeated; tears fell silently as I beheld the cold body of my grandmother as she quietly passed away. Never thought of leading a life so rugged without her, but I do it every day. People cry and perish themselves when they depart from their soul mates. Heer & Ranjha, Romeo & Juliet, Soni & Mahiwal and many more who died for their love. My love for my grandmother is not less than theirs'. Indeed there was a generation gap but we were friends akin to Radha and Krishna, inseparable.

**Sreeyasree Deb**

Faculty, English

## A Letter to DAD....

To Dad,

With love!!

Of all the men I have come across, the blue-eyed man (my man) most certainly remains my favourite. His image remains crystal clear in my heart and soul, all the time. He is the first man in my life and is the most influential!!

That broad, strong frame, blushed up cheeks, chirpy eyes, and hands: neat, clean and firm, were 'tailored-made' just to fit my blue-eyed man. I remember those hands. They were the only set of hands capable of

lifting me up whenever I fell, holding me through testing times and nurturing me out of my pain. Those rock solid, passionate, artistic and loving hands- the hands of my Papa.

I am sure all little girls love their dads, but me, I worship the very ground on which he stands. I often ask myself: why this obsession? Why this undying love? Why the urge to spot him in a crowd? The reason is not just because he is my dad, but because he is THE man! I owe all that I have in me to him. It is he who has always believed in me, and because of this, I love being a Girl- my Papa's girl. Thanks to my Blue-Eyed Man!

During the moments, I was trying hard to succeed, his lessons kept me moving forward to achieve my goals. He never preached things, but he practiced himself, and thus, always led me from the front. His nature is special and totally unflappable. His patience is incredible. His humility is exemplary as well. In spite of walking among the riches, he never left the touch with the destitutes. He takes pride in performance. He says, 'Every job is a self-portrait of the person who does it, regardless of what the job is'.

Thank you Dad! Thank you for being there for me. Thanks a lot for showing me the way, for being patient with me even when I made it difficult for you, for believing in me and for encouraging me to DREAM and for being such an inspiring presence in my life.

Daddy,

Did I ever tell you that you are my hero?

**Afeya Akhtar**  
B. Tech., 8th Sem.

## wal king tal l

When no ones' with you,  
And the cheer is gone.  
When even the sky falls short,  
To shade you from the sun.  
When you are the last one,  
To leave the room.  
When you are left alone,  
And none waits up for you.  
When goodness leaves,  
And despair prevails.  
When you see from your face,  
All smiles just snatched away.  
When you curse god,  
Show your anger.  
When you live by a hope,  
That things may get better..

When your very soul  
Is getting crushed.  
You call out for help,  
But see, none rushed.  
Then is the time you  
Know yourself.  
You see that you,  
Are your best help.  
These are the times,  
You walk tall.  
Either the times change your life,  
Or you change them all...

**Lalip Nanda**  
eureka for lyf :)

## Where This World ends...

"Darkness, despair and death surround you  
Lonely and dejected you stand  
The wheels of life here mourns for your sorrows  
There's no good to live on such a land  
The sands of time here moves away  
But you stand still on the ground  
Within this world of heartless stones  
Among the people who live like hounds.

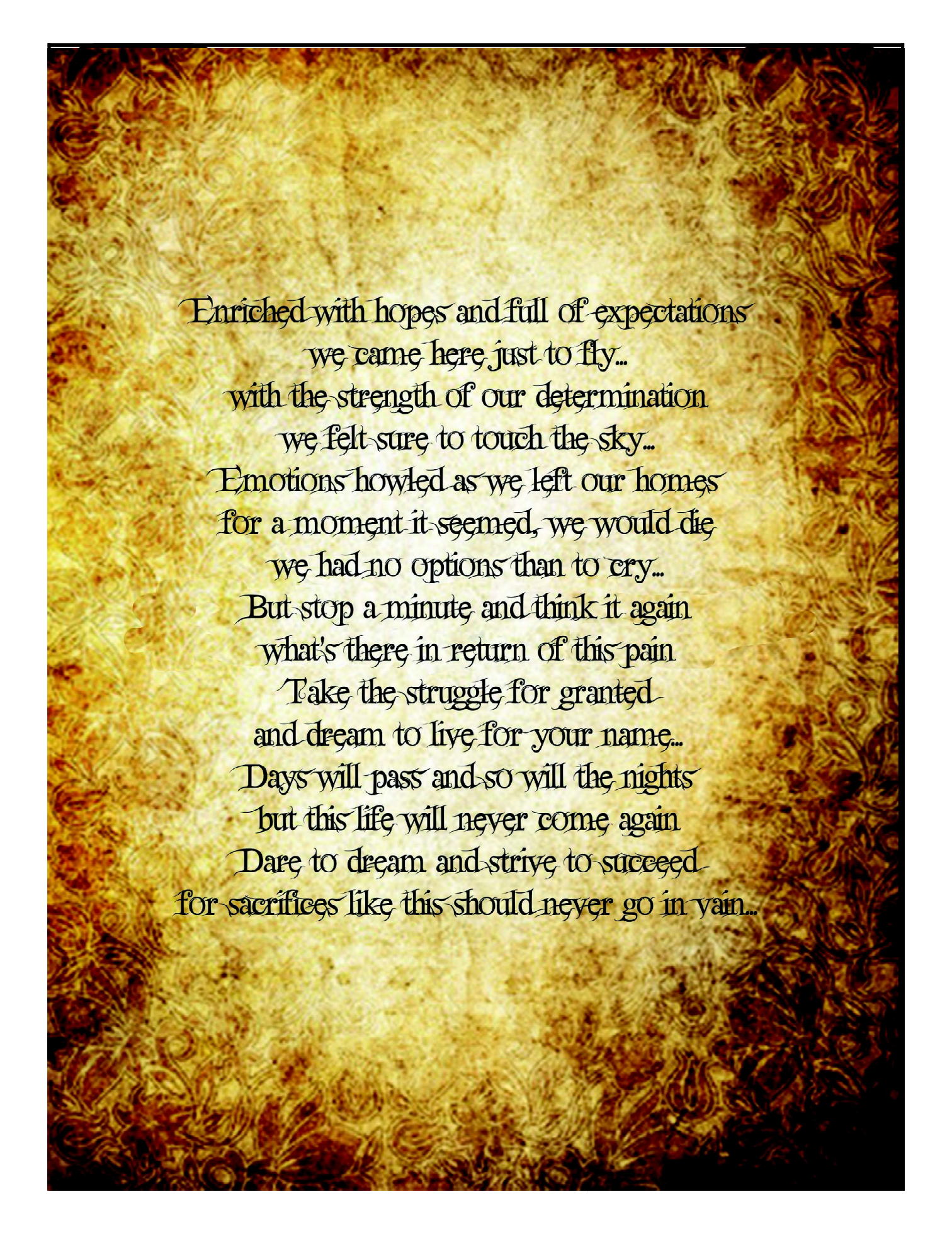
The various cries of those in need  
Keep ringing in your ears  
The mother cries for her lost child  
You see her silent tears.  
The merry making bells are broken  
Fog of loss prevails  
River blue has now turned scarlet  
Your world is struck by endless gale.

You move from place to place, you see  
The fallen, ruined emirates,  
The tattered state of clothes of beings,  
The shattered dreams of those deprived.  
You fall to earth and beg for peace  
You ask for your lost paradise,  
What wrong you did, you do not know  
For which you pay this heavy price.

When there's no scope, no single hope  
I surely then will come  
To help you out of darkened cave  
So that you see the morning sun.  
Make sure you do not lose your soul,  
Be yourself, do not pretend,  
I'll hold your hand and we will cross,  
The darkness, where this world ends.

**Abhinav Jena**  
B. Tech., 6th Sem.





Enriched with hopes and full of expectations  
we came here just to fly..  
with the strength of our determination  
we felt sure to touch the sky..  
Emotions howled as we left our homes  
for a moment it seemed, we would die  
we had no options than to cry..  
But stop a minute and think it again  
what's there in return of this pain  
Take the struggle for granted  
and dream to live for your name..  
Days will pass and so will the nights  
but this life will never come again  
Dare to dream and strive to succeed  
for sacrifices like this should never go in vain..