

M E S S A G E S



Dr. R.L. Chauhan  
*Chairman, Board of Governors*

It is heartening to note that NIT Hamirpur is continuing with the healthy tradition of its annual college magazine "SRIJAN" and the 2008 issue is out in the hands of readers. I eagerly wait for it each year as it gives me the much needed insight into the extra curricular activities of the students and faculty alike. Not only does such an endeavor exhibit the NIT community's writing skills articulation and experience sharing but also provide glimpses of learning process of life and career. The contribution of articles etc to the magazine both of general interest and technical nature have usually been of high quality evoking interest of all type of readers.

Through its magazine, the institute has been providing a valuable show-window about the multicultural life at the campus as well as knowledge in the technical field. Maintaining harmony in a multicultural and multilingual environment and ability to work with diverse communities with different values is the hallmark of learning process in this institute, which is reflected in

the pages of the magazine. Even casual readers can discern that NIT Hamirpur is par excellent when it comes to displaying articulate writing skills. I am happy that we are able to afford opportunities to our students coming from different parts of India to be champions of cultural and emotional integration of the nation.

I sincerely praise the contributors of articles and other material in the magazine with the fond hope that the readers, whether student faculty or others would enjoy reading it and the institute will bring out more editions of this magazine. I wish it success and wide readership.

**Dr. R.L. Chauhan**  
Chairman, Board of Governors  
NIT Hamirpur





Prof. I.K.Bhatt  
Director

I am greatly elated and enthused to know that the institute is coming out with the latest edition of its annual magazine, SRIJAN. The very name of the magazine connotes 'creativity'. And it has very successfully held onto the tradition of providing a forum for the many creative and imaginative minds.

The magazine not only brings forth the literary abilities of the students, but their contribution also reflects their enthusiasm and energy in the way they relate themselves to the institute. It gives an insight into the diverse cultural facets of the student community, which gives this institute a national entity.

The magazine is a reward of the hard work and patient toil put up by the Editorial Board. It is said "success is

the sum of small efforts, repeated day in and day out". I would like to congratulate and convey my best wishes to all those who were associated with bringing out the current issue of the magazine by putting in their efforts and make it a success story.

**Prof. I.K.Bhatt**  
Director  
NIT Hamirpur



Mr. G.R. Bharti  
Registrar

I am indeed glad to learn that the current issue of *Srijan* is out in the hands of the readers. Needless to say that ideas and imagination cross the human mind every fleeting second, and such a magazine gives a medium to translate these ideas in a way that is appealing to the common man.

A lot is talked about the 'unity in diversity' of India and what better way to reflect this ideology than the environment of the campus. With students coming from every corner of the country, diversity is evident, and it is this very entity which gives the magazine its wholesome look. The multi-cultural and multi-lingual facets of the institute are duly reflected in the pages of the magazine.

The institute has gained many laurels and accolades in the pursuit of translating its vision in action like the dream come true; and, all the members of faculty, non-faculty nay, the students of NIT Hamirpur deserve kudos for the same. The magazine is one of the evidences of these laurels.

Henry Ford had once said, "*Coming together is a beginning, staying together is progress, and working together is success*". I would like to put in my praise and congratulate the entire Editorial Board and every single individual who contributed in some way or other to bring out the magazine. The Editorial Board may consider to put the pages of this magazine on the institute Website for wider circulation.

I extend my good wishes and hope to see many more editions of this thought provoking magazine regularly brought-out and every time with a novelty.

  
**G.R. Bharti**  
Registrar  
NIT Hamirpur



Dr. Saroj K. Pardhan  
*Editor-in-Chief*

The annual edition of the college magazine has rolled out and with its entirely new look, much in synchronisation with the changing times, it promises to present before its readers unique ideas and views of our students. Over the years, more than a mere collection of pages, it has proved to be an account of the evolution and introspection that NIT Hamirpur goes through in a span of 365 days. It is this persona of the student community which we intend to reflect, as readers flip through the pages. They are also the voices which sometimes go unheard during the course of the rapid strides our institute is going through lately. I expect that at this critical juncture, this issue will further push our imagination to greater levels which ultimately benefits the students, and the institute at large. My best wishes for the Srijan team and the students in all their future endeavors.

**Dr. Saroj K. Pardhan**





Dr. A.S. Singha  
Dean, P & D

It gives me immense pleasure to know that the new edition of *Srijan* will be very shortly in the hands of the readers *Srijan* is an outcome of the countless hours of teamwork. It provides the platform for the young minds to exhibit their literary and artistic talents. Such activities add new dimensions to the overall personality development of the individuals. I am sure that with best possible efforts being put by the students, the forthcoming issues of the magazine will come up to the expectations of each one of us.

I convey my good wishes for the successful publication of the magazine.

It gives me immense pleasure to know that the National Institute of Technology Hamirpur is bringing out another issue of *Srijan*. The aim and objective of such publications brought out by the academic institutions provide students appropriate platform to express their views, exhibit their literary talents and innovative skills, which help in their overall development and their empowerment of thoughts and expressions. I strongly feel that *Srijan* will certainly be helpful to channelise the energy of the students to improve their technical and academic skills and competency in addition to sowing seeds of innovation and creativity. It will further enable students to develop multifaceted personality and inculcate human, social and moral values in them.

I extend my heartiest congratulations and good wishes to the editorial board and contributors who make the magazine "SRIJAN 07" a pride of the institute to achieve sky heights. I am sure all readers would enjoy its reading.



Prof. J.N. Sharma  
Dean Academics





Prof. R.K. Sharma  
Dean, IRD&C

It gives me immense pleasure to know that our institute is going to bring out the annual issue of its magazine *Srijan*. It represents a bouquet of institutional activities that took place during the year.

I heartily appreciate the innovations of successful engineers to attribute and record their thoughts and expressions. The magazine provides a forum to those who bring to us the literary aspects of life. The concept of national integration and confluence of wider cultural values are mirrored in the magazine.

On this occasion I convey my wishes and congratulate the editorial team as well as the contributors for the heights of *Srijan*.

It gives me great pleasure to be associated with *Srijan*, the NITH student's magazine. For students and faculty alike, *Srijan* has both literary and nostalgic values. I have always viewed the magazine as providing me a window to the young minds. With a very limited interaction of faculty and students outside the class on so called non academic topics, it provides vital information about the opinion of the younger generation on various issues. It makes us understand what makes them laugh and what makes them sad. It also works as a feed back mechanism about the decisions the NITH administration takes regulating lives of students in the campus.

For me it has another very important role; it reminds me of the students who lived here for four/five years. Through the photographs, stories, poems, satire or any other writing, we enjoy his/her company once again. Looked in this perspective, *Srijan* is not only a literary magazine, it has a sense of history. I congratulate all who have worked in the editorial team and all those who contributed in this magazine, and encourage others to contribute in the coming issues.



Dr. Anoop Kumar  
Dean Students' Welfare



Arjun B S  
Final Year  
B.Tech, Mechanical Engineering

## Chief Editor

Turn to page 90.

What you just saw were the two most significant pages in this edition of Srijan. But more on that later.

Who?

There couldn't be a better time than now to be a part of this institute. If you are a student here, you very well know that the institute is just as young and stinking ambitious as you are. The story hasn't even started. A strong coalition of the alumni has just begun; and everything that NIT Hamirpur will be in the next one hundred plus years depends on the next twenty batches. Let' us congratulate ourselves for being here! The question is not how big will this Institute be in the future, because that is guaranteed. The question is how big will you be? And how much of a part will you play in contributing to the growth of this future giant that you're now conveniently a part of.

I write this on the 29th of February, 2008. If you are sold out to the Roman Catholic Calender, you would understand that this is a unique day. We believe that this edition of the magazine,



like each one of its 16 predecessors, is a unique one too. The very spirit of the magazine (and the Institute at large) has kept reincarnating itself year after year, thanks to a burgeoning pool of talent that it has access to.

Why?

If a lot can happen over coffee, a lot more certainly happens over the course of a year. Though a lot of it is repetitive, the fun or enthuse is much the same always. At the end of this magazine is a comic strips' section that captures a typical day in the life of NIT Hamirpur. We aim to take in all that went on since the start of this academic year up until its closure and latch it all in these 140 odd pages. For our final years, this is a special edition.

But after all the trumpets and jazz, when the show is over, let this magazine go into your keepsake items' collection. There will be a day when each of us will see older hair on our heads. Around about that time, go back to the trunk that houses this Srijan. Pull it out. Make yourself a hot cup of coffee, sit down by the window and go through it. Warm memories coming out of a cold storage is bound to put a smile on your face. And when that happens, shoot a mail to me at [arjun.b.s\(at the rate of\)gmail.com](mailto:arjun.b.s(at the rate of)gmail.com) with the subject line: It feels good to be in a time capsule. I will be expecting your mail in the decade of the 2050's.

What?

A Chinese proverb says that if you want returns for a year, invest in a plant; if you want returns for ten years, invest in a tree; and if you want returns forever, invest in people. The unsaid theme of Srijan 2007-08 is People. We have intentionally overdone the focus on people through pictures, references, profiles etc. as you might very well observe while moving through the pages between the hard-covers. Like I said before, we want this magazine to impact you just as much and more in

2050 as it does today.

College stories, as the name of the section suggests, consists of reports of various events that have happened over the last year in NIT Hamirpur. And if you love hostel life, we dedicate the hostel diaries to you! Personal articles by the faculty, students and alumni are featured in English and Hindi. The Photographs section starts with the photos of the graduating batch of 2008. Sports teams representing the Institute and Student Bodies functioning all year round are also showcased here. And just in case you are wondering who are the clowns that put this issue of Srijan together, know that you will find them at the very end!

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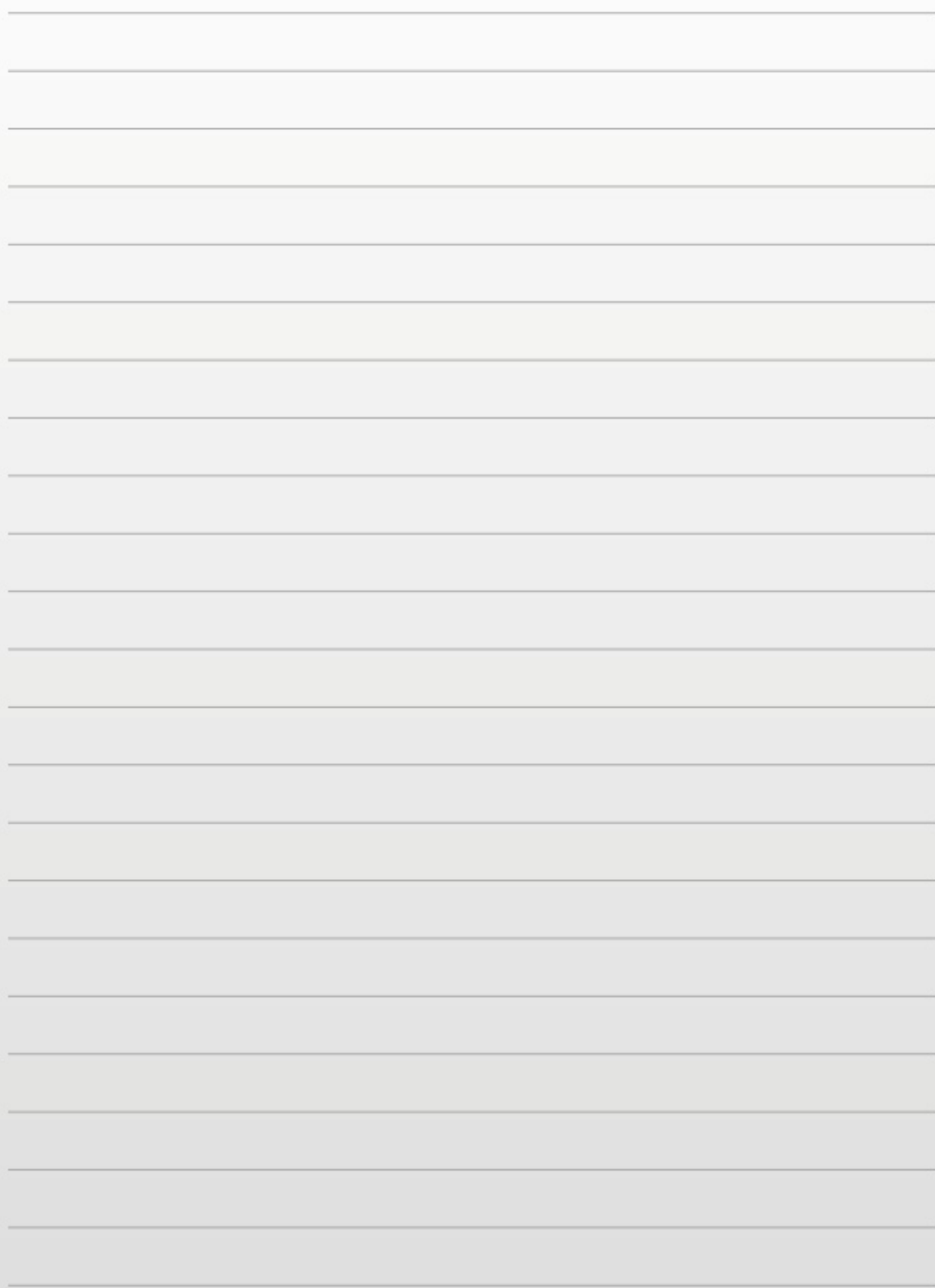
If we were sitting on 2 chairs facing each other with this magazine in front of us, and you asked me: "What can I possibly write in those two pages?", my answer would be "anything". Write your own little story in there. Put up the art work you would like to see with it. Visualise the kind of person that you would want to be and fill in the writer bio space with that description. But I would force you to first stick your picture in the box, write out your bio and only then move on to fill in the blank space.

Why is this necessary?

We all have choices to make. We can choose to spend the day in a dark dungeon or in broad daylight. We can choose between grilled sandwiches and paranthas. We can choose our friends; we can choose to be lazy or industrious. The bottomline is that we can choose to be anything that we wish to. Write your article in this magazine (and in life) with your own hands and as you want it to be.

Enjoy the read!

Arjun B S





COLLEGE STORIES

# Civil Department Diary

## Civil Department Diary

The mechanical, electrical and computer engineers design high tech stuff like laser guided missiles. But it is the civil engineers, after all, who design the targets. Our colleges' civilians too keep themselves busy by designing various structures ranging from bridges across the pacific to sewage waste pipes of Bombay. Though of course, it doesn't help that these designs are made when the lectures are going on, that too on the backside of their notebooks. But whatever it may be, the fact still remains that there must be ways to vent off the awesome imagination of youth. Thus it becomes institutes' responsibility to provide such opportunities. And that is exactly what the Civil Engineering Department did.

Ranging from short term courses to international workshops the students have indeed been kept occupied or one might say, too busy. Hydro electricity fuels the power needs of our state as we recently found out due to constant power cuts. And a short term course on "Small Hydro Power" was held with eminent professors of IIT Roorkee, GZSCET etc giving hard-to-understand lectures.

Safety and future security does come first and so it was, with the civil dept. holding week long courses on "Capacity Building of Engineers in Earthquake Resistant Design and Construction" and "Water Harvesting" though it must be mentioned that the attendance for the lunch sessions far exceeded that of lectures.

Globalization too is occurring in the field of education, as shown by the civil dept, who brought in high flyers like Prof. Yew Chaye Loo foundation chair of civil engineering, director designate, Internationalisation and Professional Partnerships, Science, Environment, Engineering and Technology Group of Griffith University, Australia to give a lecture on the topic "Advances in Serviceability and Strength of Normal and High Strength Concrete Structures" and also Dr Dominic Dowling, University of Technology, Sydney to talk on "retrofitting of mud houses".

And to cap this never ending stream of workshops, the International Workshop on "Seismic Evaluation and Strengthening of Existing Structures" was organised, that too in the summer capital of the British Empire, Shimla in collaboration with HIPA. It was largely attended by engineers and academicians from all over the country.

One of the most exciting news for the students would be the fact that NTPC Ltd. has offered a consultancy project on "Onsite and Laboratory Examinations of Groundwater and Surface water Sources for Potability around Koldam Hydro Power Project". Most definitely money is involved and maybe even a promise for higher placements. So better get started on the project; budding civilians and work hard to impress. But with a 96.55 percent placement this year, who cares a damn?





# EEE Department Diary

## EEE Department Diary

It is Sunday morning. Students can be seen heading towards their classrooms. Readers, welcome to the Electrical Engineering Department. Upon entering the department, one is greeted by a list of faculty on the display board. This long list of doctors is a testimony to the health of the department and its budding engineers. The department has faculty strength of 14, of which 3 are professors, 6 Asst. Professors, and 5 lecturers. Out of these Dr. M. N. Bandopadya is out on lien as Director NIT Kurukshetra and one of the lecturers is pursuing PhD at IIT Delhi. One of our faculty joined IIT Roorke recently.

The erstwhile Electrocutted Engineering department went through a change of guard this year with Dr. Shushil Chauhan taking over as the Head of Department. A young and dynamic administrator, he proved worthy of the position in a very short period of time. His timely efforts have reinstated the glory, which the department had earlier been known for.

The electrical engineering department reflects the developing environment of our college. Be it the upgradation of the laboratories or establishing of new chapters in the department, the changes are evident. A team of highly skilled faculty devoted to their task of shaping engineers, believes in imparting holistic training to the budding engineers.

The researcher's haven- the departmental labs, are happy and the lab technicians look happier. Coz, the instruments of the yester years have been replaced by

modern and easy to operate kits. Whether or not this equipment will inspire the students is yet to be seen. The departmental library is still an unknown territory in the EED. Many students are ready to bet against the existence of any such facility in the department.

The department has a TIFAC funded Centre of Relevance & Excellence on Power Diagnostics. A battery of tests is performed in the centre to know about the electrical health of the transformers. This project has a plan outlay of Rs 5.3 Crore. Apart from these existing facilities it is planned to create research facilities as System Simulation Lab, Electric Drives Lab, Augmentation of Instrumentation and Control Lab in future.

Passing by the notice board one can feel the plight of the students who are made to attend so many extra classes. Another constant feature of the notice board is the Community Development programs. These became a regular feature in the department during the previous semester. The student community however was never made a part of such programs. Our technical guardians fail to understand the need to conduct, out of syllabus, courses for the benefit of its students.

The placement index marched uphill, almost touching the 100% mark. With a number of good companies visiting our campus, the final year students had reasons to party. The placement at the PG level was more than 100%.





# Mechanical Department Diary

## Mechanical Department Diary

Does anyone need a connoisseur's eye to distinguish a three pointed star (read Mercedes) from a bunch of four-wheeled contraptions? The outstanding always stands out. And so does the Mechanical Engineering Department. Standing (literally) at the pinnacle, and overlooking the rest of the campus, it is needless to say, we're talking about the best and the coolest department; more so with the refrigeration and air conditioning labs around. But with recognition comes responsibilities. And who better to lead from the front than the flag-bearers of the department, the members of the faculty, with four more inductees into '*the hall of fame*'.

The past academic year was eventful with a host of Community Development Courses being organized by the department; philanthropy at its best. The faculty members kept the airport officials busy, with foreign visits being a regular feature. That was the give part; for the take part, Prof. Braham Prakash, from Lulea University, Sweden, gave us a few lessons on fundamentals of Tribology. And talking of visits, the students of pre-final year visited not some angry-looking university conference room (where time seems to come to a full-stop) but the pretty dynamic Rail Coach Factory, Kapurthala.

The classrooms went hi-tech with modern teaching aids like overhead projectors being installed; I wish

they screened movies in the class! The students' chapter of Society of Automobile Engineers (SAE) was established which promises to churn out Chevys and Ferraris. The labs were upgraded and made human-friendly. At least now we do not have to *stress* and/or *strain* ourselves to compute the Young's modulus. Also the freezer-like seminar room now has a room heater. And the new facelift did *mechmerise*, oh sorry, mesmerize the National Accreditation Team. But with broken window panes and frequent rains, we were reminded how helpless we are at the hands of *nature*. And since its misery time, our plight was made even worse with the short-cut to the department washed away. So that 8:30 class now seems like a mirage. Also the absence of blinders in the classroom did blind us, thanks to the glare on the writing board. But who cares!!!

The students just could not get happier with big names in the industry knocking at their doors. The department started the addition of a new storey, perhaps to make better engineers out of us. And as one enlightened soul once said "engineers are amongst the most fortunate of men as they build their own monuments with public consent, public approval and public money", these *better-off engineers* could very well save up a few bucks for anything but making their monuments.

**HAIL MECHANICAL!**





# ECE Department Diary

## ECE Department Diary

This is a place where sand is considered stronger than steel! Welcome to the world of Silicon. Welcome to the era of electronics. In NIT Hamirpur, ECE is not all about the luxury of mass bunks and idleness of green benches. It is also about fun trips and photo sessions!

Let us trace its eventful journey of this year. A horde of freshly appointed teachers greeted us at the start of the session, which was quite hip n happening. The department was the hub of all activities, right from seminars, expert lectures, and conferences to short term courses. A two day BEAM Robotics Workshop, conducted in March '07 proved to be a testing arena for the budding robo-minds. On Teachers' day, the final year students organized an informal get together with the teachers in the seminar room. It was all fun n' frolic with teachers playing musical chairs! Hon'ble Director Sir had graced the occasion with his presence.

Like the past years, this year too, the department was successful in providing many MNC's, the brains of India. The department has already achieved nearly 100% placement for its passing out batch. With placements getting better year by year, the 'junta' will study harder to get the best deals.

The sloped roof of the newly constructed academic cell, below the ECE Dept., has crowned the building and won our hearts. Also, the new side passage leading directly to the MPH's has proven to be a blessing for former latecomers. The students can now bag some easy marks by delivering seminars instead of giving class tests, thanks to the newly installed over-head projectors in the classrooms. Surely, this has led to an improved quality of technical education!

Recently one more feather was added to its crown. It was graded 'A' by NBA, in their recent accreditation. The ECE Dept, jointly with CSE Dept has received a project on 'Special Manpower Development Programme' (SMDP-II) from the Ministry of Communication and Information Technology. Moreover, two short term courses on VLSI Design & Tools were organized in May and December '07. We had a good experience trying our hands on the various tools in the well equipped, brand new VLSI Lab. This has aroused a lot of interest in VLSI among the students. The intricacies of component design now seem interesting to many students.

However much the drift and diffusion currents may intrigue us, one thing is sure- somehow we have learnt how to live with voltage!





# CSE Department Diary

## CSE Department Diary

*"There are 10 types of people in the world, those who understand binary and those who don't".*

Many people belonging to the second category entered into me and went out becoming one of the firsts.

Writing this diary today I, the Computer Science and Engineering Department, feel very much delighted. The last year has been very pleasing and happening. I woke up from my summer hibernation sleep directly into the National Conference on the Recent Trends in Computing and Communication (ETCC '07). The event invited many a papers from all over the country. What followed was a 5-day workshop for the third year students on IBM's AIX 5L operating system by an IBM professional Mr. Suresh Reddy. Later this year, the Expert Lecture given by Dr. Sudhir Dhawan (a distinguished engineer from IBM Bangalore) was attended in huge numbers.

This time my latest brush with new technology happened when the new Intel Xeon Processor based-Vista workstations were installed in the computer centre. I wondered if they should have been made the servers or just orkutting would do justice to the technology. Later in the year, the new HP workstations added a new high to my collection. Also I have more

eyes now with CCTV cameras installed in most labs.

Recently, a third year student, Sarvendra Kumar published a paper in the International Conference on Embedded Systems, Mobile Communication and Computing, ICEMC2 2007, Bangalore on "A Block Based Thinning Algorithm".

I was delighted to see the upgradation of internet bandwidth from 2 Mbps to 10Mbps. But I got bored of delivering data from YouTube and Stage6 again and again, so I blocked these two routes and made the students search for alternatives. The Wireless Area Network setup in the campus has made gossiping talking to the other departments easier for me now.

I have since long hosted the GLUG (GNU Linux Users' Group)-NITH server but this year it has made big. The GLUG-NITH server now hosts the official GNU and FEDORA mirrors for India. This came as a matter of pride for me, my institution and my country.

On the backdrop of this fine year gone by, I look forward to another year of glory, achievement and education. And education, with the motto -

*"Better to be a geek than an idiot."*







# Architecture Department Diary

## Architecture Department Diary

Deep within the moist woods on a wintry night, a rusted mind is set rotating by a whirlpool of thoughts, both clockwise and anti clockwise, so that the net is zero. And why shouldn't it be so? Being able to be up all night is enough for the poor thing. Hello archians!

The year 2007 has brought with itself the so perceived radical measures to revolutionize the Department of Architecture, NIT Hamirpur. The biggest of all is the interest shown by the faculty in obtaining a feedback, even if it would be via a council visit. In any case, archians grabbed the opportunity to pour their hearts out, due to which it did fetch positive results.

On the educational front were organized seminars and workshops to expose the students to all modern methods as also to hone their skills. Dr. Aurag Roy of SPA has indeed engraved his name as one of the best visiting faculties. And so has Dr. Dominique Dougling, from Australia, with his lecture actually exposing 'Indian' students to their vernacular architecture. So much so, that none could resist his invitation to join him during his future ventures in the interiors of the country, looking out for variety in vernacular architecture.

It is the trips that the 'frusty' archians let their hair down. And they are endless, for every time they group together, its yet another trip. However, every time, budget is an important issue. Depression attacks occurred to many Second and Third yearies during NASA '07 who were totally unprepared to digest the 'surprises' awaiting them. Laughter therapy, thankfully, cooled their nerves and helped them bag seven prizes in events which were in no respect related to the subject.

The new year brought with itself an opportunity that many awaited eagerly, that of attending ARCHUMEN, an architecture quiz held at IIT Delhi. The two day trip, however, can be remembered by the archians as an outing, for it was a great stress-buster for them and as such not winning could do nothing to lower their enthus.

No scene at all. The archians are still in full pep and ready with all new year resolves; of working for NASA'08, for night-outs too. Someone actually said-

"If you want to achieve your dreams, wake up."

We shall be awake my Lord.





# Convocation

**Saturday, January 5th, 2008  
The Auditorium, NIT Hamirpur**

The second convocation of the National Institute of Technology Hamirpur organized today was an event where the alumni of the institute reunited at their alma-mater. The convocation was held for the Postgraduate students of Civil, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering passing out in the year 2007, the B. Tech students of all 5 branches passing out in the years 2006 and 2007 and the B. Arch students passing out in the year 2006 and 2007. The convocation ceremony was graced by the former Chairman AICTE and former Director IIT Madras, Prof. R Natarajan, who was the Chief Guest for the ceremony. The Guest of Honour for the ceremony was Justice M L Varma, former Justice, Delhi High Court.

The Academic procession comprising the Chief Guest, Guest of Honour, Chairman BOG, Director and Senators led by the Registrar entered the Auditorium at 11:45. They were welcomed by the degree

participants. After the ceremonious singing of Vande Matram, the convocation was declared open by the Chairman of BOG, Dr. R L Chauhan. The Director of the institute addressed the gathering which was followed by the addresses by the Chairman, BOG and the Guest of Honour. Then the Chief Guest delivered the convocation address in which he spoke about the strategic goals of engineering education and the role of innovation and entrepreneurship for promoting global competition among other topics.

Thereafter the degrees were awarded to the degree participants by the honourable Director Prof. I K Bhat. Dr. J N Sharma, Dean Academics presented these students to him who by virtue of the authority vested in him adorned them with respective honours. A total of 26 students (in person and in absentia) of 2007 batch were awarded the degrees of Master in Technology. Total 198 students of 2006 batch and 183 students of







2007 batch were awarded the degree of Bachelor of Technology in respective branches. Total 23 students of 2006 batch and 24 of 2007 batch were awarded the degree of Bachelor of Architecture. It was indeed a

and Mr. Rasik Banta of Electronics and Communication Engineering for 2007 batch. Finally, the awards for the Best Student of the batch were bestowed on Mr. Varun Rajput and Mr. Md. Intekhab,

#### Number of Degree Participants and Names of Branch Toppers

	M. Tech 2007 Batch	B. Tech 2006 Batch		B. Tech 2007 Batch	
Departments	No. of Degrees	No. of Degrees	Branch Toppers	No. of Degrees	Branch Toppers
Civil Engg.	2	32	Praveen Singh Jaswal	29	Sapna Katoch
Electrical Engg.	15	45	Ruby Manchanda	36	Payal Gupta
Mechanical Engg.	9	40	Rahul Sharma	42	Pawan Dev Jamta
Electronics & Communication Engg.	--	49	Souvik Kumar Chakravarty	45	Rasik Banta
Computer Science & Engg.	--	32	Md. Intekhab	31	Amit Ahuja
Architecture	--	23	Neha Bhagra	24	Sachin sharma

magical moment, one worth remembering for life, for the participants wearing the robes ordained as the insignia of the degree when they accepted their degrees from the Director.

Thereafter, the Awards and Medals for the Branch Toppers of B. Tech and B. Arch were awarded by the Chairman BOG. This was followed by the award of the Medal for the Overall Toppers of 2006 and 2007 Batches. To shine in the glory were Mr. Md. Intekhab of Computer Science and Engineering for 2006 batch

both of Computer Science and Engineering were for 2006-batch and Mr. Kumar Ashutosh of Electronics & Communication Engineering for 2007-batch.

The degree participants then took the oath of "upholding the dignity of the individual and the integrity of the profession" and "utilizing the knowledge of Technology and Science for the glory of the institute in the service of the country and mankind at large". The ceremony perorated with the National Anthem.



# NIMBUS 2007 NIMBUS 2007

*"I do not think there is any thrill that can go through the human heart like that felt by the inventor as he sees some creation of the brain unfolding to success. Such emotions make a man forget food, sleep, friends, love, everything."*

*-Nicholas Tesla*

Humans find it difficult to keep themselves deprived of life's good things. Nimbus was one such good thing to have happened to the students of NIT Hamirpur in 2005. But, next year, cloud nimbus dried, shedding water over the plans of the enthusiastic students. However the hopes did not die and the next season in March 2007 Nimbus was organized successfully. The three day fest from 29th to 1st April, tested the caliber of the students, enhanced their awareness, and enabled them to think innovatively. The fest was inaugurated by Mr. H. K. Sharma Chairman & Managing Director of Satluj Jal Vidyut Nigam Ltd on the evening of 29th March, followed by a lecture on the works and development of SJVNL. With this the first day ended. Over the next three days, the various teams put in all their efforts to make the fest a memorable experience for the participants.

Archigram encouraged the participants to showcase their creativity. In Modello and Move Fore to D-Zyne, concept, planning and presentation was required more than just a better design. Picsomania was meant for people who are passionate about photography. This event ended up with every aspect of our college being clicked by the enthusiastic photographers. In a few words Archigram could be summed up as an exhibition of technical creativity.

ConCreate events were a test of theoretical knowledge and practical application. In Engeniusness the contestants were provided with a set of subjective questions. The interesting part of Engeniusness however was that they had access to the books they

asked for. Quest: your Tryst with Surveying turned out to be a tryst with the bright afternoon sun, though it was fun watching the contestants carry their theodolites and staff from one station to the other. Structures developed in the event named Conception Redefined were put on for public viewing. While some got appreciation for their beautiful design; others were subjected to a technical postmortem.

The Geek Out team made their presence felt with colorful posters. Crack Da Code roped in the star programmers of the college. Even the Bugs had a tough time hiding from Hunters who came hungry for prize. However the best of Geek Out had to be Virtual Showdown - a Gaming event for the gaming freaks which made their day. Suitable arrangements were made keeping in mind the junta, crazy about gaming. LCD projectors were installed for the audience in all the matches of Counter Strike and NFS. It was blood shed @ cse lab. The CSE department truly rocked throughout the fest.

The Mechnorama Team took lead, by holding preliminary rounds of its events. The Mechquiz prelim was a precursor to the final round. Another mega event Mindz 'n' Machines aka Junkyard Wars was designed to test the creative talents of the students, where building something out of nothing was the mantra. The highlight of the Mechnorama team was the aero modeling show. It was a treat to the spectators' eyes who braved the hot midday sun to get a glimpse of the flying machines. The meddys didn't stop there. Next in line was a lecture delivered by an eminent Professor from Kalpakkam Nuclear Reactor. Finally they ended the show with robo-wars. These were not ordinary robots, as they could dribble, shoot and run with the ball, all at the press of keys. Those who could maneuver well scored goals and won the prize.





The ECE and Electrical teams worked under the banner of e-Drift. Their events were based on practical application. Cash memory design asked for finding a faster memory access technology and those who could design a working model for frequency counter, ended up counting the prize money. The temperature of the contests shot up with Msecrets within. The contestants had to design an instrument that produces musical signals corresponding to physical gestures. They pulled down the curtain in style with the corona discharge exhibition in the high voltage lab.

The days of the fest got charged up with the nature of the contest and the caliber of the contestants. Competitive events such as The Faraday's Lab, Bridge the Gap, Minds and Machines, Code Breaker gave an opportunity to all to prove their mettle. This test of technical acumen generated much heat which flamed the interests of students in the fest.

The daily events acted as interstitials in between the seminars and workshops. It was fun solving the puzzles and crosswords. Though these failed to evoke instant interest but as the word spread about nimbus 'T-shirts' to be won as prize, participants came flocking in groups.

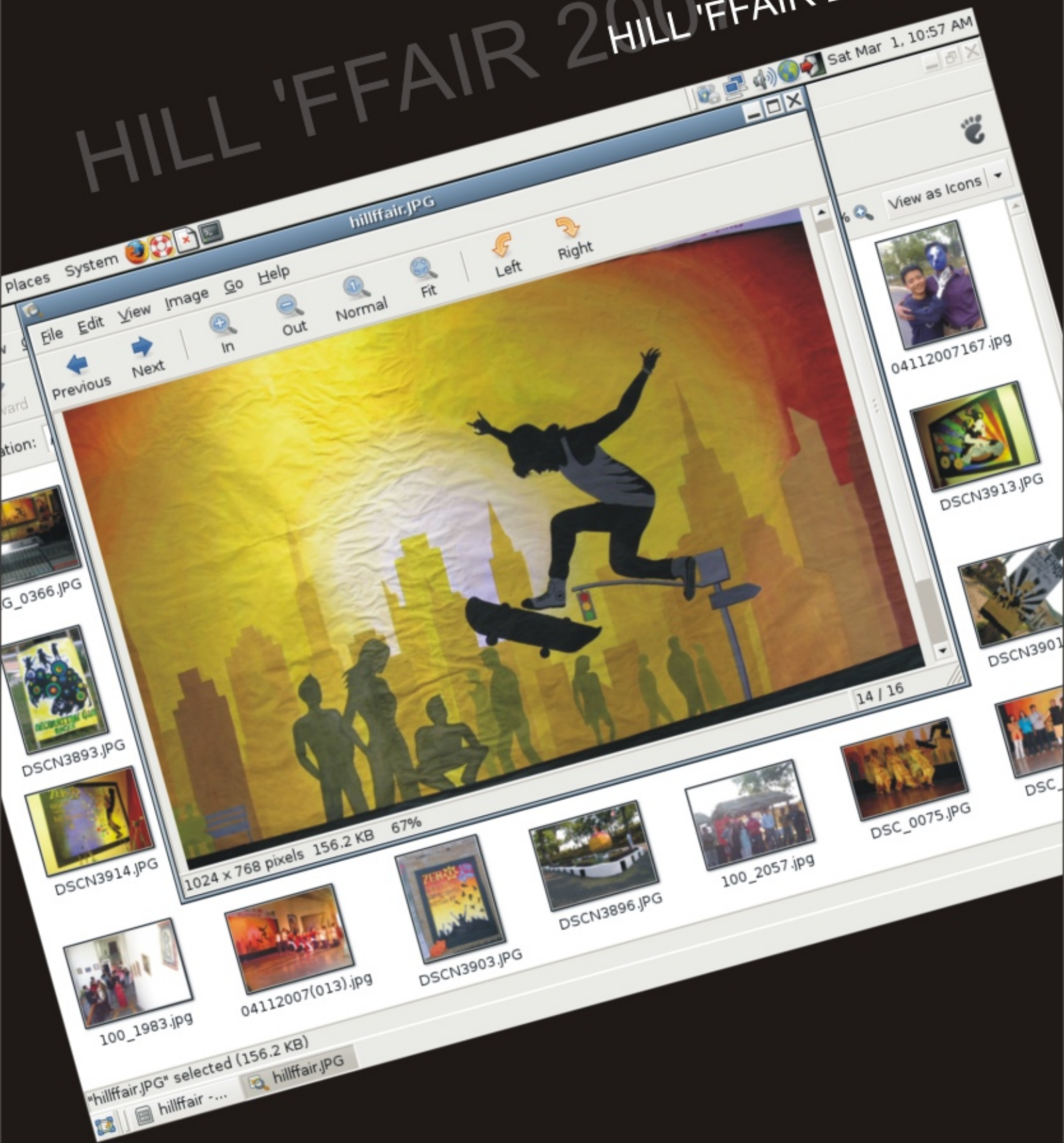
The fest saw a thin participation from outside colleges. The few who came enjoyed the natural beauty and college campus. Students from an outside college helped ease the highly competitive environment by showcasing their cultural talents. They sang and danced. This rhythm and rhapsody was enjoyed by the onlookers.

The fest culminated with some great fireworks. The students were found discussing the day back in their hostels throughout night. Even I am feeling sleepy now, after a rigorous but fulfilling Nimbus. Adieu.





# HILL 'FFAIR 2007



Words alone are not enough to describe the magnitude of vigor that goes behind this festival. This simple combination of two syllables represents a gathering of more than 1000, 3 days of electric enthusiasm and 40 days of relentless preparation which all works up to a final crescendo of lights, sounds, words, moves and pure energy.

With Zero Gravity imprinted on our banners, sweatshirts and hearts we floated beyond all reach of the boundaries of the mundane. Day one started off on an unfortunate note with multiple power failures. But the elements of nature soon discovered that nothing could dampen our morale. Our very own Music Club brought out the spirit of the night with Muzika. Soon the crowd was singing along with some of the most popular and all time favourite hindi numbers. Not to be left behind, the Dance Club put up a few performances including a feet-tapping Tamil and Salam-e-Ishq. The night ended with everyone thirsting for more.

Day two was legendary in every sense. With increased momentum our festival continued and some very interesting day events were held. With the arrival of all outside colleges like IEET Baddi and Green Hills, Kumarhatti the evening started to rock. The second evening started off with the much loved Kavya Sammelan organised by the Hindi Club. For two hours the audience applauded, laughed and cried for the amazing array of poems which were presented. A few more dance performances like the Saaki and Mauja-Mauja warmed up the crowd. And then it was time for the most awaited event of the festival, the Fashion Parade. More popularly known as the FashP, this event was all about attitude, style and awesomeness. The dudes and dudettes of the college came out on to the ramp and displayed a variety of clothing which left the audience spellbound.

But the night was not over yet. Next, the stage was swiftly set for the Rock Night. This was very definitely

the most exhilarating experience of all. The rock band Hell Bound Harmony performed a variety of tracks ranging from hardcore Metallica and Black Sabbath to the soft Deep Purple. The crowd headbanged their way to glory. And finally at 3 am the audience headed back to their hostels with satisfied smiles and aching necks.

Though the students were tired and exhausted by two nights of out of bounds fun, it did not show when the third night began. On the contrary it was perhaps the most enjoyable. Starting off with a series of western dances, which were part of a competition, it attained maximum momentum till the very end. Even the sudden failure in the sound system didn't stop the enthusiasm of the dancers. Though I must say watching people dance to no tune is rather weird and a turn off. The day's main event being Adam & Eve, our NIT's version of Mr. and Miss. Universe, the gathering was becoming increasingly restless. It didn't help that the "misses" were rather reluctant to participate. After loads of pleading and eventually a fair bit of ragging, enough participants were assembled and the program set start.

Later that night our college's final year band Zero Degree Celsius blessed us with a live performance and finally the night ended with a DJ performance. This finally confirmed the rumour that our entire college can simultaneously jam pack and dance in the OAT stage. I do sincerely hope that nobody had stumbled and gotten stepped over, as that would have been a scene which would put most Hollywood horror movies to shame.

Like someone, somewhere at some point of time (most probably) said "All good things come to an end" our ever rocking Hill 'ffair '07 ended with a couple of broken ankles and necks due to reckless dancing. Now am in my bed considering to drop dead for the next 24 hours. Apparently we have classes after that!

Who says life's fair?



# SportslineSportsline

It's a chilly weekend in NITH, the first year cricket team has made its debut at NIT grounds. They took on third year, the defending champs and came close losing by three wickets. In yesterday's match, final year crushed the tournament hopes of second year defeating them by 40 odd runs. Lots of fireworks lie in store for the onlookers as the tournament progresses. Will the third years retain their title or will final year turn the tables on their tournament hopes or will M.Tech or first year prove to be the dark horse? Only time will tell!

Well so far it's been final year all the way in the inter year tournaments. They were the defending champions for the best performing batch and have in fact already made certain that this year as well the trophy does not change hands. The only question remains as to whether it's going to be a clean sweep in the outdoors or not?

The other years have merely been bystanders as they watched final years thump their way through with gold in the inter-year football, volleyball, basketball and hockey tournaments amassing a huge fourteen points lead from their closest contenders, the freshers.

Well this weekend has been a symbolic one in more ways than one...on republic day the first ever lawn tennis tournament was kick started and Tamal Kanti Paul (final year) entered the record books as the first winner on NITH courts!

We are just a month into the semester and lots of other tournaments remain so lots of excitement lies in store, the only certainty, final year goes out roaring!

Last semester saw a host of the inter-branch tournaments. The season started with the annual revamp of the sports committee, new ideas floating and eagerness to work being seen in the volunteers. First up was football and electrical showed how good they were with the ball outclassing the meddys in a well fought out final. Having half the college team in electrical did help the cause. It seemed no one could stand in front of their eagerness to avenge last year's debacle. They ended up scoring thirteen goals in the tournament and conceded just one! Boy! What a performance!

Next up was volleyball and the CSE guys hungry for victory managed exactly that in a smashing final against civil. That's one rivalry you better watch out for!! Then came basketball and the electrical guys came out standing tall defeating computer science in a scorcher of a final.

After basketball we had the much awaited cricket tournament. Once again it was shrouded with controversy. The CSE guys feeling let down by the fixture as they had to play without their key players who were away representing the institute in TIET Patiala in a soccer tournament. With CSE's undoing ECE walked through from their pool beating the meddys. In the other pool civil beat architecture convincingly. Next up was the big match, electrical was taking on arch rivals civil. Electrical batting first posted a mammoth total but were let down by their bowling attack which couldn't defend an easily defendable total. With this it was certain that civil would meet ECE in the final where civil beat them in a breath taking finish.

Badminton and table tennis seemed to be a clash between just two teams civil and CSE. With Civil clinching the badminton tournament, it was CSE all the way in table tennis.

Over to the ladies, in the inter-branch basketball tournament civil beat electrical in a close final. In the other tournaments within the confines of PGH, electrical beat architecture in the badminton finals. Carrom and chess were shared between architecture and CSE with CSE bagging gold and architecture silver in chess while carrom saw the tables turned!

As far as touring is concerned, the institute football team toured TIET Patiala. It wasn't their best tours and was knocked out. Next up the cricket team will be touring PEC Chandigarh for the annual IDUSA challenge. Last year we were runners up in the same and expect to better it this time. Also the institute will be hosting the IDUSA basketball and volleyball tournaments. Anticipating many laurels there!

Well this is your Vivek Chauhan, signing off for one last time! Adios!





# Hostel Diaries

## Hostel Diaries



I bear no responsibility for someone falling out  
of their chair and cracking their head.



There are few places on the face of earth which can boast of a party venue better than this hostel. Nothing can compare with the mess of the hostel as the food has become edible besides being swallow-able. The gymnasium is equipped with the latest facilities with 4 out of 5 machines 'out of order' and the 5th being assembled since the past 2 semesters. But in the mean time the management came up with a better plan to reduce obesity by locking the lower door hence forcing the use of the upper door or jumping over the wall to go to Nescafe or DBH. But nothing can beat KBH in the size of the common room and humanity of the boarders who have donated it (read forced to donate) to be used as a shelter for all the stray dogs and their pups. The sanitation here is tops with seven out of twelve bathroom geysers permanently out of the race and the remaining competing for the spots left. No wonder this hostel has the largest user group of deodorants. The inmates often run the asylum in an orderly manner with their rooms boasting a cleanliness rating of -10 on 10. (Yeah that's right minus 10 on 10).



Kailash Boys' Hostel

Nit, Hamirpur

(H.P.)

Recently in news due to the expulsion of numerous students VBH has shot up in the rankings of the coolest hostels of NITH. The security here is tighter than that for the Director's residence (No hard feelings) and these "Thullas" or guards are a persistent pain in the feet of various seniors. Nothing much is known about the inside of the hostel due to its construction like a bunker (read bomb shelter). The inhabitants of this hostel are highly secretive people who run away at the very sight of any other person, particularly if they lay sight on an approaching male. But one thing is known for sure, the people here live in luxury with the hostlers getting one roommate free with one room the size of a football goalpost.



Vindhyanchal Boys' Hostel

NIT, Hamirpur

(H.P.)



'welcome to the jungle.' well that's not what the marquee outside this hostel reads. rather, its Mr. X's wofers shouting aloud the guns and roses classic. its 11:30 in the evening and all the nocturnal beings are out to savour the best part of the day (night, to be exact). with an assortment of eatables on the menu in the adjoining Nescafe outlet, they could not have asked for anything else, more so, considering the quality of mess food, which could very easily rival even the poorest of an amateur cook's recipe. in fact, appetite has never been a hang-up for DBH: lites, being in close proximity to Ekta Café, Tilak and the latest inclusion to the list, Nescafe; however burgeoning monthly expenditure has been. The bathrooms here are competing against each other for the 'cleanliness award' with one of the two wash-basins in each of them always remaining choked. The availability of water is an otherwise perennial phenomenon, with weekly lapses after every couple of weeks. But there are indeed things which make this hostel stand out; our very own door-to-door laundry chachu, who also gets us up in the morning for the first class the gymnasium which attracts attendance from all other hostels. And the best part of all, the legendary lawn which has boarders of other hostels crying enviously, 'Grass is greener on the other side of the fence'.



Dhauladhar Boys' Hostel

NIT, Hamirpur

(H.P.)

Coming to the holy shrine of the PGH one of the holiest places in the campus we find that it is inhabited by saints who are not allowed to roam the jungle freely at night. Locals believe that their 'Right to Party' has been snatched away by a few 'early to bed' extremists. But vengeance is not on their minds, they have quietly resolved to their fate and the obvious signs are the so called personal talks going on in the courtyard with a device pressed against one of the ears. In fact it's said that once the courtyard was so crowded that people could hear their neighbor talk but not the one on their own line. The MMCA have their work restricted to information over loudspeakers that may be of sensitive nature definitely not involving national secrets or breaking news but latest updates on who's dating who. But no one can explain the affection the inhabitants share with the thing known as GTalk, it's definitely got the boys worried that it might just take their position.



Parvati Girls' Hostel

NIT, Hamirpur

(H.P.)



Situated deep in the picturesque hills is the Shivalik Boys Hostel. With rooms accommodating six people in one room the hostel consists of large rooms. In fact they are so large that the students shifted into one room and kept the other as an indoor basketball field. One thing that sets this hostel apart from the others is the quality of mess food available which is truly much better than the canteen. This is the only reason for the bloated mess bills of the residents of the hostels as they pay more for guests rather than themselves.



Shivalik Boys' Hostel

NIT, Hamirpur

(H.P.)

For the "power hostel" of NIT Hamirpur, it was a busy time organising the major student activities of the College. Whether it was Hillfair or Nimbus, it was a hectic time for all. The nauseous time of leaving the College were also setting on upon the inmates as reflected in the countdown to leave the College in their G Talk status messages. Counter Strike was also a favourite pastime and people seemed to be playing it with all the vengeance they could muster. For a change, the 2 months of August and September saw people studying 'hectically' which wasn't ever seen during much hallowed placement season. The hostel also saw extensive partying owing to the same reason. As usual a lot of activity also rotated around the small hand-held device called cellphone which was used from every possible angle in the rooms till the early hours of dawn. Overall, if we sum up the life in MMH, it can be safely said that "It rocked"



Manimahesh Boys' Hostel

NIT, Hamirpur

(H.P.)



# Survey

1. Has the change of hands brought about a change to the college canteen?
  - a. Better cleanliness and service **18%**
  - b. Now we get pizzas too **06%**
  - c. It's still the same-no filthy waiters but damn filthy tables **37%**
  - d. In any case, such a canteen is not an answer to a burgeoning campus population **39%**
2. What does the nanotechnology symposium remind you of?
  - a. Dr. B.S. Murty **18%**
  - b. College dinner **36%**
  - c. Hey, I didn't even attend it man! **30%**
  - d. Outsiders get impressed **16%**
3. Do you think putting up of banners reduced ragging in the campus?
  - a. Yes **21%**
  - b. No **30%**
  - c. Can't say **07%**
  - d. At last one could use it 24 X 7 **42%**
4. What are the consequences of extension of CSE department?
  - a. A buried mechanical Engineering department with no light, air. **42%**
  - b. The much needed space for the CSE people in the campus as well as in the minds of people **18%**
  - c. Wonder what good will it do to anyone concerned! **20%**
  - d. Needs to be extended to other batches and involve all **20%**
5. Now that we have extra curricular activities as a subject, do you think a change has been brought in the participation of students?
  - a. Yes, an easy way to increase the pointer! **30%**
  - b. No, first years are still more involved than the students for whom it was imposed! **21%**
  - c. Can't say **21%**
  - d. Hardly makes a difference; in any case they won't keep it open 24 X 7 **28%**
6. You see extension of library as
  - a. Smart way of spending institute fund **23%**
  - b. Giving the desperate souls that bit of extra room **19%**
  - c. The institute is taking studies seriously **26%**
  - d. Hardly makes a difference; in any case they wont keep it open 24 X 7 **32%**



7. A multi-purpose lecture hall is coming up in front of the library. What are your thoughts on it?
- a. Wow!! Just what this beleaguered institute needed **15%**
  - b. So what?...they will go empty for most part of the day! **44%**
  - c. This will give ECE the much needed breathing and living space **19%**
  - d. Academics getting priority **22%**
8. The placements of our students have reached a whole new level this year. Much of this should be owed to
- a. A sudden change in the heart and mind of our TPO **18%**
  - b. rapid rise in the IQ's of our students **17%**
  - c. A change which was only a matter of time **23%**
  - d. It's just due to a general spurt in the job market, where in companies are going for a massive man-hunt. **42%**
9. There is a general perception in our institute that the 1st year are increasingly becoming an isolated lot
- a. It's a healthy trend **7%**
  - b. Yes, it helps to prevent ragging **8%**
  - c. Lack of interaction with seniors is a bane **65%**
  - d. Does not help in any way **20%**





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## ARTICLES



## MY PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO BENAZIR BHUTTO...

Mrs. Saroj Thakur, Asstt. Professor

The year was 1972. The war with Pakistan had ended and we were so happy that India had not only defeated Pakistan but had captured many Prisoners of war. The All India Radio had a special slot for the messages aired by the POWs to their own people back home. We would listen to the names and the numbers of the POWs and would sometimes feel bad about these being away from their own kith and kin but at the same time the feeling that they were the enemies would overtake all other feeling of compassion for them.

I was barely 16 years old at that time and had experienced the first horror of the war when we would be so afraid of a bomb being dropped on our heads whenever the hooter would blare in a dangerous manner heralding an enemy war plane nearby. So the end of war brought a sense of relief as well as the winning glee on our faces. The elders at home talked about the fate of the POWs and the happiness at captured land of the Pakistan regime. We kids, too, would be happy. But sometimes the voice of the POWs would reverberate in my ears and I would feel a little uncomfortable. I would clutch my father closely and would be happy that he was not in army. I didn't want to lose him.

It was under such circumstances that we came to know that Bhutto, the President of Pakistan was coming to India for a treaty. The news was great as he was coming to Shimla the place where we lived. The feeling of watching a defeated Prime Minister was too strong in

my heart as had not these Pakistanis given us so much of trouble? News started to make waves that Benazir Bhutto, the daughter of Z A Bhutto, also would be accompanying her father. This added a little romance to the visit of Bhutto, the senior. Our annual exams were around the corner but we would be busy talking about the ensuing visit of the Pakistani convoy. Shimla started to get a facelift. The roads were being prepared for security cordons and the welcome that would be accorded to the Pakistani convoy. There would be a feeling of awe that why we Indians have to be so good even to our enemies. The story about Alexander and Porus would come to my mind and I would accept, though unwillingly, the great Indian tradition of according respect to even your enemies.

On 2 April, 1972, the entire Mall road turned into a small cantonment. The road was barricaded on both the sides and we could stand outside the barricades waiting for the famous caravan to pass off. It was a sunny day. There was chill in the air as well in our hearts that we are giving so much of love to our enemies. But the excitement of watching Benazir overtook all other feelings and I stood patiently for a long time for welcoming the guests!

She looked cute. A young girl of about 19-20 years! She was wearing something dark colored. Though I was barely able to get a glimpse of her face and loose hair but it was a pleasant face. She was smiling and waving at the thronging crowds. I tried to put myself in her place

### WRITER BIO

**Mrs. Saroj Thakur is fond of writing and clicking pictures. For her students, she is both a friend and a philosopher. She believes that the role of the teacher is to show the right path to the students. In this article she talks about her perception of Benazir Bhutto.**



and tried imagining her state of mind. I thought what she must be thinking of? Would there be any pride in her heart or plain humiliation to have come to a country for begging their soldiers and land back? But the smile on her face signified that, despite many odds, she carried herself with great dignity. I liked her for her courage. I again thought would I have had accompanied my father on such a mission perhaps not, I thought ruefully. I was full of admiration for the courage of the girl.

Next few days were full of buzz with the Pakistani troupe and its escapades. I don't know how much of it was true but we had an eager ear to take all that was being said about. "You know the Pakistani troupe is being shown some classic urdu pictures!" someone would chip in, "like Mugal-e-azam, Anaarkali and Chaundhavi Ka Chand." And the information that some regular picture shows were cancelled at the Ritz so that special shows could be arranged for the "guests" made us angry. "Why so much of trouble to our people and that too on account of showing courtesy to these Pakis?" we would say. But the smiling face of a young girl, on a mission impossible, would make us go soft towards the Pakis. "She loves eating paan" another one would add to our store house of information. "She relished paans of Guru Prasad Paan wala at the Mall," the same source of information would add. "She came to the Mall?" I asked in disbelief. I thought of having missed a chance to see her from closer quarter as howsoever did I want to but could never acknowledge that I loved the girl. I put on an expression of indifference when it came to Benazir. I would watch at her black and white pictures that the photo shops on the Mall would display and would admire her for her bubblyness.

She looked bewitching in saree. It was a picture where she was with her father and Indira Gandhi. Later on we forgot about the episode but when she became Prime Minister of Pakistan I could put all the earlier references in my mind and relate them to her present. All the training that Z. A. Bhutto, her father, had provided her made her a polished politician. I admired her many a times and all the time the picture of a girl with face hidden behind loose short hair would come to my mind. I used to think that her father must have wanted to groom her the way Indira Gandhi was groomed by Jawahar Lal Nehru and must have wanted to learn it quite early in her life the lessons of politics. But when she decided to come back to Pakistan after having lived in exile for such a long time, I watched her with interest. It was a pleasure to watch a mature lady instead of the young girl that I admired for her freshness. I don't know why but her visit back home reminded me so much of her visit to India in the year 1972. The mood back home in Pakistan was hostile. The woman still moved on with the same winning smile as her armor. But the day I heard of her being killed I just thought that it was unfair to a woman who had taken her first political lessons in 1972 by visiting a so called enemy country where people had a hostile mood. But we showered them with all that India is famous for love, care and respect. And here, her very own country and her very own people had killed her. It was a shock to me. The newspapers reported that she was buried next to the grave of her father and I could not help feeling more sorry.

She lay dead and cold, in a grave next to her father's who had taught her the first lesson in politics in 1972. What a pity indeed!



## LET'S BUNK

Aditya Tiwari, Second Year

"Good Morning.", very rarely someone comes and says these humble words to wake me up. Often it is one of my friends who comes in my room with a bang and starts improving his slanging skills. It's not only the case with me, but a general phenomenon widely occurring in the hostels of NITH. Whenever I wake up in the morning the first thing I think about the class at 8:30 is "Let's Bunk". Before falling in the hum of the angel of the night, the last thing that I think of is "Let's Bunk". Very rarely, but by mistake if I attend first 3 lectures, what I think about the fourth one is "Let's Bunk"!

The second most prominently used word in the hostel is 'Bunk'. The first one is definitely not a pleasing word! Bunk - a word which gives immense satisfaction and pleasure to any student, anywhere. So, here comes the most important subject of studies: bunkinomics. The word actually comes from two different words: bunk and economics. One is pleasing and other is teasing in nature. Just as in economics money plays a very vital role, so is attendance in bunkinomics. More the attendance more happy the consumer is. Bunk is just like demand, as the assets (attendance) increases so do the bunks for a rational bunker.

But bunkinomics, unlike economics is not very tough, it

doesn't require a vast knowledge and deep study, just a little knowledge of simple mathematics and perception is enough. A rational bunker must remember one formula  $B = \frac{\text{classes bunked}}{\text{total classes-mass bunks}}$  if this B exceeds the value of 0.25 then the bunker is in grave danger and in period of depression. But here comes the perception, if you know how to convince the professor, then you can still cope up, but better take care, this may be dangerous in nature, better avoid this 0.25 thing.

Sometimes comes a question in the mind of few- "why bunk?" The answer requires a bit of explanation about hostlers-mainly they are of two types: (early) morning risers and (late) night watchers.

The morning risers are there to enjoy the glittering sunlight and the night watchers are to enjoy the shimmering moonlight. The bunk is mainly for the night watchers as it is a tough task to attend the class in the morning as it is hard to wake up in the morning for night watchers. Now this is the reason why classes are bunked! Still some have problem from bunks and they ask why "night watchers" and why not "early to bed, early to rise?"

### WRITER BIO

**He is never out of stocks for fun and frolics, and we do find ample overflows in his writings. with hobbies ranging from partying to counter-strike, this lad can actually teach a trick or two to bunk classes.**



Why don't they understand, this was not the saying of wise. There are mainly two reasons why most hostlers are night watchers; a few of them could be quoted: a late night football match or trying to convince a chick that you are really committed, watching a movie or something!! The most common one is the life and death struggle between terrorists and counter-terrorists! These are few of the most common reasons which result in such an act of shame-the Bunk. This must not be done, one must not bunk classes. The classes are there to learn, one must attend classes regularly and should concentrate on his studies, but the scenario is

far different, people only concentrate on their study. But still "dil hai ki mantaa nahi"...

Sometimes even my conscience wakes up, and tries to say these kind of things, and then I pledge that no more bunks, no more late night masti. Then fully determined to attend the 8:30 class, I say good night to my buddies, and then comes the morning, the glittering sunlight. I wake up, attend the 8:30 class and at 8:50, am thrown out of class for a very genuine reason- you are not supposed to sleep in class! Again my conscience says sweet dreams and I say "Let's Bunk".



## NOTHING LIKE BACK BENCHERS...

Saboochi Dhawan, First year

I am sure, not only sure but dead sure that all over the world every class has back benchers. It is commonly observed that teachers always take pleasure in putting up questions to these back benchers. But how do these back benchers feel? They feel insulted in answering the questions asked and they get disturbed as they are lost in discussing problems of the institution, of their country and of the world.

They are the group of leaders, scientists, artists, musicians, mathematicians and philosophers. They are the students who really have some feelings for everyone around them. Let me introduce them to you.

A back bencher leader is busy in finding some way out to solve the current problems of country.

A back bencher scientist is discussing deadly weapons for beating American and Russian scientists.

Another back bencher mathematician is thinking in what way the students can complete their attendance.

Still another one, an artist is busy sketching a caricature of a girl sitting in the first rows.

A back bencher philanthropist is worried about the increasing mental problems of the people around.

And the musician back bencher is busy in talking about the latest release of Michael Jackson or Britney Spears.

These back benchers are super humans and their motives are never selfish. In this respect they are God's gifts to the class. These back benchers are indeed the back bones of the class. Every class must be proud of them. But justice is never done to this poor group who live for others.

### WRITER BIO

**A silent observer, Saboochi's one of the few who loves to add more dimensions to her periphery - be it writing, orating or singing, all in her usual unconventional manner.**





## THE END OF DESTRUCTION

Hunny Kanwar, Final year

The Whole Universe, which consists of infinite galaxies, stars and so called dark matter is nothing but the result of a big bang explosion. Can we say that the evolution of human race, the developments we made (technological, industrial, aviation, commerce) is just the result of an explosion that took place trillions of years ago. Merely a chance!

We have always considered ourselves as the children of our mother earth. Let me give it a different hue, a different perspective. Can we call a parasite such as tapeworm or a leech the child of a host? Certainly not. Instead I will call it a stigma, a ruthless creature that eats away the host which is the cause of its very survival. That's what we are to this planet. Millions of species of living beings came and went but no one played such a havoc to the exquisite resources of this planet as we humans did. We are conscious enough to know the pros and cons of our deeds but we do act like parasites because we are one of them.

Its not that only nature devastates us through tsunamis, typhoons, volcanoes. More or less we ourselves are the major cause for our destruction. The rising temperatures, global warming, melting glaciers, vagaries of summers and winters etc., are all the consequences of our profligate use of resources which this heaven provided us. The latest report by IPCC warned us about the devastating effects of continuous increase in concentrations of carbon-di-oxide. Even

then is it possible to stop the upcoming disaster as predicted by our eminent scientists? Most probably the answer is 'No'. But some think there is a way to abate this disaster. The statesmen of various countries, on the part of generality signs various treaties, agreements to control the ever-increasing pollution, But is the populace ready to change? Have we, in any way, changed our way of life, our comforts for the sake of contributing to the reduction in gas concentrations in any way? The answer is again a big NO! Take the example of Kyoto Protocol, which is so far a futile effort in this regard. The continuous tendencies of industrialized and developed nations to refrain from signing such protocols and the ever increasing tendencies by the developing nations to beat the former in one way or the other can lead us (humans) no where. Its not that we should stop progressing but we also have to cater to the needs and requirements of our host (Earth). But all these issues seem to be small when the talks of power and superiority begins. The countries acquiring nuclear weapons on the all time rise, followed by increasing cold wars confirm the facts.

So what's the end to this era of destruction? Debates will continue, treaties will be signed again and again but in no way the danger can be averted. The melting ice caps, the vagaries in climate, rising sea levels are the fore runners of inundations, tsunamis, famines which will take place and will abate with the extinction of 'gargantuan leeches' of today.

### WRITER BIO

With his craze for bodybuilding, you would be convinced that Hunny lives in the gym. A smile that's permanently glued on his face works well with his soft spoken nature and his love for ghazals. In this article, he draws attention towards the dismal state of affairs of the environment and what the common man has or hasn't done to protect it.



## ALONE IN THE WORLD

Akshay Milap, Second Year

The incessant ringing of the phone is the one memory of that day that still makes me break out into a cold sweat.

I was fast asleep when the call came. It was my neighbour from the Defence Colony barsati where we lived, and he sounded hysterical. There had been a massive blast at Sarojini Nagar, and hundreds of people were feared injured or killed. My elder brother had gone window shopping along with Mr Sharma's son. Neither of them had called back since. Everyone feared the worst.

My languor evaporated. I rushed into my tracksuit and sneakers and grabbed my wallet before I ran down my first floor room to my neighbour's house. They were already ready, and the four of us exchanged nervous glances as we sat in Mr Sharma's gleaming red Ikon and headed towards Sarojini Nagar market.

My thoughts raced. Joy had asked me to come with him but I had done the night shift the previous night and was dog tired. Joy had been my pillar of strength and my guiding light throughout my childhood. We were sibling orphans, he was elder to me by 8 years, and a couple of million grey cells wiser.

I was the maverick - never settled, always landing into trouble with the neighbours, the school authorities, the girls, the cops. He had always been my ROCK, calm as a Buddha, gently guiding me through a troubled and turbulent childhood, working on odd jobs to see us through each day, studying in evening college. Responsibility, sacrifice, integrity, charity that was his credo.

He made sure I went through school and college, and

landed a great job, while he himself compromised and led a Spartan existence, even now, when he was a hotshot engineer with a leading firm. Oh God! I wish I had told him how much he meant to me. In fact all I had talked to him about in the past two month's had been about how much I wanted my own pad. My own space. With no rules. Where I ruled.

And now this ! Meanwhile Mrs Sharma was beginning to cry, while Mr Sharma was bravely leaning on the steering wheel as tears brimmed his eyes. Two big drops plonked on the shiny control panel of the car. It was a gift on his anniversary, after his promotion as a chief engineer in the Merchant Navy.

"I wish... ,I wish..." said he, but kept mum, as did I. As we neared the market, I realized that things were even grimmer than I thought. There was chaos everywhere. Police, ambulances, medics, firefighters, media. Hysterical relatives, and panic stricken injured people ran here and there, amidst the overturned vegetable carts, shopkeepers trying to salvage their half burnt goods from the rubble. The smell of flesh burning made my stomach churn. I could see a few bodies hastily covered with sheets, and hundreds of assorted shoes, slippers, and the odd shopping bag lying amid the rubble.

The Police was making fervent pleas to the people to avoid touching anything, and to clear the area, but, was anybody listening? Everybody was searching--- mother for son, father for daughter, husband for wife, brother for sister.....

Volunteers were rushing to bring some order to this mayhem. Mr. and Mrs. Sharma sat down on the

### WRITER BIO

**'He never dies out, nor does his smile!' The calm guy is always busy in a work pool you might not dare to dive in! Out of his hectic schedule he did actually manage to spill his charms this way.**



pavement and held each other. They were stupefied by the enormity of the chaos before them. I ran up and down the alleys, to search through the injured, hoping to find my brother and the younger Sharma. The policemen on duty had a cursory list which an ever growing throng of people would repeatedly scan, and although I went over it several times, the names we looked for were not there.

A cold clammy chill had now settled on my chest. There were upwards of 50 mortalities and the numbers were presumably rising. Most of the casualties were being shifted to AIIMS and Safdarjang, but there were several other hospitals and nursing homes where the injured may have gone.

I went to Mr. Sharma and asked him to take his wife home, as she had nearly collapsed, but they refused, and so the four of us sat pensively in the car as we moved towards the AIIMS casualty. Even after hours of frenetic activity we could see serious looking doctors screen each new arrival with increasing worry about how much casualty they could handle. Blood transfusion lines (sometimes, two to a person) were everywhere and many patients were still on stretchers. I went to each person and tried to help in whatever way I could, while searching for my brother and Ajay. But to no avail.

Finally, when we had exhausted the various Hospitals and Nursing homes, we realized we had to steel ourselves for an even more difficult task. We had to go to the various mortuaries and look at each unidentified dead body. I had never seen a dead body before, and to see these victims, some partially mutilated, some charred beyond recognition, would require nerves of steel.

Mr. Sharma had by now composed himself. He asked me to accompany him, and told his younger son to sit with his mother in the lobby. The morgue was overflowing and most of the blast victims bodies were still on trollies. Wailing relatives were being quietened by others. Still others were hovering, waiting for their turn to examine each corpse.

When our turn came, we had a total of 18 bodies to see. Finally, we came to one which was charred and distorted beyond recognition. On the wrist was a Rolex which looked familiar. I collapsed into Mr. Sharma's arms and asked him to look on the inner side. There were the letters- J. M. (Joy Mathews)-  
And with that my world came crashing down.

I rushed out into the cold night and gulped and gasped as the enormity of the situation hit me. I was alone in the world

ALONE ALONE ALONE

I would have my own pad at last. And it would be a very lonely one. With no one to guide me through the storms of life, no one to reason with me about right or wrong, no one to quarrel with about being untrue to myself (To thine own self be true- ergo-

an avatar of Joy Mathews) Mr. Sharma meanwhile had been unable to find any trace of his son. He had to help me back to his car and on the way asked the doctor to check me. The doctors were very tired. They said that each body would have an autopsy, and so we were to return in a few hours.

Mr Sharma took me home in his car and I slumped into the seat with his son. As we neared DEFCOL my mind was in a whirl. I had not spoken to my brother in months, remaining sullen and sticking to my own gang. I had never acknowledged the enormous love I had for him, the respect I had for his being a self made man, and the awe with which I regarded his adherence to his impeccable values. And now it was too late. As I opened the key to the door of our two roomed barsati, I felt a fresh wave of loneliness. I entered the room, and was immediately conscious of a gentle snoring.

But how could that be? And yet it was! It was Joy. Joy was sleeping on his own bed snoring lightly. was zapped! For a long time I sat there thanking the Lord, and crying softly to myself. I must have spilt some on him as he woke up with a start and asked me what was wrong? "Wrong!" "Wrong" I said babbling like an idiot--- "I am the luckiest guy in the world, and also the stupidest." My world, which had fallen apart just a few hours ago had slowly started coming together again. Just then we saw the lights go up in Mr. Sharma's house and heard the whoops of joy and laughter as they had found Ajay home, safe, and sound asleep in his room. Later it transpired that Joy and Ajay had met an old school chum at the Sarojini Nagar Market an hour before the blasts. The chum had gifted him two tickets to a hit movie, as his date for the night had stood him up.

Joy in his large heartedness was not to be outdone. In a fit of generosity he had gifted him his wristwatch spontaneously. Thus it was that Joy and Ajay had passed the past couple of hours blissfully in a movie theatre, and had come home and gone to their respective beds. It was the unfortunate chum of his, whose body we had mistaken for Joy's. of course Joy was immediately crestfallen and insisted we go back to the hospital, and try to help (which we did, but that's another story) I shudder today when I think of that ghastly day of mayhem, and my heart goes out to all who have ever lost a loved one in such a catastrophic manner.

I have changed. I am a wiser man today. (Even Joy says so, with warm pride) I thank God for giving me back my brother. I know how easily it could have been him, and now I treasure every moment we spend together, whenever we can. I can only hope this story spurs us all to communicate with our loved one. To tell them how much they mean to us. how blessed we are with their company, before it is too late...





## CLASSIFIED

Dipanjan Mazumdar, Third Year

**Well, this is no Hollywood movie script with the characters sharing 'classified' info or a hidden treasure map which requires a Robert Langdon to decipher. Rather an account of how one could get stupefied, petrified and classified.**

*A recent survey says that under graduate students spend a better part of their class hours outside the class, involving in non-class-like activities. And although, more often than not, surveys are misleading, the authenticity of this rather 'democratic' procedure is evident, with more hands engaged in gulping coffee than filling up notebooks with intellectual bullshit. And they seem to be 'happier' among waiters serving coffee than weird looking orators giving sermons. The Coffee Shop seems to be the most bustling place in the campus- a safe haven for the so-called couples. And out here, everyone has a reason to smile.*

Thud! Thud! Thud! Heavy footsteps falling on the corridor. This must be Bigfoot coming, as usual on Michigan Time, ten minutes after the scheduled time.

"May I get in Sir?"

"Mr. Siddharth, come in. Its no use warning you. You are always going to follow your Indian Stretchable Time (read IST). But please make it an effort to show up on time from now on".

"Sorry sir" saying this made his way into the class. Well for your information my friend was never christened 'Bigfoot'. But he has these king size feet and requires custom-made shoes that got him his nickname. Anyways, it is just another part of our classroom affairs-calling weird names. Or else do you think any parent could come up with creative names like 'Mr. Know It All', for the obvious reasons of coming up with the answers even before the question, 'Fruity', for obvious reasons, 'SWOT' for having himself locked up in his room before each test, 'Catalyst' for his catalytic action in engaging

tussles, or for that matter, take mine, 'Grimy'. Sometimes I have to decide between which is more painful, getting humiliated in public or taking regular bath. But this business of calling names has been of some help to me as my name sounds more like a tongue-twister and your popularity in a group is somehow inversely proportional to the length of your name.

"Hey Bigfoot, here's your seat man".

With his head directed towards his shoes, and skimming through the remaining seats, he occupies his throne alongside mine-in the second-last row. The teacher's eyes always fit on the first or the last bench and he never cares about the middle rows. So they are the most sought-after as well as fought-for seats; apple of discord I must say.

"Son of a witch, what's your excuse today?"

"Dude, she called up yesterday night and we kept talking and talking and taking."

"I got it. And that's what kept you from sleeping all night and you woke up late. So what's cooking between the two of you?"

"Nothing. Abso-freakin-lutely nothing. Just usual talk". Just then the teacher interrupted us. "Today we are going to start a new topic. Standard Shock Parameters".

Bigfoot cried "standard what?"

"I forgot to carry my ears into class today".

"You deserve corporal punishment for coming up with such a pathetic joke .Anyways I forgot to get my specs in hurry. Now look at the board and tell me what it is; at least I should know what's being taught in the class. Or else I'll need to discover the entire question paper in the examination and invent the answers. Sometimes I



wonder how lucky stone-age people were with no classes to attend!"

"You see it for yourself. I can't. It has been long I have turned my eyes towards the writing-board and I can't withstand the glare".

Honestly speaking, the green colour of the board reminds me of her first gift- a green wristband. And from the day we broke up, this colour has been so annoying that I seldom look at the board. But I can't even share this with Bigfoot as he can spread news with nearly God-like speed.

Bigfoot then spoke out, "Hey can you tell me who is more boring- teachers or the lecture?" "A few things I cannot digest, mess-made rajma, Harry Potter fantasies and teacher's lecture. I bet none would be wrong with either of the options. While teachers have the bad habit of interrupting while you are sleeping or at best, resting, lectures are the weapons of mass destruction which they use against us. Both are equally bugging. After all how hard they may try, but in the end they can't really prevent this overhead transmission of their teachings".

"Anyways human beings are destined to do much more than attend lectures. So I found out something which we could do that suits the ambience of a classroom- fill our rather incomplete quota of eight hours of sleep. After all, late night movie shows, counterstrike showdowns, wanderings around the campus and other nocturnal activities, which for many include lining the pockets of cellular operators while talking to their 'sweet-hearts', could leave us craving for sleep".

"What the F? And what about getting caught?"

"Dude I have done a lot of research on sleeping in the class and devised a couple of ways. The best trick is to draw eyeballs in your eyelids and go to sleep. Or make sure an overwhelmingly tall guy sits in front of you, and then do the needful. I have also seen people who swear by the trick of using their glasses as means of escape. But I preferably would stick to the more popular and conventional method of putting on a cap and keep a pen in the hand, before dozing off". But as all good things in life do not go on and on for ages as Ekta Kapoor's K-lettered soaps on television, so there are chances that you might be interrupted in between your nap. In this likely event of getting caught, do your homework with excuses-the best ones being "I forgot

my spectacles and my eyes are straining" or "may be I was studying late last night". "A feeling of nausea is one great reason".

Also, classroom can always be used for wrapping up unfinished business; completing assignments (actually copying them), or may be writing prac files. The classroom can turn out to be a proving ground for your literary skills. It is places like these that bring the best out of people and turn them from ordinary to extraordinary by inspiring them to pen down something great. Take a piece of paper and start writing about the first thing that comes to your mind; could be a fantasy or something that happened to you, and at the end try reading it. Who knows, if you have a lot of boring classes, you could write a book, and possibly even have it published someday and become rich and famous!

These very classrooms are the witnesses of 'crafty grafiti' and the poor desks have to carry the scars. It is these very desks which bear "Hard work pays off later, Laziness pays off now", "A student who is taking an exam is probably changing the course of history", "Why do we sleep in class? Because we are conquerors of dream land", "It takes 47 muscles to frown, 17 to smile but none to lie lazily".

You could also check your skills in crosswords, sudoku or similar puzzles. Also these would not attract the attention of the teacher. Reading a book is again not a bad option. Or may be learn something like twirling a pen round your fingers.

But apart from these productive enterprises, you can always engage in some fun. If the teacher has some weird or annoying habit of repeating something like "um", try noting the number of times he does it. I actually did it once and gave up after seventy odd counts!

*I would have even devised a way to explode a bomb in the class, but just then a piece of chalk hitting me reminded us of our rather earthly existence.*

The teacher frowned at us, "Would the two of you leave the class?"

*Thus finished another precious hour of our life; wasted within the gallows of classroom. And here we are now, sipping a cup of coffee which although dull-looking is more exhilarating than the class.*



## CHECKMATE

Narayan Swamy, Final Year

Rajat Kumar waited impatiently for the red light to turn green. He glanced at the digital clock in his Ford. It showed 10:20 p.m. It would still take him approximately 20 minutes to reach his mansion in Sion. The merger deal had finally pulled through. The company was his life. He wanted his company to be the best and the deal was a giant leap towards achieving that goal. The light turned green. The street was empty. Rajat shifted gears and accelerated rapidly. He remembered the look on Mr Jain's face and smiled. Sanjay Jain was his rival, a fierce competitor who had lost the deal narrowly to Rajat. He was too preoccupied to notice a young man attempting to cross the road. Finally noticing the man, he hit the breaks as fast as he could. It was not fast enough. He heard a thud as the young man's body hit the car and slumped to the ground. Rajat quickly got out of the car, looked at the face of the unconscious man, pondered for a while and panicked. He got back to the car and sped towards the mansion. He knew that the young man's face would haunt him forever.

Two days later, Rajat was arrested on a hit and run charge. He called A.K Ganguly, a renowned criminal lawyer who immediately agreed to take up the case. The trial was scheduled to take place three days later giving Ganguly enough time to study the case.

The day of the trial had finally arrived. Honourable judge G.S Maurya took his seat in the Mumbai courtroom and turned towards Praveen Gupta.

"Is the prosecution ready?" judge Maurya asked.

"Yes, your honour" replied Praveen, the lawyer for the prosecution.

"Is the defence ready?"

"The defence is ready, your honour" replied Ganguly.

"Please proceed with the case, Mr Gupta" the judge said.

Praveen stood up, looked at the judge, the jury, the rows of spectators and spoke with confidence.

"The prosecution wants to prove through its witnesses and evidence that the defendant, Mr Rajat Kumar, is guilty of the hit and run charge. The victim, Ajay Bose succumbed to injuries and died on the way to the hospital. I call the first witness for the prosecution."

The witness after being sworn in was ready for questions.

"Please state your full name and occupation." Praveen said.

"My name is Vikas Kumar. I am a software engineer, currently under the employment of arc instruments."

"What were you doing on the 18<sup>th</sup> of this month at about 10:30 p.m?"

"I live in Sion. I was driving home from work." Vikas replied. Praveen looked straight into his eyes.

"Did anything unusual happen that night?"

"At about 10:30 pm, I saw a man get into a car, reverse and drive on. An unconscious man came into view as the car pulled back. I am sure that the car must have hit the unfortunate man" Vikas replied.

"Statement objected to as it calls for the conclusion of the witness. The witness did not actually see the car hit the man" Ganguly interposed.

"Objection sustained" snapped judge Maurya.

"What did you do next?"

"I waited for the ambulance to arrive and left the scene."

Praveen turned to Ganguly

"You may cross examine."

Ganguly walked up to the witness and asked him to describe the car.

"It was a white Ford" replied Vikas.

"Do you know the licence number of the car?"

"No sir."

"Then the car could have been any of the hundreds or even thousands that ply on Mumbai streets." Ganguly dismissed the witness with a wave of his hand.



However the next witness, Shefali Rao, a student, identified both the car and the defendant positively. A doctor from Sion hospital produced the death certificate indicating the cause of death as a head injury. The case of the prosecution was further strengthened when Arpita Bose, the wife of the deceased had a nervous breakdown in the courtroom, leaving a profound impression in the mind of the jury.

The jury gave its verdict. Rajat Kumar was found guilty under sections 279 and 304 A of the Indian penal code and had to serve a sentence for five years. Rajat was escorted to the central jail by armed guards.

"I don't deserve this." Rajat said in a sad monotone. One of the convicts laughed mirthlessly. "That's what everyone in this place says. Welcome to central jail. I am Parmeshwar Prasad. Call me Parry. Everyone does."

Five years later, Rajat walked the streets of Mumbai, once again a free man. A business magazine in the pavement caught his eye. Two faces stared back at him from the cover of the magazine. Rajat's rival, Mr Jain had become highly successful and had made it to the cover page of the magazine. Rajat was shocked and devastated to see the familiar face of Laileen Jain, Mr Jain's son on the cover of the magazine. Rajat knew then that he had been imprisoned for a crime he had never committed.

He knew then what he had to do. Rajat headed straight to an antique shop at the end of the street. The letters "Shanker's Antiques" gleamed in gold. He entered the antique store and found Mr. Shanker polishing an old lamp.

Rajat walked up to him and said without any preliminaries

"I need a gun."

Old Mr. Shanker gave him a bizarre look and told Rajat that the store sold antiques, not guns.

"Parry, the convict told me about this place."

Without uttering a single syllable, Shanker led Rajat to a secret room which was stocked entirely with rows of guns of various sizes, shapes and makes. Rajat went and picked up a well oiled gun. The serial numbers of the gun was scratched out making it practically untraceable.

"That's an Austrian manufactured Steyr Medium. A very fine piece of machinery. Compact and yet powerful"

informed Mr. Shanker.

"What's the guarantee that the gun will work properly?"

"I give you the same guarantee that I give to all my customers. My life. As you can see, I am still alive"

Rajat paid the requisite amount and headed for Mr Jain's mansion.

The mansion had two sentries posted at the main gate. Two guards continuously patrolled the mansion grounds. Rajat climbed over the fence, gave them the slip and made his way to a bedroom window. He managed to open the window. He stepped in only to hear the security alarm system echoing loudly. The bedroom light switched on and Rajat found himself face to face with Laileen Jain, the young man whom Rajat had supposedly killed in the accident five years ago. Laileen Jain was a dead man walking. A few seconds later, Mr. Jain entered the bedroom carrying a gun.

"Well, well Mr. Jain. Its been five long years. I should have killed your son five years ago in that accident. Your son is Laileen. I read that in a magazine. Tell me then, who is Ajay Bose? How did he die?"

Mr Jain looked at Rajat calmly.

"When Laileen was admitted in the hospital after the accident, I had a brilliant idea. Ajay Bose was a man who had died the same day due to heart failure at the Sion hospital. I merely substituted the death certificates, bribed the doctor, and paid his wife Arpita to keep her mouth shut. With you out of the way, the rest was easy. Too bad you won't live to tell anyone."

Jain pointed his gun at Rajat's chest. The footsteps of guards approaching could be heard in the background. Rajat glared at Mr. Jain?

"Mr Jain! Life is like a game of chess. You can think three moves ahead but are allowed to make only one at a time. Only one will die tonight. You have made all your moves. Its time to make mine."

Rajat aimed his Steyr at the bedroom light and pulled the trigger. The room was plunged instantly into darkness. A few seconds later, another shot rang in the mansion.

An hour later, the homicide department arrived at the scene to find the body of a dead man. Rajat had been right. Only one had died that night.



## FRIED ON FIRE - an autobiography of a bread roll

Prashant Nath Endley, Third Year

"How dare you take me out so soon? I'm not even brown yet." Screaming this, I jumped off the 'kalchi' into boiling oil. My dive had splashed some oil on the hands of Mr Tilak- founder, owner, head chef, CEO of Tilak Ka Dhaba (TKD), my birthplace.

TKD is basically a temporary structure, made of tin sheets and bamboo pillars. It has been there since ages, though recently it was refurbished. Inside, at a corner lies a huge stockpile of eggs. Near it, in a cardboard box are buns- cut halfway through. Next to it is an old stove with a sooty frying pan on it.

The boiling oil in a nearby 'kadhai' emits a tempting fragrance of delicious bread rolls, my siblings, being fried. Whether TKD is inside or outside the boundaries of NITH is still under debate. But one thing is quite clear. This 'on the line' restaurant of NITH has influenced the routine, psyche and shape of many NITians!

I'm a bread roll - made to be eaten. Sometimes people even fight it out for me. Some get their fingers burnt, some their tongues. Some both. When I look at my reflection in oil, I see a cylindrical, auburn-red mass. I'm indeed a unique creation- those crispy tiny straws of bread stuck on the surface, with the bread's 'seam' running through the middle make me quite irresistible. Beneath the crispy crust of bread lies a spicy core of mashed potatoes.

Everyday, Tilak starts shaping us at 2 pm. He dips a slice of bread in water and squeezes out extra water. Putting some mashed potatoes in it, he then rolls and seals the bread. The potatoes are prepared earlier- boiled, mashed, mixed with spices, peas and fried a bit

too. One by one, Tilak and his assistants make about 150 of my kind daily. They leave us in open air to dry out our extra moisture. Then they proceed to make samosas- my cousins.

I was still in oil and loved it. I felt very lively there. I wished I could lie in this bathtub forever! With those hungry eyes staring me from all directions, their corresponding hands ready in position to get me, I knew that I would be taken out soon.

As soon as I was taken out, a thick giant hand caught me in his long fingers. Those fingers managed to grab five more of my siblings. With some 'chutni' put on us, we were taken out of the crowd to a group- which rejoiced on seeing us. Half the pleasure is in getting us, it seems! We were divided among the group of students. I got transferred to another plate. Somebody had once said-

*A bread roll of TKD*

*Is good enough for everybody.*

*Although 'twas eaten that night,*

*It was the Bread Roll of life!*

*In small proportions, we just beauties see,*

*And in short measures, life may perfect be.*

*(Original poem was by Ben Jonson)*

He brought me near his mouth, which smelled of smoke and mint. Admiring me with glasses over his large eyes, he ate me. After we had been finished, I could hear faint sounds like "Today's were really tasty!" Therefore, I rest in peace.





## MYSTERIES OF THE MIND

Digvijay Singh, Second Year

I believe everyone scrolling through this page must have come across, in their lives, a feeling when something happening to them is being repeated. The feeling is so strong that it seems we are reliving something we have already experienced. And I tell you, this feeling can give you goosebumps. Any such experience has a strong impact on the mind more so because it stays in our memories as long as we live. I was provoked to write this article as I wanted to share my views on déjà vu with its victims, myself being one of the involuntary members of this 'extraordinary league'. Déjà vu is a French word which literally translates to 'already seen', first coined by the French psychic researcher Emile Boirac. It's a term to denote a feeling of familiarity.

The victims of déjà vu often have a feeling to have visited a place they have never been to, or seen a person they could never possibly have met before, or something happened to them being repeated. How can a person know the roads of a city he has never visited? Isn't it strange? When I experienced this the first time, I thought I am having some superpower that makes me different from others. But then one day, the widescreen of the television opened my mind; thanks to a program showcasing this otherwise unknown to me truth. And that is when I came to know that this is a not a superpower but a feeling experienced by many in this world.

Psychology explains it as an abnormality of the brain. They say déjà vu experiences are more common in people with epileptic or insomnia disorders. But this is definitely not the case with me. It has also been established that déjà vu has something to do with slow activity of one cerebral hemisphere as compared to the other.

Whatever science has to say, the mystery still holds. And how can the question of spirits not come into picture when a mystery is left unsolved? Believers of spirits find it a consequence of out-of-body experiences and reincarnations. The theory still doesn't explain it all as the modern man is more about reasoning than believing in unseen ghosts.

According to a survey 70% of human beings have déjà vu experiences in their lifetimes. Now if we follow the psychoanalysis and believe it 70% humans must be suffering from neurotic disorders as severe as epilepsy. But déjà vu can be seen to happen to any person sound of health.

Another game that the mind plays on us and which is unsolved too is that our body is shaken up with an abrupt jolt while we are about to sleep. It has a scientific term called 'hypnagogic jerk'. It is thought to have some connection with déjà vu. And I have been experiencing this lately.

Sometimes we also find ourselves in a state when we can't recall a word, a person or a place we have already seen or we are familiar with. I often find myself struggling with my mind while writing when I can't recall the spellings of words we use in our everyday life. This is a more common experience and is believed to have arisen out of no serious problems. It is called 'jamais vu' - never seen.

While others may try to find and explain reasons behind all these mysteries of mind they will always remain extraordinary to the majority of the mankind. They will continue to haunt their victims. And for good or bad reasons, one of them is me!

### WRITER BIO

**This sweet lad loves to roam around in dreamlands. Equally inward and outward looking, the ever energetic and ever excited dude just decided to share a pinch of his 'wired' entities.**



## FEAR, INDIFFERENCE & AN INDIAN: A NEW STRUGGLE AWAITS

Vivek Shah, Final Year

"Jana Gana Mana Adhinayaka.....". The clock hung at 9:25 am on 26th January, 2008 at Lal Quila, Delhi. A small child was wearing rags in the chilling cold amidst One degree celsius. The child had no legs but he stood at attention notwithstanding. At the same time in National Institute of Technology, Manimahesh Boys' hostel I was comfortably sleeping away. This is one chilling video I saw of our Republic Day celebrations which made me feel shameful. For my penance I am writing this article.

Rewinding back a 100 years, a huge struggle had ensued between a colonial rule and determined and dedicated nationalists. They fought for freedom, they fought for their country... its difficult to call that country of their dreams "our country". They fought for the Indian flag, they fought for flying it in their own motherland. I have ended up laughing at their blood by not taking pride in seeing my country basking in its glory.

To add to the shame, I am studying in NIT Hamirpur, where my degree is funded by the Government. It is funded by the toil and sweat of my countrymen and I am casting a blank eye to it all. The flag signifies our nation, our pride. It signifies us. Am I worthy of being called an Indian? Something that a small uneducated boy knows, I being among the 20 % of privileged Indians who receive higher education do not know. I am every sense illiterate.

Everyday I see people around me telling "the country is going to dogs", "what a shame" and so on and so forth and then all that is easily forgotten in the mist of time. Mind you, I am talking about grown up people but then it's not difficult to see a similar situation in my College and how I am adding to it. I am shirking my duty. A deep cloud of fear and indifference is setting in. I am trying to look through it.

"Our education system sucks.", "Nobody knows anything." It's common to hear this every other day. Have I done anything to change it? Have I ever taken a step to communicate it to the teachers? Have I ever done anything to make the situation better? What will happen if I revolt? Probably I will end up with lower grades. Isn't a lower grade a much smaller price to pay than laying down your life for people who are not born yet? How can I just take injustice lying down? How can I accept something which I know is not right? Isn't that a crime? Have I ever raised a voice? What am I waiting for? Am I waiting for the day injustice happens to me and I break down crying? Isn't injustice to a fellow human being an injustice?

I am adding to the education system's farcicies by accepting it, I am silent and I am afraid. Is the solution of quietly accepting it a solution? Is the solution "I will copy in exams"? Is the solution "I will not do anything"? I live in a democracy. I have the voice. When will I raise it?

A few days ago, 3 workers died in my College due to a cave-in building a library so that we increase our knowledge. Did I go to the hospital to see the injured or talk to the families of those that died? They died to secure my tomorrow insecuring the tomorrows of their children. Is only a compensation of Rs. 10000 enough? Where is my honesty? Where is my dignity? Have I become dumb or have I lost my heart? What kind of a citizen will I make tomorrow if I have lost my humanity and my voice today? The shame is just too great too bear.

I complain about "Internet speed being slow". How many people have the opportunity of an 8.2 Mbps connection by paying Rs 6000 a year? What do I do of it? Do I watch and download porn? Do I download movies or Orkut and flirt with others? Is this what I am



complaining about? Have I ever been a party to sort it out? I complain that the authorities are not taking a step. Have I taken a step, have I gone and asked the problem, have I ever looked for a solution? I ask justification from our soldiers who lay down their lives saving us while we sleep. I ask where my money goes. Can't the lay man ask why pay for me to do what I am doing? How am I paying back? Am I paying back by being silent and doing wrong?

I speak of corruption, a lot of it goes on in hushed whispers about the College and its authorities. Have I taken the pain of looking into it? Have I ever raised a voice? Is it fear or indifference? I speak of corruption in mess bills, have I ever examined the mess bills, it would take half an hour to go into the MMCA office and see it. But then I am busy. I have gone to town so many times to the market for things better left untold, have I ever asked the cost of carrot and checked if the cost mentioned in the mess accounts for it are true? No. Because, come on I am too busy. And anyways I will just graduate in some days. who bothers? A soldier may say the same thing and then I will be killed in my own Country by an outsider and that will not be injustice really.

I read about eve teasing, rape and I condemn it in every sense of the word. I pass comments on the girls in the College, many a times lewd. Am I not a criminal then? I pass dirty jokes, make sick stories about a boy and a girl? Is it sicker than my mind. When will I wake up? Am I different from an eve teaser or a rapist who is in most of the cases from an anti-social background while I being from a privileged background and educated, do such things. Who am I? Where am I lost? Where is my conscience?

I say that boy is from this region or that region. I fight because someone from Shimla has passed a comment on a girl from UP. I condemn division and caste system but I indulge in it all the time. I side with my friend who has done wrong but not with the other person who is right. Isn't this a worse division than on the basis of caste? I see things happening which do not concern me and I cast a blind eye. Isn't anything that is happening in my College with my College my concern? Who cares? I talk about the quota system. I do not do anything about it. I do not raise a voice. I do not raise a voice against the greatest legalised division in my Country. I am a free man. I live in a free country but I am afraid and I am

indifferent.

I talk about the College website being bad, I say some other website is good and ought to be replaced. I just speak in Orkut. Have I gone to the Computer Centre and talked to the authorities? I see injustice happening to my friends by teachers, I go to his room and drink over his frustrations or probably if I am a good friend plead with the Director or the teacher or blog it. Have I ever taken a stand? I have seen 19 students in my Department receiving supplies. Have I ever revolted against the wrong doing? Why not? Its because what if no one raises a voice with me. Why don't I realise that everyone is waiting with the same question but someone has to answer it.

Tilak was asked to vacate his Dhaba by the college authorities recently. I go to Tilak and listen to the poor guy's story and abuse the authorities. What have I done for the guy who has fed us day night at such low prices for almost 10 years? Nothing. If I have been kind enough, I would have signed a petition or gone to a teacher I am close to, to ask? Have I ever raised a voice for him? Have I gone up to the authorities and said this is wrong. When will I speak? Will I ever speak? I complain about the cleanliness, the facilities and so on but I only speak. Have I ever done anything about it. Am I so afraid. What am I afraid of?

I am still a student and I have to go in this world as an Indian citizen. At this stage of my life I have become silent. I have become indifferent. I have lost my voice. I have lost my conscience. It's time I raise a voice else the country will be mine but the countrymen won't. I am afraid to pay a small price for my freedom. If this goes on the day is not far when I will be ashamed to say "Jai Hind".

This is something that each one of us needs to do. We need to see through the looking glass at the person staring back. Does he deserve to call himself free else we have to raise the voice to keep our freedom, or at the worst wait for someone.

Hopefully I have lit a torch and I hope it doesn't burn out. Something tells me the flame will carry on and that something is my greatest power.. my hope.

Jai Hind.



## WHERE I'M GOING

Abhra Basu Ray Chaudhuri, Second Year

In this busy life, in rare moments those are free  
I wonder where I'm going, where this life is taking me.  
Which distant place I'll end up in, I don't quite have a clue  
How I'll spend my time out there, for a living what I'll do.  
And my precious friends? Of course, I do hope they'll be there.  
so we'll still have the "good ol'days", our feelings we'll still share.  
I wonder if I'll change a lot, or whether I'll still be  
the same guy as my chums all know -the same old me  
Will I be a contended man? A happy life, sound health.  
Or will I strive for greater fame, power, and health.  
May be dad will still advise me- I really hope to make him proud.  
And his little lessons are something which I cannot do without.  
And then this little thought pricks me when everything seems fine.  
Will it be her hand I'm holding through all these passing times?  
Like the pages of a book, life's surprises come and show.  
But in the end I'll fight and make it -that's something I know.

### WRITER BIO

**The ironies of inevitable philosophies, as he seems to believe, did stack up nicely by his artwork. This guy has it all; looks, brains and humour. Unfortunately all screwed (kidding)! Except for his awesome poetry. Full of future vision.**





## THE INVINCIBLE!

Ajay Kumar, First Year

The frenziness among the crowd was at its zenith. The world record for the highest jump had just been broken. The tumult in the spectators was simply supercalifragilistic. The commentators slashed their fleshy tongues without a rest. All their words did nothing but praise the athlete.

The game has to go on. The next competitor stood at the starting line, waiting for his name to be announced, with a palpitating heart. Taking in sharp short breaths, never had he felt such.

Shouts, shrieks and screams seemed to pump his adrenaline. He had been taught to do it and he knew he could do it. Since the first air he gulped he knew life was not an easy task for him; yet he was never taught to chicken out. His mother taught him self confidence and lion heartedness. He knew this was in him. He knew he

could do it and he spirited himself.

Finally his name was announced. He took the first step, soon took to jogging and no sooner he started galloping and at the right jiffy he jumped. Incredible you might say, however it's true, for the second time in a day the world record was broken. The previous world record lasted only minutes!

A new life had been infused among the audience. The vigourness, peppiness of the people seemed to have been given a bulky jerk. The man of the moment took back to his seat, gave a bow to the seats. The boy's mother climbed up the jumping pad with the widest smile her frail cheeks could afford, hugged him and handed him black goggles and a walking stick. Needless to say now, the boy was blind.

### WRITER BIO

**This play actor cum addicted novel reader has a couple of tricks up his sleeve as far as writing is concerned, very evident here as he kept us guessing till the end. Hoping to see lot more from you. Soon.**



## THE BEGGAR

Aditya Gandotra, Final Year

### Chapter 1

#### The heat

##### 1.1 The pain

His lips were parched. He could almost feel the skin coming off his lips. He looked around for water but everywhere was dry as a bone. The only place where there was water was that sewer in which human and animal filth was so colourfully mixed. He wasn't that thirsty.....yet. It must have been 40 degrees because everywhere he saw only birds. No sign of humans anywhere on any corner of any street. It was hot. It was humid and it was burning. The few rags which covered him offered him no protection against the merciless sun. The sun. Mercilessly, it ploughed down on Kashmir that day. It kept on burning the soil. Unrelenting, unwavering, it shone down with the vengeance of a wronged woman and the fury of the betrayed poor. And only one person to bear it all.

He dragged himself towards the mosque from which the call had come. Every Friday he went there with his friends because that was the day when all the rich people of the town came. He had been there once from dawn to dusk and had seen only the priest and those about to die. Youth was absent from the hallowed halls of worship. Not only mosques, but temples, churches, you name it and youth was missing. He could only smirk. He had been the same. Maybe that's why he was what he was like now. Slowly he trudged on. He saw the muezzin, the guy who gives the call for prayer in a mosque, praying alone. He rushed towards the taps which were present and were used for ablutions and drank heartily from that. The feeling of your thirst being quenched is remarkable. All you are doing is swallowing water but the happiness that erupts from the very core of your being somehow exceeds description. It makes you smile for no apparent reason. So he smiled, for once like everyone else, when he felt that happiness. He was no longer thirsty.

The boy was afraid. His mother was praying in the women's enclosure of the mosque and his father was at work. He had been left to play in the mosque yard. Although it was middle of a very very hot day, he was afraid for he couldn't believe his eyes. What was that person doing standing behind that beggar and why was he smiling. That person was dressed in all white and even on this burning day, his clothes shone. Long black hair, a benign smile on his face, as if looking down on a child who had said something wise. That person just kept on looking at the beggar as if he had all day to do that and had nothing else to do. Suddenly the person turned towards him and smiled even more. He got so scared that he ran into the enclosure, not caring what his mother said; he was too scared of the man in white.

The beggar just smiled. He was long ago used to see children run away on seeing him. After all, a beggar isn't the prettiest sight to behold. His thirst quenched, he sat down near the door of the mosque deliberating whether to go near the school or the hospital. He decided upon the school.

Children were nice, because they hadn't yet been sullied by the wiles of the world. Well at least some hadn't been. Some were worse than his own friends.

But he decided upon the school. As he got up, he heard loud voices, and saw some ladies coming from the enclosure all angry and miffed. He saw some pointing towards him. He just stared at them, unable to gather what was going on. Suddenly the muezzin came out and started to talk to the ladies and they were gesturing at the beggar while saying something very angrily. The muezzin tried to calm them down and then started walking towards him. As he reached the beggar, the latter tried to ask what was wrong but he was grabbed by the collar and thrown out of the mosque by the former and some other enthusiastic youth. The child tried to whisper to his mother what he had truly seen,



but the mother and all the other ladies insisted on hugging and consoling him. The irony of this world; A despondent beggar comes to a place of worship and is thrown out without being given a chance to defend himself. Truly there has to be life after this one, where else will the weak, the defenceless and the hopeless get their justice!

### 1.2 Blood and Tears

A bloodied lip is better at least than a parched one, thought the beggar to himself. The few people who were in the street made a point of staring at him as he picked himself up after being thrown out. He just looked back and saw the child staring at him from his mother's shoulder. He could see that the kid was sad and something on that innocent face made him cry. Gone were the days when he could weep and tears would come out. He had long ago used up his reservoir of feelings and now he could only weep in heart, the place where when he wept, no one accused him of faking it to get a few extra coins. Innocence is often deemed as the property of the naive or the very young. It is not. It is the right of all those who value morality above all else, but in the mire that is society, innocence is faked so often that most reject it as if it never was. So why should any one believe the lowly beggar, the vile specimen of humanity born only to con!

The school had closed. He was late. The scene at the mosque had cost him his chance to beg a meal. Not that sleeping on an empty stomach was new to him, but it is those who frequently are in pain, who would want to avoid it the most. But now nothing could be done. Except if he could wring the heart of that small kid sitting on the bench, swinging his feet and smiling without a care in the world. It tore his heart out that he had to beg from a child old enough to be his grandson, but the first casualty of poverty is the sense of shame, something that predators prey on. He went up to the kid, his hunch more accentuated than usual, a piteous look upon his face and his one hand outstretched. He begged the kid for some money knowing fully well that a kid that young wouldn't have any. The child took out a coin from his pocket and put it in the hand of the beggar, all the time smiling. As the kid was putting the coin in his hand, their hands touched and something stirred in the breast of the beggar. Something he thought had died long ago. Emotion. A wail rose from his chest and erupted from his eyes. He could not believe that a smiling child so young would so willingly and so happily part with his money. He had seen people in costly cars wince when they gave him pittance, he had seen women laden with jewellery give him nothing more than advice on how he should earn his money. After all, a hole in the heart has no outward symptoms, so he didn't blame them. But a

small child, so small, so pure would willingly part with his money and offer it to a filthy beggar.

Someone who parents make sure their kids stay away from. One tear, one tear from his eye fell on the ground, and he realised that there was no way he could take that money from the child. He could see the food he could get with that coin. A pang rose from his stomach, a pang which only those know who haven't eaten for a long time and have to watch everyday others eat. The pang rose and rose and rose but he knew that he couldn't take that money. He put the coin back in the hand of the child and blessed him. The kid smiled even more, all the while looking in the eyes of the beggar. He ran his hand over the head of the child and blessed him once again. His eyes moist, he just couldn't think straight. He didn't know why his heart had been touched. He had been given money by children before, who thought that by giving money to him was enough for a passage into heaven. But not this time. The kid was giving to him because he knew that the beggar needed that money more than he did. His eyes were moist and his head was filled with emotions. It was at that moment that he turned to take one last look at that child and he did. He saw someone stand alongside that child. Someone tall, with black hair and dressed in white clothes, just like the child.

## Chapter 2

### Mortals 2.1 The two men

Everything had happened in slow motion for the fruit vendor. He had at first thought that the beggar must have been crazy as he was talking to an empty bench and then crying he had walked right into the path of a huge truck that only a blind man could miss. And now he lay in a pool of his own blood on the street. Everyone came rushing to watch a beggar die. No one came to help a human live. Ladies screamed and men rushed to help. But then someone felt his pulse and felt none. He was dead. And soon the street was blocked as more and more people watched the blood of a poor beggar waste itself on the street of mortals. It was a scene they wished to memorise for this would serve as a topic to talk on for afternoons to come. They didn't want to miss the opportunity to say that they saw it happen when it came out in the newspapers tomorrow. The group that now watched and chattered above the dead body of a human being would have shamed a pack of hyenas tearing a carcass apart. But, he wasn't a human, he was a beggar. Who cares about such people any way.

Rollicks and Bratman got off the bench and slowly started walking towards the beggar.



## THANKS 4 CALLING!

Diwakar Jha, Third Year

"Excuse, me, What's the full form of TCP?"  
"Transfer Control Protocol", I answered.  
"UDP?" She asked again.  
"User Datagram Protocol, but I'm not sure." I replied.  
She didn't care. She was busy noting down the information. She might need it in the next few minutes.  
"I hope I didn't confuse you", I asked with a blush in my voice.

This time, she looked at me. She was nervous but not frightened.

"Not at all." yet she smiled.

Then silence reigned for a minute or two. I wanted to continue the conversation. After all, she was the most beautiful girl around!

"May I know your name?" I asked, still maintaining innocence in my voice.

"I'm Puja, and you?"

"I'm Raj, Raj Sekhar, friends call me RS."

"Where are you from?", I asked again, trying my best to lengthen the conversation.

"Calcutta" She replied nonchalantly.

"Great, even I'm from Calcutta." I said with a sparkle in my eyes.

Suddenly, a deep cracked sound announced- "Its 10 marks, 10 minutes." It was then that I noticed the surroundings. All the 350 odd people, seated in IITD's huge, perfectly built auditorium, looked tense. Soon the question papers of the daily test of the 25-day long summer course were distributed. I just answered five questions in five minutes and spent the rest of my time staring at her, appreciating her beauty.

She was the kind of girl you would like to see the first thing in the morning, at the end of your arms, by the window. Those deep, tranquilizing eyes, Oh that mischievous glance- a voice so enticing that it could pacify anybody at once. She was the face which could launch a thousand paper missiles! She submitted her paper at the eighth minute and left without even looking at me, let alone say bye. That was my first meet with Puja. I felt lucky to have got to talk to her, because I have been eyeing her from the very first day!

The next day, lectures started and ended. I just kept thinking about her. I was still dwelling in those ten minutes of fate. Today too, she was seated in the second row. She looked even more beautiful today. Somewhere I started feeling that she was mine. Soon, it was recess. I kept thinking of how to start the conversation with her- Should I say-"Hi" or "Hey, remember me?" or "Hi Puja, you look great today!" In the presence of her friends, would she talk to me? I just

### WRITER BIO

**This guy very well knows how to speak his mind out and be very clear with his words. He's a really focused, practical guy. He has the knack for attracting people towards himself. In his story, he shares with us how RS attracted Pooja towards himself at IITD in hot summer. Diwakar surely has Sunny days ahead! Remember, some fictitious stories are not all fiction...**



could not gather enough courage to go up to her. Suddenly the bell rang. The break-time was over. The next seminar started. I felt like being a cup full of disappointment. Then, out of the blue, the prof announced that it was the last common lecture of the course. We were divided into small groups, to complete our projects. She was not in my group. I wanted to protest.

I felt my summer romance begin for all kind of reason, but before anything being said, it ended. It was like a shooting star, a fleeting glimpse of eternity, and in a flash it's gone. That evening was difficult to pass, the night, unbearable. I looked for her on orkut. I wanted to know her- as I know myself. On finding her, my face beamed. On receiving her reply scrap, it glowed. We scrapped each other for sometime and soon became friends.

Soon, the project work got over. On the last night, our instructor gave us all a farewell party. That was the best thing he did in the course. That party came with a lot of hope, infact my last chance with her. I was excited. I wanted two things- her phone number and a date with her the very next day. In the party, as soon as she separated from her friends, I rushed to her. Strangely, she was expecting me! We started talking. Her sweet voice kissed my ear. I felt great. At the end when people start leaving, I asked her can I drop her some distance. She said ok, but looked scared. On the way we chatted, I offered her chocolates.

I was calm on the way until we arrived at her hostel because in few seconds I was about to beg for my two precious wishes. I asked whether she could spend an

hour with me the next day. She said she was busy the next day. But she looked sorry too! I asked if I could call her sometime so that we can meet some other day! She said No -no reason, nothing! only that she might call me, on reaching her hostel. Her faint smile sublimed me. I bade her good bye. That summer romance started again - this time a bit longer, but they were shooting stars, in a flash they were gone.

Crestfallen, I returned to my hostel, and to real life. Soon, I packed my bags and left for home. Soon things got down to normal. But I always wondered how nicely she refused. I knew that she was not going to call me. But I didn't have the luxury to think more on that, because it was time for new year-a new semester! same old friends same faces who had always assisted me in what ever form they could- assignment , project, proxy, exams and most important in letting me throw her out of my life!

One day, I saw a call from an unknown number. With no excitement, I said "Hello". Suddenly, I heard the same enticing voice on the other end, this time much sweeter. "Hi, I'm Puja, Remember me? I told you, I will ring you once I'm in college? See, I have kept my promise!" She said in one breath. I didn't know what to say. Without waiting for my answer, she continued to tell me how she finally managed to get a new cellphone from her father. The one which she was using in IITD was her father's- the only reason she couldn't gave me her number that day. She even told me that I am the first person she had called with her new phone. Choked with a million thoughts, I just said- "Thanks for calling!"



## THAT THING CALLED LOVE

Deepak Singh, Third Year

They say that just before you die your whole life passes before your eyes.

Present day (second week of 5<sup>th</sup> semester):

Trin....trin....trin....

I woke up. It was my alarm. I was feeling very upset, which was unusual for this hour. It must have been the dream. I dream a lot and since the turmoil my life had gone through last year, they are usually not cheerful. I concentrated on what I had dreamed about. I think it was my first day of the college.

I had entered my class, late as usual. The introduction was going on and my eyes fell on the girl who was giving her introduction. She looked just like Jun ji hyun in "my sassy girl"; confident, beautiful and fun to be with. Though I am not the flirty type neither I had any intentions of making a girlfriend as I am fully aware of the harmful effects of such a grievous mistake yet it did occur to me that now I will have no problem sitting in the class; all I have to do is to keep her within sight. Coincidentally we became friends. It was a few days before hill'ffair.

She was in decoration club and was gluing a poster on the wall. She was standing on a chair and must have been on her toes when she lost her balance. I was standing near her and with my quick reflexes which I

owe to a mixture of sports and computer games I lunged forward and caught the poster. Well please don't judge me but I had done a lot of hard work on that poster and was not about to let it get dirty plus the fact that she was a girl did hesitate me. Anyways luckily she was unhurt. Everybody came running forward to see whether she was ok or not and someone I think it was my friend Varun who commented on my act of saving the poster and not the girl. Now you count on your friends to help you out of tough situations but my friends usually push me into one. This led to a burst of laughter and also became the talking point between me and Swapna. We went on to talk about many more subjects like movies, society, food, family. I came to know that her father worked in the college and her mother was a working woman whom she idolized.

"Oye Tyagi get up!" I shouted at Vivek, my other roommate. It had become my duty to wake him up since he got the infectious disease called Counter Strike.

"I have my first class at 10:30" He murmured holding his sheets so tightly that any thoughts of tugging it out of his hands left me. He always has his first class at 10:30. Seeing him sleep made me remember the night of her birthday.

It was 11:55 pm and I had gone to the roof of her

### WRITER BIO

**Looks a harried and hurried personality at first go but is actually a very sincere and hard working person. His academics are proof of his credentials as a would-be-technocrat. Always occupied with some constructive work or the other, Deepak's article is a welcome change from what we have come to know of him albeit on a lighter note.**



building and phoned her to meet me. Well she was apprehensive but she came up. I placed a piece of pastry with candles lighted on it. And when she did blow out the candles I sang 'happy birthday' and asked her out for a dance (since there was no stereo nearby, the song 'let me love you baby, got' played from my mobile kept in my shirt pocket). When the song ended I gifted a teddy, with a chocolate in each hand and a cassette on the back containing a song I had written for her with guitar from my friend. That summer holiday she had said yes.

I left the room for breakfast. And there was ravendra aka body, sitting on one of the chairs. With his 44" chest and 15" biceps and the stringent effort he was putting in getting the abs he had pretty much what a guy desired. "Hey you look just as down hearted as you did in your fourth sem." He commented Well I had never told anyone that it was during the last hill'ffair that she had broken up with me.

"I don't think we should be together anymore."

"Huh! Why? I mean ..."

"Because I never loved you. It was just sympathy. You were so down I just thought what is."

I never heard anything after sympathy as I had started walking back to my room. I turned once to see her talking to her newly made brother in college. It was a terrible day, it was a dreadful week. At the end of two weeks I came to know that she had somehow developed some affection for her brother which was not so brotherly. They were now boyfriend and girlfriend. Its one thing to be dumped and quite another to see the person you like roaming with a new boyfriend in less than a fortnight.

No body knows how it feels to see your ex walking and

laughing with someone else. It's like having a blunt knife stabbing you not just once but again and again till you get numb, but the problem is that you never get numb and pain fills you just like blood. When I returned to my room I made sure I was alone and Vivek was still sleeping. I fetched my lifesaver and left the room. I don't know how bad your life should be when a revolver becomes a life saver. Getting one inside the college was not difficult. The only problem is getting the gun but if you have a forgetful uncle who is an ex-army personnel, things become a bit easier. I reached the roof of mechanical department. It's amazing how life sometimes becomes more painful than a bullet in your head. I brought out the revolver, cocked it, placed it at my temple and pulled the trigger. They say when you are going to die your whole life passes before you, but I could see only her face. As the cold death crept over me and my body succumbed to numbness I could just feel a tingling sensation where the bullet had entered.

"Stop tingling me." I said. My roommates didn't have their morning classes I think, so they had taken interest in rousing me from my lovely sleep.

"Get up. Or we will be late for the football match with 2<sup>nd</sup> year?"

"Is it today? Wait I will get ready in a sec."

I jumped from my bed. I had a very sad feeling inside me. Must be from my dream. I remember it was something about my ex girlfriend but I don't remember the details. She was the one who had told me to take life as it comes, to relish the sorrow as much as one enjoys the happy times. I had heard that in order to grow up every guy must face rejection. I now know it to be true. She had turned a Mumbai boy into a man. I don't know whether she knew that or not. It really doesn't matter...



## THE FACE OF LIFE

Princy Soni, Second Year

Just as every cloud does not have a silver lining,  
Every story too does not have a happy ending...  
Not every traveller finds the shore  
After long days of travelling

Every friend who wears a smile,  
May not be your well wisher at heart.  
Behind the smile, the mind is at working,  
The devil really is hard at toiling.

Your success pricks like a thorn,  
Your popularity causes heart-burn.  
How to get you down and out?  
In life, how to declare you run out...  
The mind's clock is ticking, like a bomb

That is the way life is,  
The part of life holds it all...  
Friends and foes alike  
Learn to take it all in your stride.

If there are foes, there are friends too,  
Where there are thorns, roses are found too...  
Bask in the love of true friends,  
Thank god you have them.

About the rest let them be.  
In lord's loving hands.  
May good sense prevail,  
May they your friends always be.

### WRITER BIO

**This lady is creative, be it her pen or paintbrush. She puts her innovations on paper in such a unique manner that none are left unamused.**





## FAIRER SIDE OF FAIRER SEX

Akhilesh Agarwal, Third Year

I hope you all guessed it pretty much about the article, alas, it is related to the senior who wrote the previous article "Darker side of the fairer sex".

It was somewhere around the second semester the month of March. A very beautiful weather, something that would make moods turn on, So we guys decided to step out of our rooms and enjoy the still untouched beauty of nature in N.I.T. Hamirpur. We stepped ourselves into the juice bar to make the best of two most beautiful considered creations of god, *one* being nature, it was a day after periodicals. We made ourselves comfortable in the chairs in juice bar and placed the orders.

My mind was wandering in the trees around the juice bar which makes it a wonderful place for the couples'. As we sat and gossiped a couple walked in and occupied the table next to ours. The guy was sitting with his back turned towards ours and allowed me a perfect view of the lady's face. I could catch the side glimpses of the guy, whom I knew as my roommate happened to be his state junior. Though I was hardly interested in their conversation but to me it seemed that the guy was a little angry with the lady for some reasons and she seemed to apologize.

About the couple I had heard a few details that the guy was pretty much better than his better half. In looks, even I thought it might not be very wrong. They had ordered *only* two juices. "Only" is used to say that its *heard* that you have to shell out a lot to be on a date in

'JB' They both took their sips and were still talking. Their conversation after a few seconds got a little hotter. But my eyes for some reason were fixed on the lady, looking for something that held the charm. It was then slowly she took her hand close to his. Their fingers feeling each other saying sorry and calming down. The guy took another sip and the lady responded with a quiet smile, she slowly slid the guys glass towards hers and leaving her glass for him she took a small sip from the place where the guy had his. There was no further conversation. The weather or may be the effort of the lady spoke it all aloud. They smiled and the lady blushed. Without letting the words out of their mouth they said something to each other in the eye so as to enjoy the moment, amongst the people sitting in JB. Without letting anyone know. As if the time was passing very slowly I never knew when they finished their juices. The guy paid the bill (as it is supposed to be) and they both stepped towards the dwelling place of the Second beauty.

They held their hands for a few seconds enough to realize they were still in college. They now walked close to each other. And only then to my dismay there came the guy with the order that I had placed few minutes before which did seem like few hours. I left the couple on their own no more staring and viewing the story till the end. I had much important work to do, that was to eat my chowmein. But after all I had a smile "There does exist something that can make people smile. I don't know what it is called, some call it "love" some call it "trust". I don't know what you call it but it was worth the moment.

### WRITER BIO

**Akhilesh, though he looks innocent however he is a maverick. His dreams are utopian still he posses the caliber to achieve them. The love birds of the college will find this article to be interesting and don't grumble, if it matches your very own story!**



## INDIFFERENT STROKES

Divya Sharma, Final Year

**Date:** 21<sup>st</sup> December, 2007

**Time:** 1.00 pm

**Place:** PVR: Plaza, New Delhi

Fifteen hundred young, old, rich, poor, literate and illiterate people representing the Indian public enter the cinema hall to witness, on the big screen, the story of a special child, Ishaan suffering from Dyslexia *Taare Zameen Par* is a movie that narrates how this little boy is first discarded by society due to his inability to read and write, and how eventually he overcomes his misfortune with the aid of his teacher Ram Shankar Nikumbh, who discovers the true talents in him.

A Happy ending. An overwhelmed audience emerges out of the hall with flooded eyes and melted hearts.

**Date:** 21<sup>st</sup> December, 2007

**Time:** 6.00 pm

**Place:** A Delhi suburb

Manohar Lal, a tea stall owner, is sitting in a corner of his poorly lit shack with a tear drop rolling down his cheek. Today is the 18<sup>th</sup> birthday of his only son Akash. His son has finally come of age, and he could now, have proudly handed over the charge of the bread winner of the family to Akash. Unfortunately, destiny wished otherwise.

Akash was born a normal, healthy child, but despite all precautions, had suffered an epileptic attack when he was merely 40 days old. Subsequently, he was diagnosed brain haemorrhage. Akash has been experiencing severe epileptic attacks ever since and has been on a treatment of anti-convulsants for the past

18 years under the best neurologists at the All India Institute of Medical Sciences. The medical fraternity has failed in every attempt to identify the cause of the ailment and have instead termed it 'congenital', even though there was no such sign at the time of his birth. One-fourth of his brain is a cyst that cannot be operated upon due to the risk involved.

Akash can barely use his right motor organs, and even though he is 5½ feet tall, he has a mental age of a child of six or seven. He is completely dependent on his parents for his needs and has had no success in competing with the existing world. He was forced to drop out of school due to his inability to cope with the curriculum and more so, due to the rejection he faced at the hands of his teachers and classmates who were no more than seven years of age. The constitution of India has pronounced Akash an adult today, but he continues to be a liability on his parents who have learnt to live with the uncertainty that casts a shadow over the future of their only child.

This is not the tale of one family, but the reality faced by millions of families in India and the world over where their members suffer from Down syndrome, Cerebral Palsy, Dyslexia or some other form of mental disability. According to statistics 0.98% of the population of India is suffering from mental disabilities, though the actual figures are believed to be much higher.

Moving to ground reality, it is a time to question if merely coining terms like "differently abled" or marking October 10 as the World Mental Health Day is enough for this large mass of sufferers. In our country, the Persons with Disabilities Act, 1995 and Disability Act,



2001 ensure education, employment and non-discrimination to these less fortunate. A 3% reservation for the disabled has been introduced in the public sector but most people with disabilities are not in a position to work in the mainstream for sustenance.

Instead of merely debating the condition of the differently abled and then forgetting about it, it would be much better to take some concrete steps towards emancipating them from the shackles imposed on them by nature. As of now, numerous special schools exist, but they are unable to fulfil their goal due to the lack of trained manpower and apathy on part of society. Rehabilitation centres have been set up in various places, but the poor mass is still incapable of affording such facilities. Another problem faced by such institutes is that patients with varied levels and nature of disability are served under the same roof and by the same people. There is a requirement for specially trained professionals who can cater to the specific needs of the differently abled which would make the task less complex for both the staff and the patients.

It is equally important to encourage children suffering from mental disabilities to study and learn in the mainstream education system to boost their confidence and feel a sense of acceptance in society. Stress should fundamentally be laid on the 3Rs Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, for these special students, so that they may possess the minimal qualification to sustain a near normal life in society.

Apart from the existing reservation in different areas of employment, incentives should be provided for education and vocational training to the disabled. It would also be commendable if loans on low interest rates could be provided to them for establishment of a small business or industry to help in long term sustenance of their families.

We need to understand that the differently abled have an equal right to lead a life of respect and acknowledgment as anybody else. We need to accept them as one of us and transform the society so that they can feel the same sense of security, confidence and belonging as any of the other individuals do. There is an equal need of understanding the kind of trauma that the families of such special people suffer. An acceptance and support of such families is the need of the hour. Put yourself in the shoes of the parents of the disabled, and you will realise how it feels to have a child who might not be able to do anything independently in life, how it feels to know that even when you are old and weak you won't have a son to support you but instead you will have to support your son.

We need to create circumstances where every Ishaan can find a Ram Shankar Nikumbh, who can free him of all his bounds. The world could be a more beautiful place if every Akash could find his own place in society and every Manohar Lal could be proud of his child. After all, every child is special.



## KEEP SMILING

Rahul Khandre, Second Year

What are those,  
beautiful lips made up of,  
which bloom like a lovely rose,  
when you do laugh?

What is that,  
melodious voice made up of,  
hearing to which,  
all my sorrows go off?

What are those,  
pretty eyes made up of,  
twinkle of which,  
all my worries blow off?

What is that,  
lovely face made up of,  
just a glance of which,  
is enough to cheer my entire life?

As for Egyptians,  
is the river Nile,  
so precious for me,  
is your lovely smile?

Keep smiling.

### WRITER BIO

**This scrawny guy packs a punch with his writings and poetry. He does tell us an important lesson to SMILE! Just comes to show that geeky guys can successfully wield a pen!**





## THE MELANCHOLY OF THE SOBBING HEART

Ashish Pal, Third Year

Lost deep in his emotional catastrophe he stood frozen on the concourse where they'd first met. Lighting the smoke was the best thing he thought he could do.

It was on that cold night, while he watched revelers partying; his eyes spotted the rarest gem on earth, standing 5'10" tall black hair, blue eyes, a figure even a blind man could spot, Justine, the damsel in disguise. He'd overrun Mosses Greene to get closer to her and talk to her and he kept no stone unturned to do that. The eyes moistened as he reminisced over the past events.

Second's lasted for hours when they were together, holding hands deeply lost into the ocean where once, Shakespeare's Romeo used to swim.

At times, she laughed at his inability to concentrate when she was near or when he used to serenade her. She was an eternal part of his life. She filled every void in his life. They were in a love so deep which even they couldn't comprehend. The Julius Caesars of modern times.

As he gropes back in time, he recollects the desperation they had for each other every time they met, to be kissed, to be loved and to feel each other. A cold reflex runs at the back of his spine and he strongly feels to be in her arms. But heaven's chosen a different script for him, to be ostracized from her love, and his life.

The reason for his life's elation had ceased, she'd died in an accident. He couldn't count the years that had passed and it was as if he'd met her yesterday. But the love filled the gap. He now talks in a somber tone to the people around about the plane crash that took her life which made her the celebrity of misfortune. He can't believe she is no more.

As he lives in his turmoil he mounds up his life on a small concourse outside the airport where he stands every single day past the event and again lives his life with her. He feels that her love is like a breeze that can be felt but it can't be seen. The ember of love is still alive but the sobbing heart will never heal.

### WRITER BIO

You can find him anywhere and everywhere on the campus. Be it entertaining friends with his guitar, choreographing the fashion show and he is the life of parties. In this article he postulates that love and loneliness can coexist. A must read story for those who think love means being together, for, it means total devotion to your beloved.



## INTROSPECT

Agam Gupta, Final Year

*'Ruk jaana nahi tu kahin haar ke...'*

As the song ended, Prakhar switched off the radio. The diary he was reading still lay in his lap, and in his very first reading, Prakhar had found it really inspiring especially in synergy with the song. It was his late grand-father's Diary, which, he had chosen to sum up all his life in the form of experiences and reminiscences. For Prakhar, his grand-father had always been venerable, and one of those precious writings of his, had made his father extremely elevated in Prakhar's eyes. Now, he began contemplating, where he stands in comparison to his father, Rajesh. Given similar conditions, would he have got through, the same way his father had. The pages of the Diary had their impression clear on his mind, and he was startled to know how things had been when his father was young.

It was a winter morning, when Rajesh was born to the Guptas. All was well till he turned 10. Now, he had two younger brothers to play around with. His father was an employee of the Gram Panchayat and his mother a house wife. Mr. Gupta was a person with rare intellect and his sons had supposedly inherited the same from him. But, owing to his old habit of drinking, one day hell broke loose. Mr. Gupta had an altercation with one of his seniors, and was consequently put under indefinite suspension. With no source of income, the family was

bound to have a bad time ahead.

Circumstances demanded the contribution of Rajesh, the eldest son in addition to those of his parents. His father had chosen to deal in making and selling milk products, a business which at a very short scale, could not guarantee an income that could suffice the needs of a family of five. His mother undertook training of midwife, so that she could add to the family income as well. The youngest son was too young and the elder two were not mature enough to yield any concrete support. They used to sell toffees and *til laddoos* to the school children during the lunch time. How difficult it would have been, for the children of standard 3 and 5 to part with the toffees and sweets, for a meager 1 or 2 paisa which would be handed over to their father. Prakhar introspected, how many times he had shared his toys with his younger brother, leave alone the less fortunate ones. Did he have it in him, to give a single piece of chocolate to the son of their house maid? How many times had he flaunted away money in throwing parties and in other wasteful endeavours?

How many of us have shared our toys and stuff with children who can't afford them? Do we even allow them to have a look at them? How often have we mocked at them saying 'This is not meant for you'? How many times have we given those senseless gifts on V-days and Friendship days, while that money could have been

### WRITER BIO

**This *sant* speaks with conviction, clarity and loudness. He likes to keep company with the works of some of the foremost thinkers and philosophers from the pages of history. An aspiration to be counted amongst the big names in management keeps Agam burning the mid night oil.**



put to use in a more rational manner.

We really need to analyse these questions.

Even when the family struggled, Rajesh didn't let his education suffer. Six years passed by, and his father was still not called back on duty. The situation was no better, and Rajesh had already sacrificed his interest of pursuing a science course in his Intermediate, owing to the family crisis. His brothers and he understood the situation, and were sagacious enough to act according to the directions of their otherwise helpless father. *But, today, there definitely is a shift from "ji pita ji" to "Dad, you don't know".*

Another such decision came and Rajesh acquiesced once again, although this decision might have cost his father nothing less than, his son! From the next day, Rajesh joined a wine shop as an assistant, without even knowing what compensation he would be getting for it. The audacity of the decision of a father, in putting his son of sixteen, at a place like this had its foundation in the values that his father had inculcated in Rajesh, who never gave to drinking even while being at a place so provocative and at an age so conducive to the same. Does Prakhar have this level of self-control in him? Had he been in such a position, would he have survived the temptation? The answer he knew.

Even before he was eighteen, Rajesh completed his training and started teaching at a school. Being the eldest son, he had not only become a role model for his siblings, but also made his parents proud. "Will I make my parents proud someday?", Prakhar questioned himself.

After strenuous efforts that lasted more than a month, with meager resources to sustain life, Rajesh successfully accomplished the onerous responsibility of getting his brother admitted to a college. It was his will power and urge to learn, that over a period of eight years, Rajesh not only completed his graduation and post graduation, but also sustained the family.

So, flew away the bad times, and what came in, were the moments to rejuvenate. Finally after a long period of sixteen years, the head of the family had got his job back. Magnanimity knows no bar and so was the case with him. He sponsored the education of an underprivileged child belonging to a labour class family that cut stones on the roadside.

Now, Prakhar was in turmoil of thoughts. He was compelled to think and realize, "How many times have I offered help to my brother, even during his exams when he needed it the most, and for reasons as stupid as watching a movie or going out with friends!". While his grandfather offered a helping hand to a stranger, he had shirked away from his most fundamental responsibilities.

Somebody has said, "we are born with expectations and die with them". Do we realize what do parents expect of us? On the other hand we expect a lot from our parents, don't we? Do we even confer upon them the least respect they deserve to get? Are we capable of facing the challenges of the world, which has more bad than good in it? Aren't we shirking away from our responsibilities? This certainly calls for us to give a thought or two, to these questions.



## IS IT RAGGING?

Sumit Sood, Third Year

Senior: "You, first year".

Jangoo: "Yes, yes sir".

Senior: "Who'll wish the seniors?"

Jangoo: "Good afternoon. I mean good evening sir."

Senior: "Is there only one senior here?"

Jangoo: "Good evening sir, good evening sir....."

Senior: "Look at your third button", blistering at him.  
"Which branch?"

Jangoo: "Sir, Electronics."

Senior: "What Electronics. huh. Doesn't it have a full name?", speaking sharply.

Jangoo: "Sorry Sir, Electronics and Communication Engineering Department"

Senior: "And where are you from?"

Jangoo: "Sir, district Kangra."

Senior: "So you rule over whole Kangra district?"

Jangoo: "No Sir. Sir, Palampur."

Senior: "Who all are your Directs in the pre final year?"

Jangoo: "Sir, Don't know"

Senior: (angrily) "What? Who'll know then?"

Jangoo: "Sir, I'm supposed to know. Sorry."

Senior: "Get out of here", he shouted furiously, "And within half an hour I want names of all the seniors at your lips, otherwise..."

Jangoo: "Yes Sir" and he disappeared.

Is this ragging? Maybe YES, according to a few yet-to-be-torn anti-ragging advertisement boards, hanging here and there in the campus. Merely interacting with juniors so called 'Jangoos' can't be tagged as ragging!

In my opinion, by means of this formal introduction

seniors try to teach the moral values of professional colleges. In our professional life, when we'll get into the practical world, willingly or unwillingly we'll have to respect our seniors. So, isn't it the right time to make it a habit in the very first year of college life? Will it not help them in their future life? Is there any harm in interacting with your seniors? Or is it wrong for a senior to know about his juniors? Or is it pleasant for one to live in the dread of seniors till he enters the final year? Or will it be fair when the seniors are not going to help their juniors anyway because they don't know them at all?

Most of your answers would be 'No'. Then why is there a Z-security cover for them? Why are they kept under barbed fences? A senior is not even allowed to meet his brother in first year for security reasons!

Why don't our highly qualified professors and officials understand all these questions? Or its just that they are not worried about the friendly relations among the students and a charming environment at the college.

These are some questions which need to be answered.

Yet I feel that we all have to come up for each other. A friendly environment at the college level is a must. Life is much more than 'Study and being Self Concentrated'. After all, we have to make these college moments the best and unforgettable for the years to come.

### WRITER BIO

**Sumit is a helpful guy, with a strong dedication towards his studies. He likes to keep himself confined within his singlet or the class room. In this article, he describes the plight of freshers at the hands of seniors.**





## DESIRED DREAMZ

Gaurav Thakur, Third Year

I can't give solutions to all of your worries, but I can listen to your soul, then you and I together can search for an answer. We can walk together to chase the horizon. We can dream and can execute them to reality.

Confused, who am I? Ask yourself? Still confused? hey I m inside you, dears! I am there in your every thought, there behind your every dream. I am your desire. Your desire to be known, your desire to be a pioneer. I was there when you started your maiden voyage towards life .I was there when you were aiming to keep your first step on the mark. I was there when you uttered your first word. I accompanied you in every walk of your life. But why am I there? What's the reason behind my presence? What's my purpose? Let's search for an answer together.

You all dream. Some dream for money, some long for name and fame. Some of you want good life partners.

Some dream for a car, some for a chocolate and blah blah blah, And all these dreams are my blessings for you. I am not boasting pals! After all I am your desire, your mentor - "isn't it".

But is just dreaming enough? No. We have to work together to execute our plans and turn our dreams into reality. I have been there in everybody, and those who treat me effectively become masters of their fate, captain of their souls. Above all trying and dreaming even in your worst times is all that matters. Remember those who try are not losers, they are dreamers and "dreams are not the ones which you see when you sleep but are those which will never let you sleep until they are achieved". So keep dreaming and carry on your efforts to achieve them. Keep me alive and I - your DESIRE guarantee to lead you to the unscaled heights.

### WRITER BIO

**Gaurav is sincere, hardworking and studious. Generally, he is one of the sources of all assignments, prac files and codes. He was also the sem topper in CSE the last time. In his article, he shares his story of success- that's desiring to be big, first in your dreams, then in reality.**



## VISION 2050

Karan Vasdev, Second Year

We live in the age of science. Science and technology have changed the course of world history and will continue to do so in the times to come.

Imagine planet Earth 30 years from now. Envisage the scenario where South Asia will become the most developed region, people around the globe speaking only 3 languages Chinese, Hindi and American English, learning through flexible learning system, favorite tourist destination will be the Moon, arithmetic of politics will be replaced by geometry of economics. I wonder what NIT Hamirpur would have transformed into!

Obviously technology will be the pilot of this flying jet. So here is a vision 2050 of NIT Hamirpur.

To start with, the college building, will shed its dull grey walls and will be replaced by walls of glasses, somewhat resembling the ICICI head office in Mumbai. (But I am sure; our Director Sir would not shoot films in the Complex as ICICI's M.D. does).

Encouraged by the pioneering efforts of our teachers, departments will get enhanced as modern temples of knowledge, providing immense help to the scientific research and opening new gates for the development of man kind.

(I firmly believe that this will sprout from an honest attempt only.)

Mess will be replaced by ultra modern mess, where robo chachu's will serve the delicious food to the hostlers.

Forget Dual Core or Core 2 Duo; computers in Computer Centre will be eight core processors with super-smart browser-based applications.

Who has the time to write those periodicals with nothing in mind? We shall have machines equipped with neural word processing power. You'll just think the word and it'll appear on the answer sheets. The speed will be around 500 words per minute- and much more??

Mobile Phones will be replaced by ultra modern Pocket PC's or PDAS (Personal Desktop Accessory). Oil would be a thing seen only pictures and Una Himachal a thing of past (imagine how our grand juniors would go to their homes during mid-semester breaks!). So what, other transport option will have CNG Chopper. Our college lawn will turn into a beautiful helipad. The Computer Center (or CC, as we call it) will have super computers installed instead of presently installed Presario. Our auditorium will look no less than 'Wave Platinum Lounge' (Noida) where each movie ticket costs Rs. 500 at present.

### WRITER BIO

**Arousing a voice was never his problem. But sure and seldom he is left unheard, getting enveloped by the frolic lines he likes to pull in always. Probably that is a reason we have something nice from him in here this time. This guy has a vision for a brighter future. Hopefully! And that includes our college.**



In sports, volleyball and basketball will be things of the past. We will have games like jet races; instead of usual relays & missile throw (counter strike & aoe are just the beginning).

What about Hill 'ffair? (How can we forget this)? It will have participants from all over the world (Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard & many more) displaying their cultural feats.

NIMBUS 2050 will be inaugurated by the US President and thousands of sponsors will line up to be a part of this extravaganza (Guess, how 1<sup>st</sup> year will react when they have to vacate rooms to accommodate guest!).

Did anyone think about our Director Sir, Mr. I.K. Bhatt? Well he'll be still there though some years older, but still

energetic, smart, ambitious and packing his luggage to fly to the moon for inaugurating an NITH branch over there.

One thing which I'm sure of is, in 2050 my fellow companions and all you student readers will be making news everywhere. Some will be developing ROBOTS (like ASIMO) and some working as executives in MNC's. There will also be students who would be taking place of Tatas and Ambanis in the world of business while others would be visiting other galaxies as a part of a project conducted by NASA or ISRO. NIT Hamirpur will surely be a centre of excellence in engineering studies.

But where will I be in the year 2050? That I don't know, but I am sure that we all will be proud being part of this great institution.



## HINDUSTANI VILLAGE

Vivek Naik, Second Year

This is a village. A very special village. Unique in itself as it is due to its remote location. Though remote but it is the most beautiful place in the world, at least for its residents. With its wonderful scenic beauty, the green cover which surrounds the village could freshen up even the most maladroit kind of a person. One is forced to think that the mountains that surround this settlement were cast for the purpose that it would serve as a feather in the cap. The snow amplifies their inherent beauty like gold does for the lady. The sun smiles upon the village and the cloud are too happy to bless it with shower. The cold wind becomes mischievous and plays around like a toddler from here to there.

And what to say of the residents? God handpicks them to give them a chance to be a part of it. It is these residents that give the village its character. Not Himachali, neither Marathi, nor Tamil. This one special village is Hindustani by blood and flesh to the very bone of it. This is NIT Hamirpur.

A village is a human group, where everyone knows each other, by name or at least by face. It has its own culture, its very own language. In this case much of it is a cocktail, ingredients of which are imported from far away lands. A village economy works with a simple division of labor and so does this village. It has got its

own electricians, builders, machine workers, TV repairers and PC assemblers.

This village acts as one big organism with its different subgroups acting as organs. Every individual becomes a part of a body and the settlement loses its character that of a group and form a Volkishch (a people). Thus this big Hindustani village forms a vibrant technocratic culture.

In case of the national character, the whole may represent the part and at the same time the part may represent the whole while both may be differing in multitudes. The part and whole form cause and effect of each other i.e. the happenings that take place in one are the causes and effects of those taking place in the other. The tone in which we, the people, behave represents the nation as a whole. This fact puts the responsibility on our shoulders and we are not to fall in pitfalls of demography. If we get into games of majority and non-majority, this applies for the whole nation. If we take our diversity in culture as cuts in the body, same goes for the nation. As we have to join the society as technocrats and how we behave here shows how we will behave there. As a part of the society we will be feeling the general thought process. One has to decide in which direction we need to move.

### WRITER BIO

**This Huge guy, with a huge heart, has equally huge ideas regarding the future of our country. Especially our villages! Why aren't all politicians like him?**





## A RENDEZVOUS WITH LIFE...

Ratna Ghosh, Second Year

He was dressed in camouflage when I first noticed him in the queue. It was yet another December dawn and the train was about to depart. He got in, arranged his trunk and settled down on a seat, which theoretically was mine. He was traveling on a waiting ticket with a friend, another in camouflage, who, till this morning, was a mere acquaintance. He began helping me and neighbors-for-the-next day with their luggage, hardly attempting to sense our deliberate ignorant attitude towards him. He continued his trials to begin a conversation till we finally gave in....that too to the extent of explaining ourselves unhesitatingly. Were we strangers an hour ago?

And then the journey began. He, who introduced himself as Major Paul, although none of us had asked him for it, had already created an air of laughter and enjoyment by then. With jokes from his barracks, where they mocked each other over their individual lives and freedoms, to those which ridiculed their transition from bachelorhood to fatherhood, he had conquered all. The sweet n sour air was bittered by a mother scolding her child for 'disturbing' the Major incessantly, his resentment to this followed by an air of silence to her unanswered question demanding his right to do so. "I got to teach her some manners sir, being her mother. You'll not be held responsible if my kid isn't well-mannered. Please do not come in between of me n my child." His heavy eyes tried to look away from the child, when he realized that he had found a patient listener sitting opposite to him. It was me.

Meanwhile, his friend was appearing a bit skeptical about the ongoings, as though he was confused as to enjoy or come to terms with the actuality of life. He refused to talk, to eat, or even join us for a laugh. The Major, sensing my anxiety, asked me not to worry; this behaviour was a natural consequence of witnessing his senior official's murder this very morning. I imagined and was beginning to feel sick when Major restarted. His childhood, his family, his school and college days...the days when he enjoyed his life like

others.....to his selection in defense and his compromises with death henceforth. Just then he noticed someone littering the area and ordered him to behave at once. "Who are you to order me? You are a mere soldier, remember, not the Governor." A reddened face immediately assumed its original colour. A calm look flashed. It said, "That you do not know the might of a mere soldier is a pity, my dear brother."

The evening passed as he continuously spoke of his family, which he was visiting after a gap of 5 years for 20 days as also his passion for music. It is really hard to imagine a 6ft plus hefty military man singing away sitting beside a window, praising the countryside view in between. Aren't they supposed to be fighting on the borders? Are they supposed to be getting good food or shelter or even the tenderness of love and compassion? Won't it weaken them?

The next morning we were passing through West Bengal. We couldn't have been more embarrassed, since HE woke us up to experience the 'morning'. I wonder what had happened to us. I freshened within minutes and took my seat opposite to his, longing to hear more from him. I must confess he described the country to me as I had never known before. Every nook and corner, every activity as though he practiced them himself. I could see an inexplicable sparkle in his eyes as he breathed HIS air; saw HIS land and HIS people. "Its soil and water has made me strong enough to fight death and run the nation...had we not been there, imagine then..." ,proudly had he said.

As we neared the destination, he started behaving like a maniac, calling everyone he could see by designations. 'Baudi', 'Bhai', 'Mashima'. Was the entire country his family or his responsibility, his strength or his weakness? What did he expect from his men? And why am I in a dilemma regarding his actions? Just because we are his countrymen and not neighbours? Do camouflaged men have hearts too?



## SENT OFF A WOMAN

Pratik Shrestha, Final Year

The people who designed the cover of this magazine had completely visualized how the cover would look long before it was printed. I had 'seen' my article printed on this page even before I started punching the buttons on my keyboard. And I'm confident that if you 'see' your article printed in the next edition of Srijan, it shall get printed too.

For somebody who doesn't know *The Secret*, what I just said may have sounded like it came straight from outer space. *The Secret* is an educational video that talks about the Law of Attraction, which states that: *Everything that is happening in our lives is happening because that's what we are attracting. They are attracted to us by virtue of the images we're holding in our mind.*

We are talking at the level of thoughts here. We attract what we think about most. Research has shown that every thought has a frequency. And while we are thinking *that* thought, we are emitting this frequency on a consistent basis to the universe which in turn, responds to our needs. It works on faith and belief. To begin with, try attracting yourself a cup of coffee today. Think about the way it would feel when you would hold that cup. How would it taste?

Dr Stephen Covey in his influential book- *The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People* makes a similar point when he talks about everything being created twice. He says that there's a mental or first creation, and then a physical or second creation to all things. The law of attraction links the two creations. 'Seeing' your article in the next edition of Srijan would be the first creation. Somebody else reading your article around the same time next year: that would be its second creation.

I remember one incident in Chandigarh when I witnessed the law of attraction work. I waited at a bus stand alone, thinking how wonderful it would have been to meet a beautiful stranger that day. I imagined the kind of talk that I would do, the places where we would go and the things we would do. As I sat on that bench waiting for my bus, those were the frequencies I was emitting to the universe.

Bus 14A drove up to the lot. As I walked towards the rear end, I noticed a very attractive girl at the aisle seat. I couldn't believe my luck! She seemed slightly tall, very fair and she had *that* typical *Punjabian* face cut.

"Hi... This might sound a little corny to you coming from a stranger, but I am totally hooked on to that scent

### WRITER BIO

**Pratik takes the quality of extrovertedness to new unseen levels thanks to the enthusiasm and energy that can be felt from a mile away. He likes to play the guitar, travel and enjoys reading books on leadership and self development.**



you've put on, and I just wanted to tell you so."

"Thanks..."

"My name is Pratik. What's your name?"

That conversation was a product of my imagination. In all honesty, I just decided to play it cool and keep shut instead. There was a huge guy who looked like a bear sitting right next to her. They weren't making much of a conversation, but I noticed her showing him something on the screen of her mobile phone. Naturally, I concluded that they were together. But he could have also been just another stranger to her like me and for all I knew, he could have been asking her what time it was when she tilted the screen of her cell phone towards him.

I kept stealing glances in her direction. And so was she. I decided to look outside the window for a while to divert my mind. The bus was making its way through a boring Sector 17 market that looked deserted on a Sunday

afternoon. Momentarily, success to me meant breaking the ice with that girl. I had imagined all sorts of possible ice breakers but none of them felt 'right'. The girl was still sitting there.

The bus came to a gradual halt at the ISBT, Sector 43. This wasn't her stop. I grabbed my bags and walked out of the bus and looked at her one last time. She looked back. As I walked into the bus terminus, I looked back at the bus. She was still sitting there but that bear was nowhere to be seen now! Momentarily, she passed on an inviting smile and winked. The big white bus started revving up to leave. I could have caught up with her easy enough, but something in me made me stay.

I reached Hamirpur safely at 9:00pm, just in time to catch some food at Ekta Café. 'The Secret' did work that day. Well it almost did!

*The Movie 'Secret' is available for download at*  
<http://172.16.10.11/movies/secret.avi>



## JUST ANOTHER EXPERIENCE

Dhanvant Reddy, Final Year

*Disclaimer: This experience is not actually a fiction. Any resemblance to anyone dead or breathing is not actually co-incidental and the author is definitely responsible for the same. Hope you enjoy reading this article.*

Tears fill my eyes laughing, if I now turn around to see myself some time back, the time I lately went through. It was the time I went totally out of my mind. A mixture of feelings enveloped me and I was disturbed, perturbed, confused and worried.

### **Disturbed.**

I had no peace of mind. Amazingly, I started to admire hindi songs, senti types or crazy types, that I earlier used to laugh at and criticize those who made, who wrote, who acted, and also those who listened to such songs. Every line in every such song all of a sudden made absolute sense and I swear they were all touching. I wonder how my mind always kept wandering even sitting with a group of meddies. I became a terrible victim of insomnia. I ran out of perfume in no time. My clothes started seeing dhobi more frequently, and my shelves started flooding with toilette items and the wardrobe got crowded day by day. All in all...*paise going bhaad mein*. I did not understand why I always got late for classes like never before, even if my friends woke me up immediately after they did. I believe, that mirror in the bathroom is to be blamed completely for that.

### **When, where and how it started....**

It was the time when every athlete and sports person in our college was rigorously preparing / practicing for the sports meet which was fast approaching. We "the vela gang" made the audience for most of the practice sessions. And one fine evening, when at work my bloody eyes suddenly spotted this "One". She's a runner. Then on, I spotted her everywhere in the campus. Wherever I went she was definitely there, like I had a built-in radar. Curiosity about her grew. So, I took a step ahead and decided to meet her up to sort out

issues. I had never ever met a girl so far about anything, and definitely not serious business. So, I had no idea how to fix up a talk with a girl. Then all of a sudden an idea struck!! A stupid one though.

It was the second day of the sports meet. She was also a part of the dance event during the cultural night. I hosted a party in appreciation of the beautiful show that the dance club put up the night before, and put all my efforts to make sure she comes. She did, lucky me. At least my investment did not go waste. Otherwise, why would I be bothered if the dance club really put up a good show or for that matter any other club! Am I crazy or something?

Then after the party, when people started to move out, I called her aside.

"I'm not going to flirt with you, neither will I freak you out, it's just that I wanted to have a normal friendly chat. If you are comfortable with that, please wait up". So dumb!!! Yet she did spare me some time. Forty minutes of conversation and her gmail id was the output.

### **Misery ... miserable....**

Then gradually interest developed. Did a lot of investigation/research (orkut testimonials, her communities, her friends etc) to know more about her. Infection started to grow. Within a week, I was completely infected and went nuts. And then the suffering started. I still remember that first day, like it happened just yesterday. Then on, my life was completely disturbed. There was not a single other thing that I thought about, 24x7.

I had no guts to face her if I ran into her anywhere in the campus. I was never ever so scared in my life to face anyone, not even when I encountered a job interviewer or the director. My heart thumped hard even if from far, I felt she was coming. There were times I fled from the place, if I knew she was coming.

Then on "gedi maar" during evenings in the mall road



(juice bar road) and sector-17 (Nescafe) had become a routine, all just to spot her once, just once.

### **Chat saga**

Now, I look back into my past gtalk chats with her and laugh to death. I was such a fool that I was flirting right from the first chat. My desperation and her courteous replies "ok" and "haha", is all that can be seen from a two-hour chat. And after the chat was over, it took hours of rest to cool my brain back to normal. Until the next time I chatted with her again, analysis and interpretations of the previous chat keeps running. Had those chats been with any other girl or a friend, I surely would have killed him/her a thousand times. Then chats slowly got better after loads of hard work and tonnes of coolness. I was more than pleased to do her favors unasked, unwanted.

She at times said we are very different people, whenever I pushed her hard, or probably when she understood I was hitting on her. But I could never read that on chat. Some vision problems I guess.

### **Tring tring saga.**

I never could adumbrate her properly. Her image kept changing in my mind, but she always looked an "angel" for sure. I always had to make reasons that were always mandatory to fix up a meet. And *jab we met*, it was always a terrible fight; Me Vs. My fear, to keep my cool and to keep her comfortable. Talking to her on the phone was absolutely killing. I would prefer hanging myself to death, a much easier task. I used to think for more than an hour prior, to prepare myself, and then for an hour, repenting for being able to talk for hardly 2 minutes. I went absolutely blank and numb, while talking to her. Screwed up every conversation. And then I found a way to talk to her on the phone. *Take a pen and a paper and make a list of all that you can blabber about.* Then, even if you can't exaggerate on the topics, you can definitely be able to hold on at least for 10-15 min. I actually did. And once you break the ice, it would not be so difficult thereafter.

### **Obsession.**

Then the infection got worse i.e. it is that stage when usually doctors with a very heavy head bent down tells the relatives of the victim/patient "I am sorry". The state is called "obsession". And the symptom was- When she went home, no "*gedi*"; and I had nothing else to do back at the hostel. I had an incredible time making paintings of her and that was the first time I ever painted a person so good. I was really happy for the time I spent, and for the deed I did. Needless to mention, hindi songs were my all time companions.

### **Wake up!! Wake up!!**

All this continued for quite a long time. And then came

the state of realization. One weekend, I was all frustrated, my heart felt real heavy. I was confused, frustrated and worried that I was running behind something, in the dark. All this while (nearly 70 days), no matter where I was and what I was doing, I had nothing else to think about and nothing else to do except the only one reason I was living for. Distance between my friends and I grew. I then needed to see things more rationally. I have been living in a dream, so wonderful, where I could see no wrong, no hard facts. Sure did my life become all filmy, and sure I've lost something. It's colour. A black and white movie ??? kill me instead !!! I needed to come back to the real world. I had to wake up now, to find my lost life.

### **Happy endings**

Very soon, I came to know that she was lately into this guy, a stud from the same town in Gujarat where she hails from and he definitely is an excellent person by heart. That's it; there were no bounds for my happiness. Now I had a reason too, to forget things, and to find the forgotten. And now, after all this, there is nothing I feel I lost. Never was I broken for I neither expressed her anything nor did I ask her for anything. Even the time that went into this can be accounted for the invaluable experience I got. None to be blamed, apart I would like to convey my deepest gratitude to "*The One*", for playing a major role in my life lesson. I feel more matured now. If you guys relate this experience to the word "love" or something, please excuse me. I need to laugh aloud. That word has a meaning much deeper, and the way we use it is an insult to the word itself. All that happened to me was only interest, mere interest in a person, that probably might have taken a better form with much more added efforts from both sides.

*p.s: gyan is by the courtesy of a book friends recommended- "The road less traveled". And all those who think you are in "love", you really need to read it, to understand the word better.*

### **Chillax now!! life moves on!!**

No one (at least girls) is so dumb that they can't understand how a person is moving with you (senti types or not). And if you do, the bud is to be nipped in the early stages itself making things clear. What if they become psychos? Unlike me!! And now, I can again laugh at people listening to those senti hindi songs, imagining what he/she might be into, but with a different perspective.

Moreover, now that I am experienced, I can approach (hit) better if I find someone really interesting again. I can definitely chat better, talk better and treat better. So here I am on the road again, but more careful not to take a diversion into the dark, but to make my path the right diversion.



## I WISH YOU...

Geo Paul Antony, Second Year

***Disclaimer : This story is fictitious and characters featured here, bearing resemblance with any person living or dead is purely coincidental .***

It is seen, read and believed that love and friendship often transcends time and dimension ending up mocking that, which is considered impossibly insane.

The following tale may be added to the list of the umpteen works of literature which hope to do so.

On this particular midsummer night, two friends were lying on the slope of their hostel roof. One of them was rather pale and appeared depressed.

The other, though considerably paler, was of cheery disposition. The silence, not considering the chirping crickets, lasted for a few minutes till the more cheerful Kumar ventured,

"Four years have passed and now it's finally time for you to leave. We did talk about this day haven't we Luke?"

Luke replied sadly,

"Yes, but then it seemed like it would take ages... you know, like discussing getting married, or death due to old age or something.

I never thought it would seem as real as it feels now!" Kumar said with a smile,

"Remember our first week here, when that rotund 'Gabbar' sir came to our room and asked us the names

of our 'directs', after considerable swearing? And the way you started crying?"

"Ha-ha, of course I do! You know what Kumar? I still don't know the answer to that! The only name in that batch I do remember is Sugandhit Bharathraj."

Said Luke, with a wicked smile-

"That you would!" roared Kumar with mirth and he couldn't say a word till he stopped laughing. "I wish you... had asked her out. She was rather intellectual, you know!"

"I would have." Said Luke thoughtfully "but it was unheard of for a fresher to risk dating a final year during those days, right? And anyway she was going out with someone else."

"Man!" said Kumar with a yawn "I wish we could have successfully sneaked into PGH in our second year instead of getting caught. But we did give that chachu some exercise didn't we?"

"Ha-ha! I can still see the look on his panting face when he finally caught us. We shouldn't have eaten so much that day bro or we could have managed to get away!"

"Maybe," Laughed Kumar "but that would have made us lose all the fun that followed right? I wish you... could have seen the look on Headmi's face as he tried to stare the truth out of me! Like a snake paralyzing a frog or something! Crazy old geezer! Thank god the chachu was drunk or I might have been expelled for sure!"

"Ha-ha! Lucky you!" ejaculated Luke, but he didn't



mean it.

"I sometimes wish we hadn't gone on that trip to Manali in our third year, right? But I think that skiing was worth all the following trouble! What do you think Luke?" said Kumar.

"Cut it out Kumar, you are getting on my nerves! Don't you dare mention that day!"

"I think I had your iPod on me that day Luke! I always wanted to say sorry for losing it. I know how much you loved it. I really am sorry."

"If anyone must be sorry, it's me. I persuaded you to come with me. I wanted to show off my new digi cam to girls in Manali. I was being so silly! It was I who lost the balance trying to take a snap upside down. It's entirely my fault Kumar! I am so sorry! I really am" cried Luke with tears flowing freely and uncontrollably from his handsome face. "I WISH YOU..."

The silence which followed for the next quarter of an hour was so dense that it could almost be cut with a knife! Even the crickets decided to fly off elsewhere. It was finally shattered by a drunken howl.

"Hey Luke, get down here dude! We got 14 bottles of Royal Stag! It's the final night of our college, dog! Talk to your girlfriend on the phone later... IT's the time to Pa... Pa... RTY!"

Luke slowly got up and deliberately turned towards his best mate. The silence said it all. In a sweeping instant,

they were embracing. As if Luke could hold onto his friend and never let him go. Never have to say bye. Never feel the loneliness he was sure to experience without him. Finally they parted.

"This is it then. We both go our separate ways. And mine is impossible for you to follow. This is the final parting of ways. Will miss you terribly, Luke my pal."

Luke turned and walked till the stairs and stopped. He pulled out a crumpled newspaper cutting from inside his pocket and held it out.

"I won't be needing this anymore dear Kumar. Good bye."

And without turning back he went downstairs to fill himself with booze and forget the hardships of life.

The cutting, which was topped with a smiling face of Kumar, read thus:

### **Skiing freak accident**

Manali (12-02-2004): an NIT Hamirpur BTech graduate, Kumarjit Ray met with an accident while skiing in the Solang Nala. He later passed away in the Manali General Hospital at 23:20 hrs. The snow was melting early this year and it completely gave away when the group was skiing on it. The deceased went under and could not be pulled out for an hour. He was severely frost bitten and he succumbed to his injuries later.



## "SUPER" KAPOOR

Narayan Swamy, Final Year

"The world is safe once again! Thanks to..." Sounds familiar? The world we live in has been saved innumerable times by a wide variety of superheroes such as Batman, Superman, Spiderman and other interesting characters. These heroes have been successful in protecting us from villains whose sole motive is to either take over the earth or destroy it (only god knows why!). These heroes have however managed to entertain millions of kids in India and billions abroad!

To cater to the needs of forty something year old ladies, Ekta Kapoor popped right out from nowhere. With her stereotype daughter-mother-in-law quarrels, one actually wonders how people still keep watching her soaps. History repeats itself, more and more soaps are screened and loyal viewers can be seen sitting glued on to their TV sets.

Let us imagine that by some bizarre twist of fate (god forbid!) Ekta Kapoor decides to make use of these superheroes in her soaps so that it appeals to a larger majority of people!

### Main Characters:

Batman: The Head of the family

Batgirl: Mother (looks 20ish in spite of the fact that her

son is forty years old)

Superman: Son

Wonderwoman: Daughter-in-law and Superman's wife

The episodes would proceed as follows:

### Episode 1:

(Title song for 3 mins!)

(Commercial break for 2 mins).

The stage is set. The episode begins and a humongous house (fit for a king) is shown. The rooms are so lavishly and expensively furnished that even the owners of the five star hotels would turn green with envy. A joint family is shown with Batman and Batgirl getting up from their bed dressed as if they have been to a party (Batgirl is still wearing expensive clothes and jewellery!). In another room far far away, Superman gets up, looks around, is not able to find Wonderwoman, and gets angry for some reason. Meanwhile Wonderwoman can be seen cooking in the kitchen.

A telepathic conversation takes place:

*Superman:* Wonderwoman.....Are you there?

*Wonderwoman:* Yes dear....Go on.

*Superman:* Where is my electric red underwear? I have to save the world from vile villains. (In a thunderous voice)

### WRITER BIO

Narayan is the cheerful and exuberant guy who lives down the corridor. His brainchild, 'Superkapoor' takes a dig on what Ekta Kapoor's soaps would be like if they featured superheroes that we grew up with. On a regular evening, he likes to play TT, read a novel or take his beloved i-pod for a walk.



(A commercial break for 2 mins)

(A recap of the conversation that took place before the interval)

*Wonderwoman*: I am sorry dear. I have given it for dry washing.

*Superman*: What?

End of episode 1.

Title song for 2 mins!

### **Episode 2:**

(Recap of episode 1)

Superman flies into the kitchen with god like speed, looks at Wonderwoman and zaps her using his laser vision. A harassed Wonderwoman takes out her lasso and starts whipping it at Superman. Hearing all the commotion, Batgirl rushes into the room, sizes up the situation and blames her daughter-in-law for everything that happened. Wonderwoman bursts out sobbing.

**Episodes 3, 4, 5, 6:** Wonderwoman still sobbing! New characters such as Green Goblin, Flash Gordon etc are introduced who try to console her, but all in vain!

**Episode 7:** The red underwear has been brought back from the dry wash. Seeing the underwear, an argument again surfaces. Batgirl gets angry again and a fight breaks out between Batgirl and Wonderwoman. The fight aggravates to such an extent that Batgirl slaps Wonderwoman. Wonderwoman storms out of the house and swears that she will never set a foot in the house ever again! She decides to go to her mother's home.

**Episodes 8, 9, 10, 11:** Superman is angry with Batgirl for sending Wonderwoman home. Batgirl and Batman both try to justify why the course of action adopted by them is best for the entire family.

**Episode 12:** Family hears that en route to her mother's home, Wonderwoman's invisible jet has crashed and she is in fact dead!

**Episodes 13, 14, 15, 16:** Mourning begins for Wonderwoman's death. A picture of Wonderwoman is kept in the pooja place and the family can be seen crying out loudly. Everyone is regretting that she had to leave this world so early. She had to leave without saying goodbye. Characters like Spiderman, Flash can be seen consoling the family members.

**Episode 17:** Wonderwoman is alive but unconscious. It took some time for the rescue team to find her jet as it was invisible! She is admitted to a nearby hospital.

**Episodes 18, 19, 20:** Hospital scenes! People visit wonderwoman give her flowers etc.

**Episodes 21, 22, 23:** Wonderwoman returns home. Superman hugs her and they hold a grand party on her return in the same grand house.

**Episodes 24, 25:** Life proceeds normally in the Superman home. The normalcy and day to day instances are illustrated in these episodes.

I just demonstrated how easy it is to come with episodes of soaps by Ms Ekta Kapoor which have an uncanny habit of beginning with the letter "K". My advice to the ladies who watch such soaps is to stop watching them. Watch something meaningful rather than wasting your time with mundane and awful soaps. For the kids who love superheroes, I urge them to keep on watching as long as it doesn't turn out to be an addiction.

I request Ms. Ekta Kapoor to come up with better plots (which can at the least entertain the entire family!) and get rid of mother-in-law and daughter trifles. I beg her to be more innovative when it comes to naming her serials and never ever get the bright idea of using superheroes in her soaps! Lastly I would also recommend Ms. Kapoor to *get a life!*



## TUCKED AWAY IN THE CORNER...

Kaushtub Ranjan Sinha, Second Year

The other day, we happened to pass by the premises of the school. I suddenly remembered the school tuck shop. A friend enquired "what the tuck shop! Is still there?" I, thought, it should be there. There was a time when I could not imagine my childhood without it.

There was nothing attractive about the shop but it did have a funny appeal, being situated in a corner. Unpretentious, it attracted children, who thronged it like a swarm of bees. The attraction was more due to the things that were sold in it like chocolates, toffees, something popularly known as jam sweets (whatever they meant!), coffee toffee (rhyming words) and many more items which do not make any sense at all. Often I used to stand by it silently due to the lack of money and used to look at the noisy customers demand, one thing after another. 30 minutes, was the time of our lunch break and all the transactions used to take place during this small duration.

During this time the tuck-shopkeeper had to use all his skills to combat the stampede for items.

After all was calm, the gentle ones would come and scavenge the leftovers. My misery was two fold, first

because I was always low on funds (my mother never gave me money to eat outside food) and secondly because I did not have a good friend (at that point of time) who would willingly share his loot with me and sometimes, during those rare moments when I had money, I had trouble trying to raise my hands in that chaos, desperately pointing at the item I wanted to buy. Once or twice when I did succeed, there were predators in the form of big boys who bullied me and extracted some of my candies and toffees "pass me some" was the warning which issued "fast."

But my best item so far was the lemonade. All the coca-cola's, Pepsi's, fanta's etc that I have tasted seems pale in comparison to the one sold in there! still today I do not know the brand name or who could be behind the making of that magical drink, but that this has ever since lingered in my tongue, I, in-fact everyone, used to envy most the one who bought a bottle of lemonade and say "oh! See what I have got!"

Tilak is quite similar in many ways, especially when the crowd gets big and one needs quite a bit of skill and agility to get one's item fast without offending the BIG BOYS!

### WRITER BIO

**Some say "The child never died in him!". But here it seems like "The child never sleeps in him!". Ideas are as spontaneous in him as his personality. With ideas in bundles and thin time gaps off his daily 'Tours to Library' and naps, he managed a nice alternative as it seems!**





## MADNESS!

Varun Rajput, NITH Batch of 2006

If success and love are destinations, then the paths to both of them are paved by madness.

Success born of passion and strict devotion defines a lifetime of pursuit. People who have been mad about their dreams have fulfilled them in their lifetime.

It requires nothing less than unrelenting insanity to sustain and survive a lifetime of pursuit. Not many embark upon such excursions, those who do have an uncompromising attitude. Dissatisfied with what is existing, they are willing to pay any price or give any sacrifice in order to pursue a dream, seen with open eyes.

To try what has never been tried does not require a rational and sane mind but a one brimming with overwhelming passion to reach where no one has ever stepped. For such maverick pursuits, a rational mind is a misfit. A rational mind always argues, evaluates risks, deliberates on loss and gain; but a possessed mind thinks nothing but ways of fulfilling what is strongly desired. When you are deeply in love with your quest,

risks then are mere apparitions conjured by weak-hearted, loss or gain are both immaterial. What matters is satisfaction - tranquility of the possessed soul.

Madness about our dreams gives us the strength to walk the storms of uncertainty and emerge out in the calmness of achievement. A rational mind will promptly deem such excursions as perilous and squeeze out any possibility of action. Too much of thought and risk analysis makes it too late in the day to take a stand or, for that matter, take a step.

You get possessed by a dream when you confirmly know that you have what is required to realize it. So, do not deliberate because deliberation after deciding on a path to be undertaken is worse than procrastination. Take your risks, strike when the metal is hot and you will notice that the entire universe is in support of you.

*"Itni shidat se tumhe pane ki koshish ki hai....  
ki har zarre ne tumse milane ki koshish ki hai!!!"*

### WRITER BIO

Varun Rajput passed out as CSE graduate from NIT Hamirpur in 2006. He worked as a Project Engineer at Wipro Technologies, Bangalore from June, 2006 to Jan, 2008 on Network Management Solutions for Alcatel-Lucent. Currently, he is working at Goldman Sachs, Bangalore as Analyst Developer.



## FOND DISCLOSURES - II *"Then, There Were None!"*

Kumar Vijay Mishra, NITH Batch of 2003

It always delights me to write for SRIJAN – one of the singularly most important passions and epitomes of my student life at NITH. In the last episode of FD ("The Forgotten Heroes"), I wrote about my interactions with NITH Mess cooks, inter alia. This time I have picked up my experiences about so-called "chillaxing-addas" during my college days.

While this is not intended to be *'A Naïve's Guide To Best Eateries In (And Around) Hamirpur'*, I have a hunch that it has a potential to turn out exactly that. So I won't hesitate to add a statutory warning that my experiences are spaced quite away from present time. That's why these "reviews" should not be taken as a gospel truth about the eateries mentioned here (as I don't want to end up in a strange situation where a current NITHian sues me for violation of FDA laws by giving an incorrect review).

There are several good reasons why I should write about dining centers around NITH. First, Hamirpur being a university town deserves a detailed dining guide for the large student community. Second, at least when I was studying in NITH, there was an additional motivation to seek good eateries: namely, to escape the bland mess food. Thirdly, I myself, being a connoisseur of good food, reckon it as one of the

important factors contributing to a healthy lifestyle and a remarkable performance in academics and sports. And finally, having studied in a similar setting in USA, I am driven to compare the two places. It is actually not unfair, since the best of the suggestions for improvements only occur when we firsthand experience something better. Fort Collins, like Hamirpur, is also a university town situated at the picturesque foothills of Rocky Mountains. And what significantly drives the town's economy is an enormously large number of restaurants which cater for the huge student community of Colorado State University.

But Hamirpur was very different in that sense. In fact during my first year, we didn't have even a proper student canteen. They say many a great student movements started over a cup of coffee in student canteens of the universities. However, all we could get from the canteen was a tea-with-generous-water-content (after all, *"jal hi jeevan hai"*) and saturated-oil deep-fried bread-*pakor*as.

During that period, ironically, the canteen also had a 101-item menu printed on its wall. Most of the folks used to flock to second-gate Ekta Café even though there were complains of the Café's unrealistic charges

### WRITER BIO

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(yeah, those were the days of license-raj monopoly!). Although I started with Indian-style hot-dog at the Café, I ended up being a fan of their Maggie soup. Apart from this, there were two more 'outlets' around the college (I have tried them only twice out of desperation: '*Paapi pet ka sawaal tha*'. The messes were closed. As I arrived at Hamirpur much before the session could begin.): an unnamed Shivalik Hostel back-shop (he served me *kadhirice* on all occasions) and a vendor-shop opposite Dhauladhar Hostel within college premises, audaciously called '*dhaba*' rather '*buddhe ka dhaba*' (he served me apparently some delicious pakoras, the true edible qualities of which I only realized next morning).

However, the changes were in the air. During my second-year, in a true corporate style, one of the F&B barons of Hamirpur took over the canteen management. And lo! The product line was enhanced many-fold. There were sweet pastries for which the NITH girls lined-up as if they would for autographs of Hrithik Roshan and Christian Gale. Smoking was not prohibited in the campus during 1999-2001. So, some of the guys came out of the smoking-dungeons of their hostels and made canteen their home-at-large to enjoy their passionate puffs of Wills Navy Cut.

However, in US universities, on-campus smoking (which, now, is actually on decline in US) is banned for two decades (and people comply with that religiously). The canteen now also offered varieties in lunches and dinner. It was widely speculated among the student community that Ekta Café would offer reduced rates soon in order to catch up with the competition.

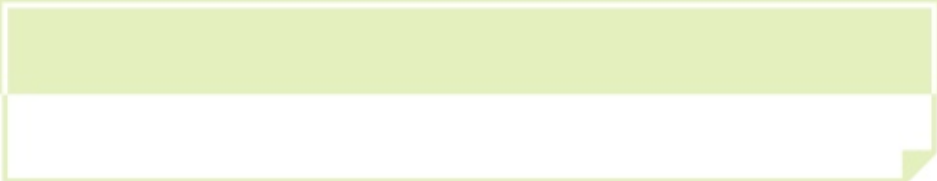
Even the restaurants in Hamirpur town were not very up-scale during my first year. My ECE freshmen welcome party was organized in Mehek, Hiranagar which had lavish space for dining and strolling but less

than five items for sale. My state welcome was held in a dingier location opposite Hotel Maya. My final year senior threw his placement-treat in Sharma Dhaba near the bus-stand in 2000 (the prized dish was named '*Shahi Paneer*', but it had a correlation coefficient of -1 with the famed real one). However, by 2001, many new eateries had cropped up in the town. There was Rahat (where we first celebrated birthday of someone in our pack. I think there were no complains regarding food. Moreover, everyone ate noodles or chopsuey.), Dawat (I never tried that. Seems it was a twin of the former, so guess I had a taste!), Hotel Hindustan (which never kicked off properly till my final year), a restaurant opposite Sai Sweets And Restaurant (this was a delicious pick!) and Karan (known more for its bar that time, it was also the site of one of fatal NITH accidents in 2001).

The most important gastronomic event in my NITH life came when English Club party was held in Hotel Hamir during 2002 Hill'ffair. When we finished partying there, one of us exclaimed 'Oh there is even a list of desserts here!' Hotel Hamir became a rage as a number of social events were organized there in my pre-final and final year. When I visited Hamirpur later in 2005 with my family, Hotel Hamir was the place which served our dietary needs.

Today, as several people from NITH community keep writing me about positive changes in the culinary landscape in and around NITH, I often feel overwhelmed (sometimes envious too!) that Hamirpur and NITH premises have more or less transformed into what they should be in terms of a proper university town area. But it wasn't the same some six years back. Guess now it makes a whole lot of sense why I named this article after Agatha Christie's '*And Then There Were None*'!

YOUR PAGE



WRITER BIO







## ‘भारत’ बनाम ‘इंडिया’

अश्विनी धीमान, तृतीय वर्ष

इस बाद दिवाली पर गाँव पहुँचा तो ननिहाल के सभी सदस्य आए हुए थे। छोटे-बड़े, बच्चे-बुजुर्ग, सब खुश थे। अच्छा माहौल था। अपने मौसेरे भाईयों-बहनों के साथ मैं भी गपशप कर रहा था। तभी तीसरी कक्षा में पढ़ने वाले मेरे मौसेरे भाई से किसी ने पूछा- “बताओ हमारे देश का नाम क्या है ?” वह तपाक से बोला- ‘इंडिया’। वहीं पास बैठे नाना जी ने यह सुना और कहा - “आजकल के बच्चे तो इंडिया ही जानते हैं। अपने देश के नाम ‘भारत’ और ‘आर्यावर्त’ तो इन्होंने सुने ही नहीं। हमने तो आज़ादी से पहले का वक्त भी देखा है, उस समय हम बच्चे थे। हम तो अपने देश का नाम ‘भारत’ ही बताते थे। पर आजकल की इस पीढ़ी को मोबाईल और कंप्यूटर से फुरसत मिले, तब कुछ जानें।”

नाना जी की बात सुनकर मैं सोच में पड़ गया। अगर कोई मुझसे यह पूछता तो मैं क्या जवाब देता? क्या मैं भी ‘इंडिया’ कहता या ‘भारत’? शायद हम सबको खुद से यह सवाल पूछना चाहिए कि हमारे लिए इसका जवाब क्या है ?

विदेशी राज से स्वतंत्रता पाने के बाद प्रगति के पथ पर निरंतर अग्रसर रहने के लिए तेज़ रफ़्तार पकड़ती ज़िंदगी ने हमें शायद ठहर कर सोचने का समय ही नहीं दिया कि कब हमारा देश हमारे लिए ‘भारत’ से ‘इंडिया’ हो गया। अभी एक दशक पहले ही तो हम कहते थे कि “भारत हमको जान से प्यारा है” और आज “चक दे इंडिया!” का नारा है। ये नाम शायद उन व्यापारियों के वेष में आए आक्रमणकारियों की वजह से ही हमारे देश में घर कर पाया और वहां से शुरू हुआ पश्चिम का हम पर स्वामित्व। कई वर्षों तक उन्होंने हमारे देश पर स्वामित्व बनाए रखा पर थन्य हो वो एक-एक क्रांतिकारी जिसके कारण हम स्वतंत्र हो पाए। अपने देश पर से तो हमने विदेशी राज हटा दिया पर हमारी विचारधारा एवं संस्कृति आज भी पश्चिम के स्वामित्व से मुक्त नहीं हो पाई। भारत हमेशा से एक मित्र देश रहा है, कई संस्कृतियाँ हमारी संस्कृति पर अपना प्रभाव डालती

और उसमें समाती चली गई पर आज हमारे देश में प्रवृत्त संस्कृति एक मिश्रण है- भारतीय और पश्चिमी संस्कृति का।

‘पश्चिम’ नामक कीटाणु का असर आजकल के बालक-बालिकाओं एवं युवक-युवतियों के हाव-भाव, बोलचाल और पहनावे से ही झलकता है। नदियों के जलस्तर के समान नीचे गिरती जीन्स ही इसका अंदेशा दे देती हैं। ‘पश्चिम’ कीटाणु का विपरीत प्रभाव एक और चीज़ पर पड़ा है - ‘भाषा’।

कहते हैं: “अंग्रेज़ चले गए, अंग्रेज़ी छोड़ गए।” और यही अंग्रेज़ी आजकल के तथाकथित ‘उच्च वर्ग’ या हाई सोसायटी के सर चढ़कर बोलती है और इसका सीधा परिणाम है हिंदी का स्तर गिरना।

‘हिन्दी’-100 करोड़ से अधिक जनसंख्या वाले राष्ट्र में अधिकांश की मातृभाषा और प्रत्येक की राष्ट्रभाषा। आज के महानगरों (मेट्रो) में एक हिन्दी भाषी व्यक्ति को वही तथाकथित उच्च वर्ग ‘गँवार’ ठहरा देता है क्योंकि उसे अच्छी अंग्रेज़ी बोलनी नहीं आती। आजकल का युवा वर्ग अपने विचारों के वक्तव्य से अधिक उनकी भाषा पर ध्यान देता है। किसी व्यक्ति के विचारों से अधिक वे उसकी भाषा से आकर्षित होते हैं।

अगर हिंदी को कहीं भी एक राष्ट्रभाषा जैसा सम्मान नहीं दिया जाता तो इसके ज़िम्मेदार हम (नागरिक) ही हैं। अपनी राष्ट्रभाषा का सम्मान अगर हम नहीं करेंगे तो कोई और भी नहीं करेगा। व्यापार एवं अंतर्राष्ट्रीय दृष्टिकोण से अंग्रेज़ी महत्वपूर्ण है और इनके लिए इसका प्रयोग उचित है। परंतु राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर हमें अपनी ज़िम्मेदारी समझ कर, अपनी राष्ट्रभाषा का स्तर गिरने नहीं देना चाहिए।

आज हमारे देश में हिंदी अखबारों के पाठक ग्रामीण इलाकों तक ही सीमित हैं। कारण ? एक तो हिंदी के लेखों से अधिक अंग्रेज़ी



के लेख पसंद किए जाते हैं। हिन्दी का स्तर गिरने का प्रभाव हिन्दी लेखों पर भी पड़ा है। दूसरे, अंग्रेज़ी को शहरों में ऐसा 'स्टेटस सिंबल' बना दिया जा चुका है कि लोग देखा-देखी में ही अंग्रेज़ी प्रयोग करते हैं। यहाँ तक की शहरों में कुछ लोगों को हिन्दी पढ़ने में परेशानी होती है।

आजकल के युवक-युवतियाँ अपने वक्तव्य के लिए अंग्रेज़ी के प्रयोग को प्राथमिकता देते हैं। उसी से वह किसी की समीक्षा भी करते हैं। जन साधारण को हिंदी में संबोधित करते हुए उनके मन में खयाल उठता है- 'लोग क्या कहेंगे मेरे बारे में?' जिस भाषा में व्यक्ति सोचता है क्या उसी भाषा में वह अपने आपको सबसे अच्छी तरह से व्यक्त नहीं कर सकता? अच्छी वक्तव्य क्षमता (कम्यूनिकेशन स्किल) को अच्छी अंग्रेज़ी का पर्यायवाची माना जाने लगा है। पर क्या 'कम्यूनिकेशन' अपने विचारों को सामने वाले तक सही अर्थ में पहुँचाना नहीं है? तो भाषा की बाधा कहाँ है?

हमारी राष्ट्रभाषा, हमारे राष्ट्र का सम्मान करना हमें सीखना होगा। हमें अपनी क्षमताओं को नज़रअंदाज़ करने की बजाए उन्हें पहचानकर बढ़ाना होगा। कई बार कहते सुना होगा अपने भी कि कुछ न हो पाने का कारण दिया जाता है कि "ये इंडिया है, यहाँ ऐसा ही चलता है।" या "यहाँ कुछ बदल (सुधर) नहीं

सकता।" हमारी कला, हमारी भाषा, हमारी फिल्में, हमारी क्रिकेट टीम, हमारी सोच, हम हर चीज़ को कम क्षमता या हीन क्यों समझते हैं? किसी कमी का दोषारोपण एक दूसरे पर करने से वह कमी पूरी नहीं होती। अगर कहीं दोष है तो वह हमारा ही लाया हुआ होगा। आखिर इस देश का जो कुछ भी बनाया है, हम ही ने बनाया है और इसे आगे बढ़ाने वाले भी हमें ही बनना होगा।

हर व्यक्ति का नेता बन जाना, इसका समाधान नहीं। इसका समाधान लेखक के पास भी नहीं, पर इसका समाधान है। हर व्यक्ति कर्म निष्ठा से अपना काम करे तो शायद स्थिति सुधर सके। आप कहेंगे कि आजकल इतना समय किसके पास है पर इसका प्रत्यक्ष न सही तो परोक्ष परिणाम अवश्य होंगे।

कदम हमें ही आगे बढ़ाना होगा। अपनी क्षमता को पहचानना होगा। 100 करोड़ से अधिक की आबादी वाले राष्ट्र में 'असंभव' जैसा कुछ भी नहीं। हमारी संस्कृति, हमारी पहचान, हमारा अस्तित्व, सब हमारे ही हाथों में है। भारत का गौरव भारतीयों से है और सच्चे भारतीय बनकर ही हम 'सोने की चिड़िया' को वापस लाने का स्वप्न देख सकते हैं।

जय हिन्द।



## मीठे सपनों की उँचाईयाँ

नितेश शर्मा, तृतीय वर्ष

हार कर इस जीवन के मैदान में,  
घुटने टेकने से क्या मिलेगा?  
ज़रा उठ कर तो देखो उन उँचाईयों को,  
जो पलकें बिछाएं तुम्हें निहार रही हैं।

अब तुम ये न कहना,  
कि ऐ स्वर्गमयी आकाश !  
वक्त आने पर कभी हम भी स्वर्णिम लंका बनाएंगें।  
शायद भूल रहे हो तुम,  
कि इन भूले वायदों का सहारा लिए,  
कुछ निर्दोष कवि भी,  
नाजुक कलियों की तरह पछता रहे हैं।  
ज़रा उठकर तो देखो उन तारों को,  
जो सतत तुम्हें अपनी ओर बुला रहे हैं।

उठो ! पकड़ कर मशाल हाथों में,  
पूछ लो उस अंधेरी लौ से,  
क्यों वो प्रकाश को इस कदर डरा रही है?  
ज़रा उठकर तो देखो उन उँचाईयों को,  
जो पलकें बिछाएं तुम्हें निहार रही हैं।

दुनिया ये नहीं कहती,  
कि तुम उन मीठे ख़्वाबों में डूब जाओ;  
ख़्वाब तो उन निर्मल मेघों के समान हैं,  
जो सदैव बरसने को तत्पर रहते हैं।  
ज़रा उठकर उन नन्हें फूलों को तो देखो,  
जो चुप रहते हुए भी,  
कुछ न कुछ कहते ही रहते हैं।

अगर उजड़ चुकी है वो बगिया ,  
जिसमें तुमने हिम्मत और विश्वास के पौधे उगाए थे,  
तो क्या हुआ ?

### लेखक परिचय

एक अत्यंत मेधावी छात्र होने के साथ-साथ संवेदनशील एवं सकारात्मक दृष्टिकोण रखने वाले नितेश, अपनी मूर्खों पर ताव देने के लिए प्रसिद्ध हैं। उनके विचार एवं सोच उनकी बातों, पहनावे, चाल-ढाल एवं कविताओं में झलकते हैं। इस कविता में भी वो जीवन को एक सकारात्मक दृष्टिकोण से देखते हुए अपने सपनों को साकार करने के लिए सतत प्रयासरत रहने की प्रेरणा दे रहे हैं।





## कोयला और हीरा

सिद्धार्थ कुमार, द्वितीय वर्ष

शुभ्र और सुंदर - हीरा, श्याम और बदरंग - कोयला। दोनों का उद्गम स्थल एक है, दोनों की आधारभूत रासायनिक संरचना भी समान है। फिर भी कितना फर्क है दोनों की महत्ता में। एक चक्रवर्ती सम्राट की तरह राज करता है, बाज़ार पर ही नहीं लोगों के मन पर भी। दूसरा अति उपयोगी होते हुए भी उपेक्षित और तिरस्कृत होता है।

हुआ यूँ कि एक बार खान से निकालकर दोनों एक साथ रख दिए गए; गलती से। बड़ा तो बड़ा ठहरा, नाक चढ़ाकर और मुँह खट्टा किए चुपचाप बैठा रहा, शायद कोयले के साथ होने से दुःखी था। और छोटा बिल्कुल आश्वस्त भाव लिए मुस्कुराहट के साथ बड़े भाई को निहार रहा था। बड़े भाई साहब को नाराज़ और उदास देखकर छोटे से रहा नहीं गया। आखिर उसने ज़बान खोल ही दी और शायद सबसे बड़ी भूल कर दी-

“नमस्कार बड़े भैया।”

फिर क्या था, सुनते ही तयौरियाँ चढ़ आई बड़े की। आँखें लाल पीली होने लगीं। “ये गुस्सा किस पर? मैंने तो बस नमस्कार किया था”, छोटे ने सोचा।

“भैया किसे कहा तुमने? मैं तेरा भाई कैसे हुआ ज़लील कहीं के?”

छोटे ने रूआँसी सूरत बनाते हुए कहा “भैया नहीं तो और क्या कहूँ? मैं और तुम एक ही तत्व के तो बने हैं। हमारा जन्म भी एक खान में हुआ है।”

“बने होंगे। बस तू मेरा भाई नहीं हो सकता।” हीरे ने उपेक्षापूर्वक कहा।

“क्यों नहीं?” कोयले ने पूछा।

“ज़रा मुझे देख, फिर अपने आप को देख। लगता है कालिख मलकर आया है पूरे शरीर पर कहीं से। मैं गोरा-चिट्ठा तू काला-कलूटा। तेरी मेरी कहाँ की रिश्तेदारी।”

“रंग-रूप से इस बात का क्या लेना देना। सच्चाई तो जो है सो है। उसे तो कोई भी नहीं बदल सकता। न रंग-रूप, न आप, न

मैं।” कोयले ने दलील पेश की। दलील सुनकर हीरा भड़क उठा “तुम छोटे लोग हमेशा छोटे ही रहोगे। हमारी बराबरी कभी नहीं कर सकते। हमारी जूतियों तले दबे रहना ही तुम्हारी किस्मत है। खबरदार, जो आज के बाद मुझसे रिश्तेदारी की बात की।”

इतना सुनते ही छोटा भी बरस पड़ा - “हाँ ठीक ही कहते हो आप। आपकी और मेरी बराबरी कैसी? मैं काला और आप गोरे। भले कोई सदगुण न हो, कोई बड़प्पन न हो आप में पर फिर भी हम पर धौंस जमाओगे, दबाओगे और सताओगे।”

“क्या कहा तुमने, बड़प्पन और गुण नहीं है, मुझमें? हुँह... तुम शायद बौखलाकर कह रहे हो ये सब। ज़रा जाकर बाहर की दुनिया तो देखो, मेरे ही रंग में रंगी है। मैं जहाँ हूँ वहीं खुशी है, सम्पन्नता है, राग है, रंग है। सभी को सिर्फ मेरी ही चाहत है। मेरी एक झलक पाते ही सबकी आँखें चमक उठती हैं। फिर भी तुम ऐसी बकवास करते हो तो मैं इसे तेरी मूर्खता ही समझता हूँ।” कहते ही हीरे ने कोयले को तिरछी नज़रों से देखा।

कोयले ने मुस्कुराहट के साथ हीरे को देखा और कहा “आपकी समझ देखकर तो मुझे तरस आ रहा है। ज़रा अपने गर्व में चूर मन को साफ करके तो देखिए दुनिया को। क्या-क्या न हुआ आपके कारण। भाई-भाई को खंजर भोंकता है, बेटा अपने बाप के खून का प्यासा हो जाता है, सिर्फ आपको पाने की खातिर। भला कौन से सुख की बात कर रहे हैं आप? आप जिसके पास पहुँचे उसके रातों की नींद गायब हो जाती है; सुरक्षा की खातिर। सड़कों पर खून बह रहा है तो ये आपकी ही करामात है। आपको पा जाने के बाद गुरूर में लोग वहशी तक हो जाते हैं। भला और क्या क्या कहूँ?”

अभी ये बातें चल ही रही थीं कि दो मजदूरों की नज़र चमकते हीरे पर पड़ गई। दोनों झगड़ पड़े, हीरे की खातिर। आखिर एक ने फावड़े से दूसरे के सर के टुकड़े कर दिए। खून के छींटों से हीरा लाल हो उठा। मजदूर ने जल्दी से हीरे को छुपा लिया और चलता बना। कोयला सजल आँखों से चुपचाप सब कुछ देख रहा था।



## चाँद

सोनू खरोलिया, चतुर्थ वर्ष

कभी कवि की कल्पना है ,  
कभी किसी का महबूब ।  
किसी को आता दाग़ नज़र,  
पर है सुहाग रूप ।  
आकाश के आँगन पर खिला,  
बचपन का मामा है ।  
जवानी तक आएँ तो,  
मिलन का बहाना है ।  
पर क्या चाँद से पूछा,  
दिल में उसके कौन है ।  
शर्म से बादल में छिप न जाए,  
तो मुझसे कहना ।  
पर जानते हैं सब,  
उसके हर जज़्बात ।  
पता है जैसे उसको,  
हमारे मन की हर बात ।  
उसके हर भाव में,  
उसके हर अंदाज़ में;  
कवि कल्पना है जैसे,  
उसके हर मिजाज़ में;  
उसके हर पल में,  
बसी है चाँदनी ।  
जब कभी किसी वक्त,  
आता है चाँद किसी रात;  
तुम्हारे दिल में है जो  
चाहो तुम उसे जितना,  
पर अपने प्यार से,  
रोशन जहान करना ॥

लेखक परिचय

‘सोनू फ़्रॉम हरियाणा’, बस इतना परिचय काफी है और एक ज़िंदादिल, खुशमिजाज़ बंदी की तस्वीर आपके सामने रच जाएगी। ख्वाबों खयालों में किसी चाँद को बसाया है और उसी की चाहत में लिखी है यह कविता।





## अरुणिता

स्नेहा केलवा, द्वितीय वर्ष

टिक-टिक करते हुई जैसे ही घड़ी की सुईयों ने आठ बजाए तो अलार्म के बजते ही राहुल की आँखें खुल गईं। रोज़ाना की तरह ही अपने दैनिक-कर्म को निपटाकर, चाय की चुस्कियाँ लेता हुआ वह अख़बार पढ़ने में मग्न हो गया। अभी मुख्य पृष्ठ ही पढ़ा था कि पन्ने पलटते ही अंदर वाले पृष्ठ पर जाकर उसकी निगाह जैसे ठहर सी गई। पृष्ठ पर छपे चित्र में अपने कॉलेज के सबसे करीबी मित्र 'अरुण' को राष्ट्रपति द्वारा सर्वश्रेष्ठ चित्रकार का सम्मान पाते देखकर, उसकी खुशी का ठिकाना न रहा। ख़बर में उसे राष्ट्रपति द्वारा एक लाख रुपये का इनाम दिए जाने के बारे में भी बताया गया था। राहुल का मन हुआ कि आज ही अपने दोस्त से मिलने के लिए वह ऑफिस से छुट्टी लेकर निकल पड़े। पर काम काफी ज़्यादा होने के कारण, उसे एक हफ्ते के बाद 4-5 दिन की छुट्टी मिली। हफ्ता बीतते ही वह, अरुण से मिलने के लिए उसके घर 'सुंदरनगर' जाने को निकल पड़ा। बस में बैठे हुए उसे कॉलेज की सारी बातें याद आने लगीं। वो और अरुण कॉलेज में सहपाठी थे। अरुण सुंदरनगर का ही रहने वाला था और अक्सर राहुल अरुण के साथ उसके घर चला जाया करता था।

अरुण के परिवार में बस उसकी माँ थी। जब वह दस साल का था, तब उसके पिता जी का निधन हो गया था। वो और राहुल घंटों साथ बैठकर पढ़ा करते थे। एक-दूसरे को अपने दिल की हर बात बताते थे। एक तरह से दोनों सगे भाईयों से भी बढ़कर थे। कॉलेज से निकलने के बाद, राहुल को एक अच्छी कंपनी में नौकरी मिल गई थी। उसके बाद वह काम में कुछ इस तरह उलझ गया कि उसकी अरुण से कभी बात ही नहीं हो पाई। दिन-रात मेहनत करके अब वह कंपनी में काफी ऊँचे ओहदे पर पहुँच चुका था। इस बीच वो कॉलेज की सारी यादें कहीं खो गईं? आज पेपर में अरुण की फोटो देखकर अचानक उसे एहसास हुआ कि वह ज़िंदगी की दौड़ में तो काफी आगे निकल आया है, पर न जाने कितनी अनमोल चीज़ें पीछे छूट चुकी हैं।

'सुंदरनगर, सुंदरनगर' ..... कंडक्टर की आवाज़ सुनकर उसकी तंद्रा टूटी। अरुण का घर बस स्टैंड के काफी पास था तो वह बैग उठाकर उसके घर की ओर पैदल ही चल पड़ा। वहाँ कुछ भी नहीं बदला था। अरुण का घर एक तंग-सी गली में था जिसके कोने पर एक चाय की दुकान थी जहाँ वो दोनों अक्सर बैठकर गप्पें मारा करते थे। उसे अब आम का पेड़ दिखाई देने लगा था। उस पेड़ के पास ही अरुण का घर था। घर पहुँचकर उसने दरवाज़ा खटखटाया। कुछ ही देर बाद अरुण ने आकर दरवाज़ा खोला। अपने ज़िगरी दोस्त अरुण को सामने देखकर राहुल ने उसे झट से गले लगा लिया। अरुण उसे पहचान नहीं पाया था। राहुल ने कहा : "अरे यार! मैं राहुल, भूल गया तू मुझे?"

"ओह! राहुल, अरे तू है यार। तू कितना बदल गया है। पहचान में ही नहीं आ रहा है। इतना मोटा कैसे हो गया यार तू? इतने सालों तक कहाँ था और ये अचानक मेरी याद कैसे आ गई तुझे? मुझे तो लगा तू मुझे भूल ही चुका है।" अरुण बोला।

"क्या करूँ यार, काम इतना ज़्यादा हो गया था कि वक्त ही नहीं मिल पाया। तेरी फोटो अख़बार में देखी और झट से तुझे मुबारकबाद देने चला आया। अच्छा, पहले माँ जी से तो मिला कहाँ है वो? उनके हाथ की चाय पीये बहुत दिन हो गए।"

अरुण के चेहरे पर उदासी छा गई और वह बोला: "माँ जी चंद महीनों पहले ही मुझे इस दुनिया में अकेला छोड़कर चली गई।" तभी एकदम से चेहरे पर मुस्कान लाते हुए उसने कहा "तू आराम से बैठ, बहुत दूर का सफर तय करके आया है। थक गया होगा। मैं तेरे लिए चाय बनाकर लाता हूँ।" इतना कहकर वह अंदर चला गया।

राहुल की नज़र अनायास ही दरवाज़े के पीछे लगी हुई तस्वीर पर गई। उस पर लिखा था- 'अरुणिता'। तभी उसे ध्यान आया

कि यह तो वही पुरस्कृत चित्र है जिसके बारे में अखबार में लिखा था। वह गौर से चित्र में बनी उस सफेद वस्त्रों से लिपटी नारी को देखने लगा। एक पल के लिए तो ऐसा लगा मानो उसने उसे पहले कहीं देखा है पर बहुत याद करने पर भी उसे कुछ ध्यान नहीं आया। उसकी बुझी हुई सी आँखें, सूनी माँग, धवल सुंदरता, निःशब्द होंठ, देखने में ऐसा लग रहा था मानो सजीव कोई खड़ा हो। अरुण चाय लेकर आ गया था। राहुल की नज़र अभी तक तस्वीर पर ही टिकी थी।

“पहचाना ये कौन है?” अरुण की आवाज़ सुनकर उसका ध्यान टूटा।

“नहीं, पर पता नहीं ऐसा क्यों लग रहा है, जैसे पहले कभी देखा है।”

“गली के अंतिम छोर पर रहने वाले वर्मा जी की बड़ी बेटी अनिता का चित्र है।”

“अनिता? मास्टर जी की बड़ी बेटी। वही न जो तेरे घर अक्सर आया करती थी। पर वह तो हमेशा हँसती रहती थी, वो कहाँ थी इतनी गुमसुम और हाँ, याद आया, तू तो उसे पसंद करता था न, फिर ये सफेद लिबास? मुझे कुछ समझ नहीं आ रहा है।”

“सब समझाता हूँ। तुझे तो पता ही है कि अनिता माँ से सिलाई-बुनाई का काम सीखने अक्सर घर आती-जाती रहती थी। मुझे भी वो बहुत पसंद थी। कॉलेज खत्म होने के बाद, एक दिन मैंने मौका पाकर, उससे अपने दिल की बात कह दी। उस दिन के बात से ही उसने घर आना-जाना बंद कर दिया। कुछ दिनों बाद जब मैंने माँ से उसके बारे में पूछा तो उन्होंने बताया कि उसकी सगाई हो चुकी है और अगले हफ्ते ही उसकी शादी है। मैं पूरे एक हफ्ता घर से बाहर नहीं निकला। शादी वाले दिन जब उसकी बारात जा रही थी तब भी माँ के बार-बार बुलाने पर तबीयत खराब होने का बहाना बनाकर अंदर ही रहा। अनिता की शादी को एक साल हो गया था और मैंने भी अपने आप को

संभाल ही लिया था। अचानक एक दिन माँ ने बताया कि उसके पति की दुर्घटना में मौत हो गई है और ससुराल वालों ने भी उसे घर से निकाल दिया है। तब से वह यहीं अपने पिता का सहयोग कर रही है।”

“उसकी वो चुलबुली हँसी, न जाने कहाँ खो गई है। अब तो एक बुत की तरह चुपचाप अपना काम करती रहती है। घर में भी किसी से अपना दुःख नहीं बांटती, अंदर ही अंदर घुटती रहती है। मैंने कई बार कोशिश भी की बात करने की पर वो मुझसे दूर भागती है।” इतना कहते-कहते अरुण की आँखों में आँसू आ गए थे। कमरे में सन्नाटा छा गया। राहुल ने माहौल कुछ हल्का करने के लिए कहा “अच्छा, तू ये बता शादी कब कर रहा है?”

“नहीं यार, मैंने सिर्फ उससे प्यार किया है। अगर वो हाँ करे कभी तो उसे अपनाकर नई जिंदगी देना चाहूँगा यार। उसकी खोई हुई मुस्कान वापस लाना चाहता हूँ, बस। अगर वो नहीं मानती तो मैं ऐसे ही ठीक हूँ यार। मेरे जीवन में ये रंग तो हैं मेरा साथ देने को। उसका तो कोई नहीं है अपना। मेरी कृति ‘अरुणिता’ उसी को समर्पित है।”

“ठीक है, जैसा तू ठीक समझे।” राहुल इतना ही कह पाया।

“अरे मैं तो भूल ही गया, तुझे भूख लगी होगी। बातें तो बाद में भी होती रहेंगी। तू बैठ, मैं खाने का इंतजाम करके अभी आया।” वह इतना कहकर बाहर की ओर चल पड़ा।

राहुल ने फिर उस तस्वीर की तरफ देखा। वह उस तस्वीर के साथ जुड़ी हुई अरुण की भावनाओं को समझने की कोशिश कर रहा था। उससे झलकते अरुण के सच्चे प्यार को देखकर वह मंद-मंद मुस्कुरा रहा था और भगवान से दुआ कर रहा था कि अरुण को उसका प्यार ज़रूर मिले।





## बाज़ार

कमल प्रकाश रवि, तृतीय वर्ष

21 जून 2007, गुरुवार

घूमना किसे पसंद नहीं, पर मुझे अच्छा नहीं लगता। लेकिन भगवानपुर, जहां मैंने ज़िन्दगी के पहले दस साल जिए हैं, वहां न जाने की बात मैं कैसे कर सकता था। मौका मिला, जब वहां रहने वाले एक ददू का पिता जी से मिलने का मन हुआ। पिता जी मुझे लेकर दो दिन के लिए वहां जाने के लिए राजी हो गए।

जब से असल दुनिया में दाखिला हुआ, आज की दौड़ती-भागती कठपुतली जैसी नाचती ज़िंदगी, मुझे एक चौराहे पर खड़े होने का अहसास दिलाती है। जिसकी हर राह बाज़ार की तरफ मुड़ती है। ‘बाज़ार’... जहाँ हर कोई खुद को बेचने और दूसरों को खरीदने के लिए लड़ रहा है। कुछ दिन इस बाज़ार से दूर साँस लेने के लिए मैं पिता जी के साथ भगवानपुर चला आया।

22 जून 2007, शुक्रवार

यहां की बदलती तस्वीर, यहाँ पर भी बाज़ार के पनपने का एहसास दिलाती है। अपना वो पुराना स्कूल देखा। आज उसकी ऊँची इमारत देखकर नहीं लगता कि मैंने वहाँ कक्षा पाँच तक पढ़ा है। अब तो पिछली यादों के सिवा कुछ भी नया नहीं है। दोपहर के समय पिताजी के साथ मैं बाज़ार पहुँचा। कल जहाँ चार-पाँच दुकानें थीं आज वहाँ कई सारी इमारतों की भीड़ थी। लेकिन कुछ था जो आज भी नहीं बदला था, जैसे ‘बूढ़ी अम्मा’। उन पर मेरी नज़र तब पड़ी जब मैंने अपने बगल में खड़े लोगों की बातें सुनी। “एक समय था, जब इस बुढ़िया की दुकान पर कॉपियाँ खरीदने वालों की भीड़ होती थी। अब तो किताबों-कॉपियों की कई बड़ी दुकानें खुल चुकी हैं।”

मैं भी तो यहीं से किताबें खरीदता था और उनका लड़का, क्या नाम था... गोपी, नज़र नहीं आ रहा, कक्षा-2 तक तो मेरे साथ पढ़ता था। फिर स्कूल छोड़ दुकान पर बैठने लगा। जैसे ही पिता

जी अपने मित्र के साथ घर की तरफ चले, मैं इजाज़त लेकर वहीं रुक गया। कुछ देर बाद मैं उस दुकान पर गया।

“अम्मा! पहचाना मुझे, मैं मोनू, अपनी बहन के साथ यहाँ आया करता था।”

पहले तो वह चौंक गई। फिर उनके गाल पर उभर चुकी लकीरें जैसे चेहरे पर बिखर गयीं।

“हाँ-हाँ मोनू बेटा कैसा है? कहां हो आजकल?”

कुछ देर मैं वहीं बैठ गया। गोपी के बारे में पूछने पर उन्होंने कुछ सही जवाब नहीं दिया। बस बार-बार मीरा का नाम लेती। “अभी तक नहीं आयी, उसको कितनी बार कहा दुकान की सफाई कर जाया कर, लेकिन नहीं सुनती।”

“ये मीरा कौन है, अम्मा?”

“मेरी बहू है, लेकिन बेटी जैसे रहती है, गोपी के बाबा की तबीयत ज़रा नाजुक है। उनकी सेवा में लगी होगी।” कुछ देर बाद वहां मीरा भी आ गई। अरे! ये तो वही मीरा थी, जो पाँचवी तक मेरे साथ पढ़ती थी। वो भी जल्दी मुझे पहचान गई।

“कैसी हो मीरा?”

धीरे-धीरे हम अपनी बातों में बचपन की यादें ताज़ा करने लगे। जैसे ही बूढ़ी अम्मा दुकान मीरा के सहारे छोड़ कर घर चली गई, हमारी बातों का रूख बदल गया।

“मीरा तुमने गोपी... मतलब गोपाल से शादी की।”

“शादी...? मेरे पिता जी ने गोपाल के बाबू जी से कुछ पैसे उधार लिए थे, जो वह मरने से पहले लौटा नहीं पाये। पिता जी के सिवा मेरा कोई नहीं था। तो गोपाल के बाबू जी मुझे कामकाज करने के लिए अपने घर ले आये। कुछ दिन बाद गोपाल घर छोड़ कर भाग गया और पता ही नहीं चला मैं कब इन लोगों की

मीरा से मीरा बहू बन गई।”

“लेकिन गोपाल कहाँ है?”

“दो साल पहले पड़ोस में एक बड़ी चोरी हुई थी, सुना है गोपाल भी शामिल था उसमें। तब से भागा फिर रहा है। लोग कहते हैं कि आजकल मुम्बई में है।”

“अब तुम क्या करोगी मीरा?”

“अरे मेरी छोड़ो तुम बताओ क्या कर रहे हो आजकल?”

“कब तक इंतज़ार करोगी उसका?”

“इंतज़ार, शायद यही मेरा नसीब है।”

मीरा से बात करके आज मैं खुद को बिखरा-सा महसूस करने लगा। वापस लौटने पर मैंने बचपन के साथियों को ढूँढने की कोशिश की, पर असफल रही। सब जाने कहाँ किस भीड़ में खो गए। शाम को टहलने के लिए मैं खेतों की तरफ गया। याद है मुझे, उनके साथ अंधेरे में उजाड़ खेतों पर जाकर खेलना, सड़क पर दौड़ती गाड़ियों से निकलती रोशनी का पीछा करना; रोशनी जो मुझे नए ख्वाब तक ले जाती। रोशनी भरी एक सुन्दर दुनिया कहीं होगी, इसका अहसास दिलाती थी। लेकिन आज जब गाड़ियाँ उन्हीं सड़कों पर गुज़रती, तो उनकी रोशनी मेरी उन यादों को तोड़ जाती। दिन भर की बातों ने इतना तड़पाया कि मैंने उस रात को समेटने के जितने प्रयास किए, मैं और टूटता गया।

23 जून 2007 (शनिवार)

आज राज हम वापस लौट आए। लेकिन दिन भर की कड़वी यादें हमेशा सताती रहेंगी। बारहवीं के बाद असल दुनिया में

दाखिला हुआ और फिर सामना हुआ बाज़ार से जिसने अन्दर से बहुत कमज़ोर बना दिया लेकिन हर दिन वही हार साहस दे देती है, फिर से लड़ने का। बाज़ार में खड़े होकर खुद से लड़ना मुश्किल नहीं है बल्कि परिस्थितियों में खुद को ढाल कर रखना ही जीत है। लेकिन मीरा... क्या वो उसकी जीत थी?

आज शाम मैं उससे फिर मिला। पिता जी के कहने पर मैं गाड़ी का इंतज़ाम करने गया था। वहीं उससे मुलाकात हुई। सर झुकाये, सहमी हुई, साथ में थैला लिए शायद वो किसी का इंतज़ार कर रही थी। पहले तो उसने कुछ बताया नहीं पर बाद में फूटकर रो पड़ी, बोली “कल रात गोपाल आया था।”

“क्या?” मैं स्तब्ध खड़ा रहा।

“हाँ वो अक्सर आता था, बाबू जी से मिल कर चला जाता, उनके इलाज के लिए पैसे लाता था, पर किसी को खबर नहीं होती थी।”

“तुम्हें भी नहीं?”

मीरा ने सिर झुका लिया कुछ देर चुप रही, फिर बोली, “वो हमें ले जाना चाहता है”

“कहाँ?”

“अपने साथ, बम्बई।”

“तुम जाओगी?”

तभी गोपाल गाड़ी में बैठा वहाँ आया। मैं मूक-सा बना रहा। मैं गोपाल से कुछ न कह सका। मीरा चुपचाप जाकर गाड़ी में बैठ गई। सब कुछ शांत हो गया। मीरा चली गई। मैं सड़क पर खड़ा जाने क्या सोच रहा था। कुछ देर बाद गाड़ी की रोशनी दिखनी भी बंद हो गई। जाने ये रोशनी मीरा को किस बाज़ार में ले जाती है?”





## यादें

स्नेहा केलवा, द्वितीय वर्ष

हाँ आती हैं ...  
जब कभी देखने खुद को,  
बैठती हूँ आइने के सामने,  
तो आँखें हो कर भी मेरी,  
नज़र होती है तुम्हारी।

हाँ आती हैं ...  
जब कभी राहों पर चलने को  
उठाती हूँ ये कदम,  
तो पैर हो कर भी मेरे,  
मंज़िल होती है तुम्हारी।

हाँ तब भी आती हैं ...  
जब कभी सोने के लिए  
बंद करती हूँ ये पलकें,  
तो नींद हो कर भी मेरी,  
सपने होते हैं तुम्हारे।

और शायद तब भी  
जब कभी लिखने को  
उठाती हूँ कलम इन हाथों में,  
तो शब्द हो कर भी मेरे,  
भाव होते हैं तुम्हारे।

फिर किस पल को छोड़ूँ,  
जब आ न सकें ये यादें ?  
शायद साँसों भी रोक लूँ अपनी,  
तो मौत होकर भी मेरी,  
ले जाएगी जन्नत में तुम्हारी।।



## रोमा

उत्पल तिवारी, चतुर्थ वर्ष

आज भी वह अपने अतीत की यादों में खोना चाहता था। आज भी वह उनको याद करना चाहता था जिनके परिश्रम से उसने अपनी जगह इस स्वार्थी समाज में बनाई। शायद कमल कुछ स्मरण करके अपने मन में उद्वेलित हो रहे सागर को शान्त करना चाहता था। इस घनघोर द्वन्द की पीड़ा से वह उत्तेजित हो गया और अचानक उसकी आँख खुल गई। यह उसके लिए कोई नई बात नहीं थी। अब तो वह इसका आदी बन चुका था। किसी ने सच ही कहा है कि गलत काम करके कोई आदमी चैन की नींद नहीं सो सकता। लेकिन उसने क्या गलत किया था? अगर कोई और होता तो शायद वही करता जो उसने किया।

वह बहुत खुश था; अपनी मूँगफली की दुकान को अपनी माँ के समान ऊँचा समझता था और उसने अपनी मूँगफलियों के लिए न केवल अपनों बल्कि अजनबियों से भी वाह-वाही लूटी। उसकी दुकान मशहूर हुआ करती था। यह दुनिया भी कितनी अजीब है न। एक मूँगफली वाला क्या हमेशा एक छोटा आदमी ही होता है? क्या हुआ कि वह मूँगफली बेचता है? क्या वह रोज सुबह औरों की तरह जागता नहीं? औरों की तरह अपना पेट नहीं भरता? हाँ वह एक काम नहीं करता-वह अमीरों की तरह, एक मूँगफली वाला होने का दिखावा नहीं करता।

हमेशा की तरह आज भी उसकी दुकान में भीड़ थी। अचानक से लड़कियों का एक झुण्ड उसकी दुकान पर आ जाता है। लड़कियों की आदत कौन नहीं जानता, अगर बोलना शुरू

तो नॉन-स्टॉप बोलना ही है चाहे ट्रेन ही क्यों न छूट जाए। लेकिन ट्रेन तो थी नहीं तो उनमें से एक लड़की की किताब दुकान पर छूट गई। कमल की नजर एकाएक उस किताब पर पड़ी और सौभाग्य से उस किताब के पीछे उस लड़की का नाम और पता लिखा था। कमल को बारहवीं पास किए तीन साल हो गये थे। घर की आर्थिक स्थिति अच्छी न होने के कारण उसे दुकान चलानी पड़ी। उस किताब से उसे पता लगा कि उस लड़की का नाम रोमा है और वह पास के ही एक गर्ल्स हॉस्टल में रहती है। उसने रविवार को छुट्टी के दिन किताब लौटाने का निश्चय किया। अगले रविवार को ही वह सुबह-सुबह उस हॉस्टल में पहुँच गया। रोमा को बुलाया गया, उसे लगा शायद उसके घर वाले इतनी सुबह आये हों। जैसे ही वह बाहर आयी उसने कमल को देखा और देखती ही रह गई। क्या एक मूँगफली वाला सुंदर व स्मार्ट नहीं हो सकता?? जी हाँ, बिल्कुल हो सकता है। कमल ने उसे सब कुछ बताकर किताब लौटाई और चल पड़ा अपने घर की ओर। रोमा ने उसे रोका और धन्यवाद बोला और इस एहसान का बदला चुकाने के लिए चाय पर आमन्त्रित किया। वे चाय पीने पास के होटल में चले गये। कमल को यह समझते देर न लगी कि रोमा उसकी तरफ आकर्षित हो चुकी है। उसने दोबारा मिलने का वायदा किया और वहाँ से चला गया। रोमा उसे अपने सपनों का राजकुमार समझने लगी। रोमा एक मध्यमवर्गीय घर से थी लेकिन वह कुछ अलग करके इस दुनिया में अपना नाम सिद्ध करना चाहती थी। उसने मॉडलिंग शुरू कर दी थी और धीरे-धीरे वह काफी मशहूर होने लगी। जल्द ही, उसे फिल्मों के ऑफर भी आने लगे लेकिन वह सही समय का

### लेखक परिचय

‘उत्पल’-जहाँ खिलेगा, दूर से नज़र आएगा। ‘तिवारी जी’ तो बड़े-बड़े काम अपनी लगन से यूँ ही कर जाते हैं, फिर कहानियाँ लिखना तो इनकी तमाम प्रतिभाओं में से सिर्फ एक है।



इन्तज़ार कर रही थी। उसने अपने अन्दर उमड़ते प्यार के सैलाब को रोकने की भरपूर कोशिश की लेकिन प्यार तो प्यार होता है, चाहे जैसा भी हो, जिससे भी हो, जितना भी हो।

लेकिन क्या कमल भी रोमा से उतना ही प्यार करता था?? यह अर्न्तद्वन्द उसके भीतर पता नहीं क्यों, उसे खाए जा रहा था। उसे अन्दर ही अन्दर कमजोर कर रहा था। उसने कभी ऐसी स्थिति की कल्पना भी नहीं की थी।

कमल की माँ हृदय रोगी थी। अचानक से एक दिन उसकी माँ को दिल का दौरा पड़ा लेकिन यह दौरा कोई साधारण दौरा न था। इस बार डॉक्टरों ने भी जवाब दे दिया और माँ का इलाज किसी बड़े शहर में कराने की सलाह दी। कमल ने शीघ्र ही एक बहुत बड़े प्रख्यात अस्पताल से सम्पर्क किया लेकिन इलाज का खर्च पाँच लाख सुनकर वह दुखी हो गया। एक गरीब के लिए उसका परिवार ही सब कुछ होता है और कमल तो अपनी माँ को अपने से भी ज्यादा प्रेम करता था। लेकिन यह भी सच है कि प्रेम को पाने के लिए कोई व्यक्ति किसी भी हद तक जा सकता है चाहे वह माँ का प्यार हो या किसी प्रेमिका का। कमल का दिमाग पागलपन में लिप्त हो चुका था। वह प्रेमिका के प्रेम से अपनी माँ का प्रेम प्राप्त करना चाहता था। उसने रोमा से प्रेम का नाटक करने का निश्चय किया। डॉक्टर ने कमल को केवल 7 दिन की मोहलत दी थी। कमल ने ज़रा भी देरी न की और रोमा को अपने प्यार के विश्वास में लेकर शादी के लिए राज़ी कर लिया। दोनों ने दो दिन के अन्दर ही शादी कर ली। कमल ने अपनी माँ से शादी की बात और रोमा से अपने माँ की बीमारी की बात छुपाने का निश्चय किया।

फिल्मों से काफी ऑफर आए थे, पर रोमा को महसूस

हुआ कि सभी फिल्मों में कहानी कम और अंगप्रदर्शन ज्यादा है। इसीलिए रोमा अभी कोई फिल्म करने को तैयार न थी। लेकिन कमल को पैसों की सख्त ज़रूरत थी। उसने अगले ही दिन एक फिल्म निर्माता से सम्पर्क किया और सारे कागज़ात घर मंगवा लिये। कमल ने रोमा को अपने प्यार की दुहाई दी और बोला कि अगर उसे उसके प्यार पर थोड़ा भी विश्वास है तो उन कागज़ पर दस्तखत कर दे। रोमा ने अपने प्यार का सबूत दिया और उसने कमल की माँ को मरने से बचा लिया लेकिन कमल और रोमा को शायद यह मालूम न था कि उस फिल्म के प्रोड्यूसर और डायरेक्टर देह व्यापार में लिप्त थे। उन्होंने रोमा को विश्वास में लेकर एक स्टूडियो में स्क्रीनिंग टेस्ट का बहाना बताकर भेज दिया।

अगले ही दिन रोमा की लाश एक पार्क में पेड़ से लटकी हुई मिली। कमल को वहाँ पहुँचने में देर न लगी। रोमा की लाश के साथ एक सुसाइड नोट भी मिला जिसमें उसने उसके साथ हुए उस रात के हादसे का दर्दनाक विवरण दिया था। उस सुसाइड नोट में यह भी लिखा था - “कमल! मैं जानती हूँ कि तुमने यह सब अपनी माँ का प्रेम पाने के लिए किया लेकिन क्या मेरा प्रेम उस प्रेम से कम था?”

क्या यह उचित था?? कमल आज भी रोमा की पीड़ा को याद करके उसके सवाल का जवाब देना चाहता है। लेकिन अब क्या! अब तो बहुत देर हो चुकी थी। कमल ने अपनी माँ के प्रेम के लिए अपनी प्रेमिका का प्रेम न्यौछावर कर दिया। क्या यह ठीक था? क्या उसने ठीक किया? वह और कर भी क्या सकता था??....



## शाश्वत शून्य को नमस्कार

अभिषेक टन्डन, चतुर्थ वर्ष

रुक जा धरणी, अब ठहर यहीं,  
छुप जा निष्ठुर आकाश वहीं,  
नक्षत्र, थे तुम भी मूक रहे,  
सच ने जब छोड़े प्राण यहीं।

क्या कहें किसी को, क्यों, कब से,  
वह झूठ ही सच बन बैठा है,  
कलियुग की काली महिमा में,  
सृष्टि को जो रंग बैठा है।

उस झूठे 'सच' की आँधी ने,  
विश्वास की दीप बुझाया है,  
“‘सत्यमेव जयते’ सच है”  
ब्रह्मोक्ति को झुठलाया है।

अब तमस् सबल, औज्ज्वल्य विकल,  
क्या आस, प्रयास सभी निष्फल,  
जीवन का हाथ हुआ हरण,  
चेतन का मानो मूक मरण॥

रोई न दिशाएँ, न नभ रोया,  
न धरती ने धीरज खोया,  
ईश्वर पर कैसा दोषार्पण,  
कब जागा था वह, जो सोया।

जब सच से हो विश्वास बड़ा,  
सच भी परिवर्तित होता है,  
पर सच स्वहंता बन जाए,  
विश्वास मनुज तब खोता है।

विस्मृति के दूर क्षितिज पर अब,  
विश्वास का सूरज मलिन रहा,  
अब असत् ही है देदीप्यमान,  
यथार्थ स्वयं को कोस रहा।

बंधन-मुक्त हुआ मैं अकस्मात्,  
नीरवता अनन्त, सब कुछ समाप्त,  
जीवन-मृत्यु वहां व्यर्थ भार,  
शाश्वत शून्य को नमस्कार॥





## एक आतंकवादी की आत्मकथा

अभिषेक चतुर्वेदी, द्वितीय वर्ष

कल के अख़बार में मैंने एक आतंकवादी के बारे में पढ़ा। फिर न जाने क्यों मुझे एक ऐसे व्यक्ति से मिलने की अभिलाशा हुई, जिससे लोग घृणा करते हैं। जिसे कोई देखना भी पसंद नहीं करता। वह मुझसे बात करना नहीं चाहता था। किसी तरह मैंने उसकी डायरी प्राप्त कर ली।

उसकी डायरी में उस घटना का वर्णन था, जिससे वह जेल पहुँचा। उसमें उसकी वह सच्चाई थी जिसे कोई नहीं जानता। उसमें लिखा था - ज़िन्दगी ऐसे मोड़ पर लाएगी, मैंने कभी नहीं सोचा था। मेरा आज मेरे कल से इतना दूर आ चुका है कि मैं चाह कर भी वापस नहीं लौट सकता। कल मैं एक आम व्यक्ति की ज़िंदगी व्यतीत कर रहा था और आज.....।

वह दिन मैं नहीं भूल सकता। मुझे एक ही परिवार के पाँच सदस्यों को मारना था। मैं विचलित न हो जाऊँ, इसलिए मुझे नशा दिया गया था। परन्तु उस दिन वह नशा काम नहीं कर रहा था। मेरी परिस्थितियों में इतना बदलाव कैसे आया, बताना कठिन है। शायद मेरी सोच ही इसके लिए ज़िम्मेदार है। हमारे परिवार को शुरु से ही जातिगत भेदभाव का सामना करना पड़ा। और अंततः इसने ही हमारे परिवार को उजाड़ दिया। पिताजी की नौकरी ही आय का एकमात्र साधन थी। पर वहाँ भी उन्हें भेदभाव का सामना करना पड़ता था। और एक दिन चोरी का झूठा आरोप लगाकर उन्हें निकाल दिया गया। उन्हें बहुत अपमान सहना पड़ा। पर वो लड़ना चाहते थे। और एक दिन वह घर से निकले, पर दोबारा वापस नहीं आए। उनके साथ क्या हुआ, यह कोई नहीं जानता। हमारा परिवार उजड़ गया। मैंने नौकरी ढूँढ़ने की कोशिश की पर असफल रहा। शायद मैं सफल होना ही नहीं चाहता था। मुझे अपने समाज से नफरत हो चली थी। तभी मुझे एक संगठन की मदद मिली। और उन्होंने मेरी नफरत को आग बना दिया। उन्होंने मेरी सहायता की।

मुझे उस दिन उस परिवार को उनके गुनाह की सज़ा

देनी थी। उन्होंने हमारे साथियों को पकड़वाया था। वे उनके पास पनाह के लिए गए थे। उन साथियों में मेरा करीबी दोस्त भी था जिसे मार दिया गया। मुझे इसका बदला लेना था।

मैंने पहले भी गोलियाँ चलाई थी और हत्याएँ भी की थीं। पर उस दिन मेरा मन विचलित था। ऐसा शायद इसलिए क्योंकि पहले मैंने आत्मरक्षा में गोलियाँ चलाई थीं और उन पर जिनसे मुझे नफरत थी। हाँ! मुझे अफसोस तब भी हुआ था, पर मुझे नशे में डुबो दिया गया था। मैं उस स्तर तक पहुँच चुका था कि हत्या मेरे लिए मामूली बात हो चुकी थी। फिर भी मैं विचलित था। पर मुझे ज़्यादा सोचने की इजाज़त नहीं थी, क्योंकि सोचना हमारे काम में अच्छा नहीं होता, यह हमारे कमांडर ने सिखाया था।

वो घर बस अब चार कदमों की दूरी पर था। वहाँ उन पाँच लोगों के अलावा एक अन्य व्यक्ति भी मौजूद था। मैंने कमांडर से पूछा तो उसने कहा “उसे भी मार दो।” पर मैं यह नहीं कर सकता था। मैं तो उसे जानता भी नहीं था और वो बेकसूर था। मैंने फिर आग्रह किया, पर इस बार उसने धमकी दी “अगर तुमने उसे नहीं मारा, तुम्हारे परिवार को खत्म कर दूँगा।”

मैं आगे बढ़ा और उस घर के दरवाज़े पर पहुँचा। अंदर से आवाज़ें आ रही थीं। उनके हँसी-मज़ाक से माहौल खिला हुआ था। एक हँसता-खेलता परिवार ठीक मेरे परिवार की तरह। मेरी आत्मा मुझे धिक्कार रही थी। मेरे पैर रुक गए थे। पर मैं अपना काम समाप्त किए बिना लौट नहीं सकता था। मैंने सोचा इन्हें मारकर हमारी दहशत और बढ़ेगी, फिर हम अपना अधिकार प्राप्त कर सकेंगे। वैसे भी मौत तो कुछ पल का कष्ट मात्र है। उसके बाद मुक्ति। जब कोई रहेगा ही नहीं तो कौन रोएगा। मैंने धक्का देकर दरवाज़ा खोल दिया। सामने घर का सबसे बुजुर्ग व्यक्ति बैठा था। मैंने अपनी बंदूक उसकी ओर

तान दी। जब तक वह कुछ बोलता मैंने उसकी ओर गोलियाँ चलानी शुरू कर दीं। चारों ओर खून के छींटे थे। हर तरफ शांति छा गई। उनकी हँसी क्रंदन में बदल गई। मैं किसी का चेहरा देखना नहीं चाहता था, इसलिए मैंने बलियाँ बुझा दीं और काँपते हाथों से लगातार गोलियाँ चला दीं। हर तरफ खून के फव्वारे बिखरने लगे। मैं भी उनके छींटों से बच नहीं पाया था। वे सभी कराह रहे थे। मेरी धड़कनें मानो रुक सी गईं। मेरे हाथ-पैर सुन्न हो रहे थे। मैं जल्द से जल्द भागना चाहता था। पर मुझे उस छटे व्यक्ति को भी मारना था। तभी अचानक मेरे पीछे से सहमी-सी आवाज़ में उसने कहा - “मुझे मत मारो।” मैं उसकी तरफ घूमा। मेरी बंदूक उसकी ओर थी। उसका चेहरा अंधेरे में नजर नहीं आ रहा था। उसने कहा “मुझे अपनी चिंता नहीं, अपने परिवार की चिंता है।” मेरा पूरा शरीर काँप रहा था। मैंने बंदूक संभाले रखने के लिए बहुत जोर लगाया हुआ

था। अचानक मुझसे गोली चल गई। वह फर्श पर कराह रहा था। अभी उसे और कष्ट झेलना था। काँपते हाथों से गोली सही जगह पर नहीं लगी। मैं आगे बढ़ा और खिड़की से आ रही रोशनी में उसका चेहरा देखने की कोशिश की। अगला पल मेरी जिंदगी का सबसे कठिन पल था। वो मेरा भाई था। मैं काबू में नहीं था। उसकी आँखों में मेरे लिए नफरत थी। मैं दुनिया का सबसे बड़ा पापी बन गया था। मैं झुका और उसे सहलाने की कोशिश की। पर उसने ताकत जुटा कर मुझे झटक दिया। मैंने बंदूक उसके हाथों में दी और गोली चलाने को कहा। मैं उसके हाथों मरना चाहता था। पर उसने मुँह फेर लिया।

उसके बाद अब मुझे होश आया है। मैं जेल में हूँ। नशा तो उतर गया, पर दर्द बढ़ गया। आज जिंदगी में अफसोस करने के अलावा कुछ नहीं बचा। मुझे मौत भी नसीब नहीं हुई।





## अंधी भीड़

पुष्कर गाँधी, द्वितीय वर्ष

रात के कोई 10 बज रहे थे। पूस की कंपकंपाती रात में मैं किसी तरह अपने आप को समेटने की कोशिश कर रहा था। नींद तो ऐसी आ रही थी कि लालटेन की रोशनी में किताब पर लिखे अक्षर आँखों से लुका-छिपी कर रहे थे। बीच-बीच में कुत्तों के रोने की आवाज से मैं सहम जा रहा था। दादी माँ कहा करती थी “कुत्तों के रोने की आवाज अपशगुन होती है।” इधर कुछ दिनों से गाँव के कुत्तों का करुण क्रन्दन कुछ बढ़ गया था। और पता नहीं क्यों ये आवाज मुझे अंदर से भयभीत कर रही थी।

अचानक “चोर! चोर!” की आवाज से मैं हड़बड़ा गया। इसी बीच लालटेन पैर से टकरा गयी और बुझ गयी। एक तो अंधेरा और ऊपर से लोगों की आवाज़; किसी अनहोनी की आशंका से मैं पसीने से बुरी तरह लथपथ हो गया।

इधर कुछ दिनों से चोरियाँ बढ़ गयी थी। इसलिए लोगों का गुस्सा सातवें आसमान पर था। सभी लोग लाठी और बंदूकों के साथ चोर को पकड़ने के लिए भाग रहे थे। इधर कुत्तों ने भी क्रन्दन छोड़ भौंकना शुरू कर दिया, मानो कह रहे हों कि हम भी तुम्हारे साथ हैं। धान के खेतों में भरे पानी में लोगों के पैर से पैदा हो रही ‘छप-छप’ की आवाज़ अजीब-सी सिहरन पैदा कर रही थी। आखिर काफी मशक्कत के बाद धान की ओट में छिपा चोर पकड़ा गया। लोग खुशी के मारे ऐसे पागल हो रहे थे जैसे कारगिल को फतह कर लिया हो। पर पता नहीं लोगों की ये उपलब्धि मुझे अपशगुन का इशारा कर रही थी। मैं किसी तरह अपने को समझाने की भरसक कोशिश कर रहा था कि ऐसा

कुछ नहीं होगा।

इसी बीच चोर को गाँव के बीचों बीच नीम के पेड़ के पास बने पंचायत के चबूतरे के पास लाया गया। रात के अंधियारे के कारण उसका चेहरा बिल्कुल भी स्पष्ट नहीं था। मैंने देखा वह लोगों के लात-घूँसों से बचने का असफल प्रयास कर रहा था। किसी ने कहा....

“पुलिस के हवाले कर दो”

तभी एक तरफ से आवाज आई “नहीं-नहीं, आज यहीं इसका काम तमाम कर देते हैं।”

यह सुनते ही मैं सन्न रह गया। किसी अनहोनी की आशंका ने मुझे चेतनाशून्य कर दिया। मैंने रोशनी में फिर चोर को देखने की कोशिश की पर कीचड़ और माथे से निकली अविरल खून की धार से सना चेहरा बिल्कुल अस्पष्ट दीख रहा था। लोग अनवरत रूप से लात-घूँसों की बारिश कर रहे थे... बिना सोचे समझे। मुझे लगा नरक से यमदूत आकर मानवों के रूप में तांडव मचा रहे हों। चोर की चीख भरी कराह लोगों की आवाज में दब जा रही थी। मुझे लगा शायद वो कुछ कहना चाह रहा था। पर लोग तो मानो रुकने का नाम ही नहीं ले रहे थे। असफल बचाव के प्रयास के बीच वह शिथिल पड़ता जा रहा था। तभी शोर सुनाई दिया कि चोर मर गया। मैं बुरी तरह डर गया। लोग चोर की लाश को लेकर आपस में बहस कर रहे थे। इसी बीच निर्णय हुआ कि लाश को पुलिस के हवाले कर दिया

लेखक परिचय

गहरी सोच, प्रभावशाली व्यक्तित्व और उत्कृष्ट नेतृत्व क्षमता पुष्कर गांधी को परिभाषित करते हैं। इनके चिंतन और अभिव्यक्ति में तारतम्यता है। इंसानी संवेदना के अभिन्न पहलुओं को टटोलते हुए उत्कृष्टता का प्रमाण देती है इनकी यह रचना।

जाय। पर थाना हमारे गाँव से काफी दूर था इसलिए कुछ लोग वहाँ रातभर लाश को सुरक्षा देने के लिए रह गये। सभी अपने-अपने घर चले गए। मेरे घर पहुँचते ही माँ डांटने लगी “क्यों बाहर गये थे?” इसी बीच बाबूजी घर आ गये और राहत की साँस लेते हुए कहा “चलो आखिरकार चोर पकड़ा ही गया।” मैं खाना खाकर सोने चला गया। पर नींद तो बिल्कुल भी नहीं आ रही थी....और ठंड की बजाय मैं गर्मी का अनुभव कर रहा था। बार-बार रक्त और कीचड़ से सना वो चेहरा मेरी आँखों के आगे आ रहा था। लग रहा था कि उसे जान से मारने के पहले उसके बारे में कुछ पूछा तो होता लोगों ने कि-“कौन हो? नाम क्या है?” इसी उधेड़बुन में मेरी आँख लग गयी।

“पुलिसवाले आ गए...।” माँ की आवाज पर मेरी नींद खुली। मैं तुरंत ही भागा-भागा उस चोर की लाश के पास पहुँच गया। उसका चेहरा ढका हुआ था। चबूतरा खून से लाल हो गया था। चारों तरफ मक्खियाँ जश्न मना रही थीं। इसी बीच एक पुलिसवाले ने चोर के चेहरे पर से कपड़ा हटाया। चेहरा देखते ही मैं वहीं जड़वत हो गया। लगा पाँव जमीन में धंस गये हों। अरे, ये तो मेरी कक्षा का मंगलू है। पुलिस, लोगों से पूछताछ कर रही थी। पुलिस वाले उसे चोर ही समझ रहे थे। पुलिस तो वैसे भी बेचारी ही होती है; ‘अंधी भीड़’ जो बोले वही सही।

अनायास ही मैं मंगलू के बारे में सोचने लगा। वह बहुत ही चंचल और मेधावी छात्र था। हर चीज़ में अब्बल आता था। वह निर्धन परिवार से था। इधर कुछ दिनों से वह बहुत शांत-शांत सा रहने लगा था। बहुत पूछने पर बताया कि उसकी माँ सख्त बीमार हैं, ऑपरेशन कराना जरूरी है। उसके पिता की पहले ही एक दुर्घटना में मृत्यु हो चुकी थी। घर में सिर्फ माँ ही कमाने वाली है और एक छोटी बहन है। घर में खाने के भी लाले

पड़े हैं। माँ की तबियत बदतर होती जा रही है। मैंने उसे ढाँढस बंधाया और कुछ मदद देने की बात भी कही। परंतु अगले दिन वह कक्षा में नहीं आया। मैं किसी अनहोनी की आशंका से सिहर उठा... कहीं उसकी माँ तो...। करीब एक महीने बाद वह कक्षा में आया। बहुत ही उदास और कमजोर दिख रहा था। उसने कहा “माँ चल बसी”। अपनी बहन को एक रिश्तेदार के यहाँ छोड़ आया है। वह कमाने शहर जायेगा, पढ़ाई छोड़नी पड़ेगी। मैं व्याकुल हो उठा। किसी तरह मैंने उसे विदा किया। फिर लगभग दो महीने पहले किसी ने मुझे बताया कि मंगलू मानसिक रूप से विक्षिप्त हो गया है और वापस आ गया है। शायद शहर की अनजान दुनिया में वह अपने आप को नहीं ढाल पाया।

अचानक जीप की आवाज़ से मेरी तन्द्रा भंग हुई। पुलिसवाले लाश को पोस्टमॉर्टम के लिए ले जा रहे थे। मैं दौड़कर इंस्पेक्टर साहब के पास गया और उन्हें मंगलू के बारे में सारी बातें बताईं। मेरी बात सुनकर उनकी पेशानी पर बल पड़ गये। पर अब क्या किया जा सकता था। ‘अंधी भीड़’ का कोई नाम नहीं होता। खैर, उन्होंने किसी तरह भीड़ को शांत किया और बताया कि वह लड़का कोई चोर नहीं था बल्कि बगल की गांव का मंगलू था जो मानसिक रूप से विक्षिप्त होने के कारण चोरों की तरह धान की खेत में आ बैठा था।

इतना सुनकर लोगों को तो जैसे साँप सूँघ गया। पर हो भी क्या सकता था। आखिरकार दादी माँ की अपशगुन वाली बात सच साबित हुई। मैं सोच रहा था... आज हम चांद पर जा पहुँचे हैं, और न जाने कितनी उपलब्धियाँ हासिल की पर हम इन्सान नहीं बने। और ये भीड़...। अंधी थी और शायद अंधी ही रहेगी।





## कृतज्ञता का भार

अम्बुज अग्रवाल, तृतीय वर्ष

निद्रा थी अलसाया था, छोटी सी दुनिया में समाया था।

ज्यों ही रवि ने खटखटाया द्वार,

किरणें पहुँची मेरे अंगों के पार,

रश्मि ताप ने झकझोरा मुझे,

ली अंगड़ाई मेरे शिथिल अंगों ने,

और नयन खुले।

अजीब सी स्फूर्ति और प्राणों का संचार हुआ,

कैसी अजब शक्ति ने मुझे किया स्पर्श और छुआ।

तन का आवरण फिर न ठहर सका।

मैं पहले जो था वह न रह सका।

पुरानी दुनिया की दीवारें हुई,

तत्पर कहने को अलविदा,

गूँज उठा मर्म मेरे 'विदा' केवल विदा,

सिर उठाते ही दिखा,

मुझे नए संसार का प्रकाश,

छोड़ी राह, दीवारों ने दर्शाया,

मुझे नीला आकाश।

वर्षों से जिसके आँचल में,

प्यार से था सोया,

उसी अंक में सोच-सोचकर मैं,

सिसक-सिसक कर रोया।

होता कैसे कृतघ्न,

उस आँचल की छाया,

प्रयत्न करने, सोचने पर,

यह विचार मेरे मन में आया,

पैर रहेंगे पुरातन छाया,

बाँहें नव संसार,

कृतज्ञता से मैं झुका रहूँगा,

लिए हृदय में ममता का भार।

### लेखक परिचय

किसी विद्युत यंत्र की संरचना करते समय यदि हृदय में शब्द उलझना शुरू हो जायें तो?... हमारे ये कवि इस भावना को पन्नों पर उतारने में बखूबी काबिल हैं। ये अपना ज्यादातर समय पुस्तकों के साथ बिताते हैं परन्तु खुद को समेट कर रखना इनकी आदत नहीं। शीघ्र क्रोधित होना इनकी प्रकृति है परन्तु मित्रों के चहेते हैं। आधुनिक जीवन की तेज़ रफ़्तार और जटिल उठा-पटक में व्यस्त कवि पर, इस कविता में, अतीत का साया है और माँ की ममता उसके लिये बहुत बड़ा संबल है, जिसके प्रति वह अपना आभार व्यक्त करना चाहता है।



## साँझ

सिद्धार्थ कुमार, द्वितीय वर्ष

सूर्य अस्ताचलगामी था और मैं किसी सोच में डूबा हुआ पार्क की ओर बढ़ रहा था। अक्सर जब मैं मनुष्यों के समुद्र में अपने आप को अकेला, बिल्कुल सन्नाटे में पाता था तो मेरे पैर खुद-ब-खुद इस पार्क की ओर बढ़ जाते थे। सन्नाटे में टूटती साँसों की आवाज़, बदहवासी और बेचैनी, संकुलता और छटपटाहट, दुःखती रंगें और तड़पती धमनियाँ और फिर एक अपार भीड़; जैसे इन सबसे बचने का मेरे पास यही एक स्थान बाकी था। वायु की गति मन्द हो रही थी और वातावरण में शीतलता बढ़ने लगी थी। पंछियों के झुण्ड दिनभर की उड़ान के बाद अपने नीड़ में लौट रहे थे।

जब मैं पार्क पहुँचा, सूर्य पिघलकर ताम्रवर्णी हो चला था। मैंने देखा पार्क में अब काफी कम लोग ही बचे थे। और जो थे वे भी जैसे जाने की तैयारी में ही थे, पर मेरे साथ वाली बेंच पर बैठे एक बुजुर्ग का शायद अभी ऐसा कोई इरादा न था। यह पार्क शहर की भाग दौड़ से अलग बिल्कुल ही शांत और सुकून भरे माहौल में बना हुआ था। तीन ओर पानी से घिरा यह एक सुरम्य स्थान था। पानी पर बतखें किल्लोल करती रही थीं और पार्क की नर्म-नर्म घास पर नन्हे सफेद खरगोश चारा ढूँढ़ रहे थे। पानी के किनारे से मेढ़कों के टराने की आवाज़ और झाड़ियों में छिपे झिंगुरों की आवाज़ मिलकर सुंदर संगीत पैदा कर रही थी।

डूबते सूरज की लम्बी किरणों से मेरा प्रतिबिम्ब पानी पर उभर आया था। किनारे पर बैठे लोगों की परछाईयाँ पानी पर तैर रही थीं और एक दूसरे को काट रही थीं। कभी-कभी उनका आकार डरावना हो जाता था। इन्हीं परछाईयों में उलझा हुआ मैं मन ही मन कुछ गुन रहा था कि तभी उस वृद्ध की आवाज़ से मेरी तन्द्रा भंग हुई- “बेटे तुम क्या करते हो?” मैं थोड़ा विस्मित-सा हो गया। आखिर क्यों मेरे परिचय या नाम की बजाय उसने मेरा काम पूछा।

“मैं... मैं एक लेखक हूँ। कहानियाँ, कविताएँ आदि लिखता हूँ।

एक स्थानीय पत्रिका के लिए।” मैंने कहा।

“लेखक .... !!!” इस बार चौंकने की बारी उसकी थी। शायद एक 19-20 साल के नौजवान से उसे इस जवाब की कतई आशा न थी। पर मैंने देखा कि अब मुझसे बातें करने में उसकी दिलचस्पी बढ़ गई थी।

“बेटे क्या लिख रहे हो आजकल?”

एक पल दम लेकर मैंने कहा “कहानी... कहानी एक वृद्ध व्यक्ति की; जिसकी नौकरी चले जाने के बाद उसके बेटों ने उसे बेकार और घर-गृहस्थी पर बोझ समझकर घर से निकाल दिया है। जिसके कारण वह दर-दर की ठोकरीं खाने पर मजबूर हो जाता है।”

“फिर... फिर क्या हुआ उस वृद्ध व्यक्ति का?” उस बुजुर्ग ने बड़ी ही व्यग्रता से पूछा।

“फिर वह वृद्ध अपने एक दोस्त की मदद से संगीत की एक छोटी-सी दुकान खोलता है। धीरे-धीरे यह दुकान अपने विलक्षण संगीत संग्रह के कारण मशहूर होने लगती है और पूरे शहर के आकर्षण का केन्द्र बन जाती है। इस तरह वह वृद्ध अपने नालायक बेटों के गाल पर करारा थप्पड़ जड़ता है।” मैंने पूरे उत्साह से कहा।

एक लेखक होने के नाते मैं अपनी कहानी के बारे में उस वृद्ध की टिप्पणी सुनने को उत्सुक था। बजाय इसके उस वृद्ध ने मुझसे सवाल पूछा “बेटे तुम्हारी कहानी के नायक की उम्र क्या रही होगी?” मैं चौंक उठा। अरे इतनी बड़ी भूल। उम्र के बारे में तो मैंने सोचा ही नहीं। “रही होगी कोई 70-75 साल” मैंने हड़बड़ाहट में कहा।

यह सुनकर वृद्ध कुछ गंभीर हो उठा। भरपूर हुए गले से उसने कहा “नहीं बेटे... तुम कुछ भूल कर रहे हो। 70-75 साल नहीं, तुम्हारे नायक की उम्र 50-55 साल रही होगी। तभी वो



ऐसे हालात से लड़ सकता है... संघर्ष करके जी सकता है। 70-75 साल की आयु में तो वह वक्त के थपेड़ों से टूटकर बिखर जाएगा। अपने हालात से समझौता कर लेगा और फिर मनुष्यों के इस समुद्र से कहीं दूर किसी वृद्धाश्रम के एकाकीपन में अपने आप को समाहित कर लेगा।'

इतना सुनते ही मेरी ज़बान संवेदनहीन हो गई। मेरे दिल की नाजुक रंगें टूटने लगी। मैं कुछ भी बोल पाने की स्थिति में नहीं था। उसके एक-एक शब्द हकीकत की लकीर की तरह मेरे दिल में उतरते चले गए। उसने बोलना जारी रखा - “हाँ यह सही है कि नौकरी चले जाने के बाद उसके बेटों को उसकी कोई जरूरत महसूस न हो पर उसकी बहुओं को तो मतलब है। घर के छोटे-मोटे काम करने के लिए, बच्चों की खातिर, दूध लाने के

लिए, रोज़ शाम शहर से हरी सब्जियाँ लाने के लिए ताकि उन्हें आराम की कोई कमी न हो। घर के काम करने के लिए नौकर रखने को पैसे कौन देगा? आखिर एक बूढ़ा आदमी खाता ही कितना है... 2-4 रोटियाँ? और पड़ा रहता है एक खाट पर कोने में।”

इतना कहते-कहते वह जाने को तैयार होने लगा, एक हाथ में लाठी और दूसरे हाथ में थैला... सब्जियों भरा। आसमान की चादर पर सितारों के टांके गुंथ चुके थे। झिंगुरों की आवाज भी धीमी हो चली थी। मन्थर गति से चलते चाँद की मद्धम रोशनी में उस वृद्ध को मैंने जाते देखा... एक लड़की की लाठी के सहारे हड्डियों का ढांचा जैसे आगे बढ़ रहा था।



## लौट चल फिर वहीं

रवि कुमार, तृतीय वर्ष

शहर के बीचोंबीच  
कंक्रीट का यह घर।  
यह नाम, यह दौलत,  
यह भीड़, यह शोहरत।  
पर किसी अनजान आग्रह से,  
मन आज फिर विचलित है।

रे मन! लौट चल फिर वहीं,  
बहुत हुई यह लुकाछिपी, यह आत्मद्वंद्व।  
तेरी यह अंधी उन्नति,  
जिसने किया तेरे चित्त को भ्रमित।  
तेरी यह कथित प्रगति,  
जिसने किया अहंकार सृजित!

आ, चल गाँव में मेला लगा है।  
रहिमा और रमुआ भी जा रहे हैं।  
और रामलीला भी है,  
रात को मंदिर के आँगन में।  
लोग अब तक तेरे अभिनय को भूले नहीं हैं।

कल एक पंचायत बैठेगी  
गाँव के चौपाल में।  
तेरी भी खोज होती है;  
दाद देते हैं लोग, तेरी बुद्धि की;  
कहते हैं, 'कान्हा' कहाँ है?

हाँ, सच ही तो है  
गोकुल ने सँवारा कृष्ण को,  
मथुरा ने नहीं।  
मथुरा से क्या मिला उन्हें ?  
राजनीति के तिकड़म, भागमभाग।  
यहाँ न मधुवन हैं, न वो रामलीला  
न ग्वाल्लों की टोलियाँ हैं, न उनका बाँसुरीवाला।

आ चल उन पगडंडियों पर,  
जिसके कीचड़ में तुम लोट-पोट हुए थे  
रम जा उन खेत खलिहानों में,  
जिसकी तेरे पुरखों ने पूजा की।  
बिसरा दे अपना अहं, सर रखकर,  
मनुआ, धनुआ और गनुआ के कंधों पर।

दूर कर ले अपनी आकुलता,  
बिरजु के नावों पर, नदी के हिचकोले में,  
रस्सी के झूलों पर, आम के बगीचे में,  
सरसों के खेतों में, रहट की आवाजों में,  
कुएँ के मीठे पानी में, गवैयों के मल्हार में,  
मंदिर की आरती में, पुराने पीपल की छाँव में,  
सपनों से दूर...  
अपनों के पास।

### लेखक परिचय

“किधर चल दिये राजा बाबू?”, यूँ तो ये सवाल इनसे हर कोई विभिन्न सम्बोधनों से पूछ ही लेता है। परन्तु ये चेहरे पर हल्की-सी चमक के साथ जवाब देकर, जब मैं हाथ डाले हुए अपनी राह पकड़ लेते हैं। इनका यही व्यक्तित्व जीवन को सजीव और अर्थपूर्ण तरीके से जीने को प्रेरित करता है। इनकी कविताएँ मानव हृदय के कोमल भावों को प्रकट करती हैं। इस कविता में ग्रामीण परिवेश से आये हमारे इस किशन-कन्हैया का मन फिर वही लौट जाने को करता है।





## मिशन कांगो

मनीष सिंह, चतुर्थ वर्ष

“फ्लाईट कंट्रोल रूम विंग कमांडर एम. कुलकर्णी स्पीकिंग ... आई एम इन डीप ट्रबल, चौपर फिर से आउट आफ कंट्रोल है, मेरी लोकेशन ट्रेस करो ... ओवर।”

थोरी देर तक खामोशी छाई रही, फिर ...

“चौपर के सारे स्टैंडबाई मोड्स खत्म हो चुके हैं, नीपीस इज नाट वर्किंग... आई विल नॉट सर्वाइव फॉर मच टाइम लाईक दिस ... ओवर एण्ड आउट...”

हॉल में काफी देर तक खामोशी छाई रही। सब अपनी-अपनी सीटों पर चुपचाप बैठे रहे। थोरी देर बाद मास्टर वारंट ऑफिसर कटियार ने उबकर सी.वी.आर को बन्द कर दिया।

ये विंग कमांडर एम.कुलकर्णी के अन्तिम वाक्य थे। कुलकर्णी सन 1990 में भारतीय वायु सेना में बतौर पायलट कमिशनड हुये थे। शख्सियत और तालीम के बल पर वो अपनी स्क्वाड्रन पर राज किया करते थे, लोगों पर नहीं, उनके दिलों पर। आज से दो महीने पहले इनकी डैपुटेशन भारत और संयुक्त राष्ट्र संघ के ज्वाइंट मिशन पर थी। मिशन व क्षेत्र था अफ्रीका का ‘कांगो’ देश। कांगो कई प्रकार के आदम जातियों के समूह वाला देश है, और वो अपनी प्रभुसत्ता के लिये, आपस में ही लड़ते रहते हैं। वहाँ पर न तो कोई व्यवस्थित कानून है, न तो इंसान के मूल अधिकार। पूर्ण विश्व से कटा हुआ ये कांगो प्रदेश स्वयं में एक काफी खतरनाक क्षेत्र था।

वहाँ के लोगों को मूलअधिकार दिलाने और इन्हें जागरूक करने के लिये सं. रा. सं. ने अपने सदस्य देशों को, जिनमें भारत भी एक है, कांगो मिशन पर अपनी-अपनी सेनायें भेजने को कहा था। फलतः हमारे भारतीय वायु सेना के पाँचवी विंग के कमान्डिंग ऑफिसर एम.कुलकर्णी को वहाँ जाना पड़ा। वो मी-35 के एक कुशल फाईटर पायलट थे। एक दिन अभ्यास

सत्र के दौरान उनका हेलिकॉप्टर कांगो के उतरी क्षेत्र में स्थित ‘बोयोमा’ झरने के पास खो गया था। हेलिकॉप्टर में वो और उनका को-पायलट थे। छानबीन के दौरान हेलिकॉप्टर का मलबा बोयोमा झरने की तलहटी में पाया गया था। सबूतों की पुष्टि हो चुकी थी, पर हेलिकॉप्टर के कंट्रोल खोने का अर्थ समझ में नहीं आया था। ऐसा क्यों हुआ, कैसे हुआ, ये दो मृतकों के अलावा किसी और को नहीं पता था, या फिर शायद उनको भी नहीं। खैर कुछ महत्वपूर्ण सबूतों को इकट्ठा कर चंडीगढ़ स्थित फॉरेंसिक लैब में जाँच के लिये भेज दिया गया था।

जाँच के परिणाम आते रहे हैं, और आते रहेंगे। भारतीय वायु सेना अब और प्रतीक्षा नहीं कर सकती थी। फलतः दूसरे ही दिन वायु सेना हेडक्वार्टर दिल्ली से एक आदेश आया, जिसमें पाँचवी विंग के ही दो पायलटों को कांगो भेजे जाने का उल्लेख था। उद्देश्य था, दुर्घटना की जानकारी प्राप्त करना, और उसके कारणों का पता लगाना। और उसी दिन हमारे कमान्डिंग ऑफिसर ने मेरी और मेरे एक साथी पायलट की डैपुटेशन इस मिशन पर कर दी।

फिर क्या था हम निकल पड़े कांगो मिशन पर। कांगो मूलतः एक कम जन घनत्व वाला क्षेत्र है। कांगो के मध्य भाग से कांगो नदी भी निकलती है। यहाँ का कुछ भाग खेती के लिए उपयोग किया जाता है, और बाकी भाग वीरान और रहस्यमय है। वहाँ कुछ ऐसे भी क्षेत्र हैं, जहाँ आज तक मुनष्य के कदम भी नहीं पड़े।

लेकिन कदम पड़ चुके हैं। हम वहाँ ‘साबा’ नामक स्थान पर पहुँच चुके थे, जहाँ हमारा हवाई बेस था। वहीं से ऑफिसर कुलकर्णी और उनके साथी ने अपनी आखिरी उड़ान भरी थी। दूसरे ही दिन हमें वहाँ से आगे बोयोमा की तरफ जाना है। कांगो की मुख्य भाषा फ्रेंच और इंग्लिश है। शुक है कि मुझे फ्रेंच आती है। काफी गर्मी थी, इसलिये हमने बाहर बैठने का निश्चय किया। तभी एक स्थानीय निवासी कुछ पेय पदार्थ ले आया।

“बोओं मॉन्साया (हैलो मिस्टर), आप कॉफी पियेगा या चाय”, मुस्कुराते हुये और थोड़ा आगे की ओर झुककर उसने पूछा।

हम दोनों ने कॉफी को तरजीह दी। वो कॉफी बना रहा था। इसी बीच, मेरे साथी स्क्वॉड्रन लीडर ‘विकास अवस्थी’ ने उससे बोयोमा के बारे में कुछ जानना चाहा, लेकिन उसके चेहरे पर खामोशी छाई रही।

अन्त में उसने पूछा, “कॉफी कैसी थी सर?”

“अच्छी थी”, मैंने कहा।

“थैंक्यु सर, आशा करूँगा आप ये कॉफी दोबारा पी सकें”, इतना कहकर वो बिना पीछे मुड़े चला गया।

अंत में मैं और मेरा साथी दोनों भी-35 में बैठकर मिशन स्पॉट की तरफ चल दिये। हमने चौपर की सारी जाँच खुद की। सब कुछ ठीक था। रोटार स्पीड, ईंजन तापमान, ट्रांसमिशन और चौपर कंट्रोल्स पूरी तरह ठीक थे। हम आश्वस्त थे और हमारी स्पीड 150 कि.मी. प्रति घंटा थी। कुछ देर बाद हम बोयोमा झरने के ऊपर थे कुछ 200 फुट। हमने अपने एयर बेस को कुछ जरूरी संकेत भेज दिये।

अचानक हमारे ऐल्टीमीटर की रीडिंग शून्य हो गई, मतलब हमें जमीन पर होना चाहिये था, लेकिन हम तो हवा में थे। फिर एक के बाद एक गायरोमीटर, डोपलर, राडार, कम्यूनिकेशन ट्रांसमिशन आदि फेल होते गये। विकास ने मैनुअली चैक किया लेकिन उसकी समझ में कुछ नहीं आया। अचानक हेलीकॉप्टर के सारे कंट्रोल्स ढीले पड़ गये। हम समझ नहीं पा रहे थे की ऐसा क्यों हो रहा था। मैंने ग्राउण्ड कंट्रोल से बात करनी चाही पर सारे कम्यूनिकेशन फेल थे। अंततः हम गिरने लगे, 200 फीट की ऊँचाई से। और फिर ...

आँखें खुली तो मैंने अपने आप को एक अनजानी लेकिन अप्रतिम सुन्दर जगह पाया। नदी के बहाव से मैं काफी दूर चला आया था। विकास का कहीं कोई अता-पता न था। मैं आगे बढ़ा कि शायद कोई जीव दिख जाये, पर मजाल है कि कोई उस सुन्दरता को भंग करे। मेरे पूरे शरीर में दर्द था, और मन में विकास के प्रति दुःख। सच कहें, तो मुझे कॉफी की याद आ रही थी। थोड़ी दूर पर दो-चार मिट्टी के घर दिखाई दिये। लेकिन मैं ठहरा एक अजनबी देश... समस्या थी... लेकिन समाधान भी यहीं था। मैंने बाँस के बने हुये दरवाजे को खटखटाया। अचानक

ही भीतर से एक बूढ़ा आदमी बाहर आया और बोला “तुम्हारा दोस्त मर चुका है।”

मैं अवाकू था, शायद शुद्ध हिन्दी सुनकर, या फिर वाक्य की गहनता को समझकर।

“तुम्हें कैसे पता”? मैंने कौतूहल से पूछा।

उसने एक गड्ढे में भरे पानी की ओर संकेत किया। मैं पूरी बात समझ गया। ये व्यक्ति कांगो के एक खोये हुए कबीले का सदस्य था। कथाओं के अनुसार ये लोग पानी को देखकर आपका भूत और भविष्य बता सकते हैं। पर मेरे लिये तो अब मेरा वर्तमान भी अप्रासंगिक था।

फिर मैंने बड़ा ही प्रासंगिक प्रश्न पूछा, “मैं कहाँ हूँ, और बाहर जाना चाहता हूँ।”

बूढ़ा व्यक्ति काफी गंभीरता से बोला “तुम फँस चुके हो, आज से दो महीने बाद नदी की बाढ़ कम होगी, तब तुम कांगो जा सकते हो”

“मतलब मुझे दो महीनों तक यहीं रहना होगा”? मैंने पूछा।

“यहाँ नहीं, हमारे साथ, हमारे गाँव में”, वृद्ध का जवाब था।

वो मुझे अपने गाँव ले गया। लगभग 80-90 घरों का वह समूह, बाँस के पत्तों से बने घर, मुझे किसी प्राचीन सभ्यता की याद दिला रहे थे। मेरे लिये भी एक अलग बाँस का घर बन चुका था। और अब मुझे आराम करना था।

अगली सुबह मैंने उस गाँव के बारे में जानना चाहा तो मुझे पता चला कि ये लोग पहले यूरोपियन थे, लेकिन इनका मत है कि वो दुनिया खत्म होने वाली है, विकास और प्रगति सत्य है, पर अन्त की सत्य है। इसलिये इन्होंने आधुनिकता का त्याग कर दिया। ये आश्चर्य था, पर सत्य था। मैंने उनके समाज के बारे में पूछा तो उसने बताया कि वो लोग पारिवारिक मूल्यों में विश्वास नहीं करते। उनके गाँव में लगभग 130 औरतें और 150 आदमी हैं, और सब मिलकर जीवन यापन करते हैं। उनकी कोई जाति नहीं है, कोई धर्म नहीं है। वो सिर्फ ज़िन्दगी जीते हैं, और उसी की पूजा करते हैं।

“अगर प्रगति और मृत्यु सत्य है, तो आप सत्य से क्यों भाग रहे हो। आप तो भूतकाल की तरफ जा रहे हो, ये तो नदी की उल्टी



धारा हुई”, मैं बिना रुके बोलता गया।

“नहीं मित्र, ये नदी की उल्टी धारा नहीं, यही भविष्य का सागर है” और वो हँसता हुआ चला गया।

मुझे वहाँ दो महीने व्यतीत करने थे, इन दो महीनों में मैं उनके काफी करीब आ गया। हर उम्र के लोग थे वहाँ, बच्चे, बूढ़े और जवान। और सब काफी खुश भी थे। एक दिन मैंने एक बच्चे से पूछा, तुम्हें पढ़ना-लिखना आता है ? तो बच्चों ने बतलाया कि वो यहाँ पूर्व (पूरब) से लाये हुए कुछ ग्रंथों का अध्ययन करते हैं और वो वेद थे, पूर्णतः शुद्ध वेद। शायद उनको यह जीवन-शक्ति वेदों से ही मिलती है।

बाद में पता चला कि यो लोग नृत्य, संगीत और कला के शौकीन हैं। जीने की एक अजीब लालसा है इनमें। ये जीते हैं, तो प्राण डाल देते हैं जिन्दगी में, जीवन के रस उपकरणों में। एक दिन मैंने एक पत्थर पर कुछ ऐसा लिखा हुआ पाया।

“भित्वा पाषाणपिठरं, छित्वा प्राभंजनीम व्ययाग।  
पित्वा पातालपानीयं, कुटजस्वम्बाते नमः॥”

इसका मतलब, पत्थर को भी तोड़कर, आकाश को निचोड़कर, पाताल को भेदकर अपने प्राण वसूल लो। जिंदा रहो, और खुश रहो। जीवन का यही मूलमंत्र है।

मैं उनकी मासूम, सरल, सरस लेकिन निर्भिक जीवन से प्रभावित हुआ। उनमें कोई दोष नहीं है। वो पूर्ण हैं, मनुष्य हैं। और मनुष्यता ही उनका धर्म है। वाह रे ये जीवन, प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य की छटाओं में बिखरी ये सुन्दर जीवन शैली मेरे मानस चक्षुओं में समा गई।

एक बार मेरे पैरों में दर्द था और बढ़ता ही जा रहा था। इस पर एक लड़की आई, जो वहाँ नर्स का काम करती थी। उसने मेरे

पैरों में कुछ लगाया और भीगी पलकों से प्रार्थना करने लगी। मैं भावविभोर हो उठा। मैंने उससे कहा “मेरे लिये कल भी प्रार्थना करना। वो बोली “ना, कल उसके लिये करूँगी, जिसे सबसे ज्यादा दर्द होगा”।

हाय रे ये समर्पण ! मैंने बहुतों को रूप से पाते देखा था, और बहुतों को गुणों से भी। पर आज यह देखा की कोई किसी को पीड़ा से पाता है, और किसी का उत्सर्ग सदा किसी और के लिये सुरक्षित रहता है।

मैंने उससे पूछा “मैं तुम्हारा क्या लगाता हूँ ?”

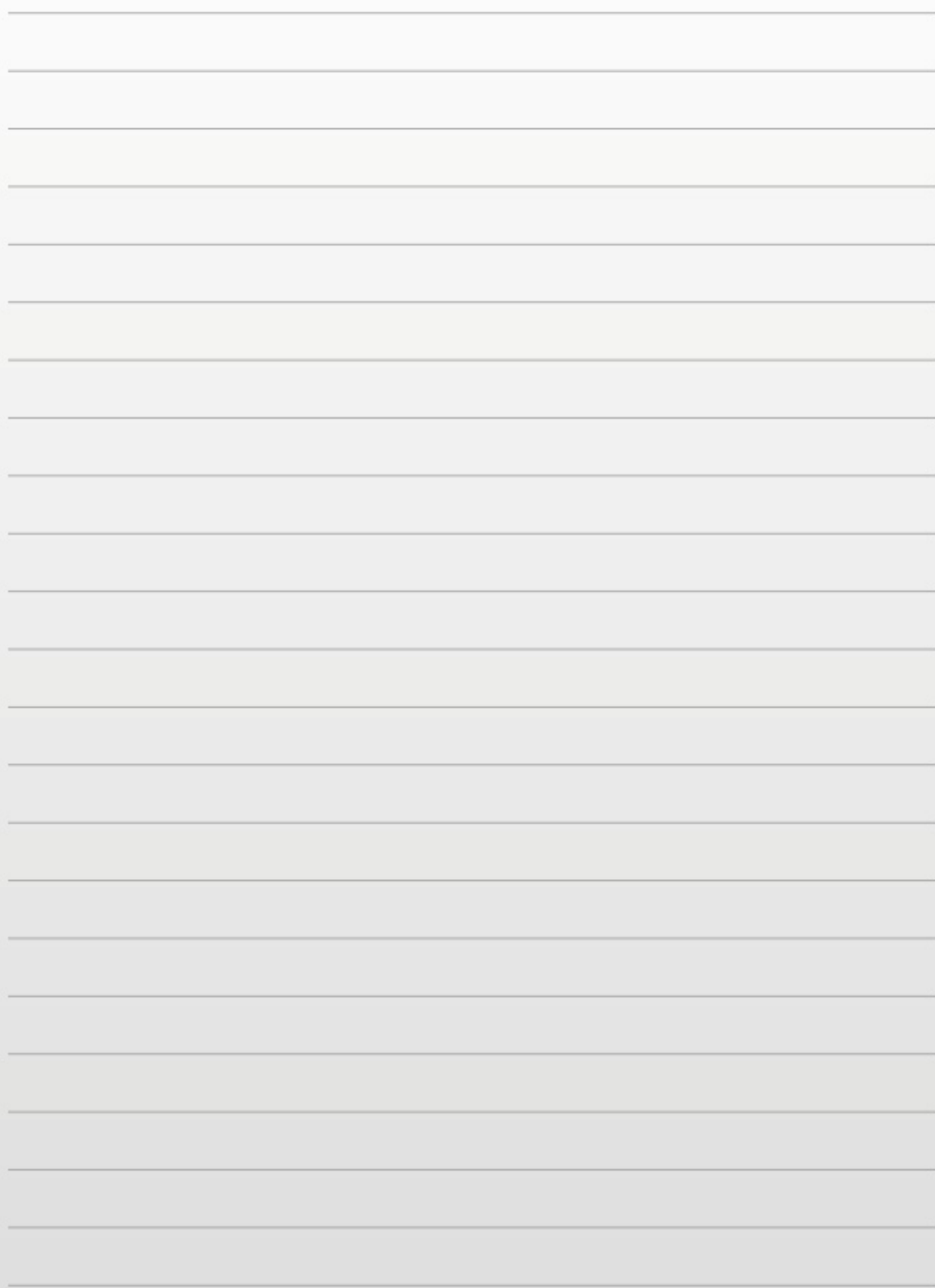
“मुझे इससे क्या, मुझे कल की परवाह नहीं”, बड़े ही भोलेपन से उसने उत्तर दिया।

मैं मन ही मन बोल पड़ा-“हम भारतवासी गीता को कंठ में रखकर धनी हुए, पर तुम उसे जीवन में ले कृतार्थ हुई”।

दो महीने बीत चुके थे, अब वापसी की बारी थी। भारतीय वायु सेना का ये जवान एक पूर्ण मनुष्य बन चुका था। उसने गेहूँ पर गुलाब की विजय देख ली थी।

“कांगो पहुँचकर मैंने अपना परिचय दिया तो लोग काफी खुश हुए, एक ऑफिसर ने बताया कि पृथ्वी की मध्य रेखा बोयोमा के ऊपर से गुजरती है, और इसलिये वहाँ पर्यावरण में गड़बड़ी के कारण इलेक्ट्रो मैग्नेटिक फील्ड में बदलाव आ गया था। और अखबार में मेरी फोटो भी छपी थी, मृतकों के कालम में। उसी के नीचे कुछ और भी छपा था। वो था “अमेरिका का तालिबान पर आक्रमण, पूरे अफ़गानिस्तान का सफ़ाया।”

कल्पना के पात उड़े, पर मन की गहराईयों ने उसे कहीं ढक लिया। मैं थके मन से घर की तरफ चल पड़ा।





# PHOTOGRAPHS



**CIVIL ENGINEERING, CLASS OF 2008**

**Seated from L to R :** Hemant Vinayak, Umesh Kumar Pandey, S. S. Katoch, Dr. R.K. Sharma, Dr. R.L. Sharma, Prof. I.K Bhat, Dr. Raman Parti, Dr. V.K. Sarda, Dr. R.K. Dutta, Dr. V.S. Dogra, Dr. Pardeep Kumar

**Row 1 :** Naresh Kumar, Vishal Kaushik, Ishita Gupta, Thinley Lhamo, Ramjot Kaur, Anjana Sharma, Shilpa Sharma, Ashish Kumar Vishwakarma, Saurabh Baghel

**Row 2 :** Surjeet Singh, Ankush Rana, Sidharth Mahajan, Vineet Sharma, Dhiraj Kaundal, Sunil Saklani, Dhiraj Kumar Daimari, Zahed Parvesh, Ashish Sharma, Vijay Thakur, Sourya Chatterjee

**Row 3 :** Tamal Kanti Paul, Vinay, Narayana Swamy K . A.K Brahma, Vikalp Awasthi





### ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, CLASS OF 2008

**Seated from L to R :** Amit Kaul, Om Prakash Rahi, Dr. Zakir Hussain, Dr. Ravinder Nath, Dr. Ashwani Chandel, Dr. Ram Naresh, Prof. I.K. Bhat, Dr. Sushil Chauhan, Dr. Yog Raj Sood, Dr. Veena Sharma, Dr. R.K Jarial, Bharti Bakshi, Himesh Handa.

**Row 1 :** Devraj Sharma, Pritam Singh, Joginder Singh, Santosh Kumar, Chetram Rana, Rachna Kango, Deepika Sood, Aditi Sharma, Neha Kapoor, Shweta Singh, Prachi Mahajan, Ipsita Dhar, Neetu Chauhan, Shipra Khanwal.

**Row 2 :** Manjeet Negi, Tshering Duba, Vinay Chaudhary, Ashfaq Ahmad Ansari, Amarjit Singh, Amit Sharma, Anand Ratnayak, Kuldeep Kumar, Pranjal Juglan, Rajat Bhakri, Ankit Sharma, Abhishek Sahu, Amit Kohli, Nikhil Sood.

**Row 3 :** Aditya Bharadwaj, Jamyang Zeopa, Sunil Parmar, Ravneet Banyal, Bhupinder Churawat, Rahul Gupta, Vivek Chauhan, Arun Singh, Manga Vijay Prakash, Virender Singh Negi, Gaurav Kumar, Manish Dhiman, Atul Chadda



MECHANICAL ENGINEERING, CLASS OF 2008

**Seated from L to R :** Siddhartha, Dr. A.D. Bhat, Dr. Rajiv Kumar Shrama, Dr. N.S. Thakur, Dr. Rakesh Shegal, Dr. Anoop Kumar, Prof. I. K. Bhat, Dr. Sunand Kumar, Amar Patnaik, Dr. S.K. Pradhan, Prashant Dhiman, Sant Ram Chauhan

**Row 1 :** Manmohan Lal, Aavin Goswami, Rohit Kondal, Apoorva Shukla, Abhinav Banta, Hari Om Swarnkar, Bhaikunt K. Shyam, Chandan Kumar, Anoop Kumar, Sanjay Kumar, Rishikesh Kumar, Hemant Kumar Rai, Sagar Ranjan Patra

**Row 2 :** Varun Pandit, Tarun Kumar, Pratik Shrestha, Nishant Jain, Arjun B.S., Parvesh Kumar, Gajendra Sikanwar, Raj Kumar, Abhinav Jogi, Dhanavanth Reddy, Ujjwal Sharma, Amit Kumar Dhiman, Pankaj Sandhu, Anurag Chandan

**Row 3 :** Md. Arif Khan, Sagar. S. Kattimani, Kamlesh Kumar, Vipul Gupta, Sunny Gupta, Vinay Singh Yadav, Ankush Shama





**ELECTRONICS AND COMMUNICATION ENGINEERING, CLASS OF 2008**

**Seated from L to R :** Gagnesh Kumar, P. Daniel, Vinod Kumar, Manoranjan Rai Bharti, Ashwini Rana, Ashok Kumar, Prof. I.K. Bhat, Dr. Vinod Kapoor, Krishan Kumar, Shweta Kak, Pushpa Devi, Naresh

**Row 1 :** Parul Puri, Shikha Chauhan, Priyanka, Mohit Jain, Saumya Rathor, Shruti Bhaik, Niranjan Kadel, Vinita .C, Shubhi Gupta

**Row 2 :** Chain Singh, Jaipal Mandyal, Sanchit Sharma, Abhishek Tondon, Sandeep Kumar, Agam Gupta, Mani Kumar, Rishabh Bansal, Anshul Gupta, Linoy John Paul, Aditya Gandotra, Achint Goel, Tapas Mani Shyam, Ujjwal Shaikia

**Row 3 :** Varun Wallia, Prakash Aryal, Saurav Lalhal, Utpal Tiwari, Onkar Agrawal, Varun Agrawal, Abhishek Gupta, Manish Singh, Ramakant, Rakesh Kumar Prashad, Sonu Khrolia

**Row 4 :** Shashi Bharti, Pradeep Subudhi, Nitin Vinod, Manabesh Ray, Rahul Kant, Abhishek Verma, Prashant, Aman Gandhi, Rohit Sharma, Varun Maheshwari





COMPUTER SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING, CLASS OF 2008

- Seated from L to R :** Kusumlata, Meenakshi, Dr. S.K. Jain, Naveen Chauhan, Siddhartha Chauhan, Dr. L.K. Awasthi, Prof. I.K. Bhat, Dr. Narottam Chand, Rajeev Kumar, Nitin Gupta, Pardeep Singh, Suneet Gupta
- Row 1 :** Vikrant Sadda, Shashi Kumar, Shalini Singh, Divya Sharma, Minni Chandel, Vandana Malhotra, Khushboo Agarwal, Gaurav Agarwal, Piyush Verma, Maneesh Chauhan, Abhishek Shama
- Row 2 :** Munish Khanna, Gaurav Damri, Vikas Garg, Kuldeep Bhardwaj, Shishir Kumar Goel, Rohit Thapliyal, Vivek Shah, Atul Sharma, Ravikanth Naik, Akhilesh Vyas, Lachuman Acharya
- Row 3 :** Ashish Taunk, Sahil Sood, Sandeep Vashisht, Narendra Patel, Deepak Jain, Raj Kamal Sharma, Mahesh Kumar, Mainaksh Singh, Udit Jain





**ARCHITECTURE, CLASS OF 2008**

**Seated Row 1**

: Amit Burdak, B.N.Panda, Neha Sharma, Abha Kapoor, Shailza Singh, Rakesh Mishra

**Seated Row 2**

: Ar. Minakshi Jain, Ar. I.P.Singh, Ar. Amitava Sarkar

**Standing Row 3**

: Nikhil Thakur, Riyan Habeeb, Anoop Sharma, Vivek Sharma, Rajkumar, Ar. Sandeep Kumar, Ridhima Mahajan, Eram Chauhan, Rachita Sood, Swati Jha, Priyanka Bhandari, Ar. Vandana Sharma, Mittali Katoch, Ar. Neetu Kapoor, Ankita Sharma, Ar. Amanjeet

## **BADMINTON**



## **BASKETBALL**







**CRICKET**



**FOOTBALL**

## **VOLLEYBALL**



## **SPORTS COMMITTEE**





**ROTRACT**



**ISTE**



## **LITERACY MISSION**



## **S.P.E.C.**





## **DIMENSIONS**



## **E CELL**



**ENTERTAINMENT  
SOCIETY**



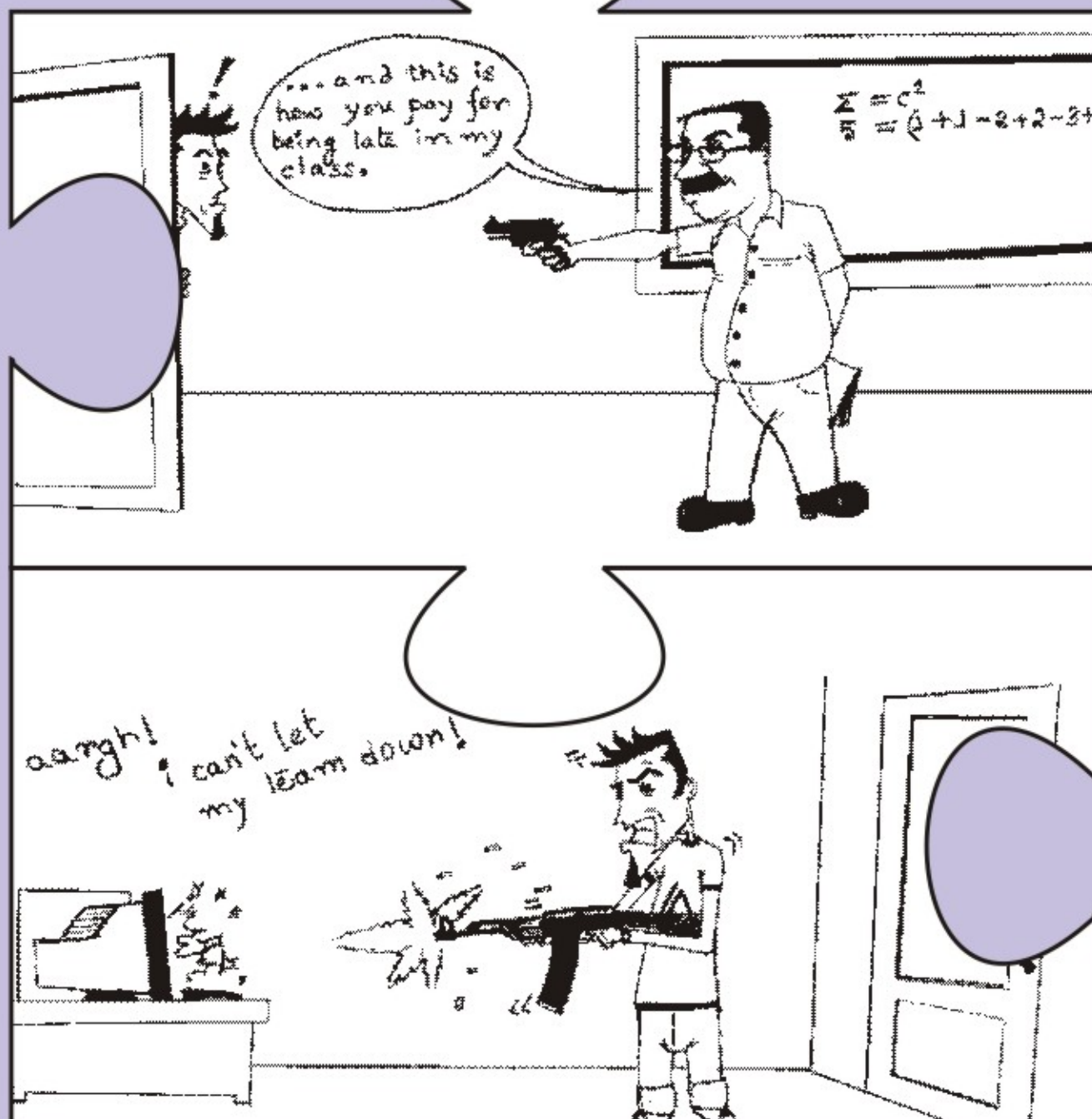
**S.O.M.E.**



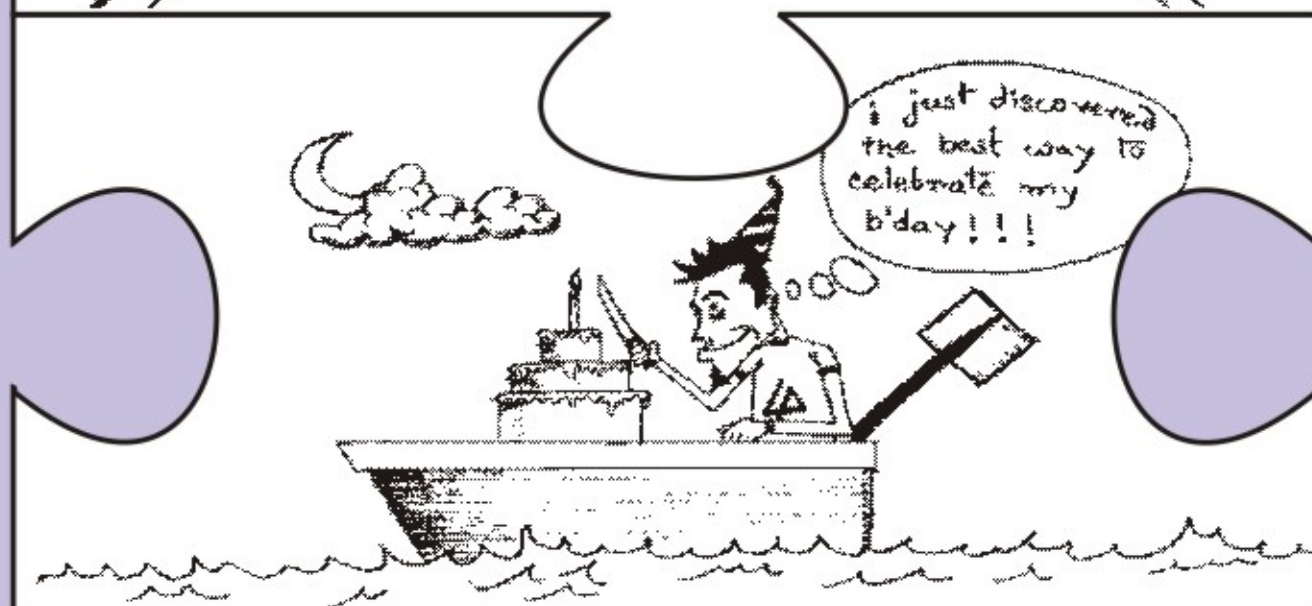
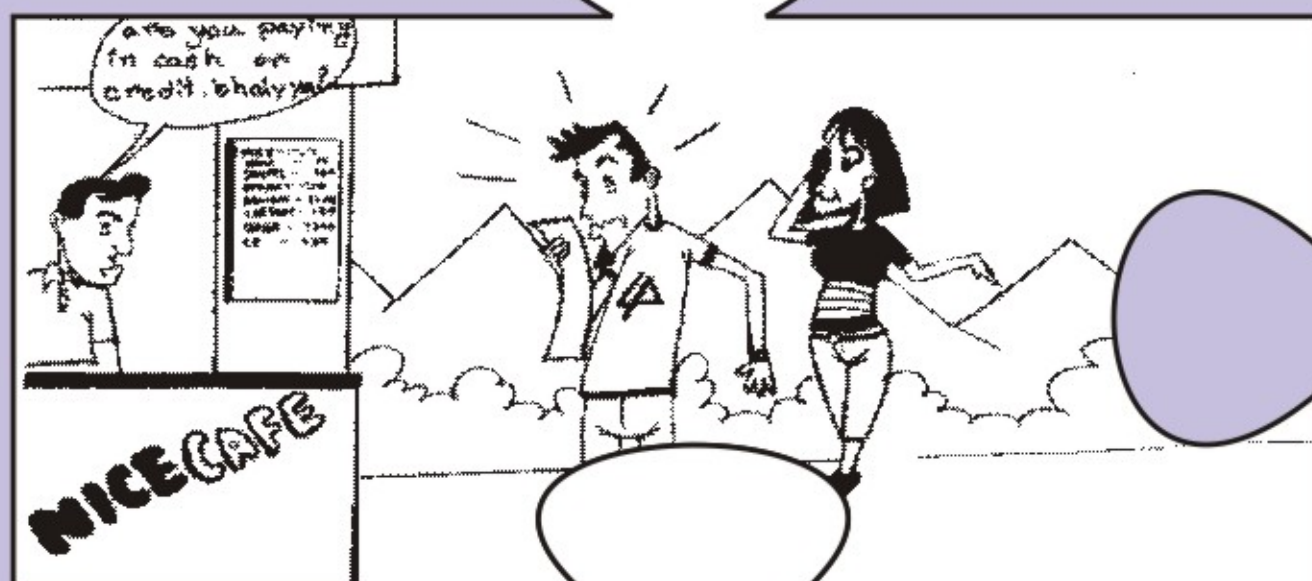




# "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF NIT HAMIRPUR"







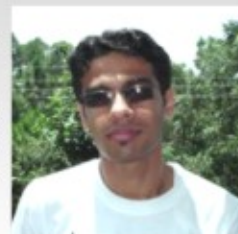


### **Arjun B S**

The Students' Editor aka the show-man. It is to his credit that he managed a team of 35 mad people in their pursuit of madness. A cup of coffee and a thoughtful, decisive mind have always been his forte. With commitment, teamplay, boldness and simplicity, the Students' Clown led his band of merry-makers well.

### **Abhishek Tondon**

An ace of a writer. His experience and exemplary passion and dedication for the magazine in the past 4 years have made him inevitable for the editorial team. There's a silent genius in him that gets pondering over breadboards and integrated circuits after the whole world falls asleep. But that's Tondon for you.



### **Shishir Goel**

He has figured out the power of a smile. He has been one of the lynchpins around which the magazine has revolved over the past years. With an indomitable decision making ability and excellent Hindi and English writing prowess Shishir once again proved how indispensable he is to the team.

### **Manish Singh**

Manish is thoughtful yet action oriented in his work. That he chooses to talk less is understandable as the high quality of his work speaks for itself. His is also a rare case of someone equally good with the pen as well as the paintbrush.



### **Aditya Gandotra**

He understands better than anyone else that the best way to eat an elephant is one piece at a time. A skilled multitasker by profession, Aditya juggles his academic and non-academic life with much ease. He dreams of being counted amongst the big boys of the corporate league in the future.

### **Vivek Shah**

In Vivek is a classic example of a teamplayer. His attitude and command over the English language has earned him much respect both as a writer and a managing editor with the magazine. And while he isn't writing lines of computer code, Vivek likes to watch movies, listen to music or sleep.







**Divya Sharma**

Sources close to her reveal that her middle name is 'Perfect'. The literary editor has been a trusted authority in English writings. The gentle touch in her communication often times masks the firm decision maker that she is.

**Vivek Chauhan**

The Literary editor has been a part of the team since 3 years and has played an indispensable role. After all, sports are not everyone's cup of tea and it's a good habit to write a diary entry. And our man has synergised these two rather well.



**Abhinav Jogi**

This fine-tempered lad in his early twenties is ambitious. He is consultative yet decisive with his actions and is extremely organised in his ways. Abhinav plays the guitar, drums and the keyboard and is an enthusiastic public-speaker as well.

**Dhanvanth Reddy**

The engineer in him is constantly keeping things in order and focussing on tiny details. He carries a good sense of humour and his art speaks volumes about his talent. Dhanvanth plays the bass guitar and is passionate about volleyball.



**Gajendra Singh**

An amazing knowledge of history and a pen filled with the ink of patriotism, this Hindi editor has been outstanding with his writings. He is witty with his words and carries this trait on stage where he is a superb dramatist as well.

**Shruti Bhaik**

A tall lady who adds an all new dimension to creativity with her high aesthetics and finesse. Her ingenuity and artistic prowess have made her acquire a much deserved place in the editorial board of the magazine in the past three years.





### Prashant

A man of his words, he is our best athlete off the field. (He can reach the Electrical Department anytime in less than a minute from anywhere in the campus!). An effervescent smile and sincerity overflowing would sum this guy up. He likes to lead a busy life and loves to drink lots of coffee.

### Tejaswi

Meet Mr NDTV *Imagine*. Tejaswi's favourite pass time is to make people imagine a lot. He loves sweets. His charming and dynamic personality is dominated by his knowledge, humor, enthusiasm and his looks. He is the only editor in the team who knows MS Word inside out! His well timed jokes will make anyone laugh in even the most trying of times.



### Ashwini Dhiman

"Pyara Gujju", as he is usually called is full of humour. His exact mimicry makes his presence enjoyable. He is a good actor, dancer, singer and a great writer. His writings include nice ideas and imagination. In short he is full of life; and his talent can't be concluded in few words.

### Dipanjan Mazumdar

This lad from "the abode of clouds" has a charming personality and pursues all his goals with patience and perseverance. He's a die hard fan of fast cars, *angrezi* music, movies and always of the kind to party around. And as for food, he'll eat anything. And it means 'anything'!!!



### Prashant Nath Endley

There is a thing or two in his writings that instantly makes the reader feel light and smile. Prashant chooses to stay silent and goes about his work in a very unassuming manner. With a great sense of team spirit, he's one who scales up quickly and steadily while pitching in his part. Gaming is his 'activity of the day'; everyday.

### Kamal Prakash Ravi

"Men of few words are seldom understood" Kamal is one such man and is thought to be a typical 'good boy', who believes that silence is golden. His strong hold on Hindi writing has seldom been questioned. He prefers working behind the curtains in any team but cuts it out with quality.







**Kunal Dhar**

He is a religious cricketer and an excellent artist. In evenings, nobody on the earth (except the G's) can keep him away from the playground. At night, nothing except movies can keep him from sleeping. Kunal is humble and can switch between seriousness and fun at the same time.

**T. Avinash**

He loves food in general and chocolates in particular. Even though he's a little flabby he is still almost invincible in badminton. Making him even slightly angry will fetch a million dollar prize! He's very confident about his abilities and that's what makes him stand out.



**Swati Dhiman**

She is cherubic and an extrovert. As the design editor, she is the creative force behind many of the ideas incorporated in the magazine. An excellent dancer and a fabulous speaker, she has it in her to be the very best in anything she does.

**Siddharth**

He is a calm person with heavy words pointing deep meaning. He is disappointed of many things around him, which you can observe from his expressions in writing. He is passionate for meaningful literature.



**Geo Pal Antony**

Though a new face in the team, this literary editor did indeed bring about vibrancy and a change from monotony. He proved clearly that new ideas are often essential for success. And so is hard work.

**Chandrakant Chaturvedi**

Famous by the name "Chandu", he thinks much displays less. This could be observed as difference between him and his writing.





**Abhishek Chaturvedi**

The famous 'royal meddy' in attitude and writing. He is calm and silent but his suggestions are always worthwhile. He is a prolific writer with a different touch in his articles. He thinks about those aspects which others avoid.

**Sneha Kelwa**

Sneha Kelwa is really a vibrant and down to earth girl. She is innocent yet witty, and a poet at heart. She is a fun-loving person and knows how to make every second person smile! Most important of all her virtues is that she is diligent and a deterministic person.

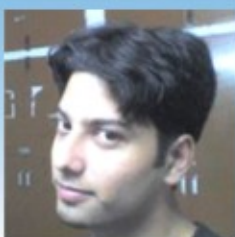


**Anant**

Anant is a bundle of energy. He is ever ready to work and his efficiency never wavers. This guy has a keen sense of observation and an excellent sense of humor. He is a good team player. His talent with words and his artistic skills make him an essential member of the Srijan team.

**Shubhanan**

Yet another 2nd year CSE guy with the same old motto "CSE rocks!". Imagining this guy as idle would be at least anybody's biggest foolishness, because this guy has got himself glued to more clubs than his daily hours of sleep! Worth mentioning that gaming and designing never let his fingers go numb even in the creepy winters. Never does he hesitate in sharing few bucks on good people and food, just the same way ideas never stop blooming out of him.

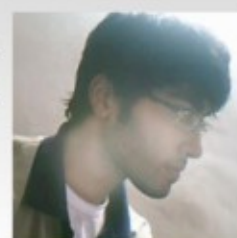


**Aprajit**

An artist, a writer, a thinker and many more things all together is the small package we all know as Aprajit. A dedicated worker with great sense of humor and a truck load of work ethics. His charming personality and an ever present smile are an additional feature in his persona. Cheers to Aprajit.

**Rajjan**

The Electrical guy but better known as the "computer quack" because he just got pills for every kind of computer ailments arising in anyone's PC.







### **Aviral**

Aviral is a giant of a guy. Once you get to know him, you will find that he is gentle and sweet. Full of laughter, Aviral is always up to the task of making Srijan more beautiful and full of artistic wonders. He is an artist to the core and is the hand behind many of our magazines' breathtaking paintings. He is an integral part of the team.

### **Ratna Ghosh**

"Mishti Doi and Roshogulla" is what describes her. She possesses a good acumen in English and is a sensible writer. A gem of a person who loves good food and good music. What makes her unique is that she always delivers on time.

