

The NISTian, Vol 2, Issue 1, December 1997

AN ENCOUNTER (MRUNMAYASAHU)

"Hello Mister., come here!" I turned back. A tall guy wearing a pair of blue jeans and a white T-shirt was calling. He looked worried.

"What's Your name?"

"Mrunmayra Sahu,," I replied in a low voice.

"Do you know me?"

"No" I replied carelessly.

"I am your senior." I was amazed but continued the charade.

'Good afternoon, Sir!"

"What's your branch?"

"Computer Science and Engineering."

"Why did you choose this branch?"

"I thought the branch suited me."

"Does NIST suit you?"

"I'm not sure. My father thought so. That's why. I'm here."

"What did he think to be special about NIST?"

"An NRI Venture'?"

"How will that help you? Will that take You to the State ?"

"I don't think so."

"Then. how will you go?"

"Certainly by, flight."

"I mean on what basis."

"Computers" I shrugged.

"Had you seen NIST before taking admission'?"

"No!"

"What's your view after joining here'"

"It's beautiful" I replied calmly.

"Whattt!"

"It IS beautiful. Far away from the crowded city of Berhampur. Green surroundings, hills, open fields, open air, a relaxed atmosphere..."

He looked towards the sun, then to the hazy green mountains, the swaying palms, barren farm land and murmured, "Yes, it is really beautiful. Are these all you have expected or is they're something more?"

"Yes of course," I replied excitedly. "I believe it's an infant crawling on its knees and craving to stand high on its feet. This is very obvious since this buildings, hostel accommodations, bright faculty members from best educational backgrounds and that too without gray hair. Also using a bit of my IQ, it seems that Yen. Soon we will be having our own VSAT, along with possession of mainframes. I think this is too much for this baby and as you might have heard "Nothing can be done overnight. "By the way haven't you read the information brochure?

" Oh, yes! It was interesting. Have you ever dreamt of parasailing or windsurfing?'

"Not Yet, but wish to do both soon."

"What do you feel is your chance of getting through campus selection?"

" 100%, not a decimal less."

"If no company comes?"

"I will reach out for them."

"What extra advantage will you have being a NISTian?"

"A lot of NTCS Certificates."

"What weight will these certificates carry "

"About 10 grams each."

He laughed. "Well would you like to tell something to the seniors?"

"Yes, Sir! They should look to 2000."

"And to the freshers

"They should get to know their seniors better!" I smiled mischievously.

He knew his game was up. "Sorry yaar, Mrunmaya! Please don't mind. I am Asirbad Sinha. 1st Year Electronics & Telecommunication." We shook hands.

"Actually after joining NIST what I found out was totally beyond my belief and felt confused. A lot of promises but only promises. But you are yes, optimistic yaar. You have raised a faint hope in me."

I Heard my friend Debashis shouting, "Hey, Chintu! What are you doing there? Hello. Asirbad. Asirbad is a very close friend of my Younger brother. Take care of him."

"Right now I am going to place a written complaint against him for mentally harassing a senior."

A TRUE NISTIAN SPIRIT (PARTHA'RAY)

Great expectations, a high enthusiasm, a lot of will power together gives the way to sunrise in the highly competitive world. All these showed me the Jay to Palur Hills where a prestigious and fast developing Engineering College is located.

Who are NISTians ? The very first batch which started in 1996 have really defined what it means to be a NISTian . It was this first batch which became the magnet for us and their attitude attracted us. Their sincerity and dedication to the college is clearly noticeable. The relationship among them seems as if they know each other from long long time. They are a mixture of all shades . some seniors are very friendly with us while some others put up a grave and serious look. They all behave like our elder brothers and sisters. They have completely changed the age-old concept of ragging into a process of developing a fine relationship among the seniors and juniors.

Now it is the responsibility of the juniors. That we must always keep this spirit on in our mind. Can we fulfil the dreams of NIST? Can we set an example for other upcoming aspirants? Can we give, what NIST wants from us? Can we show what a true NISTian spirit is? Can we? -"We can we will we must"other upcoming aspirants? Can we give what NIST wants from us? Can we show what a true NISTian spirit is" Can we? - "We can We will We must"

WHEN I GET ME A JOB! (SEEMANT LENKA)

When I get me a job
I will dress only in suits,
My feet only in dancing boot,
MY Lady's hand in my hand.

When I go somewhere,
There shall be APPLAUSE
And many rounds of PRAISE
A wonderful life it will be.

A London Lady might propose;
May be a American Lady, I suppose;
But my heart's Made in India;
SO my wife strictly Made In India.

When I get me a job
"Hello sir, how are you?"
"What can I do for you "
Will they say that to you?

Everyone will say "Yes Boss"
And work for me hour after hour;
Night and day, from morning to evening,
I will get salutes in my honor.

I will have my Mercedes,

loaded with lots of CDs.
I will have some land
And a key to my fortune in my hand.

LEARNING'C' (SHAKTI KALYAN BADU)

In 'C' class, I have slept a thousand times
In my dreams I have dreamt
I am stepping in my grave a hundred times.
Because 'C' is a language
As dead as can be
It killed the previous programmers
Now it is killing me.
But I hope only one can help
And he is Dr. Ravi Reddy,
The Master in 'C'.

Dr. Reddy's advice: Write a function with prototype short step - into-grave(long time) and call it in an infinite loop.

A MIDNIGHT STORY (KAMALJIT MOHANTY)

Sept'96, NDA Khadakwasla: 11:58 PM. The silence was eerie. Then the thunderous voice of Major Kairon tore the Curtains of silence. "Attention Everybody ", he said. Our feet obeyed the order. And our ears were ready for his command, "Two minutes from now, the clock strikes 12 and you start your mission . Your 1st point is

the temple in Aanganwadi village. There You shall find the due to Your second destination. Hope each section has nine 303 rifles , one L.M.G, maps, compass and other camp items." " Yes Sir" we roared back. -Any questions", he asked. "No sir".

The major looked at his watch, we took a furtive glance at our wrist matches We waited ,our breath being the only sound heard . A soft breeze kissed our faces : Then came the final command, "Move." ' And all the best", he added.

Torches beamed and each of the 15 sections which had 10 boys each separated out. Scrambling through the maps, we finally found our destination. I being the section leader announced, "Section 7, we got to be the 1st group to complete the mission. We can and we will" "Hurrah!" was the last word we spoke. We ran and ran. The path to the 2nd and 3rd points was relatively easier

At 2:05, we set out for the 4th point, the final destination. The mission was to end at the well in Sonawadi village. We were panting and sweating. The path was treacherous. I was leading our group. Looking

Back I found some boys slowing down. I called them to

run fast and suddenly, turning, I found myself at the edge of a deep pit. Off balance. I fell into the pit with a thud I regained my senses and tried to climb back. I tried again and again but failed. The pain was excruciating, but with the help of ropes, they managed to drag me out somehow. 'Service before self ', was what echoed in my mind. With the help of my section, somehow me reached the well. I reported to the officer and the mission was finally complete and me were the 1st to make it.

We shouted cries of joy. My head reeled and I fell to the ground. Next morning I found myself at the hospital my leg plastered. I had to stay in the bed for a couple of months, but the feeling that I had been true to my duty gave me a profound sense of satisfaction.

TIME IS REALITY (SUDHANSU BHUSAN SAHOO)

Stop this maddening pace! Pause, think. Oh! You naive soul! How could you innocently believe in myth.

Time dictates,
Time controls,
Time decides,
Time is reality.

Time governs the universe and everything else. And you thought you could enslave it. When the truth is that you are its slave. The clock is ticking and every measure lost gone. So, wake up and abide by the laws of time. As this is the greatest reality of "LIFE". BELIEVE IN TIME RATHER THAN SOUL.

THE MODERN COLLEGE BOY (DEEPAYAN THAKUR)

College life is full of joy,
r so says a modern boy!
He loves standing near the gate,
Goes to the classroom always late.
Pass marks for him are difficult to get,

But about success he is ready to bet.
He comes to college to get pleasure.
And enjoys time in full measure
He does not care for the rules of the college,
And is afraid lest he get some knowledge.
On his resolve, rated first,
On his result, a weeping last.

ONE YEAR OF A NISTZAN'S JOURNEY (ANSHUMAN PANIGRAHI)

N.I.S.T. - National Institute of Science & Technology, an NRI Venture- was how I described it to my friends back home. Truly I could feel a sense of pride and dignity in describing my, new alma mater. Now after about 15 months or so. I am quite convinced and confident that neither my head can drop a bit in shame nor can my proud shoulders quail a bit in obloquy. Well after having completed full 1 year in this institute and having appeared in 2 semesters, I hope I am qualified enough to comment on 14th year of my education.

Frankly speaking, the very first look at our Institute in the University Campus disappointed me a lot. Then came the orientation programme and the inspiring speech by Dr Ravi P Reddy lifted my doleful heart.

Now after a year we have our very, own concrete building. It is the transience of life that blunts the edge of life's sufferings.

It was tough to continue classes in antagonistic surroundings. The inhibitions and prohibitions were really frustrating. I told myself that all things must pass and every elegy has within it the promise of a future ode. Now when I look at our own campus, the vast surroundings and the picturesque hills, my heart leaps with joy. I feel jealous that we will spend one year less in this campus as compared to our juniors.

Life in N.I.S.T. became very tough as classes began and our lecturers began accelerating their pace. It did become quite strenuous for us to keep up the tempo and be attentive in the class all the time. However, we did come closer to our faculty members and the aura of serious and strictness around them started evaporating. It became easier for us to judge their moods and mindsets by looking at them and we could regulate our behavior in the class accordingly. Assignments and quizzes started rushing in from all corners and life became even more challenging. But to be very candid, the teaching system here has one shortcoming. We were given so much attention and care and the lecturers became so overcautious that we developed a habit of being spoonfed, which at this stage is proving to be a hindrance in developing our own ideas and in solving problems in an independent manner. It will take some time to shed this attitude of ours.

The tight academic schedule was sprinkled with regular doses of entertainment. WAVES '96 was an enjoyable evening. That evening we had a ball and thoroughly made merry. So too was the picnic. But to be very honest, we returned home with some bitterness in our heart. All these entertainment activities could have been better marshalled and should have involved us more. I fervently, hope for better roles for us next time.

Life is a topsy-turvy path. It has its own moments of joy and agony. It was really, harrowing for us when we started an agitation against the college authorities and boycotted classes. However, the then prevailing situation forced us to take this most disheartening step. Now, when one looks back, the general feeling is that neither of us were at fault. Still, the fact of the matter is that nothing is going to last for ever. We cherish flowers more than evergreens; precisely, because they do not last. I personally feel that such an ugly incident should never manifest itself again.

Looking back at the academic front, the 1st Semester Exams were held rather late and this gave us ample time to complete our courses and in comparison to that, the 2nd Semester was a zooter. It had just arrived and all of a sudden, the exam stared us in our eyes. It was really a slam-bang matter and it drained out all our skills and ability, to persevere. Nevertheless, we appeared at exams and they were over in a flash. What followed was like a doctor's prescription - 3 months of complete rest. Honestly speaking for me, these holidays were the highpoint of the year.

Returning after 3 months and that too, in a new campus with so many juniors really gave us tremendous joy. The sad part is that we are not here to stay for ever. The true fact is that, this 1 Year has influenced my, world in a positive manner. This year had it own zeniths and nadirs. But it is always best to forget the pains and pangs suffered and keep in mind the pleasures experienced. I shall always remember the happy moments experienced here, the jokes shared with my friends and the roars of laughter all of us have laughed.. but keep apart the acties and woes felt to be salved by the passing time. As they say past is history.. future is mystery. this moment is a gift and so it is called present.

Lastly, a piece of advice to my friends. Whether You feel sad. bad, mad or glad, never give up. Victory is always there for one who tries. So, put forth Your effort and consign the result to oblivion.

Life itself cannot give you joy
Unless you will it,
Life just gives you time and space
Its upto you to fill it.

REMINISCENCES (PIJUSH GUPTA)

Doing an autopsy on the past one year wasn't easy. One surely gets a feeling of nostalgia. Not a totally mind blowing year but nonetheless it had it's moments.

The beginning made us feel a bit let down. "Come Share Our Dream" was the Institute's catchphrase. but four people huddled in a single room with food eaten only to be puked was not our idea of a dream. But all was understandable. Considering the fact that NIST was like a newborn as Dr. Reddy had said and naturally being a part of the moment we had to share the responsibility and pain of nurturing the baby.

By the first week homesickness had taken it's toll on us What with the steel cots in our rooms into which our feet banged with amazing frequency - the ultimate foot immobilizing machine which would have given James Bond's Hi-Tech Gadgets an inferiority complex! Studying in rented building in alien territory had it's own disadvantages .We were always made to feel like trespassers. During the frequent confrontations with the university boys our hands were bound.

The lecturers had a tale of their own. Some were spell binding and sonic soporific. Chalk throwing, paper planes. class bunking had become routine. The most enjoyed classes were those of TCM and Workshop where we gave vent to our artistic talents. Earlier studies perhaps held the foremost importance but with time we faltered and our priorities got sidetracked by other activities. Later the Director's subtle castigation brought us to the right track.

The past year had it's share of functions, seminars and picnics. WAVES ' 96 brought us all together and gave us a chance to have fun and to freak out. Songs, mimicry, dances. quizzes and last but not the least a skit with diction par excellence. You name it, You got it in WAVES'96.

In spite of our hectic schedule, one can still fondly recall the escapades to Gopalpur to watch the sea spume, to dL@ our junk food and to give our tries and neck a thorough exercise. After all we can't refuse John Keats who wrote, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

With the first semester getting postponed with amazing regularity, frustration had set in. Then March saw us slog its it out during the 1st Semester Examinations. Then there was the setting up of the Disciplinary Committee. Many were

Called to face the inquisition. some let off with mild warnings and some handled severely. When everything was beginning to fall into place. a strike shook NIST about which the less written the better.

In due time the NISTian population got divided into 3 Sections-the die-hard lovers. the I-don't-give-a-damn types and the look-n-learn types.

And now stepping into the 2nd Year, I feel nothing would change for us. We still would have bouts of amnesia striking in the midst of examinations and we still would loath the mess food and we still would race against time to submit assignments and there still would be singing in the college bus.

May be the best is yet to come or as the Americans would like to put it. "We ain't seen nothin' yet." But our efforts to realise our dreams and Dr. Reddy's never say die attitude will keep us all going on and on and on..

THE NIGHT BEFORE; THE MORNING AFTER (KAMAL MISRA)

Far away there under those orange lights.
Hides a face carrying an unspoken fright
For it has seen those gory deaths,

Unfortunate victims of hostile stealth,
Inhuman complexity of the human brains.
Dragging the newborns into the bloody drains,
Vicious awakening of the malicious ogre.
Celebrates the ripping act by those mute daggers.
Gambling of souls in the name of political welfare,
Filling of pockets fuel these racial warfare.
Unhealthy rise of those spherical patrons.
Making the curfew a funeral being smashed by batons,
The bustling city welcomes the morning calm.
Streaking towards tomorrow's in it's buses and trams.
Perhaps, this vicious cycle is too strong to fade,
But. will that face ever forget that haunting red ?

BUILDING OF FRIENDSHIP (V.SHIVRAJ)

Everything that was build was found to be useless. The mortar had more sand than cement. It had a weak base, which could any day break down to pieces with just the lightest whiff of misunderstanding.

Why did this happen'?!

We never wanted it to be a weak! At least I never thought of this. Then who conspires against us"

Something needs to be done!!!

This building of "FRIENDSHIP" must stand on a strong base. But then can I bring this dream of mine to fulfillment ? Without help ?

"No"!

This building of "FRIENDSHIP" needs all of us. It should contain "TRUST" as its bricks, "UNDERSTANDING & UNSELFISHNESS" as its mortar. Then and only then can our dream be fulfilled.

EDITORIAL (Dr. Ravi P. Reddy)

have put together this issue in a little hurry as I have to leave for Cuttack tomorrow morning and this issue

must be in the post by the last week of this month. (You might call this the editor's meeting-the-deadline apology for sloppy editing) I have some articles which I selected for this issue but due to lack of space, they will have to wait for the next issue. I have included all the articles which confirmed with the theme for this issue which was "Looking back at one scar at NIST and First Impressions of NIST." Some excellent cartoons were received but they will have to wait for the next issue of the NISTian.

Keep writing and submitting material for the next issue of the NISTian which will come out in February.