

The NISTian, Vol 2, Issue 8, September, 2000

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From the Editor's Desk"

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FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

I must share the feeling of euphoria and happiness that is prevalent at NIST these days. Our students have earned laurels in every sphere of activity. The results of the off- campus placement recently held in Bhubaneswar in which all engineering institutes of Orissa were invited have once again demonstrated that NISTians are a cut above the rest. The highly regarded software firm recruited 12 NISTians and 14 from the rest of the Orissa colleges! Recent awards, publications, conference papers, sponsored projects, summer courses, etc., by our faculty members demonstrates our potential to be a force to reckon with in this part of the country.

Since this will be the first issue to be reaching the desks of the NIST alumni, congratulations to all of you on your marvelous performance in your companies and the institutes you have joined. We have been inundated with "do-you-remember-me?" emails. Thank you for your emails and we do look forward to being informed of your progress. We will be adding an alumni page to our website very soon.

The recent additions to the Institute landscape are the Rose Garden, the Greenhouse and the jogging track. Our newest facility, the OCTAGON, apart from housing a steel-glass-look Cafeteria, will now feature the state-of- the-art centrally air-conditioned Computer Center. Enjoy!

With Best Wishes to all of you.

FROM THE PLACEMENT DIRECTOR

Congratulations to all the final year students who have bagged jobs in the campus placement. Handling your placement has continued to be a wonderful experience for me. For those who are waiting in the placement queue, I would like to say that the IT boom is continuing and you should be able to get a job without great difficulty as your senior batch has proved. Best of luck to all of you!

My advice to the juniors is that they must discuss placement related issues with the seniors and gain from their experience. Preplacement training (PPT) classes must be attended regularly as I am sure that these will help you in your quest for a job.

To our dear alumni - Thanks for the innumerable emails. Your messages keep me refueled with new energy to pursue my work. I am very pleased with the ease with which many of you have landed jobs after leaving NIST. To those who are still trying, my advice is that the going is still good if you make a good concerted effort at walk-in interviews. Another request to our alumni - start planning your entrepreneurial ventures. We are waiting for our own Sabeer Bhatia and Bill Gates!

Best of luck to all of you.

D'NIST...

Malaya Rout (First Year)

O' NIST, the potter with
Unparalleled craftsmanship.
You sit there strong and stout
Spinning the wheel day in day out.

Your pots, and vessels, multicolored
and lavishly decorated.
Sold in the market for high prices,
with water for masters in deep crises.

We, the wet clay,
wait to be shaped.
In the nimble hands of the potter,
and be let loose in life's river.

The Warriors of Tomorrow

D. Ramakrishna (Third Year)

'...to create engineering minds capable of mastering the global challenges of tomorrow's technologies.'

True, as it has always been, little could we really understand what the mission statement of NIST actually meant, when we were freshers to this elegant campus of ours. But thoughts changed and so has the common perspective of the 98' batch, rather, "our batch". Slowly, but surely, we are beginning to take this mission statement as our responsibility too.

Everything has changed with such a rapid pace. It is hard to believe that, we attended classes, in parallel with the construction process of the Lecture Building. Amusing were those moments when cement and sand used to pour down into the Lecture Hall from somewhere, every time Dr.A.K. Padhy used to talk about cements in his classes (just kidding!).

With the amount of interest that the companies like Wipro, Satyam, HCL, IBM, CG-COREL... (And many such in the pipeline) have shown in our seniors reflects a NISTian's capacity to generate faith about his capabilities in the competitive market out there. All the more, this whole placement issue has captured an entirely new facet of the NISTian imagination and is rapidly making a prominent place for itself in our subconscious mind. There is a rush to participate in technical papers, seminars, term papers and various training programmes. And why not? A resume looks better with more information in it. Above all, it is the additional experience of representing the college on a technical platform.

Every lip has the word 'Campus' on it and this has made us mindful towards our future plans, while some others route their ways towards CAT, GRE, GATE and defense services. The process becomes more professional with pre-placement training classes - an activity oriented, interactive classes for a highly activity oriented batch like ours (may be, in a different sense though!) but, this is the best we can hope for at this juncture given the short time we have at our disposal.

It is time to pull up our socks. Coming six months will get embedded into our minds for the rest of our lives. Its upon us; to preserve it as the brightest part our career or, God forbid, a nightmare, an opportunity lost!

It is a matter of stupendous pride and privilege to be a part of NIST work culture. We will show that we can still prove to be an element of surprise in midst of all under estimations.

The Voyage of My Pulse

Kamal Mishra (Fourth Year)

' The tree on the mountain take... whatever the weather brings. If' it has any chance at all, it's in putting down roots as deeply as possible.'

CORRIE TEN BOOM, Each New Day (Revell) Sagaciously scripted, aren't they? But I am not a tree, after all I'm a plebian mortal with an indomitable urge to devour the pleasures of life. I should stick to the fundamental conventions that proclaim the necessity to imbibe, not to preach. Well, I still remember me day I stepped into the shoes of an engineering student that was precisely on 20th October 1997. I joined NIST, bearing the roll number 103 in the dept. of Computer Science & Engineering, flaunting an abundance of fervor, poignantly blended with a pile of uncertainty as to what lay ahead. An institution in the phase of infancy would be contributing to the future of a we ll-defined set of students assembled to delve into the abyssal depths of technology.

An unfinished two storied structure, a sprawling meadow, a collection of dilapidated shanties and a handful of dumbfounded villagers were all we could see as the campus scene. Adding to the woes was the sense of an eerie isolation that prevailed over the campus. Only the occasional clamor of the vehicles passing by on me NH5- seemed to apprise us of the fact that we were not marooned on the island of Tristan de Cunha, i.e., the loneliest place on the earth.

On the academic front, there was a medley of chaos & dilemma as none appeared to be satisfied with the geography of NIST. Some conceived it as a picnic spot, others were busy checking their wristwatches every alternate minute to predict the termination of me period that we did otherwise ensure the epochal "Escape to Freedom". But, the serious ones, we did indulge in discussing the Fourth Dimension a la Schroedinger & the flaws of differential equations. By the way, what was the factual error in the Fermat's last equation, any smart guess?

The scene at the so-called 'NIST CANTEEN' was a treat to watch, students were issued lunch coupons and they thronged the site as if they were being accosted by former Miss Worlds to be led to the guillotine with no trace of hesitation. Of course, the 'Call of the BELLE' can be overshadowed by the 'Call of the "BELL Y' at times, I presume...

The semester exams used to visit the campus whenever they wished, in fact there was neither any- compulsion on the part of the authorities of the Berhampur University nor any responsive affirmation from the Controller of Examination. But everyone used to burn the midnight oil once the dirty foolscap cyclostyled paper with 'BU' written on top was pasted (m the notice board in the ground floor.

I still remember the D-Day, when we, the students of the 1997 batch were awaiting the tryst with our first semester exam. I was a trifle nervous and so were my classmates. After all, the 'commotion' and the subsequent 'promotion' would be taking a heavy toll afterwards. But, the exam was pretty normal and I can never forget the scene in BUS NO-I, the day the first semester exams came to an end. Everyone in the bus was switching roles from an actor/actress to a music composer to a rock dancer and so on...

Then came the 2nd semester when everyone developed a craze for computers and the insidious seed of programming was sown. All seemed to fiddle with the anatomy of the PC & C-Programming was the chapter of the hour.

In the 3rd semester, the remoteness of NIST was put to an end, as every body was ready to welcome the 1998 batch. Yet another team of bamboozled teenagers who had no idea as to whether they had been lodged in a high security.. prison or a holiday resort, but the students of our batch bestowed a warm welcome on these juniors.

Then in the subsequent semesters there was a division of disciplines, old relationships broken, new ones established, serious studying was the order of the day, especially the students of the computer science department were neck deep in the torrents of projects and presentations.

After a short stint at the IIT -Kanpur campus and the subsequent summer training campaign, came the much- awaited breather, THE CAMPUS PLACEMENT. The luckier ones stole the show, others longed for the limelight, but LUCK was the major issue that gripped the arena.

Well, now I'm on the verge of the 7th semester and I do like to share a few things with my juniors. 'Word\; can be beautiful. So can dreams. So can hopes.' Never lose patience, because in the long run it's the only stuff, which you can call your own. After all...

" There are two ways of spreading light: to be the candle or the mirror that reflects it." EDITH WHARTON, Life's like that

My Experiments with Truth

Source: Internet Submitted by: Prakash Chhapolia (Fourth Year)

```
struct female_professionals
{
double styles;
short skirts;
long time_to_understand problems;
float mind;
void knowledgeable;
char non_co-operative;
}
```

```
struct engaged_woman
{
double time_on_phone;
short attention_on_work;
long boast;
float on_cloud_wine;
void understanding;
char edgy;
}
```

```
struct beautiful_city_girl
{
double boyfriends;
short affairs;
long stories;
void greymatter;
char flirt;
}
```

```
struct newly_married_woman
{
```

```
double dinner_invitation;  
short time_at_work;  
long lunch_break;  
void bank_balance;  
char hen_pecked;  
}
```

The Game

Kamaljit Mohanty (Final Year)

The I.T boom is on. Does it imply that entering the college campus, one would be finding students only in the computer labs? Of course, any rational human being would expect so. But the ground reality says a big 'NO'. The smart thinkers will now take the option of finding majority of the students in the library. But they are again mistaken. Then where are they? What are they doing?

Yes, most of them are playing 'THE GAME'. Now, the readers might assume that, even being in the extremely technological world, people are still trying to make their presence felt in the sports scenario. But, one will be sorry to know that this game neither in any way is associated to the progressive actions of the nation, nor does it in any way influence the world. For this game is played by the students, especially the college-going mass, in a sheer self-interested motivation.

The game involves both the sexes, starting with their relation being uncomplicatedly named 'Friendship'. But, never do they realize that most of them in the long run would finally destroy the sanctity of the very term. This relation slowly moulds into a closer one, leading to their slowly getting detached from the crowd. The gamers feel themselves as if in the seventh heaven and start forgetting their social relations with the rest of the world. Analyze their activities during the leisure time and one will find them seated next to each other involved in endless talks. Those not involved in this game, are surprised of their friends hidden talents in pouring forth the amazing gush of eloquence.

Most of the time one would observe the male counterpart struggling hard to remain in the show. In spite of his paying almost 90% of the hefty bills at the restaurants and chai shops, often the girls crib of money not being spent on them by their so-called boyfriends. Even when he stands in long queues for hours to book tickets in advance for the first show of the latest movies, she complains of not being seated near the A/C. He need not remember his so-called girlfriend's birthday for she would be chanting it an innumerable times and also would make him remember dates which have least importance, but high probability of herself being rewarded with expensive gifts. In return, on his birthday the so-called boyfriend gets nothing more than a card, for you see!! - it's feelings that matter and not money. Undeterred, he organizes a grand party and how could he forget to invite all her friends. Even when the so-called boy friend is physically weak, he is not spared the task of running ahead of the crowd to reserve seats for both and that too side-by-side. The selfless male counterpart even bunks his classes to get the seminar presentations and assignments ready for her, whereas she would be coolly attending class to leave no effort undone in scoring good marks.

The reader might have felt somewhat awkward going through the terminology usage of 'so-called boyfriend' and 'so-called girlfriend' but this has a strong reasoning. for in 99% of the cases, in the end the 'so called' remains only as so. It remains a game!!

MS-WORD and NISTians

Amit Kumar Nayak, K. S. Ravi Shankar, and Sandeep Pradhan (Fourth Year)

(Ravi enters the bus and moves the seat where Sandeep and Amit are already seated) Ravi: Please INDENT a little.
Sandeep: I want to stay LEFT ALIGNED.
Amit: Let's JUSTIFY.

(Ravi thinks Amit's hairstyle is OFFSET.)
Ravi: Amit adjust your HEADER. Your hair SETUP is ugly.
Sandeep: Please REDO!
(Ravi repeats his statement)
Amit: Where's the mirror? I would like to see the PREVIEW!

Sandeep: Ravi, Have you SAVED the assignment?
Ravi: Yes, I had to CUT -PASTE from the net.

(Looking out through the WINDOW)
Amit: How are the CHARACTERS over there
Sandeep: They seem to be quite BOLD and beautiful
Ravi: Would you like to HYPERLINK with any of them?
Sandeep: Yes, but I am afraid of the OFFICE ASSIST ANT!
Ravi: Don't worry about him we can easily FORMAT him if you wish! May be you should first EXPORT your thoughts to her. Amit:
According to my information, she has a strong BACKGROUND, so WARNING!!
Sandeep: So I think it would be better to DELETE her from my FILE!
Ravi: Don't BREAK your heart, many like her will come and go only to RETURN.

(In the mean time they reach the college so they CLOSE their discussion)

The Perfection of a God

Source: Internet Submitted By: K. V. S. Madhav (Third Year)

In Brooklyn, New York, Chush is a school that caters to learning disabled children. Some children remain in Chush for their entire school career, while others can be mainstreamed into conventional schools.

At a Chush fund-raising dinner, the father of a Chush child delivered a speech that would never be forgotten by all that attended. After extolling the school and its dedicated staff, he cried out, "Where is the perfection in my son, Shay? Everything God does is done with perfection. But my child cannot understand things as other children do. My child cannot remember facts and figures as other children do. Where is God's perfection? The audience was shocked by the question, pained by the father's anguish and stilled by the piercing query. "I believe," the father answered, "that when God brings a child like this into the world, the perfection that he seeks is in the way people react to this child." I-le then told the following story about his son Shay...

One afternoon, Shay and his father walked past a park where some boys Shay knew were playing baseball. Shay asked, "Do you think they will let me play?" Shay's father knew that his son was not at all athletic and that most boys would not want him on their team. But Shay's father understood that if his son were chosen to play it would give him a comfortable sense of belonging. Shay's father approached one of the boys in the field and asked if Shay could play. The boy looked around for guidance from his teammates. Getting none, he took matters into his own hands and said, "We are losing by six runs and the game is in the eighth inning. I guess he can be on our team and we'll try to put him up to bat in the ninth inning." Shay's father was ecstatic as Shay smiled broadly. Shay was told to put on a glove and go out to play short center field. In the bottom of the eighth inning, Shay's team scored a few runs but was still behind by three. In the bottom of the ninth inning, Shay's team scored again and now with two outs and the bases loaded with the potential winning run on base. Shay was scheduled to be up. Would the team actually let Shay bat at this juncture and give away their chance to win the game?

Surprisingly, Shay was given the bat. Everyone knew that it was all but impossible because Shay didn't even know how to hold the bat properly, let alone hit with it. However as Shay stepped up to the plate, the pitcher moved a few steps to lob the ball in softly so Shay should at least be able to make contact. The first pitch came and Shay swung clumsily and missed. One of Shay's teammates came up to Shay and together they held the bat and faced the pitcher waiting for the next pitch. The pitcher again took a few steps forward to toss the ball softly toward Shay. As the pitch came in, Shay and his teammate swung at the ball and together they hit a slow ground ball to the pitcher. The pitcher picked up the soft grounder and could easily have thrown the ball to the first baseman. Shay would have been out and that would have ended the game. Instead, the pitcher took the ball and threw it on a high arc to right field, far beyond reach of the first baseman. Everyone started yelling, "Shay, run to first. Run to first." Never in his life had Shay run to first. He scampered down the baseline, wide-eyed and startled. By the time he reached first base, the right fielder had the ball. He could have thrown the ball to the second baseman that would tag out Shay, who was still running. But the right fielder understood what the pitcher's intentions were, so he threw the ball high and far over the third baseman's head. Everyone yelled, "Run to second, run to second." Shay ran towards second base as the runners ahead of him deliriously circled the bases towards home.

As Shay reached second base, the opposing short-stop ran to him, turned him in the direction of third base and shouted, "Run to third." As Shay rounded third, the boys from both teams ran behind him screaming, "Shay run home." Shay ran home, stepped on home plate and all 18 boys lifted him on their shoulders and made him the hero, as he had just hit a "grand slam" and won the game for his team.

"That day," said the father softly with tears now rolling down his face, "those 18 boys reached their level of God's perfection."

Funny how this is so true! Funny how simple it is for people to trash different ways of living and believing and then wonder why the world is going to hell. Funny how people can send a thousand 'jokes' through e-mail and they spread like wildfire, but when one starts sending messages regarding life choices, people think twice about sharing. Funny how the lewd, ~rude, vulgar and obscene passes freely through cyberspace, but public discussion of morality are too often suppressed in school and the workplace.

Funny how when you go to forward this message (if you choose to forward it), you will not send it to many on your address list because you're not sure what they believe, or what they will think of you for sending it to them. Funny how we can be more worried about what other people think of us than what we think of ourselves.

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings, but shorter tempers; wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints; we spend more, but have less; we buy more, but enjoy it less. We have bigger houses and smaller families; more conveniences, but less time; we have more degrees, but less sense; more knowledge but less judgment; more experts, but more problems; more medicine, but less wellness. We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often. We've learned how to make a living, but not a life; we've added years to life, not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet the new neighbor. We've conquered outer space, but not inner space; we've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul; we've split the atom, but not our prejudice. We have higher incomes, but lower morals; we've become long on quantity, but short on quality.

These are the times of tall men, and short character, steep profits and shallow relationships. These are the times of world peace, but domestic warfare; more leisure, but less fun; more kinds of food, but less nutrition. These are days of two incomes, but more divorce; of fancier houses, but broken homes. It is a time when there is much in the show window and nothing in the stockroom; a time when

technology can bring this piece to you, and a time when you can choose either to make a difference or just stop reading this article.

Keep reaching for that level of perfection...

Hope That Never Ends

Soumya Mohanty (Fourth Year)

How do I bring a smile
On the faces I love?
Each step I take extends to a mile
But still I go on with a hope
How many more times I have to say
There is just one more act to play
Then success would embrace you into its arms
Showing you the way it churns
Please let me heal the pain
Do not start it all over again

E-Shayari

Source: Internet Submitted by: Swastik Mishra (Fourth Year)

roz subah hum karte hai
itne pyar se unhe good morning
woh hume ghoor kar dekhte hain
jaise 0 error but 5 warning

hum samajhte the woh ladki hai seedhi saadi
uska blueprint dekha to cuboid nikla
socha tha kuch bhaav denge to return milega
uska to prototype hi void nikla

tumhare samne hain itne sample
kabhi hamein bhi pick karo
hamare pyar ke icon pe
kabhi to click karo

woh samajhte hain dil tod diya
to hum dead hain
woh nahinjaante ki is dil mein
our kitne thread hain

Kaise milega tumhara saath batado
apne dil ka poora path batado

jo sadiyon se hota aaya hai
woh repeat kar doonga
tu naa mili to tujhe
shift delete kar doonga.

Darkness after Sunrise

Sthitapragyan Nayak (First Year)

I was admiring the land of eternity. The sea was mirroring the bright blue sky, the sand in burnished gold, waves kissing the shore tremulous love; the orange ball of fire illuminated the horizon. Above all the paradise on earth opened up to the crimson vaults of the heaven. I was overwhelmed by the pleasure when the boat played hide and seek with me and the fishermen had busy moments, the wind had slept in the arms of the dawn like a child that had cried all night. The crescent shaped moon was also accompanying the orange sun, both enjoying each other's company. People jogging on the beach were being healed up by nature. The breeze, calm and cool filled me with a feeling of ecstasy. At this point of time, Joy was in its fullness, Love in its peak and life in its grandeur.

But then I felt a sensation at my shoulders. First, I thought it was the breeze playing with me. But then I knew someone calling me. I looked back and found a boy who was young but his forehead was caught up with the wrinkles of time. He was clad only with a tom-tattered trouser. His eyes had lost the glint of playfulness and mischief, his parched lips and dusty hands were saying me something. His hands were thrown outwards in the form of begging.

This moment ruptured the moon of my love. The joy of life that had just been chronicled in my heart was wiped off by the sands of time. My brains had moss grown up on it and ants were eating my thoughts. My head was blank and emotions ceased to build. I returned with a heavy heart- the numbness of reality sinking into my heart!!

Aisi Meri Girlfriend Ho...

K. S. Ravi Shankar (Fourth Year)

5'8" jiski height ho,
jeans j iski tight ho,
chehera j iska bright ho,
weight mein thodi light ho,
thodi si woh quiet ho,
Aisi meri girlfriend ho.

College mein sab se cute ho,
bheed mein sab kahe side ho side ho,
India ki jo paidaish ho,
mujhpe kharch karnajiski khwaish ho,
Aisi meri girlfriend ho.

Ladke jab chede to haath main sandal ho,
Shaam ko hamesha saath ho,
Dono me na kabhi fight ho,
Milne ke baad dil delight ho,
Hey prabhu meri archana uski life ho,
Yeh kavita padke sab kahe "RA VI, tum right ho",
Aisi meri girlfriend ho.

Kaash yeh concept 0.0001 percent bhi right ho,
Agar aisi apni girlfriend ho to kya haseen life ho,
har kisi ki yehi farmiash ho,
Aye kaash, kahin to ek aisi meri girlfriend ho.

Campus Selection

Dhrutiman Mishra (Fourth Year)

A predicament for many, an opportunity for some, a misfortune for few.

Now that all the hype and euphoria about the Campus recruitment; i.e., some top-notch companies coming to our college and pecking on the creme de la creme from the senior most batch is over, we can analyze the repercussions of the most coveted event among the engineering colleges.

Campus selection @ NIST, which presented a variety of job opportunities from manufacturing to IT and services enabled industries, has already scored a marvelous 100% hike in the success rate for the second batch of the out going students over the first batch. For the students who got selected to work with the one of the top selling brands in the computing world, better known as the "Big Blues", it was more of a dream come true and for the rest of the selected lot it was like fulfilling the purpose of four years of slogging day in and day out. But, in spite of all these fun and excitements, somewhere behind the scene of this year long drama there lies subtle and inconspicuous pictures of broken hearts crying silently and impatiently for justice and solace. These are the disgraced souls who have been unable to carve a place for themselves in the 'hall of fame' albeit having marks well above the standard cutoff level and having done ample 'fundoo' projects.

Walking back on the memory lanes, it was that time of the year again when the gum-chewing, denim-clad collegians of my batch were getting themselves mentally prepared to face the selection tests and interviews, which would pave the way for their undecided career stranded at the cross roads. For some even burning the midnight oil was not uncommon for they didn't want to leave any stone unturned in their preparations.

Each time a new company would come to the college, we would try hard to get the first glimpse of the visitors. Any information about a lady in the team would give the 'mischievous' boys some momentary pleasures. Even the self certified beauties of my batch would find it difficult to keep themselves quiet and would start gossiping about the young and attractive guy in the team. When the visitors would enter into the room, all of a sudden everyone's face would turn grim with eyes half closed and lips moving steadily in silent prayers. One could feel the heat of hypertension mounting up and the vulnerable four chamber organ beating heavily until the dreadful silence would finally broken by the proud host of the show. After the visitors would deliver the pre-placement talk, all of us would undergo long grilling sessions of tests, group discussions, group tasks and interviews with a hair-thin hope of getting through, but at the end of the day only some of us would be fortunate to get along with the photo session in the well-maintained conference hall.

Finally when everything is over and its time to leave the college the activities in and around the bus becomes a rare sight of tumult that one does not get to see often someone boisterously narrating his success story to the anxious listeners, some deserving students after being well paid off, seated complacently at one corner of the gloomy bus, some 'unexpecteds' receiving mystifying looks from the onlookers, some displaying scenarios of waterworks and the rest gazing at the darkness through the window with sniffy nose and misty eyes, perhaps unable to figure out what went wrong!!

On questioning one's failure it's often very difficult to find an answer but on second thoughts one would be tempted to think that not every one was able to get the chemistry right. During those crucial moments, sound technical knowledge mixed with meticulous body language and articulate style warmed with impeccable dressing and filtered out with flawless communication skills helps the reaction to take place. Perhaps other qualities like presence of mind, wisdom & intelligence act as catalysts.

The aftermath is quiet noticeable for the next couple of days. The names of the so-called 'newsmakers', is put up on the college notice board that calls for the attention of one and all. While some of them can be seen in the college acknowledging the congratulations with sweet "thank you's", the rest would be celebrating with their near and dear ones on their grand homecoming. On the other side, the embarrassment of those who lost one more chance is manifested by their absence from the college.

Over time, the trauma of such aspiring students due to repeated failures has been transformed into 'I-don't-care' attitude. Their names being striked off from the preliminary stages of some on-going 'ekka-dukka' campus selections neither disappoints them anymore nor distracts them from their regular studies. Not very surprising! Do they still have any more interest in the job opportunity magazine? Some days back, our placement officer was talking about some more campus selections (perhaps, MNC's) towards the end of our academic session. Hey! Anybody listening??

No response...,

To You... From Me

Ratnajit Debnath (Fourth Year)

I love you, you are the hope of candle in my life,
You are the inspiration of my breath,
You are the oasis of my deserted heart,
You are the emotion of my thoughts,
love you, I love you...
You are the shimmer of a thousand stars in my eyes,
You are the one and the only uncrowned queen,
You are the girl of my dreams,
I love you, I love you...
You are the only need of my heart,
You are the theme my dream craves,
You are the soul that my body needs,
But how can a body live without a soul,
I love you, I love you...
You are the song of my life,
I hope you can understand my feelings,
Wherever I felt I wrote,
Let me inform you, I love you,
And my love for you is forever...
I love you, I love you...

The Voice of Duty

Sarbeswar Meher (First Year)

In the path of life
The call of the bewitched light
Of the perishable world
Encourages me.
There happens...
The murder of humanity
Maya pervading in the empty mind
I feel restrained by the lust
But not slept though due to the frustration of fate.
I become furnished
Hearing a call from the image
Of newly awakened mind
Leading me towards a new horizon
That is the voice of duty.

IT Revolution

Subhankar Mohapatro (Fourth Year)

If Indians are known anywhere in the world then it is because of its culture and for its IT brains. Every field in this country is benefiting from this IT revolution. The impact of this IT revolution is going to be deeper in the next decades. Then a day will come where every field will be influenced by IT professionals. So if I am talking about India, then Cricket cannot be left out. So what will happen if IT professionals start playing international cricket. Let us find it.

The game will have all new terminology. So let's try to be familiar with some of these new terms.

B2B

Sangram Mudali, Director

B2B (obsolete definition) - Bangalore to Boston.

B2B (current post US market crash definition) Back to Bangalore!!

B2C - Back to College

Love So Real and So Sincere

Saswat Bhuyan (Third Year)

Save for the frenzied, love is so much different. Perchance, even the superlative brains have botched giving the immaculate definition. If life were a Bollywood masala mix, one would beyond doubt fall in love at sixteen, rip apart from his/her beloved by fate and of course the desperado, and be reunited at eighteen to realize their dreams and live happily ever after. But, unfortunately, life is not a fairy-tale written by a Bollywood masala storywriter. So are we ready for the four-letter word at sixteen or seventeen? Do we really appreciate the logic of intense affection and deep attachment at such an age? Probably, most of us cannot even imagine the degree of faith and caring that is called for to nurture the very roots of this sacrosanct word and yet we say those three golden words to someone we don't even know properly. Love is most thrilling to fall into at such a young age - you have mental picture of your dream boy/girl and the moment you feel you've found him/her, yippee!! you are officially in love! Life now seems to be so cool and easy. But, real life chronicles speak of a different tale. The dream relationships sometimes just fizzle out and die.

Being at such a tender chapter of life, it's the duty or eve~ teenager to devote time on his/her ambitions. Only the drudgery at this moment shall guarantee a secure career and future. In the present day world, it's really a 'mind-boggling task to choose the best career for oneself and unearth our personal tunnel to success. With a nascent career in hand, and so much turmoil and struggle, do we really have time to deal with a so-called love-affair? Perhaps not. And this is the most probable reason why young lovers fall apart. Most of these tales terminate in heartbreaks and heartaches due to career related reasons. In this matter, parental power also contributes to the conclusion, which leaves many a heart in utter despondency and endless throbbing.

The present day teenager is always on the move. For him, love implies fun, dating, flirting and a competition to get a particular guy/gal as a BF/GF. For them it basically means looking good and being able to be the center of attraction in the midst of a whole mass of the opposite- sex. Least do they bother to care that good looks hardly matter where the love is true. It's an authentic fact that beauty is skin deep. But how many really do understand? Love today has become a fashion. Some do it just for fun and some just wish to give it a try. Some do it because they feel like doing it and some naively look for a true-life partner in the whole process. Then again, there are people for whom sticking to one girl/boy seems an uncanny nightmare. They just crave to have at least a dozen BFs/GFs. There are others also who wish to "set" someone only because the style demands it. It's really ridiculous even thinking about such things.

We do have our own liabilities and certainly we can never close the eyes to them. It's very much likely that at a certain crossroad of our life we have to split from our very own darling owing to unavoidable circumstances. And it becomes still grueling if a whole lot of time and emotion has been invested. It's a very hard situation to deal with, and many of us remain with the shock for years. In such situations time becomes the best friend and the best healer.

Infatuation is a common happening with the teenagers today. True love is not something that you have to choose and find out. If it is there, it will certainly cry out sooner or later. Teenagers fail to distinguish between true love and crushes only because they are not mature enough. On the other hand, sometimes one may really find his/her true love. Yes, it is very much possible. Crushes are transitory and sooner or later die out. But, taking a crush to be real love and dragging it towards marriage could lead to disaster. Love is so much exclusive. It's really so much more. Love is in our hearts, and can be expressed through our heads...our 'fears' develop in our heads, and prevent us from being close to our hearts. Genuine love demands selfless commitment and everlasting faith on each other. Love is dedication. ultimate care and titanic concern for the adored one. It's a desire to offer oneself completely to the beloved a desire to five with him/her forever and ever. Real love means a relationship where there is no bargain. If you 'love' someone, you want to understand him, and you accept wherever they are...If you 'want' someone, you only accept them if they are where you are, or where you want them to be. Maturity is the one and only teacher that can show us the true meaning of love and only time can help us find our true mate. Each of us, at a certain time of our life, wishes to be with that lone soul for whom we are ready to even sacrifice our life. don't we? Yes. we do. And who knows. we really may find our true love waiting, waiting somewhere with open arms. just for...

A Fateful Day With Her

It happens every evening.

That sweet little voice never has failed in enticing me. The monotony is repeated almost every time I have some job at hand. And of late there have been no studies (should I mention sleep. NO! This piece will never be printed.) in her absence.

The fateful moments, she's with me ultimately become the most memorable moments to cherish. With her around the day's tiredness

vanishes like a puff of smoke. Reaching out to her, clasping her in my extensions gives me all the refreshment I need. Suddenly the monotony of the day is gone.

(And there is a new one on every new day! So I should have mentioned 'they'. Anyway no one's complaining. My friends have theirs to keep.)

Another day, another one! I had this long legged blonde to keep company. There was no one at mess and we were left alone, all to ourselves. Actually I have developed a fascination for long legs after watching the Miss World contest. And hers were shapely and thin. She wore no glasses, none of them do. And so her unobstructed face was open to my view.

Impressed and fatally attracted I tried to reach out to her. She gave a mysterious smile at my invitation and shrunk away. My jump that was carefully aimed at her bore me a good fall. Disappointed, frustrated and angry I sulked away.

I tried now to settle down for my studies. Searching my diary entries yielded 'computer graphics' schedule. The puzzling perspective projection projected by our perplexed project teacher on my poor prefrontal pituitary left a lot to be desired. Damn these Foley and damn this van Damm! Reading thick volumes had never been my forte.

And then she made her famous reappearing act. This time she came closer to me (more than I thought her capable of). Her breath and little hum were distracting. Now she was behind me trying to read what was I studying. I knew she didn't understand a word of it and her presence was making me uncomfortable.

Now she was definitely inviting me. I was excited, as it always has been. Keeping my book aside I was waiting the opportunity moment to strike (and yes, hold her). And she gave me one (and that was all I needed). As she came closer sensuously, her breath disturbing mine, I had the opportunity to give her a chance of her lifetime.

Clasping her in my powerful (compared to hers) hands I gave her all I had. There was no resistance, none that I expected. Now she was motionless, blood around her. Momentarily I felt sorry for her. And then truth befell me. She was not breathing! She was dead! Gone forever.

Another dead mosquito on my criminal record! All is fair in love and war. The mosquitoes will continue to love me and I will continue to wage war upon them until...

Friendship

Jajati Keshri Das (First Year)

Friendship is like a blooming flower
which blooms in sun shade,
A friend who knows its real value
will never let it fade.

Friendship is like a colorful peacock
spreading out its feathers,
Rain or snow and hail or sleet
friendship never withers.

Friendship is like the rising sun
with chirping birds where greenery lies
With the dusk, the sun disappears
but friendship never dies.

Friendship is a memory
frail, delicate as butterfly wings
Bits of bright jewels, part of you and me
built of thoughts so lovely and free.

Girlfriend Ko Manao

Ashutosh Pradhan (First Year)

Walking together for time so little,
Leave not me alone in this world of riddles.
You are the only one who is my strength,
Without you, everything is mean and trench.
Coolest thing about you is your smile,
That can drive anybody agile.
Do keep it on for me forever,
'coz that's the thing I shall always treasure
Are you not my most treasured possession?

Your absence shall drive me into depths of depression.
Your presence makes my winter spring,
Oh! please come back 'coz your presence is the most beautiful thing.
You are the person, whom I shall always wait for and remember,
But if you don't return...
my feelings shall turn into tear drops and remain in the heart forever.

Campus Blues

Source: Internet Modified By: Tanmay Dey (Third Year)

Dreams come true if you believe in them. But dreams alone cannot help breach the gap that separates the men from the boys. Because "Every one has the will to win but very few have the will to prepare to win" and therein lies our basic weakness.

We are at a crossroad and standing and waiting for destiny to guide us would push us beyond a point of no return. It is very well to think that since so many companies are coming to the campus it is imperative that we are going to get job. But do we really know what it takes to crack what may be the most important test of our lives. The general consensus (at least in our batch) is that LUCK plays the most important role. But the bitter truth is that "Good Luck is when opportunity meets preparation. Without Effort and Preparation, Lucky coincidences just don't happen".

Preparation is made of what is called the 7 P's. The simple equation is...

Preparation = Purpose + Principle + Planning + Practice + Perseverance + Patience + Pride

Purpose --

The difference between a winner and a loser is the sense of purpose. A winner has definite Purpose and he puts in long hours in its pursuit. Take the example of Azim Premji who inherited a small factory from his father. But it was his sense of purpose that made him the wealthiest Indian on earth. Or tackle several of our seniors who in spite of the tough schedule and obstacles have not only cleared Campus interview and secured jobs but also cleared their Competitive exams at the same time. Ask these people and they would tell you that it was their purposefulness that propelled them to success. And we can only learn from them.

** Keep a definite goal and work for it.

** Always keep the bigger picture in mind.

Principle --

People have the notion that "To let success enter through the window, Principle has to be thrown out of the window". Nothing can be more wishful thinking. If you stand by your principles you earn the respect of others. And through thick and thin you would find it is the only thing that holds you in good stead. You may not succeed in the short term but mark my words you will win in the long run. CEO's of various companies have repeatedly said, "If you don't have principles, you don't have a team and if you don't have a team you don't succeed".

** Never compromise your integrity.

** Don't go for the proverbial apple and lose all you have built all your life.

** Associate yourself with people of high moral character.

Planning --

The importance of planning cannot be overemphasized. An hour of planning saves you the work of a day. The best of the best have failed because of inadequate planning. Planning IS not working by the book, but it is the guideline, the direction that we require. Small things like what you want to do in future? How you are going to divide your time efficiently? Answering these questions would open the gates of success to us.

** Evaluate your strengths and build on them.

** Plan in phases to overcome your weakness.

Practice --

If I asked you "Would you be able to cut a tree?" The answer would be an overwhelming "Yes". But in practice it would only be possible by a Herculean effort if at all. Ask a woodcutter and he would do it in a jiffy. Why? Practice! Knowing something alone is not enough, because practice alone makes us perfect. So practice the basics and I am sure would crack anything.

**Stress in basics.

**Put more than 100%.

**Don't look for something for nothing.

Perseverance --

Everyone sometimes or the other plans and works hard, But those who persevere are the one who succeeds. Dogged determination and the ability to take the highs and the lows with equal ease separates the winners and the losers. Nights spent in learning may not

have yielded the result's you wished for or even deserved but if you persevere you will one day emerge as a winner.

**Failures are the stepping- stones to success.

**Victories today might turn into failures. So keep at it. Keep improving.

**Don't make excuses; your friends don't need it and your enemies won't believe it.

Patience --

The most common dialogue in N.I.S.T is "Yaar frustoo ho gaya hoon". Frustration comes from impatience and impatience leads to carelessness and failure. to win you need to be patience. "Tumhara number bhi ayega" it's only a matter of bidding for the right time. Many getting success later on attribute it to their belief in their abilities and of course patience.

**Learn from others mistakes.

** Always think long term.

**Don't let failure frustrate you for they might be a boon. Remember, "Winners Analyze but they never rationalize".

Pride --

Pride is dirty word to many. Sure pride has many facets. A man must be proud of his work, his abilities, his ideology, and his beliefs. Only he cannot be overconfident. Pride drives you to better your peers and surpass even your own abilities.

**Play to win and not to lose.

**Give more than you get.

I end with the following lines

"Success is failure turned inside out- The silver tint of the clouds of doubt-
And you never can tell how close you are, It may be near when it seems afar;
So, stick to the fight when you are hardest hit- It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit!"

Talking to a Software Professional

Roshan Kumar Ganatra (Second Year)

SP: Software Professional W:

SP's Wife

B: SP's Boss

W: (Waking up her husband) "Good morning dear! Look, what a SUNny morning it is!

SP: (Half asleep) "SUN's out, LINUX is in. Don't try booting me up until another two clock cycles ...zz...zzz"

W: (Screaming at her husband who's been inside the 100 for half-an-hour) "If you don't get out of that place in two minutes, I'm gonna dash right in!"

SP: (Shouting back) "Don't you dare go hacking into unauthorized sites! That'll be a Genera! Protection Fault on your part and a Fatal Exception shall be taken by me!"

W: "Why does that new secretary of yours accompany you nowhere but the theatre? Do you have designs on her?"

SP: "Type Mismatch, sweetheart! She came in a 30- day evaluation version and has most of her secretarial features rendered unusable. Going to the theatre was the only flawlessly working feature!"

B: (Chiding a drowsy SP) "How dare you doze off at work?"

SP: "Syntax Error! Sir, I just went into Stand-By mode and that too for a single clock cycle!"

W: "You've simply got to go to a school today to get our son admitted, he's old enough for that, you see..."

SP: "Yeah! He has grown up to a really large .EXE than a mere 640K.COM that he was when he was born. I'll get him installed there at the first Interrupt!"

W: "This computer education of yours has really got you carried away and is now getting over my nerves too!"

SP: "But that's what keeps our family program running sans undesirable interrupts"

W: "Fine, let's then make the best use of the bucks it's generating. Get me a couple of designer dresses, an Air Conditioner for the bedroom, a new luxury car and perhaps a De Beers diamond Pendant..."

SP: "Too many parameters!"

W: "But you promised some time ago..." SP: "Out of Memory! "

A True Anecdote

Abhijit Bhowmick (Second Year)

It was a chilly night and as I lay cuddled in my blanket adjacent to where my father was sleeping I could hear the sound of big machines working with their full might few yards away from where we were. My father was working as project manager for his company at Numaligarh Oil Refinery, Assam, performing various civil works. He was provided with a camp constructed of bamboo and it was my first night at his camp during the start of my vacation, just after I had appeared for my class Xth CBSE exam. My first impression of Assam was really good, the whole state seemed to be wrapped up in greenery and as we moved through the national highway, tea garden could be seen miles after miles on both sides of the road. But within a few days my perception changed a little bit and as each day of my stay passed away I felt insecure. My first night of stay was truly earthshaking for me. Soon after 2:00a.m (probably) my father's personal attendant informs that some strangers had come to meet him and that it was urgent. Any normal person could have been surprised as it is not the right time to meet a person in a decent society., but strangely enough I watched my father leave his bed without any hesitation. As I lay thinking about the events and the men, my father came back and went-to bed. Next morning during breakfast I asked him about the last night's event. He said it was a local terrorist group, whose demand was nothing but money and that my father had- to conform to their unjustified demand. He often received such type of intimations from various groups, which of course included threats. But, by working there for a long time he got accustomed to such type of incidences.

During my stay I also observed the behavior of the army. Army men have got enormous power in that state. They can stop and seize any civilian car registered within the territory of Assam, for their own use. There was an army checkpoint near the camps and everyday I used to see them staring at every vehicle that either slowed down or moved to a halt with suspicious eyes. Someday they could be seen patrolling with pipe guns and someday with Light Machine Guns (LMG). Those on guard knew my presence at the camp because my father had earlier informed them. This gave me an opportunity to spend some moments with them and know about their lifestyle and an excuse to see the weapons from a closer angle, though I was not allowed to touch them. It was altogether a different experience for me. After all how many of us come in close proximity with such reality.

I also got an opportunity to meet one SULFA (Surrendered United Liberation Front of Assam) member who once served the banned outfit ULF A as a commander and now is always flanked by security personnel carrying small automatic weapons.

There are now several militant outfits, which are run by young people in Assam. Most of them are teenagers. My father gives an account of the following event. He was invited for negotiations with the members of BL TF (Bodo Liberation Tiger Force). He had to reach a spot in a small village few kilometers away from the national highway and that too by walking. He was allowed to take only one person with him. By reaching there he was surprised to see the age groups that the members belonged to.

The reason that the youngsters hold guns from an early stage is because they belong to the lower strata of the society and feel deprived. The formations of such outfits are nothing but an outrage of the minority.

Despite all this life goes on as usual with newspapers hitting the newsstand frequently with headlines of encounters.

I may have expected something different, something more beautiful but still I am not disappointed because during my stay I was able to learn, what exactly struggle is for those who stay in a land which has been a victim of corruption, negligence and terrorism. But there is a hope that peace and tranquility will return to this state which has been gifted with such abundant wildlife resources.

Whenever I Am Alone

Sanjay Kumar Hembram (First Year)

When ever I am alone
You always come to me,
And take me in your arms.
When ever I am alone
I always hear your voice
Whispering in my ears,
those words which you told me.
When ever I am alone
I always feel your presence,
I am lucky to have you
And I hope you are happy to have me,
I am the life for you,
And you are the world to me.
You are always there to hold my hand
And lead my way.

Challenge @ Change

Ashok Sahu (Librarian)

"We live in a moment of history where change is so speeded up that we begin to see the present, only when it is disappearing" R. D. Laing (Scottish Psychiatrist)

Tomorrow is mystery, yesterday is history, and today is a gift and that is why it is called as present. 'Grab the present and you will be the winner' - this is the gospel of the marketing professionals. The vigorous growth of research in Information Technology (IT), growing desire of the information providers and consumers to transmit and receive information respectively at a much faster rate, high expectations of library user, continuous updating and revamping the technical know-how associated with the information processing, management and transfers has slanted the library professional more towards the computer and communication sciences; and finally the emergence of internet the information superhighway, perhaps are some of the crucial factors that led and encourage the library science professionals nation wide to challenge @ change.

The basic needs of human beings do not change at all. Go back to Aristotle and the wants of man little changed. What changed now we address our wants change gives us better tools, opportunities came when we can imagine how to use our tools to address our deepest desires. The question has to be raised and answered seriously in what manner we need to be challenged, to cope with the system and what should be the technical know-how for the development. We will have to learn how and when to challenge what we do.

Wings To Fly

Naveen T. Varghese (Third Year)

Dare to err and dream.

For success lies in these childish plays.

- Friedrich Schiller

Time alters perception. Time effects big changes in our lives. It swallows one's childhood and adolescence, puts you in an adult world. And this is the most challenging phase. of all. Our dreams and aspirations are . put to the toughest test ever; of how much we believe in them, in holding on to them in the worst of the storms. The campus is shining with myriad eyes. with an endless stream of glittering hopes about the future.

But there is a catch in all these. We have traversed the 'playing with toys' part of our lives. There was this element of adventure and surprise in whatever that was carried out. Satisfaction sprang from realizing what we aimed at. Failure never stopped us from exploring new avenues. Today, we have become prisoners of our own devices. More often than not. we get pulled back by the fear of facing humiliation and disappointment. This effectively results in withdrawing ourselves into our own protective shells.

The self-assumed perceptions and ideas transform the real picture into an enactment of our own false notions. Dreams define an individual. The realization of the same creates one. To be successful. the trick is being able to get outside oneself and work from outside and watch yourself as an observer. .

To look without imagining, to hear without distortion, to observe without participation, is the ultimate aim of mind control. To constantly give attention to what is crude, primitive and unkind to you, and to destroy the monsters in the mind is the ultimate Saadhna. Faith is not just belief; it is the state of the soul. The idea behind the whole game is to realize that we are the creators of our own destinies. Roadblocks are means to let us know that there is still scope for improvement. We must not orphan Our dreams, come what may. For don't they say it time and again...'Believe in yourself? So then get your pair of wings and set yourself free...

Set me free, give me wings to fly,
fly, and flyaway to a land where
no dreams and desires chase you

Give me those, which I don't have.
but then you do not get all that is craved.
Set me free and my... wings to fly.

I ask no more.
To conquer my dreams.
just one more;

will be the last ...
Wings of joy ,
of love, of freedom.

Waft through the zephyr,
through spaces that show no signs,
of bondage of limits

limits known by contrasts
from point to point,
to pointless

A void that is not emptiness,

pure bliss fills the brim of.
When my dreams taste reality,
then I will have none,
then only the soul exists,
then my memories will talk to you.

So break my chains.
Unlock me, set me free.
And I'll take you on my wings.
To the world of stars,
to witness coronation,
of the king of perfection.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

The production of an issue of "The NISTian" continues to be a near miraculous happening! In the midst of our academic schedule, I am pleased to see that you guys find some time for submitting articles for the NISTian. Then my editors start pursuing me for preparing the final draft. Then I start hectoring the Director and Geetika Madam for their regular columns. Finally, one fine day, it is all done and the result is in your hands!

This issue is first issue which is being posted to our alumni. This is also the first issue prepared by our new editors - Kamaljit Mohanty and Naveen T. Varghese. I welcome them aboard and thank them for all their efforts!

About the articles - I am surprised to see some early doses of NIST nostalgia in this issue. As an old observer, having a purely academic interest in THE GAME, I think Kamaljit's article might hit a few raw nerves.

There is a lot of focus on Campus Placement in the articles. Personally speaking, I would like to take the Bhagavad Gita's stance - "Gatasoona Agatasooscha Naanushochanti panditah." The wise do not think of who have gone and who have not gone. Usually, there is not a whole lot of difference between getting a job and not getting it. It is just some minor fluctuation in the Interviewer's perception of you that can be the difference between a YES and a NO. As I keep telling you guys, there are still a whole lot of jobs waiting for you guys. But this time, you may have to go to the company instead of waiting for them to come to you! An interesting observation which I heard from one of the seniors sitting in my office - "Sir, I think I should have paid more attention to my internal exams in the first two years. If I had done that, my percentage would have been sufficient." So, once again to all those students who "fashionably" ignore the internal exams and sessionals, let me remind you that these together make up 300 of the 700 marks for every semester which is about 43% of the total! And if you do not score well in this 43%, all your efforts in the University exams for the other 57% will be in vain!

On the more serious side, I think that the Internet article - The Perfection of God - will stir some deep hidden strings of your heart. The ode to NIST by Malay Rout took my breath away and will continue to inspire my fellow teachers at NIST!

I received Haraprasad's cartoon through email and I hope you enjoy it. I hope more of our alumni keep sending articles for "The NISTian"!

To all my first year students who keep asking - "When will we have holidays?", my answer is - "Don't worry! Tumhara bhi number ayega! !"

Wishing everybody good luck for their exams and a cool summer vacation!!

ENJOY!!

