

# The NISTian, May, 2002

## Ode to a Tigress

With the grace of dancer, the serenity of a priestess,  
the majesty of a queen, the pride of a mother,  
prowling the jungle on velvet paws, a watchful eye on your playful cubs.  
I gaze at you, And fall in love.

*Ravi P. Reddy*

## FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

I would like to take this opportunity to raise three issues, all of which are of utmost importance to us.

The first is the widespread gloom among citizens of the country with regard to the happenings of Gujarat. Secularism is a pillar on which the edifice of India is built; the others being a caste-less society and equality for all before the eyes of the law. Creating divisions amongst citizens is a demonic weapon being used by unscrupulous politicians to promote their narrow self-interests. We must never allow our country to be divided on these lines. I want all members of the NIST family to make a silent pledge to this effect.

The second issue is of lifestyles. I often think of how little time we devote to reading good books and magazines. Does our lifestyle allow us only fleeting glimpses as we get on TV and Internet? What about the "seemingly old-fashioned" way of curling up with a book? What about time for study? I heard (jokingly, of course) that some of our students celebrate six birthdays in a year! This is like the captain of the ship - everytime he sets sail with a new set of passengers on a cruise he declares that he is going to celebrate his birthday - therefore it is time for another carnival on the ship. The times are hard, as you will agree. The message is loud and clear - we must refocus our energy and time on the priorities and plans of our life instead of frittering them away on trivial pursuits.

The third issue is of "lifeskills". I heard this term for the first time on my visit to TCS, Kolkata. No longer do we talk of special courses, Computer Skills, English Language Training, etc., but of an all encompassing term: LIFESKILLS. It includes all things that make up our personality, our knowledge, our grades, our attitude and our relationships. It is seen as a holistic entity and not as an aggregate of disparate skills. It also means leading a life of continuous learning since lifeskills are subject to social and market forces as well. Lifeskills are dynamic and hence continuous learning is the only option.

My best wishes to all NISTIANS.

*Sangram Mudali*

## SEASONS OF NIST (Sthitapragyan Naik, 2nd Year)

Amidst the hectic schedule, and continuous vertical movement of life's surging waves, something makes me feel its miraculous existence. Here life contains within itself infinite possibilities and capacities but still the wholeness of life comes when the unparalleled embracing forces of nature get together to form the background.

The rainy months come with the clouds appearing on the horizon. The Palur hills kiss the clouds with sheer love. The main building of NIST is expecting to welcome the clatter of raindrops and the OCTAGON seems excited. The solemn white of NIST becomes conspicuous when viewed through prism of raindrops. The walk from the OCTAGON to the Lecture Hall makes me feel ecstatic when I drench myself to attend further classes. The railings of NIST are like balcony seats of a theatre where silent spectators watch the concert as it gains momentum. When I gaze through a window, the hills have different shades of blue and ash overlapping each other. The NIST buses have the rain trickling through their window. When the rain stops the earth curdles up. The cumulus and nimbus clouds vanish into their own infinities. The leaves of trees glisten emerald green and everything draws out the tension and gloom - making life easier and more comfortable.

Winter and spring come without being separate entities. Like twins, winter is cool and pleasant; not leaving spring in its

grandeur. Come February and my eyes expand to the miracle of renewal forever fresh. The terrace of NIST building shines in the rays of the sun as one longs to bathe in the rays. OCTAGON seems to be vibrant with energy. The lawn is charming and the garden a paradise. In the pulsing lawn each blade of grass thrusts up besides its neighbor jostling for life, for sun-warmth as its prepares its seed sheath already to acknowledge its destinies. The garden has zinnias full of rich colors but devoid of fragrance, the lazy crazy daisies that bring smiles to faces, the marigold that add to pretty gardeners carpet, the rose lovely, graceful and breathless - beyond words. With all these the tiny squirrels in their shrubs and hedges near the postbox jumping in euphoria. The sun's room heat overwhelms and energizes. Summer is hot, wilting and dominating. Tired skins and exhausted faces. Sweat trickles down at its wish never leaving you alone. Hankies become the best companions. Hot winds beat your face. As you move into the cafeteria your eyes blink to adjust to dark surroundings. Long queues at the water taps. But the cafeteria is cool and provides one ideal retreat to resume classes. Summer depicts maximum energy. Sunset turns the place into an enchanting land of abiding joy. The rosy dust lends it pretty allure. Beyond the Palur hills the orange ball of fire shades the clouds and the towering hills.

NIST is a microcosm. A land mirrors myriad spectacular proportions in an endless revelry of hardwork, intelligence, sincerity, destination and natural embellishments. It embraces all from a faint sound of a drop to the loud vastness of space, from flickers of flame to gusts of winds. It is land where time seems to stand still and yet moves...

### **NISTIAN AFFAIRS (Sheetal Pradhan, 4th Year)**

The story begins on Orientation Day  
All the guys are happy and gay

All the good-looking guys are brought to the countdown  
All of a sudden the boys put on a sober cum dashing gown

Some left over single seniors think that they might get late  
They once again search freshers for their soulmates

Fresh guys and gals also have instantaneous attraction  
But some love triangles do cause a lot of commotion

The first symptoms are smiles and eye to eye contact  
When the lab classes and exchange of records keep the feelings intact

After few acquaintances the guy proposes  
If he is lucky the girl says "yes"

Then there begins the silsila of meetings  
The couple is all set to play a new innings

College bus, Annapurna market, Gopalpur beach play a major role  
College days but mainly Sundays help lovers to achieve their goal

Valentine day is celebrated with great pomp and show  
They have a gala time I mean the couples we know

However NISTian affairs are fragile and prone to breakup  
But we sincerely wish them luck and hope them to make-up

And for those who chant "maine dil hara"  
We have a frustoo group and gumti for their sahaara

An important factor is campus recruitment  
Those who get through get a sincere commitment

Anyway the guys go on proposing till the stock of girls get exhausted  
After trying a lot if unsuccessful they get frustrated

Lastly we pray that the steady affair lead a happy life everafter  
And with due condolences to the frustrated ones to lead their life with cheer and laughter

### **DIVINE DESIGN (Anupam Kumar Das, 4th year)**

(Adapted from an unknown author)

When I was a little boy, my mother used to sew a great deal. I would sit at her knee, look up from the floor, and ask what she was doing. She informed me that she was embroidering.

As from the underside I watched her work from within the boundaries of the little hoop that she held in her hand, I complained to her that it sure looked messy from where I sat. She'd smile at me, looked down and gently say, "Son, you go about your playing and when I am finished with my embroidering, I'll put you on my knee and let you see it from my side". I would wonder why she was using some dark threads along with the bright ones and why they seemed so jumbled from my view.

A few minutes would pass and then I would hear mother's voice say, "Son come sit on my knee". This I did only to be surprised and thrilled to see a beautiful flower or sunset. I could not believe it, because from underneath it looked so messy. Then mother would say to me, "My son, from underneath it did look messy and jumbled, but you did not realize that there was a plan on the top. It was a design. I was only following it. Now look at it from my side and you will see what I was doing".

Many times through the years, I have looked up to heaven and said, "Father what are you doing?" He has answered, "I am embroidering your life". I say, "It looks like such a mess to me. It seems so jumbled. The threads seem so dark. Why can't they all be bright?" The father seems to tell me, "My child you go about your business of doing my business, and one day I will bring you to heaven and put you on my knee and you will see the plan from my side".

### **HOPE (Sanjay Kumar Hembram, 2nd Year)**

In the search of peace and solace  
My mind wanders all through,  
In this world full of hatred  
I seek an oasis of love

Let alone in the deep  
Ocean of troubles,  
I struggle against all odds,  
With no land nearby  
And none to cheer me up

I feel exhausted and tired  
No strength to move a step more,  
Under the weight of my own sorrows,  
I lay hidden like a corpse

My eyes are full of tears  
Tears of fear and despair,  
In the broken heart of mine  
My dreams lie scattered

But hope shows the path of life,  
Flash as lightning,  
When darkness spreads  
Consoles the hearts with new dreams,  
But for hope and only for hope,  
I would have died long before.

### **HACKING (Gopal Shah, 4th Year)**

Hacking is an art by which people illegally gain access to, and sometimes tampers with information in a computer system. It is considered a cyber crime.

Hacking is done with different motives. The fact that encourages hackers is that no security system in the world is cent percent secured. There are of course complex algorithms which makes hacking a Herculean job, but then with a little bit of luck and considerable knowledge, a hacker tries to crack open the security system.

There are some hackers who lay hands on secret dealings of a corporate, others on a commercial website, and some even pose threat to the national security. In addition, some inquisitive ones exist who just try to break into someone's mailbox. The last category of hackers is the ones who might effect us in our day to day life. The hackers can be any known people who have little workable information about you.

How much does the hacking of your mailbox can effect you? For the new users, it hardly matters if someone knows his password. However, as you join a company and the mail transaction increases, the hacker can cause havoc. For persons like me who considers his mailbox as a safe haven to keep his entire project files and important documents without the fear of losing data due to hard disk crash, it is utmost important that my mailbox remains protected. The hackers can delete all your important mails, addresses from address book, subscribe to illegal sites on your account, send some cranky mails to persons important to you. The consequences can be quite dangerous. Most importantly you lose all your secret data and sometimes your mail id too if the guy changes the password.

There are many methods involved in hacking mail accounts. Software programs such as AMBPR (Advanced Mailbox Password Recovery) can be used by your friends to view your password. However, the easiest way is the password lookup method. Almost every mail client provides this method, which can be easily misused by your friends. The only information one needs to have about the person is his date of birth and sometimes location and he can straight away see your password question. Normally when a new user creates his mail account he is unaware of "password recovery question". So usually, he puts very simple questions. Some of the questions which I encountered while hacking my friends id were "Which is my favorite cricket team", "Where do my parents stay", etc. Others are bit tricky but their answers can also be found like "my favorite pet". Since I am his friend, I know much of his personal information to answer all such questions. The method is so effective that I have been successful in eight out of ten attempts. Below I have mentioned some tips for improving security in your mail accounts.

Always give false information such as date of birth, location while registering. It is better to give information of your friend or granny, so that you don't forget it. As such, as nobody will ask you your granny's date of birth.

Give false answers to password lookup question. Say the answer to the question "my favorite cricket team" can be "mathematics". The other mode is to discourage the hacker by putting questions such as "How many fools are required to hack my account"?

Always ensure complete sign out while closing your mail account.

For the persons who are yet to open here is the brief review of security in popular mail clients:

*Rediffmail:* It is many times slow, doesn't provide many features such as viewing of html pages, and is not user friendly. However, as far as security is concerned I think it is the most secured system. The hacker has to give the correct answer to password lookup question in five attempts. In addition, the user has the option of changing the password question and answer.

*Yahoo:* It is the most popular mail client, user friendly, fast, and supports a number of other services such as yahoo profile, yahoo group, yahoo messenger, etc. The only disadvantage is a hacker can have as many attempts on your password question and you can't change your password question.

*Hotmail:* It has the same disadvantage as that of yahoo that one can have as many attempts on password question. The advantage is you can change your password question and answer.

*USA.net:* After becoming pay site, hardly I think anyone of us would bother to open account over there.

*Indiatimes:* This is the least preferred site. Anyone who thinks of opening here must be thinking of utilizing 10MB space or read the English daily Times of India as they are very soon make it compulsory for all the readers to have an indiatimes account. It provides similar features like that of yahoo but is extremely slow here in Berhampur. There are useless additional features such as smart seva. Unlike yahoo and rediffmail it doesn't ask for personal information such as date of birth or city of location and shows the password question as soon as you hit the "forgot password" link. The worse is it shows the users original password so that the hacker can use your account without the prior knowledge of the user that his account is hacked. You also don't have the ption of changing your password question. So the only options left when you have left a stupid question, are to either leave the account or hide the account from others.

**SAND OR STONE? (Punya Shloka Mall, 3rd Year)**

(Source: Internet)

A story tells that two friends were walking through the desert. In a specific point of the journey, they had an argument, and one friend slapped the other one in the face. The one, who was slapped, was hurt, but without anything to say, he wrote in the sand:

TODAY, MY BEST FRIEND SLAPPED ME IN THE FACE.

They kept on walking, until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath. The one who was slapped and hurt started drowning, and the other friend saved him. When he recovered from the fright, he wrote on a stone:

TODAY MY BEST FRIEND SAVED MY LIFE.

The friend, who saved and slapped his best friend, asked him, "Why, after I hurt you, you wrote in the sand, and now you write on a stone?"

The other friend, smiling, replied: "When a friend hurts us, we should write it down in the sand, where the winds of forgiveness get in charge of erasing it away, and when something great happens, we should engrave it in the stone of the deepest memories, where no wind can erase it"

- Learn to write in sand, when you have differences and hurt feelings with your friend.
- Learn to write on stone when your friend had some thing done really good to you.

### **ERROR TERROR K. V. S. Madhav (4th Year)**

(Source: Internet)

Some new error messages planned for Microsoft Windows 2000!

1. Smash forehead on keyboard to continue.
2. Enter any 11-digit prime number to continue.
3. Press any key to continue or any other key to quit.
4. Press any key... no, no, no, NOT THAT ONE!
5. Press Ctrl-Alt-Del now for IQ test.
6. Close your eyes and press escape three times.
7. Bad command or file name! Go stand in the corner.
8. This will end your Windows session. Do you want to play another game?
9. Windows message: You have just made a type mismatch! Shall I format your brain?
10. This is a message from God: "Rebooting the universe, please log out"
11. Keyboard not attached. Press F1 to continue.
12. BREAKFAST.SYS halted... Cereal port not responding.
13. COFFEE.SYS missing... Insert cup and press any key.
14. CONGRESS.SYS corrupted... Re-boot Washington D.C? (Y/N)
15. File not found. Should I fake it? (Y/N)
16. Bad or missing mouse driver. Spank the cat? (Y/N)
17. Runtime Error 6D at 417A: 32CF: Incompetent User.
18. Error reading FAT record: Try the SKINNY one? (Y/N)
19. WinErr 547: LPT1 not found... Use backup... PENCIL and PAPER.
20. User Error: Replace user.
21. Windows VirusScan 1.0 - "OS/2 found: Remove it? (Y/Y)"
22. Backup not found: (A)bort (R)etry (P)anic

### **ONLY FOR YOU (Aruna Kumar Tripathy, 3rd Year)**

You came through my dream  
You came as a wind  
And blew my mind  
Before I think  
How you are so kind

Your glorious success  
did matter with me

I didn't know how  
Still I tried to swim  
in your stream

I don't know why  
In a lonely place are you  
Where wind cheers up  
Minds however are thou

You said hard work  
Must be with me here  
But I, I don't care who  
Never laughed but wept or died here  
Still hope I'll know  
What is the joy forever...

### **THE LOOKING GLASS (Naveen T. Varghese, 4th Year)**

And what is, is the was of what shall be, the sanest man sets up no deed, lays down no law, takes everything that happens as it comes.

Future is contained in time past and present. There are numerous lessons to be learnt. Answers exist, but they must be sought for; an incessant search in which life is put through continual assessment leading to the evolution of a better being. This attitude allows one to take everything that life throws up, in one's stride. The surest test if a man be sane is if he accepts life whole, as it is, without needing by measure or touch, to understand.

For me days pass here faster than light so much so that before one realizes, the next day comes rushing... stands right in front of you. Our experiences lie somewhere within these torrents. The mind travels at a maddening pace. Within seconds, images flash across my eyes, perching valiantly over things that I treasure. Thoughts unleash to everything that is a part of me and my growing, to everything that made a little good, a little evil of me. It vacillates between what I was, what I am and what I will be. I seek for the whys and wherefores of all that had happened and of all that is happening. Whether change is a slave of mine, I do not know, but there is something changed and changing. In a moment have I traveled a million places and I seek no more; let me lie down for a while to see if I missed anything.

For each one of us, the story is the same. The only difference is the time, when we pause from our fast moving lives and look at ourselves. It's like turning inwards to redeem and rediscover ourselves. Redemption demands a silent retrospection into the crux of human existence. But then, isn't existence beyond the power of words to define?

Slowly, but for sure, we are all turning into tailors for whom the measurement of his client is the only perfect knowledge in the world. For him, George is forty-four long. Any protest that this answer isn't really satisfactory will be met with the assurance that he is unquestionably right about George, because he can cut a whole suit of clothes that will fit George perfectly the moment George walks in the door. Partial knowledge seems to satisfy us, effecting in our inability to estimate the depths of reality. In the words of the Chinese mystic, Lao Tzu, "People through finding something beautiful, think something else unbeautiful, through finding one man fit; judge another unfit. Life and death, though stemming from each other, seem to conflict as stages of change, difficult and easy as phases of achievement, long and short as measures of contrast, high and low as degrees of relation; but since the varying tones gives music to a voice." Every distinction defines its opposite and in many cases, the interplay of opposites is indivisible, just as varying tones makes up music. However, we are constricted within distinctions. If we approach the world through distinctions, we can never untangle our perceptions. Everything seems to derive a conclusion because of one's prejudices. We are bartering our innocence for some false sense of success and security. We are strangulating the child in us. We have failed to realize that we are losing our child-like disposition. We were created in the purest of forms. We are diligently involved in the process of diluting this purity.

Life is one in all and ours is but a portion of this same common life. And in that one part of life that is ours, we can make life better or worse. We can only improve life in ourselves by destroying the barriers that divide our life from that of others, and by considering others as ourselves. The search for a better life begins at this point, a never-ending one both from within and without.

*With all my might, I stood there  
in front of the door that opened to happiness.  
I stretched out my hands to eternity,*

*to the ethereal music of my mind.  
There was seamless beauty in all that my eyes saw,  
the beauty that breathed air of life  
I talked to the white light, which took my pains away.*

*Oh! How I wish to be there always...Forever.  
Time never knew how to make a start.  
I had known by then that it had lost its power.  
I lost those clouds of joy in the crowds.  
There is none to wipe off my tears.  
My eyes that saw beauty are tired of the water,  
clouds rained through my eyes, the pace unabating.*

*Time is menacingly powerful here.  
Lights are burning hot.  
My skin has charred; there are still smokes everywhere.  
Silence is the noise, and the noise has  
drowned the tunes of my music.*

*I am the battle, fighting with myself, win or lose  
I have to pay the price.*

*So tell me, can you give me back...my clouds?  
Or could you,  
Tell me where can I find them;  
but then why, you or anyone else.  
Won't you desire to take rides on them?  
Aren't you the crowd? But...*

*When you do,  
do take me with you.  
--I will show you what I have seen.  
Your ears will listen to the music  
and the lyrics of the white light;  
easing the pain of search.*

*I have seen the light and talked.  
So the white light and you.  
I play for both of you.  
I just want to be there,  
for you, and for me.  
Then I will tell the secrets,*

*of how you are me  
of how I am you  
of how the white light  
is the two of us or all of us  
And many more...*

*But before you decide on a ride,  
let your desires of flesh and blood,  
be sacrificed on the altar of light.  
For I am still struggling  
to face that unavoidable sting.  
And I am still searching for the one I lost.*

### **STEAMING AWAY... (Raghavan.H, 4th Year)**

Technology has a habit of peeping sheepishly through the half open door of time, after having arrived late. If those frizzy-haired scientists and engineers had invented the diesel and electric engines, a little earlier, we would have saved

a lot of coal, a bit of the environment and arrived home faster. But I am glad that they arrived late, for, I was able to undertake some memorable journeys on the black beauties-as a steam locomotive would be described by a railway buff, I being one. In the following paragraphs, I have described my last journey in a steam train. So, enjoy the ride.

I started from Tumkur, a dusty town in Karnataka, where my grandfather had been living for the past fifty years. It was five in the evening, and very hot-the monsoon was weeks overdue. I was waiting in the station that had everything -not only food and retiring rooms and human company but also the unique character of its town, its peculiar stinks and perfumes. There were also the ubiquitous long distance travelers with their steel trunks. They sit on it, sleep beside it, use it for a table and when their train draws in, they hire a skinny man to wrestle it on board. As I rambled around the station yard, waiting for the train to arrive, I discovered that the unluckiest man in this season of heat was a fireman on a steam locomotive feeding the sooty thunder box, which like all steam locomotives looked filthy, ancient and reliable. Only the cow, which was rummaging for food in the dustbin, seemed unaffected by the heat.

Soon our train puffed into the platform and I quickly boarded one of the battered coaches and settled myself in a window seat. When I leaned out of the window I saw that thirty odd people were clinging on to the engine and some were even hanging from the carriages. These seemingly magnetized people had the effect of making the train look small. Then, to the sound of young beggar boy's flute black smoke darkened the sky and the train rattled east. For miles, on the plains men, women and children were planting or tending crop under the blazing sun and were burnt as black as their buffaloes. As I was lost in the scenery outside, I was awakened by shouts from a vendor selling peanuts, who served them on pages from old school notebooks, discarded and thus recycled. At around seven P.M. we stopped at a tiny station near the village of Golhalli.

An hour passed. This is an aspect of train travel that must not be overlooked: the unexplained stop in the middle of nowhere; and the unexplained delay-hours during which only a dog barks, a child weeps and someone shuts off the radio. You don't know whether you will leave in 2 minutes or 2 hours, so it is unwise to stray very far from the train. Then, an unexplained whistle sounds and a few seconds later the train moves, and a hundred odd passengers run beside, trying to board. We left Golhalli. But, just after dark the lights in the train failed, and we traveled clattering through pitchblackness,with the steam engine puffing and wheezing and the whistle blowing off-key while sparks from the smoke stack sailed past the window like fireflies.

Rest of the journey passed without any incidents. It was almost nine by the time we arrived in Bangalore. As the train drew into the station we were greeted by the Rain Gods; big raindrops drumming on the coach roof. The rain in its fury put us into a good mood making us forget about the hour long delay and the train which badly needed to be improved, but of course the wonder of it - like the wonder of much else in India - is that it still reached its destination.

From the corner seat in a railway car I could see much of the typical Indian life, as much of it is lived within sight of the tracks or the station and often next to the tracks or inside the station. I came to know more about the land, its sounds and smells and its people in their unchanging fascination. I hope that I will be able to undertake many such journeys in the future.

### **JOURNEY (Sarbeswar Meher, 2nd Year)**

Being overwhelmed with joy  
In the flow of time  
I look for my existence  
To fulfill my desires  
I adorn myself with the mirror of the past  
Not known to me on which path  
I am the voyager  
My concern is to know only the goal  
Being moulded by the ambience  
I have reached this stage  
Searching for the idol of endless thoughts  
In the sea of my imagination  
I become glazed  
I get pleasure in her arrival  
Last ambition in this journey is  
to intermingle within the color  
and ray of life's rainbow

### **TO MY TEACHER (Amrita Panda, 1st Year)**



You taught me to read and write  
And made my career bright

I bore the flowers  
You fructified them

I had aspirations and dreams  
You shaped them

I put in effort  
You gave support

When I had nightmares  
You took utmost care

When doubts had me mystified  
You had them clarified

In making me climb the success ladder  
You acted as a Godfather  
Dear Teacher,  
How can this soul ever repay you,  
the love you imparted,  
the confidence you instilled,  
and the motto you gave to my aimless life?

#### **CHEMISTRY OF SHE-NISTIANS (Sarthak Ray, 2nd Year)**

*Occurrence:* Found abundantly at a stone's throw from Palur hills.

*Appearance:* Looks fair, attractive and gorgeous under texture enhancing agents.

*Color:* May be white, may be black but becomes red when hot.

*Odor:* Emits natural smell unique to each of its kind, but is frequently masked by some artificial agents collectively termed as cosmetics.

*Magnetic Property:* Attracted towards money, mind and muscles.

*Melting Point:* High. Can be brought down by catalysts like silly jokes, soft drinks, ice creams and other such treats.

*Nature:* Seems innocent, polite and gentle when observed from a distance.

*Solubility:* Highly miscible but obeys 'Like dissolves like'.

*Effect on studies:* Stimulant followed by depressant action.

*Reactivity:* Highly fatal. Must be handled under expert supervision.

#### **HOLIDAY (Ashish Devta, 2nd Year)**

My sweet dreams about girls  
Usually finds a block  
When the nightmare of trin-trin  
Comes from the alarm clock  
But today it continued until the girl  
Slapped me in the dream  
No alarm clock but I woke up  
by my own scream

Ding dong in the big far wall clock  
Alarming me it's 9 'O' clock  
Wrapping the blanket I am still having bliss.  
It quite obvious that the NIST bus  
Will give me the miss

Yawning and stretching I gave my face a wash

I felt the surrounding was changed  
Little unusual encompass  
Today's sun  
Is so agile and smart  
Shining briskly from far apart  
Something attractive in today's sky  
Birds!  
Those always make noise  
Today singing tune full lullaby

### **FATHERING A PROGRAM (Roshan Kumar Ganatra, 3rd Year)**

*And God saw everything that he made, and, behold, it was very good.*

-Genesis 1:31

I, a programmer, am the human interface to the modern world of intelligent machines. I am a lot more than the so-called technical wizard conversing with machines in a myriad of tongues. I am involved in a process of creation.

It's just like being a father. Developing programs is like raising kids. I have to bring them up with love and affection. I have to put my heart and soul into their breeding lest they fall short of the perfection that is achievable.

One cannot be a single father. Being a father and not just an 'author' of a program necessitates that I wholeheartedly accept, fall in love with and marry a programming language. I adore her, personify her in dreams and walk with her on the beach feeling the tumultuous waves both within and beyond me. An icy breeze sends chills of desperation down my spine while she, in a trice, faintly whispers, 'its possible, we can do it...' revitalizing me with ideas afresh and an approach anew. I feel her strength within me during times of anxiety. I live her.

I have to have a firm set of guiding principles deep inside which I must try to incorporate into my programs too. They shall one day face the light of the day. They will meet people who will put them to all sorts of trials. I have to instill in them an image too intense as what will they cast shall be my reflection.

Sometimes they will get unruly; sometimes they will misbehave. But, I don't have to blame them for, it is the potter within me who would have cast them from wet clay. If they fall apart, I didn't put enough strength into them. If they say 'I can't do it', I didn't teach them or put at their disposal, all the means of doing it. When they crash, I must not. When they yield, I must rebuild. Having found a fault in them should not be a cause of embarrassment, but that of a delightful satisfaction, as it would take me a step closer in making them evade failure.

Times change, someday, they will need to change too. Someday the world will demand more from them. Someday they will need me again. I might not be there then, but my ideas will. These ideas would have penetrated the soul of my creations and kept them simple and pliable enough to let some noble potter of the future give them a better shape. As a father, my anticipations from such kids of mine are titanic and I'll achieve greatness when they'll emulate my fatherhood.