FROM THE DIRECTOR...

What Did Your Father Teach You?

This statement is often heard at NIST in the DC (Disciplinary Committee) conference room. On a serious note, each of us has grown up with a set of values which we imbibed from our parents. Ask any child psychologist - 80% of the value systems and social manners are imbibed within the first 12 years of a child. Parents who often neglect developing this aspect of their children at the right age rue that it is too late to teach the basics of culture, manners, do’s and don’ts when the child is in the teenage years. As a child progresses in age and reaches the most arduous years, the teenage years, where he or she tries to make sense of the world, it is the role of the parents to be teachers, mentors and guides. This role is by no means limited only to the parents but also involves grandparents, uncles, friends and friend of friends, or in to groom a future citizen. A United States who shot two of her longer bear their arrogant reminder that child rearing is no and soul to do so. Before sermonizing, we salute the parents taught us to be good human beings.

If I ponder over what my father taught me it is probably limitless but with the hindsight which age now offers. I can safely list three main things which I learnt from him.

Be Bold and Ambitious: This trait was drummed into us quite early in our childhood. Fortune favors the brave was the mantra. During my student days when we were faced with multiple career choices, this means that whatever choice we made must be bold and ambitious. I remember in 1979, very few students from Rourkela, where I did my schooling, went outside Rourkela for their +2 or higher studies but it was my father who insisted that we study at Delhi (in my sister’s case) and at Ravenshaw College and at Kanpur (in my case). Resistance was useless and he had his way. In hindsight this deliberate leap into an unknown taught us two things - first prepare to take large risks for achieving large targets (e.g., IIT, IAS) and second start taking the pressure of being away from home early on.

Keep your Spine Straight: As a child I heard my father make fun about the leaders who were prostrating themselves before Ms. Indira Gandhi - the-then Prime Minister. He made us read about Nelson Mandela, the leader of South Africa who was imprisoned for about three decades for his political beliefs. I was brought up on the stories of Fidel Castro and the band of revolutionaries of Cuba. I learnt to distinguish

We salute the parents who brought us to the world and taught us to be good human beings.
between the Churchill and Chamberlain. The first fought against Hitler’s dictatorship and the other gave in to appeasement. History finally showed that Churchill was right.

As a habit, we Indians crawl when we are asked to bend. It is probably our colonial mindset. During Emergency, many leaders showed their real character - they went on apologizing on bent knees to the Congress rulers to appease them so that they could get out of incarceration. Even now, we see our netas and babus bend and crawl to achieve power or money or both. Even an officer of the UP Government shoe shined UP Chief Minister Mayawati’s shoes!

I have learnt that we can live our lives with dignity, self-respect and honesty in a country where compromise is written all over.

Help the Poor and Underprivileged with all your Might: As a young lawyer my father had a roaring legal practice in Rourkela. Time was money. He never let money or fame go to his head. He kept atleast a few hours every day to help Adivasi tribals or poor clients to get their just dues through the court of law. He was and still is part of numerous organizations which fought for the rights of the weak and unprivileged. Our house was frequented by poor litigants with whom we often had to share meals with. I had a glimpse of poverty and unjust systems of our country. This was my first hand lesson in the rich-poor divide. We spent countless summers in our village and thus interacted with all and sundry and got to experience the real face of this country, i.e., rural India. These days it is common to see youth who have hardly seen a village forget about staying in one. To these youth, poverty is just a statistic not the grinding emasculating starvation that about half of our countrymen go through every day. When NIST started in 1996 we all had one aim in mind - to use this vehicle of education for emancipation of the poor and underprivileged sections of the society. If NIST had been located in Delhi, Mumbai, then we would have lived a life of luxury forgetting our passion of helping the underprivileged. That is my answer why NIST was located amidst the poverty stricken and educationally backward districts of south Orissa. In the ultimate analysis, if we have been able to achieve success by taking a student from Koraput to K(C)alifornia - then the journey called NIST has probably been worth it!

Let me end with two of my favorite quotes:

"Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once."

William Shakespeare in Julius Caesar (II, ii, 32-37)

"So long as the millions live in hunger and ignorance, I hold every man a traitor who, having been educated at their expense, pays not the least heed to them." - Swami Vivekananda

Prof. Sangram Mudali

A man can be short and dumpy and getting bald but if he has fire, women will like him. - Mae West
I spent two years in the New PG block of Ravenshaw Ladies’ hostel, my home for two years. Everything I found there was awesomely awful - the food, washroom and the room itself. The number of students staying there were just double its capacity. I still love to call it a refugee camp. From a single room of twelve by fourteen foot at home to a three bedded room where six of us were staked. Fortunately we were given five beds, only beds, the mattresses and pillows were all ours; we had to carry them from home. We carried a plate, a bowl and a spoon too; else food would not be served. Not only clothes we washed our own utensils too, we swept and wiped our own rooms. Insects and worms floated on the food as if the master chef took extra care in adding his final touch of garnishing. No breakfast, no snacks all had to be yours, carried either from home or better go to a hotel out of the campus. Sharp at 10AM and at 10PM every day Pavlov’s Operant Conditioning was proved, a bell would ring and all the girls would start salivating for the food was ready. Girls even in their deepest of sleep would jump out of the bed and rush to the dining to stand in the queue for their quota of food. Initially I felt it very awkward but when I saw others doing the same, I too started enjoying it. Today when I look back I realize that it was actually fun. But these two years taught me a lot. When I came out I found myself an altogether different person. Every little incidence changed me. A hostel with over 800 girls from different parts of the state; each face with a difference, carrying a different culture owing to the environment they were brought up in. I had never seen people with so wide varieties of township and studied in the HAL school and a similar mind set. The culture there named it globalized. During these years modern I looked and to be candid I old-fashioned, they were not modern at wear jeans, they did not know the cosmetics, and movies and restaurants were far away from them, they talked game and talking about it or about allowed. It was a haw!!! So I was more a tomboy for them. My parents never did it but my roommates always pointed out on what to do and what not to. I had no other option but to adjust. At times I just waited for my 6th year exams to be over and that I would get away from them. But I saw their modernity one evening when I returned back from the college, I found them more modern than many of us. Our Tihar jail’s gates closed at 5:30pm and a delay meant an hour long investigation. On that day I was late by around half hour and so when I reached my room it was over 7:30 in the evening. To my surprise my room was locked and no one knew where my roomies were, nor was the key kept in our secret corner. Sumedha, Rozy, Swagatika, Suman, Lipi and I shared the same room. Suman and Lipi had gone home. I was a little confused and furious too; I sat on the bench at the gate of my wing. I had started loosing my patience when Sumedha came running. I wanted to blast at her but before I could even think of that she pulled me to a corner and told me that Ashok’s father was dead and his mother was in our room. She was slightly hesitant to say this as she did not know if I could understand her. Ashok was from Kendrapada doing his Post Graduation in Zoology, Swagatika and Ashok were from the same branch. It was not difficult for me to link as all the girls from the Zoology department always talked about Ashok and his father’s cancer. Some of them also went to the Hospital to donate blood. His family members had abandoned them as all their savings had exhausted in his father’s treatment. They were frightened of the new burden. He took tuitions and managed his father’s hospital bills. Life was not easy.
for him. His constant efforts to save his father at least a day more had to end some day. The boys went to Puri to cremate Ashok’s father.

But where would the poor lady go. They could not take her nor could they leave her all alone. The other girls quietly came back to the hostel but Swagatika brought her to our room and that too without informing the hostel’s caretaker or the superintendent. I objected to it as I thought it was wise to seek permission. But the local Hindu custom said that only a widow could attend a widow. It was an ill omen for others to even see a widow whose husband had just died. Over that her husband was still not cremated. She would attain purity only after the tenth day rites were done. This was sheer superstition but who could dare go against the hostel authorities or say them that they were superstitious. I tried to be understanding and agreed to cooperate. Rozy and Sumedha happily cooperated with eachother as they were three childhood friends.

Sumedha slowly opened the room, it was dark and I was requested to manage without switching on the lights. A strange wave of gloom hit me, a feeling that I had never before had. I was confused as to how should I react to this. No mobile phones then, I had to wait for Tuesday evenings to be able to talk to my parents and that too not more than two minutes were allowed. The Light from the corridor got in through the ventilator that I had always cursed for being there and always disturbing my beauty sleep, I was used to sleeping in complete darkness. I could figure out a middle aged lady lying on one of the beds and Rozy and Swagatika were sitting beside, holding her. It was a strange chill. Tears kept rolling down her cheek all through the night, I could figure out as Rozy kept wiping her tears. None of us ate or slept, nobody could. At around six in the morning no sooner the hostel gate opened there was a visitor’s call for Swagatika. She went out and after some time came back and told only one word, “Ashok”. It was then that everybody knew there was somebody who stayed with us in our room. We took the lady to her son. The scene was pathetic; she had cooperated with us all through the night suppressing her emotions. As soon as she saw her son, she held him tight and wailed out at her loudest possible pitch...it could bring anybody to tears, everything else was silent there. Ashok took her to their village. The twelve day long rites were performed by the money collected and sent by us.

We did not get back to our room the caretaker, our check post, was already in her office to demand an explanation. The poorly dressed and not so modern Sumedha, Rozy and Swagatika were suspended for a week. I was not because I had returned late to the hostel and they thought that I should have been innocent. As we got back in to our room there was a sweeper who had already thrown our bed sheets out, the room was washed, forget about the room the entire hostel was washed. We were given gangal jal, neem and tulsi leaves to purify ourselves. We were forced to go to the Jagannath temple to ask for forgiveness. The hostel authorities never realized that I was already purified not with their tulsi or neem leaves but with how the three girls of my room helped the lady.

I recalled this after years when I was with Professor Rao, Amrut and Dipti sitting in a restaurant in one of the evenings during our IELTS training in Kolkata. There was a couple with their about two year old daughter. We stared at them seeing the way they walked in, their dress, hair do, we felt like it was just wow! And thought how outdated we are. Later when both of them had beer and the baby trying to pull his mother’s mug to taste it, I thought, is this being modern or what Sumedha, Rozy and Swagatika did?

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The internet has become the best friend for all. Life stands still when the server goes, hearts sink when our favourite sites are blocked. Creativity has now taken a new definition, it has become an altogether different exercise of the brain, being able to choose the right article or being able to permutate the right combination of sentences, all copied from the internet. It is more of a mix and match exercise, an unauthorised remix of anothers’ words. Most of the articles we receive reflects this, but the creative writing workshop coordinated by Prof Raja Rao gave the Nistian team an entirely different set of articles. On behalf of Team Nistian I thank all specially our alumni who have contributed to another publication of this magazine.

Ms. Tripti Mund
Faculty, English
Phut! The lights went off. Wow, what a fitting finale to an entirely boring weekend. Here I was all alone in the 3BHK apartment in the downtown of the city, with all my roomies off to their respective native places for the weekend. It had been raining all through Saturday and the drizzle continued on Sunday too; the city wore a desolate, gloomy look, even the lights of the shops seemed dimmed down as if in deference to the general mood. Downstairs, my landlord’s place seemed shuttered down. There was nothing to do but light a few candle ends - even candles were in short supply. I had finished the couple of fiction pieces I had bought from the railway station when I last visited home. There was nothing else to do. Suddenly I remembered - there was an old knapsack which I had carried from home, it contained all odds and ends and a few moth eaten documents. However what I was interested in was in a really ancient, dog eared diary, which was written by my great-great grandfather.

Saikat (as my great-great grandfather was known) was a vagabond in his early years. He was tall, fair, sturdy and fearless. An old somewhat tarnished portrait of his was kept in our attic. I loved staring at the unabashed man, arms folded, great moustache and a slight smile. But the fire. In love with nature and what it household on how he went on, to his how the best mahseer in the fished out by him. On tricky and inky machans in the densest of jungles big cats. Royal Bengal tigers, leopards, quick and unanticipated. Nothing deterred him but for one incident which changed his life...

The drizzle had grown stronger. The raging wind cut me to shards with its iciness. The candle blew out a few times before I had to finally get up from my lazed state to close the windows. I wound myself into the comforts of the warm Pashmina shawl that I had managed to get from Kashmir a few years ago. Letting out a sigh of disgust, the candle was lit once more. The light threw eerie shadows across the length of the room. Kaushik’s (my roomie!) unwashed socks and the earthy smell of the soaked earth made a strange concoction of smells. But the familiarity somewhat comforted me in the loneliness of the night. I edged closer to the candle in order to get a better view of the diary. It was battered with the passage of time. The once-upon-a-time hard-bound cover was crumbling. The pages were yellowed with age and required great care to be handled. I squinted to have a closer look at the diary. I selected a portion somewhere in the middle of the diary penned by my ancestor more than a hundred and a quarter of a century ago.

The handwriting was still legible and in classical Bengali of which I have taken great care to reproduce thus:

Aug 27, 1871
I had undertaken a trip to the dense jungles of Sunderbans in search of game, which was plenty available in the rain months. My trusted aide, cook and closest friend in my jungle trips- Ram Sewak and my faithful desi brick red cook- Bhola accompanied me. The journey took us 2 days to reach by bullock cart and boat to Shantipur- our point of rendezvous with the last human settlement and beyond which lay the mighty Sunderbans. It provoked hysteria among locals who would risk their lives but not venture anywhere close to the jungle once the sun went to the western horizon. I had utter disregard for the locals and their stories about the evil spirits and ghosts who came out at night and scratched at their huts or stole away their cattle and goats. I knew whose handiwork was this. The saint-The Royal Bengal tiger as it is called here, kills without a sound- cunning, deceptive and handsome. I chuckled along with Ram Sewak at these stories. The trip to the jungle was planned. It was decided to set out for the jungle next morning to look for vantage points near waterholes or ponds where the prey comes unsuspecting in the cover of darkness to drink water, while the predator lays still, watching, waiting for a kill.

We set out early next morning and selected a point about 300 yards from a watering hole, where we had already seen several marks of wild animals on the soft earth. Ram-Sewak immediately got to work tying up an elaborate machan. Finally satisfied with his work, he gave me a smile. I said, "Let's go for lunch. I am feeling starved. We settled for a sumptuous lunch consisting of luchis and mutton curry. Bhola was satisfied as well. We ate hungrily. Bhola, as was customary popped a small pill of Bhang when I was looking elsewhere. It was a habit that I didn't approve of, especially on a hunting trip where the five senses have to be at their best. Little did I know that this could almost cost me my life. We decided to come back in the afternoon and return to the machan before the sun set. On our way back, we saw a rustic old small temple almost in ruins. Thick weeds had grown out of it. It was obvious, given its dilapidated condition that it had been abandoned long ago. Quite possible, given such a dangerous surrounding. Just outside its door lay a statue of Garuda- the winged god, one foot half bent in obeisance. Suddenly, Ram Sewak had a brainwave, which was quite common after his bhang flings. He rushed towards the Garuda statue and spat at it, hurling abuses, making fun of such a neglected existence in the jungle with no priests and devotees. I was not god-fearing but slightly startled at his histrionics. I boxed his ears and gave him a hard shove. I screamed at him for such stupid and unwarranted action and threatened to empty my rifle and end his wretched life. Suddenly, scared birds flew out of the trees in flocks as a strange ear splitting shriek rang across every nook and corner of the jungle. To describe it, would be foolish. The ground almost shook and the environs changed. The cry seemed unearthly. A rabbit and a wild boar darted across the jungle path ahead of us as if in abject fear. Bhola bolted in between my legs, with its tail in between its legs giving an afraid yelp. But I was more surprised than being afraid. I clutched my single shot rifle close, trying to locate the source of the noise across the jungle. Unfortunately, all this was happening with one person totally oblivious to it- Ram Sewak, who was heavily under the high of Bhang. I kicked disdainfully as he lay on the ground for his stupidity.

Somehow, we reached our place, took some rest and set out for our jungle adventure before sunset. It was a full moon night. The air carried a strange chill with it, as the three of us stood silent in our machan,
scouring the area for both predator and prey. The big trees looked like angry giants in the night casting shadows. Suddenly I detected movement from about 200 yards to the north of the hole. It was the SAINT, a big and magnificent beast. He had come for us! Maybe he caught our smell. I took careful aim at the point in between those glowing eyes as Bhola and Ram Sewak shivered.

Suddenly, there was the same blood curdling shriek that tore apart the silence of the forest. It gave me Goosebumps and the tiger without any warning, bounded away like a scared dog. Then what we saw made our blood freeze. It was from here that the handwriting shook as if in morbid fear...Across the clearing near the water-hole, rose an animal (no...It was inanimate). About 8 feet in height with about 25 feet wing-to-wing. Its eyes were like 2 coal ambers. Purple and black in colour with a curved snout. It flew high and blocked the moon from our sight... We were stoned. Then, it looked at us and with the same shriek, it made a dash for the machan. We jumped out of the machan and bolted across the jungle to save our lives. I forgot my rifle. As we were running, the bird-man chased us. I stumbled on a rock and crashed on the jungle floor headlong. Partly dazed by my fall, I saw something which would have evoked only one feeling in a human being- fear. The great bird-man suddenly swooped down at breakneck speed and took Ram-Sewak by its talons. Low and behold, it lifted him up in the sky and then, in a flash tore off his head with its beak. The sight was ghastly I felt myself go cold with fear. Bhola stood by me, too scared to even yelp... the great bird then threw the head-less body down with great disgust and threw the head. As it flew away, it turned towards us. I met those eyes again, ferocious and unforgiving. The jungle returned to normalcy as soon as the beast left. I lay there, puking at the sight of the headless body. It was morning as I could finally retrace my way to the edge of the jungle with my cur. Too scared to go back to the jungle again, I organized Ram Sewak’s last rites and gave some money to his bereaved members. I still could not make out what had happened that night. Was it the insult of Garuda that led to Ram Sewak’s death? Or was it coincidence? Do such creatures exist? I gave some money to the villagers to renovate the temple in the jungle, hoping to appease the gods above for any sin that I may have committed unknowingly.

In the rainy night, I shivered holding the diary battered with age, against the candlelight. Was the story true? A thousand thoughts raced across my mind. What was the thing? Was it unexplained? Does man really pay when he crosses swords with the powers superior to his own? I looked at my great grandpa’s portrait. The yes looked listless as if trying to digest something incomprehensible. I don’t know for how long I slept when I was awakened By Kaushik’s kicks. Hurry! It’s time for the office. U planning for onsite? Huh! Look at you! You got to start for the office early at least for that". So here I am, rushing for my office in my daily elements, soaked in codes and documents. But still wondering where was the truth…

Ankan Ghosh
BTech. 2004 Batch, Infosys Technologies Ltd.
I was little excited and nervous when I started off from my office at 2PM. Most of the packing was done. Finally got a taxi and reached at the RGI airport, Hyderabad after one hour. I entered through the domestic terminal though it was not of much a difference. I was waiting for Sandy, my colleague and co-traveller to San Diego. One good thing in any airport is - finding information is never difficult. On my first visit I could get information on what all things to be done. I did my luggage weighing and made sure that these are under the limit and finally all settled. I was waiting for Emirates counters to open. Sandy arrived in time. After all the formalities, like issuing boarding pass, luggage check, security check etc were over, we went to the waiting lounge. Finally at 9.15PM, it was time to get into the flight and that was a good experience. However, the best was the city view from the sky at night. On a black canvas, there were dazzling gold and diamonds arranged in a pictorial manner...The roads were more like the golden necklace with the flood lights like the glittering diamonds...it was to remember. I did try to capture in some good food and drinks of Dubai. It was just approaching to be witnessed all the fireworks from the - celebrating New Year on the sky. We It was quite a big air port with so "duty free". The epitome of material all over the world hovering here and there. Then the tragedy stuck, and it marred the happiness we had for some time. It was a three hour wait in the airport and my flight was at 3.15am. I couldn’t find a place to sit in the waiting lounge. But me and Sandy settled somehow. At around, 2.15 AM the counter opened for the Emirates flight to Log Angeles. But Sandy was missing, and he came back around 2.45am. We proceeded to the check-in counter. I went first and sandy was following me. After I checked in I waited for him, but he was stuck - he missed his passport! After a lot futile search we couldn’t find it. He quickly left in search of it, or for an announcement. It was 3.05AM then, the security staff advised me to proceed, and I did that. I was desperately waiting for him to come aboard before the flight took off, and I alone had to travel my longest flight journey.

I had to leave my baggage in the connecting flight counter and rushed towards American Airlines terminal. I was already feeling tired for no sleep, and this nightmare, came jostling to aggravate it. I couldn’t concentrate on anything. As I got a window seat, I looked outside, and Dubai was asleep, yet it’s roads from the sky were all active. The garlands of lighting, on the black hovering city was just amazing. The towers were all silent after those crackers and lighting were vanished into the darkness of night. For it doesn’t know if that is of a new year or not! And, there I met my co-traveler from Uganda. He was travelling back to join his classes for his under graduate studies. We conversed for some time, and found
that he was a national football player, and got a scholarship for his higher studies. One peculiar thing is, all the hours, it was just night. The journey was like 24 hours of night, and I travelled through the night zone as we are moving from east to west, 12,000 KM that we travelled, with three full movies that I watched (social networking, the wall street, Udaan) and scores of song to accompany, and only a few hours of sleep... 16 hours just sitting in the same position was not a very comfortable thing, but thanks to the modern innovation, they provided the best that could provide some impetus - at least to meet such requirements.

Next challenge was making sure that whatever food was served was vegetarian. Thankfully, they did serve Indian dishes. And, I had to make sure that none of them had egg flavor. It was really confusing, Asian-veg-meal, Indian meal etc. I took ample amount of waters, fruits, and fruit juices. I kept an eye on my watch, to find the Indian time. So finally, it dawned before we reach into Los Angeles. By then, it was mostly traveling on the pacific, and I could see nothing but the ocean, and on the horizon the purple colored sky was yawning. It was one hour more to go, and life was back in the flight. Everyone got back, as we had to fill those immigration forms. I was told to be careful of this. And I was. Finally, we landed in time, exactly at 7.15AM at L/A. I was amazed of the punctuality. I wondered, while comparing with Indian airways, they don’t have air stations or traffic problem in airways, that could be the reason for such punctuality!

Being the new year, it was a rush hour in the airport. As it was the port of entry, there was a long queue for the immigration checking. I was little worried as my next connecting flight to San Diego was at 10AM, and I had to go through, emigration and baggage checking. I was asked few question like the purpose of the visit, and then stamped on the VISA. Then, I had to find my baggage, and there was no security or checking to confirm that right bags are collected by the concerned owner. I carried the luggage to the inspection counter, as I did tick that I had food items. Somehow it got cleared without much ado and checking. I rushed towards the domestic terminal which is 400 mts away. I had to leave my baggage in the connecting flight counter and rushed towards American Airlines terminal. Again, one more security check, which of course is an irritating process in any air port.

Though it can’t be avoided, few of those newly added processes were gifted by few persons of high desire and caliber - but for so called wrong reasons! And, finally I landed in San Diego after forty minutes. I had to wait to collect my baggage there, and at 12.45PM San Diego time (2.15AM Indian time), I finally arrived at my destination, with so many unanswered questions- what happened to Sandy, to his passport and his luggage?

Aruna Kumar Tripathy
Alumni, BTech. 2001 Batch

For one swallow does not make a summer, nor does one day; and so too one day, or a short time, does not make a man blessed and happy. - Aristotle
A young educated person, with looks and appeal, with high hopes in life, turned out to be stupid when so called love captivated him.

Then look at this young smart person, who has many plans in life, seems to be constantly tormented by the dilemma he is facing now, trying to hit two birds at a time.

Manav at his early 20s is a candy of all eyes... caters the rite portion of attractiveness to all sections of his collegiate. Is very much an engineer for all sets of engines in the body to set if they are not working to the owners’ point. Serving all solutions probable to all problems impossible. The ambience all around is emotionally dynamic for his state of present.

Certainly, Manav turns covetous for the campus... it's a good, bad and yeah bad news for all bcz Manav is in love with the most irregular gal in the campus, Sofia... the whole of the community started missing him even before he took her for the first date...

Campus figured it out, and Manav locked it to be true... whole of the collegiate taking the motion of the campus took a still... where,,, The whole mass missed him.

“In a real world situation fairy tale love doesn’t exist. No more princesses and frogs.”

He is in cloud nine all the time, the faculty in to... found dumb, the Manav everywhere turned to, he no and consoled the campus life without "Love is a temporary madness. It subsides. And when it subsides you work out whether your roots have is inconceivable that you should ever

Love is not breathlessness, it is not excitement, it is not the promulgation of promises of eternal passion.

One day suddenly, Manav finds to know the cause of the title of the gal "irregular", she has been in terms with some body, who’s staying out, and he has been a subject of bate to be turned down as her boy friend...

You can’t buy love. You can just rent it.

If you din’t extend proper care of the heart (the house) the owner will push till u vacate...

Insecurities can be revealed by magnifying your weaknesses than your strength. If love created a web of compromises, complicated by lies to the point of reaching a ‘stalemate’ in this game, for sure, no one will win.

He suffered through out, with a light of hope turning thing positive for him... to pose the hemisphere liar (who, the real fans and friends of Manav).
According to Robert Sternberg, the psychologist who developed the triangular theory of love, the three components of love are passion, commitment and intimacy.

Manav tried possible manipulations to prove all the three vertices of his triangle are firm, and if, are convincing him still.

Intimacy, or feelings of connectedness and closeness in relationships, is manifested through the experience of happiness when being with their significant other and receiving emotional support, as well as through complete and reciprocal trust.

Manav found himself not convincing on his partners’ score in this area. The intended passion of Sofia couldn’t push Manav to stay any more committed towards her, sparing his emotions as worthless.

The campus gets a smell on the updates about Manav’s affair with the most undesired gal of the community. Meanwhile the other screen sets a section of departure to be played on the same day, the eve of his supposed to be the first Valentine’s day well arranged by the double player taking Manav’s positives on stake...a blame game before the unknown (to Manav), the previous lover, concludes with a rocking result for the campus, waiting outside to embrace back their apple...the cost of their day life, the hormone of the campus, good, bad, acceptable in all forms... the crowd bids "good Bye" on behalf of their hero to the opponent...

I still believe in the most said ‘goodbye’. This line can lead to two directions: path towards a new beginning or the path towards your fall down. It is a powerful word and a critical one. Once you say goodbye and then you take it back, you are losing your credibility. You are placing someone’s trust into a vulnerable state.

Manav hasn’t yet set himself to know the aftermath of his Valentine’s Day manipulations of his ‘e’ not as exponents but as emotions, the friendz kalled a cross semester party with cocktails covering a huge chain of brands in to it. Celebrations bak in motion, cross community in the college started seating in patches to get their share of time with Manav.

Celebrations at its peak (as bandh kalled by the students on some annual sports and cultural ceremony issues), happy all with their by-default leader in lead...purely unexpected, out of blue, the screen sets for the remained of the "good bye" section of the play...

In a real world situation fairy tale love doesn’t exist. No more princesses and frogs. There is no once upon a time. It’s all about reality. It’s all about today... happy ending has become a rarest climax in now a times.

Sofia still believes in her piece of move, which once had put Manav in to stalemate, thinking to put him once again on his knees hoping the heartbeat an emotional fool.

Joins hand for the second round of bate... she will enter the building with nobody stopping her way during bandh, reason firmly put as Manav still loves her and won’t hamper her if she does so...
Love I believe is not only measured by how much you loved but how much you were loved. Crying can’t patch up the holes made by the very reason you weren’t there for your love. The very moment that you’re with your love, silent while that person is grieving is way better than thousand decibels of human sounds from far away distance. Love is not measured by quantity but of quality of time. It is not measured how much you invested but how much you touch that person’s life.

An 80 decibel sound of a slap (a not allowed noise for domestic area) stuns the crowd busy to stop the lady who’s trying to take their bandh to vein. Sofia realizes the person before him after few dark moments. Once she could figure out Manav for her next move, her devil’s workshop was already short of tools.

The reality ends as a reality. It couldn’t add much flavor to set a bollywood climax, Manav and Sofia never met again, though the world is round, Orkut starts with an O again to consulate the parted meet back, Face book got unlimited pages and neither LinkedIn could set their steering to link back the couple...

Manav left the place, worked for long years in corporates and the stuff Manav likes in and out of him is a live campus. Manav opted an Excellent Campus to work with and now is back in the same city and has manipulated his position as a faculty member, but working almost on the same terms... and investing his best to keep the community life filled, ever enjoying, dynamic, and learning... he says he hardly misses his past, coz he doesn’t believe in that...

The hardest part of wanting someone is that the person you want doesn’t want you the way you want it to be. Missing and wanting are not mutually exclusive. In most instances, they go hand in hand. In missing someone, you are searching (or craving) for, the things that you want is not (in most instances) physically present. In wanting someone, you are getting the ‘missed’ chance of having something or someone.

Although it sounds confusing, the game of missing and wanting is the critical game played by both individuals who are supposed to be knowledgeable in manipulating it. Let’s put love in the picture to further complicate the topic. In love, missing and wanting is the amber that warms the relationship. Without it love will wane.

Love like all other games that requires a little manipulation of both missing and wanting. Manipulation requires constant ‘revision’ of the process without breaking the original rule. It requires the creative use of ‘miss-me-sometimes’ and ‘want-me-sometimes’ skills. It is a constant cycle that is why it’s called a process. Going back to the main thesis I stated a while ago. The level of expectation of both individuals didn’t meet in terms of wanting and missing. There are a couple of reasons as to why these happen and it is quite mouthful to discuss it in details. What I am trying to refer to here is that if both realized that there is skewed difference between the levels of expectation between the two, probably that’s the best time for them to talk this matter before everything falls into pieces.

Well I never see things like this as complicated

I’m confident where I am in your heart
My love is effortless, there’s no reason to catch up
Time freezes, as they say, when you’re in love
You’ll forget where have you been and where you are heading
Love will unshackle the chain unnoticed.
We learned the art of intricacies
We won’t complexities turn us down
We’ll shine in the midst of involved parts.

Whatever ways our stories end
We’ll be happy to see each other grow
Inevitably, things will get uncomplicated
Time will tell when things get simple
And goodbye will be a sweet word
At the end of the day
We will learn to let each other go
Tight grip no more
We won’t eat our words
No more holding on to the things that won’t last
Old trees will be uprooted by the wind
Seeds of hope will take their place.

We’ll comprehend things that happen
We’ll act rationally
We will be unlimited.

We’ll shine together…

Bhagabati Prasad Pattnaik
Faculty, Electrical & Electronics Engineering
It had been a tough night for Dr Isha in her private clinic. She had delivered two baby girls. The first delivery of Tarla had been comparatively easy with no complications while the other one was very complicated...that of Aban Mehta. But she had not informed the families because she was busy with Aban’s daughter.

The first baby delivered was hale and hearty. Still the doctor felt sad. She knew that this girl was the fifth daughter of her mother who was delivering daughters repeatedly in her desire to have a boy. The mother would be agonized to hear that she had delivered yet another girl. Her family would curse her for giving birth to another daughter. Isha felt an annoyance at this need to have a son in the family as she herself was the only child in her family and her parents never ever felt the need for a son. Nowadays, girls and boys make no difference and girls have an upper hand as boys cannot deliver babies.

The second baby was struggling for life. She tried her level best to save her. But it goes in vain. She applied all the expertise she had gained through her medical practice. She was desperate to save this baby. For the first time, the usually controlled Isha let her emotions flow. She cried a lot.

Doctor Isha cried because she knew that after a lot of difficulty after 15 years of marriage she had finally conceived. The expectant mother, Banhad been delirious with happiness despite her difficult pregnancy. The news of her daughter’s death would kill her.

Isha picked up the healthy girl child who had survived. With a heavy heart, she walked to the ward where both the mothers were waiting for their babies.

She looked first at Aban and her husband, Dhan who were eagerly waiting for their baby. Then she looked at the family of the mother who had been expecting a boy. They seemed to be in mourning. The mother shouted, 'I don’t want to look at the girl. Take her away."Isha said, "You don’t have to look at her at all. I am sorry but your daughter died."

And she walked to Dhan and said, "Congratulations. You have a baby girl. She is beautiful. The ecstatic couple took the baby in their arms as if she was the most precious ornament in the world.

The doctor blinded by their happiness, turned and walked away to the temple she had in the clinic. She folded her hands and said, ‘God please bless that girl. I have made such a drastic decision on my own. If it is wrong pardon me.’

Namrata Samanto Roy

BTEch. 6th Sem
When a mother gives birth to a child and sees him crying she prays to god to take her life in lieu of giving tears in the eyes of her baby. As the child grows he is nourished and cared beyond any imagination by his parents. When he does something notorious, he is slapped by his mom. A simple fever keeps his mother awake the whole night. He becomes adolescent in the shed of utmost care and love from his parents.

As he grows and starts mixing up with the society he meets new people in the form of friends. Present culture of love and friendship in teenagers influence his young mind and he starts living in fantasy miles away from the realistic life. He involves with his dream girl and life for him looks so easy and warm. The story of love and romance begins. He shares all his feelings to her and his special to him. The game starts, eyes see the face which give pace to the talking to her or even looking at her, promise to spend whole of life with any body, even parents.

But as time passes the responsibilities carrier starts mounting up. He starts in his professional carrier. He realizes one elses and starts thinking for his give time or care to her as before. The fictitious each other is made without caring for misunderstanding starts and gradually ruins his love life. The girl leaves him, she can’t understand the feelings of the boy. All the promise goes in vain.

He thinks about his childhood and realizes the infinite sufferings of his parents, for a single smile on his face. No one can give the love, care & affection like that of parents. Love cannot be defined by spending some good time with any one, dating or promising to live the whole life with each other. All these are a short period attraction which ends by a breeze of reality & complexity of life...

Alok
BTech. 6th Sem
PAIN OF SEPARATION...

After my long survey about my own life and pondering over the fact that which is the most important relation according to me in life, I simply came to a decision that it is actually very hard to say.

When we get accustomed to that person and when he/she is with us we don’t actually value them so much but then when they are no more with us we totally understand how important they actually are in our life. This urge to meet them just for once further kills us. The pain of separation encompasses all other pains of life. The pain of missing your family or friends or your teacher or your room where you used to spend more than 15hrs of your day, is just unbearable and there is no remedy for it other than the assurance that we are meeting soon.

During my stay at home I had always been longing to leave my home and come to the atmosphere of college but now after coming here I realize how much I miss my home. I miss the scolding of my mom, early in the morning waking me up because I always hated those who day i.e. when I sleep. But now I really up late in the morning and have to college; she would have killed me if I skipping meals and going empty remember her when I get really sick, work and would have always helped thinking about her. She always used her sobbing and I really felt bad for all the end of the day I was just a useless brat.

Here I have no one to shout at...no one who can understand my mood and my taste. No one who knows what do I want for my evening snacks, no one who can celebrate my birthday by organizing it exactly in the same way as she did for me. I still remember my last birth day at home, she woke me up early in the morning and gave me the yellow rose from our garden... that really touched my heart because those roses were more like a child to her and she wouldn’t even let any one hover around it. During my childhood days, when I was too small to ask for anything big, she used to wake me up at around 4-5 O’ clock in the morning to give me chocolates so that my brother and sister don’t snatch it away from me. Now when I am sick there is no body to care of me, I can only hear her cry and pray for me. She can’t even sleep the whole night. Her love for me is totally immortal and selfless. She is the one who understands me better and my life without her is totally unimaginable. I am very lucky to have such a loving and caring mom and I miss her heartily and this pain of separation is killing me from within.

I just want to thank god for giving me such a loving and caring mother.

Suruchi Roy
BTech. 4th Sem
NIST IN 2050
(Just be Impeccable!)

Konichawa...Nistians

What I mean to say is "Hello".................A small spicy bit from Japanese

I will take a very small recap to foment a limpid idea about the Second Part of NIST IN 2050. The last few radicals of the last part were... "....in 2050 the stock market, technology means simply NIST..."

A Newspaper Headlines on 1st January, 2050

"NIST, world’s largest IT giant to launch the SUPER QUANTUM COMPUTER to be named XINIA1.0

For the First time in the field of computer science...the super computer with latest trends of sixth sense technology and artificial intelligence is an example to those inventors of environment in the field of Green Technology"

I will commence my talk with the VISION 2020 project of our honourable ex-president Dr. A P J Abdul Kalam, in which NIST was a part in the field of 3G/4G technology, the TIFAC- CORE centre was established at NIST in the year 2010. Now it is the part of 6G technology project.

Now coming to the NRC - NIST technology and innovative minds has Robotics. The ex-champion of the EHC - Electronics Hobby Club has is "AUTOMATED FACE SYSTEM" in all the class rooms. When automatically scans the student and when it matches with the student’s that student. Sorry NISTians the proxy make others appear in front of an automated intelligence machine.

Now coming to the NMC - NIST Multimedia Club, the club with all the latest trends in the field of multimedia is now providing graphics for Bollywood, Tollywood etc. It has completed its dream project of making the software PHOTO READY v1.0. It is now developing world’s first quantum monitor graphics.

And now all other clubs like NIST AD CLUB, CLUB EUREKA, CLUB INNOVA, CLUB EXCEL etc. are in a race to refurbish their brand names in the respective fields and in to comb for greater ideas, smarter innovations, quicker thinking. So, finally, hoping for a greater NIST from all of you.

So NISTians before saying you all a sweet "sayonara" ...I would like to say "Good Bye".

And the journey to be continued...

K Venketswar Reddy
BTech. 8th Sem
I remember the sunny day, four years ago, when I boarded the blue colored bus of "National Institute of Science and Technology" inscribed on it. It stood waiting for me near the station. I remember the afferent happiness that filled my nerves when I passed, for the first time, through the roads that harbored endless green pastures that turned into mountains in the far horizon. I remember, the ephemeral elation, when the thought crossed my mind that I would be passing through the same roads for the next four years. And the sight of the three buildings standing tall in a line through the vantage point of the window seat - the Octagon sandwiched between the LHC and the Galleria brought home the feeling of integrity they possessed and something told me from inside: this is going to be A LIFE.

The first year was like childhood: filled with innocence and curiosity. Just like a newborn, put into a world filled with strangers, we suddenly felt out of place. The remains of the past - some of which sauntered the boulevard of failure hadn’t vanished out of our minds. But perhaps it were those stories; unique to each soul, or the curiosity and excitement attachment with each other. And an friendship bloomed. Even though, discover the new part of the world we gardens, the gumtis that thronged the of complying with the need of busy within the walls of the class.

The sophomore was energetic with just like the teenage. We suddenly boundaries that once seemed rescue from the irritating food of the seem any longer a herculean task. Friendship was at its best. And when any moment seemed incomplete without the presence of each friend, when it seemed as if the world is calling us with open arms to unravel the fun it beholds, with all of us together, we were told to move under a different ceiling that housed people of our respective branches.

The third year and the first half of the final year was, as I feel, more like the middle ages of a human life with the quest for the three Rs - Race, Respect and Responsibility. It was the time we had to prove our worth to the market, a time to get secured and fulfill one’s responsibilities to their parents to the hard earned money they put in getting us through what is now-a-days called a rich man’s degree. Friendship in the new environment had a different face perhaps because of the end of innocence in the smiles and gestures that once made us instant friends. The same roads that once seemed fun, to pave through, suddenly seemed daunting and even awful at times.

It is very important to generate a good attitude, a good heart, as much as possible. From this, happiness in both the short term and the long term for both yourself and others will come. - Dalai Lama
And then came the old age - the final semester. As the sincere laughs, the friendly cuddles returned, with the child like endeavor to explore the fun around, it seemed as if we have become a child again. And the occasional outbursts of confessions, coming out of nowhere, of how much we would miss each other and the ambience of the college as we will be stepping out of this cocoon - made this moment ineffable.

It is funny how sometimes, the things that you have shunned throughout your life, come back to you as reasons to miss. I remember how much I eschewed the pattern, the routine my life had gotten into – waking up early, attending 100 minutes classes in a row which sometimes extended even further, coming back tired, the tea and fast food at the "gumtis", the never ending chatting sessions, the birthday bashes, cursing the dinner at the canteen and the burning of the midnight oil during the semesters - as if everything is pre-written. But today, when I realize that I have to leave this college within a few weeks, that it will be the end of this life, I find myself truly clueless what my life, out of this pattern would be.

Before I die of this life, I cease my last words quoting the lines of a poem called "Memories" penned by Amrut sir:

"Memories relating to a cheerful past
Appear like a citadel in air
Being conscious of not annihilating the present
My eyes start searching past in the present
Really... deepest joys that life can give
Nothing but moments already lived"

Adieu.

Birupakhya Dash
Alumni, BTech. 2006 Batch
DAYS AT LAKE CHILIKA

After a long time almost two and a half year, I went to Orissa. I planned to visit some of the devotional places with my parents, but unfortunately we had to cancel due to some problem. I was disappointed as I didn’t know when next I can capture the beautiful temples of Orissa. It was still not that bad as I planned to visit Chilika Lake, one day in the morning.

Chilika Lake is a brackish water lagoon, spread over the Puri, Khurda and Ganjam districts of Orissa state on the east coast of India, at the mouth of the Daya River, flowing into the Bay of Bengal. It is the largest coastal lagoon in India and the second largest lagoon in the World. Rest of all the information along with this you can get from wiki :). My parents stay at a small village Rambha in Ganjam district. And the lake is just 300 meters from my house. Let’s get in to my travelogue now.

I and my dad got up at 5 AM and reached at the lake at around 5.30 AM. It was unbelievable; I never expected so beautiful colors, the nature. I found couple of other professional photographers who were busy with their job and took the boat to get in to the lake. My dad suggested me to go inside, but I was not confident and wanted to spend the day doing some practice.

Last day practice was good and I gotta learn lot of things from my mistakes. That was the time I got some confidence and decided for a boat ride planned to take mom too. Dad consulted with the local guide for the boat and 5 AM- time had been decided. Mom, dad and me all got up reach at 5 AM. It was dark, but nature beautiful colors on the lake. I was time. After some photography, finally we started heading towards the light house. Initially I wanted the boat guy not to use the motor, as the boat would vibrate and spoil all my clicks, but later the guide suggested to put on the motor, as we might miss the sun rise from the light house. After some 5 KMs of boat ride, we finally reached the light house. That was a light house with out a light. As the guide said the light house had been set up on a rocky mountain by the king. In the past there used to be many accidents.

Now this light house is a water mark to get in to the village and a halt to take rest. We spent some 30 minute there and finally started for the return journey.

I never knew that such a beautiful blessing of nature is placed near to my place. This trip to Orissa made me realize how beautiful my state is and I am proud of my state. My friends really gonna love this.

Satish Kumar Kar
Alumni, BTech. 2003 Batch
I became a NISTian on 23-Aug-2004, and remember my 1st day like the back of my hand. It was the orientation day - Feeling excited and full of enthusiasm along with a little nervousness, I went for the ceremony. I had waited for the proverbial "College-days" all my life, and this was it.

The very first day I missed the bus and reached college late. As I hurriedly made my way to G-101, I felt completely lost and bemused, amongst the buzzing crowd and massive campus.

At last I managed to trace G-101 (Galaria Room # 101). I knocked at the door and it opened only to deliver a pronounced sentence - "Late comers are not allowed."

I requested, pleaded, begged and somehow managed to get in. It had begun well, but gradually all my excitement drained out and pre-conceived college romanticism died down as I started getting bored in the classes. I scored a perfect 0 in Math-I in my 1st Class Test. I knew I hadn’t exactly covered myself with glory, but still I could find the humour in it!

Not for long though. As soon as I for my laid-back attitude and casual time the 1st sem was over and I found possible backlogs.

My classmates, or so-called friends missing any opportunity to tease me, of collective-wit for the entire class. only person missing the humour this

One day Tripti Ma’am, our English Faculty, called me on stage to read newspaper in the Communicative saying "the butterflies in my stomach would not be an exaggeration!

Obviously everyone was smiling at me, the intentional squirms and my class was simply looking up to me to deliver another one of my stand-up comic acts they could all have a big laugh at.

But in hindsight, I am extremely grateful for that day. It was formative. It was the day which changed my whole life and my attitude towards challenges. Tripti ma’am simply told me to be confident and read the newspaper in the best possible way I can.

I was very poor in English. I still am. It was unnerving and intimidating for me as everyone was staring at me - In some eyes I could see sympathy, in other’s mischief - and I read. I didn’t create standards in oratory but I read. And now I knew how to take the bull by horns, and challenges too.
Gradually these classmates became my friends and helped me in each way they could. They corrected me and motivated me. Subsequently I felt interested to come to college and learn something new every single day. We prepared and performed a skit for the Waves - 2005.

I was a DJ. Hence most used to address me as DJ and I became popular in the college, which was great for my confidence, but my academics remained below average. Every sem friends used to push me to clear the papers. And I somehow kept dragging myself through the sems.

In 7th sem I took the challenge to do my project on my own in JAVA. But there was a small problem - My JAVA was no better than my English!

I ran pillar to post but no faculty was ready to give me the project for obvious reasons. At last, Chandan Sir believed in me and assigned a project in JAVA. I made a promise to myself that I won’t let down the faith Sir had shown in me. I had to learn it from the scratch, it was a daunting challenge, but I was up to it because now I had the 2 weapons to obliterate any hurdle life would throw at me - Confidence and Attitude. I learnt JAVA and completed my project well in time; I also helped 5 other groups to complete their project.

Next challenge came striking at the end of 7th sem, 95 % friends had a job with them. I had scored 8.8 for the 1st time in 8th sem. and I got an offer by off campus @ KIITS, Bhubaneswar.

But as fate would have it, the recession wave engulfed the industry and all the companies froze their hiring. Eventually I joined on 28th Sept 2008 as a Java developer and after a brief stint of 4 months I was shifted to SAP.

I learned SAP and simultaneously resorted to my typical ways to enjoy life to the hilt and stay popular at the company as well. After completing 9 months I left the company and joined Videocon Industries as a SAP BASIS Consultant. This was my biggest challenge yet and it helped me find myself and my true potential by making me push my limits. It gave me enormous exposure and was truly an enriching experience. I was awarded twice for my dedicated and sincere performance during the projects.

Life hadn’t been easy. It’s always a set of bitter-sweet memories, but what stands out is after a while even the worst of memories become Nostalgia. That’s life’s way of leveling it out and now I could say I am living a life of my dreams and on my terms - and in return I am getting my due - I joined my dream car company Volkswagen.

Now I am working as SAP BASIS Consultant at Volkswagen India Pvt Ltd.

Thanks & Regards,

BiswaBiswa

BTech. 2004 Batch, Volkswagen India Pvt. Ltd, Pune

I write quite a lot of sonnets, and I think of them almost as prayers short and memorable, something you can recite. - Carol Ann Duffy
WHAT IF!!!

WHAT IF, I were a ‘flower’,
I would bloom wide and free and always wanted-
you to be my sweet honeybee.
WHAT IF, I were a ‘tree’,
I would grow tall and green and always wanted-
you to shade and be my leaves.
WHAT IF, I could ‘fly’,
I would race with birds and tell them I am free.
WHAT IF, I could ‘cry’,
I would feel sorry when I hurt you and would-
apologize.
WHAT IF, I were ‘crazy’,
I would sue my boss and tell him ‘you got served-
buddy’.
WHAT IF, I were ‘God’,
I would make people find their hell and heaven-
dwelling on the Earth.
WHAT IF, I were ‘dead’,
I would hang out with my grandma and ask her-
to sing me lullaby again.

Abhinav Giri
BTech. 6th Sem

MIRROR NEVER LIES

Yesterday I was looking at the mirror,
I remembered when I first saw my own reflection,
I saw a baby on the other side,
Too cute he was but nothing did he know,
So many things going in his mind nothing did he-
understand,
I started liking him a lot, on the mirror I planted a kiss,
Because I know the mirror never lies.
Slowly the baby transformed himself to a teenage kid,
Vibrant and energetic with dreams big as skies,
I saw a pretty girl standing beside him,
Holding his hand and resting on his shoulder,
He was smiling looking at me,
I too smiled back for he was happy,
But the mirror will unfold so many truths along-
with time,
Because I know the mirror never lies.
Suddenly time took me to his bright future,
Now he is in branded suits holding so many keys,
He turned into a man, had everything he cherished,
But I looked into his eyes, he was pretty sad,
Then I realized, Oh shit where’s the girl he has ever-
loved,
He was all alone and nothing was gay,
Instantly I remembered a line my teacher had said,
"Things from your past rarely make up to your future"
And yet I know the mirror never lies.
Yet again another man appeared,
Fat he has become but smiling at me,
I didn’t waste time for knowing the reason,
For his wife and children were standing at his side,
Yet there was something I didn’t miss,
Hmm.. There was something he was speaking-
from his eyes,
"Family is the priority and the dreams all gone.
My children’s smile is the only thing I treasure along,
But I never lost hope for achieving something,
Reliving my dreams in my children’s eyes."
I too became happy for he was optimistic,
and I know the mirror never lies.
This man vanished and another appeared,
Wrinkles in his face, looked all tired,
Youth and energy drained out of his body,
Hair turned grey, stood little bent,
Takes support of a stick even to walk,
But he was happy for he has lived his life,
Now you know the mirror never lies.

Amlan Nanda
BTech. 6th Sem
A BEAUTIFUL THING

It started off small
Like a tiny blip
On the horizon
Unknown and unimaginable;

Gazing into the darkened sky,
Hands grabbing to reach the stars
I followed the mysterious
Sign near the horizon;

Unaware of the impending change
I came closer and closer
Wanting to know more
Yet trying to remain at a distance;

As the cold wind blew across my face
Calmness came over my senses
Opening my eyes to a beauty
That I only dreamed of;

So many things cross my mind
Yet when I close my eyes
I see nothing except
The beauty that I saw in you;

As the sun-set on the new world
Memories of yesterday fade away
Only to be replaced by this
Beautiful thing called "Love".

ANISHA DASH
BTech. 4th Sem

SOLITUDE

What is solitude?
It neither depends on latitude
Nor longitude
It varies from person to person
Sometimes it develops adhesion
And sometimes repulsion.
Solitude is a quality
Which makes a personality
And does not depend on locality.
Develop it to make life beauty
To avoid guilty
And to encourage sincerity.
Life is precious
Life is delicious
To adapt solitude
Be cautious.

ANWAR PATRA
Btech. 4th Sem

IT’S YOU THAT I LIVE IN...

That Smile you wear
When I am lost in your eyes,
That move you make
When I try sitting closer,
That cascading play of your hair
When you search for me waiting,
That enigmatic blush you build
When my words crown you my princess,
That tightening of your fist
When I first whispered in your ears,
That turn you take
When I take a step towards you,
That dream you paint in the sky
When we swing our legs in rhythm,
That spark in your jubilant eyes
When I try getting naughty,
I feel them in the air
I see them in my dreams
I touch them on the walls
It’s you that I live in...

JAGANNATH SATPATHY
Btech. 2006 Batch, OPTCL

I have never made but one prayer to God, a very short one: 'O Lord make my enemies ridiculous.' And God granted it. - Voltaire
WE ARE CIVILIZED AND MODERN!!!

I could see the barren land
Could see the concrete jungle
Hard to see the greenery
Or the thick jungle.

With the sun shining
Trying to pull the water
To make me rich and heavy
But what to do!!!

There exists less open land
Less water bodies
Making if difficult
To achieve the maximum
Raring to go
Over the thick vegetation
And setting for precipitation.

Whom to blame???
The dark smoke!!!
The poisonous hydrocarbon!!!
Or the concrete jungle!!
And the run off water.

Nothing can be done
Only we have to satisfy
With whatever coming on its way
We are civilized and modern
In search of pure water and oxygen!!!

Dr. Arun Kumar Padhy
Faculty, Chemistry

THE PATH OF DUTY IS THE WAY TO GLORY

The problem of a husband is his wife,
For whom she is sharper than a knife.
For a wife husband is of no importance,
She thinks his acceptance was her ignorance.

A son has no respect for a father,
And no love for a mother.
He does not take care of his parents,
Who have grown him overcoming impediments.

A daughter always increases her beauty,
Ignoring her actual household duty.
She has no affection for her parents,
For her they are old rotten elements.

A teacher prefers money to teaching,
For a higher ‘gurudakshina’, forgets everything.
A student wants to pass with no study,
Becomes criminal and gets in to police custody.
Rulers are the corrupt ministers,
For whom they are just voters.
They make infinite promises,
And forget as they sit in offices.

There is a lot to drag us backward,
A few to help us moving forward.
Life is cricket; don’t stay at back foot,
To win, come and play it at front foot.

Let’s realize who we are,
Let’s know where we are.
Think of all our responsibilities,
Think of our stupendous abilities.

Listen to the whisper from your heart,
"It’s not as difficult as we thought".
Feel the brain charging up to its greatest heights,
And be ready to do the miracles days and nights.

Deepak Mishra
BTech. 4th Sem
STORY OF A GIRL

Standing on the edge a step away from death
No thoughts of turning back as I know what lies-ahead,
The future shall be the same as my past has been
Every breath, every second, a burdened existence-it has seemed,
Before I take the final step- an end to all the pain
In glimpses my entire life flashes before me again…

When I had opened my eyes, the first time to this-world
My innocent infant’s smile was welcomed with-hearts cold,
"It’s a girl!"- They had cried
Hopeful anticipation turned to disappointed sighs,
The day I was born
The very day I wished to have died.

And then through the years
My existence soaked with tears,
At every step I was told
"You are a girl"- remember your mould,
My freedom crushed…no choice, mine to make
Why should I live then, with a smile to fake!

Whenever my hands had reached out for the stars
There was someone to say-"That’s a dream too far",
Whenever I had set out to step into the sun
I found my legs bound, I was always outrun,
In this "guy’s world" if I stood no chance
Then why should I live, as a puppet to dance?

In every relationship and role, expected to compromise
My wishes, my desires- always the ones to be-sacrificed,
My voice, my take- suppressed, got no stand

Tired of fighting alone, I hold up my hands,
Awaited a miracle all my life
Now can’t walk any forth…I can foresee the end.

As I look back through life’s pages
Streaming down my face, burdened tears of ages,
My insides scream with anger, agony and hate
I blame this world, curse my callous fate,
Standing on the edge, from death a step away
A girl I was born and a girl shall I die today…

Baisakhy Dash
BTech. 6th Sem

MAKE ME LIVE AGAIN

Touch my heart
And make me breath again,
Feel my love
And make me live again.

Dancing with your smile
Singing your name,
Sleeping with your dreams,
And living with the same.

A mother without son,
The sky without moon,
The night without dreams,
And me without you.

My heart is burning
With the fire of separation,
Pour some rain of love
And make me live again.

Dilip Kumar Meher
BTech. 6th Sem

I have only ever made one prayer to God, a very short one: O Lord, make my enemies ridiculous. And God granted it. - Voltaire
SPECIAL FRIEND IN ONE'S LIFE

Sometimes in life,
You find a special friend;
Someone who
Changes your life
Just by being a part of it.

Someone who makes
You laugh
Until you can't stop;
Someone who makes
You believe
That there really exists good
In the world.

Someone who convinces
You
That there is really, an
Unknown door
Just waiting for you
To open it.

Sometimes in life,
You find a special friend;
Someone who
Changes your life
Just by being a part of it.

Jyoti Singh
B Tech. 4th Sem

THE BREAK

Number 5506,
That's my name now.
Bullied and punished all day,
To the devil I am made to bow.

My cell has a sky light,
Through which I peep.
With the dreams of freedom,
My heart weeps.

Lalip Nanda
B Tech. 6th Sem

The way is long if one follows precepts, but short... if one follows patterns. - Lucius Annaeus Seneca
SONG OF THE GOD

In rainy days—when frogs croak
When a peafowl dances amazingly
Far inside a forest
Chirrups of birds on a banyan tree
Murmuring of insects
Symphony of a nightingale
Flute sung by a whale
When we’re amazed by the scenes
You know, then God sings.

When a child laughs heartily
When granny kisses tenderly,
In scolds of mother
In love of father
When brothers fight, sister smiles
When your own cuddles
When enemies turn into friends
Happily they mingle
Heaven showers blessings
And then God sings...

SPELL OF STRUGGLE!!!

Gone through lot of things,
Crossed limits of sufferings,
But now it’s all over,
Things have sunken moreover.

I cannot take it any more,
I cannot make it any more,
Nothing has been left out,
The tears have been swept out.

I want to stop at once,
And count my runs,
For runs that matters nothing now,
And I surrender before life with a bow.

Fought and fought and fought,
But could not untie destiny’s knot,
But I still hope for the best,
Because I have to shine among the rest.

Kritika Maharana
BTech. 4th Sem

O ZEPHYRS COME DOWN FROM DALES

O zephyrs come down from dales, mountains and hills, healthier wealthier and witty.
Make a place worthy with pure smell of burning, fire and cosmetic perfume.
Never go inside the worship place, nor become the zealot.
Never stay in and around the place, run away from cooler fan and air-conditioner.

Go to the field of battle where our soldiers are struggling.
Give your elation to the rum of taverns that makes our soldiers ecstatic.
Put your strength in the corn field where farmers are tilling the land and sowing the seeds.
Replenish the heart of widows and her offspring with courage and indomitable will.
Blow up the soul of our ardent patriots, martyred in endless peace.

Vikas Kumar
BTech. 8th Sem

I’m too short to host a late-night talk show. It’s like the bar at an amusement-park ride. You have to be six foot two or over. - Jon Stewart
MEMORIES
(Treasures in everyone’s life)

The world is a place where millions of lives dwell.
Nature is an everlasting beauty where every object tells.
Its greenery and peace keeps everyone mesmerized.
All of us live our lives here and become its part.
Our life is a drama and this world is a stage.
We are all actors and have roles to play.

When one phase ends, we move to the next.
This happens till the end of our life.
Past and present are reflections of each other.
They teach us many lessons, which create impressions forever.
No story ever remains incomplete as we all have to move on and on.

Memories are creations of God, which add beauty and ecstasy.
Memories are guided by love and pain, which never dies.
Memories have their own phases having love, hatred and sweetness in them.
Memories are for relief and not for injuries.
Memories are for remembrance and always to be cherished.
Memories live in our mind and breathe in our heart.
It is memory that keeps everything fresh and lasts for a long time.
It is a rare gift and ever-lasting treasure in everyone’s life.

TURN BACK TIME

Oh! If I could turn back time,
I would never stand in line,
Or pay any fine.

Oh! If I could turn back time,
The past mishaps, I’d never mime,
Because, everything will be fine

Oh! If I could turn back time,
In all the semesters, I would shine,
By securing a nine.

Oh! If I could turn back time,
I will bet all mine,
Death will be a slave of mine.

But thou art eternal,
How can one change thee?
When everyone falls short of Time.

N. Chandrika
BTech. 4th Sem

G. Mukti Kanta
BTech. 6th Sem

There is something pagan in me that I cannot shake off. In short, I deny nothing, but doubt everything. – Lord Byron
**SALIENT VERSALITIES WITHIN ME!!!**

I [WINDOWS-1252?] can’t play with words like Wordworth,  
But have the potential to jot down.  
The fortunate are the ones who can comprehend the tunes of flute,  
I can make out the rhymes of my life, dare to sing the song of love and divine.

And that should be appreciated.  
Revealing the related is like spinning the thread for me,  
Unlike Picasso chose to make irrelevant relevant.  
Her gratitude is still mesmerized, I am no replacement to Mother Teresa,  
But I can make efforts to nurture the lost glaze of broken down souls.  
And it needs reward.

Glorifying the [WINDOWS-1252?] country’s pride by winning gold, [WINDOWS-1252?]  
Bindra’s gun stood unshaken,  
I can try my toy gun to burst the water filled balloons.  
And this should be praised.  
Its life, waving it as puddle in the water, a sheer foolishness,  
So embrace it, praise it, cultivate it and love it,  
Else would always regret it.

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**MY CHILDHOOD DAYS...**

I remember those golden days,  
Me and my brother’s wonderful chase,  
How I found my own happy ways,  
And never got abate by others’ says.

I remember those golden days,  
Lovely was my mom’s raga of my praise,  
Every return of my dad from his work place,  
The absolution of my bro in my bad phase.

I remember those golden days,  
Me and my friends making absurd case,  
The princely running behind one trace,  
And our snazzy sneak hiding our face.

I remember those golden days,  
Running behind the bus from the base,  
Drenching in the rain keeping up the pace,  
Making it all my happy days.

Those are the times really immemorial,  
All our tantrums have now turned historical,  
But all the memories are immortal,  
Succinctly proving our love is immutable.

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*Sibani Saidarshani*  
BTech. 6th Sem

*Shalini Sargam*  
BTech. 4th Sem

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I heard a definition once: Happiness is health and a short memory! I wish I’d invented it, because it is very true. – Audrey Hepburn
RUBBLES OF HAPPINESS

When heart was numb, feelings frozen
Emotions were choked, dreams broken
When for every breath, soul strived
And it felt so unfortunate with life
Without any reason, found I
A place with rubbles of happiness around.

A walk through the never ending roads
No idea where it starts where it goes
With an empty heart I’m moving on
No one to hold, no shoulder to cry on
Lost in the midst of darkness, I fear-
I walk alone, no one far or near.

The music of my life still not played
The colors of my life seems to fade
Have power over nothing, I’m insensate
How helpless to put the blame on fate
And I walk alone, silence intrude in me
Conscience is blurred, I can’t see.

I have heard "tomorrow never dies"
For twilight, my heart cries
I wish to win over all my pain
But whatever I do goes in vain
I tried to put a stake on the ground
But there was heath all around.

Somehow I know I’ll find my way
Dreams will fasten to waves and sway
Colors of rainbow would fill my life
And, I would say aloud "I’m alive"
But for now my life is frozen with snow
Along the rubbles of happiness I go...

MY BEAUTIFUL SCHOOL

I was a girl of three when,
Entered the heaven with steps bold
A lot of dreams in my kiddy eyes
New to a World, where my childhood lies
It was a dreamland, bestowed to me
This is my Beautiful school, soul of mine.

A splendid magic of father over there
Everyone is an angel, friend and guide
The blessed hands of seniors and teachers
Heartiest collaborations faded my fears
With time I turned a member of crew
This is the environment, every child must grow.

No questions on caste and creed
All seems like my own indeed
Latent incentives sparkle the glossy lands
Each soil conveys the message "you can"
Discipline, Honesty, Patriotism dipped in my blood,
Social service and manners you taught me my lord.

Your hundred buds are blooming worldwide.
You are a perfect mother, father and a child.
Soon buds will turn to flowers
Fragrance will spread and you’ll be empowered
Since years you are serving the nation
Your tears, pains have driven my notion.
You, the wonderland on earth for me
You are my Beautiful school, soul of mine.

Sujata Patro
Alumni, BTech. 2006 Batch

Simmi Singh
BTech. 4th Sem
I AM GOING TO MISS THEM

First day at my college,
With mind-full of questions and fear
Which I came across with the passing years
With fast-beating heart,
I was shivering
Fearing about the ragging…
In a few days I made good friends
Who are the gems…
I will miss them…

I will also miss the college days
Bunking, yoga time, gossiping, free hours, visiting
The coffee time meeting, bus-stop gathering, back-
benchers commenting, class hours sleeping…

Dean Sir’s advices, faculty’s parenting and my
Friends’ caring…
Lunch time waiting, restless teaching
PPT class’ laughing, sleepless nights- studying…
Those days of celebrating - sankalp and waves
Fresher’s day for a new beginning…
Farewell party for a good ending…
The internal cheating and my friends’ giggling…

I will miss those exam-time tensions
Last hour preparations…
Summer days’ dehydrations, uff the summer course
Rainy days cultivations - internals
Winter harvesting - semesters
A part from all, the heart beat going higher
During the result publication…
I miss the fountain, the canteen
The cactus garden, the rose garden
The unused swimming pool, the wind that makes-
us cool…
The fishes of the aquarium
In short "the NIST forum"…
The director’s motivation
Our NTCS and professors’ innovation
And the students’ hesitation
To sit in 100 minutes’ class with full attention
I will miss every thing
Oh the panic moment of
Separationssssss…

"THESE BEAUTIFUL DAYS OF NIST
ARE THE BEST DAYS OF MY LIFE"

Smrutilekha Samanta
BTech. 8th Sem

LONELY ACTOR OF A
DREAMY PLAY

One chilled winter night,
Snow fairies came to me; I was excited, danced-
with Joy…
The Wanton winds were blowing loud and long,
But they with joy and passion all aflame,
Took my hands to dance in Joy.

I made room for them in my little bed,
Took covers from the closet fresh and warm.
A downful pillow for their scented heads,
And lay down with them in my resting room…

When I opened my eyes there was
Sun and its golden rays down the window pane,
They went with the dawn and left me ere the Day
The lonely Actor of a Dreamy Play…

Smita Padhy
BTech. 2006 Batch, Fiserv Global Solutions

Short as life is, we make it still shorter by the careless waste of time. - Victor Hugo
**THE SHRIVELLED ROOT**

Today thy minstrel runs short of words to 
Express her feelings…
A new born baby is a centre of attraction
But…an immature old is a centre of distraction
Why God, Why???
When a moron child starts walking,
An angel is always for her help…
But!!!
Alas! There’s utter loneliness for her
When she fails to do the sample…
A sapien in her teen gets support from her parents,
In late 20s settles up her life…
In early 30s aspires…
But forgets the first goal set…
That’s to offer her gratitude to the LIFE GIVERS-
"PARENTS"…
Time passes…Responsibility increases…
Importance to peripherals becomes more…
Than: that to root…
Root shrivels and dies with a hope…
Ooooops!!! A BLESSING…”LET MY SEEDS-
FLOURISH…
THAT’S WHAT OUR PARENTS ARE …

_Ipsita Mahapatra_
_BTech. 2006 Batch, Birla Soft_

**TRUE SPIRIT OF TEACHERS**

I wonder what kind of relation we have,
That never allows me to be knave.

People say it right, give respect utmost,
To thy teacher the most.

Each day brings a plethora of dreams.
But the reality is not as soft as cream.

My dreams were never mine alone.
You were always with me all along.

Whenever I said ‘no’ to cumbersome things with-
a pout,
You drove all my fears out.

The road to success was never easy.
It made me feel dizzy.

Whenever I was in my lows,
You helped me not to bow.

You are the epitome of love.
That is as pure as dove.

Now I got it outright
That only teachers can set awry things right.

_Silpa Patnaik_
_BTech. 8th Sem_

**LIFE WITHOUT A TEACHER**

Life without a teacher is just like
A flower without fragrance,
    Life without a teacher is just like
    A temple without God,
Life without a teacher is just like
A garden without trees,
    Life without a teacher is just like
    A society without human beings,
Life without a teacher is just like

A state without sovereignty,
Life without a teacher is just like
A drama without a director,
Life without a teacher is just like
A book without cover,
Life with teacher embodies
Of triple power,
Signifying ‘Satyam, Shivam & Sundaram’.

_Sudhansu Naik_
_BTech. 6th Sem_

_The long time to come when I shall not exist has more effect on me than this short present time, which nevertheless seems endless._ - Marcus Tullius Cicero
WORDS FROM ONE HEART TO ANOTHER HEART

Like a passion unfulfilled
You hold me in a whelming joy
In my heart of hearts, how I pine
To splash you with my colours of life
In every mood to match my rhythm
My ever seen dreams are caught into glass
But fearful, coz lost my fantasies shatter
My hopes are inflamed
But I fear about the tempest storm
For it puts out my flame
I feel I have my moon, over my sides
Where the dense dark clouds also hover
I wish my moon will never overcast
A sweet loneliness is gifted with a pacing heart
And not a moment’s peace is there
Making of a wonderful story of mine
I have only a restless yearning
One spring forth from the fountainhead
To spew my pearls of life upon your path
Pathways, streams and rivers all can change
Glimmering lamps and lights of change
When the change strikes life’s rhythm
The rhythm of the rain will also change
And the nature of seasons will change
But I shall forever be the same to you as I have been always.

Santwanaa Padhy
BTech. 8th Sem

FAIR LADY IN WHITE

She leaves not a trace, not a shadow you see
But, when she comes by, she looks, always at me
Her fair eyes; like flowers with frostbite, they be
So haunted, no sparkling, no trace of glee.

Fair lady in white, won’t you tell me your name
Or tell me at least if we aren’t the same
Did fate break your heart or did he find a dame
Who suited him more, tell me, who is to blame?

The fairness of her; it is worthy of song
But chilly! You shiver when she comes along
And like all her kind—it’s not here she belongs
She saves on her speech and keeps guard on her tongue.

Fair lady in white; oh please tell me your name
Or tell me atleast; aren’t we two the same?
Did fate break your heart or did he find a dame
With whom he took off, tell me, who is to blame?

Kamal Krishna Patnaik
B Tech. 4th Sem

There’s a joy in writing short stories, a wonderful sense of reward when you pull certain things off. - Tobias Wolff
Spectrum
**THE INTERVIEW**

(Dr. Surya Narayan Behera speech to Ms. Ipsa Akankshya and Shilpa Patnaik)

Nistian: Sir, could you please tell us something about your background.

S N Behera: I am Surya Narayan Behera, a Retired Physicist. I started my career as a teacher and was also the first professor in the Physics Department of Berhampur University. For 25-30 years I was the Director of the Institute of Physics and also held the post of Vice-chancellor of Berhampur University.

Nistian: Do you find any difference in your college life and college life in present-day campuses?

S N Behera: It actually depends on a lot of factors, especially which college you belong to. The Government colleges have lost their charm- it all seems to be a game of money now. The colleges in which I studied had the best lecturers then; we had live demos and many exhibitions which built the interest of the students. But it is not the same now. There are no activities carried out these days. The students are not excited, the academic activities are reduced. Teachers these days prefer tuitions for money. In my days, we had an impact created by big people, I mean learned ones. But no one cares now. Things may improve, and for the same we need more private colleges.

Nistian: What do you feel about Sankalp?

S N Behera: Sankalp is a nice platform and it carries out many good activities. Most importantly, it gives students an opportunity to think. A very important part of education is to think and do something original. The students today don’t bother to do so such an opportunity. It is good and both hands.

Nistian: How do you think we can improve Sankalp?

S N Behera: Ha ha! See you people know this better. There are lot many activities which I had never thought of doing, like you see you have Robotics, Gaming, and if you ask me about it-I can never do such things. There are many areas on which you are focusing. And to improve Sankalp, if the college improves, if it aims on becoming No. 1 in the whole country, Sankalp itself will improve.

Nistian: Your message for the students.

S N Behera: As I told before, students should think and develop their intellect-do something original. Earning money alone isn’t enough. Sometimes well-paid jobs don’t give you the satisfaction. Look out for your interests and work on it- nourish your skills and you will surely succeed.

**NISTIAN SPEAKS TO JAGGANATH SATPATHY**

(Lalip Nanda and Atul Kumar Shah)

Nistian: How is work field different from a student’s routine.

Jagannath: You can bunk classes but not office!!!

*Life is too short, and the time we waste in yawning never can be regained. - Stendhal*
Nistian: How was your experience being a part of 7 clubs @ NIST and the Ex-president of one of them?
Jagannath: Every club is unique and has added a new dimension to my profile. Candidly, every club has its contribution to my accomplishments, may it be personal or corporate. And I feel that being a president gives you a virtual MBA degree.

Nistian: What is your experience, representing the college band at various levels?
Jagannath: I wish I could make Director Sir hear when the audience yell out our college’s name after our performances. I need not explain how it feels to be a rock-star. Rhythm 919 is the best in Orissa. I still ramble on the stage with 919. This is the coolest thing a student can do.

Nistian: How did NIST help you prepare for the corporate life?
Jagannath: Believe me! You can boast to be a student of NIST in any corporation. You can very easily distinguish a NIST product from others. Time management, extra-curriculars, patience, initiation, gregariousness are a few important facets that I imbibed from NIST that helped me to be effortlessly rope into corporate life.

Nistian: What are your aims and aspirations for the future?
Jagannath: I always wanted to be an entrepreneur. I shall be launching my Website in a few months. There are many others brain waves, yet I am dedicating ample amount of efforts to clear Engineering Service Exam.

Nistian: Whom do you admire the most @ NIST?
Jagannath: Director Sir. He is just awesome.

Nistian: Your message to all the NISTians
Jagannath: Keep enjoying and cultivate memories, because this is the best phase of your life. But do not forget the real objective of pursuing B.Tech. Boys! love your books like you love Ramu gumti and counter strike girls! keep studying.

Nistian: What is your advice to your juniors about facing the needs and demands of the corporate world?
Jagannath: I would suggest everyone to be very strong in communication skills since it’s the key in any field you work in. Do consider other options other than In-Campus recruitment. PSUs, UPSC, Defense, research etc are where you all deserve to be. A good clutch over the first two year’s core subjects and communication skills will get you through.

Nistian: One thing you miss the most about your college life.
Jagannath: Hostel 1

Nistian: Do you have anything to tell your teachers at NIST?
Jagannath: Your suggestions and inspirations have momentously helped me. I hope to be bestowed with your blessings all my life. I had seen great talents hidden in NIST. With your support they can marvel to great extent.
**IF I COULD BE A CHILD AGAIN...**

Life is a mixture of sorrows and happiness. When life is full of happiness no one realizes it, but as soon as the sorrows come in life everyone thinks of God.

When I am alone, and sorrows come in my life, I always think, if I could become a child again. I often remember my childhood days, because those days were fearless without tension and trouble with the least idea about parents were responsible to satisfy our needs. But as we grow older, we become independent and get surrounded by a variety of tension such as job, marriage, family etc. Thus, as we grow older and older, tension increases. Childhood is the best and it is unforgettable. But if god gives me a chance or asks me for a wish then I would tell him that "I want to be a child again".

Finally I would love to conclude that

- Child-hood is not a word to refer but it is more than that which one needs to feel.
- Without childhood pranks life is nothing; just like a day, without morning.
- Life begins with childhood and days begin with sunrise and both are blessings of God to human life.

Akansha Swain  
BTech. 4th Sem

**SMILE PLEASE**

Let us start with imagining something...just recall when have u heard this often. Okay let me make that a bit easy for u. Do u remember the moment when u pose for a snap?? Eureka, there you are...we are often said "Smile Please" during this moment of photography. But is this only used during capturing a live moment in a frame forever or has some inner meaning inscribed in it? Doing it seems to be very easy but is it really that easy to do? Well let’s take an effort of analyzing the spreading of the lips which really adds beauty to ones face.

About 80% of today’s population wants to be happy and young forever...and believe me it is surveyed that smile adds a minus to your age. Bingo readers, here you have a formula of staying young and beautiful forever. Well, just take a pause and give another thought to it...is it really that easy to keep smiling forever. It seems very easy to smile but smiling with nil worry is the actual formula of staying young. Now, think - can a single person on this universe stay without tension, worries sufferings? The answer obviously is a big "NO".

The telephone, which interrupts the most serious conversations and cuts short the most weighty observations, has a romance of its own. - Virginia Woolf
Humans, the best creation of GOD, have many inner instincts. I would like to cite one of those beautiful instincts. It’s a normal feeling we have, when we meet with someone having a better lifestyle than we have (that’s what we think), the immediate notion we develop is that the person standing in front must be having nil worries and sufferings. That’s where we do the mistake. Being human we never keep ourselves in others’ shoes or give a thought about the persons’ actual life. It’s very easy to see a person smiling but it’s really very difficult to know the actual person behind the smile. Now comes the surprise, dear readers I throw upon you a question…leave about others…do you smile always with no worries or tensions???

Well it’s a question to ponder upon!!! It has happened with us many times that no matter how upset we are but just to keep up with the society we smile. It’s very well said that "smile costs nothing"...

Now comes the most difficult part of SMILE. It’s very difficult to make others smile than to smile ourselves. We easily smile when someone cracks a joke or something but can we ever try to put an effort and bring a smile on somebody’s face??? It’s really very tough to make someone smile and the most difficult is to make an upset person smile. Believe experience, it is an immense pleasure that has already wasted a lot of tears.

Beautiful smiling moments will surely this is being written by me, I got the smiling moments. I categorize the first would be the smile of the kids. Their first smile is the best moment for parents, we too start smiling when we see a smiling baby. That’s a wonderful reaction which comes instantly.

The next would be when we make our parent proud of ourselves and thus make them wear a smile on their face. We achieve an ultimate satisfaction when our parents smile for us. For any parents on earth, the best happiness is when their child makes them proud.

Ladies and gentlemen, here I present you the best moment of smiling. According to me no doubt, that smile is one of the most beautiful part of ones face...but I personally find it awesome when it is worn when you miss someone or when you recollect the best moments of your life and smile in the company of the memories accompanied by a ting of tears in the eyes. This is where smile costs the most, A WONDERFUL MOMENT.

This world has different kinds of people and of course smiling moments will also differ from person to person. I do not know how many would agree to my analysis but that’s how I categorize smiles. Smiling is really very important to everyone. There is hardly any person in this universe who has not smiled at least once in his life. Well, here is a 9 liner which gives the best description of smile:

A Smile says success
A Smile says well done
A Smile says I am happy
A Smile says Satisfaction
A Smile says Understanding
A Smile says Something
A Smile says Thank you.
A Smile says Agreed
A Smile says Caring

The above saying very well conveys that smile is not just spreading of lips but also a very good communicating device. A small smile can speak so much. A small smile can reflect your heart’s feelings. Your smile can make others happy. Your smile can satisfy others. And who knows there might be people for whom your smile means everything. With this note I would like to modify the statement slightly, saying "A Smile a day can keep the doctor away".

Smiling really costs nothing. So if possible try to spread happiness by passing this beautiful facial enhancement to one and all. Keep smiling and make others smile. So ladies and gentlemen "Smile Please".

Ankita Swain
Alimni, 2006 Batch

WHEN I TURNED BACK...

In the modern world, where everyone is busy working at a break-neck speed, I turned back and reflected on what I have done till now. There is a feeling that I have’nt done anything to make my mother earth more beautiful to live.

A bit of self-introspection was enough for me to realize how small acts of mine would have made the world a lot to people.

If I would have changed even one India and the world to make it free and to lift mankind above everything the renaissance of world with its strong hail.

"Together we can and we will make a difference"
When I turned back I just thought.
Give me some sunshine
Give me some rain
Give me another chance for,
I wanna grow up once again.

Adityanshu
Alumni, BTech. 2006 Batch
**CHICKEN OUTSIDE THE NEST**

Chicken outside the nest, the proverb means one has just taken a step to meet the challenges in life. Life has many ups and downs and are full of struggles. Unless the chicken comes out they are unknown to the outer knowledge about the world.

Chicken present inside the nest is unaware of the world around it. Chick outside the nest is the beginner to face the tough busy and challenging world. In today’s fast and swift changing world every now and then innovations take place. Many are taken place in the world. It is like taking moment and that could lead to just blown off.

Once you come out of your nest you start and your foundation has become and you will feel as if you can face the experience will help to create self-confidence. Life gives us enormous opportunities life one has to surpass different situations from which one could distinguish between the good and the bad as evil knowledge would cause destruction, unlike, the good things that always results in progression.

Along with progression and advancement in life one needs to be updated with the changes taking place to cope up with the current world changing around. Thus, the information gathered will make us knowledgeable which will help us in meeting tough challenges of life. Wise people always try to seek knowledge because they know that wisdom is much stronger than strength. So, everyone should seek wisdom even if it may cost thousands of jewels because wisdom will refine us from within.

*Yasman Syaman Topno*
*BTech. 6th Sem*

**CHASING YOUR DREAMS...**

Life!!! I am sure whoever you ask this question, you will get a number of definitions. This is because everyone has different taste of every object in their lives. This is because of the variations in their viewpoints. You must have come across the lines "Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder." So thoughts vary, opinions vary and so does human nature.

Dreams are something that help you move on in your life. It’s not only what you observe in the sub-conscious state. It is the complicated word that deals with too something that help you move on in the sub-conscious state. It is the thing that helps you reach your achievements in your life. In short, it gives us hopes and aspirations. You can surely achieve your goal, your dream if you wake up after seeing a dream and make plans and work...
The Nistian
Souvenir

acccordingly. According to my opinion, if you can see a dream then you must have the power to turn them in to reality. Of course you will come across numerous obstacles but then at the same time you must be bold enough to accept the challenges thrown at you and face them dauntlessly. Failures should never let you down. They always teach us lessons which are of great value. We all should remember that unless we face defeat, how can we struggle to come forward and unless we struggle, how can we be successful. We will never know the joys of success if we don't come across pain and sufferings. Joys and sorrows go hand in hand and we should never let go off things from us thinking about their consequences. If you find a dream then you must chase them till you achieve it in your life. We all know our destinations but never know our destiny. So why be afraid of anything and stay behind?? So chase your dreams and don’t stop till you turn them into reality…

Shantipriya Behera
BTech. 4th Sem

MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMEN ARE FROM VENUS!!!

Hello everyone! I was sitting idle in my room thinking of the whole day, what I have done and what to do now. I am not in a mood to write fantasy but something real and sensitive. I found the title interesting and it’s the name of a book written by John Gray on improving relationships and understanding between a man and a woman, but this article is slightly different.

No doubt, India has developed a lot and Indians too but still we hear the cases of illegal girl foetus abortions. Why is this still happening??? One of the major reasons is dowry system and unsecured mind sets of people. Many of them think that jhanjhats with daughters, but I ask - It depends upon the environment in daughter, promote her from the begin-decisions herself, share views and your "beti" gives you in return…

Letter 1

Dear daughters! (not mine)

Parents feel helpless when daughters are weak. You must be able enough to hold their hands and say "Main hoon na…" and see, their love and concern for you will be enhanced forever…

Letter 2

Dear sons! (not mine)

You are equally important. You must be strong and good enough to boycott these social evils, because next chance is yours to become a husband and a father…

Youths are the present and future of a nation…
Hmmm…now arises the question of a woman’s career. It’s true that women have explored in every field but sacrificing situations occur many a times…depends…it becomes easier to handle both home and career when supported by family members. "When a woman is educated, the whole family gets the benefits."

I feel idiotic when I hear someone saying" Girls are the best, we are more sincere and hardworking than boys, we are this, we are that blah blah blah… comparing with men always.

I am proud to be a woman but by saying all these; we ourselves create gender bias and hurt the ego of men. A family, a society, a nation can flourish only when both the genders are given equal importance. We are "Aadhi aabadi" and want to walk together with the rest "Aadhi aabadi"…

An important topic regarding 33% reservation in parliament seats for women. I agree to it but few seats in that should also be reserved for eligible backward class women. What??? now many of you may think that I have gone crazy. This BC reservation is everywhere and now in parliament seats also!! But dear readers who disagrees me, I want to say-go and see the rural India where the population of BC people is enormous; they are still backward, poor, uneducated, being dominated and so on…

We always talk of unity and strength. I don’t favor or discriminate any particular religion or community—but worship humanity. But there should be a balance in the society, love and respect for one another’s culture and religion… maintaining everyone’s dignity.

Nyari Kushwaha
B.Tech. 6th Sem

DIE SOFTLY ON THE GROUND

Many unconscious thoughts come to our mind while talking about behavior. The phrase ‘die softly on the ground signifies how much we can tolerate. It is nothing but our power to resist our pressure and have self control.

Many of us get angry without any reason. They simply get annoyed by certain words or sentences. We can analyze ourselves, the reason why we get angry. Therefore we should have patience and we can achieve things. Kill you ego; sacrifice

We should think how we exploit our earth… but it does not say anything
We should think how we exploit our earth…

Dying softly on the ground, shower the power of endurance by this dying. We can create miracles, develop the habit of tolerance. Today Lord Rama is known for his tolerance. The virtue of tolerance made Abdul Kalam the Missile Man.

Besides these there are other examples through which we can learn to develop the habit of tolerance. Hence…Die Softly on the Ground !!!

Anand Kumar Goswami
B.Tech. 4th Sem

Be a life long or short, its completeness depends on what it was lived for. – David Starr Jordan
GRIEF

A man who is born in this world will die somewhere and at sometime. So we all know that it is a Universal truth. Similarly it is also a truth that people are sometimes happy and sometimes sad. As is the nature of human being, every one wants happiness and no one needs grief.

When someone suffers he/she always blames God, "Why have you given so much tension in my life when I have no fault". But sometimes we sin in our life or in our previous life which we have already gone through. God gives grief to remember mood we always forget him and and forget to thank God.

When in grief priests console us with Their different opinions about Grief. Some of them say necessary and So smile every day and to feel both happiness and sadness is necessary... their test by giving grief. Some of them say it to feel both happiness and sadness is necessary... and remember our friends, parents etc. to feel both happiness and sadness is necessary...

When in grief priests console us with... to feel both happiness and sadness is necessary...

SUCCESS

Success has different meanings for different individuals. It can be broadly defined that a sense of accomplishment on achieving a goal, which leads to happiness and contentment. Hard Work is a must to be successful. One must put in an effort according to the goal. Without hard work one cannot succeed. In fact, hard work determines the rate of one’s success. Another important contributing factor is Commitment, i.e. how much effort one has put into the job taken up by him/her. One cannot succeed only with hard work and commitment. There are several other factors that contribute to ones’ success. Some of them are...

1. Organization: If one doesn’t give an organized approach to the venture ahead. There is a great chance that he/she will not succeed in that venture. Because unorganized and uncoordinated approach on a subject will lead to partial knowledge on the subject that will, in turn, affect the application of that acquired knowledge negatively.
2. Assessment of the situation and oneself is very crucial for success. One must have precise understanding of the requirements for the given task, his/her capabilities, and must be clear that whether he/she is befitted for this job. The situation is also needed to be assessed from time to time to take care of any unwanted problem popping out. It also assures one about that he/she has given in his/her best according to the demand of the situation. An under or over estimated effort may only lead to partial success and may even backfire upon oneself.

3. Inspiration and motivation: A dispirited effort will only lead to failure. One must not get dispirited due to repeated failures. An unmotivated mind cannot exploit ones’ knowledge fully, hence dampens his/her ability to successfully complete their venture. One must always be motivated and draw inspiration from their past successes on similar ventures. We gain confidence when we are thorough with the situation and we have a definite plan about how to tackle with this specific situation.

4. Determination is another important contributing factor to success. One must not be ready to give up at any cost.

How Do You Increase the Rate of Success in a Venture?

- Motivate yourself: Remind yourself about your past successes. In such ventures and your capability about the rewards you will gain ahead of you. Precisely, start counting your chickens before they hatch.

- Start organizing yourself, putting in effort to understand the situation completely. Keep no blind spots so that you can perfectly apply your knowledge and expertise on this field. Break the task into several small blocks so that you can complete them one by one without any hassle. Prepare a proper framework for implementing your plans to complete the venture within the given deadline. You are now ready to get started.

- Work hard and stick to the game-plan you have prepared earlier. Work sincerely with full commitment to flawlessly complete the tasks ahead of you. Assess your proceedings from time to time so that you don’t have to face any unwanted problems later. Try completing the task with the same vigour that you started with.

- After completion of your task recapitulate it over and over to make sure you have done your best in each and every field.

**Determiniation is another important contributing factor to success.**

**Success in a Venture?**

- Work hard and stick to the game-plan you have prepared earlier. Work sincerely with full commitment to flawlessly complete the tasks ahead of you. Assess your proceedings from time to time so that you don’t have to face any unwanted problems later. Try completing the task with the same vigour that you started with.

Swayam Siddha  
BTech. 4th Sem
WHO CREATED COSMOS?
(A Part of My Work MYTHOLOGIES: FICTION OR REALITY?)

Let me first discuss the very first thing that comes in a system of faith i.e. the Creation of everything. In classical mythology, the cosmos was only void or blank, before the creation. There was disorder and lack of maintenance commonly known as Chaos. The universe or Mother Gaia emerged out of chaos just like the Big Bang theory. Out of mother Gaia, a god named Uranus, (the atmosphere) took birth. If you believe each line of the mythological texts to be accurate and factual, you might question how a female entity could give birth to a child without a male entity? To give an answer to it the ancient Greeks provided that mother earth was a hermaphroditic entity. If you turn the pages of literature you can explain that allegorically the world is a house of both male and female quality. It supplies nutrition, care, just like a mother and provides resting place and a solution to each challenge we face, just like a father.

Now in the void there exists only two entities i.e. Gaia and Uranus. Out of them the birth of twelve titans and three Cyclopes (Giants with single eye) took place. The titans were gigantic creatures just like huge mountains. Each titan was carrying (Hyperion), rivers and clouds (Tethys), (Oceanus), fertility (Rhea), stars and represented thunder e.g. Brontes Arges ("brightener"). The titans then youngest titan became a father of five was believed to be chosen as the king that one of his offspring would of a baby took place, he vomited the mother (Rhea) could not bear the pain and managed to hide her last son from the rage of Cronos. The final son grew up under the protection of Gaia and forced to bring out all his siblings that Cronos once vomited. He became successful and declared a war against the titans with his siblings. The war was known as Titanomachy. After the war the final son seemed victorious and the generation became the authority of the cosmos. Thus the cosmos was in law and order and chaos was gone. The final son was none other than Zeus, the supreme deity of the Greek.

The Holy Bible (AV) gives a totally different account of creation. The OT states that the Lord took the time of a week to complete the creation of cosmos. Hence Christianity gives the responsibility of the creation fully to the Lord. But if you consider the Classical accounts of creation, you have the reasons why the
Greeks presented Titans, Gaia and Uranus. That is why it is classical and supports theories of science partially.

But when it comes to Hinduism, all the theories never agree the same. For example you might know that Hinduism divides itself in to different faith groups i.e. Shaiva (Worshippers of Lord Shiva), Shakti (Worshippers of divine mother), Vaishnav (Worshippers of Lord Vishnu) etc. Scriptures relating to the different faith groups give responsibility to their masters. E.g. Vishnu Purana agrees that Brahma the creator emerged out of the lotus flower which originated from Lord Vishnu’s naval. Hence He was the primordial entity or beginning of everything. But Shiva Purana denies it by saying that Lord Shiva was the primordial entity, in the form of a Jyotirlingam who created Brahma and Vishnu assigning them as Creator and Manager of Creation respectively.

The purpose of stating different system of faith is to compare and accept the common root idea. You saw that Classical myths do not have the concept of Godhead because Godhead is the primordial entity who is the creator. But here Gaia is defined as the primordial entity. If you question who created Gaia, there is no answer. I here want to analyze the statement. Visualize the existence of the universe by thinking about the space. You now remove all the planets, stars and galaxies. What remained is only void or darkness. Now can you visualize after removing the void or darkness? If you consider removing the darkness brings light, now visualize after removing the light. Can you? Now you simply can’t because this is the boundary of our brain, imagination. Thus science still could not explain and can never explain the existence of Godhead without His mercy.


AKASH TRIPATHY
B Tech. 2nd Sem
HOW HAS RECESSION AFFECTED US?

Recession is the most striking problem in the recent economic growth of our country. In the present scenario it is the greatest obstacle in the path of growth and development of our country. The decline in the sensex has crashed the hopes of thousands and thousands of job-seekers. Recessions have adversely affected the economy of the country.

India still strives to be one of the most developing countries all over the World, but with recession at its peak, the whole country has been affected badly. Evidently, the economy of the country has been highly affected, with rising unemployment, poverty, and fall in national income. The IT sector sets the greatest example for portraying the effects of recession. Recruitment has declined heavily. Thousands and thousands of jobless people are seeking employment, where as the posts are very few. The problem of unemployment had always been a major issue in the present scenario due to this problem continues to prevail in our country. Setback in many of the top IT industries has failed to provide jobs even after recruitment.

When the economy of the country has effect on the national income of the in an environment influenced by ignorance. The overall production of the agro-based industries has fallen by a great degree leading to shortage of food supplies to various parts of the country. The price hike of various commodities has affected the standard of living of the people. Many companies have adopted various political stunts to cut-down unnecessary costs, which has lead to reduction in perks, allowances, and bounce of the employees.

Recession has proved to be a great bane for the growth and development of the country. Lakhs of employed people are struggling everyday for earning their livelihood. With this the recession has added to the major problems in the economic growth of our country. Today, it is the sole responsibility of every individual to cope up with the situation and as a citizen contributes to the progress of the nation by involving themselves and generating new ideas. We should strive not to let recession to bring a downfall in the path of the progress of our country.

Priyanka Mohanty
BTech. 4th Sem
ENVIRONMENT IN 2050

(Thanks to all Nistian and NIST_e_news team for giving me a chance to publish my article and hope that I will continue my creative writing for nist_e_news and Nistian.)

Some years ago security for environment was not considered as a serious issue but today it has become a topic of discussion among scientists, researchers, intellectuals and different Non-government Organizations (NGOs).

"What will be the situation after fifty years?" is a million dollar question. Before dealing with this question, first of all focus on reasons and effects of human activities on environment.

REASONS:
1. Rising use of fossils fuels
2. Emission of greenhouse gases
3. Deforestation
4. Nuclear tests
5. Nuclear wastages
6. Polymer wastages

EFFECTS:
1. Global warming
2. Depletion in ozone layer- result, skin cancer
3. Impurity in drinking water (mixing of arsenic in ground water)
4. Rising of sea-level because of melting of ice at pole
5. Increasing amount of radio-active rays in the atmosphere

According to a report of IPCC (Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change) established by UN in 1988
1. Emission of Carbon-dioxide upsets the natural flow of energy from the Earth
2. Rise in global temperature 1-3.5 degree by 2100
3. Rise in sea level by 2-7 meters by the year 2050

Earth radiates its thermal energy to space. Now a day, this energy is absorbed by various green house gases like Carbon tetrachloride, Chlorofluorocarbon, Carbon-dioxide etc. near the Earth surface. Due to absorption, this energy does not reach the space and it raises the temperature of the Earth. A new finding suggested that emission of these gases is increasing @3.5% per year. But this data seems to be less as
compared to the situation at ground. Industrialization is taking place so fast that it may make the situation more dangerous.

Rain distribution has also been disturbed throughout the world. In case of India we can see heavy rain in Mumbai and terrific draughts in Bihar simultaneously. What does it indicate? It will be very disturbed in 2050. We may have to face summer season in the day and winter season in the night on the same date, which may directly harm human health.

Deforestation has increased in such a manner that the forest will be reduced to 15% of total land in the year 2050 in comparison to present 22%. This will directly affect the environment.

One of the most serious cases of environmental pollution is nuclear pollution due to nuclear wastages. It is a major challenge before scientific community to dispose it properly. Radiation of various rays like alpha, beta, gamma etc leaves a dangerous impact on living beings. Usage of explosives is increasing day by day as we have seen in Afghanistan and Iraq during American operation. Cluster bombs were dropped which were not only the cause of air pollution but sound pollution also.

Polymer wastages have also become a major problem for environment. Disposal of Polyethylene bags is very difficult in hill areas. It has been suspected that the bottom of the Wullar lake will be filled up to two meters of polyethylene by 2050. This will directly disturb life of living creatures in the lake. Same examples can be found out by considering various tourist places.

Apart from these activities some people are also indulged in environmental protection. Quoto-protocol and Earth summit are examples of these efforts. With increase in temperature and environmental change, awareness of people will also increase. Environment can never be protected until effort of common mass is made. For protection of our environment and better life on Earth we have to be committed and to devote ourselves for environment in such a way that it becomes fully protected till 2050.

Every person has a duty to plant at least five trees in his life for a better environment.

Chandra Shekhar Jha
Alumni, B.Tech. 2006 Batch

POWER OF ADVERTISEMENT

Advertisement is a form of communication to persuade audience. The first advertisements were from ancient Egypt, Arab, Greece and Rome and since then it has been proved that advertisements are becoming keys to the success of companies. Commercial advertisements are done through media such as newspaper, magazine, TV or radio. After the internet entered the market, it quickly occupied 60% of the advertisements all across the world.

Generally advertising agencies make the commercial ads. There are many such agencies. Companies go to them. The brand, for which the ad is to be made is put into consideration. Ideas generated keeping in
mind how to persuade people to buy the product or avail the service. Many websites are there, where one can easily know about the brand while doing his work.

The first media for advertisement was newspaper. The question arises, why newspaper was chosen? Because every day people take a look at these, hence companies found it most appropriate for the promotion of their products or service. It remained number one media until radio came. People love listening to radio than having a look over a newspaper. When television came, people could watch as well as listen to the commercials. It was proved vital and provided a boost for the product sales. The first advertisements which were shown on TV were known as ‘soap operas’ as they were endorsing soaps. Today most of us are aware of these ‘soap operas’. The ‘dot-com’ boom of 1990s helped marketing of product and helped the firms to have more profit. At the turn of the 21st century, the search engine ‘Google’ proved to be a landmark for advertisements. It changed the concept of online advertising providing users contextually relevant and desired ads.

Sometimes some particular TV channels endorse products. When the generation of cable TV was introduced in the late 1980s, MTV was one of completely devoted towards music. videos helped MTV to establish an Shopping network, QVC, Shop TV on advertisements.

A recent advertising innovation is unusual approaches such as staged products such as cars that are covered with brand messages, and interactive advertising where the viewer can respond to become part of the advertising message. Guerrilla advertising is becoming increasingly more popular with a lot of companies. This type of advertising is unpredictable and innovative, which causes consumers to buy the product or idea.

Besides these, there are noncommercial advertisements. Non-commercial advertisers that spend money to advertise items other than a consumer product or service include political parties, interest groups, religious organizations and governmental agencies. Nonprofit organizations may rely on free modes of persuasion, such as a public service announcement. Public service ads such as for HIV/AIDS, leprosy etc. and organizations such as UNESCO, WHO, UNICEF are endorsed with celebrities having good images.

Future of advertisement is quite bright. Government regulation is needed to control ads as some are crossing limits otherwise these are great. In 2007, spending on advertising was estimated at more than $150 billion in the United States and $385 billion worldwide, which suggests the first line of this paragraph.

Bipad Bhanjan Behera
BTech. 8th Sem
GLOBAL BOILING

This Article is not for the people who think "people will never change". I say this not to hurt any ones' sentiments but to bring forward the common problems that WE, the people, are facing Everyday and Every time. We may have discussed about the global warming many a times but still it needs a focus. All of us know what global warming is? How do we face its impacts? But, still we are stable...stable for what? - To get a solution? - To be rescued? Or, how to get started to reach the solutions? We have the reply and don’t have also. We are waiting for a solution but a complete and the quickest one. Yes, we all want to be rescued from the melting glaciers, rising temperature and a fall in mortality but as we don’t find a complete solution, we never have tried to get ourselves off from the disaster. It is all so due to our own mistakes.

Why and when should we bother about it? Only when the summer days are scorching? Only when the floors are boiling? Only when the skin sores? Have we ever thought or done anything when the problem showed its face? Probably, ‘Never’ will be our answer. Hence, why do we complain? May be for our attitude of ‘chalta hai’ or ‘what can I do for it’, or may be ‘the govt. is not taking proper steps’ - in general ‘the attitude of shrugging off our we are suffering and are also creating to fight for their lives on this so-called globe. But rather let’s think on what should be our share of contribution for resolving the epidemic of climatic change. Individually the move may look small but when these small individual moves join together they form a current which no one can stop. The move by Berhampur Municipality to decide on commuting to the office on bicycles once a week, is a very small step for saving petrol and making the city pollution free but that single-day-petrol-save by a mass of 120 crore of Indians would mean immense for the cause. We NISTians can also save good amount of petrol by car-pooling (everyday), and using college transport rather than private vehicles (if not that important). And hence can contribute something for checking the pollution that we make. Can’t we go to vegetable markets on our cycle? - In fact, this very activity would make no pollution and at the same time would also take care of our health condition. There is no point staying in the air conditioned room for one hour and tolerate the heat for the next four hours. The four hours of sweating takes the fun of one hour. In order to escape from the frequent power-cuts in summer, have we ever tried to go for deliberate power-offs. Can’t we save energy simply by being conscious to switch off the electrical appliances when not in use?  However, we may not be able bring any radical change to the persisting scenario of deforestation, but together, there are hopes. A small step of planting

...a single move can change not only our life but also many of our lives.
1 or 2 trees in our garden, along the street-side where we live at, to some extent, can curb the green house gas emissions and spreading the same awareness among the inhabitants of the globe can bring in the solution that we are using our heavy technological resources for. It may be a little peeve for the people, but it is quite considerable at the same time. I said peeve because a little pain has to be taken by us. We should not always take advantage of the luxuries we are bestowed with. May be all these steps look tiny but, I believe, a step taken forward is definitely a step upward.

I request all the readers of this article to take a pledge that we will be responsible for all those that hampers our mother nature and makes it unhealthy to live in and let’s join our hands together for welcoming a change that can save us from Global Boiling.

Ms. Sreta Patnaik
Faculty, English

Mysteries of the World

Mysteries are as old as the origin of life in this planet. When the first man roamed in wild, he was astonished by the things all around him. He thought all the things to be bizarre including the sun, the moon, and the rest of nature.

Later on with development, we were able to solve some basic mysteries with the help of science and technology but the more perplexing ones still remained.

Though many of us just believe them to be stories or fables, they are so enigmatic that they baffle even the advanced technology of modern science.

In the first part of this series let me introduce you to some of them:

Bermuda Triangle:

This place holds its position on top of things of the world. The Bermuda Ocean between Bermuda, Miami, where ships and planes have the disappearance of the entire Flight Navy Avenger aircrafts which went 1945. Not even a windshield of any now. Over all till now more than 450 missing. This statistic is on the record of US navy. Actual causalities could be much more. Some of the most famous disappearances include that of USS Cyclops, an assault vessel of US Navy weighing more than 20,000 tonnes and the S.S Marine Sulphur Queen,a cargo vessel carrying 15,000 tonnes of molten sulphur. Every instrument of science fails in this area be it GPS navigation system or electromagnetic...
compasses. Not a single part of all those miserable freights and its crew could be determined in all these years with laser imaging, sonar imaging, satellite navigation and any other assistance science has to provide.

Lost City Of Atlantis:
The story of this continent started in 355 B.C. with the Greek philosopher Plato. He wrote about a magnificent island continent Atlantis, which was situated in the Atlantic Ocean. However, according to Plato, the people of Atlantis became corrupt and greedy. This led to their destruction by a violent earthquake and giant waves swallowed the entire continent and this advanced human civilization sank never to be seen again on the face of Earth.

There is now some evidence that Atlantis might have existed in the Atlantic Ocean itself because rows of stones, building blocks and fluted marble columns have been discovered in the depths of the Atlantic Ocean, near the Bahamas. Also we have got satellite pictures from NASA confirming the same and adding that the closer images showed things of human interest among the heap.

People have been searching for Atlantis from centuries as Plato’s description of the exact location gives only its general directions.

Machu Picchu:
Imagine a fairy tale castle perched high up in the mountains, hidden by swirling clouds, surrounded by sparkling fountains, exquisite temples and magnificent palaces of glistening white granite. Below it, the hillside is carved into lush green terraces that look like the steps of a giant staircase. Well, such a place actually existed by the name of Machu Picchu, an ancient Inca city that was tucked high up in the Andes Mountains of Peru. It was so well hidden that no one was able to find it until the year 1911, by an American explorer called Hiram Bingham.

This city is a city of many wonders. Considering the fact that this civilization neither had invented wheel neither had they got any iron tools. Yet, they were able to move huge stones and construct breathtaking monuments.

Atul Chandra
B Tech. 4th Sem

OPERATION GREEN HUNT

Recently Naxalite activities and the hunt for them was on all News channels. After the resolution taken by the home minister P. Chidambaram to fight against naxalism, CRPF and other paramilitary forces started a mission in November 2009, Operation Green Hunt and operation Godavari.

Despite refusal of government officials of any such mission going on the paramilitary actions have increased suddenly. Thus started the operation in Central India is underway and still there is dilemma of what it is. According to some sources the operation started from Chhattisgarh with a motive of "search and comb".
Before we go for more details better we know what naxalism refers to? Naxals or Indian Maoists were named after a 1967 armed uprising against the Indian state initiated from Naxalbari, a small village from West Bengal. It was more or less a diplomatic influence of Maot Se Tung from neighboring country, China. Soon this movement spread its roots to poor and lagging districts (so called red corridor) of West Bengal, Bihar, Jharkhand, Orissa, Andhra Pradesh and Chhattisgarh. This rebellion can be seen as the commercial forest exploitation which could have been a source of income for the tribals for these undeveloped regions having even less than 30% of literacy.

The conflict which has aroused so ferociously will be prolonged and seems like not-so -soon- ending mission. Over 20000 troops from policemen are deployed on this team COBRA is employed in situation can be analyzed easily with deployed alone in Bastar, and united efforts of these troops has members, (a village level bodies naxalis were killed in 2009. Naxal in 2008 to 116 in 2009.

As a response to this, the Maoist launched several attacks on Indian paramilitary forces. The country was shocked when at least 25 policemen died after Maoists overran a security camp in west Bengal on Feb 15, 2010. The whole country again was astounded when these rebels killed 75 policemen in a jungle ambush in Dantewada, Chhattisgarh, India on 6th April 2010. Top Maoist leaders triumphed and said the attack a "direct consequence" of Operation Green Hunt offensive.

Now what made this hide and seek after a 72 days ceasefire offer by naxalis. The operation has not desired effect in all the affected areas. In Bihar, Jharkhand and West Bengal their wide range reduced the consequences of intense raids, encounters and searches. Still we cannot deny positive impact of this paramilitary and state policemen joint venture. But the other side is not as impressive as this mission has affected tribals adversely. They are forced to leave their homelands. State violence has accentuated suddenly and societies have been troubled badly. In the red corridor, schools have turned into barracks. The peace is trampled callously, only the future knows what for it is- a long term peace establishment or an era of civilian war is about to begin. Over three decades, blood red with many massacres, people still, are not sure whether Operation Green Hunt is going to nullify the terror of Maoism or it’s working as a catalyst.

Kumud Ranjan
BTech. 8th Sem

Life is short, the art long. - Hippocrates
TERRORISM IN INDIA AND WAYS TO TACKLE IT

Terrorism in any form is no more a local problem. The aftermath of 9/11 world trade centre attack has proven beyond doubt that it is a global problem. In this context no country or state is immune to it; India is no stranger to terrorism. The scale terrorist attack in its aftermath is so struggling that it is imperative that we keep our hearts and minds in good order to use them purposefully. This is exemplified several times, be it the terrorist attack in Mumbai or anywhere else like Ahmedabad, Delhi, Kolkata, Hyderabad. At each of these places, the intended target is always the common people- men, women and children going about their daily lives.

It is surprising that human beings can deliberately plan and then carry out such operations with so much of rage and hatred that permeates the hearts and minds of these people and the fact that these people rejoice at infliction of so much of suffering to the fellow men, women and children.

We must know that, ordinary Indians are frightened and suspicious and in dire need of reassurance that the state is up to the job of protecting to justice those out to wreck their lives. to strike at will. After each attack, the morale of police and those at the helm of affairs take beating.

SO WHAT CAN BE DONE???

The state has to show a resolve that, this is going to be the beginning of the end of this nightmare, that includes a convincing leadership, a resolute focus on basics, revamp of intelligence, and a sure shot of detection, initiation and strike capability.

Part of the aim of the attackers is to polarize the society and fuel distrust between communities. It was the earlier growth of this atmosphere that led to the events of Ayodhya in 1992, Mumbai in 1993 and Gujarat in 2002. Each of these spawned more cycles of rage and destruction. This is the thing that terrorists want to happen.

If the state does not take up these challenges purposefully and effectively, the very idea of India itself will begin to disappear, as will the dream of a secure and democratic society for our posterity.

The top priority has to be given to police and security apparatus. There should be a total reform in the security and intelligence system. It should be free from any sort of outside influence, especially the political spectrum and should be responsible only to the statute, where a man can rise to the top only on the basis of work and merit. The absence of this system has led to many of the breakdowns in law and order and administration justice often seen now a days.

At the same time we need to nab others responsible for this outrage and its precursors and to address, comprehensively, the factors which enables these to take place.
It would be foolish to overlook the tragedies of the events of aftermath of any terrorist attack. It would be appropriate if the government takes the initiative to fund and organise, with the help of civil society, the various rehabilitation programmes for the affected - hospital care, psychological counseling, generous help in education and jobs for the terrorism stricken families. The most common feature in all such terrorist attacks is the feeling of abandonment and being left to struggle on one’s own in most such homes, after the initial phase. We can put together more organised help than statutory announcements of ex gratia relief.

Last, but not the least is the focus on justice for crime committed, by way of identifying the culprit and bringing him to justice and to reassure the community that the lessons have been learnt and are being implemented. As a society we have to face the challenges bravely and effectively.

Satabdi Mohanty  
B Tech. 6th Sem

G DRIVE "AN ONLINE HARD DISK"

Google "the best search engine" is going to launch a drive named "G Drive", an online storage device for its users. It works as an online hard disk and could essentially work as a syncing device that will periodically update itself with the activities that take place on a computer. This drive will also allow users to save their data online, users will be able to access their data from any computer in the world, as long as it is connected to an internet connection. The GDrive will also partially replace needs to select an operating system booting. Google’s online hard drive applications and make them available "GDrive", could kill off the desktop hard drive. Instead a user’s personal files and operating system could be stored on Google’s own servers and accessed via the internet. The loss of a laptop or crash of a hard drive does not jeopardize the data because it is regularly saved in "the cloud" and can be accessed via the web from any machine. The GDrive would follow this logic to its conclusion by shifting the contents of a user’s hard disk to the Google servers. It provides the storage capacity up to 2-3GB.

The GDrive is expected to be launched in 2009 by Google.

Amit Ranjan  
Alumni, B Tech. 2006 Batch

Life is very short and what we have to do must be done in the now. - Audre Lorde
WHETHER ENGLISH A FOREIGN TONGUE?

In present India where there is so much of nationwide talk on establishing national unity and bringing uniformity all over the country at least through a common medium of language and Hindi being suggested for the same, it is obvious for us to consider English as a foreign tongue and out and out the "Lingua Franca" of England. But if we probe deep into the matter and think in wider terms our understanding appears to be silly and baseless for, as a matter of fact, English today becomes so varied and widely accepted a language that it is altogether impossible on any nation’s part to do away with it for all times to come.

No one can deny the fact that today English has become an internationally accepted language. It is the only language which at present enjoys the universal appeal and global repute. Almost all the leading nations are closely acquainted with it and they use this language in every walk of life consciously or unconsciously as a mass-media. Even the universal body, The UNO has acknowledged it as one of the principal official languages for its work, the other languages being French, Russian, Chinese, Arabic and Spanish.

India, as a matter of fact, is a land of castes, creeds, colors and religions. Languages generally on regional people of Orissa, Telugu for the people of Tamil Nadu, Bengali for the and so on and so forth. It is under such diversified circumstances, efforts have been made from time to time to adapt to a common language, and Hindi as being suggested for that, as a mass-media for bringing about a general understanding and national unity among the people of different corners of the country. The leading thinkers at present opine that Hindi in the capacity of being the common-speaking language may promise a recurring unity and a fresh tie of brotherhood among the people of diversities; and thus we have lodged a general attack on the English language. But, can it be possible for us to bring a country-wide change, overnight? It is really a Himalayan task and a Herculean effort for us to practically adopt Hindi as our national "Lingua-Franca". If we do so, we have to educate people of every nook and corner of the country to accept Hindi as the common medium of communication. But it is not a one-day business because we are so acquainted with English language in our daily go of life, since the British rule in India, that it is almost impossible on our part to discard it once for all.

Besides, in almost all the public offices and in private enterprises and educational institutions, even in courts and Legislative assemblies in India today, English is the only governing medium of communication. In the present predicament, even though one tries sincerely, and as a matter of fact, takes a vow of not
using English words in one’s everyday discourse, he is sure to fail in his efforts; for he is much acquainted and associated with these letters/words that it is altogether a difficult task for him to check himself from using them while talking with his friends and family members at home or with his colleagues at office or while dealing with the public. We are so familiar with this language that sometimes it would be difficult on our part to write applications or to draft official and business letters in our own mother tongues. It is also practically noticed that even some illiterate people of our country use certain amount of English Vocabulary, no matter knowingly or unknowingly, in their ordinary discourse with others. This speaks out the lasting influence that English Language has on us in our daily routine life.

Moreover trials are being made in some Indian Universities to adopt their regional languages as the medium of study. But what is the result? Is it possible in the part of student-mass to adhere to the newly introduced provisions all of a sudden? We find it an utter failure.

Thus, since English has a universal acceptance, we should not develop any personal bias against it, thinking it to be a mere Foreign "Lingua-Franca". At present it may be the only language which everyone knows and everybody speaks. Being "everybody’s language" and "every nation’s language", it enables the people from all corners of the world to exchange their views, ideas and facts, and thereby unites the world with a Family like relationship. No matter whether Hindi or any other Indian Language be our national Language, we must and should accept English as the language of communication, and only then, it is possible to bringing national unity and international understanding.

Ankita Nayak
BTech. 4th Sem

The way is long if one follows precepts, but short... if one follows patterns. - Lucius Annaeus Seneca
Dear Sir,

I know you get a lot of these and the sentence has become a platitude, but I still hope that you remember me. I’m Pankaj Kamani, a pass out of 2004 - 2008 batch. Hope you along with all the NISTians are doing well.

We were the first Magnum Opus batch from NIST for Wipro and currently I’m working for Samsung India on the proprietary Samsung OS for smart phones.

The fact that corporate culture demands so much of responsibility, can only be felt while at work. And definitely, this would not have been possible without my alma mater. Apart from the technical know-how, my four years stint at NIST instilled in me the qualities which are inevitable for survival in today’s corporate society. Be it the never-ending 100min lectures or the restrictions placed on us at Hostel - 4 (Hope, the hostel still exists), the reasoning behind the denied of. And from my personal experience, I could proudly say that the knowledge imparted to us makes us not lesser than any other NIT / IITian.

My fellow NISTians, but again, life is not always about work and studies. It’s more about enjoying what we do family and ourselves. There have been situations where in you need to work till the dawn for meeting the deadlines by the client, and unintentionally, we neglect our well-being. But as quoted by Chetan Bhagat,

"Life is not to be taken seriously, as we are really temporary here. We are like a pre-paid card with limited validity. If we are lucky, we may last another 50 years. And 50 years is just 2,500 weekends. Do we really need to get so worked up? It’s ok, bunk a few classes, goof up a few interviews, fall in love. We are people, not programmed devices."

All the best!!!

Regards,

Pankaj Kamani
Alumni, BTech. 2004 Batch
First of all thanks for the wishes.
Wishing all a Happy Future.

2011 will be the best year in terms of job prospective, Asian market has opened up and lots of opportunities are awaiting this year.

One thing I would like to add here is getting a job is not a big deal, maybe we need to work hard towards the placement.

But today I feel I would have opted for higher studies in spite of taking a job offer.

A master’s degree will not only add a degree certificate, it will also produce young minds with new creative ideas in research, also it will help us to reach on to the top positions very easily.

Opportunities abroad have high significance to people with Masters degree.

It will be a great idea if we focus more on higher studies. It is very difficult to take up higher studies after starting a job.

I still remember the day at my first organization NTCS, where after I finished the UIZ BUZZER system, Dr. Ravi Reddy told Sujit we will make it. MUSICAL FOUNTAIN, based on DSP processor. That’s the day I started thinking DSP on implementation point of view. Today I have worked on so many processors, all kinds of Audio, Speech and Video Codes as a DSP Research engineer.

That 30 minutes discussion at my first organization made me what I am today. Currently I am working for Samsung Techwin, South Korea.

Proud to be a NISTIAN today.....

"Perfection is a moving target but it is still worth a try & life is all about achieving it."

Sujit K. Mahapatro
Samsung Techwin, South Korea

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Hello Tripti Madam,

Hope you to be N’joyng in NIST with the wonderful literature World...I miss those days at NIST grasping knowledge under Teachers like You. Receiving your mail I thought of sharing a poem that I penned down when in US...This is just a poem on nature...you can include it in NIST magazine if you find it to be fitted there...Attached is my Poem...Please take A Look....:)

Thanks

Smita Padhy
BTech. 2006 Batch, Fiserv Global Solutions
Firstly thanks to you for giving me this opportunity to express my views. I hope this gets published in Nistian.

I feel privileged to have been a student of NIST. The four years of academics here has been a great education in real terms. I realized this when I went out as a graduate. I would like to express my gratitude to you in particular and the institute.

I remember that day in WAVES_06 when you gave me a chance to sing a song on the stage that really boosted my confidence.

Here are some words which I really appreciate:

- Life laughs at you when you are unhappy
- Life smiles at you when you are happy
- Life salutes you when you make others happy.
- Be bold when you lose and
- Be calm when you win.

"Changing the face" can change nothing but
"Facing the change" can change everything.

With warm regards,

Md Akram Ansari
BTech. 2004 Batch

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Heartfelt wishes for a successful time ahead to my juniors. Be grounded and keep your eyes fixed to the far horizon and you will never look back again. I would also like to thank Tripti Mam for giving me this opportunity to be a part of the Nistian editorial team. Thank you mam for everything that I learned and I apologize for all the excuses that I shouldn’t have made. I am sorry. I wish the team Nistian - Ipsa, Shilpa, Lalip and others a great future ahead. You definitely have got the caliber to take the magazine to the next level. Go for it.

Birupakhya Dash
BTech. 2006 Batch

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Dear NISTian Editor,

I had sent one English poem. But do we have a strong reason NOT to publish, furthermore encourage people to publish in Odiya in particular, other languages, like Bengali/Telugu/Hindi in general.

I do understand the purpose and audience. Also, I do believe, more than 50% of the target audience would read Odiya as well. Hence promoting Odiya writings and encouraging to write in Odiya, would be a great beginning of this decade as we never did that in the last one.
You may consider it as request or proposal. Just to note, there are some good writers in Odiya in NIST, like RKD sir. Who may be communicated for such an initiative.

Aruna Kumar Tripathy
Alumni, BTech. 2001 Batch

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Hi Atul,

Thank you for being in touch. It really has been a great time around, sharing my time at NIST. Just to give my profile, am a 2006-10 Batch BTech Alumni. To start off with my early days, nervousness was at the zenith. But as the days rolled by, things became more appealing to me. All the credit goes to the kind blessings of our esteemed Director Sir, Panda Sir, Sudhir Sir, Atanu Sir and all other caring Faculty and Staff who have always supported us. The values that were imbibed into us were the most precious. The most important phase i.e. during the placement sessions, the courses were executed impeccably.

Even during my stay at NIST, it was a great learning experience. This is one of the most important aspects that is a continuous process, irrespective core values will surely support me in always been organized so as to help SANKALP and WAVES will always initiatives like the The NIST-e News, The Nistian etc. have enabled us to share our thoughts from the core of our hearts. Hats off to the Team !!!

My heartfelt thanks to the NIST Placement Cell for being with me as a family. Wish all my student friends a great future ahead. Good Luck for your placements.

Feel free to contact me on any issues. Will surely contribute to my college in the coming days... Keep in touch. Best of All...

Regards,

Avinash Patnaik
BTech. 2006 Batch

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I am Ankit Ranjan of 2005 batch, my branch was EEE & my roll no was 200525172.

I joined TCS this year at Ahmedabad & I would like to share my experience with all of you. In our batch there were 216 students, in which around 170 people were from Tamil Nadu. All the students were from non-computer science background (including us) and when the training began we realized the quality & diversity of knowledge that we acquired @ NIST. Our colleagues know us individually because of our knowledge and personality and for this I am thankful to NIST.

Right from the first day NISTians were leading in technical, cultural, life-skills & literally everything. There
were three evaluations, and in first two almost every NISTian scored 100 out of 100. I also managed to score 100 in first two evaluations without much effort. When students of other colleges were struggling with coding and life-skills, NISTians were gliding.

You will be proud to know that, among top 10 performers 4 were from NIST. In top 20, I think 8 or 9 were NISTians. Topper of our batch was a NISTian. I don’t remember names of all; still I will try to give you a Rank wise detail:

- Rank#1: Smruti Ranjan Das
- Rank#2: Swapna Sundar Biswal
- Rank#5: Shanti Swarup Mishra
- Rank#12: Amlan Ansuman Rout
- Rank#13: Amit Singh
- Rank#14: Ankit Ranjan
- Rank#16: Suhash Baidya
- Rank#17: Yogi Raj

Now I am at TCS Hyderabad, and I miss each and every aspect of NIST. Specially my group "Nauty Boyz!"; all our wonderful faculties, my seniors & juniors, our class and labs, Ramu & Munna ghumti, that last minute submission of assignments & records, all those clearance, WAVES & SANKALP where we used to perform and there are many more memories that will remain in my heart forever.

I wish I can be there sometime in near future.

Ankit Ranjan
TCS, Hyderabad

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(Hello Mam,
Something from my treasure....

"What would life be if we had no courage to attempt what we fear?" - Vincent van Gogh

Hope you all doing good. I miss my college days and times spent there. I feel it was an absolute privilege to be a part of the great "NIST" family, And here I would like to share some memories about my days at NIST which have stuck with me in the form of treasured reminiscences.)

BiswaJit Biswas
BTech. 2004 Batch, Volkswagen India Pvt. Ltd, Pune

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NIST is proud of the nobel laureates who brought fame to our nation.

**Ronald Ross** (1857-1932), won the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine in 1902 for his work on malaria. He discovered the Anopheles mosquito as the carrier of malarial parasite.

**Rudyard Kipling** (1865-1936) won Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907 for his original imagination and ideas as a writer of several literary works. He is the youngest recipient of Nobel Prize for Literature.

**Rabindranath Tagore** (1861-1941) won Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913 for his collection of 103 poems "Geetanjali" called 'Song Offerings' in English. He was the first non European to be a noble laureate in literature.

**Chandrasekhara Venkata Raman** (1888-1970) brought the noble prize for physics in 1930 for he discovered that when light travels through a transparent medium, the deflected light changes in wavelength. His work is now known as Raman Scattering.

**Har Gobind Khorana** (born 1922), shared the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine in 1968 with Marshall W. Nirenberg and Robert W. Holley for analyzing its function of genetic code in protein synthesis.

**Mother Teresa** (1910-1997) won Nobel Peace Prize in 1979 for her selfless humanitarian work through her Missionaries of Charity.

**Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar** (1983-1995) received the Nobel Prize in Physics jointly with Wilfred Alfred Fowler in 1983 for his studies on importance of the structure and evolution of the stars.

**Amartya Sen** (born 1933) is the first Indian to be awarded with Nobel Memorial Prize in Economics in 1998 for his work on welfare economics and social choice theory.

**V.S. Naipaul** (born 1932) won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 2001 for having united perceptive narrative and incorruptible scrutiny in literary.

**Venkatraman Ramakrishnan** (born 1952) shared the 2009 Nobel Prize in Chemistry for studies on the structure and function of the ribosome with Thomas A. Steitz and Ada E. Yonath.

The best remedy for a short temper is a long walk. - Joseph Joubert
I refuse to accept the view that mankind is so tragically bound to the starless midnight of racism and war that the bright daybreak of peace and brotherhood can never become a reality... I believe that unarmed truth and unconditional love will have the final word.

Martin Luther King, Jr.