The Nistian

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# Contents

**From The Director...**  
**From the Placement Director**  
**Editorial**  

**SIMPLE SPEAK**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Saga Of Thoughts Unmatched</td>
<td>Avinash Patnaik</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exploring Nist</td>
<td>Bobby Sinha</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yipee...</td>
<td>Supriya Kumari</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light Lo!!!</td>
<td>Ashraf Haroon Rashid</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memories At Nist</td>
<td>Lalita Priyadarsini</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mojo-Ed For A Lifetime</td>
<td>Ankit Chand</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicely Inked Story That Lingers</td>
<td>Biswajit Behera</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those Were The Best Days Of My Life!</td>
<td>Stuti Pandey</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Direct From The Heart</td>
<td>Akanksha Priya</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Am A Hostelite</td>
<td>Shweta Sahini</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Best Thing About Nist</td>
<td>Shradha Suman Pani</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We Miss You &quot;Six&quot;...!!!</td>
<td>Yukti Agarwal</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**STANZA**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;My College Rocks !!!&quot;</td>
<td>Lipsita Patnaik</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Nist-A Gift Of God&quot;</td>
<td>Manish Kumar Majumdar</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Moments At Nist</td>
<td>Cipra Mallik</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My First Day At College</td>
<td>Priyanka Lakra</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look !!! What've You Done To Me</td>
<td>Megha Das</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cool Breeze</td>
<td>Shaileja Pandey</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>!!! Memories Of College Days!!!</td>
<td>Manas Kumar Nayak</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SPECTRUM**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Interview</td>
<td>Dr.Ravi P. Reddy</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Memories of NIST</td>
<td></td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A Trip down the Memory Lane

IST was inaugurated by the then Chief Minister Shri J B Patnaik on Aug 18, 1996, in its temporary premises within the Berhampur University. As the helicopter descended on the airstrip in the campus and the welcome drums started beating, I knew the moment we were impatiently waiting for so long has come. At the same time counselling for the first batch of 180 students of 1996 was in full swing at the Institute of Engineers building at Janpath, Bhubaneswar. Ravi (Dr. Ravi P Reddy), Geetika and myself manned the counselling counters - explaining to bright eyed youngsters with parents in tow as to why they should join N IST. Pragynajeet Mohanty was the first student to join N IST. He was allotted Roll No. 1996100. Ravi was in charge of collection of fees. Much later, when Ravi went to teach C Programming to his first class of the batch of 1996, he was asked if he was really the cashier or the teacher? There were only seven teachers and about 10 Chandal Nahak and Sudhir worked full tempo. I was only 33 years old is N IST's love with youth and its Conditioner was in my room - in my afternoons in my office! The first boy's group of seven private houses were Ajit Panda as its superintendent and the second boy's hostel at Bishnupriya with Dr. Arun Padhy as the Superintendent. A building in the University campus housed the girls. It was only in Ambapua hostel that I once witnessed a pujari who actually did the Ganesh Puja while drunk. He was upset with me since I was not videotaping his puja. He was soon hospitalized as he fell riding his bike right after the puja!

Within a short span of 12 months, we decided to shift to our own campus even though the buildings were incomplete and water was dripping everywhere. However, the enthusiasm of the 1996 batch to shift to 'our own campus' was so strong that we gave it a go-ahead. The ground floor of LHC was only complete and my office was in Room 102. I was the only one booted upstairs to Room 202 and then again to 302 as each floor kept getting complete! I remember vividly a few incidents which were hilarious. In the glorious tradition of US schools, we decided to name the toilets as HIS and HER. A n AICTE inspection team was once going round the Institute; they were so inquisitive about each laboratory and passing irritating comments. After visiting all the ground floor labs, they asked Ravi, what is this HIS lab? Ravi answered rather pleased, please go inside and find out!

Another day, another time. Ravi was driving the car which had our Chairman Shri Surendra Mudali as the passenger in the front seat. Ravi for a moment lost track of the road near Gopalpur and the next moment the car had dashed against the pavement. Our Chairman badly hurt his hand. While he was in a state of shock and had closed his eyes, the villagers of Gopalpur ran to help and in all good naturedness, heaped buckets of water on our Chairman's head - thinking perhaps that will revive him. So there he was,
with a fractured hand and wet from head to toe - when we found him! But a workaholic that he is, he was back supervising the construction with a plastered hand. Passion is his forte which we can never match.

Parents, as are wont, are so worried about the well being of their children. Mother's would come and meet Geetika or Ravi and request for "barik rice" or "hot milk" for their children. We started calling this generation as 'Maggi' children. For five years during my IIT days, none of my parents ever asked me what I was eating in the mess or was I satisfied or not! Now, the second most important topic for discussion after examinations is mess menu. The earliest cafeteria serving lunch used to under the coconut trees and open asbestos sheds right opposite the Galleria across the road. Students, faculty and staff all ate together as they do now. Oh yes, Shri P K Ray was in then in charge as he is now!

Starting from the initial 10 acres, the Institute started acquiring more land and today is spread over 60 acres. The shape of the campus sometimes was square, sometimes rectangle, or U shaped, as farmers of nearby villages started selling their hitherto barren plots one by one. Consolidating land was one great challenge - we did not want a situation when one land owner refused to sell us his land bang in the middle of the campus. Slowly the landscape took shape as one of Odisha's renowned academician-landscape planner, the Late Prof Samanta from OUAT, planned the entire landscaping. Which tree, which shrub will go where was decided based on the lay of the land, the color of its flowers and its beauty and aesthetics. Thus, we had one of the most appropriately designed green campus as compared to other campuses of Odisha. Each of the gardens has its own story and we owe it all to the creative urges of our Chairman who is ardent lover of Nature.

The task of hiring faculty and staff was a herculean task. In 1996, NIST was the only engineering Institute of entire southern Orissa and the 2nd Private Institute after OEC. The expectations of the students and parents from the promoters were sky high and therefore the key issue was hiring the best faculty. Early on we decided to hire faculty from all over India with the result that today NIST faculty is one of the most diversified as compared to other institutes. We visited all IITs and top Institutes and campaigned for bright PhD and M.Tech graduates to join NIST. One of the memorable interviews we had was for Dr. P K G hosh which was conducted at 9 PM at Gopalpur-on-sea while having dinner. Almost all faculty were handpicked by us - each committed to a dream still unfolding at N IST. That some of our faculty have left N IST to join IITs (Chandu Nahak (Kharagpur), A malendu Patnaik (Roorkee), Sudhansu Samantaray (Bhubaneswar), Saroj Meher (ISI) and top Universities of the world (Ashutosh Singh - Malaysia, Ajay Kumar - Hong Kong) is a matter of great satisfaction.

When the founder Chairman of Apollo Hospitals, Dr. Pratap Reddy, was once asked as to why did he return back from USA despite a roaring practice, his answer was simple. He wanted his fellow countrymen to have the same quality of medical treatment as was available in the USA. Then, as an afterthought, he added, however the number of problems he had to surmount to build Apollo Hospitals in India is equal to the number of bricks in his hospitals! Every dream carries with it the seeds of difficulties. So it has been with us. However, all gets subsumed when we meet any of the 5000+ alumni that N IST has graduated since 1996. Be it any airport of the world, it is still a possibility to find someone touching feet in respect as he or she is a N ISTian. As I keep repeating often, just like Dr. Pratap Reddy returned back to the shores of India and revolutionized health care in India, so it is our fondest hope that one day N IST will be heralded as a path breaking Institution which changed the face of technical education in Eastern India.

Prof. Sangram Mudali

Melody is a form of remembrance. It must have a quality of inevitability in our ears. - Gian Carlo Menotti
FROM THE PLACEMENT DIRECTOR...

First Batch - First Placement:
Visit of Satyam Computer Services Limited to NIST

The first company to the NIST Campus, Satyam Computers Limited, came on 17th September 1999. The Satyam team was scheduled to arrive at 9 am in the morning. However, their flight was delayed and they said they would reach by 2 p.m. The first graduating batch of 1996 consisting of 180 students were waiting outside the Lecture Hall Building. They could never believe that Satyam Computers is going to come. Many of them came to me and asked me several times "Is Satyam really coming" to which I replied "Let's wait and see. Only a few more hours to go. If it doesn't come then well and good. Your wishes will come true. But if it comes then your goose is cooked." The students didn't know how to respond to that. Some looked overconfident, some were pretty sure that Satyam will never come and still others were nervous. Satyam coming to Berhampur - It's Unbelievable!!! A private college like NIST!!! It's unbelievable!!!

On 17th September they did whatever they thought was best. They believed me and waited in front of the lecture hall building. The sun was shining brightly and it was very hot outside. Their faces were going red and they were sweating. They were also hungry. The Satyam team was in touch with me and I knew sooner or later they will be here. Even then I was panicking like anything. What if the team doesn't come? What if Mr. Ravi - HR manager informs me that the recruitment is cancelled - will do some other time. Then there will be a strike today. I will be surrounded by 180 students asking me many questions. I will not be able to go to toilet even. They will throw me down from the corridor. Or they will sit outside my room and chant "NIST, down, down." Or there will declare indefinite hunger strike. All these thoughts were making me nervous like anything.

I could see that their patience was crossing the limits. I tried to reassure them that the team will be here by sending messages through Debendra Barik. Then a few students again approached me and asked "Is it really going to come"? I said "Yes". After 2 o'clock it became really hot. I started walking up and down in the corridor. I could see all of them sitting in groups outside the lecture hall. Perhaps they were talking about me - that I am crazy. I got a call from the Satyam people that there is a slight delay and they would reach by 4 p.m. Well!!! More tension. The air was charged with tension. I could feel the students were not believing me anymore. I started praying to God like anything. The heat outside was not helping in any way. I tried to reassure the students through some faculty members that it's only a matter of time and Satyam team would be here any moment.

Finally, there was the ambassador car coming inside the campus and three people were inside the car.}

Nothing is more consuming, or more illogical, than the desire for remembrance. - Ellen Glasgow
students were now inside the room. They were pretty sure that there is some fraud going on. These people cannot be from Satyam. So the PPT started. Mr. Ravi introduced himself and confessed he was brought here almost by force by the NIST Placement Director. The PPT went on for about ½ hour. Since it was very late the team announced the recruitment process would begin from the next day which was a Friday. The process consisted of GD followed by written test followed by HR and technical interviews. I was relieved like anything. And my dear students!!! They thought this is some kind of a dream. I saw many of them pinching themselves. Now it was their turn to feel nervous. After PPT very silently they left the room. They failed to make eye contact with me. As I had warned them their goose was cooked. They didn’t know how to go about recruitment. How to prepare? What to do?

What they did in their hostels that night exactly I don’t know. The next day the process started sharp at 9 a.m. It started with the group discussions. There were 8-9 students in each group. After GD, 84 students were selected for the written test. Ravi announced that the students did very well in GD. After the written test 29 students were selected. Out of 29 students, 7 were finally selected and offered the job in Satyam Computers. The process ended on Sunday morning, before noon.

Students Selected in Satyam: (From Left) Abhishek Chaterjee, Anand Pasoria, Pragyajeet Mohanty, Amitav Mishra, Payeli Ghosh, Bagmit Behera, Anita Sahu

I congratulated those seven students who got selected. It was a great moment. It was the first campus recruitment of NIST and the first students who got selected. Director also congratulated them. All faculty and staff members were very happy. End of one recruitment, but beginning of a long journey for NIST.

Next it was OCL that visited NIST on 22nd October just after the cyclone. Then HCL Technologies visited NIST. There were 3 companies that visited NIST in July 2000 - Wipro Technologies, Satyam and IBM. Since then there has been no turning back for NIST as we are marching ahead in placement activities and research activities and proved to be a successful leader in technical education.

Prof. Geetika Mudali

Of joys departed, not to return, how painful the remembrance. - Robert Blair
The day of my interview at NIST was the most adventurous day in my life. I reached here with troubles and left the place with troubles. After the interview I had a thought that they may be indications alerting me not to join NIST.

I boarded the bus in the evening, Sunabeda to Berhampur, I was asked to report before 11:00 am. The bus reached Berhampur at about 5:30 in the morning. The conductor of the bus shouted, "First Gate, First Gate" and I dozily put my hand into my vanity bag- No Cling!!! Got a little alert and tussled my fingers again inside the bag- no keys!!! I shook the purse close to my ears, no cling was heard!!! How can it be?? O hh my God!!! papa locked the suitcase safe but forgot to give the keys to me. Confused and worried I talked to the conductor, he was probably used to such forgetfulness of passengers, in a few minutes he came with cutting pliers and cut open the chain. This was just the beginning of my real adventure. The next challenge was to open the suitcase. Once I reached my uncle's house we tried all stunts on it, every key possible, knife, screw driver was used in our trial to open the lock. I still remember as soon as I reached their home "Give me all your keys" was all that I spoke. My poor uncle even went out to try our luck with a chabi wala, but in vain. Finally his house owner's son did something and it opened, I was warned not to close it, because once closed, it would open only with its keys.

I reached NIST at around 10:30am- a little nervous and a little excited, after all the first interview of my life. people who came to try their luck at 409, our conference hall, first written wait- 11:00am to 6:00pm. We were selected. Other than the long wait new to the campus I too ogled at the greenery of the campus.

I left for home the next day evening. The second phase of my fun started here. I had very little money left with me after my shopping. The bus left Berhampur at around seven in the evening. Without realizing that I would have a great night ahead I closed my eyes and sat on my seat. Somewhere around 10:00pm the bus broke down and it would not get repaired soon, everybody waited to take a bus passing by the same route. In no time a private bus came, when everybody was busy shifting their luggage, the conductor asked me to stay back so that he would send me in a more comfortable bus. I was not convinced and wanted to leave immediately. I went back to the bus to take my suitcase, to my surprise it was not there??? I asked a few people, there was nobody to help me. I was almost about to cry, I did not know if I should search for my bag or just leave it and board the next bus. I don't know how I gathered all my courage and marched to the second bus in search for my suitcase. I saw a man with a similar one climbing in to the second bus. I did not even talk to him and held the handle, felt the roughness and was confirmed that it was my suitcase. Thanks to my parrot who had bitten the grip of the handle. I asked him for my suitcase but he confidently said that it was his. Nobody to help it was me who had to fight it out alone. I asked him to open the suitcase, but knowing the fact that I did not have the keys I prayed god not to let the thought in him to ask me the same question. After a good tussle he finally left my suitcase with me and vanished in the dark. I did not even have a second to breathe, the second bus was about to leave and there was not an inch to stand in there. But I somehow managed to force myself in. But

"I won't go to that Berhampur and will never join that NIST even if I am selected, it is unlucky for me."

Remembrance and reflection how allied, What thin partitions divides sense from thought. - Alexander Pope
Seeking to forget makes exile all the longer; the secret of redemption lies in remembrance. - Richard von Weizsaecker

the bus would go only up to Koraput eighteen kilometers away from Sunabeda, never mind I thought. At around three in the night the bus stopped at some place, I don't remember, the bus staff wanted to have tea. I too got down to relax my muscles, it a torture to stand almost on one leg.

Brightness on my face, I saw a bus going to Damanjodi so it would pass by Sunabeda. I immediately rushed towards it and found that there was a seat. It was a moment to celebrate, thought I would reach comfortably now barely realizing that it was the opening of a new chapter of my adventurous journey. I boarded the third bus. After paying the fare in the second bus I had around hundred rupees left, just enough to reach Sunabeda, I could not even think of buying a bottle of water, thirst had started killing me, I left my bottle in the first bus. 40-50 kms before Rayagada in the middle of the jungle this bus too broke down. To my misfortune there were no known faces in the bus. The bus staff told that they were waiting for buses that would pass by and one among them would go to Rayagada, get the parts and the bus could move after that. It was in the middle of the jungle, so nobody would dare to get out of the bus. Everybody waited for dawn. At around six am people started moving out of the bus. I took my only friend my suitcase, looked around for a safe place and stood beside a lady with her baby and her infant child. Poor me only around fifty rupees left. I really can't express the kind of thoughts that were coming in to me but I posed to be strong. After around an hour a bus came that would go up to Rayagada. All of us boarded the bus. I got the last seat. I was so worried I could not even feel the jerk of the bad state high way. The only thing I could do was pray that the conductor should not ask for much money. The fare was only 20-30 rupees. This gave me some relief. We reached Rayagada. I wanted to take a taxi home but going alone with an unknown taxi driver through the jungle and ghats was risky. It was 2004 and there were no mobile phones only the elite few in the cities carried them. So, none of us had a cell phone. Till then I had not talked to a single co passenger, I only observed and heard them. I now started talking to people starting with the couple with their infant kid, they were going to Damanjodi for the first time, then an old lady with her grandson, they too wanted to go to Koraput- Sunabeda, Koraput and Damanjodi all in the same route. I thought to myself they could be of help. I tried to convince these people that we hire a taxi and go else we would not reach before six in the evening. I tried talking to an ambassador taxi driver, and then a few more people joined and gave the idea of hiring a trekker, the local public transport. The trekker taxi driver had his own condition that he would drop each one of us at the bus stops only. Before others could give their view I gave my consent, others had nothing to say. Looked like it was the end of my problems and yes it was. On the way I called home from a telephone booth and that too in full tariff, those days timings mattered. Maa took the phone I asked her to send someone to the bus stop with cash. Fortunately, Papa came, they were also worried at home.

Once I reached home I cried out loud, "I won't go to that Berhampur and will never join that NIST even if I am selected, it is unlucky for me." In a few days I got my offer letter and now I am here for the last eight years not willing to go anywhere else.

Students many a times ask me about my first day at NIST. I say my adventure with NIST.

I joined NIST immediately after my MPhil with no idea about Communicative English or business communication as I had studied literature all through. Thanks to my students who taught me how to teach them and the institute that made me enjoy the profession that I had never wanted to be in.

Ms. Tripti Mund
Faculty, English
THE SAGA OF THOUGHTS UNMATCHED

"We do not know the true value of our moments until they have undergone the test of memory." Rightly said by Georges Duhamel.

Students and colleagues often ask me what a College Faculty or Class has had the most profound impact on me as a person. Unlike other people, who can point to a great professor or a defining class (not that I didn’t have a few of each), I always respond with the following Answers.

It had all started in Mid 2010 at the OUAT Center, Bhubaneswar, IN amidst wild confusions and Upcoming expectations. Still remember, colleges like Burla and Sarang were still finding their way in On-Campus Recruitments... For most of us having Ranks within 600, N IST was the better choice. The obvious reason being placements... In the Queue, the Clerk Surprisingly asked me "Are you sure??" A deep breath followed with a Yes... It was official after an hour with first to enroll at N IST. W as excited for a new journey and not to forget the speculation about our seniors...

It was Day-1 when we entered the Bus...New faces, New bags, Formal Attire and all seemed a new world for many of us... At one go, luckily I saw a vacant seat when someone started to speak, "Hold O n. W hat are you up to?? Seats are not meant for you!!" I was shocked... The lines continued, "4 Years of seating in these preserve your time..." Ragging was named as "Interactions", very Bonnet became our Hot seat and of 1st Sem. Thermodynamics...!!! The another Motivation and the Three BPUT wasn’t the same those days... Sem exams used to finish within a week and results within a month. Strange but True. Many of our Batch would still recall DJ Sir (Debashis Jena) for his furious yet appealing Attitude. Viva Voice became a daily routine with Lab-mates cooperating to their best... Team-Work Unmatched!!

In the journey of these Golden days, there have been Countless Faculties giving their all for our betterment. The 2nd Yr was very similar to the 1st year with Learning Days, though we all became a bit more conscious this time around. Scheduled Waves and Sankalp provided the much necessary Breaks, though ID Cards had to be with us all through...

The entry into 3rd Year was interesting with new Branchmates altogether. Books grew heavy with Placements on the Cards. PPT trainings were injected and it was then BPUT started to grow for what it is today. Unfortunately a Recession trigged On Campus Selections to postpone their plans till the final yr. We were even advised to start on our own until any further notification.

Just after the 7th Sem Exams, an Unprecedented Placement Notice at the Hostels flooded the Sagar Xerox was with CV’s till. Yes it was TCS visiting very shortly at 12- Midnight... GRE and RS Agarwal was on the
Hit List. I still remember many just mugging up the GRE questions with options. For ex. If a question had a line "Bikers Race", then the option would be CCA BD... Funny but had to be. Ultimately at the end of the Day, the Tsunami had passed... Some Happy Faces, some Shocked ones, some Depressed... Can never forget the Day to be honest... Hats off to the Placement Cell for the Impeccable Support... Slowly but Steadily things improved with Co.s visiting and Projects Presentations...

For many of us, it ended well and for many, it was "All is Well"... To be Honest, the College gives you a Caterpillar effect... With time, you come out as a Butterfly That's just how you perceive.

Really, feels like Four years are less to Answer the question but my only suggestion to the coming generation..."If you can never praise the System, don't at least despise it", Faith will never be Futile, so give your Best and leave the rest. Don't feel like penning down such infinite experiences... Thanking the NIST Alumni Team for such a wonderful opportunity... Please feel free to reach me on further topics.

Avinash Patnaik
Alumni 2006 Batch
Tata Consultancy Services, Mumbai

EXPLORING NIST

IST-the name is enough to describe the strong impact it has on every individual's life associated with this college. When I was asked to write an article on memories cherished at NIST, I thought and thought for the things that were left unsaid about this place but alas nothing great came into my mind. It seemed everything was going tangent through my head. Devastated by the feeling I laid back and thought of the first day at nist "12th September 2011".

The butterflies in my stomach were having butterflies in their own stomach won't be an exaggeration to express the feeling that persists in me the entire day. Walking the galleria staircase. Every step watched and well examined by Things were strange but I had to confident and comfortable of my nervous streak riding within me. plain as paper, majority of which minutes intolerable and dead ending journey from classes to three hour long practicals and of course the super large sized assignments took its hold and made us preoccupied in this moribund college life. But things changed and this time it was for good, a saviour in the name of SANKALP came into our life n gave us this college's first exciting event we were left with heavy dose of energy, entertainment and such a rejuvenating power that the best spa in the world would have failed to produce.

Think only of the past as its remembrance gives you pleasure.- Jane Austen
Days passed by and the cycle of frustration and excitement kept on unfolding in the name of internals, semester, presentation and at times in the form of waves and cultural night.

By now nine months have passed in waiting impatiently for the dates of vacation (which hardly comes on time) or planning for various events that takes place here and ofcourse very rarely preparing for internals and semesters. Being a first year I obviously have not witnessed one-tenth of this wonderful college filled with extreme serenity in its surrounding. But on my part this college is changing me every single second sometimes bringing out the best in me that even I never thought I possessed and also bringing the wickedest in me leaving me in shock of seeing the most ugly side of mine. Despite all this deep down inside I know this fact very well that whatever happening is anyways for the betterment of my personality and by the end of the 4th year joining N IST will be rated as one of the most fruitful decision I made for the enhancement of my soul and these four years will definitely be the best part of my life.

Bobby Sinha
BTech. 2nd Sem.

YIPPEE...

I promised myself not to be just a part of it but to do my best...

Finally, the day came when I got selected for the team. First I thought I was dreaming but then my dream has come in to existence Yipee...

Really, "Dreams are not those you watch when you sleep but are those which do not let you sleep".

Supriya Kumari
BTech. 2nd Sem.
LIGHT LO!!!

As I stand profusely bewildered, with red, heavy eyes looking at a notice on the notice board which had in it written "SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY", a deafening cry goes by my ear "LIG HT LO". And I turn back to see a horde of people standing behind me and with a huge smile and some real great advises to cheer me up. (Most of which dealt with "HOW TO ENJOY THE SUSPENSION PERIOD"). But the thing that struck me the most was the amorous and never ending enthusiasm that the word "LIG HT LO" gave, not only to me but also to each and everyone present there. "LIG HT LO", a saying most popular amongst the student factions and somewhat less popular amongst the faculties. Any time, any situation, any place, say it and feel the difference. May it be the worst day of your life or be it just another day of your life "LIG HT LO" really galvanizes your spirits. It's like a silver lining in a cloud of confusions, tensions and disappointments. A hats off to the person who invented it. But how many times have we ever asked the question long are we going to be ignorant? doings and most of all ignorant of the to be the footstep of our downfall

As it's said, in NIST "exasperation is ever increasing workloads and the harebrained solution that comes is forgets that there is always a cathartic solution that comes before ignorance and it is the 'TRUTH'. The 'TRUTH' that ignorance was never and will never be the solution. The 'TRUTH' that being earnest and true towards the work will be the one and only key to success, and the 'TRUTH' that "success isn't a destination' but rather a journey in which every milestone matters". And to cover each milestone, hard work is necessary. As Gandhiji said "An ounce of practice is much more than tons of preaching". And hard work is just another name for practice. It's high time we woke up from our 'honey sweet' slumber of ignorance and became what we ought to become- sagacious and audacious in our decision making as well as in showing our credibility in our endeavor to strut forwards.

So N ISTIANS, no matter however difficult may the situation be, don't budge, flail away that ignorance, face the situation, perform what ought to be performed with 'a heart within and god overhead' and with so much zest that no one could ever compete with you in the journey called 'SUCCESS', not even G OD. And, if somewhere you get stuck, baffled and disheartened then close your eyes, take a deep breath and cry out loud "LIG HT LO". And then, you will feel what real difference a so called 'SAYING' does.

Ashraf Haroon Rashid
B Tech. 4th Sem.
MEMORIES AT NIST

“There are songs, there are complaints, there are tales, there are words. Words are forgotten, memories are remembered, these memories come when we miss our beloved ones” ... Memories are like a burning candle in one’s dark busy life.

Being a student of NIST 3rd year I am on my way collecting memories which would make me cry, make me laugh and make me smile once my quota of time is over at NIST. I still remember the day when I left my first home and got admitted in my second home that is NIST hostel.

Running around in the corridors of the interviews, Nicknames to last bench proposals, Short term crushes to and punishments. Re-exams after excuses... these are some of those about after some years and smile.

"In this world all are victims of memories. Some of happiness, few are sad... these complete us and we complete them". Well I know my b’day celebrations at my hostel, the fun we made of each other in our rooms, the way we imitate our teachers, the leg-pulling we do of others, the late night studies, the planning of picnics but failing to succeed, acting to be good in front of teachers to get good marks in labs and bearing of the hundred minutes class... these days are not going to come back in my life but I'm pretty sure with the help of these memories I would be able to come back to these days, not only I but all members of NIST family would say some or the other day... "MISS U NIST"...

Lalita Priyadarsini
BTech. 6th Sem.

MOJO-ED FOR A LIFETIME

Somewhere in central India, a boy was having a peaceful sleep, enjoying his holidays. Just when he thought he wanted an extended break, all to himself, the universe conspired against him. Against!!!

"Lights, Cameras and Action!"... Kaboom!!

He steps into college. Walking the corridors of his college, on the very first day, his eyes try to engulf all that he sees. Excitement-Fear-Joy-Sorrow, with mixed emotions he tries to brave the new environment. With a mind full of ideas, aspirations and delusions about college, his journey towards becoming a successful engineer starts! Creeping behind him were the shackles of engineering life, ready to bind all his aspirations; he’s loosing track already!
He's still that 'carefree' next-door boy who plays video games... until his teachers start asking questions - pertinent ones at that. "Who are you? What did you achieve?"

His college forces him to ponder on these questions and many more. Searching for answers within himself, guided by the constantly vigilant and helpful teachers, he succeeds in understanding one thing, that the 100 minutes classes and rigorous schedules that the college provides, is just to make him ready to face the appalling outer world. Now he sees the 'half full glass', distinct and clear. Suddenly things start changing; miraculously he puts every Yes! The college had successfully careful and cautious student.

Well, this was exactly what happened magic/ mojo/ voodoo/ spell whatever worked! Well, it worked so well that it bickering (that I now miss) about me not being 'a bit more serious in life'.

Some people may think college life is not so 'happening' in small towns. Well a town may be small but I guess the college which you study in surely exposes you to all that you really need to live your 'college life' to the fullest. Mine surely does; from freshman years to becoming seniors, from tech-fests to disco nights, from rallies to strikes my college surely taught me how to live every bit of what I do! Learning was just a word until now! Well people argue, they say it's just a small town college dude, I say it's a "MINI IIT". I am in a college which is ready to provide me a sack full of opportunities. Opportunities pouring out from every corner to work and scintillating greenery all around to relax, every bit of energy I have can be utilized the right way, right here.

"Think New" is the magic mantra in this college! Elevating me to a level where I can think out of the box! Books say "Life is not a bed of roses" but my college teaches me how to arrange the roses on my bed! Learning - Innovating - Re-creating! This is what we do at N.I.S.T!

There are some things money can give you but for everything else there's N.I.S.T!

Ankit Chand
BTech. 4th Sem.

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Simple Speak

There are two ways to live a life either forget everything or, remember nothing. - Santosh Kalwar
The Nistian

become engineers of some sort I guess. Little did we imagine we would scatter yet in a planned manner still knit together forming a web of technologists/ managers/ entrepreneurs who in some way augment to the world we live in today. In our cubicles, so far away from the cozy library, sexy lawns, lonely places around the rock garden and tring classrooms we continue to work and implement the lessons taught in those classes of octagon once!

Looking back, we started with a common script, on a journey to become an engineer which gradually evolved into 360 diverse stories and a little more I guess (a few are married as my data indicates :P). A few of them tried to work hard to balance the number finding soulmates within the 2006 N IST population. Of course that is something the lectures had little influence on but the NIST environment certainly did!

What was the story? Is it worth a peek? A hhh common stories :P Oh yes they certainly are similar with some strange characters!

A pool of 360 all eagerly listening to the speeches and sayings of the future professors on the evening of orientation. Some inspired and amazed at how great a man he is, the man of C a little less than Brian but nevertheless the Kernighan of the college, a few searching for possible life partners especially the young male crowd, a few creating a list of targets and a few unsure of what was happening. We were mixed into the sections of 4 irrespective of the branches to start with. We told stories of discipline, penalties, fines, threatened about every possible cause nightmares within the timid mass. The brave ones didn't bother!

A few elite ones managed to tumble over Infosys, the remaining into equally respected firms subsequently defying unemployment. Ahh, I remember the cheerful faces on them being placed, faintly and the piece of Indian cake her mother made a little more strongly than the rest. The male population, the so called strong ones who had the habit of defying all rules, particularly those one who believed N IST to be that of the Britishers (East India Company) did strive to attain freedom from lectures, labs and I don't know what else! But like Bhagat Singh, no one was crucified, rather turned into Gandhi's, the nonviolent ones, by repeated scrutiny of the Dean. This mass didn't spare giving names to those beautiful ladies we had, one I remember resembled that of a beautiful lake of Orissa. This name continued to make a lot of noise till we passed!

It wasn't restricted to females, males did carry funny names. A gentleman named "SMALL" and one named "BELA ". As I see today, they have grown far larger.

Stories started taking shape, some coming closer and some waving goodbye for a better option. A few survived the storms of class, clan, community, parental obligations and what not. The Berhampuri boy managed to convince the Bhubaneswari girl to get married both augmenting to technology in one corner of the country after having travelled far and wide across the world. A nother Berhampuri got married to a lot younger than I could have imagined. It was a little strange for me then. But now I guess with a younger one, this lady has become a wonderful mother! Who knew the exchange of CD's with so much care would eventually turn into a care for each other? Who knew that the small talks and the jumps over the...
humps in bus no 3, the one which went to town would make them jump together with joy over years post college!

The one who topped IT would finally get along with someone as interesting from the Electrical stream was never envisaged. Now living happily together on an island far from home, working harder each day to add on to the population perhaps? The story of CSC and Electrical turned upside down somehow. But the IT and Electrical story continued to the land of Kangaroos and is still on! From amongst all stories we had in between us, we had far interesting epics amongst us and the ones who taught us. Some wars extended over four years, from the ELD lecture to the final sem. A few wars just over two semesters ending with the tenure of the Chemistry lab!

It’s not that we just had the stories woven around war and love. A few of us did help build the battery operated auto rikshaw. A pack of nerds kicked and drove the robotics wave. One of them I guess is working on high end physics somewhere, one on computer vision in a country far away and the other one, perhaps formulating strategy for firms internationally.

That was not all. We had entrepreneurs! There was one interesting chapter I saw closely, a guy from an engineer to a filmmaker! The guy who described Gita like no one did. Of the most creative guys I have seen so far. I think we had all of them. Of the ladies well, its them who show us the direction most of the times both in imaginary and real lives. I realize we have some wonderful moms today.

Beyond differences, this pack of 360 hosted the annual event Sankalp, am sure even the management would agree it was one of its kind. Pledge to excel being the theme. All of them passed unfortunately for me. Otherwise we would have had a little more fun. Its because we passed we had to move on and diverge. The wars subsided. The hands which held cane to control were on our shoulders now. We were all one that night in Gopalpur, the farewell, lecturers, us and the evening. As I ponder upon the events, am sure one would agree that its this place, its discipline and the inspiring people around, our mentors have left an imprint on each one of us small or large.

About my story? I am stuck under the lawns of octagon where I spent sometime flying paper planes, acknowledging our distance and building on the faith of diminishing distance. Hoping like every Nistian, to find solutions to the challenges ahead of me. Contemplating, moving back and forth in those memories the way you are perhaps feeling right now, his lectures, the green lawn, the evening, the buses, the waves and perhaps his/ her absence.

What I felt at NIST? What you felt at NIST? What was it like? Can we describe? Or just wade back, think for a while, smiling upon the mistakes, lessons that make us, the lectures we had and naughty things we did; a Nicely Inked Story That lingers. Perhaps!

PS: All references to the incidents are real and do make a puzzle, and am sure the one who’s reading this knows amongst 360 knows if it is her or him! I would have cited a lot more but with my memory suffers due to my age somehow!!!
THOSE WERE THE BEST DAYS OF MY LIFE!

The scorching heat would roast us alive yet today we miss the warmth of friendship, the rules seemed too suffocating and the deadlines impossible yet they seem pretty relaxed in retrospect, the food was never good enough but we could do anything to revisit the mouthwatering conversations we had over that monotonous meal, the faculty members seemed too strict and yet now we understand why they wanted us to be so disciplined! I now realize what my seniors meant when they said nothing could beat college life! (After all there are some things in life that money can’t buy.)

My first memories of college are not very pleasant, sadly. It was admission day. (I can hear the collective groan of my batch mates as they conjure up the memories of that day in their minds!) With a serpentine queue that never seemed to end and having to enter almost all rooms from the 2nd to the 5th floor in the grand old LHC just to get admitted to the college I was tested to the limit. I should have realized it wasn’t going to be a cake walk but I guess it was too late to do anything! Yet I remember having loved the sight of the line of the coconut trees in the lawn right outside the LHC and getting confused at that junction where paths from LHC, octagon and galleria met, not knowing where to head! (Those were the days when there was a deep connect between the way galleria looked and its name!!!)

In spite of this I had not braced myself for the onslaught of rules, rules and more rules when I joined N.I.S.T. Discipline was the norm and it had to be practiced everywhere from classrooms to hostel rooms to the library to the canteen queues (which was an impossible task to bunking classes!). From classes to labs then some extra classes back at our in the spirit of studying. I remember the workshop and getting so tired of looking like a hexagon which it was bawled like a baby. It was only later I had called home and bawled like a baby. It was only later that my friend pointed out that the piece of metal actually had seven sides which I had somehow completely failed to notice and that filing it for days on end wouldn’t have the same effect as would the simpler act of cutting off a side. (Thank You, priyanka for your timely advice. Although the paper weight turned out to be a very awkwardly shaped hexagon with unequal sides, I still owe you one!).

I also remember the internals for which we initially studied like our life depended on it and later the intensity of studies took such a dip that were I to draw a graph of semester v/s studying for internals it would resemble the sensex on a downward spiral. (Okay! Juniors you are not meant to draw any inspiration from our activities!)

The group studies for semesters, the constant complaints of how the university was always postponing the exam dates and yet silently hoping and praying that the dates be further postponed because we were never prepared enough, the last minute rush to Sagar Xerox for buying previous year papers (which we always bought but invariably never had the time to go through), the book store (which when I was in the

It takes a huge effort to free yourself from memory. - Paulo Coelho
first year was just a tiny store housed in LHC 210 and later shifted to its current location next to sagar xerox) which fulfilled our needs that ranged from plain stationery to extremely urgent mobile recharges. (I remember that tree in front of the book store that had ants teeming to the dozens crawling all over it and the lovely blossoms that the tree had. It provided the much needed shade if you would meet a friend near the bookstore and would get chatting!).

The octagon and the coffee shop outside had satisfied our hunger pang innumerable times. The shoddy gumtis which I never entered till almost my 2nd year and which I never forgot going to for the next three years are solely responsible for my growing "healthier" as I tucked into the gastronomical delights they dished out. The library on the other hand was the ultimate source of nutrition for famished intellectual cells and would give us its comfortable environs to flip through an interesting collection of books although it also occasionally was the only place to chat with friends as the lawn would be scorched by the sun. (It was through the NIST library that I chanced upon the works of Daphne De Maurier. I am extremely grateful!)

The rock garden and the little hut and the crocodile pond have beautiful memories attached to them. The corridors and the staircases have heard all our secret tales. I also have some not-so-fond memories of the lift in the LHC which would hold us captive every time there was a power cut and then we would jump out of it or be hauled up (according to the level at which the lift was stuck) with people watching you and thinking "Did I look as funny as she does when I jumped out of the lift the last time. Nah, I am way too cool!"

The clubs which I was a part of were great fun too! Staging skits, organizing week long events, conducting meetings which most of the times ended up being excellent opportunities for people to indulge in lots of leg pulling and also discussing some excellent ideas, the clubs gave me (and I think my club mates would concur) an excellent outlet to express myself and take time out from the usual rigmarole. They also taught me what inter-personal skills were all about, a term that I often come across in the corporate environment.

Hostel life is another epic tale which could fill pages and yet I wouldn’t even be close to doing justice to all the fun we had during our stay at Hostel Mermaid and Campus Girl’s Hostel. It was like a long holiday of studying, b’day parties at midnight where nobody would come out unscathed from the ire of the cake/cream, Puja celebrations, chatting through the night with friends on absolutely silly topics, eating together, some fights, a little tears generously garnished with dollops of laughter, happiness, camaraderie and pristinely beautiful memories that would last a lifetime. For the more observant folks hostel was the place which helped us find ourselves as we evolved from confused teenagers to professionals with a mind of our own (or so I assume!).

Sankalp and Waves were the times we would unwind, let our hair down and have the best of times. The three days of celebrations were a whirl of activities, events, meeting people, participating, cheering from the audience, sitting in the lawn chit-chatting with friends and having a whale of a time.

Placements were the craziest of times with expectations, anxiety, anticipation and a fluctuating confidence level being the order of the day. Our college hand-held us through this difficult phase. The excellent recruitments for our batch are testimony to the fact that the college left no stone unturned to help us out.

You remember only what you want to remember. You know only what your heart allows you to know. - Amy Tan
The faculty members were our teachers, mentors and guides. They were the ones who had the difficult
task of reigning in our ever-on-the run -minds and making us remember those concepts, equations and
fundas. And to say the least they did it wonderfully! Some were friendly we loved them, the others were
strict we respected them. But all in all as a person who hardly missed any classes (I mean missing one or
two lectures isn’t all that bad right?) I would like to thank all the faculty members for the help and guidance
they provided whenever we were in need.

Prof. Sangram Mudali, our director sir, needs a special mention here. The kind of passion and gusto his
speeches exuded were highly infectious and plus having achieved all that he has, he was, is and will
always be a role model.

Our Dean, Dr. A.K.Panda would also remain etched in our memories for always expecting the best and
nothing less than the best from each student. The strict disciplinarian that he was he also provided the
healing touch to people when they most needed it.

I could go on listing all the faculty members but I guess that’s not a very feasible idea. Instead I would like
to say that the faculty members and the support staff were people who were always there for us and we
are extremely grateful for that.

Basically college life was a time of happiness, friendship, thoughts about the future, self discovery, and
lots of fun, and pure, unadulterated bliss. To all the faculty members and support staff I would like to
extend a heartfelt thanks for everything they done for us and at the risk of sounding horribly clichéd, I
would like to tell my friends in college- Enjoy your life to the hilt because these days are never going to
come back.

Thank you my dear college for giving me "the best days of my life" (and thank you Bryan Adams for
summing it up so beautifully for me!). Thank You N IST for molding me into what I am today.

Stuti Pandey
Alumni 2007 Batch

DIRECT FROM THE HEART...

Hello everyone!!!

Memories... I think each day at N IST has its own story and it’s like the one of the most memorable days...

When it comes to memories I think we all can write a novel but just don’t know how to begin with.

Anyways, I am just trying and just wanna share few.

7th September,2011...again one of the most memorable days of my life. It was the day when I first
stepped into this world of N IST. Starting from the orientation day to the everyday's 100 minutes classes
and 150 minutes labs, everyday has its own memories and wonderful moments.

Words of inspiration: Just the day next to my admission, I had to go for the photo session and the sir
sitting over there talked to me for some time and then at last just quoted a single sentence "If you are not

You are remembered for the rules you break. – Douglas MacArthur
The Nistian

willing to give 100%, someone else will give and win the gold." After saying this he moved out but I hardly think these words would ever move out from my mind. It was the first motivation that I received here...and now every day we have such beautiful, smart seniors having a meeting in the mess to motivate us even to write articles for magazine.

Hostel Life: 8 months of fascinating journey and it all passed so fast...leaving behind a world of memories which we could cherish throughout our lives. I don't know how to start with. Not from the hostel life of course...because even the shortest memory of my hostel life would take the size of 'Kreyszig' or 'Sedra Smith' which hardly anyone wants to read. So, better not mention that and yes, hostel food...huh! I have to eat it for 4 long years so better follow the words of Geetika Mudali mam- 'East or West mess food is the best'.

Gumti: My article would be worthless if I don't mention the areas that are worth living. It's of course...'The Gumties and English labs' where we heartly enjoy and the only lab which acts as a refreshment and relaxation lab after the five torturing ones.

Yoga: The yoga classes...please don't anything to say about that but it's not don't know about this class.

Bunk: And yes, my recent memories first and last bunk (till now), I would experience. It was 28/5/2012 when lab...none other than Web Designing my friends had already bunked Linux more than my friends did. We were not allowed to sit in the D.S. Lab (that's truly unfair). Oh! I remember how I just ran before the teachers to make them understand that I had gone for parasailing (which I had already done during the morning slot. sshhh...). But thanks to our faculties who actually made me realize that I am not meant for bunking classes. All my friends can but if I do so...I am sure to get into a huge trouble.

Till now, I have cherished a lot of memories which is hard to forget throughout my life. I am really thankful to NIST for giving me such good friends and faculties (especially SEC-D which truly rocks!).

At last I just wanna say -

'I came with the fear of not knowing anyone but I will go with tears after knowing everyone' and in spite of all uhh... 100 minutes classes , labs, records, assignments, hectic schedule, horrible food, the life at N IST is great and the only words that comes out directly from my heart is- 'N IST I truly love you'!!!

A kanksha Priya
Btech.2nd Sem.

Any time gone by was better. - Jorge Menrique
I AM A HOSTELITE

I can never forget the day when I first stepped into my hostel room having serial no. 509. Like an immature kid I was staring at everything from the bed to the study table to the cupboard as if I had never seen any before. I don't know exactly why it was so but somewhere I was feeling wow! Finally I'm hostelite now because I always wanted to experience hostel life. So I was holding a big smile on my face which lasted for a short time.

Then came time to say good bye to my mom, she had to leave me and return back. I'm used to saying "good bye" to my father, he is in the Army. But facing the same situation with my mom was very painful to me. I like a crybaby, burst into tears. The parting moments let you realize even if you know it that how 'special' some people are and how much we love them.

Then after my regular days started in HOSTEL. Well, if I'm talking about hostel then how can I spare HOSTEL FOOD. Anywhere hostel food say bad reputation. I too don't find it found a mathematical solution TO it. say, "Let us assume food is very harm in it ASSUMPTION after all, accept the things we can't change. So I 'm doing.

Now If you are searching for the best refreshing place in Berhampur, then as per me"It's the terrace of the 6 storied NIST Girls hostel."A place from where the world seems amazing, the beauty of the mountains, the sunsets, running lives on Highways all are very soothing. It lets me forget everything means EVERTHING, Internals, lab records, vivas, assignments, cold fights between friends, homesick feelings and many more. It rejoices and gives mental peace.

Along with these my hostel life runs in parallel with spending leisure time with my roomies & friends, combined late night studies during exams, Bucket queue in bathrooms, midnight b'day celebrations, huge dinning in mess with friends, exchanging formal wears among roomies and lots more...

One semester has passed away, now I'm properly mixed up with hostel life. My every morning starts in room no.509 and ends here only at least up to my B.Tech. carrier ends. I'm enjoying this exotic part of my life in hostel and I have also learnt how to build mutual understanding, adjustments and to live together. After all, I'm a HOSTELITE...

Shweta Sahini
BTech. 2nd Sem.

What you remember saves you. - W.S. Merwin
BEST THING ABOUT NIST

NIST-National Institute of Science And Technology is a place where one can experience something extraordinary (may be good or bad...you never know) which he/she has never experienced earlier. Well, coming to the best part, apart from academics its location near the Palur Hills, amidst a small forest, greenery everywhere, with breeze always strongly blowing which makes one's identity card (when worn) to blow away. The combination of scorchy sun and chilly wind and the most important "MUN NA GUM TI" (favourite of everyone) is so different. There are some things that provide immense pleasure in this strict and stubborn environment. Every student (including me) wish the classes to get over and some free periods like yoga/sports so that we can rush to the gumti which may be called as the "M N I DHA BA S"-home for mouth watering snacks which are quite delicious and give utmost satisfaction after a monotonous class.

Staying 24X7 with friends, enjoying climate, having snacks with gossips faculty is something that is extremely And if someone tries to get this caught by A.K.Padhy sir or any other watching.

Well this college is one of the best difficult to describe a single best thing placement records, best discipline, an eco-friendly environment and nevertheless the BEST STUDENTS (WHO PASS WITH FLYING COLOURS EVERY YEAR).

I may also say that one might feel stressed and irritated here because of the strict and stubborn environment, but the best things that I have mentioned will surely encourage the students to carry on all the four years.

Shradha Suman Pani
BTech. 2nd Sem.

WE MISS YOU "SIX"...!!!

"SIX"...the abbreviated name of my roomie...a girl so sugary, cute, bubbly, pretty, chubby,... (and the adjectives go on). When I and my friend "Shra" entered into A-511 (Our present residence) for the first time, this girl was fiddling with some stuff, apprehended the door and decently accosted Shra's mom... "Namaste Aunty!" with an ingenuous look...which touched our hearts...and her meek voice said a "Hi" to us. We entered inside and were trying to settle the pile that needed to be unpacked... meanwhile she was conversing with us. She got involved in our talks so deeply as if she knew us since ages...

You that in far-off countries of the sky can dwell secure, look back upon me here; for I am weary of this frail world's decay. - Murasaki Shikibu
Gradually yet certainly... we became very close and then closer as Pal. Her presence itself brought in the “aroma of hilarity” in our room... making us to laugh the hell out of us! a crazy fan of "Shaheer Sheikh"(A nant - N avya) and maggi, ...would hog on mixture 24*7...her unique way of talking though informal but in a very formal tone...addressing every unknown person as "Bhaina"(even to some of her classmates).... giving humorous solutions to some of our stern problems, ...probably her light hearted nature could find fun in every possible episodes of life ...Enjoying herself and letting others enjoy was her only motto. She was a heterogeneous amalgamation of radiant qualities...a roommate who never made us feel to be less than her family.

Months passed like days and days intimacy between us were getting brawnier. We had amazing time...discussing girly stuffs...late night...just enjoying each other’s chats within the same room...those in cute postures...the fun at her events for her b’day...the card we made for her...the edited picture of her with Shaheer...that b’day crown we gifted her saying "HB 2 U"...those incredible moments taking strolls with her on the terrace...will remain intact in our memories forever.

And yes you can see I have used "past" tense everywhere...she "was" my roommate... We have lost her traces by now ...she has gone away from us...giving us irrevocable voids in our lives because of her dearth...But we know there is some cause...something we don’t know. But wherever she is we know she is fine...and there would be some part of her which would be craving for us as like we do. We know that she is not impending back...but we still remember her at every small flash of joy...and ultimately just want to state that she will always remain a "treasured chapter of our life!"

Yukti Agarwal
BTech. 2nd Sem.
"MY COLLEGE ROCKS !!!"

From Galleria to LHC,
Octagon to EDC...
NIST is shining like a Sun,
Where each year- bunch of extraordinary engineers are born...
Our Motto: "From Drakness to Light",
By the way we don't believe in strikes and fight...
Rock garden, rose garden and ornamental garden add beauty to that place,
And the brilliant students forming the very base...
Clubs like Robotics, Eureka, REC and EHC help us acquire extra knowledge,
And show our talent in different stages...
Cricket to Basketball, Tennis to Swimming,
Nistians are provided with proper coaching...
Moreover every year we have adventure sports like Trekking and Parasailing...
The distance between boys hostel and girls hostel may be half a kilometre,
But their friendship cannot be measured by any parameter...
We have an exception of 100 minutes class,
But the students know well how to make their time pass...
From Dean to Director, Assistants to Lecturers all are well qualified,
And for best discipline and placement the Institute is certified...

Lipsita Patnaik
B Tech. 4th Sem.

"NIST- A GIFT OF GOD"

The vast expanse of barren land had a wish,
A wish to enrich its beauty,
A wish to add to its purity,
A wish to be guided by duty.

Then, there comes a magic spell,
The instruction from almighty-
To build a heaven of knowledge, which we wanted to see
And there starts the construction of LHC!!!

Enduring the infinite energy of photons,
Bathing in the showers of rain,
Chilled in the winters,
The Heaven of knowledge stands Stern and Stiff!
A Phoenix that arises from its own ashes,
NIST-too arose from its own ashes.
It arouse to create its own triangular series of Galleria, Octagon and LHC,
Where everyone, everyday visits at least once, that I could see.

When some pupils are misled,
Straighten; they or their way is made.
Gurus, extremely respectable and stern,
That the undesirous pupils are made to learn.

As in due course of 15 years,
God has given us respectable gurus to guide the shisyas,
The barren land has got its beauty,
And everyone here is being guided by DUTY!!!

Manish Kumar Majumdar
B Tech. 2nd Sem.
MY MOMENTS AT NIST...

The story I am going to narrate,
Is not totally private,
It's just to discuss,
The NIST memories I possess.
The rocking band of girls and boys,
Who dance in front of my eyes,
Their story has a lot of spice,
They are a blessing to me in disguise.
Some guys are really interesting - meanwhile,
Who bunk classes without a reason worthwhile,
Some students during lectures do crack jokes,
Although uninterested we enjoy it with force.
Some make their day with books,
But pretend; they know nothing from their looks,
Some enjoy day and night,
And try to cheat in the real fight.
In the labs we chat a lot,
But the "dec", an exception for us all,
Some people engaged in name pairing,
Some very interested in these story hearing.
There are some talented guys,
Expressing talents in many ways,
May be dancing, singing or sporting,
Their name remains on the top hanging.
Rumors spread in the class,
Something when happens outside the class,
People interested to hear the story,
Than the 100 mins classes that goes on like a lorry.
When there's a period free,
We chat with our groups under some tree,
We discuss nothing of our studies,
But how we enjoy with other buddies.
Although we are naughty buddies,
We respect our teachers and studies,
This is my nist's short story,
Hope it's interesting & not a boarie.

Cipra Mallik
BTech. 4th Sem.

MY FIRST DAY AT COLLEGE

I still remember that day,
My first day at college,
I was happy as well as nervous,
Experiencing the place and meeting new friends.
College to me was cheerful,
Maths, physics, chemistry was fearful.
As I stepped into my class,
I thought I was the greatest fool!!!
Then I made myself relaxed,
Introduced myself to them all,
Though I was shy infront of boys,
Somehow I managed them all.
And now came in our miss,
Having a smile on her lips,
She then asked our name,
We told our name one by one,
She looked extremely happy.
And gave us a big applause,
I was a little happy one,
I still remember that day,
My first day at college.

Priyanka Lakra
BTech. 2nd Sem.
LOOK !!! WHAT’VE YOU DONE TO ME...

As a caterpillar buds out of its sleeky cocoon ... ah what innocent creature!!!
Too meek and delicate... totally unaware of what is waiting for its life outside...
So did I pop out of my cozy wrapper... to see things out there...
Yes I joined N I S T, which was btw just another college!!!
Little shy... timorous... and barely impeccble.

Impatience was the "virtue"...
Studies were "out of sight is out of mind"...
Luck could rule over my "endeavoring"...
Almost "choked" in an unavoidable situation...
Junked thoughts were "major priorities"... Sheesh...
I tried to elope... why???
Because I thought I could never get through...
A moment of grieve was more than enough to flush down all my "poise"...
It was too hard to make out a difference between a fairy tale and certainty!!

My trends were sluggish, off the wall... and totally bizarre... that is what I seemed to the world (roomie's notes). But sooner I'd realized that my juvenile deliberations would not fit into the jagged and unwavering rules of the "Detention Centre";)
... yeah you got it exactly right "N IST" !!!!

The 100 minute classes were always a curse.
Saddling numerous assignments, lab works, comprehensive viva, and internal and re-internal and re-re-internals all together at the same time would always make me ask myself "what could be my offence???

Those none holidays with running syllabus. And mind you deadlines at N IST could be more than a Judgment day (in bible). I-card seized by Padhi Sir only for coming late to the college. One Answer wrong and you are chucked out of the class ... by Sudhkar Sir. And hostel foodies could be real Yuck...
... How I hated to go through these Trauma everyday!!! Jesus .... A m I suppose to be a Jailbird!!!

But Gold has to go through the hard times, of burning furnace to have its adorning flairs and dazzling glares said my Mom, who was equally worried ... and surely it did ...

I learned to face problems "boldly"...
I became familiar with "lyt looo yaar"... (Move on)
I struggled to finish works before deadline...
I realized luck could only follow you if you are a fan of hard work...
Priorities were introduced to responsibilities...
And now I don't run away ... rather I try to feel it hard on my face...
Patience ... I didn't know I could handle so much...
Fairly tales are fantastic... but reality isn't that bad!!!

OMG ... I am tamed by the ruthless rules of N IST!!!

But obvious... it did hurt the tinsy worm to the core on the escalation of its wings, but finally it got its beautiful gallous annexure to fly away into the colors... .

N IST has given me many hard and harmonious memories which will never fade away...
Look ... You have made me a real Engineer!!! (to make things right ... in a right way)

Proud to be a N ISTian !!!

Apologies to my roomies for being such a jerk !!!
They still have hard time waking me up in the morning ... (chuckles)
Special Thanks to M onika Pandey and N eha Verma ... confidence was obvious when you guys where around ...

Megha Das
BTech. 6th Sem.
THE COOL BREEZE...

Jamshedpur is a cool place,
I love being there.
So when I got NIST in the counselling,
I wondered what kind of life would be there.
As I was leaving with eyes founder, my place
A cool breeze struck my face.
Bringing in memories of long past and half forgotten,
Even the ones I dumped in the bin of mind calling them rotten!!!
I wondered how life at NIST would be
I had heard about Odisha's scorching heat!!
"The summer here is sultry,
Will I ever be able to stand up on my feet?"
As I entered the gates of NIST,
I got mesmerised by Galleria, it's an ACE!
But what moved me even more,
Was the cool breeze that brushed my face.
I was encircled with things unknown
And people who teased.
Though there was one thing quite soothing-
One which did not deceive.
It was the same cool breeze,
That struck me as I left my hometown.
It whispered in my ear I will never let you feel down!
I will be with you,
Come what may.
So even when the month of "MAY" has come,
My friend never fails to reckon.
The monotonous 100 minutes class.
It gives me patience and strength to beat;
The standing labs of 200 minute,
It caresses my feet!
I remember crying here several times,
Each time alone.
The cool breeze dried my tears,
And whispered again-"Dear you are not alone".
I love you"Cool Breeze",
Do stay with me always,
For you bring memories of long past and half forgotten,
Even the ones I dumped in the bin of mind.
Calling them but rotten.

Shaileja Pandey
BTech. 2nd Sem.

!!! MEMORIES OF COLLEGE DAYS!!!

Putting the calendar to a fine tuner,
O h! the last 1 year has gone so sooner,
The great college days, I started remembering,
Seems like only yesterday I finished my engineering.
Remembering my class mates, after 1 year,
My eyes were filled with tears,
Everyone now is busy a lot,
No one escaped Destiny's plot.
Project reviews to campus interviews,
Nicknames to last bench games,
Cultural rehearsals to love proposals,
Short term crushes to class room blushes.
Everything is fresh in our mind,
Wish life could rewind,
Let's Laugh, play and rejoice,
Once again become college guys.
Chatting and laughing, we all were in elation,
Till the painful moment of separation,
It was time to part,
returned with a heavy heart.
Today life is full of commitments,
And too many worries,
But those cherished moments,
Will live forever in our memoriess !!!

Manas Kumar Nayak
Alumni 2005 Batch
THE INTERVIEW

(Dr Saroj Kumar Meher, now at ISI Bangalore, faculty at NIST some time back mails his interview to the NISTian ID)

Nistian: You were part of NIST team. Could you tell us about your joining NIST? And your first day here?
Dr Meher: Yes: I was, in fact I am now also attached to NIST. I was a faculty during 2003-2005. For me at that time, NIST was the only place where I liked to be a part of it. If I remember correctly, my first day was cool.
Nistian: After how many years did you come back to NIST?
Dr Meher: I have not come back to NIST but keep on coming as visitors.
Nistian: How long did you work at NIST?
Dr Meher: 2 years.
Nistian: How does it feel being a faculty then and being a resource person now?
Dr Meher: It gives a great pleasure.
Nistian: How has NIST helped in your growth?
Dr Meher: I learnt a lot from NIST.
Nistian: Could you tell us in brief achievements for the readers?
Dr Meher: I am a Ph.D. holder. Working presently as a faculty at Indian Statistical Institute, Bangalore.
Nistian: Could you share with us the culture of ISI in comparison to NIST?
Dr Meher: In ISI research is everything, whereas it is something in NIST. Never mind, ISI is a Research Institute and NIST is an Educational Institute.
Nistian: How was the feeling when you left NIST?
Dr Meher: Not expressible.
Nistian: Any memories at NIST that you would like to share?
Dr Meher: Many notorious memories. Old NIST faculties who are there they can give you the information.
Nistian: Your message for the staff and faculty members.
Dr Meher: Along with learning and training, never give up research attitude. This is like a spring-pad that will take you, wherever you want to be.
Nistian: Your message for students at NIST.
Dr Meher: Always insists on good. Often you will get it.
Nistian: A special message for the students who want to do research.
Dr. Meher: Research is something, you should have a passion for that, not by force.
Nistian: Anything that we did not ask and you want to share with us.
Dr Meher: Not particularly.

Life is too short, and the time we waste in yawning never can be regained. - Stendhal
MEMORIES OF NIST

(Dr Ravi P Reddy, now Director(technical) at Megha Engineering & Infrastructures Limited was the
Deputy Director at NIST mails his memories to the NISTian ID.)

Trying to pen some words on Tripti’s request for NISTian but it is really tough going. Why tough? When
you know very little about something, it is tough to write OR when something is a part of you, your mind,
your body and your soul - it becomes very difficult to pen only a few words expressing that large body of
experience, those emotions, those memories...

But let me try to put into a few words what I feel...

Fragments of thoughts floating across my consciousness...

First year at Berhampur University. The small building with no toilet. The four classrooms. The regular
skirmishes with BU students. The long hours of work. The exhilaration of creating a new entity called
NIST. Skeptical students. Dedicated teachers with little facilities. 11 PCs in Computer Lab.
The next year at own campus. Water dripping down from roofs as classes continued. Lunch in open
shed. Mud everywhere in monsoons. Great feeling of being on own campus.

And of course! The strikes. Tension. Anger. Getting back to studies. Hugs and love and laughter at the
end.

The long lectures. 120 students in a section. New teachers joining. Adjusting. Complaining about 100 min-
software. Lots of learning. Teaching by doing. An integral part of my life's

VLSI. Oracle. Java. Rational. Masters. Great experiment. Lots of
software. Lots of learning. Teaching by doing. An integral part of my life's

VSAT. 8 kbps bandwidth. Wow! Great! Great students. Creating mini-

lawns. Slow change from dry shimmering browns to lush pleasing greens.

new things.

Random roll numbers (which I am told have led to many happy romances and a few marital alliances.
Thanks to the RAN DOM function of Microsoft Excel!) Batch coordinators. Course coordinators. Temporary
HODs. No departments. New experiments and new structures for an academic institution. Pride on
being a part of these experiments.

Surendra Mudali, Sangram Mudali, Geetika Mudali - great persons who allowed a great vision to grow
with great hearts. Thanks!

I could go on and on but I will be blamed for rambling like an old man. Therefore, I will stop here.

With my heartfelt wishes for a wonderful, magical, and prosperous future for NIST and all its family
members as they celebrate its glorious 15 years of existence and plan for the next 1500 years of educa-
tional excellence.

May the force be with you in all your ventures and adventures!

With lots of love from me.

Dr. Ravi P. Reddy
(ravipreddy@gmail.com)
BEING NISTIAN... A JOURNEY TO BE PROUD OF

Being an occasional writer I seldom write any article. This article is the outcome of my internal drive that sometimes encourages me to write. I personally feel that the technical writing is quite different from writing an article. But I still bear with it since I love expressing my feelings. The following paragraphs are nothing but my candid confession.

I joined NIST in the month of March in 2005. For one year, I struggled to adhere myself with the system. The environment was quite new to me. In 2006, our Director Sir, Prof. Sangram Mudali, asked me to handle the Employment Oriented Programme (EOP). Handling this programme for the first time was not that easy as one need to solve a new LPP (Linear Programming Problem) every day. We started this programme with an intention of giving back to the society by training a handful of unemployed youths of Odisha for their employability.

Initially, at NIST, I was asked to handle labs and tutorials and many a times the teaching capability in me broke out like anything. The then MCA N eelamani found a trainer in me and classes of 1 hour and 40 minutes du-back. Being an employee of N IST one self in an ambient atmosphere. One tain himself in a healthy competitive

Gradually I realized that sustaining at edgebase, be it technical or non-tech- ing people. The key to the success of one can do in every aspect and positive mind set. One must accede to it to grow in a positive manner. It has been 7 years or more that I have been rendering my service at NIST. I am so cling with the system that I live in it.

I know that one's love and passion for a system will not come unless we own it. Here, at N IST, ownership is not claimed rather it is earned. The so-called coordinators are the respective owners of their batches. Everyone, here at N IST, is listened and responded with proper treatment. I was no excuse. I have heard of a story where a Guru asked his disciples to make a line smaller without touching it. When nobody could approach this problem the Guru simply drew a bigger line above the existing line. This is what followed here. When you achieve a milestone, another milestone bigger than the one you achieved would be ready for you.

When you achieve a milestone, another milestone bigger than the one you achieved would be ready for you.

N IST requires improving one's knowl- nical, and the capability of manag- ist is its work culture, the optimi-

Then came the era of research activities at N IST in which I had to be fit. Thanks to Dr. Sukanta Kumar Tripathy who dragged me into it. I have never thought of that I could be a deserving candidate for this field. I do not know if I will be able to prove myself in this field but I will definitely try my level best.
The Nistian

What I am now only because of my students for whom I dedicated myself to give the best that I can afford. The role of Director, Placement Director and Dean in shaping my career is praiseworthy. I am proud of being a Nistian and let all Nistians Rock. God bless NIST.

Asesh Kumar Tripathy
Faculty CSE

HEAVEN AMIDST HELL

National Institute of Science and Technology... 'Impressive' was the first word that occurred to me when I heard of this institute. And today it is my alma matter.

I set my foot on this 60 acre campus with lots of dreams, aspirations and expectations. N.I.S.T. was a dream for an institution. Supportive seniors, vigilant yet friendly and helping faculties... everything seemed so perfect until 'Sankalp' and 'Waves'. It was altogether a different scenario then. I learnt, N.I.S.T. witnesses a fearsome battle, a cut-throat combat and mercy bereft slaughtering among its own siblings during these fests and this is what gives these fests their charm. No one gets to see what goes on behind the screens but all they see is... The Best of the lot.

I was in the queue waiting for my turn the ceremony' during Sankalp 2011; put the yellow N.I.S.T. basketball jersey on and my patience will wear away. It was a nightmare.

Thus my worst nightmare became my best dream and I found my heaven...

The only thing that occurred to me was, "if this is my relation with my seniors right now then how would I manage four years here with them?"

But again, I knew "Fortune favours the brave". Facetious remarks should not bother me, I thought, for, my lord resides up the heavens. Keeping faith in the almighty, I went through the auditions for all these things. Surprisingly I could do what seemed impossible to me minutes ago. I could master the ceremony, I could say "The No.14 jersey now officially belongs to me" and we could make our dream concert a reality at Waves under the name of 'The 7th String'.

Things became pretty different and hence pleasant after that. I could see the real welcoming side of my seniors; I could see the care behind their frustration and taunts back then. All I suffered then is what a coal
suffers in becoming a polished diamond. I, with pleasure would dedicate all these pleasant things that happened with me during the fests to my seniors and teachers. All this would never have been possible without them. They intended to bring the best in me which I realized lately.

Thus my worst nightmare became my best dream and I found my heaven... amidst hell.

Ajeetab Nayak
BTech. 2nd Sem.

HELLO NIST

Hello N IST,

It gives me immense pleasure to see you grow and achieve milestones one after another. 15 years and now ready to achieve Adolescence. The mark of transition can be vividly seen by Cognition, as changes in the ability to think abstractly and multi-dimensionally; or socially, encompass both increases in knowledge and in the ability to think abstractly and to reason more effectively.

Like an effective dawn, I brightly outline my integration with you - the DAY 1 and those words still echo in my mind, "We make professionals rather than Engineer."

Today to the path of success to reach edge and memories, achieved from ment, are all handy to surpass all in-

My friend would be really amused further would be smiling, going

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short. - William Shakespeare

2. Queue/ Parade to Cafeteria for lunch & various sessions with seniors & later with juniors.
3. Assignments, assignments & assignments.
4. Time spent at Gumtis (Local cafes outside N IST)
5. Hostel strike followed by DC and being part of it.
6. Interaction with different people & knowing them with a mirror to the real world.
7. Being batch representative...
8. Inception of N IST e-News and being part of it.
9. Final Semester- Time spent at Cafeteria/ college campus.
10. Last day at college and the celebration followed in the evening.
11. Campus selection process and getting selected.
12. Final farewell party.

Further stopping to index the never ending list, I wish you and every NISTIAN a grand success. Looking forward to feel your environment, although changed a lot but still very much my own and further introducing you to my better half- UN N ATI and my little angel- CHIDA.

Hope to see you soon.

Cheers,

Gupta Balakrishna
A lumni BE 1999 Batch
Siemens UAE

"MEMORIES OF NIST..."

There is nothing like turning back the pages of time to revisit precious memories. Life@nist has been a roller coaster ride, a mid summer’s night dream... A rebirth... A rainbow. Leaving the comfort zone of my sweet home was not and mumma’s dearest. I was greatly and strangers I would meet at N IST. been stupendous! I have seen stories cheerful minds and enthusiastic spirtways fuelled my passion to follow my when the sun does not smile in the sky, beauty of Palur Hills reflecting the aura A bundle of promises, responsibilities nights thanks to assignments, records by in regular intervals haunting us like unitedly go for late night study, help each other in understanding the concepts or cracking tough problems!!! The one thing that I can bet you is you can never step out of the soil of N IST without learning what ‘Discipline and Hard Work’ is! Guess what? My Xerox bills were higher than my mobile bills... I proudly told it to my dad! I loved playing T.T and trying my hands in billiards for the first and last time. The frequent get-together at every1’s favorite Munna gumti to bunking a few classes will always be cherished.

A maze of sleepless nights thanks to assignments, records and the semester exams which rolls by in regular intervals haunting us like ghosts...
@N ist, I have enjoyed every bit of the thrill of being the fairer sex, inspired by my competitors (Girls out here are very smart and just love to be themselves). I got the best buddies here and enjoyed each and every group activities (may be in CE, BEE or ECD) labs. It will be a gross injustice on my part if I don’t mention about the afternoon naps in 100 minutes class in GAL-403... and yet go unnoticed. How we would not be allowed into the class for being late by a mere 2 mins!!! After all rules are rules... right guys?
The skits performed during Waves, or the 2nd prize in the paper presentation during Sankalp has instilled in me confidence... How can I forget the way we all rocked the dance floor in DJ ni8 or star ni8 with our friends?

On the onset of monsoon, the dance of the flowers of Rose garden in our campus has always enthralled me. The way we would knowingly get drenched in the rain on the way to hostel (inspite of carrying the umbrellas). The best place of our gathering would be in Rock Garden, breaking the myth that it is the sole possession of couples only! On the way to my room in 5th floor, whenever I would stumble climbing stairs, I could feel those firm hands of my dad lifting me up... holding me through testing times and nurturing me out of pain. The most emotional and toughest phase of my life was during my stay here... ya!
I am proud to have emerged beautifully from it. Even though I miss my mom’s food terribly, I have mastered the art of making any kind of food yummy. And then a long queue for tea or dinner in the mess! Waiting patiently for the turn and then pampering the sweet mausi’s to give more tea. And then would continue the sweet chit-chats with my roommates...

The year 2011... On 2nd of April, our throats went sore, when each one of us felt like real winners and behaved like a 5-year old... jumping and cheering throughout the matches in our common rooms. It was when India lifted the World Cup... Thank you team India for uniting every NISTian and giving us 2nd April, 2011. Then the D-day of seniors arrived! How the triumphant roaring for having bagged the placements engulfed the entire atmosphere of Girl’s hostel! I could feel my goose flesh... Inspired by our seniors to break the myth, to find a new ‘ME’ in myself. The tough competition here has made me grow...

I am now convinced around every next bend, the sun will radiate... Whenever it is dark and dreary, I will fight it out... N IST has made me tough and dawned upon me the urge to fly high, to be among the stars, to enjoy my life inspite of loads of work. Mom & Dad! I am a grown up girl now, ready to make an identity of myself... ready to take on the world... 2 more years to pass by... I hope the happiest days are yet to come and in bountiful measures... Thank you N IST for everything...

Afeya A khtar
BTech. 4th Sem.

Broadly speaking, the short words are the best, and the old words best of all. - Winston Churchill
writing about experiences at NIST is among most treasured feelings for me because till now there are endless things which I have done here which have now became the most memorable memories at NIST.

Some days have passed by but I still remember the day when I first stepped at NIST (or now I can just say that my new home). That day I was having tears in my eyes because I left my parents and entered into a new world called, "NIST" where I still have miles to go and learn many new things. Each day at NIST is itself a memorable day.

Hostel and mess food (oh really miserable! especially dalma) along with 100mins. classes, labs (that too every-and my best pals (how can I forget) are the parts of these memories.

Before entering into college I always used to hear college life is awesome but now I can really tell it’s GREAT!! the only place where I got people and their true love which I never gonna use.

Yesterday only I was asked to write an article but I think if I start writing about most memorable days at NIST then the article will not remain an article it will become a book which will have a last line on it, i.e, "To be continued... "

So, I just wanna describe my feelings in a short poem which goes on like this...

Fun, friendship, freedom
Full of life...
My best days
Are here at NIST.
Reading books
Most boring ever
Bunk classes,
And ready to gather.
Passing comments
And getting back scoldings
Gossip in classes,
And leave the readings.
Hanging out

We will walk to the places where our destiny will take us but always the moment spent here will remain in my heart

To go beyond is as wrong as to fall short. - Confucius
The best thing ever...
Eating in "munna" gumti
And enjoying with friends- forever.
Laughing, dancing, smiles
No pains
My each day at college
Is really best day ever...
Lovely memories which
I gain here...

I know one day all this will end and me along with all my friends will be separated. We will walk to the places where our destiny will take us but always the moment spent here will remain in my heart (being little bit emotional). Still I have to spend 3 and half years here and I know they will give me some more memorable moments and happier days to live in...

At last I just wanna say one word: "NIST ROCKS"

Neha
BTech. 2nd Sem.

FIRST LESSON LEARNT AT NIST

The first lesson learnt at N IST is "Do or Die". Well, it is a well known fact for N ISTi ans that if you want to survive at N IST then you have only one option "Do or Die". One should forget to live their life with their own terms and conditions. They must follow the rules and regulations which is applied by the college. Well calling N IST a college is a bit hard for me because it is more than a school where we learn discipline and have to follow rules and regulations. The thing which I hate the most is being treated like a kid and forced to follow all the to "do" rather than to "die" because something and it's better to learn rather the situation. This is the best and the each and every hurdles in your life. I

To go "Higher and higher", is my desire.

from N IST I will feel the difference of how different I am from other people, then this will make me feel more proud that I am a "N ISTIA N". But, the fact is that now I am only in my 2nd semester and I have to go through the hurdles which are going to come on my way in the future. Let's see how am I going to overtake these hurdles...To go "Higher and higher", is my desire. To achieve this we must make ourselves strong enough to face each and every situation in life.

Priyasa Pawan
BTech. 2nd Sem.

A Constitution should be short and obscure. - Napoleon Bonaparte
**NIST-LAND OF DREAMS**

With the lush green lands and the speechless beauty there exists a place named "N IST" truly a place not less than a paradise with its backyard the Palur hills which brings out the charm of one of the most prestigious institute of the country...

National institute of Science & Technology the name as it sounds so, it does when it comes to defining about what the world is all about?? ... the students ... things start with knowledge; the most important factor that revolves around is N istians different from the others. about inner peace and strength... from comes the light of good hope... with through ages as inheritance, with the situations judicially is what a life of an icon is... N istians are not students but trained to be ideals... and it is portrayed through their life's scheduled cycle. Truly, this institute has and always believed in dreams, dreams which are practical and approachable with publishable, applicable results... not random theories. So,

"if you are having dreams, dreams which define your life then come forward to the land of dreams, the land of the N istians and your dreams will surely come true"

Shivashish Mallick
BTech. 4th Sem.

**A SWING IN HAMMOCK**

As someone who hails from Gopalpur-On-Sea, I was always well informed about National Institute of Science and Technology right from the time of its conception. The information was mostly village gossip. The gossip received a fillip sometime in late nineties when the girls' hostel of N IST started functioning from what used to be Motel Mermaid, started by Mrs Dutt and her husband. A s young college girls from across the country experienced liberty for the first time away from the snooping eyes of their parents, they dressed up enough to scandalize the village scene. Living on the edge of the beach added to the fun for the girls. Then I had a dream. The dream of living in a village and teaching English. And what better place to teach than one's own village where an estuary meets the sea?

Dreams rarely get fulfilled but here I am. Is there a higher destiny that guides us about what we do? Or how else does one explain the perfect meshing of the dream with reality. W hy should a clutch of techno-

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Let your Discourse with Men of Business be Short and Comprehensive. - George Washington
crats who were doing well in the US should return and start an educational institution right where I wanted to live and swing on the hammock?

A man might have a dream but a woman can easily destroy the dream. Even here something worked out fine as the wife agreed to relocate to a village leaving her friends, extended family, the joys of shopping in malls, the choice of chilling in hep joints, leaving behind the option of boogie nights (having attended Boney M, Bryan Adams concerts and the temptation of Hardrock Cafe this was not an easy thing to do).

As today, when I step into classrooms with students who say they have come from Hinjilicut, Digapahandi, and a dozen other villages and when students say they have studied under Bihar State Board and that's why they cannot communicate in English, I feel my dream is partly fulfilled when I am in a position to help them.

But is one happy living the dream?

Once a dream is close to reality it appears as too much reality. There are a dozen things to be unhappy about the way reality is. Reality does have a mean bite.

What prevents the students from mastering the language which I did despite being born in Berhampur?

It is pride. The deep pride of one's own a comfort factor but isn't always true.

young people are losing I feel a deep rage. A rage to throw down everything and retreat.

Then, as almost everyone speaks in their native language the question crops up: Am I working in the right place. Why did I jump into this quagmire?

Then, suddenly some students come up like bright beacons. They come up asking nifty tricks to learn English. "Sir, which novels would you recommend me to read," asks Shweta on the steps near the classroom. "Sir, can we really learn how to speak by watching English movies?" asks Ajay in the classroom. "Sir, I get confused between the use of have, has and had," says Ruchika.

In these questions and answers I find solace. Perhaps someday, these students will light up the firmament with their creativity and their deeds.

Then the dream would be fulfilled.

N Serish
Faculty, English
WE ARE THE SAME PEOPLE...

At the time we joined NIST we did have lots of dreams in our eyes, lots of expectation from our parents, and lots of questions in our mind and lots of hope to excel. On the very first day... the fine and elegant buildings, all the arrangements along with the most effectual words of our esteemed Director Sir all together mesmerized me at the orientation and NIST seemed as innocent as red rose to me, but I forgot about the thorns (rules) around which was its virtue since the inception and Padhy Sir's unforgettable opening speech made me aware of it. There stood 449 competitors who want to have that rose to adorn their pockets, and I exactly stood at the end of the queue but don't know why my eyes were glowing then and a simple curve of smile rushed on my lips and disappeared before someone could notice.

Flash Back !!!

We fought with the lab attendants demanding a reason why our lab mates got 10 marks extra still remaining in the same lab group. Yes we kept on selecting a common GD topic in English lab and "The 100 Minutes Classes". We continued classes because of our folded sleeves. getting seats in the bus in the aban-complains abandoned. The jealousy and really wondered how just last night pointer. We never stopped finding out the loop holes of each and every faculty who insulted us in front of the class. Felt helpless when students of other colleges were lavishing holidays and we were struggling with extra classes.

Ahh ... Why this kolaveri di ???

But days at NIST never stopped, never waited for anybody. The hard summer, the cool raindrops, and the cute dew drops made us fall in love with it, melted the rude hearts, inspired the numb ones, helped the weak ones by giving apt experiences which are still strongly stored in the diaries, in the mere class note images, on the auditorium tables or with in the soft corners of our hearts.

And Today!!!

We are the same people who compete with each other vigorously for that lovely rose saying "chal tu leja yaar tereko iski jarurat hai..." Now We are the same people who hated the faculties and now saying "please sir have my seat, actually I enjoy standing in the bus". We are the same people who complete the lab assignments quickly and share it so that our friends could get 10 marks extra. We are the same people...
who intend to advice the juniors "Don't miss Sudhakar Sir's Lecture and maintain your notes". Now we are the same people who actively stay awake the whole night before exams to help our friends get a 9 point. We are the same people who console our friends saying "Jane dena yaar ... ache faculty hain" even after being offended.

What a change over mama!!!

We cried, we smiled, we caressed, we learnt, we loved, we lived, we enjoyed each and every moment at NIST. Ultimately we are the same NISTIANS, who are still stuck at the same Discussion Topic "Why there is a 100 minutes class... WHY NOT MORE???

Dedicated to all my lovable friends and faculty members and specially "Eyuuuu" who made me write this...

Subhendu Sekhar Paik  
BTech. 8th Sem.

THE THERE IS A PRICE TO PAY FOR EVERY PRIZE

"Tell me something about your childhood days" asked the interviewer.

"Sir, childhood days are one of the memorable days of life. Those beatings and punishment by teachers, those moments of class applauding good work, friends yelling in front of my house to come out early for playing cricket and many more makes the story of my childhood interesting" I replied sitting straight in one of the faculty rooms which was chosen arena for showdown.

I could see a shine in the eyes of the interviewer. Today when I remember that moment, I draw the same inference for my days in engineering.

Those days of mentoring under seniors member how our seniors used to ask use this word here? our objectives and classroom to other was the excite- at canteen and cafeteria used to be can I forget those moments of running getting caught in the 8:30 am faculty gumtis. During my stint in the institute, I came up with some of the ingenious minds in form of my friends. Delaying negotiations, getting jobs done and jugaad were some of the traits which fascinated me.

The get together with friends at canteen and cafeteria used to be the best scene of the day.

The story of the human race is the story of men and women selling themselves short. - Abraham Maslow
Those of you who are yet to go through the poisonous chalice of placements, decide where your heart is (are you happy with staying at home in any company or want to work in a giant brand? do you intend to focus only on jobs of your skill-set or happy to sacrifice your interest for the sake of money?) And yes, you needn't wait till the 5/6th semester to find a job. Competitions, paper presentations and corporate interactions are some of the platforms which provide an early opportunity to explore professional dreams and convert them to reality. How to make them viable is your call at the end of the day: The price which I had to pay for getting into company at my home state was to serve a complete year in shifts (early morning, afternoon, general and night). Decide the price which you are willing to pay for the prize. Some others had to struggle for living in big cities for their decisions.

Pursue your passion and chase your interest. You would win one day!

Sidharth Panigrahi
Alumni 2003 Batch
A

midst the scenic beauty of Palur hills, lies the vision of a visionary. A visionary whose dream of spreading knowledge far and wide has made, what people in South Orissa know as, NIST. An institute, that outshines all others, for its outstanding link with knowledge and excellence. An oasis of knowledge in the desert of arrogance. What used to be a college with a single building during its start has now expanded into a vast area, boasting of high class infrastructure. The dream of a single man is now being realised over the years by his students and the highly-qualified faculties whose only aim is to give their best. The progress of the college has not gone unnoticed. It is getting recognition from universities worldwide.

The healthy arsenal of the college has all means to motivate hard-work and the zeal to excel in its students. Discipline and regularity has always been at the forefront of its success. The halo of the institute has spread far and wide and aspiring engineers aspire to get a place in the college's ranks. 'The pen is mightier than the sword' goes the saying. But in the engineering world the sharpest of the minds has the last laugh. NIST teaches its students to laugh the loudest.

Research activities like TIFAC-CORE and various other projects have been taken over by NIST over the years, many of which have been accomplished successfully. The research interests of the students and the faculties are taken into account by the college and facilities are bestowed as per demand.

Accommodation is not a problem as NIST boasts of having the largest boy's hostel in the whole of Odisha. The hostel is simply a home away from home. Students stay here to shed away their heavy robes of stress and pressure of the college.

The lush green surroundings of the campus gives a sense of harmony with nature. Perhaps the only college in Orissa giving so much importance towards its conservation of flora and fauna.

The library of the college has the reputation of having the largest book collection in South Odisha, both referential and literature, at the service of the students.

The college is a great stepping stone from where we can step onto the wide and ever-expanding world. A platform to visualize and to keep pace with the modern world with its developing scenario. But the path is not yet over. Many accomplishments are yet to be achieved. As has wisely being said "Woods are lovely, dark and deep, I have promises to keep, miles to go before I sleep, miles to go before I sleep"...

Sarthak Das
BTech 4th Sem.
I had a banal thought about the college when I heard the name for the 1st time. As a resident of Berhampur, it is obvious to accept the fact that NIST is the best college in the city, indeed one of the finest colleges of the country. Later I came to know after being a part of the college. Joining in NIST was never in my mind in earlier days, but, just because it had to be or I deserved to be, I joined here at my own wish. Having a strong power of imagination, I had imagined the college which was just 1/10th of reality. The vision of my college inspired me a lot, comparing it globally and targeting the future by generating engineering minds capable of mastering tomorrow's technology.

Experiences and views about the college on different aspects include almost everything in the college. Firstly, its scenic beauty that makes me astonished. The gardens, trees, fountains and top class architecture of each building in the premises. So unique in its own way, leaves us a message to be different from others. Secondly, the tight schedule includes those 100 minutes classes something apart from academics too, 150 minutes labs that teach us to maintain patience and to be hardworking. The faculty members are professional, experienced, resourceful and are able to make the topic very clear. Their way of the topic and abrogates our doubts. programs on various topics that give think innovatively and generate new programs on various topics that give think innovatively and generate new them that could be beneficial for the organisation. The Library of our necessary for the students and the academic career and personality development, varied number of choices, deep information about the subject, recognised and well experienced authors, authorised publications, use of language understandable to mass, combination of all the above factors make it one of the best libraries of Odisha. Different clubs with a theme related to the engineering academics. The clubs help the students develop in a particular field and improve their skills in it. Extracurricular activities like trekking, parasailing, mountain climbing help us develop interest on adventurous tasks. Extracurricular activities like trekking, parasailing, mountain climbing help us develop interest on adventurous tasks. Extracurricular activities like trekking, parasailing, mountain climbing help us develop interest on adventurous tasks. Extracurricular activities like trekking, parasailing, mountain climbing help us develop interest on adventurous tasks. 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Vanamali Ajay
BTech. 2nd Sem.

I have never made but one prayer to God, a very short one: "O Lord make my enemies ridiculous." And God granted it. - Voltaire
MEMORIES AT NIST

I suddenly realised myself in a completely different world away from home when my father and mother waved me good bye in tearful eyes and low voice. Since then I entered into a world of strangers whom I can now rename as my buddies or classmates. The frequent phone calls from my family members and friends who eagerly wondered how I managed in a completely different environment where I had never been before compelled me to miss them more and more. But portraying myself as a grown up girl I tried to give the best possible laugh I could and made them realise that I have completely adjusted with the variety of people. Nevertheless my heart was filled with fear and tear but the thought of being the master of my own world gave me a limitless happiness. Within these adjustments and settling I was trying my best to hide myself from the seniors who came across my way, in the fear of being ragged.

When I wonder back to the day of 30th August 2010 how can I forget the fearful and slow steps, that I with a new friend whom coincidently to enter into G-204. As expected I regions having their eyes on the door entering into the room. I settled myself still lost at home but succeeded in environment with the entry of a new in his hand. My level of confidence query put forth by the faculty. The first thick books too difficult to carry but raised. Still the hope was never lost. been so interesting to write about whom I call angels.

The virtue of patience, sincerity, obedience, dedication to work and studies turned me into a completely different person.

Even though everyone must be expecting to start up with sweeter memories but how can I forget the memory of my mobile phone being ceased by my teacher whom I always feared facing. Tears, requests, promises I lost the hope of getting my mobile phone back. But to my good luck one of my friend came out with the truth and the occasion was found false which gave me my mobile as well as self respect back. My memories would be incomplete without my buddies because all my failures, achievements, mischief always revolved around them.

I can remember the Sunday when I reached a place difficult to identify in which direction to move on! But the burden of reaching hostel in time and shopping all the required things made me move on unaware of the fact where the path would end. But I never felt lost and lonely because this memory is also accompanied by my friends. The capacity to bear with the 100mins class irrespective of the fact how boring it was gave me enough patience but again the class was full of life by my friends who kept on murmuring all the news that prevailed in the college.

I have only ever made one prayer to God, a very short one: O Lord, make my enemies ridiculous. And God granted it. - Voltaire
After the series of bitter and sweet memories I found myself in the 2nd year with much broadened outlook and self confidence. Instead of thousands of warnings from our higher authorities I never went a step back in cooperating my friends in mass bunk and submitting the assignments after due date.

How can I forget the biggest misconception that I carried for a month considering the Emus to be Ostriches and became the centre of laughter by my ever conspiring sweet friends who never went back in spreading the news.

The virtue of patience, sincerity, obedience, dedication to work and studies turned me into a completely different person. Thinking myself to be a person of all positive attitudes and proving it is indeed a hard nut to crack. Instead of regular counselling by my faculties and parents I never went back in helping my friend in putting a proxy for her. Fortunately my fortune favoured and was left without severe punishment which ended up in making me realise the close relationship of a teacher and a student and the responsibilities of a girl.

After a lot of mischief and interesting incidents my memories do not end up here. The experience of flying high (Parasailing), going on bare footed for 20kms by the sea side (Minitrecking), being a part of Master of Ceremony, giving presentations, staying in the good book of my teachers, dancing madly in the melody of music and enjoying the colourful night adds a lot of value to my memories at NIST.

Remembering the times I roam about with my friends with no cause, sitting for group study but discussing some "So called important things" and again promising to study seriously from next day, spending quality time while standing in a queue in observing and researching on the different styles of people and acquiring some which we like, passing on the gossips in which always the girls are best at and finally looking and passing some serious feedbacks to the couples in Rock garden will always be in my memories that I will cherish forever.

But here it will never be a full stop in my memories. The life will go on and on, the memories will increment day in and day out and the writing would continue, consequently the seeds of memories will be sown among the NISTians till I am here.

Jagruti Mohanty
BTech. 4th Sem.

THE REASON I JOINED NIST

Hello everybody. Hope all of you are having a great time out there. First of all let me congratulate to the college for completing its 15 glorious years and maintaining its quality.

The reason I joined NIST was I wanted to enjoy my 4 years of B.Tech which would not have been possible if I would have stayed at home and joined some college in Bhubaneswar. Excitement mixed with fear of ragging was at its peak when I went to the college on the 1st day. But I assure you that seniors have also

The way is long if one follows precepts, but short...if one follows patterns - Lucius Annaeus Seneca
the same amount of fear as well as the excitement of interacting that you have during ragging because of
our strict faculty members and the bible of rules and regulations which we get on the admission day itself.
I was very punctual and sincere in the 1st year so it was not that exciting for me. Second year, began with
a bang the day I entered the campus hostel, it was an awesome experience interacting with the seniors.
I thought why there are such guys and gals who got a wrong perception of interacting with seniors. Many
took it in a negative way. Later on, all formats may be academics, of them. Third and fourth year were
miss the gaming a lot a.k.a COUNTER BADMINTON, the HPL and finally The HOSTEL which was the best part
among all. This environment boosted skills and helped me exploring various which I was a part of, participating in
idea award for our college. I also miss those seniors only helped me a lot in placement, extracurricular. I thank all
the ultimate days I have cherished. I STRIKE, the KONISI CUP, the HPL which was the best part my personal life with management
fields like, The Robotics Group (NRC), ROBOCON and winning the best all my friends and the juniors. Lastly, I
would like to thank the college for giving me a kick start to my career with being placed at Capgemini and
Infosys. We were the luckiest batch getting the most number of placed students. All the credit goes to our
respected director Prof. Sangram Mudali & the Dean Dr. A. K Panda.
Currently I am in Capgemini India Pvt. Limited working for Warner Brothers motion pictures (USA) as my
client.

Bikash Kumar Tripathy
Alumni BTech 2nd Batch
Senior Software Engineer,
Capgemini India Pvt. Ltd.

There is something pagan in me that I cannot shake off. In short, I deny nothing, but doubt everything. - Lord Byron
Dear Tripti Mund madame,

Thank you for remembering me as a former member of NIST family.

I am now out of the country and will be away from India till July end, 2012. From here at IST, Lisbon, Portugal I can write a few lines about NIST as follows.

I feel extremely proud to become a member of highly motivated and dedicated academic members of NIST. NIST has a bunch of young as well as old enthusiastic faculty members who can actually motivate the students from interior parts of Odisha state. One of the things I should tell about NIST is that the academic environment is very much friendly for teachers and students. In fact I was quite surprised to see this. As we cannot see any other higher education institute maintaining corporate relationships with the students. Second thing I must tell about NIST is that about its location near by beautiful Gopalpur sea beach where I went a couple of times whenever I got rid of my work. Lastly, I must thank director sir, Prof. Dr. Sangram Muduli and dean sir, Prof. Ajit Kumar Panda to give me the opportunity to become a member of NIST family. Thanking you

Yours sincerely,
Abhijit Datta Banik
Faculty, (now in Lisbon)

Hello Tripti Madam,

Hope you to be N'joying in NIST with the wonderful literature World...I miss those days at NIST grasping knowledge under Teachers like You. Relieving 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,
Alumni BE 1999 Batch
FGS (Fiserv Global Solutions)

Hello Ma'am,

I belong to the 2007-2011 batch of students who graduated from NIST. I had received a mail from the NIST alumni team for sending in articles for "The Nistian" on the occasion of the 15th anniversary of our college. I was also constantly goaded by Kumar Ankit, a dear junior and club mate for entries. I told him that I would try but did not promise. However thankfully I could shed some of my inherent laziness today and come up with this piece of writing that helped me refresh my memories of some of the priceless moments and lovely people who touched my life in one way or the other during the time I was a Nistian.
Thank you for the extended deadline because of which I could churn out something and thank you for the wonderful opportunity that this mail provided me.
I have attached the doc file. Hope it finds a place in the pages of "The Nistian". Thanks and Regards

**Stuti Pandey**
Alumni 2007 Batch
SE Infosys Ltd.

Dear Madam and team,
Greetings!
Thanks to the team for getting in touch. I thought over and happened to write an article. I am attaching the same here. Don’t know how the article goes, a story of the 2006 batch and a few experience we had at NIST.
I am from the 2006 batch, now working with RBS.
It would be great if you would let me know in case this is published :)
And in case anything else is desired! Thank you,

**Biswajit Behera**
Alumni, BE 2002 Batch

Hello M'am,
Honored to hear from your esteemed side. It was really a privilege writing to you after quite a while. The article was an extempore sitting in the Mumbai Local on my way to Office. Am hereby sending you a photo of mine as suggested. And how’s NIST M’am. We must be doing Impeccably under your needful Onus..
Pleasure to pen you M'am..Please feel free on reaching me on further issues.. Thanks and Regards,

**Avinash Patnaik**
Alumni, 2006 Batch

Hi Tripti M'am, I received this and I am really excited about this. I am writing something that dates back to the initial days of NIST when I used to visit the site with my father. Just wanted to know if there is a deadline to complete this. Thanks,

**Anurag**
Alumni, 2004 Batch

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*Life is too short, and the time we waste in yawning never can be regained.* - Stendhal
The Nistian Spotlight

The best remedy for a short temper is a long walk. - Joseph Joubert

NIST PRIDES

The faculty members who have brought pride to the institute. Some of them are not working here now but are still with us and a part of NIST.

**Better Opportunities for Young Scientists (BOYSCAST) Fellowship:**

Selected young scientists/technologists are provided with fellowships every year to do advanced research abroad. NIST has four BOYSCAST fellows.

*Dr. Chandal Nahak* was awarded the fellowship for a duration of one year from 1997-1998 to do his research in University of Virginia, USA.

*Dr. Ajit Kumar Panda* went to University of Michigan, USA from 1998-1999.

*Dr. Amalendu Pattnaik* got the post doctoral award for the session 2003-2004 from the University of New Mexico, USA to do his research in Reconfigurable Antennas.

*Dr. Motahar Reza* went to Universität Erlangen-Nürnberg, Erlangen, Germany during 2005-2006.

**Fulbright Scholarship:**

Grants are offered to study, teach and conduct research for U.S. citizens by going abroad and to non-U.S. citizens in the United States.


*Dr. Manaswini Acharya* went to University of Virginia- Darden Graduate School of Business in 2001-2002 Administration as a doctorate fellow to do her research in "Educational Psychology and Gender Studies".

*Dr Anjan Das Gupta* received the fellowship to teach in US in 2002-2003.
**Samanta Chandra Shekhar Award:**
Three awards are given every year to young scientists for their notable and outstanding research contributions within the state of Odisha.

**Dr. Chandal Nahak and Dr. Motahar Reza** received the award for Physical Sciences in the years 2002 and 2006 respectively.

**Dr. Saroj Kumar Meher,** received the award in the year 2003 for his work in the field of Electronic Sciences and Technology. In the same year he also received Sri J C Bose Memorial Award of the Institute of Electronics and Telecommunication Engineers (IETE). He is the winner of three gold medals from Institute of Engineers, Odisha.

**Prof. R. C. Tripathy** Young Scientist Award: An award to the young scientist by Orissa Chemical Society for the year 2008 was given to Dr. Anita Pati for her research work carried out in the field of "Synthesis of Organic Compounds containing Pharmacologically Active heterocyclic Moieties".

**Best Thesis Award:** Dr. B. Pavan Kumar was awarded with Prof. Durganand Sinha Best Ph.D. Dissertation in the year 2008 in the field of management by the National Academy of Psychology (NAOP).

**The Union Radio-Scientific International (URSI) Young Scientists**
The Young Scientist Awards are presented at the General Assemblies of URSI to recognize an international group of individuals who have made innovative contributions and discoveries in multidiscipline research related to electromagnetic fields and waves.

**Dr. Maifuz Ali** won the award for his work in Communication Engineering. He received his award in a conference in Turkey in 2011.

**Dr. Amalendu Patnaik and Mr. Rowdra Ghatak** received the award in 2005, by the then President of India Prof A P J Abdul Kalam at Rastrapati Bhavan, New Delhi.

_A life without adventure is likely to be unsatisfying, but a life in which adventure is allowed to take whatever form it will issue to be short._ - Bertrand Russell
Because a song can take you back instantly to a moment,
   Or a place, or even a person.
   No matter what else has changed in you or the world,
   That one song stays the same, just like that moment.

   - Sarah Dessen