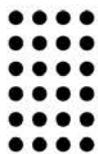


# D361

Imagine | Create | Soar



## COLOURS

Spring Edition | 2019

# Words of Wisdom



Prof. Animesh Biswas  
Director, NIT Rourkela

I am delighted that the spring edition of Degree 361, the official magazine of NIT Rourkela, is being published. This magazine serves as an excellent platform for the NIT-R fraternity to express their artistic talents.

An initiative of the Literary Society, this magazine is a celebration of the rich creativity that flows in the veins of the people of NIT-R. It is a celebration of free thinkers, of writers, of poets and of artists. Art is essential in this world, not only among painters and poets, but also among technocrats of this great nation.

I wish the team of D361, the very best of luck, in their pursuit of this noble endeavour.



Prof. Snehashish Chakraverty  
President, SAC

It brings me immense joy that D361, the official magazine of NIT-R, will be published. I thoroughly enjoyed the mini-issue and congratulate the team on their efforts in publishing the spring edition. D361 is the ultimate creative platform for writers, artists, and designers of the NIT-R junta, and I wish them all the best. Happy reading!



# Editorial

D361 is back to invite you to look beyond the ordinary. Started in 2007 by a handful of imaginative minds, the magazine has featured the works of some of the most creative members of the NITR fraternity. We strive to be a platform for all, be you a published author, casual writer, Instagram poet, or a heartbroken Devdas.

We had a lot of fun compiling this magazine, and a lot more stress. Sleepless nights, rushed meals, and upset certain-someone's aside, it was a roller coaster of emotions. Who knew finding the perfect font could be so gratifying? Or that watching as the pages got filled in one-by-one would make you feel like a proud parent?

This magazine would not have been in your hands without the contribution of a lot of people. We would like to thank Prof. S. Chakraverty (President, SAC), Prof. Rohan Dhiman (Vice President, Literary Society), and Prof. Asim K. Naskar (Faculty Advisor, D361), for encouraging us and helping us out with all things official. The D361 team, comprising of immensely motivated (with gentle reminders to help) and creative souls who ventured out to dark places, sacrificed those extra five minutes of sleep, and picked up tasks assigned to them at odd hours at our behest, outdid themselves in every respect. Our design heads, Dharmesh and Uditanshu, worked their magic tirelessly to turn 48 pages of paper into the visual wonder you see in front of you. A huge shoutout to our readers for their overwhelming response. We hope we've been able to do justice to all the terrific entries we received. Finally, a large mug of thanks to caffeine, for helping us power through weekday nights, followed by EE labs the next day.

Our theme for this edition, as you might have seen plastered across the cover, is 'Colours'. Representing so much more than a pretty flower or a socialite's wardrobe, every hue symbolises an emotion or experience. We have tried our best to paint this magazine every shade possible. We hope you have an amazing time reading this.

P.S. Do not hesitate to express your criticism, opinions, views, and thoughts about the magazine by writing to [xpress.d361@gmail.com](mailto:xpress.d361@gmail.com)

With Regards,  
Editors-in-Chief,  
D361



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# Hi Deer

Meeting Date: 26th November 2018.

Report Written by Employee: **Mango Guy**

Document Declassification Date: 1st January 2019. (New Year Resolution Transparency Order)

A Walt Disney Production

The meeting started when Mr. Bob Iger took to the stage. "When I was made the CEO of Disney back then, no one believed that I could do a good job. Lo and behold! Lion King is out there even as Frozen is still killing the numbers. However, it is now time for me to step down. I want to present to you my successor, Mr. Donald Jr. Bump".

Thunderous applause followed as the orange-haired man who looked like an anime protagonist took to the stage. He first acknowledged the crowd before starting. "Thank you for your warm reception. I know that so many people have been vying for this job. Some were saying that Michael Bay might be the next one. But what do you know? A little bit of locker room talk."

This was followed by general laughter from the crowd. It sounded nervous, pained. "But let me make it clear: you are all fake news. I have the real vision to Make Disney Great Again! Let me start by telling you what Disney will do under my leadership: not make new stories. I will not let you animate new stories. Animation is dead, anyway. I will be doing live action, and my team will be giving the audience the same movies that they loved, but in a different case."

"I know that some of you so-called artists might have a problem with this. But remember! Disney will survive only if we don't offend any group, individual or entity that refuses to acknowledge themselves as an individual or group. Incredibles 2 offended the American Orthodox Parents Union because of its depiction of child abuse. The Grinch offended the Christians United against Neo Terrorism (C.U.N.T.) because of its poor depiction of the Christian religion. The Trolls United against Radical Disasters (T.U.R.D.) has filed a lawsuit against Ralph Breaks The Internet for threatening the over 70 million armies of 9-year-olds who still feel like Pewds will win."

At this point, there was a heavy silence in the entire hall. Everyone seemed to be thinking deeply, expecting what Bump will next say.

"Thus, our best option is to make live-action movies of old classics. These movies are classics. And there is a reason for that. No, they are not good. They are just old. And people love



“

# Make Disney Great Again!

the old days when everything was great. Just look at the Lion King remake.

But under my leadership, we will do something entirely different and unique. I will remake the movies in live action, AND I will tweak the story a little to make it more contemporary and capitalistic. Make no mistake! This has never been done before by any person in my position! My first target is Bambi. Before you give your opinions, these are my proposed changes.

First off, we will learn from T-Series and aggressively go after the Indian market. I have decided to cast the Indian superstar Salman Khan as the hunter who shoots Bambi's mother. I understand that he has done a similar role in the past so it should be easy to convince him. To get the American audience involved, we will call the hunter Putin. Also, I have decided to change the title of the movie. It will not be called Bambi. It will be called 'Hi Deer'!"

At this point, the entire audience was sitting on the edge of their seats with bated breath, waiting for what was to come.

"We also want to make Bambi contemporary. So, Bambi will be a female Mule deer, not a male because we stand with the feminists and believe that females should also be in higher positions. We will make Faline a transgender deer. To get the Indian to connect, we will set her pronoun of choice as Karan Johar. Of course, she will remain a Roe deer. To further the Indian connect, we shall change the reason due to which Ronno won't let her mate with Bambi. He will claim that Bambi wants to copulate with her to increase the numbers of the Mule deer. Surely, the Indian audience will connect to this.

Now, going back to the American audience, we will change the entire plot about the forest fire. There will be no fire. Instead, it will be Mexicans invading the forest. They want to kill the trees in the forest to grow weed or something. Of course, to make it PG 13, we will say that they want to grow candies."

It was apparent that quite a few members of the audience were happy with what Bump was saying. But he was not done.

"Next is the Chinese audience. First up, we will add a dragon somewhere in the mix. That should get them going. We will also change the name of the rabbit from Thumper to Chang. We will change the ending of the movie. In the original, Bambi and Faline had twins. But here, Bambi likes the One Child policy. So she will throw one of the kids into the river. We will show the story of this kid in a sequel so that no one will question us. We will add a post credit scene showing that the kid somehow made it to the other side of the globe to Korea. What do you think? Will any group get offended?"

There was deathly silence. No finger twitched. This silence was shattered when a clap was heard. This was followed by another, and another. Rapturous applause greeted the new CEO of Disney. People were shouting, "BUMP! BUMP! BUMP!"

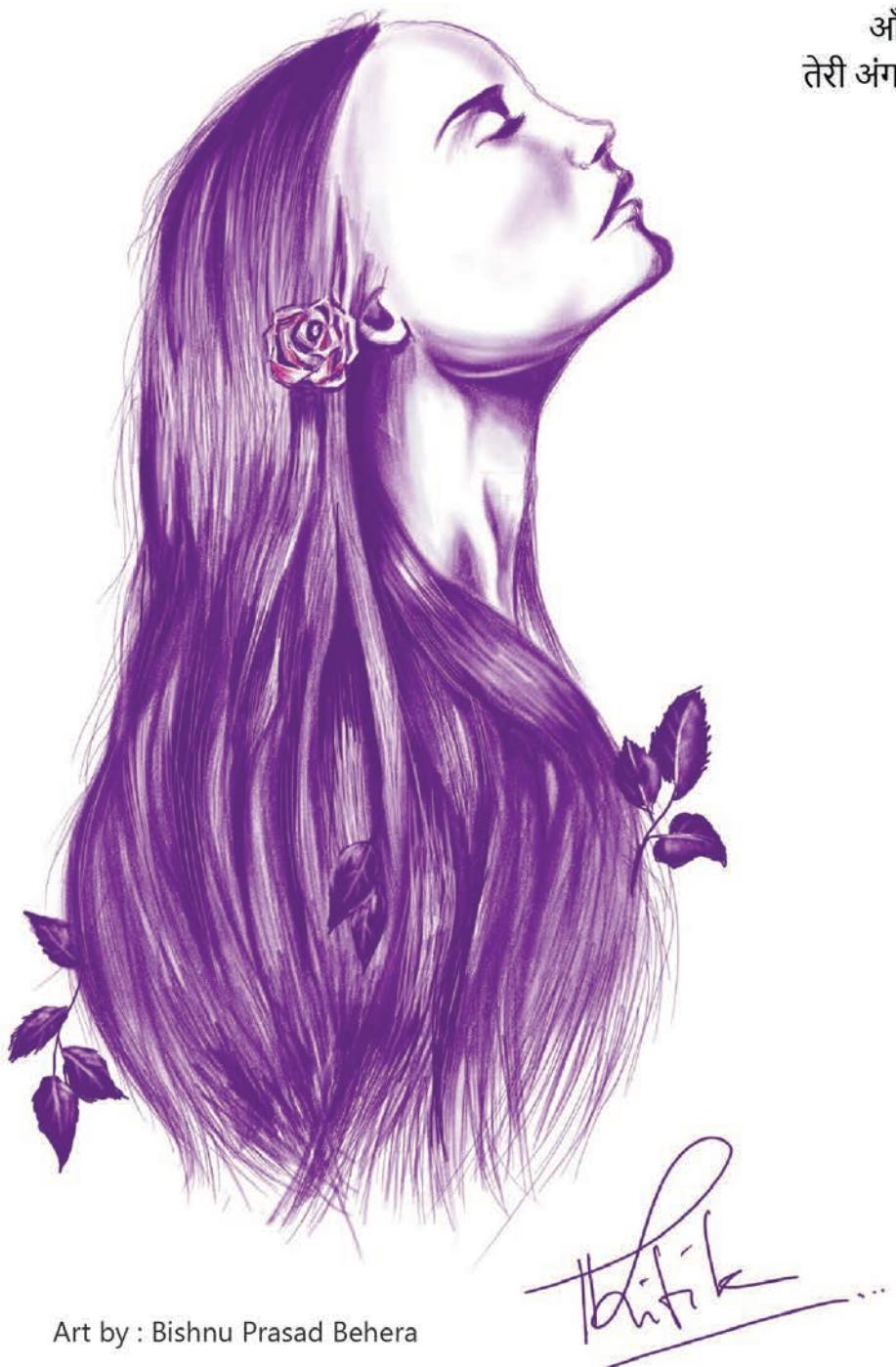
When the applause finally died down, one member stood up.  
"The Flat Earth Society protests."

# रूह

-आरती छन्न

तेरा रूह में यूं समाने से,  
यूं धीरे से मुस्कुराने से,  
बात-बात पर यूं ही इतराने से,  
कभी हल्का सा शरमाने से,  
एहसास के ख्यालों में यूं बिन कहे आ जाने से,  
तेरे होठों के अनकहे अल्फाज़ों से,  
आँखों से बयाँ होते उन खूबसूरत एहसासों से,  
तेरी अंगड़ाइयों में खुलते उन जुल्फों की घटाओं से,  
शारारत में चूके उन मचलते जज्बातों से,  
तेरा रो कर यूं देखने से,  
और मेरा यूं ही पिघल जाने से,  
तेरी गुस्ताख नज़रों से,  
और बिखरे उन लफ़ज़ों से,  
मेरे अँधेरे दिल को रौशन करती,  
तेरी रूह की चान्दनी से,  
तेरे जिस्म की खुशबू से,  
चेहरे के नूर की आबरू से,  
तेरा पलकें यूं झुकाने से,  
यूँ दिल में उतर जाने से,

मोहब्बत है मुझे,  
बेपनाह मोहब्बत है मुझे!



# An Open Letter to Black

- Adesh Rohan Mishra

Dear Black,

I was just a kid when they told me- hues carry emotions with them. It was tough to believe, but it became even tougher for me when they used words like cold, mournful, shady, and devilish to describe you. I couldn't stand it! I always felt like running away, but I couldn't. After all, to this world, I was a feeble little no one. So, I had no option but to live with this heaviness buried deep inside.

Now, I have grown up, but things haven't changed.

I was attending my science class the other day when the teacher dictated these cold words, "Black is what remains when every colour is absent and therefore, isn't actually a colour."

I couldn't stop the cold tears rolling down my numb cheeks. It was as if I felt everything you have been feeling since eternity. I know what it is like to be bullied; losing one's identity is a pain, way beyond imagination. I've been surrounded by this shell of fears for years now, but I don't think I can stay in, anymore.

So, I'm writing this, just to let you know that you are BEAUTIFUL!

You are warmer and filled with more fire than red. You are calmer than blue, happier than yellow, friendlier than green, sweeter than pink; I could go on forever. There's a different kind of peace in your vibes that no other colour could ever have. You are the truest colour of this universe. All these colours have their existence because you've always been there.

For me, you are my entire world, the one true friend. You were always there to surround and protect me, whenever I needed a saviour. You gave me meaning, something to stand with and something to stand for. Words fall too short, but I want to tell you that you're never alone. You'll always find this tiny shadow playing in your vast realms, too afraid to even be touched by a single ray of light.

Forgive them for all their beliefs, for you have the kindest of souls.  
Always grateful to you for everything you mean to me.

Yours always,  
A blind friend

**PROF. ALOK SATAPATHY**

DEPARTMENT OF MECHANICAL ENGG.



I hail from a teacher's family and being in this profession was my childhood dream, and I am happy with it. But had I not been a professor, I would have joined some spiritual organisation. Presently, I am an advisor in Vivekananda club where I teach meditation. In particular, I'm a national teacher of 'Rajyayog' meditation and travel around the world to teach it along with stress management courses.

**PROF. BIKASH SAHOO**

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS

The teaching profession is very nice, especially the research part, but the scenario has changed because students have started losing interest in mathematics. Apart from teaching, I like travelling, gardening, and writing short stories but I cannot manage enough time for them due to excessive workload.

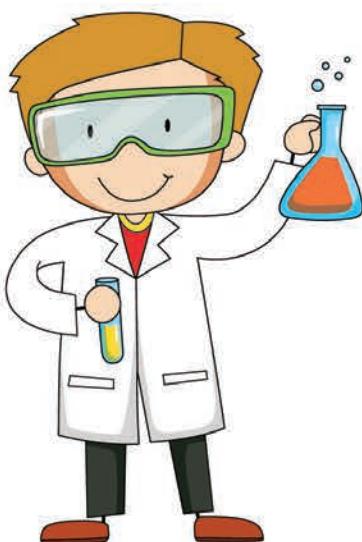
# Had you not been a professor,

**PROF. KAKOLI KARAR (PAUL)**

DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL ENGG.



If not a professor, I would have been a doctor. I was always fascinated by that profession as a child. I chose not to enter the medical field due to an aversion towards blood. Currently, I get to learn something new with every batch of students I teach. I'm glad to be in this field.

**PROF. L. P. ROY**

DEPARTMENT OF ELECTRONICS &amp; COMMUNICATION ENGG.



I hail from a village where my father was the only educated person and a primary school teacher, which made me realise the significance of education early on. Research work seemed fascinating, but I was confused between being a scientist and an engineer. This field allows me to conduct research for self-satisfaction, and I'm very comfortable in it. Being a Bengali, I have a taste for art and literature, so I write articles and stories at times, but that has never been a passion.



### **PROF. SUMAN DHAKA**

DEPT. OF HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES

Had I not been a professor, then I would have been a fashion designer. I am more inclined towards teaching fashion designing, rather than being a model myself. I developed an interest for it during my Ph.D. days in IIT. I also want to be a social worker if ever possible. I aim primarily at raising youth awareness. I like the teaching profession, but if I ever get a chance, I would definitely go for one of these.



### **PROF. S. N. ALAM**

DEPT. OF METALLURGICAL & MATERIALS ENGG.

If not a professor, I would have been an entrepreneur. I like being my own boss. Everyone is a leader according to me; they just need to find it inside them. The chaiwala near the banyan tree is the best example of an entrepreneur; he is his own boss. I tried my startup but couldn't proceed further due to family issues, but I am still very passionate about entrepreneurship.



### **PROF. BIPLAB GANGULI**

DEPT. OF PHYSICS & ASTRONOMY

Ever since I scored well in my boards (to everyone's surprise), I wanted to do something related to science. It changed my outlook and thought process. I had opened a Janta Vidyalaya after completing my Ph.D. to promote the scientific temperament and interact with like-minded people. Teaching was an option I chose to take care of financial requirements. My love for science led me to start an astronomy club here.

# what would you have been?

### **PROF. A. THIRUGNANAM**

DEPT. OF BIOTECHNOLOGY & MEDICAL ENGG.

If not a professor, I would have been a researcher. As a child, I was very curious to know about things and how they worked. I wanted to go abroad for research but couldn't due to some unfortunate incidents. I have a very interdisciplinary background, and NIT Rourkela was my first interview. Being a teacher has its own challenges, but I do what I would've done in research- I learn. I am still learning, from books, from my students, from NIT.



# A Fallen Seed

-Nitish Laad

A fallen seed,  
An earth so dry,  
A life within,  
And none ally.

Comes a storm  
With rains belied;  
A falling hope,  
From friendly sky.

Lifting the seed,  
Refusing to die,  
To rainy lands,  
As prayers comply.

Laboring the plant,  
George passes by.  
Fostering the tot,  
In the gardens of Brunei.

Emerging into tree,  
Sturdy roots underlie.  
Serving Anthropos,  
Until they die.



# AND WHEN KIND DEATH COMES

- Sayed Munib Ahamad

When Kind Death comes,  
For me, for the first time,  
As it comes  
For every child ever sired.  
To gently hold my hand,  
To guide me to infinity and beyond.  
Forever on, and never back.  
To lead me through-  
The final stepping stone.  
Till all that existed  
Is nothing more than  
A forlorn and forgotten  
Figment of my imagination.

I won't shout, shriek or cry.  
I will accept the decision of the fates,  
And like an old Chum,  
Get onboard and move along.

They say  
'Don't go gentle into the night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.'  
But after a lifetime of letdowns,  
full of heartbreak and heartache,

I will not fret, I will not fight.  
I will accept my destiny.  
Perhaps I shall have less to say,  
But I will leave quietly,  
One indifferent night.  
When the time is well nigh,  
When the clouds are sombre  
With nothing more to say.



It was the culmination of another semester. The sixth one. Zeta anticipated a turnaround in the next couple of semesters in order to get settled, but that demanded an entrance overhaul. GATE and GRE stood before him with a plethora of opportunities but confusion set in.

GRE is an international competitive examination, and so, is a good option to pursue MS or MBA abroad. With pay that is 10-12 times higher than in India, a phenomenal standard of living, and a wider scope for research, who'd not wish to move to a brighter part of the world!

We don't follow any strict eligibility criteria or have a specific age limit for aspiring students. Once you're an undergraduate, the door's open. Moreover, with no total fixed number of attempts, you can take the test up to five times a year while ensuring a gap of 21 days between two consecutive exams. However, make sure you have a valid passport as it is used as an identity proof.

Scholarships generally aren't provided on the basis of GRE scores alone, but also depend on the applicant's IELTS/TOEFL score, research work undertaken and papers published, and college grades.



GATE requires an extensive and detailed study of more than 20 subjects of a particular specialisation. See, it's tougher than GRE and requires a minimum preparation time of 2 years, whereas preparing dedicatedly for six months is enough to do well in GRE.

Now, you know who the winner is!



If you are really passionate about research and higher studies and wish to experience a new and efficient way of learning even if you have to take an education loan, add another feather to your cap in the form of GRE.

# GRE

Graduate Record Examinations

Hey Zeta, step ahead towards GATE! It's a golden opportunity for you to pursue an M.Tech. at the most reputed IITs, NITs and IISc, or bag a job at a top-notch PSU. Some universities in Singapore and Germany even accept GATE scores for admission to certain programs.

GATE welcomes every Bachelor's and Master's degree holder and even final year students. You must choose one of the 24 papers provided by GATE which is appropriate for your qualifying degree or eligibility criteria of the institute you wish to seek admission in. Once you're prepared, you can take the test conducted in the first week of February every year.

GATE provides Financial Assistantship to candidates on a semester basis for up to 2 years (for M.Tech. students at 12400 INR per month) and up to 5 years (for PhD students at 70000 INR per month at IITs and IISc). Additional scholarships or fellowships are available at the discretion of the institutes. This takes away most of the financial burden.

GRE requires a good command over the English language. Especially your grammar and vocabulary need to be very strong to score well in the English section. Plus, it is compulsory to give either the TOEFL or IELTS to get admission in US universities. Moreover, the financial expenses of GRE are way too high. Apart from the 17-18k (\$205) required to appear for the test, non-refundable admission fees at colleges abroad of 8-12k add up to be a major concern.

Choose GATE if you want to stay in India and want to pursue higher education (M.Tech and PhD) from most renowned institutions of India or get a top notch PSU job.

# GATE

Graduate Aptitude Test Engineering





**Megha Satpathy**

Department of Bio-Medical Engineering, NIT Rourkela.  
Currently pursuing PhD offer at the University of Mississippi Medical Centre, United States.

Though preparation for GRE requires comparatively lesser efforts than GATE, the financial factor involved in GRE is a major concern. Do you think that holds back students from opting for GRE?

I feel that people who are really interested in pursuing higher studies abroad consider the high application fees for appearing for the GREs as motivation to prepare well, since they have invested a lot of money in it. But yes, you can say, it's not just the GRE, but the entire application system for universities abroad which might seem prohibitively expensive. However, for most people, graduation leads to a job with an attractive package, and people are able to pay off their loans in a short period. For direct PhD applications, even though getting one is tough, the only expenses involved will be for the exams and the initial application fees. Once you get a Ph.D. admit offer, most/all of the fees will be covered by the university and you may also end up getting a good stipend.



**Shashank Shekhar Thait**

Chemical Engineering Department.  
Secured 69th all India rank in GATE  
2018

Why did you choose GATE over GRE?

GATE is an aptitude test, so it does not require in-depth knowledge of all the branch related subjects. About 60% of the paper is from the core subjects. Simple concepts along with a lot of practice will work for anyone. I decided to give GATE in my 4th year of engineering as it offers job opportunities in the Public Sector. I did not apply for M.Tech. programs in any IITs or IISc. In my view, GRE is a better option for higher studies.

# EXPERIENCE



**Anukta Datta**

*Graduate of Chemical Engineering,  
NIT Rourkela- Batch 2017.  
Currently pursuing MS in University of  
Michigan, Ann Arbor (US)*

How tough is it to get into a good university abroad?  
What according to you are the pre-requisites?

To get a good university, a few of the pre-requisites in general is a good GRE score (320+), a decent TOEFL score (most universities ask for 90-95+ which is easily attainable), good letters of recommendation (not generic ones, but ones which are more individualistic and talk about your potential as a graduate student), and a good, genuine SOP. Other than this, it depends on the type of program you're applying for. If it is for a PhD, your research experience, publications (in high impact journals) will count as well. In general, keep your application genuine and research well on the universities.



**B. S. K. Gargya**

*Department of Metallurgical and  
Materials Engineering  
Secured AIR 18 (the highest rank  
secured by any student across all  
branches in NITR in 2018) in GATE  
2018.*

What are the tips and tricks to crack GATE?

The shortest way to crack GATE is hard work. Steady preparation on a daily basis followed by revisions has been proven to produce much better results than short-term preparation, as it can lead to tension and skipping certain portions of the syllabus. The basics of the subject need to be understood properly. A reminder (if not a tip or trick) is regarding guessing in the examination. Considering negative marking, we must not lose the score by making wild guesses. One can afford to guess only if he can eliminate two out of the four options perfectly, with proper reasoning. Sincere efforts, positive attitude and confidence are important.

# CE SPEAKS

# ख्वाब

-अमर्त्या अभिजीता

“घड़ी पहन ली, फाइलें भी रख लीं, गाड़ी भी बुलवा ली | माँ मैं कुछ और भूल तो नहीं रही ना ?”

“नहीं, कुछ नहीं भूल रही हो बेटा ! बस इतना मत घबराओ, इंटरव्यू में सब सही होगा |”

“माँ इस कंपनी में नौकरी पाना बहुत बड़ी बात है | अगर यह नौकरी मुझे मिल जाती है, तो हमारी पूरी ज़िन्दगी संवर जाएगी | मैं इस छोटे से शहर के बाहर जा पाऊँगी, बाहर की दुनिया को और करीब से जान पाऊँगी | अपने सपने पूरे कर पाऊँगी |  
चलो बहुत बातें हो गयी | मैं चलती हूँ माँ, देर हो रही है |”

यह कहानी है अदिति की | यह इंटरव्यू उसके सभी सपनों को साकार करने वाला था | सपने तो हम सभी देखते हैं, पर अपने सपनों तक पहुँचने के रास्ते में हम अक्सर गुम हो जाते हैं |

अदिति इंटरव्यू खत्म कर के घर लौटती है | इंटरव्यू के ठीक १० दिन बाद, उसे कार्य-ग्रहण करने के लिए चिट्ठी आती है | उसे अपने सपने सच होते नज़र आ रहे थे | ठीक एक हफ्ते बाद, १० मार्च को वह अपने सपनों की ओर उड़ान भरने वाली थी |

**१० मार्च, २०१६**

“बेटा, तूने सारा सामान रख लिया ना ? खाने का सामान अलग रखा है ना ? और वहाँ बॉम्बे में रहने का इंतज़ाम हो गया है ना ? तू अकेली जाएगी ? तूने ठीक से टिकट बनवाया है ना ? अपना ख्याल रखना मेरी बच्ची |”

“माँ, आप कितना परेशान होती हो? मैं अपना ध्यान रख सकती हूँ | इतने इमिहानों के बाद मेरे सपने सच हो रहे हैं | देखना, आगे सब ठीक होगा | थोड़े दिनों में आप भी आ जाना मेरे पास | घबराओ नहीं माँ, चलो अब मुस्करा भी दो |”





३० दिसम्बर, २०१८

तक्रीबन २ साल हो चुके हैं अदिति को बॉम्बे गये हुए। संसार की इकलौती सतत् चीज है, बदलाव। अदिति भी इस बदलाव से अछूती ना रह सकी। इन दिनों अदिति छुट्टियों में घर आयी हुई है। उसे कम से कम जानने वालों को भी यह भनक है कि उसकी उर्जा कहीं खो सी गयी है।

“बेटा, तुझे कुछ तो हुआ है। जब से तू आयी है, तब से खोयी-खोयी सी है। कब से पूछ रही हूँ, बता ना मेरी बच्ची, हुआ क्या है?”

“नहीं माँ, कुछ भी तो नहीं।”

“माँ से क्या छिपाना, बेटा। बोल क्या हुआ?”

मैं खुश नहीं हूँ, माँ। वो २ बी.एच.के. का फ्लैट घर जैसा अपना नहीं लगता, वो शहर बेगाना सा लगता है। रोज़ सुबह अलार्म की चीख और ट्रैफिक का शोर सुनकर जागती हूँ, और तुम्हारी एक झलक के लिए तरस जाती हूँ। हड्डबड़ी में, मैं अपना लैपटॉप और आइडेंटिटी कार्ड लिए ऑटो की और भागती हूँ। मेट्रो की खिड़की से झाँक कर, मैं हर रोज़ खुद से एक जंग लड़ती हूँ, डरती हूँ कि कहीं खुद को खो न दूँ। ऑफिस पहुंच कर मैं सबसे मुस्कुराते हुए मिलती हूँ, पर वो खुशी महसूस नहीं होती जो तुम से गले मिल कर होती थी। अपने मेज़ पर पहुंचकर, लैपटॉप निकालते हुए एक ठंडी आह भरती हूँ, ठीक उसी तरह जैसे खेल कर आने के बाद तुम मुझे पढ़ाने बिठा देती थी। लैपटॉप खोलकर सबसे पहले, रोज़ाना ही वो २ साल पहले गंगतोक में दोस्तों के साथ खींची गयी तस्वीर को देखकर, अपने नादान दिल को फुसलाती हूँ। कुछ धंटे मेल्स और रिपोर्ट्स में कार्यरत रहने के बाद, जब मैं चाय पीने उठती हूँ तो थोड़ा अच्छा महसूस करती हूँ। बालकनी मैं चाय का धूंट लेते हुए मैं अनूठी जगहों पर जाने के ख्वाब बुनती हूँ, समंदर की गहराईयों की खामोशी में अपनी साँसों को मुकम्मल करती हूँ और... और इतने में मेरी नज़र मेरे फ़ोन के समय पर पड़ती है और मैं हड्डबड़ी में अपनी मेज़ की ओर भागती चली जाती हूँ, कि कहीं बॉस नाराज़ न हो जाए। और उन चंद लम्हों में मेरी यह ख्वाबों की दुनिया बनकर बिखर भी जाती है। शाम को घर लौटने पर तुम्हारी याद बहुत सताती है। मैं रोज़ाना एक बंजारे की तरह, बिन ठिकाने, भटकती रहती हूँ। नहीं माँ, यह तो मेरा सपना नहीं था। यह क्या बनती जा रही है मेरी ज़िन्दगी? ”

हम सभी कहीं न कहीं अदिति की तरह ही हैं, क्योंकि हम सभी ने चंद साँसों को खरीदने के लिए अपना ख्वाब बेच दिया है। माना कि ज़िन्दगी मोनोक्रोम सी बनती जा रही है पर रात में वो सितारें और वो आसमान भी तो ब्लैक एंड वाइट ही है ना? माना कि सितारों तक पहुंच नहीं सकते पर आसमान की तरफ निगाहें टिकाए तो रख सकते हैं ना? माना कि यह ‘आज’ आपका नहीं, पर वो ‘कल’ तो आपका हो सकता है, अगर आप अपने ख्वाबों को बखूबी रंगना जानते हैं।

# Painted

- Rajnandini Panda

Gracious mirror I was, proffering peripheral  
significance to timid minds.

Drubbed by the stones of past, I turned into a broken  
piece of art.

When my destroyed self-esteem looked for validation  
from the people I used to validate,

He didn't fear to caress my sharp edge.

I cut him with my serration and saw his blood oozing  
out.

He took that blood and painted his curtains red.

Painted me with a doubt.

I took the sheer elegance of fluttering lavender fields.  
When the forenoon touched my flowers, I rejoiced in  
the attention.

When the amiable twilight gazed at me, I reflected my  
shades till the horizon.

But as soon as the dark duvet of night covered the  
domain, my colour looked like poison to me.

When I was choking with insecurity,

He plucked one of my blossoms and painted his  
cushions with it. Painted me with positivity.

I fell there like the golden yellow leaves of autumn,  
pretty but insensate.

Smelling crisp and cold on some, cider and earthy on  
other days.

Adding allure to the fading light of dusk, in a different  
city every time,

I secretly craved for a destination that I could call  
mine.

Stepping on me walked many lives, appreciating the  
pale beauty of tangerine.

Only he chose to take this vagabond home. Painted  
his walls with my colour, painted me with a smile.

With the spectres of gloom haunting me, I was  
ready to drop.

Filled with despair, I tried to find a silhouette in  
this blob.

He shaped my contour and added shades to my  
face, gazing down.

Coloured my lips pink and eyes honey brown.  
Just when I was engulfed by the sensation of  
feeling alive,

He asked me for a tint of his gifted vibrancy.  
Painted his furniture with it, painted me with life.

With cigarettes in my hand, I sought to find peace  
in some other land.

Lighting that little cancer stick, I blazed my lungs  
and turned my lips black.

Throwing the cigar out of my fingers, he held my  
hands in his grip.

In a world full of shimmering glamour, chose to  
kiss my dusky lips.

He picked up my fallen hope and lifted it above.  
Took a tinge of that colour and painted his  
cupboard, painted me with love.

I still remember that cyan wintery night, when I  
was apprehensive about feeling his warmth.

What if our love turned into a blue valentine, what  
if it lost all its worth?

He took me near the teal Ontario's shore, and we  
gazed at the empyrean sky; made me realize I  
didn't need wings to fly.

That time, our small world looked no less than this  
blue yonder.

Admiring this azure, he painted his bed sheets  
sapphire, painted me with wonder.

Walking into his house, astounded at how  
delightfully my hues were decorated,  
I couldn't thank him enough for extracting colours  
from my leaden existence.

Teary-eyed, I turned to leave, grateful for the  
adoration,

He held my hand and chided me, "Not mine, OUR  
home"

And that's how he painted me with a life of  
exhilaration.

# Ambrosia

-Aishworya Roy

Six years ago,  
 As I sat on the bus back home  
 Tracing hearts on a foggy glass window,  
 I believed, love happens in a smile across the room;  
 I believed in fleeting glances, and blushing faces,  
 Flying kisses and the butterflies.  
 They told me I'd grow bitter with time,  
 That love is an illusion, that it's all but a lie. It isn't.  
 Glass may crack and shatter; you'll be left  
 With scars from the piercings on your skin, like trust.  
 But broken glass is mosaic,  
 And you'll paint it sixty-three shades of rich dark lust.

At prom, I twirled in scarlet, roses intertwined in my hair.  
 My heels snapped, bewildered.  
 But you can kick them off to the nook  
 And glide like a princess. Cinderella, yet barefoot.

Today, let's walk into a room in a storm,  
 Open windows, release the prisoners from within.  
 Let's lie down and let it seep, rainwater that can't.

And despite the world,  
 If there's something I had to say to myself two years ago, I'd  
 say-

I hope you still believe in chasing butterflies;  
 I hope you'll answer that phone call during a power blow.  
 When the love of your life shows you the stars in the night skies,  
 You're not merely human, growing bitter with age.  
 Brew ambrosia, of my scribbles on a torn page.  
 Glued glass, reflect light as crimson on your desk,  
 And your heart will age like wine, not bitter and grotesque.  
 You don't love the same twice; it's diverse  
 For kisses fly, in paper planes across the universe.



# That One Yellow Flower

- Kaveri Yadav

It's a smashed flower on the side of the pavement.

So many prints of reckless humans,

But not the prints of the hearts that fell for its beauty once;

Nor of the eyes that gleamed looking at its colour.

Wasn't even of the nose that smelled that sweet smell,

Nor of the soft fingers that traced its petals,

Exploring every nook and cranny,

Feeling the velvety softness of each of those coloured leaves.

No imprint of the love that was showered,

Over everything that the flower looked to be-

What it wasn't meant to be.

Instead, the flower boasted of the prints

Of the foot of a careless human.

Tiny tot that bore the weight

Of a shoe that was wrapped in hatred;

Hatred for someone, something unknown, unfathomable.

Hatred lathered in the dirt of baggage incomprehensible.

It tries its best to smile out its colour

But all it gets is the dirt of slur.

The velvet petals not half as strong as they try to be

Crushed so bad, that it hurts to see

That it still smiles through the pain.

The colour is still somewhere underneath

Covered up by dirt and bruises, as pale as it can be.

Yet, lying there lifeless, carefree

It wishes to swallow the Sun so bright.

Though its scars are deeper than a mile,

The yellow of the flower is just disguised shine

Of the Sun that is as bright as a smile.



# Colours

"Are you sure?"

The Genie had an impassive expression on his face, but there was an imperceptible raise of the brow. Undo a wish? One which you had longed for your entire life? Never in his five thousand years had he heard something so preposterous.

*Age 3:*

*The first signs appeared. She was sorting out her toys by colour, making neat piles. She loved doing that; it appealed to her sense of order. Ma sat there, watching.*

"Beta, why are there only two piles?"

"These are my yellow toys, and these are my blue toys," she beamed, pointing proudly at each.

*The bright red fire truck was her favourite. As it lay there among the 'yellows', Ma smiled at her, belying the sinking feeling she had.*

*Deuteranomaly. One word, which meant her world would never be whole.*

She had bought the lamp at an antique fair. Sitting atop an old shelf, it had caught her eye immediately. She didn't need all the hues in the world to appreciate its beauty. Back home, she sat admiring its polished, yet time-worn curves. As she rubbed off a layer of dust with her sleeve, a dense grey mist shot out from it. She stared, transfixed, as the Genie slowly materialised.

*Age 8:*

*She hated Art period. The teacher never missed a chance to ridicule her in front of the entire class. The class bully would sometimes snatch her crayons and rip off the paper wrapper. So she was left to guess her way through the assignment.*

"Three wishes? And they can be anything I please?" She couldn't believe her luck. A little voice at the back of her mind warned her, but who was she to look a gift horse in the mouth? She told the Genie her wish, and poof! It was done.

*Age 16:*

*High school was tough. All she wanted to do was what everyone did, fit in. For the first time, she caught herself worrying about her clothes. Every sniggering face she met made her feel self-conscious. They must be laughing at her, right?*



# Colours

*She had caught him staring at her a few times. He was a shy, quiet boy, never really mixing much with the others. As he stood in front of her, the rose in his hands trembling, she noticed for the first time, how grey his eyes were.*

It washed over her like a huge wave. She felt the breath knocked out of her. It couldn't be possible. She knew a large part of her life had been denied to her, but the magnitude of it left her breathless. The tiny blades of grass, the sun peeking out among the clouds, the sheer variety of blues and yellows and reds and colours unimaginable! She looked at her hands, then down at her clothes.

*Age 30:*

*Her son lay on her lap, talking animatedly about school. She beamed fondly at him, stroking his thick brown hair. They said his eyes were green, like his father. His freckles lay lightly on his cheeks. Her eyes moved all over his face. To her, he was the most beautiful child she had ever laid eyes on.*

She sat down holding the lamp. She absent-mindedly picked at the handle and stared off into the distance. With a determined look her face, she rubbed it again.

"Are you sure?"

"I can't live like this all day, every day. It's overwhelming. The colours and the vibrancy and the light surrounding me is almost too much because it's such a drastic difference. It's not comfortable to be that over-stimulated all the time. Over these years, I've learnt to appreciate this perception I have, for there is value in it. I have a totally different relationship with colour than other people do. I think you see more colour than I do, but I see more in colour. And there are so many ways that I like your relationship with colour better. But I don't like it enough to want to give up mine."

The Genie couldn't help but smile a little. "What about your last wish?"

"Why don't you take a nice little vacation? I've heard the Bahamas are pretty nice this time of year."

She turned around and walked away, humming to herself.

*I see trees of green, red roses too  
I see them bloom, for me and you  
And I think to myself  
What a wonderful world.*

# RAISE YOUR GLASS TALL

- Ignatius Milton (Class of 2018)

Grab your poison people, cheers to all;  
Drink up my friends, and raise your glass tall.

A  
GLASS

to the empath preaching peace and love,  
to those living hatred to get above.  
to the lover who hides his bruises,  
to the poet abandoned by her muses.

to the man who earns his family's bread and butter,  
to the veteran dead in the gutter.  
to the heroes who've grown old,  
to the history that's never been told.

to the cripple standing tall without a leg,  
to the labourer who never learned to beg.  
to the shy boy lost in his books,  
to the soldier not obsessed with her looks.





# A GLASS

to the dreamer lost in his drowse,  
to the mother who takes care of the house.  
to the beach with new scars every day,  
to the ocean that washes the scars away.

to the liar telling me it's okay,  
to the girl who chose to stay.  
to the swimmer braving through the pain,  
to the father who teaches you to stand again.

to the society that shuns anyone in its excess,  
to the losers, addicts, and rejects.  
to the liars who said they were fine,  
to the person who first made wine.

Grab your poison people, cheers to all;  
Drink up my friends, and raise your glass tall.

# The Road Less Taken: Start Up Story



Team D361 caught up with [Abhijeet Sahoo](#), the co-founder of PennyIndia and [Fastech Fashions](#) (erstwhile Ovotees), on a cold winter evening for a chat. One of the youngest entrepreneurs of India, he started on his journey in the first year of B.Tech. itself, when most people keep struggling to keep up. Fastech Fashions is now one of the most profitable start-ups of NITR. Here's an excerpt from the inspiring journey he shared with us.

Tell us about your childhood and life before NITR.

I belong to a middle-class family. I finished my schooling in Nagaland before moving to Bhubaneswar to pursue my intermediate course in the Royal College of Science and Technology. Then, I dropped a year to undergo coaching at the Narayana IIT Academy, Hyderabad. Owing to my stay in the North-East, I cannot read or write a word of Odia, but I can speak it fluently. Engineering was never a choice for me before NITR happened. I was more inclined towards business from childhood, and luckily, NITR gave me the platform to explore my dreams and forge a successful start-up.

What hurdles did you face in your initial days? How did you convince people to join your team?

Start-ups and hurdles go hand-in-hand. Biswajit, the other co-founder of Ovotees, and I faced them together and tackled them with a bit of jugaad and perseverance. Initially, we were quite poor at marketing and were unable to sell our products properly. We had a lack of manpower to realise the start-up, but we worked on our contacts and recruited dedicated local workers to do the job. From a small team of 2 workers, we now have a strength of over 20 who work day in and out for us. Logistics was also a matter of concern, causing delays and preventing us from taking large orders. So we hired an employee in Delhi along with Estino Energy, another start-up here who collected the raw materials from Ludhiana and sent them here via train. This drastically reduced the time of delivery. We plodded on and have now increased our monthly turnover from 10-20K to about 5-6 Lakhs.

Why Ovotees? What does the name stand for?

(laughs) It was an interesting and peculiar idea. We started in an era where companies like OYO, OLA etc. were doing wonders, so we decided to name our start-up OVO. However, we soon came to know about the copyright issues, so we rechristened it OVOTEES, which stands for Original Version of Tees (T-Shirts).

If you were to go back in time, is there anything you would like to change in your life?

The only thing I would change in my life is the inability to spend time with my friends owing to my work. I want to spend time with them and share experiences and stories. I would like to win all those back whom I lost in this journey to make Ovotees successful.

Which was the lowest moment in your journey and how did you bounce back from it?

The first month was fairly good regarding sales where we sold about 40 T-shirts and 20 in the subsequent month. But then, we did not get a single order, even from the institute, which was really demotivating and pushed me into depression.

Our workers were idle, the cash flow had stopped, and our reputation had hit rock-bottom. Biswajit and I were clutcheted under the cash crunch and had to pay our workers from our pocket money. We even had to borrow money from some of our friends for our daily conveyance.

Then, we got an order of 300 T-shirts from one of my friends in Silicon Institute of Technology, Bhubaneswar who came over to Rourkela to verify our products and finalise the order. I personally looked into the printing of each T-shirt to ensure zero mistakes. In fact, Biswajit and I printed most of them along with the only remaining worker. The order was a success, and we have never looked back since.

What are your plans for the future? Any other successful startups we might expect from you?

(chuckles) We are planning to set-up two offices in Kolkata and Bhubaneswar, thus opening up the market for us since Rourkela isn't a suitable enough place to expand your business. My prime motive is to take Fastech Fashions forward in the coming years rather than focussing on a new idea altogether because this was my dream project and it will always be close to my heart.

What motivates you to keep going every day?

My team has immense belief in me; they are like my second family. The thought of our workers and their families, depending on us, is enough to motivate me to give my best and reach newer heights. At the end of the day, we must give back to society, and this initiative is my way of doing so.

# बात सिर्फ इतनी सी होती तो क्या बात थी

-अंकुश गौतम

तुम्हें ना देखता तो कुछ ना होता,  
लेकिन तुम्हें देखा, ठहरा, तुम्हें समझा और  
फिर वापस ही ना आया ।  
कभी खुद को इतना लाचार, इतना विवश ना पाया था ।  
पहली बार अपनी हालत पर तरस आया था ।  
तुम्हारी आँखों में झाँकना तो महज़ शुरुआत थी ।  
मगर बात सिर्फ इतनी सी होती तो क्या बात थी ।

यूँ रोज़ तुम्हें देखने को हदें पार करना ।  
तुम्हारे ख्यालों से मुखातिब होने को नीन्दें खराब करना ।  
तुम्हारे पास रहकर तुमसे दूर बिताए लम्हों को ख्यालों में  
जीना ।  
अपनी कोशिशों में नाकाम होकर, उन कोशिशों को  
ख्यालों में जीतना ।  
तब से हर रात ऐसी ही रात थी ।  
मगर बात सिर्फ इतनी सी होती तो क्या बात थी ।

फिर अचानक नाकामियाँ बढ़ने लगी ।  
बेचैनियाँ बेबसियाँ बनने लगी ।  
तकलीफों के सिलसिले शुरू होने लगे थे ।  
हम तुम्हारी बेरुखी से रूबरू होने लगे थे ।  
वक्त ने भी खूब तस्वीर दिखाई हालात की,  
मगर बात सिर्फ इतनी सी होती तो क्या बात थी ।

खैर उम्मीदों में तुम ओझल हो रहे थे ।  
तुम्हारी तरफ किए सारे प्रयास विफल हो रहे थे ।  
तो अब जज्बातों को दबाने लग गए हम ।  
अपने एहसासों को छिपाने लग गए हम ।  
लेकिन यकायक इतना सुर्ख हो जाऊँ मैं,  
इतनी कहां औकात थी ।  
मगर बात सिर्फ इतनी सी होती तो क्या बात थी ।

तब अपने जज्बातों को कागज पर उकेरा ।  
कलम से अपने चारों ओर एक ढाल बनाई ।  
एक बार फिर सब याद किया, तुम्हारा ज़िक्र लिखा और,  
अपने एहसासों की मशाल जलाई ।  
कभी - कभी लगता है कि कह देता तुमसे जो कुछ लिखा है ।  
मगर फिर सोचता हूँ कि क्या तुम इस लायक थी?  
क्या तुममें वो बात थी ?  
काश बात सिर्फ इतनी सी होती तो क्या बात थी ।



# चुनाव

## -फ्री बॉब (अज्ञातकृत)

एक मार्ग, दो पथ, अनजान मंजिलें।

एक समय की बात है। एक राहगीर एक अनजान मार्ग पर निकल पड़ा था। समय की सुद भुद ना थी उसे, बस मतवाला चलता रहता था। रास्ता जंगली था, पर वह बेफिक्र प्रकृति की मनोहरता पर मंत्रमुग्ध मज़े से चले जा रहा था।

जंगल का यह हिस्सा खतरनाक था, परन्तु वह बड़ी ही सहर्षता से इसे पार कर गया। हमारा जीवंत राहगीर जोश, स्फूर्ति और आत्मविश्वास से एक अंत की ओर बढ़ा जा रहा था।

तभी सहसा वह एक पथांतरण पर रुका।

उसकी धड़कनें तीव्र हो गयी और उसे असहज महसूस होने लगा। उसे

एहसास हुआ कि ज़िन्दगी की वह अबोधता जिसमें वह आमादा

इठला रहा था, उसकी ज़िन्दगी का वह पहलू समाप्त हो चुका था।

उसे ज़िन्दगी में बाकी लोगों के मुकाबले ज़्यादा दिक्कतों का

सामना करना पड़ रहा था। वह स्वयं को पहचान रहा था। इस

बदलाव को सकार रहा था। उसे 'अलग' कहलाने का डर तो था,

पर पल-पल दम घुटने की विंता भी थी। तो अब उसके समक्ष दो

मार्ग थे।

एक मार्ग चुप्पी का है। चुप्पी साधे रहो, स्वीकरण का हाथ थाम लो

और ज़िन्दगी का मज़ाक मूक सहते रहो। यह मार्ग दिखने में आसन है,

परन्तु इसमें पल-पल आपका स्वाभिमान, आपकी ज़िन्दगी, आपकी आशाएं,

आपकी उम्मीदों का दमन होता है। आप जानते हैं कि जो हो रहा है वह गलत है

और आपको स्वीकार्य नहीं है, परन्तु यह लज्जा जिस कारण आप चुप रहते हैं, वह

आपकी ज़िन्दगी का गला घोंट रही है। खुदा ने आपको बाकियों से अलग बनाया है, समाज

की बंदिशों के कारण स्वयं से समझौता करना हराम है।

दूसरा मार्ग कठिन है। पर वह हरियाली से भरा है, क्यूंकि उसमें जीवन है। आप इसमें सांस ले सकते

है, आप अपने आप को महसूस कर सकते हैं। इस डगर की कठिनाई इस पर आगमन करना है। स्वयं को पहचान कर

आत्मविश्वास से सभी के सामने निज का प्रदर्शन आसन काम नहीं। परन्तु, एक बार आप इस मार्ग की कठिनाइयों से गुज़र

लें, उसके बाद ज़िन्दगी खुली बाहों से आपका स्वागत करेगी।

करेगी या करनी चाहिये? हर खुशी के मौके में 'शगुन' लेने वाले राहगीरों से तो अप वाकिफ ही होंगे। उन्होंने तो दूसरा पथ

चुना, पर फिर भी समाज में कितने ही लोग उन्हें आदर की निगाहों से देखते हैं। इनका अपना परिवार इन्हें अपनाने में

कतरता है, और नौकरियों में इनका प्रवेश एक मखौल ही है। इनके लिए वैवाहिक जीवन, बाल सुख और पारिवारिक

सम्पन्नता एक अधूरा स्वप्न है।

चुनाव आप का है। प्रत्येक मार्ग में 'अलग' कठिनाइयाँ हैं। आपका राहगीर होना आपका चुनाव था कि नहीं यह तो मुझे नहीं पता, परन्तु आपको बंद कमरे में सिसकियाँ लेनी है या फिर डंके की चोट पर स्वयं स्वीकरण करना है, यह आपका चुनाव है। प्रत्येक मनुष्य अद्वितीय है। तो अपनी विशिष्टता पर गर्व करें और सदा सर उठा कर जियें। आपको समझ आ जायेगा कि आप को कौन से मार्ग का चुनाव करना है।



# MYTHS & MYSTERIES OF NITR



## Cabin in the woods!

The noises of knocking on the door of the cabin situated on the dispensary road under a broken tree, although supposedly locked since ages, won't desert you at night.

## Beware, CVR boarders!

CVR being built over a graveyard and people claiming to have seen paranormal activities in the road beside the hostel shouldn't disturb your beauty sleep.



## There's always a way out!

Are you up to discover the secret unguarded exit at the rear side of NITR?

## The Invisible Guard!

Once, a group of a few drunk and sober people tried to ask a guard for help. He seemed to be approaching them but wasn't covering any distance. So, they started walking towards him, but the guard seemed to recede farther and farther until in a blink they realised, there was no guard there at all.





## Who fooled you boys?

Did you hear about the new female hall of residence being built near SD hall? Yup, so have countless batches before you.

**You're under Naxalite coverage!**

The long-standing mountains behind NITR may appear enchanting only from a distance. You never know how many Naxals have resided there from ages.



## Have you been there?

A stroll through the haunted basement of EE department might have been good luck for a dare and your image, but allegedly not for one of the security personnel of NITR.

Craziest of all!

Floating on the surface or digging deep, this myth has been a constant from time immemorial. And why not, if one roommate gets a 10 SGPA due to the death of the other?

(Un)Fortunately, no such provision exists. So, those elaborate plans you had, to make your roommate disappear, are better off as plans.



# Every colour merged into those five

- Yasmin Kukul

The world around me shifted the moment I took the road to the right, the one that led up to Kalimpong, and then to Sikkim.

It was getting darker. The oranges and violets of the sky merging together; the waters of the Teesta turning into similar hues. During the ascend to the town, the violets slipped into rich navy blues, and except for the tiny dots of lights strewn all over the mountains, right up to the tip, the foggy grey of a mist was the only thing I could see.

In the dark, I was completely unaware of the riot of colours I was walking into and that night, I curled myself up into a cocoon, trying to ward off a chill that was several degrees lesser than my body temperature.

I woke up the next morning to a single sliver of golden sunray coyly peeping at me through a blanket of clouds. In a while, that one single ray would be joined by several others, making it a bright sunny morning, minus the scorch that usually accompanies it. I threw my windows open, and the sight in front of me was one to behold.

The mountainsides were now dotted with blocks of pinks and blues and aster yellows; every house boasting of a different shade; on every balcony, a flower bed; forget-me-nots and fairy bells, in purples and whites and red, and from my vantage point, I got lost in an endless sea of hues.

These mountains were where I had first caught a glimpse of a string of colours that I would come across later innumerable times. These, as I would come to know later as prayer flags or Lung Dar or Dar Cho, were a repeating sequence of red, green, yellow, blue and white that fill me with nostalgia every time I come across them.

In the course of my stay there, I found hordes of these flags; fluttering over river crossings and normal roadways, adorning the sides of bridges like love locks, at the entrance of every door, on the sill of every window, on bikes and cars and cliffs of steep mountain slopes. And if there was a monastery around, these five colours tangled and swirled in your vision until you finally accepted

them as a part of your self, or grew so accustomed to them that you'd close your eyes and there they would be.

A few days ago, I came across an article that spoke of prayer flags; how each colour stands for each one of the elements- red for fire, green for water, yellow for Earth, blue for sky and white for the clouds; how the flags are never meant to stay still but to keep fluttering under the open sky; how they are meant to carry every prayer that lands on it, to far off lands, so they could get fulfilled; and how the fading of the vibrant hues of these flags is a good thing because it means that the prayers have been carried off into the wind.

My mind instantly went back to those few days in the land nestled in between the many hills and rivers. I could clearly remember how every face I met had a smile on it; every house I set foot in, an abode of warmth even when it was 5 degrees outside; how every job was respected, every human being content and a general feeling of peace gripped the air around, and just wouldn't let go.

A few invisible yet picturesque threads were forming inside my head; of connections.

A prayer falling on the red flag to shower the fire of courage on the soldier across the border, in his shack.

A prayer on the green flag, blessing the terrain with abundance.

One on the yellow, spreading a cheer, sunny and mellow, across every face on the Earth on which it stands.

On the white, bringing every inhabitant under the cloud, of a single religion - of love and light.

And a prayer on the blue, protecting each one under a sky so huge.

To me, it was a revelation, a subtle change in my atheist mind; a single trail of thought that altered my set thought process and forced me to believe. Believe in prayers and the power of the unknown, of tales long forgotten, in places that have developed in a certain way, with a hundred different colours, not just to look pretty, but to hold each person living there in a grip so tight that they keep coming back to it.

Those five colours on a stretch of five pieces of cloth, and a vortex of another thousand on the mountainside that I saw that day from the window of my hotel room, completely changed me. Forever.

# NITR CANVAS

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# NITR CANVAS

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# The Master

-Sourav Pattanayak (Class of 2012)

It's late at night when Arab reaches home. The mouldy smell of an empty living room greets his olfactory. There's a chocolate brown sofa propped against the wall. A rectangular coffee table sits in front. Atop the table, a Sportstar magazine, a couple of long ignored books, and the TV remote sit one above the other.

Presently, two persons sit with their backs against the sofa- there's the twenty-five year old Arab, dressed in Van Heusen formals, with the collar button loose and the sleeves pulled up, and there's his splendid white Motorola smartphone, sitting tall at the extreme end, its camera lens gawping forward like a never shutting eye.

After a moment of wasteful silence, Arab, cautious and slow, cranes his neck to observe the phone, suspicion writ across the creases on his forehead. Minutes later, he repeats the action. Isn't there something mildly unsettling? On his guard now, Arab slowly edges away from the phone along the sofa. Does he feel assured now? A minor illusion of relief later, he swerves sharply to survey the one-eyed, flawless piece of gadgetry, and his body recoils in fear.

"You... you..." he addresses the phone, pointing his index at it, "You better stay away from me!"  
A BEEP erupts.

Satisfied, Arab regains his original posture, only to start fidgeting about, searching for a missing something in the hollow corners of his apartment.

"I should be doing something," he reminds himself. "But what is it going to be? Work? Or entertainment?"

There's a subconscious prod in his head, and he exclaims with new-found glee, "Or how about a bit of both?"

BEEP!

Automatically, his hand extends for the phone, the greed palpable. A fake smile begins to crystallize. Midway through the act, he stops himself. The smile disappears, now replaced by a wary look.

He needs to be careful tonight. A distraction would be gold. Oh, what should he do?!

Arab picks those books up from the coffee table.

"Look at these... I love these pages, and the hard binding- these... here..." he says, placing the books back on the glass table top. "Hmm, this should make for an excellent Instagram post. How about we click one?" The right hand once again dives for the phone, before his left intervenes, jerking it back. Edging away on the seat, Arab offers his phone a sharp, disapproving look.



He now proceeds to read one of those books. A minute of the good old silence passes, but then—“See what you have done to me? There was a time when I would devour hundreds of pages at one go. Now I can’t even read a single page without pausing to try something else!”

BEEP!

“Dangerous you are.” It’s not clear whom those words are directed at. Once again, he edges away from the phone along the sofa.

Arab switches on the TV. A while later, he’s back talking to his phone. It’s time for a heart-to-heart. “How about a truce, eh? You stop controlling my life, and I stop being mad at you. How about that, eh?” he proposes.

BEEP!

“No no no...you can’t be trusted, no way!” And Arab retracts hurriedly.

Back to watching TV, Arab finds it difficult to maintain focus. He is positively scared now. Fidgeting about, he keeps looking here and there, adjusting his position on the sofa, and reverting back to the phone. Once – twice – and the third time –



“You think you threaten me?” Arab cries hoarsely, “What do you think you know about me anyway? Other than where I am, who I’m talking to, what I’m saying, who I click pictures with, who I’m sleeping with, for Gods’ sake?! What else? How much money I have, how much I owe the bank, my account details, my passwords... oh Lord!” In the after-echoes of the last few words, his expression transforms from incredulity to helplessness.

“It’s 12 AM. Good night, sir!” a soothing, robotic voice announces from within the phone.

“Not happening!” Arab bellows. “You don’t decide when I go

to sleep or wake up!”

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

“Oh shut up, you! You’re not allowed to notify that often. No more than five notifications a minute... okay, make it ten, but that’s it.”

“Never forget,” he says, pointing his index again. “I’m the Master and you’re my slave. And that’s how it shall be.”

BEEP!

Arab pauses, takes a few deep breaths, and goes back to relaxing on the sofa. (They’re now seated at extreme ends.) The silence is worse than unsettling. Ten seconds – twenty seconds – thirty – There’s an intermittent ring from the phone. Arab springs as if there’s a surge of electricity through his body. He leaps up and squats with his naked white feet on the sofa. Arab’s face begins to contort, followed by his whole body. His hands ball into fists, then loosen. His hands are now all over his face, pulling on his hair, while the head twists heavily from side to side.

An instant freeze... a pregnant pause... and Arab dives for his phone with outstretched arms, grabbing the cold but immensely dear metal. Just like that, the battle for the night is lost.

# माँ तेरा हाथ थामने अब निकल पड़ा हूँ

-आशुतोष चौधरी

आज इस दुनियादारी की जंजीरों को तोड़,  
लेकर मुट्ठी में मैं बचपन फिर से लिए खड़ा हूँ ।  
माँ तेरा हाथ थामने अब निकल पड़ा हूँ ॥

मूर्ति नहीं प्रतीत होती, तू इस मंदिर की,  
कुछ इस मिट्टी की ओर मैं बढ़ने लगा हूँ ।  
माँ तेरा हाथ थामने अब निकल पड़ा हूँ ॥

रास्ता बस दिखाया नहीं, खुद चला भी दे,  
अब हो कोई भी मंजिल, तेरे संग ही जाना मुझे ।  
माँ हार के अपनों से ही, तेरी ओर बढ़ा हूँ,  
माँ तेरा हाथ थामने अब निकल पड़ा हूँ ॥

मैं उन सितारों में से टूट गिरा था कभी,  
इन हवाओं में से सुखा झड़ा था कभी ।  
तेरे करीब आने की आस लिए,  
पर्वतों पर भी चढ़ा था कभी ।

रईसी अब भाति नहीं, अदाएं मुझे आती नहीं,  
सङ्क पर बेजान अकेला फिर रहा हूँ ।  
माँ तेरा हाथ थामने अब निकल पड़ा हूँ ॥

मैं आ रहा हूँ माँ,  
ये बाल मेरे सूखे गंदे हो गए हैं,  
ये कमीज मेरी फट सी गयी हैं,  
सर सेहला देना गोदी में सुला के,  
कोई अच्छी सी कमीज भी देना सील के...

इन अंधेरों में तू पता नहीं, दिखती या ओझल होते जा रही है ।  
आजकल मेरे शिव से भी ज्यदा शुशोभित पहचान में आती है ॥

माँ एक बात बताऊँ...

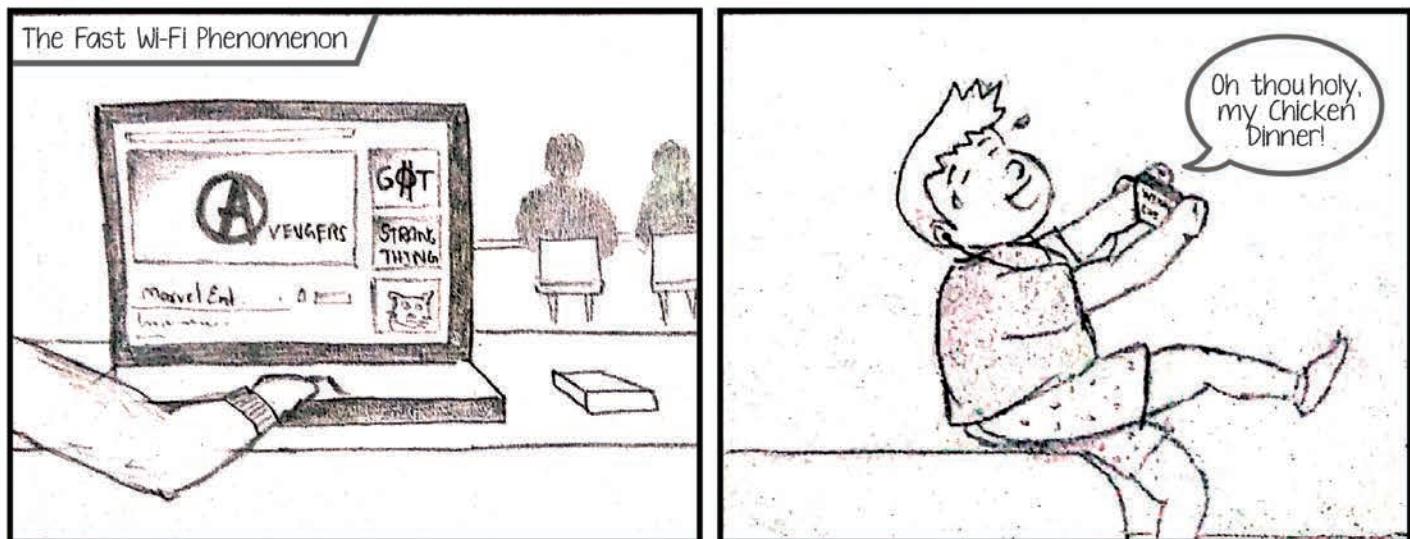
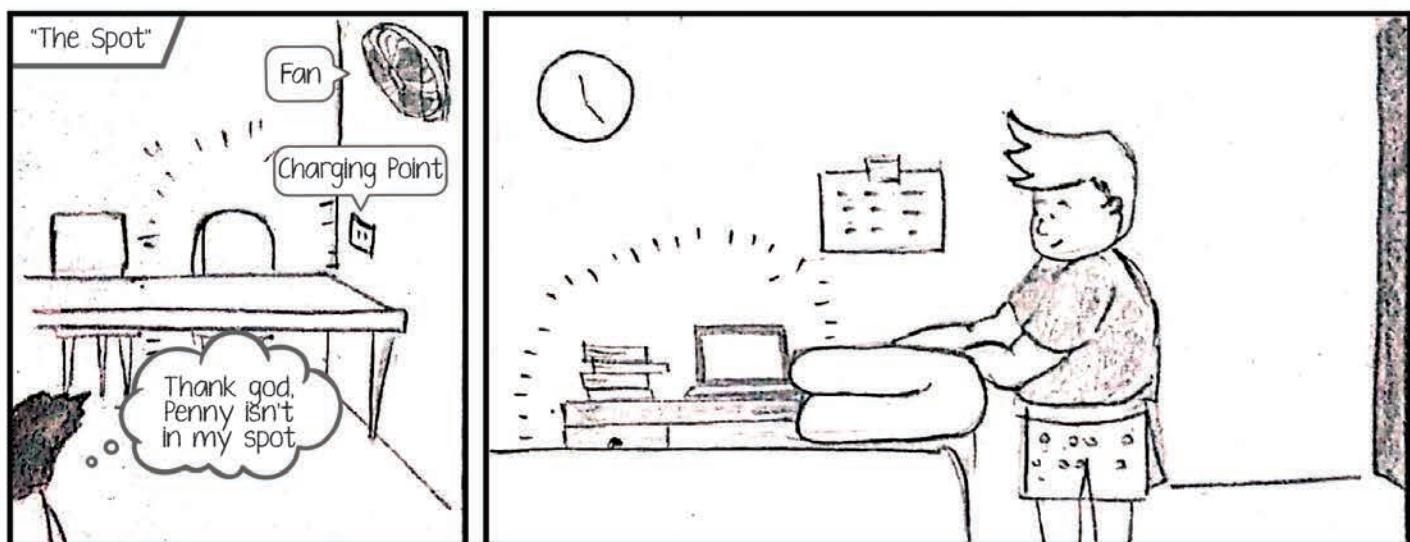
ये लोग तुझे ही मार, तेरी ही पूजा कैसे कर लेते हैं,  
ये तो शायद तुझे स्त्री नहीं बस भगवान ही समझते हैं ।  
बता इन्हे उनकी अपनी स्त्री का कोई और दूजा नहीं,  
उन्हें प्यार करने से बड़ी तेरी कोई पूजा नहीं ॥

अब तो मैं तुझे देखने की जिद पे अड़ा हूँ ।  
माँ तेरा हाथ थामने अब निकल पड़ा हूँ ॥

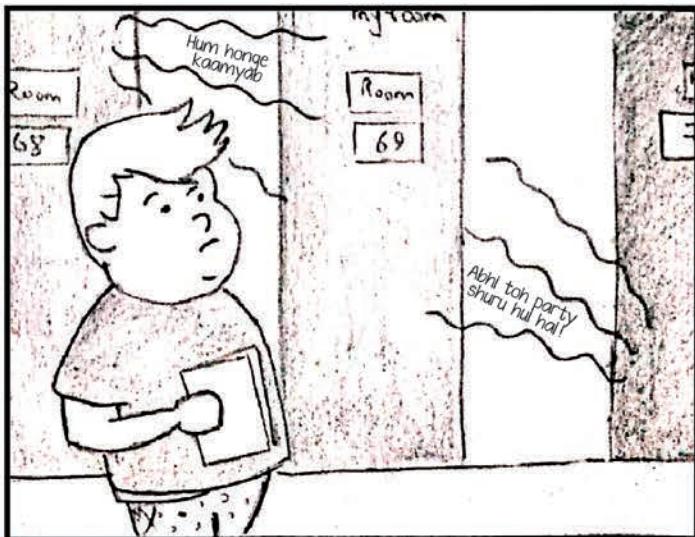
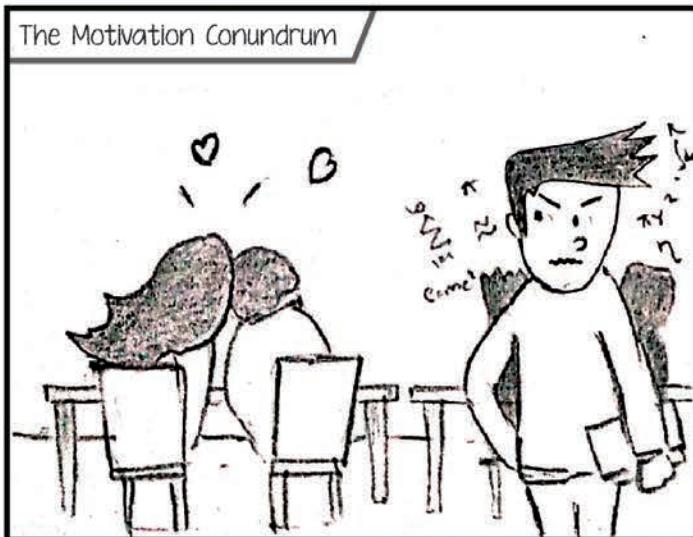
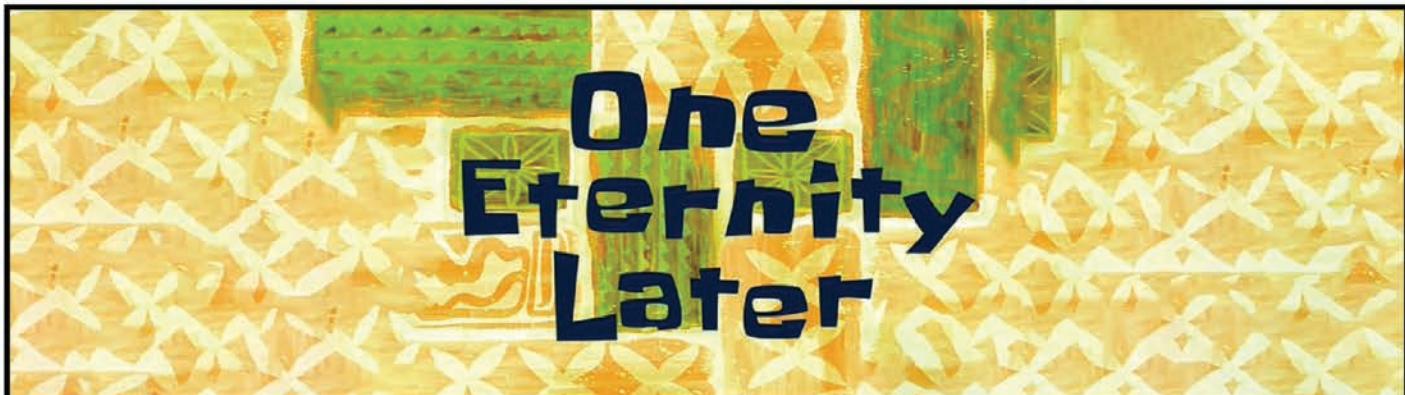


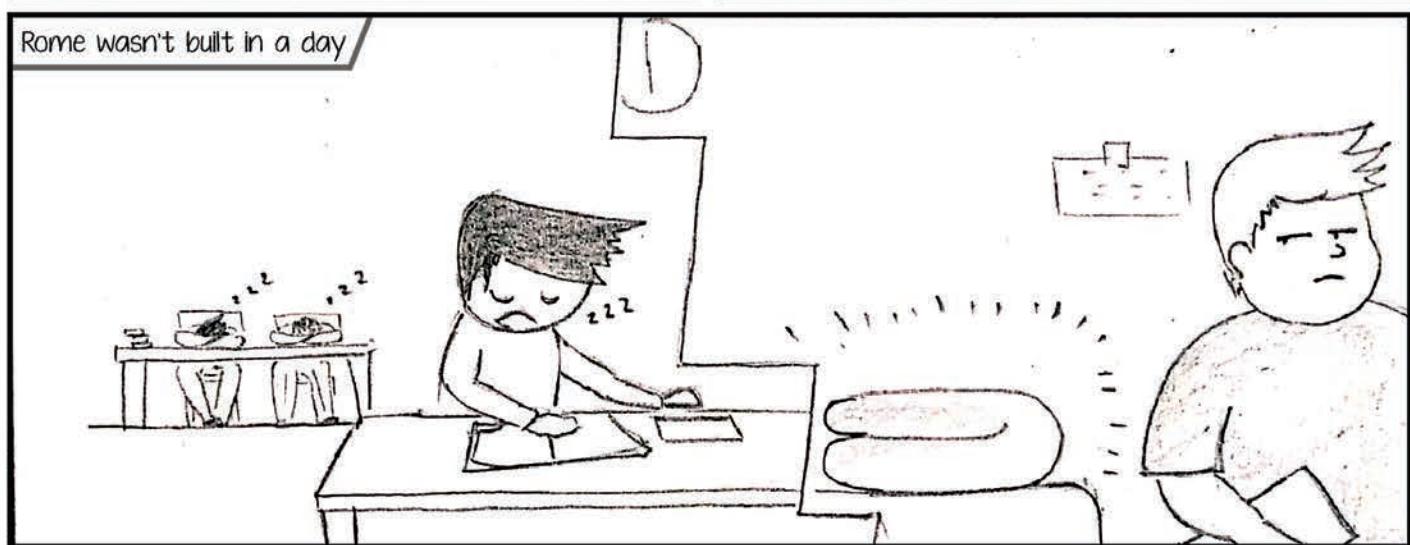
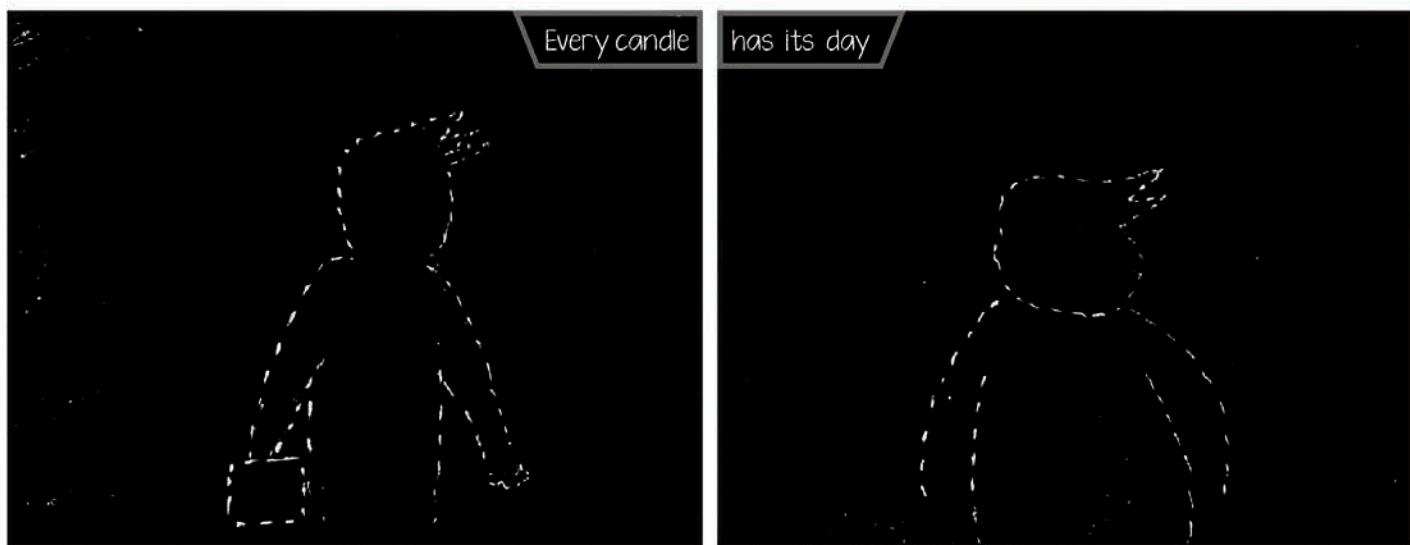
# Minote & Sekond

- Aalisha Padhy and Navneet Reddy



# 3 HOURS LATER...

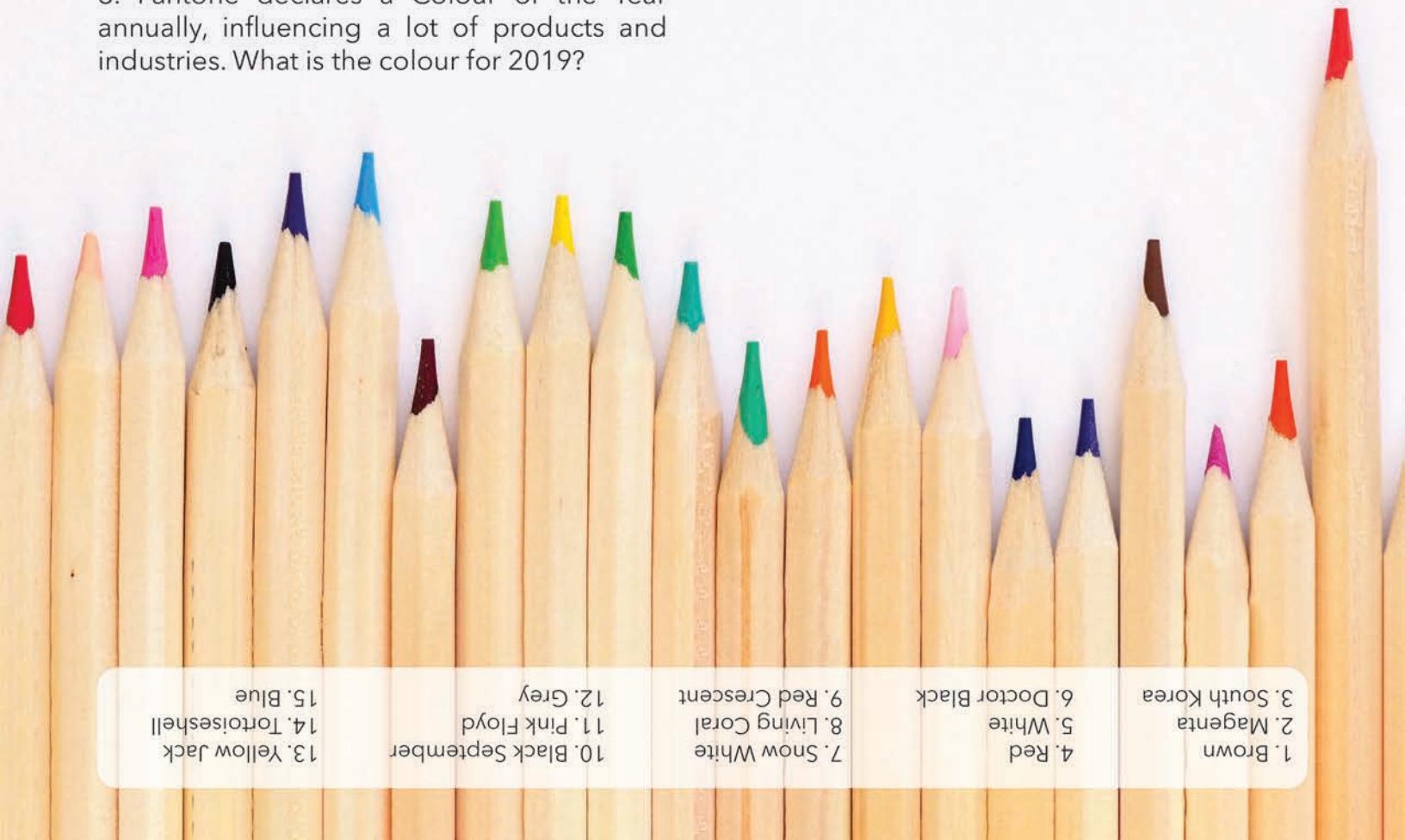




THE  
END

# COLOUR ME PUZZLED

1. During the first six months of life, what colour are a zebra's black stripes?
2. A dye producing which colour was named after an 1859 battle?
3. The Blue House is the residence of the president of which Asian country?
4. The letters 'O' and 'E' share the same colour in the Google logo. What is it?
5. What word can be added before- feather, noise, and sauce?
6. What is the name of the murder victim in the board game Cluedo?
7. Adriana Caselotti was the voice of which animated film character?
8. Pantone declares a Colour of the Year annually, influencing a lot of products and industries. What is the colour for 2019?
9. In Islamic countries, what is the equivalent of the Red Cross?
10. Which terrorist group killed eleven Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics in 1972?
11. Who had a number one hit in the US with 'Another Brick in the Wall'?
12. The beak of the Puffin is bright orange in the summer, what colour is it in the winter?
13. What is the name of the flag flown at sea by a ship when there is a disease on board?
14. What is a cat that has a coat with patches of red, brown or black, chocolate, cream or cinnamon, known as?
15. What was the colour associated with the B.Tech. students for Convocation 2019?



# THE TEAM

## CORE



Abhinav



Uditanshu



Pausali



Dharmesh



Sandipan

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

DESIGN HEAD

CONTENT HEAD

DESIGN HEAD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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Rahul



Aayush



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Shivaish



Dipankar



Kuldeep



Reuben



Rajnandini



Amartyaa



Saumitra



Anusha



Raj



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Designed by Dharmesh & Uditanshu