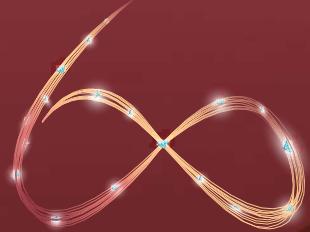


Imagine | Create | Soar

# D361



## DEGREE OF FREEDOM



Diamond  
Jubilee  
Edition

# Words of Wisdom



Dr. Poonam Singh  
President, SAC

"I am delighted to know that D361, the annual magazine of NIT Rourkela is being published even during this pandemic. I really appreciate the efforts of the team who have worked hard throughout the year for publishing this edition. D361 gives a platform to NITR students to show their creativity in the field of writing, poetry, arts and design. It is good to see so much talent in our students in the field of arts even in a technical institution. Congratulations to the team!"



Prof. Sambit Bakshi  
Vice-President, LCS

"D361, NITR's official magazine, is releasing its Diamond Jubilee Edition this year, which gives me great pleasure. I wholeheartedly admire their work and dedication to continue proceedings even in these unprecedented times and the online semester. I applaud their team's efforts and talents in putting this edition together by coordinating online. D361 is the ideal creative stage for the NITR's writers, artists, and designers, and I wish them good luck. I am thrilled for this year's edition and looking forward to what they have in store for a milestone year of our institute. "

# EDITORIAL

The world has created a mystifying dichotomy - dreamers and realists, thinkers and doers, right-brained and left-brained. Essentially – the artists and the scientists. This divide is seeded into our minds at a tender age. We are obligated to choose between art and science, and the decision, once taken, sticks with us forever.

Yet, art and science have existed as Yin and Yang, swirling in a beautiful symphony and pervading boundaries. The Fibonacci sequence has governed Renaissance masterpieces while the brilliant hues of the aurora borealis continue to awe scientists. NIT Rourkela embodies this amalgamation of limitless imagination and disciplined pragmatism with a flourishing creative culture among technical students. This is the spirit that Degree361 has embodied in the landmark Diamond Jubilee edition of our magazine. "Degrees of Freedom". This is a quintessentially scientific term that has a strict definition that has been ingrained in us since our high school education. But we have persuaded the NITR junta to look beyond rigid scientific definitions and towards the limitless artistic and creative interpretations. Freedom of speech, freedom in life, freedom from conservatism, freedom from the pandemic, freedom to think, roam, speak and be heard. The talented students of our institution have explored every imaginable perspective, compelling the reader to ponder and analyse pertinent questions, but also appreciate the beauty in the most unexpected corners.

The past few months have been immense. We have perused through the masterpieces submitted to us, scrutinising every implication, insinuation and subliminal message, gazing awestruck at paintings and photographs. Hence, we want to firstly thank each and every NITR-ian who has shown us overwhelming enthusiasm to contribute to the magazine. Next, we want to give a shout-out to our team members - content, art and design - who have worked tirelessly to brainstorm, research, interview, write, design, and remain on our beck and call, even at 2 AM, for the tiniest of changes. Working online has been difficult, especially with peers whom they have never seen in physical presence, but their zeal for creating the magazine paved the way for a meaningful dynamic, even over Discord and Whatsapp. The beautiful, colourful symphony would not be possible without the magical finishing touches of our Design Heads – Biswajit and Smith, who bore with our scattered creative process and compiled the pages with an elegant finesse. A special mention for our Creative Head Mahesh, who's cool and collected presence was imperative in all of our meetings where passions ran high and thoughts wandered astray. We send our appreciation to our mentors Aalisha and Rajnandini who exposed us to the intricacies of editorship, that proved to be of massive help.

We owe our magnificent journey through the thick and thin of editorship to immense support from the Student Activity Centre. We express our immense gratitude to the President of SAC Prof. Poonam Singh for her dearest words of encouragement. We maintained our strong literary influence in the campus on the back of our perennial supporters, the vice-president of Literary Society Prof. Sambit Bakshi, and our Faculty Advisor Prof. Asim Naskar who gave us the opportunity to contribute with our writing on the momentous occasion of Diamond Jubilee celebrations.

Scroll away to a symphony of colour, imagination and creativity, and write to us your impressions at [xpress.d361@gmail.com](mailto:xpress.d361@gmail.com).

With best regards,  
**Shreya and Prithu,**  
**Editors-in-Chief.**



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# Chimeran Prototype

A dream-like state we have been in;  
Not much time left to fall behind.  
Nightmarish truths menace from within;  
Our values have to be aligned.

Metal chips lightly thread,  
Cold steel in my head.  
Sentience so sharp it burns like ice  
The grand plans of men and mice.

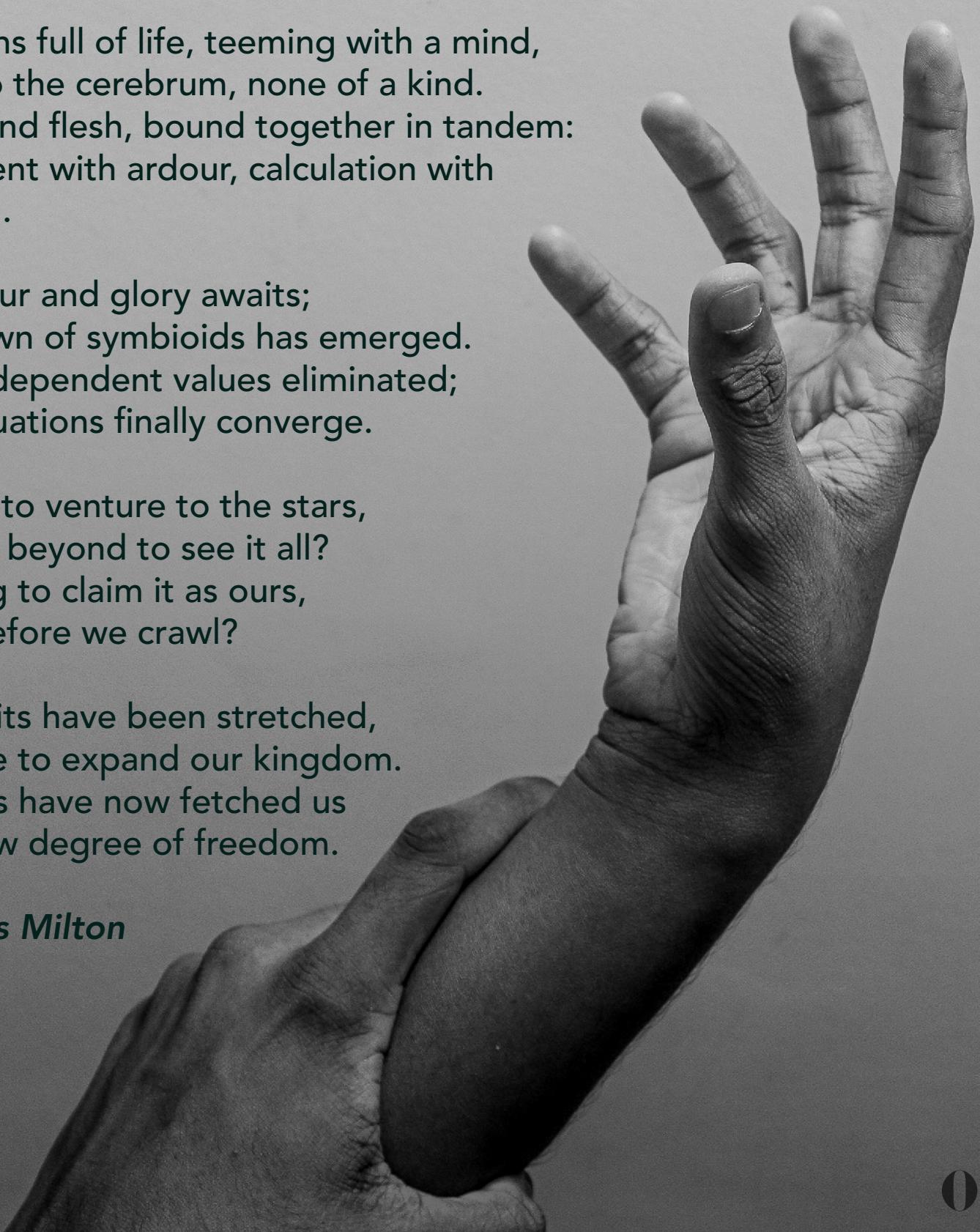
Electrons full of life, teeming with a mind,  
Alien to the cerebrum, none of a kind.  
Metal and flesh, bound together in tandem:  
Argument with ardour, calculation with  
wisdom.

Grandeur and glory awaits;  
The dawn of symbiods has emerged.  
Non-Independent values eliminated;  
The equations finally converge.

Are we to venture to the stars,  
And go beyond to see it all?  
Dashing to claim it as ours,  
Walk before we crawl?

The limits have been stretched,  
It's time to expand our kingdom.  
As BMIs have now fetched us  
This new degree of freedom.

*Ignatius Milton*



# Echoes

I etch these patterns; patterns too disfigured to dance.  
"Dear Son, paint the sky, it's we who give meaning to meaning."  
The raft I'm in is always wobbling, always whirlpools and labyrinths.  
"You can look at the Sun Icarus, but can never reach it"  
A symphony stuck in the chatter? Or just tone-deaf to the truth?

The wind-up bird thinks "Freedom is the big wide sky out of this cage  
Brave and high, the earth beneath me is a complete lie.  
I sing the hymns of forgotten men, dreams and stardust.  
For the dreams are magical, woven into the fabric of life.  
Fly with me, once the night is drawn and we can shoot for the stars."

Fly high little bird, enjoy the greatest gig in the world.  
Cool wind is a respite, flowing ether and beautiful sunsets.  
Think reaching out for the stars, as you'll forever be stuck with the truth.  
A great filter is all upon us, a high far greater unlike anything.  
Can you hear me, little bird? It isn't just a metaphysical cage you're living in.

The canvas was always monotonous. Dark, crawling and seeping in.  
Time has been lucid. It's everything else that's hazy.  
Distorted storms in the lazy evenings; the ocean's still far away from me.  
I too once have dreamt, it's just the steel cage that's reeling me in.  
"Stargazing is only for the brave. So is the labyrinth."

"What if the Icarus does make it to the sun, Dad?  
Wouldn't the wind-up bird help him float in the gentle blue?  
Would I drown too, like when you reached out to the moon?"

Eyes disheveled and still hopeful, I look into the abyss.  
It's 4:30am in the morning, still waiting for that silver-lining.  
"Seek, dear son. And reach, for the fortune never favor your sail"  
An elaborate play, for just another cog in the machine.

"The moon's bright, and the stars still shine.  
Forged with will and perseverance, few men do make it.  
Unfortunately Dad, they're just too far out of my reach."

- Phalgun Vedantam

# College, Caffeine, &...

Exams  
looming?

Relationship  
and Life  
in general:

Club and  
academic  
life:

“

Take care of your  
mind and heart,  
because engineering  
will play with both.

1. Study on your own. Common room group-study sessions are a myth.
2. Previous year papers on NITRIS and PDFs of written notes are your best friends during exam prep.
3. Carry a bunch of dry fruits and nuts in your pocket for your morning exams. It's too early and you might be too nervous to eat breakfast anyway. You can munch on an almond or two as you go to LA.
4. Keep power banks and battery powered lights handy in your room because power-cuts will definitely ruin all last minute study plans.

1. For every  $\epsilon > 0$  there exists a  $\delta > 0$ . So there might be someone out there for you after all!
2. Want to make girls jealous? Remind them that you have washing machines in your hostels.
3. Want to make guys jealous? Tell them you don't suffer from power cuts as much.
4. Always keep spare change for tea or coffee for an instant caffeine rush to get you through the day.
5. Always bring snacks from home in bulk to make sure they at least last two days.
6. Prefer sneakers over heels on a DJ night to save you some guilt later.
7. Watch the sunrise during winters.
8. DC++ is a gold mine for movies, shows, textbooks etc. It's more useful than you think.

1. To get away from club meetings, tell all clubs that the other one is conducting a meeting at the same time.
2. If you chronically run late for classes, keep some mouthwash in your bag. You can go to class and wash your mouth in LA's bathroom and do not waste time brushing.
3. If you are tired of losing pens all the time, carry red or green pens with blue or black refills. They never go missing!
4. For a straightforward entry into any club on campus, know that all of them crave a certain skill - Adobe Illustrator!

# FEVER DREAM

I woke up groggy and disoriented from my slumber. Had everything been normal, I would have reached out for my phone and seen what had happened to my surroundings while I slept. However, things were far from ordinary. Ever since the first case was confirmed in Wuhan about a year ago, things haven't been normal. The entire world has been thrust into lockdown. All of it feels surreal; the whole world, just brought to a halt.

The inhabitants like myself are still reeling from the impulse of such a sudden change in momentum. Initially, we collectively thought it to be the stuff of dreams, ecstatic to have time for ourselves. But it was short-lived. Confined to our homes' enclosure, the situation's reality was made apparent. People were dying. Certain countries and certain professions were having a hard time trying to survive. Economies were crumbling, and even Wall Street had to be shut down to contain the virus's spread.

Since the first outbreak, it has been a year, and I am still stuck in limbo. I have lost track of time and have no motivation to perform any task other than my basic living functions. My phone, which used to buzz so much, lies mute and lifeless.

"Buzzzz Buzzzz! Buzzzz Buzz!"

My reverie was broken. My phone was ringing! You see, to avoid wallowing in self-pity, I refused to turn the ringer on my phone. So, there was no way to tell whether the constant buzz was from a call or stream of messages. Mustering up the courage to say hello to another living voice, I was instead greeted to a stream of messages. A reminiscence of a time not long ago.

"Where are you?" "Let's go out today!" "It's the weekend, bro. Come on; we need to blow off some steam!"

"Huh?!" I exclaimed, utterly befuddled.

At first, I thought it to be a sick practical joke. Because all of us had hundreds if not thousands of miles between us. There was no possible way we could meet, even if we were able to overcome the confines of space and time by some miracle. "Blow off some steam?" Were they oblivious to the raging pandemic outside? Justifiably irked, I picked up my phone, determined to give them a piece of my mind.

"EXCUSE ME! DID YOU ALL COMPLETELY FORGET THE STATE THAT WE ARE LIVING IN?" I screamed through the screen.

"BUZZZ" My phone immediately buzzed. I was not yet able to dispel my rage when I saw the text message. "Umm, We live in Orissa? Are you ok? Why are you acting out? If you don't wanna see us, just say so. We won't force you!"

"HUUUUUH?!" What did they just say to me? Orissa? What? I was in my home state, Miles away from Orissa. I could feel my anger getting mixed with the emotion of utter confusion.

"Hello, excuse me! I am not in Orissa. What the hell are you talking about? I am at home, not in my hostel." As I was finishing up this text message, I heard a knock on my door. I pressed send and prepared to unlock the door.

"Hey bro, are you ok?" Said the figure standing in front of my room. The voice was eerily familiar. As the silhouette made its way inside my room, I instantly recognised the face - my best friend, all the way from another state.

"NOOOO, IT CANNOT BE!". "HOW ARE YOU HERE". "I MUST BE DREAMING", As he entered, he flicked on the light switch. I was in my hostel room. Unable to find any face masks or hand sanitisers on my desk, I glanced at his mask-less face. He looked exactly like he had 15 months ago.

"What is wrong bro? Tell me. What's up?" That was all he said in a very compassionate tone. I took a seat on my chair and proceeded to explain what all happened in the world and how we can't be sitting and chatting here. Upon the culmination of my talk, he immediately touched my forehead. He let me know that he thought I was running a fever or worse, I was out of my mind.

"What a story bro. Are you on drugs? Also, according to you, it is 2021, yeah? Can you do me a favour, please check the date and especially the year on your phone?"  
13th October 2019.

Bewildered, I began laughing. Hysterically,

"So, What are we planning for today?" I asked, ushering him out of my room, desperate to change the topic to put him at ease. Once I was out, laughing, drinking and amongst a group of friends, I forced myself to forget my wild experience.

Maybe it was a nightmare as a result of watching V for Vendetta. Maybe it was a fever dream. In any case, I have my freedom, and I will never not enjoy it.

- Rudransh Sharma



# अक्स और आईना

- Gaurav Kumar Gupta

खूबसूरत सा चेहरा था उसका,  
आईने पे जैसे पहरा था उसका।  
दृट के बिखर गए जब वो शीशे, चेहरे पे भी पड़ गई थीं लकीरें।  
बिखरे टुकड़ों को जब जोड़ा उसने, वो खूबसूरती नहीं थी अब उस आईने में। नम हुई आँखें और अश्कों ने घेरा, क्या रात उसके लिए क्या ही सवेरा।

सामने खड़ी वो ढूढ़तीं रहीं,  
आँख मींचती तो कभी मूँदती रही।  
हर दफ़ा उसने खुदको हैं पाया,  
नए रूप में आईने ने खुदको सजाया।

वो वक्त वो लम्हा अब उसका ना था, अपनो ने भी तो साथ छोड़ा था।  
गहरी नींद में खुदको सुला रही थी, अपनी मौत को शायद बुला रही थी।  
थी जीने की चाहत उसको भी मगर, कैसे जीती कोई तरीक़ा हो अगर।  
देखा उसने मुड़ के शीशे को,

रुबरु करवाया शीशे ने उसको।  
हो खूबसूरत तुम पहले के जैसी,  
छिपी है मेरे पास तस्वीर एक ऐसी।

गौर से देखो तुम्हें दिख जाएगा,  
नज़रिया बदलो तो नज़र आएगा।

पर ये बात मानने से इतरा रही थी, उस झूठ से वो कतरा रही थी।  
जमाने ने उसको इस कदर सताया, इक मासूम ने अपनी खूबसूरती को गवाया।

पर इस कहानी के हैं दो पहलू,  
एक तो कह दिया दूसरा भी कह लूँ।  
कुदरत का दिया हुआ तोहफ़ा थी वो,  
किसी की बहन तो किसी की माँ थी वो।

पर अब वो आईना खामोश था, क्या इन ज़ख्मों को देख वो बेहोश था?  
उसके अंदर की हक्कीकत कहीं गुम थी, होंठों पे हँसी और आँखें नम थी।  
पर उसने अब जीना सीख लिया, अपने हौसलों से मौत को मात दिया।  
खफ़ा थी ज़िंदगी से हारी नहीं थी, थक गयी थी पर बेचारी नहीं थी।

ज़ख्म भरा एक वक्त गुजरा,  
खुदा ने उसको बेटी से नवाज़ा।

हाथ सहला कर गुड़िया ने पूछा, माँ क्यों ऐसा है आपका चेहरा?  
रोक न सकी, गर्भी आईने के पास, एक माँ को थी उस तस्वीर की तलाश। पर वही लकीरें वही दरारें थीं,

पुरानी तस्वीरों के सहारे थीं।

खामोश आईने ने उससे कहा,  
देखो वो अक्स जो मैंने है देखा। इस मासूम में है तुम्हारी परछाई, तुम्हारी खूबसूरती खुदा ने इस में छिपाई।

एक बेटी ने माँ को सीने से लगाया, उस रात आईने ने भी अश्क बहाया।  
पर एक सवाल आज भी अधूरा है, वो ज़ख्म भरा या आज भी हरा है।



What if I bend my knee and accept defeat?  
Get myself chained and suppress my yearns,  
Serve the hypocrites and make no plea,  
Freeze my tears and watch my identity burn,  
Will I then be free?

What if I slaughter my dreams?  
And put on my wedding gown,  
Let its dazzling pearls rip off my wrist,  
And allow every ounce of blood to  
drip down,  
Will I then be free?

What if I accept that I am not tired?  
And that, being a man doesn't haunt,  
Turn my bruised palms into bread and blood into  
tea,  
Will I then deserve anything more than toxic taunts?  
Will I then be free?

What if I wipe off my lipstick?  
Just because I was born a boy,  
Snap my spine to let my soul flee,  
Will I then be more than just a social toy?  
Will I then be free?

What if I fail yet again to breed a male?  
Despite being a mother of five,  
Besides refusing truckloads of dowry,  
And allow them to burn me alive,  
Will I then be free?

What if I poison my fields?  
Quit protests, and let every bill get passed,  
Allow my children to feast on me,  
And starve after I cease to last,  
Will I then be free?

What if I step out even if it's late?  
And present me to warm their lusty bed,  
Allow them to butcher every part of me,  
Shun down my screams and drown in red,  
Will I then be free?

What if I get draped from head to toe?  
Blindfold myself and stay numb,  
To abide by the narrow expectations of society,  
And let everyone define my freedom?  
Perhaps, then I will be free.

# Will I be free then?

# ପ୍ରବାସୀ ବିହୁଙ୍କ ଗାୟା

- ଏମ. କଲ୍ୟାଣ କୁମାର

ନୀଳ ଆକାଶ ତଳେ ଉତ୍ତୁଥିବା  
ମୁଁ ଏକ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ବିହୁଙ୍କ ।  
ଦେଖେ ଷଣେ ଷଣେ ରମ୍ୟ ଏ ଧରଣୀ  
ବଦଳାଏ ତା'ର ରଙ୍ଗ ।

ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ମୋର ଏହି ଡେଣା ଦୁଇଟିରେ  
ଉଡ଼େ କେତେ ବା ଯୋଜନ ।  
କେତେ ବାଟ ଅଛି ଉତ୍ତିବାକୁ ପୁଣି  
କରେ ନାହିଁ ଆକଳନ ।

ସୀମାରେଣା କିଛି ନକରି ଖାତିରି  
ଭ୍ରମେ ଦେଶ ଦେଶାନ୍ତର ।  
ଆପଣାର ବୋଲି ନୁହଁ କେହି ମୋର  
ନୁହଁ ଅବା କେହି ପର ।

ଉତ୍ତୁ ଉତ୍ତୁ କେତେ ନଦୀ ବନ ଗିରି  
କେତେ ପ୍ରାଣୀ ବୃକ୍ଷ ଲତା,  
ଧନ୍ୟ ମନେ କରେ ବେନି ନେତ୍ରେ ଦେଖି  
ପ୍ରକୃତିର ବିବିଧତା ।

ଶୁଣୁ ବା ନ ଶୁଣୁ କେହି ବା ପୁଣି  
ମୋର ଜୀବନର କବିତା ।  
ଗାଇ ଚାଲିଥାଏ ସାଜି ଏକାଧାରେ  
ଲେଖକ ଗାୟକ ଶ୍ରୋତା ।

# THE PERFORMANCE THAT NEVER WAS

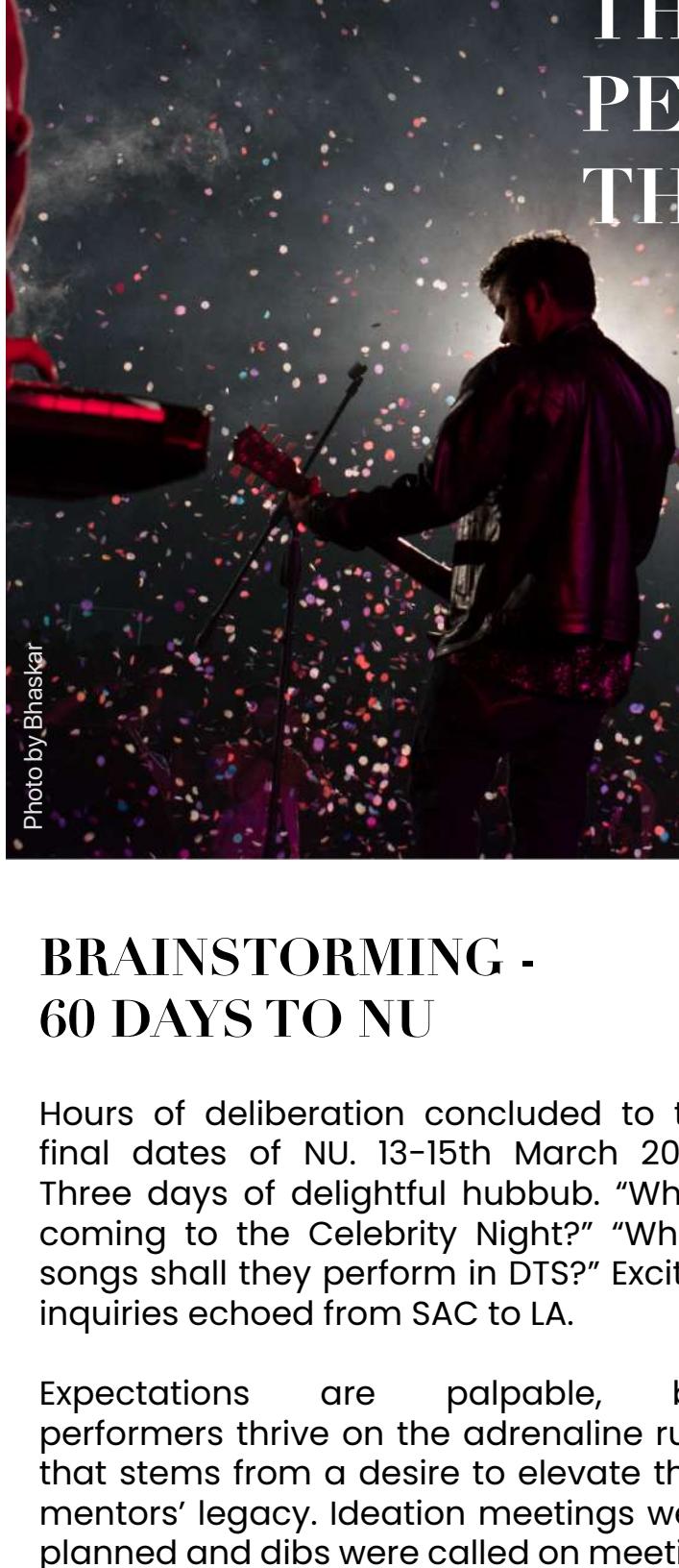


Photo by Bhaskar

## BRAINSTORMING - 60 DAYS TO NU

Hours of deliberation concluded to the final dates of NU, 13-15th March 2020. Three days of delightful hubbub. "Who's coming to the Celebrity Night?" "Which songs shall they perform in DTS?" Excited inquiries echoed from SAC to LA.

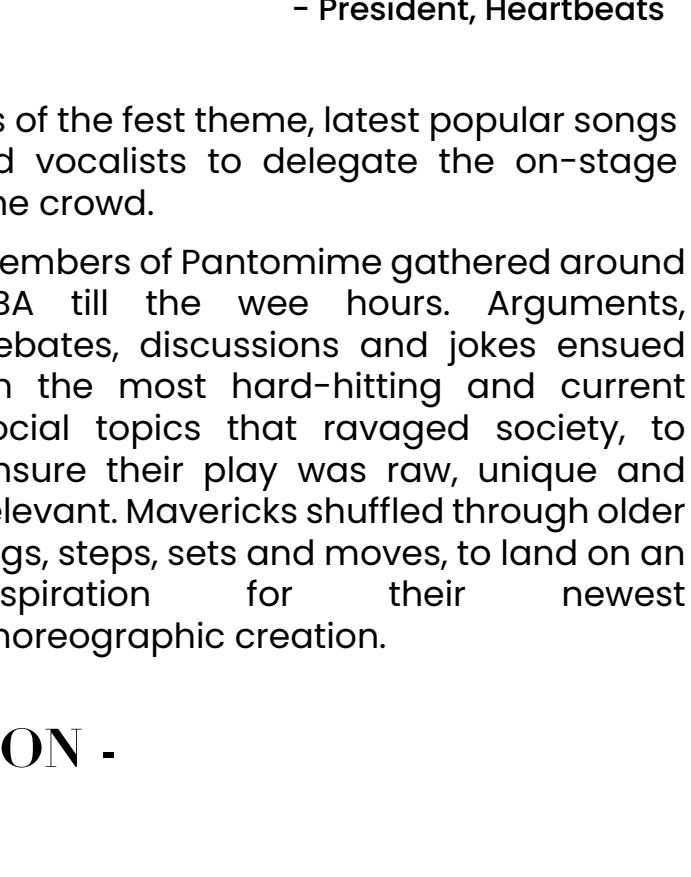
Expectations are palpable, but performers thrive on the adrenaline rush that stems from a desire to elevate their mentors' legacy. Ideation meetings were planned and dibs were called on meeting places.

Heartbeats, who kickstart NU each year with an enthralling musical night in their flagship event **Maktub**, began knitting

their set together with a thorough analysis of the fest theme, latest popular songs and the skillsets of their musicians and vocalists to delegate the on-stage responsibilities to each member to rock the crowd.

**“**It depends on the event, for freshers, it's best to go with a comical play whereas, for something like fests, we aim for tear-jerkers.

- President, Pantomime



**“**What we present on stage is a direct product of continuous reforming of the piece, working on the tone and pitch, adding and subtracting the necessary.

- President, Heartbeats

Members of Pantomime gathered around BBA till the wee hours. Arguments, debates, discussions and jokes ensued on the most hard-hitting and current social topics that ravaged society, to ensure their play was raw, unique and relevant. Mavericks shuffled through older gigs, steps, sets and moves, to land on an inspiration for their newest choreographic creation.

## PRACTICE AND PERFECTION - 30 DAYS TO NU

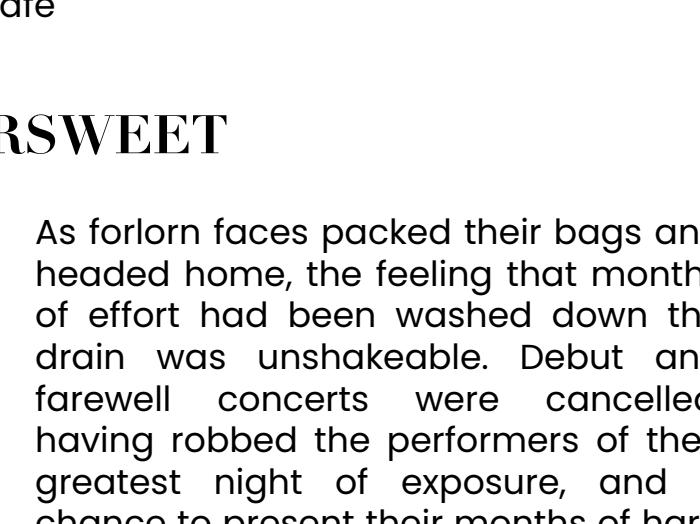
With barely a month to NU, the days stretched longer and longer. The momentum of preparation was staggering. The slight hiccup of upcoming exams deterred no one, as the mantra of each member remained – eat, rehearse, repeat.

The LA lawns reverberated with the booming outcries of RITVIC actors. The department walls vibrated with each "DIL SE RITVIC". Sore legs, aching throats, tired minds dissuaded none as the members pushed through every barrier to perfect each and every dialogue to make sure the audience was hit hard and awe struck on the D-Day.

The Dance Room floor endured long nights of constant battering and stamping as Synergians went over and over and over each and every step. The synchrony of every member was going to be flawless, and that determination of the dancers shown through beads of sweat.

**“**After the classes and labs, we find our comfort in practices where we vent our stress through dance and connect with each other which elevates our spirits and we feel refreshed.

- President, Synergy



Euphony huddled into the cozy music room on chilly January evenings and the heat of the beat warmed them right up. Their own strummings and vocalisations hummed out the speakers from the dance room above as they repeated line after line of their penultimate and ultimate musical numbers to make sure the audience would scream "ENCORE" as the cymbals crashed and faded.

Any student that entered the academic area was fated to be a spectator to the exhibition of talent from these artists. They'd relate to the frustrations of mistakes and the jubilation of a perfectly executed sequence. The audience was already in wonderment.

## JITTERS - 10 DAYS TO NU

With just a week to the D-Day, the news of COVID cases sparked fears of everything crashing. But the creation of a masterpiece could not be put on hold on rumours, hearsay, doubts and gut-feelings. The practice had to continue. The lack of access to music rooms, dance rooms and open spaces for practice didn't discourage these spirited souls, as they hummed their tunes even in bathrooms or practiced dialogue delivery half asleep under blankets.

**“**Things tend to go wrong at the worst times possible, so we've always got to try and ready ourselves to expect the unexpected.

- President, Drill n Bass

The significance of sound checks and a robust technical setups is something primary for EDM music, and DnB began finetuning the exact settings they would use to get hearts thumping. With blankets and mattresses piled up in the music room, the composers spent nights together jamming to each other's creations.

Similar jitters ran through the spines of every performer. Freshers who were performing for the first time, seniors who would guide for the last time. The dancers were dancers, actors were actors, and musicians were just musicians, unseparated by batch or branch. They had spent all nights huddled together at HB Night Canteen in freezing cold, or strolled down a foggy academic lane at 6 AM after a night-out for breakfast at Backpost, gossiping and reminiscing. The juniors found respect for their mentors, the mentors knew their legacy was in safe hands.

**“**Our experience in the street sessions has been really amazing. Before a performance, we have a ritual of performing before our seniors, which is very grueling. They test us to our limits and leave no scope for any mistakes on the final day.

- President, RITVIC

**“**The second we found out that we couldn't perform Maktub, everyone rushed to the music room and we just started jamming. Whatever came to our mind we played with our hearts and souls in it. For 4 hours straight we just jammed songs that weren't even a part of the Maktub Performance. That night was unforgettable.

- President, Heartbeats

**“**The feelings would be numbing. Just like each and every practice session that we had, the time has just flown by.

- President, Mavericks

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## Wish I Knew You

Although Kuldeep had reached the restaurant first, he didn't want to be here. He dreaded meeting his father, whom he hadn't met in over three years, and he had intended to keep it that way. But his father had somehow convinced him to stay back in Indore, his hometown, for another day.

Kuldeep, at 25, was a regional manager for a well-known company. In Indore, for a business trip, he chose to stay in a hotel.

"He's late again," Kuldeep muttered to himself. He seated himself at a corner, dimly lit table, even with plenty of other tables free and awash by the afternoon sun.

Kuldeep's father, a proud, greying, bespectacled man in his late fifties, hastened through the door, searching for Kuldeep. He was a man in his late fifties, his hair a glistening grey.

"Took you long enough," greeted Kuldeep curtly and buried himself in the menu card.

"Yeah, I had trouble finding this place," Father responded. "Do you want to eat something?" He ruffled through the menu listlessly.

"Why are you here? What's so important that you want to talk about?" Kuldeep snapped.

"I just wanted to meet you, son. We haven't met in a long time, and you don't visit your home anymore. Even when you're in your hometown." His voice quivered.

"You've met me now. Can I leave?" Kuldeep asked as he was browsing through the curry section of the menu.

"No, wait. Don't go." Father said. "I have something to tell you. Your mother, she has stopped talking to me. She has gone back to her father's place. And she won't pick up my calls anymore."

"That's your problem. I am not speaking to her." Kuldeep replied in a monotone, barely taking an eye off the menu that he had hardly read.

"It is. But she is your mother. You have to talk to her someday." Father pleaded.

"Don't worry; I will. Someday." A blatant lie. He glanced around to see if other customers were watching them and, to his relief, they were all buried in their plates of food.

"You know, your mother and I didn't like each other a lot. We've fought a lot from time to time." Father wistfully extended.

"Yeah, I've noticed."

The waiter approached and asked for their orders. Kuldeep, still blank, simply shrugged. "Just plain water, please."

"See, we married young. Even then, both of us were naive and inexperienced. We didn't get along. Still don't. Her attitude, I don't like. Even after having you, things didn't get better, worse in fact.. Father continued.

"Why are you telling me this?" Kuldeep scrolled through Instagram.

"Let me finish." Father declared. "We've had financial issues. I made some bad investments that hit both of us. The only good thing we did was give you a good education, and you succeeded."

"And you have accomplished it, Papa. I have a good job, and I'm happy now." He replied flatly.

"I know you're lying, son. You're unhappy. You're working a lot, but you aren't enjoying it." Father said. "I also know that you don't have a lot of friends. And we don't know when and if you will be marrying."

"That's not true. I have a lot of friends, good ones too." Kuldeep defended himself unsuccessfully. He looked around once again.

"See, son, we thought that if we were able to give you a good education and a good foundation for your life, your life would be better than ours. And you know how competitive it is nowadays. So we made sure that you focused on it with all the time you had and kept away from distractions." Father said with a wistful tone.

"Yes, Papa. You never let me play with my friends. You always said that it was all a waste of time." Kuldeep's voice cracked. He suddenly felt the air getting heavier. The room closed in around him.

"Yes, we did. We thought that it was best for you. But now I think that..." Father hesitated. "... that we didn't spend enough time with you. Your mother and I both." Kuldeep looked up. His father looked confused like he was searching for the right words to say.

"Your mother always found it overwhelming to raise you, and I was always preoccupied with the responsibility of providing for your mother and you while we had financial problems." Father continued.

Kuldeep's lips were trembling. He didn't want to hear the end of what his father really wanted to say.

"What I want to say is that I'm sorry for that, son. I'm truly sorry. I know why you're still angry with us and avoid us. I'm sorry."

Kuldeep looked away. He could feel a lump forming in his throat. But he was too self-conscious to let out a tear in a public place.

"I wish I had let you play with your friends more. I wish I had spent more time with you, you know, so that you wouldn't be so bitter to us like you are now. I wish..."

Kuldeep had already left the restaurant before he could hear the end of it. As he left, he could feel drops of tears rolling on his cheeks.

-Deepak Marandi

# (Not) Guilty!

- Jasmin Priya

'The Anarchist Patriot' found dead, hours before final verdict.  
Circa 1991:

I skim through my morning newspaper to check the most awaited news, The State Vs Shaheen Verma case. Instead, I find this headline in bold, eclipsing all other information of the day. The most celebrated author, known to me as my mentor and father figure, is... no more?

Just as I read the news, I rushed to the familiar cell in vain. Rage, grief, disbelief all bubble in my gut as I struggle to stay up. Whispers of inimical conspirators do the rounds that only make me scoff. I feel tremors under my feet as the skies come crashing down on me. His determined eyes and deep-rooted voice flash through my memory lanes. He was so ecstatic to break the shackles of autocracy. Years of rigorous turmoil were going to end. The revolutionary writer who brought in a wave of change was going to rise like a phoenix. But his legacy ended too soon, leaving a deep chasm in my life. The powerful image of him, surrounded by chaos yet liberated from the world, will be embossed in my mind for eternity. Tears trickle down my eyes as I bid farewell to his last mortal remains.

My first meeting with him was fanboyish. I remember the Karachi Literary Festival where he and I first met. I was working on my blog at that time, alien to the concept of criticism and hate. I thought of him as some veteran low-profile writer, not the writer that took the Indian political scene by storm. We discussed books, and he expressed his want for an assistant. He had read my blogs and looked thoroughly impressed by my unique take on things. He said I was a reflection of him in some ways, through a mysterious smile. Since then, I have started assisting him. We spent endless nights reviewing his books, manuscripts and articles. Sometimes the room was filled with a piercing silence. But we found it calming that way. I realised pretty late that he sought a companion, not a mere assistant. Probably, we gelled well because he shared the same traumatic past as me.

When he was 14, he witnessed his father's domestic abuse for the first time. He slept to his mother's silent cries and screams. His father subjected his mother to atrocities too vile to think of. The last bit of soul inside him was crushed when he saw his mother succumb to his father's knife. The system mocked his plea for justice. His murderer father not only walked scot-free but also abused him. Exhausted and furious, he would write away in his diary about his pent-up feelings. And one day, Shaheen stabbed his father with a broken bottle.

Growing up in juvenile custody can be devastating, especially for a teenager who was denied justice. It makes the psyche fragile and the soul rebellious. Out on bail, Shaheen started selling newspapers. He did it for the pure joy of scribbling across articles that glorified the rich caricatures of politicians. He wrote anecdotes mocking the dated rituals conducted in praise of idols carved out of stone. An abusive childhood ignited his feelings of vengeance against society and God.

It was all good till he started slipping his rugged pieces of writing into newspapers before selling them. He was jailed frequently for meddling with the faith of people. After a few years, a newspaper editor gave him a chance to write for his publication under the pen name Azaan. His writings received an overwhelming response. Some were offended, and some strongly concurred with his notions. He weaved his stories around his dilapidated slum dwelling. The people living near him were his characters. The most oppressed and invisible working class formed the crux of his stories. According to him, power-hungry rulers had turned secularism into political propaganda. The caste system was an inevitability to suppress the voices of the powerless and the socially 'insignificant' class. His rebellious writings were discussed in the highest bureaucratic circles. It brought him more scorn than praise but never stopped him from writing relentlessly.

Seven years back, his life took a dramatic turn. Anti-Sikh Riots had reduced the nation to a burning imbroglio. Shaheen sounded his first clarion call against the government's inebriated state in the middle of a dicey period. His independently published manifesto, 'The Anarchist Patriot,' emphasised the grey shades of religion and caste. The book strongly resonated with his supporters. Many others sought to execute him for his audacity to question the bureaucrats in such a period of mourning. He openly denounced the government for their inability to hold themselves accountable. In response to his defiance, the court charged him guilty of sedition. It was the final nail in the coffin. His only pleasure had been subdued. 40-year old Shaheen, who dispelled humility in his words and command in his eyes, had become a defeated prisoner. The pen that bled blue every time it was wielded ran out of ink.

I visited him in jail after he was imprisoned. I would find crumpled newspapers, papers with gibberish written on them. No one heard his booming voice again, not even me.

Today, when I watch his soul, heart and body burning, I wish him freedom-Freedom from the pain, escape from the hate and liberty from the nasty monsters who destroyed his zest for change. The spiteful voices that sounded deafening yet boosted his literary weapon silenced him forever.



The only question that remains unanswered is: **Was he truly guilty?**



## r/NITReminiscence

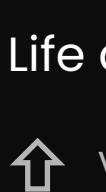
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Posted by u/D361-DegreeOfFreedom

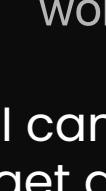
NITRians, what life-lesson did you learn in college that you still abide by?

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I guess what I learned is if you want to get something or want to do something, you're not going to get it easily, you need to earn it.

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Don't worry about college preparing you for everything. Time will teach you everything eventually :-)

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Life is short. Make the most out of what you have right now :-)

[⋮](#) [↶](#) [↑](#) [↓](#)[Bro](#)

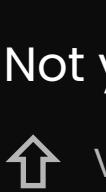
Life after college has not yet started. Thanks to COVID-19 :/

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Networking has helped in realising ki akele kuch nahi ukhaad paoge so ask for a helping hand whenever needed.

Learned to be well-dressed because everyone is a judgemental ass. Also apna acha image rakhna hai bro.

Still learning time management (yawwwnss).

[⋮](#) [↶](#) [↑](#) [↓](#)[FunkyName](#)

I learnt to share everything I own, and never expected them to come back to me. Perhaps this made me benevolent and generous. Maybe it made me a pushover! I can never tell :p

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Working in the corporate world, the importance of deadlines is not lost on you. Procrastinating in college and completing the assignments at the last moment helped me learn time management, and how to set priorities.

[⋮](#) [↶](#) [↑](#) [↓](#)[ChickenMomo](#)

Not yet XD. I'm at home since lockdown LMAO

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12

# THE CONQUEST OF CORRIDORS

It started with darkness; a mindless migration until I made it to a red corridor one day. A long winding corridor with twists and turns all over the place. It was there that I first came to be. I spent the first few hours of my life admiring the furcating pathways. It was here that I met fellows clad in red; I realized that this home wasn't mine. Others lived here in peace, and this species had lived in this home for far longer than I could imagine. I decided to move in and I would need a family to live with, to thrive with. The days that followed saw an increase in our ranks, the numbers of my kin grew steadily, the corridor gave us everything we needed to thrive and grow. But one day, a group of figures clad in white approached my kin and me; they asked us to leave, to go somewhere else, and that we were destroying the place that all of us called home. Blasphemy! If anything, they were the intruders in our humble abode; we wouldn't stand for it. So we decided to fight for our place in the long, red corridor of life. We fought and fought for days on end until one day, we beat the last figures in white. Oh! You could imagine the celebrations that ensued; we cheered and feasted on the corridor's gifts all day long in fervent rejoice. But the celebrations were short-lived. Just as the figures in white had prophesied, the corridor's gifts began to wane, its walls grew thinner, and the figures in red moved slower. Our home was dying. My children proposed we move to find a better home. None of us knew of the world outside the red corridor but it was a risk we took for our survival.

With all our gusto and pride, we shelled up and ventured out into the world. The darkness that once seemed a distant memory now returned in all its glory. Days and days, all a haze, I know not of the duration of the time I spent in darkness, but it all came to an end one day when I woke up in another red corridor. All its characteristics were the same, just the figures there were different. And so began my conquest of the corridors.

My children and I took over all the corridors we could, the figures in white lost almost every time, they were tenacious, but we had the element of surprise! Oh, who could stand against us! Our only enemy could never hope to stop our kind from prospering. Our rampage continued, we were unstoppable, one corridor after the next, whatever it took to survive, but over time, it started getting more challenging for us to find new corridors; nevertheless, there seemed to be an endless supply of them, and we were bound to stumble across one during our excursions. On occasion, I would hear news of a few of our kin falling to the figures in white, but no matter, the corridors were plentiful, each with their own distinctions. The halls with the more vital figures in white lasted much longer and had much more to offer us.

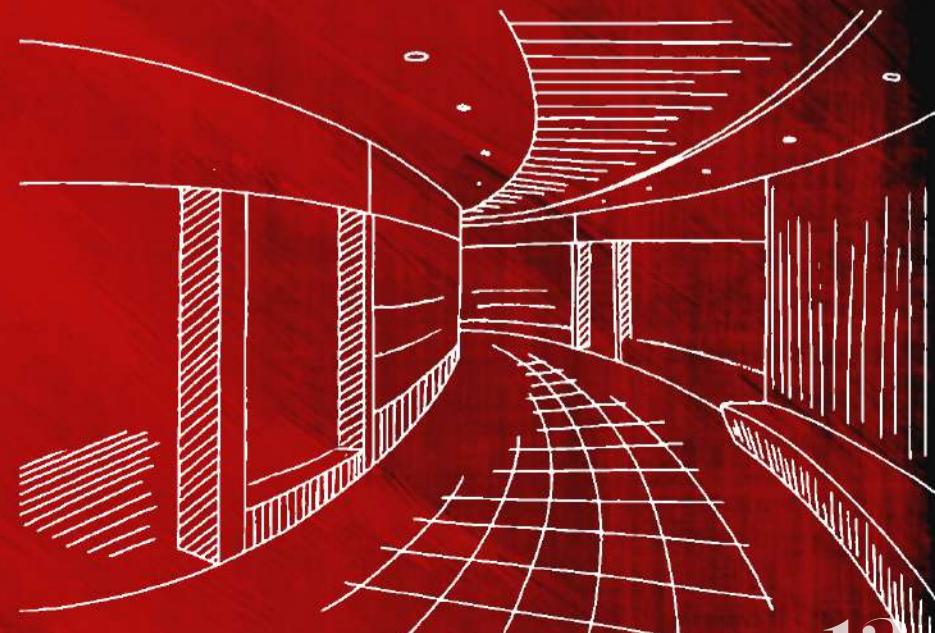
The conquest continued for what seemed to be forever; it was our golden age, several generations were created, it was beautiful. I would often meet a comrade in the corridor; they would tell me the news of the success to our kind, how we were thriving. Oh, the glory ages, food was aplenty, guests from all over, welcome to drink! A pity that the corridor had a lifespan. It is surprising that something so inanimate could wither away. It was frustrating but was a small price to pay for salvation.

But one day, things changed; as I entered a corridor, the white figures recognized me. The grace period that I was accustomed to was gone. The figures made no haste to confront my kin. The battle that ensued was fierce, and I barely made it out alive, a surprising turn of events. Still, I was sure this was only an exception, an anomaly, and needless to say, that was the last I saw of the preparedness in these figures. Then, IT came, the end of the golden age and the dawn of our demise, the figures in white now knew exactly who we were, they were trained to fend us off of the corridor. How? Why? I was furious, to say the least; we tried our best to claim the passage, but to no avail; it seems our kin did have limitations. As time progressed, more and more of the figures in white in various corridors knew of my existence, of our existence. Our numbers took a huge hit, with casualties in every rank.

In one such corridor, I attempted to confront the figure in white who seemed so prepared to end my stay there. It seemed as if there were other species like us, much more inferior; it gave the figures in white experience to prepare for our arrival. It was so widespread, I could only hope that somehow, somewhere, our kind could survive. Our numbers were now dwindling, and it seemed as if we were at the end of the road, extinction on the horizon. We braced ourselves in unison for what was to come.

I tell you this now, dear comrade, because YOU are different, you are new, you are stronger than us, you can fight off the figures in white with ease, and look how fast you can divide! I do not wish to see you fall; learn from our mistakes! How wonderful it is to see that our kind will continue living. Now I can finally rest in peace. I wish you the best of luck in the conquest of corridors  
2021-nCoV.

- Leo Raphael Rodrigues



# आंदोलन-जीवी

- Yamir Ahsan

आवाज़ों को बुलंद करके  
अपनी समझ को होशमंद करके  
हम कहेंगे दिन और ये रातें सुनेंगी  
हर दरख्त, दरिया और चट्टानें सुनेंगी  
तुम्हारे कानों तक भी ये आवाज़ें आएँगी  
किसी की पुकार किसी की चीखें आएँगी  
तुम्हारे झूठ के वादों से बने महलों की दीवारों पर  
हमारे सच की हल्की हल्की दरारें आएँगी  
और फिर हमारी जबां को तंग कर दिया जाएगा  
कहीं ज़ंजीर में बांध कर बंद कर दिया जाएगा

फिर अपने क़लम को पत्थरों में घिस के  
हम लिखेंगे हालात यहाँ मुफ़्लिस के  
हम लिखेंगे हर जुर्म याद करके  
अपने क़लम को आज़ाद करके  
हम लिखेंगे कैसे तुम खुश थे  
अपने मुल्क को बर्बाद करके  
जमीन-ओ-आसमाँ पर ये कलाम लिखेंगे  
तानाशाहों में बार बार तुम्हारा नाम लिखेंगे  
और फिर तुम्हें हमसे रंज हो जाएगा  
हमारे खिलाफ़ ऐलान-ए-जंग कर दिया जाएगा

फिर हम इक आखरी कोशिश करेंगे  
न कहेंगे, न लिखेंगे, बस देखेंगे  
तुम अपनी पूरी लश्कर लेकर  
हाथों में लाठी और पत्थर लेकर  
हमारे हौसलों को तोड़ने आओगे  
हमारे मुद्दों से हमे मोड़ने आओगे  
कभी हमपर ज़ुल्म ढाओगे  
कभी हमको ही जाबिर बताओगे  
और हम तेरी आँखों में आँखे डालकर  
तुम्हें बस तर्क करते जाएँगे  
पर शायद तुम्हें ये मंज़र ना पसंद आएगा  
हमे दुनिया से नज़रबन्द कर दिया जाएगा





# Beta, Aage Kya Plan Hai?

Our college years are severely plagued with future decisions. What to pick research or placements? Which companies to prepare for and how? If research, then how to go about it? And on goes the train of thoughts. The journey of confusion takes you to classmates, seniors and professors, and yet, there is something amiss. This path to self-awareness takes ugly turns and stumbles upon dead ends.

The quest is hard to start if you don't know where to begin. Team D361 wants to make this search for you slightly easier by presenting you a platter of paths and the knowledge to tread them.

## Placements and Companies

Our college has loads to offer in the placement season and if salvaged aptly, it can go a long way. We will discuss the steps involved in this procedure and how to ace them.

### Curriculum Vitae

This is the first step of the selection process to get shortlisted out of a pool of candidates. CV is essential during the later stages as the interviews will be broadly revolving around it. CV is your personality on a plate for the recruiter!

1. Skill sets mentioned in the CV should be thoroughly practiced.
2. Mention a project or a skill in which you have in-depth knowledge.
3. Niche specific projects are an edge!
4. Previous experiences and achievements should be highlighted by using powerful words like: curated, generated, championed, pioneered, accelerated, initiated, streamlined, spearheaded, collaborated etc.
5. Stress on the relevant aspects of extracurricular.

### Online Tests

The preparation for online tests varies from non-core and core companies.

#### For non-core companies:

This round is oriented to test the problem-solving ability through coding and assess the basics of programming. The aptitude round checks the general reasoning and logical ability. It can also consist of general aptitude and puzzles. Some helpful sources of preparation:

- Competitive programming sites like Hackerrank, Hackerearth, Codechef, etc. should be used to practice coding problems that will strengthen the concepts of Data Structure and Algorithms, Object Oriented Programming etc.
- Often the conventional problems and previously asked questions can be iterated and should be practised from GeeksForGeeks, LeetCode, StackOverflow etc.
- For aptitude:
  - Aptitude and reasoning books recommended for various competitive exams like CAT.
  - Practise online on various platforms like Indiabix, Pariksha, Allindiaeams.

#### For core companies:

This round is oriented to test the problem-solving ability and command on the basic subjects of the branch. The aptitude round checks the general reasoning and logical ability. It can also consist of general aptitude and puzzles. Some helpful sources of preparation:

- Be thorough with the basic knowledge and past concepts of the core subjects. Practicing previous years' GATE questions is advised.
- Invest a little extra time and widen your horizon in core related subjects since it is required in online tests as well as in technical rounds.
- Aptitude preparation is the same as non-core companies.

### Group Discussion

Group discussions are conducted to assess the qualities of fluency, leadership, team spirit and diplomacy in a group. It is a crucial step and yet, easier to flourish with enough practice.

#### General Guidelines:

- Knowledge of recent affairs and preparing one's stand for some popular topics is helpful to extempore.
- Practicing some mock discussions with your peers on some basic topics to build up confidence and reduce hesitation.
- Interrupting when others are speaking should be avoided but at the same time try to be engaged in the conversation and stick to the initial topic.
- A firm, confident yet welcoming demeanor helps. Make relevant points which can drive the discussion in a new direction.
- Giving the concluding statement or summarizing the entire discussion usually gives an upper hand.

### Technical Interview

The last and final round of this process is the Interview. The recruiters judge the personality and knowledge based on the basic command in the generic technical matter and specific technical niche pertaining to the desired designation.

#### Sources for preparation:

- Software development and related roles can be extensively based on Data Structure and Algorithms can be tackled best through competitive coding and learning the basics from textbooks and online courses available at YouTube, Coursera, Udemy, edX.
- For data science and analytics roles, one is often asked questions pertaining to Machine Learning, Data Science etc. which can be practiced using platforms Kaggle, AnalyticsVidhya etc.

- Other roles like web developers and designers etc are often asked their niche specific technical questions.

#### General Guidelines:

Be very specific while answering and avoid beating around the bush.

Past practical experiences are thoroughly enquired so, be aware of the nuances.

YouTube channels like CS Dojo and others can give generic knowledge required to ace technical interviews.

Past interviews available on the internet are the biggest source to know questions and sample answers about temperament.

## Higher Education and Research

Bagging a research internship is usually the base of experiences for either placements or higher education. The process begins with applying to either structured internship programs at Universities or research institutions or by emailing professors.

However, once you put the pen to the paper, everything fizzles to inconsistent words and repetitive phrases. We will discuss some essential aspects of mailing and statement writing.

### Documents

Some documents that are useful to make your emails more wholesome and authentic.

- Resume

- Cover letter

- A statement of purpose

- A letter of reference or no objection certificate from the college (to be given when asked)

- A letter of recommendation(optional)

Handling application deadlines may prove to be nightmarishly tedious. Hence, it is advised to use a google calendar to keep a track of them and apply to each university that you qualify for.

### Statement of Purpose

An essay stating the purpose of applying to a particular course in a particular university, SOP consists a gist of who you are, who you aspire to be, and how ready you are to pursue a certain course in an institution. The essential points to be covered are:

- Experience in the chosen field: To ensure strong reflection of your passion in the field, all your works including project, internships, industry work experience, workshops, seminars, classes etc. must be mentioned.

- Academic accomplishments

- Project and work-related challenges and your way of tackling them.

- Demonstration of your persistence through examples and problem solving.

- Emphasis on self motivation, competence and potential as a graduate student.

- Overall linkage to continuity and focus.

- Concluding paragraph must convey the purpose in pursuing the internship or degree concerned from the chosen university or institution.

#### Keep in mind:

- Do not exceed the word limit (500-1000 for most universities)

- Avoid passive voice and cheesy lines.

- Proofread, at least 2-3 times. Friends, seniors and family can help a great deal. More the merrier.

### Guide Hunt

Look for professors and guides in your field of interest along with their email ids or LinkedIn profiles.

Too much crowd around? Standout! : Professors' inboxes are flooded with applications seeking internships and the only way to standout among them is to write a convincing email.

Pause, chase, repeat: Sit back and wait for the reply. If it doesn't show up within 3-4 days, send follow ups at regular intervals, at most three times. It is advisable to set a follow-up reminder and a mail tracker.

### E-mail writing (Cover Letter)

Subject line: Must be short, precise and click worthy strong phrase mentioning areas of interest, position applying to, exceptional achievement (if any). E.g., CSE engineer interested in Data Science at Alexa.

Mail body: A shortened version of the main part of your SOP.

Salutation: The appropriate title must be used.

The first paragraph: Must begin with introducing yourself briefly- name, which year of which program and major/minor programs- and end with stating the purpose of your email.

Second paragraph: Must present a convincing story of how given your background and interest, the lab and research work applied for is an appropriate one.

Third paragraph: Should include an overall picture of when you are looking to intern and how many hours of internship work you are looking to put in. This will show that you are actually keen on the internship.

Signature: Department, year, institute, web mail address, phone number must be mentioned.

Attachments: CV, SOP, official grade card should be added in cloud and relevant links must be attached in the mail rather than individual files.

#### Keep in mind:

- Timing: Mails should be sent during office hours and not on weekends and holidays.

- Use of word file for attachments must be avoided.

- Proofread, at least 2-3 times. May seek friends, seniors and Professors to do it.

We understand that these processes may be overwhelming. But once you get your groove on and keep on endlessly exploring, you will certainly land in a place you hope to be. Remember, one size never fits all. We discussed basic topics to get you started on your journey and discover a new world.

Team D361 wishes you good luck on your quest to find your passion!

# List of Internships

Program and Institute name	Fields	Eligibility	Tentative deadline to fill form	Web links (it may change every year for some institutes)
Narendra Summer Internship, IISC Bangalore	Computer Science	Open for 2 <sup>nd</sup> , 3 <sup>rd</sup> and 4 <sup>th</sup> year students	April	<a href="https://events.csa.iisc.ac.in/internship2020/">https://events.csa.iisc.ac.in/internship2020/</a>
Institute of Bioinformatics & Applied Biotechnology	Bio-Technology	Open for 4 <sup>th</sup> year students	Over the year	<a href="https://www.ibab.ac.in/research/internship/">https://www.ibab.ac.in/research/internship/</a>
Summer Internship Program, IIT Madras	All fields of engineering, humanities and management	Open for 3 <sup>rd</sup> year students	February	<a href="https://sfp.iitm.ac.in/">https://sfp.iitm.ac.in/</a>
SURGE, IIT Kanpur	All fields of engineering	Open for 3 <sup>th</sup> year students	February	<a href="http://surge.iitk.ac.in/">http://surge.iitk.ac.in/</a>
Summer Research Fellowship Program, Indian Academy of Sciences	All fields of engineering	Open for 2 <sup>nd</sup> and 3 <sup>rd</sup> year students	November	<a href="https://web-japps.ias.ac.in:8443/fellowship2021/application_instruction_s.jsp">https://web-japps.ias.ac.in:8443/fellowship2021/application_instruction_s.jsp</a>
Summer Research Fellowship Program, Jawaharlal Centre for Advances Research Institute	Mathematics, Physics, Chemical Science, Engineering Science, Life Science and Material Science	Open for 1 <sup>st</sup> , 2 <sup>nd</sup> and 3 <sup>rd</sup> year students	December	<a href="http://www.jncasr.ac.in/fe/srfp.php">http://www.jncasr.ac.in/fe/srfp.php</a>
Summer Research Program, The Institute of Mathematical Sciences	Physics, Mathematics and Computer Science	Open for 3 <sup>rd</sup> and 4 <sup>th</sup> year students of BTech. and 1 <sup>st</sup> year students of MSc. and MTech.	January	<a href="https://www.imsc.res.in/summer_research_programme">https://www.imsc.res.in/summer_research_programme</a>
Summer Student Program, IISER Pune	Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics	Open for 1 <sup>st</sup> year students of MSc.	February	<a href="https://www.iiserpune.ac.in/~sspc/">https://www.iiserpune.ac.in/~sspc/</a>
Visiting Summer Research Program (VSRP), TATA Institute of Fundamental Research	Physics, Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry, Computer Science and Mathematics	Open for all year students	January	<a href="https://www.tifr.res.in/~vsrp/">https://www.tifr.res.in/~vsrp/</a>
SPARK, IIT Roorkee	All fields of engineering and management	Open for 2 <sup>nd</sup> , 3 <sup>rd</sup> and 4 <sup>th</sup> year students CGPA > 8.0 (for NIT students)	February	<a href="https://spark.iitr.ac.in/">https://spark.iitr.ac.in/</a>
Internship Program, IIT Guwahati	All fields of engineering	Open for all year students	February	<a href="https://www.iitg.ac.in/cse/summerinternship/">https://www.iitg.ac.in/cse/summerinternship/</a>
S.N. Bhattacharya Memorial Excellence Fellowship Program, ICTS-TIFR	All fields of engineering, science and mathematics	Open for 2 <sup>nd</sup> , 3 <sup>rd</sup> and 4 <sup>th</sup> year students	June	<a href="https://www.icts.res.in/academic/summer-research-program">https://www.icts.res.in/academic/summer-research-program</a>
Summer Student Program, IISER Kolkata	All fields of engineering and science	Open for all year students	March	<a href="https://www.iiserkol.ac.in/~summer_research/">https://www.iiserkol.ac.in/~summer_research/</a>
Summer Internship Program, IIT Ropar	All fields of engineering and humanities	Open for all year students	March	<a href="https://www.iitpr.ac.in/summer-internship/Application-Form">https://www.iitpr.ac.in/summer-internship/Application-Form</a>
Under Graduate Summer Research Internship Program, IIIT Allahabad	Computer Science, Electronics & Communication and Management Science	Open for 3 <sup>rd</sup> year students	March	<a href="https://www.cogcomp.in/summer-research-internship-program-2020/">https://www.cogcomp.in/summer-research-internship-program-2020/</a>
Summer Internship Program, IIT Mandi	All fields of engineering and humanities	Open for 2 <sup>nd</sup> year students of BTech. and 1 <sup>st</sup> year students of MTech.	April	<a href="https://www.iitmandi.ac.in/academics/internship.php">https://www.iitmandi.ac.in/academics/internship.php</a>
Summer School Program, Institute of Plasma Research	BTech.: Mechanical, Electrical MSc.: Physics	Final Year Students	February	<a href="http://www.ipr.res.in/SSP2020/">http://www.ipr.res.in/SSP2020/</a>
Under Research Initiative, IIT Jodhpur	All fields of engineering, science, humanities and management	Open for 3 <sup>rd</sup> and 4 <sup>th</sup> year students of BTech. and 1 <sup>st</sup> year students of MSc. and MTech.	April	<a href="http://iitj.ac.in/institute/index.php?id=undergraduate_research_initiative">http://iitj.ac.in/institute/index.php?id=undergraduate_research_initiative</a>
Summer Internship Program, Central Mechanical Engineering Research Institute	Biotechnology, Chemical, Civil, Computer Science, Electrical, EC & EI, Mechanical, and Materials Engineering	Open for 3 <sup>rd</sup> and 4 <sup>th</sup> year students CGPA > 7.5	March	<a href="https://www.cmeri.res.in/sites/default/files/announcement/Notice%20for%20Summer%20Internship_2020.pdf">https://www.cmeri.res.in/sites/default/files/announcement/Notice%20for%20Summer%20Internship_2020.pdf</a>
Summer Research Internship Program (SRIP), IIT Gandhinagar	All fields of engineering	Open for all year students	February	<a href="https://srip.iitgn.ac.in/info/">https://srip.iitgn.ac.in/info/</a>
Internship Program, IISER Thiruvananthapuram	All fields of engineering and science	Open for all year students	March	<a href="http://www.iisertvm.ac.in/pages/svp">http://www.iisertvm.ac.in/pages/svp</a>
R.C Bose Centre for Cryptology and Security, Indian Statistical Institute	Computer Science, EC, EI and Mathematics	Open for all year students	April	<a href="https://www.isical.ac.in/content/internships-0">https://www.isical.ac.in/content/internships-0</a>
Summer Research Program, Institute of Chemical Technology	Chemical Engineering	Open for 3 <sup>rd</sup> and 4 <sup>th</sup> year students	March	<a href="https://www.ictmumbai.edu.in/NewFilesN.aspx?id=ecaksi&amp;type=vn">https://www.ictmumbai.edu.in/NewFilesN.aspx?id=ecaksi&amp;type=vn</a>
National Network for Mathematical and Computational Biology, IISER Pune	All fields of engineering and science	BTech. - 2 <sup>nd</sup> , 3 <sup>rd</sup> and 4 <sup>th</sup> years Dual Degree - 2 <sup>nd</sup> , 3 <sup>rd</sup> , 4 <sup>th</sup> , 5 <sup>th</sup> Years 1 <sup>st</sup> and 2 <sup>nd</sup> year students for Masters program	October	<a href="http://www.iiserpune.ac.in/~mbio/?q=nmcn">http://www.iiserpune.ac.in/~mbio/?q=nmcn</a>
Bioengineering Summer Training Program (BEST), IISC Bangalore	All fields of engineering and science	Open for all year students	February	<a href="https://biotechtimes.org/2020/02/06/iisc-bioengineering-summer-training-best-program-2020-notification/">https://biotechtimes.org/2020/02/06/iisc-bioengineering-summer-training-best-program-2020-notification/</a>
Internship Program, Academy of Scientific and Innovative Research	All fields of engineering and science	Open for 3 <sup>rd</sup> year students of BTech. and Dual Degree and 1 <sup>st</sup> year students of Masters program	December	<a href="https://acsir.res.in/acsir-dr-api-abdul-kalam-summer-training-program/">https://acsir.res.in/acsir-dr-api-abdul-kalam-summer-training-program/</a>
Winter Internship Program, IIT Bhubaneshwar	Civil, EC, EI, Electrical, Mechanical, Metallurgy and Material Sciences, Life Sciences and Humanities	Open for all year students	November	<a href="http://webapps.iitbbs.ac.in/internship-application/index.php">http://webapps.iitbbs.ac.in/internship-application/index.php</a>
Summer and Winter internships, Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology	All fields of engineering and science	Open for all year students	Summer- February Winter- October	<a href="https://admission.iist.ac.in/internship/">https://admission.iist.ac.in/internship/</a>
Summer Internship, ISRO satellite centre	Electronics & communication, Civil engineering, Mechanical engineering, Electrical engineering, Chemistry and Physics & Astronomy	Open for all year students	Each ISRO department has its own deadlines. Check the web links.	<a href="https://www.isro.gov.in/research-and-academia-interface/internships-projects-training">https://www.isro.gov.in/research-and-academia-interface/internships-projects-training</a>

# *It's okay to be not okay*

- Amrit Raj

Those who tend to think less, they speak more.  
Those who tend to think more, they speak less.  
Well, sometimes it's really tough to find,  
What's going on in someone's mind.

Not many people know how to say,  
For instance if you ask me, "Are you okay?"  
With a delusional smile, I'll say, "I'm fine."  
But the truth is the stars burn while they smile.

How should I reveal, what am I facing ?  
Even I'm not sure, I'm just guessing.  
It may be anxiety, it may be tension,  
You may call it disorder, some may call it  
depression.

I don't know if it's real or I turn blind.  
Locked in the prison of my own mind,  
I see nothing but darkness all around.  
It feels like something is pulling me towards  
ground.

Inside there lies a different universe,  
with no stars, no planets but only curse.  
It's just me, stuck in my own void,  
neither can I focus nor can I avoid.

There is no ghost, no cawing of crows,  
yet with each moment my fear grows.  
Even when I'm alone, I'm never alone.  
They haunt me, the moments which have flown.

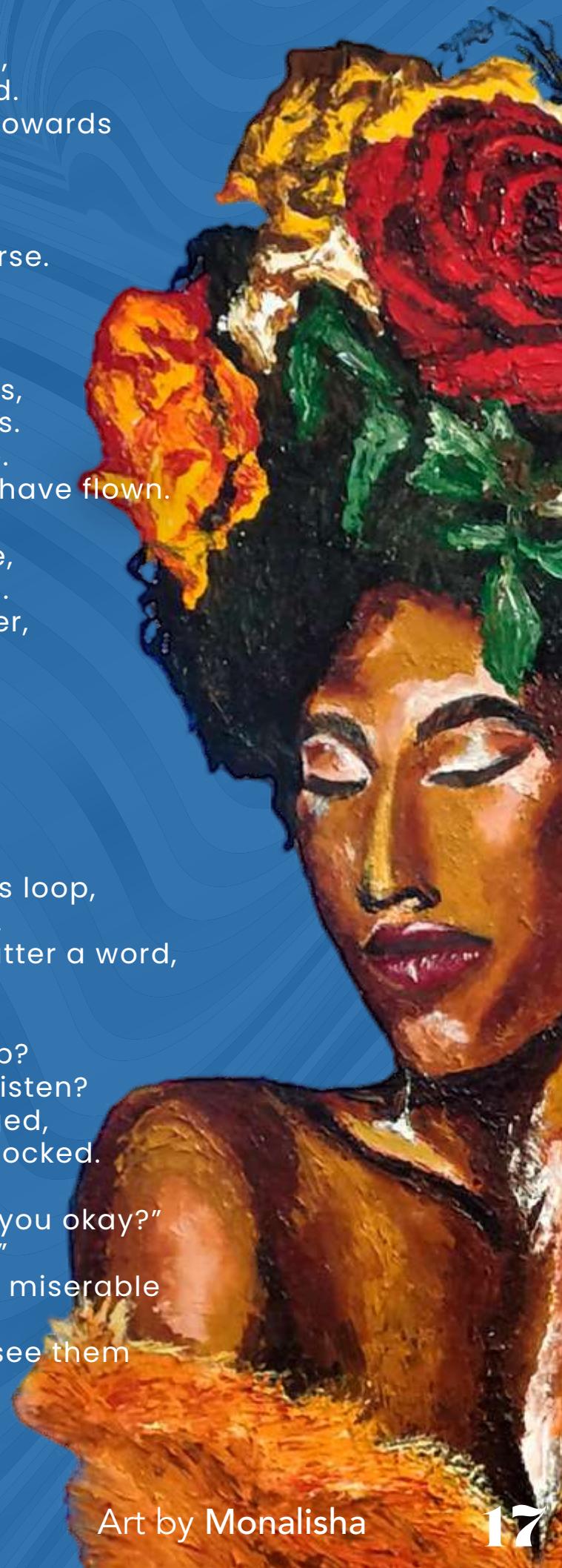
All those poor decisions I have made,  
and all the paths where I have failed.  
As a son, as a student, or as a brother,  
sometimes as a friend or as a lover.

With a bag full of failures,  
Where am I gonna lead ?  
Do I have a future ?  
Or will I just be a rotten seed ?

All of this starts playing in an endless loop,  
And I feel like shouting my lungs out.  
But then I lose my strength to even utter a word,  
And all my pleas remain unheard.

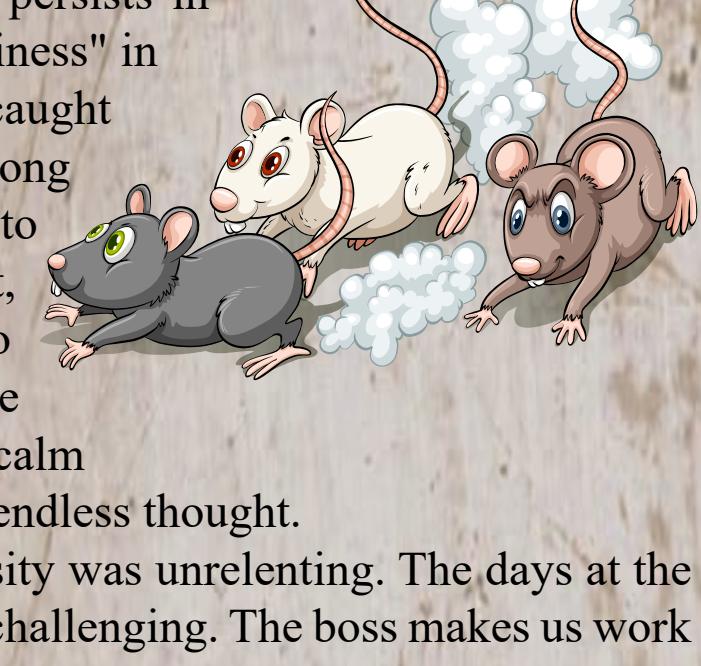
But what if I really wanted to open up?  
How will I know that you're ready to listen?  
I want to be sure that I won't be judged,  
I won't be laughed at or I won't be mocked.

So next time, instead of asking, "Are you okay?"  
Simply say, "It's okay to be not okay."  
Everyone has their own sorrows, or a miserable  
feeling.  
Just lend them your ears and you'll see them  
healing.



# THE RAT RACE

As Twilight drops her curtain down and pins it with a star, the grimy old light in the distance persists in flickering. The neon sign read out "Happiness" in bold. The intriguing movement always caught my eye whenever I came back from my long day at the factory. I've always wanted to check it out, but after working a long shift, my burned-out body never allowed me to roam freely whenever I wanted to. The burrow was the only space I had to relax, calm my mind and just let my mind be free in endless thought.

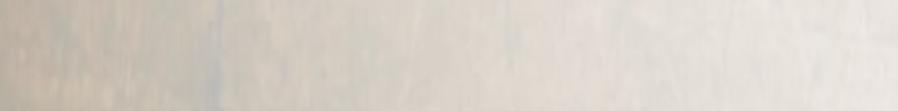


The days kept on going by, but the curiosity was unrelenting. The days at the factory kept getting more rigid and more challenging. The boss makes us work like we're some sort of hamsters on an ever-spinning wheel. With this boiling frustration, I finally muster the courage to push the doors wide open, only to find a small little stall in a relatively empty room. The booth had a sign with an old rat. The stall sign read five coins for a message of advice. What kind of ripoff!? I was just making enough to get by with a slice of cheese for dinner, and now this man wants to charge a fortune for a mere message? In a moment of sheer frustration and impulse, I decide to pay the money and lean in to listen to the advice. "Go finally live a successful and happy life by joining the rat race. Visit this building in the Metropolis to start your journey of a happier life," he whispered in my rodent ears. The rat race was something that I've only heard stories about in the news. It's in a distant city, in someplace called the Metropolis. Everyone at the factory talks about life in the race and how they would jump at any opportunity that came their way. He pulls out a ticket and mentions, "Don't let this opportunity go to waste." This was my train ticket to the Metropolis. In front of me lay two options: either I continue to live drab life in the burrow or get to live "The Life" as everyone else rants about. This is it; this is my chance. I frantically embrace the old rodent and bust out of the room as fast I could. I don't even bother to pack up my stuff; I just bolt down to the train station and take the first train to the City.

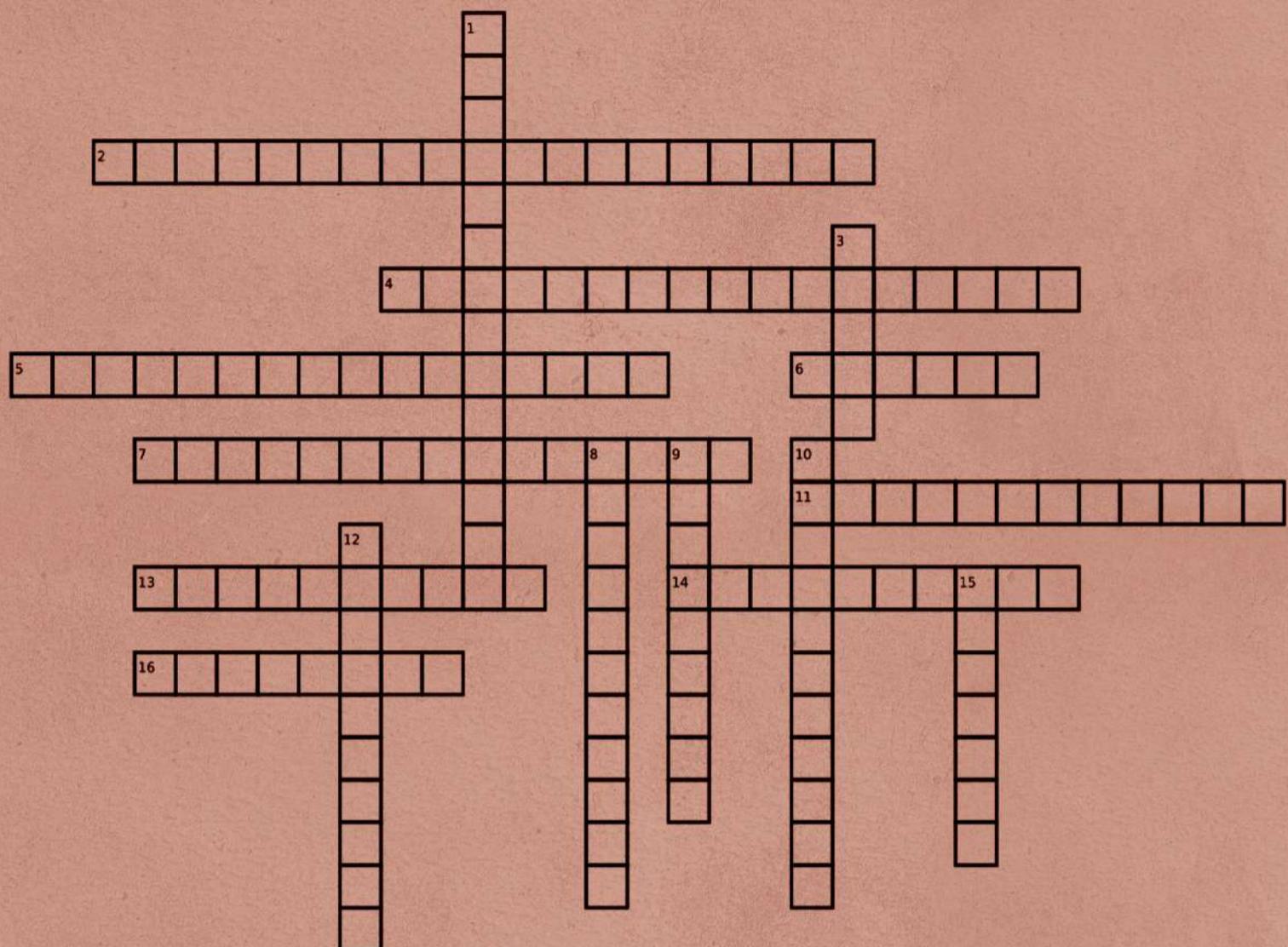
"You have now arrived at the rat race junction," announced the train system in a robotic voice. Ah finally! The concrete jungle where dreams are made realities. There she was, shining in all its glory—the skyscraper where all my dreams will come true. I push my way through crowds of several rodents in suits. It's all so advanced. I look up to the skies and see trains zooming past, planes above them, massive billboards, towering buildings, noisy cars blaring their way through traffic, and the list goes on. It's all so overwhelming, but I could not be any more excited to be the first day of the rest of my life. I show the security rats the ticket at the entrance. They take me into an elevator, and we go up to the floor called "The Lab." It was like nothing I've ever seen. We walked down a corridor full of robots and computers on either side. Pacing back and forth in their cells were rats in lab coats. They all seemed to be carrying out experiments at an accelerated pace. They escort me past all of this massive mechanized assembly to the backside. But things look slightly different on this side. I notice fellow mice caged in rectangular bars of steel. Each one of them looking different from the other. I see an abnormally large creature and another that's missing a couple of limbs. I observe some shivering and some bizarrely hyperactive. I could not believe what I was seeing. The awe and wonder start to disappear slowly. I quickly realize that I could end up just like another one, these "lab rats." I try to evade the guards and make a run for it but to no avail. They grab hold of me and shove me into an empty dark, dingy cell. Pitch black surround me like the abyss. I don't believe what's happening. Is this all part of what it means to chase your dreams? The rat race is what everyone talked about at the burrow. It was my chance to live life on my terms finally. The clouds of doubt and worry start to seep in. Everyone I knew at the factory would not stop talking about the rat race. It was all a ploy; why would anyone dream of being here. A group of rodents coated in white surround me and start to drag me away from the empty cell. This was it; this was the beginning of the rest of my life. I was now part of the rat race.

The pursuit of happiness... what does it mean? What does it entail? How much further should I push myself to hopefully one day be happy? Every day that passes by, I reflect and just think about this mousetrap that I set up for myself. All my life, I just wanted some sort of freedom. I was overcome with desperation, so much so that I even paid heed to a shady old rat giving me advice about what will make me happy when he knows nothing about me. Happiness stems from within a person, not from what others in the world define it to be. This is all I can think about when I'm all alone in my cell. Sure, I make more now that I'm here, but I'd much rather be back home in the burrow than here. Time over here in the rat race seems to go by faster. Months zoom by, and I have now become a part of a machine. It is the machine that drives itself for someone else's success. With every injection and experiment, I become part and parcel of the system. The system that teaches everyone else that this repetitive life is every day. To sustain each experiment, you must race. You must fight for your survival because you die as a victim of the rat race if you don't.

-Chris Cherian



# GUESS THE BRANCH



## DOWN

1. We spice up your life and fill it with the aroma of freshly brewed coffee and waffles by presenting you with the purest and unadulterated form of your one true love!
3. We build the world around you, starting from the hospital you were born in, to the schools and colleges you go to, and even the roads that you take in the journey of life!
8. We can legally dope. Maybe that's why our brains and our hearts are puzzled by zeroes and ones.
9. An optimist sees a glass half full. A pessimist sees a glass half empty. But we see a 100ml Borosilicate glass beaker filled with 50ml of distilled water.
10. A department which believes in counting things, but can you count on them? Be careful what sign it shows, because it is always busy finding its 'X'.
12. The beauty of the department building isn't the most deceptive thing about it. The student's life can be as haunted as its basement.
15. We eat in stoneware bowls, we drink in porcelain mugs, but we study material science, not pottery.

## ACROSS

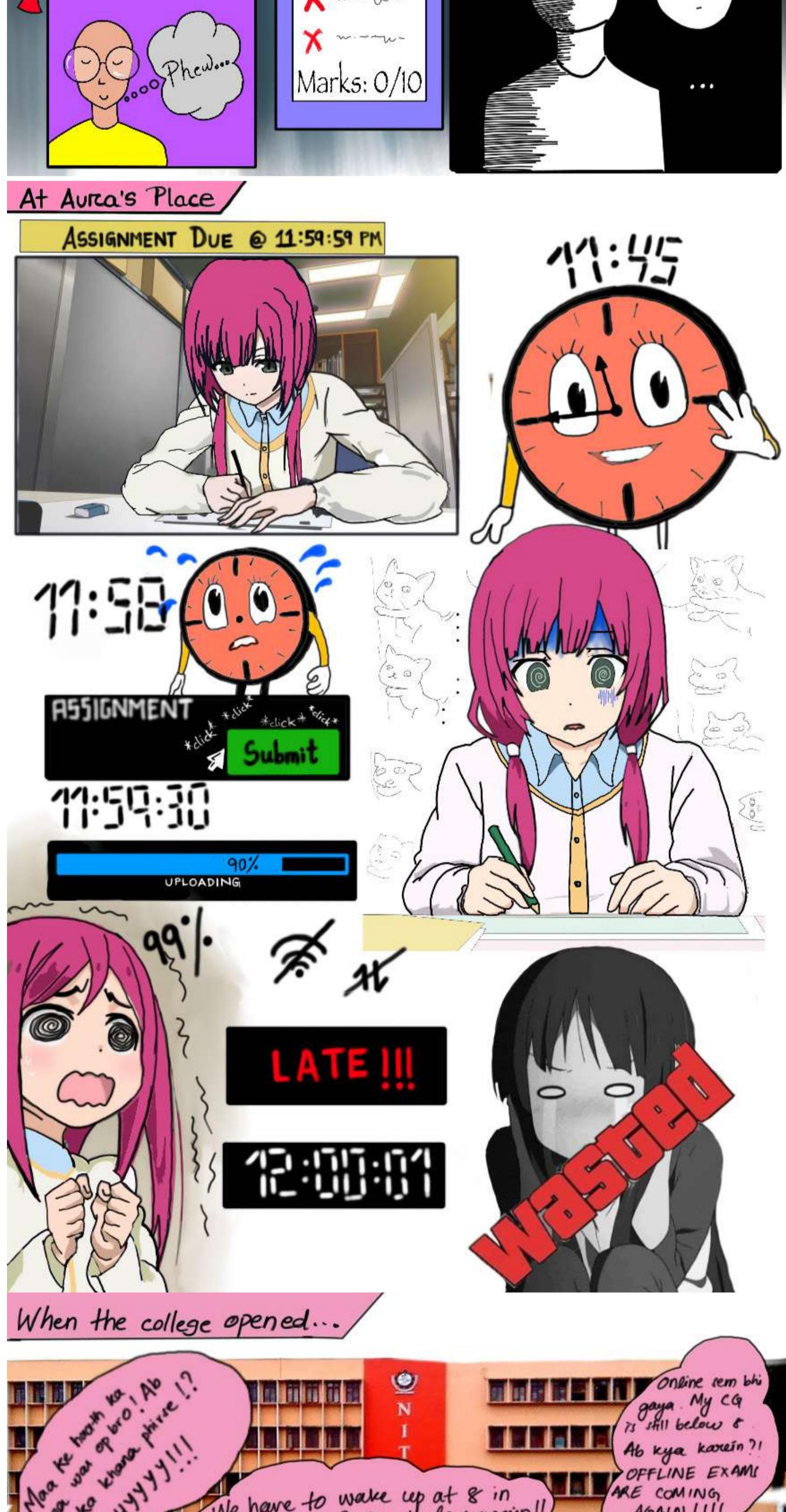
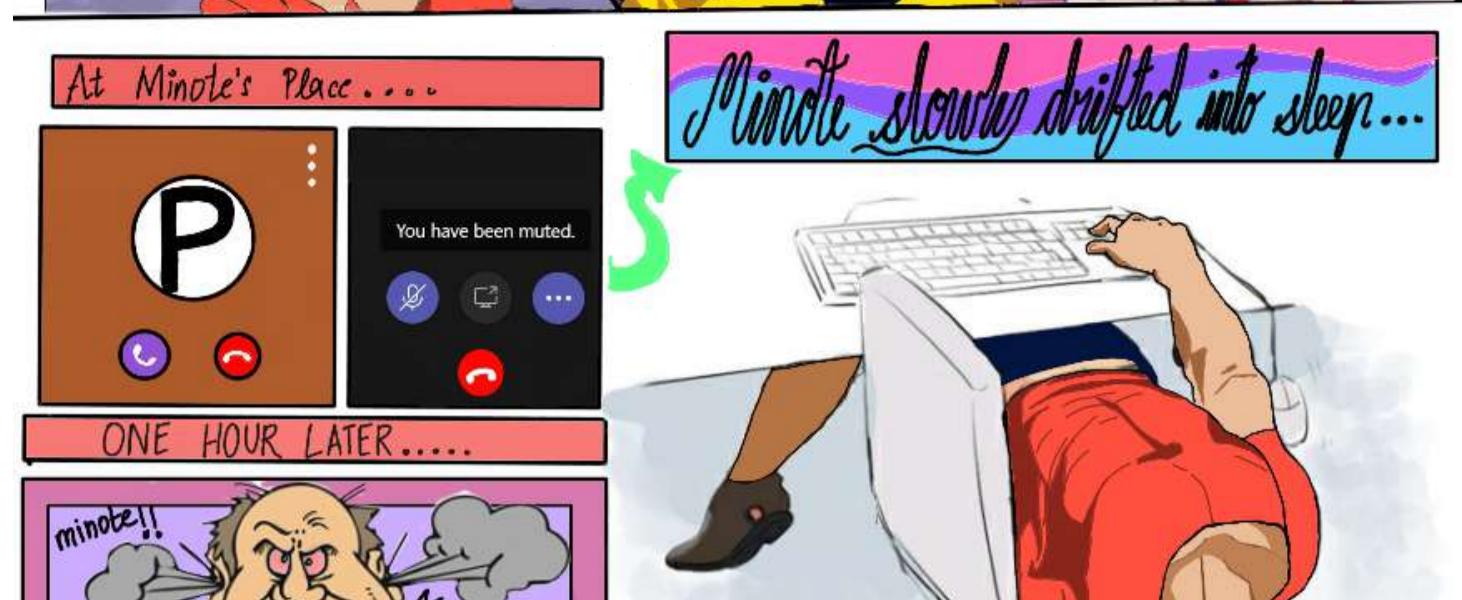
2. It is a little difficult to find us, because our momentum and position can't be simultaneously determined.
4. Physics, Chemistry and Mathematics may be the backbone of engineering, but without us you wouldn't have gotten past the pandemic.
5. Everybody seeks content, but we run after the other half where there is more colour and creativity.
6. We see our future below this earth, we speak the language of minerals and ores, from surveying to blasting of ground, we often think about how far we've gone.
7. No matter how good we are at decoding problems, but when we do it with an audience, the number of errors and compilation is directly proportional to the number of friends watching, raised to the power of time we've spent learning.
11. Our sketches look like daydreams, but for civil engineers, they turn into nightmares. It may look as easy as playing with the legos, but it's even more difficult than balancing a Jenga tower.
13. We extract metals from the womb of the finest technologies, and shape it into its most useful form to help mankind.
14. Casting the world, forging the campus, shaping ourselves, welding the rest of the branches, but still we call ourselves Royal singles.
16. We know enough physics to confuse a chemist, enough chemistry to confuse a physicist and enough mathematics to confuse ourselves.

1. FOOD PROCESSING 2. PHYSICALS TRONOMY 3. CIVIL 4. BIOMEDICAL BIOTECH  
5. INDUSTRIAL DESIGN 6. MINING 7. COMPUTER SCIENCE 8. ELECTRONICS  
9. CHEMISTRY 10. MATHEMATICS 11. ARCHITECTURE 12. ELECTRICAL  
13. METALLURGY 14. MECHANICAL 15. CERAMIC 16. CHEMICAL

**ANSWERS:**

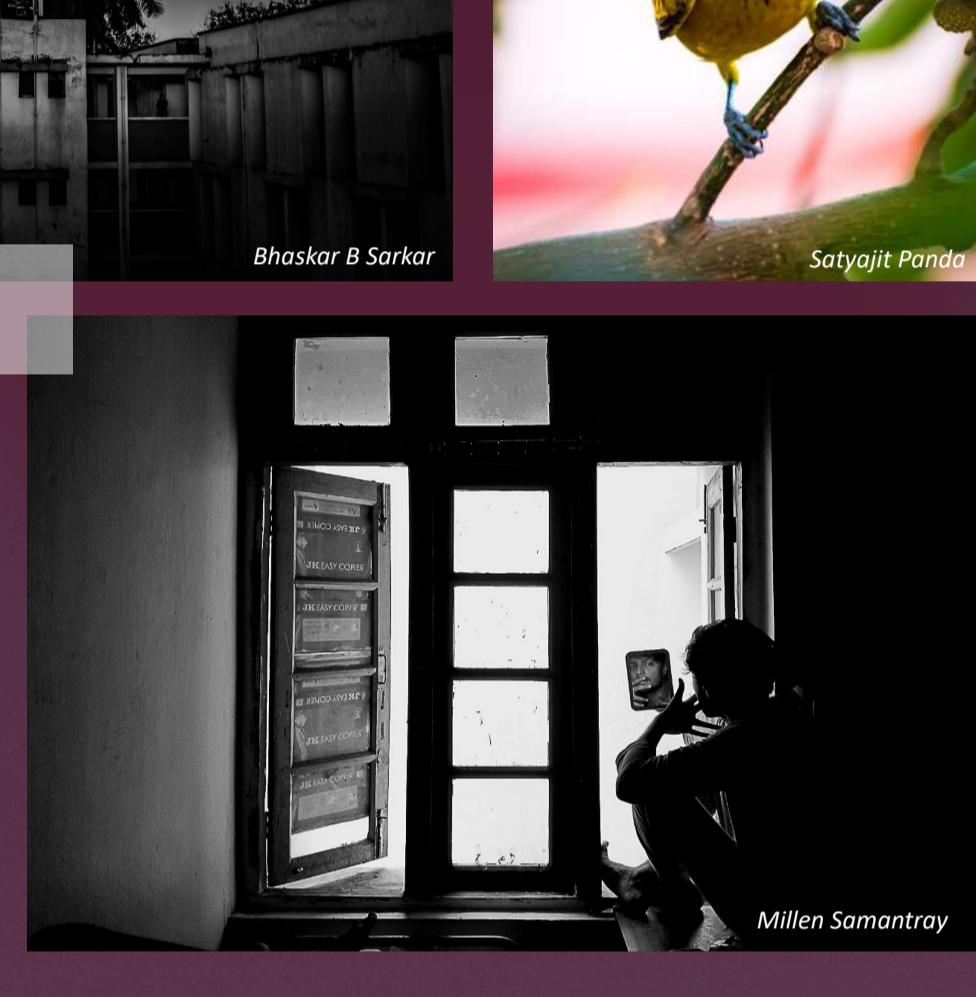
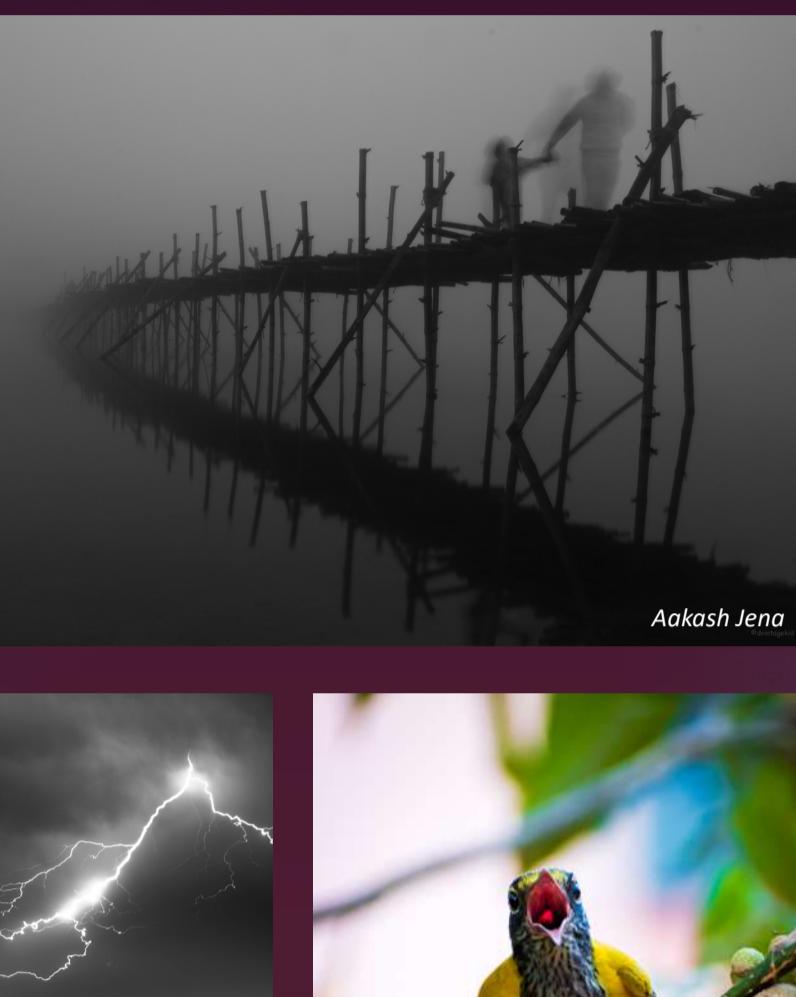
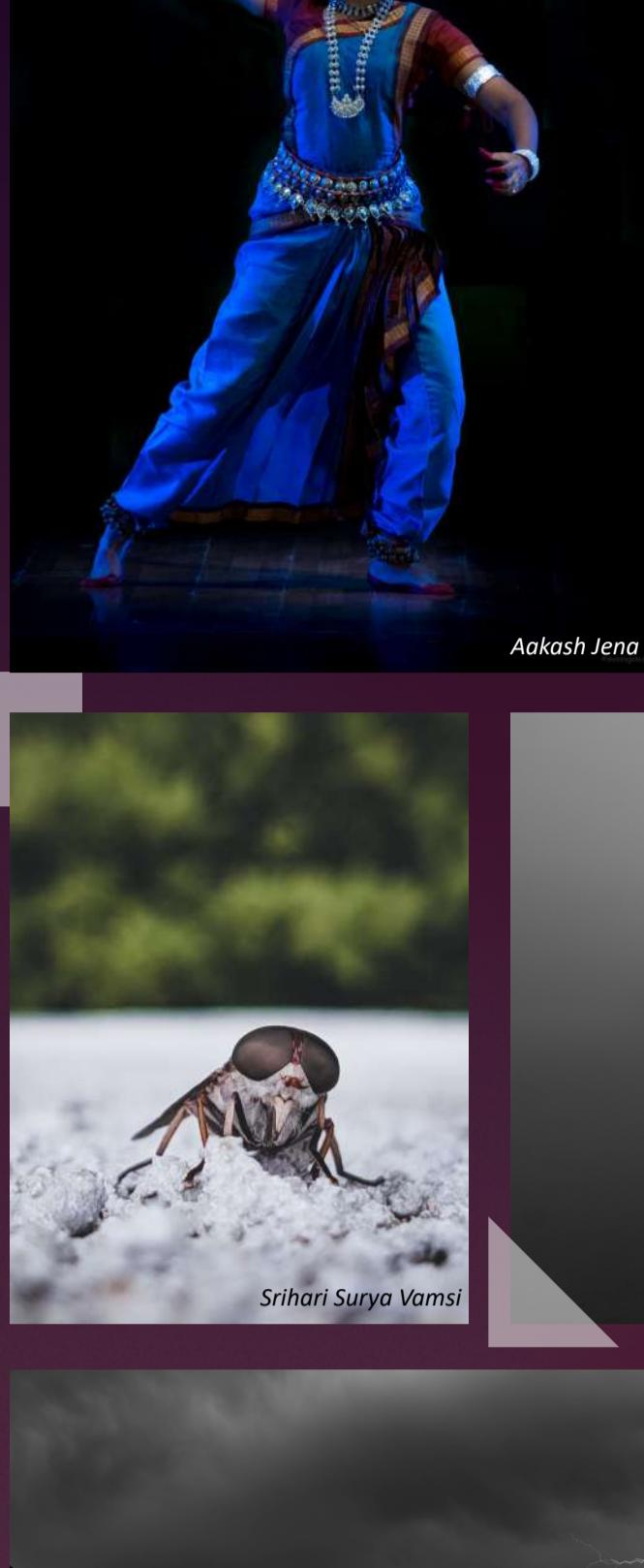
# MINOTE SECOND and AURA

By Abhrant

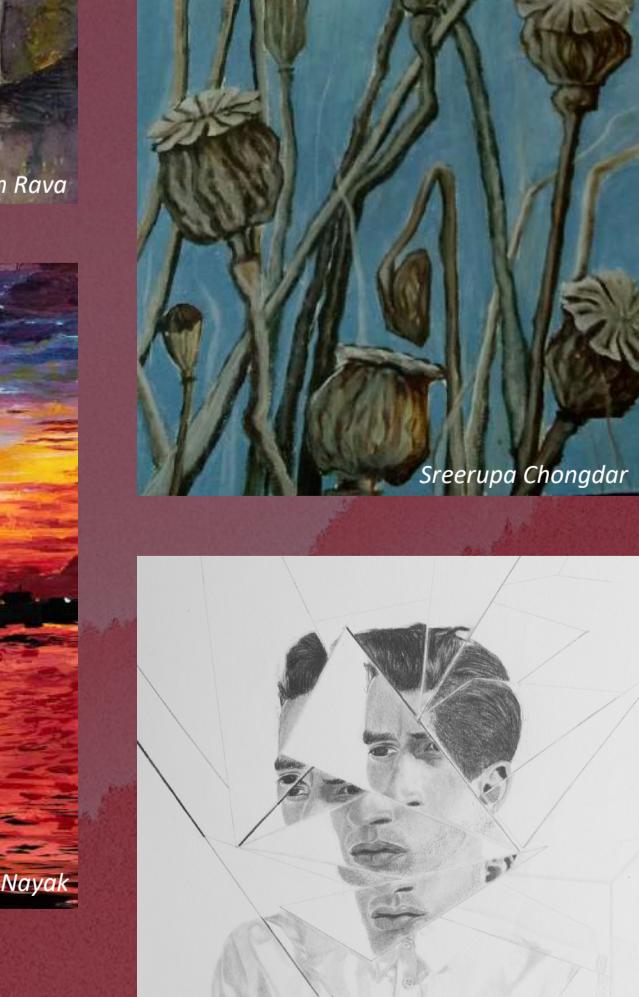
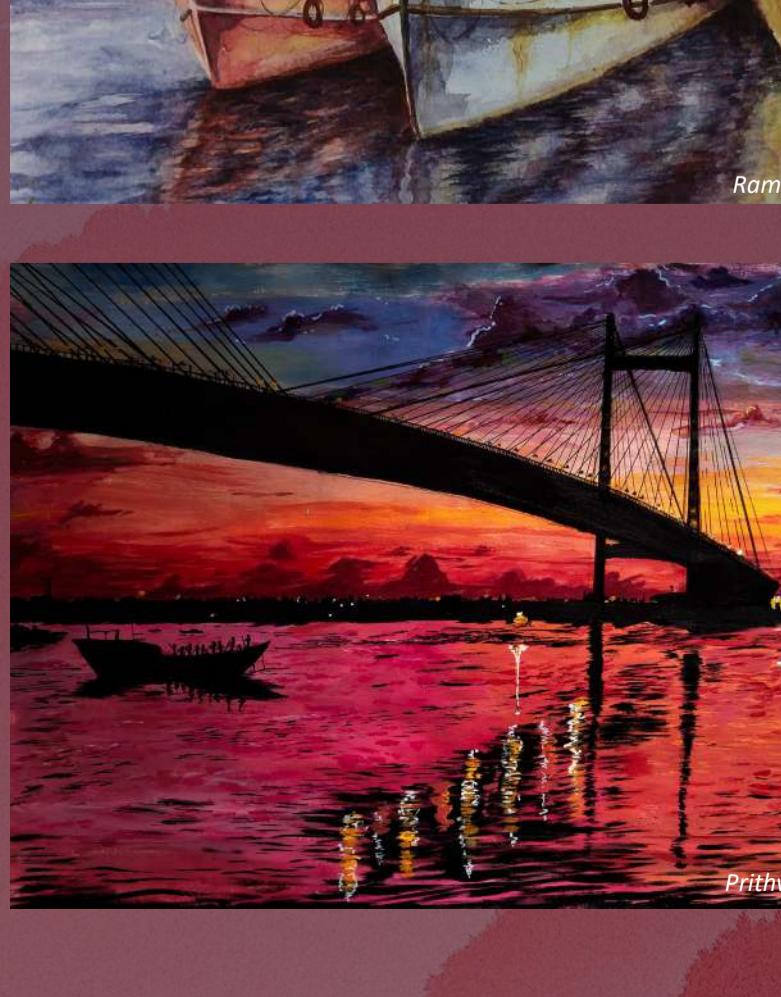


# NITR CANVAS

## photographs



## artworks



fin

21

# Obituary



## *Smarajit Sarkar*

*'Not a victim, but a martyr he was,  
Who preached wisdom, from depths to sky,  
On a black morning, to debar heaven of flaws,  
He battled and left with a forever goodbye.'*

On 15th of August 2020, NITR lost an irreplaceable gem to COVID when Prof. Smarajit Sarkar of the Department of Metallurgical and Materials Engineering left for his heavenly abode. An epitome of kindness, purity and compassion, he was known for his cheerful nature. The way he moulded his students towards a fruitful future, has left a gap in their hearts, too huge to be filled. For someone whose imprints are immortal, we pray that his divine soul rests in peace.



## *Vaseem Usman*

On 7th March 2020, Vaseem Usman, an M.Tech second-year student of Material and Metallurgy Science department lost his life. He left this world while doing the thing he loved the most, playing football. It was both shocking and numbing for his loved ones. We pay our heartfelt homage to this young soul and extend our condolences to his family and friends.

D361 Team 2020-21



Smithraj Karna



Prithu Prasad



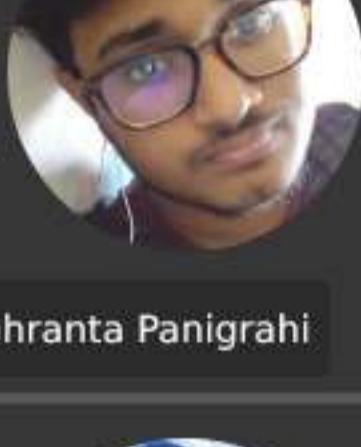
Shreya Srivastava



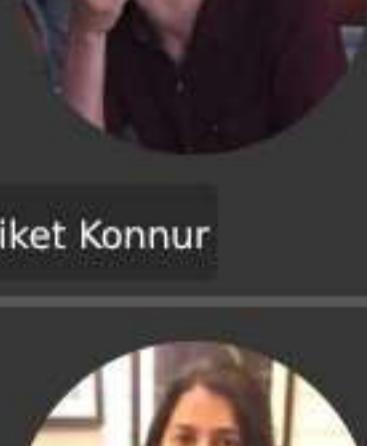
Biswajit Choudhury



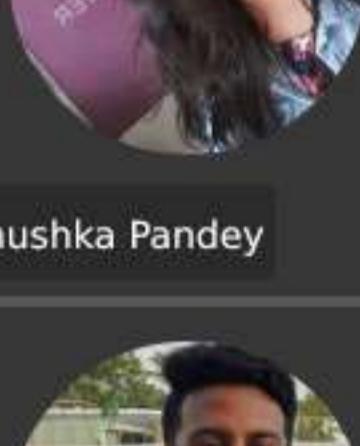
Mahesh Prasad Pati



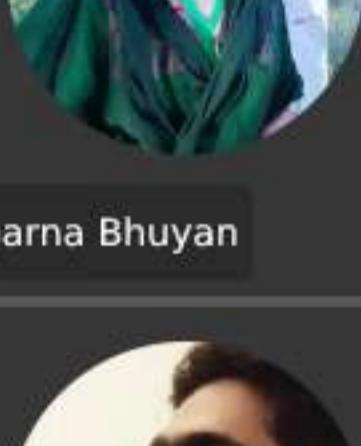
Abhranta Panigrahi



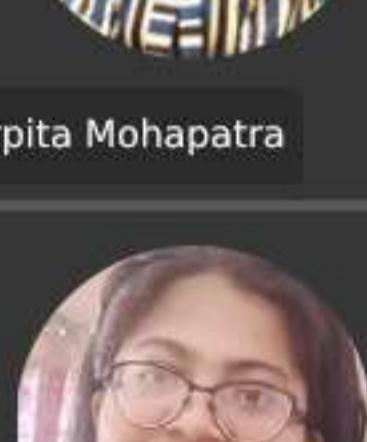
Aniket Konnur



Anushka Pandey



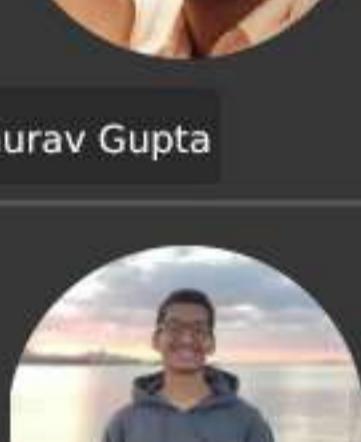
Aparna Bhuyan



Arpita Mohapatra



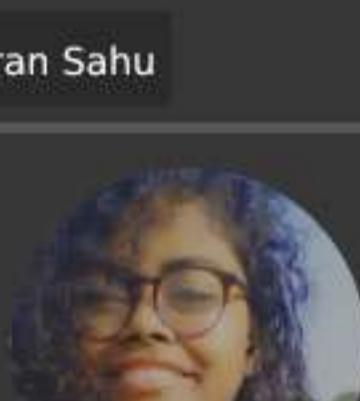
Chris Cherian



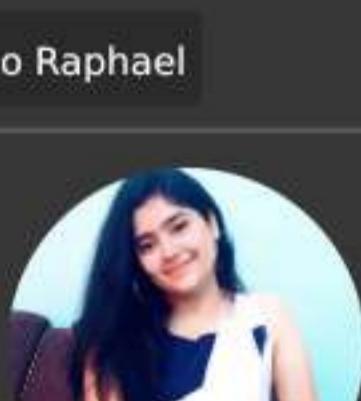
Gaurav Gupta



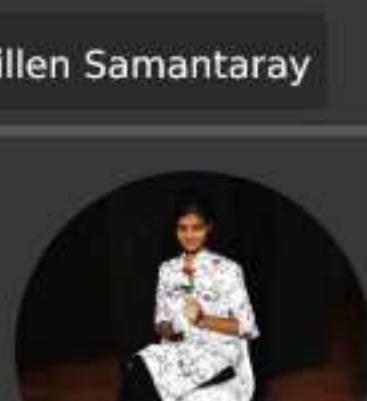
Jasmin Priya



Kiran Sahu



Leo Raphael



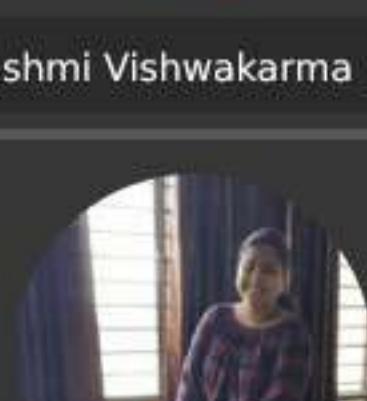
Millen Samantaray



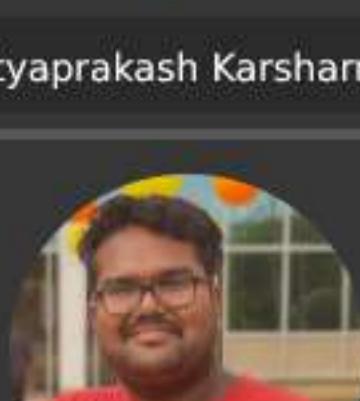
Muskan



Nikita Thakur



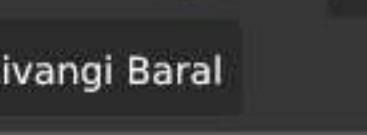
Rashmi Vishwakarma



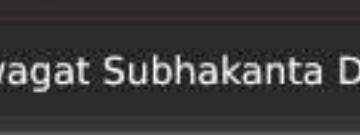
Satyaprakash Karsharma



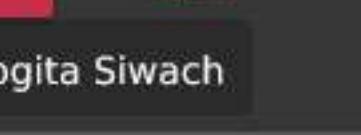
Satyapriya Kanungo



Shivangi Baral



Swagat Subhakanta Das



Yogita Siwach

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