

Editorial...

This is a yearbook. And so much more than just that. For it is our yearbook. Our friends, loves, emotions, memories and nostalgia perfectly packed in these 300-odd pages. This yearbook aims at being a reminder of some of the most eventful days of our roller-coaster years in BITS, Pilani. Down the road, it will be like a time machine- taking us years back to the years we spent here, reminding us "We were here. And we lived this life." It does not matter if you are reading this in 2003 or 2023. What matters is how much you are able to remember and relive. The past is the present. It is the future too.

Does that mean our days in this oasis are over? May be. But we shall continue to return again, at least in our thoughts. Hopefully. For it is here we learnt much of what was needed to face life and its challenges. Fighting against time, space, people, climate and indeed, often our very own selves, we as BITSians, had a glimpse of life, as it would unfold before us in the years to come. So it will be natural for BITSians not to forget this little oasis in the midst of the Thar. For the BITSian, Bits is Pilani.

BITS. It taught us to create an identity for ourselves- one that will remain forever within us, no matter how many new ones we replace it with. That of a BITSian. For deep within those sub-conscious neurons, lies buried the memories of four summers spent here, in this lovely place, only to be evoked time and again. And, like wine, the older the memories, the stronger they shall be. You never know. Sometime in the future, on a lazy Sunday afternoon, you might just want to look back. This Yearbook will help you do precisely that- resurrect.

We have loved to live life to its full in every minute that we have spent here. So, though the heart aches, the pain isn't as much. A catharsis of feelings and emotions flood floods through my mind. Along with the memories of togetherness come those of separation. It is bittersweet: part of me wants to hold on; part of me wants to let go. It might happen that the parting might not strike us in the beginning. For some, it might, after some years. And, for some, it might never. May be because parting is not an end in itself and not many are ever prepared for the ultimate finality that it denotes.

To wrap up, a few words about this yearbook. Frankly speaking it has been a very thankless job. Over the past one year and more, a lot of effort has gone into making this a reality. There's been so much of running around. So little of accomplishment. So much of despair. The yearbook demands much more than just perseverance and hard work. Believe me when I say this. I have been there.

If we have missed out or messed up somewhere, we are sorry for that. The mistakes, as they are always supposed, to be are unintentional.

I would like to thank Kartikeya Misra and Jitesh Arya, without whom this yearbook would still be lying as a bunch of zeroes and ones in some hard disk or mailbox, somewhere in the world.

Adios batch of 1999!

*If we meet again, we shall laugh
Else this parting was well made*

(Cassius to Brutus, 'Julius Caesar')