



expressions

SPECIAL 2020 **EDITION**



*Cogito,
Ergo Sum!*

100 PAGES



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MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL



It gives me pleasure and energy to understand that the Literary Club of PEC has come out with an e-publication. My hearty congratulations to all the stakeholders for bringing up this publication. In recent days many out of the box activities have taken place across the globe, resulting in initiatives, travel free, paper free, fuel free etc. Thanks to the pandemic. While everybody is distressed due to COVID-19, it

has opened some new avenues, which had remained unexplored so far. Our lifestyle has undergone significant changes more towards improvement. In particular, the education field has undergone a sea change. Without direct contact, a teacher can instruct and evaluate a number of students across the globe. Many barriers have been broken. E-publication is one such example. Through e-publication, the extent of participation could be

enhanced across all the students without any restriction. More students will get ample opportunity to display their talents.



Dr. S. Kothandaraman
Principal

I'm quite impressed by the articles contributed by PEC alumni. No doubt, students of PEC have always exhibited and proved their adroitness in every task assigned to them. The appreciation is due to Dr. Shanthi Simon, the Faculty Advisor, who stands up to the

expectations of the students. Her perseverant approach has impacted constructively on a great section of our students.

My best wishes are due to all the students and alumni who are responsible for this publication. In my closing words, I would like to register that in the future such publications should bring more varieties in terms of its content covering articles 360.



THE DEAN (STUDENTS) SPEAKS



Dr. K. Vivekanandan
Dean (Students)

The Literary Club of Pondicherry Engineering College celebrates the literary day every year in a grand manner. This year because of COVID -19 virus spread, the events could not be organized as they used to be. To compensate for this, a new effort has been taken to release an online literary magazine, Expressions. I hope Expressions serve as a platform for enhancing the creativity of the students in the literary field. I wish the literary club and magazine team great success.



A NOTE FROM THE CONVENOR



In these times when COVID-19 has unsettled our personal and professional lives, we live in the midst of complexities and confusions. Faced with unprecedented challenges, we are forced to embrace paradoxes, twists, uncertainties and insecurities. At this juncture, we need to take recourse in our strong hopes, endeavouring to turn anxieties into anticipations, adversities into advantages and thereby grow with every new experience. Though delayed and deviated from the original plan of publishing as a hard copy, it is a pleasure to present, after a break of several years, the e- version of "*Expressions*", a venture of the Literary Club of PEC. "*Stirring dull roots with Spring rain*", "*Mixing memory and desire*", the lilacs that are bred symbolise renewal and confidence.



Dr. Shanthi Simon

Convenor,
Literary Club

On behalf of the editorial team of Expressions, I acknowledge with sincere gratitude the wholehearted support, encouragement and guidance received from our honourable Principal Prof. S Rethandaraman, in fulfilling this mission. We also express our immense gratitude to our Dean (Students) Prof. K Vivekanandan, for his constant support and motivation in the activities of the club. We place on record our thanks to Dr. Akila (Assistant Professor, CSE) and Dr. Rathinam (Assistant Professor, Mechanical), the faculty coordinators of the Literary Club, for their continuous support. Expressions would have remained a dream but for the creative contributions of our alumni, who have shared their valuable time and experiences. Thanks to all of them who gave form and matter to this concept. I express my heartfelt appreciation to the editor of Expressions, Mr. Najmu Sehar Wani and the designers Mr. RamVignesh, and Mr. Rahul Perri for their committed involvement and meticulous hard work.

"In the changing fortunes of time", it is important to gather our spirits, unleash our creativity and strengthen our confidence. As Max Ehrmann wrote, we are children of the universe and "no less than the trees and the stars (we) have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to (us), no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusions of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy." Wish you all the very best.

FACULTY COORDINATORS SAY...



Dr. N. Rathinam
Asst. Professor, MECH

The Literary Club is a place where students can meet to tap effective communication talent among students. The Literary Club in Puducherry Technological University has been an ongoing and active club for several years. Its intricate agenda includes a variety of activities aimed at building up the confidence and grooming the talents of students in facing various interpersonal challenges and competitions. It is also a place where students can come to share their insights on personal life, literature, imagination, linguistic, literary skills etc. The students' involvement in the literary club is increasing in the current years. The activities of this club are planned to augment the output of the members of the club and thereby imparting these values to the student community as a whole. As a member of the literary club I wish all the success for the students who have participated in the various events conducted by the literary club.

EXPRESSIONS

It is indeed a great privilege and pleasure to be a part of the Literary Club of Pondicherry Engineering College. This year, the Literary Club of PEC has organized the DeLit Virtual Summit on 20th and 21st of June 2020. The 2-day summit has provided webinars. It has conducted a variety of games like scavenger hunt, cyber range. The Literary Club of PEC's flagship Literary Annual Festival is Curioso. It is the Literary extravaganza wherein the students will be battling out for the coveted Individual championships and Department Trophy. Now, the Club has come out with the Magazine. The Magazine will represent the technical and literary talents hidden among the students of PEC. I would like to convey my best wishes on the occasion of the release of this Literary Club Magazine.



Dr. V. Akila
Asst. Professor, CSE

The Letter FROM THE EDITOR



The professor standing in front of the blackboard with a piece of chalk scribbling something I can't read, uttering words I can't comprehend. I keep looking at him, trying to understand what he wants but I find myself travelling to a far-away place, somewhere in the mountains, some 3200 kilometers away, a place I call home. Everything covered with snow, from a fresh snowfall, the roads, the pavements, the trees, the shelters, the playgrounds.

I try to look out of my window but the sun shines so bright, the rays of the sun turn the snow into sparkling diamonds. The sun melts the snow, and the scene melts my heart. The cold breeze touches my face and I shiver, but the sun keeps me warm, and I inhale that air so pure, so soothing, so cold. I hear a bell, the bell of a cycle, I open my eyes, I can see the postman on his cycle coming nearer to our house. I hurried down the stairs almost tripping and ran to the main gate, leaving the window open.

We are not used to receiving letters, letters are no longer the means.

I open the gate and greet the postman. He greets me and asks, "*Ye Najma cha yati rozan?*". I answer, "No, she

doesn't live here", in my head with a frown on my face. I asked him if I can check the name, and he hands me the letter, and rubs his hands together, cursing the winter. The letter was not for Najma, it was for Najmu Sehar, and guess who he

is? I shake my head and tell him that the letter is for me, I am "Najma". I signed the paper and thanked him, offered him tea but he waved goodbye.

I have never received a letter; nobody has sent me a letter before. I walked towards my room looking for the name of the person who had written to me. My face lit up, eyes moist, heart warm. I rushed to my room, jumped in my bed. I could now sense a fragrance coming from it. The fragrance filling the room, the presence



Najmu Sehar Wani
2020, CIVIL



of the letter warming the room. I hugged it, smiled like an idiot, tears rolling down my eyes.

It was for the first time in three months that I heard from them. In the era of technology, phones, fixed lines, even the internet couldn't connect me to them. I am not the only one, but I guess it is how you grow up living in a paradise.

I trace the name on the envelope, letter by letter, with my fingertips, with each letter increasing my heartbeat, my fear, or maybe joy, I wasn't sure how I felt anymore.

I wasn't sure what the letter was about, what it had in it. I wasn't sure how it would begin, just like my first day in college. I had no idea how this phase of life was going to start. I had no idea what life had in store for me. All I did during the first two years was sleep in the hostel. I had least to no interaction with anyone during those years. Somehow, I participated in the events of the Literary Club and nothing was

the same anymore. I started to spend most of my day in college, helping in various activities and events. Not only that, we started another club and tried various things for the college. And here we are, planning for the Literary Club's magazine, Expressions. I hope we will be able to provide a platform for the students of PEC to help them express themselves and bring glad tidings. I hope this letter does too. I carefully open the envelope, making sure not to tear it.

I started taking the letter out.

Namju Sekhar, Sekhar, I heard my mother calling me, yelling, I guess for keeping the window open. I could hear people laughing too. The professor was taking attendance and had been calling my name for a while. I shake my head, "*Najmu Sehar is present sir*".





Articles



THE BEST DAYS, OUR COLLEGE DAYS



Here is no second opinion in any one's life that college days are the best part of our lives. It's full of learning and experiences of many new things starting with ragging. It's a place where a person finds many things that define him/her and build his/her career. It's where we start meeting different people, get to know different cultures and ethnicities, and come across great friends, make mistakes and finally forge ourselves to the next level.

College life and experiences turn out to be the sweetest memories of a person's life that we cherish in our minds. We enjoy reminiscing whenever we meet up with old friends. One needs to experience this, and words cannot make it.

It is the time when we learn and grasp a lot of insights with respect to the subjects and about life in general.

College life crafts a person in many ways.

You learn to work in a team, strive to be the best at what you do, involve yourself in internships, extracurricular and co-curricular activities without confining to just academics. This helps to develop our overall personality! We need to be very conscious about the society on par with career. Of course, there are some responsibilities which can be fulfilled by the students towards the society. Still remembering the days when we went door to door with a target of 100 houses to explain the ways to conserve energy.

This kind of life that helps in the betterment of society goes into our blood when done in childhood/youth and that helps us to do the

same even when we reach the pinnacle of our career.

No doubt, maturity gets a shape over the period of college life and we start laying the foundation for our self-development. College life not only makes students achieve goals but also helps them in building personality. One must always try to get a good name among others and try to consolidate it. Developing communication, technical and other skills which enhance

the knowledge are very much essential for the development of personality and attitude. Students must always go with a positive attitude avoiding negative thoughts creeping into their mind. Self-confidence and self-control also play an important role in a student's life. One needs to develop patience which will play an important role in the advancement of one's career.



Aroun Kumar Manivannan

63
1997, MECH
Senior Specialist,
Vestas Wind System, Denmark

Susmitha Sunil

1997, CIVIL

Friends from student life are really precious.

This is the age when people have no motives. Friendship is not just to have fun and companionship it should go a long way in life even through thick and thin. Never lose good friends. They are hard to find.

Students must not only confine themselves to bookish knowledge but also follow the practical approach to learning. College life is a sweet memory in everyone's life. So, keep it sweet for ever and ever.

To conclude, build a positive attitude and build friendship !!!.... that shapes your future.



COVID REDEMPTION: AN OPEN LETTER TO STUDENTS OF MY ALMA MATER



ive hope a chance.

There are multiple factors that could possibly shatter our goals - a once in a century pandemic of global proportions is possibly not one we would have ever imagined. The last time a truly massive global pandemic descended upon us, the world war had just ended, medical advances were limited and slow paced, and technology or interconnectivity was nascent.

You would think that with all the advancement over the past 100 years, we would smartly cull this at the root. However, we see blame games by world leaders, lack of acknowledgement by some and accountability by others. It makes us question a lot of things- including our very humanity.

As you graduate over the next few years, you can't help but wonder what is in store for you in these strange times. **Will the pandemic subside or be around for the foreseeable future?** Will industries permanently change the way they operate? More immediately, what happens to the economy, and will I land my first job as intended? All of these questions are based on the uncontrollable- and are not dependent solely on you. It is therefore imperative to focus on your

present and on controllable factors.

We are in an age of unprecedented interconnectedness - knowledge is not limited by access but by sheer will and thirst to learn. COVID has in fact highlighted this fact in sharp relief. Start by reflecting on how you have upskilled yourself in the last 3 months. Next, **identify your plan B in this marathon**, is it al-

ternate job, higher studies, pursuing a passion or a combination of these? Finally, stay positive and move the ball along every day to set yourself up for success.

Life throws us many curve balls- sometimes it manifests as rejects from your dream schools, other times it's once in a generation financial crisis. The im-

portant thing to realize is that **2020 is not a wash year**, but a year where the ultimate filter of "character" rather than skill or talent separates the adults from the rest. So, take this moment to appreciate the small things, and most importantly have the ethic to better yourself. It's the hope of a better tomorrow that's the engine that drives us- we need it now more than ever.



Prassana Somasundaram

2006, EEE

Product Manager, Amazon, Seattle

BB



NO AMOUNT OF MONEY, EVER BOUGHT A SECOND OF TIME



This “pearl” dropped by “Howard Potts” to Howard Stark, who in turn dropped it to Tony Stark, who many years later went back in time as “Howard Potts” and dropped it back (or forward) to Howard Stark crediting Howard Potts’ father for the quote, who was actually Howard Stark...

This is a classic infinite loop! Beyond the multiple physics rules that were disregarded in this movie, this is a topic worth pondering over. Especially the young folks in the country – the millennials and the workforce of tomorrow that is going to make India Shining. Or whatever the politicians of the country at that point choose to coin!

Not a philosophy or a self-help article or a motivational speech

I would like to call out that

this article is not meant to be a piece of work which is aimed at convincing people of something. This article is also not a dire warning of consequences either. The purpose is to explain aspects from the lives of my friends, relatives and of course myself. The hope being it will help people to make meaningful decisions in their personal lives.

Our culture is predicated towards making us smart in our professional careers. The upbringing for almost **90% of the young**

adults in the country is focused only on our “subjects”. We are taught to be problem solvers, but we are not taught to be problem definers. We have made so much of technological progress as a species by asking **“How”**, that we never stopped to ask **“Why”**! As a result, we are not geared towards becoming a balanced decision maker. We are stuck unable to decide, or we plan from a very selfish point of view. I remember an induction program in an IIT where a professor asks the proud parents – would you rather have a child who is above average in his subjects but is always with friends, helping them out, hanging out with them? Or would you have a child who is the top of the class but struggles to make friends and is a bit of loner?

I don’t need to mention here what 80% of the parents chose for their child!

What makes us human(e)?

Millions of years of evolution has led to us becoming the dominant species of this planet. There are many other species that live in packs or live with a hive mentality. Yet it is homo sapiens that have evolved the most. That is purely due to the well-rounded development of our species – physically, mentally, emotionally. It is this aspect of emotionality



Ashwin Rajan

2007, EEE

Manager, Business Operations,
Cisco



that I fear is eroding quickly in this world.

Wherever we are from, whatever we do, whenever, whomsoever – in all these situations people need to have compassion for our fellow human beings.

The future is today!

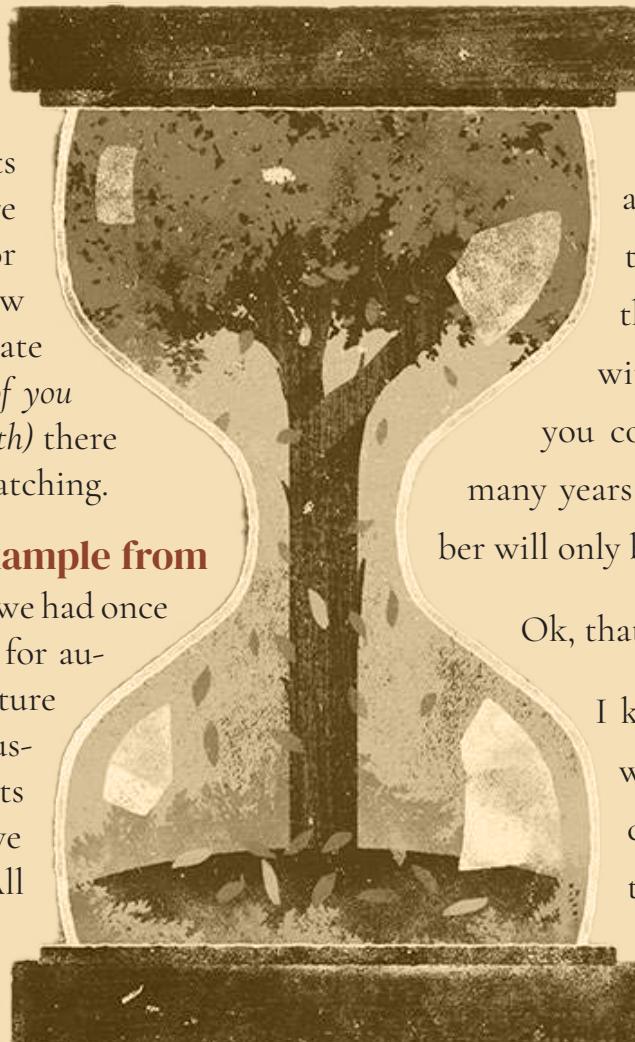
The engineers of the future. The managers of the future. The leaders of the future – **YOU**. Envision a great future for yourself. Help as many people as you can in your career. Try to be straight forward and avoid looking for short cuts in your career. There is no substitute for hard work and know that in a corporate world (*where many of you are likely to end up with*) there is always someone watching.

I can quote an example from

my career here – we had once

built a business case for automating cost capture across different customer engagements for an enterprise we consulted for. All those years back the idea was scoffed at and a business decision was made to reject the proposal.

However, the Vice President, who was part of the forum that made the decision, reached out to us almost 5 years later to build a similar proposal for the organization he was leading at that time.



Explore the world but also know that

home is where the heart is. Marry for

love & companionship – know that it is an equal partnership and the journey is littered with both roses and thorns. Treat your partner with respect that is due to them. Maintain a healthy work-life balance. Spend time with your parents and grandparents. More importantly, never lose your friends from

school and college. Many years later when you are busy with your personal and professional lives, it is the memories of these times that you will look back on with fondness. When a few of you convene with your families, many years later, all that you remember will only be the good things.

Ok, that is enough now!

I know I had mentioned this would not be a philosophical rant, but I think it did turn out that way. Hopefully

next time (*I hope there is a next time and Shanthi mam does not butcher me*

for a badly written article) I can be a little less advisory and pick a more serious topic. Lol, I can see mam rolling her eyes and say “Like that’s going to happen”. Stranger things have happened though right?

REMINISCENCES



Even though it is not easy to accept for many of you, the Civil Engineering blokes along with the Chemical chaps were looked down upon by the remaining branches during our days at PEC. Back in 2006, I heard from a mate in the Lit Club (*an informal group of students trying to develop soft skills*) that there is this lecturer in the English Department who has started something called a Career Guidance & Counselling Cell.

Lit Club never considered which department of engineering we were from.

Even if you couldn't form a coherent sentence in the privileged language of English, you were welcome to join. However, the meets of Lit Club members clashed with the volleyball / football / TT / snack's hours at the boys' hostel. These were too precious to give up for participating in some Angrez club!

But the CCGC, gave importance to the Department you hailed from, or so I presumed. Electrical, IT, CSE, ECE, basically all the departments that had air-conditioned laboratories, were the premium ones, in my head. You can't blame the consideration, given that all the "toppers" from entrance exams settled somewhere in these. The CCGC was formed to train the 3rd year students, & probably the final year ones too, in various soft-skills to ready them for facing the upcoming campus placement interviews.

66



CVS Rama Sandeep

2007, Civil

Senior Quantity Surveyor / Cost Engineer,
Parsons, Dubai

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So, I considered,

"eh! What's the worst that could happen? A bunch of people are gonna laugh at me?" Well, none of my Civil Engineering mates or the faculty would ever know what will go down.

Hostel mates who would be in CCGC would never care if I embarrassed myself.

"I do not care if the rest laughed anyway!" Weighing my chances, I decided, nothing to lose!

There I was, the only participant from the third world nation of Civil Engineering, among the representatives from the developed countries of IT, CSE, ECE, EEE & the lot.

I had no idea what I was participating in, until a new English teacher, Ms. Simon (*never taught English to me in the 3 years*) announced that it was a Debate. I was disappointed when they told me I could not participate as a minimum of 3 students were required to form a team and I was only one from Civil Engineering. Then comes this ma'am I have never seen before, and not only allows me, but also encourages me to participate. But it will be a 3 on 1 debate competition. This was a revelation to my prejudiced mind. It was not the CCGC that cared which department I was from; it was the mindset of certain students, including yours truly.



Right! Now, I must argue against 3 experts from EEE. I knew they were good from the Lit club events. Two of them were close friends who were going to play volleyball with me a little while later and the third one, a girl, I have never seen speaking in anything but English in the last 3 years. The first one begins to talk on the topic given and I am shaking my leg so hastily, thinking about the few English words that I knew and have never used, preparing my counter argument, ready to make an impression. As I spoke, exactly 3 times, I realized, I spoke in single, very long, sentences with what seemed like a million “and’s” thrown across. The grammar was horrible! And when I say horrible, I am being very gentle. I was not willing to finish, afraid of the upcoming embarrassment. **But to my astonishment, no one laughed.**

Instead, initiated by the teachers conducting the debate, they all clapped. Though I lost the debate that day, I felt like I won big. I gained confidence, loads of it, to participate in every event thereon. I, along with a few other mates, could make an impact on the other civil, mechanical, chemical students. The attendance from these departments constantly increased. The imaginary divide among the departments was erased.

A year later, there I was, attending my first job interview, facing 3 men from a prestigious multinational software company, dressed in black suits with multi-coloured ties, awaiting to take the mickey out of the civil engineering student in front of them. Everyone in that room knew I haven’t got a single penny worth of software knowledge. And I, instead of being scared, am smiling to myself remembering the 3 EEE mates who were sitting in front of me exactly a year ago to fire at me with important debating points. I knew, I could handle these interviewers very easily because I have handled worse in the previous instance.

It has been 13 years since. I am ever grateful to the teachers who encouraged me to participate in CCGC, Ms. Shanthi Simon & Mr. Binu Zachariah, my friends from ALL departments who joined me at CCGC, and many critics who helped me develop the confidence. Thank you Jehan, Raghav, Ashwin, Sandeep, Saranyan, Karthik, Harini, Sunitha, Vidya, Pavan, Anto, Vinay, Janani, Lijesh... Aaah! It is a very long list.

As I was speaking with the 3rd Year students (*now in final year*) of Civil Engineering in January 2019, I felt, there still was this imaginary line between the departments. To me and many others since 2006, CCGC was the place where this line was erased. Mere participation and interaction with students from various batches, and all departments gave the confidence to speak up. It is a place for socializing, making friends, knowing your weaknesses and knowing how to strengthen yourself. **And trust me when I say this, you are not alone.** With the teachers at the forefront, everyone in there is pulling each other up, so that when you face those 3 black suits in multi-coloured ties, on that final interview day, you are as prepared as you ever can be. You enter debate halls in competitions, job interviews, promotion selections, MBA college admissions, as a changed person raring to have a go, waiting for a chance to show your capabilities, eager to win and make an impact.

forefront, everyone in there is pulling each other up, so that when you face those 3 black suits in multi-coloured ties, on that final interview day, you are as prepared as you ever can be. You enter debate halls in competitions, job interviews, promotion selections, MBA college admissions, as a changed person raring to have a go, waiting for a chance to show your capabilities, eager to win and make an impact.

THE WORLD OF WORDS, FOR WORDS AND BY WORDS



Gt was heartening to see that the Literary Club of Pondicherry Engineering College is celebrating a literary festival spanning for two weeks instead of just having a half a day or one day event as is the convention. In a world that is heavily Internet driven, it is at best a boon for those seeking information and at worst a bane for those who are not scrupulous to separate the chaff from the wheat. In such a milieu, **what can a literary fest of this kind do?**

Let me add my two cents.

Any literary activity seeks to put thoughts into a form of expression (*Isn't the name of the magazine aptly titled Expressions*). Does the activity stop with expression? No. The audience must comprehend and digest the expression. Does it stop there? No. The audience reflect on it and form their impressions from it. Does it stop there?

No. Those impressions either reinforce their thoughts or kindle new thoughts in them. Does it stop there? No. These thoughts create the urge to express. Does it stop there? Now you know where it goes. This is precisely the beauty of any literary activity. But depending

on the nature of the audience, this can either be a virtuous cycle or a vicious cycle. Virtuous cycle for those who seek to continually calibrate and season themselves to different world views and vicious cycle to those who reject differing views if it doesn't reinforce their parochial outlook confining themselves to their clique. Reading exposes a person to a universe of thoughts, experiences, theories, beliefs, habits, behaviours, philosophies and unravels frontiers of knowledge which would

otherwise be impossible to glean. Hence the writing that makes this happen is no less a harbinger. Words mirror the thoughts of the writer and if not chosen carefully, may distort those thoughts from the way the writer originally intended. How else can one develop such felicity if not by reading voraciously. The interplay of words is not just a prosaic expression of thought. It is an in-



Gowri Shankar Ramaswamy

2007, CSE



Dr. Gowri Shankar Ramaswamy is an alumnus of Pondicherry Engineering College belonging to the B.Tech. CSE (2003-2007), M. Tech. DCS (2009-2011), Ph.D. CSE (2011-2016). He is currently pursuing Chartered Accountancy while working alongside in his family owned chartered accountancy firm at Pondicherry. Earlier, he was leading a team of technologists in the research & development wing of a major software company involved in developing cutting edge solutions using emerging technologies.

intertwining of semantic realities that let the reader see connections between seemingly unconnected domains of knowledge. Doesn't this inconspicuously capacitate the reader to separate the chaff from the wheat when clobbered by a deluge of information? I leave it to you to ponder over !



BE KIND, REWIND



Ho you remember the first time you stepped into the campus and walked uphill to the administrative block? You probably do, given that it was just a short while ago. You would be surprised to know that this little detail will be etched in your mind forever. You will need no 'pensieve' (Harry Potter fans?) to revive this memory! While I, like most of you, have done my fair share of walking around the campus, I was gleefully unaware of it in my first tryst. I was visiting my brother (*who was in college then*) during PECOFES. My family must regret to have brought a young and impressionable teenager and show her just the fun elements of college. I am lucky that my college life turned out exactly as I had imagined. Hosting and participating in inter and intra-college events is easily my most favorite memory of PEC. **Preparing for literary and music events were the most fulfilling moments.** The literary interests were thankfully put to some good use through the activities in the Counselling and Career guidance Cell. The cell was incubated while we were around (2003-2007) and by the time we finished college, Shanti Simon Ma'am had a hard time chasing us out of her room. No matter where you went, what you did all day, you always returned to the 'wall', the hallowed hostels. Defended and guarded by

the wardens, this was your home away from home. **The hostel teemed with culture, activities, hobbies, gossip** – the perfect mix of sugar and spice. In my mind, the essence of hostel life can be captured in just one event occurring every day – teatime! Not a fancy high tea mind you! Just a bunch of kids strangely excited about cupcakes and puffs. What made those tea sessions memorable was the diverse group of friends around you.



68 **Harini Lakshminarayanan**

2007, EEE

Senior Manager, Consulting – Life Sciences
Cognizant



Hostel life, college celebrations, CCGC activities, time spent with friends in the cafeteria, unexpectedly discovering fantastic fiction in the library, tsunami scare, and the list is endless. While at the time, I merely considered all these activities as merely fun elements of college life, I realized later that these little things

are still carrying me through my life journey. You guessed right! As a responsible adult, I am expected to dole out advice to all you students, so here goes. Treasure the small things, the laughter and fun and most importantly the relationships that you build with your classmates, seniors, juniors and faculty. Be passionate, find meaning in the smallest of things, and focus on learning. Grab every opportunity you get and give the best shot. Even with a few misses, you only gain. Cheers!



GLIMPSES OF A BEAUTIFUL JOURNEY!



My love affair with our college started in August, 2003. The sight of the flowers falling from Yellow Flame trees across the roads, the petrichor, and the vastness of the space are like scenes right out of a movie. It's like a fantasy come true! I instantly fell in love with the campus. The icing on the cake was that I got to savour the place with 15 of my friends who I grew up with. Soon after settling in the hostel, we went to Pondy to watch a Tamil movie. Although we did not understand any of the dialogues, we understood that most of our sensibilities are one and the same. Our dear Tamil friends, especially Imran and Vasanth, were kind and patient enough

to teach us Tamil. This brought us close and opened avenues for me to make more friends, enjoy Tamil cinema and culture. Not too long after our seniors started giving us what they went through themselves but I would be lying if I say I did not enjoy some part of it. The interaction helped us to know the seniors and laid the path for lifelong friend-

ships. Through them, we got introduced to the Lit Club which used to have its meetings at the phone booth near campus temple. The charades and other games we learned to play at that time are still used as icebreakers in our social gatherings.

The Lit club gave me initial glimpses of how opening up and expressing myself to others could be fun.

The hostel life was fun with playing games, watching movies, working on assignments and sharing views with friends and seniors. It strengthened our friendships to the point I could call many of my friends after many years and speak to them like we spoke yesterday. There is this sense of brotherhood among us cutting



Pradeep Gangireddy

2007, CSE

Software Developer, IMP Solutions



I am Pradeep Gangireddy. I am a son of a farmer and housewife. I hail from Yanam, a small town of Puducherry geographically located in Andhra Pradesh.

I belong to the 2003-2007 Computer Science batch. After graduation, I worked for HSBC India and OpenText India. I completed my M.B.A in International Business from Pondicherry University through distance education and moved to Canada to pursue Masters in Applied Computer Science from Dalhousie University. For 3 years, I worked as Secretary and Treasurer for the Maritime Telugu Association here and organized 5 events each year. Currently, I am working as Senior Consultant in CGI, Canada. My hobbies are reading and playing cricket.



across religion, caste, language, state and even country.

I was not among the very bright of the lot, however, I was inspired by the passion with which our renowned professors such as Rajagopan Sir, Sitharamaiha Sir, Geetha Ma'am, Sagayraj Francis Sir and many more have



taught us. They invigorated our curiosity for the subject. The sophomore year saw the opening of the CCGC cell envisioned by our dear Shanthi Simon Mam. Although I was not very fluent in English, her motherly compassion and the genuine love for her students helped me come out of the cocoon to articulate and participate in the class debates and other literary activities. The confidence that was instilled in me during those days has been helping me to this date in the dealings of the corporate world and most importantly life. **To truly listen is a great skill that I have imbibed throughout those years.**

The rich culture of student organized cultural and technical events like Ugadhi, Hostel day, Onam, PECAFES, ICON etc is PEC's greatest strength. I was part of a few of them which honed my organizational skills that have come handy in my life and made me ready for the outside world.

When I look back, there are many things that I could have done differently. I could have set higher goals and not swayed away by the primal instincts. I could have reached out to the seniors, empathized and not get drawn into meaningless fights. I could have been humbler and less egoistical. I could have learned more languages and enjoyed more cultures. I could have participated in more literary events conducted in colleges in and around Pondy. I could have explored more of the city. I presume it's for another time in the parallel universe. My advice for you my dear torch bearers, is to enjoy, learn and make the most out of PEC as it offers social, linguistic and cultural diversity in an enthralling geographical setting for you. **In the blink of an eye, this too shall pass!** Adieu, my dear friends.



HOW TO MANUFACTURE SUCCESS?

If there is one perennial question that faces every young mind who is looking at life from the vantage point of his college/school, it is - **How do I become successful?**

Often it is believed that super intelligence leads to success. But a study by Malcolm Gladwell (*the author of the best-selling book "Outliers"*) has found that though it certainly helps to be smart, there are plenty of smart people, some even as smart or smarter than Jeff Bezos or Bill Gates or Mukesh Ambani, who have achieved next to nothing.

The harsh truth is that the most skillful don't always win. But this is good news. Research has shown that though practice makes one more skillful, most of the skill is innate.

Then, the prevailing wisdom is that

the best way to achieve what we want in life—getting a dream job, into better shape, building a successful business—is to set specific, actionable goals. James Clear in his book **"Atomic Habits"** writes:

For many years, this was how I approached my habits too. Each one was a goal to be reached. I set goals for the grades I wanted to get in school, for the weights I wanted to lift in the gym, for the profits I wanted to earn in business. I succeeded at a few, but I failed at a lot of them. Eventually, I began to realize that my results had very little to do with the goals I set and nearly everything to do with the systems I followed.

For instance, he recommends that If you're a musician, your goal might be to play a new piece. Your system is how often you practice, how you break down and tackle difficult measures, and your method for receiving feedback from your instructor. Or



Rajeev Garg
2008, ECE

Deputy Commissioner of Income Tax,
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Mr. Rajeev Garg is a career bureaucrat and an officer of the 2011 batch of the Indian Revenue Service, Ministry of Finance, Government of India. He possesses 9+ years of work experience in Tax administration and Fiscal Policy. The core of his work revolves around Corporate Tax Investigation, Company laws' Implementation, Analysis of accounts and Prevention of Money Laundering.

He is currently posted as Deputy Commissioner of Income Tax, Mumbai. During his tenure at Mumbai he has spearheaded investigation in International tax matters of close to 180 Non-resident Companies involving Double Taxation Treaty shopping and has collaborated with Tax authorities of nations such as the UK, Cyprus and Mauritius. He has also been responsible for implementing important Schemes of Government of India such as Income Disclosure Scheme (2017), Demonetization of Specified Currency Notes (2018), Operation Clean Money (2018) and Vivaad se Vishwas (2020) in his jurisdiction. He is an alumnus of the Pondicherry Engineering College, ECE 2008 cohort and passed out as the College Topper and the University Gold Medalist. He also holds a Masters in Taxation and Business Laws from NALSAR University of Law, Hyderabad and a certificate in Competition Law and Market regulation from the Indian Institute of Corporate Affairs.

if you're an entrepreneur, your goal might be to build a million-dollar business.

Your system is how you test product ideas, hire employees, and run marketing campaigns.

Now for the interesting question: if you completely ignored your goals and focused only on your system, would you still succeed? For example, if you were a CSE student and you ignored your goal to top the college/ win the gold medal and focused only on what you practice each day, would you still get results? I believe you will. What will you need to do? Read on.

If there is one thing our schools, our universities, our education system, our teachers and our parents have told us since our childhood, about how we need to be successful, then it is that we need to work hard. It is a virtue that has been extolled by contemporary cinema and even our mythology. But unfortunately, they forget the most important part. Hard work by itself is neither virtuous nor sustainable. It needs three legs to stand on: **Determination, Willfulness and Discipline.**

Willfulness keeps your efforts focussed on the goal, determination keeps you motivated to achieve that goal and Discipline keeps you away from distractions while achieving that goal.

Now, let me present an even harsher truth. Even the most skillful and the most hard-working don't always win.

Then how is it that all the people who are successful are skillful and hardworking, you may ask?

The explanation is survivorship bias.

Survivorship bias explains why people often believe that cars that were made 50 years ago last longer than those made today—even though these ideas are empirically false. That you should focus on the successful if you wish to become successful. One tends to miss a whole bunch of populations which was both hardworking and skillful but just wasn't as successful.



The basic problem is that we love stories. And then we have a yearning to understand the relationship between cause (*action*) and effect (*success*). We fall for narrative regularly. Sports are the most obvious example: Try to recall the last time you watched

a profile of a famous athlete — the rise from obscurity, the rags-to-riches story, the dream-turned-reality! A college dropout becoming a billionaire! A chain-smoker, living to the age of 118!

Let us consider another instance of narrative fallacy. Any avid cricket follower will recall this segment from the live commentary, when a batsman plays a risky shot and it comes off: "Fortune favors the brave." Incidentally, if the player gets out, the commentary for the same shot is harsh. At times, the character of the player is assassinated on the spot and at times, a promising career ends prematurely due to such a shot. It is important to note here that until the result is known it is not clear as to whether the shot was laudable or admonishable.

The above example will show that **both Luck and Risk are interrelated.** To the extent that risk and luck are two sides of the same coin. If risk is what happens when you make good decisions but end up with a bad outcome, luck is what happens when you make bad or mediocre decisions but end up with a great outcome. They both happen because **the world is too complex to allow 100% of your actions dictate 100% of your outcomes.** Thence, logically we should respond to both in an equanimous manner.

Unfortunately, however, human response to these two cousins is poles apart. While experiencing risk makes you recognize that some stuff is out of your control, which helps you adjust your strategy, experiencing luck doesn't. It generates the opposite feedback: A false feeling that you are in control, because you did something and then got the outcome you wanted. Which is terrible feedback if you're trying to make good, repeatable long-

term decisions. Luck increases confidence without increasing ability.

The point I am trying to make here is that luck plays a very important role in our successes, more than we may grudgingly acknowledge. The moment we acknowledge this, we will start quantifying our successes in terms of luck component and try to look out for luck. And hence it would be worthwhile to know how to create luck and bring the odds in one's favor, more often. Here are some mental models for creating luck.

For starters, practice taking Asymmetrical bets where if you win you get a jackpot and if you lose, you lose nothing. Let me illustrate this with an example.

You ask a professor to be your Project guide. One of two things happen:

1. He says yes.
2. He says no.

If you weren't bold enough to try, it would have been the second option by default. One misses every shot one doesn't take.

The second mental model I recommend is Preparedness. **Luck favors the prepared.** When prepared men pounce on the opportunity, they are rewarded with more opportunity. Now what I mean by preparedness here is - Preparedness for life.

How adaptable are you? How good a negotiator are you? Can you exert your influence? Can you survive in a culturally alien environment? How good is your decision making and what process do you follow to arrive at your decisions? Can you comprehend the complexity of the world around you and simplify it for yourself and those around you? Do you learn from your past and from the history of others?

If you notice, there is a common thread here.

Learning. Obviously, all these cannot be learnt in a day. So the process one should focus on is constant learning. Constant learning feeds preparedness. Preparedness brings luck.

Third and probably the most underrated is **Boldness.** When one is consistently bold, one's mind gets more comfortable with unusual situations. One's comfort zone expands. This lets one take advantage of opportunities that others can't see or realize or are disinterested in because they're uncomfortable with unfamiliar environments.

And last and most importantly: **Courage to face failure.** While it may sound all heroic to lay out a recipe for success and blow

out one's trumpet about how one's talents, skills and work resulted in one's success, more often than not it is the fearlessness towards failure that is the major contributory factor. Courage allows one to take the necessary risk and sets one up for success. Just like the player who went for the risky shot, because he believed that it was necessary in that situation to win the match; who knew that he may be crucified if he failed, but he tried nevertheless. Because he chose to manufacture his Success.

Let me tell you, no one, absolutely no one has chanced upon success. One reaches there mostly bruised and bled out. **That is the reason why synthetic diamonds are less valuable** - They are flawless.



WE WILL BE SUCCESSFUL IN LIFE AND WE CAN'T HELP IT



Our journey in PEC will turn out to be one of the best!

We will be able to find: friends for life, our life partner, girlfriend, boyfriend, mentors(teachers) for life, a wonderful job, a great career start, our area of interest (higher studies), etc

We might be just passing subjects (or) topping the batch (or) having 'n' number of arrears! But one thing which is for sure is that 'You will be successful' in life

As Ben Stein puts it "The successful people of this world take life as it comes. They just go out and deal with the world as it is."

Don't worry. Focus on spending quality time in the campus and take life as it comes. Keep focussing on personal and professional areas of improvement

On the contrary, being lazy (or) feeling low

will not take us anywhere

As Stephen Richards puts it "**The only time you fail is when you fall down and stay down.**"

Trying to explore multiple streams/opportunities would enable us to discover our interests

Finding and Following the right people who can mentor and coach us will take us to places

We would eventually grow and achieve what we wish, but with the right mentor/coach, we can achieve probably 3x faster :)



Krishna P.

2009, IT

Analytics Consultant,
Tiger Analytics, Chennai



Let's get up, get handheld by our mentors/coaches, and march towards our success

All the best!



ADAPTABILITY – THE MOST ESSENTIAL SKILL AT WORK & LIFE



Indemics are not new for the Earth, In 1665 during the Great Plague of London, Cambridge university sent everyone home as a social-distancing measure. The university eventually reopened in 1667 and there was one university student who came back inventing Calculus and discovered laws of optics and light as well as those of universal gravitation. The student Was Isaac Newton.

For me, this is a story of Adaptability and how a certain student rather than dwindling on the chaos looked at the situation as an opportunity and came out the other side with groundbreaking inventions.

Now we are faced with a similar challenge and how are we going to approach it? If there is one thing that is certain, it's that only the most adaptable will grow and evolve from this situation.

All of us have heard of Darwin's "**Survival of the fittest**" but what many don't understand is the subtle definition of the fittest. It is not the strongest but the most adaptable that survives. In Darwin's words, he says "**It is not the strongest of the species that survives, nor the most intelligent, but the one most responsive to Change**" written by Charles Darwin in 1809. 211 years later, this is still Super Valid.

Covid-19, for instance, we can see countries that adapted quickly to the changing needs had already contained the virus, for example, New Zealand and countries that were more resistant for the change are paying the price examples include the United States of America & Brazil.

In this article, I would like to talk about the importance of Adaptability at the workplace

by quoting two examples from my life.

Surviving the Vigorous Weather Condition



Suresh Rathinam

2009, EEE

Production Manager,
Schlumberger,
Singapore.



In late 2017, my team was presented with an opportunity to complete a commissioning task in one the remotest island of Russia. Though the allowance was quite attractive, none from

my department was interested in taking this task. I dug in to understand why and found out that during the assignment period which is 3 months the place has the worst weather possible about -25 Deg Celsius to - 35 Degree Celsius, the accommodation isn't so great as well as the food.

Surviving in such conditions is quite challenging and now I understand why the team was reluctant to take the task. Personally, for me, that would be ideal as I was looking for a Project manager role and an opportunity



to prove to the management of my project management skills. I took the task.

There were more challenges than what I expected. Other than my in-charge everyone else spoke Russian communication was excruciating. The initial days were extreme, and I even thought of getting back to my base, but I decided I will take it one day at a time focused on the task at hand and see where it takes me.

After a month passed, things became easier and I got used to the weather. Food and accommodation weren't bad at all. People turned out to be friendly and helpful and I even picked up the basics of the language enough to get through. The project was a success and I was able to prove myself all of this would have never happened had I skipped the opportunity just because I needed to leave my comfort zone.

Retrenchment at Work

I still remember, It was Feb 2015. It was a Monday morning and the work went as usual until all the employees were asked to gather for an announcement and we were told that due to unforeseen circumstances the company had to perform Organizational restructuring, and a few will be retrenched. I have never heard of the word "**Retrenchment**" until then, I googled it and found that it means an effort to reduce costs or spending in response to economic difficulty. In other words, employees will be made redundant. In simple terms, it means people will be let go and you won't have the job the next day.

It was a shocker for me and most of us, no one saw this coming but this is certainly not a fault at the organization's side, any organization will be forced to carry out such efforts in a challenging business environment now the fault is actually at the employees for not having a plan B. Life happens and it is about

how you respond to such a situation, you can react by fighting with the organization but that is not going to change anything.

I learnt on that day, the key thing here is to be aware of such possibilities and having a Plan B in place if it happens. If it doesn't happen that's good and you can march on with your Plan A. The incident taught me to plan ahead and be aware of the happenings. Now planning is just a part of facing uncertainties, but no one can plan and be ready for everything that happens in life. **Even if you have plan A to Z, life will throw you problem Z+1** something you are unprepared for, so the important thing here is the mindset. Being ready to face such critical situations taking every challenge as an opportunity to evolve and grow.

Final Thoughts

For readers who have reached this portion of the article, Well done and thank you for keeping up with me. I would like to summarize by giving a few pointers.

- Be open minded at the workplace and always be ready to learn something new even if it means breaking your comfort zone could be your work location, a new coding language etc., You never know, it could be worth it.
- Be prepared and if you are hit with something unprecedented which is inevitable by the way do not worry much learn from it and always remember that you will get through it. You are super adaptable Afterall!

Cheers,
Suresh Rathinam

THE INTENSE MOMENT, THE TURNING POINT



The moment was tense. The temperature was trying to beat down the dead air conditioners slowly. Sweat breaking out on the foreheads of the two rival gang leaders, with perfectly dressed gentlemen backing their respective leader amid the flickering emergency lights, making sharp eye contacts with solid weapons in their hands. And then

the whole auditorium erupted into laughter

when the famous “Goundamani” (a Tamil comedian) dialogue played in the background,

“**Nee yaarunu enaku theriyum...**”, the skit performed by us in the third year during the inauguration of student’s council, the moment that always comes to my mind when I think about my college days.

Ufffff, it’s almost a decade now, since I passed out. Time really flies hard (maybe we’re living on a flat earth, I suppose :P). And, this was that moment where it showed how friendly our professors were and our relationships with them

completely changed thereafter :)

I am Xavier Geoffrey Niroopen, department of EIE, the batch of 2007-2011. Placed into Sanmina, Chennai and now working as a Lead Engineer at Valeo, Chennai.



Xavier Geoffrey Niroopen

2011, EIE

Lead Engineer,
Valeo



I consider myself lucky to be an alumnus of PEC. The freedom our professors gave us. Be it symposiums, sports or culturals, of course, you have to balance out studies, it was huge. It has helped many of us face the real world a decade ago. And you, the current PECians, are luckier. With the

advent of new technologies that are easy to access, thanks to the internet, and with the new Atal Incubation for startups, I am sure

you (we) can make strides and bring a positive impact on our society.



PS: Those weapons were made of thermocol, in case if you were wondering :D



15 THINGS I WISH I KNEW, BEFORE I GRADUATED



1. There is a world beyond Engineering. Finance, Law and public policy also offer amazing career prospects. New careers are always emerging.
2. Writing is the most important skill. Yes, not just oral communication skills. Learn to write well in English.
3. 3 most important tools you will need forever in your career – Ms Word, PowerPoint and Excel
4. Communication is much more important than you think. It is beyond cracking a placement interview.
5. Learn Project Management, something so important but never taught during the 4 years.
6. Learning should never stop, keep reskilling yourself, someone graduating in 2020 will have 7-8 cycles of careers (if not more) along their lifetime, unlike our parents who generally had one career all their life.
7. University/College is the safest place to make mistakes. Making mistakes outside will be very costly
8. If you ever want to run a start-up, college is the best time to bootstrap it.
9. What's your brand? Knowing yourself is beyond answering what are your strengths and weaknesses. Learn about personal branding.
10. There is no free lunch. Just work hard, period.
11. If your sole aim of life is to be super rich (which is not wrong), you should either be doing sales or marketing.
12. Learn to manage personal finances.
13. One thing you should be doing throughout your career – from the day you finish High School. “Network – Network – Network” – I started only a couple of months ago.
14. Social Media is not a waste of time, know what to use and how to use it. If someone is not using LinkedIn in 2020, I will have no respect for him/her.
15. Always be humble. You will be respected by everyone.



Gowtham Pitchuka

2012, MECH

Management Consultant

MBA Candidate

Monash Business School

Australia

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All the above views are personal, and these thoughts are just to prompt you to think around these areas, do your research before you come to any conclusion.



UNEMPLOYMENT



In today's global scenario, a very commonly discussed topic is Unemployment. What is unemployment? Limited opportunities against mass unemployed graduates. Or plenty of opportunities available but the shortage of quality manpower. Either of this can be true. But the latter is a valid and eminent point to be debated.

Most young graduates want a job very badly either for their livelihood or for establishing their status in the society.

Is that the only requirement?

It is not so. One should develop passion towards his or her job in order to improve their skill and this is not happening recently. Without passion or interest, nothing is going to favour a person's growth or organizational requirement.

Obviously, necessity is one major factor which will induce a person's interest in the job. Not many in this generation have a necessity. Most youngsters are well fed during their early life. But passion is a factor that

will decide a person's fate and longevity in his or her professional life. Passion is a thing which many graduates in this generation lack. Passion motivates one to move towards the next step in career.



Chandrasekaran

2012, MECH

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I passed out in 2012 as a Mechanical Engineering Graduate. I was very much motivated towards becoming an Astronaut during my school days, thanks to a lesson on Kalpana Chawla in English. Like many, I was advised by some so called seniors and well-wishers to pursue Under Graduation in Mechanical and further do my PG in Aeronautical or Aerospace. I joined Mechanical Engineering with a lot of dreams. Even I was one among the top 10 in my Batch of Mechanical Engineering graduates. Again, like many, I joined as a Senior Engineer in one of the leading MNCs after my graduation. After almost 3 years of toil in jobs in my field of education, I chose to change my career towards banking, owing to a surgery in my Knee which forced me to leave my core field. I did not like banking initially. But I understood one thing - Everything which you get in life might not be your cup of tea, But you should learn to accept what you get in life, if something doesn't work in your favor. So, I developed my interest towards banking and now it has become my Passion. Now after 4 years in banking, I have reached a stage where even my superiors approach me for any solution or suggestion, because now I have made banking my Passion. Now I am better a Banker than an Engineer!

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Everybody wants a job but they do not want to develop passion towards their job. I am telling this because I was one among those without passion after graduation. People who are reading this article now are Engineering students most probably. Everybody does not work in their same field of education or interest after graduation and again

I am one among those.

But whatever field one gets to work, he or she should either develop passion towards that job or call it quits. Working

just for the sake of earning money or gaining experience (getting experience certificate!) is obviously not going to do any



good towards one's career in the long term. Nowadays, corporate companies which are mostly private, have a concept called "**Probationary Period**" during which the performance and learning attitude of a candidate are observed. They set a benchmark for these criteria for new hires. Unsatisfactory level of performance leads to the expulsion of these candidates or extension of probation period. This happens because of the lack of right attitude and passion in many individuals. One cannot just blame the economy for the unemployment issue. The Right Attitude, Passion and Smart Work matter a lot.

I have worked in almost 5 corporates, where I observed many people without positive energy towards work. Many want to divert their assigned work to somebody else or even to the manager.

The main cause is the lack of knowledge which ultimately reduces their confidence to do a particular job.

Another cause

is a lethargic attitude towards one's job. Almost 75% of those who reported to me lacked the right spirit and motivation

which become a hurdle for them to grow in their career. People are afraid to take responsibilities. Instead, they prefer to hide behind somebody's shadow. Organizations do not prefer such candidates which is the major reason for many vacancies remaining unfilled which ultimately is highlighted by the environment as lack of opportunities or in other words **UNEMPLOYMENT**.

Opportunities are plenty. Right people for the right job is the basic requirement of any Company. There are plenty of people with the right attitude but unaware of opportunities available, instead people without passion fill the vacancies which lead to lesser

productivity. This leads to organizations

losing confidence in hiring people and they tend to manage the workload with existing manpower.

As our Great Dr.APJ Abdul Kalam Sir said, "**INDIA 2020 should be our vision. Nation's development is in the hands of youngsters**".

Go for it as we are already in 2020. Be a part in building our Nation. Let India become a superpower.

Don't go behind Jobs. Let Jobs chase you!

All the best my dear buddies!!



AN ODE TO COLLEGE LIFE



The loud crack would have startled me, but I ducked pretty efficiently. The next time the bus turned around the corner, snapping the tree branches, a long and wide centipede jumped onto the college bag of the girl seated next to me. Ridiculous panicking and jumping ensued before we managed to get it out. I remember getting out of the college bus and walking towards my first-year classroom vowing to never reach inside the desk draws in case one of them had decided to take residence there. This incident from a decade ago is one of my most vivid college memories.

There is a lot more that you learn over a decade, but those four years within the PEC campus are still the most formative. Sometimes **walking through careers and life is very similar to the topography of walking through PEC**. Some of us walked in through those black iron gates with joy, hope and a sense of achievement. Some may have walked in with fear, anxiety, disappointment even. Over the years, we have learned to deal with the crests and troughs of life the same way we conquered the breadth and width of the PEC roads. We step out of the almost homogenous school structure and learn the first life lesson - That people are different. We learn to deal

with stuffy classrooms in summer and faint lighting during the monsoons, with the same ease as making friends with those who have lived very different lives, with struggles we were previously oblivious to. We seamlessly integrated them into our lives and while walking up and down the AD-block road during march past practices, we pondered with wide-eyed amazement at their stories, laughing over tea, in the dark, with both

seniors and juniors. We learn to deal with disappointment and heartbreak. We learn that some friendships last for a lifetime and some weren't friendships, to begin with. We learned of love, unrequited at times, but painful all the same. Some fell head over heels while some fell out, and some more lent their willing ears and sympathetic hearts to both. We learned the hardest first life lesson



Vivilin Gunasingh

2014, ECE

Design Engineer,
Globalfoundries,
Singapore

- The world is unfair. You cannot expect the lion to not eat you because you did not eat it. We learned that Sports day wins belonged to a few departments no matter how many fights you put into it (*ouch to the others*). We learned to work with the committees, we acknowledged that sometimes our views will be shot down and sometimes appreciated, we learned to work with a team, and always know that just before an event like PECAFES or Curio-



so, something always goes wrong or missing (always) and we learned to trust our team to save us. We knew there was always someone ready to help; be it in times when vehicles run out of petrol or brakes stop working or assignments that we did not know where to be submitted, or exams to be taken. We learned to work with teammates who will sometimes disappear, hide and while we are hunting them down, we will learn to hide from the professors who are hunting for us too. (*A valuable skill, in case you get chased by bandits trekking through the Sahara*)

We learned to ask politely for sponsors for our events riding around town, climbing up and down any store that will save you a little bit more money from your event fund. We learned that asking for help is never wrong and is the strongest character trait an adult can develop. We learned to pep talk ourselves into stepping on to the stage. **The walls and drapes of the backstage have heard more motivational talks and dialogues than the stage.** The OAT has seen singers realize they are creators simultaneously as the cricketer next door in the ground realizes that he is a cricketer. We learned that not all toppers of the first bench became the presidents of the country, the backbenchers did not all destroy their lives and the middle benches make the best of their lives, they know how to deal with the entire bunch. **Our batches have had the engineer turned actors, dieticians, and Zumba dancers.** Along the way, we all learned to judge no one and appreciate every talent. We ladies learned to walk through the jeers of the fine gentleman on the small walls around the college. We learned that negativity and criticism are always going to be there and the strongest of us get through it all. We learned to fail, we learned to cry it out, we learned to get a coffee from Ponlait

or noodles from the canteen (*you guys have more options I hear, lucky for you!*) and deal with it. In the end, we all walk out as stronger wiser beings (*Maybe a little too wise with grey hair but that's another story*), with a lot of perfect memories from the imperfect world of people. You too will have something that only colleges like PEC help you with, you learn to survive with or without everything. Nothing is fed to you and you learn to tiptoe on the ledge and reach till your hands can't go any further and grab what's yours. and always believe that if you fall there are a bunch who are willing to support you. You can live anywhere, adapt anywhere, speak anywhere, face anything and every time you walk on a stage, stand in front of a mirror and tell yourself, "**This cannot be different from a PEC stage, and if I can do that, I can do this too**" and you can live on Mars if necessary that's PEC does to you.

Oh, but I still haven't learned to deal with the creepy crawlies of the insect world. Chicken dance follows but with little wiser and greyer hair. Thank you.



DISGUIISING DIFFERENCES



I'm the kind of guy who likes to draw references between the deadline for submitting this article and the assassination of Julius Caesar, courtesy of the Ides of March. I dread this submission as such because I believe some writings have an expiration date. Recently, a close friend sent over a picture of an article that was written during 'Creative Writing' event of PEC Literary Club. I couldn't stop myself from laughing at my childish creativity. I'd believed it was good then, when it won the prize. But the beauty of literary club was that my article didn't get rejected and here I am penning something I might laugh at down the line.

Whenever in doubt with stage fright, friends and seniors during Literary Club events provide affirmation to self-doubts of "**Do I dare?**" and encourage that it's not yet "**Time to turn back and descend the stair**".

(They will say: "How allusions of Eliot's work from the Literary Day invitation spread to Expressions!")

It's hard not to draw parallels to J. Alfred Prufrock's fear of alienation, inability to connect to or communicate with others or to feel at home anywhere during his hesitant ascension

up the stairs in his Love Song here. (*They will say: "It's only fair as Eliot himself was a shrewd utilizer of quotes, allusions, footnotes and literary exegeses!"*) Being part of the minority of out-of-state hostellers and coming from a different schooling culture, this feeling resonates deeply within me ever since I stepped foot into PEC.

Literary Club used to be a battlefield that rekindled department patriotism for many. It was a place to sharpen dampened skills for some as well as a chance to birth some latent talent for some. Nevertheless, the confidence that ensued ensured that differences were forgotten to uphold this literary tradition of wits and valour.



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When you're immersed in literary activities for so long, the language rewards you with some unfair advantage, you could say. But group activities organized by the literary club is a great equalizer. As an organizer, I still remember watching in awe at how individual contributors evolve into team coaches and collaborate.

In fact, even memories of participating in such events are still fresh. There was this one time where everyone in my department had already formed teams and I was standing alone in a corner. As I recall, the confusion



was due to the number of members needed to form a team being increased from 2 to 3 in the last minute. **“Nice job, organizers! Keeping us on our toes.”**, I thought.

The event was called something like “*Continue the Story*” (*each teammate continues a story from where another left off and an exciting topic sentence is provided at the start*). I walked out of the room with just one objective. The first two people I found from my department had never attended a literary club event before and were leaving for the hostel after a tiring day but thankfully obliged (*hesitantly*) to come with me. So, we walked in, majestically disguising differences and I for one was confident with the ad-hoc dream team.

None of the prizes won would be as gratifying as those few minutes of pure chaotic relay of unthinkable ideas and tug of war amidst teammates to direct the storyline twist after twist to settle down in some plot and culminate that collective creative brainstorm. To this day, we reminisce and laugh about that day. It’s an inexplicable bond that was created then. I don’t remember if we won anything in that competition but try convincing my team

that we weren’t winners that day!

Everyone was a winner! I realized that we could only disguise our differences because literary club was structured in a way to embrace differences. It was a platform where anyone can pick up a microphone to voice their ideas and opinions or grab a sheet of paper and a pen to write their hearts out. It was amazing to see that the competitive spirit amidst departments ensured lots of participation. Those who were hecklers in the audience once were acknowledging the performers when they themselves learned to muster up the courage to perform in front of an audience. The size of the preliminary events being held in smaller rooms encouraged people to participate, gain confidence and shine at a bigger stage in the finals.

Curioso. A great tradition. As great as it originally was, we didn’t stop there. We knew “tradition” should positively be discouraged.

“We have seen many such simple currents soon lost in the sand” (*Tradition and the Individual Talent (1919)* by who, T. S. Eliot of course).



We were ‘oh so curious’ to improve this tradition. As organizers we added some novel and creative events, quizzes and more to light up literary events for the literary club and for other fests as well. I’m thankful to everyone who helped achieve this and are continuing to do so.

“Novelty is better than repetition”.

It’s easier said than done to try something new and ensure that it positively shifts the stream’s current to improve the literary tradition. I believe the credit goes to Dr. Shanthi Simon for this. I’ve been abstaining from using her name as she doesn’t like to be publicly praised. (*Hence the multiple Eliot references stemming from her reference in the invitation*) But it’s really hard to not credit her when it comes to PEC’s literary club. I was suggesting “**Taming of the Shrew**” to be staged for the first time during Literary Day and Shanthi mam ensured that the dream came true.

The next year we were able to do “**12 Angry Men**” (*this was even bigger, with more time for preparations and generous sponsorship by Shanthi mam*). This was only possible due to the freedom of expression allowed in Shanthi mam’s class which was probably one of the few places where my doubts, feedback and questions were welcome. As I’m typing this, I’m brimming with pride that this tradition has been constantly improved with new plays being staged every year.

Yet, the first time was probably the hardest. I was blessed to have a willing ensemble of actors who were determined to see it happen that we overcame the Alfred Prufrock’s hesitation on the stairs as we took stage. This was one of the greatest life lessons for teamwork. My friends stayed late, memorized long passages and acted so well that

the drama was well appreciated. I am forever indebted to all those who made this possible, from practising amidst mosquito bites, putting up with my direction, giving opinions of improvement for our acting and agreeing to be part of this new venture without knowing how the outcome will be. Shanthi mam didn’t get to see the final finished product until the last minute I think, as we put this together in such a short time (*which is also noteworthy*), but she still trusted us. Looking back, I’d have wanted to direct it differently after hearing of some feminist adaptations. Mam. Informal for mother, according to the dictionary. It seems so apt as she was one, away from home, for many of us. The love showered upon us by Shanthi mam is a highlight of literary club and quite frankly for me, of PEC. “**Food is one of the greatest forms of love**”, a clever friend of mine once said and the biggest example is Shanthi mam cooking for all the students in literary club, hostel or anyone who’s part of the late afternoon discussions in her room. Be it shelling out money from her pocket for Literary club productions or prizes, inviting students to her house, providing counselling and even planning trips for them, Shanthi mam is such an inspiration for being a great human being. I’m in awe of how she’s still keeping in touch with her students and even more so of how she put up with my “naughtiness” (her words) in class.

PEC’s literary club is in great hands - amazing juniors with so much enthusiasm, guided by Shanthi Mam.

PARASITE – NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS



The film starts out with a shot of a window of a semi-basement home. Despite being in a basement, the sun is still shining through the window. There's still some hope for the Kim family, the central characters of the film.

The Kim family has lost access to WiFi which they have been piggybacking on their neighbour. The mother Park Chung-sook, wakes up the father, Kim Ki-taeck and asks him what's his plan to fix the WiFi problem. Then, we get a shot of Park Chung-sook's silver medal and a picture of her performing a hammer throw. This shot establishes that she's a yesteryear athlete. The director, Boon Joon Ho, has said that he put this short film to give a sense that if the father and mother got into a fight, it would be him that's getting hit.

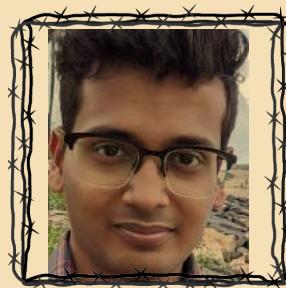
"The father, he is the head of the household, but socially, economically, he's pretty incompetent. He's a loser, but physically, he's also weaker. I wanted to give that sense of just overall incompetence with this character."

Kim Ki-taeck wakes up, sits on the dining table, munches on leftovers and flicks away a stink bug with his finger. He asks his son Ki-woo to hold the phone high and stick it in the corners to get a WiFi signal. Eventually, when

he goes near the toilet commode, he gets access to a new WiFi point.

It could be seen that commode is mounted on a platform raised above the floor of the home, which is rather odd. This is because the basement is in level with the drainage exit and the commode has to be raised in-order to flush to the drainage.

It could also be seen that sitting on the commode, one's head would almost hit the ceiling. It shows the plight of the poor, they can't even defecate without feeling cramped.



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After restoring their WiFi access, the family receives an order for folding pizza boxes through Kakao Talk (South Korea's WhatsApp). While they were folding

the boxes, fumigators could be seen on the street. While Chung-sook suggests that they close the window to keep the fumes out, Ki-taeck asks it to be left open so that they could benefit from free fumigation. As the head of the family, he can't even provide an insect-free home for his family and has to rely on street fumigation. The family chokes and coughs on the fumes, but the father remains unfazed and keeps on folding the pizza boxes.

After they deliver the folded boxes, the family gathers around the table for dinner. While it's



typical of families to say grace during dinner, Ki-taek, the father says the funniest of graces:

"We are all gathered here today to celebrate the re-connection of our phones and this bounteous Wifi!"

Though, on second thought, the family earned their day's bread by delivering the pizza boxes order which they received through Kakao Talk only after they restored their WiFi access. So it's the Wifi that earned them their food.

It could also be seen that the family is drinking "FiLite", a cheap beer in Korea. Another reminder of their impoverishment.

Soon after, Ki-woo's rich friend Min-hyuk arrives with a landscape rock. Landscape rocks, known as suseok in Korean, have a deep history in East Asia. The practice of collecting these attractively shaped stones dates back thousands of years. Some ancient scholars' rocks, or those made from rarer minerals, can fetch astounding sums at Korean auctions. They are generally used as decorative pieces in homes of the rich.

Min gifts this rock the Kim family. Ki-woo says, "This is so metaphorical". This could mean that Ki-woo believes that owning this piece of rock, that belongs to the rich, would make him and his family too rich.

Min and Ki-woo settle down at a convenience store bar (this is a thing in SK where you can buy booze from a convenience store and sit out and drink it for a cheap fee) and share a glass of "Soju", an alcoholic beverage common in South Korea. Min has a job offer for Ki-woo as a tutor at a rich house. He also suggests that Ki-woo prepare the necessary credentials through any means.

Ki-woo forges the necessary documents with the help of his sister Kim Ki-jung. The next

day Ki-woo prepares to leave for the interview. His mother wishes him luck while scrubbing the landscape rock.

Ki-woo reaches the house for the interview. He is invited in by the housekeeper, Gook Moon-gwang. He impresses the mother, Choi Yeon-gyo and gets recruited. He is given the English name Kevin. After the interview, she shows Ki-woo the drawings of her son Park Da-song. While walking Ki-woo out, she also tells him that they had gone through many art teachers for Da-song and none of them ever stuck around. At this moment, Ki-woo realises that he has an opportunity to get his sister recruited as an art teacher.

The next day he introduces his sister, Ki-jung as Jessica to Choi Yeon-gyo and goes up for his lesson with the daughter, Park Da-hye.

Here we get a no-cut five minutes long scene with progressive zooming. The scene opens with a conventional shot of Ki-jung and Da-hye sitting on the couch. They're having a conversation that gets progressively more intimate. At one point, Da-hye asks if Jessica is his girlfriend. All through this conversation, the camera is slowly zooming in; this can be noticed by the disappearance of objects in the bottom-right corner of the screen. By the time they both kiss, the shot is a tight close-up.

Jessica convinces Choi Yeon-gyo that she can be a good art teacher for Da-song. Just then, Park Dong-ik, head of the Park family walks in, back from work. As he climbs up the stairs a series of three light-bulbs goes off one by one. At this point, it is assumed by both the Park and Kim family (and the audience) that these lights are controlled by motion sensors.

Dong-ik asks his driver to drop off Jessica. Jessica plants her underwear in the car, which Dong-ik finds the next day and fires the driv-

er for inappropriate behaviour.

Yeon-gyo tells Jessica about the dismissal of the driver. Jessica tells her that she knows a congenial, mild mannered driver called Mr. Kim which is obviously Kim Ki-tae, her own father. Yeon-gyo tells Jessica that she would like to hire him. She also describes this chain of recommendations, Min-Kevin-Jessica-Mr. Kim as “Belt of Trust”.

The next day, the Kim family is dining at Driver’s Cafeteria. Apparently, this chain of restaurants in South Korea serves a cheap and healthy buffet. While they’re eating, Ki-tae tells them that he drove many Benz cars while working as a valet before his Taiwan Cake Shop went bust. This cake shop is referred to again later in the film.

Following this, we get a great montage. Mr. Kim goes to meet Mr. Park at his office and is hired as the driver. The Kim family plots to oust the housekeeper, Gook Moon-gwang and install their mother, Chung-sook in her place. Ki-woo learns that the housekeeper is allergic to peaches. He sprinkles peaches skin on her without her knowledge. She has an allergic attack and visits the hospital. The driver, Kim spins this visit to the hospital as Tuberculosis to Yeon-gyo. As he is driving her back from the supermarket, he texts Jessica of their arrival. She sprinkles peaches skin on Moong-gwang, again. As Yeon-gyo and Mr. Kim are climbing up the stairs, Moong-gwang is having a coughing fit. Mr. Kim discreetly stains the tissue she used with ketchup and holds it up for Yeon-gyo to see. She thinks it’s a bloodstain and falls for the TB story. Montage ends.

Things to be noted in this montage:

- The name on the glass wall of Mr. Park’s office reads “Another Brick”. Pink Floyd’s Another Brick in the Wall?

Mr. Park tells Mr. Kim that his housekeeper, Moon-gwang always ate excessively(for two) and that’s his only complaint about her; this is referenced later in the film

Two references to architect Namgoong Hyeonja who designed and owned the house the Park family currently lives in

a newspaper cutting that mentions him; probably an article of praise or recognition

a photo of him standing in front of the Park house

a DVD of Alfred Hitchcock can also be seen beside this photo

The scene where Mr. Kim is rehearsing his lies with a written script reminds of the montage from Tarantino’s Reservoir Dogs

The places where the Kim family dines keep getting better indicating their climb up the hierarchical ladder

at the beginning of the film, they munch on leftovers

before the beginning of this montage, they eat at Driver’s Cafeteria

later they eat at the pizzeria for which they worked at the beginning of the film

The baroque-esque score that accompanies this montage is called “Belt of Trust”

Moong-gwang is fired as the housekeeper. The next day while driving Mr. Park back from office, Mr. Kim gives him the card for a firm called “The Care”. The firm supposedly provides veteran-grade service for VIP clients such as Mr. Park. Mrs. Park calls the firm the next day and Jessica answers the call. Chung-sook is hired as the housekeeper.

After a few days, Da-song complains that the driver, the housekeeper and Jessica, the art

tutor all smell the same. The smell of the lower class later plays a pivotal role later in the film.

The Kim family are dining at their home. Everyone in the family has graduated to drinking "Sapparo", an expensive import, except for the mother who has stuck with "FiLite". They're also eating freshly cooked meat instead of leftovers. They're discussing about how each of them has to start using a different soap. Ki-jung/Jessica says that it is the basement that's giving them the smell and that they've to leave their home to lose the smell. Ki-taek, the father comments on how fortunate they're to discuss things like their smell. He also says that their entire family got hired when opening a security firm in that day and age attracts 500 university graduates. He also says that they should offer a prayer to Mr. Park for having hired them all.

Throughout this scene, the landscape rock could be seen in the background. Ki-woo's belief of its metaphorical powers has come true.

It's Da-song's birthday and the Park family are going on a camping trip by the riverside. Taking advantage of their absence, the Kim family occupies the house. They sleep on the couch, revel in the sunshine in the yard and enjoy the bath. Chung-sook displays her hammer throwing skills. Later in the evening, they gather in the living room for drinks. Ki-woo says that he has stolen Da-hye's personal diary to progress his dating agenda. He goes on to daydream about how they would have to hire actors to play his parents if he ever gets married to Da-hye. Ki-taek comments on how nice and gullible Yeon-gyo is, even though she is rich.

"Rich, but still nice."

"Not 'rich, but still nice', but 'nice because she's rich'" says Chung-sook.

"Hell if I had all this money, I'd be nice too. Even nicer."

"Rich people are naive. No resentments. No creases on them" says Ki-taek.

"It all gets ironed out. Money is an iron. Those creases all get smoothed out" adds Chung-sook.

Ki-taek also worries whether the driver he replaced, Yoon, would he have gotten a better job. This annoys Ki-jung/Jessica.

"We're the ones who need help. Worry about us, okay? Just focus on us. Not Driver Yoon, but me, please."

Just then, someone rings the doorbell. It's the old housekeeper, Moon-gwang. She asks to be let in getting a few of her things. They let her in. She goes down to the pantry and Chung-sook follows her. She sees Moon-gwang trying to push away a cabinet and helps her. The cabinet gives way to a hidden door which leads to a secret basement. Horrified by what's happening, Choong-sook and the Kim family follow Moon-gwang to the basement. They discover a man living in the basement. Turns out he's Moon-gwang's husband, Oh Geunsae. He's hiding from loan-sharks.

Moon-gwang has been texting Da-song since she got fired. She came to visit her husband that night because she knew from Da-song that the Park family had gone camping. She also cut the wire to the security camera before entering the house and even knows Chung-sook by her name.

Chung-sook accuses Moon-gwang of stealing food and feeding her husband. But Moon-gwang denies it and says she brought all the food with her salary. This is false because ear-

lier in the film Mr. Park was complaining to Mr. Kim that Moon-gwang always ate for two. So, she did actually take food for two.

When Chung-sook asks her how long her husband's been down there, Geun-sae responds rather precisely, "4 years, 3 months, 17 days". He has been counting the days out of boredom.

Moon-gwang goes on to explain how many rich houses in South Korea have secret bunkers to hide in case North Korea attacks or if creditors break in. Namgoong, the previous owner of the house was rather embarrassed by this and never mentioned it to the Park family.

Chung-sook threatens to call the police. Moon-gwang pleads with her not to since they are "fellow members of the needy". Chung-sook says "*I'm not needy*". Geun-sae says that it's all his fault because his Taiwan Cake Shop went bust.

We get a cut from Mr. Kim. He earlier mentioned that he worked as a valet after his Taiwan Cake Shop went bust. Apparently, South Korea has a lot of novelty shops and this Taiwan Cake Shop was a trend once. These shops never had a chance simply because there were too many of them. Even the media falsely vindicated these shops by calling them unhygienic and unhealthy which added to their speedy demise. This cake shop adds to irony when Moon-gwang calls Chung-sook "*fellow member of the needy*" and she says "*I'm not needy*". This tragic lack of solidarity between the lower class is going to be the cause of the downfall of the Kim family later in the film.

- Moon-gwang offers Chung-sook money to provide food for her husband once a week.
- Chung-sook threatens to call the police again.
- The Kim family who has been eavesdropping on the staircase slip and fall on the floor.

Moon-gwang recognises Jessica, Mr. Kim and Kevin and records them on her phone. All this time, Moon-gwang was pleading with Chung-sook calling her "sis". But now when Chung-sook calls her "sis", she bites back "*Don't call me sis*". This shows how both families were always ready to turn on others.

Moon-gwang threatens to send the video to Mrs. Park. She gets them to follow her upstairs and makes them kneel on the floor. Geun-sae describes the "*Send*" button on the phone as a "*North Korean Missile Launcher*". Moon-gwang goes on to imitate a North Korean news anchor.

"Today our beloved Great Leader Kim Jong-un, after witnessing the charlatan family video, was unable to contain his shock and fury at their wicked, despicable provocation! Therefore our Great Leader, in this age of denuclearization, has commanded that the nation's last remaining nuclear warhead be driven down the throats of this wicked family! With their stinking guts serving as the last nuclear graveyard, our Dear Leader wishes to denuclearize and bring world peace!"

When Moon-gwang and Geun-Sae are distracted, the Kim family overpower them and get their hands on the phone. A catchy number called "*In ginocchio da te*" plays throughout this sequence.

Just as they're fighting among themselves, another phone rings. It's Mrs. Park and she asks Chung-sook to prepare "*Zappaguri*" which is translated in the subtitles as "*Ram-don*". Zappaguri is a Maggi like dish that's popular in South Korea.

Apparently, the river overflowed because of the rain and they had to end their camping trip. Earlier, while they were drinking, Ki-woo noted that there was thunder and lightning. That's when it should've started raining.

The premature ending of their trip has disappointed Da-song and Mrs. Park says the Zappaguri will console him. She asks Chung-sook to get started as they are expected to arrive in 8 minutes.

Chung-sook starts preparing the Zappaguri. Mr. Kim and Ki-woo drag Geun-sae and Moon-gwang to the bunker. Ki-jung starts cleaning the living room where they were drinking. Mr. Kim ties up Geun-sae. He asks Ki-woo to go upstairs and proceeds to take care of Moon-gwang. Ki-jung asks Ki-woo to take back the diary he stole from Da-hye. Ki-woo runs upstairs with the diary. Ki-jung notices the glow of light from the stairs at the entrance and hides under the coffee table. The Park family enters.

Just as Ki-woo is keeping the diary back, Da-hye enters the room. He hides under the bed.

Mr. Kim is dragging Moon-gwang to the bunker. She frees herself of his hold and runs up the stairs. Just as she enters the kitchen, Chung-sook, being an athlete kicks her down the stairs. Moong-gwang bangs her head against the wall and becomes unconscious.

Mr. Kim drags the unconscious Moong-gwang back to the bunker and closes the bunker door. He hears Geun-sae talking to himself.

The stairs from the entrance to the living room are adorned with a series three ceiling bulbs. The switches for each of these bulbs are located right under the stairs in the bunker.

Mr. Park's footsteps can be heard in the bunker. As he climbs the stairs, Geun-sae turns on the lights by banging his head against the switches. Geun-sae tells Mr. Kim that he does this every day and even sends whole sentences in Morse Code to thank Mr. Park for housing and feeding him. He also notes that Da-song probably knows Morse Code since he is

in Scouts Club.

Mrs. Park thinks the sensors have gone crazy but it's just Geun-sae using them to send out messages. This is symbolic of the obliviousness of the elite to the contributions of the lower class.

Upstairs, Mrs. Park narrates the story of how Da-song was scared by a ghost and got seizures on his birthdays. But she doesn't know that the ghost was Geun-sae on one his regular night visits to steal food. She also notes how kids having seizures need to be treated in under fifteen minutes or else they're done for. She has also said that ever since that incident, they have always gone out for Da-song's birthday. She finishes her ram-don and retires to the bedroom.

In the bunker, Mr. Kim asks how Geun-sae can live this way. He has this to say:

Lots of people live underground. Especially if you count semi-basements.

I just feel comfortable here. It feels like I was born here.

(shot of photos of various leaders atop tins of canned food; Abraham Lincoln and Nelson Mandela are prominently featured here along with Mr. Park)

Maybe I had my wedding here, too.

(shot of a picture of Geun-sae and Moong-gwang)

As for the national pension, I don't qualify.

(shot of a rack of books, all in Korean)

In my old age, love will comfort me.

(shot of used condoms)

So please, let me live down here.

Mr. Kim gags Geun-sae and Moong-gwang.

He also notices the blood on Moong-gwang and also makes sure she is breathing.

Da-hye leaves her room to go talk with her mom. Ki-woo takes the chance to escape from the bedroom. Mr. Kim locks the bunker and makes his way to the living room. Just as the Kim family gathers in the living room and are about to leave the house, Da-song comes marching into the living room with his camping tent. The Kim family hides under the coffee table.

Despite the rain, Da-song goes out to the yard and erects the tent. Mr. and Mrs. Park decides to sleep on the living room couch to keep an eye on Da-song.

Mr. Park says that he smells something and goes on to describe how Mr. Kim smells the same way, like a boiled rag or like the people who ride the subway. Mrs. Park responds that she hasn't ridden on a subway for ages.

After the Park couple falls asleep, the Kim family escape the house. They head towards their home in the rain. They descend down multiple levels of stairs scattered across their way. This is symbolic of how their basement home is located in the basement of the city. On the way, Ki-jung asks about their next plan. Ki-woo suggests that they should do whatever Min would do in their situation. Ki-jung fires back that Min would never be in their situation. Mr. Kim calms them both down and tells them that he has a plan. They resume their way home hoping to take a bath and get a good night's sleep.

They arrive at their home only to see that it's flooded from the rain. They rush in to salvage their belongings. Mr. Kim saves his wife's silver medal. Ki-jung resigns to the situation and grabs a smoke while sitting on the commode that's spitting out sewage. Ki-woo retrieves the rock that he considered as

an omen of wealth from underwater. Just like the rock, Kim family's hope of a better life have also been submerged.

Moong-gwang regains consciousness and tries to free her husband. But she faints again due to the concussion and is probably dying. Geun-sae tries to call for help by using the light switches to spell "**HELP ME**" in Morse Code. Da-song notices the flickering light from the yard and decodes the message as "**HOLP ME**".

Mr Kim saves as many things as he can in a box. Water is at his neck level and still rising. He takes a last longing look at his house and leaves. We get a shot of the only window in the house and it is half submerged in water. The film opened with a shot of this window, a glimmer of hope for the Kim family. But this shot ends with water fully consuming the window and the entire screen, signalling the end of whatever hope the family had.

The Kim family is accommodated in a rescue shelter. Ki-woo still has the rock with him. When his father asks why he's still clinging to the rock, he says that the rocking is clinging to him and following him. This symbolizes Ki-woo's mentality of denial and not wanting to give up the hope of a better life.

The next morning, Mrs. Park is planning Da-song's birthday party and invites Ki-woo and Ki-jung. Mr. Kim takes Mrs. Park for shopping. While returning, she's offended by his smell and rolls down the car window. This doesn't go unnoticed by Mr. Kim.

Back at the house, Ki-woo is with Da-hye. He admires the attendees of the party and wonders if he will fit in with them. He takes the rock and tells Da-hye that he has to go down. She thinks he meant the party but he was referring to the bunker.

He goes down the bunker and finds Moong-gwang dead. Geun-sae attacks him. Though he manages to escape the bunker, Geun-sae follows him and bashes his head with the rock. Geun-sae's face is covered with blood from cuts on his forehead. He must have been bashing the light switch with his head all night calling for help.

Geun-sae makes his way to the yard with a kitchen knife and stabs Ki-jung. Da-song faints at the sight of Geun-sae. He attacks Chung-sook who tries to fight him off. Mr. Kim tends to Ki-jung, looks around the crowd and sees his injured son being carried by Da-hye. Mr. Park asks him for the car keys to take Da-song to the hospital.

Mr. Kim throws the car keys at him. It falls near Geun-sae. Chung-sook stabs Geun-sae and he falls to the ground. Mr. Park goes near Geun-sae to get the keys. But he is revolted by Geun-sae's smell and covers his nose. Seeing this, Mr. Kim snaps and stabs Mr. Park.

Lastly, Mr. Kim is seen making his way out of the yard.

Months later, Ki-woo wakes up in a hospital after brain surgery. Ki-jung is dead, Ki-woo and Chung-sook get away with probation. The whereabouts of Mr. Kim is not known to anyone including Ki-woo and Chung-sook.

Ki-woo regularly visits Mr. Park's house from outside and one day happens to notice the flickering pattern of the bulb. He decodes the pattern and realises that it's a letter from his father.

- Ki-woo learns from the letter, Mr. Kim took refuge in the bunker. Since Moong-gwang disconnected the camera facing the garage the previous night, there was no evidence of Mr. Kim entering the house. He manages to survive in the bunker the same way Geun-sae

did, by stealing food from the family that's currently residing there. To pass time in the bunker, he wrote that letter and transmits it every night through Morse Code in hope that someday his son will get it.

Ki-woo writes a letter back saying that someday he will make enough money to buy the house and all his father would have to do is walk up the stairs and rejoin them as family.

There is no way this letter could be delivered to Mr. Kim or could Ki-woo get rich enough to buy that house. Ki-woo makes up this plan to cling onto the hope that he can rejoin his father just like he was clinging onto the rock earlier. The song at the credits of the film, A Glass of Soju confirms this. The words of the song indicate Ki-woo ends up as a mere sweeper.

Mr. Kim has replaced Geun-sae and wheels of capitalism & classism grind on.

The road is in the haze of mist, fine dust to drink hard

Without snow, it doesn't rain

My bare soles, I burn it white every day

Muscle burns, sweep and push and wipe

I grab it again, now my hard palm

When cold soju spills into the glass, moist under my nails

Rain clouds in the dry sky, get a little push

When this bitter soju spills on the glass, moist under my nails

Red on my right cheek

Now, it's raining

THE LAW OF UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES



Hen our ancestors from stone age discovered fire, a mere embodiment of light and heat, the wheels of time accelerated. Thus, increasing the rate of progress of humanity and setting in motion so many different things across the world that would affect us, humans, throughout the course of our future in more ways than we could have imagined. In simple words, the discovery of fire as explained by the butterfly effect has led the human race to overcome huge challenges by giving us many breakthroughs and by creating some challenges as we progressed along.

James Watt, the Scottish inventor from the 18th century when he perfected his design for steam engines after rigorous research and experiments, little did he know that his simple invention would help humanity leapfrog into the future by exerting a superior acceleration on the wheels of time. The 18th century engineer's invention helped us in improving our transportation, helped us through our rapid industrialization, improved our farming and today that simple invention has made possible the most complex supply chains we could never have dreamt of back then.

A great 'leap' for humanity indeed.



Mohammed Raehan

2016, MECH

Consultant,
Infosys Ltd.



When, Fitz Haber, the German chemist, received the noble prize for '**The Haber process**' in 1918, he saved humanity from potential massive starvation. The Haber process, albeit a very simple process used to produce ammonia, came at a time in the 20th century when world population was growing rapidly and traditional fertilizers were failing us in producing enough grains to feed the hungry mouths across the world. This simple process even today remains the industry standard to mass produce ammonia-based fertilizers. A great 'save' for humanity indeed.

As the law of unintended consequences goes, for every 'leap' and 'save' humanity makes it sets in motion its own destruction by turning a blind eye towards the ill consequences of the 'Leaps' and 'Saves'. When we made the 'leap' back then with an engine, no one realized that

the unintended consequence to it would be pollution. In India pollution has become the third largest contributor to deaths amongst all health risks we face today. The 'save' from starvation in the form of the '**The Haber process**' is today responsible for poisoning our food chain and increasing humanity's woes by making our plants, livestock and water increasingly toxic by the day. Evidence shows us that we are responsible for our problems.



For centuries now, we have been stressing our planet through deforestation justifying that it needs to be done for timber, mining of natural resources, infrastructure and whatever reasons.

Where has this led us to?

By reducing the forest area significantly, we have erased so many apex predators of the face of our earth and left only a few to keep a check on the growing population of primates. These growing populations of primates are the mammals that also incidentally happen to be the carriers of zoonotic viruses.

Yes, one among these many zoonotic viruses is **SARS-CoV-2**, the infamous Coronavirus. This pandemic is the result of us trying to wage a war with mother nature, whose wrath and fury we are experiencing first-hand since the Spanish flu of 1918. Approximately 100 years later, mother nature is reminding the human kind who is in control. Hence, the time has come for us to take a step back and retrospect our actions.

Else, the law of unintended consequences would get the better of us.



SOME RANDOM THOUGHTS FOR MY JUNIORS



Rt's been 4 years since I graduated from PEC, yet the memories remain quite vivid. Those were beautiful days, from the view of the sea from our administrative block to completing records at the temple behind our stores, each and every place in the campus has some fond memory attached to it.

A little message I would love to leave for my juniors is to develop a reading habit outside your core engineering subjects. I would urge you to pick some random topic, it could be history, literature, in fact anything. It could be as simple as reading a newspaper. You guys must be wondering why?

Well, it's for the simple reason that **reading such random topics makes you calm and relaxed** and you will appreciate the little beautiful things around you. It helps you think more freely, helps you develop diverse perspectives, fosters creativity, which is the need of the hour and overall, it helps you improve your attitude and personality.

Apart from all this, college life is something which you will remember for the rest of your life. So, don't engage in anything which dis-

turbs your inner peace and makes you go astray and prevents you from making the most out of college life. You need to decide whether these years should break you or make you.

My mom always says this to me, **hard work is important for success but above all its HAPPINESS that brings you success**. So, stay positive and happy no matter what life throws at you.

Wishing you guys a happy and successful life ahead.



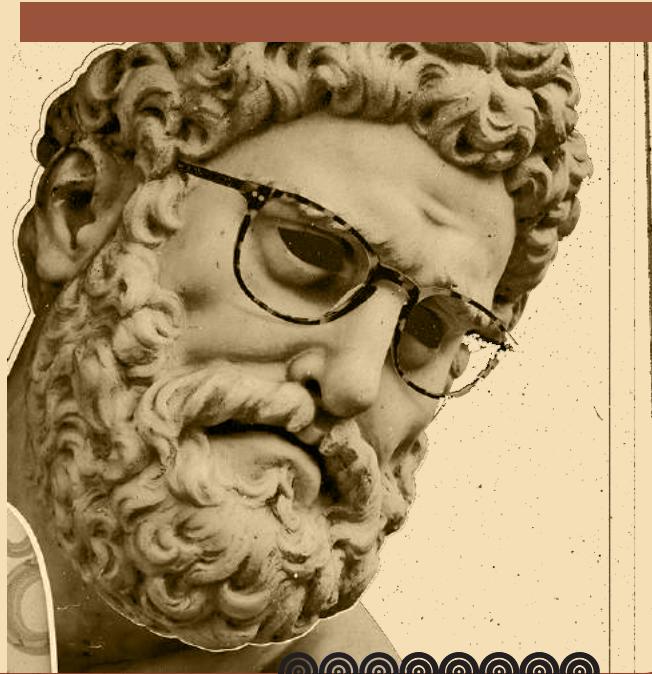
Rohit Prakash J.

2016, MECH

M.P.A (Masters in Public Administration)

I am from Pondicherry and my interests include exploring new food, movies, architecture and learning new languages.

Qualified UGC-NET and looking for a career in policy sciences involving policy research, training the future policy makers and public policy analysis.



COLLEGE: AN EXTENDED HOME



"You get a strange feeling when you're about to leave a place like you'll not only miss the people you love but you'll miss the person you are now at this time and this place because you'll never be this way ever again." – Azar Nafisi

Sn my last day at PEC, As I looked through the windows of room no. 137 of Varali hostel, I saw a few friends stuffing auto-rickshaws with their luggage, few dragging down theirs to the entrance of the college. Everyone leaves for their respective homes and never to meet most of them ever again. They say **"Change is good"**, but for a seventeen-year-old who just moved out of his home this thought never really made much sense until I experienced it. Umwelt is a German word that means the world as it is experienced by a particular organism. There was a drastic change in my umwelt, from home-cooked meals to monotonous bland food, from a private room to sharing my space with 3 unknown individuals. Little did I know that it was these very things that would transform a quirky teen to an adult. I was allowed to make mistakes and learn from them.

As said by Creed Bratton from the series The Office **"But no matter how you get there or where you end up, human**

beings have this miraculous gift to make that place home".

Pondicherry Engineering College was a home that took care of me for four years while I was learning to grow up. When my room was our stadium when our favorite Football or Cricket team was playing, I learned how to cherish the little joys. When individual assignments would become a group task, I learned how to share. Independence, handling yourself in any given situation was the best part of life. The Literary Club at PEC has opened my umwelt further, making new friends, interactions among like-minded people has helped me discover a new me.

As an introvert, I started coming out of my shell and having a social life. Most Importantly, I made connections for life with people I could count on in my better and my worse.

Looking back, I miss the person PEC had pushed me to be, miss the sense of familiarity. Wondering where life is going to take me next, I packed my bags with one certainty that I am a much more assertive, knowledgeable and grown-up individual. For that, I owe you PEC!



Sai Shashank R Kurapati

2016, EEE

Software Developer at AWS,
Seattle



MEMORIES



We live in a world where human intelligence is at its peak, A world where science & technology are becoming ubiquitous. A world where connecting with the entire world was easy, where our wants are satisfied with our fingertips. A world with the best of infrastructure and much more.

Every social media friend was a click away, but families under one roof were far away. Despite the followers, everyone felt lonely. We traded mother nature: the sky, the water and the land; for expediency and growth.

Out of the blue, something happened which collapsed everything. **Prima facie**, the after-effects looked like repercussions, but that's not all.

We were hiding from something invisible because all of us had one thing in common: **'The fear of death'.** We began to count on the supreme power or some external strength to put an end to it.

And, now that the death is close, I remember all the things I cherished and I took for granted. I remembered my college days, the time I spent in PEC, how this college made me into who I am today. From day 1, I felt like I was overburdened by this college. I always complained about whiling away my life by writing observations and records. The idea, that all the other departments, except mine, had a lot

of time to chill, was one of my strong beliefs then. Labs were such a pain in the neck, especially when you had to finish your lunch soon in order to walk to the laboratories located in other departments. I despised classes that went overtime. Writing internals and writing assignments that compensates low scores in those internal tests were some activities we as the entire class hated together.

All I prayed was for the time to fly.

And here, again, I find myself praying for time to fly and to come out of this pandemic safe. This something has outwitted our intelligence and advancements. All we could do was to lock ourselves

into our homes and missing all the times we used to be free, to roam, to ride. This all seems to be a memory now.

My memories of my college are not only of me complaining and whining,

Literary Club, Cultural and sports fests were something I fondly looked forward to in every semester. I was delighted about non-technical events and PEC Auditorium was my favourite spot. Every time when a senior told me to value these beautiful days, I could hardly relate to it. During my final year, reality hit me hard. I realized that PEC was heaven and I would definitely miss all the fun and memories. The walk through our serene campus, the parallel



Srinithaa Ravi

2017, ECE



roads, the chilling spots outside the library, the college bus, burning ICs in Labs, project reviews, every internal test and last but not the least, Literary club memories were etched for eternity in my heart. I did enjoy my college life, but I will always wish for more of it. I appreciate the commendable efforts of our professors who had worked tirelessly to impart knowledge to bring us to where we are today and the exposure this wonderful college has given only when I could no more own the PEC Identity card. Wish I could go back to the times, and relive my college life. Wish I could put that ID on the card again. Wish life wasn't this tough, and to that this pandemic making it tougher.

Of course, this pandemic has been really tough for most of us. Primarily to people who were already struggling to make ends meet. No business escaped this pitfall leading to innumerable financial struggles.

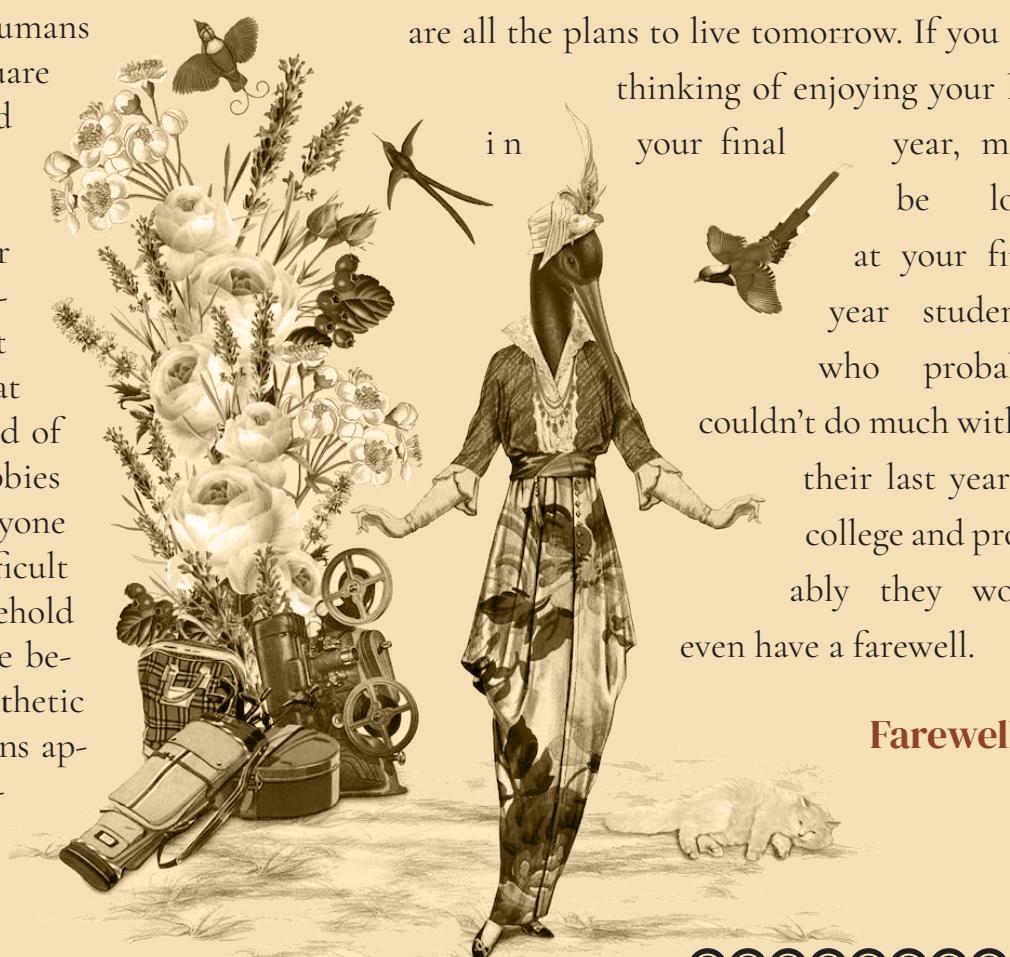
On the flip side, humans were back to square one. They smiled and valued relationships and began to count their blessings. They understood that it was the family that mattered at the end of the day. New hobbies were pursued. Everyone realized how difficult and essential household chores were. People became more empathetic and helpful. Humans appreciated the value of 'freedom'. The earth began to breathe. The

wildlife lived peacefully.

Once the cure is found and we are left free, let us all prefer the new world we found to the world we existed in before. We need the sun to realize the importance of shade. Covid-19, thank you for being a hero and a villain. Looks like mother earth had to vent her feelings out and you have paved the way for a kinder and sweeter world.

To the PECian reading this article, despite your year of study and department, enjoy your life here to the fullest. Your clock is ticking and I assure you that you'll never get back these golden days in your life. The intensity of love for the college will be double the intensity of your hate you have now at once you pass out. Life is so uncertain and so are all the plans to live tomorrow. If you are thinking of enjoying your life in your final year, maybe look at your final year students, who probably couldn't do much within their last year in college and probably they won't even have a farewell.

Farewell !



THE LUCKIEST



Le the 90's kids have gone and are going through the most beautiful decades of our lifetime. After the initial years of learning from home where parents acted as our first teachers, we all stepped to the higher levels of education to seek knowledge and exposure to the larger world outside. The twelve years, infused with the joy of being among friends, teachers, school tours, assignments and last but not the least, exams, left us with imperishable experiences to build up new outlooks on life. Excited about the next jerking phase of life, the college offered us the most colourful days, experienced the most especially by those residing in hostels. Relenting to enter the hostels

leaving the comforts of home eventually we loved the boring routines of hostel mess, the shabby rooms and the planned bunking. As the years pass, I am awestruck by the mind-boggling transformations brought forth by technology and feel lucky to have witnessed the growth from landlines to smartphones; broadband internet connection to 5G and much more, making lives easier. However, this is not the end and it is evident that we are all going to confront the tremendous power of the inventions and innovations in the years to come. This is only a beginning. So, let's have our eyes open and focused to absorb each and every wonder to the fullest!



Aadarsh Venu

2018, CHEM

Quality Control Executive,
Shalimar Paints Ltd



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE...



Night from my childhood, acting has always been a passion for me. I see it as an opportunity to view the world around me from a different perspective. Trying out different techniques to play a certain character opens up a whole new world outside the confines of the script, and thus creates room for improvisation. It is this passion and excitement that pushed me to be a part of three plays during my four years of college.

I still remember the day I went to attend Curioso events in the first year. Little did I know that this fest or club was going to be the start of something pretty wonderful in my four years of college life. It was a week after that day I met Harish B, a senior from the department of Information Technology, who was an active member and mentor of the literary club at that time. I was keen to express my interest in the theatrical arts and extra-curricular activities to him. Within a week or two, he introduced me to the **“twelve angry men”**. Well, to be precise, eleven. **They wanted me to be the twelfth.** To clear the cloud of confusion, the allusions are to Reginald Rose's famous play, “Twelve Angry Men”.

After the successful enactment of the “Tam-

ing of the Shrew” - **the first ever drama to be staged in Curioso** - it was time for the mentors to expand the new cult of theatrics in the Literary Club of PEC. Under the leadership of Kamesh, all the twelve angry men rehearsed day and night to stage an hour and a half long one-act-play. It had its intense moments, and the audience was happy to see the twelve angry men. This amateur effort was well accepted, and it was an amazing experience being part of such a group who are

now in different parts of the world. This performance surely gave me a good level of confidence over my language and acting. And thus, I had decided that I would definitely not miss a chance to be a part of something like this again.



Nasheeth Abdulla
2019, CHEM



It will be an understatement if I said that I understood the meaning of the phrase, **“third time's a charm”**, during my second play (*the third play to be enacted for Curioso*). It was with great expectations that Javed and Sanjeev started casting for “The Merchant of Venice”. I consider myself lucky to be a part of this venture and to be the cold hearted Shylock whom I'd heard about through stories. The rehearsals went on for months. It was in those days that I saw the tragic face of Shylock that Shakespeare hides with the



plight of Antonio. The whole cast and crew worked really hard, and our efforts were rewarded with the applauding approbation of a packed auditorium. This play demanded more props to be used on stage than *Twelve Angry Men*, and most of it was handmade by the cast themselves (*Engineers are the real craftsmen, after all*). I still remember the number of people who came backstage after the play to congratulate the whole crew.

As time went by, we realized that the Merchant of Venice had set an ever increasing benchmark of quality for all future plays in Curioso. It also created the unwritten rule that third years will be in charge of the play, as final year mentors would be busy with Curioso event coordination during the last month of rehearsals.

By the starting of the third year, my dear friend, Barathi Kannan and I, were searching for two students who had very similar appearances, as we had decided to enact the Shakespearean romantic comedy, "Twelfth Night". It was not an easy task, but by god's grace, we had the whole cast on board, three months prior to the day of the performance. We started practising at the earliest; there were hurdles but we were able to jump over them because of the amazing coordination. We even got a bit of professional help in terms of acting and props from the department of Performing Arts of Pondicherry University. **The special part about Twelfth Night was that we were able to arrange a live background score, posters and a trailer for the play.**

Everything was done by the cast and crew. No wonder we have a lot of engineers who are musicians and filmmakers in the industry.

Leading the crew along with BK was an unforgettable experience. I understood how tensed and exhausted Kamesh, Javed and Sanjeev were during their times.

On the day of the performance, all of our efforts were found to be fruitful, we were able to fulfill the expectations, and the audience was applauding for a minute or two, with joy and excitement. As I was thanking each and everyone after the play: the Convener (*our dear Dr. SS, without whom any of this would not have happened; I didn't mention her as everyone knows that she is the all in all of the club*), the secretary, the performing arts department of PU, the whole cast and crew, and of course, the audience. I realized that this might be the last performance, as I would be a mentor next year. It may be because of that that I felt a bit low even after receiving a lot of praise from the faculty and students. But the show must go on....

To my surprise, I felt very happy that I was amongst the audience next year when my juniors were enacting Charley's aunt, another romantic comedy. They performed so well that the entire auditorium was filled and everyone was literally on their feet after the performance for around 5 minutes. They were applauding, whistling and what not. **There was even a banner for a particular junior who was part of the play** who also happens to have a pretty good fan base at college. It had all the elements of a crowded movie theatre when a long-awaited movie is released. I was so proud of my juniors and was even happier that I was part of something like that for three consecutive years.

The best part of being in a group like this is the time we used to spend during rehearsals.

Throughout the three years, we allotted the time after college hours for rehearsals, even Saturdays and Sundays, if required. After an hour or two of practice, we used to play dumb charades or hangman, if we thought we needed a break. There were less fights and more laughs; counting the number of vegetarians was the hardest job before going to buy snacks for the group. Now looking back,

every day of the rehearsals had something to be remembered and laughed about. I consider it a privilege to have been a part of a club which not only helped me to give shape to my passion for literature and acting, but also gave me memories that I will cherish forever and irreplaceable souvenirs in the form of friends (or as I would like to call them: **the lit-club family**).



SALES AND MARKETING: A CAREER OPTION FOR ENGINEERS



Et was my first mentee session and I was waiting for my mentor to reach his cabin.

He rushed inside his office and even before taking his seat started:

You know, you are lucky. What I learnt after 10 years of experience, you will be learning in 1 year

Ah... I don't get it

I started as a technical guy and It took me very long to realize, in the world of business, 'customer' is everything.

We are here because we have something that we can serve our customers with. You are here because you have something you can serve this company with. I am here because I have something useful to share with your betterment.

In a way you are a customer to me, Company is a customer to you, in fact, every relationship you have can be extended to this analogy. We are part of this value chain and in this value chain, positive relationships and solving customer needs are everything.

This was an excerpt from the conversation between me and my division Head as it is in company policy for newbies to be mentored by top management. It's indeed true that Sales is everything in the world of business

I will try my best to explain why it is so and

why you must consider a career in sales, from my very short experience of a year.

Various departments in a Company

First things first, we will take a detour and understand how an organization is structured. A company is divided into departments based on its functions.



Bharathi Kannan D

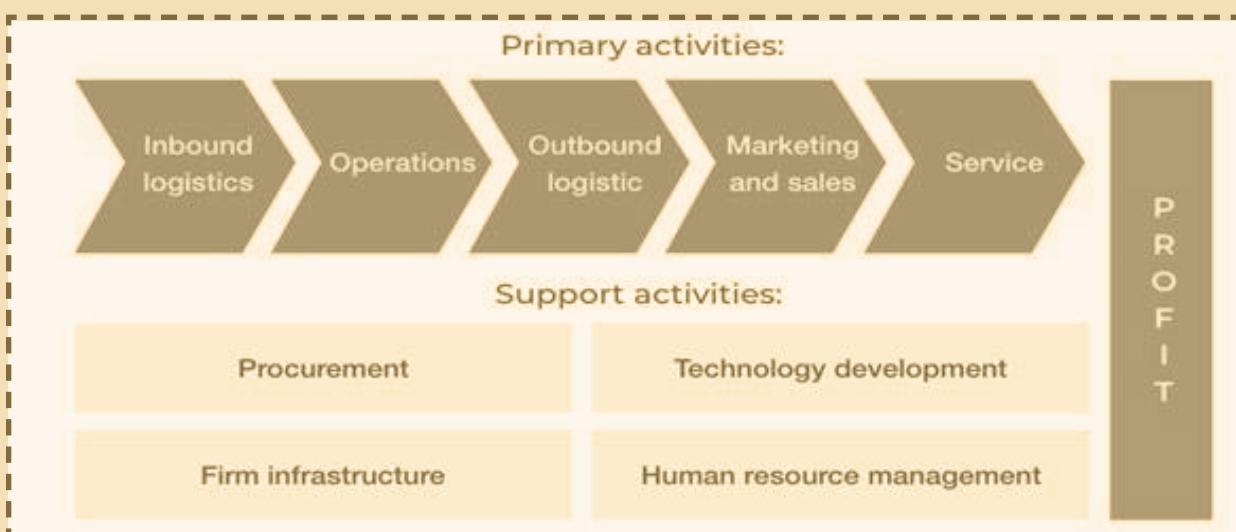
2019, EEE
GET, Marketing,
Murugappa Group



chain that explains how this happens. Of course, this template has to be adjusted according to the type of company like IT manufacturing or finance etc.

Now coming back to sales and marketing, it is the customer facing people that identify customers, develop a business relationship, understand the customer needs and offer a solution, promotes products, analyses market direction and creates new business development opportunities.





Considering a career in sales: The fastest route to CEO

A common perception of the Sales profession in India is an image of a person holding a set of Encyclopaedias or Oxford Dictionary haggling with you will come to your mind. At least that was the perception whenever I heard this word in childhood and teenage years. Probably that perception of us is wrong.

A sales person is too precious for a company. As a salesperson, you would spend quality years of your career understanding people and how they interact. The skill of persuasion which helps a prospect to become a customer is so valuable that it drives the revenue of a company. That is also the reason why sales and marketing professionals climb the corporate ladder much faster than their technical counterparts.

In fact, A recent study presented by Frank Germann, assistant professor at Mendoza College of Business, found out that more than 25% of CEOs in the world had a Marketing or Sales background. Warren Buffet himself was a salesperson selling securities.

By all means, a career in sales and marketing will be a very rewarding and fruitful one considering the nature of work and people.

What does it teach you?

There are many that a sales experience will teach you, of course, a lot of it cannot be taught from formal education or training.

First and foremost, as I already mentioned it teaches you to be Persuasive. Persuasion is an art and when you are in sales your body language and mindset will slowly align itself to become persuasive over time. Learning this art perhaps will become the greatest asset to your career.

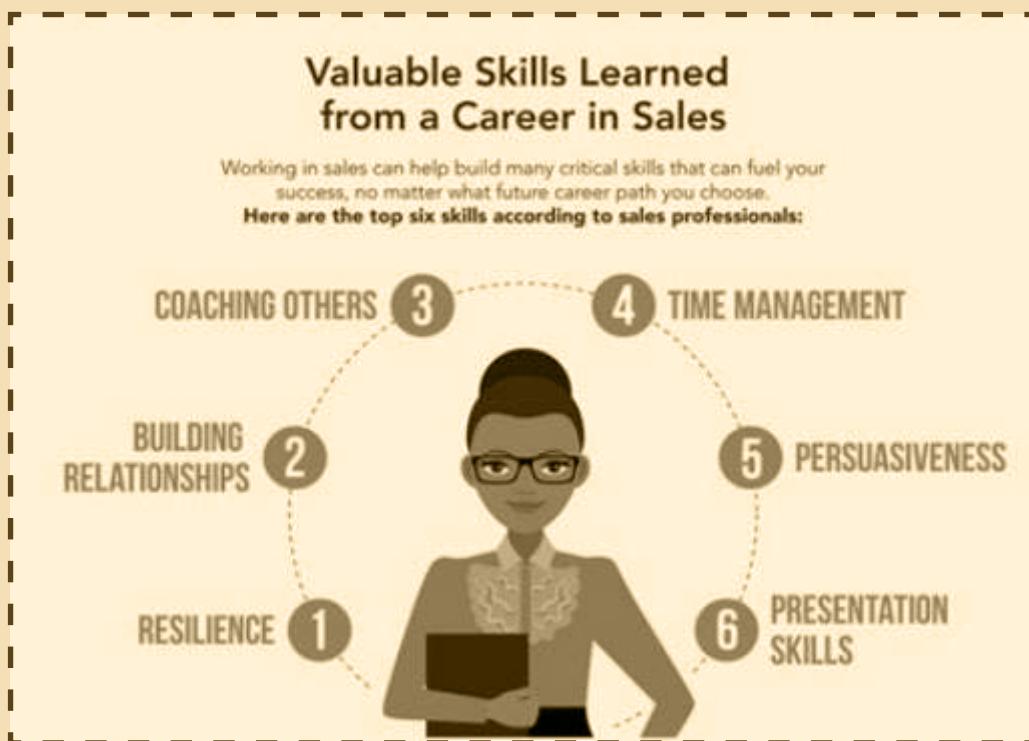
You will develop the overall business acumen. As sales and marketing, you will have to work with both technical and commercial aspects of your business. You will have to negotiate price, decide profit margin and estimate business along with working with our technical or production to understand the nuances of the product. In the process, one will understand how your overall business of the company works whereas your technical counterpart wouldn't.

Apart from this, you will learn a myriad of things like to listen more, build relationships easily, learn to deal with rejections, have a natural prospecting and problem solving mindset, you will understand people more and in a way become people oriented and develop an overall character to become a successful leader.

Career options and where to start with?

There are limitless options for a career in sales and marketing. Starting from sales representatives, sales managers, marketing ex-

might be essential depending on what type of work you are in. As you grow you either become an expert or a manager to manage a group of salespeople. You can also become a consultant or a freelance expert when you



ecutives, digital marketing specialists, SEO experts, sales and business development experts, Key account managers, sales and marketing strategists, New product and business strategists etc. to name a few.

Engineers build products. In order to build products that really solve the pain point of the customers, one must understand the customer's needs. Only an engineer with understanding about the customer can build such products, also the vice versa, only an engineer who understands technical nuances can understand customers' pain points easily. That's why Engineers are nowadays preferred for sales and marketing.

Best way to start as an engineer is to look for opportunities as a sales engineer or digital marketing executive. To grow further in your career in sales and marketing, an MBA/M.S

reach a very high expertise and know the nook and corner of the industry.

My first experience for sales came through my entrepreneurship elective, where one of the classes we sold Gulab jamun to PECOFES audience and made a really good profit. Even before that, I used to actively participate in Literary events and there was a particular event called '**Sell me this pen**' which is the closest it can get to this profession. Those are a very good place to start with and hone up your skills for this profession

In the next edition of this magazine, I will explain why knowledge of finance is very important both for your life and career.

MY REFLECTIONS ON CREATIVITY



Creativity is the art of bringing to life the dimensions that remain hidden in the deep trenches of our minds. The human mind is a boundless ocean wherein lie scattered myriads of spectacular ideas and dreams that can be discovered by tapping our inner source of brilliance. We often associate creativity with people who are painters, dancers, musicians, scientists, photographers, etc. However, creativity is something that makes a great deal of difference in our day to day life.

Sometimes we perform so many redundant tasks over and over again without even being aware that if at all we could think of better ways of completing them we would have ended up enhancing the quality of our life. Most creative people are less worried about their future as they can just breeze through any challenges in life with their solution-oriented thinking. I would like to believe that each one of us is capable of being creative in different aspects of our life.

Studies have found that under time constraints, **the creative stimuli get suppressed as the mind becomes preoccupied with the deadline.** An unfettered brain gives room for a smooth flow of crea-

tive thoughts.

We know the fact that nature is the source of all creativity. So, it's only obvious that we would never be able to connect to ourselves as long as we spend all our time in front of these lifeless electronic gadgets in our air-conditioned rooms. The first thing that we need to do to tingle upon our creative nerve is to get out there, where we actually belong. Nature has the power to energize our mind and body which is why many of the meditation apps today use natural sounds to calm us down.

Spending time in a natural environment not only reduces your stress levels but also helps you in imbibing a **"time abundance"**

mindset which in turn gets your creative juices flowing. Inner peace is extremely necessary to be able to think

with clarity and remain motivated. Apart from improving our mental health, nature enhances our memory which is again one of the important elements of being innovative. Spending time with nature opens up the mind to comprehend and embrace novel perceptions.

Sitting on the beach with water droplets sparging on my face, I could feel all my negative emotions oozing out from inside me and



B. Keerthika

2019, CHEM

KTH Royal Institute of Technology,
Sweden



getting lost into the depth of the sea. And I experience this every single time I visit any natural space. In the lap of mother nature, our worries fade away and we begin to assimilate the positivity around us.

Throughout our lives, we've seen how the drizzles of rain change our mood, how the fresh breeze rejuvenates our minds, and how the unending tides dull our pain.

We feel connected to nature so much because we, indeed, belong to nature.

It's an inexplicable feeling to experience the sun's first rays falling on your face and to watch the leaves jingling to

the wind's movement.

Next time when you're struggling to bring your imaginations to fruition, go out and take a walk for a few minutes, I am sure you'll feel the difference. I know it's not always possible to go outdoors, in that case, what we can do is grow plants at home and spend time nurturing them, which in turn would make us feel complacent.

The creative spirits evaporate as we grow due to our mundane lifestyle. Moreover, it's boring

to have every single day the same as another, so let's try to be creative in authoring our day.



ME TO MYSELF



College was where I truly thrived, constantly surprising myself with what I was capable of. May sound a little warped, but PEC did have a major hand in moulding me into what I am today. Always enjoyed the constant company of wonderful people, the memories I made here are still vivid and dearly cherished to this day. We cried a lot and laughed a lot more, but it was all beautiful. What can I say, when you have good memories of meeting good people, won't it just leave you with the want to become a better person? The Resources for learning were there and will continue to be, it's the question of how much is your intellectual enthusiasm? By observing alone, I decided then and there, that in PEC, **I was going to lead my life based on character**, later on, that's what leads to the emergence of my personality. There were my down times, **life's not always a pack of LITTLE HEARTS** (forgive me, I really love them) as you might have figured out by now (duh!), but I had people (god bless them) that kept me strong during the hard period. Their words and deeds of encouragement had me going on and starting to achieve. Yet I still feel that I could have done better, had I been a bit more serious, had I taken the risk, had I been a little more mature, had I tried to

know more, had I paid heed to all the advice. Had I the chance, I wish I could just go back and knock some sense into her (me). I wish to tell her a few things that she really needed to hear. It's just that I feel so sorry for her, for making her put up with the consequences of my poor choices all by herself. So, I'm going to do just that. A letter from me to myself. Don't judge me. It reached me late, okay? Let's go with that. I think it's genius, we're totally going with that, you don't have a say anyway so read along, I don't mind you prying. Feel free to do so, and even if one single sentence brings you teeny-tiny happiness or lessens your sadness by a small bit, I think it's worth all the effort and time I put into this.



66

Melina
2019, EEE

99

Hey (Your name),

What's good? In college huh? Cool. I know you're determined to achieve something special and lasting here, trust me, you will. Not only that, but you'll also make quite a number of incredible acquaintances and get to work along with talented friends under amazing people. So, don't be anxious, you'll do just fine. Grow through the ride my friend, mind you, it's a tad bit rocky.

Just know that you can't inspire anyone by being perfect. Inspire them by how you deal with your imperfections instead. Just because you're nice and kind, you can't expect every-



one to like you. Be kind regardless. Just because you're humble, doesn't mean the world will take it easy on you. Be humble anyway. Just because you work with passion, doesn't mean you'll be recognised. Be passionate just the same. You could die from how unfair it is for you, but continue to have the innocent admiration for the little and simple things, nurture your pure intentions into creative beauty, carry yourself with grace and be affectionate. Don't let anything crumble your warmth and sweetness, have integrity and be hard to break but easy to love. Strengthen your character and be a blessing that you are.

Ask yourself, what's your dream. **Don't be trapped in someone else's dream.** Be fearlessly authentic. Don't let anyone convince you of what you can do or can't do. It's alright even if you don't have a dream, it's possible not to have one. Just be happy and positive. Fake happiness is still the worst sadness. Happiness is not something that you've to achieve, you can still be happy during the process of achieving. If there is anything that brings you joy, then it's important and so, decide for yourself what it means to be happy.

You can't avoid doing some things just because you want to avoid it. Please don't hesitate to ask for guidance. Don't act like you've everything sorted. Trust me, you can't always wring it. It's never too late to ask for help. There's nothing wrong in listening to what your friend has to say, just don't get swayed

and don't let it cloud your judgement. Consider it along with all the suggestions and then take a decision. Stick with it till the end and learn to own your choices no matter what the outcome be. Give your best to what you're doing, or you'll regret it someday.

What's wrong with falling and stumbling on the way?

You can just dust yourself and keep walking. It may seem like everyone else is free of worries and problems, but all are working hard or maybe harder. At the same time just because others are having difficulties, doesn't mean that yours get any less difficult.

People have their own ways of making judgement and so it can be very vague. In the end, they'll judge you anyway! Begin and do what makes you happy. If you think you've blown God's plan for your life, let me assure you, you're not that strong.

You need to love and cherish yourself first. Self-care is of utmost importance. **You're the most precious person to yourself.**

Sometimes it's okay to show weakness. It's okay

to be you. You are an exceptional being, and anybody saying otherwise is downright lying. It's okay to mess up sometimes, you'll get through it. I did, and so will you, but while you're at it, please do me a favour, do well and take good care of yourself.

With the warmest of wishes,
Me.



WHAT NEXT?



This is one question which the society keeps throwing at you in all walks of life. It is absolutely fine to give false answers or altogether avoid answering but there is no escaping from one entity – “yourself”.

It is okay to go with the flow but sometimes you need to find your own will and way, shell out of your comfort zone, face rejections, learn, unlearn and re-learn without any hesitation, harmonize and finally feel empowered.

This is my testimony of how I got into one of the premier B-schools of the country. Having been brought up in an academically-inclined family, I have always been pressurized to be the best at whatever I do and I was asked that rhetoric question **“What next??”** since the very first year of engineering. I had no answer back then for I was still exploring what I like or rather what I want.

College life gave me a lot of opportunities to discover myself. Be it the academics, hostel life, or extra-curricular activities, there was a lot of learning all throughout the four years. Not every memory had been sweet, obvious, because we don't live in Utopia. From getting straight “S”s in all core subjects in one semester to getting E in one subject in another, from running a movie marathon with friends

to complete isolation for days to prepare for exams, from ranting about the food at the mess to waiting for minutes in queues to get extra portion, I had experienced it all and in a way, I am grateful for whatever had happened during those four years.

It was during the pre-final year that the fear of a career kicked in and after a lot of research and thinking, I decided to do an MBA. This time, the question **“Why MBA?”**, kept bombarding me from all sides, family to peers to the interview panels I faced during the admission process.

You don't need to give a convincing answer to all these people but yourself.

I had one and decided to ace the entrance tests at any cost. The preparation was not easy. I had to let go of many moments such as hanging out with friends, binge-watching TV series, reading novels, spending the weekends with parents. It was my

family, friends, my professors who had been very instrumental in helping me cope with the pressure and I am forever indebted to them.

Find your own motive for what you want to do not just for your living but for life. **The Eureka moment may happen anytime.**

Seize every opportunity that comes your way, be prepared to face the consequences that your choices bring in and most importantly cherish every moment of your life.



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Sindhu Bharathi

2019, EEE

MBA

IIIM Rohtak

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THE ACCIDENTAL FRIENDSHIP!



A good old saying goes like this - "God has a plan for everyone and those seemingly random twists of fate are all a part of it." This statement became very much relatable after an accident which I wish happens to nobody but am immensely grateful and happy that I went through it. It was the earlies of my final year; the time one starts to concentrate on his/her placement. There was this one IT Company which had an All India level qualifying examination followed by a personal interview as its recruitment process. Of course, irrespective of our branches, we all had applied. Fortunately or unfortunately, the exams were in Chennai. Being in a government college, we were required to arrange our own transportation for affairs of this kind. Now, since I was an ECE student and my friend, Tanya was from EIE, we really weren't so keen on getting placed in an IT firm (*Also, we were and still are such lazy geese!*). So, we were not so much interested in taking all the pain of going to Chennai just to write an exam that is not going to help us in any way. But then, an acquaintance from CSE, by the name Aditya, someone we knew through Literary Club, was planning to drive to Chennai in his car, with his mom accompanying him.

As there was plenty of space to spare, he offered to give me & Tanya a ride to the ex-

amination centre. And somehow another guy from EEE, named Sai who was also a mere ally from the club then, joined the ride. To be frank, I had decided to attend the exam just for a day off provided with OD from college (*Accept it...we all have been there!*). We all had agreed to meet at a convenient common spot and start the journey by 7 AM (*Exams were scheduled at 1 PM for me & Tanya and at 5 PM for Adi & Sai*). It was 20th July, 2018, the day of the examination and all 5 of us had started from Pondicherry as we had planned.



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Soniya S.
2019, ECE

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There were talks going on along the ride about almost everything like Politics, college gossip, future plans, our likes and dislikes in music, movies, and what not! The conversation and laughter were quite engaging... well... a bit too engaging... okay I accept it... the right word to describe it is "insane".... The talks were insane enough for Aditya to

lose his concentration on the road and hit an electric post on the side walk on the right side of the road. The first thought that had hit me after realising that we were screwed was, "**Oh dear God! Let me be dead here! I don't want to be killed by my parents when they come to know about this**", because, my dad wasn't very assertive about this ride in the first place. He was strongly against Adi driving the car himself and had suggested us



to take a professional driver. I believe you all know this sick feeling you get when you do something against your parents' will and it just goes straight and hits a dead end! This exactly was that case!

It took each of us nearly 10 seconds to comprehend what had really just happened. Fortunately, by God's grace, none of us was wounded severely except for Adi's mom. She was not even able to sit up straight. Poor aunty! She was diagnosed with a hairline fracture in the hip when taken straight to the hospital. But thank God again... she is fit and healthy now. The accident was followed by one hour of mayhem which included multiple calls to and from Ambulance, car's insurance company, each our parents, Police, (*Believe me when I say this - the police was easier to handle when compared to our parents!*) and many more.

We could not exactly remember the sequence of what happened in that one hour, but I can tell you the details that I could recollect. I hope it paints quite a picture. The sight was something like this - Sai and Tanya sitting on the ground beside the car trying to help each other to stand up but in vain, Aditya rolling on the middle of the ECR, apologising to each one of us repeatedly & screaming like a banshee at regular intervals, and me just standing at the middle of all these chaos, confused whether I need to get any help from someone or someone else needs my aid. Meanwhile, his mom was still stuck unconscious in the shotgun seat. Aditya begging us pardon and we pleading him to stop saying sorry & try to bring his mom out soon, went on and on for a while in a loop (*Being the tallest guy of the group, he was the only one who could bring her out through the only car door we were able to open*). There was a loud noise from the carburetor, just minutes after the catastrophe had happened, which led the crowd to

believe that the car was about to explode (*A woman who was standing nowhere near the car with her two wheeler, started to run leaving her vehicle behind!*). I also vaguely remember some people in the crowd debating about whether touching the car then would give them an Electric shock or not (*Adi's mom was still inside the car while this conversation was going on!!!*). All of us were trembling to the extent that we weren't even able to unlock our phones by entering our passwords (*It didn't hit even one of us to unlock it with our fingerprints!*). Amidst all this, a creepy guy from the crowd showed up out of nowhere and voluntarily offered a ride to the exam centre only for the two girls (me and Tanya) and completely ignored Adi and Sai (*The Policeman who had arrived at the spot by then, gave him a stern look and asked us to stay as much away as possible from that guy!*). But topping everything else was a local guy emerging from the crowd and asking us for a donation to the temple nearby, in the middle of this mess, stating that it was the God from that temple who saved us all from suffering any loss of life. Amidst all these disasters, we managed to bring Adi's mom out of the car and took her to the hospital. All four of us, somehow, were able to reach the exam centre on time and attend the exam as well.

But it wasn't just about the examination anymore. Of all the things on Earth, all four of us had needed only that one misadventure and the hour followed by it to get best friends for life! So much has happened since then, but this one is always close to all of our hearts. We still joke about how death tried to part us away only for it to fail miserably! Even though, now we all are miles apart geographically, we four are still part of a WhatsApp group named "**“Alive is Awesome”**" (*You will know the true meaning of this phrase once you go through a near death experience!*) with the image of our smashed car as its display picture,

where we heartily reminisce and make fun of what all happened on that one day!

Slowly that four has increased to nine people from different departments and resulted in a great bunch of friends (*Yeah! I have best friends from almost all the branches in our college!*). My entire final year of college was just filled with these nine people & the club activities and I cannot ask for a better ending. Aditya definitely messed up on that day, but we are more than happy that he did, otherwise, it would have been just another

day, another recruitment drive and another tiresome ride to Chennai. From having no friends in the first year to being a part of a clan of 9 people who just love and care about one another like family, in the final year, a beautiful life happened and I cannot thank God enough!

Oh! I forgot to tell you this – not just out of the four of us, also from the entire batch (2015-19), only Aditya was placed in that very same IT firm on that very same day after the mishap!



HOW TO LIVE YOUR LIFE IN THIS SITUATION?



I know that we are just trying to survive in this COVID-19 situation, but now is the chance to build the life brick by brick that we ever wanted. Here are some tips to literally live your life to the fullest in the given situation. Primary thing to focus on is self-care, which we have all forgotten in the long run we had and busy schedules which kept us occupied. Now it's the time to recognize yourself and what you want to be physically, mentally and career-wise. Take time for yourself every day, say one hour to care about your physical and mental health which in a few months will become a habit. Never mess up with your sleep schedule. Always have an alarm before you go to sleep. Here is something that would help you make your sleep cycle balanced –

<http://sleepyti.me/>

Everybody would have loved to do something deep inside their heart but never had the time to do it. It's time now, to follow your heart and the passion you always dreamt of. Follow inspiring people whom you look up to on social media platforms so that you will stay motivated to do what you love. Support yourself towards your successful career and ask your seniors and super-seniors for assistance as they are always there to help. Plan your career according to the demand of the society. Execute the innovative ideas you have, after all this is all the time you have asked for.

As soon as you wake-up, take a fresh bath and dress yourself up as if you are going to your college or company. This will help you to stay focused and attentive in your online class or meeting even if your camera and microphone are switched off. Once your classes or working hours

are over, help your mother with house chores, so that she feels happy and you can learn the art of cooking, organizing things etc. Sit along with your parents, play some games and spend some quality time with them as you won't get these days back once everything turns normal.

For Work-from-Home people, you must be more exhausted than normal working days at the office as you don't have your friends around and the cafeteria.

Why not create your cafeteria at home?

Make a small corner for snacks and coffee. Go there and relax, don't stretch the whole 8 hours in front of the laptop. Take some gap in-between to relax your eyes, body and mind.

As the HSC results are out, help your juniors to opt for the course they would love. Show them all the possibilities to pursue their career and let them choose one. Whenever you miss your friends don't feel low instead make them a group video call and stay connected. Allocate yourself time for movies and series in terms of number of episodes, movies or hours. Never Binge watch then you will regret a week of doing nothing productive.

I'm aware that doing all these at once will be exhausting, but try to do one for a day and start building up. This all will definitely turn into habits and make you a better version of yourself once when life becomes normal. Take it slow, no need to hurry but never cease trying to do better. We have been provided with all the time we have ever asked so it's our responsibility to use it wisely and productively.



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Kamala Srinidhi V

2020, IT

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THE PLACE WHERE EVERYONE KNOWS YOUR NAME



Ghey say, “**F**irsts are bests because they are beginnings.”

One such First I will always fondly remember is my first communicative English class. The first lesson was about extempore speech. After the lecture, our mam gave an open opportunity for us to come forward and give a small speech on any topic of our desire. I don't know what it is that pushed me to volunteer but I can't be thankful enough for that push, for it had commenced one of the beautiful journeys of my life. Stage fright, inarticulacy, fear of being laughed at and much more such factors haunted me once I went and stood in front of my entire class. Yet the encouraging words from mam gave me the strength to attempt and somehow I spoke for 2 complete minutes. For someone who had not been on a stage to give speeches, this experience was bewitching. I released, I was really content in doing it and wanted to improve myself in this art.

Later that day I went to mam's chamber to get her feedback on my speech. Her advice sounded more like a friend helping me than a usual teacher's guidance. She also informed me about an extempore competition to be conducted on the same week by the Liter-

ary Club in the Language lab. Though the idea of failing in front of the seniors I barely knew then amplified my fears, **I did not let it consume me.** I decided to be ready for the worst and went there. On contrary to my frights, the seniors were very supportive and the entire Language Lab felt like one happy place and I tried to learn the best I could from there. In the same event, I also met one of my classmates, who was also interested in taking part in literary events, who later became one of my best friends.

Encouraging teachers, supportive seniors and a good companion - all these factors fascinated me to participate in the club activities. My friend and I started to participate in all the events together and we started to learn a lot of things which cannot be learnt inside a classroom.



Karthic B
2020, EEE



We were introduced to the annual literary fest, **“CURIOSO”** in our even semester and I participated in all the events impartially though I was mostly eliminated in the preliminary rounds of the events. But I was determined not to consider the eliminations as a barrier for my future participation. I also started pulling my friends along whenever I went to participate. Eventually, CURIOSO

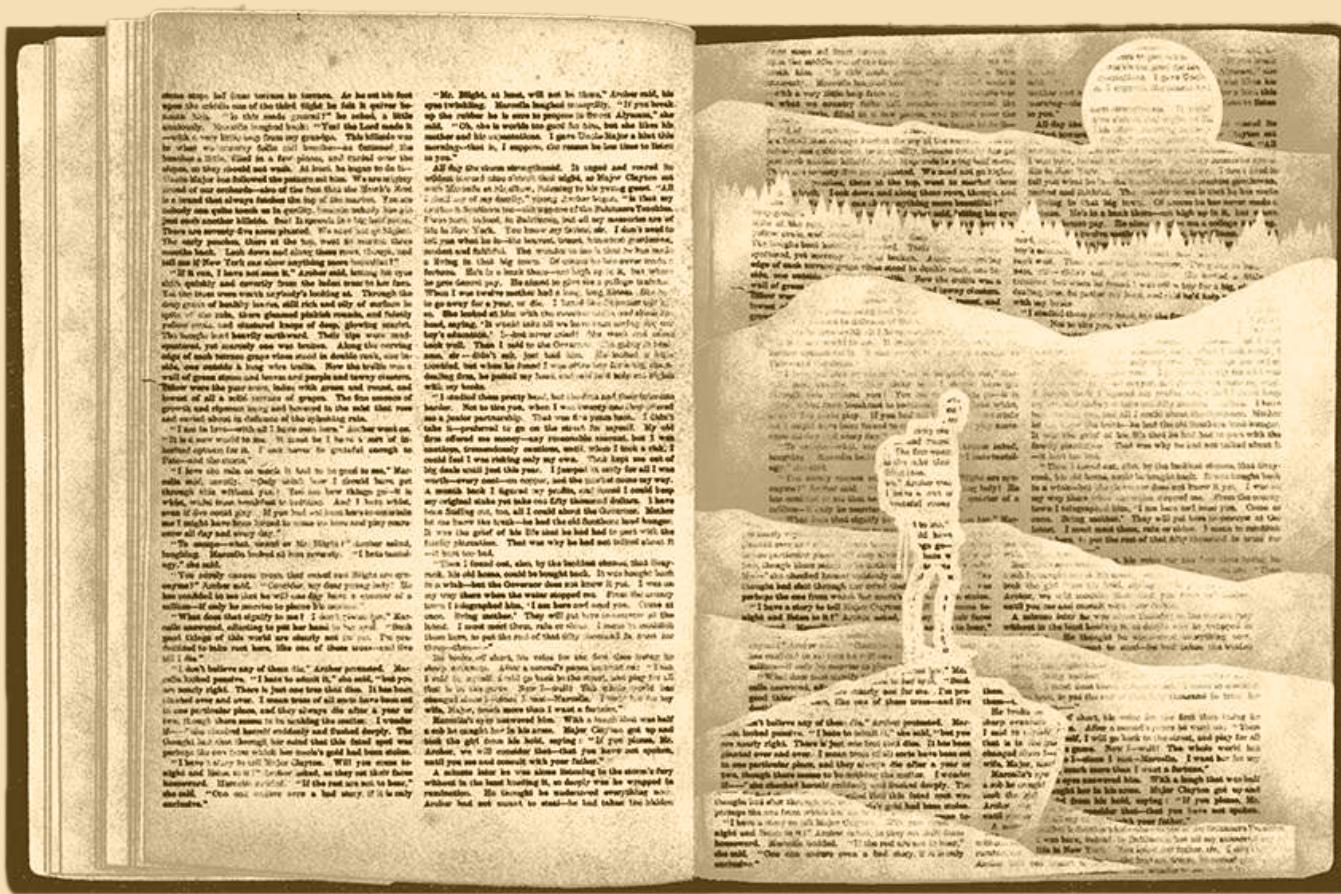


had become an unmissable yearly ritual for my entire class.

When talking about Curioso, one cannot leave out the plays staged on the literary day. In my first year, my seniors staged, **“The Merchant of Venice”**. I would daily go to practice and just watch my seniors rehearsing then. And in my second year, I gained enough courage to take part in the audition and I landed up in a small role in the play **“Twelfth Night”** by William Shakespeare. Eventually, in my third year, I was given a bigger role than the year before. From being a mere spectator in my first year to doing an important role in the play, I re-

alized I did quite a good job in developing myself in my college life.

In my final year, when I attended the final round of interview for my dream company, the HR asked me to describe my life in college and I could not talk about anything other than the Literary club and of course, my answer got me the job! The club not only improved my skills, but also introduced me to people from different departments and different years, all of whom now I can proudly call as my friends!



LIFE LESSONS FROM MR. BEAN



The recent COVID scenario has turned our lives upside down. On top of that, I am stuck in a city where the only people I know are my parents.

I had recently graduated via a zoom call and had the first day of my office at home.

Yes, Welcome to 2020.

The last days of my college and the first day of my career. I spent both of my memorable days cooped up at my house.

All those last days' well wishes and shared adventures are now just fantasies for us. It was the most anticlimactic moment of our entire lives.

Now before you judge me as a naggy person who can't see the bright side of things. I agree that I am fortunate enough to have a smooth transition into my career even at the times of such a crisis. My family is healthy and we are together. I am very thankful to God for that.

But, A Constant thought haunted me. *"Life will never be the same and this is as good as it will ever be"*.....(Enough drama now to the good part)

Until one day, I was looking through my archives at our old computer and found an old video that said: "The Best Bits of Mr. Bean".

And, Voila. It felt like therapy. After a dozen motivational videos and audiobooks on self-

help. A simpleton character like Bean taught me the way to deal with loneliness like no other.

It was oddly satisfying to watch the series yet again.

The brilliance of the show was not its direction, cinematography, or punchlines. It was just the simplicity and comedy at its core. Just a one-man show which made all of us chuckle and to shell out a few tears of Joy.

The character was portrayed as a speech-impaired, laid-back, and a frugal person.

His two most favorite things, his Car and "**Teddy**". British Leyland Mini 1000 had an iconic place in the show. And for those of you who think a Ferrari is cool, his car fits two more people.

And, who can forget **Teddy**, his best-friend. These two along with Mr. Bean made up almost the entire cast.

The plot of every show was the character going on to do mundane tasks. But never in the show, he had an accomplice. There were indeed some secondary characters but the intimacy of the audience with Mr. Bean had never changed.

Mr. Bean was quite a man you can learn from:

If it does not Work One Way, try Another:



Purushottam Banerjee
2020, CSE



In countless episodes, he tries to accomplish a difficult task with his limited intellect. He has an attitude that makes him think a bit differently.

Sometimes they are outlandish but at times they show a tint of brilliance. We can all take a lesson of being persistent with our work and come up with new solutions. And a software professional this is rather a piece of valuable advice.

In the episode, Mr. Bean Goes to Town where he modified his car has a special place in my heart.

Being Alone can be greatly satisfying.

He goes to picnics, beaches, road trips, and eateries. But at all of these places where it is a norm to have family and friends. He is all alone. He does all those things which you rarely do alone, but he does. And He is Happy.

Simultaneously, he is surprisingly fulfilled with the company of his accomplice. An inanimate Teddy Bear which he carried with him. He destroyed the decorum of society with simple actions.

Shameless-ness:

In a world, where your entire resume can be built on what sneakers you choose.

He never thought about what other people are gonna think. if it was the right thing to do, he did it.

He was himself and not some imposter in even one of the episodes. Just the same old Bean doing what he feels like. And, yes he had an imaginary best friend as a Teddy Bear.

Be yourself:

For someone who struggles with imposter's syndrome. This one hit me hard! He had no care for the world.

He acted like he wanted to, danced like nobody is watching, and lived his life as it pleased him. Not being influenced by anyone and following his heart's content.

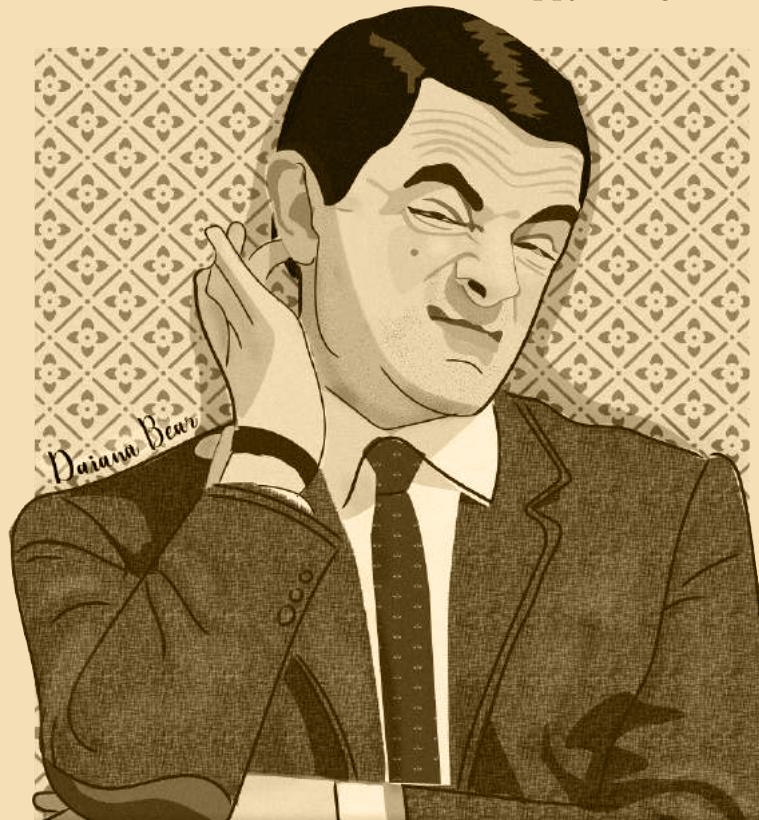
His actions might be considered as selfish or even arrogant. But, I think We all have the right to express ourselves. Living life on our own terms isn't that we all aspire to be.

The brilliance of Atkinson in delivering comedy just by his actions was just phenomenal. It almost transfixed us to our screens. Even in a country where there are no native speakers of English, he was a household name.

But more importantly, what it taught us was to be happy and grateful at whatever the situation is. Learn to laugh at your own losses and take a jolly ride at every hardship life throws at you.

If I had to squeeze all of his lessons into a single sentence and photography puns.

"In a World of Snapchat Filters, Be a RAW image".



WALLFLOWER



Shrinking violet, Wallflower, Hermit, Lone-wolf – can you find the connection between these words? Fret not, I'll give away the answer at the end of this article.

I am a part of a 'gifted' society that forms one-third of the world's population, and it certainly proved to be a mixed bag of blessings; In fact, it's the community that perfected 'social-distancing' way before it was a thing, 'The Introverts' (or as the people at the other end would like to call us - "socially-awkward"). The reason I call it a 'mixed bag of blessings' is that the perks you get out of being an introvert are beautiful, but you tend to miss out other beautiful moments within your reach. Anyway, **life is too short to experience all the sunshine and rainbows :)**



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RamVignesh B.
2020, CSE

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So, what exactly do we introverts do whilst avoiding social interaction and what are the perks?

- We strongly believe in **self-examination** and realization. Introspection is like breathing, for us; it comes effortlessly.
- We usually **self-discover** through our creations and don't just create for others, but also for ourselves. It shouldn't be surprising

that most of the authors and artists are introverts.

- We **reconstruct** ourselves by spending some quality alone time, yet not overthinking that being alone makes us miserable or boring.

It's a bit unsettling that people often miscue and relate introvert to being shy or unemotional. We are not; it's just socializing makes us feel drained. In fact, there are a lot more

misconceptions like: 'Introverts don't like working in groups', 'Introverts don't like hanging out with friends', 'Introverts are not public speakers', and the biggest one being 'Introverts are always less happy than extroverts'. I, as an introvert, had defied all these conceptions (Let's say, I am an okay-ish public speaker). I mean, yes, we are the same people who say we have other plans later that night but play games or read a book in solitude instead.

We really do like hanging out with friends who respect our personal space, or as you'd like to call '**a comfort zone**'. We don't open easily to get acquainted, but once we do, it's for real and trust me, introverts can be good friends with extroverts. For instance, I still remember the day I was so sceptical first on 'making friends' upon joining hostel. Fast forward three years and now I have seven best



hosteller buddies, who I have known only for two-and-a-half years.

Also, introverts do have memories they did together as a group, that they rejoice. Literary club shenanigans, lunchtime at ma'am's room, Design Club works, late-night chais, and unplanned trips to the beach are the few memories that I hold close to my heart. These are the memories that would always remind me of the quote, **"And at that moment, I swear we were infinite."** from the movie 'The Perks of being a wallflower'. It's a beautiful film about a 15-year-old introvert struggling to fit in his life, who gets befriended by a weird group of extroverts :) If you haven't watched it yet, I'd suggest you put it in your watchlist.

You may ask: how exactly do you find out if you're an introvert or an extrovert? The most precise and scientifically recommended way is to take the '[Myers-Briggs Test](https://www.16personalities.com/)' which tells your personality upon answering a series of questions. You can access the test for free here: <https://www.16personalities.com/>.

Now, to the introverts reading this article: don't deem that you're a misfit, for it is a perfectly normal state that makes you beautiful people; To the extroverts: aid your wallflower friend on finding their 'infinite moment'.

And as I assured, here's the connection between the words (*and you'd have guessed it by this time :)*) - they are metaphors for an introvert.



STOP ONCE A WHILE TO SMELL THE ROSES



Life at PEC was a unique experience, in between mixed feelings, hard choices, the diverse crowd, late night exam-crams, ludicrous adventures, the breezy beach, the jungle ambience and similarly jumbled lifestyle it seems like the four years have passed at the wink of the eye. Four years of wild, crazy lesson learning.

Any typical high schooler would be expecting college life, starting right from the entrance exam preps, to be an Olympic sprint race to nail a flourishing career.

Well, tell you one, this sprint, **there is no starting line nor ending line in the track so in fact it is not a race at all!** This game is bigger and the field is open and you'll be meeting all the different types of players – **the achievers, the explorers, the socializers, the killers** (ref - *Bartle taxonomy of gamers*).

You can be yourself, play your own version of the game, make your own rules, pave your own paths, no matter what you don't lose because there is really no winner.

So, no, College is not the sprint track for your career, it is the open field where adventures are pursued, lessons are taught by experiences and expressive connections are made. It is the place where you learn to see the colors in the

between. For the ones who are still in there, I assure you by the end of your four years regardless of how you played the game, you would have learnt some lifetime worth of lessons and made friends who would stand by you through life. The only tip I have for you - **slow down, feel, enjoy life.**



Rupam Chirom
2020, CSE



THE FERRIS WHEEL



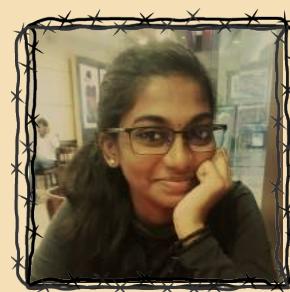
SI wait in a line at the entrance of the amusement park. Each one of us is allotted a ride for the day. I wondered what was mine. The line kept moving, sometimes I moved, sometimes I was pushed. But there, I was at the counter, grinning as I received my ticket. I look at my ticket, "**FERRIS WHEEL**", it read. That's new, I thought to myself. I find my way to the Ferris wheel. A giant wheel decorated with pretty lights stands in front of me. It looks exactly like any wheel only but bigger. As I gawk, The operator takes my ticket, smiles at me, puts me in my seat and buckles me up. I am beyond excited. I flash my 32 not so white teeth at him. '*Enjoy the ride*', he says and disappears. '*I can't wait*' I call back at him. The wheel starts to move. No one else...only me, haan? Even better! The introvert in me somersaulted. The wheel moved up slowly. I looked up eagerly at the sky full of clouds. "**Wooo hooo... I am going to the clouds**", I screamed and reached the top. The clouds were just at an arm's reach. I tried to reach for them but the wheel started to move again. I wonder where... and look down. NOOO! All of a sudden I am sick. I

can't see the ground, I see my death waiting for me. I close my eyes tight hoping this wheel will stay on top. I now knew for sure that this was a bad idea! I start to scream. I blame everything, the operator, the ticket, the wheel and... and... great now I can't think. This is my end. Tears start to roll down my cheeks.

Is it me or the air? It's me! At least these tears hide my obvious end. My head is

heavy, my stomach sick, I can feel my heart in my mouth. My whole life plays in my head. Mostly the parts I regret, the ones that I abhor. Stupid brain play some happy memories! I shut my eyes, brain, mouth tight and await my painful death. "*I am going to die*", I scream. Something changes. It's quiet. Am I dead? Where did I come? **Heaven or Hell**. I slowly open my eyes. I am still in my seat. I look up. OH MY GOD!

Not again! I see the top of the Ferris wheel. NO... NO... *I AM DONE!! LET ME OUT!!* No one hears me scream. "It will be okay", someone whispers. "Who are you?" The person smiles. "Let's enjoy this together." "Enjoy?" I chuckle. I think of the journey down. I start to sweat. There should be a way out. I search in panic. "I don't want to go up. I have to come down then. And that's not nice" My



Srimathi Sridhar

2020, CHEM



mind reminded me. The person holds my hand. Desperate I hold it back. "Breathe", the person says. "It will be okay." I slowly open my eyes. Look around. We are on the top again. I start to breathe. NO... No No... I grab the person's hand tight. "Give me some time!", I yell at the operator. I start to scream. It still feels like the first time. "I am going to die", I scream. "You will survive", the person screams back. "Just breathe".

"What a nutcase", I mumble. Oh god. Please take me now. I pray. Tears roll down my cheek. Kill me now! I can't do this! I yell. I cry. I plead. Something changes. It's quiet. Am I dead now? "**Smile**", the person whispers. I turn to look around. The person disappeared. I try to get down. No.. No.. The wheel starts to move again. "I am going to kill you !" I scream at the operator. "Don't you dare laugh!" "Oh, God... I have to do this again... and I have to do it alone...", I whine.

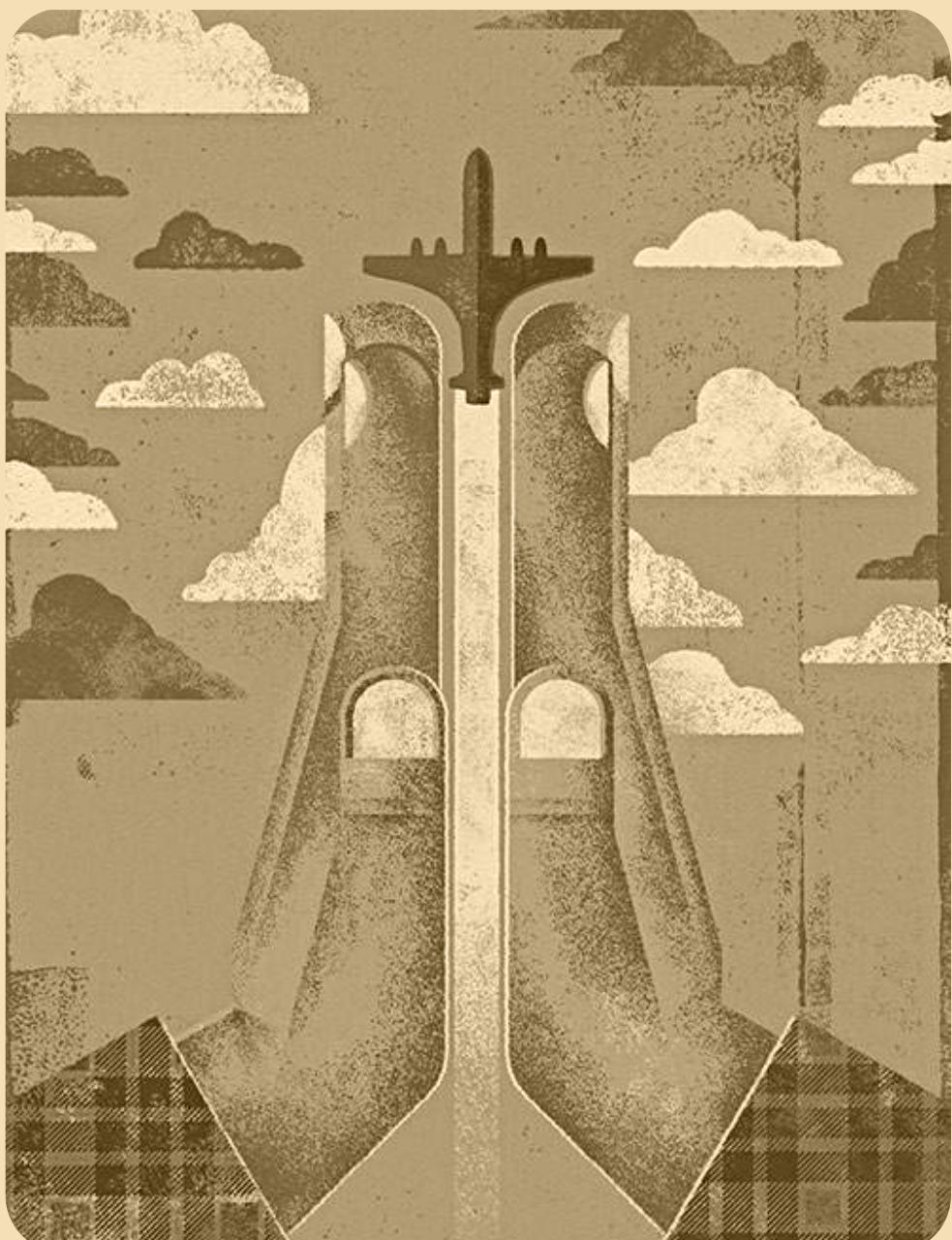
But I remember to smile! I feel a little excited, a little too scared. But I keep my eyes open, watch my way up. "This is nice", I tell myself. As I go to the top, again, my heart starts to beat faster. This time when I am on the top I tell myself "**I will survive**". I look around the world from

the top and smile.

"It's beautiful".

I hold my seat tight, a little too tight. Just like I did with the person.

"Breathe", I tell myself. I still screamed, involuntary, tears rolling (*it's the air this time*) taking a pledge to kill the operator and TRY to enjoy my ride down. This time I know if I fall I fall to the bottom, and it won't be my end. And when I reach the bottom this time, **I know it is time to get excited for the journey up, alone or with someone.**



EMPTY SPACES



Sometimes in silence, you feel something approaching you. You feel emptiness knocking your heart suddenly at the middle of the night and when you rush to lock your heart, its already in. You try to stop it but it starts invading your body already.

It runs everywhere like a wild animal and in a matter of seconds, it reaches your mind.

It looks in for empty spaces so that it can reside there.

Guess what?

It finds the spot in no time because it has got so used to your body. It becomes the master and treats your heart and mind like a cold guest. **You try hard to get rid of it but you can't escape anymore.** So you remain calm and accept its doings. You try all ways to sleep but you feel defeated and defenceless. Then suddenly sun's rays fall on you through your windowpane. You wonder how you slept and the moment you sit in your bed, its already there inside you invading the rest of the empty spaces.



68

Yasmin

2020, CHEM

99



THE OLD MAN (A SHORT STORY)

Et has been 2 years since the pandemic struck us and we had started to adopt living with it. My graduation took the ugliest detour from ending memorably into just a daydream. I have been working since the last one and half year far from my home to retain my job, and like every morning I was running late to the office. They say old habits die hard, but I didn't want this one to phase out because of the memories I held with them. It has been tough coping up with these new found restrictions after enjoying this world freely for 20 years. **Freedom was gratis all these days and that made us ignorant of its value.** Maybe we got greedy enough and tried **knowing what's inside the Pandora's Box**, maybe we wanted to be ahead of the curve that we were set in, doesn't matter because the curve looped to become a whirlpool absorbing us in it. All the while along the road as I was absorbed in these chains of thoughts like every day, I observed a line formed ahead at the junction before a military truck. Heavy men with more heavy firearms were directing the formation of the line and all of them were obediently following it. As I comprehended the scene it got to me that food was being distributed to the people from the slums nearby. They were made to work in a nearby coal factory and were provided food twice a day along with a small

amount enough to sustain them for a month provided they manage it. I was gawking at the line like a lost puppy finding its owner. Maybe it was because amidst such a disciplined iteration an old man was cutting the line forcefully to come up till the front. I was astounded and scared at the same time for the punishment he might get for cutting through the line. A loud

siren woke me up from these thoughts as I saw the factory I worked at was giving the final warning to shut the main gate. I ran forgetting everything else and spent the rest of the day wondering what would have happened after I left. I finished my shift and was walking back to my room. When I reached the junction I had been in the morning I saw the same old man sitting in the middle of the junc-

tion looking at the sky. There was an unsettling chill down in my spine as I neared him because I thought I heard my name being called out. I turned around and saw his limp body getting up and coming towards me. I held the ground with my fists clenched as a precaution. The old man stopped before me and said, *"get up it's already 7, fold your sheets and come clean the whole house"*. Confused right? Yeah, I was also in the same state as I scratched my head and looked up at my mom examining whether I woke up or not. Boy, that was some serious dream and I started folding my blanket as I began another day in this lockdown.



**Rahul Perri
2020, EIE**

LOST AND FOUND (A SHORT STORY)



"Are you sure about this?", asked Sara's mom for the umpteenth time tying her hair into a ponytail. "Yes, mom I can do it", beamed Sara with confidence not wanting to show her fear out. It was the first time that Sara had decided to take a bus alone to her computer classes. Usually, her mom drops and picks her up, buying Sara's favorite pastries on their way home, making her mom's most pampered kid. "She can travel on her own, she is not a kid anymore", exclaimed Sara's younger sister in an annoying tone. Sara stood up with a serious face clutching her bag tightly as she muttered to herself, "**I am going to end this nightmare today.**" She gazed at the calendar from her church, under today's date which read "Be strong and courageous; do not be frightened or dismayed, for the Lord, your God is with you wherever you go (**Joshua 1:9**)" A smile of hope escaped her lips as she bid adieu to her loving family. She then boarded the bus and caught the corner seat mumbling the stopping name continuously. As time went on the bus became crowded with people and their noises. Sara intently tried to hear from the busman but to no avail. She could sense that she was somewhere near her destination, but couldn't identify her stop. She wanted to enquire her co-passengers about her destination, but couldn't muster up the courage to do so. Finally, she got down from the crowded bus and looked around with a puzzled look. With the little amount of hope lurking inside her,



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Buela Jenefer

2020, CHEM

99

Sara took a few steps in the dark, not knowing which direction to take. Fear started taking control of her, as her most fearful nightmare came true. She reached for her phone immediately and dialled her mom's number. With moist eyes and a feeble voice, Sara said, "**Mom, I am lost.**" With a panicked voice, her mom asked her where she was now, but Sara couldn't figure it out as she kept sobbing on the other side. Her mom patiently explained to her the directions with the landmarks Sara knew, but Sara couldn't process anything in her mind as she was caught in one of her worst nightmares. Suddenly, the verse from the calendar flashed in her mind pausing her continuous sobs. Sara assured her mom she was

okay and will call her once she reaches her class. With a new hope blooming inside her, she walked in the street as if she was very sure about the directions. After a few minutes, she could see her destination at a distance and tears of relief started flowing from her eyes. She ran towards the building and saw her best friend, Laura waiting for her. Aunty told me that you were lost in the streets, "**how did you find your way here?**", enquired Laura in a worried tone. "**I don't know, I was led here,**" Sara said in a low tone as she looked at the sky with a grateful smile. That was the day Sara understood that her mom cannot be with her always, but God was and will be with her, always, guiding, protecting and loving her till eternity.





Poems



WE THE ENGINEERS



66

Sushrut Badhe

2011, MECH

Author

99

From school with big and small dreams
We come and disperse into various streams
Over four years and semesters eight
And for our results we anxiously wait
We don't have experience, you say
Just wait and see us on our final day
With silent efforts our skills are acquired
We learn and gather all that is required

Our years pass away too quickly
Our exams and festivals end so hastily
But our actions never go in vain
Friendships and memories forever remain
What scientists discover, we apply
We ensure the technicalities practically comply
Our touch is in every civil building
And in the electricity of each motor winding

In the network of every electronic communication
And in the processing of every computer information
We are the coders of every program digital
We are fuel powering every device mechanical
We make all the instruments- medical or industrial
We control the reaction rates of every chemical
And in every process of research or invention
You will see our participation and intervention

We are the engineers, the best of our lands
You see "The world's motor lies in our hands"

THE BROKEN HEART



63

Karthikeyan K

2016, IT

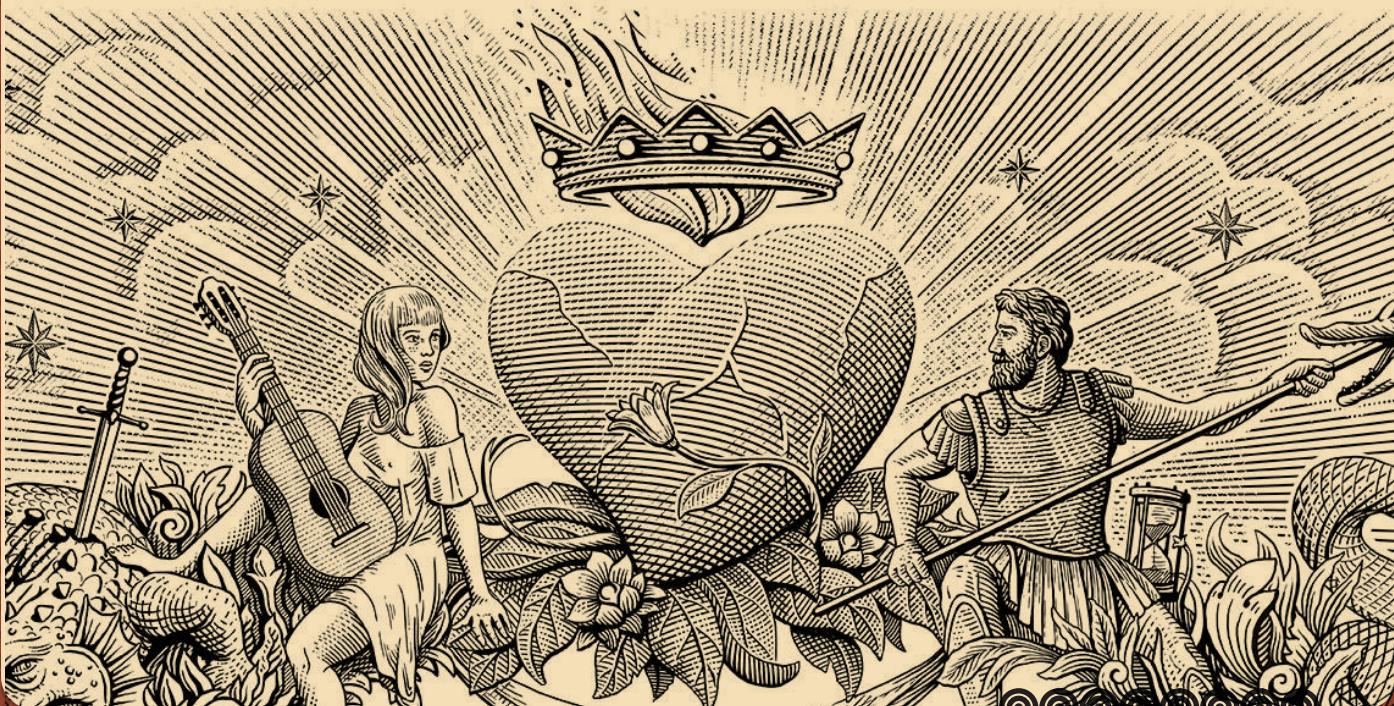
Senior Technical Writer,
Aigilx Health

64

Failure struck like a lightning, Sunk deep like a dropped pebble,
Suffocating like a fish out of water, Shattered like a broken glass.

Followed my Will-o'-the-Wisps, Leading me to the cape of good hope,
In this deepest darkness, A Shining Star, In this darkest days, A Smouldering Sun.

Oh my love, my heart, I am brave and bruised,
I am taking my broken wings, To burn across the sky!



LUCKY ONES



66

Sayooj Suresh

2018, CHEM

69

Everybody goes to college.
Some get busy in studies,
Some get busy in finding friends,
Some get busy in finding their soul mates and
Some, mostly the hostellers, get busy in living there.

Some get to top in studies,
Some succeed in finding true friends,
Some get to match their better halves,
Some get involved in living there and
Some get to fly without any direction.

At some point of their college life in PEC,
Everybody gets a knock.
A knock of opportunity,
An opportunity to join the legacy.

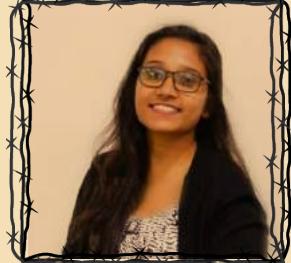
While the unfortunates let the door remain closed,
The fortunates go and open it.
The fortunates who treat the knock with valour,
Get a family with honor.
The family members with love,
And a happy place guided by a lovely family head.

Thus everybody gets to feel college life,
But only the luckiest get the chance to feel the Literary club.

And when they step out of their college life, They will realise that,
College was a feeling,
But Literary club is an EMOTION



UNPUBLISHED REMINISCENCES



66

Gayathri Ramkumar

2019, EEE

Graduate Engineer Trainee, KONE

99

For there will always be expectations and demotivation!

For there will always be obstacles!

But clear vision and determination will always pave the best way,

To mould our obstacles to challenges

And let flying colours decorate our lives with positivity.

It wasn't an easy path. Neither for you nor for me.

In a world full of competitions and family full of expectations,

I never thought I would reach here.

"No failure is the end!" I thought!

"No victory is the end!" I realized now, reaching the short-term goals.

So, Enjoy the walks of life, Live the failure and Celebrate the success.

For life will always gift you with a lot of teachings.

For life has taught me to carry happiness, memories and experience as a life-time treasure!



ALMA MATTERS!



66

Sai Balaguru G

2019, EEE

Analyst, Deloitte USI

99

Limited was my usage of grey matter,
Impelled only to receive curriculum's flatter
Tantamount to latency of one's talent:
Earnings weren't my only yearning;
Realised mine irrelevance and found the
Angel! in disguise anchoring some all agog
Rebels – dreaming to form a cognoscenti.
Yapped my way to join this Illuminati!

College life metamorphosed into a butterfly
Lilting between academia and literati.
Uber were the instances when we vie;
Banters that enable peeps to try

Overt opportunities limited only by Sky!
Flourished my loaf and vamped the dormant grey

Pages flipped; deep inside, golden memories lay
Effervescent sans the need of a metric
Capitalise the time to recite this acrostic!

MOTHER



33

Padmasri R
2020, EEE

33

Mother, oh my sweet mother,
You sweat all day to delight my taste buds,
You care all day to shape the budding me,
You sacrifice your likes to fulfill my likes,
You forget yourself when it comes to myself.

You blast like a volcano burning me with reality ,
You flow like a river flooding me with love,
You Strom all day putting up with my atrocities,
You starve all day fulfilling my necessities.

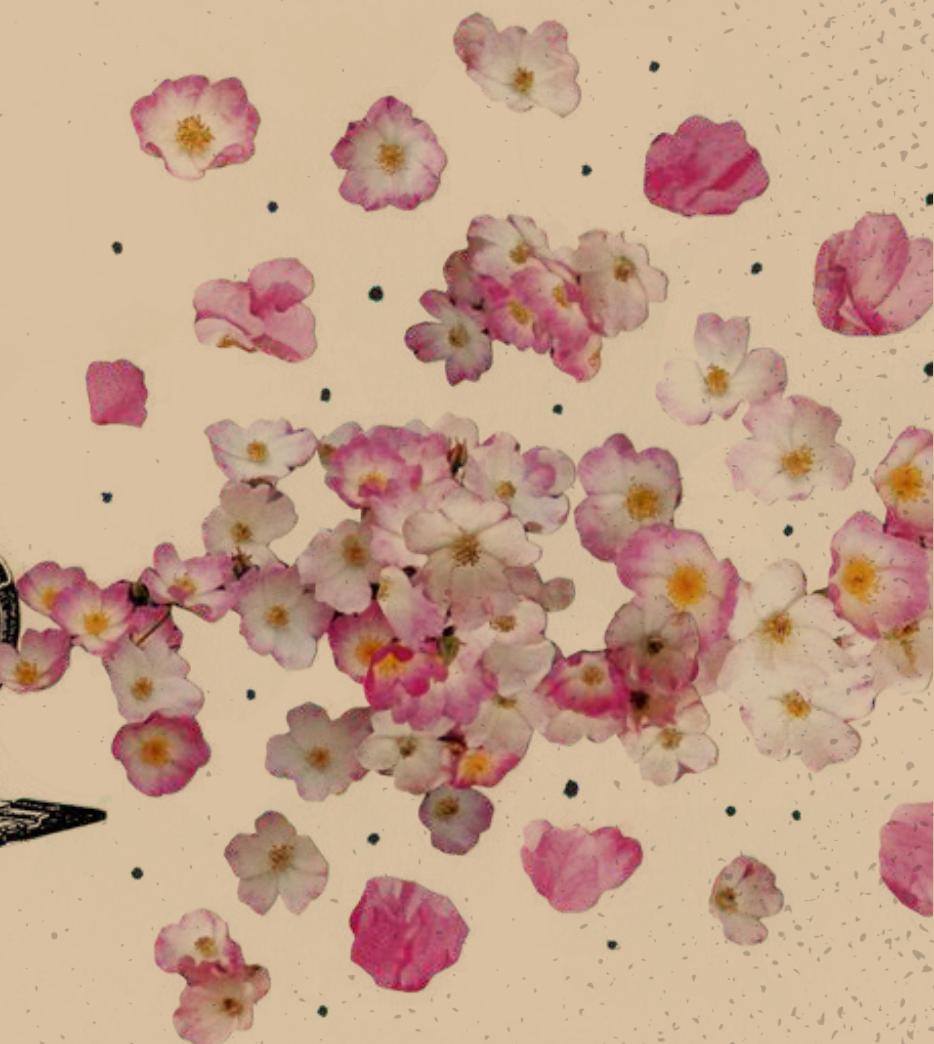
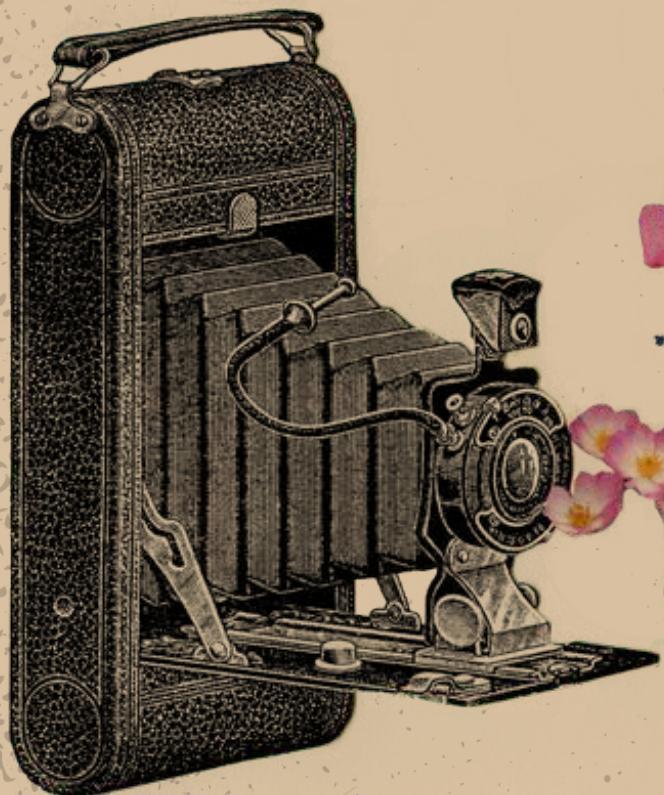
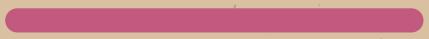
You stuff me with an ice-cream when I scream,
A candy when I cry,
A cake when I am at stake,
And indeed a bitter pill when I am ill.

You taught me how to help others selflessly,
You showed me how to love others endlessly,
To all the mothers I write, who worked their fingers to bone,
Only to make the house into a home.





Gallery



EMOTIONS! - A PAINTING



68

Lokesh P

2019, CSE

Associate System Engineer,
Unisys Pvt. Ltd., India

99





"Taming of Shrew" - 2014



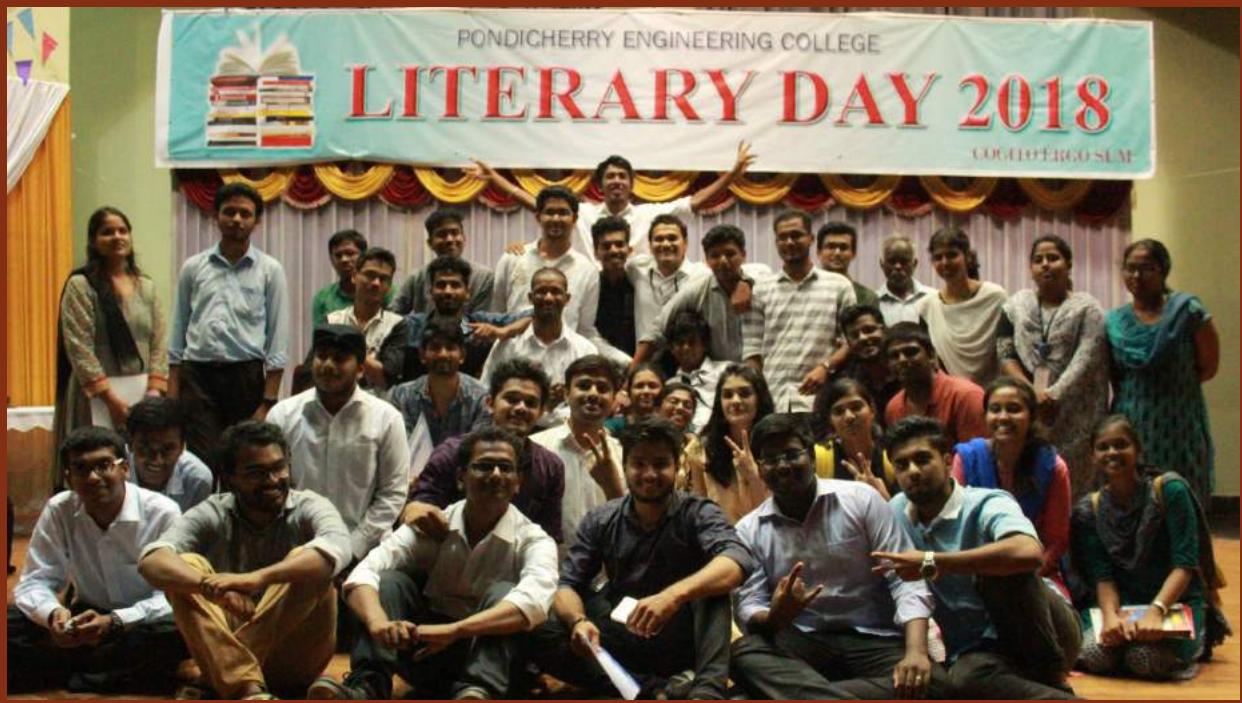
"Twelve Angry Men" - 2015



"The Merchant of Venice" - 2017



"Twelfth Night" - 2018



Furioso Team - 2018



"Charley's Aunt" - 2019

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PAGES from HISTORY

from

We have published below, an article by one of our senior - T.S.R.K. Rao (*we think he is a 95 passed out*). The basic objective is to step back a few years to recall the modest beginnings of LIT Club, to enlighten all ye fellow students about the movement called LIT, a movement that has its roots in the nascent 90s, and that has seen the birth of several star 'LITERs'.

Unfortunately, the majority of our college students don't stop to think twice about LIT club, and if they do, eye it with such suspicion as if it were an infectious disease. As a matter of fact, it is. Read on...

(please do keep in mind that this article was written around 1995)

Lit Club - A Way Of Life

he concept was born within the confines of a small single room in the gents hostel. It was nurtured by a handful of fathers (unfortunately, this concept had no mother!) who had a vision. It has blossomed into a movement, an event, an organization that has caught the eye of every passerby. This concept has an unpretentious name - **LITERARY & QUIZZING CLUB**. I write this article in the capacity of being one of the few persons left in this college who have seen the beginning and are still in the midst of the things. The weekly jaunt to the SAC (Student Amenities Centre)

has become as much of a habit as brushing my teeth in the morning.

It was barely a week after I had entered PEC, that a few of us from the first year were given the honor (*that's what we considered it at that time*) of attending the first Lit-Club meeting, We were overawed by the presence of the **BIG GUNS**, namely - Praveen D'Souza, Viji Meno, Rajesh Nair, Jeetendra Marwah, Vivek Dhir, C Sudhir, Siddesh Kaushik, R Arun , Yeshwanth Chauhan. The only part that irked me was that we were asked to bring our own chair or squat on the floor. We never had

the courage to open our mouths because it was our ragging period. We were so tongue-tied that even in the quiz we were capable only of saying 'PASS'. We were credited with a 'NOUGHT' for our efforts. But that didn't deter us from attending the next meeting. This time we actually started opening our accounts. That was the start of the addiction of attending the LIT Club.

As the weeks passed, more members were inducted and the single rooms were bursting to their seams. We decided to shift to the '**COMMON ROOM**' of the hostel. Though there was more breathing space, I always used to return from a Lit-Club meeting literally sweating because the atmosphere was 'RED HOT', fired by the competitive spirit of the participants. Every time we participated. it was only with the intent of winning. The group discussions that were held were more often than not, ended up virtually in blows. This did not reflect the uncouth face of their personalities but actually reflected the intensity with which these people argued. They believed in the issue being discussed. We

have felt that many a solution to the problems of this world have been found in our GD's, but unfortunately, this world will never heed the advice of a roomful of madcaps who never had anything better to do on a Saturday afternoon.

As in any organisation, **the leaders felt it was time to expand.** They wanted more participation and wanted to go "PUBLIC". This is when a chosen few strived hard, against all odds, to throw LIT Club open to the full college. The residents of this hostel who are now blamed to be monopolising LIT club activities ironically, fought against the administration to allow anyone who wished to join it. They were successful in their attempts, and thanks to them, we gather around the pool of the SAC nowadays.

The proudest day for all of us was when the name Literary Club appeared in the brochure of the college. The child who had taken birth in a small room has now been acknowledged by the college as an adult. Most of the BIG GUINS had to depart by this time as they had complet-

ed their technical education, but the vision was never ending. They wanted this club to organize an inter-collegiate Literary meet. We should all be thankful to our beloved principal who made it possible for us to fulfil their vision. One more impetus that comes to mind is our respected English madam, who so energetically guided us to this goal.

Today as I sit in your midst around the pool in SAC, I feel this organization has come a long way. I tru-

ly feel elated to see the amount of participation there is.

Anybody reading this article should realise the importance of carrying on a tradition. This concept has travelled a long way and it cannot stop now. It cannot die, it cannot be lost. It is up to you people to guide it and shape it into a colossal movement which produces the best, and only the best.

Long Live the LIT Club !!!

“ See you in the
next Edition ”

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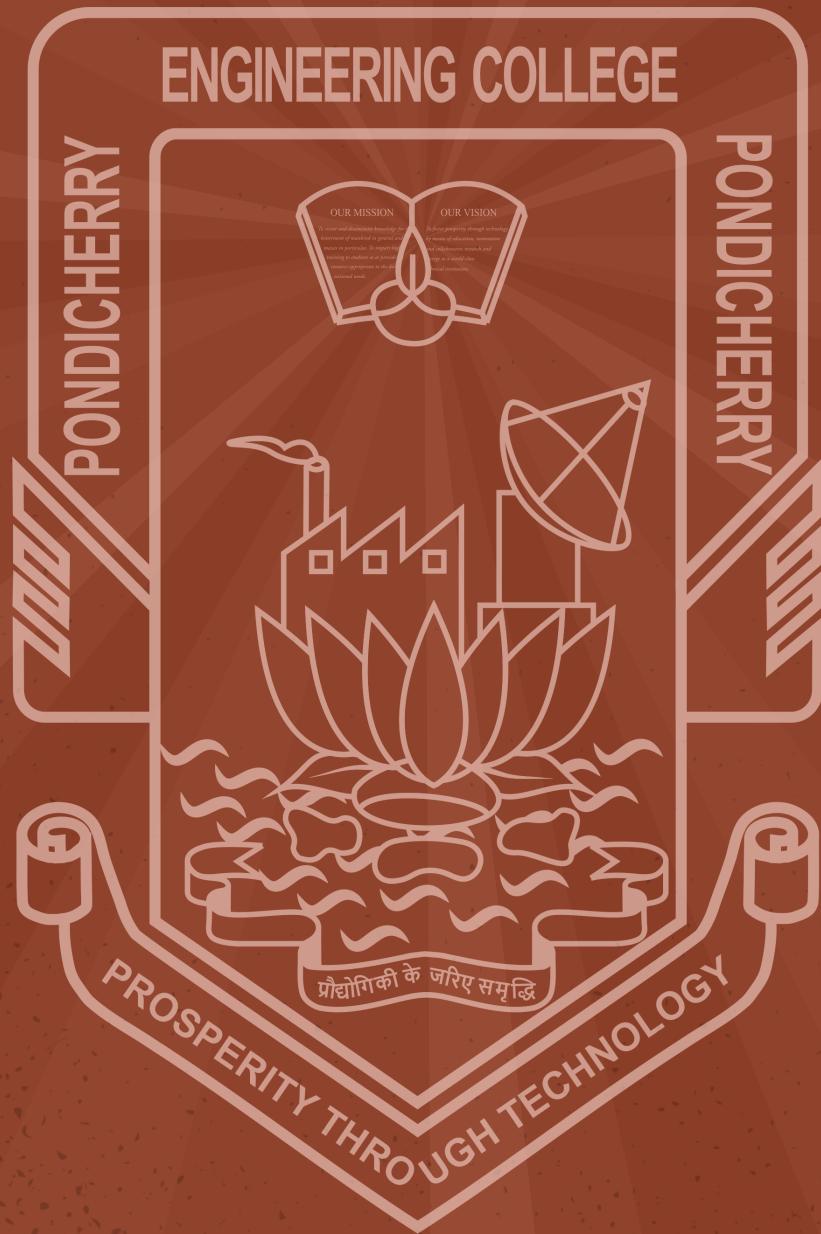
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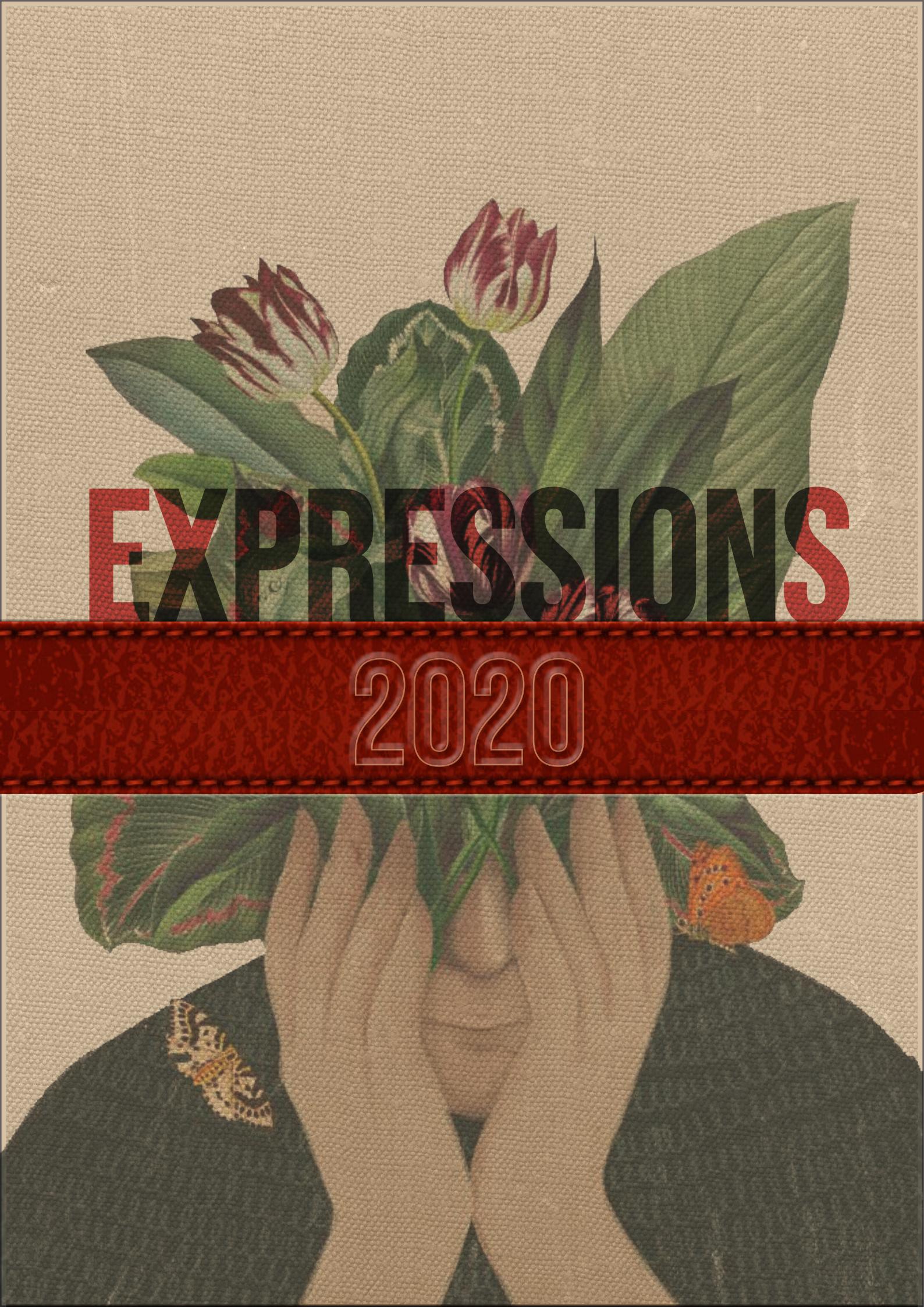


The Design Club



Literary Club



The background of the entire image is a close-up photograph of several tulip flowers in various stages of bloom, from tight buds to fully open petals. The colors range from deep red and maroon to white with red stripes. Large green leaves are visible behind the flowers. A solid red horizontal band runs across the middle of the image, containing the title text.

EXPRESSIONS

2020

