



# VIVAAN'18

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SPRING EDITION



# The Editor Speaks

*A*s the year came to an end, I felt a deep sadness at the terror that the year had shown me. The hardships, the pain, the suffering I had seen and gone through, like never before. It made me quite mellow, as I checked for Whatsapp messages and phone calls from some that never came. But a message popped up, from one of the writing team, making me think of this beautiful magazine that I quite thought of like my baby. I know it sounds stupid, but the LitSoc gave me this gift at the lowest moment of my life, and as I worked very hard to make Vivaan a success, it healed me. True to its name, Vivaan, brought the first ray, of light, of hope, of whatever I needed it to be. It brought me close to people, made me see people from a radically different perspective.

And I hope that's what it does for you. A whole semester's worth of hard work, in 44 pages, I hope something that you read in this little magazine baby of mine, gives you a first ray of light, a new perspective, a new mindset or just a good laugh. I really hope that it brings to you a thought you have never had before, gives you a story that you've never heard before, or makes you meet people, amazing people hiding in this college who have given a bit of their heart and soul to this magazine, given me a story to print and a friend for life. I hope, Vivaan '18 spring edition, brings you, what the new year brings, HOPE.

- Mamta Bhagia

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# MEET THE TEAM

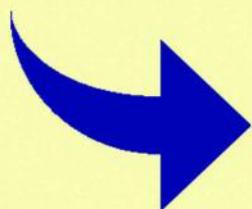
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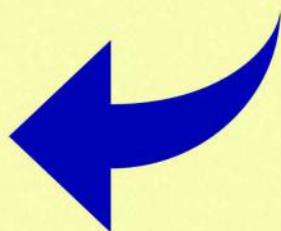
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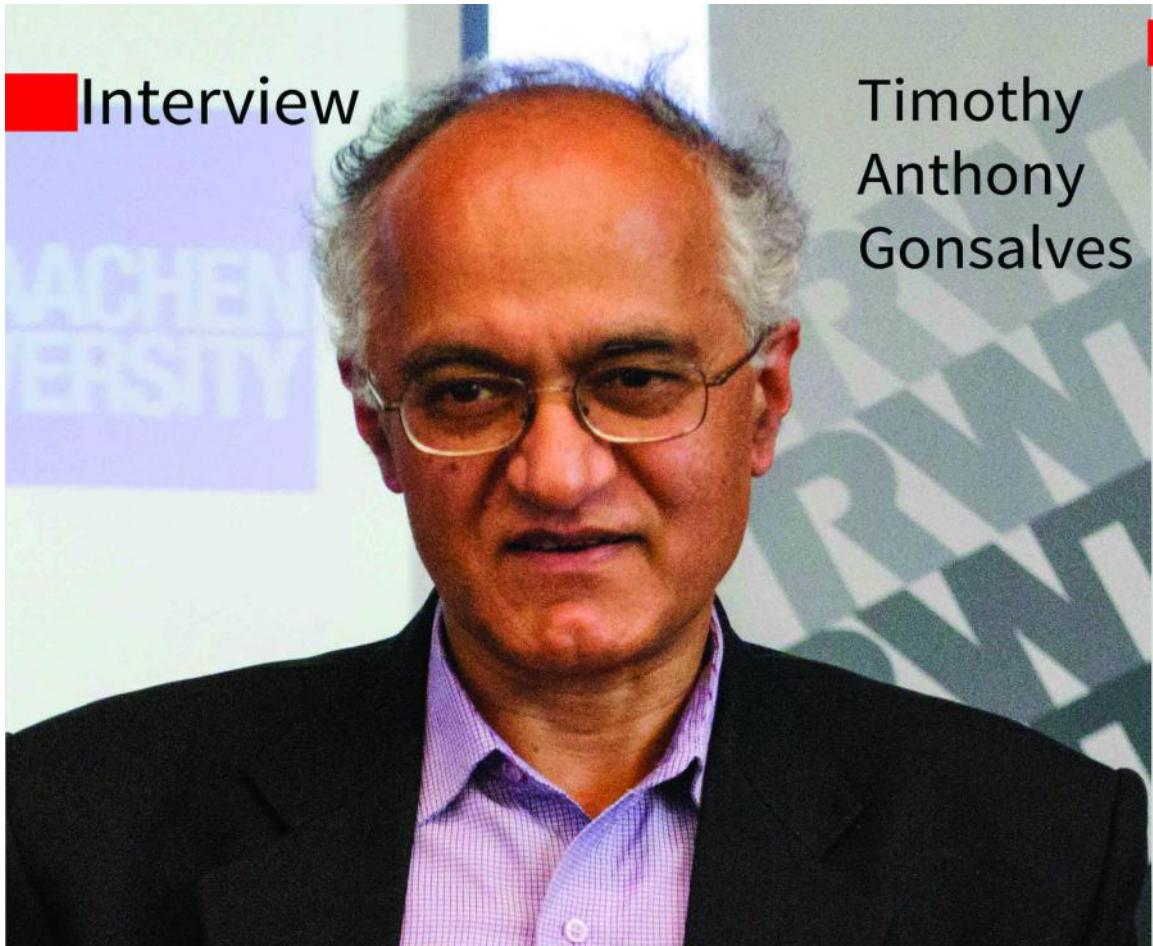


Shivam Chaudhary



## Interview

Timothy  
Anthony  
Gonsalves



*The year of 2017 brought in a revolutionary solution to the age-old problem of the girl to boy ratio in the IITs. The controversy regarding the proposal led us directly to our dear Director's office! Prof. Timothy Anthony Gonsalves, Director IIT Mandi, who led the committee of IIT faculty that took the decision to propose supernumerary seats for women in IITs.*

*The following is an excerpt from the interview, taken by Paawan Mukker and Param Kashyap.*

**Q1. Can you give us a brief idea about the supernumerary seats for girls in IITs?**

When I was studying in IIT Madras, 2% of students were female. This number gradually increased to 8% by 2000s and after that it became static. Also, in PG in IITs there are about 22% girls and in general 30% of girls are there in engineering colleges in India. But this number decreases drastically in IITs.

IITs have a moral obligation of solving the problems of the country and there are certain problems that can be solved in a better way by female engineers. Also having people of different sex increases the diversity and brings out better performances. So, getting more female students to join IIT B.Tech is of high importance.

**Q2 It goes beyond doubt that there would be more diversity but wouldn't the quality of students fall and shouldn't the selection be all merit based?**

JEE is not the measure of graduating engineers. In IIT Delhi, a study was conducted and it was seen that over a period of 13 years, girls performed better in academics inside IIT

and on an average had 1 point more than boys despite having lesser JEE rank.

Also the playing field isn't levelled. In India, boys have better access to education and girls don't have that liberty. So, one of the objectives is to level that non-level playing field. There are 51% anything. See, we are admitting girls whose girl in medicine, 22% in PG IIT and only 8% in IIT ranks are better than boys who would get in B.Tech. The main reason for this is the lack of role without supernumerary seats. The 50% of the models. So this initial preferential treatment to population is girls and only 8% are there in IITs. girls would pave a path for setting new role Isn't this unfair on the girls? Also, in India, every models for girl students and motivate them into reservation is statutory by the constitution or the joining IITs. People are skeptical about this parliament. But this supernumerary seats is a because anything that sounds like reservation decision taken solely by the IIT Council. The incites some negativity. But this is completely council was well represented with 40% women, different from reservation. The number of seats in We came up with various models of seat IITs are going to increase to upto 1,00,000 and allocation and this is the best way we could find this supernumerary seats are just a initiator in that to improve the situation. Also if we are trying to process as they add about 2000-3000 new seats make some changes or in case of social in the IITs. Also this proposal has a termination engineering there would be some people who clause. The preferential treatment would cease to would be happy and also there would be people exist after 8 years or if the number of girl students who would be unhappy. Nothing can be such who get into IITs without these supernumerary seats is about 20%. Also if it seems that no exist.

marked improvement is seen in the scenario Q3. Critics say that it would be unfair to boys and that since these seats would have been available to all if not for the supernumerary seats, isn't it the same as reservation?

The quality is going to go down if we don't do level that non-level playing field. There are 51% anything. See, we are admitting girls whose girl in medicine, 22% in PG IIT and only 8% in IIT ranks are better than boys who would get in B.Tech. The main reason for this is the lack of role without supernumerary seats. The 50% of the models. So this initial preferential treatment to population is girls and only 8% are there in IITs. girls would pave a path for setting new role Isn't this unfair on the girls? Also, in India, every models for girl students and motivate them into reservation is statutory by the constitution or the joining IITs. People are skeptical about this parliament. But this supernumerary seats is a because anything that sounds like reservation decision taken solely by the IIT Council. The incites some negativity. But this is completely council was well represented with 40% women, different from reservation. The number of seats in We came up with various models of seat IITs are going to increase to upto 1,00,000 and allocation and this is the best way we could find this supernumerary seats are just a initiator in that to improve the situation. Also if we are trying to process as they add about 2000-3000 new seats make some changes or in case of social in the IITs. Also this proposal has a termination engineering there would be some people who clause. The preferential treatment would cease to would be happy and also there would be people exist after 8 years or if the number of girl students who would be unhappy. Nothing can be such who get into IITs without these supernumerary seats is about 20%. Also if it seems that no exist.

marked improvement is seen in the scenario Q4. The concluding question, by the way all these reservations and supernumerary seats being added, don't you think that by 2070 general boys would also require supernumerary seats to get in.

Also, last year 2200 girls qualified for IITs last year and out of these only 848 got admitted. The primary reason being geography. Now if we add I believe that by 2070 India would be developed supernumerary seats we give more and more enough to make more institutions of the level of chances to these girls to join IIT. And this also IITs. There won't be any dearth of good answers for the quality part, we will not be universities as is the case in foreign countries. lowering any cut-off and we would have girls who Also I think that by 2070 we are mature enough have qualified the cut-off criteria get in. to look beyond caste and community. Thanks!



## NearDeath Parashar

-Priya Dharshinee



It had been ages since I last went on any trip, so even though it was just plain old Parashar, I overwhelmingly nodded yes when asked to join a bunch of seniors on a trek. Also, snow!

On the morning of the trek, the ten of us left the campus in an Innova, and reached the trek's starting point at around 9:30. Walk, talk, eat, and laugh. Now repeat. The first half of the trek was just the same loop on repeat, for about an hour or two.

We reached a couple of shops, and a clear wide patch of fresh, deep snow. Sensible people wouldn't have taken a long break that early into the trek, but since we weren't sensible people, we went ahead and took one anyway. Pushing each other on the snow, throwing massive snow boulders (Unfortunately, not a hyperbole. They were double the size of my head), and just generally playing and posing for photos, we tired ourselves out for a whole hour and a half there. Then, being the smart asses that we were, we decided to take a shortcut for the rest of the half. A steep, absolutely deserted shortcut, when some of us didn't even have proper shoes on. What could go wrong, right?

This was in January, when the temperature gets stuck in single digits even in campus. The overhead noon sun reflecting off the bright white snow was blinding. Our sweat freezing up on our skin didn't help either. Heaving, panting, and sweating feverently, we crawled steadily at a sloth's pace.

I had on a pair of sports shoes with a grip no better than a non-marking one's.

We reached a point where there were steep, narrow stairs leading up to the next hill, and on either side of it - a drop of over 20 feet to the first layer of snow. That is to say, if one were to fall down there, unless they were either Sansa or Theon, even retrieving their corpse would have been an impossible task unless the snow cleared up.

I guess by now you know what I'm getting at. On those stairs, were smooth, friction-less, transparent sheets of ice that I had failed to notice. Step, slide, fall. The whole world froze.

You know how they say that your whole life flashes in front of your eyes before you die? That's not true. Flashes are fast; they don't take their own sweet time guilt tripping you on all that you failed to do/achieve, even the most trivial things. And you just lay there, losing your mind over failing to own up to using your roommate's razor once and not cleaning it properly.

For what seemed like years, I laid there sprawled on the stairs head first, with one of my feet dangling just outside the edges. In my mind, I was already dead. In reality, I just narrowly missed death. If not for Aswin, one of my friends, and his immediate reflex, well, "touches wood" I would have (hopefully) been woken up by Nick Fury a hundreds years from now. After a couple of minutes passed, I finally got up. I was shaking, shivering, and just stood there with a shell shocked face.

Eventually somehow I did manage to resume the trek, muttering prayers and curses abundantly at every step. The thing about near death experiences is, you develop an irrational fear that creeps into you and slowly takes control of you.

The rest of the trek went miserable for Aswin and me, as I kept stumbling at least once every three steps, and he was being dragged down by me.

We reached the lake only by 5:30 in the evening, and anti-climactically we didn't even go down to the lake or temple, but just settled at the shops there. We spent the night at a nearby inn, and after visiting the lake in the morning, making a few furry friends along the way, we returned back to the base.

Somehow \*cough your highness' clumsiness cough\* we managed to get back only past 6:30 in the evening. Although for more than 70% of the time I was swallowed in a morbid surrealism, I at least gained a story that I wouldn't forget for a lifetime. Oh, that, and several cuts and purple bruises.

### #ParasharFact!

The lake is located at a height of 2730 m above sea level, and is visited by more than 1.5 million tourists from all over the world, all because of its beauty. If you haven't seen it yet, plan a trip right now!



## The Blacklisted Profession -Sahil Arora

What is that one profession that involves  
a lot of nepotism but at the same time a lot of newcomers?  
A lot of excitement but a lot of fear?  
A lot of hardworking people but a lot of parasites who build on the hard work of others?  
A lot of money, but even more corruption?  
Bollywood? Nah! Don't say Tollywood now. It is nothing but our beloved blacklisted profession -



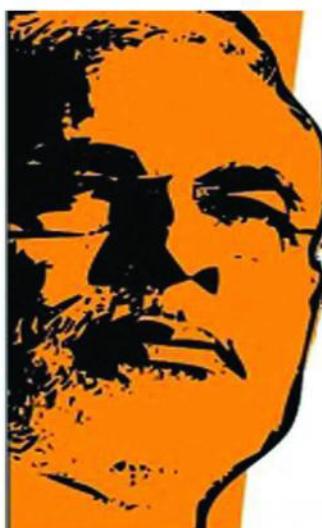
## POLITICS

Politics is a blacklisted profession for the youth today. Though we want better facilities in the country and our localities - great (and free) education, no potholes on the roads, greenery, and low taxes on our food; it is very ironic that nobody wants to step in for the task. I had never even imagined that I would ever be writing an article on politics. This maybe because politics is a taboo in the Indian society, a taboo for our parents. Even we have never looked up to being a politician. In school, when we were asked what did we want to become in life, someone would, without a hiccup, say that he wanted to become a pilot, however low the probability of that happening was. Or maybe an actor, however bad she might have been at acting. But I never heard someone who did not already belong to a politically active background say, "I want to become a politician". We want to protest against the government in mass rallies with a small hope to make a change (and a bigger hope of making it to the television) but joining politics doesn't even cross our minds.

When I had joined the institute to pursue my engineering degree, I always thought that I wasn't the least bit interested in college politics. "Nah, not my stuff!". I used to tell myself. It took me a lot of hardships to realize how important the people you elect are. They decide what you eat, the events you take part in, the games you play, and their timings. They also have the ultimate say in deciding who represents the institute in the outside world.

Every door you try to take, there is some guardian among us, who decides the people getting through the door. There must, indeed be a guardian, because some doors may have gold and some silver, and not everyone can be given access to them. Though I wish all this had been a day's realization, it was not. Change requires some level of discomfort, and the mind resists the path that discomforts you.

The realization came in phases. The first was stern criticism. Whenever any of the guardians had told me that I am not worthy of entering the door, I used to puff up. "Who is he to say that I cannot enter the door? Who made him decide what I can and what cannot I do?", I asked myself. The anger for some guardians was so much that I could have killed them had there been a door for killing people as well, but again, that door was blacklisted for me. The next was the phase of observation and discussion. I decided to observe all the people these guards denied entry to. I talked to them, trying to decipher the same question - "Is the guard's decision right?" Sometimes I learnt that the guard was right, and I cursed myself for criticizing them and tried to make up for that. But some guards were corrupt, and I realized that they should not have been here. Although I still thought I was wasting a lot of time in this, since it was not my "thing", I simply couldn't stop myself from getting involved this time.



Then came the elections, the time for the guards to be changed. I knew getting involved would be very hard. The guards you don't like have swords, and you will bleed when you fight against them. But I was at a stage where I simply could not resist taking on this fight. This, I believe, is the most difficult task. Fighting the guards you don't like, fighting the guards who you think are corrupt. But I fought, along with many others like me who wanted better guards for some doors, we fought. Blood was spilled on both the sides. The guards had their weapons, they had power, they had contacts. We had stones in the form of our voices. Sometimes these stones fell back on us, sometimes they wounded the existing guards.

Finally and thankfully, we won the war. Though we were bleeding in pain, we were happy. I was happy to see the new guards. People I could look up to. Though the spectators said that people who fight this war were idiots and those who waste their time, I fought anyway.

But that was not the last stage. What if the new guards do not do their duties as expected? The last stage is observing the guards whom you elected are good enough or not. But that is also the stage where we started from, and that is how the cycle goes on. Politics had not been my "it". I still have wounds for getting into that ugly war. Some of the guardians I preferred did not perform, and I also had to face the stones. But this stage of realization has removed politics from the blacklist of professions which I might pursue. It is still greylisted though. I understand the importance of getting into it, but I also fear the consequences. Maybe one day it will enter a white list and I may opt for politics or maybe it will get blacklisted again. I have realised why it has been blacklisted, and why it will always be blacklisted for the society. But if you are ready to take the wounds and ready to be a guardian, you should sometimes look at your blacklist as well. Who knows what this fight has in it for you?

## Travel Diaries

-Siddharth Singh

I stepped onto this campus a year ago, filled with awe, envisioning myself being thrown into an amalgamation of dreams and fantasies and gargantuan possibilities. A set of great friends and a desperation, a thirst for unalloyed exploration, took us places, memories that I've added to this lore of IIT Mandi. I take you, to two of those places.

### Bijli Mahadev :

The one and only planned trip that we ever took, at the cusp of our induction program, on the 3rd of September to be precise. We were dripping in the "swag" of flexing our new found hands of liberty. Gathering people from other friend groups, we set sail, all brewing with frenzied alacrity. The temple, the whole purpose of the trek, presides over the Kullu valley at a height of 2460m via a 3 km long trek, with aeons of fun in between.

The trek ensures that you chat with and discover at least one person, or maybe make friends among those whom you have already labelled as 'known', or maybe, just tread your own path of soliloquy and self knowing.

Every trek always has three strata of people:

**The spearheads of the group.** These are the energetic, bubbly, top of their form adventurers, who dash ahead at a sizzling pace. They yearn for the excitement of nature and gorge on untrdden paths.

There are those extroverted charming people, **the torso of the group.** They discover each other, chit-chatting along merrily, oblivious to the adventure that life's throwing at them, but all the same, dancing to their own music of fun, entertainment, friendships and friend-zoning.

Then there are those **lazy loafers** who drag their feet along throughout, begging you to slow down, stopping at every sweat and keeling over.

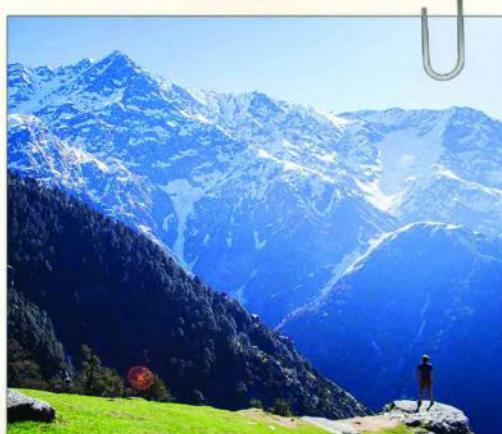
The Bijli Mahadev trek is one that entices them all. The bird's eye view of the delta formed at the intersection of the Beas and Parvathi boggles you. You can see the whole of the Kullu valley, even the airport at the far end.

You stay there for a while absorbing the beauty, having lots of food served on your platter which you eat with your hands - no spoons allowed! Lots of photographs and tons of memories later, you reminisce at the exhilaration and ebullience of it all.

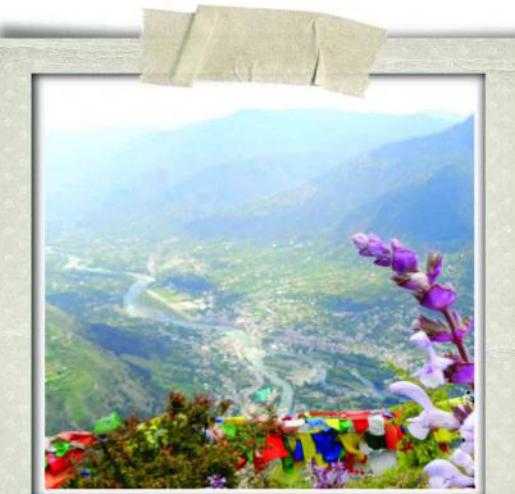
### Triund Trek :

This trip was planned abruptly on the night of 6th May. The next morning we took off sharp at 8 AM.

With Manikaran and Kasol in your path, you know as soon as you get on the bus, that there is nothing that can hold you back from the vicious claws of nirvana there.



### Triund, Dharamshala



### Bijli Mahadev

We visited Triund in a group of about 10 people, and the adventure started as soon as we set foot in Dharamshala at around 3 AM in the night. While we scoured the alleys searching for hotels, I was chased by 'ninja' dogs in the middle of nowhere. We asked for two rooms at a hotel and were swiftly denied with queer looks, upon seeing two girls in the group. However, one of us had the presence of mind to show our institute ID cards and that became the first time the college came to our rescue. We were invited in with a warm smile and a familiar "Achcha . aap IIT se ho kya!" Thanking our stars, we scuffled in, 10 people in one room, the luggage in the other.

The 6 km long trail of Triund is interspersed with lots of pit stops and sightseeing points that passed us as we marvelled at the scintillating views of nature, and checked out "Firangans" , in all their splendid physique and dazzling beauty in the same breath.

The crest was dazzling, the view - mind-boggling, the wind - chilling, the site - exhilarating and my first experience of camping - thoroughly uncompromised. The food, a tad too expensive, was a delicacy. Just sitting there, you could see the sunset over the horizon and you get the notion that the sun never set, just disappeared somehow along the way and you realise the vastness of the horizon in front of you.

That night we had planned to try and get drunk for the first time but exhaustion prevailed as we collapsed into our sleeping bags and slept right through the night. The next morning I woke up and realised something.

**You don't need to get high to be happy, you just need to get high ! :)**

## An odyssey that wasn't

-Hritik Gupta

Since time immemorial, it is apparent how countries have tried to incorporate methods in their way of governance which by and large involve people's say in law making. After all, Democracy is "government of the people, by the people, for the people". It is stirring how people exercise power averting the ruling body to stifle 'things'. The form, rather this practice is all the rage these days among countries and countrymen alike; with dictatorship, monarchy seemingly perishing into oblivion. Several democracies are setting an example, but none has yet been able to match the likes of the greatest democracy mankind could ever witness, a country every other child craves to take birth in. It's none other than the largest democracy in the world, North Korea.

Having read about the eminence of the country since my childhood, I had always longed to visit it once to feed my inquisitiveness. Well, this was the time. My friends were undoubtedly more enthralled than I was. To my astonishment, I found that the Democratic People's Republic of Korea would take away their visa after our departure. The country has really thought well of saving two pages of our passport; how kind of them. Brimming with excitement, I could barely sit still. As we reached Kaesong, we were greeted by government-run tour agency, who allotted guides (called as 'minders' here). I made two acquaintances: both named Kim, who showed us around. The hotel had a commendable connectivity to the outside world.

During the course of visit, we took a bus to Pyongyang, a city of affluent monuments and sightseeing. Rickety trams chugged along, packed with people on their way to work; Perhaps this was the reason the economy had seen an all-time rise last year. We stumbled upon two humongous bronze statues of Kim Il Sung and Kim Jong Il, the duo who had fought hard to pursue people to remove dictatorship from the country and framed a constitution that granted rights- people thought were way too liberal. The masses now bowed and presented flowers before their statues to pay tribute to the efforts these people thought of as "waste of time". Their pictures were everywhere, from massive murals along many streets to small portraits hanging at the top of almost every room we visited.

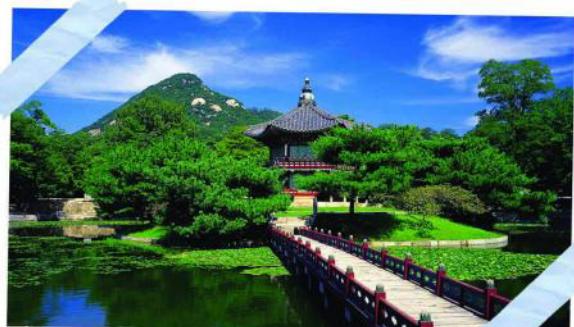
People have still not forgotten their fight for freedom, as they embark upon setting an example for other countries. South Korea still maintains a dictatorial rule and is excluded even from the vicinity of North Korea. Tumultuous efforts have gone in convincing South Korea, but they stand unfazed. In museums, we were greeted by several-storey tall statue of Kim Jong Un, a messiah for a small yet powerful group who demanded freedom from dictatorship. His actions instigated an uprising which was finally successful. Millions of lives were lost due to a mere introspection over the benefits of dictatorship over democracy and vice versa.

Foreigners in North Korea are not allowed to use local currency, so it becomes easier for tourists to buy stuff without any currency-exchange issues. Be it INR, USD, EUR, Yuan, anything would do. In return, I got changes of different currencies. How cool! As the sun set neared, large families gathered around barbecue pits and cook stoves to grill vegetables. Apparently happy, people were warm and welcoming too. It was gorgeous. Seeing people so casually reverent and respectful towards the 'democratic' fighters was perplexing. They finally adored the men who were way ahead of their time, constructed governance that left North Korea significantly exemplary. People who participate in the election of their representatives must be educated enough to see what is good for them and who will be the right people to represent them.

Kaesong was packed with prolific galleries containing awe-inspiring paintings and sculptures. My personal favorite sculpture in a museum was a huge painting of an aggravated Kim Jong Il slamming the amended constitution on a table in Korea Conference 1952.

I was thrilled that our tour included a ride on the city's metro. The transportation was certainly well organized. I could see the station bustling with people following their mundane. We were very active with selfies here.

Travelling to North Korea felt like home indeed. It felt like time traveling, to the future of a democratic and free country. It now leaves me with no skepticism as to why countries long to be like North Korea. The Democratic People's Republic has truly set an example.



*Some photos of North Korea!*





Nestled in the lushful mountains of Himachal, IIT Mandi is home to a variety of species of Homo Sapiens. Battling through the vagaries of grades, the floods of assignments and the droughts of attendance, each individual must survive the tough competition till the end semester examination. Today, we shall be looking at some of the prominent species of this vibrant yet unforgiving ecosystem.

#### The GCSEs :

**Species Name :** Adviseria Hypocritus  
**Habitat :** Outside fresher's hostel, giving advice on how to pass Signals and Systems.  
**Distinctive Trait :** Unlike the Hipstera Richkidus, the individuals of this species only wear fancy clothes in front of freshers, in hopes of attracting a mate from the junior batch. When not in front of freshers, they can be found in their respective dorms, watching either cat videos or Tarak Mehta or both simultaneously, wearing nothing but fluorescent undergarments. Their long list of achievements include a seven-point CGPA and 17 hours of continuous binge watching. This species has become endangered owing to the "female mentor - female mentee" policy introduced this year.  
**Quote :** "Tu chinta mat kar, teri branch change ho jayegi." and "Ladki ko pehle friend request mat bhejna."

#### The Queen-Bees :

**Species Name :** Womanus Popularis  
**Habitat :** In front of every clickbait background.  
**Distinctive Trait :** This species is the single-most important reason for the over-crowded gyms and the second-most important reason for people joining clubs (first being the free parties on senior's expense). Can be found in college events, in company of their respective jorah-mormonticized photographer friend. Their chat inbox can supply material for an entire show of stand-up comedy. Even an accidental random post invites praises and artistic interpretations from the most dormant sections of the society. They possess the extraordinary power of never getting unfollowed on Facebook.  
**Quote :** "Why didn't he like my photo?" and "The creep started following me on Instagram."

#### The Rapunzels :

**Species Name :** Hairus Longeta  
**Habitat :** Anywhere but the lecture hall.  
**Distinctive Trait :** With their flowing hair and beards, loose dull pyjamas and bright checked shirts, individuals of this species are very hard to miss. Often hibernate throughout the semester and can only be spotted during mid-sems or end-sems examinations. Their favourite pastime is narrating to impressionable freshers how they survived a 7-day long trip with only 67 rupees, an ancestral bangle and a crimson mongoose.

They primarily feed on tea and fancy quotes straight out of an inspirational youtube video. Despite being average at best, they end up becoming co-ordinators of cultural clubs, due to the overall lack of talent in the ecosystem.  
**Quote :** "Tu beer hai." and "To attend or not to attend, that is the question."

#### The Bajrang-Dal :

**Species Name :** Fraternus Rejectus  
**Habitat :** A hostel room with joint beds, indulging in masculine activities of tagging in memes.  
**Distinctive Trait :** A mutated offshoot of the species "Wannabis Elonus Muskus". Like their extinct cousin, they are born with the hopes of getting a 9+ CGPA, a girlfriend and a PPO in multinational software giant. Five backlog and seven messenger blocks later, their most daring feats include commenting "Nice OP" and not paying for the Parle G they buy. During the annual courting season of Exodia, they often flock in large number, hoping to attract females of the neighbouring ecosystems. But as they are too unskilled to become participants, they satisfy their needs by becoming event-managers. Often the first ones to send friend requests to semester exchange students. Can be easily spotted by their IIT Mandi T-shirts, which they either designed themselves or won in a contest that nobody knew existed.  
**Quote :** "Bhai, chal Wolf of Wall Street dekhte hai." and "Will you phrandships with me ?"



Jan'17 production  
OF कमांडपुर  
(Kamandpur)  
article by  
**Vashisht**

#### The Long-Distance Couples :

Species Name : Committus Attractivus  
Habitat : Hostel balconies, with a phone in their hand.  
Distinctive Trait : The only attractive males on the campus. Unfortunately, for Womanus Popularis, individuals of this species already have mates located in foreign grasslands. Their Instagram photos features them having lunch with their mates in Starbucks. Publicly celebrate pointless anniversaries on social media by uploading heavily edited pictures of their partners, complete with a diabetic caption. Widely hated by other males of the ecosystem because of obvious reasons.  
Quote: "Sorry baby... sorry shona.... sorry jaanu. But, I was in a lectu- baby, I am not ignoring you."

#### The Gone-Girl :

Species Name : Femme Ghostus  
Habitat : Unknown  
Distinctive Trait : The individuals of this species often go by the name of "Angel Priya" or "Akshita Malik". Widely considered to be a ghost species, as they have never been spotted in public but only hunt innocent males in the dark of the internet, luring their hapless victims using fake mating calls. Due to the mystery surrounding their origin, very little is actually known about them.  
Quote : "I play guitar. I love baddy. Foodie. Wanderlust"

#### The Branch-Changers :

Species Name : Nerdus Inbetweenus  
Habitat : A4, outside the office of a faculty, explaining why they should get 3 more marks.  
Distinctive Trait : This species is indigenous to the valleys of Kamand, owing to the favourable environmental conditions of branch change. This species is widely infamous for its hypocrisy and falsehood. Despite claiming to have understood nothing in the class, they always seem to get the most in the exams. Half the books in the library are issued in their names. Despite their shortcomings, they are deeply respected by other creatures of the ecosystem, as they provide the source for the rest of the batch to do their assignments. This members of this species has a very short lifespan as the individuals evolve into other species after 1 year. Food hoarded in their almirah can feed an entire garrison for 2 years. Individuals may possess an unusual fetish for midnight Maggi.  
Quote : "Does Google come for in-campus placements?" and "Uski class mein kuch samajh nahi ata"

#### The Dedicated Engineer :

Species Name : Wannabis Elonus Muskus  
Former Habitat : The Library  
Distinctive Trait : This species has become extinct.

#### The Author :

Species Name : Eligible Singulus  
Habitat : G2-O10  
Distinctive Trait : This species came into existence when a particular specimen was deemed too insignificant to be accepted into any other species, and thus decided to invent his own. This particular specimen survives the tough competition in the nature by ridiculing superior individuals on public platforms like magazines. The only interests of this species are Oreo Shakes and saturday special Aloo-Parathas. Interested individuals of the species "Womanus Popularis" can contact. Also, I lost my umbrella last week in the DI Mess and I am very upset about it.  
Quote : "Sabka badla lega re tera faizal"

#### AUTHOR'S NOTE :

This article was meant to be funny. If anyone is offended by the ideas mentioned in the article, please get Vinayak Kuthiala expelled. It was all his idea.  
Also, this article was basically a giant missing notice for my umbrella. Whoever stole it, please return it.



## THE MAJOR CHANGE

*It is never too soon or too late to realize this and once you do, you should go against all odds and try giving it a try'*



Hello folks!

My name is Shivangi Kataria, an IIT Mandi graduate. I am currently pursuing my post graduation at the Boston University in Material sciences. At IIT Mandi, my major was EE and I joined there four years ago respecting my JEE rank and interests, the norm as you know. At that time, I was not really sure about my future, though my parents, like all other parents, were concerned. They never told me, "IIT hogaya, toh hogaya", to be frank. I really thank them for that. And, yes! You are not done yet! You will never be done in fact. What you do in these four years, your journey here, leads you to a whole new life ahead.

It struck me just two years ago that I really enjoy few subjects which actually don't account for my major. It is never too soon or too late to realize this and of course, it's great if you already enjoy your major. But once you realize something like that, you should against all odds and 'try giving it a try'. Just don't let your JEE or GATE rank determine your passion.

I'm really thankful to IIT Mandi's flexible nature of course curriculum. I managed to study Material sciences, Nanomanufacturing and all that crazy stuff that I love. I also completed my final year thesis in a related project and decide to shift my major to material sciences. Taking the decision is a piece of cake, to be honest. Later, one has to implement it.

For me, this was a challenge in terms of convincing my parents, then struggling with emotional dilemmas and those infinite little worries about my future.

It is not easy for the parents of a girl to understand that their daughter does not want to settle with whatever she's got and that she wants a commitment of 5-6 years after her graduation. There were times when I felt I should just behave like other people in my batch, work hard to perform well in internships, then target handsome placement offers. I was a 9+ pointer and had all eyes on me, some just happy to see me going away from the mainstream, while some seemed really confused.

What I am doing, is not purely 'not EE'. But what I love is employing fundamentals of electronics, physics and chemistry to solve material and biological applications. Material engineers do interdisciplinary research, which fascinates me. You get to interact with software developers, mechanical engineers, physicists, microbiologists and who not. My journey was not easy, but now it seems it was meant to be. Apart from courses, I approached Nanoshel, an MNC near Chandigarh, for an industrial training. They offered me a compulsory internship and also an opportunity to learn in their laboratory. During my semester exchange in Germany, I took the courses which I wanted to study, but were not actually offered at our institute. I participated in a seminar on Cancer research and got to work in a prime research center for two months. Folks, it's damn stupid to work in Germany without pay but I did this so that I could get into their first class research centers where legally, internationals are allowed only on special requests, which motivated me to think about going abroad for further education. I had no interests in learning German at that time, so I applied to American universities in the beginning

of my 7th semester. I literally had no idea as to where I would land but I could feel that cloud of settlement everywhere around, people getting packages worth lakhs. I still remember my mom asking me to try for jobs, so that I have a backup but I did not want to settle for any back up. Personally, I am not that strong for sure, but I was not alone. I must mention that I was also blessed to have two closest friends of mine, who consistently pushed me to choose my interests rather than being a normal chap.

*I am still exploring what suits me more in this field. You see, the search never ends.*

It is good to doubt yourself at times, it teaches you more about yourself. I am still exploring what suits me more in this field. You see, the search never ends. If you feel something and you respect that feeling, just work a little harder to make it work. We are all young, smart, intelligent people and we know our limitations and our horizons. We have the wings, the time and the energy with us. In the end, I would say a lot of factors play a role to drive you to where you will be but try taking that driver's seat for a while. It will be worth the hassle!

MAMMA  
Mama ~ Mother Mamma aiti  
maka emme MAMA  
MUMMY = anne Mamma MAMA  
maja MOTHER  
MOM anne MAMA  
MAM  
Mamma aiti

# Maa

Finally I'm an II{Tian, with all glory and pride,  
All your scolds worked out just fine;

no doubt you are a perfect life guide.  
It was really hard for me to say goodbye,  
Only I know, how I held back and didn't cry.

This place, it is both good n' wild,  
with all emotions perfectly compiled.  
But the other side of the coin also chimes,  
I don't tell you so, but I do feel lonely sometimes.

Now with no more close friends  
with whom I can share my feelings,  
I very often just stare at the great starry ceilings.

So during one of my late night lone walks, a thought came -  
Without anyone at home,  
your condition might just be the same.  
So I called you, and tried to share what my heart sings,  
But failed yet again when I tried to share my feelings.

Then your sweet voice cleared all the clouds,  
And boosted me up, so as to make you feel proud.

I know I don't talk with brother  
and father very often, so I know this is askew,  
But tell them that I miss them too ....

*-anonymous!*



A man once jumped out,  
Of whom, no one knew about.  
The living corpse was finally dead,  
Blood was flowing out of his head.

The seemingly worried crowd gathered around,  
"Such a nice man he was!", echoed the sound.  
Breaking the sympathetic noise,  
"Call the police!", said a voice.

In a while, the police arrived,  
Seeing the departed, pointless conclusions they derived.  
The police interrogated the audience,  
But not a soul to recall his lonely presence.

Hence, decided to search his room,  
How neat it was, like flowers may bloom.  
They found a paper after hours of obsession,  
Read it with undivided attention.

Here's how it read:  
"Found it? Go on and explore this shred.  
So here I am,  
Of whom, no one gives a damn."

All because of my acid attacked face,  
Left my life filled with void space.  
Each and every soul ignores me,  
To even talk to them, I had to plea.

I was fed up with all this,  
Death is all that I should kiss.  
Hence, I jumped out,  
The rest is history, you know about!"

The police left the corpse aside,  
Came out, declared: "Murder and not suicide!"

**HARDEEP MALIK's**  
**Who**  
**Killed**  
**Whom?**

# The Old man

**One fine morning** while on his routine jog, a young man, Karl comes across an old man, with a tired, worn out face with deeply wrinkled skin. His expression is of frustration and fatigue. Karl senses something different about this old man and believes that he has numerous stories to tell, his listless eyes just watching, waiting for someone to come up and listen to him.

Karl approaches the man, greets him and sits beside him on the bench. Curiously, Karl listens to this old man as he spills out his emotions and narrates that how desperately he wishes to have someone whom he can talk to, who has time to listen to him. Karl eagerly listens to all his anecdotes and spends a leisure time with him.

The old man asks Karl to accompany him to his house situated just few miles away from the park. Karl agrees, and the duo leave for the old man's house. What awaits Karl is a dark, damp and disheveled one bedroom cottage which the old man terms as his "home". Karl feels pity for the old man as he realizes how lonely and horrible his situation is. The old man takes Karl into his room and goes outside saying that he will bring him a glass of water. As Karl sits on a chair and is looking around the room, he hears a loud thump. Before he can realize what is happening, he hears the old man's voice from outside telling him that he will now have to stay there forever. He will not let him escape because it is after many long years that he got someone's company and so he doesn't want him to leave like the others did. As Karl starts to say something to calm the old man, he realizes that he has already left and there is no one around. Deadly silence prevails in the cottage. Karl is absolutely terrified as to where he has landed. He starts knocking the door desperately but in vain. Terror-stricken, he starts to hunt a way out of the room. Suddenly, he comes across an old framed picture of this old man and what he sees written below the picture shocks him beyond limits. The picture said, the old man had died a year ago. "Whom did I meet then?", is the fear that paralyzes him. In a state of panic, he breaks open the window and jumps outside. His head bumps on a stone and he is knocked out of his senses.



When he opens his eyes, he finds himself lying on a hospital bed with unknown people surrounding him. The people ask him if he was feeling better now. He feels absolutely weak and tired. He somehow manages to get up with others help and go to the washroom. When he looks into the mirror, he is frightened out of his wits as what he sees in the mirror is the same old man who took him to his house. He touches his face, old and wrinkled. He looks at his skinny arms. He is terrified. Karl came outside and asks the people who they are and what has happened to him. They ask him to calm down and relax. They tell him that they are his family and he is here because he fell from the stairs at their home leading to injury on his head and doctors have said that he has lost his memory. Karl is bewildered and horrified.

His numb mind is diving into the ocean of unanswered questions. He can only clearly remember his life as a young man and everything from his childhood till the day he was locked by that old man in the house. He can remember seeing that old man from his past. He also has faint memories of these people around him from the photos he saw in that old cottage. His perplexed mind was wandering through an endless maze of questions. "What kind of reality am I in?" Silent and lifeless, Karl lay there on his bed, his mind losing all track of reality.



-Palak Gupta



## कमांड कथा

अध्याय २



आपने हमारी विवान पत्रिका के सन २०१३ के वसंत अध्याय में कमांड वन क्षेत्र की कहानी पढ़ी। सन्दर्भ के लिए इस संपर्क पर पृष्ठ ३२ पर अध्याय १ को पढ़ा जा सकता है<sup>1</sup>। इस कमांड कथा की कहानी में हम सिद्ध ऋषि के आगमन से पहले की बात करेंगे।

बहुत समय पहले कमांड वन क्षेत्र पर कुमुद नाम के राजा का राज था। कुमुद की उदारता और कमांड के वैभव के चर्चे चारों दिशाओं में थे। कमांड में भोग विलास के कोई साधन नहीं थे पर अच्छे रोजगार की तलाश में दूर-दूर से लोग यहाँ आ कर बसने लगे।

बढ़ती जनसंख्या से कमांड की भूमि पर दबाव बढ़ने लगा। कुमुद को ये चिंता सताने लगी थी कि कमांड की भूमि इतनी जनसंख्या को नहीं संभाल पाएगी। उसने कमांड से उत्तर में कुछ दूर सलगी नाम की एक जगह पर कुछ क्षेत्र में एक और आबादी स्थापित करने का निर्णय किया। लेकिन उसे यह समझ नहीं आ रहा था कि कैसे अपनी प्रजा को यह निर्णय सुनाए। उसने निर्णय किया कि जब एकसोडिया के कुछ दिन बाद प्रजा अप्सराओं एवं नृत्य गान के ख्वाबों में खोई होगी, एवं परीक्षाओं के बाद इन्द्रियों के भोगों में लिप्त अवकाश के लिए घरों को पलायन करने का मन बना रही होगी, तब उन्हें यह निर्णय सुनाया जाए ताकि ज्यादा विरोध का सामना ना करना पड़े।

उसे इस बात का क्या ही आभास था कि लोगों को हवेली भेजने वाली, आटी से शॉट लगवाने वाली ये प्रजा भोग विलास के अभाव में इतना भौंरा चुकी थी कि इसे रोकना नामुमकिन था। जब ये चुनने की बारी आई कि कौन अपने प्रिय कमांड को छोड़ कर सब सुविधाओं से दूर, उत्तर में जॉन झो एवं दीवार के रक्षकों की तरह रहेगा तो बहुत बवाल हुआ। प्रशासन की तरफ से निर्णय लिया गया कि जो लोग २ साल से यहाँ रह रहे हैं, उन्हें उत्तर में भेजा जाए। जनसंख्या ज्यादा होने के कारण एक या उससे कम साल पुराने रिहाइशियों को भेजना संभव नहीं था। तो विकल्प सिर्फ दो ही थे द्वितीय वर्ष या तृतीय वर्ष।

तृतीय वर्ष वाले लोगों ने यह कह कर अपना पल्ला झाड़ लिया कि उनके रोजगार का समय है तो उन्हें भेजना सही नहीं है। किसी और विकल्प के अभाव में यह निर्णय लेना पड़ा कि द्वितीय वर्ष वाले लोगों को ही उत्तर में भेजा जाएगा। जैसे ही प्रजा को यह बात पता चली, उनमें आक्रोश की लहर दौड़ उठी। हर तरफ लोग एक दूसरे पर कीचड़ उछालने लगे। किसी तरह समझा बुझा कर द्वितीय वर्ष वाले लोगों को, जो अब तृतीय वर्ष प्रारम्भ कर चुके थे, उत्तर में भेजा गया। सलगी में संसाधनों की कमी एवं घटिया निर्माण के चलते जनता सङ्कोचों पे उतर आई। कुमुद के समझाने एवं आश्वासन देने के बाद ही शांति स्थापित हुई। उसी समय कुछ नए लोग भी कमांड में बसने आए एवं उनमें कन्याओं की अप्रत्याशित संख्या देख कर लोग बहुत खुश हुए। हङ्कार करने वाले लोग शासन प्रशासन की इज़्जत करने लगे। कुछ ऐसे लोग भी थे जिनके सिर्फ तीन ही काम थे - सुबह खाना, शाम को खाना और रात में चलचिल देखते हुए मग्न हो जाना। ये लोग भी अब गिटार बजाते हुए दिखने लगे। कमांड में फिर से शांति स्थापित हुई और लोग मिल जुल कर रहने लगे।

-----इति श्री कमांड कथा-----

<sup>1</sup> : [https://students.iitmandi.ac.in/undergrad/vivaan/Vivaan\\_Spring2013.pdf](https://students.iitmandi.ac.in/undergrad/vivaan/Vivaan_Spring2013.pdf)



## Parallels of North -Sandesh Joshi



Oh my sweet summer child, freshers! What do you know about sadness? Sadness is for the winter, when the rain falls just when you step out of your hostel. Sadness is for the long night, when the power is out and your phone runs out of battery, when chargers hide for hours and plans are made, debated and abandoned, all in darkness. That is the time for sadness, my "Jon Snow" freshers, when the guards move through the corridors (even they get bored!). Thousands of hours ago (last semester) came a night that lasted episodes! Guys dozed off to sleep, in their beds, same as others. And girls straightened their faces, instead of pouting with no lighting for the photos, and kept their phones aside and watched the battery die. So is this the sort of story you like? Let me tell you then, one such story which shook the Salgi (North) and Kamand (South) Kingdom alike.

Students had just participated in the tourney of endsems. Some shimmered in their armor of last night's gained knowledge. While some were actual knights who had studied for real! And then there were some who barely made it into the tourney as a squire or something. It was then when the news hit the family of Batch '15. The kingdom had issued a decree, condemning them all to the barren lands of Salgi kingdom, where newly made castles (hostels) needed to be manned. The concerned family sent their leaders to talk to the small council, to revert this condemned fate of their kin, but all the authority said was "Send them all" "Send them all".

The confident leaders never returned, what came back were just wights, ready to do as told. This fired the rebellion in the hearts of Batch '15. They were wronged, dishonored, their representative (metaphorically) burned. But lacking a prominent leadership and with no army (everyone was home on sem break), the rebellion died an untimely death. Some took the courage to confront the authority to show them, unity is power! But they were slammed with regulations in the face (of which no one was aware up till now). Turns out, power IS power!

Nevertheless, we moved to the northern kingdom of Salgi. Manned the newly constructed castles. It seemed all hope was lost, we were sent north without a trial, a hearing. We were forced to take the 'bus'.

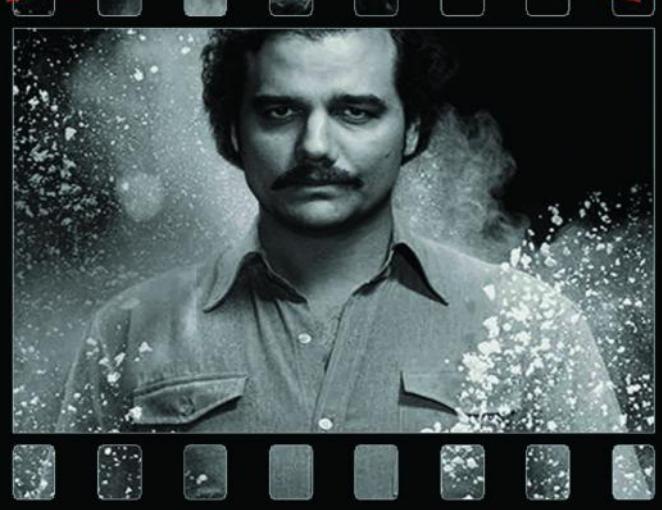
It was not late before we realized, north had problems of its own. The castles had fences around them as if a wall was built to keep something, or someone out. There was always the rumors flying about, of the creatures of the long night, the wild walkers (wild animals you see :). There were always claims from different parts of the realm, that a leopard, the walker of the white snow was spotted. By most sane people though, it was rejected as a possibility, for no one had seen any of the creatures around. The warden of the North, a body of governance placed by the realm, would hear none of it. The winter is upon us and still no one would believe the theories about the wild walkers until they see one.

*"And now our watch begins  
as we become the watchers  
in this long night, to protect  
the weak and other pairs  
who stay out so late."*

And now our watch begins as we become the watchers in this long night, to protect the weak and other pairs who stay out so late.

It's a shame(shame shame!) that this story has such a simple, sad end. But if you thought this was a happy ending you haven't been paying attention. Just make sure my summer child, you are prepared for the exams. Cramming is not the only weapon at a student's disposal. Remember as the North remembers, Winter is coming, and the tests come with it!

# From Natak to NETFLIX



**Mamta Bhagia & Rahul Singh**

Us millennials, are curious (and ignorant) about a lot of "vintage" practices. We like to pick them up and give them our own little twist. Pen-pals have gone from being the old-school letter writers to the now old-school email writers, radio shows have become podcasts and our dear old books have gone from hardcovers to the glossy Kindle. Somehow, these remnants of the previous century have a certain charm, that keeps them from becoming obsolete. The most prominent one would be the Theatre.

The earliest historical mention of theatre was found in ancient Greece. In the festivals held for their God, Dionysus, performances were given in a semi-circular auditoria cut into hillsides! The actors wore masks of the character that they represented. They even had a dressing room!

This early ancestor of the modern Western Drama spread throughout the Hellenistic world as Roman Civilization helped propagate this art form. The dark ages introduced a religious touch to the storytelling and by the early middle ages, churches in Europe began staging dramatized versions of biblical events on specific days of the year. The most

important revolution that would propel Theatre from the tools of clergymen to the more versatile art form was Renaissance. These theatres were the culmination of all the art forms that ever were, music, writing and acting.

The next breakthrough came with the Industrial Revolution, which brought about the capability to record pictures, and Voilà! Cinema was here. From the first motion movie of a horse galloping, to "Netflix and chill" has been quite the journey!

But here the question arises, after Sholay, Titanic, Narcos and Friends, why do Theatres still exist? Why is it that so many people still take time out of their lives to go watch a play? However "HD" your TV screen maybe, It can never capture the anguish you see on an actor's face when she falls down crying in despair. It can never be as real as her resurgent war cry when she fights back assailants.

Another point to notice is, as movies reached more people, they also lost their connection to the people. What I mean is, the people who could afford to make films were just one wealthy section of society, and nepotism only closed them off even more. This is where the Internet came in. It provided the platform where "harr gaavn ka" storyteller could tell his tale, and find an audience. This is important. If movies are able to reach tonnes of people, tonnes of people should be able to reach movies too. Web series like Dice Media's "Little Things" have become quite famous. Why? Because we can relate to them. It's a much more real connection than a movie about some King and Queen and a life we never knew and never will. Drama, like all other forms of art, is a way to express ourselves, and it must let anyone and everyone be a part. Cinema must evolve as we do, though theatre will always have a special place in our hearts.

*After Sholay, Titanic, Narcos and Friends, why do Theatres still exist?*



## THE INDIAN PARTITION

Human kind has always had a fascination with the concept of time. It was often anthropomorphized in ancient mythology as old, wise man with a long, grey beard overseeing all the proceedings of the world. In reality though, time is a very simple construct and can be termed a indefinite continued progress of existence and events that occur in apparently irreversible succession starting from the past through the present to the future. Some say the future is predetermined and from this ideology developed another important term - 'Fate'. Ancient philosophers believed that although humans theoretically have free will, their souls and the circumstances in which they live are all part of the universal network of fate and that human actions ultimately go according to a divine plan devised by an omnipresent being called God. In August 1947, these three players Time, Fate and God entwined together to create a tale that changed the lives of people in Indian Subcontinent, The Partition of India.

This division of British India into the two separate Dominions, India and Pakistan in the final moments of the British Raj in 1947 - was the "last-minute" mechanism by which the British were able to secure agreement over how independence would take place once they vacate the region. The call for a different country for Muslims had been in news for some time but was casually dismissed as nothing but a illogical fantasy by leaders other those of Muslim League.

At the time, very few people understood what Partition Religious lines would entail or what the consequences would be. On August 1946 when Muslim League council appealed to show the strength of Muslim feelings both to British and Congress, they never would have expected that this would become flashpoint for one of the bloodiest period in modern history.

Their demand for restructuring the region took everyone by surprise which soon descended to panic as the news of Hindi-Muslims violence start coming from different parts of India with The Great Calcutta Killings of 1946 being the first major event of such kind.

It soon became a game of retaliation as Hindu massacred Muslims in Bihar and seeking revenge for their so called brothers, Muslims took revenge in Lahore where they were in majority. Its often said that Mobs doesn't have religion and they proved that when they started killing anyone of other religion, they butchered children and systematically raped women which were then killed. The city sky at night was filled with orange hue as homes were burned, their inhabitants killed in most inhumane way possible. The cities which used to wake up hearing Azaan in the morning now woke with a sense of despair and haunting. The streets were filled with the mangled corpses, their eyes ever open as if they were hoping for a bit of





*"In August, these three players Time, Fate and God entwined together to create a tale that changed the lives of people in Indian Subcontinent, The Partition of India.*



compassion in their final moments but they never knew that Kindness just like Logic has fled the place. With dead count ranging from few hundred thousand to a million, this event was the bloodiest moment in the history of India and Pakistan. In September 1947, as he witnessed his newly formed state descend into riots and bloodshed as Muslims destroyed and burned Hindu-Sikh homes, and Hindus and Sikhs retaliated. Jinnah reportedly reflected, "What have I done? The God had played his part in this tale."

Some would say we were fated to be partitioned, that there were already two nations co-existing under the steady rule of the British. This notion is true to some extent but the animosity between Hindu and Muslims was not much connected to people, it was more of a power struggle between the kings before the arrival of Raj. English policy makers were the first one who divided the population on the basis of religion thus opening up another sector in this millennia long rivalry.

Some theorists of the time said that Religion was the unifying denominator and the primary identity of people in the Subcontinent rather than their language or ethnicity. The belief that partition although sudden didn't happen because of a spontaneous event but was a conglomeration of events tracing all the way back to Invasions of Muhammad of Ghor sounds more true than other ideas. It can be said that fate did come into picture.

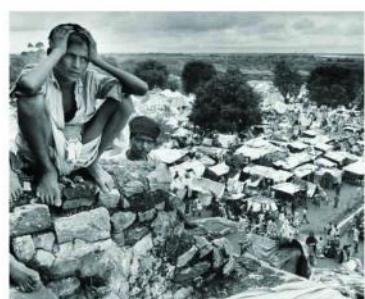
Since the Partition, there has always been a lot of guesswork and speculations of the hypothetical scenario in which India wasn't partitioned and the Subcontinent remained a massive region consisting of India, Pakistan and Bangladesh. It's always assumed that without the border issues, the Kashmir Problem and various regional insurgencies to hamper its progress, India would now be a strong developing nation leaping and bouncing to the top of the world. I think it's a fundamentally wrong assumption to make and the introduction of Muslim League into the Indian political Scene at the time of Indian Independence will introduce another player in the political scene which otherwise would have been dominated by Congress. The intricate Coalition Politics that became quite famous in 1990s in real India would be introduced much earlier in this hypothetical India thus barring the government from taking some strong decisions that are generally required right after the formation of new country.



- Rahul Singh

Words like Vote Bank and Appeasement will find their way in political scene further complicating the social structure of country. India might have fractured at some later time due to internal frictions between majority and minority. The situation in the region would have been more volatile if there was no partition.

A big event like the Partition of India should have been planned beforehand and executed responsibly by the Government which at the time was the British, partly responsible were the Political Leaders of the time who didn't realize the consequences for their actions. The great Partition of India which officially happened in August 1947 has still not finished even after 70 years and not sure how much time will it take. And thus time like other two continues to play its part.



## रहबर - A GUIDE

भटकता जो तू फिरता दर-दर,  
कभी मस्तिष्क से, कभी लह से, और कभी खुद से -  
जो तू लड़ता दम भर।

सोच उम्म भर की पर मवलता पल-पल,  
थक जाता अंजन राहों में यूँ चल-चल...।  
गंध जिंदगी की तुझे भी मिल जाए,  
रहबर 'गर एक मिल जाए।

उफनता, गरजता, मंडराता, कतराता,  
सुलगता, सहमता, फिसलता, सहलाता,  
नाचीज तू खुद से ही है खुद को डयाता।  
खामोशी तेरी जब तुझ पर चढ़ने लगती,  
खौफ तेरा यूँ, की तू खुद ही है विलाता।  
'राम' पुकारता तो भी बात थी, पर तूने 'रहम' पुकारा!

तुझे रहम नहीं, मरहम गंवारा।  
डे क्या, तू खुद ही खुद से बहलजाए,  
रहबर तुझे अगर एक मिल जाए।

देख आस-पास, यहाँ कितने हैं असठाय,  
सिर्फ तू ही तो ना है एक जिसने रखे हैं सपने सजाए।  
मत बनकर रह जा एक राह गृजर, कर फिकर।  
व्या पता हमदर्द को हमदर्द की दुआ लग जाए,  
और खुदा ही तेरा रहबर बन जाए।

जिस कल में यादें हैं,  
हैं उसी कल में शोक भी।  
और जिस कल में सपने हैं,  
हैं उसी कल से खौफ भी।  
आखिर कब तक तू इस असमंजस से तड़े,  
जाने कब तू इससे आगे बढ़े।  
- जरा सिर झुका ..... कर सजदा,  
शायद यहीं कहीं खुदा तुझे खुद से मिलावा,  
और तू खुद ही खुद का रहबर बन जाए॥

- Vinayak

freedom

## आजादी अभी अधूरी है

सीना ताने खड़े हुए हम  
आजादी को सत्तर साल हुए  
अब तो स्वाधीन ही हैं हम  
ये क्या हमारे हाल हुए  
गया जमाना इमानदारी का  
सब कुछ यहाँ बिकाऊ है  
घोटाले और भ्रष्टाचार ही  
अब बस यहाँ टिकाऊ हैं  
बेईमानों और जयचंदों की  
हर इक इच्छा पूरी है  
गौर करो मेरे वतन के लोगों  
आजादी अभी अधूरी है

गाँधी नेहरू के वंशज हम  
कब ऐसे जल्लाद हुए  
सत्य अहिंसा का पाठ पढ़ाया  
फिर क्यों यूँ बबाद हुए  
हर कोने को लहू से रंगना  
क्या भारत माँ का सम्मान है  
बेकसूरों का खून बहाता  
कैसा ये इंसान है  
कहीं करोड़ों के वेतन  
कहीं बीस रूपए मजदूरी है  
गौर करो मेरे वतन के लोगों  
आजादी अभी अधूरी है

नारी का अपमान यहाँ  
दर दर की ठोकर खाती है  
पूजा जाना दूर यहाँ तो  
इज्जत लूटी जाती है  
भारत को भारत बनने में  
अभी तो काफी दूरी है  
गौर करो मेरे वतन के लोगों  
आजादी अभी अधूरी है

- Saksham

# Evolving as an Angel

-- Dr. Anirudh Malpani



I have been an angel for quite a few years now, and it's fun to look back and reflect over what I've learned during the journey . and how I've evolved.

Initially, the idea of being an angel was very romantic. The hope was that you could sign a cheque based on a dream which an entrepreneur sold to you on the back of a napkin, and you would then be able to discover the next Google. While this is a tempting fantasy, I've realized that it's also exceptionally naive . Just getting cool ideas is not enough - implementing them is much harder. This is why I'm no longer so fussed about the idea itself. While I admire and respect creativity and innovation, I now realise that they are neither necessary nor sufficient for a start-up's success. Moonshot ideas are fun to read about, but extremely hard to pull off.

I've realized that it's the entrepreneur who makes or breaks the company, and that if we can identify the right founders, our chances of succeeding will increase enormously.

Though we've become better at doing this, it's still a time consuming, complicated exercise. In the past, we took pride in being able to sign a cheque quickly. Today, our mantra is we will say no quickly if the fit is not right, but we will take our time about saying yes . We need to make sure that we can trust the entrepreneur before handing over the money.

We've also realized that it's important to double our bets when we think we have a winner. While we will not pull the plugs on the losers, we will not continue investing in them.

Finally, we think the best way of reducing our risks is to make sure that we invest in a company which has demonstrated traction. We are looking for founders who have paying customers, which means their product is mature . We are longer willing to fund just the idea - we want to fund the scaling up.

Does this mean we are boring and conservative because we are not willing to back an ambitious founder who comes to us with a great idea ? Yes, perhaps this is true, but this is personal money I am investing, and I don't have the deep pockets which a VC has. The benefit is that our model allows us to be nimble and agile, and I can afford to be idiosyncratic in placing my bets, but it also means I have limits as to how much support I can provide. I think of our role as nurturing the startup until they are mature enough to hand off to a VC, who can then hold their hand from then on.

I continue to enjoy being an angel investor. Yes, there is a lot of heartburn when you can see the company go down the tubes because the founder refuses to listen to feedback, but interacting with bright and ambitious entrepreneurs helps to teach me a lot about the world, and it's a pleasure to be a part of an exciting journey, which is full of ups and downs.



**Dr. Anirudh Malpani**, is a consultant IVF specialist , who runs one of India's leading IVF clinics at [www.drmalpani.com](http://www.drmalpani.com). He reflects on his journey as an angel investor ([www.malpaniventures.com](http://www.malpaniventures.com)) while giving us budding entrepreneurs some insights on which startups make it big and get that big cheque.

**December 4th of 2013.** I remember me walking from my room to the front hall, back to my room with 500 rs in my sweaty hand; pacing back and forth at 1 am. It wasn't pitch black, a soft white light was coming through the translucent window of our front hall. Every time I walked back into my room I could see my little sister asleep on her bed, her chest rising and falling without a care in the world. I walked back, even though their door was closed. I could picture my father asleep on his back, stiff, one arm on his chest, one arm under his head; my mother like a teen, asleep on her side with one leg raised to cover most of the bed. I stood there for a while watching that cream colored door with a lord ganesh's sticker on it. I wish I had knocked that day, I didn't. Sighing, I turn around and step towards my closet where I had a packed bag waiting for me. I wanted to runaway. Earlier that day I tried to throw our Television set out of our 5th floor balcony while my family had gone shopping. I didn't. It's funny, thinking back even after lifting a 12 kg TV set to the ledge of our balcony, I couldn't push it. My mind was too practical to do that. I guess more scared than practical. "Yeah things happen when you are angry". NO. If you knew me as a person, you would never believe me doing that; Never in a million years. I don't rage, in fact I never rage. I could even picture a teen reading my life, complaining "God, how out of character that was". This was no anger issue, this was "that thing" slowly talking me into blaming my TV for my screwed up life; "that thing" slowly lowering its bell jar. The most messed up part, between the dangling cord of that TV and me imagining the picture-tube shattering into a million pieces, was for few minutes I truly understood why people cut their wrist or jump off a building. I took the TV down from the ledge, kept it where it was as if nothing happened. They never found out about it. I guess they never will.

Sadly anticlimactic, I didn't run away that night, as I said I was too practical for any of that. Even depression couldn't make me courageous enough. Ha-ha-ha. Yes, all this looks like a normal moody teen rebellion, a teen adjusting to hormonal change, yada yada; maybe it was a teen rebellion, maybe not, I didn't have a medical check up so I really don't know. If it was "emo phase", I assure you not a soul knew about it. Ah God! Look at me trying to justify my depression. "Back off! It's legit." Hilarious. I can't even speak about my depression without using air quotes. I didn't sleep for most of that night, just lay there awake thinking "just get this over with".

Why live?

What's the point?

If you are actually trying to seek answers to these questions, you are either depressed or high as a kite. High as a kite guys, you are doing great. To all the depressed people, this article won't be about tips or tricks to get out of depression, I am no expert (also most of them don't work), instead I will give you three things - a story, a few thoughts, and a hand to hold for a while.

Whoever said "Depression is like watching paint dry" couldn't have been more spot on. Most people perceive depression as being extremely sad, but it's not. Yes, there are points where you feel life's not worth it, but most of the time it's being numb - numb to success, numb to failure, numb to joy, numb to love, even numb to sadness. Which is why it's so easy to hide. You go on living life, with a little less skip in your walk.

#### My story :

It's not so great, in fact a little cliche. I don't have a sister with cancer or abusive parents with emotional imbalance. I didn't lose someone I loved. I had good friends, and well put life, still I got to a point where life was too much for me. A lot of it was self inflicted. At that time I thought depression was only meant for the elite of the worst; molestation, rape, losing loved ones, starving, being in an active war zone, the list goes on. "There are people dealing with situations way worse than yours". How could I ever counter that argument and not look like a whiny teen?

Like every teen in this country, I went into IIT coaching. 1st year was great, in fact half of second year was great too. I was getting ranks below 100 in statewide tests. People were expecting big things from me. IIT Madras. NO, IIT kharagpur. At least Roorkee. Exhaustion started kicking in, and before I knew, I stumbled. That was the point when I realised there were too many eyes on me. When you are running hard you don't see them, in fact you don't care about them. But once you are on the ground, you start noticing them; one after the other popping up from nowhere; eyes tighter than a metallic hand grip.

You start running, not towards something, but away. The whole world explodes into a Jazz routine that you don't know. Horns blasting, saxes - fast, furious, half-Latin and half-swing. You don't play at first, don't want to destroy everything. But glares follow, they notice you. You have no choice but to play.

*The most messed up part, between the dangling cord of that TV and me imagining the picture-tube shattering into a million pieces, was for few minutes I truly understood why people cut their wrist or jump off a building*

You try to train your ear into the rhythm, but the time signature is impossible to get a grip on. You miss a fill, then tempo changes. You can't keep up, band starts playing something else, you stop late. It surges back into something, you come in late.

You try to fix it. You can't. Sliding further and further behind. You are not that good. Worthless. You don't deserve it. You never deserved it. You will never deserve it.

Working hard. Not reaching the expectations. Exhaustion. Feeling down. Giving up. Feeling guilty.

Working harder. Not reaching the expectations. Exhaustion. Feeling down. Giving up. Feeling guilty.

Not reaching the expectations. Feeling down. Giving up. Feeling guilty.

Feeling down. Giving up. Feeling guilty.

Feeling down. Giving up.

Giving up.

Giving up.

Givin...Depression.

*You go on living life, with a little less skip in your walk.*



# V. Vivek's ARRANGING RED ROSES

## My thoughts:

Depression. a) it sucks, b) it lies, c) it erases. It sucks everything out of you. It lies that you will never truly appreciate anything or laugh so hard that you actually fall to the ground and cry. It erases all those times that you made others laugh that hard.

The reason why I told you my story is to show how common it is. You don't need a sick family member, or one in a billion chance of being in a war zone. Most cases it's self inflicted like most body image issues. People eating less than one cup of rice and lemon juice to feel good about themselves. People constantly telling themselves that they don't look that good, till their self image just distorts into some ugly monster looking into a carnival mirror. People keeping grudges and just lying to themselves. As I said, self inflicted.

Coming to answering why live? Some of you may answer books, physics, your partner, season 8 of Game of Thrones, dank memes, dogs, friends (show and actual humans), doing things with your loved ones, Internet, travelling, music, art, netflix, work, coffee, food, love, a good nap, knowledge, sex, kids, Venice, New York, marriage, pizza, chicken biryani, tandoori chicken, CS-GO, DOTA 2, youtube, a nice run, sunrise, a really good shit. Whatever that might be, they are all perfect. All spot on answers but when you are depressed, you just wave it off saying "yeah yeah yeah".

The problem with depression is when you are depressed, you don't experience much. You start questioning the experience. What's so great about it? Is this all? You feel that others are being ignorant for simply enjoying a sunrise or a sunset. People getting too emotional for a teddy bear or a goodbye, feels cringeworthy. You don't understand people simply being happy without a reason. You feel cheated, life has shown you something that shouldn't be seen. Now you can't unsee it. You mistakenly opened a door you shouldn't open.

You start viewing world with your cynical eyes: Blind cynical eyes. If everything is going to end, why bother? If everyone is going to leave, why get attached? If every event is materialistic, why celebrate? These are some killer arguments for a depressed person.

Amalgamation of hedonism and nihilism asking you questions that just fit right into your cynical view of this world like a lego. I wish I could show you "meaning" is as real as a colgate toothpaste or nike shoes, but I can't: no one can. You feel intelligent telling yourself that life has no meaning, feeling like some philosopher, maybe be you are right. But in the end you will just be a sad guy who is right. What's the use?

Picking all these things, you slowly start building a wall around you. Each night you don't talk about it, it gets thicker. This is why tips and tricks don't work, when you are depressed all those answers literally won't make sense to you. So when a well adjusted guy tells these answers to a depressed person, it's almost like explaining colors to a blind person.

Now let's make it even more complicated, shall we? Though you hate it with your guts, you sort of accept it too. You feel comfortable in it. A peaceful acceptance like floating in an ocean. Tides just gently rocking you back and forth. Cold water surrounding you like a warm blanket. You know you need to swim to get to some place, but floating away with the tide is way more comfortable. This is also the reason why people keep getting back into depression. In some messed up way, it's comforting. Like a dark room.

So now what? My answer - "just live". Things change with time. If you can talk to someone, TALK. It makes things a gazillion times easier. If you can get medical help, get it. I know I know, I said I won't give tips, (I lied), consider this as a general philosophy. Humans are social beings, no matter what, you can't live a happy life being alone. By alone I don't mean "physical alone".

Feeling that there is no one to care about you, that "alone".

**Even Joker needs a Batman to be happy.**

**"What you do isn't going to be nearly as interesting or important as whom you do it with" - John Green.**

However edgy or introverted you may have become, you will understand this quote at some point in your life. Maybe tomorrow. Maybe 5 years from now, Maybe 20. Depression tells you that you can live alone, but you can't. So if you can talk to someone, TALK. People are not as stupid as you think; most parents or friends are not that stupid too, even if they are illiterate or orthodox, they understand pain. They have been through life.

Lastly, if you know someone with depression just be there for them. You don't have to do anything else, just let them know you are there. Listen to them, you don't have to say anything, in fact the less you say the better - you won't annoy them. There is only so much you can do, that wall is only breakable from the inside. Some day they will break it, when they do just be there to give a hand and pull them up.

So, oh stranger, if you didn't relate to any of this, kudos, you have a strong soul. If you did, this is the last thing I want to say : "Things change with time". Even if this doesn't make sense, just bear with me for a second, life is not this monolithic stone, where you carve just one thing for the rest of your life. You will always be figuring out what to do. You will always do multiple things. Start small, learn cooking or something. Find love if you can. Travel if you are into that. Life will move on.





## What's my perfect career choice?

Your first job, which most probably will be from the campus placements, will rarely be your last job. Most of you will leave it within the first two years; many in the first year. Then why do so many of us focus on our college education with an aim to secure that first job? Is this IIT education meant to help us secure a campus placement, or is it something more? Let me narrate my career choices to help you answer that question.

I joined a BTech-MTech Dual Degree programme in Mechanical Engineering at IIT Kanpur (IITK) in the year 2002. I was happily going with the "flow" (i.e. studying, sports and extracurriculars) until my peers started securing jobs in the 4th year during campus placements. That was when I thought for the first time that there is going to be a life after college, which I must start thinking and planning. That is when I got serious with academics (to improve my MTech CGPA) to get admitted into a good university for a PhD. I ensured that I obtained an 'abs' in all exams (abs = absolute, i.e. 100%) so that the Profs felt obliged to recommend me for doctoral studies abroad. The above strategy worked quite well and I was given an offer to join the PhD program in the Department of Mechanical Engineering at ETH Zurich, which is ranked well in the world. Winters came and the placements started, and I decided to give them a try too. On the second day of placements, I was offered the position of a Graduate Mechanical Engineer with

Rio Tinto, which is one of the top mining companies in the world (ranked second) with a placement in Australia. There were two options to choose from - a PhD in Switzerland or a well-paid mining job in Australia. The choice was quite simple - I chose the money.

Two years of working in the mining industry (which was a great learning experience) made me realise that the company was looking to develop a manager out of me. Knowing that this was not what I wanted from my career at that stage, since I longed for something more technical, I quit this job and moved back to India with no future plans except pursuing a few months of mountaineering training in the Himalayas. Post mountaineering, I tried a couple of jobs such as project management in construction, safety management, and an interview for army engineering services (which I could not clear). Finally, upon a suggestion from an IITK batchmate I joined a data analytics start-up in Bangalore called Mu Sigma Analytics after a couple of months of exploring other choices. It was an instant like for me since the work involved building statistical models to help the marketing team in making business decisions, and I loved mathematics. The one year spent at Mu Sigma Analytics was replete with intellectual fun. The statistics I had learnt in my Experimental Fluid Mechanics course at IITK was put to good use in this job in Bangalore. Upon gaining confidence in

this field, I decided to move to a better-paying company and chose to venture into finance by joining HSBC Analytics in Bangalore. The loss of freedom that one experiences moving from a start-up to a well-established bank was felt instantaneously. The work hours were fixed, methods well defined, and work access limited (they didn't even allow listening to music while working!). The corporate lifestyle wasn't helping either. Six months in finance and I started exploring other options - starting from JEE coaching, to a career in research. Working on three jobs in parallel for the next six months - teaching physics to JEE aspirants, working as an analyst at HSBC and a researcher at Indian Institute of Science (IISc) Bangalore - made me realise that science always had been my first love. The work at IISc gave me the confidence to leave everything in Bangalore and move back to IITK for a one-year research project for a preparation for PhD admissions.

People called me a serial quitter, since I quit too easily. At many stages in life I felt that they were correct, but looking back now it seems that this was not the case. I put a lot of thought and work into making my decisions, which were full of doubt and insecurities, but decided to experiment with my career nevertheless. Unfortunately, the hectic IIT life has a side-effect - that you get used to

**TakeHome Mantra**

In case you feel confused about your career choices then you are a perfectly normal IITian.

challenges on a daily basis and tend to get bored too quickly. For those looking for a job that pays you a decent salary without much work are grossly mistaken.

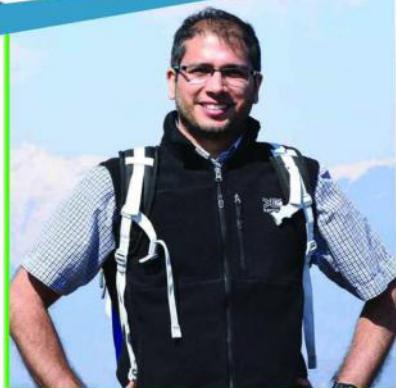
This reminds me of Steve Jobs' Stanford speech in which he mentioned taking a calligraphy course at Stanford with no particular career objective in mind, except for the fact that he enjoyed calligraphy. Much later, when working on the Mac OS the idea of having different fonts appeared to him (Microsoft later copied the same idea of such fonts). Had he not attended the calligraphy course at Stanford, we may not have had such amazing fonts today. Your experiences and trainings in life make you an individual with a unique set of skills – these skills may help you some day in a completely unexpected way. Learn with an open mind.

Getting back to my career, I applied to a couple of universities in the US for a PhD, after working for one year as a research associate at IITK, but did not get through any one of them due to my undergraduate CGPA, which wasn't high enough. In the meantime, I had applied against a PhD job advertisement in the UK at Imperial College London (ICL), without much hope since it was one of the top five in the world at that time. The work there, however, was closely related to the research I had pursued at IITK. To my surprise I received a call for a Skype interview at ICL.

I was told that there was a research lab at ICL sponsored by Rio Tinto, the same mining company I worked in for two years, that was pursuing research in fluid flow modelling, which happened to be my field of research at IITK. Everything followed in line thereafter – I completed my PhD from ICL, pursued a short post-doc and found an academic position at IIT Mandi, which now gives me the opportunity to pursue my love for research (and teaching) and my passion for mountaineering.

In case you feel confused about your career choices then you are a perfectly normal IITian. It is perfectly okay to be confused about your career after graduating. This is the stage to explore – take your time to figure out what you really enjoy, since there is nothing like a wasted time when it comes to exploring career choices. You may possibly end up making career choices which will not be optimal, however it is very important to ensure that everything must be pursued with perfection. Half-hearted efforts would usually lead to sub-optimal results or failure and undermine the self-confidence. Whatever you choose, make sure you put your hundred percent in it. It will help you in your future career.

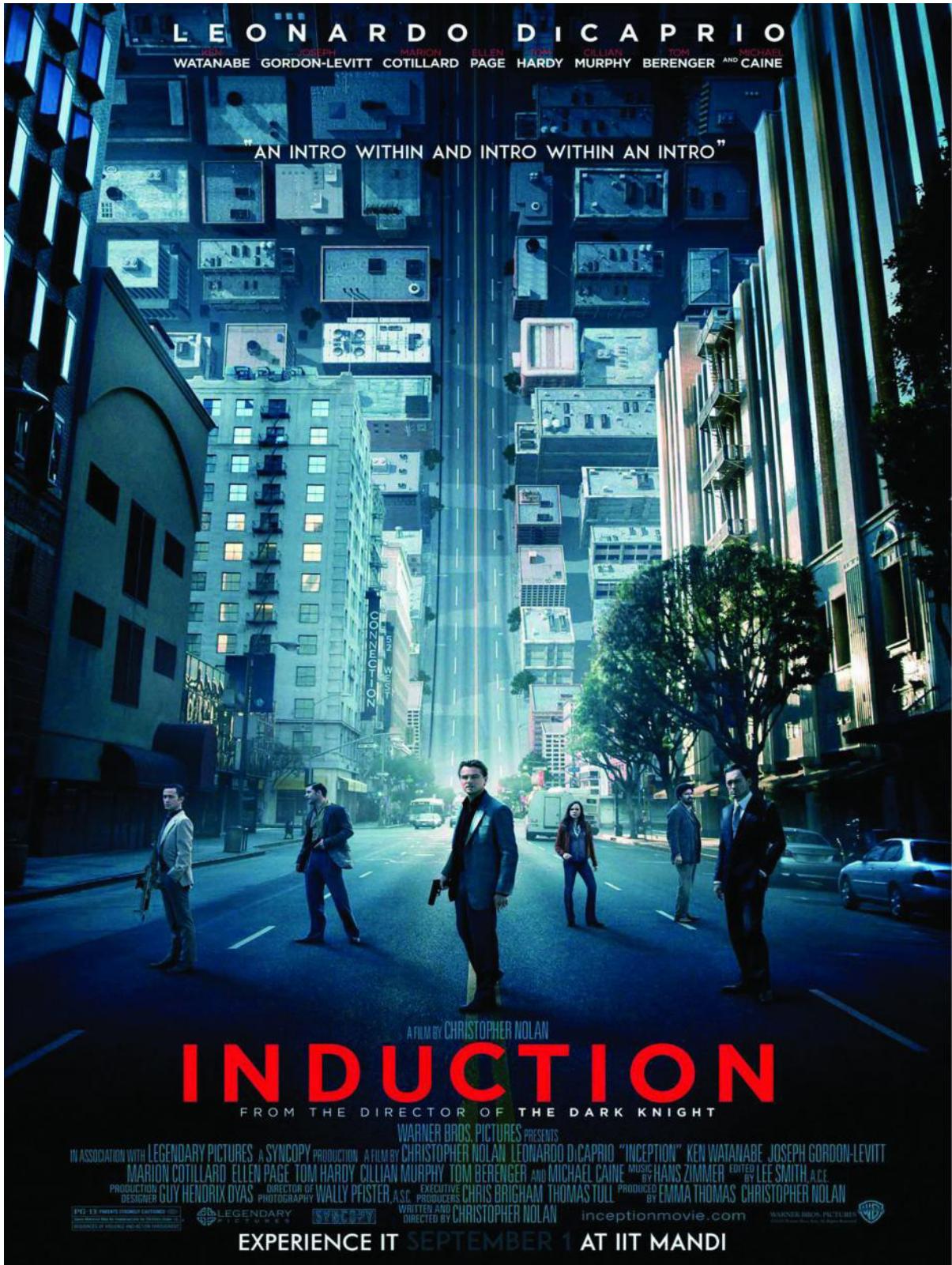
A friend once told me that there are four major things one can look for in a career – money, recognition, creative freedom and work-life balance.



Everyone here will be able to get at least one out of the above four, and a maximum two. You must think what are the twos you want from your career. For instance, I chose money when I started my career and realised it quite soon that it was not what I wished in life. My present job gives me the creative freedom (to pursue research) and a good work-life balance (to pursue mountaineering). I may have to give up on one of these in case I choose money or recognition in the future.

Persistence and perseverance are key when it comes to success. Once you have converged on the work you really enjoy, stay with it and persevere until you succeed. Do not succumb to the societal and peer pressure. Once you have chosen your twos, there is nothing that can stop you from enjoying and succeeding in life. The journey definitely is uphill, but will lead to happiness if you enjoy every part of it.

*All the best  
for your future!*



LEONARDO DICAPRIO  
JOSEPH  
WATANABE GORDON-LEVITT COTILLARD PAGE HARDY MURPHY BERENGER AND CAINE

"AN INTRO WITHIN AND INTRO WITHIN AN INTRO"

A FILM BY CHRISTOPHER NOLAN

# INCEPTION

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF THE DARK KNIGHT

WARNER BROS. PICTURES PRESENTS

IN ASSOCIATION WITH LEGENDARY PICTURES A SYNCOPY PRODUCTION A FILM BY CHRISTOPHER NOLAN LEONARDO DICAPRIO "INCEPTION" KEN WATANABE JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT MARION COTILLARD ELLEN PAGE TOM HARDY CILLIAN MURPHY TOM BERENGER AND MICHAEL CAINE MUSIC BY HANS ZIMMER EDITED BY LEE SMITH ACE PRODUCTION DESIGNER GUY HENDRICKS DYAS DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY WALLY PFISTER ASC EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS CHRIS BRIGHAM THOMAS TULL PRODUCED BY EMMA THOMAS DIRECTED BY CHRISTOPHER NOLAN

inceptionmovie.com

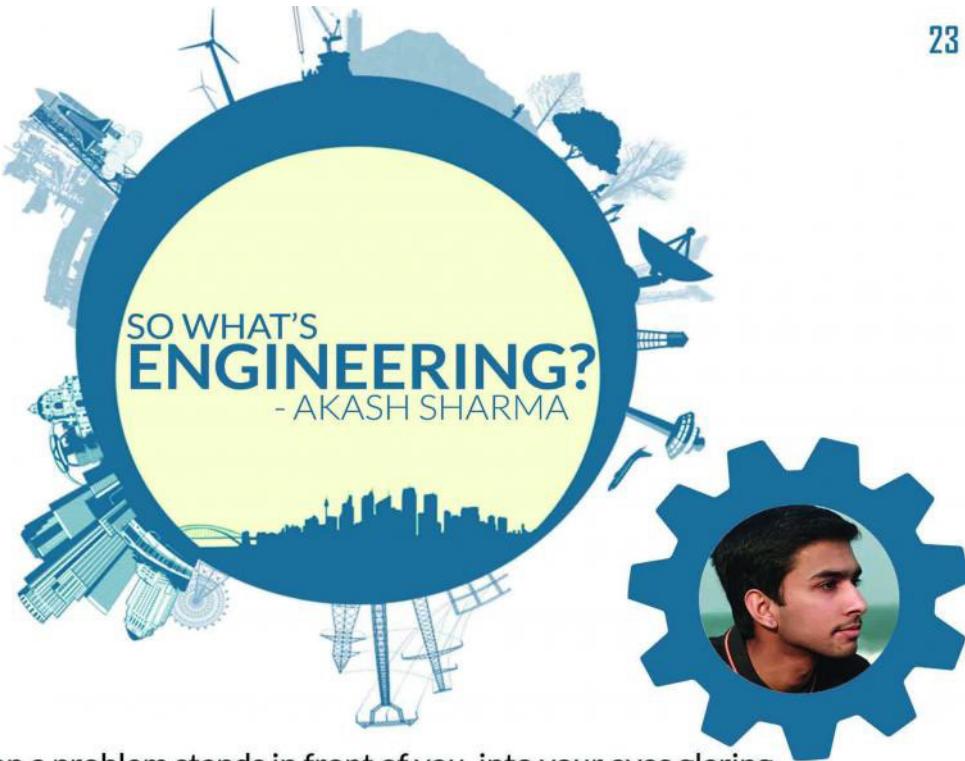
WARNER BROS. PICTURES A FILM BY CHRISTOPHER NOLAN

PG-13 - PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED  
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under  
13. Violence And Intense Fantasy Violence

LEGENDARY  
PICTURES

SNCOPY

EXPERIENCE IT SEPTEMBER 1 AT IIT MANDI



When a problem stands in front of you, into your eyes glaring.  
To come up with a solution impromptu, a task nothing less than mountaineering  
Is what is engineering!

When it's about reducing friction & handling stress, to talk about a ball bearing,  
to oppress the mess by minimizing tearing and wearing,  
Is what is engineering!

To night out on a code being debugged, Making every passing moment an exile.  
And to find out it was a semicolon all night that made you feel literally drugged  
and all you could do is smile,  
Is what is engineering!

To follow with a laugh, not a prof's joke, but his own laugh!  
To sit in an exam like an ignorant calf,  
Knowing neither the first nor the second half  
But feeling relieved at the sight of a friend equally lost,  
Is what is engineering!

In the process of this creative learning, to meet a person so special  
that a smile on their face is more to you than just cheering,  
is what makes this life of engineering,  
Delightful, Blissful, Loving and Inspiring!



# DHABA DIARIES



Looks like a beautiful place doesn't it?

Any clue where we are?

There are very few places where you would find these two contrasting scenes a glance away from each other and this happened to be one of them.

The typical Indian Dhaba.

As soon as you enter the general area of these quintessential taverns, there are some things that have over the years become a trademark of these roadside dhabs :

Piles of dust-ridden Coke bottles, looking like modern art to our Urban eyes.

Pots full of vegetables left open for mosquitoes to feast on.

One extremely fat cook churning out paranthas and sweat in equal amounts.

Bunch of people who stop whatever they are doing to stare at you shamelessly when you arrive.

And one tiny kid, who has appeared in every Bollywood movie, zooming around at 3x speed.

Having hung out in Punjab and Haryana Dhabs we got out of our buses blinded by fog and high hopes.

On entering the place, seeing only paranthas on each and every table, our hopes disappeared, along with the fog.

And now, the truth :



We knew it was going to be a battle for survival when you have 2 buses full of starving beasts attacking that tiny dhaba. And thus began our trials, our trepidations , the boisterous ones always outdo the meek ones and we found ourselves on the losing side this time in front of the volleyball and basketball giants. While we waited, we ventured out to explore the quaint little place.

The first thing we saw was a hole pretending to be a toilet. (No, we are not going to torture you (or ourselves) with a picture.).

Next to that, lay the utensils to be washed - the two connected by a water tank swarming with flies.

-Rahul Singh  
Mamta Bhagia

Usually such scenes do affect our appetite -- like that one time, we accidentally looked inside the college canteen's kitchen and saw the sweat beads from the forehead of the Cook dripping directly into the Paratha he was making, thus leaving a scar on our psyche. A similar battle waged inside us when came the voice calling "Do Paranthay" and we lost another battle today, this one with our psyche. Hungry as we were ,we practically launched ourselves onto the khats that were the make-do tables of that place. Yeh Paapi pet kya kya karwata haiii.

This sentence never rang more true than that day because just the previous night we had wandered aimlessly in the sleepy streets of Delhi looking for something to eat.

On our way from Mandi to Kanpur for the Inter IIT Sports meet, we stopped at Delhi. Geniuses that our college is full of, in the whole of Delhi, the bus stopped in some outside corner where "dur dur tak" there was nothing to be seen(or eaten).

By 11pm our hunger was on the verge of overcoming our human instincts so we got off the bus and started looking around. Found out about a Metro station nearby. Of course, it was the only metro station in delhi with no food stalls whatsoever.



*Yeh Daapi pet  
kya kya karwata hai.*

There were some unfortunate beings among us for whom the urge to eat was dwarfed by one other urge that is quite usual after long travels. The Nature's call. We were quite amused by their dilemma and had to escort them to the nearby metro station which was almost empty except for some wide eyed cleaners who were watching us suspiciously. This is the moment where our protagonists parted their ways. In all the chaos at the station, Mamta could still hear the faint sounds of celebration coming from somewhere closeby. Realising that this could be the day she strikes something off her bucket-list, Mamta, convinced her badminton team to gatecrash the nearby wedding. Thankfully the wedding was of some losers who had no taste in clothes so we in our Inter IIT hoodies fit right in. On entering the wedding we saw the basketball team was already there! We greeted each other as "rishtedaars" trying to pretend and blend into the crowd. Quickly getting into the line for food we filled up our plates with everything from chicken to gulab jaamun. With every bite we took, more people looked up at us suspiciously. One of the basketball guys whispered, "if anyone asks, hum Sharma Ji ke side se hai!"

Rahul on the other hand being the more reasonable character in the story picked the smarter path and took the late night metro to the Famous Connaught Place along with his football team. They had no clue what they were getting into. CP being famous as a hub of shops and restaurants, they expected to finish eating by the time for the last metro. Rahul was up for a surprise when he saw hordes of people in line at the ATMs even at 12am! Upon further random wandering, they found that most restaurants had already closed and the ones which were open cost way more than what these poor college kids could afford. All they were left with was ice cream. As hungry as they were, they settled for ice cream temporarily and then continued their search. The situation was so dire that calling up random acquaintances and actual rishtedaars was the only option left. When even that did not work, Rahul gave up and returned back. As his luck would have it, even the last metro had long gone, so they were left with spending even more money on rickshaws to end this fruitless journey.

Thus our dear protagonists ended up back in the bus next to each other. Mamta slept blissfully while Rahul tried to ignore the hunger pangs and exhaustion put him to sleep.

And thus ended the trials and tribulations of our brave protagonists on that fateful night, waking up the next morning for their next battle at the Dhaba.

*One of the basketball guys whispered, "if anyone asks,  
hum Sharma Ji ke side se hai!"*



## Evolution of music -Anirudh Nistala



**"Linkin Park's Chester Bennington dead at 41..."**

I read as I scrolled down my news feed one lazy night. This was followed by disbelief, shock and most of all, reminiscence. Why did this man's death bring about all these feelings?

Well Linkin Park's music was my gateway to the world of western music, just like it was to many average kids of my age way back in 2007. Going through my music collection that night made me realise the drastic change in my taste for music since then....

Even before I actually learnt to appreciate music, as a 1st grader, I was being made to dance at the aerobics sessions at school to the extremely catchy songs of the 90s and the early 2000s such as the Ketchup song (If you think you haven't heard this one, you probably just don't know the name). Boy bands were another big thing of that era, be it the Backstreet Boys or Blue, their songs were always addictive. Many pop artists like Shakira and Sean Paul rose to fame during these years with chartbusters like Hips don't lie and Temperature.

Having an elder sibling has its own perks. No matter how much you fight with them or how much you get bullied by them, you cannot deny the fact that most of the music you listen to was acquired from their personal collection.

Come bath time and my bathroom turned into a stage with the lead of a famous punk rock band singing into the hand shower.

One day it was Green Day's Boulevard of Broken Dreams, the next it was Linkin Park's Numb.

Most of the collection that I got from my brother was the rock and roll of the 1900s, a genre that slowly lost its popularity over the years. Queen, Guns n' Roses and the Eagles with their classics like Bohemian Rhapsody, Hotel California and Sweet Child o'mine were only a few of the many artists of that era that I idolise even to this day. Their songs will always remain my personal favourites.

Hip Hop, Pop and Alternative Rock are constant genres, they never get old, there's always a catchy song that we have at the top of our playlist for weeks together. Eminem, Coldplay with Mylo Xyloto, Imagine Dragons with Radioactive, OneRepublic with Counting Stars, Maroon 5 with Moves like Jagger and that long list of artists and songs that still rule the industry. Acoustic, Country and Indie artists like Jason Mraz and John Mayer always come to my rescue when I'm in need of soul soothing music.

The past few years saw the rise of EDM and electronic music. Producers like Tiësto and David Guetta had me hooked onto numerous songs like Titanium, Red Lights and many others. These years saw the production of most of the songs that we listen and hum along to every other day. An umpteen number of artists like Ed Sheeran (Everyone knows Shape of You), The Weeknd and many others got us singing and dancing to their tunes.



*"Come bath time and my bathroom turned into a stage with the lead of a famous punk rock band singing into the hand shower."*

This was my personal tryst with the music of the west. No matter what kind of songs you listen to, be it bollywood or western or any other language, you probably had numerous favourite songs that stopped making it to your current playlist. So take some time off, sit back and delve into that collection of your music that you've forgotten about. You'd be surprised at how many memories they bring back.

# Fresher expelled!

for failing to upload selfie after joining college.



5 August 2017 : The serene and idyllic valleys of Kamand have been terrorized but yet another scathing and shattering attack of normal behaviour. The authorities arrested a fresher who failed to produce a single post on social media about joining an IIT, a full five days after joining the college. The criminal, who has been identified as Daksh Sagar, has been safely escorted from the premises.

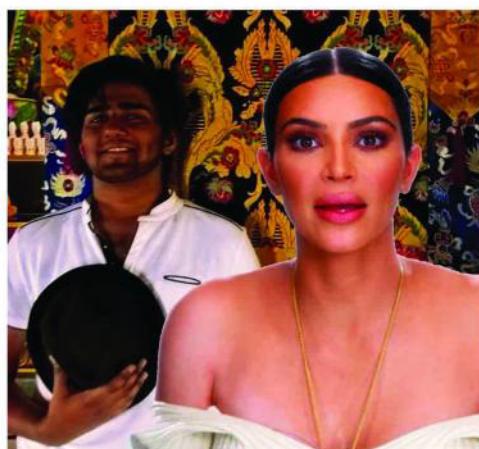
On further investigation, it was found that this incident was just a part of a series of repeated crimes. On 12th June, a day after JEE results, Daksh Sagar failed to post his rank on social media. Again on 15th July, while at his uncle's house, he did not advise his 14 year-old cousin to aim for the IIT's and go to Kota. Instead, he misguided the poor-soul to follow his passion.

However, things started to get really fishy when on the day of reporting, the convict failed to take a selfie and tag his newly-made BFFs. Mr. Anant Mishra, the roommate of the felon, spoke to team Vivaan. "I was always suspicious about Daksh.", he reported. "He never boasted about his rank and never spoke of aspiring for a job in Google." Mr. Mishra has over 12 T-Shirts of IIT-Mandi and has asked over 29 questions on the Fresher's Zone group.

The authorities have warned the masses about this national catastrophe. Addressing a group of freshers, Rahul Singh, the head of "Dhinchak Pooja Club For Irrelevant Selfies", had this to say "IIT's were built on the belief that students studying here could upload belief that students studying here could upload answers on Quora and poorly-shot photos on Facebook. You may have qualified JEE, but if you have not flaunted you rank in front of your relatives, you are no true IITian. This is against the very culture of this organization. Such sane and logical behaviour will not be tolerated."

In order to counter the terror, the college has subsidised selfie-sticks and has decided to extend the Induction Program for another month. Meanwhile, Mr. Sagar has been found guilty under Section 67 of The Information Technology Act 2000 and has been sentenced to 5 years of rehabilitation under Kim Kardashian. The Dean has urged the students to maintain law and order. Additionally, each student has been assigned the task of designing 3 hoodies on [mydreamstore.com](http://mydreamstore.com).

*"You may have qualified JEE, but if you have not flaunted you rank in front of your relatives, you are no true IITian."*



- Chirag Vashisht



## Örömének - Aditi Mann

Örömének watched the darkness fall gently over the world. The goldfish orange wisps of clouds had dissolved in the evening sky. A quiet day had aged into a quiet night as he silently rooted for yesterday's storm to return. Mysteries creep beneath Örömének's skin and he comes alive as the world goes a shade greyer. He loves the sunbeams sting on his skin but sometimes they make everything shine too bright. There's nothing Örömének loves to think about more than thunderstorms, save for the fireflies and the Dart Cloud. He's 19. He'd be 19 for another 11 days. His Dad, Faer, is a volcanologist. His Mom, Odessa, studies ocean currents. And Örömének writes poems, in French, when the world grows too noisy. Perhaps, one of the sheep loves them. He recites them to Bolyhos when it's restless. It was born shortly after Örömének's Dad left for Ethiopia and the two had become good friends. Bolyhos is a white lamb with a soft pink nose, pampered by old Mr. Brunette. The Brunettes have been their neighbors for as long as Örömének could remember. Before he retired to the countryside and became a farmer, Mr. Brunette was an astrodynamist at ESA. He taught Örömének his calculus and the science of the storms. On Saturdays, they build water rockets together, every week, as they sip Mrs. Brunette's cranberry juice.

A rumble travelled across the distant sky. An airplane? Could be Dad's! He'd been away for over three quarters of the year. They talked almost every day with the Erta Ale spewing lava behind his Dad and the local geyser fizzing in front of Örömének. Mr. Faer could feel Örömének tremble at times as the emptiness swallowed him whole and he built courage into his heart. The world broke Örömének down sometimes.

It spun too fast and the complexity of it all overwhelmed him. He didn't understand. And while he liked walking on the edge of the unknown, it drained him sometimes. He was too young for his age, or too ancient. On other days they chattered away happily, laughing at their fooleries, planning expeditions or talking about people at school who shone with the brilliance of a thousand suns. Örömének was in love with every single one of them.

Today was a good day for him to come back! The stories Dad brings back are as beautiful as the lava rocks. And he would perhaps hug him brave. It'd be great to have Dad drop him at the local research center on his first day there, which would be day after tomorrow. While he had spent a lot of his idle hours chatting with Prof Végtelen who loved the skies and everything that went on up there as keenly as himself, this summer Örömének was going to assist him in real, studying Saturn's storms.

Good day for Dad to be back. That one better be his plane. No stars. Cloudy? Mom's been waiting forever at the airport. Has studying the oceans turned her into one too? You could look forever into her eyes. They seem as old as the universe and as mysterious and full of love. She lights up his darkest depths. She loves words and makes the best cakes. She draws manta rays when she's stuck with her equations. Örömének draws tornadoes. No fireflies in the garden tonight.

Lightning. And ear splitting thunder. Wonder how fast that one brewed up! Hopefully the airplane would have landed. More thunder. Boy. This one's going to be bigger than yesterday's. Thunder scares Bolyhos. Mr. Brunette would be out observing the skies. Örömének left his new poem on Dad's desk and went off to check upon Bolyhos. He felt lighter, as raindrops fell. He suddenly grew hopeful. The air felt as full of wonder and possibilities as it was empty before. Dad'll be home soon. And it was raining. Where does all the sadness disappear in moments like these? Why does it feel so permanent and final when it isn't? He'd like to find out, later. Right now he must be under the sky. His thoughts were already drenched. where has this storm travelled from?

# क्या होऱ्हा

मुसाफिर को हमसफर नहीं मिला  
ख्वाबों में उसके आने से क्या होगा ?  
वो सुबह वो शाम याद है उसे  
गुफतुगू करके वक्त बिताने से क्या होगा ?  
कुछ पल के लिए ये फासले मिट चुके थे  
उनमें भी नज़रों को मिलाने से क्या होगा ?  
सफर लम्बी कितनी ये किसी को नहीं पता  
भला यादों की खुशबू उड़ाने से क्या होगा ?  
छोड़कर जा रहा था वो उसे एक दिन  
उसके आँसू बहाने से क्या होगा ?  
रोकने की कोशिश वो करे भी तो कैसे  
सिर्फ आपको कहानी बताने से क्या होगा ?

-अनंतपुलठपइ

## CLUE QUEST

A major work of crime solving evolves finding clues. Sherlock is exceptionally good at it. Help Dr. Watson improve his skills on the same.

D	I	L	I	G	E	N	T	F	I	K	X	Y	O	P
J	O	D	N	R	M	Y	Q	O	I	W	N	X	F	L
K	Y	N	W	R	U	O	F	Q	D	S	I	M	T	G
A	N	D	E	R	C	G	D	T	I	S	C	V	R	Q
I	E	Y	C	Z	I	O	U	Y	D	L	P	F	D	I
Y	D	Y	S	O	I	D	Z	U	G	D	L	M	E	X
H	U	V	N	E	G	M	A	I	K	A	C	C	A	D
M	P	E	F	W	B	N	N	U	G	H	Z	F	T	
O	V	L	B	M	Y	S	I	N	K	A	W	A	E	D
H	Z	D	P	D	F	N	T	Z	O	Y	O	P	N	I
R	J	N	M	N	Z	S	X	S	A	C	V	E	I	N
W	N	I	F	Q	I	C	X	U	Y	N	E	A	Y	
C	O	W	K	Q	X	F	H	N	K	H	T	N	G	P
F	K	D	T	I	E	F	R	E	T	N	U	O	C	Y
I	E	T	A	P	I	C	N	A	M	E	Y	E	R	F

Search for antonyms of the given words in following directions:  
Forward, Backward, Diagonal, Up and Down

1. Real - Counterfeit, 2. Black - Chaos, 3. Mute - Deafening, 4. Waste - Economize, 5. Hide - Flout  
6. Zenith - Nadir, 7. Order - Ignorant - Logician, 8. Enslave - Emanicipate, 9. Ignorant - Logician, 10. Increase - Diminute

Answers:

B E H I N D  
E V E R Y  
C O D E  
I S  
G E E K S  
F O R  
G E E K S

BENEDICT CUMBERBATCH KEIRA KNIGHTLEY  
**THE IMITATION GAME**

COMING SOON

# BOLLYWOOD UNDERRATED MOVIES

- ANSHU PURI

certain quality films bringing out good content, they just pass from under our noses, without getting the attention they deserve. And it's not that such movies are very few - it's just that these movies don't come to the fore due to the difference in the marketing strategies of the bigger star studded duds. Here are few such films that will satify every movie-buff :

01

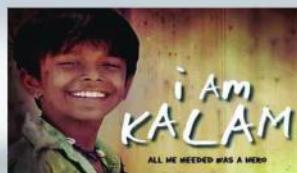
Gurgaon, a city that stands between the violent hinterland of Haryana and the political capital Delhi, is prone to entrepreneurial greed and violence.



Every Friday, we flock to watch the much hyped and promoted “star-cast” movies. These movies cast our favourite Bollywood actors, bringing out the same old slapstick storyline, or some delusional love story that can never exist in the real world. But sometimes, when there are

02

A young boy derives inspiration from the late former President of India, A.P.J. Abdul Kalam. He decides to change his name to Kalam, and starts



practising things Dr. Kalam did in his childhood. On the inside, the rural boy also harbours the dream of meeting the visionary once in his lifetime.

03

This underdog film from 2015 - starring Kalki Koechlin - is the story of a bisexual woman who has cerebral palsy. The film tracks the life and struggle of Laifa.



the character played by Kalki, as she discovers her own self. This film is a must watch for those who are looking for good and encouraging cinema.

a family that burns funeral pyres at the Varanasi ghats. Although they were expected to converge, the way the journeys of the characters are depicted, makes it a critically acclaimed film



Masaan follows two separate story arcs - one of Devi, who has to deal with the loss of her boyfriend and the guilt she feels for his death. The second follows Deepak, who comes from

An unfortunate leak of intimate scenes made the film famous for all the wrong reasons. However, the film's addressal of issues of women independence in rural India is remarkable!



Based in Rajasthan's hinterland, this film is centered around 3 women, their discussion about men, sex, and life in general, as they struggle with their individual demons to find themselves.

off against his will. But unexpectedly, Titli finds an unlikely ally in his new wife, Neelu, who nurtures her own frustrated dreams. What happens next will suck you into Titli's life.



The youngest member of a violent car-jacking brotherhood, Titli plots a desperate bid to escape the family's shady business! His dreams are thwarted by his unruly brother, who means him harm.



Knowledge is a source of infinite strength. It propels one to be self-confident and self-reliant. According to the Vedanta School, the primary source of knowledge is intuition. However, in the past two centuries, the western mind predominantly laid emphasis on reason and logic, designating such methodology alone as rational and scientific.

Consequently, the Indian educational system too migrated from its traditional 'Sravana', 'Manana' and 'Nididhyasana' (retain, recall and reconstruct) system to a purely analytical based system. But it is significant to note that, the present day pioneers in global educational system realized the limits of reliance on reasoning alone, especially in the scientific domain.

Einstein once said that intuitive knowledge alone is "the only valuable thing". He explained that in science, intuition resting on sympathetic understanding of experience can lead one to apprehend the elementary laws of the universe. Even in everyday activities, he felt that people should emulate the instinct of animals by being more intuitive. The intuitive mind is a sacred gift while the rational mind is a faithful servant, he cautioned, but our own society honors the servant and has forgotten the gift. Einstein's word of caution is especially relevant in today's educational situation. Bureaucratically imposed standards of education and the standardized tests increasingly threaten to reduce the teaching to a formula driven approach and the learning to a memorizing process and a mere mastery of routine cognitive operation. The gift of intuition has indeed been forgotten in education.

Time may, however, have ripened for renewed interest in stimulating intuitive faculties in education.

## HOW RELEVANT IT IS IN EDUCATION?

Computing machines are encouragingly capable of handling more and more complex cognitive routines, reducing the demand for routine workers. The best jobs in global economy are as a result no longer going to proficient professionals and technicians but to so called knowledge workers who can address ill structured problems in unpredictable ways by combining real time information flows with available knowledge to generate rapid intuitive solutions. As a result, intuition has become a hot topic for research recently in the advanced western countries. The direct link between intuition and expertise has been explained on the basis of ever expanding, long term, index and cross reference memory links. Recent experiments by Herbert Simon to test this connection through problems posed to novices and expert physicists to verbalize their thinking strategies found that the experts solved problems in less time, needed fewer steps, and expressed more confidence in themselves and their conclusions. Novices, in short, used conscious and explicit analysis, while experts avoided conscious calculations and their solutions exhibited the usual application of intuitions. The revelations of such research should guide in investigating the appropriate place for intuition in education. Students, in short, do not remain novices forever. Over a time, many, if not all, acquire some measure of mathematical, scientific or artistic sophistication. They make intuitive conjectures, or spontaneous artistic or athletic moves, by a process they cannot explain even with coaxing. For those most gifted, such intuition appear early and suddenly bringing unpredicted developments into the educational situation, setting problems for teaching which go beyond curriculum guides and explicit objectives.

*The intuitive mind is a sacred gift while the rational mind is a faithful servant, but our own society honors the servant and has forgotten the gift.*

In lieu of a conclusion, to quote H.P. Blavatsky:

*"Everyone of us possesses the faculty, the interior sense, known as intuition, ..... and the only faculty by means of which men and things are seen in their true colours. It is an instinct of the soul, which grows in proportion to the use we make of it.... It awakens the spiritual senses in us and the power to act."*



**Dr. Shubhajit  
Roy Chowdhury**  
**School of Computing  
and Electrical Engineering,**

# Colin Gonsalves

People's Lawyer  
~ J. Raghunath

Every revolution was first a thought in one man's mind. And the mind of a philosopher endowed with the energy of the youth can work wonders in the toughest of times. This is the story of one such troubled mind - Colin Gonsalves. Colin joined IIT Bombay in 1970, to pursue his bachelor's degree in Civil Engineering. Like most others at his age, he had a mind full of life, without inhibitions, quite unsure of the goals of life. So, he spent his time in the two lakes of Powai, swimming and sulking around, rather than attending lectures.

1970s were the times of economic and political turmoil for India. Mumbai witnessed the shutdown of many mills during this time and India went into the dark phase of Emergency in 1975. The decade was quite remarkable in the number of students joining mainstream politics and aggressive movements, irrespective of their stream of studies. This was a time when students were the flag bearers of most agitations. All these student movements espoused for social justice and for an egalitarian society. And the more radical ones brought in the Emergency. So it was quite natural for any man with a sound consciousness to get involved with social movements of those times.

Restless as he was, Colin got involved with a slum resistance movement. The movement organised protests against slum-eviction. Colin and his co-workers had many run-ins with the police, sometimes ending up in arrests which made it to the next-day headlines. Imagine the bashing at home when this came to pass! But Colin prevailed. He joined another labour movement led by Dutta Savant. He worked with mill workers, organised them and lived with them. He described that he had a ball, learnt in detail about the labour laws and issues which bugged the labourers. He was a voice in many labor protests and the face of it on many others.

The best way to rebel against a system is to rebel from the inside. With his time in the labour movements, Colin realized that he needed to pursue law to bolster his work in the area of social justice. He started studying law at night and qualified as a lawyer in the year 1982. He represented 5000 mill workers who were thrown out of their jobs by the mill management in his first case, while still at law school. He practised mainly labour laws and human rights laws in labor courts and in the High Court of Bombay until he moved to Delhi in 2001.

In the year 1989, Colin co-founded Human Rights Law Network with his colleagues. The Network was initially involved in providing day-to-day legal assistance to those with little or no access to legal system in and around Mumbai. However, they soon realised that access to judicial system alone cannot create the social impact at a large-scale. So, he joined forces with NGOs working to create awareness in this area. The network now works in a domain that encompasses human rights, advocacy, public interest laws and investigation of violation of rights, in a more proactive role. They are involved in disseminating and creating awareness about human rights through "Know Your Rights" campaign, involving training workshops and seminars for lawyers, social activists, judges and government official holding civil administrative posts.

Colin Gonsalves with his colleagues conceptualised another organisation Indian Peoples' Tribunal, an independent organisation headed by retired judges of Supreme Court and High Courts. This organisation, with its moral standing, has investigated many human rights violations. The facts unearthed in these investigation form the basis of numerous PILs and social movements that have influenced concrete change in governmental policies. Colin is an active litigator of cases regarding human rights in Supreme Court and High courts. Many of the judgement passed by the judiciary in his cases are precedent-setting and seminal in nature. These judgements have expanded the scope of rights enjoyed by the citizens. One such case is about the Right To Food, the largest class action suit in the world. Colin represented Public Union Of Civil Liberties as a senior counsel in the PIL filed for this issue, around a time when most of the state governments were doing away with mid-day meal schemes. The petition demanded that Right to Food be recognised as a fundamental right. The decision of the Supreme Court brought the Right To Food within Right to Life under article 21 of Indian Constitution. This has brought relief to millions of children, pregnant women, adolescent girls and other disabled and disadvantaged section of the society. The government is now accountable for food to the most vulnerable sections of the society and has to maintain effective food security schemes to make the mid-day meal scheme serve its purpose. In another landmark case, the bench of Justice Dalveer Bhandari and Justice A.K.Patnaik passed the judgement in the case of Bachpan Bachao Andolan vs Union of India on "child-labor and trafficking of children for forced labor", directing the Central Government to implement Juvenile Justice ACT,(2000) in letter and in spirit. Colin Gonsalves represented Bachpan Bachao Andolan of Kailash Satyarthi as a Senior Advocate.

Colin's work in the area of human rights and labor laws has touched the lives of millions of Indians. The lives of poor, marginalised and vulnerable members of society have been empowered and uplifted by the expanded scope of rights which are guaranteed under our constitution through the blanket judgements passed by courts. In public recognition for his work in the area of Human Rights, he was awarded "International Human Rights Awards" by the American Bar Association, in year 2004. That's a tale worth telling.



### Name

Colin Gonsalves

### Education

LLB, University of Mumbai 1982

B. Tech, Indian Institute of Technology, Mumbai 1975

### Work Experience

Senior Advocate, Supreme Court of India (2003 onwards)

Executive Director, Human Rights Law Network (1989 - 2005)

Co-Convenor, Indian People's Tribunal on Environment and Human Rights (1993 onwards)

# ABHIGYAN KHALIND LIGHTNING

It was a wild night.  
 Amidst those lightnings, one struck my world.  
 Flapping her wings like some heavenly creature,  
 Soaked me head to toe, making my heart somersault.  
 Then entrapped me into taking vows with her.  
 Everything seemed perfect.  
 Or so it really was,  
 Until the very moment we we came together,  
 The strings of intimacy started abating away,  
 And every other wild night  
 I waited for that lightning's arrival;  
 Burn, cut, smack, strike;  
 Our childish ways to show endearment.  
 And when blood seemed to have rushed enough,  
 She told me she loved me,  
 And I said I did too.  
 But what's this?  
 I had stopped wearing that favorite shirt,  
 but those stains on her shirt told a different story.  
 I knew every moment of her that wasn't mine.  
 I knew him by his perfume,  
 Feel his touch and breath like my own.  
 I couldn't justify this two-timing.  
 "I can't tolerate this!" I told her another wild night.  
 "Are you mad?"  
 The lightning cloud burst.  
 Her fingers left their mark on my face. Twice.  
 I couldn't condemn anymore.  
 And so I used my hands,  
 Taking the glass on the side table,  
 Struck it on her head.  
 At once, she fell onto the ground,  
 Her vision froze into mine,  
 Eyes wide, a long gaze.  
 She collapsed in front of me.  
 As soon as she stopped breathing,  
 More oxygen spurt into my lungs,  
 Freeing my soul.  
 And I stood there,  
 Not a hint of remorse inside me,  
 Not a single drop from my eyes,  
 I believe it's all dried up now.  
 My emotions, my tears.  
 I was vacuum inside.  
 "Till death do us part"



## the attempt

*Those three letters felt so close –  
 A sixty odd hurdles away.  
 The faint voices of the nib screamed  
 The black ink of ruthlessness flowed –  
 The ink that knew no passion, no interest.  
 Yet it was that ink which decided,  
 If we stared at black screens or blue streams.  
 The paper- all so familiar, so simple –  
 Just those four different letters,  
 Repeated a sixty times in bubbles.  
 Innocent bubbles they seem,  
 Choose the right ones!!  
 And they coalesce to help you float over the rest.  
 Fail to do so, and you'll know –  
 The fall is steeper than the rise.  
 It felt like crossing a river on stepping stones.  
 I chose a few correct ones and few wrong  
 But there was one time I remember –  
 A stone was selected,  
 But my feet sought only water.  
 I slipped.  
 I tried to swim.  
 Alas! The wrong stones!  
 They pulled me, a dizzy plunge –  
 Onto the depths, until I was knocked out.  
 When I woke up, I cried.  
 I never wanted to be there.  
 But, I couldn't protest,  
 Probably I couldn't even speak  
 Was I this weak?  
 I heard a faint voice in my mind....  
 Now or never.  
 Shall we give up?  
 Is it already too late?  
 I finally screamed, fought –  
 To run the race one more time,  
 To take on the same hurdles again.  
 A year later,  
 There I was – standing afresh.  
 The same river and maybe, the same stones too.  
 But, what happened next?  
 You know the answer,  
 For I'm finally here!*

- V Sai Subba Rao

BECAUSE SOMETIMES MUGGING G4G ISN'T ENOUGH

# SUITS ON RENT



"I REFUSE TO ANSWER THAT ON THE GROUNDS THAT  
YOU DIDN'T ASK THIS IN LAST YEAR'S INTERVIEW"

"THE BETTER YOU DRESS THE WORSE YOU CAN ANSWER"  
- HARVEY SPECTER

**PLACEMENT SEASON STARTS ON NOV 1**



# TRADING GRADES FOR A STORY

I look at my friend's nervous smile as he points to the grey clouds forming outside. It was 2pm and we were in our PC lab. Ignoring a half done sys prac assignment, I get up and move towards the window. Within no time they start covering up the noon sky. "Nah, this won't mess up our plan" I say but with the same nervous smile he had a few seconds ago.

Our plan was pretty simple, camp on Griffon peak overnight. If you don't know where Griffon peak is, it's the peak of the hill you see in front of our college. The most exciting thing about this trip was, we were most probably the first ones to do it. An achievement that would chisel our names as legends in the college's history. The ones who did the unthinkable. The ones that were chosen. The ones who conquered. Okay fine! Some WPI students did it before us, but that doesn't take away from the greatness we were going to achieve.

Suddenly we hear this rumbling sound from above. Something didn't sound right, as even during the heaviest of rains, we don't get that kind of rumble. Ta-ta-ta-ta. It was raining hails. Like a rushing drummer, the tempo just kept increasing. We had to go down to take a look. Escaping TAG sir's eye, we start to get down to the ground floor of the A5 building. As expected, it was fully packed with people oohing and aahing over the great mysterious summer hail. My friend and I push through the crowd, to get a better look at the rain. Duck! It was heavier than expected maybe the heaviest we have ever

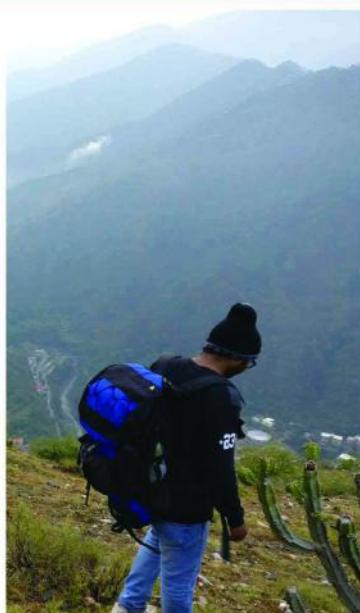
seen. My friend asks me if I could make out DI mess through the rain. I couldn't. Tomorrow was the day of our trip.

We couldn't go back on this plan for a couple of reasons: a) We already got the camping equipment. It would be a waste of money if we just returned it. b) This was just before that period of the sem where every assignment and project would jump on us. We had no choice but to do it on the day we planned. c) This was meant for us.

As people were enjoying sliding those little ice stones into others' shirts, we got back to discuss the practicality of sticking to our present plan. We were a team of four, Amanshu, Ashish, Sandy (Sandeep) and I. It took us a few seconds to pull out tomorrow's forecast: Thunderstorm at 2pm. Ashish's head drooped. We decided if it didn't rain by 2 we would carry on with our present plan. It rained heavily at night and most of us didn't sleep.

The next day.

Clear skies at 2pm. Amanshu looks to up at the sky and back down. Few thoughts run through his head as if he was in a game of chess against mother nature. He nods and so it begins. First we have to take a bus from Kamand to Kathindi.



Fighting for bus seats, making a few enemies, a few friends we reach Kathindi.

Ashish talks to a few locals for directions. Some warn us about yesterday's rain. Here's the thing, the difference between usual touristy treks and this one was, if we mess up, we mess up big time. There won't be stalls that provide food every couple of meters, there won't be help if we got into some trouble. We were on our own from now.

Our trek itself was pretty okay till we decide to sidetrack and directly head to the top through a pine forest. The thing we didn't know about pine needles was, they are slippery as hell. Sandeep and I literally crawled on our fronts to get to the top. The steepness didn't help either.

At last we reach the top and sit for a while on those slippery pine needles and soak in the view. Not bad; 7/10, we couldn't see the south campus. Sandy nudges me and jerks his head back, as if saying "Let's see what else this mysterious land holds". I agree, and we all start exploring. Few minutes in, we find an abandoned house next to a deserted farm. We didn't really forget about the thunderstorm predictions, it still lingered in our minds like a dark cloud (I had to do it). After discussing, Amanshu and Sandeep agree to camp in that farm

*Lightning so close and so bright, it lit up every inch of our tent every time it struck. I could imagine white splinters of lightning crashing from above forming roots of some celestial tree.*



We hear a faint thunder, maybe 30 kms away. I was sharing my tent with Amanshu. He while Ashish and I disagreed. We wanted to camp between the trees where we first rested. Somehow, being the trickster that he is, Ashish convinces the others to camp in our place.

I smile the same nervous smile, I return it back.

Rain starts to build up, black clouds slowly darkening the heavens. We could hear

faint thunder slowly closing it's distance.

15kms. 10. 5. Then suddenly a sound so

monstrous, so deafening that every organ in

my chest felt it would be torn apart.

Light was fading away, we started to gather wood and pine cones for our camp fire. This would be our first ever self-built campfire. The other thing we didn't know about pine needles was they catch fire very fast. Slowly but steadily smoke from the fire rose to the clear skies above.

Lightning so close and so bright, it lit up

every inch of our tent every time it struck. I

could imagine white splinters of lightning

crashing from above forming roots of some

celestial tree. I could imagine it crashing on

us. High winds rocking our tent back and

forth. This is it. I am going to die here. Death

The first thing I notice about this place was the dead silence it stored. Apart from fire was standing above of us. Just few crackling there was no other sound. If there kilometers away. Death was as real as my was a sound, it was amplified ten fold. These camera or my backpack. I remember sounds brought out the elephant in the room everyone I love, everyone I loved.

: wild animals. We felt hundreds of eyes

staring at us from a distance. Just waiting for a perfect chance. Licking their lips in

Eyes tight shut, earphones blazing 'Slayer'. I

dig my head into the ground. Constant fear of

death is not a pleasant feeling. All this

continued for three hours. Gradually, the

Amanshu starts narrating his heartbreaks to diffuse some tension. Somehow it works and soon we start making fun of him. Laughter, smile; he returns it back but without the bluish-purple sky, cool breeze, full moon, usual nervousness. I sleep like a kid.

nice fire, all add up to a chill camping vibe.

Time was just passing until I feel the first water drop on my hand, I look up, a drop on my cheek. Our fears came true. We start to pack our things and get into our tents.

We wake up at 6am with one last mission to

accomplish. Sandy and I needed to attend the

8am class (low attendance). All four of us

pack and head down.

At a certain point, Sandy and I leave Amanshu and Ashish and run our lungs out to catch the 7:20am bus in Kathmandu. Just as we reach, like some slow motion scene in a movie, we see it pass right in front of us. Bus driver waving his hand, signaling there are no empty seats.

We collapse there for few minutes, catching our breath. Sandy suggests walking 4 km in 40 min. We had no choice. We walk-cum-jog for a while. I check my watch 7:55, we were just half way there. I try hitchhiking, none of vehicles stop. I almost give up but sandy spots a red i10 coming towards us. This was our only chance. With all our remaining strength we pray it stops. It does! We thank the driver and just when we are about to get into the back seat, we see two familiar faces. Amanshu and Ashish!

I find out that he wasn't even heading towards our college, but was kind enough to drop us. I step into college at 8. As soon as I land I thank the driver and run towards my class, Modern China. I burst into the class with all my camping equipment only to find out there was an important 5 marks reading about Mao that I didn't do.

**And that's how I traded grades for a story.**



## Interview

**Samriddhi  
Jain**

This year, four students from IIT Mandi qualified for the coveted Google Summer of Code (GSoC) program and another one qualified for a similar internship with Outreachy. We got into a conversation with them for some delightful insights that could prove helpful for the aspirants next year.

**Q.1) If One is aiming for a GSoc Internship, what are the prerequisites and the essential qualities that he/she must possess beforehand?**

**Sahil:** The prerequisite is just perseverance, that I have seen. It's because GSoC does not require a lot of skills + in GSoC, there are mentors. If we contact them, they will always guide us. So skill-set is not really a problem.

**Samriddhi:** You should have a clarity about what it is that you wish to go for. You should clearly know your skills and then you should plan accordingly which organization would like to start with. Don't just do it for the sake of doing it. Do it if you are genuinely interested. The mentors sitting there have seen lots of people and can easily identify whether you are really interested or not.

**Vinayak :** Before we go any further, how different the approach towards Outreachy needs to be from the one with GSoC?

**Samriddhi:** Outreachy has this limit that if you have done GSoC or Outreachy before then you can't apply. You can only do it once. Its main motive is inclusion in and awareness about the open source world. GSoC is kind of more professional, but actually the level of projects and everything is the same. This year I tried for both, GSoC and Outreachy, and I felt they are quite the same.

**Q.2) A general paradigm for selection in the GSoC appears to be : Identify previous years' organizations and projects, find one that suits you, work and associate with them beforehand and when the time comes, apply for a GSoC internship with them on one of their projects.**

Is this a pattern that one needs to strictly adhere to for a comfortable selection? Or are there alternative routes in?

**Sahil:** Kind of yes, Kind of No. Some organizations have their chatting channels. So these organizations will expect that you'll be in constant touch with them and collectively solve problems. Some organizations will themselves be big companies. And the people involved will have their own jobs to do. They'll only contact you once or twice a week.

**Ayush:** I don't think that's a strict parameter for it. With so much diversity in projects, you can't have a strict parameter for selection. These organizations are changing every year.

**Q.3) Apart from interest, how do we objectively filter out the projects that we should apply for?**

**Sahil:** If you start late, find an organization whose projects aligns with your skill set. If you wish to learn something new, then you have to start early, say November or December, and then follow tutorials so that you can catch up and continue with an organization.

**Samriddhi :** For filtering a project in GSoC, I would say look through each and every organization. Don't miss out a single one. You'll have ample amount of time to look out for what each organization wants and if it interests you, just note it down somewhere. You should follow a step by step procedure.

**Q.4) Are there any particular qualities and/or documentation that most organizations seek while filtering out applications and applicants?**

**Samriddhi:** How interested is the person to work with you and how much has the person contributed before, shown interest. And the skill set of course. Also, punctuality is a factor sometimes, that is, if you are given a task and a time limit, you should be able to cope up with that. Some organizations take interviews as well, just to assess your skill set and your ability to crack some situations.

**Sahil:** Yeah, one thing is that every organization asks you for debugging their codebase, so that they know that this person understands our code. Then they ask for Git, which is basically version control. They see how you write software so that it is scalable. GSoC projects last for months. So they seek people who are familiar with version control, who can write such piece of software that can be maintainable in the future. That is one thing.

**Ayush:** I would sum it up as competence. Are you competent enough to work in a high pressure situation in a time bound fashion? Are you competent enough to devote 10 hours a day or 40 hours a week? Are you able to do that? These are a few things they try to assess through your application, through the way you communicate, through the way you work.

**Q.5) Google allows us to post at most 5 proposals. So is it advisable to go for all 5 in the hope of 'yaahaan nahn to wahaan to ho hi jaye'? Or is it wise to concentrate all our energies and efforts on 1, may be 2 of them?**

**Sahil :** Yeah, keep one as the main, that is the one in which you are quite interested, and the other backup where competition is low, but is worth your time and tenders to your learning interests.

**Q.6) Is there anything that you would like share, anything for the aspirants, regarding the post selection period – community bonding, coding and evaluation?**

**Ayush:** Another important thing is getting selected might have been a big jubilation for you, but completing the project is more important. So while you may feel that you nailed it, get back to the ground quickly and know that you have a tough job ahead of you. You have to give in 30-35 hours a week. Keep working on it. Don't say that my task is half done. It's not even 5% completed. It's only completed when you get a successful evaluation after the final submission in September. That's when you can be very excited.

Keep calm and cool, follow the advice of your mentor. You might be very good at CS and coding, but they have more experience and that's something you should be learning from this entire program – the experience of people who have been working in this area for quite a long time

**Q.7) Before we end this, is there anything else that you would like to add, or anything that we as aspirants should know?**

**Ayush:** It's never too late. And don't feel you should know everything before you go for it. GSoC is not only for the hardcore CS people, it's for the people who can understand stuff, who can think about stuff. It's a simple coding event, that's it.

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VIVAAN'18

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