

Imagine | Create | Soar

D361



CAPTURE

SPRING EDITION | 2020

WORDS OF WISDOM



Prof. Animesh Biswas
Director, NIT Rourkela

I am delighted that the spring edition of Degree 361, the official magazine of NIT Rourkela, is being published. This magazine serves as an excellent platform for the NIT-R fraternity to express their artistic talents. An initiative of the Literary and Cultural Society, this magazine is a celebration of the rich creativity that flows in the veins of the people of NIT-R. It is a celebration of free thinkers, of writers, of poets and of artists. Art is essential in this world, not only among painters and poets, but also among technocrats of this great nation. I wish the team of D361, the very best of luck, in their pursuit of this noble endeavor.



Prof. Seemita Mohanty
President, SAC

It brings me immense joy that D361, the official literary magazine of NITR, is publishing their Spring Edition on the occasion of Nitruksav this year. I appreciate their previous works and hope that they keep maintaining the level of creativity as they always have. I congratulate the team on their efforts in publishing this edition. D361 is the ultimate creative platform for writers, artists, and designers of the NITR populace, and I wish them all the best. I am looking forward to their work. Happy reading!



EDITORIAL

Yet another year, yet another issue, yet another theme.

It has been a gratifying journey; this responsibility of carrying forward the legacy of the mightiest, with their pens, swords and brushes, has become an integral part of the literary and intimate transformations that this Team has foregone.

Mind numbing, teeth gritting nights spent high on adrenaline and energy drinks; we've successfully sailed through and brought out yet another package of extraordinary bonanza. Capturing the essence of NITR, is what we tried; only to realize that it is limitless. We tried to capture the Rumi, the Michallengelo, the Andre Estevan. Instead we captured the real, the raw and the passion. We were overwhelmed with the submissions this year, the submissions were so apt in terms of theme and diversity. We truly were blown away, and it wasn't in the least a quality vs quantity situation. The pieces this year were so good, that as Chief Ed's we couldn't find space for our own feature piece.

This magnificent journey could not have been possible without the immense support of the Student Activity Centre. We heartily thank Prof. Seemita Mohanty (President SAC) for providing us with the workspace which exponentially accelerated the momentum of our work and gave us an opportunity to actually strive for the best. We thank Prof. Sambit Bakshi (VP L&C), Prof. Upendra Gundala (VP L&C) and Prof. Asim Naskar (Faculty Advisor) for their helping hands at every turn.

This magazine, may we have the audacity to say it, is a piece of art and the artist has done much more than justice with it, yet again. We couldn't have even imagined this without Kamlesh. Kamlesh Kumar Sahoo, the Design Head and the real MVP of D361. It couldn't have been easy for a single Design Head to not just carry forward the legacy but bestow it upon a very talented team. We also acknowledge the amazing design team, that tirelessly burnt the midnight oil to make all these wonderful pieces come to life. We thank Adesh and the content team for their constant efforts, for being the hands backstage without taking any credit.

We thank our mentors Abhinav Kothari and Sandipan Sen for giving us a platform to turn our rants and twisted thoughts into something much more dignified and polished. God knows the trainwrecks we've been, and they've been so patient, helping and much more than mentors to us.

Lastly, we, Rajnandini Panda and Aalisha Padhy, sign off with smiles on our faces and heavy hearts. Degree has given us so much, and it will always strike a chord in our hearts. Capture and D361 will be one of the most honourable achievements of our Undergrad life.

Here's to another edition. Another goodbye. Another opportunity for the fresh and young.

P.S. Do not hesitate to express your criticism, opinions, views and thoughts about the magazine by writing to us at xpress.d361@gmail.com.

With regards,
Editors-in-Chief
2019-20



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SOPRA

Isn't it intriguing, how two worlds separated by just a few layers of the dermis, flat bones and some variety of slimy fluids, be so strikingly contrasting?

Deep sighs into the bloodstream (quite literally). What if oceans evaporated with just the strum of a guitar or the piano could rip atoms and molecules apart?

I see a lot of dancers in your world; but have you noticed the shadows dancing in their own away from the red spotlight, even when the music stops? What if you could feel the winged elephant stomping inside your chest and the loudest roars of the hummingbird, all in sync with your beating heart?

Just imagine how would you feel if the espresso and croissant started singing their love song to you every single morning!

The sun-poured yellow butterflies and the nightingales have always been a joy to watch; but what if they started divulging their innate secrets to you?

What if you were the writer and you could decide the lyrics to your hopscotching dreams of vanilla?

What if?

Being the brain, every neuron of which has developed by listening to its closest friends, the violet violin and the talking trombone, I don't know if you could relate much with this world I've built.

Music is powerful, but its soulfulness has been wrecked in this materialistic world of yours.

So, let's take a moment and appreciate it.

But as I said, I am just a Brain and this is what I do; doubt, question, reason and confuse y'all.

So, before I leave, I'll leave you with a question to ponder over.

What if the feeling you call 'Love' and what I call 'Soprano' is nothing, but the same?



- Adesh Rohan Mishra

Capturing a Poem

- Deepshri Sharma

*It is just an assemblage of words, tidied in a manner,
It is quirky enough to keep you all bemused throughout,
It indulges you to illustrations beyond the realm of reason.
It is like a deep depiction of farsighted anonymous souls,
It is an artist's masterpiece portrayed in a cluster of tuples.*

*It has layers within her concealing vehemence,
It camouflages her connotation with every verse it completes,
It has alliterations which personify hyperbolic puns,
It is a song that rhymes and displays beauty;
It might be your unknown lover or your known nemesis.*

*It symbolizes a streak of silk passing by,
It is sanguine at times but ominous at others,
It could be a kid's favorite panda or an adult's wildest fantasy,
It may take you high up to heaven or have you greet the God of Hell;
Its voice is like a whisper through an abandoned wall.*

*It replicates the scratch of a ghost terrifying you to shudders;
It sounds like the creaks of a haunted house at night;
It hums like the earth vibrating in spring with all of its secret life.
Do you seek to capture a poem?
It unveils into the loudest pity laugh.*



Art by Ramdhan Rabha

“Freaking hell!”

Awin, a security officer at NITR, had overslept. It was 7 AM already and he would end up missing out on all the best stories. His life was monotonous enough for him to consider everybody a walking melancholy poem. He would roam around the campus; observe people to make up stories in his head and write them down in that old yellowish notebook his Ma had given him. SAC, New Choice, the Banyan Tree- he started his usual routine. He kept his cycle near Nescafe and started walking past where Guruji sits, to get a cup of chai.

All Guruji did was sing mesmerizing songs with his eyes closed, dawn to dusk. Rumour was that he was a skilled ostrich farmer and half of his teeth were green and pointy. He had a dedicated cult of students dance to his songs till they bled. Today, Guruji sang a melancholy about ‘lost love’. It was his go-to song; his voice had started cracking by singing it way too many times.

Awin started sipping his tea slowly. He started wondering why these winter mornings looked like the painting of a memory that the painter wanted to forget. Beautiful, colourful, buzzing yet silent and blurry.

Awin was working on a story. There was a couple that had caught Awin’s attention. They also danced to Guruji’s chants. Laughing, walking, smiling, fighting. First, he thought they were a couple; but he realized a little later, that one stood two and a half feet away from the other. It was peculiar. He named them FIRST and SECOND. It's not often that you see two people who stay exactly two and a half feet apart. Everytime they sat, stood or walked, there was always that distance. FIRST hadn’t noticed it yet, but SECOND would always look down to make sure.

Awin was both fascinated and confused by that distance. He tried to make it the plot point of his story. Also, SECOND and FIRST played with red butterflies. Everywhere they went, there were red butterflies always. It reached a point where SECOND started bringing red butterflies in a small cage to make FIRST smile. But Awin had seen FIRST running between other colours. Yellow, green, blue, purple, orange, blue, red and blue.

Laughing, walking, smiling, fighting.
Laughing, walking, smiling, fighting.

Mir

age

"Phew."

It was 7 PM already, and Awin was still busy scribbling down essential points for his story. He loved to sit near Naga Pond for his 'writing sessions'. He noticed FIRST and SECOND were there as well. Awin always wondered about the number of stories the pond could say. It was the 'Monalisa' of the campus, hiding something underneath.

SECOND and FIRST sat on the grassy patch. Both looking at the small ripples in the pond silently, you could hear Guruji's chanting faintly. That's when Awin noticed; SECOND and FIRST were staring at the distance between them in disbelief.

"NO!"

Guruji's singing started getting louder.

They were sitting only two feet apart! Closer! FIRST was shivering and shaking, SECOND couldn't even lookup. Both of them just sat there, frozen, wondering how they ended up sitting that way.

LOUDER!

Out of nowhere SECOND took a stone and hit FIRST with it. Screaming, FIRST fell onto one side, covering the face. In a split second, SECOND stood up and hit again. What followed was a brutal fight; two demented souls who wanted to escape from hell, no, from each other.

LOUDER and LOUDER!

And that's when Guruji changed his song.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRGGGGHHHHH"

Awin felt a chilling sensation through his spine.

"That's not a spiritual sound."

FIRST started crying. SECOND came closer, with tearful eyes and started choking FIRST. SECOND didn't lose the grip, FIRST started to shake limbs uncontrollably. Face red, eyes bulging out.

"I don't want to feel this. Not again." SECOND kept murmuring.

LOUDER and LOUDER!!

Somehow FIRST got a knife, and straight into the chest! SECOND fell back, with blood all over the chest.

UP DOWN, UP DOWN, UP DOWN.

FIRST didn't stop the stabbing. SECOND also didn't hold back from stabbing the other one, because like everyone else, SECOND too had knives under his belt.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"NOOOOOOOOO!"

"NO!"

LOUDER and LOUDER!!!

And it was then, FIRST exploded into a flutter butterflies.

"BLUE?... You were blue... All this time."

"Freaking hell."



What is the funniest encounter you have had as a **Professor**?

DR. ARCHANA MALLIK

Department of Metallurgical and Materials Engineering



Haha, over the course of 10 years, because of the good grip I've got in the subject, I take the risk of being informal with my students. So it's fun when a student isn't paying attention and I playfully ask him, "Teri girlfriend gussa hai kya, class me mann nahi lag raha?". The class just roars in laughter. And these little but delightful moments make teaching and interacting with students the most feel-good times. In fact, there used to be a student nicknamed 'Baaluu', who was often late. So the class would tease him asking him whether he found the honey he was in search of. That particular joke never got old.

One funny trend that went on in my tenure as a professor was that every student was always in class on time. Not because of their interest and passion in class, but because they didn't want to occupy the 'VIP' front benches. Latecomers were supposed to come to the reserved seats that were always left empty, for this particular reason.

Chuckles.



PROF. SAROJ KUMAR PATEL

Department of Mechanical Engineering

DR. UPENDAR GUNDALA

Department of Humanities and Social Sciences



One day, I was going to Hall-2 to have my lunch. On my way, a student asked me for lift which I agreed to. Then he asked me which branch I am from, to which I replied that I was from Humanities and Social Sciences. He was quite ignorant and didn't have any clue about the role of the branch. On top of that, he thought that I was a research student and so he nonchalantly asked if humanities was all about working for humanity and social sciences was about social service. Later, he came to know that I was a faculty member and apologized. That sums up the funniest incident I've experienced as a professor at NITR.



What is the funniest encounter you have had as a **Professor**?

One of the funniest incident that happened with me, was when I had just joined NIT Rourkela and was asked to teach Basic Electronics to the 1st year students. It so happened that I went to LA 5 minutes earlier than scheduled and located the room and started the class. After I gave general instructions to the class regarding the modalities of the course, I observed that my colleague was waiting outside the class, and on enquiry he told me that he was assigned that division. We both then entered the class and checked the roll numbers of a few students. I realized that I had misread the room number and had indeed entered the wrong division of basic electronics class. There was a loud laughter. When I entered the other class, I saw the students patiently waiting for me. I cracked this joke and then again had to give out the same modalities. From then on, whenever I go to LA for my first class; I make it a point to read the first few roll numbers to ascertain that I indeed have entered the correct class.



PROF. MANISH OKADE

Department of Electronics
and Communications
Engineering

PROF. PARESH KALE

Department of Electrical
Engineering



I am very active on social media, and possibly my humorous posts draw attention of many students. I often receive a gentle question regarding the origin or thought process behind such hilarious posts. The source is always what happens around us. I try to connect the dots with some funny stuff in some format like meme. Like recently I posted a status saying, "Juniors are trying to forge a stronger bond with you? Maybe they need a job." And I added the hashtags #convocation and #janhitmejari. Where do you think I got idea for it?

I have encountered so many funny interactions with students, but one of them which happens almost every semester, is when students come to my office to check their examination copies. Outside my door they tell each other to open the door and see if I am there or not. Many times I have heard them saying "aray dekh na andar hai ki nahi (see if he is inside or not)!"



**DR. DEBAJYOTI
CHOUHARY**

Department of Mathematics

Stop. Wait. Capture.

- Aparna Bhuyan

When the sun shines above the horizon,
And the moon is far apart gone,
The sky with bright light flourishes,
When the darkness of night vanishes.

The thin fog all around disappears,
When the sun's beam feebly enters.
After being bathed by this heavenly grace,
The trees appear quite green and fresh.

The ground gets drenched with drops of dew,
Embracing the whole sky, they give it a new hue.
The sweet chirping of birds, we can hear,
When they fly around in such a soothing atmosphere.

The flowers silently widen their petals,
Blush and peep through shiny green sepals,
The power of healing, the boredom the sight carries,
Their mesmerizing fragrance is scattered by the faint breeze.

A small moment of capture,
From the beginning of a wintery day,
Rejuvenates our inner self,
As we prepare to go ahead like an endless ray.



Someone

- Annie Johnson

I need someone
Someone to shower love
Love that can replace therapy
Therapy that has failed to heal a broken soul
Soul that has been broken beyond repair
Repair which has become impossible
Impossible that says I'm possible
Possibility that brings hope
Hope to be normal in the hypocrite society
Society that judges without knowing my pain
Pain that has been stuck since decades
Decades which were spent with faith in the almighty
Almighty who blessed me with strength
Strength to find someone.

You Look Perfect !

You see, I'm a silent guy, but I sure do notice everything. By everything, I mean every single thing. I like to think of it as a rare talent, a requirement in this fast-growing, obnoxious world filled with ignorance and mediocrity. People think I'm weird; they say things behind my back. Imbeciles! I tend to not associate with such idiots. I like staying on my own, except for maybe when I can get the chance to be with you.

Oh, here you are! standing across the empty alley. You're wearing a black skirt with a tight buttoned blouse that is hugging your curves. You look perfect. Like an angel descending from heaven, your soft, golden hair falling on your face, your dimpled laugh and sparkling eyes.

Trust me when I say this, I have never seen anybody as beautiful and perfect as you. The way you cover your face with your hands when you laugh. But why isn't it me who is making you laugh? It should be me, whose hands you hold, whose shoulders you cry on, who you should hug with every inch of your body. Only me.

I think I'm in love. Yet, all I am doing is looking at you from across the hallway while you don't even know I exist.

One day you'll be mine. I'll make you mine.

But for now, all I have are photographs of you that are very close to my heart. Photos of you laughing, photos of you eating, photos of you sleeping, photos of you smirking with your puppy in hand. I promise you, darling, that I'll do anything to get you. Keep you mine. Forever.

But my love, why are you walking all alone in this dark alley? It's tempting. I don't want to hurt or scare you but it's getting difficult to suppress the urge. I love you after all, and my passion for you is limitless. It's funny how I've kept a close eye on you over the past two months and yet I don't know how to function whenever you're in front of me.

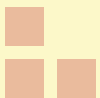
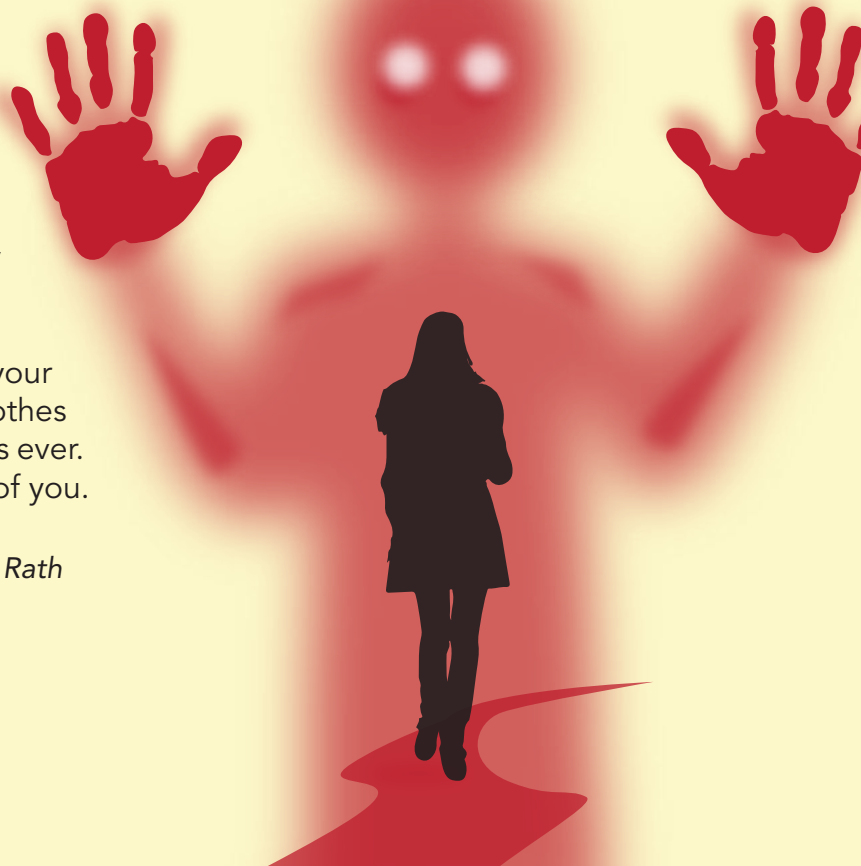
I think this is my time to shine.

Just don't be scared, my love. It is not going to hurt for long. There might be a little bit of blood, but I'll fix it. I promise.

I really don't want to hurt you. But this is important. This was the only way you'd listen to me and eventually realize that I'm the only one for you.

Here you are now, right in front of my eyes, your hands tied up and your mouth stuffed with clothes and somehow you still look beautiful; radiant as ever. Don't cry, you're all mine now. I will take care of you.

- Parul Rath



Shadows

- Soumyamitra Sahu

Immersed in the sea of shadows
I let it seep into me
As the blackness bloodied my veins
I let it revel in me.

I felt Darkness slithering around
Caressing like a lover
Tempting me to take his hand
Fogging light forever.

Drowned in desolation
Beneath a starless sky,
As circumstances sucked me dry
Broken, I let the shadows in.
As desperation chipped my edges
I let the shadows in
As my broken soul shattered away
I let the shadows in.

As the raw Magick filled me in
I let the shadows in
As I heard the light wailing thin
I let the shadows in.

As I jumped into the shadowy sea
I let it seep into me
And as Darkness damned my veins
I let it revel in me.



Beyond the Obvious

Belonging to the Indian community of millennial students, most of us can agree that there was all but that one obvious path that most of us were conned into walking on. 8 years of rigorous school. 2 years of intense pressure of making your life's most important decision while still competing for the top position. Jump to the obvious conclusion: Complete 'Bheja Fry' with competitive exam preparations after that. And here we are, after that ruthless recipe of predictable ingredients, onto the path of 4 more years of rigor and self-realization.

While it works out for those who dream to walk on this rigorous path, many are still stuck trying to figure out their options. But worry not, Team D361 shall brief you about a few not-so-obvious career options that might just be your calling. So let's explore, beyond the obvious.

ANALYTICS

Do you have what it takes to be a number crunching Analyst? Analytics is mainly categorized into two categories: Business Analytics and Data Analytics. While the former is all about the business implications of data and the actions that should result from them, the latter involves analyzing massive datasets to reveal patterns and trends.

What skills do I need to possess?:

If you want to get into Data Analytics, you need to gain expertise in 3 areas- Handling big data (Hadoop, Apache Spark etc), doing analysis (SAS, R, SPSS, Excel, etc) and data visualisation (D3.js, Tableau, PPT). Knowledge of Machine Learning gives you an edge while applying for jobs in this sector. For Business Analytics, sound knowledge of statistics, querying languages (like Teradata, MySQL, VBA) and data visualisation tools (like Tableau, QlikView) is required.

Growth heirarchy in this sector:

Data Scientist, Senior Data Scientist, Chief Data Officer
Business Analyst, Senior Business Analyst, Analytics/Engagement Manager.

MARKETING & SALES

Are you passionate about creating an impact and selling ideas to people? Then Marketing and Sales is the right sector to dive into. Marketing and Sales is all about placing products and services in the hands of the customer in a profitable way. Sales includes the activities related to selling a product or service for credit.

What skills do I need to possess?:

Marketing and Sales requires one to possess good communication skills along with creativity, imagination and interpersonal expertise. Apart from these, influential abilities, analytic skills and numeracy are highly desired by employers in this field.

Growth heirarchy in this sector:

Management/Sales Trainee, Assistant Marketing/Sales Manager, Marketing/Sales Manager, Senior Manager, Chief Marketing/Sales Officer, Chief Executive Officer(CEO)

BANKING & FINANCE

Banking and Finance deals with services like lending of money, collection of deposits, issue of currencies and debit cards, transaction processing, etc. It includes the dynamics of assets and liabilities under conditions of different degrees of uncertainty and risks over different periods of time.

What skills do I need to possess?:

For jobs in this sector, your aptitude and zeal for quick maths will be tested. You will require exceptional leadership skills and prior experience in companies and courses in economics, finance, etc; along with the fundamental study of investments to beat the evergrowing competition in this sector.

Job profiles in this sector:

Auditor, Broker, Chief Finance Officer, Treasurer, Economist, Accountant, Loan Officer, Investment Advisor, Statistician, etc.

CONSULTANCY

A consultant is an individual who provides professional service to individuals, organizations or business undertakings. They pull from their niche experience, industrial knowledge and problem solving abilities to offer valueable advices to their clients.

What skills do I need to possess?:

A candidate with bachelors/ masters/ doctuarte degree in the relevant subject can apply for the post. A major in accountancy, business, finance and coursework constituting study of statistics, management and ethics definitely help you gain the lead in competition. Great communication and leadership skills are expected of the employee.

Job profiles in this sector:

Strategy Consultant, Operations Consultant, Financial Consultant, Information Technology Consultant, Human Resources Consultant.

EDUCATION

There has been a spiralling growth in the education sector, be it on online platforms or offline; be it a month long course or a 30 minute doubt clearing session. And this trend doesn't seem to be ending in terms of opportunities. The role of educators is to observe students carefully, listen to their questions and philosophies, discover what interests them and provide them with opportunities to explore these interests. Educators need not be just teachers, but various other opportunities exist in the education sector.

What skills do I need to possess?:

Strong understanding of the subjects and stream you wish to be educating in, is an absolute requirement. Good communication and exttempore skills along with a high level EQ and an educationist sense are the beginner traits looked for in employees.

Job profiles in this sector:

Program Administrator, Childcare Provider, Curriculum Developer, Professor, Reading Specialist, Education Consultant, Career Counselor, Teacher.

Letter from Mother Earth

- Smruti Biswal

Dear Homo Sapiens,

Hope this letter finds you in the best of your spirits! You have indeed come a long way from being the nomadic hunchback to someone with manoeuvred skills in all spheres of life. You are such an impetuous species brimming with vigour and splendour. You have now declared yourselves as the most intelligent creature on earth, and rightly so too.

But somewhere in this veil of intelligence, you have exposed your foolishness by digging yourselves your own grave. You have disrobed me of my paraphernalia. You face it's consequences and claim that my agony is a hoax. Your fossil-fuel addiction has wreaked havoc because your consciousness remains masqueraded under the bonanza of power, position and wealth.

This push-button technology has made you delirious. The chaos you have seeded; your self-superiority has made you disregard the obligations you have towards others of this biosphere community. You jeopardize their lives and torture them by suffocating their heads and trunks with plastic, injecting poison into their habitats, slaughtering them for your own extravagant taste. Your species is increasing exponentially and is threatening your kind too.

I have been through major rebounds; 5 episodes of pernicious extinctions. The sixth one is due and the reason is you. Your so-called "progress" has become my destruction. You are now at the do-or-die threshold. While you tap into your virtual world, you don't realise that your real world is dying. You spend billions trying to find life in the galactic consortium, but put zero efforts into saving the treasure that you have already been bestowed with. This tapestry of beauty blended with resources has become provisions for a luxurious life to you.

You have captured me, captivated me with your dense delusions of "progress". I am choking to death. I hope you understand this plight of mine soon, before I perish and so do you. Restore my grandiose and grandeur. Release me from your vicious tentacles and let me flourish so that I can continue to nurture you and nourish myself for the countless generations to come.

Yours achingly,
Mother Earth.

Capturing Me

- Ignatius Milton
(Class of 2018)

*As I frame a lyrical paradigm, for capturing thee
I feel the grace of your prime capturing me.*

*My heart beats faster, my mind is cloudy
I charge you with this crime: capturing me.*

*Drowned as I am in the vision of your self
Inaccessible, vibrant, sublime, capturing me.*

*Be it by a camera's lens or the strokes of a brush
Your very existence is a rhyme, capturing me.*

*Fading in and out in this concert that is life
As subtle as a chime, capturing me.*

*Unsated as I feel with this unspiced feast
You are rosemary and thyme, capturing me.*

*Be wary now Andrew, my muse a fickle minx
She mocks me every time, capturing me.*

The Red Telephone

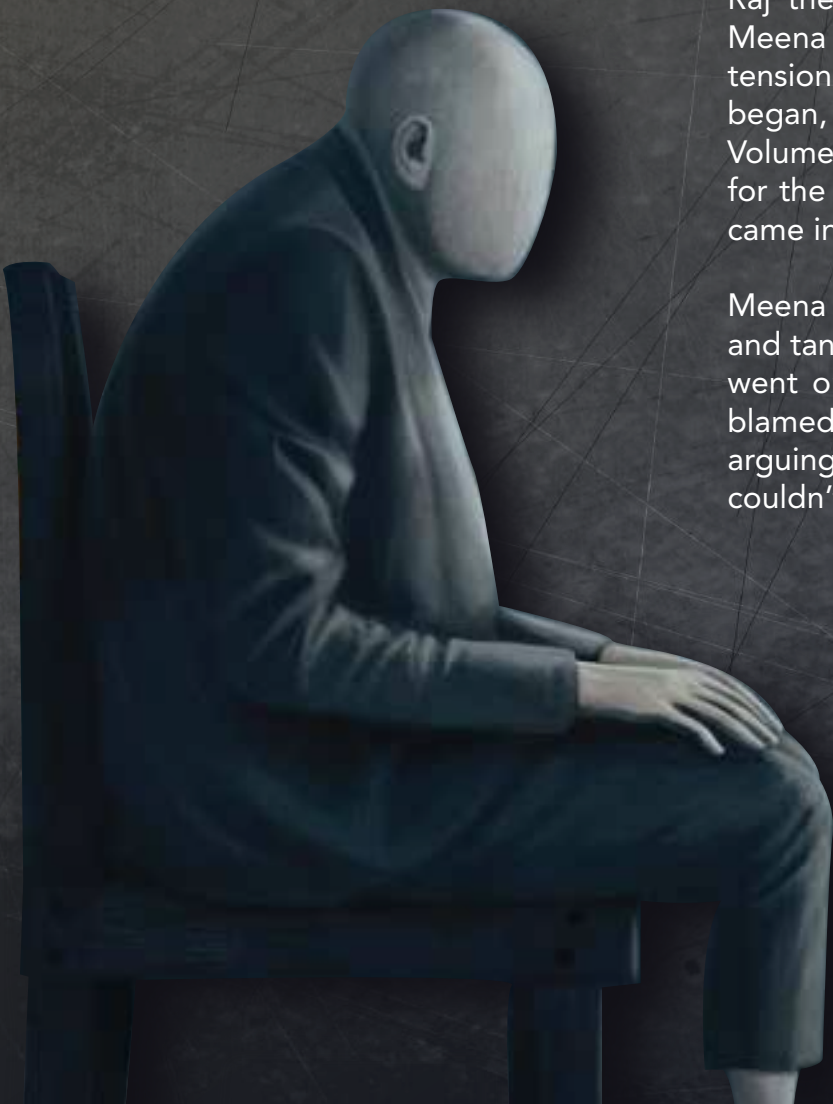
It was a cold, stormy evening. Thunder bellowed at an alarming frequency and, with no sign of electricity, lightning was all that lit up Raj's place. Not that there was much to illuminate. White-washed walls peeled from the ceiling; a tiny wooden cot, draped in ochre sheets, sat pressed up in a corner and a tiny side-table complemented it, which was mostly empty as well. All that decorated this set-up, was a four-by-six inch frame with a faded photograph of a young girl, smiling from ear to ear with her mother and a big red landline telephone. Or was it red?

Mr. Raj had always been a cheerful, vibrant man. Wherever he went, colour followed him. He brightened up every gathering with his booming laughter. And his gaudy choice of clothing was always the butt of jokes, that he'd participate in gracefully. This carefree spiritedness was what had attracted Meena, an equally vivacious woman, towards him. They had hit it off immediately and gone on to live vibrant lives together. Their little girl, Tanshi too, was gifted with the exuberance of her parents. She had grown up to be a smart, beautiful girl. She studied abroad now, fulfilling her mother's dreams of her becoming a doctor.

On their 22nd anniversary, Raj and Meena were returning from his in-law's place. While the evening had mostly been pleasant, some things had rubbed Raj the wrong way and he was determined to let Meena know. Meena was troubled too, and the tension between them was palpable. An argument began, the petty ones that couples always have. Volumes rose, and they would have fallen soon too, for the two loved each other very much. But a truck came in their way.

Meena struggled for a long time, a mess of bruises and tangled tubes and wires, before she gave up. Raj went on to survive. Being the driver that night, he blamed himself for everything - for driving, for arguing, for getting offended at things he now couldn't even remember. He just hoped they were important enough to have lost everything for. The guilt left him broken. Every night his sleep was cut short by visions of the gigantic, approaching headlights of that truck. He took to alcohol in little hope to achieve peace. Slowly, the addiction burned the bridges he had with all his close mates. But he regretted none more than the bridge his daughter burned in the last three years.

He was all alone.





He was trapped - in the sorrows of the past, in the bridges he had burnt, in his addictions. Every drop of liquor made his life duller, more colourless. The toll this took on his liver showed on his sallow face. His job, his finances, all slipped away like sand from a closed fist. He shifted to surviving on the money he had saved to travel the world with the love of his life.

The colourful walls of his penthouse transformed into the dilapidation that was his current studio, rainbow-coloured curtains washed down to bare windows, the frames of jolly photographs shattered to leave bare walls. His flamboyant wardrobe was now white and grey. Everything was grey. Raj didn't see colour anymore. The big red telephone that he had always used to talk to his daughter was, for him, a sooty, dull box.

Raj was balled up against the wall on the cot, the brown sheets shielding him from the whistling breeze. He stared at the pitch blackness of the window that turned blindingly white ever so often, nursing an empty bottle of cheap whisky against his chest. Hopefully just the smell would keep him intoxicated through the unforgiving night. Hopefully the cacophony of the storm would drown his thoughts, for it was that day, that date.

The brilliant hues of the post-storm dawn rolled around the sky like a watercolour painting. Orange and purple blended into each other; golden clouds shone brightly; shrubs and trees, scrubbed clean, smiled their viridian faces at the glowing sun. But for Raj it was all just a pall of ashen smoke that hovered over another vicious day. It was too much for him to bear.

Suddenly, the sooty box rang a shrill wail into the room. Groaning audibly, Raj lifted his arms to answer.

"Hello Papa..."

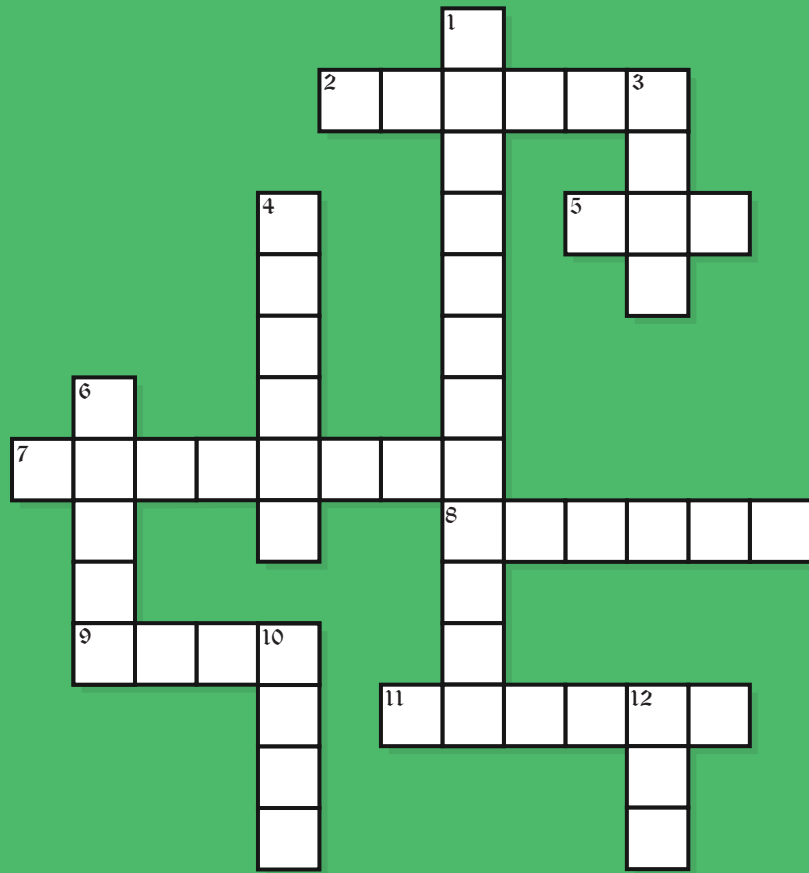
His eyes welled up uncontrollably. His heart was in his throat. His guts wrenched and churned as he heard the tender voice of his daughter.

They talked for hours. They did have a lot to talk about. And as they finally wished their good-byes, it was late night in the US after all, Raj noticed something. The sun-rays were golden. The sky was a brilliant blue. The telephone was red again.



- Prithu Prasad

BRAIN TEASERS



Across

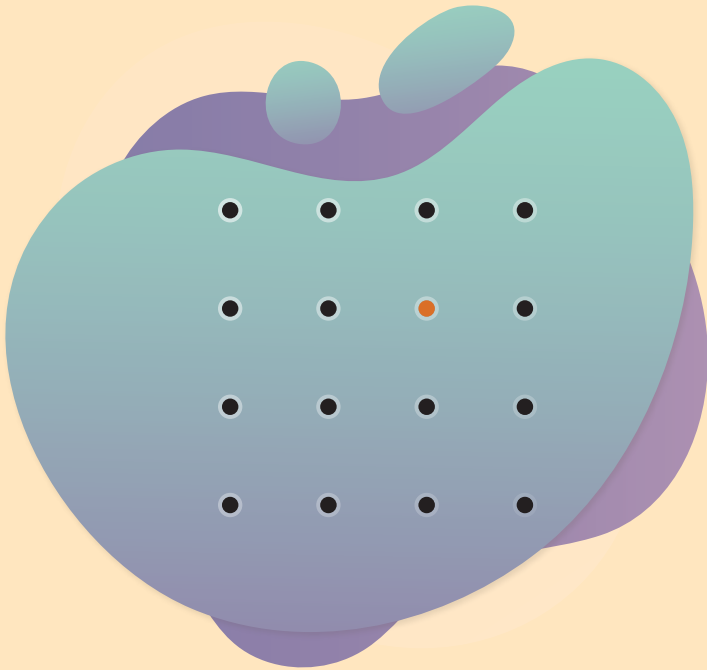
2. I am mono colored, yet the sun can't reach me. I am always with you, yet you can't capture me.
5. Don't underestimate us looking at our size. We can finish all your food if we rise.
7. You enjoyed too much to know my essence. But lost that moment to feel my presence.
8. Not comfortable but looks like a bed, I am not evil but I own the dead.
9. I rise up as the sun shines. Captured within clothes of green, your existence without me can't be seen.
11. If you have me, you want to share me. If you share me, you haven't got me.

Down

1. Colors I capture, mirrors are my structure. You call me pattern generator(creator).
3. All around but can't be seen. Can be captured but can not be held. No throat, but can be heard.
4. Some people say I am the third vision. Only moments I capture, with no reason.
6. You can touch me, you can break me. If you want to be mine, you must win me.
10. I have no body and I speak without a mouth. I can't be seen, yet I repeat what you shout.
12. A container without hinges, lock or key. But a golden treasure is kept inside me.

CONNECT THE DOTS

& Guess these NITR places.



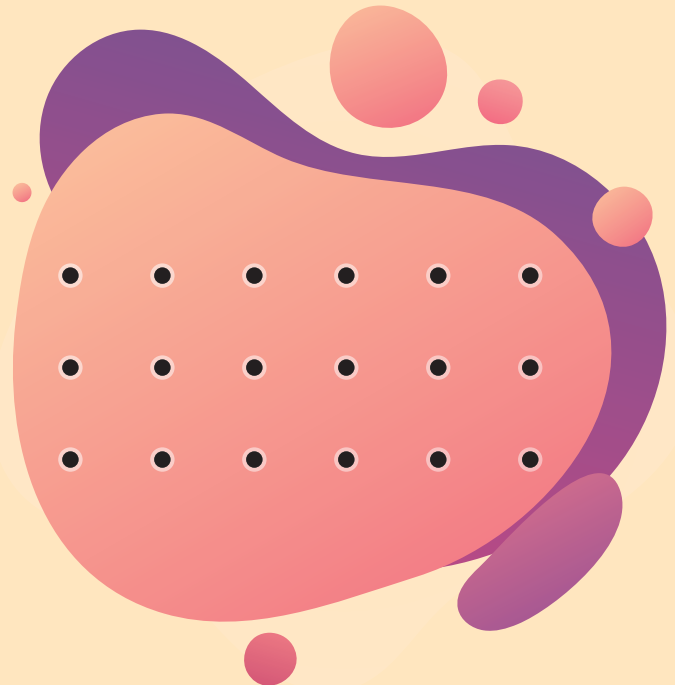
Hint 1 : Make the largest laterally inverted 'L', of uniform width, connecting 12 dots.

Hint 2 : Starting from the orange dot and using one line draw the largest triangle possible.

Hint 1 : In the first 3x3 grid from left to right, drop a diagonal using the first dot.

Hint 2 : In the 4th column join the dots to form a vowel.

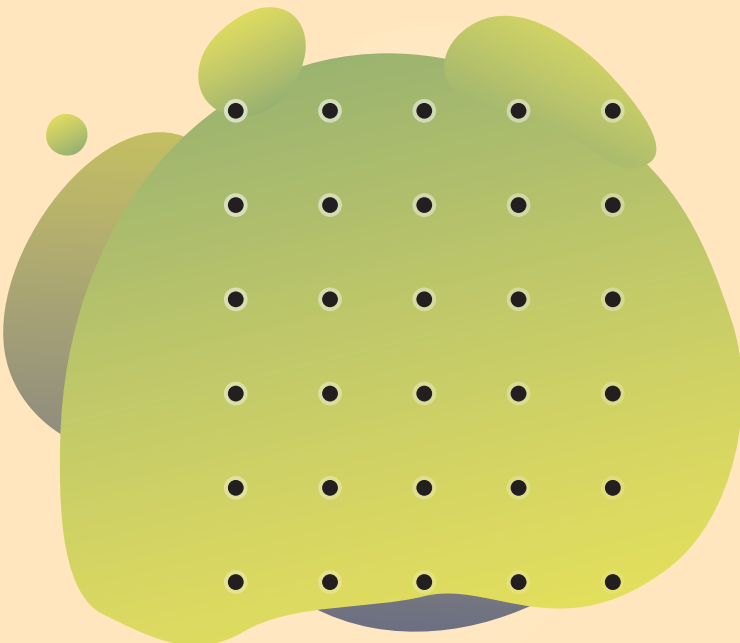
Hint 3 : Make the lonliest 'T' with only one hand.



Hint 1 : Draw two perfectly slanted parallel lines (45°) connecting three dots at the extremes of this grid. Keep note, they are at maximum distance from each other.

Hint 2 : Repeat hint 1 but for the other half of this grid.

Hint 3 : Join the dots to complete the polygon and this will lead you to a place where you can have dinner tonight.



The Commute Train

- Phalgun Vendantham

Her eyes were closed when she heard it. Yet another station, she thought to herself, as she looked at it through the glass window.

"This might be the one," the conductor hinted as the wheels screeched.

"This can't be it," she gently whispered as if her tone could scare away the invisible passengers traveling along with her.

She reached out for the paperback she was reading as the drizzle began to tap on the glass window. "This can't be it," she kept telling herself as her heart kept racing. She kept gazing at the gloomy town once in a while, to reassure herself that it wasn't her stop.

She thought of getting down at the next station; just for a while to make sure. But the train didn't stay long. All she could do was look out at each passing station from her window and hopefully find her stop. "Surely, it's the next one," she kept telling herself as she lulled herself to sleep.

She woke up again at the mechanical voice of the train announcing the station's name. She wanted to strangle that voice until the silence of friendly solitude took over. She nervously began tapping on the window with her fingers. "It might not be that bad," she thought as she looked at the empty station. It felt peaceful and calm; to her heart at least, as she kept reassuring herself.

"That was the final stop, you know?" the conductor mumbled while he was sitting across her in the empty carriage

"I couldn't get down at that one," she said as she tried to look away from the distant plains running away from her. The sun shone dully as the dawn began to take over the sky.

"That's sad. Really sad." he kept saying that partly to himself as he looked down at his worn-out shoes.

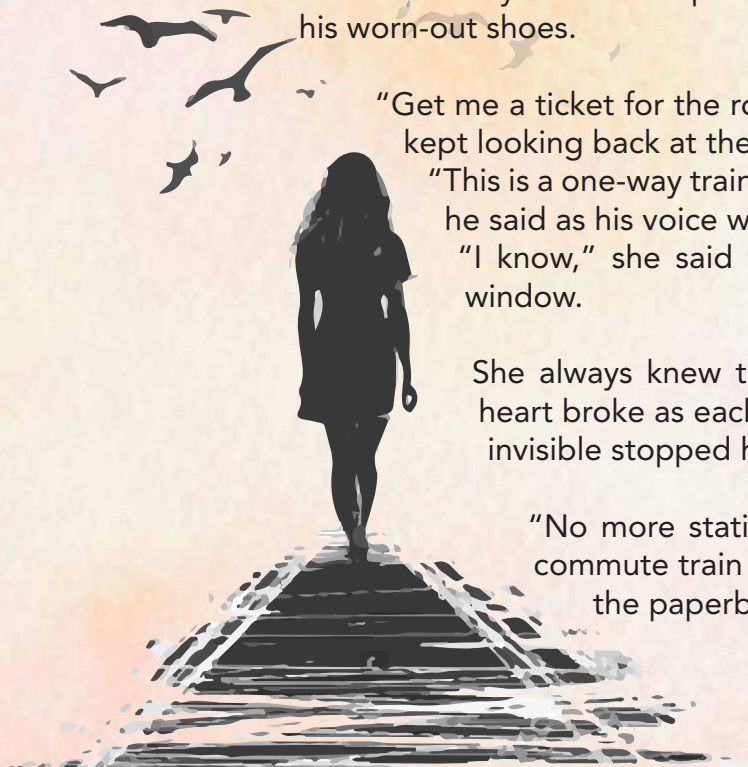
"Get me a ticket for the roundabout trip," she insisted as her parched eyes kept looking back at the distant plains.

"This is a one-way train. You can't go back once you let the station pass," he said as his voice wavered to find it's depth.

"I know," she said to him as the drizzle began to furiously hit the window.

She always knew that the commute train was a one-way ride. Her heart broke as each station went away from her sight but something invisible stopped her from getting down at the next stop.

"No more stations of love for me to reach. I'm trapped in this commute train with no escape," She wrote on the back of the paperback, while gently soothing her wailing heart.



Dot on the Page

- Abhrant Panigrahi

I hold my pen to write,
The tip soothing a dot over the page.
The ink gushes to the tip,
Like the flush of blood through my veins.
For it wants to skate across the white of my page.

But all I do is sit with my sweaty fingers curled
tight across my pen,
For the words no longer flow.
Now the dot is deeper,
Deep enough to greet the page beneath,
For all it feels, is the impression of letters
embossed beneath.

Millions of thoughts cross my fickle mind,
Yet no words enough to adorn my page.
Now the dot has turned into a stain,
I feel restless and anguished.
Because that's what a writer feels,
When the ink for his emotions vanishes.

Now I feel content for I've come this far with
words,
The same words that I plucked from the bush,
The same words that sketched my emotions,
Before the dot could ruin my page.
Now the stain is obscured within my words,
My pen almost empty,
I close my diary with a smile on my face.
Every page has a dot carved upon,
Obscured within my poems,
That has aged well like fine wine.



JAIL BREAK by Rohit Biswas

“When I was asked to write this column for the spring edition of our annual literary magazine, I couldn't fathom what I could possibly write to capture the essence of this extravaganza and marry it to the theme of the current edition. While pondering upon the thought of how and why does this theme appeal to me so much but also paralyses me simultaneously, I arrived at a conclusion that at the precipice of teenage when my friends were exhibiting their creative flair over their Instagram handles, maybe my choice of ‘The_Stockholm Syndrome’ was not so sub-conscious after all. A consciousness that envelopes us all but sub-consciously doesn't even let us feel the nuances of it. When Imtiaz Ali released ‘Highway’ all those years ago, and Alia Bhatt brought a character to life who enjoys the freedom of captivity; critics praised the background score and we silently took out handkerchiefs from our ironed pockets in the darkness of a theatre, only to return it there in a wet, crumpled and disorderly state.

We didn't listen to the scruff of the struggle to put it back in place. We didn't look into the eyes of the person sitting next to us to see if the moisture in their eyes was similar to ours. We stole glances and looked down at our shoes which were not cuddled by the mud of our journey. We got up from our seats, in a rush to exit the theatre so that we can get our bubble-tea at once without awkwardly trying to hide our tears while waiting in the queue and then head straight to our car; for a smoke to relieve us from the hangover lingering on our souls. We were moved but not shocked. We were in awe of what had just unfolded but only to realize that it was a déjà vu. We dived into the road trip but us, a generation of liberals, feminists, fighters of equality, protectors of the Earth and woke millennials failed to sufficiently acknowledge, what it was about the frames captured on-screen that captured our thoughts off-screen. We again failed ourselves only to believe that we succeeded to exit the trauma, to which we could only possibly empathize but not identify.

Often, while moving ahead in life self-reliance is the only thing that some people know. The first instinct of any modus operandi for some exists in the bubble of “I can manage”. As much as this generation would like to pat itself on its back about how self-sufficient and independent it is, the truth lies behind the closed doors of a room where they have captured and imprisoned their sensitivity. Even if they share a thousand BuzzFeed articles of how being alone has empowered them, at the end of the day they shed silent tears at their own success parties where they themselves buy the cake, light the candles, make a wish and cut a slice under the hash-tag of self-love.

Stuck between editing photos captured in their gallery for a perfect grid and endless loop of tweets and re-tweets of 9AM philosophical shower thoughts; they are in captive of their infinite screens, which quite ironical to its name, can't fill up their primary denial, loneliness. Then the duality of stigma and acceptance comes handy because the trend of having a mental health disorder fills up the lacuna of flesh and bone conversations mirrored by glittery chat boxes.



Call it coping mechanism or walls up to your ears, it's a prison we build ourselves inside our minds and hearts, where there is no warden but us and we crackdown on the features of ours that are too real to be strong. We search for those sides hidden in the darkness of the abyss and forcefully capture them because we, a generation that abhors moving at a glacial pace are too vulnerable to be vulnerable.

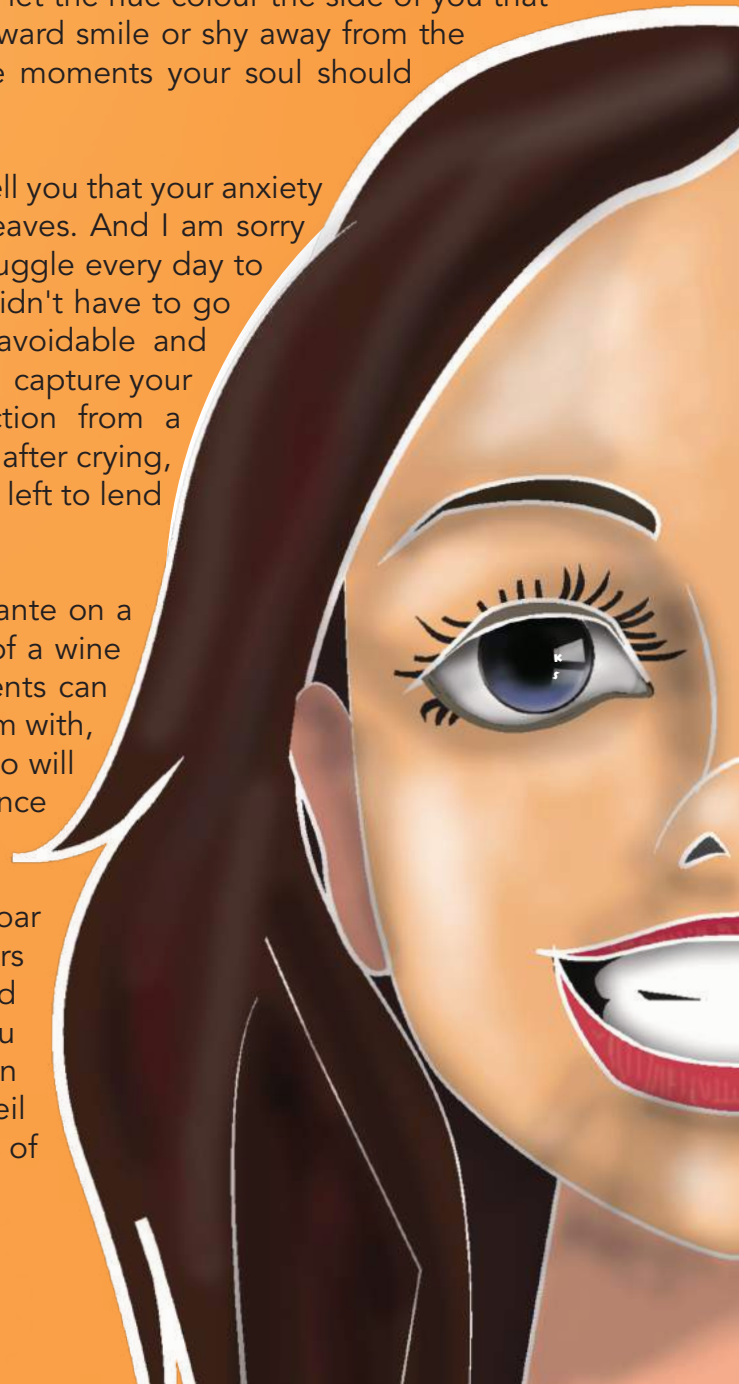
So, next time when you feel the wind and the sun hitting your face in the exact ratio that makes you feel like taking a nap on winter afternoon, do not imprison the child in you who would gleefully laugh at the theatrics of nature. Slow down a little and absorb the nonchalance of the butterflies dancing next to a fresh growth of Dahlia. Let the silent ripples of a river flowing far away and song of birds and bees replace the mundane symphony ringing in your ears.

Next time, when you feel your first love is not going to be your last; and it breaks your heart to think of unrequited love as forlorn lovers, do not capture the innocence in you inside bottomless pits. While walking on your way to class, if the sunset makes you upload an aesthetic picture with a meaningless quote, do not shy away from feeling the magnanimity of the moment. Do not just capture the hues inside your digital status updates but let the hue colour the side of you that existed only in black and whites. Don't hide your awkward smile or shy away from the snorts after you laugh your hearts out, these are the moments your soul should capture for warmth on a cold wintry night.

I wish I could tell you that it gets better. I wish I could tell you that your anxiety or depression will eventually fade away like autumn leaves. And I am sorry that I can't promise so. I am sorry that you have to struggle every day to get out of our bed and brush your teeth. I wish you didn't have to go through this but I am sorry that it has become unavoidable and inevitable for you. But do not let your daily trepidations capture your uniqueness into a bunker because it gives protection from a bazooka as well as a grenade. When your eyes dry out after crying, ask for a handkerchief. The world has enough kindness left to lend you a shoulder.

When you want to celebrate, go out with your confidante on a red velvet date and let your eyes shine in the glitter of a wine glass. All these goals, aspirations, dreams, achievements can truly be enjoyed when you have someone to share them with, someone to cheer for you from sidelines, someone who will gladly hold an umbrella on dark cloudy days and dance with you till your feet hurt at your favorite music concert. Don't imprison the human in you for the fear of the unknown, instead let the human in you free, to soar into the skies it wants to, sail into the uncharted waters and find its way back home. Those moments captured on the negatives of a photograph film are the ones you will cherish till your last breath which wouldn't have been born if you had imprisoned your true self behind the veil of what a flash could possibly capture in your moments of unadulterated happiness."

- A jail warden planning the prison break





Co-Founder, Wikilimo
United Nations Competition
Summer of Solutions Winner

Frontiers Explored: Anurag Saha Roy

Youth representative at the UNDP
Technologist and Entrepreneur

Team D361 caught up with Anurag, 25-year-old Electrical Engineer from NITR, currently based in Singapore. Anurag's venture Wikilimo strives to provide offline access to weather and agri-insights to remote rural communities. At the Climate Week in NYC in August 2019, Anurag spoke extensively about Wikilimo and the need for youth social entrepreneurship along with the use of technology for fighting the impending climate doom; sharing the stage with greatest leaders from all around the world. At Wikilimo, he handles both the technology and business, leading the team's effort to build an open Climate Informatics platform for all.

Question : What do you miss most about your life at NITR?

A: What I miss most about NITR, is the flexibility. I could pursue any crazy idea that I had and easily find people who wanted to execute it with me. The support system of like-minded people who back you up in your professional growth as well as personal growth is one of the few most underestimated features of NITR that we take for granted. It is only after we graduate that we realize how challenging it is to find an ecosystem that is compatible with your goals and aspirations.

Question : You were a student from the Department of Electrical Engineering, the Chief Coordinator of Monday Morning, and an avid debater in Clarion. How did you balance so much on your plate?

A: Well speaking of my college life balance, I often joked about how I could always retake an exam later if I did poorly but would never again be able to interview a specific chief guest. And in some cases, the joke ceded to be a joke and transformed into a trick that helped me manage my time and priorities. Studying for 230 credits was overwhelming. When it came to time management, I realized that not all the subjects in my curriculum were going to be useful to me in the long run. I had developed an interest in Quantum Computing late in my second year, and I thought it better to spend my time pursuing online courses on this topic. I utilized all my winter and summer breaks by keeping myself occupied with internships. This approach also helped me become more flexible with the amount of time I gave to Monday Morning and Clarion. I think it is crucial you know what your needs are and how much time you provide to the things that matter to you.

Question : Looking back at your astounding journey, do you have any regrets?

A: Sometimes, I do feel, actually many people from our generation who are now abroad will relate to this; we do very well professionally, grow personally, explore geographies and culture from all over the world along with meeting interesting people of all diversities. But we end up missing out on primetime with our family, cousins and siblings. That sets me thinking sometimes, that it's great that I can build my career with fantastic opportunities, but I'm also losing out on precious moments with my parents during the primetime of my life.

Question : What was the lowest point in your journey, and how did you get through it?

A: I love working in Quantum Technologies, and the professional satisfaction I experience here in Singapore, is unparalleled. But I had not fully fathomed how difficult it could be moving to a completely different country. It wasn't a low point in my professional life but coming to terms with the reality of adulthood alone, so far from home was very emotionally draining. I made friends eventually, of course, but the initial stages of living on my own without a social circle was definitely not easy. I learnt a lot from this experience; it added a different dimension to my persona. All of us go through it at some point, and I'm glad I went through this stage so young in life. It taught me a lot about sustaining myself, professionally and personally, about mental health and how to get a support system far from home.

Question : We all know about your terrific trip to UNDP. Would you like to share any funny anecdotes from the trip?

A: Of course (chuckling), I had my share of silly incidents during the stay in New York. This particular incident took place right after the four of us nominated spokespeople finished our speeches at the inauguration. I sat down in my seat and quickly got engrossed with the speech by the Chancellor of Germany. This gorgeous woman sitting behind me, tapped on my shoulder and praised my speech along with asking me of my origin. Upon learning that I was an Indian, she asked me where exactly in India did I belong to. It turned out that she was from India as well and spoke some fluent Bengali herself. Then she asked me for a picture and my name so that she could share it on her Instagram handle. After getting to know that her name was "Dia", I politely turned back front and got engrossed in the speech once again. It took me about 90 seconds to realize later, that just "Dia" was the Dia Mirza in living flesh. The teenager in me who often sang to "Zara Zara", was profusely disappointed in myself. I apologized to her, and she just smiled back, saying it was not a big deal. I felt so overwhelmed and humbled.

Question : Can you share three items off your bucket list?

A: Okay, first off, I want to travel to space. I am one of those people who believe in the potential of space tourism in the upcoming couple of decades, and I definitely am in for it. The second item off my bucket list would be to learn how to fly a plane, a Cessna at the least. I want to be able to go high up in the air and look at cities from a bird's point of view. Lastly, something more short term on my bucket list would be to run a marathon. God knows I am not a very fit person. And like most Bengalis, I love sweets and food, and I have developed a keen interest in cooking, but I'd love to check this off my bucket list.

Question : Lastly, what is your message to the youth?

A: My message to the youth, is that say **YES**. Say 'yes' to every opportunity that comes your way. It is imperative to be more carefree while figuring out the best opportunities forward. If you believe that I am in over my head, comparing my experiences to send in a message, then all I have in reply to that is: Compounding Effect. Every opportunity you say yes to, every prospect you take a shot at, every application you make for a fellowship, internship or competition; exponentially increases your chance of finding a better opportunity. Opportunities are not linear. They keep compounding. The more you say yes to opportunities to, the more you try hard to find opportunities and work for it, the more you will find yourself in life-changing opportunities.

THE
M *e* **S** *S* **Y**
DESIGNER



The Messy Designer is a feature piece that displays the assemblage of different types of art as well as the different niches that each of the 6 designers on the Design Team of D361 possess.

Writer's Block

"Writer's block... The big C of the writing world... No-no-no. Backspace. Start again. Writer's block... the apocal... nah... nightmare... meh.... Writer's block... Writer's block..... Writer's block..... ARGGHHHHHHHHH #%&@!"

This is what it looks like. It doesn't matter what circumstance you are in. Deadline looming? Your motivation to write brimming with zeal? This demon is hiding right behind the corner to quell it all; to put a knife around your neck and steal your wallet full of ideas, to bludgeon your eagerness to put the pen on paper, to leave you debilitated and twitching helplessly. I exaggerate, of course.

Writer's block, or more casually the "Blank Page Syndrome", is defined as the condition of being unable to think of what to write. It plagues everyone and for unpredictable amounts of time. Be it professional authors who have millions of fans awaiting the sequels of books with cliff-hangers, be it students writing their college essays, or be it one of us trying to complete his/her D361 assignment. So, I decided to write about that which was making me incapable of writing at all. Endure and persist, amirite?

Though sometimes, our self thought-out ideas that seem amazing in our heads, just don't seem appealing on paper, right?

As fancy as it may sound, isn't 'Writer's Block', something that worries us all?



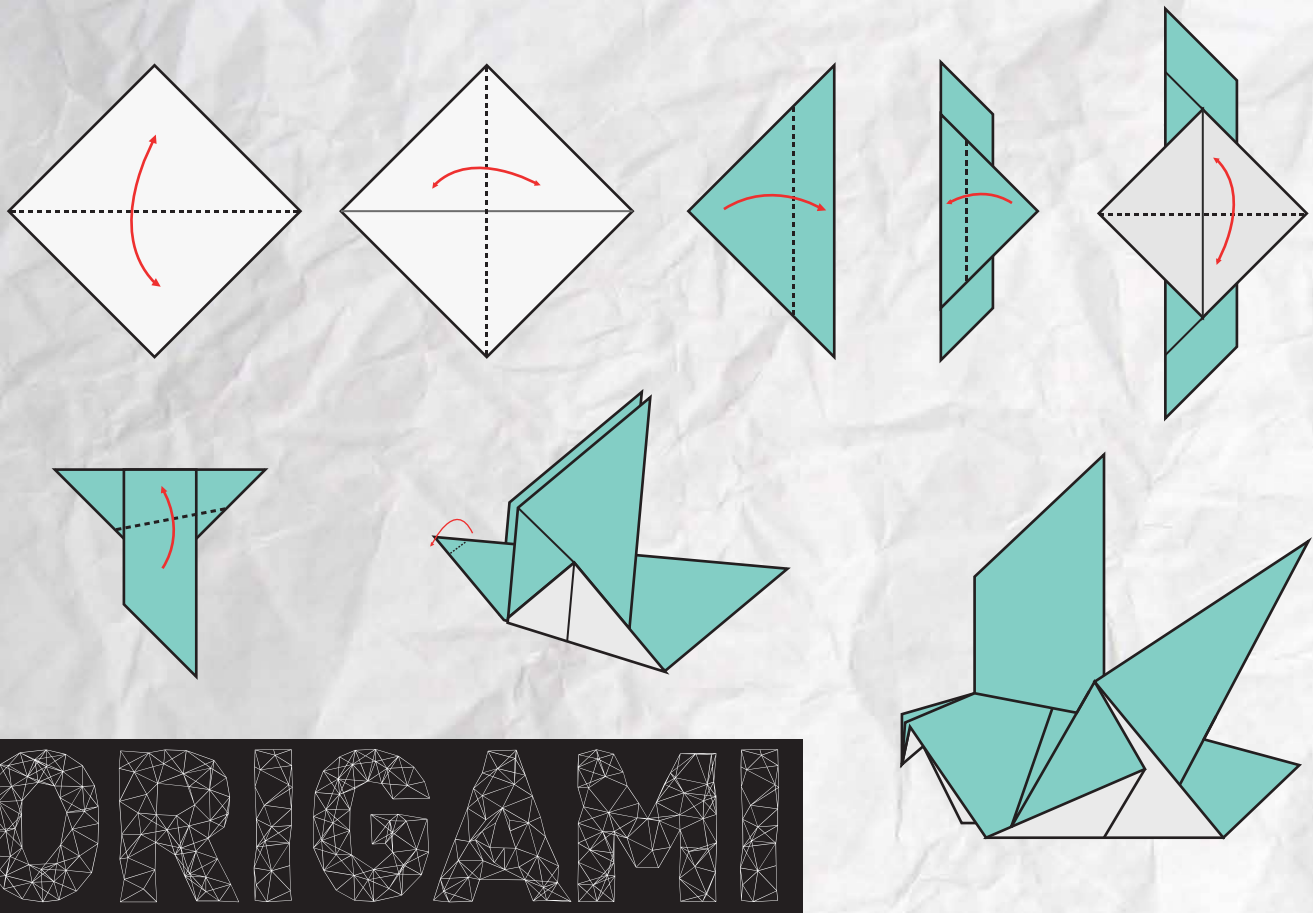
After every great piece, comes that mind-numbing writer's block along with the longest silence of words. So, let's hear it from the Content Team at D361, about how they tackle the monstrous block and helps them prevent their fellow writers from feeding off their disasters.

// My way out is spending hours and hours with Murakami novels. The mind-bending underground worlds of Haruki Murakami's plots work every single time!"

"Take a break, go to a quiet place. Mix up my own experiences and people I know. Then try to visualize underlying emotional elements as tangible entities and get them down on the paper in their very raw form."

"I take an indefinite break and I give myself space, and wait until my mind starts working more creatively and approaching things in a new way."

"In my particular case, I wait for the happiest and the most sorrowful moments. These moments that drive the most innate and dormant emotions, opening us all to new experiences and a world of potential."



"The butterflies in Rosei's dream would be orisue."

One of the oldest documentations about origami is in a short poem composed by a Japanese poet Ihara Saikaku in 1680, in which he was referring to an origami model known as Ocho Mecho (Male and Female butterflies) as "orisue". In Japanese culture, these paper models were used in wedding ceremonies. This oldest mention of origami alone shows the depth of the cultural influence origami had centuries ago.

The world of origami did encounter widely varying differences in flavours ranging from '45-degree creases and no cuts' based European origami to '22 degrees and cuts' based Japanese ones. Nevertheless, integration started when Japan opened its boundaries in the late 19th century as part of modernization.

Modern origami is done by 'designers' and heavily depends on some bases and rules. The window for origami to engineering design comes from the fact that it is a process by which a flat sheet of paper is transformed into complex shapes with very relatively little process. For example, a team from Brigham Young University developed a bulletproof shield based on Yoshizawa's crease pattern which reduced the weight by 40 pounds.

Miniaturizing functional origami brought even more sophisticated applications. The smallest origami ever made is a classic flapping bird with a size in the microscopic range. This microscopic folding method is used to make nanoinjectors, which are 4 micrometers thick, used to deliver DNA to cells in gene therapy.

But let's keep all the complicated applications that origami has given birth to aside for a moment, and let's celebrate all the 'paper boat and paper airplane' moments that made up a tiny fun-filled part of our childhood.

मुझे लगता है ।

हाथों में लेकर हाथ मेरा, आँखों से आँखें मिलाकर वो मुझसे पूछती है, " तुम्हें क्या लगता है?"
 मैंने कहा, "मुझे लगता है कि मैं या कोई और तुम्हें इश्क़ से बाँध कर नहीं रख सकता ।
 तुम खुशबू सी हो जिसका एहसास करके खुमारी हो जाती है। तुम्हारा मुझ में बसर करना ही काफी है ।
 तुम्हें कैद करने की ख्वाहिश नहीं है मुझ को ।

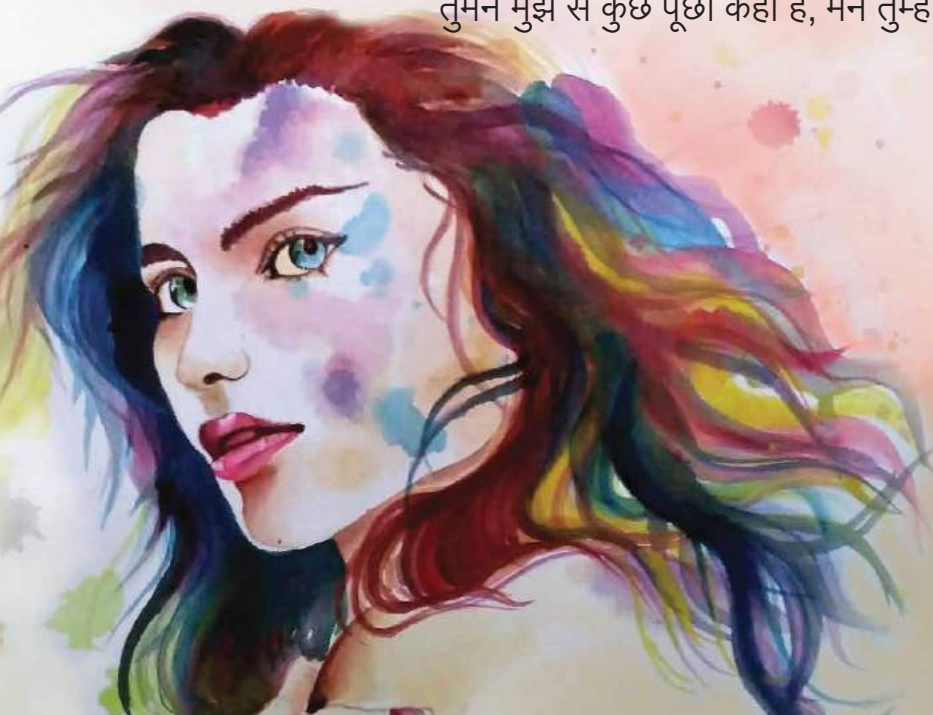
मुझे लगता है कि तुम्हारी आँखों में कई ख्वाब हैं, जो अधूरे हैं । कई रास्ते हैं जिनपर चलना अभी बाकी है ।
 तुम एक लहर हो, जो साथ हो तो सफ़र आसान हो जाता है । तुम्हारा मेरे साथ चलना ही मेरे लिए काफी है ।
 तुम्हें रोकने की ख्वाहिश नहीं है मुझ को ।

मुझे लगता है कि तुम जहाँ रहती हो वहाँ सब खुश रहते हैं ।
 तुम बहार सी हो, जो अपने चारों ओर रंग भर देती है । तुम्हारा मेरी ज़िंदगी में होना ही काफी है ।
 तुम से दूर जाने की ख्वाहिश नहीं है मुझ को ।

मुझे लगता है कि तुम जैसी हो वैसी ही सब से अच्छी हो ।
 तुम एक ग़ज़ल हो जिसे किसी शायर ने अपने उम्र भर के तजुर्बे और हुनर को खर्च कर के लिखा है ।
 तुम्हारा मुझे उस ग़ज़ल में शामिल कर लेना ही मेरे लिए काफी है ।
 तुम्हें बदलने की ख्वाहिश नहीं है मुझ को ।

पर ये सब बस मुझे लगता है, तुम कुछ भी और कैसी भी हो सकती हो ।
 आखिर ये शाम, ये मुलाकात, कुछ भी हकीकत कहाँ है ।
 तुम मुझ से और मैं तुमसे अभी मिले कहाँ हैं ।
 तुमने मुझ से कुछ पूछा कहाँ है, मैंने तुम्हें कुछ बताया कहाँ है ।

- अंकुश गौतम



मेरा इश्क जैसे कश्मीर !

- माधव गुप्ता

वह मेरे साथ हो कर भी मेरे साथ नहीं ,
मेरे इश्क के संविधान में आज भी धारा ३७० लगी हुई है ॥

मेरी कोशिशें कम नहीं,
पर ये इश्क है, कोई हुकूमत नहीं,
यहां ज़ोर कहां किसी पर चलता है,
उसकी भी आज़ादी है, आज़ाद दिलों की ये कहानी है ॥

उसे मेरी बातें कभी सच्ची, तो कभी साजिश लगती हैं,
ऐसा नहीं कि उसे प्यार से इन्कार है,
पर प्यार करने में अभी उसको कोई मफद नहीं ॥
धोखा जो कई बार उसके साथ हुआ है,
कभी अपनों ने, तो कभी परायों ने उसको छला हुआ है ॥

बिखरी सी रहती है हर दम,
ऊपर से खामोश सर्द बर्फ,
सीने में आग लिए फिरती है,
तेवर उसके बागी है, हो भी क्यों ना ?
"शक की सुइयां हर दम उस पर हावी हैं ! "

जन्नत उसकी आँखों में ही है,
सारा ज़माना उस पर आंख गड़ाए बैठा है,
घात लगाए बैठा है,
पर उसको तो अकेला ही रहना है,
फिर साथ मेरे ही चलना है ,
साथ मेरे ही चलना है ॥

TROPHIES

- Swayampurna Mishra



As twilight fell on the day's close,
The old man would sit by his window
By the candle, with a cloth
And rub clean all his old cups.

Big small, bronze, silver and gold
He sat polishing clean
Until they shone, without a speck of dust

Seldom visited was his house,
Dusty were the floors and walls
But the trophies sat on the case
Like a diamond amongst coal.

With morning break, would faces peek
Flushed with delight, childlike and pure,
Into his house through the curtains,
To watch the old man go on with his chore.

Long and deep were his sighs
As he thought about the long past
Back to the shouts, laughter and tears
When little feet ran around his yard.

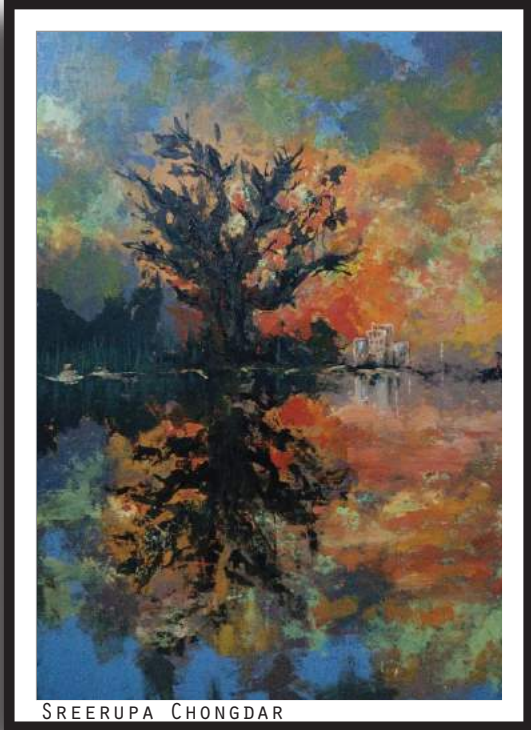
As they became stronger, they ran faster
And soon could outrun the entire state
He came to be known, as another Bolt
The awards couldn't make less haste.

After a while, when it all settled down
He stepped out, as he needed to fly higher
Not enough to do here or learn
Once successful, he would send for his father

Your son, they said, would make you proud
As his success echoed home
One day, they said, when he comes back
You wouldn't be so very alone.

But here he is, a dozen years along
Sitting with the trophies his son had brought home
Polishing them everyday, keeping them new;
In hopes that one day, they will become his son.

NITR Canvas ARTWORKS



SREERUPA CHONGDAR



ARMAAN SAHOO



TARUN JOSE



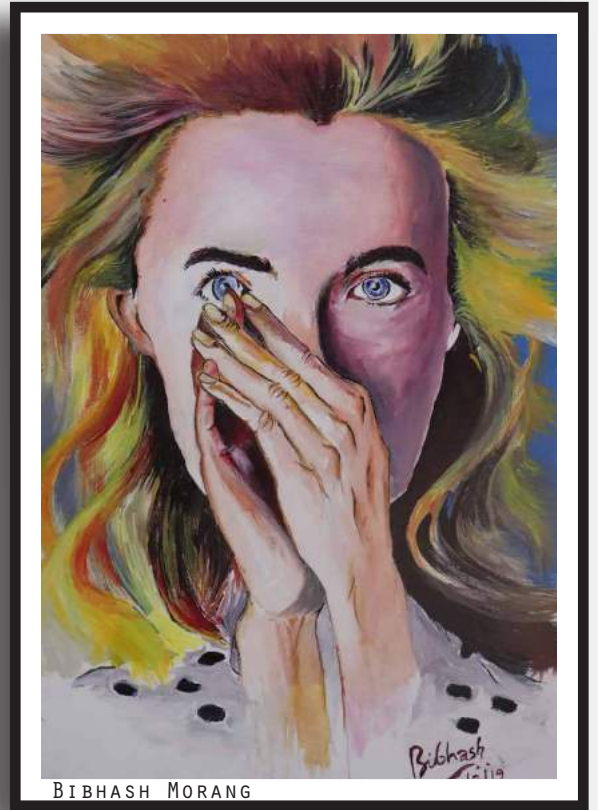
ANWESHA PANDA



RAMDHAN RABHA



SWATI JAIN



BIBHASH MORANG



KAMLESH SAHOO

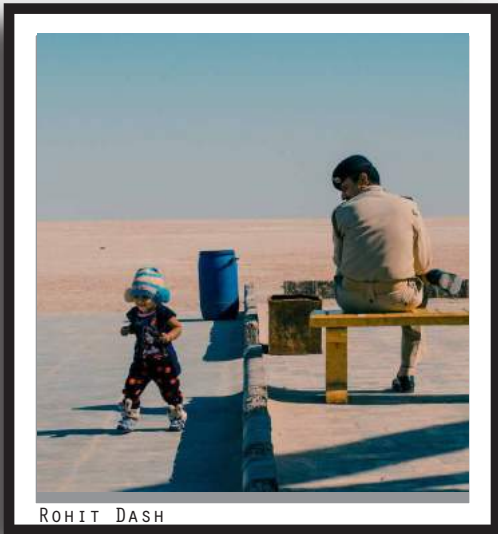


RAJAT PANDA

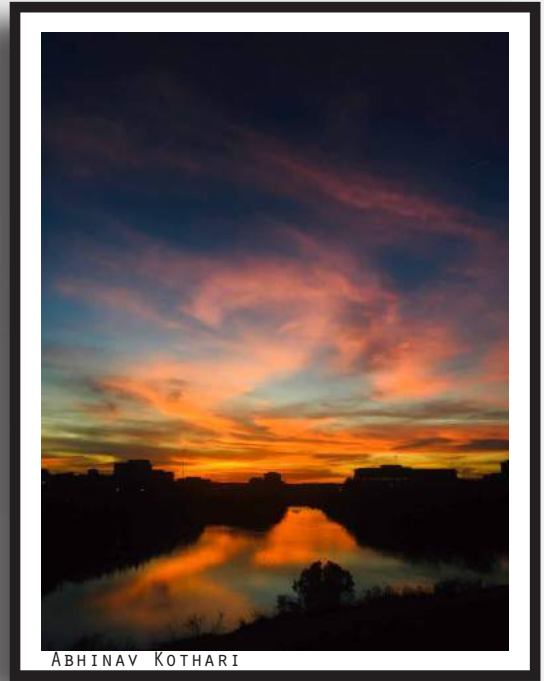


SAUMYA ANAND

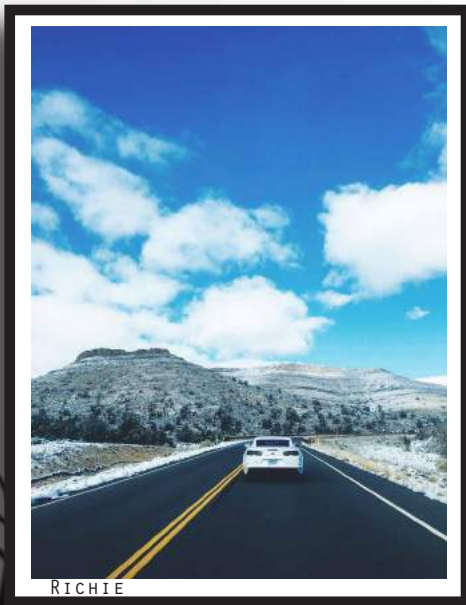




ROHIT DASH



ABHINAV KOTHARI



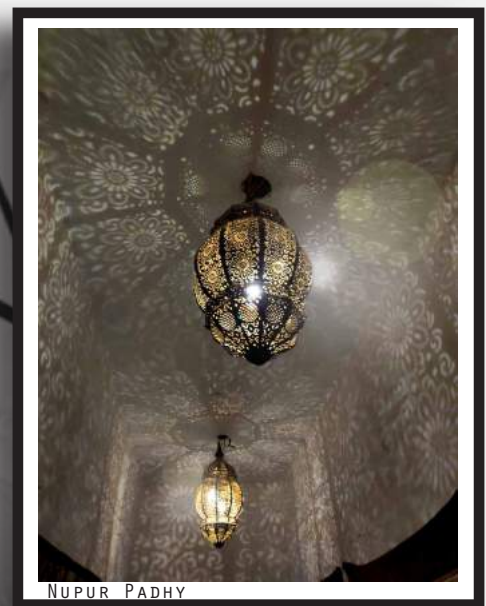
RICHIE



NISHANT BAHUGUNA

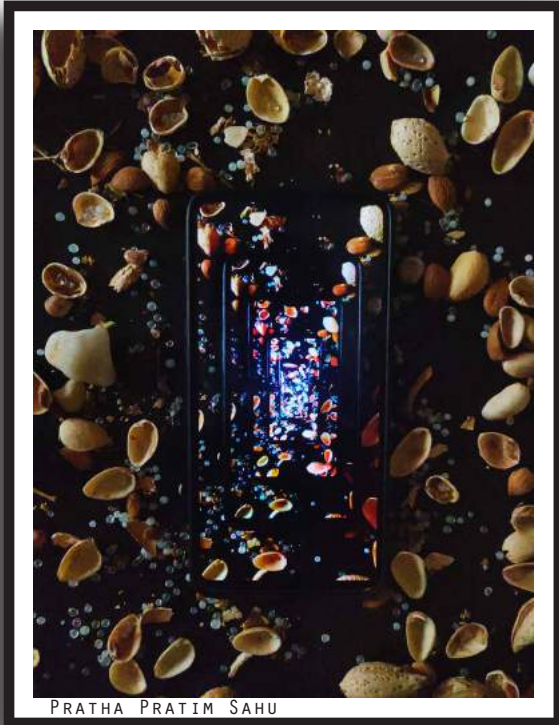


SUFYAN KHAN



NUPUR PADHY

NITR Canvas PHOTOGRAPHS



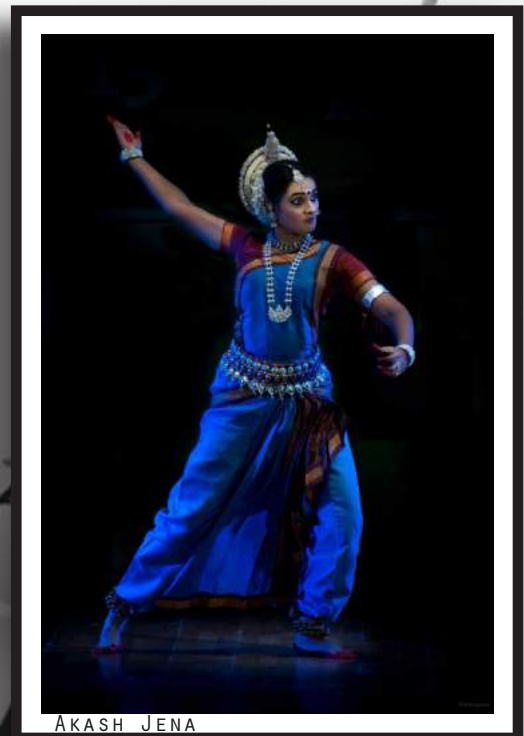
PRATHA PRATIM SAHU



AMEYA SHEJALE



AAYUSH JAIN



AKASH JENA



ARMAAN SAHOO

DID I REALLY KNOW HIM?

- Rudransh Sharma

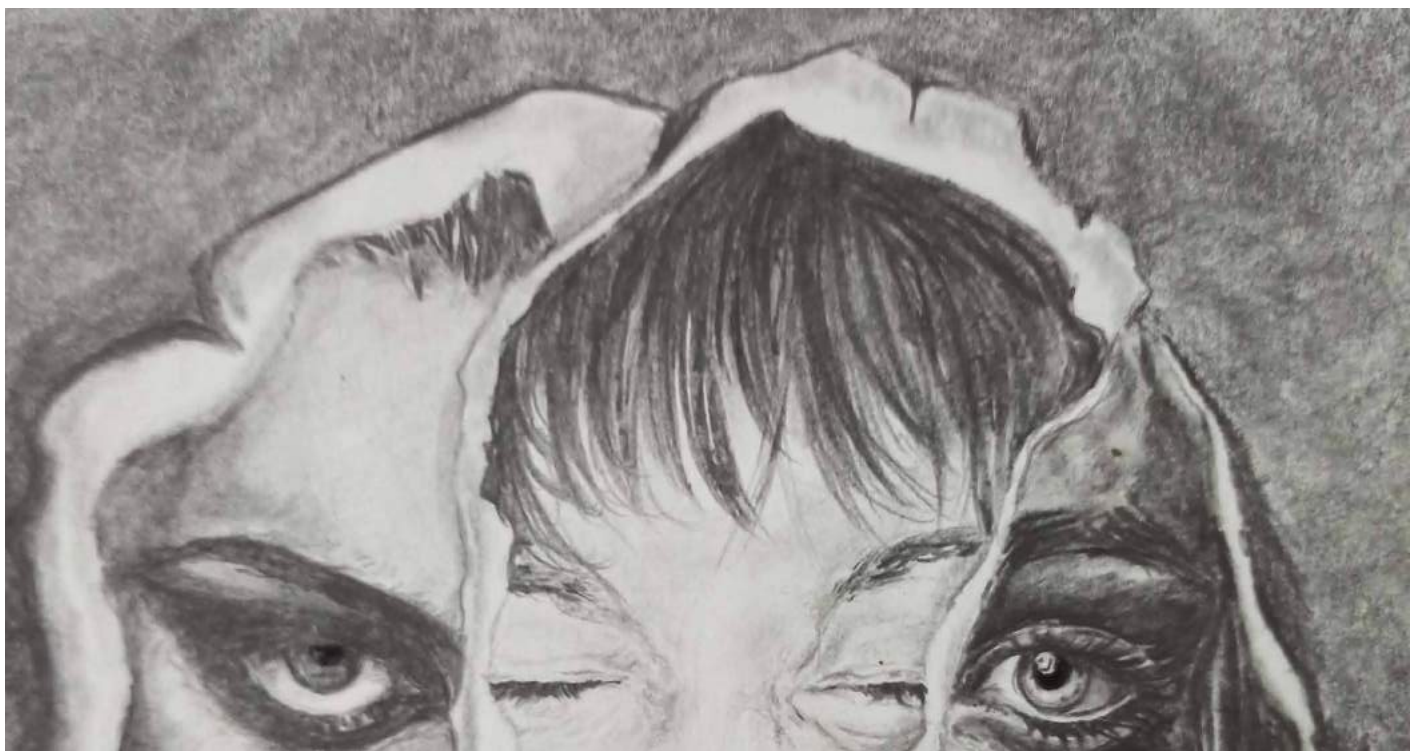
It was a beautiful day. I had just completed my daily schedule and was about to enter my friend's room to blow off the entire day's stream. When I placed my foot inside his room, nothing felt out of the ordinary. His office was clean, and everything was organized as is always, and he was waiting with a controller in hand to begin our daily FIFA rounds. Amongst the number of goals scored and the soaring competition, I saw something which struck my eye at once. I saw remnants of something that used to be a page. It seemed as if the page was lit ablaze until almost everything was burned.

I created the perfect opportunity to make him leave his room to get us some drinks. The moment he stepped out, I latched his door and like Sherlock Holmes started piecing together, the charred remains of what was proudly once a paper inside a diary. The contents of the document shook me. Little did I know about the proceedings which were set in stone from the moment I laid my eyes on that piece of paper. Read this diary entry, and you'll understand where I'm coming from.

Dear diary,

Hello, it's me again. Yes, I know that I don't talk to you as much as you would want me to, but I didn't feel like talking with anyone until it was time to see my therapist again. He stressed again on the part of me having someone to talk to, even if it was someone mute. He said something about it reducing trauma? Eh! I don't remember it that well. He told me to tell you everything that I felt as if I was talking to another version of myself. I guess that works, I had always wished for a carbon copy of mine with whom I could interact with. So, yes, I still feel nothing. I believe that I'm incapable of feeling anything. I still am unable to distinguish between underlying feelings like happiness and sadness. I'm not sad, I'm just indifferent to my surroundings. I have engulfed myself so much into dissecting myself that I can't care enough about anything that's happening on the outside. Maybe that's the reason people behave differently around me.

My best guess is that they see me as someone who is not normal. I don't blame them either. After all, they don't understand how can someone not care about the things which everyone holds so dearly close to themselves. Also, I'm not a reject; I don't like talking about things which have no direct effect on me. Maybe that's why I disdain myself from any political comments.





Art by Saytajeet Behera

I cannot comprehend what it is going to take for these people to see me eye to eye. All of these things led me to change my entire wiring. I created countermeasures for this feeling I was having. This feeling was like a constant nag in the form of the voice which tells you that you are not good enough. I never believed it when someone said: "I'm shit or I'm just not good enough". But now something in me has snapped, I have stopped caring and comprehending my surroundings. I have stopped challenging people who knock me down. Instead now, I walk away without a word.

Now that I've wasted enough of your time, I'll take my leave. I hope at least you will never forget that I existed.

Not-so-lovingly yours.

_____.

I will not say that after reading this, I felt terrific. I was unsure if I'd be able to see him in the same light ever again. I understand why he'd hate me for it; but I left that decision for the time he returned from his coffee run.

I had two things in my mind at that time. First one being- find the missing last part of the entry as his concluding paragraph felt a little out of place. It felt like he still had more to say than what he wrote. The second- find his whereabouts.

I let my Sherlock senses run wild and found that missing piece of paper. Inside that small paragraph was the blueprint of the day six months from now.

He planned on going down in a road accident. He had everything pinned down, from the drinking while driving to the accident. Even the name of the road was mentioned. Baffled as I was; it was almost as if my body had a mind of its own. I saw myself reach for my phone, tears were already rolling down both my eyes. Needless to say, I wasn't sad.

I was devastated. To think I knew this person. I'd say he was one of the strongest. Even he had the blueprint of his death ready. I broke out of my reverie when I heard his phone ring in the corridor. Everything made sense now. From the shift in his demeanor to his ringtone. He really planned on killing himself. To my surprise when he did enter, it was almost as if the past hour or so happened in a different plane of reality. Everything was just "normal". We played FIFA like we always did.

The page was never mentioned again. I couldn't help but wonder, did I ever really know what was behind the mask he wore so regularly? Will I ever be able to see someone without this mask? Do you know what's truly going on in someone's head?



बारिश और बूंद

— यामिर अहसान

वो बारिश की पहली बूंद अब भी याद है , नज़र आसमान पर थी और की उरूज तो उससे भी ऊपर । जैसे जैसे एक एक बूंद गिरती मैं उसे अपने हाथ मे थामने कि कोशिश करता फिर जब हा खुशियों थ खोलता तो बूंद गायब । इस फिसलती बूंद को देख मैं खिलखिला उठता और अगली बूंद पकड़ने की कोशिश करता । मैं काफी खुश था और होना लाज़मी भी था आखिर उस वक़्त किसने सोचा होगा कि ये बारिश , और इस बारिश से मिली खुशी सब इस बूंद की तरह हाथों से फिसल जाएगी ।

मेरा बचपन भी बिल्कुल उस बारिश कि बूंद की तरह था । मैं फिसलता कभी इसके गोद तो कभी उसके गोद , कोई ठिकाना नही था, और फिर गिरता भी, बस गिरकर टूटता नही था । मेरी यह सारी गलतियां किसी के चेहरे की मुस्कुराहट बन जाती । मगर बरसात का आना सर्दियों का इशारा भी है जब ये बारिश की बूंदे बर्फ के गोले बन जाते हैं जिसे किसी के हाथों का ठिकाना न मिले तो वो टूट जाते हैं । मेरा बचपन भी इस ठंड के दौर से गुज़रा और हर कदम रखना बहुत मुश्किल हो गया एक गलत चाल और नीचे गिरकर बर्फ की तरह बिखर जाता ।

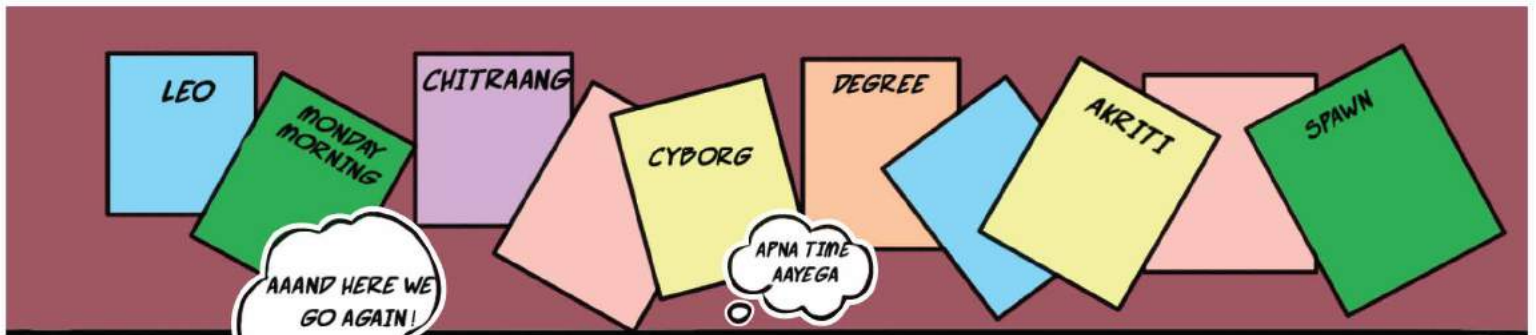
जिस शिद्दत से मैं अपने हाथों से बारिश की बूंदों को थामना चाहता था उसी शिद्दत से इन गोलो को हाथों से फिसलाना चाहता था । मगर न किसीको थामना मेरे वश में था नाही किसी को जाने देना । जिस तरह पानी वक़्त के साथ ठहरना सिख गया और बर्फ बन गया उसी तरह मेरा बचपन भी बदल गया अब यह वक़्त था कि अगर मैं किसी के हाथ से फिसलता तो न कोई मुझे दोबारा पकड़ने की कोशिश करता और नाही कोई मेरे गिरने पर खुश होता ।

अब तो ये बर्फ के गोले काफी बड़े हो चुके हैं अब इन्हें तजुर्बा है कैसे हर ऊँच नीच पर ,हर ठहराव पर Z उसी ठिकाने पर रुक कर इंतज़ार करना है , वक़्त का ऐतबार करना है । मगर अंदर कही एक बचपन फिर से उभर रहा है ,दिल को ऐतबार है वक़्त के सही होने का, मगर मन में अब चैन नही है इंतज़ार करने का । अब ये बर्फ शायद पिघल रहा है, और नज़र फिर से आसमान पर है, बस एक धूप कि किरण का इंतज़ार है , आखिर ये ठंड भी तो गर्मी का आगाज़ है ।



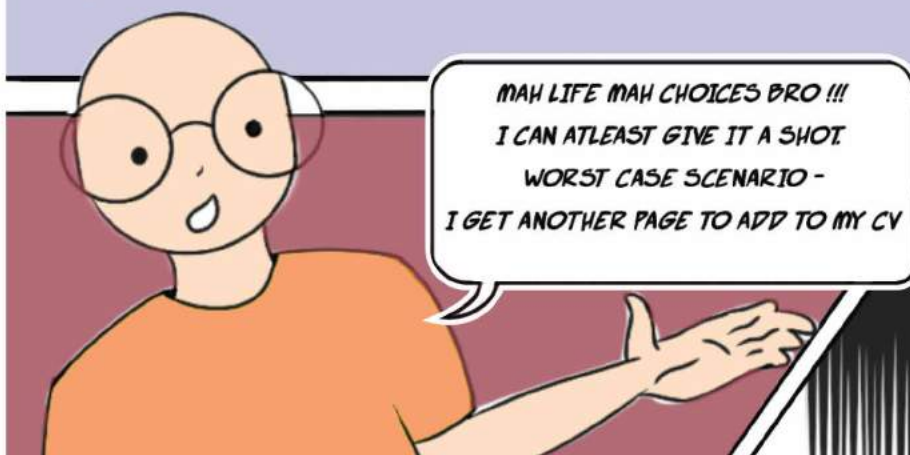
MINOTE, SEKOND AND AURA

By Abhrant Panigrahi and Subham Sai Behera



POOR AURA ! SHE IS ALWAYS SWAMPED WITH CLUBWORK, MEETINGS, PRACTICES AND COMPETITIONS! SHE HAS ALWAYS GOT POSTERS TO PASTE AND STUFF TO DO THAT REQUIRES 30 MORE HOURS OF A DAY. SHE GOT NO CHILL MAAAN !!

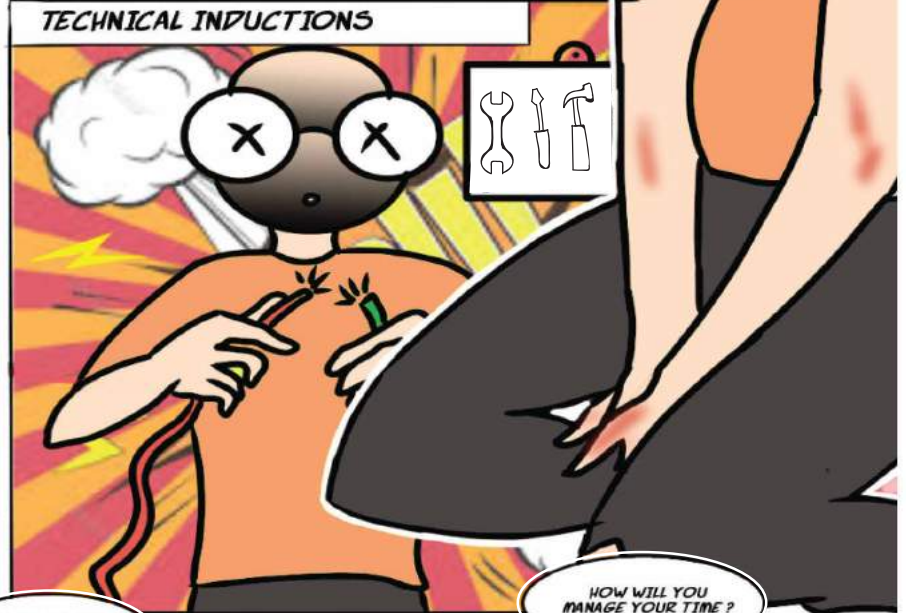
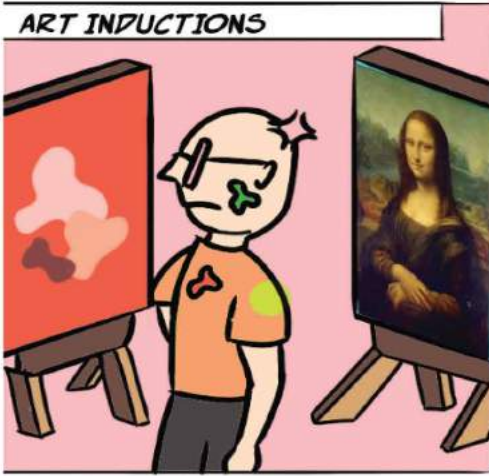
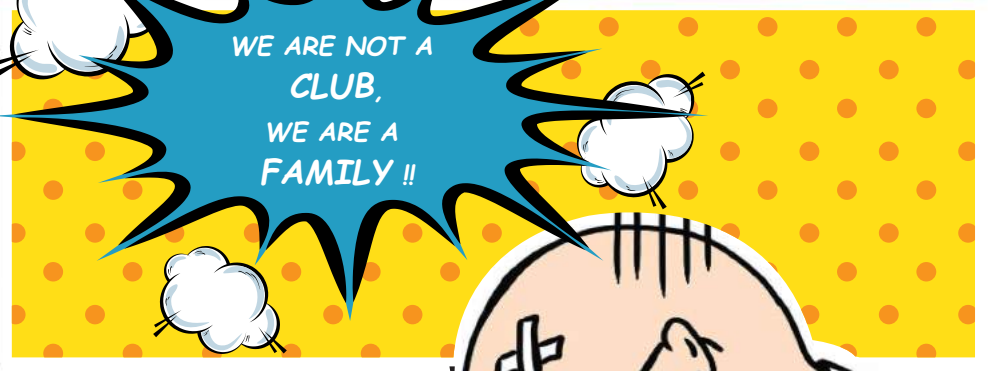
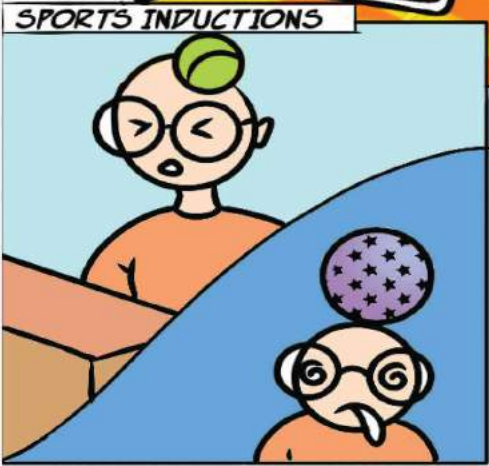
BE POSITIVE SEKOND !! CLUBS ARE PRETTY FUN AND IMPORTANT !! THEY DEVELOP YOUR PERSONALITY, IMPROVE YOUR SKILLS AND INTRODUCE YOU TO THE GREATEST PEOPLE



MAH LIFE MAH CHOICES BRO !!! I CAN ATLEAST GIVE IT A SHOT WORST CASE SCENARIO - I GET ANOTHER PAGE TO ADD TO MY CV

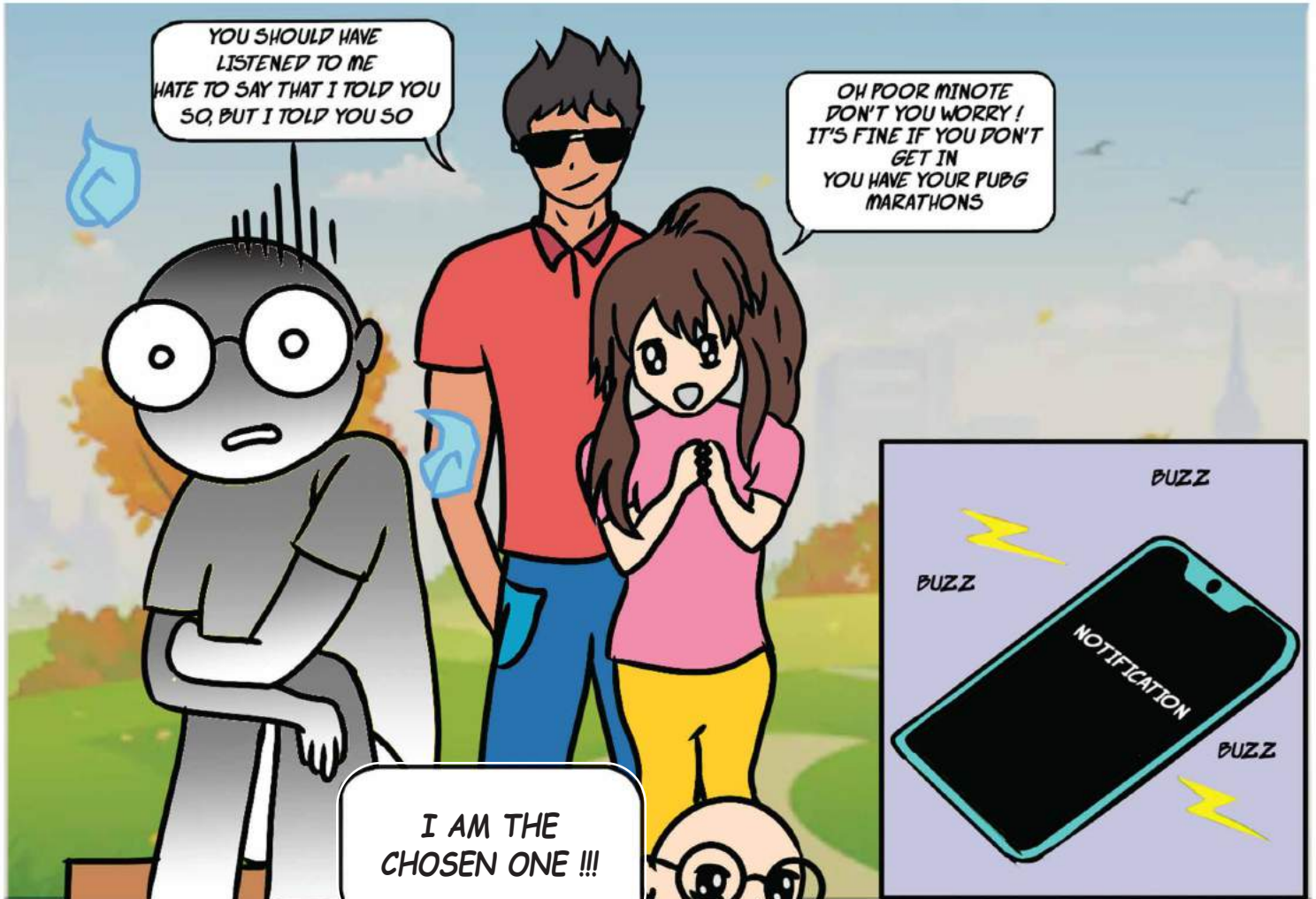


JAA MINOTE, JEE LE APNI ZINDAGI...



AND THEN THE WORST OF THE WORST ... THE MOST HORRENDOUS OF TORTURES





Obituary



Ansuman Behera

On the 11th of May 2019, Ansuman Behera, a fresher of the Chemical Engineering department, lost his life in a tragic accident. He was an amiable, cheerful, empathetic and passionate guy, who carved a heart-shaped niche in the memory of every person he interacted with. We pay our heartfelt homage to this young soul and convey our sincere condolences to his family and friends.

"But I will leave quietly,
One indifferent night
When the time is well nigh
When the clouds are sombre
With nothing more to say."

Sayed left us with these lines from his last poem "When the kind death comes". He was a cheerful, optimistic soul from the Department of Mathematics. On the unfortunate morning of 20th May 2019, we lost Sayed in an unfortunate accident. For someone who went out of his way to help others, we pray that his soul rests in peace. He shall always be remembered in our hearts.



Sayed Munib Ahmed



Mr. & Mrs. Jayabalan

The morning of 17th August 2019, struck grief in the NITR community with the news of the demise of Mr. and Mrs. Jayabalan. Prof. Jayabalan was regarded as a very cheerful and amicable professor, with his love for teaching having impacted the lives of so many students. Our thoughts will always remain with his loved ones. May both their souls rest in peace.

Subhashree Sahoo, a student of the Department of Electrical engineering, bid us farewell on 12th December 2019. She was an Academic Excellence achieving student, helpful senior and had an admirable personality. Her contribution to Aakriti, the Arts and Craft club and Cyborg, the Robotics club, was unforgettable. We lost a beautiful gem to sickle-cell anemia. Each day, NIT Rourkela years for her presence.



Subhashree Sahoo

The Team

MENTORS



Abhinav



Uditanshu



Pausali



Dharmesh



Sandipan

CORE



Adesh

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