

# WAR PEACE

A person wearing a black hooded jacket is shown from the chest up, holding a lit flare in their right hand. The flare is black with the words "LOVE GRENADE" written on it in red. A thick plume of bright red smoke rises from the flare, filling the right side of the frame. The background is a blurred city skyline with tall buildings under a bright sky. The overall mood is one of protest or social commentary.

**D361**  
SPRING EDITION | 2018



**Prof. Animesh Biswas**  
Director, NIT Rourkela

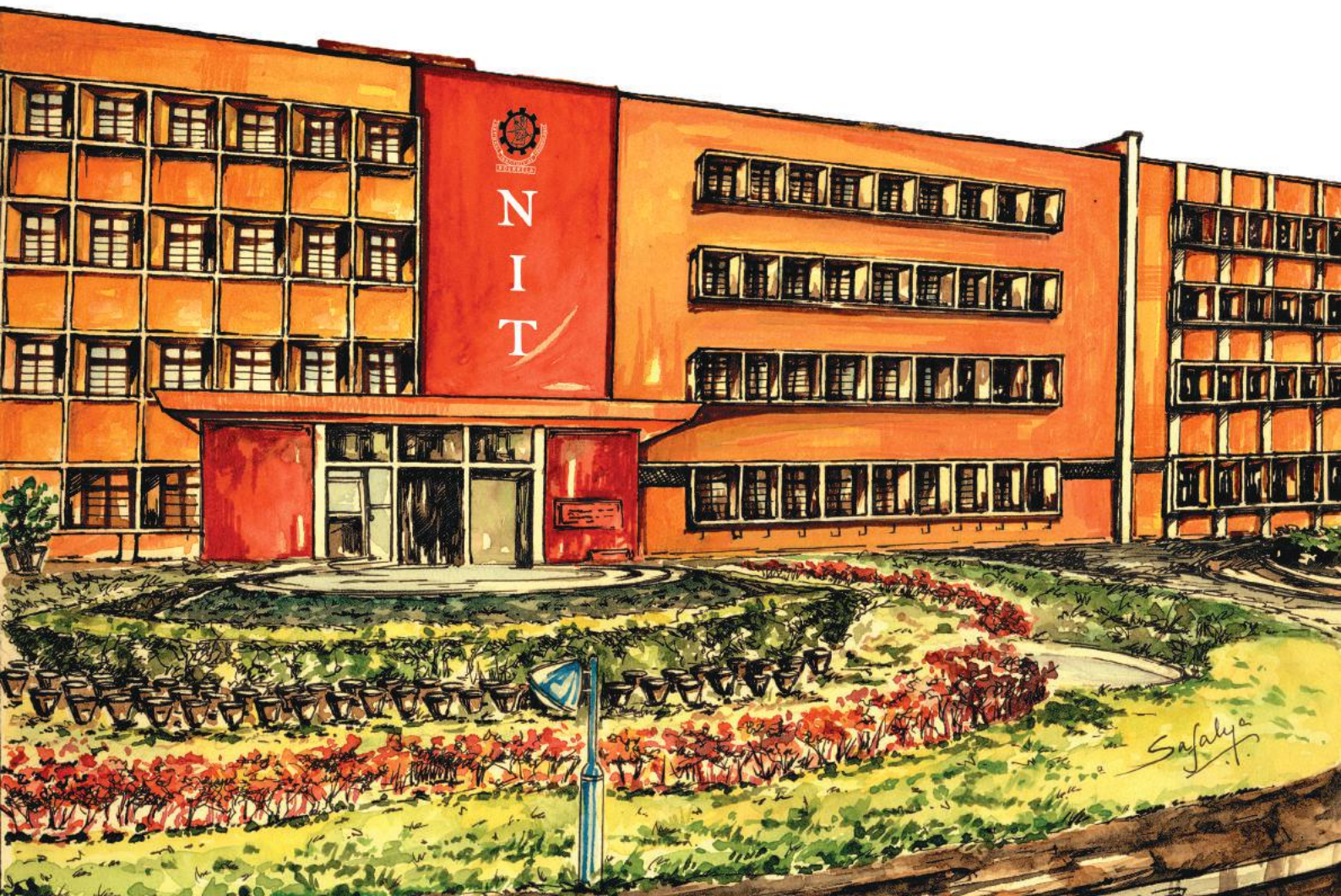
# Words of Wisdom

I am delighted that Degree 361, the official magazine of NIT Rourkela, is being published. This magazine serves as the perfect stepping stone for every student of NIT-R, to express his/her artistic talent before the entire NIT-R junta.

An initiative of the Literary Society, this magazine is a celebration of the rich creativity that flows in the veins of the students of NIT-R. It is a celebration of free thinkers, of writers, of poets and of artists.

This year, by virtue of addition of articles in Hindi, the team of D361 have brought the magazine even closer to the masses. 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 endeavour.





# EDITORIAL

By the end of 2016-17, two things were evident – the first being that the club culture had entered into a free fall, declining rapidly; and the other being its direct and unfortunate repercussion, the potential disbandment of Degree 361. Yes, D361, the official student magazine of NIT Rourkela which dates back to its inception in 2007 and enjoyed the work and glory of perhaps the most creative minds of its time, would have met an end for having an entirely stagnant year. The reasons behind this were numerous, debatable and best left untold. Desperate measures were taken by the departing team to prevent the flame from completely extinguishing and a brand new team was formed and the responsibility was passed down.

This edition of D361- the one that you're holding in your hands; the one you'll probably be using to stage your craftsmanship on your window panes, or which is already being utilized for an herbal therapy session, this edition is not a usual one. And it was no less than a euphoric feeling for us to have been able to deliver this magazine to you.

This magazine is the result of the combined efforts of a lot of people. We would like to thank Prof. Debarjoyti Choudhuri and The Literary Society (SAC), for having faith in us throughout the journey and the team of D361 – a bunch of zealous and different-minded people who came together in unison for this project. A huge shout out to our two designers – Ansh and Sambit, without whom this magazine wouldn't have looked even half as good as it does today. Mostly, we would like to thank our audience, whose response was overwhelming to say the least. We got some terrific entries and we confess, it was a tough time trying to do justice to them all. However, with that said, tune in to our website, [d361.nitrkl.ac.in](http://d361.nitrkl.ac.in) (developed and powered by Cyborg Club) and expect more of such great work in the near future.

You would notice if you went on reading the rest of the magazine that a lot of the articles have a hint of 'War and Peace', the theme this magazine is centered upon. We hope that it will have you go deeper in search of the true meaning of those 2 words, as was the case with us. With the inclusion of Hindi articles this time, we have widened the literary aspect of the magazine. On the academic front, we've included a research article on foreign research internships.

We hope you have a pleasant time reading this.

P.S. Do not hesitate to express your criticism, opinions, views and thoughts about the magazine by writing to [xpress.d361@gmail.com](mailto:xpress.d361@gmail.com)

With Regards,  
Editors-in-Chief,  
D361



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# Flood & Blood

-Sodyam Bebartha

It had been three days since she had taken shelter inside the cavity of the banyan tree, sitting in the same position with the 'girl-child' on her lap. She was starving, eager to devour anything except the banyan leaves which had been her only source of food for the last seventy hours. The area had been heavily flooded. All the village people had already left; no one had waited for her, nor had they called her. And why would they? She had been thrown out of the village weeks ago. Left with a drenched rag on her body, she hoped someone would come and rescue both of them. Everywhere she looked it was pitch-dark. Her life had very few moments that she could remember, the others had passed away unnoticed. Everything had been a nightmare since she was married.

Sevti was the eldest of five sisters. Every evening she took her goats out to graze. Her mother would give her a stick and a polythene bag with clear instructions to collect all the droppings, so they could dry and be used in their small piece of cropland. Collecting the droppings was fun, like some sort of a treasure hunt with the goats. Sometimes, as a bonus, she got some fresh cow dung, which could be used as fuel. It was on the Thursdays of November, that their small house would be filled with the aroma of the dung-painted floor. Sevti and her sisters used to consume most of the pan-cakes that would have been specially prepared for these occasions. This was, after all, the only grand feast they could afford in a year.

Sevti was content with her life. She had never been to school, not even inside the premises. She always stood near the boundary wall, watching the other kids. It was funny to see so many kids in the same clothes together. Not that she had ever wanted to be in school; she just couldn't imagine how anyone could be confined within those great walls for six to seven hours at a stretch.

Her life had become different when she was thirteen and her parents had been desperately seeking a suitable groom for her. Finally, Lady Luck had smiled on them. A man in his seventies had come to their home and wished for Sevti's marriage with his son, a widower and a father of a little girl. Sevti's father's happiness knew no bounds. The would-be relatives finalized the deal and the date for the marriage was fixed for a month later. The marriage was simple. That day Sevti wore a bright orange sari for the first time. Many people had gathered to bless the "young and not-so-young couple". As decided earlier, her father gave away three goats as dowry and the other two were slaughtered for the feast. The gifts, however, mostly consisted of cereals. At the end of the day, the family had collected seventy kilos of different kinds of rice and ten kilos of pulses, all mixed in one sack. That was the last time she saw her parents and her sisters. The first thing she had to do each morning was to touch the feet of her in-laws. Sevti went through a tough test the first week. She had to veil her face, whenever any male was present in the house. The veil also prevented her from having a glimpse of her husband. It was much later when she found out what he looked like. He always combed his hair backwards, with all the oil dripping on his



neck. The moustache was kept neat and well-trimmed. Sevti's husband had left home after a month of their marriage to work in Surat. He worked in a cotton mill. Her in-laws were very proud as their son was the only one to go out of the village and work in an alien land. He would amuse his friends with his broken Hindi. At the end of each month when he would send eighteen hundred rupees home, it would be like the festival season had arrived early. Sevti was forced to do all the chores of the house. Her soft palms cracked cleaning the heavy brass utensils. She was not allowed inside the kitchen until she bathed. Her cooking never satisfied the hungry demons. The days turned into weeks and weeks into months.

Meanwhile, her belly had started protruding out. Sevti thought her appetite had increased but everyone else knew the cause. Ankita, her husband's child from his first marriage, was not liked by her mother-in-law as she wanted a male heir in her family. It was then that she took extra care of Sevti, as she was more anxious than the biological mother. Sevti would be made to eat all the fresh cream, sugarcane juice and a lot of other things which she had never dreamt of. Sevti had been quite excited the day when her labour pain started. She secretly wished her parents were near her, holding her hands during the delivery. But they had never sent any message; neither visited her since she was married. They certainly had other things to worry about, Sevti thought. They had four more girls to look after. Her mother-in-law had kept a letter ready for her son and had decided to post the letter as soon as she'd get the news of a baby boy. She had also decided on a name. But all her dreams had shattered once Sevti gave birth to a girl. She didn't eat the whole day.

The baby's closed eyes, tiny lips and soft skin made Sevti smile. She couldn't believe the fact that she had produced another human out of her own body. Days went by, no one ever asked about her or the baby. Sevti knew she had committed a crime by producing a girl. How badly she longed for someone to console her. Even her husband wasn't near her. Life had taken a turn for the worse. Any little mistake in the house would cause a havoc. Sometimes her mother-in-law would beat her severely. Towards the end of the month, her father-in-law had high fever; he couldn't eat food, nor could he stand on his own. The whole village gathered. Someone accused Sevti of being a witch and hexing the old man for revenge. Her mother-in-law got a good reason to throw her out of the house. Nobody heard her plea; she was humiliated and stones were hurled at her. Protecting the child, her back got badly wounded, but they managed to run away. She sat under a tree on the outskirts of the village. Her hair had become dry and rough and lost its colour in the sun. Each day she went to the garbage to find herself some food so that she could produce milk for her baby. The rain started, the lightning and thunder frightened her but she was determined to hold on. Luckily she found a hollow tree where she could keep her child safe from the rain. She managed to make it through three days. However, she couldn't feed her child anymore. The rain had washed away her dreams, her determination and her desire to live. She decided the only way out was to end her child's life. She couldn't bear her cries anymore; neither could she go out in search of food. She was completely helpless. Slowly she raised both her hands and held the child's tender neck. With the help of the thumb, she started to choke the baby. The child turned blue, slowly gasping for air, the little lips opened and closed. Sevti was devastated but she couldn't stop now. It was now or never. Then she heard something, which made her think she could be hallucinating. But she heard it again. A whistle. She carefully climbed out of the cavity, in the meanwhile her daughter re-filled her lungs with oxygen. A rescue boat was approaching. Sevti cried out of happiness. A hope to live arose within her.



# क्या बनना चाहते हो ?

“इमारत पुरानी है तो क्या हुआ, बुनियाद तो अभी भी मज़बूत है |”

सत्तर साल...सत्तर साल थे मेरे पास..शायद मेरी ज़िन्दगी के सबसे ख़ास सत्तर साल | इसके बाद ज़िन्दगी में चाहे कुछ सही हो या ना हो, चाहे कुछ रहे या ना रहे, लेकिन ज़िन्दगी के ये सत्तर साल मुझसे कोई नहीं छीन सकता | अस्पताल की शय्या पर पसरा, मैं अपने जीवन पर मौन मंथन कर रहा था | वैसे बचपन से ही मैं अपने समय से आगे की चीज़ हूँ |

“क्या बनना चाहते हो बेटा ?”, मेरे पड़ोस की जिज्ञासु आंटी मुझसे पूछती हैं | “दादा ! ...मुझे दादा बनाना है” | आंटी जिज्ञासु होने के साथ-साथ कोमल-हृदयी भी थी | इससे पहले कि उनके नाज़ुक मानस पटल पर मेरे उत्तर से भीषण तरेड़ पड़ती, मैं उनकी जिज्ञासा शांत करने लगा |

“इंसान जो भी काम करता है क्यूँ करता है ? गौर फरमाइएगा...वो पढ़ता है ताकि वो अच्छी नौकरी कर सके, अच्छी नौकरी अच्छा पैसा लाएगी, पैसा होगा तो शादी होगी, घर में समरिद्धी होगी तो सब खुशहाल रहेंगे | ज़िन्दगी का मूल खुश रहना ही तो है | फिर मैं अपने चारों ओर देखता हूँ तो कोई खुश ही नहीं है | जो पढ़ रहा है वो बस्ते के बोझ के तले दबा पड़ा है, जो नौकरी कर रहा है वो बाँस की चिक-चिक से परेशान है, उसका वैवाहिक जीवन तो वैसे ही हताश है |

अब आप ‘दादा’ को देखिये | प्रौढ़ता जीवन की श्रेष्ठ अवस्था है | सवेरे सूर्य देवता के दर्शन कर माध्यम ग्रीष्म सलील से अपने तन को स्वच्छ कर राम के भजन गाइए | फिर एक खिलखिलाती मुस्कान आपका स्वागत करेगी | अपनी विशुद्ध मुस्कान लिए वो नन्हे कदम आपकी ओर पड़ेंगे, वो पुष्प से कोमल हाथ आपकी ओर बढ़ेंगे और वो मीठी सी ध्वनि जो आपको ‘दादा’ पुकारेगी, आपको रूहानी एहसास देगी | मेरी बहु उसे नहलाएगी और फिर मैं उसे खेलता देख उन किलकारियों के मध्य अपनी बाल्यावस्था का चित्रण करके सायं काल की झीनी धुप को सेकते हुए चाय के प्याले से अमृत रस पीकर अनश्वरता प्राप्त कर लूँगा |”

इस विस्तृत उपदेश के बाद मैं अपनी स्तब्ध आंटी से हट कर माँ के समक्ष खड़ा हो गया, उन्हें अपने ऊपर गर्व करने का पहला मौका जो दिया था मैंने | एक आकस्मिक थप्पड़ की गूँज और माँ बोली, “दादा बनेगा ! १३ का पहाड़ा बोला जाता नहीं और साहबजादे को दादा बनना है | पढ़ेगा-लिखेगा नहीं तो कटोरा लिए बैठे रहना | दादा बनेगा.....”

वो तो बचपन था | अब बुढ़ापा है, पर दिल तो अभी भी जवान है | बस ये बात ये चिकित्सक लोग नहीं समझते हैं | कहते हैं कि मुझे अस्पताल कि इसी शय्या पर आराम फरमाना है, मेरा स्वास्थ्य ठीक नहीं है | मैं जानता हूँ कि मैं हरि के पास कभी भी जा सकता हूँ, इसलिए तो यहाँ से जाना चाहता हूँ | मैं फिर से ‘दादा’ सुनना चाहता हूँ, उन अबोध चेहरों में सकून तलाशना चाहता हूँ और उन्हीं कोमल हाथों से अपने नक्श बंद करवा कर हरि-धाम जाना चाहता हूँ | समय और साँसे दोनों ही अल्प हैं, कहीं मैं उन नन्हे पुष्पों को देखने से पहले ही सदा के लिए न सो जाऊँ |

-ABHINAV KOTHARI







On our thirty fourth date, I decided to kiss you,  
 You asked me to whisper something sexy in your ear,  
 I mumbled, '...metaphor'  
 You smiled silly,  
 Why, I could never account for,  
 Wrapped in your favourite blue cardigan,  
 You fell in love with a poet.

It was a busy Wednesday afternoon,  
 You said you had to do a ton before you could dream of  
 getting done,  
 I decided to spill my cup of chaos all over your desk  
 Arranged as you were,  
 The papers lay forgotten in the stir  
 Somewhere between stolen sighs and 4 o'clock adventure,  
 You fell in love with a mess.

Come April, we left our initials on the park bench,  
 'Coz you thought we deserved our fair share of cliché,  
 I swore that I couldn't love you more,  
 But you took my hand as we danced into the dark,  
 And proved me wrong; mid-twirl,  
 You fell in love with a rhyme.

One day, you decided to bunk work,  
 Because sofa plus me seemed to equal glee.  
 In that small niche, under the patterned stitch,  
 You built our quilt of dreams  
 Letting the night whisper between the seams.  
 And as you drew whirlpools behind my eyes,  
 You fell in love with a promise.

September's night I got a little too tipsy.  
 I forgot to walk lightly around my words,  
 And let some stanzas spill.  
 Next day you woke up with my tousled  
 promises stuck in your hair,  
 I didn't bother to brush it.

# T O U S L E D P R O M I S E S



Looking into the window pane,  
You fell in love with a delusion.

On our forty-fifth walk, you discovered that my gait wasn't straight,  
My words stumbled into streetlights and decided to fade,  
You asked me to whisper something true in your ear,  
And I mumbled, '... you.'  
You smiled as autumn swept through the trees, said,  
'You fell in love with a folly.'

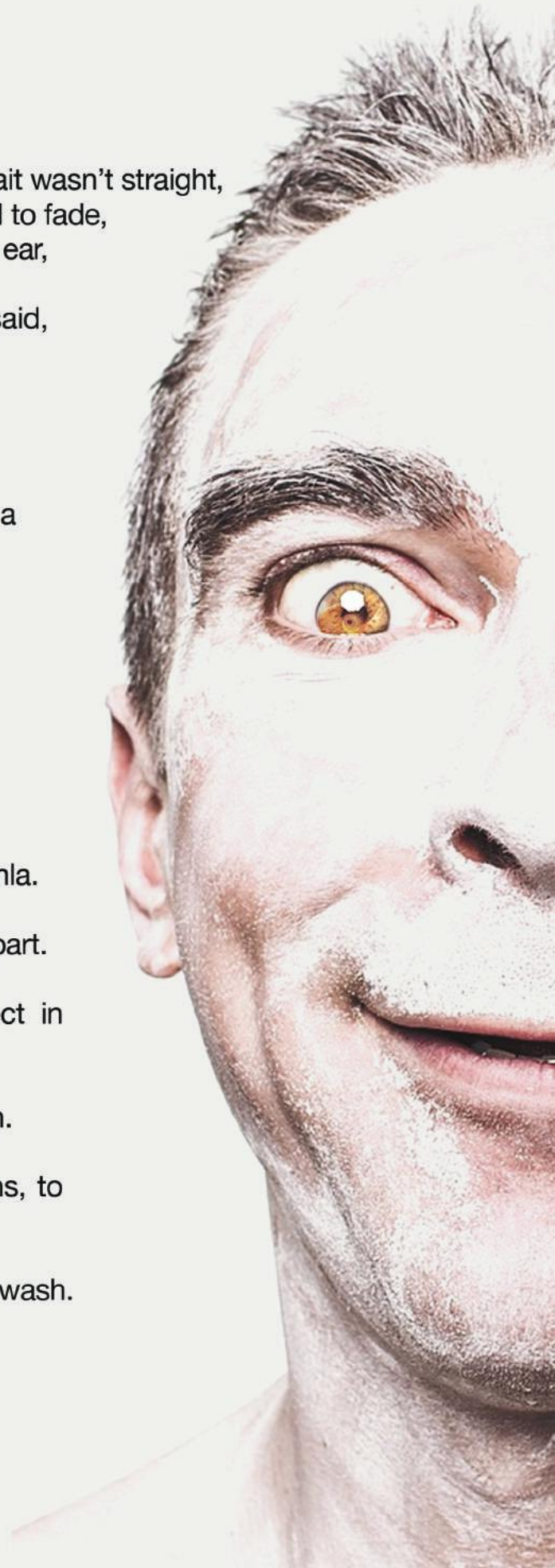
I swear I had never loved you more, except,  
You fell in love with a lie, remember?

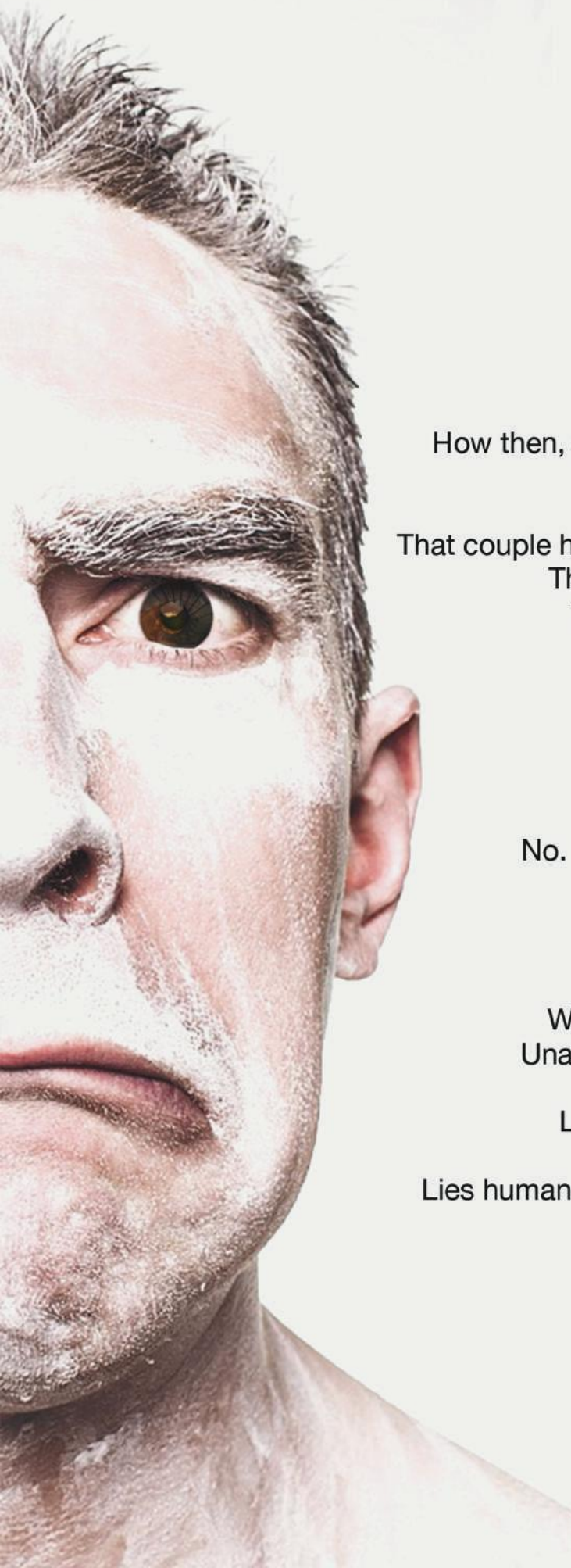
-Subhankar Sharma

# INEXISTENT

-SAMIK GHOSAL  
(CLASS OF 2013)

Love. Love is a myth.  
Love is political vendetta. Love is Chunaavi Joomla.  
Soul. It doesn't exist.  
Nothing to crush, nothing to stir. nothing to rip apart.  
The One. There is no such thing.  
No Knight in Shining Armour, No Lady Perfect in  
waiting.  
Destiny. Laughable.  
You're not destined for anything. It's all causation.  
Karma. Hogwash.  
Someone up there, jotting down all your actions, to  
reward or punish you later?  
God. There is no God.  
God is political propaganda. God is religious eyewash.  
Yet they sang, 'All we need is love',  
Dumbledore taught love. Teresa taught love.





Google the word. Croons in the billions,  
Unconditional. A mother's.  
Lincoln, Gandhi, Kennedy, Lennon.  
They sought to destroy, assassinate.  
How then, do they live on, through music, dates, books  
and currency?  
The Soul. They couldn't incinerate.  
That couple holding hands. Gazing into each other's eyes.  
The universe looking back at them. Disagreed.  
The one does exist. They had found the one.  
They sang, 'love is all we need'.  
'Tis a result of our good deeds.  
Karma they said. Gave us each other.  
Destined we were, to find one another.  
God's gift to us. Pray and God heeds.  
God. Inexplicable. Intangible. Invisible.  
No. A supernatural force as such, unfathomable.  
Yet, what lies beyond the universe?  
Farther than the farthest star?  
Time. Time must've had a beginning.  
But what was there, before time begun?  
What before the Big Bang? What after infinity?  
Unanswered questions. Unchallenged concepts.  
Destiny, karma and the Almighty.  
Love, soul, the One. They may or may not be.  
But amidst this universe's massive void,  
Lies human belief. Can be created, but never destroyed.

# पल पल में जी कर देखो...

कभी ज़िन्दगी को गले लगाकर तो देखो,  
कभी सुबह के सुनहरे ताज को पहनकर तो देखो,  
कभी इन परिंदों कि धुन में खो कर तो देखो,  
कभी इस ताजगी को महसूस कर के तो देखो,  
मेरी न सुनो, पर खुद आजमा कर तो देखो,  
एक बार अपने दिन की शुरुआत ऐसे कर के तो देखो |

एक बार इस पल पर गौर फरमा के तो देखो,  
न जाने कितने दिनों से इसी पल के लिए चले आ रहे थे,  
एक बार इसकी अहमियत समझ कर तो देखो,  
एक बार इसी पल में जी कर तो देखो,  
कोई हो या ना हो,  
एक बार अपने आप ही, इस पल में उमंग बिखेर के तो देखो |

चलते-चलते रोज कभी रुक कर तो देखो,  
कभी अपने आप से यह पूछकर तो देखो,  
ज़िन्दगी का मकसद सिर्फ चलना ही है,  
या फिर खुशी से आगे भी है बढ़ना ?  
कभी गम में भी मुस्करा कर तो देखो,  
कभी खुली आँखों से सपने सजाकर तो देखो |

कभी आगे निकल जाने या पीछे छूट जाने वाले से नज़रे हटा कर तो देखो,  
कभी साथ चलने वालों की कदर कर के तो देखो,  
यह ज़िन्दगी कितनी हसीन है, बाहर निकल कर तो देखो,  
भटक जाने के डर को, अपने दिल से निकाल कर तो देखो,  
हर छोटा लम्हा, कितनी यादें बना सकता है ये तुम क्या जानो,  
कभी इन्ही छोटे लम्हों में, सारी ज़िन्दगी जी कर तो देखो ||

-AMARTYAA AVIZEETA

# दरपेदीदल

Dear Son,

I do not know whether this letter will reach you. I sincerely hope it does. I am writing to let you know that I am still here. Times of war have passed. The sickening din caused by the military tanks has passed. The ever-present fear of when our home might become the next target to be bombed has passed. The hill behind our hut has started to bear sparse patches of green. Rockets in the sky have come to be replaced by birds. On the roads, men with guns have come to be replaced by occasional men bringing home grocery. And I - I have begun to grow and sell carrots and cabbages; marigolds and jasmines, sometimes. There are few takers, but I manage to scrape by. The sounds and sights are almost -

## MIGHT I USE THE WORD - PEACEFUL?

Actually, a major part of my world is quite 'peaceful' these days. There is no noise of a pair of little feet hurrying here and there and everywhere in the house; no tippy-toes silently walking by the floor at the middle of the night to steal mangoes from the pickle jar. Sheets and rugs do not get ruffled anymore because nobody trips over them; the chair stays at the exact same position all the time because there's nobody to use it as a shield to escape the ritual admonishing; tools and the wood in the tool-shed have gathered a layer of dust because there is no one to tinker with them.

You walked out of our rickety gate in hope of finding means to get us through the war and I kept sitting on the verandah, anxiously watching you walk away and counting hours until you came back. I grew more and more worried as each minute of the day slipped into dusk and each second of dusk slipped into the night. Five nights passed - five laborious nights - and you did not return. I was scared. More for you than for myself. 20 years ago, your father left us in the same manner, never to return. The only difference? Back then, I still had you.

Sometimes, I wonder if, in the five years that he was with you, he passed on his tips and tricks to you as well.



But you have to know, beta, that I did not stop. Neither 20 years ago, nor when you left. I knew I had to tend to our little home, to keep it well; and live - live beyond my loneliness, so that when you or your father returned, I would still be capable enough to warm your cold feet with towels and quench your dry throats with a glass of water. I worked all day, and spent my tiny breaks looking out the verandah, at the road which was always deserted, save a man or two on certain days.

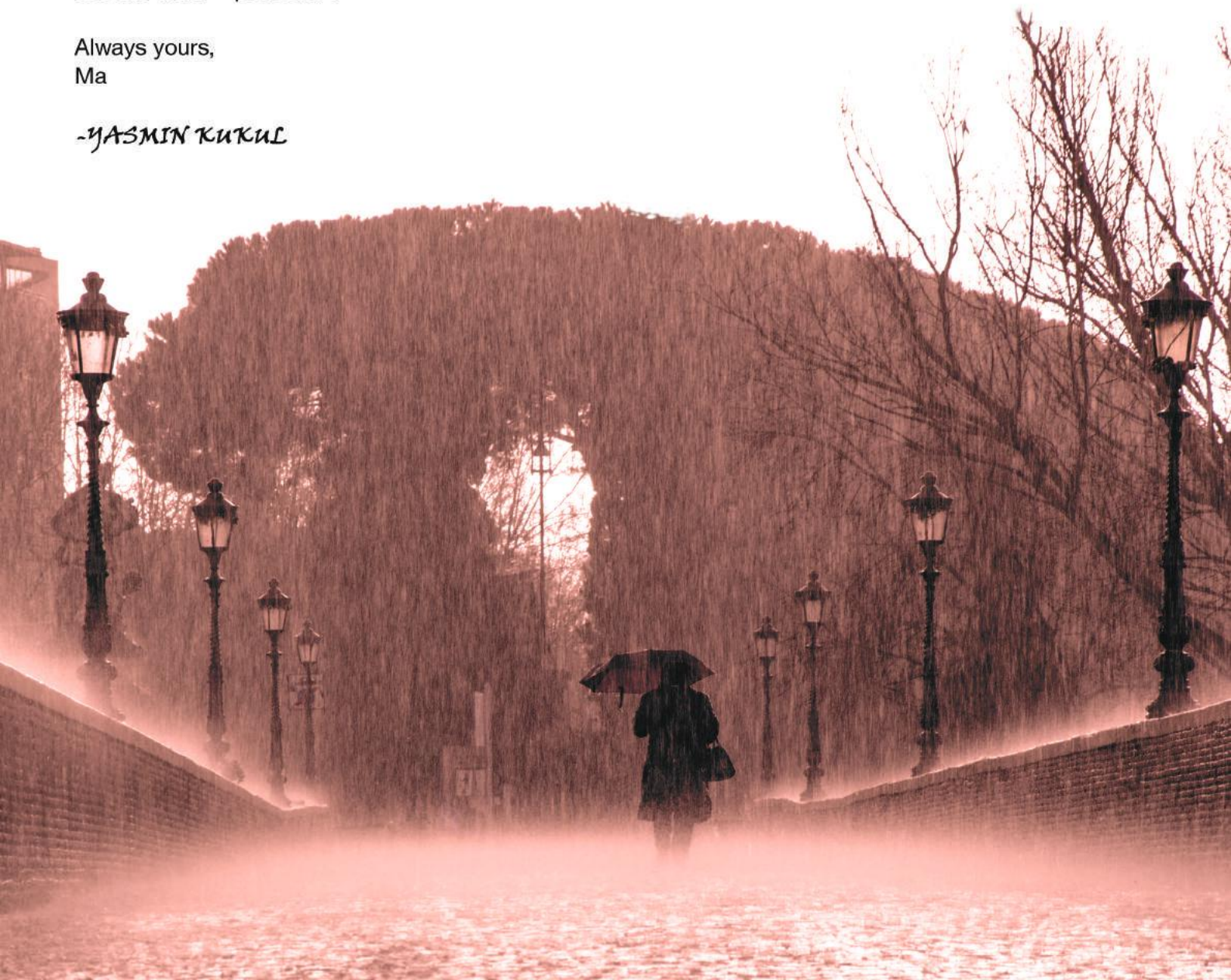
Two days ago, a newspaper-wallah wandered in near our house. He was thirsty, so I gave him some water to drink. It was then that I saw you. I saw you, my son. On the front page of the paper. You - you were wearing the coat and tie kind of clothes that you always dreamed of wearing one day. You have no idea how immensely proud I was at that moment - how thrilled that you had somehow made your way in that big world. I was so proud to have been the one who brought you into this world, my bacha.

Today, I have for the very first time in my life, dared to step out of our rickety gate and walk on the deserted road to look for something or someone who may be able to give this letter to you. To let you know how happy I am to be your mother and that I am doing well. Don't worry, I have the newspaper with me to show them your picture, so they know who to deliver this to.

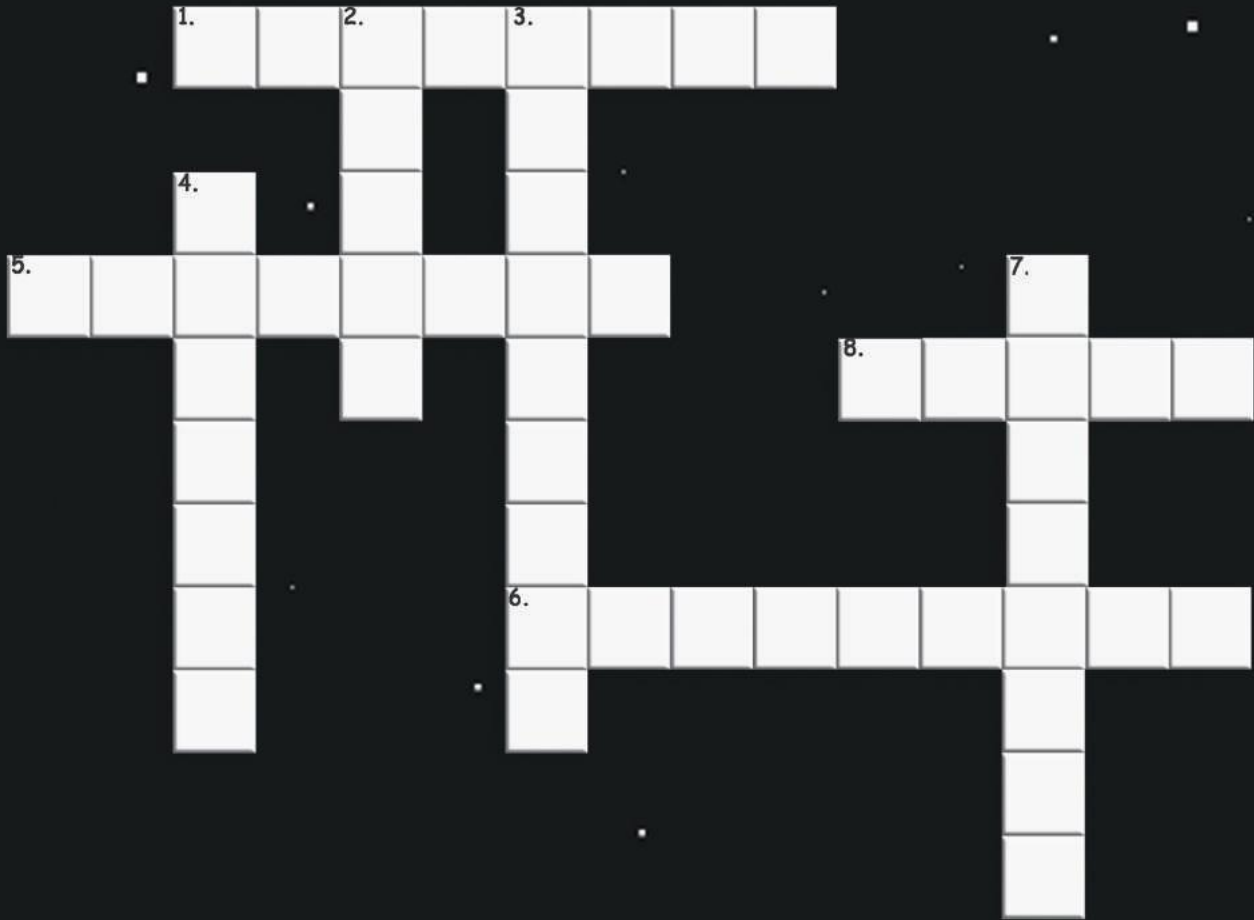
I have reached the bazaar and I am so amazed at how colourful it is. It's so different from my 'peaceful' world. It's an exciting kind of peace. There's kind of a partition between that world and this. So, maybe the picture of our house got lost in the sea of buildings you saw here. Maybe my face went up in smoke slowly and then all at once, in the swarm of faces that you encountered. Maybe this is why I can't blame you or your father for never returning. In the letter that you write back to me, and if you do, do tell me - "Was it - might I use the word - 'peaceful'?"

Always yours,  
Ma

*-YASMIN KUKUL*



# CROSSWORD



## ACROSS

1. The preferred destination for all kinds of snacks, and chai-sutta. Hygiene is where it lacks.
5. Rare occasions when the tables turn, to rate the ones who rate us.  
Online had its own issues, so now this enjoys offline status.
6. Cultural extravaganza to bid adieu to Rourkela cold, Musical nights and treasure hunts never get old.
8. If students were superhumans, bi-location would be their superpower.  
If you've got a deceptive personality, you're the need of the hour.

## DOWN

2. Recreation, past time or passion; to set you apart from peer.  
They ensure that there is more to you than an ordinary engineer.
3. Ties, interviews and indefinite boasts; followed by GPLs, parties and embarrassing fb posts.
4. Notices and assignments are brought to you by this postman.  
He constantly reminds you to clean your trash can.
7. The place of work, powered by its four parts.  
To make it through, it requires hardwork, skills and art.

# OF SEVEN SEAS AND BEYOND

Why internships? Internships are the best way for students to get a real-world experience in a field of their choice, get a taste of different career prospects, or simply get a boost on their résumés. Broadly speaking, internships are job/industry oriented, or research oriented. An industrial internship is one that is offered by firms, MNCs, start-ups, NGOs, etc. to students interested in working in the industry, whereas research internships are essentially about students working under professors and/or pupils pursuing their doctorates, in a field of the student's interest. In the latter, you will be the part of a lab run by your professor and will be expected to contribute to that research. After you get an internship, you will be assigned a project. The type of project, however, will vary by your branch. For example, students from the computer science department may be asked to write code to build parts of a larger software, mechanical engineers may be asked to test various materials to be used in industrial manufacturing, and so on. During the course of this internship, you will be given certain tasks, and goals will be set according to your knowledge base and capabilities that will help contribute towards the project.

As far as foreign research internships go, many of the Indian colleges have tie-ups with recognized institutes from all over the world which offer such internships. A student may apply through their applications portal and if he/she meets their academic requirements, may stand a chance of interning at the said institute. Generally, the academic requirements consist of a minimum GPA, past experience, and recommendations from professors of the parent institute. And the student, if selected, will be funded with airfare, accommodation, and a monthly stipend. Another path to bagging foreign internships is purely out of the student's own initiative where he/she may identify the subjects of interest and then look upon the web pages of various faculties across the globe that have ongoing or upcoming projects in the same subject. He/she may then apply personally to the faculty by means like email and stand a chance to land a place in their research team.

This article is intended to give the students a broad outlook about the requisites concerning research internships at foreign universities, and help them connect with students who have achieved this feat in the recent past.





With that said, we provide you with a list of the most sought-after foreign internship programmes by Indian students:-

NAME	ELIGIBILITY & STIPEND PROVIDED	*LAST DATE	CONTACT
Mitacs-Globalink (Canada)	Have a minimum of one semester and a maximum of three semesters remaining in their program. CGPA > 8.0 Stipend of 6575 CAD (incl. of airfare, visa charges, accommodation charges)	Last week of September	Nikhil Patwari ☎ 9861601404 ✉ nikhilpatwari2
WISE-DAAD (Germany)	Must have an aggregate of 85% or 8.5 CGPA in all completed semesters at the time of application. Should not be former recipients of the WISE scholarship. A sum of 650 euros (plus a lump sum of 550 euros as travel subsidy) is given as stipend apart from health insurance.	First week of November	Rohit Suri ☎ 7077105503 ✉ rohitsuri.nitr
S.N. Bose (USA)	Must be among the top 2 students of the department. In case any of the top 2 nominated students do not wish to apply, the department may endorse another student(s). The scholarship includes a Stipend of 2000 USD, roundtrip airfare and Health Insurance.	31st October	Asimansu Das ☎ 9438170921 ✉ asimanshusperfans
SURF – CALTECH (California, USA)	Have a cumulative GPA of at least 2.5/4.0 or equivalent Must have completed the second semester or third quarter at their college or university Not be under any academic or disciplinary sanction. A stipend of 6000 USD is given.	Last week of February	Roshni Biswas ☎ 9007909697 ✉ roshnibiswas079
Khorana Program for Scholars (USA)	Must have a minimum CGPA of 8.0. Only for Biotechnology and allied areas. Scholarship includes a stipend, airfare and accommodation charges.	31st January	Tejaswini Karra ☎ 7381508866 ✉ tejaswinikarra96
TIGP-IIP (Taiwan)	UG students only in their 3rd year of study, Integrated/Dual degree students in their 3rd or 4th year of study, Master's degree students. PhD students are not eligible. TIGP offers NTD 30,000/month for two months. In addition, half of the cheapest round-way airfare at economy class of the batch will be provided to participating interns upon completion of the training program.	End of January	Asmita Poddar ☎ 8420575810 ✉ asmita.poddar
IUSSTF-Viterbi Program (USA)	Should have CGPA of 8.5 or higher. For students in Electrical Engineering, Computer Sciences and Computational Sciences.	Mid November	Anubhab Ghosh ☎ 7077105508 ✉ findghosh
Charpak Research Internship Program (France)	Must not be more than 30 years old at the time of application. There is no CGPA/percentage cut-off for the scholarship. Stipend include visa fee waiver and monthly stipend of 310 euros for maximum 3 months.	Mid January to March beginning	Ashish Kapoor ☎ 7749973589 ✉ aashishkapoor285
NTH University (Taiwan)	Applicants will be accepted to one of the following six disciplines under College of Engineering that best match their interest of study - Power Mechanical Engineering, Chemical Engineering, Biomedical Engineering, Nano-engineering and Microsystems, Industrial Engineering and Engineering Management and Materials Science Engineering.	End of December	Manas Ranjan Pattnayak ☎ 9438289031 ✉ mpattnayak01

\*Tentative

Note – We have tried to include all the major scholarship programmes in a very concise form to give the students a basic knowledge about some of the most coveted ones. We strongly urge our readers to visit the official websites of the same to get a more comprehensive overview.



## The Wall of Fame



**ROSHNI BISWAS**

Recently, Roshni Biswas, a final-year Computer Science student completed an internship at California Institute of Technology through the Caltech-SURF program. We take immense pride and pleasure in sharing her story and experience with our readers.

In a conversation with her, she reveals that by the end of the 5th semester, she started applying for internships by mailing more than 100 professors from all around the world. She got a response from Dr K.J. Venkateswaran and after a Skype interview, she was shortlisted and was asked to apply through the official portal. The Jet Propulsion Laboratory that is being operated by the California Institute of Technology for NASA, selected just a handful of students and guess what! Roshni was one of them. Summarizing the formal procedure of being selected for Caltech-SURF program -

1. Find a potential mentor and contact him/her.
2. After being shortlisted by a mentor, develop a Research Proposal with him/her.
3. Apply through the online portal for SURF along with your résumé & three Letters of Recommendation.

She quotes, *"I required 3 LORs just for Caltech SURF and more for the other programs that I had applied to. I had quite a bit of trouble with this because most of the profs were unwilling to give recommend me because of low GPA. I was able to convince the faculty after showing them the positive response I had received from a senior research scientist at NASA JPL regarding my Caltech SURF application and project plan. One good thing about Caltech SURF is that you only need to submit your LORs after you have gotten a positive response from the Prof and proceed with the application. This is a great advantage as the response from the Prof itself is the hardest step and once that's cleared you know for sure that your LORs are being utilized."*

She recalls that the discrimination on the basis of CGPA is not prevalent at Caltech as compared to in the Indian Universities. Adding to that, she contemplates the difference between the work culture of Indian and American students mentioning the latter are very passionate about what they do because they have chosen to do it. On the contrary, we mostly do what is told to us and are hence, mostly uninspired. Something to think about indeed.

Talking about her work at Caltech, she said, *"I was a part of the Biotechnology and Planetary Protection group, which is responsible for mission implementation, space microbiology research, and technology development. My job was to develop a metagenomics analysis pipeline to analyse microbes and the samples which I analysed were from the International Space Station, the JPL spacecraft assembly facility, an underwater research centre called NEEMO in Florida and also from Mars Rover 2020 mission."*

Roshni, bearing an irony to her unusual short height, perhaps has the biggest heart in NITR. No wonder the Leo president never shies away from guiding juniors in whatever way she can to help them achieve their dreams. She sums up by leaving this message for our readers,

***"Don't be afraid to be different rather be afraid to be the same as everyone else."***



ASIMANSHU DAS

Asimanshu Das' story of how he bagged the prestigious S. N. Bose scholarship last year is also one to look back and learn from. Despite not being among the top two students of his branch, a criterion that S.N. Bose scholars have to meet, he convinced the college authorities to let him apply. After getting the endorsement from the college, the former IIT-K intern set about writing his SOP and getting the two Letters of Recommendation. He did his internship at the University of Michigan. Having contacted his professor in advance, all procedures were completed smoothly. He was assigned an assistant who helped him throughout the process.

Asimanshu worked on 'High altitude long endurance Flights', saying, his aim was to perform a ground vibration test after the flight had been fully developed. The project involved Aerodynamics, something he was well-versed with during his internship at IIT-K, the previous year. Apart from the visa fees, all other costs were taken care of by the program. To the aspirants aiming for the scholarship, he says, *"Write a good SOP as it plays the most important role. Also, include the problems you faced so they know how you managed to overcome it. They'll be able to evaluate you on your judgment and your way of tackling challenges."*

### From the Office of Dean (Academics)

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We caught up with Prof. K.K. Mahapatra to get an insight about how the institute helps in this regard. He mentioned that NITR does have MOUs signed with certain foreign universities but the initiative solely depends upon respective departments and approval of Director and a Legal team. Prof. M. Gupta (HoD, BM-BT) who was in charge of overseeing foreign internships and student exchange programs in the recent past, said that NITR is currently a partner institute in the Erasmus Mundus Plus which includes MOUs with Ecole Centrale de Nantes, France; Instituto Superior Technico, Portugal; Universitat Politecnica de Valencia, Spain. NITR also has tie ups with East-Asian Universities such as Konkuk University, S.Korea.

Responding to the prospects that a student has, if he/she wants to do a 'semester-long program', he said *"The current regulations do not permit it because the student has courses lined up in all the semesters. A student may only be permitted to study semesters abroad if the courses offered in the said university are identical to the ones offered at NITR. Such cases are examined by a committee consisting of a few professors."*

Recently, some students expressed their condemnation towards the procedure of getting logistics required for some scholarships. Answering to this, he says, *"The students need to understand that the most eligible person to know the student's eligibility is his faculty advisor. I take this opportunity to inform all the students, whenever they're coming with an application, get it endorsed the faculty advisor as well as the HoD so that both our time is saved. I will then have absolutely no hesitation in recommending that student."*

In conclusion, Prof. Mahapatra urged not to always get tempted by foreign universities except for sometimes when the exposure really helps. In addition, he also stressed not to get disheartened upon failing to get selected as there are many Indian institutes that are equally good, and one may very well opt for those as well. He adds, *"The most important thing for any student is that, wherever he/she goes, he must work sincerely; with purpose; with some kind of mission that he/she wants to achieve."*

We sincerely hope that this article has given all those students aspiring to bag internships, and projects in universities across the globe and given them a brief insight into what the world of research internships holds for them. Reading about people's endeavours and actually putting all those things into practice are two different things, and our team hopes that it has given each a student an impetus into achieving their internship goals. As a concluding remark, we would like to reiterate what Vince Vaughn's character said in the movie - 'The Internship',

***"But I promise you something, lift your head up, take a breath, there's a lot of great possibilities out there."***

# THE CALL OF MY CASTLE

-Pausali Pradhan

The little castle where dwells my sheer soul,  
virgin veneer veils a paradise within.  
Ajar to embrace every grace  
and the facade flaunts a luring glimpse.  
The pristine step escorts ahead  
a tranquil tune grips all regards  
a beautiful symphony from every artefact.

As I cease a tedious trip at its feet  
the serene abode endows a soulful embrace.  
My comfort its utmost luxury,  
so dearly clasps me my couch.  
There smiles my mother seeing her love iterate.  
Fondling the palisade aside  
a tiny spicule reminisces of childhood frolics.  
As I quench my thirst, quell my hunger  
grasps me the homely breeze.  
Windows and doors beat in rhythm  
to captivate my frantic spirit.  
The dazzling vase, archaic painting,  
the rocking chair and wagging swing  
await my presence departing long severance.

The fancy tinsel on the dangling shell,  
arid splinters nodding from wooden cot  
Castle, its curve and crevice.  
And even the vaguest carol  
solace fathomless fracas within.



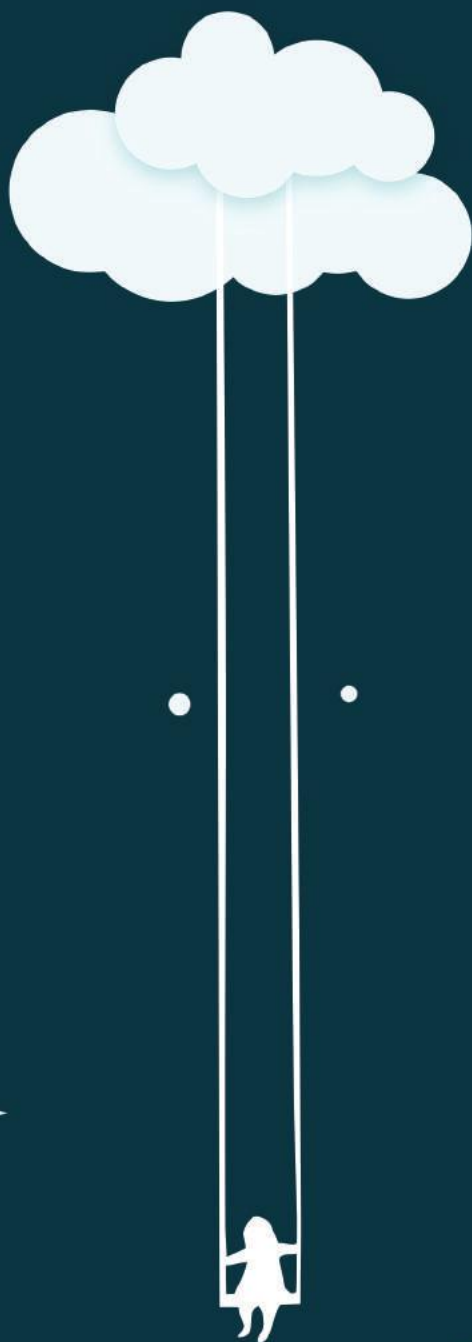
# TOO MANY WOUNDS AND NOT ENOUGH WARS

-SUJITHA JAYARAJ

I'm not very good with words and my articulation is like the ocean that ebbs and falls. On some days, I write like a kiss. Syllables just find their place in the contours and words flow like your tongue. I feel like an alchemist for having made gold from paper, like I built the whole of Rome overnight, like I travelled around the world in those eighty seconds. The way the pen glides onto that scratch pad I stole from my father's desk is the satisfaction that I call my inner peace. On those days, nothing could possibly go wrong. My headspace becomes a clear April morning sky, for the birds to etch their lives on. When I see you after an endless tiring day, your face writes its poetry in that sky to drive those clouds away. I have just the words to tell you about the blissfulness of your touch and the charm of your smirk. I can borrow Van Gogh's talent and paint you with words. I can sing to you how your eyes capture the enchantment of The Starry Night and how your hair dances with the wind like Irises on a cold, gloomy evening. Those are the days I am honest

without insecurity. Those are the days I can tell you I listened to Baby Got Back 78 times on loop and we'd laugh about it. Those are the days we conspire and carefully lay out the plans of our elope into the unknown, a great escape to a fresh start, leaving the world behind. Those are the days you take joy in being my accomplice and partner in crime.

On other days, my lips don't split. My brain st-st-stutters. I open my mouth and find the air carrying a space of emptiness with it. My paper bleeds from how much I scratched every single word that gets written. Words dig up trenches in my brain and hide. Words are nowhere to be found when my sanity goes looking for it, let alone my creative force. Words become the casualty to the war in my head. Those days, I cannot quite figure out what this war is about, because, well, I just cannot articulate. On those days, I see you and I tell you I love you. You tend to not believe because yesterday, I wrote you a verse on how pretty you look with Marinara on your nose and today I just have three words. You ask me what's wrong. I can feel my senses mocking me. I couldn't tell you how I felt purposeless. I couldn't tell you how my mother was mad at me because she felt the reciprocation of her love to me was insufficient. I couldn't tell you how I wanted nothing but silence without it being awkward or rude. I couldn't tell you how I wanted to never let our bodies separate without sounding like a pervert. I remember when you got angry that I replied to your texts with so many emojis. It is a paradox that I can't quite seem to get myself out of. I build my own twisty slide and effortlessly glide down my downward loop. I feel defeated and I say nothing.



# उस रात की बात

-Subham Kumar Nayak



सुनाई नहीं दिया किसीको सालों से चीख रही हूँ, शायद बहरी हो गयी है जनता इसलिए आज लिख रही हूँ ॥  
कहते हो तुम्हारे घर की लष्मी हूँ, मगर फिर भी रोज बाज़ारों में बिक रही हूँ ॥  
वह दिसंबर की अंधेरी सर्द रात भूल गये होंगे, और उस कोहरी रात हुई सारी बातें भूल गये होंगे ॥  
हाँ, हाँ में वही काली रात की दुहाई हूँ, बीच सड़क पर पड़ी बेबस लाचार बेटी की गवाही हूँ ॥  
यहाँ अपनी दास्तान बयान करने आई हूँ, बहरों के समाज में अपना वक्त ज़ाया करने आई हूँ ॥  
वो सारे दरिदों को सज़ा दिलाने की ठान कर आई हूँ, तुम्हारी सोच बदलने की खातिर अपनी जान कुर्बान कर आई हूँ ॥  
अपने आप को आईने में देखो और खुद को जरा पहचानलो, उस रात हुई घटनाओं को तुम भी थोड़ा जानलो ॥  
एक दिन मेरे ज़िन्दगी में वो अंधेरी रात आयी, अगले दिन अखबारों के हर पन्नों पे मेरी ही बात हुई ॥  
कितने चैनलों की न्यूज़ और कितने चर्चाओं की कहानी बन गयी, फिरसे घर की एक और नंदिनी देश की दामिनी बन गयी ॥  
कुछ हवस की भूखों ने मेरे ज़िस्म को मशाल दिये, बाकी बचे हौसले को कुछ सियासतों के भूखों ने कुचल दिये ॥  
वो अंधेरी रात में कुछ मुझे देख बिन देखे चले जा रहे थे, और कुछ मेरे नंगे ज़िस्म को देख अपनी आंखें सेक रहे थे ॥  
ज़िन्दगी और मौत के जंग में उस रात में हार गई, विजय दिवस की सर्द रात में इस दुनिया से गुज़र गयी ॥  
ये नारी द्वेषी समाज में रोजाना में पीसती थी, कभी रोती थी तो कभी उस ऊपरवाले को कोशती थी ॥  
सोचती थी क्यों मुझपे इतने रोक लगाई है, क्या मेरे ही लिए सारी जंजीरें बनाई है ॥  
ऐ समाज तुने क्या इतना भी सोचा नहीं, मेरा दिल क्या चाहता है कभी ये तो तुने पूछा नहीं ॥  
जब किसी के साथ छोटी स्कर्ट पहने बाज़ार निकलती थी, तुझे क्यों लगता था मैं उसके साथ सोना चाहती थी ॥  
चाहे दारू सिगरेट भी पी लूँ, मगर मैं बाज़ारी नहीं, तेरी देश की बेटी हूँ, कोई खुली तिजोरी नहीं, कोई खुली तिजोरी नहीं ॥



# Hatchet through the heart

Ignatius Milton

Alone he stood, tall and proud  
Defiant against the world  
Rising high above the crowd  
His spirit and strength unfurled

Like branches his love he spread  
Wearing his heart on his sleeve  
And on his chest, tears were shed  
A rock for those who grieve

And his gifts he freely shared  
As he reached out towards the sky  
With honest cheer his soul he bared  
To strangers and passers by

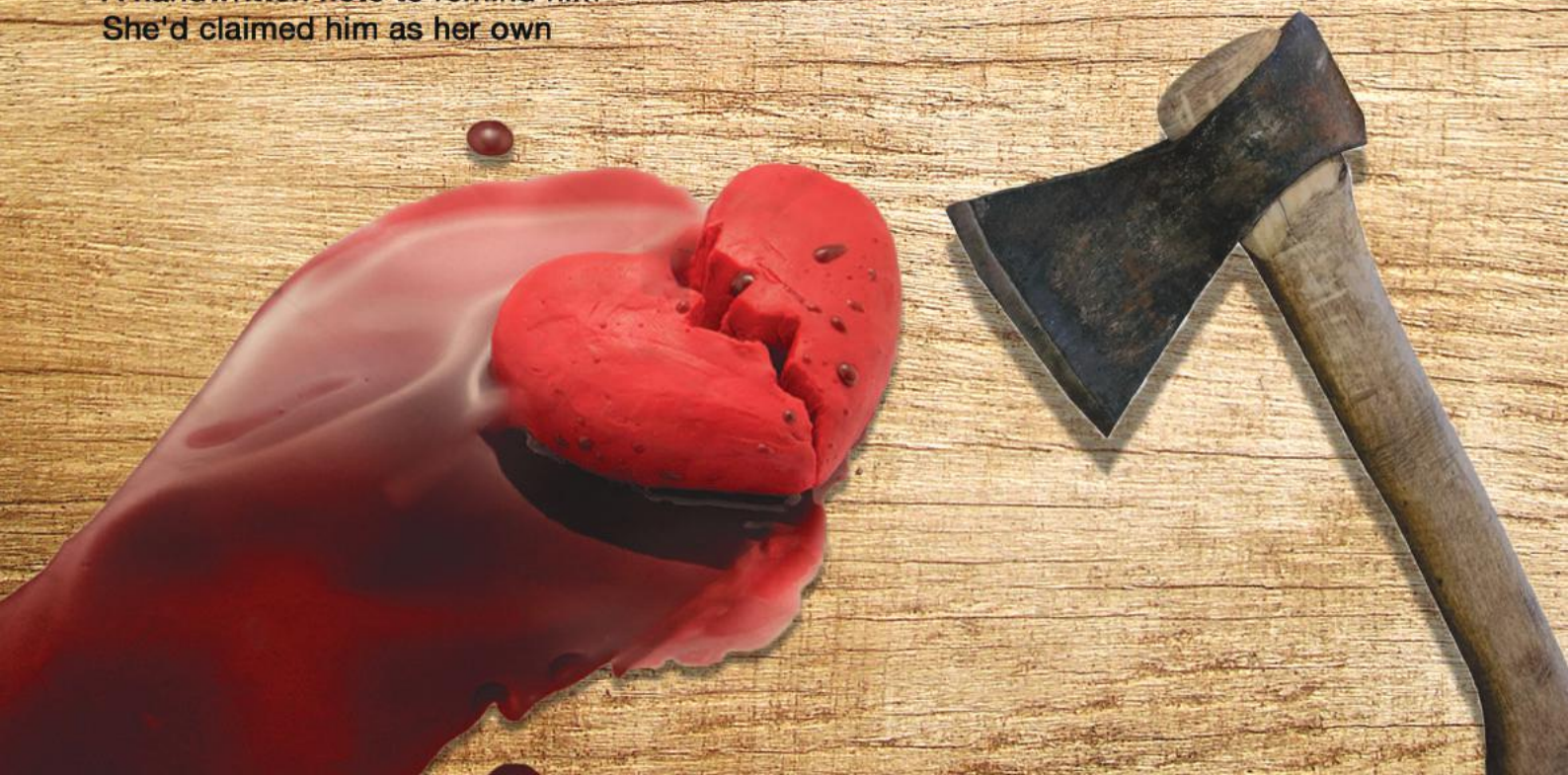
The day was cold when she arrived  
Alone, forlorn and distraught  
Her aching spirit he revived  
His love mended her heart

And on his boughs, she built her nest  
As the winter air grew colder  
In his shade, he let her rest  
He strengthened his arms to hold her

She wrapped a chain to bind him  
And etched her name on his bone  
A handwritten note to remind him  
She'd claimed him as her own

And not once did he ever mind  
All the pain she had wrought  
For love is patient, love is kind  
Was all he'd been taught

But love was blind as well  
He realized with a start  
As she one day fell  
Him with a hatchet through the heart



# WAR



It was an unusually cold afternoon for the month of August, marking the onset of autumn. The leaves had started yellowing and it seemed as if nature had given up on itself, that it was preparing itself for the cold barrage of the winter that was to follow.

And although it hardly seemed like the time for it, the bar was doing particularly well that afternoon. It was in such a setting that the two protagonists of our story, enter the bar, both exhausted and in need of a break, and neither having the characteristic to shy away from a good debate over a peg of single malt whiskey.

They must surely have had good names, but for the purpose of the conversation that is to follow, let's just call them Hitler and Gandhi. Stereotyping much, you ask? Hold your breath.

So while Hitler and Gandhi order their drinks, and settle down, for the time being, the old television set in the corner, a sole survivor of its times, went on. About times of war and of peace; of conflict and of harmony. For ages, it had passed on information to the less knowledgeable while they sat huddled around it and callously judged anybody and everybody. Today, it was blaring on about some nationwide conflict in Afghanistan and how the UN peacekeeping forces were not doing a good job of maintaining peace in the area.

**Hitler:** It was bound to happen sooner or later. The world is fighting a losing battle.

**Gandhi:** Excuse me, Sir. If you don't mind me asking, a losing battle against what?

**Hitler:** (*scoffs*) War, of course. You see so many peacekeeping missions, but have any of them worked? Look around you. You can sense the apathy. Every day, there are more and more countries who give into the pathos of war and more and more innocent people who are affected by it.

**Gandhi:** And this makes you happy?

**Hitler:** Why, of course, it does. I had seen it a long time coming. To be honest, the world needed a cleansing of sorts, if you ask me.

*Gandhi remains silent.*

**Hitler:** (*smirking*) You don't think that war has won? Don't you think we are looking at the dawn of an era where there is an absolution that will take place and mankind will be restored to its former glory? Because that is what war does. It wipes out the roots that have rotten over time. You might feel that it is the apocalypse but I think that it is a new dawn. A new dawn of this entire world as we know it so that we can start from scratch, and build it the way we want to.



# PEACE

**Gandhi:** And you think that it is reason enough to kill millions? To usurp billions?

**Hitler:** Yes! But you don't think that's right, do you?

**Gandhi:** It has never been about absolution, about starting afresh. It has always been about making peace with your flaws, with who you are, and still giving the world a thousand reasons to improve themselves.

**Hitler:** Thousand, you say? In this world, *(Raising the tone of his voice)* the so-called World Powers are ever ready to create wars under the masquerade of democracy, using the means of...

*(pulls a 2000 Rupees note from his wallet, slams it on the table in front of them and points to the figure on that pink note)*

... this! If you still want to follow your ideology which is, to say the least, heavily skewed by the ignorance of different perceptions, you better just let me enjoy my drink.

*(After hearing Hitler's inspired monologue, he was starting to lose all hopes of making a comeback. But deep down, he knew in his heart that, no matter how confidently Hitler words may stride past, they cannot be right; they can never be right if the world is to sustain. He kept looking at the 2000 Rupees note.)*

**Gandhi:** I am reminiscent of a few words spoken by the man you have kept in front of us: "What difference does it make to the dead, the orphans and the homeless, whether the mad destruction is wrought under the name of totalitarianism or in the holy name of liberty or democracy?" Tell me.

*Hitler sips on his drink for a few minutes, apparently lost in thought. Gandhi waits.*

**Hitler:** War has never been about the dead. It has always been about the living, and about the people who have lived, who have survived to tell the tale. War has always been about new...

*(Hitler's Phone rings)*

**Hitler:** Yes, Ma'am, I'll be there right away. I'll get the fruits on my way back.

*(Turning towards Gandhi)*

**Hitler:** It seems that none of us wins today. We will continue this some other day then.

**Gandhi:** Sure, my friend.

And with this, we come to the end of the conversation between our two protagonists. And it is indeed true. The tussle between War and Peace has been going on for a long time, balancing the spoils of victory and the fate of the world we live in, in an uneasy equilibrium.





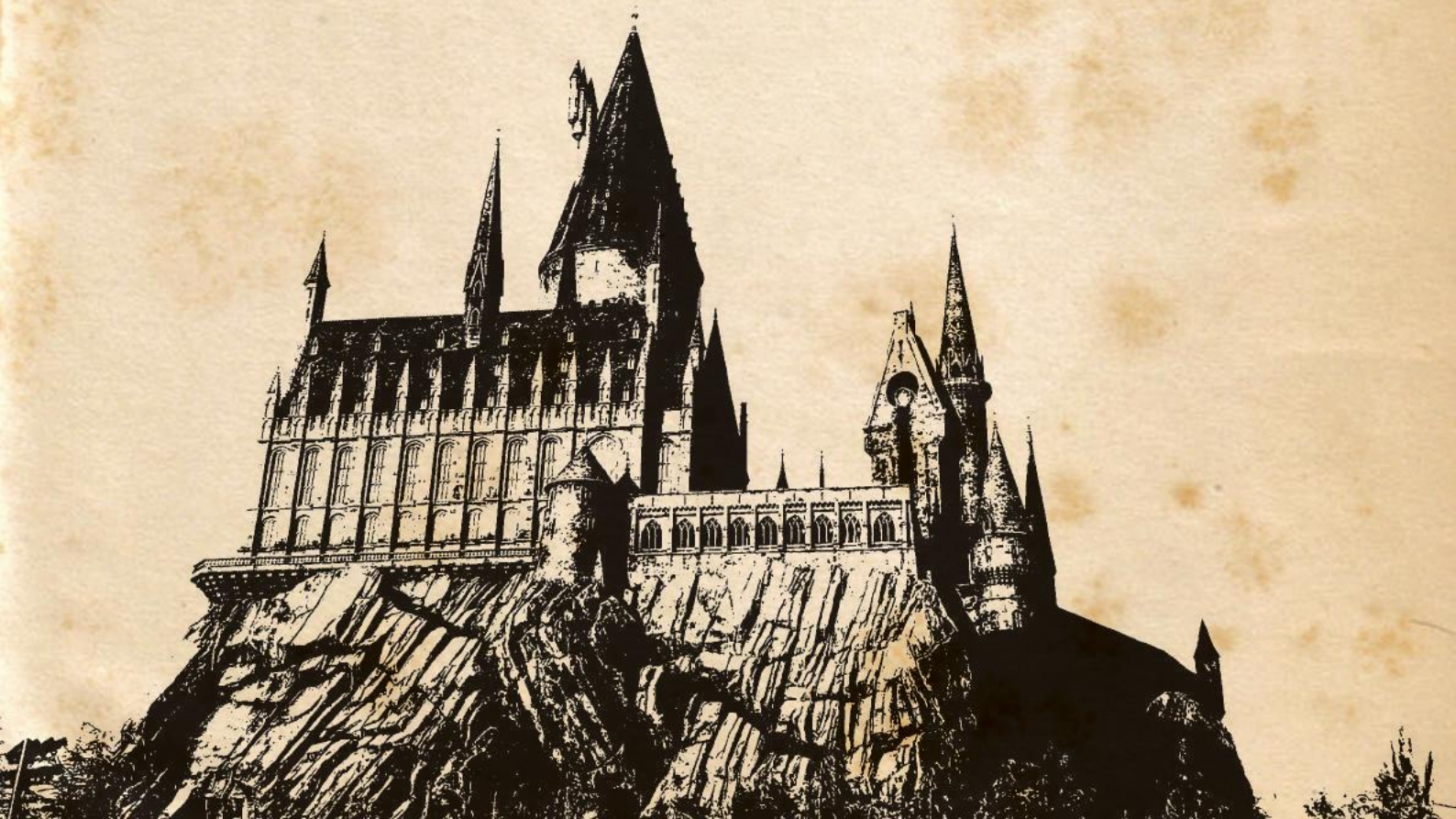
# THE MAGICAL WORLD: NITR IN A HARRY POTTER SCENE

-DEEPAK KUMAR

Every once in a while we come across something that leaves an imprint on our mind. The Harry Potter universe is one such phenomenon. The books in this series often leave the readers in awe, not just because of the seamless manner of expression but also because of the thrilling nature of the story. Our very own NIT-R has its similarities with the Harry Potter world. Although people here do not have any magic wands, there is a sense of magic in this place. Every person around here possesses their own magic their own charm, no one here is a muggle.

We do not boast a magical castle as wonderful as Hogwarts, but we do have an infrastructure that leaves many mesmerised with its beauty. We don't have a Quidditch field, but well, Quidditch isn't our area of expertise anyway. What we have, are exceptional facilities for all 'Muggle games', ones that we are proud of. The lives and aura of people around the campus can easily be related to those of different Harry Potter characters. We have a 'Hermione' group, the people who proudly carry the tag of being the GMATs around. They are engrossed in academics and are dedicated to getting the best out of their subjects. Their magic lies in their diligence and their passion. Then, there's the 'Neville' group, not because they have long bottoms but because they are introverts; because they follow the "talk less, work more" attitude. We also have a 'FRED and GEORGE' group, guys who love tickling people's funny bones. They have the magical gift of spreading laughter.

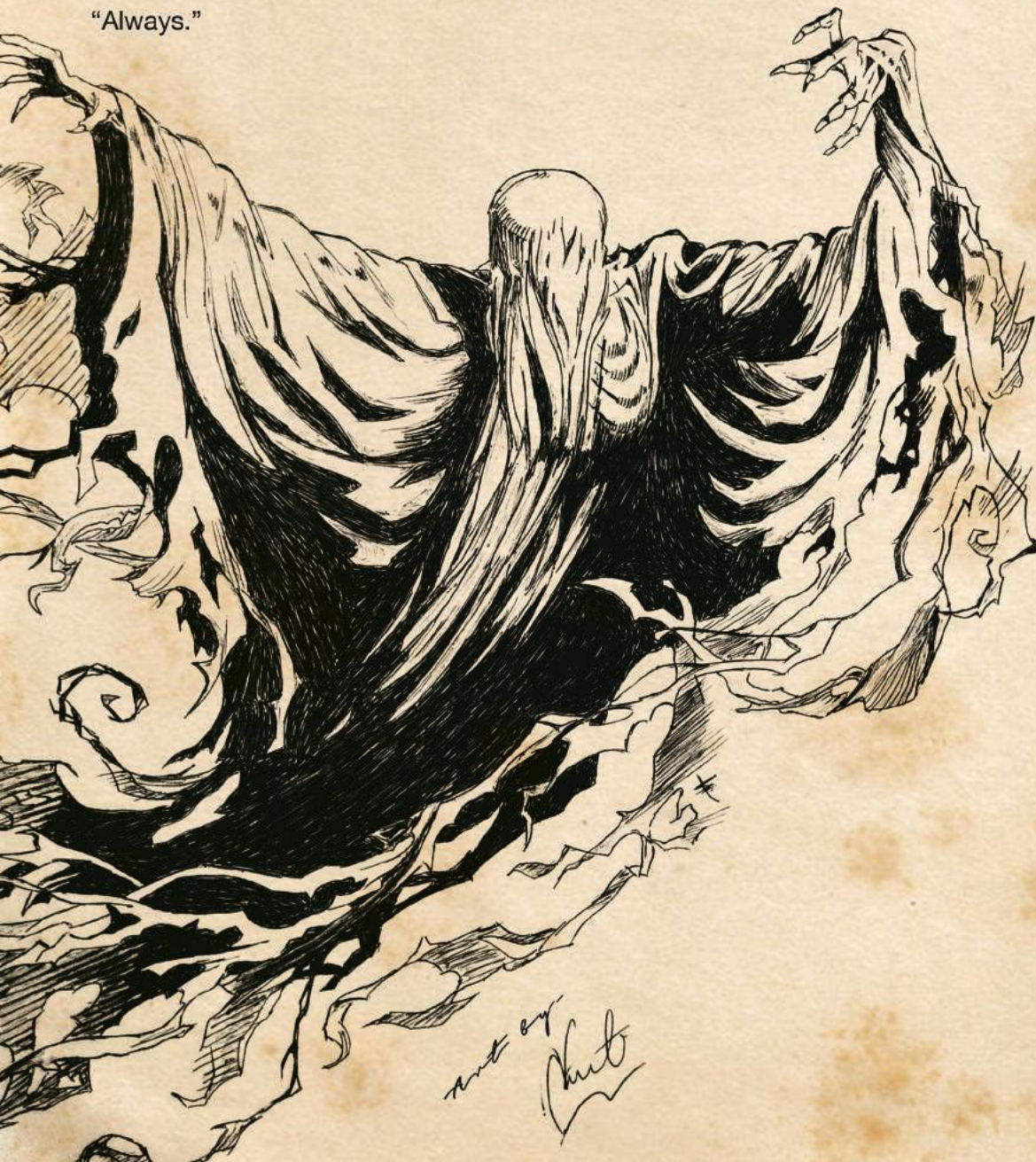
But who is the Harry Potter in NIT-R's magical world? Is it me? Is it you? The answer to this is, every one of us who can dare to dream is a Harry Potter in themselves. What did Harry do? Even after knowing that Voldemort was a wizard far more knowledgeable, far more powerful than him, he believed he could defeat him. So, every person who believes in himself enough has a Harry in him.



You might now be interested to know who the antagonist in this world is. Voldemort stood for the dark magic. He became a symbol of the dark arts in the Harry Potter series. Along similar lines, life at NIT-R presents a lot of challenges for its people. They have to deal with academic pressures and societal hurdles to name a few from a large pool of adversities. These things combined can put an air of negativity in an individual's head. This negativity is not unlike Voldemort in the Harry Potter Series. That's the challenge that every one of us looks up to every morning. At the end of the day, it all boils down to us, the people, to get the better of this negativity by believing in our abilities.

Harry Potter series taught us that love is the strongest emotion, stronger than any spell in this world. Here at NIT-R, we have a wide variety of people, but the fact that all of us exist together in harmony, with love, is something that sets us apart. This place is more than just an institution. This place oozes a magical fragrance. NIT-R is an emotion! An emotion that drives all those associated with it forward. It pulls us up from the abyss of negativity and rescues us from the whirlpool of doubt while catapulting us forward ready to face life and all its peaks and summits. If this is not magic in our real world, then we are all muggles and magic is just a fairy tale. Magic is something that makes ordinary people extraordinary and NIT-R is exactly that force. It picks us up from the pit of mediocrity and brings out the Harry in each one of us by showing us that we are true wizards; each in our own unique way. With our magic wands being our creativity and our drive, NIT-R is just the Hogwarts that each one of us relishes. And even after a few decades when people associated with our very own Hogwarts wonder, "After all this time?", they only find one answer,

"Always."



On a cold January afternoon, Team D361 had the opportunity to talk to the owner of Srinivas Lunch Room (SLR), Katkam Srinivas, fondly known as KMS by his peers. If you have ever had the opportunity to enjoy the taste of the delicious 'SLR Biryani', this guy is the person you need to thank. From founding the Chef's club to starting his own restaurant, the 2014 Mining graduate talked about the journey he embarked on here at NITR. Sipping red tea, which he makes from the sepals of a sorrel fruit, (As a matter of fact, he is the only person in all of Rourkela who prepares this tea), we got candid with the person whose meals are a rage in NITR now. Here is an excerpt of the interview.

**D361:** Tell us a bit about your childhood and how your inclination towards cooking started.

**KMS:** I was born and brought up in a small village called Kothakorandla palle in Telangana, where I did my early schooling. Growing up with my grandparents for a major part of my early life, I used to help them in a tea shop that they owned. That was the time when I learned the basics of cooking and became an expert in making tea and Pakodi. My life significantly changed after moving to Chaitanya Bharathi Vidya Niketan, Dharmapuri. In fact, in the SSC board exams, I was the Mandal topper.

**D361:** How was your life at NITR like?

**KMS:** I came to NIT Rourkela with great expectations since I was the topper of my batch from a reputed intermediate college. Food and cooking have always been an essential part of my life. My health was badly affected due to the food here. Thanks to that, it provided me with an opportunity to cook for myself, which rekindled the culinary spirit in me. It began with the then Chief Warden, Prof. K.C. Pati, giving me permission to cook my own food in the mess. It was also during these years that I founded Chef's Club. Chef's Club was among the first of its kind across all National Institutes in India and helped me convert my passion into my career.

**D361:** What was your friends' and family's reaction when they learnt that you did not want to sit for placements but instead wanted to pursue a career as a chef?

**KMS:** From the onset, I strongly believed that I cannot work in mines or any other software companies. And just like every other Indian parent, mine were also worried about the uncertainty in the field of cooking. So in the process of convincing them, I did a lot of jobs in agriculture, composting, and other natural processes without any chemicals which helped me later on. As for my friends, they have been my continuous motivators and supporters. They helped me in facing my parents, in filtering my ideas and also morally and financially.

## A CULINARY SAGA





**D361:** How did you go about setting up your own start-up under TIIR?

**KMS:** I got to know about TIIR from a friend, Amiya Kumar Samantray (Founder, Phoenix Robotics) Then I approached Prof. R.K. Panda and Prof. B.B. Biswal who were satisfied with my ideas and agreed to it. I got a kitchen constructed by the generosity of the then Director Dr S.K. Sarangi. I was also continuously backed by TIIR, and was also provided accommodation and a space to open my restaurant.

**D361:** Tell us a bit about SLR: The inception, the growth, present and future.

**KMS:** The SLR was inaugurated by our esteemed Director, Prof. Animesh Biswas on 27th Dec 2016. Our improvement was slow and steady, with the inclusion of some good people in kitchen and staff. Now that we are one-year-old, it gives us a great sense of satisfaction to say that day by day, the quality and neatness of the kitchen and food is increasing. We are looking forward to a great year ahead. We are also planning for advanced methods of composting the kitchen waste, so that it can be reused as manure, whenever needed.

**D361:** The readers would love to know the recipe behind your delicious biriyani. Are you willing to share it?

**KMS:** (Laughs) Of course. I believe in using healthy and fresh chicken which are marinated twice in lemon and yoghurt with a bunch of various strong flavoured spices, mint, coriander leaves and brown onions. I also use long aromatic basmati rice, which adds that extra flavour to the biriyani. And summing up, there's lots of love and dedication for the students, which makes the recipe a hit among them.

**D361:** What are the reasons for not upscaling your business, even though the demand among the students is at an all-time high?

**KMS:** Presently, I am working on preservation of pickles without preservatives and cultivating my own vegetables with the help of farmers. It is only when we can sustainably deal with the conversion of kitchen requirements into kitchen waste into organic manure that can be used for growing our vegetables, that I'll think about upscaling this business.

**D361:** Do you plan to extend your genre of cooking by including North Indian recipes as well?

**KMS:** Though we are actually registered as a South Indian restaurant under TIIR, we have got quite a good number of suggestions from customers and friends to try some other foods. We are planning to provide few more varieties of North/East Indian cuisines soon.

**D361:** What message would you like to leave for the readers?

**KMS:** (Chuckles) I am not a person who gives messages. I take messages; I take suggestions because each and every person has some idea. As you can imagine, a person comes from a small village, does not know any other language other than his mother tongue. I faced many hurdles during my starting career but things changed for me. So, my only suggestion would be to focus on your dreams. You will get many hurdles, many obstacles but I never gave up. Never give up on your roots.

***“If you think you can do, you can do.”***

# FADING

I forgot how I felt when you were here,  
Although your heart's still with me.  
Accompanied by Loneliness and Fear,  
Alzheimer's is what I got for free.  
Once I found your walking stick, glasses and hearing aids  
But Karen burnt them down accidentally.

Your diminishing face on the mantelpiece worries me to core,  
The fading mind can't hold on anymore,  
The fading mind can't hold on anymore.

I miss your smile; I miss your touch,  
I miss our failing plans;  
I miss how you could still recall Karen and David's pranks.  
The drowning mind's trying to cling to the last surviving chance.  
I wish I could ask you out for another prom dance,  
Though I know the joints would disagree, and so would my dancing skills.  
Our grandsons would roll and laugh at our plight.  
But I don't care; I'd prance like I once did on the hills,  
Only to see the glow on your face reignite.





Your vanishing face on the mantelpiece worries me to the core,  
The fading mind can't hold on anymore,  
The fading mind can't hold on anymore.

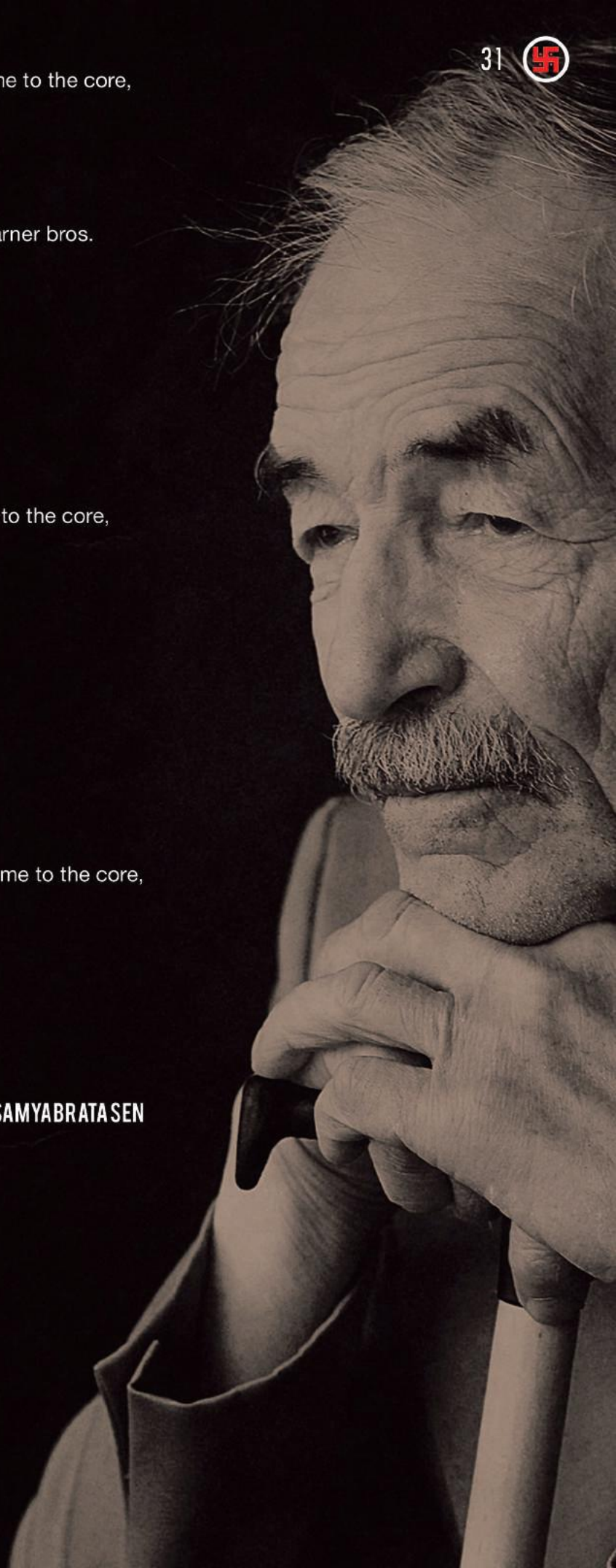
Long evening strolls followed by TV shows  
Holding our shaking hands, I'd curse the plots  
Swears hurled on the crackpot actors and the warner bros.  
Laughing, you'd rub my glasses' dots.  
The evening walks don't happen now,  
But the shows are still played  
David says the doctor told no,  
And the remote's with the maid.  
Oh, the maid, she lives a good life!  
It's a shame she cooks the food.  
She's like the queen of the street hive,  
Serves me like a dog under the borrowed hood.

Your waning face on the mantelpiece worries me to the core,  
The fading mind can't hold on anymore.  
The fading mind can't hold on anymore.

Under the oak, I promised all my life I'd love you,  
And you promised you'd stay with me forever.  
Well, I kept my promise, but you didn't, did you?  
The mall stands as if the oak was never there.  
You were once my best friend  
But you're not anymore.  
Death is real, He doesn't pretend,  
And He'll come, furthermore;  
I could use any one of you right now.

Your weakening face on the mantelpiece worries me to the core,  
The fading mind can't hold on anymore.  
The fading mind can't hold on anymore.

- SAMYABRATA SEN





# LIFE, AN UGLY TRUTH

Every day is a struggle, a cry out for help  
I stumble across the hurdles, but it does not mean I'll stay down  
I'll help myself out, I'll stand  
Where happiness is just knotted with loose ends

I wake up every day, take a new step to make things right,  
I walk this pavement along with monsters  
Who are dressed in fake smiles and sweet voices.

I am drowning; I see a hundred hands to grab,  
But all I get hold of is nothing but water.

Everyone is there for you with sweet advices and harsh truths,  
But no one will actually know and feel what you want

Caring for others is all I did; searching their smile is all I sought  
I gave it all with very few expectations in return,  
I got none, not even an acknowledgement.

Happiness is momentary, it won't last long  
Your everything will no longer mean anything  
All the efforts, tears and sheer struggle  
Will be just like a glass of water in the treacherous sand

I search for happiness in every corner,  
Every other place I search  
Didn't know that all I had to do was to wait

Didn't need much luxury or money,  
Didn't want any Cinderella or fairy  
Just a little affection and attention  
Just a little love with the occasional reaffirmation

Everyone is fake, everything is momentary  
Everyone is there for you  
But no one actually feels what you need.

I was born alone, I will die alone  
Don't need much in between.  
Just a little love, just a little smile,  
To spend the rest of my life.





Everyone is a friend, they are there for you  
But they are here alone too  
Everyone has a purpose  
No one seems to care  
It's just a fiction when they say they do

Life is beautiful they say  
It indeed is, just need to filter out what's important and what's fake

Good people ploughed the field with sheer hard work and pain  
Expecting them to grow beautiful and pure,  
Little did they know,  
They were producing hundreds of beautiful flowers with poisonous scents

Behind every face there is a story, I have mine,  
Buried within are miles of treachery  
I choose to hide it behind a smile  
For I don't want to seek attention and false sympathy  
Because for everyone I am just obsolete

There is no point trying to row people in your boat,  
When drowning is all they seek  
There is no point trying to save them  
Because they will pull you beneath  
There is an ample of people and their voices in the mass  
But there will be a pity silence when you're in need  
Because there is no one to listen to you.

Life is a game; everyone is a master of their own  
You want to help others but losing is not an option.  
It is tough and I'm not good at playing it  
But I won't back down, I will beat you if I have to.

I can't be selfish, I can't be self-centred  
I see the good in every bad person,  
Yet they shed their true colours for their own deeds.

Life is not bad; It's just the people who make it worse,  
You expect and get disappointed, It is the way of life.  
You don't get what you want and deserve,  
Still, all you can do is wear a mask with a smiling face  
And mix along with people who do the same.

**-MANISH KUMAR SINGH**

# THE PRIVATE STORY

-SOUMYA RANJAN SWAIN

Under that green helmet with a flag  
A boy lived; whom the people called 'The Private'.

Running over mines, and  
Stampeding through farms,  
Trying to defend his country  
With his remaining one arm.

Out of bullets, but  
What could kill his courage?

With his knife, he crossed the mark  
Which they called the mouth of the shark.

But he kept running and stumbled,  
Something was pulling him back,  
Maybe his two-year-old son saying,  
"Father, Please come back!"

He could see what came across  
His tears got lost in that white smoke.

But his story did not end that day,  
He lived in the bedtime stories of his son,  
Like the sunshine in the autumn.





# WAR

-Aishworya Roy

A flame ignited, provoked and lit,  
An insult you say, demeaning to your honour?  
The fire, not in your blood, but instead boils in those men of valour.

An absent husband, unidentified corpse, a star-crossed love.  
Lives wrenched away, by the icy hands of prudence,  
Not for themselves, and not for the country in essence,  
Say it is for good, but pray, whose, as you strangle the dove?

Bundled up in rubble you'll find, a little soul,  
She believes in kindness, where there is none.  
An innocent mind, a fragile heart, trembles, "Are they gone?"  
Are they gone with their metal bird, and balls of fire,  
Are they gone, away with their loud guns, and falling debris?

Broken hearts, crying souls, lifeless children, praying mothers.  
No happy homes, just hopeful hearts.  
To many, it's not just a game of darts.  
Their homes are those that fall, their lives are those that scatter.  
Monuments come crashing down, while you command.

An earthquake near you incites fear?  
The plea of thousands, do you not hear?  
For power, for assertion, for avenging those who did you wrong,  
You justify terror, and armies that throng.  
Hurt lives, bruised bones, humanity is at a loss.  
Yet they fight, the soldiers, for a cause.  
A cause of freedom, when skies were flocked with birds, not fire.





A woman's body is no man's land,  
Her beliefs are guarded by barbed wire,  
Her words are caught in a ceasefire,  
Her battle wounds are permanent scars –  
Who do I fight for, you ask? Myself.  
Who do I fight against, you ask? Myself.

*She knew there was no escape from no man's land. The sound of gunfire from either side of the barbed wire tore her blue skies with ash and smoke. As she crouched between the barracks, in the mud and gravel, she shut her eyes to try and forget about the conflict. She thought of herself when she was a little girl, and she didn't have to choose sides. She looked at her bleeding leg and smiled, knowing that it would be another battle wound, another story she'd have to tell when it was all over.*

They sat on the kitchen counter, while the music outside drowned their whispers. She took large gulps of her drink from a plastic cup and tried hard to smile without letting him know what was on her mind. He rambled on about one thing or another, and she'd stopped paying attention a long time ago. She watched him place a hand on her hand and pretended not to notice. She wondered how much longer she had before she would have to make a choice.

*She raised herself on her knees, put her hands behind her head screamed, "I give up."  
To her left, she saw the shiny metal of the tanks reflect the sun's rays, and to her right, she saw a front of pointed rifles. She knew it was over for her, but she waited to find out who'd draw blood first.*

As she watched him refilling their cups, her mind overflowed with uncertainty. While, on one hand, her privileged convent school education, her engineering degree, and high paying job told her there were no consequences to whatever decision she took because they'd be #HerChoice, she could not scroll past the posts that resurfaced on her feed and said #MeToo. The truth is, that even though she called herself a feminist and convinced her parents that she could take care of herself, she wasn't quite convinced herself.

She'd read one too many articles about how at in-house parties, people got drunk and taken advantage of. She stood in one too many candle marches, and tweeted on one too many feminist agendas to become a victim herself. As he handed her the glass, she looked at him in the fading light – and she smiled at him. She'd known him for over a year now, she trusted him, what could possibly go wrong? It's easy to shut out the voices in your head when they sound like you, but the voice in her head sounded like her mother, telling her about how it wasn't her fault, but also how we're all responsible for our choices.



## TRAPPED IN NO MAN'S LAND

– ARATRIKA GHOSE

Her mother was a self-made, independent woman. In her times, she'd been quite the rebel and you'd think she was unorthodox, if not a liberal. But, to her daughter, she'd seemed like a proponent of patriarchy, binding her to the social fabric with a long list of do's and don'ts. She could see the tapes playing out Thirteen Reasons Why, and hear Button Poetry blare about how the Girl Turned Into Gasoline, as she felt her head spin.

*Any moment now, she thought, as she shut her eyes tightly; preparing herself to be martyred, for a cause that she little understood. Somebody had to pull the trigger, it was just a question of time. She could feel the beads of sweat, roll off her face in the hot sun, but she did not dare move to wipe herself. She held her breath, for as long as she could, anticipating the smell and sound of gunpowder, but nothing happened. She opened her eyes and realized what was happening – she would have to choose a side.*

She was still a feminist, wasn't she? She had every right to be giving in to the needs of her body if her flesh was weak. But if she was still a feminist, she had to fight the stereotype that was steadily becoming a reality; did she really want to do things, without thinking about them, first? She realized he'd stopped talking and was looking at her expectantly. She realized, she'd reached the point where she'd have to make a choice. The grey area between what she wanted and what she knew was right, was steadily shrinking. The truth is, your average Indian woman is confused. We are living in a time when our upbringing and our immediate social circles are completely divorced from each other.

If you are a feminist, if you are a liberal, if you had a decent education, you're expected to behave in a certain way. But what happens, if you don't? Nothing, really. Apart from the fact that you're even more confused about who you are and who you want to be. As millennials, we're all struggling, and to be a part of a radically changing society while we're at it, is even more challenging. We grow up believing in certain things, only to learn differently once we have grown up. The rest of our lives are spent readjusting to these shifting principles.

Their awkward silence was broken when he handed her the refilled glass and asked her if she wanted to take a walk. She put her hand in his, and slid off the counter, shutting out the voices in her head and giving in.

*She took a step towards the tanks, and the guns came blazing at her. As she felt the first hot rush of blood, she broke into a run and made it back to the barracks with no serious damage. When the guns stopped roaring, she looked up at a blue sky, knowing that the battle was done, but the war was not.*

Our blood doesn't deserve martyrdom,  
Neither is our war worthy of a tale,  
But some voices will keep growing louder,  
And some voices will keep getting softer,  
Who wins you ask? I do.  
Who loses you ask? I do.

# NITR CANVAS



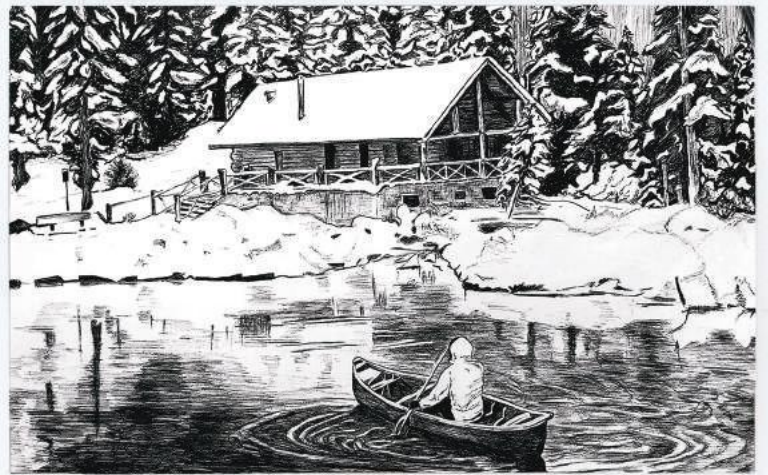
**ABHISEK PRAMANIK**



**LAXMAN PARUPALLI**



**ABHISHEK DAS**



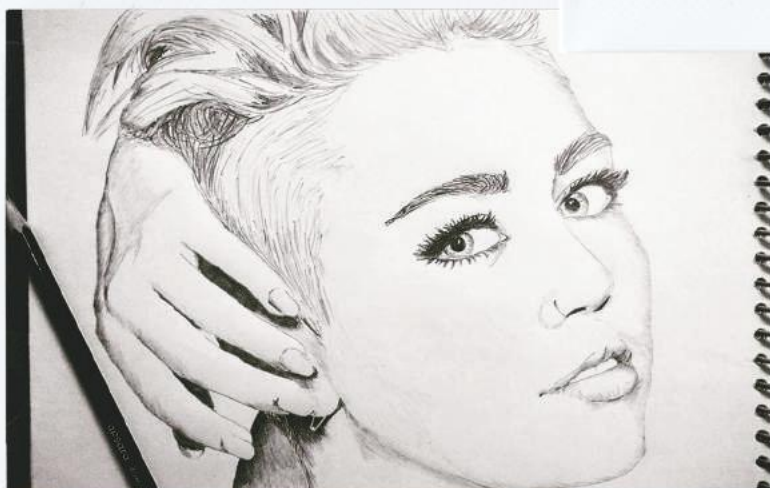
**ANSHUMAN SAHU**



**DEBASISH BEHERA**



**MITHILESH MANDAL**



**NAVNEET REDDY**



**VAMSI KRISHNA KUSMI**

# MY FIRST MOMENT OF INTIMACY

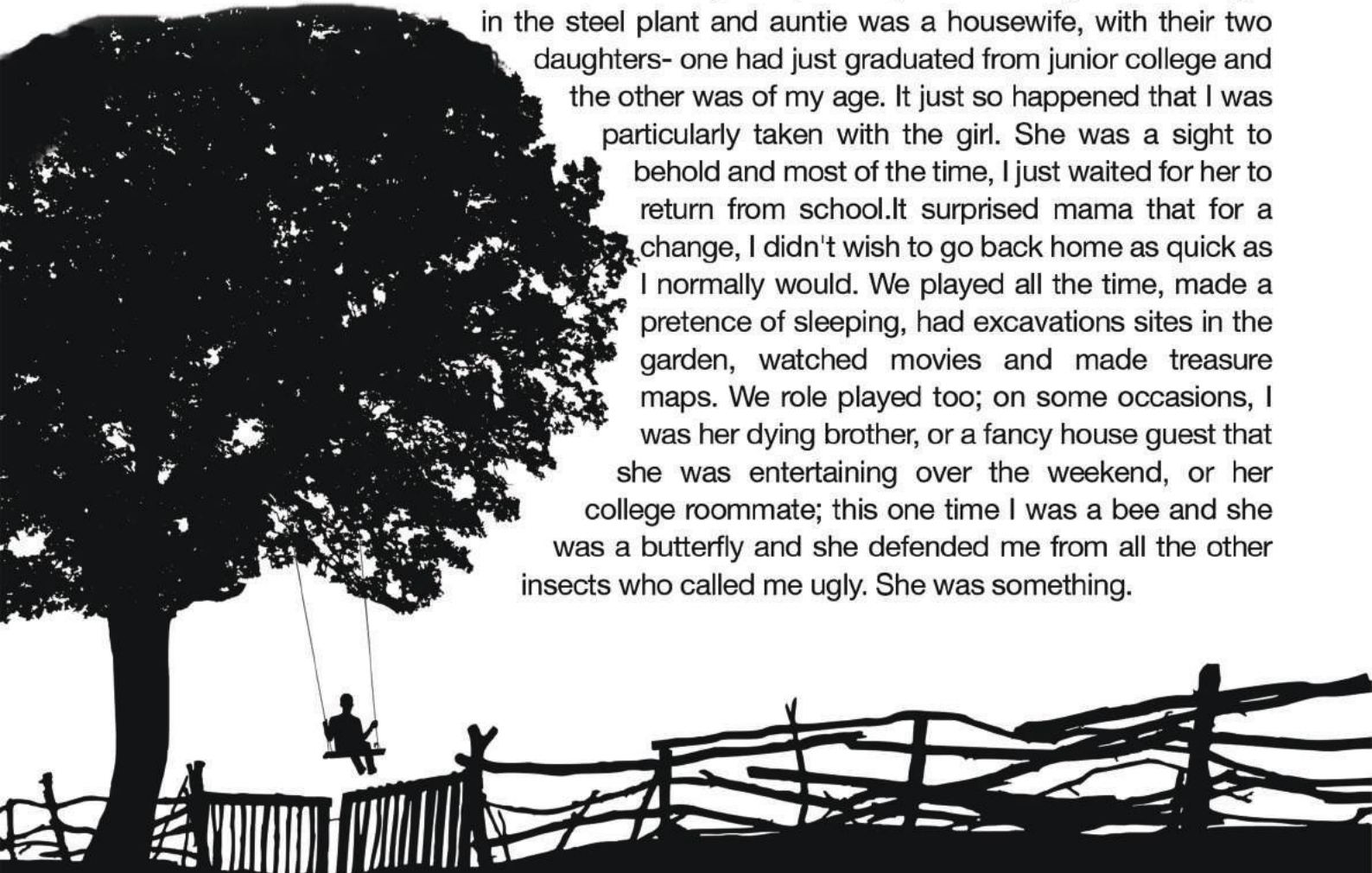
-SUBHANKAR SHARMA

There are moments in life that become doors to new vistas of emotions, and incidents that we haven't experienced yet. I had my first moment of intimacy when I was 12.

My mother is a lecturer, and while growing up I had to stay in a crèche after school got over. Mama would come by in the evening and we would return home together. I have faint memories of those times, but there is one which remains warm and distinct over the years.

This is how things worked in crèches- you come back from school to be treated with delicious snacks and an occasional fancy fruity drink, you bathe and change into fresh clothes that your dad put into your school bag in the morning. You watch the TV for a while followed by lunch, and a siesta that lasted till the evening.

I loved and adored all of my daytime substitute families- windows to lives that weren't mine. I had been in three creches in 6 years and had lived with the most beautiful and kindest people I'll ever have the chance to know. I was in fifth grade when I changed to the fourth creche, and that would be my last. It was a middle-class family- two parents, uncle was a general manager in the steel plant and auntie was a housewife, with their two daughters- one had just graduated from junior college and the other was of my age. It just so happened that I was particularly taken with the girl. She was a sight to behold and most of the time, I just waited for her to return from school. It surprised mama that for a change, I didn't wish to go back home as quick as I normally would. We played all the time, made a pretence of sleeping, had excavations sites in the garden, watched movies and made treasure maps. We role played too; on some occasions, I was her dying brother, or a fancy house guest that she was entertaining over the weekend, or her college roommate; this one time I was a bee and she was a butterfly and she defended me from all the other insects who called me ugly. She was something.







On a Sunday I watched a film where a woman gets kidnapped and murdered on her way back home. All was fine until nightfall- when it got to my malleable mind and transformed into a monstrous inevitability that could materialise any day now. I spent my afternoons worried sick and my evenings were lost in a reverie that included bargaining with ten different Gods to keep mama safe. Sometimes, it was in exchange for a refusal to watch my favourite cartoon for an entire day, another time it was eating every last bit of the food placed on my plate- gross green vegetables included, no tantrums thrown.

One afternoon, while pretending to sleep, I found myself, for a moment, to have hit a blank on the bargain chip. My breaths started to get heavy and shallow, and I almost lost it in that small dimly lit bedroom with the borrowed afternoon lighting. Of course, I didn't want to sob like a baby, especially around a girl I was infatuated with who was sleeping right next to me on the bed. It was a little cold and I put my hands underneath the warm pillow and started to count backwards from 100.

Between 67 to 64, four things happened-

67

I felt a streak of tear leak from the corner of my eye.

66

I felt a hand slide under the pillow to hold mine with a grip stronger than my boyish pride.

65

I turned my face around to look at her staring at me.

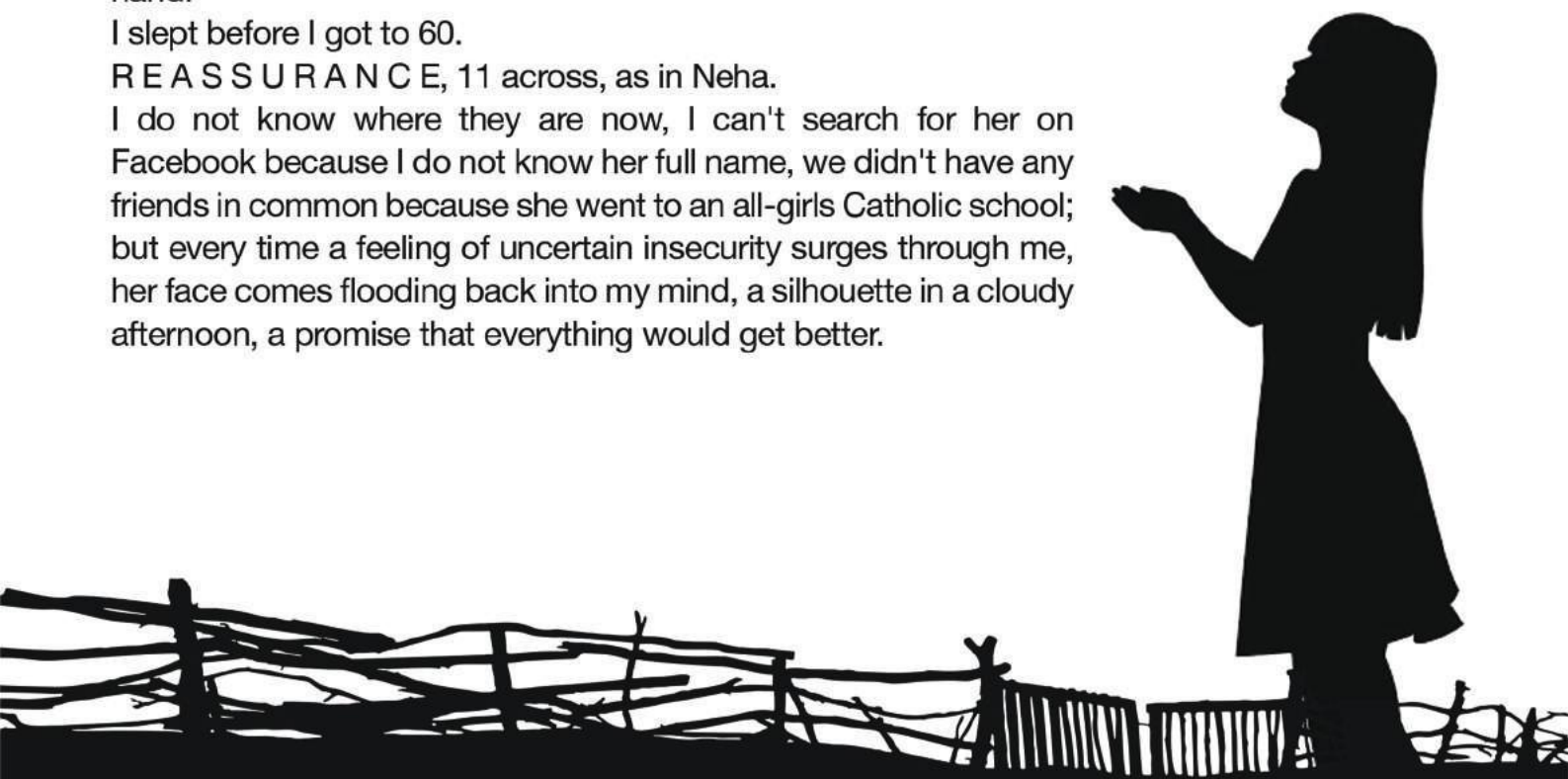
64

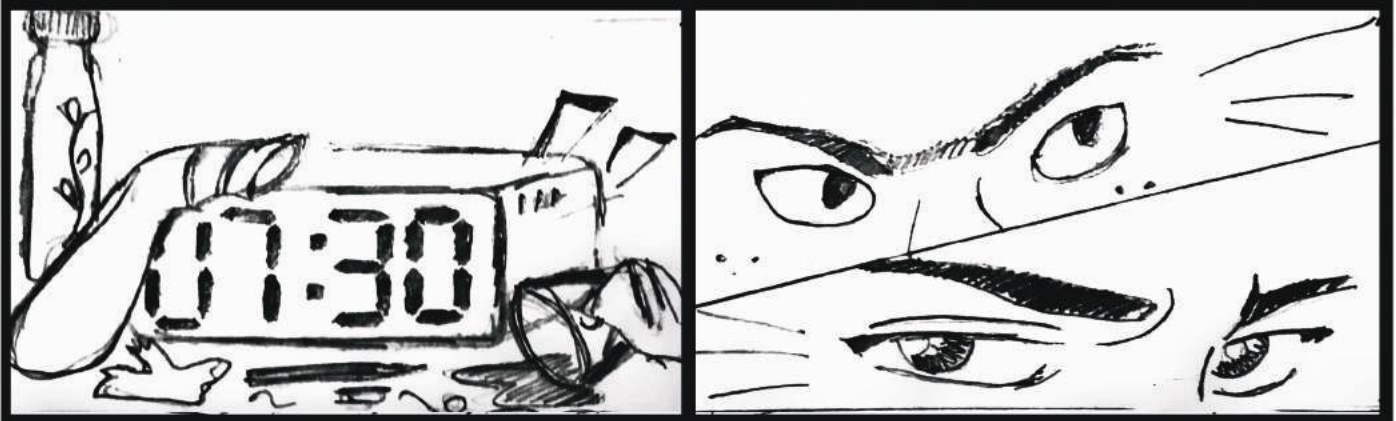
I looked at her as she smiled, closed her eyes and squeezed my hand.

I slept before I got to 60.

REASSURANCE, 11 across, as in Neha.

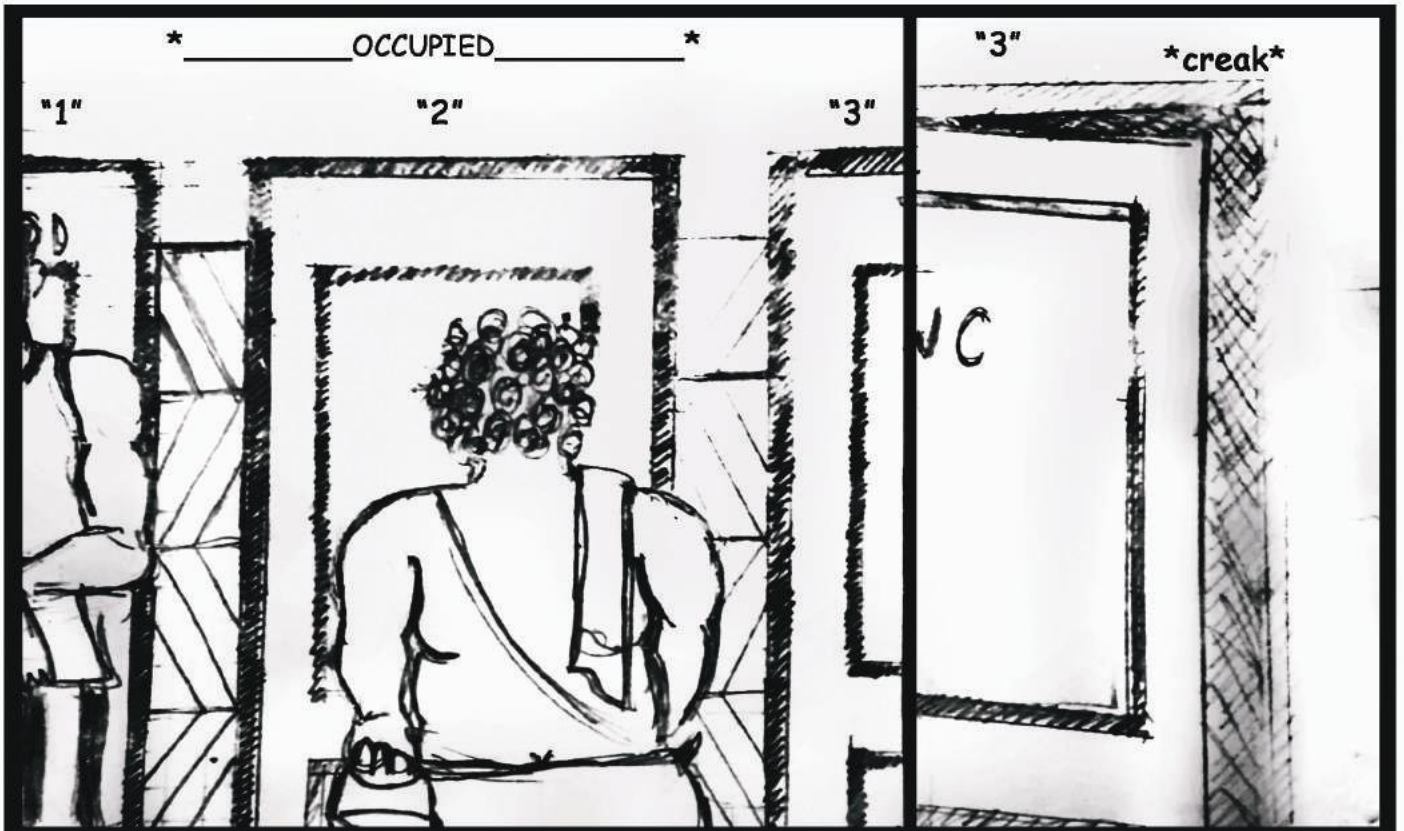
I do not know where they are now, I can't search for her on Facebook because I do not know her full name, we didn't have any friends in common because she went to an all-girls Catholic school; but every time a feeling of uncertain insecurity surges through me, her face comes flooding back into my mind, a silhouette in a cloudy afternoon, a promise that everything would get better.

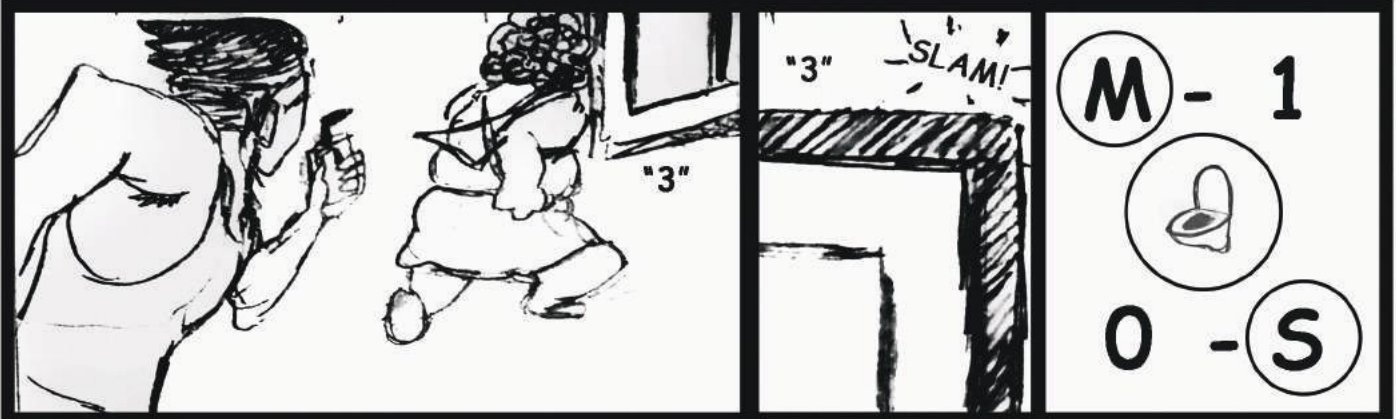




# MINOTE AND SEKOND

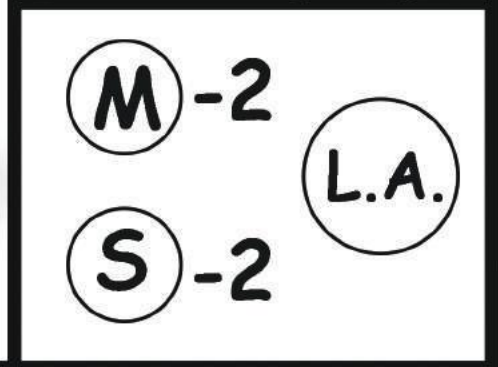
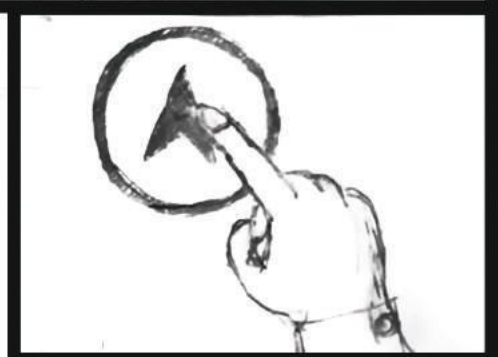
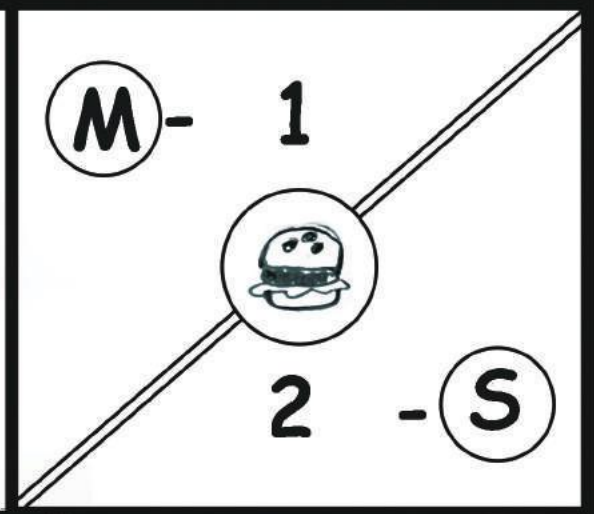
BY- PARTHA DHAL

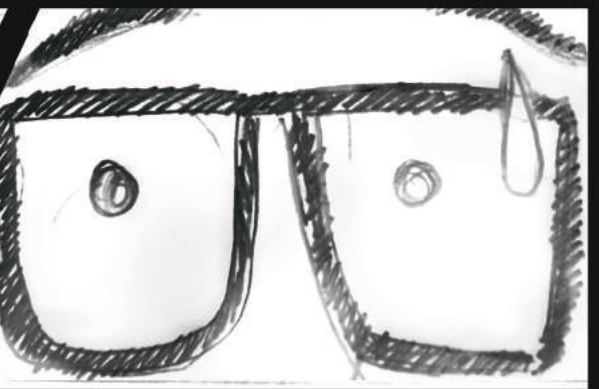
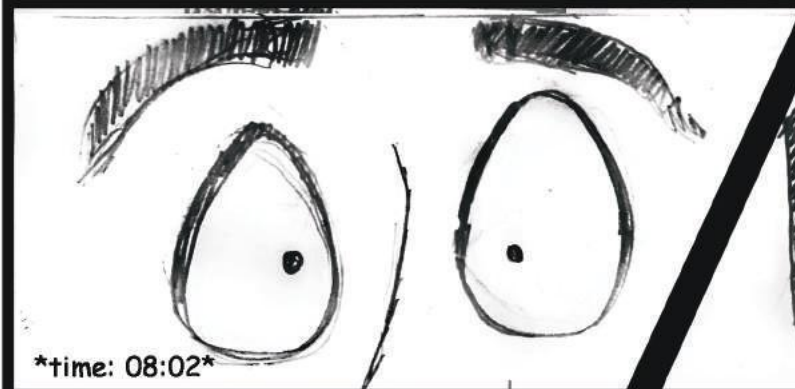
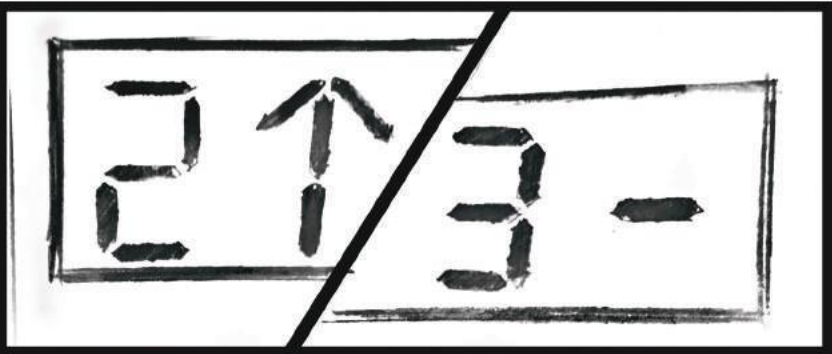




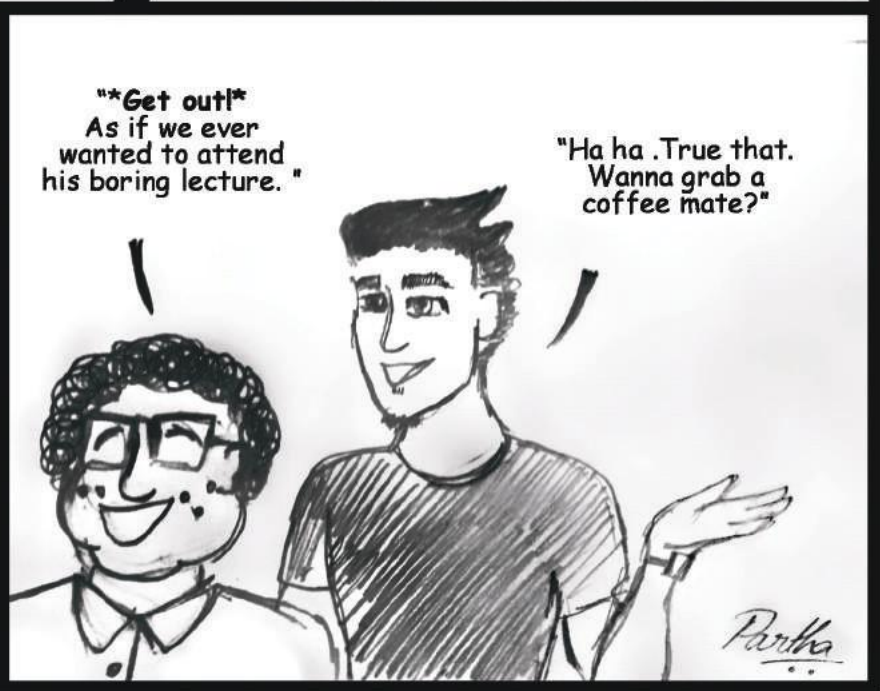
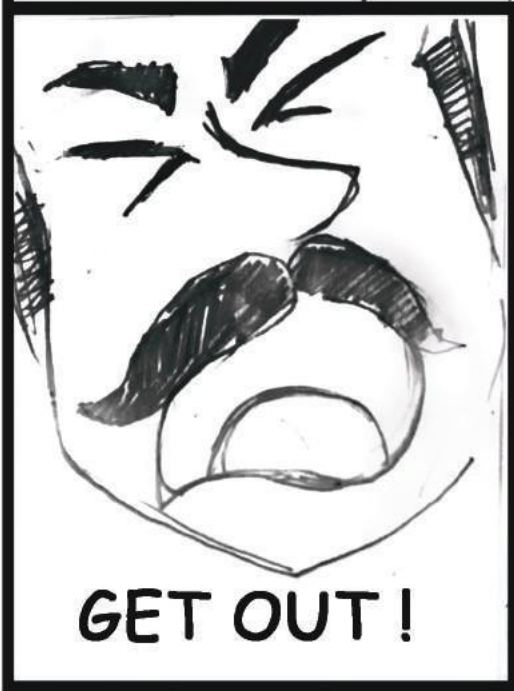
\* A few minutes later...\*







\*time: 08:02\*





# Remembering



Life is a great leveller. Where there is happiness, there has to be grief as well.

Over the last one year, the NIT-R junta has been plunged into grief time and again by the untimely demise of our own kin, professor and students alike. And while no amount of sorrow can convey the holes that they have left behind in the hearts of their loved ones, we take this opportunity to pay our heartfelt homage to these departed souls.



## *Sanjay Kumar Jena*

On the 17th of May, 2017 Professor SK Jena entered eternal life, when he breathed his last at Ispat General Hospital Rourkela, where he was being treated. Professor Jena was a renowned stalwart of the Department of Computer Science and Engineering, since he joined the institute in 1984. His contribution towards the growth of the institute in general, and the Computer Science and Engineering Department in particular, is unparalleled. We sincerely pray for his soul to rest in peace.



## *Debasish Mishra*

On the 4th of July, 2017 Debasish Mishra, a student of the Metallurgical Sciences Department, tragically lost his life in an unfortunate accident. Debasish, who was known to be a passionate traveler and blogger, drowned at a lake in Udaipur, Rajasthan during one of his solo trips around India. For someone, who went out of the way and dared to think differently, we pray for Debasish's journey into the afterlife. Our thoughts shall always remain with his loved ones.



## *Prasenjit Das*

On the 22nd of May, 2017 Prasenjit Das, a student of the Life Sciences Department, lost his long-standing battle with pulmonary hypertension, a rare congenital disease. At the time of his death he was being treated at Kolkata. We pray to God, to grant Prasenjit, peace in his eternal afterlife and our thoughts always reside with the family of Prasenjit, and with his near and dear ones.

# OUR TEAM



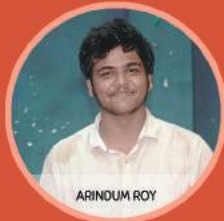
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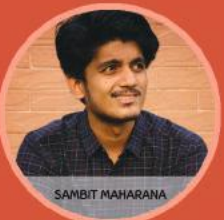
ANSHUMAN BEBARTA

EDITOR- IN-CHIEF



ARINDUM ROY

EDITOR- IN-CHIEF



SAMBIT MAHARANA

DESIGN HEAD

EDITING



ABHINAV KOTHARI



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