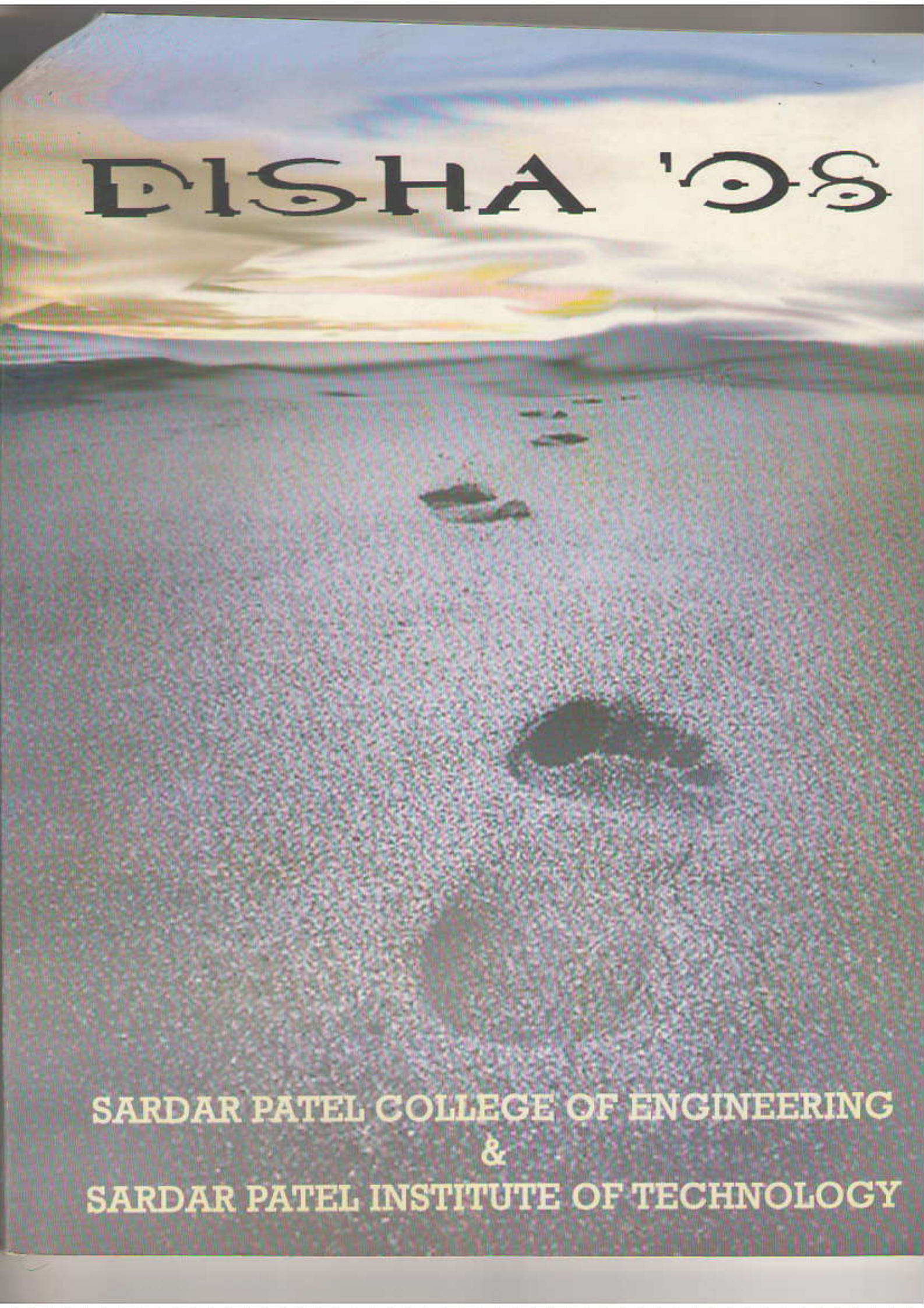




DISHA '08

SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING
&
SARDAR PATEL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY



VISION

To build a renowned institution
which will produce
skilled graduate engineers
with goodwill for humanity

MISSION

- To impart education through need based curriculum in academic programmes.
- To enhance career opportunities for students through industry institute interaction and value added courses.
- To promote excellence by encouraging a wide range of views, lateral thinking and sense of discipline.

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Pratap Kaul

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Hello Readers

Phew!!!

Frequenting the language lab, running around the college clicking pictures, coordinating with the editorial and technical teams, begging for articles, collecting reports. This is what all the magazine secretaries have been doing all these years and we were no exception to it. Though it was a bit different than the other years. Like every year we did not start off together as one team. But by the end of the year, the paths that had split met once again and we finally found our DISHA.

Working with a huge team [never in its history must the college have seen such a big magazine team...] was fun. Everyone in the team has contributed in their own way to make our magazine what it is. Had it not been for their arduous efforts, the magazine would not have been possible. Here we would like to thank Prof. Madhavi Gokhale who picked such a diligent team for us and Lt.S.Solanki for proof reading the Hindi section.

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to Prof. Vidya Joshi who stood by us throughout the making of the magazine. We wish to thank all who have helped us in the making of the magazine; though we do not wish to name them here [the list is too long ...].

If any event, important enough, which happened in the college, has not been covered in the magazine then we would like to apologize beforehand for the same.

Last year's Disha set new standards for us and we have tried our best to not only emulate it but also set new ones of our own. Hope you enjoy this Disha as much as you did last year...

Bon reading!!!

- Magazine Secretaries

Principal's Report 2007-08 - S.P.C.E.

The last academic year has been eventful in the history of SPCE. Under the guidance of the Governing Council, the college has taken the first steps towards a new era. An era of self realization, growth and excellence. The institute has embarked on an ambitious modernisation plan. Recognizing the need to produce graduates who are relevant and deployable, the college has taken steps to initiate industry institute interaction and imbibe on the students the need and importance of theory to practice. The L & T switch gear laboratory, Leighton University concept and the proposed collaboration with several industry partners for piping and design detailing are classical examples of this interaction. Besides this the college has entered into MoU's with several reputed organisations like INFOSYS and WIPRO. I am sure that that the industry institute interaction will grow stronger and the students as well as faculty benefit from this.

To promote the spirit of entrepreneurship, the college has become an associate member of the National Entrepreneurship Network. (NEN) An entrepreneurship cell was established in the college last year. The cell, in its third year has been carrying out a number of activities. The cell will be strengthened in the coming years and is bound to grow to new levels. The college has very ambitious plans of modernizing laboratories to international standards. It is also proposed to initiate collaboration with several academic institutes both in India and abroad, in areas of mutual strength. Several steps have been taken in this direction. I am sure that results of this initiative will be seen in the coming years.

The institute in its 46th year has a very strong alumni base. The alumnus is keen to ensure that the institute which has given them their status grows to a world class institute. In line with this thinking, the alumni association has taken steps in this direction by registering under the Societies Act and under 80 G of the IT act. The Alumni Association and the college will be shortly starting a US Chapter later this year. The college will be celebrating its 50th year in 2012, four years from now. The golden jubilee year will be celebrated in a big way.

Faculty retention is a major issue with many institutes. Although we were not plagued with this so far, we are likely to feel the effects of this shortly. The management is seized of the challenges and is likely to come up with a retention plan shortly. Faculty development programme will be the corner stone of this initiative, Along with the faculty development programme the college also proposes to upgrade skills of supporting staff which plays a key role in the institute progress.

I have always believed that the institute is known for its faculty. I urge the faculty and supporting staff to rise to the occasion and play their vital part in the development of the college.

I am thankful to the Local Managing Committee and the staff and its representatives for offering valuable suggestions for the development of the college.

I also thank the members of the Principal's office for their valuable contribution in the growth of the college. I am indeed indebted to the members of the Governing Council for their valuable guidance, inspiration and constant support in the development of the college.

Dr. S.Y. Mhaiskar

Principal

Civil Engineering Department

1. Department received accreditation status for the period 2007 -2010 from NBA
2. Department had applied for an enhanced intake for Ph.D. programme with the University of Mumbai. The intake is increased to 30.
Total eight no of research students have registered for Ph.D.
3. The PG programme in M.E. (P.T.D.C.) Construction Management has received an encouraging student response and the result for all three years is 100 %.
4. Dr. P.Shrivastava and Dr. RA Hegde have been recognized for research guides for Ph.D. programme.
5. Shri AR. Kambekar is pursuing Ph.D. programme at IIT Bombay under QIP Scheme.
6. Ms. Reshma Raskar was sponsored for pursuing M.Tech programme at IIT Bombay. She shall be resuming her duties from July'2008.
7. Prof. P.H.Sawan, Dr. P. Shrivastava, Dr. P. P. Nagrale, Dr. R. A. Hegde and Ms. H/S: Jeswani published papers in National and International journals/ Conferences.
8. The department shall be conducting a two week "Refresher course on Bridge Engineering" for the engineers of PWD, Daman.
9. The department organized workshops in collaboration with IGS Mumbai Chapter.
10. The department undertook consultancy & testing works in different areas of civil engineering and generated revenue of Rs. 30 lakhs.
11. Dr. P. Shrivastava conducted Transportation Studies for Goa and Chandigarh.
12. Dr. P. Shrivastava and Dr. P.P.Nagrale have completed AICTE sponsored research project and the other project is under progress.
13. The department has completed AICTE funded MODROB projects worth Rs. 1. 8 Lakhs in the field of Transportation engg. and Hydraulics.
14. The department has signed MOU with ITIN, France for Transportation Research Center. Also with Leighton International for training program of students.
15. Nirmiti'08 a national level technical symposium was organized by CEA in March 2008.

16. Various technical site and industrial visits were organized by the department in and around Mumbai City.

17. Eleven Students from M.E. (Construction Management) P.TD.C. course have published their papers in National Conferences at GCOE, Amravati and MIT, Pune. Around fifteen students shall be presenting their paper at the International Conference to be held at Coimbatore in May'08.

Department Of Structural Engineering

- ✍ Dr. B.N .Pandya received Dr. Jai Krishna award for the paper published in the Journal of the Institution of Engineers- INDIA. . Dr. B.N.Pandya received a certificate of appreciation by hands of Richard Engelhardt, UNESCO Regional Advisor for the restoration work of the heritage structure of Convocation Hall at Fort campus of the Mumbai University .
- ✍ Dr. M.M.Murudi delivered a lecture on "Seismic Risk-An introduction" during workshop on 'Earthquake Resistant Design on RC Buildings' held at College of Engineering, Pune.
- ✍ Shri A A.Bage & Shri A.N. Bambole both have submitted the Ph.D. Thesis and the defense is likely to be held shortly.
- ✍ Shri A.N.Bambole published a paper on "Hybrid-interface finite element for thick laminated composite plates" in the Journal of Computers and Structures
- ✍ Shri A.N.Bambole published a paper on "Hybrid-interface finite element for laminated composite and sandwich beams" in the Journal of Finite Element Method in Analysis and Design.
- ✍ Shri A.N.Bambole published a paper on "Novel hybrid-interface formulation for Statics of angle-ply laminates" in 15th International Conference on Composite Engineering (ICCE-15), Hainan, China.
- ✍ Shri A.N.Bambole attended a course of NEN-Stanford-11M B Entrepreneurship Educators Course (Module #2): Entrepreneurship Fundamentals Concepts, Skills and Case Method, conducted by Indian Institute of Management -Bangalore.

- ✍ Shri A.N. Bambole attended one Day workshop on "Finite Element Method and its Applications", By Prof. J. N. Reddy, Texas A & M Uni., US, at Padre Conceicao College of Engineering, Goa.
- ✍ Shri A.N. Bambole and Dr. B.N. Pandya have signed MOU between SPCE and S & P Clever Reinforcement (I) Pvt. Ltd. for testing performance of FRP wraps and adhesives. Amount Rs. 1.60 lakh. They have also signed MOU for research project on Performance evaluation of waterproofing products based on crystallization, Sponsored by Pentron Ind. Pvt. Ltd., Grant amount Rs. 2.091 lakh.
- ✍ Shri M.M. Maniyar attended a course on "Earthquake Engineering Literature Survey Workshop", Conducted under NICEE & NPEEE at IIT, Kanpur.
- ✍ Shri M.M. Maniyar attended a course on "Nonlinear Seismic Analysis of Structures", Conducted by NPEEE at IIT, Kanpur.
- ✍ Shri M.M. Maniyar attended a course on "Engineering Seismology and Seismic Hazard Assessment", Conducted by NPEEE at IIT, Madras, Chennai.
- ✍ Shri M.M. Maniyar published a paper on "Mitigation of Seismic Financial Risk of Reinforced Concrete Walls by Using Damage Avoidance Design" in the ISET Journal of Earthquake Technology.
- ✍ Shri M.M. Maniyar published a paper on "Seismic Performance and Financial Risk of Masonry House" in the ISET Journal of Earthquake Technology.
- ✍ Shri M.M. Maniyar published a paper on "Seismic Collapse Capacity of Non-Seismic RC Frames" in the journal of Structural Engineering, SERE.
- ✍ Shri M.M. Maniyar published a paper on "Fragility Analysis of Non-Seismic RC frame through IDA. in 23rd National Convention of Civil Engineers, Civil Engineering Division of Institution of Engineers (I) Kolkata.
- ✍ Shri M.M. Maniyar published a paper on "Ground Motion Parameters for LMSR Bin of Earthquakes." in 23rd National Convention of Civil Engineers, Civil Engineering Division of Institution of Engineers (I) Kolkata.

- ✍ Non-Seismic RC frame through IDA. in 23rd National Convention of Civil Engineers, Civil Engineering Division of Institution of Engineers (I) Kolkata.
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- ✍ Shri M.M.Maniyar published a paper on "Seismic Performance and Design of Precast Concrete Building Structures" in 23rd National Convention of Civil Engineers, Civil Engineering Division of Institution of Engineers (I) Kolkata.
- ✍ Shri M.M.Maniyar conducted a course At S. G. S. Institute of Technology and Science, Indore, ISTE, STTP, on "Earthquake Resistant Design of Buildings and Structures".
- ✍ Shri M.M.Maniyar conducted a training program for Architects on Earthquake Engineering, Training under Disaster Risk Management Programme, Urban Earthquake Vulnerability Reduction Project, implemented by District Administration, Indore. I
- ✍ Shri M.M.Maniyar delivered a lecture at College of Engineering, Pune, ISTE, STTP, on "Earthquake Resistant Design of RC Buildings".
- ✍ Smt S.S. Gadve has joined the college after 3 years sponsorship to IIT-Bombay for Ph.D. and likely to submit the thesis shortly.
- ✍ Smt S.S.Gadve published a paper on "Corrosion of steel reinforcement embedded in FRP wrapped concrete" in the journal of Building & construction Materials (Elsevier Publication).
- ✍ Smt S.S.Gadve presented a paper on "Corrosion of steel in FRP wrapped concrete", at International Conference on Corrosion, CORCON2007, held in Mumbai.
- ✍ Lt S.D.solanki received a letter of appreciation from Deputy Director General, Brigadier R C Shard, NCC Maharashtra and Colonel J K Tiwari SC, Group Commander, Mumbai, for outstanding work in the organization.
- ✍ Lt S.D.Solanki received a token of appreciation for training cadets of Maharashtra, for Republic day camp and the Prime Ministers Rally held in Delhi for 26th January,2007 and the Maharashtra contingent received the Prime Ministers banner for the year2008 the contingent got the Runner's Up Trophy in the Prime Minister's rally.

- ✍ Lt. S.D. Solanki Attended a two day seminar on new syllabus and paper pattern in Atharwa College of Engineering.
- ✍ Lt S.D.Solanki conducted a Public Speaking course for BBA 3rd semester, of 45 hours as per the syllabus requirement in Wellingkar Institute of Management.
- ✍ Shri S.G.Barot published a paper on "A New Key stream Generator using T-functions" in National Conference on Engineering Applications of Mathematics, Maharashtra Academy of Engineering, Pune.
- ✍ Shri V.I.Sharma attended a course on "Advanced Training School in Mathematics for Lecturers on Complex Analysis" BHASKARACHARYA PRATISHTHANA, Pune.
- ✍ Shri V.I.Sharma attended a course on "Workshop on Scilab Software" held at Rajiv Gandhi Institute of Technology, Andheri, Mumbai.
- ✍ With the team spirit and hard work of the faculty and supporting staff of the department it is able to generate revenue of about Rs. 60 lakh through Testing and Consultancy services.

Department Of Electrical Engineering:

- ✍ In January 2008, the department of Electrical Engineering has been accredited for the next three years.
 - ✍ The department strengthened the Industry Institute Interaction by developing the SPCE -L & T Switchgear & Protection Laboratory.
 - ✍ The department received a grant of Rs Ten Lakh for the modernization of the Power Electronics lab.
 - ✍ The dept jointly with A tec Automation conducted a training program on PLC programming for teachers. It is proposed to start short term courses on PLC programming on professional basis
- Following faculty members published papers in national conferences.
- (i) Anupa Sabnis (ii) Sangita Diangade
- ✍ Following faculty members attended short term courses/ training programs
- (i) Anupa Sabnis (ii) Vidya Joshi (iii) Sangita Diangade
(iv) Swati Lawand (v) Kunal Salunkhe .

- ✍ Dr Shubha Pandit was invited to deliver guest lectures in three engineering colleges in Mumbai and one in Pune.
- ✍ Dr Shubha Pandit was appointed as Member of interview panel of JN Tata Endowment and Narottam Sekhsaria Foundation *for* selecting scholars *for* higher studies.
- ✍ Prof.N.W Kinhekar completed his MTech from IIT Bombay.
- ✍ Prof.B.B.Pimple joined IIT Bombay *for* Ph.D. under QIP.
- ✍ Electrical Engg. Students Association (EESA) organized SPARK, an intercollegiate festival *for* 2 days which included seminars and workshops on technical topics, Robotic competitions, quiz, etc.
- ✍ Industrial visits were organized to the following places
 1. Padghe HVDC Power Plant
 2. Bhandup Complex scheduled .
 3. Dhahanu Generating Station
- ✍ Lectures from eminent persons from various backgrounds were arranged

Department of Mechanical Engineering:

- ✍ Department is successfully accredited for a period of 3 years.
- ✍ Dr.A.V Bhonsale was appointed as Member of the Interview panel of J.N.TATA ENDOWMENT *for* selecting J.N.Tata scholars *for* higher education.
- ✍ Dr.A.V Bhonsale was appointed as chairman *for* Gradation of MBA/MMS institutions by DTE.
- ✍ ISHRAE- SPCE STUDENT'S Chapter inaugurated in October 2007.
- ✍ Dr. Ms. R.R. Easow received a Research grant from Ministry of New and Renewable Energy (MNRE).
- ✍ Dr. Ms. R.R. Easow & students-working on Funded Project "Trigeneration Airconditioning, Electricity and Hot water using 4-stroke LPG driven engine"
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- ✍ The following three laboratories were upgraded by adding equipments namely

1) Measurement Lab 2) Dynamics of Machinery Lab. 3) Mechatronics Lab.

- ✍ Following faculty members published papers at national Conferences

1) Prof. S.S. Umale

- ✍ Following faculty members published papers at International Conferences

1) Prof. R.B. Buktar 2) Prof. VR. Kalamkar 3) Prof. R.S. Maurya

- ✍ Following faculty members attended short term courses / training programmes

1) Dr.A.V Bhonsale 2) Dr. Ms. R.R. Easow 3) Prof. VD. Raul 4) Prof. R.B. Buktar 5) Prof. S.S. Umale 6) Prof M.K. Bhiwapurkar 7) Prof. P.K.Mulay

- ✍ Following faculty members conducted training programmes

1) Prof. A.V Bhonsale 2) Prof. S.B. Rane

- ✍ Following staff member were invited for key note address

1) Dr. Ms. R.R. Easow

- ✍ Mechanical Engineering Students Association (MESA) organized TORQUE 08, an inter collegiate technical festival for 2 days in Feb. 2008. .

- ✍ Team of 2 final year mechanical students were first runners up at ISHRAE intercollegiate engineering quiz competition, the finals held at SPCE on 27/3/2008 .

- ✍ Following industrial visits were organized

1) SITCO, Gangtok 2) Sikkim Jewels, Gangtok 3) Sikkim Precision Industries, Namchi 4) Mahindra Auto Section, Mumbai

Principal's Report 2007-08 - S.P.I.T.

I wish to start by modifying the first lines from a great novel to describe the phase that we are going thru: These are the best of times and these are also the most trying of times.

The best of times because the future is bright for Indian professionals, the economy is looking up; the spirit of entrepreneurship is being supported by the power of capital.

These are also the trying of times, because we, at SPIT need to carve our own niche in the so called hall of fame, struggle against obsolescence, generate our own stature, build a reputation, and all this with our own resources. It is going to be tougher with increasing competition and demand for greater caliber to sustain success and excellence. But if we go by our records, the year 2007-08 has been impressive and heartening. And I take pleasure in giving you a brief update.

. Students:

Admission 07-08 : Quality attracts quality and in turn engenders quality.. Which is why I believe we are blessed in getting CET merit rankers.

Summary of Results of Examination held in May-June 2007

Year	Electronics	Electronics & Telecommunications	Computer	Information Technology
F.E.	63.24 %	76.56 %	72.73 %	55.22% 67%
S.E.	67.61 %	89.86 %	92.75 %	90.77 %
T.E.	87.18 %	-	91.89 %	85.00 %
B.E.	95.95 %	-	96.15 %	97.20 %

Student Awards

Though I must say that I would wish to read a long list of awards won by our students at state / national /International levels and a long university rank list, We are left somewhat wanting in this area.

However one project is worth mentioning that is participation in ROBOCON. About 25 students from SPIT and SPCE participated in this prestigious Nation wide competition in March 08. It is our 5th consistent participation for ROBOCON.10 students have received MIT ROBOCON certificates.

Faculty

(A) Qualification Improvement

Ph.D. Submitted

- 1) Mr. U. D. Kolekar
- 2) Mr. S. T. Gandhe

Admission secured for Ph.D.-

- 1) Mr. S. S. Rathod (IIT Roorkee)
- 2) Mr. Prashant Khakse (IIT Roorkee)

M.E. Completed -

- 1) Mr. Narendra Bhagat
- 1) Mrs. Swati Kolekar
- 2) Mr. P.B. Bhavtankar
- 3) Mrs. Sukanya Kulkarni
- 4) Mr. P. V. Kasambe

(B) New Appointments from the two interviews that were conducted during the year 07-08 are

	AP	L
Electronics Department:	01	01
Computer Department:	01	03
Department of IT:		02
Electronics and Telecomm dept:	01	04

(C) Papers Published

Our faculty published a good volume of work during the year

D) Awards Won

Mr. Deven Shah Assistant Professor, Information Technology department has received an IBM international 'faculty award 2007' amounting to US \$ 8000 for his research project on **Web Security"**

Prof. S.S. Rathod Assistant Prof in Electronics was given an achievement for outstanding contribution in engineering related activities by Government of Pondichery.

(E) Value added courses conducted and consultancy

We made a small start towards revenue generation .7 courses in various areas ranging from java, CCNA to SOA were conducted by departments along with consultancy assignment take up by faculty generating a revenue of about Rs. 3.5 lakhs

One highlight of this years activity is organizing of SPIT-IEEE Colloquium 2007 on "recent trends and advances in Information, Software and Communication Technology". Prof. K.T. Talele Head of Electronics dept ably coordinated the event.

About 300 submissions were received from all over the country and a few from abroad. 100+ reviewers from all across the world reviewed these. 195 registered participants attended the 2-day conference and about 30 participants attended the workshop on web Security and Data mining conducted by IBM and on Embedded systems conducted by Symbian Bangalore and Wipro Pune.

At this juncture it is appropriate to reminder that the success that has been your reward and will be in the years to come is not a one-time milestone it is only part of a process that will lead you to excellence if not perfection. This is only a battle that you have won in a small arena of academics; the war is still to be fought.

I look forward to an eventful year ahead not only in terms of more feathers in our cap but also greater heights attained in terms of excellence.

GS Report

Shrenik Mhatre
G.S. SPIT

It has been a long journey that began in the month of August amidst the elections. The council was formed on 27th August 2007. The year started with the Teachers' Day. On this occasion we not only paid tribute to our 'gurus' but also introduced the council to the teachers (so that we get attendance in adverse conditions). The next event was Freshers meet that we co-ordinated with SPCE gymkhana. It was the day when we heartily welcomed all the first year students. It was their first brush with their seniors as they showcased their talent through personality contest and dancing competition. Since there was a lull in activities in the odd semester after the Freshers' meet, we decided to celebrate a 'Week of Colours' on the occasion of Navratri that saw the college painted in varied pastels. What with all teachers and students joining in wearing colourful clothes! After 3 long months of submissions, we got a well deserved break in TECHNOBREAK'08. both SPCE and SPIT jointly organized this event. This event to the precursor of SPACE. All students participated in huge numbers in this intra-collegiate festival. After a tough battle for points, the class of BE IT emerged winners of the Technobreak'08 shield. Once Technobreak got over we started off with the preparations of Space'08. At the same time, the intra-collegiate Sports Festival took off. Our Sports Secretary did a wonderful job of organizing varied sporting events right from cricket to football to throwball not only for students but also for the staff members. The sleepless nights we spent working for Space finally paid off. The festival SPACE 08 on 6,7th,8th of March was a huge success. The likes of Indian ocean, Rooh, etc. performed at this annual extravaganza. The Rose day, traditional day and annual day in the last week of March and first week of April brought an end to the long year whose memories will always remain.

GS Report

Tiyasa Khanra
G.S. SPCE

Beginning a report almost always seems like a Herculean task to me. More so in this case because words fall short in describing a year so full of activities, such as we've had and all the hard work that went into organizing these events and not to forget all the emotions and drama that played out in the background. Well as I need to cut a long story short, let me start with the report of a rather 'eventful' year which began with Fresher's Welcome. This was followed by Dandiya night making its debut this year (and going by the response it is here to stay). The year 2008 began with the Alumni Meet where the batch of 1982 was felicitated. Next on the agenda, after seemingly never ending exams was Technobreak. Even though certain unavoidable circumstances reduced Technobreak, at the very last minute, by half a day, thankfully the enthusiasm and competitive spirit of the students to try and win the shield for their class was not curbed in the least. What followed Technobreak could best be described as a frenzy of activities that included the annual cultural events like Geetspandan and Bhavaspandan as well as the departmental technical festivals: Spark, Nirmiti and Torque. SPIRIT held over the entire month also saw an overwhelming response. Then came SPACE'08 on 6th, 7th and 8th of March with more than a month of preparations preceding it. Set with a theme of Symphony of Colours, SPACE had nearly 60 events spanning over a wide variety of categories that included Performing Arts, Literary and Oratory events, Dramatics, Fine Arts, Musical, Biz and Technical events, Adventure Sports, Special events like Karoke, Band Competition, Ballroom Dancing and Stunt Display. The opening night saw a performance by Indian Ocean, which was followed, by Visual Impact and a DJ night on the next two evenings. The activities continued beyond SPACE with Formal Day and Rose Day. A Blood Donation Drive and a Clothes Donation Drive were also held which more than exhibited our students' charitable spirit. All this could not have been possible without the support extended by Prof Solanki and Prof Bhagat as well as the entire faculty.

It indeed has been an enriching experience for me, one that has taught me several things like crisis management, time management, multi-tasking, handling egos and also that experience is meaningless without the zeal to work and has also made me a firm believer of Murphy's Law that "Whatever can go wrong will go wrong, and at the worst possible time, in the worst possible way".

Rank Holders

KULPATI'S GOLD MEDAL.

SR NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	MS. JAGTAP JYOTI SUBHASH	For securing First Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (CIVIL) Examination held in May -2007.
2	SHRI. LAKHANI KOMELABBAS INAYATALI	For securing First Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (MECHANICAL) Examination held in May 2007
3	SHRI. ROTHE AMIT RAMESH	For securing First Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (ELECTRICAL) Examination held in May 2007
4	KUM. PATWARDHAN MUGDHA VASANT	For securing First Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (ELECTRONICS) Examination held in May 2007
5	KUM. SHAH VIRAGI MAHESH	For securing First Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (COMPUTER) Examination held in May 2007
6	SHRI. BHAT NAMAN DARSHAN	For securing First Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (I.T.) Examination held in May 2007

Kulpati's Silver Medal

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI. BHONG KIRAN LAXMAN	For securing Second Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (CIVIL) Examination held in May -2007.
2	SHRI HASE MAHESH PANDHARINATH	For securing Second Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (MECHANICAL) Examination held in May -2007.
3	MS. ANNA JOY PREETHI	For securing Second Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (ELECTRICAL) Examination held in May -2007.
4	SHRI. BHATT SEHUL SUDHIR	For securing Second Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (ELECTRONICS) Examination held in May -2007.
5	SHRI. RAMESH GOPALKRISHNAN	For securing second Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (COMPUTER) Examination held in May -2007.
6	KUM. PARDESHI RACHNA RAJENDRA	For securing Second Rank in First Attempt amongst students of this college and First Class with Distinction in B.E. (IT) Examination held in May -2007.

SHRI PRUTUVISH NARAYANDAS KILLAWALLA PRIZE OF RS. 100/ EACH.

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI PATHAK YASH	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college at F.E. (ELECTRICAL) Examination held in May -2007 and joined in S.E. (ELECTRICAL) in the year 2007-08.
2	MS. KHANRA TIYASHA KALYAN	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college at S.E. (ELECTRICAL) Examination held in May -2007 and joined in T.E. (ELECTRICAL) in the year 2007-08.
3	SHRI GOGTE OMKAR RAM	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college at T.E. (ELECTRICAL) Examination held in May -2007 and joined in B.E. (ELECTRICAL) in the year 2007-08.
4	SHRI. ROTHE AMIT RAMESH	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college at B.E. (ELECTRICAL) Examination held in May -2007.

SHRIPAD RAO DUBHASHI PRIZE OF RS. 75/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI PANJWANI PANKAJ DIWAN	For securing highest marks amongst our successful college students in the subject of "Building Design & Drawing" in T.E. (CIVIL) Sem. V examination held in December 2006.

SMT. AHILYABHAI TEMBE PRIZE OF RS. 100/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI BHONG KIRAN LAXMAN	For standing first in the subject of "Design & Drawing of Concrete Structures" in B.E. (CIVIL) Sem. VIII examination held in June 2007.

SHRI R. M. JOSHI PRIZE OF RS. 100/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	MS. JAGTAP JYOTI SUBHASH	Has been awarded Prof. R. M. Joshi prize for securing highest marks in Sem. VII and Sem. VIII (CIVIL) taken together and passing separately during 2006-07

Dr. PRANLALA PATEL FOUNDATION PRIZE OF RS. 500/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI SAWANT NITIN BALIRAM	Has been awarded Dr. PRANLALA PATEL prize for securing highest percentage of marks in F.E. (MECHANICAL) examination at the first attempt during 2006-07.
2	SHRI S. ARVIND RAGHAVAN	Has been awarded Dr. PRANLALA PATEL prize for securing highest percentage of marks in S.E. (MECHANICAL) examination at the first attempt during 2006-07.
3	SHRI NAVALKAR SACHIN TEJWANT	Has been awarded Dr. PRANLALA PATEL prize for securing highest percentage of marks in T.E. (MECHANICAL) examination at the first attempt during 2006-07.

SHRI JAYANTI SATYANARAYNA MEMORIAL PRIZE OF RS. 50/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	MS. SUBHASHINI NAINAR	For securing highest percentage of marks in the subject of "STRUCTURAL ANALYSIS" Sem. V at the T.E. (CIVIL) examination held in December 2006.

SHRI MARATHE MEMORIAL PRIZE OF RS. 500/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	1. MS. ADYA KANCHAN CHANNAKESHAV 2. SHRI. SAWANT NITIN BALIRAM	For securing highest percentage of marks in the subject of "ENGINEERING MECHANICS" Sem. I at the F.E. Examination held in December 2006 - 07.

SHRI MARATHE MEMORIAL PRIZE OF RS. 250/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	1. MS. BELKAR SANDHYA DATTATRAYA 2. SHRI. GANDHI RUSHABH YATIN	For securing highest percentage of marks in the subject of "STRENGTH OF MATERIALS" Sem. III at the S.E. (CIVIL) examination held in December 2006-07.
2	SHRI. S. ARVIND RAGHAVAN	For securing highest percentage of marks in the subject of "STRENGTH OF MATERIALS" Sem. III at the S.E. (MECHANICAL) examination held in December 2006-07.

BENGAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION (BOMBAY

BRANCH)

TRUST SCHOLARSHIP OF RS. 2000/- EACH

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI. PANJWANI PANKAJ DIWAN	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college of T.E. (CIVIL) Examination held in May -2007.
2	SHRI. NAVALKAR SACHIN TEJWANT	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college of T.E. (MECHANICAL) Examination held in May -2007.
3	SHRI. GOGTE OMKAR RAM	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college of T.E. (ELECTRICAL) Examination held in May - 2007.
4	SHRI. MANSATA OMKAR MADHUSUDHAN	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college of T.E. (ELECTRONICS) Examination held in May -2007.

INDIAN WATER WORK ASSOCIATION (BOMBAY CENTRE) CASH PRIZE OF

RS.400/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	MS. MORJE DIPALI SUDHIR	For securing highest marks in the subject of "Environmental Engineering" B.E. (CIVIL) Sem. VII Examination held in Dec -2006.

DR. G. A. MHASKAR & DR. B.M.JOSHI PRIZE OF RS. 130/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI. ROTHE AMIT RAMESH	For securing 1 st rank in B.E. (ELECTRICAL) Class.
2	KUM. PATWARDHAN MUGDHA VASANT	For securing 1 st rank in B.E. (ELECTRONICS) Class.
3	KUM. SHAH VIRAGI MAHESH	For securing 1 st rank in B.E. (COMPUTER) Class.
4	SHRI. BHAT NAMAN DARSHAN	For securing 1 st rank in B.E. (I.T.) Class.

MERIT PRIZE OF RS. 100/- EACH (OR BOOKS WORTH THE AMOUNT)
AWARDED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING TO THE
STUDENTS OBTAINING THE FIRST CLASS AND GETTING HIGHEST NUMBERS
OF MARKS IN ALL STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING SUBJECTS TAKEN
TOGETHER AT THE F.E. (CIVIL), S.E.(CIVIL), T.E. (CIVIL), B.E.(CIVIL)
EXAMINATION HELD IN THE YEAR 2006- 07.

SR. NO.	EXAMINATION	NAME
1	F.E. (CIVIL)	SHRI. BHATI VIKRAM MANASARAMJI
2	S.E. (CIVIL)	MS. NAIK YESHA ASHOK.
3	T.E. (CIVIL)	SHRI. SUBHASHINI NAINAR
4	B.E. (CIVIL)	SHRI. BHONG KIRAN LAXMAN

COMMUNICATION SKILL PRIZE AWARDED BY STRUCTURAL
DEPARTMENT
FOR F.E. CLASS.

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	MS. NAG SANCHALI SAMUJJWAL	FOR GETTING MAX MARKS IN C.S. SUBJECT

SPECIAL MERIT PRIZE

SECURING HIGHEST MARKS IN "MATHEMATICS" EXAMINATION HELD IN
DECEMBER 2007
F.E. (ALL BRANCHES SEM. I (RAV.)

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE STUDENTS	MARKS
1	DEY DEBJANI KANU	100

**MERIT PRIZE ON THE BASIS OF MERIT IN THE PRECEDING
EXAMINATION
HELD IN MAY - JUNE 2007.**

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE STUDENTS	RANK
F.E. CLASS (SPCE)		
1	SAWANT NITIN BALIRAM (MECH.)	1
2	PATANWALA NAVED JAVED (MECH.)	2
3	SHAH SHRENK PANKAJ (MECH.)	3
F.E. CLASS (SPIT)		
1	MADIVAL ASHWIN KUMAR VITTAL (ETRX)	1
2	SARA ANN PAUL SALLY (EXTC)	2
3	TENDOLKAR GAURAV NARENDRA (EXTC)	3
S.E. (CIVIL)		
1	NAIK YESHA ASHOK	1
2	GANDHI RUSHABH YATIN	2
3	PARDESHI BALAJI JAGANNATH	3
S.E. (MECHANICAL)		
1	SARVIND RAGHAVAN	1
2	GALA MEHUL BHARAT	2
3	BAL ADITYA SHRIRAM	3
S.E. (ELECTRICAL)		
1	KHANRA TIYASA	1
2	PATIL DEVENDRA RAMESH	2
3	UPADHYAYA SWAROOP AVINASH	3
S.E. (ELECTRONICS)		
1	BANSAL ANKIT SAJJAN KUMAR PASHA	1
2	RAO VENKATESH NAGARAJ PREMA	2
3	BANDEKAR POOJA VINAY REKHA	3
S.E. (COMPUTER)		
1	ROY AMRITA ARABINDA MANJULIKA	1
2	SAKHALKAR KETAKI VIVEK VRINDA	2
3	SHARMA SHILPA KAILASH RAJKUMARI	3

S.E. (INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY)		
1	SAMANT MANDAR ANILKUMAR ANURADHA	1
2	GOKHALE AAMOD SHEKHAR SWATI	2
3	MAHESHWARI RAJUL OMPRAKASH REKHA	3
S.E. (ELECTRONICS & TELE COMMUNICATION)		
1	SAWANT GAURAV SURESH SWATI	1
2	CHITALIA HARSHIT NARESH HEENA	2
3	DOSHI CHINTAN PANKAJ ILA	2
3	TICHKULE SHIRIL ANIL SANGEETA	3
T.E. (CIVIL)		
1	PANJWANI PANKAJ DIWAN	1
2	SRINIDHI BALASUBRAMANIAN	2
3	SUBHASHINI NAINAR	3
SR. NO.	NAME OF THE STUDENTS	RANK
T.E. (MECHANICAL)		
1	NAVALKAR SACHIN TEJWAL	1
2	KANSE DEEPAK DASHRATH	2
3	CRASTO ROHITH JOSEPH	3
T.E. (ELECTRICAL)		
1	GOGTE OMKAR RAM	1
2	MENON ROHITH UMESHCHANDRA	2
3	SABNIS MADHURA SHARAD	3
T.E. (ELECTRONICS)		
1	MANSATA OMKAR MADHUSUDAN ILA	1
2	GUPTA SIDDHARTHA PRANAB MITUL	2
3	BHAT ROHIT ROOP	3
T.E. (COMPUTER)		
1	HITAWALA ABBAS BURHANDUDDIN	1
2	RAO SHIVASHARANA SATISH	2
3	PRAKASH SRINIVASAN	3
T.E. (INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY)		
1	SRIVASTAVA DIVYA RAKESH	1
2	IDNANI AVINASH PRAKASH	2
3	RAMBHIA ROHAN LAXMICHAND	3

B.E. (CIVIL)		
1	MS. JAGTAP JYOTI SUBHASH	1
2	SHRI. BHONG KIRAN LAXMAN	2
3	SHRI. BAHL ANANT SAURABH	3
B.E. (MECHANICAL)		
1	SHRI. LAKHANI KOMELABBAS INAYATALI	1
2	SHRI. HASE MAHESH PANDHARINATH	2
3	SHRI. BHAT RAHUL LAXMINARAYAN	3
B.E. (ELECTRICAL)		
1	SHRI. ROTHE AMIT RAMESH	1
2	MS. ANNA JOY PREETHI	2
3	MS. CHAKRABORTY SANGHITA MIHIR	3
B.E. (ELECTRONICS)		
1	PATWARDHAN MUGDHA VASANT GEETA	1
2	BHATT SEHUL SUDHIR JAYA	2
3	DOSHI DIMPLE KIRANKUMAR MEENA	3
B.E. (COMPUTER)		
1	SHAH VIRAGI MAHESH DHANREKHA	1
2	RAMESH GOPALKRISHNAN MEENAKSHI	2
3	NENE OMKAR SADANAND SAMPADA	3
B.E. INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY		
1	BHATT NAMAN DARSHAN NILIMA	1
2	PARDESHI RACHNA RAJENDRA VANDA	2
3	MAJITHIA URMI ARVIND ASHA	3

B.E. (CIVIL) SEM. VIII (REV.)			
SR. NO.	SEAT NO.	NAME OF THE STUDENT	MERIT (RANK)
1	12586	MS. JAGTAP JYOTI SUBHASH	6TH
2	12561	SHRI. BHONG KIRAN LAXMAN	10TH
3	12560	SHRI. BAHL ANANT SAURABH	12TH

B.E. (MECHANICAL) SEM. VIII (REV.)

1	9839	SHRI. LAKHANI KOMELABBAS INAYATALI	1ST
2	9831	SHRI. HASE MAHESH PANDHARINATH	11TH
3	9860	SHRI. BHAT RAHUL LAXMINARAYAN	15TH

B.E. (ELECTRICAL) SEM. VIII (REV.)

1	11931	SHRI. ROTHE AMIT RAMESH	4TH
2	11891	MS. ANNA JOY PREETHI	5TH
3	11895	MS. CHAKRABORTY SANGHITA MIHIR	6TH

M.E. Ist Year (Sem. I & II)**(Academic Year : 2006 - 07)**

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE STUDENTS	NOV. 06 (MARKS)	MAY 07 (MARKS)	TOTAL	RANK
<u>M.E. (CIVIL) (STRUCTURAL ENGG.) SEM. I & II</u>					
1	BHAGWAT RASHMI RAVINDRA	576	615	1191	1
<u>M.E. (CIVIL) (ENVIRONMENTAL ENGG.) SEM. I & II</u>					
1	CHEMBOLI JOGA RAO	568	626	1194	1
<u>M.E. (MECHANICAL) (THERMAL ENGG.) SEM. I & II</u>					
1	SARKAR ARITRA ARUNKUMAR	571	529	1100	1

M.E. IInd Year (Sem. III & IV)**(Academic Year : 2004 - 05)**

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE STUDENTS	MONTH & YEAR	GRAND TOTAL	REMARK	RANK
<u>M.E. (CIVIL) (STRUCTURE ENGG.)</u>					
1	RAJIV IYER	OCT. 2006	1507	IDN	1

M.E. IInd Year (Sem. III & IV)**(Academic Year : 2005 - 06)**

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE STUDENTS	MONTH & YEAR	GRAND TOTAL	REMARK	RANK
<u>M.E. (CIVIL) (STRUCTURE ENGG.)</u>					
1	GITE ACHYUTRAO HARIBHAU	AUG. 07	1310	IDN	1

**SPCE-SPIT
PLACEMENTS - (2007-2008)**

No.	Company	Campus Date	Total	Cmpn	Etrx	I.T.	Civil	Mech	Elect	SALARY (IN LAKHS)
1	TATA POWER (SED)	20/06/2007	10	NA	4	NA	NA	3	3	3.25 P.A.
2	WIPRO TECHNOLOGIES	21/06/2007	11	NA	9	NA	NA	NA	2	2.75 P.A.
3	L&T	22/06/2007	9	NA	3	NA	0	4	2	3.05 P.A.
4	SHAPOORJI	24/06/2007	6	NA	NA	NA	6	NA	NA	2.4 P.A.
5	SIEMENS	26/06/2007	37	NA	17	NA	1	6	13	2.64 P.A.(in hand)
6	GEOMETRIC SOFTWARE	27/06/2007	5	NA	NA	NA	1	4	NA	3.14 P.A.
7	TATA POWER GENERATION	28/06/2007	5	NA	NA	NA	NA	2	3	3.46P.A.
8	DAIMLER-CHRYSLER INDIA LTD.	29/06/2007	0	NA	NA	NA	NA	0	NA	3.0 P.A.
9	AKPG	2/7/2007	9	NA	NA	NA	3	4	2	25000 Stipend
10	JK FILES (Raymond)	5/7/2007	0	NA	NA	NA	NA	0	NA	3.0 P.A.
11	ESSAR	5/7/2007	5	NA	NA	NA	1	2	2	15000pm for six month
12	TCE	9/7/2007	24	NA	NA	NA	5	12+1(ME)	6	24000 Stipend
13	INFOSYS	10/7/2007	101	39	12	40	2	0	8	3.01 P.A.
14	CISCO	13/7/2007	9	1	6	2	NA	NA	0	7 - 8 P.A.
15	AMDOCS	16/7/2007	28	19	1	8	NA	NA	NA	3.6 P.A.
16	COGNIZANT	17/7/2007	24	9	7	5	NA	0	0	3.0 P.A.
17	MAHINDRA & MAHINDRA	17/7/2007	2	NA	NA	NA	NA	2	NA	3.0 P.A.
18	IBM	18/7/2007	18	9	3	5	0	0	1	3.26 P.A.
19	MINDTREE	19/7/2007	19	8	6	5	NA	NA	NA	3.2 P.A.
20	WIPRO INFOTECH	20/7/2007	8	4	1	2	0	0	1	2.75 P.A.
21	GODREJ	23/07/2007	5	NA	0	NA	1	3	1	14000 Stipend
22	ATOS ORIGIN	25/07/2007	16	4	3	7	NA	NA	2	3.0 P.A.
23	TELCON	26/07/2007	1	NA	NA	NA	NA	1	NA	4.0 P.A.
24	PATNI	30/07/2007	6	0	1	4	0	0	1	3.0 P.A.
25	SCHLUMBERGER	31/07/2007	2	NA	1	NA	NA	1	0	6.4 P.A.
26	KALPATARU	2/8/2007	6	NA	NA	NA	3	NA	3	2.4 P.A.
27	CAP GEMINI	4/8/2007	4	1	1	1	0	0	1	2.6 P.A.
28	L&T ECC	7/8/2007	6	0	0	NA	5	1	0	2.77 P.A.
29	MASTEK	12/8/2007	2	0	2	NA	NA	NA	NA	2.8 P.A.
30	MICROSOFT	12/8/2007	2	1	NA	1	NA	NA	NA	9.2 P.A.
31	ACCENTURE	18/08/07	37	8	3	22	0	0	4	3.1 P.A.
32	B.E.BILLIMORIA	14/08/2007	4	NA	NA	NA	4	NA	NA	1.8 P.A.
33	IMS	30/08/2007	4	1	1	2	0	0	0	18000p.m.
34	RELIANCE ENERGY	3/9/2007	5	NA	NA	NA	2	3	0	4.5 P.A.
35	TIME	10/9/2007	2	0	1	1	0	NA	0	22500 p.m.
36	PENNUNSLA	12/10/2007	3	NA	NA	NA	3	NA	NA	1.75 P.A.
37	KIRLOSKAR PNUMATICS	20/10/2007	1	NA	NA	NA	NA	1	NA	17000 STIPEND
38	HINDUSTAN UNILEVER	17/12/2007	3	NA	NA	NA	NA	2	1	3.8 P.A.
39	CHEMTEX	25/01/2008	10	NA	NA	NA	4	4	2	3.0 P.A.
40	BHARAT BIJLEE	6/2/2008	5	NA	NA	NA	NA	1	4	14000 STIPEND
41	HPCL	5/2/2008	2	NA	NA	NA	1	0	1	20000 STIPEND
42	ETA Engineering	7/2/2008	5	NA	NA	NA	NA	2	3	14000 STIPEND
43	MORGAN STANLEY	8/2/2008	3	3	0	0	NA	NA	NA	8.00 P.A.
44	JP MORGAN	11/2/2008	7	2	3	1	NA	NA	1	5.5-6.5 LPA
45	JP MORGAN CHASE	15/02/08	2	0	2	0	NA	NA	0	5.2 P.A.
46	N.M.ELECTRICALS	16/02/08	3	NA	NA	NA	NA	NA	3	12000 STIPEND
47	SNC LAVALIN	20/02/2008	1	NA	NA	NA	0	0	1	20000 STIPEND
48	BPCL	11/3/2008	4	NA	NA	NA	NA	4	NA	6.14 P.A.
49	JMC PROJECTS	21/02/08	4	NA	NA	NA	4	NA	NA	15000 STIPEND
50	VALECHA	30/01/08	6	NA	NA	NA	6	NA	NA	15000 STIPEND
51	NAGARJUNA	28/01/08	6	NA	NA	NA	6	NA	NA	15000 STIPEND
52	ACC CONCRETE	27/02/08	3	NA	NA	NA	3	NA	NA	3.0 P.A.
53	BHAGWATI DESIGN	20/01/08	4	NA	NA	NA	4	NA	NA	17000 STIPEND
54	PIDILITE	1/3/2008	2	NA	NA	NA	2	NA	NA	17500 STIPEND



Dr. Sharad Mhaishkar
Principal, S.P.C.E.



Dr. Prachi Gujarate
Principal, S.P.I.E.,
HOD, Computers



Dr. A.V. Bhonsale
HOD, Mechanical



Dr. Shubha M. Pandit
HOD, Electrical



Prof. K.T. Talele
HOD, Electronics



Dr. B.N. Pandya
HOD, Structural



Prof. H.D. Kolekar
HOD, Electronics and
Telecommunication



Dr. P.H. Sawant
HOD, Civil



Prof. Radha Shankarmani
HOD, Information
Technology



*Prof.L.t.Shamli
Solanki
(Vice Prseident)*



S.P.C.E. Gymkhana Committee



*Pro.Narendra
Bhagat
(Vice Prseident)*



S.P.I.T. Gymkhana Committee

The magazine team



Ex-officio with the secretaries



English editors



Marathi Editors



Hindi editors



Tech team

Bhavspandan



T.P.C.



E-Cell





Annual Day



ENGLISH

To Bee or no to...





Editor's Cut

Long long time ago the college saw the emergence of two ambitious teams. By fortune their destinies matched and they joined hands to follow the pursuit of creating a 'slicker' Disha. We took charge of the most delicate part of the battle plan which dealt with organizing and putting forward an army which would give a promise of hope for the future.

The work for this section started by the usual collection of articles. We had the task of running around and persuading every soul to join forces in this revolution. Not everyone was initially motivated to write, but once they saw our vision they readily contributed (and those who didn't... we made them see forcefully). And so the hustle bustle started with regular sessions in the lang lab. Many strategies were worked out, many rejected till we realized we had none. But that apparently was our strength. We kept working in the darkest hours, sweating it out and pushing ourselves beyond our limits to achieve our target within the realized deadline (pardon the hypebole)..

The time always fell short and the army of articles required was demanding...

Every day a fresh batch appeared which underwent the endurance test. Only those who could stand the eyes of the generals were allowed to stay. Then came the gruelling task of rallying the force but after much deliberations we decided that chaos would best suited to drive this armada. ...Once organized, further checks were done to check the resistance and find any suitable replacements here and there....

There was a lot of hardwork on the designing front as well.. It was hard to decide what would portray us in the best way. The shields were finally emblazoned with a trail of footprints which signified the march to glory... The accessories and the designs for the legion were well chosen and brought out the best in them..

There was an observed lull of activities after the organization of the army as the generals too had to report to their seniors and do their bidding. Once that was over the final touches to the fleet were added and the zeal prevailed.

So finally set, we present to u the batallion which stood out in all respects and managed to impress all of us.... As for those who could not make it this time, please dont be disappointed as the training season will start again in january....

for now, just marvel....

No birds and animals were harmed in making this magazine





Confessions of a Bench-warmer

Kunal Dekhane
T.E. Electrical

We see it almost every time in a football match. Victory is achieved, cheers and jubilations are shared among team members as efforts pay dividends, and the crowd is celebrating, chanting anthems. This is the side of football in which the match winners are raised on a pedestal, worshipped, revered, idolized on huge posters, inspiring columns are written in newspapers and a million different things. And there is this other side which absolutely nobody seems to notice. There are no bright flashing lights; there is no music, no accolades written, and no carols sung. When the whistle blows, there are no cheers, no pompous celebrations by the unsung benchwarmer who seems unfazed by the proceedings.

The day begins like any other, with hope and expectation that the coach would realize his talents and finally give him a start he so very much deserves, or of course in melancholy desperation that one of the team members would suffer from uncontrollable bouts of diarrhoea.

As the time of the match draws nearer, there are mixed feelings of nervousness and uncertainty, and no matter how much he wants to think about something else, the thought never really leaves his mind. Just before the kickoff, as the coach announces the starting line-up, he is dejected to hear his name is not in the list. There's a mixture of "I'd thought so", and "Damn! That man". But at the same time he is trying to remain optimistic that his services would be called upon during the course of the match.

During the first half-hour, there is a very deep urge that a substitution should be made in his favour for any reason whatsoever. The feeling similar to like that of a cricket batsman next in line to bat, all padded up, brimming with confidence, eager to bat but at the same time does not want the wicket to fall, torturing his conscience.

As two thirds of the match is complete, some amount of cynicism begins to creep in, but still, every second there's a short glance towards the coach in expectation that his wishes be realized. With the clock ticking, and the game slowly nearing conclusion, anticipating the inevitable, his mind is plagued with self doubt, his melancholic eyes staring into oblivion even if the score line reads in his team's favor.

Finally when the whistle blows, there are no cheers, no pompous celebration from him. The long and agonizing trek back towards the dressing room begins, with loose handshakes and a distant whim of a smile greeting his fellow team mates on the way. The laces come off easily, the jersey remains clean, with no trace of sweat or dirt, as if never having meant to see battles. He puts his casual clothes on, and pulls his cap low, before vanishing into the sunset with a gloriously perpetual expectation of a better tomorrow.



ENGLISH



"KAHAN PE LAGAYA HAI?
KISKKE LIYE LAGAYA HAI?"

Shilp Dixit
S.E. I.T.

If you can fill in the blanks on your first day of college then

Welcome to MUMBAI UNIVERSITY!...

These are two questions I have been asked more often than my name. On getting a "NO" for a reply people either stare at me as if I am a child prodigy or a complete IDIOT (most of the times its the latter).

In case you are as clueless as me then WELL DONE! ... (just for information the word is "engineering classes".)

My real quest is to know the truth behind all this "classes" mania!

Do we mistrust our college teacher or our own ability to grasp knowledge? Maybe! The real fault is with the system that compelled most of us to join tuitions since early days so that our parents could see their respective kid breaking all school records!...But we need to come out of this system.

Part of the blame also lies on us individuals. LAZINESS is a huge monster that needs to be overcome. Has anyone really tried to listen to what the college lecturer is trying to teach? The common thinking is that "Classes mein sikhayenge tab karoonga"

That is one of the dumbest things i have ever heard! You slog all through your 12th to get into the best institution available in the city. After joining the college the first thing you do is join a "class" for whatever subject without giving your college teacher and yourself the smallest chance!...Isn't this DUMB?...Forget about the money involved

and LOOK how low you rate your own ability to learn!...

And on the first day of college people actually harp about what "class" they joined in the vacation and how much of the portion they have completed. If I had to go to some class during the vacation then the first thing I would do is let no-one come to know about it. I consider it the ultimate insult to have to go to any private tutor during vacations. But I guess it's a matter of pride if you complete some fraction of portion before the college reopens (like anyone cares :))

I think Engineering is more about knowing about your own limitations and abilities and not your "private tutors". Engineering has to be tough. If it were to be easy then it wouldn't have been such a coveted degree. Lakhs of people in India would not want to do it. You learnt how to do easy things all through your school life. You don't get a degree for doing that. You get a Degree for completing tough things like an engineering course!

If you just want marks on your degree then I have a better idea...ENJOY your 12th. Do engineering from correspondence and score marks to your hearts content!

Do you really want that (marks but no experience with your own abilities about the practical problems)?
Or you want to learn how to cope with difficulties on your own?

Choice is entirely YOURS!!!!



If at first you don't succeed, destroy all evidence that you tried.



THE HERO

Ishita Jain
S.E. Civil

David Nelson looked at the customary bowl of porridge in his hands. He had held that bowl everyday since the past seven years. But today a light smile passed his lips, probably for the first time in his prison term. His brother was coming to see him.

The prison life did that to everyone. There was constant torture, and the curse of isolation. But David was a bitter man for the monotony. He had accepted his punishment with open arms. The past was a clear memory and he rejoiced it in a wild reverie.

He was a strong, handsome man seven years ago. None could pass him without appreciating his flawless white appearance and admiring his build. He was a ruthless man and none dared to mess with him. His father died when he was young and he had a mother, a sister and a brother. But to David, most important were his principles.

The Day was clearly etched in his memory. The day he fought his war. As his ten year old brother Matt, had looked on, he beat his black neighbor and fixed twelve bullets in his chest marking his victory. Matt and some other whites applauded and shouted his name in cheering. It was the best moment of David's life. Matt had called him The White Hero. David wanted to kill all the blacks. He found them despicable. He wanted to clear America of their filth and dirt. And he had managed to begin with that unholy neighbor. He was a hero and he knew many would follow him.

His dauntlessness never had him feel guilty even once when he was sentenced for eight years, or when he beat his mother and sister for disagreeing with his violence. For him, they were simply weak women who deserved to be discarded for motive.

However, his only regret was his brother. He could still recall Matt's ten year old face crying and shouting, "Don't take him! He's the white hero", as the cops took David away. Reminiscing that face had brought tears to David's eyes everyday during

the hard sentence. Very often, David wondered how lonely Matt would have felt without him and how David's empty room would have hurt Matt.

And today, Matt was coming to see him. How would he look now? A brave and flawless replica of himself, David pleased himself with the thought. He had devoted most of his time wondering what would have become of Matt in those years. Though he was sure Matt would be his proud successor in the war for their race.

David shifted from his thoughts as the door to his cell clicked. His brother was there. Matt had finally arrived. He rushed excitedly towards the door. But it wasn't Matt. It was a policeman.

"Where is Matt? My brother! He was coming to see me, where is he?" David asked.

"Well, Nelson, I'm sorry bro, but your brother died this morning. He was gunned in the school toilet by a black kid. Pretty rough, eh? Tough luck man! Here are his clothes", the guard said handing David a bag with bloodstained clothes.

David was benumbed. A young boy of seventeen, Mathew Nelson was one of the white victims of the war- A war which had been so passionately campaigned by his own brother. David was lost. His brother, his Matt, had been savagely killed. How could that happen to the hero? Why had that innocent boy deserved to die? Why was there such a gruesome war? Because he was white? And they were black?

Soon, David found the irony hitting him. His term would be over in a year and he would be free, while his brother's room would be empty forever.





RTI

Parinita Ayya
S.E. Electrical

This is how Mr. Pakhiwala had described the plight of Indian citizen in 1982 and situation hasn't changed even after a quarter of a century.

I believe this is the state of a middle class citizen because India has never experienced Lokshahi i.e. Logon ki Shehenshahi. Swaraj in its true sense never existed in India. On 15th August 1947 the Raj just got transferred from Whites to the Browns.

But this scenario is slowly changing with the advent of revolution called "Right to Information (RTI) Act" which came into existence just a year back. This elegant law provides an inexpensive, time bound and simple instrument to citizens and can be used with the input of a few hours and fifty rupees.

We, the youth of our country can turn the elective democracy into a participatory democracy with the help of this powerful act. One can question the government, monitor it, question the implementation of various policies and expose corruption using RTI as a tool. By exposing the actions of our government officials, we can make them pay for their misdeeds.

How often we have had questions like "Why does the construction of a road take so much time?" or "What leads to acute shortage of water or electricity in my locality?" or even "How is my tax utilized?" RTI has an answer to all these questions and can help us to put an end to our routine miseries.

All of us know that it is the youth in majority who is present for speeches held before elections. But how many of us know that the youth can accuse these ministers for not keeping up their promises made during the speeches? Thus RTI act in the long run can overhaul a system which is embroiled in corruption.

Today, if one has to obtain information about a particular government body, one has to fill a ten rupee form and wait for 120 days to get a reply without knowing if someone else has already filed a petition to get the same information. We can use websites like "Orkut" to improve the RTI. A group of students can form an association in a city and create a RTI related community. This community can create a central database which would help users to check if issues have already been dug out. This would prevent duplication and its existence should keep our babus on their toes.

JOSH along with AID Delhi has initiated and organized "Youth Task Force", comprising of students from IIT Delhi to file RTIs. Let us take inspiration from them and let our bureaucrats know who they actually work for.

But one question still remains- If we don't even utilize our right to vote, how capable are we to use the right to information?





INDIA DOWN UNDER

Ashutosh Maydeo
SE Electrical

Getting up early in the cold winter morning and listening to the pre-match discussion hosted by Harsha Bhogle while sipping steaming cup of tea is a treat to any cricket fan like me. Every time India tours Australia, cricket fans get to experience, what I call, a real good treat. This year's tour Down Under was no different. For me, catching up on this Harsha show is as exciting as anything about the cricket match to follow it.

India's first T20 match Down Under against Australia was supposed to be one blockbuster clash of the season. Australians, for once weren't the World Champions, but were playing against the T20 Champions, India. The kangaroos were desperate to settle some scores with India in the T20 version of the game. The fact that India knocked them out of the T20 World Championship six months ago was still fresh in their minds. Indians were playing to prove their T20 supremacy. But more than these on-the-field events, the off-the-field events like the Harbhajan-Symonds controversy, the Sydney test umpiring errors which eventually led to India losing the match, added much spice and fire in the run up to this, supposedly, the match of the season. The Melbourne Cricket Ground was packed to capacity with more than 80000 spectators, who had come to witness what was supposedly to be three and half hours of high adrenaline cricket spectacle under floodlights. It was supposedly to be, but it didn't turn out that way. Yes, the blockbuster match turned out as a superllop encounter. The first question that

came to my mind after India lost the match without even putting up a fight, and cricket fans would agree, was whether the scenario would have been different had the Big 3 of Indian cricket Dravid, Tendulkar, Ganguly played this match ?? I think the answer to this question will present itself once the ODI series is over. The ODI series will probably answer the million-dollar question whether Indian cricket can move ahead with bleeding youngsters or whether it still requires its Big 3 to win matches and tournaments ?? The Down Under tours throw up something new and exciting like this !!! everytime!!! The last time around, in 2003-04 season, Irfan Pathan came to the international arena.

One and half months before this T20 clash, Team India left for the tough 4- Test match tour Down Under. The Down Under tours are always tough but equally exciting. This tour was to be the last one for the Big Five Dravid, Tendulkar, Ganguly, Laxman, Kumble. For them it was their last chance to win back the Border-Gavaskar trophy. In 2003-04 they came close to doing so but couldn't quite do it. Comprehensive win against Pakistan at home ensured that Indians were high on confidence and battle-ready to take on the Aussies, in their own den. But the bouncy, grassy and pacy wickets Down Under are very much different from the subcontinent's low and slow wickets. Indians knew this and they learnt it afresh after they crumbled against Australia's bowling in the Boxing Day Test match at Melbourne.



For Team India it was time to regroup, to put a decent fight at 2nd Test to be played at Sydney. India did put up a fight. Tendulkar scored his 38th ton in test cricket and helped India take a lead in the 1st Innings. By then, however some umpiring errors had already happened. Symonds, the top scorer for the kangaroos in their 1st Innings, was evidently out atleast 3 times, but wasn't given out by the umpire. The kangaroo is the national symbol of Australia and peculiar thing about a kangaroo is that it never takes a step backward (now this I learnt from the Harsha Bhogle pre-match show. I tell you, that show always offers something more than cricket, besides cricket info !!!). The same goes for the Aussie players. They don't step back when it comes to walking out when you know you have nicked the ball to the slips, and certainly not when it comes to sledging. Symonds displayed this when he got into a war of words with Bhajji. It turned into a full-blown up and ugly controversy and marred the test match itself. Eventually, India lost the Sydney Test, which they actually atleast deserved to draw, owing to more horrible umpiring errors.

India were 0-2 down and almost out. Controversies following the Sydney test brought Team India at crossroads. It had to choose between whether to return home in protest to the Harbhajan ban or stay back Down Under and prove to the cricketing world what they are actually capable of. Team India chose the latter option and justified it.

India crushed Australia in 4 days at Perth to script a historic victory. Team India had

conquered the 'unconquered' frontier, Perth, Down Under. The intensity with which Men in Blue conducted themselves on the field was exemplary. I will never, in my life, forget this high voltage Perth test, those 4 days of high adrenaline cricketing action. By winning in Perth, India once again stopped Australia from registering their record 17th consecutive test win. Last time Team India stopped the Aussie kangaroo in its step was also a memorable Test match. It was the Kolkata test of 2001 series where Laxman had played the innings of his life.

The 4th and final test at Adelaide was drawn and although India had lost the Test series, everyone would agree, that India had actually won over the cricketing world in the end.

As I write this, the first ODI of the tri-series is about to start in Brisbane within minutes and I am eagerly looking forward to it. I hope that the one-day series will be as exciting as the just- concluded Test series.

Adam Gilchrist will retire from all forms of international cricket after this series. I am a huge fan of his and will really miss him as will the Aussies and the entire cricketing world. He's been the greatest wicket-keeper batsman in the history of the game. Anyway, thanks for all the great cricketing memories, Gilli !!!

The tours Down Under have always been exciting and this one was no different so far. I loved watching it and so I just decided to pen this essay down.





WHY CANT WE RESIST TEMPTATIONS?

S.Aravind
T.E.Mechanical

There can be nothing more difficult for an individual than trying to overcome the irresistible charms of temptation. Many a mighty have fallen prey to its enchantments and many more succumb to its guile with each passing moment. So what makes temptations so...eh... tempting? Let us try to analyze.

Let us begin by first understanding what exactly a temptation is. **It is basically a desire which we are not supposed to entertain for some reason.** For example, if you are a healthy person and like to eat sweets then it is a desire but if you are diabetic then eating sweets becomes a temptation. So any temptation is made of two parts: 1) A desire 2) A Reason to not have the desire.

Well, we all have desires but what differs is the intensity of those desires and more the intensity, stronger the temptation. So, one of the most important things to be kept in mind is to not give an exaggerated importance to any of our desires. We must remember that we control our desires and not the other way around. This comes only if we exercise some amount of control on ourselves before the control is thrust upon us by external situations.

All right enough preaching, let's play a game, **Close your eyes for 10 seconds and whatever you do, do not think of monkeys;** Start.....So, how many monkeys did you see? Most people end up seeing more monkeys in these ten seconds than they might have seen in their entire life. The reason you could not stop your mind from thinking about

monkeys was because there was no specific reason to not think of them. Our mind has a tendency to do just the opposite of what we tell it whenever it is not convinced of what we said. So it is extremely important to make sure you are convinced about why you should not do a particular thing. If you talk to most addicts having trouble in giving up their habit, it is because they are not yet totally convinced that their addiction is causing them harm. To make the addicts aware of the problems caused by the addictive is the main job of rehabilitation centers, for if they are convinced of it then giving it up becomes easy.

In life the difference between a winner and a loser often depends on who handles his temptations in a better manner. So, equipped with the right understanding and strong will power, let us all attempt to overcome our temptations and emerge as undisputed champions.





Dr. SPCE

Rohit Menon
B.E. Electrical

Dr. Zhivago is a counsellor for many colleges in Mumbai. He has been associated with our college for a long time. But unlike colleges in states like Kerala, West Bengal and UP, students here do not suffer pre and post election bouts of depression or that violent urge to go on a rampage. He was having a lot of free time and therefore when the Disha 08 team requested him to assist our students in solving the difficulties they face 'during day, night and anytime in between', he readily agreed to do so.

Q I lost my I-card while travelling. I have applied for a new one. However it would take ages to get the application processed. Moreover the duplicate card can not be used for train travel concession. I come all the way from Dombivli and that would be a huge loss for me. What should I do?
P.S. Losing my wallet is a habit for me. So please give me an iterative solution.

A The best solution (other than not losing ur I-Card) is become an expert in Adobe Photoshop. Then scan ur close friend's I card and digitally change it to yours. The results are so good that even examination invigilators can be fooled with these I-cards. There is also a desirable side effect to it. With your departments vying with one another to SPICE up the college atmosphere and SPARK literary pursuits amongst students, you will be the most sought after person by the magazines and festivals (note the plural) committees.

Q In the past few weeks we have been suffering from severe bouts of constipation and gastroenteritis after eating at the college canteen. Even after repeated complaints there is no improvement in the hygiene and facilities. Is there any remedial measure other than Electral you can suggest?

A When I googled your college canteen, I found a British Medical Journal link which had reported the

discovery of a new deadly variant of the Coliform Bacterium called Coliformus Patelium there. It would then shut shop as the college is planning to set up a new Biotechnology Lab at the canteen to investigate this bacterial hotspot. However considering that atleast another decade would be required for the UGC and AICTE to set up a committee in this regard, there is no immediate solution. In the meantime you could ask any of your relatives in the HRD ministry to influence the NBA committee to conduct periodic visits to your college. Soon you might be left wondering whether you are at the Taj Wasabi's when you visit the canteen.

Q I am a First Year Engineering student. I wanted to be a fashion designer but my parents seeing that all my cousins are engineers or doctors settled in the US of A, pressurised me to take up engineering. I thought I could still pursue my hobby during college festivals. But it came as rude shock to me that fashion shows are banned. What should I do?

A Don't worry. If you think hatke you can have your cake and eat it too. You can showcase your Fashion Designing skills under the garb of a play. The actors can display your creations and you don't have to bother about wardrobe malfunctions as even the most profane and vulgar behaviour will be greeted with loud cheers. What's even better is that your show won't come to an abrupt end because of 10:30 pm deadlines. After all everything is fair and decent in 'our' culture.

Q I am a First Year Electrical Engineering student. The problem with me is that I am very publicity hungry and I like to poke my nose everywhere. What should I do to be a 'class'-





Maida and baking soda - the miracles of food preparation

Heston D'souza
T.E. Electrical

Ever eaten out and then went home feeling like a pregnant woman? Then you know what I'm talking about. The secret, I am told, is one of the great discoveries mentioned above - cornflour and baking soda. Every self proclaimed Chinese (or Chines or Chinees as some stalls put it) cook is in love with these. Even if he happens to be a Tibetan, Nepali or in many an outrageous place, a South Indian.

Of course they have a good reason for adding such paunch enhancing powders to their dishes. It's all a calculated, systematic method of fooling our hunger receptors into believing we're enjoying a king's feast. King's feast, my foot! But, you may be wondering, why am I so agitated with them going on with the usual business tactics? Because I once did get the 'royal treatment'. At the end, I was left feeling as big and lethargic as King George IV.

I had gone with my family to this decent place. Can't remember the occasion; maybe one of our birthdays. We begin with our usual - the soup. As is unique with that place, the waiter arrives within minutes with soup as hot as liquid cast iron. One careless sip and I lose a few million cells in my mouth to third degree burns. A quick glance at the others and I see four sets of repentant, watery eyes. We all subconsciously do the obvious - wait for a good ten minutes chatting about non-descript stuff, discreetly checking if feeling has returned to the tongue. It doesn't. For a good two days.

But then we couldn't wait forever. So we go ahead and cautiously taste the soup to find it as lukewarm as something that sounds like the letter P (formality folks; just like leading whiskey brands advertise their sparkling sodas. Fools. Like we don't know what they are trying to hint at. Ha. Haha). And as thick as something else you don't want me to mention. Now that's what I call a miracle. Jesus turned water into wine. But these guys increased the viscosity of the soup so drastically, it ought to figure somewhere alongside that. The amazing things these cooks do with cornflour, I tell you. And oh, I nearly forgot. I once attempted (keeping in mind that some countries consider attempt-to-murder as horrendous as murder itself) to prepare soup at home. Towards the end of the recipe, it said 'add a quarter teaspoon of cornflour to thicken the soup'. I remember thinking 'what the heck, just a little harmless cornflour'.

Lesson 1: Do not under-estimate anybody or anything.

Lesson 2: Do not expect gravity to remain absent at any moment; especially when a sauce pan with (cornflour enabled thick) soup is dropped from four feet above your toes. Brings out the Linkin Park vocalist in you (I've become so numb...).

What else could we do with the soup but eat it like pudding with shredded chicken embedded at regular intervals. We then order the main course - naan and roti with bhaaji named after some random towns and princely states of India (I swear it tastes nothing like



that in the aforementioned places). A quick prayer and the meal begins. The naans are not dangerously hot but they seem to be made out of high quality polyurethane. 'Tough li'l !@#%&*s' (appropriately censored by the vigilant editorial team) as Hollywood heroes would deliver with panache and flair. The culprit - cornflour again. No points for guessing. Somehow managing to tear them apart, we chew them for an eternity and move onto the next part - rice. Did I forget to mention? So sorry; you see, my family eats like there's no (food) tomorrow. Aah, the rice. It looked appealing and had a particular sense of calm about it. Maybe it's because they preferred to serve it in the original colour, a rare sight today. The rightful amounts are rationed and for once, it looks like we are having a decent dinner.

After licking the remnants off the plates, we go through the regular drill of rejecting the waiter's offer for cold drinks, ice cream, kulfi, desserts, juice and whatnot. We pay the bill and decide to walk home. And that's when it hits us - the thirst of a thousand dehydrated desert rats. It had to be the rice, dammit. Undercooked and sprinkled generously with baking soda is my guess. No refutation; everyone knows the truth.

By the time we reach home, the water matka is the only thing on our minds. All of a sudden, its tap seems too small, allowing only a trickle of water. Precious, life saving water. In go the glasses and out goes the hygiene. Anything to survive the Atacama curse. After making a gratifying mental picture of the water soaking up each grain in the stomach, I lie back on the sofa and

heave a sigh of relief. Twenty difficult minutes later, the bedding is spread and off we go to sleep.

As far as I can remember, I've always slept soundly on a heavy stomach. No nightmares about monsters below my bed or free-fall simulations that end in an abrupt shudder. But no, not that day. Something was fundamentally wrong. Terribly wrong. An hour and a half later, I got up feeling awful; as if I'd licked a freshly rolled asphalt road or something like that. And my stomach, it had bloated up till the skin was stretched shining.

(Psst. Remember the time in 2004 when Reliance Industries started tapping gas reserves at every second location? Each contained about a dozen trillion (nine zeroes, mind you) cubic feet of the stuff, not to mention the oil in some cases. I used to wonder 'how is it possible, so much gas'. That blessed day, all doubts were cast into the deep sea. I'm telling you, it is very much possible.)

Just one glassful of effervescent Eno, and I was completely deflated; so was my ego. And like some of those reserves, it was only gas; nothing else.

There are some things in life you learn the hard way. No shortcuts. As I've always maintained, my stomach can brave most storms. Something that upsets it means it's really bad. If you don't agree, get in touch with me. I'll give you the address to that place.





BEING A PATIENT

Sneha Hegde
T.E.Electronics

Honestly, I have been always been an outcast, a pariah of all sorts and I take great pride in being one.....no qualms about it whatsoever!!! Now that I have been this honest, I hope you will not think of me as a girl who has got sawdust for brains and not react as badly as my friend did when I first told her about an ingenuous fallacy of mine.

As a child, I was always fascinated by hospitals, doctors, medicines, syringes, needles tablets, capsules.....and most weirdly [as my friend put it] I was fascinated to the patients. Though this sound really dumb, but yes I always wanted to step into their shoes and see how it feels like TO BE A PATIENT. I was infatuated to the undue attention these people used to get just for lying lifelessly and remorsefully in the bed. I wanted to know how it feels like to have people running around you as if you were the First citizen of the country. Hordes of people come to meet these patients with bagfuls of apples and oranges and what not!!! I wanted to know what made them that special. Even I could pop in 15-20 tablets every second hour if a nurse stood next to my bed with a glass of water and if all I would have to do would be opening my mouth to let the rivulet of water wash the tablets down my throat.

I had never as such been a patient as a child albeit I always sport a perennially running nose [if that makes me eligible for holding the post of a patient].....imagine I had even managed to fall off a trapeze in the gymnasium but still did not manage to get even a hairline fracture!!!

Then the day arrived which I had been waiting for eagerly [though the eagerness faded off within no time]. The cold wave had laid its icy hands on the city. No longer were people with sweaters and mufflers a rare site in Mumbai. One such Sunday while going to my CAT classes I realized I had forgotten my jacket back home and lazy that I am, did not take the pains to come back home from the station to collect the same[though my house is a hop away from the station]. Then I met my friends at station and went to the class. The moment I stepped in I felt a little uneasy. As the lecture continued, I started feeling nauseous. I did not know what was happening to me and whatever it was I did surely not like it. Suddenly the next moment I realized I was shivering from head to toe. There were goose pimples all over my skin and my hands and feet were numb. I could take it no more. I told the professor who was kind enough to let me go home and I left in the middle of the lecture. No sooner did I step out of the building than I got into the first rickshaw that I saw outside the building. I wanted to reach home as soon as possible but for some reason the rickshaw driver seemed to be in more hurry. He jerked his vehicle to start and off it went. He just could not take his foot off the accelerator. He cobbled through the jammed roads. I, the poor creature, sitting in this not-so-poor driver's rickshaw, was dying of cold. The piercing wind was whooshing into my ears, the chilly air gnawing at my nose. Had I sat in the rickshaw for longer, I would have surely died shivering. Finally he screeched the rickshaw to halt in front of my building. I put the money



ENGLISH

BEING A PATIENT



In his hand and hurried back home. Looking at my pale face my mother knew something was wrong. When I told her what happened, she at once dashed into the kitchen and got me a cup of steaming coffee though it did not help much. I was shivering continuously. Then she pulled my jaws open to put in the thermometer, just to know that my body was boiling at 104 degrees. Now everyone at home jumped into action. Bed sheets were drawn, pillows were arranged, the bed was set for the PATIENT.

But I don't know why I was not that thrilled about this dream of mine coming true....

My aunt kept dabbing my forehead with a hanky dripping with water. My father made frantic calls to the doctors. Once he had overused his phone, he started rummaging the drawers to find the prescribed medicines were already there. My sisters, sat next to my bed, had strictly instructed me to shut my eyes even if I didn't feel like. I could see Hermione making polyjuice potions in my mother as she made some of the most pungent smelling and bitter tasting potions for me. The pathologist was called for. He came all geared up with needles and syringes. To start with, he dabbed the skin from where blood was to be drawn with spirit. Then he jabbed the needle in, waited till it tore past my dermis and epidermis to reach the vein. Then like a hangman waiting to execute those guilty, he pulled the back of syringe to draw out black red viscous fluid that filled the syringe in no time. He smiled at me as he pulled the needle out of my skin and I had to smile back at him as if to say, "It was a pleasure having you pull liters of blood out of me." By the time the pathologist left, it was 2 in the afternoon. I just casually picked up the

remote to switch on the TV. My sisters pounced on me to snatch the remote and said I was the patient and hence I should rather sleep and not watch TV. So, I picked up my phone to call my friend. But my aunt appeared from nowhere to take that away as well. I wanted to read a book but no one let me.....all wanted me to sleep but I did not want to. My insides were burning with rage." I am the patient, you should listen to me.....not behave with me like this!!!" I cried to myself.

By 5 in the evening, the reports were ready. The doctor said it was malaria. That meant minimum a week's layoff. No college, no spicy fried fish, no phone, no TV, no books.....no anything!!!! From the next day, all those near and dear ones started flowing in. This was the one of the things I was looking forward to. People meant stomachfuls of gossip and mindless chatter. But to add to my dismay, these people seemed more interested in talking to each other than even throwing a second glance at me. And whenever I tried to chip in, they would shoo me off saying I was THE PATIENT and was supposed to rest in my improvised bed. But how did it matter if I strained my vocal cords for a little while now and then. I vented my anger on the mosquitoes that kept me company. I would stylishly swoosh my mosquito racket like Martina Navrotilova electrocuting my friends to death. Those were the worst days of my life!!!

All the while I kept cursing myself for even wishing to be a patient. I hope none of you wish to be one, so people take care of yourself because it's no fun
BEING A PATIENT!!!!





Dying With Dignity

Anjana S Iyer,
F.E. Extc

It's been amongst the most debated topics in recent times. With the increase in technology & health care reaching new heights, the one question is "How far will you go to save a life?" With medical cure to almost every other ailment, this isn't an easy question to answer, especially if it's a loved one. Life...it is indeed a gift...the greatest possible one. But what if it becomes living hell, what if all you can do is endure endless pain & soldier on, what if you are nothing but a vegetable dependant completely on another living soul, what if you just exist but not live. Would you call such a living a dignified one; I don't think so...this is where euthanasia comes to fore.

The word euthanasia is an ancient Greek word meaning "good death - A dignified one. Don't we all want that, a peaceful death? But there are several ethical debates about legalizing euthanasia. It's bound to be. How will we assure ourselves that the weak, the demented, the vulnerable, and the stigmatized -- those incapable of consent or dissent -- will not become the unwilling objects of such a practice? This indeed shows us the risks of mercy killing. Awareness about euthanasia is the need of the hour. The notion of sparing someone unnecessary suffering, the right to determine one's own fate while dying is what it is all about. Living wills, ethics committees and hospice care are all responses to this awareness.

I myself came to know about euthanasia & living wills through a true-life based movie "Mar Adentro" alias "The Sea Within". It's the real life story of a quadriplegic Ramon Sampedro who in his quest to obtain the right to death taught everyone the worth of living. He was denied the right to die by the

Spanish government & ultimately committed assisted homicide by potassium cyanide poisoning. What touched me in the movie was a quote by Javier Brandem who plays Ramon "What is four feet to you...a small distance. To me it is a barrier that separates me from my love." The movie highlights humanity's greatest fear of "surrendering" to death. It makes you realize the longing of a human soul to achieve peace within itself and live & die with dignity. It signifies the greatest private property that belongs to a human - "his mind, body & soul". If he does not have the right to it...then who does?

Yes, euthanasia goes against the Hippocratic Oath whose words include "I will neither give a deadly drug to anybody if asked for it, nor will I make a suggestion to this effect." But if the patient is able to trust his doctor to save his dignity by bestowing upon him a calm & peaceful death...then I think violating the oath is a forgivable offence.

In India, euthanasia has yet to gain ground. Take the case of Venkatesh, a 25-year-old muscular dystrophic patient, who wanted to be granted the right to die. He sought to enforce the right so that he could donate organs before they were affected by his illness. The plea was rejected a day before his death by the Andhra Pradesh high court. The Indian Constitution guarantees the right to life. The right to life is incomplete without the right to death. The right to die is built into the right to live. So let us all resolve to live with dignity & die with it. Let us resolve to make living wills & create awareness about euthanasia.





Memories of Happiness

Rohit Ajitkumar
T. E. Electrical

The wind whistled through the trees as the old fiat came to a halt by the gate. The word "gate", did the rust covered obstruction between the dirt road and the old house a great courtesy.

The old man who stepped out of the fiat, preceded it by almost half a century in age. He was well dressed. But he rather looked like he would be better off indoors. Indeed, it had been several years since he had last driven his car. But he had managed the drive to this forgotten old house. He wanted to see it one last time.

The gate was half open and he walked through it, supported by his cane. As he walked up the neglected pathway, his gaze fell on the ancient mango tree which stood like an obedient servant, on one side of the path.

Memories flooded back, as he saw a young boy with sweets in his hands, being chased by at least ten other children. The boy tried to shelter behind the tree but his pursuers had already seen him. Laughing, they surrounded him and took their rightful share.

He had been the youngest in the house. With so many children, there had been no dearth of playmates. His childhood had been one filled with happiness.

The house did not have a door. He gingerly stepped inside, only to be greeted by the dust and grime of decades. Years of neglect had reduced the once grand mansion, to a place where even the homeless refused to take shelter. As he moved through each room, he was filled with a deep sense of sorrow, that he could not do anything to prevent the decay.

He saw the patio where his grandfather would sit every morning, reading the newspaper. "Thatha" as he was affectionately known by everyone, was a grand old man, whose word was law in the house. And he had been Thatha's favourite grandson.

He remembered his grandmother or "Pati". She was a pious old lady who brought him up strictly in accordance with the scriptures.

They had all been very happy. The several uncles and aunts and their children, his cousins, with whom he had had such a wonderful childhood.

Then it started. Each brother broke off from the family to a house of his own, far away from Thatha. And they took away the grandchildren, the light of Thatha and Pati's lives. His father was the last to leave, and when he left with his family, Thatha completely broke down. He did not live long after that. Neither did Pati.

As he reminisced about the past, he came across the framed photo. Surprisingly, no one had stolen it. It was the photo taken on that Diwali night sixty years ago. The house was decked up like a bride, and it drew envious looks from even the white people in the area. It had been his last Diwali with the entire family.

A tear rolled down his cheek as he stared at that memory of a time long gone. He noted with sadness the expressions of utter joy on the faces of his cousins and himself. He looked at his beloved parents, his uncles and aunts and his Thatha and Pati.

All were gone now. He had been the youngest and he was the only one remaining. Time had taken its toll. He sat down cross-legged on the ground with the photo in his hands and rested against the wall. What he wouldn't give to go back to that time, he thought, as he closed his eyes for a brief moment. Outside, the wind still whistled, as darkness crept.....

They found him 2 days later. He hadn't moved an inch. At last he was with his family again.....





KUNAL DEKHANE and THE LEGEND OF THE HATCH

Divyanshu Bhadoria
T.E. Electrical

Fifteen minutes into the machine's lecture, boredom finally started taking its toll on Kunal. The temptation to use the escape hatch was quite strong. The only problem was he was not sure whether anyone was as purely bored as he was. Maybe a few were, but then they were equally frightened of Prof. Shubha Pandit. For the escape hatch to get activated it was important for two people to get completely bored and only bored. If you were even slightly hesitant, reluctant or frightened the inverse escape effect would automatically be triggered. The hatch would open, but the exit path would redirect you to the first bench, centre row. In fact, you were to be so zonked that you should have no idea, as to where you wanted to get out, with who you wished to remain there. The tricky part was you needed one more person to be in the exact state of mind as you were, you could not indicate it to anyone. The dangerous part was when you felt that the state of things was appropriate; you had to say, "HATCH DESPATCH". You did not have to scream it out; nevertheless it had to be in your normal audible tone. The good part was once it worked, no one would have any memory of you being there in the first place. Wherever you reached too, no one would be surprised with your sudden appearance.

Although its need was much acknowledged and concept much appreciated, no one really bought the idea of its existence. Of course, it did make a very good topic for canteen discussions and also inspired some remarkable works in the field of back book poetry (Asphyxiation Nikhila Nadkarni) and desktop graffiti (population paradox Rahul 'Chaukya' Kulkarni). Also no one had ever claimed successfully operating the hatch or for that matter triggering the 'inverse' by unsuccessfully operating it. Sometime in the summer of 2006, however Divyanshu created a mild ripple by stating that the erstwhile chemistry professor Mr Alok Mishra had confirmed its existence and utility to Heston and himself during the preparatory leave. Many wanted to cross-check Divyanshu's claim, but unfortunately &

mysteriously that very semester, Mr Mishra for personal reasons, left the college. Heston on his part always laughed off the topic, but then again, he never categorically denied what Divyanshu claimed. Coincidentally, things have been pretty frosty between the two ever since (some attribute it to Heston's dedication to Jazz and Divyanshu's - much in your face fixation with classic rock).

But right now, Kunal wasn't thinking about any of this. All he wanted was to get out. Anywhere but here and so overcome with despair and boredom without his knowledge he blurted "HATCH DESPATCH".

No sooner did he say it, that his heart leapt to his mouth, and somewhere between the two events the ground beneath his feet slipped literally. He was blinded by a sudden white light what had happened? Did people hear him? And who was the person who had escaped with him - he was flooded with an avalanche of thoughts. And after a moment which transcended eternity, he found himself back on his feet, back to his senses much to his surprise, dread and amusement in front of SP ma'am. At first he thought that the 'inverse escape effect' had been triggered, but the familiar and hostile setting of S.P. madam's cabin reassured him that the hatch had indeed worked.

There he stood fumbling and mumbling, not knowing what to say, if something had to be said that is. But his confusion was cut short by the professor herself. With the darting look from over her specs, which was so typical of her she said "Essentially, Mr Dekhane, you are not the only one who finds machines taxing" "Yes ma'am, I mean, no ma'am" was the best he could do. He gathered himself, curtly bowed his head and left the cabin.

And although the smile could not quite make to any of the two faces, there was no questioning the relief in either.





Revolutions for Change

Gopal Balakrishnan
BE Electronics

Revolution...Change...Radical... There is almost an undeniable and irresistible character that these words have. They seem to possess me even before the thoughts are crystallized. There are just too many things that are wrong. Justice as blind as it is supposed to be; does nothing but turn a blind eye and the anger and the discontent grows. There are just too many things to change and Revolution it seems is inevitable. On the verge of this impending revolution (even if it's a revolution of ideas) I'm reminded of these words which should make people think before moving ahead....

"They don't talk about the glory of killing for the revolution. What's the glory in taking a man from his bed and gunning him down in front of his wife and his children? Where's the glory in that? Where's the glory in bombing a Remembrance Day parade of old age pensioners, their medals taken out and polished up for the day. Where's the glory in that? To leave them dying or crippled for life or dead under the rubble of the revolution..." as spoken by Bono during a live performance of Sunday Bloody Sunday

Words to remind us that passion and aggression must back revolutions that change without destruction...

Destruction of the present and a new beginning is something we have tried over and over again and it always fails. We need to adopt a policy of CHANGE. It's possible and it shall be done.

A Revolution for CHANGE...the word revolution inspires passion and a promise of a land free of the dogmas of the present. A revolutionary's role doesn't end with the end of the wrong and the unjust. The dawn of a new age with new ideas and mechanism for change should be the real culmination of a revolution, otherwise like most if not all revolutions of the past we shall remain unsuccessful.

As adrenalizing as a revolution may seem the ultimate aim of the revolution should be to ensure no further need of a revolution.

It's just a matter of time...The intellectual revolution is inevitable and the will to change will bring it to effect.



I like collecting sea shells. I have a very, very large collection. I keep them scattered all over the world on seashores. Maybe you've seen it



The New Dulli Conspiracy

Ashish Kher
BE Mechanical

Gloomy gloomy chamber. Somewhere in New Delhi. Sometime in 1999. There's one, two, three, four important looking men concentrated around a smallish circular table upon which lies a mass of important looking papers. These are the confines of a Government Committee of which naught is supposed to be known outside of these four men. They belong to the Retardation Committee, which ironically enough comes under the aegis of the National Intelligence Agency. What they're poring over is actually a report of a nationwide study carried out to gauge the Indian people's intelligence. Now this might come as a bit of a surprise to you but this kind of thing's been happening for years. Traditionally though, the dutiful citizens that we are, we Indian people have showed little sign of troubling our four fine retardants. We give respect to the powers that be, adhere quietly to what laws they choose to make (and break), tolerate injustice with a shrug, basically exemplifying passive existence.

This time around however, it wasn't quite as simple. According to the report, Indian citizens were getting smarter. All the time. One out of every five people was now capable of understanding Government policy. Eight in every hundred could calculate their own taxes. Two in every three knew it was important to vote. One in every two of those who knew it was important to vote now wanted to vote. Four in every ten had begun to realize that Hindu fundamentalism was just a sham. And two in every twenty three thousand had this fleeting 'should-I-be-doing-this?' kind of look before offering a bribe. If things

continued this way, it wouldn't be too long before people started thinking for themselves. And doing nothing while that happens is generally accepted in popular political philosophy as the most painful way for any Government to commit suicide. Something had to be done . . .

Happy happy chamber. Somewhere in New Delhi. Sometime in 2008. There's one, two, three, four happy looking men concentrated around a smallish circular table upon which lies a mass of important looking papers, one of which reads-

"Aaj Tak wins 'Best Channel Award' for the eighth year in a row"

Something had long been done . . .





LIFE IN A CROWDED CITY

Abhishek Sharma
S.E. Electronics

**"Hell is much like London,
A populous and a smoky city."**

The disgust felt by Shelley when he visited London found an expression in his citing of the above words. As man advances, he brings on more and more changes in his lifestyle and philosophical rhetoric; but there is one golden thing that he is not paying attention towards - 'tranquility and devout peace.'

During last two centuries, there has been a craze among people to migrate to big cities, as a result of which the cities have been getting crowded. The underemployment and unemployment in the village compels the villagers to migrate in search of opportunities. The colours of life, which is seen only in the cities, elude such rustics who are generally away from such 'glamour and clamour'. Once they are caught in this 'distant exult', they are confronted by many problems and repent later. Commercial, educational, cultural vistas, facilities of hospitals, banks, stores, shops etc. seem to be a treasure to the unsuspecting rustics.

On the other hand a city slicker fills himself to be caught inextricably in the mesh of problems which seldom have a solution. Life in a city is far from being contented and comforting to the mind, body and soul. Everything is squeezed together in a crowded city. One hundred square feet house accommodates five people. In such a city one is even unable to stretch ones' hands to their length.

Extreme misery, apathy is the direct result of the awful sanitary conditions and poor surroundings. Life in a crowded city doesn't only witness ever-augmenting tumult but it is also home to vices such as stealing (of a more brutal kind), eve teasing, killings and other anti social activities. In fact this has become an impression of most of the metropolitan cities in India.

With 'privacy', a history in the life of couples and students and non-congenial atmosphere for doing any work, little charm is left in life. Then there is the famous, 'hurry, worry and curry' phrase seems to be applied or to be specific 'superimposed' in every walk of life. And what to say of the pollution! One full and deep breath and that may be the last one! It is only in the cities that we see only the slithering snakes of smokes leaping out of small chimneys and spurting out their poison everywhere. Throats choked, ears damaged, skin withered and what not! The crowded cities have also bred noise pollution. In fact life itself seems to have become a pandemonium. This hazardous and injurious fact is the only reality that remains among the materialistic realms of the cities.

Peace seems to be a forgotten commodity and the usual conception being that relaxation is the work of idle men, if you talk of leisure, you will be snapped, of course!

"A crowd is not a company", says Bacon.



It may seem that city means more exposure and participation in the social life. But the truth cannot be farther from it! People hardly get any free time from their personal affairs (which are highly magnified), to socialize. There are no neighbours, only strangers! This has ripped off the image of the city. People are not in contact with others and this leads to the widening of gap between friends. Friends become acquaintances, acquaintances become strangers and strangers' names hardly figure in our mental registers. This hazardous antithesis of crowded loneliness is pellucidly seen in the city life. To be precise and concise, this kind of life dehumanizes humans. Moreover the gap between the ebullience of youth and prejudice of age, the rich and the poor widens. Whoever seems to be gregarious might actually be on a bland mission to improve his image among his peers! City is an exhibition centre where you can find the meaning of the phrase 'waster of a glorious patrimony'!

Is city life a curse, a bane, a malediction? Extreme vulgarity and obscenity also raises its dirty head in the city. Hence it is rightly said, "Where ignorance rules, the place is full of fools". Greatest of tragedies is that those who can afford facilities usually lack sensibility while those who are endowed with sensibility cannot avail of the facilities. This breeds a great deal

of discontent among people.

Lord Alfred Tennyson prophesized about the modern city as:

**"The room of devil, the broom of few,
The place where ignorance dwells,
The abode of lifelessness,
Where crowd is tortuously lonely"
So is the case with each and every
crowded city.**

However just like darkness cannot be defined without light, a city will never attract anyone if there isn't a good reason. Cities, which have now developed a unique metropolitan culture, are the true platforms where a person can test himself, where he can feel the adrenaline flowing for self-improvement, where he competes more with himself than others, where he can establish himself amidst the people all around the globe. I would reiterate the words of a mentor:

"If I don't ask you questions today, someone else will someday. If I am not critical, someone else of a higher rank might challenge you."

If must try, in our own possible ways, to improve our windows to the rest of the world, our city for we were gifted by the past and we owe it to our future.....



Why is it that if someone tells you that there are one billion stars in the universe, you'll believe it, but if you're told a wall has wet paint, you'll have to touch it to be sure



RE-BIRTH

Pawan Kumar Pandey
SE-Electrical

Heights by great men
Reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight
They, while their companions slept
Were trudging upwards through the night.

U MM....I want to be a genius, a great man (I guess everyone does). In my path of such high ambition, these lines have been one of the most inspiring ones of my life (yet that is hardly one reason why I jot them down in the starting of my article to shock all the readers). Well, jokes apart, really, I have literally grown up with them. Most of my essays and poetry has had these lines. I have been connecting these lines to all my thoughts till date. But then, for once, I started thinking about them elaborately and discussed the same with some of my friends and the following paragraphs will throw some light on our enlightening thoughts.

1. "Can a tree or a dog or any other living being other than the ones belonging to the human species be given the title of a GENIUS?"

NO, came the apt reply from someone. The list of geniuses includes only humans (if we don't consider the super-animals who are almost human or the under-rated humans who are almost animals). Therefore, the first reason for which you have to thank GOD is that he gave you the life of a human being (thus indirectly inspiring you to start trudging towards the road taken by the geniuses).

2. "Pawan, Pranav, Sunil, Vikas, Rohit, Gopal, Nikhil (these were my friends involved in the discussion).....does any one in the world know them? (Other than they themselves and us obviously). Why?"

But Newton, Einstein, Faraday, Galileo and many more..... are geniuses' right? The whole world including us knows about their life and their achievements. They have been very hard working and dedicated throughout their life and have made a huge contribution towards their respective fields of research that lead to betterment of the human civilizations.

Ok, so I got very inspired with this idea of my life and its achievements being known all across the globe. But then, along with the inspiration came the sweet realization of the amount of hardwork and sincerity that it would require to achieve such a high pedestal. And having an extremely competitive mind, I would have to work double because I want to be a bigger genius than all of them (this may sound a little impractical but I have heard 'always reach for the sky...you will at least land up on the tree')

Steps to be taken to come close to being a genius:

- >Stop laughing like a loony at PJs.
- >Do not talk to anyone unnecessarily(indirectly pointing towards a friendless life)
- >Forget differentiating between working days and holidays.
- >Reduce your hours of sleep and increase hours of working.



->Think only about your goal (nothing else. Not even about your graying hair or about a small whitehead that will appear due to rigorous stress and insomnia.)

3. "Now you will definitely ask why I SHOULD follow these steps".

It's because if you really strive for some thing you will definitely be able to do every thing that comes in the path of achieving it, as if you don't know how taxing it is on your health and other aspects of life. It's simply because extreme love for some thing makes you and your mind crazy to achieve your target and you consciously or unconsciously end up with a miracle that makes you realize your connection with the almighty. You forget all about your worldly relations and your heart belongs only to your goal. You develop a celestial atmosphere of purity around you and your goal.

Such insanity can be shown only in a field you really have interest in. Only then can you work for 20 hours a day and yet not feel you have worked at all.

4. There are so many people in this world who are hopefully doing full justice to their job and love for it (they deserve to be called a GENIUS) in this hard, ruddy, complicated, busy, blundered But loving life and are still not in the genius list.i.e r not known to us. So, should they get

frustrated and end their endeavours?

Return to GROUND ZERO-how to become a GENIUS?

WELL, the answer is in our hearts. Is someone a genius just because the world calls him a genius? Are the others who are equally successful in their fields not geniuses because people don't know them.NO.A person is a genius because he knows he has been successful in his work and he has made this world a better place to live by his small yet revolutionary contribution. Not because he is a world renowned personality. **Fame comes from genius. Genius doesn't come from fame.**

I will just repeat a line from the BHAGWAD GITA"Karmanye Wadhikaraste Ma Phaleshu Kadachana"

Do what your heart likes the most that you love and that will bring out in you all the qualities of your genius and will make you immortal. Just like the rebirth of your character, your life, your name after your physical being departs from this living world.

Actually, its all about your luck and desperation to work.

Geniuses never strive to attain genius.....it comes to them naturally!!!!





BACK TO SCHOOL

Preetam Rodrigues
TE Electronics

Have you ever tried bunking school and playing football on the sea shore? If not, then you have not experienced some very most precious moments in your life. It was quite a trend among most of my school-mates to do so. Or to be more specific 'ditching school and visiting the beaches' was considered to be a part of your academics (from the students point of view of course!). But, what if these dear memories turn into a harrowing experience? Let me take you to the famous Parorekar beach back in Vasai.....

We, as a group of nine, used to go to school on bicycles. We were famous as the 'Fast Forwards' (Although I still do not know why we were labelled that). We were in the IX standard when we, as usual, planned to bunk school and go to the beach. Everything was set for the next morning. Three more of our friends from std. VIII accompanied us. One of my friends arranged for the football. We reached the beach at around 7:30 am in the morning. The atmosphere was very serene and peaceful. We parked our cycles and clasped our bags to them and went ahead to play.

After two rigorous hours of play, we got completely exhausted. Our stomachs were grumbling with hunger. It was time for some food!!! We rushed towards our bicycles. However, to our surprise we found four of our bags missing, including mine. Initially, we felt it was someone amongst us who had played a prank. But we soon realised that it was no one from amongst us. We looked around a bit but to no avail. The matter was now getting serious. Faces started turning pale. Fear and anxiety gripped us. The search was on. Here, there and everywhere... the whining sea and the angry waves banging the shores, terrified us all the more. We also tried calling out, if someone close by had noticed. But all in vain. Each one of us solemnly promised ourselves that this was the first and the last time we would skip school for something like this. We could very well imagine.....Faces of our parents, red in anger, and the usual tirade that would follow... Finally, we started praying with tears in our eyes.

Suddenly one of our friends shouted "Bhai log!!! Mil gaye, mil gaye!!!" Everyone started running towards him. He pointed upwards. Our four soiled bags were hanging on a coconut tree, quite high. We jumped in joy as we saw our bags (more so because they carried our tiffins!!). But our joy was limited. One of us had to get our stuff down from the tall tree. But who would bell the cat? After some really noisy arguing, (as luck would've had it) I was elected by the group to get our stuff down. With a lot of efforts, I finally got my hand on the bags and threw them down. But, the episode was not yet over. While coming down, I managed to get my pants torn. Everyone there was left in splits. Maxwell, a group member, knew a tailor shop on the way. Now I heaved a sigh of relief. We rushed to our cycles and were just about to leave when Deepak cried, "Satyanash!". Everyone turned towards him. One more cherry on the cake. His cycle tyre was punctured. Now what? Time to march.... (in December!)

We immediately left the place lest something else happens. Now it was the tailor's shop we were searching for. To our dismay, we found it closed!! Shaun's house was the closest from the beach, so we went there. Shaun gave me his spare uniform pants. He kept the torn pants with himself and assured to get it stitched. I was quite pleased with him.

Now that the day was over, we were all relieved. But we had still not identified the miscreant. Who had launched our bags to the moon? And, it may come as a surprise, but we still don't know who how our bags reached the top of a coconut palm. We are now forced to believe that it was the hero "SHAKTIMAAN". Each one of us promptly stood up and said "Sorry Shaktimaan".

ATTENTION: Until today, all twelve of us have taken intense care in hiding this story from our parents. However, today I

I also thank my friends (The Fast Forwards) who permitted me to publish this story.

Cheers!!!!





The acme of adrenaline!!!

Manan Thakkar
T.E. Mechanical

I was sure I was awoken more than once by frightening images of me being thrown out of an airplane and plummeting to the ground. I'm so glad they were only my dreams, or should I say my apropos imagination. This day was going to be one which I would remember for the rest of my life.

After months of patient waiting I was going to do the most ultimate adrenaline adventure sport that man has ever dared to conquer, skydiving. We had to reach Sacramento, California so we left in the morning from San Jose. Sacramento is supposed to be the skydiving capital of the US; obviously I had chosen the perfect place. It was a long drive and we were 5 of us - me, my parents and 2 of my cousins. I did not talk much in the car, I was pondering over how I had managed to convince everybody to let me do what I would ostentatiously possess in the future as one of my most amazing achievements. It was an arduous venture but in the end it paid off. My cousin had done it before and after watching his video, my parents were left totally agape. (On the other hand it had instigated a new zeal within me to do it). It was evident from their faces, a strict no-no for me. Somehow, I mustered up the courage to try and convince them and after heaps of argumentative conversations, they agreed. I was quite complacent with my persuading skills...my mom snapped me back to reality, we had reached the place.

The place was called 'Parachute Center', the most definitive name. As we entered, I felt as though I was stepping into a completely alien world. It's another issue that the place hardly looked like a skydiving

center. It was a huge room; couches were placed helter-skelter, the entrance was at one corner and the registration was at the other. As I walked toward the registration desk, a feeling of nervous intimidation began to materialize in me. What I was about to do was indubitably scary; it had its own set of risks as well.

They made me sign numerous agreements, the most important of which said, "If under any circumstances something happens to you during the jump, Parachute Center is not responsible in any way. You are doing this entirely at your own risk." This statement raised the hackles on my neck for a moment. But I was adamant on doing it, come what may. I quickly signed everything and selected the video DVD and still picture CD package. This would enable me to see myself in action before, during and after the jump through a video as well as still pictures. Finished with all the formalities, they showed me a brief safety video to which I paid little attention because I was too preoccupied with my boiling desire to literally experience what it felt like jumping out of a plane and free-falling to the earth. I had to wait for sometime. Meanwhile, those familiar butterflies were circling inside me and were continually increasing their pace. Suddenly I heard frantic calls of the number 30; it was my number and finally, after what seemed like an eternity, my turn.

I got up and tried to walk calmly to the other room, the adrenaline rush rising. My jumpmaster, the guy who I would be jumping with (he and I would be actually attached to each other through a series of cords and he would control all our



movements) was Alex (the first jump cannot be solo for obvious reasons). My cameraman was Chris. While I suited up, Chris rolled the camera and asked me some questions. I was hunting for words; I could not help but stammer, the nervousness was evident from my face and the adrenaline pumping within my system. Alex gave me some last minute instructions and we walked outside toward the waiting airplane along with Chris. The adrenaline needle had far crossed its maximum...my once chimerical fantasy was about to become reality. As I entered the plane, I looked above...I felt as though the heavens were beseeching me to come to them. I tried to maintain my tranquil composure and got inside the plane.

The jump was supposed to be from 13,000 feet. The airplane took off and ascended rapidly. The moment of truth seemed to be just around the corner, but for the first time I was having ambivalent feelings of what I was about to do. My mind was battling to conquer horrific thoughts like what if the parachute fails to open, what if it rips apart, what if something goes wrong? I was happy to be re-assured by Alex. At the precise altitude, the airplane doors were opened. At 13,000 feet, chilling winds were blustering which shook the plane a little. It was time Alex said. We got up and reached toward the door. We were supposed to jump in a coordinated fashion, first Chris and then me and Alex so that Chris could record my actions and expressions properly. As the three of us formed at the entrance, my heart was hammering and the adrenaline, it was way beyond an overdose of epinephrine.

And then...we jumped. The feeling was like nothing ever before, I was mesmerized by the enormity of what I had just done. As I came to, I saw Chris floating in mid-air. He was gleefully capturing me into his camera; I was the conquistador of the skies. It felt almost like floating in weightlessness. It was just insuperable, I was waving wildly in the

camera; it was difficult to control my movements due to the winds in such a violently turbulent environment at almost 4 kilometers up in the sky but my ebullience was clearly visible to Chris. I also tried to talk to him but felt stupid when I realized that at this altitude with winds blowing in excess of 80 km/hr, how would he be able to hear me?

I was just beginning to enjoy this insurmountable moment when I was stunned by this tremendous jerk to my body... What just happened? Where was Chris? Where was I? Instantly I felt this killer desire to have given in to my ambivalent feelings when I had them...But lo, Alex had already opened the parachute. He had promised me 55 seconds of pure incessant adrenaline, but it seemed not even 5 seconds. Apparently we were falling freely and thus accelerating, so 5 seconds or 55 seconds, it all felt the same. We were now gliding smoothly through the air with our parachute fully opened. I could still not digest what I had just done.

We touched down and I was glad to see Chris, who had opened his parachute after us, and his camera; I was overexcited to share my feelings with it. I was greeted by my parents and cousins who were anxiously waiting and were ecstatic to see me safe back on solid ground. I shared my delight with them and thought that skydiving was the most awesome, amazing, exhilarating, awe-inspiring, unbeatable, incredible, remarkable thing I'd ever done...I found myself short of adjectives. I rhapsodized over it for months and I have always been faced by one question when I describe my experience to others, "Why would you jump out of a perfectly sound airplane?"...I just say that it's for the pristine thrill of it, the sheer thought of jumping from an airplane and free-falling through the skies turns me on. It is one hell of a feeling...it is just undefeatable.





King of his universe

Bharat Ram
T.E. Mechanical

He was the quintessential artist. Stubble on his chin, gold rimmed spectacles hardly doing anything to hide the sadness in his eyes, a flowing white shirt, inexpensive blue trousers (the kind that people rarely wear these days), and brown shoes that didn't match at all with the rest of his outfit. A bulging folder, no doubt full of his works, and pencils of various colors jutting out of his shirt pocket completed the rest of his getup.

His eyes were sad in a very inexplicable way. I don't know if sad eyes are something characteristic of artists, or was it merely lack of work, or both, or something else. Either way, he cut a lonely figure sitting beside Mr. Ronald McDonald on the bench outside McDonalds on that chilly November evening. It was a tragicomic contrast between them, Ronald smiling away for all the world to see, and the painter, (by now I'm sure that's what he was) portraying sadness on his own face.

I myself was seated opposite him on a compound wall, just a few metres away, waiting for a habitually late friend. From time to time, he would open his folder, take out a portrait of a face he'd drawn with those wonderfully colorful pencils of his, and gaze into it. People were constantly passing by, it being a Friday evening, and McDonalds being what it is in the suburbs, there was a steady flow of people in and out of the restaurant. People would stop for a second, stare with open admiration at his drawings, and pass by on their way.

That was when I started feeling sorry. Now who on earth these days gets face portraits done? Sitting still for minutes together, that too outside of McDonalds? People have cellphone cameras, digicams, and photo shooting has never been easier. Who'd pay 20-30 bucks to see their face in color pencil shading, when Picasso and Photoshop let you do the same thing for free? He seemed at that moment, a guy extremely misplaced in space and time.

There was a touch of sadness rankling within me still, as my friend arrived and we went in.

Talking about a host of other things, I forgot about him after stepping inside. Around half an hour later, we emerged outside. He came to mind at once and I looked in the direction of the bench. Surprise surprise. A young married couple had seated their little kid of about six or seven on Ronald's lap. He was looking the other way, and they were forcing him to sit still. A surge of happiness went through me. He'd got someone to draw! Beyond the kid I could see him.

The folder was open in his lap, a few pages jutting out. He was busy at work, gold rimmed spectacles reflecting the bright lights of the building. There were color pencils tucked into the gaps between his fingers on his left hand, which he'd clenched into a fist, somehow managing to hold a clipboard, on which he was drawing. With the deftness of a master, he'd switch pencils between his right and left hand without opening the fist. The child stirred, and with the stern voice you'd associate with a teacher, he told him to stay still. And continued. As I passed him on my way out, my shadow fell on his clipboard momentarily, and he looked up. As our eyes met for an instant, I realized something.

Gone was the sadness. His brows were knitted in intense concentration, and the sadness was replaced by the impatience of a man interrupted in the middle of something he's really passionate about. He was the king of his universe at that moment. My shadow moved on, and his clipboard was bright again. And the artist was back at work, drawing faint shades of hair on the portrait.

I realized I was a lot lighter at heart as I went home.





SEARCHING FOR ANSWERS...

Shilp Dixit
S.E. I.T.

The eyes were finding it tougher and tougher to focus on the four letter 'F' word on the notice board. Either the bed sized board was shrinking by the second or I was falling! ...The eyes were threatening to get moist which hasn't happened in a really long long time. The lower jaw had come loose and was hanging till I reached my classroom on the fourth floor (Mind you I went up by the stairs...).

There was only one question ringing in my mind "HOW? ...". It has been a couple of weeks now and the question is still ringing.

All through my schooling days (upto class XII) there was a consistency. Not in my marks but in my prediction of marks. Whether 85+ on 100 or 1/2 on 25, all of them were expected and well calculated. But since last year the trustworthy system of self-assessment has gone haywire. No matter what and how much I write in the examination the expected result is never achieved. Either I was lucky for 12 years in school and reality has finally caught up with me or there is something very very wrong with the way exam papers are corrected. (All those who get 70% + beg to differ...). All these champions please please share some tips.

An year ago all the Yahoo Messenger chats among my friends went this way: "Did you know Shilp got into IIT! ..."

This year it reads: "Shilp has to give a retest! ..."

Since then there have been a lot of consoling and critical phone-calls.

"Don't worry there must be something wrong with the correction," said one

"Placement waale yeh sab nahin dekhte hain..." says another

"Socialize more...get a girlfriend", a 73% gave me that advice (Obviously we are not friends any more!...)

But the point is beyond placements and parents expectations. It is about my own expectations. If my parents said it was ok to give a retest, I would run away from home.

There are doubts creeping up about my "estimation ability"...But without it one cannot gain enough confidence to do well. So its back to square one.

Am I just plain dumb? Or there is something wrong with paper correction! ... (Still searching for the answer.....)

By the way I have complete faith in my own abilities...





The Complete Idiot's Guide to College Politics

Ankur Bhageria
B.E.Electronics

Excerpts from a conversation between 2 SP-ites

Legend:

The Ignorant one: IO

The Enlightened Soul: ES

Time of the Year: Aug-Sept

IO : would you be kind enough to tell me, what's been going on over the past few weeks in college... I see dozens & dozens of groups congregating at various points in college, the canteen, the quad, outside classes, in corridors, near the lifts, any damn place you see... and from what is apparent.. The discussions seem to be highly animated, and deeply engrossing, with such seriousness, you'd bet your bottom dollar, the discussions are centred on fighting terrorism & establishing world peace...

ES: Ah! How I wish that were true. Well, it might disappoint u, to learn that all this is taking place not for the greater good of humanity, rather for the much sought after "Posts" in the student council... which they're all vying for, and whoever gets in, will then be handling the affairs of our cultural festival. It's one of the most entertaining events of the year... No! not the festival! ... I'm talking about the Elections to the student council... Since you seem new to this, I'd advise you to sit back & enjoy the affairs that follow.

IO: I would love to sit back & enjoy the show... but the only problem is... apparently I'm the CR of my class... so...

ES : ooh! You're the CR eh?! Say no more... I know where you're heading... My deepest sympathies with u, now you know why it pays

to bungle up in your semester exams... and precisely the reason why I never topped my exams!

IO : But you see, that's not even the problem.. I'm not my class topper... one fine day, a bunch of seniors walked in, picked me out from the lot, and made me the CR! Period. And now I'm supposed to be voting for them!

ES: hmm, seems they pulled off the classic "Go to a class & pick the dimwit" job on you. A rather difficult situation to be in, I must admit...

ES : ...and why do they want you to vote for them?

IO : Because they promise to work hard, give it their best, do their jobs sincerely, provide us a great festival, bigger than ever before...

ES : Sound reasonable I must say! Now who would not want to vote for someone like that!? I'm guessing the other candidates said they would mess up the fest for good, and make sure it doesn't happen next year.... sadly it don't work that way, sunshine! There are three things that you've got to guard against, when dealing with the elections.... whether you're a part of it or an outsider.....

Promises, Posts & Pricks!

You're going to find them aplenty throughout the year.... and the right mix of these 3 ingredients is sure to give you the perfect recipe for disaster!

IO: So you're saying there's no good candidate that can come to power..!?

ES: There's your first blunder... and you've not even a day old in these affairs. "Power!" There's nothing like 'power' that comes with being part of a council... it's tremendous Responsibility, that's what it is! It's Pressure, its 2 months of sleepless nights, it's slogging your ass off and it's delivering at the end of it! That is what comes with getting into a council! It's hardly "Power" that matters when you've got the entire college hunting you down when you mess up....

IO: If that's the case, then why do so many people get involved in this? Isn't it a good thing that they're all ready to take charge of the college affairs... healthy competition! Right...?

ES: Hah! You'd think that was the case... reality is, people still continue to make that blunder that you made... they're motivated by the prospect of "Coming to Power". Now I'm not saying that all of them are the same- There are two types of people- there are those that want to assume a position of responsibility, in order to affect some significant change in the system, either because they feel very strongly about the entire thing or because they've been at the receiving end a little too often or they are

just too passionate about achieving something big for the college and for themselves.

Then there are the ones who are motivated by several other parameters.... these are the ones who like to be at the helm of affairs purely for the fun of it... they like all the attention, they like the "Power", basically they like to be in a position where they can influence matters, in a positive or negative way, I can't comment.. but they are in it for the " Post. " you'll come across that term a lot while you're in this college.... it's what makes the world go around in case of events & festivals etc. and of course there may be some other motives too behind getting in... you're smart enough to figure that out...

IO: damnn! That's some real twisted stuff.... you got to help me pick the right guy man... whom do I vote for!?

ES: Some other time mate... got to take off, there's a lot that you need to learn.. But for now this should suffice... until next time... adios! And try staying out of trouble, although I don't see how that's possible ... and if you survive at the end of it, let me know how it panned out.

IO: But, but...

ES: A wise man once said, whether it's a book or an article (or a conversation in this case), keep the ending vague & mysterious.. And people will love you for it!





DEADLINES Of time limits and bounds

A. Aparajitha
S.E IT

How many times have you done anything without a deadline?

Once, twice or maybe never! Maybe you don't even know if there is something that can be done without a deadline.

Every month, week, day, hour, minute and second is a deadline. (One's very existence has a deadline: death)

You sleep with a deadline to get up in the morning. You leave your house with a deadline to reach college. There is even a deadline to board a train and a bus! There is a deadline after which the professors don't allow you to enter the lecture (in most cases you leave the class with a smile of great achievement, telling your friend to proxy for you!)

Assignments, journals, tests and exams, all most annoyingly have deadlines. There is even a deadline to complete your degree beyond which you are forced to choose another interesting option (most other subjects are considered interesting compared to engineering by many!)

There is a deadline to eat your food at college coz if you don't you will have nothing left but an empty box to take home (to your mom's delight!)

There is even a deadline to watch a movie! If you keep postponing it you may not end up watching it (doesn't usually happen and anyway the DVD option is always available!)

The existence of deadlines is not the real problem; in fact they are required. In their

absence one would not do anything (in time). The problem is that we don't start doing until the deadline fast approaches. We write our journals and assignments hours before submission. Study a night before the exam. Enter the classroom a second before the bell goes off. Run for a train or worse get into a running train.

As a matter of fact i am writing this article on "Deadlines" with a deadline in mind and just a few hours before we have to finalize on what has to be published!!!

Wondering if there is anything that doesn't have a deadline - just read on.....

Boring lectures don't "seem" to have deadlines and go on for eternity.

Even some movies (need i mention any names?) have no deadlines and go on and on!

Oh how would I forget the old neighbor who doesn't have a deadline to complete her lecturing me (I am sure most of us have experienced this).

Or even the lady occupying the next seat in the bus bragging about the new "designer" bag she got or maybe bought (man! that bag definitely looks like street stuff picked up at 100 bucks!)

You and i are mortals (literally) and we are forever running behind time (does it really exist?!?!)

"Oh! Do not attack me with your watch. A watch is always too fast or too slow. I cannot be dictated to by a watch."





THE STORY OF PARADIGM

Ashwin Thombare
SE Mechanical

The sweet sound of Eric Clapton playing Mason Williams' classical gas or Gilmore plucking away and making his guitar weep, almost literally, in High Hopes can influence me more than alcohol, and that's saying quite a bit. This influence for me doesn't boil down from the lyrics or the theme of a song, but the notes that the instruments hit and the way the approach these notes, the path they take to emanate a certain emotion that is usually expressed stronger than words. To me, the lyrics are 'accompanying' the music and not the other way round. It always starts this way. The music first hits you like a mortar shell, takes you to places you have never even imagined existed, and then you start craving for more. The good part is that this craving gets satisfied almost immediately because there's so much music out there, you just can't exhaust it in one lifetime.

Then, you see the music videos and those guitarists shredding marvellous solos on their fancy Les Paul's and Gibson's and Fender's, the drummers rolling away on their toms and some like THE WHO putting dynamite inside the bass drum and blowing it apart at the end of the concert, the vocalists screaming their hearts out while the crowds chant along with the band. These are the exact words that play in your head... "I wanna be a rock-star". As clichéd as this might sound, its what happened to me when I saw Jimmy Paige play a three minute solo in a live act of stairway to heaven. So I took my guitar, went to my teacher and said, "I want to

play like Jimmy Paige". I guess he had heard that one before; so all he did was smile.

A year later, engineering happened. No no! I'm not saying it like it's a bad thing. I met my first jam mate and also one of the most innovative guitarists I've seen at my age. Nandan and I both wanted the same thing; a band to be in and a live performance to play in. Luckily we had very similar taste in music. We noticed that we had different styles and they intertwined really well to bring out the best in both of us. Also, I'd like to take this opportunity to thank the electrical department for all the support they've given us (AKA SE and TE Electrical).

So we found Mr Jinju, and of course Mr Talwar. It's interesting to note that with every new member who became a part of our then fictitious band, there was always something to learn from them. Jinju puts in a lot of energy into whatever he does, and every time we take part in a competition, it's difficult to locate him on stage. He jumps and dances around putting on an amazing stage act that I can't even imagine imitating. Mr Talwar on the other hand, got me out of a mindset that I had about our song selection. He encouraged us to make originals more than anything else and that helped us widen our perspective about music and eventually make our own. Finally, we got our bass guitarist, Rohit, who can learn practically any instrument without formal training.



We made our first original 'Phobia' in about fifteen minutes. Starting with a mind melting guitar solo by Nandan, taking it on to a very Maidenish galloping four by four rhythm, and ending it with a pentatonic guitar harmony, the judges loved it in our first performance at SP itself. Our second original, 'Eclipse', was slightly more complex and structured and took us a good three jam sessions to finish. We decided to put in some drastic changes to express turmoil of emotion. Hence the name 'Eclipse' which is symbolic of intermittent change and then back to normality. With an exploding distortion sounding from Nandan's intro, to an acoustic arpeggio solo by me, the song sounded whole and complete. The last and I can safely say on behalf of the whole band, the most fun to play on stage, was 'The Jam Song'. This original was an immediate success with the crowd. It had a very punk-ish intro riff that went on to an energetic chorus and ended with a minute long guitar duel by Nandan and me; not to mention the occasional slap pop bass by Rohit.

So we were pretty much ready to take on the world, and the only thing that stopped us from doing so was the semester exam. We all knew where our priorities lay, so we took part in as many competitions as we could, while we could, even won some, and then took a break when the PL started. We are a 'college band' in every sense of the phrase.

Oh I almost forgot! I don't know how we came up with the name 'Paradigm'. I don't even know who came up with it. All I know is it sounded pretty cool, and that's what mattered. At least when it comes to music, as long as it sounds good, feels good, and resonates in your head for the rest of eternity that is all that should matter.





The Grand Finale: 12 Ways to End Your Speech

AshwinKumar Madival
S.E.Electronics

You begin your speech with a compelling opening. You cruise confidently into the body. Then you run out of gas as you come to the close of your speech. You finish speaking but your audience isn't finished- yet. Hey stare at you. You stare at them. The silence is deafening. You fidget. You can hardly breathe. Finally you blurt out: "Thank You". Mercifully the audience applauds, putting you out of your misery. You can breathe again.

There must be a better way to conclude your speech. After all, what the grand finale is to a musician, conclusion is to a speaker. The ending of the speech is a chance to stir the audience to a standing ovation with a resounding call to action- or a gentle tug on the heart strings.

How can you end your speech as you opened it? Try these 12 tips:

1. **The Title Close.** Use the title of your speech as your closing words. Last words linger, crystallizing your thoughts. Just as comedians should "leave 'em laughing," speakers should "leave 'em thinking."

2. **The Circular Close.** Refer back to your opening anecdote or quote and say: "We have arrived now at the close where we began." Reiterate the message you want your audience to remember.

3. **The Challenging Close.** If you were concluding a speech on the importance of taking action, you could say, "Let's turn from spectators into participants. Lets recall the inspiring words of Theodore Roosevelt: ' Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs even tough checkered by failure, than to remain with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat.' We have too much t do to sit on the sidelines. We need you to step out of the gray twilight into the bright sunshine so that we can all see the dawn of a new day."

4. **The Invitation Close.** If you were concluding a speech on the importance of getting involved in the education process, you could say: " More than 450 years before the birth of Christ, Confucius said: 'What I hear, I forget. What I see, I remember. What I do, I understand.' Let's do it together. We've heard what we have to do. We've seen what we need to do. Now it the time to do it and together we can. Do it!"

5. **The Quotation Close.** Find a famous quotation and use it like a lever to lift the close of your speech.



6. The Repetitive Close. Find a phrase and structure it in a repetitive format that strikes the cadence of a drummer, building to a climax like this: "And so what we have been saying is that life is an adventure, dare it. A duty, perform it. An opportunity, take it. A journey, complete it. A promise, fulfill it. A puzzle, solve it. A goal, achieve it."

7. The Sing-Song Close. Ask the audience to repeat a phrase a few times in your speech. For example, you might say: "Colleges foster learning." Ask your audience to repeat that phrase on cue. You can end by saying: "We all know that Colleges foster....." (Pause and coax the audience's response with a wave of your hand to complete the phrase.)

8. The Suggestive Close. "Before I take questions, let me conclude with this point....."

9. The Benediction Close. "May God bless and keep you....."

10. The Congratulatory Close. "I salute all of you and everyone in your organization, and I look forward to your continued success....."

11. The Proverbial Close. Find a popular phrase and twist it to fit your message like this: "May the transformational force be with you."

12. The Demonstration Close. Use a prop to signal the close of your speech. For example you could close a book and say: "This concludes this chapter in my life and now I stand firm to write my next chapter." Or don a cap as you conclude your speech and say: "It is time for me to head out and find the road to success."

Use these 12 techniques and you will be well on your way to developing the ultimate close the personal signature close.





We regret to inform you.....

Madhavi Gokhale
Lecturer in
Communication Skills
S.P.I.T

Lately I have taken to analyzing the obituary column in the newspapers with great interest. My friends call this new interest 'morbid;' my family is interested in knowing whether I have had premonitions of the Grim Reaper (an effect of reading too much into Harry Potter's adventures). All the same, this study has thrown up a few interesting observations and musings which cast a new light on life and the liver (pun unintended).

Take for instance, how clichés have inevitably formed a part of every message. Templates come in handy, especially when one is too protracted with grief to be bothered with creativity and pretty adornments of language. So we have an endless repetition of "We regret to announce the sad demise of...", "...left for his heavenly abode...", and not to forget the ubiquitous "...may her soul rest in peace", (assuming of course, that it was agitated in the first place). Sometimes, you do get to see a poignant spark of innovation in a notice which reads "I was blessed to have passed away peacefully surrounded by my near and dear ones" which gives one the eerie feeling that the gentleman is somehow watching you with his smiling eyes from the photograph.

If heavenly angels hover above the soul, freshly consigned to the elements, can Printer's devils be far behind? Chucking with their unseemly Pen of Errors, they write: "We forget to announce the sad demise of...", "May his sole rest in peace" and "We cannot loose our memories of you."

I see many eyebrows being raised as my colleagues and students read this. Possibly, the disapproving reader feels, and rightly so, that One Must Not Laugh At Death And Those Bereaved By It. Paying due obeisance to your feelings, dear readers, let me move on to a few tender musings related not to the lines but to the photograph.

Most photographs show a cheerful countenance (with

even a festive background of hanging marigold lines, suggesting that this may have been appropriated from a family album); the family wishes to crystallize happy memories of the smile on the face of the loved one rather than the grimace which he/she had on his/her face when he/she was smeared with chocolate cake on his/her birthday. Some faces do not just have the semblance of a ghostly smile (unfortunate choice of words, I know, but I could not find another phrase to match) but are laughing into the camera, eyes crinkling with merriment and revealing a set of pearly whites, radiating health and joy. These are the ones I cannot bear to gaze upon especially those whom "death has cruelly snatched from our midst" (Accident? Illness? Suicide? Murder?). Cherubic kids with round, innocent eyes, handsome teenagers and young men and women mourned by a long list of bewildered sons, daughters, uncles and cousins, and office colleagues...reminds me of Shakespeare's line used by Agatha Christie in her novels: "In the midst of life we are in death."

Sometimes the obituary is a sorrowful reminder of the impossibility of forgetting the loved one and passing on. In such cases, Time has refused to lend his kind, healing touch. And so one finds notices of the 29th death anniversary and the 125th birth anniversary. They may have been loved to distraction my heart reaches out to such families; may they know peace.

As one's eyes finish scanning the page and turns to the living world of increasing accidents, suicides, murders, rapes, kidnapping, lynching, viruses, divorces, arrests and prices, one cannot but somberly reflect on how an entire life-history comes eventually to rest in a 5' by 5' advertiser's space in a sheet of paper.

Possibly, a crowded metropolis simply cannot offer you more.





India vs. Bharat

Anuja Chakravarthy
SE.Electrical

In 1612, the British had set sail to discover an India rich in spices and treasure. In the twenty first century the world has set sail for India for finding that same treasure. A large number of multi-nationals have opened in India. Google, Louis Vuitton, and Mercedes Benz you name it and they are here. Indian companies which used to earlier operate locally have started competing internationally. Not surprisingly, India now boasts of the largest number of billionaires. It's a different story for the poor however. The past decade has been harsh for the roughly 300 million people living below the poverty line. And the divide between the haves and have-nots has widened.

India has always witnessed a wide gap between the rich and the poor. The disparity has only increased over the years. Yes, there has been great economic development and industrialization, but it has served to benefit only a very niche class. With an annual growth rate of over 9% India is close to rivaling China's economic boom. Yet while China's achievement has been credited with lifting over 400 million people out of poverty, the benefits of India's growth have not spread beyond the top 5% of its massive population.

India is still a country dominated by poverty rather than progress, rich Indians in Malabar Hill and Marine drive don't make up for the rural poor and the slum dwellers who greatly outnumber them. Reading the loud boasts in the newspapers about India becoming an economic force to reckon with by 2020 contrasts with the reality that one encounters on the streets. Poorly designed urban infrastructure, a quickly growing HIV problem, inter-caste and religious intolerance...the list goes on. The elite maybe boasting now but there will be immense problems down the road.

The Indian elite view places like Singapore and Shanghai's orientation towards globalization as a model for success. Never mind that these places placed primary emphasis on providing universal literacy and health care to their citizens. The great divide becomes very evident on our street when we see stones thrown at trains by slum dwellers that live near the rail tracks. Political rioters targeting the bigger, plusher cars.

Romeos from the slums eve teasing fancily dressed girls. You can see it in their eyes too...in the eyes of the very poor. Hostility. You can see it among those who have no hope... especially the urban poor who see the rich flash their wealth every which way they can...the have-nots hate the haves. It is heart-breaking for a poor man to see his loved one die in his arms because he has no money for medical treatment. Such situations are frequently played out in Bollywood movies, but this is no Bollywood fantasy. It's the harsh reality. Its tragedies such as these which are the root cause of hatred for the rich.

The founders of India held the belief that India resides in its villages and stressed the importance of self-sustaining villages that are independent from the overwhelming influence of the larger cities. In contrast, a few selected cosmopolitan cities control the economy and the assets of recent financial developments accrue to a discrete section of society. Inadvertently, this prolonged phenomenon has promulgated divisions within the Indian class structure and has completely obliterated the patriotic sentiments that existed in the years following independence.

On the 60th year of her independence nearly half of India's population is illiterate and below the poverty line and the poor overwhelmingly left to the whims of the market, there is little hope that things will improve significantly for them in the near future. As for the affluent they are cheering the changes brought about by India's recent economic prowess. Unlike the poor they don't have to wait for the results to trickle down.

From Bob Geldof to Oprah Winfrey and even TV shows like American Idol, the world suddenly seems to be full of high-profile people with their own plans to end poverty. Poverty is a hot topic right now. But anyone serious about ending it must understand its true causes. The remedies that can be implemented to facilitate a sustained growth do not require rocket science to figure out. The path to a unified and prosperous India will not be erected by itself but has to be promulgated by her own people.





Holy cows

Hemant Chavan
T.E.Civil

India in all its glory has been our home, its diverse culture has enchanted a wide range of beings all over the world. India's culture is marked by a high degree of syncretism and cultural pluralism. It has managed to preserve established traditions while absorbing new customs, traditions, and ideas from invaders and immigrants. Don't worry it's not one of those pieces where I am going to keep on blabbering about its so called "incredibility".

represents ideals for different sets of people so we have to be tolerant in regards to hurting any particular clans sentiments. If we are secure in our identities, these symbols will withstand any abuse.

Anyways, we all know about the significance our national flag represents. It's our pride, it's the symbol through which we are identified in the world, be it a sports meet, any diplomatic gathering or whatsoever. The tricolour is the acknowledgement about our existence in a free and liberal society. In a world where millions of people have to fight a malicious political/historical/geographical propaganda just to be recognized in the 'holy land' or have to face the wrath of its far superior neighbouring bullies just to live in a 'country' created out of their freewill in the case of Kosovo. In the presence of such a faltering geo-political scenario all over the globe we should consider ourselves fortunate to reside in a country where individuality of a person is placed on the highest pedestal in the scheme of things. This individualism is a synonym of the whole concept of being "Indian" and the flag is our biggest representation of that concept.

So when some shoddy excuses for being called as journalists try to sell a story by maligning the name of individuals, whose achievements have caught the eye of the general public, by their actions, consciously or unconsciously, towards the tricolour and thereby trying to portray themselves of being the saviours of our democracy, when such a thing occurs something inside just boils because of the fact that this symbol is toyed and played with so easily. The same flag carries the honour of the blood of its brave sons who have fought so gallantly to give us hope that today we can really turn our nation into an incredible one.

Any issue related to our flag is a controversial one. The constitution has given the flag a special importance and rightly so. There are various protocols regarding the handling of the flag in various situations, such as the

angle at which it should be held, the people who are allowed to hoist the flag, the days on which it can be hoisted and so on. The question that I want to raise, are we too sensitive to any issues related to it? Why are our "Indian Sensibilities" so delicate that it gets offended so often by extraneous individuals? Or is it in our nature to magnify the irrelevant things?

To talk about the matter at hand lets brush upon a fact which might be startling in a way. Prior to 2002 it was forbidden by the constitution to fly the national flag by the general public except on designated national holiday. A person can be prosecuted if he fails to adhere to this ruling. To oppose this law an industrialist named Navin Jindal filed a PIL in the Delhi High Court justifying it that it's the right of each and every citizen to show his love for his country by hoisting the tricolour. The case was moved to the Supreme Court which asked the government to setup a committee to look upon the matter and on 26th January 2002 the appeal was upheld, provided the flag is safeguarded with dignity honour and respect.

This provides us with an idea that it was just recently that we have a liberal approach towards the tricolour. Why is our Indianness so fragile? A certain train of thought is while the world unashamedly splashes its patriotism across bikinis, bandanas and other pieces of clothing, India's democracy goes up in arms whenever the national flag is flaunted. In the US, the bar for the alleged discretion is particularly high- a protestor can even burn the flag in public. Such comparisons are odious as we have a different set of values and culture. We worship stones and trees as part of our faith so there is bound to be some questions raised when someone messes with the flag. The tricolour is revered by people belonging to various castes, religion and backgrounds. Girls in stars and stripes are a product of western society. We need to respect our own mindset and not be swayed by blindly aping others. Respect comes from within. We are pseudo-democrats. The US wears undergarments displaying their national flag but their democracy is not in danger. The reason being is that we are an immature democracy. The constant bombardment of western influences is reality that we have to accept and come to grips with. The symbol on the tricolour represents ideals for different sets of people so we have to be tolerant in regards to hurting any particular clans sentiments. If we are secure in our identities, these symbols will withstand any abuse.

All of the above arguments accepted, so the question arises what's the appropriate way to display our feeling for our country. By flaunting the flag maybe the obvious way, but the sight of the tricolour lying on the ground and be stamped upon on I-Day and Republic Day fills you with beyond the obvious sense of sadness and anger but along with it an innate sense of hopelessness towards our fellow citizens and makes you wonder is the conservative approach the correct one considering the vast ignorance that besieges our people. Where are these publicity seekers with their "breaking news" when they are actually required, I guess it doesn't fit the bill for a favourable TRP rating. A cynic once said to me, "I sing for the national flag but the flag never responds back", in his depressing words there is sense of surrealism that we as a nation tend to make a mountain of a molehill. There are so many issues that need to be tackled on day-to-day basis, such as poverty, inflation, pollution and as everyone knows the list is endless, that there comes a point where you simply have to let go and not cling onto the minor details. When a naxalite burns down a flag instead of disowning him let's try to be more patient and understand what made him commit such an atrocious act. There must have been some grave situations that lead to these circumstances. White flag desecration is deeply offensive to many, the government may not prohibit the expression of an idea simply because society finds the idea itself offensive or disagreeable. We do not consecrate the flag by punishing its desecration, for in doing so we dilute the freedom that this cherished emblem represents. A sense of self-respect is needed for us to understand the real worth of India. When we stand for the national anthem in a cinema hall, the words on the screen "Please Stand Up For The National Anthem" irritates me to no end, I stand up for the anthem because I want to and not because someone instructs me to do it. It's the magic in the lyrics and music of the anthem that immediately makes me get up and respect it. This admiration should come from within and cannot be imposed upon. Its common knowledge that people will act against something that has been shoved down their throat unless they agree upon it. A mature democracy needs its fair share of mature subjects.

Indian celebrities have an uncanny knack of "flagging" controversy. Be it the couturier Malini Ramani, anchor Mandira Bedi, cricketer Sachin Tendulkar or most recently tennis player Sania Mirza. In a country where female foeticide is a cruel and shameless reality, the rise of Sania Mirza is nothing short of an enormous achievement. To be ranked in top 30 in a gruelling and competitive sport like women's tennis which drains you both physically as well as psychologically is no mean feat. As the toll of travelling around the world isn't enough she has deal with ever growing list of publicity seeking fanatics trying to pull her down by the way of fatwas and court cases, the ludicrous reasons for the same ranging from the way she dresses or to the

downright hilarious of the way she positions her feet. The latter garnering the fancy of many incompetent journalists, who are inept to find a real story. This particular incident occurred in the first week in January 2008 in Perth, Australia where for the ill-informed she was representing India in a team event rather than herself and due to the trickery of some a photographer the image looked like she was placing her feet on the flag. We have lawyers filing frivolous cases rather than dealing with real issues at hand. If we had mature lawyers she would have been the odium of facing criminal proceedings for allegedly insulting the national honour in the first place. Why is India stuck in the medieval ages when the rest of the world has moved on? Many of us are passive towards our duties and shirk responsibility for the country but will be quick to take offence against others. Let's stop littering our country, stop jumping lights, stop offering bribes and million other vices that has become a part of our evolution and start being normal for a change. Is one's life so boring that we have bring down who has achieved a fair amount in his/her life. In a mature, confident democracy, these sorts of issues don't lead to a national crisis or a legal debate. The tricolour has to be appreciated and given its due status at all times. But for anyone to put it under a scanner 24x7 and go in search of signs that show "disrespect" does not enhance the position of the flag.

Insulting and demeaning representation of the tricolour is definitely not acceptable in our culture or any for that matter. But there is nothing objectionable about a dignified representation- it is actually a tribute a patriotic sign. The complex rules surrounding the display of the tricolour are perhaps the most confusing. An aggressive awareness campaign can help matters. It's an accepted fact that fundamentalism is growing in our society which can be justified by the way lynching for petty crimes, protests against movies, banning of books, opposition to valentine's day and more are glorified which are an indicative of the ever increasing nuisance factor. If people are really concerned about the flag then they should be equally concerned about fostering the ideals it represents. Let's not our patriotism be modelled on 'filmi' symbolic depictions. Let it not be defined by politicians and opportunists' views. Let us not degenerate into a shallow, jingoistic nation of flag-wavers. We need to look further than the Constitution of India to tell us where to derive our national pride from- it should come from within.

If someone burns a flag, India is not threatened. If someone places their feet in front of the flag, democracy is not under siege. If someone cuts a cake the shape of the tricolour or wears a sari with the flag depicted near the knee, freedom is not at risk and we are not threatened. My friends, we are offended, and to change our Constitution because someone offends us is, in itself, unconscionable. It all boils down in the end to the simple fact that India is bigger than you, it's bigger than me, and it's greater than all of us combined.



□ If e-mail had been around before the telephone was invented, people would have said, "Hey, forget e-mail! With this new telephone invention I can actually talk to people!"



How will you define India

Sanchali Nag
S.E.Electrical

It has been sixty precise years since India earned her independence from the British, or should I say India fought away her way to glory against all odds (STILL I would like to stress on the 'BRITISH' factor. Somehow, it gives me a sense of unintended PRIDE), sixty years since Gandhiji and Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru came to be universally acclaimed and 'Satyagraha' was accepted worldwide as one of the most efficient techniques to oppose an enemy. All thanks to the British, India, who could have been leading the world today, had things worked the other way around, had to stop her way to success for almost 100 years. But has that EVER stopped us from trying to match our endeavors with the other world-leaders among the present nations? Has that made us brood over and abuse the British for their unforgivable offense? NO, NOT AT ALL. Rather many of us don't even remember that we had once been under some other kingdom's rule, that it's just been 60 years since we joined the race towards becoming one of the leading nations of the world. Since 15 August, 1947, India has never looked back, be it any field-agriculture, politics, business, share-markets, technology, medicine, bollywood, media....you name it! Once rightly called-'SONE KI CHIDIYA' (the bird of gold), India had (UMM...ITS FOR YOU TO DECIDE WHETHER I CAN USE 'HAS' INSTEAD OF 'HAD' AFTER YOU GO THROUGH THE ARTICLE) assets other countries were rightly envious of!

Today, when we stand with our heads held high, in a global scenario, we find that India has achieved in these 60 years what other nations took centuries to achieve. How can we forget the origin of Mathematics, the concept of 'ZERO', that came from this holy land, how can we overlook the humble contributions to science, made by Dr.C.V. Raman, Hargobind Khurana? And can we forget about the medicinal wonders by the Hiranandinis or the literary geniuses by Rabindranath Tagore? Then we should also talk about our ex-president APJ Abdul Kalam, we should also mention the assets we are proud of-THE TAJ MAHAL-which has rightly earned its place as one of the Seven Wonders of the World! Indian tourism is going through one of the best phases it has ever seen. The share markets are showing phenomenal changes every other day. There has been a startling advance in the fields of movies, media and money. High-rises, malls, multiplexes, fly-overs, metros-India has become a hub of intense activity. Everywhere

there are transactions going on, everywhere people are busy planning out things, everyone is into some job. Even in the global front, Indians are in the fore front-Lakshmi Mittal, the Ambani brothers- one of the richest in the world, Sabeer Bhatia-creator of one of the most popular search engines and messenger ids online-MSN(Hotmail), Arun Sarin- chief-executive, Vodafone (I don't think I need to tell you what's that....if you don't know Vodafone, well, you are living in the 1900s still), Kalpana Chawla, Sunita Williams-one of the first lady astronauts, Indra Nooyi-chairperson Pepsi Co. The list doesn't end here. Rather the IITs and the IITians, bollywood and its actors are known across all the nations. Summarizing it all, the Indian economy is showing largely positive signs of a BOOMING future.

The above two paragraphs must have boosted you up a lot. You must be feeling on the ninth cloud with all the praises sung for your country. I am feeling the same way too. Rather, while I was writing about all these facts about our country, I was overwhelmed with patriotic emotions for INDIA! However, achieving the zenith of success was not a walk through a bed of roses for us Indians. We have also had a lot of suffering. Right through the time of our struggle for independence, we have had martyrs who gave up their lives for the motherland. Even today cases of suicide by the farmers in the Vidarbha region make us ashamed of our helplessness. Terrorist attacks, the 1993 bombings, the serial train blasts in Mumbai, Kargil war, Floods, cyclones, earthquakes, train accidents, murders, rapes-such offenses and vengeful crimes co-exist in this country along with the prosperity. Till date, girls in rural parts of the country are afraid of moving out of the house after sunset. Even in the country-capital, DELHI, girls risk their safety if they move about in the streets after 8 in the evening. We still have cases of dowry deaths, FEMALE infanticide in most of the parts of the country. Poverty stricken areas do not show any signs of upliftment, population of the cities keep rising in an uncontrolled manner, causing havoc to all. Streets and drains are littered with waste, air is very much polluted. There are frequent power cuts, politicians cannot resist the temptation of being corrupt. After all, there is so much of money involved in the daily transactions. Bribery has become a common practice. 'The rich are becoming richer...but the poor are becoming poorer', this is the



Batman

Priyanka Sud
S.E. Electronics

but the poor are becoming poorer', this is the most common sentence in all our Economics text-books. So, though we may look at the positive aspects of our India and have a reason to smile...but we should remember that behind every smile, there is a guilty heart frowning deep inside, when it thinks about the drawbacks.

How would you like to define India then? Is it one of the fastest developing economies of the world or is it still a developing economy drawn back by poverty, corruption and over-population? Eternizing, India has started realizing the youth potential in it....movies like 'Dil Chahta Hai', 'Rang De Basanti', 'Chak-De India' depict the energized youth of the country. We are the world 20-20 CRICKET champions; we produce hundreds of world leaders and entrepreneurs every

year who spread the glory of India world-wide. We should not be ashamed to mention our drawbacks to the people of the world. On the other hand spreading the message of help all across the nations will help India fight its own enemies and hence give her a better platform to represent herself on the world map. As goes the statement from Rang de basanti-"koi bhi desh perfect nahi hota. Use perfect banana padta hai" and I don't think the Indian youth have even the slightest problem in trudging towards this goal....

"Crack! Crack!! Crack!!" from the neighbour's house, is enough to trigger mom into action. Why?? She has the mosquito bat as well. And then house after house is awakened... and every evening seems like Diwali!! The mosquito bat is, but an extravagant piece of technology. And what's best is that it's really easy on the pocket!!

For centuries mosquitoes have been a threat (yes threat, literally!!!) causing some of the deadliest of diseases known to mankind.... and there hasn't been a single 100 % foolproof solution to put an end to this menace. Not until the invention of our much loved mosquito bat!! It's a revolution of sorts and has given rise to countless batmen (and batwomen of course!!!)

It is rightly said that sometimes the most marvelous inventions are indeed the simplest ones. Like in this case, the bat electrocutes the mosquito when the former is swung over it. What happens when we resort to other ways to keep mosquitoes...or rather insects away? Certain studies have shown that while mats and coils offer protection, we are not totally safe from the possible side effects of the chemicals released from them. They may cause Shortness of breath, Asthma, Corneal damage, Damage to liver, Loss of fertility and various other complications. Now take another instance, where you go wild with that pesky buzz around your head and run for a traditional fly swatter, newspaper, or whatever you come across! It lands on your newly painted walls or important official papers or that book you bought as a gift for someone. You hit and clean up or you simply miss! Here's where the mosquito bat comes to rescue! What happens exactly is that when a mosquito or fly hits the charged guts, it short circuits the circuit produced inside the bat. Within the bat, the voltage is amplified to 1 kV, which is lethal to mosquitoes, though the effect on human beings is mild. No chemicals, no toxic residues, just mild electricity... the bat has been enthusiastically welcomed by green enthusiasts.

Coming to think of the virtuous bat, it not only assures a pest free home, but also gives us something invaluable....it is the ability to focus!! I am actually delighted to see mommy dearest running frantically after that poor creature.... one crack and it's gone...Mann!!! You should check that victorious smile of hers.... and then she's ready for the next....inspired and determined to kill!!!

Hats off to all you batmen and batwomen out there!!





India- 2020

Prajakta Bhakwatwar
S.E.Electronics

To visualize India about 12 years hence seems to be an interesting but a difficult idea. Predictions often go awry, because future has a tendency to unfold itself in the most uncertain and unexpected manner. Some prophets of doom had predicted that in 1947, sizeable part of humanity would be destroyed but that year was the best in the history of India. Tulsidas visualized certain things in the age of machine (Kalyug) and they have come true. Even the predictions in the Vedas about humanity have come true. We are in the age of science and are witnessing certain state of affairs in our nation and human race. We visualize the scheme of the things depending upon the situations and realities around us.

To visualize India, I won't like to act as the prophet of doom but will like to see a bright and prosperous future of India. There are surely trends of unity, integration, and stability in India. The occasional incidents of confrontations and controversies are episodes of temporary nature. They will never allow the other powers to violate the honor of their country. People living in different parts of the country will develop deeper contacts, thanks to the growing means of transport and communications. I see the mobile network growing not just in big cities but also in small villages. India will surely become one of the greatest economic powers.

India will make headway in the development of natural resources and agriculture research. Farmers will be able to feed themselves. We shall be producing well not just for home

consumption but also for exports.

Women across India will be coming out of the four walls of their homes and playing a vital role in the outside world with the same spirit of responsibility as men. No profession is now left as the sole monopoly of men.

There won't be any caste and creed discrimination. Lower and backward sections will come on par with the advanced sections of the society. Radical will develop a truly national look. The concept of dignity of man will become a reality.

This is the painting of the bright future of India. Order will come out of disorder as irresistibly as day follows night. Every one of us needs to harbor radiant hopes for our future and work to make India the best nation. Let the spirit of India fly and spread the message of goodwill, peace and harmony all around the globe.



ENGLISH



The Fourth seat

Rahul Kulkarni
T.E. Electrical

*Ventured out in the morning,
all clean and neat.
Was making myself ready,
to face the cruel world's heat.
Boarding the packed Churchgate fast
was no mean feat.
But all that I could manage
was the small fourth seat.
Then I thought to myself,
"Is the railways a cheat?"
So many are the people,
and so small is the fleet.
On second thought, I felt lucky
as the others were on their feet
And I had very quickly,
grabbed the fourth seat.
Then, to my amazement,
a feeling, so very sweet,
I got a place near the window
which was nothing less than a treat!
The others standing around me
felt that I was a cheat,
Nevertheless, I didn't care
as I was rid of the fourth seat.
All of a sudden, the horn blared,
and my heart skipped a beat,
I was woken from my slumber,
to find myself, still on the fourth seat.*



Weary Contemplations

Nikhila Nadkarni
T.E. Civil

*Laden with guilt
I trudge a path
On and on I go,
Baffling this life is
And so I think
As no particular
Path I follow.*

*My oneiric mind
Rules my head
As I dream of
Pastures new,
Away
From the stagnating times
With options but a few.*

*Ennui has come
Ennui has gone
But laughter has
Left me; forever,
For a person so cheery
I am so suddenly lacking in pizzazz
And shun me for I cower!*

*My life is onerous
My life is excruciating
As no particular
Path I follow,
Laden with guilt
I trudge a path
On and on I go.*





THE WANDERING STRANGER

AshwinKumar Madival
S.E.Electronics

Who am I?

*A wandering stranger
walking, walking there is nothing to sigh.
Along this endless road of life
there is no onset,
no purpose, no extent
a gypsy, I depart like sound
forever vagabound.*

*I am a wandering stranger
leaving behind everything, everyone
not even a memory.
It is even more stranger
I wish to return
come back to everyone
Why I never know?*

*Then let destiny, fate and fortune decide
when this dhow of mine
will harbour those coasts again
then I will meet them all again*

*Oh! How I wish I could relive
Those wondrous,
harmonious
yet, motionless
past of mine.*

*But no! What am I thinking?
I am a stranger
A rambler
This world is a hamlet of hiking*

*I want to be
the salmon of the river
than become the whale of the sea
on this sphere of kaleidoscoping.*

*What should I do?
Go back to the yester years
leave behind those provocative fears;
And stagnate away*

wither away.

*Or walk, walk, walk away
forgetting those days,
those people, those islands.
Wandering like a stranger
Not pausing, not waiting.
Let them forget me
for I am only a raft in the open briny.
Striding, striding, striding
with no one to guide the journey.*



ENGLISH



Conversations With God

Pratap Kaul
S.E. EXTC

*BANG! I wake up with a start;
"It was only a dream ", I say to myself;
I lay in bed;
Collecting my thoughts.
Hindus killing Muslims;
Muslims doing the same;
All this in the name of religion;
Driving the world insane.
The maulvis and pandits;
At the core of it all;
Instigating brothers against each other;
That is their job after all.
Temples decimated;
Mosques demolished;
The mother raped, then killed;
The father slaughtered.
The child, orphaned, walks through crimson
fields;
Trying to figure out what has happened;
But there's no-one to answer him;
He's left dazed and confused.
He wanders around aimlessly;
Yearning for the comforting face of his Maa;
His ears aching to hear his Abba's call;
But he sees nor hears nothing.
The gory blanket covering the dead scares him;
That deafening silence very discomfoting;
He wants to cry, but there's no-one to turn to;
He holds back his tears and moves on.
The child has grown;
His parents no more;
The maulvis and pandits still exist;
Need I say more.
Now it's his turn to go through the grind;
Like thousands before him;
The "wise men" trying to manipulate his mind;
But he has made his choice and so must we;
Humanity above all religions;
That is the way to proceed*



LOSS OF INNOCENCE

Hansa Jeswani
Lecturer, Civil Engg.

*The truth I beheld is no more around,
The movement of winds is on the other way
bound,
The young eyes which watched the little ants
moving on a trail,
The adult pride has lost the craze.*

*The flower with crimson peals,
The butterfly standing akimbo on the pollen,
My eyes don't see it anymore,
Dishonesty and distrust is what I see even more.*

*The rosy picture which every one showed,
The lovely smiles which each one sparkled,
The words of endearment and the love
proclaimed,
Was as if just for the visible face*

*My soul was strained by the continuous shattering
of promises broken,
The innocence was lost,
Innocence in eyes which smiled,
Innocence of words which were said when meant,*

*The child round the corner,
I beg you to fill the air again with the clustering
laughs,
To bring back the loss innocence,
Which we as adults have lost.*





The Magic Of Love

Nishant Jain
T.E. Computers

*Love is like magic
And it always will be.
For love still remains
Life's sweet mystery!!*

*Love works in ways
That are wondrous and strange
And there's nothing in life
That love cannot change!!
Love is unselfish,
Understanding and kind,
For it sees with its heart
And not with its mind!!*

*Love is the answer
That everyone seeks...
Love is the language,
That every heart speaks.*

*Love can't be bought,
It is priceless and free,
Love, like pure magic,
Is life's sweet mystery!!*



ENGLISH



Still Dreaming

Siddhartha Chandra
B.E. I.T.

*Deep red skies and bleeding eyes
wounded people , screeching cries
This was just on the idiot box
Still worse was happening on the actual spot*

*When I switched on to the headlines
It was filthy politics and dirty crimes
The actual spot seemed magnified
The globe as the suspect was verified*

*Struck with palsy, I felt exhausted
Somehow I wished the reality halted
My knees gave way, my muscles revolted
Reclined on my couch, my dream unfolded*

*My incubus canvassed in fiery rouge
zombies pictured running lose
wraiths of people young and old
hung upside down in the devil's mould*

*Then somewhere in this crowded place
I felt a much familiar face
Pitchforks gliding through my skin
My screams evanescent in the hymns of sin*

*With salted brows and heavy breath
I wrested away from my dreamy depth
I looked around, my thoughts lay bare
Reality was forged in it somewhere*

*My only escape was now invaded
My dreamworld felt penetrated
The verdant backdrop of my lies
Now placented a lost paradise*

*Still wondering why I left my bed
Finding an answer deep inside my head
To this question which keeps on screaming
Am I wide awake or still dreaming*



HOW I WONDER WHAT YOU ARE?

Shraddha Shah
F.E. Electronics

*Twinkle twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are?
When I zizz at night in your light
The world to me seems so bright.*

*All at peace, all so calm
When the world sees-your lambent charm;
Forgotten agony,forgotten pain
With your advent,forgotten all disdain;
Twinkle twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are?*

*Though you scintillate all over the sky-
I perceive that you are mine;
You are up above the world so high
Come with me,or take me with thy;
Twinkle twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are?*

*When I open my eyes at early morn'
I have nothing but the sky with sun ,adorn;
Why aren't you there all day,my friend?
Twinkle twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are?*

*...I perceive that you are mine
And even when I keep reprising this line,
Your enigma is still befuddled,
Give me my friend,a sugary cuddle,
I still don't know what you are?
But still in me,there's a pride
That our Creator is One
Considering this,you are my undisputable sibling;
Thus don't bequeath me,till my Life's evening!*





Just in a moment

Suhani Mehta
S.E. I.T.

*I was just a simple girl,
With so many questions in mind,
Always so confused,
And so terrified with life,
I knew I was changing,
But didn't know how,
I knew I was different,
Couldn't feel the same now.*

*I wanted a way to move ahead,
A reason to live,
I wanted to know what I was doing,
A reason to give,
I wanted to know who I am,
And a reason to believe.*

*Then came a day,
When I was walking with my best friend,
In the best atmosphere it could ever be,
Spending the most beautiful time I ever had,
With my heart and my soul in peaceful glee.*

*And just in that moment,
Everything changed for me,
I was no more a little girl,
That I always used to be.
I felt like, God had answered all my questions,
That I ever had since I was born.*

*He took me to Heaven,
And showed the surround.
He made me feel like a free spirit,
Like an angel giving shadow in the heat,
Like a beauty that can never be kept within.*

*I always knew I was different from the rest,
But knew not, how much better I am,
Than I ever thought I would be;
He made me feel special and so loved;
I had grown up a lot,
But still a child from heart.*

*Life has so much light in it,
But not the needed eyes,
Life has so much glow in it,
But not the needed show,
Life has everything that one can ever need,
But not the needed exploration.
Life has so much of it,
But not the needed proportion.*

*Not everyone can understand life,
Not everyone can profit it,
And when they do start to do,
They realize that life has ended.
But I am fortunate to be one of the luckiest,
To know the secrets of life,
And to gain from it at the fullest,
And to live it large all the time.*

*I do not know if I would ever be more happy than
this,
After all this suffering,
And after all that I have missed,
I feel blessed to be the selected one,
To not be ignorant,
And still be at bliss.
I feel so overwhelmed,
When I know I have risen up,
I feel the best
When I feel the way I am
And will always be...*

*Thank you God for all that you have always given
me,
I wish I could pay it back to you,
But I know you wouldn't take it,
Because, the fact that I am all that I want to be,
Is all that you want to know of it.*



ENGLISH



The 90 Minutes War

Tanush Parihar
F.E. Computers

*The cheers and roars fill the air,
As the warriors enter the field of warfare.
The temperatures rise, which the dripping sweat
shows,
And then the war bugle blows.*

*The warriors with patience build up an attack,
But the commander decides to keep a few back.
To defend is as impeccable as to offend,
Because a counter attack is always at hand.*

*The war goes on and grows intense,
Some get wounded and some fall in pretence.
The wounded go back, some with shame, some with
disappointment,
And the commander recruits another one from his
cantonment.*

*At the fall of dusk, the armies go back,
Knowing the enemy's frailties and in what they
lack.
But the wisest, the commander knows all to be
done,
And says, 'Tomorrow the war has to be won'.*

*The sun rises and again the bugle blows,
Again the war unfolds with its highs and its lows.
Today the opponent is smarter, wiser and knows,
The time is ripe to defeat his foes.*

*More wounds, more blood, becomes the war all
about,
But just as its rays, begin to disappear, with the
sun,
The priests and pundits shout aloud,
"Yes, it's a goal! The war has been won."*



WINTER

Divyanshu Bhadoria
T.E. Electrical

*Winter my friend,
You've played your part well,
Shown that we need to be close,
For us to keep warm.
But now it's more smoke than fire.
We need more wood, to keep it burning,
The mist need be cleared, for us to be more
discerning.*

*Besides,
The diligent fire plays its part,
For it is to us to clear its smoke.
But when it comes down to the clouds within
Too much is left to trust and hope.*

*Behold the mirth and bliss of spring,
For none of us do these birds sing,
The flowers bloom, not for me & you,
Delight abundant, but reasons so few.*

*But then with men, more often than not,
First sour, then sweet, then rite, then rot.
When we get sick of the constant glee,
The unreasonable spring, we'll reason best to flee.*

*With some of our memories & some of our kind,
To light up our fire, our winter we'll find.
I write of it now, but that will be then,
We'll need you again someday,
Winter, my friend.*



I was just a child, a little boy, when I was born,
 With my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,

I was just a child, a little boy, when I was born,
 With my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,

The first day of winter,
 And the first day of winter,
 And the first day of winter,
 And the first day of winter,
 And the first day of winter,
 And the first day of winter,

I was just a child, a little boy, when I was born,
 With my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,

I was just a child, a little boy, when I was born,
 With my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,
 And my mother and father, and my little sister,

The first day of winter,
 And the first day of winter,
 And the first day of winter,
 And the first day of winter,
 And the first day of winter,
 And the first day of winter,

SPORTS



S.P.C.E.
Cricket team

S.P.I.T.
Cricket team



S.P.I.T.
Football Team

S.P.C.E.
Football Team



SPORTS

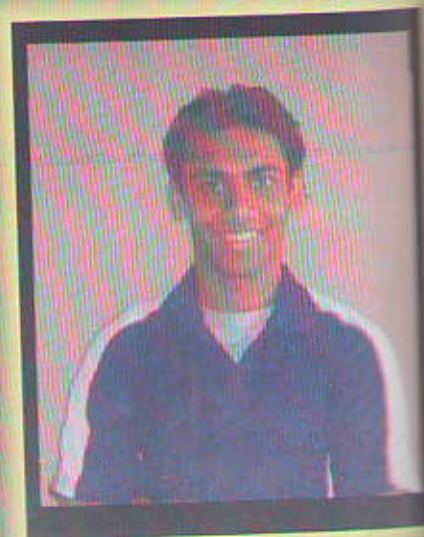
**Basketball boys'
Team**



**Basketball Girls'
Team**



**National level
Mallakhamb
Champion**



SPORTS



Volleyball team

**Badminton
Team**



Throwball team



B.E. Computers



B.E. Civil



B.E. Information Technology
(Technobreak winners)



B.E. Mechanical



B.E. Electrical

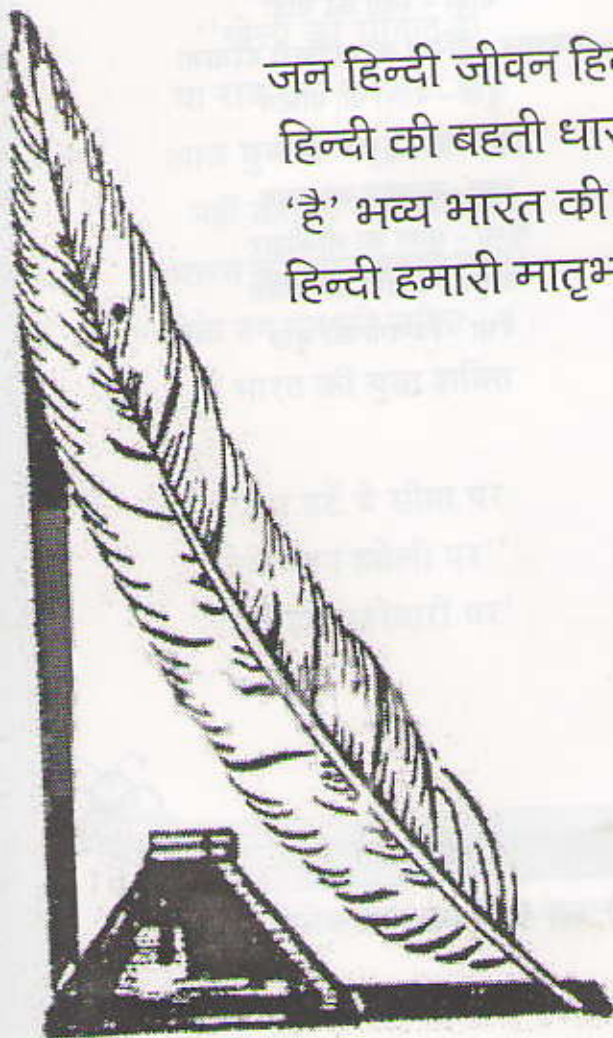


B.E. Electronics



हिन्दी विभाग

जन हिन्दी जीवन हिन्दी, हिन्दी का अभियान चलेगा
हिन्दी की बहती धारा में, कल का हिन्दुस्तान चलेगा।
'है' भव्य भारत की हमारी मातृभूमि हरी-भरी,
हिन्दी हमारी मातृभाषा और लिपि है नागरी।
- राष्ट्रकवि मैथिलीशरण गुप्त



दिशा

हिना तोंडे
तृतीय यांत्रिकी

वैभव सोनी
अंतिम यांत्रिकी

मैं दिशा हूँ द्वार अपना खोलती हूँ,
दिव्यतम संसार अपना खोलती हूँ।
तुम जहाँ तक भी चलो मैं साथ दूँगी,
हर जगह आधार अपना खोलती हूँ।
मैं सृजन की बाँह में बाहें भरूँगी,
मैं कला की राह भी सतरंग भरूँगी।
बदलते परिवेश की रचना करो तुम,
मैं दिशा हूँ भोर की चाह करूँगी।
मैं दिशा हर स्वर तुम्हारा खोल दूँगी;
मैं दिशा हर पल तुम्हारा तोल दूँगी।
हर दिशा हो सृजन का संघर्ष प्यारा,
मैं दिशा हूँ प्यार मैं अनमोल दूँगी।

दिमाग - सोचने की फैक्ट्री
शूल - सात घंटे की जेल
टीचर - एक घंटे का रेडियो
मॉनिटर - टीचर का चमचा
कॉलेज - बाप का बगीचा
सगाई - शादी का रिजर्वेशन
मंगलसूत्र - पति का लाइसेंस
सास - बहू की सी.आई.डी.
डॉक्टर - यमराज का दुष्मन
बीड़ी - स्वर्ग की सीढ़ी
शमशान - दुनिया का आखिरी दरवाजा
जूड़ा - बालों की मीटिंग
टाई - बिना गुनाहों का फंदा
चाय - कलयुग का अमृत
ताला - मुफ्त का चौकीदार
पतलून - आदमी की इज्जत
पैसा - जिन्दगी की भूख





ये भारत की युवा शक्ति

वैभव सोनी
अंतिम यांत्रिकी

“विज्ञान का चमत्कार हो
या आई-टी का अविष्कार हो”
कम्प्यूटर में हैं यह माहिर
ये तो है जग जाहिर
दिखा दी अपनी दृढ़शक्ती।
भारत बना परमाणु शक्ति . . .
ये भारत की युवा शक्ति

“खेलों की सौगात हो
या राजनीती की बात हो”
आज युवा है चतुर खिलाडी
नहीं कोई हैं यहाँ अनाडी
भारत की शान बढ़ाते युवा।
लेके तन मन की शक्ति . . .
ये भारत की युवा शक्ति

“जब डटें ये सीमा पर
लेके जान हथेली पर”
‘गर्व हमें पहरेदारों पर’

‘ये भारत की पहचान हैं ये।’
शान - ए - तिरंगा की शक्ति . . .
ये भारत की युवा शक्ति

“आज ये युवा शक्तिमान हैं
स्वाभिमान पे उन्हें अभिमान है”
आसमान से ऊँचा ज्ञान
चलने लिए अमर मुस्कान
करे प्रतिज्ञा प्रत्येक व्यक्ति।
भारत बने महाशक्ति।। . . .
ये भारत की युवा शक्ति





अर्थ

कुणाल पाटील
तृतीय संगणक

भारतीय शेयरबाजार - रुख किस तरफ?

भारतीय शेयरबाजार अभी जो संक्रमण काल से गुजर रहा है तो हर किसी के मन में यही खयाल आता है कि यहा से भारतीय शेयरबाजार किस ओर करवट लेगा? आइए, हम इसे अपने दृष्टिकोण से समझने की कोशिश करें।

भारतीय अर्थव्यवस्था काफी संगीन है। भारतीय अर्थव्यवस्था पिछले ४ सालों से ८ - ९% सकल घरेलू उत्पादन से विकास कर रहा है और अगर यही रफ्तार रही तो विकास के मामले में हम काफी आगे निकल चुके रहेंगे। सीधी तरह से यह दौड़ का परिणाम अर्थतंत्र के हकारात्मक रूप से दिखाई देगा जो शेयरबाजार में परिवर्तित होगा। क्योंकि, किसी भी देश की अर्थव्यवस्था का हाल जानने के लिए उसके शेयरबाजार को देखना चाहिए क्योंकि शेयरबाजार अर्थव्यवस्था का बैरोमीटर कहलाता है।

काफी सारे हकारात्मक परिबल भारतीय शेयरबाजार को नई उँचाई प्राप्त करने में मदद कर सकते हैं। एक नजर उन पर -

१) सरकार द्वारा शुरु की जाने वाले बड़ी विकास योजनाएँ - इन अर्थतंत्र में पैसे का बहाव काफी तेजी से होगा जो निश्चित रूप से धातु, सिमेंट, शिक्षण व प्रवासन आदि उद्योगों को भारी फायदा पहुँचाएगा। अर्थव्यवस्था में यह कहा जाता है कि अगर सरकार सामाजिक व बुनियादी स्तर पर खर्च करना शुरु करे तो अर्थतंत्र में काफी तेजी दिखाई देती है।

२) रुपए में डॉलर के सामने दिखाई देती मजबूती - भारतीय रुपया डॉलर के सामने काफी मजबूत हुआ है। पिछले ८ सालों में वह ४८ के स्तर से ३८.८० के स्तर पर आ चुका है। भारतीय उद्योग आज भी विकास की वजह आयात पर ज्यादा निर्भर है तो यह निश्चित रूप से उनको भारी फायदा पहुँचाएगा। विशेष में, सरकार भी कुछ की सबसे बड़ी आयातकार है जो निश्चित रूप से ही उसके बिल में कटौती करेगी।

३) अनिवासी भारतीय (N.R.I.) व कंपनी द्वारा निष्कासित किए जाने वाली फॉरेन मनी - इस से अपना विदेशी पूरांत बढ़ेगा व अर्थव्यवस्था को संगीनता प्रदान करेगा।

४) भारतीय उद्योग की वैश्विक नजर - टाटा स्टील द्वारा किया गया कोरस स्टील का हस्तांतरण हो या टाटा मोटर्स द्वारा किया गया जेगुआर-लैंडरोवर का हस्तांतरण, इससे हमारी उड़ान का पता चलता है।

५) छठवा पगार पंच - यह उम्मीद है कि अप्रैल २००८ में इसका अमल हो जाएगा। इस से लोगों में खरीदशक्ति काफी जोरों से बढ़ेगी और इस से FMCG सेक्टर, Reality सेक्टर और टैक्स्टाईल सेक्टर की वृद्धि में भारी इजाफा होगा।

६) ब्याज दरों में कटौती के आसार - इस से उद्योग जगत को विशेष रूप में उन के द्वारा लिए जानेवाले ऋण में काफी फायदा होगा। विशेष में, गृहनिर्माण क्षेत्र में, Reality Goods क्षेत्र को, Auto क्षेत्र को काफी फायदा पहुँचेगा।

अतः २००८ के अंत तक शेयरबाजार २६५०० के स्तर को छूता हुआ दिखेगा। हालांकि बीच-बीच में अंतराय आते रहेंगे पर उड़ान की मंजिल ऊपर की तरफ रहेगी।





प्रतीक्षा

हरिवंश राय बच्चन

मधुर प्रतीक्षा ही जब इतनी, प्रिय तुम आते तब क्या होता ?

मौन रात इस भांति कि जैसे, कोई गत वीण पर बज कर,
अभी-अभी सोई खोई-सी, सपनों में तारों पर सिर धर
और दिशाओं से प्रतिध्वनियाँ, जाग्रत सुधियाँ-सी आती हैं,
तुमने कब दी बात रात के सूने में तुम आने वाले,
पर ऐसे ही वक्त प्राण मन, मेरे हो उठते मतवाले,
साँसे घूमघूम फिरफिर से, असंमजस के क्षण गिनती हैं,
मिलने की घडियाँ तुम निश्चित, यदि कर जाते तब क्या होता ?

उत्सुकता की अकुलाहट में, मैंने पलक पाँवडे डाले,
अम्बर तो मशहूर कि सब दिन, रहता अपने होश समहाले,
तारों की महफिल ने अपनी आँख बिछा दी किस आशा से,
मेरे मौर कुटी को आते तुम दिख जाते तब क्या होता ?

बैठ कल्पना करता हूँ, पगचाप तुम्हारी मग से आती,
रगरग में चेतनता घुलकर, आँसू के कणसी झर जाती,
नमक डसीला गल अपनापन, सागर में घुलमिलसा जाता,
अपनी बाँहों में भरकर प्रिय, कण्ठ लगाते तब क्या होता ?



कर तो सभी सकते हैं।

उदयकुमार राथोड़
तृतीय यांत्रिकी

अमेरिका के खोजकर्ता कोलम्बस से पूछा गया कि आपने ही अमेरिका की खोज क्यों की? ये तो कोई और भी कर सकता था। कोलम्बस ने कहा, “मैं मान लूँगा कि अमेरिका की खोज कोई भी कर सकता था यदि कोई भी व्यक्ति अंडे को सीधा खड़ा कर दे।” काफी लोगों ने प्रयत्न किया पर अंडा सीधा खड़ा नहीं हुआ। तब कोलम्बस ने अंडे के नीचे छेद करके उसे एक आधार देकर खड़ा कर दिया। बाद में लोगों ने कहा कि यह तो कोई भी कर सकता है और वाकई लोगों ने करके दिखाया, तब कोलम्बस ने कहा कि कर तो सब सकते हैं, पर करता कोई नहीं।

इसलिए दोस्तों, कर हम भी सकते हैं। जरूरत है हमें कर के दिखाने की और हम करके दिखाएँगे। भारत को इतना आगे बढ़ाएंगे कि हमारे आगे कोई नहीं होगा।
जय हिन्द !

श्रम और आत्मविश्वास

शिवाजी नरावडे
तृतीय यांत्रिकी

एक प्राचीन कहावत है -
करत करत अभ्यास ते
जडमति होज सुजान।
रसरी आवत-जात ते
सिल पर पड़त निसान।

यह कहावत हमें एक बार सोचने पर मजबूर कर देती है कि जिस कार्य को हम नामुमकिन समझते हैं, क्या वह सच में असंभव है? अगर हम चाहे तो क्या कुछ नहीं कर सकते। जरूरत है तो बस थोड़े से श्रम और आत्मविश्वास की। कोई भी काम करने से पहले हम उसे कठिन मान लेते हैं। लेकिन हमें उस वक्त तक हार नहीं माननी चाहिए जब तक हम उस कार्य को पूरे जोश और लगन के साथ न कर लें और लगन रखने के लिए खुद पर आत्मविश्वास रखें।

हमारे जीवन में श्रम और आत्मविश्वास की भागेदारी शुरू से ही होती है। बचपन में परीक्षा में अव्वल आने की कामना, जवानी में अच्छी नौकरी पाने की और बुढ़ापे में सुखी जीवन व्यतीत करना ही हर व्यक्ति का एकमात्र लक्ष्य होता है।

मनुष्य तो मनुष्य जब कौवे जैसे पक्षी ने श्रम कर घड़े में पत्थर फेंक कर पानी पी लिया तो मनुष्य श्रम और आत्मविश्वास से क्या कुछ नहीं कर सकता।

अंततः हमें सदा यही याद रखना चाहिए की परिश्रम का फल सदैव मीठा होता है।





विजेता और पराजित में अंतर

अल्पेश पटेल
अंतिम यांत्रिकी

विजेता हमेशा एक समाधान का हिस्सा है।
पराजित हमेशा समस्या का हिस्सा होता है।
विजेता कहता है मैं आपके लिए कर देता हूँ।
पराजित का कहना है कि यह मेरा काम नहीं है।
विजेता के पास समाधान है हर समस्या के लिए।
पराजित के पास समस्या है हर समाधान के लिए।

विजेता कमिटमेंट करता है।
पराजित केवल वायदा करता है।
विजेता के पास कामयाबी के सपने होते हैं।
पराजित के पास सिर्फ स्किम्स होते हैं।
विजेता कहता है मुझे कुछ करना चाहिए।
पराजित कहता है कुछ होना चाहिए।

विजेता टीम का हिस्सा होता है।
पराजित टीम के हिस्से करता है।

विजेता उपलब्धियों को देखता है।
पराजित तकलिफों को देखता है।
विजेता देखता है कि क्या संभव है।
पराजित देखता है कि क्या असंभव है।
विजेता आने वाला कल देखता है।
पराजित बीते हुए कल को देखता है।

विजेता थर्मोस्टेट जैसा होता है।
पराजित थर्मामीटर जैसा होता है।
विजेता सोचकर बोलता है।
पराजित बोलकर सोचता है~
विजेता करके दिखाता है।
पराजित कुछ होने का इंतजार करता है।

१) एक बूढ़े के बारह बेटे
कोई बड़ा तो कोई छोटे
कोई गरम तो कोई ठंडा
बताओ जल्दी नहीं तो खाओगे डंडा।
२) प्रथम कटे तो रहस्य बन जाऊँ
मध्य कटे तो नाज

अन्त कटे तो बनता हूँ नारा
झटपट मेरा राज।
३) एक मोहल्ला भवन अनेक
सब भवनों में रस है एक
रस जो चाखता वाहवाह करता
पास जाने से हर कोई डरता।

४) मुझमें ही आकर समा जाता है
दिन
मुझमें ही पैदा होती है रात
मैं ही हूँ आधार वह
जहाँ मिलते हैं ये दोनो एक साथ
५) खुद घूमूँ और तुम्हें घुमाऊँ



अंक भी बोलते है।

रविन्दर सिंह मुल्लानी
अंतिम यात्रिकी

बर७ के दिन थे। भा२ का महिना था, २ लतराम अपने घोड़ों पर सवार हो कर महाराष्ट्र के जंगल में २ स्तों के ७ री६ का शिकार करने गया था। री६ को देखते ही उसने २ नाली चला दी। री६ मारा गया। उसकी खाल से सब २ स्तों ने विचारविमर्श करके १० ताने बनवाए। तब वे एक होटल में गए वहाँ उन्होंने ४ पाई पर बैठकर रोटी के ७ मछली और ४ भी खाया। परंतु खाना बासी था इसलिए उनहे उप४ के लिए ५ न की गोलियां खानी पड़ी। इतने में बाहर बर७ होने लगी। सभी २ स्त ६ तरी लेकर ९ टंकी देखने २००० लोग गए। परंतु टिकट न मिलने के कारण ला४ होकर वापिस आ गए। तब बर७ भी रुक चुकी थी। इसलिए सब २ स्त ६ त पर सोने का बं२ बस्त करने लगे। मच्छरों के कारण उन्हे मच्छरदानियां लगानी पड़ी। १०० भाग्य से २ बारा बर७ न हुई - फिर से वे सब ४ पाई पर आराम से सो गए।

हाँस्टेल में सब है, पर माँ .

मिस्बाह नोमानी
प्रथम संगणक

आँखों में उसके एक अरमान था
लबों पर उसकी दुआएँ थी
दिल तो उसका बहुत रोकना चाहता था
पर बार-बार अपने दिल को समझाती थी
आँसुओं को तो बहुत रोकना चाहती थी
पर उसकी आँखों से मोती टूट ही गया
उससे तो मैं भी जुदा होना न चाहता था
पर आखिर दामन उसका छूट गया

आज भी दुआ में अपनी मुझे वह याद करती है
आज भी तसवीर में देखकर, मुझसे बात करती है
आज भी मेरा हर दर्द, वहाँ वह महसूस करती है
भरोसा तो उसे बहुत है मुझ पर,
लेकिन, जाने क्यों वह डरती है

आज भी बात करते-करते अचानक रो वह जाती है
आज भी झूठी हँसी में अपने आँसु वह छुपाती है
जाहिर तो करता नहीं हूँ, पर ए माँ
मुझे भी तुम्हारी बहुत याद आती है . . .
मुझे भी तुम्हारी बहुत याद आती है . . .





विजेता और पराजित में अंतर

अल्पेश पटेल
अंतिम यांत्रिकी

विजेता हमेशा एक समाधान का हिस्सा है।
पराजित हमेशा समस्या का हिस्सा होता है।
विजेता कहता है मैं आपके लिए कर देता हूँ।
पराजित का कहना है कि यह मेरा काम नहीं है।
विजेता के पास समाधान है हर समस्या के लिए।
पराजित के पास समस्या है हर समाधान के लिए।

विजेता थर्मोस्टेट जैसा होता है।
पराजित थर्मामीटर जैसा होता है।
विजेता सोचकर बोलता है।
पराजित बोलकर सोचता है।
विजेता करके दिखाता है।
पराजित कुछ होने का इंतजार करता है।

विजेता कमिटमेंट करता है।
पराजित केवल वायदा करता है।
विजेता के पास कामयाबी के सपने होते हैं।
पराजित के पास सिर्फ स्किल्स होते हैं।
विजेता कहता है मुझे कुछ करना चाहिए।
पराजित कहता है कुछ होना चाहिए।

विजेता टीम का हिस्सा होता है।
पराजित टीम के हिस्से करता है।
विजेता उपलब्धियों को देखता है।
पराजित तकलिफों को देखता है।

विजेता देखता है कि क्या संभव है।
पराजित देखता है कि क्या असंभव है।
विजेता आने वाला कल देखता है।
पराजित बीते हुए कल को देखता है।





आधुनिक तकनीक बनाम भाषा की अपरुपता।

अल्पेश पटेल
अंतिम यांत्रिकी

विज्ञान के बढ़ते प्रभावे से आज कोई अछूता नहीं रहा। सुदूर देहात तक दूरदर्शन तथा अन्य चैनलों द्वारा प्रसारित कार्यक्रम का आनंद लोग बड़े चाव से उठा रहे हैं। कार्यक्रम के बीच-बीच में कमर्शियल 'ऐड' के दौरान जो प्रभावशाली शब्द एवं संवाद जबरन दर्शकों के सामने परोसा जाता है उसका जायका भी लोग चाहे अनचाहे लेते रहते हैं। हाल में एक ऐसा ही 'ऐड' मुझे भी देखने को मिला, जिसमें एक छोटा बच्चा अपनी माँ से कहता है, "डार्लिंग, तुम बहुत खूबसूरत लग रही हो।" किस व्यक्ति के लिए कौन सा संबोधन उपयुक्त है, उसकी परवाह किये बिना अगर हम अपनी भाषा को समृद्ध बनाना चाहते हैं, तो निश्चित रूप से हम भटक रहे हैं, और ऐसी राह पर चल पड़े हैं जो हमें रिश्तों से बेखबर मुकाम पर ले जाकर अंत में अकेले जीने के लिए बाध्य कर देगी।

भाषा सिर्फ अभिव्यक्ति का माध्यम मात्र नहीं है, बल्कि आत्मीयता, प्रेम, करुणा एवं अंतर्वेदना का भी एक सशक्त साधन है। परंतु आज सोची समझी साजिश के तहत संसार के कुछ देश जो एक खास मकसद से वैशवीकरण के नाम पर सारे संसार में अपना अधिपत्य जमाना चाहते हैं, कम्प्यूटर के माध्यम से इसे एक Pointer-Tool की तरह उपयोग कर भाषा के सही स्वरूप को बिगाड़ कर इसे संश्लेषण का माध्यम बना रहे हैं।

आज कल मोबाइल पर B - 4 (before) BCNU (be seeing you), C U (see you), LOL (laugh out loud) जैसे Abbreviations एस.एम.एस. पर घड़ल्ले से देखने को मिल रहे हैं। यह क्या हो रहा है - क्या यह भाषा को अपरुप करने का कुत्सित प्रयास नहीं है?

प्रख्यात-लेखिका अनिता नायर के शब्दों में आधुनिक तकनीक ने हमारे युवाओं एवं किशोरों को आलसी एवं सुस्त बना दिया है। लोग शब्दकोष से शब्दों की सही वर्तनी बूढ़ने के बजाय कम्प्यूटर पर तत्काल उपलब्ध शब्द को पाने की इच्छा हो प्राथमिकता देते हैं।

आज का युवा वर्ग उससे बंचित हो रहा है। अगर इस प्रवृत्ति पर अंकुश नहीं लगा तो भाषा के क्षेत्र में आने वाली पीढ़ी कंगाल, कम्प्यूटर से चिपके रहते हैं, महीनों-वर्षों तक उन्हें कुछ लिखने के लिए कलम की आवश्यकता नहीं पड़ी। फलतः ठीक तरह से कलम पकड़ने की आदत भी भूलने लगे हैं, क्योंकि उनका सारा समय कम्प्यूटर का "माऊस" पकड़ने और अँगुलियों से टाइपिंग करने में बीतता है।

पुस्तकालय में रखी पुस्तकों का महत्व घटता जा रहा है, क्योंकि कि सारे "ज्ञान" अब कम्प्यूटर में एक जगह आकर सन्निहित हो गए हैं। शार्ट कट विधी से सब कुछ शीघ्र पाने की प्रकृति हमें भाषाधर्मिता से बहुत दूर ले लाएगी। ऐसे में यह कहना अनुचित नहीं होगा कि आने वाले दिनों में हो न हो हम ऐसे आदिवासियों की तरह जीना प्रारंभ कर दे, जो विचित्र प्रकार की ध्वनियों निकाल कर अपने विचार एक दूसरे तक संप्रेषित करते हैं। क्योंकि उनके पास शब्दों का अभाव है अर्थात् भाषा समृद्ध नहीं है। ऐसे में हमारे विश्वविद्यालय के शिक्षकों पर यह गुरुतर दायित्व आ जाता है कि भाषा को किसी प्रकार सुरक्षा प्रदान की जाए। आधुनिक तकनीक भी मदद से हम अपनी भाषा-कौशल कों और अधिक दक्ष कैसे बना सकते हैं - इस विषय पर बुद्धिजीवियों कों गंभीरतापूर्वक विचार करना होगा।



सहनशील होना अच्छी बात है, परंतु अन्याय का विरोध करना उससे भी उत्तम है।

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माझ्या मराठीची थोरी
नित्य नवे रूप दावी
अवनत होई माथा
मुखी उमटते ओवी!
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॥श्री॥

संपादकीय

“नमस्कार मंडळी!”, तुमच्या लाडक्या ‘दिशा’ची ही नवी आवृत्ती तुमच्या समोर सादर करताना आम्हाला खूप आनंद होत आहे. मायबोली मराठीतून आपले विचार प्रकट करण्याचे एक हक्काचे व्यासपीठ म्हणजे ‘दिशा’!

मराठी ही जगातील अतिप्राचीन समृद्ध भाषांपैकी एक अशी संस्कृतप्रचूर भाषा. परंतु आज जागतिकीकरणामुळे व इंग्रजी भाषेची कुरघोडी झाल्यामुळे आपण या वैभवशाली व दैदिप्यमान साहित्यापासून जर विलग झालो आहोत. त्यातच भर म्हणून की काय आपण सर्व अभियंते, सर्व तांत्रिक बाबीसुद्धा आंग्ल भाषेतून शिकत असल्याने दिवसाचा बहुतांश वेळ आपण मराठीशी फटकूनच वागतो. पण असं सगळं असतानाही आपण मराठी ऐकलं, मराठी वाचलं की आपल्या मनाचा एक कोपरा सुखावला जातो. ‘हे काहीतरी आपलं आहे’ अशी एक आपुलकीची जाणीव हळुवार स्पर्श करून जाते. त्यात कुठेही मराठीत्वाचा अभिनिवेश नसतो किंवा बाकी भाषांना कमी लेखण्याचा उद्देश नसतो, पण तरीही आपण लहानपणापासून ज्या भाषेत शिकलो त्या संदर्भाशी नाळ जोडल्याचा प्रत्यय आपणाला पदोपदी येत असतो. देवाने निर्माण केलेल्या नात्यांपैकी आई-मुलाचं नातं हे सर्वात जवळचं व पवित्र नातं. प्रत्येक मराठी माणूस या ना त्या मार्गाने त्या मातृभाषेशी जवळीक साधण्याचा प्रयत्न करतो, मग तो लेख असो वा कविता. या विभागातही काही लेख तुम्हाला हसवतील तर काही अंतर्मुख करतील, नवा दृष्टिकोन देतील पण सर्व लेखांत एक गोष्ट निश्चितच अधोरेखित होईल, ती म्हणजे मराठी विचार!

हाच मराठी विचार, मराठमोळं पण जपण्याचा व वृद्धिंगत करण्याच्या दिशेने केलेला हा प्रयत्न तुम्हाला नक्कीच आवडेल अशी आशा करतो.



सांगा कसं जगायचं ?

सांगा कसं जगायचं ?

कणहत कणहत

की गाणं म्हणत ?

तुम्हीच ठरवा

डोळे भरून तुमची आठवण

कोणीतरी काढतंच ना ?

उन उन दोन घास

तुमच्यासाठी वाढतंच ना ?

शाप देत बसायचं

की दुवा देत हसायचं ?

तुम्हीच ठरवा

सांगा कसं जगायचं ?

कणहत कणहत

की गाणं म्हणत ?

तुम्हीच ठरवा !

खाळ्याकुट्ट काळोखात

जेव्हा काही दिसत नसतं,

श्रुमच्यासाठी कोणीतरी

दिवा घेऊन उभं असतं !

काळोखात कुढायचं

की प्रकाशात उडायचं ?

तुम्हीच ठरवा !

सांगा कसं जगायचं ?

कणहत कणहत

की गाणं म्हणत ?

तुम्हीच ठरवा !

पायात काटे रुतून बसतात

हे अगदी खरं असतं ;

आणि फुलं फुलून येतात

हे काय खरं नसतं ?

काट्यांसारखं सलायचं

की फुलांसारखं फुलायचं ?

तुम्हीच ठरवा !

सांगा कसं जगायचं ?

कणहत कणहत

की गाणं म्हणत ?

तुम्हीच ठरवा !

पेला अर्धा सरला आहे

असंसुद्धा म्हणता येतं ;

पेला अर्धा भरला आहे

असंसुद्धा म्हणता येतं !

सरला आहे म्हणायचं

की भरला आहे म्हणायचं ?

तुम्हीच ठरवा

सांगा कसं जगायचं ?

कणहत कणहत

की गाणं म्हणत ?

तुम्हीच ठरवा !

कविवर्य मंगेश पाडगांवकर यांच्या ८० व्या

वाढदिवसानिमित्त त्यांना आमचा मानाचा मुजरा !



यंत्रमानव

आदित्य बाळ
तृतीय वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)

घड्याळाच्या गजराने दिनकररावांना जाग येते. नेहेमीच्या सवयीप्रमाणे दाराला अडकवलेली दुधाची पिशवी आणि वर्तमानपत्र घ्यायला ते नकळत उठतात. छोटा दिनू अजून झोपेतच असतो. पत्नीची स्वयंपाकघरातली धावपळ चालू असते. डबा घेऊन दिनकरराव निघतात, आज काही झालं तरी ८:०५ची फास्ट चुकवायची नसते. बँकेतली नोकरी, दहाचे मस्टर गाठायचे असते. बँकेतली रोजचीच धावपळ! लोकांची गर्दी! घड्याळाचे काटे पळत राहतात. संध्याकाळी ऑफिस सुटताच पुन्हा लोकलच्या प्रवासाचा द्राविडी प्राणायाम! थकलेले, दमलेले दिनकरराव घराच्या पायऱ्या चढून आत शिरतात. त्यांची नजर दिनूला शोधत असते. रोजच्यासारखाच दिनू धावत येऊन बाबांना मिठी मारतो. त्याच्या हातात एक नवे खेळणे असते. दिनू उत्साहाने बाबांना तो खेळण्यातला यंत्रमानव दाखवतो. “बाबा, हा ना एका रेषेत न चुकता तसाच चालत राहतो. थांबा तुम्हाला आत्ता दाखवतो!” छोटा दिनू म्हणाला आणि त्याने ते खेळणे चालू केले. आपले हात-पाय यांत्रिकपणे हलवत ते खेळणे चालू लागते. अगदी थोड्या वेळासाठी त्या यंत्रमानवाच्या जागी दिनकररावांना आपला भास झाला. ते हरवलेल्या नजरेने त्या यांत्रिक हालचाली पाहू लागले. थेटा दिनू मात्र आनंदाने टाळ्या वाजवत होता.

चाकोरी

आदित्य बाळ
तृतीय वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)

त्या इवल्याश्या जीवाला पाहून ते दोघेही हरखून जातात! आपल्या लहानग्याला काही कमी पडू द्यायचे नाही. त्याला शिकवून खूप मोठे करायचे. ते दोघे निश्चय करतात. छोटा पाच वर्षांचा झाला; त्याच्या शाळेतल्या प्रवेशाचे बघायला हवे! - तो इंग्रजी माध्यमात प्रवेश मिळेल? - ती नाचगाणी, खेळणे बाजूला राहू दे, ही शेरं करून पोट भरणार का? अभ्यास करा. - तो शेजारच्यांचा रघू सुद्धा शिकवणीला जातो. आपलंच पोर मागे नको रहायला, यंदा महत्त्वाचे वर्ष आहे. - ती बारावी नंतर सायन्सलाच गेला तर बरा! - तो धंद्यापेक्षा नोकरी बरी म्हणावे, उगाच जोखीम नको - ती एकदा पोराने लग्न लावले म्हणजे जबाबदारीतून मोकळे झाल्यासारखे. - तो लग्न धूमधडाक्यात होतं, वर्षभरात पाळणा हलतो. त्या इवल्याश्या जीवाला बघून दोघे हरखून जातात . . .





“आळशी माणसं”

वैभव मंगरूळकर

“आळशी माणसं खूप हुशार असतात.”
माझ्या या वाक्यावर आईची प्रतिक्रिया
ठरलेली आहे. “बरं . . . तुमचा रेडा
गाभाण. देतो, चांगलं दहा शेर दूध”
आळशीपणा आणि हुशारी यांचं समीकरण
जरी आईला पटलं नसलं तरी माझा यावर
ठाम विश्वास आहे. माझ्या अनेक (आळशी)
गप्तेष्टांचा या मताला सूप्त पाठिंबा आहे हे
मला ठाऊक आहे. आळशी माणसं कधीही
कॉटन किंवा रंग जाणारे कपडे विकत घेत
नाहीत. सिंथेटिक, मळखाऊ रंगाचे, मशिन
वॉश/बाई वॉश असेच कपडे घेतात. रिकल
फ्री हा त्यांचा आवडता प्रकार. १-१ कपडा
वेगळा धुणार कोण आणि कॉटनच्या
कपड्याला इस्त्री करणार कोण? एवढा
सगळा विचार कपडे घेतांना करावा लागतो
आणि त्यासाठी चाणाक्ष बुद्धी लागते. रात्री
झोपायच्या आधी दिवा बंद करायचा असेल
तर जवळच स्विच घेण्याची व्यवस्था घराचं
वायरिंग चालू असतांनाच
करून घ्यावी लागते. इतक्या बारीक-
सारीक गोष्टी लक्षात ठेऊन करणं हे काही
येरागबाळ्याचं काम नाही. म्हणजे नंतर

नुसता हार घातलं की झालं. ही माणसं
जेवतात अगदी सावकाश. यांचं जेवण
होईपर्यंत ताटं उचलून झालेली असतात,
उरलं सुरलं काढून ठेवलेलं असतं. अगदी
पुसून घेण्याची वेळ झाली तर ताट हातात
घेऊन जेवत बसतात. नंतर यांना काही काम
पडत नाही. हे लोक बहुधा भात खात नाहीत.
भाता आधीचं जेवण होईपर्यंत इतका
चेंगटपणा करतात की भाताची आणि
झोपेची वेळ एकच येते. बरं भात खाल्ला
नाही म्हणजे जाडी वाढत नाही आणि जाडी
वाढली नाही म्हणजे व्यायाम करावा लागत
नाही. चहा गाळल्यावर चोथा हातांनी कधी
काढत नाहीत, त्यात पाणी घालून परत
गाळतात आणि तेच डस्ट-बीन वर
आदळतात. देवालाही सोडत नाहीत. पूजेला
बसतांना पंचपात्रात पाणी घ्यायला नको
म्हणून सरळ देवाला नळाखाली धरतात.
चेष्ट नाही प्रत्यक्ष पाहिलं आहे. हे लोक
पब्लिक मध्ये मात्र प्रिय असतात. कधीही
फारशी कटकट करत नाहीत.
कित्येक महिने यांचं पासबुक अपडेटेड
नसतं. हे असावं असा त्यांचा हट्टही नसतो.



बँकेत गेले आणि प्रिंटर बंद असेल तर सरळ बाहेर पडतात. वाट बघत नाहीत किंवा हुज्जत घालत बसत नाहीत. भाजी घेतांना कोणती भाजी केवढ्याला वगैरे विचारत बसत नाहीत. सगळं घेऊन झालं की एकदमच किती झाले ते विचारतात. जणु काही त्यांनीच आपल्याला गणित शिकवलं आहे अशा थाटात मान डोलवत पैसे देऊन मोकळे होतात. तो सुट्टे नाहीत म्हणाला तर उरलेले पैसे त्याला दान करतात. आपले पाकीट उलथं-पालथं करून सुट्टे पैसे शोधण्याच्या किंवा शेजारच्या दुकानातून सुट्टे करून घेण्याच्या भानगडीत पडत नाहीत. त्यामुळे भाजीवाले, रिक्षेवाले इत्यादी लोक यांच्यावर सदैव खूष असतात. अशा लोकांमुळेच तर रिक्षा, टॅक्सी चालू आहेत. अहो चितळे, वैद्य यांचा धंदा चाललाच नसता जर सगळ्याच बायकांनी मोदक, पुरणपोळी घरी करायचं ठरवलं असतं तर. "आळस ही शोधाची जननी आहे." आळशी लोक आपली कामं बाकी छान करून घेतात. उंटावरून शेळ्या हाकायची सवय असते ना. आपलं काम समोरच्याकडून कस करून घ्यावं हे त्यांना बरोबर कळते. आळशीपणा हा एक गुण "मॅनेजर" म्हणवून घेणाऱ्या प्राण्याकडे असणं अत्यंत आवश्यक आहे, असं मला

वाटतं. अति उत्साही मॅनेजर प्रत्येक-न-प्रत्येक गोष्टीत नाक खुपसत बसतो. आपलं काम बर वाढवतोच पण हाताखालच्या लोकांना फार त्रास देतो. खरं तर माणूस हा आळशी आहे म्हणूनच तो उत्क्रांत झाला. दुनिया ज्यांची सारखी उदाहरणे देत असते त्या मुंग्या, मधमाशा किंवा कोळ्यासारखं काम करत बसलात तर त्यांच्यासारखेच राहिले असतात. माझ्या मते, "गरज ही शोधाची जननी आहे." असं म्हणण्यापेक्षा "आळस ही शोधाची जननी आहे." असं म्हंटलं पाहिजे. पायावर चालत राहिला असता तर वाहनं तयार झालीच नसती. सगळे निरोप प्रत्यक्ष जाऊन सांगायचे ठरवले असते तर पोस्ट, टेलिग्राम, ई-मेल या गोष्टी अस्तित्वात आल्याच नसत्या. रिमोट कंट्रोल, कॉर्डलेस फोन यांची गरज किती होती बघा आणि त्यामागे आळस किती होता ते बघा . . . आणि आता तुम्हीच सांगा - आळशीपणा आणि हुशारी यांच नातं आहे की नाही ?





एक प्रकरण

धवल कुंटे
द्वितीय वर्ष (विद्युतकण)

मी, राजू, सनी आणि शैलेश परवाच टपरीवर कटिंग घेत असताना नेहमीप्रमाणे मुलींचा विषय निघाला. पहिला कटिंग संपतो न संपतो तोच सनीने गौप्यस्फोट केला.

सनी - अरे, मी प्रेमात पडलोय.

मी, राजू, शैलेश - क्काय? (फॉन्ट ३६)
बाकीच्यांनी जणू काही तेंडूलकर नव्वदीत बाद होण्याचे कारण सनीला कळलंय अशा अविर्भावात दचकून त्याच्याकडे पाहिलं. बिच्चारा सनी. प्रेमात पडल्याचा पहिला दुष्परिणाम. मग आम्हा तिघांचं तिचं नाव, गाव, पत्ता, शिक्षण, कॉलेज सगळं हविचारून झालं. मग पहिल्यांदा कुठे भेटलास, पहिली आँखे कधी लडली असे फुटकळ प्रश्न झाल्यावर सनी गंभीर झाला. तोपर्यंत ३ रा कटिंग संपला होता.

सनी - अरे, या शनिवारी तिच्याबरोबर फिरायला जाणार आहे.

राजू - मग?

सनी - जरा मदत हवीये. शैलेश - म्हणजे आमच्या नावावर तिला फिरवणार आहेस का?

सनीची मूक संमती, पण चेहऱ्यावर प्रचंड तणाव.

मी - मग आम्ही काय करावं अशी तुझी अपेक्षा आहे?

शदंग ला जा. मी तिच्याबरोबर बाहेर जाईन तुझी बाईक घेऊन.

सनी - तुम्ही वाक्याचा पूर्वार्ध बरा होता पण उत्तरार्धाला माझी हरकत होती. पण मग देखी तेरी दोस्ती, दोस्त के लिए इतना नही करेगा वगैरेंना भुलून मी होकार दिला.

राजूने एकदम रायशेवरावर

स्वराज्यस्थापनेची शपथ घेतल्यासारखं घोषित केलं, 'हे मीलन व्हावं ही तो श्रीं ची इच्छा, आम्ही केवळ निमित्तमात्र.' आणि आम्ही पाय काढता घेतला.

Engineering Student प्रेमात

वगैरे पडत त्याचं काय आहे, आपण मराठी मध्यमवर्गीय (**Arts**) लोकांचे काम आहे.

जर एवाद्याच्या हातून हे नाही, कारण त्याच्या मते हे कलाशाखेच्या पातक घडलंच, तर त्याच्यापेक्षा त्याच्या मित्रपरिवाराला जास्त उत्सुकता असते. त्यातून तो जर घरी **Side**



थापा मारून पोरगी पटवत असेल आणि आपण त्यात अविभाज घटक असू तर आपल्याला **Hero** चं **Nomination** मिळाल्यासारखं वाटतं. आमची मिकिटं अर्थात सनीने काढली होती. दुसरा दुष्परिणाम! आपण काय आहे, घरी खोटं वगैरे बोलत नाही, त्यामुळे जर कधी बोलायचं झालंच तर आपण आवश्यकतेपेक्षा जास्तच बोलतो.

Movie ? माझ्या मातोश्री - कधी आहे. मी - शनिवार १० ते १. अगं सनीच्या मित्रांनं पाहिला, चांगला रिपोर्ट दिलाय इत्यादी इत्यादी.

मातोश्री - कोण कोण जाताय ? मी - मी, सनी, राजू, शैलेश. मागील वेळी सनीला कॉलेजमुळे जमलं नव्हतं, पण या वेळी तो येतोय. (या वाक्याची आजिबात गरज नव्हती.) **Movie**ची अखेरीस तो सुदिन उगवला. सकाळी मुद्दाम सनीला फोन करून वेळेत ये नाहीतर सुरुवात बुडेल वगैरे वाक्य मुद्दाम आईसमोर ऐकवून झाली. बरोबर ९:४५ ला आम्ही आत गेलो. तो माझी बाईक घेऊन गेला. श्दना संपल्यावर बाहेर आलो तर हा आधीच आला होता.

आम्ही **Before Time** बघून चक्रावलोच. त्याला त्याचं असं झालं, सनी तिला घ्यायला स्टेशनवर गेला आणि बाईक पार्क करून आत गेला. **No Parking**

मधून पाहतो तर बाईकच्या जागी रस्त्यावर 'वाकोला' असं खडून खरडलं होतं. बाईक उचलली गेली होती. साहेब मटकन खालीच बसले. तिला हे सगळे कळल्यावर ती चिडून आल्या पावली निघून गेली. याला बिचाऱ्याला काय करावं तेच कळेना. तिच्याबरोबर गेला असता तर अस्मादिकांनी त्याची चांगलीच धुलाई केली असती. त्यामुळे तो त्वरित बसने वाकोल्याला गेला, २०० रु. देऊन बाईक घेऊन थिएटरला येऊन बसला अशू ढाळत. आम्हाला हे सगळं कळल्यावर आम्ही अक्षरशः गडाबडा लोळून हसलो. तेव्हापासून कोणी असं करणार असेल तर आम्ही त्याला ही कहाणी ऐकवतो, मग तो तिला सोडून मित्रांबरोबर **Movie**ला जायचा निर्णय घेतो.





शब्दांच Salad

सुप्रिया पाताडे
तृतीय वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)

Salad कसं solid वाटतं ना?

कोशिंबिरीसारखं कांदा, टॉमॅटो, . . .

भरल्यासारखं नाही वाटतं? पण सलाडचं का? भेळ, मिसळ किंवा खिचडी का नाही?

simple! भेळपुरी, मिसळ is very down market खिचडी शुद्ध तुपातली असली तरी कशी मध्यमवर्गीय करड्या

ब्राह्मणी शिस्तीची वाटते. Salad is rather liberal and upmarket म्हणून salad च! पुन्हा त्याच्या देशी भावंडांसारखे खाल्यावर डेकर येत नाही.

Salad कितीही खा. पोटही भरत नाही किंवा अजीर्णही होत नाही. **No Problem!**

आता salad म्हटलं की त्यात विविधता आलीच.

देशी Salad - कुठल्याही दोन-तीन भारतीय भाषांची मिसळ करून त्यात चवीपुरतं हिंदीचं हिंग घातलं की झालं देशी salad. 'एक कानके नीचे खिंचूंगा ना तो पानी पन नहीं मांगेगा।' हे असं तुम्हाला कुठेतरी रस्त्यावरच्या सस्त्या नाक्यावर

मिळेल. पण जरा जपून भेळपुरीसारखी चटपटीत चव असली तरी कांद्यासारखा देशी वासही तोंडात रेंगाळत राहील.

विदेशी Salad - English as a base is a must खरं तर

English चा घोडा स्वतःचं वारा

प्यायल्यासारखा जोरात दौडवावा -

अडेपर्यंत. अडला तर मधून मधून हिंदी किंवा मराठीचा चारा घातला की पुन्हा दौड सुरू.

पण हे तुम्हाला सहसा रस्त्यावर नाही

मिळणार. हे Class Meetings मध्ये Cocktail सोबत खायचं असतं.

सहाजिकच महागही असतं. आपली पत

नसेल तर ऐपतही होत नाही, झेपतही

नाही. Salad हा प्रकार सर्वस्वी

करणान्याच्या हातात असतो. शब्दांचं

वैयक्तिक किंवा एकत्रित सामर्थ्य अमर्याद

आहे. द्रौपदीच्या थाळीप्रमाणे त्यातून अगणित combinations अविरत serve

करता येतात.





वर्षाऋतू आणि सागरभ्रमंती

रेश्मा घामापूरकर
तृतीय वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)

पहिला पाऊस आला की . . . मन सैरभैर होतं
. . . हृदयातील हुरहुर वाढू लागते . . . खोल
मनात दडलेल्या आठवणी उचंबळून येतात . .
. घोंघावणारा बेफाम वारा आणि रौद्र समुद्राची
गाज यांची आर्त हाक ऐकू येऊ लागते.
अचानक कवितेच्या काही ओळी ओठांवर
येतात . . .
मनाची माझी आगबोट चालली दर्यात गं . . .
दर्यात गं . . . मन धावतं तरी तव हृदयात गं . .
. हळूहळू पाण्यामधी जुने जग बुडेल . . .
निळ्याकाळ्या दर्यावर दैव स्वैर उडेल . . .
चिंब पावसात सचैल भिजण्यासाठी
पाऊसवेड्या भटक्यांना हिरवे डोंगर, दऱ्या,
धबधबे, घाटमाथे खुणावू लागतात. पण या
गजबजाटी डोंगरमाथ्यापेक्षा कोकणातले नीरव,
शांत नि स्वच्छ नितळ समुद्रकिनारे यांची साद
अधिकच मोहात टाकणारी!
कोसळणारा मुसळधार पाऊस . . . भन्नाट
वारा . . . त्यांच्या साथीला फेसाळणाऱ्या
प्रपाती लाटांसह उद्याणलेला दर्या . . . आणि
त्याची रौद्रभीषण गर्जना अनुभवत
कोकणातल्या किनारपट्टीवरून केलेली
सागरभ्रमंती कित्येक पटींनी अधिक
रोमांचकारी आणि साहसपूर्ण ठरते.
कोकणातले सगळेच किनारे शहरी
गजबजाटापासून तसे कोसभर दूर मात्र
रत्नागिरीच्या जवळचे काही किनारे पर्यटनाच्या

सोयीसुविधांमुळे आता शहरांसारखेच सदा
गजबजलेले असतात. याला तळ कोकणातले
समुद्रकिनारे मात्र अजून तरी अपवाद आहेत.
पावसाळ्यात स्थानिक लोक शेतीच्या कामात गर्क
तर तिथला कोळीही उद्याणलेल्या समुद्रात उतरायचं
धाडस फारसं करत नसल्यानं पावसाळ्यात
समुद्रकिनारे जवळजवळ निर्मनुष्यच असतात.
अंगावर कोसळणारा पाऊस झेलत . . .
पश्चिमेकडून रोरावत येणाऱ्या वाऱ्याशी खेळत . .
. दर्याचं विलोभनीय तुफान किनाऱ्यावरून
मनसोक्त अनुभवावं! हा बेभान समुद्र पाहूनच
एकीकडे भीतीने अंग शहारतं, खरं तर किनाऱ्यावर
फुटणाऱ्या लाटांच्या तडाख्याची झळ सोसण्यासाठी
मन तितकंच आसुसतंही. हा उद्याणलेला समुद्र
खुणावतही असतो. एक डुबकी मारून यावी का
असा विचार मनात फेर धरत असतानाच मागून
कुणीतरी 'अगं पोरी . . . संभाल दर्याला तुफान
आयलंय भारी . . .' म्हणून मागे ओढू लागतं . . .
अशावेळी मनाचा निग्रह करून समुद्रात शिरण्याचा
अनावर मोह प्रकर्षानं टाळणं भल्याचं असतं.
स्वच्छ किनाऱ्यावरून सागराची सैर करताना.
किनाऱ्यालगतची वाऱ्यावर डोलणारी नारळ,
पोफळी आणि सुरुची बनं, झाडापलीकडे सुभग
तांबडी माती . . . सगळं सृष्टिसौंदर्य डोळ्यांत किती
साठवू आणि किती नको अशीच जणू पाहणाऱ्याची
अवस्था होते.





जीवनचक्र

श्रीकांत विसपुते
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

हाव न भो . . .

अस्सल गावरान भाषेत बापाने पोराला
आश्वासन दिले व तो पोरगा खाली सुटणारी
चड्डी एका हातात व दुसऱ्या हातात
भोवऱ्याची दोरी घेऊन उंबऱ्याहून टांग टाकून
पळाला.

मळलेलं धोतर, अंगाने उघडा, खांद्यावर
मातीचा बागायती रुमाल. उखळीच्या
बाजूला उखळ मारुन तो बसला होता समोर
व बाजूला बांबुच्या असंख्य शिलंग्या वाऱ्याने
उडत होत्या. भर उन्हात कुडातून
डोकावणाऱ्या किरणांमुळे तितक्याश्या
सोनेरी वाटत होत्या. शुन्यात बुडालेल्या
खोल डोळ्यात काहीतरी गहन विचार दिसत
होते. दुःखांना अश्रुंद्वारे वाट करुन देण्याची
इच्छा होती पण डोळ्यांच्या कडांची साथ
लाभत नव्हती. तो नुकताच मालकाकडे
जाऊन आला होता. मालकाने त्याला
बजावले, आता टोपल्या कुणी घेत नाहीत.
पुढच्या आठवड्यापासून येऊ नकोस. हे
वाक्य त्याच्या डोक्यात घुमले.
एकनाथभाऊनेही असेच काहीतरी म्हटलं होतं
शेतावर येऊ नको असंच काही. अन् दुसऱ्या
गन्वी एकनाथभाऊने फास लावून घेतला.

त्या क्षणासतरी त्याच्या डोळ्यासमोर अंधार
होता. तो तसाच जड पावलांनी उठला,
झोपड्याबाहेर पडला. सायंकाळची वेळ,
समोर लालबुंद सूर्य त्याला डिवचत होता.
आपल्याला सोबती भेटला म्हणून जणू हसत
होता.

आता त्याला सत्य कळून चुकले होते. नथु
सावकाराकडे जायची हिंमत नव्हती व
जीविकेचे साधन उपलब्ध नव्हते.
असेच दोन दिवस गेले. शांतेने त्याला असे
कधीच पाहिले नव्हते. त्याच्या वागण्यातला
फरक तिला जाणवत होता, समजत होता.
तिने बोलण्याचा प्रयत्न केला पण ती एक स्त्री
होती. पुरुषी दुःखासमोर तिचे काही चालले
नाही. जीवनचक्राचा कंटाळा, उडालेली झोप,
मनात वादळ घेऊन शांत चेहऱ्याने तो बाहेर
पडला. चांदण्याच्या प्रकाशात सावरलेल्या
अंगणात शांतेच्या हाताचे ठसे त्याला दिसले
आणि गालांवरून अश्रू ओघळले. दिवसभर
खपून बांधलेल्या काटेरी वर्डवर हात ठेवून,
मोडक्या झोपड्याकडे एकवेळही न बघता
विहिरीच्या दिशेने तो चालू लागला.





कीप स्मायलिंग 'हास्य', एक अनमोल ठेवा !

पद्मेश गावकार
द्वितीय वर्ष (विद्युतकला)

टेन्शन ! टेन्शन ! टेन्शन ! मुलांना अभ्यासाचे टेन्शन ! आई-वडिलांना कार्यालयामधील कामाचे टेन्शन ! आजूबाजूला नजर टाकली की असं वाटते की या टेन्शनशिवाय काय जगच नाही का ? आहे नं ! एक अमूल्य गोष्ट - जी पैशाशिवाय घेता येते आणि देताही येते. एका क्षणात वातावरण आनंदमय करून टाकते. गरीब-श्रीमंत, वर्णभेद, जातीभेद सगळे काही विसरून टाकायला लावते. ते म्हणजे 'हास्य' ! आपण एका क्षणात सगळे टेन्शन विसरून जातो. 'फुल ऑफ लाईफ' व्यक्तिमत्त्व असणाऱ्या व्यक्तिंबरोबर रहायला सगळ्यांनाच आवडते. सो व्हाय नॉट यू ? म्हणूनच नेहमी हसमुख रहा आणि इतरांनाही हसतमुख ठेवा. मनात एक आणि समोरच्याशी बोलताना एक, असं वागून चालणार नाही. सकारात्मक दृष्टीकोन ठेवत समोरच्याशी वागले पाहिजे. 'हास्य' हे सगळ्या यशाचे मूळ आहे. हसतमुख माणसांचा आत्मविश्वास नेहमी दांडगा असतो. ते नेहमी उत्साही असतात. हसतमुख लोकांचा संसार नेहमी सुखाचा होतो. छोट्या छोट्या गोष्टींतून आनंद घेता येत असल्यामुळे त्यांचे आयुष्य सुखासमाधानाचे व आनंदी असते. असे आयुष्य तुम्ही-आम्ही का जगू नये ? आपण बँकेत काही कामानिमित्त गेलो आणि काऊंटरवरची व्यक्ती आपल्याकडे बघून हसली की आपलंही मन तृप्त होतं. आपलं काम करण्यासाठी थोडा वेळ जास्त लागला तरीही

आपण चिडत नाही. कारण त्या हास्यामुळे एक प्रकारचे नाते निर्माण झालेले असते. आपलेपणा वाटतो. आनंदी माणसे नेहमी सकारात्मक दृष्टीकोन ठेवून वागतात आणि हीच गोष्ट त्यांना नवीन नवीन उद्दिष्टे पूर्ण करण्याचा मार्ग दाखविते. एखादे फूल उमलावे तसे हास्य असते. दुसऱ्यांना आनंद देते. वातावरण सुगंधमय, आनंदमय लहरींनी परिपूर्ण करते. हेवेदावे, मत्सर सगळे, सगळे काही विसरायला लावते. वातावरण खेळीमेळीचे करते. हो की नाही ? आपल्या कॉलेजचेच उदाहरण घ्या ना ! कॉलेजमध्ये गेल्या गेल्या केव्हा एकदा Attendance Sheet हातात पडते व मी सही करतो असे वाटत असते. डबा खाताना मित्रांच्या डब्यात काय आहे व कधी एकदा दुसऱ्याच्या डब्यावर तुटून पडता असे वाटत असते. Assignment पूर्ण करण्यासाठी पुस्तकांची शोधाशोध, दुसऱ्या कुणाची पूर्ण आहे का हे पहाण्यासाठी केलेली धडपड हे सगळे आठवले की वाटते खरंच आपण नेहमी दुसऱ्याकडून घेतच असतो. त्याबदल्यात कमितकमी मुक्त हास्य तरी देऊ शकतो. एखादा हलका-फुलका विनोद सांगून एक प्रकारचे नाते निर्माण करू शकतो. एखाद्याला अभ्यासाचे टेन्शन आले असेल, एखादा डिप्रेसनमध्ये असेल तर त्याला त्यातून बाहेर काढू शकतो. आपल्या हास्यामुळे जर समोरच्या माणसाच्या चेहऱ्यावर हास्याची एखादी लंकेर जरी आपण उमटवू शकलो तरीही मी स्वतःला भाग्यवान समजून. 'So be happy and always keep smiling.'





माझी माय मुंबापुरी

जान्हवी चितळे
तृतीय वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)

साठव्या दशकातील मुंबई आठवते? गिरणगाव म्हणायला हरकत नाही. कष्ट उपसून का होईना, समाधानाने जगणारे चाकरमानी आणि मग हळूहळू व्यापारीकणाच्या नावाखाली मुंबईचं रुपडंच बदललं. आता समोर दिसतोय तो भकास, बकाल "मुंबई" नावाचा "उकिरडा".

कसं काय झालं हे असं? स्वप्नपूर्ती करणारी नगरी. कष्ट करण्याची तयारी असणाऱ्या प्रत्येकाचं पोट भरणारे म्हणून प्रसिद्ध असं हे शहर. खेड्यापाड्यातून लेक या झगमगाटाकडे आकर्षित होऊ लागले. लोंढेच्या लोंढे गावागावातून मुंबईकडे वळू लागले. आधी जवळच्या गावातून, मग आजूबाजूच्या राज्यातून आणि आता तर काय कोणीही देशाच्या कुठल्याही कोपऱ्यातून उठावं आणि इथे येऊन पडावं. का? तर स्वतःची स्वप्न पूर्ण करण्यासाठी. मुंबईचं क्षेत्रफळ किती? त्यावर माणसांची गर्दी किती? त्यास सेकंदागणिक होणारी भरमसाठ वाढ, कशालाच काही तारतम्य उरलं नाही. शहराच्या सगळ्या यंत्रणांवर अतोनात ताण आणि त्याचे पर्यावसान या यंत्रणा कोलमडण्यात होतयं. एखादी गोष्ट आपली नाही म्हणजे तिची कदरच करायची नाही, मग तिची वाटेल तशी नासधूस झाली तरी चालेल ही भारतीय प्रवृत्ती. मग ती एखादी वस्तू असो किंवा दुसऱ्याची मातृभूमी. स्वतःच्या स्वार्थासाठी बाहेरून आलेल्या लोकांनी मुंबईची कशी

दैनं केली याचे पुरावे द्यावे तेवढे थोडेच. जागोजाग झोपड्या, रस्त्यांवर, रेल्वेरुळांवर केलेली अतोनात घाण, पानाच्या पिचकान्या. मुंबई नगरीच्या शरीरावरचे हे चटके भूमिपुत्राशिवाय इतर कोण जाणणार?

एवढ्यावरही ह्या अतिरेक्यांचे समाधान झाले नाही. आपापल्या संस्कृतीप्रमाणे त्यांनी कशाचाही पाचपोच न ठेवता दिसेल ते बळकावायला सुरुवात केली. मग ती जागा असो, नोकरी असो किंवा जगण्याचे इतर कोणतेही साधन. त्यासाठी कुठल्याही थराला जायची यांची तयारी यातूनच खूनखराबा, दंगेधोपे, चोन्यामाऱ्या मुंबईत खारफुटीप्रमाणे फोफावले. 'कॉस्मोपॉलिटन' म्हणून मिरवणाऱ्या या शहरात मूळ रहिवाशांची ओळख काय उरली माहितेय? 'धुणी-भांडी' करणाऱ्या बायका आणि डबेवाले' इथल्या भूमिपुत्राची ही परिस्थिती? सर्वाना आपलसं करणाऱ्या मुंबापुरीत भूमिपुत्राचंच अस्तित्त्व धोक्यात यावं?? पण हे असंच कुठवर चालणार? सहनशक्तीच्या सर्व मर्यादा ओलांडल्यावर हा भूमिपुत्र पेटून उठला तर त्यात काय नवल? राख फुंकल्यावर निखारे फुलणारचं. आमच्या मातृभूमीची कत्तल थांबवा आणि इथून चालते व्हा असे म्हंटले तर त्यात काय गुन्हा?



शांततेच्या मार्गाने एखादी गोष्ट साध्य होत नसेल तर क्रांतीचा मार्ग वापरावाच लागतो हे आपल्या इतिहासातून सिद्ध झालेले आहे. वाटेल त्या गोष्टी इथे चालणार नाहीत हे समजावून देण्यासाठी 'मनसे'ने एक उत्तम मार्ग शोधून काढला. मराठी माणसाच्या सर्वसमावेशकवृत्तीला त्याचा दुबळेपणा समजू नये यासाठी घेतलेली ही काळजी. एखाद्या गोष्टीची क्षिती बसत नाही तोपर्यंत माणूस विचारपूर्वक कृती करत नाही या मानवी स्वभावाला धरून शोधलेला हा मार्ग आहे. प्रत्येक भूमिपुत्राच्या मनात रात्रंदिवस चालणारी खळबळ या आंदोलनाच्या निमित्ताने उफाळून आली. यावर कायदा दाखविण्याचा काही महाभागांनी प्रयत्न केला.

घटनेप्रमाणे कोणत्याही भारतीय व्यक्तिला भारताच्या कोणत्याही भागात वास्तव्य करण्याचा अधिकार आहे. परंतु याच लोकांनी त्या कलमामधील, "तेथील शांतता व सुव्यवस्थेला बाधा न आणता." हा महत्त्वाचा भाग सोयिस्कररित्या नजरेआड केला. मराठी अस्मितेच्या रक्षणार्थ झालेल्या या आंदोलनाने पडलेली ठिणगी पाहून या भूमीच्या गुन्हेगारांनी वेळीच सावध व्हावे अथवा त्याचा वणवा व्हायला फार काळ लागणार नाही.

परंतु मराठी अस्मिता जागृत झालेल्या भूमिपुत्राच्या या आंदोलनाचे वेगवेगळे अर्थ लोकांनी लावले. राजकारण्यांनी आपल्या राजकारणात तर

सिनेतारकांनी आपल्या प्रसिद्धिसाठी !! परंतु या सगळ्या प्रकारात मूळ हेतू मागे पडून त्याचे पर्यावसान भलत्याच कशात तरी झाले. ही मोठी मंडळी सोडली तर एका सर्वसामान्य माणसाचा या मागचा हेतू आपल्या मातृभूमीचे रक्षण आणि तिची काळजी एवढाच होतो. इथल्या लोकांनी आणि जे कोणीही बाहेरून येतील त्यांनी हे शहर आपली आई आहे असेच समजून मुंबईला जपावे, आपल्याला रोजीरोटी देणाऱ्या, आपली स्वप्न पूर्ण करणाऱ्या या माय मुंबापुरीचा मान राखावा एवढीच अपेक्षा.





मागे वळून पाहताना . . .

श्री. योगेश खरे
प्राध्यापक, स्थापत्य विभाग

'मी काल . . . आज . . . आणि उद्या' घाबरु नका मित्रांनो हे काही माझं आत्मचरित्र नाही. तर माझ्या S.P. ते L & T आणि परत ए.इ. या प्रवासाच्या ६-६.५ वर्षांचा मागोवा आहे. हा प्रवास मी अतिशय आनंदाने केला आणि तसा तो तुम्हीही करत असाल याची मला पुरेपूर खात्री आहे.

ईए एरु कधी सुरु झालं आणि संपलं हे कळलच नाही. कळलं एवढचं आता आपली काही खैर नाही. पण Second Sem. सुरु झालं आणि सगळं चित्रच पालटून गेलं, आयुष्यात एक नवचैतन्य आलं. S.P. थलं माझं पहिलं Techno-Break, Space, भावस्पर्दन . . . Enjoy करता करता मी पूर्णतः SPCEit बनलो. कोणत्याही प्रसंगाला, उदा. अगदी FE Sem I च्या Result ला सुद्धा समोर जाण्याची उमेद मनात निर्माण झाली.

यानंतर मी कधी मागे वळून पाहिलंच नाही. Second Year पासून प्रत्येक SPCEit जे काही करतो - जिमखान्यात कॅरम आणि टेबल-टेनिस, कॅण्टीन मध्ये अण्णाचा ग्लूहु, लेक्चर्स बुडवणे, Assignments सोडून निर्माण, Techno, Space, भावस्पर्दन यांची कामे करणे, मागच्या वर्षीच्या जर्नलमधला Reading छापणे, तासाला शेवटच्या बाकावर बसून Assignment लिहिणे, रात्रीच्यावेळी सावली आणि उजेडाचा खेळ (Civil आणि Mech.) च्या अनुभवी मुलांना यचा अर्थ लगेच कळेल) इतर ब्रांचेस बरोबर आणि वेळप्रसंगी शिक्षकांबरोबरही 'पंगा' घेणे. सर्व सर्व काही केलं. पण

याचबरोबर अभ्यासात कुठेही मागे पडणार नाही याचेही भान राखत स्थापत्य शाखेत चारही वर्षे प्रथम येण्याचा मानही पटकावला. S.P. मधल्या चार वर्षांत माझ्या व्यक्तिमत्त्वाला अनेक नवीन पैलू पडले. पण त्यातल्या त्यातही College Politics, निर्मिती, SPCE-Volleyball, आणि PEATA Gold Medal, यांचा प्रभाव विशेष होता.

निर्मिती २००५, त्यानंतरची Oral व Term Work मध्ये झालेली कत्तल, यानंतर ३ वर्ष वाट पहाव्या लागणाऱ्या ईएमसहू चे वारे वाढू लागले. तोपर्यंतच्या भवितव्याबद्दल असलेल्या मानसिक अस्थिरतेला भेदत Larsen & Toubro मध्ये झालेल्या placement ने आयुष्याचं चित्र पालटून टाकलं. लोकांचा माझ्याकडे आणि माझा जगाकडे पाहण्याचा दृष्टिकोन खूप बदलला. Placement मुळे खांद्यावर पडलेली नवीन जबाबदारी आणि सर्वांच्याच उंचावलेल्या अपेक्षा या गोष्टींचीही जाणीव लवकरच झाली.

S.P. मधल्या आयुष्याचा आनंद घेत असताना 'B. E. Farewell' ने आता आपली रवानगी इथून लवकरच होणार याची नांदी झाली. गेल्या ३.५ - ४ वर्षांत आजूबाजूच्या सगळ्यांना रडवणाऱ्या माझ्या डोळ्यांतून त्या दिवशी अश्रू आल्याखेरीच राहिले नाहीत. S.P. ला सोडणार हे सत्य पटवून घ्यायला मन तयारच नव्हतं. पंधरा दिवसांवर आलेल्या Final, Oral आणि त्यानंतरच्या आठव्या Sem. ची Exam. र्थमुळे इतर गोष्टींबाबत जास्त विचार करायला वेळही मिळाला नाही. यावर काहीच उपाय नव्हता.



“आलिया भोगासी असावे सादर
कारण Engineer आहेस तू.”

परिक्षेनंतर काही दिवसांतच L & T च्या Orientation साठी मद्रासला गेलो. तिथली भव्यदिव्यता पाहताना डोळे पूर्णपणे दिपून गेले. आठवडाभरातच आम्हा सर्वांना पूर्ण भारतभर विविध Sites वर पाठवलं आणि खऱ्या जगाचीही ओळख करून दिली. अहमदाबादच्या Design Office मध्ये Posting मिळाल्यामुळे मी तसा सुदैवीच ठरलो.

मधल्या काळात B.E. चा निकालही जाहीर झाला. निकाल अतिशय चांगला लागूनही विद्यापीठातला प्रथम क्रमांक काही मार्कांमुळे गेल्याची रुखरुख मात्र मनाला कायमची लागली. अहमदाबादनंतर सूरतच्या साईटवरचे सहा महिने संस्मरणीय ठरले. Site वर आलेले वेगवेगळे अनुभव बरंच काही शिकवून गेले. आपण Civil Engineering च्या समुद्रात फक्त एक थेंब आहोत याचीही जाणीव झाली. सूरत नंतरच्या, Design Office मधल्या चार महिन्यांचा अनुभव बघता, मला माझ्यातलाच फरक जाणवत होता.

L & T मध्ये काम करत असताना घडलेले काही प्रसंग आणि माझी मुळची पुढे शिकण्याची इच्छा यामुळे मी एका वर्षानंतर L & T सोडण्याचा निर्णय घेतला.

आज मी S.P. च्या स्थापत्य शाखेमध्ये Lecturer आहे. वर्षभरापूर्वी मी त्या बाजूला होतो आणि आज या बाजूला आहे. विद्यार्थी असताना मी माझ्या शिक्षकांना त्यांनी दिलेल्या Assignments आणि इतर काही गोष्टींसाठी अनेकदा दूषणं लावली, पण आज त्यांच्याजागी उभं राहिल्यानंतर आपण त्यांची भूमिका समजून घेण्यात कुठेतरी चुकत होतो याची जाणीवही होते. त्यांची त्यांच्या कामावरची निष्ठा, त्यांचं

विद्यार्थ्यांवरचं प्रेम आणि कळकळ आज मला जाणवतेय. आज मी जे काही आहे त्यामध्ये माझ्या आईवडिलांएवढाच त्यांचाही वाटा आहे हे एक नितांत सत्य आहे. हे आपले शिक्षक नाहीत तर आजच्या मॅनेजमेंट लॅंग्वेज प्रमाणे 'मेंटर' आहेत.

माझे विद्यार्थी माझ्याशी संवाद साधताना अनेकदा गोंधळून जातात की माझ्याशी कसं बोलावं - एक सिनियर म्हणून की शिक्षक म्हणून. मित्रांनो याचवेळी मीसुद्धा तुमच्याइतकाच गोंधळलेला असतो कारण विद्यार्थी असण्याच्या आधी तुम्ही माझे जुनिअर्स आहात. आता Assignments , Journals साठी तुम्हाला दिलेला त्रास हा माझ्या व्यवसायाचा एक भाग आहे. त्यामुळे तुम्ही विचारलेल्या काही प्रश्नांची उत्तरे जी मी देऊ शकत नाही, ती मी येथे देण्याचा प्रयत्न करतो आहे. एक पक्का एड्झर आणि L & T it असल्याने कॉलेज मधल्या अभ्यासेतर उपक्रमांचं महत्त्व मी पूर्णपणे जाणतो. पण या Activities अभ्यासानंतर येतात ह्याचं भान राखणं आवश्यक आहे. सरते शेवटी सगळ्या गोष्टींचा सुवर्णमध्य काढणं सर्वात महत्त्वाचं आहे. अजून सहा महिन्यांनी मी परत S.P. मध्ये नसेल. तुमच्यापैकीही अनेक जण S.P. ला निरोप देतील. पण एक गोष्ट शाश्वत राहील. S.P. मध्ये हसत खेळत घालवलेली चार वर्षं, इथे शिकलेल्या गोष्टी, बाकी सगळं हातात न राहणाऱ्या वाळूसारखं हातातून सुटून जाईल.





एक अविस्मरणीय वर्षाखेर

अमृता बोरसे
थृतीय वर्ष (विद्युतकण आणि दूरसंचार)

इंजिनियरिंगचे तिसरे सेमिस्टर. परिक्षेनंतर काय करायचे याचे बेत करत होतो. रात्री मोबाईल वाजला. प्रियवंदाचा फोन, म्हणाली "३० आणि ३१ डिसेंबरला घमाल प्लॅन आहे, येणार आहेस? नाणेघाटला 'रॅपलिंग' करायचे आणि ३१ ला परत यायचे." मी ताबडतोब तयार झालें. ३० तारखेला रात्री दहा वाजता 'शिवनेरी' किल्ल्याच्या पायथ्याशी पोहोचलो. तेथे जेवून मग १२ वाजता मुक्काम नाणेघाट!

शुभ्र चांदण पडलं होतं. कृत्तिका, मृग, हस्त, सप्तर्षी या नक्षत्रांची आरास आकाशात दिसत होती. अंगाला झोंबणारी थंडी जरी नसली तरी गार वाऱ्याच्या झुळुकेने मन प्रसन्न झाले होते. घाटाच्या तोंडाशी असलेला 'दगडी रांजण' म्हणजे शिवरायांच्या काळातील अर्थव्यवस्थेचा एक प्रकार दर्शविणारे प्रतीक आहे. कल्याण, सूरत येथून येणारे व्यापारी या नाणेघाटातून येत आणि त्यांना भरावा लागणारा कर नाण्यांच्या स्वरूपात या घड्यात भरला जाई. या नाण्यांचा तो नाणेघाट!

हा घाट म्हणजे छोटी खिंड थोडी उतरून आम्ही तेथील गुहांमध्ये पथान्या पसरल्या. ही गुहा म्हणजे सातवाहनकालीन राजांनी कोरलेली लेणी आहेत. त्यांचा इतिहास सांगणारा एक शिलालेख तिथे आहे. काही देवतांच्या मूर्ती तेथे कोरलेल्या आहेत. "रात्री लवकर झोपा", असे सांगूनही आमच्या गप्पांना अंत नव्हता. शेवटी दामटून आम्हाला झोपवल्यानंतरही कोणीतरी मध्येच उठून परत गप्पा चालू करत होते. शेवटी आम्ही दमून झोपलो, ते सकाळी मला जाग आली ती कुठल्याशा आवाजाने. गाईगुरांना घेऊन गुराखी घाट उतरत होते ... त्यांच्या घुंगरांचा आवाज फारच वेधक आणि मंजुळ वाटत होता. समोर कड्यावरून रॅपलिंगचे दोर लोंबकळत

होते.

कोणाचा तरी व्हिडिओ कॅमेरा होताच, पण आम्ही मोबाईल सरसावून बसलो होतो. तेवढ्यात एक माकडीण पटापट कडा उतरून खाली येऊन गुहेसमोर बसली. मनात आलं, या कड्यावरून फक्त वारा, पाणी आणि ही माकड खाली येतात आणि वर जातात. तिथे आज आम्ही उतरण्याचं धाडस करणार होतो.

खालून राजाकाकांनी दोर घट्ट पकडला आणि वरून वैशालीताई सरसर खाली आली. आम्ही टाळ्यांचा कडकडाट केला. आता पाच जण ग्लोव्हज्, डिसेंडर, बेल्टस् घेऊन वर गेले. वरतून पल्लवीताई आणि चंदूदादा सर्व सूचना देत होते. हळूहळू उन्हे चढत होती. वीस जणांनी यशस्वीरित्या रॅपलिंग केले.

सकाळचे दहा वाजले होते. थंडी मात्र कमी झाली होती. मी रोपला धरून उभी होते. जरा मागे नजर वळवली तर एका बाजूला खोल दरी आणि दुसऱ्या बाजूला धारधार कडा. पण मनात एक जोश होता, एक आव्हान समोर होतं, वरती दोर पकडून उभ्या असणाऱ्यांवर विश्वासही होता. काहीही झालं तरी खाली उतरायचं आणि ते ही कापत जाणाऱ्या वाऱ्याशी स्पर्धा करत. तरीही बाजूचं सौंदर्य 'हरदब' करायचं. बेल्टने कमरेला आधार द्यायचा. डिसेंडर या '८' (इंग्रजी आठ) आकाराच्या आकड्यामधून रोप घालून तो हातात घ्यायचा आणि दुसरा रोप कमरेला बांधून 'मागे फिरवून' आपली दिशा, वेग आणि स्थिती सांभाळायची. उतरताना पाय भिंतीवर घट्ट रोवायचे आणि मणक्यात ताठ बसून सावकाश भिंतीचा आधार घेत उतरायचं. एक रॅपलिंगचा दोर हातात घ्यायचा आणि दुसरा 'व्हॅली' रोप मागून तोलून धरायचा ... मी हळूहळू सुरुवात केली ...



देणाऱ्याने देत जावे घेणाऱ्याने घेत जावे
घेता घेता एक दिवस देणाऱ्याचे हात घ्यावे!

घेता / धूपद / विंदा करंदीकर

एक पाऊस उसना दे

शदाशिव नांदे
तृतीय वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)



वरतून टाळ्यांचा आवाज आला, "ब्रेव्हो . . . व्यवस्थित जाते आहेस. पाय ताठ ठेव, वाकवू नकोस . . ." घाटातून वर येणारा वारा कानशिलांना जाणवत होता. हातात ग्लोव्हज होते, तरीही बोटं ताठरली होती. बघता-बघता मी ओव्हरहँगवर पोहोचले. इथे खरे कसब! 'ओव्हरहँग' (धर्धु) म्हणजे बोंगराचा एखादा भाग धोडा पुढे येतो. त्याच्या वरच्या ओठावर मी पाय रोवले, खालून आवाज आला, "पायांनी भिंतीचा आधार घे आणि स्वतःला मागे ढकलून, उंचीचा अंदाज घेऊ खाली ये." मी उडी घेऊन हा टप्पा झटक्यात पार केला. पुढची पायरी म्हणजे पाण्याची गुहा. इथे आतमध्ये पाण्याचा मोठा साठा आहे, तो चुकवून बाजूने खाली आले. पाय लटपटत होते तरी जल्लोषात मी आरोळी ठोकली, "शिवाजी महाराज की जय" रात्री घरी पोचले तेंव्हा बरोबर बारा वाजले होते. फटाके वाजत होते आणि नवीन वर्ष सुरू झाले होते. मी पाठ टेकली आणि परत तो वारा, चांदणं, दोर सारं सारं नजरेसमोर आलं . . . मी तयार होते, नव्या वर्षातील सगळी आव्हानं पेलायला, अनुभवायला आणि उपभोगायला!

भंद पडलेत सारे कामधंदे
वरुणा, मला एक पाऊस उसना दे!

गाई दिसेनात चरताना,
गुराखी पोरं बागडताना . . .
विहीर, नदी, नाले, तलाव सगळेच पडलेत कोरडे . . .
मला एकच पाऊस उसना दे!

माझ्याचमुळं पांढऱ्या सोन्याचा फास बनून,
बळीराजाच्या पडतोय गळ्यात,
नाही म्हणायला त्याच्या आसवांचं पाणी,
भरतंय डोळ्यांत दिनरात!
त्याचे आसू पुसायला कमी पडतायत वायदे,
मला फक्त एक पाऊस उसना दे!

गावाकडचीच गोष्ट सांगून तुला पकवतोय,
असं वाटेल,
मुंबापुरीत येऊन बघ, माझ्याविषयी धूणाच मनात दाटेल!
"बेस्ट", "लोकल" मधून ओलेचिंब होताहेत बंदे,
मला एकच पाऊस उसना दे!

झाडांची कीव येत नाही तुला?
कुठेच पान शिल्लक नाही, बुलायला, हलायला . . .
कोरडेठाक पडलेत ऊसाचे कांडे,
म्हणूनच, मला एक पाऊस उसना दे!

तुझ्या येण्याची वाट माणूस,
डोळ्यात तेल घालून बघतोय . . .
आणि "मी" जांव म्हणून
तो यज्ञयाग करतोय!

मला माहितेय, जड आहे तुझेच पारडे,
म्हणूनच, कीव कर, आणि मला एकच . . .
फक्त एकच . . . अगदी एकच . . . पाऊस उसना दे!



देणाऱ्याने देत जावे घेणाऱ्याने घेत जावे
घेता घेता एक दिवस देणाऱ्याचे हात ध्यावे!



पुन्हा नसणार हे दिवस . . .

शमीर स्वामी
अंतिम वर्ष (यात्रिकी)

पुन्हा नसणार हे दिवस कॉलेजच्या सात्रिध्यातले,
ह्या चार वर्षांमध्ये सारे जीवनच जगलेले

पुन्हा नसणार हे दिवस झोपा काढत इकललेले,
शेवटच्या बॅचवर बसून हॉलिवूड-बॉलिवूड खेळत काढलेले

पुन्हा नसणार या असाइनमेंट्स घेऊन किती सारांश वाटलेल्या,
आदल्या रात्री जागून शब्द शब्द छापलेल्या

पुन्हा नसणार ही लायब्ररी फक्त पी.एल. साठी कामी येणारी,
एरवी मात्र पुस्तकांवरती धुळच धुळ मिरवणारी

पुन्हा नसणार हे कॅन्टीन लेक्चरपेक्षा जास्त गर्दी असणारे
तिथल्या चहाच्या स्वादामध्ये ताजला मुद्दा शमवणारे

पुन्हा नसणार हा जीमखाना दिवसभराचे कष्ट घालवणारा
कॅरमची प्रत्येक सोंगटी मारताना नवीन शिबी घुमवणारा

पुन्हा नसणार हे स्पेस वर्षभराचा आनंदोत्सव असणारे
फक्त तीन दिवसांसाठी बंधनाचे दावे सैल करणारे

पुन्हा नसणार ही नजरानजर मनात बहार आणणारी,
एकजण नाही म्हणाली तर सगळेच दुसऱ्या फांदीवर बसणारी

पुन्हा नसणार हे शिक्षक आपली-आपली स्टोरी असणारे,
बाहेरून टणक वाटले तरी आतून शहाळ्यासारखे मऊ असणारे

पुन्हा नसणार हे मित्र जीवाला जीव देणारे,
आनंदाच्या क्षणांचे कारण असणारे दुःखाच्या क्षणांचे वाटेकरी होणारे

पुन्हा नसणार हे हॉस्टेल निशाचरांचे घर असणारे,
नऊव्या लेक्चरसाठी पावणे नऊ काजता उठणारे

पुन्हा नसणार हे कॉलेज H.S.C. ला B.E. करणारे
चारच वर्ष आपले असणारे पण जन्मभर हृदयात वसणारे

खरंच पुन्हा नसणार हे सगळे,
आणि पुन्हा नसणार हे दिवस . . .



कहाणी वेड्याची

अमेय महाले
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

माणूस थकला देव थकले वेदतुल्य ऋषीही थकले
अहो प्रेमाच्या या रस्त्यावरती भलेभले योद्धेही हरले
किती थिकले किती हरपले निराळ्या या समरांत
अशा एका वेड्याची कहाणी त्याच्याच शब्दांत

नवा तरुण होता आणि नवी होती तरुणाई
नवे सर्व जगात होते होती सर्व नवलाई
अशा धुंदीत असताना मग एक अजब घडले
नकळत माझे पाऊल प्रेमाच्या दिशेने पडले

दिवस होता तो पावसाने धिंब धिजलेला
टपरीवरील घडाच्या वाफेत हळूच हरवलेला
अशाच एका क्षणी मला तिचा चेहरा दिसला
आणि या दुबळ्या काळजाचा एक ठोकाच चुकला

तिचा तो चेहरा, ते डोळे आणि गालांवरचा पाऊस
मनातून आली हांक थांब दूर नको जाऊस
जणू तिलाही ऐकू आली माझ्या मनातील साद
आणि उमगले तिलाही आहे मान्य माझा प्रमाद

हळूच ती वळली आणि झाली माझ्या दृष्टिआड
छबी तिची मात्र उरली होती माझ्या हृदयाआड
गाडीभेटी अशाच आमच्या निःशब्दाच्या झाल्या
एका भेटीनंतर माझा निश्चय पक्का झाला

निश्चय पक्का पण या मनाचे काय
चेहऱ्यावर होते हासू पण कांपत होते पाय
आणि कबुलीजबाबात एवजी निःश्वासच बाहेर पडले

अहो या प्रेमाची हीच तर गंमत असते
येथे मुळी शब्दांना काही किंमतच नसते
क्षणभर काय झाले मला काही कळलेच नाही
हातातल्या तिच्या हाताने दिली माझ्या प्रेमाची ग्वाही



शिंव्या खवयास आहे

श्री. योगेश खरे
प्राध्यापक, स्वायत्त विभाग



यश-अपयश

अमृता विद्वांस
प्रथम वर्ष (विद्युतकण)

“खरे” सांगतो ते ऐका दोष ना कुणाचा
शिंव्या खवयास्तव आहे जन्म शिक्षकाचा ।।

शिष्य नसे दोषी कधीही न ते आईबाप
सर्व अपयशाचे आमुच्या कपाळीच पाप
खेळ चाललासे ऐसा पूर्वसंचिताचा
शिंव्या खवयास्तव आहे जन्म शिक्षकाचा ।।

जीव तोडूनीही त्यांना शिकवले कितीही
कंठशोष केला तरिही त्या नसे खंत कांहीं
सारखीच टिंगल करणे धर्म हा मुलांचा
शिंव्या खवयास्तव आहे जन्म शिक्षकाचा ।।

गुरुशिष्य यांची होते शिक्षणार्थ भेट
पास होऊनी ते जाता पुन्हा नाही गाठ
कधी न ये आठव त्यांना कुणा शिक्षकाचा
शिंव्या खवयास्तव आहे जन्म शिक्षकाचा ।।

पुन्हा नका येऊ कोणी शिकायास येथे
स्मरण मात्र अमुचे ठेवा जिथे जाल तेथे
हाच एक आग्रह आहे “खरे” मास्तराचा
शिंव्या खवयास्तव आहे जन्म शिक्षकाचा ।।

जरी मिळाले अपयश तरी खचू नका,
जीवनाच्या यात्रेत कधी थांबू नका.
मन मोकळे करायला घाबरू नका,
खऱ्या मित्राकडे पाठ फिरवू नका.
सदैव चालत रहा यशाच्या शिखरापर्यंत,
पाय ढासळला तरी समजू नका अंत.
फुलपाखरू बनून करा मुक्त संचार,
तरी नको असूदे स्वातंत्र्य फार.
झाले घायाळ मन कधीतरी,
ठेवा विश्वास स्वतःवरी.
प्रत्येक अपयशातून शिका काहीतरी,
जीवनात चढउतार असतातच भारी.
जवळच्या माणसांची किंमत नाही मोजता येणार,
म्हणून आपणच सदैव त्यांना जपत राहणार.
आल्यानंतर आपली काढणार तेच आठवण,
आपल्या चांगल्या कृत्यांचेच ते साजरे करणार सण.
आपल्या चांगुलपणाचे ते गीत गाणार,
आपल्या चुकांना तेच मागे सारणार.
आयुष्याची अनिश्चित आहे वेळ,
म्हणून याला समजू नका फक्त एक खेळ.



जे जे विश्वी ज्ञेय असे त्यात कल्पना मात्र वसे
खरा कल्पना वजा बरे, म्हणजे सारे शून्य उरे ।

विचार तरंग / फुलांची ओंजळ / बी

MARATHI



। विष्णुबन्ध ।।

पुष्कर दिक्षित

द्वितीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

निष्काशार आभाळात त्या एके दिवशी, प्रेमाचे मेघ दाटून आले,
रोमांचित झालेल्या वातावरणात, प्रेमाचे पर्जन्य सुरु झाले.

घरणीवर पडणारा प्रत्येक बॅब, दोन जिवांना जवळ आणत होता,
जवळ आलेल्यांना, आणखी घट्ट बांधत होता.

सैरभैर झालेला वारा, प्रेमाची हाक मारत होता,
दोन हृदयांची स्पंदने एकमेकांकडे पोहोचवण्याचा, त्याने चंगच बांधला होता.

एवढे प्रेम दाटून आले असताना, मी मात्र तिची वाट बघत होतो,
माझा संदेश मिळाला नाही का तिला; अधीरतेने या पणाना विचारत होतो.

पणांच्या सळसळाटाने माझे स्पंदन तिच्यापर्यंत पोहोचले,
सुगंधित झालेल्या समीराबरोबर, तिचे आगमन झाले.

पावसाच्या प्रत्येक बॅबाबरोबर तिचे हास्य खुलतच होते,
बॅबापेक्षाही टपोरे तिचे डोळे, मला तिच्यात हरवून नेत होते.

बेभान सुटलेल्या वाऱ्याबरोबर, तिला उडायचे आहे,
ओलेचिंब होऊन, मनमोकळे नाचायचे आहे.

आयुष्यातल्या ह्या रोमांचित क्षणाचा, तिला पूर्ण आनंद घ्यायचा आहे,
'नको आता विचार करू' म्हणत, तिने साथीचा हात पुढे केला आहे.

शब्दीने शहराणारा तिचा हात धरून, अलगद तिला मी सामावून घेतले,
कधी न सुटणाऱ्या बंधनात गुंफून, हे क्षण खरेच अविस्मरणीय झाले.



वधा

हृषिकेश घुरी

अंतिम वर्ष (माहिती तंत्रज्ञान)

(आज हजारो वर्ष लोटली पण राधा आजही
यमुनेच्या काठावर कृष्णाची वाट बघते.)

किती लोटली रे तु जाऊन वर्षे मनासि कधी नाहिले मी न हर्षे
नदी वाहते ठेऊनी एक आशा तरी दाटते का जळी ही निराशा?

किती लाख स्वप्नात आलास माझ्या! असे वाटले स्पंदनाशी उराच्या
तुझा जाणवे स्पर्श हाती अजुनी जरी दिस झाले तुला मी बघूनी

कशी होत आहे अवस्था मनाची तुषा दाटते मन्मनी मीलनाची
जरी तू न आला, मि सांगे मनाला "पहा! तोच भेटिस येई उद्याला"

घडा मी दुधाचा भरुनी घरीला कधी सांग येशील तू फोडण्याला?
खुली सोडली मी उगा आज वेणी कधी सांग येशील तू ओडण्याला?

ध्वनी बासरीचे मनी क्षीण झाले उराशी सख्या श्वास ते शांत झाले
अता सांगते आठवे मी नदीला 'नको जाऊ तू' सांगते सावलीला

कसा आज येशील माहीत नाही तुझे रुप मी पूर्ण सृष्टीत पाही
कसाही तू ये मात्र येऊन जा तू पुन्हा एकदा खूण ठेऊन जा तू

जरी एवढी वर्ष आलास नाही जरी राहिली ना तुझी खूण काही
जरी लावतो मागं मृत्यू तगादा तरी आजही बैसते येथ राधा



मराठी वाङ्मय मंडळ

जयेश फडतरे

अंतिम वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)

मराठी वाङ्मय मंडळ गेली कित्येक वर्षे विद्यार्थी, शिक्षक आणि शिक्षकेतर कर्मचारी यांच्या सहभागाने मराठी सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रमांचे आयोजन करत आहे. हीच परंपरा पुढे चालू ठेवत मराठी वाङ्मय मंडळाने यावर्षी आपले कार्यक्रम सादर केले.

दिनांक ५ सप्टेंबर २००७ रोजी मंडळाच्या वतीने 'शिक्षकदिन' साजरा करण्यात आला. या दिवशी सर्व शिक्षकांना मंडळातर्फे शुभेच्छापत्रे देण्यात आली. 'काव्यस्पंदन' ही काव्यवाचन स्पर्धा दिनांक १० ऑक्टोबर रोजी घेण्यात आली. यात विद्यार्थ्यांच्या स्वरचित कवितांनाही वाव देण्यात आला. विजेत्यांना पारितोषिके देण्यात आली.

दिनांक १३ फेब्रुवारी २००८ रोजी 'गीतस्पंदन' हा भावगीतांचा कार्यक्रम सादर झाला. या कार्यक्रमात मराठीतल्या काही दिग्गज गीतकारांच्या कार्याचा मागोवा घेण्यात आला. संगीत, नृत्य आणि अभिनय यांची अनोखी पर्वणी म्हणजे 'भावस्पंदन'. र्घवर्षी दिनांक २ फेब्रुवारी रोजी भावस्पंदनाचे आयोजन करण्यात आले. यात विद्यार्थ्यांनी मराठी गाणी, नृत्य आणि 'शू ५ ५ ५ कुणाला सांगू नका' हे विनोदी नाटक सादर केले.

मंडळाच्या या वर्षीच्या वाटचालीत आम्हाला माननीय प्राध्यापिका श्रीमती रेणू देशपांडे यांचे मार्गदर्शन लाभले.



