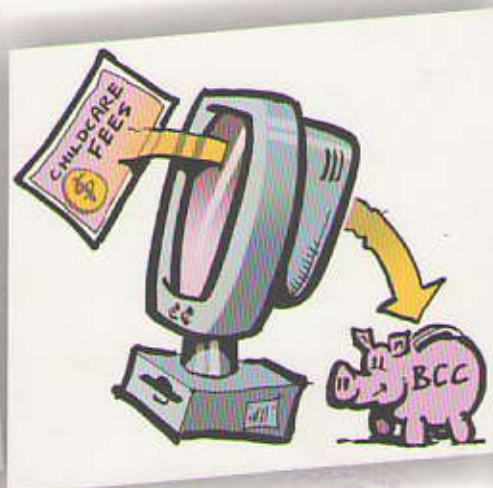
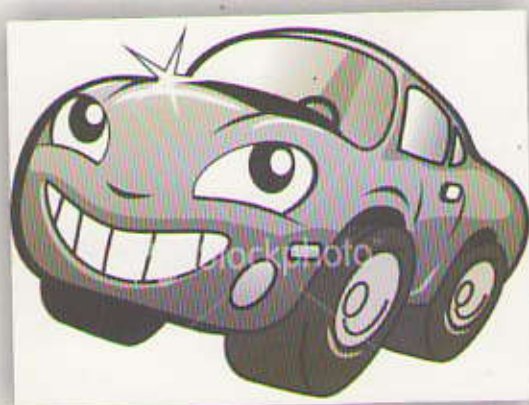


DISHA '09

Express Yourself



Sardar Patel College of Engineering

Sardar Patel Institute of Technology



Vision

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

Mission

- To impart quality 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 a sense of discipline.
- To inculcate responsibility towards society.



Shri. Kulapati Dr. K. M. Munshi



Sardar Patel College Of Engineering
&
Sardar Patel Institute Of Technology

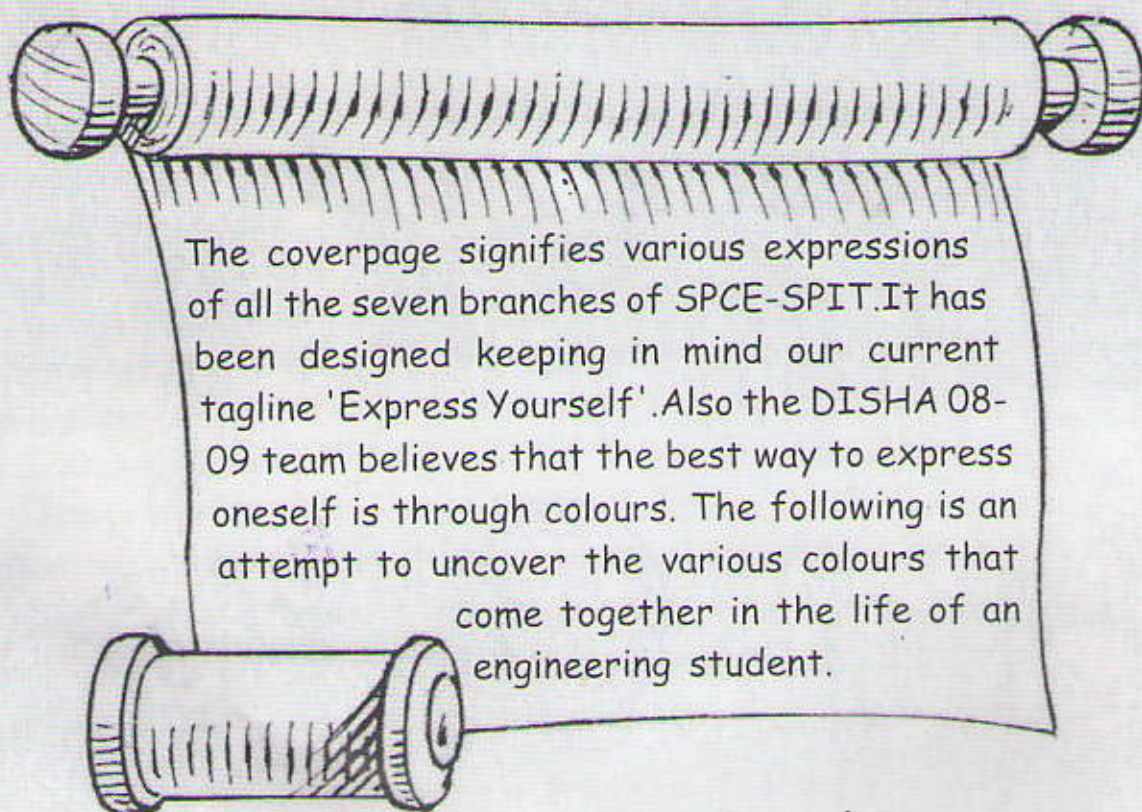
Presents

DISHA '09



Governing council of SPCE

1]	Dr.M.L.Shrikant		Chairman, Bhavan's Andheri Campus, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Andheri, Mumbai
2]	Shri R.S.Kenkre		Nominee of the Trust 4, Alankar Building , L.J.Road,Mahim, Mumbai- 16
3]	Dr.B.S.Bhat		Nominee of the Trust Bldg.No.4, Flat No. 12, Twinkle Star, Ghatla Village, Chembur, Mumbai
4]	Dr. S. K. Mahajan		I/c Director of Technical Education 3. Mahapalika Marg, Mumbai - 01
5]	Shri P.R.Bapat		Advisor, GKW, Wakefield House, 4th Floor, Sprott Road, Ballard Estate, Mumbai - 400 038
6]	Shri Sanjay Sharma		Regional Officer, AICTE, Western Regional Office Churchgate
7]	Dr. Shesha Iyer		Director, SPJIMR
8]	Dr S Krishnamoorthy		Director (Research & Development), Don Bosco Inst Of Technology, Premier Automobiles Road, Kurla (W), Mumbai- 400 070.
9]	Prof. S. G. Chitale		Director (Education), Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Bhavans Campus, Andheri (W),
10]	Dr.S.Y.Mhaikar		Principal and Member Secretary





Contents

Magazine Team

Ex-Officio :

Prof. (Mrs.) Vidyullata Joshi

Magazine Secretaries

Sanchali Nag (T.E. Electrical)

Parinita Ayya (T.E. Electrical)

Gaurav Dobhal (T.E. EXTC)

A. Aprajitha (T.E. IT)

English Editors

Suhani Mehta (T.E. IT)

Divyanshu Bhadoria
(B.E. Electrical)

Hindi Editors

Singh Amit Kumar (T.E. Electrical)

Manish Kumar (T.E. Electrical)

Marathi Editors

Shantanu Kulkarni (T.E. Electrical)

Supriya Bhosale (S.E. Mechanical)

Trupti Wagh (T.E. Electrical)

Tech Team

Shaltee Ladiwala (SE IT)

Sanket Bhandalkar (SE IT)

Apoorva Eklahare (SE IT)

Reports :

From the Desk of Ex-officio.....3

Principal's Report SPCE.....5

Principal's Report SPIT.....6

General Secretary's Report.....8

Sports Secretary's Report.....9

Magazine Secretary's Report.....10

Training & Placement Report.....11

Articles :

English.....1

Hindi.....43

Marathi.....51

Special Thanks :

Pradeep J. Pathak

Pawan K. Pandey

Email us your feedback and Suggestions at :
dishasp09@gmail.com



From the Ex-officio's Desk—

Disha 09 a great experience! For me Disha is much more than an annual showcase or documentation. It is the valuable reflection of the ethos, the spirit and the culture of our institutes. Like every year, in the odd semester Gymkhana Committee was formed and my interactions with magazine secretaries began. There was an exchange of ideas and views along with a work plan.

The very first step was forming a team of editors for Hindi, English and Marathi sections. Interested students applied for these posts. Some students showed their interest in working for the technical team as well. A essay writing competition was organized to get good articles from our students. Myself, Prof. Madhavi Gokhale and Prof. Shyamlee Solanki assessed the essays for Marathi, English and Hindi sections respectively.

Once the magazine team was formed, with continuous discussions with each other and also with the printer for cover page, layouts, different sections, reports, articles, poems, photos, Disha 09 started shaping up.

With encouragement from principal Dr. Mhaiskar and Dr. Prachi Gharpure, cooperation from Gymkhana Vice President Prof. Shyamlee Solanki & Prof. Narendra Bhagat, working with an enthusiastic magazine team was a great pleasure. I extend my sincere thanks to all students, teaching and non teaching staff for their timely help.

Ex-Officio :

Prof. (Mrs.) Vidyullata Joshi

Principal's Report 2008-09 S.P.C.E.

It gives me immense pleasure to inform the students and faculty that 2007-08 academic year has been indeed a year of remarkable progress.

We went through the process of accreditation and our programs were accredited for 3 years. A Local Inquiry Committee of the University visited the college in 2007 and recommended academic autonomy for the college. I am happy to inform you that the process of attaining autonomy is in the final stages.

Several staff members enhanced their qualification and attained their Master's or Doctoral qualification. Dr. A. A. Bage, Dr. A. N. Bambole, Dr. Sangeeta Gadve, Dr. V. R. Kalamkar, were conferred Doctorate while Ms. Reshma Raskar and Shri. Anil Ghadge, completed their Master's programme.

Many staff members published papers at national and international level. Dr. (Ms.) S. Gadve, Dr. A. N. Bambole and Dr. V. R. Kalamkar presented papers at international conferences abroad with partial financial support from the college.

Mr. Dinesh Torane storekeeper in our college completed his PG certification in Material and Store's management.

In addition students from Mechanical Engineering under the guidance of Dr. R. R. Easow won a prize of Rs. 1 lakh "The BRYAIR" Award for a project competition organized in Pune for excellence in HVAC & R.

The college has organized several short term training programs for industry participants as well as teachers. The supporting staff upgraded their accounting skills through an in house program for TALLY.

The college has received about Rs. 1 crore on several research and modernisation projects. Notable among them is the DST sponsored project in Structural Engineering Department. The Mechanical Dept. also launched and successfully completed the first program in Plant Layout and piping.

SPCE is seeking active support of the Industry in instituting value added programs. The Leighton program is one such initiative.

BCIDS has put together a special program for engineers viz. Certificate program in Management skills. The program is well received by the students.

The Alumni participation is increasing. The Alumni association has initiated a Steering Committee for setting up the US chapter of Alumni which will eventually register as a "non-profit" entity. I would like to make a special mention at this prize distribution ceremony that the college will be completing 50 years in 2012. For the golden jubilee celebrations that college is planning of organizing several events. I seek whole hearted support in these celebrations.

I thank the Governing Council for the active support in development of the college. I also wish to place on record the valuable contribution of the Principal's office. I also wish to acknowledge the support of the Local Managing Committee, faculty and supporting staff and their union members and above all students in the growth and achievements of SPCE. I urge and elicit support of all stakeholders in the development of the college.



Dr. S. Y. Mhaiskar
Principal

General Secretary Report 2008 - 09

2008-2009 was a mixed year for SPCE-SPIT. We witnessed a lot of new things, as well as a continuation of several traditions.

The year should have started with our technical festival, NIRMAAN, but unfortunately it couldn't take place this year. A large number of people had put in a lot of effort for the festival, so it was heartbreaking to see it being scrapped. However everyone agreed to put in more efforts next year to ensure the fest returns with a bang.

Soon after NIRMAAN was the usual frenzy of the Gymkhana Committee elections. Since the dates were rigidly fixed due to university regulations, Technobreak had to be conducted in just 14 days after the elections. I thank the entire core committee for putting up such a good show in such a short time.

The even semester began and preparations started for SPACE. The situation demanded many changes in the working style, and the committee complied. We tried to introduce new things this time, no matter how small. Several new events and workshops were conducted, in addition to the usual. A great emphasis was also laid on external publicity in the form of extensive newspaper coverage, hoardings and a detailed website with the view that it would be a great help for the further committees in seeking sponsorship.

Geetspanan, Bhavspanan and the rose day were conducted with the usual enthusiasm, with Bhavspanan seeing a greater crowd than usual. The Annual Day was toned down for several reasons, and a Prize Distribution Ceremony was held in its place in SP Jain Auditorium.

The last activity of the year, the BE farewell, is yet to be conducted as I write this. BE students, you will certainly be missed.

I take this opportunity to thank all those who worked hard for the college during the year and made several sacrifices along the way. I am not mentioning posts because we all know that the magnitude of work has nothing to do with the importance of the post. I also thank all those who created trouble and placed hindrances along the way, otherwise it wouldn't have been so much fun.

Thank you,

Daryan Parab - G. S. SPCE

Ann Paul - G. S. SPIT

Sports Secretary Report 2008 - 09

Everyone was awaiting the semester IV results so that elections can be held for the students' council. It took longer than usual but finally, the results were out. Elections were held within a couple of days and here was the new students' council. Since it was already late in the calendar year, things had to be done very fast. Techno break was held merely 10 days after the elections and it was the same thing with regards to formation of sports teams.

Very little happens in the first half of the season where semester exams just come too soon and give very little opportunity to participate at the university tournaments. Still, our tennis players excelled and the cricket team managed to reach the second round which was quite an achievement. Over in SPIT, the men's basketball team managed to reach the quarters which again was a great achievement as an ENGINEERING college. Individually, it was Snehali Bagal (captain of girls' Basketball team) and Jayraj Shetty (Tennis) who went on to represent University of Mumbai at the inter-varsity level.

The second part of the season had loads of activities. Various inter-college events, SPACE, GRE (won't count that out!) and of course...our regular college routine. The plan was to do something never done before, an effort to organize SPACE and sports together and at a higher level. Preparation was on from a few months in advance. Unfortunately, greenery was not quite on our side! Battling recession, credit-crunch and our PROFESSORS, few tough decisions had to be taken! Giving SPACE priority, sports had to be called off. The worst part of calling it off was...the number of colleges who knew about it! They called to enquire about it and it was quite a shame to tell them about its cancellation. An effort was made again to have sports sometime later but even that didn't quite work-out. That was one dream crushed to pieces!

Coming to the intra-college events, they weren't done in the most beautiful manner probably because they happened too late in the year. But nevertheless, everything was done just fine! With the facilities available, cricket was the only game most people would've been deprived of and that was disappointing. So, the concept of IPL at college level was implemented and that turned out to be a revelation. We didn't require college to fund it as the revenue was generated in itself. SPCE saw football at inter-class and inter-faculty level. Chess, carom, volleyball and table tennis were held for men whereas girls had throw ball, box-cricket and badminton to compete in. IPL no doubt was the highlight of the year. SPIT saw cricket, football, athletics and other indoor games. Basketball was a slight innovation here with team from every faculty had to have one girl in their team. SPIT indeed saw a grand sports event. Both institutions had cricket matches for the staff members where teaching staff went head-to-head against non-teaching staff. Non-teaching staff emerged victorious in quite entertaining encounters.

Overall, it was a year where ideas were born but not quite implemented. If we carry on the way we did but with better planning, the future looks really bright for sports in SPCE-SPIT. Within a few days, it will be time to pass the baton on to the new committee who would again come with their new ideas and dreams. We would like to thank everyone who were involved in the organization of sports activities, the participants for playing their part as we know nothing is possible without them and specially the respective vice-presidents of gymkhana committee for guiding us through a year which we would look back on as an experience for the future.



Yaseen Kazi - S.S. SPCE

Snehali - S.S. SPIT

Sardar Patel Institute of Technology

PLACEMENTS - (2008-2009) till date

Sr. No.	Company	Campus Date	Total Placed	Cmpn	Etrx	Etrc	I.T.	Salary in Lakhs
1	Wipro VLSI	27/06/08	12	N.A.	9	3	N.A.	2.75
2	Tata Power (SED)	30/06/08	4	N.A.	4	N.A.	N.A.	3.25
3	Siemens	04/07/08	5	N.A.	5	N.A.	N.A.	2.77
4	Reliance Energy	10/07/08	7	N.A.	7	N.A.	N.A.	5.2
5	Infosys	15/07/08	49	22	4	10	13	3.1
6	Accenture	17/07/08	47	21	2	12	12	3.05
7	Microsoft	18/07/08	2	2	0	0	0	9.2
8	Wipro Technology	21/07/08	26	6	0	7	13	3
9	Cisco	23/07/08	0	0	0	0	0	7 to 8
10	Godrej	24/07/08	6	N.A.	4	2	N.A.	2.4
11	Morgan Stanley	25/07/08	5	3	0	1	1	8.5
12	Nvidia	28/07/08	3	1	0	0	2	5.42+S.O
13	Pengia3	30/07/08	2	1	0	2	0	5
14	Deloitte	31/07/08	24	17	N.A.	N.A.	7	5
15	Atos Origin	01/08/08	16	6	1	6	3	3
16	I-Flex	04/08/08	10	3	3	3	1	3.2
17	Tech Mahindra	05/08/08	31	4	3	15	9	3.1
18	MAQ Software	06/08/08	1	0	N.A.	N.A.	1	3.25
19	Digitie Infotech*	09/08/08	3	2	1	0	0	3
20	CITI Technology	12/08/08	8	2	3	1	2	3.15
21	Cap Gemini	26/08/08	1	1	0	0	0	2.75
22	Motorola	28/08/08	4	2	0	2	0	5.2
23	Godrej Infotech	04/09/08	1	0	0	0	1	3.05
24	CSC India	12/09/08	6	2	0	1	3	3.56
25	IBM	15/09/08	13	3	2	4	4	3.26+
26	Bluestar	23/10/08	2	N.A.	2	N.A.	N.A.	4.1
27	T.I.M.E.	13/04/09	4	2	1	0	1	3

*Offers Rejected

BHARTIYA VIDYA BHAVAN'S
SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

The Following are the prizes awarded to the students of this college for the year 2007-08.

KULPATI'S GOLD MEDAL.

Sr. No	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1.	MS. SRINIDHI BALASUBRAMANIAM GIRI	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 -2008.
2.	SHRI KANSE DEEPAK DASHRATH	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
3.	MS. SABNIS MADHURA SHARAD	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
4.	SHRI MANSATA OMKAR M.	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
5.	SHRI HITAWALA ABBAS S.	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
6.	SHRI SRIVASTAVA DIVYA R.	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



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

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI. PATIL RAHUL MAHESH	Has been awarded Dr. PRANLALA PATEL prize for securing highest percentage of marks in F.E. (MECHANICAL) examination at the first attempt during 2007-08
2	SHRI. PATANWALA NAVED JAVED	Has been awarded Dr. PRANLALA PATEL prize for securing highest percentage of marks in S.E. (MECHANICAL) examination at the first attempt during 2008
3	SHRI. BALADITYA SHRIRAM	Has been awarded Dr. PRANLALA PATEL prize for securing highest percentage of marks in T.E. (MECHANICAL) examination at the first attempt during 2008

SHRI JAYANTI SATYANARAYNA MEMORIAL PRIZE OF RS. 50/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI. PAL MITHILESH MURLIDHAR	For securing highest percentage of marks in the subject of "STRUCTURAL ANALYSIS" Sem. V at the T.E. (CIVIL) examination held in December 2008.

SHRI MARATHE MEMORIAL PRIZE OF RS. 500/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI. BEHEDE JAYESH PRADEEP	For securing highest percentage of marks in the subject of "ENGINEERING MECHANICS" Sem. I at the F.E. examination held in December 2007-08.

SHRI MARATHE MEMORIAL PRIZE OF RS. 250/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI. SHETTY KALPAJ JAGDISH	For securing highest percentage of marks in the subject of "STRENGTH OF MATERIALS" Sem. III at the S.E. (CIVIL) examination held in December 2007-08.
2	SHRI. NAIR ADITYA	For securing highest percentage of marks in the subject of "STRENGTH OF MATERIALS" Sem. III at the S.E. (MECHANICAL) examination held in December 2007-08.

BENGAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION (BOMBAY BRANCH)
TRUST SCHOLARSHIP OF RS. 2000/- EACH.

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	MS. NAIK YESHA ASHOK	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college of T.E. (CIVIL) Examination held in May -2008.
2	SHRI. BAL ADITYA SHRIRAM	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college of T.E. (MECHANICAL) Examination held in May -2008.
3	MS. DEEPAK MOHAN	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college of T.E. (ELECTRICAL) Examination held in May - 2008.
4	SHRI CHADHA TARUN S.	For securing highest marks in first attempt amongst students of this college of T.E. (ELECTRONICS) Examination held in May -2008.

INDIAN WATER WORK ASSOCIATION (BOMBAY CENTRE) CASH PRIZE OF RS.400/-

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	MS. SUBHASHINI NAINAR	For securing highest marks in SUBJECT "Environmental Engineering" B.E. (CIVIL) Sem. VII Examination held in Dec -2008.

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

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	MS. SABNIS MADHURA SHARAD	For securing 1 st rank in B.E. (ELECTRICAL) Class.
2	SHRI MANSATA OMKAR M.	For securing 1 st rank in B.E. (ELECTRONICS) Class.
3	SHRI HITAWALA ABBAS B.	For securing 1 st rank in B.E. (COMPUTER) Class.
4	SHRI SRIVASTAVA DIVYA R.	For securing 1 st rank in B.E. (I.T.) Class.

MERIT PRIZE OF RS. 500/- 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 2007 - 08.

SR. NO.	EXAMINATION	NAME
1	F.E. (CIVIL)	SHRI. POTDAR ADITYA ARVIND
2	S.E. (CIVIL)	SHRI GOSWAMI ABHISHEK
3	T.E. (CIVIL)	MS. PARDESI BALAJI
4	B.E. (CIVIL)	MS.MORE SAMEER

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

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE CANDIDATE	PRIZE AWARDED
1	SHRI. DEY DEBJANI KANU	FOR GETTING MAX. MARKS IN C.S. SUBJECT

**MERIT PRIZE ON THE BASIS OF MERIT IN THE PRECEDING EXAMINATION
HELD IN MAY – JUNE 2008.**

SR. NO.	NAME OF THE STUDENTS	RANK
F.E. CLASS (SPCE)		
1	SHRI DEY DEBJANI KANU	1
2	SHRI PATIL RAHUL MAHESH	2
3	SHRI. RAI VIKAS SEETARAM	3
S.E. (CIVIL)		
1	SHRI. KALEKAR AMOL MAHIPAT	1
2	SHRI GOSWAMI ABHISHEK GHANSHYAM	2
3	MS. JAIN ISHITA ARVIND	3
S.E. (MECHANICAL)		
1	SHRI PATANWALA NAVED JAVED	1
2	SHRI SHINDE DEEPAK RAMCHANDRA	2
3	SHRI CHAUHAN ROHIT BHARAT	3

S.E. (ELECTRICAL)		
1	SHRI RATNAPARKHI PRASHANT BAP URAO	1
2	PARAB DARYAN TULSIDA S	2
3	SHRI KUMAR MANISH SUSHIL	3
T.E. (CIVIL)		
1	MS. NAIK YESHA ASHOK	1
2	SHRI GANDHI RUSHABH YATIN	2
3	SHRI SHINDE SACHIN BHI	3
IMRAO T.E. (MECHANICAL)		
1	SHRI BAL ADITYA SHRIRAM	1
2	SHRI YADAV PRABHAKAR RAJDEO	2
3	SHRI ARVIND RAGHVAN	3
T.E. (ELECTRICAL)		
1	MS. KHANRA TIYASA	1
2	SHRI DEEPAK MOHAN	2
3	SHRI ROHIT AJITKUMAR	3
B.E. (CIVIL)		
1	MS. SRINIDHI BALASUBRAMANIAM	1
2	SHRI PANJWANI PANKAJ DIWAN	2
3	SHRI SUMAN SAHIL RAVINDER	3
B.E. (MECHANICAL)		
1	SHRI KANSE DEEPAK DASHRATH	1
2	SHRI NAWALKAR SACHIN TEJWANI	2
3	JOSHI SOHAM SURVESH	3
B.E. (ELECTRICAL)		
1	MS. SABNIS MADHURA SHARAD	1
2	SHRI MENON ROHIT UMESHCHANDRA	2
3	SHRI PATIL SANKET SATISHRAO	3

B.E. (ELECTRONICS)		
1	SHRI MANSATA OMKAR M.	1
2	SHRI PAREKH HARSH D.	2
3	SHRI ABHYANKAR AMEYA V.	3
B.E. (COMPUTER)		
1	SHRI HITAWALA ABBAS B.	1
2	SHRI RAO SHIVSHARANA S.	2
3	SHRI SHINDE DIPTI R.	3
B.E. (I.T.)		
1	MS SRIVASTAVA DIVYA R.	1
2	SHRI BHAGWATWAR AKSHAY P.	2
3	SHRI IDNANI AVINASH P.	3

T.E. (ELECTRONICS)

1	SHRI CHADHA TARUN S.	1
2	SHRI SATOSKAR ANIRUDHA N.	2
3	SHRI BANSAL ANKIT S.	3

T.E. (COMPUTER)

1	KUM. ROY AMRITA A.	1
2	KUM. SHASTRI SURABHI	2
3	SHRI SAHAY SHOBHIT V	3

T.E (I.T.)

1	KUM. MEHTA SWARNIKA L.	1
2	SHRI MAHESHWARI RAJUL O.	2
3	SHRI AGARWAL VIJAY R.	3

T.E (EXTC)

1	SHRI JOTWANI KASHYAP K.	1
2	SHRI JAIN PARAG P.	2
3	SHRI CHITALIA HARSHIT N.	3

S.E (ELECTRONICS)

1	SHRI PARKAR VINEET P.	1
2	SHRI HASE LABHESH P.	2
3	SHRI ITTAGONI KIRANKUMAR S	3

S.E. (COMPUTERS)

1	SHRI DALVI SIDDHANT A.	1
2	SHRI GHULATI ANISH S.	2
3	KUM. MATKAR KANCHAN R.	3

S.E. (INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY)

1	KUM. MEHTA DEVIKA R.	1
2	KUM. JHAVERI HENNA A.	2
3	SHRI PATIL PRITAM B.	3

S.E. (ELECTRONICS & TELECOMMUNICATIONS)

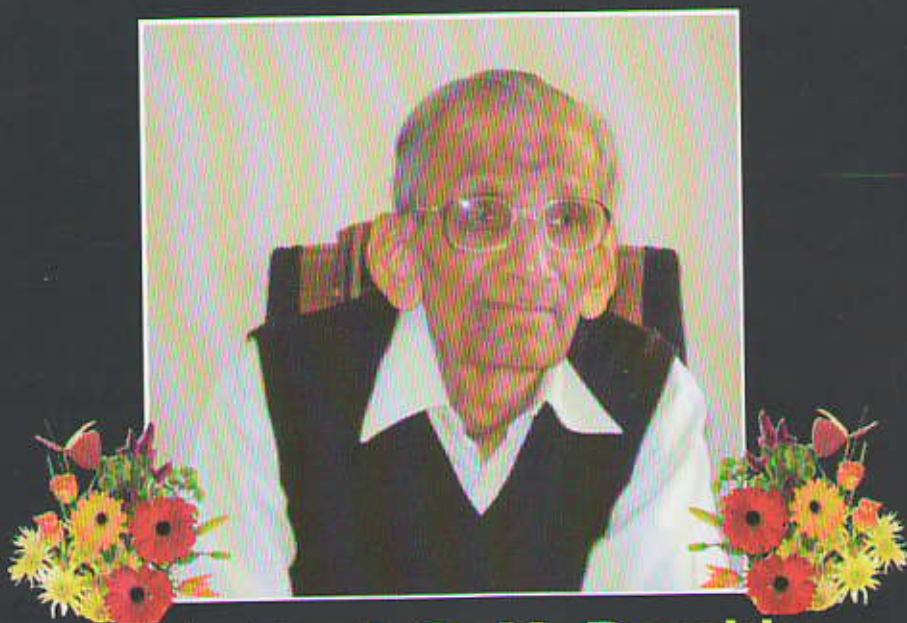
1	KUM. SARA ANN PAUL	1
2	SHRI CHAMUDIA NAVIN N.	2
3	KUM. KHABAR HIMALI V.	3

FIRST YEAR ENGINEERING – OVERALL TOPPERS

1	KUM. SHAH POOJA (COMPUTERS)	1
2	KUM. SHENOY APEKSHA (ELECTRONICS)	2
3	SHRI KAMATH CHINMAY (COMPUTERS)	3

COMMUNICATION SKILLS PRIZE (S.P.I.T)

1	KUM. TAMBAWALA FORAM (COMPUTERS)	1
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Late Prof. S. M. Parekh A True Karmayogi

Prof. S.M. Parekh joined Bhavan's College, Andheri in 1946 as a Demonstrator in Chemistry. Subsequently he rose to the position of Head of the Department of Chemistry and Vice-Principal of the college. For several years he was in-charge of Cultural Activities of the college, sports and games. He was transferred to Bhavan's Somani college of Chowpatty as Principal in 1965. He retired from the college on 31st August 1986. During the tenure of his Principalship he was closely associated with the University of Mumbai, as a member of Academic council and also member of Executive council. He was a member of several committees of the university. Immediately after retiring from the college he was invited to join Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan to oversee the functioning of the educational institutions. He was then designated as director (Education) and chairman of Bhavan's Shikshan Bharati. He was recipient of Best Teacher Award in 1980. He was also offered the post of Pro-Vice-Chancellor of the university of Mumbai when this post was created for the first time in the history of the university, but he politely declined to accept the assignment and preferred to continue to serve Bhavan.

Six decades of dedicated Service by Prof. Parekh is something to feel envious about. Rarely we come across people like Prof. Parekh, who have most humbly exhibited integrity of personality in shouldering the responsibility of guidance to educational institutions with such dedication and devotion. Kulpati Dr. K.M. Munshi was his mentor.

Prof. Parekh had been one of the founder members of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. He believed that the pillar of any educational institution of repute is art and culture of the nation in which it is established. "Art and culture keeps alive the traditions, literature, culture, ethical and spiritual values. The elements of art and culture transcend all barriers and knit people of different faiths together."

Prof. Parekh believed that, though formal education like arts, science, commerce, management and engineering technology is important, it is the art and culture that is imperative to a harmonious existence.

Prof. Parekh left behind a legacy of commitment and dedication for the future generations of Bhavanites to imbibe.

Prof. Parekh was a true 'Karmayogi' who performed all actions without any expectations.

Indeed Bhavans lost a brand ambassador in Principal S.M. Parekh. An ambassador who served Bhavans for more than 60 years and worked right till the last hour with the same zeal, sincerity and integrity.

There was not an iota of negativity in his thoughts, speech or actions. He always looked at the positive side of life.

He was an Educationalist, who dedicated all the energy at his command to raise the standards of education for the benefit of future generations. Education was his mission. The emblem of Baratiya Vidya Bhavan 'Knowledge Nectar' was etched forever in his heart.

On Monday 26th May 2008 he attained his heavenly abode.

The loss to the Bhavans Parivar due to the sad demise of Principal Parekh is irreparable. However we all take a vow to imbibe his sterling qualities and follow the principle of "service before self" embodied by him throughout his life.

May the great Almighty grant him Eternal peace and may his soul watch over us and may his spirit guide us in any difficult situation.



- Prof. S.G. Chital
Director
Bhavans Campus



Prof. V. R. Raddi

Prof. V.R. Raddi joined the college 20th June 1965 as a lecturer in mathematics. He worked briefly as a Vice president of the Gymkhana Committee. He was also a very active LMC member. He was a very popular teacher and a very approachable person. In those days, the Mathematics Dept. was one of the strongest points of SPCE. Prof. Raddi took voluntary retirement on 30th June 1997. Faculty members like Dr. Mhaskar, Dr. Pandya, Dr. Sawant, Dr. Bhosale, Prof. Raul, Dr. Bambole, Prof. Vidya Joshi have had the fortune to be his students. He passed away on 10th February 2008. He will always be fondly remembered by his students and colleagues.



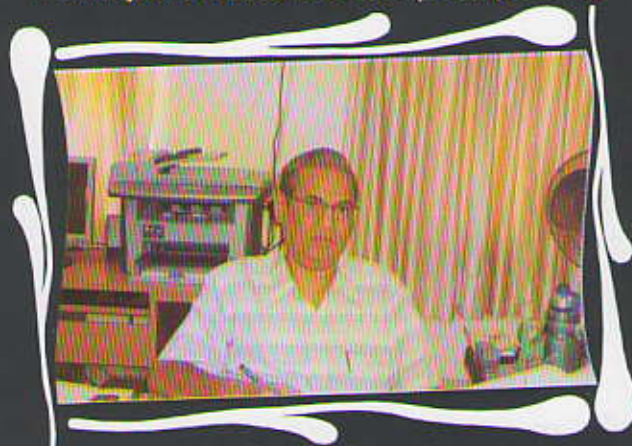
Dr. Sharad Mhaiskar
Principal S.P.C.E .



Dr. Prachi Gharpure
Principal S.P.I.T., H.O.D. (Computers)



Dr. Shubha Pandit
Vice Principal S.P.C.E.
H.O.D. (Electrical)



Dr. B. N. Pandya
Vice Principal S.P.C.E .
H.O.D. (Structural Engg.)



Dr. P. H. Sawant
H.O.D. Civil



Dr. A. V. Bhonsale
H.O.D. Mechanical



Dr. Rita Das, H.O.D.
(Humanities & Applied Sciences)



Dr. S. T. Gandhe
H.O.D. (Electronics)



Prof. Dayanand Ambawade
H.O.D. (EXTC)



Prof. Devan Shah
H.O.D. (I.T.)



SPIT Gymkhana Committee



Prof.
Lt. Shamli Solanki
(Vice - President)

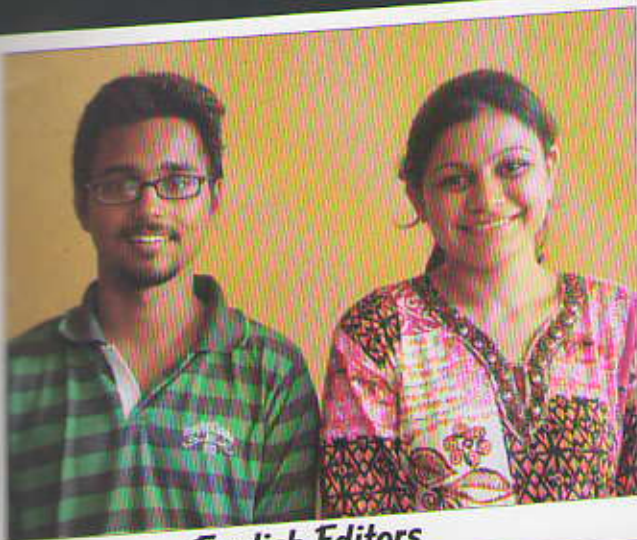


SPCE Gymkhana Committee

Magazine Committee



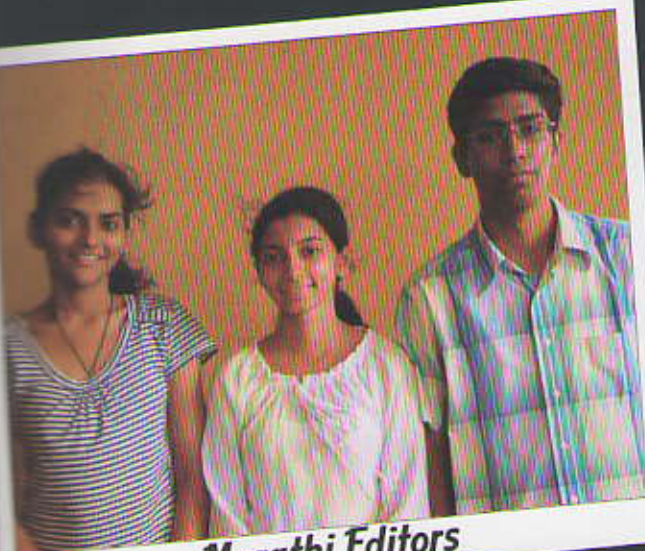
Magazine Ex-Officio with the magazine secretaries



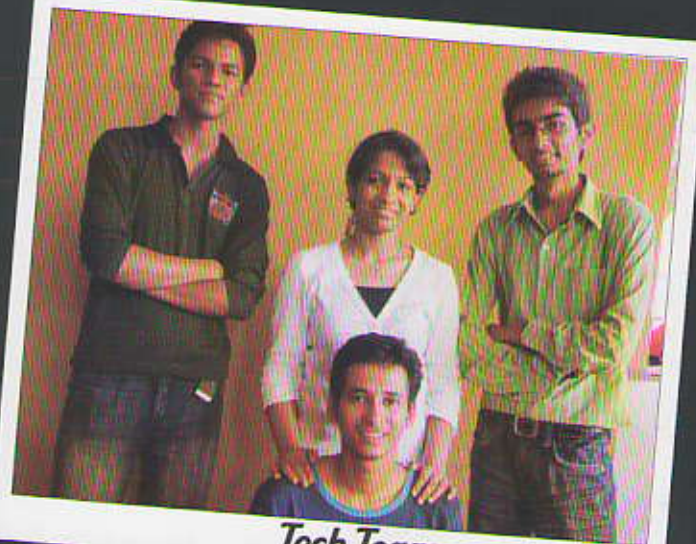
English Editors



Hindi Editors



Marathi Editors



Tech Team

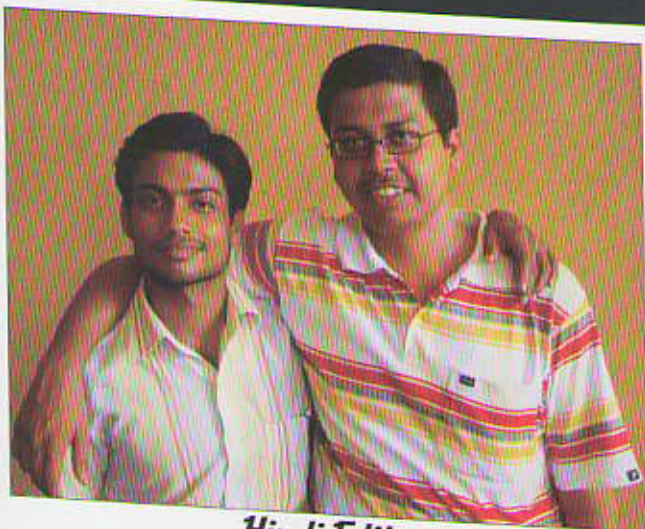
Magazine Committee



Magazine Ex-Officio with the magazine secretaries



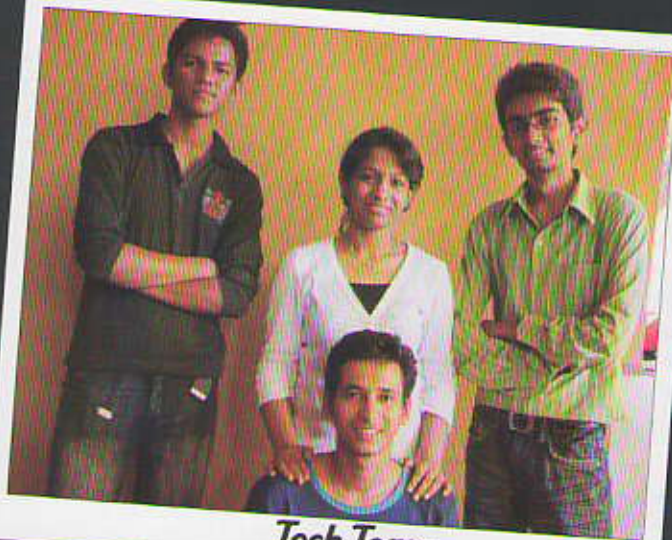
English Editors



Hindi Editors



Marathi Editors



Tech Team



IEEE Committee



Robocon



Training & Placement Cell



Team SPCE (Shrikant, Supriya & Snehal all from BE (Mech)) with guide Dr. Roshini Easow, won the First prize at the 4th Annual Bryair awards for excellence in HVAC & R (Students Category)



Mr. Narendra Jadav



Dr. Ambarish Bhatt

ISTE-SPCE Students Chapter Seminar

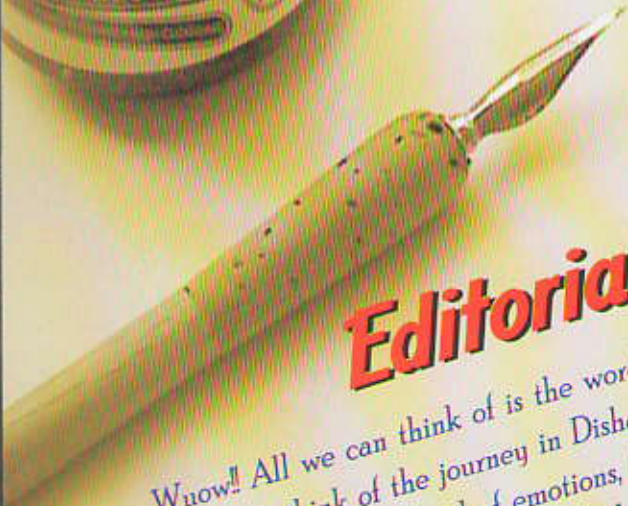
English

"The fact that people break down and cry when confronted with coloured pictures shows that colours can communicate with the basic human emotions"

~ Mark Rothko



th
air



Editorial

Wuow!! All we can think of is the word wuow!! When we think of the journey in Disha, we are overloaded with a flood of emotions, the same way we are overloaded with Submissions. Being editors of Disha has been a lot more than it sounds coz we were involved in everything (almost everything) besides editing. It has been a true roller coaster for us. A roller coaster which actually makes you feel dizzy at the end of it.

But on a brighter side, we consider ourselves to be so lucky to be one of the few who have a whole lot of knowledge about what goes on into making of a magazine. What we had thought of was to make it similar to a yearbook (the yearly book that is most

common in the western countries- that is what we've seen on television at least). But finally what we came down to is this. We hope you guys like it (you better do!!).

When we look back at all things we have suffered and all thing we've sacrificed for this, we feel more than happy to have done that. It has definitely been and will always be, more useful to us than what we study in engineering.

So ending this short note, we just wanna thank a whole lot of people (the list is given on the last page) for making this work and we're just hoping to get dozens of compliments for the great work we did (not as if we need them. Huh! But still...).

Have a SUPERB life u all!

Suhani Mehta
Divyanshu Bhadoria



Emancipation from examination

They come twice or four times a year depending on the decision of an arbitrary University panel. Worse, if the professor is one from the enthusiastic breed, there will be some more, euphemistically called tests. I'm recovering from one such series of assaults just to realize I've to get into top shape for the next event - longer and tougher than the first. Of course it will be a last minute effort. I rarely branch out from this tradition.

Then what's new about this discussion? Actually, nothing. It's just that crazy times are mostly accompanied by unrealizable, idealistic thoughts. "What's the perfect examination?" You bet, stupid thought.

Spare a moment and you'll probably realize that all the exams you attempted [apt use of the word, what say?] in your life can be summarized in one phrase - use of logic. There's absolutely nothing that is out of the syllabus after this approach is adopted. Then where's the problem? Why is it that all of us with basic common sense do not have obscenely high scores on our mark sheets? It's the knowledge of a few basic concepts in the subject or the lack of it. Now before going on any further, let me make it clear that this opinion fails miserably when applied to subjects based on facts and figures [read history].

All great ideas have an inspiration. Let me tell you my story. Last week we had a class test in which four problems had to be solved in an hour - five marks each. Like that mattered. I couldn't make myself go beyond the first one. It was an amazing-concept-but-can't-get-solution type. I left an approximate amount of space [only to realize that I wouldn't be able to fill it later] and went on to the next one. Same fate with a little concession. I managed to draw [rather, attempt - man, this word conveys so much] a small diagram. After the stipulated one hour, I had written just two sides on the answer sheet, one frustrated poem, drawn a heptagon, an octagon and Fred Flintstone leaning against his car.

cracked a few unappreciated jokes with my neighbor, killed two irritating mosquitoes and stared hard at the fan. Moral of the story: the fans in our college do not have regulators.

Yesterday, the results of the test were out. I consistently score lesser than anyone who has the sly to copy answers. After eight long and tiring semesters, this realization was the last straw. Now, how do we come up with an exam that tests the real knowledge of the student? Quite impossible, to be frank. Case in point - I've scored the highest marks in Marathi when in school and yet can't get through a complete sentence without giving the impression that I'm of Russian ancestry. Bookish knowledge has long defeated common sense. All that is taught in class is fit for just that - to be taught in class. Where else does a person specialising in a particular field for four years need to be trained for an additional year before being assimilated into a company?

That still leaves us with nothing concrete. Sometimes it makes me wonder whether the solution is anything even remotely connected to academics. Could be social, ideological or maybe even political. Till then, I better keep studying. No doubt, last minute attempt [wow, this word amazes me].

Heston D'Souza
BE - Trical



"At our last meeting, it was unanimously agreed to form a cult that worships coffee and doughnuts."



A black hole or dark depths may represent the unconscious. This blackness may be frightening. However, Black can also be warm and comforting.



Engineering Dialogues

Engineering Dialogues.

Every Engineering students comes across such dialogues in his life.
Read it you will enjoy it...

On being Late early morn

"I thought it is a Monday" (lab starts at 10:45 on Monday)

"I was searching for the Classroom"

(Classic) "Train was late"

During Lecture

"XYZ ka assignment 2 tere paas hai??"

"Attendance sheet kiske paas hai??"

"Attendance sign kiya kya?"

"XYZ ka proxy mar mat pakda jayenga"

(Classic) "Lecture kab khatam hoga?"

"Mam bahut paka rahi hain"

"Chapter kab khatam hua?"

Lab

"Expt. 2 likha??"

"Attendance ho gaya??"

(Classic) "Karna kya hai??"

Unit Test

"Oh F***!! Itna syllabus cover ho gaya?"

(Classic) "Aaj kounsa test hai?"

For attendance

(less attendance isliye attendance badane ke liye bahane)

"I was late, so watchman dint let me in"

"I forgot the I-card, so watchman dint let me in"

(Classic) "Utsav (college festival) marketing, Publicity"
"Mam...IEEE"

Late submission of assignments

"Maine XYZ ko bola thaa ki copy karke mera assignment bhi saath mein submit kar dena"

"BATCH A ka last date extend hua thaa"

(Classic) "I didn't knew the last date"

Late submission of Journal (for printouts).

"Printer is not working today"

(Classic) "Format pataa nahi thaa"

VIVA

"Submission ab tak hua nahi hai, VIVA kya ghanta doonga"

"Dekh Boss !! External bhi aadmi hai. Usko pata hai student's ka ab

tak preparation nahi hua hai...."

"Dekh, tu jo bhi padhega, woh (external) tereko woh nahi

poochhnewaala, then watz the point"

"Roll no. 1 aur 2 ko wapas bulaaya hai"

"External is asking Bermuda Triangle ka Magnetic force kitna hai"

"Ye kounse subject mein aata hai"

(Classic) "Aaj kounsa Viva hai?"

Submission.

"Ye bhi chhapna hai kya??"

"Iska bhi print-out lena hai kya?"

(Classic) "Tujhe XYZ PROF ka sign aata hai kya?"

(Classic conversation)

A: Ye tune kya likha hai / teri handwriting aisi kyun hai?

B: I Jo word samajh mein aa raha hai woh likh, jo nah



The blue sea symbolizes the unconscious or the feminine (anima, mother, or Great Mother, the wise self). At an advanced level of mystical awareness, blue may represent the primal energy from which the universal life-force comes.



I Think of You

sunah mein aa
 naha hai uska drawing nikal
 Maine XYZ se likha hai, mera assignment check ho
 gaya, tu bhi wohi kar.

EXAMS

To (mujhe) aata hai, woh (paper mein) aata nahi hai; jo
 nahi aata hai
 woh aata hai
 "ye question 2 saal se nahi poochha hai"
 "ye last time hi poochha tha"
 "tere paas Jejurkar ke notes hai?"
 "woh chapter..... mark weightage 6 marks..... (Facial ex-
 pressions
 speaks the story)"
 "nahi samjha to rat le"
 Classic— when someone is intensively doing his last
 revision)
 "Yeh nahi aayega!!"

Kaushal Dodia
 FE - Trical

When light fades away,
 And darkness is all over,
 When stars begin to glitter,
 And the moon comes out of cover,
 I think of you,
 Only your thoughts are there.

When the sun is tired,
 And birds heading for their nests,
 When the sky is a canvas,
 Colourful as never seen best,
 I think of you,
 In my mind you are just.

When flowers are moist,
 By the touch of fresh dew,
 Chilled winds move silently,
 And the world seems again to be new,
 I think of you,
 And your memories tough few.

When temptations are high,
 And the heart goes out of control,
 When passions are strong,
 And the mind doesn't work at all,
 I think of you,
 You are in myself, as a whole.

When life seems to be ending,
 And I feel lonely,
 I think of you.
 Someday I'll be gone,
 But will always remain there,
 The love I've preserved for you.

Snehal Kharat
 TE - Extc



Grey—the colour represents old age, death, depression. As intermediate between black and white, and as the colour of mist, grey may symbolize an unclear state of mind where distinctions are blurred.



Democracy is dead. Long live Politics

"Jaago India Jaago", "Exercise your right, register to vote", and other miscellaneous slogans have been around for a long time now. But following the carnage of the Mumbai terror attacks of November 2008, where the ineptitude of our government in dealing with situations of this kind was exposed by Kasab and Co. with brutal efficiency; these slogans have taken on a new dimension

Though the rise in general awareness about the election process due to tireless efforts on the part of many organizations is commendable, the effort seems to be wasted as the major audience towards which the campaigns are targeted, i.e. the youth, have had very little opportunity to see democracy in practice throughout their lives. The only experience of democracy we have seen is the meaningless election fervor that surrounds us every five (sometimes less) years. The line between democracy and politics has blurred to the extent that we easily confuse one with the other.

Every government that has come into power has been as disappointing as the previous one and with only the progeny of our "revered" leaders showing an interest in following their sire's footsteps, there seems to be no hope for change. Students have never seen free and fair voting succeed and never consider politics as a viable career option. Compare this situation with successful democracies (comparatively) like the USA and one would hardly see examples of dynasty rule (George Bush excluded).

The democratic process has to be urgently reviewed at the grassroots level in India if we are to ever have leaders who are genuinely interested in serving the nation. In America, leaders are groomed for public service from an early age. Elections for posts like Class President and Student Council President are held from the kindergarten level. Future senators and governors often take courses like law and political science that would

help them in their future political careers.

Contrast that with students in India where most want to be engineers and doctors so that they could earn hefty pay packets and ensure comfortable futures. There is nothing wrong with this mindset and it is also not true that engineers and doctors cannot become good politicians. But even at their undergraduate levels, their exposure to true democracy is woeful.

In a typical engineering college, the posts of General Secretary, Cultural Secretary, Magazine Secretary and Sports Secretary are coveted by students. But many want to apply for these posts for the wrong reasons. Many probably feel that being the GS of the college would enhance their resume. However no one views these posts as opportunities for enhancing one's planning, management and leadership abilities and honing one's people skills because the posts are seldom portrayed in such a manner.

The Class Representatives (CRs) from the third year contest elections for the post of GS and CS. They are voted for by CRs of every other class. But when the process of selecting the CRs itself is flawed, how can one expect fair elections for the post of GS? The students who stand first and second in class the previous year are automatically declared Class Representatives. That the class may want someone else to represent them or that they themselves may be least interested in the responsibility is not taken into account at all. Perhaps the reasoning is, that toppers are less likely to be mavericks and would not feel the urge to play around with money. This is justified to some extent but the leadership potential of a scrupulous middle ranker who can do a much better job is allowed to go to waste and the responsibility is thrust on to the hard working topper who is now compelled to meet the expectations of the rest of the college concerning festivals and other activities which he or she might only be vaguely aware of.



Green commonly symbolizes the fertility of Nature (as in the Green Man, the spirit of fecundity). In your dreams, therefore, it may indicate personal growth, some new development in your personality.



In many colleges there is a provision for students really interested in applying for the post of GS and CS viz. obtaining "No Objection Certificates" from everyone higher ranked than they are but this rule is disregarded in some colleges. Besides it gives some people an opportunity to settle scores with people lower ranked than them by denying them the NOC. Giving preference to certain individuals over others goes against the very ethos of democracy.

The issue is not with the election of the GS and the CS alone. Many colleges follow a completely flawed procedure for the selection of the Sports Secretary (SS) and Magazine Secretary (MS). The primary qualification for a candidate to be chosen as a SS is the number of sports he/she has played and the various certificates he/she has obtained in them. More than being an excellent sportsperson, a SS has to be good at managing the budget allotted to him and has to have overall leadership and organizational abilities that will help improve the overall standard of sports in the college. Similarly, the magazine secretary does not need to be someone who has written a bestselling novel or published an anthology of poems. He can be a complete writing novice. But if he knows what goes into creating a magazine and has a knack of getting the job done before the deadline, then he should be preferred over any budding Milton who does not know what an A4 size sheet is but can fill it in 2 minutes at the drop of a hat (possibly with rubbish).

People are chosen for these important jobs despite being completely unqualified for them. In a classic example of politics of pacifism, more than one person is elected to one post in order to soothe bruised egos and to retain some kind of influence within the student body. This does nothing to reassure students that sycophancy will be of no use in the real world, and ability is the only thing that counts.

Clearly, college politics is an accurate reflection of the drama that is played out in our legislative bodies year after year. A large percentage of India's population consists of youth who would have the power to bring about change in our nation's fortunes. However if the concepts of true democracy are never fully grasped at the right age, this power will soon wither away into oblivion.

Rohit Ajitkumar
BE - Trical



-Artist
Rohit Ajitkumar
BE Trical



Yellow symbolizes cowardice (yellow streak); consciousness, awareness or intelligence; or - particularly if golden - a promise of something good and life-enhancing, or an intimation of your true self.



The Three Golden Words

Just to be clear from the onset, I am not talking about the three golden words that make robins sing in your hearts or make raccoons jump around in your gut or when every word said is a blooming bouquet. "I Love You". Shaa... Gone are the days when "I Love You" did all of the aforesaid mentioned things and things that I forgot to mention like your heart beating in your bum, high blood pressure, temporary diabetes due to the proverbial "so chweet" syndrome, temporary blindness, temporary deafness etc. because you are blinded by the sight of your so-called love and deafened by their voice playing in your head like a stuck record.

I regret to inform you that if you haven't heard the three words "Don't Tell ANYONE" (Hindi translation- "Kisiko Mat Batana"), then in a certain wise-man's words "You are living in Baba Aadam's zamaana". I Love You is so *passé*, so 20th century, thank God we have come up with such a cool, replacement- "Kisiko Mat Batana". It's absolutely brilliant how 3 simple words can give us such meaningful insights into the lives of people, and that's where the 21st century "Don't tell anyone" kicks 20th Century "I Love You(s)" behind black and blue.

Whereas our 21st century creation serves all of the purposes our old friend "I Love You" does, "Kisiko Mat

Batana" does so much more, and this, my friends is an understatement. If you haven't heard these 3 words from the girl of your dreams or from your better half or from your friends or from your better half's friends or from your friends' friends or your better half's friends' friends, I am sorry to break this to you but you are living a dull and morose life. And all you need to do to end this monotony is to step into my college - Sardar Patel College of Engineering/Institute of Technology and get in touch with any student in college who will give you a free "Kisiko Mat Batana" makeover, and believe me, "Kisiko Pata Nahi Chalega

So as I was saying, everyone in my college (Paradise City) is well equipped with the knowhow and expertise that is necessary to get the KMB makeover. And the best part is it comes free. Who needs exclusive news channels, when you have the KMB network that spreads from the toilet to the construction in our new building to the volleyball court to the famed Civil corridors on the first floor. I haven't heard it on the KMB network, well, it's just not news worth knowing. Here are a few examples of what to look out for on the KMB network and for a crash course in KMB:

1) "Arey tuune woh dono ko dekha kya? Woh dono se baithe the. I'm telling you something is going on between them. This is the second time I have seen them together today. However, I got to go to admit them to make a cute couple. Hainaa! But Kisiko Mat Batana. After the lunch break everyone in class is talking about it.

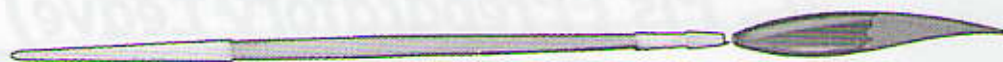
2) "Yo man, guess what I have the question coming in tomorrow's mid-sem paper. I am telling you, dude, but tuu Kisiko Mat Batana" Fifteen minutes later everyone is discussing the same question.

3) "Arey do you know xyz committee was overheard them when they were in room 999. They're doing you something's wrong. They've done some j... vaisa khaya hai and are now fighting with each other but you DONT TELL ANYONE" ha. The word is not to leak out. Such "overhearings" are common more often than not, are a figment of people's imagination. But nothing's safe from the KMB network. Soon enough, everyone is talking about it.

4) During the first year trip, in the train: me: Arey you got a laptop, kya baat hai. But why on the train? Arey I'm promoting "" so got it for that. But do



Red symbolizes passion, anger, revolution, danger. As the colour of blood, red is the symbol of life (which is why Chinese brides wear red); but blood, or course may also mean death



services. They will take my case. me: Yaya sure. I (we) won't. Don't worry. xyz: Seriously yaar Kisiko Mat Batana. me: Haa baba. 10 minutes later, he's watching a movie on his laptop with the seniors, so much for the Kisiko Mat Batana.

We are informed on an overcast Wednesday evening in August that Nirmaan is not happening. Being representatives of the Nirmaan committee we were given the task of informing all students about their Technical Festival being cancelled. The KMB network, somehow had been working overnight. The next day juniors come up to me and ask me "Nirmaan cancel ho gaya kya? We heard there is some jhol", another one says "Paisa nahi he kya?" So on and so forth. So there again the famed KMB network was deadly in spreading news to all nooks and crannies of college, this again highlighting the effectiveness of the KMB network.

I tell a friend something important, and end with the 3 golden words "Kisiko Mat Batana". A few days later when a group of us are talking in the canteen and something related to the topic comes up, my dear friend, a die-hard KMB follower comes up with a line that is favourite amongst all KMB followers "Arey maine kaise suna / pata nahi mujhe kisne bola..... (but haa usko AIDS he)." I was looking blankly at his face and obviously he had no reaction. Most important rule on the KMB network: It is not important who the news comes from or who it is about as long as the news is good enough to be making waves on the KMB network.

There have been numerous other instances which I could point out to elaborate on the strike rate and effectiveness of the KMB network but to truly gauge its effectiveness you got to speak to the victims of KMB. They will give you the most unbiased perspective. How

their lives got ruined, or how he/she almost got the girl/guy of their dreams and how KMB ruined all this. Believe me, nobody is safe from KMB. So the next time you want to share a secret with someone, the big water tank outside the canteen is a safe bet. And as for this thing I have written...pssh... Kisiko Mat Batana !

Pratap Kaul
TE - Extc



-Artist
Vivek Sagale
TE - Extc



Orange symbolizes aggressiveness. Because it is the colour of the sun, it may symbolize life, or consciousness. If you are depressed, orange may symbolize the dawn of a new attitude of optimism and proper self-love.



Pls (Preparatory Leave)

Even as you start reading this, one must understand that I have unceremoniously spent a lot of my not so valuable study time into writing this, which just makes this a self justifying article!

You could do a lot of odd things in your PL, depending upon the length of the PL. Longer the PL, longer will be the time for which tension and stress would be put on the back corner. The start of the PL is one of the most fascinating parts in an engineer's life. People hardly realize when the term started and ended. Studious people never realize it because they are immersed in a sea of reference books, notes, and what not. And fun loving people never realize it because they are always high on the masti quotient and studied probably very little for the midterm.

During the start, everyone is confident that they would be able to finish the portion a week in advance. You always end up overhearing "Arre PL kitna lamba hai". So movies, movies and more movies follow. Followed by hangouts at probably a place close to their house and then chilling at home with friends. And then finally you end up being at home and boredom sets in. Watching tv, orkutting, playing reach a height. One may even feel motivated to open their books. But then just one week into PL would feel that there is an entire lifetime to bother about the books. Then quickly comes the midphase of the PL when the confidence level decreases but there seem no increase in motivation level. There is guilt overhanging on our head that you have wasted so much quality time. We end up calling everyone and enquire about how much they have completed studying (we purposefully skip studious people). As a result our guilt pangs are driven out through the fence. We once again start enjoying life and new hobbies find a prominent place. Anything other than related to studies is worth giving a try. Gardening, cooking, dreaming, building a house of cards, calculating your age in days, cleaning your shoes, counting the words on this page....
[For more ideas to waste time visit

<http://www.wtr.ru/aphorism/eng/kiltime1.htm>
Then the midphase ends slowly and softly and then start getting guilt pangs like a fitness freak does when he/she eats a bar of chocolate.

Now you don't need any motivation but coffee and tea help you up late night. You realize that the books have suddenly added a lot of weight to themselves (enjoy themselves also ki kya?). You crane your neck and narrow your eyes to read the minutest of writing and cramp your head with how much you can understand. Now our main motive is only to clear the exam with any KTs. And after all the nerve breaking nights with your pet purring away, asking you to play with it, losing your cool over every few seconds coz you don't remember what you've studied just a few minutes before, your friend pestering you to explain him something, finally comes the day when you actually finish studying almost everything and that too just a week before the main exam. And on the night before the exam there is nothing more liberating than spending the night surviving on coffee alone, and feeling ever so confident in your ability to retain last minute information. However, the results come in, and you swear to yourself that next year will be different. Next year you'll plan months ahead of time, you'll go to the teachers for extra help, and you'll be a complete model of perfection for exams to come.

However, learning to study is a lot like learning to use a power tool: at times you never know which lever to press and which switch to turn. The key is to experiment with whatever you feel comfortable with. In time, preparing for the finals will almost be second nature to you. I think it was Hemmorrhoidus who once said, in a drunk stupor: 'Be ye man or woman, be ye learner or teacher, be ye beggar or rich, be ye learners all!' I don't know what he meant, either. Good luck.

Ankitha & Sneha
TE - Ex



There are painters who transform the sun into a yellow spot, but there are others who, thanks to their art and intelligence, transform a yellow spot into the sun.

- Pablo Picasso



Controversial India

Every morn when I wake up I'm eager to know what's new in the news channels and what I find none other than controversies booming around a particular news channel. And I always come across the conclusion why can't some of Indian people be a bit logical in making issues???

The famous controversy I hated the most was about the movie 'Slumdog Millionaire'. Besides praising for the quality of the movie people started to protest regarding 'The movie describes the poor INDIA'. I also came across a man carrying poster which says 'We are not dog, we are the future of INDIA'. If they are very sort of anger in them why can't they take actions to change things rather cursing the director for making the film. In INDIA when a particular movie about a particular caste, community etc releases controversies starts booming. The movie name Billu Barber name was changed to Billu just because the barber community was being hurt. There are many movies like Ghajini; Singh is King, Mangal pandey, etc...which overcame the controversy issue. These are some of the names of movies highlighted above well most movies in bollywood has to overcome controversy issue. That's all about the Bollywood.

Coming to politics well in my opinion it's just a publicity drive for the political leaders. They take a particular issue and do violence on streets make the news paper headline and gain publicity these is common in cities like Mumbai. There speeches make good controversies, pulling the legs of other parties. Let's talk less about this issue or else it will be another controversy.

Well the Rich class of our society The Business Man is behind in the race of controversy. Some of the famous controversies are Satyam saga, conflict between Ambani brothers, SEZ, etc...Even some of sportsperson makes good controversies.

I always had a question in my mind why people of India

always make big issues of mere things??? In my opinion the media plays an important role in making big issues and many take advantage of publicity which they gain in return. Controversies are major part of news channels. In the conclusion I just want to say these controversies should be made in a bit small scale rather making big issues it creates a bitter image of India in front of the world.

Kaushal Dodia
FE - Trical



"I found I could say things with color and shapes that I couldn't say any other way--things I had no words for."
- Georgia O'Keeffe



Recession? Yeah Right!

Recession? Yeah Right!

3 million jobs lost, stock market couldn't go lower, and Obama sorry President Obama warns of a further setback so much that even the US porn industry has asked for a bailout.

1 after the other every superpower, every big businessman is worried of recession, but the main question is Will it strike India?

I don't think so, well I may not be some economist but okay lets make it simpler.

Let's go back in time. No not in the dinosaur age! But 20 yrs ago the bread which costed 20 paise is now at Rs.20. So what even the salary has increased. Obama sorry again President Obama said that taxes, product prices will increase, What? Product prices increase? Okay recession can never strike India least in SP. Why?

You pay Rs.25000 (500\$) a year and what you get, A degree of an engineer from the most reputed college in Bombay, sorry Mumbai, Cynics will say "So what even my college is reputed and has 80% placement, and it also has an AC."

Well I don't want an Air Conditioned college where the emissions are high enough to choke your mouth even before you say your hypocritical speech on global warming.

As for the non-ac tag, come to my college, the trees in its vicinity, so much so that you can't make out whether the college is surrounded by trees or the trees lead you to the college and the open spaces which SP offers to refresh the minds are far more relaxing than your painted walls.

So what my college's classrooms are far bigger, with new benches each year that a municipal, sorry, government college like SP cannot even afford.

Oh my God I wish SP had classrooms big enough to be vacant during lectures. Dude my classrooms not only

accommodate anxious students but also God's creation Pigeons, and when they fly across the benches it creates a bond via a smile between the teacher and the students who are so tired of each other at the last lecture. As for the Govt. tag, isn't the Indian Army a Government Sector, well not exactly but the point is the canteen offers far more edible and affordable food.

Affordable? Let me show you my wallet.

Well maybe you must be finding a 5-star restaurant more comfortable, giving a tip which exceeds a sandwich bill, then I think it's shameful on your part to spend (read brag) money which was never earned by you, you just happened to be born in some Sindi Gujarati family.

My college has festivals. How many does SP take care of? Haa...

Nirmaan, Space, Spark, Torque, Nirmitti...

Ok fine SP maybe the best college but mine has sophisticated children, bootilicious girls and stylish men?

Oh I'm sorry I go to SP to study and for all those things you just mentioned were done by me in HSC.

Yeah but

My college has a hostel to give (read welcome) students outside this city (not outsiders) a chance to experience the Bombay, sorry Mumbai life and share the experience as they come from different parts of the State, some have come from as far as a place near China.

China?

He lived near the Indo-China border, on this side of the border, that's why I said near China, and say you



It is only after years of preparation that the young artist should touch color - not color used descriptively, that is, but as a means of personal expression.

- Henri Matisse



Result.....

College students have mastered English.

My college professors have a name, they take a 5 figured money for tuitions, notes.

The professors of Sardar Patel College Of Engineering do all this without a penny and as for your notes which have more designs and fancy cover, come to my library 1 day and I shall show you where your 'notes' come from.

Have to go I have a lecture.

It's Sunday!

Tell that to my tuition teacher!!

The conclusion is recession can never strike India, least of all SP and if it does, well let's not get hypothetical.

Ajay Tulsiani
SE - Trical



5 Minutes back..

"Is baar serious lagta hai yaar..."

"Confirmed news hai.."

"A, B, aur C ko bhi sms aaya.."

"D top maara.."

After a month long wait, and a rumour packed summer, it was finally the day!

The result was out, and people were smashing their teeth to swallow. I could see the swarm of heated up human bodies burst through the door, ignoring a highly potential stampede. I, being a proud member of the looser clan, took my hibernation time, yawned, flexed my rusty muscles and strolled down, simply to witness what I would call one of the most amazing sights that only an engineering life could show me...

Gaurav Dobhal
TE - Extc



"Colour helps to express light, not the physical phenomenon, but the only light that really exists, that in the artist's brain."

- Henri Matisse, 1945.



Road To Engineering

Eyelids are firmly glued and the body refuses to come out of its comfortable cocoon. Slowly the eyes open out to the (not so) welcoming morning. But there is no time to be wasted! Hating everything that comes in front of it the body comes out of its reverie and begins the work to look acceptable for the LONG DAY ahead. Brush, shower, breakfast all come and go in a blur.

The legs complaining loudly haul the body towards the exit points outside the house. The outside world welcomes the tired eyes with chaos! It is very very difficult to distinguish one place from other. Reaching the correct destination is another problem altogether. Somehow the mind and the body work in tandem and wade through the ever increasing confusion. At last the eyes spot the dome of the railway station through all the smog. The body spends all its energy trying to reach the dome before any other pressing body nearby can. Somehow after glaring, pushing and getting pushed the mind is satisfied to have completed at least a part of the morning quest (the railway station has been reached). Now at the embarkation point the general confusion gives way to total mayhem. The body cringes to the touch of so many pressing bodies but the mind has just one goal--embark the vehicle. All the mayhem lasts for about half a minute before it subsides only to erupt again when another vehicle arrives soon after. The time spent pressing against all the bodies is like a long torturous wait until without warning (except for more shoving and swearing) the body is flung out into the open.

The first thing the mind registers is "FILTH". People are spitting and dirtying the place without a second thought. The body directs all its energies to get away

from the place where it felt relief only some time ago. But the thought of escaping from the filth is wasted. The way outside is as bad if not worse. Hugging the bag closer to the body and shivering slightly the mind and body escape to greater perils. The maze of steel that needs to be conquered and the amount of dirt over the concrete that needs to be trampled through cannot be described. After what seem like hours of crisis crossing through filth, dodging steel monsters and believe it or not more bodies the final destination is very near.

Suddenly through all the haze the eye registers some familiar faces coming from the opposite way. The brain is barely able to register the message the familiar faces convey (The entire exercise was a waste). Instead the body responds almost instantly, it turns and plunges back into the maze of steel, concrete filth and bodies for possibly (hopefully) last time in the day!...

(everything is exaggerated a bit)

Shilp Dixit
TE - II



"Mere colour, unspoiled by meaning, and unallied with definite form, can speak to the soul in a thousand different ways."
- Oscar Wilde



"Sorting out my life"

Lately, I've been hearing a lot of 'sorting out my life' stuff. I really fail to understand what exactly people mean when they say this, and this coming from people who are in their early twenties. What do you do when you sort out your life? Do you sort out your priorities in life? Weren't you doing that all this time? Do you have to disconnect from your social life when you're doing this? I keep on wondering why I have never felt a need to sort out my own....and I'm still wondering....

The other day, while I was having dinner with my friend, we picked up this topic and while we were talking he asked me one of his philosophical questions -

"What do you expect from life?"

Expectations hurt many a times - and this I've learnt from my own experiences.

Expect nothing, live frugally on surprise - Alice Walker

I don't expect anything from life. But I have a lot of expectations from me. And I see to it that I stand up to them. You can't expect anything from life. If you could, one would just expect happiness and love all over.

Are you going to think about a particular problem (right now) that's going to arise if you act or behave in a certain way? Why not instead solve all the problems that are right in front of you? You don't think right now about crossing the next ten bridges that'll come your way. You've to first cross the one you are standing at. You'll learn a lot and maybe you can cross the rest with much ease. Experience counts.

Why say you want to sort out your life? Do you know what life holds in store for you?

Does life question you about your needs and present it wrapped up in nice golden gift paper to you? You've to struggle for it. You've to work hard. No alternative."

I don't want to sort out my life. I just don't feel the need to. Let life throw problems at me, I'll tackle them. I'm strong

enough to do that. And I'm not afraid of failure. I'll learn.

What's life if it's all planned and that too meticulously! It loses its charm. Live every day like it's a surprise.

Snehal Kharat
TE - Extc

Memories

Memories are there to cherish,
Without us they will always perish,
They are there to live in your hearts,
From where they can never be apart.

They'll stay with you till the end of your life,
Till that day let them be alive,
They day you pass them on,
No one's heart they'll ever trespass.

Make it a point to live with memories,
Since they are our life's summaries,
Remember always to live with them,
And never cling to them,
Your clinging to them shall only fade them.

Snehal Kharat
TE - Extc



In the Western Culture:
Purple and gold are often associated with Royalty, wealth and opulence



The Day he lost his Father

He was six. The age where every day brought a new adventure and every night he went to sleep with a clear conscience. He was staying at his grandmother's house, a village 50 kilometers from the nearest city. He spent his days exploring the surrounding countryside with his best friend Bruno. Bruno was 10 years old, black and with soft silky fur, a mongrel but one of the friendliest, smartest dogs around,

That fateful day he woke up quite early in the morning. Today he wanted to walk to the stream which lay some distance to the south and spend the day in the water with Bruno. To his surprise all his family surrounded the kennel, their faces somber. Bruno lay motionless, his tongue lolling out staring at the congregation with sightless eyes. Why was Bruno not moving? Why did he not bound towards him, his tail wagging, the air resounding with his joyous barks while attempting to lick every uncovered part of his master's body? His mind raced. He was too young to understand death. He wanted to run towards Bruno and shake him awake. He was held back by his mother. Her eyes welled with tears as she tried to explain to him as best as she could the circle of life ending with inevitable death. He listened; his legs seem to give way. His blissful world had come down crashing around him. He sat down on the cold hard earth feeling helpless.

He watched as the laborers dug the earth near the outhouse, moving mechanically, their emotions not clouded by the tragedy which had just occurred. It took them very little time to dig a small grave and they callously tossed Bruno's body inside and covered it with red mud. He ran inside and got some flowers from the prayer room and laid them on the grave as respectfully as he could. He sat by the grave absent-mindedly chewing a blade of grass determined to give his faithful friend and companion company till his mother came to fetch him.

A few hours later, he was sitting on the low wall which surrounded his house. He wanted to get away from it all. He felt his pockets and found a small picture of God which his parents had given him. "If you pray hard enough you will get what you want son", his mother's words rang in his ears. Holding the picture close to his chest he prayed for the return of his dog. He turned back in expectation but God had failed him this time. Bruno was still sleeping in his earthy tomb oblivious to his master's prayers. Disgusted he flung the photo into a nearby bush. His parents were obviously wrong, God did not exist and nor was he as merciful as they led him to believe. Like millions before him, he felt God had deserted him when he needed him most. He resolved to never pray again and buried his face in his hands and cried.

That night he tried to sleep but something disturbed him. He remembered his mother saying that God rewarded good children. Maybe he had been bad and Bruno was taken away from him as a punishment. If he prayed hard and behaved himself, God would be happy and he would be reunited with his dog. He had to find that picture first thing in the morning and plead for forgiveness. He turned around, hugged his grandfather and went to sleep. That night in his dreams, he played with Bruno in his dreams their friendship transgressing lives and domains.

Deepak Mohan
BE - Trical



Colors represent holidays and seasons of the year.

The Fall foliage colors of Red, orange, yellow, and brown are clearly expressive of Thanksgiving. Halloween: Orange and Black. Red and Green represent Christmas. Purple and Yellow and other pastels colors represent Easter.



When You Feel All Alone

Loneliness The Greatest Fear...

When you feel all alone,
And the world has turned its back on you,
Give me a moment please,
To Tame your wild wild heart,
It feels like the walls are closing in on you,
It's hard to find relief,
And people can be so cruel,
When darkness is upon your door and you feel like you
can't take anymore,

Let me be the one you call,
If you jump i'll break your fall,
Lift you up and fly away into the night.
If you need to fall apart,
I can mend a broken heart,
If you need to crash then crash and burn,
You're not alone.

When you feel all alone,
And a loyal friend is hard to find,
You're caught in a one-way street,
With the monsters in your head.
Where hopes and dreams are far away,
And you feel like you can't face the day.

Because there has always been heartache and pain,
And when its over you'll breathe again.
You'll breathe again.

When you feel all alone,
And the world has turned it back on you,
Give me a moment please,
To tame your wild wild heart.

Avinash Mishra
SE - Trical



Of Ganpati and Sean Paul

So its Visarjan day today. My colony Ganpati moves along at snail's pace. I am a passive bystander at the edge of the road. I see two trucks. The one ahead has a self proclaimed DJ, and at least four speakers, each at least 8 feet tall. There're around 200 people behind this truck. Predominantly youth, but not without the occasional beer bellied uncle here, or the fat bottomed aunty there.

The DJ churns out music loud enough to drive you crazy. And all these 200 people begin dancing. Traffic is obstructed. Cars honking, traffic police screaming at the top of their lungs, and the DJ changing the music on a whim. Some real popular Bollywood numbers. Then comes a different beat. Temperature' is the song. Sean Paul's words of wisdom follow, and the crowd does a loud 'Woowooooooooo' to show their appreciation for the DJ and his choice.

Anyway, for all the colony to hear, Sean Paul raps

Five million and forty naughty shorty...
Baby girl...all my girls, all my girls...Sean de Paul say

Well woman the way they time cool I wanna be keepin' you warm
I got the right temperature for shelter you from the storm
oh lord, gal I got the right tactics to turn you on, and girl
I...Wanna be the Papa...You can be the Mom...oh oh!

Not less than five feet behind all this, the second truck trundles along. A few disgruntled old men, and little kids too young to know what 'turn you on' means, trail along behind it, and above all of this, Lord Ganesha towers in all his benign and magnanimous glory. I detect a satiric smile on his face. I can't help but feel amused. Meanwhile, Sean Paul gives way to Eminem now, and the ardent devotees dance on into the night.

Bharat Ram
BE - Mech



Blue, Red, White and Grey = Stability, Power. Yellow, Brown, Orange, Green = Nature, earthiness, warmth.
Red, Orange, yellow = more warmth. Blues and Aquas = water and coolness



Just This Once

The room was dark. And quiet. It smelt of raw plywood and rotting wood polish. A damp woody smell. Perfect, thought Mike. He walked towards the window sill, his sneakers making a soft muffled sound as they passed over the wood shavings scattered on the floor. He stopped. The window sill. Perfect. The weather was cloudy. A soft drizzle followed as he stood there, watching. Darkening the sky even more. Perfect. He sat on the window sill, one leg up resting his elbow on it. Slid a window open. Fresh air greeted him. Maybe for the last time, he mused. The drizzle turned into a downpour. People, children, dogs scattered for shelter. Perfect, thought Mike. To be safe inside a man made structure but still feel the iron grip of nature on yourself. And to do something so unethical that even nature would be upset. He smiled. And took out his smoke. Lit it. Rested his head on the wall, closed his eyes, letting it burn idly. I am not sad, or depressed or in any trouble. Neither am I under any peer pressure, he thought bluntly. I am just doing it to try it out. Just once. Just this once. He looked at his Marlboro light. It was halfway through. Hell I think too much. He took a drag. A small one. His throat grew hot, his chest burnt and what followed was a series of coughs. Violent ones. Uncontrollable ones. His eyes watered. What pleasure do people derive from doing this, he thought. It was nearly over. He put it in his mouth, and inhaled slowly. This time there were no desperate coughs. No burning lungs. A floating sensation. A mind devoid of thought. Clarity to the maximum. His heartbeat went up as blood rushed to his brain. And then it slowed down. Easing it of all pain. Of the confusion. He thought the smoke would cloud his thoughts and retard his thinking capabilities. On the contrary, he had never been so clear. Or confident. He opened his eyes. The feeling started fading and he could already feel himself reaching out for a second. But he stopped himself. And smiled. Is this what they called being high? Is this what people wasted their lives on? Someone had told him that

meditation gave one the same feeling after years practice. What a quick way this was. But he promised himself he wouldn't get addicted. Addicted? And more. Definitely not, he thought. He could feel beads of sweat forming on his forehead as he struggled to fight off the urge. His body swayed and his mind raged a battle against his so called ethics. Maybe I just need another one to calm myself down, just this once. Just this once.

“(this article does not in any way promote smoking or any related activities. I have tried to show it in a balanced light, how it becomes addictive. Also the character is purely fictitious. Any resemblance to any person living or dead is highly coincidental.)

Yugandhar Garg

TE - Comp



Native American Color Symbolism:

Red (Faith), Yellow (Love), Blue (Intuition), Green (Will), Pink (Creativity), White (Magnetism), Purple (Wisdom), Orange (Learning), Gray (Honoring), Brown (Knowing),



Transfer Window

The masses of India are well acquainted with the intricate details of IPL/ICL. A few (lucky!) ones even claim to possess in-depth knowledge of EPL and various other top-flight sports clubs.

The main idea behind all club sports is congenital. The respective club owner tries to get the best players from their respective countries to form a team and play for them. Makes the players look like inanimate objects but this is the main crux of the situation. It brings the best players and they say this practice of club level sports takes the game forward and it's better for the sport. (That is if you keep aside the exorbitant amount of money involved)

Now there is an enormous amount of money being 'wasted' elsewhere in our very own city. The coaching classes are absolutely minting money. In fact I wouldn't be surprised if any of the 'famous' teachers is found to have an 'Uncle Scrooge' warehouse full of money. Every semester there are rumors of XYZ teacher having a net annual turnover of 4 crores!!! (That is more than the GDP of Nepal) As a token of gratitude what does this teacher do for its students?... Fits in more classrooms in the same tiny premises and provides 3 inch wide planks for 20 year old students to sit on for hours at an end and 'learn' the 'really tough' subject.

This should serve as an eye opener for the university that claims to be the absolute best in the country. This calls for a few changes of rules around the park. All coaching classes should be banned --- a la ICL. This statement has earned me a few (many) more enemies to add to an already formidable number waiting patiently in the flanks to catch me off-guard...

But this is not time to kiss our 'loved private tutors' goodbye. Instead a real test of character awaits them. Let us begin the 'agni-pariksha' by imagining that our

colleges are 'clubs' and the private tutors are 'star players'. These star players are in high demand in every club and so it is fair to have an auction --- enter the 'transfer window'. At the beginning of every season (semester) the transfer window will be opened and players will be auctioned by the respective club owners.

The club buys players that it finds most suitable to its needs and bringing with him/her the right amount of consistency (in our case the highly coveted 'marks'). For that magical semester the player brings fresh talent in the club which seems to rub into the local players in club. This makes the existing local players raise their level and so in a few seasons time there will be no need for their foreign counterparts. Slowly over a few semesters the club will improve its performance in all (engineering) departments of the sport and will do away with the visiting players.

Come to think of it this is not half as bad as it sounds. The class's teacher can teach the whole college about the particular subject and so the students do not need to pull away from the shade of the colleges. After a few such semesters the college lecturers aided by these 'tutors' will themselves gain the correct teaching method (not that they are ineffective now!). Slowly and steadily the level of in-house teaching will reach such heights that there will be no need for extra-classes. Every college operating under the Mumbai University will be able to boast of strong engineering departments (yay!).

In foresight the only possible losers are the private tutors. But they probably have made enough already to last several lifetimes. Does it really matter whether they lose or not?... If they really want to impart 'quality' education and spread their profound knowledge to the multitude (as they repeatedly claim to) I don't expect them to shirk away from this excellent opportunity.





Won't come home this

Leaving losers behind let us focus our attention on to the gaining party. The university, colleges and more importantly the students. Probably its to do with the current study environment but I have never come across a student swayed into pursuing a career in any particular subject just because his/her "classes sir" taught the subject really well. This might not be the case in near future in the relative comfort of the college rooms and labs. Even in the worst case the students still get the sky high marks they are so desperate to cling to!...

Throw open the (transfer) window and let the light stream in...

Shilp Dixit
TE - IT

It gets late, and off go the city lights
So do the laughter, and the fights,
Ten thousand homes, all getting ready
For bed time, nightdresses and stories
A cosy little world, it thunders outside
Dina shakes in her bed, little eyes wide
Momma will daddy get wet? Will he be
Does he have a bed and does he sleep on

Daddy's at the border, rifle in hand
Shivering in his boots, but at his stand
There's tension over the mile, bombs erupt
Momma knows that, still, she keeps smiling
And says daddy's a super man, he takes care
And when they need him the most, he gives
Dina says her prayers, and closes her eyes
Momma kisses her forehead, and puts off the

Meanwhile, daddy is in battle now, the bombs
And the gunshouts louder, and now one on his
He is bleeding now, and he falls to the ground
slum

A bullet in his body, throbbing, a fatal metal
And daddy knows he's seen the last of Dina and
And he's trembling now, just trying to hold on
As it slips away, he prays 'God let Dina grow
And a few minutes later, daddy passes away
night.

Momma gets the news when Dina is at school
She closes her eyes, and the world begins to
And she knows she can't tell Dina, some things
told,

You can't say daddy's gone forever to a four
And so at night, the world watches TV at the
day,

About movies, cricket, ministers, and what's hot
Dina is in bed, thinking her superman daddy is
fine,

* And in the darkness, momma cries the night
For she knows daddy won't be back home this



Asian Color Symbolism

Red: Happiness, Pink: Marriage, Yellow: Against evil, Green: Eternity, Blue: Self-cultivation, Purple: Wealth,
White: mourning, purity, Gold: Strength, Black: evil influences, knowledge.



Youth Festivals !!

"Aunty please!! We will all go together...we promise to bring her back before 7 pm. No, Aunty, we will not do anything rash or silly... yes, Aunty, we understand; Xaviers is a little weird... oh thank you Aunty!" This little exchange was for my sake. My mother was being convinced by my flock of friends that I would not come to grief of any kind at Malhar, the most eagerly looked forward to festival at St.Xaviers. Parle College (now called Sathaye college) was known alternately as a Kakubai college or a fortress then. The gates would shut at 5 pm. Special permission had to be taken to use the premises for dance practice or dramatics in the evenings. Being part of both groups, I was a regular at most festivals – but my mother was a little sceptical about Malhar. She had heard horror stories of drunken youths, peeks, druggies – of a world that was aeons away from the peaceful, conservative world of sleepy little Vile-Parle.

Having convinced my mother that I would be none the worse for having ventured into the big bad world of Malhar, our brave little band of Parleites set out to taste the culture of South Mumbai. The scene was chaotic. This was 1984; Abba was the craze then and so was Michael Jackson. As the band Police crooned "I am watching you" in the background, the main courtyard overflowed with teenagers who had painted themselves in bright punk colours. We recovered ourselves after the initial culture shock to go look for events we could participate in. We won a prize here and a prize there, but the noise got on our nerves after a while. It was as if an entire bubbling cauldron of teenagers had decided to use this day to scream their lungs out. Malhar is a monsoon festival; the then Mumbai winters (which were actually winters, then) were witness to Aarohan (Ruia), Aavishkar (GS Medical) and Ashwamedh (Lokmanya

Tilak Medical College, Sion). JJSchool of Arts used to host Yuvotsav (I remember carrying the trophy for "best college" home in 1985); engineering colleges had not mushroomed then. Then came Mood I and "Aunty" had to be convinced all over again. But she had a point. On the pronite, my friend stumbled over a collegian sleeping on the guest house lawns at the III campus – he was obviously stoned. My friend said, "Oh, I am so sorry." He turned over and said "It's my pleasure, lady." This anecdote became a legend and was passed on to wide-eyed Parleites who would then recount it to their juniors. But Mood I was a must-attend for sheer size and variety. It was the biggest festival then, too.

Since Parle College did not have its own youth festival, we only experienced these as participants. We were lucky to have morning lectures till 12; we were free birds throughout the day, so attendance was no issue! The best part was that our institute gave us college prizes for every single prize won outside college – this generous gesture egged us on to excel even more. Come to think of it, our student contingents became lifelong friendship networks that we have preserved even after a quarter of a century; and our teenagers' days out gave us powerful lessons in handling healthy competition, friendly rivalry and yes, some half-stoned counterparts.

Prof. Madhavi Gokhale
Lecturer in Communication Skills
SPIT.



Blue: lowers blood pressure, decreases respiration. Green: helps those suffering from depression, anxiety, nervousness Violet: suppresses appetite, provides a peaceful environment, good for migraines



...and the world went pink



A slight chill had crept into the freshness of spring. Nature almost seemed to whisper to Sara "Dearest, the end draws nigh". Sara herself seemed prepared for it. That she had lived for more than sixty years after her several close encounters with the reaper was itself a miracle of sorts. Sara lit the candles on the menorah. She hardly bothered to do it these days but today she felt different. The view of the meadows from her window was breathtaking. Blossoms of every hue covered the ground like a carpet. In the distance she could see a group of stately trees. It was a special place and she knew that today, she would have to visit it.

The staccato burst of a machine gun woke the six year old girl. "Come Sara", said the lady "We have to leave". Sara could sense the urgency in her mother's voice. The sound only meant one thing - the Bawn family, along with several others, was leaving the Krakow ghetto. Where they were going, nobody knew. All they knew was wherever they would go hope would not exist.

A stately looking blond with those characteristic blue eyes that remained cold and reminded everyone of the "supremacy" of this race bundled Sara into the truck with her parents. Only Rabbi Moshe dared ask, "Where are we going?" As the doors changed shut people screamed in terror, but it was not the darkness that scared them, it was the answer. Auschwitz Purgatory would have sounded better for they knew Auschwitz was a place where even the devil would fear to tread.

It all came back to Sara as she prayed to Yahweh to forgive her and leave a place for her amongst her beloved parents. Her sweet gentle mother who had no strength to keep up with the monstrous pace set by the SS. Her father, who once seemed full of vitality but whose failing health had meant he would see the inside of a gas chamber within a year of arriving at Auschwitz.

Sara didn't work too much until her mother died. From that day she had to look out for herself. A human being reduced to his primeval state of mind is a terrifying sight to behold and this was what Sara saw each day as daughters slapped and kicked and punched and knifed their own mothers and sisters to get that extra morsel of bread or just a piece of cloth. She had to fight too much to survive and she did just that.

As Sara thought back to every incident etched clearly in her memory, she felt like she was going through it all over again. She did not seem to have a happy memory of that time. The happiest, she mused, might have been liberation day, when she was finally freed from the camp of death and forced to live in an orphanage. She had survived, she had her freedom but no one to share it with. Her parents were dead and all her friends at camp, if you could call some of them that, were lost in the that great exodus.

The next sixty years seemed to pass in a blur. It almost felt as though after Liberation Day, this was the day that followed. She had outlived Hitler, the monster whose acts, she thought, could never be repeated. Then came Stalin, Saddam, Ghaddafi and so many other who came with the promise of hope and betrayed millions. Sara had survived the biggest war in human history and now, when she saw that history was very close to repeating itself, felt her inner resolve leave her. Sara no longer wished to survive, no longer felt like revolting against the forces that professed themselves stronger than her. Sara Bawn had enough of the horrors of war and the hypocrisies of peace.

She remembered the bunch of trees. She knew there was a clearing in the centre, completely covered by the lofty branches on the top, which made the place seem like a sanctuary. The trees were covered with delicate flowers which rained down towards the centre. She had spent many a lonely hour there, seeking solace with the almighty.

Slowly she coaxed her frail body into the centre of the clearing. Flowers gently fell on her and as dusk set in, she hoped someone would say caddish for she remembered all the good things in the world which were worth preserving and thanked god for being allowed to see them. Her life was a miracle. The pink flowers still fell gentle as the end drew near. As she lay on the ground, she heard a lady call out "Come Sara, we have to leave!" and the world went pink.

Rohit Ajitkumar
BE - Trichy

Aries: White, Taurus: Yellow, Gemini: Red or Purple, Cancer: Bright Green, Leo: Golden Yellow/Orange, Virgo: Pale Blue or Violet, Libra: Violet, Scorpio: Reddish Brown, Sagittarius: Orange or Purple, Capricorn: Brown or Blue, Aquarius: Dark Blue, Pisces: White or Purple



Excerpts from a geek's diary



Insanity is doing the same thing again and again and expecting different results. These words by Albert Einstein have inspired me to note down the happenings in my day, learn from them and overcome the mistakes. I start this daily exercise from today.

February 13, 2009:

I woke up at 6:31am, a minute late. I have pondered over the idea of using an alarm clock. But, I do not want to break my slumber unnaturally. That will affect the vitamin C content in my body and I will not be able to concentrate. So, a good idea to avoid the alarm clock. I brushed my teeth, holding the toothbrush at an angle of 45 degrees with the right cheek, three times on the left, three on the right and five on the front. A perfect brush! I had a bath (which many in my class don't). I left house at 7:31am, a minute late (wake up time proportional to leaving house time). This means I spend right amount of time on the chores. As usual, I was first at the bus stop hence first in the queue and consequently first to get in the bus. Not surprisingly, I was the first to get down well. I read 'Theory of Relativity: An Honest analysis' on the way in the bus. I finished reading it for the twelfth time and found twenty three errors in the book and thirteen in the theory. I believe there are many more. College was usual, interesting lectures by keen professors, myself asking sixteen questions and answered twelve. The question: answer ratio has significantly gone up. I need to work harder.

I saw Rakhi Sawant's photograph while peeping into a newspaper. Newspapers are a waste of money. Why buy your own when you can read from others? Anyways I have deduced through several such covert reading operations, that Rakhi is trying to seduce me. She is not ugly. Only her mandible is oversized, her sphenoid bone not a perfect curve and her nasal bone scientifically orchestrated. But her belief in science through cosmetic surgeries attracts me. If she succeeds in seducing me, which is possible by Newton's third law, I would like her to help me in writing a thesis on plastic surgery. I

reached home at 5:31pm, addition to law (wake up time proportional to reaching home time). I got into the lab at 8:41pm, (the law holds good again) conducted a successful tests on metals and wrote a thesis on magnetism. I am not unwise to reveal the tests I concluded. They will soon be published. I finish this at 10:41pm (I need to write a book on the law).

February 14, 2009:

I woke up at 6:29am, a minute early. Alarm clock. No, vitamin C. I leave home at 7:29am. Genocide of my pride! I am second at the bus-stop, second in to the bus. Some pride restored as I get down first. College was better. Question: answer=1:2. Hard work paying off.

Again saw Rakhi Sawant's photograph. The article read about her having a headache. By looking at her sphenoid and now by her suffering from a headache, I deduce that she has sphenoid sinusitis. Sure to be read in tomorrow's paper. Reached home at 5:29pm. Thought of a name for the law on the way back, 'Law of Timing'. Conducted tests. Finish at 10:29pm.

P.S. Found three errors more in the book. The bus-stop roof needs to be rebuilt to work better in heat retention. Hold brush at 50 degrees rather than 45 degrees.

These are pages from the book of a B.Sc. student. Besides this, the police found many other items of interest in his room. The police were called when the student's body was found in the room. Before reading these pages, the police concluded that the boy had committed suicide by drinking H_2SO_4 . He was obsessed with Rakhi Sawant and hence decided to end his life on Valentine's day. However, the inquest proved that the boy had accidentally drunk sulphuric acid which was kept beside a glass of water. He was busy in conducting chemical tests on metals and hence the fatal error.

Tanush parihaar
SE - Comps



Your mind will be like its habitual thoughts; for the soul becomes dyed with the color of its thoughts. Soak it then in such trains of thoughts as, for example: Where life is possible at all, a right life is possible.

- Marcus Aurelius



My Robocon Experience

Robotics is something I not only feel passionate about but also enjoy doing ever since I witnessed one of the events during our college fest back in my first year. Pradyumna & I got into it as a team initially, going on to become best friends later. In fact I can still remember the day when he first told me about this "thing" called Robocon, an inter-collegiate contest in which our college participates. We used to speak about maybe one day being good enough to be part of that team, a wish which got fulfilled a year later. That's how it began, how we have never had a decent winter holiday. Not to mention missing out on an industrial visit to Goa, though it was something which we were not forced to, but chose to do. Being the most experienced, we (both Pradyumna & I) ended up as the Team Leaders for this year's team.

The theme of ROBOCON 2009 was based on a Japanese tradition of carrying people in a Kago (a palanquin of sorts) by two people, an act to be replicated using 3 robots. As anyone would tell you this is BY FAR the most difficult theme Robocon has ever had. Simply because co-operation is required between automatic robots. Basically the task required 2 robots (one manual and one automatic) to hold a palanquin. Then pick & carry a third automatic robot (called the traveller) around an obstacle course followed by the traveller alighting & going on to bang three drums placed on a platform, thus explaining the theme - TRAVEL TOGETHER FOR THE VICTORY DRUMS. We knew we had a daunting task ahead of us. Work began with small amount of money provided by SPCE Gymkhana which was used in making parts of the field in order to help us test out designs we had thought of along with out older motors & other components. I suffered a major setback in when I seriously fractured my right ankle leaving my share of the work incomplete. Pending college work along with submissions & vivas led to

hardly anything getting done. In addition, the hit causing us to lose the one possible sponsor making things worse. We went about searching for cheap stuff in the remotest corners of Mumbai (had we heard of Nagdevi Street?). Meanwhile we placed orders for whatever hardware we wanted - motors, batteries, all of which added to form our major costs. We finally move to our contingency plan, which was to get all the circuitry made by hand in a workshop fabricated outside. This cost us a lot of time & effort but means we saved around 20K.

On the other side, Prashant and his boys were busy designing the sensors. Electronics-wise lack of experience was the major hurdle. Since we were needed to fit a palanquin in an earlier room would not suffice, so we shifted to a new room once but thrice, during which some of the furniture collapsed sending us back to square one. Sade, the workaholic of our team was successful in getting financial help from the Alumni association. This helped our nerves as now we had enough to at least complete our project. The SPIT Gymkhana was kind enough to provide the registration fees for the contest, for which we are very grateful. Mid-February, things were going well, the automatic robot was moving (as never before) the manual and traveller robot was getting done. Reliability is an issue we were having to deal with, which proved to our Achilles' heel in the end. We would spend alternate nights in college to meet the deadline. We decided to postpone the leaving date by a couple of days in order to fully test with back-ups of whatever we may need in case of an emergency. After hiring a truck, we ended up leaving at the midnight of 3rd of March. We were one of the first teams to arrive at Bhalewadi Stadium, the venue for the contest, located on the Mumbai-Pune Expressway. All arrangements were completely. There was no



Green has taken on a very strong connotation as the color representing ecology and concern for the environment. It also conveys meanings associated with money and the suggestion "to go ahead" which is obviously derived from traffic lights.



arrangement for food, drinking water, electricity or anything else. Even the practice field was not done till the night before the contest, which was the main reason for poor performances of most teams in this year's contest. The round-robin pattern was changed to knockout matches at the group level itself. At 5pm on the day before the competition, everything changed.

That's when Murphy's Law kicked in. The programmer stopped functioning. One by one, everything started to collapse. I was forced to return to Mumbai in the middle of the night in order to bring back other types of programmers from where ever I could. After getting a ship re-opened at 11 pm, a programmer was brought from Pune. I reached Mumbai at 4 am, picked up whatever I could find and prepared to leave again by 6 am. Back in Pune, the gearboxes on the traveller arm had to be replaced. The manual relays had gone up in smoke. Meanwhile on the way back from Mumbai, I had to change buses, twice, reaching late for our own match. None of the teams seemed to be able to get things working. We lost the match 2-1 to IITR. The only hope we had was for the next team to win, thereby altering the points tally, to give us a tie-breaker. A hope that did not come through. We got knocked, this year's journey coming to an abrupt halt. I don't remember anyone speaking after that. The next day saw better performances. However, only 8 of the 55 teams made past the first task. On the final day, a number of upsets took place with defending champions Nirma losing out. Meanwhile, IIT Madras managed to beat the drums, comfortably beating VIT to win Robocon for the first time and getting the chance to represent India in Tokyo. We left that same afternoon and reached college by night.

Ever since then we all have been going over what

happened in our heads again and again. How everything changed in a single day! Pondering over all that could have and should have been done. Things like we should have begun earlier. How it's important not only having funds, but having it at the right time. In retrospect, I wish we had the money to invest in better sensors. That not only would have saved trouble on D-Day but also saved us loads of time. As team leader, I got a chance to be part in every aspect from start to finish. Designing, keeping track of finances and making tough decisions is something we have learnt the hard way. I am very pleased with the team, who never gave up even when things seemed impossible. Thankful, to each and everyone on the team has done his/her share, especially during the last week giving more than they had. To those who stayed up for 3-4 days & nights in a row, doing all that they could. I am also thankful to those who helped out especially Sachin Navalkar & Rishkul Kulkarni and grateful to the Alumni for helping us out financially.

Lastly I wish to thank our guide Prof. Vinod Raul. Without his never ending support and belief in us, we would have not even made it to Pune. We thank you Sir... for everything.

ERLE MISRA
BE - Mech



The idea of linking color and behavior is reasonable enough. Anyone who has ever felt blue, seen red, blacked out, or turned green knows we're prone to make emotional associations with different shades.

- Winifred Gallagher



Art Is More Than Just Motorcycle Maintenance

19th March 2009 was celebrated in college as "Saree, Rose and Tie" Day. Saree, roses and ties are just plain metaphors for color, love, happiness, exuberance and elegance. Perennially captured in the clutches of paper education, its like an early nirvana for most students. To cut a long story short, most students, me included, take this day very seriously. Students come impeccably dressed. Vibrant colours, smart ties, roses, jewellery and a wide assortment of accessories. It is a sight to behold. The average girl who sits next to you metamorphs herself into svelte, refined woman while the average guy looks less shabby and dishevelled than normal.

Now, the story begins thus. Not being a very prominent "Rose Day" catch, I decided to dress quite normally for the occasion. Very satisfied with what I had put on, I left my place quite content; eagerly looking forward to the day's proceedings. Lecturers got caught in the occasion and decided to mingle with the students whom they usually consider repugnant. So, behind closed doors, in our classroom, started a "Talent Session". Students were invited on the podium to showcase any art or talent they possessed. With the entire class cheering on with no inhibition in mind, it was an ideal platform for everyone to let their 'arty' hair down and have a good time. The talented people went onto the dais one after the other. Some sang melodious songs, some mimicked illustrious personalities, some did a jig, some gyrated to tunes, some cracked jokes. But most importantly, all were vociferously cheered and appreciated. After some time had elapsed, the entire class requested me to take to the stage and have my 30 seconds of fame.

I have never been artistically inclined. Perhaps because I was never exposed to art as a kid. All I did at primary

school were a couple of stage plays. Everything really tapered off after that. Secondary schooling was completely devoid of any sort of song or dance. As a result, I stick out as a sore thumb at most "enjoyment sessions" or gatherings prompting people to assume that I hate enjoyment, which is pretty preposterous.

A gamut of options flashed across my eyes. I searched. Sing. No. Dance. Hell, no. Act. Could, but not impromptu. need a script. Impersonate someone. Nope. Acrobatics. Out of question. Musical instrument. No. I sheepishly muttered that I could not do anything artistic and sat down. It was a complete damp squib.

Art is really important. Performing and Fine art more so than Literary Arts. Most bloggers like me are competent at literary arts like debates, elocutions, speeches, quizzes, JAM's and the like. But in my humble opinion, literary art is kind of a pseudo art. More like Computer or Engineering being pseudo branches. An artist or an exponent of any art form is a very gifted person. Art gives its exponent visibility, a solid physical presence in a gathering of people. The expression of an artist is pure, unadulterated, entertaining and soothing. The artist helps his audience transcend into a world of million possibilities and infinite opportunities. A Utopian world that everyone really craves for. Literary art is brutal, oppressive, boisterous and diabolical. It does nothing but find flaws, crevices and imperfections in the true artists. It is a corruption of art. Literary arts has a fierce competitive edge associated with it. It is hierarchical, differentiates among people, rates people on their ability. The other two forms that have discussed above are widely recognised and accepted by all as parameters of sociability.



Colour does not make so much difference. Look at the Bach Chaconne.

There is not one dynamic mark in the whole Bach Chaconne. Colours do not make so much difference.

- Ruggiero Ricci



It is not just classrooms where you need these performing arts. Performing arts form an integral part of any marriage process. Imagine a pretty normal chore of two families meeting over tea to talk about their kids as if they are some commodities to be traded on MCX. The groom's mother always needs to know if the bride can cook, sing, dance or paint. Whether she can take sensible & mature decisions when most needed is secondary as compared to the art forms. Sense, pragmatism and sensibility is not art. It is in fact an exact anti-art, if there is such a category. And where art is really the order of the day, anti-art finds it difficult to survive. Perhaps, this could be one of the reasons for the rising number of unsuccessful marriages.

A glance at the religious textures of the country tells us a different tale. In the Swayamvar to win Sita's hand, the suitors were asked to string a bow and not perform a folk dance. Arjuna won Draupadi's hand after giving demonstration of his dextrous archery skills. But for now, the goalposts have been changed. Rama would have had to gyrate to Himesh Reshammiya numbers to win over his in-laws.

But such trivial inconsistencies can not be an excuse or justification not to cultivate an art form. My sister is a fine dancer. It makes her more of a complete person. Social recognition aside, audience and acquaintances can relate to her form of performance. At times, even I do feel the need of an art form. Something I regret not paying enough conscious attention in developing one in my early years. Most people after enjoying a flourishing professional career will retire early to pursue their interest in painting, photography, movies, dance and classical singing. I can see myself taking up tennis, golf or

bridge - something which is also very 'anti-art'. Because I am pretty hopeless at it, I appreciate art, artists and artisans.

Art is a wonderful thing. It is everywhere around us. Everyone is an artist in their own small ways. Everyone might not be a performing artist or a fine artist. Everyone might not be able to sell their art form in front of an eager and anticipating audience. As Robert Prigog puts it in his 1974 novel, from which this article derives its title, motorcycle maintenance is also very much an art. But conventional arts - like graphic art, visual art, performing arts reside in the higher echelons of the art society. Everyone should strive to cultivate one such conventional art. Blessed are their exponents!

Chinmay Kamat
SE - Comps



-Artist
Vivek Sagale
TE - Extc



A colour is a physical object as soon as we consider its dependence, for instance, upon its luminous source, upon other colours, upon temperatures, upon spaces, and so forth.

- Ernst Mach



Death of Originality

"What Adiga lifts the lid on is also inexorably true: not a single detail in this novel rings false or feels concocted. The *White Tiger* is an excoriating piece of work, stripping away the veneer of 'India Rising'..... I was in no mood to read the article further. The big bold line beneath *India Rising* was an eyesore. My views about the author were quashed. He isn't a genius, but just someone whom I call an 'ASSEMBLER'. For people who aren't familiar with my lingo, an 'ASSEMBLER' is the one who has reduced the dignified QWERTY keyboard to a 3 button device - ctrl, c and v. These are the ones who simply want to cheat or save themselves from some effort, instead of learning how to form their own views and opinions. Personal expressions are totally lost. It's not that a certain section of people are following this practice, but a whole generation as turned to this easy form to copying. This is what I call the 'Death of Originality'."

The birth of this trend can be traced back to a portal we all know - Google. Everyone knows about the advantages of Google. But only a few are aware about the downsides associated with Googling. The ctrl C - ctrl v generation can be called as the biggest drawback of Google. A couple of years when Google shot to prominence, everybody talked about Google and its plus points. However no one anticipated the present scenario, not even its founders.

The copy paste phenomenon has taken the world by storm. It's experienced everywhere from college assignments to office reports. But why is that we are unable to bring out the originality within us? There are some theories which are making the round.

Ever since Google made its debut, people have become addicted to the easy information available at their fingertips. The good ol' library is seldom visited. People these days are showing less interest in creative work and more interested in looking at other people's work. Ask a sixth standard student to write an essay and the first thing he will do is, he will open a Navneet Lower Level essay book and blatantly start copying from it.

People are now shying away from effort. They have become what I call as 'Text Jockeys'. Type the keyword

in the textbox, skim through the first few pages, copy a few lines from here, copy some text from there and there you go, your report is ready. Information is like a vast ocean instead of scuba diving, we prefer jet skiing over it. Along with the loss of our creativeness, there is also a poor understanding of information needs among the 'Copy - Paste' generation. We are finding it difficult to develop effective search strategies and exhibit a strong preference for natural language search rather than just analyzing which key words might be more effective. Understanding search results is also problematic, it's difficult to assess the relevance of the material presented and often print off pages with no more than a perfunctory glance at them. Not only is the Internet full of unreliable information but some of those duffers are cutting-and-pasting it into their essays without even removing the Web advertising material! As Nicholas Carr says in his book, *The Big Switch: Rewiring the World, From Edison to Google*, Google is making us stupid.

Well, there are plenty of optimists who disagree with Mr. Carr. They feel that we should adapt to the problem rather than solving it. They say should we call ourselves 'stupid' because cars made us forget how to walk distances? Should we call ourselves 'stupid' because we have forgotten how to take care of ourselves and rely on doctors? Should we call ourselves 'stupid' because we listen to digital music instead of analog music and no longer know how to appreciate sound? Well I do quite agree with them. Adapting to a problem is now a part of solving it. However, I am not in favor of Mr. Carr's view. The problem is not Google, the problem lies in our mind. We are getting too much dependent on technology for our comfort. Technology used within its limits is very advantageous. However we tend to break this thin boundary thereby making less self-reliant.

As the Internet expands by leaps and bounds, I do feel the situation will improve. Unless people realize the gravity of the issue and resurrect the originality within them.

Shailesh K
SE



Full, saturated colours have an emotional significance I want to avoid.
- Lucian Freud



Data Compression

We have all downloaded files from the internet. You must have noticed that almost always, they are in .rar or .zip format i.e. they are compressed. Compression allows us to reduce the size of a file by up to 75%. Now, the question that arises is, HOW IS IT DONE? Let me explain.

There are 2 types of compression.

1. Lossless compression:

In lossless compression, as the name suggests, there is no loss i.e. the data is fully recovered on decompression. Eg: winRAR files, WinZip files.

2. Lossy compression

In lossy compression, there is a loss in the data while compression i.e. the compressed file is never exactly equal to the original file. But, the loss is generally not noticeable. Eg: MP3 files, JPEG pictures, our journals, our assignments:P

How does lossless compression work?

The answer is just one word "redundancy" i.e. repetition of the same data again and again.

Let us consider an example:

"Democracy is government of the people, by the people, for the people."

If we consider a character to occupy 2 bytes in the memory, then the sentence occupies 138 bytes.

You might notice that the words "the" and "people" are repeated 3 times. So, we can create a dictionary by assigning a number to these words. Now we can use the numbers in place of these words. So the sentence becomes:

"Democracy is government of 12, by 12, for 12."

The dictionary contains "1:the, 2:people".

Now, the sentence along with the dictionary occupies only 124 bytes. But, the compression program doesn't see

this sentence as a group of words. It sees this as a collection of characters. So, it doesn't see which words are repeated. Instead, it sees which combinations of characters are repeated. So, it may take "the people" as a single unit. So, the dictionary may contain "1:the people".

Now, the sentence is:

"Democracy is government of 1, by 1, for 1."

Now, the sentence along with the dictionary occupies only 104 bytes. Thus, we have achieved about 25% compression. And this is just one sentence! Imagine the compression in an entire essay, chapter or even an entire book! The compression is much more in the programs written in programming languages like C++, java, visual basic, etc. where some keywords are repeated again and again. This was the simplest compression algorithm. There are many others like Hoffmann coding (which we studied in DSA Sem III) and LZW algorithm.

Now, if you are really interested, try compressing this sentence:

"Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country"

This was about lossless compression. Lossy compression works by removing information in such a way that it isn't noticeable. I may write about it next year. Just for information, this article's size is 2,842 bytes in .txt format and 1,143 bytes in .rar format (60% compression).

Aradhya Tripathi

SE - II



Have you seen the roses? There's a whole lot of colours.
- Syd Barrett



The Story of The Great Diamond: Kohinoor

When this diamond was owned by Sultan Nadir Shah, king of Persia; he called it, Koh-e-noor, which literally means 'The mountain of Light'. It has always been said that the owner of this diamond will rule the world.

While evaluating the Kohinoor, Nadir Shah said that it is equivalent to the space encompassed by throwing four stones in the four directions and one stone in the upward direction, filled by gold. This diamond has never been sold; but has always changed hands by means of gifts or war. This diamond is known since 5000 years before Christ and is considered to have mystical powers. Once upon a time it was also supposed to be owned by Lord Krishna. At that time it was known by the name 'Samyantaka mani'. There is a legend about Samyantaka mani that if its owner is falsely accused in spite of being innocent, he will be rid of all charges.

The Mughal emperor Babur, owner of this diamond, was begotten of the union of a male of the lineage of Tamerlin and a female of the lineage of Gengiz Khan. Gengiz Khan and Tamerline were the greatest conquerors of Asia in their own times. That's why Babur became a great conqueror in his own rite. Babur and his descendants were able to keep the diamond for 200 years. That's why it is also known as Babur's diamond. There is a belief that the diamond Darya-e-noor, the diamond Mahamughal (Great Mughal) and Kohinoor are the same. But Darya-e-noor and Kohinoor are surely different, as Darya-e-noor is pale pink and Kohinoor is a brilliant white in colour.

As great as is the fame of this diamond, it bears a legend which says that 'it will bring misfortune if owned by a man, but great fortune if owned by a woman.'

Kohinoor is the 'King of diamonds and the 'Diamonds Kings'.

Under the treaty of Lahore, ownership of Kohinoor was transferred from the Maharaja of Punjab Ranjit Singh to the Queen of England, as Punjab was declared a part of British Empire, though the Maharaja had originally willed it to the Jagannath Temple in Orissa.

Kohinoor was found in the mines of Golkonda (central India). Now it rests in Tower of London embedded in the 'Imperial crown of India' as one of the crown jewels of the royal family of England.

There are many controversies regarding the ownership of Kohinoor. One of the claims was put forward by PM Zulfikar Khan Bhutto of Pakistan and it was also claimed by Talibanistan. But the most rightful claim is made by India.

This supreme diamond is one of the costliest crystals that ever went out of India. The question is, 'WHO WILL BRING THE KOHINOOR BACK TO INDIA?'



Nikhil Mathkar

TE-III



I have improved the way in which I paint. The colours are cleaner and there is more energy in the brush work.
- John Dyer



Little Miss Sunshine

I boarded the bus from the Mulund bus station and luckily managed to find a seat. I quickly looked around and I noticed that almost all the seats had been occupied. I heaved a sigh of relief—what a day! I was tired and the seat I managed to get was like a sundae treat on a hot May afternoon.

As the bus trudged along, and since I had nothing great to do, I started looking outside the window. The busy and colorful city lanes captivated my mind and an interminable monologue followed...

...the traffic jam at Sakinaka pulled me back to reality. The bus was jam packed and I felt lucky, at least I had a seat. Sigh...traveling in Mumbai is so damn tiring. The skinny lady to my left was busy in her own world and there was a little girl standing to my right. She wasn't there a few minutes ago, was she? I wondered. She looked at me, smiled and then went back to looking around for the bus conductor. I looked outside the window but nothing interesting caught my eye, so I started observing the little girl. She had pigtails with colorful ribbons and, she was wearing a maroon dress. She also had a bag pack, too big for her frail body. She was just a 10-12 year old on her way back home. She looked tired and the larger-than-her bag pack was definitely not helping. So I requested the lady next to me to shift in a bit, which she readily did and I told the girl to sit down. She wasn't very sure about accepting a seat from a stranger. She looked at me and I gestured her to sit down. She thought about it for a while and then she broke into a shy grin and sat down.... The slow pace of the bus made her (and me too) sleepy and since she was quite tiny, managed to doze off on the chassis.

"COREGAON CHECKNAKA" yelled the bus conductor and the girl woke up with a start. She got up from the seat and as she was about to leave, she looked back at me and mouthed an audible whisper "thank you aunty".

Aarghhhhhhh (obviously in my mind)...WHAT? AUNTY? Do I look like an aunty miss???? The aunty thing really angered me and I decided to give her a cold stare because there was no time for a lengthy firing. But then I looked at her and I realized that she was just a little girl. And how sensible was I when I was her age, huh? I had a choice. Either I stick to the cold stare or to just smile back. And I saw no reason why I shouldn't give her the stare... (The above thinking process happened in seconds)...

So I wasted no time because she was kind of anticipating my response. I looked at her—the word 'aunty' ringing continuously in my mind and and I smiled. I gave her one of my heart melting smiles which was promptly returned by her with a toothy grin. She managed to make her way to the entrance and got down at the bus stop.

This daily and ordinary incident taught me a very valuable lesson—we are what we choose to be. It is always a matter of choice. No matter what we are going through it is always important to show a little bit of empathy and act accordingly. The ability to understand others feelings and to reflect them is necessary in order to grow as a person. In short—do as you would be done by. 'Little miss sunshine' helped me grow as a person. She taught me to look beyond words and to respond to their meanings. Her contribution, however tiny, will remain etched in my mind forever. In the near future if 'little miss sunshine' finds herself in a similar situation and at the receiving end, I hope she takes the path I decided to take that day.

My choice to smile at the girl instead of snubbing made a difference—to me and I hope to the little girl too.

Prateeksha Mainkar
TE - Extc



I have always wanted my colours to sing.
- Paul Delvaux



To change or not to change

We belong to a society, which has managed to build a closed surrounding, that resists change in any form. We desist moving into a new city or neighborhood, desist moving away from familiar groups, desist moving into a new job or workplace, desist coming out of our personal space, afraid of breaking open the wall we have built all these years & fear of meeting someone for the first time and try including them in our group. We are cast into a particular form and shape and want to stay in that state eternally, meanwhile shaping others too in the process.

We expect people to behave in a particular fashion with us, and mould them according to our likes and dislikes.

We hate and despise new rules and legislation brought out in our society, schools, colleges, workplace and the country itself. We do not like someone to dictate terms on how do we do things. We want to do it in the same way we have been doing all along. We take a considerable time in adapting ourself to a particular habitat and its tough to force upon ourselves a new change, even if its meant for the positive side. How many times you have given this quizzical look, when your friends remark, "you have changed", and retaliate saying "Definitely No". What better pride can you display than to say "I havent changed a bit. I'm just the same"

Dr. Meredith, in Grey's Anatomy says "

Change. We don't like it. We fear it, but we can't stop it from coming. We either adapt to change or we get left behind. It hurts to grow, anybody who tells you it doesn't is lying, but here's the truth sometimes the more things change the more they stay the same. And sometimes, oh, sometimes change is good. Sometimes change is everything.

This new "change" eventually raises a lot of questions to question the validity of change and do we really need to change? How often do we find ourselves in a situation asking the inevitable "If?" question.

"If I did that, If I had said that, If i had known that information, If I had told him the truth, If I hadnt done that, If I had managed to reach in time", the list is endless. Only to later realize, "If" is just nothing but a two letter word for futility. You cant do anything about it. If one has to change, it has to be for the future and not for what he has been in the past.

As Sidney Sheldon quotes "Future is like clay. It has to be molded day by day. Past is like a bedrock stone. It is immutable"

Even travelers and globe trotters, who has seen most parts of the world, actually discover life and find solace only in their own homes, no matter where it is or how small it is.

They may need a break, yet find their own feet only within the confines of their little home.

The line from Wayne's world summarises everything
We Fear Change

Yet, the same "Change" interestingly has been responsible in deciding who's the most powerful man in the world.

Barack Obama, the first black president of the United States has successfully shown, what "Change" can do - win a presidency, by assuring people, that Change is good, and it is there in the offing!

Tanmay Gambhir
TE - Ex



I use a wide selection of colours. It is impossible to produce work like mine using only the primary colours as they only mix a certain range of colour.

- John Dyer



Perception of Engineering

What is engineering? According to Oxford dictionary the term 'Engineering' is defined as the application of science to the design, building and use of machines i.e. an engineer should be a technically sound person, but what are we doing? We mug up answers if we are unable to understand the concept; we give more priority to the magic number '40' rather than understanding. We join classes so as to not cross the red line and have a K.T, instead we should have faith in our own college teachers. By joining these classes we do not get time for ourselves so as to be able to find our own personal talent and nurture it but we reject these thoughts by saying that we are sacrificing all this for our future, when we ourselves are unaware what the future holds for us. I am not saying that we shouldn't care about our future but at the same time we should enjoy our present. Its time we grow out off our shell and nurture our knowledge by understanding the concept rather than taking professional help, but atleast give it a try shot.

One more thing that one comes across is the syllabus which is too vast but holds less relevance to the current practical scenario, due to paucity of time even if the students want to venture into the depth of the topic, the teachers are unable to help us, as they have to complete the syllabus in a short period of time. We as engineers should be allowed to do research on the said topic and even be allowed to use the lab for the same purpose. General understanding is people are judged on their marks rather than knowledge.

I would also like to urge my friends to do something purposeful in these four years so at the end of four years,

they feel something more than just having a degree given by the Mumbai University. We need to cherish these four years because after these we might have entered the rat race or flown to the U.S or might be doing M.B.A. We need to get ourselves prepared so as to face the challenges of tomorrow but at the same time continuing reviving our friendship bonds and making friends who will stick with us through the thick and thin of our life

We need to bring about a change in the system because we are the future of our country. But in the end who are we to crib about the system, when we are a part of this system.

Vibhav Gupta
FE - Trical



I use about 20 different colours to retain the luminance in my work.
- John Dyer



Does The Arrow Of Time Reverse?

Hi friends!!! Let me ask you some funny but interesting questions ... "What would happen, if the universe stopped expanding and began contracting again? Would the entropy begin to decrease with time? Would we see the pieces of broken cups gathering themselves together off the floor and jumping back on the table? Would we be able to 'remember' tomorrow's prices in the stock market?"

For this to happen, my friends, time must retrace its path back. Theoretically, the arrow of time does not reverse. Let me prove it.

It might seem a bit funny to think about the collapse of the universe as it won't start contracting for at least another ten thousand million years. So, don't worry about that. But, there's a quicker way to find out what will happen. Let's jump into a black hole for a time being. Imagine the collapse a star to form a black hole. It would be like the later stages of the collapse of the whole universe. Thus, if disorder were to decrease in the contracting phase of the universe, it must also decrease inside a black hole. So, the astronaut who fell into a black hole would be able to find the ball that he had thrown in the black hole. But, unfortunately he would not be able to contact with anybody else outside the black hole and show the ball, because he would be trapped by a very strong gravitational field of black hole.

Physicist, Stephen Hawking believed that disorder would decrease, if the universe recollapses. This was because, the universe had to return to a smooth and ordered state, when it became small again. This situation would exactly be reverse of expanding phase. People in contracting phase would live their lives backward. They would die before they were born and would get younger as the universe contracted. This idea is attractive, because it would mean a nice symmetry between the expanding and the contracting phases. This was based on a simple model of universe in which the collapsing phase looked like the time reverse of the expanding

phase.

However, another physicist, Don Page pointed out that the no boundary condition did not require the contracting phase necessarily to be the time reverse of the expanding phase. Also, Raymond Laflamme supported him with slightly complicated model of universe.

So, in fact, the no boundary condition implied disorder would continue to increase during contraction too. And the entropy would increase. *So it*

concluded that arrow of time does not reverse. will. And hence, a broken cup will never retrace its own....

Supriya



I wanted to portray very, very dark subject matter and a deceptively complex story in the brightest colours and simplest lines possible to the readers reeling.

- Mark



The confusion of an Engineer

My friends! We all know that we are going to graduate somehow from our college sometime and will become (or at least be known as) Engineers, the goal which we once really pursued. But who are we kidding, what value does a BE (Bachelor of Engineering) degree hold in today's scenario, where our country is inundated with lakhs of engineers graduating every year and the numbers are increasing each year, where the whole world's economy is lagged and the country is in the state of recession, where multinational corporations and companies are going bankrupt (The 158-year old Lehmann Brothers Holdings Inc. the fourth largest investment bank on Wall Street filed for bankruptcy and Merrill Lynch, one more Wall Street icon, chose to pre-empt a similar fate befalling it by deciding to sell out to Bank of America), where thousands of professionals are losing their jobs every day and many more are in fear of the pink slip which may be awaiting them. In such trying times where the global economic meltdown has affected hiring in India's IT industry, which is anyway not seeing the kind of job buoyancy that existed earlier, we all do have a fear inside that we may have nowhere to go once we graduate.

So when I see my classmates around me, I see a group of panicking individuals (myself included), highly confused with the present situation. Surely, most of us have low confidence in our coming placements and are therefore running in different directions (like the GRE, CAT, GATE etc.), hoping to survive by hanging on to the wooden planks of a sinking ship.

I cannot say this is universally true for everyone but based on some interactions with a few friends on this subject and looking at my personal point of view, I know most of us are really bewildered and are unsure what we want from life. Many of us have taken up the GRE or CAT preparation just by aping what our seniors have done. Most of us might have blindly followed our friends as a result of which many of us have lost interest midway in our endeavours. When the question is asked as to why have we selected this path or are we in the right direction of achieving our goals in life, we are speechless. When I look into the mirror, I see a very perplexed person standing there who has no clear perception of which direction to choose, which path to pursue. At the end of it, we start blaming Providence ('arrey kismat hi kharab hai!') for the present recession and just let go with the easy attitude that we don't have most of

the choices or options left with us.

Here are some statistics which many of us may not be aware of. In the fiscal year 2007-2008, more than 80,000 Indians took the GRE and went abroad. In the current fiscal year 2008-2009, this number is expected to cross a lakh. But the recession has hit the States so badly that even many of the foreign students (most of whom are Indians) are not getting placed. Moreover, according to a recent report, the American government has put many restrictions on the H1-Visa which is the only work permit for the foreigners to work in the States.

Now Coming on to the other most sought after option which is the CAT. The picture here looks very beautiful on the outside but it is completely different within. Out of more than 10 lakh students who give the CAT entrance exam each year only a few thousand manage to make it up to the few top B colleges (IIM's, XLRI etc.).

This doesn't mean that students should get discouraged from taking the GRE or the CAT or for that purpose any other competitive exam or even their placements. There are students from among us who have made it to the top technical universities like Princeton and Stanford and there are our very friends among us who have made it into the prestigious IIM's or have been placed in dream and super-dream companies like Microsoft and Cisco. Many of these people may have been in the same confused state in which some of us are now, but they understood their ability and chose the right path and direction keeping in mind their aims and ambitions in life and came out with flying colours.

So all of my friends who are in this confused state would do best to first identify their capabilities and then pursue the right direction to achieve their desired goals. Without doing this first, they are only asking for disillusionment down every road they half-heartedly go down. As has rightly been said by Robert Half:

"There is something that is much scarcer, something rarer than ability. It is the ability to recognize ability." Before we decide to test our abilities against the might of the World, we need to identify the right abilities and make sure we want to pursue them.

Rajeev Saffar

TE - II



Many a dangerous temptation comes to us in gay, fine colours, that are but skin-deep.
- Matthew Henry



We Indians are like that only

15 seconds. That was the time we were supposed to wait for before we could continue our motored journeys. But even before the indicator at the traffic signal dropped down to 14, my roadmates stepped on their accelerators and i simply followed suit. Hey, did we break any rules? oh! welcome to India guys! And this charade would go on until some day it is intervened by a law guardian –the traffic policeman. If we missed out the sight of a police car stationed roadside immediately after the traffic signal, then the policeman would be in no mood to spare us. And, there we were stranded at the roadside flanked by the men in khakis –I mean the white ones. Hey, their white attire sharply contrasts the peace meaning a white colour carries. You know, they are never at peace if they have caught their prey. Neither they intend you to be. But, as poison kills poison, when asked for the driver's licence, i tucked a twenty rupee bill in the acetate cover that enclosed my licence. To lower your eyebrows, let me tell you that i am an indian. And so was he! He was satiated and i got my licence back you know now I was a free bird. And the reason –because we Indians are like that only. It was Sunday and i had some time to watch the television. I was just browsing through some news channels. You know, at any instant, an Indian newschannel broadcasts some 'breaking news' availing myself of a few of them. They portrayed a local political leader, whose die hard followers had attacked a 5 star hotel for the reason that the hotel management fired few employees belonging to the state religion. No winks please! Because they are Indians! And a few days backs when Mumbai was threatened by terrorist attacks. When Mumbai was set ablaze by incessant gunfires and inhumanity devastating bombs, the police rushed at the venues at once. Battling the terrorists one on one, few senior police officers laid down their lives eradicating few of the viruses. Even a few havaldars breathed their last in the skirmish combating the enemies of peace. As a matter of fact, these brave men whose exploits are being commemorated here, all belonged to the same state religion as the detained employees. But, no sympathy or tears please! You know why? Because we Indians are like that only.

The terror incidents shook the entire country as over 300 were killed and innumerable were injured. In spite of the gravity of the situation, those who had the political reins

simply passed the buck over each other, none responsibility. However within a few days, due movements and demonstrations and public political heads in power claimed moral respect and resigned. The heroes of India, i should say! didn't help anyone, because the Indian hearts were pacified, the people were still burning some with some with sympathy. Salute to the Indian community took the concerned agencies three months in all motives of the attacks with the land that was v act. The evidences pointed out to our neighbour country, Pakistan, being the epicentre of organisations and activists and that those who and executed the attack used the Pakistani soil crystal clear evidence, the state of Islamabad convinced. And yet, there was no stir at that of D all thanks to international pressure that acknowledge the allegations and agreed to cooperate what India did was the same that it used to since 1965, 1971 and Kargil were still not enough democrats to 'realize' or to be concise, to 'act'. grudges or blood-boils please! Because we Indians are like that only!

Topen down an Indian mind, an Indian attitude soul on the paper would not be fair, because we are like that only. it is beyond the ken of a global actually know what an indian is made up of. major indians themselves do not know what they are a you know why? because we are simply Indian love to be like that. well to summarize, though be an Indian has little of Nehru, Gandhi, Bhagat Thackarey, ShahRukh Khan, Mother Teresa Chawla and thousands of those whom i cannot as Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru said in his TRY DESTINY that '..... We will continue to serve Indian people and to the still larger cause of humanity.' in inherent in any indian sophisticated, illiterate, hindu, muslim, famous. because we are like that only.

Navji



Nothing can happen nowhere. The locale of the happening always colours the happening, and often, to a degree, shapes it.
- Elizabeth Bowen



Want to stop right here!!!!

I wish I could stop
And my race against time I could drop
Seconds, minutes, hours and years
They pass away so soon,
To think of it, I fear.

It's just been 20 years
Since I have wandered on this earth dear
The first 3-4 I don't even remember
In front of time, I don't want to surrender.

The earliest of my memories
Mamma teaching me poems and telling me stories.
My first day to school
Children crying out aloud like fools.

That school, that bus, those teachers, those friends,
The lunch-times, the class-fights...time has brought
everything to an end.

Those early mornings, those home-work notebooks
Those drawings, matrons with angry looks.

A sweet good-bye to all,
Without realizing any attachment at-all.
Perhaps they never mattered then
With parents only was my little den.

As I grew up, so many people I met
So many relations came up, they make my eyes wet.
There was so much to learn, so many places to go
But I was happy with only my parents and bro.

Teachers who guided as their own,
Friends who would never leave me alone,
But Knowledge was all that I strove hard for
Hardly realizing what was in store.

Today when I stand,
I stand alone with my memories.
Time has robbed me of all my jewelries.
That childhood will never come back,
This knowledge how could I have always lacked.

Can I not stop right here
Not allow time to rob me again,
Of the ones who are dear.
Can't I remain where I am today?
And have everyone I know,
Live with me in gay!!

I don't want to grow up
I don't want to forget again
Can't my present be my future?
Changes in life are such a pain!

Sanchali Nag
TE - Trical



On the speech day, the production designer, who has a lot of say in things, and sometimes I didn't agree with him but I had to do what I was told, wanted the speech day to be all in neutral colours for the women, which was a good thing.

- Julie Harris



Blue

I am not a story-teller of any sorts. This is an attempt at a story based on the theme-Blue. All that one can associate with 'blue'. I hope the narrative does not seem obscure.

I finally ceased the play...the final brushstroke came into effect...the blues faded...for it had to be perfect...that's how I've always been...an incessant striver...nothing less would do...and here it stood...A picturesque landscape reminiscent of a wintry panorama...of soaring altitudes...the silhouettes closing the summit neatly foiled against the iniquitous hues of bluish white... - "Discovery 10 pm Summit Everest"

I looked at the silhouettes...It occurred to me...It was my story...

They must have been inseparable-to be together on the highest point in the world. But that's not what one saw...A black anatomy lay desolated while the other blacks maneuvered towards the summit. The air was all blue, as his soul made the final transit...so close to the crystalline blue, ironically, the ethereal skies...

They had received a message. A blizzard in another 10-12 hours...with limited becoming scarce-of water, food, oxygen and the adrenaline pumping hard...they knew that taking him back to the base camp meant the end...there was no coming back...they weren't disposed for such a crisis, were they? This did not fit in their utopian idealism. He had to be left behind...

And so it was the death, not of a soul...but of a faith...a faith that is sacred...it was an end...of their blood brotherhood...a benchmark to be set soon. An unconquered height surmounted...it was their beginning...

I felt blue. The truth finally sank in. I was also left, by people I called friends, crippled with disease-a stigma, so they called it. A faithful signature obliterated my

existence, I so unknowing of their discernment of my condition. I was scandalized!

Art had always been my passion-today it is my crutch. I paint hoardings; the scrimpy remuneration serving to buy a notebook, a pen for my son...while we scavenge at the hotel where I wash crockery. I want my son to be learned-as I was. The little investments I make will take him to college after I depart.

Here he is. He looks at the hoarding and exclaims- "Discovery 10 pm Summit Everest"- his trust with education is on...I'm delighted...satisfied...The journey is on...

And the blue ink forms into neat letters in his precious book...a miniscule blue silhouette alongside...just like the one I conjured up on the billboard...After all, they couldn't take away our blue-blooded endowments! I don't feel blue anymore...

Shraddha Shah
SE - Etna



I love the sea's sounds and the way it reflects the sky. The colours that shimmer across its surface are unbelievable. This, combined with the colour of the water over white sand, surprises me every time.

- John Dyer

Engineering Quiz

1. Which of these is an object made with polymers?

- ☐ The outside of a computer
- ☐ A penny
- ☐ An oven-proof casserole dish
- ☐ A piece of paper

2. What do you call a material that is hard but brittle and is a good insulator?

- ☐ polymer
- ☐ semiconductor
- ☐ metal
- ☐ ceramic

3. Motors inside cars are mostly made out of this material

- ☐ polymer
- ☐ ceramic
- ☐ metal
- ☐ none of the above

4. Microchips inside computers are made with silicon which is an example of a

- ☐ polymer
- ☐ semiconductor
- ☐ metal
- ☐ composite

5. The outside of a modern car is made from fiberglass which is a material called a

- ☐ polymer
- ☐ semiconductor
- ☐ ceramic
- ☐ composite

6. What unit is one thousandths of a millimeter?

- ☐ a micron
- ☐ a meter
- ☐ a nanometer
- ☐ an inch

7. What unit is one millionth of a millimeter?

- ☐ a meter
- ☐ a micron
- ☐ a nanometer
- ☐ a centimeter

8. The Space Shuttle is covered with special tiles which prevent it from burning up upon its return to the atmosphere. These tiles must be a

- ☐ metal
- ☐ polymer
- ☐ semiconductor
- ☐ ceramic

9. Which of these subjects is important to the field of Materials Science and Engineering?

- ☐ Physics
- ☐ Chemistry
- ☐ Math
- ☐ all of the above

10. How can you become a Material scientist?

- ☐ Keep taking Science and Math classes
- ☐ Continue to be a good problem solver
- ☐ Look up colleges with Materials Science departments
- ☐ all of the above



ANSWERS: 1. The outside of a computer 2. ceramic 3. metal 4. semiconductor 5. composite 6. a micron 7. a nanometer 8. ceramic 9. all of the above 10. all of the above

Personality Quiz.....

What kind of personality type are you? Do you have a fun personality or a boring one? An aggressive personality or an intellectual one? How do other people perceive your personality? Learn your personality type with this personality quiz.

1. How far ahead have you planned your life?

- I've pretty much figured out the next year
- I live in the moment
- I have a strategic five-year plan for success
- I daydream years into the future, but no real plans
- I have plans but know they could change at any moment
- I try to adjust my plans often based on new information

2. If you had plans with a friend, and they cancelled on you, what would you do?

- Ask them why.
- Make fun of them and then call up someone else.
- Go out and try to have MORE fun than you would have had with them.
- Be sad because you were really looking forward to your plans.
- Feel relieved, because you didn't really want to go out anyway.
- Don't worry about it. Things happen. Whatever. .

3. Why are you taking this personality quiz?

- I'm curious about how other people see me
- I think it's important to know as much as I can about my personality
- Knowing my quiz results will give me an advantage in personal interactions
- I think the results will be funny
- I have to learn about and accept my personality flaws
- I'm worried that people might not like my personality.

4. When you've had a long day, what do you do to relax?

- Read my favorite book
- Round up a big group of friends and go out
- Go for a run
- Call up your sweetheart
- Some quiet alone - time does the trick
- Chill out at home with a movie and maybe a few friends

5. You have a quiz or test coming up in school. What's your strategy?

- Start early, and study as much as possible. Quizzes are an opportunity to learn.
- Quiz schmizz! I'll study later. I only take FUNNY quizzes on Quibblo™.
- Do whatever I have to do to get an A on the quiz.
- Plan ahead. Study for the quiz a little bit every day.
- I guess I'll study a bunch, because I don't have much else planned.
- Whine and complain, because I don't like tests in school. I think I learn more taking personality quizzes.

6. You're driving around with a group of friends and have gotten lost in a neighborhood you've never been to before. What do you do?

- Grab a map and figure out the directions
- Light up the mood with a joke
- Tell everyone to be quiet and give directions to the driver
- Worry about whether you'll ever get to where you're going
- Keep quiet and let the other people argue about where to go
- Help out if your friends need help, but keep quiet if they don't



The bass player's function, along with the drums, is to be the engine that drives the car... everything else is merely colours.
- Suzi Quatro



7. What's in your journal?

- Detailed descriptions of how you feel, who you love, etc.
- Thoughts on politics, the world, the universe, etc.
- I don't really keep a journal. I live in the moment.
- Secret stuff that I don't share with others
- My future aspirations and plans
- Funny things that happened, jokes

8. You're at a park and see a little kid fall and start crying, but her

- Parents didn't see. What do you do?
- Trip and fall in front of the kid to make her laugh
- Rush to the child, yelling, "Oh no! Are you hurt?"
- Wait to see if the parents notice
- Approach the parents and admonish them for not paying attention
- Let the parents handle it, it's not my responsibility
- Watch and observe how the kid responds to the unpleasant situation

9. Do you have lots of friends?

- Some friends and some acquaintances.
- Tons! We have a blast.
- Of course I do, I'm pretty popular, you know.
- Yes, and they're all "best" friends. I love them all.
- Not too many. Just a few close friends.
- I hang out with a big group, but I'm only really close with a few.

10. You consider YOUR birthday...

- The date on which I was born.
- A day to get CRRRAAAZZZY!
- A day when everyone must pay attention to me.
- A huge emotional milestone.

11. Which of these personality traits do you value most?

- Intelligence
- Laughter
- Success
- Love
- Loyalty
- Level-headedness

12. What types of movies do you prefer?

- Slapstick comedy
- A mix of different kinds of films, as long as they're enjoyable
- I don't have a strong preference.
- Dramas
- Spy thrillers and action movies
- Independent films and/or documentaries

13. If you knew that tomorrow you were going to die, how would you spend the last day of your life?

- Reading great literature, or going to a museum.
- Probably crying.
- Having as much fun as possible.
- Trying to achieve one of my lifelong goals.
- Spending time with someone who loves me.
- Preparing my will, planning my funeral.

14. When you've had a long day, what do you do to relax?

- Read my favorite book
- Round up a big group of friends and go out
- Go for a run
- Some quiet alone-time does the trick
- Chill out at home with a movie and maybe a few friends



Personality Quiz



WE HOPE YOU HAD FUN ANSWERING THE QUIZ. NOW HAVE FUN DECIDING WHICH PERSONALITY TYPE YOU ARE.



Aggressive Personality Type

You are determined, strong-willed, and ambitious. When you have set your mind to a goal, no one can get in your way. You make it happen, and you make it happen big! You have a healthy ego and sense of self-confidence.



Emotional Personality Type

You put your heart on your sleeve. When you are sad, angry, or happy everyone knows it. You can't help it! You are in touch with your emotions and aren't afraid to share it. You tend to have lots of crushes (celebrities, friends, neighbors, you name it!) and you hope to find true love someday.



Intellectual Personality Type

You are really smart, obviously, but you are more book smart, than street smart. You like reading, watching the news, and love discussing whatever is going on in the world. You enjoy being around people who challenge you intellectually.



Funny/Clown Personality Type

You relate to people with laughter. When you make friends, you crack a joke, if you are feeling insecure, you make fun of yourself before anyone else does, and when your date is laughing non-stop, you feel like you have made a good impression. You like having an audience. Humor is your greatest and most prominent gift.



Realistic Personality Type

You have got a pretty even-keeled head on your shoulders. You are well-grounded and realistic. You don't really daydream or think about the future (unless you are planning ahead, of course). Actually, you tend to find day-dreaming and flightiness pretty annoying and pointless. Sometimes people get you confused for being pessimistic, but you know that you are just being real.



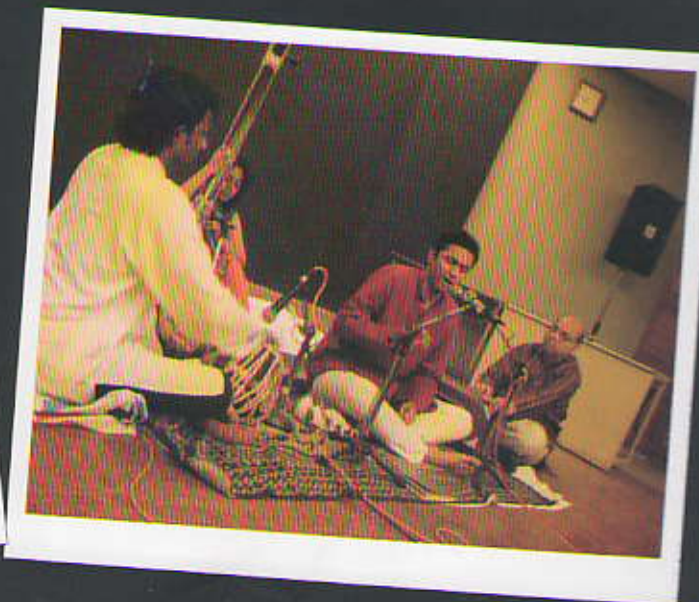
Shy Personality Type

You keep pretty much to yourself, and mostly open-up to those who are really, really close to you and your family and best friends, which also means you are really trustworthy and loyal. You tend to be quiet and sometimes get embarrassed easily.

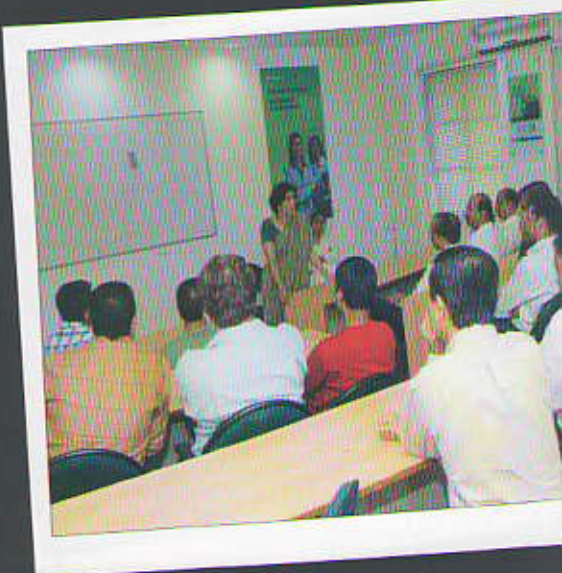


The Olympic logo was created by Baron Pierre de Coubertin in 1913. It is made up five interlocking rings of blue, yellow, black, green and red. Out of these five colours, at least one of these colours is found on the flag of every nation.

Annual Day



Alumni Meet 2009



Sports



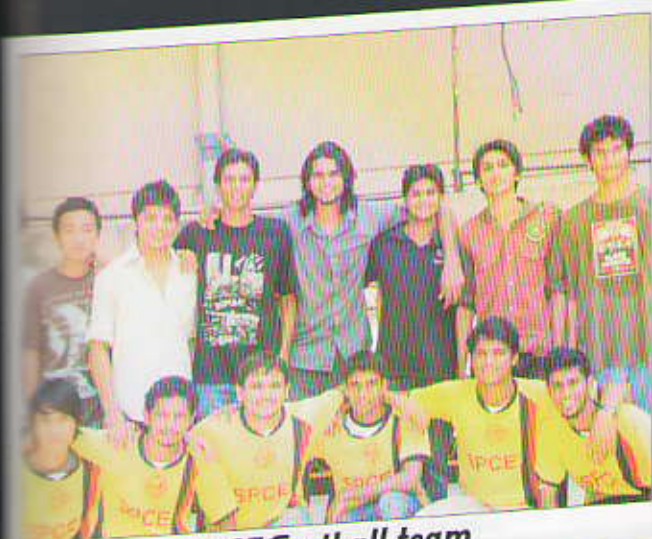
Yaseen Kazi
SPCE Sports Secretary



Snehali Bhagat
SPIT Sports Secretary



SPCE Volley Ball team



SPCE Football team



SPCE Table Tennis team



SPCE Cricket team



SPIT Cricket team



SPIT Basketball Girls team



SPIT Throwball Girls team



SPIT Basketball Boys team



SPIT Athletics team



SPIT Football team



SPIT Badminton team

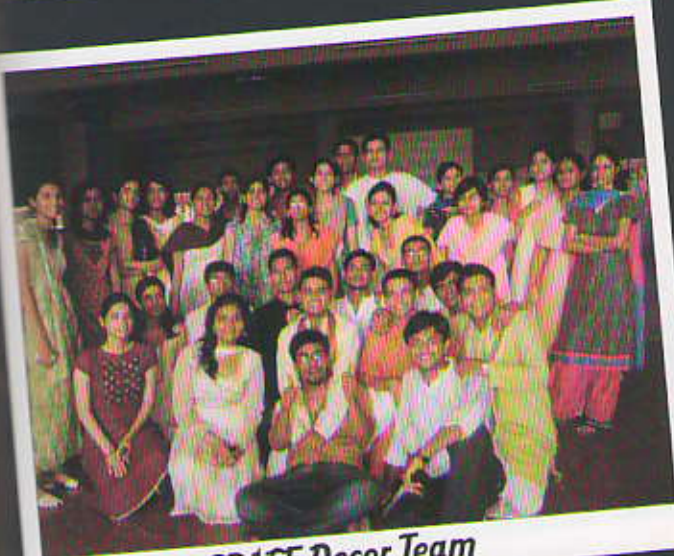
SPACE '09



SPACE Core Committee



SPACE Finance team



SPACE Decor Team



Solo Singing



Fashion Show



Pro-Nite

SPACE '09



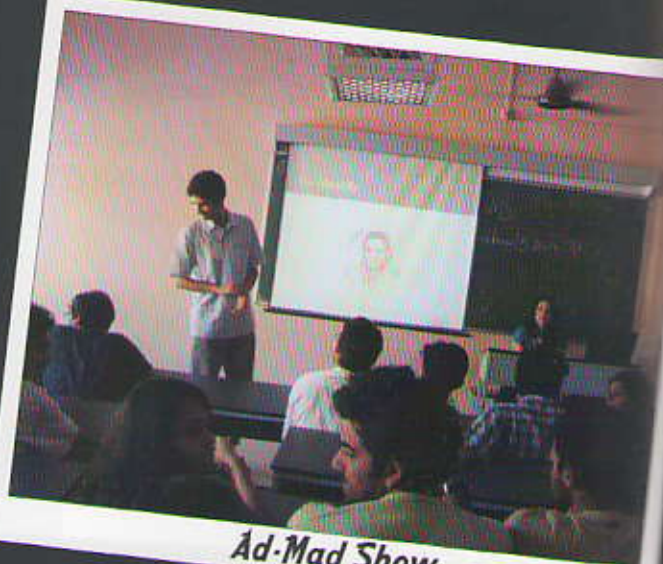
Wel-Come Rangoli



Marvin



Street Play



Ad-Mad Show



Robotics



Sponsors

हिन्दी



संपादकीय.....

मुहब्बत मिलती है,
मासूम बच्चों की मुस्कान में,
माँ के हाथों के नर्म स्पर्श में,
आर्यों से बहते जज्बातों में,
सोचो तो सही, कहाँ नहीं है मुहब्बत,
सही चश्मे से देखो, हर ओर है मुहब्बत।

जिंदगी में सब कुछ बोल कर व्यक्त नहीं किया जाता। कई दफा हमारा चेहरा ही बहुत कुछ बयाँ कर देता है। भावनाएँ हमारी बात को एक सार्थक रूप प्रदान करती हैं। अगर मंच पर एक इंसान भावनाहीन होकर बोलता चला जाए, उसकी आँखें, उसके हाव-भाव अगर उसके वक्तव्यों का साथ ना दें, तो कैसा लगेगा ये सोचकर ही हँसी आती है। वास्तविक जीवन के इन्हीं बहुमूल्य भावनाओं को अपना विषय बनाया है 'दिशा 09' में।

भावनाएँ अनगिनत हैं, और इनमें से, कुछ को हिन्दी विभाग ने कविताओं और लेखों के द्वारा समेटा है। हिन्दी विभाग एक पिटाये की तरह है, जहाँ छज्जू जैसे लेखों को पढ़कर आप हँसेंगे तो कहीं आप कविताओं की रसधारा में बह जाएंगे, कहीं जिंदगी की अमूल्य सीख मिलेगी तो कहीं प्यार के अफसाने।

हिन्दी विभाग का श्रेय उन सभी शिक्षकों व छात्रों को जाता है जिन्होंने दिशा को बेहतर बनाने में हमारी मदद की।

आखिर में यहीं कहूँगा - पानी तो पानी है, लेकिन गंगाजल की बात निराली है।

कालेजों की पत्रिकाएँ तो बहुत हैं, मगर 'दिशा' की बात ही निराली है।

अमित कुमार सिंह
मनीष कुमार



लोकल ट्रेन का सफर

सुबह सुबह मैं चल दिया
फिर एक बार College की और।
Weather Report थी "Bright & Sunny"
आसमान पर बादल छाए थे घनघोर।

पर जब पहुँचा मैं
तो देखा ट्रेन थी दो मिनट late
खुश हुआ मैं ये जानकर
सोचा करूँगा थोड़ा wait।

इसी बीच ट्रेन आती दिखी
सब लोग हो गए तैयार।
Bag आगे, Sleeves ऊपर
मैंने भी किया challenge स्वीकार।

ट्रेन रुकने से पहले ही
लोगों की शुरु हो गई मशक्कत।
मैंने भी एक दो दायां हाथ मारा,
और bar पकड़ा, करके हिम्मत।

पीछे वालों के धक्के की बदौलत
मैं आराम से पहुँच गया अंदर।
"शबाश मंदार" मैंने अपने आप से कहा,
क्योंकि जो जीता बही सिकंदर।

इतने में ट्रेन शुरु हुई
और as usual शुरु हुआ लोगों का झगड़ा।
"क्या Boss" धक्का क्यों मारा?"
"चुप कर बरना दूँगा एक झापड़ तगड़ा।"

और फिर शुरु हुए
यात्रियों के बीच के चर्चे
"अरे यार salary कितनी कम,
और कितने ज्यादा ये खर्चे।"

"गांगुली को तो निकाल ही दो,
उसे कुछ भी ठीक से नहीं आता।"
"यार stock market का क्या हाल है?
कल फायदा हुआ या घाटा?"

"अरे भाई मिठाई खाओ,
मैं बाप बन गया हूँ।"
"मुँह खोल देता हूँ, तुम ही खिला दो,
मैं तो चारो तरफ से बंध गया हूँ।"

"अरे ठीक से खड़े रहो
तुम्हारा पैर मेरे पैर पर पड़ रहा है।"
"क्या रे तू क्या कहीं का राजा है?
इतना क्यों अकड़ रहा है।"

इतना interesting बातों में
पता ही नहीं चला कब स्टेशन आया।
और फिर आराम से उतरा मैं,
कुछ धक्का दिया, कुछ धक्का खाया।

और फिर मैंने सोचा,
जिन्दगी भी तो ट्रेन का एक सफर है।
Enjoy करो तो है ये अमृत,
ना करो तो फिर ये जहर है।

जिन्दगी में भी कई लोग,
हमें हँसाते हैं, रुलाते हैं।
किसी स्टेशन पर चढ़ते हैं,
और किसी पर उतर जाते हैं।

प्रसाद म्हात्रे
(तृतीय वर्ष-विद्युत)



रंग बिना जिंदगी अधूरी है। इनके बिना लाइफ मे न कोई उमंग होगी और न ही तरंग।।



चालीस के उस पार

ना कुछ कम, ना कुछ ज्यादा,
इंजीनियरिंग की एक गाथा,
पहुँचता वह तब खुश हो जाता,
चालीस के उस पार जो हो जाता।

एक दिन है क्यों वो जागा,
बस पास करने एक ही बाधा,
ब्रम्हांड का धनी हो जाता,
चालीस के उस पार जो हो जाता।

कोशिश है वो करता रहता,
जब तक इस पार है वो रहता,
कर्म योग पूर्ण जो हो जाता,
चालीस के उस पार जो हो जाता।

चारों तीर्थ की यात्रा करता,
गंगा में भीगे नहा लेता,
धन्यवाद में गुलाल उड़ाता,
चालीस के उस पार जो हो जाता।

योगेश यादव
(तृतीय वर्ष-विद्युत)



अर्थ - अनर्थ

Cricket - गोल गुत्तम लकड़ बट्टम दे दनादन प्रतियोगीता

Cricket Test Match - पकड़ डंडू मार मंडू दे दनादन प्रतियोगीता

Table Tennis - अष्टकोणी काष्ठ फलक पे ले टकाटक दे टकाटक

Lawn Tennis - हरित घास पर ले तडातड़ दे तडातड़

Light Bulb - विद्युत प्रकाशीत कांच गोलक

Tie - कंठ लंगोट

Match Box - अग्नि उत्पादन पेटी

Traffic Signal - आवत जावन सूचक झंडा

Tea - दुग्ध जल मिश्रीत शर्करा युक्त पर्वतीय बूटी

Train - सहस्र चक्र लौह पथ गामिनी / अग्नि रथ

All Route Pass - यत्र तत्र सर्वत्र गमन आज्ञा पत्र

Railway Station - अग्नि रथ विराम स्थल

Button (In clothes) - अस्त व्यस्त वस्त्र नियंत्रक

Mosquito - गुंजनहारी मानव रक्त पिपास जीव

Cigarette - धूम शलाका

अमित मिश्रा
(तृतीय वर्ष-विद्युत)



डॉ. मोटर्न बॉकर ने अपनी किताब "द पावर ऑफ कलर" में लिखा है, रंगों की पसंद के आधार पर किसी भी व्यक्तिकी पर्सनैलिटी का खाका तैयार किया जा सकता है।



फूल और माली

माली ने अपने कपड़े पर लगाया दाग,
और बदले में उसको क्या मिला?
पौधा लगाया था अपने बाग,
और फूल कहीं और जा खिला।

एक दिन बाग में कली थी आई।
देखकर माँ फूली-न-समाई।
खिल कर कली फिर फूल था आया।
खिल कर बाग में पतझड़ ही लाया।

फिर भी पिता ने उसको मिट्टी दिया।
माँ के हाथ का उस फूल ने पानी पिया।
इसके बदले में फूल ने आखिर क्या किया?
इन मालियों को धूप में बस जलने दिया।

दो पल की उससे खुशी तो माँगी थी।
कौन-सा उस फूल से जिंदगी माँगी थी।
वह फूल बाग में बहार ला न सका।
मालियों का प्यारा फूल वह बन न सका।

मिस्बाह नोमानी
(द्वितीय वर्ष-संगणक)



अंतरध्वनी

आसमान छूते सपने मेरे,
कहते हैं मुझसे... तू घबराना नहीं,
वो है संग तेरे।
देख रहा है वो कोशिश तेरी,
जानता है वो, तू चाहता है जीतना,
पर ले रहा है वो इस्तेहान तेरा।

है समय यह ऐसा,
लग रहा है सही, गलत और गलत, सही।
पर डगमगा तू मत, रख धैर्य।
दिखाएगा रास्ता तुझे वो जो है कहीं।
हैं जीवन में फूल तो कंटक भी चुभेंगे कभी,
पर याद रखना की रहता कुछ भी
हमेशा स्थिर नहीं।

तो क्या हुआ जो ठोकर लगी,
सीखा है तू उन ठोकरों से भी।
हो खड़ा, कर मुकाबला,
पानी है मंजिलें कई अभी।
है माटी का पुतला तू,
पर जज्बा रख फौलाद का।
देख फिर करिश्मा उसका,
बेटा है तू उस भगवान का।

राहुल गोस्वमी
(तृतीय वर्ष-संगणक)



सफेद रंग शांति, पवित्रता, सुरक्षा और परफेक्शन का प्रतीक माना जाता है। आम तौर पर सफेद रंग पसंद करनेवाले लोग सिंपल लाइफ के सिद्धांत में विश्वास रखते हैं ।।



मेरा बचपन

कही छिपा सा बोल रहा है।
हंसता मुसकाता बचपन।
टिम-टिम करते तारे गिनता,
पेड़ों पर चढ़ता बचपन।

मम्मी पापा से ज़िद करता।
ज़ंगली पकड़-पकड़ टुन-टुन।
कभी सहमता तैश में आता।
उनकी कहानियाँ सुन-सुन।

दादी की नर्म हथेली का तिल,
कड़क बदन में छुपा नरम दिल।
तो शिल की तीखी सी चटनी।
दादा जी की एक अठन्नी।

आज यूँ ही दिल सोच रहा है।
क्यूँ दे मुझसे ये बचपन?
बचा पाऊँगा क्या इसे मैं यूँ ही?
जब हो जाऊँगा मैं पचपन।

हे ईश्वर दुनिया है धोखा।
मुश्किल बड़ा यहाँ हैं जीना।
तुममें जब सम्मान है जीवित।
चाहो सीना तानकर जीना।

यह बचपन है एक झरोखा।
यहीं है भरता रंग अनोखा।
मेरे उजले जीवन की लय में,
मंगलमय, अविचल तन्मय हैं।

अविनाश यादव
(तृतीय वर्ष-विद्युत)



लालच का परिणाम

बच्चों सुन लो नई कहानी,
यूँ हँस करके बोली नानी।
बहुत दिनों की बात बताऊँ
सच्चा सच्चा हाल सुनाऊँ।

एक रहा करता था नाई,
जिसकी ज्यादा थी ना कमाई।
रूखी सूखी रोटी खाता
दुःख में अपना समय बिताता।

पर किस्मत ने पलटा खाया,
नाई के घर धन आया।
उसने पाई मुर्गी एक
जो थी सीधी बड़ी ही नेक।
ज्यों ही होता रोज सबेरा
वह कुकड़ कुं करती टेरा।
दो सोने के अंडे प्यारे,
देती थी लह उठ नित नारे।

जब नाई यह अंडे पाता
खुशी खुशी से समय बिताता।
पर नाई का जी ललचाया
यह विचार उसके मन आया।

क्यों न मार मुर्गी को डालूँ,
सारे अण्डे साथ निकालूँ।
हो जाऊँगा मालामाल,
हटे रोज का यह जंजाल।

नाई फौरन चाकू लाया
मुर्गी काटी, खून बहाया।
अंडा उसमें एक न पाया
रो रोकर वह बहुत पछताया।

निशांत ग
(तृतीय वर्ष-वि)



लाल रंग स्वास्थ्य और ऊर्जा का प्रतीक है। लाल रंग खुले विचारों वाले और जिंदा दिल लोगों को ज्यादा पसंद आता है।।



कॉम्प्युटर शायरी

जो मुद्दत से होता आया है
वो repeat कर दूँगा
तु ना मिला तो अपनी जिंदगी
ctrl+alt+del कर दूँगा।

शायद मेरे प्यार को
टेस्ट करना भूल गये
दिल से ऐसा cut किया
कि paste करना भूल गये।

लाखों होंगे निगाह में
कभी मुझे भी pick करो
मेरे प्यार के icon पे
कभी तो double click करो।

रोज सुबह हम करते हैं
प्यार से उन्हें गुड मॉर्निंग
वो ऐसे घूर के देखते हैं
जैसे 0 errors और 5 warnings।

कल जब मिले थे
तो दिल में हुई एक sound
और आज मिले तो कहते हैं
your file not found।

ऐसा भी नहीं है कि
I don't like your face
पर दिल के storage में
No more disk space।

घर से जब तुम निकले
पहन के रेशमी गाऊन
जाने कितने दिलों का
हो गया server down।

दिलसे एक इश्क का
application create कर रहा हूँ।
प्यार से debug करना
में wait कर रहा हूँ।

तुम्हारे इंतजार में
नींद आ गई सो गया
ये देख मेरा कनेक्शन रात
time out हो गया।

नजर में तो कैद है
और शायद अकेले है
प्राब्लेम यह है कि वो
अब read only है।

जब से मेरी जिंदगी में
आई है एक female
भूल गया हूँ सब कुछ
क्या mail box क्या e-mail।

स्वप्नील डोके
(तृतीय वर्ष- सूचना तंत्र)



प्रकृति में हर और हरियाली ही हरियाला है। यह रंग जीवन, प्रगति, स्वास्थ्य और गुड लक का प्रतीक है।।



प्यार

प्यार के भी क्या रंग हैं।
हर रंग की खुशबू उसके संग है।

जब कभी एक रिश्ता बनता है
उस रिश्ते कि बुनियाद प्यार है।
उसमें पलती मिठास प्यार है।
उसे जोड़ता विश्वास प्यार है।
हर रिश्ते की स्वागत प्यार है।

प्यार दिलों का बंधन है।
फूलों का एक चिलमन है।
दुश्मनों के दिल की उलझन है।
प्रेमियों के दिल की सुलझन है।

प्यार एक ऐसी गाथा है
जिसे एक बैरागी गाता है।
इसे समझ कोई ना पाता है।
कब ये कैसे हो जाता है।

जब तुम इस रस में रंग जाओ
सहेज के रखना तुम उसको।
इस नफरत कि दुनिया में
ये बार बार ना मिल पाता है।
सिर्फ प्यार के ही मौसम में,
दुश्मन भी दोस्त बन जाता है।
शिकवा किया था तुमने जो मैंने दर्द दिया।
पर दर्द के मरहम को तुमने ही दुकरा दिया।
हमारे दर्द में भी था प्यार जिसे तुम समझ ना सके।
पर तुम्हारे हर दर्द को हमने अपना समझ लिया।

अविनाश मिश्रा
(द्वितीय वर्ष-विद्युत)



हिन्दुस्तान

एक दिन ऐसा भी आएगा
जब हिन्दुस्तान सारे विश्व पर छाएगा।
पृथ्वी के सिंहासन को एक राजा मिल जाएगा
और उसकी गाथा पूरा विश्व गाएगा।

तीसरे युद्ध की आशंका में जब
पड़ोसी हथियार उठाएगा
तब हिन्दुस्तान अध्यात्म के राह पर चलकर
अपनी छवि बनाएगा।

सहनशीलता को जो कोई
कमजोरी समझता था हमारी
वह भी कुमति खोकर सद्बुद्धि पाएगा।

किंकर्तव्यविभूट सा खड़ा
पूरा विश्व देखता रह जाएगा
एक दिन ऐसा भी आएगा
जब हिन्दुस्तान सारे विश्व पर छाएगा।

उठेंगे यहा के नौजवान जब
वीर गाथा गाकर
हिन्दुस्तान खुद को विजय पथ पर
सबसे प्रथम पाएगा
सारे विश्व की दीप ज्योति के रूप में
हर राष्ट्र हिन्दुस्तान को अपनाएगा।
एक दिन ऐसा भी आएगा
जब हिन्दुस्तान सारे विश्व पर छाएगा।

विकल कोटांगले
(तृतीय वर्ष-विद्युत)

नीला रंग स्थिरता का प्रतीक है। नीला रंग को पसंद करनेवाले लोग संयमी और संवेदनाशील होते हैं।



ELECTRIC शादी

रविवार का दिन था। मैं रूम में बैठा FM सुन रहा था। हाथ में दोस्त की शादी का कार्ड था। FM पर गाना चल रहा था, "खंभे जैसी खड़ी है... ४४० वोल्ट है घूना मना," एक पल के लिए मुझे लगा की ये machines भी जिंदा होते और इनकी शादी होती तो कैसा होता इनकी शादी का कार्ड...

॥ श्री Transformer जी प्रसन्न ॥
हमारे यहाँ Transmission Line की कृपा से शादी
का कार्यक्रम आयोजित किया गया है।

वर

चि. Synchronous Generator

श्री. कोयना पावर के ज्येष्ठ सुपुत्र

इनका विवाह

वधू

चि.सौ.का. Induction Motor

श्री टाटा मोटर्स की ज्येष्ठ कन्या

दि. ३०-०२-२००९ को हो रहा है। हमारी आपसे विनती है कि आप इस कार्यक्रम में सपरिवार उपस्थित रहे और दुल्हा-दुल्हन को शुभाशिष दें।

आपके कृपाभिलाषी

Energymeter	Moving Iron Instrument
Wattmeter	Voltmeter
Techometer	Ammeter
Relay	Circuitbreaker
Fuse	Lightning Arrestor

स्थल :

Switch Gear Lab, L. & T., PN-Junction Road,
SPCE

आयोजक :

Direct and Alternating current

हमारे भैया की शादी में जरूर जरूर आना।

Shunt and Series Generator

Note: कृपया उपहार में Insulator ना लाएं।

उत्कर्ष सिंह
(तृतीय वर्ष-विद्युत)



एक बाग

एक बाग है ये दुनिया, वो ईश्वर माली है,
एक फूल है हर इन्सान, हर मजहब डाली है।

ज्यूँ बाग में हँसते हैं, कई रंग के नजारे,
दुनिया में यूँ बसते हैं, कई देश-शहर प्यारे,
इस बाग में दुनिया के हमसे हरियाली है॥१॥

पर आज वही दुनिया, वही बाग है सहमा-सा,
हर शक्स है घबराया, हर फूल है कुहलाया,
आँखों में है नफरत क्यूँ, दिल प्यार से खाली है॥२॥

बारुद की देरी पे, हर इन्सान है बैठा क्यों,
धरम के ही दम-खम पे, हर देश है ऐसा क्यों,
क्यों अमन के चहरे पर, ये जंग की लाली है॥३॥

ऐ वाहेगुरु! ऐ अल्लाह! ऐ जीजस! ऐ ईश्वर!
ये बाग सी फूल दुनिया, उजड़े ना कभी लड़कर,
खुद मौत भी डरती हुई, जीवन की सवारी है॥४॥

अंकिता व्यास
(द्वितीय वर्ष-विद्युत)



ऑरेंज सुख समृद्धि और खुशियों का रंग है। यह रंग निडरता, उत्सुकता और बेचैनी का प्रतीक है॥



छज्जू

किताबी कीड़ों से हम भली भाँति परिचित हैं पर एस.पी.सी.ई. में ये किताबी कीड़े 'छज्जू' नाम से अलंकृत हैं। अब इनके बारे में जितना भी लिखे कम है यह रिडिंग रूम, सरस्वती वाचनालय, लायब्ररी जैसी जगहों पर पाये जाते हैं। इनकी संख्या एस.पी.सी.ई. में १५ प्रतिशत है।

क्या किताबी कीड़े जन्म से ही ऐसे होते हैं या फिर इन्हें तैयार करने में किसी विशेष परिस्थिति का हाथ होता है। यदि किसी विद्यार्थी को सब वस्तुओं से छुड़वाकर केवल पुस्तकों के बीच छोड़ दिया जाये तो वह किताबी कीड़े या 'छज्जू' बनने शुरू हो जाते हैं। विद्यार्थी के माता, पिता का इसमें प्रमुख योगदान रहता है।

यदि किसी साधारण लड़के को किताबी कीड़े से मिला दिया जाय तो छज्जू बनने की प्रक्रिया शुरू हो जाती है। इनको खिलाड़ियों से नहीं मिलने देना चाहिए, नहीं तो इनका प्रभाव उन्हें भी डुबो देता है। पर सवाल यह उठता है कि आखिर इन किताबी कीड़ों की पहचान कैसे करें? सामान्य रूप से निम्नलिखित गुण इनकी पहचान में सहायक हैं।

- १) प्रायः ये पीले रंग के होते हैं, आँखें या तो सहा खराब रहती हैं या अच्छी हो तो घंसी रहती हैं।
- २) मुँह पर खुशकी इनके लिए इश्वरीय देन है।
- ३) ये सामान्य ज्ञान में कमजोर होते हैं।
- ४) धूप, सर्दी, और बर्फ का इन पर कोई असर नहीं होता।
- ५) परीक्षा से इन्हें खास प्यार होता है।
- ६) एक छज्जू दूसरे छज्जू से मिलकर बहुत खुशी का अनुभव करता है।
- ७) किताबों से आकर्षण उतना ही होता है, जितना लोहे से चुंबक का।

एक बात पर तो हमने ध्यान ही नहीं दिया, आखिर छज्जू भी लाभदायक हो सकते हैं। जी हाँ! अब पूछो कैसे? तो वो ऐसे - विश्व विद्यालय के पुराने रिकार्ड के टूटने और सदा नए रिकार्ड बनाने में ये काफी मददगार हैं। पास प्रतिशत की वृद्धि भी इनके कारण होती है। पर इन छज्जूओं का शोधन करना हो तो इन्हें किसी शरारती गुप्त में शामिल कर दिया जाय, पर एक बात का ध्यान रखना चाहिए इन्हें छेड़ने से ये बादल की तरह गरज कर पानी की तरह बरस पड़ते हैं।

कुणाल नारद

(तृतीय वर्ष-विद्युत)



दोस्ती

काँटों को फूलों से निकाला नहीं करते,
दूसरों का जाम हम पिया नहीं करते।
अगर दोस्ती करनी है, तो कभी खुद भी आओ,
वरना हम भी किसी का पीछा किया नहीं करते।।
रो-रो के आँखे नम हो गई,
ऐसा लगा खुशी साथ छोड़ गई।
खुदा न करे ये दुबारा हो,
वरना पता चलेगा कि जिंदगी ही साथ छोड़ गई।।

काँटों पर ही फूल खिलता है,
दिल के रिश्तों में दर्द ही मिलता है।
क्यों वो (दोस्त) बार-बार दुखी हो जाते हैं?
क्या उन्हें हमसे जरा भी सुख नहीं मिलता है।
हम भी इम्तिहान दे देंगे,
दुनियाँ को दिखा देंगे।
सिर्फ तुम्हारी दोस्ती के लिए दोस्तों,
हम दुश्मनी से भी प्यार कर लेंगे।।

दोस्त दुश्मन को पसंद नहीं करते,
दुश्मन दोस्त को पसंद नहीं करते।
हमारा बस चले तो हम दो शादियाँ करते,
एक लड़की दोस्ती तो दुसरी लड़की दुश्मनी को चुनते
वक्त के पत्ते पलटकर,
फिर वो लम्हे जीने को दिल चाहता है।
मुस्कुराया करते हो सब यार-दोस्त मिलकर,
उन्हें साथ देखने को आज दिल तरस जाता है।

सच है कि दिल तो दुखा है,
हमने मगर सोचा है।
दिल को है गम क्यों? आँख है नम क्यों?
आखिर दोस्तों ने ही तो धोखा दिया है।
यही है सच,
तो मैं सच को अपनाऊँगा।
मर भी जाऊँगा,
पर दोस्ती अमर कर जाऊँगा।।

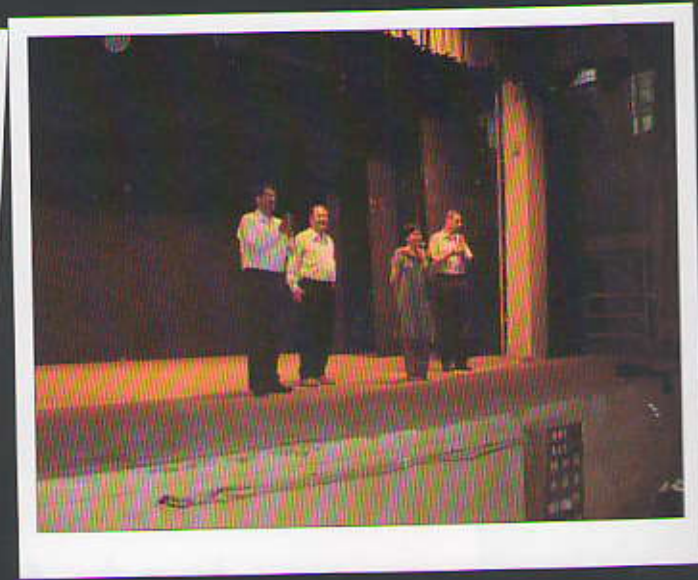
वरुण

(प्रथम वर्ष - विद्युत)



गुलाबी रंग में पवित्र प्यार की भावना होती है। गुलाबी रंग पसंद करनेवाले लोग नाजुक, आकर्षक व नर्मदिल होते हैं।।

B.E Farewell





b.e civil



b.e electrical



b.e mech



b.e it



b.e computers



b. e. electronics

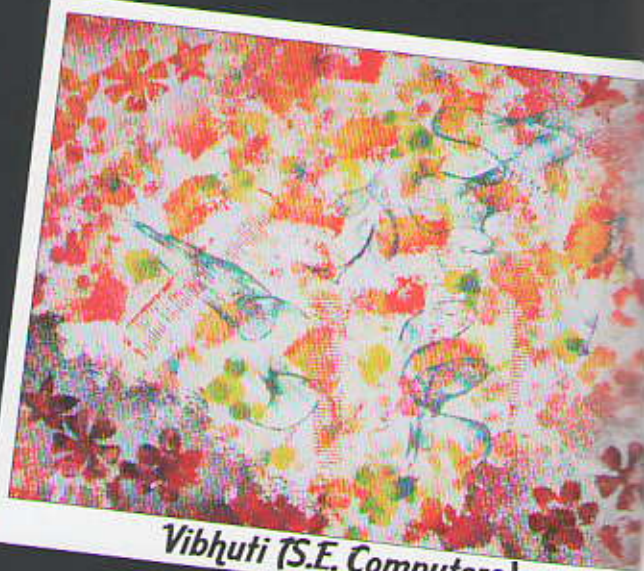


b.e. extc

Painting made with random materials
without using a paint brush
'NEW PALLETE' COMPETITION
IN SPACE '09



Shreyans Mukutkar (S.E. Extc)



Vibhuti (S.E. Computers)



Supriya Ghorpade (S.E. Computers)

मराठी



संपादकीय.....

“नमस्कार मित्रहो” आपल्या सर्वांच्या लाडक्या “दिशा” ची ही मवीन आवृत्ती सादर करतांना आम्हाला अत्यंत आनंद होत आहे.

“अमृतातेही पैजा जिंके” अशी रसाळ व मधुर भाषा म्हणजे मराठी. मराठीत मानाप्रकारचे काव्य व स्फुट लेखन आढळते : ज्ञानेश्वरांची रसाळ भाषा, नामदेवाच्या ओव्या, तुकाशमांचे अभंग, गाथांची भावडे, अनंत फंदीचे फटके, शाहीरांचे पोवाडे, बहिणाबाईंच्या कविता तसेच वि. स. खांडेकर, शिवाजी सावंत यांच्या कादंबऱ्या व पुलंचे हास्याचे काव्ये उडवणारे लेखन मराठीतच सापडते. अशा या मराठीभाषेस फुल नव्हे तर पाकळीची मदत करण्याचा तसेच आपल्या महाविद्यालयात दडलेल्या साहित्यिकांना प्रोत्साहन देण्याचा प्रयत्न म्हणजे दिशा.

या अंकातील स्फुट लेखन आपणास हसवेल तसेच “आई”, “मंथन”, साखरे लेख विचार करावयास भाग पाडतील या बरोबर विविध कविता तसेच ‘यमराजकारण’, “Double Lecture” साखरे लेख मनोरंजन करतील.

“दिशा” चा हा अंक परिपूर्ण करण्यात आपणा सर्वांचे जे सहकार्य मिळाले त्या बद्दल आभार मानून “दिशा” चा हा अंक सादर करीत आहोत.

शंतनु कुलकर्णी, सुप्रिया भोस्ले, तृप्ती वाघ





दिशा ०९.....



आनंदाचे उत्साहाचे तरंग मनी उठती !
मूड 'रंगीत' घेऊन, दिशा येई तुमच्यासाठी !!

वृत्तांत, लेख, कविता
संपादकीय लिहिता
फोटो सारे घेता घेता, धांदल उडे मोठी !

कधी रंगाचा बेरंग
कधी मिश्रणाने नवा रंग
रंगीत रसायन हे रुचकर बनवण्यासाठी !

रंग ही तर रुपके
मनातील षड्रिपुंचे
रंगूनी रंगात साऱ्या, अलिप्त राहण्यासाठी !

गोफ विणती इंद्रधनुचा
सात शाखा एस्.पी. च्या
नभांगणी ज्ञानाच्या, प्रकाश सकला देण्यासाठी !

प्रा. सौ. विद्या जोशी
दिशा ०९ संयोजिका



मंथन

२२ जानेवारी २००९ दुपारचे २.४५ वाजले होते. दादर स्टेशन सगळीकडे नेहमीप्रमाणे वर्दळ चाललेली. एवढ्यात प्लॅफॉर्म क्र. पाचवर गोंधळ माजतो. एका तरुणाला RPF चे दोन जवान कॉलरला घट्ट धरून फरफरत पोलीस स्टेशनला घेऊन जातात. बंध्यामध्ये भित्तियुक्त कुजबूज.... कोण असेल हा? २६/११ चे घाव अजूनही भरलेल नसतात... या साऱ्या गोष्टी मी अगदी बारकाईने टिपत असतो... कारण तो तरुण दुसता तिसरा कुणी नसून मीच असतो।

मध्ये मात्र वेगळंच घडलं होतं. ते फक्त मला आणि त्या दोघांमधल्या एका पोलीसाला माहिती होत. एका प्रवाशाकडे सामानाची पावती नव्हती म्हणून लाच मागताना त्या पोलीसाला मी पाहतो. मला प्रचंड चीड येते. जागरूक नागरिक वगैरे वर येतो. मी बॅगमधून डिजिटल कॅमेरा काढतो. दूर जातो आणि पैसे घेतांना त्याचा फोटो कसा घेता येईल याचा प्रयत्न करतो. मला तो पोलीस पाहतो आणि मग सुरू होते प्रश्नांची सरबत्ती-

कोण तू? काय करत आहेस? फोटो का घेत होतास? वगैरे - वगैरे. मला जाम बैताग येतो. याच्या नजरेला नजर भिडवत मी उद्गारतो- तू लाच घेत होतास, म्हणून मी तुझा फोटो घेत होतो. बास्सू तो प्रचंड भडकतो, मला पोलीस स्टेशनला नेऊन दोन तास डांबून ठेवण्यात येतं. आतमधल्यांची तर साऱ्यांचीच तीच गत. सारेच सारख्या कातडीचे! मग तो आपली वाचवण्यासाठी माझ्यावर भलतेसलतेच आरोप करतो. Public Place वर फोटो का घेतला? (जरी मी फोटो काढलाच नव्हता) तू तर मला अतिरेक्यांसारखाच दिसतोस? मी इंजिनीअरींग कॉलेजचा विद्यार्थी आहे हे पटवून दिल्यानंतरही हजार चौकश्या! सुरक्षेचा भाग म्हणून नक्के तर खाकी वर्दी आहे, अधिकार आहेत आणि मला सापळ्यात अडकवू पाहणारा हा कोण म्हणून! या साऱ्या भानगडीत माझी गाडी चुकली वर होत असलेलला मनस्ताप वेगळाच.

दोन तास झाल्यानंतर मी Hypertension चा रोगी असल्याचं नाटक केल्यामुळे कसानसा बाहेर आलो. प्रथमतः मला या साऱ्यात खूप थ्रिल आणि मजा वाटत होती. भिती तर मुळीच नाही. पण मात्र

मनातून हा विचारच जाईन! २६ जानेवारी जवळच होती. प्रजासत्ताक दिन का असंच काहीतरी म्हणतात म्हणे... प्रजा साडून ईथे साऱ्यांची सत्ता चालते. पोलीसांची राजकरणी, गुंड बडे पैसेवाले लोक साऱ्यांची दादागिरी. गटरात डुकरा प्रमाणे उंडराताहेत सारे... कुणाचंच नियंत्रण नाही, आणि जो ते आणू पाहणार त्याचयावरच शिंतोडे उडवायचे असा अलिखित नियम. आपल्या पुर्वजांनी वर्षानुवर्ष लढा देऊन, बलिदान, त्याग करून मिळवून दिलेल्या स्वातंत्र्याची आपल्याला हीच किंमत असेल तर आपण खरंच स्वातंत्र्य मिळवून देण्यालायक आहोत का असाच मला प्रश्न पडतो!

भ्रष्टाचार उघडकीस आणायचा माझा उद्देश होता . पण वास्तव इतक सोपं कधीच नसतं काय नैतिक आणि काय अनैतिक याला काहीच अर्थ उरत नाही परिस्थितीच्या रेट्यात... सगळे म्हणतात की हे कधीच बदलणार नाही. System अशीच चालते.... २६/११ मागे लाचखोरी देखील एक कारण होतं हे आपण कसं विसरलो? System ज्यांच्यासाठी बनवली आहे त्यांनाच जर ती गिळंकृत करत असेल तर काय उपयोग? आणि जर असंच भीत भीत उंदरासारखंच जर जगायच असेल तर मग कशाला पुढची वर्ष लोटत रहावी आपण? खरं म्हणजे पंचविशीनंतर घर उभारावं आणि मुलं पैदा करावी हा निसर्गाचा हेतू राबवून घेण्यासाठीच जगत राहायचं का? पंचविशीनंतर पन्नासाव्या वर्षापर्यंत असली हमालीच करायची असेल तर पंचवीशीलाच का नाही मरून जात आपण होऊन?

खरं तर जो मनापासून कष्ट करतो आणि सतत अत्युच्च शिखरावर जाण्याची स्वप्ने पाहतो त्याला frustration येणार नाही याची जबाबदारी समाजाची म्हणजेच पर्यायाने आपल्या सगळ्यांची असते जेव्हा अशी व्यक्ती उदासिन होते, तेव्हा आपली मूल्यव्यवस्था दासळते आहे. याचे भान आता येणे आवश्यक आहे. परंतु आमच्या पिढीने असं वेड्यासारखं कामात उडी घेऊन चालणार नाही. आपण विचारपूर्वक, जाणीवपूर्वक हे काम स्वीकारल पाहिजे. भावविषम होऊन विशिष्ट स्थितीच्या आवेगात घेतलेले निर्णय असे मनस्ताप देतील. आम्ही निश्चयान संकल्प आखून सामाजिक कार्याच्या क्षेत्रात उतरायला हवं तेव्हा शतकाची आव्हानं आपण पेलू शकू असा





पुन्हा एकदा

माहे माझ्या मनात.
तर तुमच्या माझ्यासारखे हजारो लोक Gateway जवळ
ते. मरिन लाईन्सवरही प्रचंड गर्दी होती पुसटसं आठवतं
२३ ला दंगली नंतर देखील असाच लोकांचा जध्या
स्टेशनसमोरून गेला होता. १९९३ पासून चालत
तो लोंढा चालतोच आहे, काल... आज जातोय, कुठे
चाचं भान कुणालाच नाही!

मी लोकांमध्ये प्रचंड चीड पाहिली, राग, खदखदता
... बरेच मेणबत्तीवालेही तिथे जमले होते. आता कुठे
मेणबत्तीवाले? एकीकडे चित्रपटगृहात राष्ट्रगीत वाजवून
मिनीटापुरत एकत्र बांधून ठेवायचा प्रयत्न होतोय.
वर्षभौम समानता वासनात गुंडाळून ठेवली जातेय. कधी
कधी निळवा! त्यांना अधुनमधून डांबराची जोड मिळते.

असणं, चिकित्सक असणं हे अवगूण असतील तर
जिज्ञासेची अपेक्षा बाळगणारा मी खड्याप्रमाणे बाहेरच
मग स्वतःचं बाहेर फेकलं जाणं, पटकन समजतं, रोज
ता अंधार मला असं मिटवत नेतो..... मात्र प्रत्येक नव्या
सुरुवातीला किलकिल्या खिडकी बाहेर कुच्यरांचे जध्या
लागतात. ताज्या दमाने मी नव्या वर्षाचं दार उघडतो,
स्वस्थ जध्यांच्या अपेक्षेत!

मुकेश भावसार
तृतीय वर्ष (स्थापत्य)

काल्पनिक नसुन पुर्णतः सत्य आहे. कुणा जीवित
व्यक्तीशी याचा संबंध आढकल्यास तो केवळ योगायोग
त्याचा गंभीरपणे विचार करावा.

पुन्हा एकदा बालपण हव आहे,
आईच्या कुशीत झोपण्यासाठी

पुन्हा एकदा बालपण हव आहे,
पप्पा पुढे हट्ट करण्यासाठी

पुन्हा एकदा लहानपण हव आहे,
फुलपाखराला दोरा बांधून खेळण्यासाठी

पुन्हा एकदा लहानपण हव आहे,
गोट्या आणि भोवरा खेळण्यासाठी

पुन्हा एकदा लहानपण हव आहे,
शाळेला दांडी मारण्यासाठी

पुन्हा एकदा लहानपण हव आहे,
शाळेत जातांना येतांना मस्ती करण्यासाठी

पुन्हा एकदा डिप्लोमाला ॲडमिशन घ्यायचं आहे,
काहीतरी करून दाखवण्यासाठी

पुन्हा एकदा बी.ई. ला ॲडमिशन घ्यायचं आहे,
खूप मोठा इंजिनियर होण्यासाठी

पुन्हा एकदा एस.पी.सी.ई. मध्ये ॲडमिशन घ्यायचं आहे,
फक्त तिला पाहण्यासाठी

मनोज नेवसे
अंतिम वर्ष (यंत्रिकी)



यम“रज”कारण

स्थळ : यमलोक

(चित्रगुप्त पाप - पुण्य वही घेऊन मृत लोकांची Placement करणयात गुंतलेला)

चित्रगुप्त : हं पुढील पापी नाव : पंढरीनाथ जोशी, मुळ गाव : पंढरपूर, वास्तव्य (मृत्युपूर्व): दिल्ली, मुंबई, परदेश, व्यवसाय : पुढारी, पाप : बेमालूम लाचखोरी, असत्यवचनी, फसवेगिरी, आचारसंहिता नामक मानवनिर्मित कायद्याचा वारंवारभंग, अजूनपण बरेच आहेत. पण तुला नरकात टाकण्यासाठी इतकेच गुन्हे पुरक आहेत.

जोशीबुवा : प्रथमत माझे पाप सिध्द झाल्याशीवाय तुम्ही मला पापी म्हणु शकत नाहीत व तुम्हाला माझे गुन्हे ठरवण्याचा काही अधिकार नाही. जो आदेश मला येथील सर्वोच्च न्यायालय म्हणजेच यमदेव देतील तोच मी कदाचीत मान्य करेल

चित्रगुप्त : हं जा पूढे. यमदेव निवाड्यासाठी तुमची वाट पाहतच असतील. (जोशीबुवा जातात व चित्रगुप्त पुन्हा पापपुण्य हिशोबात मग्न होतो व थोड्यावेळात पुढील पापीस बोलावतो). अरे पुढचा पापी पण पुढारीच! नाव : मृत्युंजयसिंग राणे, मुळ गाव : कणकवली, वास्तव्य : दिल्ली, मुंबई, मुख्यत विदेश पाप : भ्रष्टाचार, फसवेगिरी, मुख्यत: विश्वासघात आणि दलबदलू प्रवृत्ती

राणेसाहेब : मला तुमच्या High Command कडे पाठवा ते ठरवतील तो निर्णय मान्य असेल मला

स्थळ : यमदेवाचा दरबार (यमदेव सिंहासनावर बसले आहे तो बाजूला दोन रेडे सद्दश्य देवमानव रक्षाणार्थ उभे आहेत. जोशी बुवा व राणेसाहेब यमदेवापूढे उभे आहेत)

यमदेव : (स्व:ताशीच) कंटाळलो बाबा या पुढाऱ्यांना (प्रगटपणे) काय चाललयं हे जोशीबुवा आणि राणेसाहेब ? हं अरे तुमच्या बिरादरीचे अशात सगळे इकडेच येतांत. कोणी स्वर्गात जायला तयारच नाही. तुमचे निवाडे करून करून कंटाळलोय मी तुमच्यावरचे गुन्हेपण कमी नसतात. वाचता - वाचता ३,४ क्षण (१क्षण- २तास साहाय्य यमलोक प्रमाणवेळ) आरामात निघून जातात. आणि जोशीबुवा तुम्ही पुजाअर्चा

करायची सोडून इकडे राजकारणात घुसलात आणि (हं चित्रगुप्ताने पाठवलेले गुन्हापत्रक घेवून) भ्रष्टाचार सुरू जावायला काय जागा दे. मिल्स म्हणजेच कापड गिरण्यांचा घेण्याचा सपाटाच लावला तुम्ही सरकारी पैशात हं, तुम्ही हर राणे. तम्हीपण काही कमी नाहीत. विश्वासघात कसा कराय तर तुमच्याकडून शिकल पाहिजे. पैसे काय खाता, पक्ष बदलता, धमक्या काय देता. म्हणून तुमच्या दोघांना उक्ता तेलात टाकण्याची शिक्षा मी ठोठावत आहे. ही शिक्षा भ्रष्टाचाराची. बाकीच्या गुन्हांच्या शिक्षा नंतर मिळतील (जोशी बुवा व राणेसाहेब थोड्यावेळात चुजवूज करतात व हातमिळवण करून युतीची घोषणा करतात.)

जोशीबुवा : हे बघा यमदेवजी, तुम्ही आत्ताच दाखवलेले गुन्हे आम्हीच केलेत हे पृथ्वीलोकांवर सुध्दा पुराव्या अभावी सिध्द झालेले नाही. यामूळे आपण आधी सदरील करावे. तसेच माहितीच्या अधिकारान्वये, आपण या सिंहास कोणत्या हक्काने आणि कायद्यान्वये बसला आहेत हे उद्धृत क

यमदेव : जोशीबुवा, येथे यमलोकात आमचा शब्द पुरावा मानला जातो. तसेच या सिंहासनावर आम्ही स्व:ता बलसामर्थ्याने बसलो आहोत नाकी कोणाच्या समर्थनाने नि पाठिंब्याने.

राणेसाहेब : हा तर लोकशाहीचा अपमान आहे. तुम्ही यमलोकांच्या नागरिकांच्या मतांचा विचार न करता जी अरे व हुकूमशाही चालवली आहे ती घटनाबाह्य असून आम्ही त निषेध करतो. यमलोकात निवडणुका कायलाच हव्यात व लोक राज्य आले पाहिजे.

यमदेव : राणेसाहेब आरोपी तुम्ही आहात नाकी आम्ही.

जोशीबुवा : निवडणुका तर झाल्याच पाहिजे. असे कसे तुम्ही? जे लोकांचे विचार करता नाहीत (बराच वादविवाद कर जोशी व राणे साहेब यमदेवाला निवडणुकीसाठी राजी करतात व निवडणुकीचा खेळात कच्चा असलेला यमदेवाला ते सहज हरवतात. निवडणुक जिंकण्यासाठी ते सर्व यमलोकांत

फेंगशुईत निळ्या रंगाची सांगड बुद्धिस्तता आणि शोधक वृत्तीशी घातली आहे



मतदान



कांना (सर्व रेडे व म्हशी) मोफक चारा योजनेचे आमिष
(नंतर यमलोकाचा चणारभार जोशी बुंधा घे
हे बांकड जातो आणि न्यायनिवाडा सोडून बाकी काहीही येत
यमराज मंदीच्या काळात बेरोजगार होतात. मदतीसाठी ते
ताकडे जातात)

(सुस्कारे सोडत) अरे चित्रगुप्ता, यातुन काही
व माझे राज्य मला परत मिळवून दे

यावर एकच उपाया आहे महाराज दोघांचा

पण त्यांचे जीवनचक्र तर संपले आहे. त्यांना
देणे ही तर घटना बाह्य गोष्ट आहे

या शिवाय पर्याय नाही महाराज. मी तर दोघांना
ण्यासाठी काय करायचे याचा पण विचार करून ठेवला

आहे तरी काय तुझी योजना ?

ऐका महाराज, हे दोघेपण आहेत पृथ्वीलोकावरचे
रेड्यांमध्ये राहून कंटाळाच येत असणार इंद्रलोकातून
कलेल्या अप्सरांचे नृत्य पाहून पण दोघे कंटाळले असणार
प्सरांना फक्त शास्त्रीय नृत्य जमते. त्यांना पाश्यात्य
जमत नाही जर यांना गांधी, ठाकरे, देशमुख सारख्या
पुनर्जन्माचे आमिष दाखवले तर ते लगेच तयार होतील
सोडायला

घटना बाह्य असली तरी योजना चांगलीच आहे
कसली पाहतोस चल लाग कामाला (अशा प्रकारे चित्रगुप्त
नर्जन्मांचे आमिष दाखवून पृथ्वीलोकांवर पाठवतो व
मुन्हा यमदेवाचे होते)

शंतून भास्करराव कुलकर्णी
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

मतदान-

मतदान का करावं ?

मतदान कुणासाठी करावं ?

मतदान असतं

आपलं कर्तव्य;

मतदान आहे;

आपला अधिकार

मतदान कुणासाठी करावं ?

मतदान करावं स्वतःसाठी;

नुसते स्वतःच्या भविष्यासाठी नाही
तर मतदान स्वतःच्या ध्येयसाठी आणि

आपल्या स्वार्थासाठी सुद्धा;

मतदान कुणासाठी करावं ?

मतदान करावं गावासाठी, शहरासाठी

राज्यासाठी आणि देशासाठी;

मतदान करावं आपलं आणि

देशाचं जीवनमान उंचावण्यासाठी;

मतदान करावं देशासाठी योग्य

आणि कुशल राज्यकर्ता निवडण्यासाठी;

मतदान कुणासाठी करावं ?

मतदान करावं गरीब - श्रीमंतासाठी;

लहान मुलासाठी-वृद्ध माणसांसाठी

मतदान करावं बदलासाठी

आणि दुष्काळातून सुकाळाकडे जाण्यासाठी;

कारण-

मतदानात आहे इतिहास

बदलवण्याचे सामर्थ्य;

वर्तमानाला शक्तिशाली बनवण्याचे

आणि भविष्यकाळात कांती

घडवण्याचे सामर्थ्य!!!

भरत चौधरी
द्वितीय वर्ष (यंत्रिकी)



प्रेम

प्रेम म्हणजे, प्रेम असत!

तुमच आमचं सेम असत!

पण व्यक्त करण्याची तन्हा मात्र सर्वांची वेगळी असते.

प्रेम म्हणजे

एक उत्कट नातं जे दोन जीवना बांधतं एका नाजूक सुंदर अनमोल धाग्यात. जे नात आहे चंद्राचं आणि चांदणीच, जे नातं आहे सूर्य आणि पृथ्वीचं, जे नात आहे पावलांच आणि मातीचं, जे नात आहे फुलराणीचं आणि सूर्य किरणाचं, तेच नातं ज्याला आपण कधीही विसरू शकत नाही. हृदयातला एक कणा ज्याच्यासाठी खास राखून ठेवलेला असतो, ज्यामुळे आपण एकदम अंतःर्बाह्य बदलून जातो. जे आपण अगदी मना पासून जीवनात फक्त एकदाच करतो.

जेव्हा पहिल्यांदा जीवनाच्या या पटावर प्रवेश करतो तेव्हा कोणतीही ओळख नसताना एकत्र येतो. जसे दिवस जाऊ लागतात तसे आपण एकमेकात पूर्णपणे गुंतत जातो. एक वेळ अशी येते की त्या व्यक्तीला विसरणेही सहन होत नाही, दिवसातून एकदातरी ती व्यक्ती दिसली तरी आपला दिवस खूप छान जातो. त्या व्यक्तीशी सतत काहीतरी बोलाव अस वाटत. त्या व्यक्तीची सुख दुःख आपलीच आहेत अस वाटू लागत. त्याच्या आनंदाच्या क्षणी आपण आपलं दुःख विसरून जणू त्या व्यक्तीची सावलीच आहेत असं वागतो. दुसऱ्या बदल आपुलकी जिद्दाळा वाटतो, आपलाच त्याचावर अधिकार आहे असं वाटतं म्हणजे प्रेम.

पण सगळ्यांनाच या देवाघरच्या भेटीचा लाभ होतो असं नाही. फारच थोडे या बाबतीत सुदैवी असतात. काहीवेळी प्रेम एकतर्फी असतं. मनाला ते पटत असतं पण तरी सुध्दा आपण त्यात गुंतत जातो इतकं गुंततो की त्या सुखद जाणीवेतून बाहेर पडण्यास मन तयार होत नाही. आपण सांगण्याचे फार प्रयत्न करतो. पण वाटतं ती व्यक्ती नाही म्हणाली तर? पुढे मग आपल्याशी बोललीच नाही तर? मन म्हणतं एकदा सरळ सांगून टाकावं. नंतर वाटतं पन्नानं कळवावं. पण मग वाटतं, बघूया त्या व्यक्तीला ते समजतं का? पण एकतर्फी प्रेमांमध्ये ती नाही म्हणते आणि मन मोडून जातं, पुन्हा आकाशात भरारी घेण्यासाठी ते तयारच होत नाही नाहीतर अचानक तिच्या वागण्यात एवढा फरक येता की आपल्यालाच वाटतं की आपण आपला चांगला मित्र गमावलां.

प्रत्येक जण स्वतःच्या विचारातून आपला हृदयाचा तो कणा भरण्यासाठी बदाम शोधतच असतात. ज्यांना तो मिळतो ते जन्मभराचे सुखी होतात. पण ज्यांना तो मिळत नाही ते रक्ताळलेल्या हृदयावर आलेला तीव्र आघात घेऊन जन्मभर तेच दुःख उराशी कवटाळून बसतात.

प्रेम म्हणजे एकदा त्यात पडलं की, वाटतं अजून आत शिरावं आणि त्या सुखद आठवणीतीन कधीच बाहेर पडू नये. लहान पणी जसं गोष्ट संपूच नये असं वाटतं, तरुणपणी जसं ती व्यक्ती कधीच दूर जाऊच तथे असं वाटत तसं या आठवणींचा, या भावनेचा, या नात्याचा कधीच शेवट होऊ नये असं वाटत.

मनोज नेवसे
अंतिम (यांत्रिकी)

तीन गोष्टी

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| तीन गोष्टीची भक्ती करा | - धैर्य, शांती, परोपकार |
| तीन गोष्टीसाठी भांडा | - अबु मित्र, देश |
| तीन गोष्टी टाळा | - गर्विष्ठपणा, निर्दयपणा, कृतघ्नपणा |
| तीन गोष्टी शिका | - सत्यवृत्ती, उद्योगीवृत्ती, समाधानवृत्ती |
| तीन गोष्टीत आनंद माना | - स्वातंत्र्य, सौंदर्य, मनाचा मोकळेपणा |
| तीन गोष्टी अहंकार ठेवा | - निर्मळता, आनंदस्वभाव, भलेपणा |
| तीन गोष्टी दान करा | - प्रेम, ज्ञान, सहकार्य |
| तीन गोष्टी वर्ज्य करा | - बडबड, ताठपणा, कुठेपणा |

(भरत चौधरी)
द्वितीय वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)

काळा रंग हा सत्ता आणि भावनिक संरक्षणाचे प्रतीक मानला जातो.



घर.....!



मुंबईच्या
“स्पिरिट” स

केवळ आपल्या स्वार्थासाठी कलह नसावा घरामध्ये
आपुलकीच्या नात्यामधूनी स्नेह जपावा घरामध्ये

येणाऱ्याला पाणी द्यावे मुखात वाणी गोड हवी
जाणाऱ्याच्या मनात फिरुनी येण्यासाठी ओढ हवी
ऐसा प्रेमळ माणुसकीचा झरा वहावा घरामध्ये
आपुलकीच्या नात्यामधूनी स्नेह जपावा घरामध्ये

भांड्याला लागतेच भांडे रागाला प्रतिसाद नको
परस्परांना समजून घ्यावे उगाच तंटा, वाद नको
रुसवे, फुगवे नको फुकाचे, मोद रहावा घरामध्ये
आपुलकीच्या नात्यामधूनी स्नेह जपावा घरामध्ये

नित्य काळजी घरात घ्यावी बय झालेल्या पानाची
ज्याची त्याला द्यावी जागा बयाप्रमाणे मानाची
एकमताने निर्णय घ्यावा, नको दुरावा घरामध्ये
आपुलकीच्या नात्यामधूनी स्नेह जपावा घरामध्ये

लळा, जिद्दाला असावा, नको उमाळा वरकरणी
नको घराला गर्व धनाचा लीन रहावे प्रभुचरणी
दिवसा - रात्री देवाचा वास असावा घरामध्ये
आपुलकीच्या नात्यामधूनी स्नेह जपावा घरामध्ये

- संग्राहक,
मिलिंद काशिद
द्वितीय वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)



धन्य - धन्य मुंबईच्या “स्पिरिट”!

तुझ्यात सापडती पळवाटा;
शासनकर्त्यांना मुंबईच्या -
मुंबईवर फिरता वरवंटा.

तुला दाद तरी द्यावी कैशी?
उभाच नेहमी वेशीपाशी,
या नगरीच्या अभेदचतेला,
रोज मातीने तूच लिंपिशी.

कणे कितीदा मोडून पडले,
परि फिरुनी तुजहाते चढले,
इमले या मातीवरतीही-
आणिक बघ आभाळी चढले!

तूच एक आहेस भांडवल,
पुनः पुन्हा उठविते तुझे बल,
शंकरापरी प्राशिलेस तू,
हिंसकतेचे घोर हलाहल!

तुझ्यावरी विश्वास ठेवूनी,
प्राणाला हातात घेऊनी,
किती पळती रे पळती चाके
कधीही न कैशी जाती धकुनी?

असाचि सोबत ऐस उदवाही,
अन्य कुठे भरवसाचि नाही-
हळहळतील केवळ मी मरता,
इतिहासाची भरुन नोंदवही

सदाशिव बालासाहेब नांदे,
अंतिम वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)



शोधतोय



वाट पाहत आहे !

सगळ्यांच्या हातात मोबाईल असतात, तरीही सगळेच
कसे Not Reachable असतात

कामाच्या व्यापात आपले सारे जग विसरतात एकाच घरात राहून
सारे चहेरे अनोळखी वाटू लागतात !

आई वडील मुलांच्या आर्थिक गरजा पुरवतात,
पण या धावपळीत त्यांची मानसिक गरज कसे काय विसरून
जातात

पालकांना काही बोलायचे असेल तर आपण
फारच Busy असतो,
नंतर लक्षात येतं की काळ किती पटकन बदलतो

Collage नंतर वेळ मिळेल म्हटलं की नोकरी असते,
काही दिवसानंतर स्वतः साठीच वेळ काढायची गरज भासते !

अशा घाई-गर्दीच्या जीवनात आपल्यातच माणूस कुठेतरी
हरवून जातो

त्यासाठी परत मोबाईल द्वारे Search करून
Network आपल्याला शोधू लागतो !

अपर्णा भुत्कर
अंतिम (विद्युत कण)



तुझीच वाट पाहत आहे
गेली किती वर्ष

तुझ्याच आठवणीत जगत
होतो आयुष्य.

तुझ्या भेटीची ओढ मनाला
लागली होती

तुझाच हसता चेहरा पाहण्याची
मनात आशा होती

वाट पाहत आहे तुझ्याकडून
हो या शब्दाची

कधी येवून म्हणशील

मी फक्त आहे तुझी

मनात खंत आहे एका गोष्टीची

नाही माझ्या जवळ कोणती आठवण तुझी

स्वप्नात आली होतीस तू

म्हणालीस का झालास मजपासून दूर ?

हो म्हण फक्त एकदा तू

साथ देईन आयुष्यभर

कुणाल जाधव
द्वितीय वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)



पांढरा रंग ही यीन श्रेणीतील असून त्याची सांगड पावित्र्य आणि आत्मविश्वासाशी घातली आहे.



म्हण अभियंत्याची



ला काठीचा आधार	▶ नापास होणाऱ्याला ग्रेसचा आधार
माड तिकडे विहिर	▶ इकडे जर्नल तिकडे असायन्मेंट
डी सोंगे फार	▶ पी. ल. थोडी केट्या फार
ताकभात	▶ के वरून के.टी.
ळला तरी पीळ जात नाही	▶ बी.ई. झाला तरी केटी सुटत नाही.
आणि झोपा केला	▶ केटीची परिक्षा दिली आणि फेरतपासणीचा निकाल आला
पाय पाळण्यात दिसतात	▶ मुलाचे पाय पाळणाघरात दिसतात
गडात दोन पक्षी	▶ एका प्रयत्नात दोन केटी
चोर वर शिरजोर	▶ एम.ई. तो एम. ई. वर लेक्चरर
घडावर पाणी	▶ शॉर्ट सर्किटच्या अक्रॉस रेसिस्टर
नि हो गोरी	▶ वाच फॅनॅटिक आणि हो पास
कली सोनारे ईकडून तिकडे गेले वारे	▶ लेक्चर घेतले प्रोफेसरे इकडून तिकडून गेली पोरे
वस सासूचे, चार दिवस सुनेचे	▶ चार दिवस केटीचे, चार दिवस सुट्टीचे
घाव सोसल्याशिवाय देवपण मिळत नाही.	▶ सबमिशनचा त्रास सोशल्या शिवाय डिग्री, मिळत नाही.
गाठी ब्रम्हराक्षस	▶ भित्त्यासाठी एक्सटर्नल
हरी गाढवाचे पाय धरी	▶ अडला विद्यार्थी, गाईडचे पाव धरी
साहाय्य करू,	▶ एकमेका काँपी करू, अवघे
रु सुपंध.	▶ होऊ उत्तीर्ण

सुहास खडताळे
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत)



26/11 एका पोलिसाच्या नजरेतून



चिता आता शांत व्हायला लागली होती, पण माझ्या आत, रक्ताला उकळवा फुटून होणारी धगधग असह्यतेचा पाट ओलांडून गेली होती. कातळातून पाण्याच्या चिळकांड्या उडाव्या अश्रूधारांच्या वाहत्या नदया लागल्या होत्या. अखत्या वातावरणातच निखारे पेरल्यागन तगमग होती. मुंबई मधून जमेल तो प्रत्येकजण आज इधं हजर होता. प्रत्येकाच्या मनःपटलावर अस्तनीतील निखान्यावर फुकर मारुन जाळ करावा, तसा जाळ दिसत होता..... सांर वातावरण लालेलाल. कुर्बानीच्या उंबऱ्यापल्याड गेलेल्या त्या वीर शिलेदारांना श्रद्धांजली दयायला कणनकण अश्रू ढाळत होता. हेमंत करकरे....अशोक कामटे....साळसकर ! इतिहासाची एक नोंद झाली होती-माझी दैवतं, अंगनी देवतेच्या स्वाधीन होत होती.....

काहींनी जळत्या आगीतच मेणबत्या पेटवून घेतल्या... जपून ठेवायला, मनाच्या गेलेल्या कोपऱ्यांना वीररसाचा उजाळा दयायला. काहींनी त्या मेणबत्या जपून ठेवल्या, पण अनेकांनी त्या फक्त मेणबत्ती मोर्चा 'साठी वापरुन, विज्ञेपर्यंत हुतात्म्यांचं स्मरण ठेवल, अन् विज्ञल्या, की त्यांच्या प्रकाशाची पुसटशी आठवणही ठेवली नाही. पण आता मात्र आम्हाला सवय झालीय. लोकांच्या कमकुवत स्मरणशक्तीची! कधी कधी वाटतं, हे जरा चुकलंच देवाचं, माझ्या साथीदारांचं रक्त, जे की देशासाठी वाहायला असं उतावीळ, ते इतकं Volatile कसं काय करावं त्यानं? त्या दिवशी ते मुंबईच्या रस्त्यांवर सांडल, काही दिवसांनी मागच्यासारखंच तेही उडून जाईल, अन 'सुरळीत झाल' म्हणत हे राजकारणी लोकांचे आशीर्वाद मिळवतील.

माझ्या आत दिवसरात्र आगच धडधतेय! डोक्यातल पाणी वाफ होऊन गेलय छातीत एक गरम रक्त सोडता काहीच शिल्लक नाही... नाती...गोती.. सगळे भाव...विचार विसरुन गेल, फारच क्रूर खेळ खेळलीस नियती! एका बाजूला धारदार सुळयांसह ती

रानडुकर, अन् दुसरीकड जुनार, भंगार सामुग्रीच्या झाडांभेलेला पालीस! सरळ पोटावर त्याची टक्कर घ्यायला केलंस! तरी पोटाची काळजी नव्हती.....फाटलं तर फाटू दे! लोंबू दे! पण त्या भोकातून ते जनावर पल्याड यायची भीती होती.

२६/११ ... रात्री नऊला ए.टी.एस. प्रमुख हेमंत करकरे सांर संदेश मिळाला, की कामा हॉस्पिटल जवळ गोळीबार झाला. क्षणाचाही विलंब न करता, परिस्थितीचं गांभीर्य समजून समाजावून हा शिलेदार बुलेटप्रूफ जॅकेट चढवून, गन लोड असताना सव्वानऊला टी.व्ही. वर सर्वांनी पाहिला. मनात काहीतरी गडबड आहे, अशीच भावना आली असणार सवाय हयाकड त्यान गेलं का? की रात्रीचे नऊ पर्यंत हा माणूस ऑफिस कसा? याला काही घर-दार, बायकामुल काहीच नाही का? त्याला घर आहे, पण त्या अवलियानं त्याच्या भिंती फार विस्तार धरुन बांधल्या. त्याची, त्या गोळीबारात मरणाच्या नातीगोती होती. पुढं त्याला आणखी दोन नरसिंह येऊन मिळाले. घरावर तुळशीपत्र ठेऊन ही वीरावळी त्या मन्न, धर्मांध संकट सामना करायला निघाली होती.

इतक्यात C.S.T. वरही गोंधळ माजल्याचं कळल. वाघा काळजाचा शशांक शिंदे, इतं फक्त एक श्री हंड्रेडसह हजर होतो. सोबत आपल्या जुनाट कार्बाइन्स घेऊन हवालदाराही होते: मोर्चा शर्थीत किल्ला लढवणे चालू होता वरिष्ठीणं अवघ आसमंत व्यापलं होत. धडाधडा आग ओकणाच्या AK-47, AK-56, 300 ग्रॅनेड्सच्या मान्याला उत्तर दयायला गंज चढलेल्या बंदुका. पण लढाई बंदुकीनं कमी, अन् लोखंडाच्या काळजातं अधिक लढायला असते, हे ठाऊक असणाऱ्या शशांकची आगेकूच चालू होती. पण, इतक्यात, पाठीचा मणका तोडून आत काहीतरी धूसल.. डोक्यात झिंगझिंग्या आल्या होय पाठीवर... चक्क पाठीवर हल्ला करू



कर्क - लाल भडक, पांढरा, सिंह - पिळवा, कन्या - हिरवा,



..... केसरीची शिकार केली नियतीनं बलिदानाचा अजून
स घेतला.

'ताज' मध्ये चित्त्याच्या चपळाईनं घुसून DCP (विश्वास
पाटील) सर्व्हिस रिव्हॉल्वरने प्रतिकार करीत होता....सदानंद
हा हिरा फक्त एका '३००' सह दोन AK-47 च्या फैरींना
होता....

न त्याच संदेशात हेही सांगितलं, की दोन श्वापदं, क्वालिस
पळून गेलीय. पुढ हाही संदेश मिळाला, की त्यांनी गाडी
मि, आता ते 'स्कोडा' मधून पळतायत. पण त्या राक्षसांचं देव
आळ, अन् तुकाराम ओंबळे नावाचा वीर, जीव हातात घेऊन
भारतभूवर ओवाळायला तयार असा... गिरगाव चौपाटीवर
राहिला, स्कोडा जवळ येताच गोळीबार सुरु झाळा.
वाकडं मोजक्याच '३००' जातीच्या बंदुका... तिकड AK-
AK-56, ग्रेनेड्स अजून न जाणो काय काय होतं! पण
बाच चेहऱ्यावर भय, चिंता काहीच नव्हत. गोळीबार करता
बंदुका एकमेकींच्या अगदी जवळ पोचल्या.... एक सावज
दुसरं गावत नव्हतं....त्याची गोळ्यांची फेर जोर धरून
पण इतक्यात, त्याच्यावर निश्चयाचा प्रवत घेऊन तुकाराम
झडला.. मशीनगनळा रस्ता सापडेना! अन् श्वायद जिवंत
त आलं. मात्र विजयाची ही झुळूक तुकारामची वात विझवून

जे काही दिसलं, ते सांर तिडीक उठवणार होते. अशा
च्या, आणिबाणीच्या प्रसंगी जबाबदारीनं बागायचं सोडून
नी डाव खेळत होते! सत्ताधारी आपण केलेले प्रयत्न ओरडून
र, अन् विरोधी त्यापेक्षा मोठयानं ओरडून राजीनामा
न! काय नाटक आहेत!

यांना जर बलिदानाचं मोल कळल असतं, तर का त्या संदीप बदल
त्याच्या राज्याचा मुखमंत्री असं जीभ चालवून बोलला असता?
मनात आलं होत, जाऊन जीभच ओढवी त्याची.....

इत आपले मराठी काही मागे नव्हते! पाणी करत मेलेल्यांच्या जळत्या
मढ्यावर पिकवर बनवून पोळी भाजायची त्यांना उताविळी झाळी
होती. अन् काही ठिकाणी दहशतवादी हल्यात शहीद झालेल्या
'मराठी वीरांना' श्रद्धांजली वाहिली जात होती. अरे सांगा यांना
कुणी तरी....मरतानां सगळ्यांच्या डोळ्यात भारत मातेचीच छबी
होती! मी पाहिलय बऱ्याचं जणांना! अवघा देश एक होऊन लढावा
ही अपेक्षा ठेवून त्यांनी प्राण ओवाळले हे तर त्यांच्या मूळ उदात्त
हेतूलाच घातक लोक ठरतात.

प्रत्येकाला एकमेकाकड बोट दाखवताना पाहून सारखं वाटतंय...अरे
या राष्ट्रात जबाबदारी घ्यायचा वगैरे प्रकार असतो की नाही? खंर
म्हणजे जबाबदारी घेणारे त्या रात्रीच गेले....डिपार्टमेंट आता सुनं-
सुनं वाटतंय.

इतिहासाची काही पानं या वीरांनी...माझ्या भावांनी ...उजळून
टाकली कुर्बानीची तीच ज्योत सदैव माझ्या मनात तेवत ठेव देवा..
मनात एकच इच्छा आहे आता.

“हम तो घर से निकले ही थे, बाँधकर सर पे कफन,
जाँ हथेली पे लिये, लो बड़ चले है ये कदम।
जिंदगी तो अपनी मेहमां मौत की महफिल में है...
सरफरोशी की तमन्ना अब हमारे दिल में है.....”

माझ्या दैवतांना... माझ्या अमर वीरांना हा आवाज गुंजत राहु दे
माझ्या कानात. एवढं कर देवा.....

नांदे सदाशिव बालासाहेब
अंतिम वर्ष (यांत्रिकी)



क्षण



सिंदबादचा म्हातारा

क्षण... काळाच्या मुठीतून
अलगत ओघळून जाणारे,
पूनवेच्या चांदण्यातून हळुच
पिंपळ पानावर उतरणारे

क्षण... मनाच्या कोपऱ्यातून
नकळत जन्माला येणारे
गुलाबी थंडीतून हळुवार
दवरुप घेणारे...

क्षण... काही उगवणारे
किरणावरोबर वीखूरणारे
दवबिंदूतून पुन्हा मग
संभवतालात विरघळणारे

क्षण... हे असे मनासारखे
कधीच न थांबणारे
मन हे असे क्षणासारखे
सतत पळत राहणारे.

नभांगण

न दिशा होत्या कधी
नव्हते क्षितिजाचे कुंपण..
कर्तृत्वासाठी आमुच्या हे
जगच आमचे आंगण..
नात्यांची जपणूक सदा
जसे स्नेहबंधाचे गुंफण..
नव्या आशा या नविन स्फूर्ती
आम्हा तायांचे हे नभांगण



मयुरी भामरे
द्वितीय वर्ष (विद्युत)

“तुला ‘भारतीय’ असण्याचा अभिमान नाही ?”
कुणीतरी विचारलं

“नाही; मी माणूस आहे फक्त !” मी म्हणाले
क्षणार्धात माझ्या पाठीवरचं कसलंसं ओझं
उतरल्यासारखं वाटलं.

मी शेजारी पाहिलं
तर एक म्हातारा !
चक्क सिंदबादच्या गोष्टीतला !
मी आजुबाजूला पाहिलं

तिथल्या प्रत्येकाच्या पाठीवर एक एक जण बसला होता.
प्रत्येकजण विकट हसत होता.

मी विचारलं “तुम्ही कोण? पाठीवर का बसलाय ?”

त्यातला एकजण सांगायला लागला

आम्ही ‘अभिमान’ ! कसलाही
भाषेचा, जातीचा, देशाचा, अगदी कशाचाही !

आम्हाला आवडतं चिकटून रहायला !

मग आम्ही हळूहळू रक्त शोषतो;

गोचिडीसारखं ! ज्याच्या पाठीवर बसलोय त्याचंच !

अन् त्या येडयाळा कळतच नाही.

एवढच नाही; आम्ही त्यांना हवं तसं नाचवतो.

एकमेकांच्या उरावर बसवतो.

त्यातून आम्हाला मिळते रक्तामांसाची मेजवानी !

हळूहळू तो खंगतो, पिचतो, संपतो.

मग आम्ही निघतो नव्या जिवाच्या शोधात

खास करून लहानगे जीव

जे खास आमच्यासाठी समाजाला तालमीत तयार होत असतात

आम्ही नव्याने आसनस्थ होण्यासाठी.

तुमच्या समाजाळा धन्यवादच दिले पाहिजेत

आम्हाला युगानुयुगे पोसण्यासाठी.

प्रा. स्वाती लावंड
विद्युत विभाग



मकर - विटकरी, तांबूस, कुंभ - काळा, मीन - फिकट पांढरा.



तो आणि ती



त्याच कार्यालय होतं. तो त्यात काम करत बसला होता. त्यात हीच नवीन नव्हतं. कारण गेल्या एका वर्षात त्यान कामालाच युष्य बनवून घेतलं होतं, दुसऱ्या कशालाच त्यान थारा दिला होता. त्यांच म्हणणं होतं की ज्याच्या आनंदाची नाव काळाच्या कावर फुटली त्याचं मन कशातच रमत नाही. त्या एका घटनेने त्या एन तीशीत दिलेल्या विधूरावस्थेला आणि एकांतवासाला टाळून बसलेला तो आजसुद्धा मान माडून कार्यालय काम करत गा, नेहमीप्रमाणे.

त्याच्या काही दिवसांमध्ये त्याच्या कामाचा व्याप आणि प्रमाण त्याने त्याचा पसारा वाढत होत. त्याला तो डोलारा रमण्यासाठी एका मदतनीसाची गरज होती. एकटा काम त्याच्या त्याला ती कल्पना अजिबात रुचली नाही. पण गरज असाला वाकवते, परिस्थितीनुसार वाकवला लावते. शेवटी काही त परिजनांच्या सल्ल्यावरून त्याने ती ला कामावर घेतले.

काम तिच्यासाठी नवीन होतं. तिला ते जमेल की नाही याबद्दल त्या शंका होती. पण तिच्या डोळ्यातलं तेज त्याला खुणावून गेलं शिकण्यात खूप तरबेज निघाली तर हा नवीन काही शिकवण्यात येत संयमी आणि वाकवगार ठरला. ज्या प्रमाणे तिला त्याच्या मागी पद्धत कळत होती त्याचप्रमाणे त्याला ती कळत होती. त्या भेटेत त्याने तीचं रोकठोक बोलणं आणि आत्मविश्वास ला होता. पण त्याचं निरीक्षण तिथच थांबलं नाही. हळूहळू त्या लक्षात आली ती तिची सर्व गोष्टींमधली सरलता, नेटकेपणा, त्यांच कार्यालय हळूहळू बदलून गेलं तिच्या स्पर्शाने क गोष्टीला एक नैसर्गिक सौंदर्य येई. त्याच्या कामाच्या व्यापात त्या तिची गरज वरचेवर भासू लागली. तिचं असणं त्याच्या नं आवश्यक होत चाललं होतं. त्याचा नकळत ती त्याच्या मनात न चालली. ती नसेल तर हा बेचैन होई . सुरुवातीला त्सकीच्या नात्याने विचारपुस करणारा तो तिच्या सुखदुःखात त्स होत गेला. ती त्याच्यासाठी आता फक्त हाताखालची नीस नव्हती. तर ती त्याच्या जीवनाचा अविभाज्य भाग बनली .

ग एक दिवस ती आलीच नाही. हा काळजीत पडला एकाचे दोन, म्ये चार दिवस झाले ती दिसलीसुद्धा नाही.

आठवड्याच्या शेवटी त्याचा संयम तुटला. काळजीच जागा बेचैनीने घेतली आणि तो तिच्या घरी जाऊन पाहोचल. त्या घराचं स्वरूप आणि बाजूची वस्ती बघताच त्याला परिस्थिती कळून चुकली. आठवड्यापूर्वी चौकातल्या पुतळ्याजवळ कोणीतरी दमलेल्या पांथस्थाने पायताण काढले आणि त्यातून निर्माण झालेल्या गोधळाने व तणावाने तिच्या माता पितरांचे प्राण घेतले होते. तिच्या काळजीने अस्वस्थ झालेला तो तिला घेऊनच घरी परतला. तेव्हापासून ती त्याच्यासोबतच राहत होती.

एकदा ती सुरुवातीच्या धक्क्यातून सावरल्यानंतरच काही व्याप तिच्या मागे लावाला असा त्याने विचार केला. त्याला माहीत होतं की काळासारखं औषध नाही. म्हणून त्याने संयम धरला आणि हळूहळू गाडी रुळावर आणली. तिच्या आगमनाने आता घरात नवा दिनक्रम सुरु झाला त्याच्या एकांतवासाला ती उतारा ठरली. त्याच्या आयुष्यातला एकसुरीपणा तिने घालवला. घराला घरपण आणलं. तिच्या लहानसहान रुसव्या फुगव्यांनी त्याचं मन व्यापून टाकलं. तो परत एकदा माणसांमधे रमण्यास शिकला. त्यात तो आनंदी होता.

तिच्या आगमनाला आणि त्या घटनेला आता तीन वर्ष झाली होती व आता ती बतमी वर्तमान पत्रात झळकली. “त्या तणावातल्या दंगलखोरांना आज शिक्षा झाली” ती काही वेळ विचारात पडली आणि म्हणाली. “मी या घरात आले तेव्हा घरकाम करणारी एक साधी मुलगी होते. आज मागे बळून पहाताना जाणवतं की याच घटनेनं मला नवीन जग दिलं. मी माझ्या आईवडिलांना विसरू शकत नाही पण त्यासाठी मी या नवीन जीवनाला नाकारुसुद्धा शकत नाही. त्या दंगलखोरांना झालेली शिक्षा ही माझ्या पूर्वयुष्यातील शेवटच्या अध्यायवरचा पूर्णविरामच आहे.”

त्याला भरवसाच बसला नाही की आपल्यासमोर दहावीतील एक साधी मुलगी बालत आहे. त्याला भीती वाटली हे आलेलं अकाली प्रौढत्व तर नाही. पण त्याला तिच्या डोळ्यात बघूण जाणवलं की याला परिस्थितीनं दिलेली प्रगल्भता म्हणतात. त्याला त्या पुढे विचार करायची गरज नव्हती कारण तो आता सर्वार्थाने आनंदी व समाधानी होता.

प्रणव धर्माधिकारी
तृतीय वर्ष(यांत्रिकी)



मला आई उमगली



Double Lecture

कॉलेज मासिकासाठी निबंध / कविता लिहा अशी नोटीस बर्गाबाहेर लावली होती. संपादकांनी पंधरा दिवसांची मुदत दिली होती. मी विचार केला, कुठल्या विषयावर लिहावं बरं? थोडा विचार केला आणि आई ह्या विषयावर लिहायचं असं ठरवलं.

माझे निरीक्षण सुरु झालं. आईच्या आवडी निवडी? बरं आईला जेवणात काय आवडत. आई तर सर्व भाज्या खाते. आम्ही बाहेर जेवायला जातो तेव्हा तर ती आम्हालाच ऑर्डर करायला सांगते. घरी ती आम्हाला नेहमीच गरम गरम जेवण वाढते मात्र स्वःतःच्या पानात शिळे घेते. कमी पडलं तर थोडच खाते, फुकट जाऊ नये म्हणून नको असताना सुद्धा खाते. अरे, मी कधी म्हणत नाही की आई, तू आज ताजं खा, मी शिळं घेईन. आईचा वाढदिवस नोव्हेंबरमध्ये असतो, मात्र तो थाटात साजरा केल्याचं मला आठवत नाही. माझ्या वाढदिवसाला आई नेहमी मला जे आवडतं तेच बनवते. मागच्या वेळेस तिने गुलाब-जामन केले होते. बायांना पुरणपोळ्या आवडतात आणि भावाला चॉकलेट बर्फी आवडते. आईला कोणता पदार्थ आवडतो? बाबा, अहो बाबा. आईला कोणता गोड पदार्थ आवडतो? अहो, इथे लक्ष्य द्या ना बाबातर कामात मग्न आहेत. बरं आईचा आवडता रंग कोणता? लाल असावा. खरेदी करताना तर ती नेहमी मलाच विचारते की कोणत्या रंगाची साडी चांगली दिसते. मी अनेकदा फिरायला मैत्रिणींसोबत जाते, सिनेमा पाहते. आईबरोबर कधी गेल्याचं मला आठवतं नाही.

माझ्या आईला गाण्यांची आवड आहे. तिचा आवाज सुद्धा फार मधुर आहे. मात्र मी तिला कधी प्रोत्साहन दिले नाही. प्रोत्साहन सोडा, स्तुती देखिल करत नाही. पुढच्या वेळेस तिला सांगितल पाहिजे, खरंच आईला आवाज खूप गोड आहे. टि. व्ही. बघायला, पुस्तक वाचायला तर तिला वेळच मिळत नाही. बापरे! आई चा रोल करणं किती कठीण आहे!

कधी कधी ती उगाचच चिडते, वैतागते ते आता मला थोडं थोडं समजतयं. एके दिवशी मी घरी आले. तेव्हा आई खिडकीतून दूरवर बघत बसली होती. मी विचारलं काय झालं गं? सांग ना काहीच नाही गं, तू लहान आहेस. आई झालीस की तुला कळेल. आपली आई नेहमी आपले लाड करते, ओरडते पण आपल्या हितासाठीच आपल्यासाठी अनेक गोष्टी करते. पंधरा दिवसांची मुदत संपली होती माझं निरीक्षण सुरुचं होत. आईच वागणं आणि इतरांच वागणं ह्याची थोडीफार तुलना करताना आई थोडीशी का होईना पण मला उमगली होती.

लेख पूर्ण झाला आणि शेवट करता करता पानावर माझ्या डोळ्यांतून दोन थेंब पडले.

प्रतीक्षा माईणकर

तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत आणि दूरसंचार)

फक्त शब्द कांनावर पडत दोते, कळत काहीच नव्हतं. शेजाऱ्याला वेळ विचारली १२ला दहा मिनीटे माझ्या हृदयाचा ठोव चुकला, मला घाम फुटू लागला, घशाला कोरड पडली, जरा पाण पिऊन मी स्थिरावले..... अन तब्बल १ तास १० मिनीटे राहिल आहेत? मी स्वतःला सांगितल धीर धर हे Lecture नक्क संपेल!

दर वर्षी हेच नाटक प्रत्येक शिक्षक येतात, त्यांनाच कळे अशा भाषेत काहीतरी बोलतात कदाचित ते शिकवण्याच प्रामाणीक प्रयत्न करत असतात. आम्ही त्यांच्या समोर बसत आणि ऐकत ऐकत झोपुन जातो. माझ्या मते प्रत्येक आईला आपल्या बाळाला झोपवतांना या शिक्षकांचा हेवा वाटत असेल. कोणाला गाढ झोपवण्याची किमया ते किती सहजतेने करतात जर कधी आम्ही न झोपण्याच्या प्रयत्नात यशस्वी झालो... तर? विचार करत मी आजुबाजुला पाहिलं. झोपलेले विद्यार्थी वगळता काही जण चित्र काढत होते, काही जण फक्त इकडे तिकडे बघत होते, काही मस्त कानाला दोघा लावून गाणी ऐकत होते, काही फक्त Assignment लिहण्याचं काम उरकत होते, काही फक्त आपले डोकं बाकावर आपटत होते आणि अस्वस्थपणे हातावरच्या घड्याळाला आश्चर्याने बघत होते, आणि चक्क काही जण Doubts विचारत होते (दोन जणं).

कसं होणार यार आपल ?? यंदा नक्की KT मला शेजार म्हणाला. उसासा हाकीत मी मान्य केलं पण

पण हे काय सगळं नवीन आहे?? प्रत्येक Semester ला हीच गत असते. Lecture ला आम्ही काही ऐकत नाही, घरी जाऊन अभ्यास करणं हा प्रकारचा माहिती नाही. प्रत्येक Semester च्या शेवटी मरत मरत आम्ही Submission पूर्ण करतो आणि घाबरत घाबरत Viva देतो. आणि शेवटी PL (१, २ आठवड्याची) मध्ये आणि दोन Papers मधल्या सुट्टीत जमेल तितका अभ्यास करतो. पण पण शेवटी सगळं आम्हीच करतो शिकतो, शिकवतो आणि Pass होतो ...! मग??? Yess!! Yess!!

मग काय? जरा तरी लक्ष दे!! Lecture संपायला अजून सव्या तास आहे!! मी स्वतःला सांगितल आणि हातावर गाल ठेवून Prof. कडे पाहिलं.



अमृता आगाशे
द्वितीय वर्ष (यंत्रिकी)



जो भगवद्भजनेधीन । जाऊ नेदी एक क्षण । सर्वकाळ अंतकरण । भक्तिरंगे रंगले ॥

- दासबांध



२६ नोव्हेंबर एका पोलिसाच्या नजरेतून



सुदक्षणाय खलनिग्रहणाय।' (सत्याच्या रक्षणासाठी आणि
जनांच्या विनाशासाठी) ही शपथ म्हणजे प्रत्येक पोलिसाच्या
मर्मभूमीवरील अस्तित्वाची ओळख आहे. आज पोलिस म्हटलं
च, पहिल्यांदा नागरिकांसमोर येते ते काठी आपटून दम दाखवून
मजसूल करणारा खाकी वर्दीतला माणूस. होय पण आज जेव्हा २६
नोव्हेंबरच्या आतंकवादी हल्ल्यात प्राण पणाला लावून कित्येक
देशी तथा देशी प्रवाशांना तसेच इतर माणसांना वाचवणाऱ्या
स्वीरांमुळे पोलीस म्हणजे नक्की तरी काय? हे जनसामान्यांना
मजले आहे.

जन प्रत्येक : क्षेत्रात पाहता, २६ नोव्हेंबरचा जबरदस्त झटका
दर्शने जाणवून येतो. पण त्या दिवशी, त्या वेळी हल्ल्याच्या
काणी उपस्थित असलेल्या पोलिसांच्या मनातील भावनांचा
चार कोणी करत नाही. फक्त कल्पनेने शहीद झाले याची नोंद
आहे मात्र त्यांची कारणमीमांसा शोधताना सगळेच जण
सारमाध्यमे, राजकीय मंडळी, मानव आयोग संघटना) " स्वस्य
यै इति परमार्थः " हे ब्रीद धरून चालले आहेत.

ज खरे पहाता, देशाला गरज आहे ती प्रबळ आणि अत्याधुनिक
स्वास्त्र सुसज्ज सेनेची. २६ नोव्हेंबरला रात्री ९.०० वाजता जेव्हा
तिरेकी चळवळी तीव्र झाल्या त्यावेळी आपली कामाची वेळ
लेली आहे. आणि आता आपण आपल्या घरी निघावे अशा
चारात्र असलेल्या पोलिसांना जेव्हा घटना कळली
ते क्षणभरही विचलित झाले नाहीत आणि स्वतः कडच्या
स्वास्त्रांची कुवत व जबाबदारी माहीत असूनही ते विलंब न करता
नास्थळी जमले आपल्या प्राणांबद्दल किंवा आपले स्वकीय
व्यावृत्ती बचाव करण्यासाठीही त्यांनी वेळ दवडला नाही.
पुढील प्रत्येक श्वास हा माझ्या भारतासाठी
असो' अशी भावना प्रत्येक पोलिसाच्या मनात होती.
नास्थळी पाहणीकरता गेलेले वरिष्ठ अधिकारी हेमंत करकरे,
वय साळस्कर आणि अशोक कामटे हे शहीद झाल्याची बातमी
व्यासारखी पसरली तेव्हा प्रत्येक पोलिसाच्या मनात एका
साठी खळबळ उठली होती मग मात्र शहिदांच्या बलिदानाचे

सार्थक करणे हा एकच ध्यास, एकच ध्येय आणि एकच ब्रीद मानून
इतर सहकार्यांनी आपली स्थाने तसेच घटनेचा आढावा घेतला
सामान्य नागरिकांना ओलीस ठेवणाऱ्या त्या आतंकवादयांना
'शह आणि मात' कसा दयावा याची योजना तयार करण्यात
आली. पोलिसांना लहान लहान तुकड्यांमध्ये विभागण्यात आले
परंतु दहशतवादयांच्या शस्त्रांचा मुकाबला करण्यासारखी शस्त्रे
आपल्याकडे नाहीत. हे जाणून सुद्धा पोलिसांच्या कित्येक तुकड्या
घटनास्थळी कार्यरत झाल्या जे पोलिस कर्मचारी रजेवर होते त्यांना
जेव्हा आतंकवादी हल्ल्याची खबर लागताच ते स्वतःच्या मर्जीने
लोकांच्या सहाय्यतेसाठी घटना स्थळी रुजू झाले काही पोलिसांच्या
घरातल्या माणसांना जेव्हा या घटनेची माहिती झाली तेव्हा
त्यांचे फोन वर फोन मुख्य कार्यालयात सुरू झाले मात्र त्यादिवशी
पोलिस या शब्दात किती समर्पण आहे हे माझ्यासारख्या इतर
नवख्या पोलिसांना समजले त्या दिवशी स्वतः वरिष्ठ पोलिस
अधिकारी सुद्धा आपले मोबाईल बंद ठेवून हल्ल्याच्या ठिकाणी
उपस्थित झाले.

२६ नोव्हेंबर रात्र म्हणजे काळी रात्र होती. त्या रात्री जेव्हा
आतंकवादी विरोधी पोलिस दलाला पाचारण करण्यास कोणत्याही
वरिष्ठाची सहमती लागली नाही. आतंकवादयांचा भेद, मनसुबा
जाणून घेण्याचा मार्ग शाधण्याचेही अगणित प्रयत्न पोलिसांनी
केले. दुसऱ्या दिवशी बोलावण्यात येणाऱ्या 'Black
Commando' ना आणण्यासाठी विलंब झाला हे सगळ्यांना
समजले पण त्यांना जर योग्य वेळी, योग्य ठिकाणी प्रवासाची
सुविधा अथवा सोयी झाल्या असत्या तर Commandoes' २६
नोव्हेंबरलाच मुंबईत दाखल झाले असते. ही नाण्याची एकच बाजू
आहे. मात्र, मला असे वाटते की बाहेरून सैन्यदल पाचारण होण्यास
विलंब हा होतोच आणि मुंबईसारख्या शहरात आतंकवादयांनी ही
घटना अस्तित्वात येणार याची पूर्व कल्पना दिली असूनही इथल्या
पोलिस दलाला योग्य त्या शस्त्रांचा पुरवठा नाही तसेच स्वतःच्या
रक्षणासाठी उपलब्ध असणाऱ्या गाष्टी म्हणजे कचऱ्यात
फेकण्याच्या योग्यतेच्या. आपली राजकीय मंडळी जो निधी जाहिर
करतात तो नक्की कोणाला करतात? (स्वतःला की पोलिस दलाल)

मन हो रामरंगी रंगले । आत्मरंगी रंगले ।।



कळत - नकळत

याची खरी माहिती सर्वांनाच असते. पण म्हणतात ना “कळताय पण वळत नाही.....”

शेवटी एवढचं वाटतं की, देशातील प्रत्येक नागरिकाने स्वतःच्या हक्कांबरोबर स्वतःच्या जबाबदाऱ्याही पार पाहल्या पाहिजेत जागरूक होणे अत्यावश्यक आहे आता झाले ते बदलता येणार नाही परंतु असे काही भविष्यात होऊ नये म्हणून आपण एक आहोत आणि आपल्या देशाला भारतमाता म्हणतो हे जपले पाहिजे त्यामुळे दहशतवाद्यांचा मुख्य हेतू कधीही साध्य होणार नाही तसेच जेव्हा जेव्हा देशाला गरज आहे तेव्हा तेव्हा प्रत्येकाने आपला प्राण देशासाठी अर्पण करण्याची तयारी दाखवली पाहिजे फक्त पोलिसदलावर अवलंबून रहाणे योग्य नाही. तरीही सर्व पोलिस कर्मचारी स्वतःच्या घरातून बाहेर पडताना आपण आता भारतभूचे आहोत हाच विचार करतात आपला देश हा संताची भूमी असणारा पवित्र देश आहे म्हणून त्याची शिकवण सगळ्यांनी लक्षात ठेवली पाहिजे का,

इतनी शक्ती हमें देना दाता
मन का विश्वास कमजोर हो ना
जय हिंद !
भारतमाता की जय

स्नेहल बोडके
तृतीय वर्ष (माहिती तंत्रज्ञान)



माथेरानला येऊन सनीला फारच छान वाटत होतं. ऑफिसमधून एका आठवड्याची रजा घेऊन शहरापासून, रोजच्या कटकटीपासून लांब येण्याच्या निर्णयावर तो जाम खूप होता. त्याच्या प्रसन्न असण्याच आणखी एक कारण होतं. ते म्हणजे एका पक्ष्याचे मधुर गाणे रोज सकाळी त्या पक्ष्याच्या मधुर गाण्याने त्याला जाग यायची त्याच्या घराच्या खिडकीलगत बसून तो पक्षी अर्धा - एक तास तरी तालेवारपणे सूर आळवायचा. त्यामुळे सारे वातावरण अगदी प्रसन्न, मंगलमय होऊन जायचे त्यानंतर आंधोळ, चहा-नाश्ता झाल्यावर विविध पॉईंट्स बघत निसर्गाच्या सान्निध्यात वेळ घालवायचा, असा त्याचा दिनक्रम झाला होता. आज त्याचा माथेरानमधाला शेवटचा दिवस होता उद्धा तो परत निघणार होता एकदम Full Charge होऊन.

नेहमीप्रमाणे आजसुद्धा पक्ष्याच्या मधुर गाण्याने सनीला जाग आली सारे वातावरण प्रसन्न वाटत होते. आज सुद्धा तो पक्षी त्याच्या घराच्या खिडकीलगत बसून गाणे गात होता. सनी ते सूर एकण्यात दंग झाला होता. पण अचानक पाच-एक मिनिटांत ते सूर थांबले काय झाले ते पाहण्यासाठी सनीने हळूच खिडकी उघडली आणि.....त्या खिडकीच्या खाचेत डोके चिमटून त्या डौलदार पक्ष्याचा जागीच अंत झाला.

प्रज्ञा मोरे
तृतीय वर्ष (विद्युत्)



Sanchali



EW! What an experience! I just loved working for DISHA. I would like to thank a whole lot of people who helped my ideas to transform into this wonderful magazine. Thank you VJ Ma'am, Pradeep sir, Pawan for slogging it out day and night. And thank you Brinda for being an ardent DISHA fan. And thank you Kiran, Ashwini, Riki and the entire magazine committee. Have a Great Life!

Aparajitha



We all came together in the beginning to form the magazine team and then progressed by working together. Now, we hope this is a success. I would like to thank all the members of the team for their hard work and support. My special thanks to VJ ma'am for her constant support and encouragement.

Manish



AMASKARI! I would like to thank VJ ma'am for her support. The 'Bhaiyye' group of TE-trical helped the Hindi section of DISHA'09 to stay alive. And thanks Sanchali for putting so much into the magazine. I enjoyed working with Amit. Long live DISHA.

Shantanu



I would like to thank Josh ma'am for her continuous support. Thanking my colleague Supriya is also necessary because without her hardwork this magazine would be no where. Last but not least, I would like to thank my friends Pranav and Swarnil for their unbiased suggestions and remarks.

Amit



I would like to thank VJ ma'am for giving me the opportunity to work for DISHA. We had a great time working for the magazine. I would like to thank Manish for his immense co-operation. And also Avinash, Utkarsh etc. And thanks to Pandey, DISHA was released on time.

Parinita



I would like to thank madhavi ma'am for guiding us time and again. I am also very grateful to daryan parab for helping us out with the quotations. Lastly I thank all those people whose suggestions have helped us to make a better DISHA.

Gaurav Dobhal



What started with a sense of anxiety, curiosity and tautness, it has finally come down to this. I see a happy substitute plastered on everyone's face. 'Relief!'. I would like to make good use of this little space by thanking everyone in the DISHA'09 team, and a heartfelt gratitude to Mrs. VJ ma'am for her immense support throughout. All I can say is even though the work has been done, I carry forward a wealth of experience and memories. Cheers

Suhani



I would like to thank shantanu, ??????? and especially pari for working so hard. I specially want to thank those whose articles have been selected. We're so sorry we couldn't include some articles just coz of lack of space. I'm sure all of u will keep up the great work guys!! thanks a loooooooooooooo!

