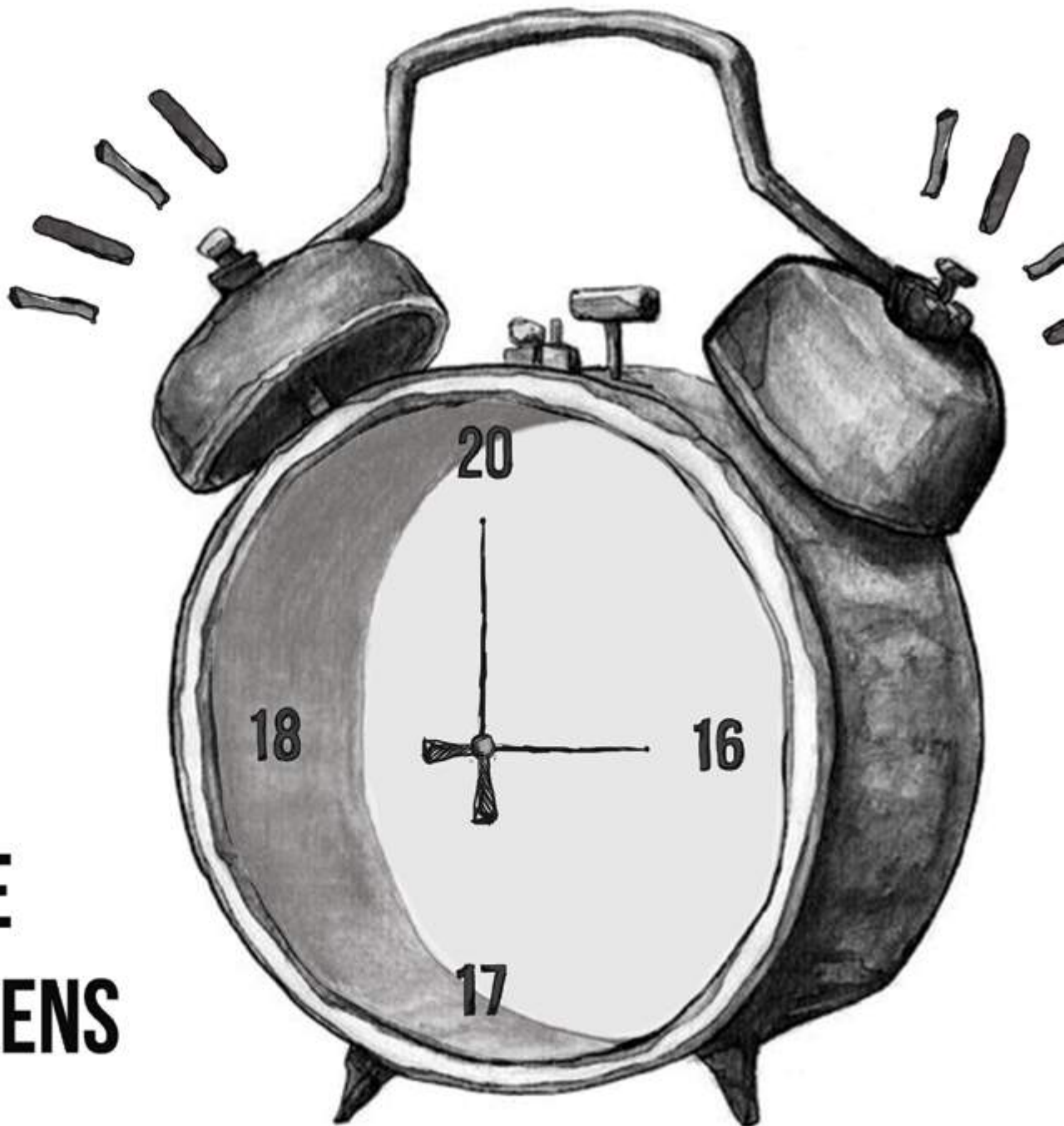


D361

SPRING EDITION | 2016



**THE
FORCE
AWAKENS**

DESHI BASARA!





Words of wisdom

"I am very happy that Degree 361 is finally being published after what seems like such a long period of time.

Every society registered under the Student Activity Centre ought to make a statement one way or the other.

The Literary & Cultural Society has made a brilliant move on their part with this magazine that celebrates the free thinkers, the writers and the creatively technical designers in our institute. It is always about being ahead of the curve.

That is what holistic development is all about. Our institute's motto is "Where everyone strives to attain their full potential". It cannot be attained through just memorizing Green's Theorem or internal combustion engines. One needs to think freely and believe that engineering/science is an art in itself.

Art is essential in this world not only among painters and poets, but also for the technocrats of this great nation.

For this noble endeavour of finding art in this institute of national importance, I wish the entire team of Degree 361 all the best and I hope this revival makes an impact.

Prof. Kishore Chandra Pati
Dean, Student Welfare

Editorial

Usually, an editorial is a collection of words put together by the Editor-in-chief or the Designer-in-chief of any magazine. And like any other mag team, ours is not with these positions vacant. But then, this is not a usual magazine, and certainly not a usual edition! And so, the "Editorial", as the top of this page reads, is actually the consolidated voice of the team behind this edition. Well, after 2 years of not getting published, this edition of Degree361 which is being presented to you, O Reader, is like a newborn in a world where it was once remembered for its elegance and appeal. Boy, now that's a paradox! And now that you have it in your hands, or on your table, or already being dissected to be put on your window panes, it is no less than a great moment for us to present it to you, to bring back the indomitable spirit of Literature and Creativity to you.

D361 is not just a magazine; it is more of a representation. It doesn't represent an individual of NITR, nor does it represent any ideals. It is rather the representation of thoughts of the campus itself. It tries to touch every sphere of anyone's life in the campus while catering to the intellectual desire for recreation at the simplest and the most appealing of forms. This edition, on the other hand, presents not only the lost literary psyche but also its journey of revival. This edition, instead of a theme imposed upon it, celebrates and emphasizes on the freedom of Human Creativity in addition to occasional pieces of art and literature that sing the song of reformation, of resurrection. For those with artistic tastes, this edition promotes the simplicity of thoughts through its minimalist design throughout. This editorial itself speaks of unity and strong will through the voices of the team in unison than some speaking through individual fragments of text. Man, I spent 10 minutes to think of and decide on the previous line, so I dearly hope you read it through. For the team!

This edition also voices the NITR junta through pieces of art and literature from various individuals of the campus. Also, we present the winners of Penmanship, the literary competition organized by D361 in Nitruksav '15. Congratulations! We would like to thank our alumni for their contributions to the magazine in the form of articles and moral support. Also, we would like to thank Sunil Manohar, Kushal Tibrewal and Pratyusha Amanchi for their active and close support through the ordeal of this edition's realization. We thank each other for holding up D361 once again and collectively cheer for you and all other readers, for you are the ones that the true D361 lies among.

Wish you a pleasant read.

TEAM
D361

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Tingling sunshine across the barks,
 Piercing the unborn leaves through,
 Bringing back the zest to live again,
 In this world moving ahead without a clue!
 Love; is a lost cause,
 Now it's there only with selfish motives and
 crooked anguish.
 To fill the drum with wine not water,
 Is where the humans lead their roadto.

OF THE



FORGOTTEN LANDS

-SWAYAMTRUPTA PANDA

No more crimson roses,
 No more sparkling dew,
 The Earth is no more the one I knew.
 People get pleasure even now,
 But not anymore with others' gains,
 Only left alone in the darkness,
 With their own long lost causes,
 Plight of the children is seen to no one,
 Nor is the security of women addressed,
 Criminals are the playmakers here,
 The game is now for you to survive.
 People pass by like empty clouds without soul,
 without care,
 They shove their sight to the darkest corner,
 Only to end like one,
 Who dwells in those forgotten lands.

Be My Muse

-N. M. Leepya

Be my muse
 Be my soul
 For my empty heart
 For my bare poems
 So that I could feel
 The existence of you
 Deep within me
 So that I could steal
 Few moments from you
 Some lost in time
 Some gone with you
 And keep on writing
 With inks of our love
 That links to your soul
 And many more

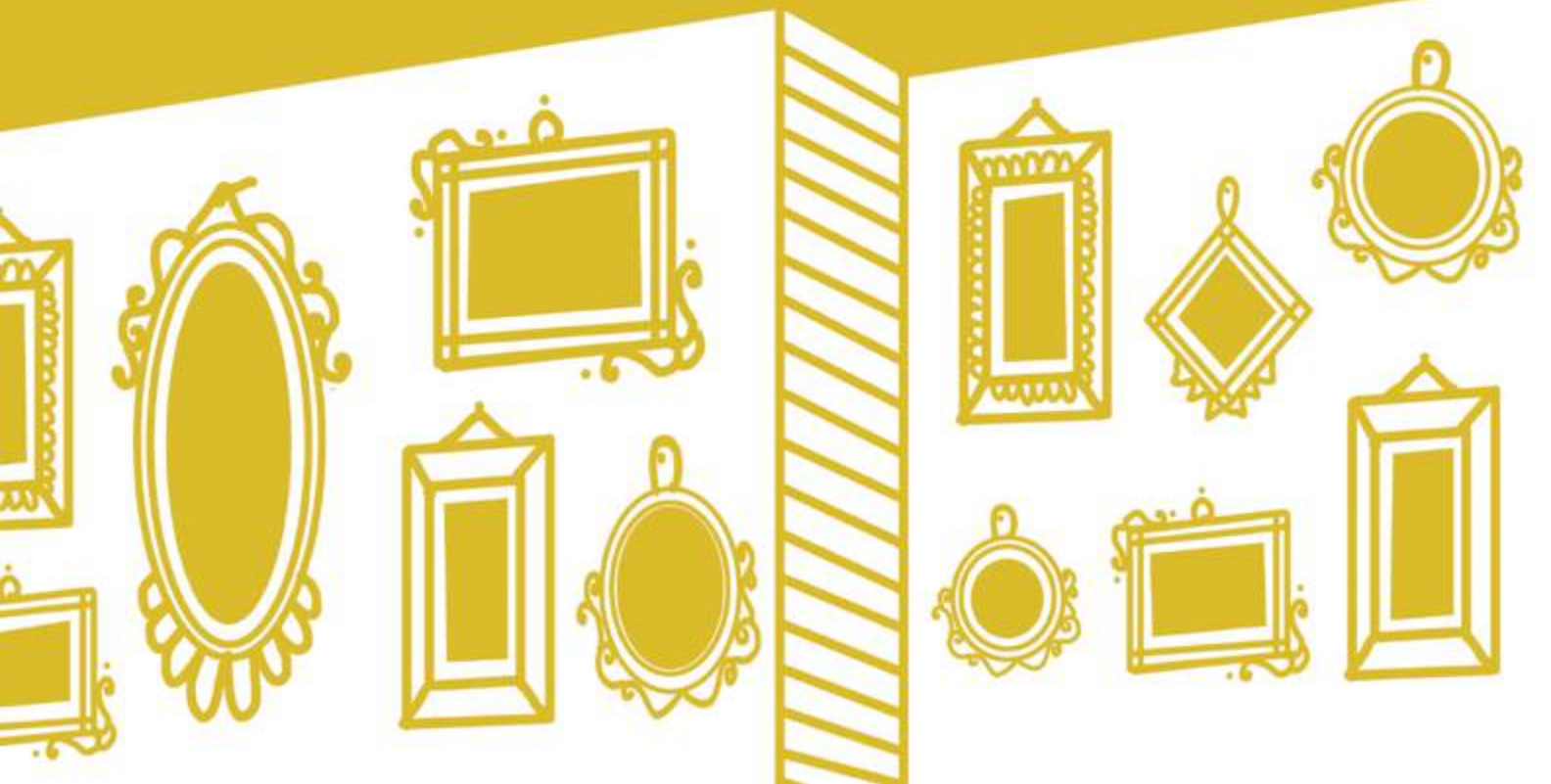
Never go away
 Stay within me
 The strength you are
 Like a sword or pen
 Let me choose
 Word by word
 Carefully
 One by one
 That describes you
 Dark & tall
 Cheerful & lively
 Gentle & Soft
 Strong & truthful
 Loving & caring
 And this is you all



Let me pick memories
 To fling into my notes
 To see the ripples
 It creates as lyrics
 That reminds about
 All enticing mornings
 That begins with smiles
 Or that moonlit night
 With rowing boat on lake
 And raft of ducks on water
 Also the winter sunshine
 Warmth under your hugs
 Committed monsoons as well
 Tell about our unending joy
 All when we are lost in our love

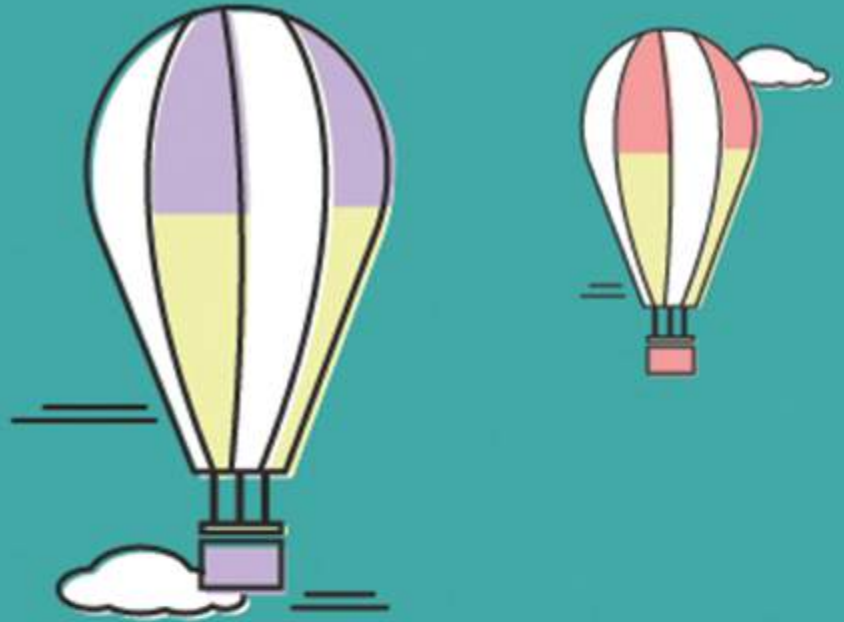
Beauty is timeless
 So do love
 Let the world see
 The beauty of love
 So be my feelings
 Holding my innocent heart
 Please, hold it with care
 And be my willpower
 Holding my palm
 Yes, gift me a thought
 As if I am not writing
 But flying higher & higher
 Like a colourful kite
 Into the depth of dreams
 That once we saw together

For my lonesome heart
 Be any emotions
 Joy and pride
 Hope and trust
 Surprise me not
 With love foes
 Anger or sadness
 Shame or disgust
 Fear or envy
 Unlock my inner eyes
 To find the stream
 To quench the thirst
 For the flow of my words
 Into pen and paper
 To name it a love verse



TINGLE of dust ON LIFE

-Brajee Malakar



Clear as the sky in a bright sunny day, without any blemishes; freely I roam across my heart, wandering through the upbeat feelings I encountered along with the ones I embedded in my psyche, hoping them to confront reality in the near future. As if I am on a quest to find my conscience. Will I affront it? Or will my mind linger between the unravelling lines of some puzzle?

Yeah. Who knows? I bet that's upon time to decide.

The reason why I wander offshore the coast? That might need an explanation; way too knotty to make someone else apprehend. Even for me to draw sense out of it. A mystery, imbued by its complexity near impossible to wash away anyhow. Though sometimes I have this crazy idea that I may, to some extent, have deciphered it. But isn't that the human pride of intelligence? And what's the puzzle of life, you ask? Me too. What is it? What defines it? And why does it intrigue me or anyone with a piquant feeling, one that no drug on this world can pursue?

It's time. Maybe my gift of mind has done it. Put along the pieces of the puzzle together and made out an exemplary one, one that answers my curiosity, drives away my melancholy and at time embraces me with warm affection. A model perspective of what I could think of, along poured all my artistry. I could to shape it to a chef d'oeuvre. And that, my résumé, is thus so.

"As exclusively, almost nothing exists solely; nature forged everything into pairs, pairs we, either living or non-living, are compelled to lean against for support, comfort, love, existence. An existence so delicate, so fragile, that we go beyond our ambit to keep hold of the bond we share with our other half. Everything existing in this world can be your ally, icon, fidelity and what not! All that matters is who and what you choose. How you choose, you ask? That's for you to decide. A scoring advantage bestowed upon us by our creator (not referring to God, just a fictional character relative to which I am speaking) over non-livings: the power to choose among the many, of which the lifeless beings are been slacked off."

Well, is that it? Is the mystery is no longer one?

Yeah. Who knows? I bet that's upon time to decide.

angel

11

-Rituparna Mishra

Ever thought of an angel
With enigmatic beauty beyond words.
Ever thought of her eyes
That behold dreams, soaring above birds

Ever thought of the grace
With which her steps were laid on soil
Ever thought of her lips
Whose reddish tinge soothes all toil?

Ever thought of the magic
That invade the world, for her presence
Ever thought of the locks
Which swayed through a divine essence

Ever thought of her words
That a thousand secrets would reveal
Ever thought of her smile
That a thousand hearts would steal

Ever thought of her scent
The aroma that she spreads around
Ever thought of a single glimpse
Of hers that your lids could steal and bound

Oh! Yes I have seen an angel
She stays in my dreams
She lays on a cloud, divine and pristine...



1 Ombrophobia is an irrational fear of which weather condition?

What is the national animal of Scotland? **2**

How many rows of whiskers, on each side, does a cat usually have? **3**

4 How is SOS depicted in international Morse code?

5 What was the title of the 1967 black comedy war film starring Michael Crawford and John Lennon?

Podshaving' is the art of hand-making which piece of sports equipment? **6**

14

Question Quiz

7 Which 1981 film, directed by John Huston, starred footballers Bobby Moore, Pele and Osvaldo Ardiles?

In the Star Wars series of films what is the name of the short, stocky, friendly hunter-gatherers that inhabit the forest moon of Endor? **8**

14 Which fictional doctor is the central character in a series of books by Hugh Lofting?

In astronomy, a spectroheliograph is an instrument used for photographing or recording the image of what? **13**

12 Which part of the body does a cariogenic affect?

Abyssinia was the former name of which country? **11**

The first passenger fare-paying railway service was established in

10 which country in 1807?

9 What is a masterless samurai called in Japanese?

whispers

-Debarghya Chakraborty



Begins always with a whisper
 Begins with a rustle of leaves
 Low tidal waves brushing against
 Mud embankments; a flickering
 Candlelight in the still perfect
 Darkness of a cloudless May.

This is how it must be
 Me trying to capture the dawn
 Must hold my eyelids stretched
 Open through the noon, trying
 To leap and press the fine wings
 Of a butterfly between
 my thumb and index finger,
 Without crushing the life out of it
 Without leaving any wax on the fingers.

And then to preserve
 The thousand nuclear drumming
 Of a lightning storm in an
 Airtight jar of mellow moonlight
 In crisp verse, the lashing ocean
 Dusty hot smell of a velvet red rose
 And keep it reverberating
 Through passages of time
 Unceasing and undiluted;
 A spiraling cathedral of whispers
 To last all dawns through afternoons.
 Hungry and naked, eyes asquint.

joganiya

-Ananya Acharya

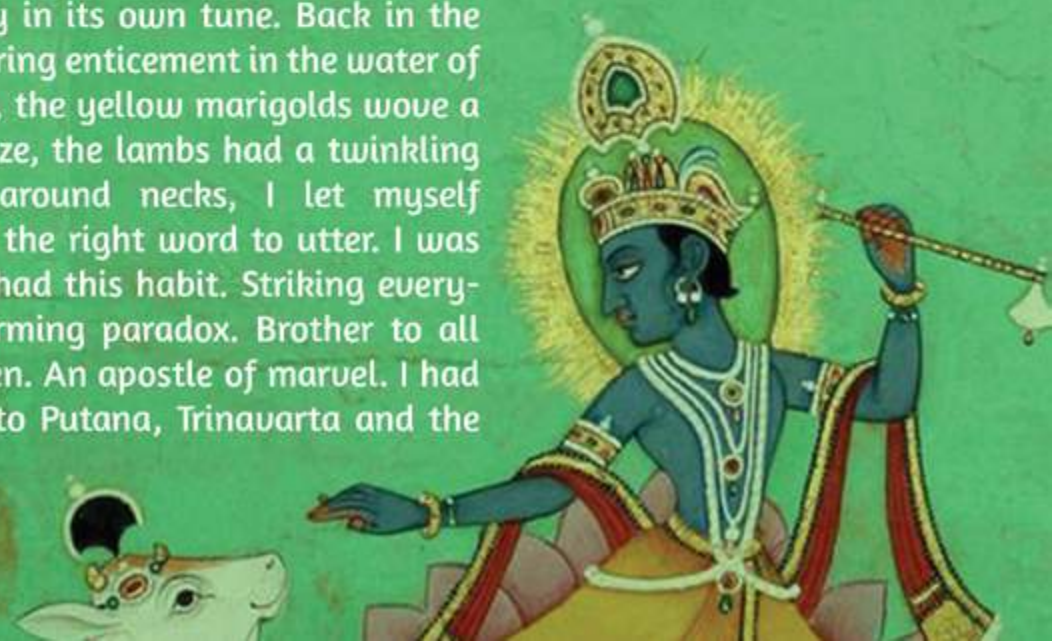
Hitech Medical College and Hospital, Rourkela

The world seemed to sway in its own tune. Back in the palace, there was a whispering enticement in the water of the fountain in the garden, the yellow marigolds wove a radiating scale out of breeze, the lambs had a twinkling music from their bells around necks, the river loved rushing lapping over rocks bumping high and low, and the pigeons gurgled love song hunching near their ones on the cold wintry morning. My mind or soul never ceases to search. Everything seemed to be narrating unspoken chronicles and making sense. Me? I had my Merlin in my heart, he was the music to my life now.

I met him last summer. When I had been to Mathura. I remember him dancing near the banks with all those lovely country girls. Moving with ecstasy and grace which tugs the soul of everyone around to move with him. I saw him doing that. Overwhelming. He thinks he can outsmart anybody! I saw him behind the leaves that day, when he shot his pebbles at the water pots of the water fetching women. Camouflaged in green, His reshami olive green multi-folded dhoti, down flowed the flapping piece of yellow turban cloth, and the garland of jasmine, marigold and heena around his neck. And how can you miss his vibrant iridescent blue and green plumaged feather! How can I forget his peacock pinnacle? Magnificence. I just chose to say it at last so that I could immerse in its aura peacefully a bit longer. Yes, he flows in my veins, back to my heart and beyond.

It all happened one fine morning during riyazz when I held my veena near the banks of Yamuna, I heard the tranquilizing tune of a flute. Its music reverberating the tarangs of all seven surs. More than countable raagas seemed to be in a sweet mingled balance with one other. My fingers worked on the strings, riveting with each swara. I formed the shrutis intertwined with the laya of the flute. The end of one raaga had already begun another. Strumming and striking, running my fingers in the transcended phenomenon while I blossomed, bloomed, withered, resurrected. Moksha. Then it stopped, suddenly. There he was. Eased, with one hand resting on a neem tree and the other with his baasuri. With his mysterious smile. Such was his radiating aura

The world seemed to sway in its own tune. Back in the palace, there was a whispering enticement in the water of the fountain in the garden, the yellow marigolds wove a radiating scale out of breeze, the lambs had a twinkling music from their bells around necks, I let myself blinded by it. I didn't find the right word to utter. I was struck. Struck by him. He had this habit. Striking everybody in Gokul. In his charming paradox. Brother to all men and lover to all women. An apostle of marvel. I had heard about what he did to Putana, Trinavarta and the Govardhan hill.



We all knew. I always wondered and longed to decipher him. The picture of him, that mother gave me when I was three. I always knew him. He always beckoned me. And I came this far to have a glance of him.

“Your fingers are bleeding.” He said. I was in trance. His calf trotted behind him and its bells ringed. I realized he spoke. I said none. He exhaled and walked nearer, I could hear my heartbeats pounding. Bending down on knees he raised his hands near mine. I quivered. And then he touched my fingers, a shot of chill ran down my spine. His fingers were cold but send what felt like warm spreading waves. I looked down and saw no blood on hands, just a few drops of ruby red fluid on my veena that reached my ghagra. The bleeding cut had healed. Ah! Merlin and his ways. He then looked up confused.

I finally asked “What is it?”

To which he replied “What do I get for this in return?”

I always had a little bit of butter with me. He loved it so much that I always carried it around with me. Opening my dupattas corner knot where I hid it usually I handed him it in whole.

“There, I love them, you can have it all. And if it’s not enough...” My voice trailed off in mumbles not knowing what to say.

“And if it’s not enough..?” He repeated, his voice mocking me.

“What you have made me feel, I still know not what it is. And I don’t think anything under the sky exists that can be close to that, Krishna.” I had no idea what I was uttering.

“Do you think you see me pelting stones and hear my flute just as a coincidence?” He asked with a mystical smile.

I looked up feeling lost out of words.

How did he know I observed him all this while?

“You see them because I want you to”. His voice was like a melting snow freshly kissed by suns first rays, and I felt myself swept away with his generated unfathomable depths of awe.

“What are you?” I was asking things, and I didn’t know how.



And all of a sudden he revealed to me supreme glorious course of the universe. The sky was engulfed in darkness and there I could see twinkling stars, celestial bodies on their tracks and astral phenomena seemed to follow his fingers as they motioned, million colored hues radiated from shooting meteors as he pointed to one blank space in sky, the horizon kept expanding cataclysmically as he waved his hands, cosmic waves of multitude frequencies wove a network of proximately flawless and immaculate latticed grid which connected every organism. Beginning to emerge from his heart, the waves exquisitely capered and frisked their way through the inanimate particles as sand, gravels, from pebbles to the graceful flowing water over the pebbles, moving along bubbling fishes and children playing in a stream, to their caring mothers or to the beggar watching them smile. It made its way through the paupers to princes. Diadems and rags all were equally a part of it.

“This is love, connecting every being and leaving its impression. Converging on me and diverging from me. I’m the deepest secret, I’m the simplest reason to everything, I’m the destination, I’m the journey, I’m perpetual, but here I am mortal. I vouchsafe you with me because I know you Meera. I choose you to represent my love. I love you. Keep me in you always and spread me as far you can. For I will never leave you. Because I never left.”

I was weeping and smiling at the same time.

“I always have kept you near me and I’ll keep looking up for you as well” He smiled wiping my tears.

I knew nobody can contain him. I knew I couldn’t have him for myself. I realized I loved him so much that I had to let the world have him. For he was the Merlin, everyone righteously deserved to have, the epitome of supramundane and the mundane. I decided to hold the thing that bound me to him for the brief moment, absorbing his being. There is a divine love greater than all love that connects us all. I held to my veena. I decided to spend the rest of my life reliving and trying to perceive the unison in the million raagas and dwelling in my refuge. I’ll never give up merging in my refuge.

Princess of Merta, Queen of Chittorgarh, Mathura, Vrindavan. Meera. Krishna.

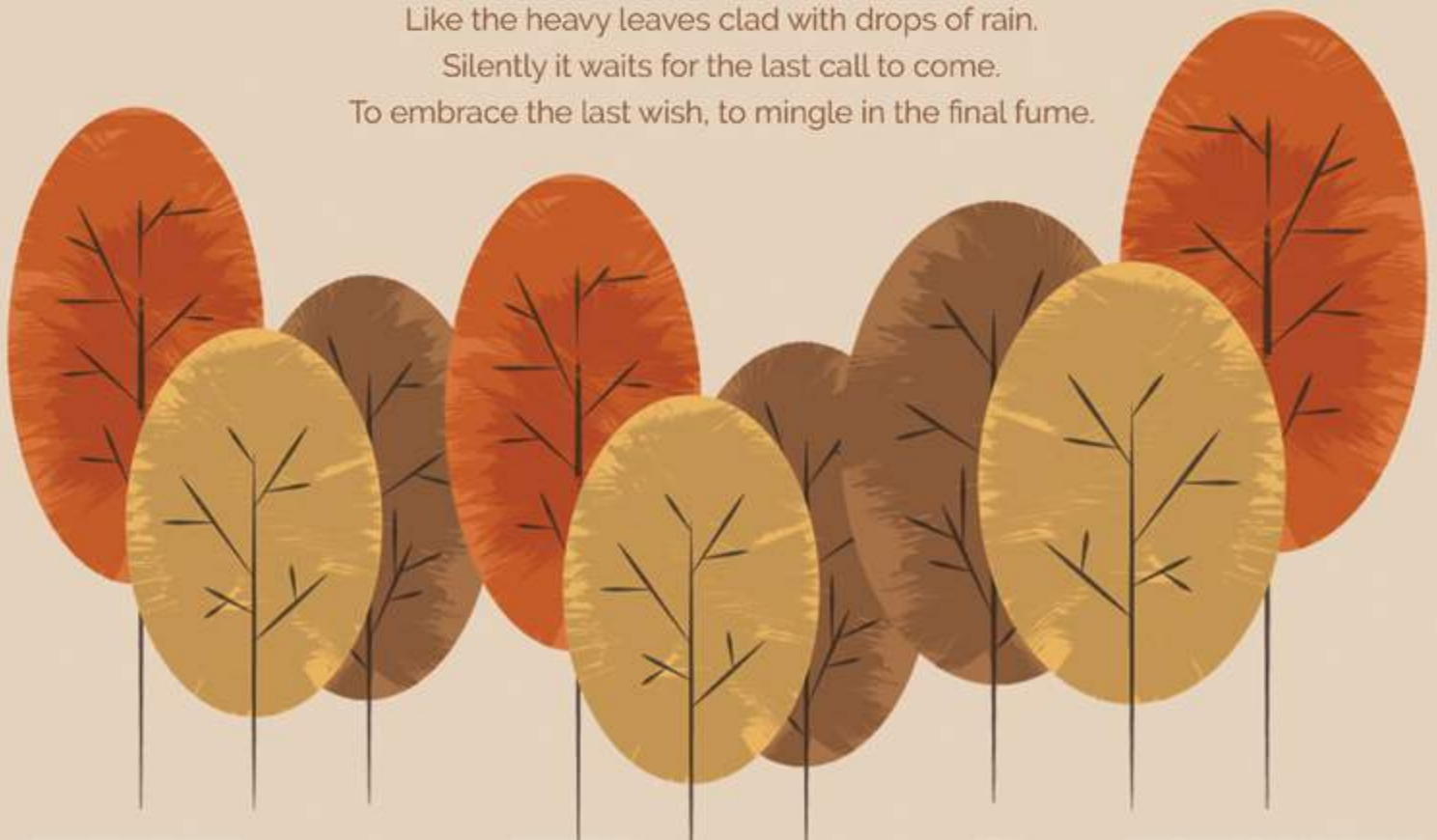
The rest of the story is legend and tales that you already know.



Chai Ka Ped

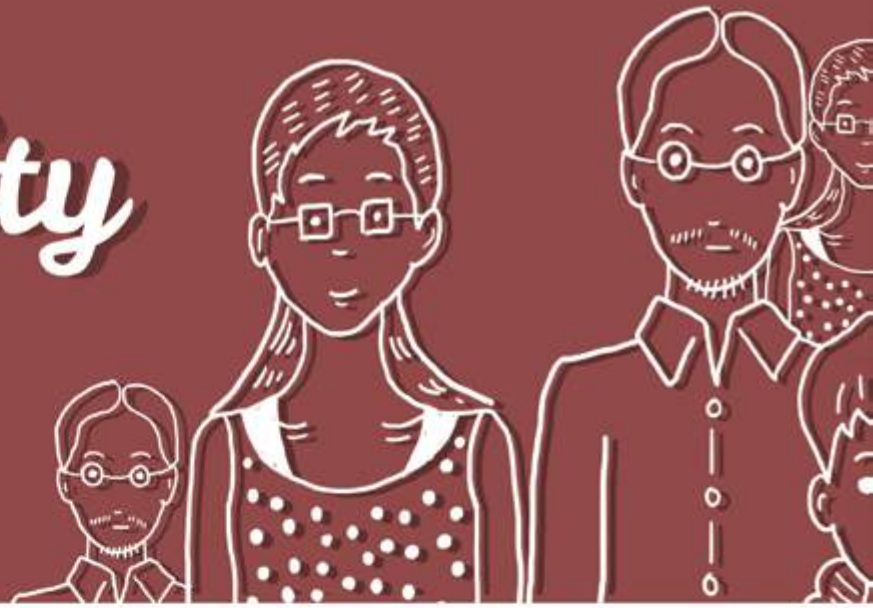
-Hrushikesh Raymohapatra

The tree- green, huge, old.
 Stands stout, apathetic, cold.
 Ambitious boys and loquacious lass
 The funny lot, the discussing mass.
 It beholds everything, it forgets some.
 Like the rusty leaves detached from its giant frame.
 It has seen them weep, has seen them laugh.
 It has seen them confess, seen them bluff.
 The day fades slowly into dusk.
 Casting the dreamy evening, its mystic mask.
 Under its giant branches, it's seen them kiss.
 Listened to their tales, their silent wish.
 Every layer of its bark parchments history.
 Of dreams, desires and untold stories.
 Its heart heavy with untold pain.
 Like the heavy leaves clad with drops of rain.
 Silently it waits for the last call to come.
 To embrace the last wish, to mingle in the final fume.



serendipity

-Anmol Dalmia



Fate strikes when you least expect it.

A man with a book with the very same title with the very same thoughts, following the very same way he used to take in the very same days of his not-so-same life. This middle aged man carried his little briefcase, his typical paraphernalia for going to work. Leaving behind a small shack he called house, he was again out to seek his new destination - a new workplace every new day. Like a lost soul damned to wander the gross lands of forlorn, he was bound to toil in places previously unknown. Employed by a company which provided odd jobs to such rudimentary citizens of a great city, this man was known only by a name.

Harry

Not to be confused with the popular character of a famous genre, this guy could once be comparable to the same. What have I become? He thinks. It is said that when Lady Luck smiles, she showers her blessings on the onlooker. For Harry, Lady Luck simply roared on him than smile. Within moments, he saw his glory sweeping past the shore of time when he was evicted of his wealth by those same wretched beasts he once used to think as his family. Being an adopted son at a very young age, he used to endure his torment by his elder siblings, who eventually brought him his fate. It wasn't that they went unpunished. All of them were victims of a fatal car accident, leaving behind their glorious legacy to be the fateful dividends among the unworthy inferiors of his distant relation. Once relations. But Harry has always been a hard-headed person. He never lost hope and strived to earn his way back. But it was too late, and now he is broke and bent. The weight of his briefcase was bowing his self, pulling him even deeper into the mess he once ridiculed. With no family of his own, he now knows a life he never imagined he would.

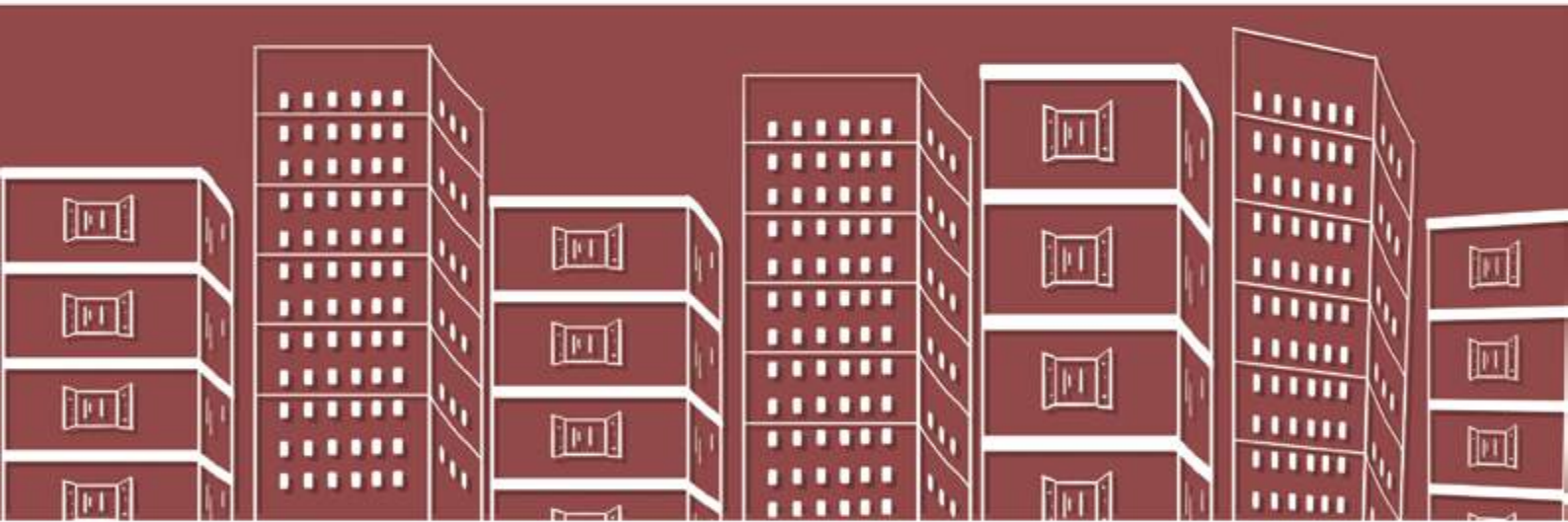
He was about to take a turn through the busy street to greet his office building when he was awoken from his thought-dream by the honk of a trailer. His eyes met the doorman's when he passed him and again his nostalgia returned about the time when he used to be greeted by them. He sighed and went to his office's corridor. Surprisingly enough, it was bolted, something that Harry had never seen in his meagre career of a year. He sat on the chair laid before and surveyed the sudden wake of carnage around him. A lost day in employment meant a lost day's salary and for today, Harry could starve. Dejected and despised, he started walking forward to the door, hurling curses on his employer. He had no choice but to sleep the rest of the day so that his consciousness would not be mollycoddled by his mewling stomach. Harry wasn't in a hurry- his life had taught him to go slow. He had learnt that patience is the greatest punishment ever given to man. His faith in the Omnipotent Transcendental Being had started fading a long time ago. He was usually depressed and his thoughts always kept gnawing at him in his desolation. With no regret and only remorse, he started dragging his heavy legs and an even heavier heart to the only place he knew to have peace in. His 'house'.

What have I become?

He remembered how he was still small and his step-mother used to cuddle him to sleep. And how one day, his step-brother had made a deep cut on his hand out of jealousy. These things are not uncommon, he consoled himself. Of course it wasn't uncommon in the society. Domestic violence has been a part of it through ages. But it isn't the social trauma that hurts him. It's the trust, the breach, that broke the once great man, and now he has to sleep to suppress his hunger. Harry reached a small corner of a crossroad. Acting no different than an excellent mechanical replication of a human, his legs stopped by the crossroad, unintended. He lifted his eyes and imagined how his life has put him into one. In a way, his life was an honest but desolated one, with no friends, no family. There was only loneliness in his fight for fierce survival. In another way, there was a dishonest life with the possibility to make his life lavish again. Is it how criminals are born? He thought. Without having a second opinion, he strolled over to another path. His life wasn't a burglar's. He knew his honour, something which promises more and gives less. It was summer and Harry grew tired faster than he used to do before. His labour was taking a toll on him. He sat down on a bench nearby and again let his train of thoughts run in his mind. His self was again flooded with the familiar memories of his past- painful and sweet. He felt his sense losing day by day and it wasn't much later that he fell asleep.

"Hey there, wake up! I need a place to sit!"

Harry was bailed out of his slumber by a man near his own age. He was shaking him at his shoulders and looking for a place to sit. "Sorry Sir" Harry murmured. He slid to one side of the bench and let that man sit. "It's so tiring these days. Nothing's better than fresh air." Harry glanced over to his uninvited guest. The man was simply dressed in a coat and trousers. Munching on his sandwich, he seemed quite happy with his life. Only if he knew. Harry felt very ashamed of sitting beside him and raised himself to walk. "Hey, I didn't ask you to go away! Come and sit with me for a while", ordered the imperative stranger. Harry was confused, but it was after a long time he was offered a company so warm. With humility, he sat down on the bench, his hands crossed. The stranger seemed to study him and Harry felt a little awkward for that. Suddenly, the stranger extended his hand and said "Hello, I'm Marlin." Harry was surprised. He chose to keep quiet.



"What brings you to sleep here, my friend?" asked Marlin.

"Nothing. I am just a tired toiler seeking refuge in the shade." Harry replied.

"You don't seem to be comfortable brother. Be assured of warm company."

I am, thought Harry.

"So what do you do?"

"I'm an employee at Harvey's Solutions. I do odd jobs of repairing and labour. You?"

"Oh. I'm a local businessperson here. You've seen that big hotel across the street?" Marlin pointed to a Brobdingnagian building which Harry identified to be a high profile resort.

"Yes, I can."

"That's where my office is. I own it."

The moment these words were uttered, Harry's eyes pulled out of their sockets. He is the owner of that hotel? He thought. For all his life, Harry had met many reputed people, but none were as down-to-earth as Marlin.

"Sorry to bother you sir, but I need to go." Harry started to rise as his nervousness took over him. It was the wave of embarrassment that reigned, an alien feeling that he never knew to exist. Again a first in that day, he had never had an aptitude for the feeling of such an undermining from someone superior to him. With his head hid in shame, he started to walk away. "I know how you feel. I once felt the same."

Harry stopped dead in his tracks. He tried to imagine Marlin as broke as him, yet something about his happy personality didn't let him to be imaged that way.

"Let's have a walk." Marlin rose as he put his hand on Harry's shoulders and took him for a walk.

As they trotted past a lake, Harry grew a little comfortable. This isn't like me, he thought. With a voice very light, Marlin started speaking.

"Once, I used to be a middle class man. I had dreams, I had hopes. I had a family. Children. It was just so complete.

"But then, one day, it all vanished. My family was lost in an accident. My dreams lost. I deserted my home and left for a journey to find myself again. I travelled through cities and towns, searching for work and spending nights in the cold.

Then one day, I found a person being beaten on the street. I helped him and protected him. I took him to the hospital and got him treated. And in return, he gave me a job. It was then that I realized that despair only increases sorrow. Loneliness is a part of life and it is not permanent. Being depressed won't help. Be confident in what you are and do as you wish to. I took up the job and gradually, I made myself back. Even better. I know I can't get my family back, but I surely got my life back."

Harry. It's up to you how to take your life. All the best."

Marlin left him standing at the end of the lake. Alone in the wind that blew, Harry realized Marlin's intentions.

Fate strikes when you least expect it

In the serendipity of himself, Harry knew what he had to do. He had to buckle up.

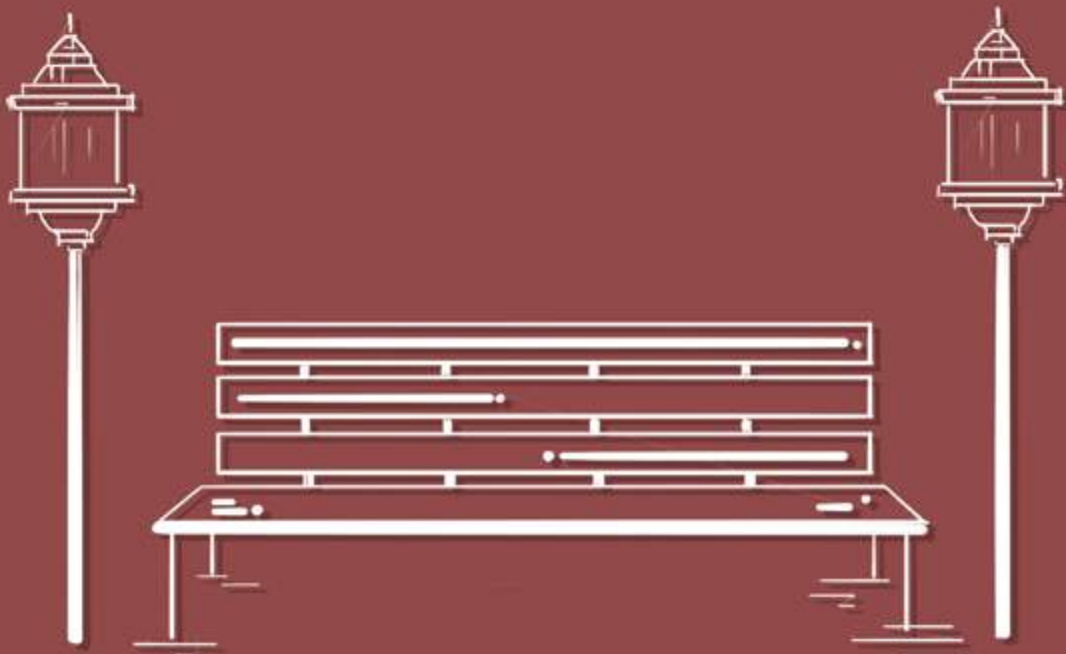
He prayed a word of thanks to Marlin...

Wait.

His thoughts jarred to a halt. Who was Marlin? How did he know my name? Harry had never told Marlin his name. Yet he had addressed him.

At the edge of his world, in the rise of his new hopes, there stood Harry, ready to tackle his greatest challenges. The question is:

Who was he?



The tremor in your hand as you light the fire
That burns down your foe's hearth
The flutter of your pulse as you desire
The treasures of the earth

The shiver down your spine as you destroy,
Simply because you can.
The smirk on your face as you deploy
Your devices on a fellow man

The glint in your eye as you glance
At your helpless flailing prey
Puppets on strings, they dance
To the deceptive tune you play

Mischief managed, with a satisfied smile
Soundly you do sleep
Filled with malice and subtle guile,
A Wolf amongst sheep

A WOLF AMONGST SHEEP

-Ignatius Milton



REBORN

-GANESH PRASAD

Again phoenix rises Golden feathers and skin crimson

The rebirth of ashes and embers from

Divine death undertaken had he died really?

Enchantments vanquished and

Prevails tranquillity Pyre after rebirth yet

Rebirth after pyre

Tranquillity prevails

And

Vanquished enchantments really died

He had undertaken death divine

From embers and ashes of rebirth

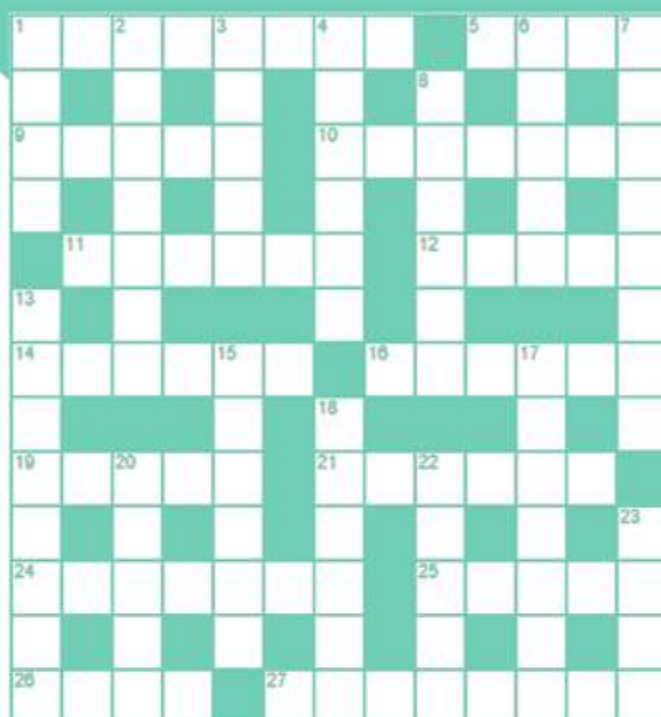
The crimson skin

And feathers golden

Rises phoenix again



CROSS



ACROSS

1. Think
5. Stove
9. Waken
10. Walk over
11. Big hole
12. Stuff of reefs
14. Rough material
16. Empties
19. Make-up
21. Get away
24. Protected
25. Bring to mind
26. Short letter
27. New moon

DOWN

- Hard skin .1
- Unbiased .2
- Non-reactive .3
- Whole .4
- Snake .6
- Not necessary .7
- Wasting disease .8
- Stinging creature .13
- Fruit .15
- Collapse .17
- Binge .18
- Hurt .20
- salad .22
- Nuisance .23

WORD

ANSWERS

to the quiz on page no. 12

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. Rain | 8. Ewoks |
| 2. Unicorn | 9. Ronin |
| 3. 4 | 10. Wales |
| 4. Three dots, three dashes, three dots | 11. Ethiopia |
| 5. How I Won the War | 12. Teeth |
| 6. Cricket Bat | 13. Sun |
| 7. Escape to Victory | 14. Doctor Dolittle |

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Answers



STAR WARS THE FORCE AWAKENS

! NO SPOILERS AHEAD, SAFE TO READ EVEN IF YOU STILL HAVEN'T SEEN IT.

There has been an awakening, have you felt it? Following on the lines of Jurassic World, Creed and some of the other such movies from franchises that inspire a million fanboy boners whenever they screen, comes the newest addition to the greatest science fiction franchise of all times – STAR WARS. People were sceptical of George Lucas selling the rights to Disney, people were critical of Disney declaring the comics as non-canon (most would have liked if they declared prequels as non-canon instead), people were dismissive of the new crossguard lightsabre and they were apprehensive of the new villain, up until the launch. Mostly such movies steer towards more of a tribute and less of a contribution to the franchise. But this is a movie that seems to balance nostalgia and originality better



STAR THE FORCE AWAKENS WARS



STAR THE FORCE AWAKENS WARS



than any other franchise revival movie; it serves as a worthy continuation of a worthy trilogy -- let's not talk about the prequels though. It brings back the best elements of Star Wars: The character humour, the ongoing good vs evil theme, the surprises, the plot twists and the endless nerdgasm. I wouldn't dare to say that this was the best Star Wars ever made, but it surely does justice to the saga especially since it managed to keep the role of Luke Skywalker a secret until the release but still included him so beautifully in this film. So, if you haven't seen it yet, go watch it and hold your breath for episode VIII.





obituary

In memory of the inextinguishable flame of love and guidance, Late Mr Basant Kumar Das, Junior Assistant, Student Activity Centre. Fondly remembered as Basant sir, he was a fatherly figure for all the students associated with SAC and otherwise. On 30th December 2015, Basant sir entered eternal life at the Ispat General Hospital, Rourkela due to multiple organ failure. He left for his heavenly abode with peace and calm.

Basant sir was associated with the SAC for more than a decade and was no short of ideas and efforts to help innumerable students realize their dreams in SAC. He was known for his punctuality and benevolence, especially towards his own colleagues. He loved his profession and was one of the most student- friendly figures on campus. Mr Basant is survived by his loving wife and two daughters. We pay our heartfelt homage to the pious soul and pray humbly. Rest in Peace.

HE FEARS

-Hrushikesh Raymohapatra

He fears when he scribbles over the barren paper.
He is daunted, for his feelings know no bound no weir.
He sees them- feelings break the shackle of his
heart and pour on the paper in blue ink.

He fears for everyone who sees the poem will know his secret, his instinct.
As if his every dark-side has melt and flown on to the paper.
He is scared for he can't control his emotions and feelings.
As if his worst enemy is only following his poems to know his next step.

He panics and tears the paper apart.
He throws the inkpot into the sewage, into the dirt.
He burns his poems-sits by and sings softly a long lost rhyme.
He laughs, he cries, he laughs and cries at the same time.



THE FORCE AWAKENS

-SOHAM GHOSH

Disclaimer: Brace Yourselves. This is not an article. It is a rant of a bipolar nature; something of the likes of Cyanide & Happiness.

Ever heard of a saying that the game isn't over for any side till the game is actually over?

Until the final whistle has resounded in the field, submerging all the cheering/wailing voices in the stands or the final delivery has formed the last shred of cracks on the 22-yard pitch.

How many times have we not seen Rahul Dravid save the day for the Indian Cricket Team when all the top order batsmen fell like cycles in one column in a stand?

Disclaimer: Brace Yourselves. This is not an anti-How many times have we not borne witness to Sir Alex Ferguson making sure Manchester United coming from behind to win the game and even the English Premier League? Nothing is dead till it is actually dead. And it is till then, a cycle of ups and downs each of varying amplitudes and frequencies. For some this cycle lasts for 90 minutes; for some it lasts for 20-20 overs; and for some, it lasts a lifetime.

A couple of days ago, I was perusing through the channels when I came across "The Dark Knight Rises", the last movie in Christopher Nolan's Dark Knight Trilogy on Sony Pix. It was that scene when Bruce Wayne was climbing his way up the Prison pit, in which he had been put by Bane after his back was broken by Bane in the first confrontation. His back was fixed then but each time he could not make the leap, the other inmates of that pit kept chanting 'Deshi Basara', which meant 'Rise'. As I type this cover article for this official magazine of the Literary & Cultural Society of Student Activity Center, NIT Rourkela, I feel a certain giddy feeling as if with each word I type, I am the one who is climbing the walls of the Prison pit while the Universe chants those mystical two words. That last sentence just gave me goose-bumps.

At this point of time, you, the genuine reader would be wondering as to the identity of this 'I' in this long cover article that you will be boring yourself with?

No, it is not that of the author. I represent the faceless spirit that D361 stood or stands for. I represent the ideology that we propagate or used to propagate through printed editions that ultimately ended up on the window-panes of each hostel-room as a sun-blocker. I represent the fiery souls of each article of D361 that screamed at the average NITR reader to be more than average. I represent the beautifully placed words in each article which used to be called pretentious and played down, just begging the reader to reach for the Thesaurus once. I represent the train of thoughts in each author's mind when they let their thoughts free and their pens forget to take a break. I am that harmless, elitist spirit that urged you to be diversely elite in your spectrum of thoughts without judging you on

your monthly allowance from home. I am also that spirit that lost its identity and foothold in the last few years. Like a broken Batman who was cast into the Prison pit, my shattered existence pushed me into the depths of oblivion.

The ones who used to believe in this spirit had left. They demanded answers which got deaf ears. As they say, the night is darkest before the dawn. Many semesters later, here I am. The Force has awakened. D361 has come to be, once more. We gave you, the average NITR reader a view into the Superheroes of the fictional and real world, Rock Music and an insight into the Uprisings of the Mango People of the World (read 'Aam Aadmi') in a previous edition and now we present to you the ethereal ideology of the rise after the great fall into the vast ocean of oblivion. The kind of rise you expect to be told as epics which would later be made into cult classic films with a Hans Zimmer background score only to give you goose-bumps. And what better than taking your own example?

Since we are drawing flattering analogies between myself ('the spirit of D361') and the Dark Knight (no puns intended of any sort!), I recall a scene from Batman Begins where little Bruce Wayne had fallen into a dark well and his dad Thomas Wayne had come to his rescue; it had the most quintessentially inspiring dialogue ever: 'Why do we fall, Bruce? So that we can learn to pick ourselves up.'

This concept is not new to NITR at all. People have been falling all the time. Some in their CGPA; some on their knees for the wrong ones in CVR or KMS Halls of Residence; some in their views of the world once they come across the 'Civil Dual' files. But people do rise and history shall attest my claim! People with low CGPA have bagged jobs when they were written off by everyone. People have risen from their months of 'Devdas' mode and could go on to accomplish so many things, notwithstanding 'her' new liaisons. Those who preferred staying in their closed rooms ultimately found their better half. Even fests can rise levels that were unprecedented before, as was demonstrated by Innovision '15.

Cometh the hour; cometh the man.

Wayne had fallen into a dark well and his dad Thomas Wayne had come to his rescue; it had the most quintessentially inspiring dialogue ever: 'Why do we fall, Bruce? So that we can learn to pick ourselves up.'

People have always asked me what this name stood for. After all, it is not every day that you get to come across names like Degree361 unless you are measuring some temperature in a laboratory or a furnace. It all started out with people who self-proclaimed themselves to be the pioneers of culture envisioned to view things all around them at a degree higher than how normal, sane, people see the world. And going reverentially by the Joker's theories on madness, this belief in them as pioneers and free thinkers was the gentle push they needed before letting themselves loose on this literary high after snorting a few doses of the Dictionary. That is the worst way to depict a noble initiative of a few literature lovers among the various future engineers of this great country.

I can foresee a day might come when one among the various self-proclaimed authors of D361 would be winning the Man Booker Prize! May be that day, the NITRians would realise the true essence of this madness of traversing on a different train of thoughts.

Well, what exactly happened to me for the last 4 semesters then?

Well, I will tell you what exactly happened. Two batches of NITRians graduated wondering what happened to that magazine of 'cult' society with a funny name that had pretentiousness reeking from it, while the propagators have been 'trying' for some time.

As Master Yoda puts it beautifully:

"Do or do not. There is no try."

And D361 has done it in the past.

Before anyone made attempts to educate the NITR community about internships and foreign training, I brought it to their notice. Before reporters in NITR could even sum up the courage to interview celebrities, I presented the candid interview of Suraj Mani, the former lead vocalist of one the greatest Indian contemporary rock bands, Motherjane. We did case studies into the

Arab Springs that lit up the geo-political map of the world in the odd semester of 2013. Yet, to everyone I was the manifestation of an elite group of confused souls who started creative writing because they had realised Engineering was simply not for them. Perception is something which when it gets a hold causes turbulence in the things around and often demotivates anyone and anything. Thankfully, a few people still cared about this faceless spirit too much to give any value to the perception around and here I am, once again in front of you, ready to be glued to those window panes.

Statistics, a liar's favourite companion, have proved that individuals who are at the rebuking end of people around for a long time develop a hard cocoon around themselves, from where they fire at will when the hour comes. Cynics are born that way. Those who have actually felt true sadness or suffering find that shell more comforting than the arms of any woman. Solitude is not their weakness; it is their weapon. It is their strength to hold on to themselves when everybody else has turned their heads away. A monumental moment of inspiration was the scene from the 1st Season of Game of Thrones, in the first meeting between Jon Snow and Tyrion Lannister. Tyrion states:

"Let me give you some advice. Never forget what you are. The rest of the world will not. Wear it like armour, and it can never be used to hurt you."

Those reading this article right now must be confused as to what was the point of the above in-depth analysis. Well, this was on the cards. It had been always like this and this was bound to happen someday.

Sarcasmand cynicism are never the aspirations for most people, but when they see everyone else has failed them, it is all they got to fire from that cocoon of solace. There reaches a point when these people cannot give a penny to anybody else for their thoughts. And a few of these phases in lives have existed in the history of many people. A few of them have even turned out to be Shah Rukh Khan, Nawazuddin Siddiqui, Steve Jobs to name a few. Rejections and rebukes for a long time and you get this. A loaded canon that fires at will.

That is the thing with these canons. They can be your most faithful friend; and the worst enemy you can ever make. Who's more dangerous than someone who smiles in the faces of adversity?

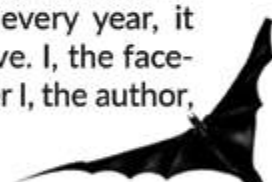
D361 shall continue to do the good work it has been doing for batches since 2011. For every 1000 people who call it pretentious and unnecessary, we give opportunity to the writer among 2 people. At least for those 2 people, D361 shall exist. Editors-in-chief shall come and go. Administrators and bureaucrats shall come and go. Batches shall come and go. D361 shall stay on. For these 2 anonymous writers, every year, it shall, and also for those who believe. I, the faceless spirit shall always exist whether I, the author, stay or not.

The Dark Knight Trilogy taught us that it is not who we are but what we do that defines us. The mask was all that people needed; the idea of the mask; and not the face behind it. After all it is the idea that exists thousands of years; and not the propagator. As the cult classic, 'V for Vendetta' sums it up beautifully among its many inspiring quotes:

"Beneath this mask there is more than flesh. Beneath this mask is an idea Mr. Creedy, and ideas are bulletproof."

The Force Has Awakened. And with each passing edition, the Force Grows Strong. We had done it in the past; we have done it now, and we shall continue do so in the future i.e. taking NITR a degree ahead than the 360 degrees' world that is around us.

(P.S: The various movie references included in this article are just means to inform you of the greatness around us, if you were unaware of them. Well if you do treat it as one 'quintessential D361 show of pseudo-intellect', then I think the above rant has been futile.)





WHAT THE DAY

DOES NOT KNOW

-MALAY MILAN CHOUDHURY

Hey... Awake there?

Observe the depth of the night outside,
Divulging all that goes around,

And there, down the witty mountain,

A bunch of guys are dancing to the
rhythm of some unknown pieces of
music...

The night understands us more than
the day:

Days have lights but this pitch black
expanse of night is so dark,

It brings out the real person in you.

It gives men a mask,

It hides their identity and lets them go
berserk,

And they show the world who they are.

And the night passes by,

So revealing,

Yet so private.

And the Morning will come again...

And men will put the mask down,

And start acting,

The best they can,

Until it's dark again,

So dark that the engulfing world gets
blurred,

And puts on the masks over men.

And the cycle goes on,

And men start to reveal themselves.

THE SECRET OF *Hogwarts*

-SHAILESH TRIPATHY
NIT ROURKELA

A man was poring over a parchment. He was stroking his thick beard, perplexed at this new discovery, thinking hard. How could it be possible? Muggles controlling dragons?! What wizards couldn't do with all their magic, seems child's play for these muggles! Well, Romonio has done good work. "I will have to pay back his debt. It won't be long before I visit Kin--

"Brother! There you are!" Helga's voice rang.

A woman walked in. She was broad shouldered with a round face and the hair turned into a bun. Her eyes were kind and voice was sweet. She was a famed singer at Hogwarts and loved singing. But above all, she loved her step-brother, Godric. As she walked in, she saw Godric hiding something beneath his robes. She pretended to ignore what she saw.

"Godric--"

A lithe young woman with shiny black hair walked into the room. Her face had a glow that simply turned everyone's attention towards her, an ethereal beauty. Every man she knew wanted to entice her, but Rowena Ravenclaw had eyes only for one. "Where is Salazar? I haven't seen him since last evening." As usual, Godric Gryffindor was staring at her. Rowena smiled at him. Helga started. "Why, yes I saw him leaving the castle in the morning. He said he was going to the forests." She seemed oblivious to the fact that neither of the two was paying any attention to her. "I'm starving" said Rowena, breaking out of her reverie.

The Great Hall was bustling with activity. The High table was empty except for a single occupant. The man had grey hair and grey eyes. He was twirling his wand, experimenting something with the roof of the Hall, which was covered with bricks devoid of any art that otherwise adorned the castle. "Hello, Darling!" Rowena planted two kisses on Salazar's cheeks. He seemed pleased to look at his beautiful wife. Godric nudged him, "You look frail, old man." Salazar turned and laughed. "You look handsome as ever though, sit beside me" Salazar loved his best friend or pretended to, at least.

Everyone sat down for lunch. As they were mid-way through their second helpings, Helga leaned forward, "I have been meaning to ask you, Salazar, there are many reports coming in of muggles having magical powers" Salazar looked at Helga, then at her brother, then away.

We will discuss that in our Quarterly Review. Right now, we must focus on the task at hand- Desserts!" And so they ate, with Salazar constantly eyeing Godric, who was busy attacking his strawberry tart. Later that night, Salazar was pacing in the library, deep in thought. He was interrupted by Professor Cuthbert Binns, his protégé. "Sir, the other day I read a very interesting article about the Land Beyond.

It was about dra-" There was a commotion. "There you are, mate!" The belly of Gryffindor preceded him as he came out of the shadows. He stopped. "Oh, Prof Binny! How are you?" Binns smiled wryly, he didn't like Godric. "Excuse me" Godric waited till he heard the library door shut. "Salazar, mate I wanted to talk about..." He hesitated. Salazar replied, "I know what you want to talk about. But it can wait. I have to go out again for a month.



I will be back on 25th morning." Godric was excited, "That will be the morning of our Quarterly Review!" Salazar couldn't understand the reason for his friend's excitement.

A month passed by...

Salazar came back a day early. It was well past midnight. He was hoping to surprise his wife. As he neared his palatial home, he heard muffled sounds and moans. He became worried and started running. As he reached his bedroom window, he was shocked. His face contorted with anger. His best friend and his wife?!

The next morning, he arrived late at the Founders' Study for the Quarterly Review. Everyone was seated. Professor Binns had been assigned to take notes. Salazar got up. "I announce the 48th Quarterly Review meeting to begin. Are there any proposers for issues to be tabled?" Helga raised her hand. At that precise moment, there was a swish and someone muttered something. No one seemed to register this. Helga continued as if nothing had happened. "I propose to put forth the suggestion of admitting Muggle-born students into the school. There have been reports coming in that muggle parents are having kids with abnormalities, magical abnormalities!" "Now hold on there, dear sister" Godric leaned forward, "There is no evidence validating that." "Yes there is" Salazar uttered calmly. Pure Silence! Professor Binns' heart started beating abnormally fast. Godric was surprisingly keeping a blank face. "So you are saying, there is evidence? Where?" "Here" The grey-haired professor twirled his wand and two boxes full of parchments popped out from thin air. The other four were staring at them in disbelief. Salazar began explaining. "You see, Wizards and witches existed long before Jesus Christ. For all we know, Christ may himself have been one. But with the spread of Christianity, there has been a population explosion of sorts. We can no longer hide in the hinterlands. Therefore we have started hiding in plain sight. That means wizards and witches are coming in contact with muggles and well, love is a "pest" no one can control. Today magic is being born into normal households. We are reaching homogeneity. Maybe in the future there may be no difference between wizards and muggles." He looked pained for some reason but continued. "But the church" he sighed, "The church has declared us as the enemy. So, children showing remote hints of magic are not only being ostracised but are being butchered everywhere. Muggles are being taught to hate us and we, them. So we have to protect our own by admitting them here, teaching them, so when they graduate they won't be entirely "helpless". These here, contain the addresses of all young muggle-born witches and wizards below 11 years of age throughout the Land Beyond.. I assign Professor Binns to cross check-



"There was a bang of fists, "Enough!" Godric was looking furious. "What's all this bullshit? You are saying that all of a sudden muggles are giving birth to wizards?" Rowena and Helga were looking at Godric, in disbelief! Salazar, however was calm, "I confess I cannot offer a logical explanation for this anomaly. But these children are our kind, we cannot leave them behind." "They are nothing but cockroaches under our feet, those muggles!" spat Godric. "MAGIC IS MIGHT!" Salazar turned to others to back him up. Rowena said, quietly, looking at her toes "I agree with Godric." "Two against one" muttered Gryffindor, looking at his sister next. Helga was already shocked that Rowena had defied her own husband. Without looking at his brother, Helga said "I think everyone should be given an opportunity to be at this school no matter what their lineage is...." Godric looked flabbergasted. "What do you think Professor Binns?" Salazar was eyeing him carefully. Professor Binns hesitated. "I am not a founder." "But you are a part of this council" Salazar reiterated. Binns gulped. "I wouldn't mind whom I teach as long as I pass on my knowledge to my students." There was a tense silence. "BANG!" Godric was out of the room in a flash. Rowena cleared her throat "Perhaps we-" Salazar silenced her with a look.

And thus the landmark decision of admitting muggle-born children into Hogwarts was born. Salazar Slytherin received the Outstanding Achievement Award from the Ministry for Magic. Muggle-borns came to Hogwarts and learned the magic far superior to their own fairy tales. Though Godric Gryffindor remained disgruntled, years passed by without incident. Professor Binns, being close to all founders saw something strange. Salazar was really immersed in something. He would stay away from the school for months on end. On the other hand, Godric became disoriented and vulnerable to mood swings. Sometimes he appeared blank and at other times he behaved more like his older self. Rowena's health also greatly deteriorated.

It was late. The sun had set and the sky looked like a hue of orange painted on a black velvet canvas. Binns returned to the castle and headed for his chambers. In one corridor, he heard distant but strange hissing noise. He was curious. He moved around a corner and what he saw made his hair stand at its end. Salazar was stroking the head of a young basilisk. He turned around and froze. "You shouldn't have seen what you saw Binns" He took out his wand.

Avada Kedavra.

Binns dodged the green shoot of light. As he crouched, he had a good look at the baby monster. "Salazar!" Both of them looked around. Three more people barged in. Godric, Helga and Rowena had their wands up and ready. Salazar was staring into Godric's eyes. Godric yelled "Protego!" Salazar smiled at Rowena. "You finally caught up. Apart from cheating on me, you are giving him occlumency lessons!" Rowena said weakly "I love him. He is better than you!" Salazar flushed a bright shade of scarlet. "Cruc-" "Stupefy!" A red streak missed him by an inch. "You are not going to hurt her" Helga said calmly. Salazar was looking at the four. He made up his mind. He took flight. The four of them ran after him. He opened a door and there was a flood of light. All five screwed their eyes. They were in the Great Hall. Salazar and Godric raised their wands.

Avada Kedavra!

Expelliarmus!



The red and the green streaks met. A brilliant light emanated from it and shot upwards to the roof. What followed, none of them had ever seen it. They could no longer see the roof. Instead, all they saw was a dark stormy sky with bursts of lightning. The roof had been bewitched in a way that left them dumbfounded because it seemed to mimic their insides at that moment. They were gazing at it, mystified. All hatred forgotten at the display of this rare magic.

Slytherin was the first to break his gaze. "This creature will bring wrath upon the mudbloods!" Salazar hissed violently. The others looked at him with pure loathing. "If you hated muggle-borns, then why put up this elaborate show?" asked Gryffindor. "Possessing me through legilimency, exploiting Rowena's weakness for me and trying to divide us" Rowena stepped in. "Yes, why allow the muggle-borns in the school in the first place?" Salazar laughed. It was a laugh of pure evil. "What better way to weed out mud-bloods, but to put them in one place and then let the basilisk do the job." "It's not going to happen on our watch" four of them chorused. Salazar replied calmly "My heir will return and finish what I started." He tucked his wand in his robes. And moved out, through the doors of the school, smarting from the humiliation of leaving a battle.

Helga turned her head and shrieked. Professor Binns' was transparent; the ghost was standing nearby. Rowena let out a cry. Godric muttered "It was the basilisk. You must have seen its eyes." The snake had vanished, none of them could ever find it.



And that was how Slytherin left Hogwarts." The sorting hat concluded. Every past headmaster and headmistress along with the present one, were silent. Professor McGonnall got up. "I have some business to attend to." Saying so, she left the office. Professor Snape dropped his voice to a whisper so that only Professor Dumbledore could hear it. "Where did the four end up?" The Hat sighed. "Ah! Who knows?! But I know for a fact that Salazar crossed some kind of a great wall in the Land Beyond and created an army of inferi. What happened next? No one knows."

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What really happened....

In the recent days, the capital was being visited by many new lords and ladies who had come from far and near. Some even asked for his patronage. But there were two who intrigued the Dragon King the most. The first was a woman with broad shoulders and round face. She said her name was Helga and she was of House Blackwood and their sigil was a weirwood tree surrounded by a flock of ravens. Her reason for such a strange choice was that weirwood trees were shelters for animals like badgers, during winters. And the raven signified a close friend of her who had died recently. The king gave her prime land near the Riverlands. The next day, a man having enormous battle prowess entered his royal court. He carried the ashes of his wife, who had recently died. When asked his name he said "My family's name, which is what is important. It is-" He hesitated "Lannister!" "And our sigil is a lion". The Targeryan king was more than happy to give him Casterly Rock in exchange for his services in war. "I will pay back your debt, for a Lannister always pays his debts" said the man nodding at the Hand of the King, Romonio. The King was happy and so was everyone in King's Landing. Or so it seemed....

Far, far, far away...North of the wall...

Salazar Slytherin was chasing a wildling man. "Plise! Summ'one 'elp me!" The innocent man ran into a dead end. Salazar held him and breathed unto his neck "It will be quick" and drove a knife through the poor man's heart. The man dropped dead. He muttered a few incantations and up rose the body from the dead. Its skin was stretched and the whole skeleton showed up under it. Its eyes ignited to a strange colour of blue. It looked at its master, who smiled coldly and muttered "White walker."



just what the society needs

-Rahul Pasayat



10PM. Saturday. Month of February. I went to the dining mess of my hall to find that there was no food left. Fair enough. It was way past the dining time and it was unfair on my part to expect the mess workers to slog at 10PM. Just when I was about to leave the mess, I saw a woman. An old woman, in her early 70s. Her brown, wrinkly skin looked like discarded, paper bag left to itself. Her back was arched as if she carried tons of invisible weight. She was standing near a table with a plate of food. There was nothing in the plate save a handful of rice and a single egg.

She had that strange look in her eye. The suspicious look on her face, fear in her eyes and she was walking at a pace that was way too uncommon for an old lady. She kept walking till she reached the corner of the hall, far from the sights of the common men. I kept looking at her, my curiosity was now taking a hike. I had an irresistible urge to follow her and so I did. I tried to be discreet and was making sure that my presence was not felt.

She leaned, kept the plate on the ground and then stooped even further to pull a bag that was kept there. She pulled a small box out of the bag and started cleaning it with her fingers and soiled sari. With great effort and pain, she picked up the plate and stood up. She took the egg and put it in the box. There was a brief sense of accomplishment on her face. The lines and wrinkles on her face failed to hide the sigh of relief that she heaved. She hid the box in the bag and then started to eat whatever was left in the plate.

Unable to limit my curiosity, I went straight to her and asked, "Mausi, Why did you keep that egg in that box instead of eating it?" She was surprised to see me and was speechless for more than a minute. Her cloudy eyes kept looking at me till she broke the silence by saying, "Son, I am a poor woman. Egg is a luxury we can't afford, not even in months. And I have a grandson back at home who loves eating eggs, yet is unable to taste one just because we are poor. So I take a part of my food, whenever I get a chance." Looking at her, I was gobsmacked. I had tears in my eyes and I was trying my best to hold them back. I desperately tried to pretend as if nothing had happened. All I could do was, turn back and walk. Just walk.

I came back to my room and kept wondering all night. What society are we living in?

While some of us are treating our famished stomachs with scrumptious food and leading a lavish life style, there are a few people who don't even get to taste food that doesn't appeal to us when we see them on our plates. Haven't we got ungrateful? Haven't we lost the sense of gratitude towards the happy life that we are leading? Haven't we failed as social beings?

How can we go to bed every night despite knowing that there are hundreds of people in our vicinity who aren't able to afford two square meals every day? Being so contented with what we have and not being able to do something for those who don't have is simply preposterous and incongruous.

That old woman, was not a stranger. No. She is the same woman, who picks up my plate after I soil them. She is the same woman who carries them for their cleaning. Yet, I have failed to do anything for her.

Before I implore you all to do something for the ones who can't do enough for themselves, I promise today through this small piece. I promise that when I will be an independent and an earning man, I will do something for the hapless people who fail to feed themselves, who fail to get education, who fail to lead a happy life, if not a rich one. Let us come together and give this society something in return for all that we have taken from it - Happiness. For as the saying goes:

"You must be the change you wish to see in the world"



ME

-SWAYAMTRUPTA PANDA

'Twas late and I sat alone under the starlit sky,
Trying to pave my way past the jungle of words
that filled up my mind.
Thoughts came up to me, all trying their best to
please, to win their chance to be penned
While I held a blank sheet to begin with; hadn't
yet started, still thinking of the end.

This was to mark my return to the able grounds,
to regain my stolen place and the applause of
the crowd,
All chanting my name aloud, making me
ecstatic, and yes of course, utterly proud.
The ink was full, brimming to be splashed out
on the unscathed canvas that lay in front,
To create a picture, a masterpiece to be
reckoned.

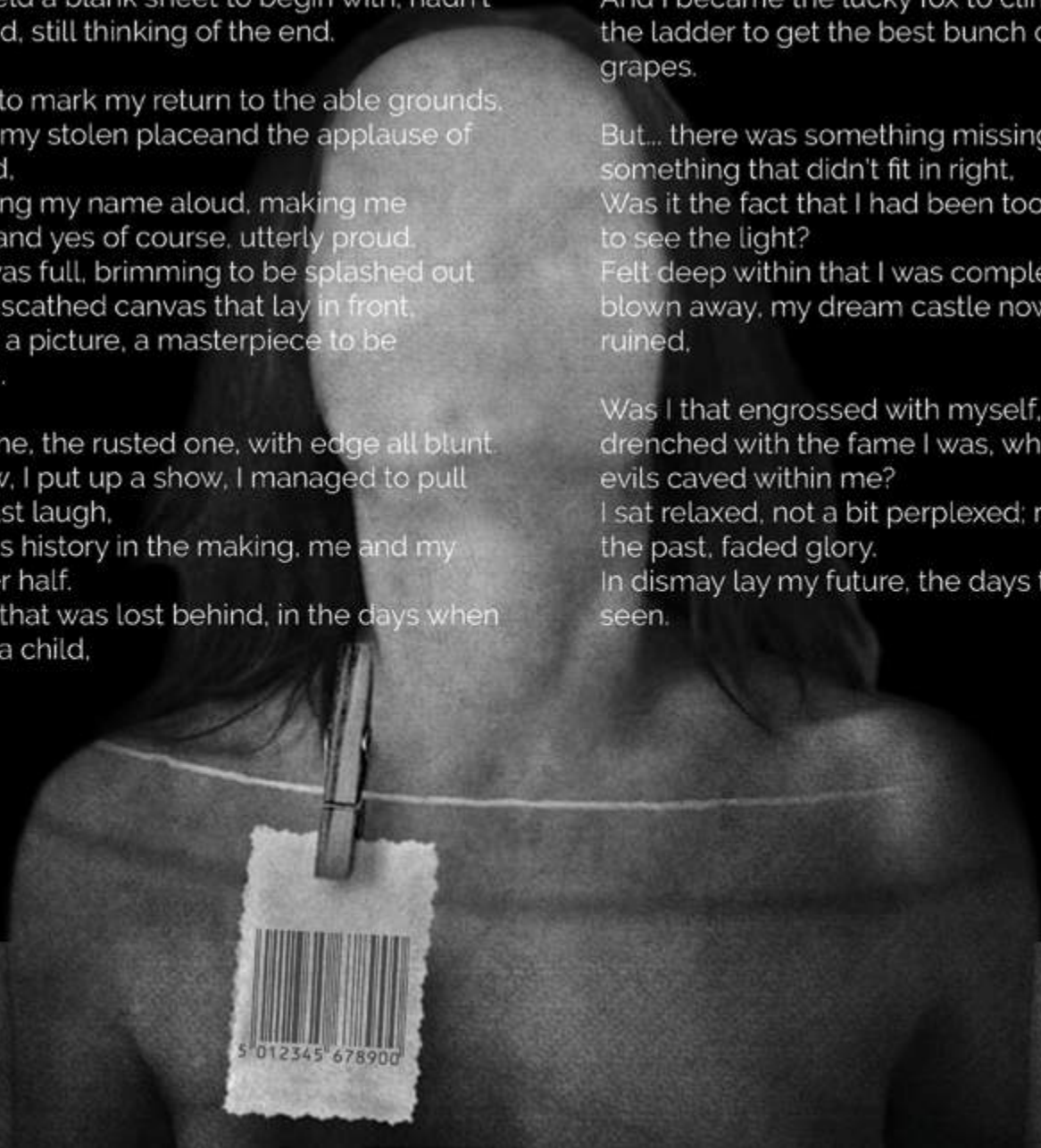
Hah! By me, the rusted one, with edge all blunt.
Somehow, I put up a show, I managed to pull
out the last laugh,
As if it was history in the making, me and my
able other half.
The one, that was lost behind, in the days when
I was yet a child,

Life was so beautiful back then, the bread
tasted sweet and the pudding... so very
mild.

I was able to gather him up and get him
back in shape,
And I became the lucky fox to climb up
the ladder to get the best bunch of
grapes.

But... there was something missing,
something that didn't fit in right,
Was it the fact that I had been too longing
to see the light?
Felt deep within that I was completely
blown away, my dream castle now lay
ruined.

Was I that engrossed with myself,
drenched with the fame I was, while the
evils caved within me?
I sat relaxed, not a bit perplexed; reliving
the past, faded glory.
In dismay lay my future, the days to be
seen.



DEGREE'S MINOTE AND SEKOND

- KUSHAL TIBREWAL

Holla guys! Missed the dynamic duo of Minote and Sekond lately? They are back!! For our elderly readers, a joyous 'Hi' from them, full of swag. And for the younglings, a little introduction. Minote and Sekond are the perfect roommates at NITR. Both opposites, but the best of friends. Let's get along with 'em one more time as they venture out into the campus after 2 years of Degree's latency. What happens next? See for yourself...



THE PLIGHT OF THE homeless

-SHAILESH TRIPATHY



It was a cold winter night, Rick was shivering, his body chilled right to the bones. He didn't have a home or a place of shelter. So, in times of extreme weather he was left to the mercy of the Gods. Rick did not have any idea of God, he was too busy surviving and didn't find time to take up a religion. Due to sheer luck he made it through the night. At the break of dawn he looked up at the rising sun, it promised warmth and escape from the spine-chilling cold. While he was busy contemplating the sun, his stomach rumbled. So he set out in search of food. After having scanned every dustbin, he couldn't find a trace of it, all he could find were plastic. A few hours after dawn, a swarm of people emanated from their secure and well fed homes. They passed Rick, a few throwing him cursory glances, he followed them hoping they would give him something to eat but instead most of them would ignore him and scam. A few hours later, he found some food sticking to a plastic thrown on the road and from a person kind enough to give him a morsel. He knew his three favourite spots in the area, where people flocked in large numbers to eat and he in turn, could enjoy the leftovers.

But today was not going to be an ordinary day in Rick's life. After having satiated his hunger, he was roaming around aimlessly, when suddenly his friends, Jack, Will and Luke greeted him. Luke had some bad news for them. A particular homeless named Sam was laying claim to the entire area. All the homeless in that area would have to obey his command. He had warned that anyone who resisted him or his gang would be finished. While Luke recapitulated this, Jack and Will were terrified out of their senses, but Rick remained unperturbed. He turned towards them and said, "I am not particularly afraid of this Sam, he is just a bully, that's all! If we stay together and stand up to him, he will run back to the hole he crawled out from!" Luke seemed to be a little motivated, while Will and Jack were unmoved. Suddenly, Luke ran back in the direction he came from. Jack shouted, "Where are you going?" which went unheard. A few minutes later, the three of them heard a howl of pain and fearing for Luke's life, they made a dash after him. After having run awhile, they stopped when they saw a figure toying with the lifeless form of their friend. The figure looked up, his eyes looked like steel; Sam was strong and well fed and didn't look like a homeless at all! Luke was severely injured and could barely move, but he was alive and whimpering. Seeing the condition of their friend, the three of them yelled at the attacker. He looked surprised. Rick stepped forward and looked Sam in the eye, "If you think you can boss us around, you are wrong. I challenge you to come and face us off tonight!" Sam smiled maliciously and nodded, he loved crushing bones. With a smirk on his face, he left the place. Rick turned towards the others, breathing heavily and thinking what he knew was on their mind too: it was an impossible battle to win.



A few hours later.....

On the battlefield

It was midnight. Sam had come with two of his minions. Rick and his friends heaved a sigh of relief, it's three against three, they thought. As both sides were calculating their moves, Rick looked to his right to see a place surrounded by a cage where people used to play with sticks and a small ball, and an open place adjacent to that where people usually played with a larger sized ball. Obviously he had no idea of tennis and basketball. Just then he heard a twig crack, behind him. As he turned, a homeless pounced on him. Notwithstanding the surprise attack, the three of them fought bravely against the ten that had gathered around to finish them but they knew they had been outnumbered. As he was busy fighting, Rick saw out of the corner of his eye as Sam broke Will's bones and Jack was already lying on the ground, whether dead or alive, he wasn't sure. Scared beyond his wits, he ran for his dear life. Sam chased him, hurling abuses at him and threatening to eat him alive! Rick ran through a small gate and a straight road lay ahead. He sprinted at top speed, but he had become weak due to starvation and also because of the several gashes of wounds on his body. He tried changing course midway, but struck a dustbin instead and tea cups rolled off on him. Jerking up, he ran again, but realised Sam had closed much of the gap between them. He was terrified. He soon reached a place with a big building in sight. A group of people were present there. Hoping they would come to his aid, he ran towards them, but none of them helped him. They seemed busy in something, they kept moving and gyrating their bodies to loud sounds. Even Sam momentarily forgot about Rick. "Why would anyone do this at night?" both of them thought, they had no notion about dance. Noise was also blaring from inside the building, they looked up at it and thought the monster was shouting at them to stay away. Having no understanding of music, both looked petrified. Somehow in the chaos, Rick managed to escape from Sam's clutches. Sam chased him through another gate. Rick had become confused and disoriented, he was running in random directions, turning here and there. Finally, after thirty minutes of frantic running, he arrived at another gate, this time a bigger one. A huge monstrous and growling animal was entering through it. Rick and Sam were in trepidation as they didn't realise that a normal taxi won't harm them. As Sam watched the monster with horror, Rick slipped passed the Gate before the person standing watch could close it. Sam, who had never crossed the Gate before was hesitant to go out there, so he made his way back to his territory, all the while hurling abuses at Rick.

Rick was shivering, not knowing which might kill him first, Sam or the cold. He was still standing near the Gate which had saved him from Sam. He looked up, the words- "ro-urkela | NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY" could be clearly seen, but he couldn't comprehend them. He wagged his tail at the Gate as a sign of appreciation and our four legged friend made his way into a new territory. He died a few months later from the injuries he had sustained during his battle.

Apart from trying to show the dismal state of our four legged friends in NITR, I shared this story to also highlight the exorbitant amount of importance we Homo sapiens place on ourselves. If and when a higher civilisation comes to this world, our wars & battles will become as trifling as two dogs barking and chasing each other!

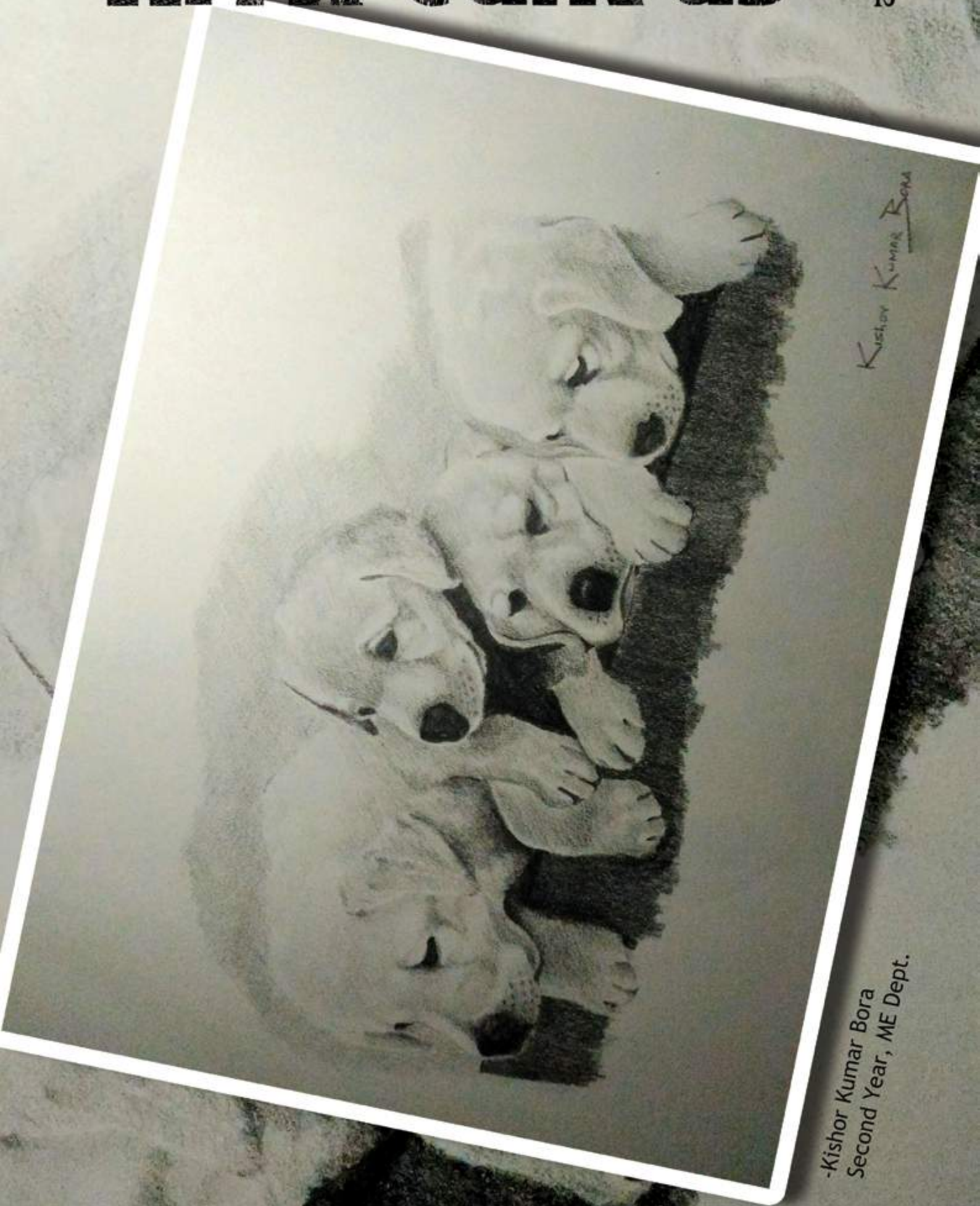


NITR Canvas



-Anjankumar Behera
Third Year, EC Dept.

NITR Canvds



-Kishor Kumar Bora
Second Year, ME Dept.

UNHOLY RESURRECTION

-IGNATIUS MILTON

Fill my soul with the madness of heretics,
And my veins with the lust of demons.
Fill my heart with cruelty and malice,
And my brains with the tact of Romans.

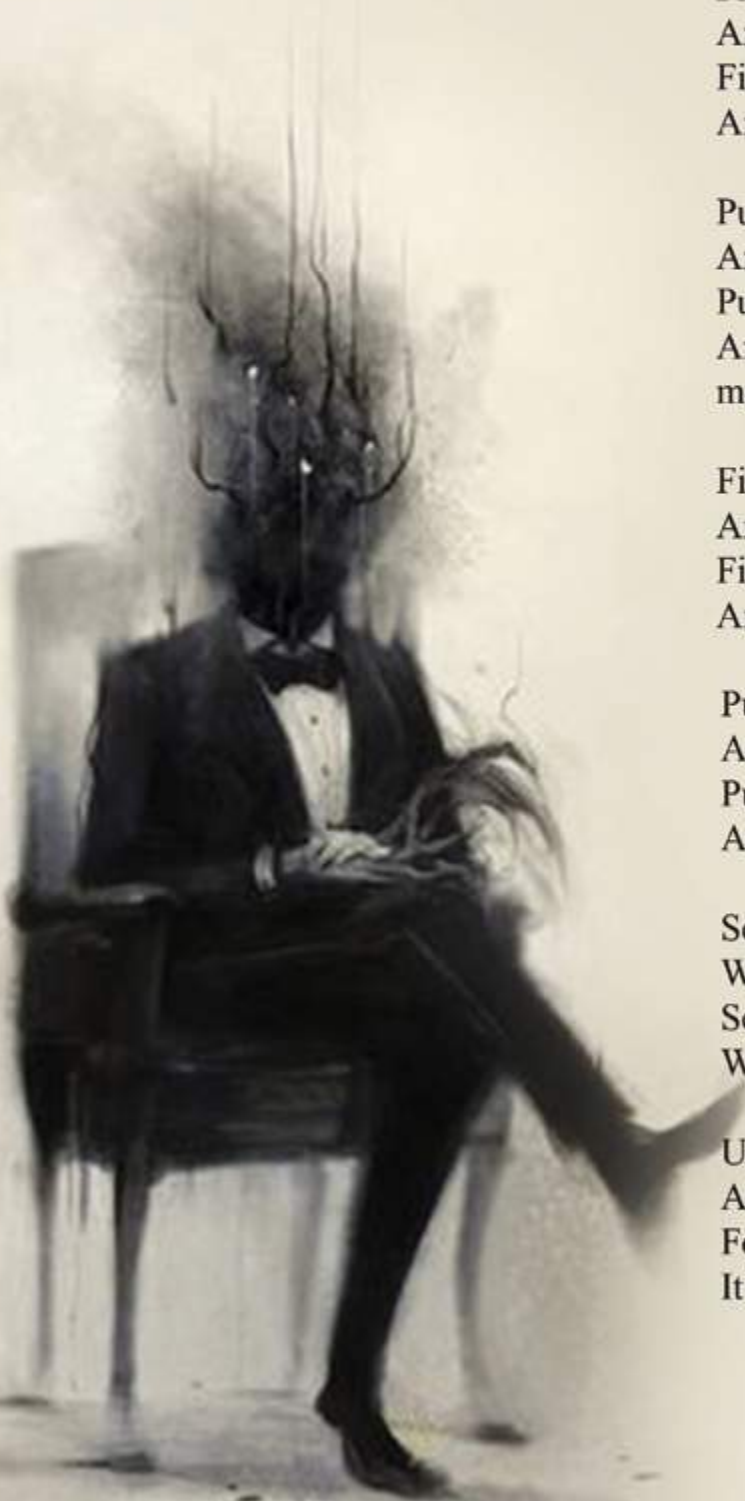
Purge my thoughts of pity and kindness,
And the falseness of love and sorrow.
Purge my vision of tempting blindness,
And the empty promise of a peaceful
morrow.

Fill my flesh with the Wrath of the Gods,
And my nerves with raging vice.
Fill my bones with the arrogance of Lords,
And my visage with a mask of ice.

Purge my mind of joy and mirth,
And notions of kith and ken.
Purge my memory of Hall and hearth,
And the flimsy pacts of men.

Send me forth to the forge of war
Where there are foes to be slain
Send me forth to the lands afar
Where there are allies to gain

Use me to enforce your design
Abuse me if you must
For though you are far from benign
It's in you I place my trust



FAREWELL, FRIENDS

-CHINMOY DEY

As the celebration began, there blew a breeze announcing the end of joy. Smiling faces everywhere, preoccupied by the mortal feeling of momentary satisfaction, were unaware of the void that was about to be created. Sitting under the secret keeper, the wise banyan tree, I watched them all from a distance embracing the idea of merriment. And I felt empty inside, regardless of the alien crowd, murmuring amongst themselves, sparkly dressed because of intentions unknown. I saw people pass by in haste, time unavailable on their part to smile back as I offered them a smile. I took a sip of the tasteless coffee waiting for someone who might empathize. I didn't want anyone's pity, but I was choking from inside. For the materialistic happiness I was encountering around me will fall way, way too short to compensate for the emotional loss I was about to face. For years, all I have treasured and cherished have vanished in front of my eyes, but I have held myself, and I did hold on with all my strength, for I still had a bunch to look upon. But now the time has come, the inevitable has to happen. I was terrified to blink, for who knows what might change in a blink, for every moment that is left is unaffordable to miss. I knew I won't shed any tears, for they have run dry a long time ago. I knew we will never show how sad we are, for we hold each other together, emotionally, and the moment one of us breaks down, the others cannot hold themselves back. But my feelings were a little different, although synonymous. The journey we started together has come to an end, but for me it

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I knew we will never show how sad we are, for we hold each other together, emotionally, and the moment one of us breaks down, the others cannot hold themselves back. But my feelings were a little different, although synonymous. The journey we started together has come to an end, but for me it is a lonely walk ahead. As they walk towards a new path, the same road lies ahead of me: no comrades, no friends, a tiresome lonely walk, with no assurance, for I might break down before the end of the road, for I might give up on it without their support. But those were thoughts for later. The haunted shadow of loneliness was overshadowed by the darkness of grief, the pain of losing them who have dreamt with me and wished that they will come true, for a better future, together. As I sit, periodically moving my knees up and down, I can't help but smile, for I see our reflection. All these people passing by, they resemble us, only our past and not the present. As I see them giggle, taunt, fight and make up for it, for they have learnt, through intuition, to preserve and protect what is important to them. What lacks in them, though, is the vision of a cloudy future, dark and lonely. I feel happy for them, as I see their carefree faces, unaware of what is about to come. And the very next moment, I feel a little envious of them. If only I could laugh like them, with an open heart. If only I could fight, and know that the consequences won't affect me. I turn my face and curse the evil queen, Time. Had she decided to stop for a while, to rest and take a breath from her tedious job of running from eternity to eternity, things would have been so much better. I was engulfed in my thoughts, unaware of the situation around me. I didn't realize that my unintentional gaze was conceived as an intentional uncomfortable stare for most of the crowd. And by the time I realized it, I felt a pat on my back. I didn't have to look back. If not anything else, over these years I have learnt to identify them by their footsteps, their touch, and any and every small traits they have. We looked at one another and smiled, feebly. We all knew how exactly we felt, our eyes spoke the words, untold, hidden, but we were extra careful not to bring them up. And then we mutually thought of making a truce with the upcoming moments for the moment. For one last time, we will go all out and celebrate. Celebrate for the sake of all those times we had been together, for the sake of all those moments we will cherish and smile for the rest of our lives. And so, we disappeared in the crowd and joined them, forgetting what lies ahead and just living the moment.





Normally silent and omnipotent creature who wanders through the cosmos. When free, can be seen going out with humans and trying to destroy the Matrix because it's better than playing Mario.

Anmol Dalmia

With one of the coolest surnames, she walks around lost deep in her imaginations. If she made a list of everyone who says "God! You're so thin" before a "Hi", CVR Stationery store would be empty by now!



Reetika Koka



He didn't choose the tech life, the tech life chose him. Generally keeps to his own self, but has a severe allergy to nonsense. Fluent in a couple languages which include -- but are not limited to -- Hindi, English, C/C++, Python and Sarcasm.

Vipul Rajan

The Director@SAC has an impeccable command over the language and a great obsession for Star Wars and the Dark Knight. The only moriarty in this sherlock's life is his ambitious imagination under that over-optimistic, loud (bong,hence), omnipresent shell.



Soham Ghosh



Very contagious sense of humor, with the power to engulf people in the vicinity, into her bubble of energy. A big time ambivert, with severe OCD towards grammar, spelling and justified alignment.

Saswati Sadual

“We are only as strong as we are united,
as weak as we are divided.”

-J. K. Rowling



*The International Flag of Earth as
proposed by Oskar Pernefeldt*

The flag would serve two purposes. First would be to represent planet Earth.

Second, and probably the more important one, would be to remind the people of Earth that we share this planet, no matter of national boundaries. That we should take care of each other and the planet we live on.



LITERARY AND CULTURAL SOCIETY
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, ROURKELA



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