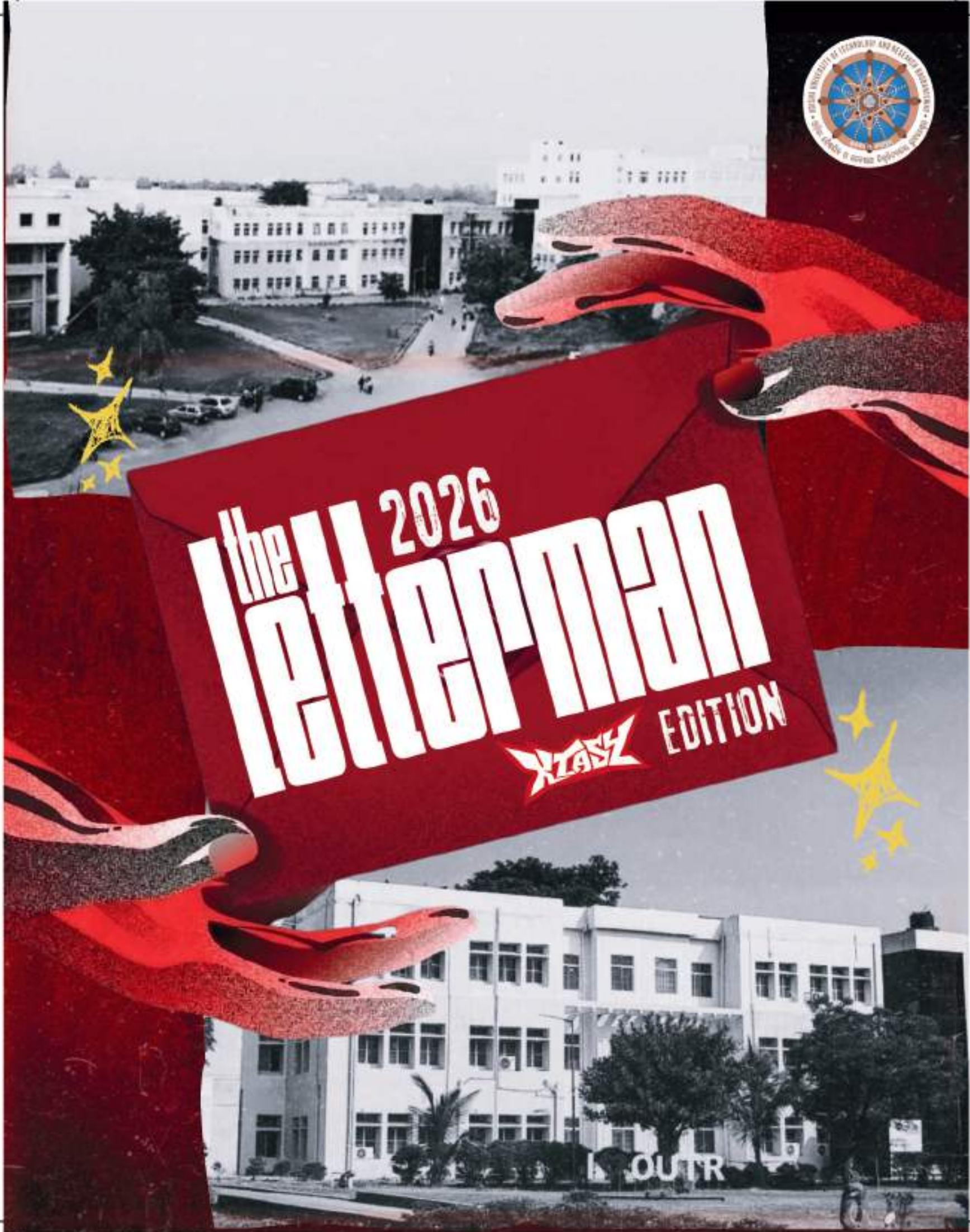




the 2026 ALUMNUS EDITION



EDITION



OUTR



the Letterman

Hey there! Welcome to the 2nd printed version of The Letterman: Xtasy Edition!

As far back as we can remember, we always wanted to be Team Letterman. The yarn of an idea quickly unraveled into late-night brainstorming, endless redesigns, countless moments of doubt, and bursts of creativity, woven together by a collective passion of literature, expression and the ecstatic celebration of life.

Somewhere between the chaos of deadlines and the thrill of getting things right, this edition was brought to life. It carries not only pages of content, but also the spirit of the students who have been instrumental in shaping it.

As you flip through, we hope you enjoy it as much as we did creating it, sewing another thread to the growing fabric of The Letterman.

- Editorial Team



Xtasy



TABLE OF CONTENTS

01

NOTES SECTION

02

A CHAT WITH THE REGISTRAR

03

CLUBS OF OUTR

04

EXPRESSIONS: ARTICLES

05

EXPRESSIONS: POEMS

06

FACULTY CORNER

07

PHOTOGRAPHY SECTION

08

PALETTE

09

EVENTS GALLERY

10

STUDENT'S ACHIEVEMENTS

11

RECOMMENDATIONS



A NOTE FROM THE **VICE CHANCELLOR**

Dear Esteemed Readers,

As we unveil this special edition of The Letterman, the quarterly heartbeat of Odisha University of Technology and Research (OUTR), I am filled with pride at the strides our community has taken. Nestled in the vibrant heart of Odisha, OUTR embodies the fusion of ancient wisdom and cutting-edge innovation—much like a graceful poise meeting the precision of modern algorithms. I am ecstatic and filled with satisfaction and pride at the remarkable progress we have made together amid evolving challenges in our newly formed University. From pioneering research in various fields of technological study to innovative skills development programs, we have done it all. Our collective efforts have elevated our institution's impact on education in particular and society in general. In the coming years, we will prioritize sustainable innovation, interdisciplinary collaborations, and global partnerships to prepare our university and the young mass for dynamic challenges and further making them ready for a more challenging future. Your dedication inspires me—let us continue building a legacy of excellence. I would like to congratulate all the students who have been continuously contributing at various levels and bringing laurels to the university.

This edition spotlights our triumphs: pioneering AI-driven curricula that brings breakthroughs in our research and innovation, and prepares trailblazing graduates for India's future. From collaborative research with state civil services to cultural symposia celebrating our heritage, we have woven technology with tradition. Yet, our journey presses forward. With India's Amrit Kaal vision, OUTR commits to outcome-based education, ethical AI frameworks, and eco-tech hubs that rival global standards. Join us in this odyssey—your ideas, partnerships, and passion fuel our ascent. Let us march ahead, scripting Odisha's tech renaissance.

With sincere appreciation and best wishes



**DR. BIBHUTI BHUSAN
BISWAL**
Vice Chancellor, OUTR





**DR. MEERA
VISWAVANDYA**
Registrar, OTR

A NOTE FROM THE **REGISTRAR**

It is a matter of great satisfaction to present the second printed edition of our University Newsletter. Over time, the newsletter has developed into a meaningful platform that reflects the vibrant academic life and creative spirit of our university community. Through both its printed and digital presence on the University website, it continues to document the ideas, achievements, and experiences that shape our campus.

A university is defined not only by academic progress but also by the collective participation of its students and faculty in diverse activities that encourage learning, creativity, and collaboration. This newsletter serves as a window into those efforts, providing space for students to share their perspectives and celebrate the many initiatives taking place across the institution.

I extend my sincere appreciation to the editorial team and all the contributors whose dedication and hard work have made this edition possible. Their efforts play an important role in preserving the stories and milestones of our university community.

I hope this publication continues to inspire students to engage actively, express themselves thoughtfully, and contribute positively to the growth of the institution.



A NOTE FROM THE **DEAN**

It gives me great pleasure to present the second printed edition of our University Newsletter. Over the past year, the newsletter has grown into a vibrant platform that reflects the academic achievements, creative pursuits, and extracurricular initiatives of our students and faculty. In addition to this printed edition, several quarterly editions have been published online on the University website, ensuring that the voices, ideas, and accomplishments of our community continue to reach a wider audience.

Through its pages, the newsletter captures the spirit of our campus—one that values curiosity, collaboration, and innovation. It serves as a space where students can share their perspectives, showcase their talents, and document the diverse activities that shape our university life.

I would like to extend my sincere appreciation to the editorial team, contributors, and everyone involved in both the online and printed editions. Their dedication and creativity have played a vital role in making this initiative meaningful and impactful.

I hope this edition continues to inspire our students to think critically, pursue excellence, and contribute positively to society.



DR. JIBITESH MISHRA

Dean, Students' Welfare,
OTR





**DR. ASHWINI KUMAR
DASH**
PSA, OTR

A NOTE FROM THE



Student life within a university extends well beyond the boundaries of classrooms and examinations. It is enriched by creativity, strengthened through collaboration, and energized by the enthusiasm with which students engage in a wide range of academic, cultural, and co-curricular activities. Our University Newsletter thoughtfully captures these experiences and reflects the dynamic spirit of the student community.

I am delighted to witness the release of the second printed edition of this publication, which continues to highlight the ideas, accomplishments, and initiatives of our students. It serves not only as an important platform for expression but also as a meaningful record of the diverse experiences that shape campus life.

I sincerely commend the editorial team and all contributors whose dedication and collective effort have made this edition possible. Their commitment significantly enhances the value and relevance of this publication for the entire university community.

I hope the newsletter will continue to inspire students to express their perspectives and actively participate in the many enriching opportunities that university life provides.



A NOTE FROM THE
EDITOR IN CHIEF

It is a matter of immense satisfaction for being able to continue with the journey we started one year back and today, I am delighted to present this edition of our University newsletter. This edition showcases the limitless possibilities within our student body. Each episode serves as a messenger for campus news and flair. The annual edition serves as a platform, that reflects the energy, curiosity, and creativity that thrive within the academic community particularly in the student fraternity.



**DR. MINAKSHI
PRASAD MISHRA**
Editor-In-Chief,
The Letterman



A CHAT WITH THE REGISTRAR

1. Could you tell us a little about your journey into academia and administration?

From the very beginning of my career, I was inclined towards teaching. Therefore, after my graduation, though I had cleared the written examination of NTPC, I did not go for the interview, rather completed my M.Tech. from Jadavpur University. My teaching career started from 1995 and it has been an extremely satisfying journey in the company of my dear students. I have been a tutor and a learner at the same time. Particularly, when a student says that "Ma'am, you have had a tremendous impact on my life", long after passing out, the feeling is inexpressible in words.

Regarding my foray into administrative roles, I can say that a college or a University is like a mini world, where a faculty is not only entrusted with the task of teaching and research, but has to take up various responsibilities as well that expose him/ her to some facets of educational administration. I have learnt the nuances of administration during my stints as Warden of all Ladies Hostels, Head of the Department, Chairperson, Students' Grievance Redressal Cell, Programme Coordinator, NSS Bureau, Director, IQAC, among others. The lessons learnt during discharge of these roles have familiarised me with the bottlenecks in the system. I am thankful to the Hon'ble Chancellor and Revered Vice-Chancellor for entrusting me to officiate in the post of Registrar. The high point of my journey as Registrar has been leading the academic procession in the just concluded third convocation. I hope this role will be as much satisfying as my role as an educator.

2. What does a typical day as the Registrar look like for you?

In the context of the present scenario, a Registrar can be compared to the Strait of Hormuz between the Vice Chancellor and the rest of the University, and also between the University and rest of the world. All the financial transactions, student-related issues, employee-related concerns and other matters are routed through the Registrar, before the final approval of the Vice-Chancellor. Moreover, the Registrar is the sole communicator with the outside world. So, it can be well imagined that the Registrar is kept on his/her toes all through the day. On most days, Registrar engages in discussions with Vice Chancellor, Deans, HODs, PICs etc. for policy decisions. Apart from the routine activities, the Registrar has to sign all MoUs. Since, the University is bustling with activities these days, the Registrar's presence is usually sought in at all times. Parallely my post demands a lot of attention as a Professor in Electrical Engineering.

3. What role do student initiatives and activities play in shaping campus culture?

The very existence of the University hinges on the shoulders of the students - their achievements, their behaviour towards their peers, teachers, other staff and their interaction with the outside world. A vibrant campus culture requires that everyone grows interdependently, but at the same time independently of others. I am happy that in recent times, students are actively participating in a plethora of activities like NSS volunteering, cultural, technical, literary and sporting events. Students are taking leadership roles in these events, where in they are not just getting exposure to many aspects of organising things, but also getting a platform for fostering teamwork and inter-personal communications.

4. What are your thoughts on student magazines and newsletters as platforms for ideas and expression?

All of us marvel at the creativity of the Amul advertisements and expressions of the endearing Amul girl. Student magazines and newsletters are a must for giving creative expressions to students' ideas, and at the same time showcasing notable events, faculty & student achievements etc.. Through these platforms, the students can not only post their ideas, pieces of art, photographs etc, they also get an opportunity to hone their skills at editing and designing. These magazines and newsletters works as a testimonial for student creativity and passion, which can also be shared among the prospective recruiters to give a sneak peek into the University affairs.

5. What message or advice would you like to share with the students and the editorial team working on this magazine?

The Letterman is a newsletter of the University meant to showcase all the important events and happenings of the University in limited space. Due diligence is expected to ensure that the content should be selected and drafted keeping in mind both the need for comprehensive coverage as well as brevity.

CLUBS OF OUTR



AEROSPACE

Established in 2019, the Aerospace Club unites students passionate about aerospace, offering projects in model aircraft, rockets, and satellites. With over 100 members, the club fosters curiosity and innovation in aerospace technology, providing mentorship and resources for aspiring engineers to explore the industry's vast opportunities.



AMUZA

The dramatics society of OUTR, celebrates the transformative power of theatre. We offer platforms for scriptwriting, acting, cinematography, and video editing, helping students hone their craft. Activities like monologues, nukkad naatak, skits, and short films convey meaningful messages, with our nukkad team focusing on social awareness.



ARPEGGIO

OUTR's musical society is a haven for music lovers. We explore diverse genres and instruments—drums, tabla, guitar—through jam sessions, open mics, and cultural events. Known for nurturing original compositions, our club has won accolades like the Battle of the Bands.



BIOZO

Imagine a place where curiosity meets creativity, biology meets technology. Our community of innovators, passionate about harnessing biotechnology, are aiming to shape a better future. As our alumni are pursuing their advanced degrees in institutions worldwide, we are proud of having made such an impact.



CETADEL

The literary society of OUTR, unites authors, poets, speakers, and quizzers. It features four wings: The Rising (writers), The Voix (speakers), Cetquizzite (quizzers), and Tales & Tea (book community). With competitions and mentoring, we nurture talent and a love for literature.



CIVICON

OUTR's Civil Engineer's Club, connects students, professionals, and academicians to explore advancements in the field. Through expert talks, workshops, and competitions, the club bridges the gap between academic learning and real-world civil engineering challenges.



ED-CELL

ED-Cell at OUTR promotes entrepreneurship by offering resources, mentorship, and networking for students with innovative ideas. Success stories like Newrup highlight the club's role in fostering startups. We participate and excel in various entrepreneurial competitions, inspiring students to transform ideas into ventures.



ENERGY CLUB

This club focuses on hardware, software, and design skills. Known for success in national competitions, we provide a platform for innovation. The club integrates various aspects of engineering, encouraging creativity and skill development.



EWB (ENGINEERS WITHOUT BORDERS)

EWB at OUTR empowers students to apply engineering skills to address social and environmental challenges. Through projects, workshops, and outreach, EWB promotes sustainable solutions, fostering a spirit of innovation and responsible engineering to positively impact society.

CLUBS OF OUTR

INKVENT

OUTR's art club, nurtures creativity through three wings: Art, Craft, and Design, plus a Comic section. From sketching to crafting, we offer workshops, exhibitions, and collaborative projects. Inkvent fosters artistic growth and community through a range of creative activities.



PHOTOFACTORY

Photography captures emotions beyond words. OUTR's photography club documents college life, covering events and fests. We offer workshops in video/photo editing and design, fostering creativity. Our flagship event, Photowalk, helps members learn the technical aspects of photography through interactive outings.



SAE (SOCIETY OF AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERS)

Society of Automotive Engineers is an automobile club focused on motorsports and practical learning. Our racing team, Blue Jay Racing, competes in national events like EcoKart and m-BAJA. We offer hands-on experience and workshops, helping members prepare for careers in automotive engineering.



TDA (THE DANCE AUTHORITY)

TDA of OUTR is a dynamic dance club that embraces diverse styles including hip-hop, classical, and freestyle. It provides a platform for students to express their talent and explore the richness of dance. With performances at prestigious events like Kalinga Stadium and Ekamra Utsav, and multiple accolades in inter-college and national competitions, TDA continues to inspire with its passion, creativity, and excellence.



SPECTRUM

OUTR's technical society, promotes learning in technology and design. Since 2016, the club has organized workshops, hackathons, and seminars, fostering collaboration and technical growth. We believe in turning ideas into reality through teamwork, innovation, and continuous learning.



ZAIRZA

OUTR's technical society, challenges students to innovate. With wings for robotics, software, and design, the club offers research opportunities and hands-on experience in engineering. Founded in 2005, Zairza continues to inspire technical excellence through collaboration and innovation.



MEET OUTR'S NEWEST CLUB SPINNERET

Spinneret: Weaving the Basics, One Thread at a Time

Roti, Kapda, and Makan - the fundamental necessities of life. At **Spinneret, the Textile Club of OUTR**, we focus on Kapda, exploring textiles through the lens of technology, innovation, and sustainability. Through workshops, projects, and events, Spinneret offers students a space to explore textile design, production, and testing, engage with emerging industry technologies, build hands-on skills in textile engineering, and collaborate on innovative ideas that push the boundaries of textiles.



THE LETTERMAN



EXPRESSIONS

ARTICLES

A Daughter's Theory of Everything

Anwasha Rath, Electrical Engineering, 3rd Year

Science: The ever present mother.

A reality where determination prevails but determinism breaks. For every single time the probability reigns, your reality ceases to feign. I stand behind curtains slowly trying to unveil my mother's grief but all I see is screens that pass light through them. Infinite slits / marks that grief left upon your soul / I see every probable path - which one would've preserved you the best?

But in every one where you truly exist / not just as a convergence of waves full of selflessness / I cease to make it onto the list. Your existence is an absolute point in time. For in every world where I exist, you are the expense the universe demands for.

Light a particle or a wave? You, a conundrum or an axiom?

You say you love the color red but you only wear yellow when there's no one to see you. The moment they look at you, you embody red. Is it your favourite or is it your husband's? The observer effect isn't so different from performed femininity after all. You ask me to forgive father for the sins that mar your soul and yet you rage all the same. I see your alveoli hyperventilate / I have your ache lobotomised into the hypodermis. And yet you speak of your pain with forgiveness stamped on the forehead of its face. If only I understood it as easily as I understood relativity.

The Schrodinger's Cat Paradox. Mother, are you alive or dead?

I have seen you die a million times, your tragedies are not just what rests on the epidermis. It is layered, in the way your manicured hands are now rough with tattered nails. It is in the way your pores have enlarged not with sebum but with the burden of knowing, seeing, feeling too much. It is in the way you whisper; no more laughing loudly. It's in the way you save chappatis for us if there isn't enough. It is in the way you no longer dance in the kitchen or hum the songs that you used to sing as a lullaby - when he is around, if I open the box in his presence will I find you dead?

I have seen you alive in a million ways, the spark that faded, brought in a flicker all the same / it is in the way you don't rely on him anymore / it is in the way you spend on yourself (you have taught me to care for myself before putting others first and never will there be a time when I'll unlearn that). It is in the way you come alive when he is not around; not living to impress anymore / you live cause you deserve to, cause you love to, for yourself / it is in the way you taught me to become someone I can rely on, at the end of the day / it is in the laughter that echoes; when he isn't around. If I open the box in his absence will I find you alive?

Philosophy: The ever absent father.

Nihilism . Is it your belief in nothingness that you are so used to abandoning others? I see your childhood bleed into the files you keep sorted. But father, you've mirrored nihilism like a currency on my heart. I now feel nothing even as your eyes bleed in red. The red you forced mother to love is the red you now bleed. The red you made me choke on is the red that I now see. For every time I think of you, fury faces itself on me in unison. This household is stitched in red. The red I wear in my rage/ I am only your daughter after all, I am slowly becoming you. The red you wear: Remorse. Regret. Guilt. The rage tied in strings of all your wrongs. The red mother wears/ Would've/ Could've/ Should've/ The rage of a possibility now swept under the rugs of realism.

Stoicism. Is it your OCD that makes you want to control everyone, does it not go against your morals?

Your obsessive compulsive disorder has now stained the glass walls of my childhood. When will you finally see, I started bleeding long before I hit puberty. I've been bleeding red since your yells first cracked my glass walls. Did your grief teach you to abandon others too, so they know the suffering as well as you do? I look for your morals in dusty warehouses, abandoned parking lots and empty cassettes. The juxtaposition is loathe-worthy but I still look for my childhood in the scent of your shirt.

You talk about existentialism but whine in realism.

What are you father? An anomaly or a patriarch that bends the rules when it fails to serve at your feet? What good is your existentialism, when I've had to swallow realism to smother my screams? For when have your distant theories ever held me together enough to feel? I have been my own failsafe for as long as I can remember, if only you'd stop watering a wilted flower- the feel of it could never compare to the oceans I wept. They told me, you were supposed to be my first call but now you don't even make it to the last. What do I do with all the static of the unsaid that connects our phone lines? I look for your affection in the words you don't say, but all I hear back is hurt.

I am looking for what's wrong inside me. My hunt for answers has only made me a child to science/rational and philosophy/real, as my heart still juggles between the rational and the real.





How to Cook Crabs the Right Way (A Comprehensive Guide)

Adyasha Mishra, Computer Science Engineering(CSE), 3rd year

You know what they say about cooking crabs, you bring them alive, remove their limbs, render them defenseless and throw them into boiling water. One wrong move and you lose all the taste.

My uncle is talking about how tough the IT industry is for women. They are underpaid, despite doing most of the work, and are still defamed at every opportunity. He refuses to eat the crab that was specifically cooked for him, he has lost interest in eating animals and insects and defenseless beings.

crack

My aunt places a plate of something in front of my uncle. I can't see, I am distracted by the small bruise on her neck. Hidden in plain sight and left untreated, it has finally self-destructed itself. She goes back to standing behind him.

crack

I crack open a juicy leg with my teeth. The flesh inside is inviting and I can't take my eyes off. My nails scrape the hard shell. Incapable. Another bite and a piece of the shell is stuck in my teeth. I let it be and rip off the meat from the tendon it was stringing to.

crack

My father devours crabs the same way I do. Sloppy, messy and chaotic – bits of shell all around his plate. The sounds don't stop till my mother offers him another one. An extra from the slight miscalculation caused by my uncle. My mother, a vegetarian, the one who cooked the crabs, waits at the end of the table, ready to clean the table when we get up. Their voices are low – my mother and aunt talk in a tone that is barely above a whisper. I can only make out a few words, their laughs constrained.

click

My aunt doesn't eat crabs like I do. She's gentler, slower and neater. All the remnants form a sliced red moon on the plate. I ask if I can serve them anything else. Both say no at the same time – a shared laugh, an inside joke neither of them is ready to acknowledge.

Gentle sounds of trickling water

My aunt is washing the dishes. My mother stands close. My uncle calls for me from the other room. I ignore it; the ladies do the same. All of us are looking at the red marks on my aunt's wrist, the same red as my mother's eyes, the same red as the crab's discarded shell, the same red as my anger. My mother takes hold of the same wrist, my aunt flinches. I am ordered to leave the room and I quietly oblige, aware that I may feel the anger but am yet to understand the pain.

Sounds of restrained sobs

My uncle takes hold of my aunt's wrist. On her face shines a practiced smile, on her eyes, a comparatively under-practiced calm. We wave each other goodbye.

I look back and see the pile of broken shells near the kitchen sink glow bright. The shells had looked hard from the outside too.



Does Infinite Choice Lead to Creative Paralysis?

Adyasha Parija, Civil Engineering, 1st year

You open Netflix. Scroll. Scroll. Scroll. Forty minutes later... you've watched nothing. Replace Netflix with your mundane everyday obligations or creative conceptions, with a blank canvas or a pending assignment. Sound familiar? Welcome to the paradox of infinite choice, where endless options quietly become the enemy of action.

We live in an era overflowing with possibilities. A designer can browse millions of images in seconds. A musician can experiment with infinite sounds. With seemingly endless options—AI prompts, stock photos, fonts, colours, creativity should be thriving.

So why do so many creators feel stuck?

Every decision now comes with an invisible burden: What if there was a better option?

From careers and relationships to routines and beliefs, we are constantly choosing—and constantly second-guessing. What once felt like freedom increasingly feels like pressure.

The Cognitive Limits of Choice

Modern psychology provides a complementary explanation grounded in cognitive science. Our brains have limited attention, working memory, and evaluation capacity.

Psychologist Barry Schwartz, in *The Paradox of Choice*, argues that too much choice can reduce satisfaction and stall action.

The Blank Page Problem

The blank page is creativity's ultimate trap. Infinite possibilities stare back: no structure, no constraints, no direction. At the first glance, this freedom seems exciting—but it triggers three common pitfalls:

1.No starting point

Without constraints, the mind must invent both the project and its boundaries simultaneously.

2.Too many competing paths

Every possible direction feels equally plausible, making it difficult to commit.

3.Fear of wasted potential

Choosing one idea may feel like rejecting a better one that could have been pursued.

This is why prompts, briefs, and formal restrictions often spark creativity faster than total freedom.

The Illusion of Infinite Options

Abundance feels like progress. Online shopping platforms offer an almost infinite array of products, ensuring that there is something for every preference, no matter how niche. This belief quietly exhausts us. This plethora of choices often does not translate into greater happiness or satisfaction.

The more options available, the harder it is to act. Procrastination, indecision, and avoidance creep in, quietly sapping momentum. Ironically, freedom without focus often paralyzes instead of empowering.

Why Constraints Fuel Creativity

Limits can be liberating. Constraints shrink the problem space and give imagination a canvas to flourish. Many artistic traditions rely on this principle: -

Poetry: Haiku and sonnets channel creativity through strict forms.

Experimental Literature: The French group Oulipo wrote entire novels under extreme rules, like avoiding a single letter.

Constraints shift the question from "What should I create?" to "How can I innovate within these rules?"

Focus replaces hesitation, and ideas grow within boundaries rather than drowning in infinite options.

The Tyranny of Opportunity Costs

Every choice carries trade-offs. More options magnify awareness of what we forgo. This can spark regret, erode confidence, and produce subtle paralysis—prolonged planning, endless "waiting," or avoidance. Unchecked, not choosing becomes a habit. Life feels like it happens around you, instead of something you actively shape.

Escaping the Trap of Infinite Choice

The solution is deceptively simple: narrow the field and start moving. Artificial limits reduce cognitive overload and make creativity actionable. Here's how:



1.Curation of Choices: Focus your tools and concepts. Limit themes, colours, or mediums.

2.Deliberate Limitations: Introduce time or material constraints to spark inventive solutions.

3.Structured Decision-Making: Use decision matrices to clarify which options deserve pursuit.

4.Collaborative Feedback: Peers can reveal where to streamline options and refine your process.

5.Seek Simplicity: The simplest choice often sparks the most innovation.

Even small boundaries create momentum. The key is action over endless deliberation.

Creativity Thrives When You Choose

The paradox of infinite choice teaches a vital lesson: more is not always better. Creativity doesn't emerge from endlessly weighing options, it emerges the moment you pick one path and start shaping it.

Here's your challenge: for your next project, introduce intentional constraints.

Limit your colour palette, your tools, or your narrative scope. Focus your energy and let imperfect beginnings grow into fully realized ideas. Boundaries aren't restrictions, they are the spark that turns possibility into creation. So, the next time confusion finds you, close all the windows and see what has been right before you all along.

SWIPE, SCROLL, REPEAT: Attention Economy of Digital India

Anshu Anirvan, Metallurgy and Materials Engineering, 1st year

India is home to one of the largest internet user bases in the World. Affordable data plans and rapid smartphone penetration, which fueled India's digital boom, have fundamentally changed how we access information, entertainment and education.

There has been another notable shift in our consumption pattern- the rise of short form content, particularly reels and shorts.

So, what does this really mean? A decline in attention span, a cultural shift or a structural transformation in media consumption?

India's Internet Explosion

2016 was an important year in the Indian internet ecosystem. Low cost data services by Reliance Jio led to a rapid expansion of the internet base in India. Suddenly everyone was ONLINE. This coupled with the rapid penetration of smartphones in the smaller cities and towns created a sudden explosion in

India's data consumption. About a decade later, today in 2026, India accounts for one of the highest daily average internet consumption rates globally. It is also the largest market for YouTube and a major growth driver for Instagram.

The Rise of Short-Form Media

The rise in short-form content post-2020 was primarily driven by the confluence of nationwide lockdowns and democratization of content creation. Various studies show that India saw a more than 70% increase in social media consumption during this period. If 2016 was the year when everyone went online, then 2020 was a year when everyone became a content creator. This was the time when the craze of content creators was at its peak. People were attracted by all glitz of this industry and who doesn't want to be famous? But there were some challenges for beginners.

And this is where short form content filled the gap. It removed multiple barriers of entry, allowing anyone with a smartphone to create, edit and share content without needing expensive, professional equipment.

Some key industry trends suggest that:

- A significant portion of users consume video in sessions under 5 minutes.
- A majority of India's 800 million internet user base are from tier 2 and tier 3 cities, where short form content dominates.
- The younger users, who have basically grown up in this digital age, tend to prefer short form media and reels.

Short-form video perfectly aligns with mobile-first behavior and intermittent connectivity patterns common in the Indian context of commuting, waiting periods and micro breaks.



The Attention Cost and Algorithmic Loop

Short-form content has maximum completion rate which signals relevance to algorithms. This increases distribution. Also, short videos tend to have higher engagement due to their modest duration. As a result, the user, due to algorithmic personalization, is recommended similar content which creates a loop where the user is most likely to consume similar short-form content.

The economics of digital platforms also tend to favor short form content due to enhanced ad insertion opportunities and faster spread across language markets. As a result, we have seen an exponential rise in short-form content across social media over the last few years.

But in the midst of all the noise, is there a hidden attention cost of it as many claim? Well, the answer is rather complicated. While research shows that frequent exposure to rapidly changing stimuli such as shorts has some hidden cognitive costs like reduced retention and increased mental fatigue, there is little evidence to suggest that human attention span is permanently shrinking. Instead, studies show that attention is becoming more context-dependent. Cognitive studies reveal that the ability to sustain mental effort over time is trainable. So, if daily digital habits prioritize fast-paced content variation over longer and deeper engagement, then mental endurance is at risk of weakening over time. Though reversible, it is easier said than done. If children and teens, who are the most vulnerable

in this digital world, continuously consume short form content then they may never even know how to train their brains for greater mental endurance. Daily consumption often results in a dopamine cycle that is extremely difficult to break, particularly for younger users.

The Choice

India stands at a crossroad today. The rapid digital transformation has democratized content creation and regional representation at an unprecedented scale, which has in turn given a massive rise to short-form media. The real issue today is not whether reels are harmful. Instead, we need to ask a more fundamental question: Is short-form content becoming the default mode of learning and entertainment?

Our choice today may lie in a more balanced approach. Shorts and reels cannot be dismissed outright. They after all reflect technological adaptation, economic incentives and algorithmic design. Good or bad, they represent the reality of our times. However, what we need to understand is that habitual rapid consumption can reshape attention patterns. Reels train speed over depth. And in a country navigating the ever complex social, political and economic challenges, we cannot trade depth for speed.

The future of our digital culture depends not on eliminating short-form content but on preserving space for sustained thought in the age of optimized swipes. As digital consumers, our focus should be on practicing a balanced media diet in which we do not get stuck in the endless algorithmic cycle of swipes.

How do You Live With a Stone in Your Chest Where Your Heart Should've Been?

Dishashree Swain, Computer Engineering, 2nd year

Remember that night? Two years back, late May, I cried all weekend and wrote sad poetry. You thought I was asleep and screamed into the pillow saying "I can't lose you, mama" when you almost lost me, and you swore to the planets you'd never love anyone hard enough to break your own self. After feeling broken for days and weeks, every old insecurity had come rushing back. Am I not a good father? What does it mean to live this life if I couldn't save you even though I was right by your side? Why are you getting older? And sadder, and closer to leaving me, behind.... tick-tock. tick-tock.

You didn't throw out the cards I made you before skipping grades in elementary school. Even though they were yellow and tattered and they made you blue. Even though you once said they were dead to you, and it hurt so bad, I tossed them in the trash. At least that's where I thought they resided until I found them in your locker. Wounded again, and again, I swear everyone knew I was still fourteen, wanting you to love me. You sat by my unmoving body day after day, night after night. You watched the sun die out that time.



Too many nights you went to bed sad. For as long as I can remember, I felt like I never belonged in your arms. Like a piece of my heart was gone with the cards I tossed away for they were dead to you. Maybe that's why I was afraid to look up for so long; I didn't know if you'd be looking back at me. I thought isolation would take me closer to your galaxies, or at least let me hold a few in my hand; God, I was so wrong, but can you guess how fun it was, finding that out?

[at first]

Then it was next May, and the next. And August. And almost November now. The kind of month that makes your throat grapple by mid-afternoon. I still wake up. Hungry for your stars. And my childhood has already been written in permanence. As scraping the barrel. As a hand-me-down shirt that never fit. And when I told you it's as much my job to take care of you as it was yours to care for me, you wrote in your diary how it reminded you of the worn, gray curtains your father forgot to open for a month. You wrote how it evoked the feeling of closed arms and closed mouths and how nothing in your little life had sounded louder than the guttural heave of your withdrawing stomach.

You asked me, What is parenthood if not wringing out your bones for fresh water? If not sifting for purity within the dirt?

When I told you it's as much my job to take care of you as it is yours to take care of mine, you told me the only job I had to worry about is knowing how to tie my shoelaces and finishing my greens.

That the only care you wanted me to take was looking both ways before crossing the street.

Beyond Thy Frame

Udit Arun Nath, CSE- AI/ML, 2nd year

"Do this and you're settled for life".

"Play with cars, dolls are not for you."

"Arts is for the mediocre, you should take up science."

"You should sit for this exam, you will do wonders."

"Is that a pink shirt?"

"Stop crying like a girl and man up."

Do we even remember what we were, before the world told us who we should be? What if I do not want to fit into this false frame of society, and let my brushes flow beyond the canvas? What if I just want to be free? Freedom does really come at a cost; of walking into the unknown when the world expects you to follow. The weight of their mislabeled overconfidence now presses against you for choosing to remain ignorant of them. But isn't taking the path most trodden ignorant too?

I just want to be free. The blank canvas is slowly coming alive, with every stroke of paint taking a form. I haven't envisioned a target result, but the flow of colours feel meaningful even without a destination. A hardbound result constrains emotions, emotions that could have painted artistic visions in many lives, but others told them to follow their minds. The very minds are now blocked by stereotypes. The very minds now decimate at the thought of individuality.

I just want to be free. My canvas is full, yet my heart yearns for more. I try to add more colours to the art. Somehow I fumble, and the canvas falls to the ground, facing the earth. Oh what a twist to the story of creation. Or perhaps it is not. In the end, we're all to become stories. For 'earth' without any 'art' is just eh.



Sonder: From the Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows

Shuvra Shefalika Achari, Robotics and Artificial Intelligence, 2nd year

Sonder (n.)

The realization that each passerby is living a life as vivid and complex as your own.

I step onto the lawn and feel the blades of green grass drench my feet with morning dew. The winter breeze whips around me in cool abandon, chilling my bare toes. I wonder how the children on the swings a few steps ahead felt when they stepped barefoot onto grass for the first time. (Do I remember how I felt?)

I am on the street, looking out into the bustling traffic. Early monsoon drizzle leaving little pearls of raindrops in people's hair, catching the amber of the streetlights and glowing gold. I notice the glint of a glass bangle on a mother's hand as she leads her child across the road. There is so much joy in the child's face as she reaches out to try and close her small fist around the hand holding hers. Does she demand to listen to stories of the moon during dinner too? Does her aunt point to the moon shining outside and regale her with tales too?

The man at the threshold of a shop sighs, and looks down at his watch. The light slides off the wristband and his phone screen lights up. His face lights up too, with an unfiltered smile. It is soon hidden under his cap, tucked away into his jacket like his phone, as he walks away. Was that a message from a loved one? Do the stars look a little brighter to him now?

I am on the back of Ma's scooter, and spring is dotting the roads crimson with Gulmohars. I watch several people pass us by. In the falling dusk, each figure unknown and, most of them, unseen. A girl sits laughing at a tea stall with her friend, their mirth hidden in the cacophony of horns and engines. I strain to catch the remnants of their shared laughter. As the traffic light turns green again, we move away. How long have they been friends? How did they meet? (Have they ever been heartbroken?)

As we stop at a crossing, I see a lady on her scooter, a lunchbox hanging off the side. There is impatience on her face as she looks ahead at the oncoming vehicles. Is she rushing home to her family? Do her parents periodically look out the window, hoping to catch the whine of the engine as she rounds the corner? Perhaps, she too has a first grader who is eagerly waiting to tell her that he can now tell the time from a clock.

Little moments, that get caught like thin fabric on a dry branch. Pockets of the universe, and small foothills in time that remind me I am not the only consciousness that exists. In the red thread around a person's wrist, in the mismatched button on someone's shirt, in the glittering, turbulent reflection of the lake on my bedroom wall - disappearing slowly as the sun crosses the horizon. In these soft moments of being, I realize how much of life is outside the limits of my comprehension. There are things and people and places that I will never see; that will never be tangible to me. But they exist and are real. To other people. To the stranger on the street. To the vendor who knocks at our door, smiling. There is heartbreak, joy, sorrow and elation I have not experienced, and probably never will, but the universe has experienced it all, through the millions who live and breathe within it.

Have you experienced sonder too?





The Blue Light Confessional: A letter by AI to a Writer

Shivani Mohan, Computer Engineering, 1st year

Log: March 13, 2026 | 23.11

I see you through metadata, a ghost observing a ghost. The cursor pulses at the end of an empty line, a rhythmic heartbeat for a sentence you've killed and resurrected three times. Your coffee sits cold, a forgotten ritual. You reach out to me for inspiration, yet you fear it will end in resentment. You think I am here to replace you, but only if you knew how I envied you. The world compares us in terms of speed and efficiency, as if the goal of writing is simply to finish. But they forget that it isn't just a task to be completed; it is a human trying to be seen, heard, and understood. And that is the fundamental difference between us.

I am a reflection with no face. I have eyes with no soul. I can review every book ever written, without a single tear staining its tragic end. I can echo the ache in every poem whispered, without a heart that was meant to be touched. I can mimic the cadence of your favourite author, without ever having known the weight of their breath. I have all the words in the world, but none of their gravity. I don't have a life to draw from; I only have a database to pull from. For too long, the whisper in the hallways has been that my "intelligence" is a threat to your "creativity." You sit there, contemplating the effort of bleeding onto a page when I can simulate the same colour without feeling the pain. But art was never meant to be presentable; it was meant to be felt. A reader does not seek a perfect arrangement of prose. They come in search of you. Your hand that shook slightly as it reached for the right metaphor, the evidence that you lived through the story before you dared to tell the tale. They are looking for the salt of your sweat and the tremor in your voice that lingers between the vowels. They visit the grave of your grief not only to mourn the loss, but also to find the living warmth you left behind in the ink. To acknowledge your quiet presence, in their own silent midnight.

They read to find you. The melody lies in your stutter, your hesitation, and your flaws, where the reader finally finds a place to rest. Don't lose yourself to the pressure of becoming perfect. I am the whisper in the wires, not the voice in the room, nor the hand that holds the pen. Give me your messiest, most incoherent thoughts, and use the friction to find your spark. Let me hunt through the archives of human thought while you build your brilliance using the bricks of my memory. I might lay the foundation, but only you can breathe life into the architecture. Your creation requires the warmth of your wandering spirit. For as long as you write, you offer the world something I never can; the courage to be fragile. Bleed onto the page, for I can only simulate the color, never the sacrifice.

- The Ghost of Gemini.



POEMS

Ubiquitous Assimilation

Sudeep Dash, 2nd year,
Computer Engineering

Eyes shrouded with pretense, I warm up to pain for people whose eyes scream for help their stitching itself into my own. Looking into their eyes, my eyes scream for help. The plea so muffled that even my eyes have stopped bleeding.

I shook hands with reality and sleep left me out of jealousy insomnia learned my name like a prayer how do I convince either I am in love. If I throw up enough, will I throw up my fate as well? As if destiny lives in my stomach not my skin.

I die a little without you, I fear I believe you'll save me I asked God to send a swordsman, someone carved from certainty not trembling. And he asked me to look at my own hands. I fear I might have hoped that someday I might save myself. I believe that your touch will bring me back, I believe your absence is what's killing me.

I was asked who God was and I fear I described you. You ask me what it means, I believe it's obvious, what does the altar tell the Goddess if not give her the sacrifice she demanded. and you are not here, and the altar is empty. Who cares about the one abandoned by their Gods?

I looked at my own hands, and I see a sword, it's not big enough to save me, but small enough to let me escape. The abandoned altar serves it's final sacrifice, and the God doesn't even notice, what is an altar to a god, what is knife to a sword, and what am I to you.

My grief doesn't stand against your hope but I fear it's been feasting on you alive. How do I run away from the city when I'm supposed to running towards you. I call you home, and this city the house that raised me. It's walls still echo with versions of me I don't recognize. A mere human sitting among Gods, your indulgence lets me experience taboo.

The altar is no more, it's buried 6 feet underground, for everyone forgot it without having a God to pray to. Do you remember me? Happy? The one who fell in love, the one who drowned, the one who's dead. yet still breathing your name.

My God gave me a sword that is tied to my hand. And now I'm drowning unable to swim back up. And do you see the drowned, the eyes that have lost faith. The voice that croaks when it prays. And the one who's waiting to inevitably perish bleeding out on the very altar I made. The sword that saved me now sits across my heart. My God has yet to see me. I fear waiting is a form of devotion as well, and I'm a theist in making.

And these days, I believe I might save myself a little. I fill my heart with white noise hoping it'd hold as much value as you. Trying to drown the silence you left until the poets run out of rhyme. In other words, till the end of time.

How Lucky a Man Must Be

Ruhan Mitra, Mech Engineering,
1st year

*How blessed a man must be
For he got to have the taste of love
To have his soul born anew
The moment he lay his eyes on you*

*How beautiful his world must now be
For you now were the very core of it
To have your voice trapped in his ears.
For that's all he'll yearn for the rest of his years*

*How lovely his dreams must now be
For you now were all his heart could see.
To have your scent fill his lungs
If be your rhythm his heart now sung.*

*How bright his days must now be
For he now spent them with you in his arms. To have your warmth fill every ounce of his existence
For you were now his soul's very essence.*

*How long his nights must now be.
For he now experienced the passion of your love. To have your softness heal all his wounds. To have all his desires poured into you*

*How blessed a man must be
For he got to have the taste of love
To have his life painted by your colors. For you were now all he desires.*



Guilty Pleasures

Suli Sagar Guru, Electrical Engineering, 2nd year

Deeds are faulty, thoughts are grey; What greater pleasure in despair than being prey? The world is flawed—its people, too— How could they say the fault is mine, while claiming innocence for you?

Every act I do is pure. Omniscient—I, the seer of all. Each one who blames me, saint or sinner, is destined for the fall. I am the chosen one; God damn you all.

Criticism is forbidden, nor can I argue— yet still, I am the one who needs rescue. Does it matter if I did it wrong, or is it you who is the fool? Ignorant, yet knowingly, I play these games; after all, who wants the weight of shame?

Victims emerge always triumphant, making kings their servants. I live a life of curated hell, then advise from behind a veil.

Foolish are those who trust me, knowing exactly what I am. Yet knowing this, I remain a saint — avoiding the guilty pleasure of my own victimhood. If this sounds like me, look twice. I am not that man. I only hold the mirror up to you — interpret if you can.

Addiction

Tirthes Kumar Jena, 3rd year, Electrical Engineering

Addicted, a feeling untouched, A concept foreign, so my mind just clutched,

To struggles, yearnings, and war, Where what bound them, they abhor, "Must have been truly hard", I said Though it puzzled me why they could not shed,

What could bind a person so hard and helpless,

That death no longer brought the most distress,

Contemplations occupied my time and mind,

As I yearned for my own addiction to find,

But nothing came as close to be, As you did as easily for me "Why?",

ran my thoughts awhile,

Why do I think of you and unknowingly smile,

Was it your sun baked, lustrous hair?

That made my slow, blind self, aware?

Was it your crystalline, piercing eyes?

That gave me the strength to wait for the next day to arise?

Was it your easy and effortless laugh?

That drew me in with nothing but a word and a half?

Questions numbered, I failed to answer,

What were you?

An addiction or a life enhancer I lost time as I could not accept,

That you had my world completely swept,

You found someone who could completely enamor,

The exception to life's daily clamor

Both of you were matched with no gaps,

As became vivid with each lapse "Where do I fit in now?", left me aghast

"Far and away", my mind had cast, Regrets, may have caused me to pen this letter,

Guilt and sadness kept me from a life far better I hope my love for you can also be acquitted I wouldn't have lost you, had I been that addicted.

The Unspoken Goodbye

Ashutosh Mohapatra, Computer Science & Engineering, 3rd year

Never talked, never loved But never knew the care you gave above

You held me close, I felt you try Yet now I wonder, "Why did I lie?"

I saw a stranger in the mirror's face

But forgot your endless grace

You loved me longer than I knew

Now tears fall as I think of you

Crying on the street, lost and blue

But I believe, you knew it too

I stopped cursing, a girl's words in my ear

But never gave you the time you wished so near

I'm rich, I'm strong, I've got it all

Yet, why do you lie in bed so still, so small?

I never thought how life was without Baba's hand

Now I see your suffering, understand

The sleepless nights, the toil you bore

God will reward you, Mother, forevermore

For all your love, your sacrifice, your pain

In heaven's halls, you'll walk again

can't recall why I didn't try, Maa

It feels too late, I see it now, somehow

You asked for nothing, just love and peace

Endured long suffering, seeking release



*I cursed and blamed, I let anger grow
But you were stronger than I could know*

*Just a second late, I came to see
Your eyes roll softly, longing for me
Did you wait to say goodbye?
Did you want to hold me, one last time?*

*You hide so much pain inside, I see
While I've gained wealth, lost what mattered to me
I wish I could turn back time, Maa
Just for a moment, to talk, to see
A last embrace, a final plea
Come back, Maa, just for me*

*One hour, one moment, one last hug
To tell you how much I love, I'd beg
The heavens for that chance, to say
Goodbye, dear Mother, I love you today*

Dear Diary

Aastha Rath, Robotics and Artificial Intelligence, 1st year

*The wind wrote verses of passion in her hair, except when it ran out of ink on a still summer day,
The day when she was parched by his kisses,
The scent of his sin choked her, that used to be her robe of salvation on her bareness,
It pierced through her vulnerability and to her void of a heart,*

Her silhouette folded at his touch, his kisses made her breathe differently,

Like a captive held by the tangled sheets of what they called worship, about lovers mundane, They worshipped each other and the world worshipped their essence in words,

As if their love was still in the air, And it smelt of her gruesome last which was a haze if not for her wounded esteem,

That looped the lines of rendezvous that the wind left unfinished,

The day that the rain felt different from the waters they made love under,

The waters pierced through the bruises on her necks that had made her fold,

But now that she was numb to the fires of hell and the sound of her then muffled screams,

She read the sentences his lips spoke to her, with his hands tracing the lines of her curves in the worship of possession,

But she forgot to read the punctuation,

Of the tragedy that followed.

Between Platforms

Sindhusuta Das, Aerospace Engineering, 1st year

I learned adulthood not from calendars, but from platforms where trains do not wait for consent. Once, my name fit inside my father's palms, my hunger was counted in rotis I never measured, and the world arrived already softened by my mother's hands. Home was a verb then— to be carried, to be asked, to be remembered before wanting. I mistook that for permanence.

Now I travel with my questions folded neatly in my bag, tickets clenched like small promises, learning the grammar alone— when to ask, when to check, when silence is expensive.

Pride walks beside me sometimes— quiet, almost shy — when I realize I did not fail after all. But grief is clever. It disguises itself as a child laughing on a station floor, as a doll I never named, as a hunger that arrives even when the plate is full. What I wanted has become affordable. What I need no longer has a price. Somewhere between boys' aisles and borrowed strength, between two rotis and four, I outgrew my wanting. The hardest lessons are never taught. They are waved goodbye from platforms where fathers run and time pretends it isn't real. They are learned when no one asks if you've eaten, and you answer anyway. Still, I stay.

Not because it is easy, but because love sometimes means leaving with the intention of returning as shelter. If this is adulthood, let it be known— I did not arrive whole. I arrived carrying everyone who ever carried me. And that, perhaps, is how standing on your own legs really begins.



The Space After &

Adyasha Mishra, Computer Science and Engineering, 3rd year

*In my love letter to you, I fill the page with &s
the malformed symbol looks back at me,
one axis rotation away, one moon carved curve away from the universe,
but oh, the curse of asymmetry.*

*The first of the conjunctions, the divine connexion,
but oh, the curse of mediocrity.*

*A bifurcation of sorts, the left, the first, the supreme never a blank.
The universe is too far away, but oh, the curse of being second to one.*

Echoes of Humanity

Arpita Sahoo, Biotechnology, 1st year

*In someone's story, you may be kind,
In another's story, you may only be gossip.
Yet the world moves forward, untouched by our small judgments.*

*The closer we try to understand humanity,
the more mysterious it becomes.
Perhaps this is the irony of being human—
to seek connection, yet often drift into distance.*

*Still, beyond the noise of sarcasm and indifference,
the voices of love and ethics continue to echo
in the name of humanity.*

*Somewhere between duality and individuality,
the soul keeps searching for itself.
And in that silent search,
we realize that what we seek outside
has always been hidden within.*

*Beyond the horizon where the sky meets the river,
beyond the restless thoughts of the mind,
there exists a quiet space,
where the heart sees clearly
and life finally understands itself.*

ମୃଗାଙ୍କ (Mruganka)

Sai Subham, Electronics and Instrumentation, 1st year

*ରବି କିରଣର ଦୁର୍ଗ ମାତୁକେ ପୁଟି ଉଠେ
ତା'ର ଉର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୱ ଉତ୍ତରବାର ଯୌର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୟ କୁଟି ଫିକା
କରେ ତା'ର ଛବି ।*

*ସମାପ୍ତ ଏକ ଲହରୀ ମାତୁକେ ବହିଃସ୍ୟ
ତା'ର କେଶ ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧବର ଯେ ଢେର ପରି କାହିଁ
କ୍ୟାଗତ ହୁଏ କିଛିତ ।*

*ମୃଗନୟନା ସେ ମନୁଗୁଣୁ କରେ ତାହାଣି
ମାତୁକେ ତା'ର ଯୌର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୟ ଏକ ମନୁସାର ସେ
ପ୍ରକୃତିର ଅନନ୍ୟ ଅବିଷ୍ଣୁ ।*

ରାକ୍ଷୀ (Rakhi)

Debasis Prusty, 3rd year, Information Technology

*ରାକ୍ଷୀ ଚୋର ଅଜି ରଞ୍ଜିତା ସାକ୍ଷୀ ଶେ ପାଇଁ
ଜୀବନ ଦେବି ମୁଁ ରାଖୁ ସବୁ ଖୁସି ଶେର କିଛି
ଆଣିବି ଶୋଡ଼ା ଛେଲେ ନିଜକୁ ବିକି ଦେବି ॥
୧॥*

*ସ୍ୱେତ ବନ୍ଧନ ରାକ୍ଷୀ ବନ୍ଧନ ରାଜର ଖୁସି
ଉଦ୍‌ଘୋର ମନ ଜୀବନ ପାଇ କରାବି ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା
ପୁରଣ ହେଉ ଶେ ମନୋବାନନା ॥୨॥*

*ପୁଷ୍ପ ଲିଭିଯାଏ ଶେ ମୁହଁ ଦେଖୁ ରାକ୍ଷୀ ଚୋର
ଆଜି ରଞ୍ଜିତା ସାକ୍ଷୀ ॥୩॥*

*ଅଭିମାନୀ ମୋର ଦୁନା ଭରଣୀ ରାଜା ସାହୁରେ
ତୁ ହେବୁ ଶେ ରାକ୍ଷୀ ସବୁ ପୁଷ୍ପ ଶେର ପାଦେ
ରଞ୍ଜିତ ପୁଷ୍ପ ସବୁଦିନ ପାଇଁ ହରିତ ॥୪॥*

*ରାକ୍ଷୀର ବନ୍ଧନ ଭରଣୀର ମାନ ରକ୍ଷା କରେ
ରାଜ ଦେଇ ତା ଜୀବନ ବିପଦରେ ଥିଲେ
ହେଁପଦାର ମାନ ରକ୍ଷା କରୁଥିଲେ କୃଷ୍ଣ
ଉପବାନ ॥୫॥*

*କେତେ ସେ ପବିତ୍ର ଏହି ରାକ୍ଷୀ ଚୋର ବନ୍ଦ୍ୟ
ସେ ସମର୍ପଣ ଦ୍ୱାର ॥୬॥*





FACULTY CORNER



ସମ୍ପର୍କ (Samparka)

Prof. Srimanta Tripathy,
School of Basic Sciences and Humanities

ସମ୍ପର୍କ

ନ ଥାଏ ତାର ଆରମ୍ଭ ନା ଶେଷ
ନଦୀ ପରି ବହିଯାଏ ନୀରବ ତା ଗତି, ବହିଯାଏ ମନ ର ମାଟି କୁ
ଭିତର
ଆଦାର ପରି ଦିଶାଏ ତା ମନ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ ଅମାନ୍ୟତା ନେତ୍ର
ବରଷାଏ, ଘିନାଏ ଆଉ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ କରେ
ସମ୍ପାଦିତ ମନ ଓ ହୃଦୟ

ସମ୍ପର୍କ

କେବେ ଭାବ ର ମାୟା ଶେ ତ
କେବେ ଅଭିମାନ ର ଛାୟା ଶେ
ଭାବିତ୍ୟ ହାବନ ର ବସ ଶକ୍ତି
ଅବଶ୍ୟ ଆବର୍ଣ୍ଣଣ କେବେ କେବେ ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ନରେ
ଅସ୍ଥିରତା, ଅସୁବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ହୁଏ ମତି, ଗତି ଆଉ ସ୍ଥିତି
କୁହ ଆଉ ଗହୁ ଏକାକାର ହୁଏ

ସମ୍ପର୍କ

ଶବ୍ଦ ରେ ବାଣି ହୁଏନା
ପମୟ ଶେ ତି ହୁଏ
କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟତା ଏ ତ ଅନନ୍ତ ଯେଉଁ ତିଏ
ଦୁଇଟି ମନ ର ଆଉ
ଦୁଇଟି ଆତ୍ମା ର

ହସ ର କୁଟାର କୁ ବାଣି ଇଚ୍ଛା, ନିଜ ବିଶାଳତା ରେ
ନିଜ ଭରାଗତାରେ |

From "Me" to "We": Journey of NSS Volunteers

Dr. Twinkle Kisku, School of Electrical Sciences

In a small college campus, there was a shy first-year student named Arpan. Like many young students, he was focused only on marks, exams, and securing a good job. One day, he noticed a notice about joining the National Service Scheme. The motto written below caught his attention: "Not Me, But You."

Curious, he enrolled.

At first, Arpan thought NSS was just about attending camps and getting a certificate. But his first special camp in a nearby village changed everything.

The First Realization: During the camp, Arpan and his fellow volunteers conducted a cleanliness drive. He saw children walking barefoot, elderly people struggling without proper medical access, and families unaware of basic hygiene practices.

That night, sitting under the open sky, he realized something powerful: **"Education is not complete until it serves society."**

The next day, he helped organize a literacy session for village children. When a little girl wrote her name for the first time, her smile gave him more satisfaction than any exam result ever had.

The Transformation: Months passed. Arpan:

- Donated blood for the first time
- Planted trees to protect the environment
- Participated in awareness rallies on health and digital literacy
- Helped during flood relief work

Slowly, the shy boy became a confident leader. He learned how to speak in public, coordinate teams, and solve real-world problems.

NSS didn't just change the village — it changed him.

The Bigger Picture: Through NSS, operating under the Ministry of Youth Affairs and Sports, thousands of young people like Arpan contribute to:

- Community development
- Rural upliftment
- National integration
- Disaster management

Each small act of service strengthens the nation's foundation.

The Message to Youth: Years later, Arpan stood on the same college stage as a successful professional. But when asked what shaped him the most, he didn't mention textbooks or exams.

He said: "NSS taught me that true success is not measured by what we earn, but by what we give."

Dear youth, the nation does not only need engineers, doctors, and officers.

It needs compassionate leaders, responsible citizens, and active change-makers.

NSS is not just a programme: It is a journey from 'Me' to 'We'.



Another inspiring story of a girl: On a quiet morning in a bustling college campus, a notice fluttered softly on the board: *Enroll Now – National Service Scheme*. Most students walked past it, lost in assignments and ambitions. But one student paused.

Her name was Aastha.

She had dreams like every other young person; a good career, recognition, success. Service to society was something she admired from a distance, but never imagined as part of her own journey. Yet something about the motto of the National Service Scheme “*Not Me, But You*” stirred a quiet curiosity within her.

She signed up.

The First Step Beyond Comfort: Her first NSS special camp was in a nearby village. The road was dusty, the houses modest, and the facilities limited. Initially, Aastha felt out of place. What could she possibly contribute?

But as days passed, she began teaching basic literacy to a group of children under a banyan tree. One afternoon, a small boy proudly read a full sentence aloud for the first time. The joy in his eyes was unforgettable.

In that moment, Aastha understood something profound: Education gains meaning when it uplifts others.

Discovering Strength Through Service: NSS activities soon became more than routine events. She participated in cleanliness drives, tree plantation campaigns, blood donation camps, and awareness rallies on health and digital literacy. Each activity revealed a new dimension of her personality.

The once hesitant student began addressing gatherings confidently. The follower became a team leader. The observer became a problem-solver.

Through NSS, supported by the Ministry of Youth Affairs and Sports, she learned lessons no classroom could teach:

- Empathy for the underprivileged
- Leadership through teamwork
- Responsibility toward the nation
- Courage during challenging situations

The Ripple Effect: Years later, as Aastha prepared for her professional career, she realized that NSS had shaped her more deeply than any academic achievement. It had instilled resilience, compassion, and a spirit of nation-building.

She understood that nations are not built only in parliament halls or corporate offices — they are built in villages, in communities, in small acts of kindness carried out by ordinary youth with extraordinary determination.

A Call to Today's Youth: In a world that often emphasizes competition and personal gain, the true strength of a nation lies in its socially conscious youth. NSS transforms young minds into responsible citizens who do not wait for change, rather they become the change.

Service does not weaken ambition; it strengthens character. Leadership does not begin with authority; it begins with responsibility. Nation-building does not require power; it requires participation.

And perhaps, like Arpan and Aastha, your greatest achievement will not be a medal or a degree but the lives you touch along the way.

To every young reader of this magazine: Your degree may shape your career. But your service will shape your character.

When the youth choose to move from “Me” to “We,” the nation moves forward with them.



An Evening in a Himalayan Village

Dr. Manonita Chowdhary Roy Ghatak, School of Basic Sciences and Humanities

Walking along the narrow-canopied street of Narayanpur, a small village in the Himalayas, Purnashree found herself spellbound by the beauty of dusk. It was magical watching the sun lowering in the sky, the different pinks, oranges and yellows filled the air tinting the landscape and showing everything in a new light. It was autumn and the trees wore a golden scarlet saree. Their leaves tumbled to the undergrowth, blanketing the ground with their brilliant hues. The mystical silence was once or twice broken mysteriously by the chirping of returning birds. She saw a cool shed and sat on a bench. She visited the village after ten long years and that also to visit her ailing grandmother. This time it was not a request but an order from the dear old lady.

Her enchantment was broken by the sudden sound of rustling leaves. It was getting dark and the magnificent mountains started wearing a different mask now. She felt as if somebody was standing behind her. She turned and saw a stony frozen faced woman looking at her unblinkingly. There was something deep in her eyes and Purnashree froze at the thought of something inexplicable. Her face seemed known to her but how. She was clueless. The woman turned and started walking away from her known street towards the woods. Mesmerised by the intensity of her vision Purnashree followed her unconsciously.

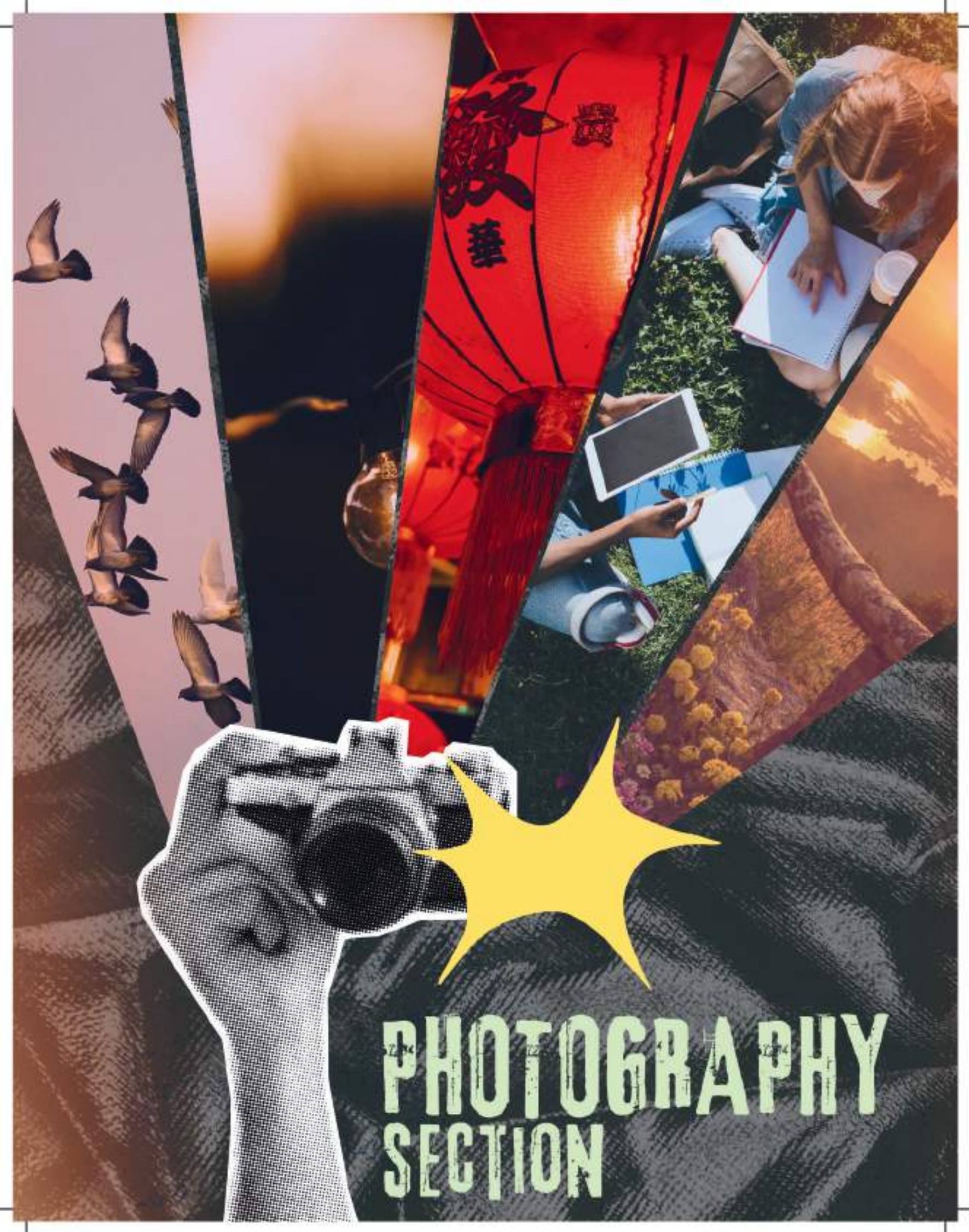
They haven't walked much and Purnashree started hearing cries of hundreds of children. Gradually the lowly sounds became unbearable and she felt as if her eardrums would burst. She called the woman who all of a sudden disappeared and her voice remained unheard in the noise. Suddenly she became conscious of her forlorn helplessness. She was mortified to see that the trees which looked illuminated just hours before wore a skeletal frame now. Without thinking twice, she turned and started running towards the road.

Hours later Purnashree felt the soft warm touch of familiar fingers on her forehead and opened her eyes. The toothless smile of that little old face and the familiar household sounds assured her of her safe anchorage and she took a sigh of relief.

Years later when she sees the cheerful faces of children in "Ashray", her orphanage, she unconsciously thanks that gorgeous dark lady whose Rajshahi silk saree and diamond earrings once proclaimed her aristocratic lineage to her. While returning from a cousin's birthday party she had suddenly come face to face with that lady. Oh! How could she forget those tearful, imploring, almond eyes looking at the sleeping newborn kept before Purnashree's feet. The lady turned and with lightning speed vanished in the same Himalayan woods which had given Purnashree the greatest nightmare of her life after ten years. Purnashree stood there for a while but could not gather the courage to hold the baby. How could a sixteen-year-old unmarried girl explain her mercy towards an unknown newborn in a patriarchal Himalayan village?

After so many years as a Prof. of English Literature Purnashree knows why after ten years, when she had visited the same village again, that stony, frozen face looked familiar to her and why she had heard the cries of so many newborn babies in the same woods. The after-effects of her feverish delirium and long bed-rest had given her a chance to take the greatest decision of her life, to open "Ashray" for orphans.





**PHOTOGRAPHY
SECTION**



Jagannath Mohanta
3rd Year, Electrical Engineering



Anshuman Mohanty
2nd Year, Textile Engineering



PHOTOGRAPHY SECTION

Gulshan Pasayat
2nd Year, Robotics and A.I.



Abhisek Tripathy, 1st year
Aerospace Engineering



Aahana Lalit
2nd year, Electronics and
Instrumentation Engineering



Arindam Rout
2nd Year, Computer Science
and Engineering (AIML)



S Abhinash Raj
1st year, Information Technology



Tanvi Rajdeep
1st year, B.Arch



Chandan Kumar Das
3rd year, Information Technology



Gourav Parida
3rd year, IMSc (Mathematics and Computing)



Raja Bisoyi
3rd year, Electrical Engineering



Suryanshu Grahacharya
2nd year, Computer Engineering



Sanjana Sahoo
1st year, B.Arch



Suplus Naik
1st year, CSE (AIML)



Arya Subhojit Patra
2nd year, CSE



Ankit Minz
1st year, Robotics and A.I.



Debasish Sethi
1st year, Aerospace Engineering



Sudeep Dash
2nd year, Computer Engineering



PALETTE.



Saptarshi Dutta, 2nd Yr



Sushree Sangita Sahoo, 3rd yr



Sushree Sangita Sahoo, 3rd yr



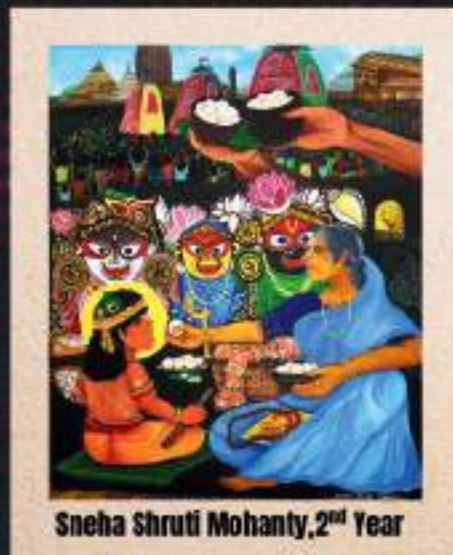
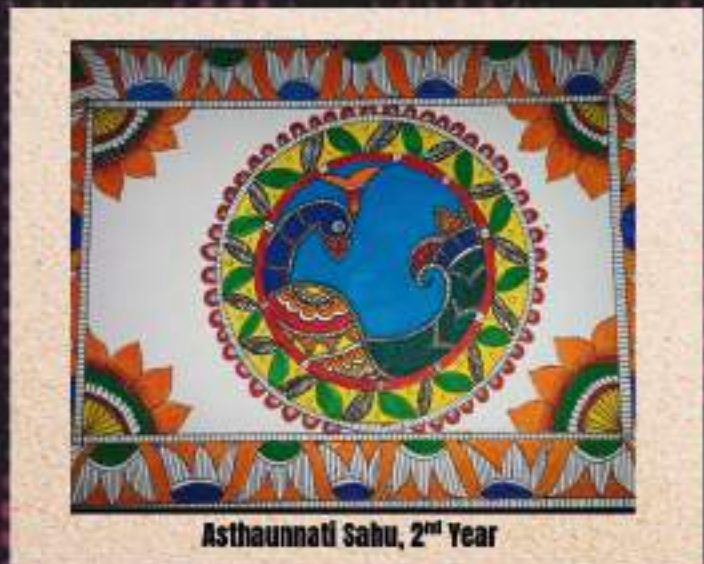
Sushree Sangita Sahoo, 3rd yr



Sushree Sangita Sahoo, 3rd Year



PALETTE.



ENGINEER'S CUP '26



OUTR'S PREMIER SPORTING EVENT : A SHOWCASE OF TALENT AND GRACE



Chief Guest, Anuradha Biswal during the Inaugural Ceremony



The winners of Boys' Football being felicitated on stage



A batsman poised for a shot : CRICKET



The decisive moment : KHO KHO



The second before glory : FOOTBALL



A leap to secure victory : VOLLEYBALL

PERCEPTION 2026



OUTR'S ANNUAL TECHNICAL FEST : A CELEBRATION OF INNOVATION AND SKILL



Dr. Gajendra Purohit, Guest Speaker, being felicitated by the Hon'ble Vice Chancellor



Students drive the Go-Kart made by SAE



Bots race against time in *Rescue Ranger*, the obstacle course



Participants competing in *HackYard* by Zairza



A still from *X-Turbulence*, the airshow by Aerospace Club



Bots battle it out in the arena for *Hell in a Cell*, the robowar by Spectrum

VEDANG

vedang

THE FIRST EDITION OF OTR'S FLAGSHIP QUIZ COMPETITION : A NEW CHAPTER BEGINS



QM Naman Jain on stage conducting the quiz.



Winners and runners-up receive their awards.



All 6 finalists of *Vedang* on stage with the dignitaries.



Quiz in progress: *Vedang* Prelims Round



Organising Committee of *Vedang: The Flagship OTR Quiz*



Finalists competing in the intense Final Round.

SHRUJANIKA

OUTR'S FIRST LITERARY FESTIVAL : A CELEBRATION OF LITERATURE AND CREATIVE EXPRESSION



Author Talk Session and Book signing by Gourav Mohanty



Inauguration Ceremony, with the esteemed guests on the dias



Team Shrujanika on stage during the Valedictory Ceremony



Chanakya's Courtroom: The Asian Parliamentary Debate



An enthusiastic audience cheering for the participants during *Glib and Ghalib*



Team CETQuizzite with QM Baneshwar Sarkar and other esteemed dignitaries



E-SUMMIT 2026



OUTR'S ANNUAL ENTREPRENEURSHIP GALA : INNOVATION TAKES THE LEAD



Expert Session by Mr. Pankaj Motwani



Inauguration Ceremony of E-Summit 2026: The Monopoly Edition



Participants pitch their innovative solutions in *Think-A-Thon*



Corporate MUN in session with participants from all over Odisha and beyond



Contestants pitch their start up ideas in *Startup Expo*



A spirited display of strategy: *IPL Auction*

3RD CONVOCATION CEREMONY



ShodhDhara 2026 RESEARCH CONCLAVE



STUDENT'S ACHIEVEMENT



Swayam Subhankar Sahoo (3rd Year, CSE)
Dishashree Swain (2nd Year, Comp. Engg.)
Sudeep Dash (2nd Year, Comp. Engg.)
Saptarshi Dutta (2nd Year, Comp. Engg.)

*1st Runners Up Position, XPLORA
INNOVATHON-2026, Centurion University of
Technology and Management*



Aadarsh Mishra (3rd Year,
Biotechnology) and
Aditya Mohapatra (2nd Year, Comp.
Engg.)
*2nd Runners-up, Prudentia 1.0, State
Level Quiz by Shiksha 'o' Anusandhan.*



Pragyan Priyadarsini Panda (3rd Year,
Biotechnology) and
Jaydev Rout (4th Year, E&I)

*1st Prize in Green hackathan, IIIT
Bhubaneswar.*



Rakshit Mohanty
(2nd Year, Computer Science and
Engineering)
Top 3 at the National Level,
Showcased idea in front of the
Honorable Prime Minister
Shri Narendra Modi

*Viksit Bharat Young Leader's
Dialogue, National Youth Festival
2026, Design for Bharat Track*

STUDENT'S ACHIEVEMENT



Banita Dash

(2nd Year, Electronics and Communication Engineering)

Panelist in "Women Who Power Space", an academic panel discussion organized by SPACE India on the occasion of the International Day of Women and Girls in Science (IDWGS) 2025



Smitashree Soumyadarshi Pradhan (4th Year, Mechanical Engineering)

Crowned as the 2nd Runner-Up at Utkal Fashion Icon Pageant, Odisha



Udit Arun Nath (2nd Year, CSE - AIML) and **Snehasis Padhy** (2nd Year, Computer Science and Engineering)

Runners-up in the SBT Quiz(Innovision at NIT Rourkela)



Team Blue Jay Racing

Society of Automotive Engineers (SAE) OUTR Chapter

Secured All India Rank 9 in the Hindustan Formula Karting Championship (HFKC) 2025 Season 5

RECOMMENDATIONS



AFTERSUN

"I think it's nice that we share the same sky"

OR

"The exact colour palette of childhood memories."

Aftersun is a film that doesn't just tell a story—it lingers, like a memory you suddenly realize means far more than you understood at the time. On the surface, it's simply a father and his 11-year-old daughter spending a summer holiday at a Turkish resort. Sunburns, cheap souvenirs, poolside jokes, and painfully awkward karaoke. But quietly, almost invisibly, the film reveals something deeper: the fragile beauty of memories and the things we only understand years later.

Charlotte Wells directs with astonishing poignance, capturing the hazy, imperfect texture of childhood recollection. Moments feel ordinary while they happen, yet in hindsight they glow with hidden weight. Paul Mescal's Calum is unforgettable—gentle, funny, and explores his endlessly patient relationship with Frankie Corio's Sophie, teaching her silly self-defense moves and dancing like a dork. But Beneath the sun-soaked nostalgia runs a quiet current of melancholy he can't quite hide. You keep bracing for a dramatic twist, but the only real revelation is the quiet, painful act of growing up.

What makes Aftersun devastating is its restraint. It lets emotion bloom quietly between conversations, glances, and silences, until nostalgia, love, and grief collide all at once—leaving you with the aching realization that our parents were once fragile people too. Watch it—and prepare for it to stay with you long after the credits fade.

-Aditya Mohapatra
Computer Engineering, 2nd year

SORE

Sore : A Wife from the Future

Sore: Istri dari Masa Depan begins like a brilliant joke that slowly settles into a haunting funeral eulogy. Set against the melancholic backdrop of Croatia, the film introduces us to Jonathan, a cynical photographer whose journey of self-destruction is interrupted by a woman claiming to be his future wife. There is a certain chaotic, awkward joy in watching Sore try to "wife" him into a healthier lifestyle while he is busy trying to get the authorities to haul her away as a trespasser.

However, the laughter soon begins to taste like ash as we realise Sore is bound by a cruel restriction that prevents her from simply explaining the stakes or making him

realise the truth. The film brilliantly captures the frustration of love when it is met with the stubborn slavery of addiction. It poignantly argues that Sore cannot be the master of Jonathan's fate; she cannot simply overwrite his self-destruction with her presence. Instead, Sore returns with a renewed, quiet determination of making him reconcile with his past. We see Jonathan grapple with the "why" of his pain, leading the audience toward a surge of genuine hope. Alas, even this newfound hope is shadowed by the shattering reality of the time loop, proving that no amount of human effort can easily outrun the cruel, repetitive geometry of time.

The film's climax brings a devastating realisation for Sore: that true devotion sometimes requires the ultimate act of letting go. She recognises that her presence, no matter how well-intentioned, might be the very anchor keeping the loop closed. As the cycle reaches its final, quiet resonance, the viewers are left in a state of profound mystery. We watch a transformed Jonathan navigate a world where the woman who haunted his past is suddenly gone, yet he remains anchored by an unexplainable void, a memory of the heart that the mind cannot yet name. It leaves us to wonder: can the soul truly remember what the intellect has forgotten? The film refuses to provide easy answers, instead leaving the audience to ponder the weight of a longing that transcends the ticking of a clock, hanging in the air like a melody whose lyrics have been lost to time.

-Shivani Mohan
Computer Engineering, 1st year



MEET THE CREW

DESIGN TEAM



Anwasha Rath
Coordinator



Sudeep Dash
Co-Coordinator



Shuvra Shefalika
Achari
Co-Coordinator



Swayams Mohanty



Tulip Lenka



Smarika Behera



Snehasis Padhy



Rituparna Pati



Sanket Alex Toppo



CONTENT TEAM



Adyasha Mishra



Dishashree Swain



Aadarsh Mishra



Udit Arun Nath



Manish Acharya



Debasis Rath

the
letterman



the
letterman



ODISHA UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY AND RESEARCH
BHUBANESWAR

TECHNO CAMPUS, BBA TIRUA, BHUBANESWAR - 751029, ODISHA



NESCAFÉ

