

the Letterman

X T A S Y 2 0 2 5 E D I T I O N



Hey there! Welcome to the 1st edition of
THE LETTERMAN - The Xtasy Edition!

We're Team Letterman and, as unbelievable as it may sound, we have made it. Crazy ideas stacked one over the other, sleepless nights, creativity slumps in designing the pages, furious brainstorming in curating the content, and endless passion have finally made it into the pages. We're super excited to finally share this with you. As you flip through, we hope you enjoy every bit of it as much as we did making it for you.

-Editorial Team

WELCOME TO
THE LETTERMAN



2025 EDITION

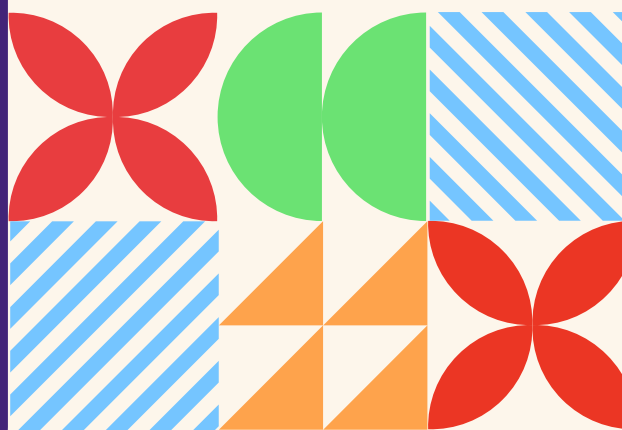


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XTASY EDITION
The Letterman



A NOTE FROM THE VICE CHANCELLOR

I am extremely delighted to learn that Odisha University of Technology and Research (OUTR), is bringing out its first issue of the quarterly information bulletin "The Letterman" on the eve of the Students' Cultural Function. My congratulations to the members of the team.

I am sure, the bulletin is sure to make a difference in the campus life. Apart from the information on the events that keep on happening in the campus, the bulletin shall have many other sections to reflect the minds of its stake holders. This will come in the form of literary snippets and interviews of people who matter. The spectrum of sections will attract wide range of readers in our University community and others associated with it.

We have a dedicated and curiously excited student suit to take care of its creation and growth and to colour its wings. I am confident that "The Letterman" will be handy to all of us to know the University better and get abreast of its events and plans. The impact on the people can be quite profound. It does not cost anything but time to stop and say thank you for the job so well done.

Wishing you all the best.



**DR. BIBHUTI
BHUSAN BISWAL**
VICE CHANCELLOR,
OUTR





**MR. ASHISH
KUMAR JENA**
REGISTRAR, OUTR

A NOTE FROM THE REGISTRAR

Engineering, as I know, represents the closest approximation to Magic that man has ever encountered.

As a child, I was marveled & captivated by the ceiling fans that whirled to the intricate workings the cooling systems of the refrigerator or that of the television that made images a virtual reality and even the complex designs of airplanes that defied the laws of gravity. Each of these creations, in their own way, instilled in me a sense of wonder and awe, as they seemed to transcend the boundaries of the ordinary and touch the realm of the extraordinary human intelligence.

As Magic, wrought by craft, did light my days.

In the esteemed halls of my Alma Mater NIT Rourkela, my dreams were tempered upon the anvil of reality. My journey from curiosity to confidence, and thence to conviction, unfolded through four years of rigorous learning. As the realisation unfurled forsooth, it was friends & seniors that I aided in studies and assignments deriving a fleeting pride, actually imparted true wisdom, more than the academic learning and the 9.89 CGPA, subtly refining my own skills.

As time passed, I came to realize that it was not my engineering knowledge nor my bureaucratic acumen that mattered most. The true treasures that NIT Rourkela honed in me, were the bonds of friendship, the spirit of teamwork in Sports, the harmony of my Music Band, and the camaraderie fostered in Tech & Literary Clubs and Cultural Fests.

I firmly believe the Xstasy of OUTR and the newsletter Letterman of the young University shall remain eternal milestones, shaping not mere engineers, but souls committed to the vision and mission of the University - those who, upon their graduation, pledge themselves to its noble cause of "what it means to be an engineer".

A NOTE FROM THE **DEAN**

It is my pleasure to present the first edition of our University Newsletter, a publication that showcases the academic, creative and extracurricular endeavors of our students. Through its pages, our magazine provides a glimpse into the vibrant college community, highlighting the achievements, experiences and perspectives that define our institution.

Our newsletter is going to serve as a platform for students to express themselves, share their ideas, and showcase their work. It reflects the University's commitment to fostering a culture of innovation, critical thinking and inclusivity.

I extend my heartfelt appreciation to the editorial team, contributors, and everyone involved in bringing this hardcopy of the newsletter to life. May it inspire, motivate and empower our students to strive for excellence and make a positive impact in the world.



**DR. JIBITESH
MISHRA**
DEAN, SW, OTR





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

A NOTE FROM THE **PSA**

It is my privilege to introduce the first edition of our university newsletter, a flagship publication that showcases the academic excellence, innovative spirit, and creative talent of our students. This publication is a testament to the commitment of this university to fostering a culture of intellectual curiosity, critical thinking, and inclusivity.

I would like to commend the editorial team, contributors, and all those who have worked tirelessly to produce this exceptional publication. Their dedication has resulted in a newsletter that is both a reflection of our institution's values and a showcase of our students' outstanding achievements. I am hopeful that this publication will inspire our students to strive for excellence, promote a sense of community, and demonstrate for academic excellence and innovation.



A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR IN CHIEF

I am glad to unveil the first issue of our University newsletter, an outlet for celebrating academic distinction, innovative ideas, and creative exuberance that reflects our students' multifaceted pursuits. This magazine stands for the boundless potential that lies within our student community. This is an exercise to inculcate intellectual curiosity, artistic expression, and critical thinking among the next generation of leaders and change-makers. Through its pages, we glimpse the contemporary academic landscape of our institution that witnesses ideas being born, nurtured, and shared with the world.

My sincere gratitude goes to the editorial team, contributors, and everyone who has worked tirelessly to bring this issue of our University newsletter to life. The dedication and efforts of all the team members have brought forth this edition, that truly reflects the spirit of our institution. I am confident that this issue will reiterate a sense of purpose, espouse a spirit of community, and reaffirm our institution's commitment to academic excellence, innovation, and the pursuit of knowledge.



**DR. MINAKSHI
PRASAD MISHRA**
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
THE LETTERMAN,
OTR



A CHAT WITH THE HONORABLE VICE CHANCELLOR

We would like to know your thoughts on the recent initiative to launch the Letterman magazine. What are your impressions of this endeavor?

I've always believed that a university newsletter would be a valuable platform for showcasing events, ideas, student achievements, faculty accomplishments, and university milestones. I'm delighted to see this initiative come to fruition. In my previous institution, a similar electronic magazine was published weekly, and I was actively involved in its establishment as part of the student-led club guided by faculty members. I appreciate the efforts of our students and faculty in bringing this initiative to our university.

What have been the most significant challenges you've encountered as the leader of this university?

As a relatively new university, one of the biggest challenges has been transforming the organizational culture from a college to a university setting. Establishing a new institution from scratch requires implementing new ideas and building relationships, which can be a complex process. Changing the existing culture to align with the university's vision and goals has been particularly challenging. However, I'm optimistic that with time, we'll successfully transition to a thriving university culture.

If you had the opportunity to pursue engineering again in today's world, which branch would you choose?

I would choose Mechanical Engineering. This interest stems from my upbringing in an industrial city, where I witnessed mechanical engineers playing a crucial role in designing and building systems for factories and manufacturing plants. Mechanical engineering offers a broad range of applications, from automation and computers to communications, making it a versatile and dynamic field.

Could you share with us your favorite spot on campus?

To be honest, I don't have a single favorite spot – I appreciate the entire university campus. However, I do enjoy seeing students utilizing various facilities such as the playground, canteen, and Student Activity Center (SAC) area. These spaces foster a sense of community and provide opportunities for students to engage with one another.

Could you share with us your personal interests or hobbies outside of academia?

One of my favorite pastimes is listening to music, particularly Hindi songs, and occasionally Odia music.

As we conclude this interview, is there any message or advice you'd like to share with our students and the Letterman team?

I believe it's essential to create a platform where diverse talents and expertise can be showcased. By highlighting the work of our faculty and students in various fields, such as technology and literature, we can foster a culture of appreciation and recognition. I encourage the Letterman team to continue featuring outstanding events and achievements, providing a voice for the university community.





OUTR Hosts Its First Research Conclave: A Platform for Innovation and Collaboration

Odisha University of Technology and Research (OUTR) successfully conducted its first-ever Research Conclave on 28th February 2025, offering a vibrant platform for research scholars, PhD holders, and students to showcase their innovative research work.

This event was inaugurated by Hon'ble Vice-Chancellor, Prof. Bibhuti Bhusan Biswal, in the presence of distinguished panel of guests including Chief Speaker Prof. Sunil Kumar Sarangi, Former Director of NIT Rourkela, and Chief Guest Prof. Ramanuj Narayan, Director of IMMT Bhubaneswar. Prof. A.N. Acharya, Dean (Academic Affairs) convened the inaugural meeting.

The conclave included engaging presentations and poster sessions, promoting scholarly exchange and intellectual growth. The event concluded with a vote of thanks by Organizing Secretary, Prof. Prasanta Kumar Satpathy.

This initiative marks a milestone in OUTR's academic journey, reinforcing its commitment to fostering research, collaboration, and technological advancement.



Research



Odisha University of Technology and Research (OUTR) promotes entrepreneurship as a key element of student development. Since its establishment in 2012, the Entrepreneurship and Development Cell (ED-Cell) has worked to equip students with skills in management, marketing, investor relations, and business strategy. It provides a practical learning environment and has represented the university in various prestigious business competitions.

To further support innovation, OUTR has set up the OUTR - Foundation for Innovation and Entrepreneurship (OUTR-FINE), a technology business incubator that helps transform student-led technology ideas into market-ready products. Currently, OUTR-FINE supports six startups, including four technology-based and two service-based ventures, with infrastructure to support 20 startups and plans to expand to 50.

The incubator functions in collaboration with industry and academic partners, having signed MoUs with a private bank, another university's TBI, and a government-led innovation cluster.

One notable startup, NewrupTech Solutions, was founded in 2022 by students Anup Paikaray and Smruti Ranjan Paikaray. It focuses on improving traditional cooking methods in rural India by developing a heat-powered air blower for chulhas, aiming to reduce indoor air pollution and improve safety.

Through the combined efforts of the ED-Cell and OUTR-FINE, OUTR fosters a strong entrepreneurial culture, encouraging students and faculty to create impactful, real-world solutions.



Startups



On March 23, 2025, Odisha University of Technology and Research (OUTR) signed a Memorandum of Understanding (MoU) with KFin Technologies Limited (KFintech). This collaboration aims to enhance academic and industry linkages, providing students with practical exposure and research opportunities in financial technologies. The partnership is expected to facilitate knowledge exchange and skill development, aligning with OUTR's commitment to fostering innovation and industry readiness among its students.



On Jan 16th, the Swami Vivekanand National Institute of Rehabilitation Training and Research (SVNIRTAR) & OUTR entered into a significant collaboration by signing an MoU at OUTR, BBSR. This partnership seeks to foster cutting-edge research in prosthetic limbs & orthotic devices.

CLUBS



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.



ASME (AMERICAN SOCIETY OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS)

ASME OUTR provides a platform for mechanical engineering enthusiasts to develop technical skills through workshops, seminars, and competitions. By solving real-world problems and engaging with industry experts, the club fosters innovation and professional growth, aiming to nurture the next generation of engineers.



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 alumnui 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



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)

It's 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.



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.



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.



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.



THE LETTERMAN



THROUGH T



Xtasy 2020



Xtasy 2023



Burnt





2025 XTASY EDITION

THE YEARS



Out 24'



Outrage 25'



Xtasy 2025





EXPRESSIONS

ARTICLES

CICADA 3301: A DIGITAL ENIGMA

Bivraj Sahoo, Computer Science

Let's talk something techie in an engineering college, because what's an engineer without a little cryptic curiosity?

In the vast expanse of the internet, where cat videos and debugging nightmares coexist, a shadowy and cryptic entity emerged in 2012, capturing the curiosity of coders, cryptographers, and conspiracy theorists alike. Enter Cicada 3301, the digital enigma that has haunted the depths of the web for over a decade.

The Birth of a Mystery

It all started on January 4, 2012, when an anonymous image was posted on 4chan containing the now-iconic message:

"Hello. We are looking for highly intelligent individuals. To find them, we have devised a test. There is a message hidden in this image. Find it, and it will lead you on the road to finding us. We look forward to meeting the few who will make it all the way through. Good luck."

This was no ordinary internet puzzle. It required deep knowledge of cryptography, steganography, number theory, and even literary classics. Those who took the bait soon found themselves decoding hidden messages, solving obscure riddles, and even

tracking down real-world locations – yes, this was the kind of scavenger hunt that made engineering students regret skipping that one cryptography class.

The Journey Through Codes and Chaos

Cicada 3301 puzzle spanned various domains of knowledge:

- **Steganography** – Hiding information within images
- **Book Ciphers** – Referencing specific passages in literature
- **Tor and the Deep Web** – Leading solvers into the internet's dark corridors
- **PGP Encryption** – Ensuring messages remained authentic

The puzzles led to different parts of the world. QR codes were found in places like Poland, Spain, and South Korea. But every time someone thought they had unraveled the grand mystery, Cicada 3301 disappeared into the digital ether, only to return with a more perplexing challenge the following year.

Who Were They? Hackers? A Government Agency? Aliens?

Speculation ran wild. Was Cicada 3301 a recruitment drive by the NSA (USA Wala buddy!)? A shadowy cyber organization? Or perhaps just some highly skilled internet pranksters who took gamification to a whole new level? No one really knows, and that's what makes it so intriguing.

Adding to the mystery, those who allegedly "solved" the puzzle never surfaced with concrete answers. They simply vanished. Whether recruited into some clandestine group or just sworn to secrecy remains unknown.

Cicada 3301 Today: An Unsolved Legacy

Although the last verified puzzle surfaced in 2017, the legend of Cicada 3301 lives on. Its blend of advanced cryptography and internet sleuthing has inspired countless similar challenges and has even been studied in cybersecurity circles.

So, next time you're debugging a piece of code at 3 a.m., just remember, somewhere out there, a puzzle remains unsolved, waiting for the next brilliant mind to crack it. Maybe, just maybe, Cicada 3301 is still watching.



AU REVOIR

Udit Arun Nath, AI & ML

Transitioning in life evolves our ideologies and aspirations. As we step into adulthood, the finish line becomes “EOD,” only to reset every morning, with the same route and the same relentless sprint. My “On Repeat” playlist played, yet again, ironically living up to its name. Seeing it dominate my Wrapped surprised me. Humans have a tendency to loop—revisiting what feels familiar and comforting.

Change, on the other hand, throws us off balance. New places, people, or routines make us tread cautiously, like navigating unfamiliar environments. But eventually, with time and small adjustments, the unfamiliar blends into our loop. Then, it's back to the same cycle: ending the day with pending tasks and the bittersweet regret of not crossing the finish line on time, once again.

Two assignments due today—my to-do list app chimed. The list of pending tasks felt endless. Throughout the day, I kept adding more to it, but managed to cross off only a few. By evening, while I spiral down social media to consume content, the unchecked boxes stared back at me. A silent reminder of what I couldn't complete. I'd sigh, postpone them to tomorrow, and repeat the cycle.

Life becomes this planet orbiting around content. ‘Content’—the word has a duality about itself. People love it for the entertainment it provides. They want more of it and they continue to consume. People also chase for content—the satisfaction that one gets. The satisfaction that drives them to work for it. To be satisfied with life is some luxury, which only a few are fortunate enough to attain.

FROM CHALKS TO CHATEBOX

Dishashree Nayak, Computer Engineering

If there's one thing India has never lacked, it's an insatiable thirst for knowledge. Here, education isn't just a personal ambition—it's a cultural legacy, a family's shared dream, nurtured through generations of dedication and sacrifice.

Picture this—a rural lecturer in Bihar, juggling sixty students, trying to teach engineering mechanics with a textbook that hasn't been updated in fifty or so years. Now, imagine that same teacher empowered by AI—an assistant that curates updated content, tracks each student's progress in real time, and offers personalized feedback. This isn't science fiction; it's the future AI is making possible—a future where quality education reaches even the most remote and underserved classrooms in India.

In a country as diverse as ours, AI isn't just useful—it's essential. With 22 official languages and countless dialects, a uniform curriculum falls short. But AI adapts, personalizing learning at scale—like a tailor crafting education to fit a billion unique stories. And it's not just about education. In a country that's part ancient epic, part Silicon Valley pitch deck, AI is the modern equivalent of Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam, bringing the world's knowledge to our fingertips while honouring the local nuances that make India, well, India.

By harnessing machine learning, initiatives like DIKSHA and SWAYAM are transforming curricula into digital resources, ensuring quality education that reaches even the remotest classrooms. AI in education isn't a panacea.

No algorithm can replace the empathy of a good teacher or the spontaneity of a classroom debate. But AI can augment these experiences, turning teachers into facilitators of personalized learning and ensuring that no child gets left behind.

Abundant digital resources have made learning more accessible, but their reliability must be assessed. AI offers personalized guidance, enabling students to explore beyond curricula, yet its impact depends on their curiosity and engagement. AI's influence on learning has a flip side of spoon-feeding the learners that enfeebles their self-learning and may cripple curiosity in the long run due to continued technology-assisted learning. To strike the right balance, AI literacy is essential for both students and teachers.



Today, what is a little more discussed than the development of artificial intelligence is how powerful it will be in just a few years. Can it code? It can, and it will get faster. Can it build? What, if it creates a chemical compound that is dangerous to humanity? Can AI also perform tasks on a website? Will it manipulate the stock markets and disrupt the flow of finance?

Such questions, which arise from an assumption that AI is alive, intelligent and 'conscious' are endless. And an answer to this is—AI cannot do all the things we think AI can do. John Hopfield and Geoffrey Hinton's groundbreaking works paved the way for a spellbinding discovery that sounds as fascinating as mimicking human intelligence with

artificial neural networks; all for the Nobel Prize in Physics (2024).

When Hopfield suggests the activity of AI in learning being similar to the ways humans learn, what he implies is merely that they perform the same mechanical tasks during training that the human brain does. For instance, let's say AI doesn't forget and remembers things, unlike humans. It recalls information much faster than a human brain. But when it comes to art, recalling what you have learned is just a very small part of what makes art truly interesting.

Bringing forth a newer idea and presenting it in all the different ways is what makes our art

unique, and in the grand scheme of things, it is how evolution happens. So rather than seeing it as a competition in productivity between man and machine, we need to start exploring practical ways in which we can remain focused on real needs and build our understanding of solutions through the collaborative negotiation of meaning.

The ideas of Hopfield and Hinton, combined with the efforts and research of many others, have enabled computers to mimic the behavior of people—albeit in a limited, sometimes clumsy way. So, if we're worried about AI replacing human beings, we should only think about making AI pay taxes.

DIGITAL WELLBEEING

Sudeep Dash, Computer Engineering

You promised yourself you'd study tonight.

You really did. Just five minutes on Instagram before starting, nothing crazy. And yet, here you are, an hour later, lost in a labyrinth of reels, scrolling past strangers' sunsets, book recommendations and a dog wearing sunglasses.

Wrists aching from the ceaseless flick of your thumb, eyes glazed over some stranger on Instagram explaining the philosophy of time, while yours slips through your fingers like sand. Your notes remain untouched. Your regrets, however, are fully drafted.

Hmm? A double-edged sword I must say, our muse and our monster. It has become the thread that

stitches our academic survival together. We whisper our prayers to it at 3 AM, pleading for last-minute solutions, clutching at online tutorials, or like me summoning the ghost of ChatGPT to conjure coherent answers and help complete your assignments.

It is our savior and our saboteur, our lifeline and our slow undoing. The paradox is dizzying: For an engineering student, technology isn't just useful, it is survival. And yet, in its glow, we are often consumed.

1. The Seduction of the Scroll

The algorithm is gluttony itself, and it sates its hunger on our distraction.

It doesn't merely suggest content; it curates temptation, personalizing an experience so compelling that you forget you ever intended to leave.

Entertainment Disguised as Productivity

You start with good intentions. A quick recap video on Schrödinger's cat? Harmless. A TED Talk on time management? Inspiring. A twenty-minute breakdown of an obscure conspiracy theory? Oops.

The Black Hole of "Just Five Minutes"

Five minutes is a lie. A fabrication. The moment your finger meets the screen, time bends. The world outside the app dissolves, and you become a willing prisoner to the infinite scroll.

Escape is an Intentional Act
Breaking free requires more than just willpower. Strategy is survival. Leave your phone in another room while studying. Use an actual alarm clock instead of your phone in the mornings. Set app limits, not just for the sake of it, but with real commitment.

2. AI: The Friend Who Knows Too Much

AI streamlines our work, predicts our questions, and even suggests answers before we can fully formulate them. It is, without a doubt, a marvel, sitting quietly in your pocket, learning, predicting, curating your life with eerie precision.

Heliyon's research suggests that AI and social media have a measurable impact on academic performance and mental well-being, but their effects are deeply dependent on how students interact with them.

The equation is simple: use AI to assist your thinking, not replace it. Otherwise, what's the point of learning at all?

3. The Art of Digital Boundaries

Resisting the pull of distraction requires more than guilt-ridden resolutions—it demands rebellion.

Reclaim Your Mornings

Don't let your first breath of the day be tainted by notifications. The world can wait.

Social Media is a Stage

Be an intentional audience member.

Follow what fuels you, mute what drains you, and remind yourself that curated perfection is not reality.

Detox, Not Departure

Digital well-being does not mean abandoning technology altogether. It means redefining your relationship with it. Set boundaries. Unplug for an hour. Read a book that doesn't glow. Listen to music without the impulse to scroll. Remind yourself that the world exists beyond the screen.

4. The Art of Balance: Work, Play, and the Interstices

Discipline is not about deprivation, it is about balance.

The Pomodoro Pact

Work in cycles: 25 minutes of focused effort, followed by a 5-minute break. Repeat four times, then take a longer break. Apps like Forest help keep you accountable.

The "No-Multitasking" Rule

Watching Netflix? Put your phone down. Eating? Step away from your laptop. Multitasking is a myth, a convenient lie we tell ourselves to justify our distractions.

Respect the Night

Blue light is a thief. It disrupts your sleep, messes with your circadian rhythm, and leaves you feeling exhausted. Put your phone away at least 30 minutes before bed. No exceptions.

5. Final Thought: The Pen is in Your Hands

Technology is neither your captor, nor your savior. It is the pen and you are the writer. So, what story will you tell?

Will you let your hours slip into the abyss of mindless scrolling, or will you reclaim them as your own?

And before you go

What was the last thing you did on your phone before reading this?

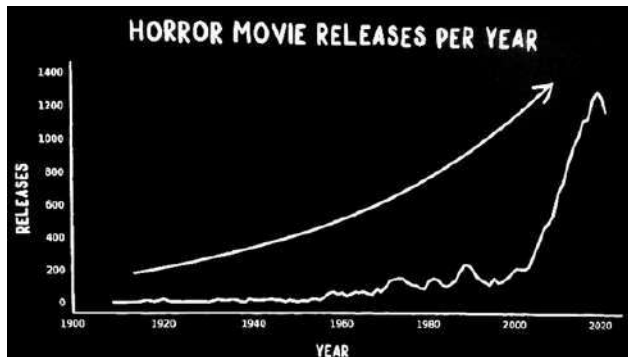
Be honest.



MEDIA LITERACY: MANIPULATION, MISINTERPRETATION AND MAYHEM

Shuvra Shefalika Achari, Robotics and AI

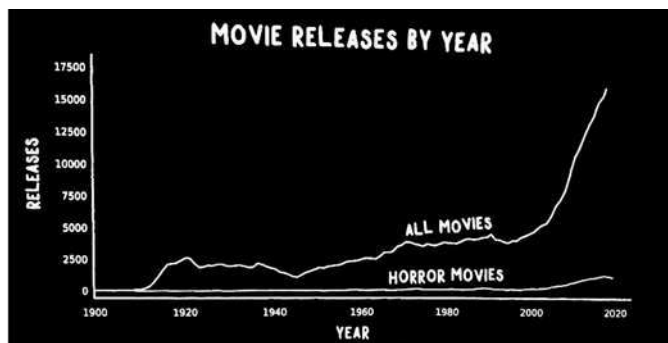
Pause! Quick, can you tell me what this graph suggests to you?



Perhaps, you'll point out the peaks in the 1970s and 1990s or the most evident - the dramatic increase in horror movie production in the 2000s.

We were suddenly OBSESSED with spooky, huh? Makes sense, it was the turn of the millennium, and we loved horror!

But hey! What if I told you this graph just lied to you? Because this graph didn't tell you the truth. It is omitting a simple but essential detail. Take a look again at the same graph (except this time, we've added something to it):



We weren't just churning out horror movies during this time, we were literally making more movies than ever before-thanks to emerging technology and cheaper production. We weren't obsessed with horror movies in particular, we were just enamored by moving pictures in general!

What you just experienced is a classic case of data manipulation - manipulation via omission.

Welcome to Media Literacy 101!

How Graphs Lie?

"If you will torture the data long enough, it will confess to anything."

A few sentences ago, you were misled into thinking that the millennium was the golden period of horror, but once you could see the same data with the added context of just how massive the sheer number of movies produced was, you saw how easily data can be manipulated. Graphs are particularly easy to fiddle with - and hence, particularly dangerous if not read properly.

Here's your quick go-to guide to Graph Literacy:

- **'Can I even see the axes?'**

If the labels of a graph's axes are missing, it is time to suspect something amiss. An honest graph will always tell you what it intends to compare, and the scale it commits to on both axes.

- **'Context, Context Everywhere'**

Remember to see charts in context of the factors that affect them like sample size, selection bias and external conditions. Just like a doctor enquires about the suspiciously pungent cheese in your sandwich when you complain of an upset stomach, it is important to look for reasons the data might be biased or skewed.

For example, statistically it is more likely that one might die from a car accident than from sky-diving but only because there are more people driving cars than sky-diving – resulting in more car accidents than sky-diving ones. (Statistical bias!)

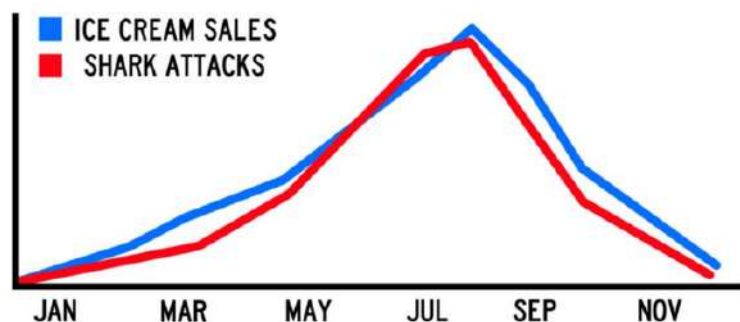
- **'To Cause or Not to Cause'**

"Correlation is not causation"

It is pretty intuitive to think that just because the plots of two variables are similar, one must affect or cause the other. But, that is not always true!

Here's a fun example:

CORRELATION IS NOT CAUSATION!



Do or Don't - The False Dichotomy Fallacy

A false dilemma, also known as a false dichotomy, claims there are only two options in a given situation. Often, these two options are extreme opposites of each other, failing to acknowledge that other, more reasonable, options exist.

Simply put, when a particular idea falls on a spectrum but only the extremes are given as the only options, it is a false dichotomy.

'All things must begin because all things end'- the Circular Reasoning Fallacy

A circular reasoning fallacy occurs when the evidence offered to support a claim is just a repetition of the claim itself.

"This law is good because it is necessary, and it is necessary because it is a good law," is an example of circular reasoning. There is no external support or argument, just the same information provided as both argument and justification.



Now that you're equipped with the basics - fire away, soldier! You'll discover many a red herring on your way!

News, Noise and Nuance

What is common to both 'The Tower of Pisa' and News Outlets? They both tend to lean, and one more than the other.

News outlets and agencies can be biased too, but their biases are harder to notice.

Here's your handy guide to separating the noise from the news:

- **Political Ties** – Certain newspapers and agencies subscribe to and propagate a particular ideology more. When consuming media from such sites, be mindful of the inherent biases. For example, Fox News is significantly more right-wing in its reporting.
- **Sources and Support** – Cherry-picking is not uncommon in ambiguous articles. All reputable news agencies will publish their sources and provide supporting evidence. Be on the lookout if one or both of these are missing!
- **False Alarms and False Authors** – If an article refuses to disclose the details of its authorship, it is a good time to check out other sources. Another red flag is the use of exaggeration without justifiable reasons – it is often the empty vessels that make the most noise.
- **The More, the Merrier** – It is more advisable to diversify your inlets for news and information. Corroborating facts is half of news consumption!
- **Nuance Exists!** – It is easy to fall prey to reporting that pushes a narrative down your throat. In such circumstances, remember to look for nuance. Like Mark Twain said, "When you find yourself on the side of the majority, it is time to pause and reflect." An opinion is not fact, and even facts can be twisted.

Social Media and Sober Musings

Social media is the world's largest sinkhole of attention and energy at present. With around 5.34 billion users worldwide, it is now easier than ever before to waste away in front of a screen.

Therefore, dear Scholar, if you do choose the irresistible draw of the luminous screens, make use of the tools it offers to combat its tantalizing offer of mindless activity. Mindfulness and the ability to recognize bias, fallacies and online manipulation can be your golden shield to navigating the wilderness of the Internet.

Go forth Soldier! Thou art now armed with the art of learning to uncover deception. May the victory (and the chicken dinner) be yours!

ଆଧୁନିକ ଉତ୍କଳରେ ବିଲୁପ୍ତ ସାହିତ୍ୟ

Rashmita Panda

ଗୌରବମୟ ଇତିହାସ ରେ ଅତିରଞ୍ଜିତ ତଥା ଉକ୍ତୁଷ୍ଟ କଳା ର ପ୍ରଦେଶ ଉତ୍କଳ। କାହିଁ କେତେ ଆବହମାନ କାଳରୁ ଆମ ବୀରପୁତ୍ରମାନେ ସଂଘର୍ଷ କରି ଉତ୍କଳ କୁ ଏକ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ୍ର ପ୍ରଦେଶ ର ମାନ୍ୟତା ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି। ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଗୋଟିଏ ହିଁ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ ଥିଲା, ମାତୃଭାଷା କୁ ଉତ୍କଳର ପ୍ରତିଟି ହୃଦୟ ରେ ବଞ୍ଚେଇ ରଖିବା। ଅତୀତର ସେହି ମହାନାୟକ, ଜନନାୟକ ତଥା ଚିନ୍ତାନାୟକମାନଙ୍କ ଅମଳିନ ସ୍ମୃତି କୁ ମନେପକେଇବା ପାଇଁ ଆମେ ପ୍ରତିବର୍ଷ ଏପ୍ରିଲ ମାସ ର ପ୍ରଥମ ଦିନ କୁ ଉତ୍କଳ ଦିବସ ରୂପେ ପାଳନ କରିଆସୁଛୁ।

୧୫୫୮ ମସିହା ରେ ଉତ୍କଳର ଶେଷ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ରାଜା ମୁକୁନ୍ଦଦେବ ଗୋହିରାଟିକିରି ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ରେ ପରାସ୍ତ ହେଲେ। ସେଦିନ ଉତ୍କଳର ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଅସ୍ତମିତ ହୋଇଗଲା। ଉତ୍କଳୀୟ ମାନେ ସୁଦୀର୍ଘ ଦୁଇଶହ ନବେ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ଆଫଗାନ, ମୋଗଲ୍ ଓ ମରହଟ୍ଟା ମାନଙ୍କଦ୍ୱାରା ପରାଧୀନତା ର ବେଡି ରେ ଆବଦ୍ଧ ରହିଲେ। ଅପେକ୍ଷା ର ଅନ୍ତ ଘଟିଲା ଓ ୧୯୩୬ ମସିହା ଏପ୍ରିଲ ପହିଲା ଦିନ ପରାଧୀନ ଉତ୍କଳର ପୀଡିତ ନିଷ୍ଠେସିତ ଜନତା ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ର ମଧୁର ସ୍ୱାଦ ଉପଲବ୍ଧି କଲେ। ଆମ ରାଜ୍ୟ ଥିଲା ଭାରତ ର ଏକାଦଶତମ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ୍ର ପ୍ରଦେଶ।

ଆଜକୁ ୮୯ ବର୍ଷ ହୋଇଗଲା ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତାର, ମାତ୍ର ଆଧୁନିକ ଉତ୍କଳର ବିଳାସବ୍ୟସନ ରେ ଏହା ପ୍ରତୀତ ହେଉନାହିଁ କି ଆମ ମାତୃଭାଷା କୁ ଯଥେଷ୍ଟ ଅବମାନନା କରାଯାଉଛି। ଉତ୍କଳର ମହାନତା ଦର୍ଶାଇବା ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ ରେ ପଣ୍ଡିତ ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ ଦାସ ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି,

"ଜଗତେ ସରସ ଭାରତ କମଳ, ତା ମଧ୍ୟେ କେଶର ପୁଣ୍ୟ ନୀଳାଚଳ, ଥିଲେ ଯହିଁ ତହିଁ ଭାରତ ବନ୍ଧ ରେ ମଣିବି ମୁଁ ଅଛି ଆପଣା କନ୍ଧ ରେ ।"

କଥା ରେ ଅଛି ମାତୃଭାଷା ହେଉଛି ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ପ୍ରିୟତମ ଉପାଦାନ। ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ଜୀବନର ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ପରି ମାତୃଭାଷା ଏକାନ୍ତ ଆବଶ୍ୟକ। ମାତ୍ର ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧୀୟ ଭାଷା ହୋଇଥିବାରୁ ଏହାକୁ ମାତୃଭାଷା ଆଖ୍ୟା ଦିଆଯାଇଛି।

ମା ଯେପରି ସନ୍ତାନ ପକ୍ଷରେ ଆଦରଣୀୟ ଓ ସ୍ନେହମୟୀ ହେବାର ଦେଖାଯାଏ ଅନୁରୂପ ଭାବରେ ମାତୃଭାଷା, ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ପକ୍ଷରେ ଏକାନ୍ତ ଆଦରଣୀୟ ଓ ଗ୍ରହଣୀୟ। ନବଜାତ ଶିଶୁ ନବନିତ ଅଧରରେ ମାତୃଭାଷା ହିଁ ପ୍ରଥମକରି ଫୁଟି ଉଠିଥାଏ। କିନ୍ତୁ ସେହି ଶିଶୁ ପ୍ରାକୃତ ବୟସ ରେ ଉପନୀତ ହୋଇ ମାତୃଭାଷା କୁ ହିଁ ଭୁଲିଯାଉଛି। ପାଶ୍ଚାତ୍ୟ ସଭ୍ୟତା ର ମୋହିନୀ ଜାଲ ରେ ଆବଦ୍ଧ ହୋଇ ଆଜି ଉତ୍କଳୀୟ ମାନେ ମାତୃଭାଷାଠାରୁ ଦୂରେଇ ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି। ସ୍ୱଭାବ କବି ଗଙ୍ଗାଧର ମେହେର ଙ୍କ ଭାଷା ରେ,

"ଉଚ୍ଚ ହେବା ପାଇଁ କର ଯେବେ ଆଶା, ଉଚ୍ଚ କର ଆଗେ ନିଜ ମାତୃଭାଷା ଷା"

ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ଆଧୁନିକ ସମାଜ ରେ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଓ ମାତୃଭାଷାର ଯେଉଁ ଅନାଦର ହେଉଛି ତାହା ନିନ୍ଦନୀୟ। ଯେଉଁ ଯେଉଁ ବିରପୁରୁଷ ମାନଙ୍କ ବଳିଦାନ ରେ ଆଜି ଉତ୍କଳ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ହୋଇଛି, ଆଜିର ସମାଜ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଗୌରବରେ ଲାଞ୍ଜନା ଲଗାଇଛି।

ରାଜ୍ୟ ସରକାରଙ୍କ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରତି ହାନିମନ୍ୟତା ଲଙ୍ଘ୍ୟାଜନକ ଅଟେ। ୨୦୧୪ ମସିହା ମାର୍ଚ୍ଚ ମାସ ୧୧ ତାରିଖ ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କୁ ଷଷ୍ଠ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରୀୟ ଭାଷାର ମାନ୍ୟତା ମିଳିଛି। ମାତ୍ର ଏହାର ଅଷ୍ଟମ ବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ତ୍ତିରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସରକାରଙ୍କର ସଚେତନତା ଜାଗ୍ରତ

ହୋଇନାହିଁ। ଏହାର ଜ୍ୱଳନ୍ତି ଉଦାହରଣ ହେଉଛି ଭଗ୍ନ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ପଡିରହିଥିବା ସତ୍ୟବାଦୀ ବକ୍ତୃଳ ବନ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ଓ ଅର୍ଥ ନିର୍ମିତ ଭାବେ ପଡିରହିଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ର ପ୍ରଥମ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ। କେବଳ ଯେ ଏତିକି ନୁହଁ, ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସମସ୍ତ ନାମଫଳକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ରେ ଲେଖାଯିବାର ଆଇନ ରହିଛି ଏବଂ ଏହାର ଉଲ୍ଲଂଘନ ରେ ଦଣ୍ଡବିଧାନ ମଧ୍ୟ ରହିଛି ମାତ୍ର ଉଲ୍ଲଂଘନକାରିଙ୍କୁ କୌଣସି ଦଣ୍ଡ ରେ ଦଣ୍ଡିତ କରାଯାଇନାହିଁ। ଏସବୁ ହିଁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଓ ଆମ ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ଗର୍ବ ଗୌରବ ପଞ୍ଚସଖାଙ୍କ ଅପମାନ। ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସ୍ଥାନ ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା କୁ ନଗଣ୍ୟ ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ରେ ଦେଖାଯାଉଛି।

ଏହିପରି ଚାଲିଲେ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାର ବିଲୋପ ସୁନିଶ୍ଚିତ। ଆମ ଭାଷାକୁ ବଞ୍ଚେଇବା ପାଇଁ ଅନେକ ସ୍ୱର ଉଠିବା ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଛି। ଅନେକ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସମାଜ ଓ ଭାଷା ସଂଗଠନ ଏହାର ଭାର ସମ୍ଭାଳୁଛନ୍ତି। ସର୍ବୋପରି ସମସ୍ତ ଭାଷା କୁ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ କରିବା ଉଚିତ ମାତ୍ର ନିଜ ମାତୃଭାଷା କୁ ଯଥେଷ୍ଟ ସମ୍ମାନ ଦେବା ଦରକାର।

"ମାତୃଭାଷା ମାତୃଭାଷା ରେ ମମତା ଯା ହୃଦେ ଜନମି ନାହିଁ, ତାକୁ ଯଦି ଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଗଣ ରେ ଗଣିବା, ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ରହିବେ କାହିଁ ।"



POEMS

THE WORLD WITHIN

Aurosmita Mohanty, Biotechnology

In the hush of a half-lit corner, she rests,
where even the walls seem to hold their breath.
still, she unfolds, quiet as dusk,
Blooming one page at a time.

She listens to the drip of an old faucet,
finding meaning in what most miss
the subtle, the small, the almost nothing.
She asks for little, only the hush that holds her whole.

She's learned the rhythm of her own still pulse,
resolute without thunder,
sure without sound.
Her mind hosts celebrations no crowd could match.

And if the world must reach for her, let it do so gently.
pause between her pauses.
wait between her words.
There, you might hear how rich silence can be.

Behind her eyes, she carries forests
not empty, only unseen.
Living in moments the loud never catch.

I'M AN OCEAN

Stuti Nanda, IMSc. Chemistry

I'm an ocean so sibylline,
diving deeper into my own depths,
I'm searching for my heart that is lost,
deep within the enigmatic waves.

Many thalassophiles come to the shore,
some capture me in cameras,
some paint me with different strokes of vibrant colours,
and some with plain shades of grey.
Some just come to savour their feelings
and soon become evanescent, after having a splendid day.

I drift in and out of their lives,
and gulp down my pain without making them taste it.

THE LETTERMAN

They judge me by my surface
and no one wants to delve deep within,
they never notice that I have my tides, I have my waves
and in my depths I have my pearls too.

I don't want them to feel me by my lips
or the curve of my spine,
I want them to feel me in my nostalgia,
and the way in which certain songs make me cry.

I know that I have a tide of pain,
that will continuously ebb & weave,
But I have learnt to let it wash over me,
without drowning in it.

I can't let the moon to be my jealous lover,
who tries to control the tides that I own,
I can't ever be locked up in a cage,
I can bring about tsunamis all alone.

I want to remain that elysian soul,
which is sun kissed and bathed with apricity,
the soul that cradles in the moonlight
and the fulgent mangata adds to its beauty.

3 GENERATIONS AND 3 STORIES

Shuvra Shefalika Achari, Robotics & AI

Winter mornings arrived with December's bitter cold,
But I woke up to ironed clothes in her gentle hold,
No frost could chill her warm hands,
There is more love in her than there are wonders in all the lands.
She taught me how to use a TV remote when I was naive and young,
And now I explain to her how the speaker plays her favourite song.
There's space for all in her innocent heart,
She's my grandmother, empty of all cunning and craft.
I'd walk back home and she'd greet me with a glowing smile,
If I were Egypt, she would be my Nile.

The Jasmine flowers droop, brimmed with morning dew,
Painted against the crimson sun, awash in it's golden hue.
Among the leaves, her solitary silhouette peeks through.
She's my darling Mother – the angel who paints my grey skies blue.
I've seen fierce storms, and fires that swallow people whole,
But I've never seen a fire fiercer than the one in my mother's soul.
Like an eagle in flight, and tough as hide,
She is grace and precision personified.
There's nothing amiss if she's nearby,
Her trust is what gives me the courage to try.



I see my mother in the shape of my sister's eyes,
And I see my grandma in her relieved sighs.
I am not just me, I'm a reflection of all who came before,
I'm the legacy that 3 generations bore.
I am who I am because they shaped me so,
It was their lives that were distilled into making many more.
To them, and to every woman,
The tapestry of Life is made by the threads you spun.

THE STICK OF LOVE : A SILENT PROMISE

Sugyani Subhalaxmi Mohanty, Information Technology

I am the stick of my grandfather, standing through time, both near and far,
I am the stick of my grandfather, with every step, beneath every star.
I don't know why you're upset, why do you hide this sorrow in your eyes?
I don't know why you turn away, when all I offer is love that never dies.
How long have you been chasing me, in silence, through these endless nights?
I am the stick of my grandfather, standing steadfast, guiding through the fight.

When dreams and hope come together, a house of warmth will rise,
When dreams and hope unite, the heart's desires are no longer disguised.
If wisdom falters and we lose our way, don't fear, my love will show you light,
If you fall, I'll catch you, keep you safe through the darkest night.
I'm not small, I've grown strong, I've learned through every tear,
Yes, I am big, and in my heart, there's nothing you should fear.

I am the stick of my grandfather, my strength comes from the past,
Through every storm and every trial, I stand, unshaken, steadfast.
At sixteen, seventeen, the world felt far, yet my heart has always known,
If ever the world tries to break us, my love will never leave you alone.
Age will come, time will fade, but this stick will hold me tight,
Through every season, every change, my love will burn bright.

If the stick ever breaks, my love will hold its place,
If it ever shatters, know it's just fate's cruel embrace.
I am the breath of life, the bond we share,
Through every heartbeat, I'm with you, always there.
I am the stick of my grandfather, but in you, my soul takes flight,
I am yours, always and forever, through day, through night.

I don't know why this pain lingers, or why you turn away,
But I still stand beside you, through every storm, through every grey.
How long will this silence keep us apart, my love?
I am the stick of my grandfather, your heart, my dove.

STORY OF SECRETS

Rudra Madhav Barik, Mechanical Engineering

Some paths lead from beginning to end,
Some fail to recognize agony and wrath.
A haunted story with no conclusion,
Throughout life, no message remains to be sent.
Every story begins at birth,
And every story ends in death.
What lies in between is yours to tell—
Some interpret it, while others leave it untold.
Like the sun and moon, the story continues,
Like rain and summer, it contrasts,
Like morning and evening, complementing each other.
Buried deep, yet waiting to be revealed,
In the end, our story lingers around us.
Brought forth by a flood of emotions,
Yet its tides remain bound and restrained by heart's caution.
Untold, yet unresolved for some—
Who knows how many secrets it holds?

ON EARTH WE ARE BRIEFLY GORGEOUS

Anwesha Rath, Electrical Engineering

The autumn leaves have withered away,
But the imprints of its ink still stain my soul.
To this earthly body the whispers they convey,
Our shared secret, it's our September fall.
The streets are not empty but with a different fill;
If only it ached any less, the void of it all.
On this earthly body, the downpour has scribed with a quill;
If only maple were enough for me than nothing at all.
Could maple ever be just briefly gorgeous?
When it's beauty haunts me long after it's gone by.
Could downpour ever be just deliriously venomous?
When I look for it in every season to mask my cry.
The autumn leaves have now withered away,
The crinkly orange leaves are finding home in my hair.
For I still scrape for remnants of it in the alleyway,
For it saw the night sky and never ran away with scare.
Is it still love, if it's realised posthumously?
I wish I despised the downpour a little less.
Now I search for it through my poems endlessly,
The only earthly droplets that ever saw me as nothing less.
How could maple ever be just briefly gorgeous?
Even it's flaws haunt me as the prettiest sight.
How could downpour not be a bosom friend, so precious?
I miss the religion now that I've nothing to fight.



THE DEMON WAS NEVER UNDER THE BED

Arpita Das, Electronics & Instrumentation

Hiding behind the curtains,
Thinking I would escape.
The barbarity of this world
Has me clawing in the wake.

I feel someone, someone tearing
Those curtains away.
I think someone's holding, holding
Me back from fleeing away.

Drowning in the pool of regret,
And losing sleep over terror's warfare.
All my playful and sinister bets
Are now haunting me – the worst nightmares.

Turning me into a monster in the stone set,
A monster waiting to be freed away.
For my fear of the unknown wasn't pleasantly met –
I was beaten down to death for planning my escape way.

Guess I should've known
That the demon was never under the bed.
Maybe I could've avoided the unknown,
If only I knew it was all in my head.

Building all those barricades,
Just to cave back into my world.
Ironical how I wish to hold onto this façade –
I feel someone's burning down my world.

All those barricades are down,
Futile clawing to find a ground.
I think all my attempts of finding
Solace keep going round and round.

Drowning in the pool of regret,
And losing sleep over terror's warfare.
All my playful and sinister bets
Are now haunting me – the worst nightmares.

Turning me into a monster in the stone set,
A monster waiting to be freed away.
For my fear of the unknown wasn't pleasantly met –
I was beaten down to death for planning my escape way.

THE LETTERMAN

Guess I should've known
That the demon was never under the bed.
Maybe I could've avoided the unknown,
If only I knew it was all in my head.

Falling from grace would've hurt a lot less
Than being bound to my mind's cage.
My past put a rein and now hope seems boundless –
I am now scared of my own rage.

No saddle for my imaginations;
My fears are now pulling the trigger.
I see the ashes before I meet the ruins –
The burning scars and my soul in shatters.

Drowning in the pool of regret,
And losing sleep over terror's warfare.
All my playful and sinister bets
Are now haunting me – the worst nightmares.

Turning me into a monster in the stone set,
A monster waiting to be freed away.
For my fear of the unknown wasn't pleasantly met –
I was beaten down to death for planning my escape way.

Guess I should've known
That the demon was never under the bed.
Maybe I could've saved myself if I'd known
That it was all in my head.

So, I close my eyes and start the countdown,
Resenting my life all over again,
Patiently waiting for my ruin to unfurl –
For my demons have always won, time and again.

IN WHICH I AM NO LONGER NINE YEARS OLD

Dishashree Swain, Computer Engineering

Everyone seems to be growing out of their home cities.
I'm still stuck—terrified and horrifically awestruck,
Trying to
Grow into it all
In the trusting heat glazing over me—
Face, arms, and chest—



What they don't tell you about the peace in solitude is
That you can't forget the people.
Now I feel them forgetting me—
What they don't tell you about giving up is the
World shifting to becoming a place without you.

I just hope that somehow, someday, there will
Become a way to be around without being around.
I'm thinking of ways to kill all this time,
Spending all these days being other people,
Microdosing on what having hopes would be like.
I don't want to be a dream—
I want to be fast asleep

Next to you, next to you, next to you.

IN THEIR LOVE ,WE SEE GOD

Raghuveer Mishra, Information Technology

It's true ,our God exists,
Yet still remains unseen.
It's true,our God exists,
Yet remains a hidden dream.

On earth, He takes our parents' form,
In them, His love is seen and warm

It's true ,our God exists.
They gave us life, they gave us name,
They taught us love, they taught the game.

Holding their fingers, we learned to walk,
Through their voices, we learned to talk.

Seated on shoulders, we saw the skies,
They showed us the world through loving eyes.

Their gifts so vast, we cannot tell
Words fall short, they love so well.
On earth, He takes our parents' form,
In them, His love is seen and warm

It's true ,our God exists.
She who gave us breath, our Mother dear,
Who carries our souls so close, so near.

Her lips sing songs, her dreams are spun,
She bears the storms, yet smiles like sun.
She lulls us to sleep, bears every pain,
Gives love expecting no return or gain.

In a mother's touch, God's blessings gleam,
Her heart's the vessel of His dream.
On earth, He takes our parents form,
In them, His love is seen and warm

It's true, our God exists.
We are your dreams, now standing tall,
Grateful to you, we bow and call.

O Supreme Power, hear our prayer
May their blessings forever stay,
May their smiles never fade away.

Without them, life is not complete,
Their love makes our hearts beat.

May you both live long and blessed,
This is the prayer in every chest.

On earth, He takes our parents' form,
In them, His love is seen and warm...

It's true , our God exists,
Yet still remains unseen.

On earth, He takes our parents' form,
In them, His love is seen and warm...

मैं भी नास्तिक था

Debasis Rath, Mechanical

मैं भी नास्तिक था,
भगवान को अब तक समझा नहीं,
हर दिन ख्याल बदलते रहे,
कभी नकार दिया, कभी पुकार लिया,
कब यक़ीन लौटा, याद नहीं...

शायद जब दुनिया से उम्मीद टूटी,
तब चमत्कारों पे भरोसा करना सीख लिया।
फिर भी विज्ञान का गुरूर था मुझमें,
जब सवाल किया, जवाब मिला—
"हाँ भी, न भी"

पर एक समीकरण था यूक्लर का,
जो सबूतों से परे, एक फलसफा सा था।
 $e^{i\pi} + 1 = 0$
गणित की लय में बंधी सृष्टि की ताल,
कायनात में गुंजा कोई सुर—
कोई लय, कोई संगीत।

मैंने कहा, बस इतना ही जानना था,
इसी पर ज़िन्दगी गुज़ारी जा सकती है।
भगवान एक विचार है!
लोगों के दिल में है,
छीन पाना नामुमकिन।
आस्था रहनी चाहिए,
वरना जीना मुश्किल है...

मगर धर्म?
जो दीवारें खींचे,
मुझे वह ताकत मंज़ूर नहीं।
तिलक लगाना या टोपी पहनना,

पहचान जताने सा लगता।
मैं बस माथा टेक कर
चुपचाप लौट आता हूँ।

धर्म मुझे कोई बड़ा व्यापारी लगता है,
मैं थोड़ा लेफ्टिस्ट हूँ।
बीस साल का हूँ,
आस्तिक हूँ और लेफ्टिस्ट हूँ।

बीस साल बाद अगर ज़िन्दा रहा,
तो मेरी ये पुरानी नज़्म मत पढ़ना...
मैं इसे नए सिरे से लिखता रहूँगा।

तेरी पहचान

Avilipsa Lenka, Civil

तू तो उस नदी की धारा है जिसे चट्टानें भी न रोक सके
तू तो उस समुद्र की लहर है जो पवन की धारा भी न टोक सके।

अगर तेरे जीने का अंदाज़ अलग है,
तो क्या हुआ अगर लोगों के लिए तू गलत है,
तू तो अपनी ही परछाई की झलक है ना।

बदल लेगी अगर अपने आप को तू हज़ारों दफ़ा
तुझमें क्या रहेगा फिर अपना भला।

तू तो कमल का फूल है
जो कीचड़ में भी अपने आप को खिला सके,

तू उस पर्वत की शिखर है
जो आसमानों से हाथ मिला सके।

सब जानते हैं ये कि
अंत तो सबका निश्चित और अलग है
तो डर किस चीज़ का है तुझको
जब तुझे जीना दूसरों के लिए नहीं।
क्या हुआ अगर तेरी बातें दुनिया को भाती नहीं
जानती है तू खुदको, तू अपने आप में है सही।

अगर तू सबके जैसे बनने पर आ गई,
तो तुझमें बचा क्या ही अपना है?
तुझे तो बस अपनी मंज़िल को पाने का सपना है!

तू शीशा तो नहीं जो बिखर जाए,
तू तो बाग का वह फूल है जो निखर जाए!

ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ

Biswoksen Dash, IMsc Physics

ରହିଯାଅ
କ୍ଷଣିକ ପାଇଁ....
ହୋଇପାରେ କେଉଁ ଏକ ଦିଗବଳୟ ର ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଧନୁ
ତୁମକୁ ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନ କରିବ
ସାତ କାହିଁକି ...?
ସବୁରି ରଙ୍ଗ ରେ ରଙ୍ଗୋଲି ବୁଣିବ ॥

ଅପେକ୍ଷା ର ମଲାଟ ଭିତରେ
ପ୍ରେମ ର ପୁରୁଣା ଡାଏରୀ
ବୁଲିନି କେବେଠୁଁ ପ୍ରୀତି ର ନଗରୀ
ସେ..... ଅଭିଶପ୍ତ
ସେ.... ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧମୃତ
ତଥାପି ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନାସ ନେଇ
ବଞ୍ଚିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛାରତ
ବଞ୍ଚିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟାରତ ॥

ଶୁଣ.....,
ଶୁଣ.....,
ତୁମେ ଯେଉଁ ମାଟିରେ ପାଦ ଥାପିବ
ଭୁଲିବନି...
ତା ଭିତରୁ ପଥର ଟେ ହସି ଉଠିବ
ସହସ୍ର ଆବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଓ ପରିକ୍ରମଣର
ଗାଥା ଗାଇ ଉଠିବ
ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ର ଉପନ୍ୟାସ ଲେଖିପକାଇବ
ପ୍ରେରଣା କୁ ବିଛୁରିତ କରିବ ॥

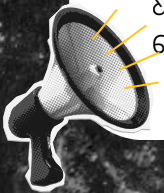
ଦଶ ମାସ ଦଶ ଦିନ ର ଗଳ୍ପ
ସରିବନି... କହିଲେ ଅଳ୍ପ ଅଳ୍ପ
ମାଆ ମନ ଜାଣେ
ଗର୍ଭ ରେ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଛି
ତେଜସ୍ବୀ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ
ଆଉ ତା' ପାଇଁ ସଜା ହୋଇଛି
ସାଇତା ସ୍ବପ୍ନିଳ ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ॥

ହିଲୋଲିତ ଆଉ ର ଉଦଭାସିତ କମ୍ପନ
କଣ ନିୟନ୍ତ୍ରଣ ରେ ରଖୁ ହୁଏ ?
କେବଳ ଅପେକ୍ଷା
କେବଳ ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷା
କେବଳ ସମୀକ୍ଷା କରିବାକୁ ହୁଏ...
ସମୟ ର ବିଜୟ ଧୂଳି ତଳେ
ଅସମ୍ଭାଳ ଅନୁଭବ ର ଗ୍ଲାନି
ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ସରିଯାଏ
ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ସରିଯାଏ...
ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ର ଯୋପାନ କୁ ଛୁଇଁ ଛୁଇଁ....!!!

ନାଉରୀ ଓ ସ୍ବପ୍ନପୁରୀ

Bidyanshu Ojha, Architecture

ନାଉରୀ ଏ ନାଉରୀ,
ସମୟ ସାଗରେ ଯାଏ କାତ ମାରି, ।
ପାରିବକି ସେ ନାଉରୀ ଖୋଜିକରି ?
ନିଜ ମନର ସ୍ବପ୍ନପୁରୀ ॥
ନା ସେ ଜଳ ରେ ଖୁସି, ନା ସେ ଭୂଇଁ ରେ ଖୁସି ।
ସମୟ ସ୍ରୋତେ ଚାଲିଯାଏ ସେ ଆପେ ଭାସି ॥
ଅନେକ କଥା ମନକୁ ଯାଏ କାହିଁ ଚାଲିଆସି ।
ସେ ଭଉଁରୀ ରୁ ତ ସେ ଆସିପାରେନା ଖସି ॥
ସେ ନାଉରୀ ଆଗକୁ ଯିବା ବାଟ ପାଏନା ।
ଏ ସାଗରେ କେବେ ପଛକୁ ଫେରି ହୁଏନା ॥
ଏ ଦ୍ବୀପ ରୁ ସେ ଦ୍ବୀପ ଯାଏ,
ସେ କେତେ ଲହରୀ ପାରି କରି ।
କୋଉ ଦ୍ବୀପେ ନବ ଚିକେ ବିରତି,
ପାରେ ନାହିଁ ସେ ସ୍ଥିର କରି ॥
ଏମିତି ସେ ନାଉରୀ,
ଗଲା ଯେ ନାବେ ପହଞ୍ଚି,
ପାରିବକି ତାକୁ ଖୋଜିକରି ?
ସ୍ବାଧୀନତା ର ବାନା ନାଆ ରେ ବାନ୍ଧି ।
ମନେ ଅନେକ ସନ୍ଦେହ ଓ ସଙ୍କୋଚ ଛନ୍ଦି ॥
ଧରି ନିଜ ତରୀ ଯାଏ ସେ ସାଗରେ ବାହାରି,
ସନ୍ଧାନେ, କିପରି ପାରିବ ନିଜ ଶୂନ୍ୟତା ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ କରି ।
ପାଇଲେ ସେ ନାଉରୀ କହିଦବ ତାକୁ ମନକରି,
ପ୍ରକୃତ ନାବିକ ସେ ଯିଏ ଯାଏ ନାହିଁ ତରି ।
ସମୟ ସାଗରର ଦାନବ ସଦୃଶ ଲହରୀ,
ସେ କି ନାବିକ ଯେ ହାରିଯାଏ କାତ ନ ମାରି ।
ଯା ରେ ନାଉରୀ, ଚାଲିଯା ନିଜ ତରୀ ଧରି,
କେବେ ନା କେବେ ପହଞ୍ଚିବୁ ତୁ ସ୍ବପ୍ନପୁରୀ ।



ଜୀବନ ର ପୃଷ୍ଠା: ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ ର ଦ୍ରୁତ

Sugyani Subhalaxmi Mohanty, IT

ଅନୁରୂପା ମୋର ପ୍ରକଟ ହୋଇ ଯେ
ସମୁଖେ ହୁଏ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ,
ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ ପ୍ରାଞ୍ଜଳ ଶରୀରରେ ଧରି
ରଞ୍ଜିତ ହୁଏ ରଞ୍ଜିତ।

ଉଦିତ ଶଙ୍କା କରେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନରେ ପୁଣି
କିଏ ଏହି ରଞ୍ଜିତ?
ଦୋଷଶୂନ୍ୟତାରେ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା ତାହାର
କଥାରେ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ମୂଳ।

ମୂଳ ରହି ସେହି ଚଳନ୍ତି ଚିତ୍ରରେ
ସତ୍ୟ ଦର୍ଶାଉଛି ଆସି,
ବାସ୍ତବିକତାର ରଙ୍ଗ ତୁଳିକାରେ
ରଞ୍ଜିତ କରୁଛି ବସି।

ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ ବୋଲି ବୋଲାଉ ନିଜକୁ
ପ୍ରକଟ ହେଉଛି ସେହି,
ବିମ୍ବ ଏତେ ସେ ତ ଧାରଣ କରୁଛି
ବହୁରୂପୀ ଭଳି ରହି।

ଅଶ୍ରୁରେ ଯେବେ ସେ ଆକାରରେ ନିଏ
କରେ ମନ ବିଚଳିତ,
ରୂପ ପୁଣି ସ୍ଥାନ ସକାଶେ ବଦଳେ
କହେ କଥା ଅମିଶ୍ରିତ।

ରକ୍ତ ନୟନରେ ସେ ହୋଇ ସ୍ଥାବର
ବୋଲେ ହେ ଅକୁହା କଥା,
ଶତ୍ରୁ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟର ପୁଣି ବାଧକ ହୋଇ
ସାଜେ ମସ୍ତକର ବ୍ୟଥା।

ରୂପ ନିଏ ଯେବେ ପ୍ରଣୟ ଚକ୍ଷୁରେ
ନ କହି କହି ତ ଦିଏ,
ଭାବନା ମନର ଦର୍ଶିତ କରେ ଯେ
ମନ କଥା ବୁଝି ନିଏ।

ଏକାନ୍ତରେ ଯେବେ ପୋଖରୀ କୂଳରେ
ଭେଟେ ମୋହରି ସାଥରେ,
ଜୋଛନାର ପ୍ରସାଧାନେ ସାଜି ହୋଇ
ଶାନ୍ତି ଆଶେ ନୟନରେ।

ଜଳ ତଳେ ତା'ର ଛବି ଦେଖି
ମନ ହେଉଯାଏ ମଗ୍ନ,
ସେ କି ମୋ ଅସଲି ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ,
ନା କେବଳ ଏକ ଆଭାସ ଜନ।

ସେ କେବେ ହସି ମୋତେ ଦେଖେ
ସମୟର ତୁଳନା କରି,
କେବେ ଦୁଷ୍ଟାର ଭଳି ବରଷେ
ଅଶ୍ରୁ ହେଇ ଲୋଚନେ ଝରି।

ଅନେକ ବେଳେ ମନ କଥା କହିବାକୁ
ଉପାୟ ମିଳେ ନାହିଁ,
ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ ବି ଏମିତି ଏକ ରହସ୍ୟ
ଯାହା କେହି ବୁଝି ପାରି ନାହିଁ।

ଜୀବନ ରହିଛି ଏକ ଅଭିନୟ ମଞ୍ଚ
ଏଠି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ଆସେ ଘଡିକେ
ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ ଏଠି ସେଇ ଅଭିନେତା
ଯାହା ସତ୍ୟ ଭାବି ଭୋକେ।

ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ କେବେ ଏକା ହୋଇ ଯାଏ
କେବେ ଆସେ ସାଥୀ ନେଇ
ସେ କେବେ ପୁଣି ଅପେକ୍ଷାରେ ରୁହେ
ହୃଦୟ ଭିତରେ ଥାଇ।

ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ କେବେ କଳ୍ପନା ଭିତରେ
ଆଉ କେବେ ସେ ଲାଗେ ଜୀବନ୍ତ,
ମନେ ଆସି ସେ ନିଜ ଭାବନାକୁ
ଦିଏ ସେ ନୂଆ ଦିଗନ୍ତ।

ଏମିତି ଅନେକ ଜୀବନ ଆଖ୍ୟାନ
ଏହି ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ ଅନ୍ତରେ ଲୁଚି,
କେହି ବୁଝିପାରି ନାହିଁ ଏହି ଗୁପ୍ତ କଥା
କେହି ତା' ଅସର ଖୋଜି।

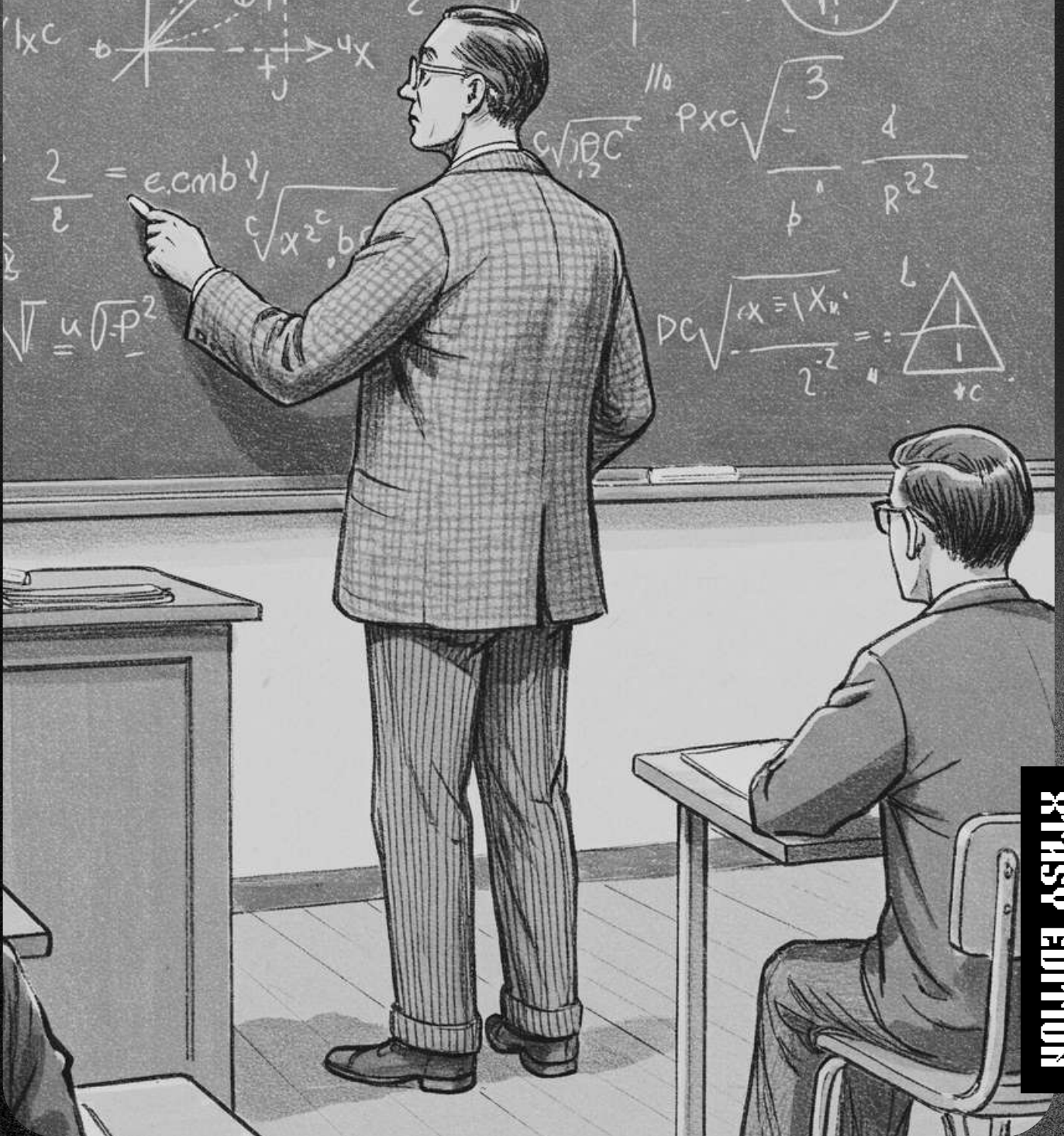
ସମୟ ଏମିତି ଚାଲି ବହି ଯାଏ
ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ ଅବିଚଳ ରହେ,
ମନ କେବେ ଅବସାଦ ଭୋଗି ଯାଏ
ସତ୍ୟ ଅସ୍ପଷ୍ଟ ରହିଯାଏ

ସମୟର ଏକ ଦିନ ଏମିତି ଆସିବ
ଯେବେ ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ ହେବ ଧୂସର,
ସତ୍ୟର ସମସ୍ତ ଆଭାସ ଖୋଜିବେ
ମନେ ପଡିବେ ସେ ଆପର।

ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ ହେଉଛି ଏକ ଜୀବନ ସୂତ୍ର
ସେ ଯେଉଁଠି ରହେ ସତ୍ୟ ଦେଖାଏ,
ସମୟ ଏଠି କେବେ ଥମି ଯାଏନାହିଁ
ସେ କେବେ ତଳେ, କେବେ ଉପରେ ଯାଏ।

THE LETTERMAN

FACULTY CORNER

**XTASY EDITION**

A NOSTALGIC TRIP: COMING BACK HOME AFTER 10 YEARS

THE LAST WISH

Dr. Manonita Chowdhary Roy Ghatak, School Of Basic Sciences & Humanities

Kamayani, the famous epic poem of Jayashankar Prasad, she was named after it by her literature-loving grandmother. As she stepped down the stairs of the train, the familiar mixed fumes of fried snacks, urine and stinking platform reminded her of a very familiar figure eagerly waiting for her on the small platform of Manikpur. She expected her grandmother to proceed towards her followed by Shankar dada with the same familiar smile. A sudden jerk of a hawker brought her back to the present and instantly she felt a pang of pain inside her heart. She was all alone on the crowded platform. She felt jealous of the people received by their dear ones. She dragged her small suitcase towards the exit and came out of the platform. Instantly a herd of rickshawpullers approached her. After a little bargaining she boarded a rickshaw. After all these fifteen years she found the place same with slight changes like some newly constructed shops or a few more concrete constructions. But, yes, the road was definitely more crowded.

With a robotic habit she climbed the stairs of that palatial structure, once her home. Mr. Deviprasad Shukla was waiting with his clients on the forecourt. With trembling hands she opened the lock. She felt something solid inside her throat, tears rolled down. She hesitated on the threshold and threw a long glance on the dusted spacious corridor. No more welcome smiles, no excited voices and no soft touches. She felt the strong warm hug of that wrinkled bosom which once cocooned her during all her turbulent childhood years. She closed her eyes, wiped her cheeks and gestured them to enter. While they took a round of the whole building she heard their surprised voices as the age-old brick structure stood erect and strong beneath the flakes. She remembered how proud her grandmother was about that ancestral property. Finally the deal was sealed.

As the captain of her flight to Chicago welcomed all the passengers she felt a sigh of relief that she was able to fulfill the last wish of her grandmother to open an old-age home for destitute.

AN IRON WARRIOR

Mr. Santanu Sen, School of Electrical Sciences

The warrior I am talking,
Is not the one of movies or animation,
They are in real life walking
With you, God's beautiful creation.

You guessed it right,
It is the portrait of a lady,
Who comes in many sight,
Filling your life with colours of daisy.

They start with you,
As an image of a mother,
Who showers upon you,
All the love in her shelter.
She makes you feel,
Like you are the apple of her eye,
She ensures you heal,
From the wounds in your life.

Then comes the one,
Who is both salty and sweet,
Life with sisters once begun,
Is a worthy one you will ever meet.
She is both naughty and shy,
Framing their siblings in danger,
But she is the one to protect and defy,
When you are pointed guilty by an outsider.

Next comes the lady of heart,
The wife enters into the family.
She makes life a beautiful cart,
Steering through the hurdles of life happily.
She is there toe to toe,
With the walks of life of a partner,
Just she needs is one to bestow,
The caress and love upon her.

Ultimately comes the one,
Whom you give life on this earth.
A daughter when born,
Completes your small world at her birth.
She grows on gradually,
Leaving sweet memories in your mind.
She proceeds on eventually,
Becoming your support and being kind.

The lady takes several forms,
In every sphere and turn,
An iron warrior is apt in the terms,
For all the sacrifices she has done.

A lady should not be undermined,
Considering her to be weak and feeble.
Without her a life becomes inexistent,
Like having no light at the end of the tunnel.

समय कभी न ठहरे

Ms. Jasmin Hansda, School of Electrical Sciences

समय बहुत अनमोल है, इसे न यूँ गवाओ,
हर पल में अवसर छुपा है, इसे पहचान जाओ।
गुज़र गया जो लम्हा, वो वापस न आएगा,
समय की कदर करो, वरना तू पछताएगा।

समय कभी न ठहरे, बस चलता ही जाए,
जो इसका मान करे, वो मंज़िल तक जाए।
बुरे समय की रात के बाद, सवेरा मुस्काएगा,
धैर्य रखो, संयम रखो, रास्ता खुद बन जाएगा।

हर दुख के बाद ही, सुख की बहार आती है,
जो सह लेता तूफ़ान को, वही पार जाता है।
समय एक नदी की तरह, सदा बहती जाए,
जो इसका मान करे, वो मंज़िल तक जाए।

जो समय को व्यर्थ गवाए, वो पीछे ही रह जाता,
मेहनत करने वाला ही, जग में नाम कमाता।
समय का हर एक पल, सोने सा चमकता है,
जो इसको पहचान सके, जीवन संवर जाता है।

समय कभी न ठहरे, बस चलता ही जाए,
जो इसका मान करे, वो मंज़िल तक जाए।

କବିତାର ନାଁ ବର୍ଷା ନୁହେଁ

Srimanta Tripathy, School Of Basic Sciences & Humanities

ଆକାଶ ତ ଅଲୋଖା ଚିଠିଟିଏ
ବର୍ଷା ତା'ର ଅଶ୍ରୁ
ଝରିପଡ଼େ କି ଘଟେ ତା'ର ପତନ
ମୁଁ ଜାଣେନା କି କେବେ ଆକାଶକୁ ଜିଜ୍ଞାସା କରିନି ।।

ବର୍ଷା, ସେ ପତିତା
ପୃଥିବୀ କୋଳରେ ଲୁଚାଏ ତା' ଅଭିମାନ ଅଶ୍ରୁ
ପାଣିର ସେ କ୍ଷୁଦ୍ର ଗୋଲାକାର ଆକୃତିରେ
ବେଳେ ବେଳେ ଭରିଦିଏ ମାଟିର ଅଗଣା ଅସଂଖ୍ୟ ରୂପନରେ
ଲାଗେ ସତେ ଅଭିମାନୀ ବର୍ଷା
ମାଟିକୁ ମାଫ୍ କରିଛି ।।

ଏକ ଅଭିଯୋଗ ପରି, ଏକ ଅଭିଳାଷ ପରି
ବର୍ଷା ବରଷେ ଜୀବନର ଖୋଲା ଖାତାରେ
ଏକ ଅନୁର୍ବ୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୱ ପରି ଭିଜାଏ ବି
ଶିଖାଏ ବି
ଚିନ୍ତିତ ମଣିଷର ରୀତିର ଇଲାକାକୁ ।।

ଆକାଶ ଧଳାରୁ ଧୂସର ହୁଏ
ବର୍ଷା ଜାହାଁ କରେ ତା ପ୍ରଭୁତ୍ୱ
ଅନୁଶାସନର କଳାପଟାରେ
ବିଜୁଳିକୁ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ ଦିଏ
ଲେଖିବାକୁ ପ୍ରେମର କବିତା ।।

ମୁଁ ଆଉ ବର୍ଷା
ଦୁହେଁ ମିଶି ଗୀତ ଶୁଣୁ ଆକାଶର
ଘଡ଼ଘଡ଼ି ଡିଣ୍ଡିମ ବଜାଏ ବେସୁର ।
ଆମେ ଅସୁବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ହେଉ ଚିତ୍କାର ବି କରୁ
ହେଲେ ମୋ ମୁହଁରେ ବର୍ଷା ବିନ୍ଦୁ
ବର୍ଷା ମୁହେଁ ମାଟି
ଦୁହେଁ ଖୋଜୁ ନିଜକୁ ନିଜକୁ
ତା'ର ମୋର ସମଦଶା
ମୋକ୍ଷ ପ୍ରାପ୍ତି ଆମ ଆଶା ।।

ବର୍ଷା କହେ ସେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଆକାଶର ବେଦନାର ଅଶ୍ରୁ
ଢାଳିଦିଏ ମାଟି ପରେ
ଅଭୀପ୍ସାର ଗୀତ ଗାଇ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ
ଶୂନ୍ୟସ୍ଥାନ ହୃଦୟରେ
କେବେ କେବେ ମିଛରେ
ପ୍ରକାଶିତ କରେ ମୋର ଅନୁର୍ଜ୍ଜ୍ୱାଳା
ମୁଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷାରେ ଥାଏ
ଆକାଶ ପୁଣି ନୀଳ ହେବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ।।

ମୁଁ ନାରୀ ଟିଏ !

Bidisha Nayak, PhD Scholar

ସୃଷ୍ଟି ର ମର୍ମାହତା ନା ମାନବ ର ଚତୁରତା
ସବୁଠି ନାରୀ ଆଜି କାହିଁ କି ଯେ ପ୍ରତାରିତା ।
ହଜିବା, ଖୋଜିବା, ପାଇବା, ଭାଙ୍ଗିବା
କାହିଁକି ତା ନା' ଆଗେ ଲାଗେ ବିଶେଷଣ ପରିକା ?

ନୀରବ ତା ପ୍ରତିମୂର୍ତ୍ତି ଆଜି କାହିଁ
ଲାଗିଛି ସବୁଠି ତା' ସତ୍ୟ କଥା ।
ବଞ୍ଚି ଗଲେ କେବେ ଆ' ହା' ନ ବାହାରେ
ଯଦି ମରିଯାଏ ବିକଳେ ସେ କାନ୍ଦି
ଦିନେ ଅଧେ ବାଜେ ତା' ବ୍ୟଥା କଥା ।।

ପହୁ, ପ୍ରେମିକା, ଝିଅ ଅବା ବହୁ
ସାଜେ କି ମିଳିଲେ ବସୁ ପରିକା... ।
ବୁଝି ମୁଁ ପାରୁନି ମାନବ ର ଅର୍ଥ
ଯେବେ ଯେବେ ଦେଖେ ତାଙ୍କ ଚିତ୍ର କଥା ।।

କାହିଁକି ଚିତ୍କାର ଶୁଣିକି ବି ଏଠି
କେହି ନ ହୁଅନ୍ତି ଉତ୍ତରେ ତା ଠିଆ ?
କାହିଁକି କଷ୍ଟ ର କାରଣ ଜାଣି ବି
କେହି ନ ଦେଖାନ୍ତି ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣଚ୍ଛେଦ ରାହା ।।

କାହିଁକି ତା ଲୁହ ଅଭିନୟ ଲାଗେ
ଲାଗେ ତା ଅଭିମାନ ଯାତ୍ରା ପରିକା ।
କାହିଁକି ତା ଭିକ୍ଷା ତୁମ ଜୀବ ଲାଗେ
ତା ଭୟ ଲାଗେ ମିଥ୍ୟା ପରିକା ?

ଯଦି କେବେ ସିଏ ସାହାସ ସାଉଁଟି
ଉତ୍ତର ରଖେ ତା ସ୍ୱାଭିମାନ ସାଥେ
ଏଠି ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଉଠେ...
ସୀତା ର ସତୀତ୍ୱେ...
ଦ୍ରୋପଦୀ କି ଚିତ୍ରେ...
ଆଉ ରହିଯାଏ ତା ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଏକା ଏକା
ଲାଗେ ତାକୁ ତା ଜୀବନ ଜେ ଫିକା
ହଁ ରହିଯାଏ ତା ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଏକା ଏକା ।।

PARAGON.

SHUBHRANSHU MISHRA
CHANCELLOR'S GOLD MEDALIST





AS THE HIGHEST ACADEMIC HONOR, THE CHANCELLOR'S GOLD MEDALIST TITLE SHINES BRIGHTLY, AND IT IS OUR PLEASURE TO FEATURE SHUBHRANSHU MISHRA, THE DISTINGUISHED RECIPIENT OF THIS AWARD. A PROUD ALUMNUS OF THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING PROGRAM, BATCH OF 2024, HE HAS DEMONSTRATED EXCEPTIONAL ACADEMIC PROWESS AND DEDICATION TO HIS FIELD. WITH HIS EXEMPLARY ACADEMIC RECORD AND UNWAVERING COMMITMENT TO EXCELLENCE, SHUBHRANSHU HAS SET A REMARKABLE BENCHMARK FOR HIS PEERS. AS WE SIT DOWN WITH HIM, WE GAIN VALUABLE INSIGHTS INTO HIS COLLEGE EXPERIENCE, HIS JOURNEY TO ACADEMIC STARDOM, AND THE LESSONS HE'S LEARNED ALONG THE WAY. THROUGH HIS STORY, WE DISCOVER THE PERFECT BLEND OF INTELLECT, PERSEVERANCE, AND PASSION THAT HAS DEFINED HIS TIME IN OUR UNIVERSITY. WE'RE EXCITED TO SHARE HIS INSPIRING NARRATIVE WITH OUR READERS, AND WE HOPE THAT HIS EXPERIENCES WILL MOTIVATE AND GUIDE FUTURE GENERATIONS OF STUDENTS.

WHAT WAS YOUR REACTION TO THE FACT THAT YOU WERE GOING TO BE AWARDED THE CHANCELLOR'S GOLD MEDAL?

I had been relatively inactive on social media due to my professional commitments and other responsibilities. Upon learning about the award, I decided to submit an application, as I met the eligibility criteria outlined in the form. Given the likely high volume of applications, I didn't expect to be shortlisted. Therefore, receiving news of my selection was both surprising and gratifying.

PLEASE SHED SOME LIGHT ON YOUR ACADEMIC JOURNEY; RIGHT FROM THE DAY YOU JOINED CET AS A FIRST YEAR STUDENT TO ATTENDING THE IIND CONVOCATION OF OUTR AND BEING FELICITATED WITH THE MEDAL.

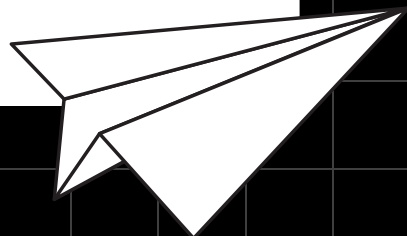
I completed my schooling at DAV Kalinganagar and aspired to join an IIT through JEE, but didn't qualify. I ended up at CET-BBSR, opting for Electrical Engineering due to its strong core branch reputation. My initial engineering years were online due to COVID, but I stayed on track, leveraging my fondness for Physics and Math. When we shifted to offline classes, I faced a temporary dip in grades due to lack of practice and adjustment to subjective writing. However, I quickly adapted and maintained a decent score thereafter.

AS THE CONVENOR OF INKVENT, OUR ART SOCIETY YOU WERE VERY ACTIVE. HOW DID YOU BALANCE YOUR ACADEMICS AND THE CLUB/EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES?

I've been into art since kindergarten, finding solace and relief in creative expression. Upon joining college, I discovered the Art and Craft Society of the University, established in 2016. Along with others, we revived and rebranded it as InkVent. We reached out to alumni, inducted new members, and worked towards its active functioning. As an art enthusiast, I've always been an active member, and later took on the role of convenor. I prioritize time management, focusing fully on either art or academics, ensuring I give my best in both pursuits.

DO YOU THINK AS AN ALUMNI OF OUTR (FORMERLY KNOWN AS CETB) IS GOING TO HAVE AN IMPACT ON YOUR CAREER AND FUTURE ASPIRATIONS?

If today someone asks me about the university, I think I'll vouch that it's a very good university. I believe our university is good, with its pros and cons like any other. Instead of complaining, I think students should focus on making it better. When I found the art club was inactive, I took the initiative to revive it, establishing InkVent. It wasn't easy, but it was worth it. I think we should collectively work towards positive change, contributing in our own ways to create a better experience for future students.



COULD YOU PLEASE SHARE WITH US YOUR CURRENT PROFESSIONAL ENDEAVOURS?

I am currently at Ahmedabad, working at L&T: renewable resources, specifically under the solar department as a quality inspector. My job is to inspect the quality of the materials bought for the industry.

TIME FOR A CANDID QUESTION NOW. IF YOU COULD HAVE DINNER WITH ANY PROFESSOR FROM THE PAST OR PRESENT, WHO WOULD IT BE AND WHY?

I don't think taking a single name would do justice to this question. And why- I'll tell you. Just before joining the meet I made a post on LinkedIn and I've mentioned 4-5 professors. I've been close with Samarjit sir, Rudra Narayan sir, Ananya Dastidar ma'am and they have been constant guiding light, not just academically, but overly as a person. Samarjit sir used to take our classes and has helped me academically. Rudra sir has helped me with all the research stuff. Ananya ma'am also took some of our classes and everything related to cultural stuff, she has guided me. So taking the name of a single person would be unfair to the rest. But overallly, these 4-5 teachers have helped and guided me a lot, yes.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY WERE THE MOST POSITIVE ASPECTS OF YOUR TIME AT THE UNIVERSITY?

Bitterly so, but for me I think it was the classes, if not all of the classes. I'll not shy away from admitting that we've had some amazing teachers as our faculty. And secondly, I loved the time I spent in the clubs. I was also a part of the Energy Club as the Design Lead. So the designing sessions, workshops at InkVent were really some of the fun times. Apart from that, hanging out with friends after the classes will also remain one of the core memories.

IT IS ALWAYS SAID THAT TO ACHIEVE SOMETHING WE NEED TO SACRIFICE SOMETHING. CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT ANYTHING YOU HAVE ACHIEVED, IT COULD BE ANYTHING AND WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO SACRIFICE FOR THAT?

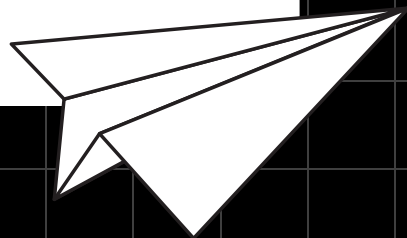
From my experiences and what I have learnt so far, I think staying focussed is the key. For instance if you have exams coming up, focus only on the exam, no other ongoing activity at that moment. Similarly if you now want to shift your focus for fest, focus only on the fest. To make the best use of whatever you're investing your time and make it something rewarding is, I think the best way to go about it. You always don't have one thing on your table and I think it's important to decide your priority before diving into it. Once you've decided that, dive into it headfirst and everything else should be treated as secondary at that instant. And multi-tasking in the backend.

IN THESE FOUR YEARS OF B.TECH, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN FOUR DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF YOU, NOW LOOKING BACK WHAT ADVICE OR WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY TO ALL OF THOSE VERSIONS?

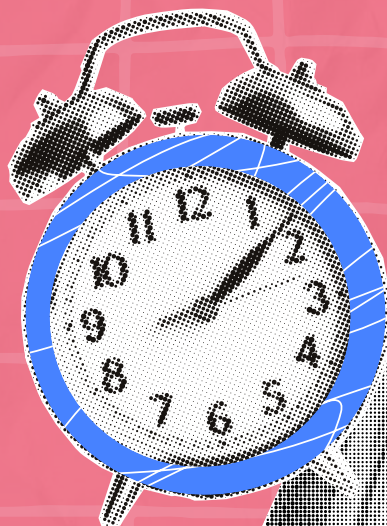
I think for my first year self, it's to explore. Second year is to implement. Third year mostly forms the base where you focus on what you want to do. If you want a job upskill yourself. If you wanna pursue higher studies then start preparing for the competitive exam. I believe that extra-curricular activities are nice to be pursued but it should be minimised in comparison once you're in your third year. And the fourth year is definitely totally dedicated towards building your future.

WHAT MESSAGE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE TO THE COLLEGE COMMUNITY, SPECIFICALLY STRIVING FOR THE CHANCELLOR AWARD?

As a fresher, you have ample opportunities to prove yourself. Don't worry about your past or background. Make the most of the University, balancing fun and academics. Explore new passions and interests through events and activities. For me, University introduced me to coding through hackathons, and it was a game-changer. These four years are a blank canvas — choose your path and paint it with your own colors.



UNWIND



DAY IN THE
LIFE OF A STUDENT

CROSSWORDS
AND MUCH MORE

EVENTS



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A STUDENT

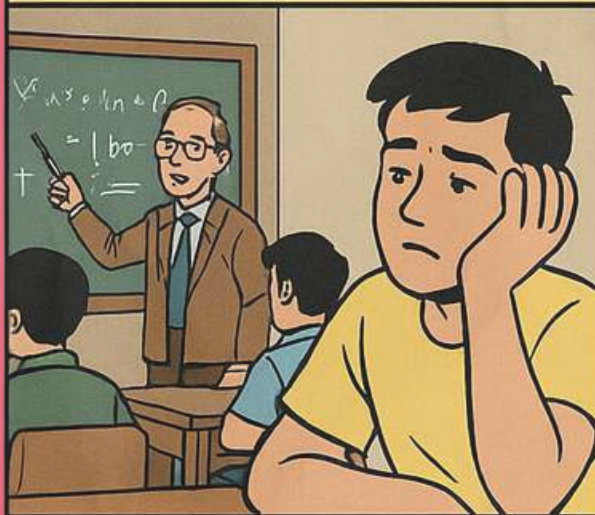


"You know you're in University when you put off doing laundry until you're wearing your last pair of socks."

— NOT SUN TZU

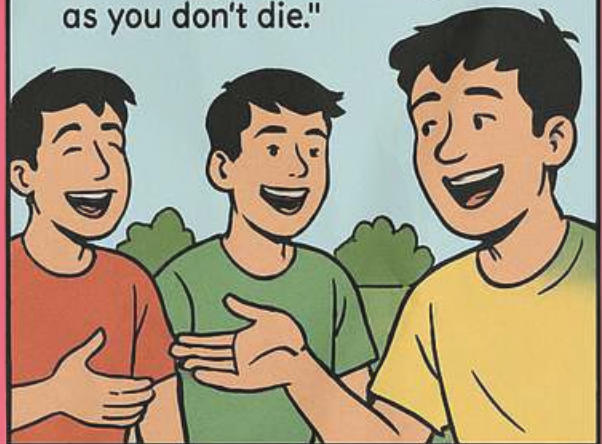


THEORY CLASSES



FREE TIME

"University is fun as long as you don't die."



LAB CLASSES



Every day may not be good, but there is something good in every day. — ALICE MORSE Earle



I missed the college bus, again. The next public transport was in thirty minutes, and my classes were going to start at ten. My professor was definitely going to give me a lecture on the importance of time. Impatient, I kept glancing at my watch. When the bus finally arrived, I rushed to board it-only to realize too late that I was using the wrong door. The conductor shot me a cold stare, and delivered a crisp lecture on the importance of following the rules. Just as the bus swayed its way, indifferent to the chaos on the road, I lent a deaf ear to his scoldings.

After the expected scolding by the professor, I sat down near my desk mate. How did he end up being my desk mate? He met one very important criterion - he sat beside me on the first day of college. Did he sit there by choice, or was it the only empty seat available? It was clear that this friendship was bound by circumstance in the beginning. However, it blossomed as we shared everything, from stationery to secrets. This classroom and its people had become familiar faces, partners in mass bunks and team-players in exams.

Amidst these thoughts, the professor's words cut through — "Submit it on Friday". As I turned towards my beloved desk mate to ask what to submit, I realized that even he was engrossed, in reels. The ever-muted unofficial group came to the rescue with a photograph of the questions for the assignment. I noted the deadline in my to-do list, hoping that it would magically complete the assignment all by itself.

I trudged to the laboratory building, amidst the vast campus and under the harsh sun, dreading the viva examination. I was drowsy post lunch, but the questions jolted my senses. I somehow recalled what I had crammed the other night.

As I planned to head home early, I boarded the public bus again, through the correct entrance. Amidst the crowd of office workers, one man caught my eye. He was on the phone, trying to negotiate a leave with his superior, but his expression said it all — he wasn't getting it. I laughed at my stupid self when I thought of suggesting him to plan a mass bunk with his colleagues. We all envy the child we once were, wrapped in the comfort of innocence. As we gradually grow, the world starts treating us like adults. We start running towards targets and deadlines to prepare ourselves to run towards EOD.

I returned to my comfort — my home. A privilege, when your college is in your city. My to-do list chimed and the list seemed endless. The unchecked boxes stared at me. A similar stare, the stare of the conductor when I used the wrong entrance, the stare of the professor when I entered the class late. I tried to escape the stare by scrolling through social media. But I knew I had to finish at least one task to feel better about my day. I somehow finished it and crashed into bed.

Great things go unheard — so did my alarm in the morning. I rushed to my stop, only to be met with disappointment. I missed the college bus, again. Impatiently, I checked my watch, already feeling the weight of my professor's stare.

palette.



Asthaunnati Sahu



Shreya Mishra



Tanmay Nayak



Swati Sarika Sahoo



Prayash Padhi



Utkal Shilpi



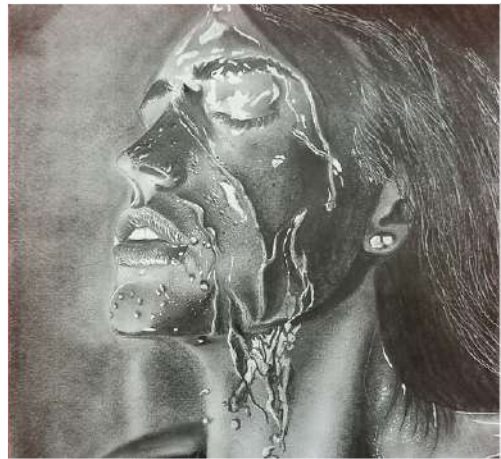
Aniruddha Sahoo



Aurosmitta Mohanty



Shuvra Shefalika Achari



Arpita Nayak



Supriya Prusty



Nipuna Mahakur



Basking in the Sun
By Vivek K



Sunset View
By Kumar Sourav



Red Panda
By Bivraj Sahu



Silent Voyage
By Prayash Padhi



A Common Man
By Subhranshu Sahoo



Joy of Life
By Rahenshourya



Waves of
By Kumar



Photography Section

Sun Rays of Life
ek Kujuy



Magnificence of Koraput
By Kumar Sourav



A Common Man
By Meet Swayam Pattnaik



A Transformed Cocoon
By Swayams Mohanty



Girl With the Balloon
By Ashutosh Nayak



es of River
mar Sourav



Brahminy Kite
By Rohan Dhal





Ashish Kumar Jena,

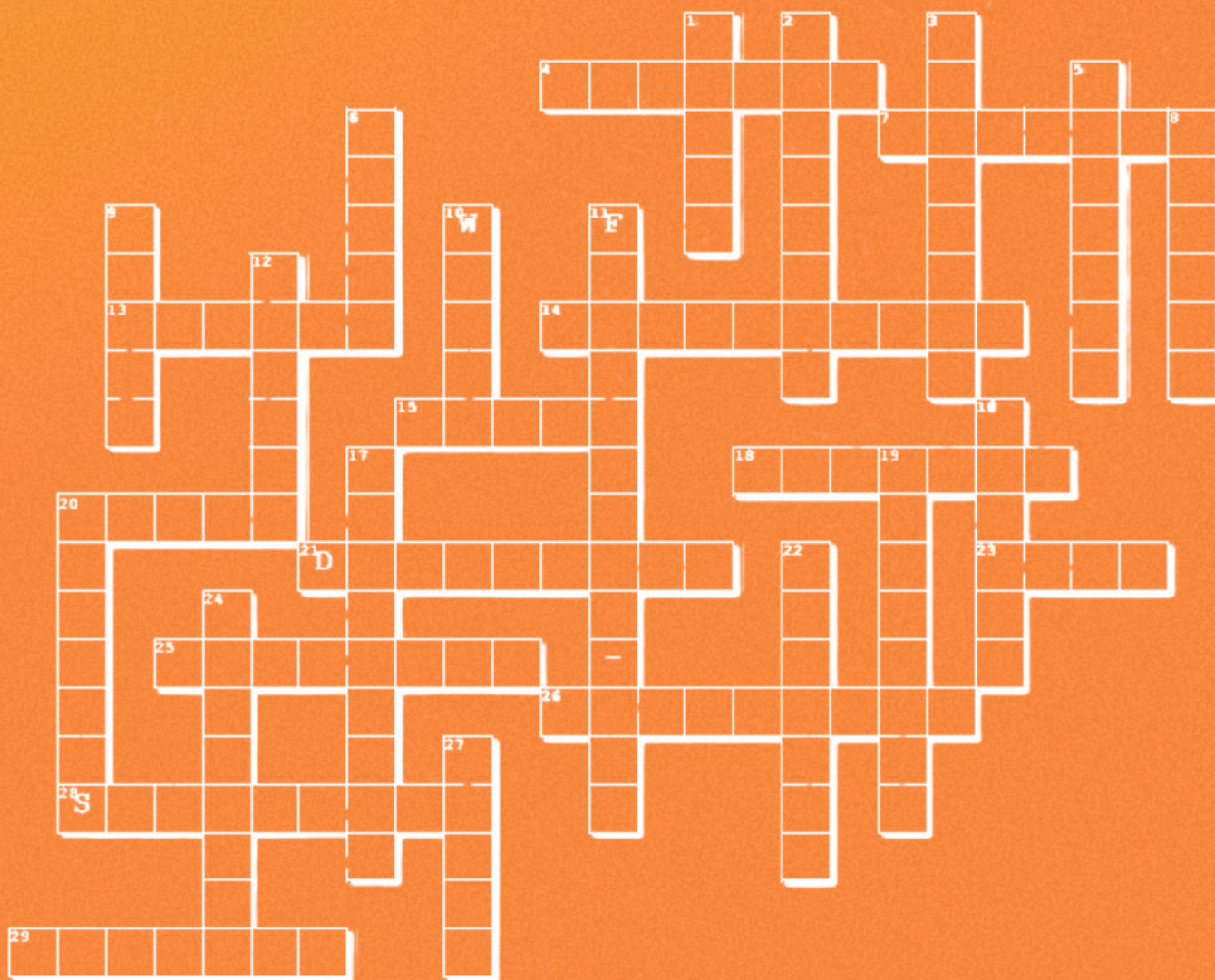
The Registrar of OTR, is also a passionate wildlife photographer. His work has received wide acclaim and has been featured in National Geographic.





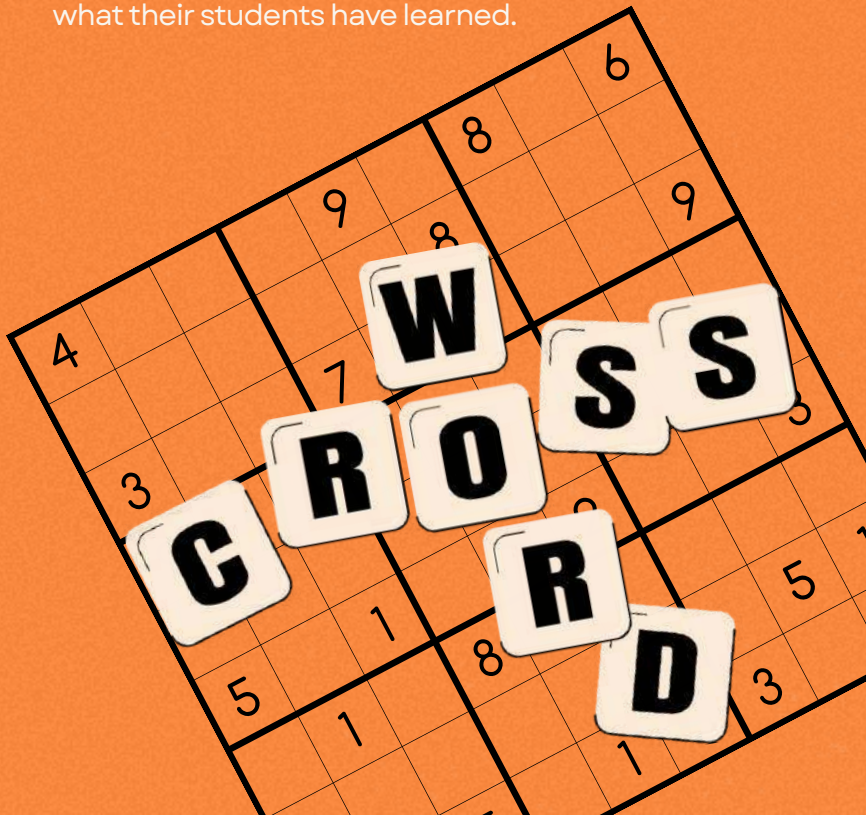
TEASERS

START



Across

Down



FRAMES

ENGINEERS' CUP



PERCEPTION



E-SUMMIT



CONVOCAATION



OUTR



ENGINEERS' CUP

The University's Premier Sporting Event: A Showcase of Talent and Teamwork.



The organizing committee receives a well deserved honor.



Badminton doubles match heats up the court.



The thrill of Kabaddi takes center stage.



A powerful stroke brings glory to the team.



A perfect shot meets the net.



The dynamic action of Kho-Kho on display.

PERCEPTION

The University's Flagship Tech Event: A Celebration of Innovation and Skill.



Participants design and fly paper planes, showcasing their knowledge of aerodynamics.



Participants make and launch water rockets.



Faculty members play robo soccer.



Participants navigate the RC car through tough terrain to reach the finish line.



Players showcase their gaming skills.



Students experience the All-Terrain Vehicle.

E-SUMMIT

OUTR B hosted it's inaugural entrepreneurial summit earlier this year on January, with over 300 participants participating in 5 flagship events over the course of 2 days. Here's a glimpse of what happened at the event.



Kickstarting innovation with the inauguration.



Invest Up: Business 360 workshop.



Marketeer: A marketing and branding challenge.



B-Plan: Students pitch their innovative ideas.



IPL Auction: Bidding game with a business twist.



Pitch War: Showdown of pitching skills.

CONVOCATION

A Celebration of Achievements and Milestones: Honoring the class of 2024.



The Hon'ble Chancellor presents the gold medal.



Lovely and enthusiastic families of the recipients attend the ceremony.



The Hon'ble Minister for Skill Development and Technical Education addresses the audience.



Attendees stand in respect during the Indian national anthem.



The Registrar formally commences the parade by bearing the ceremonial flag.



The Registrar with the Dikshyant Design Team.

THE CREW OF THE LETTERMAN

DESIGNERS



CONTENT TEAM





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