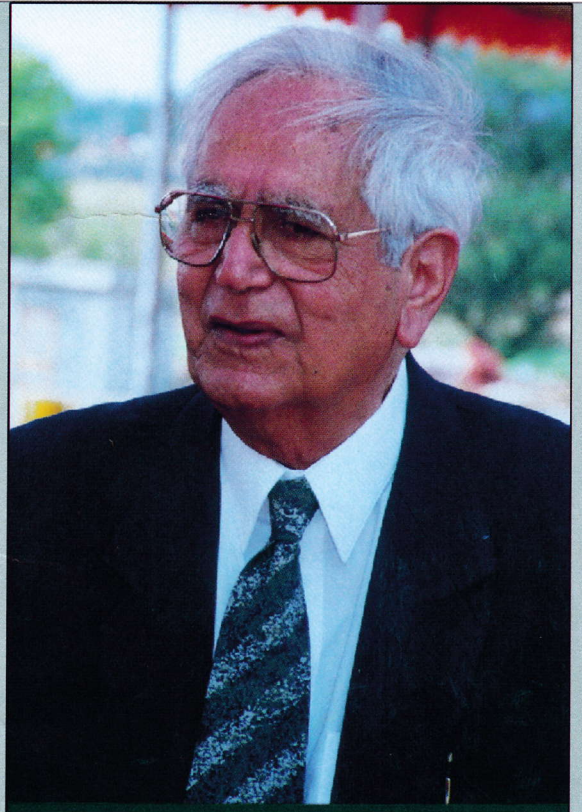




FOUNDER'S MESSAGE



||

'Reflections' is a platform by which the students of TMI showcase their talents, creativity, etc. I am delighted to note that this is the 16th edition of the 'Reflections' being brought out by the students of TMI. This helps in pursuing the ultimate goal of TMI which is to focus on the overall development of the students.

I offer my heartfelt greetings for their undying efforts to make this idea a blazing success every year. The success is attributed to the students' tenacity and accomplishments which helped TMI to advance its name in the maritime field.

Dr. N. P. Tolani
Founder and Chairman Emeritus
Tolani Maritime Institute





PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

III

I am happy that the next edition of the college magazine – Reflections' - will be published soon.

Over the year Reflections' has matured and now is a quality document manifesting the creative side of our students. The magazine provides an avenue to the students to showcase their work and ideas so that the same can be shared with all and also remain archived with the history of TMI.

I am a firm believer that good creative talent is present among our students body and Reflections' is an avenue where such talent can be demonstrated.

I compliment and congratulate the editorial team and all contributors for this issue. I am sure this initiative of theirs will lead to more endeavours, not only by these contributors but this would also motivate the others.

I wish Reflections' 17 a great success.

Dr. Brijendra K. Saxena
Principal
Tolani Maritime Institute



EDITOR'S NOTE

Reflections' has been very close to my heart from the day I became a part of it. The reason was unknown but there has always been a desire to do more, to present something which the world has not seen yet, to give back to our very own TMI in whatever way I can. It was an honour and proud privilege for me to be a part of the team since year 1 and then finally lead the team. I strongly believe that the journey is more important than the destination. And certainly this one has been the best.

IV

2016-17 has seen it all. Starting from our PM taking stern decisions like the Surgical Strike to Demonetisation to Donald Trump taking charge in the US. Reflections' is something which has been a constant. This year we delightfully present "VIBES" as our theme. This year's edition is a blend of both simplicity of the past and glamour of the present. The alumni section takes the readers back to the 1st batch of TMI, where we get a chance to interact with Anirban Chakravorty Sir. Amongst the faculties Cdr. Sukanta Dasgupta Sir has been generous enough to share his master pieces with us. As it is said the beauty of Reflections are Cadets, they have proved it yet again with their talent in poems, articles, sketches and photographs.

I would like to express my heartfelt gratitude to our Institute Management and specially to the staff of the Admin Office for providing us with all the resources and in time. I couldn't have asked for better Former Chiefs than the likes of Kamal Sir and Bernish Sir. Each and every interaction with them was a learning experience. Special thanks to Rishab Malhotra for always filling up for me. Both me and Reflections' owe a lot to him. I would like to acknowledge the efforts and guidance of our faculty members which include Captain Lakdhawala, Vandana Ma'am, Puja ma'am, And Ingle Sir.

Hope Reflections'17 brings to you the Vibes of freedom, happiness, positivity, bidding adieu, affection, perseverance, vigor and above all self-belief.

Signing off one last time.

Vividh Sinha
Chief-Editor
Reflections'17



CHIEF EDITOR GRAPHICS

The making of Reflections'17 started for me and Vividh way back last year when we started clicking together as a unit. From there on we haven't looked back because I firmly believe graphics can either make a magazine or break it. Reflections'17 is a jukebox when it comes to graphics. It is my assurance and self-belief that not only Reflections'17 will be appreciated but it will set a benchmark for the years to come. Reflections'17 is also a combination of our sweat, tears and a lot of emotions. As we imbibe the qualities of teamwork, I would like to appreciate and acknowledge the efforts of Cdt. Keshav Saini for always having a desire to learn more and more as a graphic person. Making Reflections' was a privilege and I take pride in being associated to it for the past 2 years.

“Vibes” is something which we all emit and can feel every second. So go ahead and encounter the inner you...

Rishab Malhotra



CO-EDITOR

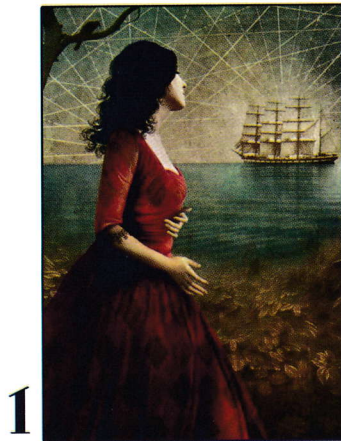
With the theme “Vibes”, we bring a connection between our readers and writers to share equal perspective. The blood and sweat put in by each member of our team and with steadfast guidance from our mentors is the main reason to bring this edition as a whole especially the direct words from the founder of “Reflections”. So, to our readers, weigh your anchor from your imaginations and buckle up to connect with us in our little endeavor. Cheers!

Divyansh Chaplot



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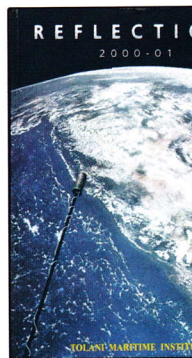
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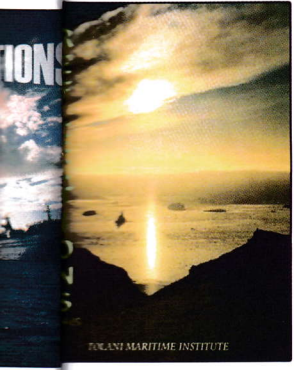


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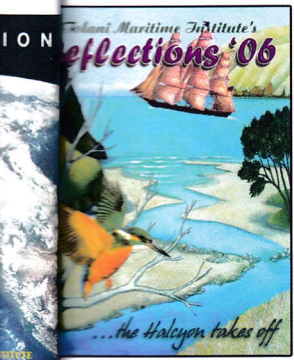


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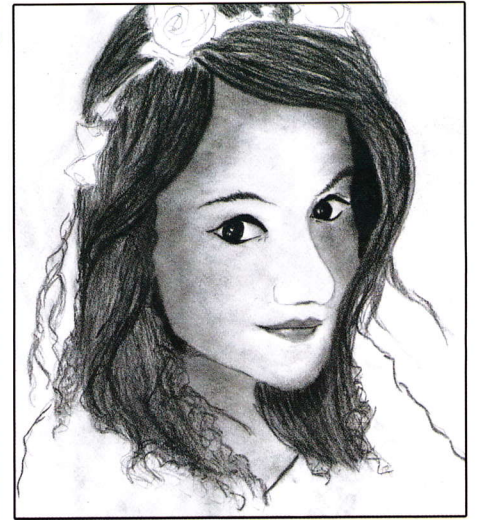


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THE TRUE WARRIOR

Poet
Jose Saju
(201437TP181)

1

I see fire, a kindling one;
In her soul as I look through.
To stand alone and fight it out,
To be the one, no one ever can be.
Her gleaming eyes are an abode of dreams;
To see the horizon, to walk the lights.
Stronger she is than any man at sea,
To sail her vessel of entity.
Transcendent is her valor, to contend the world alone;
Waiting everyday at the harbour, anticipating my return.
Never she deplores the hardships of life,
Calls herself a jubilant sailor's wife.



R



2

Sketch Artist
Bharat Sarada
(201437TN161)



Details
5184 X 3456 pixels
72 dpi
1/125 seconds
f/8
ISO-100

Shutterbug
Thunchan Kumar
(201537TP320)





TO ERR...

*"To Err is Human. To
Forgive,
Divine"*

Writer
Snehadri Banik
(2016ME269)

5

Let us contemplate on the very famous proverb which also happens to be the topic of this article. Every human is the result of the five basic elements; making mistakes is his shortcoming, but forgiving that mistake is God's modesty, his wisdom and his kindness. Certainly each person is unique in his or her own way, some may differ in physical attributes whereas some may have distinguished habits, some may be less fortunate but nevertheless, each one possesses the same heart and the same heart feels the same pain. The question which arises is who understands that?

People often condemn, convict and blame God for every mishap which occurs in the universe. Are they too fragile to accept their own sins? Or is it that they deliberately coerce themselves? These answers remain unanswered. The smiling face is just an illusion, internally every human sheds tears of blood. Often people curse themselves for having taken birth, but why?

It's primitively because their hearts brim with negativity, impertinence and acrimony. They maybe drowned into a pool of comforts, but that is immaterial when the heart longs for love and more importantly happiness. In a world, so elaborately selfish, altruism seems ambiguous.

Every person solely wants to accede, aggrandise and rule the world! For this they may even choose to take dishonest path, and that is where humanity lacks within humans. People are blind folded and have fallen into the "Black Hole" of insolence.

Life doesn't provide us with a redo or an undo button, it doesn't efface every sin we commit. It's high time, the world shall realise and understand that the mountain of their sins may break. The clouds of forgiveness shall burst and that day is going to be the doom's day of mankind, even the almighty shall not spare them.

Fortune however favours the brave and god favours those who favour themselves. Situations may be baleful; circumstances might bring out the worst in us and shatter us into pieces but fighting them back is the way to face them and blossom love in this world.

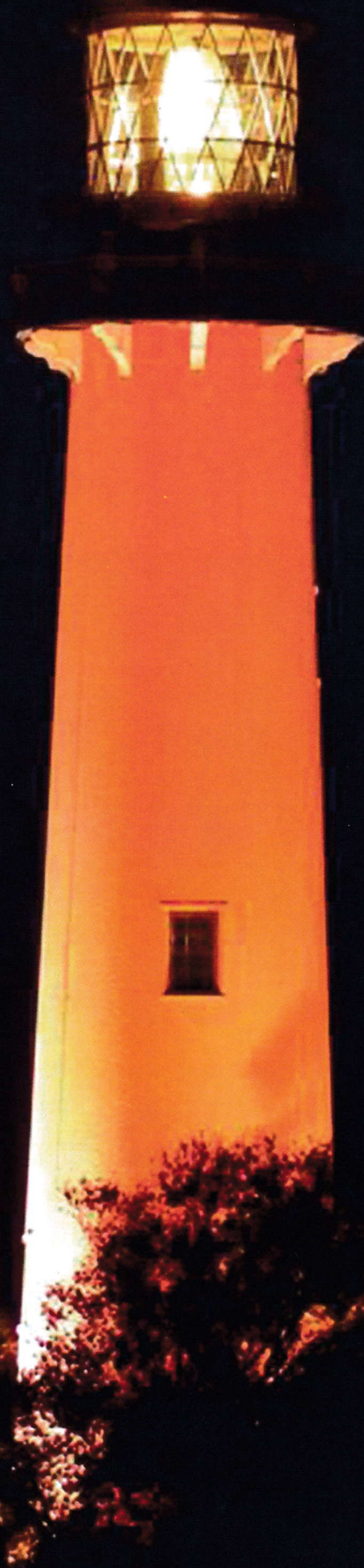
Life might be harsh and brutal but standing up again and fighting till we banish that evil monster stands in our way. Live and seize every moment until we have reached the summit.



Light in Darkness

Light fades, darkness comes
Seeping into my soul, blinding me
Encapsulating me, reviving me
Whispering into my ear, coaxing me,
Holding me, changing me
Bewildering me, empowering me
Destroying me, aiding me
But when twilight approaches, darkness smiles
It's job completed, it disappears,
But I cower, I fear,
I writhe, and fade,
For the one that supported me has gone,
Leaving behind nothing but shards of the
former me,
Seeking the euphoria I once had, I leave,
And to darkness I run, and into darkness I go,
And into darkness, I return.

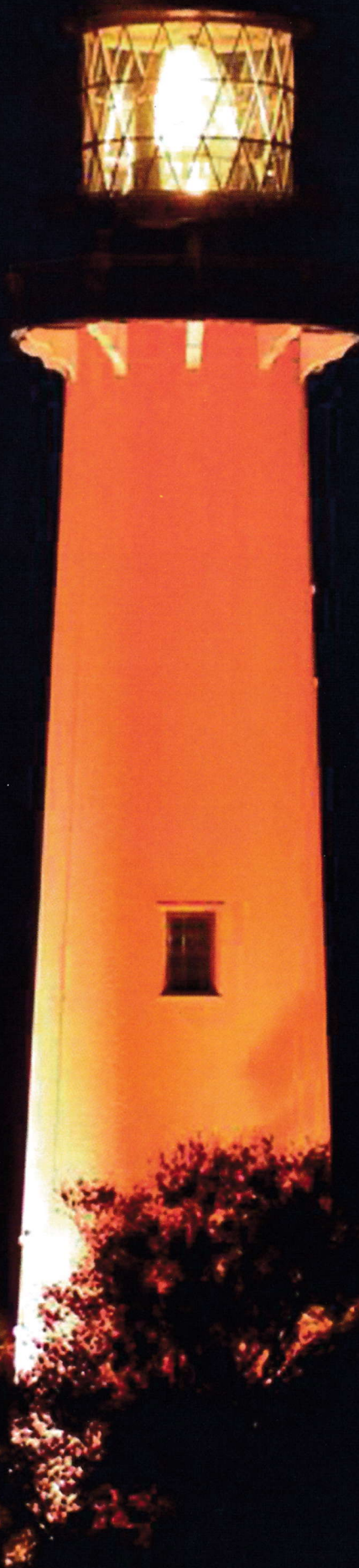
Poet
Noel Gonsalves
(201537TN127)



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Poet
Noel Gonsalves
(201537TN127)





Good days gone, better to come,
These mixed emotions, so difficult to
fathom.

With little we arrived, now
going with so much,
every lesson learnt had
God's touch.

Setting the sails for a windier tomorrow,
Today's strength we need to borrow.

We were wading the seas,
didn't even realise that the oceans have
come,
but not to lose hope,
lest the soul becomes tiresome.

A new beginning, a beautiful end,
the mind is puzzled, who to defend.
Bright are our hopes, our soul filled
with strength,
we will conquer the oceans of
immeasurable lengths.
Our memories will be the lighting star,
pulling us out of despair
wherever darkness takes us far.

The love of friends, the splendid
friendship,
we were lucky enough to see
the best of our comradeship.

Dedicated to all my batchmates.....

Poet
Saumya Suryavanshi
Batch of 2011

*A brain marred with fear has no room for
dreams,
A heart devoid of warmth has no room for
compassion,
An existence plagued with betrayal has no room
for love,
And a soul laden with depression has no room
for exuberance.*

Vaibhav Shukla
2016ME288

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Vaibhav Shukla
2016ME288







Nothing else but the vibes of negativity and terror even beyond their ken, they gaze at the sun, trying to escape the antagonistic ambience all around.

The days there are dull, they begin with excitement as if every gut has feeling that today might be the day when they are set free to exhibit the skills they have mastered during their training.

Sometimes it seems funny how a barbed wire carries the potential of so many taut nerves.

They would wait for the orders to come, but, all that flew around were only the accounts of deaths, deaths of their fellow Indian soldiers guarding the same borders elsewhere. They felt like paralyzed cripples which were allowed to watch their lives annihilate and yet couldn't do anything about it.

As expected, one night there was a sudden light, after the sun had long fled away. The terrorists had fired mortars and killed several soldiers. They did not stop, the attacks continued in the Uri region. This clearly represented that they were fearless and their fearlessness was because the Indian government was mute and which consequently cuffed the hands of the poor Indian soldiers. They were left on the border as bait. "Come get us, we would talk about it and forget" was the kind of vibe being promulgated.

Even the soldiers knew that there will be criticism and condolences for the tragic event from the ones behind the plasma screens. Their anger kept on stacking and so was their helplessness.





S T R I K E

But this time, to the surprise of the terrorists and the Indians, the government jammed through. They stood up for the valuable lost lives of the nation by declaring a surgical strike.

The soldiers no more felt as paralytic cripples with the government enacting their back bone. The tweet by the Prime Minister himself read,

"We strongly condemn the cowardly terror attack in Uri. I assure the nation that those behind this despicable attack will not go un-punished."

Such was the fierceness of his words that ignited patriotism in almost every citizen. And not only did he claim it, he indeed cared that his words spread vastly.

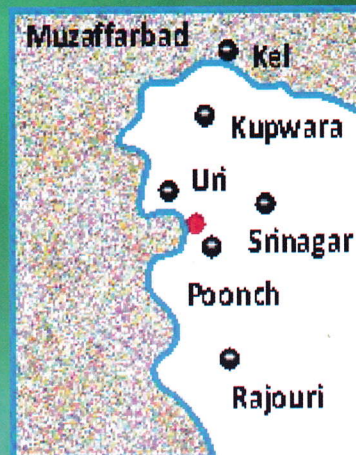
The surgical strike turned out to be one of the greatest in the history. A four-hour act demonstrating how provoking can cause fierce retaliation. The para commando's, fully equipped, crawling through three kilometers of mud, rocks and even landmines, destroying all the six launch pads which were about to become the platforms for the deaths of many such soldiers. With choppers and M4 guns, the commandos dominated the field with full authority and brought out trucks full of corpses of the enemies.

The whole strike had now become the utmost requirement to boost the plummeting trust of the soldiers. And so, it did, cramming patriotism in the hearts of every Indian inducing chauvinism.

The sun that earlier seemed to be escaping the negative ambience was now itself lighting it. No more were there vibes of negativity, instead a vibe of strength prevailed amongst all the Indian heroes safeguarding the circumference of the nation.

12

Writer
Prakhar Rakesh
(201537TP239)



THE TALK

Poet
Atul Yadav
Batch of 2011



Why".....you ask....."do I talk?"
 watching the bird take flight,
 I say over the wind chimes....
 "Hmmm...indeed a question,
 One I should have asked myself a countless times."

I talk to show....
 the beauty of the words.
 I talk to hide....
 the sorrows of the nerds.
 I talk to express...
 my thoughts overwhelming.
 I talk to shy away...
 from this world so demanding.
 I talk and tear down....
 the walls you surround yourself in,
 I talk and build...
 a relationship, love-binding.
 I talk to share...
 your dazzling smile, so precious and true.
 I talk to hog....
 onto the happy mask I grew.
 I talk to swim...
 in the delights of this.
 I talk to drown.....
 the cries of this endless strife.
 I talk to fight....
 when this atrocious life lives by.
 I talk to give up...
 some burdens of this heart my.
 I talk to tell...
 something you may someday value.
 I talk to listen....
 my voice echo in the empty self of yours.

I talk...
 so that you think.

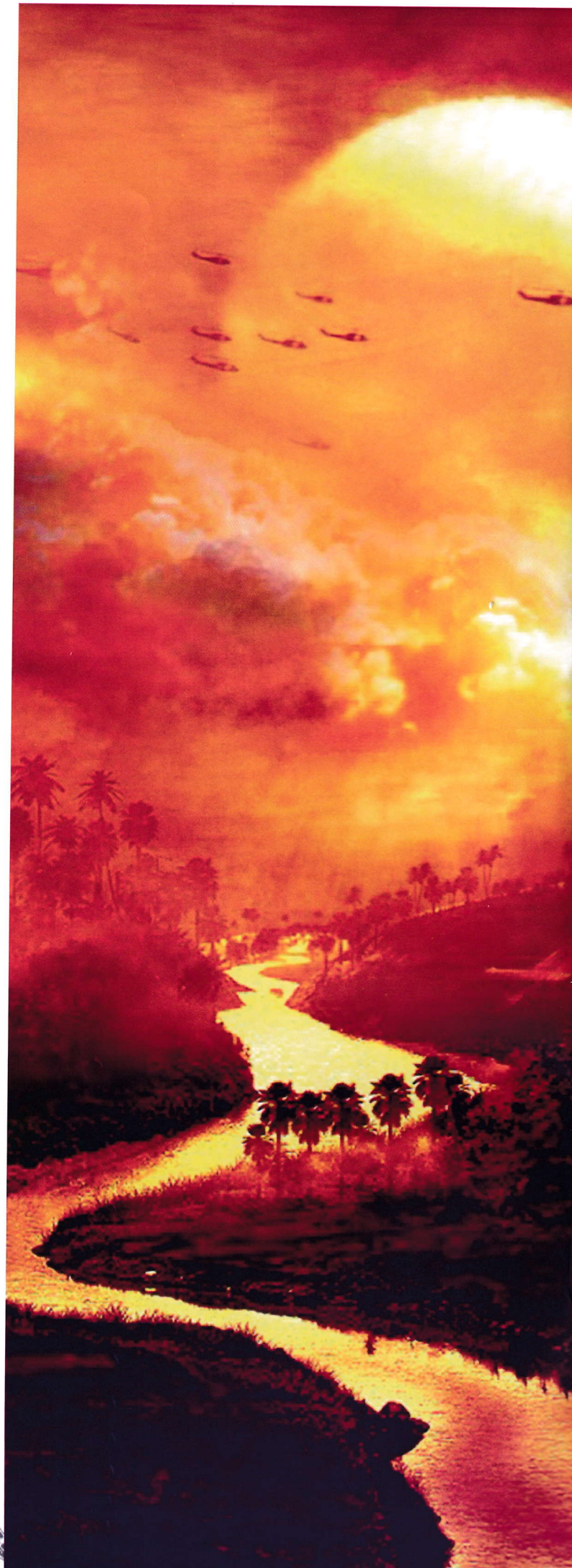
I talk...
 so that you miss nothing.
 And irritated you ask...
 "Why do you talk so much?"
 while amused...I smile and wonder....
 "Would you value your silence so much if I didn't?"

Inside Kill

A nibble here,
A bite there
The chewing
The gnawing,
Deafening crunching
My heart
Being devoured
Bit by bit,
The slush of blood, choking
Residues of hope and life
Maimed heartbeats
Stutter and surrender
Beastly, bloody teeth
Break into
A cacophony of victory
Relishing the last piece
Of my flesh and muscle
To kill complete

15

Poet
Milind Bason
(201537TP216)



To

ENDEAVOUR

Writer
 Angadbir Singh Kakkar
 (2016NS107)

Winston Churchill once said, 'Success is not final, failure is not fatal; It is the courage to continue that counts.' A trivial failure demotivates us to the extent where we stop trying. When pushed to our limits, we cower at the idea of failure and remain stagnant. Though failures are accepted but none efforts made to overcome them.

People will notice the change in our attitude towards them but won't notice their behavior which made us change it at first place. It is not easy to introspect, moreover antagonizing to work on those backdrops. But that's simply what life is about. To fall down, to fail and to man up and to show up. A loss doesn't mean an end; it is the beginning of the course of struggle. The struggle that we deserve and desire to achieve the inevitable.

People shying away from trying is a perplexing conundrum. A tussle between the heart and the mind; the fear of failure and the lure of success. A quagmire so sophisticated that people end up choosing the easy way out. It takes more efforts to give something up that we've strived for and fought over and over again. We just need to keep trying and pushing and pushing again until we pass through. Never worry about failures, worry about the chances we miss when we stop trying.

Talking about our problems is our greatest addiction. Break the habit. We can either complain that stem of the rose has thorns or we can rejoice that a stem with thorns have roses. In the end, it is not the years in our life that counts, it is the life in our years that does.



Smile



17

A smile is the prettiest thing which we can wear and change the world. It creates positive vibes and positive abode around us. We can always find something to smile about as it costs nothing.

Smile is an unpretentious thing that has the power to do good for us and boosts our day, being the only thing by which anyone can be pleased and gratified.

Smile engulfs a lot of benefits for our overall prosperousness. If we turn smile into a habit then we can turn happiness permanently into our behavior.

Smile makes us attractive and beguiling as it relaxes the facial muscles and furthermore adds a pinch of charisma. Endorphins are released in our brain when we smile making us feel elevated and also lowers our stress level.

Through smiling we share our exhilaration with others.

Smile makes us appear confident, unperturbed and congenial. So if we are dressing to impress, make sure to wear a beautiful smile with us.





Smile is a crazy mathematics, because it multiplies when you divide it. Smile is an alluring symphony which draws more people to you rather than pushing them away. It makes us more communicative. This can be proved by a short story:-

“Once a man bought a new home with a fruit orchid attached to it. Adjacent to his house, there was an old home in which a big family resided. One day he noticed that his neighbors had thrown a bucket full of garbage in front of his door, In the evening he took a basket filled with fresh fruits and left it in front of their door, returning the favour. This happened for many consecutive days and he did this always with a smile glancing at them. Few days passed his neighbors got restless on seeing him and started shouting that how can he not be bothered and how can he smile the same

way everyday but as they opened the door, they got surprised to see the man next door with an attractive smile and basket full of fresh fruits.

The man said , “ one should always share the things that one possesses. I possess beautiful thoughts and smile which I want to share with you people.” On seeing this the members of the family felt ashamed and sorry on their behavior.

Hence through the story the message is clear that a smile can lead to peace and can promote good relations.

Writer
Mani Ratan Khanna
(201537TP210)





Perseverance Conquers All

Hudson Newsletter was adamant in his saying,
“At the timberline where the storms strike with the most fury, the sturdiest trees are found.”

We often find ourselves in situations where what seems legitimate is unattainable to the inner us and what seems feasible hurts our tiny ego so much that we never carry it forth. We try, we improvise, we seek, we fail and we give up. We constantly push ourselves until we reach that verge where we don't have much in our bent and we withdraw. Is this what we had in mind when we first commenced? Remind yourselves of the time, frame that situation you hypothetically created to reach out to something so precious that every tiny moment you fantasized it, a blush covered your face.

Nothing comes in life for free, neither anything or everything comes for a price. Nature seems to be the most effective government which does not let the imbalance to persist. What comes must go and what goes must punch the clock back in some way or other. This doesn't change the evident fact that rich shall always prosper and poor shall keep deteriorating physically, mentally and financially. Human mind has a primitive nature; “it continues to waver”. Therefore, a mind that is disturbed and excited at the same time for minimal spans affects his productivity, wellbeing, thought process and his motivational substance.



Adieu Tolani



21

It's not everyday we graduate from college but whenever we do, we reflect back to who we were and what we have become. Some things leave a lasting impact on our lives while the rest fail to shake off even a small stigma. The four years experience in the corridors of this institution has been educating in and out of the classrooms. For instance, I recall a few words by the program chair that have impressed upon me "gadha, padh le (donkey study)".

For some this may be Hindi vulgar and un-parliamentary language but then again what the chair really wants to impart to us was the importance of knowledge and how coveted success must be earned by learning. There is no short cut to knowledge other than burning the midnight oil. Knowledge is an endless journey.

With the passage of time and the advancement of my steps as I progressed, I was guided by this sound advice. The endless study hours after dinner had more meaning to them than just the tyrannical reign of the chair. We all owe due credit to those hours for making it above the passing bar in those treacherous exams and assessments.

In a residential college, we are involved in myriad activities requiring a coordinated and unanimous teamwork at every juncture. The daily grind involves encouraging morales of juniors and contemporaries. I have often expressed to juniors as we had learnt from our seniors that one must never let the fear of striking out, keep the person from playing the game. Fear and pain are temporary but the burden of having not performed your best lives forever.



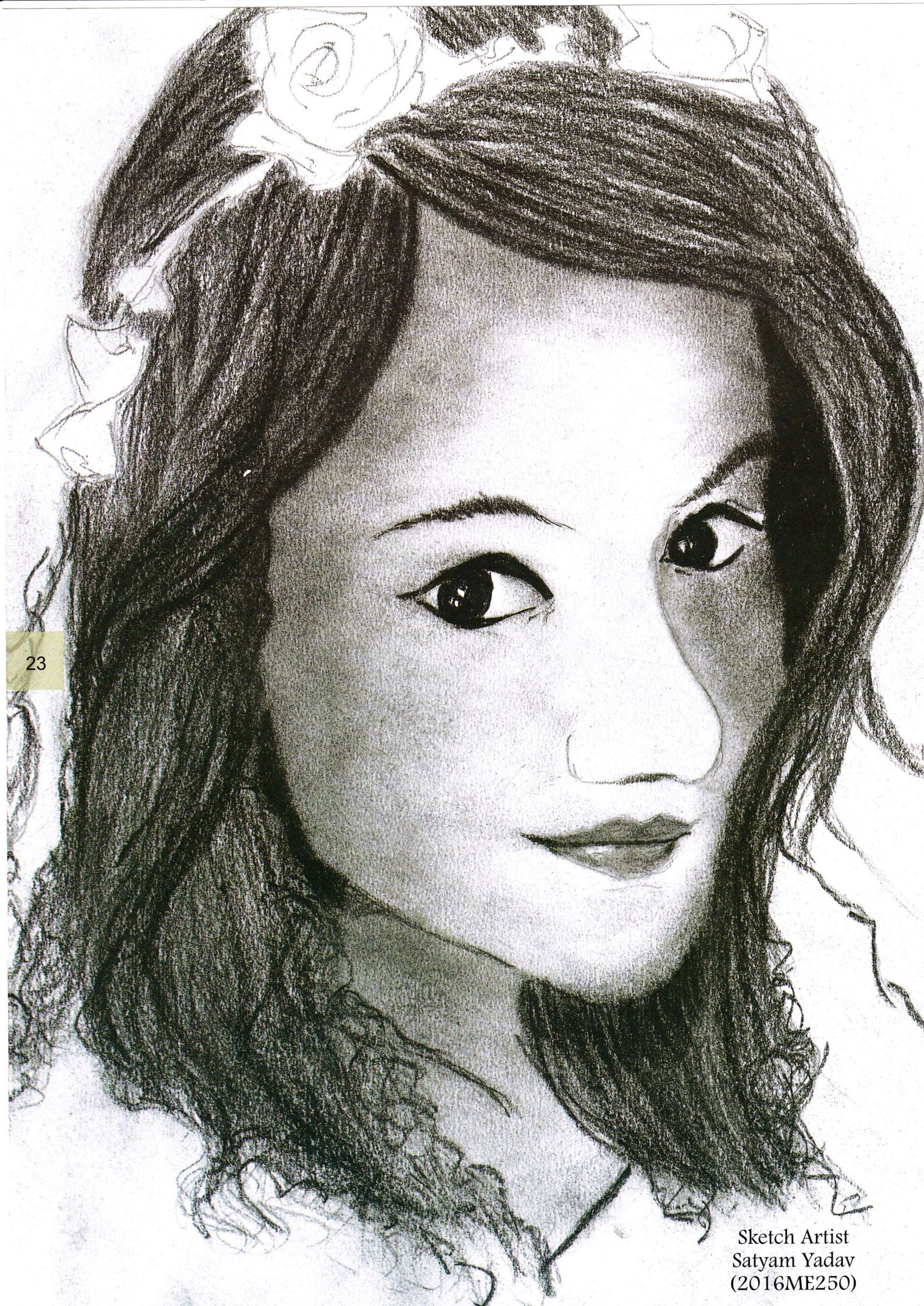


I have been fortunate to hail from a well to do and protective family but I learnt the importance of friends here. As we wear the same navy whites we are reminded of the fact that no matter where our roots lie, we are equals within these walls. It is a world without prejudice and bias. Variety is often said to be the spice of life. Seeing vibrant students from different walks of life going through their own battles and yet stand together for one another is family beyond the home frontiers. A bond as thick as thieves.

In conclusion, I would like to cite the words of Achilles on the battlefield of troy for his beloved Briseis
 Should they ever tell my story, let it be known I was in love with it
 Should they ever tell my story, let it be known it was in love with me
 Should they ever tell my story, let it be known there was a partition in this love story.
 Indeed Tolani has been a magical love affair.
 So long friends, so long Tolani.
 You will be missed.

Signing off
 Cdt. Rohan Suri
 Batch of 2013





A Moonlit Rose

Poet
Rishab Malhotra
(201437TP244)



Below the bright midnight sky,
I stare at rose as it dies.
Its petals are torn and bruised,
Such a precious thing to lose!
Yet, when I stare into the full moon,
And see that it will be daytime soon.
I hear the night echo a newborn's cries,
Signalling that a new rose has begun to rise.
Those petals are lush and red,
Dried and dead leaves now a distant memory.
And once again hope fills my heart,
I know that I will not fall apart.
I know who I am,
Though I took some time ,but,
I have found meaning in my life.



Sketch Artist
Satyam Yadav
(2016ME250)

LEST I FORGET

Writer
Vikrant Tomar
(2016DNS182)

She's still as clear in my memories, as though she's sitting just beside me, speaking to me in her clear and melancholic voice, quite an oddity at her age.

It was 21st of August, 2016, the very day I joined TMI. I boarded the Deccan express from CST, and although having allotted seat no. 27, I sat down at 28, which being a window seat, I planned to enjoy the breathtaking view of the Western Ghats along the journey. As the train proceeded, I looked upon the hustle and bustle around the streets of Mumbai, people living in a never ending whirlpool, rushing through the day, and never paying heed to the moment which, ironically is all they have in this mortal world. It suddenly dawned upon me, that my life is about to change, an unanticipated, unseen and drastic transition to a different life, as I am being born again.

The train stopped at Dadar, and I was quite lost in my thoughts and imaginations of what life is going to be like, and where I am heading for... As usual, passengers started boarding and alighting from the train along with the hawkers, who came at regular intervals, screaming in their monotonous, piercing voice, and then a person caught my attention, a lady, with a pale face, dotted with dark patches, hurtling through the group that boarded the bogie, her hands were shivering, for such was her age. She gazed through the people towards me, in her eyes I could see serenity and peace. In the lingering mob, I lost her sight and started to look for her, just like a child who looks for her mother when she is not around.

Just then she stood right beside me, staring at me, conveying that she demanded me to get off her seat. From then on, I kept on getting negative vibes on her, for she had ruined my plan of viewing the lush green countryside through the journey.

I have been a chatterbox throughout my life, and I can't keep from talking to a person even though I don't know him at all. So I just started a casual conversation with her, asking her about the time it takes to reach Talegaon and what sort of a place it was. Coincidentally, she was also heading for Talegaon, so got an opportunity to know about the place before I get there.

Then on, I was put at ease with her, and I kept the conversation going. I then asked her a question that I usually ask people I meet, "What do you think you have learnt in your life?", "That life's not that long as we think it is; once we stop and gaze back, then we get to know what we have gained, what we have lost, and what we could have gained. It's a pity, that we today, ruin our time in quarreling over mere, unimportant issues, living with grudges and enmity with others, when life presents her best opportunity to enhance with every other person we meet, perhaps the human race is losing faith on the very fact that it is human" was her reply. I further asked her, "And what do you think the humanity needs today?" "Consciousness, and Conscience", She added "Being conscious in today, the world lives in the past, and plans for the future, the past is dead and gone, and the future is unforetold, but we forget, that we live in today, in this moment, and it all we can alter for our good, and a desire to work not only with intelligence and experience, but also conscience". I also learnt a lesson then, that the first impression is not always the last impression, a person cannot be judged at the first glance, for we never know what treasure that person may be hiding inside. The negative vibes I was getting on her, now molded into respect and appreciation.

She kept telling me about her experiences in life, when she lost her husband, and was let to fend for herself and her three children, the atrocities she faced through her life. I was filled with regards for her, that at such a fragile age, she stood like a herb in a storm, finding her way through the smokes where there was no one to hear her mayday calls.

The train had already halted at Talegaon by the time we ended the conversation. We both alighted together from the train, and after taking blessings from her, I proceeded my way.

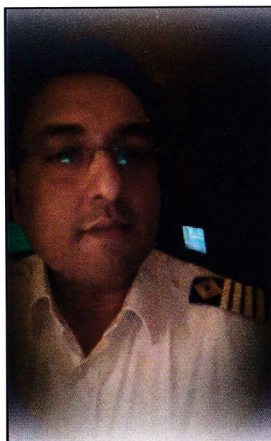
The lady has left me with deep changes about my perspective towards life, and to this date, I wish that I could meet her again.

To this day, I don't even know her name, but she's still as clear in my memories, lest I forget.

Sketch Artist
Bharat Sarada
(201437TN161)







ALUMNI SPEAKS

- Vividh Sinha
(201437TP333)

I couldn't have asked for a better Alumni interaction. It was an honour and privilege to interact with someone from the pioneer batch. Anirban Chakravorty Sir hails from Kolkata and is settled there with his family and he was the one who came up with an idea to start a magazine for the Institute. With over a decade of sailing experience and presently as a Chief-Engineer in NYK, he has a lot to offer which we can imbibe from him.

How have you seen TMI grow from just an Institution to the name it has become in the nation at present?

I have seen the college from its inception, but the growth wasn't just the shifting of a small campus in Pune to sprawling campus in Talegaon. TMI is not just limited to shipping anymore and so we can safely say that TMI has done better than the GDP of the nation in terms of growth. Moreover TMI is no more a national entity, it has now gained global fame. It's not about the grandeur of the campus or the large intake of students, it's what your ex students have done for the institute by not only establishing a name but also upholding it in the international market and this is what growth is.

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What exactly was the thought process behind starting a college magazine? Why 'Reflections' as the title?

There wasn't any thought specifically, it was more like a wave. A couple of friends along with me were pondering on how to make our lives more interesting in college when I recollected being the editor of my school magazine, hence I felt that this was what we were missing, so we contacted the management and that was how the magazine was born. The name too was spontaneous. Just the thought of being represented as a "Reflections" as it is the synonym of our counterpart. The name seemed appropriate since being mariners, water all around us for most of our lives, this is what we were going to get, reflected, so the name just stuck.



What were the initial challenges you faced as a student when you were being transferred from Pune centre to the new one in Talegaon?

We did not face any herculean challenges. Just a few teeming issues and a few heartbroken friends leaving Kingston and sailing to Talegaon. The campus was built to reduce the inconvenience to a bare minimum. One of the problems we faced was commuting on a daily basis via local trains since most of us were not used to it, but that was not that big a deal.





FLOATING RAFTS OF SILENCE

BEAUTY LIES IN BEHOLDER'S EYE

Cdr. *Sukanta Dasgupta*

31



UNPRETENTIOUS ELEGANCE

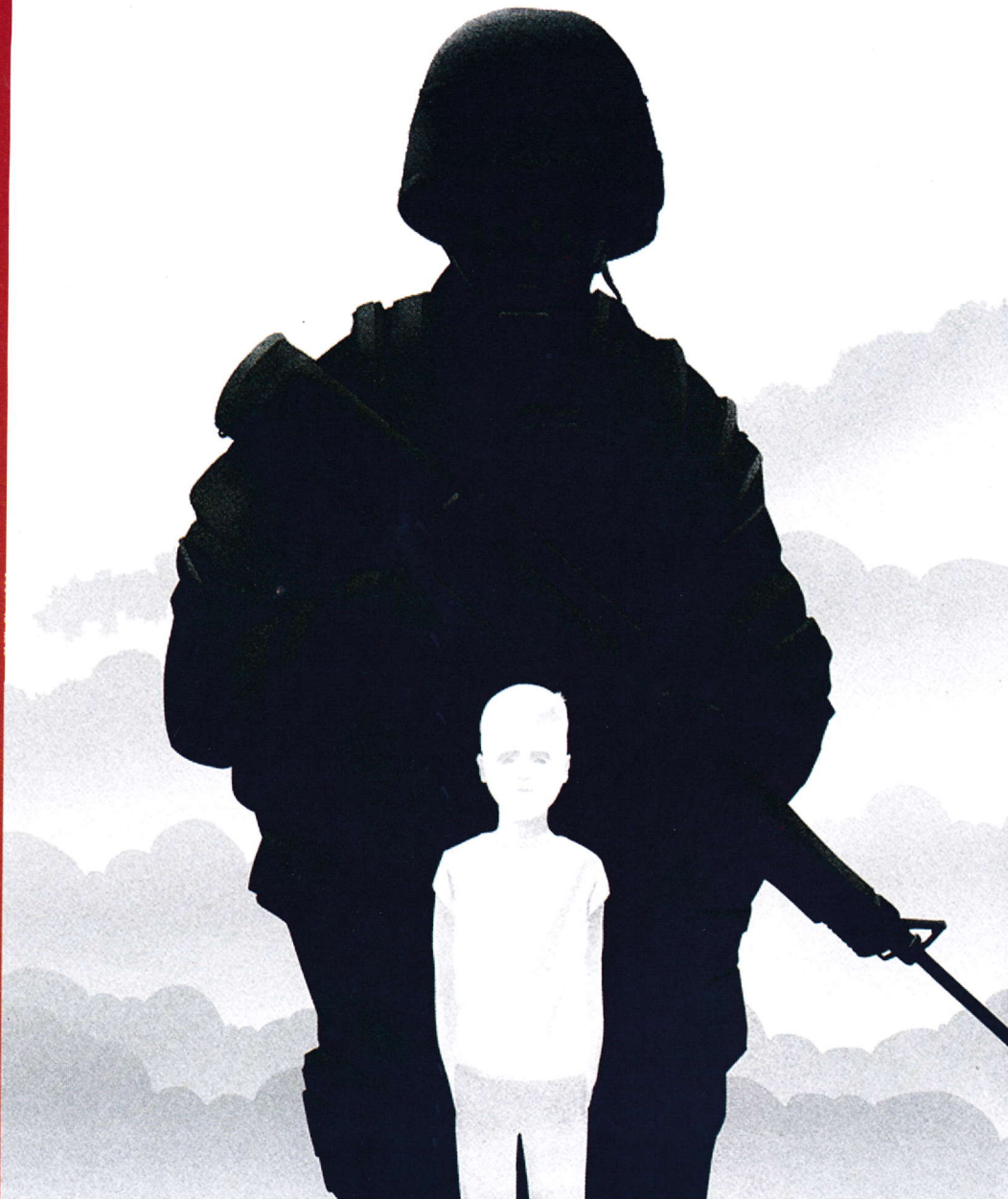
Sukanta Dasgupta, has pursued painting, photography and other forms of artistic expressions for over three decades. He has experimented with papier colles for about ten years and has achieved the effects achievable by oil paint simply by pasting torn papers. He is presently engrossed in finding the beauty in chaos and ...harmony of disorderliness. It is his firm belief that the onlookers play a major role in making a simple art a master-piece.

STRANGE CHARM - NUCLEAR CHAOS



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The morning was pleasant
The life was usual,
Then something happened quite unusual.
Four came in a rush,
Started an ambush.
Bullets all flying
then
they perceived what the alien was trying.
Came a flying green ball
Which had a furious call.
"I am a grenade
And now, no more parade"
Fourteen down as
The ball blew up.
God said "Oh boy! what's up"
The Ambush continued until
Those four border-tresspasser died,
When our brave nineteen went up
The whole nation cried.



To be a Part of the 1%...



Writer
Soubhagya Basak
(2016ME271)

The voyage of life takes you from the past to the future, leaving a shadow of what is gone and lighting your way towards eternity. The utmost thing that keeps us leading in this journey are "Dreams", so phenomenal that you get uncomfortable telling small minded people. Believe me or not, A year from now you would probably wish that you started today, every small step through a harsh and crashed road leading to a beautiful destination where your heart resides. Success demands sacrifice of those things that are holding you back, if you cannot make that sacrifice then you really don't have that zeal for success. Because I know you are tired, you are physically and emotionally drained, but no matter what when life gives you lemons , you stand erect and don't say "Why me" say "Try me".

The secrets are simple: work harder than everybody. Get up earlier, stay later, give it everything you have. The majority of the world says 8 hours of sleep is necessary, exact reason why majority of the world is broke. The fact that you are not where you want to be should be enough motivation.

So wake up, work until expensive becomes cheap, hustle until your haters urge you to hire them, conquer your mind and say yourself everyday ' I will succeed and nothing in this world is going to stop me. Work until expensive becomes cheap, hustle until your haters urge you to hire them, conquer your mind and say yourself everyday ' I will succeed and nothing in this world is going to stop me.

Never give up on something, that you can't go a day without thinking about.



THE REALIST AND THE IDEALIST

As children we used to live in a world of fantasy where everything happened according to our will. In fairy tales, the dead are resurrected, the truth always wins, illness is cured magically, bliss and harmony prevails and people live “happily ever after”. As we grow up everyone around us thinks it is important to puncture this childish world of idealism and make youngsters come to terms with reality. This is done through explanations, rewards and punishments. We are often advised to be pragmatic. Despite this, some of us remain idealists or we experience a life-long conflict between the realist and the idealist part within us.

The REALIST is someone who upholds factual and scientific truth, sees himself and the world being governed by these laws. Realists wish to limit themselves with mainstream existence.





The IDEALIST on the other hand is more of a dreamer, he chases perfection, unity and looks for a hidden agenda operative in everything. For idealists an authentic and meaningful living that makes world a better place is a guiding force.

The big question is: Which is better? To be an idealist or to be a realist! Modern science, medicine and psychotherapy warn us about the toxicity and hazards of idealism. They concur that because an idealist lives and chases a fantasy he is bound to fail miserably.

But the predominant majority says it really helps to be an idealist.

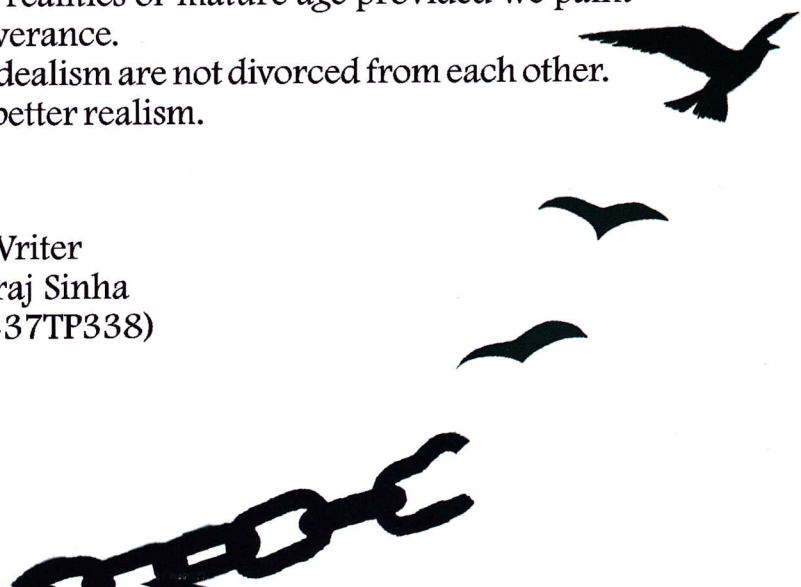
Perhaps the greatest human misery of our times is renouncing the childish fantasies and ideals that all of us hold in favour of harsh realism.

The desires of young are potential realities of mature age provided we paint and chase those dreams with perseverance.

From this perspective realism and idealism are not divorced from each other.

Idealism can give birth to a newer, better realism.

Writer
Yuvraj Sinha
(201437TP338)





*"15 years of memories,
buried in the back seat,
doodles scribbled on the roof
of the truck,
he gazes at the dying ruin,
only from a distance,
some stories were better left
untouched."*

Details

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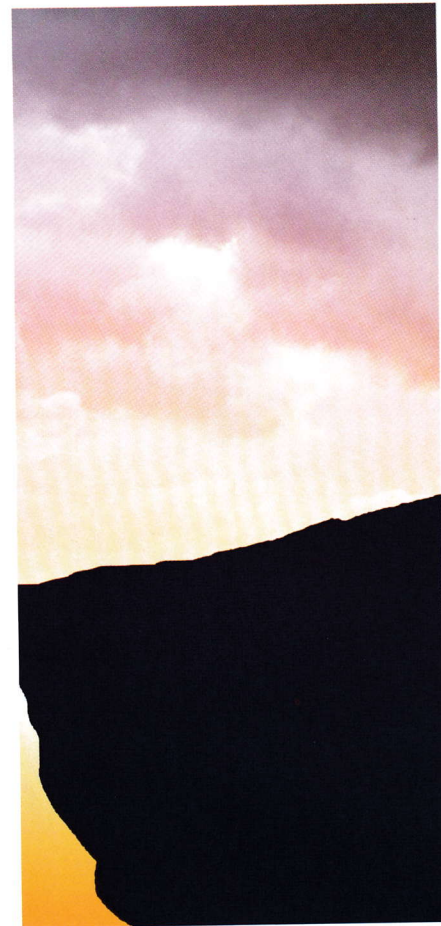
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**Shutterbug
Thamatam Nihal
(201537TP319)**



BE POSITIVE

Emit rays that brighten others

Life is a mixture of positives and negatives. In life, success is positive whereas failure is negative. Although generally any number above “0” is positive, below “0” is negative, right of “0” is positive and left of “0” is negative, in banking credit is positive, debit is negative, but in life one thing for sure has to be stable and positive at the same time, as too much of negativity imbalances a person. We have to build up a personality that has the right to put of all the positive traits.

These traits are transmitted through vibes or vibrations that seem to be supernatural which always keep hovering around us to indicate their presence. These vibes vary from person to person.



Today, as I was loitering around with my 'division' in our 'priceless break', I noticed a few of our support staff doing their customary jobs in a most effeminate and dedicated manner. They were cleaning the railing, their eyes seemed to sweat. They seemed to be slogging for their children so that they could study in big prestigious institutions. My co-mates seemed to be completely oblivious of this fact and stood like 'Nawabs' in their way. It reminded me of the fact which I had read somewhere, that every mortal encounters a ghost daily but is unable to recognize it. I felt it was the same case with we hostellers, our daily routines and practices.

I am also very much a part of my division/our hostel but let us (this is a suggestion) show positivity, respect to all, all - means even the support staff. Let us be gold-like and not be 'broke' and a liability. Let us emit encouraging thoughts that are positive. They will fetch us compliments of giving 'positive vibes'

The simple logic behind such thoughts is that we should be devoid of cynical thoughts. We should try to do actions that are good for others- at least help others do their jobs- we could have easily moved from the railing. Not easy but we have to love everything, everyone and this abundance of love begets optimism - this creates opportunities. Negative thoughts on the other hand destroy even the existing opportunities.

As we travel through life which is full of uncertainties and surprises, we accumulate both positive and negative energy. What do we do with these accumulations? Let us make our surroundings. I know our surroundings are going to be vast – widespread – yet – let us shed our surplus negative energy – emit positive energy so that the society benefits from it. We, here, in this prestigious institution will be in a better position to do so with the sound education we receive, our education that is based on reason and experimentation with values attached to it.

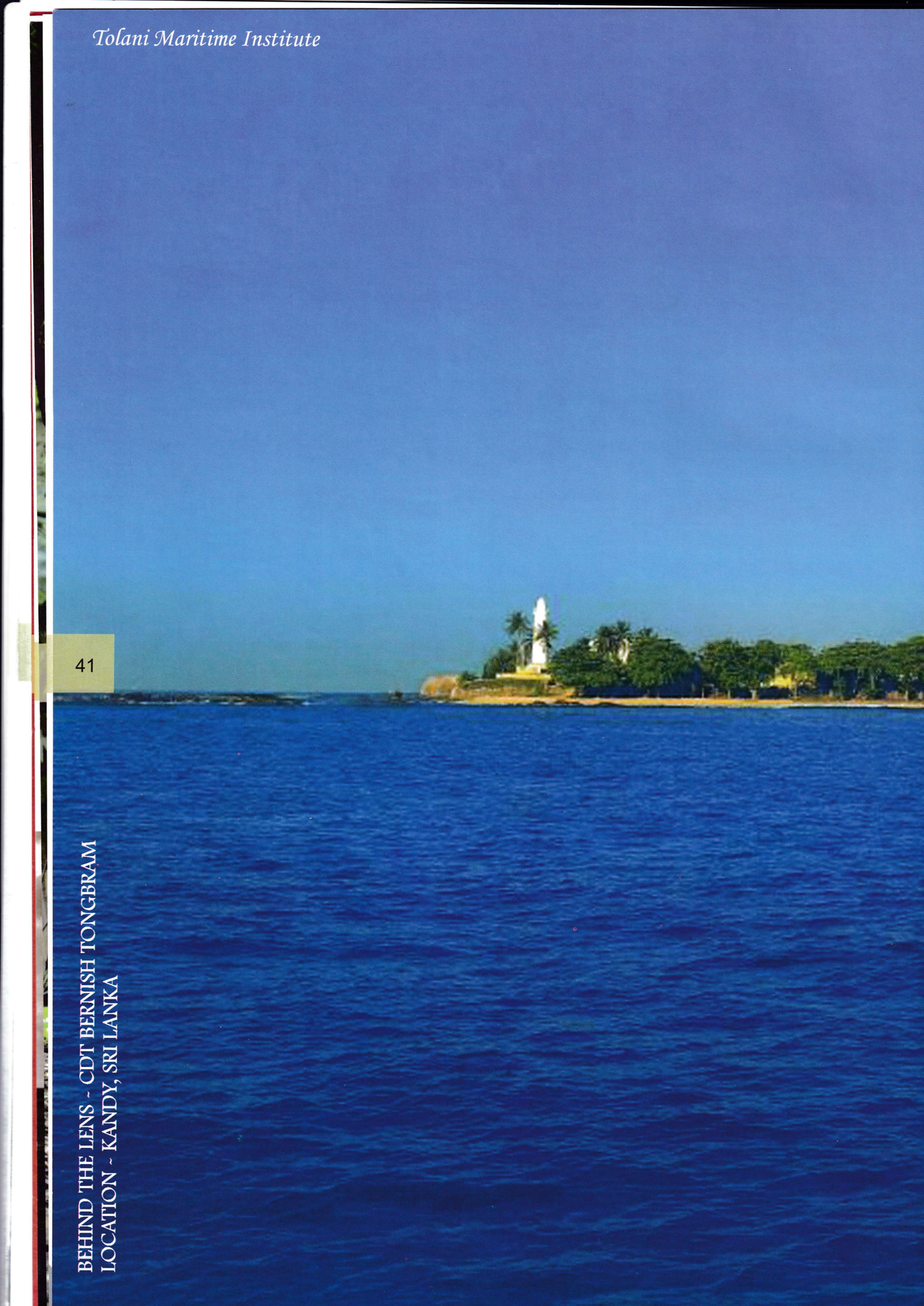
Writer
Shivang Mishra
(2016ME262)

*"Free yourself of all the fears,
Face what you can't; become what you aren't,
Take chances; be fervent,
For if you aren't risking it all-
You aren't living."*

Vaibhav Shukla
(2016ME288)



BEHIND THE LENS - CDT BERNISH TONGBRAM
LOCATION - KANDY, SRI LANKA



THE POEM

Poet
Bernish Tongbram
(201337TP152)

Beyond the depth of shallow skin,
Lies our heart, an eternity
-With an arching horizon of silver lines,
And a vast dark lurking sky.
With oceans within us fathomless,
And a million ways to drown away.
Such is how words had fallen short,
Even when they were felt a countless times,
With galore of ambush in pain and joy.
Yet, not a word to fit them by-
Aren't we more of a poem than a poet?



Essence of Motherly Love

Writer
Rahul Jain
(201537TP255)

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Burdened heavily by the weight of my books and voices of my growling stomach demands an immediate craving for the food as soon as I reach home. My first step instill me with satisfaction as I am welcomed by the aroma of my mother's homemade delicacies, just made nicely and garnished with loads of love especially for her hungry child.

Immediately, I throw my bag, cross the room, clean myself up and run to the table where my fresh and tempting food waits for me with open arms. Without waiting, I take the first bite of the still hot chapati wrapping it in the mouth- watering sabzi. All my pain, all my tiredness would leave in a jiffy. All my senses enticed with a sudden feeling of happiness. I finish it like that one hungry dog that had seen food for the first time.

But now looking back at those memories, sitting alone in my room with an empty stomach fills my mind with nostalgia, I just wish that when I open the door of my room, I see my mother holding a plate in her hand with food just prepared for me. I wish she relaxes this hunger both for the taste of her food and the satisfaction it brought to me, looking at my mother's beautiful face after a long tiring day.

I still remember how at times, my exhaustions used to overpower me and I just used to push the plate away and avoid conversation with my mother. When I look back, I feel guilty for the moments I missed, and mother's eternal love which knew no boundaries. As she caressed my forehead enlightening my belief that there's always a person with eternal love, I will find when all the doors are shut, when there's nothing I can trust, I will find her with me.





THE VALUE OF INDIVIDUALITY

Writer

Noel Gonsalves
(201537TN127)

Sometimes, you just have those days when you feel low. So low to the point that you consider yourself worthless. You might even say that you are nothing more than a one rupee coin. By value, you may be absolutely worthless and almost obsolete, and you continue to wonder why you even exist in the system known as the human world. Sure, there are other coins such as a 2,5 and 10 rupee coins, and notes such as 500 and a 1000 rupees. Well my friend, let me change your world. While others may be valued at a rate higher than you, at the end of the day, who hasn't had situations where you've had to fight for that rusty one rupee coin? Who hasn't had situations where your change was either 1 rupee short or 1 rupee too high? Even if your value is low, you're still needed in the system. It's not about being valued highly, but rather, about putting yourself in the right situation, despite the circumstances. And let's face it, those beautiful 500 rupees notes get dirty and tear easily, whereas a 1 rupee coin is sturdy and is built to survive the ages. And let's face it, you're irreplaceable from the face of history and the working of the modern world. What do you think is popular anyways? Coin collecting or note collecting?

So don't trash yourself around too much, and ask "Why me"? Instead, look up, smile and shout out "Try me!" There's always the irreplaceable you that's precious to someone!







Sketch Artist
Aayush Sinha
(201437TP103)



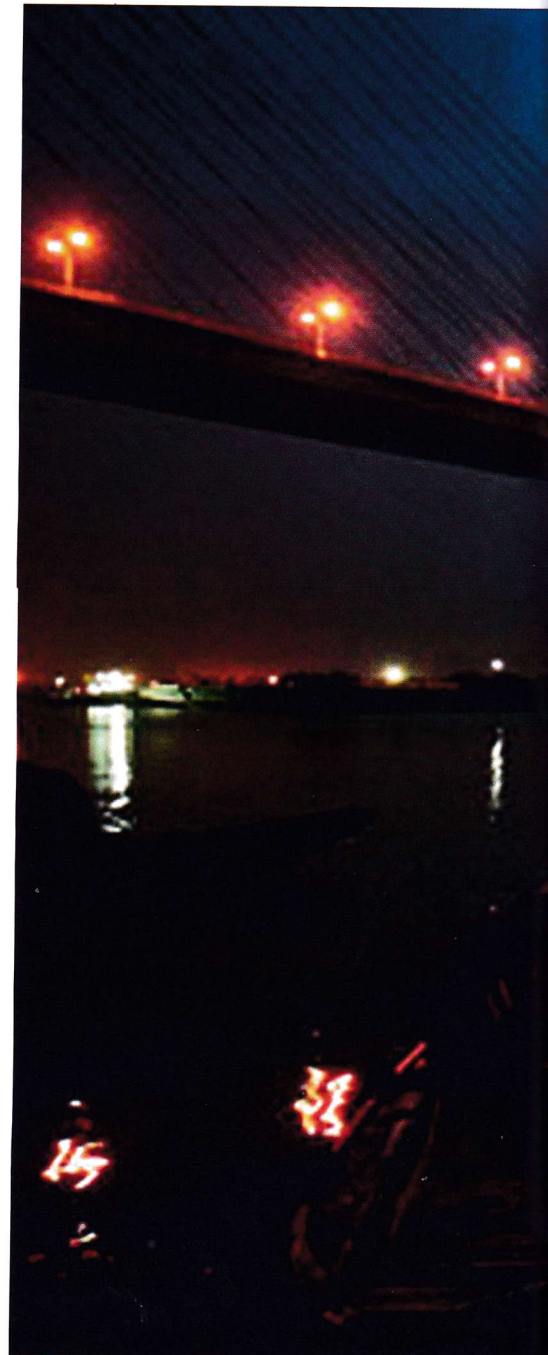
*“Kolkata is not for everyone.
You want your city clean and green, stick to Delhi.
You want your city rich and impersonal, go to Bombay.
You want them hi-tech and full of draught beer, Bangalore's your place.
But if you want a city with a soul, come to Kolkata.”*

THE CITY OF JOY: Kolkata

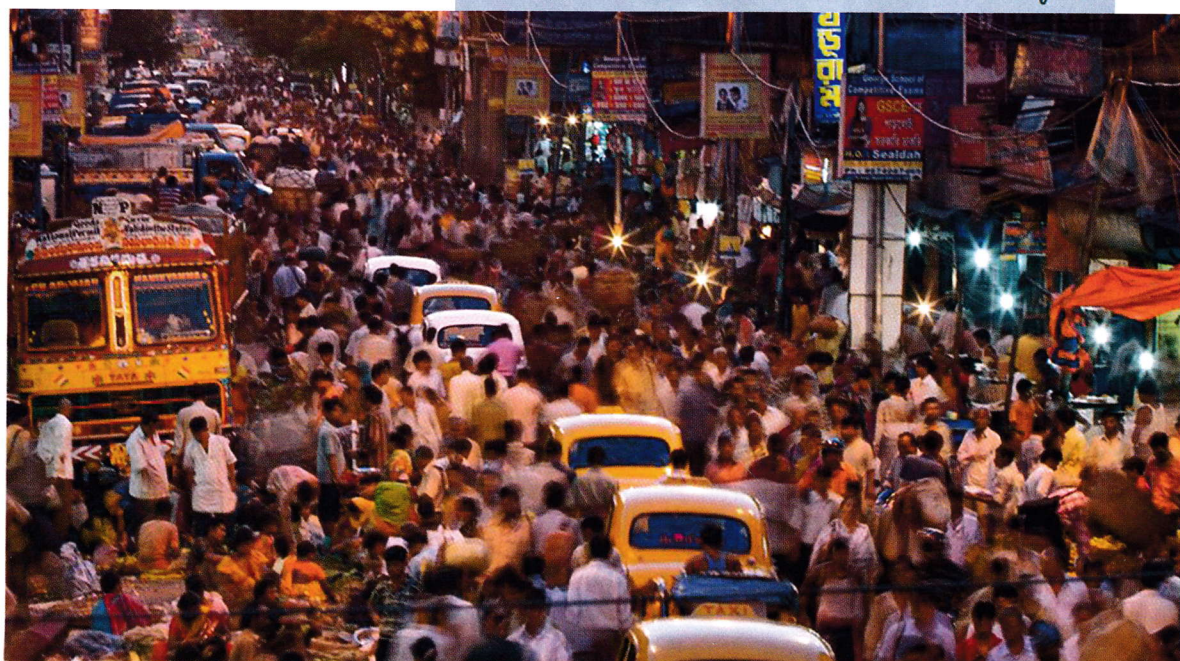
47

Come September end, the city of Kolkata will be decked up like a new bride. For five days, people will be out on the streets donning their best clothes, celebrating the festival of Durga puja. Nestled along the banks of Hooghly lies Kumartuli, it is here that the intricately designed idols of Goddess Durga are crafted. Kumartuli is best visited just before the annual Durga Puja festival when the artists are busy painting and putting the finishing touches to the Durga idols. But is Kolkata all about Durga Puja?

Who doesn't love to eat? The love affair between Calcuttans and their food is well known. From mouth-watering Chinese to fiery phuchkas and scrumptious Nizami biryanis, Kolkata is a foodie's paradise. Kolkata is the Kingdom of Gastronomy – there's food for every budget and mood, and it is found everywhere: on the streets, in quaint cafés, as well as in fancy restaurants.



Writer
Snehadri Banik
(2016ME269)



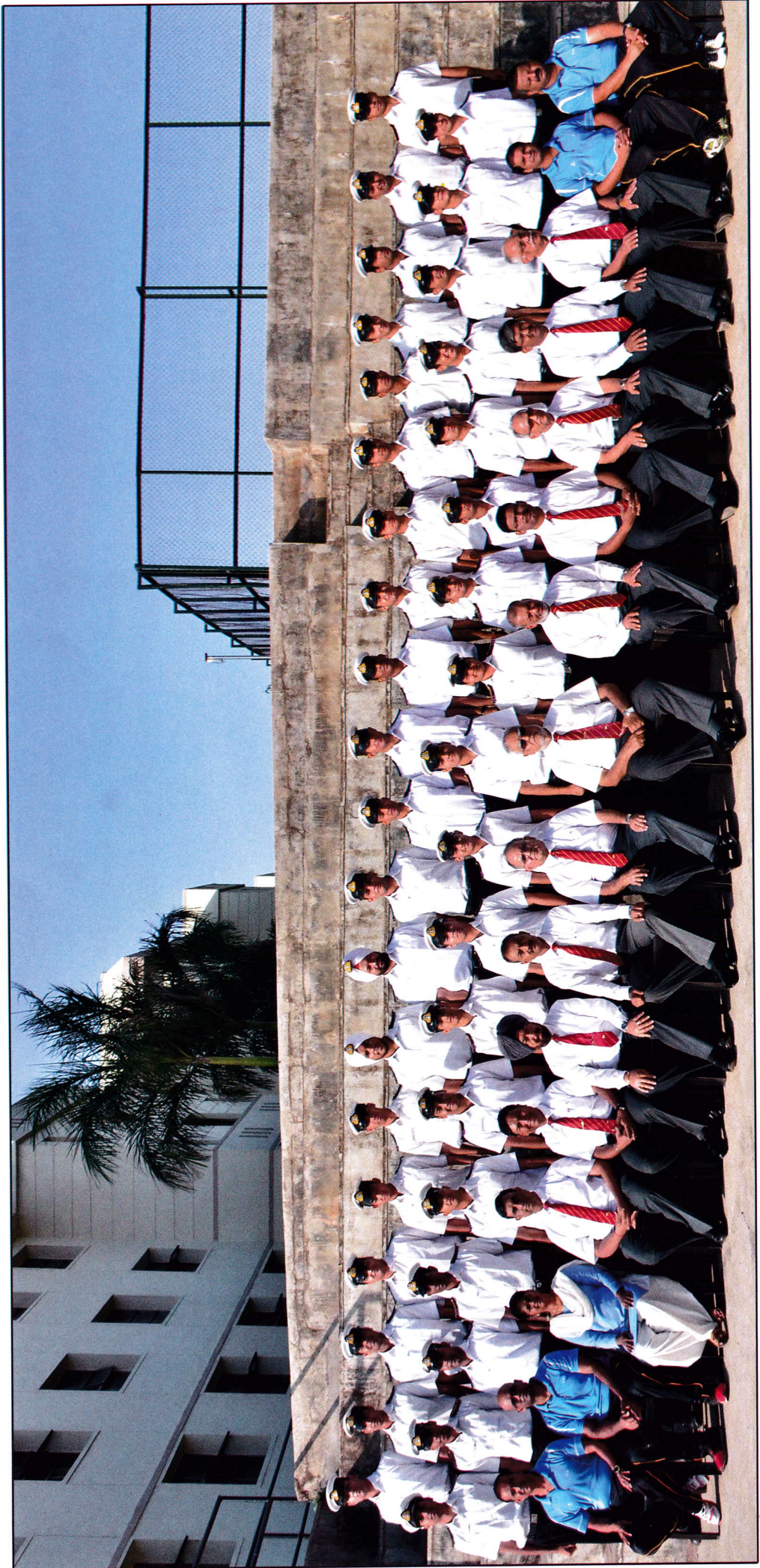
The historic College Street is lined with makeshift bookstalls on both sides and is home to the largest second-hand book market in the country, its indeed an intriguing place for bookworms'; Indian Coffee House is a renowned landmark on College Street. A hub for the city's intelligentsia, this coffee shop was once the regular haunt of Kolkata's literary icons like Satyajit Ray, Rabindranath Tagore, Subhas Chandra Bose, Sunil Gangopadhyay, and many more. Resistance is futile!

Why visit Paris when you have Kolkata? Evenings in Kolkata get a romantic vintage touch with a traditional nauka or boat ride on the Hooghly from Princep Ghat. The Princep which is located just along the banks of Ganges provides a panoramic view of the beautifully illuminated Howrah Bridge. There's no better way to spend a languid evening in Kolkata than gently sailing into a picture perfect sunset and watching the bustling city idly pass by. There's an inseparable relationship between Kolkata and the rickety-rackety trams that chug along its bustling streets. Home to oldest running trams in Asia, Kolkata is the only city in India that still has an operational tram network. To get a feel of vintage Kolkata, all one has to do is to hop on one of these iconic trams to soak in its romantic old-world charm. You are surely to be mesmerised as you drift along the vast playgrounds of Maidan and the infamous Victoria Memorial.

Be it a foodie, a nature lover or a history enthusiast, Kolkata is indeed a place of interest and fascination for all. In a word, Kolkata is L.I.F.E.



CLASS OF 2014 B. TECH NAUTICAL TECHNOLOGY





CLASS OF 2014
B. TECH MARINE ENGINEERING



CLASS OF 2014
B. TECH MARINE ENGINEERING



Rishab Malhotra
(201437TP244)

Wouldn't have been able to make even a page without him. Nothing related to Graphics happens in TMI without his efforts or approval. A tremendously hardworking person. Someone who can sit and sit and sit and work religiously. He's our proud possession.



Jose Saju
(201437TP181)

Working with him is not that easy. But still I'll say it was a learning experience and a pleasure. Be it anything, he is our got to man. His poetic skills speak volumes of his command and hold of the language. His work is sublime when you read it.



Yuwraj Sinha
(201437TP338)

"Shashi-Tharoor" of Reflections'17. It has been wonderful working with since school days. He makes sure that we pick the best amongst our pool of freshers. And then takes them further making them better than before.



Divyansh Chaplot
(201537TN124)

We have seen him become a person who not only does what he thinks is right but sticks to it. A responsible lad with a very antique writing style. Honours work put in front of him.



Mani Ratan Khanna
(201537TP210)

He's the fun guy in the team. Keeps you awake with his work. His ideas can make Reflections only bigger and better in the years to come. You won't believe his work until you meet him. An amazing story teller.



Keshav Siani
(2016NS133)

A zealous writer who knows how to pen his inner self and give them an appealing appearance with his designing skills. A delightful depiction of words and colors is his avocation.



Shivang Mishra
(2016ME262)

A focused observer with potential ideas and opinions. A humble writer and drafter who is punctual and obedient in any task given to him. A team player and always open to any guidance given to him.



Snehadri Banik
(2016ME269)

The happy-go-lucky guy of the team with a cheerful disposition. This dedicated writer, with skills in blending ideas and emotions into graceful wonders, works with finesse. His writings are a reflection of his politeness.



Prakhar Rakesh
(201537TP239)

Someone who never wanted to be a part of Reflections but now has fallen in love with it. His ocular pieces speak words about his mature thinking and outlook. He is someone who takes care of the things missed by everyone.



Rahul Jain
(201537TP255)

The silent killer of the team. A person with few words. Taking about his skills. Par excellent. Be it his poetry or his articles. He makes sure that he's taking care of the readers interests still never backs away from keeping them guessing.



Vikrant Jomar
(2016DNS182)

He has his unique way of doing things. A dedicated writer who loves penning down experiences and imaginations.



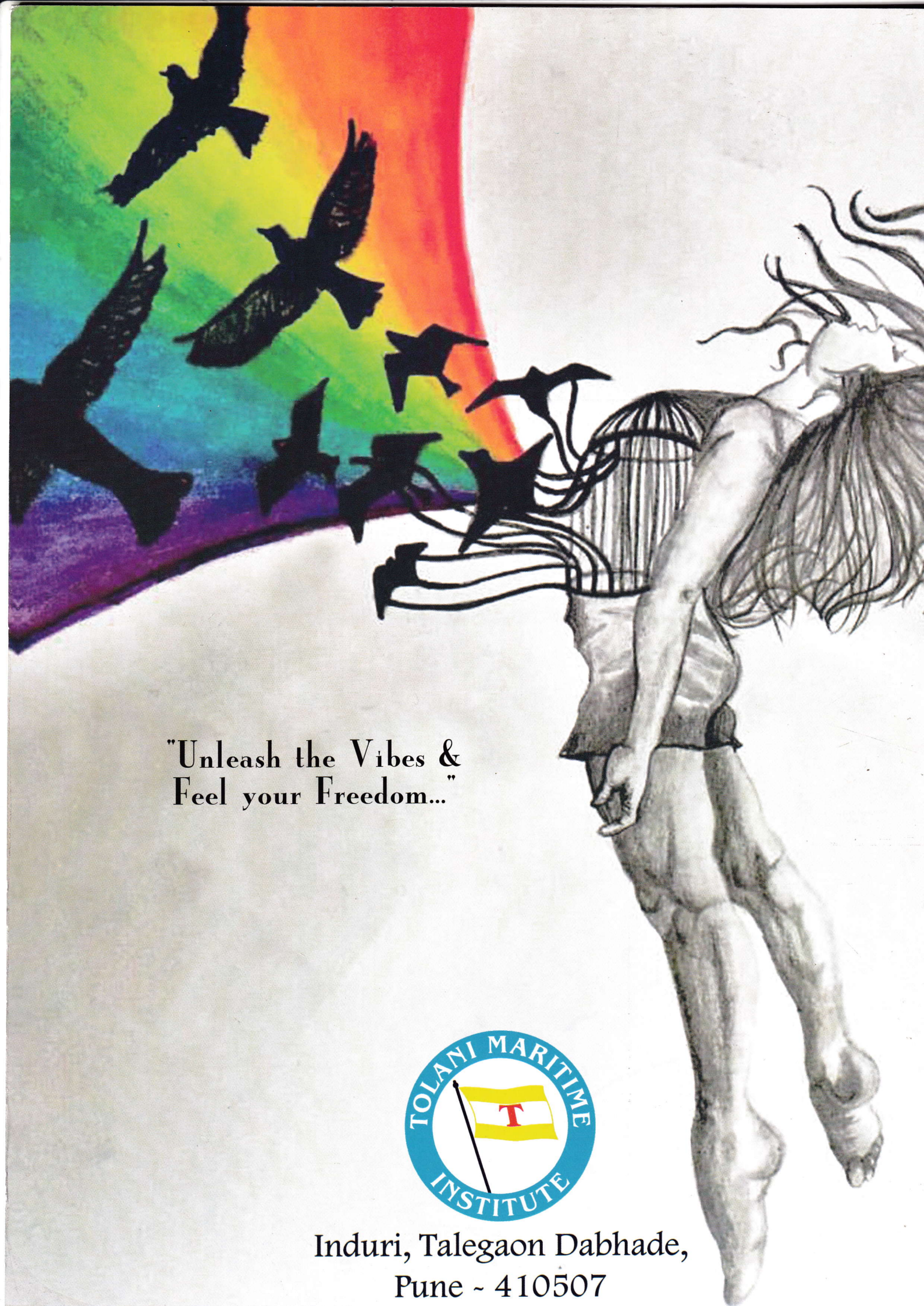
TEAM REFLECTIONS'17

The spring from the impressions of the soul and from twirling desires that clone us, the outburst is the service we pay. Letting out doesn't make you free, it magnifies your power. Be on guard, because next time we'll leave an impression...

"REFLECTIONS' 18 - IMPRESSIONS"

- Divyansh Chaplot
Co-Editor
Reflections'17



A woman with long, flowing hair is depicted in a dynamic, flying pose. She is wearing a dress made of a black wireframe structure. The background is a vibrant rainbow with several black birds in flight. The overall style is artistic and expressive.

"Unleash the Vibes &
Feel your Freedom..."



Induri, Talegaon Dabhade,
Pune - 410507