

ਰਬੀਏਟੀਓਨਡ ੨੦੧੬



People And Places



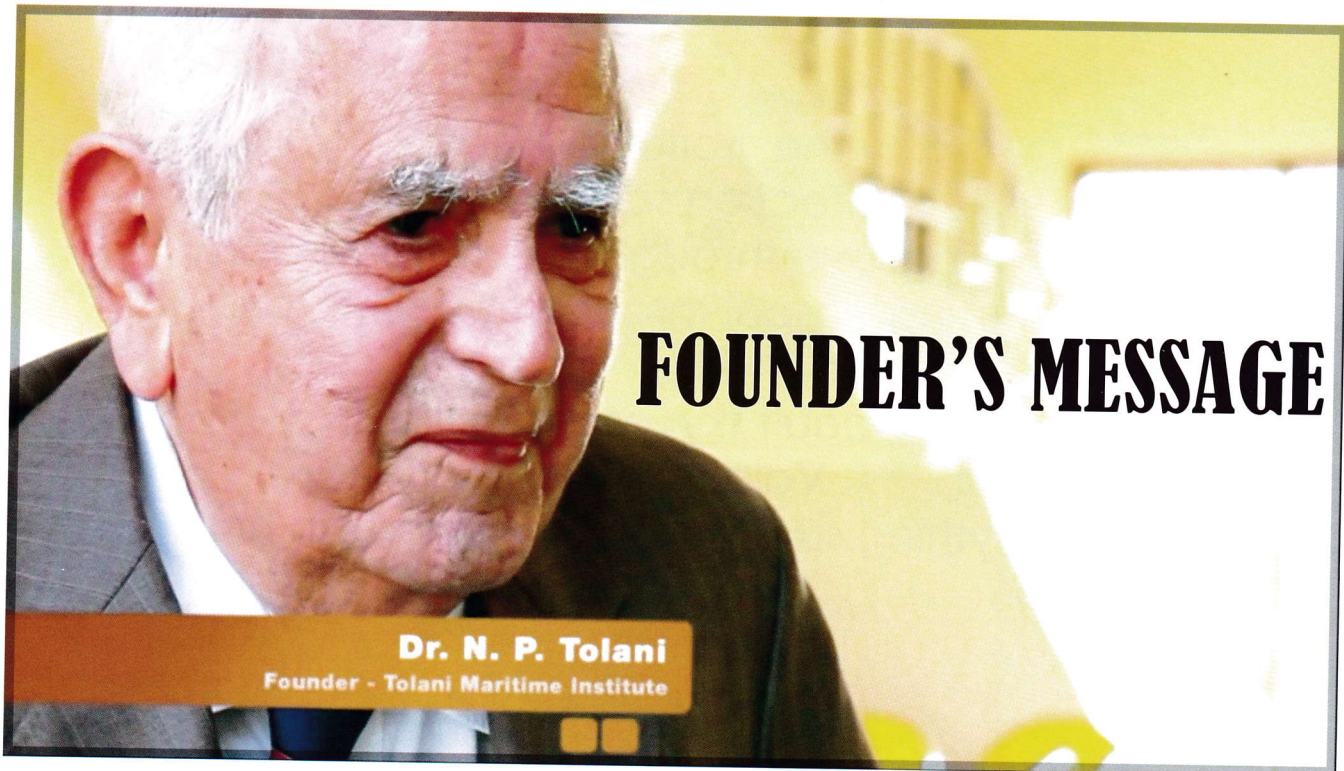
The world I admire,
Affection scintillating...
Reviving love through rekindled wisdom,
Uttering gospel through flattering rays.

Occult sky, ecstatic tides,
Valor of archives.
Everything summoned and more, in here
resides.
The world I strive for,
The world I admire...

- Vishesh Saxena
201437TP330



- Bharat Sarda
201437TN161
(Sketch)



|| I am delighted to know about the 15th edition of Reflections which is being brought out with unerring regularity by the cadets of TMI. They have brought us great pride over the years and it is their hard work and accomplishments which have made TMI a leader in its chosen field.

The magazine allows TMI students free rein to their creativity and ideas and is testimony that the goal of TMI is to promote all round development of the personality of the cadets. I congratulate the contributors and the editorial team on their efforts and achievements and hope it will bring joy to its readers. My good wishes to all of them.

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



I am happy that the 15th edition of the college magazine , “Reflections’16-People and Places” will be published soon.

Reflections provides an avenue to the students to showcase their creative work and ideas so that the same can be shared with all and also remain archived with the history of TMI. I have always believed in the presence of substantial talent in all fields among the youthful student body. Reflections is a manifestation of my belief.

I compliment and congratulate the editorial team and all the contributors for this issue. I am sure this initiative of theirs will lead to more endeavours in the creative world.

I wish Reflections’16 great success.

Dr. Brijendra K. Saxena
Principal

Editor's Note



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Reflections'16 is a vibrant mix of both simplicity and prowess in poetry and prose from poets and writers of TMI. With our efforts to open doors to explore the dimensions of “People and Places”, we finally present you our efforts of a year in the making, also a symbol of the plethoric diversity of brain power in TMI. I would love to call the team's effort as blood, sweat and tears (literally) and this makes me hope that Reflections'16 melts like a chocolate for the readers.

The edition highlights diversified perspectives ,experiences, knee deep opinions and much more. Moving on to design and graphics, we have had the most amazing contributions of photographs, sketches and designs. The theme is plain but as one goes through the edition, one is bound to realise the detailing the contributors have gone into; it is beyond the gist of just people and places. I would like to express my endless gratitude to our Principal, Dr B.K. Saxena and Provost Capt. Raj Razdan, faculty advisors and admin staffs for their support, guidance and love. We could not have accomplished the journey without their support.

A special thanks to Dr. D.D. Mundhra for sharing a bit of his lifetime memoir. My hearty thanks to Cdt. Kamal Yadav and Cdt. Raunaq Sachdev, my Chiefs from the past for being the guiding star to this edition.

My deepest thanks to Cdt. Himanshu Iyer for facilitating me as such a wonderful co-partner in the endeavour of college publications. Lastly, I would like to thank Cdt. Sherwin D'sylva for giving us his valuable suggestions.

I hope you find out more than what I found out of this edition.

So, sit back and witness every bit of our efforts in Reflections'16 , a year in the making.

Let the ride begin...

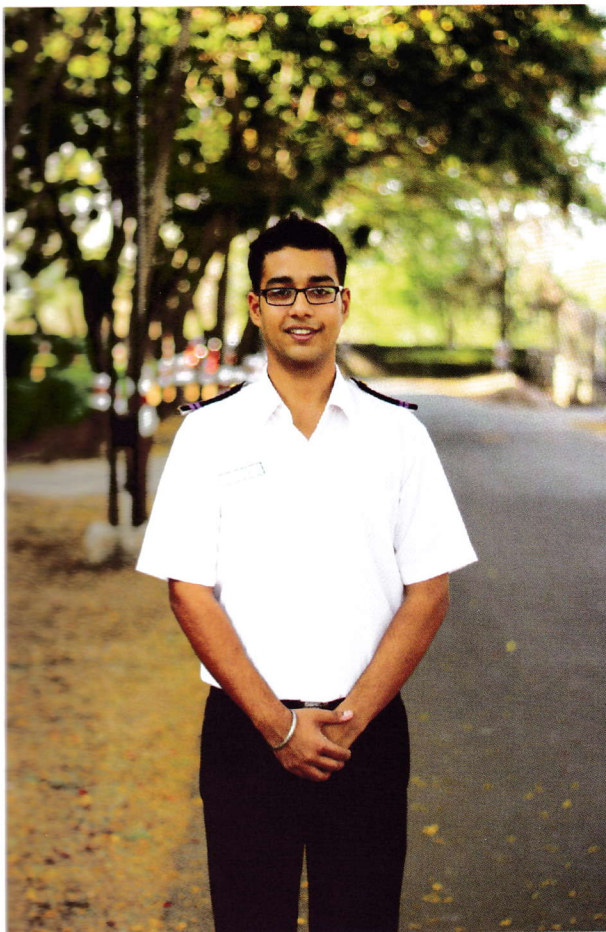
Bernish Tongbram
Chief Editor.

Chief Editor - Graphics

Reflections' 2016 has been more of a learning experience than a showcase of skills. The efforts put by the team have surpassed all boundaries. The spectrum of genres that have been explored by the team stand as proof for the same. An amazing amalgam of articles, travelogues, poems, sketches and photographs have been presented with delicate care. I hope that as you turn through the pages, the journey is as intriguing visually, as it will be mentally. The visual representation of the ideas of the mind is not only difficult, it is impossible. However, my team has left no stone unturned in their efforts to turn this impossibility into reality.

This journey would have been impossible without the efforts of Cdt. Rishab Malhotra, who put in the best of efforts to do justice to the readers.

To an amazing journey,
Himanshu Iyer



Co-Editor

Thanks to our diligent and efficient team for their respective efforts. This year's edition has been tailor made with a lot of love and affection for the people and the places from where they hail. And we have made sure that in every bit of this edition you can see the creativity which soon to be a Mariner from TMI adheres to.

I would like to extend my regards to my partner in crime Cdt. Rishab Malhotra for his efforts. He's a master of graphics and our proud possession. Amongst the fresh blood Cdt. Divyansh Chaplot has a lot in him when it comes to penning down things. We are blessed to have a faculty team whose suggestions and appreciations were most needed throughout our journey.

Now I leave it up to you to decide whether this edition has taken the legacy forward, which was left by our seniors in its glorious past.

I wish you luck. People from different places are eagerly waiting for you.

Go ahead. Go places. Meet people. Explore.

And be merry.

Because a part of you will always be there.

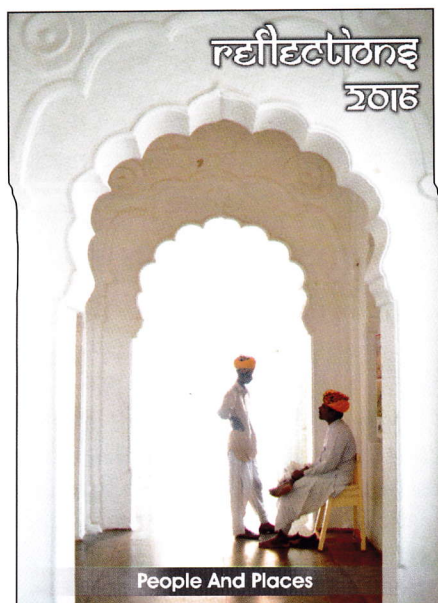
Vividh Sinha

रहीरतुनडु १७



On the cover

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This candid shot of two palace keepers conversing was taken on my loner trip to Rajasthan, the place I explored during one of my wandering vacations. It gave me a little insight about people and places. This escapade taught me that meeting people and going places is not just about them, but more about me, more about finding what is within.

- Bernish Tongbram

Poem



HEAVEN IS
MY ABODE

by Jose Saju



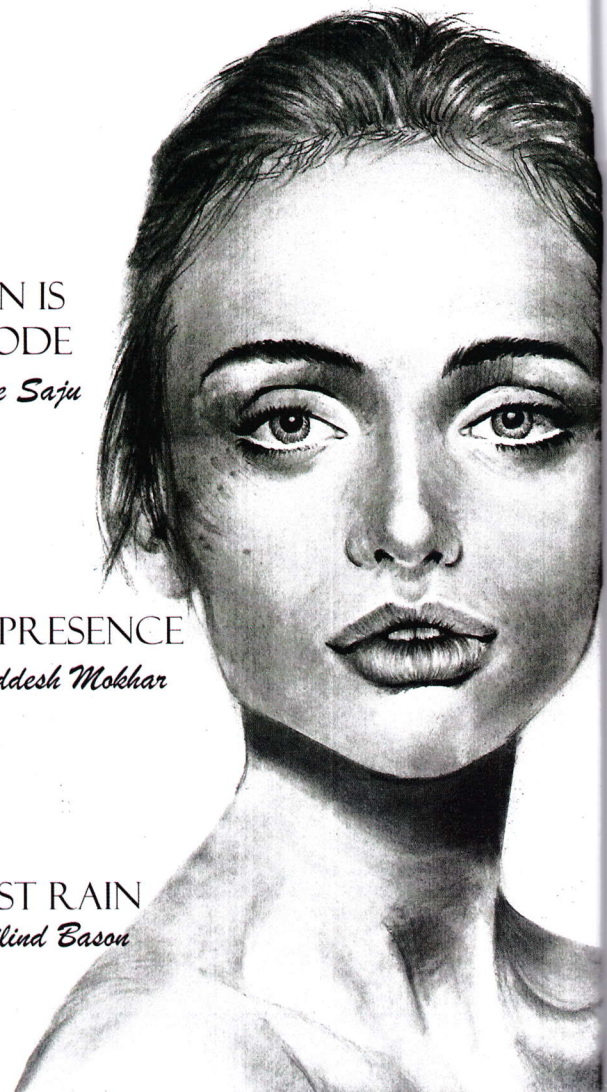
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by Dr. D.D. Mundhra

...and much more!

HEAVEN'S MY ABODE

~ Jose Saju
201437TP181



I tread along a path unknown;
The green valleys and blue skies
Far on the branch of an oak a sparrow chirps,
Not afraid of the depths below it lies.
The brook near me flows freely,
without a fear, without an end;
Reminds me of my infancy.
Footprints I leave as I walk ahead;
On lives of people I ought not to meet again,
Their souls I touched, their lives I changed,
Unknowingly I become a source of God.
Cometh the hour cometh the man,
Time flew by and I grew up old;
The sun still rose and it still set,
The river did'nt change its direction of flow,
What changed was life and the perspectives,
The will to live and battle for peace.
Soon the green patches became deserts of sand;
Blurring my vision and trembling my stand.
My sweat stained hands and blood soaked nickel,
Fed my home, my reason to live.
Lying on my bed I tossed and turned,
Sleep was a blessing I became wary of.
Days and night I slogged and churned,
Alike little ants I built my fortress.
Then came the time to uncage my birds,
Taught them to fly and off they went;
Never to return, never to descent.
Live not long to regret thy life,
Said a man once.
Today I lie 6 feet deep,
Made from soil returned to it.
I hear the brooks, I hear the birds;
Oh what peace buried within I feel,
The things I learnt, the palaces I built,
Lies not here with me inside;
What lies is a body and a cloth on it.
The soul is at peace and leaves for heaven,
For the reason I came, I fulfilled.





Photograph details-
ISO 100
F8
1/320

~ Shindgikar Abhijeet
201437TP285



TRAVELOGUE: JASWANTGARH MEMORIAL

- ASHRAY MEHTA
201537TP147

Travelling has been a passion for me, especially serene hills which take you as close to nature as they can. Being a native of Uttaranchal in the foot hills of Shiwalik hills satiated my passion to a great extent. However, being a part of an army family, moving from one place to another became a part of my growing culture and also gave me an opportunity to travel all around the country.

However, the most memorable destination has been the Northeastern part of India for the simple reason that it can match the enchanting beauty of Kashmir and at the same time it maintains the purity of a non-commercial destination. During one of our postings in Assam, I got the opportunity to travel to Arunachal Pradesh.



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On our way to the Tawang district, we stopped at Jaswant Garh War Memorial, dedicated to an Indian soldier-Jaswant Singh Rawal MVC. It was the final phase of Sino India war in 1962 and as a part of retreat. Jaswant Singh's company was asked to fall back. Jaswant Singh remained at his post at an altitude of 10,000 feet for three days and defied the Chinese assault. He was only accompanied by two local girls, as all other soldiers died in the ensuing battle. He had set up his weapons in such a manner that the Chinese thought that they were opposed by a large strength of troops. It is said that Jaswant fought till the last bullet, and in order to avoid capture he killed himself with the last bullet. Impressed by his bravery, the Chinese cut off his head and took it to China. However, they returned his head along with a brass bust of Jaswant Singh as a mark of respect to the brave soldier.

Jaswant Singh's saga of valor and sacrifice continues to serve as an inspiration to all the army personnel posted in the sector. A small temple was built in that place. All army personal passing through that place pay tribute to his bravery. Jaswant Singh is treated as if he is alive, his boots are polished every day, his uniform is ironed and placed for him. It is a belief that his soul resides there and Jaswant Singh adorns his uniform every day. Over a period of time, Jaswant Singh has received all his promotions. He is traditionally sent on leave. He draws salary of his rank. Traditionally known as Jaswant Babu, he is considered as a saviour of the Northeast. The serene atmosphere of the place is so inspiring that a strange wave of patriotism engulfs you.

“Travelling – it leaves you speechless, then turns you into a storyteller.”

SOLITUDE: A WONDER LESS UNDERSTOOD

- Divyansh Chaplot

201537TN124



Today's world is hyper-paced with people and opportunities zipping in and out of our lives, we are essentially required to accomplish more than we possibly can, with more people than we can ever handle, just to fit in. If we don't, we get left behind - as simple as that. Yet we find that rather than trying to meet new people and extending our social circle, sometimes simply being alone is what gives us the power to adjust and regulate our life, bringing our whirling thoughts back into focus. When we are alone, our will to be an individual springs forth, as does our longing to explore. Solitude boosts our hope for freedom; indeed, it is the very fuel for life.

On a personal level, this realization hasn't struck me in a day. It is a product of 19 years in the making, and only now have I begun to realize the true power of a few moments of solitude. Isolating oneself from the ever changing world in a bubble of stillness helps refresh the mind and calm the raging ocean of thoughts. This is why many choose to give solitude such an important place in life, and also the truth behind the mountain of faith in the saying- solitude is getting lost in this world, just to find oneself.



TAKE ME AS I AM OR WATCH ME AS I GO...

- RISHABH BADONI

201537TNI50



"I might not be someone's first choice, but I am a great choice. I don't pretend to be someone I'm not, because I am good at being me. I might not be proud of some of the things I've done in the past, but I am proud of who I am today. I may not be perfect, but I don't need to be. Take me as I am, or watch me as I go."

I don't know who the author is but I love this quote. It helps me feel more balanced and allowing of me and my choices. It also reminds the fact that I don't have to be the best, brightest, prettiest, smartest, etc. I just have to admire and respect the me sitting in this chair with a pen in my hand.

I am not perfect, nor do I want to be. If I were perfect, there would be no space to improve and grow. To me the state of imperfection is the human state. Saying the wrong thing, testing the waters, wondering, wanting, hoping, dreaming, learning and hence moving ahead proves to be so human and so real.

I'm unique with all my imperfections, this is what I quite often say. But people misinterpret by calling me a bird-brained fellow, while others say I am too optimistic. But I know at this same moment that sometimes people try to expose what's wrong with you, because they can't handle the fact that all this is right about you.

"I don't know the key to success, but I'm quite sure that the key to failure is trying to please everybody."

I have scars because they narrate my history, some people cherish me and some do not. Maybe I am random and crazy but at the end I don't like living my life according to what others see.

I am who I am! So, either accept me the way I am, or just watch me as I walk away...

*About collecting memories,
not things...*

- Cdt. Abhijeet Das
201337TP103



Photograph details
ISO 320
F 5.3
1/1600





YOUR PRESENCE

- Siddesh Mokhar
201237TP228

Searching your presence in million stars
I left myself alone in open dark
With pain unhealed and tears unerased
I found you on the way,
Deep in my dreams
Far beyond the end.

Unforgiven will be my mistake
But dreams now can't fade away
Only because your memories bond them again
With your love still the same
This was the only star left
And I found it at the right place.

Love you Aai

SKETCH

-There is no greater heaven than the heart of a loving mother."



THE BUCKET LIST

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~ Pulin Ranjan
201537TP248



Life, how would you describe it? For some people it might go as- "organisms maintain homeostasis, are composed of cells, undergo metabolism, can grow, adapt to their environment, respond to stimuli and reproduce."

Seriously mate?

For me, life is whatever you want it to be. It is made up of dreams and experiences. But isn't it sad how some of us are concerned more about having, than being? Than living?

Since your childhood you might have had so many wishes, dreams or desires that you wanted to fulfil... even the stupid ones! That one thing you wanted to experience at least once in your lifetime. It's here when a bucket list comes in handy.


Now, just replay the last 24 hours of your life and try to recall everything you did. Do they really mean anything to you if you were to die today? I guess that pretty much clarifies the idea of creating such lists- to seize every moment, every bit of your life, feel everything and experience everything that you ever wanted to in your life.


The space. Air .Vibrations. People. Gravity. Live your life to the fullest. For me, the list goes on, onto the wildest of my dreams.

How about a visit to space; an African Safari; exploring Venice, Italy; sail the Caribbean; stay in an ice hotel; visit the Eiffel Tower; drive an Aston Martin through the streets of Paris; learn a new language; experience the power of Niagara falls; party in Vegas; hit a jackpot at a casino; see the great pyramids; hike in the Himalayas; learn to ski; own a horse; be a part of Tomorrowland; attend Oktoberfest; have the world's finest delicacies in their rightful destinations; have a dog best friend; watch a space shuttle launch; inspire someone; fly in a hot air balloon; get inked; see the Hollywood sign; explore the Amazon forest; exhibit my own arts; be genuinely happy about a wrong decision; die with no regrets; grow old with that someone I love and it would now be too long a list to mention, so period.

If life started approximately a billion years ago, I really want to thank that someone responsible for it. Nevertheless, putting up all these things in a list is not just because I want to, but also because one day my whole life will flash right before my eyes, I just want to make sure it's worth watching.

LUCKNOW: U.P.- 32

~ Vividh Sinha 
201437TP333

&
Aadesh Srivastava 
201337TP101

Second week in TMI, when I introduced myself as someone from Lucknow, the very first reaction was- "Does TMI publicize for students from Lucknow in the newspapers?" Since, a large chunk of people in the campus belong to the city of *Nawabs*, it is worth talking about the city.

Lucknow's reputation as a city that is the embodiment of culture, gracious living and rich cuisine lives on to this day.

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For anyone with any interest in art, history and culture of the Indian subcontinent, Lucknow has it all. The sights, sounds, tastes and smells of each corner of Lucknow are an exclusive exposition of the evolution of not just a city, but a culture and a way of life.

Some believe the city has lost most of its charm and is bursting at its seams like a mufassil town on steroids, while others continue to know with certitude that Lucknow lives forever in the heart of those who will never be able to call anywhere else "home". I grew up in Lucknow and have never loved any city quite as much. Lucknow is *aaram* (rest), *itmenaan* (easy) and *rehaish* (the home that has nurtured me).



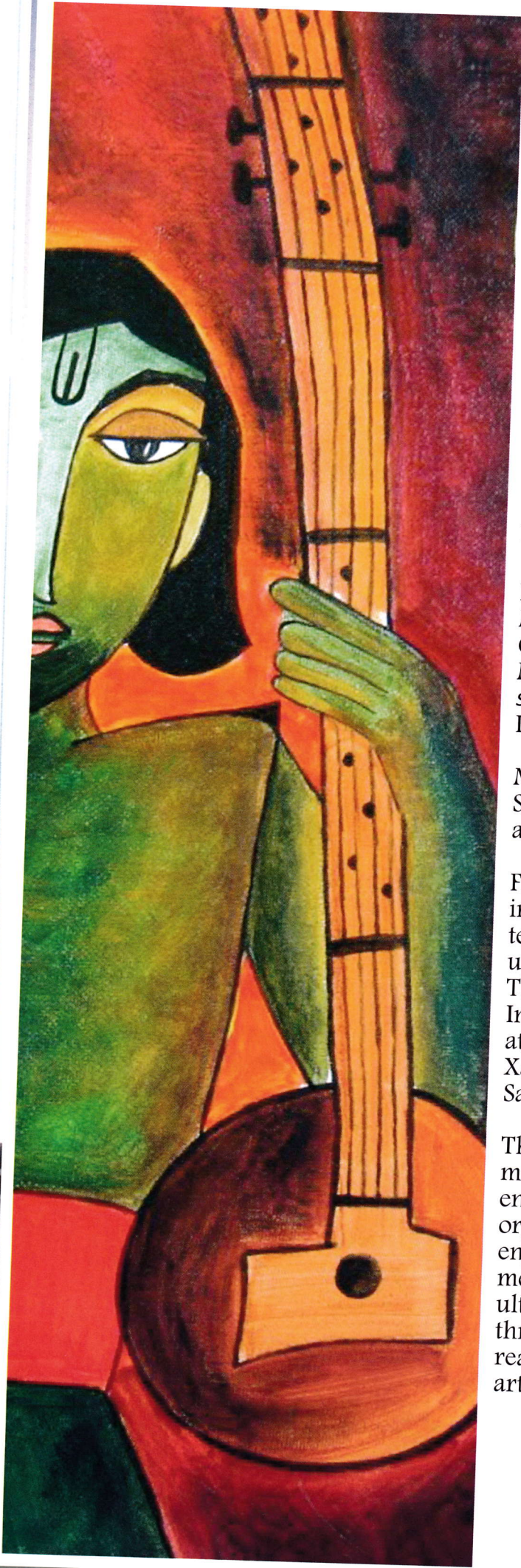
Lucknow remains, in large parts still, one of those places where *tehzeeb* (culture) and *tameez* (grace) is a part of everyday life – the beauty of the language that the *rickshawallah* speaks, the swift twirls of a *kathak* performance, the perfection in each stitch of *chikankari*, the way the *kebab* melts onto the *paratha* or how the “*malai gillori*” transcends the barriers of the palate cleansing *paan* and subtly sweetened *mithai*.

A city where human beings are given more importance than anything.
A city where people prefer adding life to days rather than days to life.

Amongst all the hustle and bustle of the city, it's very easy to find a group of people enjoying morning tea at Sharma Tea Stall or in the afternoons you can find teenagers enjoying *Shikangi* and bird watching or when the sun sets, a walk through the busy market of *Chowk* showcases people enjoying delicacies and shopping the handcrafted *chikan* works.

Name a festival and Lucknow will teach you how it's celebrated. Be it the infamous Holi celebrated at Kaiserbagh which continues for three days or the morning prayers during Ramzan or the calmness of the winters with Christmas carols or the never ending *langars* in the Gurudawars. The city has its very own way of celebrating each and every festival leaving a mark behind for others to take lessons from it!!!!

All in all I can promise you that this city won't ever hurt you and it has a lot to offer. it's just that one should have the right eyes to see it...



Classical Retreat: The Journey of my Melody

~ Sanjay Godakhindi

It is said that if your passion becomes your profession then you are on a holiday. Many artists are living legends but a very few are successful. Knowledge does not go hand-in-hand. In India, many art forms have been practiced since ages.

I enjoy classical raag. Music Directors like Illyaraja Madan Mohan and Salil Choudhary are my favourite. Orchestrations of Salil Da and Hridynath Mangeshkar, to me, are the spirit of tunes, be it filmy *sangeet*, *bhavgeet* or *bhaktigeet*. It all began this way...

My interest in music sparked after joining Sainik School, Bijapur where my beats on benches became an appealing compliment to my classmates' singing.

Finally, during my service in the Indian Air Force, I introduced myself to a music school, where my teachers taught me for a year and advised me to take up an instrument as my vocal chord failed to respond. That is how I ended up learning Harmonium myself. In Mumbai, I recall some of my best memories of attending classical music concerts, especially at St. Xavier's where I could listen to famous Flute and Santoor maestros.

The musical journey embraced me a little further as I moved to Baroda. I met various artists who encouraged me and also attended various programs organised for music enthusiasts like me. I learnt to enjoy music at another level. Those programs gifted me the realisation that identifying *ragas* is not the ultimate goal but to feel the *swaras* as they sweep through the ears. However, the depth in which it reaches the heart depends solely on the calibre of the artist.

I also recall memories of Palace Hall performances in Baroda which included Ustad Ghulam Ali's ghazals. They were the best of my experiences. His collection of ghazals with Asha Bhosle still continues to be my all time favourite.

In 1998, I got introduced to SPICMACAY (Society for Promotion of Indian Classical Music and Culture Amongst Youth) at a Hindustani Vocals concert in Baroda. But I had completely forgotten about SPICMACAY then. Never in my wildest dreams had I thought of reconnecting with SPICMACAY, but it did happen.



Performing at Baroda Blue, Air Force Station, Baroda, Gujarat(2000)

I joined TMI in 2003. Some random day, I googled SPICMACAY and ended up sending them a mail to know more about their organisation. The much awaited reply arrived a month later, which directed me to Ms. Kasturi Paigudi (pursuing PhD. in Hindustani Music), co-ordinator of SPICMACAY, Pune. Ever since my journey with SPICMACAY started; I learnt how to spare time to preserve the Indian culture, art forms and heritage at a personal level.

SPICMACAY has oceans of art forms but my interest in music remains unbeatable. Today I enjoy listening to almost all the great masters of India. The common thing I observed in all of them is that even after attaining fame and popularity, they are down to earth, simple in nature and very much dedicated to the spirit of music.

Music always refreshes and rejuvenates the mind. You do not have to know the technical aspect. All you have to do is surrender and concentrate your mind to the sound. There is an aura of positive vibrations that surround you and transcend you to a different world altogether.

To beginners it may be boring as they are in a mode of rejection to experience the real depth of any music. A little patience and positive attitude are required to become a good listener. Instruments like Sarod, Sitar, Santoor, Violin, Sarangi and Flute are few of the most appealing of such kind.



Performance at Air Force Station, Bikaner, Rajasthan(1984)

Music is that wonder, better felt than explained that moves the very soul in you, at least to me. I wish to attend as many music festivals as I can in my life and also wish to contribute in every little possible way to preserve our Indian culture which has been practiced and preached by so many great masters through generations.

THE LAST RAIN

- Milind Bason
201537TP216



An acute nervousness
A strange fear
The last rain, is it?
An end to life
An end to joy
Lifelessness it would leave
Emptiness and misery
No more the clear drops
The cool, fresh breeze
And those seven bands
Would die
Parched minds
Dry lands
A long wait again
Alas! It's the last rain



THE BACKBENCHER

~ Gloria Shamin
201437TN127



Sits he near the window
 Laid on his heap of junk
 Arms spread out
 Eyes wondering
 Every comment he shuns
 Passing comment, fiddling~seems too much
 fun
 His hands raised at every question
 But refusing to discuss
 The subject he thinks he knows
 Rest all he rejects
 His eyes, wanting to find something
 Something new
 Sits for the exam, writes to his capacity
 But far away from reality
 Perhaps he needs a teacher
 Some innovation
 To make the rusted glitter
 Stretch out his imagination....

Will to win.

- Gaurav Kumar
201337TP170



“Mastering others requires force, mastering self requires strength.” Winning is succeeding, that is what we all believe, whether in sports, wars, day-to-day tasks or even a little competition out of jealousy. Winning is about attitude, not about securing the best position.

Character, conviction, commitment and courage are the four C's to winning which merely signifies, 'a success is not a win, rather it is one's character that decides the win'. A sportsperson may lose a match, but can become a winner with a broader vision. Winning is attitude...the attitude of looking at the perspectives and locating that spark of fire which is invisible to all.

What time is it and where are we? The answer is now and we are here. Let's make the best of now and utilise the present to the fullest. “Do it now” is in phrase for the winners and so it should be ours.

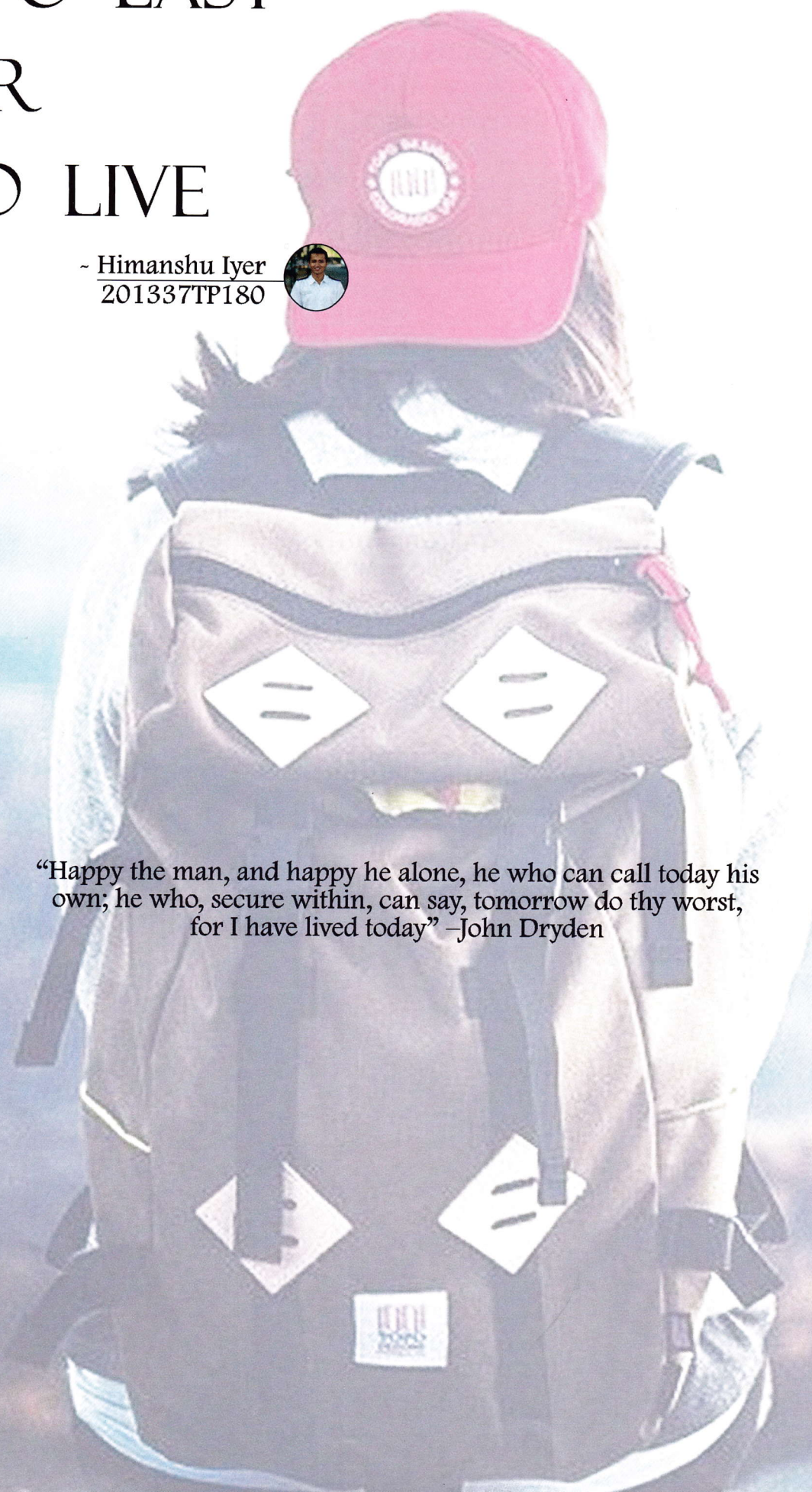
To win, one must create, have a broader viewpoint, be ready to change, see the possibilities, take chances, make it happen, and beyond a shadow of doubt, anticipate winning.

TO LAST OR TO LIVE

~ Himanshu Iyer
201337TP180



“Happy the man, and happy he alone, he who can call today his own; he who, secure within, can say, tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today” –John Dryden



The Means

It was completely dark and I was exhausted. Just then, my left leg slipped. Adrenaline rushed through my veins as I barely managed to catch hold of a shrub. That very instant, the water bottle slipped from my rucksack and went rolling down. Almost paralyzed by the fear of death that had suddenly gripped me, I managed to balance myself and sat down. A distant wind rustling the leaves accompanied the only other sound I could hear around me—the sound of my bottle falling. I envisioned my future had the shrub not been there! That is when I thought to myself, “Why am I doing this? Is it really worth it?” A sudden realization hit me.

The Motive

I sat quietly, almost numbed by the uncanny boredom the day had to offer. It was the eighth Saturday at college, after vacations. The eighth Saturday where I had nothing planned for the day. My life had become pitifully monotonous and the wheels of the clockwork were not spinning any differently today. My soul screamed out to be rejuvenated and all I could bring to the table was thoughts of solitude.

The Opportunity

My friend came running into my room. He was ecstatic. He babbled an idea with a pleading tinge added to it. He told me about an amazing trek route, the kind we saw on the televisions. It was the perfect getaway, one that I needed desperately. I didn't need to be asked twice. I was already packing my bag. Eight of us were to go on an overnight trek, climb the *Nalechivaat* trek route and reach the camp site before morning.

The Background Check

One could describe my college life as ideal, I know my parents did. I was scoring the best grades, was regular at the gym and I used to manage my way into every extra-curricular activity I could get my hands onto. I didn't necessarily enjoy everything, but each and every thing I did definitely brought me to a better position professionally. I wanted to develop myself as much as possible. And before I could realize it, I had succumbed to the ever so prominent rat race. I was ahead always, and if I had to grow up to be someone who can fend for himself, I had to ground myself there, right? I had forgotten what it meant to do something without a reason, without there being a benefit out of the result. The ubiquitous beauty of money was the only true virtue now.

The Verdict

Was I over reacting when I thought I could have fallen and lost my life? Was the monotony of my life actually so depressing? Is it really so important to be winning the rat race to last? Survival of the fittest was not just an idea, or was it? Yes, yes, yes and yes! What is the point of having been alive for the longest and yet not having lived even a single day of it? Only those who have truly lived will be able to last. I had forgotten the meaning of living. I was only working towards the idea of being able to last.

That one moment I sat, almost lost in febrile tranquility, gazing at the starry sky. I observed the moon, the birds flying. The fresh, cold air filled my lungs as I realized the fragility and uncertainty of life. Yet, at that moment, it was not my accolades that I recalled. No one ever recalls them. I recalled the moments of my life that filled me with joy. The first time I took a long walk on the beach, that one time when my new born nephew didn't let go of my finger, the smile I used to bring to the face of an orphaned boy while visiting him every week, the first time I swam without anyone's help, the first football goal I scored, the only time when the radio played all my favorite songs in one go, and the time when the tea I made came out just right. What astonished me was that there were very few memories over the recent years. The only true moments of my life were over in an instant. Yet, they had left an impact on me that would last a lifetime.

None can ever achieve the hypothetical goal of an ideal life, where every moment of life is lived to the fullest, but one can sure try. Play your favorite song on a deafening volume, even though some around you might hate it. Sing out loud and let the whole world hear, they needn't particularly like it, but you will feel better. Dance freely and speak openly. Do not think twice before helping someone. Learn to laugh things off, learn to love and learn to forgive. Live life the way it is. Don't take your failures too seriously, tomorrow is another day. The beauty of life is hidden by your ability to mask it from yourself. No one but you can make yourself happy. Don't live to last, and don't last just to live. The essence of life is in the moments that fill us with happiness. Prioritize and live!

THE ONLY CONSTANT: CHANGE

- YUVRAJ SINHA
201437TP338



"Things do not change, we change" Henry david has rightly said.

Change is the only constant thing in this world and it means outrightly making a difference. It can either be for the good or bad .We are the ones who make the change .We are the 'Winds of Change'. But we the human beings who are apparently God's ultimate creation shouldn't change like the weather does.

In my opinion our each and every action matters and makes a difference. The impact may be slight or great but inevitably a change is made. We have some great examples in Indian history itself. The father of the nation Mahatma Gandhi, Dr. B R Ambedkar to name a man. These idols not only influenced the masses but also compelled the uneducated and illiterate to contribute towards the big change that the Indian society was vouching for. Down the ages there have been great people like Winston Churchill, Mother Teresa, Nelson Mandela amongst several other who blew the Winds of Change. The independence of India was a result of a change in the ruling party in England, which decided to make India independent.

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I believe that you desire change as you experience life. The winds of change do not have a specific origin. We the people, who are the Winds of Change are omnipresent. We work on our qualities, try to be polite, change our attitude and eliminate those things from our life which we think is useless.

Our lifestyle these days is defined by changes that we continuously make. We do make mistakes but we also learn from them . We can provide the world with visible, beneficial change by contributing to our country's progress. We are the ones who spread peace throughout the world. We are the seeds of change, the winds of change, our life is ever changing both internally and externally. What we need is to be responsible and understand our duties. And voila! We can be everywhere....





#mobilegram
from the streets of Mumbai.

~ Mohit Sharma
201437TP214





TIFFIN BOX

- RAHUL JAIN
201537TP255



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Is it lunch time yet?! My contents are not only relishing but also a source of divine contentment. In the heat of the day I provide a much awaited meal of relief and deliver affection. I am a "Tiffin Box", let me take you to the odyssey of my being.

I am a silent pleasure for all, whether you are a toddler or an adult. I am not just about food; I'm a lot more than that. Coming from the kitchen slab, residing in the bags and staying on the desk, I have seen the toddlers fighting and couples sharing, snatched away by naughty guys and have heard girls giggle and gossip.

For a kid, I am a treasure chest full of surprises, a sharing aid to make new friends. For a youngster, I am an inspiration of hard work and a mother's unconditional love, who rises before the sun just to prepare his favourite meal, packed with ingredients of care and affection within me.

For a soldier, who is out to protect the nation, his mother prepares me as a symbol of blessing, love and hope to see him again.

For a husband, I am an apology for last night's fight or a gesture of love.

So I am not just about food, I connect people, a beginner of many conversations or a prologue to some ever lasting relationships.

That is who I am,
I am a "Tiffin Box".

PEOPLE AND PLACES

- Jose Saju
201437TP181

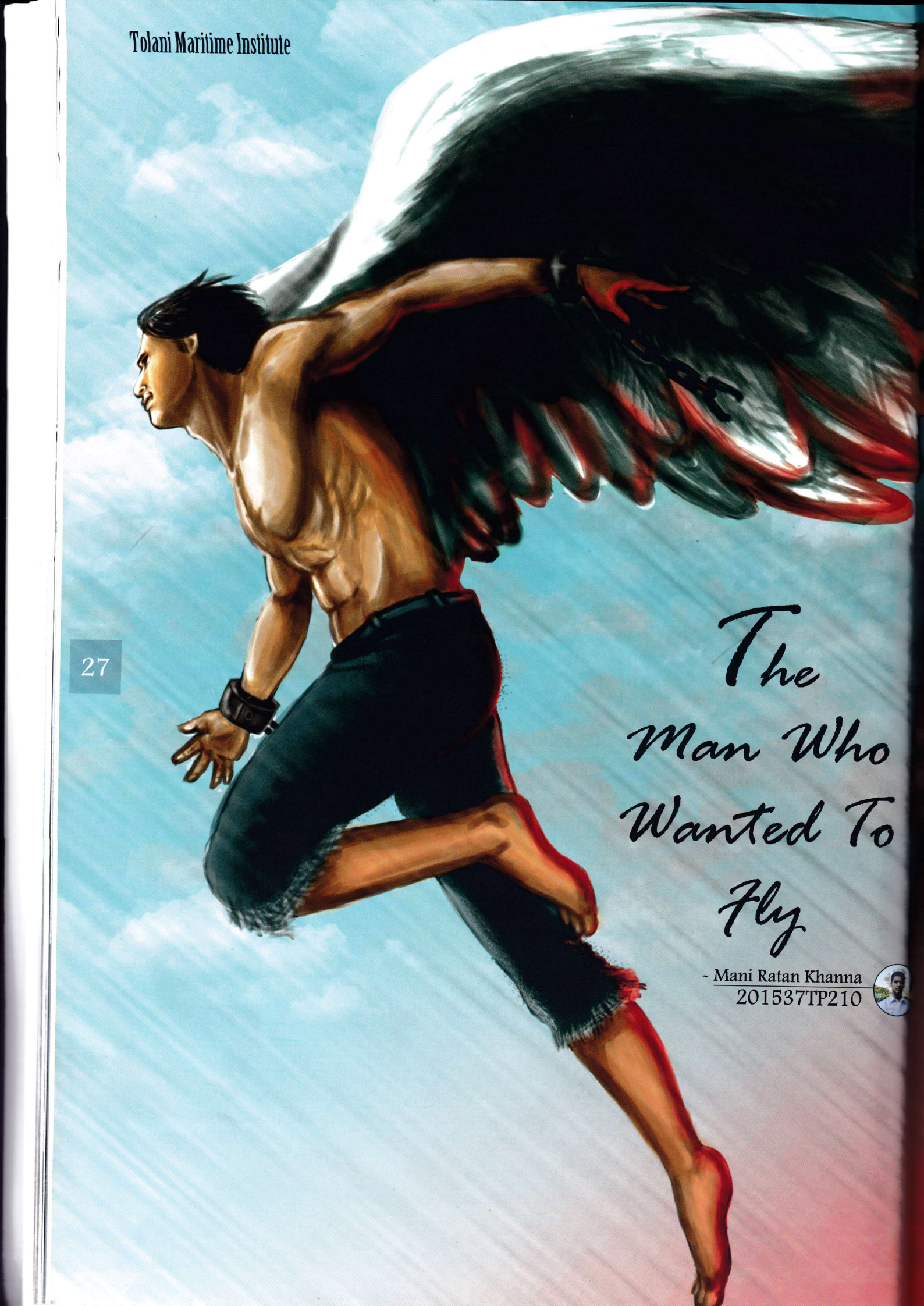


"I'm going to paraphrase Thoreau here... rather than love, than money, than faith, than fame, than fairness... give me truth" -John Krauker

Your career is your ticket to live your dreams. But the question is how many of you'll actually live up to your dreams in future. Dreams here don't refer to the job you take up or the villa you buy, there are these dreams which each one of us has and for some odd reason we believe it is never gonna come true. You might've planned a lot of things to do but when the time comes most of you will be burdened with liabilities and commitments. It's common, it's just the way life is. These burdens strangle you to the very extreme and make you a person living just because you have no other option but live.

The world my friends is a nutshell, you churn and grind in the same place to live the other day, your present is a balance between your past and your future. There is pain and negativity everywhere around, people are so busy making their lives comfortable that they end up ruining a vital part of their lives working to live their old age in peace. I've heard people say life is short. It is indeed short. When I was a kid I used to wonder the earth so gigantic, Will I be able to see each and every part of its exquisiteness before I die? When I grew up all these thoughts became a notch under. Today a normal person's life revolves around his workplace and house. He doesn't know what being happy is, for him being happy may be getting home early or maybe his wife letting him watch a football match without any botherations. A hoper would say it's best to find happiness in little things. Pretty true. But let me tell you it's you who decides what you have. And what you do with what you have. People often fail to look through their lives, to find out what makes them really happy. They fail to realize that there also is a world outside the nutshell, waiting to be explored. While you sit on your office desk scrimping money and waiting for the weekend, somewhere your dreams are being marooned. Your past relationships, wrong decisions, unfortunate happenings everything put aside for a while... Breathe!! Look forward to a new you. Go out! Discover the concealed veracity of the world. The nature brings out the best in you. Move out of the bubble you've lived in and see the endless possibilities of life. For once you start revering the beauty of the wild, it'll silently become an impulsion, a good one. Believe me there is nothing more joyous than visiting new places and people. Letting destiny decide your fate and living unfettered. Now all this might sound a luxury unbound to commoners like us, but no one asked you to be a nomad. Plan a holiday and roll. Before your hair hasn't turned grey, before your grand children start asking you to keep indoors. Because it's then you'll sit and think. What have I done the whole of my life? Regretting is pointless. So Live for yourself a bit before you live for others.

An enthralling trip with your besties will surely be among the best memories you'll cherish in your old age, because in the end nothing matters much, you return with nothing but your soul. The austerity of nature is its true beauty and it isn't anywhere close to what you will get to see from your pompous bungalow's bedroom window in the morning. You'll realise some truths about life nobody is ever going to tell you during one of your journeys. Travel can change lives. ☺
Cheerio!



*The
Man Who
Wanted To
Fly*

~ Mani Ratan Khanna
201537TP210



This happened long ago, when people knew magic and could talk to their feelings. There lived a man who wanted to fly.

One day, he was walking through a forest, carrying a bundle of sticks. He sang softly to himself and called out to the animals around him. He felt the earth firm and yielding under his bare feet. He was filled with exuberance seeing how fine it looked!

Coming to a river, he bent down to drink water and thus, he saw his own face in the deep, green water. He thought, "What a fine man I am. So handsome! So tall and strong! I am the reflection of all that is good, beautiful and wonderful on earth!"

Then, he saw a bird sitting on a branch nearby. It was beautiful, with a majestic beak and glossy feathers, preening itself in the sunlight. Suddenly, it spread its wings and took off into the sky. The man caught his breath in awe. It was such a wonderful sight! He watched the bird fly high up over the forest, watched it dip and dart, soar and dive. The man felt very small and sad.

The man thought, "What is the use of being so handsome? I am bound to the earth! Who will admire me here amongst the roots and grasses? My beauty belongs up there to the Sun and the clouds and the wind! I want to fly! I will fly! If I become lighter, then may be I can fly. I must try to become lighter!" So, the man put down the bundle of sticks. He felt a little lighter. Then, he took off his clothes. He could now feel the wind on his skin but he thought, "My hair slows me down. It traps the wind. May be I need to cut it." Then he shaved off his hair, beard and his moustache.

He thought, "I am lighter now, let me try to fly!" He stood on a rock and tried to get lifted by the wind. He ran, expecting to takeoff, but his feet would not lift. "Why won't the wind carry me like a seed or a leaf? Am I still too heavy? What is this weight that I carry?" With this thought lingering in his mind, he sat on the rock and contemplated, "I know! It is inside that I am still heavy! I have shed things on the outside, but inside I still carry so

many things! Let me see what I have inside that I can throw away." He reached inside and took out hunger and thirst. The man said, "I do not need you. You are the source of all my troubles! I have to work and slave because of you! Be gone!" Hunger replied, "It is me who nourishes your body. You would die if I stop reminding you to eat." Thirst added, "I remind you of your need for water, water to cool and cleanse your body."

The man argued with hunger and thirst over how they made his life miserable. When he could not satisfy them, he suffered! They interrupted his best moments with their constant need for attention, they tortured his children and his wife and then the family blamed him for not looking after them. "So get lost!" he commanded, as he stood on the rock, jumping up and down to see if he felt lighter, but to no avail.

Next, he reached inside and took out anger. He threw it into the river. Anger said to the man, "Think again before you throw me away! I gave you the strength to stand up against the man who would not pay for your labour. I helped you fight for your rights and gave you courage!" The man replied, "All you ever did was to cause misunderstanding and bitterness. You would not let me tame you! Yes, you had your uses but I can do without you. I don't need you anymore!"

The man then took out greed, but it argued, "I am your ambition, your drive! Life would be so boring without a little bit of greed. It's always fun to have more and more." The man was not moved and he pushed it away.

Then he pulled satisfaction out. It argued, "How would you have known where to stop without me? That evil twin of mine, greed would have driven you mad! You have thrown out hunger, thirst, anger and greed. Isn't that enough? Be satisfied now and stop."

"I will only be satisfied when I can fly!" The man put satisfaction away.

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Then he took curiosity out of his body and told her, "You are the biggest trouble maker of all! Ever since I was a small child you have caused nothing but trouble. You led me to look inside that beehive and got me stung. You gave me the idea of reading my sister's dairy. I still have her bite marks on my arm." Curiosity answered, "Who led you to books, learning and discovery? Who opened your eyes to the wonders of the world and answered your questions? Alright, throw me out! I am also curious to see how long it takes before you are absolutely bored with your life!"

After that the man threw humour out. Humour warned the man, "You need the sense of humour in this grim world." But humour's effort was in vain.

Without being affected, the man took out pride, sorrow and happiness altogether. He saw that sorrow and happiness clung to each other even though he tried very hard to separate them. He wanted only happiness, but they could not be pulled apart. So, he pushed both away.

The man felt better, emptier and free. He proceeded to re-ascertain his lightness. He tried to fly again but he was unsuccessful. He sat down panting and thought that something was still making him heavy. Some thing was still keeping his feet on the ground. The man searched every corner of his mind, heart and body. Finally, his hands touched some thing. It was warm, alive and pulsing. It was very delicate but very strong. He grabbed it in his fist and pulled it out. What came out was love and memory.

The man questioned, "How dare you hide like that? Don't you know that feelings must obey orders?" Both of them answered that they were frightened for the man. Memory said, "Your feelings make you human and without them, you would be like a drop of water that evaporates on a hot stone. We both bind you to other drops and make you a part of a river. This river gives you beauty, strength and courage. The man replied, "I can only see that you make me heavy. You both tie stones to my feet and stop me from leaping into the sky. I don't need you to be able to fly. All I need to be is empty. Is it the light, dry leaf that is carried on by the wind or the heavy coconut? Once I am in the sky, with the world admiring my beauty and grace, I would become a part of the whole. He grabbed memory and love and tried to throw them into the river but they clung to him. He struggled for a long time and finally succeeded. They sank slowly to the bottom. Again, the man stood with arms outstretched in the wind, but gradually he crumpled up. He crouched by the river, growing smaller and smaller and finally, he turned into a stone.

The bird returned to the branch and looked for the beautiful, strong man but there was only a small hunched stone in his place. The bird said, "Oh, oh, if only I had come back sooner! If only I had not being carried away by the wind! I saw him down below as I was flying, admiring my flight and regretting his lack of wings. Then, I saw him emptying himself of all that made him human. The bird came back to tell the man that only the memory of its branch and the love of the forest allowed it to dare the sky. Memory and love were its true wings.

The man who was lying near the river had heard the bird saying this. Now he realised that love and memories of his family and home were the true wings which he needed. Along with them, he could fly in this world. He regretted his decision of pushing emotions away and wanted all of them back which would make him whole.



"Travel, like dreams, is a door that opens from the real world into a world that is yet to be discovered."

ISO 50
F2
1/300

- Ritesh Yadav
201337TP255



THE OTHER PERSPECTIVE

- Sankalp Verma
201337TP268



The humble sage, by virtue of true knowledge, sees with equal vision a learned and gentle Brahmana, a cow, an elephant, a dog and a dog eater.

Somewhere I read this verse, some years back. I respect equality, I promote equality but never have I thought of intra-species equality, what to speak of inter-species equality. Nevertheless, with the passage of time the thought got decanted and settled down in my subconscious gray matter.

February 2016

I was waiting at Chattrapati Shivaji International Airport, Mumbai for my senior cum friend Sagar Mehta who had returned from his first sail as a Fourth Engineer. Soon our site locked with a crescent grin. We exchanged our joy. We hugged, exchanged words, secured the luggage and started off for Talegaon.

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I – “Welcome back, Sir. I am very happy to see you after eight long months.”

SM – “I am very happy to be back too. This time, it was a different experience in all. The responsibilities of performing major overhauling as an 'Officer In-charge' were a different feeling.”

As it was early morning hours, soon we were away from the buzzing traffic of Mumbai. I could see his delight of feeling upon being back to India even in his silence.

I decided to break the silence.

“Did you get the opportunity to go ashore? I believe product tankers berth frequently.”

SM – “Oh Yes, Yes! Two days in London, then Norway, many days in Houston. Then another long voyage to Argentina then back to Liverpool. Then Durban, South Africa.

Yet another long voyage to Dublin, Ireland and sign off.....ah!”

I – “So how was the experience? Adventurous life!! That's what you said in TMI interview.”

Both of us burst into laughter.

SM – (with fine gesture) “Finally experienced it!” But then he turned grievous. I thought another humour dose would erupt, but no!!

He continued gravely, “Everywhere I went I could see American culture only. I learned a lot about the diversity of different places and people, but upon practically seeing it, it was more or less the same.”

I asked with amusement, “Means?”

SM – “Means, that the flavour of diversity was missing. Same rat race, terminal guys, barge guys, security guys, we mariners everywhere. Everyone on the same note, burdened with the pressure to earn livelihood.”

I asked, “I thought it would have been a good experience.”

SM – “Of course, it was a great experience, but only initially. Later, it became a monotonous one, for me at least. Being a Gujarati, if I visit Kerala, Tamil Nadu, Andhra Pradesh, Uttar Pradesh, Maharashtra or anywhere in India, I am always served with the same Gujarati cuisine... How will I ever enjoy diversity? Same malls and same products with different tags with a slight variation in price. That's it! How much can one shop?” “Hmm....!!”, I sighed with slight agreement. He asserted, “Enjoyment seeks variety and as globalisation is eating up diversity, I would term it as a devil of globalisation. Who wants a monotonous world?!”

I shrugged off, “Sir, I think you are going too far.”

“Yeah too far but too accurate!”, he concluded. I couldn't figure out where this discussion was heading to. Suddenly, I realised that we were already on the Mumbai-Pune expressway, at a speed of 100 km/hr.

“Wouldn't globalisation provide with more knowledge and equality? There is so much in the world and universe to be known and much yet to be discovered. And equality!! The more the people get opportunities by globalisation, the better would be the levelling. Isn't it??!!” I concluded with an affirmative dilemma.

SM smiled, "Let's look at the other perspective. Recently there has been a new term coined as "Information Diarrhoea" which indicates excessive information. When the brain is stuffed with information, how can one be peaceful? Rather, most of the time this information doesn't come for any rescue. There is a wide difference between knowledge and information. Knowledge frees from ignorance. Information stagnates and creates ignorance derived from real knowledge." He continued, "and as far as equality is considered, I would like to quote one verse from the Bhagwat Gita"-

*'vidyā-vinaya-sampanne brāhmane gavi hastini
śuni caiva śva-pāke ca paṇḍitāḥ sama-darśinah'*

The settled thought got agitated and showed up. My mind reeled 8 years back through time. With more focused attention, I gave myself a moment's notice and was on standby. All my waste thoughts and blown distractions through, to absorb what he was going to say.

"A person endowed with true knowledge amalgamated with humility doesn't see the externals but the conscious divine within every living entity. That's true equality."

It appeared as if the whole creation was speaking through his mouth equivalent to a starting pressure of 30 bars.

He continued, "Definitely there is some difference, that's why Lord Krishna is mentioning these species separately. But beyond this, he urges Arjuna to appreciate the better truth which is equal in all, the living conscious force."

I humbly asked, "So the equality which people are seeking and trying to introduce is artificial? Wouldn't it work?"

"Good question." He appreciated my query as a counter question stroked my intellect.

He asked, "A judge in a court and a mason or a construction site laborer is paid differently despite the fact that the mason boils physically more than the judge. Is this justice? Shouldn't there be equality?"

I exclaimed, "But how is that possible!"

He interrupted, "Yes! This would be artificial equality based on external information and not the practical knowledge."

"Take this body for example", he continued, "There are so many organs in this body - brain, hands, belly, reproductive and excretory organs etc. Does the brain say, "Enough with you kidneys! You are so dirty because you remove impurities. Or does the belly say to legs, "I have to digest so much to keep you active. To hell with you!"

I said, "Of course not, that would be disastrous." With affirmation he marked, "Yes! Despite natural differences, all the organs work together for maintaining a healthy body."

Also, for a social setup to work effectively and efficiently we must have an intelligent class like brain, an administrative class like hands and chest, a mercantile class like belly and reproductive organs and craftsmanship class like legs. Do you agree?"

I said, "Yes, very much." He continued, "So, despite the differences, vast differences, there is an underlying common thread which binds all and urges to serve each other for the ultimate welfare of the society. That should be the basis of equality." I said, "I think I am on the same page."

"One more thing, for your kind information the Vanashram system consisting of Brahmana, Kshatriya, Vaishya and Shudra is the same social setup which existed in India. Of course, later it became perverted and became the present day caste system which is now used for exploitation."

The conversation was remarkable for me. I looked out at the lush greenery of the Western Ghats. I could experience the serenity both within and without.

Though many questions were still lingering in my heart, I was able to appreciate this unique yet common concept of "Unity in diversity."

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- Fred Martin
201337TN110



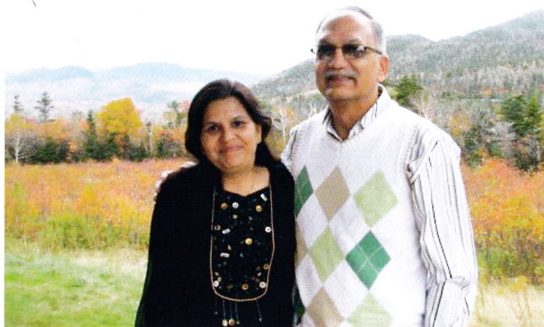
I know sometimes it's still hard to let me see you
In all your cracked perfections.
But please know,
Whether it's the day you burn
more brilliant than the sun
Or the nights you collapse into my lap,
Your body broken into thousand questions.
You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.
I will love you when you are a still day:
I will love you when you are a hurricane:
I will wrap myself in your arms,
Skin to skin
Hands intertwined.
To fall asleep to the sound of your heartbeat.
For this is where I live,
This is where I belong...

- Vividh Sinha
201437TP333





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DREAM VACATION

~ Dr. D.D. Mundhra



I have always wanted to visit places, meet people, know about them and learn from them. Although I've a lot of memories attached to a lot of places but the one I would like to share with you would definitely be this.

It's when we went to USA to meet our son in 2008. It was a dream come true to visit the famously known "land of opportunities" and let me tell you it isn't the place what you see on TV, it just gets better.

We went to Boston via JFK airport in New York. The airstrip was a visual treat where a plethora of aircrafts were lined up for takeoff and half a dozen were hovering over for their chance to land. From there we drove down to Portland, which was about 100 miles away. The drive was enthralling and I couldn't resist but stare and adore the beauty of the land which had successfully overpowered my jetlag.

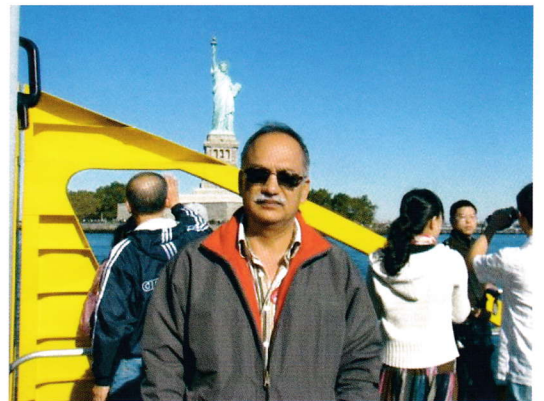
We decided to begin with Boston and set foot in the world famous institute MIT, the institute has a sprawling 168 acre campus, and we took help of a local guide to take us around. It was indeed a prestige to visit the place from where some of the legends like Kofi Annan and Raghuram Rajan pursued their higher education. The travel had already drained us and we badly needed refuelling.

After a fingerlicking lunch at a neighborhood food joint we headed for Harvard University, yet another marvel of quality education. With the likes of Barack Obama, Mark Zuckerberg and Natalie Portman, this University has some real good star alumnus. We had a nice long chat with some of the students there and then decided to call it a day as it was a long and tiring journey till there.



The very next day we had a flight to New York. The most populous city in the United States. Upon reaching the hotel without wasting even a minute, we set off according to the tourist guides plan. The first on the list of places was the Statue of Liberty. The 305 feet long statue took me to awe and is definitely a sheer piece of mastery and elegance. Upnext was the Empire Estate building which was yet another example of fine artistry. Even though it was a little bit late I couldn't contain myself from exploring more and insisted my son to take me to the World Trade Tower which witnessed an unfortunate terrorist attack in the year 2001. Though in rubbles, the place still gave me goosebumps as I reminscied the fateful day. The plan for the second half of the day was to visit Madam Tussauds, and it was indeed an honour to see the wax sculptures of Indian origins like Shahrukh Khan and Aishwarya Rai Bachhan here outside.

The next stop was Washington DC, the seat of power. We had a glimpse of White House as we had to hurry to finish off with all places. The true delight of this trip was the Niagra Falls. We were truly amazed by the beauty and ferocity of the gushing water, a long way down. The entire area was extremely scenic and clean. In the last leg we went to Las Vegas. The city bills itself as the Entertainment capital of the world and to an extent it is pretty much true. We visited some world famous casinos and had an exquisite dining experience. I so wished I could stay for some more days but then it was duty time and we had a flight to catch. I am really looking forward to visit US again and hopefully I'll be very soon in a casino bagging in some real good cash! Who knows?



THE TASTE OF PUNE

-Natalia Taware
201437TP217



Pune - Well known as the 'cultural capital' of the state, the most unique thing about this beautiful city is that it possess a highly traditional Maharashtrian lifestyle with a Western Twist. Puneri food being a delicious blend of traditions as well as western culture, the perfect combination every food lover will relish.

This article has been specially written for all my fellow T.M.I cadets, most of whom have no idea about rich heritage of Pune and the extraordinary food you get to have here. So, basically I'll be helping you find the taste of Pune and trust me there will be no mention of BBQ, McDnalds, Pizza Hut, etc.

So the hot platter goes as such :-

Pithla Bhakri :

The most traditional dish of pune so undoubtedly it will be served as a topping on this list. The dish formerly prepared within the peasants but later popular within all classes is enjoyed by everyone alike! Pithla is basically a besan curry. Accompanied by a jowar bhakri and thecha (a pickle made by crushing together raw green chillies.) Sinhagad Fort serves the best Pithla Bhakri in Pune. As it would be the best reward for a somewhat tiring trek.



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Bhakarwadi :

A mouth watering snack, it basically looks like small rolls and has a spicy stuffing. If you are thinking about trying this delicacy, waste no time and head straight to Chitale Bandhu. You'll savour the taste for sure. Punekar can swear by the uniqueness and specialty of this dish.



Thaali peeth :

The perfect morning meal of 50% families in the city. It is a pancake made of flour, different pulses, vegetables and spices. Served with a small scoop of Loni (butter), it tastes literally like heaven. Sharvari and Shabree - the two places are highly recommended, you can find the best Thaali peeth in the city.

Maharashtrian thaali:

A dish which allows you to discover the varied flavour of this beautiful city. The thaali plate has a number of bowls with different curries then there is roti and rice. Its a proper meal which will fill your appetite, leaving you with no regrets of over eating. Hotel Durvankur serves a large variety of thaalis, the place forces it's patrons to return back, all because of the humble ambience the place offers.



Misal pav :

You knew this was coming.! There's nothing like a plate of piping hot missal pav to warm you up on a cold rainy day. The dish that defines Pune. The misal consists of curry added with misture, onions, tomatoes etc. And is eaten with pav. There are a huge number of places where you can enjoy this core maharashtrian snack. Dish served at Katakirr, Bedekar Misal are tempting enough. Well, Katakir is a must try for all non- Puneris.

I hope this article has been informative enough that no one will complain about the food in Pune. The joints metioned here will satitate even the most resilient foodies. Enjoy your meal. Bon Appétit!!!



DISCONNECTED

- Prakhar Rakesh
201537TP239



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She was watching the butterflies sitting on the flowers of her garden and wondering whether they were taking a sunbath or they had some important tasks to perform. Also, she was admiring the prettiness of both the flowers and the butterflies and as she stretched her hand to feel that beautiful creature, a loud shout struck her, "come in Amy you are supposed to be in your room". The voice, as soon as it struck her ears, made her panic and she fell in the mud and the butterflies flew away leaving her questions unanswered. She shook off the mud from her, still leaving some stains and walked inside where her mother scolded her for going outside in the garden. Her mother's scolding flooded her eyes and the smile on her face turned into a gloomy crumple. Unable to take on more scoldings, she rushed clumsily into her room and flung herself on the bed wiping off her tears from her bulky eyes.

Amy was a fourteen year old teenager who lived with her single 'overprotective' mother. Amy wasn't a normal teenager girl like others, she was autistic. This small little word tagged her, she was looked upon with eyes full of queries, disgust and as if she was something inferior to other teenagers. But she considered herself absolutely normal, *the only difference* being she did not look like other girls. She stood for hours in front of the mirror wondering whether she was beautiful. After a lot of efforts put into thinking, she realised that her ugly eyes, heavy face, messy hair and clumsy body were all considered to be ugly by the so called society of normal people.

Hardly any time did she dare to step out of her confinements but whenever she did, the wide, long and deep stares of people outside her world plunged and pierced her self confidence, the giggles and laughs that came across her clumsy activities bashed her self-respect to death every single time. She was treated as an unusual creature that did not belong here. Every time she discovered how people could do things that she could not, with ease and laughed on her when she failed at them, she died a little inside. She could still go out as she managed to regain the courage of taking that big leap, with very few short steps she would go out but every time she did it, people made her feel disconnected.

Later that evening her mother, as she realised that she was a bit too harsh on her little angel, bought her a gift. The gift was re-enlightened the dying spark of cheerfulness in her. It was a mask, a mask of a beautiful girl. Finally she would look beautiful and will be the centre of attraction and with this hope she ran out of the walls built around her. The big smile which reflected even beneath her mask was so pretty, it could do anything on any given day.

Having noticed a group of teenagers by the side of the road, she approached them cheerfully. Every person in that group looked at her with a blank face and suddenly one of them asked, "is it halloween guys?" To which one of them replied "of course not, she needs no masks to look scary".

With this statement everyone but her, burst into laughter while she stood there lifeless, with that little spark in her finally put off. Still in a dilemma that what went wrong this time, Amy burst into tears. She just could not understand how her best effort to connect to this beautiful smart world went in vain. The feeling of disconnection grew more stronger on her as she walked back to her world with dense clouds of embarrassment following her all the way.

It took her mother hours of consoling when she finally stopped crying and went off to sleep, with no memories of what happened today but only a hope to wake up and magically be that flower which had the attention of all those butterflies and if not the flower atleast be a butterfly which was all accepted everywhere and could fly wherever she wanted to. This thought itself brought back her smile, the beauty of which could not be understood by the world she hasn't connected to.



HOW I FOUND MYSELF

- Saurabh Dutta
201537TP281

Rummaging through the pages of an old dusty album, seeing the picture of a tiny one holding onto a model of a plane and trying to make it fly, I went back straight into retrospection over how memories have left their indelible marks in me I remember how I wanted to be a pilot when I was a toddler, I used to be happy over small and meager things but it was pure and whole hearted. Life after thirteen years seems like a bubble. Self created, self-made. I wonder where that innocence vanished away .Where did all the immaterialistic happiness go away. We humans have forgotten to focus on the little things in life that often makes the most of life. Often in the fast pacing life, in the monotony, we forget to look at ourselves and reflect. Reflect and understand that in life, hardships and happiness cannot collide. Individualism is necessary. We need to be sure of what we want in life, figure out our priorities. Focus on small things and make them big .Begin with less and amend it to more. Most importantly, figure out who you really are. After all self introspection is what gives us the realization of real success which in turn gives immense happiness. The moment you find yourself out, you give a purpose to your life.



Mayank Rai

2013B7TP207



"Because beauty is not skin deep"

The Road Less Travelled

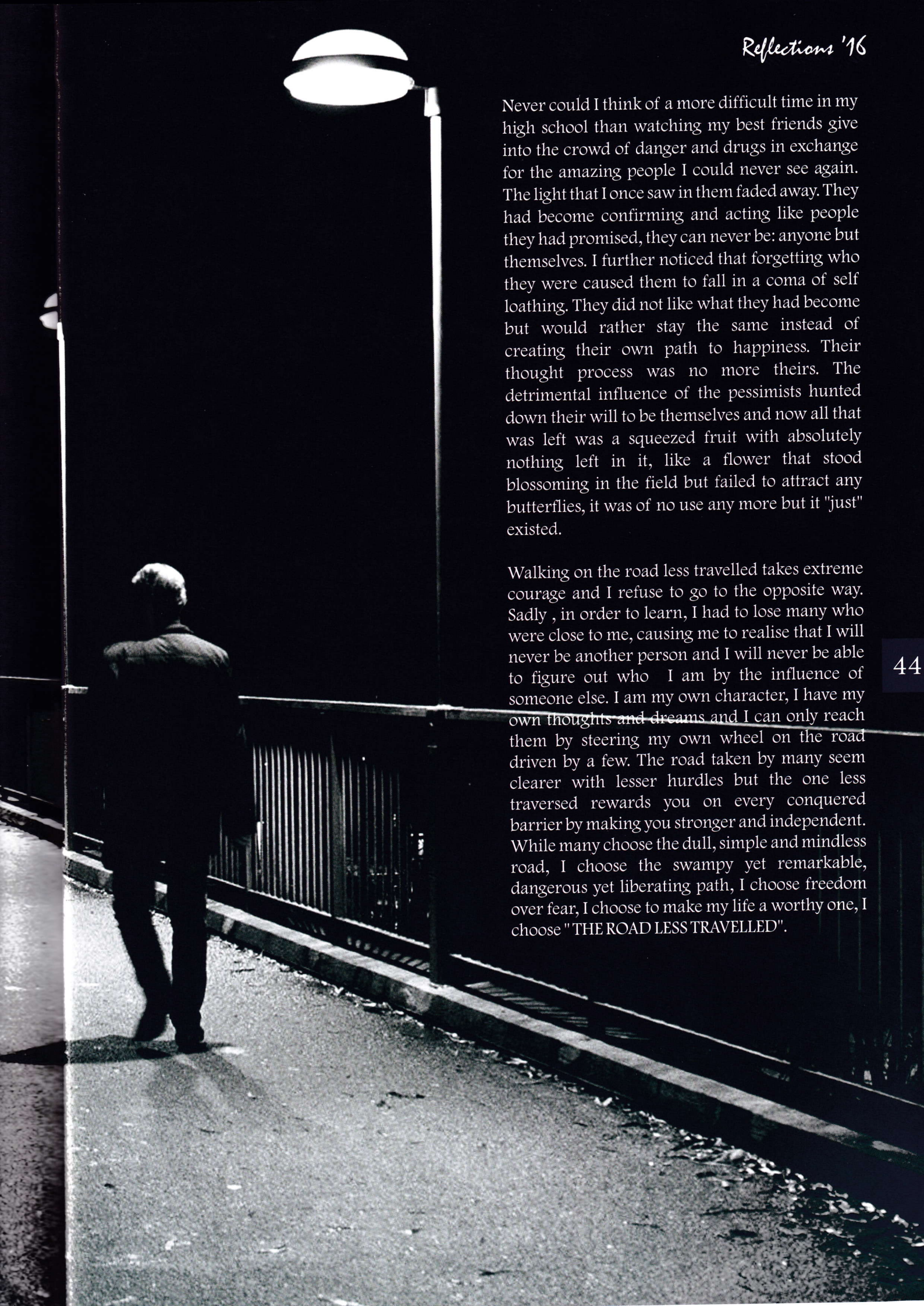
- Siddharth Gupta
201537TP300

While some are misleading themselves by travelling on the roads that have been walked before, others are paving their own paths. It is said that people can be in search of who they are for their entire lives. It is a choice whether to take the easier route: falsely finding what is in your heart or to take the more vigorous one: slowly and clearly deciphering every inch of who you are until you feel completely whole, the feeling of pride that you get when you feel that you have proved the worth of your life. But the problem arises when you choose to travel on the path that not many have the courage to step on. You are looked upon with disgust and innumerable critical and judgemental blows for having the audacity to prefer something that the herd did not have the courage to even consider. What I believe is this choice may be much quicker and truer to one's self and would be done without getting lost on the way. Without being where others have been before and without feeling the need to be someone else. I have seen a puzzle of myself come together in a catastrophic way yet flawless way. The realisation of myself has allowed me to have an undeniable belief in "THE ROAD LESS TRAVELLED".

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The road less travelled could simply mean anything from being my own person to finding my own life without influence of others. Ever since my first step in school, I started noticing all these aspects. I knew that acting the way others did and by being a facade of a person was not Siddharth Gupta. By walking my own line and being unique. I knew I could easily love myself and I believe that there is absolutely no point and pleasure in living someone else's life. It's like living like a slave where your soul is unable to breathe in the fresh air of freedom, chained by the fear of criticism that follows when you dare to do something uncommon. As a senior student I knew firsthand that this was a crucial time in any teenagers life where irreplaceable qualities of a person can completely fly out the door the moment the freshmen year starts. Everyone is in search of a comfortable place to lay their head and many believe that the cost of completely deterring who they are as person is worth it, failing to realise the amount of happiness that one feels when he stands on his own legs. The feeling of being complete and the thrill of facing the world on your own.





Never could I think of a more difficult time in my high school than watching my best friends give into the crowd of danger and drugs in exchange for the amazing people I could never see again. The light that I once saw in them faded away. They had become confirming and acting like people they had promised, they can never be: anyone but themselves. I further noticed that forgetting who they were caused them to fall in a coma of self loathing. They did not like what they had become but would rather stay the same instead of creating their own path to happiness. Their thought process was no more theirs. The detrimental influence of the pessimists hunted down their will to be themselves and now all that was left was a squeezed fruit with absolutely nothing left in it, like a flower that stood blossoming in the field but failed to attract any butterflies, it was of no use any more but it "just" existed.

Walking on the road less travelled takes extreme courage and I refuse to go to the opposite way. Sadly, in order to learn, I had to lose many who were close to me, causing me to realise that I will never be another person and I will never be able to figure out who I am by the influence of someone else. I am my own character, I have my own thoughts and dreams and I can only reach them by steering my own wheel on the road driven by a few. The road taken by many seem clearer with lesser hurdles but the one less traversed rewards you on every conquered barrier by making you stronger and independent. While many choose the dull, simple and mindless road, I choose the swampy yet remarkable, dangerous yet liberating path, I choose freedom over fear, I choose to make my life a worthy one, I choose "THE ROAD LESS TRAVELLED".

*Class of 2013
B. Tech Nautical Technology*





*Class of 2013
B. Tech Marine Engineering*

Editorial Team

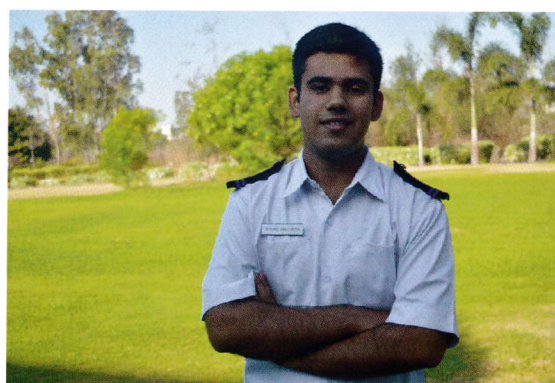


Himanshu Iyer
201337TP180

A deep thinker, a diplomat, a writer, a graphics' expert and the best co-partner one could ever have for this edition. The guiding star amongst TMI tailored graphic enthusiasts. A great observant with unique writing style.

Rishab Malhotra
201437TP244

Never said a 'No' to the design we aspired. The funny guy that keeps you awake for the late night preps. The brain behind the outlook of Reflections'16. When it comes to design, he carries the execution in style. Calm, composed and sincere, he is extremely capable of bringing out ideas into visually pleasing pieces.



Jose Saju
201437TP181

He has his say in every task with his dedication to look for. With an easy disposition, he is worth approaching for assistance and suggestions. Kudos to him for adding sparks to various contents.



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Divyansh Chaplot
201537TN124

A diligent and focused observer and writer with unmatched writing skills. He can unleash literature with simplicity and unalloyed expressions. A pure symbol of hard work and sincerity.



Mani Ratan Khanna
201537TP210

A wonderful story teller with a dramatic style of narration and a crucible to melting imaginations. He completes every task with proficiency and dedication.



Vividh Sinha

201437TP333

The crutch and the backbone of Reflections'16. It has been wonderful witnessing him grow into a wonderful editor, designer, planner and what not. He has come a long way from being just an enthusiastic writer from Ist Year to being a wonderful editor. Way to go mister.



Prakhar Rakesh

201537TP239

Completes each task with panache and elegance and is always ready to take up any task. His creativity and original ideas have been the key tools to his writings.

Shubham Chawla

201537TP294

An amateur shutterbug. He owns the skills of blending the perfect light and exposure in portrait photography. He is an enthusiastic learner.



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Yuvraj Sinha

201437TP338

A writer with great labelling skills whose contributions have been tremendous in the drafting and selection stage. He has been a very humble and sincere contributor in the endeavour of this edition.

Rahul Jain

201537TP255

A dedicated writer who can articulate endearing snippets on odd fanciful ideas and take them to another level.





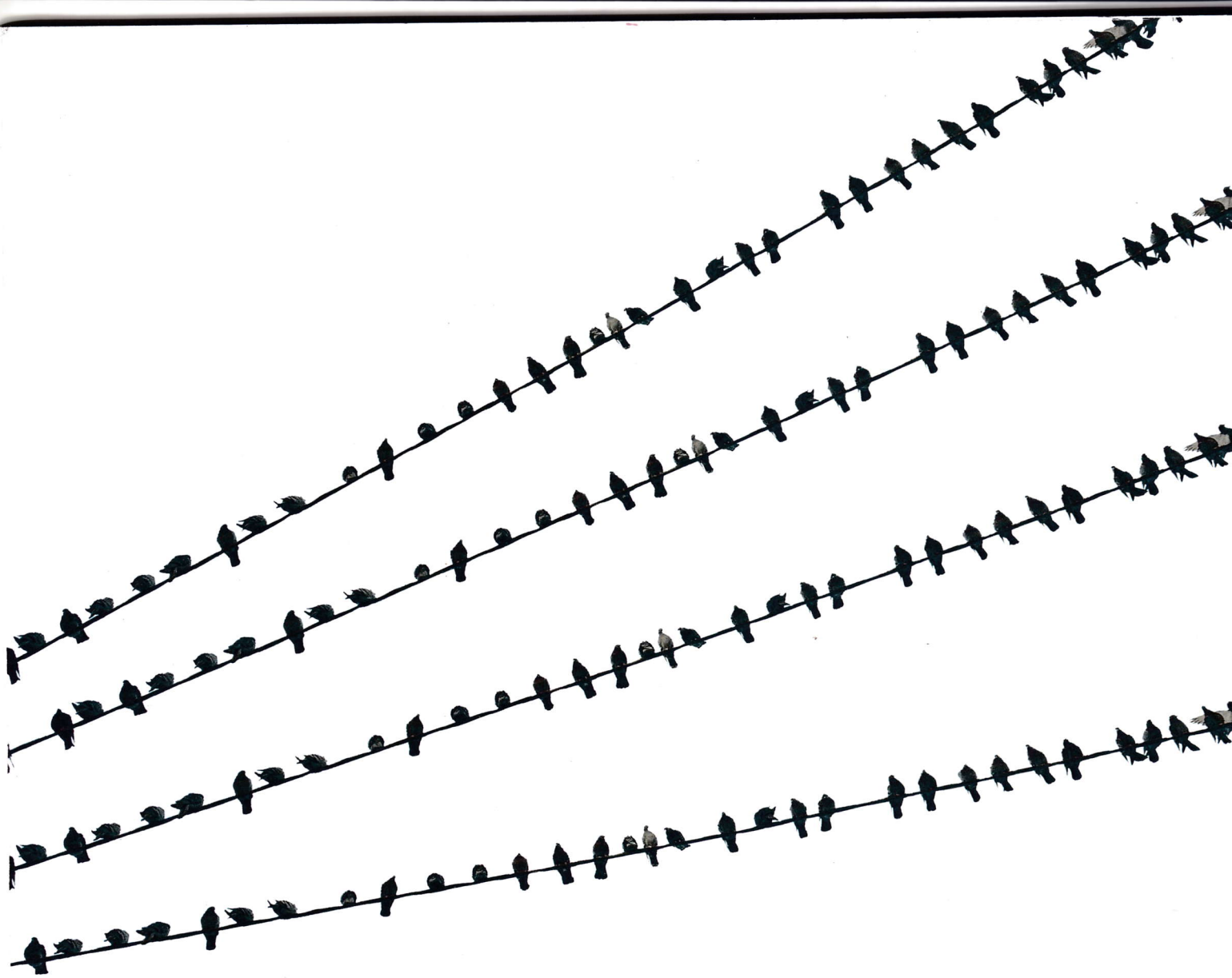
Team Reflections' 2016

*Catch us again with the next edition,
with loads of good vibes and love...*

"Reflections '17 - Vibes"

*- Vividh Sinha
Co-Editor
Reflections' 16*

Team Reflections 2017



*"Because my friend, the answer is blowing with the
wind."*



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