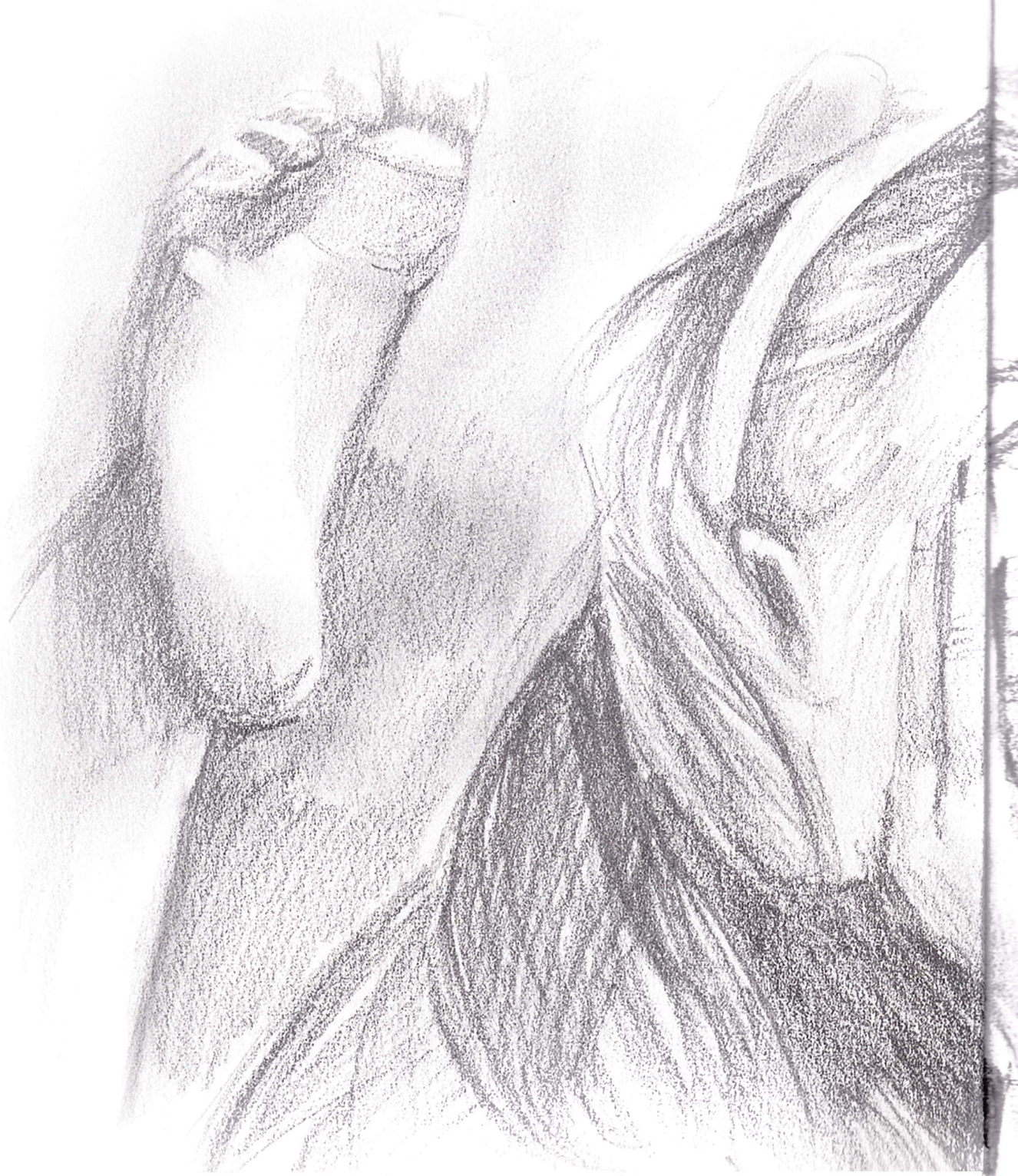


REFLECTIONS '15



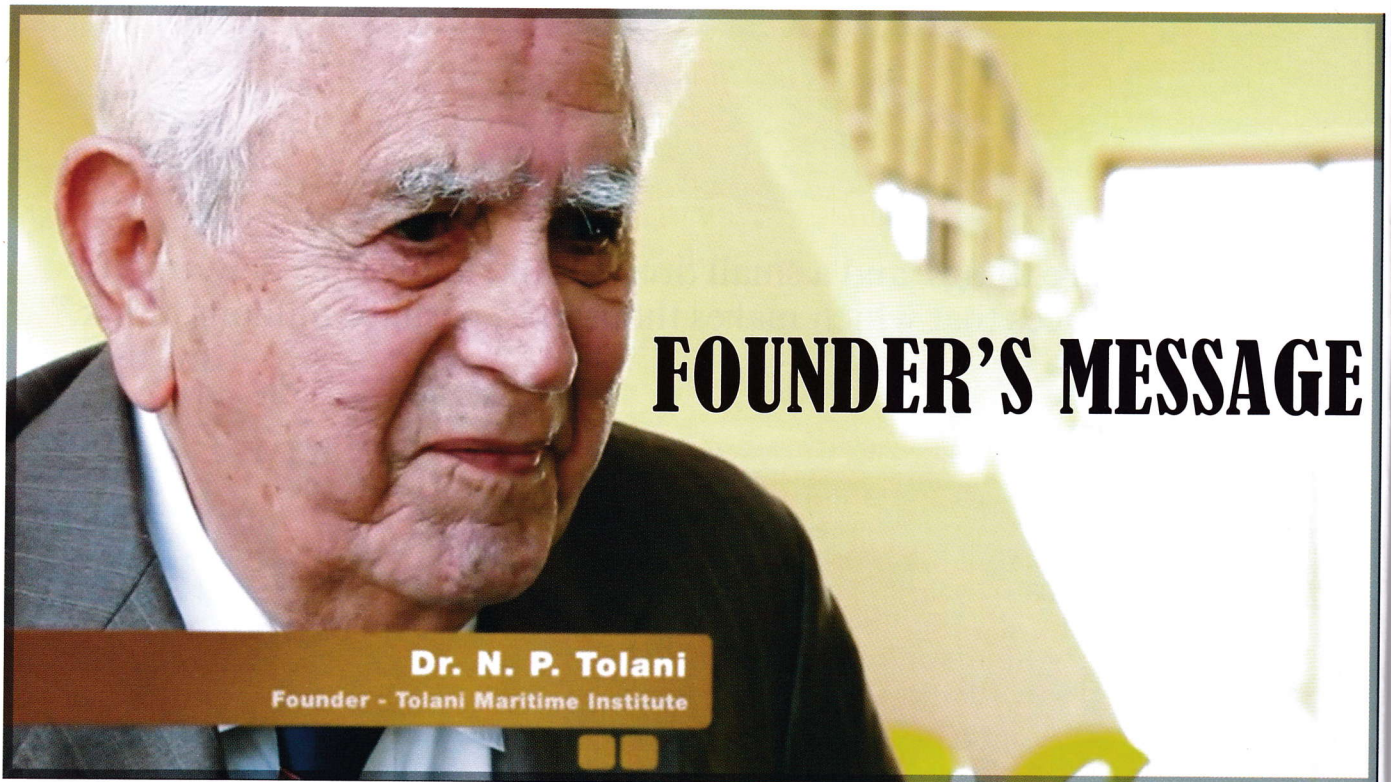
Emotions



“But words are things, and a small drop of ink, falling like dew, upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.”
-Lord Byron



BHARAT SARDA
(201437TN161)



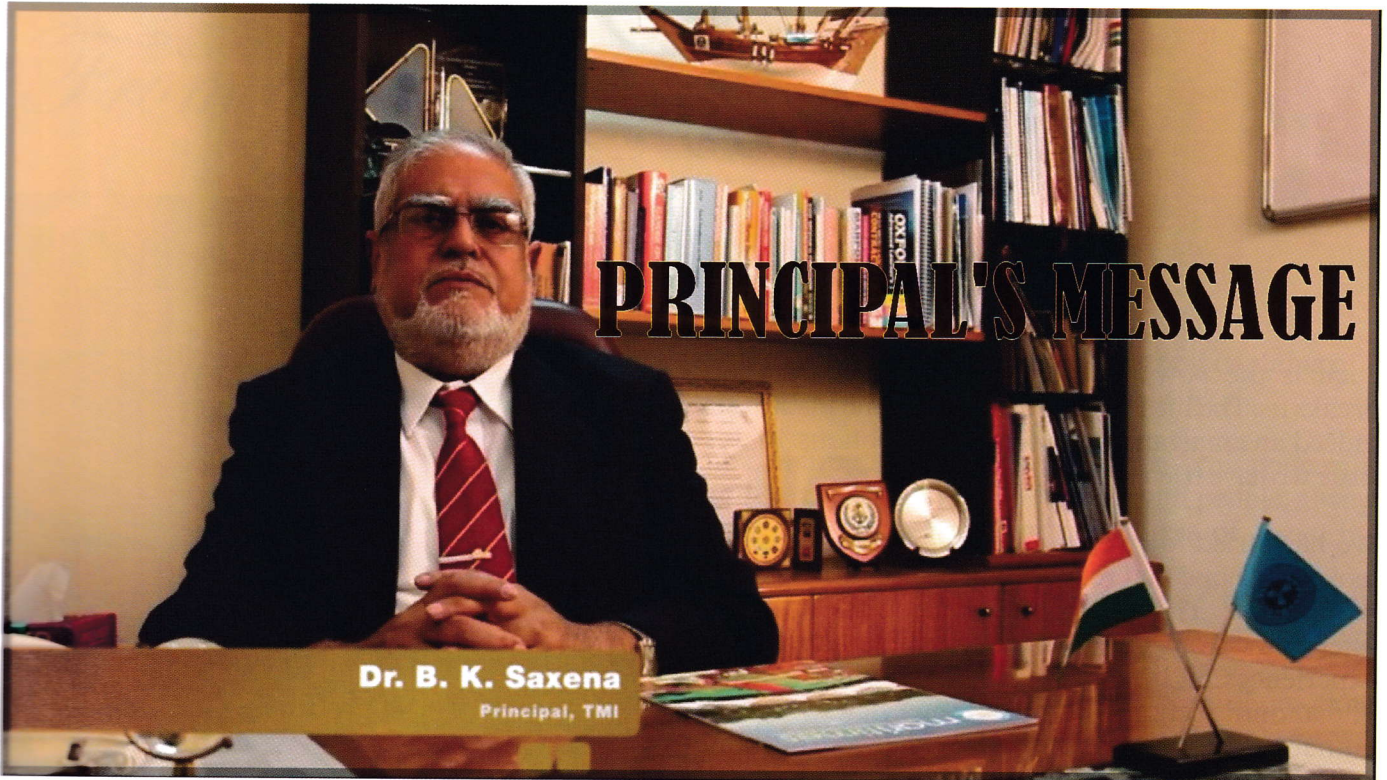
It is extremely pleasing to see the 14th edition of the “REFLECTIONS '15 – Emotions” and I am immensely delighted to see the hard work and talent being nourished through this medium.

The magazine has done a commendable job over the years in bringing out the talent and encouraging the cadets to articulate their minds.

I convey my appreciation and compliment to the editorial team for their committed efforts and the faculty associated with the whole of TMI for their determination and dedication in exploring the new zones of excellence.

I wish they touch new horizon in their future ventures. And I wish the magazine all the success in this endeavour of theirs.

Dr. N. P. Tolani



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Dr. B. K. Saxena
Principal, TMI

It is indeed gratifying to pen these words as a memorandum for the 14th edition of the college magazine.

I have always complimented the student body on the immense talent that is available in Tolani Maritime Institute. This is the continuation of initiative of publishing a students' magazine in a significant way to manifest this talent.

It is indeed heartwarming to see this kind of hard work and dedicated effort put in by the cadets to bring out every new issue. Their energy and enthusiasm in every walk of life is something that gives me great satisfaction and assures me that TMI cadets shall remain unmatched in their attitude, skill and knowledge.

My compliments to the entire editorial board and all the contributors. I wish the issue, "REFLECTIONS '15 – Emotions", a great success.

Dr. B.K. Saxena

Editors Note

"Your intellect may be confused, but your emotions will never lie."

Such is the power of emotion which makes and breaks us. The life here at Tolani Maritime Institute is indeed an amalgamation of various emotions. In this issue we have tried to bring out all of those.

We have tried to give this year's edition a refreshed look and I hope that readers will have a different feel reading it. This time the Reflections features interviews from Capt. S.G. Deshpande along with experiences and incidents of Capt. Abhijeet Avate. The alumni section includes an interview with Cdt. Jannat Bhuller, where she shares her journey and experiences so far.

We also managed to get you an interview from renowned actor Rajeew Khandelwal who was really hard to get in touch with!

The theme 'Emotions' was vast and challenging topic for the magazine, but I could not have imagined so many inputs from all the enthusiasts. This definitely gave our editors a really hard time in choosing the ones to be printed. I would like to thank all the cadets, who in anyway contributed to the magazine. It would not have been possible without your participation and support.

My team and I have tried to cover as much as we could and we have really amazing articles for you readers. Articles conveying emotions of love, hatred, regret, fear, joy and a lot more.

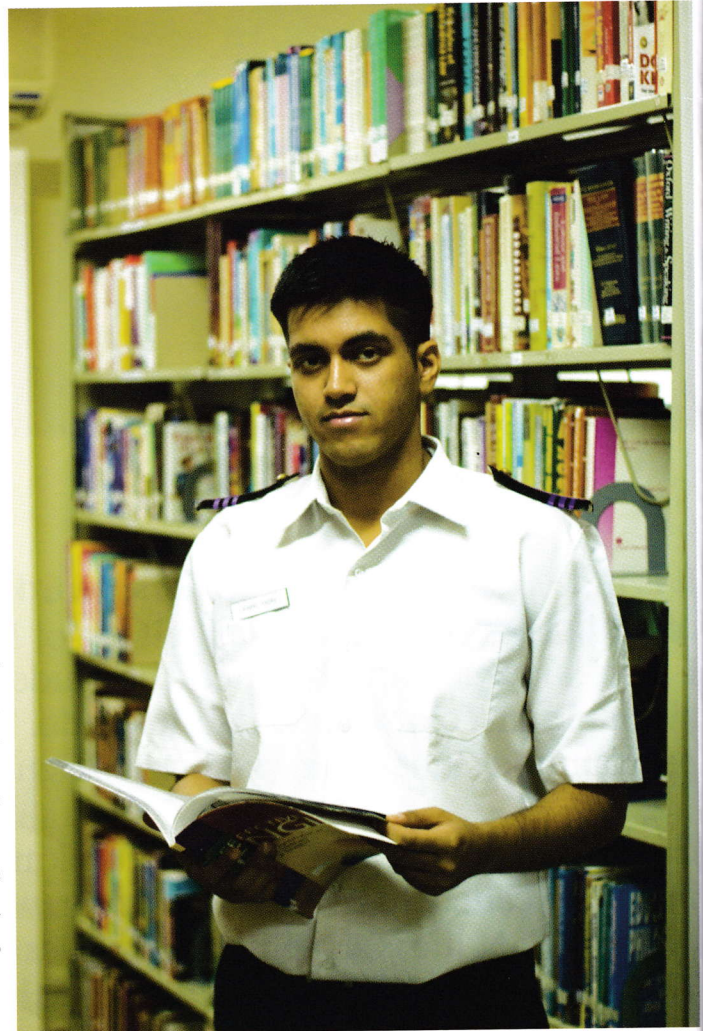
I would like to express my gratitude to my Principal, Dr. B.K. Saxena, and Provost, Capt. Raj Razdan and faculty advisors of TMI for their support and guidance in making the issue.

A special thanks goes to our previous Chief Editor-Raunaq Sachdev, for sharing his experiences and pushing us in the right direction throughout the crusade, and also to my super talented and hardworking team, who combined their days and nights to make this magazine happen. Last but not the least; I would like to thank my partner Cdt. Dhruv Dutta, for assisting me in every step of this journey.

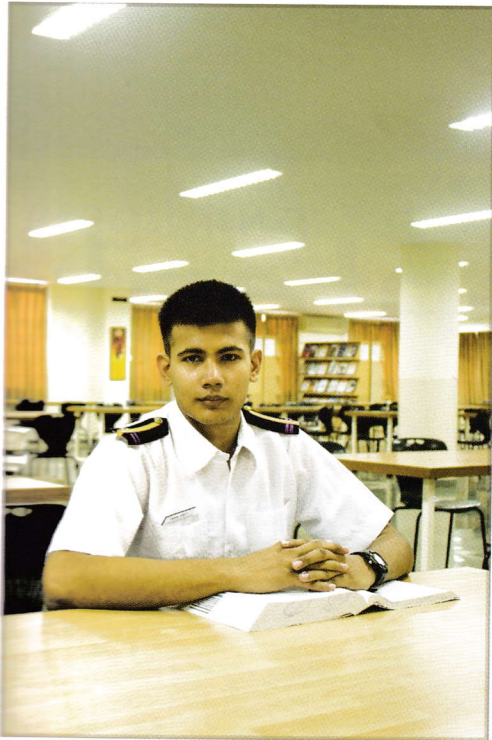
I hope all of our efforts pay off and the readers love the magazine as much as we do. So go now! Start turning the pages and tell us how you find it.

Happy reading, hope you enjoy this edition.
Until we meet next, Adieu.

Kamal Yadav
(Chief Editor)
Reflections



From the desk of...



Co-Editor

"In the end, it's the little emotions that are the great captains of our lives and we obey them without realising it."

With such wonderful inputs from each one of you, this endearing journey has made me realise that while dealing with people, always remember that we are not dealing with creatures of logic, but creatures of emotion.

So, in this edition, we have tried to broaden our horizons by capturing many emotions ranging from sports, human feelings, nostalgia, even emotions of inanimate objects.

I hope our endeavour, to throw light on various aspects of emotions and most importantly, for making a good reading experience for you is achieved.

Until next time,
Cheers!!

Karan Singh
Reflections

Chief Editor - Graphics

As I held myself to the design fraternity throughout the journey of Reflections '15, it was clear that a design can have three responses- a YES, a NO and a WOW! The team has put endless efforts to bring out every possible colour of emotions and to hit this WOW.

We grew up learning that a book is not to be judged by its cover, but it was our turn to bend this rule through dedicated efforts, day in and out. Fingers crossed! All the efforts so far have delivered us anticipation that "good efforts bring flying colours".

Needless to say, I would like to extend my warm thanks to all the wonderful artists and photographers, who have contributed towards designing this magazine by blessing us with their masterpieces. Lastly, I would like to express my endless thanks to my partner on this endeavour, Cdt. Himanshu Iyer for breaking loose all the ideas and actualising them into pleasing ocular pieces.

I hope you enjoy every bit of our efforts.

Let's take a ride of emotions.

Until next time,

Bon Voyage!

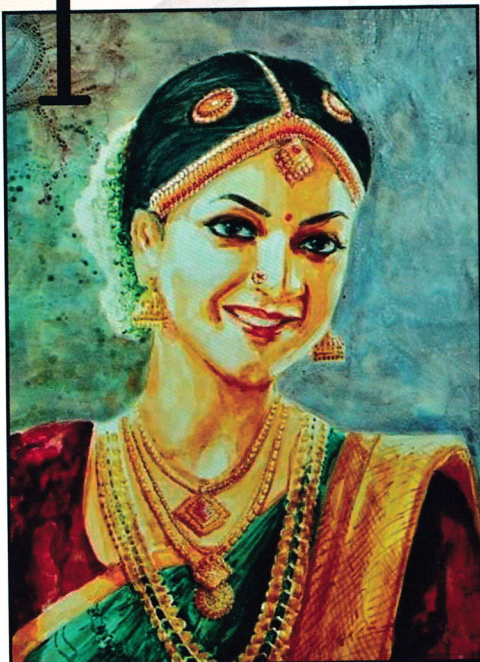
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Reflections





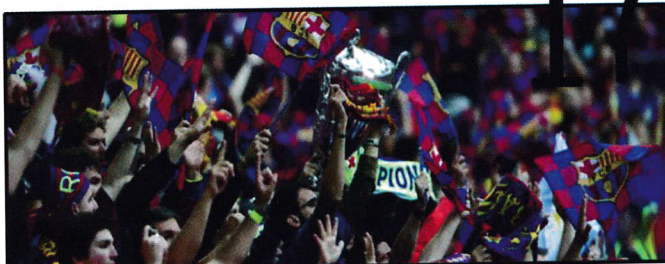
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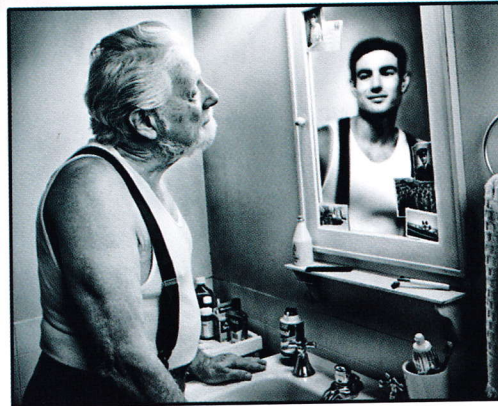


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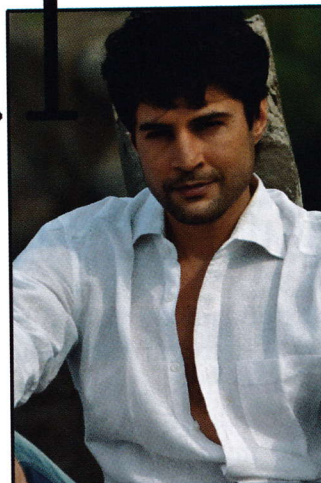
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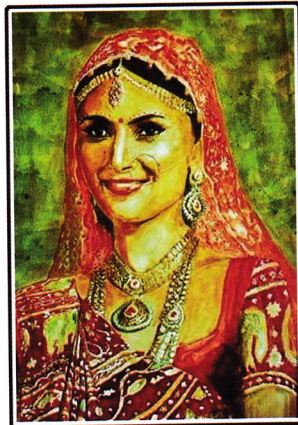
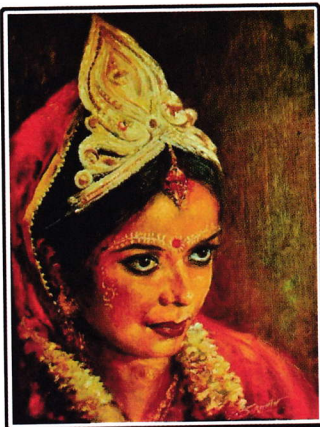


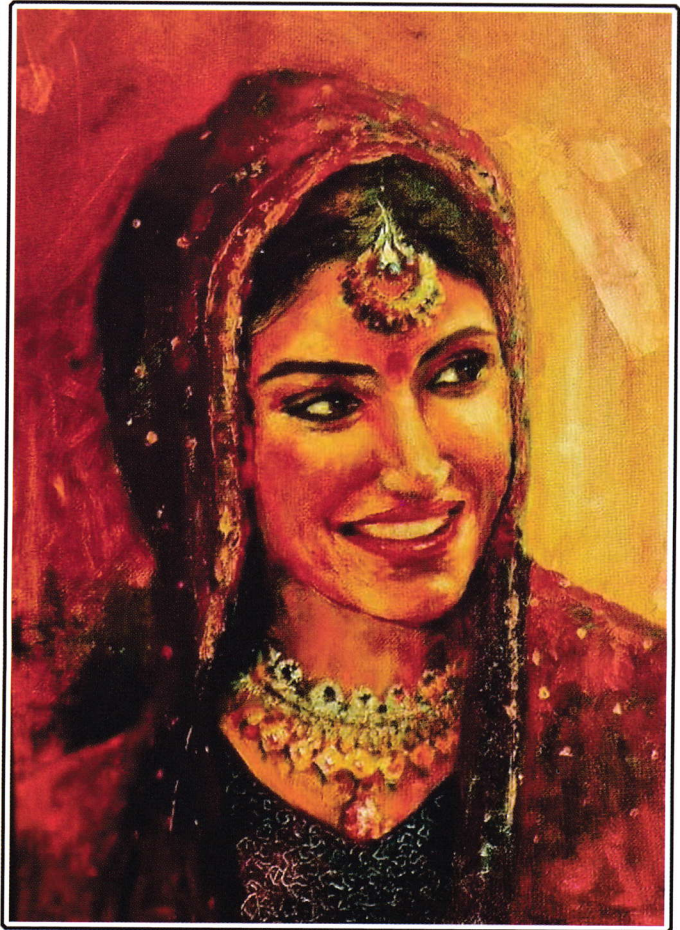
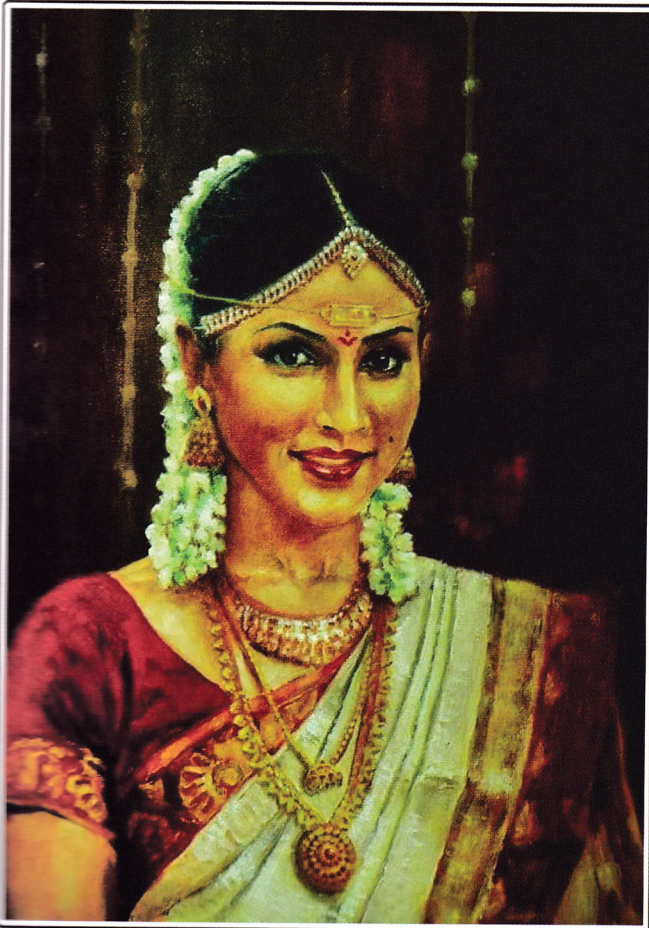
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Emotions of
a Window

-Pratul Hora

...and many more





Brides of India

-Cdr. Sukanta Dasgupta (Rtd.)

Wedding in India is an occasion to showcase the rich cultural heritage and Indians are known to live it up to the hilt. The brides' attire reflects the values considered the most important. On this day the bride is the princess and she portrays 'radiant beauty'. For the bride and the groom it is a new beginning, first step to a long journey and start point of new relations. The bride decks up in a traditional attire complimented by jewellery and flowers. Each region has its own traditions and intricacies. The bridal dress and the bridal makeup is very specific which include the type of dress, dress material, makeup, jewellery, etc. While portraying the charming brides from various states, careful attention has been paid to details and the emotions, sentiments, and feelings of the newly wed. She is filled with multitude of emotions- joy, happiness, apprehension, sadness, expectation. Somewhere hidden within the coy smile and the sound of music, there's a little feeling of loss. The eyes are filled with inquisitiveness and are searching for the new world and the charming face reflects a feeling of fulfillment and a smile of satisfaction. I have tried to bring out the beauty, simplicity, soberness and the mixed emotions of the Indian brides.



MAYANK RAI SHARMA
(201337TP207)

INDIA'S DAUGHTER

-RICHARD DAVISON
(201237TP160)

She wants eyes that will not stare at her but look deep into her soul ...eyes that will not frown behind that fake smile ...that will read her heart when she's silent...

She wants a nose that won't smell the fragrance of her perfume but smell the fragrance of her passion, aims and determination...

She wants a mouth that won't discourage or abuse her but utter words of strength, positivity and love...

She wants teeth that won't bite her dreams but teeth that will bite down all the prejudices against her...

She wants ears that won't play deaf to her talks...but ears that will listen to her heart and not just the words coming out from her mouth...

She wants hands that won't pull her down...she wants hands that will push her ahead each time she slows down... hands that will hold her hand tightly forever..

She wants legs that won't run away from her...but legs that will walk next to her always..

She won't tolerate now

She will respect you if you respect her

She is bold

She is strong

She will stand up fearlessly

Against the wrong!

She is India's Daughter...



MIR | ЯOR

Does The Mirror Tell The Truth?

HIMANSHU IYER
(201337TPI80)



My childhood flourished but dwindled away, somewhere between “the bedtime fairy tale of a wicked step-mother's talking mirror.” and “the time when mirror selfies hit the trend”. Somewhere between those times, I grew up and stealthily lost my childhood, so stealthily that I could see myself every day, but couldn't notice a tint of change. I know that my youthful days will leave me the same way, without a trace to notice the end. May-be it has something to do with the peculiarity of time but it makes me wonder if the mirror had been telling me lies. I always ended up entangled in an uneasy confusion, hard to extricate from, every time this hits my mind.

Today, It's a little different

The reflection that speaks to me every day is beautiful and will always be, at least to my own eyes. Call me a liar! But this is what I conceive about myself with my very own eyes. Someday, the mirror is going to scream out the ageing in us and stray our mind with disappointment, may be in our 60s. But no matter what, I shall see myself in a mirror and compose myself for the ones I owe my life to. This is because it has to be life when springs do come to an end. The mirror that has praised our youth wonders fondly, will at a time show us the departing freshness and vitality, that no longer will lure the eyes, and however it may leave us in pain of the arriving end too.

However, I find a contradictory side of it too-

Is it not true that mirror speaks a thousand words but we only listen to what we want to listen to and only take what pleases our ears? Does it not nail the fact that “No one is too old to be beautiful”? Yes, indeed. We never took what the mirror spoke, we always took what we sought to please ourselves. Our eyes, in this way do tell us big fat lies and the mind interprets it in the way it wants and lets our eyes lie. Trust me! It's a good sign and the most beautiful lie. It plainly indicates how we enslave our minds as masters and not the reverse. Likewise, sometimes we forget what the mirror shows shall turn into nothing but ash and ugly shades of grey. It is meant to fade away but what's unseen, is the “The beauty within” which shall create an ever-expanding ripple with no logical ends.

So, does it still matter if the mirror tells you the truth? Now, it is your part to answer that, but there are few things and my answer that I would love to share-

A mirror accompanies your laughter and cries, like the most faithful companion that does not exist.

At the same time, it cannot judge if there is a beautiful butterfly, which will spread its colorful wings out of the ugly cocoon.

And lastly, mirror tells no lies.

We falsify the facts and conceive what is garbled and fake, but it is just a pursuit of happiness.

To hell with what the mirror says!
And appreciate the beholder's eye,
Whose lies we shall cherish until we die...

The Joy of Doing Small Things

-SARTHAK BANSAL
(201237TP289)

One of those afternoons, when I was lying next to my grandmother, she told me how things were then and how dramatically they have changed. How was culture then, and how it has changed to become another formality now.

"Son, your grandfather never left the house without watering the Tulsi plant. He got immense satisfaction in doing that", she said.

When she mentioned this to me, I really got engrossed in my thoughts, and my life flashed before my eyes.

How beautiful and peaceful can little things like these be?

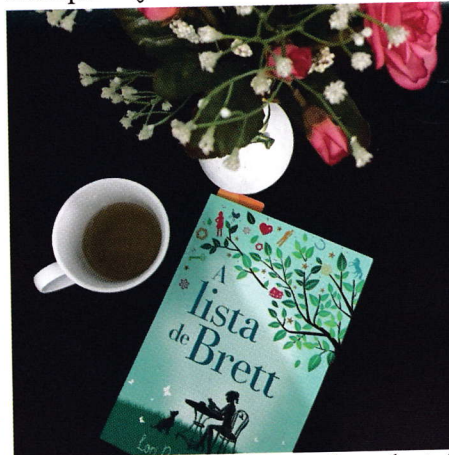
If there was a gadget to measure the speed at which we live our lives today, I'm sure we would realize that we are crossing our limits. I went to my grandmother again



and asked if she could recall any of the little things she used to do, which have stopped happening now. "Dear, when I was your age, I was married and was the eldest daughter-in-law in the family. We lived in a joint family of thirteen members. No matter what happened, we ate together. Though it was a herculean task for us to cook for everyone, according to their whims and fancies, it was a bliss to see everyone so involved with each other.

It was not big, but eating together held the family together", were her words when I left for college.

Is it actually a need? Buying complicated gadgets, expensive clothes, and feeling on top of the world because you bought them. These all are means of temporary happiness. I am now of the belief that doing small, simple things can give immense pleasure and tranquillity to the soul.



I randomly asked people what is the simplest, yet the most beautiful thing they did in their daily lives.

"I like to have tea at the small shop after I come from college".

"I can't spend a day without reading a book".

"I am in love with animals. Half an hour with my pets make my day".

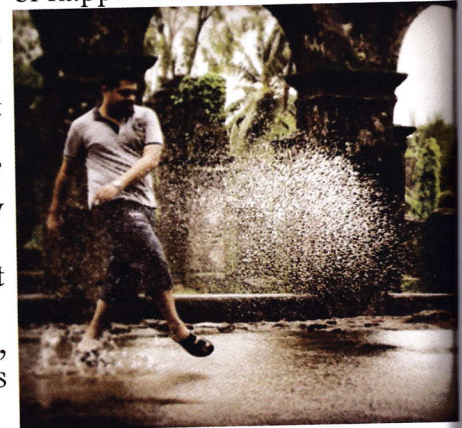
"I call home before sleeping at night, religiously".

"I love sitting at the railway station, sipping tea and watching trains pass by".

These were some of the answers I received from people of various age groups. Clearly, when I asked them if they could quote specific



rupees or dollars of whatever they loved to do, they could not. They could however, tell the price of their i-Phones, their wrist watch, the tickets to a music concert or the general expense of a date. This made me realize that the simplest things are just priceless. It's just that sometimes, we forget to value them. There is immense joy in doing things that you love, giving everything you have is the epitome of happiness.



Get wet in the rain, give someone you haven't met in a long time a visit, and treat a beggar. Meet someone randomly, travel, explore and breathe. Sit with your parents and talk to them. They are more valuable than you'd probably think. Do what you have been waiting to do since forever. Spend time with the one you love. Find what you love, do what you love. Maybe you have all your life or maybe just a moment is all you have. Live it!



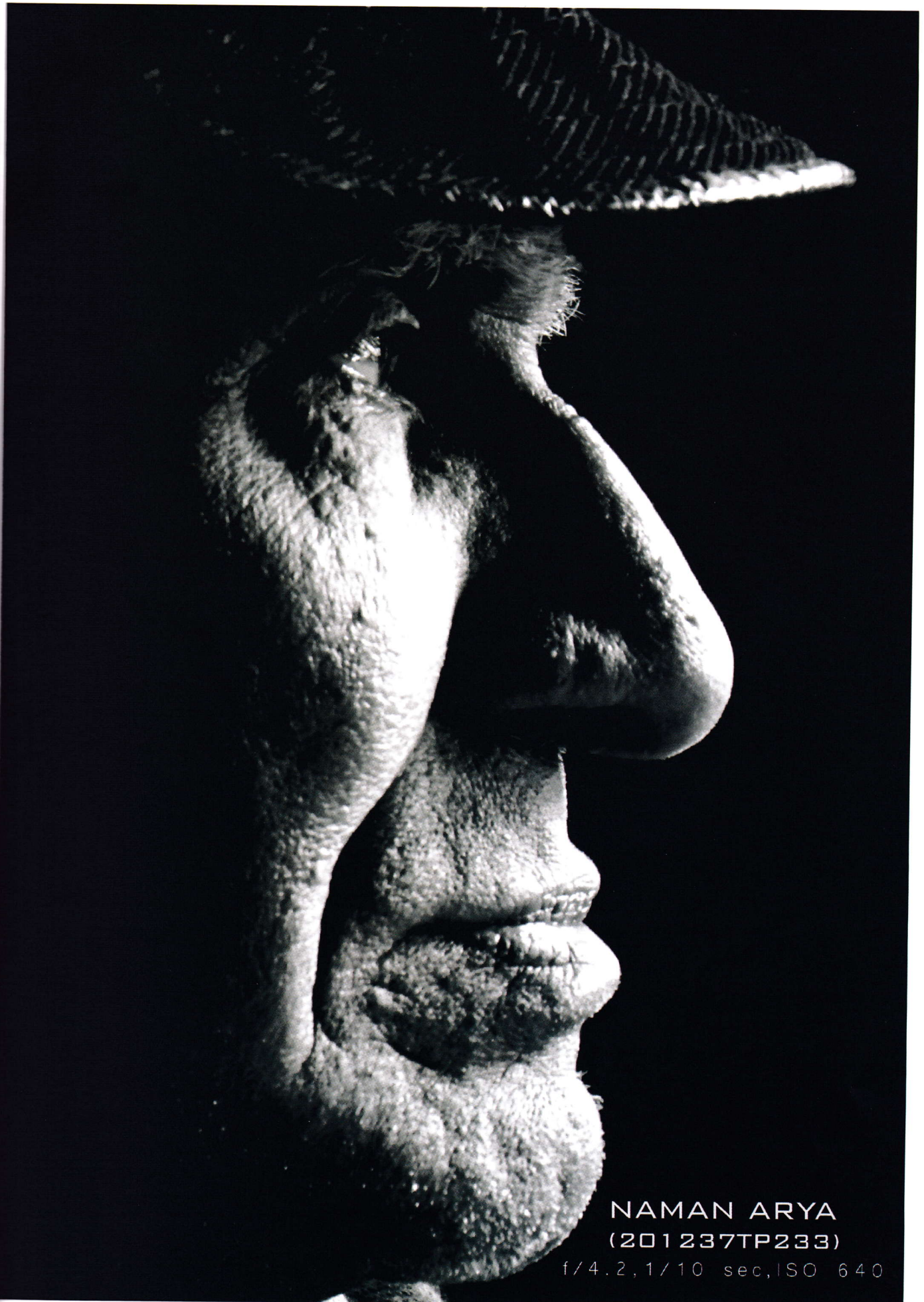
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NAMAN ARYA
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COFFEE

-ROHAN SURI

(201337TP169)

Coffee-the terrene around it is vast and its prospects innumerable. Credit given to the "Ethiopian" plasterer, who found this "legal ink" which made his goat's bats in the belfry. We find ourselves grab one with no time constraints, be it early in the morning or as an after supper drug. It certainly is consumed by all walks of life and thus, it earns its title as "the world's most consumed drink". Now I smell something burning but come on "Cola" fans, there is always another day. It is indeed the most exported commodity in the world, of course after oil."Coffee" is a psycho active drug and an anti-depressant that boosts the mind to give a false state of ecstasy. For all the buffs, I would like to educate you with some facts. Coffee as we know, is not a bean but a fruit from a tree that has the capacity to grow 30 ft. tall. It has a variety of species ranging up to 50, out of which "Robusta" and "Arabica" are commercially exploited. In the two, the latter is of more exquisite variety not forgetting the expensive price tag that comes as a combo. Different thinking over time has left its impact on the planet making it diversely linguistic. Such alterations have ambulated the meaning of this "brew". In Arabic; it is described as the "Qahhwat Al Bun" meaning the wine of the beans. In English there is a longer list "battery acid", "joe", "mocha", "mud", "varnish remover", "decaf" and the list continues (to be honest, they all are ill-fitting). In Turkey (Arabic state), a woman can divorce a man on the grounds that he is depriving her of coffee. If you think this is the zenith then consider being a part of Italy where coffee is regulated as they consider it an essential part of their culture. Even better, it is consumed in NEW YORK seven times more than any other state in the United States. The pope considers it as legal for the followers of the faith. This is how bizarre the globe can be when it comes to this specific beverage. All of us have different taste for this coffee that comes in different forms. "Americano", "Cappuccino", "Espresso", "Mocha", "Cafe Latte" and "Macchiato" are only a few of them. Americano gets its birth from the world war -2 in which American soldiers used to gulp down brewed coffee with sugar as a competition. On the contrary to which cappuccino and espresso hail from Italy. Diverse but one common subtle, aromatic and unpredictable smell that follows the cuppa everywhere. Crème is defined as the one on which a layer of rich and exotic foam of different flavors is added. Filter coffee is your coffee that is fresh from the beans and not made by soluble coffee summing it up as the brewed coffee. Isn't it mouth-watering? Coffee is grown throughout the world between the belts of Tropic of Cancer to Capricorn but the largest producer of coffee is Brazil followed by Vietnam and then by Columbia. The most exquisite and largely demanded coffee is of Brazil, Guatemala and Mexico. The cup that sells with the fattest price tag is the "Kopi Luwak"-Sumatran by origin and is categorized under Civet coffee. For those who are new to the brotherhood, Civet is a name of a wild cat that feeds on coffee fruits. Coming back to the start, the faeces of this animal is later collected, refined, dried and roasted. The end product is the connoisseur coffee with a fine taste that completes each coffee buffs quest and yes it is 100 dollars a cup!!!! In our country coffee comes from the Araku valley and the plantations are spread throughout the country. Coorg, a place in Karnataka is the auspicious land of coffee in our country. Lately it's also being used as a fuel in an attempt to find a greener solution for the environment. All of this is what makes this ink so special, it is indeed that adrenaline kick...Which sets it apart. The company and the surroundings also add aura to the environment. Excessive amounts of caffeine can be bad for the body, but if taken in a controlled amount it is undoubtedly the best beverage one can go for. It is indeed "THE REIGN OF COFFEE, A DRINK THAT CONNECTS THE WORLD".

REGRET



-AADESH J SRIVASTAVA
(201337TPI01)

Why have you come here now? What do you want to prove? Or have you come here because you are dripping with guilt? Guilt! Why do you feel guilty? You did what you wanted to, right? And you were happy! I was happy in your happiness. I did not complain or prevent you from doing so- then what makes you walk down my path? Oh please! Do not say that you know me. You don't have to give any explanation for coming here. It's all formality and a feeling of pity that has dragged you here. I may be wrong, you might have genuinely come here but sadly your actions have overpowered each and every move of yours and all it tells me is that guilt and not realization has brought you here after 10 years. You have nothing to gain or lose and I have nothing to give you now. Coming here won't make any difference. The situation will remain the same. You made a change which toppled my world. Just like the waves, my thoughts crashed into my heart causing tears that would never stop. What do you know about me? Did you even care to find out about my existence once? Just once? Please tell me that you did think about me when suddenly while flipping the channels you happened to come across my favorite movie or when you were driving back home and switched on the radio - the song I loved reached your ears and unknowingly you uttered my name. Did you think about me the time you would accidentally reach out for a book written by my favorite author or when silence would rule your heart and soul? I thought at least silence would make you think about me. Well, that's what you shared with me later, sadly! Each time you sipped coffee, did you think about me then? Maybe at the last sip of it your mind must have wavered from the pre-occupied thoughts to me? Please say yes? Please? Each time you traveled to a new place, did you think about me then? I mean, did you give a thought that you would suddenly bump into me, go speechless and then your restless lips would talk for hours and my dry ears would get alive once again by your voice. Each time your shoes would get soiled in the rain, did my hatred for rain make you think about me for a second then? While walking on the street or travelling or in any place the ringtone of someone's cellphone which is same as mine, must have surely made your heart skip a beat and you would have turned around to see whether it's me? I'm sure you must have dialed my number but then put the phone away without pressing the call button. Right? Please tell me, Am I right? When the fragrance of freshly baked brownies would slowly linger in your nose, would you think about me then? Or while visiting the place where we would meet? You cannot deny the fact that each time a cricket match our country won, you would definitely think about me. For hours. May be for the entire day and then forget about it the next day but you would think about me, right? Yes! You would! Am I right? Say yes. Please. Just when you are about to go to bed and a million things settle in your mind, burst open slowly and you are examining each and every possibility or aspect- did the thought about me burst open? Did it burst open instantly or did it open in parts? Did it wake you up in the middle of night and leave you sleepless? Oh I'd never want you to have sleepless nights. Never. I'd never want pain for you because I know what suffering is. Letter by letter. You are strong and I'm not questioning your strength but it's like I would bear your share of suffering too- if there were any. So in good and bad times- didn't you think about sharing it all with me?

The long cold nights are a witness to all my thoughts about you and the unsaid words dying to fit in your soul rest uneasily in my heart. The sun is a witness to my undying hope and the air is a witness that each and every breath of mine has your name written on it. I thought, at least yesterday, you would answer my call. I don't know but I strongly felt that you would. I thought finally the universe would sparkle some magic on me and you'd answer the call. But maybe the universe had some other plan. My fingers got tired dialing your number for the hundredth time, my ears crumpled, throat dried up and my soul yearned for something which my mind knew was now impossible. My body started freezing and I had no strength left in my hands but somehow I managed to pen down my thoughts. The riot of colors in the sky will always reflect my love for you throughout the day and the stars at night will do the magic.

He placed the letter which he had read for the hundredth time that day back in the envelope and looked at her grave. Tears trickled down from his eyes on the envelope that read "TOO LATE".

REGRET



-AADESH J SRIVASTAVA
(201337TPI01)

Why have you come here now? What do you want to prove? Or have you come here because you are dripping with guilt? Guilt! Why do you feel guilty? You did what you wanted to, right? And you were happy! I was happy in your happiness. I did not complain or prevent you from doing so- then what makes you walk down my path? Oh please! Do not say that you know me. You don't have to give any explanation for coming here. It's all formality and a feeling of pity that has dragged you here. I may be wrong, you might have genuinely come here but sadly your actions have overpowered each and every move of yours and all it tells me is that guilt and not realization has brought you here after 10 years. You have nothing to gain or lose and I have nothing to give you now. Coming here won't make any difference. The situation will remain the same. You made a change which toppled my world. Just like the waves, my thoughts crashed into my heart causing tears that would never stop. What do you know about me? Did you even care to find out about my existence once? Just once? Please tell me that you did think about me when suddenly while flipping the channels you happened to come across my favorite movie or when you were driving back home and switched on the radio - the song I loved reached your ears and unknowingly you uttered my name. Did you think about me the time you would accidentally reach out for a book written by my favorite author or when silence would rule your heart and soul? I thought at least silence would make you think about me. Well, that's what you shared with me later, sadly! Each time you sipped coffee, did you think about me then? Maybe at the last sip of it your mind must have wavered from the pre-occupied thoughts to me? Please say yes? Please? Each time you traveled to a new place, did you think about me then? I mean, did you give a thought that you would suddenly bump into me, go speechless and then your restless lips would talk for hours and my dry ears would get alive once again by your voice. Each time your shoes would get soiled in the rain, did my hatred for rain make you think about me for a second then? While walking on the street or travelling or in any place the ringtone of someone's cellphone which is same as mine, must have surely made your heart skip a beat and you would have turned around to see whether it's me? I'm sure you must have dialed my number but then put the phone away without pressing the call button. Right? Please tell me, Am I right? When the fragrance of freshly baked brownies would slowly linger in your nose, would you think about me then? Or while visiting the place where we would meet? You cannot deny the fact that each time a cricket match our country won, you would definitely think about me. For hours. May be for the entire day and then forget about it the next day but you would think about me, right? Yes! You would! Am I right? Say yes. Please. Just when you are about to go to bed and a million things settle in your mind, burst open slowly and you are examining each and every possibility or aspect- did the thought about me burst open? Did it burst open instantly or did it open in parts? Did it wake you up in the middle of night and leave you sleepless? Oh I'd never want you to have sleepless nights. Never. I'd never want pain for you because I know what suffering is. Letter by letter. You are strong and I'm not questioning your strength but it's like I would bear your share of suffering too- if there were any. So in good and bad times- didn't you think about sharing it all with me?

The long cold nights are a witness to all my thoughts about you and the unsaid words dying to fit in your soul rest uneasily in my heart. The sun is a witness to my undying hope and the air is a witness that each and every breath of mine has your name written on it. I thought, at least yesterday, you would answer my call. I don't know but I strongly felt that you would. I thought finally the universe would sparkle some magic on me and you'd answer the call. But maybe the universe had some other plan. My fingers got tired dialing your number for the hundredth time, my ears crumpled, throat dried up and my soul yearned for something which my mind knew was now impossible. My body started freezing and I had no strength left in my hands but somehow I managed to pen down my thoughts. The riot of colors in the sky will always reflect my love for you throughout the day and the stars at night will do the magic.

He placed the letter which he had read for the hundredth time that day back in the envelope and looked at her grave. Tears trickled down from his eyes on the envelope that read "TOO LATE".

Let's Emote with Rajeev Khandelwal

-KAMAL YADAV
(201237TP196)

On his ride to success...

Tell us something about yourself and your background. How did you end up as an actor?

My father being in the army, I spent all my childhood in the army cantonments so whatever I am, the credit goes to the life I spent as an Army brat. Becoming an actor was my childhood dream, and it continued till I reached college. But then reality hit me, I realized that I do not have any qualifications as an actor and I don't know anyone from Mumbai, also I didn't even know where to start, so I had to take stock of my life. Therefore, I took all the entrance exams and as they sent me their regret letters, I decided that I will make one genuine effort in the field of my interest and if I fail I'll come back and join the army.

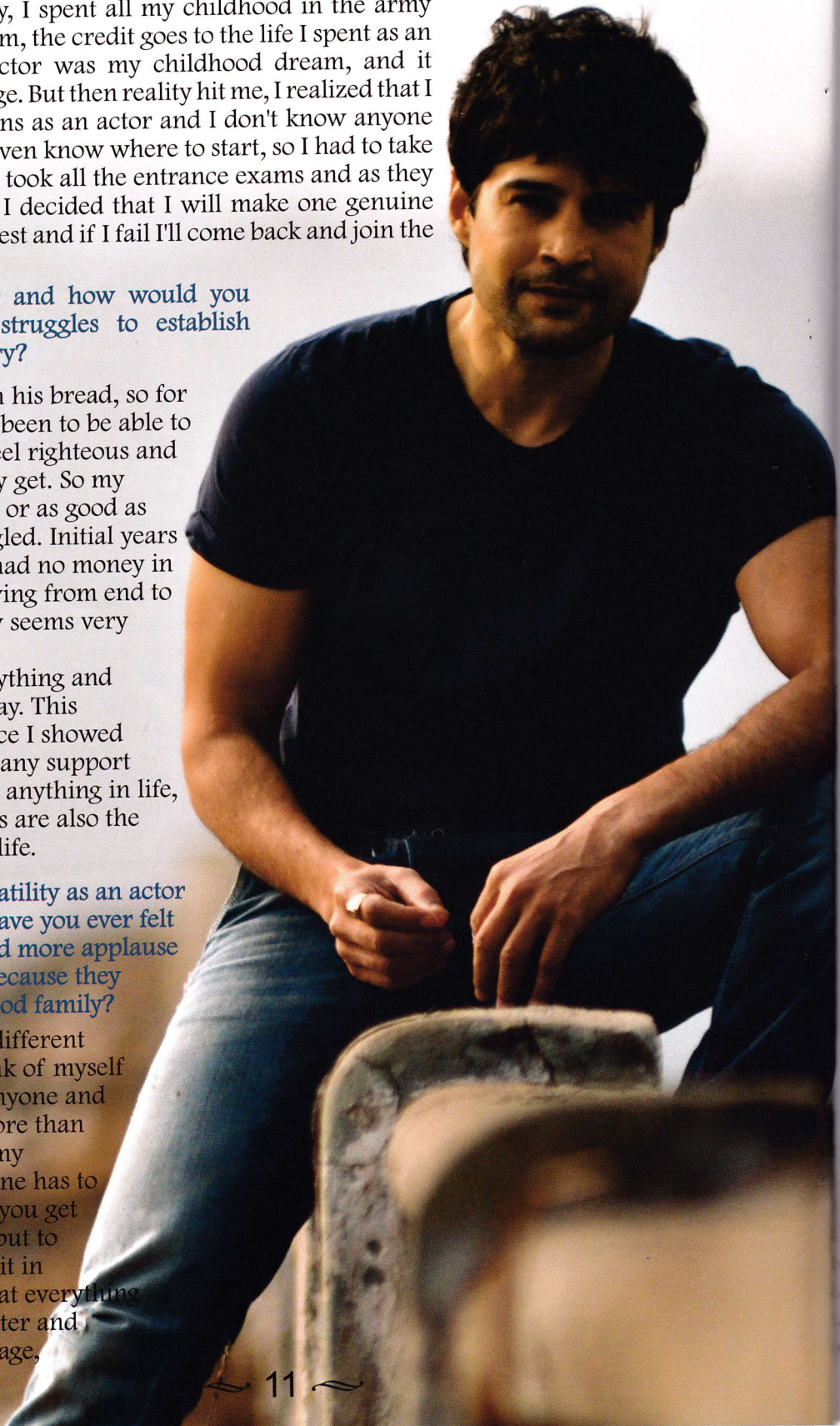
You are a self-made actor and how would you describe your early day struggles to establish yourself in such a big industry?

I am a guy who likes to earn his bread, so for me, my struggle has always been to be able to achieve everything and to feel righteous and deserving of whatever I may get. So my struggling days were as bad or as good as anyone who has ever struggled. Initial years were very challenging as I had no money in my pocket. I was literally living from end to end but in retrospect it now seems very exciting.

I used to do audition for anything and everything that came my way. This persistence and perseverance I showed during those years without any support is the reason that I can face anything in life, and so those struggling days are also the most glorious years of my life.

In order to prove your versatility as an actor you played various roles. Have you ever felt that the Kapoor boys earned more applause for the same role, merely because they belong to the same Bollywood family?

I may have played a lot of different characters but I do not think of myself as superior or inferior to anyone and neither have I struggled more than those who come from a filmy background. I think everyone has to prove his/her mettle. May you get a couple of offers initially but to last long, you have to have it in you. Sometimes it seems that everything is served to them on a platter and they have an added advantage,



while on the other hand, I believe the fun is to survive in this industry which is pre-dominated by the family culture. This makes the victory even sweeter. I am totally content and satisfied with whatever I have achieved so far.

Your movies Aamir, Table no.21, Soundtrack and Shaitan became huge hits...so how did it change your life?

I feel success and failures are imposters, where one gives you more courage and confidence and the other shuts a few doors. I stick to the stuff at which I am good at, so both success and failures are welcomed as a part of life. I want to do projects which are not-run of the mill stuff, something that is path breaking or ground-breaking. Success puts me in a safe position for a while, but because the path I have chosen is not very comfortable, so I guess I am satisfied with what I am doing.

Are you also the victim that comes along STARDOM?

Stardom comes with its own pros and cons. It makes you both love and hate the fact that everyone knows about you. The moment you decide to step into this world, you should understand that you have to trade with your personal life and a few other things that come as a package. But in the end it all neutralises and you make peace with it. I have never been a victim of stardom and I have been well prepared for it, so no regrets so far.

What scares you as a modern day actor?

There's nothing that scares me: There are just new challenges which test your ability. Life would be no fun if it is simple and monotonous, there should be some thrill. With time everything changes and there will be challenges in galore, but then, without them our life would be meaningless.

How was your experience doing such an intense show Sach Ka Samna?

Sach Ka Samna is the one show I'll always remember with great pride and contentment. For me it was the best show, for its content, its fact fullness, sensitivity and honesty. It wasn't scripted so I had to be spontaneous. It was extremely challenging for me as I used to get emotionally attached to it. I remember going home after shoot, not talking with my wife, being very cold and extremely quiet. My experience on that show cannot be expressed in words.

What is the one thing that will keep you interested in doing the films?

The thing that interests me the most is the charm of the sets and of being someone else when I am playing a particular role and doing justice to that role. The love of being on the sets, with the camera, the technicians, in itself is a huge high. Once I am done playing various characters or if I feel I am repeating myself, my interest may come down. But till that time I will keep striving for it.

How would you sum up 'JOURNEY OF RAJEEV KHANDELWAL'?

My Journey is still on and it will continue because I don't know the end. I still feel like a newcomer, I still have goose bumps while facing the camera for the first time for a new project, ability to pull it off pops in my head. Till now it has been very exciting and satisfying. I did not have to piggyback on anyone to reach wherever I have, I am very proud that whatever I have achieved has been completely mine, it's completely been my devotion and dedication. I didn't have to depend on any godfather, I am pretty happy the way my career has shaped up till now. I hope to continue on my goal and continue to strive with the same conviction.



What message would you like to send across the youth?

"The message I will like to send across the youth is to believe in god, believe in luck, but most importantly believe in yourself. It's the self-belief that shows. It's the little endurance that a winner exhibits in himself in the end that makes all the difference in the world. SO believe and smile to make this world a better place to live in."

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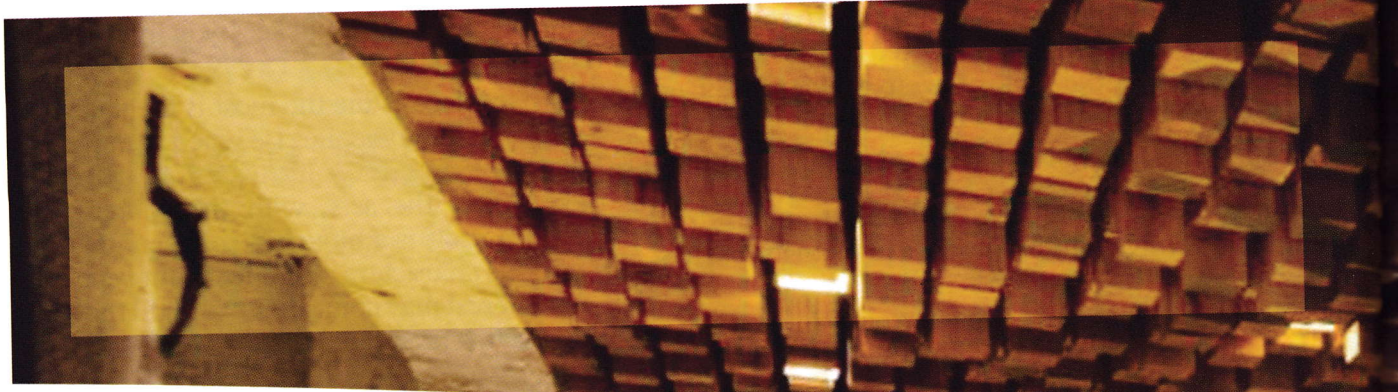
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About dedication, hard work, strength, never dying hope and belief that is infused in prized possessions... and the utmost feeling of pride on its achievement.

"Excuse me?"

"Sorry the cafe is closed" I said without looking at the customer.

"Really?" a familiar voice cracked in the half opened tinted window.

I looked up and my eyes twinkled at once "No... Not for you" I said.

"Thank you" the heavy voice echoed its way through my month-old cafe.

"What would you like to have?"

"Uhhh what is your favorite?"

"Cheese and mushroom cannelloni"

"Okay I'll have that and get me something to drink too. The voice had a sense of curiosity.

After 20 minutes I arrived with the cannelloni and a strawberry mojito. The excitement on my customer's face was magical. As innocent as a child yet stern as some food critic. I was little nervous but excited to hear the reviews.

"Your order" I said

"Hmmm... if I were to eat with my eyes I'd give it 10/10"

This made my pounding heartbeat rest a bit. Highly strung once again, my eyes were fixed onto my customer's face who ate the food like an obedient child. The customer looked satisfied. Well that's



what I hoped for... satisfaction.

"Uhhh anything more?" My not - so - strong voice broke the silence.

"No thank you, you can take the plate away"

My hands were cold and teeth clattered with each other. Was it bad? Or was it exceptionally good? My mind was bursting with such questions for the customer was mum about the food. I returned back.

"Where is the bill?"

"No, it's okay... I wo-"

Even before I could complete my sentence the customer cut me short

"Business aise thodi chalta hai? Bill please"

I was already scared so I quickly walked towards the cash counter, typed the bill out and handed over the bill.

"Hmmm... I don't have much right now, you can collect the rest from my house" the customer said and handed me a note

"I-it's okay" I stammered.

I don't know why but I just wanted the customer to go away. The voice that had made my eyes twinkle moments back was making my heart run with nervousness.

"And here you go... the tip" placing a little bundle of cloth on the table.

"No, it's not needed" I said sheepishly.

"Take it!" The customer pulled my hand and placed the bundle of cloth. How much did you earn today, by the way?"

"Uhh 25,000 rupees" I said with a faint smile

"Wow... that is fortune! Okay I'll see you" the customer said and walked out of my cafe.

I quickly opened the bundle only to find my racing heart settling down slowly.

The bundle had the dedication, hard work, strength, never dying hope and belief that was infused to get this. It had the happiness and smiles when this was first gripped tightly by those strong fingers. The bundle had the utmost feeling of pride when this was achieved.

The tears made my eyes blurry and I slipped down the memory lane.

"Mujhe bhi woh chahiye" the year old I would yell.

"Milega... abhi time hai" the voice would sign a peace treaty with my heart.

I had forgotten about that coffee with time. Honestly, I wasn't aware of its existence anymore.

ride

the tip"
of cloth on

" I said

pulled my
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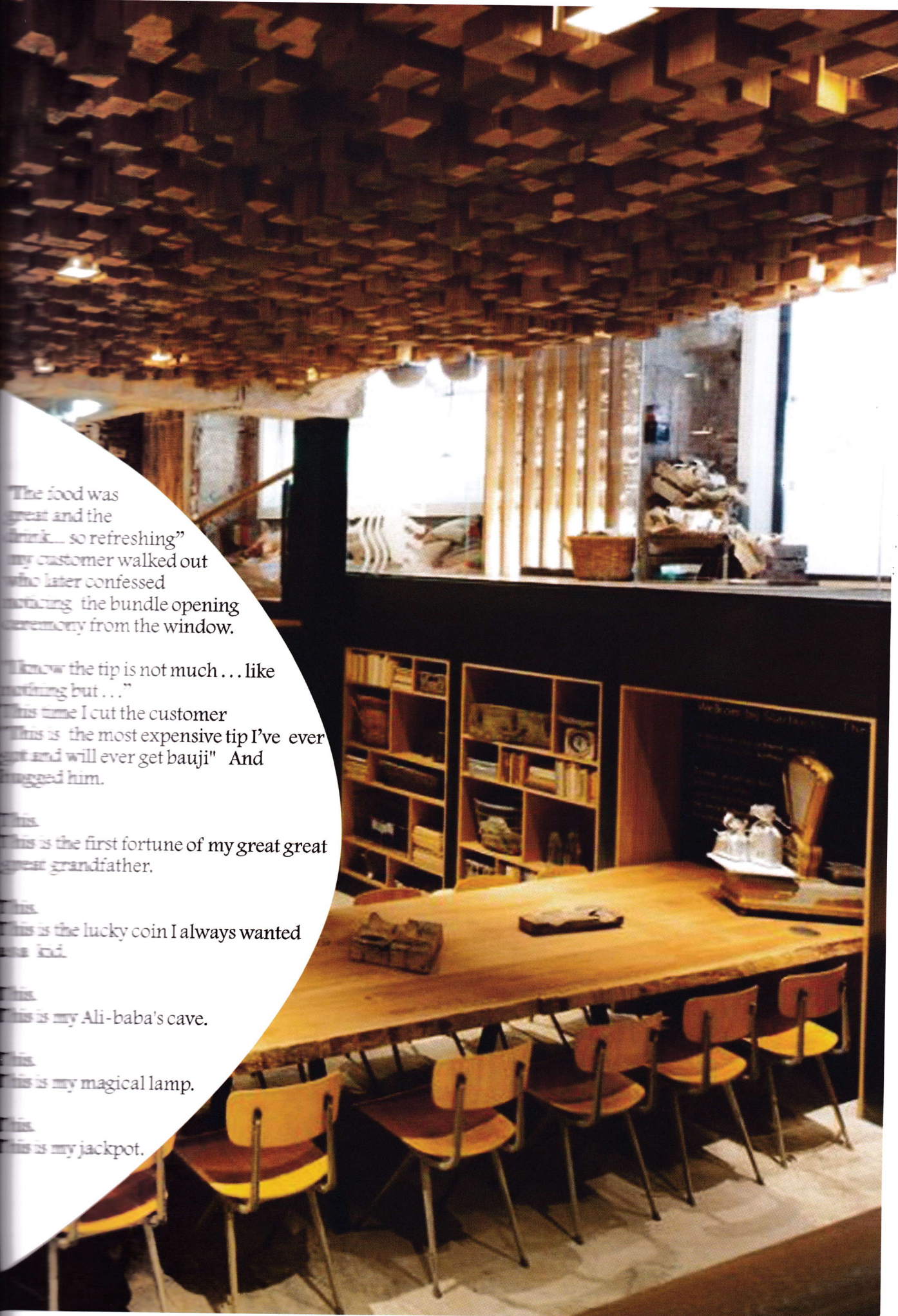
The food was great and the drink... so refreshing" my customer walked out who later confessed contacting the bundle opening ceremony from the window. I know the tip is not much... like nothing but... This time I cut the customer This is the most expensive tip I've ever got and will ever get bauji" And hugged him. This is the first fortune of my great great great grandfather.

This is the lucky coin I always wanted

This is my Ali-baba's cave.

This is my magical lamp.

This is my jackpot.



DEPRESSION

-AMANDEEP SINGH SEHGAL
(201437TPI26)

Depression, this emotion inside my head,
which makes me wish that I was dead,
walking alone on this empty street,
till I faint or break my feet,
thoughts keep hovering over my head,
to an empty darkness it has lead,
wondering what is it that I have done,
to not get the support of even some,
walking into a graveyard full of dead,
wondering how they died and how they bled,
was it their time or did they really deserve to die,
or were they just unfortunate for this early good bye,
permanent grave with a locked door,
buried six feet deep or even more,
with no one to love and no one to care,
my mind is full of sadness and utter despair,
a pessimist's thinking in my mind takes over,
only negative thoughts which make me sink lower,
dried up tears on people's stones,
imagining my grave surrounded by empty ice cream cones,
my mind thinks of entering the darkest cave,
and to dig up my own grave,
lie down with nothing to live for, no future no past,
and take a long breath, which would be my last,
then I pick up a pin and pinch my behind,
and I realize depression is just a state of mind,
putting in mind the most wonderful things,
I exit from the cave with a new set of wings,
realizing nothing good has really departed,
but that my life has only just started,
leave all the negatives behind,
and meet new people who are nice and kind,
I get up unlocking the door,
to great heights I have to soar,
to convert into a smile and delete the frown,
to always fly high without looking down.





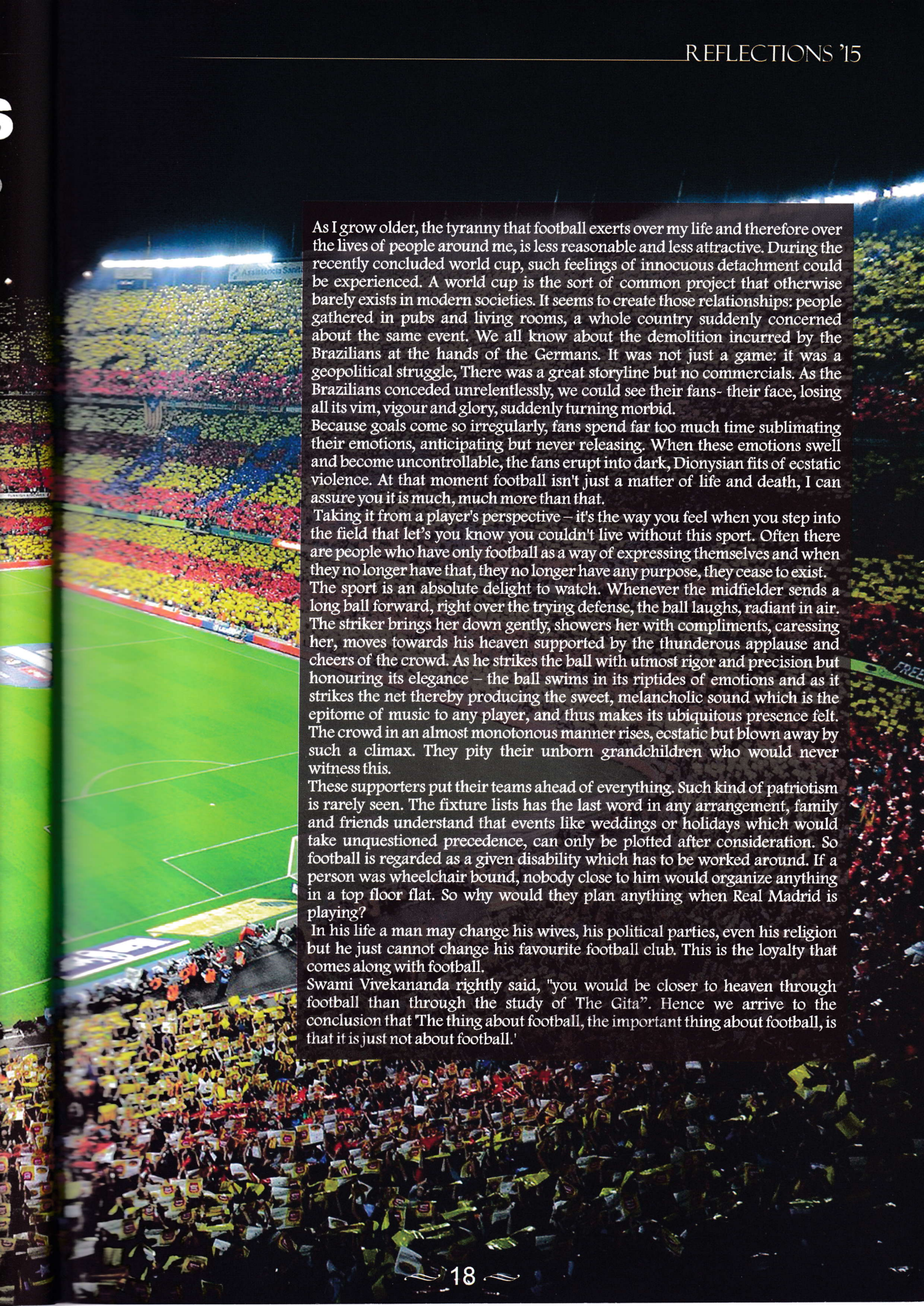
Vivek Kumar
(201237TP209)

TOLANI MARITIME INSTITUTE

BALLET OF THE MASSES

-LAKSHDEEP SINHA
(201337TP199)





As I grow older, the tyranny that football exerts over my life and therefore over the lives of people around me, is less reasonable and less attractive. During the recently concluded world cup, such feelings of innocuous detachment could be experienced. A world cup is the sort of common project that otherwise barely exists in modern societies. It seems to create those relationships: people gathered in pubs and living rooms, a whole country suddenly concerned about the same event. We all know about the demolition incurred by the Brazilians at the hands of the Germans. It was not just a game: it was a geopolitical struggle, There was a great storyline but no commercials. As the Brazilians conceded unrelentlessly, we could see their fans- their face, losing all its vim, vigour and glory, suddenly turning morbid.

Because goals come so irregularly, fans spend far too much time sublimating their emotions, anticipating but never releasing. When these emotions swell and become uncontrollable, the fans erupt into dark, Dionysian fits of ecstatic violence. At that moment football isn't just a matter of life and death, I can assure you it is much, much more than that.

Taking it from a player's perspective – it's the way you feel when you step into the field that let's you know you couldn't live without this sport. Often there are people who have only football as a way of expressing themselves and when they no longer have that, they no longer have any purpose, they cease to exist. The sport is an absolute delight to watch. Whenever the midfielder sends a long ball forward, right over the trying defense, the ball laughs, radiant in air. The striker brings her down gently, showers her with compliments, caressing her, moves towards his heaven supported by the thunderous applause and cheers of the crowd. As he strikes the ball with utmost rigor and precision but honouring its elegance – the ball swims in its riptides of emotions and as it strikes the net thereby producing the sweet, melancholic sound which is the epitome of music to any player, and thus makes its ubiquitous presence felt. The crowd in an almost monotonous manner rises, ecstatic but blown away by such a climax. They pity their unborn grandchildren who would never witness this.

These supporters put their teams ahead of everything. Such kind of patriotism is rarely seen. The fixture lists has the last word in any arrangement, family and friends understand that events like weddings or holidays which would take unquestioned precedence, can only be plotted after consideration. So football is regarded as a given disability which has to be worked around. If a person was wheelchair bound, nobody close to him would organize anything in a top floor flat. So why would they plan anything when Real Madrid is playing?

In his life a man may change his wives, his political parties, even his religion but he just cannot change his favourite football club. This is the loyalty that comes along with football.

Swami Vivekananda rightly said, "you would be closer to heaven through football than through the study of The Gita". Hence we arrive to the conclusion that "The thing about football, the important thing about football, is that it is just not about football."

Emotions of a stranger

-SAHIL NAKRA
(201437TPI60)

While getting on an over crowded train, you must have squeezed in a bit more just to let me in, or I must have shifted a bit to let you sit at the edge of the seat... who knows! We must have been pushed together while getting off, or must have brushed shoulders at the station...

When the auto-waala would have refused to take the 100 rupees...I- from the 15 odd souls hunting for a rick would have helped you with the "Chutta-Change".

We could've been in the same theatre... same row...in fact sitting next to each other!! SO CLOSE!
You could be the one standing in front of me or behind me at Starbucks... patiently listening to my order or cribbing about how slow I was while scribbling my name on the tall Java chip glass. And then we must have had occupied the seats bang opposite to each other ending up exchanging a smile out of courtesies...!

You must have seen me getting a haircut and must have told the hair dresser to cut your hair like mine or I must have seen you at the gym and told my trainer how badly I want to get a figure like 'that one'..
We could've been having Paani Puri together and waiting for the customary Sookhi Puri.

My screams from the roller coaster must have scared the hell out of you and prevented you from sitting on that ride. and may-be, I must have over heard your bad experience at a food joint, thus, forever, leaving that place a mystery for me..

May be you are the one who helped me by sharing your umbrella during an unexpected rain shower or you must have overheard my advice and got encouraged...

You and I could've been at Crossword searching the same book...
We could've been competitors in some school event years back and could've been in the same situation but inter college events...

During concerts...we could've been dancing next to each other like there's no tomorrow..!
You could've been the lost soul and me like a miraculous fairy must have shown you the correct way to reach your destination...

May-be, you were the one who might have indicated me, that the door of my car is open and we must have exchanged smiles that must have lasted for three seconds before we both zoomed off our ways...
May-be, I must have helped you select men's perfume and you must have helped me select the perfect flower at the florist...

We could've been waiting at the doctor's or dentist's sharing awkward stares and silence...
We could've been screaming and cheering our lungs out for different teams at Wankhede during IPL or shared tear during Sachin's last match!

We could've been running the marathon together and you must have given me an encouraging pat on seeing me give up almost...
We must have been at some distant relatives wedding reception's food counter waiting for butter naan to arrive...

I could've been the one bargaining at Colaba causeway and may be you tried in your luck too, and joined me in leaving no stone unturned to get the price of the accessory down...

We could've been at the temple or at the beach...
Very near but still out of reach
Under the same Sun, moon, stars and sky
In this little world we are all in a stranger's disguise...

MUSIC

-AMANDEEP SINGH SEHGAL

(201437TPI26)

Headphones on with the volume full,
feeling as strong as a charging bull,
forgetting all our worries and all our fears,
getting up from the ground wiping all our tears,
the crazy beats, which make us move our body,
till we fall down or are stopped by somebody,
pressing 'shift+del', permanently erasing our frown,
feeling on top of the world with the ultimate crown,
if we ever feel sad or have a bad feeling,
music is the best medicine for this emotional healing,
like the expression of a happy 2 year old boy,
we feel, the most exhilarating joy,
with every note people are united,
and together we feel super excited,
sitting comfortably on a reclining seat,
nodding our heads with every beat,
humming the sound of our favorite song,
knowing that this feeling would definitely last long,
listening to the songs of Madonna and Miley,
makes us end every text with a smiley,
doing long and tough mathematics sums,
won't be possible without Metallica's drums,
moving and grooving with MJ's voice,
shouting out loud making lots of noise,
promoting love and removing hate,
treating everyone as our own mate,
pulling out a flower and throwing away the knife,
this, is the influence of music in our life,
like the sun's rays and the trees shade,
music, in our life, will NEVER fade.

DISCOVERING A CAPTAIN'S TIME CAPSULE

(A sneak-peek of a lifetime's journey, on a tête-à-tête with Captain S.G. Deshpande)

-KARAN SINGH
(201337TPI91)

“Never stop learning no matter how experienced you are, and never be complacent and think “I know everything””



Inspired by various people and events, we all chose our careers, what inspired you to choose merchant navy as a career?

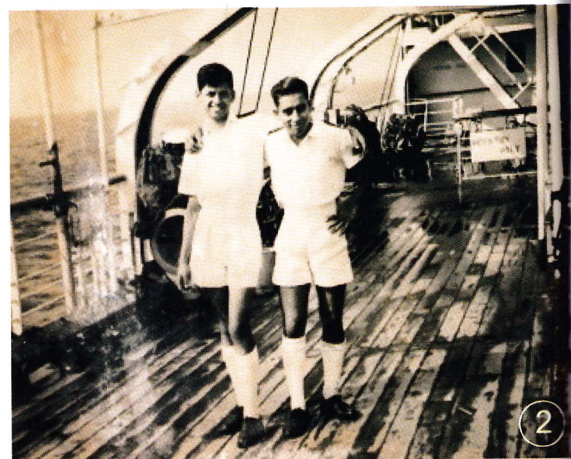
I joined training ship Dufferin back in 1963. Merchant Navy was not a very preferred career at that time. It was not like I dreamt of this profession. At his time, my father wanted to join the merchant navy and he couldn't. It partly comes from that. Also, I did not prefer having a government job or running a business for that matter, hence chose this as my career. And having been there, I am a very forceful follower of the professionalism required.

You have a peculiar nature of being very particular in grammar and the English language. Why is that so?

Being from a vernacular background, I did not know much of the pronunciations and spellings of the words of the English language. When I joined this profession, I felt quite inferior, which made me study the subject to the core. Apart from this, about thirty to forty years ago, Indian mariners were preferred to the Chinese, Korean or the East European as crew and officers, as they were known for their proficiency in English. It's only in the last few years that English proficiency is on the downtrend, as far as the Indians are concerned. I feel sad that the media and even television anchors have been the reason for this downfall. English is a very particular language. If there's a language which has its rules, its own beauty, we might as well follow it. In short everything which is worth doing, is worth doing well. I care a lot about the Indian participation in the world merchant navy. If we do not improve our English, we may lose our hold in world shipping with rising competitors.

At an emotional line, at your times, how difficult was it to maintain communication with your loved ones back home? Did you face any major troubles? How would you compare the scenario now and then?

Initially, it was always difficult. I joined shipping when I was eighteen. We had only short wave radio to listen to news and no other means of communication or news. At one time, there was an earthquake in Pune city and I became aware about it nearly two weeks later via BBC radio. There was nothing I could do to contact home and know if things were all right or not. It was exasperating then, as there was much less professionalism as compared to now. Ships were delayed, needed many repairs. The crew, the seniors, were experienced no doubt, but the professionalism lacked. In the years that have passed, shipping industry has developed a lot in terms of procedures and standards.



Mariners get poetic while they are onboard, they get to see the world, as people say! Is this just a misconception?

Well, there's not much time to get poetic onboard. On a ship, there's always work. I became a captain around 1974-1975. Even then there was not much time to go ashore. Even while the ship is in port, there are many duties and the number of crew onboard today is small. Going ashore is almost impossible for tankers, car carriers, containers and passenger ships. Today security rules don't even allow going ashore without a visa. So to see the world, I would say "book an air ticket" (laughs).

Have you ever faced any major incidents as a pilot? Or any pirate attacks?

As a pilot, I never had any collision- But yes, I have seen a lot of collisions, groundings. In one case, I helped a Greek ship fight fire... I took a small ship and went alongside, helped the captain fight fire. Ships grounded, I have helped them refloat using tugs. These accidents do occur, as I like to tell the fourth year students, there's a collision occurring once every three days. Those are tremendous statistics.

It's admirable that you're so energetic. We are even told you stick to a timetable and still follow ships routines. Why is it so?

(Laughs) I like to stick to a routine. There's a psychological reason to it, it also keeps me fit. I usually go trekking. It gives me solace and peace of mind. That's one of the reasons I'm here at TMI- because of the beautiful environment.

Merchant Navy like quick sand, with the money flowing in? Money being not the only reason, with what motive would you want our present and future cadets to continue in this profession...?

It's certainly not quicksand, it depends on the way you look at it. I had my targets planned and I still have the pages back from 1991. Luckily, things went according to how I planned. If you plan properly, and devote your energy to it, it generally works.

Things at sea are not as you believe. My advice is remain committed to the job and profession, the ship is your home. Your job is to keep it safe, secure. Enjoy doing it in a professional manner.... that far away place, it requires you to develop tremendous patience, strength and maturity. So, **BUILD UP THE ATTITUDE!**

And one more thing – never stop learning no matter how experienced you are, and never be complacent and think "I know everything."

(1,3,5,6): The initial days in command on a tanker vessel, 1977-78.

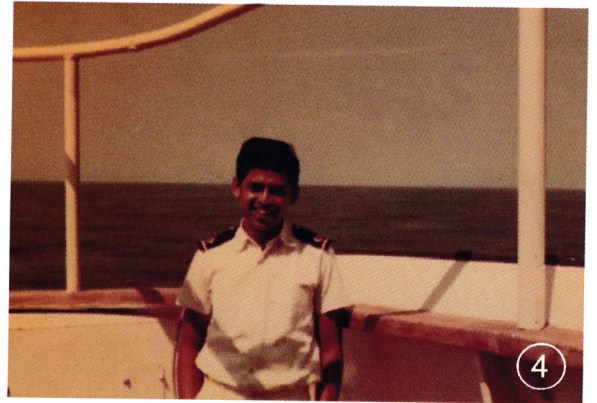
(2): With a crew member while sailing as a cadet onboard a passenger ship, 1966.

(4): Sailing as a third officer, onboard a cargo ship en route Australia, 1968.

(7): Entering a Japanese port with a pilot, 1991.



3



4



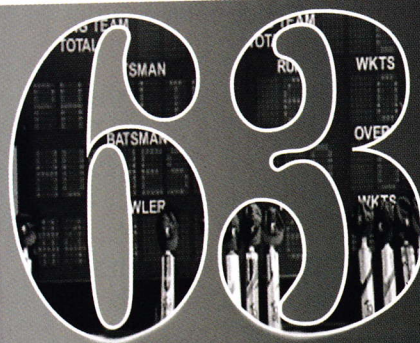
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6



7



Phillip Hughes
1988-2014

**NOT
OUT**

-VIVIDH SINHA
(201437TP333)

One crowded hour of glorious fame is worth an age without a name, but the fact that his career was cut short in his prime is an incredible injustice to the poor son.

Did he know that no one, no one would be able to get him out in that innings?

Did he have the smallest of idea early morning that day while having pancakes in breakfast?

Did Phil have the slightest of inclinations that he'll be not out forever that faithful evening during his morning breakfast? The answer but obvious is a 'NO'!!!!

But that's how life is my dearest of dear friends. You never know what life will make you face the very next second.

Phillip Hughes, a well-known batsman of the Australian team, from Macksville New South Wales, born on 30th November 1988 has become a topic of great discussion everywhere.

His cricketing career started when he didn't want to play, but as it was destined, at the age of seven he managed to score 20 runs and from then the improbable cricketing career of Phillip Hughes started.

He represented the national team for the first time in Test Cricket against the mighty South Africans in 2009 in Durban. In the second match of the same series he showcased his talents by scoring two hundreds in each innings of the test match, a rare feat. This made him Australia's youngest test centurion in the history of the game.

Then again in January 2013 he scored his first ODI century in his debut against Sri Lanka in Melbourne, which made him the first one to do so. With talent galore and hunger for runs Phil continued to score runs. But who knew that the boy from New South Wales, playing against South Australia for the Sheffield Shield Cup on 25th November, 2014 would be playing his last match. The mishap so happened that Phil was struck by a bouncer on his head bowled by Sean Abbott. The match was being played in the Sydney Cricket Ground. And the irony of fate is such that the lad's mother was one of the spectators.

When he crashed on the ground he was at 63* and was taken to the hospital. Later on the 27th of November, 2014 he passed to the heavenly abode and remained unbeaten on 63...

This sudden and unanticipated news of the players' death created a roar in the cricketing fraternity. It not only brought the Australian cricketers and their supporters together, but each and every one. Starting from the captain of the Australian side Michael Clarke, for whom Phil Hughes was a best mate, had nothing but wet eyes to show to the world. Legendary Australian cricketers from the Waugh Brothers to Shane Warne to Glenn Macgrath to Brett Lee and each and every player of the current Australian team came to console the family of the departed soul. Players of the New Zealand and Pakistan cricket team decided not to play for a day of their then ongoing test match to mourn for him. Even players representing other teams wore black bands for mourning. Keeping all grudges and prejudices behind, the entire cricketing sorority came together to mourn for Phil.

As an act of gratitude or deep sorrow Sean Abbott wrote on the same ball, "I am sorry, Phil". The Chief Curator for pitches in SCG has decided to retire PITCH no. 7, the same pitch on which Phil fell unconscious after being hit by the vulnerable bouncer.

Phil's captain or his elder brother Michael Clarke eulogized him on his funeral which brought tears even to the eyes of the Australian Prime Minister, and later dedicated Australia's World Cup triumph to him, and quote

"I walked out into the middle of the SCG on Thursday night, those same blades of grass beneath my feet where he and I and so many of his mates here today have built partnerships, taken chances and lived out the dreams we painted in our heads as boys. The same stands where the crowds rose to their feet to cheer him on, and the same fence he sent the ball to time and time again. Phillip's spirit, which is now part of our game forever, will act as a custodian of the sport we all love. We must listen to it, we must cherish it, we must learn from it, and we must dig in ... dig in, and get through to tea. And we must play on.

So rest in peace my little brother. I'll see you out in the middle."



A Letter to my Future Wife

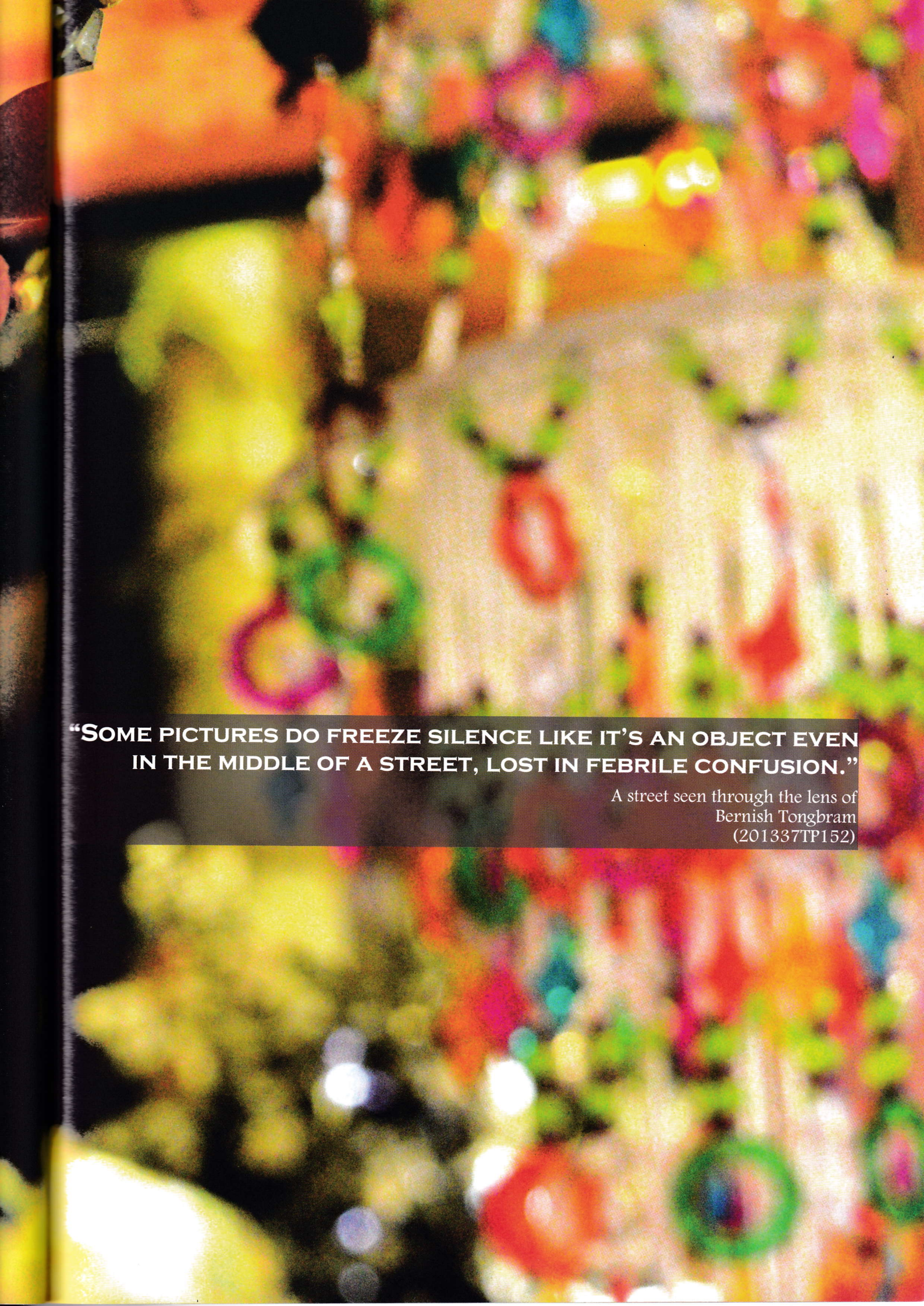
-RAUNAQ SACHDEV

(201137TP264)

Dear future wife,
 First of all, let me get this clear that I am not desperate to get married. It's just that the recent events that have occurred in my life make me think about you quite often. So you must be studying in some corner of the earth, partying or maybe reading a novel in some corner where no one can find you. That is because you are so my type. I often get curious about how you would look, what would be the place you'd come from, the hobbies that you pursue, how would we get married and other temporary, changeable things. I am also curious about the kind of clothes you wear, the kind of people you like in life, and then again the list goes on. Anyway, the big question is the kind of person you will be, and how is our relationship going to be. I do have many answers already, like the Punjabi wedding where the real function is just the day before wedding; the show-off that I might have to do and the 'Rasame' that we might have to do. It's okay, I don't mind that. But that is just one day, or a few days that will be captured in cameras and then find place in our laptops in a folder named 'Wedding Pics', but what after that? Yes, the real life begins after we have satisfied the society who just came to have dinner. I want you to work, not so much that I still feel single after marriage, but yes, I'd be happy if you'd work. I'd be equally happy if you'd stay at home and become an excellent home-maker-I have equal respects for both of them. I actually feel that your parents invested as much money on your education as mine did, and then there's no point staying at home if you don't want to. So you see, it's your decision. It might sound funny, but I sometimes imagine an evening with you. And that evening could be anything- from eating roadside food at our favorite place to playing guitar for you in winters with a dim light in the room, or maybe eating 'Chai-Pakode' when the train has just stopped, or just go for a stroll in summers. That's how I want things to be, and I want you to fill up many spaces in my life- like the friend with whom I enjoy everything, the lover who is my passion bank, the girlfriend whom I'd crave to meet and obviously the wife who knows me inside out. Past. Yes, we all have a past. I have a past and will have many pasts by the time I would meet you in the future. But, if you really want happiness in your life, then the simple philosophy is to forget the past, use the experience for today, and make tomorrow as beautiful as it can be. Something that bothers me beyond that is health, and trust me that is important, especially in a culture where we eat in the night as if we are going to eat for the last time in our life. I will take good care of you, if you ever fall sick but prevention is better than cure, isn't it? By the way, if you'd look. I'll be extremely happy. I do not expect you to be the next Master Cheft, but it might be a very pleasurable thing. To eat good food made by you. As far as money is concerned, I am not exactly a miser; I am just intelligent where I spend, and that is because of the middle class up-bringing I have had. I won't be angry on you if you buy anything expensive but then I have my own list of stupid investments that shoot my temper. Anyway, that goes in seconds and I am up for a solution. You cannot control me or my money, nor do I want to control you. Yes, I drink occasionally, I do not smoke, I prefer juice over cold drinks. I don't like coffee much, yet enjoy visiting coffee shops. I am mad about music, so much that sometimes you might feel that a song is more important to me than many other things. I like to travel, I am mad about non vegetarian food. I generally do not like to dress up. I have a few genuine people in life, instead of a hundred you can't be yourself with. I am a little eccentric and probably that is something that makes me interesting. I may tell you and go away for a while, like a week or so, and you might worry. Do not worry, because all I'd be wanting is a clear head away from life for a while. I'll earn obviously, maybe with butter-chicken or rum balls. Maybe you like to dance, your anger stays longer, and there are few things that pinch you badly and I may not realize that I hurt you. Maybe you are possessive, maybe you are not. Maybe you drink, I don't mind if you do that. Maybe you like to give surprises, maybe you don't. Yes, we maybe different, we maybe alike, no one knows. Anyway, from the little bit of wisdom I have gained at 21, all I can say is that life isn't a bed of roses. There is sadness, there is disappointment, there are expectations and then there is love, the answer to many problems. People say that life is short, but technically it is the longest thing we do, so technically you are supposed to be an important, very important person in my life-my life partner. I do not like to fight, you know, the serious fights, and have become an expert at avoiding them. Yet, few things piss me off, like not taking care of your health, wasting money, non-stop drama and attention seeking, and I pray to the universe that you are not of that kind. In a relationship, well, nobody is perfect, and nobody has to. I want to accept you, the way you are, since the beauty does not lie in the way you are perfect for each other, but how perfectly do you accept each other's imperfections. I hope to meet you someday, maybe at a park, or at a workplace, or a bank or just through a matrimonial site. And I hope, that whenever we meet, it is the most memorable and beautiful thing that would happen to us ever. Waiting for you, not so anxiously.

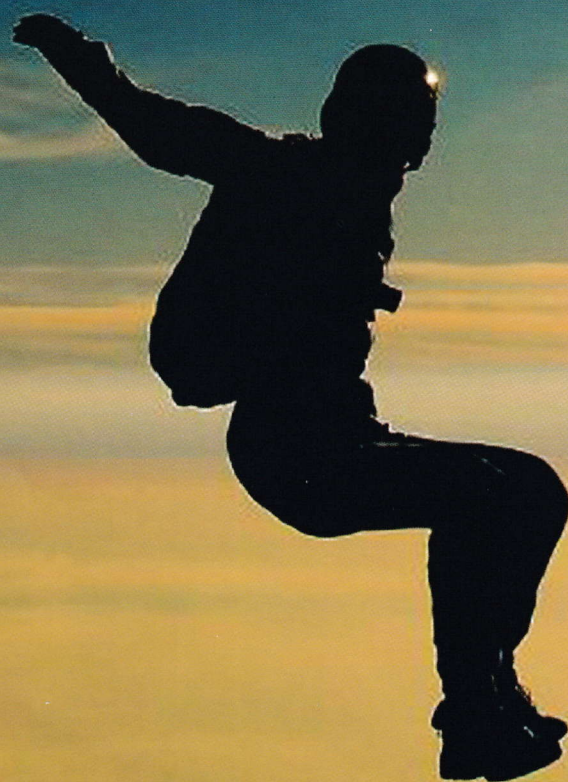
Yours Lovingly,
 Future Husband





**“SOME PICTURES DO FREEZE SILENCE LIKE IT’S AN OBJECT EVEN
IN THE MIDDLE OF A STREET, LOST IN FEBRILE CONFUSION.”**

A street seen through the lens of
Bernish Tongbram
(201337TP152)



PARAGLIDING

- CAPT. ABHIJEET AVATE

“That's not flying, that's falling with style”: Toy Story, the movie. We get to the top of a mountain, we open our back pack, we take out a wing made of fabric thinner than a bed sheet and we wrap it in our backs and we tug on it to inflate and then we walk off the mountain.

That is paragliding simplified.

The most common question I am asked is, “Do you not feel afraid up there?” I am a bit weird, I am not insane. Of course I am afraid, I should be. We don't have a death wish, it's an adventure sport and it comes with its risks. As does driving on Indian roads or eating roadside Chinese food.

Fear, I believe, is the most unappreciated human emotion. I do not mean fear of failing exams or fear of detention. In sports such as this it is fear of the unknown. Unsure of what may happen next in the air as you glide 2000 meters from the closest land, which is right below you. It keeps us alert and sharp and innovative, ready to change and adapt to conditions. It also makes us patient.

Couple of years ago as a group we were flying a 50 Km cross country route in Himalayas. During a valley crossing I got very low and could not fly over the next mountain as did the other pilots. There was no landing space as the valley was densely wooded. The worst case would be a tree landing in the valley, then after packing the wing if all went well it would turn into a 6-7 hour walk out of dense jungle with a 20 kg back pack to the nearest village through prime Sloth Bear territory. Since that did not appeal to me in the least, I coaxed my wing to rise and scratched the tree tops searching for a puff of lift, looking out for eagles who would mark rising air, all the while not gaining height nor losing any. And then after 45 minutes of me circling low in the valley, the sun finally got stronger and warm air lifted my glider out of there and over the mountain. It was a wonderful feeling, just pure satisfaction that I managed to be patient and get out of there. It did not matter that the rest of the team was way ahead or that the distance took me over 4 hours to cover.

For every such story there are many more ending in hard landings, broken bones, torn gliders, long walk out and hurt pride!

Buzzy Trent was a legendary surfer in the 1960's, a pioneer of big wave surfing and this is what he famously said, “Waves are not measured in feet and inches, they are measured in increment of fear.”

So, yes I get scared, but then I get better because of it.

OUTBURST

HARNESH ARORA
(201237TPI81)

“What is the matter?”

My concern went unheard.
Her sobs muted my voice.

“I am fine” she said to herself.
I could see tears trickling down her cheeks.
Ah! Those sunken, beady eyes could cry a river.

“I will be fine” she kept on muttering.
“What is the cause of your pain?” I asked once again.

This time I pleaded to the breeze to carry my message to her. A message that contained my undying care. Breeze, carry my unheard message and unsaid words with you. As breeze reached her she snapped the window and my care came smashing and crashing down into millions of pieces. Just like her heart my care was shattered.

Then all of a sudden she turned around and screamed- “WHY?!”

I thought she is questioning me back, but she was looking at the sky. The brutally endless grey sky ready to consume her. Oh! How badly I wished for it to rain and wash her pain away, but it was winter. Winter is meant to be pleasant but for her it was harsh.

“I am not strong anymore. Not even a bit. These waves of misery are creating a storm in my heart and I can no longer pretend to be a calm sea...not any more” she cried weakly.

“You are strong. Okay! Very strong. Wipe your tears and take a deep br...” before I could complete my sentence, she turned towards me- “You!! You are the culprit!”

I thought she is aiming at the sky once again, but I was wrong.

Those eyes were stuck on me. Oh! Those bloodshot eyes were exploding with anger.

“Me” I said blankly.

“Yes YOU! You liar. You were the one who told me break free, aim high, fly and touch the sky! You taught me to soar high, higher than the bird, but how could you forget to tell me the truth!? A mandatory truth. A statutory warning. How dare you forgot to give me the “must-have” remember note!? How could you!?”

She banged her fist on me.

Her hand was bleeding because of my tough exterior but that very moment my soft interior was split into several pieces...just like her.

Every part of her split up into several layers of emotions that breathed sorrow, anger and pain.

“What did I not tell you?” I questioned.

“You made me fly high but you did not tell me that one little blow and I would come crashing down...deep down...on the cold, hard, frosty ground. You taught me how to stand tall...tall enough to touch the sky but you did not teach me how to climb up the ladder from the deepest and the darkest pit. You spoke about the rainbows but you did not mention the existence of thick dark clouds. You taught me how to swim in the pool of success but you did not teach me how to keep myself afloat when I am sinking.

You did not infuse strength, instead you injected weakness.

You crippled my heart.

You melted strength even before it could take birth in my mind.

You tag yourself as shield, right?

So where were you when I was lying lifeless in a pool of my bloodied tears?

Where were you when I almost burned my lungs out of screaming and crying for help?

Oh, you were busy travelling and storytelling.

Stop it okay!

Stop narrating those silly stories and faking about the world.

Stop hiding these truths by claiming the world to be charismatic.

You are not a philosopher and you will never be!

You are born metal and will die a metal!

A rusted piece of scrap!

Yes you are just a window and nothing else!!...A silly train window!" She fell on the floor and cried.

I was numb.

I felt as if my world had just toppled.

She slapped those words on my face just like gusty wind on a dark stormy night.

Just then she got up to leave and stopped with a jerk.

"Stop pulling me" she said sternly.

There was silence.

"Will you leave me!!?"

Silence again.

She turned and looked at me angrily but her eyes shifted to the ground. The ground pulled her back and said "I won't be cold next time...I will make sure you fly but always remain grounded...I will be there"

She looked at me once again in order to taunt but little she knew I breathed my last moments ago...

I was just an old rusty window now...



HOW DUMB CAN

BE ON FACEBOOK



On the top of the listing of the social networking sites, facebook wins the crown, ruling out Orkut, LinkedIn, Twitter, Instagram, Myspace etcetera etcetera. It has been reminding us people's birthdays and connecting the world since 2004. Thank you Zuckerberg!

We can imagine how strongly this network has affected the younger spheres today, to the extent that Facebook addiction was considered a kind of disorder by psychologists across the globe.

Youngsters today don't login or logout, they are connected throughout time. Well, that's a huge technological achievement! But when it comes to emotional attachments, we need to make a big assessment. They exist as small things that go unnoticed, but in later stages result as an emotional 'big bang'.

Starting on with being dumb on Facebook- it goes from randomly adding people. It sounds like fun but reflects an irrational personality. In simple words, it seems morose.

Being popular: This is the motto of almost every youth today which is sadly related to those with "dying for Facebook likes". There is another kind who do unusual stunts on such networks to be popular.

These unusual stunts include excessive physical exposure, materialistic show-off and other acts of indiscretion.

To be popular is not everyone's cup of tea, as we see even the best guy in terms of academics in your sphere ends with a nerdy tag.

Coming to another sub-prototype are the kinds who are like "Awww! He liked my pic, he likes me" or "Yes! She liked my pic, she's into me". They are the ones who are given the famous "desperado" tag. Yes! It is quite obvious and true that all of us want to be good looking and popular.

However, obsession is something else, like the teens with super edited pictures on Facebook are either the "wannabe popular" or "searching for a good looking date".

Well, who doesn't want a better looking date? But, Seriously, there is a height of desperation. Reflections' 15 has a message for them: "There is someone out there who is going to love you for what you are and who you are. Right now, you better focus on your goal and true motives".

Let's not forget to mark those people who are suffering from 'emotional disorder syndrome', they would make statuses on Facebook instead of facing

PEOPLE BOOK!?!

-RITESH YADAV
(201337TP255)

the reality of life. These people are in poor health expecting empathy and sympathy. Moving onto the next FB-mania, let's talk of time running out.

Don't you wish sometime to be one of those people with so much of extra time that they run fake accounts and create a mess with people for fun, rivalry and tons of other stupid reasons.

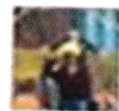
Ask me for an advice on what is to be done with such people. Lock them in a box and throw them in outer space is all I can say.

And lastly, there are two other prototypes who deserve a moment of silence. First, the ones whose updates had provoked people to coin the term R.I.P in English.

Second, the king of all the Facebook misery, the relationship that begins with Facebook. It all starts with a friend request, a howdy and a hello, few coffee talks, the hustle and bustle of hormones. Well, you know the rest is life, a few days of depression and they don't cease to repeat the cycle.

So guys! I only hope that you don't see yourself as one of such atrocious kind? I believe it's time to assess yourself.

We are young; it's the time we can give our best in everything for this lifetime. Sustain your time and energy to have the best in you and the rest falls in place. I hope you like this.



Nikhil Kaira likes Iram T's photo.



Aayush Chandra likes photo.



Abhineet Misra was tagged in Varun Mathur's photo.



Abhineet Misra was tagged in Varun Mathur's photo.



Pawan Verma likes Siva Suganya's photo.



Alex David



Gaurav Gupta



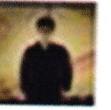
Aditya Vikram Chauhan



Mohit Mathers



Ishan Chawla



Aman Narula



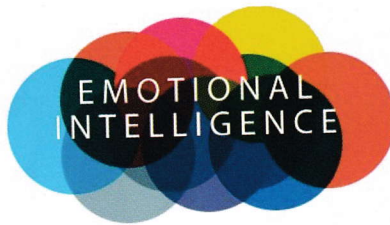
Rapsta Zafar



Aditi Singh

MORE FRIENDS

These friends can't see you
chat. Edit



- ASHUTOSH PATEL
(201237TP144)

There are different type of intelligence that human beings possess. Emotional intelligence (EI) being one of them, has been a well studied subject in the past and will continue to be so until there is a new scope in the studies of Human Behaviour. Indeed, it can also be said that the study of emotional intelligence is as important, if not less, than other intelligence. Some scientists have even claimed that emotional intelligence is more important than Intelligence Quotient (IQ).

If one were to define emotional intelligence in a few words then it can be stated that emotional intelligence (EI) is the ability to perceive, control and evaluate emotions. Some researchers suggest that emotional intelligence can be learned and strengthened, while others claim it is an inherent inborn characteristic. Historically emotional intelligence first began to be studied in the year 1930 by Edward Thorndike, who brought the concept of "social intelligence". From then on many other personalities like David Wechsler, Abraham Maslow, Howard Gardner and Wayne Payne have contributed greatly to the subject. Since 1990, Peter Salovey and John D. Mayer have been leading researchers on Emotional Intelligence. According to their proposed model Emotional Intelligence has mainly four different factors in it :

1. **Perceiving Emotions:** This is the first step to understand emotions to accurately perceive them. In many cases, this might involve understanding nonverbal signals such as body language and facial expressions.
2. **Reasoning with Emotions:** The second step involves using emotions to promote thinking and cognitive activity. Emotions help prioritize what we pay attention and react to; we respond emotionally to things that garner our attention.
3. **Understanding Emotions:** The emotions that we perceive can carry a wide variety of meanings. If someone is expressing angry emotions, the observer must interpret the cause of their anger and what it might mean. For example, if your boss is angry, it might mean that he is dissatisfied with your work; or it could be because he got a speeding ticket on his way to work that morning, or that he's been fighting with his wife.
4. **Managing Emotions:** The ability to manage emotions effectively is a key part of emotional intelligence. Regulating emotions, responding appropriately and responding to the emotions of others are all important aspect of emotional management.

Looking at the model one is forced to think and appreciate the complexity of the subject. Salovey and Mayer have described the four branches of their model as, "arranged from more basic psychological processes to higher, more psychologically integrated processes. For example, the lowest level branch concerns the (relatively) simple abilities of perceiving and expressing emotion. In contrast, the highest level branch concerns the conscious, reflective regulation of emotion".

Much like Intelligence Quotient, Emotional Intelligence is also a measurable quantity. There are various criterion report that have been developed which have been able to measure emotional intelligence. Reuven Bar-On's EQ-i is one such self report test. It measures competencies like awareness, stress tolerance, problem solving, and happiness. There is another test called Multifactor Emotional Intelligence Scale (MEIS) which is an ability-based test in which test-takers perform tasks designed to assess their ability to perceive, identify, understand, and utilize emotions. We live in a world where almost everything is measurable and can be scientifically studied. This not only helps us in understanding ourselves better, but also acts as an indicator through which we can judge rather accurately where our shortcomings lie.

It is often considered that a single intelligence can take over other intelligences and reflect more in the attitude of an individual. This can be considered true up to an extent but cannot be accepted wholeheartedly. A comprehensive approach to emotional intelligence will reveal that emotional intelligence and other intelligences are not separated from each other by clear distinct lines. Rather, it is a blend of all the intelligences a person is supposed to have.

One cannot simply declare that he can do with a single intelligence alone because in all of us there are present these nine intelligences, the synthesis of which in various amount results in an unique individual personality. In the words of David Caruso: "It is very important to understand that emotional intelligence is not the opposite of intelligence, it is not the triumph of heart over head -- it is the unique intersection of both."

ALS ICE BUCKET CHALLENGE

-KARTIK PANT

(201337TP192)

As I have all the time in the world, I will videotape myself pouring a bucket of ice water on my head to spread awareness of some neurological disease. I haven't done anything special for any disease like HIV, Hepatitis, Polio, etc which are actually prevalent in India, but now it's time for me to spread awareness about ALS Syndrome. I'll upload it on Facebook, Instagram, Vine and I'll ask my friends to do the same., then tell myself "What a triumph I have done a substantial lot for the benefit of the society."

But why just ALS, I should dump a crate of cigarettes to show how many years of life I have saved. Well obviously I won't do that because there are better ways.

My mind is now brainwashed into doing anything trending on social media no matter how boring, lame and plain it is.

To be fair, this right here is the problem. Like baboons we are aping the west and thinking we are actually making a difference.

We should rather get out of our homes, help those in need by actually doing something rather than making a Facebook status about it.



Emotions in the Blues

-AMRIT CHANDRA
(201437TNI08)

Waking up with the sunshine,
he realizes he is not sailing the seas,
he slides open his window,
and looks at his daughter playing around the trees,
the giggles of joy spread a smile across his face,
he looks at his wife wishing he'd never have to leave this place,
wondering if the day could get any better,
his wife hands him his letter,
a letter calling him to the high seas,
and he cannot be stopped even after many pleas,
echoes of silence flood the room,
deep down he knows that he's going to be leaving pretty soon,
so he hugs his family tight,
and looks at the clock,
his soul makes him count,
each and every 'tick - tock'.
It's almost another 6 months of a full year,
full of rough seas and the pirates they fear,
from a wide ocean to a deep bay,
with greater challenges every day,
but he is not just a man from a crowd with no ability,
his shoulders bear a huge responsibility,
a white suit and a peak cap,
his mind with the image of the whole world map,
he is not weak and not a wimpy pleader,
he rules 3/4th of the Earth and is worthy of being called a leader,
he has a name and he is not just a mailer,
he is proud to be what the world calls a "SAILOR".

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08)

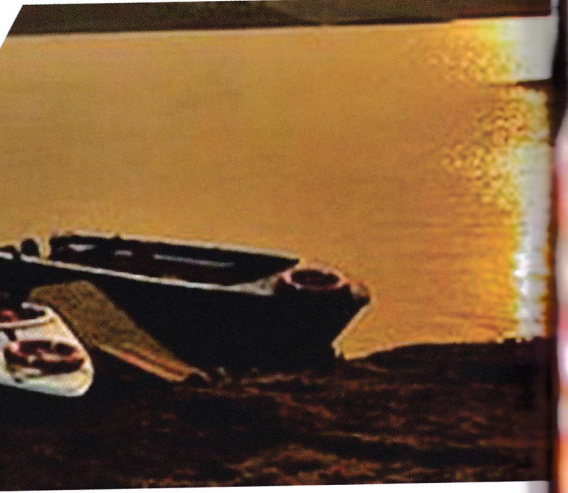
A SHOT FROM 'THE FISHERMAN'S DIARY'

-SUDHASTTAWA AREKAL

(201337TP302)



“



GO LAJONG GO



”

Shillong: Scotland of the East

-BERNISH TONGBRAM
(201337TP152)

Shillong is the city of the melodic strings' tunes, rock culture, breathtaking waterfalls, enchanting hills and modest tribes. The city houses many old bungalows and churches of the imperial time, erected by the colonial raj. Shillong peak crowns the city gifting away its people and visitors, the panoramic view of the city resting on its lush green lap. The three sister tribes Khasi, Jaintia and Garo inhabit the city and reside in harmony with a rich blend of culture, a culture where no woman had to ever fight for feminine rights and are instead traditionally empowered with the right of holding the newborn with the maternal linkage unlike other cultures. It is unique and self sustaining in its own way. The festivals, with Shad Shuk Mynsiem and Nongkhrem dance where royalty binds with commoners, the charming choirs, the Lajong FC, the archery competitions, the local bands, the old creaking pines, its an endless list to go on with. The eat streets aromas of meat delicacies, dumplings, art of meat pickles, fermented beans etc lingering all over. The festives are laden with the pot-rice beer and I bet it works better than a thick layer of wool on a cold festive day winds that bite. It is our customary ritual that we offer Kwai (Beetel Nut) to guests prior to any other offerings. So, folks may end up walking out of the house with mouth cherry red.

Well, that's a glimpse of my Shillong, I can go on and end up with a book. So, let me hold my Kublei (Thank you) here.

Kublei SubunI



-PRASHANT KUMAR
(201337TP335)

Jogging used to be the only time I never carried any money in my pocket. Blue track pants and grey T-shirt used to be my uniform almost every evening to the nearby park I went to keep fit, or maybe, just another attempt to fill up the hollow evenings. One evening, while returning from the park, I felt a shout of hunger from my stomach. Home was still a kilometre away. It started drizzling as I walked ahead, and took shelter under the extended roof of a known building. I noticed that there was a crowd gathered around something in a corner. As a fat man left the shop, I saw this lean guy selling bhelpuri and doing good business. I checked my pockets, and from some corner, a crippled twenty rupee note came out. I thanked my stars, and went to the shop. I was just about to place my order, when I heard a familiar feminine voice, and immediately turned my face away. “Bhaiya, do bhelpuri dena”, she said. The same sparkle in her voice, that smell of her perfume still linger in my mind. Besides this, what had really not changed was her strange love for bhelpuri. I remembered those good old days when we used to bunk lectures and just go for a stroll. The way she would become excited at the name of bhelpuri, and how it used to be her all time menu. Be it the little cookery she knew, or the frequent picnics we used to go for, bhelpuri invariably marked its presence. How I often used to tease her by saying, “As it is you have no interest in these books, why don't you open a bhelpuri shop?”, and she would reply with a semi-irritated, “Very funny”. Those days, I used to feel that her happiness was my responsibility. I made sure that even if it's just bhelpuri, she must have it, if she liked it. I jumped into the nostalgia, and remembered everything she did. The way she would dance in the rain, and I would just smile watching her in that bliss. The way she would spoil my hair whenever I would try a new hairstyle. Everything just flashed in my mind, as if it was yesterday when we had confessed our feelings for each other. The vendor almost yelled at me to know what I wanted, since I was visibly lost in deep thought. This made her notice me, and I looked into her eyes. This was awkward. It had been more than a year since we had talked, shared or met. Let alone be in a relationship. There was nothing to say, and nothing to be heard. Already, a lot had been said, and unsaid, just like all break ups happen. “I'm fed up of this obsession of yours Simran. How long does it take?”, a big guy came and almost yelled at her. She looked into my eyes for a second, and then went away picking her two plates. That one moment had it all, her eyes told me everything I wanted to know. There is a strange satisfaction when you know that the person you loved never finds someone who loves them the way you did. Even if she didn't look back, I knew that she wanted to. I finished and left for home, and gave my mind another dive into nostalgia. As I entered my little apartment in semi-drenched state, mom asked whether I had eaten something or not, handling me a towel. “Yes mom”, I said. “Bhhelpuri”.

REMINISCING OUR BELOVED...

WOLFY



-SHUBHAM SINGH THAKUR
(201237TP316)

ALUMNI SPEAK

Jannat Bhuller (2009TP196), Gold Medallist of ME 2009 Batch - SWAYAM PAL

(201137TP314)

“Whatever your dreams and passions are, just follow them, love them and cherish them because nothing feels better than achieving something that you've wanted.”

It all starts from the mesmerising childhood days, the best part of one's life... fetch us some of your beautiful memories.

My earliest memories are filled with hostels, wardens, rising bells and exercises, since my education started from a boarding school at the age of five. My childhood was lovely and well provided for. I remember growing up in beautiful misty mountains, I recall girls wearing barrettes and dressing up for church on Sundays. Those beautiful hymns and prayers, the tunes still ring at the back of my mind. Singing the choirs, mugging up Shakespeare's pieces and getting super excited during cultural events...those were lovely days. Now, I laugh recalling the wardens teaching my five year old self, that to be a proper lady, a dressing gown is a must over the night suit. To always sit with the right leg crossed over left and how important it was to pray. Etiquette, training and Shakespeare were framed in my life from those very young days.

The sailing fraternity is all about physical and mental endurance, tell us about the journey, where hurdles were not just overcome, but there was a triumph over, from being the lone lady, to crowning away with academic excellence.

I have ambiguous memories of the first few months in college. Most probably, for the reason that I was intimidated by everything. I realized, what such a little sex ratio meant. It meant you cannot walk around unnoticed, it meant you have to be on your guard every second in public, it meant constant speculations and rumours where one had to harden up, fight till one could, and then some more. That is the only way to answer each of the comments, remarks and doubts others have. There were times when I had broken down, cried... but I guess that's a part of life where we fight with our share of problems. However, at the end of it, sailing made me realize college was so much easier...



Definitely, there must have been times when you felt like giving up, as sailing gets difficult for the rockiest of men. How did you overcome such hurdles? Also, give us some throwback of such bad times.

Yes, there are times when things get bad and also times that make me feel that I should give up, I can't do anymore. During such times, I give myself a pep talk. I tell myself to stop cribbing, to buck up and move on. Shit happens, so what? I tell myself things aren't that

bad and imagine the worst situations possible. When it grows really worse, I know there's no other way than it receding off and getting better. (Laughs). Over the years, I have realized we never really know where our limits can take us to. We can always do more even when we think “that's it, that's the limit.” I guess it's all in our mind. We just need to convince ourselves that we can do more.

What are the next goals you are heading to, both in personal and professional frontiers?

I simply don't have any plans now, other than completing my next sail. I try not to make many plans as I have a feeling that I always jinx my plans and never complete them. So, NO plans!

What advice would you like to give to the present and future cadets of TMI?

I don't think advice would be an appropriate word. I would call it a message indeed and it says that these four years at TMI are very special and each moment should be enjoyed. Whatever your dreams and passions are just follow them, love them and cherish them because nothing feels better than achieving something that you've wanted. Also everyone must behave in the most respectable manner wherever you go in your life.

“THE DISTANCE BETWEEN DREAMS AND SUCCESS IS ALWAYS THE DEDICATED AND FOCUSED ACTION”



a Break FROM REALITY



-ABHINAV AGASTYA
(201237TPI08)

After all the musters, PT, practicals and attending classes; the evenings at Tolani Maritime Institute bring a much needed respite to us cadets. From 16:30 hrs till night muster is our time. While some play all kinds of sports, hit the gym, run, swim, or simply go on an out pass (for passport verification of course!), others change their uniforms and switch on laptops and get transported to any fantasy world of their choice! From watching their favorite superhero save cities from destruction to laughing at comedies, TV series have become an integral part of our lives. Whether they are Immortal Vampires, Dragons, Vikings, a simple struggle for life on an island or breaking out a brother from prison, we are hooked into watching what will happen next. This phenomenon is termed as Binge-Watching.

So what is Binge-watching? Binge-watching, also called binge-viewing, is the practice of watching television for longer time spans than usual, usually of a single television show. In simpler terms, you keep watching your favorite show till you can't keep your eyes open anymore!

When it comes to today's top shows, it's about more than just good TV. We are obsessed. But what makes them so hard to turn off? Here are three astonishing reasons of what is getting us hooked — and keeping us that way.

Rapid-fire scenes — we can't look away

We have noticed that many shows jump quickly from one scene to another, or flit between characters in the same scene. According to research, rapid scene changes are especially engaging to watch, and that can lead to zoning out (wait, it's four hours later already?). The makers of TV series take advantage of a basic biological function of our human body. It is called our orienting reflex, which involves our ability to react to movements around us, like a fly avoiding the swat of a hand. Our orienting reflex is triggered when we watch these scenes, and we become more engaged with what's happening to the point that it is physically hard for us to look away.

What happens next?! The cliffhanger

This one is the most obvious, and perhaps the most common tactic that TV and movie producers use. But it always works. In the final scene of the Sherlock, season 2 finale, Sherlock falls to his apparent death, only to be spotted again, watching his partner Dr. Watson lamenting his death at his own tombstone. Wait, is he really alive? TV shows even use mini-cliffhangers before each commercial break to make sure the viewer doesn't change channels. Even in the age of recording TV shows or downloading torrents, there's nothing like leaving viewers hanging to keep them hooked.

Hypnosis

Sounds absurd doesn't it? However, it is frighteningly true. Research suggests that after watching Game of Thrones for a mere 30 seconds, our brains begin to produce the "alpha waves" typically associated with hazy, receptive states of consciousness, which are also generated during the "light hypnotic" stage of suggestion therapy. At the same time, our neurological activity switches from the left hemisphere to the right—that is, from the seat of logical thought to the seat of emotion. Whenever this shift takes place, our bodies are flooded with the natural opiates known as Endorphins, which explains why viewers have repeatedly told scientists that they feel relaxed as soon as they switch on the television, and also why this same sense of relaxation tends to dissolve immediately after the set is turned off.

The bottom line is that binge watching is more than just a business story—more than just a story about new technologies and new modes of distribution. It's really a story about the science of storytelling itself.

Bingeing, it turns out, is how our brains want to watch television. And the best storytellers on TV are beginning to figure this out.





BHARAT SARDA
(201437TN161)

SHE IS WALKING AFTER DARK

- SHAILI SRIVASAVA
(201437TP275)

She is walking after dark,
 Her slim arms tightly across her-
 Like the lost baby of a beautiful deer...
 She is looking through her glass
 her eyes in fear, terror.
 She is walking fast, her scarf falling
 It's like a treat to those vulture eyes, crawling...
 A drip on her arm from the corner of her eyes,
 She sweats, she cries....
 Oh, don't tell me it's her short dress
 Her bare arms or her legs.
 Fully covered from head to toe, I have seen you stare-
 As she flips, those eyes of lust, waiting for just one slip.
 An object she is for you thick skinned,
 Which you just disregarded...
 And that pain which it inflicts, it makes her fall apart...
 Nor apologies, nor compassion
 That's not what she needs-
 She just wants love, she wants care,
 Not violent hands to touch her hair...
 She wants to talk, she wants to share
 Not have rumors about her everywhere.
 You may laugh, you may tease,
 Do whatever you please,
 But look at her strength- she bears it with ease
 Yes, she struggles, but tries hard not to fall.
 She endures the treachery, the thorny walk through it all.
 And as the leaves turn from yellow to green,
 Slightly she moves, with the new barren breeze.....
 Overlooking the scars, she tries to smile again
 Picking those pieces, she tries walking upright again
 Though she may have a body, which you may desire-
 Try a look at her heart & you will admire-
 How with tears in her eyes manages to say
 "Yes, I'm gonna be fine one day...."

EVEN IF YOU DIE...

WORDS EXIST TO SCREAM YOUR EMOTIONS

- AVIJIT SHARMA
(201237TPI47)

“Your coffee”

“Thank you”, he said clearing his throat.
He took a sip and even before his taste buds could savour the flavour of black coffee, he had mixed milk and sugar in it.

He flipped a few pages from a diary he had with him.
“Five cups” he read to himself and shut the diary.

As he stirred the coffee, his eyes grew deeper in the cup – as if every part of him was getting dissolved with every stir. The aroma of the coffee did act as a time travelling machine – as if the machine was very well aware of his destination. Once again he was taken to the time he desired to go.

Same memory.

Same person.

Precious.

Everything was vivid. If he had a chance, he'd jump into his thoughts and never come back. How badly he wished to re-do some things, but sadly, couldn't. He was too late, or maybe time ran fast.



“Sir!.. Sir!... Should I get something else for you?”
He didn't say a word. Still engrossed in his thoughts he stared at the coffee which was now cold.

He of course knew that the server was next to him, in fact he could even hear the soft laughter of a couple behind him. The chatter of the college students and the amazement of a group of tourists but he chose to ignore all of it- purposely obviously and just concentrate on his thoughts-those heart-warming beautiful memories which were once his sweet reality.

“Sir??” this time the server's voice got him back to reality that he was trying to run away from.

“Uhh get me a pineapple soufflé”, he said looking dazed.

The soufflé was placed on his table and he took the first bite. Quickly a second one and he closed his eyes. He relished each bite of it as if he could taste every ingredient separately. Once again he opened the little diary but looked discontent this time. He frantically flipped the pages-seemed as if he did not get the desired page. After a few minutes of tiff with the diary he got the correct one, “Best pineapple soufflé- do try it!!” he smiled on reading that and said, “You are always right... always...”

He sat onto the cane chair at the café and was in no mood to get up. He would slip down the memory lane. But each time the café door would open, the honking of cars would push him back to the uneasy reality.

He would frown for a second, but memories over reality he'd choose each time and open the diary, move his finger over the pages as if he could actually feel the essence behind every word. Oh, if he would've felt it before- his face melted with pain.

After spending three hours in the café, he got up to walk back home. On his way he got a call from his boss.

“I know you had asked for a leave but it's important. I have mailed some folders. Just go through them.”

“Yes...S...Sir”, he said carelessly and hung the call.

Drenched in sweat he reached home. He tossed the diary on the bed and removed the blazer. All of a sudden he picked up the diary and looked at it as if he was apologizing for tossing it carelessly. He placed it next to his laptop and began checking the folder.

He must have made, say, about thirty five calls at his work place regarding the folders. Each time he made the call, he looked at the diary. Before making one of the calls, he picked up the diary and opened a page-

“Even in the most hectic hours I think about you. It's not when I'm alone, but when I'm busy, occupied with work that you are still on my mind”.

His heart sank. He needed her to bring it back. He needed her badly. He missed her. He hugged the diary tight. Opened another page and read it loudly to himself- “It's cold and my heart is sinking. I don't know whether I will survive this night or not...but if I survive, it's just because of you...the strength you give me...gave me...oh, I just want you...I miss you.” His voice choked with every word. “I'm sorry,” he uttered looking at the diary.

“Sleep- it took me to the dreamland-our dreamland,” he read this and slept for some hours. He woke up. The air of comfort did let him breathe for a minute. But the moment he looked out of the window, he saw the enormous sky and became restless. His eyes were searching for her in the sky. May be behind that cloud or behind the yellow orange hues of the setting sun... He couldn't find her... irritated, he opened the diary... maybe for a hint this time but left stunned reading it- “Your eyes are the only deepest space where I'd get lost happily and never be found.(P.S: If I ever get lost.. go in front of the mirror and see your eyes.. you'll see my reflection)”

He stood in front of the mirror but he couldn't see her. Tears started rolling down his cheeks. Then suddenly he wiped them off and remembered she believed in happiness. The moment he dried his eyes he saw her smiling and her smile just grew broader.

He did not have dinner that night. His mother was worried and questioned him now and then-

“Beta thoda kha le”

“Nahi maa so raha hu”

He felt heavy.

“Beta savere se gum sum tha... tu theek hai na?”

He wiped those fat tear droplets off his eyes, gulped down that lump and flashed a smile.

“Haa maa ek dum fine...”

He went to his room, crashed on the bed

and opened the diary.

He read her pain and could feel it now... the last line with bits of courage scribbled read, “I am fine.”

The pillow was wet with his tears.

He turned around and saw the stars.

That must be her- he pointed towards the brightest of all.

He stared at it for some minutes and opened the diary.

“I will shine for you always... you'll find me in the rays of the sun that kiss your face, the wind that brush through your hair and stars that sparkle...Just for you.. I'll be the smile in your eyes and the content in your heart... I'll blow away your tears and crumple your fears...You just have to touch your heart. .I'll be there.”

That was the last page of the diary.

Her last words.

Her last breath.

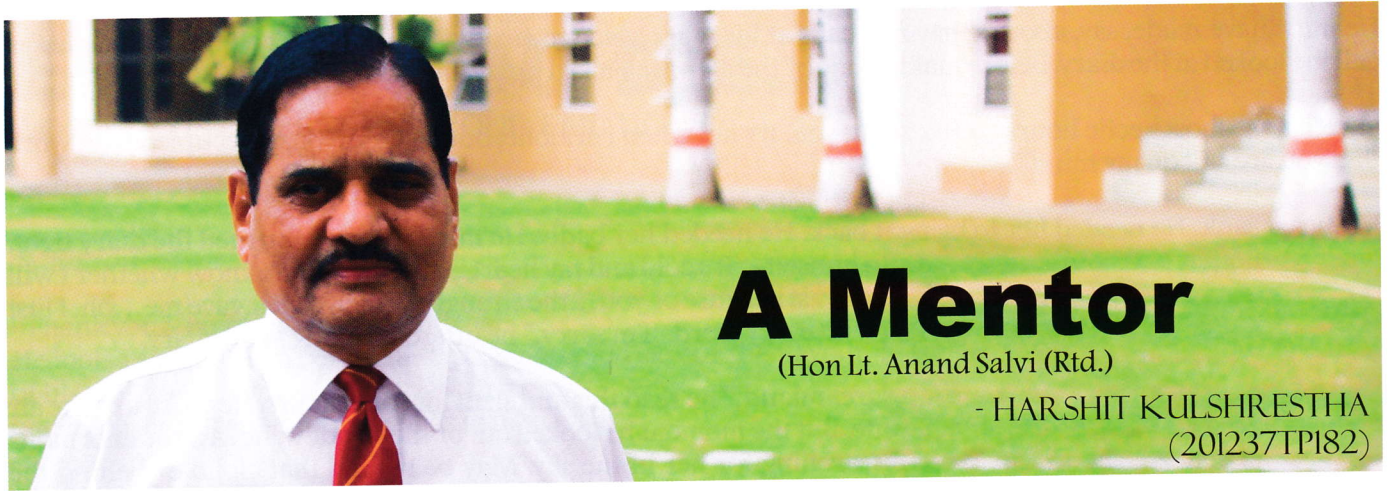
Her lips. Her name.

The last she always wanted.

He kept the diary under his pillow and opened a new one and began writing-

“Dear you...”





A Mentor

(Hon Lt. Anand Salvi (Rtd.))

- HARSHIT KULSHRESTHA
(201237TPI82)

A mentor, guardian, fatherly figure, caretaker, disciplinarian and above all the molder of the future mariners of TMI. This can be taken as a very brief job description of the warden, Hon Lt. Anand Salvi (Rtd.).

A person who has great responsibility on his shoulders, that being of correcting the erroneous, punishing the repeated defaulters and looking after the welfare of us, the free spirited, wild cadets; whether it be in the hostel or in the college as a faculty of Marine Signaling for DNS and Nautical Technology cadets. He has been dedicated to this job from 2005, witnessing innumerable changes like the increase in the number of students per batch, making of the LRC and Ship-In-Campus, the monumentous achievement of recognitions from CRISIL, ISO etc.

Inspite of all this he says his most cherished memories are of the POP of each batch where the parents of the cadets, and the cadets themselves, are emotionally overwhelmed and thank him for his immense contribution in moulding and instilling in their children the qualities required for a mariner. At that time even the cadets realize the necessity of his harsh actions and words and his heavy reprimands for minor faults and the parents are gaga over the role of the warden in the transformation of the cadet.

However, his true talent and ability lies in his working style. He has to coordinate between the management and the cadets so as to enable the smooth and disciplined functioning of the college. He says that in the tryst between the management and the students, owing to minor disciplinary rules like haircut and footwear, he often bears the brunt of the cadets. No matter how much the warden tries he is always looked upon as a disrupter of the fun-frolic and free lifestyle of the cadets which maybe hindered due to the room inspections, or the restricted entry hours in the hostel or by enforcing the most demonic haircut rule onto the cadets; but such is his dedication towards making his cadets an outstanding mariner that he happily takes all this in his stride and aids us in emerging as an officer. He is always impartial, patient, and considerate, no matter how a cadet behaves or acts. It is under his watchful eyes that the female cadets are also disciplined and looked after just as well as the male cadets. He strives to achieve a balance between forgiveness and reprimands; the latter is to prevent us from repeating our mistakes onboard.

In short, Hon Lt. Anand Salvi (Rtd.) is an integral instrument of our refinement from mere boys to cadets and to officers of the merchant navy. Those are his efforts with never waning zeal and gusto accompanied by all the other staff of the college. They make the cadets of TMI an asset for every shipping company. For all their affection, knowledge and efforts they never want a "thank you" from us but just wish to see us sailing with our heads held high and upholding the colossal name of the institute and in turn the country's.

Timeline of Hon Lt. Anand Salvi (Rtd.)

- Joined the Indian Navy in the year 1967.
- Served for 37 years in the Indian Navy and retired as Hon Lt.
- 20 years of sea time experience.
- Participated in the 1971 Indo-Pak war.
- Was an active member of the 1995 Somalian Rescue Operation.
- Sailed on INS Virat, INS Vikranth, INS Mysore.
- Currently teaching Marine Signaling for DNS and Nautical Technology cadets at TMI.

HORSE RIDING

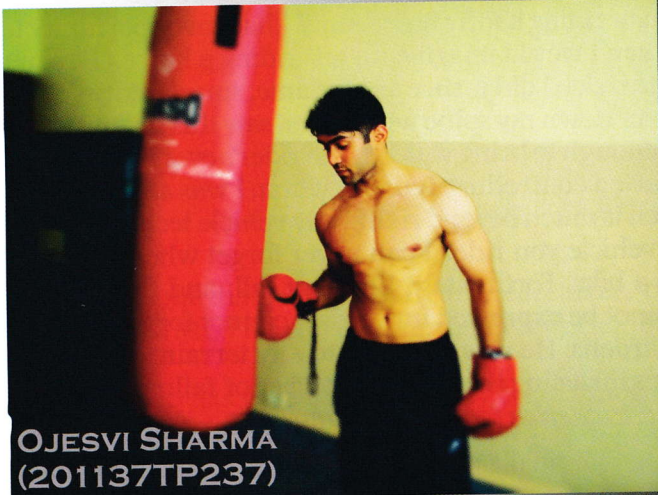
VAIBHAV SAXENA
(201137TP320)

How often have you seen in the movies of 1980's, when riding horse was one of the assets the hero used to have? Even for me, it was just in the movies when I would see a man riding a lofty horse, until I had an opportunity to ride my own horse. I used to have that adrenaline rush, when I would imagine myself riding a horse. Dreams changed to reality, when I sat on my first horse –Toofan. He indeed did justice to his name, since a storm could be felt at the place where he was about to arrive. I had a shiver down my spine when I first saw this six and a half foot tall, jet black creature who would run with the speed enough to bring water to the rider's eyes. We humans change and grow with time, and soon I conquered and started controlling Toofan, whom I was afraid to even touch. There's a special feeling behind riding a horse, which is much beyond riding any vehicle technology can create. How often have you had the connection with the vehicle you ride? I can never forget when the horse stood only on its rear limbs, what you call a 'wheely' on a bike. Fortunately, I did not fall, and then when I controlled him it was a different level of joy I felt, that cannot be expressed in words. I cannot forget when he would splash his hooves on water, or move on vast tea gardens. He was different to any terrain. Adventure, freedom, confidence, the lust for speed, the sound of hooves thrusting the ground, the fear of falling down, the want of winning a race are the feelings horse riding gave me, to cherish for the rest of my life.



Humans Of TMI

COMPILED BY ROSHAN NORONHA (201237TP240)
& GAURAV KUMAR (201337TPI70)



OJESVI SHARMA
(201137TP237)

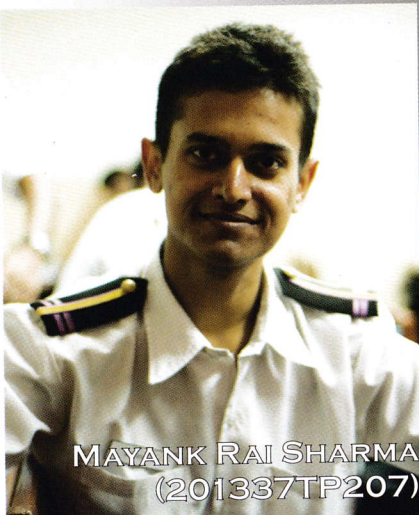
I prayed for the agility required, the strength needed and the result expected. As I stepped into the ring and nervousness galloped its way into my mind, clinching my fists I hoped to deliver more than I received. Felt the adrenaline rush in me as soon as the sweet sound of the three strikes of the bell fell onto my ears and I delivered the first blow just to receive an anticipated reply on my ribs. The fight went on for 3 rounds at the end of which I was declared 'winner by KO'. That's the moment I felt it, a sense of achievement and excitement. Boxing was made for me.

We started working for a weekend Education program at a Children's Home, 6 months ago. To be honest, this has been the most frustrating and yet the most satisfying journey ever; frustrating, because many times efforts don't give the desired results. However, they do make us feel more responsible and mature. We believe, for us it is a way to give back to the society in whatever little way we can. This journey has made us complain less about life. The more we are through it, the wiser and more patient we feel.

Our climb shoots up slow... but we know we are climbing up, for there has to be a beginning first, before we go far.



LEKHA DEVI (201437TP255)
NATALIA TAVARE (201437TP217)
GLORIA SHAMIM (201437TP127)



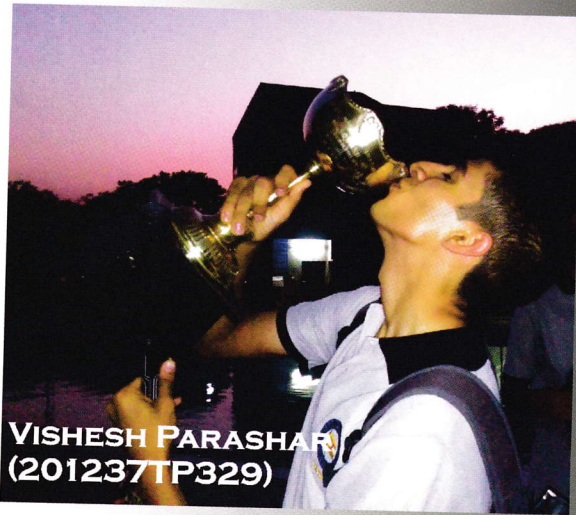
MAYANK RAI SHARMA
(201337TP207)

Painting & Sketching are two of my incorrigible hobbies these days, which I have simply fallen in love with. There is always something at the back of my mind which I want to sketch down or spill into colours.

I consider the saying "all imaginations can be real" truest to its spirit. Sometimes, they are silly but it is more about which ones to keep.

It's simple yet blissful... like meditation. This helps me drift away from distractions.

That is how much this passion has blessed me so far.



VISHESH PARASHAR
(201237TP329)

Squash for that matter is a game of endurance. The mental and physical endurance that squash puts on your body is what makes it a great game.

It's not the handsome drives or the delicate drops that win you the game- it's the will to survive each one of them and then attack.

At that moment, when my opponent dances around the court, futile in his attempt to get the ball, I am filled with a sense of exhilaration and excitement like never before. And at that moment I know- I can't live without this sport.

I do not have an athletic body nor do I possess any raw power. Like the most of us, I too get tired after the first 500m and for me, it's then when the real race starts. I may not win every time but I do make sure that when the race is over, I will be flat on my back, foam dripping from my mouth, my lungs begging for every ounce of air they can get.

True endurance, I think, comes from inside. Thus, pushing your limits and watching them back down fills me up with an evangelical zeal that makes me realize that I was born for it.



ANJESH JOSHI
(201337TP187)



VINIT NAIR
(201337TP322)

I think it's cool that you can pick up the guitar and compose something that didn't exist five minutes ago. Listening to the likes of Led Zeppelin, Guns N' Roses and Pink Floyd, made picking up the guitar a very easy decision. The history of music is mortal but the legacy of the guitar is eternal.

EMOTIONS OF A WINDOW

- PRATUL HORA
(201237TP253)

When she was 2 years old , she'd hold my bars and jump on me for hours .Each time she'd spot a plane or a helicopter - she'd jump harder and her laughter would be heard on the floors below - "alohpane " her soft voice would float in the sky . Oh! that little ball of energy - oozed out innocence.

At 6 , she'd hide behind me before going to school and wait for her mother to find her . Her mother would pretend to be unaware of her hiding place. After a minute or two of this hide and seek, her mother would slowly run towards her and pull the curtains and hug her "dhoond liaaa". Oh the little girl would scream in excitement and the duo would burst out laughing - their laughter oozed out contentment . It was brighter than the sun rays which would wash me every morning .

The 10 year old now got all artistic. With a paint brush in hand she would paint everything that caught her eye . I was a victim too! A sweet victim to those colorful strokes on my boring grey body . The colors oozed out passion .

On her 13th birthday - she not only dressed herself up with the hues of pink and silver but also the entire room with posters of her favorite musical boy band and metallic colored balloons. I was a star among-st the "non - living things" - dazzling with pink and silver streamers - matching with her dress. Each time she'd come near me I'd sway a little and touch her face to wish her and show her how happy I was . On that day she oozed out the wait for a new beginning.

When she was 16 - she would close her door and sit on me and talk non-stop for hours . God knows where she got all that energy from! I would hear her laugh, shout, crib , complain and the many " don't tell this to any one" sentences . She oozed out growth.

She got into the college of her choice at 17 - I could see the excitement on her face . An eagerness of exploring a new phase and the curiosity of beginning college. That day I remembered her first day of school- how at times she'd cling to me and make excuses to not go to school. That day oozed out nostalgia.

She'd sit on me every night and write in the little diary of hers. Sometimes she'd talk with herself of ambitions . She would look at me and tell " One day I will break you and fly - just like the birds"

At 18 , she oozed out dreams . She wanted to chase her dreams. All of it.

Love. I have seen love in her eyes . Care. Understanding. A different kind of laughter that made the roughest of days smooth, had given a meaning to life. I have read her heart which she'd pour in her diary , heard the conversations that meant the world to her . The meaningless and funny talks , curiosity , warmth and passion . At 20 , she oozed out a lifetime's love .

Suddenly, one day- I saw the little birdie lying dead on my body . As if her wings were cut off , as if her heart was marinated into different layers of sorrow. The smile was replaced by a frown. Tears trickled down her eyes and wet her cheeks just like the rain would wet me - each and every part of me - the same way - every bit of her was drenched in pain and sadness. I have seen her break into a million of pieces. The tears behind the fake smile have been seen by me. Her silent tears , unsaid words , fears - I have seen it all. Every part of her yearned for that once upon a time happiness . Every bit of her screamed a painful silence .

I couldn't see her like that.

So every morning I'd make sure that the sun rays would kiss her face and every night the stars would give her the power to dream once again.

I saw her grow. I saw her believe, heard her prayers and saw her faith.

I saw her getting up once again and gathering the million pieces into one strong body. She did stumble but her belief would pick her back again. She oozed out strength!

"I'll break you one day and fly" she said
Her eyes had that determination once again.

I am not just a window.

I am a witness.

and I shall remain a silent unknown mysterious witness always.

Even when she breaks me and is all ready to fly

I'll witness her flight before I die (happily).

RAINCOAT

-RAUNAQ SACHDEV
(201137TP264)

It was a hot May morning; the sun had taken charge too early. I was standing in the balcony of my father's home, which was now mine. I was staring into nothingness, absorbing the contentment I had managed to achieve. The maid had just brought tea when the postman arrived.

I was expecting the passport I had applied for, but what came out from the envelope took me by surprise. It startled me in the beginning but the fog cleared by the time I finished reading. I looked out again, and plunged into nostalgia.

It was some seven years back, I was barely twenty-one. Life wasn't really going anywhere, and it was one of the worst phases I had seen. I would often take out my father's visiting card and imagine it as my own, which was both motivating and repressing at the same time. Haunted by the recent past, and clueless of the future, I had the permanent state of a man who hasn't slept for days.

In these situations, you need friends, or to be honest, some people who are as useless as you are so that you can comfort yourself. The best of my friends had already chosen their paths for life, and I was walking,

drenched on that road, miles away from my college.

I didn't realize when the air of the street changed and I could see a strange atmosphere. Lots of men going from here to there, most of them had ragged clothes and thin, unhealthy faces. I moved further, and saw an array of women, with almost half a kilogram of make-up on their faces yet no real charm, soliciting drugged customers. I knew not where I was. I decided to move ahead until the street ended.

As I walked a few steps further, a fat lady called me from the first story of an old, white building. 'What?' I said, gathering a lot of confidence.

'We have girls of your age, even younger. Come up, I'll show you', she said.

I was never into these things, and I never wanted to. Still, I had the instinct of climbing up the stairs and doing a wrong thing though I had already done too many. She welcomed me with a smile. The drawing room smelt of a strange

perfume. There were old fashioned curtains that people had stopped putting up about a decade ago. The men whom I saw coming out of the miniature rooms smelled of cheap liquor. Filthy lives basically.

'It will be Rs 200', the lady said.

I had a total of two thousand bucks in my pocket. A note of Rs 500 came out. She was almost delighted to see it and grabbed it from my hand.

'For this, I will give you a fine piece. A virgin', she said. I was indifferent. She took my hand to a room which was a few steps down. I entered.

'Your first customer is here', she said. All her sweetness changed to scorn. She left and I closed the thin wooden door. It was clearly her first time, she was shivering. As I touched her shoulder, she started crying and begging me not to touch her. I was in a fix. I couldn't see her as her entire body was covered with a thin black shawl. Morality or sympathy, one of those pulled me back.

'How did you come here?' I said.

'It's been two days. My own father sold me to some people and then they took me on a boat, and I don't know where I am. Their language is different. I have no money, I don't want to do this', she somehow managed to convey, still sobbing. For the next few minutes I was taken aback by what she had said.

'Are you from the east?' I said. She didn't answer. Wherever she was from, she was now homeless. It was already raining heavily. There was a small window, with rusted vertical iron rods. I kicked it twice, and since there was nothing strong in the entire brothel, it broke and fell outside. I asked her to jump out.



'No! They will kill me if they find out!'

'You are already dying. Jump!', I said, in a rage of anger.

She came near the window, looked at me and in a second, she was down in the puddle on the road. I jumped as well, and hurt my knee. She was bruised, but a bruise then was so much better. I took an auto-rickshaw and headed towards the railway station.

That was the first time I had a chance to look at her. She had pale yellow skin, little eyes and a pointed nose. Lips were like pink buds clasped together. My heart was throbbing against my chest. We reached the station and I bought her a ticket for Bangalore.

'I don't know where to send you, but I can't keep you with me. This could be a place where you might be safe, that's all I can do now', I said.

She folded her hands and bowed, with moistened eyes. Those eyes had a lot of despair and fear. I took out my wallet and emptied it. Rs 1500 was all I had and I gave it to her. The train had arrived and I asked her to board, and keep the money safe.

She didn't have any clothes nor anything thick to cover herself. What if it's cold there? What if it rained? What if she never finds shelter? Compelled by these thoughts, I took off my raincoat and gave it to her, along with my father's visiting card. It could have landed me in trouble; A big trouble but my mind wasn't working then. It was a heavy moment. She must have felt cared for after quite some time. I had shown such extreme emotions after a long time. She said something in her language and then the train crawled out from the platform. I did not even ask her to explain and said goodbye. Soon she vanished, and I was again in oblivion.

That night was long forgotten. I would have never remembered if she hadn't sent the letter. I read it again.

"Sir,

I went to Bangalore, and somehow found work. I washed utensils, did many household chores at a rich man's mansion and had been fulfilling my basic needs. One day, that man showed his mother the door, and she found shelter at an old age home. I decided to accompany her and serve her, since I knew how it feels like to be disowned by the people you put all your faith into. I met better, happier people and really found a purpose in life. People break down emotionally when loved ones hurt them, and I find solace in giving them the support they need. There's a different joy in healing them. They treat me like a daughter. I eat with them, go out, give them their medicines, laugh and live each day. But yes, when I look back on time, I remember that moment when you sent me here. It never really happened that I had to use your raincoat, but still I consider it a symbol of humanity, a symbol of care and compassion, and thus keep it safe.

Thank you", the letter read.



B.S. Nautical Technology - Batch Of 2012





BQ Marine Engineering - Batch Of 2012

Special Thanks

Capt. S.G. Despande
Capt. Abhijeet Avate
Cdr. Sukanta Dasgupta
Actor Rajeev Khandelwal
Cdt. Jannat Bhuller
Cdt. Sudhasttawa Arekal
Cdt. Pravar Bharadwaj
Cdt. Ajay Khatri
Cdt. Saurya Shankar

Thank you all for making this a really special one for all of us.

Team Reflections '15



The saying stands true to itself...

"Success is a journey, not a destination.

The doing is often more important than the outcome"



AVIJIT SHARMA

201237TP147

Calm and consistent. You give him a job and it shall be done before time and above expectations each and every time.

BERNISH TONGBRAM

201337TP152

Supremely talented and skilled man. Completes each task with finesse, be it graphics or his writing, he always delivers in style. This guy sacrificed many of his nights sleep working for this magazine to make it the best.



DHRUV DATTA

2012TP169

Our very own 'Mr. Pro'. Laid back and chilled out are the words that describe him, but when it comes to work... he is totally the opposite. His unique and implicit ideas have led to the making of this magazine a big success.

HIMANSHU IYER

201337TP180

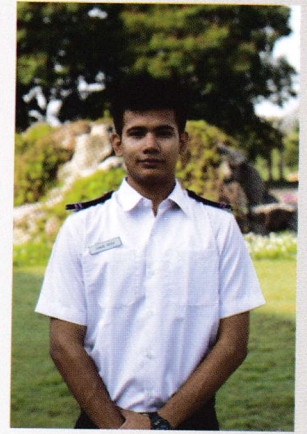
The techie guy of the team. His work doesn't speak, it shows professionalism. He's the person whose work makes you say, "Perfect". His efforts prove what a dedicated person he is.



KARAN SINGH

201337TP191

The grammar police. Concepts, language and unlimited enthusiasm is what he is known for! Contributing in all the ways he could, with continuous dedication and perseverance. His commitment indicates a promising future in writing.



SHAILI SRIVASTAVA

201437TP275

Dedicated and hardworking . Miss nightingale's writings are very much like her voice; sweet and soulful.



SWAYAM PAL

201137TP314

Our own Mr. Wikipedia. You got a doubt about anything, you go to this guy and he shall definitely enlighten you on it, be it anything.



VIVIDH SINHA

201437TP333

Dedicated and innocent are the words that describe him the best. One of the most polite members of the team. He is always set and ready for any task.



Our next edition will be on

“People And Places”

and we look forward

to getting the same kind of love and support from all of you.

Till then don't hold back your emotions, and let them soar in the blue
skies like a free bird.

The Cover Story

Something that wears the spirit of every emotion is rare to find.

Our selection here touches heights of resonance and vividness. It speaks out about every shade that makes the picture complete... like the shades of emotions soaring in our lives which complete us in every sphere.

It speaks of hope and despair, but that's just how I see.

Let every eye enjoy its freedom, for beauty lies in the eyes of beholder.

Bernish Tongbram
Chief Editor-Graphics



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