

2024 EDITION

# RENEESA

*as we are*





# MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR



Dear Graduating Class of 2024,

As we celebrate the end of another academic year, I am honored to convey my heartfelt congratulations through the *Renesa As We Are Magazine*. Your time at SVNIT has come to a culmination, marking a significant milestone in your lives. I extend my warmest wishes for your future success and prosperity.

SVNIT is not just an institution; it is a nurturing family. Just as the eldest child leaves the comfort of home after grade 12, you, our graduating students, are now venturing beyond the confines of our campus. Embrace this new chapter with the same eagerness and enthusiasm you demonstrated when you first arrived.

My advice to each of you is to stay grounded and mindful of your beginnings as you move forward. Always remember that SVNIT will steadfastly support you whenever you need us. The *Renesa As We Are* magazine is a poignant reflection of your time here, capturing the essence of your experiences and contributions.

Let us collectively work towards enhancing your employability in the global competitive environment. I am confident that as esteemed alumni, you will significantly contribute to the reputation of SVNIT, benefiting not only the institute but the entire nation with your knowledge and skills. I wish you all success and fulfillment in your future endeavors.

Remember, as you step into the world beyond SVNIT, your roots will forever remain connected to this institution. Your journey may take you far, but SVNIT will always be a part of who you are, and we will be here to celebrate your achievements and support you through any challenges.

I wish you all the best as you embark on this new journey.

Warm regards,  
Dr. Anupam Shukla,  
Director,  
SVNIT

# MESSAGE FROM DEAN STUDENT WELFARE



Dear Graduates of 2024,

Firstly, I heartily congratulate all of you on successfully completing your respective majors (and minors). I'm delighted that our collective efforts have enhanced your learnings that will pave the way to an outstanding professional life. I'm sure all of you will cherish the time you've spent in our institute down the lane. Isn't it amazing that each of you has had an opportunity to spend the prime of your youth in an institute of national importance that's bustling with not only academics but various co-curricular activities? The events that you've organized or taken part in equip you with a skill set suitable to any career. I advise you to use this acquired skill set to the fullest and carve out a remarkable career.

I wish you all luck in pursuing your dreams and to eventually make this world a better place than you found it. Despite your transition from student to alumni, know that the institute's unwavering support will always remain with you. We expect you to stay in touch with the institute and guide your juniors regarding academics and student chapter activities. We would be more than happy to celebrate your success, so don't forget to write to us.

Good Luck pursuing your careers!

Dr. S.R. Patel,  
Dean SW,  
SVNIT

# MESSAGE FROM CHAIRMAN, RENESA



All finite things end, no matter how much emotional cost is associated with it. This includes the end of your college life.

You, The Batch of 2024, spent the most formative years of your life in this institution and now will move on to face the world. In different realms, academic and co-curricular, you had strong learnings that will help you in the real world.

This is a good time to introspect, for it marks an end, as well as a beginning. Recall when you came to college, your thoughts, goals and ambitions, and where you stand today. This will tell you the enormous progress you have made, for you are truly a mature person now.

The only recommendation I have for you is, to never be afraid. You have faced harsh scenarios, and have only emerged stronger. Be as enthusiastic as you were when you first entered college. We, your faculty, will always cheer you on in your endeavors.

As the faculty chairperson of Renesa, I applaud Renesa's efforts in publishing this magazine to bid adieu to the graduating class. The insights in it are strongly relevant and I think everyone will enjoy reading it.

I wish you all the best. I hope you soar beyond your expectations.

Dr. Shilpi Gupta,  
Faculty Chairperson,  
Renesa- SVNIT

# THE EDITORIAL

Fare-the-well. The sentiment on every mind, the phrase on each tongue, the overbearing reservoir dammed up in you, yearning for release. Fare-the-well. The song of each soul, dancing at the lips, waiting to be sung. This and evermore is what the simple phrase *fare-the-well* means in its essence. The years, too long to bear and yet too short to even blink, came and passed by, and here we are, saying the same phrase to each other - fare-the-well. To that sentiment, and to you, we dedicate an enshrinement of everything these past years have meant for you - we present to you *As We Are 2024*.

The batch of 2024, known for their incredibly high CGPAs forged through the online semesters (wink wink) set new precedents all around. You witnessed the resurrection of Sparsh and Mindbend and college life overall. You took the brunt of the debacle that is the recession and still managed to secure a 6-month internship despite it all.

Time passes in the blink of an eye - you joined college and now you'll be a full-fledged industry professional or pursuing higher education. Either way, you're no longer the wide-eyed naive whipsnapper who first walked through the gates of this institution. The past few years have been but an intense flurry of assignments, exams, clubs, events, and presentations which reshaped you into the inured person you are today. The journey was difficult, but smooth seas don't make good sailors. We hope you can look back at your college days as some of the best days of your life where you learnt some of life's greatest lessons and we hope that this magazine can be a keepsake for the very same.

This magazine was the fruit of passing on the torch by our seniors to our small yet deeply passionate team. We've made our share of errors in our time here, but just like each doc goes through V1 to V2 at Renesa, our team too learnt, revised, and ultimately got it right. From the very beginning, our goal was to make something we'd be proud of, and we believe we've succeeded in this endeavor. To our Renesa seniors, we hope this is something you can be proud of too. We hope you rest easy knowing the hands you leave the club in. We'll miss the team dinners where we needed tables large enough to fit a whole family. We'll miss the encouragement and, yes, even the reprimands, for they made us who we are today. For all the years and all the love - thank you!

This magazine would not have reached your hands without the constant support and guidance of our faculty advisors. We are grateful for their timely assistance and availability. And lastly, thank you to you, the reader. We can do what we love because of you. Thank you for gracing our hard work with your readership and attention.

Yours truly,

**Himanshu Thakur**

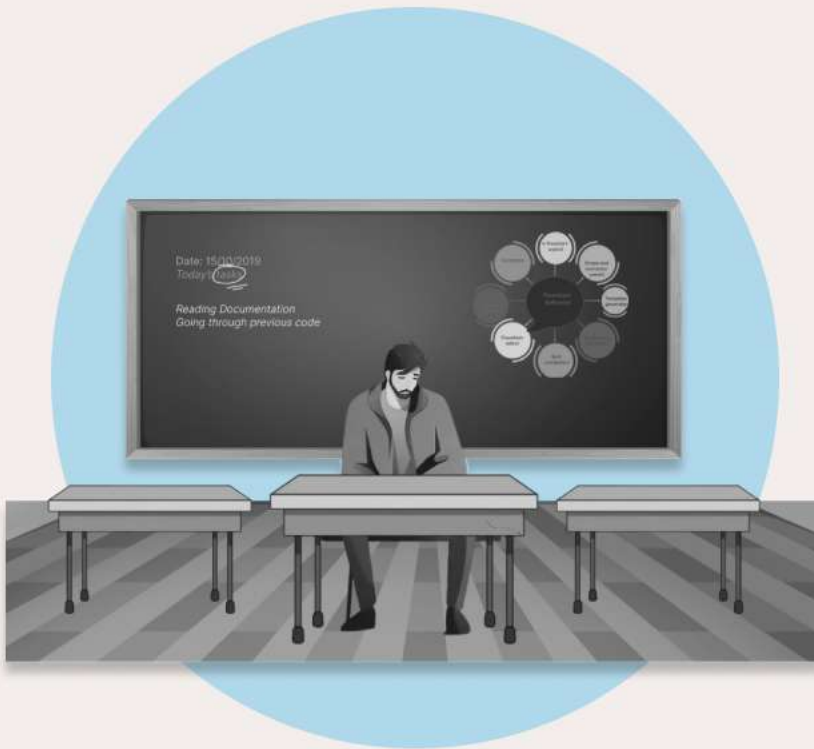
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# THE BENCH

Written By  
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Designed By  
**Rushil Jariwala**

On an ordinary summer day, Ryan from Gajjar ran to the CS department before he got late for another lecture. He got into the class glad that he was lucky for once. He noticed a vaguely familiar senior staring at the cracks of the old, dingy walls of the smelly classroom as if they held the guide to life. “Patching walls with looks?! Four years in this place must’ve made him delusional,” Ryan smirked. Slowly, an interesting scene started to unfold right before Ryan’s eyes. The senior he saw at the orientation, Rahul, was touching his forehead on a random bench with tears in his eyes. The guy resembled an athlete looking at his last trophy before retirement.

“Why’s he attached to a *bench*? I knew people here were materialistic, but this is just too much,” thought Ryan rolling his eyes.

What shocked him more was the unusually soft expression of his strict professor. He was acting like a dad sending off his eldest daughter.

“Yeah, this kindness goes for a vacation when you set question papers. Ugh!” Ryan grumbled. All of a sudden, the professor addressed Ryan and said, “He’s one of my best students. He is off to MIT.”



I've never seen a person as hardworking as him in my entire career," in a sorrow-filled voice.

The senior who was sobbing on the bench, got up, hugged the bench, and touched his teacher's feet before his tearful exit.

"On his way to the world's best university and all this drama," thought Ryan forgetting to mute his expressions.

One minute he was thinking and the next Ryan found himself staring into the eyes of the professor. "Oh God! Game Over!" he feared.

Sensing his need for understanding, the professor serenely said, "I understand your perplexity. A person like Rahul won't cry over a bench."

Ryan was even more confused. "Why is this grumpy man talking to me about attachment? All he cared about was the lecture and his miserable subject."

"You see," the professor started, "I was more annoyed by Rahul than by any other student in my entire career. He alone had asked more questions in one class than all other students combined. I first thought he was doing this to annoy and embarrass me by asking a question I couldn't answer. But, one day, something very different happened."

Ryan was interested in knowing what the event was.

"You see, that day I had been awfully angry. No student had come in for class, yet it was only Rahul who was smiling awkwardly outside my cabin, holding his laptop precariously. I thought to myself, "I'll slap this brat if he asks me another question; bunking classes, yet disturbing me in my off hours," when this boy said, "Sir, I'd like to work on the open-source CRISP software that you are working on." I was taken aback. I seemed to have met someone who had a genuine interest in the subject.

I asked him, "What do you know about CRISP software?" Which is when he opened up his laptop and showed me that the best update in recent years had Rahul as its author.

"That day the journey started," the professor said. "We worked on CRISP regularly for a year in this very classroom. I and three other professors mentored Rahul. He had a multi-faceted approach to every problem, often arriving at several solutions.

Rahul worked from 6.00 in the evening to 9.00 in the night, when the clerks had to beg him to leave because they had to close the place. I do not recall a single moment when Rahul said he was tired or wanted a financial reward, he loved what he did."

Ryan was impressed, but still a bit puzzled. "But sir, many of your students worked much harder. Then why this attachment to Rahul in particular?" Ryan wondered.

“Good question. What separated Rahul was not ‘talent’. Rahul learned through experimentation and persistence; he did not let go of what he liked doing.”

One day, my colleagues and I were affixed to a bug. We could not seem to get to the end of it. Rahul entered and proceeded to solve it. Deeply engrossed, he solved it at 9.30, despite our repeated calls to solve it the next day. We celebrated that night, but Rahul did not. I assumed he was tired and did not disturb him.

We went back to our normal routine for about 10 days. On the 11th day, we got the news that our paper on the CRISP software had been published. Elated, all of us decided to party, but Rahul said no to the party. Confused, I asked him to meet me outside.

“Why didn’t you accept the invite? You know it’s the professor’s treat, right?”

“Sir I have to go back to my native town”, Rahul said.

“Wow, you didn’t go back for Diwali but want to go now. What’s the occasion? Marriage?”

A bit morose, Rahul answered, “Sir, my Grandfather passed away 10 days back.”

Shocked to the core, I asked, “Then why didn’t you leave 10 days back? You should have been with your grandmother and family, son.

I will never forget what he said next, for his words are etched in my heart.”

“Sir, my Grandfather was an army major. He used to say, ‘Never fear. If you do something honourable and something that you truly like, I will always be with you.’ Sir, I wanted to be with my Grandfather.”

“You see, that is the Bench that Rahul used to work on. Even the death of his grandfather did not stop him from doing what he loved,” the professor said, pointing to the bench Rahul had cried for.

Ryan realised. It was not the bench, it was not the work, it was not even his grandfather that Rahul cried for. Rahul worshipped what he did, and the bench was his altar of worship.

Rahul was parting from his altar; his crying was a salute to the piousness of his work.

Ryan placed his hand on The Bench.

The upcoming lecture was forgotten, and admiration gave way to tears.

All Ryan could do was reverently sit on The Bench.

Written By  
**Sebastian John Chacko**  
**Himanshu Thakur**

Designed By  
**Shambhavi Shinde**



# RESILIENCE VS NUMBNESS

Happiness. Excitement. Nostalgia. A tinge of sadness, perhaps. A myriad of emotions flood the entire being of a student in a single moment.

Some have a corporate future awaiting them, while others aim for higher education. A few even set off on their own, carving a path for themselves. Everyone has forged the tools for their unique journey, only when one looks back at the very place they did so, does one realize their feelings weighing on them.

Some give teary smiles, some fully feel the scars and caresses of their journey, while many simply feel nothing at all. This special third category begs a question: How can bidding goodbye to something so important not induce any feelings at all?

Is this the mark of someone strong who has overcome their emotional self or just a case of involuntary cessation of feeling? In other words, is this a show of resilience or a manifestation of numbness?

*“Delulu is the only solulu,”* as the saying goes, tells us much about the recourse most chosen in modern times. Scrolling through reels, hours of gossip with others, endless binge watching; so much so that there’s not a single moment of being with with your thoughts, painful or not.

This is a numbness induced by sheer overstimulation. Strangely enough, even working hard for long durations and losing contact with yourself has a similar cause-effect relation.

This is especially true in the examination and placement seasons, where allowing anything else to cross your mind is sure to make you falter. Studying for long hours gives a satisfaction of completion, but complete deprivation from introspective thought and solace causes one to become devoid of emotion. The end result almost always never seems proportional.

Or perhaps, there is a more hidden meaning to our numbness. Perhaps we have begun using it as a defense against psychological pain. Long-term exposure to pain changes anyone, like the callused hands of a gardener that feel neither thorn nor petal.

We may subconsciously choose to blunt the extremities of the human emotion spectrum in a bid to avoid pain. We give up on joy, ambition, and success to avoid sorrow, envy, and failure. This often manifests in the form of a jaded stoic demeanor and indeed, even a love for stoic philosophy.

It is an attractive line of thought - if the happy moments don't bring one up, the painful moments can't bring one down - but is it resilience?

To the stoic, as they become the citizens of tomorrow and ponder their futures in this parting, succumbing to the sadness of the farewell might seem the easy way out. Surely resilience is the opposite of this; all this attachment could only lead to hurt. Their past has taught them this lesson well, after all. When did a low grade hurt the most? Not when they took an exam casually, but when they gave it their all to prepare. And so, the stoic demeanor seems to have overcome all these troughs, yet what it really has done is take away all the crests with it. And just like the readings of a heart monitor, the line of life has its ups and downs, but a flat line is lifeless.

So, if not this, then what would true resilience look like?

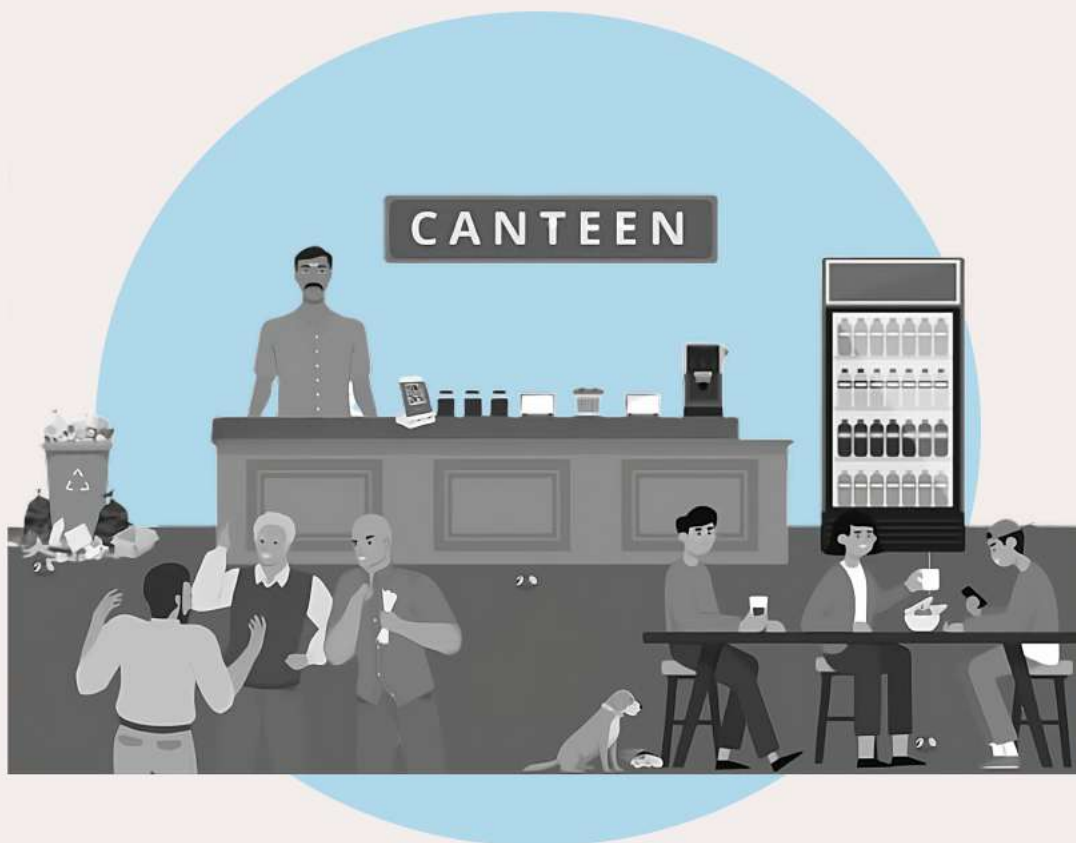
Let's consider how we associate the generally accepted physical concept of *resilience* with the abstract concept of *emotion*. The physical sense of resilience is health-promoting and strength-inducing. In a more abstract sense, resilience is a quality that leads to an increase in our strength. This can only be developed by experiencing the full spectrum of inputs just like the destruction and rebuilding of muscle, bone, spirit, and resolve.

A resilient mindset would then be one that rather than focussing on avoiding suffering, embraces it. Every encounter with hardship is a chance for us to grow stronger. Allowing time to fix things which are out of our control and, as Nietzsche put it, "finding the beautiful in the necessary," we'll gain a true love for life. It takes a resilient person, after all, to roll with the punches.

Human biology allows us to outrun a cheetah in terms of sheer distance, because our bodies have naturally evolved to keep moving, and as such, nature has endowed our brains with an ability to focus and set a goal.

It is in this practice that we may hone our resilience. When we define conditions for success in our goals, we have already taken on the brave task of defining the conditions for failure.

Thus, we have negated no part of life; we live it in its full spectrum. Not grayed out but in full color. Slowly building a sense of acceptance and resilience would not only help in that moment of exodus, but build us as emotionally sensitive denizens. To be more human in this age of AI is a thing to be cherished indeed!



# NIGHT CANTEEN SHENANIGANS

Written By  
**Misbah Shaikh**  
**Geetanjali Ghatak**

Designed By  
**Rushil Jariwala**

Strolling down the big, noisy street, I felt like a tiny adventurer in a gigantic world. Dodging those giant carriages, I realized they weren't just rude; they turned our puddles into splash parties. Note to self: never play Chicken with those monster carriages – Jo learned that the hard way, and let's just say, it didn't end well for his fur. Life as a street-smart pooch has its challenges, but where there's a giant, there's a chance for a snack attack. And, believe me, they waste food as if it were not sustenance. Talking about adventures, let me tell you about my trip

to *heaven* – with two big gates marking the entrance. It was beautiful - I had never seen this much greenery in one place before. Further, the giants seemed scared of me! A few even let out screams in my honor and graciously cleared my path! Some of the braver, benevolent giants even presented me with treats! I could also just let my nose guide me to my next meal, into tall buildings and down long corridors strewn with dustbins and abandoned plates - a feast fit for a king! It baffled me how these giants could toss away

perfectly good food. For me, every morsel was the difference between life and, well, starvation. Wandering through the chaotic pathways of the college campus late at night, I found myself drawn to the epicenter of nightly revelry – the so-called ‘Night Canteen’. It was a realm where giants came to hush the incessant chatter of their inner voices. Despite all the scaredy-cat giants, it quickly turned into one of my frequent spots, because of all the food strewn about.

One chilly evening, I was casually strolling along a majestic garden with swinging seats when a giant started touching me without consent! I started composing a speech about the importance of consent in my head, but then...

“AHHH! DOGG!”

A shrill giant screamed bloody murder right at me, and my ears were ringing with the sound, so I decided to retreat. I ran out of there as fast as I could. I squeezed through the gate, finally free from that awful place, and took a deep breath, at least no one had chased me out this time. Stupid giants, why couldn’t they just leave me alone?

The heavens hadn’t been kind today, my stomach rumbled and I realized that I better get a move on if I wanted to eat tonight. I made my way over to one of my less frequented spots. It was in another one of those gated buildings but this one had much taller giants who were much hairier. I didn’t stop and continued till I finally reached the trashcan and found a half-full plate

of Maggie dropped next to it and proceeded to go to town. A door close by opened revealing two giants who didn’t seem to be bothered by my presence.

“Oi Bhaskar, wanna get some Maggie?”

“Yeah, why not? It's not like I have any hopes of passing tomorrow's exam anyway,” the other replied.

“Sup dawg! Wanna visit the Night Canteen with us?” The big friendly giant-Kiran, one of the nicest giants I’d ever met, greeted me.

That was enough for me to get all excited and follow him. As they ascended toward the Night Canteen, the ongoing exams served as a constant lamentation in the background of their conversations. As I entered, I was hit with a mix of various food scents and the hubbub of giants. Two of them were engaged in a heated argument, and a crowd was reacting with a chorus of Oohs and Ahhs.

“... How dare you call me fat, y-you... Come here, I'll mess you up!”

“What are you gonna do, big guy? Sit on me?”

Big ones had this weird way of fighting, throwing around harsh words and swinging their arms. I couldn't help but think our canine approach, using teeth, was far more effective. Giants, truly, are a peculiar bunch. Bhaskar joined the growing crowd, chanting, “Fight! Fight! Fight!” Amid the spectacle, he turned to Kiran with a heartfelt plea, “Order for me, bro.”

Kiran, caught in the turmoil of the crowd, tried to seek the attention of another giant, who was, unsurprisingly, engrossed in the escalating altercation, “BhAiYa! 2 veg Maggie, and tea, and for the love of god, don’t put any turmeric in it!”

“Ok, ok,” the giant behind the counter reluctantly retreated to the back, leaving the tantalizing battleground for a culinary quest of their own.

Choosing a seat in a remote corner, I, the observant canine, witnessed the fight unfolding like a scripted drama. Three giants huddled nearby, another one was screaming into a black brick, and in the midst of it all, Kiran discreetly secured a spot.

As Kiran slouched in his seat, he stared blankly at a black brick in his hand and said, "I wonder what's going on Instagram, what would Neha be posting?"

I approached him slowly, placing myself at his feet. It felt divine when I felt my ears being scratched by him, and damn was I one happy dog!

Escaping the loud giants I followed my nose to what looked like the source of the heavenly scents and lurked the cabins in hopes of finding a flooding dustbin, when I saw the giants huddled together, discussing a mysterious white powder that piqued my suspicion. My ears perked up as I eavesdropped on their hushed conversations. What could this enigma be? A concoction of secrets that titillated my canine curiosity.

As I stealthily navigated the periphery, fear gripped me when I overheard Kiran's name.

“Okay, forget Kiran for now, let's see if everything else is in place.” One of them said, “Keshav, have you got the induction?”

“Yupp, in my room”

“What about the sugar?”

“Yeah yeah, I’ve got it all.”

“Dammit, where's Kiran? He always does this! The plan will fall through without the powder”

Something was afoot, and the hairs on my back stood on end. The mysterious powder seemed to be a source of danger, and my loyalty to Kiran urged me to investigate further.

With an adrenaline-fueled dash, I approached the one that seemed to lead the group, my paws quivering with anticipation. I lunged, tackling him, I felt a surge of pride as he fell to the floor with a yell as I growled in his face.

But just when I thought I would be celebrated, all of the giants came angrily mumbling how I ruined their ‘tea’. Oh my dog, I can’t tell how fast I rushed out of there. Giants can be really thankless!

Phew...You see Life of a smart and responsible pooch like me can be tough and so I say...wait is that a butterfly...woof!



# JOBLESS JUNCTION

Written By  
**Himanshu Thakur**  
**Dhruv Kulkarni**

Designed By  
**Anushka Ghushe**

The town was peculiar. In a land where the sun never rose lay this bizarre place with no signpost announcing its name to the world. Not that it was needed, the olfactory signal was good enough. A powerful stench that could easily wake up Kumbhakarna was what heralded the entry to Jobless Junction. This stench, of course, was the gift of the unshowered bodies of jobless vagabonds meandering aimlessly. And to be sure, Kumbhakarna manifested here not only in smell but in hunger too. Any supply automobile that passed, from rickshaw to truck, was raided. Gobbled down by the gluttonous gang who had long forgotten routine; appetite ran high, laziness was king.

Any purposeful activity had long ago offed itself, so much so that Jobless Junction had a graveyard of books. 'Dead bodies' of unused, untouched books wrapped in used pizza boxes as coffins adorned the vast fields behind Jobless Junction. One could not identify the time of day because the use of clocks was given up. The biological cycle of human beings was altered. It was at night that they gathered to enjoy 12-hour gaming sessions under the PSP tree-



a huge tree with USB cable vines, each bearing a PSP. Any outsider could not identify the species of the creatures playing video games, for acute de-evolution had taken place on some of them. Many could not stand erect, and belief in clothing had been universally renounced.

It was on one such profoundly unglorious day that our three musketeers - Roshan Dimlit, Ram Prajanahi, and Mohan Karamchor were entirely preoccupied with the task of burying some textbooks in a freshly devoured pizza box. Through the distance, they saw an upright figure steadily approaching them. Standing upright? Surely, this wasn't a citizen of the Junction. An outsider!

As the man drew nearer, they realised it was one of their old friends - Archit Overcommingus. How long had it been since they had seen him! It seemed years ago when they used to meander through these lands together – gallivanting about, going everywhere, reaching nowhere. But now, everything was different. The three sat down under the PSP tree as Archit told them all about how his life is right now. He wasn't aimless anymore. He had found things to wake up for. He was hopeful these days; in fact he even looked forward to the next day. Just what could Archit have seen in the lands beyond!

What kind of life lied beyond Jobless Junction? Just how fulfilling would it be if they could have it for themselves! Suddenly, Roshan had a light bulb moment!

There was no doubt about it, enough was enough. He was going to pack up his bags and take the first train out of the Junction.

Ram and Mohan, however, were not so quick to action. Ram, made pensive through this conversation, turned to Mohan and asked him if they should leave.

“What's even the point?” replied Mohan. “I know it's not the fanciest of places, but life's kinda nice around here, isn't it? Besides, I know myself well. I know I'm not the kind of guy who could make it out anyway.”

It was at this moment that a PSP fell from the tree, untethered from its USB cable, and hit Ram on the head. He began to sob. How had he let himself get here? There had to be more to life than this! Mindless surfing through life got him here before he knew it. He had to get out and he had to do it now!

Thus, leaving Mohan behind, two of our musketeers began their journey out of the Jobless Junction.

Roshan boarded the first train out of Jobless Junction. As the train approached the neighbouring town of Grindsville, Roshan felt a sudden rush. There was not a moment to waste! He threw away the pizza boxes of supplies he had at once. Who had time for eating?

This was Grindsville! Even though he was unsure of what he would do, he would work tirelessly.

The sturdy gates of Grindsville stood witness to the effort of the people working in the fields.

Roshan noticed an austere looking building looming tall in the centre of town. He soon found out that this was the *Central Office* where everyone had to submit the proof of their 80-hour work week. This town looked so different from the Junction that Roshan couldn't believe it for a while. There was a graveyard of PSPs near the town (*unbelievable!*) and lo and behold, the sun actually rose in Grindsville (*just wow!*).

Not knowing what to do, Roshan followed along with what everyone else was doing and started watering the plants. He decided to water the ones near the river very slowly. Day by day Roshan would spend 5 hours fetching a cup of water from miles afar, humming to himself on his path, and another 6 watering the plants as he nearly dozed off lying down. Each time the observer from the Central Office noted his percentage of quota completed. At the time of submission, one had to undergo much scrutiny, whether work truly met the requirements or not. If you didn't, you were penalized by being assigned another ten hours. Roshan, of course, was a hard worker, so he had no business with such punishments. In no time, he was deemed the most hardworking person in Grindsville, having worked 160 hours in 2 weeks.

Much before this however, as Roshan was boarding his initial train out of the Junction, Ram was immersed in his own train of thoughts. "In trying to find my fun, I lost the part that made it mine," the painful realization surfaced. He knew what he had to do next.

Ram had decided to leave this place, in body and in spirit, which is to say he had finally decided to *take a shower*.

Soon afterwards he boarded the Grindsville-bound train. He saw the drastic inefficiency practiced at the place. He could not understand the point of employing 80-hours to do some work that ought to be done in less than one. He decided to improvise. In less than a week, Ram had worked for a mere 20 hours, but in the meantime created a machine that could water the plants in 5 minutes. His observer could not comprehend how his share of the plants were watered so quickly, for the fastest someone did this was in 60 hours. As the week ended, Ram went to the Central Office, where despite his sincere attempts at explanation, he was penalized with another 20 hours. This was it! He made up his mind.

Ram would move on to the most prosperous place nearby – Innovation City. It was said that one had to squint to look at the high rises that made this place.

Still in Grindsville, Roshan grew weary of his toil. He longed for the good-old days. And he began wondering, why were these people working so hard anyway? What was even the point of it all? *Bunch of try-hards*, Roshan thought. It was at such a time when Roshan's weariness and jeering both were at their peak, that one Monday morning a mountain of work descended down upon Grindsville.

There was no time to spare, all hands were needed. The work was daunting. It required sleepless nights, skipping meals, and, much to Roshan's dismay, was a sign that the good old days were nowhere near the horizon.

This was it! He had had enough. In the clutter-clattering of busy work he saw a wayward man smiling and chirping away as he stepped away from all the work. Roshan walked up to him and asked him what he was so happy about.

“Oh, but haven’t you heard,” spoke that man in an overjoyed voice. “There’s a fairy town out there in the distance. Rumour has it its inhabitants are always happy, relaxed, and do much less work. If you ask me, I’d rather not spend another moment with these crazy fools. Off I go!”

*The man makes sense*, Roshan thought. It was true that his life with these try-hards had become insufferable. The train headed for this fairyland seemed to head in the opposite direction to Jobless Junction too. Surely, this couldn’t hurt.

And off he was, the clutter-clatter dying off in the distance as the train took off for this fairyland. Roshan dreamt of the soon-approaching comfortable days. No one would look at how he spent his next 80 hours. It would all be just fine. The sweetness of this thought quickly made Roshan fall asleep.

A few hours later Roshan woke up. But it wasn’t due to some alarm or tap on the shoulder, it was due to a stench. The stench he knew all too well and one he so desperately wanted to run away from. As he got off, a husk of a man greeted him.

“Yo, no long time no see!”

It was Mohan Karamchor. Roshan had gone full-circle.

Much time has passed since then. A few dying rays of the sun looked like

adornments to the sky. One could see, yet one could not identify concretely the object in front of them. It made one wonder what would prevail, darkness or light. It was an enthralling view from the hilltop overlooking Grindsville, Jobless Junction, and Innovation City.

Under the light of the nearby lamppost, Archit and Ram stood ramrod. It was hard to tell what was beaming brighter, the lamp or Archit’s face, for the feeling of pride was inescapable. His Ram, his accomplice, the man who conquered, not terrains and men, but his weakness. Archit walked forward and signaled Ram to follow him to the cliff’s edge.

Ram did what his core demanded – he *thought*. Thinking never felt more relaxing. Memories of Jobless Junction came back to him. A feeling, not of hate, but of silent observation crossed his mind. He saw it merely as a place that had to be crossed, for an end to which this was the means.

The distant towns started brightening. Ram understood himself. Having delved over experiences and his journey, Ram had perspective. Empirical knowledge about reality and himself added to the vast arsenal of his mind. A sharp sense of confidence flowed through him. He had understood the end, this was the beginning. Ram had overcome the resistance of surrendering the musket, he *was* the musket now. Looking forward to tomorrow, all Archit saw were the dim lands of Jobless Junction, and the smiling ray of light that *they* had produced.



## **AN INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPIRE**

“What’s a pretty lady like yourself doing all alone in a place like this, hmm?”

Seela couldn’t help the giggle slip out of her mouth. She turned to her left to see a slender woman clad in a slinky black dress and matching high heels on the barstool beside hers. She had big eyes, silhouetted by the intense kohl she wore. Her hair was wrapped up with a scarf.

“The name’s Khatri,” she grinned slyly, “Kamala Khatri.”

Seela couldn’t help the blush that crept up her face.

“H-Hi Kamala-” she gasped. “I’m Seela Sharma. You...sure have an interesting name in this day and age.”

“That too in a club like this of all places, huh,” Kamala cocked an eyebrow.

“What are you doing here though? Fancy a drink and a few tales to tell?”

“Yeah. I’ve heard the craziest stories in places like this. Also, drunk people have a hard time being discreet so I can pick off gossip and get scandalous pictures to sell to the tabloids very easily.”

“You’re a journalist? What if I were to give you your big break tonight?”

Seela straightened up quickly – she would never pass up a shot at literary stardom.

“Go on.”

With a smug look, Kamala downed another shot.

“What if I told you I was a vampire?”

“A vampire?! Gimme a break.” She let out a forced laugh. “Is my career a joke to you?”

“Oh no, really. I’ve seen more than twice the New Years you have. Now I’m here just managing these nitwits,” she replied, pointing to a few students celebrating their freedom from examinations.

Seela couldn't believe it. The woman in front of her didn't look a day over 30.

“Let’s assume I’m drunk and I believe you, do you have any proof?”

“Proof?” She laughed in a haunting manner.

“The blood flowing through my veins and my inability to get drunk is proof enough.”

“Oh hardly! It just means you can hold your drinks.”

Kamala rolled her eyes.

“What do you want as proof then?” She spread her hand out, her black icy fingertips barely visible against the counter, and brushed Seela’s shoulder making her shiver. “You’re the journalist, ask away.”

“This woman is clearly delusional, still, she seems fun to talk to so why don’t I indulge her?” Seela thought to herself.

“When were you born exactly? And do you have anything to prove it?”

“I was born in 1930 in what is now Surat. My father- Ashok Khatri, you can look him up, had left home to join Gandhi on the salt march and sadly, he died on the way,

leaving a single mother with a newborn. We then moved back to Patna to live with my grandparents.”

“How’d you end up back here then?”

“Oh! I moved back for college of course! I knew the place like the back of my hand. I joined the first batch of Mechanical Engineering undergraduates way back in ‘61. There were plenty of jobs for male engineers then, but not many for ladies. I was one of the lucky ones who got a job in the Railways. Being a lady, I was offered a clerical job, but I wanted to go see the world for myself. My work required me to move around a lot and live in very remote places, but I was happy to earn my own money. I used to live with my grandparents in Surat and travelled to remote villages all over Gujarat for work.”

“And you'd been a vampire this entire time?”

“Goodness no! I was still a fragile human back then. One time when I was on my way home after an area survey, in the dusk, I was attacked by some fierce creature - it threw me off my cycle and dragged me deep into the woods. I woke up the next day in the middle of the woods, covered in hood and bite marks, completely famished. I wandered in the woods for a long time until I finally found the main road, but just as I left the canopy, I had to jump back in. The sunlight burned my skin. I was so confused so I tried a few more times before giving up. I decided to wait till nightfall to leave the woods. I saw a deer in the distance and the next thing I knew I was bent over it with my teeth buried deep into its neck. Its sweet blood did little to satiate my ravenous appetite.

“I knew that night in the woods had changed me forever - of course I couldn't tell a soul, they would think I'd gone insane or try to kill me.

So I decided I needed to retreat - I quit my job and packed my belongings. I had to flee from my grandparents' home in the middle of the night, they presumed I'd run away to elope and disowned me. I could only travel at night and even then I couldn't go very far so I eventually found my way back to my college.”

“Why did you go to REC Surat of all places?”

“It was perfect. The dense canopy blocked out the sun almost entirely so I could roam freely as I pleased. I couldn't afford a place to stay, but that didn't matter.

“I didn't need to sleep and I could spend my nights under the moon hunting down stray animals to feed from. I'll admit I've attacked humans at times, but only when they caught me red-handed. But don't worry - I didn't kill them. Turns out when I feed off someone and don't drain all their

blood they become like me. They were free to stay with me or go their own way, surprisingly enough most of them chose to stay with me and we became a family of sorts.”

“Right... and where exactly is this 'found family' of yours now?”

“Overtime, our numbers grew so much that it became really difficult to hide. The campus also lost its canopy and we found ourselves backed into a corner. The situation was indeed very dire. Do you have any idea how awful it is to see one of your dearest comrades burn to ash in front of your eyes?”

Seela sat there speechless.

“No, of course you don't. Your generation knows very little of the true horrors of the world.”

For a moment Seela saw a break in Kamala's facade as her face turned somber for a

moment before returning to her sly grin.

“What happened then?” Seela asked hesitantly.

“I decided to take matters into my own hands. I was so sick of living in the shadows, it was time for me to step out. The college had just gained a tall new building smack dab in the middle of the campus - The new classroom complex, it was big enough to fit our family. So we moved in a few months after it was completed. The faculty tried to kick us out, but what could they do? We converted anyone who dared enter the building into one of us. Eventually, we reached a stalemate - they decided to abandon the

building and leave us alone and in turn, we left them alone.”

Seela couldn't help but let out a giggle.

“Well this has been fun and all, but I better get going..”

“Wait!” Kamala reached out and grabbed her hand very firmly. “I can give you all the proof you need- I can show you, please just trust me”

There was something in Kamala's eyes that made Seela feel compelled to listen to her.

“Okay,” she whispered after a long moment. “Show me.”

Kamala led her out of the club and hailed a cab.

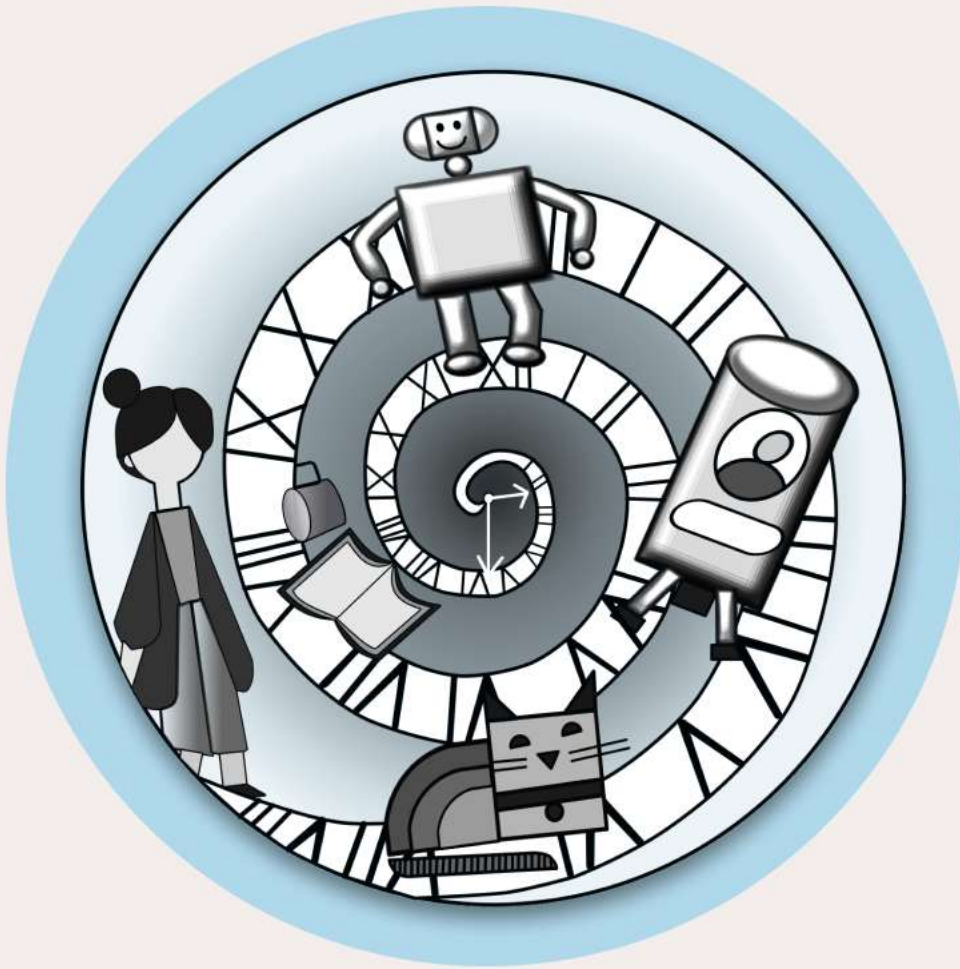
The cabbie drove for a long time - Seela couldn't tell how much time had passed because she was struggling to stay awake. Eventually, they reached their destination.

“Seela, wake up, we're here,” a cold hand touched her cheek making her jolt up in shock.

“What? Who? Huh?” She mumbled groggily.

“Welcome to the coven.”

Seela rubbed her eyes open and realised she was standing in front of a tall, intimidating structure with its double doors wide open. As her eyes adjusted to the darkness, she noticed hundreds of pairs of glowing red eyes peering at her from the abyss.



# TIME TRAVELLER

Written By  
**Harini Mandapaka**

Designed By  
**Poojita Mukundan**

At 2:30 am one morning, a wannabe astrophysicist was sitting on the balcony of her room on the eighth floor. Dipti was fiddling with a watch she found in one of the laboratories of the Department of Physics. Suddenly she felt her hands tingling uncontrollably as everything went pitch dark.

Few minutes later, she found herself looking at an amazing night-view of Surat instead of the gloomy mess that's usually visible from her balcony. Walking into her room, she saw two strangers sleeping peacefully and aesthetic bed lamps that repelled her minimalistic taste.

Cautiously walking out of the room, her eyes almost popped out looking at the not just functional but motion-sensitive lobby lights. Astounded by the sight of escalators instead of the creaky elevators, Dipti reached the ground floor of the hostel building. As she was about to exit, a biometric system had scanned her face and the output was "Dipti Patel" against the name and "95" against the age. The time on the device read, "8:37am, 18/12/2100".

"Omg! I've travelled 77 years ahead!" she screeched, searching for the watch. She was flabbergasted and couldn't wrap her mind around the fact that the watch actually worked.



Out of sheer curiosity, she went in search of a mirror. Slowly, she stared at her much older self that looked eerily similar to a quirky filter she recently tried, in a spotless mirror. After a hearty chuckle, she pondered about the possibility of reversing the action of the watch and getting back her *lost youth*. The smell of pancakes momentarily distracted her. Following the smell, she reached a mess that looked more chic than a five-star hotel, where the students were relishing vegan pancakes with maple syrup. A humanoid said, "40/- for visitors to have breakfast."

"G-Pay?" she doubtfully said, internally grumbling "Honestly, a humanoid?! Am I even in the same college?!" It looked at her funny but thankfully gave her a QR that worked. (Long live G-Pay). Dipti glanced at the building that now read "The Girls" and ventured in search of the Physics department.

There was a huge cylindrical thing that looked very much like a vanishing cabinet from the Harry Potter Series. It read "Enter destination". She tapped on it once and a list of the departments came up in blue along with an option called "ADMIN" in red. She chose Physics and waited. Voila! A tall building, half of which was *under construction* with "PHYSICS" written on it in shiny bronze.

She went inside shaking her head and thinking, "Some things never change". She was startled as she found more humanoids organising information and preparing for the lectures to be delivered. All the classes were full of students and all of them actually enjoyed the learning process unlike her batchmates who painstakingly attended lectures to fulfill the 75% criteria. She waited until one of the research scholars arrived and started following him. He went into a lab filled with sophisticated equipment and started working diligently. Having nothing better to do, she decided to explore the other locations of the campus using latitudinal coordinates to teleport herself.

There stood a building named "Humanoid Service Centre (SVNIT Only)" in place of the Workshop. As nostalgia of the workshop labs flashed before her eyes, she entered the coordinates of the New (not anymore) Computer Science Department. To Dipti's utter surprise there stood a "School of Arts" where students were engaged in learning various art forms.

What surprised her more was a board right outside that read: "The institute remains indebted to the graduating batch of 2024 for their contributions in creating a technologically sophisticated institute." "Cool! So that batch was actually remembered for something other than the pandemic," she smirked.

Marching out of the place determined to keep her sanity, she saw something named "Animal Zone, pets to bust your stress", where students were cuddling with cute cats, playing with goofy pups, and apparently, talking to a lot of pigeons. All the animals had a collar to articulate their thoughts. Amidst the chaotic chatter, Dipti could hear a cat serenely say, "*It's all about perception,*" to a visibly dejected student.

Without further ado, Dipti re-entered the cylinder with a firm grip on the watch and chose ADMIN. There was a loud bang and she was disoriented. She slowly opened her eyes to a metal water bottle at her feet, an empty tea cup and a half opened Quantum Physics textbook by Arthur Bieser. Her phone screen read "7:00, 4/12/23".

"Hey, the final's today. Wake up, you sleepyhead!" her room-mate muttered, scrolling through a reel.

"Wanna go nirvana? (Hey, hey, hey, hey) I'll take you in my vimaana.."

The catchy song in the background jolted her into the here and now.

# ECHOES OF THE FORGOTTEN

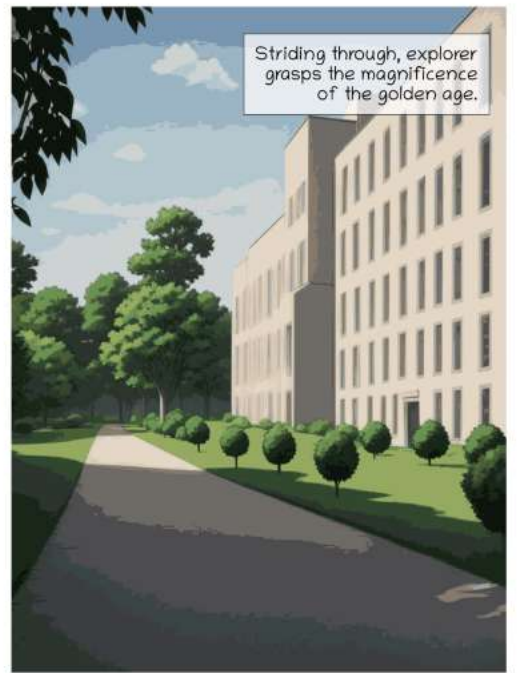
In the ruins, where time has worn away the memories of its glory,



a lone figure steps into the shadows...



Striding through, explorer grasps the magnificence of the golden age.



Upon shattered thresholds...



a curious guardian watches, its eyes reflecting the secrets long forgotten,



...the traces of past explorations



As darkness encroached, the explorer pressed onward.



"The path I am walking on has been traversed by another," the explorer realized





He was stopped....



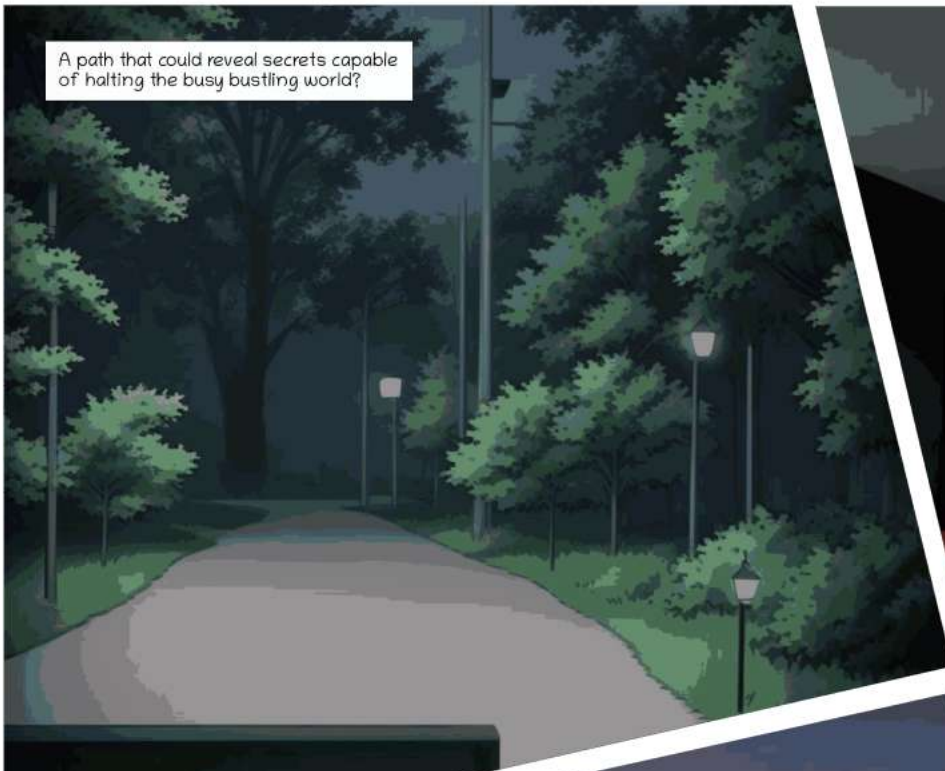
... by an iron gate, concealing something he shouldn't see, what could it be??



Some hints to the past celebrations?



Or remnants of actions that should remain unknown to all?



A path that could reveal secrets capable of halting the busy bustling world?



Or hallow halls filled with traces of ancient, hidden wisdom?



The explorer's eyes sparkled, not from the sight of the beautiful city lights, but from the anticipation of uncovering mysteries hidden within the darkness.



# THROUGH THE EYES OF A PROFESSOR

Written By  
**Sebastian John Chacko**

Designed By  
**Shambhavi Shinde**

Six in the evening was a bit heavy today, the close of a chapter for many of my students. I have seen a lot of farewells, each time growing more indifferent than before. This time, however, I sat down with them as the noisy runts poured out some coke for me. My teeth (*and my better half for that matter*), wouldn't let me even taste it.

To hell with sensitive teeth.

As the bubbles fizzed over and out of the glass onto the table, I had to come to terms with time – I had finally retired. Today was not just a farewell for the students but also my own.

As I sat there surrounded by my 36th batch of students, I realized what it meant to be a witness to the future. Those classroom walls that have witnessed countless lectures echo with a profound silence for now, and they will receive yet another batch of “*Citizens of the Future*” in a while. The college will keep running, but what will I do next?

One of the numbskulls, Naveen Bodhi, marched up to me, but that rascal didn't have his shirt buttoned up properly. I gave him a good yell, though he shrugged it off. He informed me of the final-year students' plans to arrange a batch photograph. Those cretins knew I hated how I looked in the mirror, let alone in a photo. Strangely though, instead of just dismissing him, I told him I would need to get a new shirt.

The kid sprinted off elsewhere, and I was alone again with my thoughts, lost in the din of the celebrating students.

“Don’t worry sir, we will edit your shirt with AI later. Tell us if you need a chair,” someone from the crowd yelled. Picking up the now flat coke, I headed to where the kids had gathered. After an eternity of photos, I found myself in a chair remembering what the future looked like back in my day.

*Terrorizing students since 1987* – I still remember the first-ever sobriquet awarded to me by Haran Perumal, the valedictorian of my first batch. With a leaky maroon Hero fountain pen and a black Chelpark ink bottle, I had begun my journey as a teacher, then an assistant and now, I was leaving the timestream as a professor 36 years later. That Perumal boy is now a big shot in the cement industry – maybe I should get some free work done for the house before retiring.

I remember a few of my other batches of students, all of them growing increasingly proficient with technology. Can’t help but notice how we have evolved as a species, with great leaps in the quality of life. If the batch of ‘87 ever had ChatGPT, or even mobile phones for that matter, who knows what heights we might have achieved by now? They would laugh if I told them my current students use the incredible power of artificial intelligence to digitally edit my shirt in a photo.

From letters to postcards to text messages to video calls, staying in touch isn’t hard at all now. Maybe this old geezer should finally upgrade to a smartphone.

I was suddenly jolted back from my thoughts by some student who brought me a notebook. She asked for my address so that she could send postcards from Amsterdam. Being the old coot I was, I chuckled, “Who has the time to write letters and send postcards these days? Send me an email. Remember to format it properly.”

As the kids slowly filed out of the little classroom, I took one last look at the few ones who were left. Strangely, no one shed any tears as they went their ways. As I got up to leave, I noticed an ordinary-looking box tucked away under the desk. I picked it up and took a look at the attached note.

*To the Terrorizer*

*May your days be filled with leisurely naps and epic Netflix binges.*

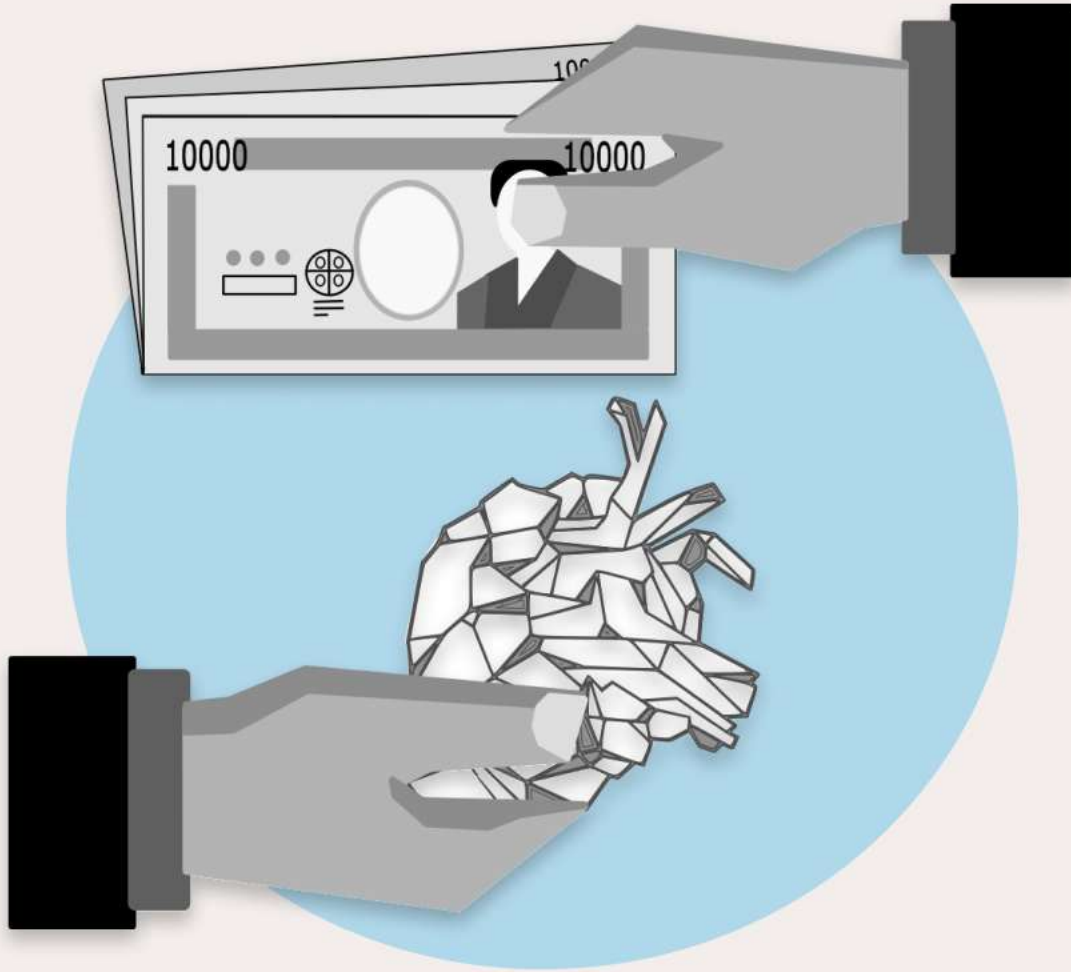
*Please reduce the syllabus for the next batch.*

Confused, I opened up the box to see a maroon Hero fountain pen and a little bottle of the black Chelpark ink. Now I can grace your pages with the same pen and ink I built my life with.

The kids told me to ‘chill’ and enjoy my retirement. I know the hardware is old, but my brain can still be put to good use. I’ll probably study about the newfangled ‘Industry 5.0’, but my missus has a pilgrimage to Kashi on the cards.

She will kill me if I tell her I want to study more. My pension won’t be able to do both my study and her travel, unless... I study at Kashi.

Remind me to call the agent tomorrow.



## I SOLD MY LIFE FOR TEN THOUSAND YEN PER YEAR

Written By  
**Himanshu Thakur**

Designed By  
**Poojita Mukundan**

“Your time, your health, or your lifespan?”  
A plane voice rings out.

At once amazed at this event’s occurrence and with a heart full of apprehension he timidly replies, “lifespan.” And with those words his fate is sealed.

This is the opening act of the short manga *I Sold My Life for Ten Thousand Yen Per Year*. Twenty year-old Kusunoki is broke and all out of sorts. Once a brilliant student with a talent for art,

his current life has a bleak outlook as he struggles to make ends meet.

No career path, ambition, or hopes of a better tomorrow; his life reaching this point one inaction at a time.

Desperate for cash he sells the last of his possessions at a local store. There the store-owner informs him of a shop that would trade something very unusual off him for money – time, health, and lifespan.

Not fully believing his words yet still clutched by desperation and curiosity, Kusunoki makes his way to this mysterious shop.

“Your time, your health, or your lifespan?”

These words confirmed it. The shop was real. Choosing to sell his lifespan, Kusunoki is met with a devastating figure: all his remaining years together were worth only 300,000 yen. With thirty years and three months left to live, he sells all thirty years, 10,000 yen per year. What follows is the journey of Kusunoki through the last three months of his life.

It is an irony of life that we often grasp the true value of what we have only when it's about to vanish and this manga explores that idea through the fantastic situation it puts its main character in. With his past relations eroded by neglect and a future cut off by death, Kusunoki searches for something to cling onto in a world that doesn't suddenly get nicer because of his looming fate. And it is this search that prompts us to think about the larger existential questions surrounding life's worth and its meaning.

One of the first things Kusunoki does in his last three months is make a *to-do list* of things to do before dying. He soon realizes that his list is full of things someone else would approve of rather than his genuine wishes; he didn't know what they even were.

Hobbies lose their charm as he realizes those were just “means by which to keep living”.

Relationships already eroded provide him no solace either.

Who would start loving someone who is soon to pass? And so he truly reaches the lowest of lows. But, as the story goes, it is this rock-bottom that he uses as a stepping stone to climb back up.

The portrayal of Kusunoki's journey is made all the more thought-provoking by the manga's deep-cutting dialogue. Character's realizations about themselves are often presented in such a clear manner that it's impossible not to see one's own reflection in them. The psychological clarity of the character is transferred over to us and we are left to ponder where we are in our lives and where we might be going.

If you've never delved into the medium of manga, this could be a great place to start. With eighteen chapters in total, this manga is short. Easily read in an hour or so. Yet it still manages to touch on so much that is of existential importance to us. It is a careful meditation on the value of life, its finiteness and what we might do while we're here to make it worthwhile.

Rather than give easy answers, it invites readers to introspect, challenging them to confront their own perceptions of life's worth. It is a journey that lingers in the reader's mind, urging them to appreciate the opportunities life presents because, as life often makes apparent, farewells always come by faster than we realize.



# INFINITE ADAPTATION

Written By  
**Dhruv Kulkarni**

Designed By  
**Shambhavi Shinde**

Youth is difficult. It is at this age, when our hormones are raging, and we struggle to find ourselves that we end up being confused and frustrated. 'Adjusting' to surroundings and creating our space in the world appears difficult. Then what is the white pill that makes it possible for us to persist? This ability is certainly special, for it is integral to character-making during the most formative years of our lives.

With the advent of university education, this ability to persist is not only shown but magnified, for it is implicit in the university experience, despite second thoughts. That ability is that of MacGyvering, colloquially referred to as *Jugaad*. If the word underrated were to be applied to any skill of humankind, 'Jugaad' would be a rightful contender, for it is the root of many of the things that make us great.

This notion requires elaboration, for it proposes a grand idea. We all have been in seriously stressful situations that required critical on-the-spot thinking. This is when the skill of *Jugaad* comes to fruition.

In an attempt at division of labor that would surprise Adam Smith himself, we apply our collective brains to solve a problem. Those moments of doing one chapter each and explaining the summary to all other friends at combined study sessions are *Jugaad* in its true form.



Consciously or subconsciously, major aspects of our initial professional life require unconventional thinking with constrained resources. Exchanging shirts before an interview, having multiple mock interviews with our friends is *Jugaad* in its explicit form.

But is this skill limited only to the professional setting? This skill has to be learnt (since conditions make it necessary) in other areas of college life as well.

When one enters college, confusion runs high. It takes crucial effort to understand surroundings, habits, and in general the world. We all have had our share of struggle adjusting to unclean rooms, in the presence of occasionally uncooperative roommates. Lack of hygiene and abrupt weather differences made us think of home. In multiple cases, there is also a language barrier to communication.

But we find ways to deal with them. Many people who had very little idea of English or other languages, try learning it, sometimes through movies and shows. We learnt to digest hostel food. From sweeping rooms to sleeping in the heat; using YouTube, our friends' knowledge, or sheer conformity, we persisted. But one underappreciated area where the idea of applying *Jugaad* seems funny, yet it is what hostelites have explicitly/implicitly done, is that of relationships.

Away from home, each hostelite craves a comfort space. We want to belong. Extremely close friend groups, with varied and diverse people, are sheer proof of us trying to create a mechanism to the best of our ability, to deal with the problem of belonging.

The hostelite's closest person in many cases shifts from a parent to a friend. Whether academic or interpersonal,

conditions propel us to learn *Jugaad* and deal with tough scenarios – making *college an ideal simulation for real life*.

*Jugaad* is the engine of cost-effectiveness and frugality, for it values smart planning and action. Hostelites, after graduating from college, learn the impeccable skill of living on a small budget, yet having fun. *Jugaad* teaches, as they say, “to deal with life as it comes”.

When one learns the skill of radically cutting down necessities, yet living a fulfilling life, one opens horizons. To explore, to think, to dream. The innovators of the information age did not feel tied down by authority.

The impeccable innovations, such as the computer, the smartphone, and the internet are results of hippies challenging the status quo. What was the substance that transformed that rebellion into concrete masterpieces? It was the ability to incrementally make changes to already existing technologies. To use different pieces, to try and err, to play with the product.

Legend has it that Elon Musk frequently asked his employees to borrow technologies from other industries to add to his rocket. The coolant is expensive? Use what they use in the cooking industry. Make it work. This ability to tinker around, improvise, adapt, and execute has what made companies like SpaceX radically change industry dynamics.

This is the magic of *Jugaad*. *It is the starting step to tinkering*.

Let this be a reminder of the one thing every college student has surely learnt. Even if college life ends, friends leave, or the journey becomes tough – let not the essence of college life leave us. The essence has been a thorough contributor to all innovations in history. Let the light of Infinite Adaptation, i.e., *Jugaad* never go out.

# MESSAGE FOR THE GRADUATES

To: Dear Senior'24

Your memorable journey of up and down in SVNIT life will always keep a place in your heart which you will cherish throughout lifetime. I wish you a great journey ahead of learnings, happiness and success.

From : Adarsh Tiwari

To: Amith Vardhan

Sir I met you in Raag CHRD as your junior. But you showed me a direction as a Senior in the branch of Electrical Engineering. Due to which my interest for my branch sparked more and more, it showed me a direction that where I can head in my career and I'm still discovering interesting topics about my branch. Hoping for more such guidance from your side in future. Thank You and Best of luck for your future Sir!

From : Ketan Kukde

To: Atharva Patil

This is to Atharv and his friends. I have known you since school and met you again last year during the introductory session of Renesa. Although I didn't join, but regardless, it would be a wonderful experience working under your guidance. In the last semester, we fortunately got same hostel and spent more time, from giving exam tip and internship interviews to playing basketball, it had been an amazing time with you and your cool friends. Lastly, I hope you and your friends have a good time during the internship.

From : Shivam Kumar Dubey

To: Deepika Hingu

Thank you for being my most supportive senior to this date- please stay happy always! I wish the very best for you and everyone of the graduating batch! PS: DRINK WATER

From : John Chacko

To: Mihir Gandhi

As I bid farewell, I want to express my deepest gratitude for the invaluable lessons and opportunities you've provided me. Your guidance and mentorship have been instrumental in shaping my understanding of the world and my path within it. Through your example, I've learned the importance of perseverance, innovation, and integrity. Your support has empowered me to strive for excellence, and I'll carry the lessons you've imparted with me as I move forward. Thank you for your dedication, leadership, and belief in me. It's been an honor to work under your guidance, and I'll always cherish the memories and experiences we've shared.

From : Tejo Kaushal

To: Priyanshi Shah

You are one of the first senior from CSE that I ever interacted with and am glad to have connected with you via LAC. And then the journey began to conduct various events alongside with you. It has always been a learning experience, thanks for trusting and standing by me always. Wishing you a successful life ahead.

From : Hrishikesh Makwana

To: Noopur Modi

The Energy you have, The Positive Aura you bring to every damn room will forever be unmatched!!

From : Anonymous

To: Shivam sir

Thanks a lot for helping

From : Anonymous

# MESSAGE FOR THE GRADUATES

To: Hemanshi Mahla

As you embark on your next adventure beyond the college gates, just wanted to drop a quick message to say how much you'll be missed around here. I can't express my feelings through a single message but I have tried. From meeting you as stranger to being my guide. From our silly doubts to very serious internship/placement related doubts, you've never ignored any of that. Thank you for all the things you've done for me. Thank you for keeping all the materials and share with us so your juniors can't face situations as you have faced. Thanks for being an awesome senior and for always being there to offer guidance. Wishing you all the success and happiness in the world as you step into the next chapter of your life! Keep in touch, and don't forget your junior. Take care and stay awesome!

From : Priya Kanthariya

To: Adithya Rao Sir MSc Physics 5 Year

We did not interact very frequently. We interacted maybe twice or thrice, but I can gladly say that even those conversations are strongly etched in my memory. You asking me whether I am truly interested in the work assigned to me in the Physics club, to enquiring and asking for feedback after I left, shows your understanding and empathy.

I could recognize that you are smart and competent from that Quanta Seminar on extra dimensions.

It has been an honour knowing you, and I am sure that any institution you choose to join will be honoured to have you as well.

From : Dhruv Kulkarni CSE 3rd Year

Sneharsh Belsare Sir CSE 4th Year

You have been a smart and competent role model to look up to. Your wide tech stack coupled with your easy going nature, (and the fact that you are a Maharashtrian :) always made me want to ask you different questions and leverage your knowledge as much as possible. Thank you for reviewing so many of my SoPs and being a wide inspiration and resolving other technical doubts. It has been an honour knowing you, and any institution you choose to go to will be lucky to have you.

From : Dhruv Kulkarni CSE 3rd Year

# MESSAGE FOR THE JUNIORS

To: Everyone

The 4 years of the college are the most dynamic and experimental years of your life that will never come back. Make the best of these 4 years, do everything, try anything... Have no regrets!

From : Oshin Mittal

To: Fellow Juniors

Sit back and actually fasten your seatbelts for the journey ahead. Some of you have just given JEE and entered the college and some of you are a couple of years old at this college. Well, I'll give three pieces of advice to all of you. First, stop being so hard on yourself, especially the bookheads. You might have heard of the famous quote- "This time (the 4 years of your college) won't come back". And that's true guys, it won't. So go out and explore things, go for vacations with your friends. I am thankful that me and group were on a trip literally every month or two. And seriously, this time won't come back. Enjoy it to your fullest and do everything apart from engineering, that is when you are a true engineer :). And mark my words, this time will fly away a lot faster than you expect, so start it at the very next second. Well, not the very next. (My paragraph won't end :/).

The second piece of advice would be to drink a lot of water and third one... to make sure you follow the above two.

Love you guys, enjoy!

From : Harsh Nagrale

To: All fellow juniors

Do allocate memories with your friends too sometimes; it will always work whether or not you've got a bug in your life.

From : Harshvardhan

To: SVNIT Volleyball Family

To my dear volleyball family,

As we embark on the next chapter of our lives, I want to take a moment to reflect on the incredible journey we've shared together on and off the court. The memories we've created, the challenges we've overcome, and the bonds we've formed will forever hold a special place in my heart.

The court gives me caring seniors, good batchmates, and good juniors; it's like a home. I have countless memories from this batch of friends: Chotu Rajesh, Bada Rajesh, Praveen, Faizul, Anil, Kanishk (the setter), Anil, Joya, Subosh, Sakshi, Baskar, Tarjani, Mansi Ma'am, and Ishika. To my junior volleyball players, boys: Rahul, Sarath, Amey, Pavan, Uday, Nirmal, Saurabh, Aum, Chota Rahul, Ajay. From girls: Aastha, Devanshi, Shrutika, Ishwarya, Riya, Sravanti, Pragya, Shruti and all 1st years. Juniors, as you continue to follow your volleyball passion, never forget to put in your best effort, encourage your teammates, and savour each moment. Accept the good times and take lessons from the bad because every experience will make you a better, more resilient athlete. Never undervalue the importance of commitment and teamwork. Both of two can accomplish greatness on and off the court. Treasure the friendships and unity that volleyball fosters because they are genuinely priceless. I'm confident that both our boys' and girls' teams will have strong players. Although we were defeated in the semifinals this time, we must learn from our mistakes and strive to win the trophy at the next inter NIT. To achieve this, you guys must put in a lot of efforts.

"I would like to speak specifically about Amruta Mam. She is a volleyball family member who is always there for us, no matter what. Her passion towards the volleyball sport is incredible. This time, you trusted us to get the trophy to the SVNIT Surat, but we failed to get it. We apologize, ma'am, but despite our best efforts, we were unable to succeed. Thank you so much mam for everything you did for volleyball family."

From : Sai Ganesh (volleyball captain)

# MESSAGE FOR THE JUNIORS

To: A ncc junior

Jai hind

The khakhi which you all are wearing do remember it comes with lot of sacrifices. Always wear this uniform with utmost pride and honour. Take the name of NCC SVNIT and SVNIT to greater heights. Always try to Excel in your field, cherish the moments in which you all are living. All the best for your future and yes we all are very very proud of you all.

From : A Ncc senior

To: SVNIT BASKETBALL FAMILY

My dear Juniors, probably not so good teammates. You never imagine how pissed i'm at you all, just kidding. You all have been great friends and the best juniors one can have. Pata nhi kaise hi din nikal. Baldev, Kamdar, Vedansh, Gaurav, Kapadi handle the team efficiently. Although its tough for you but responsibility de rha hoon to prove it in your own way. Mere bina kya hoga tumlogo ka. kidding. The most talented gang in SVNIT basketball Shivam aka Oman, Shreyash, Adi aka Dolly you are fabulous players. Never seen game spirit as you guys have. Although you can't defeat me in German drills, ha haa , your passion for game is astonishing. Onkit, Aneesh, Kartavya, Aagam, Utkarsh, Atharva, Jordan you guys have to learn a lot. You are amazing in your own way. Just love the game and see the magic. You will definitely get more than what you expected. Last but not the least, Hustle, Grind, Try until you succeed. Ultimately get the Gold. Lots of love from my side. Finally its always much more than Winning.

From : VINIT JADHAV

To: All juniors!

Slayy..you are in SVNIT! First year excited, second year trying to enjoy, third year at the verge of breaking down and well, rest of you are high, dope!

Muft ka advice: CG matters, it matters a lot, but not at the cost of your life. It stresses you out, demotivates you till the core, so what? Get up! Read! Repeat! Schedule your day, give time for yourself, give time for your close people, give time for the clubs you joined because you joined it for a reason. If you are feeling low, talk to your friends, your seniors, anyone. If there's one thing good about the peers here, it's that you can always find one person whom you can talk to. There's an entire community of Samwaad for the same.

Keep your cool, stay calm, journal things down if necessary. Hey, at the end of the day, it's your life, and it's you who has the power to mould it.

College is for expanding your horizons, exploring different colours... Try out new things, but ofcourse know the consequences of your act...

Zindagi moh maya hai lekin don't let that moh maya swallow you!

I would just say, be you ;) All the best!

From : Sauparnika

To: Juniors

Find your geng, go on trips, click more photos, be part of events, manage those events, get involved, bunk some classes, lay down in the lawns, explore surti food, make contacts with your seniors and juniors (peacefully ofc), play that tournament, basically do whatever you want (nothing illegal obv) but most importantly GET OUT OF YOUR HEAD.

From : Atul Gautam

# DEPARTMENT PHOTOS

## COMPUTER SCIENCE ENGG. DIV A



## COMPUTER SCIENCE ENGG. DIV B

# DEPARTMENT PHOTOS

## CIVIL ENGG.



## ELECTRONICS ENGG.

# DEPARTMENT PHOTOS

## MECHANICAL ENGG.



## CHEMICAL ENGG.



# DEPARTMENT PHOTOS

## ELECTRICAL ENGG.



## MSC CHEMISTRY

# DEPARTMENT PHOTOS

## MSC MATHEMATICS



## MSC PHYSICS

# DOWN MEMORY LANE



# DOWN MEMORY LANE



# DOWN MEMORY LANE



# DOWN MEMORY LANE



# GUEST SUBMISSION

## अलविदा

एक एक कर के बीते दिन,  
कुछ सबके साथ, कुछ अपनों के बिन,  
जो बचे हैं वो दिन भी बीत जाएंगे,  
बस कुछ समय की बातें हैं,  
अब कहाँ ये अपने नज़र आएंगे ॥

हम नहीं होंगे ना कोई हम सा होगा,  
तुम भी नहीं ना कोई तुम सा होगा ॥

तुम यादों के दरवाजों को जब जब यूँ ही खोलोगे,  
यारी दोस्ती की बातों को जब समय के तराजू पर तौलोगे,  
तुम पाओगे खट्टे मीठे यादों के अफ़साने,  
वो कॉलेज का जलसा, वो ट्रिप के सपनों सुहानें ॥

तुम फिर सोचोगे एक क्षण को,  
चलो लौट कर चलते हैं,  
कुछ नए सपनें नये ढंग से बुनते हैं ।  
पर जिंदगी फिर थपकियां देकर जगाएगी,  
वक्त में कितना आगे आ चुके हो तुम,  
हौले से कानों में समझाएगी ॥

तुम कह सकोगे उससे क्या कि वक्त को थोड़ा थाम लो ?  
साथ हमारे बैठ कर यादों के दो एक ज़ाम लो !  
उसे क्या पड़ी है इन बातों की,  
उन किस्सों की उन यादों की,  
पर ये दिल तो हमेशा उन्हीं यादों पर रहेगा फ़िदा,  
चलो भाई अब चलते हैं..... अलविदा अलविदा ॥

~आदित्य राय







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