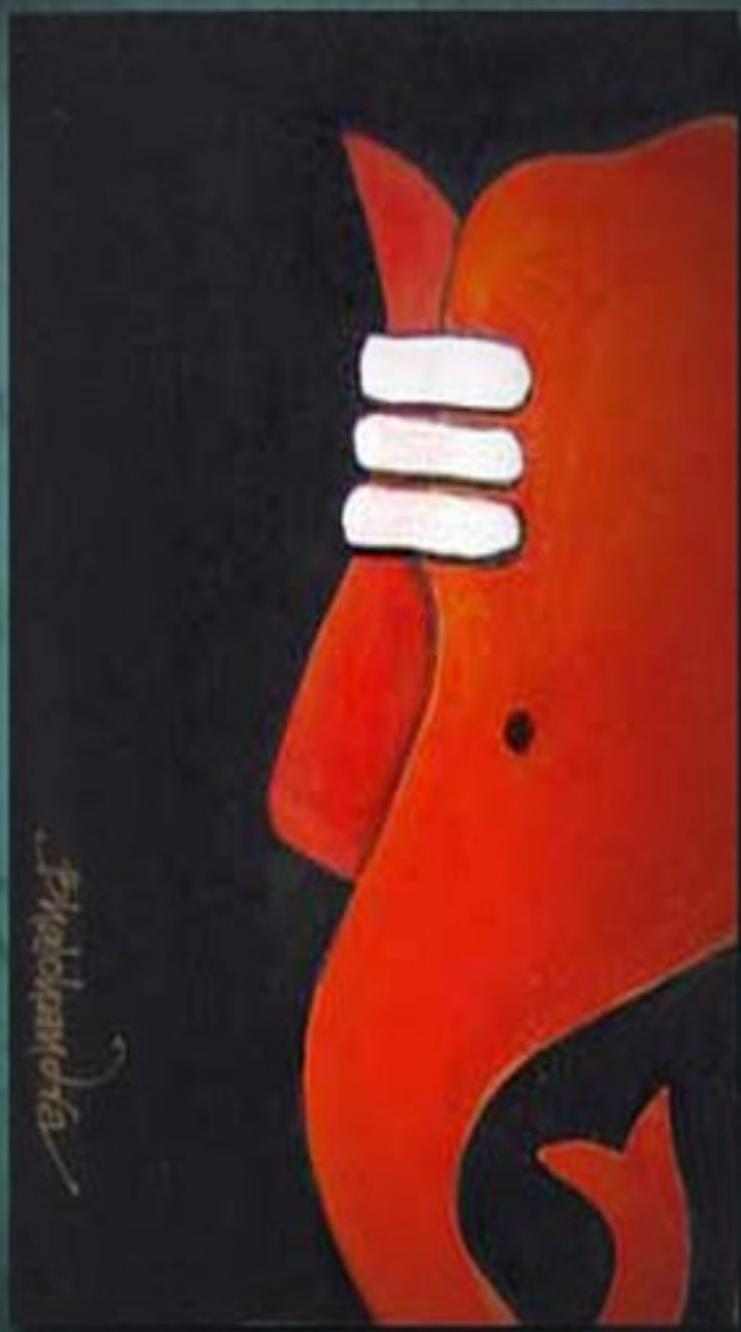


Ping!

VOL 4 ISSUE 1



A New Beginning!

Contents

- Campus Voice
- Faculty Interview
- What happens to a dream deferred?
- Freshers' Experience
- India at the Olympics
- Gamers Inc.
- Ping Recommends
- Mind Benders
- Ping Wall
 1. The Second Millennium
 2. Instinct
 3. The Secret
 4. Peacefully
 5. Where do the Sky and the Sea Meet
- Felicity Updates
- Answers

Editor's Word

“Life goes by pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it” - John Hughes.

It's quite amazing how time flies, here behind these walls of what we call IIIT-H! At any point in time, one is juggling back and forth between assignments, house practice and exam preparations, just to mention a few things. Our attention is highly divided. It is the age of multiple browser tabs and multi-tasking.

Time to pause and contemplate, is time to be treasured. Events often fail to register, for before some event ends, the next one seems to begin. We at Ping have been keeping track of the happenings in this madhouse over the past few weeks. We bring to you the latest from the world of gaming, excerpts from Prof. Govindarajulu's interview, a column by Dr. Harjinder Singh and so much more!

Just flip the page and get started.

Happy Pinging!

Kaushik Srinivasan.

Campus Voice

Dear Chacha Nehru,

I googled, 'A Tryst with Destiny', and lo and behold! I had in front of me the speech that you had delivered on the eve of our country's independence.

"Long years ago, we made a tryst with destiny, and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge, not wholly or in full measure, but very substantially. At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom..."

The tone of your voice still lingers in my subconscious mind. But I made an observation-- the terms 'independence' and 'republic' make no appearance in your speech (it's not difficult to find that, just a Ctrl-F and it says 'no matches found'). Yet, year after year, it is only on independence days, republic days and once in a blue moon like today, when the Ping! editor blackmails me into writing something on independence, that I remember your speech. You may want to blame me for indifference and I have no explanation to give on my behalf.

A question that starts bugging me now, is, what boundaries or why any boundaries for that matter? Perhaps what the next person has to say will put my mind to rest. 'Independence to me is not care-free attitude, but freedom with responsibility. It does not have to be related with others' decisions. However, if we keep up to our own decisions regarding our freedom, we can stay more satisfied with our life, maybe more independent.'

I am sure this person understands why you said in your speech, 'freedom and power bring responsibility'.

Yes, we have a lot of problems today. Day-in and day-out we have newspaper headlines staring at us, none of which you could have ever conceived of, while placing your signature on the brilliantly drafted Constitution of our country. Only, recently, the arrest of political cartoonist and activist Aseem Trivedi, on charges of sedition, makes us wonder does freedom and independence actually exist? Or, was it, that he did not respect his responsibilities? I am no judge, but had you been here, there could have been justice.

The entire Lok-pal bill fiasco (no offense to Team Anna), was an eye-opener as to how much today's leaders are sympathetic towards the opinions of the public. One such fellow among us has expressed:



'During 1947, when India became independent, it actually did not. It is still governed by the British rules. People, at present, are selfish and self centered. They can backstab anyone when the need comes'. Another one chimes in, 'People are not independent at present. We reprimand India's culture and burgeon British culture'. What do you think about this?

Chachaji, I am sure I have taken a lot of your time with my musings coupled with the 'voices' of our campus residents. As always, I like to bring this letter to an end on a happy note. As one more friend puts it, 'Independence to me is the freedom to dream big, and implement your ideas. Independence is when thoughts are not limited by society's rituals and people are not afraid of expressing themselves.' I am sure, we all hope to build a society that you and other visionaries once believed India would be.

Faculty Interview

“You journalists are dangerous,” the accusatory finger pointing at us. “If I’m not careful, you will put words into my mouth!” It was in this setting of distrust that Mr. Mumbles and I sat down to interview Prof. R. Govindarajulu, as our protests to the contrary were quite in vain. The man of course needs no introduction, and no I’m not talking about Mr. Mumbles. Just ask any of the kids who are terrorized by his quips and comments, which could range from the attire the poor sleep-headed lad found himself in, to his marriage prospects in the near future. A man of great versatility, a constant learner and a role model for many, we felt honoured to be interviewing him, as Mr. Mumbles expressed in as many words, “Mumble, mumble.”

Knowing the popularity that he has among the students, we asked him what he thought about the current lot. “Well, I am an old-timer, and my opinions will be from the perspective of an old-timer.” Fair enough, we thought, as Mumbles got pretty agitated, waiting for the storm that was about to come. “In our time, attire was given a lot of importance, bermudas were rare. Nowadays, students walk around the campus in shorts, not just boys, even girls! As I make my way to class, I see students doing the balancing act with their *chai and veg. puffs in the narrow staircase leading to it. Some even carry their snacks to class! I think it portrays their frame of mind. I expect the students to question and challenge the faculty. When the student chooses not to, we can take it easy! But it does hurt. I find enthusiasm, energy and idealism to be rare in present-day students.*

These comments are not just entertainment oriented. Are you guys wearing bermudas, too?” “Mumble, mumble,” we both managed, as we silently thanked the modest denims we owned! “Maybe this is the difference in perspectives speaking,” he continued. “I expect some kind of attitude towards learning to be reflected by the students’ clothes. I can’t impose my perception on anybody. After all, it’s decades old. If you asked me a philosophical question as to why this is wrong, I’d say nothing. But the shorts the students wear to class today remind me of the hippies that roamed the Goan beaches in the ‘60s, and they were philosophical too!”

Mumbles looked like he was having a mini-heart attack, and a topic change was in order. “If you had not entered academia, what would you have done?” “I am from a rural background. Mine was a poor family in Kakinada. My state was like that of Kishore Kumar in *Chalti ka naam Gadi and I was always interested in my Paanch Rupaiya barah Aana. All the while, my outlook was that if I get a job close to my village, I would be happy, and I was glad when I got a job at Bharat Electronics. As a student, I used to imitate faculty members. I had no ambition of being a professor. I even got an opportunity to do Masters in IIT Kharagpur, but I passed, because I did not want to leave my job.*”

“How then did you end up in your current profession,” we wondered. “When I was a lecturer, I used to teach Network Theory. I wasn’t very good at it, but because I had to teach, I learned the subject myself. I would work out problems from various books. This gave me a very good foundation. I remembered that as a student, we used to curse faculty for the way they taught. I did not want that to happen to me.”

Sir, what do you feel about students being employed in areas not related to their technical education, I mean the non-core jobs?

“The kind of jobs they do these days in financial organizations are modeling and computer science related. Ultimately, one must work where one’s passion lies.”



Supposing you were the director of this institution, what would you do differently?

“I may not have experimented with a few things.”

What change would you like to see in the curriculum?

“I have my own views.” Okay, mum is the word, we get it, sir.

Placement or research, what should be given more importance?

“It is difficult to say. Both are equally important, but as we are a research institute, research gets the upper hand in deciding a few policies. Unless placements are good, we can not have a good intake. We are not all philosophers here. But we can not be a run-of-the-mill institute. Research is important for our national/international standing.”

In the past couple of years in particular, we have seen a sharp increase in the number of dual-degree students in the campus. It seems like the institute is pushing research into students big time...

“I am for the B.Tech program and the Ph.D. program. As students progress, they can take up research if they wish to.”

What is your opinion on undergraduate students doing internships?

“Purpose of the work is more important. If a student actually works out research problems, makes efforts in a critical field, it can be an enriching experience. But doing cheap labour in the name of getting ‘paid for first time’ is a strict no-no, and often students are unable to realize that. If the intern is good, one can take it up. You get to learn a lot about the culture of an organization. If the work helps you learn, of course it is a good thing.”

You are known for your eidetic memory. What is the secret behind that?

“Just a rustic mentality.”

What goals, aspirations keep you going in life?

“Coming from a poor family, my goal has always been survival. Till date, I believe my attitude has not changed. I never aimed too distant, just lived the present to be exact. In high school, I used to be good at math. My father was not very educated. When I passed tenth class in the first attempt, my father’s view was to send me to teacher’s training institute. But on the suggestion of one of his friends, I joined engineering. It was never planned to be that way. I joined Kakinada University and did reasonably well.”

“During engineering, there were occasions when I was quite complacent, I fell in a few of them. I would bunk class, watch movies and moved with students who did not study. My percentage went down. Maybe I could have done better if I had focussed.”

Over the decades, how have students in general changed?

“Anytime, students do make mistakes. That age is like that. I used to fear and respect my professors. If not, I think I would have drifted away. This generation has never written a letter to parents, never travelled in coal driven trains, instant solution tendency is probably built in. But academics still stays an entirely different ball game.”

What message would you like to give to the students?

“Having come here, realize your responsibility. Do not fritter away your parents’ money.”

It was a sixty minutes well spent, as we took our leave to introspect the things that he had said. For it certainly was a most thought provoking experience, speaking to a man who is an epitome of progress, yet humility, a person who started with nothing and almost half a dozen decades down the line has almost all the accolades which are there to be won in academia. Mumbles sure did not mumble anything on the way back!

What happens to a dream deferred?

Some days back, Rajeev Rajeshuni and Harish Reddy, two UG4 students, presented their experiences of summer internships with culturally/socially active groups sponsored by SPICMACAY. Rajeev spent a month with Tibetan monks in Dharmashala and Harish was with Aruna Roy's MKSS in Rajasthan.

Rajeev's talk was about the serenity of Tibetan Buddhist monks and moments spent with The Dalai Lama. Harish was an angry young man telling us about how miserable the caste, gender and class realities are in rural India.

Both talked about people who are not free and who are struggling for freedom. In one case, the Tibetans, they could run away to India and were provided shelter. In the other case, the people have nowhere to go.

In both the cases, there is a logic that the oppressors present to perpetuate the atrocities. The oppressors do not believe that they are doing anything wrong and they do not accept the logic of the oppressed, who seek freedom and dignity. It is easy for us who are distant from the China-Tibet issue to understand why China is wrong in its logic. But it is not easy for us to see how wrong we are in dealing with our own oppressed.

China has made schools, hospitals, roads, etc., and provided a better quality of life in the modern sense, in Tibet, that may not have happened if it was not under Chinese occupation. The Tibetan society was feudal to the core and most of the people lived like slaves, serving the monks or the traders who form the majority of those who escaped. Not everything about the Tibetan society in India is laudable. But this does not make China right in doing what it did. China is an imperial power that has colonised Tibet. We must raise our voice in support of the Tibetan people, who have been fighting a non-violent struggle against the military might of China.

The struggle of the oppressed castes in India is also non-violent. This is surprising, because the intensity of oppression remains high and wide. The constitutional path has provided a solution, not necessarily the best, but one well supported by those who have studied the problem for years. This is the idea of reservation for access to quality education, in employment, etc. For a long time, the policy was not even implemented to an extent that could be called significant. When finally it started looking like a reality and the percentages in jobs started showing, the country went for massive privatisation. In a private educational institute, there is no reservation policy. It is apparent that privatisation of education is a policy that makes quality education inaccessible to disadvantaged sections.

Ordinarily one expects the youth to question the structure of lies and disinformation that sustains the otherwise untenable institutions of oppression. Our institute provides mechanisms for students to study and question the present. Counterculture is promoted and yet we remain content with extreme underrepresentation of large sections of our people in our community. Naturally, the feeling of being a hypocrite is intense in me. In six years of being here, I have motivated only a small number of students to look at real data published in credible journals and inevitably their opinions have changed after a thorough reading. But most of us choose to remain happily gullible because it serves our interests. The arrogance that goes with it is notable. In a more equal society, most of us will not be where we are. With such undeserving power and privileges, how can we be so arrogant?

Insensitivity to issues of social justice indicates a severe crisis of values. The pain of exclusion that a large majority experiences in our country is not going to subside. It will, as Langston Hughes said in his poem 'What happens to a dream deferred', explode one day.

-Dr. Harjinder Singh.



Freshers' Experience

We walked into the campus engulfed by a myriad of thoughts and emotions, our brains trying to register the fact that we were being picked from a world of known and dropped into the tumultuous waters of unknown. The meaning of home was about to change. But even amidst all the chaos and uncertainty, the billboard that said 'UG1--2k12', surrounded by the green that was seen everywhere seemed to give out only positive vibes.

After the registration process, which was a cakewalk, thanks to the extremely well coordinated student body, came the big O - Orientation. Spanned over two weeks, headed by the apex body, and followed up by all our mentors, not only did it help make our transition into this 'new' life a rather smooth one, but it also gave us a glimpse, just the tip of the iceberg, into the world that is IIT-H.

Not a day went by without a list of 'firsts' - first campus tour (which frankly left us more lost than before), first lecture, first list of reference books for C Pro, first glass of juice in the canteen, not to forget our first in-'formal' and of course! our much awaited house meeting.

We were the first batch in a long time to have an orientation trip. From climbing those 365 steps up to the King's Chamber in Golconda, to begging for water the entire way through; from playing with our seniors to being awed by the artifacts at Salarjung - it was "the" day for us *facchas*. And the best part was being referred to as 'IITians' during the entire trip.

This was just the start, as the week that followed, saw us shedding our inhibitions and singing, dancing and screaming till the wee hours of morning. It used to be a sight to see people sleeping on the floor, reminding us of our railway stations, with their assignments and laptops and gorging on *DLF ke samose* after hours of practice. But all the missed hours of sleep and preachings of seniors, finally paid off when we recognized our hidden potential to perform on stage and enjoy it even when the entire audience screamed *kassu* at us and picked up their chairs in what we could only hope was appreciation. No matter the results, it was truly a night to remember.

Its been almost a month now and its still surprising to think how far we have come. We have successfully met our assignment deadlines, entertained people, woke up in time for yoga and P.T. and still managed to stay wake in classes. Our stay here has been much like the weather: it's sunny, it's windy and sometimes rainy, but at the end of the day it feels like home. And all said and done, after all *sab light hai yaar*.

India at the Olympics

The Professor said, "Look, I know why you are here. You are the top-ranked student in your class. But you must know that in Russia, we take sports and fitness very seriously. In fact, had you been a Russian student, we would not be having this conversation, because you would have been failed."

That's how Russia changed a forty-five kilo tweakling Asian to a broad shouldered power lifter. If Russia is an incubator of sporting excellence, India tries hard not to be. In school, of the forty-eight classes a week, one was for physical training!

In sporting powerhouses, sports academies are the first step towards the Olympics. Here, Football associations are run by people who bend at the will of their political master, not to the needs of their Beckhams! Stadiums are hired out for musical evenings or political rallies. Now, associations can be allowed to hire out these stadiums and make some extra cash, but certainly not at the expense of the players' dignity.

For Indian laymen, sports remains caviar. The former sports minister, Mr. M.S. Gill had said after Force India made history with F1, "F1 is not sports. The proposed F1 race does not satisfy conditions which focus on human endeavour for excelling in competition with others." In simple words, "Go to

hell!” History, however, is different. All the ancient Indian epics mention archery, mace fighting, wrestling, fencing, and equestrian competitions. Sports festivals were common in every district across our vast country. This tremendous energy and passion, however, remains untapped. Indian school children regularly win gold medals at world school competitions, but within a few years the gap widens, as the foreign kids peel away because of their superior systems.

Comparisons are inevitable in competitions. The Chinese, who have been consistently topping the medal charts, have a massive program that scouts the country’s schools for promising young players. But more importantly, the Chinese truly honour sports. India, on the other hand, remains wedded to Nehru’s philosophy of “participation is more important than winning”. But if we aim low, we only hit the ground instead of the target. In hockey we were a powerhouse (eight golds) and in football we made it to the quarterfinals of the Melbourne Olympics. The philosophy of participation has led to the current situation where we can not even participate.

India is the only country in the world which has not matched its economic clout with sporting success. We are making giant strides economically, scientifically and militarily, but we remain pygmies in the sporting arena. Overall, India has won all of 24 medals since the Amsterdam Olympics in 1928, with hockey contributing 11 to that tally. At London 2012, of the 142-member strong Indian contingent, only 83 were athletes.

You get the picture. There might be a couple of flashes of individual brilliance, but no one really expects a great Indian medal surge.

Gamers Inc.

The International- Dota 2

2nd September 2012. All the DOTA fans worldwide held their breath as the Sentinel and the Scourge battled to defend their ancients. It was the concluding day of The International - Dota 2. The weekend held pulse-raising excitement in Benaroya Hall in Seattle, Washington. As the teams planned and implemented battle strategies, the crowd cheered, roared, chanted and booed. Skilled heroes representing their respective teams showed the world how it is done best. It’s not every day that a million dollars’ worth of prize waits to be claimed by your hero. To add to it the adrenalin that pumps through one’s fan-veins when one’s favorite player makes an amazing escape.

One such thrill-inducing moment of The International 2 was the game between Na’Vi and iG, the beautifully orchestrated play combined with the crowd’s reaction is enough to send shivers down your spine.

The final eight teams in the winners bracket included LGD-Gaming, Orange E-Sports, compLexity Gaming, Zenith, Invictus Gaming, Evil Geniuses, DK and Natus Vincere. All these teams fought each other in best of 3 matches in double elimination format. At stake was a million dollar first prize, a quarter-million dollar runner-up prize, \$150,000 for third place, \$80,000 for fourth place, \$35,000 for fifth place and the same for sixth place, with the seventh and eighth place teams each awarded \$25,000 for the tournament.

The finals of both the Winners’ and Losers’ Brackets concluded on the final day. In the Losers’ Bracket, the final matchup was between LGD-GAMING and Invictus Gaming. Invictus Gaming scored the win to catapult them into the Grand Final.

The winner of the Winners’ Bracket, Natus Vincere, and the winner of the Losers’ Bracket, Invictus Gaming, faced off in a Best of 5 game series. The all-important first game was won by Invictus Gaming, who then dropped the second match to Natus Vincere. The pivotal third game was won by Invictus Games who then went on to win it all and be crowned the kings of The International – Dota 2!

Phew...after all that excitement, the weekend treat for our DotA fans finally came to its termination. But the fever only came out multiplied. Until next year...

Game Review

Game : **Sleeping Dogs**

Platform : **PC, Xbox, PS3**

Genre : **Open-world action-adventure**

Developer : **United Front Games and Square Enix**

Sleeping Dogs completely blew me away from the minute I started playing it. I was expecting a GTA like game with repetitive missions and useless violence, (which are not bad things) but what I got transcends GTA in many areas. You play an undercover cop Shen, who is dragged deeper and deeper into the triad world. The story is engrossing, with you leaning on the seat to see what comes next. The graphics are smooth, but they won't awe you. The hand-to-hand combat and the Hong Kong action setting provides plenty of thrills. But the area where Sleeping Dogs really shines the most is in its storyline. The leveling up system is quite unique and fun. You have 3 areas where you earn experience, triad, cop and face. You earn triad points by being exceedingly violent and cop points by being careful and precise i.e not GTA. Face points are earned by doing favours around the city of Hong Kong. Side quests like carjacking, street racing and singing karaoke are fun and great for passing time. The option of replaying missions lets you play the mission as many times as you want, if you don't like the outcome. The 20-hour plus amazing gameplay makes Sleeping Dogs worth the cash. I believe that this is one game that is going to give the upcoming GTA 5 a run for its money.

Ping Recommends

Eateries

Serengeti, in Banjara Hills, is a great place for North Indian Food. The restaurant has a forest ambience-- it is like being surrounded by trees and monkeys and dining tables too! They have a great mixed platter starter. The Paneer and corn are really good. Ohri's restaurants are known for their uniqueness, and this restaurant lives up to its name in terms of taste and price.

If you are looking for a vegetarian restaurant, **Little Italy** is a great option. The food and choice available is great. The restaurant also has a very good ambience and a spectacular view. Though the prices are little on the higher side, the Spinach ravioli is worth trying. End your dinner with the famed Chocolate Bomb! Little Italy has branches in Madhapur and Jubilee Hills.

Rajdhani in Banjara Hills is another vegetarian option with a good Gujarati and Rajasthani *thali*. They even have *bajra no rotlo* and *puran puri*! A *thali* costs Rs 280 and the service is almost like being at home.

Mainland China located Opposite to Shilparamam, Hitech City is a place worth trying. The food is awesome and the service is great. The ambience of the place is serene with an authentic oriental feel. The menu itself starts with a history of China, and you also have an option of using chopsticks. However, the prices are a bit high (a single plate of noodles costs Rs 455). There is also a buffet for lunch at around Rs 390.

Music

Rabbi Shergill, the Punjabi fusionist who very comfortably mashes Punjabi folk and Sufi music to contemporary, came back with his third album, **Rabbi 3**. Though most people cannot understand the kind of Punjabi Rabbi uses, everyone can relate to the melody of his tracks. This album is an outright departure from the regular Rabbi style. That's an incentive for those who didn't like him earlier to give his songs another try.

Gangnam Style, the K-pop single by South Korean artist PSY has earned the distinction of being the most viewed K-pop song on YouTube. The song has gone viral, mainly because of its catchy rhythm, humour and PSY's groovy dance moves. *Oppa Gangnam Style!*

Geocaching

You see a person lurking around in strange places, almost as if trying to find a hidden treasure; except for the little fact that he keeps looking at his smartphone every once in a while. You're baffled at this peculiar behavior, and are almost about to report it to the authorities, when you hear a scream, "I found it!" and you turn around to see the man clutching a small container.

Enter the hi-tech world of geocaching. This most advanced form of treasure hunt is a sport that's gaining popularity worldwide. A modern-day twist on the classic scavenger hunt, geocaching has participants turning over rocks, climbing trees, crossing rivers and digging the Earth. The idea is to go looking for items that individuals and groups have set up, called 'caches', which are located all over the world. Geocachers seek out hidden treasures utilizing GPS coordinates posted on the Internet by those hiding the cache. Using a GPS unit, they then trek out into the backwoods or urban jungles to find the hiding spot of the cache.

The best part about this game, apart from being a part of a worldwide community, is that it makes you get away from your screens and begin to love the outside! You'll surprise yourself by discovering beauty in places you would have normally never visited. This kind of experience, and the feeling when you hold the log book in your hand, knowing that someone from the other side of the world was also there at some point of time, thinking the exact same things, is truly amazing.

Recommended Websites: www.geocaching.com, www.navicache.com, www.GPSgames.org

Geocaches In Hyderabad: Hyderabad water tower – near Tulsi gardens, Ista Hotel, N 17° 26.072 E 078° 23.623

Mind Benders

1. A cable, 16 metres in length hangs between two pillars that are both 15 metres high. The ends of the cable are attached to the top of the pillars. At its lowest point, the cable hangs 7 metres above the ground. How far are the two pillars apart?
2. Kotak is a strange liar. He lies on six days of the week, but on the seventh day he always tells the truth. He made the following statements on three successive days:
Day 1: "I lie on Monday and Tuesday"
Day 2: "Today, it's Thursday, Saturday or Sunday"
Day 3: "I lie on Wednesday and Friday"
On which day does Kotak tell the truth?
3. Below is an equation that isn't correct yet. By adding a number of plus signs and minus signs between the digits on the left hand side, the equation can be made correct.
 $123456789 = 100$
How many different ways are there to make the equation correct?

Ping Wall!

The Second Millennium

“The world breaks everyone, and afterward, some are strong at the broken places.”
-Ernest Hemingway

He stood there in shock, his hands clutching that little piece of bound paper tightly. Sweat trickled down his forehead, as he continued to stare at those red numerals on the right hand corner of his answer script. Around him, students shared a variety of expressions – merrymaking in one corner, with satisfied students beaming at each other and exchanging high-fives, and in another corner, a few tense students huddled around the teacher, perspiring, trying to squeeze out another grace mark or two, with grimaces evidently expressing their discontent.

He realized that he was panting now. Trying to get a grip of the circumstances, he sat down and imagined what he had in store, now that he had failed again. The world around him began to lose momentum, everything came to a standstill. Vivid images of a dejected father and a weeping mother loomed in front of him. Petulant phrases he had once received from his parents were buzzing in his ears. All his sacrifices he had made to be a part of the institution. He had had enough. He had to find other ways out.

The next day, the local police were called to a hostel in one of the leading engineering institutes of the country, to investigate the death of a teenager. Postmortem reports confirmed the cause of death – poison ingestion.

The newspapers had got their meat. The boy's family was obscenely publicized for the next few days – with pictures depicting shock and grief splashed on front pages. The boy's friends were in shock. No one had expected such an occurrence. Not even the teacher who found an addition mistake in the boy's paper and took it to be a criminal offense. Not even the college bully who had bashed the poor guy to a pulp a few days earlier. Not even the apparently pretty girl who found the boy too unpopular to get her attention. Not even those parents who took credit for his literary skills but failed to realize why he couldn't get math sums correct.

And the world blamed the poor bottle of rat poison.

The news of the boy's death created a ripple of discomfort and rebellion in the lives of teenagers across the city. Students protested against the education system, accusing it to be the cause of the boy's death. Classes had to be adjourned and after an official lawsuit was filed against the school, matters finally came to rest. And a year later, in a school miles away from this one, another student was found dead, with his examination paper lying close to him. The rest is known to you.

In a country proud to have the largest youth population, we find lives being taken for matters as meager as school examination disappointments. When we find thousands of students practicing for two long years just for one day to change their life, we know we are being a little unreasonable somewhere. But yes, we do find inhuman results in this process – the better students developing scientific and artistic genius other countries would find hard to imagine. But does that justify the pressure a regular teenager goes through?

A single mark discriminates two bright students – one will get through, but the other will not. Teachers expect us to act maturely, but remain immature themselves, deducting marks incessantly. We agree there is that line separating excellence from mediocrity, but should there be lines separating the excellent from the excellent?

We live in a world of rivalry. A world where the inhabitants are ready to kill and slaughter their competitors, to taste victory. A world, where every second you take to stand still and realize what you are up to, is a second you are flung behind the others. A world, where you'll not only observe the survival of the fittest, but the demolition of even the marginally unfit. The occupants of this rather exclusive world are all aspiring for the same goal – success, whether it may be for monetary benefit, personal satisfaction or just because that's what everyone else is looking for. Welcome to a world full of care, where we have no time to stand and stare.

Welcome to a world where we have found methods, but have lost reason. Welcome to the world of the second millennium.

-Akash Thakur

Instinct

I snapped my eyes open and saw the moonlight streaming into my room. All I could hear was my heart was beating so loud, but other than that, silence!

Such perfect silence.

I had woken up because of some intuition that something was about to happen. That feeling was still overwhelming me. But, oddly enough, nothing was wrong. I say oddly because my intuitions are always right. Always.

Tonight though, it seemed like I was wrong. The world was perfectly still, and it was a gorgeous night. The moonlight that lit up my room seemed to give it a silver hue.

Suddenly, the silence and stillness was shattered by the sound of someone falling into my recently planted rose bushes. I jumped out of my bed and ran to my dresser. I opened the top drawer and grabbed my gun. Its familiar weight in my hand calmed my nerves. I loaded it and removed the safety clip. I crept out of my room and tip-toed down the stairs to my front door.

There, I stopped. My head spun with doubt and fear. I had practiced for hours at the range. Just me and my gun. Sometimes a couple glasses of scotch too. I felt so much power holding it.

But this wasn't the same. This was real life. Would I be able to actually shoot someone? Watch them slowly bleed to death? Live with the thought that I had actually killed a man?

I ran out of time to think. The person outside was trying the door and cursing. It sounded like a man.

I tightened my grip on the gun and slowly and quietly undid the locks. I took a deep breath, threw open the door and pointed the gun at the man's head.

He slowly raised his hands.

Suddenly, I saw a flash of white. Was he...smiling?

He then spoke in a voice that sounded like he was trying not to laugh, "I thought you'd be a little happier to see me, love."

It was my husband.

-Sneha Bandla

Ping Wall!

The Secret

It was one of those nights you could call perfect. The sky was just the right shade of grey, and the stars twinkled like her bright shiny eyes. She stared outside her window and the breeze gently swept the hair off her face. It was 11:30 p.m. She knew it was one of those nights that she had a reason to smile her glorious smile.

After all, she had a whole meatloaf sandwich in her fridge. That made for the perfect midnight snack. And so she got down the stairs remembering a similar night not that long ago. She felt warm inside, like she would feel in the protective arms of her lover. A flush of pink took over her cheeks, until she heard a sudden thud outside. It sounded like someone threw her cat against a wall. But then, she didn't have a cat. She was allergic to cats. And then she heard a sudden screech from her backyard and she knew it was finally time.

The secret that she kept from the rest of the world was to be revealed that night. Her reason for being was finally being tested and she knew, that from that day on, things would not stay the same. She was a ninja. And her secrets were in danger. She knew it was time for her Katana and Shurikens to come out of hiding. She knew her moment had arrived. She could not let down her clan. She pulled herself together and got into position under the robes given to her by her Sensei. She remembered the ideals she was fighting for. The place she came from and the responsibility that she had to undertake. The clock struck twelve and there was a rush of blood to her head. She was prepared. Ready to take it on. The door creeps open and a shiver runs down her spine.

"Happy Birthday!" scream her best friends. Her mom comes from behind and hugs her, "Are you going for a costume party?" she mocks. She smiles to herself and thinks, "If only!".

-Priyanka Suresh

Peacefully

The tides of time, at the behest of change,

Bring along novelty and monotony.

It touches your closed eyes,

With memories of joy, and of gloom.

It's on you what you embrace,

Sublime happiness or sublime sadness,

Softly, gently, heavenly, both peaceful.

My choice... left me with no choice,

No right, no wrong... no light, no song,

Only the feeling of living where I don't belong.

Today forming smooth waves within me,

Profound sadness, Peacefully...

-Abhilash Nanda

Where Do the Sky and Sea Meet

Where do the sky and sea meet
To have a cup of coffee,
While sitting 'round a table,
Arguing if it's better than tea?

Where do the sky and sea meet
On a Saturday night,
When they want to catch a movie
Or go grab a bite?

Where do the sky and sea meet
When they just want to be together
With no one to say no,
So their hearts can be as light as a feather?

Where do the sky and sea meet
To have the talk,
On where their relationship's going
And if it's as steady as a rock?

Where do the sky and sea meet?
Is it a place ever so blue?
Wherever or however it is,
I want to go there too!

-Sneha Bandla

Felicity Updates!

Preparation for Felicity'13 has started with its full thrust with eight teams working in parallel. Our Felicity's theme for this year is '**Animatia**'- which will surely touch the child inside you. And the best part is that we have our own characters as the 'Mascots' for the fest - Fe, Li and Co, about which you can know more at <http://feli.co/BLOG> (and yes we have our own url <http://feli.co> :D)

IIT-Bombay's Techfest National Open Quiz (TNOQ) Hyderabad Zonals in association with Felicity, IIIT-Hyderabad was organized on 20th September in which over 250 students participated onsite. Upcoming event to lookout for is the '**Felicity Buzz**' during 28th-30th of September which will give us all (especially the new students) a feel of Felicity which is just 5 months away!!!

Answers

1. The distance between the poles is **0 (zero)**.

2. **Tuesday**.

3. **11** different ways:

$$123+45-67+8-9=100, 123+4-5+67-89=100, 123-45-67+89=100, 123-4-5-6-7+8-9=100$$

$$12+3+4+5-6-7+89=100, 12+3-4+5+67+8+9=100, 12-3-4+5-6+7+89=100,$$

$$1+23-4+56+7+8+9=100, 1+23-4+5+6+78-9=100$$

$$1+2+34-5+67-8+9=100, 1+2+3-4+5+6+78+9=100$$

Ping Team!

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**Photography contest 3rd:
Aman Arora**



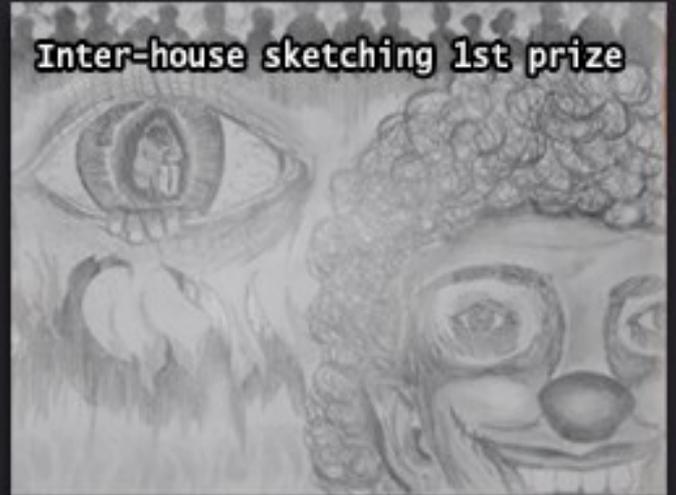
**Photography contest 1st :
Ravi Prasad**

How High Will it Fly ...



**Photography contest 2nd :
Himanshu Sharma**

Inter-house sketching 1st prize



Inter-house collage 1st prize



Inter-house sketching 2nd prize



Inter-house collage 2nd prize