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Chairman's message :

It is a matter of pride to pen down the message of 5th issue of Infinity, the literary magazine of Narula Institute of Technology. Academic excellence along with Co-curricular and extra co-curricular activities completes the process of education. And it gives me great satisfaction that the Institute is progressing in all its endeavours towards the overall development and personality of the students.

The contents of the magazine reflect the wonderful creativity of thoughts and imagination of our students and staff members. The panoramic view of the society, and how our institute views and interacts with the society, is reflected in the contents of the magazine.

I wish Infinity its steady growth and continuous progress in the years to come.

Dr. Subhashis Biswas

Chairman,

Art & Literary Committee, Narula Institute of Technology

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~FALL FOR SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T LOVE YOU~

by SHATARUPA CHAUDHURI EE 4A

It occurred to me the other day that there might be people in this world who have never known unrequited love, have never fallen for someone who didn't fall too.

I know it's rarer than a solar eclipse, but it seems likely that some have managed it; people who married their high school sweetheart, who got it right on the first try, who were seemingly born with enough innate confidence to walk right up to the object of their affection and say, "I think you're great, would you like to go on a date sometime" and whose confidence was rewarded with a resolute, "Absolutely, I'd love to" and a Happily Ever After. The rest of us would be inclined to murder a couple like this if we ever come across them, but I maintain that they are the ones who are missing out. Everyone should fall for someone who doesn't love them back at least once.

People who don't love you can be found in many places. Pick the person in a brand new relationship; they can't see more than five inches past the face of their new love, let alone far enough to see you pining away in the corner. Pick the girl you've been friends with for ages, the one who refers to you as a brother and will never see you as anything else. Pick the boy who flirts with everyone, sleeps with everyone, the one who doesn't know what he's looking for and never seems satisfied. He'll do just fine, too.

This has to be more than a crush, more than just a fleeting attraction. Thinking they look cute when they smile, or letting your imagination momentarily wander when they touch your skin isn't enough. You must love them with every fiber of your being, from the moment you wake up until the moment you fall asleep, day after heartbroken day. Memorize the rhythm and cadence of their voice, the subtle gestures of their hands and each expression of their face, so when you're asleep and dreaming of a world in which you're together, it seems real. Feel your soul fracture each morning when you wake up and realize it isn't. Let the agony, the obsession, consume you. Nothing hurts quite as exquisitely as loving someone who doesn't love you back.

Perhaps you think I'm crazy for suggesting anyone let themselves fall into this pit of despair, that I'm an emotional sadist of the worst variety. But darling reader, I assure you I'm not, because eventually something happens to every single person who loves someone who doesn't love them back: they manage to stop being in love.

While it takes varying amounts of time, everyone finds their breaking point, that moment when enough becomes enough. It could be the third night you cry yourself to sleep, the fifth time they cancel plans with you to be with someone else, or the eighth night in a row you spend getting drunk alone. It can take months, or even years. But here's what you'll have once you get there:

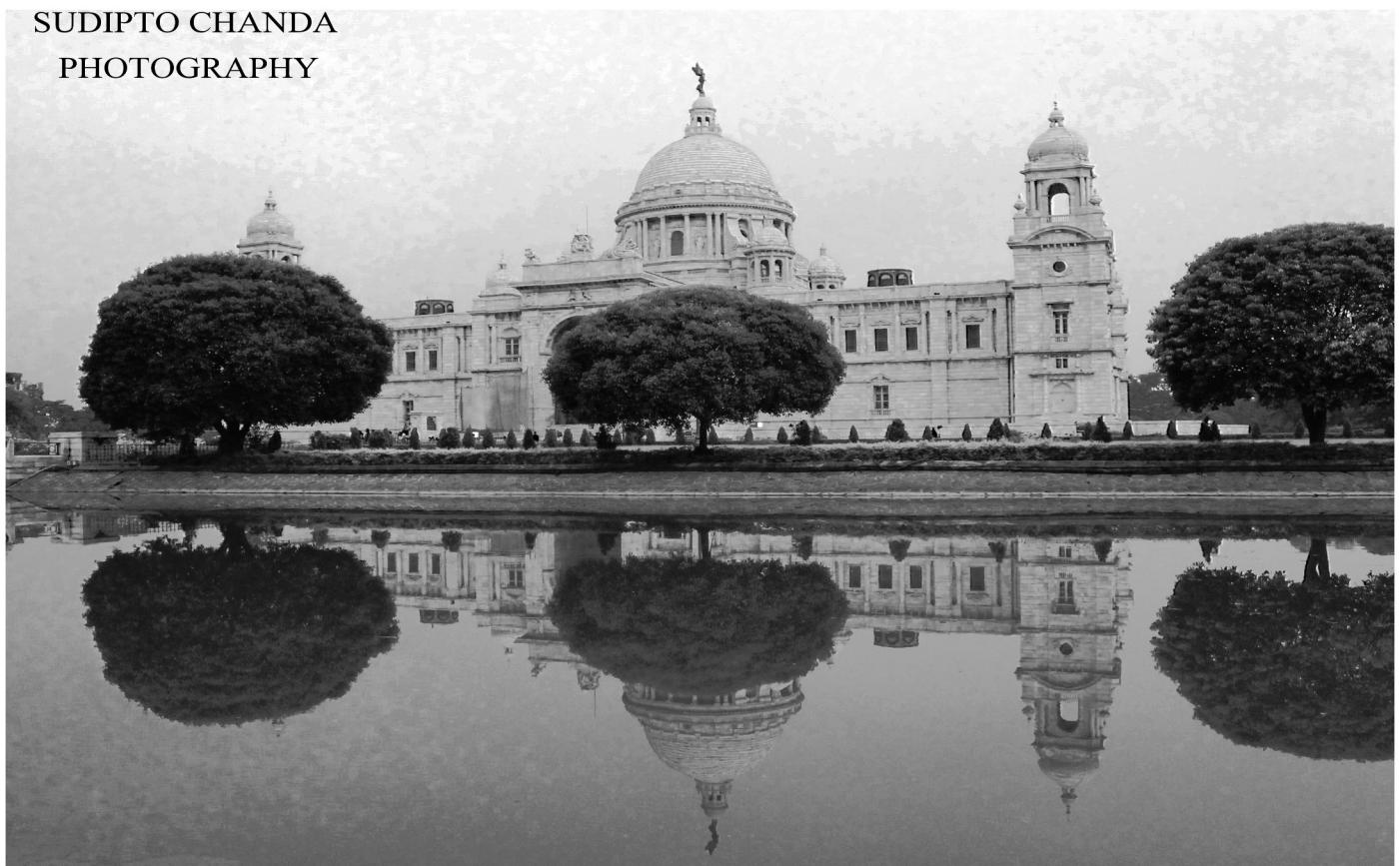
After surviving that kind of ache, you'll be so much stronger, so much more certain of yourself. You'll see that all pain (physical, emotional, and mental) is a temporary state of being, not a permanent one. There is always a reason to go on, always a reason to fight for yourself.

You'll realize that because you are not loved by one does not mean you are not loved by all. You'll understand that love cannot be won like a teddy bear at the fair; cannot be stolen like a rare painting from a museum in the dead of night. You'll see that real love comes first from within, not from anyone else. You learn that those annoying people who say things like, "real love comes from within" were telling you the truth this whole time, but you had to learn it for yourself. Don't worry – you don't need to tell them they were right. Getting over unrequited love feels like having a blindfold removed – you suddenly see all the love you've had in your life this whole time, and you'll appreciate those individuals like never before. You will be humbled, you will be grateful, you will be wiser.

Here's the best part, though, about getting over someone who doesn't love you: you realize that nobody healed your heartache, that you were able to fix yourself all on your own. And once you've proven to yourself that you can recover from that, you won't be afraid to go looking for love again. And again, and again and again.

And one of those times, you're bound to be rewarded with someone who reciprocates every ounce of your unbridled affection, who loves you just as much as you love them, and that will be the most supreme feeling of ecstasy you can fathom. You'll see that loving someone who didn't love you back was totally worth it.

SUDIPTO CHANDA
PHOTOGRAPHY



Life and Playground

by Kaushik Bhattacharya EE 1A

**Life is like a see-saw,
Once you rise,
You are destined to fall,
No one can be in the risen position, forever.**

**Life is like a swing,
Once you move forward in life,
Once you move backwards than others;
No one can be in the front, forever.**

**Life is like a slide,
With much effort you rise,
Anytime you might easily fall;
Everyone has to fall, today or tomorrow.**

**Life is like a child in playground,
Very happy while playing,
Very sad while leaving;
Everyone has to face sadness, before or after joy.**

**Life is like playing in a ground,
Entering to have fun,
Leaving with sadness,
Everybody has to leave and face death,
No one can keep playing in the ground of life
Forever, forever, forever.**

THE WORLD TODAY

by SHABAN AKHTAR CE 3

Hey, the Piece! When you will cover us again?
Hey, the Words of truth! When you will flow again through our vein?
Hey, Honesty! When you will guide us again?
Hey, Modesty! When your conspicuousness disciplined us again?

Now the society forget,
To adore superior, to love each other.

The child born today, what he will think?
Is the world full of malice?
Can he able to listen?-
The tune of the helmsman at the mid-sea.
The fascinated notes of cuckoo.
What about nicely dyed rainbow?-
Is it only a picture of imagination!
Can he able to see?-
The smile of sky,
The win of joy.

When the sympathy will overcome selfishness again?
The men are now insensible, though sensation is within them.
Hey, God! Save this world, you're the omnipotent.

JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF GODS

by Arnab Kr Das ECE-2B

Shimla is regarded as the “Queen of the Hills.” Here churches, colonial lodges, temples are in accordance with the panoramic vista. In Shimla, we stayed at the Hotel Holiday Home. The Mall is the central point of the town always bustling with tourists jam-packed with shops and eateries. There is a large open square with a view of the town-a place used by locals for their rendezvous. The grand statue of Lala Lajpat Rai and founder of Himachal Dr.Y.S.Parmar stands here. All cultural activities take place inside the Gaiety Theatre which is a replica of old British theatre. There is The Ridge that provides an excellent view of the mountain range. The Shimla Kali Bari Temple is believed to have enshrined the idol of Goddess Shayamla while the Jakho Temple is ideally located at a height of 2455m offering bird's eye view of the hill station. Pilgrims find their way to the temple dedicated to Lord Hanuman in Sanket Mochan located 7Kms from the main town. The Christ Church is famous for its glass windows. The weather is pleasant from April to June and from October to December.

After my second semester exams my father decided to visit Shimla and Kinnaur. We took Kalka Mail from Howrah to Kalka and then boarded the world famous Shivalik Express (Toy train) from Kalka to Shimla. The Kalka-Shimla Shivalik Express passes through several stations namely Koti, Barog, Solan etc. Our train passed through the longest Barog tunnel which is 1143.61m. Passing through 102 tunnels and 87 bridges, this journey is bound to be memorable giving chance to witness beautiful hills and valleys. The Kinnaur valley spreads out its charm on either side of the river Beas. The hills are covered by Deodar, Pine forests and sprawling apple orchards. Kinnaur has a spectacular terrain lush green valley, vineyards and snow clad mountains.

Situated at a height of 2758m above sea level and 110Km from Sarahan, the historic Bhimakali temple at Sarahan is dedicated to Goddess Bhimakali. We stayed at the Shrikhand Hotel in Sarahan where the melting snow peaks were clearly visible. The Sangla valley is situated just beside the Baspa river on which the Karchaam Wangtoo 1000MW Hydroelectric Power Station lies. We stayed in a suite at Hotel Mt.Kailash in Sangla. 2Km from Sangla is the Kamru

Fort. A Buddhist Monastery is situated near Sangla in Brelengi Gompa. Chitkul at a height of 3450m sea level was the highest point in our tour. It is the last inhabited village beyond which lies Tibet. Chitkul is very cold, windy and prone to snowfall.

Kalpa is the main village of Kinnaur. We spent two days at Hotel Kinnaur Kailash in Kalpa. Across the river Baspa faces the majestic mountains of the Kinnaur Kailash Range. Recong Peo located 7Km from Powari and 13Km from Kalpa is the headquarter of Kinnaur district. Roghi is a small village located 8Km from Kalpa and is popular for its apple orchards and ethnic village life. Here houses are constructed of wood to avoid the snow and hailstones. Several times in our journey we thought about returning home because of the rain, landslides and cloud burst which had blocked the roads. However, we made our mind and decided to continue our journey. The roads that were temporarily made to pass the tourists were highly damaged and precarious which kept us on the edge always. Even if I was not a driver but being a mere tourist I could not close my eyes for a second for I would fall down a few thousand meters which could have easily found me a place in heaven. There is a famous Shivling about 70ft high on the Kinnaur Kailash Range.

On the left bank of river Sutlej lies the town of Rampur, capital of Bushahar state. The Padam Palace built in 1990 by Maharaja Padam Singh is one of Rampur's major attractions. The Bushahar Regency Hotel where we stayed depicts pagoda style. For adventure lovers trekkings are organized by the Himachal Pradesh Government.

During our return we spent one night at the Grand Hotel, Shimla. Next day we took the toy train again from Shimla to Kalka. Then we boarded the Kalka Mail, away from the lush beauty of Himachal Pradesh to reach our destination, Kolkata.

The Stickler

by SAIKAT GANGULY EE-3A

Satyaki is the last person you are likely to see running with his satchel, frightened by some free-roaming vaporous entity. The guards would narrate innumerable spooky tales about the paranormal energy in the campus but could never get the better of Satyaki. The **National Library of India** located on the Belvedere Estate in Alipore, Kolkata has a class of a reputation for being haunted. The gigantic thirty acre estate that remain open till 8pm on weekdays saw Satyaki enter the reading room with his regular satchel and anote-pad at 7pm that day. He studied history at the *Presidency* and urgently required to submit his paper on 'Agrarian revolts in India' by the very next day. With fifteen pages yet to be written, Satyaki had a plan. His 18K gold *Patek Philippe* wrist watch circa the 1920s once gifted by his father now showed 8.15pm. When the librarian came to check if Satyaki had already left while he was having hot *singaras* outside, near the Alipore zoo, he couldn't see him in an otherwise empty reading room. The fifty two year old librarian was unamused by his secret departure.

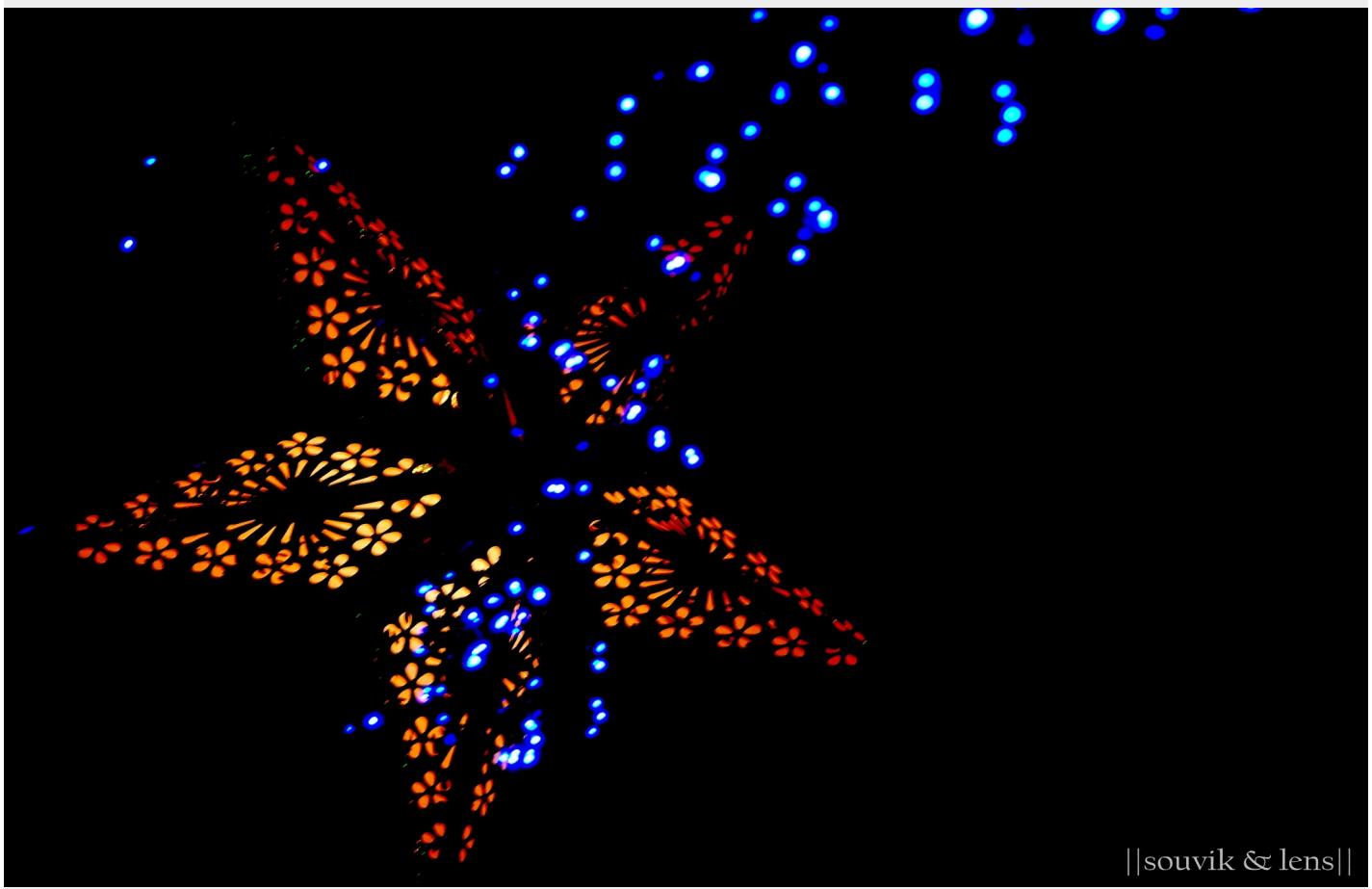
After the librarian left, Satyaki appeared from behind the makeshift stairs that were being used by the *Archaeological Survey of India* during the morning hours in restoring the old building. He had lied to his parents - he was not to stay at his friend's home at *Maniktala* that night but at the haunted library. It was an eerie rainy night. The sound of a raindrop falling off a leaf was enough to arrest one's stride. Satyaki lit a candle that he carried in his leather satchel. He had a couple of them - enough to last the night.

It is believed that the roots of the Belvedere house dates back to the 1760s when **Mir Jafar Ali** gifted it to **Lord Warren Hastings**. Hastings who went back to England after the *Battle of Buxar* in 1764 returned to the property as governor in 1772. The grounds of the Belvedere Estate witnessed a duel between Hastings and his legal officer *Philip Francis*, which Hastings survived. Many believe that his pale apparition is occasionally seen in a carriage trotting in to search – in vain – for a black bureau that was misplaced just before his return from England. The bureau contained papers that could have proved his innocence at a time when the *House of Commons* was gunning for him relentlessly. In his lifetime Hastings could never find those papers and although all the charges were dropped, hopelessness and frustration gripped him – forever. Or so the legend goes.

The main reading room that served as the ballroom of the then *Viceroyal Lodge* has an Italianate architecture. You could feel the Victorian ballroom etiquettes shimmering off the walls. Satyaki now lit a cigarette while still eight pages away from the completion of his paper. He believed that this adventure of his not only allowed him ample time to complete his work but also one full length of a table to scatter his requisites -- the books. He bought the candles from his favorite *Shibukakardokan*, a local store adjacent to his college. The candles had an uneven base and seemed like a problem to him as they kept falling off the table. He once heard the guards say to him that the reading room hid antique candelabras behind some of the shelves. He now set out to find one of those. He reached behind one of the less visited shelves. Finding antique Victorian candelabras in a flickering candlelight seemed no less than winning the Everest to him. The dim candlelight casted eerie shadows in the room and the smell of burning wax mixed with that of cigarette seemed obnoxious. Now to add to his misery the candle in his hand went off. Strange... The otherwise smoky room had no signs of wind even though it had been raining cats

and dogs outside. As he reached out for the matches in his pocket, he realized that he has left them on the table. A rat, if so then quite a big one brushed off his feet leaving him startled for a moment. He dismissed it and felt an immediate urge to get his matches from the table. But Oh Holy Christ! Someone was breathing down his neck now. "Charles! You know I hate this. Oh dear Charles". Satyaki felt a lump in his throat. The voice felt very British. A lady perhaps. "Charles! Is that you?" echoed once again. Satyaki knew if he would shout then he would alarm the guards. He took a deep breath to relax his nerves but the grumpy British voice kept echoing -- "Charles! Charles!". Satyaki ran for his satchel and notepad only to find none of them on the table. The reading room suddenly lit up and the voice intensified. Satyaki ran for the door when a blaze of wind caught him by surprise. He fell and fainted. He remembered nothing the next morning when the guards with *Hanuman chalisas* in their pockets retrieved him. He had his satchel lying beside him.

An article titled "A haunted night tour by Iftekhar Ahsan" of *The Telegraph* on 30th October 2013 read this : It is believed that the ghost of the wife of Lord Charles Metcalfe roams the halls of the library. She was a stickler for putting things in place. You can feel her presence especially when you haven't kept a book back, where you took it from.



THE DEVIL'S OWN DEN: HOIA BACIU

by BISWADEEP KUNDU EE-3

Ever heard the word *Paranormal*? Surely you are aware of the film series 'Paranormal Activity' that sent chills down the spine of every viewer of it. Well, paranormal simply refers to something outside normal. Paranormal phenomena can not be explained with our knowledge of science (as far we know till date). Today I am going to tell you about a place which is known to be the home of the unexplained. The Hoia Baciu forest.

Transylvania and the surrounding areas of Romania have always been associated with paranormal things. No, I am not talking about vampires and werewolves. The haunted forest, known as Hoia Baciu has many stories range from ghosts and spirits to UFOs. The forest was named after a shepherd who vanished in the area with two hundred sheep. The locals consider the forest to be cursed and even a dwelling place of devil himself.

Remember those childhood shows like Scooby-Doo? Those foggy scary forests with awkwardly shaped trees? The Romanian forest has the same kind of strangely shaped trees and charring on tree stumps and branches! The appearance of the forest gained attention of biologist Alexandru Sift in 1960, but he could not come up with proper explanation citing shadows watch keeping him through the cracks in the woods as his reason of failure. Sift snapped some photos of UFOs. On August 18, 1968 military technician Emil Barnea captured a famous photograph of a flying saucer. Since then the forest became the stomping grounds for UFO researchers. People also claim to see mysterious orb like lights within the woods. It is claimed that once you enter, you will almost immediately begin to experience states of extreme nausea, unexplained panic, severe headache, even burns on the skin! One of the strangest things about this forest is its' geology. Within the forest is a circle that no plant life will grow in. Soil tests have not been able to explain the phenomenon.

We can easily come across hundreds of folk tales. One such story is about a young girl who entered the forest and came out five years later totally unchanged even with the same age! When human beings are confronted with things they can not understand most will attribute them to supernatural causes. We may not realize it, but our bodies use electromagnetic fields to function properly. The fact is powerful fields overwhelm your body's own electrical field and causes physical, mental or emotional chaos. And we all know about the word magnetic anomaly. In fact heightened electromagnetic fields are proven to be present in the forest. We always have a tendency to find a pattern everywhere. Remember those days when we used to imagine the cloud patterns as elephants or horses? Same cases are happening there with people watching faces on the trees. Some claim there can be aliens as there were UFOs. But the fact is UFOs are never related with aliens. Remember the full form of it? Unidentified Flying Object. If it is 'unidentified' how can one even claim it to be an alien spaceship! Now about the mysterious circle. It is known that some tests were done on the soil. But no one knows where they were done or what kind of tests were done. I have walked through many forests and I know how spooky it feels like when it is dark. There are other phenomenons which are yet to be explained. Advancement of science will help us reveal these mysteries in near future.

Secrets Of Taj Mahal Revealed!!!!!!

by MEGHNA BISWAS

No one has ever challenged it except Prof. P. N. Oak, who believes the whole world has been duped. In his book *Taj Mahal: The True Story*, Oak says the Taj Mahal is not Queen Mumtaz's tomb but an ancient Hindu temple palace of Lord Shiva (then known as Tejo Mahalaya). In the course of his research Oak discovered that the Shiva temple palace was usurped by Shah Jahan from then Maharaja of Jaipur, Jai Singh. In his own court chronicle, *Badshahnama*, Shah Jahan admits that an exceptionally beautiful grand mansion in Agra was taken from Jai Singh for Mumtaz's burial. The ex-Maharaja of Jaipur still retains in his secret collection two orders from Shah Jahan for surrendering the Taj building. Using captured temples and mansions, as a burial place for dead courtiers and royalty was a common practice among Muslim rulers.

For example, Humayun, Akbar, Etmud-ud-Daula and Safdarjung are all buried in such mansions. Oak's inquiries began with the name of Taj Mahal. He says the term "Mahal" has never been used for a building in any Muslim countries from Afghanistan to Algeria. "The unusual explanation that the term Taj Mahal derives from Mumtaz Mahal was illogical in at least two respects.

Firstly, her name was never Mumtaz Mahal but Mumtaz-ul-Zamani," he writes. Secondly, one cannot omit the first three letters 'Mum' from a woman's name to derive the remainder as the name for the building."Taj Mahal, he claims, is a corrupt version of Tejo Mahalaya, or Lord Shiva's Palace. Oak also says the love story of Mumtaz and Shah Jahan is a fairy tale created by court sycophants, blundering historians and sloppy archaeologists. Not a single royal chronicle of Shah Jahan's time corroborates the love story.

Furthermore, Oak cites several documents suggesting the Taj Mahal predates Shah Jahan's era, and was a temple dedicated to Shiva, worshipped by Rajputs of Agra city. For example, Prof. Marvin Miller of New York took a few samples from the riverside doorway of the Taj. Carbon dating tests revealed that the door was 300 years older than Shah Jahan. European traveler Johan Albert Mandelslo, who visited Agra in 1638 (only seven years after Mumtaz's death), describes the life of the city in his memoirs. But he makes no reference to the Taj Mahal being built. The writings of Peter Mundy, an English visitor to Agra within a year of Mumtaz's death, also suggest the Taj was a noteworthy building well before Shah Jahan's time.

Prof. Oak points out a number of design and architectural inconsistencies that support the belief of the Taj Mahal being a typical Hindu temple rather than a mausoleum. Many rooms in the Taj Mahal have remained sealed since Shah Jahan's time and are still inaccessible to the public. Oak asserts they contain a headless statue of Lord Shiva and other objects commonly used for worship rituals in Hindu temples. Fearing political backlash, Indira Gandhi's government tried to have Prof. Oak's book withdrawn from the bookstores, and threatened the Indian publisher of the first edition dire consequences. There is only one way to discredit or validate Oak's research.

**Fun Puzz****Dr. Subhashis Biswas (Dept. of Chemistry)****Puzzle ::**

- 1. Fill in the empty cases of the square in the picture,
so that it becomes a "Magic Square"**

	5	7
1		

- 2. What is the common property of the "red letters" below?**

A,B,C,D, E, F,G, H, I,J, K, L, M,
N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.

- 3. Smith's boss proposed to pay him in the following way:**

"See, there is some money in the purse. Every day I'll add 5 dollars to it, then you'll take out half of what's in it". Three days later it turned out that there were 6 dollars left in the purse. How much did Smith get for three days' work?