



Rhayyaal

A SCHOOL OF COMMERCE MAGAZINE
October'23 Edition



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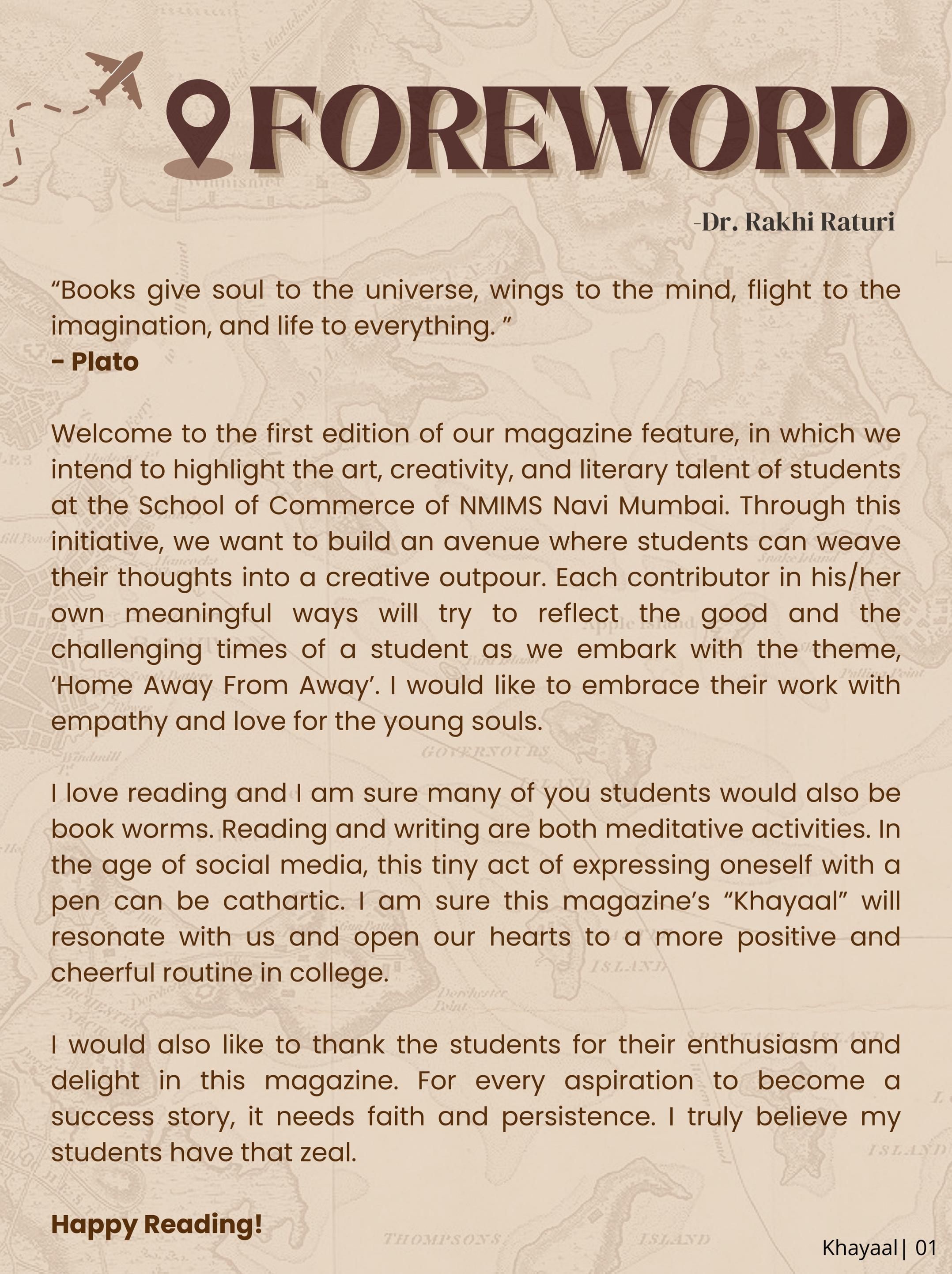
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FOREWORD

-Dr. Rakhi Raturi

“Books give soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, and life to everything.”

- **Plato**

Welcome to the first edition of our magazine feature, in which we intend to highlight the art, creativity, and literary talent of students at the School of Commerce of NMIMS Navi Mumbai. Through this initiative, we want to build an avenue where students can weave their thoughts into a creative outpour. Each contributor in his/her own meaningful ways will try to reflect the good and the challenging times of a student as we embark with the theme, ‘Home Away From Away’. I would like to embrace their work with empathy and love for the young souls.

I love reading and I am sure many of you students would also be book worms. Reading and writing are both meditative activities. In the age of social media, this tiny act of expressing oneself with a pen can be cathartic. I am sure this magazine’s “Khayaal” will resonate with us and open our hearts to a more positive and cheerful routine in college.

I would also like to thank the students for their enthusiasm and delight in this magazine. For every aspiration to become a success story, it needs faith and persistence. I truly believe my students have that zeal.

Happy Reading!



📍 DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE

-Dr. Shubhasheesh Bhattacharya

Dear Readers,

Greetings!

It is with immense pleasure and pride that I extend a warm welcome to you all to the latest edition of Khayaal, a magazine of School of Commerce, NMIMS Navi Mumbai, that encapsulates the myriad of emotions and experiences of our cherished community.

For many of us, this institute has become more than just a place of learning; it has become a "Home away from Home";. It is where friendships are forged, dreams are nurtured, and memories are etched into the tapestry of our lives. In every corner of this institution, we find a piece of ourselves, a sanctuary where we can freely explore our khayaal - our imagination, thought, ideation, meditation, and reflection.

The heart and soul of Khayaal lie in the artistic expressions of our exceptionally talented students. Each creation is a testament to their boundless creativity and unwavering dedication. As I peruse the pages of this magazine, I am mesmerized by the depth and breadth of the tapestry they have woven. Their work resonates with authenticity, a reflection of the emotions and experiences that shape their journey.

In Khayaal, words are not mere symbols on a page; they are vessels that carry the essence of human experience. They transcend the boundaries of language and culture, forging connections that bridge the gaps between us. This magazine is a sanctuary where emotions find their voice, where the joy, the pain, the love, and the longing of our students are beautifully woven into the fabric of our collective narrative.

Within these pages, seasoned poets and budding writers come together in a celebration of words. Their verses are like finely spun threads, intricately woven into the rich tapestry of Khayaal. The resonance of their words evokes emotions that range from the profound to the sublime. As you immerse yourself in their compositions, you will embark on a journey through the landscapes of the human heart, guided by the lyrical symphonies that echo through these hallowed pages.

Yet, Khayaal extends beyond the boundaries of written expression. It embraces the visual arts, inviting our students to wield words as brushes on the canvas of life. Here, creativity knows no bounds, and imagination takes flight. The colors, shapes, and forms that grace these pages are a testament to the power of visual storytelling. They invite you to escape into a world where every stroke is a reflection of the artists soul, and where the canvas becomes a mirror to our collective consciousness.

As you navigate through the pages of Khayaal, I implore you to open your hearts and minds to the myriad emotions and experiences that await you. Allow these words and images to inspire you, to challenge you, and to remind you of the beauty and complexity of the human spirit. Let Khayaal be a sanctuary for your own thoughts and reflections, a canvas upon which you may paint the symphony of your own life..



FROM THE ASSOCIATE DEAN'S CHAIR

-Dr. Mukund Madhav Tripathi

"The best way to predict the future is to create it"

At NMIMS Navi Mumbai Campus, we work for the holistic development of students. This means more than just preparing them for the job market or teaching them how to evaluate profit and loss statements, sell products, or increase market share. We help them find a career that they love and will make a difference in the world, while also maintaining a healthy work life balance.

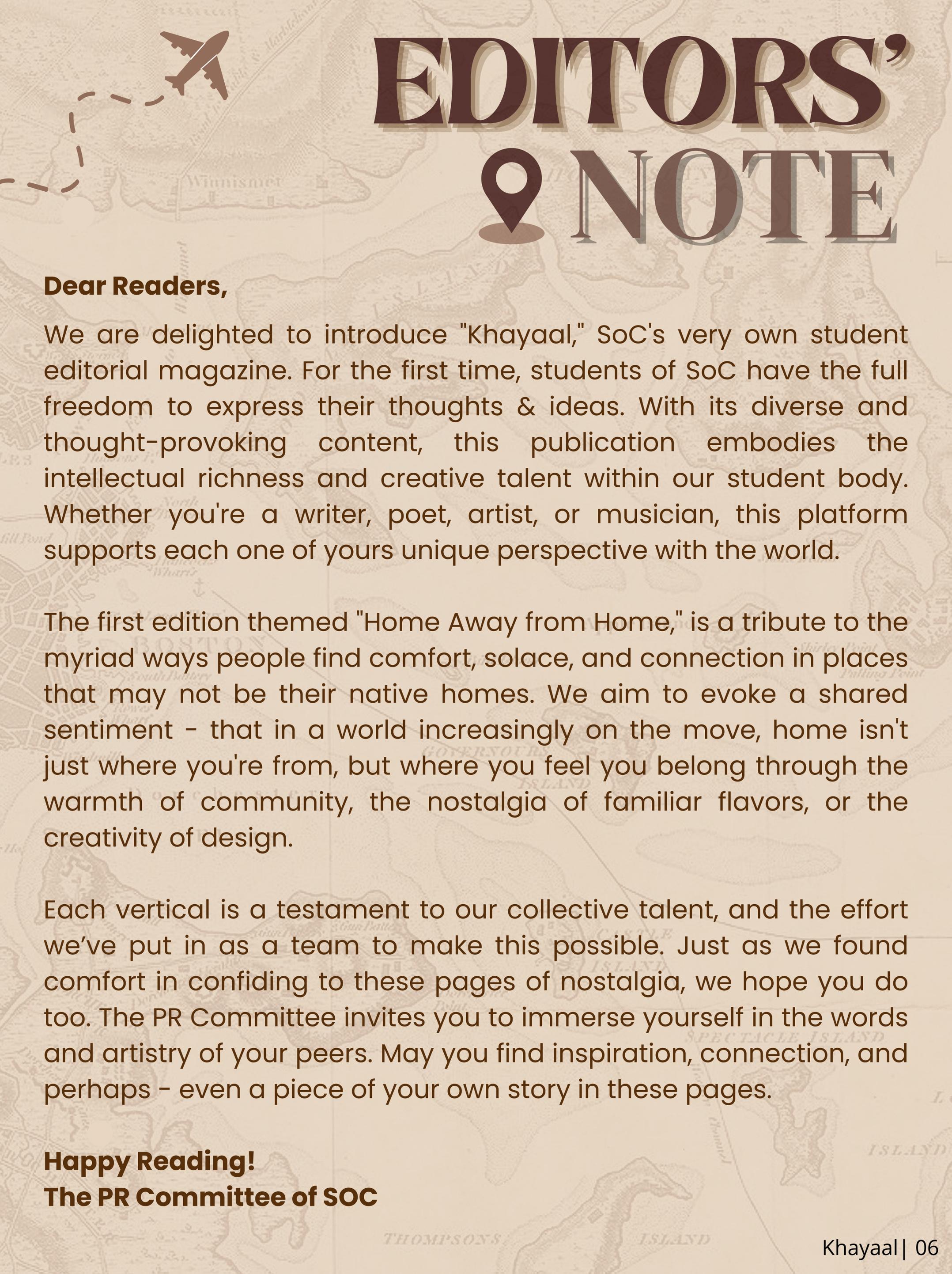
I believe that the School of Commerce (SoC) at NMIMS Navi Mumbai Campus can play a significant role in the development of the campus. The SoC course curriculum is perfectly in line with the contemporary market requirements of India and the world. We can capitalise on our large student body by effectively utilising their capabilities in a credible way and by syncing them with the industry. Our Mission and Vision statements are clear, and they guide everything we do. We believe that happiness is essential to success, and we provide our students with the skills and knowledge they need to thrive both academically and professionally.

The PR committee of SoC plays a big role and is undoubtedly promoting all good things. This initiative of a student magazine by the PR Committee of the School of Commerce is a beautiful concept.

Khayaal is an Urdu word, meaning that a 'proper deep thought process' is involved. A deep thought process is basically an outcome of four kinds of Ripans (consciousness): Jaagrata Ripans, Shasupt Ripans, Swapna Ripans and the fourth one being Turiya which is never present. For example, a person wearing a gold ring or a gold bracelet will tell you it is a ring or a bracelet. However, in reality, all these things are gold. We humans are the same. Khayaal is thinking about that fourth state, the Turiya. When these three are there, then and only then the existence of gold is actually realised. All these four states work in harmony. The problem lies when in focusing upon the three, many times we ignore the fourth one, which is actually our Khayaal.

This Magazine can help the students in every aspect. Academics in nowadays has restricted the students thought process. Platforms like Khayaal, even though being a non-academic magazine, give wings to other thought processes, wings to otherwise situations that theory can't capture. So, my dear children, increase your degree of freedom, think louder and make big successes. This Magazine can help the students in enhancing their literary and creative skills. Otherwise they are usually busy with their academic projects and research. Their thought process is then confined to only critical aspects of business, Khayaal, as a magazine may give them a moment to reflect the other aspects of life other than academic pursuits. Khayaal as an initiative may bring forward their creativity and imagination.

So, my dear students I give you all my blessings to fulfill all your professional dreams and yet achieve personal happiness and gratification in life.



EDITORS' NOTE

Dear Readers,

We are delighted to introduce "Khayaal," SoC's very own student editorial magazine. For the first time, students of SoC have the full freedom to express their thoughts & ideas. With its diverse and thought-provoking content, this publication embodies the intellectual richness and creative talent within our student body. Whether you're a writer, poet, artist, or musician, this platform supports each one of yours unique perspective with the world.

The first edition themed "Home Away from Home," is a tribute to the myriad ways people find comfort, solace, and connection in places that may not be their native homes. We aim to evoke a shared sentiment - that in a world increasingly on the move, home isn't just where you're from, but where you feel you belong through the warmth of community, the nostalgia of familiar flavors, or the creativity of design.

Each vertical is a testament to our collective talent, and the effort we've put in as a team to make this possible. Just as we found comfort in confiding to these pages of nostalgia, we hope you do too. The PR Committee invites you to immerse yourself in the words and artistry of your peers. May you find inspiration, connection, and perhaps - even a piece of your own story in these pages.

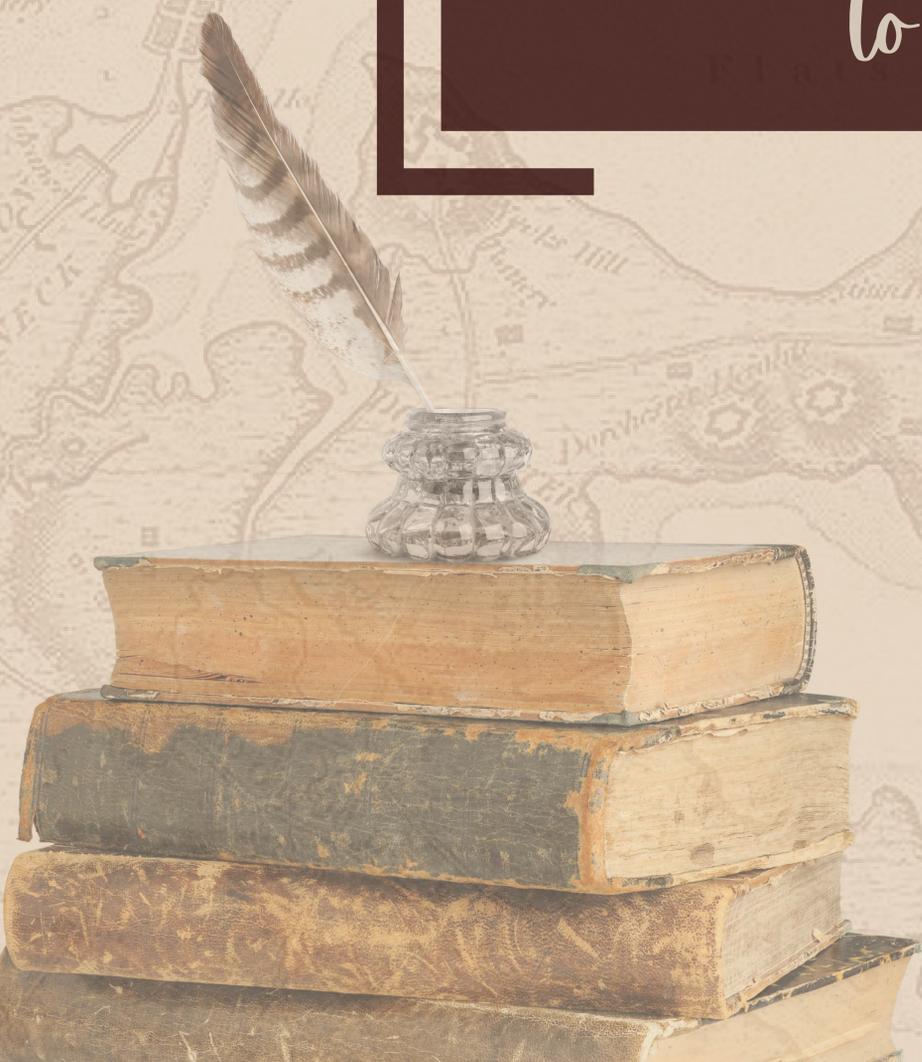
Happy Reading!

The PR Committee of SOC

CREATIVITY 📍 CORNER



You don't need a pen to write something. but you need a heart to write one.



MUMBAI LOCAL, DELHI METRO AND HOME COMFORTS

-Tejas Kokcha



I write this aboard the local train, just as it is crossing the Vashi bridge. The 'thadak thadak' sound of Mumbai's lifeline transportation becomes synonymous with our lives as students in this city.

While the outstation students look to live near the college, they will have to board the local train to meet some relatives, go for some project work or do some 'Mumbai Darshan' on those initial weekends.

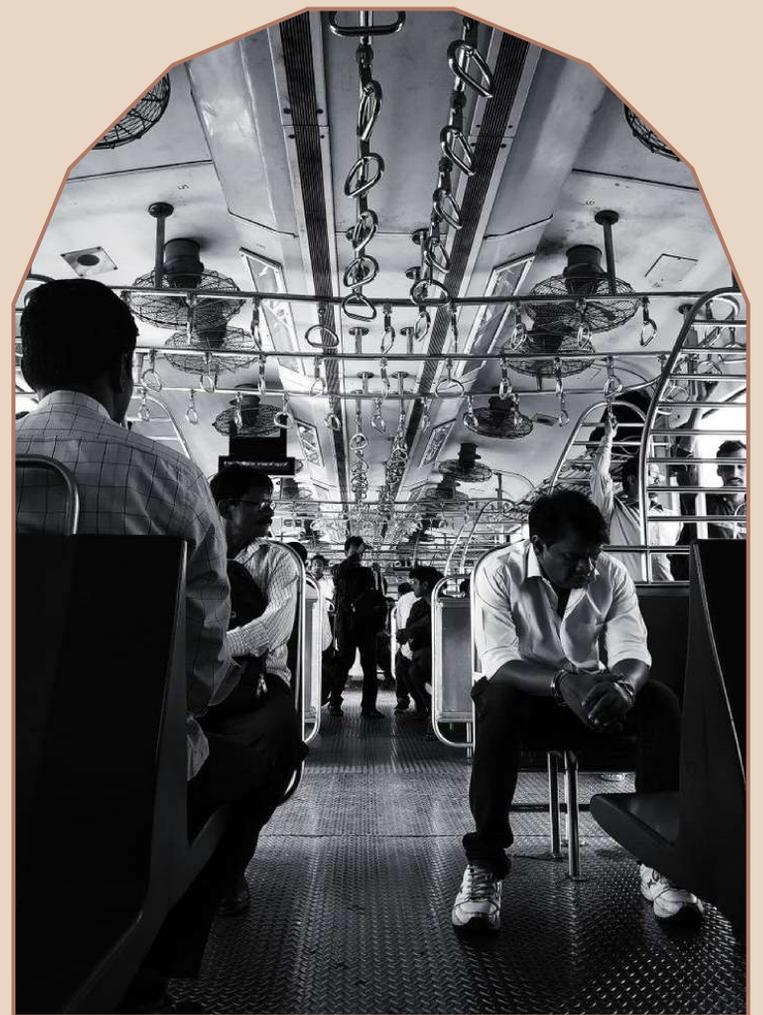
Adjusting to this change can be exhausting, and even daunting, for many. With the first years coming in and completing half of their semester, I'm sure they will be able to relate to this the most. I come from a city that is the same but also very different from Mumbai; yup, I come from New Delhi or Dilli as some people like to call it. Yes, public transport is noisy there as well, but it is more... organized.

The local train of Delhi, i.e. the Delhi Metro, is fully AC, barely gets late and requires you to travel with a ticket (you cannot even enter the station without the ticket). Oh, and you don't need an unofficial app like m-Indicator to track it; DMRC takes care of all that stuff with its websites and apps. Yes, Mumbai is also working on its metro with it starting in some parts, but the less said about the Metro work near our college the better (looking at you, Pethpada metro station!)



I'm using the local analogy to describe Mumbai because that's what this city is, you'll have to share stuff, you'll have to adapt to the relentlessness of it, you'll have to deal with all kinds of people even if you always travel just the way all kinds of population enters the first class of the local train.

Adapting to it is a task for some, while others adapt easily. But not being able to adapt isn't a sin, do keep this in mind.



Just because other people around you have fully gotten into the NMIMS and Mumbai vibe while you are still jostling to get a hold of stuff, that doesn't mean YOU have problem. YOU are different and there is nothing bad about it. We all are different. We all have our ways of comprehending stuff and going about it. And so our reaction and adaptation level to everything is different. The same thing goes for college as well. Getting accustomed to the 80% attendance, two-exams-in-a-day midterms, Saturdays working, and all that while you are not at your home, away from your loved ones and trying to settle, is as relentless as going from Kurla to Dadar in the local train, but you WILL get a hold of it

You're away from your home but slowly and steadily, you will find yourself at (a new) home which will be NMIMS Navi Mumbai and the Mumbai city. And just like that I'm back at Kharghar station. That went quickly! Hopefully I won't be writing my next piece for the mag from the local train. But then I do love to write my stuff by being in a place that is in sync with the overall theme of 'Khayaal', so who knows where the next edition takes me

FROM OUR PARENTS DROPPING US AT THE AIRPORT TO US DROPPING OUR PARENTS AT THE AIRPORT

-Avishi Bhupal

Remember the day when we were going out of the house for the first time to study, and our parents came to the airport?

How they hugged us and said goodbye, and how they were trying not to cry?

They were crying with their faces turned away, but they kept telling us not to cry.

After a few years, a day came when we went to see off our parents at the airport.
Because now, our home is somewhere else.

In this journey of life, we have changed at every stage, and while leaving them at the airport, we realise how they had held back their tears and encouraged us to go.

This is our journey,
From children to adults.





BUN-MASKA

-Shreya Sorcar



There is a tale of a community that found warmth, acceptance, and love in the bustling center of Mumbai, where the sea wind mixes with the smells of spices and street cuisine. After fleeing persecution in Iran, the ancestors of Persian Zoroastrians—the Parsi community—set out for Mumbai, where they not only found safety but also contributed significantly to the city's endearing cultural fabric.

Imagine fleeing religious persecution in your native country only to arrive in an unfamiliar nation and be greeted with welcoming arms. That is the exact narrative of the Parsis. Around the eighth century, they traveled to India, particularly to Gujarat, seeking hope and comfort.

Gujarat was enriched by the Parsis' own traditions and ideals over the years as they settled there and made it their own. But where they really flourished was in Mumbai's busy streets. They were drawn to the city of dreams by its multicultural vibe and promise of chances, which adopted the little Zoroastrian community as its own.

If there is one way to feel the loving embrace of Parsi culture, it is through their delectable cuisine. The delicious fusion of Persian and Indian ingredients that goes into Parsi cuisine results in hearty dishes. Parsi culinary gems have made themselves at home in the hearts (and stomachs) of Mumbaikars, from the comfortable Dhansak, a spicy lentil and meat stew, to the tempting Sali Boti, a mutton dish decorated with crispy potato chips.

However, the charm extends beyond freshly prepared meals. There are many Parsi cafés and eateries in Mumbai that provide these delicious cuisine with a dash of culture. You can travel back in time by entering renowned Irani cafés like Britannia & Co. and Kyani & Co to enjoy a bottle of Pallonji's Raspberry Soda that pairs perfectly with Mumbai's tropical climate. Bombay is incomplete without the pure comforting atmosphere created by the aroma of freshly made bun-maskas (sweet buns with a liberal serving of butter) and the sound of chai being poured into little glasses.



Mumbai's capacity to embrace many cultures and customs with warmth and respect is what truly sets it apart. Mumbai has embraced them with open arms over time, becoming inseparable from its identity. It hasn't just welcomed them. The Parsis have discovered a "home away from home" that radiates warmth and love in the city that never sleeps. They have enriched Mumbai's diverse cultural tapestry by adding a distinct and tasty layer. They have become an essential component of the city's endearing identity thanks to their tenacity, kindness, and extraordinary contributions.

So, the next time you relish a plate of Dhansak or a buttery bun maska at one of Mumbai's well-loved Irani cafés that you're not just eating; you're also savoring a piece of history and culture that bears witness to the Parsis' remarkable journey and their cherished place in this warm city. The Parsis haven't just found safety in Mumbai; they've also found a home that is permanently engraved into the center of this brimming metropolis, where their love is as warm as their delicious curries.



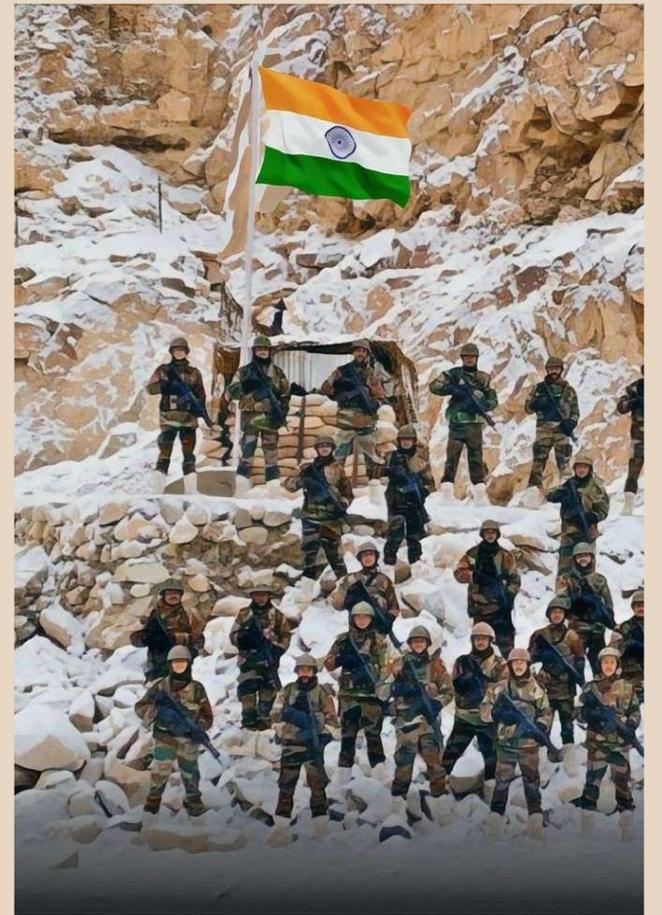


HOME AWAY FROM HOME

-Varishth Jhunjunwala

15th August 2023

The entire interview office of India News Nation (INN) was under tremendous chaos, lights of the interview room were getting arranged, programming was being done for the background, audio systems were being checked and everyone was running from one corner to the other in order to get things done as General Saket Yadav (MVC) was going to arrive for the yearly special Independence Day chat hosted by MS Megha Roy.



The Interview Begins

The interview started off on an unplanned note which was common with MS Roy, she questioned MR. Saket on personal life rather than professional life. She mentioned that MR. Saket had missed the birth of both his children, he couldn't make it to his father's funeral and even was not there when his wife was hospitalized, these mentions came on with an added question which was, why and how serving the nation takes away so much that someone cannot even be present for his own family.

MR. Saket at first smiled to this, sipped water and then shared an incident of one his colleague Sanjay who passed away while serving the country.

He said Sanjay was shot 8 bullets when they were on operation and was immediately evacuated but till his last moments on the battle field he kept on firing towards the enemy barrack. Saket and his team rushed him to the army base camp where he was treated for 14 hours but couldn't be revived but till his final moments, he kept on saying that they will win the war and will finish all oppositions. Sanjay was cremated by Saket himself as he was orphan, Saket that day understood what an army life should be and is.

He mentioned in the interview that an orphan with absolutely no background had only one identity which was being an Indian. Saket said he off course feels sad that he couldn't be at home during both good and tough times for his family but feels proud that he was able to protect his team and the country and present when his fellow members in hospitals or when they passed away as for a soldier his country and fellow soldiers are only family and home. They experience and combat the worst and toughest situations together which is unimaginable for a common man and this makes them so true towards reality that they tend to believe and rely only on their partners and team, which makes them more than family. Saket said we in the army are together almost the whole year so

we celebrate the smallest and biggest of occasions in each other's life, we are only family to each other be it running in the morning together, helping each other to dress up, being the first on to celebrate when good news from home or the first to offer a shoulder to cry on when a mishappening happens at home. The whole scenario of almost growing old together from an excited young boy to do wonders for the country to leading a battalion as a leader we see each other grow which makes us such a close unit that are fellow members or colleagues when turn into family we don't know and it's a family that never can be broken as there is always a common goal of serving the country which is the ultimate joy of any human being and this bond is even more special than a home as its living in the lap of motherland in the extreme situations and still smiling because we have similar passionate people around who are ready to sacrifice themselves and this feeling of country as home is unmatched.

To this everyone in the studio had tears on the sacrifices made by the army which gets unnoticed in the daily life.

HOME IS WHERE YOUR HEART IS!

-Nandini Mittal

“Home” is such a peculiar word, isn't it? Well, it's not merely a synonym for the word house, by the way. While the notion of home for each soul differs, I will enlighten you with only my khayal on it.

For me, home is not a particular place or destination; rather, it is the journey—above all, it is who the journey is with.

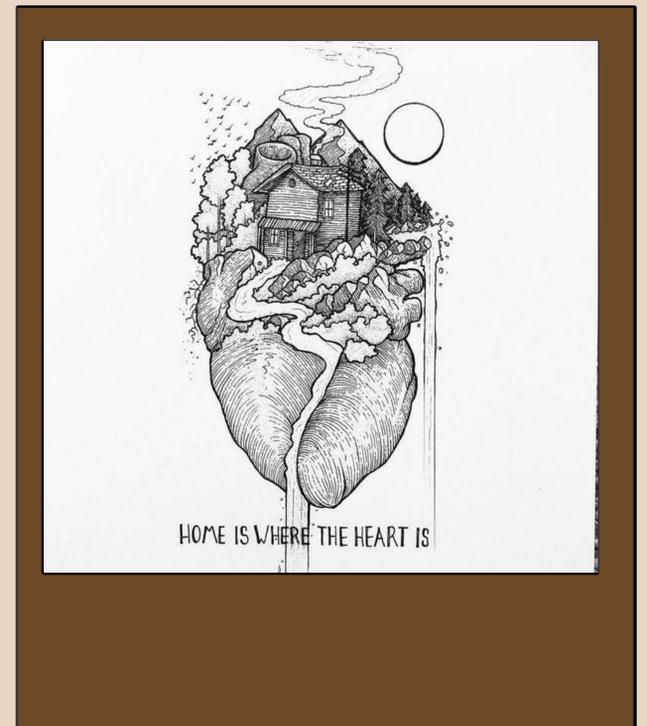
It's the comfort of having someone by your side while you eagerly wait to arrive at your destination.

To me, people are home, not just one but many. Every time you abandon one road to walk another, you find a home - away from home.

While the familiar ache for the home you leave behind on your voyage to find a new one never fades, you somehow find your solace on that distinct land as you embrace the passage of time. Indeed, a new home - away from home, as if your chapter had forever been a part of the book you just discovered.

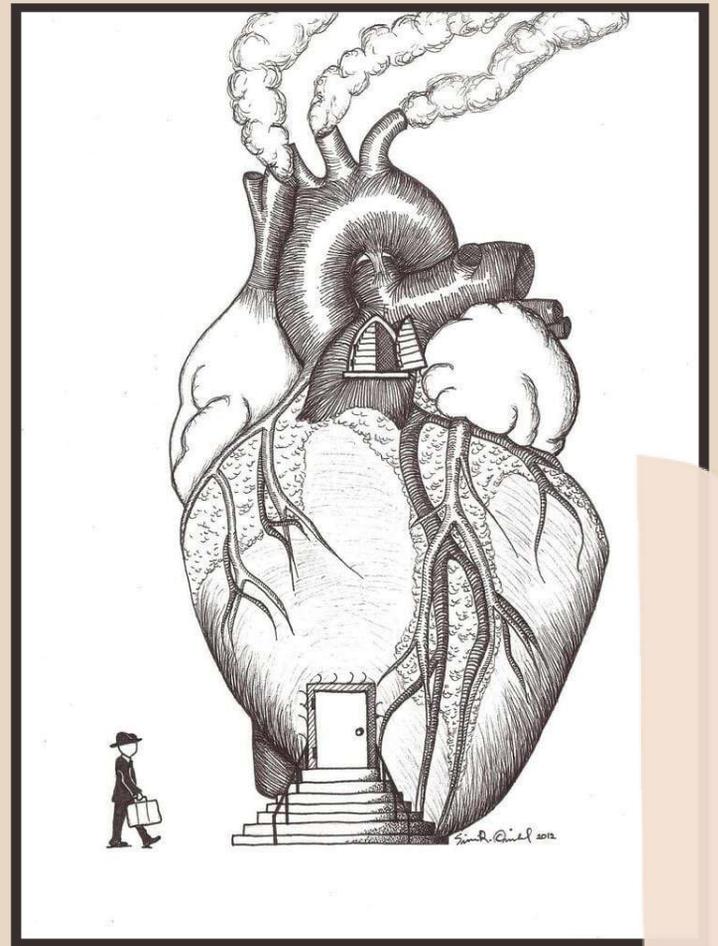
You can never be completely at home once you have chosen to climb aboard the ship on the journey of life. A part of your soul will be at all those roads you once called home, and there will always be an invisible string tying you to them.

I hold this notion of home because I am aware that the house I once called home is no longer where my soul resides.



My home is where my mom and dad are, where my best friend from school is, where my sister/brother is, where my teacher who believed in me more than I did is, and all the other people who held me when I stumbled are.

Metaphorically, home is where your heart is, and mine lies with more than one soul. In my 19 years of existence, I have traveled multiple roads (lived in different places).



However, every time my mother comes to visit me, it still feels like the warmth of the sun on a cold winter morning; I still reminisce about the journey I completed long ago. With this, however, I am also anticipative about the future journeys yet to begin. To be honest, the feeling of connecting with new souls and discovering your calm in the chaos each time you sail to a different shore is a true delight; an escapade I most enjoy.

The clock is forever ticking forward, and just like that, I am set to embark on my new journey on a new road. Enraptured yet afraid, I look forward to finding retreat on this tranquil land. I hope to have found yet another home by the time I am given a new opportunity to express my ever-wandering thoughts on 'KHAYAAL'.

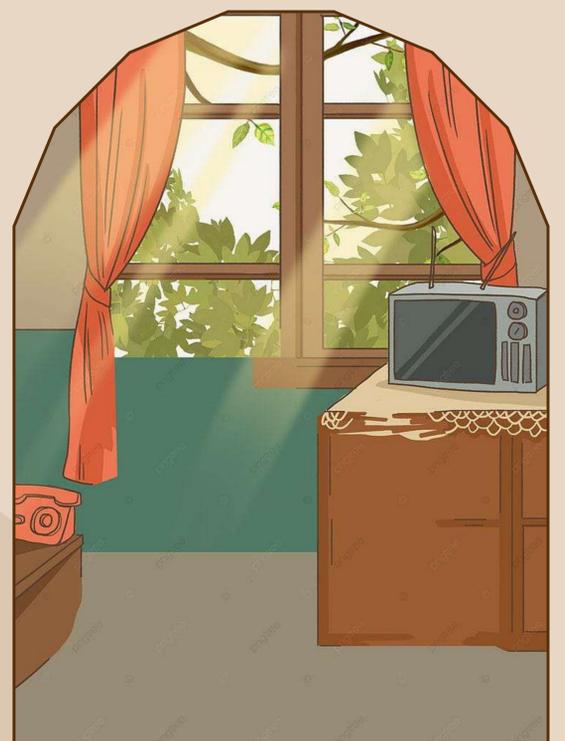
FAR FROM HOME AND YET SO CLOSE

-Ishita Jadhav



Ma, just yesterday you called me from the hall,
And now I'm seeing your missed call.
You ask me if I'm fine, and honestly I'm not so sure
Because I have been homesick for which there is no cure.
I have been buying plants and plates just like you do,
To make these four walls feel more like you
But my heart sinks everytime I walk into the empty room.

But things changed and it got better
I figured it out, sooner or later.
This city that felt so new, now feels like a family to me
It has included me in it like I was its missing piece.
No it can never be the home like the one that I share with you.
But it has replaced my delivery address from Home to Home 2
I'm so far from home and yet feel so close
Because I finally found a home away from home.



POSITIVE CONTRADICTIONS

-Dr. Rakhi Raturi

As I start on the road with the desired destination

It looks like the longest journey of life.

Each milestone is too hard to achieve

And I curse myself to actually coming to this ride.

There is giddiness and there is discomfort

There is struggle and there is heat.

I miss things happening at home with family and friends I sacrifice those and more, to be on road

People at rest look at me and laugh

I embrace pity and sympathise with myself



Then slowly the distance start to reduce

I see great view ahead and I increase the speed

There are still some setbacks and traffic

But with long travel I am more prepared and good

All the 'un-luck' fading giving me divine bliss

What if I had stayed back and took rest?



My eyes are on the goal and the end of road

What if I had not taken the journey?

No I am fine with my decision now

As I approach towards the end of my journey

This would not be the last one

For I plan to travel farther and greater...



FIRST TIME MOVING OUT

-Swarali Rao

I vividly remember the first time I moved out of my home, the time I moved into my dorm room. It was a bittersweet feeling. I was excited, nervous, happy, and emotional, all at the same time. The city seemed new, even daunting at first. Leaving behind the comfort of waking up to mum's deliciously cooked breakfast, (not so) friendly banter with our siblings, and deep conversations with Dad, the familiar streets at home, and beginning a new chapter in a new city felt strange. I had no idea that I was stepping into a place I would soon be comfortable in calling a second home.

The first few days of college were a surreal blur. There were tons of new friends to be made, several events to attend, and countless memories to be made. And in the blink of an eye, a couple of semesters went by. It took some time to get used to being away from home for so long. There were times when we felt homesick, when we wanted to be back home to celebrate festivals with our family. But the very next moment, we used to get busy preparing for Ganpati celebrations, Navratri, Halloween, and finally, our flagship event - Tvaran. Little did we know that we were shaping our own home, away from home.

These events created not only lasting bonds with our friends but also lifelong memories for us. Yes, it is a bit difficult to stay away from home, but all those last-minute preparations for Ganesh Chaturthi, the exhilarating Garba nights in college, late-night Maggi parties, and movie nights in our dorm rooms are totally worth it!

AWAY FROM HOME

-Sahil Purohit



Zara ghar se durr kya nikla,
azad hone ka toh guroor hi chaa gaya
Naa koi rokne wala, na koi tokne wala
aur naa hi koi pabandi
Magar ab pata nahi kyu acha nahi
lagg raha,
Yaad aane lagi hai,
Bapu ke office se aate aate ice cream
laane ki
aur maa ke haath ki garam rotiya
khaane ki.

Yahi sochte sochte mai kal raat roh
pada,
Aakhir aur kitne din ghar se durr aur
akela rehna hoga khada?
Mai samajh nahi paya ye kya hai joh
mai mehsoos kar raha hu?
kya hai ye paheli?

Ab toh ghar se dur jaake hi samjha ki
paas kaun hai.
Inhi khayalo ke saath mai ghadi dekh
aur aahat sunn sone chala gaya.
Kuch yaado ke saath,
Kuch iraado ke saath.



TWILIGHT SYMPHONY

-Anushi Anand

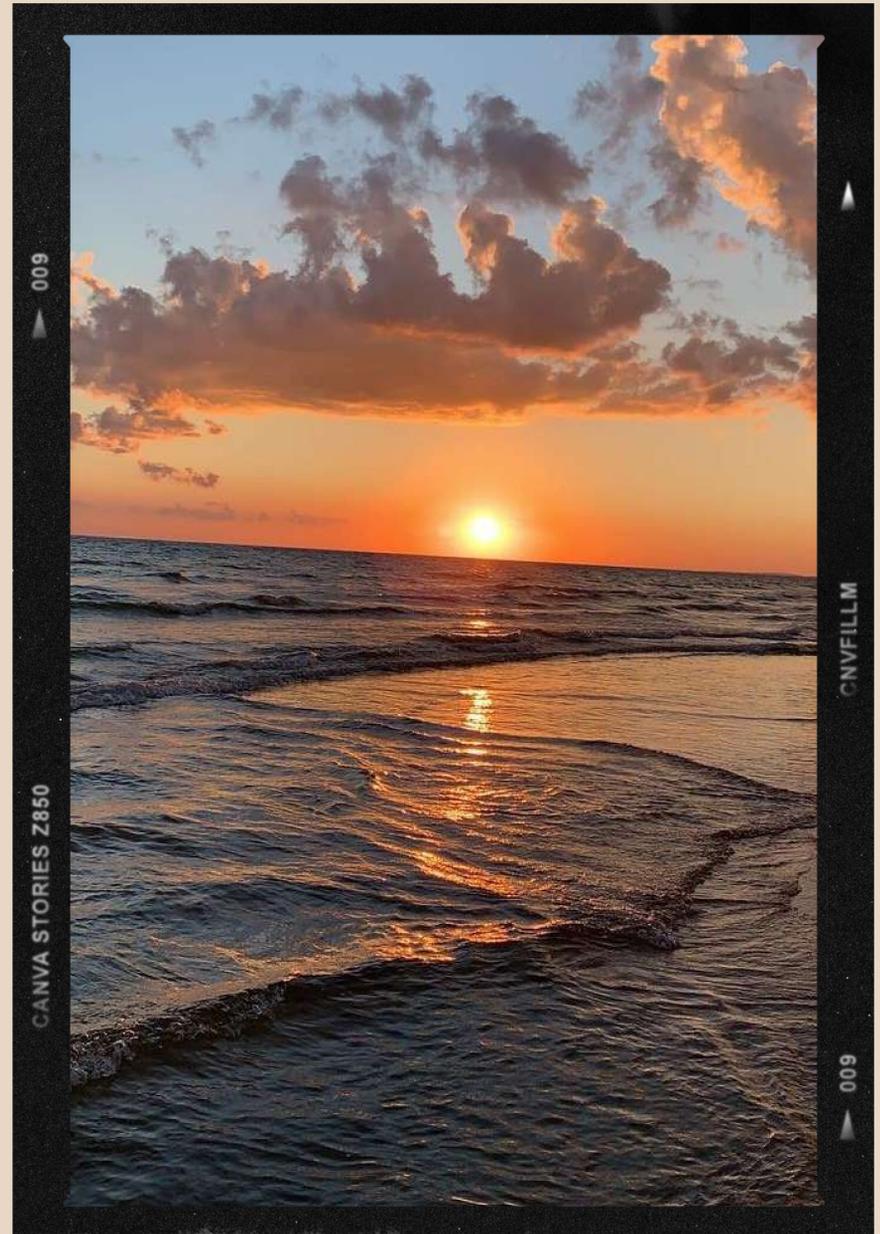
As the sun begins to set,
The sky ignites with hues,
Of orange, gold, and violet,
A canvas that enthuses.

On the horizon, hills stand tall,
Their silhouettes etched in light,
As the sun bids the day farewell,
And paints the world with might

The clouds above dance in the breeze,
Their wispy forms ablaze,
Reflecting back the fiery glow,
In a mesmerizing haze.

The sky transforms into a masterpiece,
A canvas vast and wide,
Where colours blend and intertwine,
With every passing tide.

The hills bask in the golden rays,
Their verdant slopes aglow,
As the sun prepares to rest,
And twilight's shadows grow.



The clouds dance on, their forms now soft,
As dusk descends with ease,
A symphony of light and shade,
Where dreams and magic appease.

In this enchanting twilight scene,
My heart finds pure delight,
As nature's beauty unfolds,
In this celestial night.

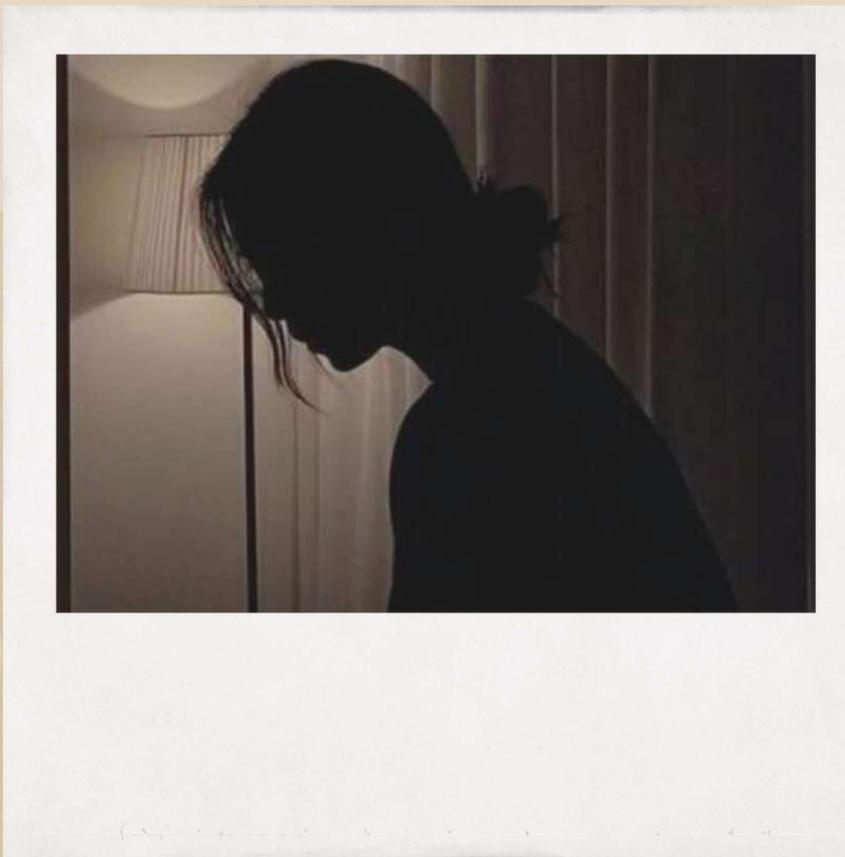


किया ही क्या है।

-Dipti Saindane

क्या ही क्या है आपने मेरे लिए
सब करते है आपने कोई एहसान नही किया
फिर चिखने की आवाज!
क्या किया है आपने मेरे लिए?

अचानक कर्कश आवाज कानो मे पडी
सुबह की रोशनी रात की कालीमा में बदली
सोचने पर मजबूर !



क्या सच में कुछ नही किया हमने अपने बेटे के लिए?
शून्य में ताकती रही और वही शब्द गुंजते रहे।
क्या किया है आपने मेरे लिए?

अचानक मन बीते वर्षों की और घुम गया
सोलह वर्ष का राहुल और सब चैन का माहौल था
अचानक ऐसा पहाड़ पड़ा की दो वक्त की रोटी
जुटाना कठीण हो गया

वक्त बीता रहा चक्की पीसती रही
हम दोनो ने न दिन देखा ना रात
देखी तो बह राहुल की खुशी..



इंजिनीयर बना तो मन को आस हुई की अब फंदा कट जायेगा
सोच मे पडी थी की दरवाजा पटकन की आवाज आई, पटाक !
उठ कर देखा तो राहुल बसता लेकर घर छोड रहा था
पिता आवाज लगाते रहे, माँके आँसू ना रुक पाए, ना रुक पाए
और फिर क्या ही किया है आपने मेरे लिए



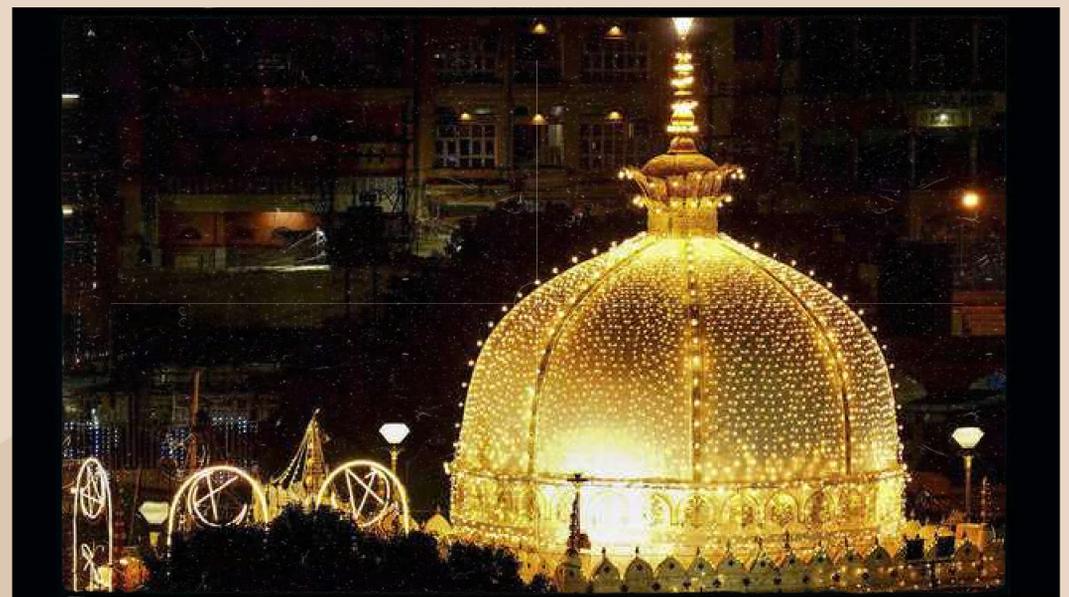
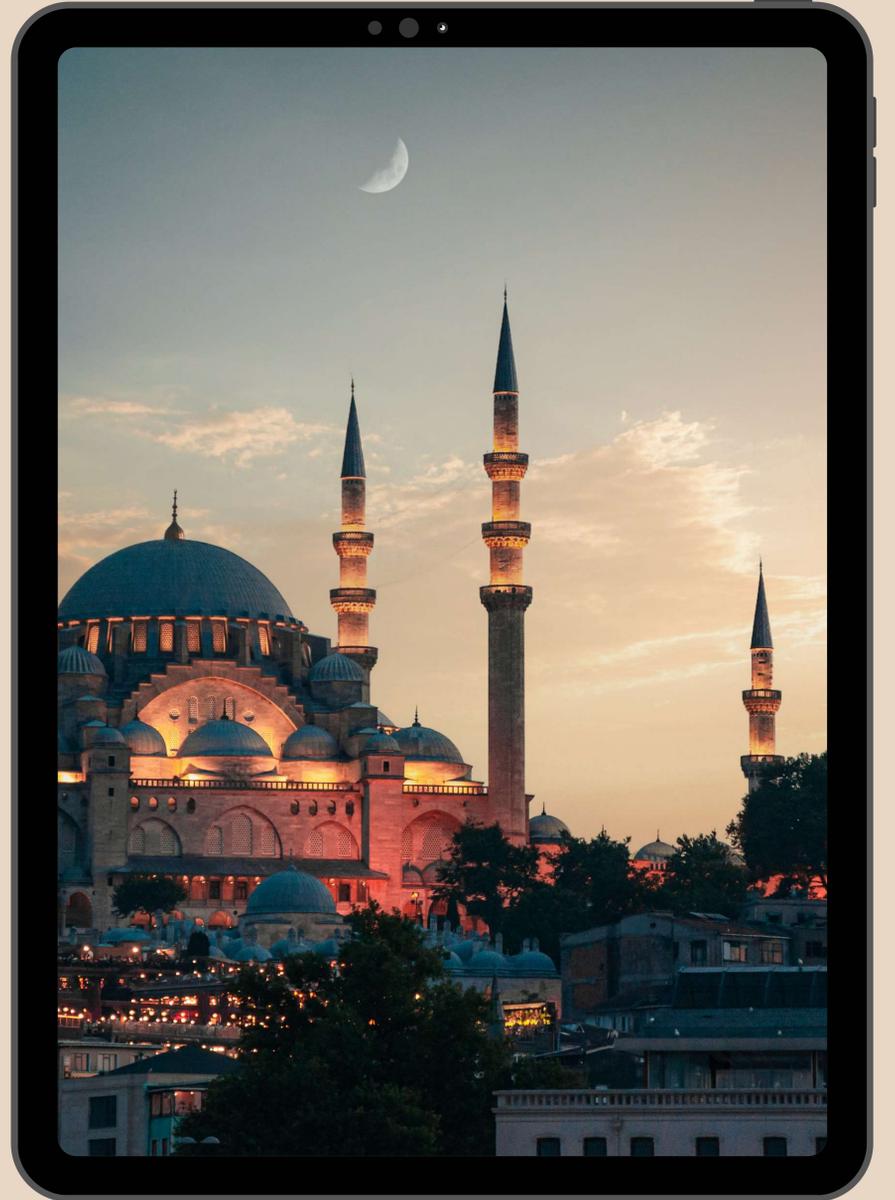
आज पहली बार

-Dipti Saindane

आज पहली बार मैं दरघे में गई,
मन में अचकचाहट लेकर
पहला कदम रखा मैंने
पूरी हिम्मत लेकर |

मंदिर सी खुशबू थी वहां
फूलों की एक गंध थी,
लगा था कुछ अलग होगा वहां
पर मेहक एक समान थी।

हाथों को जोड़कर नहीं
मोड़कर खुदा के आशीर्वाद लिए,
ना कोई असमानता थी वहां
चहु और भाईचारे थे।



कौन रखेगा ख्याल?

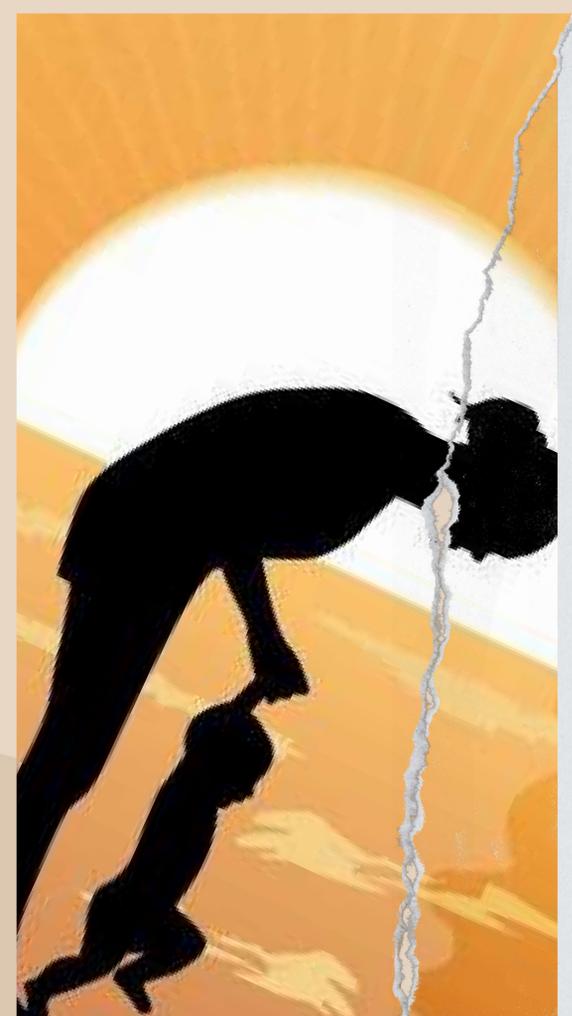
-Gurupreet Singh

माँ के आंचल में पला-बढ़ा
कौन उसका ख्याल रखेगा ?
पिता के छत्रछाया में दृढ़ और काबिल बना
कौन उसका आत्मविश्वास बढ़ाएगा?

कौन सहानुभूति देगा जब वो रोएगा ?
कौन प्रेरित करेगा जब वो निराश होगा ?

ये छोटी-छोटी चीजें जो अब बढ़ी लगने लगी
अपने हाथों से फल काट के खिलाना
सर्द रात की शीत पे उसपे चादर ओढ़ना
मुस्कुराते उसे गुड मॉर्निंग बोलना

पंख देने में घबराते
दिमाग में एक ही जटिल सवाल घूमे
कौन रखेगा उसका ख्याल?



THROUGH THE 📍 FRAME



*When it comes to art, it's
important not to hide the
madness*

Memories



03.01.22

~This picture is from the first day I entered the world of NMIMS Navi Mumbai.

The new faces I met then are now "home away from home".

-Shriya Khandedia



Located in proximity, to the city of Mumbai, the tranquil beach of Alibaug sits peacefully isolated from the urban chaos. As you gaze into the distance the sandy stretch unfolds before your eyes unblemished by any footprints left behind by visitors. The gentle waves, faithful companions that they are lovingly caress the shore creating a symphony of solitude. This empty beach provides a getaway, from the hustle and bustle of city life—a sanctuary where time passes in harmony with the ebb and flow of the tides.

-Harshwardhan Singh



Ghar se durr lekin ye mayanagri bhi toh ek ghar hi hai!

-Soumya Sengar



Manavi,

She's like my home away from home at college. She's always there with a warm smile, a listening ear, and a shoulder to lean on. Whether it's helping me with tough assignments or just being a comforting presence when things get stressful, she's the kind of friend who makes college life a whole lot easier. I'm grateful to have her by my side. Thank you for being my home away from home ❤️

-Gunjan Karamchandani

WE MET IN 2005

-Nirviksha Ratadiya



In 2005, we met for the first time,
You sang a little happy song "can I
hold the baby?"
You had waited for so long.
Holding me tight with a sight of love
in your eyes,
You said "I am your elder one"
With possessiveness and cries.
Your hands have magic,
From completing my project to
pushing my swings,
From wiping my tears to cheering
gins.
Keen to help with baths and naps,
And loved to hold me in your laps.

You helped me stand, offering a comfort sign and clapping
like my biggest fan.

Sleeping on your shoulder made me feel fine.

Handling my anger and stealing your closet,

Fighting for the bedside and pampering me like a baby,

Though I am 18 and ready to shine.

Crying to go with you and your friends

Embarrassing you but you never mind.

You are my forever,

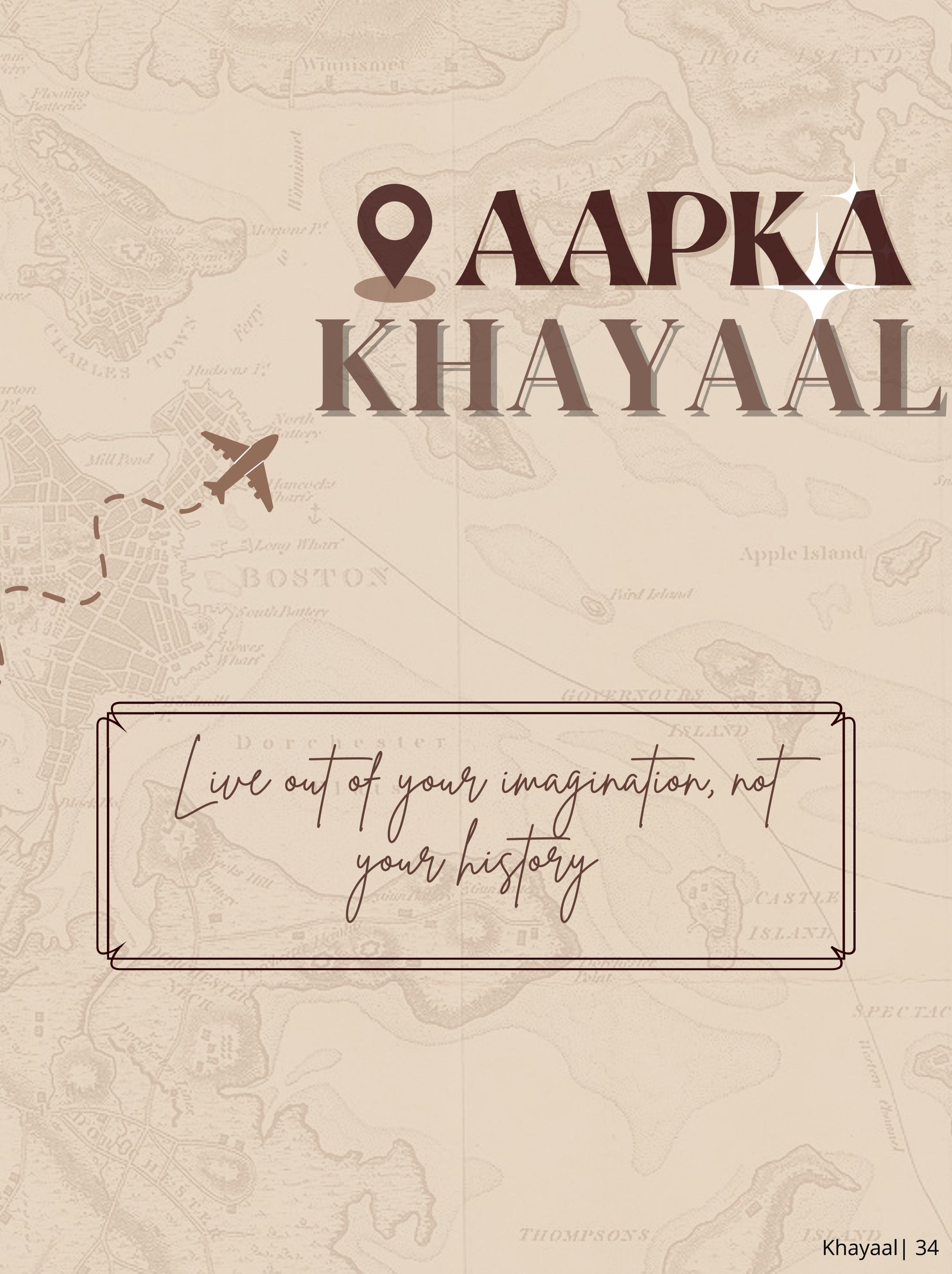
my life professor

with a heart of gold

and a personality so bright and bold.

Thank you so much for being in my life.





Winnisnet
HOG ISLAND
MORTONS I.
BERRY I.
Hudsons I.
North Battery
Mill Pond
Mancusharts
Long Wharf
South Battery
Tower Wharf
Dorchester
GOVERNORS ISLAND
Apple Island
Bird Island
CASTLE ISLAND
SPECTAC
THOMPSONS ISLAND

📍 AAPKA KHAYYAL



*Live out of your imagination, not
your history*

"IF SPEAKING IS SILVER, THEN LISTENING IS GOLD."

-Dr. Priyanka Roy

Had it ever happened with you that you have been looking for a shoulder to cry on or seeking for an emotional comfort? For a student who has relocated to a different place to study in a better college, a little gesture of kindness can bring a million dollars of gratitude. Now, the question is who has "Time". Because of the time constraints we often fail to address such issues. But those who could peep into the emotional health of the student can comprehend what is going on inside the little kid who has just began to survive on his own.

According to a well known lifestyle physician, Dr Sandeep Jassal the young adults are suffering in solitude because of loneliness, anxiety and self apathy. The day is not far when the children won't have any strings attached to their roots. In such scenario, the solution lies with the educational institutions and teachers who can monitor the student's welfare from a close proximity to understand their daily troubles and traumas. At many instances, a student may feel lost. But teachers have the powers to help them find the right path for them. Because all they need is someone to listen to their side of the story. So, the time has arrived that we should witness such educational institutions where the students have all the "Moms" in "Mams" and where they call their school a "home away from home".

Tips for the students:

1. Confide in your favourite teacher.
2. Participate more.
3. Be humble

Tips for the teachers:

1. Ask the class how are they doing.
2. Wait a minute more before you leave the lecture room. There may be a kid who wants to say something.
3. Initiate a talk with the student who is under performing in academics.
4. Smile more. Because it is contagious.

JEENA

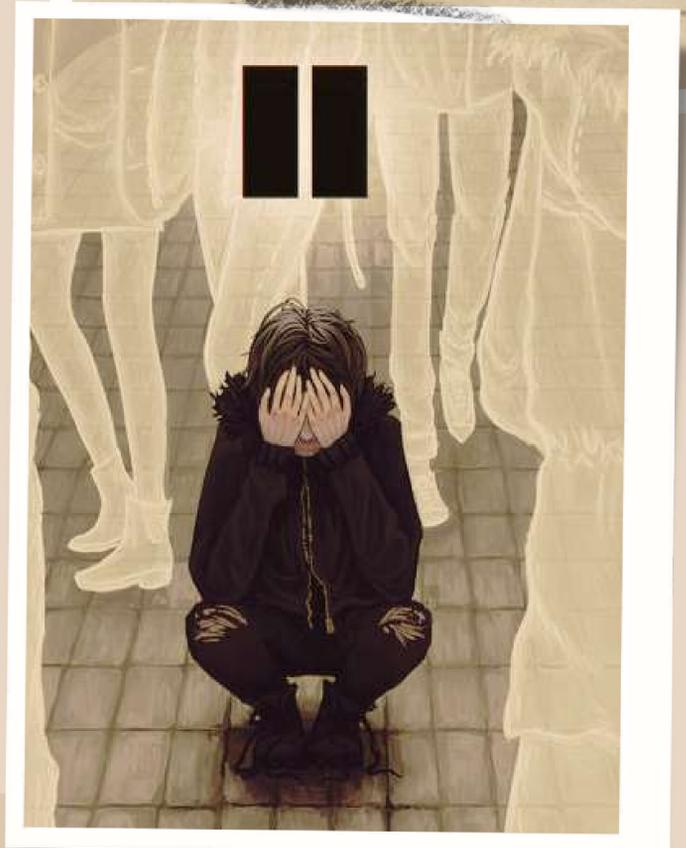
Zindagi dekhne ki Umar mai ,
Ek kone mai Beth gazale gun Guna na
pasand aa Raha hai
Laharo se dhur bhagne ki Umar mai,
Chunotiyon se bhagna pasand aa Raha
hai
Khwabon k parinde udane ki Umar mai,
Khudko pinjare mai ked karna pasand aa
Raha hai
Jo wade kasmе khaye thae humne ,
Ab unhe unhi ki tarah todne mai maza aa
raha hai
Dabe dabe pairo se Jo aaye thae hamare
sheher ,
Ab unse dur kahi or basera dhundhne mai
alag sa sukoon aa raha hai
Umeede to kaafi thi is waqt se,
par usi se pehle fana hone ko jee chah
Raha hai
Dar sa lagta hai har ghadi har pal,
Kaise in manjilo ko chune ki aass
Kisi dhuye mai udi ja Rahi hai
Mai wo nahi Jo waqt bana Raha hai
Par is waqt ki dor mai bhagna aa raha hai
Kuch khaas na sahi par jeena aa raha hai.



ALONE

Night kills, days frighten me
I am alone, and that's fine for me
From forever to whatever
I am lost, somewhere, however
I don't know what's hurting me from the
inside, to figure it out, I've tried,
but all I did was cry
I am not the person you see
Because I have never truly been me
Though I should be
My jar, labelled with pain, is filled with
rain.

The little raindrops I collected all night
Just wanting a tight hug, rolling from
my eyes to my chubby cheeks
I am so scared to speak ,
So I am penning it down,
With a whisper of feelings,
Just wanting to wear a love crown,
And be my own clown.



NOTHING BUT HATE

There are moments when she feels like she's about to go crazy. Like her mind is about to twist in on itself. Like an artery is about to wind around her brain and squeeze all of her sanity out. Like the same artery is going to burst and paint the walls of her brain the color of hatred.

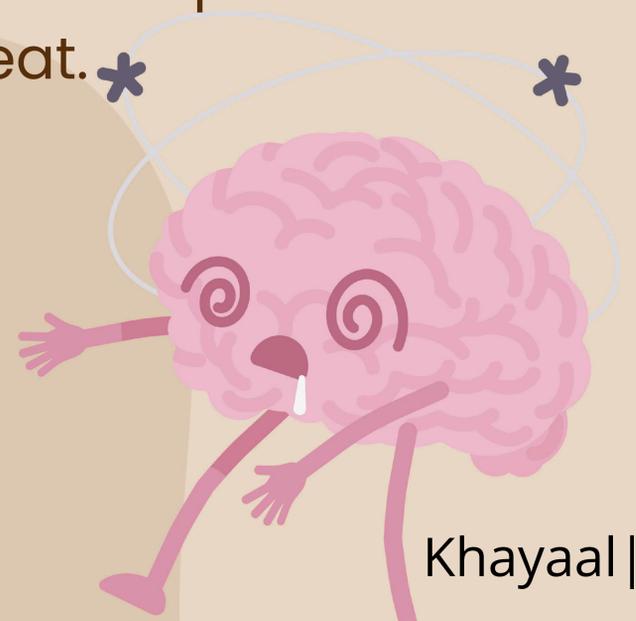
Hatred for the world. Hatred for the unfairness of the world. Hatred for herself. Hatred for the one she loves. Never could she picture herself hating him so much that she wonders if she ever even loved him.

She wonders if its possible to hate someone more than she ever loved them.

They say hate comes from love and love comes from hate. But no one ever said the result could multiply an infinite times. She knows it now.

So, she sits back and lets the hatred consume her mind. She lets the hatred hold her in its hot embrace until she starts to burn in it. She lets the hatred take her into a bottomless pit of heat so excruciating that she can feel nothing but heat.

Feel Nothing But Hate.



PERFECT SCRIPT, WRONG LINE

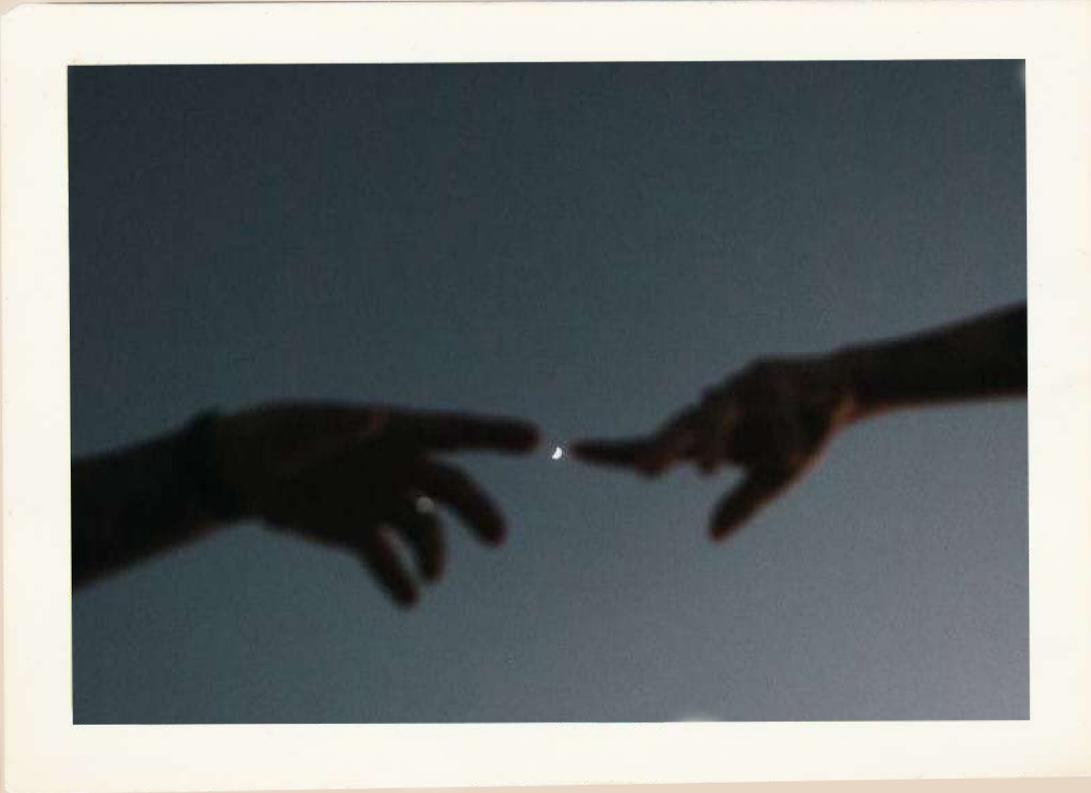
-Siddharth Mishra

In love's embrace, a new world unveils
Yet through its caverns it paves twisted trails
Its beauty unfurls, like a painting of a thousand hues
But beneath its charms, a twisted fate it brews
Through a symphony of emotions, a gentle dance of hearts
Through its trials do the rest of lives start
Love's touch, a gentle caress of the soul
Though it is not without its toll

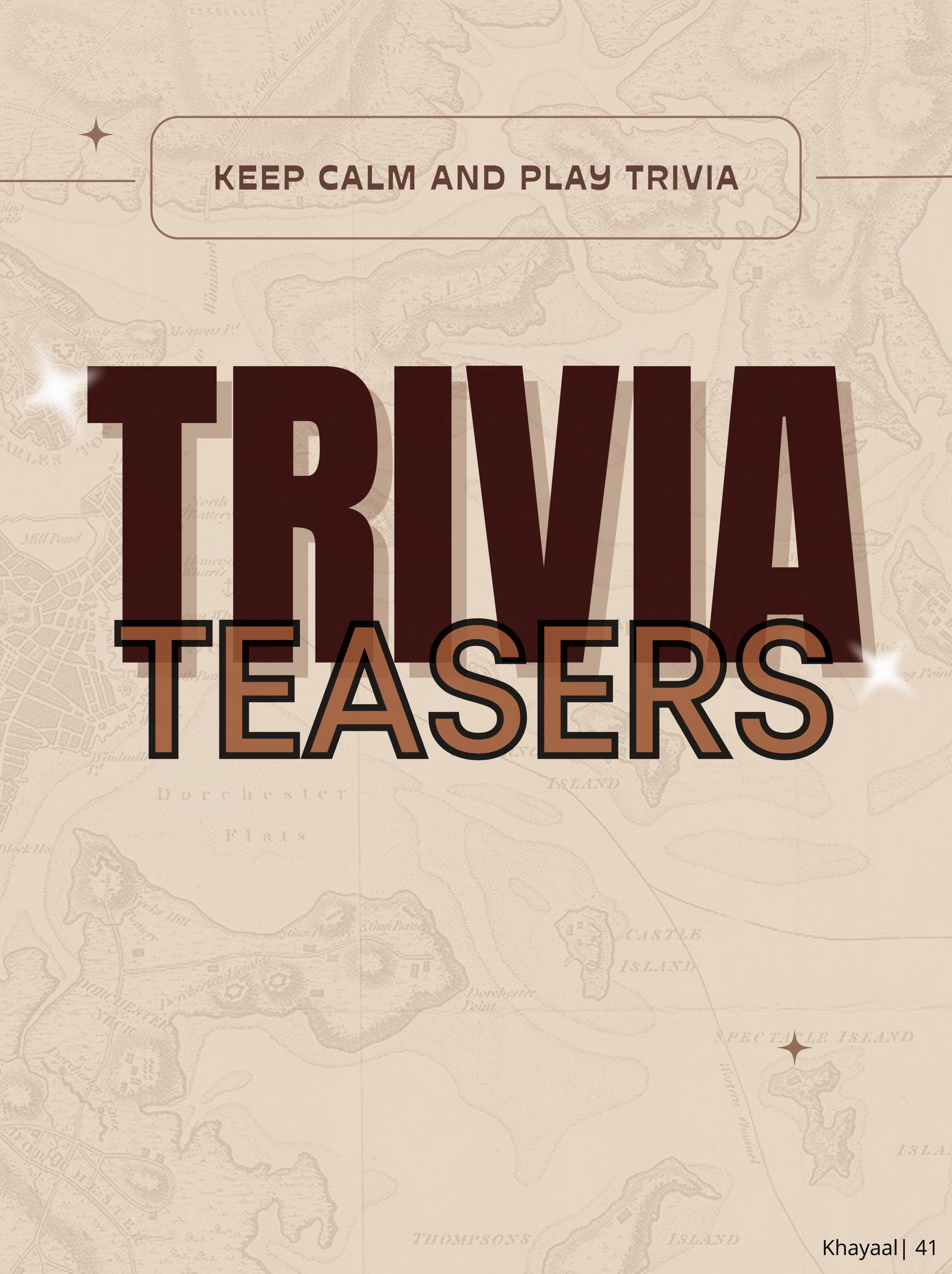


The story it builds through threads unsure
The trial of life pure hearts must endure
In its halls, hearts and lives intertwine
A single light to last the test of time
They say that in love we all fall
Ask one who has, they say its most twisted fate of all
A fragile dance so delicate and blind
A curse so cruel yet a blessing so kind

A treasure found when love's returned.
In flames of passion, hearts are burned.
In radiant light, two spirits glow.
In love's embrace they promise to grow.



Yet unrequited love can sting
A haunting ache, a broken wing.
A crime of hearts, left in despair.
In shattered dreams, a love unfair.



KEEP CALM AND PLAY TRIVIA

TRIVIA TEASERS

B I N G O

HELPED YOUR PARENTS IN HOUSEHOLD CHORES

BROKE YOUR PARENTS' FAVOURITE VASE

GOT SCOLDING FROM PARENTS FOR USING PHONE ALL DAY

HAD TO DO HOUSEHOLD CHORES WHEN THE MAID IS ON LEAVE

ATE ALL THE SWEETS AS SOON AS THE GUESTS LEFT

WAS SCOLDED FOR WEARING SHOES INSIDE THE HOUSE

WAS PUNISHED BY MUM BECAUSE OF SIBLINGS

STOLE MONEY FROM FATHER'S PURSE

EVER SNEAKED OUT WITH SIBLINGS

HAVE A CAT AS PET

HAVE A DOG AS PET

EVER THOUGHT OF RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME



BUNKING CLASSES WITH FRIENDS

FORGED SIGNATURES OF PARENTS

WATCHED SERIES UNDER THE BLANKETS

IS A SINGLE CHILD

LAUGHED AT A JOKE YOU DIDNT UNDERSTAND

EVER TRIED TO THE SEE THE FRIDGE LIGHTS TURN OFF

RAN TO BED AFTER TURNING OFF THE LIGHTS

USED FRIEND AS SHIELD FROM YOUR PARENTS WRATH

REGRETTED SPENDING MONEY ON SOMETHING YOUR PARENTS WANRED YOU ABOUT

FAKE SLEEPED IF PARENTS WALKED IN

USED SIBLING'S CLOTHES BEFORE THEM

FORGOT SOMETHING YOU WERE PLANNING TO DO SINCE LONG



THE CRICKET TRIVIA: WORLD CUP EDITION

Which team has won the world cup the most times? ×

Who has won the first ever world cup in 1975? ×

Which bowler has taken the most wickets in the world cup? ×

Which team made their first world cup appearance in 1979? ×

In which world cup the number of overs changed from 60 to 50? ×

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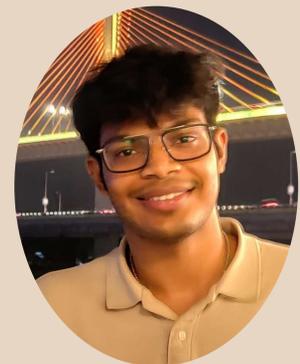
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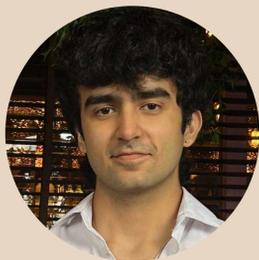
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