



**The CBS Post**



**CHANGING  
SEASONS**





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THEME :

# CHANGING SEASONS



When flowers bloom and skies turn blue,  
The world feels fresh, emotions too.  
Hope springs forth with every ray,  
Chasing winter's cold away.

The sun blazes high, the days are long,  
Hearts beat fast, with a vibrant song.  
Joy and love in the golden light,  
But tempers flare in heat of night.

Leaves fall softly, gold and red,  
A quiet calm fills hearts instead.  
We think of time, the things we've done,  
As sunsets fade and days are gone.

Frosty winds and skies of grey,  
Wrap our hearts in cold dismay.  
Yet fires burn to keep us warm,  
And love sustains through winter's storm.

From spring to winter, round they go,  
Emotions speak out, and then they grow.  
The weather speaks, our hearts reply,  
As nature's mirror reflects the sky.





# MELODIES OF THE SPRING



- *Sumit Dagar*  
BFIA '26

Suppose you've just woken up, at the break of dawn, with the early sun caressing your skin, in a small village of Kumaon, Uttarakhand. Winter is departing, the air becomes lighter, fresh, and tinted with an earthy smell and the breeze whispers in your ear as you step out of your stone house with a slate roof. You stand in the lap of mountains, once a desolate and featureless landscape has now turned lush green and flourishing, buds have sprouted on apricots and peach trees are promising a blooming harvest. The landscape is full of blooming flowers like *Pyoli* (primrose) and *Buransh* (rhododendron). As you're absorbing these moments, you hear the first chirps of the Himalayan Mynah. Watching over the horizon, somewhere in the distance, you see a weak silhouette of the Trishul peak shining under the morning sun.

As you peep around, people have woken up early, just like you. Some are cleaning their homes, women are applying fresh cow dung and mud to the doorsteps to purify the

area, while humming, "**Ghughuti na basa, basa mera desh ma.**" (*The cuckoo has not yet settled, But my homeland is already bustling with life.*) Spring has arrived and the celebrations of Phooldei have started. Children, giggling and playful, collect wild flowers from the forest branch (rhododendron), basalt (mustard blooms), and daffodils and weave them in small baskets. Small children carry containers filled with flowers and rice, then visit houses. They place flowers at the threshold and sing the Phooldei song, "**Phooldei Chhama, Dei Daini Dwar, Bhar Bhakaar!!**" (Blessings of flowers, blessings of plenty, May your doorstep be filled with prosperity.) People give them rice, jaggery, and money in return. These little children, honoured as parts of the divine, by placing flowers at each doorstep, wish for prosperity and well-being. The rice collected from Phooldei is soaked, and mixed with the jaggery and the money is used to buy Ghee to prepare local sweets such as Halwa, Chhoi, Shai, and other regional dishes. In the bordering areas of Kumaon, a special dish called '**Saya**' is made from rice flour and jaggery.

In the Kedarkhand region of Uttarakhand, the festival lasts the entire month. On the last day of Phalgun, children collect various flowers like Yuli, Buransh, Mustard, Apricots etc in their flower baskets, sprinkle water on them and place them in an open area. This is how they honour **Ghogha Mata**, the revered **goddess of flowers**, a deity worshiped solely by the innocent hearts of children. The next morning, children carry the parasol of Ghogha devi and their baskets with *Pyoli's* golden flowers and sing songs as they travel. The song goes like, "**O Phulari Ghor, Jhai Mata Ka Bhor, Kyolididi Phulkandi Gaur.**" (*O Flower Girl, the dawn of Mother's blessing, the basket of flowers has arrived.*) The flower-gathering and decorating of doorsteps continue throughout the month of Chaitra.

In the days preceding the festival, the women gather in courtyards, their colorful Pechora (usually drawn with flour or chalk) glow in the sun, singing folk songs celebrating the changing seasons. The air is often filled with the tune of: "**Bedu pako bara masa, O narain kaphal pako chaita meri chhaila**" (*The figs ripen every month of the year, And the bayberries ripen in spring, my dear beloved.*) The songs, sung in hills during this time of the year are not only music;







they are ballads based around themes of love, stories of ancient ancestors, gods and spirits of the forest, and a deep connection to the land, always touched with a feel of nostalgia.

As the day begins to fade, you find yourself sitting by the window and watching the sun diving behind the hills. From afar, you notice children making their way back home. Their homes are filled with the aroma of jaggery and soaked rice being cooked. Nearby, you hear an elderly lady's voice, filled with wisdom, as she starts the tale of why Phuldei is celebrated. She mentions the importance of **Pyoli** as she begins, "This yellow flower blooms in the mountains during the spring season, this tale is associated with it. "Once, in the Himalayan mountains, there lived a princess named **Pyoli**. She fell in love with a prince from another country. The prince married her and



took her to his country. As she left, the trees and plants began to wither, the birds became sad. She was the beloved princess of the mountains. Meanwhile, Pyoli's mother-in-law did not allow her to visit her family, which made Pyoli feel sad. Gradually, she became ill due to her sadness, and one day, Pyoli died from her illness. Her in-laws buried her in a nearby forest. Some time later, at the place where Pyoli was buried, a yellow flower grew, which was named after Pyoli." Since then, in her memory, the Phooldei festival has been celebrated."

As the tale ends, you look down from the window and notice Pyoli flowers on the threshold. A little girl appears and a familiar melody carried by her innocent voice fills the air, "**Phooldei Chhama Dei, Daini Dwar, Bhar Bhakaar!!**" as if the mountains themselves were singing along, keeping Pyoli's memory alive.

## L'APPEL DU VIDE



- *Aishwarya Pande*  
BMS '27

Grass blades hiss against each other,  
Sawing across like bows on strings;

The galaxy sprawls out as a net cast  
by a fisherman's hand,  
Catching the little dreamers  
In the knots of light.

My neck aches from looking,  
Or maybe that's simply the weight  
placed there,  
From the jovial flow of time;  
But I listen on;  
Indeed, the cosmic song is not as  
elegant as they like to say.



No, it's not the chiming of bells-  
It is the crash of cymbals,  
The thunder of drums.  
It is grandiose,  
Demanding, daring,  
Broad slashes of ink on paper.

And what could possibly be better  
than that?  
The waltz of stars through that  
stygian sea,  
It is not desolate,  
Far from it;  
It is alive.

There is a tearing desperation  
To know it all,  
But one can never know  
The sum of the unknowable;

So I watch yawning galaxies drift,  
I watch comets wink in and out;  
I cannot know, yet I yearn - a  
hopeless lover.





# THE ORDER IN RANDOMNESS



- *Gaurav Singh*  
B.Sc. '27

Life, as we witness, appears to be dancing on the fine edge of order and chaos. In the broader view everything seems fairly organized, meticulously planned and structured but as we dive deeper we find the undeniable truth - our existence and everything that surrounds us is a result of pure randomness. It is inherent to us to defend ourselves against this inevitable truth that holds the power to shatter our perceptions of reality. The interplay between our quest for structure and the actual reality that disregards it, is what makes our life perplexing, challenging yet beautiful.

From the unwavering nature of the quantum particles to the formation of Earth 4.5 billion years ago, it all can be attributed to the unpredictability of nature.

Even our own existence, the precise alignment of events and variables that gave us the opportunity to exist as forms of life, is nothing more than a random outcome of chance. Just a slight variation could have caused it to be entirely different, perhaps devoid of life as we know it, perhaps nothing of significance.

We cannot even be sure of our own end. It could happen anytime, by anything, in ways we can never anticipate.

Our evolution, the journey from single-celled organisms to complex beings who can question their existence was nothing more than a consequence of random mutations, and environmental changes which were beyond our control. And yet we wonder looking at all these tailor-made conditions, how fascinating it is that chaos led to such a seemingly ordered ramification.

We are egoistic ignorant beings who possess a certain delusion of control over the outcomes we receive. We like to believe that we are the sole drivers of our destiny.

An athlete winning a race, a farmer producing a fruitful harvest or a writer publishing a bestseller may credit their success to their own hard work, preparation and skills, overlooking the factors such as track surface, weather condition and a social media post that unexpectedly went viral. These instances highlight our biases while attributing credits to our success. Life is a web of interconnected factors most of which are beyond our grasp and can only be understood looking back.

The illusion of control originates from our discomfort with chaos. We require order to make sense of what happens, so that we, as the main characters, do not feel powerless in our own stories, but is it our own story if we are not aware of ourselves? We fail to realize this and get trapped deeper in our agony. At the subatomic level too, particles do not behave predictably. The double-slit experiment, conducted by Thomas Young, revealed that particles exist in multiple states simultaneously, choosing their state depending on the observer. This unpredictability challenges our very understanding of certainty, which we were comfortable with. You might try to introspect and recall those encounters that changed your life where a single variable could have led to something entirely unexpected or different.

Our miseries arise due to our tendency to resist and reject randomness, because we want to assert control over that which we are a product of. Our ego, the part of us that believes that it is the 'doer' is to blame, but it's like asking time to stop moving forward - a request paradoxical to fulfil, therefore relinquishing it becomes essential.

This universe does not have to bend to our desires. Instead, we must acknowledge our insignificance and ultimately come to terms with it. This does not mean that we should be nihilistic, it is rather the path to liberation.

Leave the imaginary chamber of control and accept that nothing other than your action is within your authority, surrender your expectations to the divinity, the universe or whatever you have faith in. The philosophy of stoicism also aligns with this. Differentiate between what you can and cannot control and focus on what you can, letting go of the rest. Accept things as they are and flow in harmony with nature instead of challenging it. Reframe your perspective and find the joy in surprises, the beauty of surprises lies in how they shape us. Had you known every twist and turn of your future,







would your life still hold the charm and excitement it does today? Our Upanishads emphasize self-realization as a solution, when you understand who you are, external chaos loses its power to disturb your peace, the 'self,' timeless and unchanging, remains a constant amidst the randomness.

Regardless of how predetermined the events may look, we still have the ability to make our own decisions at the micro-level, unfazed by our past and untroubled by the future implications, this is free will. This beautiful realization opens the window of peace and fulfillment that

goes with the teachings of Bhagavad Gita, to thrive in this chaotic world, align your actions with values, perform your duties and accept what the universe has to offer gracefully. In the end, nothing will matter and that's liberating since you don't have to live up to the expectations set by your ego, opening the gates of freedom for you to live authentically, unburdened by anything, in the moment, in 'Bliss'.

Ultimately, we don't have the ability to choose just one element from the spectrum; we must choose the whole spectrum. Life isn't merely good or bad, true or false, or light or dark - it

just is. We do injustice when we assign a subjective viewpoint to it. Don't get me wrong, we have to attribute a meaning to it in order for it to make sense to us but that should be in harmony with nature, respecting its functioning. This life, fleeting and random, is a blank canvas waiting for us to paint our own, unique meaning on it.

Randomness is not chaos, it is the order of the universe. Realising, accepting and embracing it will grant us the freedom to live as our truest self and transform a life bound by the rules of a chessboard to a flowing river of unrestricted opportunities.

## MEMORIES OF SUMMERS



- Amrita  
BMS '27

**Endless summers, lazy skies  
We'd catch the moments, not the time.  
Barefoot on grass so green,  
Without a worry, just the breeze**

**At Nani's house, the summers gleamed,  
Where time slowed and dreams were dreamt.  
Excitement used to fill the air,  
And laughter echoed everywhere.**

**Afternoons of endless play  
We'd climb and run, forget the day.  
Barefoot laughter, joy unbound,  
In every corner, magic found.**

**Her stories felt like a loving spell  
A world where everything was fine and well,  
Her voice carried calm and deep  
And in her embrace we'd drift to sleep.**

**As an adult, I long to go  
I miss those nights of stories told,  
Those moments, now a distant view  
Are memories I hold, but never knew.**







# THE ART OF BALANCING



- Safia  
BMS '27

Our feelings are an honest reflection of what's going on inside us. Most of them are fleeting, temporary, but some are profound and unforgettable, shaping our perspective in ways we might not expect. When I think of it all, these emotions were never really an issue. As humans, we are inherently prone to feeling, it's a part of what makes us who we are, and that's the beauty of it. From joy and sorrow to rage, fear, excitement, love, jealousy, guilt, and confusion, each one has its own place. But somewhere along the way, it feels like there's a certain limit, a threshold to what a human should carry when it comes to feelings. When we don't check on our feelings, it's like a money plant without pruning. It's easy to get it planted, but maintaining it well to keep the beauty of the place intact is tricky. I guess we could say there's an art to it.

It was evening, and I had already resorted to breathing in the fresh air near the riverside, witnessing the sunset with all my heart, ready to let go of the day's tension. I was all set to embrace the calm, feeling the weight of the world slowly lift off my shoulders, but suddenly, a message popped up on my device about the grades and students who would still have to attend classes during the holidays due to low test scores. I thought I was free, ready to enjoy the break and get some real studying done. But that message completely ruined it. I mustered up the courage to call the teacher, hoping for some understanding, but all I got back was a cold 'No'.

Now what shall I do? I was surrounded by all that was good, yet my heart was heavy with pain. But the place had some kind of aura, something distinct, like it knew exactly what I needed. The air whispered in my ear, telling me to let it go. I looked down from the bridge, and there, through the blur, I saw a face, divided by streams, the rays of the sun hitting it, turning into golden droplets that dripped down to greet the water. In that moment, something in me shifted. Maybe the pain wasn't forever; maybe, like the water, it would eventually pass, carried away by time.

Looking at the sky, the wind so gentle, I let it wash over me, as if it could wipe those lingering doubts away. My tears, which once felt heavy and endless, were now dry, and all that remained was a sense of clarity, so sheer and clear. I watch the sunset because it serves as a reminder to me to stop worrying because I'm not in control of the sunset, but the God is. It's beautiful, really, that I'm not in control of that. Someone greater, who is in control of everything above and beyond. And He'll take care of it all. One day, everything will be fine. It serves as a subtle reminder that sometimes we need to let go and that not everything can be fixed by me.

And it had flowed in me, against all odds, the confidence and strength to manage, to endure the challenge. And shall it come, I'll face it with a smile, because when life gives you a hundred reasons to cry, give it a thousand reasons to smile, that's a quote I realized that day, it's not about waiting for everything to be perfect, but finding the strength to keep going, even when everything seems to be falling apart.

This art of managing emotions, knowing when to ease them during a climb, and inducing the opposite to find balance, is a skill we must all master. College life, filled with so many varied emotions, brings with it the challenge of keeping balance amidst the chaos. In the midst of everything, it's so important to practice emotional balance. It's not always easy, but it's better to try and work through the ups and downs than to do nothing at all, through practice, we learn to navigate life's emotional rollercoaster with more control and clarity.







# A SWITCH THAT WAS MEANT TO BE



- Kanav Bajaj  
BMS '27

Before getting into SSCBS I was in NMIMS, Mumbai for almost a month. I was waiting for the MHCET results for NM to come in. So, I kind of knew that I was not going to be in NMIMS for the whole year. I had almost given up on DU. I had filled the preference list for only 10 colleges just for the sake of it. But there was slight hope when the simulated ranks came in. I had come home (Surat) from Mumbai for 4-5 days during August. It was at this time that the result came and I was both shocked and pleasantly surprised to see that I had gotten into Sukhdev. I talked to a few people about whether I should consider switching, and they all said the same thing, "yeah! you should switch." I also thought it is the no.1 BBA school in Asia. So might as well. Also, BMS being a professional course was a motivator. Seemed like an upgraded version of BBA. Cost structure also comes into the picture. In NMIMS nearly 30-35 lakhs would have been the overall cost of studying including tuition fees, PG rent and other expenses. whereas SSCBS, even if I spend like a madman then too, the cost would not exceed 10 lakhs which would have been a year's cost in Mumbai. Is spending a whopping 30 lacs on an undergraduate program even worth it? So yeah, many factors were considered before the final decision, he next day I went back to Mumbai,

he next day I went back to Mumbai, attended a few classes and came back home the next day to start my preparation to depart to Delhi. At NMIMS, I had just started settling in. There were quite a few people from the same school as mine, including one guy who coincidentally was in my class. I had just started making friends in my class.

So, on the last day when I told them that it was my last day here, they were genuinely upset and that guy in my class started calling me 'dhokebaaz' Two of the people with whom I had been interacting in those days literally surrounded me and tried to convince me to stay. One of them showed me an acceptance mail from Kirori Mal, DU, and she said "Since I am not going so you should also not go." They made me doubt my decision. But I knew that the decision had been made, there was no turning back, like a river bound to meet the sea. The look on their upset faces made me feel guilty of ditching them. To be honest I had not thought that these people would care enough whether I stay or not. The four of us, me, that guy in my class and these two people had plans to meet the next day, but due to unforeseen circumstances we just could not. I knew I would sometime in the

future meet that guy because we could meet in Surat, of course, but these two people, I didn't know when I was going to meet them again or if I was ever going to meet them at all for that sake. Fast forward to me going to Delhi and attending the first day. I was like 'Yeah! So this is it. For 3 years I am here. Met a whole bunch of new people, talked to them, and got rejected by some societies. That literally sums up my college life in the first two months apart from the obvious assignments and stuff.

There are many trains that go from Mumbai to Surat and the travel time is also a mere 3 hrs. On the other hand, from Delhi to Surat it takes roughly 12 hours and the number of trains is also less. I kind of miss home sometimes because I can only visit if there is a holiday of over a week or else there would be no point, considering that I'll have to spend a whole day travelling. But I am very excited at the thought of visiting home, visiting Surat. The feeling of meeting my family, mom dad, elder brother, and friends is truly







unprecedented. I kind of missed my friends back in NMIMS, and knew that if I was to be in NMIMS I would have at least these three people as my friends along with my other school friends. Side note: my older brother also is doing a job in Mumbai so I also could meet him occasionally. Here, my Bua lives in Noida where I go almost every weekend. Bua has really helped me in whatever I need and I am thankful that there is a place in Delhi I can call home.

Initially, when I came to SSCBS, I thought it would just take me a month to settle down and adjust, just like in Mumbai, but it didn't quite happen. I guess I am an introvert, so I find it difficult to talk to new people. In Mumbai, I had a few school friends. The usual unease of meeting new people wasn't there because they already knew me. The two new people I met were very outgoing and talking with them felt like I had known them for ages. There was a bit of luck involved as all four of us sat side by side in the computer lab and that is how we got to talking to each other. But now I am here in Delhi and there is no going back. I have

made the decision. Now there is no point pondering what could have been, instead, I need to focus on what comes next. How do I build a life, what career to choose, skill building and what not. The switch from the second-best college to the number one seems small on paper, but it is a very big learning curve for me, the culture here is different; in Mumbai, most of the people are there to enjoy college life and party, but here it is completely opposite. People have already done some crazy stuff in their lives like starting their own business, winning national and international competitions, doing internships at well known companies, working in a NGO etc. and all that in the first semester itself and I am here just figuring it out. Sometimes, I can't help but wonder, "What am I doing?" But I remind myself not to compare. It is my journey which I'll follow at my own pace.

There are quite a few things that I've learnt as I made the switch. First of all, change is hard but necessary. Leaving NMIMS was tough, but sometimes we have to go through the discomfort in order to grow. The next thing is to learn that rejections

are stepping stones for growth. Each rejection helps refine ourselves. Another crucial aspect that I've learnt is was the importance of a support system. Be it, family or friends, having a support system helps make transitions smoother. Not knowing anyone and starting afresh can be scary at times, but we need to embrace the unknown. Each new opportunity gives us a chance to reinvent ourselves- whether good or bad, it's up to us. Lastly, comparison is a trap. SSCBS is a place full of people who have already done a lot more than us. In such a situation, it is important to stay focused on our own goals and path as every journey is shaped by unique choices, paths and moments that define it. As they say 'No two rivers carve the same path to the sea'. Switching between colleges can be tough especially when moving out of your comfort zone. In my case, switching was the thing to do. I mean getting into SSCBS is itself a big deal. Going from private to government and also, I knew that I would be switching colleges anyway so why the regret. Instead, I should feel proud that I have cracked the top undergrad B-school in Asia.

## AUTUMN: THE CHANGE OF LIFE



- Niharika Lahoty  
BFIA '27

**The trees undress in whispered surrender,  
Their golden barks scatter like fragile truths,  
And the air, heavy with tender chill,  
Breathes the secrets only endings know.**

**I walk beneath the falling whispers,  
Each leaf a story left unsaid,  
A thousand farewells beneath my feet,  
Crushed but never forgotten.**

**Beneath the weight of changing seasons,  
I sit amongst the chaos of expectations  
Where paths feel endless yet uncertain,  
Each step arising a quiet hope.**

**But even as the golden fades to grey  
I hold faith in the return of the green  
For life, like the rhythm of seasons  
Promises revive after every fall.**





# RAIN'S REFRAIN



- *Hrishita Rawat*  
BMS '27

The rain falls soft on painted hills,  
A Monet mist—so light, so still.  
Turner's storms, wild and grand,  
Crash like waves upon the land.  
Van Gogh's grey and silver sky,  
Swirls where restless spirits lie.

In poems, too, the rain has wept,  
For love once lost, for secrets kept.  
Tagore's clouds drift slow and deep,  
While Wordsworth's showers wake the sheep.  
Haiku whispers—dew on pine,  
A fleeting drop, a fleeting time.

Cinema calls it heart's refrain,  
The lovers meet, then part in rain.  
Bergman's storm, a lover's cry,  
Hitchcock's drizzle—watchful eye.  
Raj Kapoor—hat askew,  
Singing in a monsoon blue.

Folk songs hum of longing's tune,  
Rustling leaves and silver moon.  
Megh Malhar in thunder sighs,  
Dancing notes in darkened skies.  
The peacock spreads its jeweled wings,  
To love, to loss, the koel sings.

On old tin roofs, the echoes play,  
Tales of childhood washed away.  
Paper boats in puddles bright,  
Street lamps soft with golden light.  
Through misty panes and open doors,  
Rain returns to lost contours.

The canvas drips, the reel unwinds,  
The ink dissolves, yet love it finds.  
A painter's brush, a poet's line,  
A fleeting scene, a fleeting time.  
Through all, the rain will find its place—  
A whispered song, a soft embrace.

# WHERE DO I BELONG???



- *Sagun*  
BMS '27

Once upon a dream, there was a girl who walked with her head in the clouds and her feet stumbling on earth (not careless, just clumsy). Who was this girl? She was none other than me! For someone who had grown up imagining herself wielding Doraemon's Anywhere Door to escape the trickiest situations or the Time Cloth to rewind the awkward moments; landing in one of Asia's best undergraduate

B-schools felt both like a miracle and a mismatch. How could I, who believed in fairy tales and magic, the daydreamer who relied on sheer last-minute brilliance make it to the elite ranks of corporate masterminds and type-A achievers!

That's when the journey of "Where did I belong" started, I had never been sure what exactly I wanted

to do in my life! I always had a thing for Business and Management but I also rendered between my passions from one flower to another like a butterfly.

Some days, I saw myself as an actor on a stage, living a drama-filled movie life where every day brought a new challenge, a new plot twist. On other days, the thought of being a corporate business person crossed my mind - a steady,





analytical path where I could solve real-world problems. And then, there were my fashion dreams designing ensembles that made people feel like magic, envisioning myself as a creative genius in a glamorous industry. But, life planned for CBS and I ended up in a business school- a place where PowerPoint slides replaced movie scripts, case studies took precedence over costume designs and balance sheets felt like with driest drama ever written. It was a place where

my creative, chaotic spirit met a world driven by deadlines and perfection, where self-worth was directly proportional to how well you knew IPOs, valuation and Excel shortcuts. While everyone around me seemed to stride confidently towards their dreams being laser-focused, striving for flawless resumes and well-planned futures, I on the other hand, wandered to my passions from acting to business to fashion.

The whole campus buzzed with energy and I was right in the middle of it. Classes, presentations and group projects weren't the only challenges. The real chaos began

with society recruitments. I found myself juggling back to back interviews and group discussions each promising us to join an elite circle that would define my B-school identity. One day, as

I rushed from one online meet to other for interviews, I found myself seated before yet another panel.

I smiled as the interviewer asked a seemingly simple question, "Sagun, which society's interview did you give before this?" And my mind when blank, which one was it? In my rush, I had lost track. Not wanting to look clumsy or stupid, I smiled confidently and blurted out the name of the society I was currently interviewing for. The panellists exchanged glances. One of them replied with a mix of amusement and concern on their face, "Sagun... you need to calm yourself down, Do you even realize which society's interview are you giving now?" Everyone fell silent for a beat, then it hit me I had just named the society I was currently interviewing for! Embarrassed, I wished for Doraemon's Anywhere Door to vanish from the scene.

These scenes were not only one-time events; every day came up with new sorts of confusion, hope and self-reflection. Somewhere, my clumsiness seemed magnified in the clinical perfection of this college. I would trip over deadlines, fumble with numbers and even mix up societies.

Always stuck with a question in my mind," Do I even belong here? belong to this college?" Some nights, I would just silently stare at the sky and whisper "If I had magical powers or if only Doraemon could lend me a gadget, or maybe the memory bread to ace tomorrow's test.

This way, despite the chaos and missteps, a whole semester ended in this college, each day coming up with a new set of challenges but still figuring out the same question," Am I too different to belong here? Or is this a place that values someone like me? "

Slowly and gradually with time, I realised that belonging is a feeling that transcends people, places or things. It's not confined to a specified person or a place or even a group of people. Many of us wander through life questioning where we fit in, wondering if we might not belong anywhere but the truth is there is no such thing as a person who belongs to nowhere. You might not belong to anyone in college, don't feel comfortable, safe, warm and happy around anyone or any place but still at every point of time, you will find yourself being there with you.

It's fine to feel that you don't belong anywhere, but it's not fine to feel that you don't belong to yourself. So why in this corporate world, where everyone is just running after being a perfectionist, you can't be different? Just be yourself. Loving yourself for who you are, realising that the B- School journey isn't about fitting in, it's about redefining success on your own terms, it's a journey to embrace yourself, and your flaws, lean into the competition and even laugh at your clumsiness. There's no need to fit into the mould of perfection that surrounds us. Strength lies in embracing yourself and crafting your own version of success. Maybe, being different in a world obsessed with being the best isn't a weakness; it is the strength. And who knows somewhere along the way, you might end up becoming your own kind of gadget -an imaginative, imperfect and unstoppable gadget.







# WINTERS: THE SILENT STORY



- Lakshita  
BMS '27

There are many seasons across the globe. But winters hold a special place in the hearts of people. It is the season of regeneration, hope, reflection, and contentment. In most countries, winter marks the end of the year, but this end has been timelessly acknowledged and admired by several poets, writers, and thinkers.

In the works of poets like Shelley, William Wordsworth, and many more, it can be seen how the idea of winters is romanticized. Poets and writers across time have looked at winter as a symbol of hope and beauty. The winter season, which is very prominent in Western countries, has inspired several creative minds. As Shelley once said, "Poets are the unacknowledged Legislators of the world". The statement suggests how the writers advocate and beautify the world, nature and its elements. The literary works of these legislators have beautified this season by portraying its essence and elements as alive creatures. The way every element of nature is personified, plays a crucial role in bringing these elements to life and connecting them with human emotions and feelings.

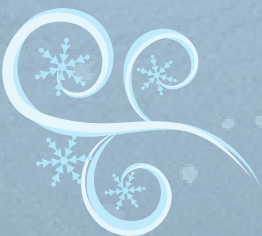
It's a time for reflection, for looking back at the year and understanding where we've been. This world in white feels like some fairy tale wherein the snow-covered mountains and freezing air make winter feel like a magical world.

But winter isn't just about beauty, it also reminds us of life's challenges, hardships, strength and gratitude as well. All these calm and still elements of this season symbolize their significance. When frozen rivers teach a lesson to be resilient, while on the other end, the falling snow and bare trees complement introspection and inner beauty. The cold air, the shorter days, and the peaceful silence outside invite us to look inward. It's a time for reflection, for looking back at the year and understanding where we've been.

In other words, winter is more than a season—it's a story involving a lot of static characters that metaphorically are dictating several factors and scenarios of life. It serves as a point of complimenting and introspecting about what's gone or is soon ending and welcoming new beginnings. It is an indirect way of

nature to guide us to reflect and then slow down to have a pause, understand where we've been and decide the direction to go in thereon.

Hence, it can be concluded that winter has been a source of motivation for people who have admired the elements of nature and tried to highlight their internal essence. Whether symbolizing introspection, resilience, or hope, winter continues to inspire writers to capture the deep connection of nature with human emotions, reminding us of the timeless beauty that can be found in life's quietest seasons.







# THE FRAGILITY OF ADORATION



- Krish Gupta  
BMS '27

The roar of the crowd, the banners held high and the chants of a star name are a testament to the love that fans show upon their heroes. Yet, this admiration often seems to have a conditional clause hidden within: "As long as you keep winning." The weight of a bigger fanbase is both a privilege and a burden as each cheer increases the pressure to perform as well as misstep enlightens under the collective gaze of thousands.

The relationship between fans and sporting icons is a blend of devotion, expectation, and at times, ruthless judgment. This dynamic is often tested when the star, once at the peak form of their respective game, experiences a dip in form. The unwavering loyalty transforms into critique, sometimes even scorn, leaving one wondering how deep fan loyalty truly runs. Sports fandom is a passionate affair. Fans invest emotionally, financially, and socially in their favourite athletes and sports stars. A part of their identity becomes connected with the star's success. When their idol triumphs, it's a collective victory. But when performance falters, the emotional investment turns sour. Slow success often attracts a fleeting, temporary fanbase, drawn more by the glamour of victory than the essence of perseverance. However, earning a truly loyal fanbase demands *kathor Tapasya* i.e. years of consistent effort, integrity, and connection. Loyal fans stand as a shield during lean patches defending their heroes with unwavering faith, unlike the supporters who vanish with the first sign of struggle.

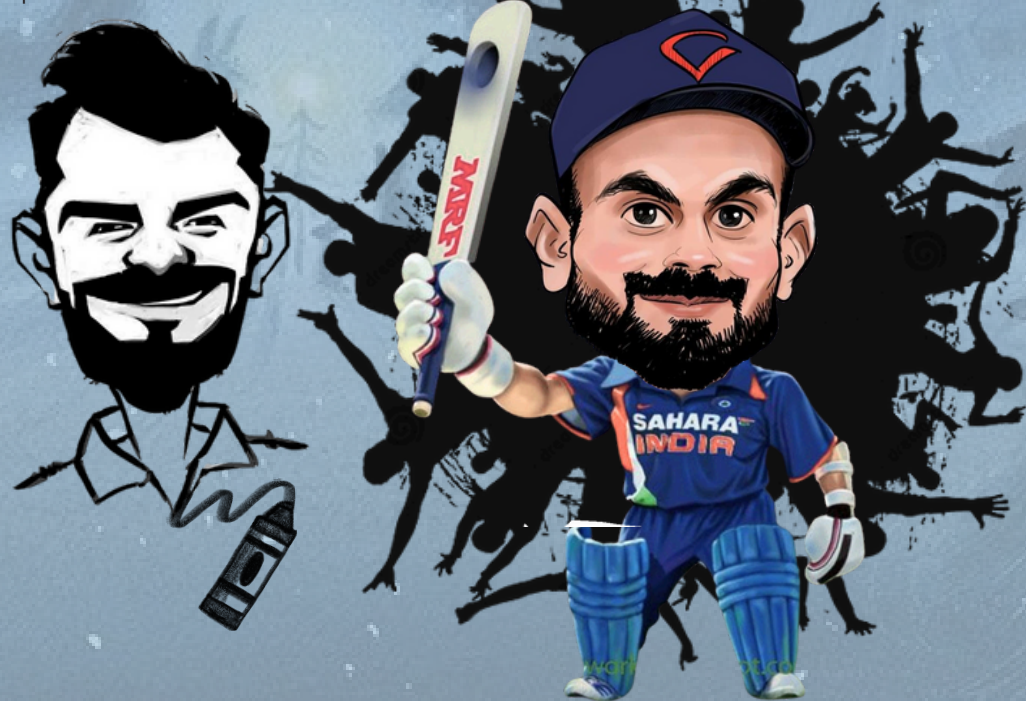
Consider the case of Indian cricketer Virat Kohli. Once hailed as the modern master of consistency, he faced a brief lean patch post covid that tested both his resilience and his fans' loyalty. Hashtags calling for his removal from the team trended, with fans seemingly forgetting his decade-

long contribution to Indian cricket. Many fans patiently waited, celebrating every moment of his journey until the long-anticipated and iconic 21st century finally arrived, reaffirming his greatness.

On the other hand, Roder Federer, one of the greatest tennis players of all time, faced an unusual phase of criticism during his slump from 2010 to 2016. After dominating the sport for nearly a decade, Federer's performance dipped as players like Rafael Nadal and Novak Djokovic began to dominate the Grand Slam scene. Many questioned whether Federer could ever reclaim his former glory, with critics speculating that his time at the top was over. Federer's incredible comeback in 2017, winning the Australian Open and Wimbledon, silenced doubters and cemented his legacy as a champion who rose above the noise with grace and determination. Media, both traditional and social, plays a significant role in shaping public opinion. While sports journalists and analysts often critique with nuance, the rise of social media has democratized opinions, often with less thought and more biased opinions.

At the level at which these sports icons are performing, they seem to don't care of these criticisms and stay focused on their game. However, behind the scenes, constant criticism can take a toll on their self worth and mental peace. No matter how confident or experienced they are, these athletes are still human, and harsh words can cause them to question their abilities and place in the sport. While they may appear unaffected on the outside, the weight of public judgment can lead them to introspect about their own identity and value, especially during times of poor performance.

The constant barrage of scrutiny creates an echo chamber of negativity. Fans, influenced by narratives spun in the media, often join the bandwagon of criticism without considering the human aspect of the athlete's journey.







Athletes, despite their superhuman achievements, are human at their core. The relentless pressure to perform and meet sky high expectations of fans takes a toll on their mental health and psychology.

Every fan takes immense pride in showcasing their idol's achievements, whether it's their impressive performance or the trophies they've won. It's a source of pride and validation, often used to silence critics and celebrate the greatness of their favourite. However, hearts are inevitably broken when things don't go as expected, and the success they once celebrated seems distant. Ironically, when a player finally manages to win a trophy or put on a great performance, the criticism temporarily fades away. But this peace is often short-lived, as the moment the athlete faces a dip in form again, the cycle of criticism starts again. It is ups and downs praise during moments of success, and harsh criticism during failure showing how quickly opinions shift and how harsh fan loyalty can be.

Naomi Osaka's decision to step away from tennis to focus on her mental health highlighted the unseen struggles faced by sporting stars. While many fans expressed empathy, others criticized her decision, accusing her of lacking resilience. Such reactions underscore the unrealistic expectations placed on athletes. Fans often forget that sporting stars have careers spanning decades and are bound to

experience slumps. Yet, the pressure to deliver consistent excellence leaves little room for error. Social media has brought fans closer to their idols than ever before, but it has also become a platform for toxicity. A single missed goal, a dropped catch, or a failed serve can trigger an avalanche of trolling. However, there is a silver lining. Social media has also allowed athletes to connect directly with their fans and share their side of the story. Stars like LeBron James and Rafael Nadal have used platforms like Twitter and Instagram to express gratitude, clarify misconceptions, and humanize themselves in the eyes of their followers.

Hate among fans often starts when their high expectations from a player are not met. When a star player doesn't perform well, the fans' disappointment can quickly turn into anger or frustration. This gets worse because of social media, where even one bad match is talked about over and over again. People's opinions are influenced by posts, memes, and even comments from others, making the negativity spread faster. At the same time, fans of different players often try to glorify their favourite while putting others down. Instead of promoting sportsmanship, this creates clashes between fan groups, turning healthy competition into unnecessary arguments. Over time, this mix of disappointment and rivalry can turn into hate, showing how easily opinions can change in today's digital world.

Over time, this disappointment can turn into hate, with some fans losing their support for the player completely. It shows how quickly fans' feelings can change, especially in today's world where opinions are shaped so easily online.

The wavering loyalty of fans raises an important question: Should admiration for an athlete be tied solely to their performance? True fandom involves celebrating the highs while standing by during the lows. Fans need to understand that behind every trophy and record lies years of hard work, sacrifice, and resilience. Athletes are not machines programmed for perfection but individuals with dreams, fears, and vulnerabilities. To foster a healthier relationship between fans and stars, there must be a shift in how we perceive sporting icons. Celebrating effort, resilience, and sportsmanship, regardless of outcomes, can create a more meaningful bond between athletes and their admirers.

The love for sports and its stars is a deeply emotional experience. It's what makes fandom special. However, it is important to remember that loyalty should not be a temporary like fair weather affair. Sport is unpredictable, and so is life. By embracing this unpredictability, fans can rediscover the joy of supporting their heroes - not just for their victories, but for the sheer passion they bring to the field. After all, true loyalty isn't tested in moments of triumph but in times of adversity.







# THE PARADOX OF SUCCESS AND FORGOTTEN GRATITUDE



- *Krishika Arora*  
BMS '27

"Chai lelo! Garam Chai!" (Have some warm tea!) said the tea vendor, sprinting through the train coach in the background while my elder cousin brother was on the video call with me. The purpose of his train voyage to Prayagraj was to participate in the Mahakumbh, which takes place once in 144 years. Most people like my brother ignore the vendors unless they have an unquenchable thirst for tea. I, too, have bounced these voices for most of my life. But adulthood changed me, it has suddenly become fascinating to me to ponder about the lives of others. After my brother ended the call, I found myself thinking about the hardships and dreams of this particular vendor. No person would want to make a living out of shouting the same phrase while sprinting through numerous train coaches, racing against the time of departure unless the circumstances had forced him to. It can be easily concluded that people like them would do anything to be able to live a life where they can afford a journey to witness a once-in-144-years opportunity without worrying about earning the daily bread for their loved ones. In other words, the tea vendor may dream to earn enough to be able to travel to Devprayag like the passengers in the train coach, one of them being my brother.

He returned from the trip and reached us at 6 a.m., after a tiring journey of 7+ hours, 3 metro changes and the mandatory banter with the owner of the E-Rickshaw on the '5-sawari-however-long-it-takes' rule. My aunt offered him a glass of water and he said "Thank God we have the facility of drinking 'water at home'".

Seeing us confused, he told us that he felt the desperate need to have water right when he reached the Sangam. He realised he hadn't had a proper meal or water the whole day. He found a shop whose shopkeeper became a messiah by selling the highly overpriced Bisleri bottle. There, my brother quenched his thirst and felt exhaustion leave his body. His organs were satisfied to the extent they compelled him to tip the shopkeeper an extra 10 bucks.

Following this, we heard another story of a train co-passenger of his who has 40 factories all over India. My brother is very fond of hearing from people who have achieved relatively greater things than him. He says these stories inspire him to hitch his wagon to the star. Then he made the work calls, the routine complaints and

the perpetual urgent call made him scoot to work.

The irony in all of this was that he forgot to be grateful for the intangible "water at home"- the security and financial stability he has compared to the tea vendor. Instead, he was fueled by the factory owner to keep hustling.

Human beings have two attributes by nature. One, they forget what they have achieved. Two, they always feel the need to conquer what is unachieved. This is the root cause of dissatisfaction in their lives. They need to be reminded that they have what was either a dream of their past selves, or what some other humans dream. One cannot always rely on life for this reminder. Life cannot keep making you thirsty for you to consider







the value of water. It is you who needs to remind yourself.

This reminder can be made by switching the perspective. By being open to the surroundings. By shifting the focus from the factory owner co-passenger to the tea vendor.

As I was in the middle of discovering these twofold attributes of human nature and the benefit of introspection, I realised that I myself was no less but trapped in this paradox. To quote specifically, I remember looking up to one senior in school who cracked CUET. I fantasized that once I crack an entrance exam, I would be relieved of any academic stress. That juniors might look up to me like some icon. This is the case for most of us. We often glorify our dreams to the extent they become kind of unreal.

Coming back to me, what should have followed after my admission in CBS is me being grateful for being the student of a reputed college. I should have been content with the fact that I achieved what I once dreamt of. On the contrary, nothing is such. I feel I am constantly in this race to prove one thing or the other to myself. My happiness is subject to external factors on most days. I glorified the success, in my case, me entering CBS to the extent that I thought I could not be happy until then. While this glorification is crucial for motivation to achieve a dream, one must understand that success can never be the reason for happiness. I have realised that the belief that success brings happiness fosters dissatisfaction and hampers performance. Gratitude can be the reason for happiness and consequently the reason for success.

Like everybody says, CBS is a roller coaster experience. You try, you fail, you win. You may face the downs on some days such as getting a lower CGPA than you expected. You may face the ups like cracking that internship or case competition. But don't let the worry of the future hover over your mind. Don't forget any past win no matter how small it seems and be grateful for every try. You will naturally find yourself succeeding.

So dear CBSites, if CBS ever makes you feel trapped in this paradox like me, remember that seeing the Bull and Bear statue was and is a dream of many. Out of the many, only some have witnessed it come true. Only the youtube search history has now changed from "how to get in SSCBS" to "how to crack internship/CAT?" I wonder what the next search would say!

## WHISPERS OF THE WINTER



- Araw Raj  
BMS '27

**Snow descends in silken grace,  
A sight to behold, a sight to embrace,  
Each flake is unique, unknown,  
A beautiful white quilt, softly sown.**

**The wind whispers songs, both fierce and mild,  
Even the grown ups and elderly become child,  
Blanket wrap, and hands hold tight,  
Against the chill of endless night.**

**Beneath the tree with it's branches bare,  
The world look different in frosted air.  
The silence utter words, the cold feels new,  
A season of love, which is pure and true.**







# THE FIRST STORYTELLERS



- Ramish Khan  
BMS '25

Think of it, *The First Storytellers*. What comes to your mind? For each of us, the image is mismatched. The Greeks often emerge as the pioneers of storytelling in my imagination, with their intricate tales of gods, demigods, and mortals drawn into the divine drama. Their literature introduced me to characters who were larger than life yet deeply humane. As I delved deeper into Greek society and their stories, I realized how seamlessly their myths blend the supernatural with the mortal. For the longest time, I thought religion was the first custodian of stories and perhaps it still holds that place.

Our childhood memories are often intertwined with stories rooted in religion. Whether it's hearing tales from the Ramayana, the Bible, or the Quran, we are introduced to narratives that shape our understanding of the world. Parents, in particular, become the very first storytellers for many of us. They answer our endless questions with stories that, while not always truthful, are crafted to satisfy our curiosity and imagination. Take, for instance, the classic response to the inevitable "Where do babies come from?" My mother once told me, "Farishte aake ladki ke pet mein baby de jaate hai, nikaah ki raat ko" (*angels come from heaven gift the woman a baby on the wedding night*). It's a tale so universal in its absurdity that it's almost comforting.

We believe these stories, never questioning them, until one day we start to do.

What sets apart the great storytellers? Is it a gift, or is it a skill honed through time and practice? We all know someone who tells stories so vividly that they transport us to places we've never been. It's a rare gift to make someone *feel* through words, and sometimes, as in the movie *Stanley Ka Dabba* (highly recommended), it's a sense of lacking that fuels this ability. The protagonist, a young boy, weaves captivating tales that enchant his classmates and even some of his teachers. His stories stem from his life's emptiness, but in filling that void, he creates something beautiful. If we think factually, the first storytellers couldn't have existed before the invention of paper or papyrus, credited to the Egyptians. Their hieroglyphs, however, remain partially undeciphered, leaving their stories incomplete to us. The earliest reliable stories we have come from preserved manuscripts and texts, often in languages long forgotten.

But even these texts raise questions. Take Socrates, the supposed father of philosophy. Some doubt whether he was a single person or a composite of ideas penned by his student, Plato. Yet we trust these stories, embracing them as absolute truths without ever questioning their origins. Why do we do that? Perhaps because stories offer us meaning and coherence in an open world. They give us a framework to understand ourselves, others, and the mysteries that surround us.

Here's the paradox: the first storytellers are not external figures like the Greeks, the Egyptians, or even Socrates. The first storytellers are ourselves. From the moment we begin to perceive the world, we start constructing narratives to make sense of it. Every time we observe, reflect, or interpret, we are telling ourselves a story. But what if we become more intentional about the stories we tell ourselves? What if we view ourselves as characters in an ever-evolving tale, capable of growth, redemption, and triumph? By telling ourselves better stories, we can transform not just how we see the world, but how we live in it.

We learn to communicate by revising the stories we are told and weaving them into our own experiences. Every memory, every encounter, becomes a part of the story we carry within us. Our lives are a tapestry of these threads—some inherited, some created, and some endlessly reinterpreted.

In the end, storytelling is not just an art or a skill. It is the essence of being human. We live through stories, and in doing so, we create them. The first storytellers are not a distant past—they are us, here and now, shaping and reshaping the world with every tale we tell.

So, I leave you with this. *Every story changes you and gets changed on reaching you. It takes on a new life and gives you a new thread.* Weave well, my friends, this thread of life, to make a garment of your choice—a tapestry that is uniquely yours, yet stitched from the countless tales that surround us.







# GEOPOLITICS GONE WILD: WHEN NATIONS GET SILLY



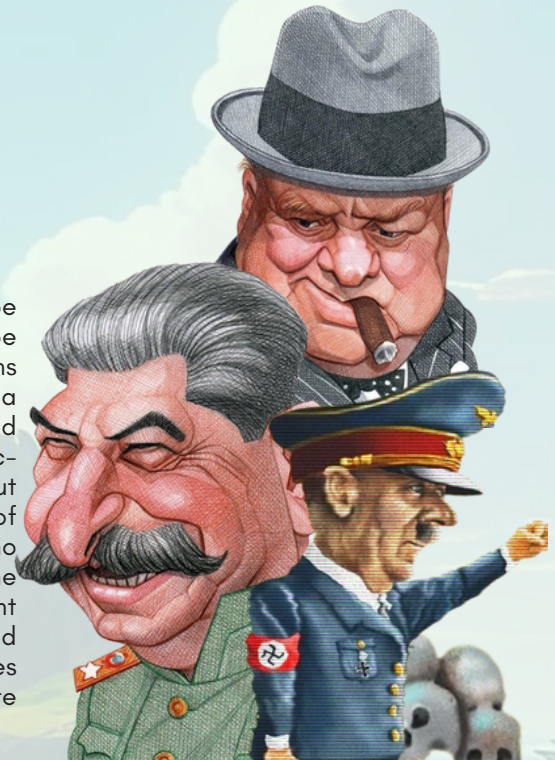
- Pritam Gangopadhyay  
BFA '27

The international confrontations covered by the biased media today indicate abled democracies or tyrannies of the future. The act of aggression, in lieu of vengeance for cultures, religions, tribes, creeds, and customs, is far away from being inflicted by hatred for their parallels. Rather, by a deliberate circle of influence and power, they perceive this event as an OPPORTUNITY to manoeuvre the course of upcoming events to their own favour. To put a term to this game of influence and prominence through geographical gains that eventually translates to strategic, economic, and political yields is GEOPOLITICS. For a civilisation to exist, all it needed was a territory, access to water, and people. As the ages passed, the complexities of the choice of these basic needs evolved. Territories needed to be of favourable terrain to not just cater to settlements but agriculture, hunting, and connectivity too. The use of water was not just limited to drinking needs but also for irrigation, sanitation, and trade. People were no more just people, but rather divided into a role-specific societal structure that formed the workforce.

These parameters, even today, denote the prosperity of a civilisation, and every emissary or liaison's effort to achieve such goals through dialogues, negotiations, mediations, and treaties results in a global turmoil of relationship affairs between the nations, which sometimes are so severe that they end up in violence. However, geopolitics is not always so sombre and serious; sometimes, it can be quite zany and amusing. For example, did you know that Afghanistan wasn't always a landlocked country until the 18th century, when the sea coast of the Gwadar region fell to the Sultan of Oman and was later bought by

Pakistan in 1958? Or, wouldn't it be strange for a territory to be administered by two different nations which fought against each other in a war? Well, something similar did happen. 'Neutral Moresnet,' a zinc-rich territory, was created and put under the joint administration of Prussia and the Netherlands, who once fought against each other in the Battle of Waterloo. This arrangement lasted for almost a century until World War I. This unusual history illustrates how economic interests can create geopolitical anomalies.

Sometimes the claim over a territory between two countries lacks any economic interest for either party; still, there is a contested claim over it for various reasons. In the 1970s, New Moore Island (India) and South Talpatti Island (Bangladesh) emerged due to sediment deposits from the Ganges-Brahmaputra delta. Both nations claimed the tiny island, which lacked any significant resources. However, this unsettled claim was settled by nature in the 2000s, when this island submerged due to rising water levels. Sometimes the settlements aren't this peaceful and can lead to a lot of military build-up for the silliest reasons. In 1859, the U.S. and Britain were locked in a border dispute over the San Juan Islands in the Pacific Northwest. The conflict escalated when an American settler found a British-owned pig rooting in his garden. Frustrated, he shot the pig. The pig's owner demanded compensation, but the American refused, claiming the pig was trespassing. Tensions escalated, and both nations sent troops to the island. However, despite so much of this military build-up, there was no casualty, of course, except the pig. Soldiers reportedly fraternized, sharing drinks and laughs while their commanders argued.



The above examples of man vs. nature at least didn't have any serious impacts, but this one took a hit at the army's reputation. In 1932, after World War I, Australian soldiers were tasked with controlling an exploding emu population that was destroying crops in Western Australia. Armed with machine guns, soldiers launched a campaign to cull the birds. However, the emus, with their speed and agility, easily evaded the military's efforts. Newspapers mocked the military's failure, and the government eventually abandoned the campaign. To this day, the "Emu War" remains a running joke in Australia about man vs. nature.

The deadliest enemy of man is no one else but the same man drunk. In 1788, Austrian forces were camped near the town of Karansebes, preparing to fight the Ottoman Empire. Some soldiers went to buy schnapps from local merchants, got drunk, and started arguing. Shots were fired, and the drunken soldiers panicked, believing the Ottomans were attacking. Chaos spread as the rest of the army joined the "battle" against itself. By morning, hundreds were dead or injured, and the Ottomans found the Austrians defeated by their own drunken antics.





The process of war is not very conventional, yet not spontaneous. It goes through a variety of stages before turning into a full-blown war, but on August 27, 1896, the Anglo-Zanzibar War broke out when the Sultan of Zanzibar refused British demands to abdicate. The British Navy bombarded the Sultan's palace, destroying it in less than 40 minutes. The Sultan fled, and the war was over before most people in Zanzibar even realized it had begun. The war's brevity and lopsided outcome make it a historical footnote that's hard not to chuckle at.

In the grand theater of geopolitics, the boundary between strategy and absurdity is often blurred. While history is littered with serious confrontations fueled by power, resources, and influence, the peculiar tales of pigs, emus, and drunken armies remind us that human folly is never far from the stage. These anecdotes, amusing as they may be, underscore a deeper truth: the pursuit of dominance, whether over territories, resources, or ideals, has always shaped the course of civilizations—sometimes with unintended, laughable consequences.

Yet, these quirks also serve as a lens through which we can better understand the complexities of global affairs today. The same forces of influence, negotiation, and conflict continue to play out, albeit on an even larger and more interconnected scale. As we look to the future, it becomes evident that geopolitics is as much about the serious as it is about the surprising, revealing the enduring—and often unpredictable—nature of human ambition and interaction.

## SEASONS OF OUR HEART



- Sukhraen Makhija  
BMS '27

**When blossoms bloom and skies turn blue,  
The world feels fresh, emotions too.  
Hope springs forth with every ray,  
Chasing winter's cold away.**

**The sun blazes high, the days are long,  
Hearts beat fast, with a vibrant song.  
Joy and love in the golden light,  
But tempers flare in heat of night.**

**Leaves fall softly, gold and red,  
A quiet calm fills hearts instead.  
We think of time, the things we've done,  
As sunsets fade and days are gone.**

**Frosty winds and skies of grey,  
Wrap our hearts in cold dismay.  
Yet fires burn to keep us warm,  
And love sustains through winter's storm.**

**From spring to winter, round they go,  
Emotions speak out, and then they grow.  
The weather speaks, our hearts reply,  
As nature's mirror reflects the sky.**





# THE VOICE OF CBS

Welcome to the most **CBS-centric section** of this newsletter—where the essence of Shaheed Sukhdev College of Business Studies is captured, dissected, and served with just the right amount of spice! **Why this section, you ask?** Because CBS isn't just a college; it's a phenomenon.

This section is all about unveiling those hidden sides of our professors, exploring their college experiences. **And the best part?** Just to spice things up, we've kept the professors' names a **secret** due to some genuine concerns—so you'll have to read closely to guess who's behind these intriguing stories! Let's be honest, who wouldn't want to keep some mystery around the people who shape our futures? In the interviews, we uncover surprising and relatable stories from our professors' college days.

You'll also find seasonal playlists to set the mood for every time of year. Curious yet? Dive in!







# “YOUNG LOVE CAN BE SO DRAMATIC.”

## – A PROFESSOR’S REFLECTION ON RELATIONSHIPS IN COLLEGE

**Interviewer:** Thank you so much for joining me, Professor. Let’s dive right into what was your college experience like, academically speaking.

**Professor:** Happy to be here! Well, to be honest, I was never particularly outstanding when it came to studies. I was more of an “average” student. I put in enough effort to get satisfactory grades, but I can’t say I was one to spend hours buried in books.

**Interviewer:** That’s so refreshing to hear! Most of us feel the same way, to be honest. Did you have any memorable professors during your time?

**Professor:** Oh, absolutely. **One of the most iconic professors I had was none other than N.D. Vohra.** He taught us statistics, and he was brilliant. The funny thing is, I hear you all still study from his textbooks, don’t you?

**Interviewer:** Yes, we do! That’s amazing. I can’t believe you actually studied under him. His books are practically sacred to us.

**Professor:** *(Laughs)* Well, he was just as incredible in person. I still remember how passionate he was about the subject. Him, along with my finance professor, played a big part in influencing my personality development and teaching style as a professor. They were practically my idols! Though, I have to admit, I wasn’t the best student in his class— I was far more invested in what was happening outside the classroom.

**Interviewer:** Speaking of which, I’d love to hear more about your personal life during college. What was it like?

**Professor:** Now we’re talking! My college life was vibrant, to say the least. I had a pretty active social life, and let’s just say there was

never a dull moment. I even had my first relationship during those years.

**Interviewer:** That sounds interesting! Tell me more about it.

**Professor:** Oh, it was quite the whirlwind. My first relationship lasted exactly 46 days. We broke up after a bit of drama— a cheating scandal, can you believe it? **Young love can be so dramatic.** Looking back, it’s honestly hilarious how intense it all seemed at the time.

**Interviewer:** *(Laughs)* “Intense” is certainly the right word to sum up my experience as a fresher. College relationships can be so unpredictable.

**Professor:** They really are. At the time, it felt like the end of the world, but now it’s just a funny memory. Balancing social commitments and academics was definitely a challenge, though. I had my fair share of struggles trying to juggle it all.

**Interviewer:** That’s something we all struggle with. What would you say was the most valuable thing you took away from your college years?

**Professor:** College was a truly transformative phase for me. It wasn’t just about the lectures or the grades— it was about the people I met and the lessons I learned. I learned how to differentiate between the good and the bad, and I picked up some essential life skills that have stayed with me to this day. It was a time of growth, mistakes, and self-discovery, and I wouldn’t trade it for anything.

**Interviewer:** That’s so beautifully put. It’s comforting to know that even our professors went through the same ups and downs we’re experiencing now.

**Professor:** Absolutely. College is a rollercoaster ride, but it’s also one of the most influential periods of your life. Cherish it, because it goes by faster than you think.







# “MA’AM, KOI SHORTCUT BATA DO” : A PROFESSOR’S GUIDE TO SURVIVING CBS

**Interviewer:** How can students maintain a healthy balance between their academic, extracurricular, and personal lives?

**Professor:** Balancing these aspects is key, especially in college where you’re learning to juggle everything for the first time. CBS students are typically very ambitious and focused, which can sometimes make them lose sight of family, friends, and personal well-being. It’s really important to prioritize mental and physical health. For outstation students, this might be the first time they’re managing everything on their own, including meals and routines. Unlike at home, where a parent might take care of you, here you have to learn how to keep yourself healthy.

If you ever feel overwhelmed, it’s okay to take a step back. You don’t need to do it all. Focus on quality over quantity. If you’re highly academic, look for societies that complement your studies so that you’re growing in parallel, rather than pulling yourself in too many directions. And don’t forget to have some fun—whether that’s through a hobby, sports, music, or something relaxing. It’s all about keeping your mood light and managing stress.

**Interviewer:** What about peer pressure? How can freshers handle that?

**Professor:** Peer pressure is everywhere, not just among students but even among teachers and professionals. It’s easy to feel like you’re not doing enough when you see others doing so much. But it’s important to remind yourself that everyone has their path. Freshers should focus on building their confidence and not get bogged down by comparisons. The kids you

see excelling are not superhuman; they’ve just found their rhythm, and you will too.

**Take inspiration from those around you, but don’t feel you need to compete at every turn.**

Your journey is your own, and there’s no single path to success or happiness. It’s not about racing others; it’s about doing what’s right for you, learning along the way, and staying true to your own goals and values. Life isn’t just about ticking off achievements or calculating profit and loss; it’s about living it fully, with all its ups and downs.

**Interviewer:** How have the recent batches of students changed compared to the older ones, especially with the transition from old to new campus buildings, and how would you describe the overall culture at CBS?

**Professor:** CBS has a distinct culture, especially in terms of academics and the student-teacher relationship. Compared to other colleges, CBS is consistent with classes, and teachers are dedicated to attending and evaluating students regularly. The college is also proactive about placements, with continuous efforts to prepare students for interviews and professional challenges. The transition from the old to the new campus buildings reflects a shift from traditional to modern. Yet the core spirit of CBS—its commitment to academics, continuous evaluation, and the strong focus on placements—remains strong. It’s reassuring that as things evolve, some traditions and connections endure.

Over the years, there has been a noticeable shift in student attitudes and overall culture at CBS. Compared to the 90s and early

2000s, today’s students are more casual in their interactions, even with teachers. Previously, there was a more formal dynamic—students were often hesitant to approach teachers directly and showed respect through traditional gestures like touching feet or formal greetings. Now, students prefer more casual greetings, seeing them as modern and fitting.

While the gap between students and teachers has lessened, it’s still important to maintain respect and recognize the boundaries that come with these roles. Even as relationships become friendlier, understanding these differences remains crucial.

Additionally, the approach to the overall college experience has changed. Earlier batches had a stronger connection to the core values of respect and ethics, which are vital in the professional world. Today, some of these values appear to be fading, influenced by a more modern, fast-paced environment. However, it’s encouraging that many students still keep strong ties with their teachers, celebrating achievements and maintaining connections long after they leave CBS.







## “I ACTUALLY CLIMBED OVER THE COLLEGE WALL JUST TO ATTEND THE CLASS!” – A PROFESSOR’S MOST UNUSUAL COLLEGE MEMORY

**Interviewer:** Thank you for taking the time to speak with me today, Professor. To start with, could you tell us how your college experience shaped your career?

**Professor:** My pleasure! College played a monumental role in shaping who I am today. My professors were a tremendous source of inspiration. They didn’t just teach me subjects; they taught me how to think critically and approach life with curiosity. Many of them are the reason I pursued academia, and I’m still in touch with a few to this day.

**Interviewer:** That’s incredible. It must be inspiring for your students to know that their professor was once deeply inspired by her own teachers. Now, shifting gears a little– what were your college days like? Were you as studious back then as you are dedicated to your work now?

**Professor:** *(Laughing)* I was definitely a serious student– perhaps a little too serious! I was in an honours course, so academics took up a lot of my time. My college wasn’t exactly known for extracurricular activities, but there was always something happening, especially in the form of student campaigns and political mobilizations.

**Interviewer:** That’s fascinating! I can’t imagine a college life like that. Could you share more about these campaigns?

**Professor:** Oh, they were quite something. Students were very vocal about issues they cared about, and these campaigns often led to large gatherings on campus. The energy was electric– sometimes too much so, as it wasn’t uncommon for the police to get involved to manage the crowds. It was a different time, and there was a lot of passion among students to bring about change.

**Interviewer:** That sounds so exciting, especially compared to how things are now. Did you ever take part in those campaigns?

**Professor:** *(Smiling)* Not really. I was so focused on my studies that I stayed away from most of them. In fact, I remember this one time when a huge campaign had mobilized right outside the college gates, and the professors decided to continue with their lectures as usual. I was so worried about attendance that I actually climbed over the college’s boundary walls just to make it to class!

**Interviewer:** Wait– you climbed over the college walls just to attend class?

**Professor:** *(Laughing)* Yes, I did! It sounds absurd now, but at the time, it didn’t seem like such a big deal. I suppose I was a little too dedicated to my attendance record. Looking back, it’s one of those memories that makes me laugh at how serious I was.

**Interviewer:** That’s such a unique story– it really shows how committed

you were. Do you ever regret not participating more in those campaigns?

**Professor:** Not at all. I think everyone has their own way of experiencing college. Mine was through academics, and while I might have missed out on some aspects, I made lifelong friends and cherished memories. I’m still in touch with many of my friends and even some of my professors from those days. So no regrets– just fond memories.

**Interviewer:** That’s lovely to hear. It’s heartening to know that even though college might seem stressful, it’s also a time to build meaningful connections and lasting memories. Finally, do you have any advice for students who are navigating their own college journeys today?

**Professor:** My advice would be to strike a balance. College is a time for learning, not just academically but about life in general. Whether it’s participating in campaigns, joining clubs, or simply spending time with friends, make sure you take it all in. These years pass quickly, and they’re truly some of the most formative years of your life.







# SEASON-THEMED PLAYLISTS

**SUMMER*****Queue in the summer anthems***

1. it boy - bbno\$
2. 365 - Charli xcx
3. Bye Bye Bye- NSYNC
4. Not Like Us - Kendrick Lamar
5. Pump It - Black Eyed Peas
6. ...Baby One More Time - Britney Spears

**WINTER*****Chicken soup for the soul***

1. Stormy Weather - Etta James
2. Mrs Magic - Strawberry Guy
3. Snowman - Sia
4. Here Comes The Sun - The Beatles
5. Home - Sigger
6. Are You Lonesome Tonight? - Elvis Presley

**SPRING*****Within all of us lies a dreamer***

1. Brooklyn Babe - Lana Del Ray
2. far from love - jondre
3. Kiss Me - Sixpence None The Richer
4. There She Goes - The La's
5. Be My Baby - The Ronettes
6. Falling Behind - Laufey

**AUTUMN*****For long drives through the fall foliage***

1. Foolmuse - Peter Cat Recording Co.
2. The Great Pretender - The Platters
3. Paper Bag - Fiona Apple
4. Take Five - The Dave Brubeck Quartet
5. ARE WE STILL FRIENDS? - Tyler, The Creator
6. The Less I Know The Better - Tate Impala



## Open Call for the 10th Edition!

We're gearing up for our **10th Edition** — a **special CBS-only edition** that celebrates everything that makes our college unique. We want **YOU** to be a part of this special milestone!

Whether it's an article, a poem, an opinion piece, artwork, or any creative piece that represents your CBS journey! — **We Want to Hear From YOU!**

Let's make the **10th edition** of The CBS Post a collection of **YOUR stories.**

**Deadline: 1 March, 2025**

**Send your submissions to: [newsletter@scbsdu.ac.in](mailto:newsletter@scbsdu.ac.in)**