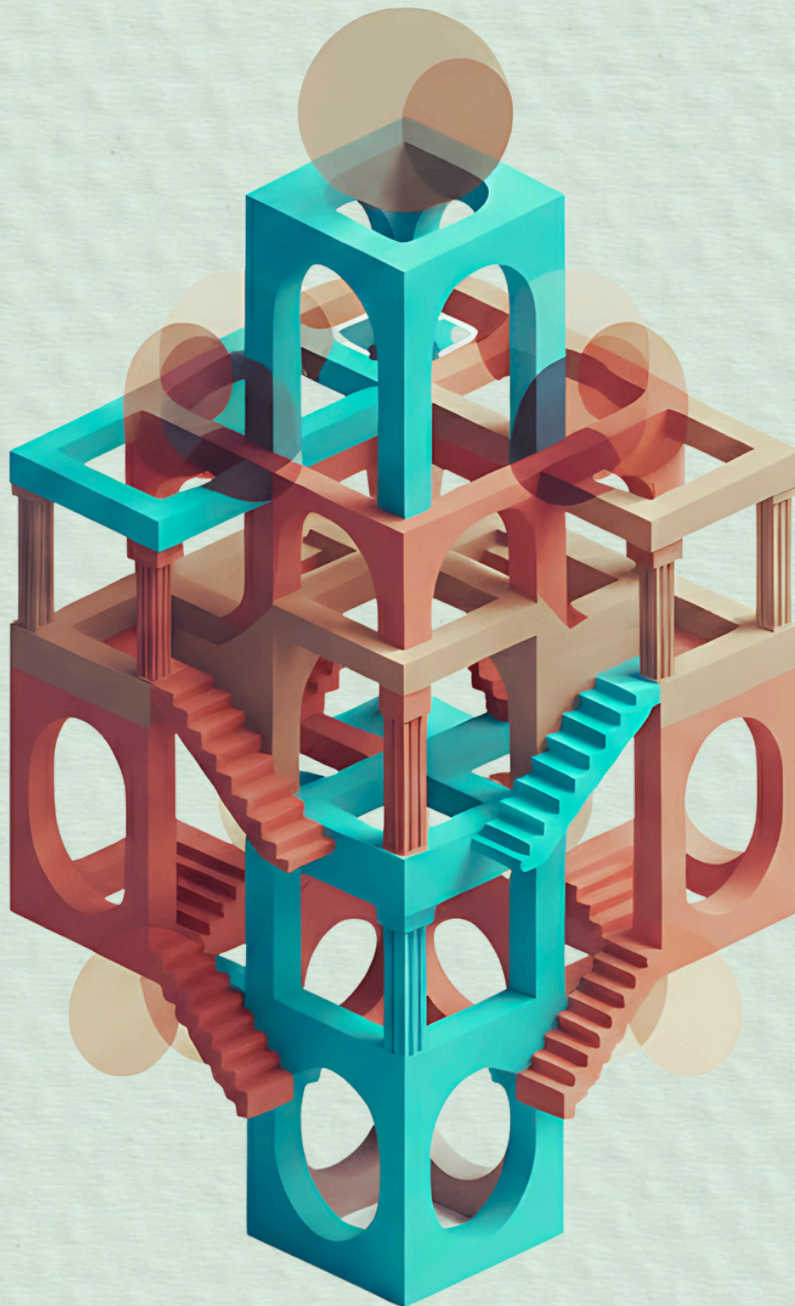


#XI

 **The CBS Post**

NAZARIYA



It's not about what you see but how you see

Menu

APPETIZERS

END OR BEGINNING

A poetic reflection on hope, aspirations, and the cycle of life's beginnings and endings

THE REAL WIN

Subtle victories woven in soft verses celebrating connection beyond the noise

ENTRÉES

QUIET RESILIENCE

Celebrating the calm strength found in authentic bonds and unspoken truths

DO WE EVEN KNOW OURSELVES

A thought-provoking exploration of self-perception and the unexpected insights others hold about us

BEHIND THAT ANONYMOUS TAG

A hidden history brought to light, celebrating voices too often overlooked

A ROOM THAT REMEMBERS ME

The memoir of a part of childhood

MAIN COURSE

DANGEROUS MYTH

A complex critique of our obsession with 'progress,' asking if the future we're building is kind, or just new

SELECTIVE MORALITY

An incisive commentary on contradictions and cultural complexities

REDEFINING PROGRESS

Reflecting on growth's pace and the significance of every small step

INTERNSHIP SEASON

A glimpse into the rhythms and realities behind a defining college experience

STATIONS AND SOULS

A gentle metro-ride observation, and the quiet perspectives found between stations

DESSERT

A Sweet Surprise: It's there if you go there

APPETIZERS

short, poetic bites to begin your feast of perspective

END OR BEGINNING



Curated by -Araw Raj

The earth is the mother of hope,
The earth is every journey's rest, beloved.
The sky is a dream within every heart,
The sky is the infinite quest, beloved.
Death casts its shadow on all,
Yet death is where beginnings dwell, beloved.

You win in life,
when you find people you
wouldn't mind looking absolutely insane with,
even when the world is watching.

Because winning might not take as
much as you might think.
Sometimes, it's softer.
It's one classmate who laughs too hard,
one senior who checks in,
one tuition friend who shares notes and secrets,
one roommate who feels like home,
or one college memory that stays forever.

That's a win too.

THE REAL WIN

Curated by - Aanya





ENTRÉES

A Selection of Savory Perspectives, Crafted to Be Chewed On

QUIET RESILIENCE

Curated by — Aanya

In the hustle of deadlines, goals, promotions, grades, and likes, “winning” often gets mistaken for something loud, something grand. We chase big milestones because that’s what we’re taught winning looks like. Loud, shiny, public or perfect.

But life doesn’t always reward us with grand gestures. Sometimes, it offers something quieter, softer. Sometimes, it looks like comfort. Like safety. Like being yourself without needing to explain it. Something that isn’t easy to post about or capture in a story. And that’s exactly where the real victories live.

You win in life when you can

sit with someone and be your complete, unfiltered self, no script, no mask, no pressure to be impressive. When your laughter is too loud, your jokes don’t land, your emotions spill over and the person next to you doesn’t flinch. They stay.

It’s not about standing at the top, it’s about who’s standing beside you.

Winning doesn’t always mean standing on top of a podium. Sometimes, it means just making it through a tough week with someone who understands your sigh without asking questions.

It means knowing there’s someone who checks in on you, not out of habit, but out of care.

In a world obsessed with speed,

having someone slow down for you is rare. Having people who embrace your weirdness and not just tolerate it is even rarer.

You don’t need a hundred friends, a perfect life or a five-year plan that works out exactly as imagined. Sometimes, all you need is someone who really sees you and doesn’t walk away.

So, if you have even one connection where you feel understood, where you can be chaotic, quiet, emotional, excited all in one day and still be accepted;

Pause it.

Feel it.

Because you’ve already won in ways the world doesn’t measure.

DO WE EVEN KNOW OURSELVES?

Curated by — Kanav Bajaj

Many times, people ask us, “who are you?”, in interviews, during college introductions or a random stranger just comes up to us and bombards this question. The funny thing is, they expect us to answer this instantly in no time as if we have been longing to answer this brilliant question. And they are not wrong, after all who knows us better than we do?

But do we really? No need to rack your brain, I’ll save you time.

Research suggests that coworkers or classmates are better at

predicting what we will do next. Yeah, it’s true! Well you may argue that “How can someone else predict me, when i can’t even predict myself?” and by all means I’ll give it to you. But we need to understand that we all overestimate how well we understand ourselves. I mean we all have our blind spots. We judge ourselves by our past experiences, early labels that other people gave us like “you are shy”, “you are smart” etc.

These tend to stay with us even if they stop being true. In my childhood, I was labelled as “the quiet one” and I was. What do you expect a 7 year old to talk

talk about? So anyways, I still used to think that I am an introvert and I used to avoid phone calls like I was allergic to them, even with my relatives. Until recently, I found a new confidence (I don’t know how and from where I got this confidence).

I realized I can talk to anyone as long as he is a stranger, I can say anything to them because who cares and why not? What’s the worst that can happen....

Seems like a personality change, isn’t it?

So here’s some food for thought : if everything, like your food



tastes, friend group, habits, goals etc. change, it is still "you". The person you were when you were 10 years old is not the same person who got admission in SSCBS.

So... What's the answer? I don't know. And maybe that's the whole point. Instead of locking ourselves in one version of who

we think we are, let's give ourselves a chance to explore different things. College can help a lot in this. When you are not surrounded by people you have known your entire life, you can do whatever you want.

Try to explore new things, discover hidden talents and basically hit reset. This can help shape and create a version of

ourselves that we didn't even know existed. This can be exciting and scary. The thought, "what if I am not who I always thought I was" can hit hard. If you're still figuring it out, it's completely okay. you don't have to have your life laid down as an 18,19 year old. No one really does.

BEHIND THAT ANONYMOUS TAG

Curated by - Hrishita

One day, scrolling through my Instagram, I came across a post about how, without Mileva Maric, there is a chance we might have not have even known Albert Einstein's name, or how she had significant contributions to Einstein's work but received no mention of it by Einstein.

Then there was the story of Olivia Wilde, who was mistreated by her husband, but when she died, her husband's people still wanted his surname on her tombstone. There are countless instances, and observations of how women were not given their credit for their inventions and discoveries, instead were made to be hidden behind a tag of an anonymous person or were simply forgotten. And I recently came across a term that defined this: "Female erasure, the act of minimizing or ignoring the contributions and experiences of women throughout history".

Female erasure is the practice of erasing women from historical narratives, minimizing their roles in important and iconic events, or blatantly attributing their work to men.

This practice of women getting the short end of the stick

unfortunately continues to this day. From basic hygiene products for women costing more than affordable amount due to the pink tax, to the abortion bills passing on global political platforms being decided and promoted majorly by the male dominated thought processes, without any consent from the women getting directly affected by them. Society and the political atmosphere are still practicing newer ways to sideline women. It was just recently that I have discovered that it was women who were behind the invention of the GPS, the windshield wipers, and the rear view mirrors found in almost every automobile model today, I learned this through a "ford for men" car ad where all the features invented or popularized by women were absent, making the automobile a driving accident waiting to happen. It was humorous, though, an impressive ad capable of putting things into perspective for the viewer, showing how convenient car travel has become because of all these inventions.

By the way, in case, you're not intimidated by a little brilliance and would like to know the iconic women behind these essential features, allow me the honour of introducing them. The woman

credited with the invention of windshield wiper is Mary Anderson. For the GPS technology, crucial contributions were made by Gladys West as the GPS was made on the basis of her work on mathematical modeling of the Earth's shape and satellite geodesy. As for rear view mirrors their use were popularized by Dorothy Levitt in her 1909 book.

All these are talks of inventions and big things, but women face erasure in their everyday lives from sexist and unintelligent questions being asked by interviewers at sports conferences for female athletes, to female judges getting talked over by their male colleagues on business pitching shows. Sidelineing women and minimizing their presence, voices, and opinions is something that occurs so inherently in the functioning of society that even women themselves often fail to notice that something like this is happening.

Irrespective of the field that a woman may be in, erasure of women follows the same patterns, men trying to restrict the space that women deserve and have their rights to. Until that changes, the erasure of women from what they have earned will continue.



There is a bold need for many multi-dimensional changes in the society's mindset, of the political environment with regards to how women are perceived and how they are treated.

women making decisions with respect to how they get to live their lives, with them being the major stakeholders in any women's safety and health related political move being made.

glimpses of hope that the world is changing in that aspect when I stumble upon instances of women standing up for their rights and others joining them, but the need for change is too great for us to settle for small wins for too long.

There is a desperate necessity for

Though I do end up seeing small

A ROOM THAT REMEMBERS ME

Curated by - Krishika

There are some places that remain etched in our memories forever, and for me, one such place is my grandparents' room. There is something about anything that is associated with the grandparents that just hits "home". Even harder when they've passed away. All my childhood, I have felt an unusual sense of calm and curiosity entering this room. Nostalgia was sprinkled like the tiny dotted flowers did on my white bedsheet. This ceiling with one brown fan that has surrounded us with the best breeze since the age we gained consciousness, has now converted to me and my brother's "study space", with books scattered on a shelf, a laptop with multiple chrome tabs open lying on the table and pens tired of solving the same monotonous questions.

The walls are of pale cream tiles. I still remember my grandmother pointing to the tiny basket of fruits embedded on the tiles of the kitchen and teaching me what a "tokri" meant.

When I was in fourth grade, I showed a drawing I made with pencil colours for my grandfather and he pasted it on the wall. My little brother and two cousins maybe got their first inspirations & showed my grandfather their

A4 sized bundles of joy and the story didn't stop here.

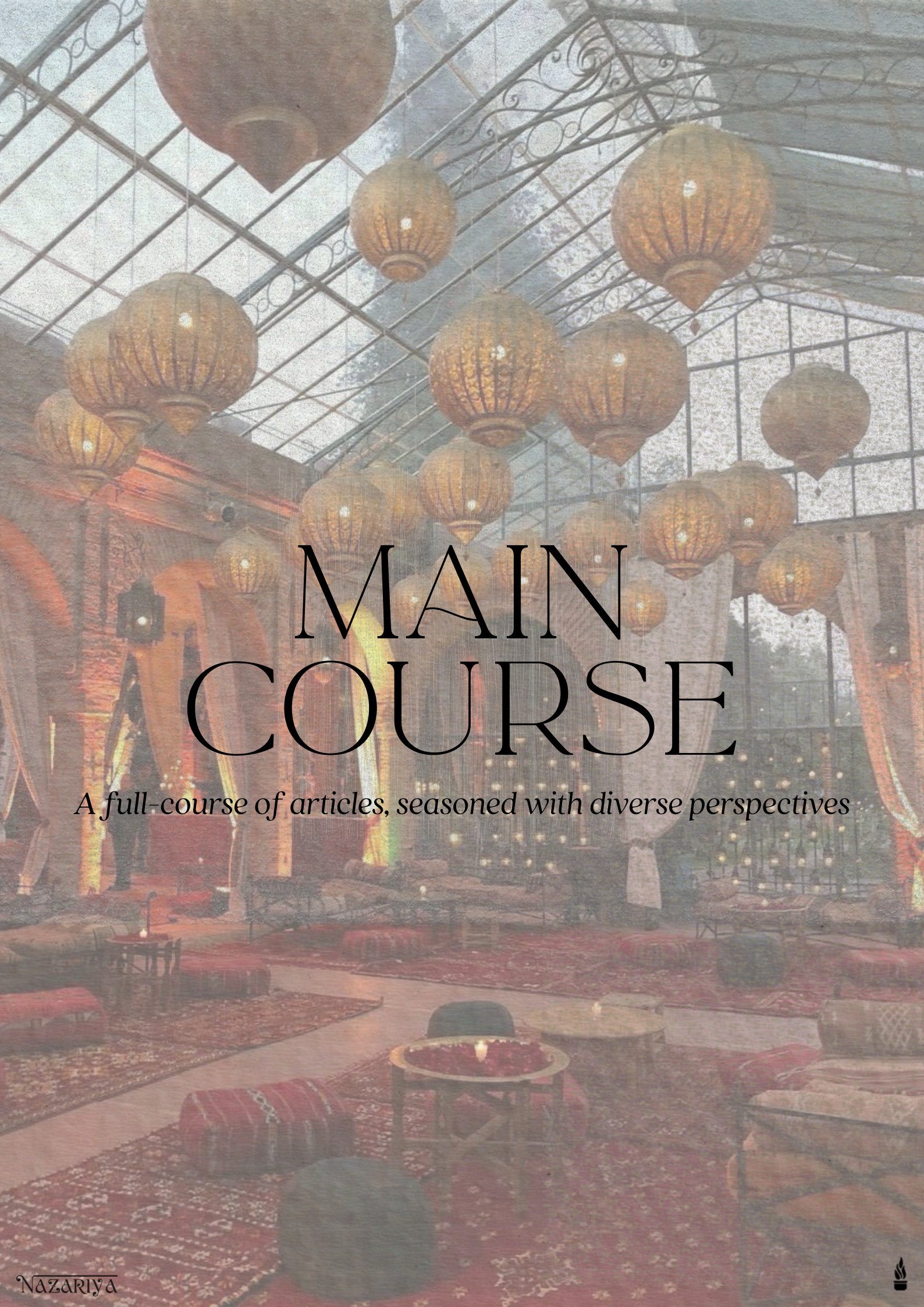
There was a healthy competition of who can get the most drawings pasted on this Wall of Fame of ours. Next thing we know numerous tape rolls were lying empty on the table but wall was full: pencil colours, sketches, random pieces of doodles that were supposed to be an elephant tape that lost their stickiness because of tiny ones' thumbprints were found lying on the floor amidst giggles that echoed while the pasting process was going on. Apart from the walls, another thing that was full, was the heart of two white-haired individuals who were planting the seeds of creativity in the kids of the house.

Every corner held a small detail waiting to be noticed. Sunlight would stream in through the curtains that remain the same till date. But sunlight of that form has not visited the room again after they left. It earlier cast shadows that danced slowly across the room, especially when my grandma had the afternoon nap. The air smelled faintly of warm blankets that sheltered me all my childhood. The blankets exist no more and the trapped coldness screams through the walls, even colder when the kids who once giggled go through their "adulthood" breakdowns.

What makes this room unforgettable is not only its appearance but also the feelings it has held over time. One detail that always stands out is my grandma's one bag full of treats, hanging behind the door, I remember her pulling out one specific packet of biscuits whenever one of my cousins came crying to her. It was more than just furniture; it felt like a companion that shared my joys, worries, and dreams.

Even today, when I close my eyes, I can picture the laughter that once filled the room. This room taught me the value of family & the comfort that inherently comes with blood relations. It reminded me that spaces are not just walls and objects but memories, emotions and experiences collected over time.

Years have passed and the room has changed but the memories it holds will remain alive in my heart forever. This room will never forget me.



MAIN COURSE

A full-course of articles, seasoned with diverse perspectives

DANGEROUS MYTH

Curated by - Amrita

I remember vividly, when I was ten years old, my dad brought home a smartphone for the first time. I was fascinated by the touchscreen, the apps, the internet at our fingertips. It felt like magic. Within a few years, everyone — classmates, relatives, even teachers — had their own devices. We stopped passing notes and started texting. We stopped asking questions in class and started Googling. Everything became faster, smoother and more efficient.

If someone had asked me back then what progress meant, I would have pointed straight to that device. It was, in many ways, the symbol of a generation growing up believing that technological advancement meant improvement and that change was always forward, that tomorrow would be better than today simply because it would be newer and more advanced.

But over time, something about that idea started to feel shaky.

It's strange how we've been told that history is a timeline that always leans toward better. Our textbooks taught us that the world evolves in steps: primitive to civilized, old to new, backward to advanced. It's comforting in theory. You can look at where you are and feel like you're standing at the peak of something. But that comfort slips when you realize not everything we call "progress" makes us feel more whole.

A few years ago, during a school break, I visited a town that had once been green and quiet the kind of place where people knew each other's names and mango trees outnumbered buildings. This time, it felt unfamiliar. A highway had cut straight through

it. Malls had appeared. The old temple where kids used to sit on the steps and share stories was now hidden behind a glass showroom. It was all technically an improvement more jobs, better roads, fancier infrastructure. But it didn't feel better. It felt hollow. Like someone had turned down the volume on everything that once had life.

No one had asked the people who lived there if they wanted their lives redesigned. They were just told it was development.

That's the thing about progress that it often arrives with authority, dressed in the language of upgrades and opportunity. And it leaves behind a kind of silence that no one knows how to talk about. Sometimes I look at my own life and realize how deeply that narrative has been embedded in us. We're taught to chase the next big thing, the next title, the next skill, the next breakthrough. As if standing still means getting left behind. As if slowness equals failure. But in all this chasing, it's easy to lose track of whether we're moving toward something meaningful or just away from ourselves.

We've made real progress in many ways and that can't be denied. From access to education to medical advancements, from rising awareness around mental health to conversations that were once silenced now finding a platform, these are things we should be grateful for. But real progress isn't just about what we create. It's about what we protect. What we choose to carry forward, and what we decide not to destroy in the process.

We keep hearing that the future is digital, AI-driven, smart. But rarely do we stop to ask: is it kind? Is it equitable? Is it something

we're shaping together, or something being handed to us by people we'll never meet?

Sometimes, I think the real danger isn't that progress doesn't exist but it's that we've stopped questioning what kind of progress we want. We've become passive travelers on a train with no map, no brake, no vote on the next station. We nod and move forward because standing still feels like failure.

But maybe we need to stand still more often. Maybe we need to turn off our screens and ask: Who benefits from this version of the future? What are we giving up to get there? Are we okay with that?

Progress should feel like becoming more human, not less. It should connect us deeper, not isolate us further. It should make space for memory, for quiet joys and not erase them in the name of speed.

The future isn't a prize waiting at the end of a race. It's something we co-author every day with our values, our choices, our silences, and our courage to speak.

So perhaps the real question isn't whether progress is a historical necessity or a dangerous myth. The real question is: Are we awake enough to decide what we're calling progress, and brave enough to walk away from the versions that don't feel like home?



SELECTIVE MORALITY

THE GREAT INDIAN ESCAPE ROOM

Curated by - Krish Gupta

Welcome to the grand Indian drama, no, not the one on television, but the one that plays out in every colony, every office, every townhall, and every tweet thread. A story where everyone is a critic, nobody is a participant, and the villains keep changing based on who's holding the mic.

In this strange theatre, everyone wants things to change, but only as long as that change doesn't come knocking on their own front door.

Clean streets? Yes, please, but let me throw this banana peel discreetly behind the car.

Better politicians? Of course, but only if someone else gets off their couch and votes.

A corruption-free nation? Totally support it, now let me call my uncle in the transport department to "fix" this challan.

It's not a paradox. It's our comfort zone. We live in a society that has grown increasingly opinionated and decreasingly introspective. We know exactly what the government should do. We know how the education system should be reformed. We even know the best way to raise someone else's children. But when it comes to our own contribution, we treat responsibility like it's a forwarding message, meant to be passed on to the next person.

Take civic sense for example. You'd think in a country that's obsessed with cleanliness as a virtue ("Swachh Bharat," anyone?), we'd at least know how to use a dustbin. But no, we have mastered the art of clicking selfies next to a sanitation campaign poster while flicking the

wrapper of our chips just a few feet away. We demand better public transport, but refuse to stand in queues. We want punctual trains, but are okay with pulling the chain for "emergency chai stops."

We want rules, but only for others.

What emerges is a strange breed of Indian, "the Selective Moralist". Our values are worn like seasonal jackets. We pull them out when needed, flaunt them in public, and toss them aside when they become uncomfortable.

A guy who parties every Saturday with drinks and loud music says with pride, "Cigarettes are a terrible habit. I would never touch them."

Why? Because he doesn't smoke. Convenience wins again.

Even in discussions about religion and culture, logic becomes a slave to emotion. Take any two religious figures. If one suits our narrative, we'll go to war defending its truth. If the other doesn't, we'll hide behind "lack of evidence." We say things like: "Barbarik isn't real. He's not in the original Mahabharata." But when asked about Radha (who's not mentioned in the Bhagavad Puran), the same person replies, "Don't talk nonsense. She is our aatma, our bhakti."

You see the contradiction. But they don't. Because it's not about the truth. It's about selective emotional comfort.

Let's bring it closer to daily life. In friendships, relationships, families, people change opinions faster than they change filters on Instagram.

"I believe in honesty", until

honesty becomes inconvenient. "I hate gossips", says the person who updates their group chat with play-by-play drama every evening. "I don't judge", but maintains a silent mental scoreboard of everyone's flaws.

We say, "Let people live the way they want." But the moment someone lives in a way that doesn't fit our worldview, we whisper, we troll, we unfriend, we judge. Why? Because our version of liberalism ends where our discomfort begins.

Even in politics, the most fertile ground for hypocrisy, we demand miracles from leaders, but don't even show up to vote. We want to live in Singapore-like cleanliness, but won't spend 10 minutes segregating dry and wet waste. We want London-style metros, but break the barricades if construction takes too long. We love German education systems, but scream if a teacher disciplines our child in school.

When it comes to development, Indians hold one of the most paradoxical mindsets on the planet. We complain about traffic but oppose the construction of a flyover because it might disrupt the market for six months. We want airports, industries, digital infrastructure, but not in our backyard. It's not that environmental concerns don't matter. They absolutely do. But in many cases, these "concerns" are camouflage for inconvenience.

In short: We support change, as long as change doesn't make us change.

We're unfolding the uncomfortable truth that India's biggest problem may not be its system, but its citizens' mindset.



We're a country of intelligent, emotional, passionate people, but also of denial, blame, and inertia. We love to criticize, but rarely introspect.

We hold everyone accountable, except ourselves.

We want a better India, but refuse to be better Indians.

Yes, politicians can be corrupt. Yes, systems can be broken. But the real revolution? That doesn't begin in Parliament. It begins in your daily life. In your behaviour. Your actions. Your small decisions.

Where Do We Go From Here?

If this article made you uncomfortable, good. That's the point. Maybe it's time we let go of our selective morality and pick up a little collective responsibility. Maybe it's time we chose honesty over hypocrisy, logic over convenience, and contribution over complaint. Maybe it's time we stop escaping and start evolving.

Because the Great Indian Escape Room isn't one we're trapped in. It's one we're choosing to stay in. And the key has always been in our hands.



REDEFINING PROGRESS

Curated by - Lakshita

Many times, or let's be honest, almost every time, when a conversation sparks between people, or even that silent chat you have with yourself, one of the first reflexes that arises is "comparison". A comparison of you with someone who "you feel" is miles ahead of you. And that's the moment when your progress gets questioned or stands a trial, not. Not by others, but by you.

Countless times, you would've probably felt that FOMO, fear, anxiety, or that suffocating sense of falling behind. I remember when I stepped into an entirely new phase of my life. Technically, it was just the next chapter, but in spirit, it felt like a whole new book. A new place, new faces, fresh energy, fresh chaos, brand-new opportunities, and yes, a new mindset. Just to clarify, (spoiler alert), this isn't about some fairy-tale romance; it was college. The SSCBS. For me, landing there felt

like a life raft thrown to someone flailing in deep water. This boat and the drowning person? That's a story for another day.

Of course, this new beginning didn't come free. Everything does have a price tag. And to be honest, my dues are still clearing, not financially but mentally. But at that moment, I prioritized SSCBS over everything else I stood to lose. Do I regret it? - "Not at all".

When I landed in SSCBS, some people adjusted fairly quickly, like some puzzle pieces falling into place. For some, it took weeks or months. For me? It took an entire semester just to figure out what on earth was going on. And that confusion planted the seed for this piece you're reading now. There were days when fear and insecurity would grab me by the collar, would I even survive here? Gradually, I started to survive. But with time, a sense of realization struck, that "merely surviving" wouldn't work.

After all, we're not viruses that hover on the fine line between living and non-living, waiting for better weather to activate. Take it from me, living on the borderline of two worlds is a risky business. That's the danger zone.

So, circling back, the moment you start finding your footing, you enter this tricky little stage called progress tracking. But here's the plot twist, you rarely track your progress. Instead, you start auditing everyone else's. Why? Because humans love giving themselves a headache. And trust me, if there's one guaranteed way to tie yourself in knots or head towards destruction, this is it.

Well, let me tell you how this loop works.

You start lost and confused, but curious. You begin exploring and figuring things out, good job, you're on the right track. Then suddenly, you pause and wonder, What exactly have I achieved so far? That's still fine.



But from there, you either clear the fog and sprint ahead or you become, what we call as, Dora the Explorer. Remember how she'd ask, "Kya aapko vo pahaad dikhayi de raha hai?" even when the mountain was right in front of her nose? That's you, except the map is your mind and the mountain is your belief in yourself. So the loop begins: explore, compare, panic, repeat. And so on.

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To be clear, I am not against comparison. To me, it's a double-edged sword: when balanced, it can light a fire under you, make you sharper, hungrier. But when it slips out of your control, it eats you alive.

The real deal-breaker? Whom do you compare yourself to. Most people obsess over tracking how far they've come, but they forget to check where others started. Remember high school maths class, when we learned about ratios? The first golden rule: only compare things with matching attributes. You can't compare litres to metres, right? So why do we compare our journey to someone whose starting line was halfway down the track?

Or a better statement would be "why do you even have to compare yourselves with others?"

Your life is your story. And no two people can share the same plot. We were raised in different families, different cultures, different hurdles, so how is this ratio comparison even fair? The math just doesn't add up.

So here's my two cents to wrap this up: comparison can be inter or intra. Real progress makes sense only when you put your today against your yesterday, not against someone else's. No stopwatch calculates how fast you grow. No ruler measures how far you've stretched either. In simplest words, it goes like: progress is more qualitative than quantitative. There's no pre-defined way to track it. It's simply about how you think of it. Stepping one inch outside your comfort zone and putting effort into something is "progress". You start something new, that's progress too. Even that one tiny shift in mindset counts.

So yes, slow progress (an imaginary term, if you ask me) is progress too. And if you ever forget that, just remember: even

baby steps move you forward. And forward is the only direction that matters.

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INTERNSHIP SEASON

Curated by - Aishwarya

The first year of college ended not with a whimper, but with the sound of a hundred keyboards clacking- resumes being polished, cover letters hemorrhaging buzzwords, and cold emails fired into the void like desperate prayers. Welcome to internship season at SSCBS, where the air smells of ambition, burnt coffee, and the faint despair of realizing no firm cares if you can "synergize cross-functional paradigms" at 19.

The Résumé Rat Race

By now, every second-year has a CV that's less a document and more a Frankenstein's monster-stitched together with live projects (courtesy of socs), case comp participation trophies, and the holy grail: a brand-name internship secured through sheer nepotism or a cold email so cringe it looped back to being impressive. The unspoken hierarchy is clear:

- We've got kids who interned at McKinsey's cousin's startup because their uncle "knows a guy." Their LinkedIn already says "Ex-BCG" (it was a two-week shadowing program).
- Those who spent the first year collecting PORs like Pokémon cards, now frantically pivoting from "society core member" to "consulting-ready."
- And finally, first-years who still think firms will reward their "passion for strategic disruption" (read: one PowerPoint workshop).

The majority of the lot lies in the trenches, pretending they're not refreshing our inboxes every five minutes for that one HR auto-reply: "We appreciate your enthusiasm, but-"

November: The Hunger Games (But with Excel Shortcuts)

When November hits SSCBS, the campus transforms into a

dystopian career fair. The lawns, once littered with half-baked philosophical debates and stolen canteen spoons, are now overrun by students in blazers that still smell of discount store plastic. The air crackles with the collective panic of 400 over-caffeinated 2nd-years suddenly realizing they don't actually know what "due diligence" means.

I see the months playing out something like this, where you'll probably be one of the 3-

- Recognizable by your hollow eyes and the dog-eared copy of Case Interview Secrets you've been sleep-mumbling since September. Your LinkedIn activity? 17 reposts of "How to Ace Market Sizing!" in 3 days.
- Exclusively speaking in consulting jargon ("Let's bucket these pain points") and have nightmares about misaligned bullet points. Your secret weapon? A 5MB PowerPoint from your soc that you "adapt" for every comp.
- Strolling in 10 minutes late with a Starbucks cup, casually mentioning your uncle's friend at BCG. The rest of the crowd hates you. (The crowd also DMs you for referrals.)

All of this leads to the following trials and tribulations:

- The CV Purge: Companies reject applicants for crimes like "using Calibri" or "excessive white space" (read: your life is too empty).
- The Guesstimate Gauntlet: "Estimate the number of WhatsApp status updates in Delhi during rainfall." Correct answer? "Enough to make me reconsider my life choices."
- The Final Interview: 45-minute interrogations where you must:
 - a. Nod seriously when asked about "disruptive innovation"
 - b. Pretend you've loved

since birth.

- c. Ignore the fact that your future boss just mispronounced "GDP"

The aftermath?

Winners get an offer letter and a lifetime supply of imposter syndrome. Losers get a rejection email ("We were impressed by your profile!" [We weren't]) and a new existential crisis to discuss in the bathroom mirror. The real prize? The trauma bonding-nothing unites SSCBS more than collective humiliation at the hands of a 25-year-old recruiter who still uses "leverage" wrong.

The Art of Selling Your Soul (Temporarily)

Let's be real- no one here loves grinding for internships. But we do it because SSCBS runs on a simple mantra: "Get the brand name, or get left behind." The irony? Half these internships involve making decks for a manager who won't even learn your name, but hey, that's the game.

You'll see the spectrum of coping mechanisms:

- The Optimist: "This internship will launch my career!" (Spends summer fetching coffee.)
- The Cynic: "All this for a line on my CV?" (Still applies to 30 firms.)
- The Schrödinger's Intern: Simultaneously believes they're "building their personal brand" and "selling out."

I won't lie, I probably see myself in all three of those.

As November looms, I'll leave you with this: Sometimes, an internship is just an internship. Sometimes, it's a gladiator battle where the prize is a line on your CV and a slight erosion of your sanity.

May the odds (and your network) be ever in your favor.



STATIONS AND SOULS

Curated by - Safiya

Something about that morning was disconcerting, but I didn't seem to care much about it. The reason? A parcel from home had arrived at my aunt's. And if you've ever lived in a hostel, It is nothing less than a treasure-box feeling.

Morning was drawing to a close. I made my way to the metro station. It was calm and uncrowded, a small comfort that made the journey feel gentler somehow.

I easily found a seat. Without the usual noise, it was a chance to entertain the thoughts that I had reserved for such interstices. I was deep in thought until a beanie walked by and my internal monologue was overridden (A beanie? "What's that? A hat! A crazy, funky, junky hat! Overslept, hair's unsightly, Tryna look like Keira Knightley. We've been there, we've done that, We see right through your funky hat!" haha, it just follows, can't help). Focus...Focus...

The third station had arrived, and an older man walked in – likely in his sixties, you know those uncles who haven't quite moved on from their workaholic phase? (man, they sniff out a task from thin air, even in fog) He took a seat beside me, and I moved to the next seat to give him space for his carry bag. Seemed like he was returning home after finishing off his day's task early, beating the sunset before it gets a chance.

Sat as if he owned it (of course he did!). After a while, he pulled out his phone and showed it to me. "Tell me one thing, kid," He said, "Do you think this cover's a ladies' phone cover?" (the case was lavender, with little kitten ears)

Now, what should I say?

I glanced at it for two seconds; now I don't want to make him feel weird about it...

Is it? It is just a case...
Are we now associating gender with phone cases?
Generally it is...

Do I even know anything about phone cases?
Why would he be asking?
Get back to reality... he's asked about it specifically
SAY IT! (I just realised his eyes were looking forward to my answer)
A classic overthinker brain in milliseconds.

"From my observation, kitty designs are more popular among women or girls, so it could be considered that way. But really, it's just a case meant to protect your phone!"

His face, lined with age, broke into a gentle, kindly smile. He said, "Yesterday, my daughter was complaining that I had bought a

women's phone cover and I thought the cover was sturdy, seemed long-lasting, and my phone fit perfectly." and with a light laugh he put it back into his pocket.

"It is, and that's alright", I said, with a quick smile.

It was time for the fifth station. And the rush; some made it in, while I glanced outside and saw many eyes trailing the opportunity slipping away.

Uncle placed his carry bag on his lap to offer the seat to a young woman with a small child. She was dressed in a saree that had probably been bought about a year ago. The blue fabric had faded from multiple washes but the intact mirror pieces of its embroidery kept it alive as a last remnant of its former brilliance.

She wore new sandals, simple yet careful, as though chosen for practicality. Her eyes seemed lost in thought, carrying questions



she wasn't new to.

The husband stood by, one hand on the handle, the other holding their two-year-old. She bore red sores upon her face, yet her innocent charm far outweighed them that they hardly seemed to matter. He looked like someone who had found a purpose, each time he glanced at his daughter; as though all the turmoil inside had quieted into peace with her smile. He was making faces, perhaps trying to distract her from the pain. Nothing about his worn clothes or thin-soled shoes appeared to trouble him. The little girl wore new dresses and shoes the father himself had never owned.

The family seemed to be moving with two bags somewhere in a distant place where they found a job that pays better than the current one so as to make their ends meet.

Uncle said, "You should buy a baby carrier." Looking back at the child, he affirmed, "Yes, I will". He didn't seem to have enough for it at the moment, but with a gentle smile, he accepted it as his responsibility. He knew he would fulfil it as soon as he had enough. All that he did, every sacrifice, was for his two children and wife. For a love that compels a man to give everything, even when he has little, for the well-being of those he holds dear, my words fall short.

Fathers, often understood as tough figures as we grow older. But we shouldn't forget that once, we were also that small child cradled in their arms. The same care they gave us then as that child's father. They still give us now; just the way of expressing it has changed; from buying that snack you liked a lot to firmly cutting expenses to save for your future, from prohibiting you from certain things at first out of concern, to eventually allowing you to move out while silently and secretly glancing at old family photo, lips clenched, breath held tight and heading out as if nothing happened...

For the parents out there, who let their children take their flight, expecting them to return one day with a big smile, a heartfelt

'Thank You'.





DESSERT

A Sweet Suprise



A TALK WITH MR. RAMESH BARPA

How, from a teacher's point of view, should a fresher cope with the constant struggle of competition?

It is a commonly accepted fact that the environment over here is very different from that of other colleges and very competitive too. Which is one of the reasons why we are different and the best. But here arises a question- How to handle the stress that comes with differences?

In the past 10 years, I've seen numerous students. All of them from different backgrounds and different ambitions and mindsets too. But what actually matters is 'What I want to do or achieve in the forthcoming years?' You need to be very selective as this environment has a lot to offer. Just because the others are engaged in so many things, it's not necessary for you to join the same rat race. It's better to assess yourself and pick only those things that add value to you.

If you keep looking into others' actions for the purpose of comparison, that's purely going to give you stress and only stress. And why is that?

Because that person is following his/her path. Let me share an incident from 2018. A small-town girl from Punjab was here as a hosteler. She came to me with a worried expression and said, 'Sir, My roommates are doing so many things. While I am doing nothing which makes me feel inferior to them. On top of that, they are even hiding what they are doing. She seemed to be taking a lot of stress due to that. I, then, asked her what she wanted to do in her life. She told me she wanted to go in administration services. To which I replied, 'See, you know what you want to do and they do too. What they are doing is up to them and according to their plans. Just because everyone is in a rat race, it's not necessary for you to join it. Hence, this is my take on the said situation.

As you've seen so many batches come and go, What do you think is a common mistake that students make in the first year?

As we know, school is quite different from college. When you enter an institution that is totally new for you, it's very likely for you to get influenced easily. I personally feel that students shouldn't get

influenced by others so quickly. You may take different perspectives from different people if you're truly in need of help.

Also, I don't know how you guys are going to take it, no student should follow the senior batch blindly. There is a reason behind such a strong statement I just made. Sometimes, When the seniors need to grab the attention of first years, they just commit to anything even if it's beyond their capability to fulfill those promises. When that happens, children feel betrayed and helpless.

Secondly, I would suggest you understand the culture of CBS and follow through. Whether it comes to academics, attendance or something else. Because there is no point in wasting time and evaluating yourself at the end of the semester or even a year.

Peeps at CBS think that they don't have a good fest culture. Our College is more anticipated as studious and competitive. What's your take on that?

The culture isn't something that has been generated overnight. It has evolved through the years, obviously.

Like earlier we had a tiny campus in a remote area. Due to this, nobody dared to show up even if we organized any fest/event. This year, as you may know, we had a fat footfall in our 'CRESCENDO'. Hence, we are experiencing change; be it courses or the number of teachers.

We still have limited seats for students and teachers here but that is the specialty. Small, beautiful and impactful we are.



PAs experienced by myself and many of my fellows, the first-year students are very used to taking the society recruitments very seriously. Whenever faced by rejection, they get depressed and start to have self-doubt. What would be your suggestion on this?

This question is a necessary one. I've addressed it myself numerous times. Students think that it's the end of the world when they can't make it to, say x, society. 'Is this really the end' Ask yourself. First you've put all your hard work in getting into the college. Now that you are here, why not celebrate this?

Obviously, anybody would want to go to a society where they can excel more. But just because a group of people decide on basis of some pre-determined set of rules that you don't fit their criteria, your life isn't changed a bit. This is not a fact that you cannot practice or excel in any field without getting into any society that works in the said field. The entire world is open for you

Go on and do whatever you want. I would say make them regret for rejecting you. Why don't you take this rejection as a constructive criticism.

Is there a funny/memorable question a student has ever asked you?

We teachers are kind of used to it now but they ask – 'Is this what college is like? Why are the timing 9:00-5:00? School was better than this.' They should understand if they put the hard work in these 3 years to create the best version of themselves, you'll enjoy the rest of your life. I say this often because I've witnessed people being grateful to CBS for the life that it created so it seemed very easy to them in the outer corporate world. Hence, this is where we have 'Corporate Exposure'.

What change do you see in yourself since you've joined the university?

I've changed a lot and I totally give the credit to my students for

this. Because to go in front of intelligent people who are demanding in nature, you need to have something in you. I believe that keeps you learning.

To be precise, speaking one sentence in English was a challenge for me. When I was being interviewed initially, I was only able to answer the questions about myself because I had them all crammed. Then I found the root of it being that I was taught English as a subject and not as a language. That being said, I always make sure, whenever I teach, I teach Entrepreneurship as a life skill rather than a subject. About the change in me, I've been able to develop interest in entrepreneurship, did my Ph.D in it and now I am heading an incubator here and going to different institutions to deliver talks on entrepreneurship which is a big big achievement for me and still not the end of the world for me.

I am continuously exploring and putting myself in different situations and exploring.

