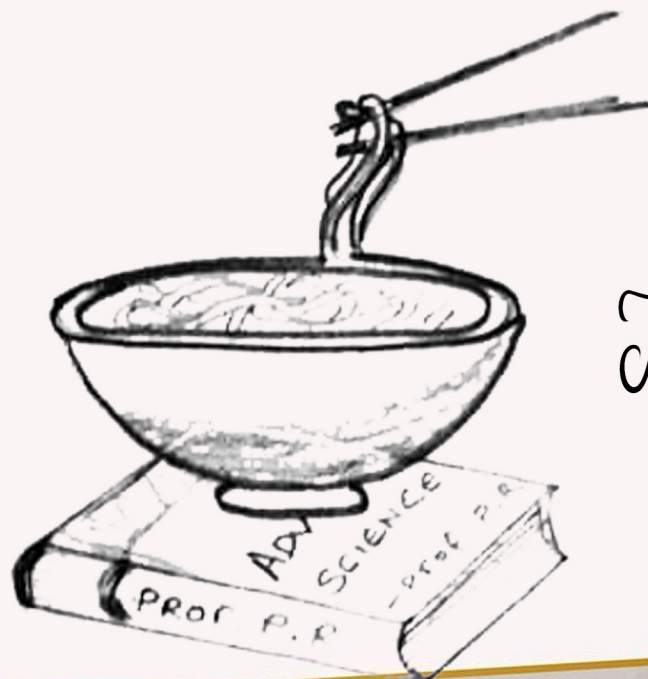


# Concoctions

TIT & S Days & Nights - 1996 Batch

Curated in Silver Jubilee Year 2021



A Book By  
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# *Author's Note*





**Memories...  
are like pack of cards...you pull one out and  
all come tumbling one after the other.**

College memories never get faded. The dust of time may settle over faces, names, pictures and moments but the instant a whiff of reminiscence is tossed over, every frame emerges as fresh as it was yesterday.

In the advent of their Silver Jubilee year of passing out from TIT Bhiwani I was handed over the responsibility of bringing it back for the 96 Alumni, which also happens to be my beloved husband's band of batch-mates. More than anything else I sensed the opportunity to submit an ode to him in this special way.

Personally I believe in the wholesomeness of a process – only the segments can be wide-ranging. Drawbacks or hindrances are equally imperative in playing a role in career development. College life begins with childish mounts that tend to subside with the advent of maturity. But the process initiation is tough – transitions get confusing, harsh, enjoyable. This roller-coaster ride creates everlasting memories.

Twenty five years ago an enthusiastic bunch of 110 brats had entered the coveted gates of Textile Institute of Technology, Bhiwani one fine summer day in the year 1992. And the cherubs who walked out in 1996 have decided to come together once again in 2021 after 25 years to relive the euphoria. (Of course there's no debate required for adjudging whether it was the cherubs walked in and brats walked out or vice-versa! They are happy both ways).



I spoke with each one of them and have collected an intriguing bulk of humorous episodes, fun trials, witty gags... all justifying the need of this compilation that I'm presenting here. My efforts I shall count an accomplishment, if I can revive that dazzling flash of innocent smile for everyone associated in here.

It is also for reaffirming their all-embracing togetherness which I feel has emerged more strongly than anything else worth a mention. As more than half of the batch-strength are settled overseas today, I also see this attempt of mine akin to crossing over the interface between Orient and Occident!

The fact is that I do not like to display and discuss my emotions but it has been a very emotional, draining and difficult journey for me that culminated with a strange satisfaction – of being able to 'See Vivek and his friends' through so many eyes.

Lastly paying my homage to Sh Ashish Bhandari & Sh Naveen Bathla, I regret their irreparable loss and wish that they're blessing us from their plane wherever they are. A special mention to the enthusiasm with which Sh Ashish Bhandari had contributed to this chronicle. I wish my work to be living up to his expectations.

**Beckoning successive smiles n successes for Batch 96' TIT Bhiwani,**

*- Maneesha Agrawal (MVG)*



Vivek Gupta

Spouse – Maneesha Agrawal (MVG)





## 1. RAHEIN NA RAHEIN HUM

The swag in my stride, my smile... it was a hit with you guys.

I even made my wife believe that my cherubic smile did capture some attention from the female folk! I know all of you would be nodding your heads to negate. Jealous I guess!

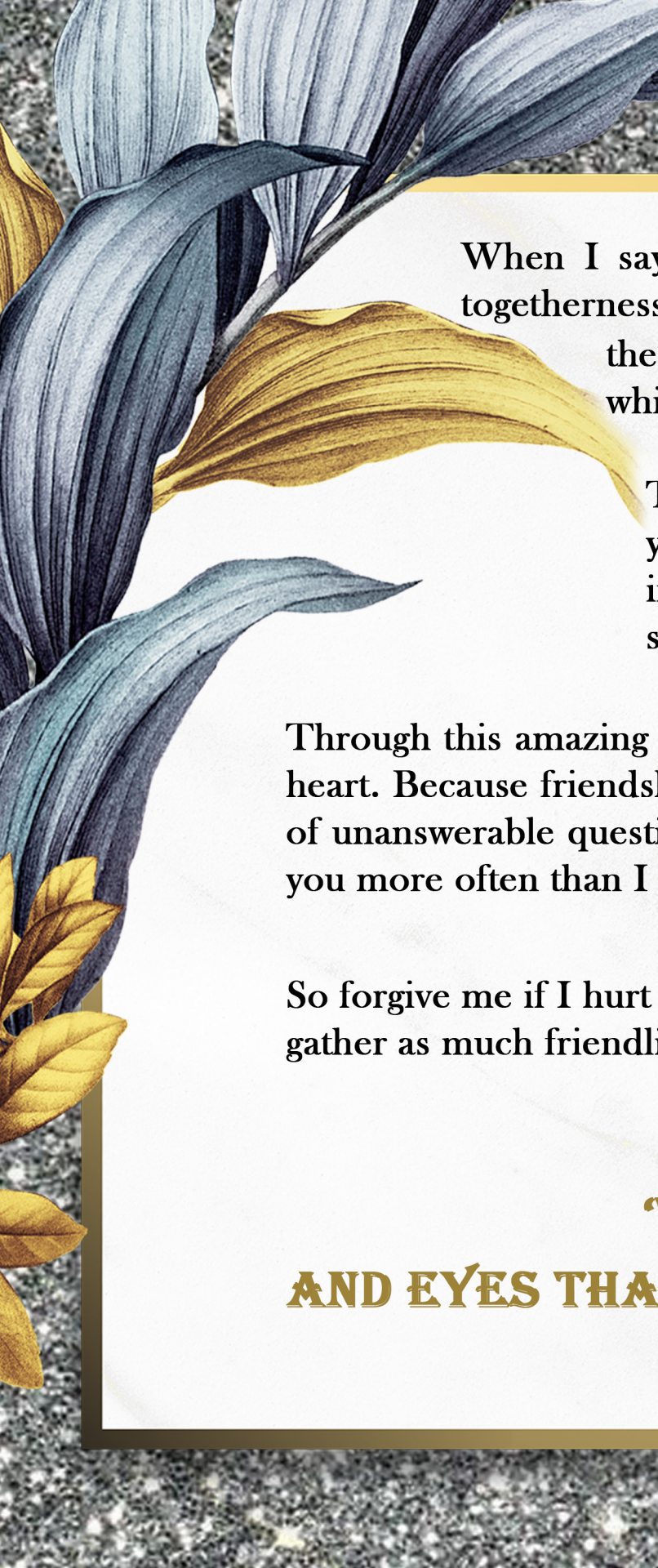
I saw all the shades of life under the sun... too much too quickly. Probably because I came to the world having only 38 years to live.

Life was never tardy for me. People said that I must have opened my eyes with a twinkle in them...true. And TIT was the space my stars gave me. You remember, it was our unexplored universe – out of bounds and unregimented by the family dictums or norms. Each one of us was a stalwart... gathering sheen and brilliance to illuminate our individual orbits.

We all were shining, but while picking up our aura we sometimes almost blinded our Profs with the glare! You must be recalling incidents I'm sure.

My friends, nothing has changed much since the first time I met you. Except for a few err...surreptitious converts, you are still the same old bunch from what I could make out listening to my wife's recounts. I sense the same camaraderie carries with the same banter and ease of turning to each other in times of turbulence. Times have changed from bare laying to masked relationships – but TITan spirit should never change.





When I say TITan spirit I do not mean only the fun and frolic. I mean the sustenance of togetherness. I mean the faith you have in a batch-mate. I mean the ease of reaching out. I mean the cosiness of having a hand that can hold things for you. I mean that every single thing which is far or above the most immediate family. I simply mean Guys, help keeping afloat.

Take it as a fact that I never walked away from you - I am that indivisible part of yourselves who will stay forever in your heart. And if my memories can bring you smiles in your solitude, I'm still your bosom friend! How many of you will agree that they can see me whenever they shut their eyes... that's my frame today.

Through this amazing symphony my vibes have again touched that friendly verve I hold so close to my heart. Because friendship is the only bond wherein why, how, when, what, where and a complete series of unanswerable questions bear no consequence. I might have failed to spend time with you or be with you more often than I could but guys, life was cutting my spans short.

So forgive me if I hurt you, forget me if you choose to. But never forget that living is a friendly process... gather as much friendliness as you can. To all who love me,

**‘THE PICTURE IN THE FRAME IS ME...  
AND EYES THAT WILL LOOK INTO IT SHALL BE YOURS, FOREVER.’**











Naveen Juneja  
Spouse – Sonia Juneja  
Daughters – Khushi & Chahat





## 4. KADAM KE NISHAAN BANATE CHALE!

My family is my world, and my friends from TIT complete my universe.

I love them all and they love me unconditionally, explicitly and meaningfully. Going through the tedious tests of life it has given me a great tensile strength to feel them oh so close to myself.

Not everyone gets lucky in life to be loved, valued and content whenever my bosom friends are around. Every moment I can still admire the value of this proximity the same way it was twenty five years ago. I wish and hope that we carry the zeal forward for another twenty five years and many more to come.

It all began at TIT, Bhiwani when we were put together under one roof. It looked like a gym or a jail initially, where seniors ragged and we knelt. But once our bonding happened it was a different ball game! I clearly remember our fresher's day when I experienced many 'firsts' -the first feeling of exhilarant joy, of being a part of an engineering batch accentuated of course with a first shot of booze I had gulped down my throat!

My dare fetched me a curious nick-name - 'Talli' which I gradually began to love. More so because it was given by our dearest **Vivek Gupta** (who else... he's given to most of us). His names clicked because they were as catchy and cute as he himself was. **Love you Mote!**



Most of you must be telling stories on how popular our Tillu's café was amongst us...

Yes it was indeed very popular. But if I'm allowed to be candid the café's placement was the brightest reason for its magnetism. It stood right outside the boundary wall of the girl's hostel and this fact added an extra dash of flavour to the savouries.

No doubt the sandwiches, Maggie, tea and snacks we picked there tasted as if out of the world. Remember those nights spent there after tossing down hard drinks, being reluctant (read afraid) to return to the hostel and then making tea in mid of the night? And offering it to Tillu – free of cost. Unforgettable.

It would not be an overstatement if I said that I owe my degree to **Ashish Bhandari**. I was sleeping or spending time in the auditorium when Ashish was studying hard and preparing notes. His notes would bail me out every time exams approached. His sudden loss midway this March has been the toughest shock for me to handle. **Miss you mere dost!**

Remembering **Naveen Bathla** also at this point I want to say a few words – he was the toughest fighter I saw. **Hats off dude!**

The memories we collected together often resurge from every nook n corner of my heart. Fights and arguments happen every day, but I trust in the sanctity of that innocent phase... that lovely brotherhood which has held my hand in solitude and whispered – 'together we were, together we stay.'

I can easily say today,

**'THE FOUR YEARS THAT WE SPENT MORE IN COMMON ROOM  
AND AUDITORIUM RATHER THAN IN CLASSROOMS GAVE US  
MUCH MORE THAN CLASSROOMS COULD GIVE!'**









Mohan Verma

Spouse – Sarita Verma

Kids – Muskaan & Siddharth





## 5. HAAL KYA HAI DILON KA NA POOCHHO!

Simplicity thy name is complication! It is not easy to pour so much into one page but let's see how much I can share.

My father was employed with the Birla Mills since 1967 till his retirement in 2004. Naturally TIT formed a part of 'home' for us. His simplicity, humility and value systems were, still are, and shall always be my first source of inspiration. He was loved and respected by all from the Mill workmen to the President.

Talking of 'home' today there are so many rushes that flash in my mind (read heart) now... where to begin with is my only difficulty. So I'll open up with my starting point.

When I became of age I was offered Computer Science stream in the Institute. Meanwhile I had also cleared the Murthal REC entrance and got Civil Engineering there. The visible pair of options made the decision a tad difficult, but eventually I was destined to be at TIT. I came back to Bhiwani for admission, and declined the available Com Science option.

Having seen my parents strive hard I had picked my lesson on shouldering responsibilities quite early. I had resolved to enter the earning mode as quickly as was possible. Com Science was a stream which showed up a facile side back in those days - no job guarantee, or limited career options. Hence I rejected Computers and took up Textiles, that's how my journey began.

What to say about those 4 years! They construe an episode full of teenage delight, youthful advent and responsible ripening. To me they were cherish-able years... of attachment that is indescribable, of friendships that have been my lifeline, of countless memories that've given me my smiles, and of a solidarity that has touched my core!

I was a day scholar and yet not one single day I went back home at the stipulated time... my home coming was always at around 7-8 PM. Even on the weekends I would hang around with buddies in the hostel itself, savoring the special 'weekend delicacies' like Mutter Paneer and Samosas - a taste that still lingers on.



I think it is more about the atmosphere!

Countless jokes, fun ideas, discussions, learnings and daring incidents from TIT fill my memory space today. Only two vacancies are there that can never be filled – precious Vivek Gupta & Naveen Bathla both have left creating a void that remains aching in our hearts.

I have a special string attached to our adorable Vivek Gupta. Talking of TIT also brings the golden days of our first job at GPI Nalagarh back to me today, where I got a wonderful chance to spend some excellent years with Vivek. He was my friend, but had stepped into the role of my mentor and guide effortlessly - helping me gain professional expertise at every stage. You were a treasure, dost.

I can still see him leading the ‘fresher parade’. He was the first face out of the crowd I saw, liked and loved. His charismatic smile and charming face shall always stay in my heart, and this one is for him –

**‘TERE JAISA YAAR KAHAN,  
KAHAN AISA YAARANA.’**

‘कोई ख़्वाब था या  
कोई किस्सा दिल का  
कोई ऐसा दिलकश  
सफ़र फिर क्या मिलता  
वो लम्हे गए, दास्ताँ रह गई है  
बरस चार थे, हमने पल में गुज़ारे!

तो रख लो उन्हें दोस्तों अपने दिल में..  
वो दिन थे सुहाने हमारे तुम्हारे!!’



