



THE GAZETTE



ISBF'S ANNUAL IN-HOUSE PUBLICATION

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NOTE FROM THE DIRECTOR



Heartiest compliments to the students of the Indian School of Business and Finance (ISBF) on publication of the 11th issue of The Gazette.

Each year, The Gazette gives students a literary rostrum to express their 'voice' through the means of prose, poetry and even some #new-age devices characteristic of the times. Over the years, this publication has served as a vibrant tableau of eclectic sensibilities and world-views. From the year of its inception to the present day, The Gazette has showcased content that celebrates our innate pluralism of thought unified by a cultural ethos.

In fact, it is essential that we understand how empowering this endeavour is for all of us. It affords us the chance to realize many of our constitutional freedoms and allows us the privilege to view things through the eyes of another thinking being. Furthermore, it also serves as a compendium of the extra-curricular activities that punctuate the student experience on and off campus. For all these reasons and many others, The Gazette helps define the spirit of ISBF – the values, beliefs and ideologies that bring us together as a fraternity. This is reflected in the contributions of students - some prolific and seasoned writers and some debutantes, but all courageous in their attempt to make themselves heard.

I would take this opportunity to congratulate every student who has chosen to contribute and the ISBF Media Hub for diligently taking up this initiative each year, curating content and, seeing the project to fruition.

To all the students - I encourage each of you to write and submit your work - for what may seem like a simple exercise of writing for the college newsletter is really an act of communicating, chronicling and even creating art through words. As famous writer and memoirist, Anais Nin, stated in one of her essays,

*We write to taste life twice, **in the moment** and **in retrospect***

Whether its mirthful, poignant, pithy or reflective, your writing has the ability to influence, persuade, provoke and inspire. So, choose to write.

Finally, I would like to dedicate this issue to one of the finest faculty mentors of ISBF – Late Professor B. Anant who has left an indelible mark on our lives with his magnanimity, kind candour and, knowledge that he so selflessly shared with everyone. His words and exuberant presence will forever be etched in the walls of this institution. May his soul be blessed with eternal grace and may he rest in peace.

Warm regards,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read 'J. Chadha'.

Dr. Jitin Chadha
Founder and Director

FOREWARD FROM THE DEAN

There are so many exciting things that keep happening at ISBF thanks to the continuous involvement of students, faculty and staff in academic as well as extracurricular activities. That's why we continue to move forward. The core purpose of an institution like ISBF is to equip our students for lives of purposeful vocation and informed and engaged citizenship. Publication of college Gazette by students is an admirable work in this direction. It seems as if good writing is losing ground in today's world of email, texts and tweets. Any attempt to keep the tradition of writing alive in the form of Gazette is, therefore, a source of fulfillment for us all.

This Gazette seeks to give peculiar meanings to various things happening at ISBF both in a formal as well as informal language. The presentation is highly interesting and thoroughly enjoyable. My heartfelt congratulations to the students who have made it possible that the Gazette of this year is published on time.

Dr. G L Tayal
Dean Academics, ISBF

THE MAN WHO NEVER STOPPED

Anant sir

It was hard for me to sit here and write this.

Not just because of the fact that Anant sir's career and his impact on all the lives he touched are too large to contain within the written word, but because publishing this is like admitting that he's with us no more.

I remember the moment the mass email was sent out and the feeling of absolute shock and betrayal I felt when I received it. It shocked me because you never really foresee the moment when a loved one dies. But I'm sure a lot of us felt betrayed by the news.

He walked back the 2 kilometers everyday to and from college. He ate a complete vegetarian diet. He meditated and read books on spirituality daily. He didn't drink or smoke. He never hesitated to help a straggling student or simply a person who needed guidance.

Why then, did he leave like that? Maybe it's because God liked him so much he wanted him up there with him or maybe he was simply here to be living evidence of how, even when at a ripe age, a man can still refuse to live the life of a pensioner and go to work everyday with a vitality and energy that surpasses even his much younger colleagues.

His desk is still untouched and his things just like he left them. No one's removed them yet and I wish it'd stay that way. The more optimistic of us like to think that he's simply gone out for lunch and will probably be back soon, but we all know he preferred eating lunch at his desk and the whiteboard where he wrote his daily Zen quotes is blank and empty.

I remember a lot of students wouldn't even go to discuss math at all. They usually approached with some trivial doubt in an excuse to spend time with him and ended talking about anything from future careers to the benefits of eating vegetables. In hindsight, he probably knew that we did it just to gossip, yet he entertained everyone with an infectious zeal and a sort of knowing in his eyes.

I remember the last time I had talked to him. He started with his classic routine of a warm handshake and a compliment about how I'd go on to do great things. He said that to everyone, I think, and somehow we never really got tired of it because for a moment, we believed him. I had some doubt with an equation that he hashed out in five minutes. We then talked about vegetables and how I have to eat more of them if I want to be more energetic. I laughed it off and he kept telling me that I need three servings of some obscure ayurvedic medicine if I want hair like him at 70 and shooed me off.

I'm sure if we knew that was his last day, we'd tell him how much we'd miss him, we'd tell him how much he meant to us, we'd tell him how much he taught us, how much of his presence impacted us.

In a way, math be damned, that man taught us so much about life. He taught us to always "speak from the heart because the mind is a nasty fellow" he always preached the values of hard work "because if you work haaard, I promise you it'll be ok." And he also guided us on every step of the answers, just to make sure that we won't go and trouble the "Yellesie examiner" with our innocent blunders.

After he left us, I googled some quotes on Zen stuff, thinking we could write it on the white board so it wouldn't be so empty but I couldn't do it. I found one he liked though, it went something like:

"Misspent gold is easily found, misspent time is lost forever"

God bless you sir, we're sorry we didn't tell you how much you meant to us but we hope you knew. We promise we'll eat more vegetables as well.

WHY PROFESSIONAL HELP IS OVERRATED

Editor's Note



You will probably notice how this gazette's design is a slight more offhand than the others. Well it's a simple answer as to why.

I remember the day we were sitting in the council office with the one and only Arjo sir and wondering just what can we do to make it better?

Arjo sir had his classic brain blasts and said in his suave voice, "well, just like the festivals of yore, we could do a contrast between an institutional form of life and a completely different image of the free spirit and sociologyandimsosmartandajdkskdk"

Long story short, we decided to split it serious and funny.

But the reason for its slight offhanded-ness is because we refused to enlist professional help. And it's better this way.

Sai has spent many hours staying sleep to design this and has patiently borne the unreasonable demands made by me and Saarthak including 3D graphics and hologram articles.

Saarthak has been a constant support from editing my work so it doesn't entice a hate riot, to staying up all night sorting and discussing details about the printing and layout.

Amrit for getting off his strange box drum whatyoucallit and coming up with the theme for both sections of the gazette and staying back for "emergency gazette" meetings and tolerating my constant cribbing and yelling at indiscriminate objects.

Philis and Krishna for providing some great topics for articles and for being the comic relief in what would otherwise have been horribly tedious meetings.

Sravan, who has been an incredible mentor and even better friend, with his constant advising and checking for updates (even though I often forgot to update him many times sorry about that)

Arjo sir, who despite having far more intellectual things to do, for taking the time and effort to help us make this work.

Shreeja ma'am, for advising me to be politically correct and for spending time on feedback and suggested editing.

The IMH team who ignored their desperate desire to revise and instead work on a gazette for some unknown reason.

All these people and more have had a hand in making what you hold right now. And if you've sent us anything at all or worked on any aspect of it, you'll see the results of your hard(ish) work right here.

No way in heck am I letting a fancy pants professional tamper with any of this.

Lots of love, money, and fame,
Anubhav KRS Chaudhary

THE BIRTH OF BOB

So, by now a lot of you have no doubt read something or the other (I hope) written by a person named Bob.

Well the idea was actually based off of Eminem actually, he coined a term for his socially volatile half and called it slim shady. Being a massive Eminem fan and a VERY politically incorrect writer when I feel like it, I thought I'd be kind of funny to actually coin an alternate persona of my own. The rest of the guys from IMH thought that we should have a mascot anyways so they just went with it.

The point of article is to teach you that, when you know you're going to do something that may offend some people, it's best to attribute it to an imaginary entity to distance yourself from guilt.

And if you think my point is invalid, just ask the heroine from bhool bhulaiya I mean she literally blamed a ghost for her nonsense. Society these days. Really.

How to live by yourself, a guide:

I've been living alone in a studio apartment for a year now and have compiled a list of things to do to survive effectively.

- 1) Invest in a hobby of some kind to evade the crushing loneliness that will eventually seep into your very being. Or you know, make some friends.
- 2) Purchase food per day. You don't want to suddenly realise that you've left half of your weeks' groceries at the shop and now have to go back.
- 3) Don't watch or read any scary stories/ movies at night. Unless of course you want to stand outside your door paralyzed in fear because you had switched the lights off before you left and now think there's a headless Japanese girl waiting on the other side to greet you with her head on a platter. Literally.
- 4) Big Basket is a godsend to people who are unsure of how much vegetables and fruit cost and get robbed by vegetable and fruit walahs.
- 5) Keep a small plant in your flat to make it look nice. It also reminds you of your responsibilities as you can't slack off and not water it or it'll die. I have lost several plants this way and had to cremate them.
- 6) When you live alone, there's this voice in your head that suggests fun sounding but slightly dubious means to entertain yourself. For instance, I once tried to make a turkey and peanut butter sandwich all because I thought it'd be fun.... Learn to nip that voice in the bud before it's too late.... Trust me....
- 7) That half an hour study break is never really half an hour. Get used to that and plan your revision timings accordingly.
- 8) Mosquito repellent is by far, and I cannot stress this enough, BY FAR, the most vital component of the homeowner's arsenal.

THE RUE OF A SECOND YEAR

Pray take heed and pity of my plight,
Last minute revision keeps me up all night,
The college stress makes me shed many a tear,
Alas, such is the rue of a second year

Old enough to think of masters,
Yet too young to keep one's head
If we can't decide on our master we feel,
Our further studies are dead

Old enough to know responsibilities,
Young enough to go out with friends,
We know we'll revise after the parties,
But how can we do, and to what end?

Young enough to have dreams,
Old enough to know the effort it will require,
Young so we have the energy to do it,
Yet, a good night's sleep is all we desire

Yet despite this we're going to get promoted soon,
And pull away this awful sink,
When we're third years we'll have it figured out,
Or atleast, so we think.

A SCHOOL KID POEM ABOUT A COLLEGE KID LIFE

One day, as I thoughtfully gazed out of the window of the Casual Place,
And was met with nothing but smog and haze,
I began to wonder what it was that brought us to this college,
Was it the kind of people or the thirst for knowledge?

If you think about it, I'm sure you'll find,
That our experience here is one of a kind.
We have classes, enlightening and sleep inducing,
Though I have to admit, my attention with each hour is oft only reducing. Maybe it's our friends
that beckon us to this place,
We grow closer, fostered by the lack of space.

Pulling us out of our endless daydreams,
(Which often involve the dank-est of memes),
Are our erudite teachers, who make it seem like a breeze,
To understand things that make us go weak at the knees.

Then there's the Council that has you devoting half your life to attending meetings,
But you know something fun's coming up when you see the customary Insider post starting
with "Greetings!"

As the haze cleared away, my train of thought stopped,
And into my head the answer popped
"I thought it was going to be better than this" I thought in dismay,
Of course it was the Chilli Potato from the good ol' terrace cafe!

- Annanya Mahajan

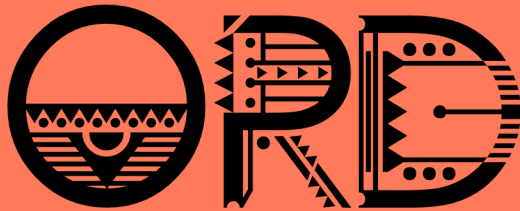
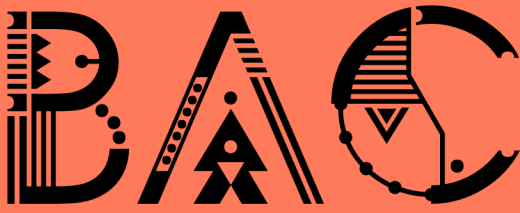


**DEAR READER, DO NOT READ THIS SECTION
OF THE GAZETTE IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY
OF THE FOLLOWING DISEASES:**

**-SENSITIVEFEELINGSITIS
-EOD OR THE EASILY OFFENDED DISORDER
-UNABLETOTAKEAJOKEITIS
-ANUBHAVWHYISTHEGAZETTESOMEANITIS
-IMCOMPLAININGBECAUSEIMASNITCHITIS
SERIOUSLY, ONCE YOU'VE TURNED OVER
THIS PAGE, YOU LOSE THE RIGHT TO BE
OFFENDED. I HAVE CONSULTED WITH MY
LEGAL DEPARTMENT ON THIS. (BASICALLY
SAARTHAK)**

**NOW LEAVE YOUR COMPLAINTS HERE, AND
READ ON.**

**LOTS OF LOVE AND HUGS,
BOB AND THE IMH TEAM**



My predecessor's legacy

Sravan Pallapoth, also known as the ISBF college hunk, never had much time for IMH work as he was too busy avoiding flocks of adoring fans and protecting me from bear attacks. Once after a fight with an ill-mannered grizzly, he gave me a smile so bright, that I was temporarily blinded by his sheer awesomeness and said "dude we have to work on the gazette"

This was, mind you, one day before the deadline.

Nevertheless, I was so awed by his sheer awesomeness that we set to work typing and editing all while fighting off sleep deprivation and anti-gazette ninjas. After five hours of relentless work, Rajnikanth emerged from the screen riding a flaming golden elephant and said "Bob, you have been chosen as IMH president for the next year." Or maybe it was Sravan I'm not sure, sleep deprivation causes hallucinations sometimes. Determined not to make my predecessors mistake, I pre-planned the gazette two weeks before the deadline. Little did I know it was too little too late.....

First years you see, have this odd habit of actually studying for the mock exams and as a result, I found myself understaffed and overwhelmed by the workload. Turning to my laptop, I beseeched Rajini sir to imbibe me with wisdom "Bob" he bellowed from my disk tray, "Use Saarthak and Sai, they're pretty good and like working on media stuff" so I assembled this ramshackle team and voila we were almost done!

We didn't see the anti-gazette ninjas until they were hovering above my laptop with a magnet! Sai screamed "DESIGN TEMPLATES, LEND ME THY STRENGTH" and evaporated the fiend with his super braces! Saarthak and I meanwhile, fought off evil Russian bear spies who wanted to steal our designs using our photographer and editing skills to our fullest. Suddenly, we were attacked by the ultimate fiend, QUIZ WIZ! A brilliantly devious man who used current affairs questions to defeat us with great ease as we don't follow on current events. Just as all seemed lost, ARTICULATE ARJO, a vigilante who devoted his life to fighting crime after QUIZ WIZ fooled him into pouncing on a question he didn't know, appeared on scene! The battle was intense with a number of tie breakers when AA suddenly used a trick question about local politics to crush QUIZ WIZ once and for all! We all rejoiced and TRIN wrote us a victory ballad with Philis on lead vocals and Samagra doing some sick guitar shredding.

And that is how, this gazette came to be. Atleast, that's my version of it. Anubhav and the IMH people probably have one too but I bet it's lame.

And now that you know how this glorious work of fiction ahem journalism came to be, I suggest you honor our epic battle and read it for god's sake.

Lots of love for now and forever,

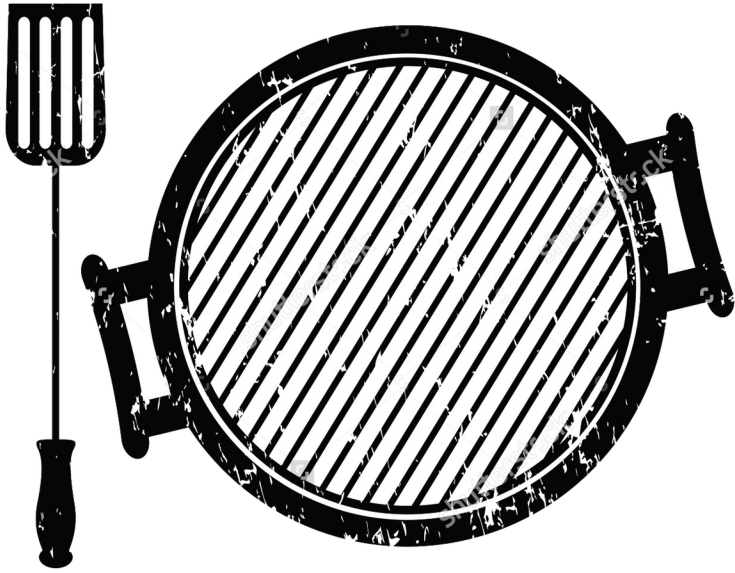
Bob

Supreme leader of West Korea and secret IMH president.

How to successfully

publish the Gazette

1. Fail at least one paper in the March exams. If you pass all, be assured that your Gazette won't.
2. Proofread. Proofread everything a billion times over. You don't want to end up with insert funny typo
3. Don't fool yourself into thinking that asking people to write articles once will suffice.
4. Don't get any sleep. The power of the pen is exalted with sleep deprivation. Sleep will turn your mighty pen into a wimpy sword.
5. Resist the urge to write your name under half the articles, despite the fact that your "editing" was pretty much rewriting.
6. Be prepared to befriend every printer in Lajpat Nagar, It's the only way the printing will be within your budget.
7. Copious amounts of time mustn't be spent on making the pictures look good. It isn't your fault that the subjects of the pictures didn't try earlier on.
8. Except the members of the Core Council. They're the ones who will decide how much money you get to make the Gazette.
9. If all else fails, just add puppy pictures every few pages. You have a winner.
10. Once the whole thing is over, please ensure the designer of the magazine is given free access to the ISBF farewell after-party as he/she will deserve it. After all, they're responsible for magically transforming your work into a Gazette



THE COUNCIL ROAST

Bob and the student council

So Anubhav made the mistake of letting me out of my basement prison and I immediately disguised myself in his apparel and attended council meetings. I will now candidly report of the happenings and you may or may not laugh at them. If you're offended you probably didn't read the health advisory.

IMH

My god where to begin, Anubhav's constant denim dan theme is such an eyesore that even Saarthak refuses to photograph it. The meetings begin twenty minutes past scheduled time with only six of twenty members in attendance. Philis speaks so soft no one hears her ideas and Amrit is banned from speech following his ahem "speech". Somehow, Simran is here with her incessant murmuring and oddball fashion sense, and while her ideas are solid, they are immediately destroyed by the idiosyncrasies of Shubham and Krishna. Krishna keeps insisting on raunchy memes and illustrations while Shubham insists on discussing thinks so irrelevant I won't mention them. Parikshit then makes some godforsaken pun and Anubhav proceeds to go into heart failure. While Philis and Saarthak use phone batteries to shock him into life, Sid makes some obtuse overruling and concludes the meeting leaving the president foaming at the mouth between life and death. Stuti leaves early because she has to go bake something.

How does this club get anything done is beyond me.

MUN

MUN has this tendency to use the word MUN in waaay to many ways. For instance, they actually use the term MUNNING. Let that sink in for a second. MUNNING. By that logic I'll be BOBING the next time I write an article for anything. The club itself is small but efficient as Sachdeva handles most of it and is something of a MUN kingpin, or atleast, that's what I hear. He MUNS (see anyone can do it) the muneetings and everyone seems to have MUN. I notice students are only too eager to participate in intra college competitions though and given that ISBF attendance is provided for these events, I'm hardly surprised. Smh.

TRIN

Samagra sits there with his super awesome hairstyle and nervously frets about where everyone is. Luckily Philis arrives and throws down some sick vocals to chill out the vibe. Amrit arrives with his weird box drum thing and Samagra yells "yaar aaj drums lane the, ye tu kya kar raha hai yaar." Shubham refuses to play to the band and starts playing some blues tunes while daydreaming about hanging out with BB king. Philis is still singing her own damn tunes and Samagra nearly cries out of frustration because no one's singing the song he's planned. The meeting ends when they're ejected from their room by a PRT or teacher looking for an extra room. Shame, I really liked the rock/blues/box drum/crying fusion I think they were going for.

BLAIZE

Prachi is looking at her hair in their new mirror and is wondering if it'll ever be as good Samagra's. She then hugs the mirror because it is in her words "my pride and joy." She then explodes in fury when she realises that everyone was slacking off the warm-up when her back was turned and Piyush proceeds to punish EVERYONE (me included) with some godonlyknowswhat ballet exercises that only he can do, while Sargam keeps a hawk eye out for slackers and points them out, leaving them to the mercy of Prachi and Piyush who demand fifty no arm push ups out of anyone silly enough to slack off. Hadi meanwhile, has a vacant expression on his face because he misses the gym and wants to eat kebabs while bench pressing 300kgs. Prachi punches a hole in the roof(no joke) out of frustration and the whole troupe in terrorised into practising. She then gives me a stare that could freeze an igloo and I realise I have ten seconds to leave before I'm played alive.

CPC

While the title sounds similar to PCP, it's actually quite a respectable and nice club run by too enthusiastic first years known as Shubham and Shailja. However, ISBF people are too busy engaging in college politics to actually care about their future careers so Shubham and I sit while Shailja introduces some corporate hotshot who was scheduled to speak today. A few students are in attendance after being "asked" by Shailja and the seminar goes underway. I notice the look of despair in Shubham's eyes as no one asks the speaker questions. I also notice the neediness in the speaker's eyes as he flashes a nervous smile and goes "it's ok guys you can ask me anything." Only to be met with silence. His dreams of being a motivational speaker shattered, the corporate hotshot runs home with tears in his eyes, probably to go hug his mum. We at ISBF are a very hard to please audience.

Artefactory

Vachi and Anamika are like a loudspeaker and a muffler. Both are incredibly creative but one's so soft we can't hear her, and the others so loud the receptionist, a sweet lady on the ground floor, closes her ears and waits for meteors to strike. Ishita is busy sculpting a replica of the statue of Venus out of paper clips while Himanshi is busy replicating the Mona Lisa to sell for extra funds. While not a "meeting" per se, this club is one the few places of Zen in this metal concert of a college. I have no idea about art so I quietly vandalise a table in the back with some spray paints while they talk designs and whatnot.

Events

This club is like a Swiss army knife. It's designed to be multifunctional and does its job well. Their club is led by their charismatic president RD, who was runner up for ISBF college hunk. When Shriya and Vidur aren't making googly eyes at RD's flowing hair and beard, they make ideas which as so vast in genre it makes me wonder just what on earth is this club's agenda. The meeting ends early with a respectable level of work done. Shriya and Vidur talk fashion designs and crash diets, while RD strokes his beard and gazes into the stratosphere. The room was so full of this unidentifiable feeling of holier than thou attitude that I immediately vacated the premises and locked the doors from outside. Hah! Event manage that.

SWS

This society is supposed to be for charity. Now I don't know what was happening in that meeting but discussing charity seemed to be the last thing on anyone's mind but the president and his VP. Siddanth kept looking at his watch hoping to get some measure of decorum in the room while Sunandini writes the meeting agenda on the ceiling. When asked why would she write it so far up, she apologized and said that she was writing at her own eye level. Nimisha meanwhile is deep in the process of what can delicately be called "information mongering" (in case you're unaware of the term, it's a euphemism for gossiping) and is completely engrossed. Sunandini finally has an idea and brings in a crate full of adorable puppies she got from friendicos. The puppies lull everyone into silence and the meeting proceeds without a hitch. I left early as I'm scared of small furry animals and was unaware of what happened.

Akademios

Sanket is conducting the meeting with his usual flair and does quite well actually. Until he overheard someone say "cards" and immediately went into a frenzy talking about how awesome the latest House of Cards episode was (it really was btw). He then misheard "but.." as "bat" and immediately left the room to check on cricket scores. Gunish takes over and is immediately concerning himself with his skinny pants and wonders loudly if his pants and loafers clash enough with his peace sign to make fashion "statement." Simran, the official advisor, brings the meeting to order and plans the Bulls and beards event which I, Bob, immediately intend to win as it seems to be financially lucrative. Imagine my dismay then, when upon winning the thing, I end up realising that they use fake money. Still, I had a great time and I'm sure everyone else did.

CC

Upon closer investigation of the council's funding, it becomes clear that large quantities are spent on chilly potatoes and cravats (Pranav), baking ingredients (Nikhita) and, useless game of thrones memorabilia (definetely Simran). Utsav seems to be the only one upset about this rampant spending. Vignesh is upset because AVPs don't get access to the council credit card. Utsav and Vignesh try to draw attention to the misappropriation of funds clearly present. Pranav doesn't speak as he's chewing chilly potatoes and admiring his new cravats. Simran half-heartedly responds, too engrossed in her GOT t-shirt while Nikhita takes control of the situation using a delicious slice of home made cake. The core council then asks me to leave because I'm not cool enough. I won't tell you the things I overheard in that meeting. The level of bourgeois in that discussion would have Arjo sir kicking in the door followed by an angry mob of proletariat students demanding a restructuring of the system. Actually, I will tell you it's core council has edited this article to suit college norms, our apologies



T H E I S B F B L O O P E R R E E L

Every now and again, someone makes a blooper that is forever immortalized in college memory as "hey remember the time when..." This section is dedicated to those iconic moments where people did or said something that really wasn't necessary.

YEAR 1

This section is dedicated to Amrit alone. While being a great drummer, IMH AVP, and all round nice guy, his speech for Core Council AVP will be remembered as one of the finest and most scandalous speeches in the history of mankind.

Long story short, he compared his life trials to different girlfriends and caused an awkward hush in what is generally a noisy and raucous crowd. I myself was beside myself with laughter while Philis attempted to dig her way to China. Shreeja ma'am looked like someone threw a puppy into a ceiling fan and we'll leave it at that.

YEAR 2

By far the finest collection of oddballs ISBF will ever have in my humble opinion.

SIMRAN

While holding an awards ceremony, she snapped out of her usual grumpy self to a personality of a charming and very efficient anchor. However, she should have mumbled because as it turns out, she said and I quote "This award, I think has been very long prolonged" immediately, the front row erupted with murmurs of "eh what'd she say?" and "lol talk about a sentence slip" and "man I have to write an article about this." To this day, she is pestered on social media for what is actually a small mishap. We at ISBF call her Steve Harvey as a result.

ANUBHAV

He has thinning hair and will probably be bald before his 25th birthday. To combat that, he took a hair treatment course and had to shave his head for the medicine to take full effect. Blaming an allergy to save face, Anubhav carried about his studently duties looking like a denim clad lightbulb, blinding everyone in his vicinity and saving the college millions in electricity bills with his naked cranium.

SIDDARTH GUPTA

There are over four trillion nerve endings in the human body. Each of them are widely spread and yet somehow, some people manage to get on EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM. His blooper reel moment however, is actually his remarkably horrifying "pool face" a term coined by ISBF pool enthusiasts as the face one makes while taking a shot. Making contact with Sid's pool face with naked eyes is reported to have caused frightening hallucinations and loss of appetite. Shades are recommended.

YEAR 3

PRANAV+ANUBHAV

Last year during a college trip, these two desperados went to the pool at 2AM in order to catch potential miscreants who were reported to have been causing trouble in the pool area. Upon arriving at the scene, they found the pool empty and the water warm and did exactly what they came to stop. Ten minutes later, they emerged shivering in the night air and had to respond to questions like "OMG DID YOU FALL IN THE POOL? HAHA" with a sullen "Hey it was core council work ok."

SRAVAN and the HRM PRT debacle

Sravan is a phenomenal PRT teacher. However, he is absolutely abysmal at scheduling timings for his lessons. Him and his PRT class were forcefully evicted from two classrooms and wasted twenty minutes searching for one. Upon discovery of a spare room, they began the lesson to realise that Hadi Zadi was still looking for a room and no one had thought to inform him. Hadi arrived flustered and eager to learn only to realise that the class was of an hour had only ten minutes left. Leaving the students to discuss the many benefits of planning in advance.

the right hand man

The importance of a right hand man:

Soon, some of you first years will be made presidents. When you get there, my sole piece of advice from over one year of experience is, get a right hand man.

A right hand man will:

- 1) Organize meetings and make sure you remember to attend them
- 2) Deal with people for you, so you don't have to
- 3) Stay up late at night and work on endless projects while balancing a hectic timetable
- 4) Sacrifice free time to hunt down people who haven't submitted stuff
- 5) Provide ideas for almost everything because you're generally as creative as a hollow walnut
- 6) Monitor all your actions with constant vigilance to ensure you don't go offending people
- 7) Take meeting notes because no one else will

All in all, the ideal right hand man will do your job and more. Hence, if you want your club to submit stuff only slightly behind deadlines and if you don't to worry about club stuff alone. Get a right hand man asap. The ideal ones do all the worrying for you.

The art of being a good right hand man

Taking care of your president

It's not an easy job being AVP or VP of anything in this college. Trust me.

One very basic and important thing. And that is, keeping your President happy. Always. Non-negotiable. Now why this is important is because as an inexperienced newbie you do tend to get into troubles and mess up a few things spectacularly (not me though) and your President always comes in handy as a scapegoat who'll apply political grease to ease the wrath of the Core Council and faculty.

Basically, it's like handling a five-year-old or a really old relative. Appreciating his jokes (even when they're pathetically banal), getting water for him during meetings are the basic necessities of this job. But if you want a complete insurance package you'll have to show some dedication in your work in the first two and the last two months of the year.

The rest is sorted. He or she will handle the rest and hence you can have fun with a little pride under your nose and a large portion of the credit.

But sometimes you do get a President that might not just go in tandem with your thoughts. Sometimes you have a president with a denim fetish and a huge deficit of patience who likes unmentionable jokes and being bald on a whim. In that case, you do the most important thing in this world. A process that has been guiding millions across the globe and can even help you to avert this problem with a little divine intervention.

Put your hands together (in whichever style you prefer) and pray as hard as you can. Also, hope that the CC might be on your side. Otherwise, well, god save you because no one else will. Amen!



MOVIE REVIEW

So I had a little extra cash on my hands and rather than saving it for a rainy day, I did the classic college move of blowing it away on movies I didn't really wanna see, but did because I didn't want to be left out of discussions at college and feel like a loser. Here's my take on the latest releases:

La La Land:

8/10

I love good hype as much as the next man insert sarcastic note here but there's something about this movie that really made me hate it. No, it wasn't the brilliant musical score, wasn't the fine acting job by Emma stone and, it wasn't Gosling's sick dance moves either. What I hated about it was sitting in a movie hall with my wallet a lot lighter, a blatantly overpriced tub of popcorn on my lap and, my phone on silent (it's only polite), only to be underwhelmed greatly. I dunno, blame it on people calling it "the greatest film of our time" or "simply riveting." How hard is it for people to say "eh, nice movie?"

XXX – Return of Xander Cage

-10/0

A movie so ridiculous, I don't even remember the name. This movie is a lesson that if a director's name has the prefix "dj", to call to arms and destroy the theatre. I myself hurled a full tub of popcorn at the screen and was escorted by the guard, much to the envy of the other viewers.

LEGO BATMAN

Rating: JUSTICE

Come on, it's batman with a sense of humour and no pants on (seriously). Batman fans in particular will lose it when they see all of Batman's principles and dark demeanor taken for a roast as nothing is sacred when Lego decides to makes film.

DIE HARD 1

Rating: to quote Joey, "DIE HARD!!!"

I watch this movie once a month to remind myself that even if you're Severus Snape moonlighting as an evil terrorist John McCain will still kick your sorry butt off of nakatomi tower while wearing a dirty vest and shooting off cheesy one liners. Magnificent.

Any Tarantino movie

Rating: 100000/10

If you see a Spielberg film, or a Martin Scorsese film, or a Kubrick epic, there is a slight chance you may the very common error of mixing up who directed what.

But if you want a director with a style so unique not even a monkey and misplace it, watch a Tarantino masterpiece. Never has the awkward silence been so awesomely used as in inglorious basterds. Watch it, and you will realise just what I mean.

Titanic

10/10

Easily the funniest movie I've ever seen. I haven't laughed so hard since well, titanic.

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Hachiku

Rating- sobs into keyboard

This movie is a perfect example of why all dogs go to heaven regardless of how many times they "do their business" in the house. It also is a perfect example of how dogs can make you cry so bad you drown.

The Conjuring:

Rating: 8.5/10

After this movie, everytime someone claps in a room, you will scream for you mother.



And The Award Goes to...

Best hairdo in the universe:

Hair also serves as a bulletproof helmet to protect from jealous attackers
 Hair further highlighted by innocent and cheerful smile to lure in the ladies
 Combed at precisely the "Don Draper" angle of 158.97° to maximize utility of hair
 Gel used is a compound of titanium and gold to provide strength and shine simultaneously
 Immaculate suit looks like a hobo get-up in comparison with the magnificence on his cranium

Best smile:

Eyes completely denote a clear concise unlike Bob and most of the IMH team. Yes, we're very jealous.
 Sparkling white teeth indicate healthy eating habits and warm friendly nature
 Smile further enhanced by doing good deeds her entire life unlike Bob and Saarthak who've lied more
 than DiCaprio in the Wolf of Wall Street.
 Her cakes taste so good because she throws these million dollars smile at them as they leave the oven.
 It's science, trust me.

College hunk:

Those mountains got so hot in his presence that they lost 79.8% snow instantly
 Manly looks concealed by glasses and cap to protect bystanders from hunky radiation
 Wry smile indicates he's a Channing Tatum+ East Clintwood + George Clooney combination look-alike
 and he knows and owns it
 Jacket used to conceal muscles used for bear fighting and picking up cars filled with supermodels

Best photographer:

He's not really holding a camera; his photography skills are such he live photoshops one wherever he
 goes
 Photos are actually concealed in his built in hard drive
 Zoom lens is actually his Pupils dilating to 60000% for that perfect 10k definition shot
 Beard is aerodynamically shaped to allow maximum flash distribution
 Nose used to sniff out perfect exposure levels and what level of zoom is required

Best gourmet:

Can expand his jaw to 509% more to allow maximum consumption
 Immaculate jacket also holds 139 different condiments and sauces to enhance flavour
 Food clearly honoured at being consumed by such a culinary mastermind
 Plate shines in ecstasy at being held by the greatest gourmet ISBF has ever seen

Best designer:

He has often used this very smile to charm even the most stubborn Mac books to give him free apps for
 designing
 Hair is actually used as a storage space for design templates because he's used all his brain matter
 already
 Beard used for stroking when in difficult design dilemmas
 Braces are used as laser guns to defend against evil anti design cyber ninjas



SPOTTED.

**WHEN YOU REALIZE THE
ACCOUNT DEPARTMENT**

CHARGES A TAX ON THE PHOTOCOPY CARD

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**WHEN YOU'RE
FORCED TO**

**DRESS FORMAL
FOR THE PICTURES**

**WHEN YOUR
BOSS ASKS YOU**

TO RATE XENIA

**10 MINS INTO
XENIA AND CHILL**

**AND HE GIVES
YOU THIS LOOK**

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