



Heritage Institute of Technology
Department of Computer Application

20th Anniversary Edition



RESONANCE



HERITAGE
INSTITUTE
OF
TECHNOLOGY

Calligraphy by
Iti Bera, 2nd Year

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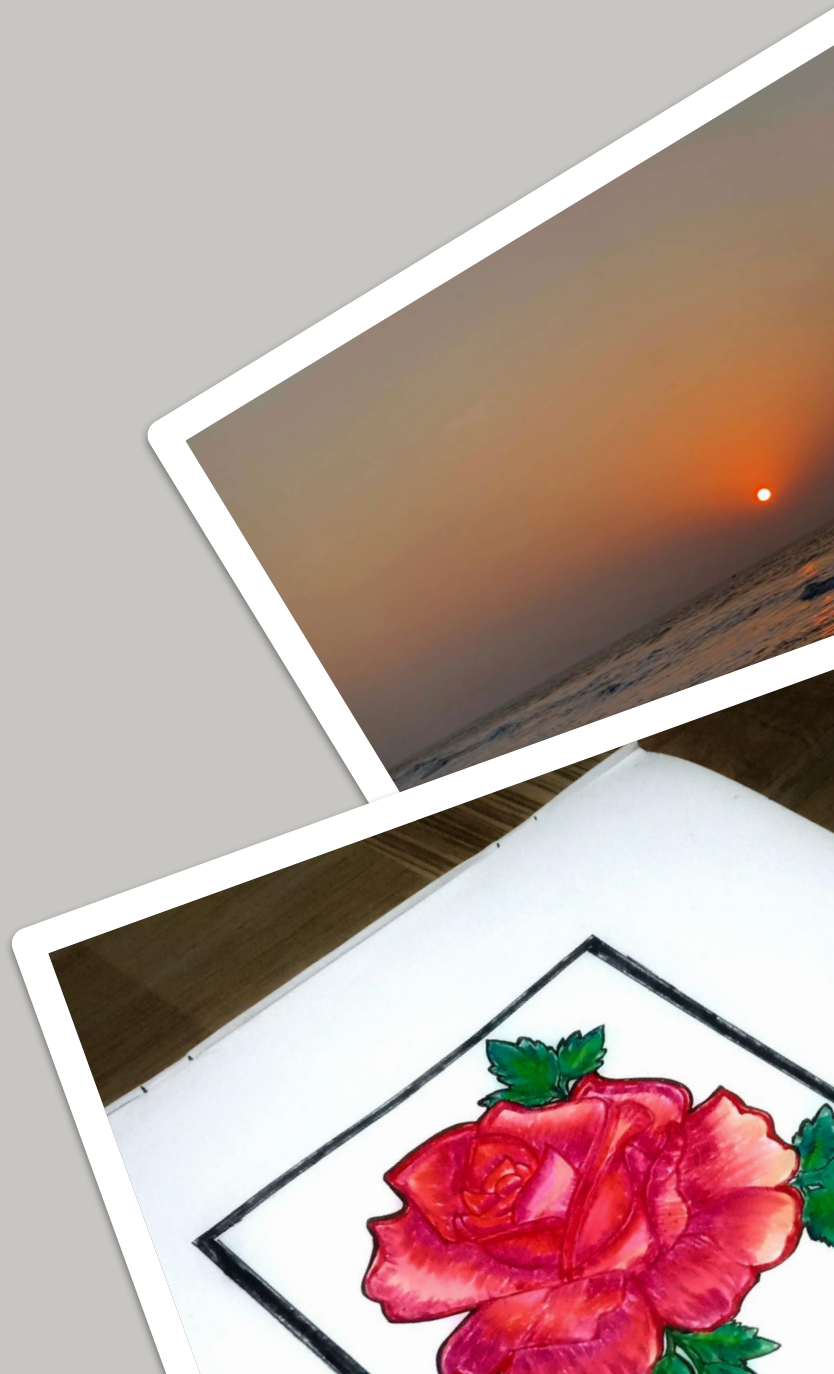
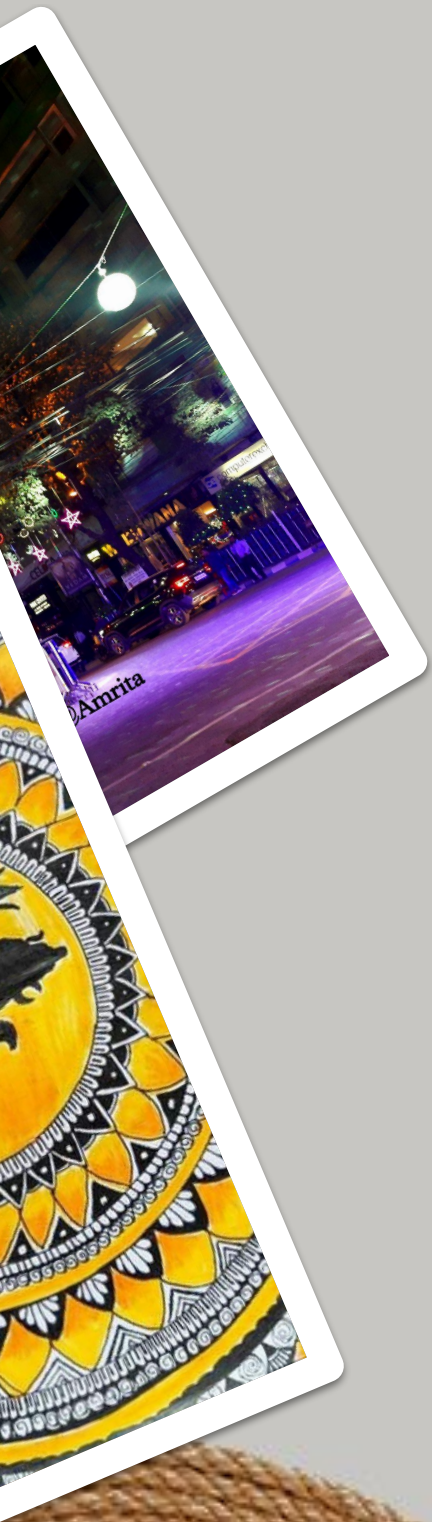
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Message from HOD's Desk

Writing and reading decrease our sense of isolation. They deepen and widen and expand our sense of life: they feed the soul. It gives me great pleasure to publish this edition of *Resonance*, the departmental magazine from the Department of Computer Applications. "A truly great magazine cover surprises and connects in a nanosecond", said George Lois. *Resonance*, I am sure, will meet both these expectations. This version of *Resonance* embodies a varied range of material submitted by students and staff members of the Department. Hope you will enjoy each one of them. My sincere gratitude goes to the editorial team for their hard work and dedication that has resulted in publication of this issue of *Resonance*, even in this pandemic situation.

Reading is dreaming with open eyes... Happy Reading!



Dr. Souvik Basu

Head,

Department of Computer Applications

HIT Kolkata



Message from the Departmental Coordinator

Human endeavour has no perimeter. With an undaunted zeal the human race strived hard since time immemorial to drive our civilization ahead. However, we made mistakes to harness the energy for the benefit of the mass. Engineers are considered to be problem solvers. Society expects practical solutions from them to utilize the energy resource in an optimized manner. Our students, I would expect, will be those very solution providers to solve the existential dichotomy of our species.

Apart from the textual rudiments, here at Heritage we expect our students to grow fully, to strive the multi-threaded faculties of their creative persona. The publication of this magazine is a reflection of that stride ahead. I thank all of the MCA students who contributed in the publication of the present issue of resonance. I am quite confident that our students will be our very reason of pride in years to come.



Sandipan Ganguly,
Assistant Professor and Departmental Coordinator,
Department of Computer Applications,
Heritage Institute of Technology.

Creative Writing



A Musical Dance

Our souls meet in a musical moment.

The dance of our heartbeats rose love spreading a celestial scent.

My eternal eyes don't wanna lose you even for a single glance.

We dream together to make our romantic journey like a musical dance.

Music celebrates the most beautiful aroma of creative resonance.

Musical dance spreads the heavenly fragrance.

Let the melodious music play.

Let our auspicious souls sway.

Let the warmth of the dance melt our hearts.

Music is the divine art.

Music is our minds' magnet.

Music is the most soulful connection on our planet.

Music resonates the true spirit of mother nature.

Let's breathe love in the musical air.

Let's dance together now and forever.

Oh my darling, you dance like a wavy river.

Let's dance just forgetting everything.

Let's enjoy dance with the rhythmic anklets' tuning.

Let's dance with the stormy wind.

Let the innocence of our childhood rewind.

Let's dance to embrace mother universe.

Let's dance with the breath of music to absorb the purity of the creative
Venus.

Let's dance on the pearly moon.

Oh my darling, come on come on let's start the musical dance very soon.

We feel like any pain doesn't matter.

Let's dance with all our souls.

Let's live without making any intentional foul.

My soulmate, you dance like an earthy angel.

Music and dance forever give us the hope to save our colourful minds from being pale.

Let's dance on the sacred soil sensing the touch of the starry sky.

Let's forget, one day we all have to die.

Music is as pure as truth.

Let's make the unfair reality musically peaceful and smooth.

Love is the holiest addiction.

Let's write our love story in musical notation.

Music and dance together make the magical fusion.

Musical dance is the eternal devotion.

My darling, you dance like a peacock in love witnessing the rainy cloud.

Musical dance gives us the spiritual uplift in the midst of the chaotic crowd.

Your dance is as spontaneous as a flawless fountain.

Let the music clear our minds' all the stains.

Let the music mingle with dance to mother nature's core.

Let's start our musical dance to live once more.



Arpita Roy

Technical Assistant



বাঙালি আমি

শ্রেয়া দত্ত

প্রথম বর্ষ

ছেলে আমার ইংলিশ মিডিয়াম, আদব কায়দাই আলাদা ।
মাতৃভাষা তো ব্যাকডেটেড, তাই বাংলাটা ঠিক আসেনা!
ইংরেজী ভাষা নাকি ভারী শক্ত, ওসব কী আর সবাই পারে?
তা দাদা, দু পংক্তি মেঘনাদবধ কাব্য শোনান দেখি পড়ে!

ইংরেজী ভাষায় নাকি গ্ল্যামার আছে, আছে শৌখিনতা,
বাংলাটা তো নেহাতই ডাল-ভাত, ও বলা আর এমন কী কথা?
শেকসপিয়র আর চার্লস ডিকেন্স পড়ে ধন্য ধন্য করো,
ওহে বাঙালি, রবিঠাকুরের কটা গল্প, কাব্য তুমি পড়ো?

নতুন ভাষা শেখা দোষের কিছু নয়, হও না তুমি দক্ষ!
তবে মাতৃভাষাকে আগলে রেখো, সর্বদা নিও তার পক্ষ ।
বৃক্ষমন্ডলী আকাশ ছোঁয়, তবু শিকড় আকড়ে বাঁচে ।
মনে রেখো তুমিও বাঙালি, বঙ্গভাষা রেখো বুকের মাঝে ।

আমরা বাঙালি, বারো মাসে তেরো পার্বণে মাতি,
শুধু নয় আনন্দ, সাহিত্য আর বিজ্ঞানেও আমরা সম্মান এগিয়ে থাকি ।
পঞ্চব্যঞ্জন সহকারে ভুরিভোজ যেমন জমিয়ে করতে পারি,
অর্থিতি বাৎসল্যেও তেমনি বাঙালির নেই জুড়ি ।

লালমাটির মেঠো সুরে শান্তির ডাক আছে ।
তাই বাঙালির খ্যাতি আজ বিশ্বজুড়ে সবার কাছে ।
তাই বাংলা ভাষা জানো বলে গর্ব বোধ করো, অহংকার করে বলতে শেখো,
"আমি বাঙালি, বাংলাটাই আমার সবথেকে ভালো আসে ॥"

Melancholy Nights

Neha Perween

1st Year

Adorned in the melancholy attire, night arrives!

Left behind her, is the ripped dress of dusk.

Or perhaps it was gently discarded?

But discarded nonetheless!

In its silence wake, the cricket chirps
with the husk,

Or perhaps was it the owl's hoot that Jolts me awake?

My gaze goes through the window and I behold the stars,

The stars which soon are shadowed
as clouds rush from far.

I search for the moon whom clouds
must have barred,

For I find it nowhere as I gaze through
the window-ajar.

But then my stare strays and falls on the sheets,
which are as rumped as my mind's
state.

A sigh escapes from the harmonizing
with clock's beat,

And i can't find peace which reminds
me of the moon's retreat.

নরক

শ্রেয়া দত্ত

প্রথম বর্ষ

পাঁক জমোছে শহর জুড়ে, ব্যস্ত সবাই স্বেচ্ছাচারে ।
আনাচ-কানাচ, অলি-গলি, চলছে রেওয়াজ মিথ্যা বুলির ।
সত্যবাদী? ভুল সেজন! মিথ্যা কথাই সত্যবচন ।
যদি কেউ হয় যুক্তিবাদী, দেবী কিসের? সরাও আজই!

রাজা-মন্ত্রী আমোদ করে, অনাহারে মানুষ মরে ।
এটাই নিয়ম রাজার হালে, মিথ্যাচারেই মোক্ষ পাবে ।
লাভের গুঁড় পিঁপড়ে খায়, মানুষ শুধু কষ্ট পায় ।
আমরা কিন্তু রাজারই অনুগামী, মানবজীবন এমন কি আর দামী?

হঠাৎ সবাই ব্যস্ত সেবায়, প্রজাকল্যাণে জুড়ি মেলা দায়!
কাজের ঠেলায় অন্ধ সবাই, সুযোগ বুঝলেই জল ছেড়ে পালায় ।
বাঁচিয়ে রাখতে সিংহাসন, চলছে নানান প্রহসন ।
নিত্যনতুন আশার বাণী, প্রয়োজন মিটলেই ভুলবে জানি ।

তবুও মানুষ স্বপ্ন দেখে, মিথ্যে স্বর্গে বাঁচতে শেখে ।
মিথ্যে কথার খড়কুটোকেই সত্যি ভেবে আঁকড়ে ধরে,
আশায় আশায় ইচ্ছে বাড়ে ।
আসবে কি কেউ রাজার দেশে নিরব্দের সেবার তরে?

লকডাউন্

টিনা মজুমদার

প্রথম বর্ষ

শব্দটা শুনে প্রথমে ভেবেছিলাম,
কিছু দিন ছুটিতে ভালোই কাটবে বেশ ।।
তারপরেই বদলে গেল সব,
চার দেওয়ালে বন্দীই নাকি এখন আমাদের দেশ ।।
কাটছে না দিন ঘুম নেই রাতে,
ডিপ্ৰেশন ভর করেছে মনে ।।
সময় কাটছে শুধুই,
নেটফ্লিক্স আর সোশ্যাল মিডিয়ার কোণে ।।
হারিয়ে গেছে সেই বন্ধুদের সাথে আড্ডা,
সেই স্কুল-কলেজের দিন ।।
ক্লাসরুম এখন এসে গিয়েছে ঘরের ভেতর,
জীবনটা এখন একেবারে অনলাইন ।।
তবুও আমরা ভালোই আছি,
সেই সব মানুষগুলোর চেয়ে ।।
লকডাউন্ এর চাপে কাজ হারিয়ে,
অনাহারে দিন কাটাচ্ছে যাদের ছেলে-মেয়ে ।।
মহামারী থেকে বাঁচতে,
আজ দুর্ভিক্ষ কড়া নেড়েছে দরজায় ।।
কেটে যাবে সব অন্ধকার,
যদি আজও মানুষ- মানুষের পাশে গিয়ে দাড়ায় ।।

Fading Away

Arunava Dey

2nd Year

A dance to remember,
a dance to dream.
This is where my hopes started to begin.
If I am right,
we met on a gloomy night.
It wasn't much of a sight,
until you came dazzling with your lights.
Colours of blue, green and red,
which made my mind go blank for a sec.
We spoke for a minute or two,
that is when my interest sparked in you.
We started talking whenever you were on,
never bothered to sleep until dawn was upon.
This went for a year or two,
when you asked me "what about you?"
and i said i felt the same too.
This was then,
but now I cannot stand the sight of you again.
It was only supposed to be us,
but now there is Gauss, cos and calculus.
I don't know what to do,
I fear i might end up losing you.

How are you?

Megha Pal

2nd Year

Our answer to the question “How are you?” seems like such a small thing. But we must answer that question as many as 10-15 times in a week. So it’s not a small thing at all. It’s a significant part of our daily life.

When someone asks “How are you?” what do we say? Our answer is usually not more than a few words. And yet, that short response tells a lot about us.

Sometimes the replies to ”How are you?” include words such as

“Good.”

“Great.”

“Fantastic.”

These words make anyone feel little better and excited at the same time...

But sometimes the replies could be

“Horrible.”

“too bad.”

”Lousy.”

When we use words like these, we also diminish our energy. Can you imagine someone saying ”Could be worse” with a lot of enthusiasm? Of course not!!

When we're asked "How are you?" and we say "Horrible!" our emotions is adversely affected. After stating that we're lousy, do we feel better? Of course not. We feel even more down because of these negative words and these thoughts then generate negative feelings.

And it's up to us to break it. Even if real circumstances in our life persuaded us to state that we're lousy-perhaps a promising goals fell through, or any problems these words do nothing to improve the situation. To make matters worse, our negative reply turns others off, they're dragged down into pessimism.

So never turn away from any adverse situations in life and try to be optimistic in every situation...

माँ!!

Vidisha Agarwal

2nd Year

कर दें वर्णन जो माँ तेरा, शब्दों में वो बात नहीं है
लिख दे तुझे हू-ब-हू, माँ क़लम की ये औक़ात नहीं है

जैसे बिन बोले तूने, मेरी भूख-प्यास सब जानी थी
शोर मेरे रोने से लेकर, मेरी ख़ामोशी तक पहचानी थी
समझ यूँ ही अबोध मुझे तू, कुछ कहने के हालात नहीं हैं
लिख दे तुझे हू-ब-हू, माँ क़लम की ये औक़ात नहीं है

ना क़ाबिल हूँ ना चाहती हूँ, कि एहसान तेरे चुका दूँ मैं
करके बात कोई भी लेन देन की, ममता तेरी झुका दूँ मैं
माँ तेरे दुलार के आगे, कुछ भी तो क़ायनात नहीं है
लिख दे तुझे हू-ब-हू, माँ क़लम की ये औक़ात नहीं है

माँ बच्चों सी मैं आज भी, सोते सोते डर जाती हूँ
ना जाने कैसे तू जग जाती है, पास तुझे मैं पाती हूँ
तेरे साथ से बढकर माँ, दुनिया में कोई सौगात नहीं है
लिख दे तुझे हू-ब-हू, माँ क़लम की ये औक़ात नहीं है

नाराज़ कभी तू होकर मुझसे, बातें चुप ना कर देना
मौन तेरा चीखेगा मुझमें, यूँ प्राण मेरे ना हर लेना
तेरे थप्पड़ भी जैसे थपकी हैं, माँ कोई आघात नहीं है
लिख दे तुझे हू-ब-हू, माँ क़लम की ये औक़ात नहीं है

कहूँ क्या तुझसे तुझे मैं, माँ तू ही तो अभिव्यक्ति है
स्वयं से नहीं मुझे जितनी, माँ तुझसे उतनी अनुरक्ति है
बाँध सकूँ जो कविता में, हाँ ये वो जज़्बात नहीं है
लिख दे तुझे हू-ब-हू, माँ क़लम की ये औक़ात नहीं है

उम्र तेरी जब बड़ेगी माँ, मैं बच्चे सा तुम्हें सम्भालूँगी
मैं बिन तेरे कुछ कहे माँ, तेरे दिल की बातें जानूँगी
और डांटूँगी डपकाँरूँगी तो, बिगड़ने वाली बात नहीं है
लिख दे तुझे हू-ब-हू, माँ क़लम की ये औक़ात नहीं है!

सच्चा यार

Vidisha Agarwal

2nd Year

मेरा नाम उसी से मैं बदनाम भी उसी से,
बिन बुलायी मुसीबत में फसाता है दोस्त
जेबे खाली उसी ने ही की है मेरी,
मेरे हर बेवकूफी में भागीदार है दोस्त

पर जरूरत में दौड़ के आता है सिर्फ वो, किस्मत में खुशियां लिखता है दोस्त
इस वैवफा की दुनिया में, वफ़ा का मतलब है दोस्त

"Darr मत हम सम्भाल लेंगे ये कहने वाला हौसला है दोस्त इश्क के समंदर
में डूबने से बचाता है, तभी तो कहते है मोहब्बत से बढ़कर है दोस्त

सामने बेशक बुराई करता हो, पर कोई और कुछ बोले तो लड़ने को तैयार है
दोस्त

यारों से अब और क्या मांगे हम, जिन्दगी का अनमोल तोफा है दोस्त

मेरे घरवालों के सामने यार शरीफ बना बैठे, पर असर में मेरे शैतानी का राज
है दोस्त

जिन्दगी जिम्मेदारियों से भरा सोमवार है, तो सुकून का इतवार है दोस्त

इस मतलबी दुनिया में, बिना मतलब का रिश्ता है दोस्त
ना शर्ते, ना वादे, ना कसमें, न उम्मीद.. धर्म मजहब इन सब से परे है दोस्त

शाम को मंजिल की फ़िक्र न करें, चाय के संग कुछ बाते और गालियों में भी
मिठास है दोस्त खामोशी को पहचाने मेरी, बिना कहे ही दिल की बात
समझना है दोस्त

ठोकर लगे तो संभाला है दोस्त ने, गिरु तो उठकर चलना सिखाता है दोस्ती
कितने राज, कितने किस्से, कितने झूठ, खूबसूरत यादों का पिटारा है..
सच्चा यार है दोस्ती...

The Soul

Angadraj Singh

2nd Year

A crying kid near the main gate of an old house. She had a bruise on the forehead. She did not bleed much and had a queen's piece in her hand. Vick was a part of the crowd outside the house. Surprisingly, not even a single person had the courage to go in.

Seni was a special 12 year old child with special abilities. But, God had other plans. She was a child prodigy. She had the ability to perceive situations like no other individual. She was fond of chess and always got an A+ grade in mathematics. She lived with her foster parents near her school.

Her foster parents, Elle and Sam, were understanding and happy. Her foster parents could see Seni's progress. They knew, one day, Seni would be a normal child and would excel in all aspects of life. Gradually as months passed, Seni's doctor and her teachers could see an improvement in her academics and psychologically as well. It was 1 am, Seni felt uncomfortable. She woke up and started searching for a queen piece in her chess bag. She could not find it. She cried and made it a point to get the queen piece. The next day, as usual Sam dropped seni to school. Seni instead of going directly to her class, she went to search for her queen piece. She reached the backyard and saw a room. Seni peeped and saw 3 masked men, a shovel and a pink scarf exactly what her foster mother, elle used to wear. She quietly stepped back and ran to her class. She kept on thinking.

She went back home after 30 mins. Sam opened the door, and was surprised to see Seni. Sam picked up seni in his arms. Seni saw her house a bit messed up and could not see her mother anywhere. Sam was washing the utensils with seni in her arms.

A phone rang, Sam turned to go, he lost his balance. Sam tried to save Seni but could not. Seni's forehead hit the corner of the sink. Sam was bleeding and he collapsed. Seni did not bleed, but she had blood all around her. Seni crawled towards the main gate for help. She cried.

Vick was a soul in Seni. Vick made Seni better every day. Vick evolved himself inside Seni. Vick would destroy anything which would harm Seni. Sam and Elle were in a toxic relationship. Sam was suffering from an intermittent explosive disorder, which led to the death of Elle. That day when Seni saw those 3 men, Vick saw one man picking up the queen piece. Vick got a hint of the actual scenario. While Seni was busy thinking, Vick laid a trap for Sam. Sam slipped, but Seni had minor bruises. Vick was with Seni when required.

After Vick completed his job, Seni was left to cry. Vick was sad and smiled, he was a part of the crowd. Seni dies long before Vick leaves her. Vick saw Seni cry from inside.

This was the 4th case in the locality where the cops found an adult and a child's body, but they did not have any answer.

Photos & Art





Masuma Jasmine

2nd year



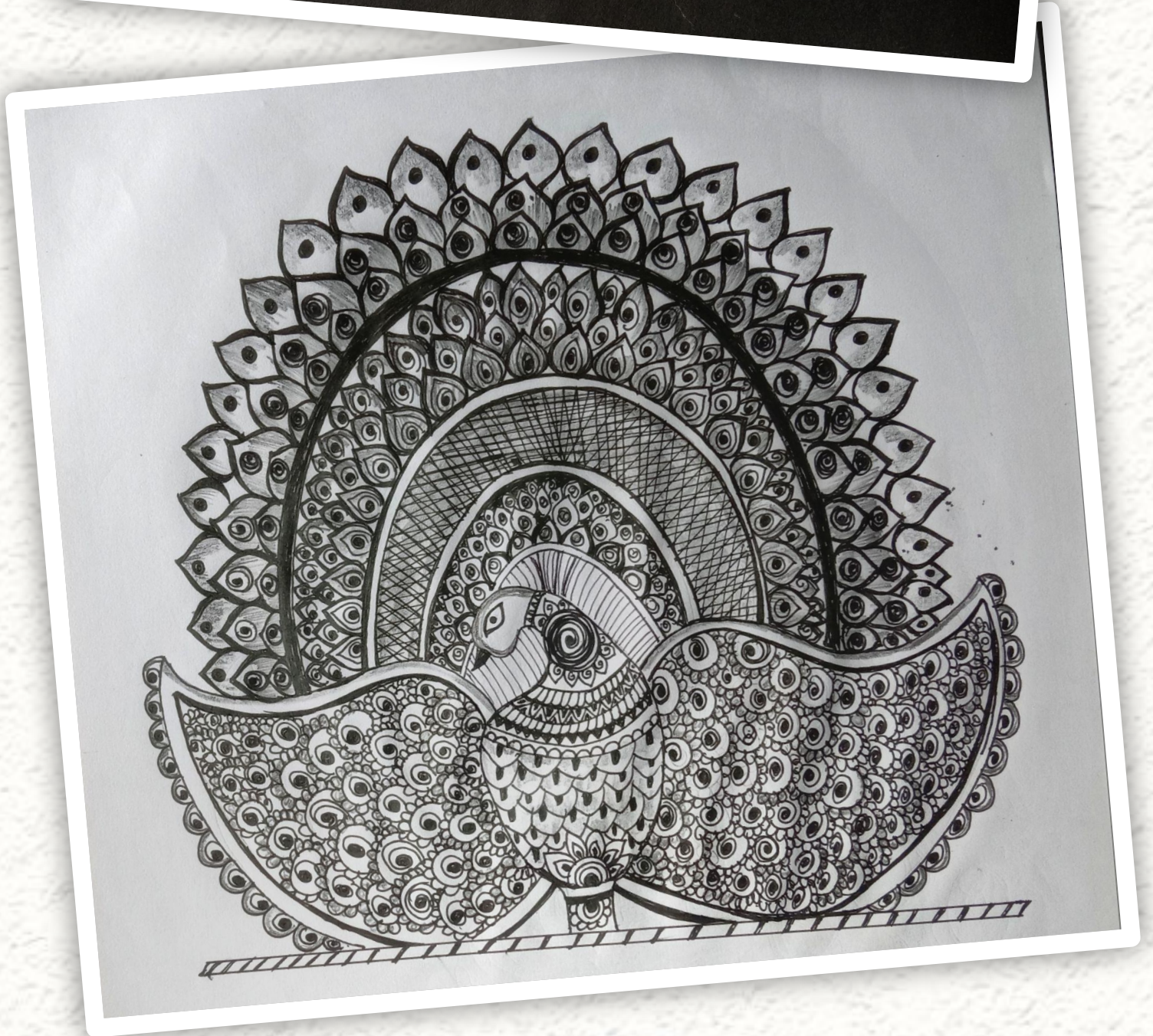
Arunava Dey

2nd Year



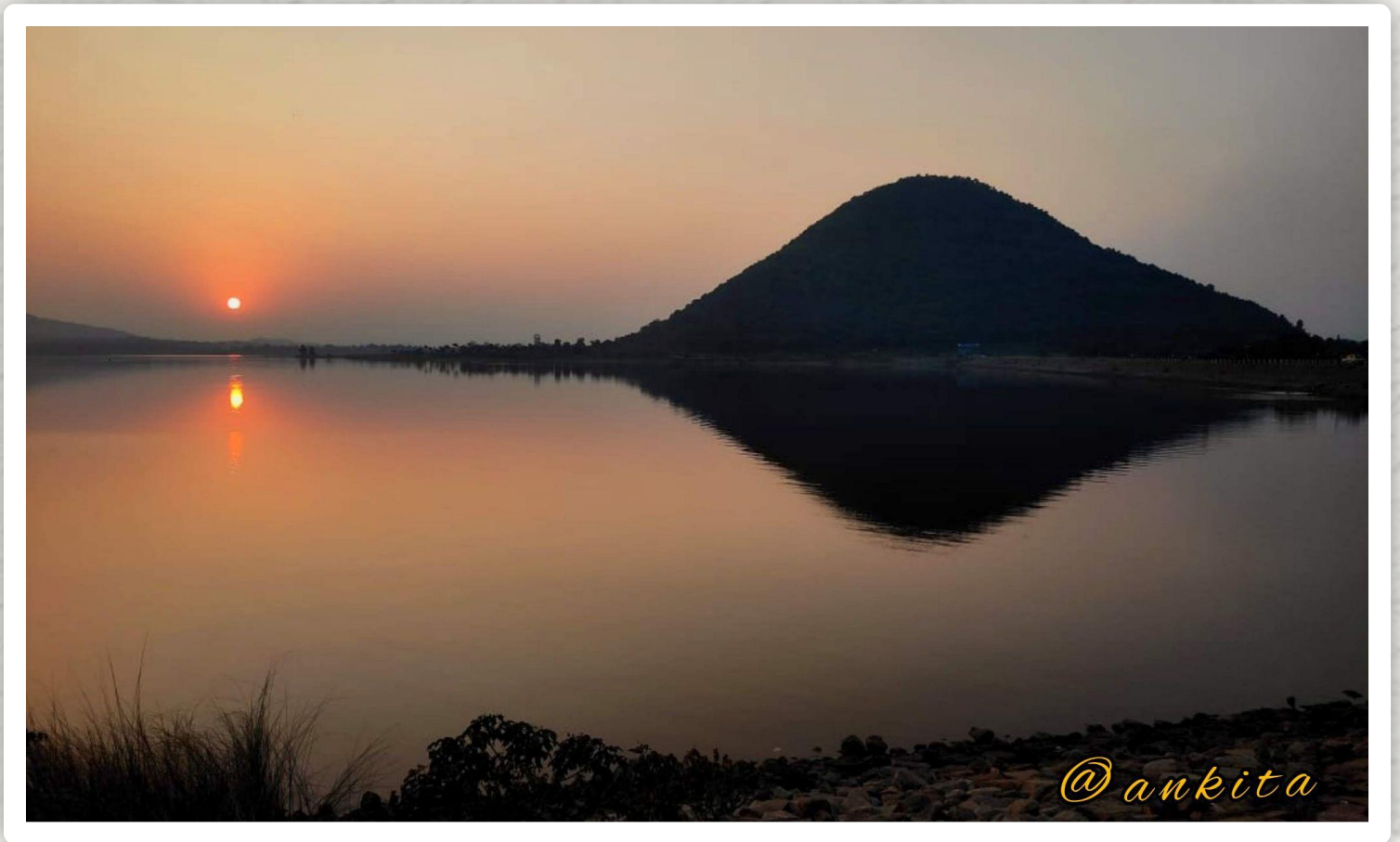
Megha Pal

2nd Year



Megha Pal

2nd Year



Ankita Dey

2nd Year



Ankita Dey

2nd Year



Amrita Ghosh

2nd Year



Amrita Ghosh

2nd Year



Rajdeep Das

2nd Year



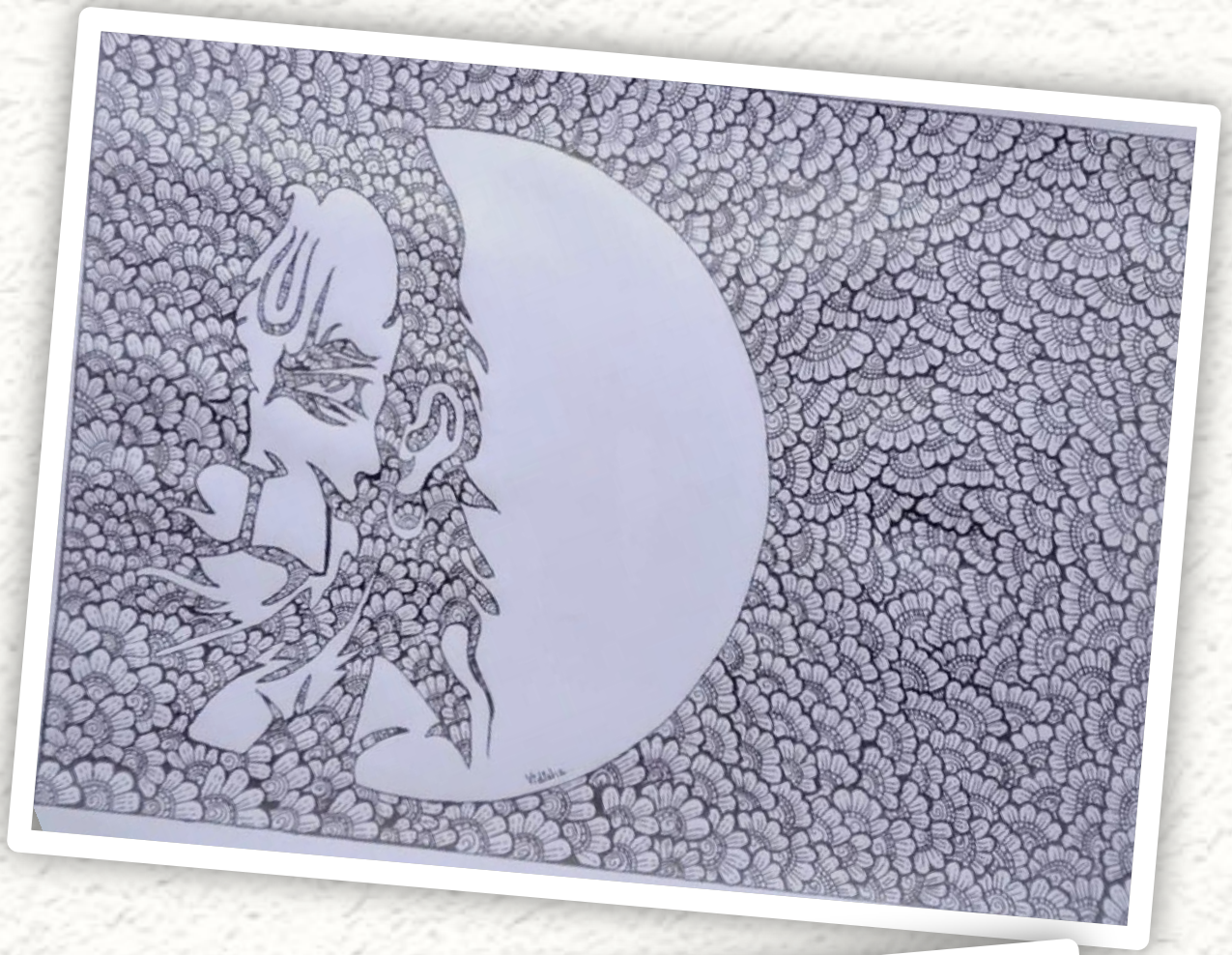
Rajdeep Das

2nd Year



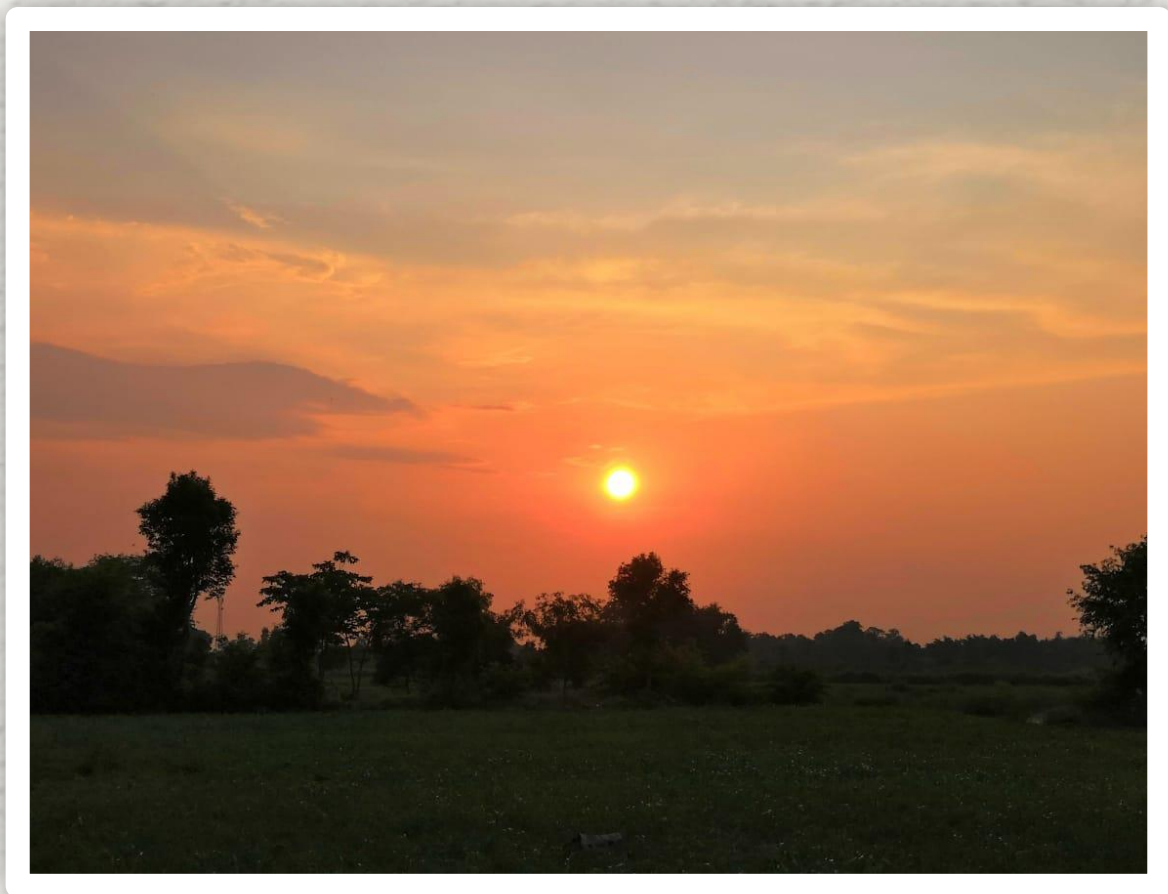
Vidisha Agarwal

2nd Year



Vidisha Agarwal

2nd Year



Neha Perween

1st Year



Neha Perween

1st Year



Ankita Ray

1st Year



Ankita Ray

1st Year

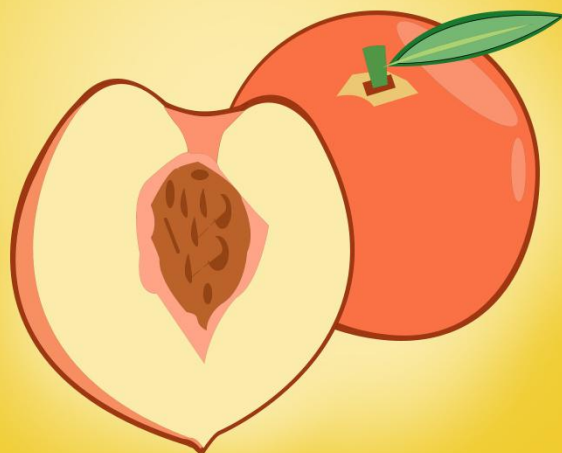


Chandrima Panja

1st Year

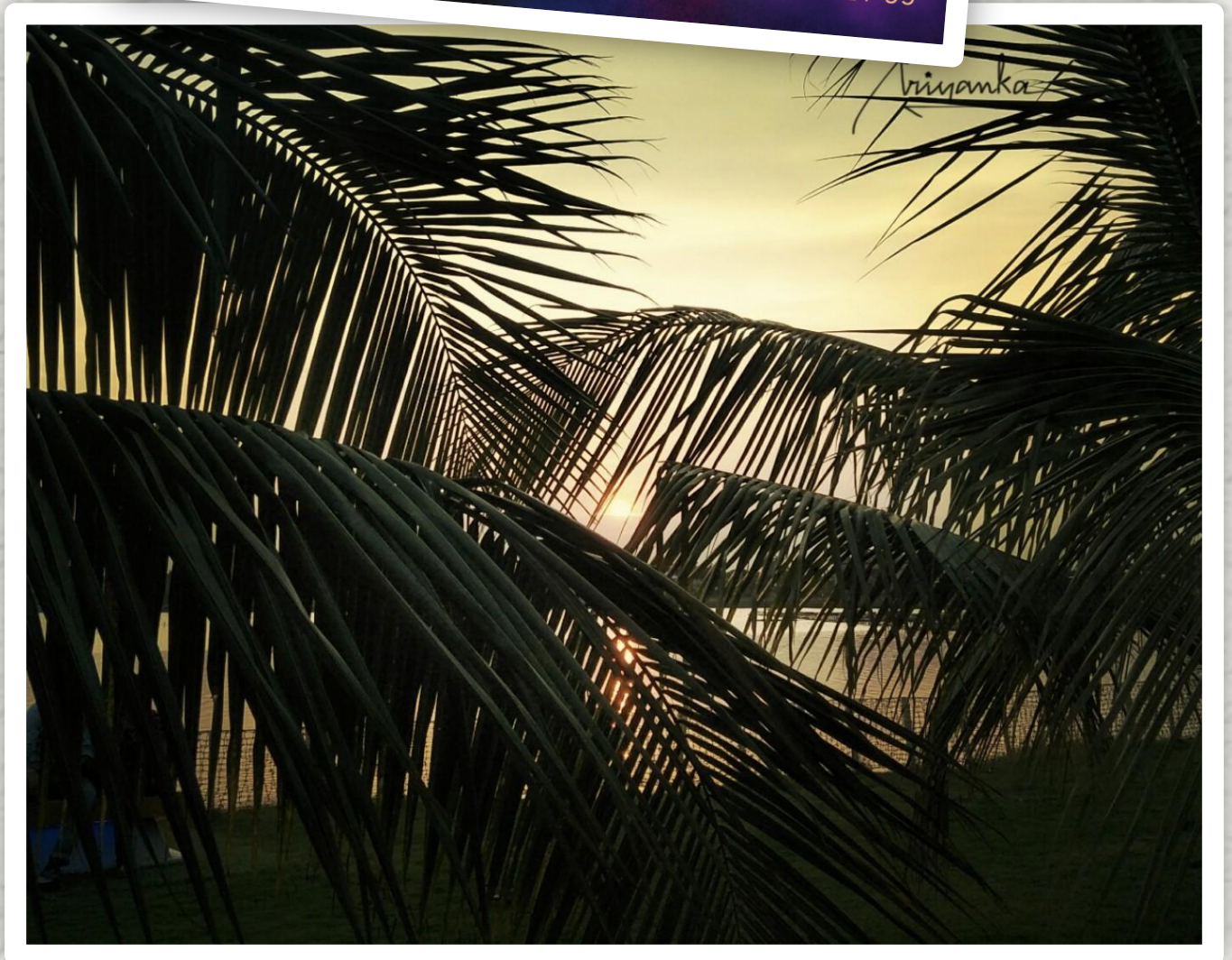


Chandrima Panja



Chandrima Panja

1st Year



Priyanka Sarkar

1st Year



Souptik Dutta

1st Year



Sourav Mondal

1st Year



Tandrima Ganguly

1st Year



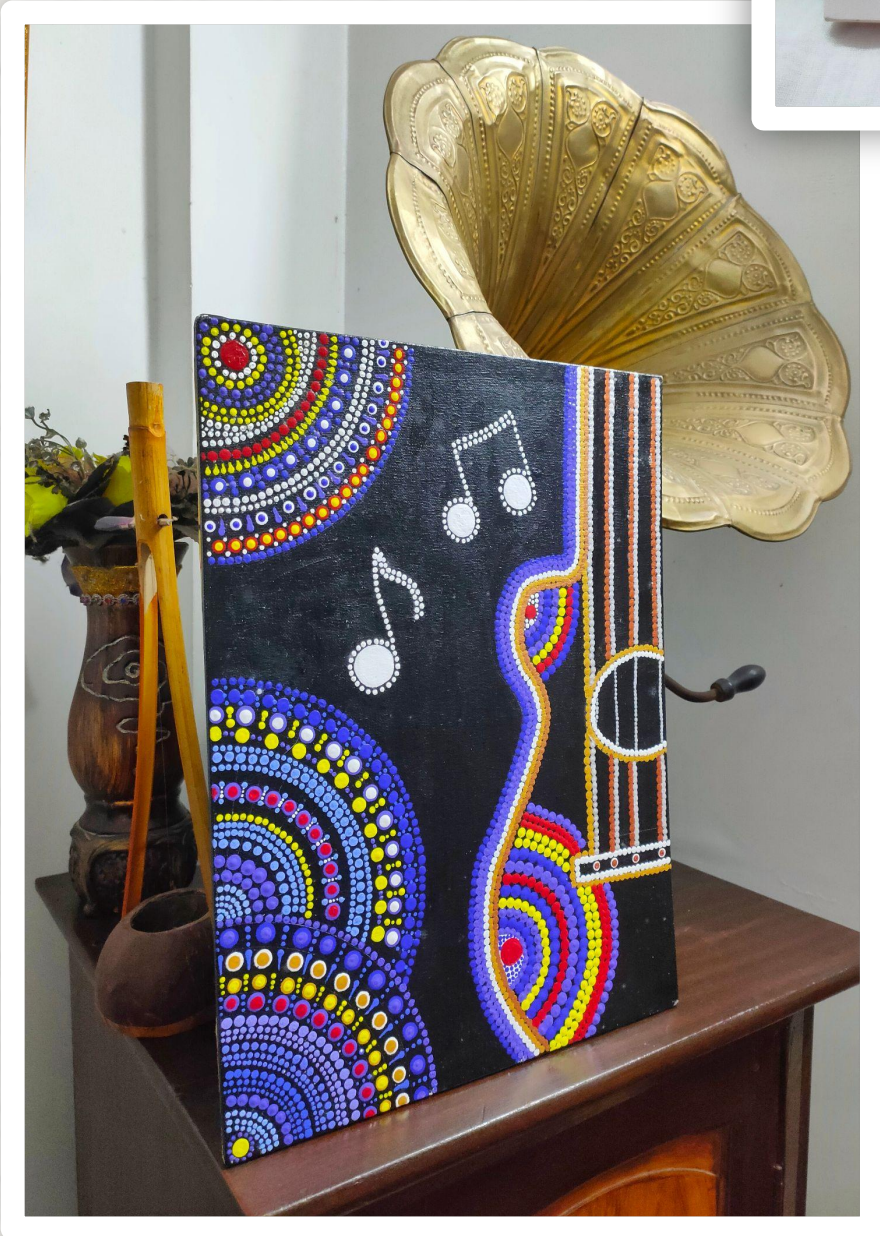
Dipinjan Patra

2nd Year



Isita Roy

3rd Year



Isita Roy

3rd Year



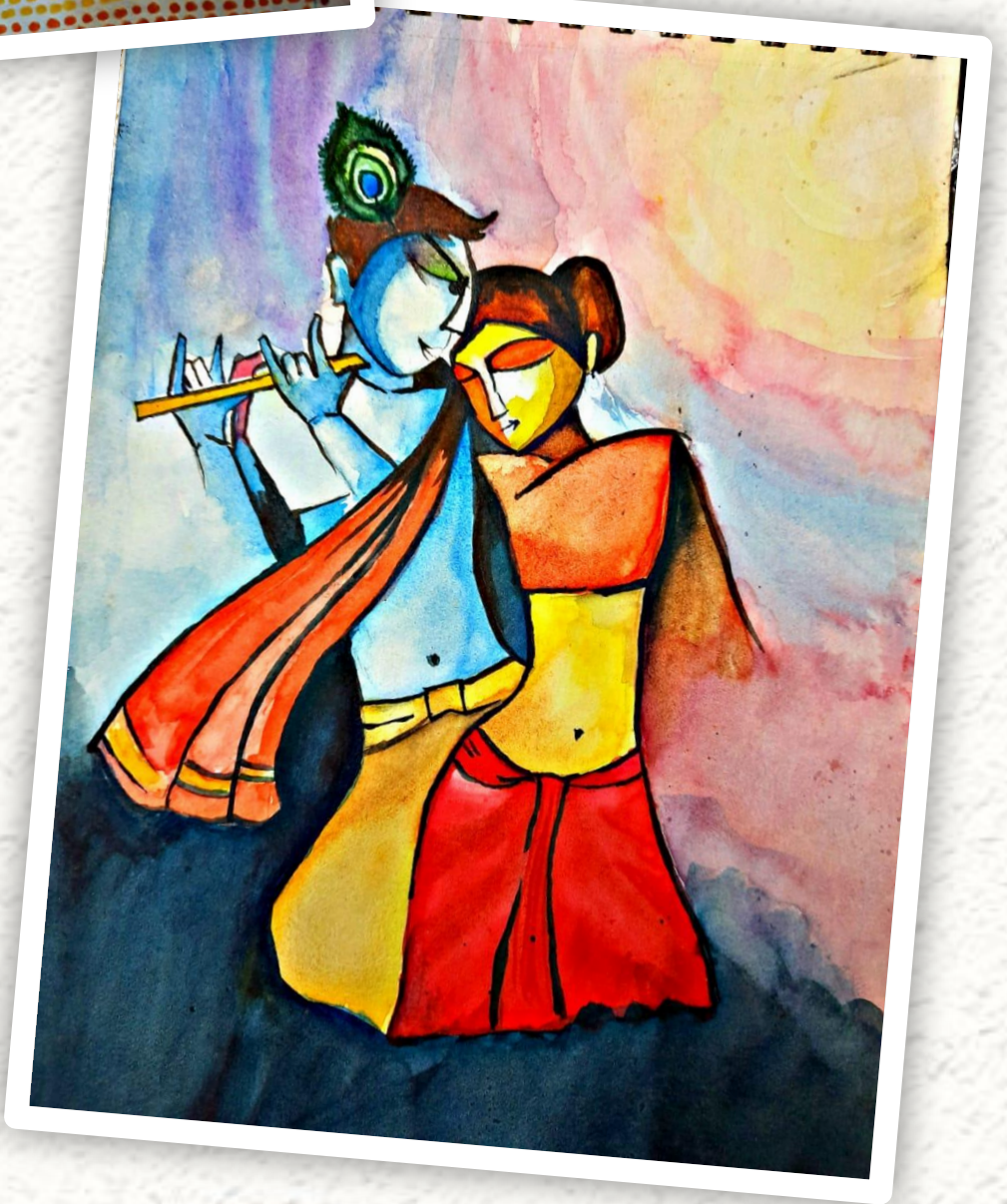
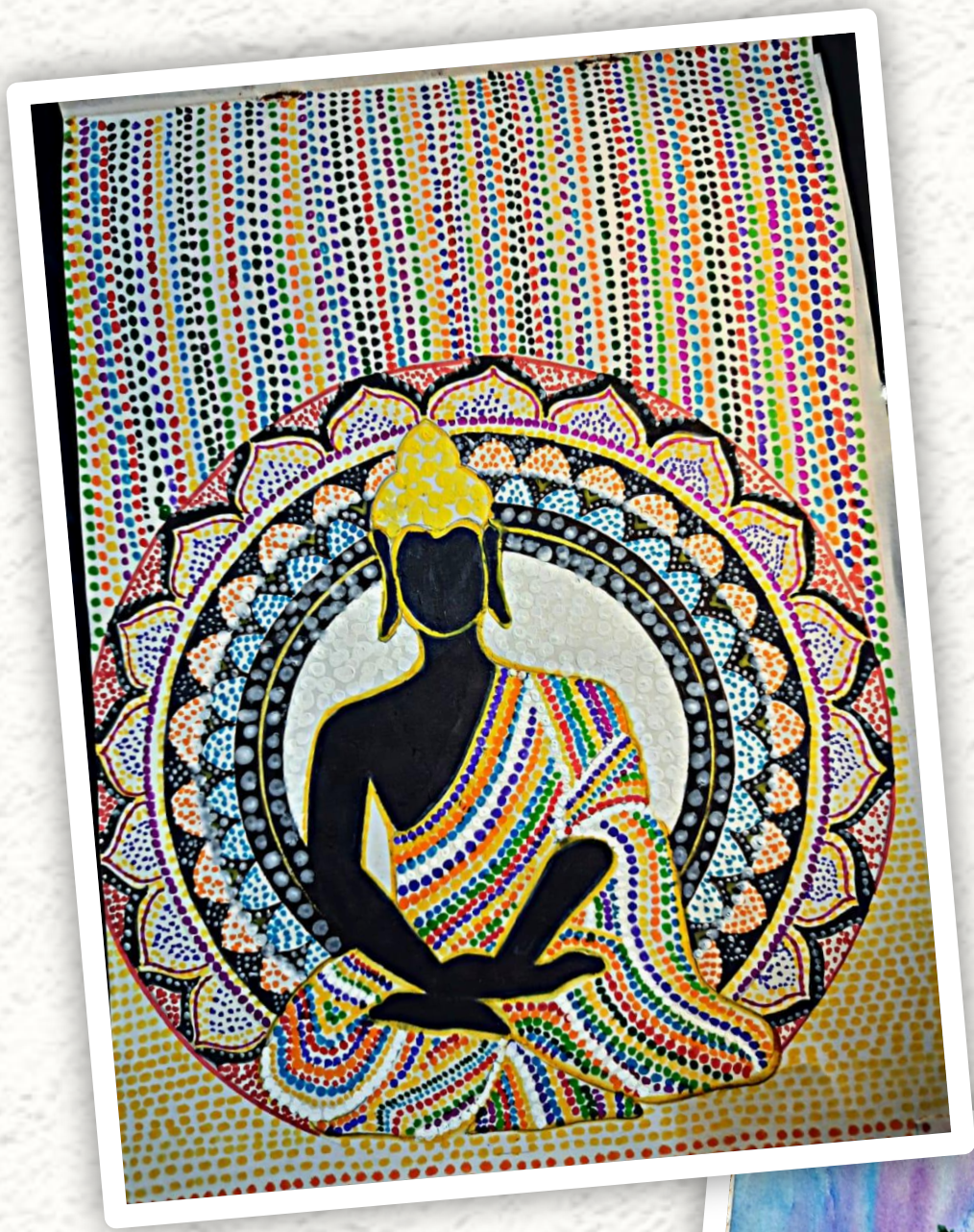
Disha Mojumder

3rd Year



Riya Mandal

3rd Year



Riya Mandal

3rd Year



Amit Manna

2nd Year



Palash Ghosh
Assistant Professor



Palash Ghosh
Assistant Professor



Hitesh Kumar

3rd Year



Hitesh Kumar

3rd Year



Debabrata Maity

2nd Year

About Team Resonance



Sandipan Ganguly
Assistant Professor



Palash Ghosh
Assistant Professor



Amit Manna
2nd Year



Dipanjan Patra
2nd Year



Anitra Guin
1st Year



Souptik Dutta
1st Year



Chandrima Panja
1st Year



Shreya Dutta
1st Year



Tina Majumder
1st Year

About Team Resonance



Priyanka Sarkar
1st Year



Ankita Ray
1st Year



Neha Perween
1st Year



Tandrima Ganguly
1st Year



Sourav Mondal
1st Year

Acknowledgement
Background images from <https://unsplash.com>

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