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THE DAIMSR QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

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Birbal Turns Tables

By Rini Agrawal (MBA Sem-II) Emperor Akbar was narrating a dream. The dream began with Akbar and Birbal walking towards each other on a moonless night. It was so dark that they could not see each other and they collided and fell. "Fortunately for me," said the Emperor. "I fell into a pool of payasam. But guess what Birbal fell into?" "What, your Majesty?" asked the courtiers. "A gutter!" The court resounded with laughter. The emperor was thrilled that for once he had been able to score over Birbal. But Birbal was unperturbed. "Your Majesty," he said when the laughter had died down. "Strangely, I too had the same dream. But unlike you I slept on till the end. When you climbed out of that pool of delicious payasam and I, out of that stinking gutter we found that there was no water with which to clean ourselves and so guess what we did?" "What?" asked the emperor, warily. "We licked each other clean!" The emperor became red with embarrassment and resolved never to try to get the better of Birbal again. The story of a

woodcutter

By Akash Joshi (MBA Sem-II) Once upon a time, a very strong woodcutter asked for a job in a timber merchant and he got it. The pay was really good and so was the work condition. For those reasons, the woodcutter was determined to do his best. His boss gave him an axe and showed him the area where he supposed to work. The first day, the woodcutter brought 18 trees. "Congratulations," the boss said. "Go on that way!" Very motivated by the boss words, the woodcutter tried harder the next day, but he could only bring 15 trees. The third day he tried even harder, but he could only bring 10 trees. Day after day he was bringing less and less trees. "I must be losing my strength", the woodcutter thought. He went to the boss and apologized, saying that he could not understand what was going on. "When was the last time you sharpened your axe?" the boss asked. "Sharpen? I had no time to sharpen my axe. I have been very busy trying to cut trees..."

The lot wallet, a great love story!

By Akshat Rajoria (MBA Sem-II) As I walked home one freezing day, I stumbled on a wallet someone had lost in the street. I picked it up and looked inside to find some identification so I could call the owner. But the wallet contained only three dollars and a crumpled letter that looked as if it had been in there for years.

The envelope was worn and the only thing that was legible on it was the return address. I started to open the letter, hoping to find some clue. Then I saw the dateline—1924. The letter had been written almost 60 years ago. It was written in a beautiful feminine handwriting on powder blue stationery with a little flower in the left-hand corner. It was a "Dear John" letter that told the recipient, whose name appeared to be Michael, that the writer could not see him anymore because her mother forbade it. Even so, she wrote that she would always love him.

It was signed, Hannah.

It was a beautiful letter, but there was no way except for the name Michael, that the owner could be identified. Maybe if I called information, the operator could find a phone listing for the address on the envelope. "Operator," I began, "this is an unusual request. I'm trying to find the owner of a wallet that I found. Is there anyway you can tell me if there is a phone number for an address that was on an envelope in the wallet?"

She suggested I speak with her supervisor, who hesitated for a moment then said, "Well, there is a phone listing at that address, but I can't give you the number." She said, as a courtesy, she would call that number, explain my story and would ask them if they wanted her to connect me.

I thanked Hannah and said goodbye. I took the elevator to the first floor and as I stood by the door, the guard there asked, "Was the old lady able to help you?"

She looked away for a moment deep in thought and then said softly, "I loved him very much. But I was only 16 at the time and my mother felt I was too young. Oh, he was so handsome. He looked like Sean Connery, the actor."

"Yes," she continued. "Michael Goldstein was a wonderful person. If you should find him, tell him I think of him often. And," she hesitated for a moment, almost biting her lip, "tell him I still love him. You know," she said smiling as tears began to well up in her eyes, "I never did marry. I guess no one ever matched up to Michael..."

I waited a few minutes and then she was back on the line. "I have a party who will speak with you." I asked the woman on the other end of the line if she knew anyone by the name of Hannah. She gasped, "Oh! We bought this house from a family who had a daughter named Hannah. But that was 30 years ago!"

"Would you know where that family could be located now?" I asked.

"I remember that Hannah had to place her mother in a nursing home some years ago," the woman said. "Maybe if you got in touch with them they might be able to track down the daughter."

She gave me the name of the nursing home and I called the number. They told me the old lady had passed away some years ago but they did have a phone number for where they thought the daughter might be living.

I thanked them and phoned. The woman who answered explained that Hannah herself was now living in a nursing home.

This whole thing was stupid, I thought to myself. Why was I making such a big deal over finding the owner of a wallet that had only three dollars and a letter that was almost 60 years old? Nevertheless, I called the nursing home in which Hannah was supposed to be living and the man who answered the phone told me, "Yes, Hannah is staying with us."

Even though it was already 10 p.m., I asked if I could come by to see her. "Well," he said hesitatingly, "if you want to take a chance, she might be in the day room watching television."

I thanked him and drove over to the nursing home. The night nurse and a guard greeted me at the door. We went up to the third floor of the large building. In the day room, the nurse introduced me to Hannah.

She was a sweet, silver-haired oldtimer with a warm smile and a twinkle in her eye. I told her about finding the wallet and showed her the letter. The second she saw the powder blue envelope with that little flower on the left, she took a deep breath and said, "Young man, this letter was the last contact I ever had with Michael."

I told him she had given me a lead. "At least I have a last name. But I think I'll let it go for a while. I spent almost the whole day trying to find the owner of this wallet."

I had taken out the wallet, which was a simple brown leather case with red lacing on the side. When the guard saw it, he said, "Hey, wait a minute! That's Mr. Goldstein's wallet. I'd know it anywhere with that bright red lacing. He's always losing that wallet. I must have found it in the halls at least three times."

"Who's Mr. Goldstein?" I asked as my hand began to shake.

"He's one of the oldtimers on the 8th floor. That's Mike Goldstein's wallet for sure. He must have lost it on one of his walks." I thanked the guard and quickly ran back to the nurse's office. I told her what the guard had said. We went back to the elevator and got on. I prayed that Mr. Goldstein would be up.

On the eighth floor, the floor nurse said, "I think he's still in the day room. He likes to read at night. He's a darling old man."

We went to the only room that had any lights on and there was a man reading a book. The nurse went over to him and asked if he had lost his wallet. Mr. Goldstein looked up with surprise, put his hand in his back

I handed Mr. Goldstein the wallet and the second he saw it, he smiled with relief and said, "Yes, that's it! It must have dropped out of my pocket this afternoon. I want to give you a reward."

"No, thank you," I said. "But I have to tell you something. I read the letter in the hope of finding out who owned the wallet."

The smile on his face suddenly disappeared. "You read that letter?"

"Not only did I read it, I think I know where Hannah is."

He suddenly grew pale. "Hannah? You know where she is? How is she? Is she still as pretty as she was? Please, please tell me," he begged.

"She's fine... just as pretty as when you knew her." I said softly.

The old man smiled with anticipation and asked, "Could you tell me where she is? I want to call her tomorrow." He grabbed my hand and said, "You know something, Mister? I was so in love with that girl that when that letter came, my life literally ended. I never married. I guess I've always loved her."

"Mr. Goldstein," I said, "Come with me."

We took the elevator down to the third floor. The hallways were darkened and only one or two little night-lights lit our way to the day room where Hannah was sitting alone watching the television. The nurse walked over to her.

"Hannah," she said softly, pointing to Michael, who was waiting with me in the doorway. "Do you know this man?"

She adjusted her glasses, looked for a moment, but didn't say a word. Michael said softly, almost in a whisper, "Hannah, it's Michael. Do you remember me?"

She gasped, "Michael! I don't believe it! Michael! It's you! My Michael!" He walked slowly towards her and they embraced. The nurse and I left with tears streaming down our faces.

"See," I said. "See how the Good Lord works! If it's meant to be, it will be."

About three weeks later I got a call at my office from the nursing

Sunday to attend a wedding? Michael and Hannah are going to tie the knot!"

It was a beautiful wedding with all the people at the nursing home dressed up to join in the celebration. Hannah wore a light beige dress and looked beautiful. Michael wore a dark blue suit and stood tall. They made me their best man.

The hospital gave them their own room and if you ever wanted to see a 76-year-old bride and a 79-year-old groom acting like two teenagers, you had to see this couple.

A perfect ending for a love affair that had lasted nearly 60 years.

English Is Everywhere By Amol Gokhale (MBA Sem-II)

English language is known world wide
From all languages that were collide
English is known everywhere
It is great to use it anywhere
Upholding English to everyone
Speaking in English is very fun
Don't be shy and show your greatness
Use it when showing competitiveness
Speaking in English is as good as gold
The language of English we need to uphold
It's very fun when you come to think of it
When you're with your friends who also loves it
When you go to any country
This is the language of everybody
Being expressed in different place
Different accents on different place
The English language is my proficiency
Never be shy and express it freely
Just be confident and you'll be okay
Uphold English Proficiency and have a great day

A Soldier

By Anurag Umredkar (MBA Sem-II)

He is that fallen lance that lies as hurled,
That lies unlifted now, come dew, come rust,
But still lies pointed as it plowed the dust.
If we who sight along it round the world,
See nothing worthy to have been its mark,
It is because like men we look too near,
Forgetting that as fitted to the sphere,
Our missiles always make too short an arc.
They fall, they rip the grass, they intersect
The curve of earth, and striking, break their own;
They make us cringe for metal-point on stone.
But this we know, the obstacle that checked
And tripped the body, shot the spirit on
Further than target ever showed or shone.

A Salute To Our Soldiers

By Chetan Poddar (MBA Sem-II)

I see you standing among them all
Standing so strong, proud and tall
The world looks at you, but does not see
Everything you sacrifice to keep us free
I'm here to say, to let you know
That you are loved, even if it doesn't show
You fight for our hopes, dreams, and liberty
You fight for our freedom..... A hero to be
We want you to know, you never alone
For we are waiting, for you to come home
But the hardest thing for a person to be
Is you.. A SOLDIER, fighting
To keep us free

I truly believe that everything that we do and everyone that we meet is put in our path for a purpose. There are no accidents; we're all teachers - if we're willing to pay attention to the lessons we learn, trust our positive instincts and not be afraid to take risks or wait for some miracle to come knocking at our door."

Jokes

Sardar joined new job. 1st day he worked till late evening on the computer. Boss was happy and asked what you did till evening.

Sardar: Keyboard alphabets

2 sardar were fixing a bomb in a car.

Sardar 1: What would you do if the bomb explodes while fixing.

Sardar 2: Don't worry, I have one more.

Boss: Where were you born?

Sardar: India

Success depends upon maturity! By Ketan Kapate (BBA Sem-III)

Maturity is many things. It is the ability to base a judgment on the big picture, the long haul.

It means being able to resist the urge for immediate gratification and opt for the course of action that will pay off later.

One of the characteristics of the young is "I want it now."

Grown-up people can wait.

Maturity is perseverance—the ability to sweat out a project or a situation, in spite of heavy opposition and discouraging setbacks, and stick with it until it is finished.

The adult who is constantly changing friends and changing mates is immature. He/she cannot stick it out because he/she has not grown up.

Maturity is the ability to control anger and settle differences without violence or destruction. The mature person can face unpleasantness, frustration, discomfort and defeat without collapsing or complaining. He/she knows he cannot have everything his/her own way every time. He/she is able to defer to circumstances, to other people—and to time. He/she knows when to compromise and is not too proud to do so.

Maturity is humility. It is being big enough to say, "I was wrong." And, when he/she is right, the mature person need not experience the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so."

Maturity is the ability to live up to your responsibilities, and this means being dependable. It means keeping your word. Dependability is the hallmark of integrity. Do you mean what you say—and do you say what you mean? Unfortunately, the world is filled with people who cannot be counted on. When you need them most, they are among the missing. They never seem to come through in the clutches. They break promises and substitute alibis for performance. They show up late or not at all. They are confused and disorganized. Their lives are a chaotic maze of broken promises, former friends, unfinished business and good intentions that somehow never materialize. They are always a day late and a dollar short.

Maturity is the ability to make a decision and stand by it. Immature people spend their lives exploring endless possibilities and then doing nothing. Action requires courage. Without courage, little is accomplished.

Maturity is the ability to harness your abilities and your energies and do more than is expected. The mature person refuses to settle for mediocrity. He/she would rather aim high and miss the mark than low—and make it.

The Brahmin and His Enemies

By Manisha Daryani (BBA Sem-III)

Long ago, a poor Brahmin lived with his family in a small house. His disciples would help him with food and clothes. He somehow managed to pass his days.

One day, the Brahmin received two calves as a gift from one of his disciples. He was overjoyed. Though he had difficulty in arranging for fodder and grain for the calves, he managed to feed the two calves. Years passed by and the calves grew up into two bullocks.

A thief had seen the bullocks. "The foolish Brahmin does not even know the proper use of these bullocks. I will steal the bullocks and sell them," he thought.

That evening, the thief started for the Brahmin's house. While on his way, the thief was stopped by a fierce demon. "I am hungry. I will eat you," said the demon, in a thundering voice. "Wait! Wait, dear friend! I am a thief I am on my way to the Brahmin's house to steal his bullocks. You can eat the Brahmin instead of me," said the thief.

The demon agreed. The thief and the demon proceeded towards the Brahmin's house. Reaching the house of the Brahmin, the thief said, "Let me take the bullocks and go. Then you can eat the Brahmin."

"No! Let me eat the Brahmin first. I am hungry," roared the demon. The two started to quarrel.

The noise woke up the Brahmin. As soon as he saw the demon, he started chanting some mantras. The demon uttered a sharp cry, "AAIEE!" and disappeared.

Then the Brahmin got hold of a thick stick, "You tried to steal my bullocks, did you?" said the Brahmin. And he thrashed the thief. Thus the Brahmin saved himself from the demon and eventually punished the thief. The Brahmin and His Enemies were separated from each other.

The Elephant Rope By Gouri Pohokar (MBA Sem-II)

As a man was passing the elephants, he suddenly stopped, confused by the fact that these huge creatures were being held by only a small rope tied to their front leg. No chains, no cages. It was obvious that the elephants could, at anytime, break away from their bonds but for some reason, they did not.

He saw a trainer nearby and asked why these animals just stood there and made no attempt to get away. "Well," trainer said, "when they are very young and much smaller we use the same size rope to tie them and, at that age, it's enough to hold them. As they grow up, they are conditioned to believe they cannot break away. They believe the rope can still hold them, so they never try to break free."

The man was amazed. These animals could at any time break free from their bonds but because they believed they couldn't, they were stuck right where they were.

Like the elephants, how many of us go through life hanging onto a belief that we cannot do something, simply because we failed at it once before?

Failure is part of learning; we should never give up the struggle in life.

The Dangerous Helper By Kanchan Mahurkar (MBA Sem-II)

In a dense forest, there was a lake. All the animals used to drink water from the lake. The water of this lake was so sweet that many fish lived there for long time. In this lake there lived a crab. The crab's best friend was a swan. That swan was in the same lake. They were happy in the company of each other. Their happiness lasted until one day a snake made its home near the lake.

Every day the swan laid an egg. The snake would come and eat it up. "I have to find a way to save my eggs," thought the swan.

One day, he went to the crab and said, "Please help me, dear friend. My eggs are under threat. That cruel snake eats all the eggs in the nest. What can I do?"

The crab decided to help its best friend. The crab thought for a while. Then he said, "I have an idea. Let us catch some fish from this lake and scatter them from the snake's house till the mongoose house." That mongoose lived in the nearby tree.

Then, the crab and the swan caught some fish and dropped them from the mongoose's house all the way to the snake's house. Then both of them hid behind a tree and watched. They waited for some time. After a long time, the mongoose came out. He saw the fish and was overjoyed. "Mymm! Fish right outside my own house!" he said, smacking his lips. He happily ate all of them one by one. As he ate he kept following the fish trail to the snake's house.

Finally, the mongoose reached the house of the snake. Both the crab and the swan were watching all these events, waiting behind the tree.

When the snake saw the mongoose, he thought, "That mongoose is here to attack me. I had better fight with it." After some time, the snake started to fight with the mongoose. They fought for some time. After a fierce battle, the mongoose killed the snake.

Watching this behind the tree, the swan and the crab heaved a sigh of relief. But her joy was short-lived. The next day, the mongoose, looking for more fish, came upon the swan's nest. There the mongoose found more eggs of the swan. He immediately ate all of them. The swan and the crab now felt helpless. They had brought this new threat upon themselves. They did not know that the mongoose was the dangerous helper. "Our thoughtlessness has got us a new enemy. Even more dangerous than the previous enemy," cried the two friends.

After few days, they decided to form one more plan to get rid of the dangerous helper - mongoose. It is must to be careful while fighting with an enemy.

Cooking The Khichdi

By Jaya Pal (MBA Sem-II)

It was winter. The ponds were all frozen.

At the court, Akbar asked Birbal, "Tell me Birbal! Will a man do anything for money?" Birbal replied, 'Yes'.

The emperor ordered him to prove it.

The next day Birbal came to the court along with a poor Brahmin who merely had a penny left with him. His family was

starving.

Birbal told the king that the Brahmin was ready to do anything for the sake of money.

The king ordered the Brahmin to be inside the frozen pond all through the night without any attire if he needed money.

The poor Brahmin had no choice. The whole night he was inside the pond, shivering. He returned to the durbar the next day to receive his reward.

The king asked "Tell me Oh poor Brahmin! How could you withstand the extreme temperature all through the night?"

The innocent Brahmin replied "I could see a faintly glowing light a kilometer away and I withstood with that ray of light."

Akbar refused to pay the Brahmin his reward saying that he had got warmth from the light and withstood the cold and that was cheating.

The poor Brahmin could not argue with him and so returned disappointed and bare-handed.

Birbal tried to explain to the king but the king was in no mood to listen to him.

Thereafter, Birbal stopped coming to the durbar and sent a messenger to the king saying that he would come to the court only after cooking his khichdi.

As Birbal did not turn up even after 5 days, the king himself went to Birbal's house to see what he was doing. Birbal had lit the fire and kept the pot of uncooked khichdi one meter away from it.

Akbar questioned him "How will the khichdi get cooked with the fire one meter away? What is wrong with you Birbal?"

Birbal, cooking the khichdi, replied "Oh my great King of Hindustan! When it was possible for a person to receive warmth from a light that was a kilometer away, then it is possible for this khichdi, which is just a meter away from the source of heat, to get cooked."

Akbar understood his mistake. He called the poor Brahmin and rewarded him 2000 gold coins.

The Hospitality of The Pigeon

By Palash Anant Ranvir (BCCA Sem-III)

Once upon a time, there lived two pigeons. They were husband and wife. They spend their day looking for food. In the evening they would come and rest on their favorite tree in the forest.

One evening, the wife returned home early. A usual she was waiting for her husband, when suddenly it started raining. She started to worry. "Where are you, my dear? You never get so late," she whispered to herself.

Just then she saw a bird-catcher coming towards her. In a cage he had a pigeon. It was her husband. "OH no, what shall I do now" I wish I can help my husband," she said. She desperately tried to distract the bird-catcher by flapping her wings, but all in vain.

Soon, it stopped raining. "Brrr! It is so cold," said the bird-catcher. His clothes were wet. He decided to sit under the same tree where the two pigeons lived.

The poor wife sat by her husband's cage. And she started to cry. The husband said. "Do not feel sad, dear. We now have a guest. This man is shivering and hungry. He needs your help." Hearing this, the wife flew around getting dry twigs. She made a fire for the bird-catcher.

Then she looked at the bird-catcher and said, "You are our guest, since I have no food to offer, I will jump into this fire. In few minutes I will become an edible item for you. You can eat me."

By now, the bird-catcher was overwhelmed by the hospitality of the humble pigeon couple. He at once stopped the wife jumping into the fire.

He opened the cage and set the husband free. "I have been cruel and selfish. I will never trap any bird in my net again," said the bird-catcher and went away. The two pigeons were happy to be reunited.

To Let Go By Akshay Harde (MCM Sem-III)

To let go does not mean to stop caring, it means I can't do it for someone else.

To let go is not to cut myself off, it's the realization that I can't control another.

To let go is not to enable, but to allow learning from natural consequences.

To let go is to admit powerlessness, which means the outcome is not in my hands.

To let go is not to try to change or blame another, it's to make the most of myself.

To let go is not to care for, but to care about.

To let go is not to fix, but to be supportive.

To let go is not to judge, but to allow another to be a human being.

To let go is not to be in the middle arranging all the outcomes, but to allow others to affect their own destinies.

To let go is not to be protective, it's to permit another to face reality.

To let go is not to criticize, or regulate anyone, but to try to become what I dream I can do.

To let go is to fear less, and to love more.

"Your attitude is like a box of crayons that color your world. Constantly color your picture gray, and your picture will always be bleak. Try adding some bright colors to the picture by including humor, and your picture begins to lighten up."