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THE DAIMSR QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

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A MENTOR By Komal Chopkar (MBA Sem-II)

God has gifted us such a wonderful person after mother that is our teacher, coach and so called a mentor which gives you a hope, a friend who understands you, who you are.

A mentor is a coach, counselor and trusted advisor. A mentor is someone who is willing to spend his or her time to guide for the development of their mentee. A mentor can identify skills that others have not noticed. Mentor offers us specific tips and advices. Mentoring tends to focus on the future and skill-set for personal and professional development of the protégé.

Someone can find the great mentor through the inspiring people you are already interacting and working with now. They need to be people to whom you have already demonstrated your potential, who know how you think, act, communicate and contribute. And they have to like trust and believe in you.

A mentor is a special kind of a guider who helps others to work with them in a positive, construct manner so that both the mentor and mentee have the potential to grow through the relationship. Anyone who can change the way you feel about certain issues for the better is a mentor. I know in my heart what is right and what is wrong but sometime I get off track. When things really get tough at my college and I feel kind of inferior, the person who says, "I have faith in you, I know that you can keep doing this and I know that you will succeed it's just good to know that he's there rooting me. He showed me a lot about turning my life around and the value of self- sacrifice, the value of a little bit of time that you can put into somebody, that you sow the seed into someone, how it can change them.

A mentor will have same perspective on life, in general as you do. Generally a mentor is someone you really enjoy listening and talking to. Mentor has always been our greatest supporter. He is the first who recognize any of my talents and encourage me to have them. My mentor is the world's best listener. He listens carefully to each and everything I tell him such as my problems, plans for the future as such things that happened at college and offers the best pieces of advice. He has truly been my source of inspiration, my guide and mentor. A mentor is someone who always makes themselves available for their students. Students feel blessed with the dedicated person. I look up to him with love, trust and pride. He is the most influential person of my life.

THE SON OF THE NATION

By
Ruby Nigam
(MBA Sem-II)

I respect that soldier,
On the border!
The Son who follows,
Mother India's order!
We salute the spirit of this man,
With a gun in his hand!
The reason we are safe,
And call this place as our motherland.
At the times he misses his child,
He also misses his wife.
The nation thanks you sir,
For lending your life.

LIFE

[A Tandem of moments]

By Divya Swami (MBA Sem-II)

Life starts from going to school
learning A B C to Z
From maths geography
Life goes in and out
Then comes the time for board exam
some pass some fail from going to college
till getting a job life is a race
less time for party no time for love
only and only study and settle and marry then one day its time to go that too unknowingly
So my dear friends,
Enjoy life to fullest
And make your mark
In this world
Before life is gone.

The pretty one, very inspiring By Sanskriti Chauhan (MBA Sem-II)

It had been a very long night. Our black cocker spaniel 'Precious' was having a difficult delivery. I lay on the floor beside her large four-foot square cage, watching her every movement. Watching and waiting, just in case I had to rush her to the veterinarian. After six hours the puppies started to appear. The first-born was black and white. The second and third puppies were tan and brown in color. The fourth and fifth were also spotted black and white. "One, two, three, four, five," I counted to myself as I walked down the hallway to wake my wife, Judy, and tell her that everything was fine.

As we walked back down the hallway and into the spare bedroom, I noticed a sixth puppy had been born and was now laying all by itself over to the side of the cage. I picked up the small puppy and laid it on top of the large pile of puppies, who were whining and trying to nurse on the mother. Precious immediately pushed the small puppy away from rest of the group. She refused to recognize it as a member of her family. "Something's wrong," said Judy.

I reached over and picked up the puppy. My heart sank inside my chest when I saw the little puppy had a cleft lip and palate and could not close its little mouth. I decided right there and

then that if there was any way to save this animal I was going to give it my best shot. I took the puppy to the vet and was told nothing could be done unless we were willing to spend about a thousand dollars to try and correct the defect. He told us that the puppy would die mainly because it could not suckle. After returning home, Judy and I decided that we could not afford to spend that kind of money without getting some type of assurance from the vet that the puppy had a chance to live. However, that did not stop me from purchasing a syringe and feeding the puppy by hand

Which I did every day and night, every two hours, for more than ten days. The little puppy survived and learned to eat on his own as long as it was soft canned food. The fifth week I placed an ad in the newspaper, and within a week we had people interested in all of the pups, except the one with the deformity. Late one afternoon I went to the store to pick up a few groceries. Upon returning I happened to see the old retired schoolteacher, who lived across the street from us, waving at me. She had read in the paper that we had puppies and was wondering if she might get one from us for her grandson and his family. I told her all the puppies had found homes, but I would keep my eyes open for anyone else who might have an available cocker spaniel. I also mentioned that if someone should change their mind, I would let her know. Within days, all but one of the puppies had been picked up by their new families. This left me with one brown and tan cocker as well as the smaller puppy with the cleft lip and palate. Two days passed without me hearing anything from the gentleman who had been promised the tan and brown pup. I telephoned the schoolteacher and told her I had one puppy left and that she was welcome to come and look at it. She advised me that she was going to pick up her grandson and would come over at about eight o'clock that evening. That night at around seven-thirty, Judy and I were eating supper when we heard a knock on the front door. When I opened the door, the man who had wanted the tan and brown pup was standing there. We walked inside, took care of the adoption details and I handed him the puppy. Judy and I did not know what we would do or say when the teacher showed up with her grandson. At exactly eight o'clock the doorbell rang. I opened the door, and there was the schoolteacher with her grandson standing behind her. I explained to her the man had come for the puppy after all, and there were no puppies left. "I'm sorry, Jeffery. They found homes for all the puppies," she told her grandson. Just at that moment, the small puppy left in the bedroom began to yelp. "My puppy! My puppy!" yelled the little boy as he ran out from behind his grandmother. I just about fell over when I saw that the small child also had a cleft lip and palate. The boy ran past me as fast as he could, down the hallway to where the puppy was still yelping. When the three of us made it to the bedroom, the small boy was holding the puppy in his arms. He looked up at his grandmother and said, "Look, Grandma. They found homes for all the puppies except the pretty one, and he looks just like me." The schoolteacher turned to us, "Is this puppy available?" "Yes," I answered. "That puppy is available." The little boy, who was now hugging the puppy, chimed in, "My grandma told me these kind of puppies are real expensive and that I have to take real good care of it." The lady opened her purse, but I reached over and pushed her hand back down into her purse so that she would not pull her wallet out. "How much do you think this puppy is worth?" I asked the boy. "About a dollar?" "No. This puppy is very, very expensive," he replied. "More than a dollar?" I asked. "I'm afraid so," said his grandmother. The boy stood there pressing the small puppy against his cheek. "We could not possibly take less than two dollars for this puppy," Judy said, squeezing my hand. "Like you said, it's the pretty one." The schoolteacher took out two dollars and handed it to the young boy. "It's your dog now, Jeffery. You pay the man." Still holding the puppy tightly, the boy proudly handed me the money. Any worries I'd had about the puppy's future were gone. *The image of the little boy and his matching pup stays with me still. I think it must be a wonderful feeling for any young person to look at themselves in the mirror and see nothing, except "the pretty one."*

The last cab ride By Sneha Patil (MBA Sem-II)

Twenty years ago, I drove a cab for a living. One time I arrived in the middle of the night for a pick up at a building that was dark except for a single light in a ground floor window. Under these circumstances, many drivers would just honk once or twice, wait a minute, then drive away. But I had seen too many impoverished

Unless a situation smelled of danger, I always went to the door. This passenger might be someone who needs my assistance, I reasoned to myself. So I walked to the door and knocked. "Just a minute," answered a frail, elderly voice. I could hear something being dragged across the floor. After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her 80's stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940s movie. By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets. There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware. "Would you carry my bag out to the car?" she said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman. She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb. She kept thanking me for my kindness. "It's nothing," I told her. "I just try to treat my passengers the way I would want my mother treated."

"Oh, you're such a good boy," she said. When we got in the cab, she gave me an address, then asked, "Could you drive through downtown?" "It's not the shortest way," I answered quickly.

"Oh, I don't mind," she said. "I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice." I looked in the rear view mirror. Her eyes were glistening.

"I don't have any family left," she continued. "The doctor says I don't have very long."

I quietly reached over and shut off the meter. "What route would you like me to take?" I asked. For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator. We drove through the neighborhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds. She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl.

Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, "I'm tired. Let's go now."

We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico. Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her. I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was already seated in a wheelchair.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked, reaching into her purse. "Nothing," I said.

"You have to make a living," she answered.

"There are other passengers."

Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly. "You gave an old woman a little moment of joy," she said. "Thank you." I squeezed her hand, then walked into the dim morning light. Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life. I didn't pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly, lost in thought. For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk. What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift? What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away? On a quick review, I don't think that I have done anything more important in my life. We're conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments. But great moments often catch us unaware—beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a

Solomon and The Bees

By Prerna Vaidya (MBA Sem-II) Solomon was a wise king. One day the Queen of Sheba went to see him. She stood in front of him at a distance. She held two garlands in her hands. One garland was made up of real flowers while the other garland was made up of not-real flowers. "Which is true? Which is false?" asked the Queen.

Solomon was silent for a while. He saw some bees outside the window. They were sitting on the rose.

"Open the window," said the king to a servant. The servant obeyed the order. The bees entered the room through the window. They sat upon the garland of real flowers. Everybody now knew which the real garland was. The Queen praised Solomon's wisdom and returned to the room in peace.

The Clever Fox

By Prerna Yadav (MBA Sem-IV)

There once lived a crow. One day he was very hungry. He had not been able to get any food the previous day. "If I do not get anything to eat I will starve to death," he thought. As the crow was searching for food, his eyes fell on a piece of bread. He quickly swooped down, picked it up and flew off. Far away in a lonely place he sat on a tree to enjoy the bread. Just then a hungry fox saw the crow sitting on the tree holding the bread in his mouth. "Yummy! That bread looks delicious. What I would give to get that piece of bread," the fox thought. The fox decided to use all his cunning means to get the piece of bread from the mouth of the crow. He sat under the tree. The crow saw him and thought, "I guess this fox wants to eat my bread. I shall hold it carefully." And he held on to the bread even more tightly. The clever fox spoke to the crow politely. He said, "Hello friend! How are you?" But the crow did not say anything. "Crows are such lovely birds. And you are very charming too," said the fox, flattering the crow. Then the fox said, "I have heard that besides being beautiful you also have a sweet voice. Please sing a song for me."

By now the crow started to believe what the fox was saying. "The fox knows true beauty. I must be the most beautiful bird in this whole world. I will sing him a song," thought the crow.

As soon as the foolish crow opened his mouth to sing the bread fell from its beak and into the ground. The Clever fox, which had just been waiting for this very moment, caught the bread in his mouth and gulped it down his throat.

The crow had paid a heavy price for his foolishness.

Riddles

Give me food, and I will live. Give me water, and I will die. What Am I?
Answer : *Fire*

What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, but never in a thousand years?
Answer: *The Letter "M"*.

I am a mother and a father, but have never given birth. I'm rarely still, but I never wander. What am I?
Answer: *Tree*

We hurt without moving. We poison without touching. We bear the truth and the lies. We are not to be judged by our size. What are we?
Answer: *Words*

Jokes

Two cows are standing in a field.

One says to the other "Are you worried about Mad Cow Disease?"

The other one says "No, It doesn't worry me, I'm a horse!"

Man: How can you tell if a man is happy?

Woman: Who cares?!

Harvest Time

By Ankita Joshi (MBA Sem-II)

The grapes are ready
The wheat stands ripe
Rear end is coming
May be here tonight
The den of vipers
The ball they fumble
Their system's shambles
They watch it crumble
They've been exposed
For whom they are
The sons of Cain
Have gone too far
You gave them a choice
From the beginning
They took the left
And kept their sinning
The locust army
Has consumed so much
Everyone's lazy
Their leaders are touched

Money

By Prant Ashok Gaikwad (BCCA Sem-III)

Money, the long green,
cash, stash, rhino, jack
or just plain dough.
Chock it up, fork it over,
shell it out. Watch it
burn holes through pockets.
To be made of it! To have it
to burn! Greenbacks, double eagles,
megabucks and Ginnie Maes.
It greases the palm, feathers a nest,
holds heads above water,
makes both ends meet.
Money breeds money.
Gathering interest, compounding daily.
Always in circulation.
Money. You don't know where it's been,
but you put it where your mouth is.
And it talks.

The Little Boy

By Akshay Harde (MCM Sem-III)

Sally jumped up as soon as she saw the surgeon come out of the operating room. She said: "How is my little boy? Is he going to be all right? When can I see him?"

The surgeon said, "I'm sorry. We did all we could, but your boy didn't make it."

Sally said, "Why do little children get cancer? Doesn't God care any more? Where were you, God, when my son needed you?"

The surgeon asked, "Would you like some time alone with your son? One of the nurses will be out in a few minutes, before he's transported to the university."

Sally asked the nurse to stay with her while she said good-bye to son. She ran her fingers lovingly through his thick red curly hair.

"Would you like a lock of his hair?" the nurse asked.

Sally nodded yes. The nurse cut a lock of the boy's hair, put it in a plastic bag and handed it to Sally. The mother said, "It was Jimmy's idea to donate his body to the university for study. He said it might help somebody else. "I said no at first, but Jimmy said, 'Mom, I won't be using it after I die. Maybe it will help some other little boy spend one more day with his Mom.'" She went on, "My Jimmy had a heart of gold. Always thinking of someone else. Always wanting to help others if he could."

Sally walked out of Children's mercy Hospital for the last time, after spending most of the last six months there. She put the bag with Jimmy's belongings on the seat beside her in the car. The drive home was difficult. It was even harder to enter the empty house. She carried Jimmy's belongings, and the plastic bag with the lock of his hair to her son's room. She started placing the model cars and other personal things back in his room exactly where he had always kept them. She laid down across his bed and, hugging his pillow, cried herself to sleep.

It was around midnight when Sally awoke. Laying beside her on the bed was a folded letter. The letter said:

"Dear Mom,

I know you're going to miss me; but don't think that I will ever forget you, or stop loving you, just 'cause I'm not around to say I LOVE YOU. I will always love you, Mom, even more with each day. Someday we will see each other again. Until then, if you want to adopt a little boy so you won't be so lonely, that's okay with me. He can have my room and old stuff to play with. But, if you decide to get a girl instead, she probably wouldn't like the same things us boys do. You'll have to buy her dolls and stuff girls like, you know. Don't be sad thinking about me. This really is a neat place. Grandma and Grandpa met me as soon as I got here and showed me around some, but it will take a long time to see everything. The angels are so cool. I love to watch them fly. And, you know what? Jesus doesn't look like any of his pictures. Yet, when I saw Him, I knew it was Him. Jesus himself took me to see GOD! And guess what, Mom? I got to sit on God's knee and talk to Him, like I was somebody important. That's when I told Him that I wanted to write you a letter, to tell you good-bye and everything. But I already knew that wasn't allowed. Well, you know what Mom? God handed me some paper and His own personal pen to write you this letter. I think Gabriel is the name of the angel who is going to drop this letter off to you. God said for me to give you the answer to one of the questions you asked Him 'Where was He when I needed him?' "God said He was in the same place with me, as when His son Jesus was on the cross. He was right there, as He always is with all His children.

Oh, by the way, Mom, no one else can see what I've written except you. To everyone else this is just a blank piece of paper. Isn't that cool? I have to give God His pen back now. He needs it to write some more names in the Book of Life. Tonight I get to sit at the table with Jesus for supper. I'm, sure the food will be great.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. I don't hurt anymore. The cancer is all gone. I'm glad because I couldn't stand that pain anymore and God couldn't stand to see me hurt so much, either. That's when He sent The Angel of Mercy to come get me. The Angel said I was a Special Delivery! How about that?

Signed with Love from: God, Jesus & Me."

The Cunning Bats **By Parag Madankar (MBA Sem-II)**

Many years ago, the members of the jungle did not have any King. The animals said, "The lion must be the King of this jungle." While the birds said, "The Hawk must be the King." There were many discussions and debates, but no final decision could be taken. The bats were cunning. They approached the animal and said, "Since we too are animal, we would like our dear lion to be the King. He is surely the most powerful among us." And the animals thought that the bats were on their side. The bats then went to the birds. "Since we are birds, our dear Hawk must be made the King of this forest. He is so royal and dignified," they said. And the birds thought that the bats were on their side. A few days went by. One day the birds came to know that the cunning bats were not honest. They informed the animals about this. "So the bats think they are clever, let us teach them a good lesson," said the animals. So, the next day, the birds and the animals made peace with each other. The lion was made the King. The newly crowned King addressed to the bats, "You must choose the group to which you belong." The bats thought.

"We must join the animals because the lion is the King." "We are animals!" the bats announced. "But you have wings. No animal has wings. You must join the birds," said all the animals. "Bats have babies. They do not lay eggs. And birds lay eggs. Since, the bats give birth to young babies without eggs, they can not be birds," said the birds. The bats felt helpless. They just stood there, not knowing what to do. Since then, the cunning bats have been hiding during the daytime in deserted places. They come out for food only at night when others are asleep.

Bad Temper **By Omita Shinde (MBA Sem-II)**

There once was a little boy who had a bad temper. His father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper, he must hammer a nail into the back of the fence. The first day, the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his anger, the number of nails hammered daily gradually dwindled down. He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence. Finally the day came when the boy didn't lose his temper at all. He told his father about it and the father suggested that the boy now pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper. The days passed and the boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone. The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said, "You have done well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar just like this one. You can put a knife in a man and draw it out. It won't matter how many times you say I'm sorry. The wound is still there."

Birbal Betrays Himself

By Shubhangi Sheshrao Khokale (BCCA Sem-III) Birbal was missing. He and the emperor had a quarrel and Birbal had stormed out of the palace vowing never to return.

Now Akbar missed him and wanted him back but no one knew where he was.

Then the emperor had a brainwave. He offered a reward of 1000 gold coins to any man who could come to the palace observing the following condition. The man had to walk in the sun without an umbrella but he had to be in the shade at the same time.

"Impossible," said the people.

Then a villager came carrying a string cot over his head and claimed the prize.

"I've walked in the sun but at the same time I was in the shade of the strings of the cot," he said.

It was a brilliant solution. On interrogation the villager confessed that the idea had been suggested to him by a man living with him. "It could only be Birbal!" said the emperor, delighted.

Sure enough it was Birbal and he and the emperor had a joyous reunion.

Professor: chemical symbol of

Banta: BA

Professor: for sodium?

Professor: What will we if 1 atom of BA & 2 atoms of
NA combined?

Banta: BANANA