

THE ALLIANCE PRESENTS

FRESHERS' EDITION

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A QUIET RENAISSANCE

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The Renaissance was a time of rebirth, when artists, scientists, and thinkers emerged from the shadows of the past to experiment, create, and **challenge** the world around them. The Renaissance was about daring to envision life in a different way. The people of this age questioned authority, traditions, and even their own thoughts. They possessed the courage to venture into territories none before them had. The same spirit resides within you – in the questions asked, the desire to explore, and the **small rebellions**. And while you're not painting the Sistine Chapel or inventing the telescope, your college years are a kind of personal renaissance too. You're experimenting with who you are, not because you're lost, but because you're being **reborn**. Bit by bit, you're shedding old definitions and trying on new ones.

In school, we often get boxed into roles. Maybe you were 'the quiet one', or the 'science kid', or 'the shy one'. But college gives you the rare chance to rewrite that narrative. Here, no one knows the version of you that once played it safe. You get to experiment with your identity, not in some **dramatic movie-montage** way, but with small, meaningful steps: joining a club you never imagined you'd join, wearing something bolder, saying yes to that first open mic. You don't need to have a grand vision of who you need to become. The act of simply trying – of showing up – is enough.

Here's the thing about growth: it's so quiet, you almost never notice it while it's happening. One day, you're nervously walking into a room full of strangers, and months later,

you're laughing with the same people over chai at the canteen. You start with hesitation, and somehow, over time, you find yourself leading, speaking, and **belonging**. It doesn't come from one brave act; it comes from many small, slightly awkward ones. Just keep showing up, saying yes, and stretching past your comfort zone.

The strange part is that even when you're creating something beautiful, it doesn't always feel that way in the moment. You don't always feel like an **artist** while you're at it. The beginning feels clumsy. You walk into college, and it seems like everyone already belongs somewhere. Their calendars are full of things you haven't even heard of yet. They have their groups, their goals for different societies, and their way of carrying themselves like they've done this before. Meanwhile, you're figuring out how to get from Block 4 to APJ without a map. You wonder if you're already behind.



Here's the truth: everyone you know and everyone you pass by is carrying their own quiet **uncertainty**. Some are guessing, some are waiting for something to click. Most are putting on a version of **confidence** that isn't quite real yet, but just enough to get them through the next step.

There's no secret formula. The only thing that works is **showing up**, again and again. Sit through that orientation even if you don't know anyone yet. Sign up for the society even if you're unsure what you'll contribute. Walk into the project meet even if every face is unfamiliar. At first, it looks like **tiny wins**: making it to class on time, finding the courage to ask a question, seeing your name on the shortlist for a society you were once afraid to apply to. Those small things **compound**. What once felt impossible starts to feel natural. You join an event just to watch, and months later you are the one organizing it. You sign up for a project half-prepared, and it becomes the work you are most proud of. And then, the best opportunities come unannounced.

You walk into a room where you know no one and walk out with your first real conversation. You try a society that feels out of your comfort zone and find a version of yourself you hadn't met yet. Most **firsts** aren't big. They are tiny and quiet, and almost forgettable. But they do add up: the first time you go to a fest, the first time you raise your hand in class, the first time you decide not to overthink. That's what your **personal renaissance** looks like – not one grand choice, but a series of small, brave ones.

Sometimes you won't find your people right away, and that's just a part of the journey. That doesn't mean anything is wrong. It just means the story is still **unfolding**. In the meantime, you learn to enjoy your own company. You make little rituals that feel comforting, take yourself out for coffee, and realize you can walk into a room without needing a crowd beside you. The friendships that matter take time, and the real ones are worth the wait. You don't need twenty people to feel seen. Sometimes one person is enough. And until then, **you have yourself** – the version of you that keeps trying, exploring, and showing up.

Who you are right now isn't final, and that's the best part about this new phase. You are allowed to change direction, to unlearn, to surprise yourself. College doesn't ask you to be sure; it just asks you to be **open**. Your college experience may not look like a masterpiece from the start, but neither did the Renaissance. It was messy, **full of trial**, error, doubt, and rediscovery. It was a time of questioning what had always been and of creating something new from scratch. That is exactly what you are doing here too, slowly and boldly. This is your Renaissance, and it doesn't need to be loud to be life-changing.



CURB YOUR INTELLECTUAL ELITISM

AUTHORED BY: ANUSHA, IBA & RAGHAV

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After months—maybe years—of intense preparation, sleepless nights, and the weight of constant pressure, you finally step into your new college. There's a spark in your chest, a quiet thrill that whispers: this is it—a fresh start. You imagine shedding old labels, discovering new sides of yourself, maybe even living out the kind of college moments you've only seen in movies. But barely a minute into your first classroom experience, you're hit by a wave of chatter, and one question cuts through all the noise: "Rank kya thi?". You answer, hesitant and unsure, and suddenly the mood shifts. It's subtle, but you feel it. A glance. A pause. A polite smile. 50,000?

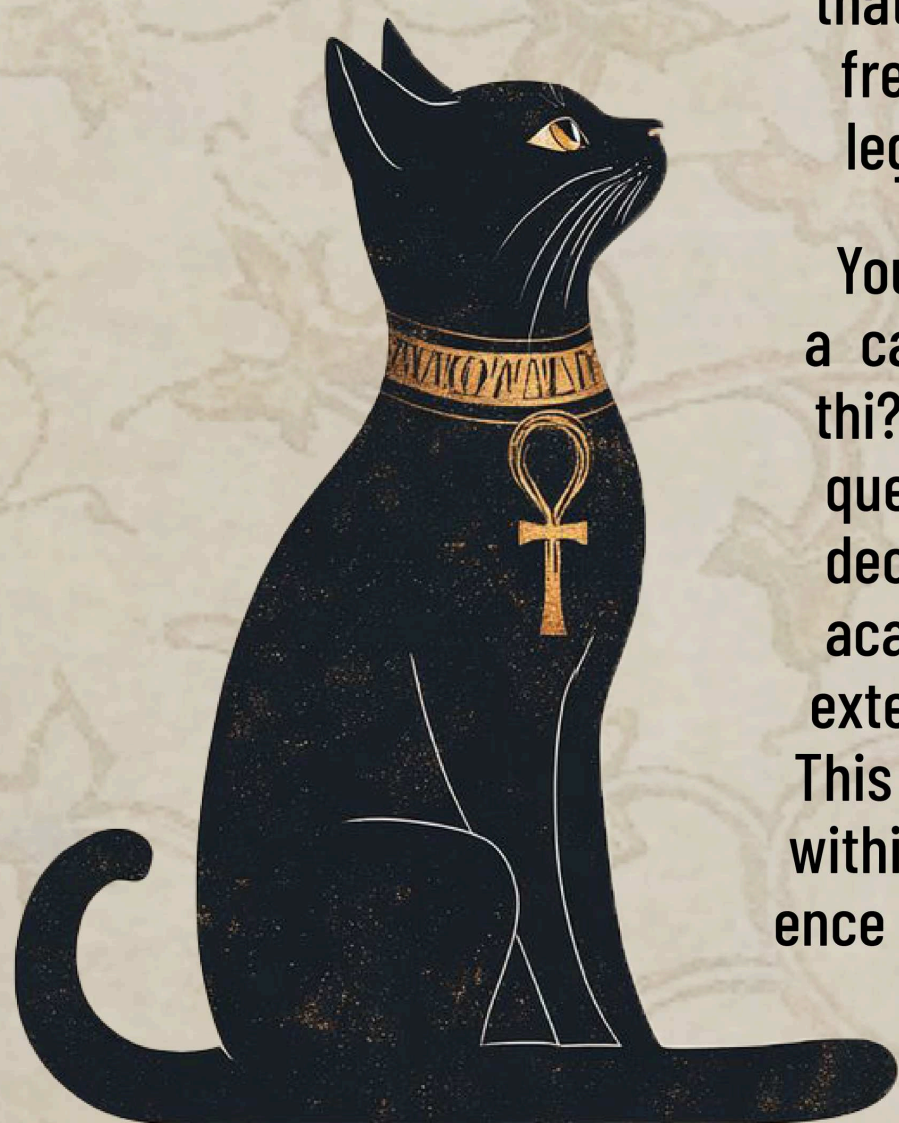
Academic institutions suffer from a severe case of intellectual elitism. For this article, let **intellectual elitism** refer to the phenomenon where a certain field of scientific study is seen as superior to all other academic disciplines. The people actively pursuing this 'superior' field of study are now seen as more respectable, one is expected to perform exceptionally in a test, which determines if they will be let in this 'superior' course and if they should fall just shy of exceptional they will be given no choice but to pursue an 'undesirable' major. For engineering colleges, this all culminates in the one thing that will seem to define a fresher's first year of college: their **JEE rank**.

You will be surrounded by a cacophony of "Rank kya thi?". The answer to this question will ultimately decide your worth in the academic circle, and to an extent, your social circle. This is so deeply embedded within the college experience that, consciously or unconsciously, you will

begin to attribute your academic successes and failures to numbers printed on a piece of paper. This mindset stifles creativity, discourages collaboration, and breeds a culture of insecurity masked as ambition. It creates an environment where students feel constantly judged, where self-worth becomes tied to marks, and where genuine learning often takes a backseat to constant competition.

To some extent, the institution itself legitimizes the blatant **hierarchy of branches**. The final stage of counselling is called the 'upgradation round'. The name itself carries a quiet judgement; it subtly fixes in the minds of the people that a certain branch is lower in status than the other. When a student moves from Mechanical to Electrical, it is implied that the value of the education they are receiving increases. But this sends an incredibly demeaning message to the student who stays. Whether you stay by choice or are limited once again by your rank, it can feel like condemning yourself to a life of inferior opportunities and prospects. What is just a system to fill up empty seats in a classroom feels like an attack on the **legitimacy of your career path**.

One may assume that this hierarchy stems from the academic excellence required to understand a subject, but that would be false. Electronics and Electrical Engineering, branches one hears referred to as the 'hardest of all time', are certainly not the branches that require the highest rank for one to be eligible for it. **Employment opportunities** appear to be the sole thing governing a major's worth. If a course includes knowledge on the industry that is generating the most income, it will be the course that requires the highest score for eligibility.



As a result, millions of computer science lecture halls seem to be overflowing with students who have no wish to write a single line of code.

We've built a system where the **worth of a subject** — and by extension, a student — is judged by how well it fits into the hiring patterns of tech giants. Somewhere along the way, "What are you interested in?" was replaced by "What pays well?" The tragedy is that we've accepted this without question. Vanity over one's branch is futile; anyone with the right resources and endurance can get a good branch. But here's the thing: not everyone wants the same thing. Not everyone should. Some students want to build neural implants. Some students want to build rockets. Others want to explore materials, design systems, or teach. Not all dreams come with offer letters and CTCs.

There is no one narrow idea of success; the diverse paths that students choose deserve to be appreciated.

There is no shame in choosing a major that guarantees a well-paying job, there is no shame in choosing a major that aligns with one's passions, and there is no shame in choosing a major you're not sure about.

It is okay to take your time to figure out what path you wish to carve in this life. The issue arises when we feed into the arbitrary ladder of branches, when we belittle our peers for their academic pursuits.

We cannot let the value of knowledge be ruled by **capitalist** greed, and we cannot let something as trivial as a rank govern our perception of the intellectual ability of a student. The **pursuit of knowledge** is in and of itself an act of an intellectual being. So, for the fresher sitting in class at this moment, feeling like they don't deserve to be here, doubting the worth of their major— take a deep breath. Your rank does not define you, you don't need to tie your worth to a number, and there is no right answer to what you 'should' be doing with your life. Let yourself take time to figure out who you are.



Wilted Laurel

AUTHORED BY : SHAMBHAVI ~

~ DESIGNED BY : KRRISH

There's this image that I keep coming back to: a young apprentice in a bottega, standing in the shadow of their master's work. Surrounded by frescoes and half-finished sculptures, and scribbled notes in the margins of old texts. She came in full of **fire**. She wanted to paint the stars, rewrite the myths.

And for a while, she did.

Until the fire dimmed, the brush slowed. The muses stopped showing up. And the **laurel** on her head, the one she had earned, or imagined, or hoped for, started to **wilt**.

It's strange how much that feels like me. Except I am not the artist or a master. I'm just a **student**. My workshop is a cramped desk under fluorescent lights, a laptop full of tabs I'll never close, and piles of notes I barely have time to read. My frescoes are essays, my sculptures are presentations, my sketches are unfinished projects gathering **digital** dust.

I arrived with clean notebooks, planners full of **goals**, and that electric optimism. I tried to push myself, show up to every class, every event with the highest energy I could muster. But that fire had dwindled into something **colder**.

The mornings feel longer, as if time drags before I can make myself start. The ideas that once came in bright, rushing waves now drift in slowly, uncertain, and sometimes, not at all. I spent the whole night rereading the same sentences in my notes, yet when the morning came, I couldn't remember what had kept me awake.

And the voice that once said **I can do this** had thinned into something quieter, almost hesitant.

The laurel I thought I'd wear so easily feels far away now, and I'm starting to wonder if it was ever really **mine** to begin with.

In the first weeks, everything felt like an open door. Every lecture was a chance to prove myself, every club meeting was a place I might belong, every assignment was an opportunity to show what I could do.

I signed up for more things than I could count: workshops, competitions, projects, because saying "no" felt like falling behind. My timetable was full, my calendar was overflowing with colorful deadlines, and for a while, I told myself that was a **productive** thing.

Now my calendar still looks full, but in a different way. Meetings I half-forgot about. Group work, I'm not sure how to contribute to. Assignments that feel rushed before they even start. My desk is a mess of loose planners, crumpled handouts, and to-do lists written in three different notebooks. I keep telling myself I'll get more organised next week, but next week never seems to slow down long enough for me to catch up.

Some days I feel like that **apprentice**, standing in the workshop with tools in hand but no picture in my mind.



I go through the motions: attend the lecture, open the file, start the paragraph and yet it feels like trying to carve marble with a dull chisel.

The work is slow, uneven, and every stroke drags heavier than it should.

People say it's burnout. But what even is that?

Is it the strange distance between you and your work, where the words on the screen might as well belong to someone else?

Is it the lecturer's voice melting into the hum of the projector, as we drift away in hazy daydreams?

Is it the quiet **dread** of opening your calendar, knowing you'll have to move the same unfinished task to tomorrow yet again?

Or maybe it's smaller, forgetting to reply to a message for weeks, staring at an email draft you can't bring yourself to finish, eating dinner without really tasting it.

Maybe it's not one thing but a slow crystallisation of moments until you look up and realise you've been walking through the day half-awake.

Perhaps the apprentice never finished the fresco.

Perhaps the marble remained rough, the figures trapped within it.

Perhaps their laurel stayed wilted, and perhaps that was fine.

Not every season in the workshop was meant for **glory**. Some were just for sweeping the floor, mixing the colours, and watching the canvas from dusk till dawn.

Maybe this is my season for that. For standing here, pens in hand, not yet ready to learn. And maybe one day the fire will come back, sudden as sunlight breaking through a high window.

Until then, I'll keep coming back to the apprentice in the workshop.

How does one write a thesis on burnout when one is burnt out?



THE COLLEGE CODEX

SOCIETIES OF NSUT

AUTHORED BY: SANIDHYA MISHRA
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RISE AND CHOOSE YOUR PATH

Step forward, wanderer! NSUT is buzzing with invention, art, and ambition, and you've just entered the arena. Whether you dream of crafting machines, mastering words, commanding the stage, or painting new worlds, there's a place ready to welcome you. Pick the one that sparks your spirit, join your comrades, and help write the next chapter of your story.

LEONARDO'S LEAGUE

For the inventors and dreamers who see the world as a grand design, where art and science meet, and imagination turns into creation.

ARES (ROBOTICS)

In ARES, machines are more than metal. They think, move, and come alive through your hands. Here, engineering meets invention, just as da Vinci once dreamed.

BULLET HAWK RACING

Precision, speed, and style - Bullet Hawk Racing is where engineers build more than cars. They craft machines that fly on wheels, powered by brilliance and boundless energy.

DEVCOMM

Devcomm is where logic becomes art. You write code that solves problems and builds systems that shape the future one line at a time.

IEEE

IEEE is a community of minds that question, explore, and discover. It is where ideas are tested, knowledge is shared, and innovation becomes a habit.

GALILEO'S CIRCLE

For those who question the stars, solve riddles, and find wonder in thought and truth.

IGTS

If your mind delights in mysteries and clever thinking, IGTS is your place to be. Here, every puzzle solved is a step closer to understanding the world.

NSUT QUIZ CLUB

A home for the endlessly curious. Whether ancient myths or modern memes, NSUT QC celebrates knowledge in all forms, and tests yours in return.

SUBHASHA

Poetry, literature, and deep conversations: Subhasha is for those who find joy in beautiful words, meaningful stories, and timeless ideas.

NAKSHATRA

A space for the ones who wonder about the night skies. Nakshatra brings together dreamers who gaze at stars and speak of life beyond what is seen.





RAPHAEL'S ENSEMBLE

For the performers, storytellers, and artists of movement, those who speak through rhythm, voice, and presence.

ASHWAMEDH

Take the stage and become the story. Ashwamedh is where you perform, write, direct, and fill silence with powerful words and unforgettable moments.

CAPELLA

In Capella, movement becomes meaning, and dance transforms into stories that speak long after the music fades.

CRESCENDO

A place where melodies are memories. Crescendo is where voices rise together, where music brings people close, and where sound becomes soul.

MIRAGE

In Mirage, dance is freedom. Express what you feel through motion and energy, and let your body say what words never could.

SHAKESJEER

Open mics, raw truth, and sharp humour. Shakesjeer turns everyday thoughts into something bold, funny, and unforgettable, spoken straight from the heart.

MACHIAVELLI'S MINDS

For the planners, builders, and reformers, the ones who think ahead and make real change.

180DC

When others see problems, you see potential. 180DC works with real-world clients, offering ideas and solutions that truly matter.

E-Cell

With startups, pitches, and big dreams, E-Cell is the space for entrepreneurs to shape ideas into ventures and turn imagination into reality.

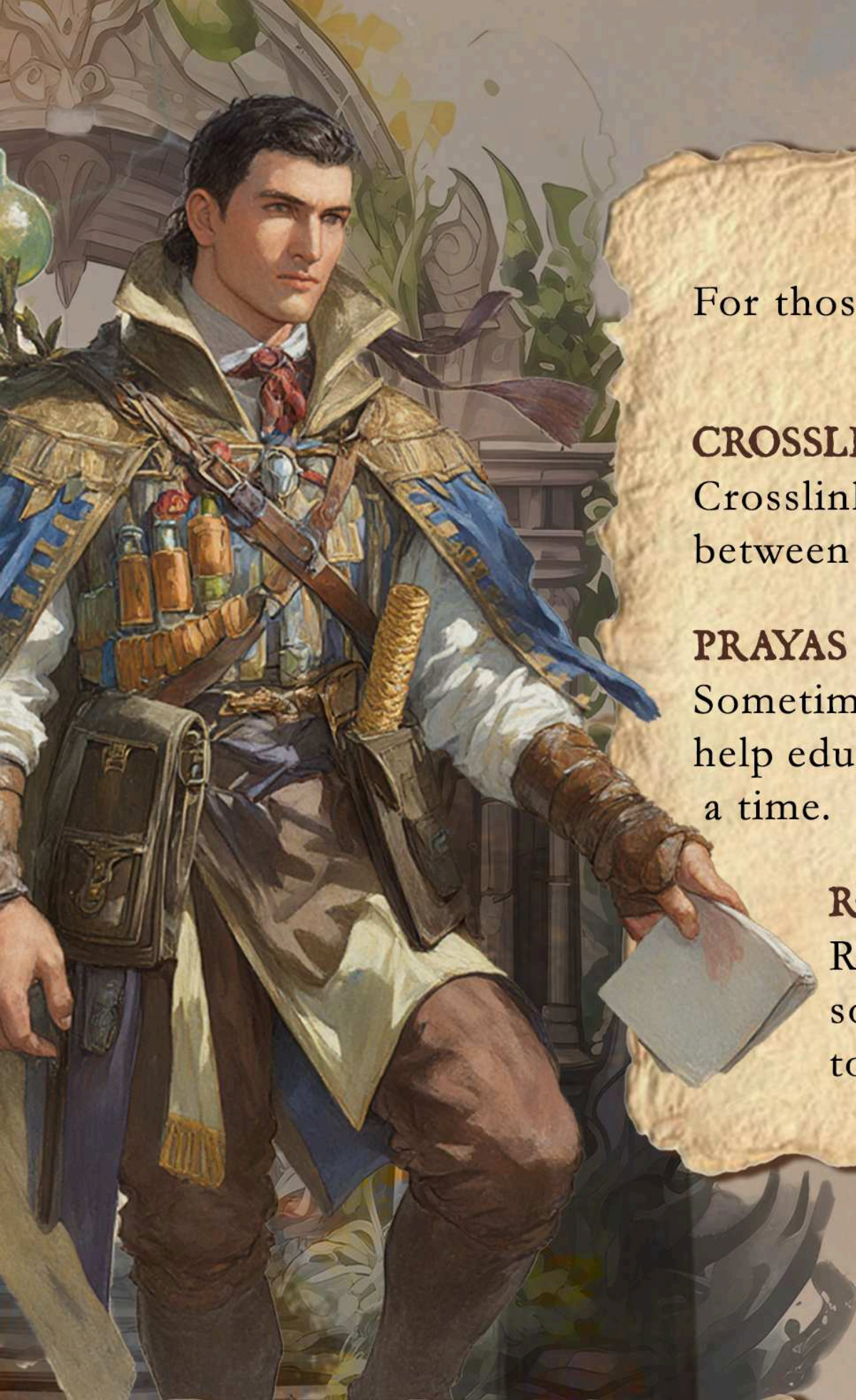
ENACTUS

A society where business meets purpose. Enactus builds projects that create real impact, using strategy and empathy to help people and communities.

FES

FES speaks the language of numbers and markets. Here, finance becomes more than a subject; it's a tool to shape economies and futures.





MEDICI'S MANTLE

For those who lift others, bring people together, and lead with kindness and clarity.

CROSSLINKS

Crosslinks handles outreach and communication, creating connections between students, societies, and the world outside.

PRAYAS

Sometimes the smallest act creates the biggest change. In Prayas, you help educate and uplift children, building brighter futures, one evening at a time.

ROTARACT

Rotaract is where service meets leadership. Plan events, work on social causes, and become part of a team that brings real change to real lives.

DANTE'S TONGUEBEARERS

For those who believe words carry power, and that well-spoken thoughts can shape the world.

DEBSOC

Here, arguments aren't just spoken; they're crafted. Learn to think quickly, speak clearly, and challenge ideas with strength, skill, and reason.

AXIOM

A quiet space for complex thoughts. In Axiom, you discuss ideas, debate philosophies, and explore questions that don't always have answers.



THE CHRONICLE KEEPERS

Just like the scribes of the Renaissance who captured the spirit of their times, **The Alliance** tells the story of NSUT. We are the official journalism society, a place where writers, artists, and designers bring out the voices of college life. Whether you love writing, designing, or drawing, there's a place for you here. From covering major events to creating beautiful editions, we help the campus see itself more clearly. Join us and be a part of the team that turns moments into memories.





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