



INGENIUM

EDITORS' NOTE

Hi everyone

Welcome to our final newsletter for year 2016-2017. Thanks to those of you who contributed to it as these contribution are essential to the newsletter's success. We are encouraged to see the overwhelming response received from MDI Murshidabad community in terms of their contribution for the current issue of the Newsletter. Congratulations to all those who have received awards by team Media & PR. As members of the Communique community we all share in and benefit from your achievements, and we hope to hear more good news along these lines. One of the more exciting announcements in this newsletter is the news of 100% summer placement of batch 16-17. I would like to thank my mentor Dr. Niharika Gaan for supporting and supervising. I would also like to thank my colleagues Navneet for assisting me in the timely compilation of this issue of the Newsletter.

— Nischal Tripathi

BUDGET XPRESS

MDI Murshidabad successfully conducted its flagship event "Budgetxpress" 2017. Budgetxpress is a post budget discussion platform involving Students, Academicians and Industry experts. Held across a span of two days i.e. 18th and 19th march'2017 the first day witnessed students from various B-schools coming down to campus to present their views on the Budget 2017-18 followed by a panel discussion by members drawn from academics and Industry organized in the second day. Some of the colleges that participated in the event were MDI Murshidabad, IISWBM, IIFT, Wellingkar, GIM etc to name a few along with panelist drawn from NABARD AND IDFC.

MARCH EDITION

24/03/2017

Inside this issue:

MIND'S EYE	2-7
SUMMER'S REPORT	8
CORPORATE EVENTS	9
CAMPUS LIFE	10
INHOUSE CLUBS EVENTS	11-13
VYAVSAY	14
CONCLUSION	





blood... guts...
dismemberment...
deviance...



The writer writes



Mind's Eye, an article writing competition organized by Communique Society, The Media & PR Committee of MDI Murshidabad invited all the story tellers, writers and freelancer to write until it becomes as natural as breathing, to write until not writing makes them obnoxious. Scribbles from premier colleges participated.



MIND'S
EYE

Colleges participated;

Xavier Labour Relation Institute, Jamshedpur

Jamnalal Bajaj Institute of Management Studies

Rajiv Gandhi Indian Institute of Management, Shillong

Indian Institute of Management Ranchi

Narsee Monjee Institute of Management Studies, Mumbai

Indian Institute of Management, Raipur

Indian Institute of Management, Indore

Symbiosis Institute of Management Studies, Pune

Public Health Foundation of India, Gurgaon

and many more

MANAGEMENT DEVELOPMENT
INSTITUTE, MURSHIDABAD



Winner - Ruchita Jalal (Public Health Foundation Of India, Gurgaon)

Runner-up - Malvika Chauhan (XLRI - Xavier School of Management, Jamshedpur)

It ain't whatcha write,
it's the way atcha write it.

Title

HYPOTHETICAL STORIES

Other side of the

Where am I? Oh! I am in the mountains. I could feel the soft breeze brushing my cheeks. It's a divine feeling to be here witnessing such mesmerizing view. Suddenly I hear a sharp sound coming from a distant, I wonder where it is coming from? The sound grew sharper and louder and with a jolt I woke up, that was my alarm clock and I was no longer in the arms of the mountains, I was in my room lying on bed. I feel nothing but regret for opting out of the trip to the Himalayas because of the overloaded schedule I have. Regret. It's a strong feeling. Something that has always been a part of me is this feeling. While getting ready for yet another mundane cycle, it occurred to me there are immense number of things that I could have done differently. And there it was again, regret. I had a look at my lunch box; today's special is yet again lentils! Oh! not gain. I left the lunch box without saying much and left for work. Later that day at lunch time I missed mom's handmade meal, and there was again a feeling of regret. I should have brought that and appreciated her love and hardships.

Its evening tea time and my phone rings, it's him (and by him I mean my partner in crime, my boyfriend). I looked at the phone buzzing and decide not to pick it. He didn't called last night so basically I am mad at him. I wanted to pick up the phone to just hear his voice and scold him, but I didn't. Ah! I have ways to get my mind off him. I start working on the nth amendment of the manuscript that I have to submit by the end of the week. I have been delaying it for the past few weeks, unable to focus completely on it I struggle with each sentence. The day ends and I am still not halfway through it. And there again was that sinking feeling.

I pack my bag ad leave for home He still hasn't called again. I want to call him but something is stopping me and that my friend is EGO. While driving through the same route towards home, I pass through the community park again. I always grin looking at the kids playing. I see a lot of joggers with their pet dogs. I always wanted a pet dog too, but the added work was just too much for me. I turn on the radio and subtle music fills my car but not my mind. I think of all the things that could have done, taking that trip to the Himalayas; appreciating my mom and telling her that I love her; picking up his phone and tell him how I missed his voice last night; completing the manuscript on time; adopting a dog and enjoying a walk with him.

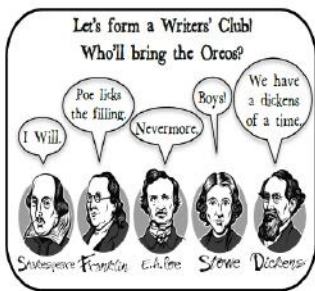
All these thoughts fill my conscience. I hear a scratching sound from a distant. Before I could even look a giant truck hits my car. The jolt was unbearable and fell into a deep sleep.

Where am I? Oh! In I am in the mountains again. I feel light. White clouds are approaching towards me. All I could see is clouds taking shapes. Ah! I see the face of my mom and his and of a dog I never had. I see a life before me that could have and that too some extent I already had. How often do we appreciate what life has to offer?

I close my eyes, feeling the soft breeze brushing me again. I hear a distant sound. It's getting louder and louder. Strong vibrations cover my whole body.

I wake up! I am in my room. It's my mom in front of me. Was it all a dream? I wonder. She is scolding me for getting up late. Without thinking I hug her, like I have never hugged her before. I get ready, kiss her on cheeks and thank her for the lunch box. She looks surprisingly at me.

While driving to work I call him up and ask him to meet at 6. I never felt so alive before. On reaching my office I finish up most of the work of the manuscript and to reward my hard work I open a travelling website and book two tickets for the Himalayas. Its quarter past 5 and I leave to meet him. There he is, standing at the park's gate. I hug him tightly and hand him the tickets. He looks surprisingly happy. I ask him, "Wanna get a dog together?" he grins. I will consider that a yes. — Ruchita Jalal(PHFI-G)



AMOEBAS WITH WRITER'S BLOCK

Hypothetical story

A sharp and alarmingly loud sound penetrates the heavy silence, startling my pet. His ears up in alarm, it gawks at me for response. I return the look, *unaffected*.

In my twenty and two years of life, there are few things that have stunned me. However, that one particular day will remain branded in my memory when surprise, vengeance and fear blended in a most fatal proportion.

What happened that day?

I smile wryly. *The End? Well, almost.*

I felt myself falling probably after being pushed— from a great height; a height so great that my throat choked midway and no sound came out. And just when I thought it was an abyss, the water stung me in a million places – sawing through my insides. The icy warmth seemed to spread slowly, tantalizing my limbs with a pain so powerful that I was afraid it was all over. And that is when I saw him – standing a few feet away from me and wearing the same gentle smile as always.

“Darling, the path is clear. Don't give up what you've long fought for”, he whispered in a voice that was all but memory. I guess that was all I needed to muster up and fight – not only for my life but also for my dad.

Most people would want to move unobtrusively towards the shore, conscious that they didn't stand a chance in the enfeebled condition I was in. But I wanted to be spotted and to make sure that I was – I tried everything. The waning crescent in a benevolent gesture illuminated my presence and a string of bullets tore through the water. I swam crazily. Those fun trials of holding breath underwater suddenly seemed useful.

An hour or so later, I climbed out of the water, about 10 miles from where I had fallen and began to drag myself through the dense thicket frantically. Any noise and I would give myself away. Knowing that soon a handful of men would be tearing apart each and every inch of this area, I hunted for some sort of shelter. Benign assistance came to me in the form of a thick cluster of trees around a small mountain of rocks. I collapsed, shivering but not before I pressed the tracker button that would give away my location to the police – more precisely my father’s confidantes. And amidst the tussle between sleep and anticipatory waiting, I began to remember him.

My dad, like his previous three generations served in the police. An honest and daring man, he worked in a special division dedicated to fighting mafias. As they say, goodness can become one’s greatest enemy. And it did for him. My dad was murdered, and quite brutally so three years ago. Denied justice propelled me to follow in his footsteps – to join the police but my mother – having lost not just her husband but also her father in the same manner prohibited me from pursuing that end. Somehow I always felt that I would have made a difference had I joined. But for my mother’s sake I moved on.

Things didn’t improve. Threats in multiple forms became a sort of constant until three months back when my mother was held at gunpoint by goons of the same mafia my father had almost convicted. For the first time in my life, I lost my sleep to fear of losing even my mother. A few calls to my father’s friends made me realize that help was going to be miles away.

Something had to be done and I was going to be the one to do it. My movements and change in behavior was not lost on the other party and before I knew it, I was being thwarted in every effort to collect evidence against them. Last night, I was abducted and pushed from somewhere – most likely the Pushpanjalibridge 40 miles from my hometown, I mused.

My trance was obstructed by sudden movement and my heart skipped a beat. My assailants had reached the area much quickly than anticipated. The police was not going to be anywhere close. Through the bushes, I heard amid the indistinct din, the words “Kill Her.” I closed my eyes and my parents’ faces flashed before me – laughing and content. This is it, The End, I thought. I’m sorry Mom, I whimpered as the shivering became intense. And then everything went dark.

I woke up in a hospital two days later with a broken leg and a battered body. I was told that I was strewn around like a football by the opposing camps. I was alive and most grateful but more than that I was exhilarated that the mafia had been caught. I was just being praised by the Head of my father’s department when ----
--

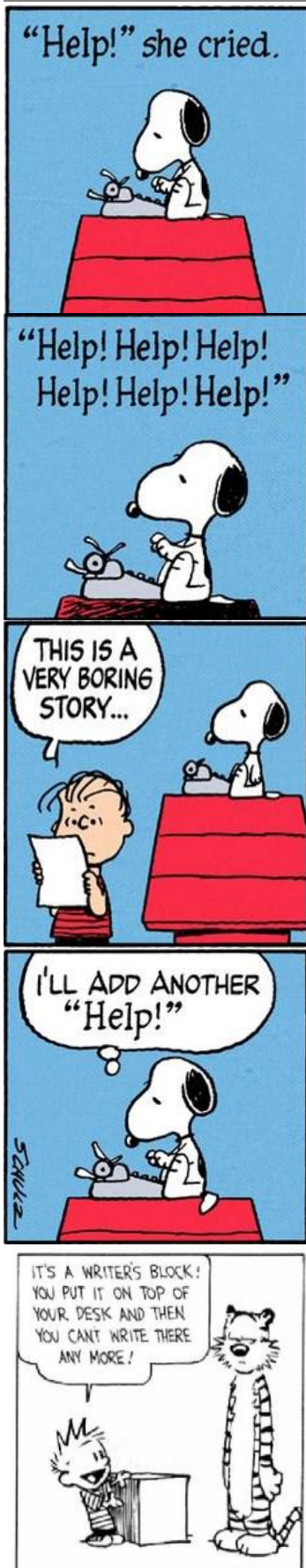
“Can you not hear the whistle ? It’s right next to you !”

“Wake up, dreamy girl !The kettle’s whistle. I was doing my yoga and you--”, my mother carries on the monologue.

I look at my pet, my constant since my father’s demise. He is still expecting a reaction. I reach down to pet him and whisper, “You know, I am still an officer - at heart, if not in name. And someday I will catch him.”He wags his tail.

— Malvika Chauhan, XLRI





Confiscated in love

Sitting beneath a tree, Anamika and Aman are lost in their reveries.

Caressing his hair affectionately, Anamika says, "It is difficult for some stories to be told and even more difficult for some to be heard. Some stories are not meant to be told, some are not meant to be shared. But today, I want to tell you a story. Do you want to hear it?"

"Only, if you are the narrator." Aman replies, at the drop of a hat, looking into her mesmerising eyes.

Anamika begins to narrate the story with a beautiful smile....

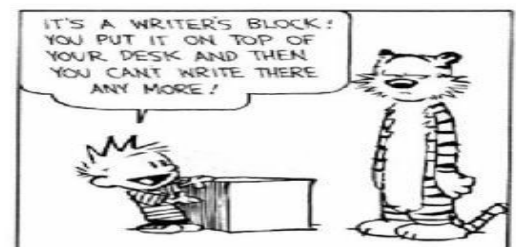
Once upon a time, there was a happy-go-lucky girl who was full of energy, hope and innocence. The girl had lost her father when she was a toddler and to make ends meet, her mother worked as a maid in a huge mansion. Her mother used to narrate her a story every night. Every story had the same ending, where a girl found her prince charming, her true love and they lived happily ever after. As and when she grew up, the only dream she had, in her mind and heart, was to find her true love someday.

Once upon a time, there was a happy-go-lucky girl who was full of energy, hope and innocence. The girl had lost her father when she was a toddler and to make ends meet, her mother worked as a maid in a huge mansion. Her mother used to narrate her a story every night. Every story had the same ending, where a girl found her prince charming, her true love and they lived happily ever after. As and when she grew up, the only dream she had, in her mind and heart, was to find her true love someday.

One fine day, things changed in her life. When she was just sixteen, her mother fell really ill and got paralysis. In order to take care of her mother, the girl had to quit school to work as a maid in the same mansion where her mother earlier worked. Her life was never the same again. By then, she had given up on her dream to find her true love. Life went on in the same manner until a boy proposed her.

The boy was none other than the son of the owner of the mansion. At first, the girl denied his proposal as she realized that they are not compatible as they belong to different strata of society. However, after continuous persuasion by the boy, she accepted that she loved him too. This was when a new chapter of her life unveiled.

For her, it was like a dream come true. They both spent most of the time together after he came from school. His love re-energised her and she regained her lost smile. She used to cook his favourite dishes and he used to accompany her to buy groceries. He even sometimes helped her in the household chores. Their love was reaching the pinnacle of intimacy.



One fine day, the boy's parents went out of station for a couple of days. The boy called her over and asked her to spend the night with him. She unhesitatingly agreed as she did not want to leave any chance of being with him. For the very first time, they made love. They spent the entire night lying next to each other, wrapped in the same sheet. She wrapped him in her arms tightly, fearing that if she will lose him forever if she lost her grip.

As the dawn broke and the rays of sunlight fell on her bare body, he complemented her saying that nothing was more beautiful to him than she wearing only the sunlight and his kisses. He conveyed that he wanted to click a picture of her, all naked. At first, she hesitated but after looking into his eyes filled with love and passion, she posed sensually for him. That night was the most beautiful memory she had ever had.

After a few days, the girl received a call from a modelling agency in Mumbai. She could not believe her ears; she felt like the most blessed person on Earth. She realized that she could now provide the best medical care to her mother. She excitedly conveyed the same to her boyfriend who encouraged her to take the job in Mumbai. To make a career as a model, she went to the big city.

"Did she eventually get the job of a model?" Aman asks in anticipation.

"Yes, she did. She got the job of pleasing every man." Anamika replies and continues with the story.

The girl who was once as innocent as a lamb became an escort now. Though love had given up on her, she never did and her search for true love continued. She pleased every man that came to her and searched for her true lover inside him. Some fell for her and bought her gifts and kept telling her how much she means to them. But this time, she could not take the chance of losing them as she was afraid of losing love. So, she confiscated them.

"Confiscated! How?" Aman eagerly asks Anamika.

"She killed each one of them and took their heart out and kept it with her as the memento of their love. But her quest for finding true love never ended."

"What! Was she crazy?" He asks irritated.

"No, she wasn't. She loved each one of them and persisted honesty towards them." She replies.

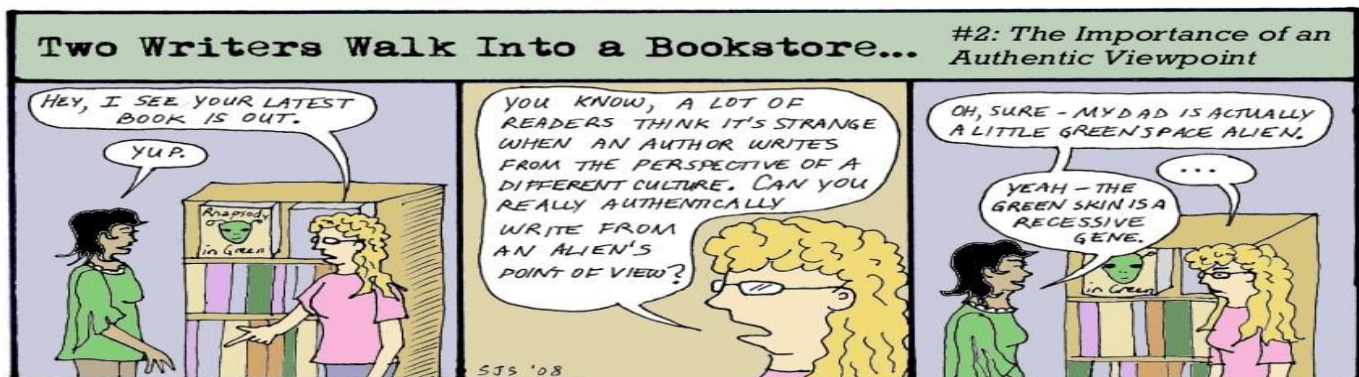
"Honesty! How? By killing them!" Aman laughs as he tries to get up.

"Yes, she narrated the whole truth...." Anamika says and bends down.

"...by narrating her own story." she completes the sentence as she stabs him to death.

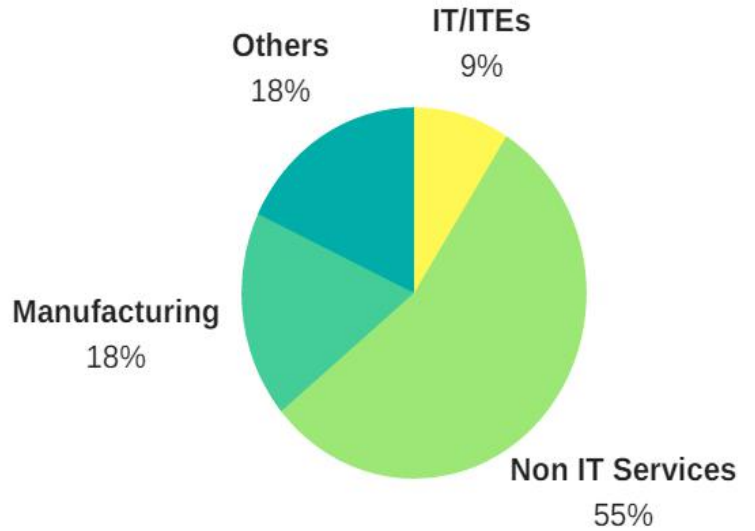
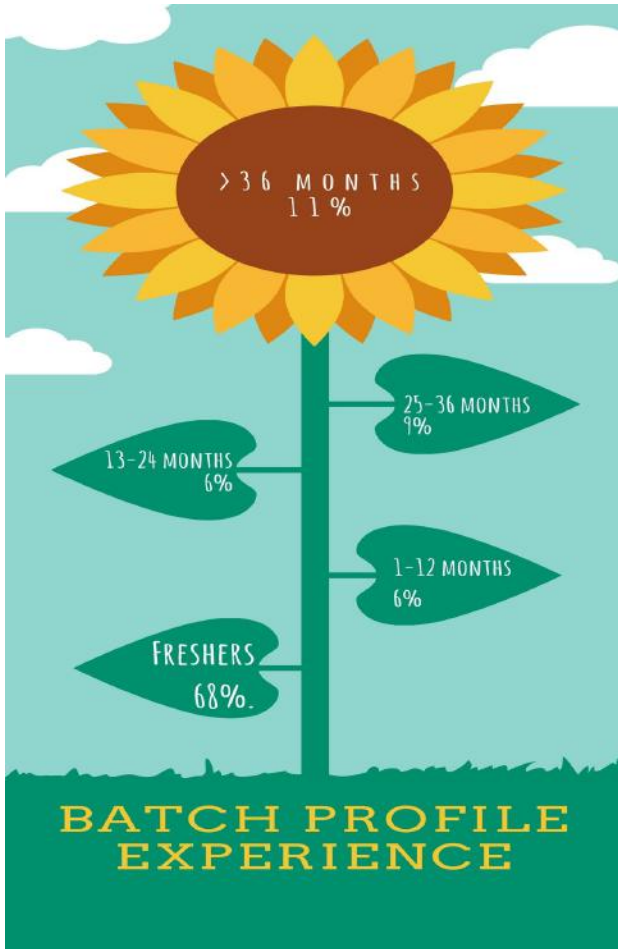
Anamika then dig his body to take his heart out. She smiles viciously thinking that once again, she has found her true love and confiscated him forever.

— Bhavya Rastogi (IIM,S)



THE LEGACY CONTINUES

100% SUMMER INTERNSHIP PLACEMENT PGP 2016-2018



Placement Committee takes immense pride in announcing the successful completion of its Summer Internship Recruitment Program for the 3rd PGPM batch (2016-2018), which once again saw top brands recruiting from the specialization across Marketing, Finance, Human Resources and Operations.

The students are offered roles in sectors like FMCG, Retail, Banking, Insurance, Telecommunications, Consumer Electronics, Chemicals, Infrastructure, etc.





Change Management - Mr.Nadim Kazim

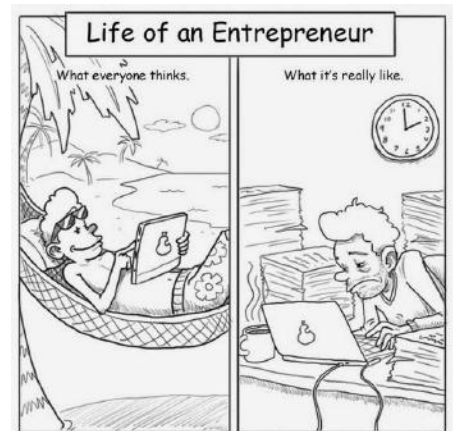
Mr. Nadeem Kazim, the Former Director (HR and Personnel) of Exide industries Ltd, addressed the 2016-18 batch on the topic ‘Change Management’. In the wake of the dynamic and ever changing environment, Mr. Kazim enunciated that “Change is constant” and that it requires continuous innovation. According to him, the last three decades have experienced the most dramatic change. Innovation, competition and the world of sameness are considered to be prime movers of change. He eventually ended the session explaining applicability aspect of the Kübler-Ross model.



“The enterprise that does not innovate inevitably ages and declines. And in a period of rapid change such as the present...the decline will be fast.”

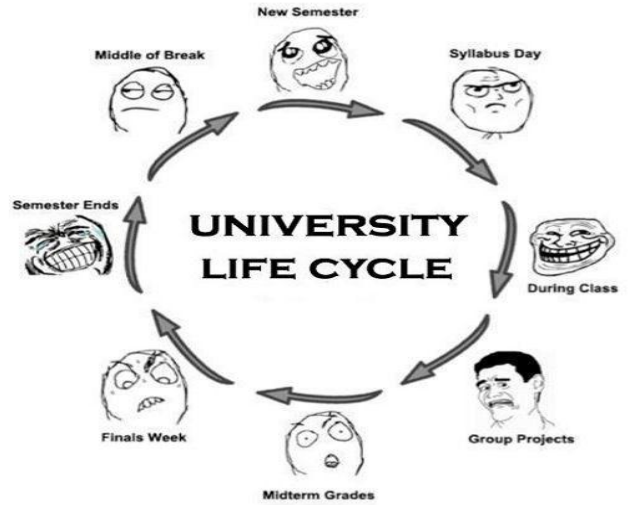
ENTREPRENEUR DAY

MDI Mushidabad collaborated with MCC Chamber of Commerce & Industry to start entrepreneurship cell in MDI Murshidabad campus to nourish and promote outstanding business ideas of students under the guidance of Mr. Subhasis Roy- MCC Chamber Asst Dir General, Mr. Samir Saraff- Chairman- Standing Committee on Education MCCI, CA Samarjit Mitra- Co-Chairman- Standing Committee on Banking, Finance & Insurance MCCI, Mr.Abhijit Sarkar- Partner & Advisor at Training Co.



INTRODUCTION TO ENTREPRENEURSHIP

campus life





'No economy can be a cashless economy but a less cash economy.'

IN-HOUSE CLUBS' EVENTS



ECOMINDS

“A talk on GST & Demonetization”

The Union Budget for 2017-18 was presented in Parliament in the 1st week of February 2017. 2016 saw two major economic decisions by the government, one was the Goods and Services Tax (GST) and the other was the demonetization which was announced on 8th November 2016. While people are still uncertain about the impact of both decisions, it was the budget of 2017 that was most awaited which will determine the government's way of dealing with the situation.



MDI Murshidabad conducted “A talk on GST & Demonetization” on 21st

January 2017, organized by ECOMINDS (Economics Club of MDI-M) in the premises of MDI, Murshidabad. Mr. Abhijit Mukherjee (Member of West Bengal Loksabha Constituency, Jangipur) was the Guest of Honor. The event started with a welcome note by the honorable Di-

Parliament, Jangipur Loksabha Constituency, West Bengal) was the Guest of Honor. The event started with a welcome note by the honorable Di-

Gurudas Gupta followed by lighting of the lamp. The eminent speakers of the event were Mr. Timir Baran Chatterjee (Advisor as Chief Corporate Officers-Legal and Corporate Affairs, DIC India Ltd.) and Prof. Panchanan Das (Professor, Department of Economics, The University of Calcutta). Mr. Chatterjee who has a vast knowledge in taxation enlightened the students with the concepts of GST and Demonetization and how it is needed to give the necessary push to the industry. He specifically mentioned that the steps taken by the Government



of India will have a positive impact on the Indian economy in future. He also mentioned that the term “cashless economy” should be replaced by “less cash economy” because no economy can be a cashless economy. Effect of GST will definitely make the system easy and consumers will be benefitted a lot from it in terms of price and availability . This was followed by a knowledge



based session by Prof. Panchanan Das, Professor, Department of Economics, University of Calcutta. He covered both the topics with the knowledge of econometrics and mentioned how data is important to take any decision.

In the second half, there was a debate competition for the students based on GST & Demonetization which was the final round of Ecolsm 1.0. Later on, the winners of the debate competition were felicitated by the esteemed judges with certificates and trophies. At the end, a vote of thanks was given by the student coordinator for making the event a success.



‘Coming together is a beginning; keeping together is progress; working together is success’

-Henry Ford

Prayas, the Social Responsibility Committee of MDI Murshidabad has envisioned a healthy and better environment surroundings .It has started to act on fulfillment of this vision. The volunteers have contributed to the youth of Don Bosco School, Monigram, on the occasion of Career Guidance Camp on 6th February 2017. Low Cost modern villages with all basic needs of an society are maintained with the help of Don Bosco School, Monigram. Children who are deprived of

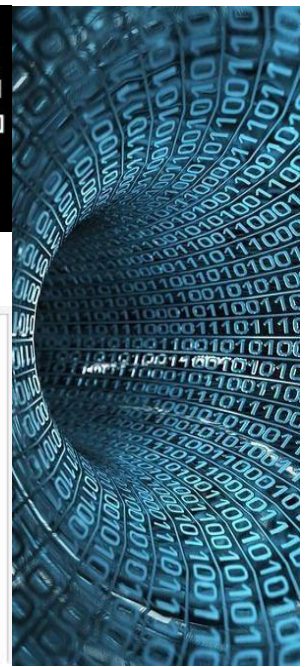
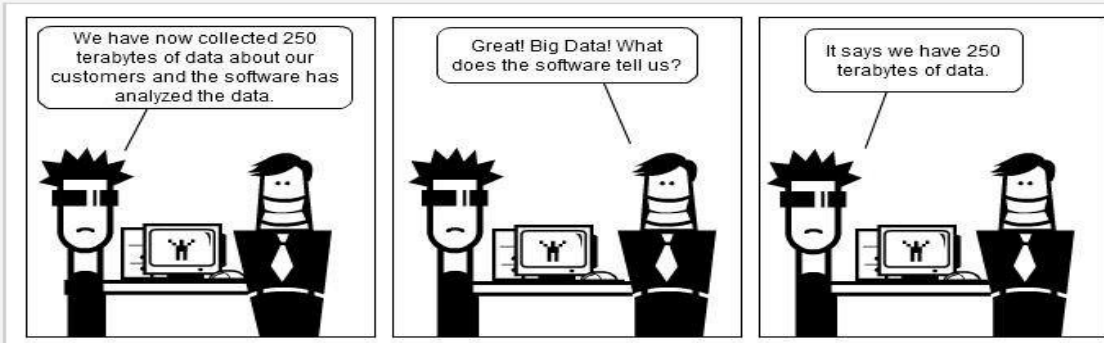
the basic necessities and who belong to the underprivileged families were provided with basic educational stationeries to motivate them to grow and become better citizens of the society. High School students were propelled to build shining career in their respective fields. Students from the nearby villages are given free educations and by the



volunteers of the Social Responsibility club and with high spirits aim at providing education to the adults especially to the women who never got a chance to visit a school for education. The club has aimed at developing the economic situation of the local weavers and giving them the appropriate exposure and market to sell their artistry and improve their current economic condition.



DiGiKrone



MarKrone, the Marketing Club of MDI Murshidabad, organized a professional event "DiGiKrone". Mr. Richard Roy Mendonce, the speaker for the event, touched upon concepts and



of data analytics and digital marketing in shaping strategies in service sectors. He also shared the classic concept of modern marketing technique with us, within challenging frame of situations.



FinGyan



The Finance Club-FinArtha of MDI Murshidabad, on the 10th of December, organized an event- Fingyan 2016, wherein various speakers from the industry addressed the students on three different topics.

Mr. Varun Aggarwal of Profit Idea guided the students on how the shares are traded. He mentioned 5 parameters which should be taken care of while selecting a company and also the right timing of buying a share.

Mr. Sutonu Basu from Yes Bank enlightened the students as to how SME's are financed to carry on with their operations.

Mr. Nilesh Ramnani from Bank of America introduced the basics of a stock market, Equity Valuation

and Enterprise Value. The event was successful in providing the students with some useful insights into the core areas of Finance.





The event was organised by BCCI in MDI Murshidabad through Bong entrepreneurs, which was taken by Mr. Arijit Bhattacharya. Students came to know



ions of a Business plan is made. Also through the interactive session speaker explained different kind of risks associated with implementation of a B-plan and how to mitigate that risk.

tHRust 1.0
HrUdbhav

HrUdbhav conducted tHRust 1.0, an online Quiz, which comprised of two rounds. The 1st

round comprised of an online quiz on various HR policies and practices. The 2nd round was

Case study competition. Ms. Keerthana P. and Ms. Sudha Madhuri K. from IIM Lucknow

and Ms. Sakshi Babar and Mr. Shivang Sabharwal from IIM Udaipur bagged the 1st and the 2nd prize respective-



Give your feedback on
thecomminique.mdim@gmail.com

The Communique Society
members
 Media & PR
 Niraj Mahapatra
 Apoorva Rastogi
 Nischal Tripathi
 Navneet Kaur Mathadu
 Contact: 85068908580,
 8076352139

With Best Compliments
The Communique Society
 Wait till we release
 our next issue