

## !ncredible Industrial Visit

Silver bells, Christmas trees, New year's party and Industrial Visit conducted by IETE-IEEE to Chandigarh and Uttaranchal rejuvenated the exhausted souls of SPIans after a month long semester. The excitement for IV started with bag packing, with woolens, thermals making their way into the luggage. Heavy trunks and baggage were pulled on the platform no. 1, Bandra terminus on 30<sup>th</sup> Dec.'11 to board Paschim Express (scheduled 11:30am). Around 200 SPIans (excluding FE's since they boarded Rajdhani Express after their Chemistry exam) made their way into the train. With the hoot of the train, journey began. The MEGA IV to Chandigarh, Mussoorie, Rishikesh and Jim Corbett started. Hearts filled with excitement, joy and enthusiasm.

Late afternoon, next day, i.e. 31<sup>st</sup> December, right after Mahabharata's well known battlefield, 'KURUKSHETRA' station, came Ambala Cantonment, where we alighted and got into respective buses heading to our hotel. It was the 31<sup>st</sup> December night and how can you stop anyone from partying? New year's party was arranged with classic DJ thumping at the background. Everyone danced till they dropped. The fatigue of the tiring journey was literary washed off with the cake (which was meant to be eaten, but ended up being smeared on everyone's face!!!).

It is aptly said "Your trip to Chandigarh is futile if you miss the glimpse of the Rock Garden". Hence our next destination was Rock Garden. With enough of photoshoot at every rock structures and artificial waterfalls the visit to the famous Rock Garden culminated. Then was the time for city tour and

shopping.

Same day after dinner, we checked out of our hotel and started our journey to Mussoorie. But before we could reach the paradise, Mussoorie, we had to change our buses to 30 seaters' at Dehradun checkpoint. These agile buses, swiftly moving up the windings and ghats took us right into the clouds, the Utopia, Mussoorie. The beautiful Kempt Falls was simply breathtaking.

For shopaholics, the Mall Road, Kulri Market and Landour Market was sheer delight. Now how many of you knew that this hill station is home to the renowned author Ruskin Bond? Mussoorie is the place where his writing nurtured.

Waving goodbye to this idyllic hill station our next visit on itinerary was Rishikesh, the Gateway to the Himalayas. The Beatles put Rishikesh on the world map, but we discovered this lovely place all over again. The azure, placid, poised Ganga was awaiting for us to thrust our respective rafts in its



watercourse. With the clarion call "Ganga maiya ki jai", the adrenalin rush began, as we commenced white water rafting. And it's no exaggeration when people claim that rapids there are more thrilling than any roller coaster anywhere in the world. Finally dousing with ice cold water; teeth chattering, body shivering, we departed Rishikesh, had enroute dinner at Haridwar and proceeded to 'invade' dense jungles of 'Jim Corbett', Ramnagar, Nainital.

The hotel 'Corbett Gateway', situated on the banks of river Kosi, welcomed us with open arms. Spa, along with indoor and outdoor game facilities, resurrected the flagged souls. Few took pleasure drenching themselves in the river Kosi. After refilling our stomach with food, the 'daredevils' marched for adventure sports like fox flying, rock climbing and bridge fall. Next day morning was the time for open jeep safari to Jim Corbett National Park,

renowned as one of India's premier tiger reserve and shot to fame after the movie "KAAL". Each one of us, somewhere in their heart, was bearing a hope to spot the majestic *Panthera Tigris* (tiger) roaming in its natural habitat with luring gait. And lo, few of them were lucky to see one!!! Besides tiger, spotted deer, sambhars, barking deer, Siberian ducks, peacocks, elephants, wild boar, etc. were few jungle mates



ready to welcome us. Also the bumpy ride through dense tangles of woods was worth experiencing. The evening was marked by the bonfire and the facetious but witty skits arranged by FE's.

The next day, at the break of dawn, we started with return journey. Bags packed, heart full of wonderful memories, we boarded Paschim Express. We didn't want this IV to end, but "time and tide wait for none", IV was destined to end. First Rajasthan, then Gujarat and finally Maharashtra, the train gradually drew us towards Mumbai. Slowly our friends started alighting at their respective stations.



We parted away from each other with goodbyes and hugs. The Industrial Visit to Chandigarh, Mussoorie, Rishikesh and Jim Corbett concluded. But it is rightly said "Spirit never dies", so even after weeks, one can find tagging of photos, comments and likes on Facebook, which proves that IV memories are still fresh and yet to fade from everyone's minds!!!

**-ADITI SAMANT  
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