



Job Action Day

Job Action Day was created with the purpose of encouraging job seekers to think outside the box, and to focus on getting a job that fits their ambitions, but also one that reasonably pays the bills. There's a common belief that people should follow their passions when looking for work, to find a job that truly brings them satisfaction and fulfillment, and not to settle for anything less. The reality of the situation is that sometimes this doesn't work. Discovering vocations that perfectly align with ambitions, where aspirations meet reality, is like uncovering a treasure trove of purpose.

#J'ADORE

Best Diwali Outfit Ideas

Considering the needs of the modern generation, we have collaborated the traditional styles with a modern touch, that are sure to buzz up this Diwali!



Diwali is just around the corner, and so the festive vibes are roaming around! But wait, Are you ready for this Diwali? Diwali is not just celebrated with lights and sweets. It is also a good opportunity to showcase your traditional styles. Come, and get some of the latest and best Diwali outfit ideas!

Dhoti Pants With Crop Top

Crop tops and lehengas have been fashionable, as has the appearance when coupled with dhoti or palazzo

trousers. Many young women who enjoy experimenting with fashion have been interested in dhoti pants. Dhoti-style costumes are often worn for festivals, weddings, parties, and other events.

Ruffle saree

Sarees appear to be the best Diwali costume options when it comes to appearing classy and fierce on Diwali day without sacrificing the traditional way of dressing. To nail your festive appearance, choose from a variety of saree styles including Silk, Banarasi, Bengali, Pure, and Chiffon Sarees.



Sharara

Sharara suits were popular a few years ago, and they have made a comeback in the fashion business with new variations. So, whether you want to dress up for Lakshmi-poojan or take lovely photographs with your siblings on Bhaidoon, you may choose Sharara outfits and appear charming on the festive occasion.



Chikankari Anarkali Suit

If you are in search of simple Diwali outfits, then you should go for the traditional chikankari work. It looks sober yet elegant. Traditional Anarkali suits might be one of the greatest Diwali outfit ideas if you want to wear regal attire for the holiday.

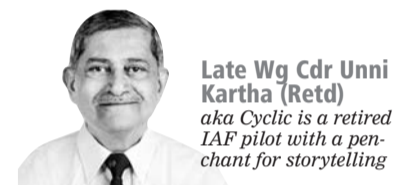
Ethnic Co-Ord Set

Express your unique style with the ethnic co-ord set, a personalized fashion narrative for Diwali celebrations. Whether it's an embroidered kurta with palazzo pants or a long skirt with a crop top, it's a symphony of comfort and style.

The Making of Cyclic

My dad was a very systematic man and read my end of term reports with much interest. Once he asked me, "what did you do with four pairs of shoes?". I told him very truthfully, "I ate it Sir". He was very angry with me and did not speak to me for many days, thinking I had turned supercilious after joining RIMC. Because fathers are enemies during one's teen age years, I did not bother to explain. After I had joined the NDA, RIMC sent the final accounts to my father, with a cheque for around Rs 1214, balance accrued after debiting all my expenses at RIMC. It made him a very rich man. At that time, my thoughts were, "I wish I knew there was balance in my account, I could have eaten some more shoes".

It's been a Long Road...



Late Wg Cdr Unni Kartha (Retd) aka Cyclic is a retired IAF pilot with a penchant for storytelling

I started my journey to RIMC, each term, from a small coastal village called Ambalapuzha in Kerala, by a rickety bus. The bus had an outstanding nose, about as long as the cabin at the rear. Used to remind me of Pinocchio and his awful nose when he told lies. The same bus did shuttle service, and one had to wait by the roadside many hours if one missed the bus. There were no bus stops, it stopped often, even when there was no reason to stop, and no passengers to get on or off. My impractical luggage consisted of all my worldly possessions packed into an unnecessarily large, standard issue, steel trunk and a holdall bedding roll, both of which I could never lift, at least till I was 15. At 15 I started weight lifting and body building just so that I could lift my own luggage. Travelling light was impractical those days. My father would accompany me on the first leg of my journey each term. We had to cross several ferries and it took all day to reach Cochin

Harbour Terminus about 79 km from my village. My father would turn around and go back home. I would then board a special RIMC compartment attached to Cochin Exp, that got attached and detached to several other trains enroute, and which travelled all the way to D Dun in about 5 1/2 days. The compartment was an old British army hospital carrier, with doors and windows like a standard compartment now-a-days, but with a large wall to wall, empty hall inside. It had three tier padded retracting bunks, much like seamen quarters in a submarine, to accommodate around 60 passengers. There were about ten odd boys who boarded from Trivandrum and Cochin and the rest would board enroute, all the way to Delhi. With the seats folded and retracted, we often played hockey, a national feverish pastime those days, all the way to D Dun. During meal timing, the train would have one hour long "meal stops" at wayside stations where a delicious hot meal would be served to us by a spotlessly liveried waiter wearing a tall 'Safa' along with crisply ironed napkins, silver cutlery and bone china crockery, all at the station cafeteria or in the train as per our fancy. The station master would usually come by to "pay respect" as was the custom in Railways those days, to courtesy the man in uniform, a legacy from British Raj. There were times in my pre-teens that I wanted to be an engine driver or a Station Master.

Many to count. If you are a frequent reader of these pages, you would be well versed with his adventures - be it catching teeters in his helicopter, stealing bicycles in France or the price of salt - his written word was a beautifully strung together cocktail of humor, wit and the drama of his everyday life.

Sometimes, in my childish fantasies, I even thought of becoming a waiter, taking a fancy to wearing a crisply ironed white uniform with a Safa. In later years, as a young IAF officer, I invited the wrath of the Supreme Commander, the then President of India, Sanjeeva Reddy, by turning down his invitation to be his ADC, because I did not like wearing a Safa, but in my youth I did contemplate being a waiter !!

Pre-teens, and as a teenager, returning to school every term, my mother always quartered a Hamam soap and gave me four pieces of soap and one large Colgate toothpaste. She also would give me a small bottle of herbal coconut oil and a very large biscuit tin with delicious victuals. Other accessories that she provided every term were buttons, needle & thread, and a roll of black 3 mm thick hosiery rope which I could cut to length and use as shoe laces when in crisis. The rope also came in handy when the shoe uppers and sole parted company frequently as a result of much shuffling and drilling. The oil smelled awful and I would throw it away on the first day at school. The biscuit tin of victuals would be confiscated and eaten by senior boys. In those years one first spread a bit of toothpaste on one's fingers and brushed afterwards, mainly to save toothpaste. One bathed twice a day and hence applying soap was not considered necessary, except to wash my hands after a crap.

Growing up has it's tribulations

I did not start shaving till I reached NDA [4] and that too only because of compulsion from then 18 Div Sg Cdt Koshy (later Lt Gen). Every morning, around 0430 hrs, standing at attention in front of his cabin, I had to mimic an elaborate shaving ritual with soap, brush and a spoon, all of which were meant to start my day in good humour. I have thereafter, never had to use a mirror to shave and the shaving ritual peeps up my morale - makes me laugh thinking of doing it with a spoon. One of my first recollections of RIMC (in my first term) is a scraping sound that I heard when sitting on the toilet and contemplating my plight. The sound was acrimonious, like using a hack saw. That was one of my very hirsute classmates from

I spoke to him a few weeks before he left us. He knew he was flying his last sortie, but seemed to have no regrets. Adamantly refusing any treatment for the cancer that was eating away at him, he dictated his final days just as he wanted them to be - peaceful. He mentioned that he had written his own story - his early years spent at

RIMC - glorious, mischievous years that shaped him into who he was for the rest of his life. He gave free permission for his early autobiography to be printed in these pages once he was on his way to Valluabala. From all your friends, family, fans of your writing and the readers of Arbit, "...till we see you again".



#THE MEN WE LOVE



Rimcolian shine at NDA.

Bihar (Madhu Kumar) shaving, and who insisted that he was only 10 yrs, younger than I. In RIMC, I rarely if ever used any form of cosmetic. The four quarter soaps and a tube of toothpaste usually lasted through a whole term. I now shudder to think of my hygiene habits in my teen age years. However, compared to other cadets, I was not an unacceptable freak, we were all like that. A soap was not considered necessary to bathe. I rarely required tailor/mochi backup, I did it all myself. However, I did requisition many additional uniforms and shoes, all of it were bartered at the school canteen for Samosa[6] and Cola (a local brew which defies description). During first two terms in RIMC, I could not stand the food, lost approx 42% body weight, and survived on Canteen products.

Afterwards, after acclimatisation, I could never have enough of RIMC food, especially the cutlets, liver curry and Scotch Eggs. I never ever bought any of the things that I was supposed to buy with my pocket money. I ate every bit of it, mostly cakes, pastries and chicken patties when Samosa was not available. In later years, at NDA, the single purpose sense of entertainment for every occasion was to eat crispy hotdogs and drink Mangola. The ubiquitous Samosa, deep fried frankfurters, encased within fried bread loaf, and the Mangola, remain my fantasy food even today at 60. At RIMC those days, pocket money was unnecessary, everything was free, excellent food, very good living conditions, two in house movies a week in the auditorium, there was really noth-



down the sumptuous breakfast, seek packed lunch from 'Thopley' the Butler, and run off to Ghari village next door where one could hire a cycle. The greatest pleasure in my child hood was to buy a cycle. It became a burden only after joining NDA. In NDA, more often than not, I had to carry the cycle on my head. At Ghari, we had to pay only a 1/4 Anna, a copper coin with a big hole, for every hour that we used a cycle. The first time I went on Liberty, I never got past Cambrian Hall because the chain came out, got entangled into the wheel and I went for a toss. For next two days I was administered by Matron's foul yellow con-

I joined RIMC. Most of the boys were on scholarship. Ever since I joined RIMC, I had some kind of scholarship all through my teenage years till I was commissioned in IAF. Therefore, I had a very just juvenile perception, and carried this throughout my life, that my body and soul belonged to the Govt of India. That my spine has an Ordnance stamp on it, as a result of eating free rations from the age of 10.

My dad was a very systematic man and read my end of term reports with much interest. Once he asked me, "what did you do with four pairs of shoes?". I told him very truthfully, "I ate it Sir". He was very angry with me and did not speak to me for many days, thinking I had turned supercilious after joining RIMC. Because fathers are enemies during one's teen age years, I did not bother to explain. After I had joined the NDA, RIMC sent the final accounts to my father, with a cheque for around Rs 1214, balance accrued after debiting all my expenses at RIMC. It made him a very rich man. At that time, my thoughts were, "I wish I knew there was balance in my account, I could have eaten some more shoes".

Before I joined RIMC, there was great pressure from my dad to study to perform, to do homework, to excel. Any other activity without books or homework was antithetical to him, specially playing any game. In the initial years at RIMC, I found great solace, there was absolutely no pressure on me to study, and on the contrary plenty of encouragement to play games, do co-curricular activity, debate and read. We used to have a self-study "Prep Period" before dinner, where we sat by ourselves in our class rooms, pretending to do home work. I never did any homework, except when there was a threat of caning or punches from the masters.

I would spend most of the prep period writing compulsory weekly letters to my mother in "Inland letters" that never closed or sealed, no matter how much I licked on it. I am well, I hope you are well, it is cold here, I hope it is cold there, it is

raining, I hope it is raining there, my socks have got a hole, I hope your socks has a hole too"that kind of letters which made my mother, sad, furious, hysterical and made her write long replies that told me how to write more informative and loving letters. I loved getting letters, but hated writing them. The only subject in which I excelled at RIMC was carpentry, only because it was a genetically inherited trait. A large number of my maternal uncles, though they were nuclear scientists, engineers, bankers and doctors, they all had one uncanny common trait - they were all very gifted carpenters, it ran in our blood. Otherwise my academic performance in RIMC was so meritorious that, in every end of term merit list, my name was always above that of SP Sharma, the principal.

"Can't you do any better?", asked my father once out of exasperation. "Sure", I replied in the monosyllabic conversation that takes place between teens and their fathers. And to prove a point, the next term, I came second in class. "Ah" exclaimed my dad, noticing that I had distanced myself from SP the principal. "Now I want you to come first". "No", I said to my father emphatically, I did not promise that, you just told me to do it once, to prove that I am not a duffer".

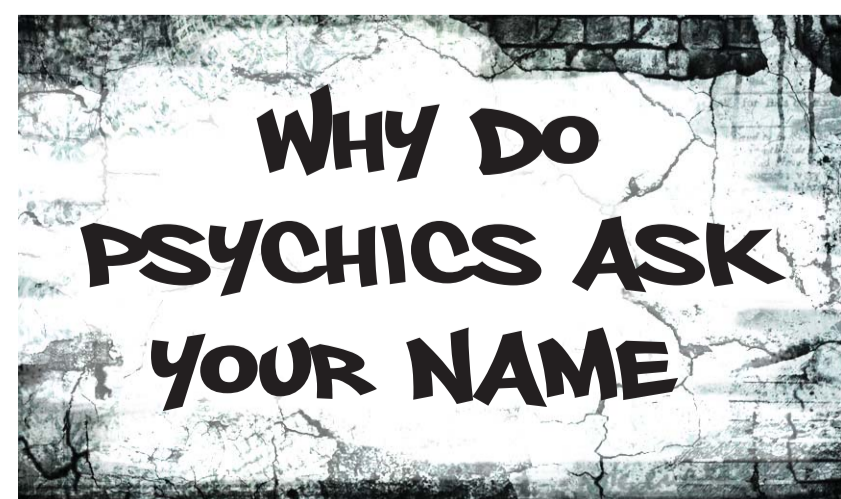
Next term I was back to being SP's collaborator on the merit list. Till I was 30, except for the NDA entrance which I wanted to do well, and hence came 4th in the merit list, I was a brilliant student. In every examination, I always passed, never failed, I never scored more than 40, never less than 40, always 40% because that was the pass mark. I was so brilliant that I knew precisely how much to answer so that I would get 40%, and not one mark more or less. In retrospect I was punishing my dad, god only knows why, I was in awe of him and loved him very much. My zest to make something out of myself sadly came only after he died.

To be continued...

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THE WALL



BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman