New Delhi, Sunday June 7, 2009 I was made to hoster I was made to hoster Was made to hoster I was made to hoster

elhi gave me much more than I did. I'd come from Jamshedpur and joined an English (Hons) course here. I never really attended any lectures in college and my principal PC Verma was fine with it as long as I kept producing good plays. Iptida, the college theatre society, was founded by me. Theatre was my passion then and every day I used to take a bus to Mandi House and work with Act One theatre group.

Memories revisited Those days were great fun. I recently met my batchmates during our reunion, and old jokes reverberated. It was fantastic meeting everyone. I noticed the weather in Delhi was pleasant this time; during annual exams in college, it used to be really hot...we kept thinking of ways to beat the heat.

My memories of college include brawls, the bike rides, fights over girlfriende etc. I was also active in the Mandal agitation that happened during my first year. We went to jail and got beaten up by cops.

Friends 'n' masti Arjun Rampal and I were class-

mates and he was this starryeyed fresher with so many hopes about college. My fostel room in college (Room No. 91) was considered jinxed. People who 'd lived there either run away or flunked. But we brolege and my roommate Osho topped the university. We would spend our time chatting in the lawns or outside Miranda college, having chai. I was once made to walk naked to Miranda, stark naked, I got caught by the cops! *Jinita All graduated from Hinku College fn 1993. Hy was recently browned by the college sa an illustrious alumus* Imtiaz Ali

Those wei the days:

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