



SPICE

NEWSLETTER

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NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL EXTENSION MANAGEMENT

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Rajendranagar, Hyderabad 500030



Foreword



"Born in September 2002, the SPICE newsletter, a visionary endeavor by the esteemed Director General of the National Institute of Agricultural Extension Management (MANAGE), has blossomed into a vibrant testament to the institute's preeminence in agribusiness management.

Initially a nascent endeavor, akin to a delicate sapling, SPICE has matured into a robust chronicle, reflecting the kaleidoscopic tapestry of student life at MANAGE. This eclectic compendium showcases the multifaceted talents of the student body, seamlessly intertwining agricultural acumen with the dynamic landscape of the agri-business industry.

Within SPICE'S pages, one can discern the pulsating rhythm of MANAGE, a microcosm of intellectual discourse and creative expression. Now under the stewardship of the Literary Club, aptly named 'Team Pratibimb' (Reflection), SPICE continues to serve as a beacon, illuminating the vibrant tapestry of the PGDM-ABM program."

Literary Club, MANAGE
(Team Pratibimb)



What's Inside?



• The Article Archive	01-06
1. The Fallow Period of the Human Mind.....	01
2. Unsaid, but Felt.....	03
3. The Zest for Life: Finding passion and purpose in a world full of distractions.....	05
• Story Tellers of MANAGE	07-08
1. The Field Between Two Worlds	07
• The Poetry Pulse	09-10
1. Lost.....	09
2. Bachpan.....	10
• Life @ MANAGE	11-12
• A.O.M. : Artists of MANAGE	13-14
• Click Chronicles	15-16



*The
Article
Archive*

The Fallow Period of the Human Mind



~Sana Parween

In the world of high-stakes business education, "efficiency" is the holy grail. We are conditioned to treat our brains like high-performance engines-machines that should deliver maximum torque at any hour, fueled by caffeine and the relentless pursuit of the next milestone. But if we look to the wisdom of the earth, we find a different blueprint for productivity. In agriculture, fallowing is the ancient practice of leaving land unplowed and unseeded for a period. It isn't a waste of time; it is a prerequisite for a future harvest. By allowing the soil to rest, it restores its nutrient levels, breaks pest cycles, and recovers its life-giving fertility.

The Myth of Linear Productivity



The modern corporate and academic world operates on a linear model. The expectation is a constant upward slope of output. However, the human mind is biological, not mechanical. When we skip our fallow seasons—those quiet gaps where no useful work is being done the nutrients of our creativity and cognitive stamina begin to deplete. We might still be planting seeds (starting new projects) and plowing the fields (pulling all-nighters), but the soil is exhausted.

The result is a diminished harvest: uninspired ideas, frequent errors, and eventually, the complete collapse of the ecosystem known as burnout.

Why the Fallow Mind is Actually Productive



Leaving the land fallow isn't just "doing nothing." Beneath the surface, complex chemical and biological restorations are happening. Similarly, when the mind "rests," it remains active in ways that focused work doesn't allow:

- **Incubation:** The "Aha!" moments rarely come when you are staring at a spreadsheet. They happen when the subconscious is allowed to wander, connecting disparate dots without the pressure of a deadline.
- **Memory Consolidation:** Just as soil settles, the brain needs downtime to organize information and move it from short-term to long-term storage.
- **Emotional Resilience:** Constant "seeding" leads to anxiety. A fallow period allows the nervous system to recalibrate, making you more effective when you eventually return to the field.

Cultivating Your Own Fallow Season

How do we implement this in an environment that demands 24/7 engagement? It starts with redefining what "useful" looks like.

1. Micro-Fallowing: This isn't about taking a year off; it's about the "small gaps." It's the 20-minute walk without a podcast, or the hour spent staring out a window.
2. The "Musing" Buffer: Allow for periods of low-stakes observation. Read something entirely unrelated to your field, or engage in a hobby where "failure" has no consequences.
3. The Courage to be Unproductive: In a business context, "doing nothing" is often seen as a moral failing. We must recognize that intentional rest is a strategic investment.

Final Thought: The Muse Requires a Home

The "Muse"—that spark of creativity and drive—cannot inhabit a field that has been overworked into dust. If you find yourself hitting a wall, perhaps the solution isn't to plow harder or seed faster. Perhaps the most productive thing you can do is leave the field alone.

By honoring the fallow periods of the mind, we don't just avoid burnout; we ensure that when we finally do plant our next big idea, the soil is rich enough to help it grow.



Unsaid, but Felt



~Katakam Sarvani

The things we carry aren't always the ones we talk about. Some are just felt quietly, in the background of our lives.

Like the dozen pairs of slippers outside our rooms. Different sizes, colors, and levels of wear, but somehow, in the rush of getting ready, we all pick whatever's nearby. And no one minds.

Or that study table with one chair, wobbling slightly, yet holding the weight of our dreams and late-night chai cups.

A pile of unfolded clothes on the bed and somehow, they always find what they need from it. It used to annoy me. Now, it feels like home.

Every morning, the lawn near the hostel fills with soft bird chirps. If you wake up early enough, you'll hear it not dramatic, just enough to remind you the world is still calm before lectures begin.



Spaces That Feel Like Home

On the walk to college, that pathway gives a strange comfort. Trees on both sides, an occasional monkey jumping around, and light soft enough to make everything feel fine. You don't talk much on that walk. You just take it in.



Be it morning, evening, or night the Buddha at the entrance sits the same calm, unmoved. Yet what moves me most is not just his stillness, but the quiet guardians above his head the tiny snails, shielding him from the world, letting him stay in peace. Unnoticed by many, but felt by those who pause.

I always liked looking at the Krishi Chanakya building.

Its design felt smart, the logo even smarter, like it's telling me: *Stay alert. Think smart.* It doesn't just welcome you in; it dares you to rise.

Every time I pass it, it feels like a quiet reminder that there's work to do and no shortcuts.



Moments Between the Routine

By evening, dim lights cover the whole campus. Not dark, but warm. It no longer feels like a college. It feels like a little world where everything's at peace. If you sit on the rock near the fountain, with the wind lightly hitting your face and water splashing gently, you forget that this place is now part of your routine. For a moment, it feels like a pause from everything.

I don't have a partner to take evening walks with, but if I did, this is where I'd bring him. Just one walk here, and most worries would quietly fade away.



What Stays With Us

At Lohit hostel, there's a table tennis table I've never played on, but I always say, "One day I'll learn". It's a dream I keep small on purpose. Right across stands the Gandhi statue, and my friends and I have a plan: one day, we'll recreate the Three Monkeys pose there. Even the library, I'm not the biggest reader, but just sitting there brings a kind of quiet I can't find elsewhere.

And when it's about to rain, the sky turns dark blue. The roads get cleaner. The breeze changes. In that silence, you notice how well the sweepers maintain everything. They don't get a lot of thanks, but they deserve it.

Sometimes I see small kids of construction workers near the new block. They ask for chocolates or smile when we offer a something. Their excitement is so pure, like nothing else matters. I end up smiling long after they're gone.



The campus dogs have been here longer than us. I still remember when I first came there were tiny puppies just learning to walk. Now they follow us around like they know we belong here.

Maybe these moments will never make it to a brochure or an Instagram highlight. They don't shout for attention. They stay tucked in between lectures, deadlines, and all the big plans for the future.

Years from now, when I think of MANAGE, what will come back to me first won't be achievements or milestones. It will be the quiet sight of slippers outside the doors, the snails resting above the Buddha, the soft birdsong before class, and the evening breeze that always made everything feel lighter, which said everything that never needed to be said. **Unsaid, but always felt.**

The Zest for Life: Finding passion and purpose in a world full of distractions

-Kovarthan

We all experience a subtle feeling of dissatisfaction, a sense of being lost in the noise of everyday life. In today's hyper-connected world, we're constantly bombarded with notifications, social media feeds, and an endless stream of information. This "distraction economy" often leaves us feeling overwhelmed and unfulfilled, mistaking fleeting pleasures for genuine happiness. It's a modern dilemma: how can we find our true passion and purpose when our attention is constantly being pulled in a thousand different directions?



The Perils of Social Comparison

One of the most significant distractions in the modern world is the constant urge to compare ourselves to others. Social media platforms present a carefully curated highlight reel of other people's lives, often leading us to feel inadequate, unaccomplished, or behind schedule. This emotional turmoil, fueled by a fear of missing out and a desire to keep up with appearances, diverts our energy away from what truly matters: our own unique journey. Breaking free from this cycle requires a conscious effort to focus on personal growth and self-acceptance, recognizing that everyone's path is different and equally valid.

The Illusion of Busyness

Many of us fall into the trap of confusing **busyness with productivity** and activity with achievement. We feel a constant pressure to "get more done," often sacrificing essential things like rest and personal reflection in the process. However, this relentless pursuit of being busy can lead to burnout, stress, and a lack of emotional regulation. The truth is, a well-rested and focused mind is better equipped to handle the demands of life, whether in academics or personal pursuits. The real goal isn't just to be busy, but to be intentional about how we spend our time and energy.



The Antidote: Cultivating Intention

To combat the constant noise, we must cultivate intention in our daily lives. This means making deliberate choices about where we direct our energy, time, and attention. Intention is the "spice" that gives our actions purpose. Instead of mindlessly scrolling, we can choose to engage in a hobby that brings us joy. Instead of saying yes to every commitment, we can learn to set boundaries and protect our peace.



This shift from a reactive to a proactive mindset allows us to build a life that reflects our values, not a response to external pressures.

Rekindling the Inner Spark

Finding your zest for life isn't about a sudden, grand revelation; it's a journey of small, deliberate actions. Think of it as a process of adding spice back into a bland dish, one ingredient at a time. The first step is to quiet the noise and reconnect with yourself. You can do this by:

- **Practicing a Digital Detox:** Take a break from social media and constant notifications. This gives your mind the space it needs to think without interruption.
- **Exploring "Micro-passions":** Don't feel pressured to find a single, life-defining purpose. Instead, explore small hobbies or interests that you've always been curious about, whether it's learning to play an instrument or trying a new sport.
- **The Power of Journaling:** Spend a few minutes each day writing down what you're grateful for, what made you feel alive, and what you'd like to change. This simple act can help you uncover patterns and values that are important to you.

The Long-Term Recipe

Finding your purpose is not a one-time event, but rather a long-term recipe that requires continuous effort and adjustment. It's about building a foundation of self-awareness and resilience. As with any good recipe, you must be willing to experiment, accept failures, and learn from mistakes. The journey is filled with twists and turns,

but by staying true to your values and embracing intentionality, you can create a life that is truly fulfilling. The zest for life is not something you find, but something you create, one conscious choice at a time.

Conclusion

In the end, finding passion and purpose isn't just about a career or a hobby; it's about making conscious choices that bring you genuine joy and fulfillment. When you make your well-being a priority, you're not just taking time for yourself; you're making an investment in your future. By cutting through the distractions and nurturing your inner self, you can create a life that's not only productive but also filled with authentic flavor and vibrant zest.



Storytellers
of
MANAGE

The Field Between Two Worlds



~Manish Bishnoi

The wind in Bikaner carried the smell of dry earth and camel fodder. Every morning before the sun turned the desert golden, Aarav walked with his father to their small field near Lunkaransar Road, where the soil cracked like old hands. Water came from a deep borewell that often coughed more dust than water. His father never complained. He simply tightened the rope on the pulley and said, “Zameen sab sikhati hai, bas samajhne wali aankh chahiye.”

Aarav grew up watching his mother store precious water in matkas, measuring every drop. Summers were cruel. The Junagarh Fort stood tall in the distance, proud and unmoving, while their crops failed again and again. Neighbours spoke of leaving farming for labour work in cities. Aarav listened silently, his heart heavy, but his eyes curious. He wondered why some lands bloomed and theirs struggled to survive. When his schoolteacher told him about G.B. Pant University of Agriculture and Technology, Pantnagar, it sounded like another world—green fields, research farms, canals full of water. Aarav studied under the dim light of a solar lamp, dust on his books, dreams bigger than the desert sky. The day his admission letter arrived, his father touched it as if it were sacred.

Pantnagar welcomed him with rain.

The first monsoon Aarav saw in Udham Singh Nagar stunned him. The campus roads were lined with tall trees, and water flowed in channels beside the fields. The university farms looked endless—paddy fields shining like mirrors, experimental plots marked with boards, tractors moving in calm rhythm. Aarav felt small, like a seed dropped in fertile soil after years of drought.

Hostel life was new—roommates from Assam, Bihar, Maharashtra—all sons and daughters of farmers, carrying different soils in their stories. In classes, he learned about soil health cards, drip irrigation, integrated nutrient management, and climate-resilient crops. At the Crop Research Centre, he touched plants grown under controlled conditions and thought of his father pulling water from a stubborn borewell back home.

Sometimes, when the sky was heavy with clouds, Aarav would sit near the canal behind the campus, letting the cool air calm his restless mind. He missed the silence of the desert nights, the distant bells of camels near Bikaner Railway Station, the evening tea his mother made with well water that tasted of salt and patience.

During field training, Aarav visited villages near Kichha and Rudrapur, where farmers used drip irrigation and mulch to save water. One old farmer showed him how micro-irrigation transformed his vegetable yield. Aarav took notes, his fingers trembling with excitement. For the first time, farming felt like science, not fate.

In his final year, Aarav returned to Bikaner for a short break. The desert heat hit him like a wall. He walked past Bikaner Old City, through narrow lanes where nothing had changed. At home, the borewell had gone deeper. The yield was still low. His father looked older.

That night, Aarav unfolded his notes on the charpai under the open sky. He spoke about drip systems, shade nets, soil testing, drought-tolerant varieties, and small greenhouse units. His father listened quietly. “Yeh sab yahan chalega?” he asked.



Aarav looked at the stars over the Thar Desert. “Slowly, Baba. Ek-ek karke.”

They started with a small patch—drip lines laid carefully, mulch spread to protect moisture. Aarav contacted a professor from Pantnagar who guided him on arid-friendly crops and nutrient planning. Neighbours laughed at first. Water dripped gently instead of flooding the field. It looked strange. But the plants survived the heat better. Leaves stayed greener.

Months later, when the crop stood stronger than the rest of the fields, the laughter stopped. A few farmers came asking questions. Aarav shared everything—how he learned in Pantnagar, how science met tradition. Standing near the field, with Junagarh Fort visible in the distance, he realized he wasn’t choosing between two worlds. He was connecting them.

Pantnagar had given him tools.

Bikaner had given him purpose.

When Aarav boarded the train back to Pantnagar Station for his convocation, his father stood on the platform, eyes proud but quiet. The desert wind blew, but this time, Aarav felt steady. He knew where he belonged—not just in classrooms or fields, but in the journey between sand and soil, between dreams and roots.

And for the first time, the desert didn’t feel empty. It felt like waiting land.



*The
Poetry
Pulse*

LOST



~Mohammed Taufique

Somedays I feel lost - static,
while the world moves on,
streaks of fading light
slipping through a time warp.

Voices blur into echoes,
laughter dissolves in the air,
and I stand rooted,
like a page waiting for someone to read it.

Like I'm not sure where my destiny will
lead, if my hard work will bear fruit,
or if the path beneath my feet
is the right one
or just a long hallway
where I pass the hours,
my efforts scattering
like seeds on barren ground.

Yet somewhere, beneath the noise
and the shadows, a whisper tells me
even the lost seeds remember the rain.
And maybe one day, when I'm not looking,
my roots will find the soil they've been
searching for.



Bachpan

~Simranjot Singh Dhaliwal



Bachpan ik afsana tha
School se aakr chotta bheem
Baki Sab bhool jana tha,
Na koi tension ja gamm
Neela aasmaan lagta suhana tha,
Table 20 tak yaad karke
Bas teacher ko hi toh sunana tha
Koi ladki ka na chakar,
Mai toh papa k motorcycle ka dewana
tha

Kayi baar jab mann nahi karta
Tabiyat ka hi bahana tha
Pair par mitti dal banaee ghar
Lagta humme aashiyana tha
Woh Tiffin sharing,
Last bench par hasna,
Jo yaaro ka mehfilana tha
Tab toh jaldi thi bade hone ki
Ab lagge ki bachpan ka safar ruhana
tha

Hamare dil me hamesha ghar kar gaya
Woh ek alag hi zamana tha...
Group Photo me kaid ho gya
Uniform wala bachpan ek fasana tha



Life
@
MANAGE



EMBRACING DIVERSITY: THE VIBRANT CULTURAL CELEBRATIONS AT MANAGE

The National Institute of Agricultural Extension Management, fondly known as MANAGE, continues to stand as a vibrant center of learning, culture, and diversity. Every year, the campus becomes a living example of unity in diversity, and 2025 was no exception.

With enthusiastic participation from students, faculty members, and international trainees, the year's cultural events showcased harmony, togetherness, and mutual respect. Here is a glimpse of the festivals we celebrated with immense pride, enthusiasm, and shared cultural joy.

DUSSEHRA

Dussehra at MANAGE is a grand celebration of values, triumph, and unity. On 2 October 2025, the campus transformed into a vibrant cultural hub as students came together to commemorate the victory of good over evil, symbolized by Lord Rama's defeat of Ravana.

The festivities included creative enactments from the Ramayana, where students showcased their talents while narrating the timeless epic. Effigies of Ravana were later burned, marking the symbolic end of evil and the triumph of righteousness.

Students dressed in traditional attire actively participated in the celebrations, sharing stories and traditions from their diverse cultural backgrounds. Dussehra at MANAGE highlighted the importance of resilience, unity, and ethical values, making it an enriching experience that strengthened cultural learning and fostered stronger bonds among students.



DIWALI

Diwali at MANAGE was a radiant celebration of light, joy, and togetherness. On 20 October 2025, the campus glowed with colorful diyas, vibrant rangoli designs, and sparkling fairy lights, symbolizing the triumph of light over darkness.

The festivities began with a Lakshmi Puja, where students gathered to seek blessings for prosperity and happiness. A diya-lighting ceremony followed, with everyone participating to symbolize unity and harmony across the campus.

The highlight of the celebration was the evening gathering, where students enjoyed traditional sweets, festive decorations, and moments of bonding with one another. The joyful atmosphere created a strong sense of belonging, as peers from diverse backgrounds came together to celebrate this auspicious occasion.

Diwali at MANAGE was more than just a festival; it became a reflection of shared happiness, gratitude, and the spirit of unity, leaving lasting memories for everyone who took part in the celebration.



CHRISTMAS

Christmas at MANAGE brought warmth, joy, and festive cheer to the winter season. On 25 December 2025, the campus came alive with vibrant decorations, including a beautifully adorned Christmas tree, colorful wreaths, and twinkling lights that created a welcoming and joyful atmosphere for everyone.

The celebrations began with soulful carol singing, where students gathered to spread the spirit of the season through melodious hymns and cheerful performances. The event reflected messages of peace, hope, and togetherness. A lively Secret Santa activity added excitement to the celebration, as participants exchanged thoughtful gifts and shared laughter, strengthening bonds and fostering a strong sense of community and generosity among students.



The festivities concluded with a grand feast that featured a variety of traditional Christmas delicacies and sweets, allowing everyone to come together and celebrate over shared meals. Students from diverse cultural backgrounds participated wholeheartedly, making the celebration inclusive and memorable.

Christmas at MANAGE was more than just a festive occasion; it became a celebration of kindness, unity, and gratitude. The joyful gathering created lasting memories and reinforced the spirit of togetherness, making the festival a truly special and heartwarming experience for the entire campus community.

A.O.M.
Artists
of
MANAGE



A.O.M. (Artists of MANAGE)



Born to Lead



Ch Ayush



Diksha

**Love That Knows
Eternity**



**Echo of
Companionship**



Anupama MΦ



Strength Wrapped in Kindness



Parameshwar



Rushikesh Bhosale

Where Endings Root Beginnings





Click Chronicles

Click Chronicles



Mirage



Tholapi Akhil Sai



Sanket

Divine



Simmer



Diksha

Click Chronicles



Sentinel



Pradosh Kumar Bhuyan



Yeswini V

Serenade



Dawnblade



Satish Kumar M



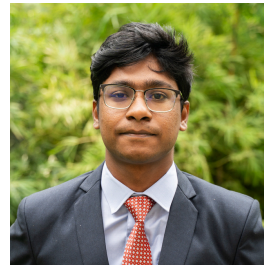
Literary Club 2025-27



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Parth Vinod Patil



Pavithra S



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