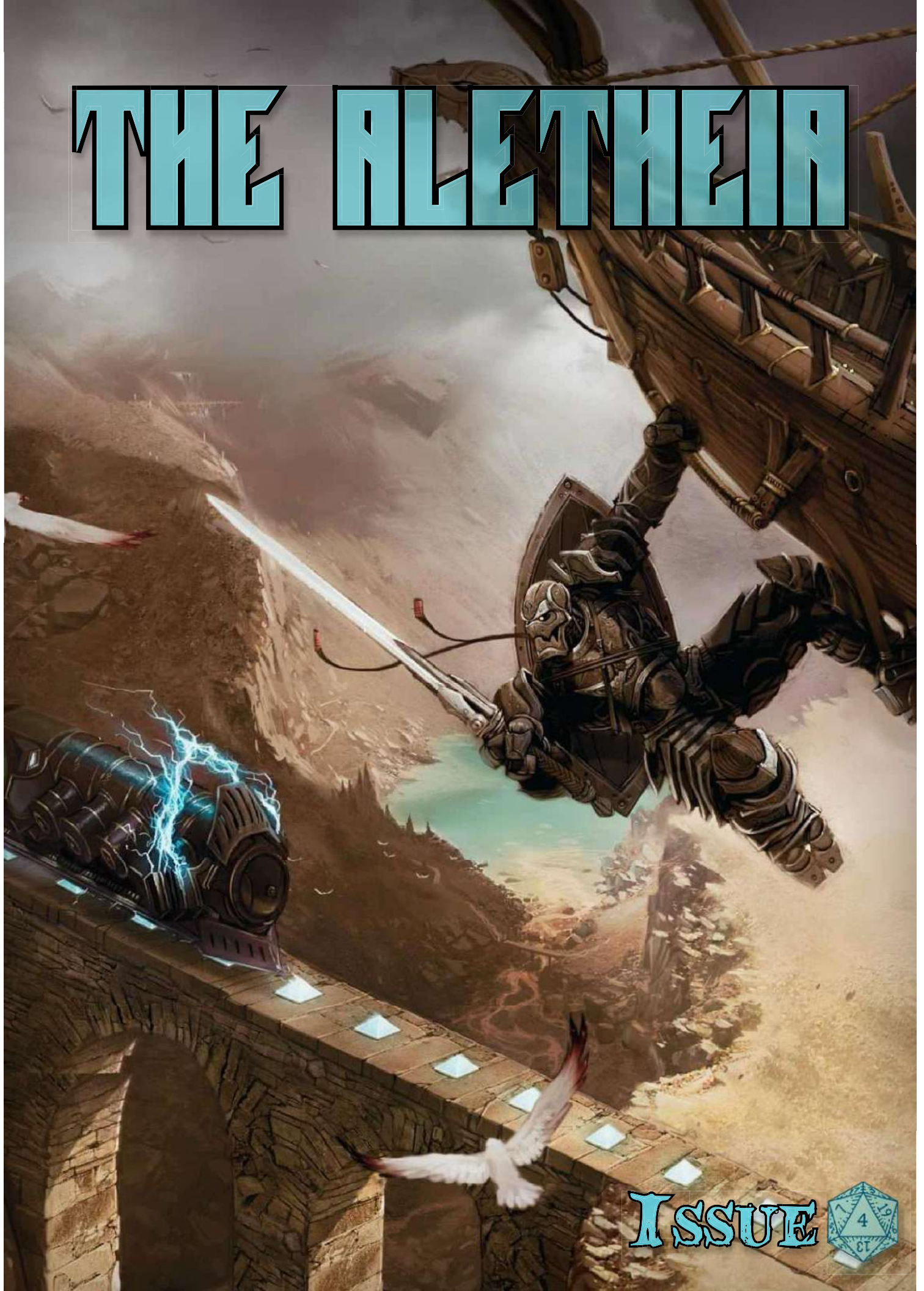
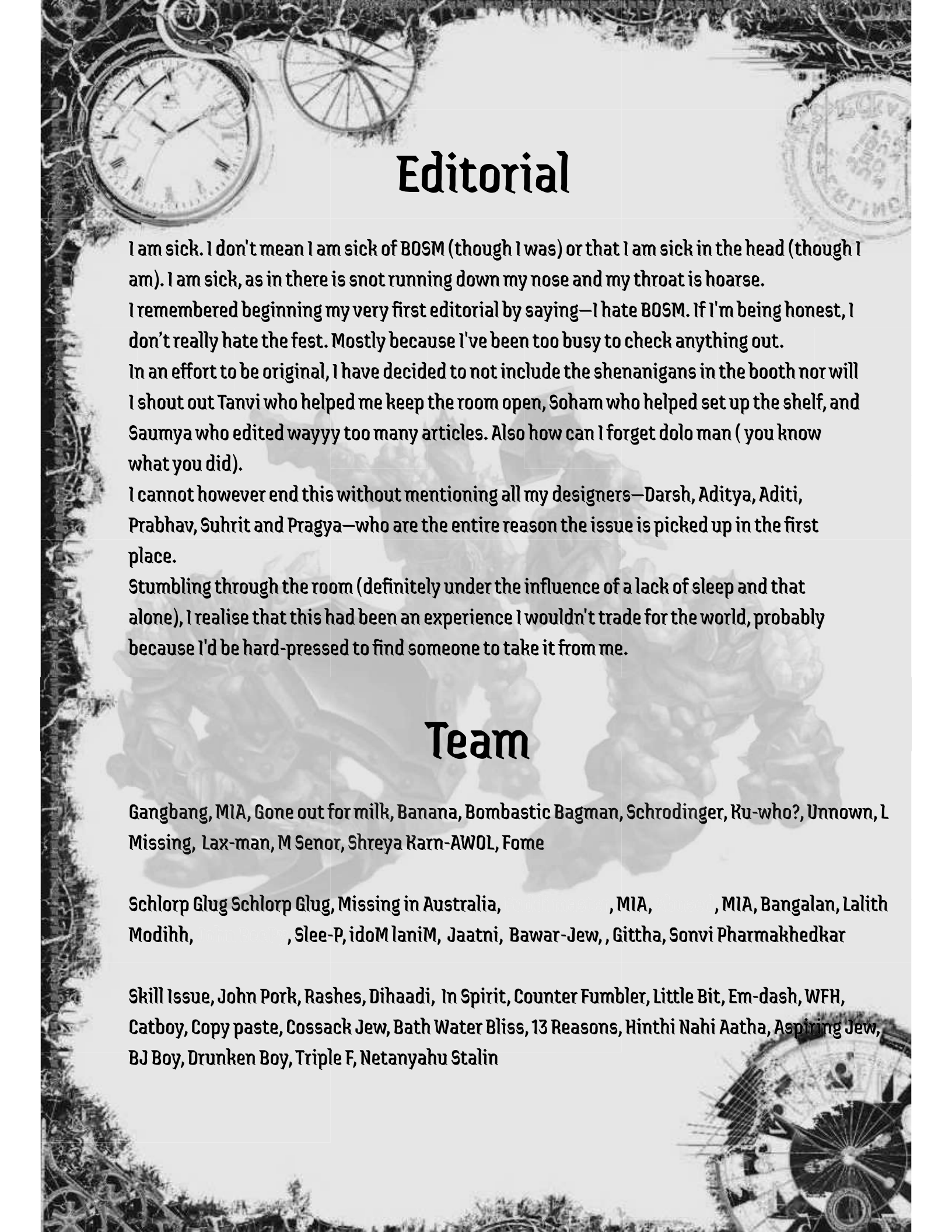


THE ALETHEIA



ISSUE





Editorial

I am sick. I don't mean I am sick of BOSM (though I was) or that I am sick in the head (though I am). I am sick, as in there is snot running down my nose and my throat is hoarse.

I remembered beginning my very first editorial by saying—I hate BOSM. If I'm being honest, I don't really hate the fest. Mostly because I've been too busy to check anything out.

In an effort to be original, I have decided to not include the shenanigans in the booth nor will I shout out Tanvi who helped me keep the room open, Soham who helped set up the shelf, and Saumya who edited wayyy too many articles. Also how can I forget dolo man (you know what you did).

I cannot however end this without mentioning all my designers—Darsh, Aditya, Aditi, Prabhav, Suhrit and Pragya—who are the entire reason the issue is picked up in the first place.

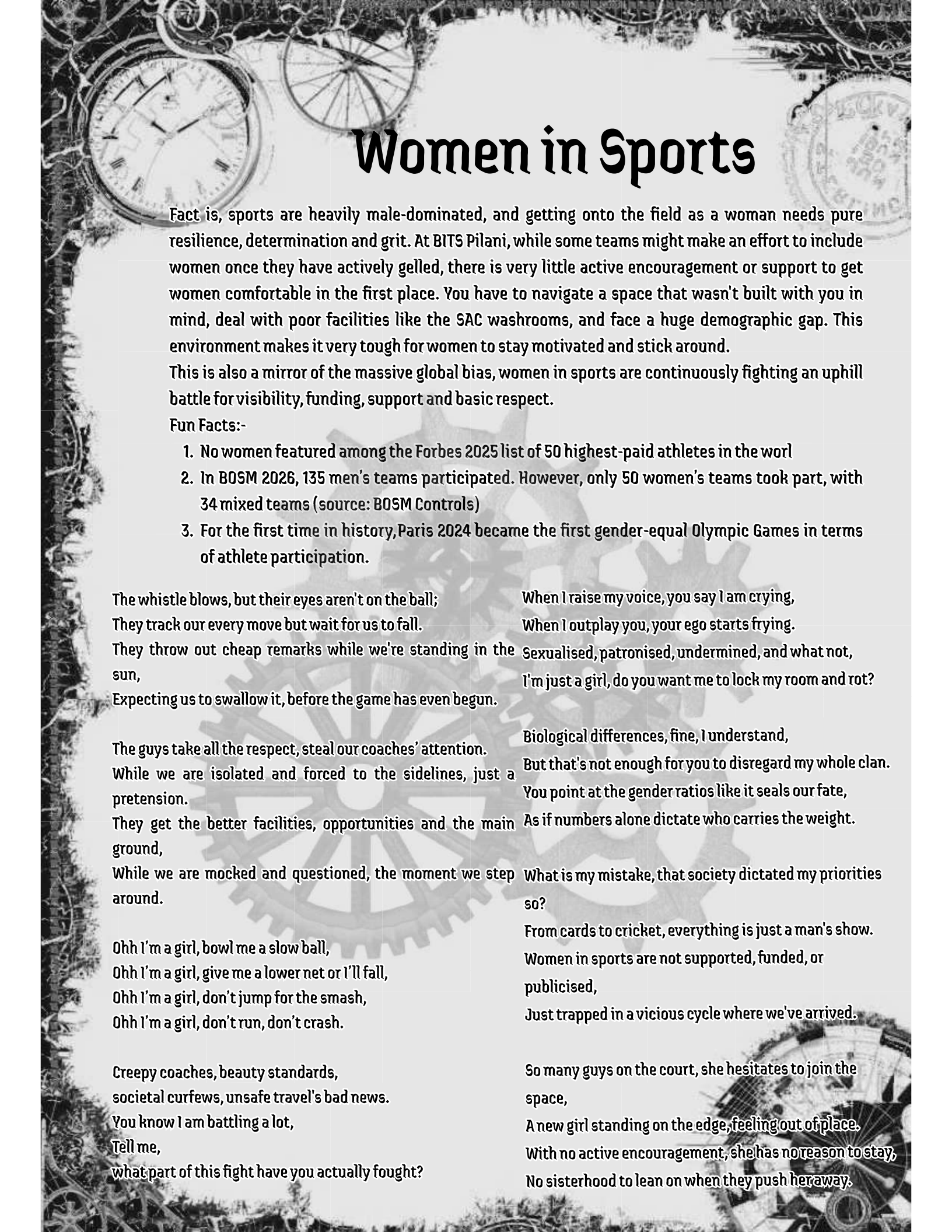
Stumbling through the room (definitely under the influence of a lack of sleep and that alone), I realise that this had been an experience I wouldn't trade for the world, probably because I'd be hard-pressed to find someone to take it from me.

Team

Gangbang, MIA, Gone out for milk, Banana, Bombastic Bagman, Schrodinger, Ku-who?, Unnown, L Missing, Lax-man, M Senor, Shreya Karn-AWOL, Fome

Schlorp Glug Schlorp Glug, Missing in Australia, , MIA, , MIA, Bangalan, Lalith Modihh, , Slee-P, idoM IaniM, Jaatni, Bawar-Jew,, Gittha, Sonvi Pharmakhedkar

Skill Issue, John Pork, Rashes, Dihaadi, In Spirit, Counter Fumbler, Little Bit, Em-dash, WFH, Catboy, Copy paste, Cossack Jew, Bath Water Bliss, 13 Reasons, Hinthi Nahi Aatha, Aspiring Jew, BJ Boy, Drunken Boy, Triple F, Netanyahu Stalin



Women in Sports

Fact is, sports are heavily male-dominated, and getting onto the field as a woman needs pure resilience, determination and grit. At BITS Pilani, while some teams might make an effort to include women once they have actively gelled, there is very little active encouragement or support to get women comfortable in the first place. You have to navigate a space that wasn't built with you in mind, deal with poor facilities like the SAC washrooms, and face a huge demographic gap. This environment makes it very tough for women to stay motivated and stick around.

This is also a mirror of the massive global bias, women in sports are continuously fighting an uphill battle for visibility, funding, support and basic respect.

Fun Facts:-

1. No women featured among the Forbes 2025 list of 50 highest-paid athletes in the world
2. In BISM 2026, 135 men's teams participated. However, only 50 women's teams took part, with 34 mixed teams (source: BISM Controls)
3. For the first time in history, Paris 2024 became the first gender-equal Olympic Games in terms of athlete participation.

The whistle blows, but their eyes aren't on the ball;
They track our every move but wait for us to fall.
They throw out cheap remarks while we're standing in the sun,
Expecting us to swallow it, before the game has even begun.

The guys take all the respect, steal our coaches' attention.
While we are isolated and forced to the sidelines, just a pretension.
They get the better facilities, opportunities and the main ground,
While we are mocked and questioned, the moment we step around.

Ohh I'm a girl, bowl me a slow ball,
Ohh I'm a girl, give me a lower net or I'll fall,
Ohh I'm a girl, don't jump for the smash,
Ohh I'm a girl, don't run, don't crash.

Creepy coaches, beauty standards,
societal curfews, unsafe travel's bad news.
You know I am battling a lot,
Tell me,
what part of this fight have you actually fought?

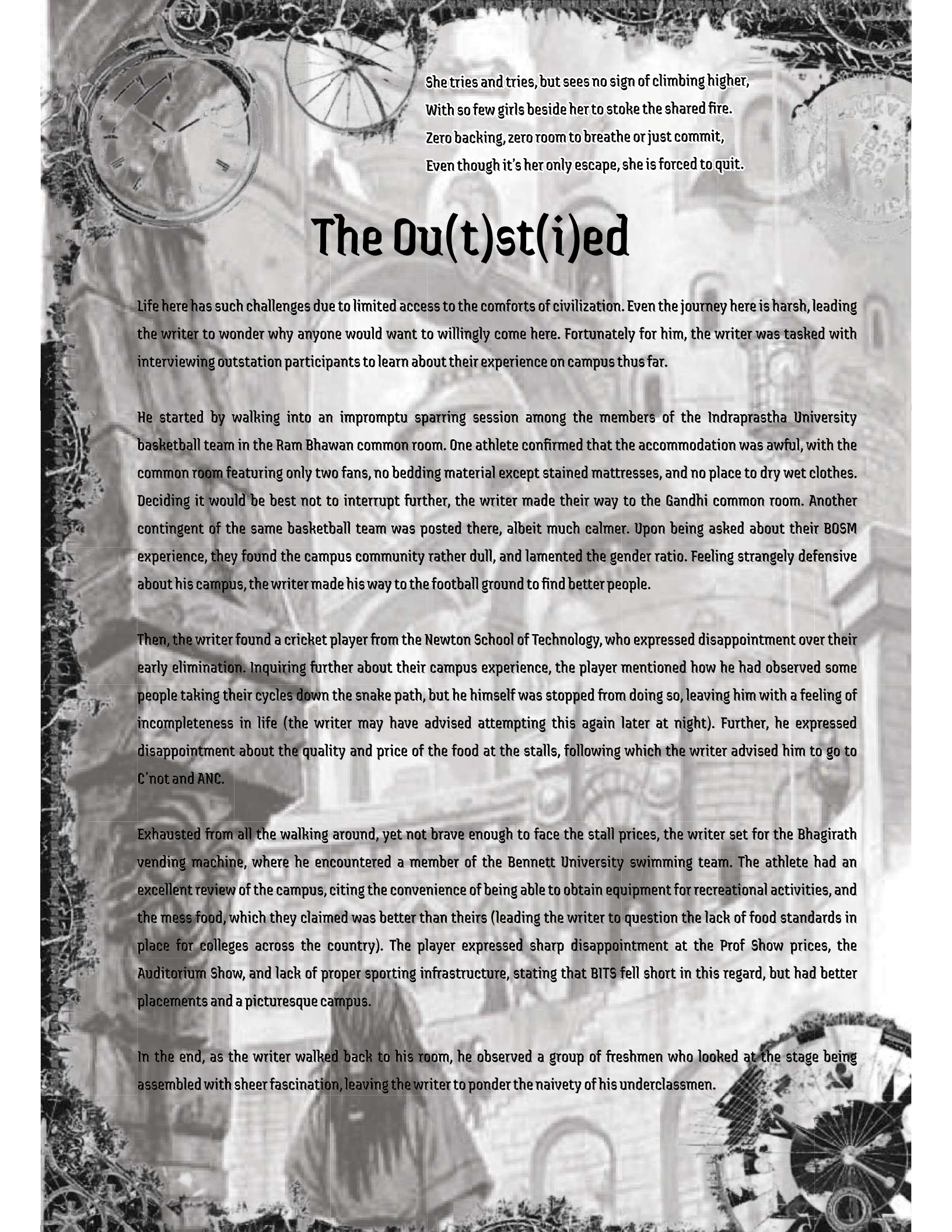
When I raise my voice, you say I am crying,
When I outplay you, your ego starts frying.
Sexualised, patronised, undermined, and what not,
I'm just a girl, do you want me to lock my room and rot?

Biological differences, fine, I understand,
But that's not enough for you to disregard my whole clan.
You point at the gender ratios like it seals our fate,
As if numbers alone dictate who carries the weight.

What is my mistake, that society dictated my priorities so?

From cards to cricket, everything is just a man's show.
Women in sports are not supported, funded, or publicised,
Just trapped in a vicious cycle where we've arrived.

So many guys on the court, she hesitates to join the space,
A new girl standing on the edge, feeling out of place.
With no active encouragement, she has no reason to stay,
No sisterhood to lean on when they push her away.



She tries and tries, but sees no sign of climbing higher,
With so few girls beside her to stoke the shared fire.
Zero backing, zero room to breathe or just commit,
Even though it's her only escape, she is forced to quit.

The Ou(t)st(i)ed

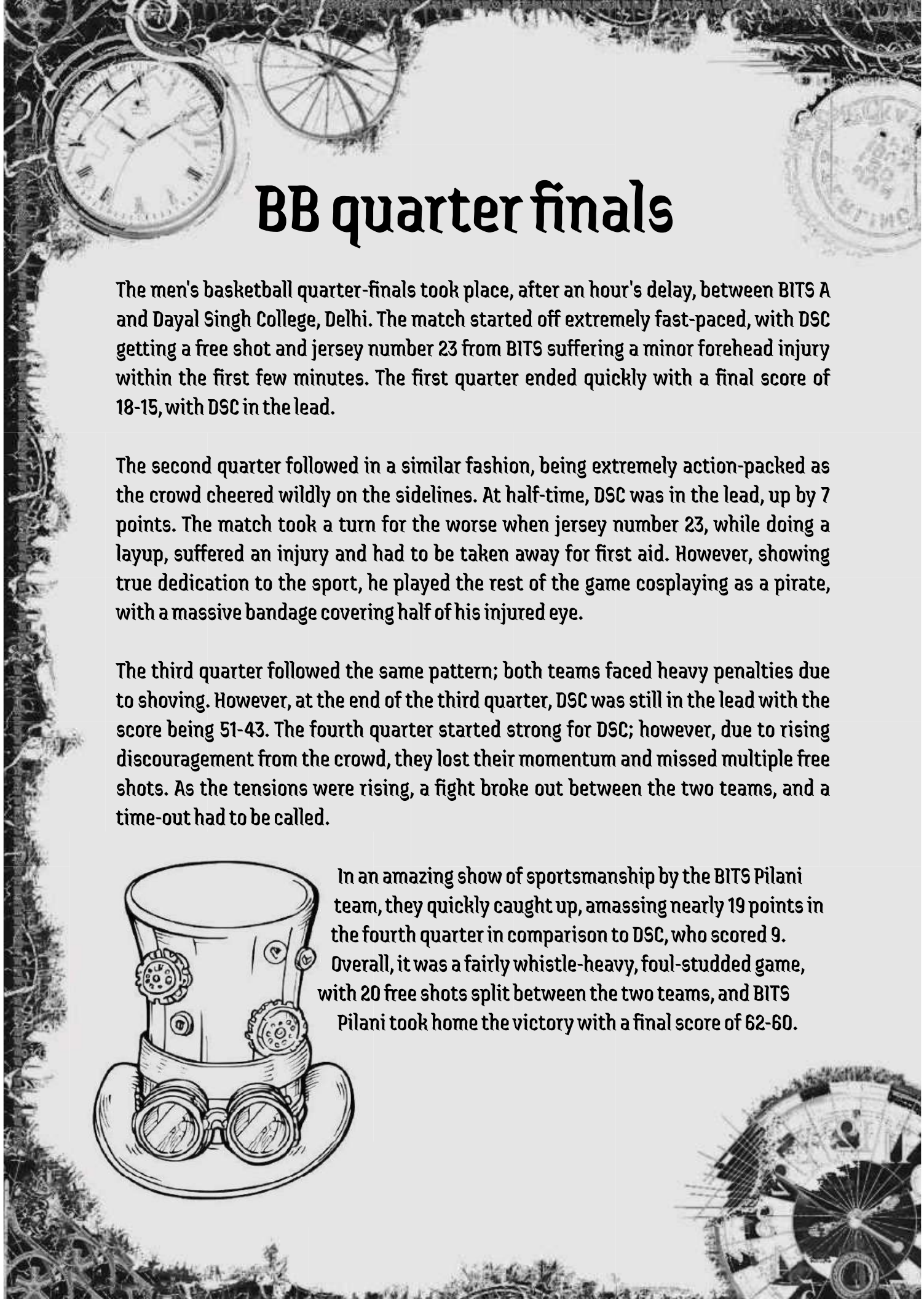
Life here has such challenges due to limited access to the comforts of civilization. Even the journey here is harsh, leading the writer to wonder why anyone would want to willingly come here. Fortunately for him, the writer was tasked with interviewing outstation participants to learn about their experience on campus thus far.

He started by walking into an impromptu sparring session among the members of the Indraprastha University basketball team in the Ram Bhawan common room. One athlete confirmed that the accommodation was awful, with the common room featuring only two fans, no bedding material except stained mattresses, and no place to dry wet clothes. Deciding it would be best not to interrupt further, the writer made their way to the Gandhi common room. Another contingent of the same basketball team was posted there, albeit much calmer. Upon being asked about their BOSM experience, they found the campus community rather dull, and lamented the gender ratio. Feeling strangely defensive about his campus, the writer made his way to the football ground to find better people.

Then, the writer found a cricket player from the Newton School of Technology, who expressed disappointment over their early elimination. Inquiring further about their campus experience, the player mentioned how he had observed some people taking their cycles down the snake path, but he himself was stopped from doing so, leaving him with a feeling of incompleteness in life (the writer may have advised attempting this again later at night). Further, he expressed disappointment about the quality and price of the food at the stalls, following which the writer advised him to go to C'not and ANC.

Exhausted from all the walking around, yet not brave enough to face the stall prices, the writer set for the Bhagirath vending machine, where he encountered a member of the Bennett University swimming team. The athlete had an excellent review of the campus, citing the convenience of being able to obtain equipment for recreational activities, and the mess food, which they claimed was better than theirs (leading the writer to question the lack of food standards in place for colleges across the country). The player expressed sharp disappointment at the Prof Show prices, the Auditorium Show, and lack of proper sporting infrastructure, stating that BITS fell short in this regard, but had better placements and a picturesque campus.

In the end, as the writer walked back to his room, he observed a group of freshmen who looked at the stage being assembled with sheer fascination, leaving the writer to ponder the naivety of his underclassmen.

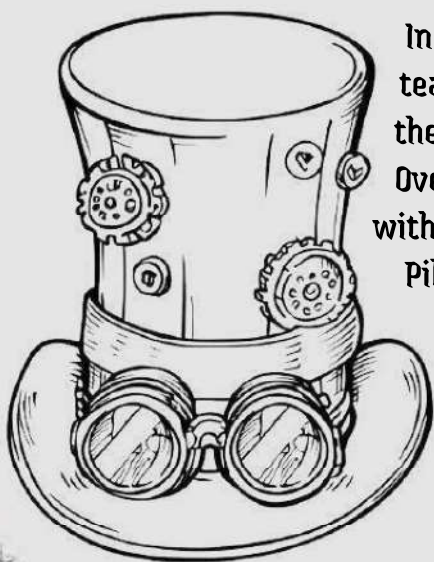


BB quarter finals

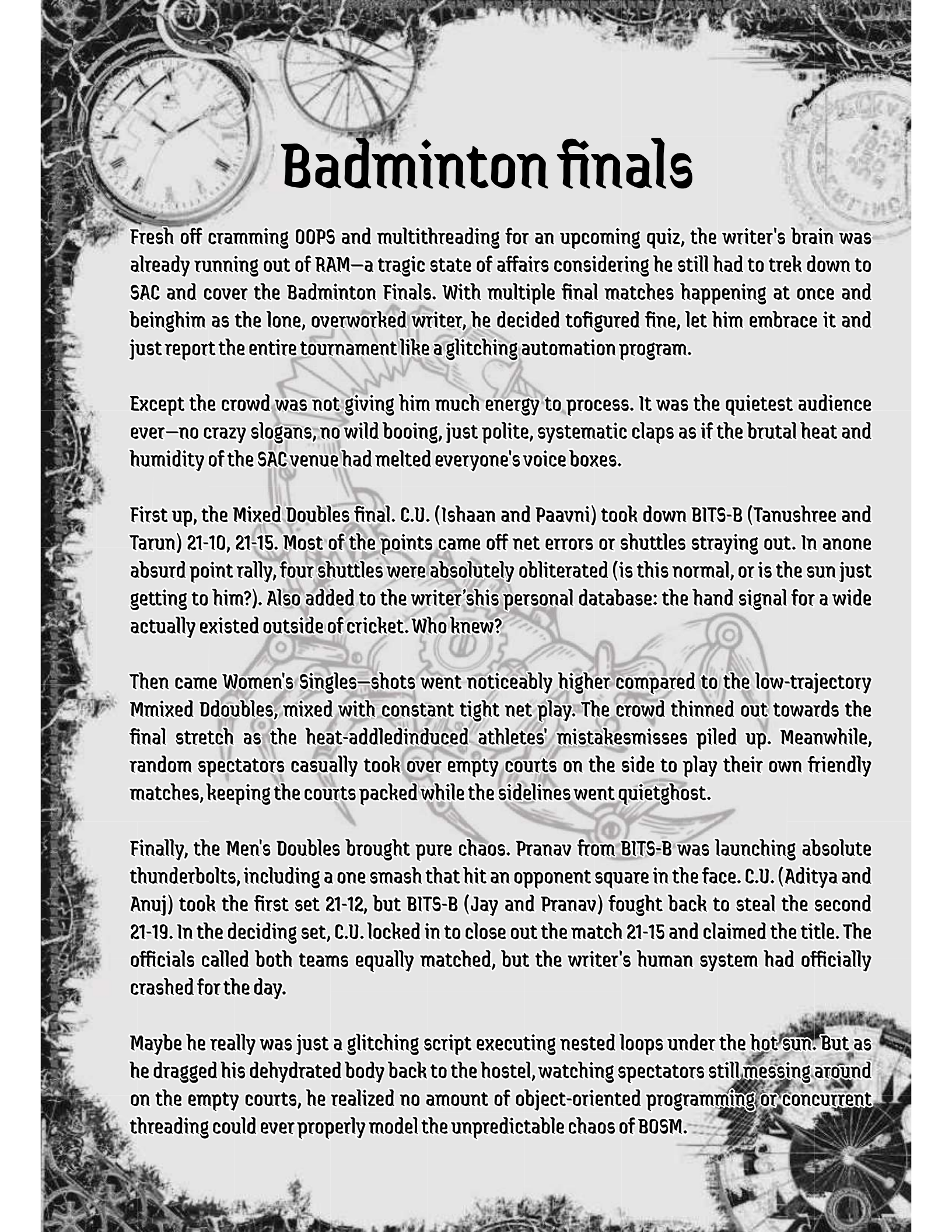
The men's basketball quarter-finals took place, after an hour's delay, between BITS A and Dayal Singh College, Delhi. The match started off extremely fast-paced, with DSC getting a free shot and jersey number 23 from BITS suffering a minor forehead injury within the first few minutes. The first quarter ended quickly with a final score of 18-15, with DSC in the lead.

The second quarter followed in a similar fashion, being extremely action-packed as the crowd cheered wildly on the sidelines. At half-time, DSC was in the lead, up by 7 points. The match took a turn for the worse when jersey number 23, while doing a layup, suffered an injury and had to be taken away for first aid. However, showing true dedication to the sport, he played the rest of the game cosplaying as a pirate, with a massive bandage covering half of his injured eye.

The third quarter followed the same pattern; both teams faced heavy penalties due to shoving. However, at the end of the third quarter, DSC was still in the lead with the score being 51-43. The fourth quarter started strong for DSC; however, due to rising discouragement from the crowd, they lost their momentum and missed multiple free shots. As the tensions were rising, a fight broke out between the two teams, and a time-out had to be called.



In an amazing show of sportsmanship by the BITS Pilani team, they quickly caught up, amassing nearly 19 points in the fourth quarter in comparison to DSC, who scored 9. Overall, it was a fairly whistle-heavy, foul-studded game, with 20 free shots split between the two teams, and BITS Pilani took home the victory with a final score of 62-60.



Badminton finals

Fresh off cramming OOPS and multithreading for an upcoming quiz, the writer's brain was already running out of RAM—a tragic state of affairs considering he still had to trek down to SAC and cover the Badminton Finals. With multiple final matches happening at once and being him as the lone, overworked writer, he decided to figure fine, let him embrace it and just report the entire tournament like a glitching automation program.

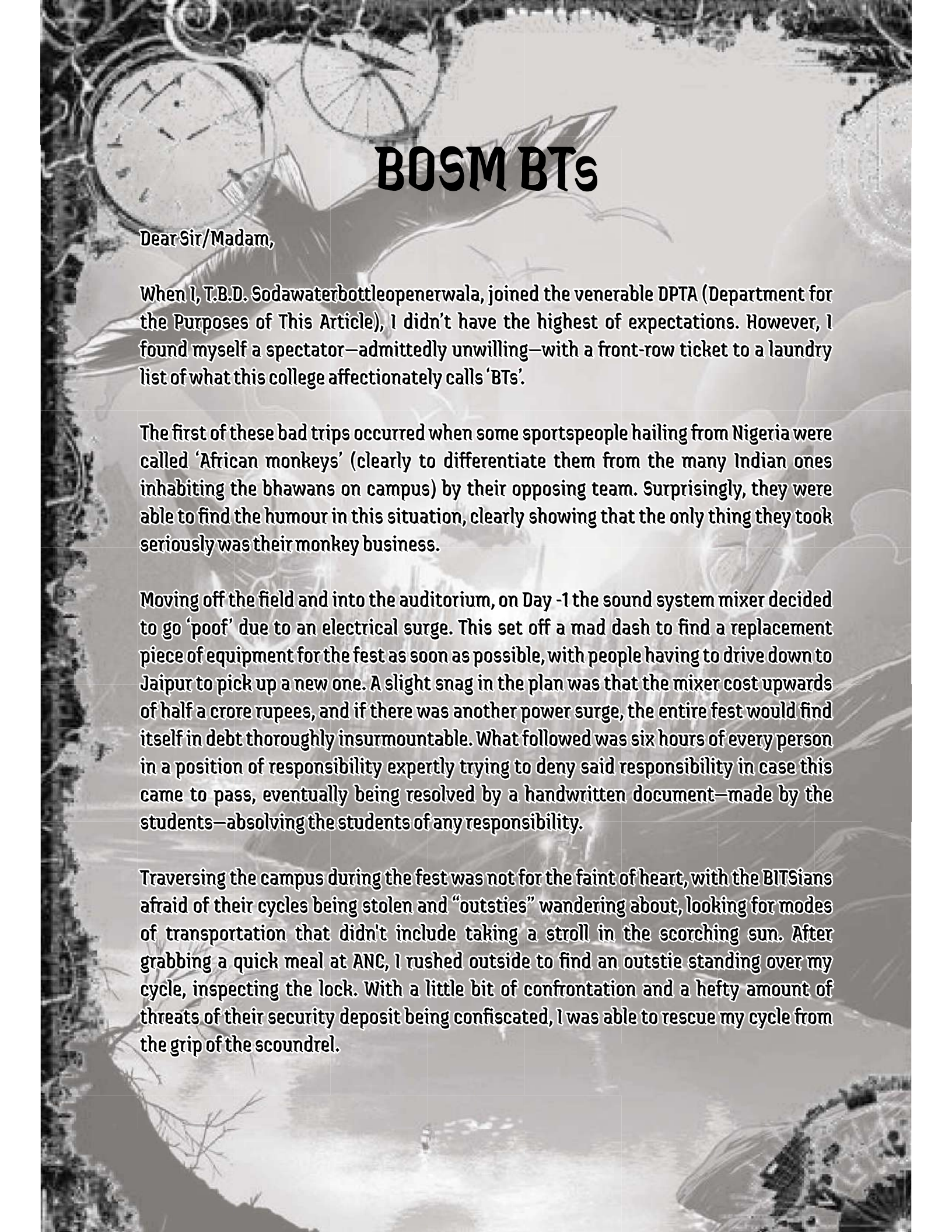
Except the crowd was not giving him much energy to process. It was the quietest audience ever—no crazy slogans, no wild booing, just polite, systematic claps as if the brutal heat and humidity of the SAC venue had melted everyone's voice boxes.

First up, the Mixed Doubles final. C.U. (Ishaan and Paavni) took down BITS-B (Tanushree and Tarun) 21-10, 21-15. Most of the points came off net errors or shuttles straying out. In an one absurd point rally, four shuttles were absolutely obliterated (is this normal, or is the sun just getting to him?). Also added to the writer's his personal database: the hand signal for a wide actually existed outside of cricket. Who knew?

Then came Women's Singles—shots went noticeably higher compared to the low-trajectory Mixed Doubles, mixed with constant tight net play. The crowd thinned out towards the final stretch as the heat-addled induced athletes' mistakes misses piled up. Meanwhile, random spectators casually took over empty courts on the side to play their own friendly matches, keeping the courts packed while the sidelines went quiet ghost.

Finally, the Men's Doubles brought pure chaos. Pranav from BITS-B was launching absolute thunderbolts, including a one smash that hit an opponent square in the face. C.U. (Aditya and Anuj) took the first set 21-12, but BITS-B (Jay and Pranav) fought back to steal the second 21-19. In the deciding set, C.U. locked in to close out the match 21-15 and claimed the title. The officials called both teams equally matched, but the writer's human system had officially crashed for the day.

Maybe he really was just a glitching script executing nested loops under the hot sun. But as he dragged his dehydrated body back to the hostel, watching spectators still messing around on the empty courts, he realized no amount of object-oriented programming or concurrent threading could ever properly model the unpredictable chaos of BOSM.



BOSM BTs

Dear Sir/Madam,

When I, T.B.D. Sodawaterbottleopenerwala, joined the venerable DPTA (Department for the Purposes of This Article), I didn't have the highest of expectations. However, I found myself a spectator—admittedly unwilling—with a front-row ticket to a laundry list of what this college affectionately calls 'BTs'.

The first of these bad trips occurred when some sportspeople hailing from Nigeria were called 'African monkeys' (clearly to differentiate them from the many Indian ones inhabiting the bhawans on campus) by their opposing team. Surprisingly, they were able to find the humour in this situation, clearly showing that the only thing they took seriously was their monkey business.

Moving off the field and into the auditorium, on Day -1 the sound system mixer decided to go 'poof' due to an electrical surge. This set off a mad dash to find a replacement piece of equipment for the fest as soon as possible, with people having to drive down to Jaipur to pick up a new one. A slight snag in the plan was that the mixer cost upwards of half a crore rupees, and if there was another power surge, the entire fest would find itself in debt thoroughly insurmountable. What followed was six hours of every person in a position of responsibility expertly trying to deny said responsibility in case this came to pass, eventually being resolved by a handwritten document—made by the students—absolving the students of any responsibility.

Traversing the campus during the fest was not for the faint of heart, with the BITSians afraid of their cycles being stolen and "outsties" wandering about, looking for modes of transportation that didn't include taking a stroll in the scorching sun. After grabbing a quick meal at ANC, I rushed outside to find an outstie standing over my cycle, inspecting the lock. With a little bit of confrontation and a hefty amount of threats of their security deposit being confiscated, I was able to rescue my cycle from the grip of the scoundrel.



In the hopes of exploiting my coord through the medium of a stalls treat, I stumbled to GymG. There arose a unique scenario where I witnessed an altercation between the CoSSAc and certain ex-members of the Students' Union wearing white lanyard passes which had an uncanny resemblance to the legitimate CoSSAc ones. Upon further questioning, the holders of the illicit passes were admittedly aura-farming—that too unsuccessfully—considering they got spotted before they could avail any of the perks.

All things considered, I can't recommend joining DPTA enough, owing to it making a rather dull fest memorable, even if it were for the wrong reasons.

Yours in resigned acceptance,
T.B.D. Sodabottleopenerwala

Cricket Quarterfinals

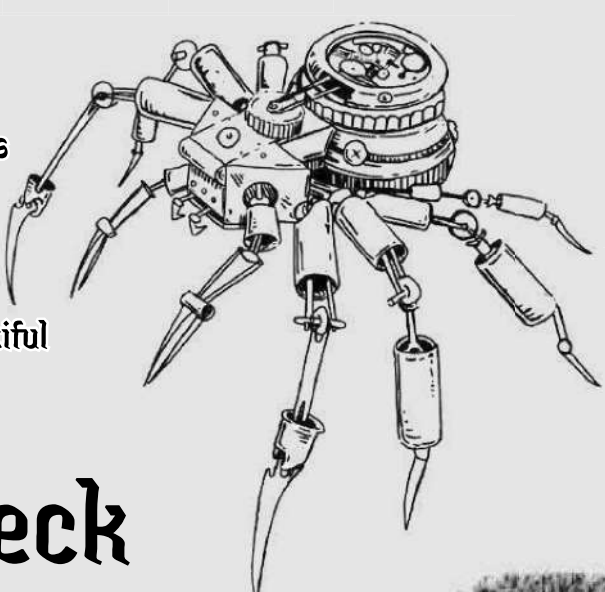
'I BANGED THAT SHIT STRAIGHT TO AKSHAY BRO,' exclaimed a member of the BITS cricket team, and more notably, the writer's wingie (who will be referred to as 'Mallu' for the purpose of this article), as he recounted the events of his match against S.G.T.B Khalsa College.



'So basically we won the toss and chose to bat,' Mallu shared, as he pranced across the room excitedly. Following fifteen seconds of complimentary shadow-batting, he went on to reveal that the team had seen three dismissals in quick succession before him and a teammate began building a strong partnership. 'That guy bowled one bouncer and it went over my head br—' elucidated Mallu, before being rudely and mercilessly maligned for his vertical inferiority.

As it turns out, this was the same reaction of his opponent bowler, whose laughter was swiftly silenced by Mallu, who 'STRAIGHT UP SENT IT TO AKSHAY'.





'Then I got out bro,' muttered Mallu, the decibels of his voice now halved. One notable moment, he divulged, was when 'Chaitanya "lowkey" hit three sixes in an over bro'. This 'peak moment' was, however, unable to extricate the home team from their unpleasant position, with the first inning concluded at a meagre 119 runs of 19.5 overs.

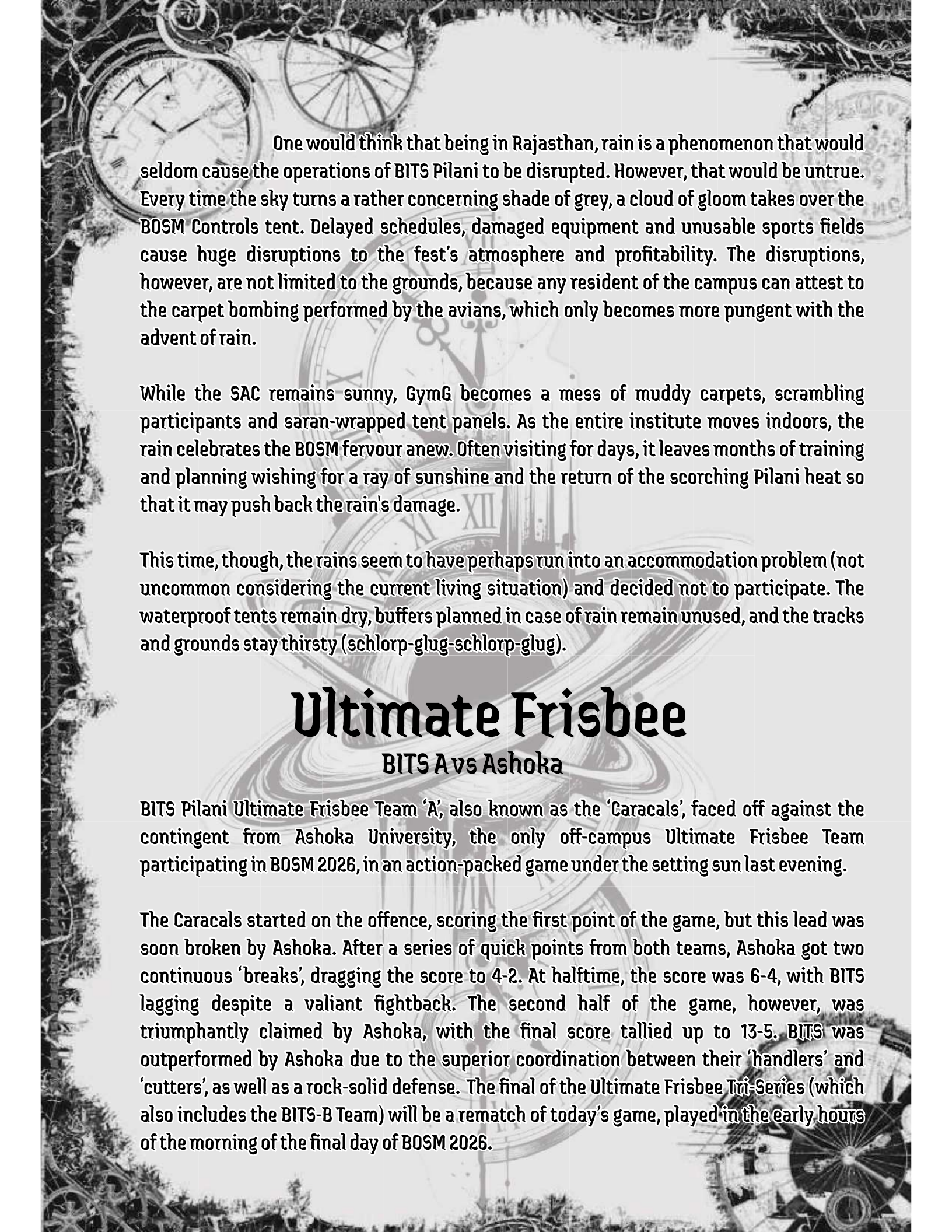
'The FIRST BALL was a run out dude,' declared Mallu "Bangaloreanly". 'On god those other two guys didn't get out for like ten overs though [sic]'. He then proceeded to recount how a teammate, after 'SO much sledging', delivered two dots followed by a wicket. 'He genuinely turned to them and went like this bro,' remarked Mallu, before performing a gesture that even the writer's beautiful chief-editor (please give treat) won't allow him to describe.

'They needed 26 in five overs,' whispered Mallu, his heart now in his throat, before revealing that they then bowled two wicket-maidens. With 26 runs now needed in three overs, the bowlers 'were insane' with the team reportedly yielding only nine runs in the next twelve balls.

The match finally reached its conclusion with the away team managing a valiant fight before conceding with a score of 109 and eight wickets in twenty overs. Following this gripping chronicling, Mallu and the writer were sadly forced to part ways, with the former heading to Bolly Nite and the latter to his beautiful chief-editor (please give treat).

Raincheck

The BITS Open Sports Meet has been a name that has echoed throughout the North Indian college sports scene for the better part of the last two decades. Yet, not a single edition of this sporting extravaganza has escaped the most ill-timed spells of rain (in recent memory).



One would think that being in Rajasthan, rain is a phenomenon that would seldom cause the operations of BITS Pilani to be disrupted. However, that would be untrue. Every time the sky turns a rather concerning shade of grey, a cloud of gloom takes over the BOSM Controls tent. Delayed schedules, damaged equipment and unusable sports fields cause huge disruptions to the fest's atmosphere and profitability. The disruptions, however, are not limited to the grounds, because any resident of the campus can attest to the carpet bombing performed by the avians, which only becomes more pungent with the advent of rain.

While the SAC remains sunny, GymG becomes a mess of muddy carpets, scrambling participants and saran-wrapped tent panels. As the entire institute moves indoors, the rain celebrates the BOSM fervour anew. Often visiting for days, it leaves months of training and planning wishing for a ray of sunshine and the return of the scorching Pilani heat so that it may push back the rain's damage.

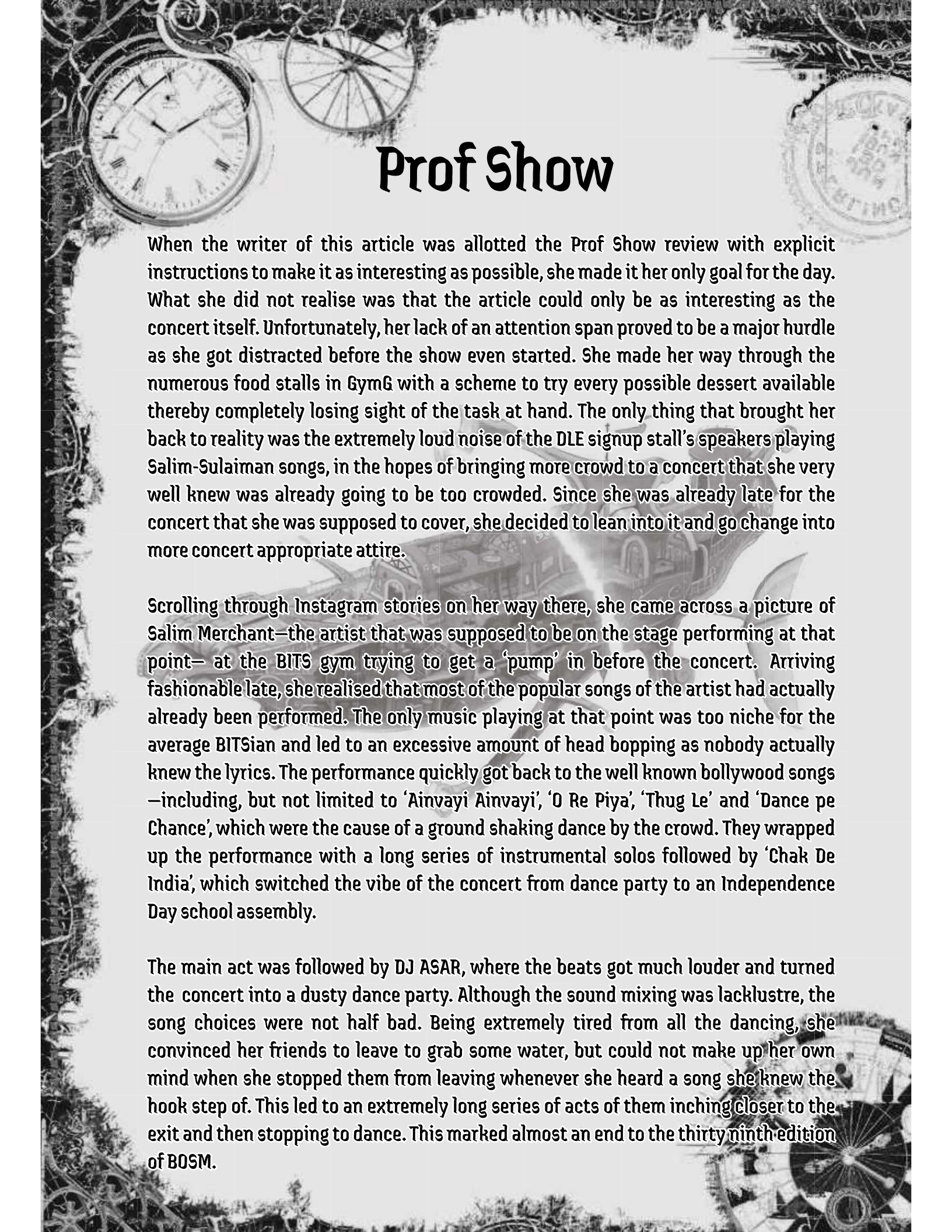
This time, though, the rains seem to have perhaps run into an accommodation problem (not uncommon considering the current living situation) and decided not to participate. The waterproof tents remain dry, buffers planned in case of rain remain unused, and the tracks and grounds stay thirsty (schlorp-glug-schlorp-glug).

Ultimate Frisbee

BITS A vs Ashoka

BITS Pilani Ultimate Frisbee Team 'A', also known as the 'Caracals', faced off against the contingent from Ashoka University, the only off-campus Ultimate Frisbee Team participating in BOSM 2026, in an action-packed game under the setting sun last evening.

The Caracals started on the offence, scoring the first point of the game, but this lead was soon broken by Ashoka. After a series of quick points from both teams, Ashoka got two continuous 'breaks', dragging the score to 4-2. At halftime, the score was 6-4, with BITS lagging despite a valiant fightback. The second half of the game, however, was triumphantly claimed by Ashoka, with the final score tallied up to 13-5. BITS was outperformed by Ashoka due to the superior coordination between their 'handlers' and 'cutters', as well as a rock-solid defense. The final of the Ultimate Frisbee Tri-Series (which also includes the BITS-B Team) will be a rematch of today's game, played in the early hours of the morning of the final day of BOSM 2026.



Prof Show

When the writer of this article was allotted the Prof Show review with explicit instructions to make it as interesting as possible, she made it her only goal for the day. What she did not realise was that the article could only be as interesting as the concert itself. Unfortunately, her lack of an attention span proved to be a major hurdle as she got distracted before the show even started. She made her way through the numerous food stalls in GymG with a scheme to try every possible dessert available thereby completely losing sight of the task at hand. The only thing that brought her back to reality was the extremely loud noise of the DLE signup stall's speakers playing Salim-Sulaiman songs, in the hopes of bringing more crowd to a concert that she very well knew was already going to be too crowded. Since she was already late for the concert that she was supposed to cover, she decided to lean into it and go change into more concert appropriate attire.

Scrolling through Instagram stories on her way there, she came across a picture of Salim Merchant—the artist that was supposed to be on the stage performing at that point—at the BITS gym trying to get a 'pump' in before the concert. Arriving fashionable late, she realised that most of the popular songs of the artist had actually already been performed. The only music playing at that point was too niche for the average BITSian and led to an excessive amount of head bopping as nobody actually knew the lyrics. The performance quickly got back to the well known bollywood songs—including, but not limited to 'Ainvasi Ainvayi', 'O Re Piya', 'Thug Le' and 'Dance pe Chance', which were the cause of a ground shaking dance by the crowd. They wrapped up the performance with a long series of instrumental solos followed by 'Chak De India', which switched the vibe of the concert from dance party to an Independence Day school assembly.

The main act was followed by DJ ASAR, where the beats got much louder and turned the concert into a dusty dance party. Although the sound mixing was lacklustre, the song choices were not half bad. Being extremely tired from all the dancing, she convinced her friends to leave to grab some water, but could not make up her own mind when she stopped them from leaving whenever she heard a song she knew the hook step of. This led to an extremely long series of acts of them inching closer to the exit and then stopping to dance. This marked almost an end to the thirty ninth edition of BOSM.

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